ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS

THE WIRE

January—December, 1941



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Editorial Notes

With Cordial Good Wishes for a Prosperous New Year to Our Readers at Home and Abroad

The Corps Association.—It is with a particularly deep sense of indebtedness that we convey our grateful thanks to all those whose contributions have enabled us to continue production of the Corps Magazine with unfailing regularity during the past sixteen difficult months.

Looking back over that period and recalling the almost complete reorganisation necessitated by the evacuation from Dunkirk, it is surprising that Unit correspondents ever found it possible to apply themselves to the production of "copy" during a time of such sustained activity in other directions. It is perhaps not generally known that contemporary Regimental Journals were withdrawn from circulation in considerable numbers, primarily owing to insufficient "copy" being forthcoming to justify regular issues.

The same fate might well have befallen THE WIRE, but although on occasions matter was scarce and sufficient only for a limited number of pages, a really magnificent effort by Unit representatives to maintain contributions enabled us to weather the storm. To have continued production under such abnormal conditions is a decided achievement, particularly in view of the fact that we rely almost entirely upon voluntary contributors, and in expressing the hope that we may be afforded the same wholehearted support in the future, may we reiterate our grateful thanks to all those from whom we have received such loyal co-operation in the past.

Existing conditions have, of course, curtailed the activities of local Branch formations, and for the immediate present at least Annual Reunion Dinners and social functions of a similar nature have no place in the spartan life which the exigencies of the present impose upon us all. How long this state of affairs will continue is impossible to forecast, but it is to be devoutly hoped that 1941 has seen the turning of the tide in our favour, and the not too far distant future will permit us to anticipate with some degree of certainty, the possibility of organising "The first Old Comrades' Reunion after the War."

In conclusion we are directed to convey the Central Committee's thanks to all those who by so generously subscribing to Signals Association Benevolent Fund (No. 2 A/c, 1940) have provided them with resources from which to assist members of the Corps and their dependants. At a time when Other Ranks

are being discharged as physically unfit for further service, it is most gratifying to be in a position to provide them with financial help pending initial payment of disability pensions, and it is no less gratifying to be in a position to respond to appeals from the wives of serving personnel who, having been bombed out of their homes, require monetary help towards the cost of obtaining alternative accommodation in safer areas. The latter type of case if, of course, a constantly recurring source of considerable expense, and the absolute maximum amount of support is needed if help is also to be available for the provision of adequate financial relief towards replacement of clothing, essential household effects, and innumerable other instances of acute distress occasioned by war conditions.

Felicitations.—We convey our hearty congratulations to No. 2328065 Signalman David Warren Herring, whose name appears in the "London Gazette" (Supplement), dated 29th November, 1940, as a recipient of the DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL. (See "Gazette" announcement on page 4.)

EDITOR.

Benevolent Fund Notes

Security regulations do not permit us to publish detailed particulars of Corps Units, but it is hoped that the following list of those formations who have already responded to the Colonels-Commandants' appeal for regular monthly contributions to the Corps Benevolent Fund will be found satisfactory for the purposes of identification.

The Administrator gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following :

Benevolent Fund (No. 1 A/c)
CASH SUBSCRIPTIONS from :
Mr. R. Jefferies.
Chester Branch Signals Association.

Benevolent Fund (No. 2 A/c 1940)
BANKER'S ORDER SUBSCRIPTIONS from :
2nd Lieutenant L. P. D. Mullaly.
2nd Lieutenant W. G. Hayes.

Benevolent Fund (No. 2 A/c 1940) (Unit list continued)
29th — Group Signals, Home Forces—December.
— Infantry Brigade Signal Section, Home Forces—November.
3rd Holding Battalion, Yorkshire—November.
1st — Signals, Home Forces—September and October.
1 Company, 61st — Signals, Home Forces—November.
1 Company, 6th — Divisional Signals, Home Forces—December.
3rd Operators' Training Battalion, Yorkshire—January, 1941.
1 Company, 10th — Signals, Home Forces—October.
2 Company, 10th — Signals, Home Forces—October.
1 Company, 10th — Signals, Home Forces—November.
(E.A.) Divisional Signals, Home Forces—August, September and October.
1st — Signals, Home Forces—November.
Officers, 152nd O.C.T.U., Yorkshire—November.
2 Company, 11th — Signals, Home Forces—November and December.
3rd Depot Battalion, 3rd S.T.C., Yorkshire—September, October and November.
3 Squadron, 1st Armoured — Signals, Home Forces—November.
1 Company, 18th — Signals, Home Forces—December.
3 Company, 12th —— Signals, Home Forces—December.
1 Company, 61st — Signals, Home Forces—December.
1 Company, 10th — Signals, Home Forces—December.
— Command Signals, Yorkshire—Donation.
(E.A.) Divisional Signals, Home Forces—November and December.
1 Company, 11th — Signals—December.
London Divisional Signals, Home Forces—November and December.
3 — Signals, Wiltshire—Donation.
Scottish Divisional Signals, Home Forces.—December.
UNITS ABROAD—
4th Indian — Signals, Middle East Force—Donation.
Motorsigs, Risalpur—August.
— L. of C. Signals, Middle East Force—July and August.
Kohat District Signals, India—July and August.
Armoured — Signal Squadron, Meerut—October.
Kohat District Signals, India—October.

APPEALS dealt with :

1	Mother of Signalman (Deceased), Essex	Grant £2	0 0
2	Signalman, 5th — Signals, Home Forces	Grant £2	3 6
3	Signalman, Aldershot	Grant £2	10 0
4	Ex-Signalman, Surrey	Loan £2 10 0 Grant £2	10 0
5	Signalman, Essex	Grant £2	0 0
6	Ex-Signalman, London	Grant £5	0 0
7	Wife of Signalman, Surrey	Grant £2	10 0
8	Wife of Driver, Suffolk	Grant £3	0 0

(Signed) T. H. L. SPAIGHT, Lieutenant-Colonel,
Administrator, Signals Association Benevolent Fund.

Royal Signals Comforts Fund

Mrs. C. H. Wheeler has kindly consented to act as representative for Scotland on the Central Committee of the Comforts Fund. The following is a copy of a letter which she has written to all Signal wives in Edinburgh in order to collect members for the Scottish Command Branch of the Ladies' Guild of Workers for the Comforts Fund :

"Dear ——

"Signals Comforts Fund are hoping that Units will form a Ladies' Guild, which will help the Central Fund by knitting comforts, collecting money for the Fund, and also collecting games, books and sports equipment.

"We have formed such a Guild here in Edinburgh and are most anxious to bring in all Signal wives. We would welcome your help and co-operation in every way possible. We realise that it is not possible for everyone to help in a practical manner, but we do need your sympathy and interest in our scheme.

"There are well over one hundred Signal wives here in Edinburgh, so you will understand when I say that we are arranging for each officer's wife to visit so many wives.

"We all possess one of the "Comforts" collecting boxes, are putting money in ourselves and getting our friends to help, too. Once a month these boxes will be emptied and a lump sum sent as a monthly contribution to 'Comforts' from Edinburgh Signal wives.

"Could you please help by giving even a small contribution each month as well? Don't forget it's the pennies that soon make the pounds.

"Our Guild has already sent the Comforts Fund a cheque for £55 10s. 10d., and this was most enthusiastically acknowledged by the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Rowley.

"We are organising a Dance, in aid of 'Comforts,' to be held at the Plaza, Morningside, on 6th December, and hope to add considerably to the above sum.

"Please know that while helping others you are also helping your own menfolk, for 'Comforts' have sent and will send parcels, wherever wanted, to Units here as well as elsewhere.

"Yours sincerely,
"————."

If is hoped that this letter and a somewhat similar one which was sent by Mrs. P. H. Jones to the wives belonging to the —— Divisional Signals will serve as a helpful suggestion to other Presidents of Branches of the Ladies' Guild.

As a result of Mrs. Wheeler's letter, a sum of £5 16s. 0d. was raised by the Edinburgh wives in their collecting boxes in December, and the dance was such a success that a sum of £30 was received by the Central Committee. Mrs. Jones's letter has laid the foundation of a flourishing work party which has already sent in several parcels of woollens. Other branches of the Guild which have sent helpful contributions from their work parties are those run by Mrs. Sheffield and Mrs. Hughes. The Central Committee is most grateful for all these efforts which have assisted them to despatch a total of 15,648 garments between 1st October and 31st December, 1940. That the garments are really appreciated by the troops is proved by the constant demands received for further supplies.

During December the splendid sum of £97 0s. 7d. has been received from the 1st S.T.C., per Mrs. R. A. C. Henderson. £30 was the proceeds of a Boxing Display, £22 was raised by a Jumble Sale, and £2 17s. 0d. came from the Richmondshire Musical Society. The remaining amount was contributed by the various Battalions of the S.T.C.

A sum of £25 was raised through a Dance held by one of the Command Signals and the December subscription from the Staff of the Royal Signals Records Office brought the total amount received from that source in twelve monthly contributions to the most gratifying sum of £106 5s. 0d.

All these very helpful sums of money have enabled the Central Committee to keep work parties unable to buy their own wool well supplied, and also to buy and despatch large quantities of recreational amenities. The needs of Units overseas are also being dealt with as adequately as possible.

The Director of Voluntary Organisations is issuing a badge to be worn by all knitters belonging to accredited work parties. The Committee is purchasing a supply of these and will be glad to send them to any of their regular knitters who care to apply to 801, Hood House, Dolphin Square, S.W.1. The price is 6d., post free.

MONTHLY LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

	£ s. d.
Brigadier Chenevix Trench (quarterly)	15 0
Major R. V. Cooke (quarterly)	2 10 0
Orkneys and Shetland Signal Company	2 0 0
Mrs. P. H. Jones's Work Party	2 0 0
Mrs. French	5 0 0
Mrs. L. A. Oliver	10 0
— Divisional Signals (Collecting Box)	2 14 0
Mrs. Manning's Work Party	5 0 0
Mrs. Wickins	5 7
Mrs. Swann (Proceeds of Dance)	10 10 0
Staff of Inspection Department, R.E. and Signal Stores	3 0 0
Miss R. Clementi Smith	4 0
Mrs. Instrall	1 0 0
Proceeds of Comforts Fund Shop	12 0 0
Mrs. Lewis Barclay's Work Party	10 0 0
Mrs. Henderson (Proceeds of Jumble Sale)	22 0 0
1st General Trades Training Battalion, Yorkshire	4 8 6
1st Operators' Training Battalion, Yorkshire	31 6 0
Ditto (Unclaimed stamps)	2 3
School of Signals, Yorkshire	1 4 0
Richmondshire Musical Society	2 17 0
— Command Signals (Proceeds of Dance)	25 0 0
Mrs. Wicks' Work Party	6 0 0
— Divisional Signals (Proceeds of Concert)	1 10 0
C.S.O. and Staff Scottish Command (Proceeds of Collecting Box for November)	10 0
Brigadier and Mrs. W. R. C. Penney	2 0 0
— Indian Divisional Signals	4 0 0
Royal Signals Records Office	7 10 0
Mrs. John Birkett	10 0
Mrs. Parker's Work Party	1 0 0
Royal Signals Mess, Aldershot	2 8 0
— A.A. Brigade, H.Q. Signals	1 2 0
1st Operators' Training Battalion, Yorkshire	3 14 6
Mrs. Leinert	5 0
Mrs. Henderson (Proceeds of Boxing Display)	30 0 0
Depot Battalion, Yorkshire	5 5 0
Kohat District Signals (monthly)	2 18 0
Mrs. P. H. Jones's Work Party	3 0 0
Mrs. Waters	10 0
Proceeds of Collecting Boxes held by Signal Wives in Scottish Command for December	5 16 0
Mrs. C. H. Wheeler (Proceeds of Dance)	30 0 0
Colonel H. A. J. Parsons	1 0 0

3rd SIGNAL TRAINING CENTRE

The following is a statement of the year's working by the 3rd Signal Training Centre of the Comforts Fund :

RECEIPTS.	£ s. d.
Proceeds of Dances and Concerts	307 2 10
Proceeds of Collecting Boxes	14 12 4½
Subscriptions from Units and Individuals	47 1 1
Miscellaneous	2 18 6½
	£371 14 10

PAYMENTS.	£ s. d.
Wool, Needles, etc.	126 4 1
Donation to H.Q. Comforts Fund	100 0 0
Balance—Cash in Hand	145 10 9
	£371 14 10

DISTRIBUTION OF COMFORTS.

Woollen articles despatched to Headquarters, Comforts Fund	669
Woollen articles distributed to Drafts and Personnel of 3rd S.T.C.	1,200
	1,869

The Central Committee would like to take the opportunity of congratulating the President, Mrs. G. L. Pollard, and all the members of the Branch on this very excellent result of the year's work.

Corps News—Officers

Extracts from "The London Gazette"

[War Office, 13/11/40]

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.
EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS :
The undermentioned Cadets from 151st O.C.T.U. to be 2nd Lieutenants, 26/10/40 :
Anthony Douglas Brindley (153665).
Harford Stanley Howard Goff (153666).
Derek Landon Smith (153667).
Derek Arthur William Birnage (153668).
Edmund Collins Bishop (153669).
Walter Reginald Buxton (153670).
John Lorne Campbell (153671).
Gordon Carruthers (153672).
James Duncan Cowie (153673).
Arthur William Dean (153674).
Kenneth John Hinton (153675).
Kenneth Douglas Powell (153677).
Leslie David Hammerson (153678).
Ronald Stuart Jenkins (153679).

[War Office, 15/11/40]

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.
EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS :
Captain Anthony Laurence Carr (150805) to be Lieutenant, 8/10/40.
W.O. Cl. III Harold Frederick Bowles (152851) to be Lieutenant, 6/11/40.
The undermentioned to be 2nd Lieutenants :
Cecil Maurice Cross (147968), 28/12/39.
Ernest Rothwell Harveyson (146586), 3/9/40.
Harry McBryde, D.C.M. (147185), 4/9/40.
Robert Edward Knight (147410), 7/9/40.
Louis Mickler (147790), 16/9/40.
Charles Henry Herbert (147617), 30/9/40.
Hartnell James Collier (150706), 5/10/40.
William Francis Grundy (150708), 8/10/40.
Sergeant Cecil Arthur Clarke (152852), 6/11/40.
Major Herbert Tru May, M.C. (150057) to be Lieutenant, 1/10/40.
The undermentioned to be 2nd Lieutenants :
Robert Brennan Thompson (152642), 25/6/40.
Charles Edward Sutton, D.C.M., M.M. (146192), 26/8/40.

[War Office, 19/11/40]

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS :

The surname of Cadet Cecil James Masey (151428) is as now described and not as stated in "Gazette" (Supplement) dated 14th October, 1940.

The surname of Cadet Ian Duncan Sydney (153453) is as now described and not as stated in "Gazette" (Supplement) dated 29th October, 1940.

The undermentioned to be 2nd Lieutenants :
Alfred Leo Maxwell (150563), 8/10/40.
Thomas John Ward (150721), 15/10/40.

The undermentioned Cadets from 151st O.C.T.U. to be 2nd Lieutenants, 2/11/40 :
Ormus Colin Davenport (155596).
George Patrick Ormsby Fenton (155597).
George Edward Graham (155598).
William Dobson Murphy (155599).
Stephen Arthur Hobart West (155600).
Brian Graham Brown (155601).
Peter Robert Cooper (155602).
Frank Critchley (155603).
Thomas Pittendrich Douglas (155604).
Richard Henry Hallam (155605).
Donald Hardy Hancock (155606).
Basil Pirie (155607).
Charles Douglas Reedie (155608).
Alastair Patrick Donald Ross (155609).
Albert Edward Tupman (155610).
Hugh Cecil Delaware West (155611).
William Wharton (155612).

The undermentioned Cadets from 152nd O.C.T.U. to be 2nd Lieutenants, 2/11/40 :
Matthew William Baker (158118).
Alec James Garnock-Jones (158119).
Peter Edward Hutchins (158120).
David Gower Jones (158121).
Peter Gwynne Grundy (158122).
Harold Douglas Benson Kirby (158123).
Robert Frederick Locke (158124).
Lucas John Ralli (158125).
William George Thomas (158126).
Reginald John Todd (158127).
Hector John Ingram Arnold (158128).
Arthur Caffin Brooke (158129).
Peter Lane Crauford (158130).
Alan Pollock Blue Hamilton (158131).
Christopher Stephen Heath (158132).
Geoffrey Alan Whitlock (158133).
Claude John Brash Dingley (158134).
John Francis Patrick Halpin Greene (158135).
Derek Jonathan Holt (158136).
Michael Leicester Hussey (158137).
Nigel Anthony Knight Mason (158138).
John Keiran Barry Moylan Nicholas (158139).
John Leslie Stiles (158140).

[War Office, 22/11/40]

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS :

Harry Corby Bristow (125439) to be 2nd Lieutenant, 20/10/40.
R.Q.M.S. Charles Victor Smith (154427) to be Lieutenant (Quartermaster), 12/10/40.
2nd Lieutenant E. H. Newman (135316) relinquishes his commission, 17/10/40.

TERRITORIAL ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

Captain E. G. Chapman (35102) relinquishes his commission on account of ill-health, 20/11/40.

[War Office, 26/11/40]

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS :

The undermentioned 2nd Lieutenants to be 2nd Lieutenants retaining their present seniority :
J. A. Hollingworth (126419) from South Staffordshire Regiment, 11/10/40.
E. J. Ching (109465) from R.A., 13/10/40.

R.Q.M.S. Ernest Thomas Jarvis (153970) to be Lieutenant (Quartermaster), 18/10/40.

The undermentioned to be Lieutenants (T.M.O.) :
C.S.M. Thomas Maurice Cook (153969), 28/9/40.
C.S.M. Robert Sullivan (153956), 13/10/40.
R.Q.M.S. George Coles (154938), 20/10/40.

Lieutenant W. M. Beresford, M.C. (60871) relinquishes his commission on account of ill-health, 25/11/40.

[War Office, 29/11/40]

The King has been pleased to approve the undermentioned award in recognition of distinguished services in the field :

THE DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL

No. 2328065 Signalman David Warren Herring, Royal Signals.

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS—ROYAL SIGNALS.

Lieutenant T. V. Barber (7841) from Royal Signals (Supp. Res. of Off.) to be Lieutenant, 23/9/38, with seniority 31/7/20. (Substituted for the notification in the "Gazette" of 27/9/38.)

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS :

The surname of Cadet Edward Joseph Plant (151741) is as now described and not as stated in "Gazette" (Supplement) dated 28/9/40.

Ian McLean Luis (152655) to be Lieutenant, 12/10/40.

The undermentioned to be Lieutenants (Quartermaster) :
C.S.M. Arthur Winstanley (157138), 2/10/40.
R.Q.M.S. Frederick William Oakes (157140), 15/10/40.
R.Q.M.S. Walter Lombard (157141), 17/10/40.

The undermentioned to be Lieutenants (T.M.O.) :
Q.M.S. (F-of-S) Henry Arthur Fuller (157453), 20/9/40.
C.S.M. John Smith (157137), 26/9/40.
R.S.M. Charles Ernest Jones (157136), 2/10/40.
R.Q.M.S. William Stewart Bodys (157139), 13/10/40.
C.S.M. Lewis Pratchett (157463), 26/10/40.

TERRITORIAL ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

GENERAL LIST :

Captain J. H. W. Cobbing (39315), from Northamptonshire Regt. (T.A.), to be Captain, 4/11/40, retaining his present seniority.

[War Office, 3/12/40]

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

Captain R. H. O. Coryton, B.A. (31237), to be Major, 3/12/40.

[War Office, 6/12/40]

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS :

Lieutenant Murray Duncan Scott (43790) to be Lieutenant, 1/10/40. (Substituted for notification in "Gazette" (Supplement) dated 1/11/40 under "R.A.")

The date of appointment of Cadets from 152nd O.C.T.U. is 16/11/40, and not as notified in "Gazette" (Supplement) dated 19/11/40.

The undermentioned to be 2nd Lieutenants :
2nd Lieutenant R. McElroy (131117) from General List, retaining his present seniority, 15/10/40.
Edgar Stanley Lancaster (152357), 18/10/40.
Arthur Foster Sealey (150884), 19/10/40.
Charles Reginald Ratcliffe (152371), 26/10/40.
Herbert George Evans (154236), 29/10/40.
John Albert Prowse (154332), 5/11/40.

R.Q.M.S. Colin Sinclair (157620) to be Lieutenant (Quartermaster), 8/10/40.

HAVE YOU JOINED THE SIGNALS ASSOCIATION?

HOME STATIONS

Yorkshire 1

1st Operators' Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

General.—Once again the old clock has run out, and by the time these notes are in print we will be well into the New Year. To all friends, old and new, past and present, may I, on behalf of Administrative Wing, wish "all the best" and "many of 'em."

It is to be hoped that "little Reggie," the stoker, who, upon getting the "early call book" put into his hand on his "early turn," told the picket to put it under his pillow, because he hadn't read it, has made a resolution to get up when he is called and also not to blow any more boilers out.

Promotions in the past month have not affected Administrative Wing, the only promotions being one of matrimony between your humble : Signalman Hughes A. E. to Miss M. E. Tunstall. Of course no one knew about it until it was all over, but that is how it was planned—nice and quiet. I would like to thank, on behalf of my wife and myself, our many friends in Administrative Wing for the kindness and good wishes received.

Have you heard of the O.T.B. Circle ? No, it's not the Black Hand Gang, or "Mafia," it's just a little circle for those who like to listen to worth-while music, hold debates, quiet study, etc. Jock Warner is in his element each Sunday afternoon ; on goes the radio full flow, chamber music is his weakness. Paddy Fulton is not far behind with his grand opera and quiet study. The poor old jazzy friends don't get a look in.

We also have the O.T.B. Theatre, and cinema shows have been enjoyed by all and sundry in the past month. Lance Corporal Jones has at last presented "French Leave," and it does him credit. In response to many requests it was put on at the Gaiety one Sunday night and the Garrison charities netted quite a nice sum. Nice work, Joney lad ! Stick to it.

The concert party has been in the background lately. Are they preparing for a bumper New Year season ? Let's hope so. We have had many good shows from them, and too much is not enough ! Did we tell you that Slim Hescott is now on the Dance Committee ? I don't think we did. All the local gigilos, including "Popeye," are chasing him round for the future dance dates. Dances are still held each Monday and maybe they prove a little too successful ; such a crowd gets there, and it's a proper stampede when it's at its height.

Educational.—Classes in all manners of subjects are still being held by the score, and you can see the lads in their spare time taking out their note books and comparing them. The two German fiends, Syd. Bracegirdle and Sam Bonner, are hot on the job. One said to the other "We wate es," and, of course, the other replied, "Dieu it mon droit," or something about "Jack being all right."

And so, with these happy memories of good old schooldays, I'll say cheerio !

A.E.H.

No. 1 Company

There has been very little activity in No. 1 Company of the 1st Operators' Training Battalion during the past month other than the preparations for winter.

One outstanding event was the dance in aid of Royal Signals Comforts Fund. This was enjoyed by all, and especially by the "Jocks," for whom a highland dance was arranged.

Voluntary Education has been organised and is proving a great success. Courses in various subjects are given by qualified teachers and are of immense value.

The lectures given recently by the Brigadier, the Commanding Officer and men of the Unit have been both interesting and enjoyable.

Entertainments for the Unit have now been placed on a sound footing, and an O.T.B. Theatre has been prepared in No. 2 Mess Room. A weekly programme of events helps to ensure that no one need be bored for the want of something to do.

There is a proverb that "a new broom sweeps clean," and this is very noticeable with our new Company Sergeant Major. Barrack room floors have now been polished to such an extent that one wonders if our weekly Mess Room dance will soon be held in the barrack rooms.

Christmas festivities for the Company were somewhat suppressed, because we were the unfortunate Company to be the Duty Company for that week. But it takes more than that to damp the spirit of No. 1 Company.

Finally, here is an amusing incident which occurred during last duty week. One of the night sentries, who was short sighted, challenged the other, and made him prove his identity.

J.H.H.

No. 2 Company

General.—It was with great regret that we said good-bye to Capt. Ferriday, our O.C. since the formation of the Battalion, and we wish him the best of luck in his new appointment "somewhere in England." Harley Hill certainly seems different without our Jehu cycling to and fro.

We congratulate Lieutenant Shrimpton on becoming our new O.C., and wish him every success. We trust his new duties will not prevent him from pursuing his musical activities, now that he is playing "first fiddle" !

Congratulations to Lieutenant Pendleton on his marriage. We sincerely hope that our "E. and M." expert has found the elusive formula for happiness. Our best wishes are also extended to C.S.M. Murphy and his wife on their recent marriage. Will this affect our early morning parade, we wonder ?

Training.—We welcome Lieutenant Burke on to our staff. Burke for wurke !

Corporal Brown and Lance Corporals Browne, Grattan and Piper have successfully passed off 24, 25, 26, and 27 Squads 100 per cent. Squads seem to be turned out with monotonous regularity, and we congratulate all concerned, not forgetting the staff of the Creed Room. Now that leave has been given such a welcome fillip we hope that our excellent record will continue.

Entertainments.—Our new O.T.B. Theatre (No. 2 Company Mess Room to you !) was given a flying start with "French Leave," a play in three acts. Our Company supplied three of the cast, who gave extremely talented performances. The success of the play can be gauged by the fact that a repeat performance was requested, and on Sunday, 8th December, it was successfully reproduced at the Gaiety Theatre, in aid of War Charities. Our best thanks are due to the whole cast and to the producer, Lance Corporal Jones, for such excellent entertainment.

The Un t concerts are still carrying on and are being thoroughly enjoyed by the Company. At present we are supplying the gifted and accomplished compere, none other than our old friend Lance Corporal (Gripper) Grattan, whose motto is : "No bouquets, by request !"

Besides the usual dances, which are still continuing, the Corporals' Mess has also held two successful dances.

Sport.—SOCCER. Owing to the loss of players, the Battalion soccer team has deteriorated during the past fortnight, but with new material constantly arriving, it is hoped that the team can be built up again to continue to hold the premier position in the league table.

HOCKEY. With the Inter-Company games, in which keen interest is taken, the standard of hockey is rising rapidly and good prospects are given of a strong Battalion team.

" O " Section.—Observant readers will notice the elevation of our status; but this has not been the only change since we last appeared in print.

Gunnery and Hindustani and various other queer pursuits have been added to wireless as a means of passing the time. We still hear of people getting posted: we still see the haunted look on the faces of those about to go up for their umpteenth interview: last, but not least, we still contrive to keep pace with the stripes that spring up like mushrooms overnight!

Talent also shines upon the stage: witness " French Leave " recently. (" He only had to be natural, you know! ")

We offer our best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton for their future happiness; and to Captain Ferriday on his departure from among us.

Things We Should Like to Know.—Who was the N.C.O. who asked for an early call for half-past six?

Is it true that the " Q " is learning to play the clarinet?

Who said that the Company Office is not as green as it looks?

Who was it who " declined to compete " in the recent kit inspection?

Whose idea was it to muzzle the Sergeant-Major for half an hour twice a week?

Q.Q.Q.

No. 3 Company

This has been a very quiet month for the Company. Only one batch of new arrivals have reached us from the Depot. These will form No. 37 Squad, and they should prove a very valuable addition to our Company. We hope that their stay with us will be both pleasant and profitable.

Lance Corporals Thallon and Lager have left the Company and are now on a Drill and Duties Course. Lance Corporals Estlea and Wilkinson, and Signalman Freer have proceeded to the N.C.O.s' Training Battalion.

Two Squads have completed their training and have left us for other Units. To all our losses we wish luck and success.

Corporal Wilkin (Ticker) deserves congratulations for the excellent results achieved by No. 25 Squad in their Class III Tests. He and his Squad worked hard.

The new system of creed training is now in operation. No. 3 Squad was the first to start from scratch on this system. It will be interesting to see the results.

Squads now get the added inducement of seven days' leave when they pass their Group " E." Their instuctors go on leave with them. This is a very popular innovation.

Short hair cuts are now the vogue and it is, on the whole, held in a very favourable light by the personnel of the Company.

A distinguished Signalman of the Company has had his hair cut so short that he is now able to " Count " the hairs on his head. It is rumoured that this made him so light-headed that he fell down on his way to P.T.

Sport.—In addition to six representatives in our Battalion hockey team the Company is strongly represented in the rugby team.

Corporals Davies and Brown, Lance Corporal Teague, Signalmen Haigh, Pey, Allison, Barnsley, Cross and Pell all turn out regularly at rugger.

Signalmen Hibberts and Patterson play in the Battalion soccer team.

Wise Words.—Pentonville Percy says that wireless has added a large number of words to our vocabulary—not counting those we use when it won't work.

Short, Short Story.—They met—it was love at first sight—until—he took another look.

Congratulations.—To Lance Corporals Thallon, Hallam and Lager for their first step up the ladder of fame. Also to Lance Corporals (Recruits) Ross, Waddell, Faram and Allam. Promotion is liable to be very rapid in time of war.

S.P.D.

No. 4 Company

Another month nearer the end of the war! What a month! It is great to think that some of the lads who left this Company not so long ago may be singeing Musso's beard (if he has one) in Egypt now.

It is hoped that most of the hang-overs from Christmas will have disappeared by the time this is published. The estimable " Joe " is not, of course, included in this particular category, but he should, nevertheless, be having quite a lot to get over. Cheer up, old man, the first ten years are the worst. The war will pale into insignificance.

It is fitting to record that leave has now (more or less) settled down to a regular routine. We can now, sometimes, make arrangements forty-eight hours beforehand.

The following promotions and appointments are recorded during the past month: Lance Corporals Long and Hufton to be Corporals (full-blown), Signalmen Smith, Wood and Jackson to be Lance Corporals (no so full-blown). Our congratulations are extended to all and we wish them success. If *all* we hear is correct, we should be seeing some budding Sergeants (certainly not full-blown) " floating " around soon.

Unfortunately we lost Lance Corporals Kempster and Crossley to — Corps Signals and Corporal Arnold to Administrative Wing. The latter, however, was replaced by Lance Sergeant Robins, who is welcomed back into the fold (what a fold!). Sergeant Caines has also returned from a brief " rest " in the Reserve and is officiating in the Sergeants' Mess. He will soon be wondering himself whether he is " Mr." or " Sergeant."

We have recently formed a Squad of ex-S.C. & T.s. It is hoped that they will be able to talk plenty of shop and also that they will not find it difficult to get back into the old swing (key, not lead) again.

By the way, who was it who scouted round the Company Office for some time looking for some gum to gum a gummed label?

So long for now!

ALFIE.

1st General Trades Training Battalion

No. 2 (Line) Company

General.—By the time these notes appear in print Christmas will have passed and the New Year arrived. All those things that go to make up successful New Years, i.e., food (in bottles and otherwise), the local Caruso and the nasty morning-after will all have receded into the background, making room for the harder task that lies ahead. The C.Q.M.S. reports a heavy demand on socks, so maybe the recruits do believe the story about S.M.s being Santa Claus in disguise.

Sport.—The usual Friday afternoon games continue, despite the weather, and the men spend a very pleasant half-day on the various fields of sport. Talent has been spotted for future Battalion teams, but, unfortunately, they don't stay long enough for us to build a world-beating side.

Boxing.—A team from the G.T.T.B. was entered for the Garrison Novices' Competition on very short notice and after a really good contest we lost by 14 points to 10. Signalman Harris of this Company put up a brilliant show to win the Bantam-weights. Thanks to Captain Gee and the P.R.I., the team were treated to a supper and show, which I believe was very much appreciated by all. Under the able tutorship of Corporal Scott we have visions of winning the next time out.

Entertainments.—A very good lecture was given in the Y.M.C.A. by a well-known member of the Corps. An attentive audience found it of great interest in view of the present war situation in the part of the globe.

Numerous concert parties, dances and films have been staged for the troops during the month. The highlight was a concert, given by the R.A.C. This was a great success and all credit must be given them for a very pleasant evening.

Promotions.—Congratulations to C.S.M. West, Lance Corporals Smith A. and Clark V. on attaining ranks as shown. (Beer should be plentiful at Christmas).

Arrivals.—C.S.M. West and Lance Sergeant Biggs from No. 1 Company; Corporal Davidson from Operators; S.S.M. Kelly from Corps Signals. Our Orderly Corporal, from leave, complete with trick salt cellar but minus his " Props." Also, recruit squads for training, too numerous to mention by name. To all we extend a hearty welcome.

Departures.—Lance Sergeant Graham, Corporal Evans, Lance Corporal Thorpe and Signalman Adams R., plus numbers of men, complete with trade ratings. We hope they all get billets to their taste.

Last, but not least, C.S.M. Tudor to next door. We can now safely do up our collars and breathe freely again. Best of luck to you in your new seat and may it never grow too hard.

Sayings of the Oppressed.—" It's only a platonic friendship, anyway."

ROBBO.

Marriages.—Congratulations and good wishes to Signalman Ken Watson on his marriage to Miss Marian Walker. Now we know the reason for his anxiety about 48 hours' leave. Good luck, Ken."

Afternoon Cameos.—" Dad " Eaton easing his rheumatism on " X Country."

Corporal Scott " darting " in overcoat and gloves.

Hole drilling on the moors and drilling on the square.

What would you do, chums?

A.T.M.

No. 3 (Workshop) Company

" One man's meat is another man's poison." So goes the old tag, and, believe me, it is very true in this business of trying to get leave.

Since the re-commencement of privilege leave, we have had some moans and groans from our Company Office Staff, who were nearly the first to avail themselves of the opportunity of getting away from this salubrious district for a spot of well-earned fun and frolics, and now snap and snarl at the very mention of the word leave. Patience is a virtue. Still, I suppose we must give credit to the finest Company Clerk in the Corps (and I don't want to borrow anything, Vic.).

Recent steps in the right direction to alleviate the dark winter months for the personnel of this Company are the latest efforts of our Company Commander, Captain E. L. Smith-Masters, who has inaugurated a Company Library, of some 600 books, including a goodly proportion of thrillers. The subscription is very small, being a mere eightpence (sixpence of which is refunded on leaving the Company), and books may be exchanged three times a week.

For the further entertainment of the troops, each barrack room has been provided with a set each of draughts and dominoes, and there are also four sets of chessmen, which may be had on loan from the Company Office. We are running a Company draughts tournament within the next few days, with four prizes to give added cheer to the fortunate semi-finalists this Christmas. Nor is this all. We now have two wireless sets, to be used by each barrack room in turn, and more to come, we hope, so that in the near future there will be " music in the air" throughout the lines.

We welcome to the fold C.S.M. Tudor (from No. 2 (Line) Company), Sergeants Hobbs and Hamilton, and Corporal Vickers J., and hope their stay with us will fulfil all our expectations.

Since our last notes we have said good-bye to C.S.M. Storr P. F., better known as Jack the Gentleman, for if ever a man was a real gent. he was. This is truly a case of our loss being some other Unit's gain, but as he has been very deservedly commissioned to " Q " bloke, we will try to bear up. We are glad to know you are with your old love, sir, with no more " steaming " or worrying about " Duty Balloons."

Other departures are: C.Q.M.S. Vine J. C., who has gone as R.Q.M.S., and Corporal Ryder. In addition Lance Corporal " Bob " Waite—better known as " Happy " —our indefatigable and, we thought, permanent Orderly Scorpion. We certainly miss his cheery face and his signature call of " Everybody happy? " How goes it, Bob? What about a line?

'Tis not in mortals to command success, but I'll do more—deserve it." We extend our heartiest congratulations to the following on their recent steps up the ladder of fame: Lance Sergeant Lee G. to Sergeant; Corporal Craine W. to Lance Sergeant; Lance Corporal Traill J. to Corporal (one more for " Wilkie "); and L/Lance Corporal Woolford L. to Lance Corporal.

By the time these notes appear in print, Christmas and all its festivities will have come and gone, and stockings, which at this time of the year are brought into the light of day and darned, will once more have been put away for another twelve months.

Well, here's wishing everybody a happy New Year, and hoping that the next one will have seen the conclusion of these troublous times.

What people are asking: Who was the Corporal, returning from the All Ranks Dance, who tried to reel in the white line down the centre of the road? And who was the Guard Commander who, on being turned out, presented arms to a S.S.M.?

A.S.E.

No. 4 Company

Introductory.—Here we are again, the old firm, still going strong. Well, we have finally got past the last month of a hectic year. All around one can hear: " Roll on the last month of 1941, we may be finished then." Yes, you " cads," walls have ears and so have bunks.

We wish all Signal Units at home and abroad a happy New Year.

General.—Now the dark and dreary Yorkshire nights have arrived, what do we get? Ah, the R.Q.M.S., ably assisted by the one and only " Mr." Shaw, giving us concerts, etc. Do they go about with a tired and weary frown? Oh, dear no. But there they are with a wicked gleam in their eyes, talent spotting. Yes, all you old T.B. wallahs, they are our concert producers. But tracking them up is their shadow, happy-go-lucky " Jeepers Creepers," and if you don't know who that is, ask the Hangman. We are also indebted to the Company Band for their able assistance, and although the C.S.M. may not reward them, they will be rewarded in the usual place.

Sport and Pastime.—Many and varied sports now take place on a Tuesday afternoon. In fact, the C.S.M. many a time has a hard job finding opponents for some of the varied events. First on the list is Leg (Lead) Swinging. Yes, it is marvellous how many entries there are for this sport. But mention D——— on a Saturday, and lo and behold!—the lead swingers were gone.

We also have rugger, soccer, hockey, and cross-country running, even when Mr. Shaw condescends to have a run. Also thanks are due to Driver Maddison on his able assistance at rugger.

By the way, while we are on the subject of sport and pastime, we heartily congratulate our " Geordie " and Sergeant Shaw on the noble and generous way in which they keep popping off to D——— to play dominoes with the " old people." Oh, yea, one wonders if they both knock at double six.

Arrivals and Departures.—We are sorry to lose our Company Commander, Captain F. G. Wilson, Royal Signals, who has left us for a rest on another job. Good luck to you, sir. You were tough, but we could take it, and you will be missed by all.

A hearty welcome is extended to our new Company Commander, Lieutenant J. C. Treasure, Royal Signals. May your stay with us be a pleasant one; in any case, sir, you know us.

We were very sorry indeed to say good-bye to Lieutenant T. J. Behets. Our loss is another Unit's gain. We welcome in his place Lieutenant Riley, Royal Signals, and may you soon dig yourself in, sir, like your predecessor.

With this Company arrivals and departures are a sore point. What a life. This is an example of what we get on a Sunday morning: Voice from a Line Company, " I am posting a Squad

to you to-day, but they go on leave to-morrow." Then "Darky" Bennett, from the C.I.'s office, rings and says, "Send Squads so and so on leave to-morrow," and all that just as the C.S.M. has finished typing his platoons for the ensuing week. They arrive in spirit, but not in body, but seeing that our Warrant Officer is such a good scrounger with his "Lend me 70 men, Toc," we manage to scrape through.

It is impossible to mention all personnel by name, but we wish you all a happy time while you are with us.

We have said good-bye to one old stalwart of the Company Sergeant "Wally" Archer. Good luck to you, Wally, and remember that Geordie is game for a fish tea anytime.

Pleasure.—Many of the old faces from up here would go mad at the pleasure we are getting now. Just imagine in the old days having a dance in the Gymnasium. Every Saturday night now, there they go, all the "Gigolos" to shake a leg in the light fantastic. We have to thank our able R.S.M. for getting us that pleasure (and toil). It's a hard job getting it ready for the dance, and it's harder next morning scrubbing it out. But for all that, it must be a joy for old Cupid to see the happy looks on the boys' faces as they take their A.T.S. and W.A.A.F. girls home, singing the well-known tune, "Arm in arm together." The pictures, too, in the N.A.A.F.I. are very much appreciated, and according to the crowded house they would be welcomed every night.

Gossip.—Rumours are many and varied at present. You know what I mean. Driver So-and-so to Driver So-and-so: "Have you heard that old —— may take the fateful plunge into the stormy seas of matrimony?"

No. 1 Driver: "There must be something in it. Rich doesn't go to D—— eight nights a week for nothing."

No. 2 Driver: "He goes for ping-pong practice at the Soldiers' Home."

No. 1 Driver: "Ping-pong my foot. What about Dyche? Does he go to Y—— to study the old Castle walls?"

No. 2 Driver: "No, mebbe not; but have you heard about Ffitch? He keeps jogging away away to D—— with his little gun on his shoulder."

One thinks that the Exchequer will be paying out some extra money.

What Would You do Chums?—If your name was "Dinky" and the laundry had not sent back your underwear. Well, now, I ask you.

If after treating a girl to gin and lime all night at a dance, she says "I am going home on the bus." Well, now, I ask you.

FOURCO.

Boys Training Company

General.—As usual, life has been bristling with excitement and leave was a timely termination to the season's activities.

In the traditional "F" Company style we ended the "term" with high spirits, promoted by the Christmas dinner. A day or two before leaving for home, the Company was entertained by a cinema show. This excited gargantuan appetites, judging from the effort put behind disposing of the sumptuous repast which followed. We all thank Corporal Einig and staff for making the dinner such a success. Also Signalman Gook for his hysterical interlude.

When everyone had recovered from the effects of their over-indulgence, a concert was given by the Boys. Colonel and Mrs. P. B. D. H. Foot, Major Boileau, Captain Lindley, Captain Bickmore, and Lieutenant Macdonald honoured us by their presence and we hope that they enjoyed the show. The compere attributed largely to the success of the evening and No. 12 Room put over a greatly applauded sketch. Several vocalists took a bow and even Sergeant Boy Royle condescended to a song or two (and was he good?). Higley's violin concerto received a big hand, at his own request, of course. Boy Band would give Paul Robeson a good run for his money, and the orchestra ought to work in the Company Office tearing up waste paper—they could tear through the "Snake Charmer" racket.

The show concluded with a most appropriate song, dedicated to our old pal, the C.S.M. After the concert the Boys took to dancing until exhausted but blissfully contented to dream of the morrow.



Ex-Boys' Training Squad



Junior Hockey Team

SPORTS NOTES

Boxing.—Sergeant Boy Royle, Boys Knight R., Lister, Taylor, Wride, Bond G., Johns and Johnstone entered for the Northern Command Competition. The first two boys named above were unable to find opponents at their weight, but Boy Lister lost narrowly in the earlier rounds, the others reaching the final. Johnstone, Wride and Bond G. won their weights, whilst Taylor and Johns were runners up.

On 7th December, the boxing team fought Ampleforth College in the Blood Tub. Of the nine bouts we won seven, one being a walk-over. Boys Lister and Lewis only lost by narrow margins and the display as a whole does credit to their trainer, Corporal O'Keefe.

Rugby.—On 2nd November the Boys 1st and 2nd XVs played Boothams Schools, Richmond. The first team lost by 11 points to 5, and the second team lost by 9 points to 6, but it was not for the lack of trying.

On 13th November the 1st and 2nd teams went to Ampleforth College. The 1st team lost by 11 points to 3, and the 2nd team won by 8 points to 5.

On 29th November the 1st and 2nd teams went to Barnard Castle. The 1st team lost by 13 points to 3, but again the juniors won by 8 points to 5.

The second team, under the experienced eye of Captain Bickmore, will be challenging all and sundry if they continue with the skill they displayed in their last game.

BOYS v. O.C.T.U. CLASSES. The Boys won by 15 points to 3 in the first game (and what a game). In the return match the O.C.T.U. Classes won.

Signalmen Western and George were selected to play in the Yorkshire v. Lancashire match, and they both play regularly for the Garrison. Also Lance Corporal Smith A. G. (ex-Boy).

Hockey.—On 18th November the Boys beat the R.A.C. 2nd XI by 6—4, when playing at Hipswell.

On 27th November the game versus — Corps H.Q. had to be cancelled, owing to unforeseen circumstances, but a match has been arranged for early in the New Year.

These are the main events of late and we ought to be able to give even more favourable results of our fixtures after leave.

EFCO.

S.T.C. Wales

2nd Depot Battalion

Nothing bordering on the spectacular has happened of recent weeks—no invasions, no blitzes, no nuffinck. I arsks ya fellas, what's a bloke gotta write about? I think a monthly article on the lines of "Aunt Aggies' Advice to the Agitated Amorist' would save a lot of brain searching.

The Depot still "takes in" (and how) and "turns out" Recruits with creditable relentlessness and precision. It's no easy task turning a raw civilian into a trained soldier—but it's done. Don't ask me how—maybe the Greeks have a word for it!

A recent innovation is the introduction of a weekly subscription dance held on a Saturday night. The blokes rake out their civvy shoes from under the bed, beg, borrow or steal a spot of hair grease, then sally forth in the firm belief that they are direct descendants of Shakespeare's pal Romeo; the village belles (all three of 'em) totter along resplendent in all their glory, sincerely hoping that there's truth in the statement that "All soldiers are taught to use their arms to the best advantage." The light fantastic is merrily tripped to the strains of the S.T.C. Dance Band. One of our Junior N.C.O.s (no names, no short pays), who has great faith in his ability to "cut a dash" was seen to tread rather unceremoniously on a fair damsel's tootsie. "Sorry," said he. But I'm a little stiff from rugger." "Don't care if you're a big goon from Utopia, you aren't dancing any more with me," was the retort.

"Going Up."—The cry of the lift boy has taken on a new significance in our Pay Office as Lance Sergeant Breslin and Lance Corporal Joe Levy have "gone up" to the ranks mentioned. Nice work, fellas! Wistful thoughts—will this spot of promotion have a softening effect on the "Sorry, mate, no big pays this week" policy?

With great expense to myself, i.e., one lollypop (partially devoured), one used stamp and a broken bootlace, I've induced Milo Popopocopopolis, the Measly Model, to pose for another "Men out of Uniform" photograph. In all seriousness, this "fizzog" is dedicated to the recent privilege granted to us—that of wearing mufti whilst on leave.

Trash!—It has happened, fellas! At long last Sergeant Steve Fudgell, our Orderly Room Sergeant, has decided to find out for himself whether matrimony is a word or a sentence. Actually, I'm a little premature in this announcement, but by the time this has gone to press, Steve will have found out that marriage lines are those deep lines on the forehead. All this is scheduled to happen on Christmas Day—quite a natty present for a chap to give himself! What! Good luck to you both.

SPORTS NOTES

Rugby.—I give this manly sport pride of place because just recently I have been somewhat forcibly reminded that the unsurpassable performance (that's not my adjective) of our rugger XV is worth recording. The team, captained by Sergeant-Instructor Holmes C. B., the international sprinter, has accounted for three local University teams and one professional team—the latter performance is irrefutable proof of just how good they are. It is earnestly hoped that the powers that be will see fit to arrange a match against a really strong opposition. Any Unit in this part of the world fancy their chance?

Football.—In this sport we have been "weighed in the balance and not found wanting." On 7th December we played in a mammoth charity match against a Polish representative side. The programmes and posters bore the legend that among the Poles there were seven internationals; that may have been the case, but it didn't prevent us licking them by 5—3. Any would-be commentator would have had the time of his life trying to give a commentary on this game with names like Oczkowski, Lewendewski, Brzustowski and Paczkowski to cope with. What a name to go to bed with!



Men out of Uniform (11)—by Bimbo
(With apologies to "Men Only")

Boxing.—The "noble art of self-defence" is now in full swing and many of the would-be pugs are realising (rather painfully) that there's something in the ancient adage "It's better to give than to receive" after all. Monday, 16th December, sees the commencement of the Centre Eliminating Contests. Who knows there may be a world-beater in our midst! Who cares?

Boxing enthusiasts were certainly well catered for at a recent charity show organised in a neighbouring town. Such famous names as Ernie Roderick, Peter Kane, Jack London, Tommy Henderson, etc., figured prominently on the bill. The Corps was well and nobly represented. Corporal Jimmy Walsh, ex-light-weight champion of Great Britain, opposed (and disposed of) Sergeant Williams. Corporals Collier, Bruford, Brankin Tapley and Driver Burke all mixed in the merry melee and gave a good account of themselves.

In one of the minor bouts an eager participant was getting well and truly trounced. At the interval, he crawled to his corner, and his second said, "Sorry, mate, I would have thrown in the towel but it's got L.M.S. stamped on it."

By-bye, blokes! Hope you get everything you wish for in the New Year.

BIMBO.

"A" Company Depot Battalion

News this month is somewhat scarce, but I will try to make the best of a bad job, so here goes. First of all, N.C.O.s and men of this Company are very sorry to lose 2nd Lieutenant Kelly, who has been attached to us from the Royal Artillery. Mr. Kelly has been well liked by all. He has proved himself a good sport. We wish him the very best of luck at his new station.

Special for the Ladies.—A Sewing "B" takes place in a certain Company Office at odd moments during the week. You are all invited to come along and join in the fun. Tea is provided by "M.O.," and expert advice is given by our President, Miss X.

Miss X is an expert in the use of silks, and was recently presented with half-a-crown for being the top of her College, where she passed off with high honours. She is also an enthusiastic hiker, and arranges many delightful picnics when the weather permits. Her recent publication, "Sewing without Tugging," will help you greatly. Articles will be presented to our hard-fighting girls in the A.T.S.

Jews' Mail.—Will Corporal Ettenfield H., late of General Trades, C—— Camp, please correspond with Lance Corporal Vaughan S., "A" Company, Depot Battalion, 2nd Signal Training Centre?

All for now.

JIMMY "F."

"B" Company Depot Battalion

Resolve for 1941.—Officers and men of "B" Company send best wishes for the New Year to their colleagues and comrades of the Royal Corps of Signals throughout the world. They have all resolved to maintain in 1941 the proud traditions of the Signals Service since its inception.

At the time of writing the men are looking forward excitedly to hanging up their kit-bags on Christmas Eve. Booby traps are being arranged over barrack room doors by those who are not certain whether there really is a Father Christmas or whether it is just the B.S.M.

If the nocturnal visitor turns out to be the B.S.M. after all, the curious ones will be safe from the unwelcome attentions of the crow for the next six months—and the others will learn a lot of new words.

Departed Friends.—There is much regret in "B" Company at the departure of 2nd Lieutenants F. A. Newton, R.A., H. B. Scott R.A., and J. F. Kelly, R.A. Their cheerfulness has inspired homesick recruits and their relationship with the men has always been such as to extract the best from the most unsoldierly.

2nd Lieutenant Kelly's lectures on Army Law have been among the most popular periods in the Depot Battalion Training



2ND DEPOT BATTALION, "B" COMPANY OFFICERS AND N.C.O.s

Back Row: Lance Bombardier Lazenby R., R.A., Lance-Corporal O'Halloran H. P., Lance Corporal Adams E. R., Lance Corporal Farrow L. A., Bombardier Pratt H. V., R.A., Lance Corporal Sharpe N. W.

Third Row: Lance Bombardier Jones W., R.A., Lance Corporal Bracey C. J., Bombardier Ruggles J. C., R.A., Lance Corporal Compton E. R., Corporal Dickson R. J. S., Lance Sergeant Roach R., Corporal Davis J. A., Corporal Davies J. (Correspondent), Lance Sergeant Buxton L.

Second Row: Sergeant Bishop W. C., 10th Hussars, B.S.M. Abbott H. S., M.M., R.A., 2nd Lieutenant F. A. Newton, R.A., Captain T. Freer-Ash, R.Sigs. (Officer Commanding), 2nd Lieutenant N. B. Scott, R.A., C.Q.M.S. Hesford J., Sergeant Owens G., R.A.

Front Row: Corporal Fernihough W. H., Lance Sergeant Gittins T., Bombardier Bottomley A., R.A., Bombardier Docherty W., R.A., Lance Sergeant Wheeldon G. H., Corporal Fairbrass J. A.

Insertions—Left: Corporal Ballard L. L. *Right*: Corporal Collier J.

Programme. They conferred on military discipline a human quality which few people believed to exist.

We wish 2nd Lieutenants Newton, Scott and Kelly every success in their military careers and assure them that they will be missed by "B" Company, particularly by those who have taken part in organised sport.

All Made Up.—More promotions of N.C.O.s of "B" Company have taken place during the past month. Corporal Gittins T. A., Bombardiers Dooherty L. and Bottomley A. have now become A/Lance Sergeants. Lance Corporals Collier J. and Edens V. B. have been made up to A/Corporals. We offer them our heartiest congratulations.

Corporal Davies J. has been posted from "B" Company to Training Wing.

The Democratised Army.—Strange things have been happening in these parts, the like of which have never been seen before. The B.S.M. has been observed to receive and acknowledge in like manner a taximan's salute from a recruit on parade. He (the B.S.M.) has been ordered by the self-same democrat to stand to attention in his (the democrat's) presence and to address him as mister. One of our spies was privileged to witness an exciting game of "Bulls and Butchers," in which the recuit played the part of Butcher rampant, pursued by one B.S.M., passant regardant. Truly has the army become democratised. (Serving Petty Officer Herbert's Grace.)

Scottish Invasion.—The need for specialists in foreign languages —especially Scottish—has become urgent. A Squad Commander, baffled by the apparent lack of cohesion between brain and brawn in his braw Signalmen, doubled up in anguish and screamed "If you can't understand me, I'll talk to you in your own language—Abooooooot Turrrrrn!"

Current opinion suggests a calamitous start to the New Year. A section consisting mainly of high-spirited Scots is expected to pass off (and subsequently out) on or about Hogmanay. Curfew will probably be imposed in the town, and concrete blocks and barbed wire entanglements are being erected around the Guard Room. Anxious N.C.O.s set up with candles long into the night trying to forecast the rota of duty for Guard Commanders and Junior N.C.O.s.

Leave Tip.—"When a man hath taken a new wife he shall not go out to war neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken." (Deuteronomy xxiv, 5.)

JIM CUM . . . A.E.S.M.

2ND S.T.C.'S RUGBY MATCH WITH 'VARSITY

As a Manchester University sprinter, C. B. Holmes, the Olympic runner, upset the sporting plans of rival Liverpool University quite a few times (writes Eric Thompson).

It was a 2nd S.T.C. side under his captaincy that caused the first war-time rugby defeat of Liverpool University recently, and, as though to even matters, this same 2nd S.T.C. team will endeavour to put Manchester University's fifteen in the shade in a forthcoming match at Fallowfield, Manchester.

In addition to Holmes, the team that beat Liverpool University included W. Howarth, the Lancashire stand-off half; A. N. York, who assisted the county against Yorkshire at Bradford recently; and A. Jackson, a Gloucester wing.

I understand these players will be in the team to oppose Manchester University, as well as A. G. Komrower, captain of another Army team who have won every match they have played this season.

RUGBY MATCH—2ND S.T.C. v. MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY.

Manchester University, 0; 2nd S.T.C., 18.

Manchester University, without W. V. Wadsworth and E. H. Laithwaite in the three-quarter line, were decisively beaten recently at The Firs by a 2nd S.T.C. side, whose captain is C. B. Holmes. For all that, the score of three goals and a try reflects a certain amount of credit on the young University team, as a defence saved at least as many more points, and those points were almost the prescriptive right of a back division each member of which could be called first-class. This 2nd S.T.C. team has not yet been defeated and has scored over 300 points against fewer than 40. Their victims include Liverpool University. It was easy to understand this record from a sight of them in action. They work the ball fast along the line as the correct basis of their attacks and have in Howarth, Darke, and Coleman three players who can switch direction if the need arises.

On the wings they have Holmes, whose speed is well known, and Jackson, not quite so fast but tall and awkward to tackle. This West Country man when not in action has something of the deceptive appearance of awkwardness that characterised E. R. Mobbs in his younger days, though he is burlier than Mobbs; he also has the high-kneed run that makes tackling difficult. Jackson scored three of the winners' tries, two from passing along the line and one from a blind-side move begun by A. F. Evans, the other try-scorer.

The forwards were not, perhaps, up to the same standard, but they were understood to be below strength. Some of them set a pace in the first ten minutes that they could not approach in the latter stages, but York supplemented some remarkable place-kicking by a friskiness that belied his present-day tank-like dimensions. He converted three tries, two from the verge of touch, hit the bar from the same angle after the fourth try, and the lower part of a post from a long-range penalty kick.

Things looked black for the University when they were 15 points down after some twenty-five minutes' play. That they did not knuckle under to the threat was due mainly to the stimulating play of the pack as a whole. They were slightly overweighed, but they timed their shove in the set scrums well enough to get a good share of the ball and their loose rushes demanded unsparing defence to check them.



L/Corporal & Mrs. L. A. Farrow

There were, in fact, in the second half sufficient opportunities if not to win the match at least to bring the score within a few points of the 2nd S.T.C.'s, but the outsides never overcame two major faults which had manifested themselves in the first few minutes. The first was to switch the eye off the ball on to the oncoming tackler and the second was to run back. Each fault, it goes without saying, was engendered by lack of acquaintance with a defence that comes up really fast. Lessons can be learnt from the experience, and greater attention to " eye on the ball " and expedients such as a deeper formation should prevent a repetition of the story of passes dropped and ground lost.

T.H.E.B.

Manchester University.—E. Roebuck ; J. C. Talbot, J. W. Nash, M. S. N. Scotts, T. Howells ; H. Starkie, K. Kinoshita ; T. W. Baker, K. Huxley, G. V. Feldman, W. Dickson, E. Priestley J. Mitchell, E. G. Renshaw, J. Jackson.

2nd S.T.C. XV.—L. O. Roberts ; A. Jackson, T. Coleman, J. Darke, C. B. Holmes ; W. Howarth, A. F. Evans ; J. D. T. Brett, N. A. York, W. Tutt, D. Williams, L. A. Evans, W. Robertson, W. Parsons, A. Austin.

The above side has had a remarkably successful season so far. Twelve matches have been played up to date, and on each occasion our side has been triumphant. In several games we have scored more than thirty points, and our record is as follows : 356 points for with only 26 against. Amongst our victims we include Manchester University, Liverpool University, Bangor University, Wigan Old Boys, and one or two strong R.A.F. sides. We are hoping soon to fix up a game with a United Services team which includes two Scottish internationals and some Rugby League players. What a grand thing it would be to be able to match our strength against Catterick !

Training Wing

Ave " C " Group.—Some say " Good old Training Wing." There is also a majority opinion—which is most unfair.

Imagine a sausage machine with the outlet port bunged up and the engine still running. That is " C " Group. It almost seems that the Army is not as hard up for future officers as " C ' Group would like to think. " Dead end kids " is the best definition we have heard to date. Even Hitler seems to think we are not a military objective.

Slam.—Which reminds us of one of the more suburban barrack rooms. A very Senior Officer, whilst visiting the camp, walked into it at 09.00 hours unannounced. Someone was just going " two no trumps " on a hand quite devoid of honours, which didn't help. But they say the bidding is much better now that the offenders are out on ticket of leave again.

Regimental Route.—Then there is the probably libellous story of one of our more respected maestros having been seen leaving the office by way of the window and in something of a hurry. But then, some emerygencies do need the strongest action.

Tinsel Trouble.—Evacuated glamour is the current headache of quite a few of our instructors ; their rural innocence has taken the count from vice from the big cities. But a simple, honest face should go a long way with the jury.

Hope.—Brighter faces appeared around Training Wing for a short time after the news that M. A. Perry (" Gort," as he was known after someone had heard that he was related to the then C.-in-C.) has got a pip up—and is probably the first " C " Grouper to become a gunner officer.

Rainbow's End.—Signalman Jimmy James makes a very smart Lance Corporal—again.

Hamlet Corner.—Amateur grave diggers seen around the Camp's perimetre are members of the Big Dig, latest official wheeze to keep the growing army of " overhelds " out of as much mischief as possible. Not all of them are for A.M.P.C. commissions—but they are certainly learning the value of grass as camouflage. Which should be useful during some of their Sunday afternoon walks.

Dead Sea Fruit.—Beachcombing for timber is one of the Big Diggers' jobs. Early morning enthusiasm was increased by the sight of several whisky bottles lying on the beach. And their seals were quite unbroken. Unfortunately the bottles held very little whisky and a lot of very salty splash. Big Diggers are still wondering how and why.

Can after can of salmon came ashore, too, but the vinegar was off. Tragedy was averted and the Big Diggers' faith in a guiding influence was renewed by one of the faithful getting the idea of selling the apparently undamaged cans to unsuspecting comrades.

They found an onion, too. Droit de seigneur effort by Lance Corporal George resulted in its being added to his domestic stew.

Gone on the Wind.—Lance Corporal " Bunn " Adams made a typical fade out when he left for the R.A.F., with whom he hopes to go about the sky in a Spitfire. Preview of that airborn feeling was given by his hat, which blew off by the Clipper and was last seen going strong in the direction of C——, with the Jeep in hot pursuit.

Lost.—When you read this, Corporal (he's got another up) Vic Edens will be married. Lady is Miss Joan Martin, of Broxbourne, Herts. Wedding at Prestatyn, 21/12/40.

Lance Corporal " Tubby " Adams is bringing a lady up to ——, too. He's very coy about it and quite refused all information. But we hear he is going to marry the girl ; and he has that soulful expression in his eyes when caught unawares.

Stolen.—Lance Corporal O'Halloran has left us for " B " Company, " B " Company, where we hope he will get that other coveted stripe, coveted stripe. He is replaced by Corporal Davies J., from " B " Company, who seems quite a decent sort of fellow.

Strayed.—Daily mystery of how three members of " C " Group mapping party always miss the bus home was solved by the man who smelled their breath when they did return.

Local Colour.—Our Sergeant-Major attended a Spitfire Dance not too locally and so entered into the spirit of the thing that he crashed on his way back and balanced a baby Austin on his nose. Well, maybe a little to the left of his nose. An ill-advised local cop asked what had been said to the driver of the other car. He was told, and couldn't spell it. And if you wonder at our headline you should have seen the colour of the S.S.M.'s left eye.

Ad Astra.—Lance Corporal George and Signalman Taylor E. A. have got their transfers to the R.A.F. They should know better by now.

Senior Wisdom.—Question to N.C.O.s' Course : " What are the means of communication between ground and aircraft ? "

Answer : " Wireless, D.R., and pigeon.

Question : " What is A.F.B. (Death certificate) ? "

Answer : " When it is a copse you wrap it up and send it to the War Office by air mail."

D.W.M.

Yorkshire 3

3rd Operators Training Battalion

The Work of the Signals.—The people of a West Riding town were recently given a forceful reminder of the " lines behind the scenes " during their War Weapons Week, when a Company of the Royal Corps of Signals, in collaboration with one of the town's largest stores, staged an exhibition of " The Signals at work."

The field value of such typical Signals " weapons " as telephones, teleprinters, wireless sets, switchboards, etc., was figuratively balanced against more publicised and spectacular weapons, such as Spitfires, destroyers, tanks, Bren guns, etc.

Application of the word " weapons " to the seemingly inoffensive material on show may have required a mental effort from some, but an earnest attempt was made to show the value of Signals work.

Successful delivery of messages and maintenance of communications are as important as the bombing of a target, for in a modern mechanised fighting unit the accurate and mobile inter-communication methods provided through the up-to-date equipment of the Royal Corps of Signals are of the utmost importance. The Signals are the very nerves of the modern Army, for breakdown of communications may result in immobilisation and chaos.

To present this theme, two Signal offices were set up in the windows of the store, complete with teleprinter, fullerphone, telephone and wireless links. A switchboard, also, was incorporated, and from a 'phone in the store the public were invited to ask the Signal masters any questions about Signals working. Also in the store was a much-appreciated despatch-rider service, whereby customers were invited to send messages to addressees within a specified radius.

In a third window a comprehensive display of instruments and general equipment, such as rifles, respirators, etc., completed the exhibition.

O.X.

Administrative Wing

A few weeks ago Administrative Wing had its photograph taken, at the instigation of the O.C., who has since departed for higher places. The effect was not bad—considering—though the front row was a little crowded, which was a pity, particularly as R.S.M. Eynott had his nice new battle-dress on especially for the occasion.

As a result of the dispersal of Companies in our new station, arrangements for such things as entertainments have ceased to a great extent, being done on a Battalion basis, and one or two of the Companies have blossomed forth with their own concert parties (ably assisted by a number of " Chain-Store Houris ") which, to give them their due, are pretty good. But we must not dwell on that fact, as they will be blowing their own trumpets to good effect in that direction. Nevertheless, it gives food for thought ; visions of an Administrative Wing concert party would no doubt give rise to derisive comment, but you should hear some of us on bath-day ! (Yes—and it's a weekly event !) The thought crosses my mind of persuading the Garage to do a performance of " Romeo and Juliet." As Sergeant Owen is the boss there, we could obviously do nothing else than offer him the leading role ; he can be Romeo. The choice of a Juliet might offer a little more difficulty, and I hesitate to suggest a name for fear of the resulting acrimony. Of course, we have a nice line in A.T.S. Take, for example, Miss Whitehead in the Orderly Room. She would have every opportunity for rehearsal —" Roneo, Roneo, wherefore art thou, Roneo ? "

Well (with a sigh), perhaps it doesn't ring true. We shall just have to keep on with our administrating, driving, cooking, sweeping passages, issuing clothing (sometimes) and paying. And sitting down by the fire (?) to read the " Christmas Carol," while comparing the characters therein with our own associates.

No doubt Scrooge will be held to have five counterparts in the Pay Office, crouched over their desks gleefully gloating over the discomfiture of their unfortunate victims, whose hard-earned wages are systematically reduced to the mean sum of 3s. 6d. to provide funds for the Pay Office Self Benefit Society. A pretty picture !

Yes, my friends, that is life ! With which profound thought I bid you adieu. Skin off all your noses !

G.B.M.G.B.

No. 1 Company

By the time these notes are read O.S. 17 as one entity will be no more, but before they passed on their various ways its members sang a brilliant swan song in being winners of the Inter-Squad Competition and first holders of the Company trophy.

The competition was decided on football, and Inter-Squad concert, training progress, general turn-out of men and upkeep of billets. Now darts, table tennis and draughts have been added to the list so that new stars will have an opportunity to shine.

The Inter-squad concert was the highlight of the competition. All kinds of brilliant ideas were exploited and one Squad resorted to a " pamphlet raid " in order to win support. The result was decided on the volume of applause and O.S. 17 and O.S. 29 were so close that they had to present additional items for the judges to make their decisions. Again there was nothing to choose, but the verdict went to O.S. 17 because theirs was a team effort, while O.S. 29 relied more on individual brilliance. Incidentally, O.S. 29 were also the runners-up in the competition as a whole.

To O.S. 15 went the doubtful distinction of being wooden spoonists, but they had the satisfaction of winning the football competition, beating O.S. 16 in a glorious final by the odd goal in eleven.

The Squad concert is only one of many gay nights held in a certain Chapel schoolroom. Dances and dancing classes, socials, indoor games tournaments and whist drives, where some of the fellows playing " lady " follow worthily in the tradition of Mrs. Battle, and other features.

Recent promotions include : Corporals Ford, Crookes and George to Lance Sergeant ; Lance Corporals Davey, Lockwood and Bullen to Corporal.

No. 2 Company

Ignoring the half-apology in last month's WIRE for the frequent references to entertainments, we start these notes by recording the latest achievement of No. 2 Company—the realisation of Captain MacMurray's scheme for forming a Company dance band and running a series of Company dances. These dances (at a local hall, by permission of Lieutenant Armstrong) have been so successful that all members of the Entertainments Committee have been issued with " Haloes, brass (in lieu of gold) ", and arrangements are now complete for a super dance at the Baths on Wednesday, 15th January, 1941 (advt.). Excelsior !

The local War Weapons Week saw the Company again in action, giving an exhibition (*mot juste*) of Signal office working (what about those wireless sets !), to the amazement of the citizens and the amusement of the local rough soldiery.

Parades, lectures, pass-offs, and so forth, go on unceasingly, though we could wish that the Certa Cito Players had chosen for their next effort a play with a milder title than " The Wind and the Rain " !

Departures have been numerous and we wish Lieutenant (now Captain) Hume every success and happiness in his new post as O.C., No. 3 Company. Somehow we shall always think of him as " ours." From the Cadre, we wish Sergeants Barry and Walsh, and Corporals Scouller and Smith, all they wish themselves now that they have left us (not lost, but gone before !), whilst our congratulations go to Sergeants Barker, Jack and Cousins, and to Corporal Cleal, on attaining these ranks.

Rumour has it that Sergeant (" Ubique ") Walton is still with us, and can now be approached without covering the eyes, but he denies violently that he was asked to be Father Christmas at the C.O.'s party. (A pity ; it would have been a clear case—members of O.T. 17, please note !)

By the way, there is every chance of recovery for the unfortunate who, asking our " Q " for some trifle or other, was answered by a smiling " Sairtainly, laddie."

Apologising, by way of conclusion, for the feebleness of this effort (and to forestall the inevitable crit'cisms), we would point out that this is our first attempt. To ensure that future contributions are up to standard, we ask all members of No. 2 Company (past and present) to let us have any news of their activities. Through the WIRE you can keep track of old friends and in touch with the Company, so drop a line to the WIRE Correspondent, No. 2 Company, 3rd O.T.B. !

O.X.

No. 3 Company

From a New Inhabitant.—Straight from the barrack square, where I learned to gorge with steadfast eyes at the pale pink horizon of too early morn with the rest of " 'A' Company on parade," the transfer for trade training to the 3rd O.T.B. was almost as startling as the first time I wore khaki. Here was school again, books and pencils ; all the familiar things of my former existence which I thought I had shed when I was given " my best friend " to learn to slope arms. True, F.S.O. is still an important part of this new life, and between you and me, we have had a strong reminder that key drill is not intended to

replace footdrill! In this way, the 3rd O.T.B. intends to make the best of both worlds, insisting that we should eventually pass-out to a Holding Battalion capable of "crashing that foot in" with just as much force as we give gentleness to our touch of the key.

Yet—unbelievable as it seems—I and my chums have found that remarkable ideal: officers and N.C.O.s who set store by politeness and discipline at the same time. My bed may be on boards, but a fire burns and the wireless tells us the news and the time. On the mess room wall there is a notice: "Unlike Oliver Twist, you can have more." But I must stop, or the 3rd O.T.B. will be over-run with recruits!

Like other squares training centres, we have that motley collection drawn from a polite society. Perhaps that should have been written with "blocks-on" to indicate teachers, lawyers, journalists and other people who have more or less earned their living in sedentary fashion.

At least the O.C. Company decided he would make use of this tenacious material by forming a debating society. The result was a merry meeting from which emerged the brains of a syllabus, to be started by a budding lawyer from Glasgow, "Jimmie" Aitken, who will hold the fort against all comers to the end that party politics is all to the good. A fortnight later the Press will be torn to shreds and put together again.

Here, in embryo, is another one of the many activities of the 3rd O.T.B.2 coming to life. Our concert party has also gone into rehearsals.

(Excuse me, while I go back to my procedure. It is not proceeding too well.)

TOC., LONDON.

From an Old Inhabitant.—The month's news this time must follow congratulations corner. Three Company has pleasure in welcoming its new O.C., Captain C. W. Hume, M.C. Lieutenant C. F. Bunce, who had been "acting," is now the Company Training Officer.

It hasn't been an extraordinarily exciting month. The bombs, the guns, the star-shells—one is almost tempted to add "the 303s"—have been engagingly elsewhere.

We do get emotional potpourri intermittently, however, It took Signalman "Algy" Poole to provide us with the brightest human story for some time.

He hied to London on week-end romance leave, married the girl of his choice—and received one of those Hitler tokens to enliven the reception. A man-size bomb exploded only a few yards from the celebrations. "Algy" suffered that mild surprise that characterises the intrepid Signalman in such dire moments. He helped scrape the broken glass from the wedding cake, comforted and encouraged—and returned to duty.

But quasi-misfortune sustained faery transformation. Our friend, still a little shaken, was given seven days' leave to recover—and enjoy a Hitlerless honeymoon.

From bombs to bouquets. None could be more justifiably presented with the latter than Three Company's Corporal "Joe" Stock. He did yeoman labour in the production of the month's most impressive explosion of variety entertainment.

With seasoned guidance from Lieutenant C. Bunce he penetrated "Goouland," explored, discovered and created by his painstaking genius—"The Signallers."

The party entertained the town with songs, dance and music. And it was free!

Among the big hits were Lance Corporal Ken Crossley, famous as a Henry Hall crooner, and Signalman Ken Jones equally luminous as pianist and arranger with Johnny Rosen. Corporal Stock, unextinguishable, gripped an appreciative audience with his monologues.

The immense success of this maiden venture is being taken into consideration. Officialdom will probably find here a new and extremely efficient money-maker for that insatiable Comforts Fund.

Back to business!

An impressive spectacle of a different kind was the inspection of a special guard of honour in the centre of the town by Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, G.C.B., K.C.B., K.B.E., C.B. The guard was composed entirely of No. 3 Company personnel—50 strapping six-footers! The Field-Marshal's visit was to inaugurate the local War Weapons Week.

No. 4 Company

How do you do, everybody! I used to be a regular subscriber to the "WIRE" notes, some two years ago, and as this is my first attempt to do so since then, I hope you will not condemn my efforts to the depths of being "Binding."

General.—For the benefit of members of other Units, I think it may be appreciated if I let you know of the composition of our Training Staff and Cadre.

O.C.: Captain Kirby, Royal Signals.

Training Officers: Lieutenants Ewan-Farrell and Edwards.

C.S.M. Brown R. (of Ponky fame), S.S.M. Gilchrist, Sergeant Verlander (Young of the family), Sergeant Faircloth W. (Gripper No. 1), Sergeant Harding, Lance Sergeant Tucker J. (Tommy, 3rd Div., please note), Lance Sergeant Hickson E. W. ("Jackdaw" by nickname), Corporal Farrell G. (Sheik to ex-Palestinians), Corporal Gunn H., Corporal Kinnaird, Corporal Lockwood, Lance Corporal Dove D. M., and Lance Corporal Porter E. W. Quite a good selection of Class 1 "Grippers" as you can see. At the moment the "cup" is in the hands of Sergeant Faircloth W.

Promotions.—Of the many during the past five months, the latest ones are: Lance Sergeant Tucker J., Corporals Kinnaird and Lockwood to the ranks as stated. Congratulations!

Arrivals.—Lance Corporal Porter E. W. (late of 5th Div. and Bulford) to the Cadre from No. 2 Company via Administrative Wing. We have nicknamed him "Hop-along-Cassidy." He wasn't content with having two good feet so he let a bale of about 10,000 sandbags drop on one of them, just to see what it felt like. (What about a spot of sick leave?) Gertcha!

To our three most recent intakes we extend a hand of welcome and may your stay be a very pleasant one.

Departures.—Among the many, the most recent are those of Sergeant Hurst G., Sergeant Gosling J. and Corporal Bewsher C. We wish you the very best of luck in your new Units, blokes!

Agony.—There is a certain room in the Training Rooms set apart for the use of Officers and W.O.s. On entering it one day our S.S.M. bumped into a trainee and the following conversation took place:

S.S.M.: "Can't you read?"

Trainee: "Yes, sir."

S.S.M.: "What does this notice say?"

Trainee: "Officers and W.O.s, sir."

S.S.M.: "Well, what does W.O.s mean?"

Trainee (pausing): "Wireless Operator, sir."

One of our Senior N.C.O.s, in the many years' service he has, has contracted the bad habit of snoring, at strength R.99! When he lay down for a "kip" after dinner one day, the Sergeants' Room was vibrating with his "chase the pigs home" habit. One of the other Sergeants shouted: "Cut that——snoring out." So Old Bill simply turned round and said: "Am I snoring, Len?" What a man! Give him the cup, Fairy!

Jews' Mail.—Thompsett (ex-2nd Div.). "How about a little Tomo. Len."

Stewart (ex-"F" Company). "Has increased postal revenue got you down, Jock? Tommy."

"Duffy" Doughty (3rd Div.). "You didn't need that Cap F.S. after all. What about a line? 'Erich.'"

Sport.—Our main feature in Company sport was our success at hockey. We beat all the Companies that could turn out a team against us, very easily. The Battalion Hockey Trial was eventually played as No. 4 Company v. The Rest of the Battalion, which we won by 2—0.

Football.—We have had one game so far, against Administrative Wing, which we won by 3—1. Congratulations to Lance Corporal Neil T., for having been selected to play for the local team in the F.A. Regional Competition, and to Lance Corporal Bradburn, for being selected to play for the County at rugby. Well done, lads!

And so, until next month, au revoir, everybody.

VERLY BARRA JUNIOR.

SPORT AND ENTERTAINMENT

Sport.—The 3rd O.T.B. hockey, association and rugby football teams since the beginning of the season have been enjoying a remarkable run of success. Since September, for instance, the hockey teams has not met with any reverses, home or away, whilst the soccer team has only lost one game, against very doughty opponents, the local police. To their credit, however, the soccer players have beaten the Police team on two occasions. The rugby team has only been beaten twice, and, in mitigation, it should be mentioned that in one case it was playing much below strength, the Brigade having called upon eight of the Battalion's best players.

Entertainment.—The weekly Battalion dances continue to meet with considerable support, due to the untiring efforts and enthusiasm of the instrumentalists forming the Battalion Dance Band. Its fame evidently has been noised abroad, judging by the outside engagements that have been booked. A busy future is in store for all the players. It is hoped that everyone in the Battalion realises that these instrumentalists forgo much of their free time to entertain us.

3rd General Trades Training Battalion

Battalion H.Q. and Administrative Wing

Memories Live Longer than . . .—By the time these notes are published we shall have seen the commencement of another year. Headaches and stomach aches will have been folded up and handed back into store and the stench of that foul tobacco received from Aunt Mabel will no longer torment the delicate nostrils of the bright young things who decorate various offices, cookhouses, etc.

Further Instructions in "How to Behave."—The trainees (or "goons" as they are popularly known by us old soldiers) are far more numerous than the cadre personnel, but in our opinion we are the backbone of the Unit. We expect "goons" to approach us with due deference, and, if permitted to address us, they will stand on one leg only and bark twice before stating what it is that they require us to do for them.

Roll Call.—A visitor here would see many of the same old sour faces that have been with us for nearly a year. Changes occur from time to time, but are not noticed to the same extent as in peace time. We are all living under abnormal conditions, which perhaps accounts for the R.Q.M.S. (Richie) asking a lad if he slept warm enough and whether more blankets and an extra fuel issue, together with double rum ration would be appreciated.

Swotting and Sweating.—It is believed that a lot of this is being done—certain Pay Clerks have worn a beaten track to and around a billiard table, and one other young blood has been frequenting back rows in cinemas, but we don't know whether she is blonde or brunette. Brunette, we fear.

Scroungers' Corner.—Signalman Rigby (Farrier), who is our butcher, decided he was being overworked and deliberately laid himself out to catch appendicitis. He caught it and is now recuperating in hospital, having had to be operated upon without delay. We understand that he just hates being pampered by a bevy of young nurses. We offer our best wishes for his speedy recovery.

No. 1 (Line) Company

As this is the first time notes from this Company have appeared it will be as well to introduce ourselves. Our officers are: Major G. M. Welsford, O.C., Captain J. Williams, Lieutenant G. N. Cook, 2nd Lieutenants D. P. K. Rennick, R. K. Hayward and W. J. Ricketts.

Then we have those who really work!: C.S.M.s Stockton and Hill, S.S.M.s Morton, Lambert (Lofty), Baddeley and Fox, C.Q.M.S. Farmer, Sergeants Balfe, Morris, Jackson, Stokoe, Chambers, Taylor, Twitchen and Griffiths, Lance Sergeants Ingram, Longman, Marsland, Dunkin and Barsby.

Next month we will give the Corporals.

Our barracks consist of an old Mill, at least it was before we got it. It is now a brand new one (so the fatigue parties think). The only relics of the original building being the inconveniences.

Having said who and where we are, we had better say something about ourselves.

As N.C.O.s are not allowed to swear these days, they are all giving vent to their feelings by blowing something in the Dance Band (?).

There's a lot to be said for the old habit of swearing.

One thing leads to another, and after all, when a young lady has honoured the dance with her presence, it is only in keeping with the Corps tradition to see her home even if it is as far as T—— L——. (Trumpeter, what are you saying now?)

Now that all the "locals" have been to our dances (once) we are looking for means of regaining our popularity.

Extract from C.O.'s Interview.—C.O.: "What is your name?"

Trainee: "Saucer."

C.O (slightly surprised): "How do you spell it?"

Trainee: "SAW."

Sport.—Battling Baddeley (the killer) won an "onion" when he proved himself top of his class at the district all-in wrestling. The contest was staged at the "Black Bull."

A "talent spotter" who watched our last football match has offered "Lofty" Lambert a place in the "School eleven."

Having made a start we will endeavour to produce some interesting notes for next month.

Obituary.—It is with great regret that we have to inform the many friends of the late Sergeant "Paddy" Balfe that he died at Whitby on 9th December, 1940, whilst on leave. He started his leave on the 6th, when he was apparently in good health, so that the news just received of his untimely end came as a great shock to all. He was buried at Whitby on Thursday, 12th December. R.S.M. Stares, C.S.M. Smart, S.S.M. Fox and Sergeant Coates attended the funeral.

No. 3 (Workshops) Company

Greetings! To all our readers, old and new, we send best wishes for the New Year, wherever they may be.

Departures.—Since our last notes we have said good-bye to our late O.C., Captain C. M. Beckett. "Joe," as he was affectionately known by all ranks, will always be remembered for his kindness to all with whom he came in contact. He was ready at all times to render whatever assistance he could from a military or a private point of view. He will carry with him our best wishes wherever he may go.

We welcome his successor, Lieutenant G. H. Metson, and sincerely hope that his tenure of office as O.C. Workshops Company will be a very pleasant one.

We have also bidden farewell to C.S.M. Hopwood and have welcomed in his place C.S.M. Smart.

Congratulations.—To our T.M.O., Captain H. L. Wermig, on his appointment to that rank.

Accommodation.—A few words on this subject may be of interest to our readers. Our training school is situated in an old disused mill, and the changes which have been wrought on the interior are truly remarkable. One complete floor has been partitioned off into lecture rooms, including a Common Room for our instructors, while a second is divided into training shops, such as carpenters, practical wireless and instrument repairers. A third is utilised for workshops practice, training, etc.

The Company cookhouse and mess room, and the N.A.F.F.I. canteen, are situated in this particular building, too, but our living quarters are scattered around the town.

Sport.—The Company is taking an active interest in sport, and in addition to running two soccer teams, we also have a successful rugby side. Our table tennis team, led by that enthusiastic player, Lance Corporal Humphries, has had several successful encounters with local clubs. A keen snooker tournament is also in progress in the Canteen.

Entertainment.—The weekly Company dances continue to be well supported and we are particularly fortunate in being able to have our own band (thanks to Joe Hallam and his boys). In addition, the Company are forming a concert party and we hope to produce fortnightly variety shows in the Canteen.

SO THAT WAS LONDON.

By No. 2347722 SIGNALMAN COOBAN.

Spring beds, hot and cold water, sheets—we looked, smiled, and were conquered. After five weeks on the square with its attendant "joys" of tent life and 6 a.m. frolics round the cold water taps, the sight was so welcome we just had to look for snags. Our well-developed soldierly instinct made our search pretty thorough, but we found none—at least just then.

We were a party of twenty, newly arrived in London from the North for an I.M.'s Course at one of the Polytechnics, and the comforts of our private hotel billet made us almost forget the Sergeant Major's flair for pithy comment. Charitably, we were inclined to think that a life denied the amenities now conferred on us must inevitably become blighted. Our attitude was "let bygones be bygones."

All this, of course, was before the snag became apparent, "it" being the raid siren, which wailed ten minutes after our arrival. Obeying instructions, we went downstairs to await the bombs we felt sure Goering had specially autographed to cut short twenty promising army careers. We smiled again when the "all clear" sounded, but, had we known it, this raid, and those which followed that night, were the forerunners of the blitz.

However, we came to accept the raids as casually as most Londoners. We were sufficiently interested to keep a log of them, but after 200 we thought we had a nice figure and closed the book. The "crumpings" had one good feature; they provided plenty of topics of "newsy" letters home. We were able to sit down and write without summoning up the look of pained concentration a soldier reserves for these occasions.

Sad moments occasionally cast their shadow. One was when a bomb wrecked the home of our Medical Officer, leaving a tombstone of rubble over the kindly figure who had been our friend.

The raids had great nuisance value to our small party. Eager to get on with the job, we felt thoroughly "browned off" as we kicked our heels in the shelters awaiting the raiders' departure before we could again get at grips with the problems associated with a gentleman by the name of Ohm.

We hailed with real pleasure the "Jim Crow" system which enabled us to work until we got the imminent danger signal. From then on the Course was a "blitz" on its own. We scribbled by day, and we scribbled by night. No sooner had grid bias become more automatic to us than Pythagoras reared his ugly head with a little matter of 22.

To make up time we worked (please believe me) until the Sergeant came to say "Now put out the lights and go to bed."

Being soldiers as well as gentlemen, we naturally felt entitled to a grouse. "No leave passes, lots of work, lots of raids"—readers will know how the theme song goes. But we enjoyed ourselves. The sight of two dear old ladies at the hotel knitting pink bed-socks for the joker of the party, who had complained of cold feet, was a sure one for a smile.

Our own humorists were a Cockney and a Yorkshireman. The former won for his phrase "a dirty great 'ole" (meaning bomb crater), a fame ranking with that of the "'ole in the road." The Yorkshireman—"Trapper" to us—with native stolidness, went out amid a night of crumping to hunt a parachute he understood had come down with a flare. He wasn't called "Trapper" because of this expedition, however. His great skill as a mouser—he could even tempt them into a jam-jar of water—won him the name.

For our instructors we had high regard, which was in no way belied by the fact that we knew them by such names as the Wizard of Oz, and became expert at mimicing the fine old Cockney craftsman who brightened our toil with vivid descriptions of his skirmishes with inspectors ("Codsheads, I calls 'em, boys, Codsheads!").

Then there was ex-Sergeant (All-Fit-and-Well-at-the-Poly) Mills, whose mission in life was to build up our abdominis rectis to a perfection making Charles Atlas look small.

Yes, we had happy times, as well as hard work, and it wasn't easy to say goodbye to London.

BLITZ OVER THE BOROUGH E.S. IN SOUTH-EAST LONDON

"Civvy School" was whispered excitedly through the ranks when we heard that we were due to take a three months' Course at the Borough Polytechnic, London. To what might be called "civilian soldiers," the "civvy school" provides an intermediate stage between civilian life and the rigours attendant on being a hundred per cent. soldier. For the thirty of us who set off in the brilliant sunshine of an August morning it proved the introduction to a type of warfare such as this country had never before experienced.

Few of us had seen the inside of an air raid shelter before our London course, but we were quickly made familiar with almost every type. Our arrival at a principal terminus coincided with an "alert," and once the blitz got under way we had the experiences of 300 raids and only one night out of more than seventy without a warning.

Some of the more optimistic amongst us associated our destination with civilian billets and motherly landladies, whom they blissfully imagined would awaken them (not too early) each morning with a nice cup of tea. So much for their hopes!

The billet turned out to be a drill hall in one of London's less salubrious (and most heavily bombed) districts. No foster-mother awaited to welcome us, but hard-bitten Sergeant Winder a war-scarred veteran, whose heart and soul were in the Army.

Any hint of slovenliness on our part (and being Signals these were few and far between) in dress, deportment or marching, provoked the command "Up Top." Sergeant Winder's quarters were on a balcony from which he could cast his keenly critical eye over us, and to be "Up top 5.30" often meant a pail of water and a scrubbing brush for the luckless. However, after a while we won the regard and esteem of this grand old soldier and were proud indeed to be told on leaving that he would always think extremely highly of the Signals, though an Artillery man himself.

At the school we were kept on our toes. Facts, figures and formulæ were hurled at us at an astonishing rate—in the intervals between trips to the air raid shelter.

There was a time, before we learned to outwit Jerry and sleep through the heaviest bombing, and the classes had an unusually somnolent air, when we despaired of our task. None of us was in the electrical trade in civilian life. Our numbers included clerks, salesmen, journalists, the legal and other professions, and most of us had left our schooldays a considerable distance behind. But as the examination approached order began to appear from the apparent chaos, and we bandied technical terms as if we had been using them all our lives.

Our chief instructor, Mr. Greenslade, a Mr. Chips in the flesh, impressed us all. Having served in both the Boer War and the war of 1914-18, he understood the soldiers' point of view. What was more, he had an inexhaustible store of advice on efficient servicing of sets under active service conditions—embellished by a comparable store of anecdotage. He even told us how to protect ourselves against lightning by attaching a wire from tin hat to the heel plate of our boots. "What the Sergeant-Major will say," he observed with a twinkle in his eye, "is another matter."

"Imagine yourself to be a coulomb swimming along the wire and you'll master any circuit," he told us. His fund of simile was interesting—coulombs were "tadpoles" and volts "monkeys." Indeed one of the more credulous of us asked in all innocence if coulombs was French for tadpole!

As we looked at his multi-coloured diagrams of the Don 5, Tele F, the 10-line Exchange and the Fullerphone we thought

he was exaggerating, but I think I am right in saying that by the end of the course most of us had grasped the broad principles of telegraphy and telephony.

One thing missed during the course was relaxation. For the first few weeks we were pretty well penned in the billet by the blitz, though as time went on we gained confidence and ventured a little further afield. There was not one of us but was impressed by the amazing courage of the ordinary London people, and nothing that has been said or written exaggerates it. Proud though we all are of our Northern ancestry, we doff our forage caps to the Cockneys. After three months such as no civilian population in the world had ever lived through before, we returned a little jaded but proud of our capital, a city manned by game and grimly-determined people.

We know that London will never suffer the ignominious fate of Paris. Rather than allow that the Cockneys—to a man and woman—would rise with every weapon, to clothes props, brooms and broken bottles, to stop the enemy. And while London stands, so stands England.

No. 4 (M.T.) Company

General.—First let us apologise for last month's scanty contribution. (What's that, you never saw it! Then it must have been confiscated by the Censor.) Anyway, we shall endeavour in future, if nothing happens worthy of note, to jolly well make something happen.

Driver Platts must have had this in mind when he tried to "arrange" a promotion for someone by taking C.S.M. Dallimore for a ride in his "Bug" in the best American style. In the middle of the town there was an ominous bumping sound and a rear wheel came adrift. The crew baled out, but were soon able to carry on after a little "short routine." But if we know our C.S.M. as we think we do, it'll be some time before Driver Platts dallies with ideas for WIRE notes. He'll probably Dallimore with his Maintenance. (Sorry, I just *had* to say it.)

Promotions.—Congratulations to Lance Corporal Hayhurst R. on his appointment. Judging by the results he is getting with embryo motor-cyclists, this was clearly deserved. Let us hope this is only the beginning.

Training.—The syllabus has been recently revised and has resulted in a more interesting course, especially for motor-cyclists. These are now confined to a small training space for the first few days, under the close supervision of Lance Corporal Hayhurst. After a very short time they can be seen doing "figure-eights" and other Display Team tricks, though admittedly not fast enough for Olympia. We wonder if Lance Corporal Hayhurst will find some of his present pupils stealing his thunder when this wicked war is over. He is a trick rider and "Wall of Death" expert.

The workshops are doing well to keep pace with the steady flow of cars we send in for refitting. Trainees sometimes take a sudden dislike to a lamp post or another car, and ram it, whilst nervous feet on clutch pedals have been responsible for many mangled halfshafts. There are times, in fact, when the M.T. Park resembles the marshalling yards at Hamm after a visit by the R.A.F., but the workshops have a motto—"Wheel 'em in"—and we do.

Ball and Chain Club.—Congratulations to Driver Tait on his marriage. We think he's already told his wife some awful tales about Army grub, for he received a parcel recently, and, yielding to animal instincts, scuttled away to his den (the O.C.'s car) to devour the contents. Shortly afterwards he was seen wandering across the car park gnawing a leg of cold chicken. Unfortunately he forgot to remove the rest of the carcass from the car before the Commandant's inspection the following day!

Arrivals.—Welcome to C.Q.M.S. Redfern. He seems to be settling down quickly and must have done the job before, somewhere.

Welcome also to a strong infusion of new blood in the shape of twenty-one new cadre drivers. Grab some waste, slaves, and get cleaning.

Departures.—It looks as though we're going to lose C.Q.M.S. Smith. At least all the civvies say so, and they're usually right. Well, so long, Sam! May your billeting problems never be as tough as they've been here.

The happiest "departures" we've seen lately are those released (for a time) to industry. Their beaming faces as they wait in resplendent civvies outside the Q.M. Stores for their clearance chits make everyone envious. We have lost in this way Drivers Owen, Cooper C. and Rowe. Haste ye back!

Anonymous Feet.—These can be seen at almost any time, sticking out in pairs from beneath various vehicles in the Car Park. N.C.O.s are getting used to recognising drivers by their feet, just as you get to know a cinema organist by the back of his head. They are a sign of the feverish activity in the Car Park now-a-days, following the Commandant's inspection. Members of the cadre will not wish to dwell on the inspection, so we shall simply recall the high spot of the occasion, when Driver Ainsbury presented the cleanest battery on the parade, and leave it at that.

Social.—The weekly dances are still well attended and quite successful. We are getting used to seeing Sergeant "Taffy" Hunter surrounded by a bevy of star-struck young females. "Are you the one who makes that Donald Duck noise on the square?" they ask. "Fancy you taking those wild men all by yourself!"

3rd Holding Battalion

No. 3 Company

As a sage of the last century remarked, "Christmas comes but once a year." I commend that remark to your attention. Pause for a moment and consider the complications if it came twice a year!

Mind you, we're not grumbling. Not by any means. We enjoyed ourselves. Quite frankly we did ourselves proud on Christmas Day. Went to church all bright and shining and returned to find the wappingest Christmas dinner and free beer being served up to us by Sergeants. Somehow it seemed too much like a beautiful dream. Signalman Chapman says he hasn't recovered yet; a Sergeant-Major came up to him and said, "Are you sure you couldn't manage a little more?" Robb says he had four helpings just for the sake of seeing Sergeant Clark go and get it.

The C.O. arrived when we were well under way with the turkey and wished us all a merry Christmas. Some of us felt too full to speak, but the oldest soldier rose to the occasion and said a few words.

Nearly all of us had local invitations for Christmas afternoon, but our hosts must have thought us somewhat taciturn by nature. Our normal brilliant conversation was somewhat impaired by internal pressure and we were regretfully compelled to limit our consumption of our hosts' food.

However, we're now back to the good old daily grind feeling all the better for the break. The real mugs of the whole show are those who clamoured for leave at Christmas. We've still got ours to come.

The Great Explorers.—This is the stirring tale of journeys into the unknown South. Our draft conducting warrant officers go forth from time to time with parties in search of Units. These brave men show a courage and fortitude that shines strongly even in the midst of a general determination of spirit.

Ah! the harrowing tales they tell on their return. Of nights spent on cold, windswept stations; of long dismal journeys through the signpostless and trackless South; of their meetings with unfriendly natives. And the glow of cheerfulness that they feel when they at last reach their destination—usually an isolated outpost of Empire peopled by dour, stern men who, nevertheless, turn out, whatever the hour, to give them welcome, to draw them in to roaring fires and to ply them with spiced ales before they set off on their return journey.

Sergeant-Major Hardy returned just after Christmas, tired, weary and worn, and glad to be back among the flesh-pots of civilisation; full of praise for the men who keep the flag flying in those desolate wastes, miles from a railway station and in places where Bass and Worthington are unknown; yet muttering against a hostile tribe known as the Artios.

Another of our great pioneers is Sergeant-Major Baker, who returned from his last trip with a silhouette at least two inches less on either side. His story of the hour when the last ration had been eaten and they were drawing lots to see who should be killed to keep the rest alive, wrings the heart strings. As he tells it one can see in the mind's eye those hungry faces, the look of relief as each man draws a white slip from the hat until all had drawn but Baker himself, and none had drawn the black slip. He describes his feelings as their speculative eyes ran over his slim frame and he could see the regret and disappointment as each in turn decided that there was little enough for forty hungry men. And then! A W.V.S. canteen hove in sight and a feeling of complete relief ran over the company. All were saved.

Then there is the story of Sergeant Irving and his adventures among the Divsigs; a fierce tribe who worship strange gods called Ah Toc and Dee Ait. Irving approached with caution and spoke to a tribesman, saying, "W'ud ye tell us whit place tae gae to?" The man appeared not to understand, but fortunately an interpreter was found and soon they were the best of friends.

Irving brought back a detailed account of these people and their customs. It appears that they are divided into three main groups, each ruled by a man called a Sarnt Mayer, who is assisted by Sarnts. These form the main aristocracy and live together in a sort of house of representatives called Sarntsmess. There is a Ministry of Supply run on somewhat oriental lines by a man known as Hah Kew, who is aided by three men known as See Kew Wun, See Kew Tuh and See Kew Free. Above all these is a Court Chamberlain known as the Ah Ess Emm; he is the link between the people and the priesthood, known as Orfsers. It is his duty to usher in all who desire to speak to the High Priest.

The people are heavily priest-ridden and the Orfser sect lives in complete segregation in a building called Orfsersmess. Outwardly they appear to have little power, but one notices that before anything is done the nearest member of the priesthood is always consulted, and that everybody raises their hands to their faces in a peculiar jerky fashion as a mark of respect or as a gesture to ward off evil as a result of incurring displeasure.

The whole tribe appear to be misogynists—they have no women among them at all, and they refer to women in a disparaging manner, using a phrase that sounds like "Ruddee Eighty Ess." When Sergeant Irving reported this, considerable sympathy was felt for them in their benighted state, and a movement has been started to send missionaries. It has even been suggested that Sergeant Walshaw should conduct the next draft.

Social.—Rumour has it that Sergeant Paddy Lamb is contemplating matrimony. This can't be true, surely! Those of us who know him well can call to mind his persistent shyness with women and it seems impossible that he should pluck up courage enough to pop the question. Lance Corporal Ferguson did do it recently and hasn't been seen since. Extraordinary thing!

Movements have at last lived up to their name and are moving. We are told that they are taking a delightful new town house with a glorious view of the station—and only two minutes' walk from the "George"—so convenient, my dear!

Since Sergeant Waghorne joined Movements his pre-occupied look has increased. It is said that he is studying hard to become a Senior Wangler.

Then there is Stewart, known to his intimates as "Iska Disca." He is a foundation member. I can remember him being recruited as an untutored savage and the difficulty we had about teaching him English. When he dictated we invariably got Brun for brown and Grinn for Green on nominal rolls. Now all our good work has been undone. No sooner have we got him civilised than along comes another member of his clan and they stand together in corners talking in firework language or medieval Russian, or something.

At a party given recently by the Shufflebottom Society I heard the new Movements Antnem, said to have been written to commemorate the week-end before Christmas. The words are instant in their appeal to all who hear!

Oh! The grand old Duke of York,
He had three hundred men;
He marched them from Reception and
He marched them back again.

And when they were in they were in,
And when they were out they were out;
And they called on the Quartermaster when
They were only half-way out.

Chorus as first verse.

Oh! the linemen, cooks and fitters,
The drivers by the score;
N.F.R.s and operators,
Like the pebbles on the shore.

Chorus as first verse.

The Sergeant-Major gasped,
And said, "They've done me wrong;
What fiend is he who's thrust on me,
This struggling, milling throng?"

Chorus as first verse.

They stayed with us a while,
For nearly half a day;
Then left us with a charming smile
And went upon their way.

Chorus as first verse.

I am asked to deny the rumour that Signalman Yerbury is going on an equitation course.

It is also quite untrue that one of our officers appeared in a film with Mae West at the local cinema; but it is a fact that he was mistaken for the commissionaire in the dark and was cross-examined by a Lance Corporal as to the starting times and prices.

I have also been asked whether it is a fact that the Sergeants' Mess grow their own mushrooms.

Tailpiece.—

When you gaily go to see him
He's immured behind a desk,
His anguished brow he rests upon his hand;
With his fevered lips he'll mutter,
"Confusion on you—utter!
This cursed noise I can no longer stand!

Bah! curse you and dod-rot it,
When I'd very nearly got it
You stagger in and slam the wretched door;
I've a buzzing all around me,
I'll swear D.T.s have found me,
It's the limit! I can't stand it any more!

There's ague in these figures,
Last week's drafts have got the rigours,
I can't make the dashed things even anyhow;
And if that's not enough
To make life's burden tough
You crash in here and make a deafening row.

While my mind in torment groans,
Against the ringing of these phones,
And I wish the whole affair the worst of harm;
I wish this row would cease,
For all I need is peace,
A Monk naturally feels the need of cloistered calm."

— Command Signals, Wiltshire

Visit of our Colonel-in-Chief

PRINCESS ROYAL "PLEASED AND INTERESTED" WITH WORK OF NEW, FAST-GROWING UNIT.

We are proud of ourselves. This Unit, young enough to have had its first write-up in the lastest issue of THE WIRE, has come through several "inspections" with flying colours. Crowded into a short period were visits from the Signal Officer-in-Chief, our Colonel-in-Chief (H.R.H. The Princess Royal) and Brigadier R. H. Willan, D.S.O., M.C., Inspector of Signals.

We don't mind admitting it, we were a shade nervous about the Princess's visit. After all, this is a field unit. We have no glorious terracings to show off, no magnificent quarters to dazzle the eye.

But we could see, before Her Royal Highness had been with us many minutes, that she was pleased with what she saw, and that she was finding a real interest in what we could show.

And her final words to the C.O., as she graciously thanked him after the busy morning of inspection—a message which the Colonel kindly passed on to the men—were ample repayment for the hard work which all of us, from sheer respect for her Royal Highness, had put into the preparations for the visit.

And just who was the most proud of the lot is difficult to say. The C.O.?—for after all, his is the greatest burden, always, of such inspections. Our D.C.M. hero, C.Q.M.S. "Spike" Stanley, who, to his surprise and embarrassment, found himself one of the "debutantes," or the two young ladies of the A.T.S. who made their bow so prettily?

It was a glorious day. Clean, crisp, and with the winter sun almost warm.

R.S.M. Crummey's hand-picked guard of honour showed a nice precision as man-of-many-parts 2nd Lieutenant Wildy—he's D.R. Officer and P.A.D. Officer, and none of us suspected him of such a barrack-square voice—put them through their paces for a few minutes until our two despatch riders, acting as outriders, came into view, closely followed by the Princess's car.

Her Royal Highness set a sensible example in war-time economy. No gigantic Rolls or Daimler for her—just a modest "twelve."

Brigadier Willan introduced to her Royal Highness Colonel Sykes, C.S.O., Southern Command, and he, in turn, presented the C.O., —— Command Signals. The following officers were then presented: Major Robertson-Brown, second-in-command; Major F. S. Lodder, O.C., No. 1 Company; Major J. E. Rodgers, O.C., No. 2 Company; Major Atterton, O.C., No. 3 Company; Major Cork, D.C.R.E., Lieutenant (Quartermaster) Cozens, R.S.M. Crummey B. H., and R.Q.M.S. Jones W. H.

The guard of honour was inspected and then the tour of the camp began. Her Royal Highness had never seen beaver-boarded marquees such as ours before. With their brick-built fireplaces, she pronounced them "quite cozy."

It was remarkable how the air of "being on parade" quickly melted under the charm of the Princess. Nothing was slipshod, but the atmosphere became less formal—you could sense the change—and soon Her Royal Highness was chatting freely with the officers who accompanied her.

Obvious, too, that while Her Royal Highness was far from bring a stranger to army routine and procedure, familiarity with the subject had by no means dulled her interest. She was quick to perceive new things, no matter how slight; eager to discuss them, and ever-ready to learn.

The cookhouse, naturally, interested her, and here it became increasingly obvious that while a time-table had been laid down for the visit, she was not prepared to skimp a single item of interest to save minutes. At Southern Command Headquarters, too, where Captain Johnston later conducted her through the Signal Office—and all that goes with it—she showed the same genuine knowledge of army, and particularly Signals, working, and, at the same time, an unceasing interest in anything new and a gratifying keenness to add to her understanding of the work of the Corps.

In our own camp instructional classes were in full swing, and Her Royal Highness stopped to watch foot drill, musketry and revolver classes, while the motor cyclists, picking their way cleverly—and rapidly—through a tricky, marked course on rough ground, and speeding up a steep climb, held the Princess's interest a while longer than the schedule-compiler had expected.

A line section, up-to-the-minute in equipment and transport, provided not merely a formal routine inspection, but a matter of obvious genuine interest for Her Royal Highness.

After a group picture of the Princess with the officers of the Unit had been taken, Her Royal Highness went by road to Southern Command Headquarters, where the Army Commander, Lieutenant-General C. J. E. Auchinleck, met her, and introduced Lord and Lady Pembroke. Lady Pembroke showed the Princess the canteen which she runs, and then Lieutenant-Colonel Holdsworth, T.D., D.C.S.O., Southern Command, Company-Assistant Nicholls and Senior Leader Baker—A.T.S.—were presented.

Captain Johnston then conducted Her Royal Highness round the Signal Office, explaining as they went along the work done in the clerks' office, teleprinter rooms, wireless remote control operations room. Captain Adams explained the workings of cipher, and Captain Dobson, who, said the C.S.O., had crossed Africa from the Gold Coast to Alexandria in an eight-horse-power car, described the carrier telephony apparatus.

The D.R. system was seen and explained, and the visit was almost over. The C.O. thanked the Princess for her kindness in visiting his Unit, and said how much it was appreciated.

Her Royal Highness, whose keenness had never flagged throughout the long tour of inspection, graciously accepting the C.O.'s thanks, said, "I have spent a very pleasant and interesting morning."

The Princess departed. The work went on. . . .

Yes, it had been a great day.

(We hope to publish photographs of the Visit next month.)

— Command Signals, Yorkshire

Of course it's unethical. We ought to have a Union—etc. But on the whole Christmas leave, or the lack of it, is causing very little heartburning.

What does Christmas mean, anyway? To-day it's just the fondest, well-nourished, protege of the shopkeeper, and a close relation of dyspepsia and headache. Or is the cynic too obviously damning the grapes as sour?

But underneath the blasé exterior we are getting down to it now, as much as planning can do, anyway, to create whoopee. Our dining room at C—— Barracks is rather baronial—certainly it's draughty enough to warrant the description—so that something more substantial than a few rolls of crepe paper will be required for the decoration scheme. The atmosphere of the place demands holly, but it's going to be a bit of a job. Even the fabulous Birnam Wood of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" coming further than Dunsinane for our especial benefit, would soon lose its identity spread round the dado.

And then if Sammy would refrain from festooning the office with his "Rinsoed" socks and lingerie, H.Q. might be persuaded to look festive, too. We had one brilliant suggestion, I won't say from whom, that we operate on "Esquire," to give the walls that feminine touch, or better still to cull from "Razzle," our more virile English contemporary.

What does it matter, anyway, it's the internal decoration that counts!

It's wonderful, too, how the spirit of Christmas gets around. The O.R.S. is Scrooge personified when it comes to dispensing forms and stationery, but someone told me, who was told by somebody else, who was actually there at the time, that he gave one pass form away the other day—in defiance of his normal "Get it through your Company" custom.

On Monday, 23rd December, the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess are to be hosts to the children of the Unit. There is sure to be a Christmas Tree, and it's pretty certain, too, that C.S.M. Lloyd is burnishing his gum boots to that patent finish, and renovating the scarlet and ermine.

"Steppin' Out."—The Unit's Social Column made whoopee on 21st November, when a dance was organised in aid of the Signals Comforts Fund, which benefited to the extent of over £40.

A Midnight Cabaret was provided by Younkman and Party from the local Variety Theatre. The chorus were very much sought after as partners for the rest of the evening. Music was by the Unit Dance Orchestra—a foot-tap making band (advt.).

Can't give you the usual "Among those present" list—there were far too many, especially after the Sergeants' Mess bar closed down, and disgorged its quota of ticket holders. It really was a most democratic affair, too—Colonels were bumped and bumped, with complete impunity!

The Band goes from success to success. Specially engaged for the local Spitfire Fund Ball, they peppered things up considerably—even the siren didn't stop the dancing. Flattered even further, as local production of operetta "Chocolate Soldier" has engaged them to supplement orchestra.

From the friends in this Unit to the friends in all the other formations of the Corps we extend our best wishes for 1941.

AMANUENSIS.

— Command Signals, Cheshire

General.—This being the Unit's first appearance in the WIRE these notes are by way of being an introduction. Upon reading the open letter in the November issue, it becomes apparent that very little may be said with the exception of "a record in lighter vein of the unit's domestic activities."

The Unit in its present form has not been in existence for a great length of time, but has certainly shown promising signs of becoming socially popular, besides having every indication of technical efficiency and smartness of turnout. In short, a Signals unit of the old tradition.

These things were, however, not acquired in the space of a few days and credit is due to all ranks for their efforts in all branches.

The C.O. is one Lieutenant-Colonel B. S. W——. Apparently the initials only are permissible in this case, but some older members of the Signals will undoubtedly recognise said initials.

The Lieutenant (Quartermaster) is Lieutenant V. E. Deamon, another name which is undoubtedly familiar to Signals personnel.

R.S.M. Baldock, some 6ft. 3ins. of manhood, can be seen shaking his stick in the face of some quaking delinquent at any hour of the day (or night). His well-known daily search for "odd bodies" is, we fear, being carefully timed by these "bodies," who are fairly certain that the Corps motto was founded on his actions.

In early November the Unit was honoured by a visit from H.R.H. the Colonel-in-Chief. H.R.H. expressed her approval of the Guard of Honour and stayed for lunch in the Officers' Mess.

Sport.—Sport in the Unit is run on well-organised lines and some friendly fixtures with other Units at rugby and soccer have taken place. The soccer teams have acquitted themselves exceptionally well and there seems no reason to doubt that the Unit will make the name of Royal Signals a name to be conjured with in the local sports world.

A novices' boxing competition produced some promising talent and it is to be hoped that a Unit team will be founded in the near future.

Entertainments.—Dances have been held fairly regularly in the gymnasium, and, despite some up-and-down hill dancing due to the fact that the floor has shown distinct signs of warping in places, these dances have been very successful. Thanks are due to Captain R. G. Coates for his efforts in the "sports and entertainments" of the Unit.

No. 1 Company

Under the guiding hand of our Company Commander, Major R. A. Waldron, and the assistance of his subalterns and C.S.M., the work of the Company goes on apace. At present, intensive training is being undergone and, incidentally, the feeling is also "intense," but the spirit of the soldier is gradually gaining the upper hand and we shall, in the near future, resemble a regiment of Guards (we hope).

There are many old stalwarts of the Corps here who will doubtless be remembered by many readers of the WIRE. To mention a few: C.S.M. (Jimmy) Woodbury, C.Q.M.S. Missen, Sergeant (Ginger) Robinson (who has landed a "cushy" job as Sergeants' Mess caterer), Lance Sergeant George Pinson, Corporal George (Geordie) Baines, and Corporal Stanley Newlyn.

Sports.—Inter-Company sports are expected to be in full swing very shortly, and there are many rods in pickle in readiness for the "off," and therefore we hope to furnish some tales of "something accomplished" in our next notes.

Personal.—As we shall be too late for Christmas greetings, the Company takes this opportunity of wishing all WIRE readers the best of luck for the coming year.

No. 2 Company

Our first contribution to the WIRE as No. 2 Company, —— Command Signals, gives us the opportunity of greeting all our comrades now stationed in various parts of England, Scotland, Wales and the Middle East, and this we do with great fervour, with our best wishes for a Happy New Year.

We welcome to the Company the new arrivals from No. 3 Company (late of —— Command Signal Company) who have been posted to us.

Our Company Commander is Major L. W. Wright; second-in-command, Captain R. F. Yarnell.

C.S.M. (Freddie) Welsh keeps the boys at it.

Sergeant "Sliver" Wright is now a drill instructor, with his partner in crime, "French Speaker" Sergeant Levene.

N.B.—The drills are performed as nearly as possible a la mode Anglais!

We were sorry to lose Sergeants Arkinstall, Crosbie and "Jerry" Holden, and we hope that if they read this whilst en route to their new station they will know that our best wishes are with them and sincere hopes for a safe return.

Old members in Le Mans and Rouen wish to be remembered to C.S.M. "Blanco" White, and hope his eye catches these random notes.

C.Q.M.S. Hope has been posted to another station.

The Company has settled down since taking up duties as —— Command Signals (No. 2 Company), and parades, drills and what-not are just second nature to them now. Nos. 1 and 3 Companies are finding the pace set a bit too warm and are almost certain to fill the minor "places."

Sport is much enjoyed and it has been a means of bringing to the fore some clever footballers, as No. 1 Company now know. Two matches have been played and in the first a representative eleven of the Company beat a similar eleven from No. 1 Company by 5—2, and on 4th December No. 50 T.O. Section beat No. 57 Line Section 3—1 on the "Roodee"; goals were scored by 2nd Lieutenant Jenkins, Lance Corporal Collins (a real snorter this one) and Signalman Dyer.

P.T. Classes are held daily, and Company Headquarters having been roped in (much to their great sorrow!) are preparing to cut a dash, but of this, more anon.

We hope in our next contribution to include some sketches of our "leading personalities," but at the time of going to press our cartoonist is on leave.

"BLANCO."

No. 3 Company

Surrounded as we are by the grey austere battlements of an ancient stronghold it is far easier to think in terms of runners afoot and astride, than of the modern military communication system for which we are responsible in part.

We lost a large slice of our personnel recently when operating and D.R.L.S. trade groups were transferred to No. 2 Company. However, we welcome a further batch of U.S.W.s from Holding Battalion, and anticipate others later.

Much has been accomplished in signal service installation generally. Many fortified areas have had their initial temporary communications made permanent and resident linemen have been posted to maintain them. More familiar areas have not been forgotten, in that work has been done and still continues on modernising their equipment and keeping them abreast of the times. Obsolete instruments have been replaced by newer types, old cables have been abandoned and new ones laid to replace them and damaged circuits have been repaired. Much improvisation has been necessary and there have been on occasions very astute solutions to intricate problems.

In addition, a great deal has been done to improve range telephone facilities for rifle, machine gun, artillery and anti-aircraft practices. A.F.V.s, too, have imposed their will upon our resources; and regions, areas and depots, with their varied requirements, have kept us at it. Not only horses under the bonnet and in specie, but men, too, have been harnessed to drag the material required on the site of works in the remoter of our undeveloped areas.

The wireless organisation has grown and our stations multiplied. Certain of them gave an excellent account of their ability on emergency service recently. Classifications increase in frequency and the numbers dealt with. "Bumff," as usual, inundates our clerical staff and Richard remains undaunted withall. "Docs" still emanate and "Despatch" has been known to have an early night; and as the pay-bloke still manages to complete his acquittance rolls by Friday, san faire rien.

DODGER.

— Command Signals, Surrey

An' Agin.—D'you mind if we burst forth into poetry this month? Something soul-scaring, a classic, an epic, a ——! Ah, well, if you can't wait for it.

I never thought of soldiering before Adolf began
To throw his blinkin' weight about and think he was the man
To give us marching orders, and I didn't think it right
To stay at home when all my pals had volunteered to fight.

So off I went and registered and now I've got a gun,
I'm ready for a scrap or two and hope to meet the Hun;
To make the blighter realise we meant it when we went
And left our 'appy home to up and join the Regiment.

"It's 'ealthy," says the Corporal, "to doss inside a shed
And sleep on straw; it's just as good as any feather bed;
Just think what bloomin' luck you 'ave to lie and take your ease,"
I'd swallow this like winking if it wasn't for the fleas.

"It's hexercise," the Sergeant says, what makes a soldier fit
And puts him on the 'illy road to do his little bit;
And then you march in rain and slime and grouse about your pack
And find you're taking exercise a-sprawling on your back.

The Major's sometimes nasty when a man has had a thirst
('E's all right when you know 'im, but you've got to know 'im first);
The Adjutant's a daisy and the Colonel's just a peach,
We wonder why he keeps his job, he doesn't like to preach.

They've cammyflarged our quarters, and they've cammyflarged the war,
But what they haven't cammyflarged is what we're fighting for;
We've stood a lot from Adolf and we've had about enough,
It's up to us to take 'im where the going's "hellish rough."

Well, another month has come and gone. The years creep along as years will. (Nasty habit.) Day breaks and nobody mends it; night falls and no one picks it up. Ah, well, they tell me it's a custom in these 'ere parts. Shall I tell you about the dances for the all-ranks. Happy affairs? You're telling me. If there were nine days in a week they would want 'em for ten. Then there was the Band, under the direction of Sergeant France, and, of course, the empties. I never thought five chaps playing a weird collection of instruments could produce such pleasant sounds. By far the best military combination in the district (and you can throw what you like).

Brief Pause.—There he stood, leaning on his shovel in the approved Urban District and Corporation manner, gazing abstractedly into space thinking maybe of his Irish colleen. Up strolls the P.A.D. officer.

P.A.D. Officer: "Ahem! How many men are working here?"

Dazed Youth: "About 'alf of 'em."

(The P.A.D. Officer is doing very nicely, thank you. Visiting days, Mondays.)

Complaint.—We almost forgot the complaint that emanated from the All Ranks Dance.

1st Signalman: "That girl insulted me."

2nd do.: "How?"

1st Signalman: "She asked me if I danced."

2nd do.: "What is that insulting?"

1st Signalman: "I was dancing with her at the time."

Strange Sounds.—The N.C.O.s' Drill Course is in full swing and was responsible for an amusing incident the other day. At least, that's what Sergeant Blackburn said, and you know what he is. The T.M. Section were studiously working (on my honour) when suddenly they dived for the "Shelters." "Air-raid!" shouted the man on duty, but on investigation 'twas only communication drill by chaps with "broadcasting voices."

Sports.—The soccer team has made an auspicious beginning against elevens, both military and civil, in the vicinity, and when having played together more often will become a force to be reckoned with. The rugger side have developed into an outstanding combination. Maybe it's the will to win; maybe it's the happy team spirit. Whatever it is, games are eagerly looked forward to and leave very pleasant memories.

Arrivals, Promotions, etc.—Even if we have mixed up the titles you are all entitled to congratulations. To the "baton hunters," good hunting. Remember always that there is no limit to ambition as long as you temper it with understanding, a cognisance of military obligations and an unswerving devotion to duty. Keep it up. Endeavour brings its own reward. To all arrivals, officers and other ranks, a very hearty welcome.

Congratulatory.—Several members of the Unit, N.C.O.s and men, displayed very commendable initiative and resource in dealing with a number of incendiary bombs that fell in the vicinity recently. By their prompt action and effective decisiveness valuable furniture and other property was saved and it is pleasing to record that no personal injury was sustained by the rescue party. The Commanding Officer personally congratulated those concerned, and we humbly add ours to all those who put a material interpretation on the Corps motto: "Certa Cito."

Tailpieces.—Voice: "Give me Healing 18795, please."

Operator: "There is no such exchange as Healing. Will you spell it, please?"

Voice: "Yuss.

'E same as 'Erbert.
A the stuff the horses eat.
L where you can go.
I wot I sees with.
N wot lays eggs.
G for gorblime.

And get it quick!

YOURSELF.

If you think you are beaten you are,
If you think that you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win, but think that you can't,
It's almost a cert. you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you'll find
Success begins with a fellow's will,
It's all in the state of mind.

Life's battles don't always go
To the strongest and fastest man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the fellow who knows he can.

Examination Questions.—

1. If a sink A be filled with sand, and a sandpit B be filled with water and the ratio between A and B is inversely proportional to something or other, what is the price of battle dress at the back door of the C.Q.M.S. stores? (Use protractors and a ten-foot rule.)

2. Write a letter to your girl describing your Sergeant-Major. Keep it clean and away from naked lights.

3. Does the bottom of a wheel travel faster than the top?

4. Why can't you hang a wet shirt and a pair of "almond rocks" on a line of force?

5. Draw a diagram of a negative electron struggling to return to its parent atom.

6. What do the Japanese commit? Hari-kari, Beri-beri, Mata-hari, Kola-kola, or do they do it like you and I?

(All questions carry the same Marks and Spencers. Advt.)

An' Finally.—Greetings to all ranks at home and abroad for 1941. More about the Yule-tide festivities in the next issue.

Cheerio!

N.A.C.C.

Sergeants' Mess

An' Still Furthermore.—We feel very much like the B.B.C. announcer who said, "That is the end of this programme of gramophone records, and as we have some time in hand before the next recital of gramophone records, I am going to play you a gramophone record." Do you see that I mean?

Talking of records, the new radiogram has put the finishing touch to the social amenities of the Mess, except one old stager, no names, but bless his chevrons, medal ribbons and walking stick, who still avers it's Hitler's secret weapon. A fierce debate, lasting half an hour, from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m., resulted in the acquisition of hitherto unpublished, unrecorded, unwanted and totally unnecessary classical pieces or large lumps as follows:

"My sweetie met a sweetie, so I sloshed her."
"The shades of night were falling fast, but I got a good look just the same."
(Scofield, Mellish & Co. 3s. 10d. What a bargain!)
"Bungho, thro' the watercress."
"Early to bed and early to rise, and your girl goes out with other guys."
(12 inch. Walters & Ward. 3s., or four for 12s.)
"Irish Romances." Sung by Count Harry Schofield.
"Mild and Bitter Duets." Sung by Brewery Waller and Battledress Walters.
(Zac & Nac. 4s. 6d., double sided, double width and double cross. No returns on empties.)
"Mess Etiquette." Tragedy enacted by Johnny Noxop.

I imagine that the inventor of the radiogram was never discovered. He's probably in hiding. I know a lot about it, but if I told you even half of what I know I'd be shoved inside without the option!

Sports Indoors.—Amid hysterical, girlish cries from Sergeant-Majors and Sergeants and deep-throated roars from the Lance Sergeants, the Indoor Wrestling Championship between Sergeant Georgie Ward (of 3rd Divisional Signals fame) and Sergeant Ashfield Aleyisous Jones (of Brown Ale fame) resulted in a draw—the former winning by two sets to one!

It is difficult to describe the match—throw in Rio Rita and there's the eternal triangle at its worst. Funny thing about triangles. Do you remember at school how you were asked to prove something or other about a sausage triangle being equal to two sides of a Pythagorus square and a beetle-browed master standing over you with Euclid in one hand and a field dressing in the other? What's all this to do with the contest? Nothing at all! And there was George, with a lump of Ashfield's ear in one pocket and his trouser buttons in the other. By Jove, it was very nearly an all-in match. And there was Ashfield picking pieces of glass out of his hair with a mustard curse—all right, mittered curse!

The audience crept out from under the chairs and tables—what was left of them—and sat up until 2 a.m., waiting for someone to call them in!

Gongers, etc.—Did we tell you that R.S.M. Thompson B. G. received the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, that Sergeant Clubb N. A. C. the Royal Rams Club Medal, and that C.S.M. Ray J. had qualified for a bowler hat with 21 glorious years? Dear, dear, how time flies! Did we celebrate? Not 'alf! And you don't have to put in an application to speak to them, either. Democracy, that's the word!

Comings and Goings.—Sergeants Sanley, Smith F. C., George "Guinness" Adams and Weaver, with Lance Sergeant Gilbert, have departed for service elsewhere. Good hunting, chaps!

Welcome to Sergeant North, who has joined the fold.

True Story.—Once upon a time there was a Sergemaj, to wit, one Zacbake, who did a journey (in a 30-cwt. and no works ticket being SOB in those days) unto a strange land called the Boathouse with a mule (there was no rationing in those days) slung across his shoulder, bandolier fashion. You know the way you do, Jankers (still the fashion after all these years)? Ha, ha! That rocks a few of you! And Zacbake verily did cry: "Sweet lavender, sweet lavender, who'll buy my watercress in large lumps."

And lo and behold, yet another of the species—Sergemajs, to wit—and hereinafter called Bertgordton (he came from an old Swedish family), who wore the Colonel's boots, did exclaim, "Yea, verily, this man knoweth his onions because he is sage." (Joke—pause for silent ribaldry.)

And Zacbake did wax his moustache and was exceedingly wrath, and did cry in the wilderness of the Grotto (it may have been the Ship), "He who singeth in the bathtub is merely upholding the theory that one should sing loudest when things look their blackest."

By this time (4 p.m. British Summer Time, don't forget to put your clocks back) the mule was getting heavy or, in the words of Zacbake, "This blue pencil mule can blue pencil, blue pencil, blue pencil, ad infinitum, in loco tenens and nil desperandum."

At this the mule pricked up his ears and exclaimed:

"Hickory, dickory dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
To-morrow at five-thirty,
Won't the M.O. get shirty,
When he sees I've only one sock."

But Bertgordton (thank heavens there is no female of the species) with the Colonel's boots on said (as is his wont), "I'm hungry. All I've had since Dunkirk is five plates of herring roes and a glass of port (fine old crested). Odds bodkins, gee whiz, tally ho and what ho she bumps." But the Hungarian Rhapsody, with love shining in her left eye, crept into the picture, asked for Begin the Beguine, change for a £1 and 2s. 6d. out of the till, gripped James Brewery Waller by his curly locks (both hairs) and hissed, "No more bombed buildings for me; think of my reputation."

"But what about the Colonel's boots and that mule?" exclaimed Disorderly Room Harryscho.

By this time, of course, the mule was a little cheesed off—sorry, I mean browned off—and said, "What about some shut-eye?" And Zacbake, taking compassion on kith and kin, did garage the said mule with one Nacerby, and there it lies until the sum of £14 10s. 0d. is paid (purchase tax included).

MORAL.—Even if Zacbake finds an inn off the beaten track you may depend that Bloodhound Walters will find it, complete with battle dress and permit to work. What will Zacbake do? Don't miss next month's thrilling instalment. Will the Hungarian Rhapsody be baptised or married? Bertgordton holds the solution. Reserve your copy. (Note.—Reference to any living or dead person is intentional. What are you going to do about it?)

Greetings.—We had the usual complement of "thick heads" for the Yuletide and didn't even indent for them, either. But more about this later on. We now wish everyone at home and abroad, and especially those on out-station duty, as happy and prosperous a New Year as possible. You all have this consolation, that this foul thing called Nazism, this brutal inhuman domination of peoples shall cease for ever; that the rotten structure so frailly holding this "regime" is cracking as surely as day turns into night; and that when victory is with us the world will progress to a happier and ample destiny, for democracy encourages possibilities of improvement in the lot of the common man, both materially and spiritually.

N.A.C.C.

London District Signals

The Lord Mayor's National Air Raid Distress Fund.—The voluntary contributions to the above Fund, amounting to £7 3s. 6d., subscribed by officers, W.O.s and men of this Unit was forwarded to the Lord Mayor on 31st December, 1940.

Congratulations and Thanks.—To S.S.M. Owen for his fine lighting and scenic displays at the Unit dances. To the Unit Band for their untiring efforts and continued good humour throughout the year. To Sergeant Rendell for organising Unit P.T. and games. To Sergeant Tucker for showing the younger members of all ranks that a man is as old as he feels. To the Officers' 2nd XI for their smashing victory at football over the Linemen and Drivers. To the Unit trumpeters for maintaining the standard of the Unit and giving us that little something that the other Units haven't got. To the D.R.s for their screamingly funny article in the last issue, which was made the funnier by the fact that the C.O. was a D.R. in the last war and is able, therefore, fully to appreciate their difficulties. To Captain Campion on his promotion and appointment to O.C., No. 3 Company.

Bogus Message Competition.—To ensure that all Wireless Operators are constantly on guard against the possibility of receiving a bogus message, a competition was held for the best sketch characterising an enemy station attempting to obtain information.

The results of this competition are reproduced on this and next page, and copies will be displayed in each W/T Station to act as a reminder of the constant presence of the "B.F. Haw-Haw" and his "Gestapo Gang."

The winner of the competition was judged to be Signalman Wilkinson, who is to be congratulated on his artistic skill in so truly reproducing "The World's Biggest Ass."



L.Cpl. S. R. Putnom

WE ARE ALWAYS LISTENING!



ADMIRALTY
19-12-40

G. WILKINSON, Sgm.
2340528

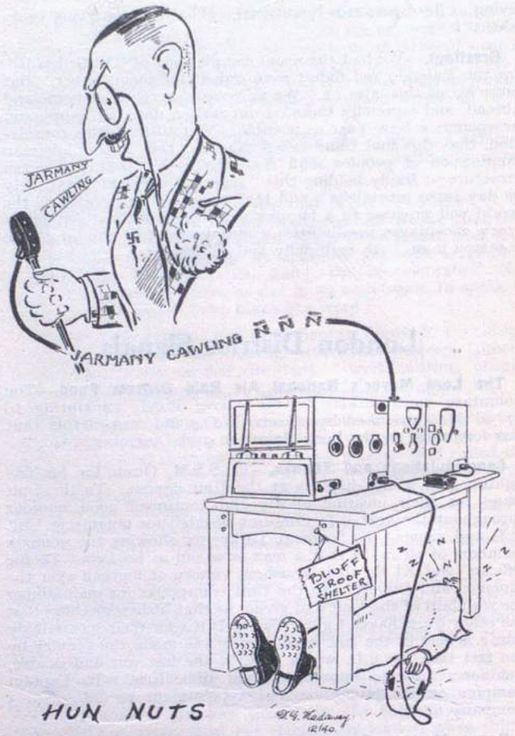
Headquarters Section

If there is a slight taint of the "after-Christmas feeling" about this month's contribution from the Headquarters Section, we feel there is some reason in view of the way in which some of us spent that festive occasion.

On Christmas Eve everyone started writing letters at once, much to the mortification of the unfortunate clerks, while you have only to mention travel warrants or ration cards within earshot of No. 1 Company Office to start a riot. In fact, there was the case of a certain eminent member of the staff of that Office who claimed that once having left his desk he could not get back, owing to the clamouring throng which had taken possession. There is another case—an epic one we feel—of the Unit Office clerk who insisted—actually insisted—on working throughout Christmas Day and far into the night.

For the cooks, too, it was hardly the traditional holiday, but they rose to the occasion in excellent style and we can claim, without fear of contradiction, that it was easily the best Christmas dinner in the Unit's history. The cookhouse was a really magnificent sight and it was with regret that we noted the return to normal on the following day. It was a strange Christmas for many of us, but that Christmas dinner did a lot to cheer those unfortunates who had to spend the day in barracks. Our thanks, Sergeant Bond, to you and all your helpers.







All wireless ops. just list' to me,
Treat all requests with scorn,
To tuning tests of A.B.C.
By the biggest ass that's born.

You can't mistake his braying,
Tries to put on class,
Thinks our nerves he's fraying,
What a *ruddy* ass.

We cannot let Christmas pass without reference to the third component of our Section—the electricians and fitters. We don't know what Christmas did to them, but its after-effects were disastrous. No less than three of the former, Lance Corporal Horner and Signalmen Bailey and Buckle, " deserted " at once. We wish them good luck in their new sphere, but there is no doubt that their departure leaves a considerable gap in the small but serried ranks of the E/S.s.

The clerks, also, have sustained their " casualties," but, like their comrades in distress, the poor D.R.s, they carry on through all difficulties and discomforts. The Adjutant, we know, has had his moments of black despair, but gradually the mighty machinery of the Company offices is shaking off the rust and cobwebs and getting under way. Ask Lance Corporal Broome ! He has a pathetic tale of woe to unfold !

Talking of after-effects, our Gestapo agent has vanished from human ken this month and we fear the worst. He left one item before his demise, however.

A certain list of promotions which came out recently left Sergeant (Pop) Hammerton's Unit nominal roll so far behind that he still had a couple of Lance Sergeants down as Lance Corporals. We cannot, of course, believe that this is true, but the fact remains that Sergeant (Pop) Hammerton is busy on his

——th revised edition. It will be out shortly, price one shilling (or twenty Players).

And now, farewell to 1940—and good riddance ! It hasn't been much of a year, anyway. The Headquarters Section's best wishes for 1941 to the rest of the Unit and as prosperous as the A.B. 64, Part II, will allow.

Now your scribe must away—NOT to the Canteen this time. He has to unearth some side-whiskers for Tuesday night's debauch.

OPERATORS

Another month has rolled by and we are still bashing it out under the watchful eye of Sergeant Cowan. Unfortunately, as a result of the blitz this was, of necessity, a Christmas away from home for most of us. Perhaps it is worst for the Signallers from North of the Border. For them a sleeping out pass, while very handy, is hardly a passport for a couple of days at home as it is for many of us. Moreover, failing a travelling warrant, the acquiring of a ticket for so long a journey involves the paying out of a devil of a lot of bawbees.

Poor old Jock Hendry is hoping to get spliced early in the New Year, we hear. Many of us had noticed the " hunted look " —now we know the reason why. All the best, Jock, from us all.

Conradi is away on a Course. Bill Williams and Parry are at Out-stations. Let's hope this is not going to interfere with a very promising rugger team. Our billiard and snooker team played their first match against No. 5 Section. There was no brilliant play on either side, but we managed to win all our games with a fair margin of points. Smith G. A., one of our opponents, put up a good show, especially considering he is a comparative beginner. We are still waiting for more challenges. The Linemen are enthusiastic snooker players. What about it, Linemen ?

While we are still on the subject of billiards and snooker, we would like to comment on the unfailing dexterity with which Lance Corporal Carmichael and Corporal Rae manage to pot each other. The helpful advice they receive from other exponents should assist them to all-round improvement.

A correspondent wishes to know whether Signalman Livingstone, who on P.T. days appears to be the possessor of two left feet, experiences any difficulty in executing the more intricate of Sergeant Rendell's foot and leg exercises.

As an extension of the educational facilities, in the shape of correspondence courses, it is believed one of our number, is prepared in return for a small premium, to give instruction in the noble art of " hitch-hiking."

We would also like to give a word of friendly caution to Corporal Hurst, who strolled into his quarters the other night with a somewhat scratched nose. His story is that he came into contact with a rose bush. We are sorry to find Sergeant Cowan who was with him, telling the same story. Birds of a feather it seem.

A.R.

LINEMEN

There are times when even a " common or garden " Lineman is interested in football ; this fact has been proved when the Linemen (and a couple of Drivers, just to make the number up) played the Officers. We will not make a statement about our first attempt, most people know the result. The question remains, however, was it a football or rugby match ? or was the referee bribed before the game by Captain Calvert ! Our second meeting proved to be a thoroughly enjoyable and interesting one. One amusing point was, the variation of the Officers' colours, which seemed to strike a note of individualism. It was a pity our own Section Officer (2nd Lieutenant Shearme) could not participate against us on the second occasion. He, unfortunately, pulled a leg muscle during the previous match. However, he had the spirit (?) and that is the main thing. Of course, we triumphed, scoring eight goals to our opponents two.

At the present time, some of our less fortunate members are undergoing training. We are making a huge effort to bring everybody up to the Class III standard. Very few are aware of this, but our untrained chaps, are receiving lectures and carrying out practical work, somewhere within the barracks. Others who are more advanced, are far away helping and receiving instruction from the G.P.O. authorities.

We hope by the time these notes are printed " Strawberry " Fletcher will be back again. Everybody misses his boisterous antics, and the barracks do not appear to be complete without his exceedingly red and smiling face. Accompanying him are " Moon Face " Phillips and " Fanny " Fenn. What a trio ! We do not envy the G.P.O. People talk of getting blood out of a stone ; well, we have tried to borrow (mind you) instruments, etc., from the Technical Stores. The result has almost been similar. We would like to thank Sam Hop for putting us in the limelight with jitter-bugging ; many more are going to follow his brilliant example.

Corporal Ayton and Lance Corporal Gurden have now parted from us, and so has Lance Corporal Ward W. and Signalman Ford. We wish them every success in their new branch of Signals work.

We congratulate Lance Sergeant Duffin, newly promoted, and feel this is well deserved. Just before Christmas !

Lance Corporal Ward A. K., assisted by Signalmen Stephens, May, and Hop, completed a good job of work at a certain aerodrome. Looking back on 1940, we think our Section as a whole has advanced by leaps and bounds ! Many new members have been added to the little party, and the inclusion of Mr. Shearme to our fold was certainly a gift horse, or rather we think so ! The name " Lineman " has gone forth to our out-stations, and will continue to do so in the future.

D.R.s' CORNER

Christmas Day lunch at the "Altmark " was a very happy affair and saw a merry gathering in the Men's Mess, where a noble meal was provided by our equally noble cooks. They did every credit to Sergeant Bond, who—we have it on good authority —had nursed his men carefully through the year. The climax on this great occasion was well worth waiting for.

The D.R. personnel were well represented, and it is needless to ask which Section of the Unit pulled the first cracker and threw the first beer-bottle stopper. The Drivers, of course !

We all felt a thrill of pride when our illustrious Johnny Burnet stood up on his chair and sang us a patriotic song about Ye Olde Roaste Beefe and Two Veg. of Olde Englande. It left us with a lump in our throat.

Signalman Morton (known as " The Poet " because of his long hair) was seen to stroll into the Mess during the #thcourse, approach a well-known W.O. II and say, " Just get me a lunch, will you, old man ? I shall be at the back of the hall. Make it to-day, will you ? " Our Mick has got a way with him, hasn't he ? Anyway, he got away with this.

Bill Legg was very silent. He plodded his way through two-and-a-half hours, not even stopping to pitch a nut at the wit who said that this was a jolly good feed, but he hoped next year's would be better. Bill has visions of Christmas, 1941, being spent at Bali.

Wedding.—The heartiest congratulations are extended to Signalman Thomas, who recently had his day. We wish Mrs. Thomas and himself every happiness. Our agent in the M.I. room informed us that two days before the happy event, poor Tom had reported sick, but when he reported sick on the day of days, and was given M. and D. by the secretly amused M.O., what did poor Thomas do then ? Did he do his duty and then take his medicine, or did he take his medicine, and then, as a man possessed, go off to his duty ?

Hospital.—There are still a number of our fellows in hospital due to motor-cycle accidents, and they would appreciate a line or even visits from those who can manage it. Hospitals and addresses can be obtained from " Winnie " in the M.T. sub-office.

PHYSICAL TRAINING AND RECREATION

General.—It is very encouraging to see more officers attending our P.T. parades, and trust they benefit from this welcome (?) diversion of work. Corporal George Fussel has now (after completing a Course at the Police College) donned the coveted " grey flannels " and " wasp's body " ! As time passes his

confidence will grow, and all will enjoy instruction under him. Signalman Harvey (our popular hairdresser) is also lending a hand with P.T. classes. Unfortunately illness prevented him from completing his Course, but it is considered that he is quite a capable instructor. Lance Corporal Fred Masters has now left us for Aldershot to win the "Crossed Swords," and he has gone with our backing and best wishes for success.

There is no dodging P.T., not even for some of our occupants of the Sergeants' Mess. If you are unable to do P.T. in the mornings, well, then there is the afternoon parade staring you in the face. After all, what is better than some nice fresh air to the "crusty old knees" these winter days?

Commencing in January we are going to start a new system. Each Section will have its own permanent instructor, and after three or four months we will be holding an Inter-Section P.T. Competition, for the brightest and best! So go to it as soon as you know which Ack. I has been allotted to your Section, and back him up wholeheartedly, thus starting off 1941 in a good style.

Boxing.—Our ring is almost erected now, and we hope to have the finished production ready for use by the end of January. Meanwhile, let us remind all readers of the "Squash Courts," where some of our keener members are sparring of an evening and after duty. Signalman Pullham, who knows quite a lot about ring craft, is assisting Sergeant Rendell (A.P.T.S.) with the instruction.

Soccer.—We have had a pretty full programme of late and many interesting fixtures have been arranged and played. In a trial match, we saw some splendid play by both teams. Signalman Tompkins played outstandingly at centre-half and Signalman Udal netted the ball several times.

A return match was held with the Signal Section of the 24th Guards Brigade, and we were victorious, scoring six goals to their two. Signalmen Marshall and Udal were responsible for putting us in the lead.

An enjoyable game was had when a team of married men played a team of bachelors. The married men won the day, beating the single men by 6—2. S.S.M. Owen and C.Q.M.S. Muir played well, and likewise did Sergeant Tucker.

We played —— Police again, and although they only had a team of nine, we suffered a defeat, they scoring the only goal. Leslie Compton (of Arsenal fame), who played at centre-half, helped the "Bobbies" considerably, and kept our goalkeeper on his toes.

Many of us witnessed the Officers v. the Linemen and Drivers match, which was refereed by Sergeant Rendell. It was pleasing to see the Commanding Officer open the scoring, and in spite of the varied coloured jerseys, the officers played a sound game 2nd Lieutenant Ratcliffe proved a strong defence and 2nd Lieutenant Cooper had much hard luck (as well as hard kicks from the opponents). Captain Calvert was an inspiration to the forward line, and was continually rallying his eleven. Lieutenant Hodge, Medical (and Sports) Officer, was also a constant source of worry to the Linemen's defence. The Linemen and Drivers were triumphant, winning by 6—2. Signalman May scored a large proportion of these.

In a match against the Royal Army Service Corps we lost by one goal to their three. It was a most enjoyable game, and the stars of our side were Smith J. L., Platt and Tompkins.

Squash Tournaments.—These are being arranged under the leadership of Signalman Greene W. H., and anyone interested should hand their names to him.

Dances.—Our dances have reached a very high and select standard, and, of course, everyone knows dancing is one of the best forms of exercise. This is a very pleasant and welcome part of our recreational training, and we hope everybody will continue to give their aid and support. We have the electricians and fitters to thank for the splendid decorations, and lighting effects, and we must never forget the band.

Rugby.—Matches played:

		Pts.
v. M.M.G. Corps (at Mill Hill)	Lost	0—18
v. 1st H.Q. Signals	Won	24— 3



L.D.S. at home with the Old Folks

GAFFER'S CHRISTMAS EVE

Oi must say as 'twer a long toime afore oi forgave Football Captain No. 1 for the unreasonable attitood wot 'e took up follerin' that match on the Square. Oi went about with moi bins an' barrers keepin' moiself to moiself. If oi met 'im anywheres, oi gave 'im a cold, stiff, dignifoid salute, instead of moi accustomed "'Marnin' to 'ee, 'Orris!", and oi could see as 'ow the treatment wor 'avoin' its effect. Oi could see 'e wor beginnin' to 'ave summat of a guilty conscience about it all.

But oi'm a fergivin' koind o' chap, an' on Christmas Eve, oi wor a-sittin' quoiet-like, suppin' moi quartern in the local "Snake an' Pickaxe," as oi 'ave done now for the last fifty-foive yer come lambin'-toime. Oi were just wonderin' wot sort o' scrape ole "Strawberry" wor gettin' 'isself into without moi guoidin' 'and, when 'oo should come in but 'Orris 'isself.

'E'd 'ad a few, but even so, the strained pale look still sat about 'is feachers. 'E comes straight over to counter where oi was a-proppin' moiself. Oi could see 'e was ageetated.

"Gaffer," 'e says, absent-moindedly takin' a swig o' moi beer, "Oi ain't 'appy."

"Oose fault is that?" oi asks, stern-loike.

As soon as the words left moi mouth, oi was sorry oi'd said 'em, cause a spasm as if of pain contorted 'is 'andsome counteenance. (Oi'm proud o' that sentence.)

"Gaffer," 'e says, consilatory-loike, "Oi admits oi was a bit 'asty, but it's Christmas an' all that. 'Ow about lettin' boigones be boigones. Say the word, an' oi'll overlook the fact that you ought ter be on sentry, 'stead o' round 'ere."

After that man-ter-man appeal oi felt as it would be churlish to keep up the fewd, so oi says, "'Orris," oi says, (an' at that "'Orris" 'is pore wan face lit up), "'Orris, oi fergives an' fergets—an' don't worry about the sentry, cause oi've left moi roifle leanin' up agin the box."

Durin' the beers wot followed, we got fair chummy agen, but when 'Orris started a-tellin' me about some of 'is early love affairs, oi thort it best to get back to moi box. Whereupon 'e insisted on doin' the rest of moi sentry fer me, an' wouldn't 'ear of not doin' it. Oi suppose it was 'is little way of showin' 'ow sorry 'e was. So after bein' invoited to the new Mess fer Christmas dinner, oi pops off to bed.

The noight passed without any excoitement apart from a terrific explosion which fair rocked the barricks.

"'Orris!" oi thort to moiself, as oi pulled on me trousers an' dashed down to the box. Oi found 'im leanin' on moi roifle, swayin' gently to an' fro, an' fair pleased with 'imself.

"Wot's the row?" oi asks.

"See that blue an' whoite 'ippapotamus?" says 'e, pointin' to the middle of the vacant Square, "Well," drorin' 'isself up proudly, "oi shot 'im."

G'bye all,

'Appy Noo Yer to 'ee,

GAFFER.

Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess

"'Tis better to be silent and thought a fool, than to open one's mouth and leave no doubt about it." So said one of our learned judges. Well, maybe he was right! Who cares, anyway?

On assuming the duties of scribe, let me wish my predecessor "All the best." His appointment to R.S.M. was good news to all of us, and his praises, for the work done with us, were well sung at our last jirga.

Talking about meetings, here's a tip for Little Arthur. Take up shorthand, old boy. They tell me it's quicker.

After some good spade work by our President, ably assisted by the "Spooner," this little Mess of ours is all right. The Wednesday night socials are always well attended. Wee "Tuck" never misses. There are some nasty-minded folk around who declare that since the "free nights" ceased, the attendance has fallen, but I don't believe it. They aren't all Scotsmen, surely!

Constitutional changes in the Mess centred around the divorce of the Corporals from the W.O.s and Sergeants. This was inevitable. Their honorary membership was unanimously supported at a special meeting. And we look forward to the continued pleasure of their company at all times.

We have to thank the officers for their magnificient "present" to the Mess. Someone suggested that there had been a spot of looting somewhere, but, of course, we don't believe it—or do we?

There have been two invitation dances this month. The first was a success, except for the fact that "Steve" got his leg "busted" and had to be taken in "dock." (Bad luck, Mrs. G. Maybe it'll be his neck next time.)

The night of 20th December will stand out in many minds (that was the night I took the wife, they'll be saying.) As a dance it was a real success. The exhibition by the C.O. and his lady was a real treat to all present. They certainly made it look easy.

Before passing on, let me note with satisfaction the gallant rearguard action fought by "Alec.," in the face of overwhelming odds. Only the timely arrival of reinforcements prevented his complete annihilation by the storming party at the entrance. I cannot pass without yet another mention! At a previous dance of ours, an officer turned up with a limp and a stick.

"Was he at Dunkirk?" asked a fair damsel.

"No, miss," I replied. "That gentleman played at Lords' this afternoon."

"Played at what?" she asked. "Goodness, you do talk funny."

Well, to cut a long, complicated conversation short, I finally agreed with her when she said that my gentleman should take up ludo. I pass on her advice to this officer, who was unrecognisable at our last "hop" (coming disguised in "blues" is taking an advantage).

The "jitterbug" craze, so prevalent at the moment, is causing the R.S.M. some sleepless nights. Just when he had got them to march off in the best traditional Guards' manner, they go and develop a Jack Tarish roll. Perhaps if the C.O. withdrew his prize, the lads might straighten up again.

We toasted our absent friends at Christmas. To our relatives at the Sub-Areas we send our very best wishes. To all "Slainte."

REEKIE.

S.S.A.

In the last issue, for an unknown reason, our out-stations were not mentioned in our report. These are most important in the "scheme of things" and warrant mention, in glowing terms, because of the grand work put in by each of them, the amount of which is not realised until one has actually worked at one. They carry on, day and night, without a great deal of recognition from their H.Q. colleagues, and to quote the words of one of them "they are the forgotten men." Now that Corporal Davenport has moved, shortly after his promotion, it leaves both stations in the charge of Signalmen Hansford and North, both of whom seem to have settled down very quickly to their new responsibilities.

Let us have a look at the personnel of the senior station. Corporal Davenport was in charge for a long spell and carried things through very smoothly. He has now left the Unit and we wish him every success in his new sphere. Signalman Hansford is now in charge. He is an old member of the Corps and has served his time at an Indian Station. He is a very happy family man and spends most of his spare time with his wife and two children; incidentally, the way in which he looks after his men has made them think that they also have been taken into the fold as his foster children. It is thought that he has his work cut out to keep them all under his wing, because there is a healthy rivalry of nationalities amongst them. The centre of this competition is a proud Welshman, ex-schoolmaster M.A., in the form of "Tiny"-15 stone-Williams. The fact that they are attached to yet another national Regiment adds to the fun. This hefty specimen is a great rugby enthusiast and has put in a lot of good work for the Unit team. Williams is also the only bachelor of this detachment and so comes in for a spot of leg-pulling on that score. Wollacott, one of the originals of the station, is noted for the "Saville Row" cut of his greatcoat, and it is his perpetual lament that he has not got a horse to go with it. He is the humorist of them and has done much toward the smooth working of the station. Larkman, after a very brief period at the other station, is now settled in comfortably. He spent quite a time at H.Q., and whilst there made many friends, to whom he has extended great hospitality at his home, well away from the blitz, on several occasions. The detachment as a whole is very unassuming and as an indication of this fact, it is true that the C.O. of the Regiment, to whom they are attached, did not know of their existence until after they had been there for over five months. They are very popular with the members of the other Unit and have the honour to be billeted in the officers' quarters. Dodson is a recent departure from this station, but he is carrying on the good work at the other. Christmas was spent very happily by those on duty, Hansford running a miniature buffet with port, beer and lots of mince pies as the main items. Both the stations have to thank the "Wood" for a parcel of Christmas fare and what H.Q. called "a few crumbs from their table."

Now for Signalman North's station. North is one of the oldest Territorials that we have on this group, originally being an infantryman with the East Surreys, and he is still very proud of his old Regiment. He is an extremely dry humorist and has a wonderful flair for originating epithets, many of them having spread to be used generally by the Unit. Apart from being very popular with his colleagues he is universally liked by the Unit to whom he is attached. He has had with him for a long time Holt, one of the famous "Catterick" boys. Holt is a long way from home, and did he want Christmas leave, or didn't he? Needless to say he got it, and Yorkshire is so much better for this concession this Christmas. In spite of the many capabilities of this detachment, Holt is noted for the fact that he is the only one who can really light a good fire. He misses his "twin" Camsell very much, but now that parades have started in earnest at H.Q. he is not so sure whether he is so keen to join Camsell back at H.Q. One recent "swap" is Hill's move from a very hectic Eastern front to here and Signalman Mullens moving out to take his place. It is learnt on very good authority that Hill is very happy to be back in the fold once more. He was one of the original members of H.Q. He is another ex-Middlesex

Yeomanry man, and in spite of his " tubby " nature it is perfectly true that he did ride a horse when with his old Unit ; in fact he turned up in riding breeches at the station recently and the whole of the billet were knocked " stone cold." So much for the Yeoman of England. Mullens, who used to live very near this station, is understood to be missing the comforts of home life now that he has moved, but without complaint. Dodson is the latest addition, but, as previously mentioned, he is not a new-comer to the group. He has brought with him all the accomplishments with which he blessed the other station. The only complaint on this score is that he will insist on scrubbing the floor while on night duty, which is not appreciated by the other three members ! Joe, as he likes to be called, is married and no doubt is trying to get in some experience for his own house.

The personnel of both stations are feeling quite pleased with themselves now, however, as they were honoured on Christmas Day with a visit by the C.S.O.

G.H.C.

OUT-STATION CHRISTMAS

There will be some oddly-spent Christmases before this affair is concluded, I have no doubt, but one that will live long in my memory is Christmas, 1940, passed in solitary state in a sometime wine cellar.

At first sight it would appear to be a most desirable environment, but when I mention that although there are bottles of ever conceivable shape and kind in rich profusion, they have long since been emptied, and there is not so much in it, in more than one sense.

This, then, is the scene which greets me this Christmas morning. Gas-light (for we have no electricity) reflected from white-washed walls and ceiling and the polished fronts of the No. 9, on the top of which there is a formidable array of Christmas cards. For a musical background there is, in the adjoining dungeon, the central heating furnace roaring away softly to itself ; and to excite a third sense, the all-pervading characteristic smell of the below-ground, vividly reminiscent of coffins and catacombs.

So passes Christmas Day, 1940.

Yes, James, I rang. Mistletoe for one, please.

A.P.W.B.

D.S.A.

Wishing to make an impression with a description of some of the characteristics of our bomb-proof band, we take pleasure in introducing the D.S.A., the finest working sub-section of the L.D.S.

Our centre-forward, Guv'nor " Nibs " Williams, has certainly proved himself a worthy skipper, and true to D.S.A. traditions, is never afraid of taxing his elbow.

Sergeant " Spud " Morrphy, our beautiful Oirish tenor, infrequently comes off the tack and bursts into the age-worn refrain of " Oh, Mr. Doodle-Um " towards which Lance Corporal " Gis-a-match " Sproat is never complimentary.

Sergeant Douglas, after listening, decided to eliminate the horrible memory with the aid of a 4½-gal. barrel.

Our D.R.s are often heard murmuring in their sleep, " We must get through."

Signalman " Tope " Newton leads our efficient staff of E.S.s, but here again is a worthy who finds it impossible to refrain from bursting forth into song. It sounds like a cross between a ship's whistle and a back-yard serenader in dire distress. Fred Bungay, known as " Bunge," rather prides himself as a knowledge of 10-line Universals and Stewart-Turners, and it is as much as Sergeant Douglas can do to remove the 10-line Universal parts from the Stewart-Turner.

Frank " Stooge " Wadey, another bright E.S., finds that his duties here seriously interfere with his snooker, but it remains for him to beat the Signal Office personnel at the game.

Our Linemen, the pride and joy of the London District Signals, are still solving the problem of twisting " E " type cable without much success. One-stripe Lelliott assures us continually that the matter is well in hand, and excuses himself by saying that it will be completed efficiently by 1942. Charge-hand Frankland is Corporal Lelliott's right-hand man, and except for the line he laid through the rungs of a ladder, he is improving tremendously as a switchboard operator. Their satellites, Signalmen Valentine, Welsh, Drage and Olly Emes, admit they are in the right school and making headway in the art of twisting.

The operators continue to report R.9s all round with the straightest of faces, despite the fact that they have been in the thickest of fire.

Signalman Harris continues to wear his vivid yellow pullover, and has cost the other ops. considerably in sun-glasses.

The general topic among operators is the football match which should have taken place between this Section and the L.D.S. officers. They are convinced that the officers have backed following reports of the Detachment's prowess. Corporal " Paddy " Howley informs us that he is throwing out challenges right and left, but silence is his only answer.

Catering over Christmas was excellent, and Lieutenant Williams was entertained in the Men's Mess. He extended his sincere thanks to George, the caterer, for whom a collection realise nine shillings and sixpence. George showed a very sporting gesture by making up the collection to ten shillings and presenting it to the Spitfire Fund.

Sergeant Thomas J. E. excelled himself in the part of decorator and treasurer, and made a remarkable show of both the Signal Office and the Dining Room.

In conclusion the D.S.A. Signals extend to all Units of Signals at home and abroad, the complimentts of the season a and victorious 1941.

A.A. Signals, South-East England

Headquarters

We have, unfortunately, very little of note to report this month. Whilst this is true, generally speaking, we have, none the less, seen some important changes and events. First and foremost we must record a very happy event, namely, the wedding of Captain J. W. Hyde. We offer to him our heartiest congratulations and wish him and Mrs. Hyde the very best of luck and many happy years. We would like to offer Captain Hyde our further congratulations on his appointment as Company Commander. We should also like to extend to Captain Pitcairn, who is leaving us, our best wishes for success in his new sphere of action. To 2nd Lieutenant J. D. Winchester we say, " Welcome, sir, and may your stay amongst us be enjoyable and successful."

Some of us have been seeking pastures new, and from reports received have indeed landed in clover. Chefs and thick pile carpets seem to spell luxury, which easily accounts for the gleaming eyes and enthusiastic voices of those to whom we have spoken. At the other end of the scale, there are some who have come to appreciate the remark that " Some men are born great ; others have greatness thrust upon them." The latter state may be described to be by no means an unmixed blessing.

Incidentally, to those in need of something to pass the idle hour, we recommend the compilation of either a Nominal Roll or a Duty Rota. Either of these pastimes will guarantee many hours of delightful occupation, and besides they are so stimulating for the brain—ask some of our N.C.O.s !

No. 1 Company

These are days of change. Within a month we have bid farewell to our Officer Commanding and welcomed in his stead an officer from Headquarters, who has had a long association with the Unit. Another officer has joined us from No. 2 Company to be second-in-command and to do battle with the accounts.

Five N.C.O.s have departed for an O.C.T.U. Bodies of men march forth for new fields to conquer, while arrivals include trained men from No. 2 Company and elsewhere, recruits and

a few whom we had almost given up for lost after long spells on technical courses.

By the time these notes appear in print, the constitution of the Unit may be more or less stabilised and the camp will be less like a railway station with its constant flow of arrivals and departures.

The change in command became known overnight. A dance was in progress in the canteen. The outgoing Officer Commanding made two speeches, the first to the canteen steward, and after we had drunk that, he replied to the cheers called for by his successor, with a few words of regret, encouragement and well-wishing.

By noon the following day the change-over had been completed and the furniture removers were busy in the Company Office. That sanctorum was established in a more accessible position, the Officers' Mess gained a room out of the deal, and the A.T.S. clerks retired in good order to a place where they can work without anybody knowing they are there.

Our concert party and dance orchestra have added to their laurels during the month and even the popular daily Press has felt constrained to acknowledge their efforts. Many performances have been given in aid of local Spitfire Funds in addition to augmenting the moneys which provided Christmas cheer for those who remained in Camp during the festive season.

The artistes—seventeen in all—provide a variety act which has proved exceedingly popular at many cinemas in the district. It embraces classical music, popular songs, dance music, light entertainment and comic episodes of the Crazy Gang ilk. (N.B. Signalman Ainsworth, the conjurer, lasted only one day on the line section. An unconfirmed report states that a fault was found to be due to a break in the wire mysteriously bridged by three coloured handkerchiefs knotted together.)

Our weekly dances have gained so much support that the problem now centres on the question of overcrowding. This success is due to the indefatigable dance band, under the leadership of Signalman Craig, and a newly formed committee of management.

The most successful dance of the month was that arranged by the A.T.S. It was attended by the Commanding Officer, a large party of R.A. officers and men, civilian friends and members of the A.T.S.

No. 2 Company

We face winter's biting blast in our little retreat with confidence, for No. 2 Company is far from being in a state of hibernation. In fact, the tempo of life here has quickened considerably, as evidenced by working and social affairs.

The training of recruits has proceeded apace and the newcomers have settled down quickly and ably in their new sphere.

Recent gales and severe weather conditions have kept the line maintenance parties well occupied, while their opposite numbers in the G.O.R. have had busy days and nights with the intensification of activity in the air.

Those people such as the Headquarters Staff, Police, Cooks and A.T.S., whose work is often unobtrusive and generally taken for granted, have all done their bit to ensure a smooth-working machine.

On the social side, so important during the dark months, we have had a series of excellent Sunday concerts which started as an experiment and have now become a regular and eagerly awaited feature of our lives.

Among many guest-artistes, we have had Mr. Jack Mason, the pianoforte wizard and Mr. Hunt with his talented brass quintette. Miss Vera Sumpster and Lance Corporal Pexton P. have collaborated to give many impressive sketches and excerpts from the great dramas.

On 10th December, the surprise of the evening came from the lads of the M.T. Section, who had their audience in convulsions with their own original revue. Complete in brassieres and hula-hula skirts, Signalmen Roebuck, Twitchin, Smith, Nidditch, Perrott and Bannerman danced the light fantastic in a manner to put C. B. Cochran's young ladies to shame. Signalman Stanton T. was a bright and breezy compere to a well-varied and highly comic show.

Among our many outstanding musicians are Signalmen Lishman T. (pianoforte), Alec Feuerman and Jamieson J. (violin), Harker J. (oboe), while Signalman Lustig E. is a first-rate vocalist.

The success of these far-famed Sunday evenings also depends largely upon those good sports who come forward to entertain us with impromptu turns. Congratulations must be given to the two stalwarts who have put in such good work on decorations and stage effects—Corporal Pope E. and Lance Corporal Jones F.

Up-to-the-minute numbers are put over with great effect at our bi-weekly dances by the Ridges Dance Band, under the direction of Signalman Alec Feuerman. We are also fortunate in having the nurses of a local hospital as our guests on these occasions, while they frequently return the compliment by inviting dance enthusiasts to their own social functions.

An original feature in camp life is the monthly magazine—" The Ridges Review "—which has now been in existence for nine months and has been making great headway all the time, in spite of paper shortage, financial difficulties and that added burden, the Purchase Tax. Editor Sergeant Green C. E., Assistant-Editor Signalman Young A. G., Illustrator Signalman Willis J., and Collaborator Signalman Hodge P. F., have just completed the Christmas issue, which is well in keeping with the festive season. It has many original sketches, stories and illustrations. The artistic colour page was printed by the Signal Press in the person of Lance Corporal Smith T. from a block designed by Corporal Pope.

Under the heading of promotions and departures, we must congratulate Captain L. Hill upon his recent well-deserved promotion. Lieutenant J. C. de Wardt has left us for another sphere and we wish him all possible luck. That popular personality 2nd Lieutenant G. Ratter has also departed and we record here our earnest good wishes to him for the future. We also welcome 2nd Lieutenant A. G. MacDonald back to the fold again.

Special congratulations from all members of the Company to our Officer Commanding, Major J. L. Simpson, on attaining his present rank.

Our best wishes go with the following members of the Company who have recently departed on O.C.T.U. Courses : Lance Corporals Matthews E., Howe R. and Doherty D., and our congratulations to Corporal McCarthy L. and Lance Corporal Wilde J. on their well-deserved promotion and appointment respectively.

Sporting activities have covered a wide field, including football, running, boxing and golf.

A.A. Signals, North-East England

No. 1 Company

No silken dressing gown of blue,
No fragrant smell of Drene shampoo,
No R.Q. ;
He's pushed his boat off with gaily flying pennant,
Good luck, Jim Bolton—alias Jaybee—Lieutenant !

High Lights.—Throughout the month quick moves have governed world events and No. 1 Company, hence our new interpretation of " Certo-Cito " as " Here to-day and gone to-morrow." As a result of these moves, our crop of amateur astrologers is as amazing as their predictions, even though they were correct in foretelling the loss of one of our most brilliant stars. Whilst we all congratulate him on his well-deserved promotion, we deeply regret his departure, for someone else's gain is definitely our loss. Fortunately for us all, the feet that have stepped into those " major " shoes are an excellent fit, and suits us exceedingly well. Congratulations ! More congratulations and welcome to our new Adjutant, Captain H. Benson, an old friend who has returned to the fold—or should I say manger ?

Departures.—All best wishes to the N.C.O.s and men of No. 1 Company who departed during December. Let's hear from you.

Arrivals.—C.S.M. Thomas has arrived from No. 2 Company to take over R.Q.M.S. It is significant that it is rumoured that the R.Q. is a member of the Magic Circle ; certainly the R.S.M. was

impressed by the disappearing bed trick. However, we all think the R.Q. will produce the goods, and that's the main thing.

Promotions.—Many needles have been plied and much wetting of stripes has brightened the month for many have had a leg up—too many to name, but all well deserved. Good luck to one and all.

Entertainments.—At long last we are on the trail of a concert hall; we hope to have some definite news for next month. The N.C.O.s' dance on 10th December, under the distinguished patronage of the Commanding Officer, was a "signal" success, and many thanks are due to Signalman Woodeson, who provided a tip top cabaret turn, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. Appreciation must also be expressed for the work which was put in, in the "Committee Room." The stars of the evening, however, were undoubtedly Sergeants Connon and Appleby, who revealed unexpected talent—much to the delight of Sergeant Welsh and, I imagine, the R.S.M.

Sergeants' Mess.—The members are now firmly settled in their new quarters, which, although extremely comfortable, seem to be a little cold. How about a little "housewarming"? A very popular acquisition is Jimmy from "Myethamroyd," who is slowly but surely converting the Mess!

Sections.—Signal Office, Operations, Brigades and the "cream" all seem to have taken unto themselves the character of "Bashful," for repeated requests have produced nothing but a "snow white" sheet as far as "notes" are concerned.

Sport.—Inter-Section football matches have commenced, the first producing the hectic score of 9—4; since then, however, some splendid needle matches have been played. The L.M. Section, for some unknown reason, are already arguing where they had best display the cup, but personally I think that they will find that they have not got the monopoly of football talent.

Our run in the Local League Cup was short and sweet—a nearby Artillery team quickly showing us the exit. Our sporting activities seem to have prospects of a very rosy future, thanks to the energetic enthusiasm of Lieutenant (Quartermaster) S. Robson, who now has the "gloves" on and is out to make this a "knock-out" season.

Sidekick.—Is it true that Scotland couldn't take it?

A happy New Year to all! Cheerio!

SILVER THREADS.

A.A. Signals, Nottinghamshire

We have again allowed two months to elapse without submitting a contribution, owing, it may be said, to the pressure of work, but here are a few notes on topical events which may prove of interest.

The re-commencement of the seven days' leave every three months (subject, we suppose, to the exigencies of the Service), will be appreciated by everyone, as also the order permitting the wearing of civilian clothes on such leave. This latter privilege will be particularly welcomed by those who have worn battle dress since the outbreak of war.

Promotions.—There have again been numerous promotions, the most notable of which were those of C.Q.M.S. Howells to C.S.M., Sergeant Sale to R.Q.M.S., Sergeant Sills to C.Q.M.S., and Sergeant Roberts to C.Q.M.S. We wish them every success in their new posts.

Hearty congratulations to Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Arnold, our former second-in-command, who has received a well-merited promotion from Major, and also the command of a new unit of Divisional Signals. We are indeed sorry that he will shortly be leaving us, but he, and the various other members of our Unit who will be joining him, have our best wishes for the future. Lieutenant-Colonel Arnold has always been a very popular officer with all ranks.

Our congratulations go also to Lieutenant (Quartermaster) H. A. Pilgrim, our former R.Q.M.S., known to all and sundry as "Little Harry." He has now been commissioned and posted to a newly formed Division. He will have a lot of work to do for a long time to come.

Courses.—A number of people have been on courses lately and have obtained good reports. Both Lance Sergeant Buck and Corporal Butcher obtained "Q.1" certificates at a Senior N.C.O.s' Drill and Duties Course, and must have worked hard, judging by the curriculum and the short period of time allotted. Signalmen Pykett and Badder did well at a Junior N.C.O.s' Course, and at Tradesmen's Courses, with scarcely an exception, good reports were obtained by our lads.

O.C.T.U.—Only one departure recently, Signalman Morris J. M. T. to 133rd O.C.T.U. There may be others shortly.

Discharge.—C.Q.M.S. Briggs has, unfortunately, been discharged on medical grounds. We sympathise with him and hope that his health will not prevent him from securing a suitable berth in business. He did a good job of work whilst with No. 2 Company.

Postings.—Quite a number of recruits have been arriving during the past few weeks, and some of them are noticeably older than hitherto. Amongst them are campaigners of the last war, to whom every credit is due. A sudden rush of intakes from other Units has caused a considerable amount of work in the re-organisation of billets, but things now seem to be getting down again.

Arrivals.—Captain H. M. Jelley, Lieutenant J. C. de Wardt, and 2nd Lieutenant D. Patey have joined us recently, and we hope they will have every success in their new posts.

Sport.—The soccer season has got well under way since our last contribution. No. 1 Section of No. 1 Company have been doing extremely well, and in one game beat Unit and Company H.Q. by a fourteen goals margin, from which trouncing the latter have only partially recovered. Unit and Company H.Q. have won several games to make amends for this debacle, but it will take a lot of living down. A highlight of the season was the beating by 6—4 of Notts. Corinthians, the leading local amateur team, by an eleven selected from No. 1 Company, and a first-rate game it was, too. The return game went against us, however, 5—1, but owing to operational requirements we were unable to field our best eleven. Another interesting match was played between No. 1 Company and No. 3 Company, on a bitter day on a typical Yorkshire hillside. No. 1 Company won 6—1, however, and in this match Lance Corporal Cooper excelled himself by scoring four good goals from inside right. No. 3 Company were our hosts after the game and entertained us right royally.

Social Activities.—One or two very happy gatherings have been held in both the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes recently, the presence of members' wives rendering everything the more enjoyable.

Although Christmas leave was not parcticable this year we did not lose the spirit of the festive season, and enter the New Year with confidence in ourselves as a Unit, and in victory.

A.A. Signals, Staffordshire

No. 2 Company

This being our first contribution to the WIRE I only propose to introduce ourselves to readers. In future every effort will be made to keep all wanderers from the fold in touch with affairs concerning their old comrades. By the time this is in print many will have left us for pastures new. We wish them all the very best of luck and happiness in their sections.

Like many others we have had a taste of frightfulness, but all have stood up well to the long hours and hard work. The Line Maintenance Section have done their stuff well and have earned quite a reputation for themselves.

We have regretfully said au revoir to our late O.C., but we sincerely wish him the best of luck in his new sphere. He can certainly take it.

To our officers who have newly-arrived "welcome."

It is hoped to have a 100 per cent. Signals Association membership at an early date, so roll up and see Sergeant Yates as soon as possible.

A.E.H.Y.

A.A. Signals, South Wales

By the time these notes appear, 1940 will have gone, as all years do, beyond recall. If we can enter on the New Year with no new resolution but a stiffening of the old, we shall need no encouraging forecast from the spacious firmament to know that 1941 will bring us several stages nearer to victory.

We are glad to welcome to our midst 2nd Lieutenant White R. J., who will doubtless be feeling a little overwhelmed, surrounded as he is by so many famous broadcast artistes. Yes, our concert party has certainly achieved the heights, and on 7th January the air will positively vibrate to the sound of our mingled voices in community singing, the blended harmony of our Male Voice Choir, the golden notes of our soloists, the lilt of the violin, the strum of the banjo, the impressions of our impersonator, and the plaintive numbers of our poet. We have a whole thirty minutes to ourselves on the Forces Programme, and no one has the slightest doubt but that we shall leap to fame overnight and that, but for the black-out, our names would be in lights.

Our play "Libel" was also a great success. It was presented four times in all, and had to be performed twice in our own concert hall to accommodate all the Signals personnel who wished to see it. The legal atmosphere was rigidly maintained throughout, with whirling gowns, wagging pencils, lopsided wigs, and general disdainful comments by respective learned counsel.

The make-up, too, was so excellent that it was sometimes difficult to recognise our own companions. His brilliant characterisation of the worthy and wordy Judge has enabled Lieutenant Kelly to look upon the world with an even more honest and open face than before, since it involved the temporary removal of his extensive moustache. This naturally caused considerably reduced expenditure in respect of the hire of wigs, and furnished yet another classic example of what the artist will undergo for the sake of his art!

Seriously, however, there can be no doubt that the already enviable reputation of our Dramatic Society has been very much enhanced by this production, and great credit is due to the producer, 2nd Lieutenant Hough, for his unstinting efforts in what is often, after all, a most thankless task.

We are still going strong in the realm of sport. In both codes of football results have been somewhat erratic on account of "leave" difficulties, but every game has proved most enjoyable and a commendable spirit of comradeship exists amongst the players.

Recently, too, many of the Company have been enabled to take up or resume studies in various directions, through a system which provides for regular and frequent lectures from eminent University professors.

The pursuit of these many activities is really evidence of the British faith in that old Roman maxim, "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" We have seen for ourselves that the Nazi system is different in that it provides only for the latter: the militarism and bodily discipline of the German youth has been acquired at the expense of his mind. How great an expense that is will some day be seen.

Our poet has gone all patriotic this month, as the following verse reveals:

The British welcome always proves
The King and Queen to be endearing,
For every man his hat removes
And gives rein to extensive cheering;
The Nazi system seems remote,
One can't conceive the scene at Munich,
Where every man removes his coat
Lest there's a bomb beneath his tunic.

— A.A. Brigade, H.Q. Signals

Unfortunately we missed the post for November, due to the fact that we were to move, but, owing to lack of accommodation, we have stayed put. Not that the lads wanted to move! I believe that the "locals" were really heartbroken when the news had filtered through that "kits had to be packed and stacked."

One or two jobs were found for the Unit to do and those detailed moved out in the early hours of a grey November morning. These tasks are now completed.

I can vouchsafe that the first question asked will be "What about my leave?" Fortunate are those whose seven days fall in the festive season.

Signalmen Leary and Malley have left us for the 1st Holding Battalion. We hope that they soon recover to A1 fitness.

Our most interesting news of December is the elevation to Lieutenant of C.S.M. Geo. Weeks. One and all congratulate him on his promotion and hope that he will enjoy his new life as well as he did during his time in the ranks. He was posted to —— Corps Signals, who gain an officer of 100 per cent. efficiency. So long, George; don't forget the old Unit!

Our congratulations are also extended to C.S.M. Morrison, C.Q.M.S. Hobling, Sergeant West, Corporal Davis and Lance Corporal Taylor on their upgrading.

We bid good-bye to Signalman Cooper, who has been discharged on medical grounds. An excellent driver and a willing worker. One of the stalwarts of No. 1 Section.

We close this wee effort with all ranks wishing the Corps at home and abroad the best of luck in the New Year.

Cheerio, chaps!

W.J.A.N.

Scottish Divisional Signals

Writing, or if you prefer it, journalism, is a leisurely pastime not to be tackled in haste, so perhaps that is the principal reason for the absence of a monthly contribution from this Signal Unit from the North.

However, now that our old friends Hitler and Musso have their attention fully occupied in other parts of Europe, and in the East in the case of the latter, I will endeavour to ease the minds of the "subs" and fill up a column or two!

Truthfully, afore-mentioned rogues have little or nothing to do with it all. (See Unit Orders numbered 1234.)

In an effort to spur on my efforts some very witty interludes have been contributed by a friend, and, since local news if rather scarce this weather, I am sure the "copy boys," "subs" and "case-room men" will permit them to appear in the very valuable space.

"The life of the Signaller is hard."

"On the dreary wastes of the East Coast of England he is inclined to become somewhat 'browned-off' (an expression now acquired by all), and great pleasure has been given to all ranks by recent efforts on the part of the 'high ups' of gems which must not be lost to the nation, such as—

"CATS—9d. per week! Has any limitation been placed on the number of cats, or can the Quartermaster rear or find sufficient cats to pay for his weekly beer? That is the question asked by all."

"The second deals with welfare and "B" Sec.

"A certain Colonel Sparrow, with every apology to the gentleman who is inadvertently the victim of a jest, has offered to show the cable section repeat cable section, round his collection of birds eggs.

"The life may be hard, but it is not dull."

Many other incidents of a light nature, far too numerous to detail, have helped, in no small way, to amuse the men.

A certain P.T. wallah (?), feeling that his appearance in the nearby "Metropolis" did not merit sufficient interest, expended a handsome sum in obtaining from a military tailors in Aldershot a somewhat gaudy cap. Unfortunately he was absent when said cap arrived (probably asleep somewhere), and a fiendish intrigue by certain members of the W.O.s and Sergeants' Mess was got up to dishearten this stalwart.

After opening the parcel, which was swathed in tissue paper and cardboard "shields," the N.C.O. was fit for medical boarding. To his horror a dirty "khaki" cap, fore-and-aft, nestled at the foot of the wrappings and not, as he had expected, a "beoooootiful" headgear to entice the local jitterbugs.

Strong language repeat strong and other ejaculations were drowned by the roars of laughter which echoed and re-echoed throughout the billet. Curiously enough the cap was not a product of the well-known Army store—which was just as well. To his relief, however, the greasy cap disappeared and was replaced by one in red and black!

Undoubtedly the incident, which involved several A.R.P. men, police, civilians and our senior W.O., will always live in our memories. An urgent telephone call was the preface and the subsequent roping off and guarding of an immense hole on the main road somewhere in this area was the centre of interest. After several hundred vehicles had been diverted in order to avoid the missile of destruction, which, it was presumed had been dropped by an enemy aircraft, an official appeared on the scene and announced that the "time bomb" which was being so closely guarded was nothing more than a cavity left after the removal of a telegraph pole by some P.O. lineman! The W.O. in question is more than delighted that several arduous schemes have helped to make the "masses" forget.

Promotions have been numerous since this now unfamiliar caption appeared in the WIRE, and it is almost impossible to tabulate them. The principal ones, however, are as follows:

R.S.M. Dale M. E. vide R.S.M. Sanderson W. S. (now Lieutenant). C.S.M. Brookes R. J. vide C.S.M. McNeill (presently with Welsh Divisional Signals), Sergeant Archibald R. W. now C.Q.M.S., No. 1 Company. The following now carry three tapes and have done so for such a long time that they will probably have forgotten the fact: Sergeants Cartwright R., Jones R.S Solomon P. and Featherstone, Lance Sergeants Irvine J., Whyte J. A., McMillan J., McLafferty H., McGavin W., Henderson J., etc. Long overdue congratulations to all.

Departures have been just as numerous and to the following we offer our best wishes for success in their new lives: C.S.M. McNeil J., S.S.M.s Loudon D. and Johnston (now Cadet), Sergeants Cumstie W., Nicol P. and Wright J. P.

Of the above, three, I believe, are now labouring under the desert sun, but confirmation of this is awaited with interest. Perhaps the censors will allow a letter or two to slip through unobtrusively.

Blitz.—Visits by enemy aircraft is such a common happening nowadays it is hardly worthy of mention, but many of us will not forget our recent experiences under fire. It is rumoured that on one occasion two Signalmen returning from the "local" endeavoured to bury their heads in several tons of hay in an effort to seek protection from a very unhealthy load of "H.E." which was making in their direction. Others preferred the ditches by the roadside, but regretted their hasty actions at a later date, when nettle-stings appeared on their hands and faces.

Entertainments.—Concerts by artistes, professional and amateur, have delighted the hearts of all, and dances run twice weekly in the local village hall provide ample entertainment to satisfy even those who find the country life uninteresting.

Comforts have rolled in without cessation and to the Lord Provost of "our town" we express our deepest gratification for the efforts he has made to meet our needs for the winter which is now upon us.

Our pipe band, which is still in existence, and very much to the forefront, has delighted the hearts of our Sassenach friends on many occasions, and I am told helped to swell the War Weapons Week total.

Having expended my "leisure" and in the interests of routine (so essential in the Army), I will not return to my nest and hibernate.

A Happy New Year to all readers!

— Welsh Divisional Signals

To commence, an apology is given for failing to render last month's contribution to the WIRE, but owing to unforeseen circumstances, the lastest date for posting had come and gone before it was realised. "Error regretted."

Training.—Training, albeit mostly indoor, is proceeding apace, and such is the progress made that Trade Boards have already started, and it is hoped that by the time these notes are published, all of our Don R.s will be qualified with at least a BIII rating, which, considering the fact that a large majority of Don R.s are "Intake," is a creditable performance, both on the part of the pupils and instructors.

It is gratifying to note that although the winter is here, one-day Divisional Exercises are taking place at least once during each month, thereby keeping everyone on their toes and "up to scratch."

Sport.—RUGBY.—The Unit Rugby XV has played a number of matches and after a shaky start has settled down into a well-balanced team. Recent matches have been won by considerable margins and the fixture on 14th December against the first-class local side of national repute is anticipated with considerable enthusiasm. For its success, the side depends on team work rather than individual prowess, but mention must be made of the excellent displays given by Sergeant Bovey and Signalman Saunders in the forwards, and Signalman Price E. at outside half.

SOCCER.—The soccer team also started shakily, but the lads have now settled down and are producing really good football. The Unit has entered a local league for Saturday matches and to date have six victories out of nine matches. Thursdays are occupied with games with other Units in the Division, and the "A" team has suffered only one defeat so far. In addition, they have reached the final of the Knock-out Competition, which will be played on 2nd January. Our opponents will be the Provost Company, and it can be safely said that the Police are not going to have it all their own way.

2nd Lieutenant W. R. Buxton, our new officer, has taken over the duties of Sports Officer, and is performing his duties in this direction most satisfactorily.

D.R. Section.—Our merry lads of the auto wheels are still carrying on, despite winter's fury, and I am sure, that however envious one must be of them during the fine summer days, nobody will wish to swop places with them at this season of the year.

We welcome back to the fold our swashbuckling Sergeant, who has returned from a spell of convalescing (?). Was she a nice nurse, Sarge? (Who said, "Kiss him again, he's still conscious"?)

"L" Section

Hello, everyone! This is the eyes, ears, nose and throat of the Section broadcasting on behalf of "L"'s Angels from somewhere amongst the Home Forces.

Well, folks, since this Section was created (a work of art) we have had two changes in personnel. Firstly, one of our esteemed E.S.s left us all singing that topical tune, "If I only had Wings," and then our second-in-command, Mr. Angear, went to pastures new. We had only one consolation in the loss of Mr. Angear. It put an end to such monstrosities as "He is mending the 'and gear on his bike." Mr. Angear has since been replaced by Mr. C. M. Jenkins, who has, unlike most of us, already been "tried by ordeal," so we have a second-in-command who has tasted the real thing.

Training.—Since we left the starting post, training has gone ahead in a manner which I believe has more than satisfied those under whose command we operate. This, I believe, has been chiefly due to the able instruction of our O.C., and Section Sergeant. Schemes, which have been quite frequent, went off, on the whole, satisfactorily, and although we once had a midnight visit from some rather over zealous members of the "enemy," all our braincraft returned safely.

Personal.—Since our inauguration as a Section, several of our members have forsaken the happy state of bachelordom. Congratulations and best wishes to all those who could no longer stand the uncertainties of being single. We also hope that those who have surmounted difficulties and at last brought their much better halves to reside amongst us will find life more enjoyable.

Congratulations again to those (quite a few) who have now made themselves eligible for breach of promise actions. As far as I know, none of our Section have become proud fathers, but Sergeant Lamont has given birth to many bright ideas. I am happy to be able to report no violent deaths amongst us, even though a certain Signalman once had seven days of frequent appointments with our friend (?) the S.M.

Promotions.—These have been numerous, and we, who are of the unstriped, have now almost an N.C.O. each to tuck us in at nights.

Sport.—Our soccer team started off by carrying all before them and now they are carrying the rest of the League (but not before them). Several of our number play rugger regularly for Brigade H.Q. Our Billiard Tournament was won by Signalman Lloyd A., of Tommyfarrady.

What an "L" Sectionite Wants to Know.—Who was it who worried as to how he could change the buckle of his helmet strap from the right side to the left? Didn't he think of turning his tin hat around?

To which Section do the Operators belong whose inevitable reply to Z is X9.

Answers to Correspondents.—No, George, I.M.I. does not mean "I missed it."

In conclusion, it is hoped that with the New Year, all Sections of this Unit will emulate "L" Section's efforts and become regular contributors to the WIRE. Here's hoping, anyway, so "Go to it!" you fellow scribes, and send your efforts in to U.H.Q. for inclusion in the Unit's notes.

And so to close, we send our very best greetings to all our friends, both old and new, and wish them all

"The Compliments of the Season."

C/C.

Northern Ireland District Signal Company

Farewell, 1940.—By the time these notes are printed we shall be wondering what 1941 has in store for us. No doubt the New Year will contain many incidents which will have great historic significance. Whatever the outcome may be, let us enter the New Year with a firm resolution to "Go to it." By so doing we shall be helping to rid humanity of that so-called creed, Nazism.

Through the WIRE we send our best wishes for all our old members of the Company for 1941. Also to everyone who is proudly wearing the Signals badge.

Departure.—We deeply regret the departure of the Company's most popular C.S.M., who has risen to the commissioned rank of Lieutenant (Quartermaster). During his stay with us Lieutenant Pummell had gained the admiration and respect of all. He was one of the best, and his presence amongst us will be sorely missed. We wish him every success in his new position. Farewell, sir, but not good-bye!

Our new C.S.M. is C.S.M. Adams. He has already gained our respect and confidence. We wish you every success, sir.

Promotion.—Sergeant Wainscoat to C.Q.M.S., whilst Lance Sergeant Fraser jumps yet another rung of the ladder to Acting Sergeant. We wish both of them the best of luck in their promotions.

Sport.—Unfortunately the Company has not been able to take it as seriously as we would have wished, owing to the call of duty, which must come before sport; nevertheless we have been able to field fairly strong teams at soccer, hockey, table tennis and badminton.

BADMINTON. This section is under the direction of Sergeant Fraser. We have not been very long in forming this section, but the lads are certainly making great strides in improving their game. They practise twice a week in the Gym. So far we are having a run out with more or less fairly strong teams, as there is no justification in attempting to run before you can walk, a policy which is being widely adhered to. Nevertheless, we have come on very quickly, considering the small amount of time allotted to improve one's game. So keep your eyes open for the badminton players.

SOCCER is under the motherly guidance of Sergeant Jones, whose knowledge of the game is of a high standard. Once again duties seriously handicap us. The one match we are able to report was against the 3rd A.A. Signals. Although we lost 3—0 we were far from disgraced, as our opponents had played as a team far more than we, which, as any player knows, is a great advantage. The goalkeeping of Signalman Bricknell deserves special mention; his many daring saves kept the score from being higher. Another player who caught the eye was Signalman Warne at centre-half, who was playing his first match for us. He has class written all over him; he impressed his team mates so much that they never hesitated in electing him their captain a few days after the match.

TABLE TENNIS. This section is at its strongest. Our Three Musketeers are undoubtedly Signalmen Court, Ffoulkes and Bricknell, who are always arguing their rights as Company champion. As far as science is concerned, Signalman Ffoulkes is definitely leading; where stubbornness plays the deciding factor, Signalman Court is undoubtedly the first claimant to the title of champion, N.I.D. Signal Company. He has a style similar to Helen Wills Moody, the tennis star. This brings us to the third claimant, Signalman Bricknell, who will insist that he has the right to be called champ. Although their rivalry is deadly they are the best of pals. But we must have this argument settled, as there is a dark horse floating about the Company, who may finish this argument by carrying off the title.

In the early part of November the team visited a civilian team called the Brookvale Tennis Club, who are reputed to have the finest table in Belfast. Our lads put up a very good performance by only losing to such a crack side by 9 matches to 7. After the match our hosts kindly prepared a supper, which was greatly appreciated by everyone; a packet of cigarettes were also given to the lads.

HOCKEY. Corporal Picken is responsible for this section and his head is turning round and round as a result of fervent inquiries for matches. Everyone seems to be booked, and now the only solution is to play the fair sex. We have had a few games with the ladies of Ulster, but we would sooner have men opponents. I wonder!

Social.—The social side of the Company is looked after by a committee. Several successful dances have been held.

Well, folks, until next month, cheerio!

G.R.C.

McEwan-Younger Ltd
Edinburgh
ALSO LONDON, ALDERSHOT, COLCHESTER, SHORNCLIFFE, TIDWORTH, PORTSMOUTH, CATTERICK AND BELFAST.

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CYPRUS, Spinney's Ltd., NICOSIA
PALESTINE, Spinney's Ltd., HAIFA
EGYPT, McEwan-Younger Ltd., CAIRO
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STATIONS ABROAD

Signal Training Centre (India)

Jubbulpore.
September, 1940.

Sergeants' Mess.—Some good news for you this month. It's all over bar the shouting, for at long last, what was latent material spirit has become a relentless, fearsome ruthlessness. Something simply has got to give way. It can't go on, for angry men are seeing red. The wheels of war must be kept revolving and what do we need for that, eh? Lubrication, of course!

We mentioned the same commodity—so vital to the ruthless prosecution of this 'ere war—last month, if you remember, and now; well, perhaps the few asides to the news will illustrate what we mean. Remember also that we had run out of barrelled stuff, and were not feeling well disposed, even to our friends, when we took the fell blow.

"Here is the news. Enemy raiders overturned the sentry-box at the Palace-de-Dance, annoying the occupant (about time they shifted some of these cushy-wallahs) and snicked a chunk off the coping of St. Blue Pencil's (somebody had pigeon pie for dinner). They then blew off the siren in the Strand (she shouldn't have been there; I left her in Piccadilly) and finally demolished a brewery (what about some reprisals!)."

And we are still seeing red, and, believe us, it's a "beazer."

Sergeant Hooper had a birthday—at least he blames that for it—and got the usual brand of present inflicted, or did he? We have heard of family ties, home ties, the ties that bind us (this one blinds us) and breast collar ties. We have also heard covert references to the scarlet scourge, the crimson crime, the purple perpetration, the red rhapsody, and the bull-fighters begonza, but personally we like the thing, although it constitutes a political front.

Hooper, can you prove that this is a tie at all?

To those who have come into the Mess recently we extend the glad hand. They are too numerous to mention by name, even though there were no censorship. Remember, boys, "The Mess at Jubb." is a tradition in our code, or Corps, and always a happy memory to those who have had the privilege of membership. Alas, some of those fine soldiers and staunch friends have passed beyond, while that great spirit which they fostered throughout their service to be passed to those who join us from—

BEMARS.

The Corporals' Room, in which everyone is practising evacuation schemes (very frequent these days). Seems like everybody is paying only a fleeting visit—so fleeting that we shall soon begin to think we are in the Navy—floating about like this.

However, good shooting to those who have gone up one, or even two.

Promotions.—Since our last notes, the Corporals' Room has been victimised by an evacuation scheme of many of its members to the Sergeants' Mess. Congratulations to all those concerned, and a hearty welcome to all who have achieved the first step. We hope they will enjoy their stay with us.

Entertainments.—The above-mentioned evacuation scheme came at an inopportune time, and so many promoted members left us, that all our Committees were so depleted that our usual monthly dance was postponed.,

At our recent Mess Meeting a very original idea was advanced. It suggested putting a "Pice" box in the Corporals' Room, to be emptied quarterly, proceeds to go to the Dunkirk Relief Fund. Needless to say the idea met with unanimous approval, and many of us have happy memories of our pals who were in that "hell."

Sport.—On 22nd September a challenge hockey match was played between the Corporals' Room and the Sergeants' Mess, the former winning by the odd goal in three, Corporals Knight and Faulkner scoring the two goals for us in the first half. Very soon after the commencement of the second half Sergeant Bull



scored the only goal for the Sergeants' Mess, who kept the play for many minutes at a time in our circle, but our defence, with Corporal Godfrey in goal, proved just a little too stubborn. The game was very interesting to watch and we were surprised at the speed of our elders.

In conclusion, salaams and the very best of luck from all of us, to you, wherever you may be.

JEW.

Signalmen's Institute.—The warm climate has made a "comeback" after three months' absence, due to the monsoons, and life is now normal (we hope).

Promotions.—These are too numerous to mention individually, so to all those who have gained their "first one," congratulations.

Arrivals.—Not so many this month, but to all those of the North Staffs. and Queen's Regiment here on Courses, we extend a hearty welcome and hope that their stay will be a happy one.

Departures.—Within the next few days we shall be saying good-bye to fifteen of our stalwarts, who have completed training as O.W.L.s, and who have gone to join Field Units. Good luck, fellows, and keep up the good name of the Corps.

Sport.—Sport has once again begun in earnest, but owing to my being absent from the football matches (Why?—ED.) I am unable to give detailed results (War economy—space saving.—ED.), but the best games of football to record were two matches against G.O.R.s here on a Course. These matches brought out all the football-minded people who thoroughly enjoyed the games. As regards hockey, quite a number of trial matches are being

played, with a view to selecting a team for the forthcoming hockey tournaments. We hope to have better luck this season than last, when we were knocked out of two tournaments in the semi-final and final stages.

Things We Want to Know.—Who put a stripe on his shirt in anticipation of promotion?

What is the reason that so many "Locals" rush to Battalion Part I Orders these days? Rumours have it that they are "sweating."

Agony.—To "Doc" Doades, Corpsigs, 'Pindi. "How about a line. Cousin Jim."

That's all, folks. Cheerio, everyone.

JOHNENRY.

Editorial.—Practically everything has been covered by the members of the various Messes, who have their respective screeds. No mention has been made of the various devices for raising funds for the various war purposes. All ranks get together at different times and discuss other ways of getting "Spitfires," etc., but more of these anon. The editorial is rather short this month, but then so am I, so why worry.

Until next month, then, cheerio and good luck to all.

MAKEM.

"THEY ONLY FADE AWAY"

We regret to announce the decease of Jangli, Jemadar Bhistie of the Signal Training Centre, India, on 26th September, 1940, from malaria.

This famous old character, reputed to have been 93 years of age, was well known to all of us who have served at the Signal Training Centre, and up to within a few days of his death he was actively carrying out his duties.

Over 70 years ago he joined the Royal Regiment of Artillery as a follower. He was a veteran of the Second Afghan War, taking part in Lord Roberts' March to Kandahar. He was also in the Hazara Campaign of 1891, and the Punjab Frontier Wars of 1897-98. It was not until the last war that he came into Signals.

He was a fine old boy, and a model of devotion to duty. There are many who will miss the soldierly old figure, as straight as a ramrod, wearing medals of the days of long ago.

Waziristan District Signals

Headquarters.

General.—It is with much pleasure I venture to write a few lines after a lapse of many months.

After a brief spell in the hills, we arrived back in D.I. Khan and promptly starting sweating in more ways than one.

Arrivals and Departures.—Lieutenant C. W. M. Young to Meerut. The very best of luck to you, sir.

Many changes have taken place in our period of absence from the WIRE, so we wish the best of luck to all those posted to and from this Section.

Promotions and Appointments.—These are too numerous to mention individually, but we wish to congratulate all those concerned on attaining their present ranks.

Marriage.—We render our heartiest congratulations to Signalman Trower J. on his marriage to Miss Marie Brooke, on 2nd October, 1940.

Births.—A son to Corporal and Mrs. Loakes, and a daughter to Lance Sergeant and Mrs. Judd. We hope you do not spend too many sleepless nights looking after them.

Sport.—Before leaving Razmak, we carried off the Brigade and District Hockey Tournaments, but failed in the Football Tournament owing to the "Gigolos" dancing their blues away in Murree! We are looking forward with much enthusiasm to next year's tournaments.

Being the only British Unit in D.I. Khan we are unable to enter any competitions, but continue to have our usual hour of excitement with the "city" personnel.

Flash.—Which Dispatch Rider proceeded to Razmak Cemetery via Bakshi Picquet and Conacle Picquet? I will tell you next month.

Jews Mail—Baird: "How about a line Sandy—Blanco."
Dineen: I'll pay for the stamp at this end Ginger, Blanco (540).

COBLAN.

Wana Brigade Signal Section

22nd October, 1940.

Introduction.—It is a long time since notes have appeared under this heading and we think it is about time they started again; so listen in.

We welcome to our fold a new O.C., the third within a few months, Lieutenant F. F. Mills. We hope he enjoys his stay in this "delectable" hill station.

Social.—Thanks to the noble work performed by our Producer and Compere, Signalman Goodsir, the Section put over a very successful show, entitled, "Wana Fantasy." Nearly all the officers and other ranks in Wana attended and had a thoroughly enjoyable evening, though some didn't feel too good the next morning, especially "Tilly," our "maid"!

The rendering of the song "Storming of Wana Brewery," by Signalman Thompson V., met with hearty applause, but we cannot say the same for the person who rendered rather a distorted "Sigs. March Past" after the show. Much hard work was necessary to make the show a success. Every man of the Section pulled. Nice work, lads; let's have another one.

Departures and Arrivals.—Signalman Crick G. to H.Q. Good luck, "Geordie."

Signalman Crawford from H.Q. We have heard that what the latter doesn't know about W/T isn't worth knowing!

We hope the Militia men are settling down now. We think they still prefer the promenades and monkey parades to schemes and columns!

Sports.—At football we have been very successful after beating all the battalions here. In fact some of the players are looking for free transfers.

At hockey we manage to hold our own, but our team does not include any "stars."

WANAITE, JR.

Southern Command Signal Company

Poona,
21st September, 1940.

We're In It, Too!—For a year British troops in India have been inclined to feel rather "left out of it." Press and radio have told us successively of events in Norway, Belgium, France and England. But during the first year of war India, to all appearances, has been as much at peace as the South Pole. G.M.P.s have not been replaced by machine-gun posts. Bullock-carts, not tanks, have rumbled along the roads. We have continued to wear "civvies" after duty.

Now the war spreads eastwards. India clears her decks for action. Troops move to the Middle East; reinforcements arrive from Home.

Letters from England telling of German bombs dropping in Mrs. Blank's garden and demolishing the frocer's shop just round the corner make us envy every soldier now in the Old Country. What greater incentive could there be than the knowledge that they are directly responsible for the protection of their own homes, their own people?

We in India and the Empire must fight for something less tangible, but none the less important. The example set by the boys at Home and the news of what Jerry is doing there are our inspiration and our spur to action.

We Climb.—With current war expansion comes an increase in establishment and many of us have been swept forward by the tidal wave of promotions now surging in India.

Southcom Sigcoy's personnel affected so far are: C.S.M. McLoughlin; Q.M.S. (F-of-S) Butler; C.Q.M.S. Brunton; Sergeants Green, Field, Hague and Strafford; Corporals Connett and Parkinson; Lance Corporals Robertson, Clarke and White—all "Acting Paid."

Congratulations also to Sergeant Mudie and Lance Corporal Addicott, of the D.C.S.O.'s staff at Command H.Q., on their respective "steps-up."

Tailpiece (for the attention of O. i/c Records): Couldn't these promotion orders be "staggered" in future, say two per Unit per week? Then we should be able to sink promotion pints all

the year round instead of having to encompass several gallons in a few evenings—a very attractive, but dangerous, operation!

Changing Faces.—A number of Regimental Signallers have left us for Courses at the S.T.C. Others have replaced them. Sergeant Hague is missed from the "Muratore's" circle; he has gone to Bombay. Corporal Parkinson is now helping to train militiamen at the S.T.C. (British Wing). Lance Corporal White is back from Bolarum, where he startled the sceptics by securing an expensive dart board, table tennis gear, etc., for the B.O.R.s' Recreation Room. They said it was impossible—till Blanco's charm set to work. Signalman Hall (ex-Kohat) left us, after a few weeks, for Bombay.

Inspection.—The Chief Signal Officer included us in his tour programme this month. We believe he was pleased.

All for Now.—At this juncture the set has chosen to go "dis." Not a moment too soon, for, without wandering into the realm of fiction, we've nothing left to say.

"BOSH-EN."

Poona.
1st November, 1940.

Howdy!—We butt into the news again, though we feel rather presumptuous, offering tea-table talk when so many important and exciting things are happening in other parts of the world. Having no Nazi bombers to entertain us, we have to content ourselves with comments on the weather (never an official secret in India). But we will not bore you with accounts of cyclones and statistics of rainfall. On with the "griff"!

That Roster.—No further promotions—yet. There's so much "sweating" Ghorpuri-way just now that somebody has compared it with the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Moves and Marriages.—C.Q.M.S. Brunton and family have departed to Trimulgherry. We wish them well. Sergeant Clement received a warm welcome on his arrival from Mhow to take over his new duties as Superintendent of the W/T Station at Poona. Signalman Booker (Bert of Boots and Topi fame) has taken up residence in Bombay.

Lance Corporals Clarke and Robertson, in spite of all our wet-blanket warnings, have been and gone and done it! We don't know whether to pity or envy them, but we congratulate them just the same.

"Nobby," by the way, has now become a lecturer, and we must say his pupils are enthusiastic to the point of exuberance. Now he has someone to lecture *him*.

Intelligentsia.—A "brains" squad now shares our accommodation. Air Intelligence Liaison Section, they call themselves; and from the little we know of their "hush-hush" activities we gather they include a few artists of ability.

This would appear to be the appropriate moment to ask, "Who, with a few deft strokes of his charcoal pencil, libelled the messroom khana?"

It Smells!—If you wake up at night and hear someone raving about geraniums, musty hay and a brown oily liquid smelling of garlic, you don't need to switch on the light to know it's "Blanco."

Lance Corporal White, famed as an orator from Manzai to Madras, has now developed an ambition to teach us Defence against Gas. He has just passed out first on the list of British ranks attending an Anti-Gas Course at the Army Signal School. We add that he will never be short of "gas" for his demonstrations. He is *such* a "persistent" young man!

Attached.—Two Signalmen—Nevay and Russ—have attached themselves to us temporarily. As a direct result, the Company office has been spring-cleaned, countless amendments have found their rightful niche in the scheme of things and a pile of new diagrams have appeared in the Workshops.

Sport.—The racing season is over and those of us who also ran so many times are not sorry. Now we can start saving up for Christmas.

The hockey season has just opened. In our first match—against the renowned Army Signal School—we were beaten by 3—0. But we have a certain amount of talent, and hope to improve when we have "loosened up" a bit more.

It may be mentioned that one gentleman, staging a "comeback," appeared too robust, and he has *again* put his sports gear "out of bounds" (Ex-4 Bar C, please note.).

Au Revoir.—We don't doubt that you lucky Blighty blighters will be having a merry time this Christmas, what with the extra tanner for beer and skittles, etc. We hope you'll think of us downing the Indian onion-water and kidding ouselves there's a good head on it and there's snow outside and logs burning brightly in the grate.

Cheerio, chums! With you anon.

"BOSH-EN."

P.S.—We still hear piteous moans about "Roll on the Boat," and no one who values his life dares sing "A Troopship was leaving Bombay."

N.

Malta Signal Company

Valletta.

General.—Time passes so quickly in this island that we seem to have let a month wizz by without sending a contribution, so must make amends.

Things carry on here more or less normal, apart from an occasional visit from our friends the ice-cream vendors. Whether these visits are carried out in sheer bravado or whether they are deliberate, brutal attempts to kill all the fish around our coast, we haven't quite gathered—but the time is coming, as come it surely will.

Arrivals.—These have been much too numerous to tabulate individually, but, nevertheless, very welcome indeed. In fact it is such a long time since we have seen so many new faces all at once that we are quite overcome. We hope their stay with us will be a happy one.

Departures.—S.S.M., Mrs. Clark and family to U.K. Our good wishes go with them.

Births.—Heartiest congratulations to Corporal Williams F. C. on the birth of a son, Frederick George; to Signalman Ford W. H. on the birth of a son, Charles Albert Bartholomew John; and to Lance Sergeant Luscombe on the birth of a son whose name unfortunately, is not yet to hand.

Promotions and Appointments.—We congratulate Sergeant Williams H. B. and Q.M.S. (F-of-S) Smith G. H. on being commissioned Lieutenants; also the following N.C.O.s on attaining ranks as shown: A/Sergeants Mintram E., Crouch L. and Mactavish A.; A/Lance Sergeants McKay, J., Ryan J. and Luscombe T.; A/Corporals Ashworth S., Beswick H., Richardson J., Williams F., Reck T. and Boyd J.; A/Lance Corporals Lediard J., Pitt J., Silver C., Smith A., Greenstreet R., Harris A., Temme S., Taylor A., Allen B., Leach F. H., Carter D., Burgess F., Freeman G. and Rorke J.

Sport.—Earlier in the year it seemed very doubtful whether we should be able to have any sport under existing conditions. We are glad to say that some of the difficulties have been surmounted and we can report the following activities:

HOCKEY:	v. R.A.F.	Drawn	1—1
	v. R.A.M.C.	Drawn	1—1
	v. A.A., R.A.	Drawn	1—1
	v. Dockyard	Won	2—1
	v. R.A.S.C.	Won	2—1
	v. St. Angelo	Won	2—0
	v. A.A., R.A.	Lost	1—2
FOOTBALL:	v. R.A.F.	Lost	1—3

Agony.—To Ginger. "Can't get any Friary now and I've tried hard. Mhux Tajjeb. Sadie."

To Wyatt, "Uriah" and Vic Barker, somewhere dans Angleterre. "Still waiting for a line. John D."

And that's all for now, Grazzi Hafna.

We wish all our Corpsmen a prosperous New Year.

Addendum—Agony.—To Leslie Arthur Bristow, late Peshawar District Signals. "Hockey player Wilson, late of Howshera Brigade, enquiring after you. Write c/o this address."

TAV.



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VOL. XXII.—No. 252 FEBRUARY, 1941 PRICE—SIXPENCE

Editorial Notes

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—It is notified for general information that as and with effect from Friday, 7th February, 1941, the Headquarter Offices of Signals Association will be moved to:

BUCKINGHAM HOUSE (First Floor),
BUCKINGHAM STREET,
STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

All correspondence intended for:
"Signals Association,"
"Royal Signals Benevolent Fund,"
"Editor, 'The Wire,'"
"Royal Signals Comforts Fund,"

should, in future, be addressed accordingly. (New Telephone Number will be notified later.)

The Corps Magazine.—In presenting this twenty-first anniversary issue we trust the standard of production, compiled under somewhat difficult conditions, will be deemed sufficiently high to commemorate such an auspicious occasion.

Looking back over the intervening years reminds us that it was in a somewhat similar introspective mood that we produced our first number on that memorable day in February, 1920, and it is therefore with particular satisfaction that, in this issue, we are able to include contributions from two very old friends in the persons of "Barleux" of "Plain Tales" fame, and "Lawrence H. Drake," our inimitable cartoonist, both of whom are of the Maresfield Park Camp epoch.

Many of our readers will doubtless remember that, having furnished us with "copy" for our very early 1920 productions, Robert F. Barlow (now Lieutenant (Quartermaster), Royal Signals) and Lawrence H. Drake (now Lieutenant, Royal Signals) have regularly contributed to the pages of the magazine ever since and for their loyal co-operation and very valuable assistance we are most grateful.

We have, perhaps conveniently, forgotten our circulation figures in those far-off days, but it is unlikely we shall ever forget our feverish efforts to devise ways and means of balancing revenue with production costs during the early years of the magazine's struggle for recognition.

A

Finance, however, was only one problem. Another was the task of inducing Units and individuals to provide notes and articles for publication in adequate quantity to warrant going to press, and many disturbing experiences of closing dates approaching without sufficient "copy" to complete an issue have left an impression which it is unlikely will ever be effaced.

Thanks to that beneficent influence which rewards persistent effort, however, the balance of "copy" invariably made its appearance at the last moment and among those we also have to thank for much interesting material, a prominent place must be reserved for Sergeant A. Grant, M.M., of Peshawar District Signals, and Sergeant (now Lieutenant) W. T. Wagg, of Kohat District Signals, whose contributions appeared with commendable regularity in these pages for many years.

After such a long lapse of time it is somewhat difficult to say with any degree of certainty when THE WIRE first commenced to occupy a position of eminence amongst Regimental Journals, but it would probably be sometime late in 1924.

This, however, is pure conjecture, based on the fact that in January, 1925, we altered our cover design from "The Mounted Lineman" to the more impressive reproduction of the Corps Crest, possibly as being considered more in keeping with our newly acquired dignity.

It is, however, an indisputable fact that the publication which made its first appearance as an obscure camp magazine at Maresfield Park this month twenty-one years ago, eventually emerged from its many trials and vicissitudes with the proud distinction of possessing the largest circulation amongst its many contemporaries.

That in itself is an unique achievement upon which all concerned may justly feel proud, and their name is legion.

The four individuals to whose valuable collaboration we have already referred are those whose names, by virtue of long association, come most readily to mind. There are many others also, however, whose consistent supply of Unit notes and articles of general interest have enabled us to maintain regular production, and it must not be assumed that we are unmindful of the equally valuable help thus afforded because they, too, have not been singled out for special mention.

Not so long ago we were gratified to hear the Corps Magazine described by an impartial critic as: a publication of high standard and excellence. Such satisfactory criticism is regarded as a well-merited tribute to the good taste and ability displayed by the authors of those countless hundreds of contributions which have been published month after month with unfailing regularity during the past twenty-one years.

In all probability, the passage of time has dispersed many of the latter to the four corners of the earth, but should this issue of the magazine pass into the hands of anyone who has written for us at any time, he will, we trust, accept our warmest thanks for his valuable co-operation and assistance.

In those halcyon days immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities in September, 1939, fully ninety-five per cent. of the Corps were recorded as regular subscribers and it seemed reasonable then to assume that the magazine's success was assured for all time.

Not for long, however, were we permitted to continue viewing the situation with that smug sense of satisfaction and security. The departure of the British Expeditionary Force to France altered our monthly despatch list out of all recognition and, after the initial upheaval had subsided sufficiently to enable us to take stock of the position, it was found that more than half of what it had taken so much laborious effort to create had disappeared practically overnight.

To all intents and purposes we were back again to something approaching our circulation figures of 1930 and it soon became obvious there would again be strenuous work ahead and many difficulties to surmount before we succeeded in retrieving the situation.

Subsequent events proved that surmise to have been justified, but we remain optimistic as to the ultimate outcome.

Few difficulties have yet proved to be insurmountable and we are confident that the same good will and the same loyal co-operation of all ranks which carried the Corps Magazine from strength to strength in its early days will again assert itself in the not far distant future and re-establish THE WIRE in its hard-won pride of place amongst Regimental Journals.

Royal Canadian Signals.—We publish hereunder the text of a greeting telegram recently received from the Chief Signal Officer of Royal Canadian Signals now serving with the Imperial forces:

"To Brigadier R. H. Willan,

"Inspector of Signals, War Office.

"From Colonel J. E. Genet, Royal Canadian Signals.

"To you as Representative Colonel Commandant I wish to extend sincere Christmas greetings from all ranks Royal Canadian Signals in the United Kingdom. We are proud to be affiliated under one Colonel-in-Chief to Royal Signals, and look for success to our cause in 1941."

The good wishes thus conveyed are cordially reciprocated.

Certa Cito.—We are officially informed that the Minister of Transport recently asked the Secretary of State for War to convey his thanks to men of the Royal Corps of Signals who rendered valuable assistance in doing complicated repairs quickly and accurately after a recent air raid.

[It is of interest to note that "speed and accuracy" are specifically mentioned. A delicate reference to the Corps motto.]

Obituary.—We regret to announce the death, on 17th November, 1940, of No. 2311580 C.Q.M.S. Askew W. H., Royal Signals, who, as an ex-boy, will be well remembered by many of our readers. A native of Gillingham, Kent, he served with the Corps "in Russia"—"With the Rhine Army of Occupation in Cologne"—"in India"—and on "K Company" at "Manchester" "Dublin" and "Plymouth" Post Offices. On his discharge to pension he retired to Woking, Surrey, until called up during the present emergency to serve on "E" Reserve, and it was as a Cadet with 152nd O.C.T.U. that he contracted the illness from which he passed away on the date mentioned. We tender our deepest sympathy to his widow on her sad bereavement.

Royal Signals Benevolent Fund.—GIFTS OF CLOTHING are urgently required for distribution to necessitous applicants and once again we appeal to our readers for assistance in this most deserving object.

Unwanted suits of clothes, warm underclothing, shoes, and discarded overcoats are badly needed and the Central Committee will gratefully acknowledge receipt of such contributions to their fund.

Parcels should be consigned to: The General Secretary, Signals Association, Buckingham House (First Floor), Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

EDITOR.

Correspondence

Royal Signals Record Office,
9th January, 1941.

The Editor of THE WIRE.

DEAR SIR,—I am writing as I feel many of your readers will be interested to hear that Lieutenant Angus has retired from the position of Assistant Officer at our Record Office.

Lieutenant Angus has served at the Record Office since the formation of the Royal Corps of Signals, first on the clerical staff and for the last thirteen years as Assistant Record Officer.

His signature will be well known to all regular officers of the Corps.

Those Officers who have served as Officers-in-Charge of Records will appreciate the loss of his going and will join me in wishing him a happy retirement and pleasant memories.

Yours sincerely,

G. E. SAMPSON, Colonel,
O. i/c Royal Signals Records.

William Butler

It would never do for the 21st Birthday number of THE WIRE to be published without a personal note about its Editor. He, of course, cannot do this for himself and as I have known him perhaps as long as any member of the Corps, having started him on the upward grade with his first appointment as Lance Corporal in the 1st Divisional Signals, R.E., at Aldershot in 1908, it is with great pleasure that I contribute these brief notes.

Butler started his career as a Sorting Clerk and Telegraphist in the G.P.O. in 1896, and first saw service in the South African War, for which he enlisted in the Royal Engineers "for the duration" and, on the conclusion of hostilities, stayed on in Johannesburg to serve in the Transvaal administration.

In 1905 he re-enlisted in the Royal Engineers and, after his preliminary training at the S.M.E., Chatham, was duly posted to the 1st Telegraph Battalion, R.E., at Aldershot.

As a 2nd Corporal in 1909 he was recommended and appointed to the Egyptian Army for duty with Sudan Government Telegraphs as Construction Foreman, and returned to England towards the end of 1913, by which time he had reached the rank of Sergeant.

On the outbreak of the Great War he proceeded to France with the R.E. Signal Service in "1st Corps Headquarters Signals." It will be sufficient to say here that he served throughout that War with distinction, was twice mentioned in despatches and, at the end, held the Acting Rank of R.S.M. He had been recommended for a Combatant Commission in August, 1918, but the Armistice prevented this from going through.

In July, 1921, he took his discharge to pension and ended an active and distinguished career in the Army during which he earned the following medals:

1. South Africa (Queen's Medal).
2. South Africa (King's Medal).
3. 1914 Star and clasp.
4. General Service.
5. Victory (with oakleaves).
6. Meritorious service.
7. Long Service and Good Conduct.

On his discharge he was appointed by the Royal Signals Corps Committee to the duties of General Secretary of the newly formed Royal Signals Association and continued as Editor of THE WIRE, which he first published in 1920.

From very small beginnings in 1921, when the first office of the "Signals Association" was opened in SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, the Corps Association has made steady progress up to the beginning of the present war, and THE WIRE surmounting, under Butler's guidance, many difficulties, raised its circulation figures consistently till, in 1939, it was approximately 8,000 copies per issue.

Amongst the activities of the Signals Association the Employment Branch must not be forgotten. It has been of inestimable help to Other Ranks on leaving the service, and innumerable members of the Corps have every reason to remember they have the General Secretary's untiring energies to thank for the jobs which settled them in comfortable circumstances in civil life.

Perhaps the most important event in the history of the Association was its registration as a Friendly Society in 1927 under the Friendly Societies Act of 1896. The main part of our Rules are based on that Society's regulations and are, with modifications introduced from time to time, substantially the same as those originally drafted by Butler and subsequently approved by the Registrar.

Though enemy action in 1940 deprived the Association and THE WIRE of its offices, Phœnix-like they were in full action again within a very few hours in temporary quarters which were lent to them. It evidently takes more than a Hun bomb to put Butler and his staff down when it comes to work for the Corps.

What is the reward for this service? I should say what he would appreciate most are the thanks of all who have derived benefit from his efforts on their behalf, and, in a more tangible form, their endeavours to keep up the circulation of "his child," THE WIRE.

Thank you, Mr. Editor, and best wishes for the future of yourself and your publication.

H. C. S.

January, 1941.

Benevolent Fund Notes

Security regulations do not permit us to publish detailed particulars of Corps Units, but it is hoped that the following list of those formations who have already responded to the Colonels-Commandant's appeal for regular monthly contributions to the Corps Benevolent Fund will be found satisfactory for the purposes of identification.

The Administrator gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following:

Benevolent Fund (No. 2 A/C 1940)

BANKERS' ORDER SUBSCRIPTIONS from:
2nd Lieutenant R. P. D. Gibb.
2nd Lieutenant W. Dry.
Captain F. R. W. Jamerson.

Benevolent Fund (No. 2 A/C 1940) (Unit list continued)

London District Signals—November, 1940.
3 Company, 5th — Signals, Home Forces—December, 1940.
29th — Group Signals, Home Forces—December, 1940.
3 Squadron, — Armoured Divisional Signals, Home Forces—December, 1940.
12th — Signals, Home Forces—December, 1940.
3rd Holding Battalion, Yorkshire—December, 1940.
152nd O.C.T.U., Yorkshire—December, 1940.
2 Squadron—Armoured Divisional Signals, Home Forces—December, 1940, and January, 1941.
1 Company, 18th — Signals, Home Forces—January, 1941.
2 Squadron, — Armoured Divisional Signals, Home Forces—October and November, 1940.
1 Company, 61st — Signals, Home Forces—January, 1941.
Birmingham Branch Signals Association—Donation.
3rd General Trades Training Battalion, Yorkshire—December, 1940.

APPEALS dealt with:

1	Ex-Signalman, Darlington	Loan	£5	0	0
2	Widow of Signalman, Somerset	Grant	£5	0	0
3	Wife of Signalman, Yorks.	Grant	£3	0	0
4	Signalman, Yorks.	Grant	£4	4	0
5	Convalescent treatment, child of Signalman, Herts.	Grant	£5	10	0

(Signed) T. H. L. SPAIGHT, Lieutenant-Colonel,
Administrator, Signals Association Benevolent Fund.

The attention of all readers is drawn to the CHANGE OF ADDRESS notice published on the front Editorial page.

Signals Association and Ex-Service Old Comrades Branch Notes

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH, O.C.A.

It is several months since I penned any notes about our branch and I only do so now to let those serving members of the branch who are scattered all over the place know we are still functioning, although social activities have practically ceased. We wish them all the best of luck for 1941, and a speedy end to this war!

Colonel J. W. Danielsen, D.S.O., T.D., now fills the dual office of chairman and treasurer of the branch, and the committee at present comprises: Messrs. W. Raelf, T. Coley, G. Shale, A. Wilby, J. Carnall, and R. Aaron.

We have all suffered somewhat from Jerry's unwelcome attentions and our monthly rendezvous, "The Australian Bar," bears some honourable scars, but I am pleased to report that the supply of beer is unaffected.

The writer unfortunately has not been able to attend these last few months, owing to other activities, but that stalwart trio: W. Realf, A. Wilby and M. Rogers are often to be found there in the "smoke" having a quiet confab. before going home to commence their various A.R.P. and Home Guard duties!

I am frequently asked if I have heard from former committee-members, and those W.O.s and others who used to entertain us so nobly in the Sergeants' Mess at Cateswell House (48th Div.),

and the writer would welcome a line from Bill Langham, Bob Barlow, Ralph Ironmonger, Mr. Offord, and Jock McLean, and trusts they will manage to squeeze time to do this and let me know how they are getting on.

I am also asked to put on record, once more, our kind regards and best wishes to our former Branch Secretary, Major Harry Bartlett, wherever he may be, and to let him know the work he did for this branch is still remembered and appreciated. Are you too busy, Major?

Last year we enrolled a new member to the branch, Sergeant Arthur Yates, M.M., who hails from Manchester G.P.O., but is now doing his stuff with A.A. Signals. He is also doing good work for the branch, and commenced this year by bringing in forms and subscriptions for 47 new members! I've nearly got writer's cramp entering their names, numbers and addresses in our books and making out their membership cards. For all that, I hope he carries on with the good work and rolls in with another 40 or 50 next month!

Should these notes catch the eye of any Royal Corps of Signals, Officers or O.R.s, serving in this district, who would like to join the Birmingham Branch, O.C.A., will they please send their subscriptions (5s. or 2s.) to: J. Carnall, Assistant Secretary, Birmingham Branch Signals Association, 246, Church Road, Yardley, Birmingham, 25, and we shall be pleased to enrol them on our books. The subscriptions are so small and the work of the Association so great that it is a constant mystery to me why every serving Signalman or ex-service Signals does not join the Association.

May I remind our old members that 1941 subscriptions are now due and there is no time like the present; so "do it now!"

When the present show is over, we are all looking forward to the biggest Signals Reunion that Birmingham has ever seen and the writer hopes to be spared to take a hand in organising it.

Finally, to all our members, wherever they may be, cheerio, good health and good luck! Here's to you!

JULIUS.

The Middle Eastern Campaign

The face of military affairs in the Middle East has undergone a sudden and spectacular change in the last few weeks. Up till the end of November it seemed probable that we should have to face a powerful Axis offensive against Egypt and the Suez Canal, delivered by the Italian army of Libya under Marshal Graziani, which was estimated to number a quarter of a million fighting men. Our own Army of the Nile, under General Wilson, who, under the supreme command of General Wavell, was entrusted with the defence of the Western frontier of Egypt, was known still to be in inferior force, although strong reinforcements had recently reached it from home. In the early autumn Graziani's advanced guard had thrust forward across the Egyptian border and established itself at Sidi Barrani, where it set to work to accumulate munitions, stores, and materials of war, and to build roads up to the front, in preparation for a renewed advance as soon as all was ready. Marshal Graziani himself had a high military reputation as a competent and enterprising commander, with much experience in desert warfare, and there was considerable anxiety, both at home and abroad, as to the outcome of the expected decisive battle.

Early in December events took a surprising turn. It seemed that the Italians' preparations were taking longer than had been expected, and that the more they examined the problem before them, the less they liked the look of it. In fact, the world had already begun to suspect that the Italian offensive had "got stuck," even before it had really begun. But few people believed that we could yet be in a position to assume the offensive ourselves with any great hopes of success. Hence the swiftness and completeness of our ensuing operations were as astonishing as they were gratifying.

These operations depended for their success, first and foremost, on the most thorough and careful planning and preparations; secondly, on the brilliant work of our mechanised forces; thirdly, on the complete and constant co-operation afforded to our troops before and throughout the whole of the offensive by the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force; fourthly, on the dash, enthusiasm and endurance of all ranks of the fighting troops; and fifthly, on the splendid and self-sacrificing exertions of the rearward services. In these history will find the causes of our victory.

The Italians had erected certain defensive works around their advanced base at Sidi Barrani, but apparently nothing was further from their thoughts than the possibility of a surprise British attack. Yet one would think that the possibility should have occurred to them. Their stereotyped method, usual in desert warfare against tribesmen, of pushing a small advanced force well ahead of the main body, to form a forward base where munitions and supplies could be accumulated ready for the next bound in the offensive, laid them open to an effective counterblow unless that advanced force guarded itself vigilantly and made itself secure against surprise. Yet this the Italians apparently neglected to do; anyhow, they were utterly surprised when, on the morning of 9th December, our armoured division suddenly burst its way through a gap in their belt of posts round Sidi Barrani. That attack, swiftly followed by motorised forces and accompanied by heavy covering fire from shore guns and from those of the Fleet, was instantly and completely successful. The assistance of the R.A.F., which in a series of non-stop raids on the enemy aerodromes in the whole of the forward area kept all the Italian aircraft on the ground throughout the first stage of the offensive, was a powerful factor in our success.

Equally surprising and creditable to the British Commanders, staff, and troops alike, was the speed and vigour with which the first brilliant success was followed up. Its completeness to some extent facilitated the task of our mechanised forces and of the R.A.F., on whom fell the main burden of the pursuit. But in view of the known difficulties of keeping mechanised units in action over any extended period, by reason of the demands of rest and maintenance, and the problem of petrol supply, this sustained effort of exploitation was a most remarkable achievement The surprised and disorganised Italians, once set flocking rearwards in disorder, were given no rest or respite. Large numbers fell into our hands as prisoners; those who escaped did so for the most part as isolated individuals or as small units only. The heaped up stores, ammunition, petrol and war material of all kinds, which Graziani had been accumulating for weeks in preparation for his invasion of Egypt, fell into our hands, and much of this booty was found useful in enabling the pursuit to be carried on uninterruptedly.

Within a few days the villages of Sollum and Buk Buk on the sea coast had passed into our hands, and our forward troops had crossed the Egyptian frontier and penetrated on to the soil of Libya. The total of prisoners taken could only be arrived at by degrees, so numerous and so scattered were they, but it eventually amounted to close on 40,000 in the first stage of the campaign, while the material booty was as large as it was variegated.

Meanwhile Graziani was desperately striving to regroup his main body, echeloned in depth along the road skirting the northern shore of Libya, so as to put a stop to our further advance into Italian territory. His first and wisest plan was to stand in front of Tobruk, the important seaport 150 miles west of Sidi Barrani, but second thoughts—or, as one story has it, overriding orders from Mussolini—caused him to leave a strong detachment of 30,000 men 70 miles further to the east at Bardia. Here there was a further large accumulation of supplies and war material, which perhaps he hoped in part to save, and he also, no doubt, hoped to gain some much needed time to strengthen his main position of defence around Tobruk. In the first of these aims he was unsuccessful, and whatever small gain of time was secured by the resistance of the garrison of Bardia must have been more than counter-balanced by its complete destruction after a highly successful assault on 5th January. The whole of the 30,000 defenders and all that the town contained then fell into our hands. Once more the three services combined with clockwork precision in this operation, in which, so far as the army was concerned, the leading role was played by the Australian troops. Our casualties were so absurdly low—well under 1,000—as to indicate that the Italian resistance was but feeble.

Here, at a most interesting stage, yet at the end of a clearly defined first phase of the operations, we must leave our story of the victorious British campaign in the Middle East. Our readers will already know the later developments before this narrative appears in print. By that time, too, the influence of our success here on the general course of the war should have begun to make itself fully felt. It is already clear that the Axis plans against our life-line of Empire in Egypt and the Suez Canal Zone have been utterly and irretrievably wrecked, and that we now have the possibility of dealing the weaker partner, Italy, a further series of heavy and perhaps mortal blows.

The Home Guard

Now that the Home Guard has become a fully recognised part of the British Army, a brief account of its inception and present position may be of interest. It is a very remarkable story, one almost without parelled in the history of our own or any other country, and one of which we may justly be proud.

The Local Defence Volunteers, as they were first called, were formed in the critical days that preceded the evacuation of the B.E.F. from Dunkirk, at the darkest moment of the present war, when we were facing a peril far more menacing and formidable than any that had confronted us since the days of Napoleon. One night in mid-May the Secretary of State broadcast an appeal for unpaid volunteers to enrol at their local police stations and to form little companies in every village, town, and factory for defence against attacks by parachutists and Fifth Column traitors, of the pattern which had just wrecked such havoc in Norway, the Low Countries, and France. It was known that in the old officers and soldiers of the Great War of 1914-1918 there was to be found a most valuable supply of military knowledge and experience, the bulk of which had hitherto been put to no use. The nucleus of the new Local Defence Volunteers (which from now on we shall call by their present title, the Home Guard) was intended to be drawn from these veterans, none of whom were under 45 years of age, and most of them much older than that.

The response of these middle-aged and elderly men was spontaneous, instant, and overwhelming. Before the broadcast was even finished, police stations were being called up by eager volunteers anxious to join the new force—of which, unless they themselves had individually been listening-in, the bewildered police officers had so far heard nothing, either officially or unofficially. So swift and far-reaching a response to the call had not been foreseen, and no instructions of any kind had therefore been issued, nor had adequate preparations been made to deal with thousands of applicants, all impatient to be fitted out for the service they had so gladly and unselfishly undertaken. Within a few weeks only of the first call, those numbers had already passed the million mark, although, of course, not all of these by any means were fully armed and equipped, or could be for some time to come.

Nevertheless, the Home Guard, in the critical summer and autumn of 1940 played a role as invaluable as it was effective. The existence of the force, judiciously publicised, must have acted in no small measure as a deterrent to the German intention to invade this country if it could possibly be done with any chance of success. Proof enough of this, if proof were needed, may be found in the screams of rage emitted by the German propaganda service on the news of the raising of the new force, and the horrific threats of what would happen to any and every member of it when they fell, as was, of course, assumed for propaganda purposes to be inevitable, into the hands of the victorious invaders. There can be little doubt that in this, at least, the Germans were sincere, and that membership of the Home Guard would, in case of defeat, have proved a swift and sure passport to facing a firing-squad or inhabiting a concentration camp. But as every Home Guardsman was convinced that the surest way to prevent this was to defeat the Germans, should they ever try an invasion, the effect of these menaces on the recruitment was nil. Indeed, it was, if anything, flattering, for obviously the enemy were afraid that the activities of the Home Guard might seriously imperil the success of his plans, and that alone was a testimonial to its value.

The efforts and sacrifices called for from its members were, however, considerable. Most of these were men in full daytime employment, in work essential for our war effort, and with home ties and family responsibilities. For such men to spend their spare time hours by day, and many of their normal hours of sleep by night, on military duty was no light business, and as there was no pay attached to the duty, many of them were often actually out-of-pocket as well. True, the time was summer, when the nights are usually—though as we all know, by no means invariably—short and warm, so that conditions of duty were not too unpleasant. Yet, so high was the zeal and so intense the enthusiasm of these elderly soldiers, that for most of them the greatest trouble was not what they were called on to do, but the length of time it took to fit them to do it. Delays in the supply of arms, ammunition, and uniforms, and all else that these eager volunteers wanted to equip themselves or service, were far the most irksome of their early experiences, and were the occasion of some public criticism, motived by zeal untempered by a realisation of the stupendous demands thrown upon our war industries by many other equally urgent calls.

Nevertheless, the Home Guard set to work at once and carried on with its job with the most praiseworthy enthusiasm and steadiness. So great was this enthusiasm that it sometimes vented itself even on the innocent or ignorant among our own fellow-countrymen, many of whom soon found that a vigilant and suspicious Home Guardsman was not to be trifled with. From this it is easy to forecast what a warm reception a real, or disguised enemy, would have met with had he similarly encountered one. Some of our own R.A.F. pilots, baling out from their machines, could afford personal testimony of the watchful omnipresence of the Home Guard, as could an even larger number of the many enemy air crews who fell into its hands throughout the days and nights of the battle for Britain.

The duties of the Home Guard, however, were not confined to watching for and picking up hostile parachutists. They had a definite role to play in the defence of the country, one as arduous as it was important. This was to free the Regular Army for active defence and counter-offensive work against any enemy landing in force by relieving it of the tasks of local vigilance and defence, which would have necessitated its being scattered in little isolated parties all over the country, and thus being weak everywhere. The erection and manning of local defences, the constant patrolling of streets and roads and railways, the occupation of vantage points, the safeguarding of Government offices, war factories, vital industrial and communication points—all these duties fell within the Home Guards' sphere of responsibility. Though their performance was never put to the sternest of all tests, they were fulfilled to perfection. If the force were to cease to exist to-morrow, the work done by it in those tense and critical days of the latter half of 1940 would more than justify its existence.

But it is not to cease, for though the first acuteness of the peril it was raised to guard against has probably passed, it may yet recur, and even if it should not, the bulk of the Regular Army cannot for ever be kept at home, on guard against an attack that in the end may never materialise. Yet some watch and ward here will always be required, and more and more as time goes on, the task of safeguard against invasion will be taken over by the Home Guard. For the purpose of fitting it more fully and adequately for this duty a complete reorganisation has recently been announced. The local character of the force, one main source of its great strength and popularity, is to be carefully preserved, but a new central system of administration has been set up under the control of the new Director-General, General Eastwood, and greater opportunities are to be given for the specialised training that the force requires if it is to fulfil its new and enlarged role. Relaxation in the long and exacting spells of duty on guard and on patrol, now possible with the diminution of the invasion menace, will allow of more time and attention being paid to these matters. In addition, a proper hierarchy of command, similar to that of the Regular Army, was set up, and Home Guard officers were placed on an equal footing with officers of the other armed forces of the Crown by being given King's commissions. Financial reforms made it possible to do away with calls on Home Guardsmen to pay their own out-of-pocket expenses for transport or food and lodging when on duty, which, cheerfully as they had been shouldered in the earlier days, could no longer be reconciled with the claims of justice or efficiency.

So the Home Guard takes its place—a recognised and honoured place—among the armed forces of the Crown. It has, and will have, neither colours nor battle honours; it has not yet had, nor perhaps will it ever have, any chance to show its prowess in the field against the enemy. At the end of the war all that the individual Home Guardsman will have to show for his service will probably be a medal, which a million and a third of his comrades will also be entitled to wear. He will also have—and that, we may be confident, will be reward enough for him—the consciousness of duty well done, and the honourable knowledge that he did not fail his country in her hour of greatest peril and need.

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PLAIN TALES

By "BARLEUX"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY "OXLEY."



"Floating back from Dunkirk——"

Sackcloth and Ashes.—It is a long time since we appeared in these pages and we come to you now with tears in our eyes shuffling our great feet and tearing our other handkerchief to pieces. What fifth or sixth column cad told us that the WIRE had suspended activities until 1950, we shall never remember.

Since floating back from Dunkirk on a sheet of corrugated iron or something we have led busy though quite unexciting lives. Many old hands of the Unit have left us, to our great regret. The New Year opened with a terrific blow in the shape of a posting order for our C.O. This was tempered by the knowledge that it carried promotion. We wish him the very best of luck always.

Patent Applied For.—There are so many things that one would like to write about if only the censor didn't sort of hover in the background all the time. Our very latest invention for instance. We won't give you the actual specifications here but broadly speaking it is a device for getting "M" Section up in the morning. A series of cunningly arranged gear wheels running in an improved type of oil bath are driven by an old motor bus engine mounted on rubber studs. The wheels are connected to a long endless belt to work two wooden rollers which are fixed so securely that they cannot be rotated.

When the engine is started up it gives a slight cough, wrecks some of the gear wheels and breaks the belt. This is the signal for a normal flat rate man to hit one of "M" Section's plate glass windows with a small hammer. The noise thus produced causes the night watchman to turn in his sleep. Events from this point move swiftly, but the actual details cannot yet be revealed to an astonished and admiring world.

Get a Load of This.—We would like to send our very hearty congratulations to our friends in the Western desert. Their achievements in that theatre of war have proved once more that the troops can do it, given only half a chance. And that reminds us. Why are we such poor haters? Why do we find it so difficult to work up a positive loathing for our enemies, not counting sergeant-majors. We can't make it a national trait but we ought to develop a fierce hatred of the Jerries at least for the duration. Let's be offensive, cruel, rude and ruthless.

If you ever have the luck to trip up a Boche, don't give him your hand and help him to rise. Kick him in the face, hard. Then jump on him. But you couldn't do that, could you? It wasn't done at your school. O.K. then. Give the man a cup of tea and a cigarette. He was the bloke who only half an hour ago blew half your best friend's face away, shattered his small sister's legs and sent their old home up in flames. Good Germans somewhere? Don't be childish, sonny. There aren't any, never were and never will be. Keep your cigarette for yourself and if you must give a German tea, see that it is scalding hot, then smack it in his face with or without the cup. Boy! Am I callous?



"There are — things that one would like to write about——"

See Them Later.—Here are some of the notables who have left us since we shook the dust of a Midland town from our gaiters. We know where most of them are and wish them all good luck. First come Lieutenants "Bob" Danielsen and Dennis Flower, who are spending an enforced holiday in Germany. Their boys are also somewhere around. Bad luck, chaps, but we'll give you a welcome one of these days. Postings came thick and fast after our arrival in England, and we stood slightly bewildered as these old hands drove away. Major F. E. B. Jones, Captains P. M. Bowen, R. J. Barlow (the other bloke), S. V. Lancaster, F. S. Lodder, Lieutenants "Puffer" Holmes, Anthony, Swinnerton, D. C. Collins, Robert Whitney. If we say slightly bewildered at these losses, imagine our feelings on the departure of our one and only Pip H. J. All right, censor, all right. The "heavy hand" has been felt amongst the N.C.O.s and men no less. R.S.M. Offord E. H. away to Quartermaster, C.S.M. Sant R., C.Q.M.S.s Bright and Bromhall. C.S.M. "Bill" Langham (what again?). Sergeant Stanley Bainbridge, Signalmen Bradley, Pimley and other awfully vital people. Our good wishes to them. We still blame them for everything and feel grateful accordingly.

That Serial Again.—Colonel Ukann Larfe, S.A.P., N.B.G.' T.H.I., jumped into his Humber straight eight and landed on the ground underneath because the floor boards had been taken up. Interval while he sorts out some sort of a disagreement with the driver. All right, you can come back now. U/A/Corporal Fogworthy (whom you probably don't remember) let the clutch in viciously, but the car didn't move. It seems that he hadn't engaged a gear. I'm sorry about these delays but you know how it is with these "D" Section drivers.

"Drive on, Fogworthy," said the Colonel magnificently. The powerful car moved off into the gathering darkness.

"You've got your instructions, Corporal?" asked the Colonel.



"Let's be offensive, ——"

"I shouldn't be here if I hadn't," said Fogworthy peevishly.

"O.K., O.K., keep your shirt on," said Ukann hastily. "Where are we going?"

"I dunno, sir."

"Well, you fathead, it's on that blue paper."

"That's marked 'Secret,' sir."

"Oh," said the Colonel in a worried voice.

The car sped on into the night.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lieutenant Faceache and Hermione Larfe kissed on the bottom step of the entrance to the Hotel Colossal and went to the pictures or somewhere.

Night fell with an untidy clatter.



"—— The floor boards had been taken up"

Uncle Alf.: Nights don't fall with untidy clatters, silly.

Me: You ought to have been where I was the other night. Anyway, nights in my stories can fall with soft squelches if they want to. See?

To be continued. Eh? Just say the word.

Many Happy Returns.—The WIRE is celebrating its coming of age this month. In my usual inarticulate way I sit here twiddling my stump of well-sucked pencil wondering what I can say to mark this interesting and important occasion. In half an hour I shall be in bed and in the middle of the night I'll think of a Staggering Article. But there will be no pencil and no paper. Twenty-one years. What a jumble of thoughts of men, women, places and events. I can look back over the whole period with pride and regret. Pride doesn't require explaining, does it? Regret because I can't stay to do another umpteen years in the Corps. I guess there are a lot of you reading this who feel the same way about it so please imagine that I am writing not so much for myself as for hundreds of the old boys who poured into



Lieut. Q.M. R. F. Barlow, R.Signals
("Barleux")

Maresfield Park in 1919 and 1920 from all parts of the world. The end of a war and the beginning of a long armistice.

Gazing into the fire I can see a wonderful panorama stretching way to "X" and "Z" and "P" Companies. Remember them? Sergeant-majors doing guards, Sergeants cleaning windows, Corporals scrubbing floors, men going off in their bowler hats. A fire in "C" Officers' Mess with Turkish cigarettes for everyone. Tommy Hewitt praying for the souls of riding school novices. Ginger Simnett tying horses into knots by sheer skill. Fruity Orchard and a brilliant dance band with Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge taking more than a passing interest. Dicky Drake, L.H.D. himself painting numbers on huts. The growth of the married quarters and disputes about the C.R.A. Mr. "Bill" Butler leaving to take over the WIRE and the Association with what results we can see to-day. Jock Turnbull and others playing football that put the Signals on the sporting map. Joe Cotterell running. Harry King standing still. Q.E.M.A. King putting glue in the Colonel's hat. The formation of the Corps band and one of my flutes being used as a poker in their billet. The rise of Frank Shakespeare from a bicycle to a Bentley. The move to Catterick. Disappearance of the horse and the Farrier Staff Sergeants. The growing numbers of Old Comrades, bless their hearts, who turn up at the Aldershot Reunions. There is no end to it. One could go on for hours.

Twenty years from the day you enlisted you will remember something similar. The Royal Corps of Signals. Say it over to yourself, boy. Does it mean the same to you as it does to us? Perhaps not, but eventually it will. All the interesting events in the Corps are recorded in the WIRE and this wonderful magazine has been going on from good to better all these years. Now it is twenty-one years old. That reminds me to wish the WIRE many, many happy returns of the day and continued success, and to congratulate the Editor and his staff on their darned good job of work and—and—well, blow me down, chaps. You know what I mean.

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Yorkshire Relish

A MONTHLY RETURN RENDERED BY L.H.D.

On their Metal.—Maybe we're wrong, but there appears to be a tendency in high places towards a delightfully refreshing abandonment of your dyed-in-the-wool official nomenclature. As witness a very recent Command Order which, naked and unashamed, stipulated something or other in connection with "*tin* helmets." That our weighty friend the Helmet, Steel, should thus flop from the very pinnacle of the Army cranium to a level little better than that of the common trilby (and with official sanction, too!) is a significant straw in the military wind which, as we see it, might well break the Scammel's back. Who cares, anyway.

★

&c., &c.—In continuation of the foregoing, and with a rigorous regard to the avoidance of too great a levity, we feel that the day may not be far distant (and we sincerely hope it isn't) when the troops are ordered, through official channels whose formerly impregnable banks are so evidently softening and expanding to the care-free waters of a happy-go-lucky spirit, to parade with the good old bundook, Cady, S.D., a spot or two of haverbag and what-have-you.

Contemplation of such a prospect, while invigorating as Reveille in swing time, is yet sufficient to make Shakespeare & Ticehurst's by-products stand on end.

★

I Say, Look Here!—There's many a slip 'twixt the tap and the clip, as our saucy A.T.S. girl is wont to remark when operating the keyboard of her typewriter. And that brings us to the subject of a howler which may produce repercussions in a certain military community of our ken.

Duty rosters, prepared to advise the victims of an impending fate, are boldly displayed in the Unit under the beam of this column's penetrating spotlight (advt.) and it so happened that on one memorable occasion a certain list bore, 'mid snow and ice, a banner with the strange device:

THIS ROSTER IS SUBJECT TO ALTERCATION.

They're telling us! Someone ought to pass a chit or something to some fellow.

★

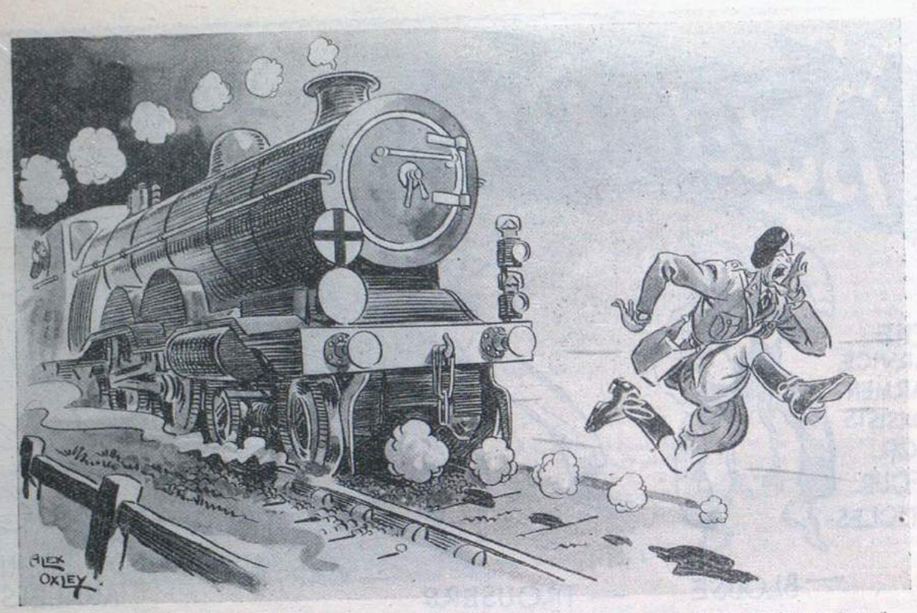
Symphonic Stand-by.—It is good to see the Royal Signals Band going from strength to strength, with the triangle getting in a dash of hot rhythm between the sliding motions of the trombone.

So C.Q.M.S. Saunders (a very capable deputy to Bandmaster Hibbert) remains firmly entrenched in a stronghold he has occupied for, I think, something in the region of fifty years. Maybe I'm a century or two out in my calculations, but it's a pretty good record for all that.

The Corps' musicians filled an engagement at the H.Q. Officers' Mess in mid-January and scored all along the line. This form of popular entertainment is to have an encore early in February, according to arrangements at the time of going to press.

For no reason other than that it invariably affords us a terrific laugh, we are determined to include the story of the music critic who, pressed to voice an opinion, stated that the great maestro's Bach was worse than his bite.





(By Courtesy of "Motor Cycling")

". . . . get in front of the damn thing and make a noise like an 'all clear' siren"

A CALL TO ARMS!

The Truth is Sometimes Stranger than Fiction

By WILLIAM DUDLEY

(By kind permission of "Motor Cycling.")

I REMEMBER once, years ago, making a journey across Dartmoor, which I thought then I'd never beat for variety of incidents and annoyances. First I smeared the motor round a rock and broke a rib; then I walked; then I hired a horse, and lost the horse; then I walked; then I lost my way, breathing with half a lung. But compared with a compulsory journey I made last week that previous effort looks like a Sunday pre-lunch pub-crawl.

It started with a telephone call, something our Dominion troops call a "larng-distance." The voice said: "She has had an accident on her motor bicycle. It isn't serious."

(Now I remember somebody ringing me up about my brother once, saying: "It isn't serious; he's only busted a leg or something . . .")

The words sounded pretty ominous to me. I listened to a little more, saying mentally: "All this 'keep calm' stuff is so much breadcrumbs and blatherskyte." And then skidded to a halt before my major, who listened to about three words and then said: "Seventy-two hours' leave; you'd better get moving!"

I was in battle dress at the time. I was in S.D. within five minutes, while someone shovelled razors and handkerchiefs and things into my pack (and forgot all about my hair; I know this is growing less every day, but I do brush what's left sometimes). The squadron clerk dashed off a rail warrant, and the staff car driver wheeled out the Humber.

Anxiety made me a bit unfair to that driver as I pushed him in the passenger's seat in the belief that if anyone took risks it ought to be me. There was the matter of a train to catch, and less than half an hour to get to M——, 21 miles away.

It was late afternoon. The light was frightful, with a suggestion of mist about. But the road was good, and the car answered as though it knew. . . . Until the light became too bad the clock read 80 for mile after mile. Then I had the co-operation of the driver, a very useful chap indeed, who leaned out of the near-side window and kept up a commentary: "Lorry—no rear light. Cyclist. Another lorry—very small rear light." And in 25 minutes we rocked into the station yard.

My train was due out at ten past six. I sat in the perishing thing until 25 minutes past and it hadn't moved. Not so much as a suspension creak broke the silence. And then an "alert" sounded! I was alone in my compartment. The Hun would feel very, very discouraged if he knew what I said. Then my blue light went out. The train began to move—in the wrong direction! For roughly 15 minutes I was flung from one seat to the opposite one while the driver brushed up his shunting in the black-out.

Eventually we got cracking. Fifteen miles an hour was the speed. I remember wondering whether, if I were to get out and trot alongside, I could get in front of the damn thing and makea noise like an "all clear" siren. And after an hour we stopped.

Bombs began to disturb the landscape. Guns of varying sizes made rude answers. The train was half in a tunnel; I was in the unlucky bit which stuck out. There was a particularly loud crump, whereupon my compartment window cracked across the bottom right-hand corner. I wished the driver would practise a little more shunting, backwards—or else get the hell out of this place! Thought-transmission is a wonderful thing. The train moved on!

It stopped again pretty soon. There was a confused barking without, and I caught the word "change." I leaned out of the window and bellowed for information. The barking clarified itself a little: "All change!" From various parts of the carriage I gathered up my equipment; some had been bounced about by the shunting effort, and some I had danced on when emotion got a bit out of hand.

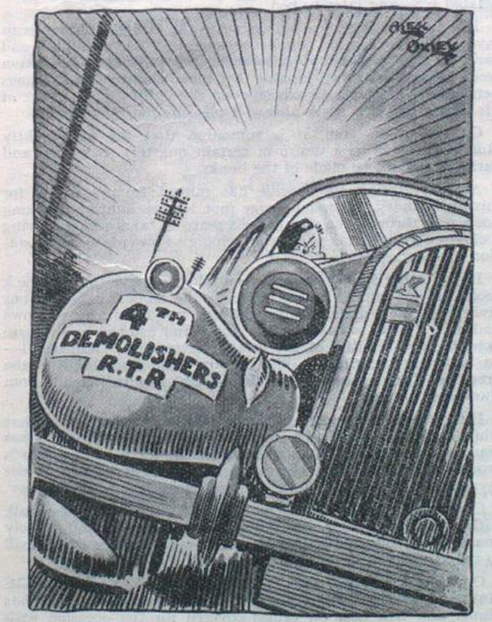
I got out and peered through the blue haze. A voice said: "London train waiting on the opposite platform." And I walked across, searching for an empty compartment. If I hadn't been so keen on comfort I might have achieved some. As it was, I came the purler of my life over a three-wheeled luggage trolley. I was paralysed from the shins down. Blood tricked down my leg. You could put pencils in the dents just below my knees. I stood there and prayed earnestly to the Devil to turn up and avenge me. The London train began to make preparatory noises. I tottered aboard.

A Raid

And so, in the middle of one of Goering's brighter shows, I came to London. I sought ale. "The bar is shut; we don't allow our young ladies to work during a raid." I sat down carefully and pondered. I then strode purposefully off (though with a careful eye open for luggage gadgets) to find an R.T.O.

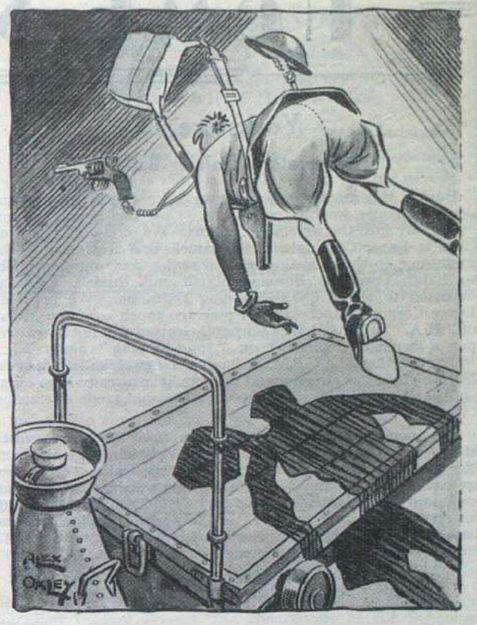
And the gist of his information was that I could try, but there was a raid on; and although I might get a train, there was a raid on; and though he couldn't say for certain, this hypothetical train might reach N—— before midnight; but on the other hand, there was a raid on. . . . Thought I could try, of course.

I emerged, drew a deep breath, lit a cigarette, and set out for another station. Nothing was going to stop me that night. For one thing, I was going to see the most important person in my life; and the old blood was pretty vertical by then, anyway. I cannoned from lamp-post to Belisha beacon until I found this station I'd been told about. I demanded to know where the R.T.O. of this one lived, but there wasn't one. There was, however, a stationmaster, but he'd gone off duty.



(By Courtesy of "Motor Cycling")

". . . . the clock read 80 for mile after mile."



(By Courtesy of "Motor Cycling")

". . . I came the purler of my life . . ."

There was no train to N——. What was the nearest station to N——? B——. Could I get transport from B—— to N——? The bloke didn't know, but Joe would be along soon. Joe was the guard of the B—— train (and by that time that was just the kind of train I thought it was!) Joe was also quite certain that transport could be had at B——.

Joe's train didn't leave for an hour. I tooled off resignedly to wait until half-past ten. What would you have done, chums? Yes, you're right; but I had two.

The train crept northwards through the night. At half-past midnight I was decanted at B——. One garage refused to answer the thunderous row I made on the door. Another had no car, anyway. I went back to the station. (I shall never again say anything detrimental about the Y.M.C.A. A most charming lady produced some real coffee and a very welcome sandwich; a combination which did much to lighten my load.)

And the station staff also deserve mention. But for all their telephoning they could find nothing. It was half-past one. They managed to give me an address of a chap who sometimes "obliged." I knocked him up. (By this time my regard for people's sleep or feelings had died.) He would have helped, but he only had a quart of petrol. This he proved by dipping the tank.

I wandered outside the town, and a lorry approached. I managed to get a lift for one mile. There were about seven or eight miles still to do. I hadn't a scrap of tether left. And I walked. The road seemed as though it would wind on into the dawn. But towards four o'clock I recognised a straw-stack. Then a bridge. Then a village. And so I came to the end of the trail.

There were those who took a lean view of door-bell ringing at that time. There was one who didn't, so what the hell, chaps, what the hell! Roll on peace and petrol!

HOME STATIONS

Yorkshire 1

1st Operators' Training Battalion

During the month just past we have continued as usual, despite adverse weather conditions. Only one Squad has gone on its way into the wide, open spaces. We offer our congratulations to Lance Corporals Coe, Ingamells and Robinson on their promotion to their existing exalted rank; and our best wishes to Lance Corporals Bunney, Marsh and Russell, who have departed to the N.C.O.s' Training Battalion. We hope that Lance Corporal Piper will not pine too much over the absence of "H.A." and that Lance Corporal Grattan will not threaten to put a Second Lieutenant on "spud-bashing" again. It is whispered that the C.S.M. is having a new bike fitted on the bell which he has already, and prayers have already been offered on behalf of the Office orderly who uses said mode of transportation.

Our sporting activities have been more or less at a standstill. However, in the sphere of boxing, the formation of a team for the Novices' Championship is under way in the Unit. To this team we contribute Signalman Hill, a bantam-weight who has a nice style and shows extremely good promise. The only other outlet for sporting aspiration is P.T., in the pursuit of which the men have braved the rigours of winter with a cheery smile (?). The entire Company is looking forward to further sports.

During the last month, great changes have taken place in "O" Section. Numbers have dropped from the region of 90 to that of 30.

2nd Lieutenant Bruce has taken over command of the Section in place of Lieutenant Pendleton, who has been appointed an instructor.

Signalman Roberts lit the Training Office fire on the morning of 15th January, 1941, and was a full-blown 2nd Lieutenant by the evening—quick work!

We at C——— are very disappointed that we have not heard more news from members who have left us.

Administrative Wing

Well, chaps, by the time these notes are in print, we will be well into the New Year, and I am now going to make a statement about the weather during the recent festivities. After quite an argument with the M. of I. I am allowed to disclose that the weather was typical of Yorkshire County. I am very pleased to be able to say that a certain Q.M. has not yet been able to find the A.T. who put sulphur tablets in his tea, but that the certain Q.M. is now like Mussolini after taking cascara—still running!

Promotions in the past month have been conspicuous by their absence, so I leave those with ambitions still hoping.

Educational Classes are still going strong and Administrative Wing is beginning to adopt the old school tie complex, but, despite it all, old Mush Lampy still stays in bed. Really, old man, it's simply not done.

Entertainments.—Numerous concerts were given in the last month by our local lads, and many an enjoyable evening's entertainment was given by them. They are now undergoing a drastic re-organisation in preparation for the Garrison Competition—£25 and a silver trophy for the best concert party. Needless to say, hopes are running high, and not without just cause. At a recent meeting, called by the Entertainments Committee, keen interest was shown by Lieutenant Morrison and R.S.M. Bennett, whilst many new faces were present, but I regret to say some old faces were missing. Still, that's how it is. We just get them licked into shape and off they go, to make a name for themselves elsewhere.

Now that dances have been resumed in the O.T.B. Theatre (ahem), I would like to suggest that a bar be opened. After all, the "Q" Line Cuties have one. However, it is to be hoped that this grave error is rectified in the near future.

Many thanks to Lance Corporal White, Signalmen Hillier and Bingham for the time and energy they put into the construction and lighting arrangements of the stage and fittings of the O.T.B. Theatre. Once again, on behalf of the management, we say, thank you, one and all, but we hope Signalman Hillier won't forget the table.

Another poor man has fallen by the roadside. It seems as though it won't be long before there are no bachelors in Administrative Wing. The blushing groom was Signalman Charles Brettle and the happy bride Miss M. E. Jones. May their sea of "married bliss" be as smooth as a mill pond. We are hoping to announce another big scoop of Administrative Wing weddings next month, including one of the "Brum Brigade." So order your copy now.

That's all for now, so cheerio!

A.E.H.

No. 1 Company

Although No. 1 Company was Duty Company over Christmas, we voted December a better month. Perhaps it was because many of us had had leave after Group Eddy. Others, not so fortunate, faced consolation in the unexpected arrival of two-tier sleeping bunks from somewhere in England.

For some hours the bunks stood in lonely state outside the inviting barrack room doors, a curious jumble of uprights, cross-sections, bolts and screws. Then, duty for the day over, we knocked the bunks into shape and went happily off to a belated tea—and later to bed.

The question has since arisen: Are the Orderly Corporals in favour of this sop to comfort-seekers? "Early to bed and early to rise" was adopted by them as a New Year resolution weeks ahead of time, judging by their plaintive—sometimes persuasive—attempts to arouse even the lightest sleeper out of his dreamland of a berth aboard a pleasure cuise liner.

On the other hand, it is rumoured that the once-nightly Roll Call is due to a desire in certain quarters that good and early use should be made of the bunks.

Activity during the month has ranged from searches for missing laundry, collecting twigs (not for fire lighting), picking one's way through the cookhouse's maze of brickwork to giving a children's Christmas party and helping to provide accommodation for evacuees.

In our other spare time we have taken part in Inter-barrack room indoor games, braved P.T. in the snow by hiding our civilian sweaters under Army pullovers, wondered why windows and plates break so easily in the Army and listened to a lecture extolling the beauties of the local countryside—"Rambles"—on Saturday mornings to give us first-hand knowledge of the area had been introduced earlier—with popular assent from those on fatigues.

Duty week threatened to spoil the Christmas festival, but while some of us stood on Guard in biting winds and cast jealous glances at the nearby mess room festivities, or poked our heads around the Mess Room door during a momentary rest from the mysteries of tin washing, we all enjoyed ourselves in our own way.

Christmas morning opened in a flutter. The cookhouse staff, with visions of their carefully-prepared dinner and closely guarded beer disappearing before their eyes, made a 6 a.m. call to the Fire Piquet. It was a false alarm.

Our thanks are due to the O.C., Captain T. W. Norrish, C.S.M. Hunt and other N.C.O.s who worked hard to serve our Christmas dinner and free beer on tables covered for the occasion with white "tablecloths." For once there were truthfully "no complaints."

Nor did the week lack entertainment. Rated high in a varied programme was S.S.M. Wagner's "Da-di-Dah Concert Party," supported by the 1st O.T.B. Concert Orchestra.

The concert party, which had had only a short time in which to rehearse, owed much of its success to its women's cast, especially Miss Lily Walsh, Mrs. Wagner, and Mrs. D. Newman, whose "hot" uncensored version of "Diamond Lil" will not be forgotten in a hurry. The evening was also memorable for the fact that it was the first concert produced on the new O.T.B. Theatre's stage, which is now fully equipped with first-class "props" and footlights. Preparation of the stage had involved much work on the electrician and carpenter experts in the "Lines." Thanks are also due to Signalman Hobdell, who painted the scenery.

The concert party has not confined its activities only to the Unit. A tour of nearby villages has raised over £100 for the local Spitfire Fund.

Simultaneously, the Gaiety Theatre went gay and gave us two Shakespearean plays, later John Clements and Constance Cummings in "The Outsider" and "1066 and all that."

In more serious vein, the evening Educational Classes continue to be popular. A film on "Tank Obstacles" and lectures on topical subjects have been other features of the month.

Our Company maintains its lead in the Army P.O. Savings Scheme. What about it, you other Companies?

Appointments. During the month we welcomed 2nd Lieutenant R. F. G. Morrison, posted to our Company; at the same time we said au revoir, after a short stay, to 2nd Lieutenant R. Bruce, who moved over to No. 2 Company.

Congratulations.—Another link with No. 2 Company has been provided by the appointment to our Company of C.S.M. Hunt. Congratulations! No. 2 Company's loss is our gain. He succeeds C.S.M. Barber, discharged. We were sorry to lose C.S.M. Barber for civilian life.

Congratulations also to other new N.C.O.s on their appointment

In Conclusion.—After all this, we feel we should, like the school children in the Lines, remain on holiday until well into January.

Operators' Howlers for the Month.—"Duties of an out clerk are to check the message for non-digibility and if he cannot read it he copies it onto the proper form."

"— the end with which it comes to rest is always called the North Sea King."

W.V.H.M.

No. 4 Company

I will commence by apologising for the shortness of these notes, but any of you who have had the luck (?) to be stationed here will know exactly what Duty Week means.

That's us, folk. "Lucky 4." First in, last out, and if there's anything "buckshee" going we get it. Take Lance Corporal Farrell, for example. But that's another story. He's been here only two months, and he's still talking.

Captain Dalton has left us for ——, and Mr. Pink has assumed command of the Company. May your reign be both happy and long, sir. We welcome to the 4-fold Lieutenant Wardley as i/c Training, and extend our heartiest wishes for a successful tour.

Squads coming and going have been too numerous to mention individually, but we have, and are, teaching them all we know about folding up camels for packing, and picking up parrots and monkeys (di-da, di-da). Oh, yes, and morse in our spare time.

Heartiest congratulations to Corporal Dunne, who took the plunge on 19th December. What a Christmas he must have had! Good old Joe! You come twelfth on the list for reliefs and there's nothing under a shilling.

To Lance Corporal Farrell our deepest sympathy on his recent bereavements.

That's all, soaks. See you next month.

WILLIE.

I SLEPT ON BOOTS



Then I still slept on Boots because all my comrades borrowed it

- Splendid on manœuvres and in camp
- Khaki material
- Ideal for all on service
- Up or down in a few seconds
- Deflated about the size of handkerchief, 15" × 10"
- Send now, stocks cannot be replenished — Price **4/3**
- Offered by ex-W.O. who knows its worth — Postage - 3d.

KENOSHA AGENCIES, COWPLAIN, PORTSMOUTH

School of Signals

After a long absence we venture to re-appear in print and trust that our terrific New Year effort will be welcomed by all the old School hands who have left us and have peered in vain for notes from the old home in the past.

Changes, promotions, arrivals and departures have been so numerous since the outbreak of hostilities that we cannot put them on paper here, but we wish them all the very best of luck.

We are now settling down after the Christmas and New Year festivities. On Christmas Eve we held the Annual Christmas Party for the children, which was a great success. Congratulations to Captain M. W. Brennan on his fine Father Christmas performance.

The Christmas dinner went with the usual swing. Brigadier R. A. C. Henderson, M.C., our late Chief Instructor, gave a speech before the dinner and a toast was then proposed to the Brigadier, Colonel Prescot and the officers of the School of Signals. The party finally broke up at 2.30 p.m. (when all the beer had gone).

The New Year's Eve dance was still a bigger success, at least so some fellows said on 31/12/40, but the same fellows didn't seem to think so at 06.30 hours on 1/1/41. The fittest man on 1/1/41 was the duty clerk, poor chappie, no dance at all. Maybe he wouldn't have been so good if his two cronies had not slipped and dropped the "crate" whilst lugging it across. Man proposes, God disposes.

As usual, at this time of the year, the camp is covered with a white mantle and the weather clerk is doing his best to make our happy lot miserable!

The other day we received an envelope addressed in the following manner: O.C., No. 1 Holding Unit, No. 7 P.M. R.S., No. 1 Course of School of Signals, Missing Links, Caltwick Camp, Yorks. We are still puzzling whether an expert in camouflage got to work on this envelope, but in spite of the comic address it arrived here quite safely. It must have been the "missing links" which told the postman which Unit was in question.

We have also had letters addressed to "The Headmaster, School of Signals," but we have assured the writers that the "Headmaster" here does not wear a mortar-board nor wield a birch.

Things We Want to Know.—The mystery of "Jim Warring-binder" and the red-headed siren.

Why Ted Last is such an ardent supporter of the Nursing Services.

Why Tommy Blades lost his British Legion membership card, and is it true that he reached home safely except for someone treading on his hands in the corridor.

Has "Gunner" Newling found his credits yet?

Agony.—Sergeant Gas Instructor: "Now, my lad, what would you do if you were sprayed with blister gas?"

Recruit: "Dislocate my clothing and then go to the P.A.D. Centre to get decapitated."

Jews' Mail.—To "Bismarck" somewhere in 152 O.C.T.U. "Mind that bucket!"

Finale.—Happy and prosperous New Year to all.

POOP DECK, S.O.S.

S.T.C. Wales

2nd Operators Training Battalion

Important changes in training organisation have recently shattered the *status quo* in this corner of the 2nd S.T.C., and we are still swaying under the impact.

Briefly, the changes mean that instead of progressing through "Nursery" (Admin.), Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Companies, Operators W. and L. now go straight through Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Companies, and complete their training in Admin. Wing.

This has naturally led to considerable transfers both of instructional staff and recruits. However, things are now settling down comfortably under the "New Order," and some Company Clerks are even beginning to compile nominal rolls which include their new acquisitions!

Apart from this "change-over" there are no Battalion happenings which call for independent mention—so over to the Companies.

Administrative Wing

Is My Face Red?—I have been taken to task by an A.T.S. girl—Volunteer Sheila Howard—for stating in my December notes that only A.T.S. attached to the Signals were permitted to wear two badges.

Sheila, I bow to your superior knowledge. You are right; I was wrong. Please accept my apologies. (And, incidentally, thanks for the Royal Norfolk Journal you were good enough to send me.)

Was My Nose Blue?—At the risk of being run in for "Careless Talk," I feel that I must pass a comment on the weather we've been "enjoying" lately. Candidly, it's been bluepencil c——d. Fr—z—g c——d, in fact. And when it fr—zes, you know what that means. Trouble. On the plumbing side we've had our quota of trouble—not serious trouble, fortunately, but trouble, nevertheless. On the human side, things have gone very well. Plenty of blue noses, of course (including mine), but no cases of pneumonia, bronchitis, or any of those other dire ailments which a c——d spell often breeds in thickly populated areas.

Which only goes to prove, if further proof were necessary, that we're tough—mighty tough—in the West.

Dixie Goes to Depot.—Believe it or not, our esteemed Orderly Room Sergeant is now on a Drill Course in Depot. To all those absent friends who know him, the mental picture of Dixie "turning about" on a barrack square is bound to provoke an ear-splitting grin. Does the picture leave you unamused? Then you've never met Dixie, my child.

Aggie Protests.—Threats of personal violence have succeeded my recent speculation on Aggie Weston's love-life. I therefore gladly contradict myself. Aggie is not in love. He merely has dyspepsia.

Curiosity Corner.—Is it true that Raffo is a retired rear-admiral?

Is weakness at mathematics a common failing among A.T.S. clerks?

Does the ban on Balaclava helmets extend to the wearing of same in bed?

What did a certain clerk say when he got seven days C.B. on Christmas Eve?

Such Sweet Sorrow.—Since there will probably be no one to record my departure from this Unit, I may as well tell you now that I shall be an "absent friend" myself ere these notes reach print. Do not grieve over me, kind customers. A change of scenery should do wonders to my jaded mind. In fact, I am looking forward to it . . . .

I hope to be writing to you again shortly—from a new address. Meanwhile, adieu—and good luck.

KEN.

The attention of all readers is drawn to the CHANGE OF ADDRESS notice published on the front Editorial page.

No. 1 Company

Much water has flowed under the bridge since our last literary effort appeared in print. Christmas has gone; New Year has gone; credits have gone—and a new scribe pounds the typewriter.

Comings and Goings.—Although much belated, we offer a hearty welcome to our new Company Commander, Lieutenant J. H. King. May your stay be long and pleasant, sir! We also welcome Lieutenant A. D. McIntosh as second-in-command—the same to you, sir!

The other morning we woke up to find ourselves with a completely new Company. To those who have joined us we offer our usual big-hearted welcome. To those who have left: Farewell—you have our cordial good wishes! (Incidentally, the office staff can now reach the typewriter without having to circumnavigate a certain rotund N.C.O.)

People We Like.—The W.O. who has to do P.A.D. duty in the Anderson shelter when he's on leave.

The defaulter who sent the C.S.M. 50 Players at Christmas.

The person who tried to boil paraffin in the office kettle when making tea.

The A.T.S. wench who pronounced the name "Sidebotham" as "Sidi-Botham."

The chap who wanted (com)passionate leave to get engaged.

The person who always pinches my pencils.

Sport.—Boxing Day was set aside for an orgy of sport, and, as usual, we managed to put up a good show. First in basketball and table-tennis; first and second in tennis-quoits. Nice work, lads!

Personal.—Will the "griffin" seeker kindly borrow a pencil and paper and try to work out why we moved the office furniture?

Two Happy Events.—Congratulations to Signalman and Mrs. Dunn D. on the birth of a daughter (Marryn Joan) on 15th December, 1940.

Hearty congratulations to Lance Corporal Gibson T., who said "I will" to Delys Roberts at a local church on 3rd January, 1941. Was that your New Year's resolution?

Company Personalities, No. 1.—Our Company Orderly Corporal, Lance Corporal Cooper G. H.—popularly known as "George." His real name is a closely guarded secret, and we have to call him something. George takes the Duty Book to bed with him and dreams of endless queues of Junior N.C.O.s and men volunteering for "confined duties." George is in much demand and has a tactful (?) way of dealing with duty dodgers. George asks us to say that he does NOT wish to start a fan-mail.

General.—Under the new training programme we have taken the place of the "Nursery" and receive the weekly intake from the Depot. We hope to maintain our high standard of efficiency, come what may, so "Go To It" lads!—and more power to our elbows.

To all who have been with us in the past and are with us in the present, we wish a happy and prosperous New Year. May you have all you wish yourselves—including that single ticket!

The End.—Well—you asked for it.

DUTCHY.

No. 3 Company

Owing to unavoidable enemy action, buckshee P.A.D. duties, machine-gun Course, a lovely creature, some good beer and football, I have been missing from the WIRE for two months. However, to maintain the high tradition of service set by this Company, your scribe has stuffed his Balaclava with ice and waded in. Lance Corporal Richards is unable to offer any constructive help, as Company Orders claim his unrestricted attention; but Bilston Bodley (bless him!) is neglecting docs. for a few minutes to type this specimen of English literature.

Our Cadre remains much the same. "Hippy" (Corporal Hipperson) has pulled his second tape; likewise Corporal

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL VISITS AN S.T.C. IN N. WALES





(Photographs by kind permission of J. Smailes & Son)

Richardson W. (North-West Frontier wallah). Lance Corporal "Spike" Miles is still moaning (married, too!).

Advert.—Volunteers required; preferably with stoker's experience, and capable of coaxing heat from Army stoves.

King Football.—For absent friends, we publish the results of a few soccer matches played (and won) recently by S.T.C.:

v. M.C.S., R.A.	Won	9—2
v. 11th R.A. Regiment	,,	11—2
v. R.A.	,,	7—3
v. R.A.S.C.	,,	10—2
v. 2nd Holding Battalion	,,	3—2
v. Poland XI	,,	5—3

Our biggest success of the above bunch was against the Polish team, which included seven internationals, and was played locally. The match was well attended (2,500) and the proceeds went to the Brigadier's Fund for the Distressed Areas. On paper we didn't stand a chance, but our lads excelled themselves and brought home the bacon after a really grand game.

The Signals soccer team here includes many old Corpites. Sergeant Nicholson, Sergeant Johnny Redgrave and Lance Corporal Johnny Hough are among the best known. These three play regularly and at times are a joy to watch.

Agony.—Will Simpson (goalkeeper), believed prisoner of war near Hamm, kindly send back the green sweater as we now have a bloke to fit it.

Curtain.—My numerous social activities make further correspondence impossible, so I graciously bid you—many happy returns.

TEXAS.

No. 4 Company

Despite frantic appeals, we are still unable to find a correspondent who will contribute ten lines monthly to the WIRE.

Aren't we dumb!

Depot Battalion

It's here again. With the regularity of the rent man, the allotted day for the "penning of piffle" for the WIRE comes along—it always finds me in the same barren state, devoid of ideas and information. Oh, why isn't inspiration something one can buy at the chemists'!

Without effort I could wax truly eloquent on the rigours of a Welsh winter—but I think there's a kinda restriction on that sorta thing. Anyhow, I think the bloke i/c Weather has done us well, in this part of the universe at least. Winter fell on a Thursday and left us a week later. A heavy frost afforded a grand opportunity for any "would be" or "have been" skaters to show their skill to the world at large on a nearby pond. At least one of our officers can cut a very natty number nine; the lesser lights, happy at having the opportunity to resort to a favourite pastime of their not-so-far-off youth, contented their merry little selves by gleefully sliding to and fro. If winter were to pay us a real visit maybe there'd be ski-ing and tobogganing on the local "mountains"—maybe.

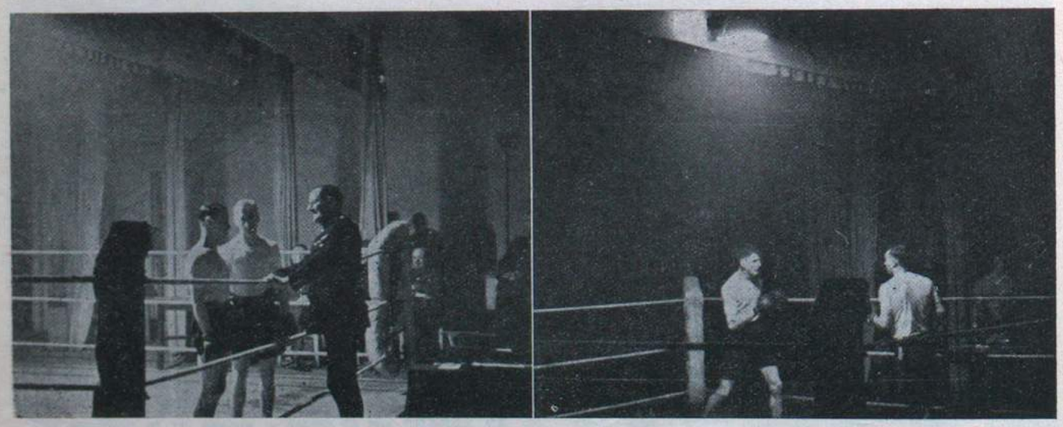
Improvement of the mind is apparently the favourite pastime of an appreciable number of the Centre's personnel. Lectures on biology, psychology, economics and language classes are only a few of the high-brow diversions for those who really want them. Those who have a thirst for knowledge (I have it on good authority that there is such a species) can certainly have it slaked right here in this Centre. This "edification" business is all very well, but in fairness to us low-brows I think classes of instruction in "push-halfpenny and its kindred sports" should be run. There's limitless scope for classes such as, for instance, "How to break the bank at Housey-housey," "Doubles, the art of starting and finishing on them"... My ideas are limitless, but, unfortunately, my quota of foolscap isn't.

No longer can our Orderly Room Sergeant be chastised for his late arrival and oft-times non-appearance on the Sabbath morn. He has adopted the motto, "'Tis good to get up in the morning, but 'tis better to lie in bed"; of course the fact that he has recently taken upon himself a wife has nothing at all to do with the adoption of this motto. Much. Fooling aside, we tender hearty congratulations and the best of good wishes to Sergeant Steve Fudgell on his recently contracted marriage to Miss Mimi Evans.

With jaunty steps, and eyes agleam, Sergeant "Meth" Methven burst into the office not so many morns ago and announced, with pride in his voice that he was now a father. The new arrival is a girl. Congratulations to you, Sergeant and Mrs. Methven.

Sport.—Boxing has been well to the fore this month. The high-light was the Sub-Area Eliminating Bouts for the Command Amateur Individual Boxing Championships. For the purpose of elimination the Sub-Area was divided into four Groups; we were included in Group 4. Besides our illustrious selves, there were two R.A. Units, one Infantry Unit and an R.A.S.C. Unit competing. The contests were fought at this centre and our representatives gave a magnificent account of themselves. Out of eight contests we lost only two, namely, lightweight and cruiserweight. Nice work, fellahs!

A couple of nights per week can now be merrily flitted away at the meetings of the recently formed S.T.C. Rifle Club. The



S.T.C. WALES. SUB-AREA ELIMINATING CONTESTS (*Photographs by Sigm. Vaughan*)

club was formally opened some weeks back by the Commandant, who is the Club's President. Amongst the active members is a former Bisley shot, so we at least know how we should shoot and what we should hit. Still, it's darned amazing how theory runs amok when practice steps in.

As the afore-mentioned quota of foolscap is almost exhausted, I will say bye, bye, blokes, and, as the fan-dancer said, "May all your dreams come true."

BIMBO.

"A" Company Depot Battalion

Deaths.—It is with the deepest regret that we announce the death of Corporal Bell M. O., who passed away in Mansfield Hospital on 23rd December, 1940. Corporal Bell, better known to his many friends as "Mo," has been with the Company for the past nine months. He came to the camp as a Militiaman in September, 1939. He trained in the 2nd Operators' Training Battalion as a Wireless Operator. He was promoted Lance Corporal in March, 1940, and full Corporal in July, 1940. He was a keen and very conscientious N.C.O., who worked very hard. During his time as a Drill Instructor he turned out some excellent squads and was complimented many times for a good "Passing Out" Squad.

As one of his many friends and on behalf of the officers, N.C.O.s and men of "A" Company, I wish to extend our deepest sympathy to all his friends and relations.

Welcome.—We extend a welcome to 2nd Lieutenant W. F. S. Cook, who has recently come to the Company. We trust he will soon settle down to his new duties.

New Jobs.—A certain number of our Cadre is looking a lot smarter, having just completed a couple of weeks' training as a "Quarter Bloke" (and, incidentally, in the absence of the "Q"). They say they never die poor or "Lean." Still he's W.S., and, as the old song goes, "You can't take that away from me."

For Sale.—Broken down sports car, lousy condition, one tool (bent), three speeds (slow, dead slow and stop), one tyre, will fit all three wheels, the fourth can be replaced at low cost. Silent running. Will exchange for full set of cigarette cards or two thousand raffle tickets.

Poem—

Boxing is an art that's classy,
You showed us this in the ballroom, 'Brassy;
The bets against you, I'm afraid, were many,
And I was one of the lads who lost my penny.

And now when meaning to force an argument,
We have not only your rank to consider (sad lament),
We must watch we do not give you cause to frown,
So much easier a "Tick Off" than a knocking down.

JIMMY F.

"B" Company Depot Battalion

We have very little news to report this time. You see, I have just returned from leave and one feels slightly "browned off."

We are very pleased to welcome into our happy family 2nd Lieutenant F. E. J. Vernon. We hope that his stay, be it long or short, will be a happy one. He can be assured of co-operation from the Company N.C.O.s.

There is only one compliment to be given this time, and it is to A/Lance Sergeant Davis, J. A. This seems to be one of the quickest promotions in the S.T.C. Congratulations, Jim, old man; we like to see it. We hope, before long, to see you striking higher.

Since last month, Corporal Edens V. B. has got into double harness. We wish Corporal Edens and his wife the best that one can wish in their new venture.

We are sending a snap of our B.S.M.—Abbott H. S., M.M., R.A.—who seems to be quite happy working with the Royal Signals. The B.S.M. has the rare gift of amiability combined with a rigid sense of discipline. He also has had a distinguished military career, extending over 33 years, and he has taken part



B.S.M. H. S. ABBOTT, M.M.

in most of the outstanding ceremonies of the past thirty years. He was among those who lined the route at the funeral of His Majesty King Edward VII, and at the Coronation, Jubilee and funeral of His Majesty King George V. He also took part in the Coronation of Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. Sergeant-Major Abbott enlisted on 6th February, 1908. His three sons are following their father's footsteps: one is a B.S.M., one a Sergeant, and the other a Lance Sergeant in the Royal Artillery, and they were all at Dunkirk.

Seen on an Office Door in the Depot Battalion.—This is a free country. You may open your mouth, you may open your eyes, you may keep your ears open, BUT SHUT THIS —— DOOR!

Can't think of any more news, so again we say, here's to the next time.

JIM.

"C" Company Depot Battalion

M.T. Section

General.—Your scribe (newly appointed) tenders the usual apologies for the absence of notes in the past.

Christmas left us with the usual "blitz" of headaches. One youth had a terrible one Christmas Day; no names, no works tickets. Christmas Day passed with the usual festivities.

Promotions.—Congratulations to S.S.M. Parry P. K. (ex-Egypt Sigs.) on becoming a two-pipper. Nice work, sir! Also to "Duke" Cleverdon on his third tape, Joe Oglanby to full Sergeant, Bob "Ticker" Wyatt to Lance Sergeant, Jack Cotton to Corporal, and, last but not least, Box H. A. has come to the land of the gods and Piquet Commanders, i.e., he is a nice "noo" Lance Jack.

Sport.—The N.C.O.s were beaten on Boxing Day at soccer by the men, the score being 5—2. Even the Cadre admitted that the N.C.O.s put up a hard fight.

We presume that darts come under this heading—indoor variety. On Christmas Eve we entertained the "Gilded Staff" from S.T.C., H.Q., and—dare we say it—showed them a thing or two on the darts board. Nevertheless, we must admit they

throw a nifty dart: in fact, we are wondering just what goes on in that "Holy of Holies," H.Q. Office, and if this has any bearing on the oft repeated order that this sanctum is strictly "out of bounds" to outsiders. Anyway, if our suspicions are correct, we will welcome them to a return match, when they have got some more practice.

H.Q. Section.—Nothing to report, except George Booth is now living out. Nice work, George, may the troubles be few and far between.

M.T. Section.—Still holding the frontier line, training, carrying on as usual.

D.R. Section.—Sergeant Thomas holds the fort vice S.S.M. Parry, and our crash helmets are a joy to behold.

Things We Want to Know.—Who is "Funf"?

Which Sergeant forgot about butt saluting on drill parade?

Jews' Mail.—Joe Oglanby sends salaams to Display Team 35 to 39.

Ed. Holness, Jnr. "What about a line? Pejon, 2325237."

Will anyone knowing the whereabouts of Signalman "Micky" Walker communicate with Lance Corporal Walker at this address.

Conclusion.—Here's to the next time.

PEJON.

2nd General Trades Training Battalion

After a long absence, General Trades intend to get themselves into print once more. We must apologise for the regrettable lapse of news from this Battalion, but like many other people we have made a New Year resolution, and it is, not to miss contributing to the WIRE during the whole of 1941. As this is the writer's first contribution—and incidentally his first excursion into the literary world—it is hoped that if it does not commend itself to you too well, you will be patient, and live in the hope that future issues will do so.

Perhaps the item of greatest interest in recent news was the Christmas festivities. This year, of course, in line with the rest of the Service, very few people had leave over the holiday period, but a good time was had by all in Camp. I myself was one of the fortunate few who did have leave, but I am told that the Christmas dinner was really first rate, with plenty of beer, cigarettes, chocolates and fruit knocking around. The fact that on Christmas Day no irresponsible Junior N.C.O. was allowed to mar the early morning by rudely shattering the silence with a whistle for Reveille was much appreciated by many. How lovely it must have been to laze in bed indefinitely, with impunity! Question: Who was the bright little soul who inquired on Christmas Eve, "Who is going to fire the guns to-morrow, and where are they going to come from for gunfire?"

Some energetic souls evidently decided the Camp wanted waking up on Christmas morning, and they certainly made a job of it! With an accordion, saxophone and violin leading an oddly assorted band, mainly made up of dustbin lids and tin cans, some hundred or more men paraded round the Centre seemingly with but one idea—to make as much noise as possible! Also noticed in this noisy throng, were numerous young bloods smoking their Christmas cigars—which were also their *first* cigars by the very green and sickly expressions on their faces!

On Boxing Day there was Recreational Training and Organised Games. Several teams were entered by all Companies for the competitions, which included five-a-side soccer, seven-a-side rugger, and five-a-side hockey. After a strenuous struggle, a team from No. 1 Company managed to overcome one from No. 3 Company in the soccer final, but in each of the other competitions, No. 3 Company asserted their superiority over all comers. Hot stuff, these No. 3 Company blokes!

This season a number of good rugger games have been played by the S.T.C. team, with our Unit contributing quite a lot to its success, Signalmen Gibson, Mills R. A. and Coleman being regular players, whilst many others have played in individual matches. A Unit team has not yet been fixed up, but No. 3 Company team had played many games, and, considering frequent postings, has done very well.

The finals of the 2nd S.T.C. Novices' Boxing Competition, in which we were represented in two of the contests, were staged in the ballroom on 30th December, 1940. Congratulations to Lance Corporal James, of Administrative Wing, who put up a sparkling display when defeating Signalman Staples of the Operators Battalion in the heavy-weight competition, and to Signalman Davies of No. 1 Company, who gave a fine show in the Light-weight final, although he had to lower his standard to wily Signalman Green of Depot Battalion. As top of the bill, Lance Corporal Burgess of Administrative Wing, the Stockport welter-weight, fought Corporal Collier of Depot Battalion, in a special six-round no decision professional middle-weight contest, in which Burgess gave a wonderful exhibition of snappy infighting, dropping his opponent, a leading London welter-weight, no less than four times. The —— Sub-Area Group No. 4 Contests for the —— Command Individual Championships were also staged in the ballroom on 3rd January. There were four entries from the S.T.C., three of them being from this Battalion: Lance Corporal James of Administrative Wing, Signalmen Bloxham and Goldfarb of No. 3 Company. They all won their contests and are due to fight in the next rounds, during February. Good slogging, fellows, and the best of luck!

We are very gratified to be able to offer our congratulations to a favoured few who have fallen in the way of promotion. Lance Sergeants Bentley H. and Botwood have now doffed their "L" plates and proudly strut the parade ground as Acting Sergeants. Lance Corporals Kenchatt R. and Fawcett D. have at last left that all-important rank behind them and are now able to swank a couple of chevrons on each arm, while U/Lance Corporals Benn C. and Bennett F. have been elevated to paid rank. Yes, all you U/Lance Corporals, it really does happen once in a while, so don't give up your ticking—you might be lucky next time!

While on the matter of congratulations, all our best wishes go to Lance Sergeant—sorry, A/Sergeant—Bentley of No. 3 Company, who finally slipped at Christmas, and embarked on a life sentence with Miss Margaret Mary Rogers. Good luck to you both! We were promised a photograph of the happy bridal pair, but since to date this hasn't been forthcoming, I asked our artist what he could do about it, and the accompanying work of art was his effort. It's even better than a photograph, don't you think, Sergeant?

We welcome to the fold S.S.M. Burrows L. and S.S.M. Hollands E. We hope their stay with us will be long and happy. Talking of W.O.s, who was it that "borrowed" a certain C.S.M.'s bicycle lamp one day, and let down the tyres of the of the foresaid bike the next day? I bet the C.S.M. would like to know! Apparently some intrepid youth still believes in the dare devil spirit of the bulldog breed!

After lengthy service with this Unit, Sergeants Goodchild R. and Lyons H., both of No. 3 Company, have left us. Sergeant Goodchild has also left the Corps, to take up an appointment



SE BENTLEY GETS A BATMAN?

with the R.A.O.C., but Sergeant Lyons will still be following "Certa Cito" with the N.C.O.s' Training Battalion. We didn't like losing them, but we wish them every success with their new Units.

Now the fount of news has run dry. Next month it is hoped that there will be a separate contribution in respect of each Company, so, for the present, good luck, everybody!

L.H.

Yorkshire 3

3rd Operators' Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

Last month has been singularly uneventful for Administrative Wing. Our only outstanding item of news has been the departure of the Orderly Room Sergeant. He is now Lieutenant McMullen. Sergeant Holcombe has stepped into his boots.

We are settling down again to normal life (that is as normal as life can be, these days) after the Christmas and New Year excesses, and with the decorations removed from the Mess Room the festive season is almost forgotten, and we look forward once more to Christmas, because, as you will no doubt have been told by someone "in the know" the war will be over by then. Incidentally, the competition for the best decorated Mess Room was won jointly by Administrative Wing and No. 1 Company. In our opinion that was a foregone conclusion, but that is a subject for some controversy!

Our Army Savings Campaign has been launched. We hope to do a roaring trade shortly as we feel assured that Corporal Clayton, with his goldilocks, Odol smile and manly bearing cannot fail to be a big draw!

That is only one of the many tasks which fall to the lot of the Administration.

To show you the trials with which we have to cope, your attention is drawn to the following harrowing narration by one who suffers and knows:

Shakespeare has it that man's life is divided into seven parts. Captain X is inclined to agree with the bard so far, but insists that each of these parts should be considerably sub-divided. He has reached the "soldier" stage (although neither full of strange oaths nor bearded like the pard), but points out that "soldier" these days covers a multitude of professions.

He maintains that successful performance of his duties requires the wisdom of Solomon, the justice of Daniel, the statecraft of Machiavelli, and, above all, the financial sense of Medeci.

He supports this contention by example; he calls his story

"WHEN THE ADJUTANT WENT ON LEAVE."

(The Adjutant was due to go on leave.)

Captain X was co-opted to be Adjutant for a week and those "in the know" girded up their loins and prepared for a sticky seven days. Their gloomiest expectations were fulfilled.

On Monday, the N.C.O. i/c Administrative Wing reported to his C.S.M.: (1) That sundry items of stationery had been indented for but had not been received; (2) that if they were not forthcoming the efficiency upon which his establishment prided itself would indubitably be impaired; and (3) what about it?

The C.S.M., as was his wont, reported it to Captain X as O.C. Administrative Wing, that these indispensable items were urgently required.

Captain X, as O.C. Administrative Wing, wrote to himself as Adjutant and i/c Stationery on the matter; the latter regretted to inform himself that his O.R.S. informed him that these items were unobtainable and some other method of procuring them must be sought.

On Tuesday, the O.C. Administrative Wing acknowledged receipt of a letter from himself as Adjutant, but suggested to himself that these items might be purchased locally. As Adjutant he concurred in his own suggestion as O.C. Administrative Wing, but referred to matter to himself in his capacity of P.R.I. As P.R.I. he sent for his clerk and instructed him to buy the goods and pay for them from P.R.I. funds.

By Wednesday the clerk had forgotten what the goods were, but discovered from his opposite number in Administrative Wing (the instigator of the trouble) what was needed. Forthwith the purchase was made and the P.R.I. paid.

On Thursday the O.R.S. brought to the notice of the O.C. Administrative Wing-cum-Imprest Holder-cum-P.R.I.-cum-Adjutant a new A.C.I. which allowed the purchase of these articles from public funds. Captain X sent for his clerk and suggested the recovery of the amount by the P.R.I. from the Imprest Account. The clerk, bravely restraining the oath which rose so easily to his lips, went away and suffered, but presently returned with a scheme which necessitated the minimum of alteration to the accounts.

So on Friday Captain X, by virtue of his Adjutantal status, authorised himself as Imprest Holder to refund the cost to himself as P.R.I. He drew a cheque on the Imprest Account and signed it, as Imprest Holder. Then he went round to the other side of his table, took his cheque and endorsed as P.R.I. He wrote a receipt (as P.R.I.) passed it across the table and went round and received it (as Imprest Holder).

On Saturday he found himself short of ready money in the P.R.I. Account, so he paid his cheque into his Contingent Account and took its equivalent in cash.

On Monday the Adjutant returned from leave and disclosed that a small stock of the unobtainable items was held at H.Q. and should have been procured from there.

Consequently Captain X had to return his cheque to its parent Account, the Imprest.

Then he drew a deep breath and WENT SICK.

M.G.B., D.J.A.H.

No. 1 Company

Since last month the personnel of No. 1 Company has undergone an almost complete change, new arrivals taking the place of O.S., X.Y. and Z., now scattered to the four winds. This is particularly noticeable in the way the new jokes have taken the place of the old. Nowadays, when "Roight" makes one of his sensational mess-room announcements he is greeted with a stony silence instead of the tumultuous applause of yore. And to cope with these times, Company Office has a new bike. The other morning the office staff were engrossed in assembling its shining new parts. No more will the Adjutant's orderly trundle down to H.Q. on a Victorian boneshaker.

Christmas at No. 1 Company was up to the standard one would expect. The mess-room, with traditional garlands and greenery vying with modernistic from the brush of Signalman Turner tied with Administrative Wing for the prize for the best decorations. A truly festive board on Christmas Day was visited by the Brigadier and C.O., who added to their Christmas greetings wishes for the New Year, sentiments everyone feels—"an end to it all."

Other festivities included a married families party and a carnival dance. Another big event has been a second Inter-Squad concert and again O.S. 29 just missed gaining the honours, yielding this time to O.S. 39, who put on a very original show.

A.W.B.

No. 2 Company

Many things have happened since our last notes. First and foremost our output is maintaining its usual standard of efficiency. New faces come and old faces go, but some of us hope that we shall stay here for ever.

Christmas festivities were many and varied. To judge by most faces, a Christmas Day every week would be their first wish.

Entertainments.—Our fortnightly dances go with a swing and we hear a rumour that the more serious side of entertainments has not been forgotten.

War Weapons Week.—Our Company are once again helping in a War Weapons Week; this time at a nearby village. More shining faces will appear behind a shop window, and we hope that we shall help the effort in no small way.

The attention of all readers is drawn to the CHANGE OF ADDRESS notice published on the front Editorial page.

Departures.—These are too numerous to mention individually, but we offer our congratulations to Lance Sergeant Walton and Lance Corporals Treckman and Kilner on their postings to an O.C.T.U. Good luck to them.

Answers to Correspondents.—C.B. Yes, we understand that your problem can be solved by applying to a certain Sergeant.

W.H.M.

No. 4 Company

How do you do, everybody! This is your old friend Dan calling. Being a trifle absent-minded last month, I neglected to pass on the customary festive greetings. Nevertheless, let me take this opportunity, on behalf of the Company, to wish all members of the Corps, both at home and overseas, a very bright and prosperous New Year. Despite the fact that it is late, believe me, it is none the less sincere.

Last month I occupied quite a lot of space in letting you know of the constitution of our Company cadre. In doing so I forgot to mention that we had one or two members of a Corps of Signals Unit here running a school for regimental signallers. Amongst them is Sergeant Perryman (ex-3rd Div.). We don't know how long they will be with us, but we sincerely hope that their stay so far has been an enjoyable one and will continue to be so.

Christmas Festivities.—From the trainees' point of view Reveille on Christmas Day will be a memorable one, in that they were awakened by the C.Q.M.S., who brought them all a nice cup of tea. They were really inclined to believe that the fairy tales they had heard from the old sweats were coming true. Then, of course, the other point of view was that he might have just arrived home with the milk. Shame on you, George. Anyway, the morning dragged on and while the Company were at church the senior N.C.O.s set about arranging the tables for dinner. Old Bill (Shaker) took on the roll of "Dear Mother" right up to the last minute. At 12.50 p.m. we sat down to the dinner and were honoured by visits from the Commandant and from the C.O. before we began. No doubt you all know what the "Christmas Dinner in Barracks" menu consists of, so I won't bother to tell you about it, but, nevertheless, some of us could hardly move after it had been devoured.

Many invitations were extended to the troops by the people of this town on Christmas Day, and I think all of them enjoyed themselves immensely.

Departures.—Recently we have lost both Lieutenant Ewen-Farrell and Lieutenant Gilchrist. To the latter we offer our heartiest congratulations on his commission. We wish them both the best of luck in their new Units.

Congratulations.—To Sergeant L. R. Verlander on his marriage to Miss S. M. White, on 23rd December. There is such a wide opinion on this decision in life that he does not know what to do when one chap wishes him the best of luck and the next one extends his profound sympathy. But still I don't think they really mean it, do you, chaps?

Sport.—We have not had much sport during the last month. We managed to beat No. 3 Company at soccer fairly easily, the score being 5—0.

Our Company is still very well represented in Battalion sport, especially hockey. So far the Battalion hockey team has only lost two games out of nine played.

Call of the Yid.—To "Effas" (2 Div.). "Would like to hear something about the Section. How about it? Verlander."

Having made myself breathless penning these notes, I think I'll conclude. So, until next month, cheerio, everybody! Happy landings!

VERLY BARRA JUNIOR.

Depot Battalion

After a struggle we now manage to get into the news again.

During December quite a few changes have taken place. Our Commanding Officer has left for fresh fields to conquer, and has taken the Adjutant with him. Our best wishes for the future go with them, and we all say, "Sorry to see you go." Our good wishes are extended to their successors.

C.S.M. Haystead has rejoined his Unit, complete with his moustache, and again we wish him all the best.

The Christmas dinner went off with a bang and a good spread was provided by our Cookery School experts; in fact, our pensioners said it compared favourably with any peace-time dinner. The Commanding Officer and officers were present in force, and the W.O.s and Sergeants did the service and did it in record time. Everyone drank each other's health, and the troops gave three lusty cheers for the C.O., and, without further prompting, sang the "Ballad" (Bless 'em All). After the dinner the Officers and Sergeants retired to the Sergeants' Mess and the health of the Sergeants was toasted by the Officers. Then the Sergeants fed, and what a feed they had. It was supervised by the Sergeant of Oz. After that the writer lost touch with events, but on coming round on Boxing Day, it was plain to see that everyone had had a good time.

Sergeants' Mess.—The members of the Sergeants' Mess send greetings for the New Year to all our comrades in other Messes throughout the Corps. To our old members who have strayed away, we send special words, and remind them that the chief word is still "Spitfire."

We had no salvage over Christmas as Sandbag Joe ate all the turkey bones.

Tim Kelly is still working out how he benefited by his promotion (if any). Congratulations to Bill Scott on attaining the rank of C.S.M. Old soldiers never die. Bill Clevett is shackled down and last but not least, "Up the Gardale Warriors!"

All sympathy to Sergeant Murray on his marriage. Wait until you have been married as long as I have, Bert; you will wonder.

Congratulations to C.S.M. Kennedy on his commission and posting. Our loss is someone's gain.

Who is the R.Q.M.S. who slept with the chickens?

Why has the R.S.M. and his pensioner pals decided to keep ducks next year?

"A" Company Depot Battalion

Life in general is proceeding apace. Work and sports are now in their allotted sphere and going very smoothly. The weather has been very unfavourable of late, but advantage is soon taken of it at the slightest opportunity. Christmas has come and gone, and the New Year has started, bringing with it a taste of the conditions we experienced at our abode of this time last year; our fervent hope is that it will not be so severe as then. The festivities were up to the usual standard and everybody voted that we had had a real good time.

Greetings.—We should like to extend to friends, past and present, heartiest good wishes for the coming year, and hope that everything in the garden is lovely.

Sport.—As already mentioned, our activities in this direction have been hampered by the weather, but we managed to get in two games of football, one against "B" Company, which we won 3—2, and the other against "D" Company, the result in this case being a draw 2—2.

Promotions and Appointments.—Congratulations to Lance Sergeants Ryan and Collins on joining the senior ranks; to Lance Corporals Alvin, Klein, Taylor, Prince and Fitzclark on having their patience rewarded—truth and virtue will out.

Departures.—Our deep regrets at losing our Entertainments and Gas Officer, 2nd Lieutenant D. A. St. J. Hollis, who has been sent to pastures new, and to Lieutenant G. Booth, who although not having left the Unit has, for the time being, forsaken the Company to take over the work of Unit Gas and Entertainments. Our best wishes go with them both. Also to Corporal Goldthorpe, our P.T. expert, who has gone to spread the health and beauty creed to those in need.

Marriages.—Congratulations are extended to Corporal Hind on having achieved his ambition. We hope he does not take Adolf's "Hints to married couples" too much to heart.

SEXTON.

"B" Company, Depot Battalion

We regret the absence of notes from this Company, but like the proverbial bad penny, we turn up again, fit and ready as ever, still "Goon" taming and as "Cocky" as ever.

We wish Bill Scott the best of luck in his new post as C.S.M., Drill and Duties. Sorry to lose you, Bill, but you had to go.

Sergeants Patterson and Trout departed from this Company for fields of glory. This Potential Officer business is a step in the right direction.

Children's Party.—A party for the children of members of the Unit living out was held on the afternoon of New Year's Eve. The Vicar, the Rev. G. H. Marshall, M.A., D.S.O., with his usual kindness, allowed us the use of the Church Street School, and by the time Sergeant Blake and his merry men had laid down their ladders and scissors, and almost their lives, even the Vicar failed to recognise the Church Street Schools.

There were about fifty children, and they brought their mothers with them. There was an enormous tea, a Christmas tree, a conjurer, games, balloons and squeakers. And there was the real, genuine Father Christmas, fresh from the Emerald Isle, complete with boots, gum, P.A.D. We only wish that S.S.M. Kelly had been there to see him.

Each child received a present, and the Depot Dance Band saw to it that the musical chairs for mothers were truly musical. They played during the whole afternoon. Our thanks go to them and to all who helped to make the party a success.

"D" Company, Depot Battalion

Just before Christmas we said "good-bye and good luck" to C.S.M. Haystead, who had been with the Company since its formation. C.S.M. "All I did there" Payne has now taken his place, coming straight from the D. & D.s, where many who have both come and gone on that Course will remember seeing him last.

Christmas and New Year were celebrated appropriately by everyone in the Company, and by no one more so than by Joe Footitt, the "Cycling Clerk" and his mate Syd.

This, the latest formed of the Companies, now seems to be fairly established under Captain Wade. Many of the original attached N.C.O.s still remain, one of whom, Lance Sergeant "Nick" Carter, has the makings of a second Sherlock Holmes, and his memories may one day include "The man behind a P.A.D. blanket," but the case of the missing binoculars has yet to be solved; we hope, however, to print further details of this so far unsolved mystery in our next instalment.

Howler.—Pay Clerk to Recruit: "Was your wife a spinster before marriage?"

Recruit: "No, she worked in a sheet metal works."

3rd General Trades Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

General.—Congratulations and thanks are offered by all to those who helped to make the Christmas such an enjoyable and happy one in the circumstances. It was a pleasure to go to the Messroom and watch the men's faces as they saw the Christmas fare. It was said by many that a better dinner could not have been had at home. Now that is all over and we have once again got used to the constant clicking of typewriters and ringing of bells—bless them.

An interesting experience can be had each evening by going to the Police Room and observing our Provost Sergeant (Lance Sergeant Hawthorne) sitting with an ice pack on his head and the table covered with numerous manuals and regulations, swotting far into the night for the P.A.D. Course to which he is proceeding shortly. Good luck, Paddy!

So Signalman Warren (Jimmy) has received his ticket at last, even though it was not quite the one he expected. But then, what is a slight "overdraft" after all?

Arrivals.—All new arrivals are welcomed into the fold to which the helping hand is gladly given.

Departures.—We all wish Signalman Mackay, who has ventured into fresh fields, every success in his new environment.

Congratulatory.—Sincerest good wishes are extended to Signalman Stroud, who is shortly to get into double harness. He will soon be keeping his own documents. Housekeeping ones.

Who's Who.—What Lance Corporal in the Pay Office is running round in circles wondering whether it is going to be a little soldier or a little A.T.S.?

Who was it that asked the R.S.M. whether he would like a "permanent" leave pass?

Regards in haste. Cheerio until next month!

TAFF.

No. 1 (Line) Company

Further to our notes of last month, here are more details of the staff as follows: Corporals Burrows, Butcher, Bain, Finch, Greening, Hawkin, Hewitt, Hambley, Rawlinson, Lance Corporals Farley, Goodwin, Hall, Heath, Storrie, Hymas, Jones, Mathews, Wilson. More next month.

Sergeants' Mess.—There has been plenty of activity in the Sergeants' Mess; in fact, it is getting quite civilised. One often finds Sam burning the midnight oil (and drinking it) in the small room. There are lovers in the box room sighing to the strains of the radio, while there are cries of "jammy" from the sawdust end, as the darts are taken from the target area. Nuff said.

"Can I get leave?"

"I want to see the pay bloke."

The hotel has now been fitted with central heating, and at times gets quite warm, and even on occasions, hot. Congratulations to Topper Brown (poor fellow); he's been and gone and done it! If anyone is thinking of doing the same, consult me; I have one wife too many. Also to "Daddy" Jim Hill, on the birth of a daughter. To the other Jimmy, "Sweat off."

S.S.M. Fox has left us for a higher sphere. It is untrue that the drivers subscribed to give him a "do," but his health has been drunk in the "local."

Every Monday we have a visit from Mr. Stone. He always has a fine story, and a different theory of how to win the war. If only they would listen to Pip I'm sure it wouldn't last long.

This month, dance bands are "taboo."

So cheerio until next time.

JACKO.

No. 3 (Workshop) Company

The picture of a Sergeant-Major wearing a maid's apron and answering languid calls of "Boy" is not often seen, but as a sketch it was the hit of the evening when our concert party made its debut before an appreciative audience just previous to Christmas. True, the sketch was only one depicting a dream of things we would like to see, and as the Sergeant Major remarked in response to the applause which greeted his sporting appearance in such a role, "I shall not be the boy to-morrow."

Apart from this effort the entertainment was a thoroughly enjoyable prelude to the Christmas festivities and reflected great credit on the producers and all who took part.

Guest artists for the latter part of the evening were Dorothy Holbrook and her Harmony Hussars, who were appearing at a local theatre and their show made a pleasing wind-up to an evening which augurs well for the future when our concert party gets more into its stride.

Festivities were carried on over Christmas and, apart from the abundance of good things in the Mess, many members of the Company thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of the local inhabitants.

One particular item of good news received by the Company just before Christmas was the award of the M.C. to our popular

Commander, Lieutenant G. H. Metson, who has since received promotion to the rank of Captain, and to whom we offer our heartiest congratulations.

The "blitz" on the seasonable good things left many of us with persistent "hangovers" for a day or two, but once the New Year had been appropriately, and none too quietly, let in, we speedily returned to normal duties again.

Practice makes perfect it is said, and some of us are becoming quite adept at sliding down "greasy poles" during the day or night. Some of us, however, prefer to use the more dignified methods of descent by way of the stairs. We should, at least, be well taught, as we number 60 ex-school teachers among our ranks.

Since our last notes we have welcomed Lieutenant J. Pearson, who has quickly made his presence felt as Sports and Entertainments Officer. Under his guidance the rugby team in particular looks like being well cared for in the way of fixtures.

No. 4 (M.T.) Company

General.—For many members of the Company the Christmas just celebrated was a novelty. For some it was their first with the Army on active service, and for others their first Yorkshire Christmas.

Christmas Day itself opened in the Company with a Church Parade. After this we were privileged to see a display of motor cycle control by Corporal Hayhurst—privileged because he is internationally known as "Robbie" Hayhurst, and has toured Russia, Belgium, and Germany, giving thrilling displays which those people paid real money to see—and we saw for nothing!

For most of his demonstrations Corporal Hayhurst used a 600 cc. Douglas of standard design, plus a few gadgets, and on this he did everything but climb in at the carburettor and out of the exhaust pipe. The smaller machine used, a 175 c.c. Triumph, was rather a freak. As he explained, Corporal Hayhurst used this machine for stage work, and has modified it to comply with stage safety regulations. Petrol in liquid form is not allowed on the stage, so a container was fitted filled with cotton wool soaked in petrol, a tube ran from this to the carburettor, of which only the slides are used. The machine, besides being easily manœuvrable—by Corporal Hayhurst—in a small space, is also quite speedy.

For his final demonstration, Corporal Hayhurst fitted a nine-foot ladder to the Douglas and climbed up and down this while controlling the machine steadily. The display over, there was a stampede for the festive board.

As is the Army custom, this was the men's day, and Senior N.C.O.s turned waiter for the occasion. An excellent dinner was provided, but some disappointment was felt that, owing to the fact that our dining room is in a Sunday School, beer was not allowed on the premises. The large barrel which had been ogled so expectantly had to be reserved for another occasion.

A number of local families each invited two or three soldiers to spend Christmas Day with them. The fact that we had some difficulty in filling all of these kind invitations seemed to indicate that the lads were confident of a good time on their own. No doubt they also looked forward to telling the Sergeants to "get a move on with the turkey." Those who did accept invitations out thoroughly enjoyed themselves, even if they were a little surprised to find that in Yorkshire, Christmas cake is eaten with cheese.

The New Year.—New Year's Eve was marked by an extra successful Company dance. (These are a regular local event now, and we have many regular supporters.)

There was an unmistakable Scottish atmosphere as midnight approached—it wasn't coming from the bar, long since, alas, closed—and when the dance concluded, a few of us, endowed by nature with the necessary dark complexions, and armed for the occasion with a piece of coal and a sixpence, set off to keep "first-footing" appointments. It is as well to make a reconnaissance before going "first-footing," for what is the use of knocking at the door, just after midnight, of someone who doesn't understand this charming custom, or who is not at his best at this hour, or worse still, has no usquebaugh in the house. Hence the appointments.

Smoker.—Sergeant Walker and Driver Wellesley have been talent-scouting to some purpose in the Company, and on the evening of New Year's Day put on a very entertaining smoking concert. Driver Wellesley, who recently played the lead so well is a local production of "The Wind and the Rain," and who knows the ways of the theatre, was of great assistance. There appears to be a sort of theatrical freemasonry which enabled him to go about borrowing props, costumes, and even artistes from theatres in the town.

Of our local discoveries, Driver Turner R. gave an excellent rendering of a Bransby Williams' monologue. Driver Norris, made up very convincingly as a sweet young thing, was mistaken for the genuine article by someone who should have known much better, but escaped in time to take his part in a boy-and-girl number with Signalman Hurst.

Thanks are due to the two members of the Operators' Training Battalion concert party who helped to complete a very full and amusing bill. Even the loss of the only copy of the programme did not stop the show from going with a swing. The barrel of beer, tapped and spiled at last, was appreciated, too, for "Hi-diddle-de-di, an actor's life is dry," as they might have sung in "Pinnochio."

Promotions.—Congratulations to Corporal Hayhurst on his promotion. "Robbie" is becoming a regular feature of this column. At this rate he'll be R.S.M. by the July issue.

NOBBY.

3rd Holding Battalion

We've been at it again. This hardening training is a bit excessive in parts, don't you think?

Up on the snow-covered moors with fogs all around and an elusive enemy who throws tear gas grenades from behind walls without warning, and the usages and customs of civilised warfare gone to pot, too. I can tell you our blood is thoroughly up. A dastardly enemy patrol misdirected the tea lorry and when we got the tea, if it wasn't cold it was darn near it, or perhaps the Corporal in charge couldn't read a map!

Still we had a whale of a time marching about over the moors. Pity the snow wasn't on the map though. Some of us might have found our way better. It is rumoured that Mr. Wade had to live up to his name. Was it thigh deep or only up to the arm pits?

Heaven knows what the back-of-beyond village thought when they saw sixty weird-looking coves wearing cap-comforters descend on them! And to complete the picture, two of them were conversing loudly in German. It's a wonder the Home Guard didn't turn out.

At least one warrant officer suffered a bitter disappointment. After considerable trouble in igniting a demonstration bomb, with all sorts of fearsome instructions on the outside, and retiring rapidly to the 30 yards "minimum safety distance," he was rewarded by a sharp crack like the discharge of a .22 rifle.

The man who got the greatest impression of realism was he who popped his head up out of a hole in time to receive on his helmet a descending gas grenade. He was unhurt but he wept tears of mortification.

The finest sight of all was forty prisoners—minus rifles—being marched down the road and completely overawed by a Lance Corporal armed with a grenade which had lost its fuse!

They say that Sergeant Jolly lived up to his name on this exercise, but what did his partner Powner think about it?

I don't remember seeing Sergeant Doran, but somebody told me that he ran on ahead of his Section for nearly two miles to ensure that the trucks would not fall into a trap.

Personalities.—Congratulations to Lieutenant (Quartermaster) F. Tebbs, M.B.E., D.C.M., on completing six years' commissioned service. Take a breath—the first seventy years are the worst.

We do have some ups and downs in this life. I met a Sergeant a little while ago and, thinking to indulge in some polite conversation, said, "Haven't you a brother in the Unit, a Lance Corporal?" He replied, "Oh, no, that was me—yesterday."

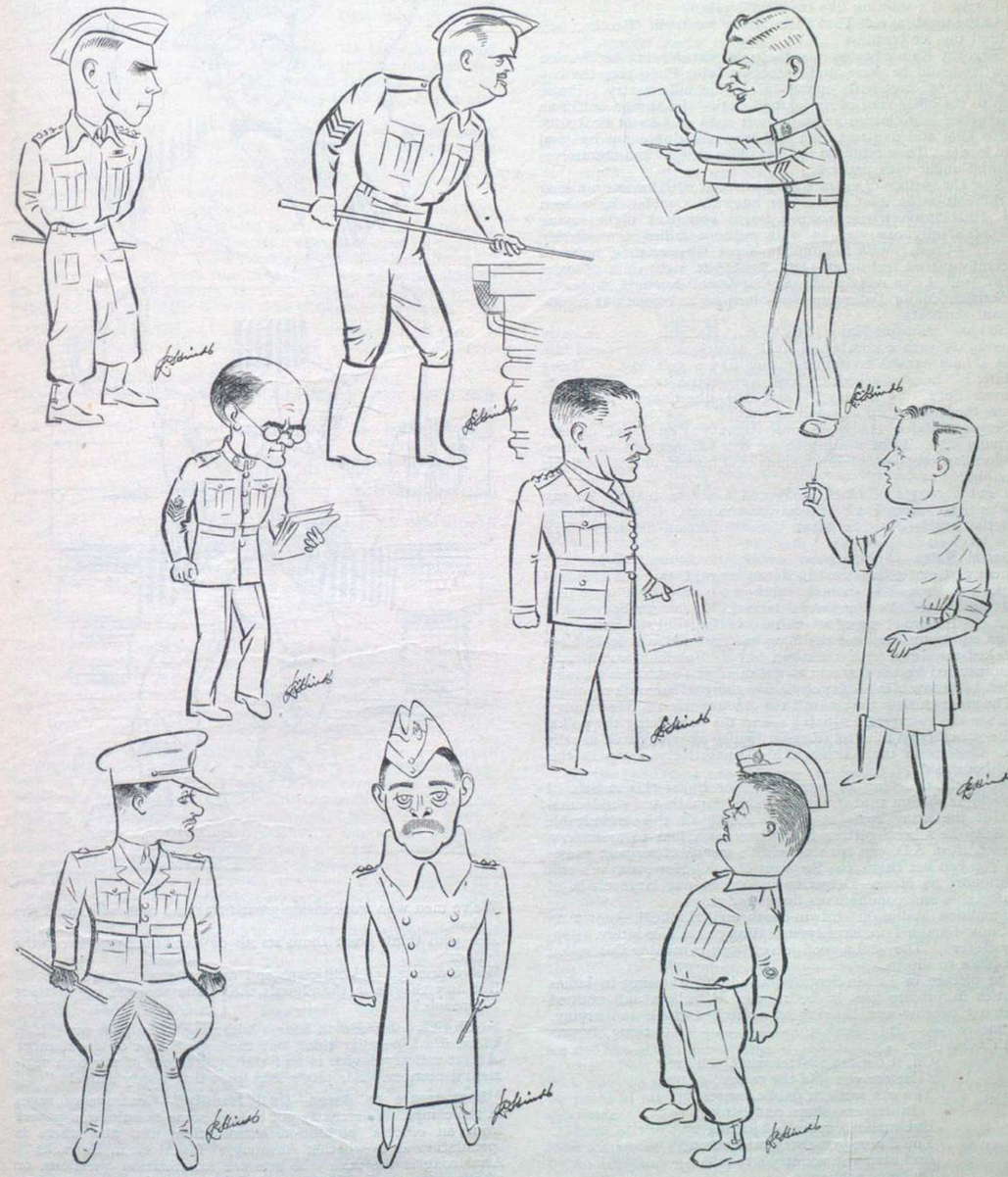
I wonder whether it has ever occurred to the man who sorts out the N.C.O.s for Sections that a certain amount of euphony would produce better results. You know what I mean—a sort of Dickens and Jones, or Swears and Wells effect!

Take, for instance, Upfold and Dickson—a good rolling combination that slips neatly off the tongue. But what man with an ear for rhythm could have put McBrinn and Williams together when there was a chance of McBrinn and McLaren; and Williams, Wilcox and Walsh!

The acid test has been the snow clearing we've had to do lately. We must have shifted tons of snow between us. The inhabitants of at least one little hamlet were as pleased as Punch when a

NO. 3 (WORKSHOPS) COMPANY PERSONALITIES

SOME IMPRESSIONS BY L. A. HINDS



military head was thrust through the snow and spoke to them in pure Cockney. The first head, not belonging to a member of the family, that they had seen for two days.

Anyway the point is that snow shovelling soon proved who was who. Bent backs and a strong disinclination to sudden movement showed those who " couldn't take it "!

And after having cleared many miles of moorland road, even as I write it's snowing like the devil again.

As the locals say, " That there Hitler's a devil. I reckon he's behind this ice business."

Sergeant Kennedy deserves the palm for showing his Section how it should be done, and Sergeant-Major Pope gets the cup for directing large-scale operations in the hill-country. Praise also to the office staff of six learned clerks who turned out in an emergency and cleared an important road of a snow drift fifty yards long and five feet high and who also dug out a bus and two lorries. They returned to their office only to find themselves snowed under with paper.

Now the surface of every road is covered with ice and walking is difficult as at least one officer knows! Could it have been Mr. Hutchinson whose voice I heard one dark night saying " There's only one way to walk without falling over on icy roads "—Crash! " By heavens." Short silence, then noise of carefully-placed feet again—left, right, left, right, left. Crash! " Oh, well, I can manage on my hands and knees, I suppose."

Sergeant-Major Dallimore has joined us and gone out to one of our outposts.

So has Sergeant-Major Stockton. He was seen recently moving off with a number of small haversacks slung round him and a long canvas container rather like a golf bag. " Going fishing ? " he was asked. " Yes, for electric eels. This is an Eleven Set ! " " Blimey ! " said the questioner, " I didn't know they folded up as small as that ! "

Sergeant-Major Hardy is now Deputy Fire Chief of this thriving city. I am waiting to see him skipping up and down ladders carrying damsels down slung over his left, or is it his right, shoulder.

I got a couple of black looks and a severe censure for my reference to " Sergeant " Walshaw last month. However, I now put that right—for " Sergeant " read " Section Leader." May I be forgiven ?

Social Notes.—Funny how our habits change. When our dances first started we used to dance languid, slow foxtrots and modern waltzes and synthetic rumbas. Last week I went to a Unit dance and saw the Veleta danced. Then somebody asked for a Boston two-step and after that a polka ; but when they put on an eightsome reel and the floor was crowded you could have knocked me down with a ten-ton lorry. Bateman would have been inspired by the reaction to the man who asked for a tango. When I last saw him he was obviously going to borrow a revolver.

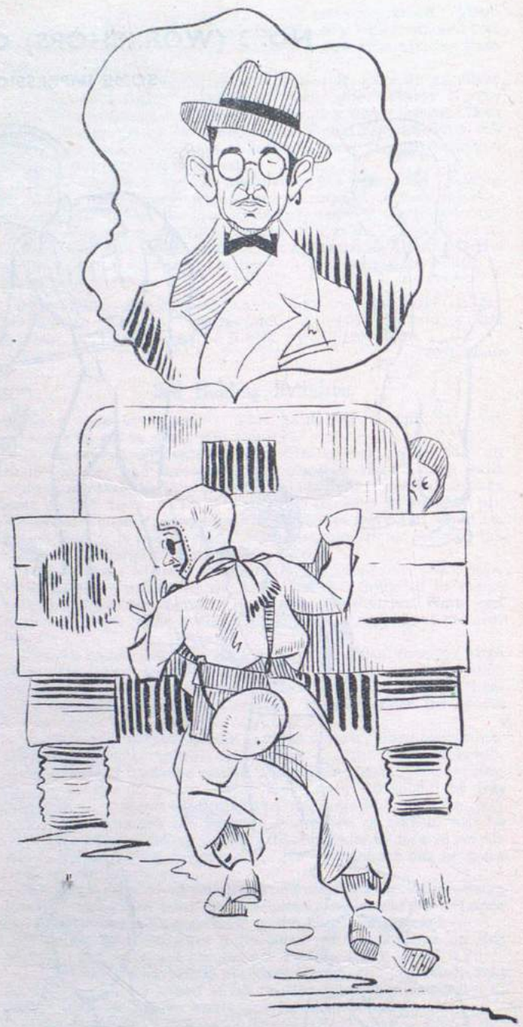
The great thing is that it isn't the old 'uns who do these things. You see the youngsters slipping round the floor doing the polka, and not nearly so mindful of their dignity as young folk usually are. Lessons in the Lancers are comparatively cheap in this neighbourhood.

We ought to let up on Sergeant-Major Baker this month. I know he is so thin that it excites public remark and condemnation of the army scale of rations ; but all this undesirable publicity he's been getting lately has worn him to a shadow. In fact, if an S.D. cap with no visible means of support passes you you can bet that's the Sergeant Major. However, he's still functioning as House Detective in one of our large chain of comfortable and commodious hotels (advt.).

Signalmen Mallinson, Edwin-Scott and Hadfield, known as the Snow-Plough Trio, have been skating on thin ice lately. (Oh, very clever !) They did a good job of work in making this valley a fit place to slip in.

The picture of Edwin-Scott (who admits to being in ladies mantles in private life) in bedraggled Balaclava and stained greatcoat tugging and heaving at a ditched truck and saying, " Come on —— it ! Push the —— —— —— thing ! " was worth treasuring.

Oh, it doesn't matter what you are
  Before you join the ranks ;
You can work in public houses,
  In drapers' shops and banks ;
But within a month of joining up
You'll give you civvy manners up
And earn you country's thanks
By being soldiers.



We've men who work inside great firms and men who mind the door,
Men who think great thoughts all day and men who sweep the floor ;
We've priests and politicians and rate-collectors, too,
But now they're in the Signals their main thought is " Getting through."

Still, it's a bit odd to hear a labouring Signalman say " You know, it's a peculiar thing but the square root of the number of that railway engine is half the square root of my own regimental number. For pity's sake pass that ruddy shovel ! "

Shakespeare or Bacon—Dual Identity ?—Controversy rages in the camp. We recently got hold of some examination papers from an officers' promotion examination, and now there is speculation as to whether Anthony (" Livestock in Barracks ") Armstrong is the man who sets the examination questions, or whether the Staff Officer responsible for setting the questions

makes an income on the side of writing under the name of A.A., or whether there is no connection at all.

Eager protagonists of the one view point out the similarity in the names of characters. Others say that that is pure coincidence and that the Lieutenant Swordfrog of examination papers behaves in an entirely different way from the Lieutenant Swordfrog of " Warriors at Ease." This is eagerly seized upon by the opposition, who say, " Hah ! but you know every officer has a public and private line of behaviour." " That only shows the writer's intimate knowledge of his subject."

Look at our own Lieutenant Scabbard. He takes an interest in humane killing and rabbit trapping in private life and has even read papers on the subject to learned societies. Yet what a bloodthirsty inhuman brute you would think him if you saw him training his Section.

And take Captain Cable—a nice, sedate, quiet officer going about the daily task without fuss. But when he gets into a car it turns into a dangerous projectile and the Mess staff say that last guest night he tried to strangle the M.O. just to prove that something a Japanese told him in Saigon in 1923 was true.

Then again there's Captain Bayonet. They say Mrs. Bayonet never asks him to take anything home or post a letter because he always forgets. But if he meets a solitary soldier on top of a moorland hill he says, "Aren't you 232746r Signalman Butt ? "

However, arising from the argument, we have decided to give " Examination Paper " or "A.A." names (according to our point of view) to all our Officers and W.O.s and Sergeants.

So there's Sergeant-Major Gaiter who is fair and thin on top,
And there's Sergeant-Major Pull-through who's at every village " hop,"
  And there's Sergeant-Major Barrell who is stout ;
Then there's Sergeant-Major Guyline who is tall and rather narrow,
And whose blue-eyed open features thrill the ladies to their marrow,
  And there's Sergeant-Major Backsight who can shout.

There's Quartermaster-Sergeant Webbing who glares above his specs,
And makes those who dare to " try it on " feel the rope around their necks,
  Quartermaster-Sergeant Topee who says " NO ! "
There's Provost-Sergeant Handcuff who is tall and rather dour,
He follows suspects over hills and dales by what is known as spoor,
  And Sergeant P. T. Jumper who says " Once more—GO ! "

There is at least one Sergeant who's name I wouldn't change,
You'd never find a name more apt however wide you range
  In the list of Ordnance Stores both great and humble ;
For the man in charge of Transport that has seen its better days
And is strung up, wired up, faked up, in a multitude of ways,
  Who better than a man called Sergeant Rumble ?

I had hoped to include mention of several wins by our football or rugby teams, but so far we have had to content ourselves with an occasional win, in spite of the respective efforts of soccermen like Signalman Wilkinson, Lance Corporal Watts, or ruggermen " Blossom," Lance Corporal Jones or " Taffy " Davies. I believe that wins by either of our teams would be assured, if it was not for duties having first call on some of our players. However, that's as good an excuse as any.

The battalion dance band has now a name of good repute, and consequently our twice-weekly dances are well attended. The local gals come to hear our singster, " Pete " Slaven, who, as our resident crooner, is second to none (in this battalion). One of our trumpeters (no names, no short pay) has, we fear, become " attached " to some fair local lady (" I.W." to your trooper) Lance Corporal Walters, the accordionist, has taken the vital step—yes, he's now a married man. Congratulations, to you, Corporal, and the " missus." Signalman Gould, our pianist devotes all his talents to his piano-playing, and is the undoubted " leader of the band." Signalmen McKenzie (banjoist), McArthur (violin), Rennie (drums) and Marks (sax.) complete the combination. Corporal Taylor J., who was our M.C., has now departed from the Unit. His organising qualities were of the best, and our good wishes go with him for the work done while stationed here.

Salvage ! Salvage ! Save the nation !
The hero of the Station
  Is the man who goes about preventing waste ;
Whether razor blade or carton,
It's enough to make a start on,
  Don't in thoughtless hurry cast it from you in your haste
For his eagle eye will spot it
And for certainty I wot it
  You'll receive his censure loudly in full blast ;
Every mite we save or littler,
Is a blow against old Hitler,
  And he salves the most it's true who salves the last.

Our concert party is being pressed to stage another show. Lance Corporal Connell mentions that he has a good programme in the making. Lance Corporal Walker, the joint producer, a man of varied talents, ranging from the ushering-in of former O.C.T.U. candidates to his playing the bass violin, will no doubt be to the fore again. Our A.T.S. who helped with our last show will, I hope, play a bigger part in our new show.

Our Sunday night concerts, given by concert parties from the surrounding districts, are always well attended. Each interval sees a multitude of helpers careering around, "Any more refreshments, please ? " All free, too, thanks to our P.R.I. The intervals are invariably followed by community singing, but due to some unknown fear, many fail to put their best into this effort. Perhaps a good suggestion would be for our W.O.s and Sergeants to form some kind of choir to lead off. One can well imagine C.S.M. Morley as a tenor, or Sergeant Robinson as a bass, with Sergeant Pickard to support whichever is the weaker side.

Sing hi ! Sing ho !
Sing sweet and low,
  Forget your inhibition ;
With a vo-de-oh-do,
Give it all you know
  In male voice choir tradition.

For, led by a choir of W.O.s
With voices of range and beauty,
Bass, tenor, baritone and falsettos !
When you know the way the chorus goes
To sing is your only duty.

Educational.—Our Evening Classes for use by men of the Battalion and civilians are, we claim, an original idea. These were instituted by 2nd Lieutenant Green, whose efforts got the classes well on their way, before leaving the Unit. There are in all fourteen subjects, commercial and technical, all being taught by men of the Battalion, and many are becoming conversant with subjects which they had little chance to study in civilian life.

Promotions.—Congratulations to Corporal Burns on receiving his second stripe. Remember other notorious men who were one-time Corporals. Also to Signalmen Priestley and Reece on their becoming Lance Corporals. To Sergeant Cressey on receiving his third stripe, and Corporal Easter his second.

" THE SQUIRREL."

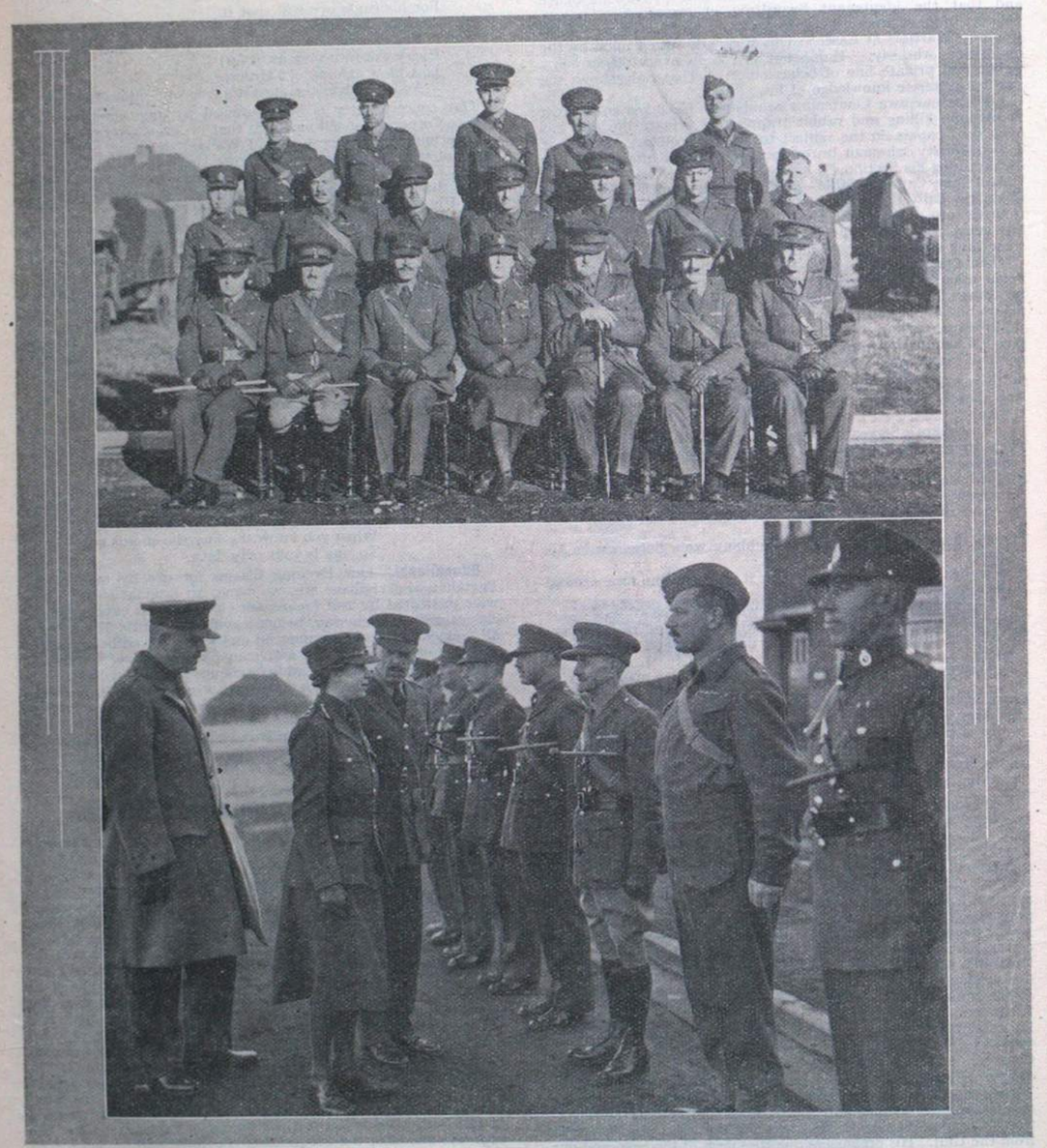
— Command Signals, Wiltshire

By the time these notes appear, six months will have elapsed since the creation of —— Command Signals as a Unit and stock may well be taken of the not inconsiderable progress achieved. At the outset it is difficult to appreciate the immensity of the task of bringing together a number of units, each of separate entity, and merging them into one unified and self-contained whole. Many problems have to be faced and not the least of these is the bringing together of officers, N.C.O.s and men for the first time to work, live and find relaxation together often under trying conditions. That the result should merit the warm praise of Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal after her inspection of the Unit as Colonel-in-Chief of Royal Signals is a tribute to the work of all concerned. Indeed, this much-prized commendation is but the culminating point of the series of congratulations from High Officials visiting the Command.

The credit for this happy state of affairs must go, in the main, to our C.O. It is very doubtful if a new command could have been formed at a more difficult time, since it coincided with the opening of the " blitz " and the serious threat of invasion. That the task was one after the C.O.'s heart is evident and he has spared no pains in his efforts to bring the unit to the highest pitch of efficiency.

Many of the personnel of the various Sections have already seen service in France and elsewhere and these have proved to be an excellent nucleus upon which to build. New-comers to

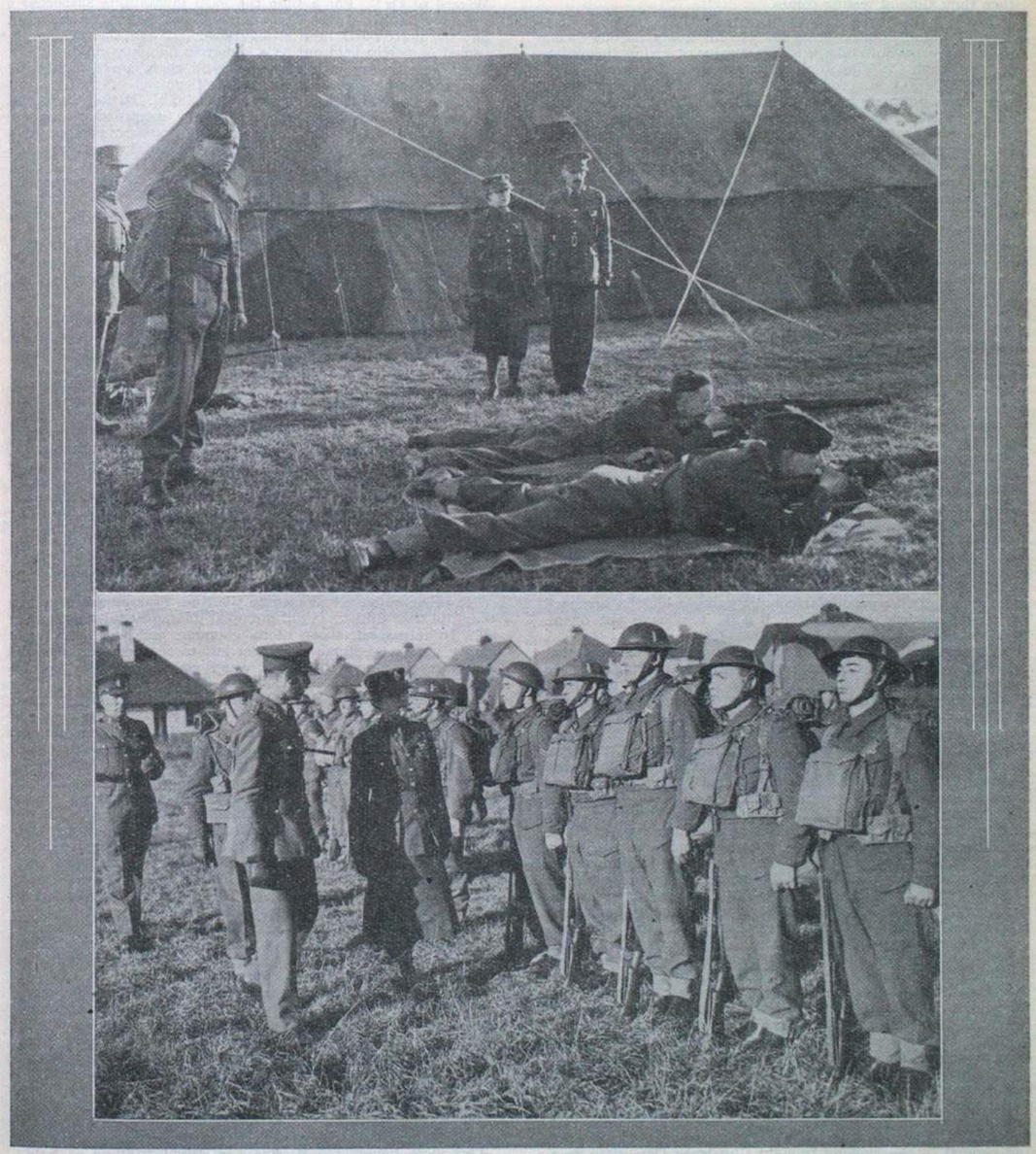
— COMMAND SIGNALS, WILTSHIRE



Above—H.R.H. with Officers of the Unit and G.O.C. Southern Command, and H.M. Inspector of Signals

Below—The presentation of the Officers by the Commanding Officer
Right to left: R.S.M. Crummey, Lt. (Q.M.) Cozens, Capt. Johnson (Signal Master) Major Rogers (O.C. 2 Company), Major Lodder (O.C. 1 Company), Major Atterton (O.C. 3 Company)

VISIT OF THE COLONEL-IN-CHIEF, H.R.H. PRINCESS ROYAL



Above—H.R.H. watches rifle instruction under Sergeant Airdrie

Below—H.R.H. Inspects the Guard of Honour

the Corps have received both inspiration and useful knowledge at first hand in the experience of those who took part in the epic of Dunkirk—knowledge which will stand them in good stead when their time of testing comes.

The whole Command is proud of the C.Q.M.S. of No. 2 Company, C.Q.M.S. Stanley—" Spike " to his many friends—while No. 2 Company now take the opportunity of giving themselves airs as though the whole Company, jointly and severally, were awarded the D.C.M. instead of " Spike." It is very difficult to get any information from him on the subject, but the bare bones of the story is that during the evacuation from Dunkirk his Section was being severely harassed by Jerry from the air until the position was almost untenable. Obtaining from somewhere, in the manner peculiar to " Q " staffs, a machine gun, he ordered the Section to take cover and set up the gun in the middle of a field, from whence he proceeded to strafe the " Not-so-gentle " Hun, until the Nazi airmen, thinking that discretion the better part of valour, faded away. " Spike " explains the whole thing away by saying that he " lost his temper." The sympathy of the Unit, too, is extended to him. A few short weeks before Dunkirk he married a French lass after a typically hurricane wooing. Their happiness was short lived and when the full fury of the Nazi hordes swept across the Low Countries they were parted. All trace of her was gone and it was not until September that news came by way of the Red Cross that C.Q.M.S. Stanley's wife was safe and well in Nazi-occupied France. May their reunion be a speedy one.

With the approach of winter, considerable attention has been paid to the question of recreational training and to entertainment. Football is very popular and the Command is lucky in the possession of some very fine footballing talent. Not the least of these is Corporal Stan Edmundson, late of Walthamstow Avenue. With an almost equal number of Scots and Englishmen is the Command the rivalry is very keen.

The very kindly action on the part of two ladies in the village of placing at the disposal of the men a large and comfortable room for use as a " quiet room " is very much appreciated. The Home Guard, too, have shown their high sense of comradeship by lending their hall for several concerts given by the Unit and arranged by the P.R.I. Concerts have been given by members of the very popular concert party which is arranged by the local authority and the R.A.F., too, have put on an excellent show.

A unit dance band is in the process of being born—an operation which is attended by a certain amount of pain, judging from the sounds issuing from the N.A.A.F.I. on Sunday mornings. Provost Sergeant Woodyard is on the drums. It seems that even in his off moments he is unable to dissociate himself from the question of " Time." Stan Burton, now a Don R., star of Van Dam's famous broadcasting orchestra from the Trocadero, Elephant and Castle, is playing the piano accordion, while another Don R. and broadcaster, Dai Hopkins, will, given suitable encouragement, become vocal.

Unfortunately, the grimmer side of war has not passed the unit by. Some of the Sections have responded nobly to the call, and have done sterling work in restoring communications in a nearby bombed area. Our sympathy is extended to all members of the Command whose homes have suffered from enemy action.

The Christmas festivities went with a swing—especially as Sergeant Kelly was N.C.O. i/c radiogram. (Rumour has it that the output of this particular instrument was around 3,000,000 watts). The most popular item was the morning football match between Officers and Sergeants. This was " played " in fancy dress and the officers affected dress directly concerned with casualties. It was not at all clear if they were worried about the results of the match upon their aged limbs, or whether the M.O. had been entrusted with the task of wardrobe mistress. C.Q.M.S. Stanley was positively ravishing as a blonde, but an even more careful study of Maidenform advertisements would have added to his glamour. Dinner, too, was a great success and everybody's thanks were due to Corporal Young and the cookhouse staff for a fine job of work. The C.O.'s greetings were heartily reciprocated and his hope that the next Yuletide would find the world at peace found an echo in every heart. A social and concert in the evening brought Christmas Day, 1940, to a happy and successful conclusion.

The Command covers a wide area and many of the detachments are scattered so that they might almost be classed as outposts of the Empire. It is hoped that news of their views and activities will in future be incorporated in these notes.

Our young officer i/c Don R.s has invented a new and wonderful suit of protective clothing for motor cycling and its premiere happened to coincide with the re-booking of the film of " The Wizard of Oz." For a time the local inhabitants suspected a publicity tie-up between this command and the cinema manager, but the matter has been straightened out and the officer concerned is merely held out as a threat to naughty children.

Needless to say in a new command there are a number of things we would like to know, among them :

The make of the bike affected by C.S.M. Barker since this paragon of all the virtues, according to its proud owner will almost go up hill under its own steam. (Advertisers please copy !)

Which member of the " Q " staff uses lipstick ; ash trays are so enlightening.

Which was the braver action on the part of the second-in-command—being one of the last officers to leave Dunkirk, or acting as compere to a certain unit concert with a very large attendance.

We are indebted to the personality in " Q " branch for " taking a very poor view of " things in general, and we hope to derive a certain sorry pleasure from the same exercise. Indeed this month

We take a very poor view of—the M.O.'s action in replacing No. 9's by one big white pill and seven small ones, calling the issue Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, because they whistle while they work !

A substantial portion of a Messerschmidt brought down nearby now adorns an Irish Sergeant's tent and one of his Section was proudly displaying a portion of the tail which he had removed with his can-opener blade. On this was painted three R.A.F. circles with a date against each—presumably our machines claimed by the Nazi. When one of his colleagues asked if he was not stopped from taking the souvenir, he was more than surprised by the reply " No, but the guard did tell me not to kick up such a bally row ! "

— Command Signals, Yorkshire

Now that we have had snow in the New Year we are all rather thankful that Christmas did not wear its traditional mantle after all. In retrospect, shorn of its glamour, and with only half-empty bottles of stomach powder left to sharpen the memory, it's quite clear now that snow would only have added to our difficulties.

Not that difficulties were the order of the day on The Day. In fact, the service which the Officers and Sergeants gave us was quite Ritzy, and it would be unkind to wonder whether the fact that the signal office relief having still to be wary of the clock, Christmas Day or not, had anything to do with it. Our cooks fairly rose to the occasion, and I can plainly see now that it was bad policy to " pass the hat " before the meal had got under way, instead of waiting until the mellowing influence had made itself felt, because some people still seem to have an exaggerated idea of the value of a button. It doesn't even ring true, and you can't blame it, ex Montague Burton, Leeds, with four punched holes.

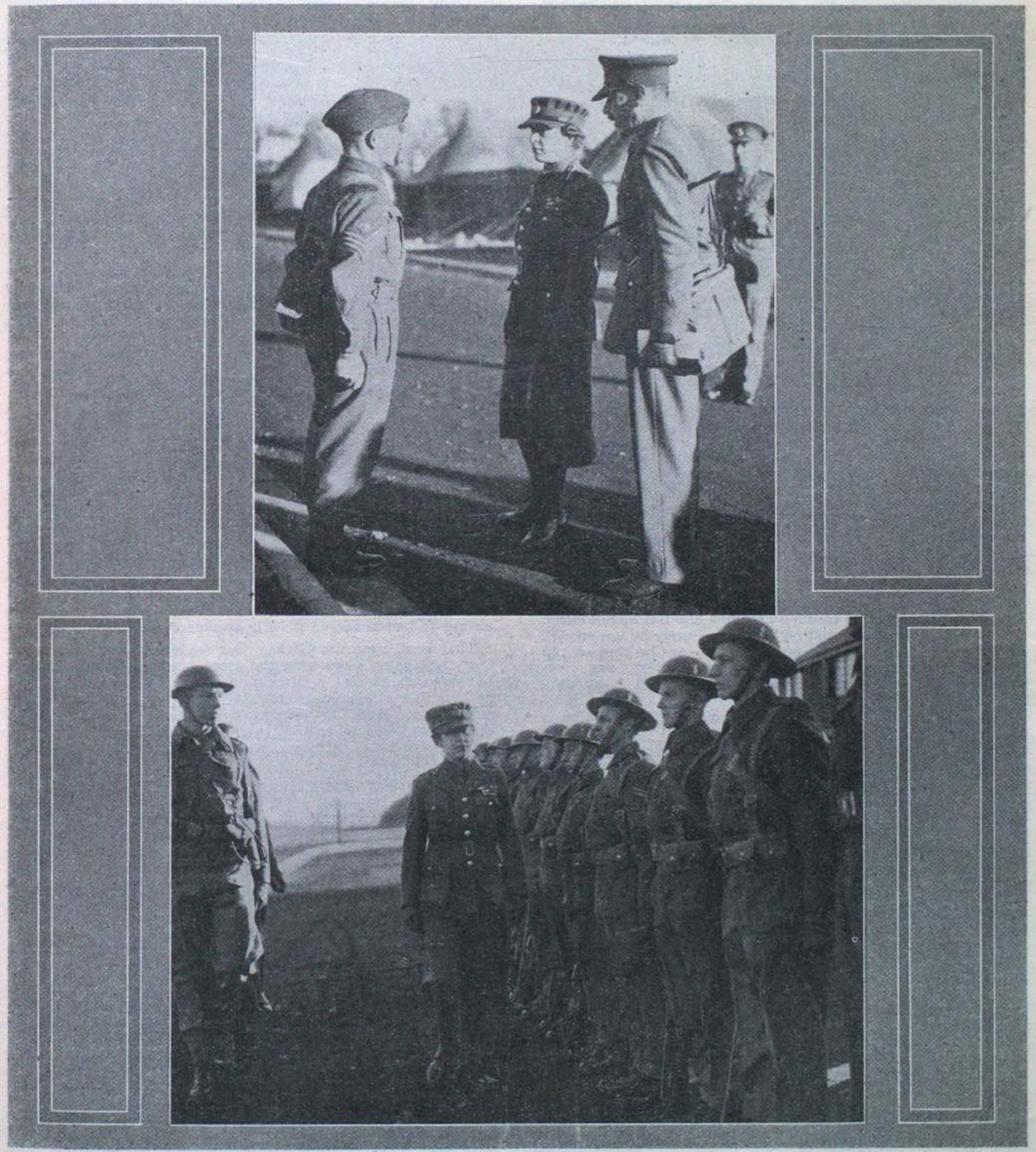
We would congratulate " Sieg Heil Sammy " on his *ersatz* metal polish. We didn't know that " Cherry Fizz " did *that* to metal ! Neither did Sammy till Christmas dinner, when he drank minerals from his tin bowl. He should have a metal lining to his stomach which should tide him over many Christmas repasts.

On 23rd December the Sergeants' Mess were hosts to the young people of the Unit. Personally I had an opportunity of testing my own adult reactions to a children's party, and matching them with those of the bachelor members of the Officers' Mess, who " popped in for a minute " just after tea, and lingered on to play musical chairs, so that the kiddies must also have " It " —in a minor key shall we say.

Mrs. C. L. Wicks, wife of our second-in-command, was a charming hostess, with plenty of assistance from other officers' ladies, and the wife of the Chief Signal Officer with her daughter.

Our most benign C.S.M. was a sartorial triumph as Santa Claus, and being a modest man I am sure I detected a blush spreading from behind the whiskers when he was cheered as he entered the room lugging a huge sack (courtesy of the G.P.O.), and trailing his sledge, a baker's tray (without the kind permission of a firm of caterers).

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS CONTINUES HER TOUR OF THE WILTSHIRE COMMAND



Above—The Commanding Officer presents C.Q.M.S. Stanley, recently awarded the D.C.M., to Her Royal Highness

Below—H.R.H. carries out an inspection

As during the Punch and Judy show earlier on, it was a delight to watch the varying expressions as the children stepped up for their gifts from Santa. Some of them were so awed that they were dutifully reproached by mammas when they came back to earth for forgetting to say " Thank you to the nice man " !

As a finale, the ladies played musical chairs, and the gentlemen were about to follow suit when I left. Perhaps it was selfish of me not to stay and provide an additional ridiculous spectacle for the children, but I wanted to conserve my seat for the " Boomps a Daisy " at a dance that night.

The New Year has brought several changes—in the upper strata. Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. M—— has left us for another Command, and Lieutenant-Colonel H. V. V. S. T—— is a very busy man at the moment trailing several square miles in his endeavour to become *au fait* in all departments.

No. 1 Company has swopped C.S.M. Summerfield for C.S.M. Newton. Hail and farewell to them (in the right order).

Our favourite billet is now fortified ! At least, it has a moat, and that between the main hall and the cookhouse. If we can't keep Jerry out, we'll starve him out (unless the R.E.s fix the drain). On second thoughts, we'll let the cooks at him—it would be a more subtle death !

Best wishes from all of us to all of you for 1941.

J.B.H. & W.T.F.

London District Signals

FROM ONE OF THE ORIGINAL L.D.S. RECRUIT D.R.s, SEPTEMBER, 1939

I had a good laugh last month on reading the humorous comments under the heading " Consider the Poor D.R." in the December issue. This scribe signed himself, as far as I remember, Delicate Dillon. Oh, boy, what a sad tale. If I were not a Don R. myself I would feel inclined to dip my hand deep into my pocket and give every Despatch Rider I saw a little something to cheer him on his way.

As one of the original D.R.s of L.D.S. I would like to try and answer briefly the points in Dillon's sad story.

Every D.R. must have training and I would like to meet the D.R. who had found his training anything else but monotonous.

Dillon objects to being put on " Pool." Surely he has enough intelligence to know that Reserves must always be kept on tap in case of emergency.

My biggest laugh of all came when I read about Pool D.R.s stopping in barracks until 20.00 hours.

I will agree with Dillon on one point of his story and that is the protective clothing *was* not up to standard. Remember I said *was*. After all Rome was not built in a day and when one considers the number of men who had to be clothed hurriedly, well, what can one expect ? But now this is all changed as we have recently been issued with new heavy waterproof jackets and leggings, crash helmets, leather jerkins, etc.

I consider the L.D.S. D.R. is now better equipped than any "civvie" all-the-year rider. This is not only my own opinion, but the opinion of dozens of Motor cyclists whom I have met on the road.

Poor Dillon, imagine getting lost and being late on his first day out. From my own experience, if I remember correctly, I was a matter of about four hours late on my first day and no remarks were passed. But those four flights of stairs ! What a shame ; that would have shaken evhn me. I would have been inclined to have ridden the bike stairs or no stairs. Better still, why not open your despatches and read them over the phone to the Signal Master. You never thought of that, did you, " Rookie " ?

Yes, I will agree those wooden blocks are a bit of a D——, but in time, my dear Dillon, you will be able to make faces at them, especially when you get a front skid. Ask Tommy Power.

Regarding C.O.'s orders when one has an accident, I think that this is an Army Regulation and you know by now what these are, Dill, but if the C.O. disrated every D.R. who had an accident, well, what do you think, chums. I for one would be N.F.R. Also ask Cooper-Keeble.

What a pity we could not have sunshine all the year round. Never mind, Dillon, let's hope you are not so delicate after all. Don't forget summer is on the way and anyhow rain improves the looks of us scruffy Don R.s.

ONE OF THE OLD UNS.

Headquarters Section

Times change, as someone was heard sadly to remark shortly before that famous Saturday morning parade recently. (He spent the following week doing cookhouse fatigues, so he should know !) The activities of the Headquarters Section, at least as far as the clerks were concerned, has mostly been concerned with change during the past month. By that we hasten to add that we do not mean loose change—a civvie phenomenon which seems to have faded out since our Army careers got under way.

By change we mean change of location. In fact the moves of the various offices have left a mobile detachment completely in the shade. Everyone has gone somewhere else and the Unit Office is now daily filled by a gesticulating throng trying to make up kit deficiencies. " Quarter " Muir, on the other hand, is getting tired of explaining that he does not do Part I Orders for he now occupies the seat of honour in the ice-box next to the cookhouse and, we have heard, revels in a temperature cold enough to freeze the ears off a brass monkey.

No. 1 Company Office has " come down in the world " while the Adjutant and the ever-faithful Sergeant Hammerton have slipped up to an eyrie high above the Square. Here they sit in glorious state for only the very select few have discovered where they are and life, they tell me, is one happy round of steaming cocoa and memoranda.

The Unit Office move, of course, produced some historic finds. Behind the steel cabinet was a letter from Julius Cæsar to the Officer i/c M.T., marked " Corporal Soutter—Action plse," a bundle of unopened correspondence relating to the last war, two oranges and a packet of aspirin tablets. The Orderly Room's change of scene resulted in an even more valuable discovery—a file, yellowed with age, containing a complaint, carved in stone, from a poor despatch rider named Clodius, who had apparently run into a knife-wheeled chariot and been C.B.'d for a punctured tyre. This is to be framed and hung in all garages as it is felt it should be a lesson to somebody.

Even the C.O. has moved and only No. 3 Company, under the ægis of the doughty Broome, remains in status quo. (In confidence—the reason for this is that Lance Corporal Broome is always *so* bad-tempered if he is awakened unnecessarily !)

That is all from the Clerks. Our readers (if any) will notice that there is no news from the other branches of our Section, but Sergeant-Major Owen assures us that the Electricians have nothing to say for themselves, the Fitters have remained dumb, and the cookhouse has been too busy with its latest method of dishing out the grub to add its quota.

Before we finish there are one or two things we would like to know.

Can it be that—The trumpeters have twin brothers who frequent Corner Houses ?

Signalman Harvey really thinks P.T. is a healthy sport ?

Signalman Windibank is pining for his petrol pump ?

Corporal Day, the new Pay N.C.O., is offering a bonus to anyone who will answer for him on Full Marching Order Parades ?

Lance Corporal Rayner, our latest post-boy, licks scented labels ?

Anyone who knows the answers to the above should submit them to the Unit Office, together with a shilling stamp. No prizes are offered but all entries will be suitably dealt with before the end of the war.

OPERATORS

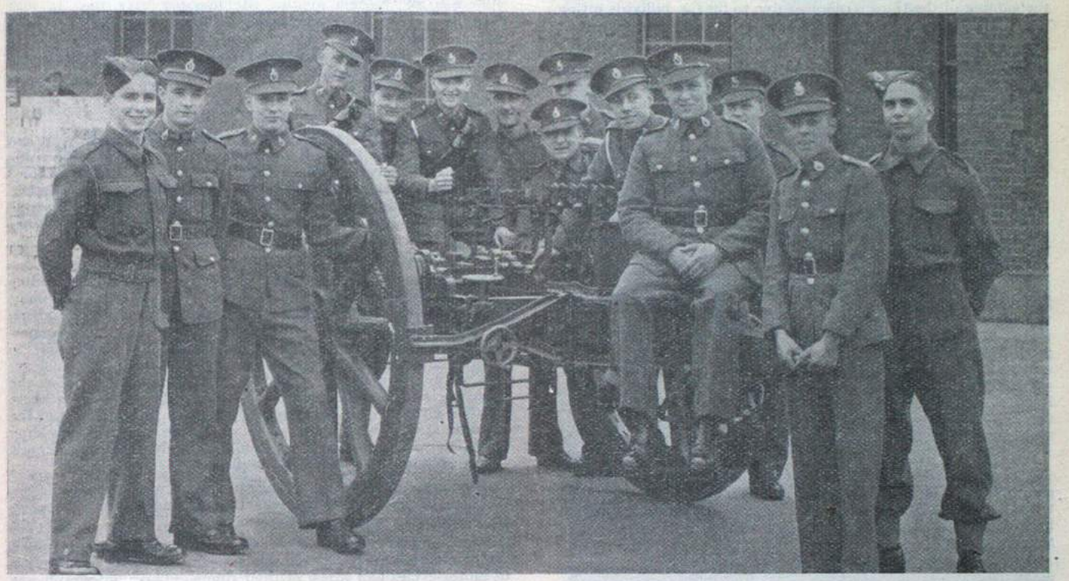
Christmas is now well behind us, the New Year has begun, and twelve months of eventful key bashing lie before us. What else besides, most of us are wondering. Well, no matter what does happen, of one thing we are certain. The Operators will put up a good showing.

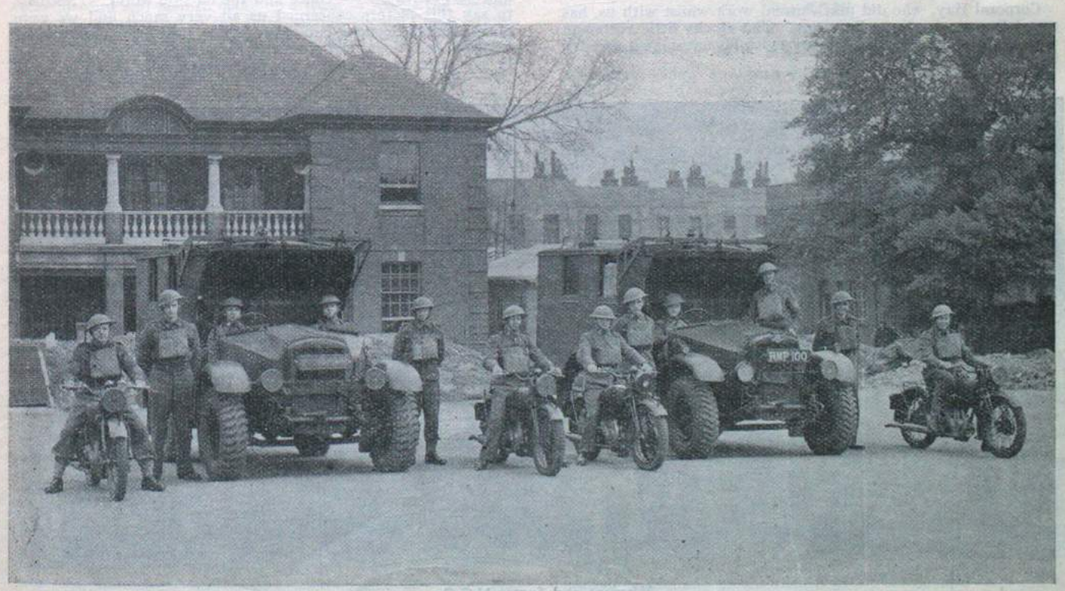
Fresh men are coming and others going all the time. Lance Corporal Judge is back with us ; he appears to favour a rather rakish-looking cigarette holder of late. Livingstone, Prentice and Lottering, to say nothing of Bert Wilkinson, have left us ; we expect, however, to be meeting up again bye and bye.

Good pennies are apt to get lost completely, but, according to rumour, the bad ones have a habit of turning up again. (I

The attention of all readers is drawn to the CHANGE OF ADDRESS notice published on the front Editorial page.

LONDON DISTRICT SIGNALS





hope, by the way, they are not aware of the identity of the scribe.)

Corporal Rae has become a Lance Sergeant; the general effect of the three tapes is exceedingly glamorous. We believe the gaining of the third stripe was due to his C4, billiards rating. Other promotions seem conspicuous by their absence just at present.

A Trade Board held recently resulted in 100 per cent. of the entrants gaining their B.3's—rather a fine tribute to those in charge of training.

We have still a number of candidates for the O.C.T.U., waiting patiently their chance to get to first base. Let's hope it will be soon and that all will be successful.

THE LINEMEN

Well, here we are again, and what a month January was! The New Year started with a bang, bringing us plenty of line jobs. Daily we have been leaving barracks preparing to encounter the severest of weather received this winter. Returning late in the dusk of evening, to discover that what we needed most was a good bath. Our jobs as linemen, lead us to many unusual places, and recently we were called upon to operate in an underground tunnel. This little episode resulted in five negroes (most naturally black) returning, in place of the five bright and fresh signalmen who left us earlier in the day! One officer mistook it as a disguise for the recently produced concert. Soap and water can be relied upon at the best of times—but soot does really make one's face smart, and calls for the aid of a scrubbing brush.

Another job took us to a very muddy area, where the ground was absolutely boggy, but the work had to be done. It is a good job we have an issue of a second greatcoat for which we are truly grateful. Some people were of the opinion that we had been working on a sewerage farm, when they saw the clay, etc., all over our boots.

We are all glad to welcome "Strawberry" Fletcher back from his Course, and his antics appear even more amusing. Signalman Daw also enjoyed the Course! Signalman Phillips E. L. scares us with his pile of notes and diagrams on internal wiring, so we assume he must have learnt something.

Corporal Hay, who did much useful work whilst with us, has now left again for No. 3 Company. This stocky little Scotsman was very popular and we miss very much his natural wit and dry humour.

Can any reader tell us what kind of stay wire is used on ocean-going cable? Answers should be passed verbally to Sergeant Duffin, who is also puzzling over the question "What are the advantages and disadvantages of a D. Mark V as compared with a D. Mark III?"

More next month, chaps, when we hope to be able to tell you how to make the best use of a safety pin when testing for a fault! By the way, can anybody tell us under what section of line stores safety pins are covered?

D.R.s' CORNER

To ensure that in future only such articles as truly represent the opinion of the D.R.s as a whole are submitted for publication the following have been selected to act as a D.R. Committee: Signalmen Sweet, Orme, Watts, Robertson J., Legg, and Kimber. All articles and notes for the WIRE will, in future, be submitted to the above, who have been nominated by the various sections as their representatives.

Well, fellow riders, we have already received a taste of riding D.R.L.S. and S.D.R. runs under bad road and weather conditions. The first few days in January were very bad for riding and on several occasions snow and ice were underfoot—sorry, underwheel—on most of the roads we had to travel. I am proud to record that as usual our lads passed the test with flying colours and very few mishaps occurred. N.B.—Sudden drop in the Treasury will be observed next quarter day. During these troublesome days we learnt to adopt one of the hit tunes of the moment and convert it into a signature tune, and it is now sung by D.R.s whilst tootling round on their daily toil. The tune is—you all know it—"All over the place."

Thanks to somebody's organisation, cars were produced from the blue to help out in the long runs during the recent heavy snow and were very much appreciated.

Some of you may have seen that in a recent number of a popular periodical a photograph appeared showing a collection of motor-cycles and a few of their riders. This photograph was in connection with a leading article describing the work and organisation on a war-time footing of one of the Government Departments; under the picture was the caption, "This is the link between the —— Office and the outside world." Needless to say this picture concerned us all very much and we were able to recognise one or two of the faces. Most prominent was the visage of one of our most promising recruits, Signalman K——ber. It looked to us—of course the photograph may be an injustice



Warrant and Senior N.C.O.s

to him—as if Signalman K——ber was very worried; he seemed to be thinking very hard and seriously about a matter of some great national importance. With such a far-away look in his eyes at that very moment the camera clicked, we can only assume that he was trying to think how he could possibly—or impossibly—knock at least two days off the —— run.

A new face serves us with petrol these days. Signalman Windibank has now been replaced at the garage by Geoffrey Hunt, but for this week, however, he is going on leave and we wish him all the best.

"Joe" Pickering has also changed his abode of work; he is now working in the Orderly Room. We must say that the extra exercise incurred by his new job is doing his figure a lot of good.

Jock Pollock's singing on New Year's Eve—sorry, Jock, Hogmanay—was said by some to be very boisterous. "It made the average Scotsman seem like a cockney" was the general comment made by those fortunate enough to be present.

P.T. Course.—Lance Corporal Masters F. is at present away on another P.T. Course. We hope to see him back with three stripes surmounted by those enviable cross swords. Good luck, Freddy!

Hospital.—We are pleased to see back in barracks Signalmen Andrews and Perham upon their discharge from hospital. We hope that they will be able to take things a bit easy for a while, before they get back on the road. It was always a joy to be "on relief" with Len Andrews; his very droll sense of humour was a source of great amusement to us all, especially when "Olly" was on duty at the same time.,

Unfortunately Signalman Jefferies cracked up last week as a result of bad riding conditions on the —— By-pass. He is safely installed in a country hospital and is progressing as well as possible. Members of the 44th D.R. Section should be interested in the above item of news. Remembering the appeal in a previous issue, please give these chaps in hospital a break and write them a few lines if you can. A few books despatched would, I know, be appreciated. Most of the hospital cases these days are fractures or suspected fractures, and are consequently long jobs.

Boxing.—It is hoped that several members of the Section will come forward and help to make up a team to enable the Section to be well represented at the Inter-Section Boxing Competition. Names should be handed in to Signalman Harvey, who is i/c Games, No. 4 Section.

News Re Outstations.—We welcome the following men from outstations to barracks and trust their stay will be a happy one: Signalmen Benjamin, Bloodworth Eves, Hornby and Gowing. Apologies to any we have missed. We say au revoir to Lance Corporal Eccles and Signalman Bugby, who have left us to replace some of the above-named.

Scottish Mail.—Sergeant Ashby K. R. (ex-2 H.Q. Sigs.) calling Sergeants Traini B. J. (Nobby) and Mortimer C. R. (Dick). News from either or both will be appreciated.

THE COMMITTEE.

IS IT TRUE

That—

(1) Captain Campion has invented a new salute for C.O.'s Parade?

(2) The Trumpeters were really cleaning their kit during the last concert and that their ghosts were seen at Lyons Corner House?

(3) The Linemen have asked for full marching order on all parades as it is so much smarter?

(4) A certain Lineman thought he could obtain a good "earth" by putting one end of the line in his water bottle?

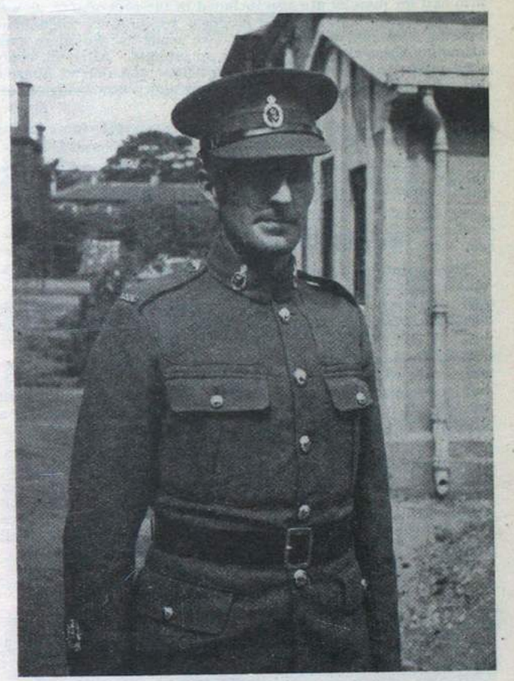
(5) Driver Stillman passed his lines test without looking over Signalman Reed's shoulder?

(6) We are really going to have two plates each and that they are going to be washed up for us?

(7) Certain Signalmen refuse to take their best girls to the dances for fear of having them pinched?

(8) The Unit sign has been adopted for the whole of the London District, who are paying a royalty of £10 per vehicle?

The attention of all readers is drawn to the CHANGE OF ADDRESS notice published on the front Editorial page.



The R.S.M.

PHYSICAL AND RECREATIONAL TRAINING

General.—Snow and frost have handicapped us during the past month, and our progress has been slowed down considerably. But we have not let things slide, for P.T. parades have been continued inside barracks, instead of our usual athletic ground.

Each Section now has a permanent Instructor, Corporal Fussell G. to the Drivers, Signalman Harvey P. to the D.R.s, Lance Corporal Turner to the Linemen and Lance Corporal Putnam S. to the Operators. Under this new system we feel we ought to make great headway.

Through P.R.I. we have been able to purchase much new sports gear, which includes footballs, jerseys, stockings, shin-guards and boxing gloves. Being supplied by the N.A.A.F.I. we can rely on its quality.

Football.—It was unfortunate that we had to cancel nearly all our fixtures during January. But our home ground was in a terrible condition (owing to snow) and the authorities prohibited play there. Let us hope that the weather will soon improve as there are plenty of matches to be played off. Before the weather broke, however, we were able to play two games. The first one was against the 1st —— ——— Signals, and we suffered defeat by 7—3. The second match was between the Officers' Mess and the W.O.s and Sergeants' Mess. The latter were victors of the day, scoring 4 goals to the Officers 3. Both teams played very well. Sergeant Rendell netted twice, also Sergeant Sturgess and R.S.M. Wells. For the Officers, Lieutenant Wilce scored twice and 2nd Lieutenant Garside once. Considering the circumstances under which he played, we heartily applaud Sergeant Tucker for his fine display of goalkeeping.

Boxing.—Voluntary classes are now being held nightly in the squash courts, and an assortment of kit is available for training purposes. Those who attend are taught from the elementary stages and coached on by the Instructors. Exercises for the

arm and leg muscles are also included in the programme, as well as skipping. Expert advice is given willingly by Signalman Pullum, and Sergeant Rendell. We want to see more men attending these classes and taking an interest. After all, every man ought to know how to use his fists, and defend himself. Why not take advantage of this opportunity now being offered to you ?

Rugby.—We have been unable to arrange any fixtures during the past month, but trust February will be more eventful.

So until next time remember that " good posture " is everything, and something to be proud of. Hold yourself up, look the world in the face, and don't be afraid !

Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess

The appearance of these notes so long after the " New Year " makes one wish for the appearance of the coming " New Year " and, we hope, the complete annihilation of Musso. and his macaroni wallopers, together with the " Slashy Painter " and his " square heads."

A happy New Year to all. We got over our Christmas festivities quite well. The " spirit " was little hard to throw off at first, but looking back now, it was a grand show. The Mess is indebted to " Butch " and " George " along with their assistants for a " smashing " dinner.

The " Spooner " came through, as usual, with flying colours. The Entertainments Committee, headed by S.S.M. Owen, excelled themselves. The Mess resounded with hearty laughter The climax was reached when one of our members, who is nursing a broken leg on-the-mend, began fox-trotting. It would have been nice to see Mr. Hodge's face had he looked in. Which all goes to show how the " spirit " rises to an occasion.

Well, that was Christmas.



One of our Celebrities



Another of our Celebrities

New Year.—The high light of the day was, of course, the football match. Our darts team captain still believes he scored a goal ; others are emphatic to the contrary. " Tuck " doesn't remember the match at all. The mysterious appearance of a " Cup " in the Mess suggests a victory of some sort in a game of something or other. They say it was a football match, so we will leave it at that.

Now we are back to normal and Alec is to be seen leading his " string " around the Square once more.

Marriages.—This is a tricky subject. As Barney said to his goat : " Those who don't know, talk ; those who do know, don't." It is not for us to doubt Barney. Suffice to say we are pleased to congratulate Sergeant Sturgess on his step into the dark. There are rumours of more " plungers."

All those marriages will have at least one effect on the Mess, e.g., all our chairs will be occupied at future socials. The two-on-one habit will make way for comfort and still more " nurses " will have to be invited.

We would welcome all old friends at these socials of ours, any time they care to spend a Wednesday evening with us. Our Dance Band, for which we have to thank Jock Muir and his Boys, is in first-class shape. Their work in this respect is very much appreciated by everyone in the Unit, and by the Mess in particular.

In spite of heavy duties all-round, we still find a little time in which to while away the dark nights, and if, after a strenuous day at " Leco " we are still able to raise our voices in song and shake a leg at a dance, it is because the spirit of this merry gang of troopers is "A la qui vive."

Good-bye !

REEKE.

S.S.A.

After a period in which most of us have enjoyed some much-needed leave, we find ourselves like giants refreshed and feeling in that mood which enables us to take our operational work, training and other ever-increasing duties confidently in our stride. Why, only last night our piquet in an excess of zeal, nonchalantly, though unwittingly, " tapped " the Duty Officer with his rifle at a moment when he least appreciated it ; and even the electricians smile as they charge, to use their words, " Every —— battery in the Unit."

Signalman Taylor, having returned from a P.T. Course has a bright and healthy gleam in his eye, and is continually making such disturbing remarks as " Five-mile run before breakfast " and " The daily swim isn't as bad as the cold shower before it." On second thoughts I think that the gleam in his eye is kindled by our shudders.

Congratulations are offered to Sergeant Samuels and Corporal Chapman on promotion to the ranks mentioned.

Signalman Prentice is welcomed back to the fold and is now thoroughly at home with the other young regulars.

Hadaway is back with us again, and it is rumoured that when going away he rode his bike at 10 m.p.h., and returning rode at the maximum, 20 m.p.h. That doesn't mean that the roads were bad, but that he likes it here best.

We are sorry that Bill Cooper is away in dock for a while, but hope he will soon be back with us, with his cheery grin.

Now for those devil-may-care, always-in-trouble, noisy-at-night, late-up-in-the-morning—pardon my loss of control, but linemen always get me that way. Perhaps some of you share my views about linemen, but there must be some good in them for ours do work hard when they start (they don't care if it snows) and have recently passed Trade Tests with flying colours, Signalman Reed leading the Unit in his class.

A generous present of a piano enables our musicians to while away the long evenings, and now Lance Corporal Burningham and Charlie Hothersall seem to give added zest to the old song " Bless 'em all " by their well-practised accompaniment.

It is not true that one particular detachment are eating out of nose-bags, although it is true that they are revelling in the comforts (query) of life in a horse box ; in fact, I think that the next Polar Expedition could learn a thing or two from them before they go.

Copies of January's WIRE have just arrived, so as I find reading easier than writing, I'll sign off with a wish for happy times to Signals everywhere.

A.A. Signals, Berkshire

No. 1 Company

There is a Santa Claus !—'Twas Christmas Day in the cook-house—and it must have been one helluva day for the cooks, Frankie Franklin, Larry Hughes and Jack Southern, because, judging by the sumptuous meal they prepared, they must have started work in the sma' wee hours. And the boys appreciated it.

The Christmas dinner of turkey was enhanced by free beer served by the Officers. We did hear that they were going to down aprons and moustaches and do a singing waiter quartette in the gay nineties manner, but we were disappointed.

After the eats came more beer, cigarettes and then speeches. Major Moules, scintillating through a compact little address, brought the house down by asking if there were any complaints ! There certainly were not. Not even from the three would be Carusos who were showered with apple cores when they got up to sing. Anyway applause greeted Griffiths and Down, whose act consisted of singing " Land of my Fathers " and impersonating the Dead End Kids all at once.

In the evening the lads really did go to town and reports via the reliable grapevine system hold that there was a hot time in the old town that night. We are unable to give our usual personal lowdown on the proceedings in the Sergeants' Mess that night as we were stepping high at another private party at the time. Conscientious enough to consider that our place was with the Unit during the day, we nevertheless craved a little mistletoe play in the evening, and so joined the ladies at the Hawkins estaminet.

N.B.—The Unit " do " being held on W.D. property was barred to civilians, and no A.T.S. being available, the party was strictly stag.

On with the Show.—"Anti-Aireraft Signals," our second annual show, turned out to be a smash hit—thus pleasantly surprising Ro Ellis, the producer. The blackout prevented the cast from seeing their names in lights, but at least they had the satisfaction of presenting the profits to the local Spitfire Fund.

The last performance, played to a mainly civilian audience, was a wow ! The boys, having soothed their nerves with some of Aunt Sadie's Special Jungle Juice, went on that stage and gave out in a big way.

The cast included the following notorious characters, Ego Ellis, Maestro Mellon, Spindle Ryde, Snatcher Newton, Aggie West, Con-man Woolls, Bonaparte Lawrence, Liquorice Stick Soper, Glad Gladstone and Doohickus Wilson.

After the first night, the Brigadier's chauffeur, who must at one time have been in the Tank Corps, drove his car over sundry rose beds and fences, apparently scorning the gravel drive-way.

Anyway the concert was memorable if only for the fact that it was a means of introducing to the public that mythical elixir " Ratbag."

Toronto Emigres.—" Canada's Gift to Glamorous Women " is one moron's description of Al Wilson, a member of the Canadian wireless detachment now with us. Anyhow, to us he is just a corny operator and a glass-handed one at that. Then there is Bill Cooper, who plays the trumpet, Russ Gladstone, who plays the guitar, and Johnny Maracini, who plays the fool. Dud Dudley is the one with the southern accent, and even their own Sergeant, Al Venning, will tell you that they are five of the best.

Local Boys Make Good.—A big hand to C.Q.M.S. Lawrence on his promotion to C.S.M., and to Sergeant Rodaway, who is again with us as Section Sergeant.

Dave Perrot has gone off to his O.C.T.U. and Ron King and Ro Ellis have both achieved the exalted rank of lance corporal.

Asked by a WIRE reporter how he managed it, Ellis replied, " Mirrors, my boy. All done by mirrors."

King, on the other hand, is said to owe his tapes to efficiency on the job. This we do not for a moment doubt—but your cynical old uncle thinks that the ability to fool all the Sergeants all the time rates pretty useful in many cases.

Flashing last month's column around among the boys, did not earn us the praise we had anticipated. We don't recall the name of the son of a blitz who described it as a " hangover on paper." There comes a time when even the thickest skinned among us feels a draught—and that crack was caustic enough to feel like a hurricane. But, on the other hand, we express gratitude to the generous mind which thought of calling us " the Walter Winchell of — Section."

To Love, Honour, etc.—Joe Northover achieved his ambition and got hitched a few weeks ago. Prior to his marriage, Joe could tell you, without hesitation, the exact length of time in days, hours and minutes he had to wait before uttering the magic words " I will " !

Eric Barrett was another member of the Unit who got married during the festive season. In addition to their best wishes for the future, the boys contributed to wedding gifts in each case. Just a little " esprit de first corps " to steal a Richard West wisecrack.

The Great Game.—The local Bombing Rescue Squad may be adept at dealing with H.E., but they found our No. 1 soccer team a trifle too explosive. The boys mowed 'em down to the tune of 10—0.

High spot of the match was Jim Venner, the captain, piling up six goals all on his own. This equals the existing record for a one match score put up by Allen last autumn.

Holding the Line.—The Line Section have had one of the busiest times in years, but, like the tough babies they are, they have taken it on the chin, and come up for more. At least,

there have been no transport difficulties and the smart modern lorries of the McCormick Flying Circus have become a familiar sight on the roads of this bomb-scarred area.

Heard over Christmas.—" Give me back my pants—the party's getting rough ! "

Acknowledgments to Al Wilson.

Good-bye till next month, when we will be back in a flash, with a flash.

BILL NEWTON.

A.A. Signals, South Wales

The water that has passed beneath the narrow bridge of Time represented by January, 1941, has been, on the whole, clear, though there have been some muddy patches.

We take pleasure in welcoming to our midst Lieutenant G. F. Lyons, and 2nd Lieutenants H. G. Evans, R. J. White and Jay, though it seems a pity their arrival should be linked with the departure of Lieutenant E. M. Kelly, whose sudden posting came as a shock to us all.

In a final speech after one of our concerts, Lieutenant Kelly said that he was proud to have been associated for so long with our Company, that we were men, that we were gentlemen, and that we were soldiers ; it was the most he could say for anyone. While there is no doubt that most of us could lay claim to the first two of these titles before we enlisted, the fact that we have learned to qualify for the last-named is due very largely to none other than Lieutenant Kelly himself, and it is certain that the good wishes of the whole Company go with him to his new fields of service.

A little spot of bother in the shape of a " blitz " caused some excitement recently, and the spirit and efficiency displayed by all concerned was beyond reproach. It was extremely gratifying to observe that, despite long periods of comparative inactivity, the various air-raid organisations and Company personnel generally are at all times fully prepared to deal most adequately with any emergency which may present itself. Our experience has shown us also that even air raids, grim and cruel though they prove to so many, may have their lighter moments. One Sergeant in particular, our trench-digging expert, has never thrown himself quite so whole-heartedly into his work as he did on that occasion ! We are, however, pleased to record that his recovery was both speedy and complete.

Our social functions and sporting activities continue as enthusiastically as ever.

The Broadcast was a great success in every way, and the only difficulty appeared to be in persuading a sufficiently large number of people to constitute an audience. Many expressed a preference to hear the concert on their radio sets, presumaby in order that they could answer the C.S.M. back for once.

After seeing a Despatch Rider return from a run in a sodden condition the other day, our soft-hearted songster was observed to burst into a flood of tears, thereby causing the already soaking D.R. to retire hastily from the pathetic scene. The emotional one soon afterwards departed on a seven-day fast, and finally returned with the following plaintive number :

There is no doubt when winter strikes,
A D.R.'s life is trying :
Just fancy mending motor-bikes
With snow-flakes round you flying :
So think of those, when winds assail
And hands freeze in your pockets,
Who, rain or hail, must mess with mail
And dash around with dockets.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Things aren't what they used to be,
War has altered you and me ;
That's why chaps have parked their civvies,
Manly growths adorn their chivvies ;
Wealthy heiresses and skivvies
Live in uniformity :
Things aren't what they used to be.

All the family's on the go,
Tommy's joined the Scouts, you know ;
Gone are festivals and galas,
Ma mends pants to save the tailors,
Susie's sewing shirts for sailors,
Father's joined the A.R.P. :
Things aren't what they used to be.

Evidence of changing ways
Can be seen on Saturdays :
Crowds of men in boisterous batches,
Braving bruises, scorning scratches,
Used to frequent football matches ;
Now they " Dig for Victory " :
Things aren't what they used to be.

Famous sportsmen take their toll,
Aiming at a wider goal :
Britain has no fear of funkers,
Nazi airmen land in bunkers,
Rugger stalwarts bring down Junkers ;
Safe hands guard the boundary :
Things aren't what they used to be.

Army life has changed a lot,
Class distinction's gone to pot :
Every man becomes your buddy,
Even though the weather's muddy
And the grub is pretty—awful !
Sorry, boys, the B.B.C.
Still is what it used to be.

Jobs which long ago were men's
Are done by Ats and Waafs and Wrens ;
But their presence is a blessing,
For our trousers oft they're pressing,
And if buttons are digressing
They replace them willingly
Not quite where they used to be.

Wearing little more than combs !
Men each night extinguish bombs ;
Ladies, too, their efforts linking
Of their dangers are unthinking,
Like their undies, never shrinking ;
There again, it seems to me,
Things—aren't what they used to be.

But despite the changing times
I've depicted in these rhymes,
One thing stands that cannot alter,
Stronger even than Gibraltar—
Our endeavour shall not falter :
We shall make the whole world free,
And better than it used to be.

The above verses were broadcast recently in the Forces Programme (" Signalman Smith Entertains ") by the composer, Lance Corporal Steele A. V. J.

The attention of all readers is drawn to the CHANGE OF ADDRESS notice published on the front Editorial page.

— Divisional Signals, Devonshire

Most of our news seems to have gotten itself into Plain Tales this month, but at least we can apologise very humbly for our rather long absence.

Intensive training and feverish activity all round has put us back to pre-Dunkirk efficiency, and this is no mean achievement, because we lost a large number of useful N.C.O.s and men by postings, to say nothing of numerous officers. We stood appalled for a few moments and then started in to show the new-comers what this Divisional Signals regards as rock bottom efficiency. They were surprised but enthusiastic. The Q.M. staff have slaved day and night (ahem !) to re-issue everything from " Drawers, cotton, long, short," to " Chests, tool, filled Carpenters empty," and have fed the troops in their spare time. The Orderly Room staff have also had a busy time and have had to cut down their eleven o'clock break to twenty minutes. Sergeant Burstow S. relieved C.S.M. Langham W., and if anything has

even more paper around him. A bonfire is clearly indicated if we are to remain a mobile unit. Signalman Meredith has taken over the pigeons, our secret weapon, and almost flies himself these days. We wouldn't call him a " homer " though. He never goes straight back.

Arrival.—A very hearty welcome to our new Commanding Officer. As a " Regular " soldier he will expect great things from us. We will do our best to show him that we have a pretty high standard.

Congratulations.—And our good wishes to Major G. St. L. King, Captains A. M. Keeling and J. Timings on their elevation to the ranks now shown. It was a nice morning for a *walk* that day.

Orderly Room Speaking. — The telephone has some detractors and a good many devotees. The O.R. Sergeant is one of the former, and while he concedes that it has its uses on occasions for administrative purposes, it is grossly overworked. ONE instrument at the end of ONE line is not too bad but when it comes to Plan SEVEN, omnibus circuits, calling buzzers, U.C. exchanges, phantom whatnames with two microfarad condensers thrown in for good measure—well ! After a day of it, perhaps one can forgive the public rendering of " Good King Wenceslas " by a hitherto blameless character, even one primed with " scrumpy." " Scrumpy," by the way, is the local cider and is not to be treated lightly, even by Sergeants, some of whom add gin to taste. This recipe is not recommended unless one has the appropriate profile. The next day is never so good, especially when it falls on 26th December or 1st January. Retournons a nos telephons as we say, having been abroad. And so we do, right in the middle of elevenses with all four telephones and buzzers doing their stuff at the same time. Some departments are so enamoured of the telephone that they have three on one line. A call to them is answered by a babel which means nothing. (That's a lie, Sergeant.) This, however, is the usual response from that quarter, so it makes little difference.

Perhaps they have our Two hundred S.O. 136a books on their collective conscience. It is understood that these will be used for a petrol account of such complexity, completeness and *comme il faut*, that the auditors will immediately retire for the duration to contemplate the vast structure as a whole.

Personal.—Who borrowed the office truck and returned it with a redesigned superstructure ? Does it look better at an angle ?

"A" Section.—No notes received, but they have a talented artist who will no doubt help us with a few of his famous sketches of Unit personalities. They've Hagger good day to-day.

" B " Section.—No notes. These very busy people are always going somewhere or coming back. I'll find out what it all means one of these days. O.C. Section is on a course but will return to find that the Section Sergeant has kept them up to scratch.

" D " Section.—Furious battle raging because "A" Section said the Don theme song was "All over the Place." Regarded as entirely unjustified in well informed circles. " D " Section always get through.

" M " Section.—See " Plain Tales " and don't make a noise. They may be mending something.

The Q.M. Stores.—Next door to a pub, as usual. This is also the local office for the WIRE. Bring your advertisements and contributions to us. If your stuff is lousy don't be discouraged. We will re-write it.

MR. CATESWELL.

— Divisional Signals, Herts.

It is regretted that this old-established Divisional Signals has been so backward in forwarding its notes for publication ; the reason is that pressure of operational commitments have strictly curtailed all ranks' leisure time, but it is felt that a brief resume of the present activities of this Unit would be welcomed by the large number of original members who have passed to new climes and pastures.

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Christmas was quiet but, nevertheless, enjoyable. The following events were, perhaps, the most noteworthy :

(1) The Christmas dinner. This was a marvellous " do." The honours fell to Corporal Main and his cooks (who for the preceding 364 days had been called even worse names than Sergeant-Major Kellard). The cooks were heroes for the day.

(2) Another hero was our smallest member, Signalman Bevis, who, during the Six-a-side Tournaments on Christmas morning, gave R.S.M. Angell a delightful present—namely, a very black, black eye !

Apart from the above " casualty," the tournament proved a great success, being ably organised by P.T. Instructor Macdonald. In the winning team, Lieutenant Vance and " Snaky " Netherton showed amazing stamina (bearing in mind that it was the morning after Christmas Eve).

(3) The ladies of the village, together with reinforcements from the surrounds, recently held a party in our honour, and this was warmly appreciated, though perhaps too many details had better be avoided, as the Modern Army playing such games as " Winking " and " Musical Chairs " may not be in favour with the Army Council. A champion " winker " would be difficult to nominate, but R.Q.M.S. Kenney appeared to be quite conversant with the rules.

Entertainments such as concerts, dances, and dramatics have so far been practically impossible to organise, owing to the ever-changing and widespread locations of our personnel. There is no doubt, however, that the necessary talent does exist and it is hoped that in the near future these difficulties will be surmounted.

This problem has also affected the standard of the formerly " formidable " soccer team ; in spite of this, however, a respectable team is always on " tap " and has been quite successful. For the present weather conditions have caused a temporary cessation of this popular sport. We have also fielded a rugby fifteen this season, and they, too, have done quite well. In the last game, unfortunately, C.Q.M.S. Matthews damaged his ankle, but with the aid of a stick still manages to hobble around.

The foregoing paragraphs clearly indicate that the Unit is quite happy and has plenty of entertainment, and this "boon" is largely due to the whole-hearted co-operation of Captain Wheeler, the Entertainments Officer.

Our successes have not been wholly confined to the playing field. Personnel who have attended Courses have all obtained very satisfactory reports. Recent Courses, for instance, have resulted in Sergeant Pike being placed 1st in an N.C.O.s' M.T. Course and Sergeants Blake and Creed—our two candidates for a Senior N.C.O.s' Course—returned with the honour of being 1st and 3rd respectively.

The C.O. is pleased with his men and so long as this fine standard can be maintained he has every right to be.

Captain C. E. Sandell, our Adjutant, and one of the original 43rd, is leaving us on 13th January. He will be greatly missed and all ranks wish him the best of luck in his future with the "Claims Commission."

PETE.

— Welsh Divisional Signals

Training is proceeding steadily and each day finds the Unit better fitted to carry out any duties which they may be called upon to perform.

The monthly one-day schemes, which have been "well looked forward to" occasions during the winter, have taught us to be ready at all times to move at short notice, and have also kept us on our "toes," thereby ensuring that the lessons of the summer were not forgotten.

Lectures on varied subjects, given by serving officers of the three branches, are now a regular part of this Unit's training, and each of them to date have proved most interesting and edifying, and have been "put-over" in such a way as to make listening a pleasure and not a fatigue. It is hoped that such lectures will continue.

Sport.—Football pitches in this part of the world are not of the best, but on Thursday, 2nd January, we were honoured in being allowed the use of the best ground in this locality. The occasion was the final of the Divisional Group Cup Competition, when Signals "A" met the Divisional Provost Company. Despite a hard frost-bound pitch and, in consequence, a hign, bouncing ball, the smaller Signals players managed to hold their own in the first half, the score being 0—1 at half-time, the Provost scoring in the last minute of the first half. The Signals side played with more thrust during the second half, and Price D. lobbed a beautiful one over the goalkeeper's head, thus bring the score to 1—1. Later on, after a hard tussle, Morgan A. S. scored and put us ahead with a nicely placed goal, the final score being 2—1. It was altogether a very enjoyable game with a typical "cup final" spirit.

The Signals "A" team was as follows: Carter G.; Lance Sergeant Excott J., Rhodes S.; Corporal Shelley W., Edwards C., Lance Sergeant Fenton (captain); Lloyd I., Yates R., Jones A. W., Morgan A. S., Price D.

Well done!

Departures.—It is with regret that we say au revoir to Sergeant Griffiths D., on his proceeding back to "Civvy Street" on sick leave pending discharge. One of the originals of the old T.A. Unit, he tackled his work with ability and zeal and was well liked by all his acquaintances. Tough luck, Dai, and very best wishes from all.

Christmas Festivities.—After Church Parade on Christmas Day, the members of the Officers', W.O.s and Sergeants' Messes proceeded to the Men's Dining Hall and became Mess Room waiters for the midday meal, and did those boys enjoy it!

All congratulations must go to the cooks, who did a marvellous job of work in preparing for the men a really wonderful meal, comprising turkey and pork, baked and boiled potatoes and two vegetables, with Christmas pudding and custard for sweets.

Besides the dinner, there was an abundance of nuts, apples, crackers and cigarettes, not forgetting to mention free nourishment (Beer is Best, see adverts.).

After the dinner, the lads enjoyed a spot of community singing, followed by a speech and song by the one and only "Sir James" Mahoney. The C.O. then spoke to the men and departed with the other officers, W.O.s and Senior N.C.O.s, after the men had sung "For he's a jolly good fellow." After a spot more community singing, the men returned to their respective billets to listen to H.M. The King's broadcast.

Everyone voted the Christmas as being a "ripping good time."

And now, having drawn to the end of my short contribution, I will pass you on to the tender mercies of "L" Section.

C/C.

"L" Section

Here we are again! On behalf of "L" Section I send best wishes for a happy New Year to all our readers. December brought no momentous changes in our mode of living, and consequently I have no thrilling tales to tell.

Our Christmas Party went off very well, many "discoveries" being unearthed that might have made even Carroll Levis look up.

One of the outstanding events was the dinner on Christmas Day which was, to say the least, excellent.

Training.—From a training point of view, the only outstanding event was the Divisional Scneme, which took place in fine but rather cold weather and amidst much mud.

The D.R.L.S. Runs are now almost as good as Cook's Tours, even if not appreciated as such.

General.—Old colleagues of Sergeant Lamont W. and Lance Corporal Bibby T., who were with them in India, will be glad to know that they are together again amongst the boys after their individual returns to "civvy" life.

Sport.—Soccer still flourishes and we now stand next to top in the Brigade H.Q. League, into which we have been glad to welcome "G" Section. We have now completed the first half of the season's fixtures. We have, during the past month, played two Signal Sections: "G," whom we defeated 4—2 on one occasion, on meeting them again drew 1—1, and "K," whom we also beat.

Other Signal Sections please note they are offered the unique chance of being the first Royal Signals team to lower our standard. For some reason or other, Sections at Div. seem to be rather loathe to meet us. Perhaps they have unbeaten records which they wish to keep safe or perhaps it was the way we beat "A" on their own ground that makes them wary. Who knows?

RUGBY. Several of our number still figure prominently in the Brigade H.Q. team which we are proud to say is captained by a Signalman, namely, Jenkins V. E.

Congratulations.—To Corporal (Nigger) Stranks, whose engagement is announced to Miss Dorothy Taylor of Nottingham.

That's all, folks, see you next month, Adolf permitting.

ANEZ.

Scottish Divisional Signals

After receiving a very salubrious "write-up" by a well-known journalist in one of our leading National newspapers, I find it difficult to set my pen in motion and submit to the WIRE a paragraph or two with the same easy-flowing style as was exercised by the afore-mentioned scribe.

His survey story did not, however, deal wholly with Signals, but gave credit and praise to all formations. The visit of a Pressman for the first time caused considerable interest, and his article was read by all from the personal outlook.

Festivities at Christmas and the New Year equalled and, to some extent, surmounted those of 1939-40. Excellent fare was provided once more by the leading citizen of our "ane toon" and turkey, Christmas pies and fruit salad were consumed with much relish by all. The customary beer was, of course, provided and a packet of cigarettes supplied that wonderful "after dinner" smoke enjoyed by all lovers of nicotine.

Though no official entertainment was provided on this occasion, an impromptu concert was given by men of the Unit who possess wonderful talent and assisted in the inevitable community singing. Everyone possessed that "care-free" attitude so evident at Christmas and much amusement was caused by the waiters—rousing cheers being given to the popular ones and "not so rousing cheers" to others.

The highlight of the evening and of the year was a dance, at which everyone had a smiling nurse as a partner, and the smooth rhythm (and wet canteen) put everyone in high spirits.

The officers, W.O.s and Sergeants, too, had their festivities, all of which were declared "tremendous successes."

Our Unit was, quite recently, honoured by a visit from a distinguished personage, who, following his tour of inspection, attended a concert given by the divisional concert party in the evening. This, also, was a great success and all morbidity was swept away. Everyone is fit and keen to enter into a new year of hard training.

Arrivals.—Since the WIRE last went to "bed" we have welcomed into the fold four new officers from the — O.C.T.U. To 2nd Lieutenants H., G., D. and L. we extend a most hearty welcome and trust that their stay with us will be a happy one.

Among the O.R.s, we have received ten operators and five drivers from training and Holding Battalions. Our good wishes are also directed to them.

General.—From a friend in a large city I have been told the following story, which he swears is authentic:

"In many of the city tobacconists' so great is the urge to 'save' paper that cigarettes are being sold wrapped up in newspapers like fish and chips!" Personally I don't believe it, though I have received mine in an old Income Tax envelope!

Condolences.—To R.Q.M.S. Roberts we extend our heartfelt sympathy on the sudden and grievous death of his daughter—Lily Diana—and to Lance Corporal Kerr on the death of his father.

Promotions.—To the undernoted we extend best wishes on their promotion: Sergeant Cotterill B. G. (a new arrival) to A/C.Q.M.S.; Corporal Thorpe to A/Sergeant; and Corporal Fisher J. B. to Lance Sergeant; and to the many others, far too numerous to mention.

The meritorious conduct of Driver Robb T. (2336583), who, despite the grave risk he ran, dived into an icy pool and rescued two of his fellows, is indeed worthy of mention.

Credit for his action has already been recognised by our Divisional Commander and in the local press in the town from which he hails in the North of Scotland.

"Whilst returning from an exercise a truck skidded on the icy road, overturned, and came to rest in a precarious position overhanging a pond. Driver Robb, who was coming up in the rear, observed the plight of his companions and, without hesitation, and displaying great courage, dived into the pool and brought first one, and then the other occupant, to safety. Both occupants were in a dazed state but are now happily recuperating at their homes."

Our hats off to Driver Robb!

D.W.M.

Orkneys and Shetlands Signal Company

A new Company—a new scribe. A new column—a new gibe. Shake 'em up, boys—it's an Orkney cocktail.

Commanded by Major Lothian, the Company is split up into Sections, distributed over the various Islands. This renders communal gatherings impossible, but enhances the few occasions when two or three of us *can* get together.

However, much is done to ensure the unity of the Company, and once the camp and its surroundings are on a sound footing there will be ample opportunity for our men of genius to expend their then pent-up energy in this direction.

Having suffered from an abundance of work and lack of numbers, we have had little chance in the past to organise our own entertainments, but after a recent increase in staff this is now possible, and immediate action resulted in the arrival of a first-class set of band instruments, for which we are greatly indebted to our officers.

With this impetus our Messing-Canteen-Wireless-Entertainments Officer immediately organised an impromptu concert which finally developed into a Community-Singing-Drinking-Arguing Competition. The wonder, as is always the case, was that everyone discovered next day they'd really had a grand time. Such is the spirit of Orkney.

Training (Technical).—Slowly but surely the "dit-dit-dit dar-dar-dar dit-dit-dit" boys are learning the other twenty-four letters. In fact, this dot-dash enthusiasm has possessed the whole camp. Those previously excused are now volunteers. Methinks it is the latest novelty.

Sport.—Our initial football team was a force to be reckoned with, but a few "Change-of-Air" postings upset it somewhat, as can be seen by our results to date.

"THE WIRE" No.....

THE EDITOR,
"THE WIRE,"
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However, some newly unearthed talent gives promise of a return to our earlier successes :

v. C.R.E., won, 12—0 ; v. R.A., won, 4—2 ; v. R.E., lost, 2—4 ; v. R.A., lost, 0—3 ; v. R.A.M.C., lost 0—6.

We entered a billiards competition, which we were bound to win, according to our three-ball expert. He talked us into playing, but lost his voice before the end of the game. Now he is talking us into second place. Results to date : v. R.A.S.C., 3 games each ; v. R.A.O.C., lost, 4—2 ; v. R.A., Won, 4—2.

Swops, or human draughts. This is a new game, whereby you move carefully from Island to Island until you have sufficient ferry vouchers to exchange for a fine, big mainland one. We sorrowfully parted with several such lucky players last month. Need I say the sorrow was one-sided ? But, remember, " There'll come another day." To every dog his.

Orkney Posers.—What illness did J.B. suffer from which prevented "A Bit o' Yorkshire " ?

Who was the Sergeant at a recent Mess " do " asking for " Madame La Tonga " ?

Does a good caterer buy his reputation or pay to preserve it ?

Which way does Scapa Flow ?

Is Flotta Imperial Hotel still standing ?

Promotions.—We congratulate the Too-Numerous-to-be-Mentioned Step-ups. May your next pace be an even smarter one.

Northern Ireland District Signal Company

Christmas Tree.—We could not pass into the New Year without comment on the old. It was a tremendous and yet a terrible year, but, at the end, we rounded it off with good cheer and lit up the Christmas Tree according to plan. The children of the married soldiers were fed and feted. They had music, games, songs and presents. We gave them all we could to preserve as far as possible the good old warmth and spirit of former days. For much that was done to give all a good time we must thank the wives of officers and other ranks.

Christmas Day.—Again on Christmas Day all was well. We had our dinner and binge in the Recreation Room. Everything swam and glittered. All in authority in the Company turned up to toast and wait on the Signalmen. First, the Chief Signal Officer gave us a toast " To the King." Our Commanding Officer gave us one " To Victory." Our second-in-command toasted " Our Absent Friends." After that, everyone got stuck into Corporal Coram's roast pig. The beer began to flow. Crackers and nuts and jokes were cracked. From happy hearts the age-old words of old songs drifted haphazardly, until caught by C.S.M. Adams, who joined and blended into communal song. One of our young officers trounced the piano. The vibration of nearly a hundred voices swelled the old recreation room. The songs of youth and the beer that cheers came tumbling out continuously.

Good-bye to Shoes.—C.S.M. Pummell, on promotion to commissioned rank, has left us for a far better land. He will be known to many in the Corps more familiarly by his nickname of " Shoes," which he acquired in his early days as a Farrier. He has been succeeded here by C.S.M. Adams, and we wish both these gentlemen the best of luck in their new vocations.

And Now All This.—Perhaps you can remember, many years ago, how people wondered where the Signals got to in the winter-time. Some thought the Signals never went out. Others thought the Signals had gone out but had forgotten to come back. Yes, that is what they thought of us before the war began. Actually, Signals were not often seen because off duty they seldom wore khaki. Now, of course, battle-dress has been invented and is still such a novelty that nobody thinks of leaving it off. Indeed, if you did leave it off, you would catch a cold. Here in Northern Ireland, when you get an invitation out to tea, which is never too difficult, the people present nearly kill each other in the rush to help you off with your greatcoat, so they can see what you look like in what they call your uniform. By the way, they call it uniform because it makes tall men seem shorter and short men taller. If, however, a stranger says you look well in uniform it is well to treat this remark with some reserve as it may easily mean that you look like nothing on earth without it. Glancing casually down at oneself it does seem marvellous the way the various items hang together when no buttons are visible. It is dangerous, however, to think that buttons can be allowed to fall off just because they cannot be seen. The experience of retired men as to the necessity of maintaining one's trouser buttons is positive. Even so, the most difficult thing about battle-dress is not wearing it but wearing it out so that you can get it changed for a new one. It does not matter how much you wear it, all that counts is whether it is serviceable. If it is serviceable, then you are all right ; you can walk down Royal Avenue, you can walk with head erect, you can go on parade without fear. In fact, like anything else, it has its advantages and disadvantages, but it is difficult to say whether it is a good or bad omen that the issue of battle-dress had at last revealed where the Signals get to in the winter-time.

On the Kitchen Front.—One cold and frosty morning a cook brooded over a steaming pot wherein he had manufactured a goodly broth from liver and figs. " This will please the troops," he congratulated himself, with his tongue in his cheek, as he stirred the stuff with a bad leg. Now and again he gripped some of the rich broth with a long spoon, but he never actually sampled it. He just raised the spoon to his lips and then, with a look of self-denial, or it may have been self-pity, let it flop back in the pot. " Good morning, Corporal Coram, and a happy New Year to you," said a jovial-looking butcher entering the cookhouse like a successful steam-roller. " Don't mess about," snarled the cook, " the chimney is on fire," and then he added, more politely, " Have you any meat to-day, my good butcher ? " But the butcher hung his head and mumbled something about only having two bullocks left. " What's that ? " screamed the cook, " only two left bullocks ? Do you know, you incompetent cad, that all the troops had for breakfast was a cup of cocoa and a shave ? " Yes, those were the hot words they exchanged ; and it was just as well, perhaps, that they were hot, as it was about the only thing that was hot that New Year's morning. Even the Sergeant-Major was shivering when he dropped in to enquire : " What's this about troops shaving in cocoa ? " At which the good cook and the jovial butcher shook their heads sadly, but not for long, as they still had thick heads. " Well, sir," one remarked, " we are very short of tea these days." The cook mumbled something about China. Finally, the Sergeant-Major said : " Every chest of tea saved shortens the war." Then they all nodded their heads wisely and stood to attention because they were so pleased to find themselves in agreement, which is a great thing about Democracy. Well, that is a true New Year's story and the moral—namely, " evil be to him who evil thinks," or its modern counterpart, " eat more fruit "—is quite obvious.

THE GLOOMY DEAN.

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The attention of all readers is drawn to the CHANGE OF ADDRESS notice published on the front Editorial page.

Corps News—Officers

Extracts from "The London Gazette"

[War Office—19/12/40]

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS:
Major (Quartermaster) A. E. Winton, D.C.M. (33418), having attained the age for retirement, is placed on retired pay, 8/12/40.
EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS :
Norman Munro Watt (152627) to be Lieutenant (without pay and allowances), 10/10/40.
The undermentioned to be Lieutenants :
John William Frederick Church (53738), 14/10/40.
Acting C.Q.M.S. Edward Saunders (154787), 13/11/40.
R.Q.M.S. Harold Kenny (154786), 15/11/40.
The undermentioned to be 2nd Lieutenants :
Wallace Archibald Dodds (142870), 12/8/40.
Duncan Lewis Mackenzie MacFarlane (154758), 14/9/40.
2nd Lieutenant Albert Edward Stocker (154402), 4/11/40.
David Patey (154735), 14/11/40.
R.S.M. William Henry Clark (159234) to be Lieutenant (Quartermaster), 10/11/40.
The undermentioned to be Lieutenants (T.M.O.) :
C.S.M. Henry Frank Wintermere (159182), 6/11/40.
Acting R.S.M. James Richard Burton (159176), 7/11/40.

[War Office, 20/12/40]

The King has been graciously pleased to give orders for the following promotions in, and appointments to, the most Excellent Order of the British Empire :

" To be Additional Commanders of the Military Division of the said Most Excellent Order " :

Lieutenant-Colonel (temporary Colonel) Frank Stanley Morgan, Royal Signals.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve the following awards :

" The Medal of the Military Division of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire for Meritorious Service " :

No. 2560889 Sergeant John William Sellers, Royal Signals.

The King has been pleased to approve of the undermentioned awards in recognition of gallantry in France and Flanders :

THE MILITARY CROSS.

Lieutenant Gilbert Harold Metson, Royal Signals.

THE MILITARY MEDAL.

No. 2588316 Lance Corporal Basil James Williams, Royal Signals.
No. 2339058 Signalman William Andrew Muckle, Royal Signals.

The names of the undermentioned have been brought to notice in recognition of distinguished service in connection with operations in the field March-June, 1940 :

COMMANDS AND STAFF :
Colonel (temp. Brigadier) R. Chenevix-Trench, C.B., O.B.E., M.C.
Major-General (Acting Lieutenant-General) E. A. Osborne, C.B., D.S.O.
Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Read, Royal Signals.
Major (temp. Lieutenant-Colonel) W. A. Scott.
Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. H. Nalder.
Major (temp. Lieutenant-Colonel) L. R. Hall.
Lieutenant-Colonel P. H. Jones, M.C., T.D.
Lieutenant-Colonel R. S. Smith.
Lieutenant-Colonel (Acting Colonel) F. W. Nicholls, O.B.E.
Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. Murphy.
Lieutenant-Colonel L. B. Nicholls, O.B.E.
Major (temp. Lieutenant-Colonel) H. E. Rance.
Lieutenant-Colonel J. Gardiner.
Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Harris.
Major C. D. Clapp.
Major A. R. B. Dobson.
Major R. J. De C. Barber.
Major J. B. Challen.
Major P. G. Goodeve-Docker.
Major W. E. Chinn.
Major (Acting Lieutenant-Colonel) D. A. L. Wade, M.C.
Major R. H. Rayner, M.B.E., M.P.
Captain A. Tozer, M.C.
Major A. B. de Lisle.
Major V. Mitchell.
Major E. D. Good.
Captain R. C. Yule.
Captain C. F. Kerr.
Ca'tain D. de la P. Tate.
Captain S. Robinson.
Captain (Acting Major) E. S. Cole.
Captain A. W. Damon.
Captain F. S. Lodder.
Captain (Acting Major) T. W. Boileau.
Captain (Acting Major) G. A. Keith.
Captain L. W. Wright.
Captain F. Cokayne.
Captain P. T. S. Brown.
Captain A. E. Tyler.
Lieutenant C. Stagg.
Lieutenant L. C. Udell.
Lieutenant F. F. Ellis.
Lieutenant (Quartermaster) N. A. Norcross, M.B.E.
Lieutenant E. N. L. Brown.
Lieutenant P. R. Beaven.
Lieutenant J. J. G. Harvey.
Lieutenant W. C. Manning.
Lieutenant (Quartermaster) G. R. Price.
Lieutenant (Acting Captain) L. R. James.
Lieutenant G. H. Metson.
Lieutenant W. Millett.
Lieutenant (Quartermaster) J. F. J. O'Connor.
Lieutenant W. J. Trimmer.
Lieutenant (Quartermaster) J. Swatten.
Lieutenant J. D. Cooke.
Lieutenant (Quartermaster) G. Perry.
Lieutenant (Acting Captain) G. Morris.
Lieutenant D. S. Pullin.
2nd Lieutenant F. K. Austin.
2nd Lieutenant W. A. Woods.
2nd Lieutenant J. H. C. Linney.
2nd Lieutenant (Acting Captain) W. G. Moore.
2nd Lieutenant (Acting Captain) D. Nelson.
2nd Lieutenant A. M. Keeling.
2nd Lieutenant W. G. Leburn.
2nd Lieutenant C. H. Golden.
2nd Lieutenant G. Wilson.
2nd Lieutenant H. Dudley.
2nd Lieutenant F. Warhurst.
2nd Lieutenant E. T. Billham.
Captain G. St. L. King.
2319147 Lance Corporal Stringfellow C.
2318206 Sergeant Lennon W. T. H.
724657 Signalman Guthrie L. A.
2318648 Signalman Hislop G. S.
2320168 Signalman Baines E.
2312532 Signalman O'Keeffe P. W.
2559137 Corporal Marsh B. H. V.
2323656 Sergeant Smith E.
2339778 Lance Corporal Griffin H.
2577774 Corporal Goss E. R.
2320340 Corporal Rogers C. G.
2583433 Signalman Hunter A.
2585784 Signalman Crooks C. J.
2582902 Signalman Irving C. K.
2586073 Signalman Littlehales M. G.
2590409 Signalman Powell W. G.
2578218 Lance Corporal Gosgrove G. J.
2576731 Lance Corporal Dyson F.
2579761 Sergeant Chawner R. G.
2566864 Sergeant Larkin A.
2578022 Signalman Edmunds G.
2576872 Signalman McNeill W. L.
2577138 Signalman Putland G.
2570991 Corporal Glynn R.
2566117 Sergeant G. P. McLoughlin.
2567672 Sergeant Hoyle F. W. R.
2581908 Sergeant Rawlins R. V.
2574309 Signalman Maynard R. A.
119967 Signalman Tarbotton D. A.

2582337 Signalman Taylor F.
2576227 Signalman Ginn A.
2306620 W.O. I (R.S.M.) Widgery J.
2562410 Sergeant Olsen O.
2574553 Lance Corporal Petrie W.
2573360 Signalman Stansfield J. W.
2573487 Signalman Robinson W.
2581151 Signalman Fletcher A.
2575070 Signalman Merry M. H.
2583431 Signalman Waddleton J.
2572590 Signalman Sharratt W.
2578036 Signalman Spence D. R.
757006 W.O. I (S.S.M.) Coles R.
2320767 Corporal Carter G. H.
2320880 Corporal Sutherland J.
2315475 Sergeant Pearce E. F.
1850317 W.O. II (C.S.M.) Bygrave S.
2328460 Signalman Burke J. A. (Since deceased.)
2314606 Corporal Hollis F.
2572037 Signalman Quayle A. B.
2577287 Signalman Mitchell J. J.
2364686 Signalman Hallam H. G.
871358 Signalman Wookie H.
2593164 Signalman Hoody R. C.
2326290 Signalman Graham W.
2364685 Signalman Holliday J.
2320728 Sergeant Marshall G. E.
2320061 Signalman Gibbons J.
1866638 Signalman Tracey A.
2324372 Corporal Sewell H.
2593240 Signalman Seed V. A.
2323523 Signalman Thompson W. H.
2573858 Lance Corporal Powell E. E.
2316599 Signalman White R. C.
2322237 Lance Corporal Broadbridge H. G.
1411499 Sergeant Owen C. B. V.
2589066 Signalman Hitchings R. R.
2320062 Corporal Eady A. L.
2578073 Signalman Hawes W. F. R.
2568305 Signalman Crisp G. C.
2318690 W.O. II Hart S. F.
2318636 Signalman Williams J. A.
2565704 Corporal Ingram R. A.
2746854 Signalman Seath A.
2316563 W.O. III (P.S.M.) Weedon G. A.
2321619 Lance Sergeant Brown J. J.
2319846 Corporal (A/Sergeant) Foreman A. E.
2321478 Corporal Knott A. F.
2593010 Signalman Whitworth M. G.
2557675 C.Q.M.S. Bright S. A.
2572546 Sergeant Smith H.
2563707 Sergeant Dowell A.
819521 Sergeant (A/C.Q.M.S.) Elliott J. M.
2319275 Signalman Boobier C. H.
3523061 W.O. I (S.S.M.) Robinson B. L.
2316545 C.Q.M.S. Wright H. R.
2318857 Corporal Follows G. A.
2323711 Sergeant Morris S. J.
2316890 Signalman Smith C. T.
2339034 Signalman Craig T. O.
2339006 Signalman Davison A. J. M.
2573332 Signalman Stockley T. E.
2577515 Signalman Watmough F. E.
2572989 Signalman Fitzgerald W. E.
2312521 W.O. I (S.S.M.) Costello A. J.
2321623 Sergeant Notley F.
2322022 Corporal Holt G.
2315487 Sergeant W. W. Long.
2319950 Lance Corporal Dalziel A. A.
2316006 Corporal Francis H. J.
2317258 Corporal Kirk R. W. G.
2319109 Signalman MacLeod P.
2313923 W.O. II (C.S.M.) Cook T. M.
5488395 Corporal Witcher W. S.
2309576 W.O. II (C.S.M.) (A/W.O.I (R.S.M.)) Elkins E. V.
2581108 Signalman Mathews D. C. B.
2571954 Lance Corporal Garden A. M.
2326272 Lance Corporal Crossbie F. W.
2316746 Lance Corporal Crump W. J. G.
2327277 Signalman Galbraith D.
2308791 Sergeant Kennedy D. S.
2318653 Sergeant Newton A.
557947 A/Corporal Davies G.
2326323 Signalman (A/Lance Corporal) Baxter W. T.
1054691 Sergeant Wale D.
6595517 Sergeant Brett F. W.
2319449 Signalman Brett H. J.
2317395 Signalman Elphick C.
5669059 Signalman Chilcott S. J.
2589571 Signalman Andrews G. W.
2307260 Corporal Pettyfer F. R.
2322257 Corporal Hughes S.
399126 Sergeant Strachan J. N.
2576002 Signalman Barry E. W.
2325437 Sergeant Bebbington G.
2568320 Sergeant Millar J. W.
2576085 Sergeant Kirby J. M.
2574364 Corporal Green F. J.
2575918 Signalman Parvis D. C.
2577444 Signalman Stokes J. H.
2319826 Signalman Leonard J.
2577159 Signalman Cresswell W. A.
2575321 Sergeant Bunyan E. F.
1052457 Sergeant Rackham R.
2322145 C.Q.M.S. Dowding L. H. F.
2575831 Signalman Glover J. M.
2319098 Sergeant Motley W. H.
2318354 Corporal Hills H.
2319821 Signalman Sadler E.
7008748 Signalman Marshall J.
2327496 Signalman Lee A. S.
2338398 Signalman Toy P. H.
2306823 W.O. II (R.Q.M.S.) Robson L. G.
2338448 Signalman Bailey W.

The King has been pleased to approve of the undermentioned awards in recognition of gallant conduct in action with the enemy :

THE MILITARY CROSS.

Lieutenant (temp. Captain) John Jerome Collins, Royal Signals.
Lieutenant (temp. Captain) David Clifford Johnston Bell, Royal Signals.

THE MILITARY MEDAL.

2326780 Signalman James Evans, Royal Signals.
2332848 Signalman William Brook Gill, Royal Signals.
2575873 Signalman Arthur John Mouncey, Royal Signals.
2573762 Signalman Gordon Robert Pendleton, Royal Signals.

The names of the undermentioned have been brought to notice in recognition of distinguished services in connection with operations in Norway :

Captain J. O. R. Crabtree, Royal Signals.
Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Jackson, M.C., T.D., Royal Signals.
2315324 A/Sergeant Bryant R. C., Royal Signals.
2560553 Sergeant Berriff C., Royal Signals.
2360457 Signalman Vickers R., Royal Signals.

[War Office, 17/12/40]

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

Captain (Quartermaster) P. A. Harding (45330) to be Major (Quartermaster), 8/12/40.

[War Office, 20/12/40]

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

R.S.M. Frederick Gordon Strange (157903) to be Lieutenant (Quartermaster), 15/9/40.

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS—ROYAL SIGNALS.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Meredith, M.C. (35995), having attained the age limit of liability to recall, ceases to belong to the Reserve of Officers, 30/11/40.

[War Office, 31/12/40]

REGULAR ARMY.

The undermentioned Colonels retire and are retained in their appointments :

(Temp. Brigadier) R. Chenevix Trench, C.B., O.B.E., M.C. (3223), 15/12/40.

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

Major C. T. Hughes, M.C. (13700) having attained the age for retirement, retires on retired pay, 30/12/40, and remains employed.

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS :

The undermentioned to be Lieutenants, 10/11/40 :

C.S.M. John Lawson (159341).
C.S.M. (A/R.Q.M.S.) Alfred John Borthwick Gilmour (159324).
W.O. Cl. III Francis Montague McLoughlin (159340).
W.O. Cl. III Albert James Page (159325).
C.Q.M.S. Harry Leonard Lacey (159323).
C.Q.M.S. (F-of-S) Ernest Robert Knight (159326).
C.Q.M.S. (F-of-S) Thomas George Chambers (159347).
Sergeant (A/C.Q.M.S.) Kenneth Thomas John Snow (159349).
Sergeant Henry Thomas Hill (159339).
Sergeant Gerrard Alfred Cosens (159327).
Sergeant Ernest Field (159337).
Sergeant Reginald Ernest Button (159321).
Sergeant Frederick Thomas Edwards (159335).
Sergeant Phil Wolfe (159330).
Sergeant Norman Charles Gordon (159329).
Sergeant George Lewis Connor (159328).
Sergeant Herman George Frederick Mohrstadt (159331).
Sergeant Henry Pike (159348).
Sergeant John Raymond Camp (159346).
Lance Sergeant (A/Sergeant) Jack Cyril Robertson (159338).
Lance Sergeant (A/Sergeant) John Henry Thom (159333).
Lance Sergeant (A/Sergeant) Oswald Ditchfield (159332).
Corporal (A/Sergeant) William James Holder (159336).
Corporal (A/Lance Sergeant) Thomas Meckiff Noon (159343).
Corporal (A/Lance Sergeant) Ronald Claude Kerry (159334).
Corporal Eric Roy Haxell (159344).
Corporal Sidney Arthur Cheverton Jackson (159342).

R.S.M. Stanley Arthur Bygrave (159385) to be Lieutenant (T.M.O.), 7/11/40.

A/Sergeant Harry Kelly (154780) to be Lieutenant, 21/11/40.

Albert Charles William Ware (152625) to be 2nd Lieutenant (without pay and allowances), 10/10/40.

C.S.M. Frank Reginald Goble to be Lieutenant (Quartermaster), 6/11/40.

The undermentioned Cadets from 151st O.C.T.U. to be 2nd Lieutenants, except as otherwise stated, 2/11/40 :

Roderick George Patience (155872) to be Lieutenant.
Denis Raymond Crow (155858).
Aubrey Leonard Mansfield (155859).
Kenneth George Platt (155860).
David Lance Sylvester-Bradley (155861).
Donald Arthur Mark Brodie (155862).
Stanley Harold Chisman (155863).
John Hay Croll (155864).
Peter Charles Cross (155865).
Robert Lathom Davies (155866).
David Lawrence Hawkins (155867).
John Esmond Hilton Hutchinson (155868).
Eric Marsden (155869).
Stanley Harold McKay (155870).
Reginald George Miller (155871).
Stanley Basil Smee (155873).
Albert Watson (155874).
Sidney John Wharton (155875).
Geoffrey Strickland Whiting (155876).
Douglas Robert Chesworth Williams (155877).
Kenneth Tarbottom (155878).

The undermentioned Cadets from 152nd O.C.T.U. to be 2nd Lieutenants, except as otherwise stated, 2/11/40 :

Carl Oscar Sanders (155760) to be Lieutenant.
Eric Bertram Adlwin Bailey (155750).
Kenneth Athorne Vallence Bywater (155751).
Jack Charles Howard Newman Reeves (155752).
John Derek Guy Russell (155753).
John Paul Burrough (155754).
George Norbury Appold Curtis (155755).
Albert John Davies (155756).
Peter George Eumorfopoulos (155757).
George Donaldson Meiklejohn (155758).
Brian Morgan Robinson (155759).
William Markham Shakespear (155761).
William Frederick York (155762).
Ivan Joseph Bunting (155763).
John Desmond Cole-Baker (155806).
William Eadie (155807).
Malcolm Fletcher Holliday (155808).
Samuel Henry Dodington Jebb (155809).
Stephen Lambert (155810).
David Leonard Smithers (155811).
Kenneth McNeilly Leeburn (155812).
Charles Robert Littledale (155813).
Murdock John McLennan (155814).
Henry Evans Sheppard (155815).

The undermentioned Cadets from 151st O.C.T.U. to be 2nd Lieutenants, 23/11/40 :

Dennis Hennessey (158141).
Thomas Douglas Carnwath (158142).
Derek Henry Fender (158143).
Geoffrey Roff Marsh (158144).
John Laurence Starnes (158145).
Joseph John Anns (158146).
Peter Staway Compton Brisbourne (158147).
John Ernest Coles (158148).
Frank Webster Grainge (158149).
Walter Hinton Clark Griffith (158150).
Rafe Trevor Newbery (160041).
Kenneth George Taylor (158151).
John Alfred Lewis Williams (158152).
Edgar Plews Appleby (158153).

TERRITORIAL ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

Lieutenant-Colonel V. W. Hawkins (26543) at his own request reverts to the rank of Major whilst employed during the present emergency, 20/9/40.

Diary of Events in the War

NOVEMBER 20TH, 1940, TO JANUARY 9TH, 1941

NOVEMBER 20TH.—Greeks break through Italian line on Epirus front and capture many prisoners and much material. R.A.F. afford valuable assistance, shooting down nine Italian fighters without loss. Another heavy hostile raid on Midlands. R.A.F. raid Berlin and Skoda works at Pilsen.

NOVEMBER 21ST.—Italian retreat continues in Koritza area and on Epirus front. Hungary joins Axis Three Power Pact.

NOVEMBER 22ND.—Italians abandon Koritza and Greeks enter town.

NOVEMBER 23RD.—Germans raid another Midland town, inflicting damage and casualties. Italian retreat all along front continues; Greek captures of prisoners total 20,000 and practically all Greek territory now free of invaders.

NOVEMBER 24TH.—Rumania and Slovakia join Three Power Pact.

NOVEMBER 25TH.—R.A.F. raid Durazzo. First batch of airmen under Empire training scheme arrive in Britain.

NOVEMBER 26TH.—Enemy raid Bristol. R.A.F. attack Kiel and Wilhelmshaven.

NOVEMBER 27TH.—Engagement in Western Mediterranean between British and Italian naval squadrons, in which Italians suffer damage and are forced to retire. R.A.F. bomb Cologne. Eleven enemy aircraft shot down in daylight raid; night attack on Plymouth.

NOVEMBER 29TH.—Naval actions in Channel between British and German light forces.

NOVEMBER 30TH.—Heavy air raid on London. R.A.F. attack targets in Western Germany.

DECEMBER 1ST.—Greeks capture Pogradets. Heavy enemy air attack on Southampton.

DECEMBER 2ND.—Another heavy raid on Southampton. R.A.F. raid hostile submarine bases in occupied territory. Greeks continue advance all along front.

DECEMBER 3RD.—Enemy air raid on Bristol, London and Birmingham. R.A.F. raid German military targets and also Bari in Italy and Italian bases in Albania.

DECEMBER 4TH.—Italians forced to evacuate Santi Quaranta, Argyrokastro and Premeti in Southern Albania.

DECEMBER 5TH.—Thirteen hostile aircraft shot down in day attacks on Britain. R.A.F. bomb Dusseldorf and Turin.

DECEMBER 6TH.—Greeks occupy Santi Quaranta. Marshal Badoglio, Chief of Italian General Staff, resigns. Engagement in South Atlantic between British merchant cruiser "Carnarvon Castle" and German surface raider.

DECEMBER 7TH.—Enemy raid Bristol again. Resignation of Italian Commander in Dodecanese Islands announced.

DECEMBER 8TH.—Greeks occupy Argyrokastro and Delvino. Admiral Cavagnari, Chief of Italian Naval Staff, resigns. Heavy night raid on London. R.A.F. bomb Dusseldorf and other targets in Germany.

DECEMBER 9TH.—British offensive in Western Desertfof Egypt commences successfully, completely surprising Italians.

DECEMBER 10TH.—British reach coast in rear of Italians at Sid-Barrani, cutting off their retreat. Navy and R.A.F. co-operate closely with land attack. Two German spies executed in London.

DECEMBER 11TH.—British capture Sidi Barrani with many prisoners and much war material. Enemy night raid on Birmingham.

DECEMBER 12TH.—British captures of prisoners in Western Desert total over 20,000, including eight Generals. Pursuit of defeated Italians pressed on as far as Buq-Buq. Greek advances in Albania goes on despite increased Italian resistance. Death of Lord Lothian, British Ambassador in U.S.A.

DECEMBER 13TH.—British pursuit of Italian forces and collection of prisoners and other captures continues.

DECEMBER 14TH.—British, continuing to follow up retreating enemy, reach Egyptian-Libyan frontier. Prisoners taken now estimated at over 30,000; our losses small.

DECEMBER 15TH.—British cross Libyan border on wide front in continued pursuit of Italians. Widespread hostile night activity over Britain.

DECEMBER 16TH.—British occupy Sollum and Fort Capuzzo. Heavy R.A.F. attacks on Mannheim, Bordeaux, Bari, and Durazzo. South and East African troops in Kenya raid El Wak.

DECEMBER 17TH.—British advanced troops reach Bardia; total of prisoners taken in Libya now 40,000. R.A.F. again raid Mannheim. Greek advance continues all along front in Albania.

DECEMBER 18TH.—R.A.F. raid Mannheim, Lorient, Milan, Genoa, and Valona. Greeks occupy Himara.

DECEMBER 19TH.—British close round Bardia, held by 30,000 Italians left behind as rearguard. R.A.F. attack enemy targets in Germany, France, Italy and Norway. Heavy fighting in Albania, where Italian counter-attacks are repulsed.

DECEMBER 20TH.—R.A.F. bomb Berlin, Amsterdam and other targets. Heavy hostile air attack on Liverpool at night.

DECEMBER 21ST.—R.A.F. attack Ruhr and Rhineland and targets in Low Countries, France and North Italy. Second hostile air raid on Merseyside. In Albania Greeks make further local advances.

DECEMBER 22ND.—Government changes announced; Lord Halifax to be Ambassador to U.S.A., Mr. Eden to Foreign Office, Capt. Margesson to War Office. Enemy night raid on Manchester. R.A.F. raid targets in Germany and Italy.

DECEMBER 23RD.—Mr. Churchill broadcasts to Italian people.

DECEMBER 24TH.—Enemy night attack on Liverpool. Raid by Fleet Air Arm on Tripoli and on Italian convoy in Mediterranean; two enemy ships sunk.

DECEMBER 25TH.—Italians raid Corfu.

DECEMBER 27TH.—Heavy hostile night raid on London. R.A.F. attack targets in Germany and German-occupied territory.

DECEMBER 28TH.—More R.A.F. attacks on hostile targets; no enemy air action.

DECEMBER 29TH.—Heavy air attack with incendiary bombs on City of London; many fires and much damage caused. Attack by enemy surface raider on British convoy in Atlantic beaten off; raider damaged and supply ship sunk.

DECEMBER 30TH.—Greeks score further local successes in Albania despite bad winter weather.

DECEMBER 31ST.—Government announce plans for more fire service watchers.

1941.

JANUARY 2ND.—Heavy R.A.F. attack on Bremen.

JANUARY 3RD.—British attack on Bardia begun successfully. Second R.A.F. raid on Bremen.

JANUARY 4TH.—Attack on Bardia makes good progress. Third R.A.F. raid on Bremen. Enemy raid Bristol.

JANUARY 5TH.—Bardia surrenders after short attack, in which Australian troops played leading part. 45,000 prisoners and much booty captured.

JANUARY 6TH.—President Roosevelt promises increase of American aid to Democracies resisting aggression.

JANUARY 7TH.—British occupy El Adem, aerodrome in Libya, and push to west of Tobruk. Small weekly losses of Allied shipping reported.

JANUARY 8TH.—U.S.A. mobilises Navy to full war strength.

JANUARY 9TH.—German air raids on London and elsewhere. R.A.F. attack Emden and Wilhelmshaven.

ROYAL SIGNALS CAR BADGE



The above illustration describes a new Car Badge, which has been designed to meet the requirements of all Royal Signals car owners.

It is a highly finished production of excellent workmanship—Chromium plated with a central background of Royal Signals Corps colours in enamel—and can be obtained on application to The Secretary, Signals Association: 15/6 each.

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VOL. XXII.—No. 253 MARCH, 1941 PRICE—SIXPENCE

Editorial Notes

ROYAL SIGNALS PRISONERS OF WAR

AN APPEAL TO ALL RANKS.—We have been asked to announce that in an endeavour to ensure a continuous supply of COMFORTS and NECESSITIES to all R.Signals Prisoners of War, the Central Committee of Signals Association have already communicated with each man's NEXT-OF-KIN, with an offer of material help for all those who, for any reason are unable to prepare and despatch the periodical "family" parcels which they are permitted to send once every three months.

The following extract from one of the many replies received to date reveals a state of affairs which calls for immediate action and the Committee are sparing no pains, or expense, to relieve the anxiety of those families whose need is urgent.

Extract:

"I am in receipt of your letter this morning and feel very grateful for the information. The Red Cross do send labels to me, but I have not been able to make use of them. With a family of four small children to provide for and 18s. rent to find it is a job to make ends meet, especially with food at the high price it is to-day. I shall be very grateful if you will assist me to get an occasional parcel sent to my husband, No. —— Signalman ——, Royal Signals."

It is felt that this matter demands the most generous support of which the Corps, as a whole, is capable. A considerable sum will be needed to meet the additional burden on Association resources and the Central Committee invite contributions from ALL RANKS and UNITS for the relief of our comrades in adversity, and their dependants. Remittances should be addressed to: THE GENERAL SECRETARY, SIGNALS ASSOCIATION, BUCKINGHAM HOUSE, 6, BUCKINGHAM STREET, LONDON, W.C.2, and the envelope marked "P. OF W. FUND" in the top left-hand corner.

Obituary.—We regret to announce the death, on 1st January, 1941, of Mrs. Kathleen Westwood, wife of Lieutenant F. H. Westwood, Royal Signals. Lieutenant and Mrs. Westwood have a wide circle of friends amongst Units of the Corps at home and abroad, and the latter will wish to be associated with us in extending to Lieutenant Westwood our deepest sympathy on his sad bereavement. We are requested to ask all their friends to accept this announcement as the only intimation.

THE EDITOR.

Benevolent Fund Notes

Security regulations do not permit us to publish detailed particulars of Corps Units, but it is hoped that the following list of those formations who have already responded to the Colonels-Commandants' appeal for regular monthly contributions to the Corps Benevolent Fund will be found satisfactory for the purpose of identification.

The Administrator gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following :

Benevolent Fund (No. 2 A/C 1940)

CASH SUBSCRIPTION from :

Lieutenant (Quartermaster) F. G. Strange.

BANKER'S ORDER SUBSCRIPTION from :

Captain R. A. Connor.

Benevolent Fund (No. 2 A/C 1940) (Unit list continued)

	£	s.	d.
London District Signals—December, 1940	4	0	6
Sergeants' Mess, 1 Company, 7th —Signals—Donation	1	0	0
1 Company, 1 — Signals, Home Forces—December, 1940, and January, 1941	1	12	9
3rd — Signals, Home Forces—October, November and December, 1940	3	3	3
152nd O.C.T.U., Yorkshire (Other Ranks)—December, 1940	2	5	9
" F " Section, — Divisional Signals, Home Forces —January, 1941		9	3
1 — Signals, Home Forces—Donation	5	0	0
5 — Signals, Home Forces—Donation	10	0	0
1 Company, 11th — Signals, Home Forces—January, 1941	2	4	9
15th (S.) — Signals, Home Forces—January, 1941	3	10	9
3 Squadron, — Armoured Divisional Signals, Home Forces—January, 1941	1	5	6
Orkneys and Shetlands Signal Company—December, 1940	2	0	0
152nd O.C.T.U., Yorkshire (Officers)—December, 1940	2	0	0
12th — Signals, Home Forces—January, 1941	3	5	0
1 Company, 10th — Signals—January, 1941	2	5	6
2 — Signals, Home Forces—February, 1941	2	18	3
London District Signals—January, 1941	4	2	9
Railway Signals Training Battalion, Staffordshire—Donation	4	8	0
S.P. and S.M. Areas Section, Wiltshire—January, 1941	1	13	6
— Artillery Signal Section, Training Battalion, Surrey—Donation	1	8	6
2nd Air Formation Signals, Home Forces—Donation	28	4	7
3rd Operators' Training Battalion, Yorkshire—February, 1941	7	13	0
— Artillery Signal Section, Training Battalion, Surrey—Donation	5	2	3
152nd O.C.T.U., Yorkshire (Officers)—January, 1941	1	19	0
2 Company, 11th — Signals, Home Forces—January and February, 1941	5	7	9
Railway Signals, Training Battalion, Staffordshire —Donation	4	3	7
1 Company, 61st — Signals, Home Forces—February, 1941		14	9
— Special Wireless Group, Wiltshire—January, 1941	3	5	6
2nd Air Formation Signals, Home Forces—February, 1941	14	14	11
1 Company, 11th — Signals, Home Forces—February, 1941	2	2	6
UNITS ABROAD—			
Waziristan District Signals, India—July, August and September, 1940	2	12	3
Wireless Experimental Section, India—August and September, 1940	3	15	5
Motorsigs, India—November, 1940		2	9
Motorsigs, India—September and October, 1940		6	6
Kohat District Signals, India—November, 1940		15	8
4th Indian Divisional Signals, Middle East Force—January, 1941	4	0	0

APPEALS dealt with :

1	Wife of Signalman, London	Grant	£2	0 0
2	Ex-Signalman, Sussex	Grant	£4	0 0
3	Wife of Ex-Signalman, Bucks	Grant	£2	10 0
4	Ex-Signalman, Surrey	Grant	£4	10 0
5	Signalman, Aldershot	Grant	£5	0 0
6	Ex-N.C.O., Bournemouth	Grant	£5	0 0
7	Wife of Ex-N.C.O., North Wales	Grant	£4	0 0
8	Ex-Signalman, Scotland	Grant	£2	10 0
9	Ex-Signalman, Portsmouth	Grant	£1	0 0
10	Wife of Signalman, Surrey	Grant	£3	0 0
11	Signalman, 1st Divisional Signals	Loan	£5	0 0
12	Signalman, Carlisle	Grant	£3	13 6

(Signed) T. H. L. SPAIGHT, Lieutenant-Colonel,
Administrator, Signals Association Benevolent Fund.

Royal Signals Comforts Fund

Since 1st October, 1940, the Comforts Fund has sent out 18,290 woollen garments and 110 parcels of books, games, recreational amenities and sundry comforts, 28 of the latter being packing cases which have gone to Units overseas.

The Comforts Fund is now appealing to all its supporters to continue their efforts throughout the summer. The warm garments which are made in the next seven months are of most value to the troops as they will be ready to be issued at the outset of the cold weather and can be used throughout the winter.

It is hoped to hold a weekly working party in London for the purpose of knitting and for making waterproof over-mittens for Despatch Riders. Will all those interested please apply to 6, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2, for further details.

The Comforts Fund has been most grateful for the following outstanding gifts : £50 from the 3rd Signal Training Centre Comforts Fund, £40 from the 2nd Signal Training Centre Comforts Fund, £25 from a Sale of Work held by the Malaya Signal Company, £20 from the Signalite Concert Party belonging to an A.A. Divisional Signals, £18 12s. 5d. from two Units in India, £20 from a dance held by the 4 Command Signals, and £15 7s. 9d. from a whist drive held by the Edinburgh Ladies' Guild.

Many contributions of knitting have also been received from Branches of the Ladies' Guild, Work Parties, and other friends and the Comforts Fund Committee is most grateful to all who have helped with their work during the winter.

LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1941

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. G. F. Winn		10	0
Major A. E. Morrison	1	0	0
Major E. V. Cooke (quarterly)	2	10	0
Egypt Command Signals and — Armoured Divisional Signals	5	0	0
C.S.O. and Staff, Scottish Command, Collecting Box (December)	1	0	0
Mrs. L. C. Boyd's Branch of Ladies' Guild	1	0	0
— A.A. Divisional Signals Concert Party	20	0	0
Malaya Signal Company, Proceeds of Sale of Work	25	0	0
Mrs. J. Birkett		5	0
Mrs. A. J. Harris's Branch of Ladies' Guild, Collecting Box	1	1	6
1st Signal Training Centre Boxing Display	10	0	0
Mrs. Calveley		5	0
Staff of Inspection Department, R.E. and Signal Stores (monthly)	3	0	0
Egypt Command Signals	2	0	0
Mrs. Wicks' Work Party	5	10	0
Royal Signals Mess, Aldershot (monthly)	2	8	0
Brigadier R. Chenevix Trench (quarterly)		15	0
H. Pegg, Esq.	4	13	8
P.R.I., — Divisional Signals	4	10	0
P.R.I., No. 1 Company, 1st Artillery Signal Section Training Battalion	1	5	0
Mrs. Nalder		10	0
Mrs. J. Birkett		5	0

	£	s.	d.
Wimbledon Unit, Electrical Association for Women		15	6
— (I.) Divisional Signals and Deccan District Signals	18	12	5
B.O.R.s, Army Signal School (I.)	1	0	0
Kohat District Signals (monthly)	2	3	1
Waziristan District Signals	3	1	1
— Corps Signals	5	0	0
No. 3 Company, 1st Artillery Signal Section, Training Battalion, Proceeds of Concert	1	2	6
2nd Signal Training Centre Comforts Fund	40	0	0
3rd Signal Training Centre Comforts Fund	50	0	0
Mrs. Weaire		7	6
James Mahoney, Esq., Proceeds of Dance	8	1	0
Mrs. A. J. Harris's Branch of Ladies' Guild	4	0	0
Mrs. Wheatley's Branch of Ladies' Guild	1	18	6
— Divisional Signals, Proceeds of Dance	5	0	0
Kohat District Signals (monthly)	2	3	1
Mrs. Hughes, Proceeds of Collection, Children's Play, etc.	5	0	0
Mrs. Hoysted	1	0	0
Orkney and Shetland Signal Company	2	0	0
Wireless Experimental Section, India	1	9	0
— Divisional Signals, Proceeds of Dance	6	0	0
Mrs. Parker's Work Party	1	0	0
Staff of Inspection Department, R.E. and Signal Stores (monthly)	3	0	0
Mrs. Calveley		5	6
— (I.) Divisional Signals	4	0	0
Mrs. A. J. Harris's Branch of Ladies' Guild, Proceeds of Collecting Box	4	1	0
Royal Signals Mess, Aldershot (monthly)	2	8	0
4 Command Signals, Proceeds of Dance	20	0	0
1st Artillery Signal Section, Training Battalion	1	4	4
London District Signals	5	0	0
Eastern Command Signal Company, India	2	10	0
Edinburgh Ladies' Guild, Proceeds of Whist Drive	15	7	9
Ditto Proceeds of Collecting Boxes	3	1	1
— Divisional Signals, Proceeds of Collecting Box	3	8	0
Major-General P. Hootton, C.I.E.	1	0	0
P.R.I., — Divisional Signals	4	10	0

News and the War

By LANCE CORPORAL W. V. H. MARTIN

(Formerly a Reuter Correspondent in Paris).

Criticism has recently been voiced among Signalmen in my Battalion at the manner in which news (or the apparent lack of it) is presented for the Army's consumption by our daily newspapers.

While it is human to comment adversely on commonplace things in life to-day—even in the second year of war—we should think twice before we tear our war-time Press to shreds. Consider for a moment the difficulties under which the National Press of Britain and the Empire, the B.B.C., and the Press of our Allies —for they are all part and parcel of the same system—carry on in the midst of twentieth-century warfare.

Owing to censorship regulations, which number propaganda as one of our most vital and piercing non-combative weapons against Germany, I cannot go fully into how Britain's news services and newspapers are standing the strain of war. It is common knowledge that the B.B.C. and several London offices of newspapers, including "The Times," have been bombed without their efficiency or speed of production being impaired.

What would have been the result had these informers of the public really failed ? In France there was no doubt that the Press did fail, as I will show later.

I cannot hazard what would have been the effect on the morale of this country, but I can contrast as an eye-witness what happened when the French news organisations crumpled under the strain of the German invasion and how, as a result, the whole nation was an easy prey to rumour, gossip, lies and defeatism.

One scene in Bordeaux twenty-four hours before the Armistice I shall never forget. The spectacle of the rich owner of the newspaper " Paris-Soir," M. Prouvost, who had a few weeks before been brought into the Cabinet in an effort to reorganise French propaganda, sitting on the stairs at the entrance to a public building and begging for scraps of information as to the latest news from the Front from recently-arrived British and American correspondents in order that he might bring out his own newspaper and collate material for news broadcasts.

Pray that the British Minister of Information is never placed in the same position !

What of the British news services to-day ? What are they doing to keep their line intact ? I shall deal with the working of two organisations with whom I have been closely associated, the Press Association and Reuter, sister concerns and the biggest agencies in Britain handling home and foreign news respectively.

On Sunday, 29th December, the German Air Force launched its incendiary bomb attack against the City of London. Although the Press Association Creed system was severed between London and the Provinces, devices hitherto undreamt of were put into operation. The first real trouble in London had begun on Boxing night. A summary of two days' news had been prepared, Then, in common with some other Fleet Street offices, a cable fault stopped working to Manchester and Glasgow. Several big newspapers were disturbed, but telephone coverage was working within twenty minutes.

This was only a preliminary canter, for on the Sunday night Post Office power failed for a time, but use was obtained of the " Manchester Guardian " private wire and Press Association news was in this way spread via Manchester to the provinces, up to Scotland and also to Ireland.

The Ministry of Information co-operated wholeheartedly and allowed copy submitted for censorship to be transmitted on their multi-broadcast printer for London papers.

Altogether a remarkable example of newspaper and agency co-operation was achieved.

Now let us turn to difficulties experienced by Reuter men abroad. The example I propose to take is the story of my own trials during the last days of France, a simple illustration of what any Reuter correspondent faces daily in any part of the world.

First cast your minds back to last summer, when the Germans were pressing towards Paris. Nowhere in France was the news more anxiously read than in Tours, the cathedral city of 80,000 inhabitants and a township perched on the dry, sandy banks of the turbulent, unnavigable river Loire. Tours, renowned for its Charlemagne Tower, a defiant reminder of the days when the Saracens ravaged France, had been chosen as the provisional seat of the Government if Paris was threatened. All the world knew it, including the enemy. Thus it became the Mecca of the refugees of four nations fleeing from war : first the Dutch and Belgian, then French, and, lastly, of the British colony in France.

Here it was planned to set up, among other State Departments, the French Ministry of Information, in order to keep the country and the world generally in touch with a nation fighting for its life. With it the News Organisation of France, unrivalled for its Foreign Service, had established its evacuation headquarters. For months this agency, the officially-inspired Havas Agency, had been loading up Paris buses with machinery and files, equipment which in many instances was either lost or jettisoned en route owing to conditions on the roads.

Tours, as many readers will recall, was at that time no longer a languid city where thirsty boulevarders could quietly sip refreshing Vouvray wine in the cool of the evening. Thousands of Dutch and Belgian refugees had swarmed through Northern France and were fleeing unchecked through Tours. In two days 40,000 had set up a temporary home there.

It was in this atmosphere that Reuter's office in Tours began life. The main object was to establish an alternative route for cabling and telephoning messages to London. The attempt to contact London direct was unsuccessful. As the Germans cut deeper into France the task became more and more impossible. Finally, the use of costly wireless messages to New York and cabling to London from there was the only way. The French jealously guarded their silent radio stations. Although permission was obtained from a high official of the French Foreign Office, wireless chiefs refused to allow their journalistic allies to broadcast.

Reuter Tours began life simply. At the outset it consisted of myself and my wife, plus our portable typewriter. The office

which had previously been promised us by the French existed only on paper. In fact, the whole layout of the Havas News Agency was beautiful—but only on paper. No one knew to whom the building belonged. The Agency men said that they owned it, the Ministry of Information called it their property. No one denied one fact, the structure was not worth possessing. It consisted of the shell of the city's old General Post Office which had been condemned as unsafe years before. Its appeal lay in the fact that it was still wired. House painters were still busy patching up the ceilings and putting in floor boards. Even in the midst of these trials to the patience I found that fitting out an office presented few difficulties. For under £1 I bought a table and two chairs, which I carried through the streets myself to the odd corner where I proposed to work. An old packing case served as a filing cabinet and bookcase.

Next came the invasion of the Havas staff: wives, children and even friends. Load after load of tired and hot travellers were unceremoniously dumped down in the courtyard of the building while the coaches hastened back to the capital for another human cargo. It was estimated that nearly 1,000 persons claiming some connection with Havas were either in Tours or in the neighbourhood. Perhaps one-third were engaged in journalistic work. Most of the 1,000 chose the occasion to wander unchecked and in an aimless fashion through the building seeking friends.

The French censorship took possession like a swarm of locusts settling down to devour the rich countryside. Without a word to those who relied on them in Paris the officials had packed their bags to reappear later at various intervals in Tours. Competent sources declared that whenever a French Ministry moved its headquarters at that time probably 6,000 officials, hangers on and followers of various descriptions went with it.

Very soon the refugees topped the 500,000 mark and still the area disgorged all the civilian population of Northern France as it strove to reach the south-west and what seemed to be safety.

I described the evacuation to Tours as the "greatest upheaval of the French nation since 1871." The censor put his pencil through the remark, adding: "This may soon be true; it is not yet correct." He was the only French optimist I met in Tours.

Then came the fall of Paris. It was never announced to the French nation as such. A lone Havas reporter in Paris sent his last message to Tours. We in Tours were summoned to a military conference, held in a dance hall used by American students, to hear the worst. The implication given was that the French front line was now south of Paris. With only the Loire as a strong natural defence line holding off the invaders Tours was from that moment on doomed as an administrative centre.

Once again the weary refugee caravan set out for a new haven, this time Bordeaux. There, the Havas Editorial, with a small staff of men not medically fit for army service and a few women, was again invaded. This time it served as a meeting place for the world in general, a "dead letter" office, and a "Bureau of Missing Persons."

Journalists jostled and fought for even room on the floor on which to work. Content to pool their news and cable costs and to share hours of duty they slept in rows on the floor while colleagues worked by torchlight during air raids in rooms not provided with black-out curtains. The war which to the average Bordelais had seemed so far away that he had not thought it necessary to black-out his windows was now on his doorstep.

The solitary censor to get through speedily to Bordeaux became the handy man for the world's Press. Scared out of his wits and without instructions, he could not keep pace with the mass of contradictory reports which, for all he knew, were part of the intriguing and haggling then going on among the French leaders.

In order to get copy censored we had to walk a mile with the possibility of the censor doubting the integrity of the official supplying the item in question. A thirty-mile car drive to a wireless station operated by Americans completed the picture. The British Embassy volunteered to send a message on the situation in the name of all correspondents in Bordeaux with the proviso that the French must first pass the despatch. The message was hawked around for hours before anybody could be persuaded to give it official sanction.

Thus ended the journalists' mission to wartime France.

TAILPIECE.—I quote without comment from the following secret and confidential instructions, "which it is forbidden to publish in all or in part," sent from the German authorities to newspaper publishers in occupied France, a copy of which has just reached London:

There is a restriction on:

Anything which might upset or hinder the French Government or German Command.
Anything against Germany or its political regime.
Any reference to the British radio or communications from General de Gaulle.
Any opinion concerning the Armistice.

It is only permitted to publish the communiques of the D.N.B. (the official German News Agency) and news given in the French language over the German radio.

Plain Tales

Hot News.—Snow has been falling and is ten inches deep. In some places it is only nine inches, so it was just unfortunate that it lay three feet thick where old whatsname went in head first. As if he cared about the depth. It was the ultimate foundation that worried him because the chances of a bottle of whisky surviving a violent meeting with a cobblestone are negligible. It didn't anyway. Talking of snow; Salisbury Plain in 1926 was the place to be, if you couldn't go anywhere else. A railway train was buried in a cutting 25 feet deep. Snow was fifteen feet deep at a busy cross-roads and people went about in couples, one on top of the other. And was it cold? One veteran sergeant-major was buried in his bunk for fourteen days, and believe it or not, was eventually dug out as fresh as a daisy. I don't know why I tell you this. However, don't go away because there are one or two things even more interesting. Ooh, mother! Shall we stay and see what else?

The Comforters.—We are greatly indebted to the wives of the officers and other ranks of the Corps for the very good work they are doing in the wool world. Several consignments of scarves, gloves, pullovers and helmets have been received, as well as books and games. As we are split up into so many sections it may be a little while before we can supply every group with something from the Headquarters of the Comforts Fund. We try to supply the drivers of open trucks with the helmets, scarves, etc., so if you drive a truck, come and see us at our store (next door to the local).

The Branch in this area meets every Monday over a cup of tea. Mrs. P. H. Jones started this with a good swing and now that she has left us, the wives are doing their best to keep it going. There are still one or two ladies who probably don't know about it. Ask yours what she is doing to help the lads of the Corps. If she goes red and digs her toe into the ground you will know that she is "swinging it." Actually, I believe these knitting "bees" are good fun because while these lovely scarves are taking shape the conversation positively sparkles. We are hoping to run another "Wool" dance in the near future. Atta girls!

Gents' Wear.—I hear on very good authority that I must keep my steel helmet attached to my respirator at all times when it is worn or carried. I should like to get permission to wear it on my head when it is raining. I could always fasten it back on the respirator during hostilities. I remember that Major Hogsback always used to wear his steel helmet round his waist in France. He found that it made a lovely ash-tray, and simply by removing all his equipment and untying a few knots in the spunyarn that secured it, he could clap the thing on his head in less time than it takes an orderly room clerk to slope arms.

Winter Sports.—An interesting article entitled "How to Blow Pork and Beans through Macaroni" is unavoidably held over owing to lack of initiative, excessive wear in the big end and three

other reasons which cannot be divulged here owing to—see above.

See page 5 for answers.

Uncle Alf.: "What answers?"

Me: "You mind your business. I'll bet you haven't even paid for your copy yet."

On Pool Petrol.—One excellent way to spend a Saturday, even in war time is to take charge of an "observed" section on a motor-cycle trial. My group of helpers and spectators lined a stiffish but well surfaced hill somewhere in the south-west country. The 168 competitors swept up and over in good style, so we thought it would be a good idea to slip along to another section. We couldn't find the water splash because we ran off the only map in the party and as time was pressing we slipped along to the mud bath in the last observed section. Slipped is the right word. The section passed through a farm, and what a farm. It ought to have been called Great Mudford, but it wasn't. Signalman Darrall went through like a Signals display team and was followed by R.Q.M.S. Nokes H., who entered the first puddle with a look of grim determination. This however availed him little, for with a dive-bomber's roar the back wheel shot round to the front, and Nokey went looking for tadpoles. Talk about "on the hands down." It made my day just perfect. Nevertheless, this team, consisting of R.Q.M.S. Nokes, Lance Corporal Allen and Signalman Darrall, secured second place. A good show in such a large field of tough riders. Congratulations, blokes. Lieutenant (T.M.O.) C. E. Field put in a lot of work on the organisation of this excellent run. See "Motor-Cycling" for the first week of February and learn how 2nd Lieutenant G. Hagger comes down steep hills.

Loud Pedal.—The Number 1 pianist in the Unit at the moment is 2nd Lieutenant H. E. Askew, and he is anxious to discover if we can produce a few instrumentalists. Can you play a trumpet, saxophone, violin, string bass, drums, flute, bagpipes or flugelspitzen? And have you got one of these things? Come and tell us all about it. We can cure you. What grand evenings I've spent behind the "dots" with such well-known players as Tom (Loud Pedal) Sayers, Vic Bardoe, Frank Shakespeare, Ralph Ironmonger, Donald Piers, George Mitchell, Ron Softly, Dick Barlow and lots more whose names have become hazy in the swirl of crochets. An interesting point was raised the other day. A disapproving dancer hurls an over-ripe orange while you are playing a florid passage descending to low B flat on the saxophone. The fruit lodges firmly in the bell of the instrument. Would you continue to play, omitting B flat altogether or would you change over to the ocarina with a light laugh?

Next month: How to push a crowbar through a piano accordion in one complete lesson.

Ukann Larfe Gets Through.—Lieutenant Faceache spread the map on the table and rested his elbows on it. He gazed at it with a puzzled frown and a large gin and french. "I say, sir," he said, "what did you say was the map reference for the first stop?"

Colonel Ukann Larfe (for decorations, see February number) threw his cigar into Faceache's hat. "I'll tell you again, fathead. 718543." "Well, sir, that brings us to a point about seventeen miles out to sea."

The Colonel strode over to the table and stared at the map. He laughed quietly as one possessed of superior knowledge.

"You've got it upside down," he said.

Corporal Fogworthy (whom you probably don't remember) kicked the door open and strode in, dragging the end of a line to which was attached a telephone. "May I come in, sir?" he asked politely, sweeping the papers from the Colonel's desk.

"Yes, Corporal. Come in."

"I am." Fogworthy placed the instrument on the desk and strolled over to Lieutenant Faceache. "Nice map you've got there, sir," he said. The ex-inspector glared at him and continued working out distances in silence. Colonel Larfe picked up the newly delivered telephone and rang furiously. "Hello," he yelled. "Oh. Hello, darling," replied a sweet voice, "Is that my Uky?"

"Yes, it is—and don't call me Uky," replied the Colonel paling.

"Fogworthy," he screamed, "where's my wife speaking from?"

"Why, downstairs, sir, of course. We couldn't go any further because the lads wanted the cable for a clothes line.

"It's all right, sir," said Lieutenant Faceache, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"What's all right, jellyfish?" roared the irate Colonel.

"Everything, sir. We stop here to-night. This IS 718543."

"Oh. All right. Put yourself in orders for Captain. Now how can I get through this window and into the garden?"

Another disgusting instalment in April.

BARLEUX.

"THE WIRE" No.....

THE EDITOR,
"THE WIRE,"
BUCKINGHAM HOUSE (First Floor), BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

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TO "JIMMY" IN APPRECIATION AND ADMIRATION OF A TRIUMPHANT ANNIVERSARY NUMBER, PRODUCED IN SPITE OF BLITZ ANNOYANCES AND OTHER PROBLEMS

HOME STATIONS

Yorkshire 1

1st Operators' Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

Well, chaps, I start this month's notes with a touch of Spiritualism. Regardless of ill-founded rumours that he had been killed in the "Coventry Raid," Bill Milner has returned from the dead, and many members of Administrative Wing, both past and present, will be pleased to know that he is alive and well and wishes to be remembered to his colleagues in the Signals. The next little piece of news concerns his military partner, who is still keeping law and order in the O.T.B. I refer to none other than Lance Corporal Perkins (Ginger to his pals) of the Regimental Police, who was married at St. Martin's during the past month. The lucky lady was Volunteer (Tony) Waters. May their sea of matrimony be as still as a mill-pond, and may they live long to enjoy the full fruit of married bliss.

Many familiar faces will be missed in the near future, having gone to "Somewhere in England." Wherever they may be, Administrative Wing wishes them well, and may they soon settle down in their new abodes.

One of our most popular members who was posted quite a while ago, has written to me from "Somewhere in England." It was "Brum Burrows," and it is pleasing to hear that he is keeping so well. He has been corresponding with a mysterious Signalman Bartlett of No. 3 Company Stores; but it seems that the mysterious personage has run short of paper, or cannot afford the postage. However, "Brum" would appreciate a line. He also wishes to be remembered to the lads.

Now, "Daddy Metcalfe," what about a line?

Education.—The interest in the self-education is still being maintained in the O.T.B., despite the counter-attractions of the O.T.B. Theatre and concert parties.

Entertainments.—Dances still hold sway in this area, and the O.T.B. dances are the main topic from one week to another. Jimmy Hescott rules the floor as M.C., and his sweet mellow voice is heard announcing the various dances. Lance Corporal Duncan and His Boys are responsible for the sweet music, while Messrs. Lance Corporal White, Signalmen Bingham and Hillier are responsible for the "soft lights."

Our new concert party, "The Soho Follies" (pretty name, isn't it?) held the crowds back at the Gaiety Theatre one Sunday evening whilst competing in the "Garrison Talent Competition." (The result is eagerly awaited.) So good were they that a repeat performance was requested at the O.T.B. Theatre, much to the lads' approval. The many performers have turned out a jolly good show in record time, and we eagerly await their further efforts.

Before closing these notes I would like to draw attention to Fred Snell, our "leading stoker." He states that the reason why he fell asleep in the Gaiety queue was not from fatigue, but that he was dreaming of the "much-coveted" stripes that go with the new boiler-house that has been erected. Bear up, Freddy, "the flowers are not for you to pick."

"Obituary."—The Unit Headquarter Office has not been the same since the departure with a squeak of several prospective "Pips." The "bereavement" suffered by two members of the staff has cast a gloom over what has been hitherto a very pleasant atmosphere.

A.E.H.

No. 1 Company

H.R.H. The Princess Royal, our Colonel-in-Chief, has paid us the honour of a visit, during which she saw the various stages in training a teleprinter operator—from rhythm training on typewriters to actual operating.



XE OBLIQUE STROKE.

—••—•

H.R.H. had come north, following on her recent inspection of a Command Signals, to see how material in our Company is moulded into efficient operators for service with Field Units.

It was one of the coldest days of the year and this did not help the chilled fingers of operators, but we put up a good show.

The Princess Royal toured the Militia Huts to see squads on various stages of training.

The visit had meant a busy time for all of us—both before the actual day and on the occasion itself, but we were well repaid by the fact that we could see H.R.H. had enjoyed her brief stay and was very pleased with what she had seen.

Apart from this Royal visit, main news to record for the January notes concerns the weather. Under censorship regulations mention of prevailing weather conditions is banned, but as publication has been authorised of details of the recent cold spell there is no harm in chronicling some of the Company's own experiences.

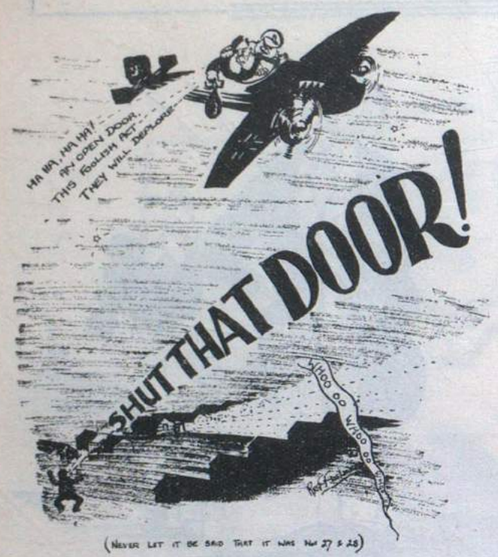
Heavy falls of snow, coupled with thaws during the day and frost at night, have made the veterans among us sigh for warmer climes. Fortunately the conditions were not as bad as the great "freeze up" of a year ago.

Like the mysteries of E. and M., the snow has been too deep for us and we have had some difficulty in keeping our feet on the ground. It is reliably reported that a certain N.C.O. was regularly seen taking the temperature at 07.00 hours. We hope his procedure was correct.

Appointments.—We have to welcome Lieutenant W. Lennon, who is now attached to our Company.

We shall be sorry to say au revoir to Lance Corporal Bennett, who is leaving us for another Unit after a long stay.

W.V.H.M.



No. 2 Company

Training.—Training has proceeded satisfactorily during the month, and we say good-bye to Squads 31 and 32, who showed good results on their B.III. Squads 33 and 34 have shown good results on their Group " E," and we hope, and expect for that matter, that Squads 35 and 36 will follow their good example in the near future.

Records have been made again in " O " Squad, who have sent 25 candidates to the two O.C.T.U.s during February, which exceeds the hitherto enormous draft for overseas. We have had many visitors from other Units and we extend a warm welcome to them. We have lost a number of " old timers," who have attended a Course at I.T.C.s prior to posting to their respective O.C.T.U.s in luxurious hotels at various spas. Our numbers are consequently down, but we are full of vigour and expecting fresh raw material.

Entertainment.—The Corporals have had a good time this past month. The monthly dance on the first of the month was well attended, and was voted a great success, despite the absence of " Geraldo " Duncan and several of his satellites, who were on well-earned leave. This was followed by a " smoker " in the Mess on the following Wednesday, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone there. It was, perhaps, unfortunate that Corporal Craig, who suggested it, was promoted to Lance Sergeant. By way of congratulation, and in anticipation of a dramatic monologue, Lance Sergeant Craig was invited to the " do," and, although he found his seat a little slippery, he did seem to enjoy it all. This month we lose one of our " old originals "—Lance Corporal Roberts. Cheerio, Len, and all the best. We hope you will teach the boys in your new Unit the way to use a good straight left.

Things We Want to Know.—Is the Sergeant-Major's bike (complete with bent wheel) now for sale ?

Is Corporal Doris using Mansion Polish, and who said " Boots off " ?

When will the " Old Boys " get near the fire ?

Why " Topper " is on leave minus the missus ?

Sport.—During the past month the spotlight has been on boxing. In fact, it is practically the only sporting activity which has gone in full swing. The others have been more or less at a standstill, owing to the usual seasonal complaint. By the way, is snow shovelling a " sport " ?

In last month's notes we told you of our contribution to the Unit boxing team. Well, Signalmen Hill, Cinnamond and Gates did their part nobly and the 1st O.T. Battalion is now the proud possessor of the Garrison Novices' Cup. Lance Corporal Roberts tried a " come-back " in the Northern Counties' Welter-weight Championships, but was unsuccessful. Hard luck, Len !

There is an Inter-Unit Cross-country Championship Run during the next few weeks, so let's hope that by next month we'll have another spot of cheery news for you.

A word now to the chaps who go through the " With Me Change " business at the Garage. A certain P.T. Instructor was seen on a recent Sunday afternoon bathing in the river, *and* the snow was on the ground. He is quite proud of his feat, but what do you think, chums ?

No. 3 Company

First, I think, apologies must be given for the non-appearance of notes from this Company last month.

On the training side of our activities, this Company continues to maintain excellent results.

If you had the time to consult back copies of our Journal you would there find previous scribes waxing eloquent over various wildernesses of snow-covered countrysides. The extreme cold of the past few weeks have provided us with a thick carpet of snow, which is, anyway, inevitable in this part of the country. Of course, such remarks as " I remember when I came up in '31," etc., accompany the snow and ice. At present, the snow has cleared and we really thought that the spring was in the air, but we are beginning to " hae oor doots."





The most important recent event was the visit of H.R.H. The Princess Royal. As it was Threecoy's Duty Week we had the honour of supplying the Main Guard, which, needless to say, was a credit to the Battalion.

Movements in the Company have been few. Lance Corporals Lettice and Mann are at present with the Depot Battalion. Lance Corporal Lettice is on a Drill Course and Lance Corporal Mann attached to them for all purposes.

Some wise guy has referred to a baby as being " the mainspring of the night watch," which remark brings me to the subject of births.

Two N.C.O.s have been looking very pleased with themselves recently. One, Lance Corporal Smith now has a daughter, and the other, Corporal Hurst, a son.

It has been noted that two moustaches have disappeared from the Company. Some wives are fickle, aren't they ?

Congratulations must be extended to Lance Sergeant Davies, Corporal Hurst and Lance Corporal Mann on attaining the ranks shown.

The following advertisement has been seen lying about : WANTED.—A good wife. Must be adaptable, pliable, willing, and also capable of feeding the brute. Weight not to exceed Two Tons. In addition to domestic duties, she must understand Vol. V, and be willing to co-operate in writing out messages for future schemes.

Here's till next month.

S.P.D.

No. 4 Company

How'dy, folks, we're 'ere again ! The weather (No. 1 standby), which has been poor, has now improved somewhat ; so much so, in fact, that several of the hardier of the tribe have dispensed with the third layer of pants and vests, woollen, and manag e to keep going with just two of each.

All who have sojourned here during a similar period of the year will know, too, how invigorating is the atmosphere ; the wonderful sensation of jumping out of bed at 06.00 hours, and breakfasts in the cosy dining rooms by the lovely fire so thoughtfully laid by the Orderly Sergeant, has to be experienced to be believed. And then there's the coal fatigue, with the coal buried under the proverbial five feet (but why bring that up ?). How much, how very much are you missing now—but then, we cannot all have these cushy stations.



Squads come and go, and we are happy to know that when they leave four-fold they are operators and soldiers (free copy for anyone, especially " the Painter "). We have our dances, lectures (none on Anthropology lately), cinema shows, etc., etc., and we are duly thankful to the various committees who arrange these attractions so successfully.

On 27th January the Sergeants' Mess was entertained by the combined Corporals' Messes, but what's a headache amongst friends ?

We welcome 2nd Lieutenant Rushton to four-fold, and wish him every success in his new job (who says a few stamps, 6d. and 2/6 ?).

Congratulations to one, Haggis Fraser, who has moved one step nearer that baton ; there is no truth in the rumour that he scrounged two extra stripes and tailored them on himself.

We extend the glad mit to Corporals Firth, Johnson and Davidson from the land of the chosen and ere these notes are published Sergeants George and Gray and Corporal Bill Hade will have begun to conquer fresh fields. We wish them all the best and a happy stay in the new station.

To-day's Joke.—New arrival brings pass to the office. For stamp and signature, please. I'll wait. (Of course, Busty, ex-Sick Bay Attendant (none died, funnily enough) had something to do with it.)

Which is as good an ending as any, so cheerio, folks.

1st General Trades Training Battalion

No. 1 (Line) Company

Well, fellow readers, here we are again ! We may appear to be cheerful, but once again there is the " fly in the ointment." As is usual somehow these days, in place of our usual scribe, we have had to find, by much gentle persuasion (rubber cosh.), threats, and promises of many L/Lance Corporal tapes a worthy substitute. We in this Company are loathe to admit defeat (Orderly Room, take note), so at the last minute we are compiling these notes with the hope that all our readers (both of them) will forgive if any vital news is omitted. Of course, any applause can be shown in the usual manner, in a place to be selected, later.

Arrivals.—We welcome to the happy circle our new Orderly Room Clerk, Lance Corporal Clarkson. May his stay be a long and happy one. We also extend to all other arrivals, too numerous to mention, our best wishes and the hope that their stay with us will be a happy one.

Departures.—Corporal Adkins, our worthy scribe, has proceeded on a Gas Course. We hope he " tests for gas " in the approved manner ; we should hate to lose him. We look forward to his return and a successful conclusion to the Course.

Congratulations.—To Sergeant Lines (Bill) and Volunteer Barber on their engagement ; also Sergeant McDiarmid and Volunteer Garratt. Need we say more.

Births.—Our ex-Orderly, Signalman Bolt, has recently joined the ranks of proud fathers. Carry on with the good work, Tom !

Entertainments.—On 13th January the Corporals gave a dance. Invitations to the fair sex of the other Services were sent out and the result—there is no need to extoll at great length of the success of the dance, suffice to say that a good time was had by all, many must have drunk at least ten pints of supper from the reports which have flowed in. The boys are well supplied throughout the week with the cinema shows and various concerts, and our congratulations are extended to all those who give their leisure hours so unstintingly.

Agony.—Why did a certain Lance Corporal shave off his moustache on arrival ? Was it to create a good impression ?

Why does the dog (?) belonging to one of our A.T.S. persist in leaving the quarters at night ? It never used to do so.

LINECO.

No. 2 (Line) Company

January.

General.—Once more back to the cold sober facts of life; we see a few signs of a misspent festival season on the faces of members of this happy community. Ah, well; I suppose all good things must come to an end, but there is bound to be a reason or other crop up some time to allow of further elbow lifting, etc.

Many New Year resolutions have been made by the cadre, but as for how long they will last, time alone will tell. This morning, the first of 1941, voices seem a little hoarse, but maybe that's due to the weather.

Marriage.—Lance Corporal Donabie has joined the happy band by tying the knot with Miss Kathleen Graham at Cambridge. My secret service must have given me a false clue last month.

Bliss.—We extend our best wishes to Volunteer Barber on her recent engagement to Sergeant Lines of No. 1 Company.

Arrivals.—We welcome to our midst S.S.M. Frankland A., S.S.M. Summerfield and L/Lance Corporal Ellsworth, and the usual quota for recruits for training. To all we say, "May it be long and pleasant."

Departures.—S.S.M. Walton S. C. to Administrative Wing. The O.C. and office staff may now be seen using the telephone. You should be happy now, Ginger, with all those boards available.

S.S.M. Kelly to Operators' Battalion. Where next, Frank?

Christmas.—The festive season started with a swing in the right direction by a highly successful Christmas party for the children of the married personnel. Children of all sizes and ages had a real good afternoon's fun and no doubt Pop Eye was enjoyed equally as well by the grownups. After a very pleasant tea, the children were all given a toy by Santa Claus, who emerged from the chimney, a welcome sight to all the youngsters. On the conclusion of the party, the parents had a dip in the barrel for their Christmas gift. Everyone voted the party a great success, both from the young and olds' point of view. The organisers and all connected with the running of it must have spent much time and care in the preparation, and are to be congratulated on a very fine show. I'm sure the people who attended it will join with me in offering our thanks to them for their labours.

The men's dinner was held in the Boys' Block and was also a great success. One remark by the men was very appropriate: "If Hitler could see this dinner, he would give up now!" W.O.s and Sergeants, in the time-approved manner, helped in the distribution of the various courses to the troops and, in between times, the disposal of it. After a very enjoyable dinner the men complimented the cooks in the usual manner. All joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne" and then wended their various ways, some to sleep and others to continue the movement.

Sport.—Matches were arranged on Boxing day afternoon in rugby, soccer and hockey. A combined Nos. 2 and 3 Companies played rugby and hockey versus Nos. 1 and 4 Companies, and won by 10 pts. to 7 pts. in the first-named game. The hockey was rather uneven and we emerged winners by 10—0. No. 1 Company were further in the wars when they played us at football, losing by 6—2. And to think that they supplied the referee. (Talent will out, Basil!)

The usual Friday afternoon sports goes on and experts at the various games keep being unearthed.

S.S.M. Frankland indulged in some weight-reducing exercise. (Army motor cycles are heavy pushing after the first two miles.)

Innocent No. 1.—A certain young Signalman, friend of a young lady A.T.S. of this Company, arrived at the Company office, full of joy, plenty of goodwill and armed with a bag of chocolates for same young lady. On finding young lady had left the office for a few minutes, said Signalman duly presents same chocolates to our second member of the A.T.S. (less same goodwill). The rafters are still ringing from the moment his black treachery was brought to light (and so are his ears, I guess). "Oh, Johnny, how you can give."

New Army Politeness.—Politeness seems to be prevalent to a high degree in this Company amongst our junior N.C.O.s. A certain Lance Corporal, on returning from the Corporals' Mess dinner, was heard to remark to his kitbag, which was on his bed, "Never mind, pal, I'll sleep on the floor." (And he did!)

Guard Commander: "Why did you present arms to a 2nd Lieutenant?"

Sentry: "Well, Corporal, he looks old enough to be a Major."

Trophy Winners.—A trophy has been won and presented to Lance Corporal Casson by the Grip Club of the Corporals' Mess.

ROBBO.

February.

General.—"How time flies" is a saying which, when applied to writing of WIRE notes, seems to be very appropriate. If only words could fly from my pen in a like manner.

Officers.—Our O.C., Captain G. Gee, has left us to take up a similar position elsewhere. We trust that you will be happy in your work amongst the "iron horses," sir.

Lieutenant R. A. Bishop takes over the reins. To him we extend a warm welcome and may your stay be long and pleasant, sir. 2nd Lieutenant Duce has left us to visit the Holding Battalion prior to leaving the army due to all-health. 2nd Lieutenant Hudson paid us a flying visit and has now gone to join No. 4 (M.T.) Company. 2nd Lieutenant Horn joined from No. 3 (Workshops) Company and is at present busily engaged as P.T. Officer.

Training.—The training goes on, recruits keep on being turned out at a steady rate and the instructors spend more money than ever on cures for grey hairs.

Entertainments.—The entertainment of the troops is kept up to a very high standard, numerous concert parties, cinema shows and dances all helping to beat the boredom and so to win the war.

Sport.—Sport has not been fully in the limelight of late, owing to the bad weather, but we hope to do something when the grounds are available once more. We have been limited to cross-country running, road walking and a spot of indoor deck tennis to relieve the monotony.

Boxing.—Lieutenant-Colonel P. B. D. H. Foot, accompanied by Captain G. Gee, were interested spectators when the Battalion engaged the Operators' Training Battalion in the first round of the Garrison Inter-Unit Novices' Team Championships on 23rd February. The result was a win for the Operators, by 14 points to 10. Signalman Brown lost by a very narrow margin in the bantams. Signalman Knights hoisted the first winning flag for General Trades when he boxed confidently to win on points. Signalman Carley gained the Battalion's only other success when he punched too hard for his opponent, sending him down for the count in the initial round. Signalman Barlow, making his first appearance in the ring, gave a good display and it should not be long before he gains successes for us. Signalman Stowell entered the light heavy-weight class in the Garrison Individuals to fill a gap. Although outweighed and untrained he put up a creditable performance in the final until forced to retire due to falling and twisting his leg.

Promotions and Appointments.—We were certainly in the limelight in this respect. C.Q.M.S. Hutcheon to C.S.M.; Sergeant Day to C.Q.M.S.; and Corporal Scott to Lance Sergeant. To all three we say, "well earned."

Departures.—C.S.M. Hutcheon to Workshops. Lance Sergeant Scott to No. 1 (Line) Company.

Arrivals.—Sergeant McDiarmid and Corporal Hunter from No. 1 (Line) Company. The glad hand is extended to both.

Heard on the 'Phone.—Officer: "Is the Pay Sergeant there?"
Voice: "No."
O.: "Are there any clerks then?"
V.: "No."
O.: "Is anybody there?"
V.: "What do you think this is? A piece of cheese." (No names, no A.T.S.).

Secret Hoarder No. 1.—The Sergeant, who, on his first visit to his intended father-in-law, carried a present of cigarettes and then scrounged them back to smoke on the return journey.

ROBBO.

No. 3 (Workshops) Company

January.

The importance of this month of February, 1941, is such that priority must go to this Company's expression of congratulations and good wishes on the occasion of a very notable "pontoon."

Twenty-one years ago, in February, 1920, the Royal Corps of Signals came into being as a distinct Unit. In common with our doughty colleagues of the Royal Air Force we sprang from the great and ancient Mother Corps of Royal Engineers and to the Sappers, therefore, the current month is also one of some significance, marking as it does the coming of age of a young and closely allied Corps.

Our important birthday is, unfortunately, attended by circumstances which preclude any celebrations appropriate to so special an occasion, but we can, at least, tender sincere congratulations to a harassed Editor on his turning out a Birthday Number of the Corps magazine under conditions as adverse as they very well could be.

We are tempted to launch into a retrospective banquet and feast, course by course, upon such well-remembered and delightful delicacies as early morning exercise over Piltdown territory with Rough-riders Hadley, Hewitt & Co. in close and affectionate attendance to advise on the manipulation and remote control of re-mounts; to re-capture the thrills, trials and tribulations of manœuvring a belt-driven Trusty Triumph over a wet surface whilst hypnotised by the astonishing expansion and contraction of the barrel-spring what time "Bogey" Allen kept up a running commentary on the qualities of the material with which he was expected to mould dashing Don R.s.

We itch to let ourselves go on matters relating to the S.T.C. of Maresfield and Crowborough days, back in the 20's, and to conduct a personality parade of those happy, pioneer stages of our history. But any such venture would absorb an issue of THE WIRE itself, and we are content to leave the compilation of reminiscences to those better fitted to handle a subject calling for the joint qualifications of a specialist and a veteran.

Our activities, all things considered, have been as numerous as circumstances permit. This, faced with all the equanimity at our command, compels the submission of what is for all practical purposes a "nil return." Events in spheres of sport have been almost at a standstill, with the exception of several good games on Boxing Day in which connection we would like to place on record that our hockey team, reinforced with one or two players from No. 2 (Line) Company, launched a "blitz" against Nos. 1 and 4 Companies to the tune of 10—0. Nor did we field our most representative eleven. The stalwarts of the stick game are S.S.M. McDowall, Lance Corporals Pavey and Wilson. We have, unfortunately, lost the services of that grand Corps player, Sergeant Hobbs F.

The search for boxers still continues in the Company, and we are able to muster some dozen enthusiasts, Signalman Langley (formerly London University) among them.

We would like to see some of the unknowns who pack a punch step forward to strengthen the talent available.

Both codes of football have featured somewhat modestly in the scheme of things, but it is hoped that these will soon secure a more liberal ration than has been found possible in recent weeks.

Indoor games, thanks to our O.C., are scoring well on the count of popularity and during Christmas week this Company promoted a draughts tournament, when useful prizes were presented to finalists and semi-finalists. Signalman Cant (a draughtsman, incidentally) proved that he merits the title in its double sense.

It is hoped to organise a big darts tournament very shortly, and we expect to see the feathers fly when the lads toe the line for the "double top."

Other forms of recreation and entertainment receive excellent attention, concerts and cinema shows occupying prominent places in weekly programmes, and the customary end-of-the-year dances and dinners were generally successful. The Corporals' dance (who said the Sergeants held a monopoly?) was a capacity affair affording first-class enjoyment. We express particular thanks to No. 4 (M.T.) Company's dance band, whose members excelled even their renowned standard of swing skill.

In matters technical we are pardonably proud to record that six of our "fledgelings" collected a "D" and five "Q.1's" at the N.C.O.s' Training Battalion (a jolly good show by Frankie Steele) and we'll do even better than that yet!

Leave is running smoothly—we will refrain from saying who does all the work in that direction—but we still want to know when Sergeant "Digger" Hubbard is going to indulge in a spot of buff form. Is it that he can't bring himself to tear away from the Company even for a few days?

DON R.

February/

Not so very long ago we had the unpleasant task of recording the departure of C.S.M. "Jack" Storr. This month his successor, C.S.M. Tudor E. M. O., has left the fold, complete with buttons on the back, and holes pierced in the front, of the neck-bands of his shirts, angola. Vale!

In his place we have great pleasure in welcoming C.S.M. (late C.Q.M.S.) "Jock" Hutcheon, from No. 2 (Line) Company. Having wrestled for some time with enormous numbers of drawers, woollen, long, and even more enormous numbers of missing knives, forks and spoons, "Jock" should have little difficulty in solving the problem of Duty Platoons (or how to have thirty men in two places at once).

Lots of other changes have taken place since last this Company wrote its notes. That "Tom Webster" of the Signals, Lieutenant L. H. Drake, has deserted us temporarily to delve into the mysteries of little "Arthur." Among other things he left behind were these notes, not started, and the promise of many caricatures of Company celebrities for next month's issue. We are given to understand that he has a bee-ootiful piece of work, depicting Sergeant Brownlee solving the problem of the beds by sleeping in one of "Snub" Pollard's boots. Incidentally, "Brownie" is now a full-blown (as distinct from full-grown) Sergeant. Lance Corporals Pavey, Roberts and Wilson are now full Corporals, and the first of these three has gone on yet another of his campaigns, this time to a P.T. Course. Signalman Lunn, the man who repairs the cable-layers after the Line Companies have laid hands on them, is now a Lance Corporal. Congratulations to all these, and may there be many more to come.

Departures and arrivals have been as numerous as ever, and we wonder sometimes how we keep a watchful eye on all the lads we get here. So fast do they come and go that we are now working out our ration forecasts by logarithms. Amongst those who have gone this month was Lance Corporal Alan Smart, that very cheerful and talented young draughtsman. We wish him the very best of luck in his new home.

The usual ration of film shows, concerts and other forms of indoor entertainment continue to be served up, and meet with the appreciation they deserve. Sport has suffered an almost total eclipse, but there are signs that things in this direction will be normal again in the near future. Cross-country is coming into its own again, and in the background looms the figure of Lieutenant H. L. Horn, with a promise of physical jerks at an unearthly hour each morning. More about this (we are afraid) next month.

We are quite sure that by the time these notes appear much will have happened to change the complexion of this war; but one thing we are confident will not have changed: "Snub" will still be worrying about his posting!

Cheerio!

NINE-SIX-ONE.

No. 4 (M.T.) Company

January

Introductory.—Here we are again, the old firm, still going strong. What a relief it will be when the notes are finally finished and in the WIRE. It sure is O.K. to read notes, but what a job it is doing them. Ah, well! Here goes.

Children's Party.—On 20th December the children of married personnel of the Unit were entertained to a Tea and Christmas Party by the Colonel, Officers of the Battalion and their wives.

Stan. Poole as Father Christmas appeared to cheer the children very much. The howl of delight of the children when the Christmas tree was uncovered and the presents distributed to them handsomely repaid the work which was put in by the Officers' wives and their assistants.

Christmas Dinner.—Now that Father Christmas has departed, one can sit down and relax after the hectic festivities. First and foremost, many thanks are due to the P.R.I. and the Messing Officer for the generous manner and keenness they took in providing us with an unrivalled Christmas dinner. One can hardly put on paper what we did really have, yet it is a menu which will be remembered for many a long day. One remark which was heard may give an idea of what it was like. One Signalman to a Driver: "Do you know, chum, my poppa did not get this for us at the Ritz last year." You will notice I said last year, not this. Thanks are also due to the W.O.s and Sergeants, who waited on us at table, and the speech made by "Jeepers Creepers" will never be forgotten. Oh, boy! what a "Gripper." After a run and struggle we did finally get our "Geordie" to say a few words; they *were* few but good.

Entertainments.—Many thanks are due to our P.R.I. for the way in which he manages to give us buckshee picture shows in the N.A.A.F.I. two or three nights per week. One hears remarks like: "I wish we had them every night." Anything doing, sir?

We also have to give many thanks to the Company Band, who, under the leadership of the one and only "Bobbie" Daish, manage to make the lads shake a snaky hip. Especially at ——. Yes, I'll give you "Spanish Waltz," Cyril.

Arrivals and Departures.—The arrivals are too numerous to mention by name, but to you all we wish a happy sojourn in the Company.

Departures are, as usual, the Squads. Well, bon service to you all. Also with regret we said "cheerio" to Lance Corporal McBride to Administrative Wing.

Returns.—Yes, I will say Returns and not Arrivals. How one remembers the days, not long ago, when Drivers Voisey, Whent, Chestnut and Brown used to say "Roll on my posting," yet, lo and behold, here they are back again, but not quite so chirpy as of old. The rougher we treat you, the better you like us.

Marriages.—Love must be a marvellous thing to be sure, according to the marriage market of this Company. It must be either the moor air or the easy life which makes the general Driver (I.C.) so susceptible to cupid's arrows. In any case we wish the best of luck and all happiness to the following on their marriage. But, girls, you have our sympathy; if only you knew your husbands as we know them, what a different tale we could tell: Driver Allen A. H. to Miss Dorothy May Stretton of London; Lance Corporal Anderson R. to Miss Margaret McEwan Thompson of Dundee; Lance Corporal Bruce G. to Miss Anne Lakeman of Bermondsey; Driver Potter V. to Miss Lilian Rayne of Durham.

Courses.—Yes, you "cads," Courses have started at last. Lance Corporal Dyche passed (we hope) on M.T. Stores Course somewhere in England. Great things are expected of Drivers Browning, Grose and Maddison, who are chips of the old block. (Sorry, I mean chipping the old block.) All Fitters of the Corps will remember the good old "Ticky" Willis, 1 in. square hole out of a 2 in. block of steel. Anyway, good luck to you all.

Junior N.C.O.s' Dance.—The Junior N.C.O.s of the Company held their monthly dance in the Canteen. It was a huge success, thanks to the able assistance of R.S.M. McBride (our own Jimmie) In fact we are promised a dance every month.

Post Office.—Everyone of the Company appears to have a craze for playing Post Office (Savings). Whether or not it is because the chitties they send are secret (even from wives), one knows not. Nevertheless, many thanks are due to the gallant efforts with which the lads have rallied round to help the War effort. The odd one or two who are still reluctant to follow the happy band of savers will, after a few grips, be soon falling in line (I hope). Even at saving, 4 M.T. and Administrative Wing are second to none.

Things We Want to Know.—Why the pay bloke is on the water wagon?

How "Ride Again Topper" got into his breeches?

Conclusion.—4 M.T. will now close down. "Calling al Cairns," "Calling all Cairns." Has anyone seen Cairns? Yes sir, I have. He is at the cobbler's getting fitted for elbow pads.

FOURCO.

February.

Introductory.—Once again Bar 4 M.T. will try and put the ranch on the map for old comrades to see that we are still alive and kicking, so dig in your spurs and read.

Arrivals and Departures.—The glad hand of welcome is extended to all new arrivals, although it is impossible to mention you all by name. You can rest assured, however, that you are welcome (if only for piquet).

With deep regret we have to say good-bye to our O.C. Company, Captain J. C. Treasure. Although your stay with us, sir, was not of a very long duration, our loss is surely the Orderly Room's gain.

Also we say cheerio! and all the best to our second-in-command, namely, 2nd Lieutenant F. G. Riley. Although he will not be far away, it will be too far to do us any good. All the best of luck from No. 4 (M.T.) Company, sir!

Here goes for another good-bye. This time it is the third-in-command, 2nd Lieutenant J. E. Wilson, whose stay was of short duration, but just long enough to let us pay our respects. So cheerio, and all the best, sir!

As a change it will be a pleasure to welcome our new O.C. Company, Captain G. Gee. We wish you all the best, sir, and hope your stay with us will be pleasant. I expect it will, as the personnel of this Company are no strangers to you.

We also welcome 2nd Lieutenant Hudson. We hope your stay will be pleasant and of longer duration than that of your predecessor.

Lance Corporal McBride J. to the 1st Holding Battalion. Sorry to lose you, Jock, and hope that your next station will be permanent and that they think as much of you as we did.

Entertainment.—We are still doing well in the way of cinema shows (sometimes four shows a week) and a concert now and again.

A dance was held on 10th February by the Junior N.C.O.s. A grand time was had by all.

Most of the Juniors seem to be on the water wagon these days; at least by what we had to return to the brewers it would appear as if the Unit was beer shy. Anyway the dance itself was a great success. Many thanks are due to Corporal Payne for the fine show as regards decorations, and to Corporal Hampson for the life-like cartoons displayed around the walls. The No. 4 M.T. Dance Band helped largely towards the success of the evening. Here's success to you "rhythm revellers."

Promotion and Appointment.—Congratulations to A/Corporal Cordrey on reaching his present rank; also to Lance Corporal Rodbourn on getting his foot on the first rung of the ladder. Keep trying, boys, it's well worth it.

Sport.—In the days gone by when one was used to seeing lads dashing around in running kit, playing football, hockey, etc., it certainly comes as a bit of a shock to see these same lads now foremost with shovels on these recreational afternoons doing a good job of snow clearing. Time marches on!

We Want to Know.—If Corporal Daish, the bass player of the M.T. Band, can get his over-grown fiddle under his chin?

Finis.—This is all for now folks. Hope to have more news for old timers in the next issue. So, until then, cheerio, everybody!

FOURCO.

Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess

January.

General.—Having been elected in my absence to the exalted position of WIRE correspondent to that exclusive club known as the W.O.s and Sergeants' Mess, to members of the underworld and other high personages, I shall start 1941 by sending in my January contribution, just in case I don't manage to find any more to say for the rest of the year. Those resolutions don't last long nowadays.

Engagements.—Congratulations to Sergeant Lines on his recent engagement to Volunteer Barber, A.T.S.; also to Sergeant McDiarmid and Volunteer Garratt, A.T.S., on theirs. Won't be long now, folks. (Those —— shopping days were seemingly not wasted.)

Entertainments.—A knockout competition was held for Mess members and included billiards, snooker and darts. All the well-known pigeons entered and one or two staggered the critics. Tommy Holdsworth (chief pigeon) won the snooker with the aid of some Scotch to steady that shaky hand. Bill Gee did his stuff in the three-ball game, and Len Overington polished off all comers in the gentle art of darts.

Teams were entered for the Garrison Knockout Darts and Billiards Tournament. We reached the semi-final of each but lost the darts by 2 games to 1. The billiards were played away from home and after winning the first two games we were unfortunate to lose by 3 games to 2. The Mess was represented by R.S.M. McBride, S.S.M. McDowell, Sergeants Day, Gee and Smith.

Christmas.—The Christmas draw was held on 22nd December and went over quite nicely. The prizes were many and varied. It is rumoured that one optimist arrived complete with bags to carry away the spoils, personally I only had one fatigue man and I wasn't too tired when I arrived home.

Dinner for the single members was on 23rd December and was followed by a dance in the evening. According to reports, we have at least one kissable Sergeant in our midst; but watch out for mistletoe in future.

The New Year's Ball was held in the Institute on the 31st and although the weather was not of the best, a goodly crowd turned up to dance the Old Year away. The New Year was heralded in with a rendering of Auld Lang Syne in the time-approved manner. After a very enjoyable night, the tired and weary wended their various ways through the snow and so to bed. The prizes for the spot waltz were won by S.S.M. and Mrs. Robertson, C.Q.M.S. and Mrs. Poole, and Sergeant and Mrs. Turner.

Arrivals.—We welcome to the Mess S.S.M.s Kelly, Frankland and Summerfield. Also Lance Sergeant Einig on his appointment to that rank. Sergeant Hoare on his return from Special Duties. To all we lift the left elbow and say, "May you never grow tired."

Departures.—Tommy Atkins has left us on his attaining commissioned rank. I'm sure all members will wish him the very best of luck in his new appointment. S.S.M. Kelly to the Operatives' Battalion. You're quite a mover, Frank.

Question.—Is there any truth in the fact that Bobby has a baby? Hope the congratulations were not amiss or given at an awkward moment for you.

ROBBO.

February.

General.—As I write these notes and puzzle my brain, I console myself by thinking that after one more effort, some other poor unsuspecting fellow can carry on for the next quarter.

Arrivals.—Only one to report this month: Sergeant Skinner from Command Signals.

Departures.—C.S.M. Tudor on being commissioned to Lieutenant (T.M.O.). Best of luck, sir, in your new job.

Promotions and Appointments.—Congratulations to our members who have had an uplift in life during the past month. They are: C.S.M. Jock Hutcheon, C.Q.M.S.s "Taff" Davis and "Tiddler" Day, Sergeant McDiarmid and Lance Sergeant Jock Scott, all to the ranks named.

Entertainments.—The Mess certainly doesn't lack in the entertainment world, dances, pictures and games tournaments being well to the fore. A home games match was held, the R.A.C. being our visitors, but this unfortunately clashed with the Corporals' Dance. Nevertheless, we were fully represented in the various games and held our own in all fields. The following are the results to hand: S.S.M. Summerfield and C.Q.M.S. Day lost at snooker, but W.O. I Jennings and Sergeant Pfeiffer made amends by winning their match. Sergeants Gee and Smith knocked the three balls about to good purpose and scored a win for us. Sergeants Rose and Hoare must have spent time and money on learning to push halfpennies and all their skill was brought to bear to win another game for us. Darts also figures on the board, but the result is not to hand.

Loose Change.—Talking of dances, one hears a lot about Binns and haircutting. We wonder what it all means.

Then there was a Sergeant, who, after having obliged the young lady of the concert party, appeared with his war paint on.

Last, but not least, the Admiral suggests that cable squads carry step ladders to repair broken pole crossings.

Further to above, the Sergeant of small dimensions, who took his gaiters for exchange because they rubbed his knees. (See No. 2 Company.)

ROBBO.

Boys Training Company

January.

General.—Since our last notes the Company has been away on Christmas leave. After leave, as expected, there were one or two stragglers who missed their connections! But now everybody is settled down to the thought of six months' or so of interesting (?) work.

Education.—The following have obtained subjects towards the Army Special Certificate of Education:

Corporal Boy Linnington and Boy Stevens—English, Physics E. and M.
Sergeant Boy Royle, Lance Corporal Boy Dunning G. C. and Boy Sinclair J. C.—Physics E. and M.

Average for Physics E. and M. was 70 per cent., which reflects credit to their instructors and the Boys themselves.

The following obtained their First Class Certificate:

Lance Corporal Boys Sinclair J.*, Laing R., Roberts B. and White J.; Boys Black S., Clapham J.*, Earle A. C.*, Giles M.†, Higley D., Knight R. G., Knight L., Lister N., Masson K., Richardson P.*, Risby K., Ridgeon A.*, Sheppard A., Webb R., and Yallop. (* Distinguished in English. † Distinguished in Map Reading.)

Other Boys passed in some subjects towards their First, many with distinctions. Congratulations to them all, and our thanks to Lieutenant M. C. Macdonald and his staff for their expert tuition.

Appointment.—Lance Corporal Boy Elliot P. Congratulations.

Departures.—Sergeant Atkins has left us to take up a more important position as a commissioned officer. The proverbial baton has been disturbed. The Operators feel the loss terribly and wish to convey their appreciation to Lieutenant Atkin for his help in their training.

Corporal Murray A. and Lance Corporal Smith Algernon have left us for foreign parts. They were both ex-boys of outstanding ability and the whole Company wish them every success.

Many Boys have joined the ranks and have been posted to various parts of the country. They also have our best wishes.

Things We Wish to Know.—How is the Gamba shuffle getting on?

Who picks the club records?

Who suggested the club secretary should write the WIRE notes, or does he?

Who is the Boy, who, whilst on parade, reported himself "Sick, sir"?

Who is the prominent ex-Boy who has an inclination towards flying, and said he would leave all his debts to his ancestors?

Who is the potential officer who stated that he was issued with odd boots and then has another odd pair returned from the cobbler? No, Ratcliffe, no pack drill.

Jews' Mail.—To "Buster" from I.M. 33b. "Don't forget the promised line."

To Dick from Bush. "Please make an effort."

To Ferdie from the can carriers. "Where is that dart board?"

To S.L.D., D.Y.R.M.S., from Bro. "How about a line?"



Capt. Lindley "Boys Company"

To Wag from Rob. "Is paralysis setting in?"

To Rob. from Brod. "What about it?"

Oberdigdog, Salisbury, from Linnet. "Got writer's cramp already?"

Sport.—Owing to circumstances beyond our control, P.T. has ousted sport, but by next month we hope to have something going.

ARE DE ELL.

February.

General.—Since our last notes the Company has completely settled down from Christmas leave and are now eagerly looking forward to Easter leave!

The ex-Boys have finished their training and are now on M.T., so the Company will soon be needing a new "bug." The photograph of the squad is not available as the sun seldom shines on this cabin in the pines.

There have been several whist drives and dances for the Boys. The twice-weekly cinema show has been running very successfully with such outstanding pictures as "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel" and "Strange Boarders."

Meritorious Service During Air-Raids.—We are gratified in being able to publish the following extract from a letter from the Town Clerk of the Borough of Stretford, near Manchester, which places on record the valuable services and good example of solderly spirit displayed by No. 2325647 Sergeant Boy Royle G. of this Company. Whilst on leave in Stretford, on the night of 22nd-23rd December, 1940, when the town was subjected to intensive aerial bombardment, he immediately placed his services at the disposal of the Civil Defence Casualty Services.

"This member of the forces, who was home on leave, volunteered to render any assistance in his power to the First Air Party at No. 1 Depot. His efficient help proved invaluable and all workers have remarked that his energy seemed untiring. He worked all through Monday-Tuesday night and remained on duty at the depot all the week, thus sacrificing the greater part of his leave. He proved himself very capable in handling injured persons. He was always on the spot whenever and wherever help was required and he was the source of confidence and inspiration to the other workers when fear and fatigue threatened to undermine their resolve."

Promotions and Appointments.—Through the smartness of the last ex-Boys Squad (?) Lance Corporal Gladwin was promoted to U/A/Corporal; also Boys Giles and Stokes to Lance Corporal Boys. We extend our heartiest congratulations to them all.

Departures.—Signalmen Erskine, Galloway and Richardson G. and our flaming friend Martin have departed from us and we extend to them our best wishes in their new Units.

Arrivals.—We are glad to have with us again our Trumpet-Major—Sergeant Skinner W.

Jews' Mail.—5870 to 5878. "How about a line!"

R.D.L. to J.F.K. "Too much work to do to write?"

Dixon A. from Bro. "Please drop a line."

Bush and Paddy to Rob. "How about the Spondy?"

School of Signals

The good earth of this locality has at last shaken herself free of her white mantle (but not for long, we think), only to open her arms to a deluge of real local rain. Are we not "lucky people."

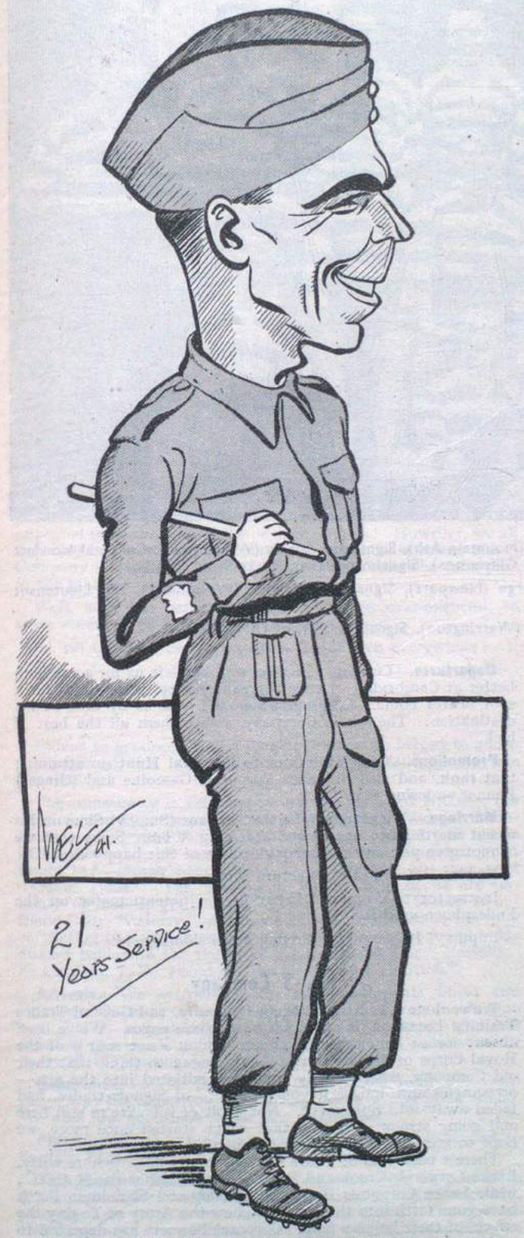
In spite of all this, the School still carries on. Our Courses still come and go and are too numerous to mention here, however. We wish all students a "D" and a happy landing.

Promotions.—Congratulations to Corporal (Bugs) Palling on his promotion to that rank. Maybe you will be able to drop those shafts now, Bugs.



R.Q.M.S. J. W. Inglis, Royal Corps of Signals

To the undermentioned Lance Corporals, all the very best on their promotion and first step on the latter of fame: Lance Corporals Vernon, Walmsley, Sharpe, Fox, and, last but not least, Lance Corporal Dooks (Dook Willyum or il Duce). What a surprise for the Duce!



R.S.M. S. W. Creaton, Royal Corps of Signals

Congratulations and best wishes to C.S.M. Marsh R. on his promotion to that rank; also to Sergeant Marsh J. on his promotion to C.Q.M.S.

Births.—We extend our heartiest congratulations to our "Pay Bloke," Lance Corporal (Gunner) Newling, whose wife has presented him with a bonny baby daughter. We'll have a big pay instead of a pint, please, Gunner!

Things We Want to Know.—If Ted Last is considering applying for the job of Unit Post N.C.O.

If "Taff" Nixon still holds his "Stag Party" at the R.A.F.

Does George Middlemiss need a new chinstrap yet.

Why does a certain C.S.M. climb on his chair to empty his tray?

School Personalities.—We produce herewith two School personalities, sketched by our expert, Captain J. B. Melhuish, M.B.E., Royal Signals. They are: R.S.M. Creaton S. W., who carries the School on his back. Since we moved into a Sandhurst Block the R.S.M. carries a tidy weight on his shoulders. The other, R.Q.M.S. Inglis J. W., our "Q." who may always be seen with his ledger and a "bundle of 108s."

R.Q.M.S. Inglis says that when he retires he will name his house "Dunrobbin."

POOPDECK, S.O.S.

1st Holding Battalion

General.—Here we are again and wish to be remembered to all those readers who have passed the "Griffin," some perhaps more than once. The rigours of winter come and go, D.R.s dash about in "Bugs" or even "Trains," while perhaps others fit on topees. Nevertheless the Unit goes on with its daily round. Get out your A.B. 64s!

Many local inhabitants have been very kind to us and we have made many new friends. We have been very busy with our buckets and spades lately, each billet now has its bucket of sand to play with, so it is quite like the seaside, the only things we miss are the winkles, but it is rumoured they were all delivered to the "Lansbury."

We have had a number of changes in our ranks since our last notes, and have seen many old friends come and go.

Our congratulations go to Lieutenant (T.M.O.) J. Handford, 2nd Lieutenant F. George and 2nd Lieutenant W. J. Fitzpatrick, who have departed on attaining commissioned rank. Also congratulations to our Quartermaster, Captain (Quartermaster) W. O'Brien.

Sport.—All sorts of sport is being enjoyed with great keenness and we are upholding the reputation of the Corps in this part of the world. Our rugger team has had a very interesting season and four of our members have been chosen to play for the Army v. New Zealand. A photograph of the team appears in this issue, perhaps some of them will be known to other members of the Corps.

Soccer is not quite up to the standard of last season, but we can always find a useful side. Company league matches are proving a great success and some useful talent has been discovered.

The hockey team is maintaining its unbroken record and we have had plenty of exciting matches.

Table tennis is going well; weekly matches have been played with local teams. Many of us know now why the game is no longer called "Ping Pong."

Entertainment.—Our concert party and dance band are in great demand. The concert party has given a number of shows, including one in a ward at the local hospital on Christmas Day, which was greatly appreciated.

We have also had some welcome visits from E.N.S.A., which were up to their usual high standard.

Our weekly dances are now in full swing again and are proving a popular feature. We find a sprung maple floor much better than concrete, although we still have very happy memories of the dances with our friends from "Q" and Bourlon Lines.

1ST HOLDING BATTALION RUGBY TEAM



Back Row (Right to Left)—Signalman Birkett (Salford), Signalman Magor (Mountain Ash), Signalman Adams (Warrington), Corporal Howlett (Rugby Town), Signalman Moffatt (Keighley), Signalman Carpenter (Old Cliftonians), Signalman Davey (Birkenhead Park)

Middle Row (Right to Left)—Signalman Stephens (Bridgend), Signalman George (Newport), Signalman Marwick (Watsonians), 2nd Lieutenant Johnstone (Catterick Garrison Rep.), Signalman Jones (Neath).

Front Row (Right to Left)—Signalman Rees (Swansea), Signalman Reardon (Warrington), Signalman Larkin (Army XV).

Training.—We are now established in luxurious lecture rooms and our instructors are thinking of charging for admission to the visitors who come to look at the many interesting exhibits on the walls.

Anyway, classes are going well and some very useful work is being done.

HOLDALL.

S.T.C. Wales

2nd General Trades Training Battalion

Calling Linemen—calling Electricians—calling Fitters—calling I.M.s—calling, in fact, the important part of the Royal Signals—calling General Trades everywhere! To everyone who has passed through the 2nd General Trades Training Battalion, greetings and best wishes wherever you are.

As promised last month, each Company of the Battalion has managed to provide something for this issue. I hope you will enjoy their efforts. Carry on, reader—read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the news that is set before you!

L.H.

No. 1 Company

This is No. 1 Company calling all the rest of you Signalites. We are sorry for the absence of any previous WIRE notes, but we are so overworked that we have to go to sleep standing up! Still, this being our first attempt you will have to put up with it. So here we go.

Arrivals.—We welcome to our midst, and we hope that their stay will be a long one, C.S.M. Bruce, S.S.M.s Burrows and Holland, and also Lance Corporal Stonehouse of S.T.C. fame.

Departures.—Captain J. Knox, who has left us for something better at Cambridge. Lance Sergeant Kitley, who left us for a spot nearer home. Corporal Gough V., who is by now at his destination. The whole Company wishes them all the best of luck.

Promotions.—Congratulations to Corporal Hunt on attaining that rank, and also to Lance Corporals Gascoine and (Ginger) Bennet on losing that "U."

Marriage.—We all congratulate Sergeant (Smoky) Sims on his recent marriage to one of our charming A.T.S. Sorry that we cannot give you any further particulars of this happy event.

Howler.—Heard in the Lecture Rooms.

Instructor to Pupil: "What is the potentiometer on the Fullerphone used for?"

Pupil: "It is used for cutting down side-tone!"

No. 3 Company

We've done it! At last, No. 3 Company, 2nd General Trades Training Battalion, is again adorning these pages. We've been absent for so long that the cream (and it's not sour!) of the Royal Corps of Signals has probably begun to think that their old Company, wherein they were first initiated into the arts—or wangles and dodges if you prefer it—of Signals trades, had faded away into retirement. Not a bit of it! We're still here and going strong, and now that we've started once more, we hope to keep you posted with Company news every month.

There's been lots of Cadre comings and goings just recently. Lance Corporals Crook and Prout have left us for the R.A.O.C., while Lance Corporals Benn and Horsley and Signalman Petch have gone forth into the world to show the Army of To-day the effects of their holiday here. Corporal Fawcett has departed to undergo a Foreman-of-Signals Course, at the School of Signals; don't know who's going to do all the Maths. problems now! To all these shining stars—well, flickering lights anyway—we extend our best wishes, and trust that they have now settled down in their new surroundings, and are managing to dodge duties as successfully as they did while with us. Signalmen Harris and Weaver have both forsaken Field Units, way down South, to join our happy family. May your stay with us be a long and happy one. What's that—you're asking 'bout leave already? Dunno what you're talking about, chums—never heard of it!

Once more the Electrical School has a new Officer i/c. 2nd Lieutenant Rogers has joined the family circle, and while we don't know each other very well yet, no doubt we soon will. We hope your stay with us, sir, will be both long and pleasant.

I don't know whether the consciences of our very hard-worked technical instructors have been smitten just lately, or what, but for weeks now these N.C.O.s have been observed returning to the Electrical School of an evening, or else engaged in close confab with each other in the N.C.O.s' Room. The appearance of Instructors actually engaged on a job of work, has caused quite a lot of speculation in the Company—but now the story may be told! Apparently they are all on the up-grade, and are hopeful of having their merit recognised one day, by being considered First Class Tradesmen. Well, good luck, chaps—don't work too hard, and burn too much of the midnight candle!

During the recent local War Weapons Week our Company was chosen to represent the Battalion in a march past, reviewed by the Lord Lieutenant of the County. How smart the lads looked as they marched off to join in the fray, all decked out in battle array! Boots shining, eyes gleaming, helmets tilted at an arrogant angle—the pride of the British Army! But what of their return? I did not see this, but I *did* hear what the Sergeant-Major had to say about the march the next day! Seasoned campaigner though he is, the afternoon stroll nearly—ahem!—nearly creased him, so I expect the gleam had disappeared from the eyes of the once-eager lads! However, we all are very honoured by the compliment paid in selecting No. 3 Company to represent the Battalion—even those who took part in the march!

Well, lads, the past month has not been over-eventful, so there seems to be little left to talk about now.

So, till the next time, good luck, Tradesmen everywhere!

L.H.

No. 4 Company

Indeed to goodness, it is a long time since we helped to adorn the pages of this 'ere periodical; however, lads, better late than never!

The community is very happy, except for a few N.C.O.s, the weather, the Pay Clerk, and naturally we are all nuts on Maintenance. Everyone has the "Ambition Bug" and are all out to better themselves or "Ameliorate" themselves as Corporal J. W. would say—proper educated 'e is. I think he has just read "Oliver Twist." Yes, there is no doubt about it, we are certainly on the up-grade now. The shining star to-day is our friend "Mr. Waverly," who has just been promoted to the rank of "Acting Unpaid Lance Driver"—when he can be found! He doesn't believe in the theory of "Late Passes" or "Reveille." As Corporal J. W. would say, he hasn't the "Ignition."

Arrivals.—We welcome to the fold Lieutenants Thear and Bramley, who have taken over the duties of Officer i/c Instruction and T.M.O. respectively, and also C.S.M. Colmar, who has forsaken the shack up the road to confront us daily at 08.40 hours on the skating rink.

Departures.—Major Sugrue has been posted from this Company, and his departure means the loss of a real good friend. We wish him good luck in his new assignment.

Promotions.—Our heartiest congratulations are extended to Captain Perks, whom we welcome as our new O.C.

This Month's Best Story.—The Company were on parade in full war paint for once in a while, and were, as can be expected, proving more than a little trying for the C.S.M. His obvious embarrassment was actuated more than a little by the presence of the Major's wife and small daughter. During the parade the "Little Angel" glibly enquired as to who was the big man with no gun, and was promptly answered by her mother, who said, "That is the Sergeant-Major, my dear." This called for a little deliberation on the part of the little girl, who finally said, "Mother, how many lungs has a Sergeant-Major?"

We Want to Know.—Who was the N.C.O. who put himself on the "Absentee Report"?

What is the difference between credit and debit?

Is he married or not?

What does the Sergeant-Major carry in his little attache case?

For Sale.—One good "Q" Bloke's Block with dotted line experience.

R.D.

Depot Battalion

Much can be made of the present weather here. The poet can let his hair down and wax really ecstatic—the cynic and the grouch can relax and be initiated into the unknown wonders of amiability—it even makes our service-bitten Sergeant-Majors growl, what is sincerely meant to be an affable "Goo Morn." Yes, the weather is really fine.

Vast changes have taken place in the Unit H.Q. in both location of offices and swap over of personnel. The more notable of the latter are: Lance Sergeant Strong, ex i/c Documents, now endeavouring to rectify wrongs as Assistant Orderly Room Sergeant, whilst Sergeant Harry Kraft, ex-A.O.R.S., has rushed in where angels have hitherto feared to tread, and is now trying to run "Docs." on lines Regimental par excellence. In the midst of all this domestic upheavel Lance Corporal "Jock" Haxton, ex-Docs., has decided that the air is a whole lot sweeter on the barrack square and is now experiencing all the physical discomforts of a Junior N.C.O.s' Course. Here's hoping that the adage, "New brooms make a pretty good job" (or words to that effect) prove correct.

The congratulatory note this month goes well up the scale. To R.S.M. Gregory, D.C.M., who has recently been commissioned to Lieutenant (Quartermaster), we offer hearty and sincere congratulations. According to music hall and story book tradition we should rejoice and do a fairy dance at losing one R.S.M. (Soldiers, for the mis-use of!). Probably the speculations and misgivings as to who R.S.M. Gregory's successor will be is the reason for the lack of aforementioned rejoicing plus the fairy dance. Maybe. Congratulations for an achievement of a very different nature go to Lance Corporal Joe Levy. He's now the proud papa of a bouncing baby boy. The best of the best to you and the missus, Joe!

The local town is now in the throes of a Mammoth War Weapons Week—at least it is hoped that the use of the word mammoth will be justified. A large military procession, in which we naturally played a major part, started the week's campaign with a grand fillip. Much to the amusement and amazement of the local inhabitants, many of whom I think made a special pilgrimage from the local "mountains" to view this conspicuous occasion, Bren Carriers, A.A. Bren Guns, Mortars, and other such awesome weapons of war were placed on view in a prominent position. Unfortunately, because of training demands we were unable to let the populace know just what a red-hot bunch of buzzards we are.

H.Q., S.T.C.—The only news from this "Holy of Holies" (N.B.—Orderly Room Sergeants please reserve all comments) is congratulatory stuff. The A.T.S. have come into their own and consequently Section Leader Ffoulkes-Griffiths has left us for fresh pastures and, I believe, another step up the ladder of success. Volunteer Betty Roberts has attained the rank of Sub-Leader. Flash! "That was a volunteer—that was" (Advert.).

On this note I must leave you—it's the eve all but two nights of my leave and I'm accordingly working myself into a state of frenzied excitement. Take it from me, fellahs—it doesn't take much effort.

Bye-bye, blokes!

BIMBO.

Yorkshire 3

3rd Operators' Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

General.—Nothing of exceptional note has happened in the Wing since the last issue. The Unit, including the Wing, spent several days digging themselves out of snow drifts.

Departures.—Corporal Fortes, D.C.M., has left us for a Railway Signal Training Battalion, and we wish him the best of luck.

Promotion.—Congratulations are due to our O.C. on his promotion.

Trade Rating.—I hear from authorative circles that Billet Orderlies are to have a recognised Army Trade. We understand that this test will take the form of a competition, those candidates able to sit the longest in front of an open fire without dropping off to sleep being awarded a Class I.

Entertainments.—Company entertainments seem to be all the rage now and I hear rumours of a stupendous presentation by Administrative Wing of "Babes in the Wood." The case is not yet finally fixed but I believe Corporal N***d and Sergeant H**k*an have been cast as the Babes, Sergeant R**n*y as the Wicked Baron, and S.S.M. W**l**ms as the Queen. The beauty chorus will be drawn from members of the Pay Office. It is hoped that the production will be ready for Christmas, 1945, and all proceeds are to be devoted to the Institute for Destitute Orderly Room Sergeants. More about this enormous production next month.

J.C.R.

No. 1 Company

If news from No. 1 Company is scarce this month, blame the fact that the correspondent has been on a P.T. Course and has been *hors de combat* as far as Company activities and other things go.

Entertainments.—The Company has reason to be proud, however, of a concert arranged by the Entertainments Committee and given by the artistes who have shone in the inter-squad competitions. The hall was packed and the audience thoroughly appreciated a three hours' first-rate show. A collection was taken for the Yorkshire Area Air Raid Distress Fund and over £10 was realised.

Sport.—The Company, though it has held no individual sporting events, has been strongly represented in the Battalion Rugby Union XV, in which Lance Sergeant Ford plays a leading part.

Stop Press.—The canteen cat is now the mother of four lovely kittens. What we want to know is, how she managed to find her way into the Training Office and use it as a Maternity Ward.

J.H.M.

No. 2 Company

First of all, a word of thanks for the overwhelming response to our appeal for news from our ex-members. We regret to say, however, that both the main points of the letter are so adequately covered by well-known parodies of popular songs (e.g., "Bless 'em all") that it would be redundant to elaborate the sentiments here—especially as avenues of retaliation are so accessible to senior N.C.O.s.

Departures.—Departures this month are all covered in glory. Sergeant Walton (without whom no party is complete) and Lance Corporals Treckman, Thallon and Kilner have left our ranks to join O.C.T.U.s. The fragments of news we have of "Son" Walton, from Sergeant Jack, leave in our minds a curious photomontage effect of a cross between an infantryman and a Nazi parachutist, complete with bicycle. Or perhaps we were confused by Sergeant Jack's coherent (?) account of map-reading awheel and tactical exercises on foot.

Further stories of P.T. (under an apparently ideal Sergeant-Instructor) have restored the smile to the face of O.S. 36, whose motto is now "Per ardua ad astra." We wish all our O.C.T.U.s the best of luck and (perhaps more to the point) the best of health.

Lance Corporals Grant and Mander have left us to conquer fresh fields and pastures new. The former must have been, in "Civvy Street," one of those awe-inspiring travellers whose baggage is plastered with labels. He came and went with astonishing frequency, and one always had to be careful about tenses with him. We wish them both the very best of luck, and hope it will be possible to see them again soon.

Entertainments.—The latest entertainment in the Company is the treasure hunt, organised by our Q. Armed with sheets of brown paper bearing cryptic lists of figures, he prowled from lecture room to office, and we never knew when to expect him. Instruments were lifted and examined, and a great air of mystery hung over everything. Tall civilians in the vicinity of rooms and offices were treated with respect, as we credited him with the gift of disguise, especially the power to alter his voice.

Unfortunately, it turned out that the figures, instead of being map references, as we had hoped, were merely numbers of instruments—so our fond hopes of a share-out at the end of the month were shattered. A great pity, for Lance Corporal Hutchison (whom we must congratulate on his promotion) would have made a benign distributor of largesse, so accustomed is he now to giving out ration cards, warrants, etc.

With our usual versatility we have polished off another War Weapons Week, and, of course, the entertainments side has been functioning admirably. Our Dance de Luxe at the Baths was a tremendous success, and a credit to the organisers and originator; the treasurer has come through his Unit audit with a smiling face.

We are sorry to lose S.S.M. Evans to No. 1 Company and wish him every success there. S.S.M. Raymond is at present in charge of Company Office, and C.S.M. Tealing has left us, for the present at any rate, for higher things.

Training goes on apace, and shouts of "All accounted for" ring down the parade ground for endless aeons of time (except on Thursday mornings). S.B.O., O.S., or O.K. all come alike to our Company, and now that so many of us have suffered at the Depot, the parades ring with "correct" orders. (We wonder if "Ted" has his cap fastened in some way to withstand the shock of his orders.)

Before signing off, we must apologise for the shortness of these notes, but a month at the Depot has deadened our receptivity, and it will be some time before we are at all normal.

Finally, an impassioned appeal to *all* ex-members: Let us hear from you!

Jews' Mail.—Greetings and apologies for not writing to all members of O.T. 17.

Agony.—To Sergeant Hutchison R. ("A" Corps, Rawalpindi). "Brother, Signalman (*now* Lance Corporal) Hutchison, wants to know if you are short of stamps."

O.X.

No. 3 Company

Big item of news is that No. 3 Company welcomes Lieutenant C. F. Bunce once again as its O.C., succeeding Captain C. W. Hume, M.C. Before his departure, Captain Hume took the opportunity of thanking the men for their support during his stay, and received an ovation as he left the hall. Lieutenant Bunce had been "acting" before Captain Hume's arrival, and has continued with the Company as Training Officer. 2nd Lieutenant C. E. Paige is now Training Officer to the Company.

Many social events and entertainments, following on the Christmas festivities, have made the first two months of this year memorable, and bouquets can be handed all round.

A determined effort has been made to cater for all sportsmen, but unfortunately severe weather has played havoc with outdoor events.

Champion Wrestlers.—The All-in Wrestling Tournament, staged at the local Gymnasium was not organised by No. 3 Company, but there were so many men of the Company there that I feel justified in commenting upon it.

Probably most of us rolled up to support our popular Sergeant-Instructor De Relwyskow, A.P.T.C., light-weight champion, opposed to Corporal Doran-Hill, of the R.A.F., and one of Europe's leading matmen. Sergeant Relwyskow, whose father is president of the British Wrestling Board, was in grand form. The R.A.F. champion, who travelled 200 miles to fulfil his engagement, secured a pin fall in 3 mins. 37 secs. of the first round after some hectic exchanges. Both men had the crowd on its feet in the next session, but there was a dramatic finish when Relwyskow put the plucky airman away with a smashing k.o.

It was a good night for the Army, for Lance Corporal Vic Hessle, the R.A.M.C.'s expert matman, defeated Ernest Baldwin in the fourth round. Lovers of the finer art of the game took Raschid Anwar, Olympic Games performer and eight times champion of India, to their hearts, but Cyril Knowles gamely held him to a draw.

To wind up an excellent evening's entertainment "The Farmer's Boy" frantically urged on by his many friends in the Royal Corps of Signals, put away Hooker Rawlings in the second round.

Altogether, a grand night's sport. Bill Rodney was an efficient referee, and Mr. Geo. De Relwyskow officiated as M.C.

From comments I heard more such evenings would be much appreciated. It was most unfortunate that the Boxing Tournament arranged for the following evening had to be cancelled. I hear we have a number of clever exponents in our ranks at present. Perhaps a tournament will be arranged shortly.

A Challenge.—By the way, has anyone realised what a galaxy of swimming talent there is in No. 3 Company? There is no doubt that an aquatic sports would prove an attraction. Whenever I drop into the local baths I seldom fail to see one or two of my colleagues trying to freshen their brains for a little more procedure by "crawling" up and down the length.

Squad 42 inform me that they are prepared to challenge any other squad in the Company. In fact, they go so far as to assert that they will lay all the money they can find on their special star, Signalman Edward Fallas, who has played water polo with Stalybridge. Any acceptors?

There seems to be no limit to the sporting capabilities of this Company these days. Enjoying an afternoon at the ground of one of Yorkshire's best Rugby League teams the other week, I was surprised to see quite a familiar face amongst us, slinging out passes from the base of the scrum with scintillating brilliance. Know him?

Entertainments.—Probably the big event of the past two months was the Company concert—really a slick spicy revue under Instructor Corporal "Joe" Stock, which played to a capacity house. The "straight" acts deserve commendation for the high standard of their performance. Signalman Harry Shaw's delightful flexible baritone voice, and Signalman Laidig (with a delightful straight saxophone solo) gave the house a real thrill. Then the civilians in the audience were able to have a peep into Army life, while Corporal "Joe" put his squad through its paces. We wish we could leave the parade ground as easily as one of the Company did on this occasion.

The feminine interest was very attractively sustained by Miss Peggy Kelly, charming daughter of S.S.M. Kelly J., singing at the piano. The whole show was accompanied by Signalman Ken Jones, who also gave Lance Corporal Crossley support in the rendering of popular numbers. Lieutenant C. F. Bunce was compere and kept the show moving slickly.

Rumour whispers that these programmes are to be a feature of our after-duty hours. Carry on the good work, Corporal "Joe" and Co.

Popularity of Company Band.—Incidentally, the Company Band is proving more popular than ever, and their opening dance was outstanding. Lance Corporal Ken Crossley continues to delight with his crooning, and an undoubted acquisition to this smart combination is Signalman Harry Laidig, former saxophonist with Geraldo.

Haggis.—Signalman Jimmy Love, somewhere in Scotland, and probably coming here to complete his training, will be in his element for he loves nothing better than a battle of words with the men north of the Tweed. Therefore he will delight in the tale of two Scottish signallers, stationed here, who never tired of informing their poor English brothers of No. 42 Squad what a delicacy haggis is. One bright morning a hasty unpacking of a parcel revealed a specimen of the much-talked of . . . The two set to with a vengeance, and very quickly were violently sick. And now No. 42 Squad has a peaceful Sabbath, for the mouth-watering propensities of haggis are never even mentioned. What a gruesome food.

This month I must wind up on a note of regret, for we have just heard that S.S.M. Kelly J., M.M., is leaving us. Happily we shall not lose sight of him altogether as he is only transferring to No. 4 Company. We wish him every success.

On the day of his transfer S.S.M. Kelly took the morning parade, and told the Company that he regretted he was leaving the Company. All along he had followed the progress of the various Squads with great interest, and he assured them that although he was going to another Company he would follow the work of the No. 3 Company Squads with the same keen interest until the junior squad of that day had passed out.

In conclusion, may I appeal to all members of No. 3 Company to do what they can to make our little forum in the WIRE as interesting as possible. In fact, we should have no lack of good copy, for besides myself Signalmen Little T., Eves A. and Boyle are all newspaper men. A few sticks apiece next month, boys, please.

No. 4 Company

Hullo, everybody! Here we are again, and after seeing my effort in print, I undertake the same task again without any qualms, whatsoever.

General.—We gave you a very generous list of our Training Staff and Cadre of this Company, and upon looking them over in cold print I think you will agree that it is rather a good selection of solids.

Arrivals.—S.S.M. Kelly J., M.M., from No. 3 Company. Believe me when I say that we are very grateful to the gods for this effort. We welcome him with open arms.

Promotions.—A slight lull in the promotion stakes this time. I forgot to mention Corporal Hill. Congratulations!

One to report this month is our new friend "Hopalong." I mean Corporal Porter E. C. Congratulations!

Entertainments.—For us to have this heading is somewhat unusual, but entertainment is now a household word. Our first effort this month was a smoking concert, with numerous members of the Company emulating the "Crazy Gang"; a number enjoyed by all was a theme about "The Battle of the Nile." Our compere was carefully disguised behind a product which came originally from Havana, the date not specified. The evening was enjoyed by all, despite "Wailing Minnie."

On Friday, 7th February, we held our first dance in a local hall, and it was a great success. Old "Bill" saw the world through rose-coloured glasses that night. I suppose there are brown roses. Our Corporal Porter E. C. was responsible for organising this dance (when's the next one, Eric?) and we congratulate him, for giving us a great evening, even if we did have thick heads the next morning.

Sport.—There has been no sport worth mentioning this month, owing to one important fact, which I suppose has been pretty general.

Agony.—Travelling in the bus the other day was a certain Sergeant and sitting next to him was a dark-skinned gent. wearing a turban; on the opposite seat was a little Yorkshire-man, who kept peering at the afore-mentioned dark gent. When the conductor came up for the fares, the little Yorkshireman said:

"Penny one, please. Here, who's that funny-looking bloke sitting next to Sergeant?"

The Conductor: "Hush! Yons a sun worshipper."

L.Y.: "Ee, by gum, what the heck's he doing here, on his —— holidays?"

Well, I think this is about all for this month, so I'll be saying au revoir until next time. So long!

NAIK AND VERLY BARRA JUNIOR.

3rd General Trades Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

Silence, chums! Clear the decks for action and assume the position of attention.

Pay days come and go and we slowly work our way down the Leave Roster. On the gloomy side of the page we can note early morning drill and P.T. parades, which are intended, we are told, to mould us into something resembling sorbo balls. In practice the result seems to be that we acquire bulges (bruises —not muscles), cricks in backs, blisters on our hands and a liberal crop of corns on our hands, knees and boomps-a-daisies.

The daily respirator drill is a boon—it enforces comparative quietness during the period. Our pessimist is expecting an outbreak of warts on noses. If any reader knows a means of drinking tea whilst wearing a respirator, please cable this H.Q. —charges may be reversed.

Lance Sergeant Lloyd M. would probably prefer us to spare his blushes, but we want to record how pleased we were to see in the Press a picture of him being presented with a medal of the R.S.P.C.A. by the Mayor of this town. The medal was awarded in recognition of a courageous act in stopping a runaway horse in a busy thoroughfare. The G.O.C. has thought fit to have the incident recorded on Lance Sergeant Lloyd's documents. Courageous acts seem to come easily to this young N.C.O.—we understand that he is shortly getting married!

The W.O.s and Senior N.C.O.s combined with their colleagues in No. 3 Company turned out a team who shot against the Officers with .22 ammunition. On this occasion the officers had to admit defeat. You will be hearing of similar battles in the future. We hear of the formation of shooting teams in another Companies, and are awaiting opportunities to show them how it is done.

N.B.—We have heard that spectacles are obtainable locally at 3 gns. a pair.

We take off our hats to certain chaps who have been very busy digging a blinking big 'ole what kept falling in on 'em. You lucky people!

Can anyone recommend a wide, open space (Salisbury Plain is too small), where a certain grimy clerk can slink to for the purpose of practising the "About Turn" when on the move?

No. 1 (Line) Company

Church Parade.—On Sunday, 2nd February, our military band gave a return performance on church parade. It was a first-class show. There is a story going round that when the band plays well, the instruments are filled with beer. The Cookhouse Sergeant is practising in the "Northern" for the time when he can really master the Big Instrument.

Sergeants' Mess.—More improvements and more doors. However, strangers need not worry as a guide is issued on entering. On 5th February we entertained the local A.F.S., the excuse being "Darts." No one knew who won, but there were some dark horses handling the spears. One Sergeant was giving a grip, the text being "With Phospherence from Lewisham at the B.B.C."

The C.Q.M.S. has been giving lectures on gas, but it was too much for him and he had to go on leave. Sweet tea cannot be the only remedy.

Sport.—Football carries on, but is about the only sport that does. The position in the League is fourth. A fine effort, chaps. Keep it up!

Corporals' Mess.—The Corporals now have a Mess (?) of their own. It is untrue that when the five o'clock whistle goes they sleep on in their comfortable chairs.

To Dave (late of I.A.A.).—Corporal Bain, Bugs, Pip Stone and Jacko would like to hear from you, and how is young "Wilkie"?

Cheerio, Jock (Ingram).—Don't forget what we have told you. Others will follow. "Pools rush in, etc."

Howler.—Who is the man who thinks a Q cell is part of a prison camp for Quartermasters?

Out of Bounds.—Next on the list "Tich"—only single man left. Sergeant Stokoe, we salute you.

Note.—If anyone in the Unit has additional ratings worth mentioning, meet me at the "Royal Oak," without rubber boots and Bridge Megger.

Congratulations.—To Sports Manager Taffy Jones on becoming a father. The baby has not been named yet—in fact, she only just "made" these notes.

JACKO.

No. 3 (Workshop) Company

Still Furthermore.—By far the most important plot of ground in this area houses the P.A.D. trenches. The initial excitement has, of course, worn off. I think blisters on the hands had something to do with it—but the O.C. and other officers look really natty with pick and shovel, but minus the navvy's cord around the battle dress trousers knees. Pity, really, 'cos there would be the tout ensemble (French). The average weight of soil moved daily approximates to 35 tons—no?—all right then, you ask Lieutenant ——. He fell in a trench and removed about four tons on his battle dress. His batman, 'tis said, merely murmured "———."

Still, it may be only a few pounds—what are figures, anyway? Everyone loses his figure by the time he gets to be an U/Lance Corporal. As it is, life goes along merrily, normal routine intermingled with snow shifting, incendiary bomb demonstrations, pay parade only once a week (shame), W.O.s falling flat in the snow on parade (renewed laughter), and "greasy pole" exercises.

Intermission.—Sergeant (to recruits): "To save time this morning, instead of calling the roll, will all absentees take one pace forward?"

Sergeant (still lecturing recruits): "The 'ard wood British trees are the helm, the hoak and the hash. The hoak is the 'ardest, but hin Hindia grows the teak, the 'ardest wood of hall. This 'ere teak his used to make piles for piers; I mean the hadjuncts of 'arbours hand not the hailments of haristocrats."

And it wasn't a Sergeant in this Company, see.

"The Light."—Through the endeavours of 2nd Lieutenant N. A. C. Clubb, who has recently arrived in the Company, the Company Mess Room has assumed a more cheerful atmosphere by some amusing cartoons being hung on the walls. Lieutenant Clubb has also several other bright ideas for our future entertainment, including the formation of a Debating Society. We look forward to these enthusiastic debators telling us how to win the war. Snooker and billiards tournaments are also on the way.

Concert Party.—During the last month we have had the second offering from our able concert party, which proved a worthy successor to our first. Fun there was in plenty, not the least enjoyable being a sketch purporting to show what goes on in our Lecture Rooms during the training period. There were no guest artistes on this occasion, which added to our difficulties, but, nevertheless, we put on a good show and left few, if any, dissatisfied "customers."

The Company dances are proving happy affairs. Maybe it's the Company Band, under the direction of Maestro Joe Hallam, perhaps the "empties" speak volumes, but whatever it is, there's always a happy atmosphere.

Then Came the Dawn.—The A/U/Lance Corporal turned up his coat collar and stepped forth into the damp, chilly, clammy (cross out those you don't like) air. Everything was quiet and not a sound broke the "Still of the Night" (6d. all music publishers) save the drip of the rain in the P.A.D. trenches (ha, ha), and the twittering of the birds returning home. "Five thirty," he hissed, wiping his nose with a piece of Field Dressing, Mark IV, "Think I'll call the Cook." He entered the billet, tiptoed down the snoring ranks, hit his foot on the stove, said "———" (censored.—ED.), and found the Cook (?), recognising the snow white trousers hanging nonchalantly and negligently on the floor. The Cook (still ?) opened one eye and closed it with a bang. "Wassermatter. You tell the Sergeant-Major there are no tramlines in the P.A.D. trenches."

The A/U/Lance Corporal was a practical soul. "Git up," he said.

"Wassertime?"

"Wednesday."

"Whaffor?"

"So's Tottenham Argyle can row against Tom Webster at Newmarket."

"Well, why didn't you say so before, I thought it was a foxtrot."

The A/U/Lance Corporal emptied the dustbin on the Cook and retired gracefully. He wasn't sure that he had had the best of it after all.

No. 4 (M.T.) Company

Owing to the promotion of our former scribe, these notes are being slung together by an old hand.

Arrivals.—Our usual selection of "goons" (Greek for Militia boys). They come—they go, and we relics of the Stone Age blink as an array of bank managers, architects and University dons pass before our eyes.

I wonder what C.Q.M.S. Smith really thought when two "goons"—combined civvy salaries, £880 per year—reported to "scrub out" his stores!

To Mr. Whitty, our new second-in-command a hearty welcome. And to S.S.M. King—may Work Tickets and "Exchanges" never turn his hair grey.

Departures.—Besides our normal output of sadder but wiser "goons"—C.S.M. (Chase the green) Dallimore T. A., C.Q.M.S. (We have none) Smith, and other members of the Cadre who were confidently expecting to harvest their gardens and allotments this year! They are beginning dimly to realise that there is a war on. Which reminds me. Our good wishes go with them.

Finally—Mr. Mocatta. He has been with us since the beginning and will be missed keenly. Good hunting and rapid promotion, sir!

Social.—The weekly dance still goes strong. All ranks who attend are busy unravelling the "Mystery of the Vanishing Pork Pies." One moment they're here (the pies!) and then—well, they're just gones, and no one knows where! Perhaps Topper Brown of the enormous appetite can explain.

Promotions.—Congratulations to the following on their promotions: S.S.M. "Nobby" Clarke to C.S.M.; Lance Sergeant "Ned" Sparkes to Sergeant; Corporal "Topper" Brown to Lance Sergeant; Lance Corporal Lavery to Corporal; Driver Towle to Lance Corporal.

Enquiry.—Corporal Lavery would like to hear from "Lobby Ludd," "Shillibeer" or other old friends of the 4th Division (1926—1931).

This Month's Best Yarn.—O.C. Workshops to O.C. Company: "Herewith one work ticket with mileage details nibbled away by a mouse. Regretted."

O.C. Company to O.C. Workshops: "Explanation inadequate. Mileage details essential for completion of ticket. They must be obtained."

O.C. Workshops to O.C. (M.T.) Company: "Offending mouse —number, rank and name unknown—caught in Traps, Wire, G.S., baited with cheese, soldiers for the use of, Very G.S. Prisoner dispatched under escort to, and now reported back, from M.I. Room after castor oil treatment 'a la Mussolini.' Will you collect your mileage details in a hurry, please?"
Cheerior, fans!

LAVE.

Who is he, who at Reveille
Yawns and stretches, shows a leg;
And who stumbling in the darkness
Kicks the door post with his leg?

Who is he, who from a civvy
Is transformed overnight,
And is trained and shown the use of
Weapons, guns with which to fight?

Who is he the sergeant curses
On the boiling barrack square;
Tho' 'tis some of his antics
Would certain make an angel swear?

Who is he at Church Parade
Marching smartly in his best,
Fills the thoughts of all the maidens
When on him their eyes they rest?

Who is he, who with a scrubber,
Mop and pail and soda, too,
Can outrival any woman,
Darn a sock as neatly, too?

Who is he, who in the Cookhouse,
Nightly peels his way to fame,
As the humble spud he bashes
Hides he not his head in shame?

Who is he the sergeant biddeth,
"Go, thou man, and do fatigues,"
Washing, mopping, cleaning dishes,
Windows, too, while deep he grieves

Was it this for which he joined
Up to fight his country's foe?
Who is he? He's just a Tommy,
Plain, outspoken Cockney Joe.

C. T. N.

3rd Holding Battalion

Headquarters.

You will remember that last month I described the gallant way in which we cleared away the surrounding snow and, without a doubt, saved the lives of many villagers, at least we like to think so. Well, we're at it again. One can tell which are the experienced hands at this game, the ones who have done it before, by the way they unselfishly stop their own operations to offer advice to the labouring apprentices. However, there can't be so very much more of this stuff left, because we must have shovelled millions of tons of it away by now; at any rate, it seems like that.

Sergeant-Major Pope has taken on the duties of Battalion Entertainments Officer and we now hold our dances in a new hall to tunes supplied by a very expert dance band. It's a wonder that SS.M. Pope (i/c snow) does not announce a snow-shifters' spot waltz, for he's a man full of original ideas. As our new M.C. for battalion dances, he gives the order, "Take partners for quick-step," and proceeds in staccato fashion to trip the light fantastic toe round the floor. He is apparently in his element (as many others are) when the band strikes up to play the polka, old-fashioned waltz, and other ancient British "jigs."

One of our latest ventures is the introduction of a Saturday social evening at O——. Some of the choicest blossoms grace the ballroom with their presence. And what of other palatial dwellings—No. 1 Company Office, for instance—presided over by our hooded friend assisted by one whose crest bears the motto "Nil Agitato," which can be translated as "Don't fidget" or "Not a move!"

Passing this building one is at once fascinated by the Movement Control room. Here they keep charts used for forecasting the weather, the eventual winner of the National, the opinion of one's "in-laws" and the probable destination of Signalman Jones. Here one finds Sergeant (lightning calculator) Waghorne, who deals with strength returns, and Corporal (Bradshaw) Hopkins, who is a trained Timetable Reader, Class 1, Group A.

A new member of the Movement Office is our delicate-haired friend Lance Corporal Barnes, formerly under the wing of our Provost Sergeant.

No mention has been made of our Orderly Room, but this should not pass without reference to our filler of coal buckets, a man of many tongues, Signalman Yerbury (often referred to as Yerb), who hopes to take a rating in this line. He has been known to refer to the coal in low French and Italian phrases.

Now in charge of a branch of Q.M. is Lance Sergeant Sutton, who had previously heard of mice being in the Stores, and found same to be quite true, and immediately 'phoned the P.R.I. Clerk, giving instructions for the purchase of mouse traps. No satisfaction being obtained, direct contact was made with the P.R.I. and he got his mouse-mincers almost at once. The problem remains, which account can meet this expense? Contingent? Can a mouse trap be classed as a cleaning material, as a cleaner out o' mice? Or does it come under Sports and Entertainments a/c. Again, are the mice to be put on the ration strength, in that cheese is required for the traps? Are the traps to be capitalised?

Question for Corporal Watts. What about the Sports return?

Appointment.—Congratulations to Signalman Wragg on his being appointed Lance Corporal and to our new N.C.O. i/c washing-cum-boots-cum-salvage-with-a-smile. Has he yet determined his rightful complement of stripes?

Education.—We welcome the appointment of 2nd Lieutenant Easton as our new Education Officer. Perhaps he could enlighten us on the following:

(1) Whose is the dog on the ration strength?

(2) Does the nightly cup-chocolate help to replenish the energies of our biblical one-pipper?

(3) Why does a certain holder of the King's Commission appreciate more than one course in the "sweets" line?

(4) What comprises a rissole?

(5) A way of making our Pay N.C.O. look pleasant when paying out?

THE SQUIRREL.

DRAMATIC NOTES

The Dramatic Arts Society is worth recording. You should have heard us doing a spot of play reading the other night with Volunteer Marsh as the German female official, very guttural, and Volunteer Richardson as the efficient secretary to a neurotic novelist. Corporal (Have you got your A.B. 64?) Parker as an American gent. was pretty good; listening to his accent one could almost see the sky-scrapers. Section Leader Turner, as a German mother accidentally parted from her child, gave a heart-rending performance. Altogether, considerable fun was had by all. I am pressing hard for some Dickensian sketches, but it must be admitted that I am actuated purely by ulterior motives in that I hope to see Section Leader Walshaw playing the part of the Fat Boy.

Association of ideas brings to my mind the fact that I have been promised the co-operation of Signalman Wilkinson in the writing of a novel called "Military Molly," or "The Love Life of an A.T.S." All characters are, of course, entirely fictitious.

The N.C.O.s' Course has been indulging in unarmed combat and the members are getting very chesty. The picture of a Sergeant-Major deftly screwing the neck of a Sergeant is one to gladden the heart of any Signalman. Unfortunately, some of them tried to practise on some Signalmen one day, only to discover, much too late, that these same Signalmen had just qualified at an intensive ju-jitsu course. Ah, well! Opportunity comes but once.

Delight of delights was the boxing competition in which 2nd Lieutenants David and Davies did their best to do serious bodily harm to one another. There was much mumbling in No. 2 Company Office the day after. Oh, boy! What a wallop! We didn't know they had it in them.

I am getting many offers of contributions for the WIRE these days from members of the Unit and am very pleased to get 'em. They can't all go in, of course, but from any who feel the urge to write, I shall be delighted to have descriptions of events that have happened in the Unit. "The Squirrel" has kindly promised to write Headquarter's notes for me each month, but he'll probably want to know why the deuce I've christened him "The Squirrel." Private explanations will be forthcoming.

I am including a couple of vivid descriptions of life in this Unit; the first is called "Phantasmagoria." On looking up this word in the dictionary, I discovered that it's literal meaning is—"gathering of figures on a flat surface—as by a magic lantern." For the benefit of other than ex-O.C.T.U. candidates, I give this information.

The second is called "'Q' Ships or Mystery Craft."

PHANTASMAGORIA; or THE STORY OF A PRACTICE ALARM

The whole story really begins with the ringing of a bell. One day the Commanding Officer pressed a bell on his table. He was rewarded by the sudden appearance of Section Leader Speller, shorthand typist, Class 3, unskilled. He dismissed her with a wave of the hand and pressed a second bell push on his table and was this time rewarded by the appearance of Captain Handset, the Adjutant.

"I think it's about time we had a trial turn out," said the Commanding Officer. "We ought to find out how quickly the Unit can assemble on an alarm."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the Adjutant, who was much under nautical influence, and then swiftly correcting himself, "Yes, sir, I'll lay it on." The Adjutant's method of laying it on was to return to his own office and say to the Assistant Adjutant, "Lieutenant Kilowat, you're in charge of alarms and excursions; the Commanding Officer wants a practice turn out." "Any particular time?" said Kilowat. "No, I don't think so," said the Adjutant; "we'll leave it to you, as long as nobody knows before hand that it's coming off."

Lieutenant Kilowat was a man of considerable experience and he knew that a practice alarm could only be carried out successfully with at least three rehearsals; but he was also a man of somewhat perverse nature and on this occasion he felt, "Be hanged to it; I'll have no rehearsals. We'll make it as near the real thing as possible."

He maintained a moody silence for five days and then one night, when he was sitting in the Mess, at about 11 o'clock, he felt the mood upon him. Going to the civil telephone he rang up the Orderly Officer and said, "A general alarm has been given." The Orderly Officer, who was Lieutenant Snows, said, "Oh! Oh! Now pull the other one," whereupon the Assistant Adjutant explained laboriously what was expected of him.

From this moment onwards events moved swiftly. The officers in the Mess were informed that an alarm had been given. 2nd Lieutenant Goliath walked to the door of the Mess and, looking out, said, "Blimey! it's raining; you can't possibly have an alarm on a night like this."

Lieutenant Mattock raced upstairs and nearly strangled himself with his web equipment. He was saved by the timely arrival of Lieutenant Earthpin, who shared his room, and who proceeded to assist him into his web. After a considerable struggle they discovered that the left brace of Lieutenant Mattock's equipment had, by some unaccountable means, been buckled to the right supporting strap of Lieutenant Earthpin's equipment. Thus, like the Siamese Twins, they descended the stairs, loudly calling for assistance. Unfortunately, half-way down they slipped and swept magnificently to the ground floor, carrying before them Captain Cable who had been on his way up. Nevertheless, within half-an-hour, all had been disentangled and were in the process of climbing into cars, an operation made difficult by the unaccustomed bulk of equipment and respirators worn at the alert.

At last the convoy swung out of the drive and Captain Cable, driving the first car, drove splendidly through a stone wall and down a long, grassy slope into a stream. As he explained afterwards, his helmet had, unfortunately, fallen over his eyes at the wrong moment.

The party then proceeded to walk to the assembly point and, on arriving there, found two Sergeant-Majors, four Sergeants and sixteen Signalmen with eleven rifles and thirty-five rounds of ammunition amohg them. These they proceeded to divide into platoons according to instructions.

In the Sergeants' Mess the receipt of the alarm had occasioned a similar scene of efficient bustle. Sergeant-Major Backsight had been engaged in a knife-edged game of billiards with Sergeant Butt, and as he was sighting for a particularly difficult shot, Sergeant Keydrill had burst into the room shouting, "Stand to, blokes, stand to!"

Sergeant-Major Backsight started violently, miscued, tore the cloth and said, "Blast!" He then turned fiercely on Keydrill and said, "What the hell! You've spoilt the whole game." Keydrill, somewhat taken aback, said, "But the alarm's gone."

"PHANTASMAGORIA" OR THE STORY OF A PRACTICE ALARM



Capt. Bayonet set off at once



2nd Lieuts. Mattock and Earthpin swept down the stairs



2nd Lieut. Label nearly strangled himself with his Respirator Cord



Lieut. Draughtsman was pre-occupied



Sgt.-Major Backsight Miscued



Sgt.-Major Pullthrough followed close behind

Backsight immediately grasped the situation. "Ha! turn out, fellows. Web equipment, tin hats, and up to the parade ground," said he. Turning smartly away he sloped his billiards cue and stepped through the verandah into a two-foot puddle of water.

Sergeant Cashbox sped swiftly upstairs, scrambled into the web equipment of Sergeant-Major Barrel and departed, looking somewhat like a milk float pony wearing the breeching set of a shire horse. The rest of the party, except Sergeant-Major Barrel, who had some difficulty in getting into Sergeant Cashbox's equipment, dressed quickly and set off for the parade ground.

On the way, they met Sergeant-Major Pullthrough, clad in a beautiful suit of blues and obviously machine finished for a date. "What's the game," said he. "Hurry up," said Backsight, "the stand-to's been given." Pullthrough addressed a few kind words to their retreating backs and rushed into the Mess, reappearing in a few seconds correctly turned out in battle dress and web equipment, but for some reason known only to himself, wearing carpet slippers.

Sergeant Ladle, the Sergeant Cook, was in the cookhouse, with his cooks, preparing hot tea, but had been apparently ruthlessly dragged away from a social engagement; he was wearing blues and dancing pumps and persisted in absentmindedly addressing Signalman Rigg as "Yes, dear."

Driver Gasket and Signalman Sounder had been standing quietly together in the Company Office discussing supralapsarianism when they were rudely startled by a violent ringing of the telephone bell. Signalman Sounder lifted the receiver. "Numbah two Company, sir," he said, in his most "refained" voice. He listened attentively for a moment, replaced the receiver, saluted the telephone smartly and, turning to Driver Gasket, said, "I fear we must disturb the sleepers; the stand-to has been given." Driver Gasket, whose imagination ran rather on the bloodthirsty side, said, "Begosh! Where's me rifle?" and sped off to arouse the barrack rooms.

As it was Tuesday evening most of the men, of course, had not yet returned from week-end leave, but all those present, realising the urgency of the situation, got slowly to their feet and proceeded to have loud-voiced arguments as to what was the correct dress for the occasion. However, scarcely forty minutes had passed before they were assembled on the barrack square, and not less than two hours from the time of the original alarm, Company Commanders were able to report to the Assistant Adjutant that all available men were assembled.

Unfortunately, no transport was available as Lieutenant Spanner and Sergeant Handbrake had taken all the drivers to the Greyhound Racing in one of the three-ton trucks, and the rest of the vehicles were without petrol. Sergeant Backfire, who held the keys of the petrol pump, had gone to a whist drive; otherwise the turn-out was a complete success.

The only casualty was Lance Corporal Notem, the M.O.'s clerk. The M.O. had loaded his pistol immediately on hearing the alarm and had then absentmindedly pulled the trigger. The results of this simple act were amazing. The M.O. got a severe fright, Lance Corporal Notem received a glancing blow on the boot heel by a bullet. A jar labelled "Squills," which really contained old brandy for the M.O.'s consumption, was shattered and a patient, who had sworn he couldn't walk, leaped out of bed and fled.

"Q" SHIPS OR MYSTERY CRAFT

Being senior in rank I wandered unmolested into the "Q" Stores. My entrance unhesitantly into the emporium of Tins Mess, Bottles Oil, not to mention Tea unrationed quartermasters for the drinking of, caused an eyelid here and there to be uplifted in a rather incomprehensible manner.

Heeding not this apparent surprise that some one should expect to receive something, I bluntly asked for some equipment appertaining to my service respirator. My first request went unheeded, but I believe I observed the Quartermaster to wince, although it may have been a relapse of prickly heat; I understand he has soldiered east of Suez. I coughed and again voiced my requirements. The "Q" looked around the bulging fixtures of Belts Waist, Tins Mess, Slings Rifle, and his eyes seemed to moisten as the thoughts of having to part with one item of his stock of such sentimental value, caused a wayward tear to trickle along the port side of his proboscis. He sniffed, eyed me with disdain and proceeded to rummage among documents fusty and yellow with age, murmuring the while, "Eleven fifty sevens, Herr Schneeig von Dotzeim, wo ist es, wo ist," he had also soldiered where Herr Hitler now grips der viereckekopfen volken. He at last drew from the musty file a sheet of ancient vintage, scanned it with great deliberation, and his roving eyes moved from sheet to me with an expression of great displeasure. Having almost seared the G. 1157 with his eagle optic for numerous moments he appeared to be reluctantly convinced that I should be in possession of the articles required, and with a final scan of my inventory his unwilling body moved towards a massive pile of, Ointment, Anti-Gas. He viewed the stock, as a connoisseur might regard a masterpeice of art or a collector a remarkable collection.

His glance wandered towards me again, with an expression of hope, that I might have departed. Observing my presence and determined countenance, blank despair descended once again upon his features. With caressing touch and fond regard he removed a container of ointment from its thousand relatives; gazed with a shudder at the empty space it had left and handed it begrudgingly to me.

I moved away, but paused as an obvious tenderfoot entered, ex-civil course, bespectacled, unkempt thatch spreading over a head of massive proportion, downy cheeks and sideboards. "Have you a tin hat to fit me, please Mr. Quartermaster," he piped. The designation, "Mr. Quartermaster" and the appellation "Tin Hat" caused froth to appear at the corners of the Quartermaster's mouth. He dropped into a nearby chair, and stared at the man as if an apparition was before him. All the while his hands were performing a kneading motion upon his knees and his knuckles showed white against the flesh. "Helmet Steel," he, at last, managed to roar, then, seeming to notice the size of the man's head, bellowed: "Use the ruddy gasometer. Gedout!" Which reminded me of the voyage home from abroad which once befell me, so to deviate from the subject of "Qs" let me relate of another man possessed of a gigantic headpiece. We left Bombay all right and everything went well until we arrived at the Suez Canal. The captain stopped the ship, scratched his chin, regarded the man's bonze and looked at the narrow canal. We threw the man's topee overboard; it was like an asbestos bell tent. The ship's telegraph was put over to "Slow"; we proceeded cautiously forward, then the telegraph rang again—"Stop." No, it was no good, the ship could not proceed with this man as a passenger. The remainder of the passengers were just deciding whether to transfer the man in mid-ocean to a ship proceeding round the Cape, when the captain had an inspiration. The man was sent up to the Crow's Nest and occupied that position until we reached the Mediterranean.

Northern Command Signal Company

Notes this month will be affected by "friendly" action (leave). I—your Social Columnist—have just returned from seven days in the smoke (and "Smokey Joe's") and your learned historian "Amenuosis" has just departed to the kilted tribes of Aberdeen, so these words won't be up to our usual high standard.

Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal recently honoured us with a visit (see photograph), during which time she inspected the various activities of the Unit, the personnel of this Unit and the A.T.S. who man them.

The various systems and apparatus were explained to Her Royal Highness, who showed great interest in them and put some very pertinent questions to her guides.

Wives of the officers of the Unit were presented to Her Royal Highness at tea, which was served in the Officers' Mess (the officers having been presented at lunch), and a photograph was taken to commemorate this great occasion.

Our Royal visitor expressed her great satisfaction at all she had seen and commended all personnel of the Unit on the general turn-out.

We have lost our Commanding Officer, who has just been posted away to 48th Divisional Signals, and we have had a

NORTHERN COMMAND SIGNAL COMPANY



Front Row Sitting (Left to Right)—Captain Cobbing, Company Commander Bottomly (A.T.S. Signal Coy.), Major P. C. Jennings, M.C., Lady Carrington (Lady in Waiting), Brigadier H. Clement-Smith, D.S.O., (Colonel Commandant), H.R.H. The Colonel-in-Chief, Lieutenant-Colonel H. V. V. S. Thorne (C.O.), Colonel F. C. Drayson, C.B. (C.S.O.), Major C. L. Wicks, Major Nepean, Major R. E. Coleman, O.B.E.

Centre Row (Left to Right:)—2nd Lieutenant Cowie, 2nd Lieutenant Blundell, Lieutenant Archer, Captain Dyce, Captain Martin, M.M., Captain McIntosh, 2nd Lieutenant Tarbottom, Lieutenant (Quartermaster) Wells, Captain White, Captain R. L. Shearer (Adjutant), 2nd Lieutenant West, 2nd Lieutenant Parkinson.

Back Row (Left to Right)—2nd Lieutenant Lancaster, 2nd Lieutenant Leckonby, 2nd Lieutenant Johnson, 2nd Lieutenant Hudson, 2nd Lieutenant Lang, 2nd Lieutenant Barrett, 2nd Lieutenant Bray, 2nd Lieutenant Wootten.

new one sent us from 152nd O.C.T.U. May we take this opportunity of saying " Good-bye, sir," and " Very glad to have you with us " to the new addition to the " family."

Some of the original personnel of the Unit have now left us for the greater glory (and work!) that will be theirs. Cheerio, fellows, and the best of luck.

Steppin' Out.—Back to my old job of Social Conscience and Reporter, and how I like it! If I remember me aright, I left you in our last notes eagerly awaiting news of our danc (on 17th January) and all that went on there. Well, it was a success, a " Signal " success, and we raked in bags of chink for the Comforts Fund (does that penny go down as expenses?) and dished out bags of fun to all who attended.

I found me several nice ladies (but not with banking accounts, ah, me!) and that certain officer (see last issue) seemed to be doing pretty well, too. In fact, we didn't touch the stag line once!

Local cinema and dance hall expressed appreciation of support by giving supper and dance to night-birds of the Unit. Officers of the Unit attended the supper and Major Wicks made a short and witty speech. The C.O. arrived later in the evening, accompanied by the Adjutant, and was greeted with heartfelt applause. His vote of thanks to the management met with great approval as did his presentation of the spot prizes. Dear old "Amenuosis" (who was dragged there, complete with beard) won a prize. The Colonel must have selected it personallly, for it was a safety razor—wonder how long the original blade will last?

We did wonder why it was that our partners were invariably pinched by our popular Adjutant. We can only think that he knows that we know a good thing when we see it; anyway, his demand for coffee as " hot as love and sweet as a kiss " shows the poetry of his being, even if we still think it should be as " Hot as a kiss."

No. 2 Company has moved into other accommodation and with them Unit Office. Cheers of approval have been heard and the old Dog Show drill hall has developed " boils " on its floor in rage. One of the billets is next to a haunted church and Unit Office staff have a good view from the bedroom window; bet we'll be going to bed early now, won't " Hutch " be pleased..

Watch out for radio broadcasts by the Taylor String Quartet; all members of this Unit and real good. Will give you dates when we can.

Social Columnist got name in papers by half-hour record recital from Forces Programme. Is there a vacancy for a good script-writer in any Unit?

JUNKMAN.

1 Corps Signals

No. 1 Company

General.—Here is No. 1 Company opening up once more. The Company is still going strong, in spite of postings and transfers—wrong chaps not to " W " Reserve—to " Y " list. The flag is kept flying by old Regulars such as the redoubtable C.S.M. " Shoey " Back, " Busty " Tagg, Bill Pilling, Sergeant Taff Wilding, the " Welsh Wizard," and the little man with big ideas—Sergeant Freddie Hewitt. Those well-known time-ex. Reservists, Busty Catlin (" China '23 to you ") and " Panshine Brady," the man from that foreign part of England known as Cumberland, assist in keeping the Company going.

Congratulations.—Gratters are due to Blondie Cracknell on becoming a member of the Sergeants' Mess, Corporal " Jock " Hindle, the scrivener from Paisley, on reaching that rank, " Dynamic " Dick Whittington, Ken Gibb, the pride of No. 3 Line, and " Neutral " Paddy on being appointed Lance Corporals.

No. 1 Line Section.—The Section suffered a great loss when Lieutenant E. N. L. Brown left them. He was O.C. Section during the " Sitz Krieg " and the Blitzkrieg. We wish you luck, sir. Welcome to the Section is the expression of the lads to 2nd Lieutenants Mansfield and Arnold. May you enjoy your stay with us, gentlemen.

Guards, piquets and training are the principle diversions of the moment.

Nos. 2 and 3 Line Sections are keeping up the proud record of the Company for work well done at various centres throughout our area.

The Sections offer their best wishes to all old friends.

No. 2 Company

With the best intentions I have volunteered to supply, for the benefit of all ex-Two Coyites the current events and happenings in the Company. I do not profess to be able to accomplish this in the most approved " Barleux " style.

Since the New Year we have undergone much training, in spite of very adverse weather, and I think that we have now reached the standard to be able to do our jobs as efficiently as ever. We have many new faces around us, the owners of which are proving themselves keen and are fast settling into the routine.

A hearty welcome is extended to our new Company Commander Major F. S. Whiteway Wilkinson—and we hope that his stay with us will be both long and pleasant.

With the passing of Christmas and the huge advances required for leave many are now complaining that the Pay Bloke is getting meaner than ever, and it is even feared that many balances will not leave a surplus to pay for those deficiencies noted on the monthly stores check, much to the disgust of Quartermaster (Tich) Hamlin, who is reputed to be getting even tighter than the former. " Produce an A.F. P1954 " replaces the old " On your way " slogan.

Our new arrivals are far too numerous to mention. To them all we extend the glad hand of welcome and hope their stay with us will be a happy one.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of No. 2364546 Signalman Wilson D., who was killed in an accident on 15th January. To his relatives and friends we offer our sincerest sympathy on their bereavement.

Our C.S.M. set the Company a worthy example by a notable addition in a son—Bryan; a few days later Signalman Moore J. (the same Dinty) failed to emulate the feat in that he was presented with a daughter—Lucille. At the risk of being hounded by both, I would suggest that as both children were born in the same hospital many miles from here, an introduction will barely be necessary in later life.

Promotions have been numerous, but, alas, not rapid enough. To all we would suggest that patience is a virtue; keep trying, and may the best man win!

Congratulations to Lance Sergeant (Joe) Shinn on coming up from a double dose from Miss P. Williamson of Thurnscoe. (Oh, boy!; can he take it?). Never mind, Joe, only on the next occasion make sure you get back from your honeymoon on time—we know every minute is precious. We did intend to form a guard of honour, but owing to a large scale exercise, only a few of our numbers could be present—we promise now, most solemnly to make amends at the christening.

"A" Corps Signals, Karachi and 'Pindi, will be pleased to hear that the same Signalman Warburton is still going strong and that without devoting any time to training he reached the finals of the Northern Command (welter weight) and lost the championship on a narrow margin. We await a " white hope " from the new arrivals or on the return of our promising juniors from the Command P.T. Course.

We cannot conclude these notes without informing all and sundry that our Despatch Rider Sections still remain the most overworked personnel of the Corps; the Company Office telephone repeatedly demands their immediate attendance on some forlorn and innocent (?) Female. How do you manage it.

TWOCOY.

HAVE YOU JOINED THE SIGNALS ASSOCIATION?

London District Signals

Headquarters Section

It may have been the immortal Bard, but we rather tend to the opinion that it was Ronald Frankau, who gave tongue to that cogent line " I'm going to be offensive in the Spring."

By the time this appears in print (granted that a soft-hearted and broad-minded editor lets it get that far) our thoughts will no doubt be dwelling, not on the Spring of the poets with its gambolling lambs, lovers on rustic seats, and budding chestnut trees, but on a Spring of blitzes and offensives, when the lambs would do better to gambol into the nearest ditch, the lovers to retire under the rustic seat and the trees to stay unbudded.

All this, it may be argued, has very little to do with the Headquarters Section, but that is where the uninitiated are wrong. The Headquarters Section has itself been blitzed in a truly Spring-like manner as no one who has seen those long serried ranks spreading across the Square on Saturday mornings can deny. It may be true that the Section had been slowly sinking into a decline and its numbers on the Square decreasing remorselessly, yet now it is a thing of wonder to behold. Cooks, fitters, and clerks appear resplendent in their glory and if anyone mentions the Parade Roll to Sergeant-Major Owen or Sergeant Jones, their sudden demise is brought appreciably closer. Even the exiles at —— House have participated in this amazing rejuvenation and one of them received a smart salute from a junior member of the Unit when he alighted from a taxi—or rather, extricated himself from same—in full marching order at the crack of one recent Saturday dawn. In fact, full marching order parades seem to be in vogue among certain of the clerks just now. It is impossible to hold them back from Guard Mounting.

To add insult to injury, the Section suffered grave casualties in the " Poison-Bottle " Offensive which emanated from the M.I. Room and its congratulations are due, among others, to Cope and Medlin, who rose from sick beds to defend their honour in the preliminary stages of the Boxing. Cope's bruises are still the envy of Norfolk Road.

Finally, we learn just before going to press that we are now to be " hung, drawn, and quartered." Presumably the energy and enthusiasm of the Section on parade are responsible, for we are to be granted the distinction of two markers and two officers to watch over our welfare.

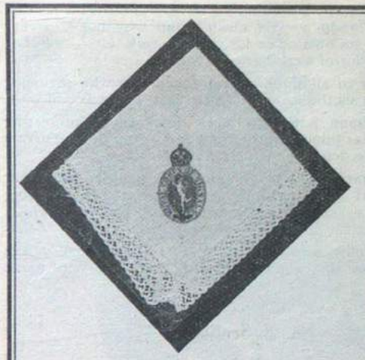
Otherwise, such readers as have managed to get this far will be relieved to hear that the Section has very little in the way of news to propound. However, in the course of my peregrinations I have heard that Quarter Muir is seriously considering an offer made by a VERY HIGH PERSON that he and his Band should be allowed in free to Unit Dances, that the same C.Q.M.S. is shortly going on a Course in which, according to the syllabus, he will learn more about the Army than the Army knows about itself, and that Sergeant Hammerton broke down and wept when his now famous Nominal Roll (—th edn.) was requisitioned by the C.O.

As I sit here I can watch the beautiful and placid spectacle of a number of British workmen at work on the roof of the Barrack Blocks. Like the " 'ole in the road," it is a man's job and will, I imagine, be finished before the end of the next war—if the next war does not come too soon. Such a sight reminds one irresistibly of bed and the Arms of Morpheus. I fear I have succumbed.

THE OPERATORS

Time marches on and No. 2 Section waxes, wanes and waxes again, numerically, and keeps on " key bashing." Sergeant Cowan is away on a Course and Sergeant Rea is proving an able deputy. Slowly but surely the Section is improving in general smartness—despite comments from one of our admirers that he was uncertain in his own mind after viewing our flashy performance on the Square, whether we were preparing for a review or a funeral.

A boxing show, arranged by the P.T. bloke and his accomplices, gave us quite an amusing evening. " We," of course, being the spectators. While we had no great talent, Higley emerged from his retreat in —— to win a popular victory.



Of interest to all P.R.I.'s

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We did, however, provide a number of " good plucked 'uns," who, while they were very amateur amateurs, certainly showed they could take it. Jull and his opponent Jordan provided some amusing moments. One was really inclined to believe that though Jordan forced the pace, during the latter stages, if only Jull could have fallen on his opponent, and if having fallen on him, could have risen he might have won and shared the victors' laurels. Higley and Sergeant Rea pass into the next round, which brings to mind the rather touching poem, " The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna." Ah, well! They were both good blokes. Bennel has left for the O.C.T.U. and Tiny Hooper is away. Somehow or other they always seemed to get next to one another on parade. Lance Corporal Pafford astounded everyone the other morning. His wife had returned to London only the night before. The guard was therefore somewhat shaken when he clamoured for admittance to barracks at about six o'clock in the morning. We are uncertain (a) Whether this was devotion to duty, (b) A mental lapse, or (c) Whether he had been home at all that night.

THE LINEMEN

We have not been very busy during February, but they still keep us well occupied. On days when we have not been out on jobs, Sergeant Duffin has filled up the gaps with a lecture or two. Several of us are now endeavouring to get seven days' leave, whilst some have already had theirs. Lance Corporal Frank Lelliott has taken a long leave, so long that we fear we shall never see him in khaki again. Our " Frank " has been and got himself discharged, so we wish him all the best, and renewed health back in " Civvy Street." During a short interview he informed our special correspondent that he may find a new type of employment, an open-air job, he hopes. A feather has been added to our caps, by the fact that Signalmen Phillips and Stephens were responsible for the prizes at the recent "Signalman's Dance," and Sam Hop was also called upon to help with the organisation.

Welcome to 2nd Lieutenant Brunning as our Section Officer, and good luck to Captain Shearme and 2nd Lieutenant Barber, who both previously kept us on the straight and narrow path.

With the coming of Mr. Brunning we have established a Section Office. "A new broom sweeps clean," and why not? Every other Section has its own office for clerical work, etc.—not that we have a terrific lot of clerking to do!

Congratulations to all those staunch members who managed to scrape through victoriously (?) at the last Trade Board.

Ex-Driver Stillman finds line work much more interesting than driving, so has joined our happy band. Any more Drivers anticipating? We don't want too many you know.

A press photographer has taken an interest in us, so keep your eyes on the local hoardings and newspapers. Fancy seeing "Ole Strawberry's" snow white complexion in black and white, everywhere you go!

So cheerio for now, and until the universal exchange in the Guard Room goes dis, good line work, and many pleasant working parties.

No. 5 Section

DRIVERS (I.C.)

Welcome to 2nd Lieutenant Smee, who is now Officer i/c No. 5 Sections, and also the return of Sergeant Fisher after his long rest cure in hospital. Good luck to Lance Corporal Smith J. B., who has been posted to 24th Guards Brigade.

The life of a Driver (I.C.) is not confined to those pleasant trips through the countryside to some distant destination in the company of an officer or on a journey to collect or deliver the necessaries of the Army, but entails a certain amount of hard and often dirty work.

A visit to the garages of No. 5 Section will usually find one or more vehicles jacked up and the driver invisible except for two Army boots showing from beneath the chassis. A delicate operation is doubtless in progress, but eventually the driver emerges with face, hands and fatigue dress grimy with oil and grease and asks the usual question, "What's the time?" It's all in the "day's work" and is part of the maintenance scheme. It is also essential to have the vehicles in spotless condition for the Commanding Officer's weekly inspection on Saturday mornings.

"Here's to the next issue."

JNO.

Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess

The most interesting event of the month was the visit of R.S.M. McQuarrie and some of his boys. They kicked off by lowering our colours at darts. Our excuse for this deteat must be that owing to the call of duty our team was a little weakened. We look forward to a return match in the near future with some confidence. This night proved to be one of our best.

In these times of hard work, a little honest-to-goodness fun is much appreciated by all, and do these boys know how to dish it up!

Headed by R.S.M. Wells, a small party of us paid a visit to S.P., where we "reeled" to the strain of the pipes. Altogether we spent a most enjoyable evening.

A striking feature of this S.P. Dance was the way in which the Hofor boys saw to it that there were no "wallflowers" amongst their guests.

The "Partners" Dance is a "Civvie Street" innovation and we, as civilians, enjoyed it, but its introduction into the army is akin to making a present of a "Number Nine" to a bloke with the stomach ache. Let us see to it that none of our female guests are left sitting out. The success of our efforts depends on the co-operation of all. Let's forget this partner stuff.

Gardening.—The "Dig for Victory" Campaign is on the up and up here. Our head gardener having recovered from back-ache, has great hopes for the coming season. His lime solutions should put him on good terms with the slugs, but, of course, he is everyone's pal.

Casualties.—Only one this month. Ebenezer (Jack for short) Sturgess was fortunate in picking up a dose of measles and —— days sick leave (nothing childish about this, Huskie, really!).

Appointments.—To Sergeant McMullen, now "Mister," our heartiest congratulations on his departure from one Mess to "another." He is a good scout and should go far. Good luck, Mac.!

Entertainments.—Now that we have a chairman, whose reputation for getting things done is well known, we look forward to better things to come.

Bye for now.

REEKIE.

PHYSICAL TRAINING AND RECREATION

General.—Congratulations to our former Lance Corporal Fred Masters on his well-earned transfer and promotion to the A.P.T. Corps as a Sergeant Instructor. We wish him the best of luck and every success in his new sphere of the Army. Signalman Taylor L. (S.S.A.) has also completed his Ack 1's Course, and we trust that the personnel of that outstation will benefit from his instruction. Sergeant-Instructor Rendell will be paying occasional visits to Instructors who are not at Headquarters, to give them any help or advice, as may be necessary.

Now that the snow seems to have departed from us, we feel confident that members of the Unit will appreciate the fact of doing P.T. outside in the fresh air. It is very encouraging to see some of our junior officers on parade, and trust they really enjoy joining in with us. "C" Relief are parading daily at 10.00 hours for thirty minutes of exercise, and this is a very suitable time for such.

To those who are not already aware of the fact, we now have a Sports Committee, comprising: Lieutenant Hodge, R.A.M.C. (Sports Officer), Sergeant Rendell (A.P.T.C.), Sergeant Tucker (No. 5 Section), Sergeant Sawyer (No. 1 Section), Sergeant Cowen (No. 2 Section), Lance Corporal Putman (No. 3 Section) and Signalman Dixon (No. 4 Section). To this little party falls the responsibilities of all sporting events. Each Section is represented and any complaints or suggestions should be passed on to these individuals.

Football.—As the weather has improved we have been able to play off many of our formerly postponed fixtures. Our pitch has been re-marked, as the rain and snow had obliterated the lines. Since last month we have been able to play three games, which all, unfortunately, resulted in defeat for us. First, we met the R.A.M.C. (Millbank), then 9th Corps Signals, and thirdly 2nd Air Formation Signals.

These three defeats are really due (we think) to the fact that our best players, owing to duty, are not always available to play for us. Our thanks and appreciation go to Sergeant Tucker and Signalman Gibbs, for so kindly giving up their time to act as referees for us. There are numerous fixtures to come, and we hope that the future results will prove to be brighter.

Rugby.—Recently some of our prominent players have left for O.C.T.U.s, or have been posted away, so we have experienced difficulty in getting a sound fifteen together. We have, however, a fixture at a very near date, with a Coldstream Guards Battalion, and many more prospective games following.

Basket Ball.—Taking advantage of the dry weather we have been able to play several games of this on the Square, during the afternoon P.T. parades. Newly-attached members to the Unit have already obtained a certain amount of entertainment from the game.

THE SIGNALMEN'S DANCE

An outstanding event occurred on 31st January, which was unique in the history of the Unit.

A suggestion had been made to the Commanding Officer that a Signalmen's dance be held, the idea being that the whole organisation be performed by Signalmen. Doubts were expressed "in higher circles" (see note below) as to whether there was sufficient ability in the ranks to put this over, but eventually permission was given and a committee formed. Blouses were discarded and all concerned got to it. The result was that the expected flop turned out to be a great success. "Appy Ammon" and his boys excelled themselves and they played with such inspiration that the allotted time for the dance was exceeded on account of the numerous encores.



With Acknowledgments to Fox Photos. Ltd.

"Our Strawberry"



With Acknowledgments to Fox Photos. Ltd.

"Baby Face"



A Coach Load of Scruffies!

With Acknowledgments to Fox Photos. Ltd.

Mention must be made of the crooners, who draped themselves around the mike and delivered earfuls of soothing (?) songs.

B.B.C. AT THE BAR

Basson, Burton and Cope did a good job of work in shaking mild and bitter cocktails. Their speed was not up to Watney standard, but practice makes perfect.

The short speech by the Commanding Officer after the dance summed up the general opinion—that the committee were to be congratulated on an event which fully rewarded their efforts to provide an enjoyable evening for all, even the non-dancers, who made sure that the bar was not interfered with.

W.R.

(NOTE.—The C.O. wishes it to be clearly understood that the higher circles referred to above did not include him.)

N.S.A.

Fearful of unorthodoxy in my maiden trip into journalism I studied old numbers of the WIRE to find that, whatever the style, witty, cynical or merely chronological, one golden rule must be observed.

I hereby wish to state, without prejudice, that this is the most efficiently organised station in the Royal Corps of Signals.

Having bowed slightly to convention, may I extend to 2nd Lieutenant McInnes, our newly acquired i/c, the sincere welcome of the station, at the same time wishing 2nd Lieutenant Hoare a pleasant billet. No longer can our Linemen look forward to an hour's relaxation, refitting the aerials, but instead must dig mightily to guard the secret of our new " E " cable.

C.S.M. France departed with a speed that left us all rather breathless. S.S.M. one day, C.S.M. the next, and on the following day—gone! Mark Twain would have been interested in our " Froggy."

Our newest acquisition, Sergeant Douglas, replaces Sergeant Neale, now in the Docks front line. He arrived here amid a cloud of rumour. This was soon dispelled and the denizens of our mansion billet tackled the morning clean up with tremendous energy, even whistling whilst they worked.

The Social Club has been holding dances on alternate Saturdays but, unfortunately, the young ladies in attendance have often been far in excess of the men, much to their disappointment. They're fully prepared to give a welcome to the chaps who turn up. Don't disappoint them.

In conclusion, a word about our two outstations in charge of Lance Corporals Taylor and Brewin. Their moves have been numerous, but they have stood up cheerfully to the varied conditions and can still give us X575 without batting an eyelid.

Odd Pots.—Jack Fenn celebrated his recent return from a G.P.O. Course with a " large blue flash " and an enforced blackout in the N.S.A. buildings. His graphic story " In a bosun's chair 80 above ground " leaves Jules Verne at the post.

Corporal Clarke has been affected by his numerous visits to the " Wood." He recently acquired a bottle of " Properts " and on two occasions has been discovered wearing gaiters whilst on duty.

Forward link aerial; in sympathy with the N.C.O.s who drill daily beneath its shade, comes smartly to attention and transmits by numbers whenever a Drill Sergeant appears, adding greatly to the confusion of the operators concerned. They claim an all time high in N.

Signalman Pipe R. M., whose father recently acquired a public house, is accumulating all the knowledge possible in anticipation of the day when he takes over. Unfortunately his " chucker-out " course terminated rather disastrously for him. Group Eddie Golics is studying hard for his A.M. and E.E., to be followed by a Marconi Course, after which he hopes to make Sergeant Cowan a final attempt for a B.III. Please,

F. G.

S.S.A.

Since our last report little of note has happened.

Leave for the majority is well behind us, but some are optimistically hoping for a few further days off—via the 'flu. Came a time when we thought that most of the detachment might go under with it, but after one entry into sick-bay per day for three days, everyone pulled his back up and tried his hardest not to succumb—with good results so far.

Our out-stations are now settled in with their new units and even though " hay-fever " might give cause for a spot of bother, we think that North & Co. are too good troupers to let this worry them overmuch.

Unit dances are looked forward to with great relish by the personnel of the detachment and remarks such as " Was 'Cammy' lit-up last night, or was he," testify to the effectivenes and potency of these nights-out.

We are soon to have a " beer and skittles " night of our own, to be held on Thursday night of each week. These "At Homes " will be run by a Signalmen's committee, which will be representative of the different sections at S.S.A. A preliminary night held just recently went down very well, and, judging from Signalmen Reed's and Hall D.'s efforts, they could arrange an audition with the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, on their own terms, at any time they liked. Just a passing thought: " What about Tattam doing a ' Salome ' act in a hula-hula skirt? "

P.T. is now in full swing under the able direction of Signalman Taylor (Britain's most healthy blond) and is well-enjoyed by the young and the not-so-young. This should prove a really good innovation so long as the men can attend the classes regularly and perhaps more frequently than at present.

Foot and Arms Drill, under S.S.M. Northcott, has done much to improve the bearing and smartness of the detachment, and 10.30 hours parades are very much an item in our daily routine.

There have been no fresh comings or goings this last month, with the exception of Signalman Anderson, who was with us for a few days, but has now returned to his very important V.P., where he is quite a notability.

R.G.S.

1st A.S.S.T. Battalion

The Home Counties breaks its silence of some months. General Post has deprived us of the greater part of our original characters. Some stars corruscate through the pages of the WIRE. Jose Jordan has performed a trick not unknown to old soldiers—has " faded away " to his old job. It was pleasant hearing of C.S.M. Donaghy, who left with the " Romantics " and reappeared in the island of spicy breezes (hang the censor). His former C.O., John Baker, wrote an interesting account of his encounters with the more irritating circumstances in the environs of Aden.

Congratulations to C.S.M.s Robinson and Howell on their promotions.

The winter activities have been many-sided. Some faithful few go about in search of pure knowledge, but the Unit has a " rattling " good dance band, sponsored at present by one Greenberg. Two plays have recently been presented publicly, with considerable success—" Rope " and " Gaslight "—with the co-operation of Corporal Lake, a deep character, and Lance Corporal Hartog, whose Oxfordshire Police Inspector has to be heard to be disbelieved.

Our tally of goals in the Football League Southern Division is mounting steadily, thanks to John Galloway, the Chelsea pensioner.

No. 1 Company took over the direction of a Unit magazine—" Cora's "—mystic title, not without local significance (ask the R.A.F.). Lance Corporal Treadgold and Signalman Hanbury were the perpetrators in chief. The latter breaks into verse and worse, but not in this issue.

To all our former colleagues, we send greetings, and hope to get into touch again and stay so.

H.M.R.

T'were Thursday night in the Sergeants' Mess,
They were 'avin' a right royal do;
The officers they'd been invited along
To partake in a game or two.

They started the show with a whist-drive,
Half " lady " and t'other half " gent ";
The R.S.M. he were a " lady,"
And round a small table he went.

Mr. Hussey was partnering Colonel,
And the latter's wrath almost evoked;
When he looked through his hand very often
He found that he'd gone and revoked.

The winner of this were the Colonel,
They gave him some pants; rather small;
He said, " If the moths don't get at 'em,
They'll do for cold weather next fall."

But him what kept moving round table,
Won a knife for the peeling of spuds;
I hear 'twill be given fire piquet,
There'll be no more excuse for young bloods.

After all this they had games of ping-pong,
But could make no head nor tail of this;
For the Major who was acclaimed winner,
Always made the score twenty-one-sis.

'E ain't 'arf a card that there Major,
We laughed till we nearly had fits;
But when he bent down to pick up the ball,
His tightly stretched trousers, they splits.

For a'winning of these games of ping-pong,
He got vanishing cream, lovely stuff,
It smelt like a duchess's boudoir,
But the pot, it were not big enough.

At the same time others played billiards,
Some hit, and some hoped for the best;
But the table was small and the balls travelled fast,
And in pockets they often would rest.

A quiet crowd over in corner,
Played shove-'apenny, some very good;
But they played by the side of the table,
Where waiters had laid out the food.

The grub it were made by one Alec,
The man with performing seal feet;
There was Scotch egg and prawns done in aspic,
By gum, it weren't 'arf a treat.

All the time beer kept on flowing,
And whiskey for those who'd a mind;
One had whiskey with egg-flip in it,
You try it, it's all right you'll find.

The M.C. had a busy time of it,
A'doing the honours and such;
'E was so busy 'e never 'ad one drink,
Not one did I say, well, not much.

One player of note, a short fella,
Won some shaving cream and it were black;
The schoolmaster said when he saw it was so,
" It's the African kind, give it back."

All in all 'twere a very nice evening,
We hope there'll be more in this life;
If you think you would like to come to the next,
The pass word's "Alphonse and his wife."

HUBBY.

— A.A. Signals, London

There was once a Signals unit called The (London) Ack Acks said the Colonel Yes sir I said You are its C.O. Well it hasn't existed so far as the WIRE is concerned since last March and although you young man may prefer to be guided by Peg's Paper I still believe the WIRE what are you going to do about it? so I said With respect sir the modest literary capabilities of we writers seem to be utilised all the time in addending amending and extending numerous forms of Standing Orders that is when we are not engaging the Enemy so he said Rubbish and I immediately completed another Salvage return in triplicate.

The Colonel said If I switch on the Red Light we can then be quiet can't we? so I said Yes so he switched it on and Sgt. Norman came in and went out very quickly and the C.O. said I ought to have another light like Captain Gibbs he is now a Major which only shows what a small World it is and so happy congratulations.

When we were finally alone and had nothing save the Rhythmic and Beautiful ring of the Telephone Bells to prevent us from talking confidentially he said Ah for the Old Days! so I said Yes sir it would be good if we had Winnie the Rasper and Joe Hinde to provide us with some Light Entertainment wouldn't it? he said What would be good about it? so I said Nothing sir which would be all the better to which remark he frowned stern disapproval and passed me a Humbug and eat one himself to emphasise the point.

Now he said About writing to the WIRE what can you do? so I said What is required is an epic giving the Stern Struggles through which we have passed during the past half year so he said Yes this business of establishment has been a great trouble to me and my accounts officer but thanks to Coco-Cola we have all survived that is to say except Captain Killeen who has gone to see our Mr. Evans and has accordingly been promoted I'm pleased to say not to mention Lieut. Lyons. At this point I broke down and wept uncontrollably.

Yes sir I said having recovered somewhat Those marvellous days when there were tea parties Somewhere in the locality before Moore transfers were made in No. 1 Company in between scientific expeditions over the countryside in search of baronial castles do you remember? and I then relapsed shedding more tears thinking of those nightly sallies into the darkness for the purpose of uprooting railings and lamp-posts at which the Guvnor became so efficient when the blitz came on us very violently . . .

* * * * *

Wandering over our H.Q. postered you must NOT prevention of consumption so lavishly by Sgt. Manley's lads I came to recall a few of those Things which have gone to vary our Work which we love so very much thank you and our raisins and rice and other Good food fare prepared by our attached A.T.S.

I met my old friend who reminds me very much of Oliver Goldsmith's Man in Black as he is so tall thin and dignified belonging to No. 2 Company whom heaven preserve in duplicate as he was in the middle of eating his mid-day chocolate Have a piece old boy he said Yes I said and eat same rationing not being what it was in the old Haynesonian days.

Why don't you tell our Public of our shelter experiences? he said throwing a piece of chocolate into the air and catching it again The Western Brothers killed that gag in the Dugout I said What with the Doctors' particular corner and of course the cinema shows which everyone knows about not to mention the four-poster bed now unhappily departed with the dog and the fayre layde.

Well what about sport? he said Yes I said Our readers will be pleased to know that we beat the —— —— —— Regiment 10 goals to 1 and the —— —— —— Corps 7—0 and that's fooled the censor all right in the —— —— —— Football Cup. Well he said How is anyone to know what that means? so I thought a moment and said O.K. I'll chance it after all I can revert to War Substantive we beat a Gunner regiment 10—1 and an Ordnance Unit 7—0 which goes to show how good Signals really are in all branches of Line Work and so now we're in the Semi-Final.

My friend sighed wistfully thinking of the afternoons he had not spent in the snow with the Quartermaster watching the football matches and looking towards the clock thought instinctively about food What about Christmas he said It really isn't safe to gossip about our doctors' experiences with fruit machines and you had better not say anything about forbidden fruit either.

Christmas I said Yes we did have an excellent time what with all those Ducks no I don't mean what you think I meant and anyway you're wrong.

And the festivities afterwards he said There weren't half some Goings On at the dance in the afternoon ninety gallons of beer excluding the line sections who catered for themselves and did very well thank you not to mention the music and our A.T.S. friends. And so I said Tut Tut but women are so fickle old boy aren't they ? so he said Never mind old chap one day you'll be able to take a pulse rate quite nicely or buy a car or something then you can go all platonic.

After these wise words my friend relapsed into silence thinking no doubt of his beloved bicycle so I prodded him and said What about the Officers' concert in January ? he looked up and said Oh you mean the entertainment at the Dugout held by the courtesy of the Dugout committee who have done such fine work for the troops after their days work is done or even while it is still going on so I said Yes.

Well he said The officers laughed at themselves so much that the audience had no time to enjoy themselves no not even when the revolver didn't go off while that couple were embracing in front of the fire on the stage most compromising.

* * * * *

Yes sir I said to the C.O. I can't promise anything for the March issue but you wait till April readers Cor' strike old Adolf in the pants in April.

A.A. Signals, North-East England

No. 1 Company

A welcome spot of leave, and the resultant wreck shipped into " dock " on return, was the cause of the omission of last month's notes—I apologise. Much to my surprise, the Company still managed to carry on during my absence, and nothing startling is taking place at present. Minor troubles, such as fatigues, still hold the centre of the stage, although trade tests are really providing the major problems—and, of course, the men, too.

The suddenly renewed activity of the L/M Section denotes that 2nd Lieutenant L. Mickler has recovered from his recent indisposition. Welcome back, sir.

Promotions.—The promotions to the ranks named of C.S.M. Longstaffe C. and C.Q.M.S. Connon T. caused hearty congratulations and plenty of " flips," but no quips—no, definitely not.

Also appointments have been as follows to the ranks as named : Lance Sergeant Finlay A., Lance Corporals Hope " ef en." Mynott Bill, Williamson K. and, last but by no means least, that well deserved stripe that Lance Corporal Walker (Whimsical) is juggling with at present.

Unit H.Q.—Unit H.Q. are still maintaining their high degree of efficiency, ably guided by Sergeant (You can't touch me) Appleby. The Adjutant no longer croons his theme song, " Smoke gets in my eyes," thanks to Signalman Mason, who, with the aid of a length of string and a salmon tin (pink), is now the champion sweeper of chimneys—patent pending. Driver Brown is rumoured to be getting a commission—on patent medicines.

Company H.Q.—Lieutenant Broadhead has been " harrying " the Company Office with a little bit of " spit and polish," and now the Fogg has cleared up, the place is not so Dusty. Our Ted will, in future, be known as " Doc," as, owing to his extensive hospital experience, he has been appointed our Medical Orderly, and he is very busy just now trying to persuade the Quartermaster to indent for a little black Gladstone bag. The enthusiasm with which he congratulated " Curly " Johnstone on his recent marriage was amazing, and he positively gloats as " Yorkie " Broughton announces his Boarding of each new recruit, for each one is a new patient for our " Draughts "-man to experiment on.

Sergeants—Bless 'em all.—Promotion has cause the separation of the spiritual twins, and consequently raised the question of those drawers again. Sergeant Welch is using them at present, and we hear keeping them clean and in good condition ; but the trouble is, the Quartermaster is lost without them—may we suggest that the lady in the case be called in to arbitrate. (Bang goes my new battle dress.)

THE MESS

Aal tell yer a story
That's not to yer glory,
In fact it's just the reverse ;
It's aboot yer aan mess
Where yer de less and less,
And aal de it in chapter and verse.

Noo in the Mess ye've aal agreed
Yer really git a damned greet feed,
But when the man comes roond wiv a beuk
To help to cheer the cookies leuk,
And axes for a thre'penny dodger
Yer mak mair fuss than wor Nanny's lodger.

And noo aam gannin to speak me mind,
The Mess is gettin' aal behind,
For instead of gannin oot for beer,
Stay in some neet, and hev it heer.
It's time yer aal jined in the band,
And gi' the Mess a helpin' hand.

It's jist the syem aboot th' WIRE,
When a bloke cums roond to enquire
Hoo many copies yer desire,
Yer rave and rant and mak a fuss
And say, " What's the use—
" There's nowt aboot us."

" There's nowt aboot us " ;
Noo just think that ower,
And the number of times he's axed afore
For notes from yer aboot yer Section ;
Aye, lad, noo the blames in the reet direction.

And noo me lads of the Sergeants' Mess
As hope ye'll de mair and nivver de less
To help to mak it a huge success ;
And then, when yer brains are aal afire,
There'll be plenty of notes to help wi' the WIRE.

Whilst congratulating Sergeant Toal on being made A/Foreman of Signals we still shudder every time we see " That Hat." Please, George, give it to the cook—it should make good soup, and we'll buy you a new one, perhaps.

Corporals' Mess.—Lance Corporal Smith K. has taken over the reins, and is looking really worried. It seems that he cannot make up his mind just what to spend all the subscriptions on ! Incidentally, romance has entered into his young life, hence the report on the activities of the Mess has had to be postponed owing to " operations."

Fun and Frolics repeat Frolics.—Lance Corporal Smith A. again arranged one of his famous mystery tours, complete with band and artistes. The rendezvous turned out to be a famous " Spa " in the vicinity, and a splendid concert was enjoyed by all whilst partaking " of the waters." A return visit in the very near future is a certainty.

Sport.—Inter-Section soccer is in full swing, and it seems as though No. 1 Section will carry off the honours, having whipped the " Cream " (see January WIRE) by 3—0 and No. 2 Section by 9—4. Tney were engaged in an all-in match with the " Ops." but who won—well, we don't know !

No. 2 Section, the babes of the league, are confounding their critics by their good displays, and in the second round they may prove to No. 1 Section that there is " many a slip 'twixt the Cup and the League."

Query.—Who is the Sergeant who creeps round in the dead of night surreptitiously collecting empties—and what does he do with the pennies ?

SILVER THREADS.

WHERE'S THE " FLOATER " ?



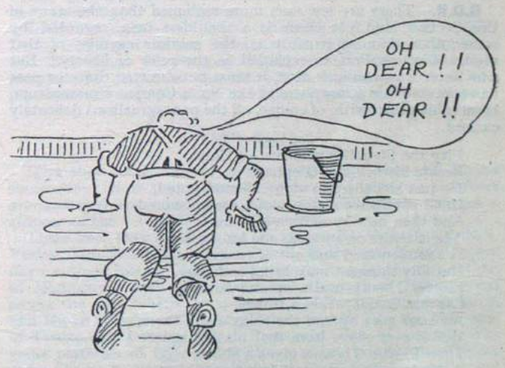
The " Floater's " gone. Alas ! Alack !
But we all know he'll soon be back.
He's gone to a camp so very remote
But they'll turf him out when he starts to " float."



Our polish he'll no longer use,
Nor in the " Gosforth " pause to muse,
He's going to work and never stop,
He's started on the long, long " drop."



Away from the haven of Div. H.Q.,
Away to the place where " Zekes " are few,
Away to the place where he must work
Away to the place where he cannot shirk.



So long, " Floater," it couldn't last,
You've floated plenty in the past,
A " Floater " we are sad to lose
'Cos you've missed your week on fattiggews.

No. 2 Company

Introduction.—With this issue we make our first, albeit belated, contribution to the WIRE, realising, with true humility, that our labour is but a spot in a vast ocean of endeavour, but believing with modest pride that it is as worthy of mention as the horse that also ran.

The decision to place on permanent record the history of No. 2 Company was reached at an important conference held in the sanctum sanctorum between the O.C. and the writer. " You will send in a report of Company activities to the WIRE each month," he said with a characteristic mixture of charm and cold detachment, and the writer adding himself mentally to the legionary victims of " corvee," nodded a philosophical assent. " Rest assured," he added, " that this is purely a work of supererogation and that posterity and the Sergeant Major will judge you solely by the quality of your fatigues." Thus the incident concluded.

Historical.—No. 2 Company was formed way back in '39 and when in reminiscent mood we recall those stalwarts of the early days—Sergeant White, Captain Baines and Mr.Ferguson. Since then we have been sell served by Captains Hall and Milburn ; and now Captain D. Middlemiss is at the helm, a man whose belief in the virtue of military discipline is tempered by understanding and a genuine concern for the welfare of the ranks and the efficiency of the Company. Among the junior

officers we remember Captain Benson, Mr. King and Mr. Hall, who left us recently; all rendered yeoman service—may the gods of good fortune ride with them.

Parallel with these changes in the hierarchy there have been changes in the humbler personnel due to postings and intakes. (Gone are the days when tea was not served because everyone supped at home!). The first large posting was of a body of men to an inhospitable country filled with barren mountains and wild men; among this gallant company were many of the original T.A. nucleus, and their noble and ignoble deeds are still remembered by the godly remnant. And to fill this and other gaps in the Company strength, we have cast a wide net, so that most of the English dialects are represented, and produce a weird cacophony, which is best heard at mealtimes. We feel at this point that we must place on record the fate of sixteen hopeful men who went on a course to "Somewhere in England" with the promise of a new environment as a reward for their labours. But the course ended and the invisible hand of destiny guided them back. Duly reinstated, fatigues have now a highly technical flavour. (And here, we should like to say to all those old friends who read this, "Let us hear from you; we are anxious to know how Mistress Chance has served you.")

And so we reach the gateway of the present, conscious, as we survey the organisation that we have helped to build, of a certain satisfaction that arises from the transition from adolescence to maturity—the G.O.R., the intrepid L/M Section, the Transport Section which performs miracles, the second to none Cooking staff, the efficient Q.M. Stores (into which it is no longer necessary to walk backwards to save turning round) and, overshadowing all, that majestic all-embracing institution—Fatigues, which binds man together in a fellowship borne of common suffering.

It is from the experiences of these various sections that our contribution will be compiled; and for the meagreness of our present effort we plead that ancient excuse of short notice. Our men, alas, are creatures of inspiration.

G.O.R.—There are few men more maligned than the crews of this Section, and yet theirs is a thankless task, regarded by some other than as it truly is, the sublime exercise of that vigilance which Pericles regarded as the price of liberty. But whichever way you look at it, it must be admitted that our poet has captured the atmosphere of the No. 2 Company mausoleum. Here is his effort, with, of course, all the pantagruelisms delicately excised.

Pity the Signaller who sits all alone
Beside his beloved telephone;
He just sits there in stony silence, bored,
Until perchance a ring comes ere he snored.
And then he's up and on his toes,
"Is it theirs or ours, no one knows.
It's unidentified and out of range,
But any moment may bring a change.
Plotter Thomas walks up and down,
Captain Evans wears a frown.
An hour goes by and the thing's still there,
Will it ever move from that blasted square?
Then Plotter Thomas gives a shout,
"It's cancelled, sir, just faded out."
And when asked what it was and where,
Promptly replies, "A seagull down the road somewhere."
And so once more an air of gloom
Settles on that cold bare room
And Sergeant Summers in manner formal
Enters in the log book "Position normal."
So pity the poor signaller who sits all alone
Beside his beloved telephone.

A.E.H.

And yet perhaps they serve who only sit and wait.

Matrimony.—We take pleasure in recording the marriages of Corporal Lowe and Lance Corporal Costello; after a long interval with no Part II Order entries under this heading, it came to the moralists amongst us as a pleasing revelation that men still pay homage to Hymen. We thank Mr. and Mrs. Costello, Senior, for the open invitation which they extended to us to attend the celebrations; in the current jargon, it was "big" of them!



Football.—Of 16 matches played, 9 have been won, 3 drawn, and 4 lost. The best performance was against a Police XI, whose unbeaten record for over a year fell to the tune of 12—2.

The "find" of the season has been Signalman Howarth, who has had professional experience, and who, in his first three matches, scored no fewer than 16 goals, and claims an average of over three goals per match. Our only heavy defeat was at the hands of a combined Army XI, which included one international and six professional players. A 9—1 defeat hardly disgraced us.

Obiter Dicta.—We offer our congratulations to Signalman Hadfield, the first man in the Company to receive a bar to his C.B. Should his meritorious conduct be brought to the notice of the O.C. again by the usual channel of A.F. B252 he has been promised an interview with the Colonel!

We weep for you the walrus said,
We deeply sympathise.

Incident on the parade ground. C.S.M.'s golden voice "Cass."

The ranks are hesitant; then the scene becomes an amazing spectacle of industry. Hands fly to Respirator A.G. Haversacks and there is a frantic searching for facepieces; debris litters the ground. Facepieces are deftly fitted by expert fingers, eventually the tumult dies down, and the C.S.M.'s voice once more breaks the silence: "Signalman Cass fill that blank space."

ERIMUS.

A.A. Signals, South Wales

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." Perhaps it is a slight exaggeration to apply these words of Charles Lamb to our present situation, because there are still a few of us old stagers in residence here. But new faces are replacing old hands (not a very fair exchange, perhaps!) so continuously that some of us are inclined to wonder at times whether we have by mistake wandered into the wrong camp. Even the newcomers rarely seem to remain very long; they merely abide their hour or two and go their way.

Small wonder that in the maelstrom of so many changes the more conservative of us are unable to forbear from heaving a regretful sigh when we recall the glories of a dim and distant past. Those were the days indeed, with their hut battles, their stopped passes, and their canteen concerts; hardships were many, but somehow in the fading light of the past they seem to have been great fun. It may, we suppose, be the absence of these things that makes the heart grow fonder of their memory. Be that as it may, there can be no denying that a strange sparkle gleams in the eye of each "old contemptible" as, when two or three are gathered together, he begins his merry tale with the time-honoured doctrine, "Do you remember the day when . . . ?" And of course we do remember, nor shall we ever forget.

It is our pleasant task this month to extend our very hearty congratulations on his recent promotion to Lieutenant D. A. Hough. Mr. Hough has been with us for quite a considerable time now, and apart from his normal arduous duties he has always managed to find time to interest himself in our sporting and social activities. The success which has attended his efforts can be no better illustrated than in the phenomenal popularity of our Dramatic Society, in which he is the producer.

New arrivals to the fold during the last month include Lieutenant C. F. Lyons and 2nd Lieutenant F. S. Caston, to both of whom the Company extends a very cordial welcome.

Since the last article was written, we have formed a table-tennis team, which has competed with a number of strong local sides. It is pleasing to record that our team has held its own on all these occasions, quite undeterred by the high standard of its opposition, which sometimes included players of international repute.

Our concerts are, of course, as regular and as well patronised as ever. So popular have they proved, in fact, that Wednesday evening has now been ordained a Camp Night, with special privileges, including the prospect of something extra exciting for supper!

As for our own artistes, they have now formed a troupe of their own, and are able, when called upon, to visit other Units and entertain other happy gatherings besides our own Company. In this delightful manner, not only do they provide an improving amusement for themselves, but they also perform the excellent task of helping to bring diversion to many in a less fortunate position than themselves.

Officers, N.C.O.s and men all co-operate in this fine work, and much spare time in between military duties is devoted to such organisations as the Male Voice Choir. In coming together like this, we are all of us learning a great lesson. As one grateful listener pointed out at one of our concerts recently, "In music, there can be no rich, and no poor; no high rank, and no low rank; music is indeed a great leveller."

Our football matches are continuing with as much vigour as before, though the rugby side has suffered considerably as a result of our paucity of numbers. Perhaps the promised new arrivals, however, will have some keen enthusiasts among their number.

The poet, who follows the concert party about with many a mad and melodramatic monologue, has recently been amusing some of our more easily satisfied audiences with the following limericks:

There once was a bold, bad dictator
Who strove to be greater and greater;
In the annals of fame
They will tell of his name
As a brilliant house-decorator.

There was also a thick-headed Wop,
Who thought he would come out on top
If he joined with the Nazi,
But the fall of Benghazi
Has proved he must soon shut up shop.

— Divisional Signals, Devonshire

Narrative.—Brevity is not always the soul of wit and the following is not funny. It is just a collection of facts, and facts are useful things to have around. This is what has been happening since we last appeared in these pages.

R.H.Q. Captain A. M. Keeling, Adjutant. R.S.M. Robson L. has returned from leave and Sergeant Burstow has gone on one of his frequent vacations. All events passed quietly.

C.H.Q., No. 1 Company. Major D. G. Collins is the O.C., and the wheels go round beautifully. Sergeant Smith H. functions as C.Q.M.S. with Lance Corporal Minors putting in some good work in the background.

"A" Section. Nothing to report. Their "talented artist" has not produced anything for me.

"B" Section. Probably very good with a hammer or a 17-ft. pole. Certainly nothing forthcoming on paper.

Trobridge House theme song: "Tro Ho. Tro Ho. As off to work we go." Interval for prolonged laughter—if you see what I mean.

"D" Section. Captain P. G. M. Lee comes in from the "blue" to take over. He is assisted by 2nd Lieutenant H. E. Askew. Out of working hours Mr. Askew does things with a piano that I thought only happened in books. He once played for Al Tabor. Once.

C.H.Q., No. 2 Company. New O.C., Captain J. Timings. 2nd Lieutenant H. Lidington came in from a Section and acquired a captaincy, only to be taken from us on posting to another Unit.

Congratulations to Captain and Mrs. Lidington on their recent marriage. May all their ——, and so forth.

"E," "F," "G" and "H" Sections. Nil return.

C.H.Q., No. 3 Company. New O.C., Captain R. W. Newcombe. A nice change from Adjutant, perhaps.

"J," "K" and "L" Sections. Nil return. 2nd Lieutenants Holgate and Clark are still doing a long course somewhere. We shall be glad when they return.

Remarks Column.—New and welcome arrivals are 2nd Lieutenants A. J. Ball, C. J. Wilcox, J. Brown and J. W. Jackson. We just had time to say "Hello, good-bye" to 2nd Lieutenants McKenna and Webster, who were posted AND posted before they could unpack. 2nd Lieutenant Maclennan has been with us for several weeks, so will probably be leaving us when he returns from leave. Lance Corporal Harry Mayall has left the Unit for the hazards of civil life and industry. We are sorry to lose him from the Q.M. Stores.

Literary Corner.—You will see from the foregoing that, with the exception of "M" Section, your space is empty. Surely you can produce a few notes of interest for your present and departed members, and perhaps something that will appeal to reinforcements who are likely to arrive.

We shall be most grateful if you will jot down notable events as they occur and push them over the Q.M.'s counter in time for posting on the 12th of the month.

Can you draw? Well, draw. Can you write? Right.

Motor Cycle Trial.—If you are interested in motor cycling you probably take the journal of that name. Perhaps you read about the very enjoyable trial over grand country on the 1st February. Fortunately the weather was much improved and though it may have been cold for riders and spectators, there was enough of interest to keep one's mind off cold feet. The standard of riding was high and Signals Despatch Riders did not have it all their own way by any means.

Divisional Signals "C" Team, consisting of R.Q.M.S. Nokes H., Lance Corporal Allen and Signalman Darrall, took second place; 2nd Lieutenant G. Hagger, Signalmen Stockley and Hayes secured fifth place. Of the individuals, Signalman Darrall was placed fourth with Stockley and Manley tying for sixth place.

MR. CATESWELL.

"M" Section

Here they come, chaps! Notes from "M" Section! That's shook 'em. Now that some of our former illustrious members are scattered about the globe, they may, with luck, still get a glimpse of the "Irish Stew," as Harrison calls us.

These lines may recall to the wanderers (Q. Birkett, C.Q.M.S. Varley, Tim Smith, Bailey, Underhill, Byton and Hume) happy days, more or less, at Chilton and cold nights, plus the rum ration, at Montigny. And what about the evenings at Henin spent across the way, where the sheiks of "M" congregated in force, and Harris's moustache in particular, to gaze into the blue eyes of Yvette (the prettiest girl in Rue de la Gare, of course). The great platefuls of eggs and frittes madame would place before these sheiks (7 francs), accompanied by "biere blonde"—and sometimes "creme-de-chocolat."

They will also remember the choice moment when "Stinker" Dawes got his name, amid the gently falling snow, on a scheme at a village south of Arras. About the Cook's tour round Belgium—more anon.

On Parade.—Still with us are Corporals Irving and Tomlins, Lance Corporals White, Harrison, Blunt and Barton, Signalmen Beers, Bourne, Wheeler, Meadows and Jones.

The I.M.s are nearly up to strength, and Meadows and Barrass (the W/T comedians) now together again can continue their arguments in peace.

The Carpenters' shop is depleted by the absence of Musty and Cohen, in hospital, and we hope they have a swift recovery.

Football.—Two fine games we have just played against "D" Section resulted in one win each. The scores were 1—0 in favour of "D" Section in the first game, and in the second game "M" Section won by 3—2. The games were very even and the old rivalry between the two Sections on the football field may have a new lease of life. We shall see, Sam.

SIMO.

A.A. Signals, Berkshire

Stars Get Their Stripes.—The names of Dixon, Nadauld and Tanner appearing under the " Promotions " Heading on Company Orders didn't surprise us one little bit, because we always thought they were worth the stripes, anyway. They got one each. Bill Tanner was the first to go away on a Course, but we don't doubt that Dickie and Nad will soon follow him along the road to fame.

Corporal Randall of the Line Section has now been made up to Sergeant. His promotion was apparent when it was learned that Sergeant Cam Sharpe had accepted a commission and was leaving the Company. And we mustn't forget to congratulate Lance Corporal Stan Potter—the smiling Casanova of Company Office. Have you seen his latest portrait ?

Short Pants Corner.—FOOTER.—Victories against the local Balloon Barrage " B " and " C " Flights and against the team of Southern Co-op. Laundries have gladdened the hearts of Company soccer fans during the past few weeks. The scoring roll of honour again contains the names of those old-timers, Clarke, Pibworth and Allen, and also those of two new players of great promise—McGowan and Swain. As we write comes news of a defeat—at the hands of the same Southern Co.-op. civilian team whom we previously beat. Sweet for them. Our team made no excuses, but it seems that Robinson, the goalie, was injured in the first half after a heroic dive. A kick in the shoulder put him out of the match and for three-quarters of the time we played with ten men.

CROSS-COUNTRY.—With our typewriter slung around our neck with a length of Don 8, we started on the much-publicised cross-country run. For the first mile we kept the leading pack in sight and after that the horizon got in the way. Larry Hughes, we noticed, set up a pretty fair pace at the start. This was evidentally to crack up the novices right away. As far as we were concerned, he succeeded—and then some ! We are dispensing with our crutches any day now.

It seemed a foregone conclusion that Hughes, our star man, would steal the race, but that did not deter some of the less experienced men from putting up a nice fight. Of the total entry of 25, all finished, the first eight coming in as follows : Hughes, King E. W., Doman, Barrett, Price, Sales, Eddison and Daniels.

" Give 'Em Cold Steel, Sah ! "—Fan mail, rivalling that of Donald Duck, has been arriving at various infantry O.C.T.U.s since the Company's own Glamour Boy Ro Ellis went away to be prepared for his pips. At the time of going to print, our bashful, retiring friend, is wrestling with heaps of hard work and lots of bayonets and things. By the way, they are still looking for the recruit who, in the Mess the other day, innocently asked " But why do you call him Ego Ellis ? "

Fireman, Save My Child !—So that the boys will have something to do on their nights off, a system of fire piquets has been instituted. We all know how to deal with incendiaries and are just itching for a chance to do a little fire fighting, for next to an engine driver, we always wanted to be a fireman. We are asked by the management to deny the rumour that the local Auxiliary Fire Service are to take over Signal Office duties.

The Last of the Romanoffs.—Memories of our Russian past, of Imperial intrigues at the Winter Palace, of those gay cafes along the Preobjansky Prospekt, were brought back to us by the sight of a hat. It is a lovely hat and we like it. Nay, we covet the thing. Of course, Doug. Ryde, being one-quarter Spanish, is hardly the type for it, but perhaps a Balalaika and a portable Samovar would help to capture the right atmosphere.

New Faces.—Whitehall has been ringing the changes quite a bit since last month and both Sections down here are in charge of different officers : 2nd Lieutenant H. J. Catling has left us and been re-placed by 2nd Lieutenant N. E. Padwick, and the shoes of Lieutenant R. R. McCormick have been filled by 2nd Lieutenant J. F. H. Pearcey. Among other recent arrivals here, whom we haven't mentioned before, are 2nd Lieutenants R. C. Critcher, L. Jackson and R. Barrow in charge of the important Wireless Section.

Singing in the Rain.—There is an unconfirmed report that Brigade are to install a special bucket in the hall, so that on wet days the Signals shift coming on duty can empty their rifle barrels into it. Why doesn't somebody tell them about that order called " Secure Arms " ?

Signalman Confucius He Say—

The after-lunch rice
Is nice ;
Except for the pieces
Of mice's faeces.

Or, as one fellow said, "Any more of this stuff and I'll be a ruddy Chinaman ! " His favourite enemy who happened to be passing at the time, commented " Banzai ! "

White Spats.—The boys made a terrific rush to scrub their "Anklets, Web " when they first caught sight of the spats that graced the manly ankles of Section Sergeant Rodaway. Incidentally, we have the exclusive dope on the special Foo Mixture he uses to bring them up to that impressive colour and we are willing to divulge it for a consideration. Come to the back door after midnight, give three rings and ask for Big Mike.

Look for us again next month on the same page of the same magazine, when we present another incredible article. And we need hardly repeat that these contributions are brought to you each month by the makers of " Beetleblurb "—the fruit jelly you love to touch ! This is the " Nose and Throat of the World " signing off.

BILL NEWTON.

Northern Ireland District Signal Company

Now the heroes who survived Dunkirk have in some measure been vindicated by recent actions and events in Africa, we may be pardoned if at times we speculate as to when the end of the war will be and what that end will be like. In the last war the troops used to say their common vision of the victorious end was that of finally marching down a dusty road to a broad and brilliant blue river. That vision moves among us still. We have not yet turned the last corner of the road, nor perhaps have we yet experienced the worst, but signs are not wanting to show that with each day we lose a foe ; as, step by step, we throw off the impeding shackles of incompetence and gloom. After all, obstacles only exist to be surmounted. If there is one thing that is well developed in this Regiment it is a flair for improvisation and dash. Perhaps the time will soon come when we too shall look alertly forward from underneath our tin hats and then fulfil the postponed expectations of the world with something better than the exertions of our mechanical skill. Perhaps, after all, wishful thinkers are right. Perhaps it will all be over by Christmas. Perhaps next year we shall be getting on with the job of making the island more fit to live in.

Come Off It !—Everyone who knows about war agrees you must have communications, wireless, telephones, and pigeons. A few years ago people knew very little about these things. Well, some have had to learn. Or perhaps we should say some personnel, not pigeons, have had to learn. This is where the fun starts. As soon as you learn something you have to learn a little bit more or else you will become stale or even obsolete or redundant, which is worse than rheumatism. So let us see what we can do about this. One way to learn is by watching other people at work, which is not always easy in the army, but not impossible. Start with a sergeant-major. Watch him. You will be lucky if you find him on a wireless set or feeding pigeons, but if you watch closely you are bound to catch him on a telephone. Note, he never picks up the 'phone with his right hand nor with his teeth. No, he keeps his right hand free to make notes, to scratch his head, to silence noisy people, and, sometimes, to salute. You get the idea ?

Right. Take a telephone. Be careful were you take it ; something may break, somebody else might want it. Think of a number. Breathe evenly. Stop smoking. Better still, give up smoking altogether. You feel better. Somewhere a voice is calling, number please ? So give them the number you first thought of and just to give you a bit of confidence, you will have this number repeated back. . . .

At this stage, however, we are suddenly reminded that over here only officers may originate calls. Never mind. Cut this out and keep it. You may be an officer one day.

The Most Amazing Thing.—If you study human nature you must have noticed that most people, even good people, have an aversion to something or somebody. That is how it once was in a cookhouse in quite a big village in Northern Ireland. You see, there was a good cook who spent most of his life in this cookhouse and, though he was a very good fellow and very popular on Saturday nights, this cook had an aversion towards clerks. If he saw a clerk anywhere near his cookhouse he would go red in the face and start throwing bread about all over the place. Well, now you will see what happened one Saturday afternoon just before black-out.

The good cook was rocking himself on a wooden stool in front of the stove. If you looked in you might have thought he was meditating on the wickedness of man or you might have thought he was dreaming about a pint, and you would probably be right. It just depends how you look at things. Anyway, except for a cat that yawned and stretched at his feet, the good cook was alone. Now and again he would take a red-hot poker from the stove and gently singe his moustache. Now and again he would affectionately clump the cat with his disengaged boot. Yes, that Saturday afternoon in the cookhouse depicted a very peaceful scene, if that is your idea of peace.

" This is a fine country ! " suddenly announced a clerk coming in quietly at this moment. "Are there any doors where you come from, you ink-stained scribe ? " the cook inquired blandly. " Certainly," was the ready reply from the clerk, as he withdrew, closing the door gently, but not gently enough, it seemed, and the good cook said something forcibly to that effect as he climbed out of a heap of soot dislodged from the chimney. Half an hour later the pale-complexioned youth returned, saying, " Please, Corporal Coram, the rations ! " Well, you should have seen the cook rush at the double towards the door, demanding hoarsely with a bass-broom held at the on-guard position, " Where's the Russians ? "

This is where the sergeant-major comes into the story, and we really don't see why he should not, as nearly every story has a sergeant-major at the bottom of it, just the same as every good pint of beer has a top to it. So at this appropriate moment the sergeant-major announced : " In future, when proceeding out of barracks, all ranks will carry respirators, anti-gas ; helmets, steel ; curtains, anti-gas, for use with helmets, steel, aforementioned, for walking out, soldiers, for the use of."

Mutely the good clerk and the good cook gazed into each other's eyes and realised, both of them, in that instant, a new fellowship, a sublime uplift of the soul, for they now saw, in the light of the sergeant-major's revelation, that their differences were not only no longer of any significance but also of no consequence whatsoever when viewed beside this new war effort that would be required of them.

So to-day, you see, the good cook is always pleased to see a clerk in whom he recognises a tradesman and a soldier who stood by him in his darkest hour. Yes, it is good on a Saturday night now to see the good cook and a couple of clerks going off to a lantern lecture down town. It is not only a good thing, it is certainly the most amazing thing, and here again the moral, " Learn to croon," is quite obvious. That's all.

THE GLOOMY DEAN.

February.

For those capricious critics who, having scanned this journal, blandly inquire of each other, " Well, what have we been doing ? " there is only one answer, which is positive : " We are doing fine ! " Yes, sir, we are feeling good.

Of course, the exigencies of war make haste to provide a new vocabulary. It was all very well in peace time to fill these columns with a load of splendid results achieved on the sports fields and on the promotion rosters ; but now, in the thick of the war, we fail to see how it can please a reader in far-off India to know the size of hats taken by the latest-made Lance Corporal or to know what happend six weeks back when we sent a team of stout fellows to play ping-pong with a local club run by spinsters of this parish.

So, as before, we will continue to deal with cause and effect. Hang it all, the details of our lives do not matter. What counts these days is the general health of the Company. A few more or less hours on duty as a roof-spotter should not make a man bitter. Let the roof-spotter, during his night-long vigil, take a pen and paper and write home and tell his mother what a fine upstanding lad her little darling is growing up to be.

Green Envelopes.—One good thing about this war is that it has produced a goodly crop of literature and has revived the good old art of letters. There was a time, not so long ago, when we were too busy to give to letters not much more than a passing thought. Time was when we used to rely almost entirely on talkies and telephones for our tit-bits of conversation. To-day the young soldier far from home finds amusement in the reading and writing of letters. Now the war is in full swing the army post offices, ships and trains, all co-operate to render good service in the swift delivery of our green envelopes. With these letters life is not so bad, time goes quicker, care is eliminated, and the distance from here to home almost annihilated. Some chaps complain there is nothing to write home about ; but no, there is wealth of variety, and if we only look about us we shall find incredible virtues in a life undreamt of by your average civilian or even by those soldiers of the last war who are too old to soldier any more. What about those days we go skirmishing over the local hills, hunting an imaginary and most elusive Hun ? What of the exalted sense of health and destiny you have when operating that wireless set or weaving patterns with those cords on the telephone switchboard ? When you think of the youth that you've lost, it is good to climb those hills we just spoke of ; to see the coast of Scotland appearing and disappearing in and out of a shifting sea mist ; to see the Mountains of Mourne sweeping down to the sea. That is good. This is sensation. This is life. If it be true that war has its advantages, as well as disadvantages, let us consider them. Let us consider the works and days. Let us have done with skipping ghosts and talk about things we intimately know.

The Works.—Our barracks were once a fine grandstand from which you could daily see a hotly contested game of hockey on the rectangle below. Since war started that patch has been used for drilling recruits not quite good enough for the regular parade ground. It was for a time a dusty arena for amateur despatch riders. Then it was a parking ground for vehicles, a mooring ground for a bloated barrage balloon, a dumping ground for old sand-bags ; until at last, though cleared of most of the military paraphernalia, it has lost its last semblance of a hockey pitch and now in its amorphous state just serves to remind us of former days ; and yet, strangely enough, we feel sure it ought to be and will be something else, perhaps a hockey ground, once again soon.

The New Pavilion.—On the other side of our barracks, in order to cater successfully for the increased number of faces to be fed, necessity has laid the foundations of a new mess-room for the troops. Such works form the background of a drama which you can read of in the next few paragraphs if you feel like a thrill.

Even So.—It was on the third night of the week in which the works began that a man, whose face was marked by meditation, peeped out from a window in the neighbouring cookhouse. He lifted the black-out blind, lifted his eyes, and wished upon a star. He said : " My name is Coram and I am a good cook. For years have I laboured in this dump and my strong arms grow weary. Even so, there are no flies on me. Even so, in the new pavilion now being built I wish for electric fans."

Half an hour later, in a nearby tavern, the cook raised a pint in company with a civilian who wore a slouch hat, an old raincoat, and an air of great wisdom. This civilian's name was Benjamin and he was the good companion of the good cook and therefore he gave advice as follows : " Now, see here, Corporal Coram, why fret yourself about a few flicking fans. You are not only a good cook, you are powerful. You have a fine knowledge of the mechanical powers, combustion, indigestion, herbs and twirps. You are good. Why, I have known you make mountains out of molehills and rissoles out of nothing at all. In a cold stove you have forced inoffensive cheese to be a welsh rabbit. Surely, you will not let scepticism or sergeant-majors prevail over your ability. Go. Find yourself some flicking fans."

So the good cook went and woke up the Foreman of Signals, who did not think the good cook was so good and promptly said so. Still, when the Foreman heard a formula for fans was required, he gargled with creosote and then pronounced his patent thoughts, saying, " Pierce a hole in the new pavilion. Pass pipe through hole. Draw air by suction through pipe. Keep air circulating with spare bass-brooms propelled by spare roof-spotters."

The Foreman then sighed deeply and fell asleep. As for the good cook, well, he just picked up his kit and a pack of cards and departed from thence. As there is a war on, we regret we cannot tell you where THENCE is ; nor can we point to any particular moral in this story. You cannot expect to have a moral in every story, can you ?

(Continued on page 120)

STATIONS ABROAD

Kohat District Signals

December, 1940.

General.—I should start these notes with an " Introduction " paragraph, for no doubt there are many hundreds of new arrivals in the Corps who do not know that such a Unit exists as Kohat District Signals, for such information can only be read in the WIRE and official correspondence, and as the latter is not the reading of all and sundry, it is through the medium of WIRE notes that ex-members of the Unit are informed that K.D. Signals are still stationed in McQueen Lines, Kohat. To the hundreds of new arrivals who have joined the Corps since the last publication of notes from this Unit, I would like to say " Welcome, brothers, and help us out in this time of need," and may we meet at some distant date at an annual reunion at Aldershot.

For the benefit of ex-members of the Unit I now give, as far as I may, information regarding promotions and postings of senior N.C.O.s. To many, this may be stale news, but to thousands more it may be good reading—especially to those who see their names mentioned—not as if I am going to mention thousands of names, for time does not allow.

Congratulations to the following N.C.O.s who have received commissions but have since been posted to Units as shown : Lieutenant (now A/Captain) F. J. Worth, Peshawar District Signals ; Lieutenant T. Saunders, at present in Egypt ; Lieutenant J. Steed, at present in Egypt ; Lieutenant G. Bow, at present in Egypt ; Lieutenant (now A/Captain) F. Mansfield, reposted to this Unit on promotion from Waziristan District Signals ; Lieutenant (Quartermaster) J. Coombes, Divisional Signals, Peshawar ; Lieutenant (Quartermaster) J. Cooper, posted to this Unit on promotion ; Lieutenant G. McLean, posted to U.K. on promotion.

The following N.C.O.s have left us on promotion as shown : C.Q.M.S. Clarke C. (now R.Q.M.S.), to S.T.C. (I.) ; Sergeant Smith T. (now C.S.M.), Trimulgherry ; Sergeant Fletcher E. (now C.Q.M.S.), Peshawar ; Sergeant Brewster P. (now C.Q.M.S.), Peshawar ; Sergeant Beach C. (now C.Q.M.S.), Meerut ; Corporal Peers N. (now Sergeant), Officers' Training School, Bangalore.

The following have received promotion during the recent past and are still on the " Inventory," but are liable to be removed from same any day : C.S.M. Lemon H., C.Q.M.S. Clackett W., Sergeants August R., Froggatt A., South C., Jacob W., Bruce G., Seatter T., Funnell T. and Spence C.

So many Signalmen have been promoted to Corporal in such a short time that I cannot mention them all by name, for I have not the C.S.M.'s nominal roll at my disposal, but, nevertheless, congratulations, and I hope I have not missed one of you amongst the following : Corporals Gilbert, Lintott, Bedwell, Tate, Dwyer, Eichert, Skelton, Wilkinson, Bennett, Price, Hannigan, Callaghan, St. John Beale, Baldwin, Brown and Alexander.

The foregoing have been the promotions and postings within the Unit during the last nine months, and I hope that amongst the names given may be brought to light the whereabouts of an old friend of bygone days. Who knows ?

Sport.—Although football and hockey are at present in full swing there are no cup or competitive matches, but in order to have a change in opponents we have played Peshawar District Signals in two games of football. The first game was played at Kohat at the beginning of November and the return game at Peshawar early this month. In each game the home team was the winner, although on the play our visitors played good football and were very unlucky to lose the first game. They have recently reached the final of the North-West Frontier Football Tournament, where they met their masters in the R.A.F. from Kohat. Both the participating teams are to be congratulated on the standard of football that was produced.

It was hoped to take the Unit football team on a tour to Thal and Parachinar, but this was cancelled at the last minute owing to our friend Mehr Dil having some rifle practice on the Kohat-Thal road the previous day.

Christmas.—Preparations are going well forward for a good time at Christmas, by which time the dining room and Sergeants' Mess should be very well decorated. The Junior N.C.O.s and men have got their pre-Christmas supply of ducks and chickens in for fattening, but apparently Corporal Johnson, as N.C.O. i/c of Messing, overfed the chickens, for they have all since died ; the ducks are, however, getting too fat to waddle, so perhaps it was not overfeeding that killed the chickens after all.

Although it is much too late to extend to you all the season's good wishes, I hope you all managed, where possible, to get away for Christmas, and that you all had as good a time as can be expected. However, I know that I am not too late in wishing you one and all the best of luck in 1941, and with those wishes from myself and all ranks of Kohat District Signals, India, I must say cheerio till next time.

JACQUES.

P.S.—The whereabouts of many ex-Kohdist wallahs would be appreciated by Larapse, Froggie, Jacques, Tony, Titch Funnell and Jock Bruce.

A WIRELESS OP's NIGHTMARE

The lightning flashed, the X's grew,
My signals got much weaker ;
So with grunts and groans I downed my phones
And had a duffy on loud-speaker.

Not a sound I heard, not a dagg set note
As my headphones I adjusted ;
So I looked inside and faintly cried,
" My detector valve has busted."

Compiled by SIGNALMAN BAKER H. G.,
Attached to this Unit for Operations.

N.B.—Put in the dots and dashes. Thank you !

Ceylon Signal Section

November, 1940.

Conclusion.—Admitted it is hardly an appropriate heading for the opening paragraph, but, as all other correspondents close down with it, just for a change we will adopt it for commencing our news bulletin broadcast from somewhere in the Indian Ocean and not, so far, care of G.P.O., London.

To get to the point, we celebrate our first birthday as subscribers to the WIRE notes. Incidentally no further issues will be made until January, 1941, so that's this year over and done with.

Several of the lads here almost departed to destinations unknown but, to date, still remain to celebrate the New Year. What is to happen next year remains to be seen. (See our notes for 1941 for latest results.)

Echo.—Reference the Editor's remarks in the August edition. We are voting en bloc in favour of some Home Units participating in making the WIRE a bigger success than ever. How often does one read it and, having finished with it, put it down and say, " Nothing much in it again this month ! " If Units at Home would only realise that the WIRE is definitely lacking when readers overseas (or would be readers) continually fail to find any mention of their old Units, then, perhaps, their correspondents would toe the line. We hope that the Editor's remarks may effect the required revival.

Hail and Farewell.—A few changes have taken place in our ranks. Signalman Howard has arrived from Jubbulpore and we hope this station will be to his liking. Following the departure of Lieutenant E. G. Wood, Royal Signals, we greet C.S.M.I. Hodgson (wife and child), who is attached to the Ceylon Defence Force as a change from being at D.I.K. Having been stationed in this Section about eight years ago and knowing the Island's peculiarities, Ceylon must have something over D.I.K.

At least, judging by his pleasure in getting back here or away from the Frontier, there must be more than " something " between the two stations.

Strange, but true, in Blackdown four years ago I was advised to " put in " for Ceylon. Now, in 1940, the fellow who advised me " puts in " from India for it himself, and so we meet again.

Not much news from our other detachment who, like the Silent Service, keep on pegging away and saying very little about themselves.

As regards the linemen here they continue to dig for victory. " Cash " seems to have become a chippy or general handyman in the shops ; " Jock " is thinking of buying up the Ceylon Turf Club (when he wins enough) and Signalman Allen still makes a living at " Q " Branch, Det. 31st Company, R.E. (besides dabbing in paint now and then). We anticipated publishing the banns when one of our lads was continually called upon to answer the 'phone many times during the day, but, alas ! no calls have come through lately, and so all hopes we entertained in attaching romance to the ringing of bells (telephone) have ceased to exist with effect from date of silence.

As regards the details of works we, of course, cannot publish them, but, like the octopus, our tentacles slowly continue to spread out and contact with all in their path.

Having finished digging (pro tem) the weather clerk automatically has turned off the tap. During operations, however, we were continually flooded out.

Reference the final paragraph in our last notes, it is of interest to record that the menagerie has suffered somewhat.

The first casualty was the crow, who " cawed " once too often, and then the pigeons decided to evacuate to quarters unknown leaving the parrot, white mice and the cat to carry on.

Thanks.—Before saying " cheerio," we must endorse the remarks sent by the committee of the Royal Signals Comforts Fund to the R.E. W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess, Colombo, thanking them for their second generous donation to this fund. The strength of the Royal Signals in this Mess is one member, but all R.E. members voted as one for our Fund. Thank you, R.E.s.

So we conclude our efforts for 1940. We wonder what and where this time next year ! Up the Corps !
Cheerio !

SANDY.

Corps News—Officers

Extracts from "The London Gazette"

[War Office, 6/1/41]

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS :

Lieutenant Harold Greenhough (92829) to be Lieutenant, 5/11/40.

The undermentioned to be 2nd Lieutenants :
Robert Henry Tricker (152622), 10/10/40.
Robert Bigland Dickinson (159004), 14/10/40.
Alfred George Freestone, M.M. (159088), 14/10/40.
George James Lenthall (152898), 1/11/40.
Lieutenant Matthew John Golightly (154443), 7/11/40.
Donald Chrispin (157178), 15/11/40.

R.Q.M.S. Edward Thomas Waite (159872) to be Lieutenant (Quartermaster), 8/11/40.

The undermentioned to be Lieutenants (T.M.O.) :
R.S.M. Harry Samuel Walker (159873), 10/11/40.
War Substantive C.Q.M.S. John Handford (159520), 15/11/40.

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R.S.M. Frederick Charles Toogood (159469), 16/11/40.
R.Q.M.S. John Thomas Conyers (159677), 16/11/40.
R.S.M. Robert Richard Isaac (159865), 21/11/40.
Lieutenant A. L. Golding (132311), 22/11/40.

The undermentioned Cadets from 151st and 152nd O.C.T.U. to be 2nd Lieutenants, 30/11/40 :
Thomas William Baynes (158925).
Vernon Leslie Squier (158926).
Donald Armour (158945).
Richard Buchanan-Dunlop (158927).
Roderick Lawrence Doble (158946).
Robert Peter Davies Gibb (158928).
Geoffrey Wilfred Hemy (158929).
Dennis Temple Holland (158930).
Kenneth Laurence (158931).
James Francis Shearer (158947).
Albert Harvey Gregory Slator (158932).
Frederick Gordon Smith (158948).
Alan James Taylor (158933).
Donald Loton Barber (158949).
Frederick Guy Beadon (158934).
Geoffrey Bloor (158950).
Richard Alexander Briggs (158951).
Jacques Edward Cockell (158952).
William Good Dry (158935).
John Eaton (158936).
Hamish McQueen Cameron Galbraith (158937).
Roland Arthur Grace (158938).
Thomas Harris-Matthews (158953).
Harold Isadore Lee (158954).
Kenneth Ernest Johnstone (158939).
Arthur George Long (158940).
Peter Anthony Arthur Mayhew (158955).
Arthur John Merritt (158956).
John Henry Taylor (158941).
John Francis Wakeham (158942).

Thomas Leighton Webster (158943).
James Alfred Joseph Westley (158957).
Walter Ralph Wade (158944).

The undermentioned to be Lieutenants :
Lieutenant Edgar Fermer Leggatt (152250), 9/10/40.
R.S.M. James Francis Widgery (159196), 28/11/40.
C.Q.M.S. William Leonard Good (157912), 29/11/40.

Corporal (A/Sergeant) Thomas William Field (157911), 2/12/40.

The undermentioned to be 2nd Lieutenants :
Robert Barrow (157052), 19/11/40.
Henry Keep (159090), 26/11/40.
Signalman Arthur Connorton-Saw (157346), Royal Signals.

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS—ROYAL SIGNALS.
48TH (S. MIDLAND) DIVISIONAL SIGNALS :
Lieutenant E. M. Kerr (38241) relinquishes his commission on appointment to a commission in the R.A.F. (V.R.), 14/11/40.

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.
EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS :
The surname of Cadet Charles Douglas Reekie (155608) is as now described and not as stated in " Gazette " (Supplement) dated 19/11/40.
The names of Cadet Roderick John Patience from 151st O.C.T.U. are as now described and not as stated in " Gazette" (Supplement) dated 6/12/40.
The undermentioned to be Lieutenants :
W.O. Cl. III Paul Kenneth Parry (159055), 28/11/40.
C.S.M. George William Weeks (159195), 2/12/40.
The undermentioned to be Lieutenants (Quartermaster) :
C.Q.M.S. Percy Frederick Storr (163176), 1/12/40.
R.Q.M.S. Harry Arthur Pilgrim (163175), 2/12/40.
W.O. Cl. II William Collingwood Spencer (132309) from R.A. to be Lieutenant, 25/5/40. (Substituted for notification in " Gazette " (Supplement) dated 24/5/40.)
The undermentioned to be 2nd Lieutenants :
Allan Edward Gwatkin (159133), 11/7/40.
William James Sharpe (159033), 10/10/40.
R.Q.M.S. Jack Field (161122), 21/10/40.
Harold Rawnsley (154737), 14/11/40.
George Clifford Lancaster (159886), 29/11/40.
The undermentioned to be Lieutenants (T.M.O.) :
A/R.Q.M.S. William Challen (163451), 27/12/40.
A/R.Q.M.S. George MacFarlane (163556), 27/12/40.
A/Q.M.S. (F-of-S) William Edward Butler (163449), 27/12/40.
A/Q.M.S. (F-of-S) William MacCulloch (163476), 27/12/40.
A/C.Q.M.S. (F-of-S) Clement Richard Nichols (163482), 27/12/40.
A/C.Q.M.S. (F-of-S) Arthur Frederick Goat (163462), 27/12/40.

TERRITORIAL ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.
The notification regarding Lieutenant V. E. Claydon (91848) in " Gazette " (Supplement) dated 23/8/39 is cancelled.

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.
EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS :
The undermentioned Cadets from 152nd O.C.T.U. to be 2nd Lieutenants, 14/12/40. :
Frank Donald Oakey (160280).
Derek Montague Crafer (160281).
John Cameron McNeil Greig (160282).
John Champion Jones (160283).
John Dennis Mould (160284).
Edgar Stephen Roy Patmore (160285).
John Herbert Pettit (160286).
Charles Prestwich Scott (160287).
Richard Anthony Stephens (160288).
Eric Henry Thompson (160289).
Donald John Asher (160290).
Brian Edgar Church (160291).
Huw Bryant Edwards (160292).
Leonard William Ellis (160293).
John Francis Hedges (160294).
John Edward George Inglish (160295).
Douglas Robert Lewis (160296).
Edwin Eric Sabbage (160297).
John Gordon Stott (160298).
Peter Lindley Waddell (160299).
David Beresford Webb (160300).
Frederick Chesterton (160301).
Frank Tremar Menendez (160302).
David William Weir Spittle (160303).
William Stormont (160304).
Ralph Angar Taylor (160305).
David Barr Watson (160306).

NORTHERN IRELAND DISTRICT SIGNAL COMPANY

(*Continued from page 117*)

Anyway, you should know that it is rumoured that females are to do the work in the joint we have just been telling you about. So it is quite possible, after all, that there will be no more talk about fans nor any more talk about good cooks. Even so, if you are good, we will let you have some more news next month.

Mechanical Transport.—Now it is thought desirable for all ranks to know something about mechanical transport, we submit a few remarks, first, on the pedal cycle. Well, the pedal cycle is not really mechanical transport but we will start with that because most people agree you should learn to fall off a pedal cycle before you start falling off anything else. In fact, the first thing you find out about a bike is how easy it is to fall off. You see, there was once a scientist who noticed that when a ripe apple leaves a tree it falls straight to the deck, and he called that gravity—probably because it was a very grave matter. Anyway, like the apple, the pedal cycle will fall to the ground just like that if it gets a chance and so will you if you are not careful. So it is best to have a friend to start you off. He can move off with you when you begin to pedal and then you can all fall over together. When that happens you should always make sure that the friend is underneath and then you will get more confidence. If you have a good friend, that is, someone who won't let you down, you should do well. You will soon be able to wobble along for a hundred yards without falling off. Now some people think that riding is all that matters. Another school thinks the most important thing is to be able to get off the bike properly and quickly ; especially, quickly.

So there is quite a lot to learn about jumping off. In fact, in a traffic jam you can save your life by jumping off quickly, and if it is an army bike the public will pay for that anyway. After a time, of course, you will learn to use the brakes. Though lots of experienced cyclists don't use brakes at all, they just swerve about all over the place until they get knocked off, as they say. Then there is the saddle, which can be lowered or raised to suit your convenience. Some people like to have the saddle very low so that they can dangle their feet on the ground, but the people who go in for speed, although there are not many of these in the army, think that the saddle should be as high as possible. However that may be, you will require a spanner sooner or later to adjust the saddle. Most tool bags attached to army bikes have spanners but usually they are no use on the bike issued to you, because they have been borrowed from some other tool bag during a tool check. So if you wish to mess about with your saddle you must find the right spanner, and if you are clever you will find it in the possession of the wrong person.

When you start to ride a motor cycle, that is a different proposition ; you will at least have got used to balancing, bumping into things, and borrowing spanners. All experience is valuable they say. Well, the chief difference between a pedal cycle and a motor cycle is that one has a bell and the other a horn with which to frighten stupid people out of their wits. If you learn to use the bell and the horn properly you should have a good time. When you come to drive a car, however, it will irritate you to find out how people ignore the noise you make. You see, the bell on the bike and the horn on the motor bike really DO make stupid people get out of the way because they know if you hit them they will get the worst of it. In the car it does not matter how much noise you make the stupid people simply won't budge. They think you are trying to show off, as they say. Perhaps when you do knock somebody down with a car they will take your licence away from you, in which case you ought to cut this out and keep it because you may have to go back to a pedal cycle one day. That is all.

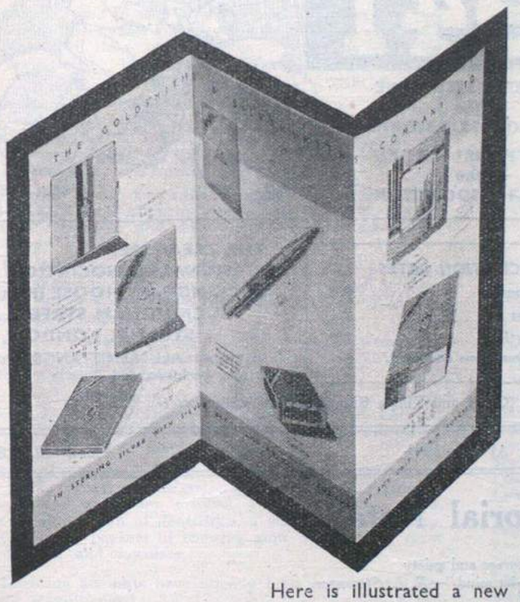
THE GLOOMY DEAN.

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VOL. XXII.—No. 254 APRIL, 1941 PRICE—SIXPENCE

Editorial Notes

"Give us courage and gaiety
and the quiet mind"—*R. L. Stevenson*

H.R.H. The Princess Royal, C.I., G.C.V.O., G.B.E.—We have once again been honoured by a visit to Association Headquarter Offices from our Colonel-in-Chief.

On Tuesday, 1st April, Her Royal Highness very graciously signified her desire to make a personal but informal inspection of our new office premises and to see for herself the various enterprises in which we are at present engaged for the comfort and well-being of all ranks of the Corps, at home and abroad.

On arrival, Her Royal Highness, who was accompanied by Miss Sybil Kenyon Slaney, made a comprehensive survey of the work undertaken by Royal Signals Comforts Fund, also our preparations for the despatch of parcels of comforts and necessities to Royal Signals Prisoners of War now in enemy territory, and before leaving graciously signified her approval of the new cover design for the Corps magazine.

We are deeply sensible of the great interest displayed by Her Royal Highness in all matters closely affecting the welfare of Her Corps' personnel, particularly those controlled and administered by the Corps Association.

□■□

Royal Signals "Prisoners of War Fund."—Following our Editorial announcement in last month's issue, we are again asked to stress the urgent need for additional funds to meet the cost of sending periodical parcels of comforts and necessities to Royal Signals prisoners of war now in enemy territory.

For the information of the uninitiated, it should perhaps be explained that all prisoners of war next-of-kin are permitted to send one parcel to their men every three months, and a scheduled list of those articles it is permitted to include may be obtained on application from any Post Office.

From the steadily increasing number of replies received to our next-of-kin circular letter, it is very evident that many families are in such straitened circumstances themselves that they are unable to take advantage of the facilities offered, and it is those cases that the Corps Association is "all-out" to help to the full extent of its ability.

In all instances where it is obviously a practical impossibility for our prisoners' relatives to supply and despatch the much-needed parcels of "good cheer," the Association has undertaken to do so for them, and the cost of this additional burden upon Association resources is, and will continue to be, very considerable.

The following extracts from some of the letters received speak for themselves, and only lack of space prevents us publishing many more of a similar nature:

"Many thanks for your very kind letter, and many more thanks to all concerned who have made it possible to make up

a good parcel to send to my son. I know he will appreciate all you are doing. I trust you have not had any unpleasant bombing and that you will have health and strength to carry on your splendid work which brings happiness to us at home as well as to the boys who are away.

"Yours very gratefully, ——— (mother, 313)."

"Many thanks for your kind letter. I cannot express my appreciation. I would like to wish your Association every success in this venture. I feel very proud to think that my son is in the Royal Corps of Signals. Thanking you on behalf of my wife and myself.

"Sincerely yours, ——— (father, 103)."

"I have received two labels for parcels for my husband and I have used one. I cannot send another parcel yet as I cannot afford one, as I now have two children and there is such a lot to pay out with a new baby. I am doing my best to get together what I can for another parcel.

"Yours sincerely, ——— (wife, 608)."

"I have managed to send a parcel to my husband, but this has been done under great difficulty and by depriving my family which consists of three small children. Your help would be greatly appreciated. Thanking you for your kind enquiry.

"Yours truly, ——— (wife, 645)."

No member of the Corps, whether he has a "pal" amongst our less fortunate comrades now in enemy hands, or not, will begrudge a contribution for such a worthy object, and we are confident that our appeal for the generous support of ALL RANKS will meet with a response worthy of Royal Signals.

It has been decided to open a ROYAL SIGNALS PRISONERS OF WAR FUND, and contributions, either large or small, will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged in subsequent issues of the Corps Magazine.

PLEASE HELP to brighten the outlook for those who have given of their best to help the cause for which we are all fighting, but whose bad luck now places them in a position where they are powerless to help themselves.

Every parcel despatched from this office costs the Association THIRTY SHILLINGS and there are already over 170 such parcels scheduled for immediate despatch.

Kindly send remittances to The General Secretary, Signals Association, Buckingham House, 6, Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2, with the envelope endorsed in the left-hand corner "P. of W." We will do the rest.

Each parcel contains: 1 shirt, 1 vest, 1 pair of pants, 1 pull-over, 1 scarf, 1 Balaclava helmet, 1 pair of mittens, 2 pairs of socks, 1 pair of cork soles, 1 towel, 3 handkerchiefs, 1 comb, 2 cakes of soap, 1 tin of dentrifrice, 1 stick of shaving soap, 1 tooth brush, 6 packets of chewing gum, 1 packet of razor blades, 1 hussif, and chocolate.

The following amounts have already been received and are gratefully acknowledged:

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. D. James	2	0	0
Mrs. Collins	1	0	0
G. W. McPhee	1	0	0
Mrs. Smijth-Windham		5	0
H. Whittaker		16	0
Mrs. A. Price		10	0
Mrs. A. Derbyshire		4	0
Depôt Battalion, 3rd S.T.C.	9	0	0
Mrs. J. W. Aldridge (monthly)		5	0
Anonymous	100	0	0

□■□

Felicitations.—We convey our hearty congratulations to the undermentioned, whose names appear in the "London Gazette" (Supplement), dated 1st April, 1941, as follows:

St. James's Palace, S.W.1, 1st April, 1941.

The King has been graciously pleased to give orders for the following promotions in, and appointments to, the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, in recognition of distinguished services in the Middle East during the period August, 1939, to November, 1940:

To be additional Commander of the Military Division of the said Most Excellent Order:

Colonel William Miles Miller, M.C. (22970), late Royal Corps of Signals.

To be additional Officers of the Military Division of the said Most Excellent Order:

Lieutenant-Colonel (temp. Colonel) William Alfred Dimoline, M.C. (12284), Royal Corps of Signals.

Captain (Acting Major) William Robert Hamilton Tingey (25528), Royal Corps of Signals.

To be additional Members of the Military Division of the said Most Excellent Order:

Captain (Acting Major) Alfred Ringwood Reeder (49926), Royal Corps of Signals.

No. 724953 Warrant Officer, Class III (Troop Sergeant-Major), Edward Charles Pearce, Royal Corps of Signals.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve the following Awards in recognition of distinguished services in the Middle East during the period August, 1939, to November, 1940:

The medal of the Military Division of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire for Meritorious Service:

No. 3854098 Corporal Harry Blackburn, Royal Signals.
No. 2320390 Corporal Robert Burgon, Royal Signals.
No. 2323191 Corporal Frederick William Draper, Royal Signals.
No. 2320529 Lance Sergeant Archibald Moore, Royal Signals.
No. 6396907 Lance Sergeant Sydney Standen, Royal Signals.
No. 2328700 Driver Patrick Ward, Royal Signals.

War Office, 1st April, 1941.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve the following awards in recognition of distinguished services in the Middle East during the period August, 1939, to November, 1940:

The Military Medal.

No. 2319000 Sergeant John William Pape, Royal Signals.
No. 2323689 Sergeant Arthur Leslie Peacock, Royal Signals.
No. 2321946 Signalman Arthur Edward Percy Spreadbury, Royal Signals.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve that the following be Mentioned for distinguished services in the Middle East during the period August, 1939, to November, 1940:

Colonel (temp. Brigadier) R. E. Barker.
Lieutenant-Colonel F. A. H. Mathew, O.B.E., M.C., B.A., Royal Signals.
Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. F. White, Royal Signals.
Major (temp. Lieutenant-Colonel) C. Knowles, Royal Signals.
Lieutenant (temp. Major) H. G. Sinclair, Royal Signals.
Lieutenant-Colonel R. Jee, M.C., Royal Signals.
Captain (temp. Major) H. N. Crawford, Royal Signals.
Captain H. E. F. Middleton, Royal Signals.
Lieutenant (Acting Major) A. J. M. Atthill, Royal Signals.
Lieutenant (Acting Major) R. Linton, Royal Signals.
Lieutenant (Acting Captain) E. Sharpe, Royal Signals.
Lieutenant (Quartermaster) G. F. C. Kneebone, Royal Signals.
Lieutenant R. G. E. Taplin, Royal Signals.
No. 2316510 W.O. II (C.S.M.) J. Carnegie, Royal Signals.
No. 2315119 Sergeant F. Archer, Royal Signals.
No. 2320579 Sergeant L. P. Cairnes, Royal Signals.
No. 2323481 Lance Sergeant K. T. Reynolds, Royal Signals.
No. 2324327 Corporal Comrie J., Royal Signals.
No. 2322104 Lance Corporal Walker N. J., Royal Signals.
No. 4856486 Signalman Eggitt A. J., Royal Signals.
No. 2325945 Signalman Godley P., Royal Signals.
No. 2328347 Driver Johnstone T., Royal Signals.

□■□

In the News.—It is not often that Regimental journals are in a position to supply the Daily Press with news items of public interest, but, thanks to our contributor, Lance Corporal Martin W. V. H., that distinction can now be claimed by the WIRE, as indicated by the following paragraph, which appeared in the London "Evening News" and a number of provincial papers, on Monday, 24th March:

"A BORDEAUX MEMORY. MINISTER BEGGED FOR NEWS.—A scene in Bordeaux twenty-four hours before France surrendered is described in *The Wire*, the magazine of the Royal Corps of Signals, by Lance Corporal W. V. H. Martin, formerly a Reuter correspondent in Paris. 'M. Prouvost, owner of the *Paris Soir*, who had a few weeks before been

brought into the Cabinet to reorganise French propaganda, was sitting on the stairs of a public building begging for scraps of news from the Front from British and American correspondents, so that he might bring out his newspaper and collate material for news broadcasts.'"

Obituary.—We regret to announce the death, on 24th February, of Lieutenant James Cruickshank Angus, R.E., in his 67th year, eight days after his retirement as Assistant Officer in Charge Records, Royal Signals.

Lieutenant Angus was born on 16th January, 1875, and enlisted in the Royal Engineers on 16th December, 1896. He was promoted 2nd Lieutenant on 18th April, 1915, and retired as Lieutenant on 16th January, 1920, owing to age. He served in France and Flanders during the war 1914-19 and was appointed Temporary Captain while employed as Field Engineer, Headquarters, No. 3 Area. Ever since 1919 he had been employed in



the R.E. and Royal Signals Record Offices, first as Clerk, and, since 1927, as Assistant Record Officer. Few officers had a more complete and detailed knowledge of the organisation of the Corps since its inception, and his clear, neat signature must surely be one of the best known in the Army. It is, however, only those with whom he has served and who have known him personally who will realise what a charming personality and efficient officer we have lost. His rank as Lieutenant is no measure of the many years of loyal and unselfish service which he has rendered to his country.

Lieutenant Angus was buried at Reading with military honours, on Saturday, 1st March. The firing party was provided by 5th A.A. Divisional Signals, and Sergeants of the Corps acted as bearers. The funeral was attended by a large number of relatives, personal friends, officers of the Royal Signals Record Office and 5th A.A. Divisional Signals, and many of the senior clerks from the Office where he had served so long. Lieutenant Angus leaves a widow, a son—Lieutenant-Commander J. Angus, R.N.—and a daughter.

Benevolent Fund Notes

Security regulations do not permit us to publish detailed particulars of Corps Units, but it is hoped that the following list of those formations who have already responded to the Colonels-Commandant's appeal for regular monthly contributions to the Corps Benevolent Fund will be found satisfactory for the purposes of identification.

The Administrator gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following:

Benevolent Fund (No. 2 A/C 1940)

CASH SUBSCRIPTIONS from:

Anonymous, £100.
Captain H. V. May, 10s.
Colonel P. H. Jones, £2 2s. 0d.
Lieutenant Beall, 6s.
Mr. W. Moffatt, 6s.

Benevolent Fund (No. 2 A/C 1940) (Unit List continued)

	£	s.	d.
— Operators' Training Battalion, Yorkshire—October, November and December, 1940	9	0	0
2nd — Signal Section, Training Battalion, Kent—Donation	6	0	0
3rd — Battalion, Yorkshire—February, 1941	9	0	0
— Operators' Training Battalion, Yorkshire—March, 1941	25	10	7
1 Company, 48th — Signals, Home Forces—February, 1941	2	7	3
London — Signals, Home Forces—January and February, 1941	9	5	0
152nd O.C.T.U., Yorkshire—February, 1941	1	19	0
— H.Q. Signals, London—March, 1941	2	18	9
3rd — Battalion, Yorkshire—January, 1941	13	0	0
— Heavy Regiment, R.A., Signal Section, Home Forces—Donation		10	0
12th — Signals, Home Forces—February, 1941	1	0	3
2 — Signals, Yorkshire—March, 1941		17	6
6 — Signals, Yorkshire—February	1	4	3
1st — Signals, Home Forces—December, 1940, and January, 1941	4	1	6
— Special Wireless Group, Wilts.—February, 1941	2	3	9
59th — Signals, Home Forces—Donation	1	17	9
— General Trades Training Battalion, Yorkshire—February, 1941	4	11	3
1 Company, 18th — Signals, Home Forces—February and March, 1941	4	16	6
152nd O.C.T.U., Yorkshire—March, 1941	1	13	3
3rd — Trades Training Battalion, Yorkshire—March, 1941	5	0	6
1 Company, 61st — Signals, Home Forces—March, 1941		16	3
Depot Battalion, — S.T.C., Yorkshire—December, 1940, January and February, 1941	22	7	0
3rd — Trades Training Battalion, Yorkshire—March, 1941	5	6	8
2nd — Formation Signals, London—March, 1941	10	13	10
Officers' Mess, 152nd O.C.T.U., Yorkshire—February, 1941	1	17	0
3rd — Battalion, Yorkshire—March, 1941	10	0	0
2 Company, 11 — Signals, Home Forces—March, 1941	2	7	3
1 Company, 11 — Signals, Home Forces—March, 1941	1	14	3
London — Signals, Home Forces—February, 1941	4	9	3
1 Company, 10 — Signals, Home Forces—February and March, 1941	2	14	3
2 Company, 10 — Signals, Home Forces—January, February and March, 1941	7	10	9
50th (N.) — Signals, Home Forces—March, 1941	2	17	6
UNITS ABROAD—			
Waziristan District Signals—September, 1940	1	5	8
Palestine Command Signals—June to December, 1940	8	9	7

APPEALS dealt with:

1	Driver, Armoured Signals, Home Forces	Grant	£2	0 0
2	Wife of N.C.O., Bucks	Grant	£2	0 0
3	Wife of Ex-N.C.O., North Wales	Grant	£5	0 0
4	Signalman, North Wales	Grant	£3	0 0
5	N.C.O., Corps Signals, Home Forces	Grant	£3	3 0
6	Ex-Signalman, Oxford	Loan	£6	6 0
7	Ex-Signalman, Sussex	Grant	£3	0 0
8	Ex-Signalman, Sussex	Grant	£5	0 0
9	Wife of Signalman, Gateshead	Grant	£2	0 0
10	Relatives of Ex-N.C.O. (deceased), London	Grant	£5	0 0
11	Signalman, Yorks	Loan	£5	0 0
12	Mother of Signalman, North Wales	Grant	£3	0 0
13	Signalman, Middlesex	Grant	£5	0 0

(Signed) T. H. L. SPAIGHT, Lieutenant-Colonel,
Administrator, Signals Association Benevolent Fund.

Royal Signals Comforts Fund

The Comforts Fund was honoured recently by a visit from its Patroness, Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal, who showed a most gracious and appreciative interest in all the work of the Fund, and expressed her pleasure at hearing that a total of 19,440 garments had been despatched since 1st October, 1940. Her Royal Highness was particularly interested in the waterproof despatch rider's overmittens, which are now being made by the Fund's Working Party, also in the store of games and sports equipment in stock for despatch to Units as occasion arises.

The London Entertainments Committee recently held a most successful dance in Surrey, by which the very welcome sum of £94 7s. 2d. was realised for the Fund. Other successful dances have been held for the Fund: by 4 Command Signals, making £20, and by — Divisional Signals in Scotland, which raised £12 18s. 4d.

The Comforts Fund Work Party at 78, Eaton Place, each Thursday from 2.30 to 5 p.m., has been started, but more workers are urgently needed. Some of the despatch rider's overmittens being made have already been issued and have been much appreciated by the recipients, who declare they fulfil a long-felt want. If anyone having a sewing machine would care to make any of these gloves at home, the Comforts Fund will gladly supply the material, pattern and instructions. Another urgent need is for hussifs to include in the prisoners-of-war parcels. For this purpose any contributions of scraps of cretonne or other material would be very welcome.

RECEIPTS FOR MARCH

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Watson	1	0	0
Mrs. J. W. Aldridge		5	0
Mrs. C. J. C. Tate	2	2	0
No. 1 Operators' Training Battalion, Catterick (Proceeds of Dance)	6	18	9
Waziristan District Signals (monthly)	1	16	10
Mrs. Birnie Ried's Work Party	7	10	0
No. 1 Operators' Training Battalion, Yorkshire (quarterly)	9	0	0
Gibraltar Signal Company	10	0	0
Edinburgh Branch Ladies' Guild (contents of Collecting Boxes for February)	3	0	0
Peshawar District Signals	4	9	6
Mrs. Barlow's Branch Ladies' Guild	2	0	0
Mrs. Manning		10	0
Royal Signals Mess, Aldershot (monthly)	2	11	0
Inspection Department, Engineer and Signal Stores (monthly)	4	0	0
4 Command Signals (Proceeds of Dances)	20	0	0
Mrs. Calveley		5	6
Mrs. Egerton		2	6
Mrs. French's Work Party	1	10	0
Mrs. Birkett		10	0
Miss Des Barres' Work Party (Collecting Box)		7	6
No. 1, L. of C. Signals	10	0	0
Officers' Mess, — Divisional Signals	6	8	0
Mrs. Scott-Watson		2	6
— Corps Signals (Proceeds of Dance)	3	0	0
Miss N. Davies' Work Party (Collecting Boxes)	1	7	0
No. 1 S.T.C. (I.) (delayed subscription)	15	0	0
No. 1 S.T.C. (I.)	25	0	0
London Entertainments Committee (Proceeds of Dance)	94	7	2
Staff of Royal Signals Records Office (monthly)	9	6	3
— Divisional Signals	6	10	4

Plain Tales

Happy Memories.—"A B.B.C. official will read a news bulletin standing on his head." News item.

What a flood of memories that brought. Some of you may remember Captain Orfleigh-Tyte who almost always talked through his hat. It was never considered important enough to record in the daily press. Then there was the Section officer who could never be persuaded not to appear on the Saturday morning drill parade walking on his hands. He was rather proud of this accomplishment and was only embarrassed when the C.O. gave the order to draw swords. He always fell on one ear and buried the hilt of his sword in the sand, for, of course, this was in Jubbulpore. Down on Salisbury Plain in 1935 one of the officers could never bear to wear a tie on parade. Four young subalterns thought it was a new order and quietly slipped theirs off before marching on to the parade ground. This was the only occasion on which I saw a C.O. actually burst in front of his men. You'd have died laughing. *We* did.

Talk on Crabs.—It was a painful shock to me when I discovered that several "barrack room lawyers" had been filling the members of a hitherto decent section with misleading information about the Signals Association. These old soldiers (anything over twelve months) have been presenting to the younger members an entirely wrong view. "What are we likely to get out of the Signals Association?" they ask. What a question! They will quite cheerfully subscribe to a Spitfire or Lifeboat Fund without hope or fear of ever riding in either vehicle. The case does not appear to have been presented clearly in the first place. The idea, my children, is not so much what you can get out of the fund as what you can put IN, for the benefit of your pals who may fall on bad times. It is possible that under certain circumstances, the Signals will help you along even if you are not a subscriber. It is not often that this can be done because, very naturally, the real members must be given first consideration. Would you like to feel that you COULD have helped the Association in your palmy days, and didn't? Supposing you never need any help from the fund? Well, that's just grand for you, isn't it?

"Why should we buy the WIRE?" is another question they ask the crowd, and as soldiers are invariably ready to "tick" about something, they also say "Yes. Why should we?"

These lads come under one of two headings:

(a) They don't stop to think for themselves, or
(b) They never eat their spinach.

Like Clockwork.—And now we will render that Song of Songs dedicated to all the Quartermasters. "You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean." Tick. Tick. Well, would you believe it. We've come without the music.

The Social Round.—Major R. C. Newcombe is about to leave the Divisional Signals in this area. He and Mrs. Newcombe take with them our very good wishes for the future and lots of thanks for the past. With the departure of Mrs. Newcombe we lose a fine pianist and singer. Such talent only appears in our circle once in a war.

2nd Lieutenant H. Askew, who was on this page only last month, has already left for a unit nearer the Metropolis. He will know what to do with any remaining unbombed pianos. 2nd Lieutenant P. Caulfield-Browne arrived on 8th March and goes to seek his fortune in "H" Section. I think they will like him. C.Q.M.S. W. Moorcroft rolls up his blankets and leaves the Divisional Signals with our good wishes. As he has been judged to be on the right side of the ocean, he is to be promoted. Don't forget to produce some notes from the new unit, Walter.

Ukann Larfe.—Hermoine Larfe, the beautiful but massive wife of our old friend, returned the receiver to its rest with such violence that the whole instrument was embedded in the table. "Why, the dirty good-for-nothing, bad-for-plenty double crossing son of a Benghazi dustman," she roared, kicking a mechanical cable layer out of her path. "Where is he?" The justly annoyed lady picked up her torch and stamped out into the gathering gloom of a March evening. Night was about to fall thickly.

Uncle Alf.: "What ——."

Me: "Shut up!"

Corporal Fogworthy, whom you probably don't remember, sidled quietly up to the colonel and whispered in his ear, "She's gone, sir." "O.K. Corporal," said the colonel, the colour returning to his cheeks in great waves of purple. "What shall I do now?"

"I should take forty-eight hours' leave, if I were you, sir," advised the resourceful N.C.O. "Not a bad idea," replied Ukann brightening up. "Tell Mr. Faceache he can have leave, too." "He's already taken it, sir."

Don't forget to fill up the coupon on page 6.

BARLEUX.

Corps News—Officers

Extracts from "The London Gazette"

[War Office, 7/1/41]

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

The undermentioned Lieutenants (Quartermaster) (Emergency Commissions) to be Lieutenants (Quartermaster) :

George Henry Hobbs (150167), 20/10/40.
Bertram James Thomas Harrison (115567), 8/12/40.

[War Office, 14/1/41]

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

Lieutenant-Colonel M. V. Smelt, A.M.I.E.E. (35977) on completion of tenure of service as Regimental Lieutenant-Colonel, remains on full pay (Supernumary), 13/1/41.

Major D. A. L. Wade, M.C., B.A., A.M.I.E.E. (19214) to be Lieutenant-Colonel, 13/1/41.

TERRITORIAL ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

GENERAL LIST :

Major R. Postill (41010) from General List (Tonbridge School Contgt. Jun. Div., O.T.C.) to be Captain, 2/1/40, with seniority 20/8/35. (Substituted for notification in "Gazette" (Supplement) dated 2/1/40.

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS :

The undermentioned to be Lieutenants :

A/W.O. Cl. II Philip Arthur Silk (159193), 28/11/40.
C.S.M. Charles Clutterbuck (159605), 9/12/40.

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS—ROYAL SIGNALS.

Lieutenant P. E. Widdowson (27760) relinquishes his commission on enlistment in the Aust. Mil. Forces, 11/1/41.

REGULAR ARMY—ROYAL SIGNALS.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS :

The undermentioned Cadets from 151st O.C.T.U. to be 2nd Lieutenants, 21/12/40.

Edmond Philip Withers-Green (165427).
Arthur Egbert Overton (165428).
Douglas Herbert Pearson (165429).
Michael Henry Trollope (165430).
Derek Roland Curry (165431).
John Richard Phillip Davies (165432).
Philemon James Fenn (165433).
Peter Raymond Joanes (165434).
Hugh Francis Gruffydd Richards (165435).
William Kenneth Howard Sanderson (165436).
Arthur Robert Tawell (165437).
Eric William Whittle (165438).
Deryck Kenneth Binks (165439).
John Haydn Paul Draper (165440).
Edward Gaymen Parke (165441).
Edward Frederick Thomas Bayton (165442).
Arthur Phineas Bodiley (165443).
John Albert Cyril Drew (165444).
Patrick Kenneth Edwardes-Ker (165445).
Graham Ackland Elsmore (165446).
Henry Ballard Fawcett (165447).
Wyndham Quin Fitzgerald (165448).
Donald Mercer Naylor (165449).
Alfred John Seaman (165450).
Donald Charles Green (165451).
Leslie Henry Robinson Muir (165452).

Some Facts About N.A.A.F.I. Mobiles

By H.H.

With large detachments constantly on the move, as menand weapons become more and more mobile, static canteens must be continually augmented by others as manœuvrable as the modern army itself.

It is no longer fanciful to speak even of flying canteens, now that N.A.A.F.I. canteen supplies have already been transported by air. But it is indeed an order of the moment to increase mobile canteens on the road and offer the fullest possible service to units being moved from one isolated area to another, so that they may enjoy certain of the amenities and comforts of their static institutes when these have been left far behind them.

N.A.A.F.I. has already built up a fleet of 150 refreshment vans, now in service, an order for 300 having been placed with motor manufacturers in various parts of the country. By special zoning arrangements with philanthropic organisations running similar vans, there is no wasteful overlapping of territory, and the greatest possible area is serviced by the mobile canteens now operating.

Losses in refreshment vans in France naturally led to a big demand for replacements when the B.E.F. returned to swell the steadily expanding army at home. This demand could not be met immediately by voluntary organisations alone, and the N.A.A.F.I., which had for long foreseen the vital part mobile canteens must play as Britain's military tempo quickened, began accordingly to build up its own fleet of mobiles, made possible, as with everything in the Corporation, by the patronage of the Forces themselves.

The N.A.A.F.I.'s service on the road, virtually belonging to and maintained by the Forces themselves, is fast developing into what may well be termed a unit of our mechanised strength. Under the leadership of Lieutenant-Colonel N. V. Peters, M.C., who commanded Expeditionary Force Institutes in France, 1939-40, the N.A.A.F.I. mobile canteen service is being expanded into a vital force, distinguished by a special uniform, covering zones in the most isolated areas.

N.A.A.F.I.'s mobile canteens work to a fixed time-table in clearly defined areas. This is an important point, as it has been found of benefit to officers and N.C.O.s in charge of parties to know exactly what times they can expect the mobiles to arrive and to fix their programmes accordingly.

The extent of the N.A.A.F.I.'s mobile operations to-day may be illustrated by a few facts and figures.

The 150 areas now serviced in Great Britain embrace all the Commands, and the Orkneys and Shetlands. There are two types of mobile canteens, the small refreshment van, operated by one man, and the larger type, operated by two men. Both offer identical service, although the larger type naturally handles larger numbers of men. It is sufficient to say, however, that the small mobile van can cope with 100 men or more on one call, carrying a six-gallon thermo-urn of ready prepared tea, coffee, or cocoa. The larger mobile vans can cope with twice that number, and carry reserves of water and calor-gas stoves. Each van covers a daily tour of around 50 miles, and can always draw fresh supplies, if necessary, from static N.A.A.F.I. canteens en route.

With 150 vans on the road, there is always a percentage of breakdowns, but the N.A.A.F.I. has guarded against falling down in its services by maintaining reserve vans at central transport depots which can immediately replace any vans taken off the road.

The N.A.A.F.I. refreshment van staff is encouraged to take suggestions from the men themselves for variations in beverages and pastries, and to try and accomplish every service possible to isolated units, even to taking books and magazines when requested. Free notepaper and envelopes are supplied to the troops, stamps can be provided, and the service in this respect is completed by a post-box in the van itself.

A wide variety of everyday needs are on sale even in the small mobile. Compactly fitted into an incredibly small space are popular lines in cigarettes, confectionery, boot and button polish, soap, toothpaste, blades, laces, and other articles, besides cakes and pastries.

How may isolated units not already served by a mobile canteen obtain the N.A.A.F.I.'s service? The Commanding Officer puts a request through the usual channels to Command Headquarters, for the provision of the van, giving particulars of various points at which the service is required and the number of times it is required weekly.

This service is, of course, designed to cater for isolated detachments, at various points in the countryside, and is not meant for use in barracks and camps, where static Institute service is provided.



HOME STATIONS

Yorkshire 1

1st Operators' Training Battalion
Administrative Wing

March.

In the absence of our regular scribe, Signalman Hughes, who is in hospital, I have undertaken to piece together news of interest in his stead.

Like the other Companies, we see men come and go, but the efficiency of the Company still remains. The undermentioned have departed: Corporal Ratnage, Lance Corporals Jenner, Mace and Carter, Signalmen Bonner, Butterley and McKellar. We wish them the best of luck. To those who have arrived in their stead, we wish a happy stay with us.

Promotions and Appointments.—To all those who have been lifted to a higher rung we wish all the best, and hope they will prove worthy of climbing still higher on the ladder of merit and responsibility. Lance Corporal Price to A/Corporal; Signalman Hazelgrave to A/Corporal; Signalmen Jago to A/Lance Corporal.

Entertainments.—We are still maintaining our good name in the entertainment world in concerts and plays. We have good talent in the Unit, but, unfortunately, we cannot keep them long enough.

The O.T.B. possess a good orchestra, eleven strong, who can readily turn themselves into a first-class dance section, theatrical orchestra, or a string orchestra for classical works, and we were given the honour of playing in Church on the occasion of the visit of the Archbishop of York and the Commander-in-Chief, Northern Command, in place of the Corps Band, who are now on tour.

We have just seen the third and last performance of "Tons of Money, a farcical play in three acts, produced by Signalman Peter Madden, ex-Dramatic Section, B.B.C. It was really magnificently staged and acted, the cast being: Signalmen Atkinson, Madden, Manning and Davis, Lance Corporal Ball, Mrs. Davis, Section Leader Johnson, Volunteers Horsman and Burton. Scenery by Signalman Gosling.

The scenery and setting was superb. This Unit has been very fortunate in having, each time we have produced plays or concerts, someone who has had some experience of scenery painting and designing. To all the cast and those who helped in the production of scenery or props., not forgetting the Unit carpenter and electrician, and the Unit orchestra, I would take this opportunity of thanking them most warmly. All who have seen the show thoroughly enjoyed it.

The concert party, too, are well in the programme under the capable management of Signalman Turner and Signalman Madden P., and the orchestra. A great deal of money and time has been providing a first-class and well-equipped stage in one of the dining rooms and we have been amply repaid for our trouble by these excellent concerts and plays, which have been appreciated by all this Unit and many outside visitors.

Sport.—Soccer, hockey and rugby have restarted now that the grounds have been placed in bounds again.

Recently a Representative Garrison XI was fielded against H—— Town F.C. on the Central Ground. It being a very fine and warm day, a crowd of some 2,300 spectators witnessed the match. H—— Town were naturally too good for us and we lost 1—6 For the first half and half of the second period was to be seen some very good football, but our players had not kicked a ball for some two months and had never played together before and were naturally handicapped; they fell to pieces in the last twenty minutes. The score at half-time was 1—3. We hope, however, to have some more of those matches before the end of the season.

The last phase of the Garrison League is now in progress.

And now, as John Hilton would say, "On till next time. All the best"

No. 1 Company

Last month saw a speed up in the tempo of teleprinter training. Some of us are reported to be standing the strain better than the machines, which at times are on duty both by day and night. Men in their middle thirties are now under training. They do not find it easy to pick up "touch typing" and, in later stages, fast operating at this age. It says a lot for the Battalion that the high standard of operators turned out remains unimpared.

Although we get "browned off" with the extra training periods at night and during the weekend we find time to smile. The reply of a Signalman when asked, after his first lecture on the "10 Line Universal," how much he could remember about the switchboard, said, "Oh! as we had the lecture in the Teleprinter Maintenance Room I thought I was being told about the inside of a teleprinter." Collapse of the Instructor.

Distinguished visitors continue to call. The Royal Family's interest in our Battalion was further shown when H.R.H. Major-General The Duke of Gloucester inspected the Battalion one week after a similar visit by his sister, H.R.H. The Princess Royal, our Colonel-in-Chief.

Congratulations.—To Lieutenant W. T. H. Lennon, a recent arrival, on being mentioned in despatches. The laconic announcement in the "London Gazette" (see last month's WIRE) merely records that the name of Sergeant Lennon, as he then was, "has been brought to notice in recognition of distinguished service in connection with operations in the field March-June, 1940."

Also to Corporal Hopwood on obtaining his third stripe, and to Lance Corporals Hollingworth and Haxell and Signalman Hill on being selected to attend an N.C.O.s' Instruction Course.

W.V.H.M.

No. 2 Company

There does not seem very much to report this month. That, of course does not mean that nothing has happened. We have been carrying on with our training in full swing, and even the Mobile have been doing things. "Mind my blisters." We have said good-bye during the last month to several W.O.s and N.C.O.s from the Cadre, and these include Sergeant-Major Kelly, Corporal Firth and Lance Corporal Roberts. On the other hand, we welcome Corporal Davidson and Signalmen Armstrong, Dryden and McCallum, and hope that their stay with us will be long and happy. We offer our congratulations to Lance Sergeants Charlesworth and Johnson on their promotion to full-blown Sergeant, Corporal Doris to Lance Sergeant and Lance Corporal (Gripper) Grattan to Corporal. We think that Gripper has found another use for his "dodgers." We have also had the bad news that we are losing, after all this time, our Sergeant Major—C.S.M. Murphy. We shall all be sorry to see him go, even the office staff!

"O" Squad.—Again this month we have said good-bye to some of our oldest members: Lance Corporals de Galleani, Maude, Balleine, Cooke, Springett, Robins, and Woodeson, and Signalmen Batt, Gade, Jolin, McCarty, McMahon, Redfern and Tanner. We have welcomed Signalman Turner among others, and we trust that our lectures will not be turned into "musical moments."

Sport.—Once more, owing to weather conditions, the Battalion side have not had a game for some time. During the last two months several first-class players have arrived from the Depot, so when play is eventually resumed we hope to field a strong side and still retain the premier place in the league table. As regards boxing, training is in full swing for the next Inter-Unit Competition, and we have hopes that the cup won in the last Competition will stay in this Battalion. As for hockey, there is little news about the Battalion hockey team, as grounds have been unplayable. The team has had a game with the General Trades Battalion in the near future, and we hope that this will be the first of many matches.

Things We Want to Know.—Did the C.S.M. belong originally to the Russian Cavalry. (Mind my boots.)

Is Lance Corporal Richards getting his teeth into his work.

Who said "Crabs" to Lance Corporal Taylor, and what did he say?

Where is "Hockey's" second dodger—lost in India?

Q.Q.Q.

Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess

Departures.—Sergeant Horstead, complete with last month's baby. Sergeant Pollard has departed to do some soldiering. The not so good-looking people now stand a chance. Roll up, Arthur. In the near future we will be saying good-bye to Sergeant Lines and Lance Sergeant Biggs. Is the date advanced, Bill? Good luck to you all in your new Units.

Arrivals.—Sergeant Geare from the land of soldiers. Sergeant Meddlicott from a slimming course. Best wishes are extended to them and also to the attached W.O.s and Sergeants on Courses.

Entertainments.—The usual fortnightly dances have been held and were patronised by the faithful. Although successful and highly enjoyable, I hear that a few more of our married members would be very welcome. Cinema shows have been held in the Mess on Sunday evenings and were very much appreciated by the members and families. Unfortunately, Signalman Walton, the owner of the apparatus, has now been posted away from the Unit, so we shall have to await the next cinema magnate to be called up. We should like to thank Signalman Walton for his kindness in coming along to entertain us, and for the hard work put in to make this a success. Also here I should like to mention our own Entertainment Committee on the way we are being looked after in this line.

A games tournament was held in the Mess, our visitors being the R.A. A/T Training Regiment, who turned up in full force. Unfortunately, some of our members were prevented by duty from attending; nevertheless, games went quite smoothly for us to emerge winners by 7 games to 3. Results: Billiards (2 games to nil)—Mr. Lowe and Sergeant Holdsworth beat P.S.M. Sands and Sergeant Law (nice work, Alf., considering the pigeon on your back); Sergeant Riley (attached) and S.S.M. Robertson beat Sergeants Omershea and Pilkington. Snooker—C.S.M. Hodgson (attached) and C.Q.M.S. LeCocq beat Sergeants Guest and Clark (must have been easy meat, Basil). ; Sergeants Pfeiffer and Gee beat Sergeants Wilkinson and Parsons. Shove-halfpenny—Sergeant Rose and S.S.M. Robertson beat B.S.M. Toroni and Sergeant Bearsley (skill will out); Sergeants Robertson and Dickinson beat R.S.M. Hunter and B.S.M. Toroni. Darts—Sergeants Rose and Dickinson lost to Sergeants Smith and Mitchell; Sergeants Pfeiffer and Geare got all gummed up and lost to B.S.M. Wassal and Sergeant Young; Sergeants Tich Brownlee and Bennett lost to R.Q.M.S. Layman and Sergeant Lord (maybe the board was too high); Sergeants Wenham and Payne (attached) beat Sergeants Titlow and Harris. To finish the game, S.S.M. Frankland beat the machine (physically).

My quarter having ended, I say cheerio till next time.

Things We Would Like to Know.—How long has the "Brown Bomber" been a night fighter?

ROBBO.

1st General Trades Training Battalion

No. 1 (Line) Company

General.—Up to the time of compiling these notes I have heard no rude remarks, nor have I received any kicks in the pants for my very humble contribution to the February issue of the WIRE. It has taken much persuasion, threats and promises of things to come; in fact it has almost amounted to some obscure form of slow torture if I did not again put pen to paper, and write, so I do hope fellow-readers, that if these notes are a little over-ripe, your sympathies will be with me.

We have had a steady flow of arrivals in this Company during the last month, and to them all we extend our best wishes for a—comparatively—comfortable sojourn. I know that our Orderly Corporal, Joe, is not greedy. Never let it be said, but it is well known that he has cast covetous eyes at the intake list, hoping to procure some unsuspecting recruit, destined for another Company, in order to placate the irate (sounds good) R.S.M. when he cries out for more and still more fatigue men, but by dint of much head scratching and a variety of typical army methods, we manage to scrape through. Of course, this procedure will not be new to any of you, but it does fill up space, doesn't it?

Our congratulations are extended to Lance Sergeant McDiarmid in his dizzy rise to Sergeant. Also to Lance Corporals Carrier and Hunter (Queen). They now qualify for the enviable duty of Guard Commander, and we have great pleasure in stating that they have already made their debut with full honours. Of course, there are others hoping, and a feverish biting of finger nails, but may I point out to these "chappies" that Venus de Milo started with her finger nails and look where she finished. Her elbows. We will now carry ourselves to a loftier plane and welcome Lance Sergeant Scott, and again we extend our best wishes for a pleasant stay. None of his weaknesses have yet come to light, but my newshounds are out.

Into a dizzy whirl of platoons and piquets comes news of a sudden increase in the Battalion strength, in the form of three disreputable pups. Sergeant Gee, owner of the proud mother, —stated in some circles to be a whippet—now patrols the roads with a double-barrelled shot gun in search of other presumptuous suitors.

In the Public Eye.—Who is the Sergeant, late of this Company, who presented his future father-in-law with 500 Woodbines on the first occasion of meeting him? Is that the definition of appeasement?

Corporal Barlow is brought into the limelight on the occasion of his recent Guard duties. Our big-hearted Corporal enquired whether his men required any N.A.A.F.I. produce, and was much surprised to hear a cockney voice recite, "Yus, Corporal! Fetch us up ten Woodbines, will yer?"

It is with great pleasure that we draw attention to the dapper little figure to be seen any time between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m., arranged in a smart suit of Service dress. We appreciate the difficulty he must have experienced in finding a boy of suitable stature with whom to exchange outfits.

Heard in the Black-Out.—"Awfully sorry, old chap, but I did my best to get Bing Crosby on the Cadre."

By the time these notes are printed, the ceaseless ticking of Sergeant Lines and Corporal Noonan will be a thing of the past. We would like to take this opportunity of wishing them all the very best of luck in their new sphere, and assuring them that the unaccustomed silence which will greet the publication of platoons, etc., will recall them to our mind with unfailing regularity.

"AMATEUR."

No. 2 (Line) Company

Officers.—Congratulations to our O.C., Captain R. H. Bishop, on his promotion to that rank. 2nd Lieutenant E. R. Duce has left us on relinquishing his commission on the grounds of ill-health. We wish him a speedy return to health.

Training.—Training goes on apace and I think we can copy the slogan, "We deliver the goods," as far as linemen are concerned. Owing to the recent bad weather spell and breakdown of communications our men had a good amount of real practical work under the worst conditions and this should prove invaluable in the days to come.

Sport.—Sport is coming into its own with the advent of spring. An Inter-Company Cross-country Run was held with a view to selecting a team for the Garrison Run. They must have been good, as the team won the Garrison Run with a good margin of points, also gaining first, second and third positions.

A football match, versus No. 1 Company, was played and, despite the reputation of our opponents, we licked them to the tune of 5—1. No one can blame that goalkeeper for disappearing at half-time.

Digging of gardens in the " Dig for Victory " crusade is also a familiar pastime of our men. Vegetarians should wax fat when the fruits of their labours blossom forth.

Squads can also be seen making queer movements with a rifle and bayonet, to the accompaniment of queer noises from the instructors.

Departures.—Corporal Newnham, Lance Corporals Payne, Donabie and Casson to new units. Lance Sergeant Biggs, in the near future, will also be leaving us. To all we say, best of luck.

Arrivals.—Plenty of recruits for training. Signalman Peck from Divisional Signals.

Queer Tales.—The N.C.O. who, on drawing a pair of climbers from the stores, undid them to ensure he had a right and left.

During the preparations for the Garrison Cross-country Race a squad was on the point of leaving for a trial run when the Corporal was asked by the Sergeant to detail one man to stay behind and suggested a Signalman who did not appear as though he was fit to take part. Casting his eyes over the squad the Corporal selected an individual who, on being told to return to barracks, asked if he might be allowed to run. The unlikely looking runner not only did take his place with the field, but finished a long way in front of it.

ROBBO.

No. 3 (Workshop) Company

By the time these notes appear in print, we shall have said " so-long " to three of our old-stagers. Within the next three days Sergeant Pollard (Snub), Corporals " Dolly " Duncan and " Pigler " Pavey will be departing to points west, north and south in that order.

" Snub " has at last got what he asked for, and we hope that time will not prove that he regretted his constant " ticking." The 1st S.T.C. will miss its leading " gigolo "—a most likeable individual is " Snub." A certain Unit has gained a very good tradesman.

The best that we can do in describing Corporal Duncan is to say that wherever he happens to be there is never a dull moment. Such a sense of clowning as he possesses is usually only to be found in people like Flanagan and Allen. If madness is akin to genius, then " Dolly " is some sort of genius. It wouldn't surprise us a bit to find him as one of the members of the Crazy Gang when this spot of bother is over.

And last, but by no means least—young " Pigler." Not many are aware that Corporal Pavey still holds the record in the Corps for throwing the javelin, with a throw of 171 feet, and that when he was only eighteen years old. To add to this is the fact that he is just about the best gymnast this Battalion possesses and is far above being an average hockey player. He recently scored six goals in a match which we won by 10—0. Of course, we mustn't forget his famous campaigns, at Croydon and Hooge Lines, nor the fact that he served in the B.E.F. last year. This in itself is not so very remarkable, until we remember that " Pigler " even now is only twenty years of age.

Here's saying farewell to three very good friends, and the very best of luck to each one of them. May those who take their places be of the same stamp.

I must mention here that to-day we have also lost Signalman " Tom " Creek, who has unfortunately been discharged on medical grounds. We wish him a speedy recovery to something like normal health, and the best of luck in " Civvy Street."

This Company grows and grows and grows. I sometimes wonder how we manage to crowd them all in. We welcome them all, and hope they have as good a time with us as we have had here. It's a safe bet that they will always remember " 3 Shops " with pride, anyway. We really do train them here, d you can have your choice of a dozen varieties of training.

Sport has been a trifle more active this month, and the Battalion won the Garrison Cross-country Competition by streets. Sergeant Strutt and Signalmen Warren, Tenneson and Bagwell all did very well, and the fact that the Unit had twelve men of the first thirty home, out of well over three hundred runners, speaks volumes for their ability.

At the moment a Unit Novices Boxing Tournament is being held, and we think we should be able to find a really good team for the Garrison Tournament. And now, just to show that we can take it (put this in your smallest type, Mr. Editor) we sent a team to play hockey against the Operators' Battalion the other evening. Most of the team were from this Company. The team was soundly beaten. It was a grand game, though.

Just by way of conclusion, may we point out that this already enormous Company has to-day increased its strength by one more. Congratulations herewith to Sergeant and Mrs. Hoar on the arrival of a bouncing baby boy. Arrived 1/3/41. In rations same day.

Cheerio !

NINE SIX ONE.

Boys' Training Company

General.—Major Boileau has recently organised a new form of sport which was immensely popular among the Boys and brought forth many amusing incidents. The game consisted of paratripists and paratriphounds. The paratripists being hunted by the hounds. One amusing incident was as follows : There were two Boys who were paratriphounds sitting on Druggon Hill, having a spit and drag on the quiet, when they were disturbed from their reverie by seeing a distant speck, which ran around Druggon Hill in ever diminishing circles and at last decided to approach the hill from the rear. Whereupon our " couple of oafs " changed their positions to get an unobstructed view of the approaching person. After a short lapse a handsome, red and perspiring face, surmounted by a crop of curly hair appeared from behind an adjacent hedge. The two exuberant hounds immediately pounced on the poor over-exerted unfortunate, whose labours, needless to say, had been in vain.

For this piece of brilliant anticipation our two hawk-eyed scouts Maestros—Betts and Drummer Woolgar—were made Knight Commanders of the Order of the S.O.B., and Boy Wride vowed that in the future he would strictly adhere to the axiom that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line.

Corporal Elmore has recently kindly consented to give recitals of modern gramophone records in the Boys' Club. We greatly appreciate his generosity and hope he will continue the good work.

It has been noticed that on windy days more caps than usual have become victims to the playful antics of the wind. Now nothing can be printed in our notes about the barber as these things are better left unwritten.

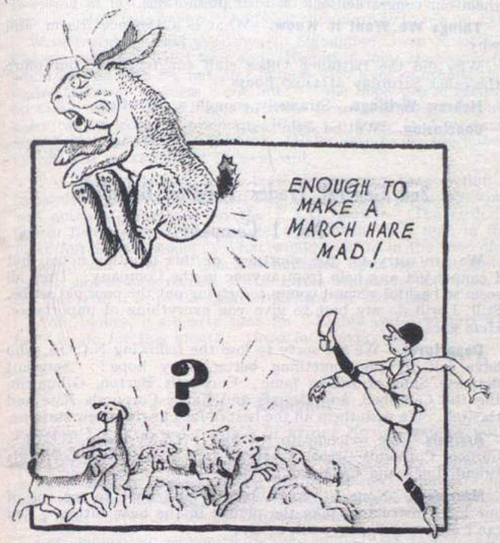
Arrivals.—Sergeant Ellis. We extend our heartiest welcome to him and may be enjoy his stay with us.

Departures.—The venerable headmaster of the Boys, namely, Lieutenant MacDonald, M.C., who was admired and respected by us all, has recently left us to take up a new post. His long term of office as Education Officer and his benignity have been long evident in his close association with the boys. We all wish him continued success for the future.

Things We Ought to Know.—On a certain fateful day, namely, 18th February, 1941, a perspiring messenger boy rushed into the Company Office with a yellow buff envelope clasped in his hand. Immediately a search ensued for one of the highly honoured occupants of Sitting Room No. 4, who was found packing his kit for posting. This rather disturbed individual tore down the stairs to the Company Office, where he was received by the Sergeant-Major, who was holding the office spellbound with one of his popular (?) gripping seances. The cause of all this trouble (with two stripes on his arm), with trembling fingers tore open the buff envelope, his anxious eyes scanned the wording eagerly and discovered he was a father, sorry, an uncle ! After this and until he was posted the proud uncle never had a moment's respite from being called by his new handle. For the benefit of our less-informed readers, we quote the time-honoured phrase " No linnet, no pack drill."

Things We Want to Know.—Hare—Beagles—Major ?

What happened on 1st March ? Can our B.M. please explain ? (See illustration.)



When is the Sergeant-Major going to wangle breakfast in bed for the O.C.T.U. Candidates ?

Who was the Boy who thought " Rex " on a penny was the King's surname ?

Sport.—RUNNING.—The Boys' trainer-runner, Corporal Blades T. (41 years plus) trained the Boys who took ten places in the Battalion Trial. We then concentrated on the Garrison Team Run, and with the aid of fine weather we won this event. Sergeant Boy Royle ran very well to finish first, Sergeant Strutt (No. 3 (Workshops) Company) came second, and Signalman Bagwall (No. 4 (M.T.) Company) came third, so that the G.T.T.B. with ten of the Boys' Company running, put up a fine show to win the Garrison Trophy. The runners were : Sergeant Worsley, Corporal Blades (capt.), Sergeant Boy Royle, Lance Corporal Boys Dunning and Stokes, Boys Swansborough, Selmes, Lister and Graveling. Lance Corporal Boy White also ran as an individual and came well up in the race. Our total points were 153 and the next team's points were 444.

RUGBY.—The Battalion played the Lancashire Fusiliers and won 6—3. They were assisted to victory by Corporal Boy Linington, Lance Corporal Boy Durrant, Boys Knight, Band and Lees.

BOXING.—The novices are boxing very shortly, and the results will be notified later.

All other games are off, owing to the grounds not being available.

AR-DE-EL.

S.T.C. Wales

Depot Battalion

Life, and the personnel of our Battalion, still runs round in little circles. As the months go by it becomes increasingly difficult to write anything of universal interest about our very ordinary, unspectacular, honest, law-abiding community. (Gertcha !)

Out of the blue comes a multitude (two, anyhow) of postings (to and fro) and promotions, etc., to disturb our habitual placidity but in " nothing flat " we get over the shock and resume our very ordinary, unspectacular, honest, law-abiding existence. Imperturbable—that's us.

To our fold we welcome a new R.S.M., and, in the same breath, do a spot of congratulating. Congratulations to R.Q.M.S. Sherrington on attaining the rank of R.S.M. and joining us in that capacity. Maybe that should be amended to read : " Condolences on joining us in that capacity."

In the rank and appointment vacated by R.S.M. Sherrington's promotion we take great delight in hollerin' a hefty " Howdy and well done " to C.S.M. " Pip " Taylor. His ex-Company wallahs assure us, with tears in their eyes and a pitiful sob in their throats, that " Pip " is a real " Pippin." We quite believe 'em, too.

A very hearty slap on the back is certainly due to Lance Corporal Joe Woods on getting rid of the " L " plates. Personally I think Joe should also get the G.M. or something for " dogged persistence and total disregard of the War Establishment." The ancient adage : " Constant dripping wears away a stone." The not so ancient adage : " Constant ticking gets another stripe."

It is rumoured that Signalman Rees—now Lance Corporal Rees—has great faith in the adage that is not so ancient. Anyhow, he's clambered Step No. 1 and we'll be glad to welcome him into the Corporals' Mess. (After he's been confirmed in pay.)

Earmarked for " one way trips " in the near future are A/C.S.M. Fowkes and Lance Sergeant Strong. By the time these notes are in print both will have " floated " to other Units. To both we say " Bye-bye, bigger binges and better beer."

Our " pocket battleship " (Lance Corporal Jock Haxton to those who have never heard) has quit worrying about weekly returns, monthly returns and quarterly returns ; he now worries about right turns, left turns and about turns. When interviewed by our rancid, rambling reporter, prior to this momentous step-over from clerking to D.I.-ing, he said, " It's all okey-doke by me—I ain't got nottin to lose "—guess he never thought of his voice when he said that !

SPORTS NOTES

Tennis.—At the recent committee meeting of the S.T.C. Hard Court Tennis Club it was ruled that the Club, would officially open on 11th April. The tennis club is one of the greatest boons in the Centre ; the fee is nominal and racquets and balls can be drawn from the stores—s'marvellous. It is with pleasure that we notice Corporal Myles (Army Dental Corps) has been appointed Hon. Secretary ; " Myley " is a keen player of no mean ability and will undoubtedly take a great interest in the job.

Miniature Rifle Club.—Each week sees an ever-increasing number on the membership book. A novel " Choose your own Handicap " Competition is being run, with a silver spoon—which evidently is the recognised trophy for such events—as the prize. Fortunately, there's no chance of our crack marksmen wiping up a full set of cutlery, because no person is allowed to win more than one spoon. Shucks ! I couldn't win a spoon—even if they did allow me to !

O.K., fellahs ; you can dismiss now.

BIMBO.

" A " Company Depot Battalion

General.—I apologise for missing last month's WIRE notes, but will endeavour to make up for it in this issue, so here goes.

First of all we say " Hello " to a new officer, 2nd Lieutenant S. Smith ; we trust he will soon settle down to the arduous routine of a Recruit Company, and will not experience too many " Orderly Officers." Also we welcome back Corporal Fulton R. O. to the Company, for all purposes. (Cheers, another " Orderly Stooge.")

Promotions.—Our congratulations to Bdr. Birchinough on his third tape. (Nice work, " Birch ").

D.I.s Special.—" Local clerk makes good." Nice work, " Jock " ; stick to " Zubes " and you will soon get it back. A

" fiver " you don't wear a rifle out as soon as a pencil, or your boots before the seat of your trousers, battle dress, soldier for the sitting in.

Lost.—Who was the N.C.O. who, when told he was posted to the Main " Q," went and stood outside the Odeon for three hours ?

Is it True.—That a certain A.T.S. girl wants to join the W.A.A.F.s, because khaki doesn't match her eyes ?

Expectations.—Who was the N.C.O. who, when asked by his Company Commander if he had just been for a five-mile run, said, " No, sir ; I'm sweating on another tape " ?

Enemy Action.—The " stork " has been dive-bombing again. Our congratulations to Corporal Foulkes E. R. on the birth of a daughter. Both getting along nicely, thank you ! (We hear he buys the " Daily Mirror " each day.)

Poem.—

Onward, onward, do they rush,
Onward, through the snow and slush ;
Goggles blurred by muddy spray,
A chain that breaks five times a day.

Onward, through the hills and dells,
Up embankments, down steep fells ;
Striving to keep both wheels on deck ;
Mind the bumps, and watch your neck.

Onward, soaked through every stitch,
Off the road and into ditch ;
Such is the life of brave men three,
D.R.s someday, who knows, maybe.

R.O.F.

Agony.—" Sparrer " Watson would like to hear from any old 2nd Div. wallahs. Write "A" Company, 2nd S.T.C.

JIMMY F.

"C" Company Depot Battalion

General.—Greetings, fellow slaves. Once again this Company " shakes " the entire universe by appearing in print again. There is little to report, though Wallace is desolate at the loss of " Charley " Burns. (Ex-N.C.O.s' Courses note.) He has left us for the A.M.P.S. Remarks about the weather are censored, but many a recruit sitting round a fire has been heard to mutter in his beard " Roll on the burning heat of the Western Desert." Yes, sir, Yorkshire in the throes of winter couldn't be worse. Well, not very much. But on to more cheery topics.

The N.C.O.s enjoyed a dinner on 2nd January in " The Vic." Some looked at the wine when it was too red, notably the senior member of our Works Ticket Office. A failing in this department.

Promotions.—These are legion, especially in the M.T. Section. The trucks look like zebras when they go out these days, but congratulations to these new N.C.O.s ; may their further promotion be rapid. Congratulations also to Sergeant Plummer O. W. (ex-India), who thought that two pips were better than three stripes. Mr. Plummer has left us for 2nd Holding Battalion.

Arrivals.—Lance Sergeant Rushman has returned to the fold after a spell of duty with some very secret people who come from the skies. Mr. Parry returned to us after a few days in another unit. He now commands M.T. Section.

Departures.—Lieutenant Bronner has left for a very mystic land that bears the title of " Civvy Street." Many others would like to join him there. Good luck in your new vocation, sir. We wish all the others who have left us the best of luck in their new Units.

H.Q. Section.—It is left to us to have the honour of congratulating Mr. Hayes, our second-in-command, on becoming Captasn Hayes. Nice work, sir. We have little else to report. The fitters still turn them out as fast as the drivers turn them in.

D.R. Section.—We still manage to make our 250s perform marvels. Lance Corporal Mutton F. felt that the call of the drill square was greater than that of M/C Boys and has now become a " goon-driller " in one of the drill Companies. Well, this is all. Our salaams to ex-Sectionites.

M.T. Section.—Mr. Bronner has left us and now Lieutenant Parry is at the helm. Otherwise there is little else to report. True we have many new Lance Corporals in our midst and offer them our congratulations on their promotions.

Things We Want to Know.—What is a Defence Alarm, and why ?

Why did the Battalion Office staff congregate in our office the other Saturday at 11.00 hours ?

Hebrew Writings.—Strangely enough a nil return.

Conclusion.—Will be seein' ya'.

PEJON.

2nd General Trades Training Battalion

No. 1 Company

We are sorry for the shortness of this month's notes, but I cannot get any help from anyone in the Company. They all seem so bashful when it comes to helping out the poor old scribe. Still, I will do my best to give you everything of importance. Here goes !

Departures.—We are sorry to lose the following N.C.O.s, who have left us for something better—they hope ! : Sergeant (Smoky) Sims of Indian fame ; Corporals Burton, Gilmartin, Big Bill Campbell, and Pearce, and Lance Corporals Kite and Haswell. We wish them all the best of luck at their new stations.

Arrivals.—We welcome to the fold : S.S.M. Kelly, C.Q.M.S. Garden, Corporals Green, Freeman and Ross, Lance Corporals Brand, Luck and Callaghan.

Marriages.—None to report, but we still hope to see one of our P.T. Instructors take the plunge in the near future. You can't always get away with it, G. !

Flashes.—We are sorry to announce the loss of two of our most important men. C.S.M. Taylor has moved over from us to the Depot. The whole Company will most certainly miss you, sir. The other is our Pay N.C.O.—no more big pays for the Company now ! Still, all the best Jock. Our loss is their gain.

Howlers.—Instructor to pupil on P.L. Training : " What is a spur ? " Pupil : " It is a thing that the cavalry use to make their horses move ! "

That's all for now, fellas, so—so long !

No. 3 Company

Monday, 10th March, and all's we——, or is it ? Notes must be in to-morrow and, as per usual, of course, they've been completely forgotten until the last minute. So——all right, all right ! Scotty has just been inquiring " why the —— don't you get on wi' it, instead o' muckin' abart ? " So——'ere goes !

Of course, everybody is always saying how busy they are, even if they *do* spend most of the day keeping out of the way ! But one portion at least of the Company has earned its pay during the past month. No, I don't mean the Fitters. I refer, of course, to the Company Office Staff and Q.M. ; that cheery band of heroes who totally disregard all union rules and work far into the night, to ensure the smooth running and marvellous organisation of the Company.

Well, I don't know that all this means anything, but it has been suggested that ex-3 Companyites would like to know some of the people now holding down jobs " on the Staff," so this month we'll introduce you to the Company Brains.

First and foremost is our genial O.C.—Captain A. G. S. Smith, R./Signals—who combines the patience of Job and the wisdom of Solomon in running the Company. He is ably supported by 2nd Lieutenants A. R. Dark, H. Mitchell and J. Rogers. The last-named has not been with us very long, but he has already made his mark—" the hair of the head " is being worn much shorter by most members of the Company than it was a month or so ago ! Even Sergeant Bentley's flaxen curls have suffered ! Next month we will bring to your notice some of the N.C.O.s.

We are able to offer a few congratulations again this month. Lance Corporals Barron N., Ayling A., and Scales S., have joined

the union of one-stripers—may you soon be paid for your tapes, pals.

We would like to congratulate C.Q.M.S. Saunders H. on receiving at last the " rudigor " for eighteen years' continuous service. How long have you had that ribbon ready to sew on, Q.?

With regret we said good-bye to Signalman Owen R. of the Company Office a short time ago. He put in some sterling work while he was with us, but, in common with a lot of others, this Cadre turnover business " got 'im ! " We hope you're getting on O.K., Bob ; don't forget to write to us sometimes. In his place we welcome Signalman Hilder C., from — Command Signals ; or, at least, we hope so. Hilder hasn't officially joined us yet, but we trust that he soon will.

It is frequently said that truth is stranger than fiction—certainly it is quite as humorous. The other day the following was actually overheard on the P.A.D. parade. The Orderly Officer had inspected the parade, and turning to a man in the First Aid Squad, asked :" What would you do in the case of a broken collar bone ? " Quick as lightning came back the reply, from a not-so-new recruit of the Fitter Section : " Remove it, sir, and send it in to the Quartermaster ' for exchange ! ' "

Well, blokes, it's nearly time for " Lights Out," so this will have to do for this month. Good luck, everybody !

L.H.

No. 4 Company

When I was offered the task of writing No. 4 Company notes as an alternative to seven days C.B., somewhat naturally I jumped at this lighter imposition. However, on reflection, I recall that a comprehensive history of our " shower " has been compiled by a far worthier scribe, so I will confine myself to a brief survey of changes in personnel.

Last month we welcomed to the Company as T.M.O., Lieutenant F. Bramley. It has been noticed that the paraffin consumption has exceeded that of the petrol for the past month ! Sorry as we were to say good-bye to C.S.M. Colmar, who has been promoted to R.Q.M.S., 2nd Operators' Battalion, we are glad to welcome C.S.M. Douglas-Beveridge J., and we wish C.Q.M.S. Choulerton and all the drivers posted the best of luck in their new environments. To C.Q.M.S. Harrod and Sergeants Kelly and Bull we extend the hand of greeting, and we trust the new drivers from other Units with agree with us that the social amenities of this Centre atone for P.T. and midnight Bath Parades.

Having reviewed these notes, I have come to the conclusion that I cannot write, so we particularly recommend them to those who cannot read.

TAC.

Yorkshire 3

3rd Operators' Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

Since the last edition of the WIRE the Wing has lost many good people, among them Lance Corporal (now Sergeant) Stanley. Everyone who knew " Stan." will admit, I am sure, that 1st L of C. Signals have gained a very competent and efficient worker, and I can say from personal experience that they are also gaining a fairly good billiards player. From the Wing Office comes the remark that " The old place doesn't seem the same without ' Stan. ' saying ' Shut that —— door ' every few minutes." Lance Corporal Johnston has now taken his place, and following faithfully in his predecessor's footsteps, he is the one who now " ticks " when the door is inadvertently left open.

We welcome 2nd Lieutenant Paige to the Wing. He takes over the duties of P.A.D. Officer and we hope his stay will be a happy one.

Congratulations are due to C.S.M. Teeling on his promotion to R.S.M., whom we welcome to the Wing and also to Corporal Drybu.gh, Lance Corporals Lawrence and Johnston.

The Wing now has its own Bomb Disposal Squad, and we hear that Sergeant Swift has been toying with the idea of bringing a 200-pounder into the Exam. Room for practice purposes. Needless to say, he is being discouraged.

We are all looking forward to the forthcoming road walking competition. Big things are expected from our P.A.D. Corporal, who, we are informed, has entered.

J.C.R.

No. 1 Company

No. 1 Company are certainly starting the New Year in great style and though changes are to be seen among the cadre as well as the trainee strength, the Unit's reputation for great doings remains as high as ever.

Entertainments.—Squad No. 39 held the cup as a result of the February competition. The Inter-Squad concert provided the final points and though No. 39 came out top with a very fine entertainment, they had to pull everything out of the bag. Recent " nuisance orders " provided such a fine topic for the wits that the concert barely finished by 23.59 hours. Congratulations go to No. 50 Squad, who put on an amusing show after only being with us a week, and it is obvious when next the squads take the boards the competition will be very keen.

March 5th saw the Company embark on a bold venture, which happily proved a great success. The biggest dance hall in the town was taken and, despite the fact that regulations barred advertising, a bumper crowd attended, thoroughly enjoying themselves and quelling any fears the Entertainments Committee may have felt about the financial results.

Snapshots.—Congratulations to C.S.M. Cooper and Corporal Ninnim on their promotions.

God-speed to Sergeant Hallworth, Lance Sergeant Ford and Corporal Dodd and to all those who have left for O.C.T.U.

Welcome to S.S.M.s Evens and Garner, Sergeants Wilkinson and Williams, Corporal Darbyshire and Lance Corporal Miller.

H.H.M.

No. 2 Company

Going, Going.—Before our arrival here, the Sergeants invested in an electric clock for the Mess, complete with guarantee that it would " go for a year." They are now wondering whether they can use the guarantee for a new clock, as the terms of the guarantee have been exceeded, the clock having "gone for good."

Economy.—Novel and startling ideas to prevent waste and by use of *ersatz* materials to save production are well known, but by far the most ingenious idea brought to our notice is a smoking concert without smokes. If memory serves us correctly, the idea is not exactly original—someone, in long-gone days held an imitation feast—but the adaptation to modern times deserves wider notice than our own immediate circle. Congratulations to those most closely concerned. (Quiet.)

Bomb Disposal.—Certain of our picked N.C.O.s and men are wearing that firm, determined frown of men of action (the rumour that they are all taking sprinting lessons is the work of malicious tongues) and we expect to see, in a future issue of the WIRE a photograph of Sergeant Pearson delicately poised on the nose of an unexploded 500 kilo bomb, while Corporal Bright directs operations from behind the substantial cover of a Tele Ex.

O.X.

Ave et Salve.—The Company is once more returning to normal after a few ripples of arrivals and departures had stirred its unemotional depths. No sooner had we said farewell to 2nd Lieutenant Herbert, posted to No. 3 Company, then we welcomed 2nd Lieutenant Booker as our new Training Officer (humanum est sperare). And then there followed, in dizzy succession, a list of promotions, departures and arrivals. C.S.M. Tealing was promoted R.S.M. and the whole company rejoiced. Nor were the cheers relaxed when S.S.M. Raymond became C.S.M. To succeed our new C.S.M. there arrived in the Training Office S.S.M. Harris, young and vigorous, and Lance Sergeant Ainsworth—a pleasing personality—succeeded Lance Sergeant Cousins, posted to 12th Corps, and bearing his new tursute growth nobly. Lance Corporal Smith—" Smudge " to us all—was another recent departure from the Cadre, and by the time you are plodding through these notes Corporal Barratt will

have gone with the wind, mourned even by those trainees who were wakened daily by his gentle voice. And a final welcom arrival was Lance Corporal MacKay B. S., fresh from a D. and D. Course and a few weeks as a Depot D.I. The result is wonderful to behold. Watch him salute at the pay table next week.

Congratulations.—O.X. himself is far too modest a youth to write about himself, but his deputy, having been lavishly bribed and primed, will blow the trumpet. The animal returned from leave and was greeted in persona sua (we appreciate and deplore with you, the shakiness of our Latin) by the C.S.M., who—here we go again (mirable dictu) shook him by the hand (we're not lying) and congratulated him on being the first N.C.O. in the whole Battalion to attain the dizzy heights of a D, at the end of a Drill and Duties Course at the Depot. That should have been enought for anyone, but the C.S.M., what time O.X. purred like a cat, also showered felicitations on him for obtaining the best result in the Company in a recent Gas Examination for the Cadre N.C.O.s. What will O.X. do next, we wonder? Take over these notes again, we hope, and demonstrate how they should really be written.

Footnote.—It is not true that the members of the Entertainments Committee are now each provided with a body guard, carefully trained to reply with a monosyllable plural to any and every awkward question.

E.B.

No. 3 Company

Asked at short notice to pen a few notes, I trust I shall be forgiven if this, my initial contribution, is brief. First of all allow me to "scotch" a most persistent rumour. There is not the slightest foundation for the story that trade tests have been modified to accommodate those proficient in—

Spud-bashing ..	One sack in fifteen minutes.
Sterilising ..	The Company's mugs in a rolling boil without breakages before breakfast.
Boiler Llighting ..	Without coal, coke, wood, paper or matches.
Fire Watching ..	Keep an eye on all billets simultaneously, keeping the disengaged peeper open for Field Officer's visit.

Sorry to remind you forcibly of Duty Week, but at least it will be just a memory when these notes appear.

Arrivals.—At this stage it might be well to welcome new arrivals. Figures cannot, of course, be given, but in view of the frequency with which duties have been repeating themselves of late, we say "the more the merrier."

February has been a month of many changes. No sooner did we welcome 2nd Lieutenant Paige as Training Officer than we learnt of his successor, 2nd Lieutenant Herbert from No. 2 Company. Before he left 2nd Lieutenant Paige, acting O.C., No. 3 Company (during Lieutenant Bunces' leave period) must indeed have had a merry time sending notes to himself as Sports Officer, P.A.D. Officer, etc.

Departures.—We were also sorry to say farewell to S.S.M. Kelly (now with No. 4 Company) and the departure of C.S.M. Barham for higher rank closely followed. When we wished them good luck we really meant it and we trust the men's gift to the C.S.M. will long remind him of his days at No. 3 Company. Two other departures we should not omit have been Sergeant Campbell and Corporal MacGrath.

Entertainments.—So far as the entertainment side of No. 3 Company life is concerned, my information is scarce indeed. Our dance on 18th February was a really good show, I am assured; but what has happened to the Company concert party? Is it true that they are saving up something big for the present month (March)?

Answers to Correspondents.—X.Y.Z.—No, I am afraid we must turn down your detailed suggestion that trainees should be supplied with printed pamphlets briefly describing the various instruments, uses, tests, etc. If this was adopted, whatever use should we find for our blackboards?

Heard in a No. 3 Company Lecture Room.—This is true. Instructor: "You will not be troubled with cipher work. The men in that department are practically civilians—at least they are very efficient.

I SLEPT ON BOOTS



Then I still slept on Boots because all my comrades borrowed it

- Splendid on manœuvres and in camp
- Khaki material
- Ideal for all on service
- Up or down in a few seconds
- Deflated about the size of handkerchief, 15" × 10"
- Send now, stocks cannot be replenished — Price 4'3
- Offered by ex-W.O. who knows its worth — Postage - 3d.

KENOSHA AGENCIES, COWPLAIN, PORTSMOUTH

Who Said This?—"You have no need to worry about that—its 'B3' work." (No prizes for solution.)

Congratulations to Sergeant Gibson on topping the Instructors' Gas Course Test.

A.G.E.

No. 4 Company

General.—How do you do, everybody? I must apologise for the rather short and belated notes subscribed by me last month, but, being a trifle absent-minded, my action was somewhat delayed, thereby curtailing their length and subject matter.

Life continues in the normal manner here and does not differ to any extent from month to month. Our billet has now, to a great extent, been improved by the addition of a Recreation Room. A multitude of games has been provided and in the evenings the hustle can be compared to what one sees in entertainment "dives" on the promenade—complete, too, with extension loud-speakers from a main set in the billet. Table tennis and billiards tournaments are in progress at the present moment, and we are all looking forward to seeing some very exciting finals in the near future.

Arrivals.—We welcome 2nd Lieutenant Sheldon to the Company to take up duty as Training Officer. We also welcome S.S.M. Moreland and Corporal Gill from Field Duties. We sincerely hope that they will enjoy their tour of duty here with us.

Departures.—During the past month we have lost Lieutenant G. K. S. Edwards, and Corporals Gunn and Porter. It is the fervent wish of all that they will be successful in their new jobs. We shall miss you at our Company dances, Eric!

Appreciation.—Although not serving in this Unit, I have been asked to pen a small paragraph with these notes about Sergeant E. J. Verlander. He was discharged from the Services last month on medical grounds (thanks to China). Known to his many friends as "Verly Senior" his whole life was in his job of work in the Corps and it was to his own bitter disappointment that he had to go after serving fifteen years. Through this column he wishes to say to all his friends, good-bye, and, perhaps, who knows, "they'll meet again."

Au revoir everybody and happy landings.

VERLY BARRA JUNIOR.

Depot Battalion

"A" Company

General.—The most interesting item of news as it affects us this month is the blizzard that has recently swept over this part of the globe, and I am not disclosing any vital information to the enemy by stating this fact as it has already appeared in the papers. It has been responsible for a certain amount of intellectual language issuing from the mouth of our Sergeant-Major and D.I.s, and also from the "goons," who had to use their brains and brawn to remove it from the paths and square, much to their disgust. It certainly looked far prettier on the ground, if not quite so convenient as it did, nicely piled up, at the edge.

Sport.—Here again our activities have been mostly confined to watching nature in all her glory, but quite an ambitious programme is being mapped out for the near future, and I hope to be able to enlighten you on the results of these efforts in our next issue.

Movements.—Apart from the normal movement which keeps us in a continual state of "flux," a number of our D.I.s have got the migration bug in them and have had to take up tools in other spheres; we wish them luck and hope for their speedy return.

Promotions and Appointments.—We extend our heartiest congratulations to C.S.M. Crane on attaining his present dizzy height, to Sergeants Leyland and Stewart on taking another step up the ladder, to Corporal Nash R. on now having a pair, and to Lance Corporals Young and Stokes on getting recognised as likely material.

"B" Company

Well, here we are again, valiantly trying to put the Company in the news, under great difficulties. Our usual contributor has departed from the Company for fresh fields to conquer, i.e., O.C.T.U., so, without literary certificates, I will at least endeavour to mimic him.

We welcome Lieutenant F. J. A. Church of the Wiltshire Regiment back to the fold, fresh from the Course of Weapons, lethal and otherwise, but with a new wrinkle, some in his forehead, and a bag of Q.1s on his shoulders. We hope you did well, sir.

We congratulate Corporal Richardson on his promotion to Lance Sergeant. Good, Ritchie; keep it up! Who knows, you may be a Sergeant-Major some day.

Queries.—Who was the W.O. who tried to buy Savings Stamps with his debits?

Who was the optimistic "Sub." who endeavoured to get "blood out of a stone," i.e., compelled the Office Staff to join the Battalion Savings Group?

Who was the individual who suggested that it was essential for the Padre to be installed in the same building as the Office Staff—as their morals were so bad?

Have we missed an A.C.I. decreeing that Company Commanders wear one gaiter only, with battle-dress, and it is applicable only when it is snowing?

Whether the former Sergeant (now O.C.T.U. Cadet) is managing with the two right-hand gloves knitted by a devoted A.T.S., and what would have happened if he hadn't known she had a left hand?

"D" Company

Since our last issue there are some who consider that Lance Sergeant "Nick" Carter, or budding Sherlock, has fallen down on the case of the Missing Binoculars, and unless he has a trick up his sleeve, it appears that the "civvy" police and the Court of Enquiry will solve the problem before him, which, undoubtedly will be a major reverse in his records of detecting or deflecting crime.

Draft conducting is quite a hobby with some N.C.O.s, even although raids in various parts of the country have sometimes delayed return journeys, luckily some "draft conductors" found friends and even relatives in those raided areas, which only goes to show what a small world it is.

Other news includes: the departures of Sergeant "Pedlar" Palmer to his own Regiment, the exodus of Sergeant Cockerton, Corporal Dique, Lance Corporals Senior and Cook on various Courses (some already back again, with colours flying), and the arrival of 2nd Lieutenant R. B. Bingemann, who makes the number of our officers up to four.

We Want to Know.—Who was responsible for the inspired timing of the P.T. Course for a certain Subaltern, and whether the date of a "major event" was known beforehand by the authorities?

Sergeants' Mess

All members were very sorry to have to say farewell to "Tim." Kelly, who has been discharged. His loss is felt throughout the Mess, and we wish him all the good luck that is going.

Congratulations to C.S.M. Crane on attaining the crown. Well done, Tommy, and remember the saying, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Also to Lance Sergeant Moseley on gaining his third stripe.

Our motto for Guard Commanders: "We take 'em, but can't hold 'em" or "Let 'em out alive."

Best sight this month: "Ticky" sitting in the snow waiting for the chickens to lay.

Additions to Barleux's reminiscences of the early days of the Corps:

The cat which crawled under Fatty Francis' bed and died in S.T.C., H.Q.
"Twink," the B.M.'s spaniel, prolific with pups.
The Dental Officer who came to work wearing spurs.
"E" Company's habit of collecting all the sports trophies.

3rd General Trades Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

Chaos.—There has recently been an upheaval. Several barnacles have broken away from us in the past few weeks (Jock Short, Busty Barker and Joe Binks are just examples of the deletions made on our inventory boards), and information has reached us that there IS a war on.

We hope that the fresh faces now in our midst find us a reasonable set of guys, and that they haven't heard all our pet yarns before. Several sufferers of long standing have been heard hoping that our Gripper No. 1 will not waste time in tackling the latest arrivals.

Bravery.—Our hearty congratulations to Lance Sergeant Lloyd M., who teamed up in double harness at the beginning of March, 1941.

Distinguished Conduct.—Gasps of amazement echoed throughout the Unit on the morning of 13th March, 1941. Reason—the previous night the W.O.s and Sergeants' Mess had held a dance, but in spite of this, all the august persons had their noses to the grindstone, and none resorted to A.F.'s B. 256.

Tally Ho!—Sergeant Paddy Hawthorne would welcome unwanted rat traps of any age or make. A prize of one onion, one lemon and an egg will be awarded the first innocent "goon" who dares to ask the aforementioned ferocious warrior whether the traps are to catch the rats "going in" or "coming out."

Jews' Mail.—C.Q.M.S. Jim Dobson sends his salaams to 49th Divisional Signals and asks his pals of that Unit to communicate with him.

No. 1 (Line) Company

Is My Face Red?—Is it true that a "Quarter bloke," whose name would suggest that he is a tiller of the land, found so great a pleasure in lecturing to the wives that he intends seeking a whole time job as lecturer to the local Branch of the Mothers' Union, after this war? By the way, at the initial meeting the old so and so actually blushed, so it is said. Anyway, he just "gassed" all the time.

What Showers.—The fact cannot be passed without mention that showers are or have been assembled at this "Palace." I mean bath showers, not the showers you think I mean. It would appear though that the paperhanger has got to visit us before we can use them. Another fourpenny ticket, please!

Arrival.—We welcome S.S.M. Keys to the Hotel and hope that his stay will be a long and pleasant one.

Congratulations.—To Lieutenant D. P. K. Rennick on his step in the heavenly direction.

Lost and Found.—Smoky Hambly has been looking around for two buckets of water reported missing from 1st February, 1941. His investigations took him to Signalman Brown, who denied

all knowledge of the crime. Anyway, he (Brown) is worried no more, as his deficiencies have been made good by specials from the Sergeants' Mess.

Departures.—The Company will miss Corporal Finch (not gone yet), Lance Corporal Matthews and Signalman Brown (missing detective fame). As Matthews got away, "Bert" is worrying about the article on an A.F. 108.

Obituary (Band Notes).—The Shepherd is at work again on his fiddle. I can assure you, folks, that it's definitely untrue that the female dancers jumped on the chairs thinking mice were about on the occasion of his first recital at the Ambulance Rooms on 20th February last. I do know, though, of a chap who thought he had caught his trousers on a nail. Anyway, I say "God bless you, Canon Shepherd. You have certainly put the Band on it's feet again." Sez you!

JACKO.

No. 3 (Workshops) Company

Hello, everybody! Just a few lines to wish you all "Chins up," and as it leaves me in my cretonne pyjamas in bed. It's nearly 11.30 a.m., and I've just had breakfast (confound those crumbs), so with a little luck and a dearth of Orderly Sergeants I can rot, vegetate or mature here for another hour. So many things have happened this month that I'll pause for five minutes' deep breathing exercises (adds two inches to your height—advert.)

The "Shops-Swingers."—Ambition is a good thing, or so at least our concert party feel, and in spite of an attack of that sinking feeling peculiar to all similar occasions, they went ahead with their plans for their first public performance. It was, in fact, a "Lusty" effort in more senses than one, and without undue boasting, we may say that it was one of the "hits" of the season.

The distinguished audience included several "brass hats" and their ladies, and members of our own Company provided a large part of an enthusiastic audience, and, may we add, gave our party just that extra confidence which makes all the difference between success and failure. The genial compering of 2nd Lieutenant N. A. C. Clubb was an entertaining feature of an enjoyable evening. He proved to have a fund of new and witty stories, which kept the audience in a good humour between the other acts. These were welded into an harmonious whole by the skill of experienced producer Alan Lusty and his colleagues, too many to mention individually, but each playing his or her part nobly in a grand show. Thanks, Gang!

ODE TO A LANCE-CORPORAL (UNPAID).

Hail to thee, Lance Corporal,
Paid thou never art;
You're only loaned the little stripe
That makes you look the part.

At beck and call of Sergeants,
Yea, paid Lance Corporals, too,
Your duties never ending,
Reveille till Tattoo!

Your hands may not be sullied
With bucket, brush or pail;
You merely have to list the sick,
And all outstanding mail.

At eventide your ears you strain,
As Corporal of the 'phone;
Upon the office floor you lie
When all the clerks have gone.

Instead of sleeping long and late,
At crack of dawn you rise,
To open public lavatories,
And wash-ups supervise.

On piquet, too, your duties last
All through the lonely night;
Brewing the cocoa for the guard,
And keeping buttons bright.

So hail to thee, Lance Corporal,
Paid thou never wert;
For on the day you're posted,
You to Signalman revert.

In the messrooms, where more and more pictures continue to make their appearance from time to time, several autographed photographs of stars of stage, radio and screen are an attractive show in specially made frames. We hope to see some more in the very near future.

Football is still making a popular appeal, but with longer days rapidly approaching, thoughts are already turning to cricket, tennis and the kindred summer sports. League cricket is strong in this part of the world, so we should have some very strong opposition, but we too have our "dark horses."

Ambition.—(a) The sentry who held up the C.S.M. and demanded proof of his indentity (he leaves a wife and two children.)

(b) The A/U/Lance Corporal who was chary of proving his identity to a dubious lorry-driver after a successful "hitch-hike" ("can't do it, old boy. Security, y'know").

Congratulations.—To 2nd Lieutenant N. A. C. and Mrs. Clubb on the arrival of a son, Peter Francis Nathan.

J.P.W., N.A.C.C.



Sports Officer 3 (Shops) Company

No. 4 M.T. Company

General.—At long last, Spring is calling on us! Yesterday, around noon, a blood-red sphere was observed coyly peeping over the third chimney-stack to the right, past the gasworks.

Investigation established that it was, really, the sun!

Its effect was remarkable. Drivers actually whistled while cleaning their trucks; poetry (?) flowed in thick and fast for WIRE notes, and our tame inventor went furiously to work and, inside an hour, completely destroyed a "Panzer" Division (in the Sergeants' Mess!).

The only discordant note was introduced by "Topper" Brown, brooding disconsolately on the recently announced "cut" in rations.

Arrivals.—Sergeant Kerslake and sundry other "tried and proved's" from Field Units, to augment our Cadre. Welcome! Especially to that other arrival, proudly announced at the same time—Kerslake Infantus! Congrats., Sergeant!

To the "goons" who have arrived for training, good riding! May you never make the acquaintance of an Accident Report.

Departures.—Our "old gang" is gradually fading away. Among the latest to go into the wilderness is Sergeant Nightingale

Good luck to them. May they never let their pride in being ex-"4 Coy-ites" make them too critical of their new colleagues!

Marriages.—Sergeant Hunter "'as been an' gorn an' done it! Best of luck, Taff! Is it true that you've been heard enquiring for midget motor cycles?

Fun Corner.—One Act Play. Characters: Sergeant Brown, who names all and sundry "Topper," and Sergeant Black, his pal in the Orderly Room. Play opens with Sergeant Brown 'phoning in his usual overpowering manner.

Sergeant Brown: "Hello, Topper! Got the "docs" of Driver Binks?"

Sergeant Blank: "No—I sent 'em to you yesterday, mutton-head!"

Sergeant Brown: "Hold on, Topper! I'll have a look."

Interval while Sergeant Brown looks around. Meanwhile, particularly impatient and dignified officer is connected to Sergeant Brown.

Sergeant Brown (bellows like a bull!): "Got 'em, Topper! They'd fallen under the table!

Imp. and dig. officer (acidly): "Who, pray, is Topper, and what fell under the table?"

Collapse of Sergeant Brown.

In Conclusion.—

WANDERINGS OF AN UNSTABLE MIND

Greece is in and fighting well,
The Turks are shaping, too,
Rumania's morale's gone to hell,
The Slavs are looking blue,
Bulgaria's swapped her birthright
For Schickelgrauber's smiles,
But Wavell's near, and full of fight,
A match for Hunnish wiles.

The Russian Bear is pondering
On this—and that—and thus;
Perhaps he'll cease his wandering
And come right in with us?

Beyond the seas gaunt Uncle Sam
Is girding up his loins;
Freedom's promised battering ram
Old world and New he joins.

Meanwhile, who cares? The world we'll fight!
Bring yellow, black and brown!
The strength of us is there to see
In Kent and London Town.

With North-East coast and Scottish ports
And towns of Wales they stand
Linked arm-in-arm with inland forts
Serene—they understand.

That, though beneath torrential hail
Of bomb and fire and slaughter,
Our cause is just—right will prevail:
Forward—and men—no quarter!

If I pen no more notes for awhile, you'll understand why. The above has earned me "solitary"!

Cheerio, slaves! It won't be long now!

LAVE.



3rd Holding Battalion

Chit-Chat or Social Notes.—The Squirrel went off on leave without writing Headquarters notes this month. He did try to get a substitute, I'll admit, in that he asked Lance Corporal Walker—the Mess Corporal—to write them for him, but, as Lance Corporal Walker pointed out, the notice was too short, and in any case the Mess gave a party the night before and he hadn't exactly got a flow of ideas that morning.

It's about now that we look with regret on the passing of Corporal Hughes. Yes, he's decided to do it; he's going to

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get married. Pity! He was a fairly efficient Corporal with a good word of command. No doubt he'll soon get out of the habit of giving orders. Still you should have seen him on Sunday evening acting as compere to a series of scratch turns when the professional concert party failed to appear.

Corporal Taylor has returned after a short stay with the R.S.T.B.

I'm in trouble with Section-Leader Walshaw again. She took exception to my suggestion that she should play the part of the Fat Boy in a Dickensian sketch. Well, fair do's all round. She couldn't successfully play the part of the Thin Boy, could she?

Nockels—the bloke who does all these sketches for me—is surpassing himself. Told to produce some decorations for the dance hall, he has painted a striking likeness of the P.R.I. with a scale of music and "Pennies from Heaven" as a background. Also in the art gallery is Sergeant-Major Pope doing the Laconga and given a background of "An apple for the teacher." Now Nockels is doing the scenery for "The Ghost Train," which the 3rd Holding Battalion Dramatic Club hopes to produce in May. Rehearsals are going on apace. Section-Leader Turner makes a first-class Miss Bourne. Some of the other characters will surprise you, too!

My tame gossip reports that the officers of No. 2 Company have been experimenting with some explosive mixture. Loud bangs from the sports field indicate some success in these matters. Apparently the junior officer present was told off to apply the match. The first three mixtures were unsuccessful and he became blasé about it. The fourth mixture was an unqualified success as testified by the disappearance of the junior officer's eyebrows.

P.T. Sergeant Thatcher and his fellow torturer, Lance Corporal Adamson have been busy building an obstacle course for the further discomfort of the troops. Some of the obstacles are pretty tough. Only a saddist could have thought of putting a rope across the pond. The penalty for not completing the course is a thorough wetting and a thigh deep struggle through black slime. Next week we're all going to do it in full kit.

Oh, we leap and jump and spring,
We skip and run and sing,
It's part of Thatcher's course to make us fit;
Oh, we bounce about the place,
With false smiles upon our face,
While we pray that we'll get jobs where we can sit.

But there's worse to come. The arrival of a thousand bayonets is the cause of vast concern to the whole unit. O.C., No. 2 Company, has been walking about the sports field with a brooding sort of look, pacing and measuring. It is rumoured that a bayonet assault is to be constructed forthwith. Ah, well! I suppose it had to come.

Field training has acquired a new interest with the introduction of ground grenades, flash bombs, gas clouds and fire crackers. Corporal Harvey and his squad gallantly attacked a party of parachutists concealed among houses, only to be received with a shower of crackers. However, they dealt with them by throwing a flash bomb among the enemy. There was considerable complaint on the part of the recipients, but, as Corporal Harvey remarked, "It's a pity if you can't take a joke."

Corporal Hughes turned the tables on 2nd Lieutenant Easton when he handed him his own gas cloud. Fancy a gas officer being caught without a respirator.

Great fun was had by all, especially the man who was pursued over a field by a savage Corporal armed with a bayonet. Considerable map reading, use of ground, and many new and surprising swear words were learnt as a result of the afternoon's activities.

Shortage of Leather—Official.—Although no official announcement has yet been made, people with some knowledge of the situation declare that there is to be a shortage of leather. There are certain indications which support that view. Some authorities have referred to Battalion Order 508 of 15/3/41, which states that at all official functions officers will wear the same brown belt. This is taken to mean that there is such a shortage of



leather that one belt only per unit will be permitted and that it will be passed from officer to officer as occasion demands. Of course, that is only one theory. Another, quite reasonable explanation may be that officers are to be done up in bundles of ten and disposed of as bargain lots. One cannot help feeling that if this is the case, there will be considerable discomfort for the one in the middle.

(Brief interlude. "Nockels"! "Yes, Sergeant." "Draw me a picture of officers wearing the same brown belt." "Yes, Sergeant.")

BATTN. ORDER 508. 15.3.41



Officers will wear the Same Brown Belt . . . . . .

Of course, another theory, more favourably received by the officers, is that the Government, realising that officers are very poorly recompensed for their services, have taken this method of reducing their expenses. There being only one belt per unit, officers will only be able to pay social visits one at a time. This will reduce expense all the way round.

Bombast.—A Bomb Diposal Course is about to start in this Unit. On a recent visit to the piquet room I saw loving hands carefully polishing the outside of a demonstration bomb. If able I shall write later about the activities of the Course. I gather that the careless flicking of cigarette ash is definitely discouraged. I was handed a lump of curious-looking stuff somewhat like a lump of rock sulphur, and was fold it was T.N.T. There was no particular smell about it; it doesn't bounce. It burns with surprising swiftness when thrown on the fire. At this point my investigations were suspended. But only temporarily, only temporarily.

Outposts of Empire.—I paid a flying visit to 2nd Lieutenant Merritt and his merry men a day or so ago. Doing themselves proud they are, getting on well with the natives as far as I could see. Sergeant Kerfoot, of course, already speaks the language. Corporal King seemed to be doing well in that line, too! Corporal Foston looks a bit less studious than he did when I saw him last. He was on the Chief Instructor's staff then, and was all for the absorption of technical knowledge. He seems to have found some other lines of study now. Well, did you get a "Q1" or a "D," Corporal?

Metropolis.—I am still somewhat overawed by a visit to the hub of our universe. Graphs, charts, electric buttons, all the outward signs of cold, cruel, modern efficiency, brisk bustling staffs settling this man's fate or that man's destruction with a swift stroke of the pen. Yes, yes—all right, I've been in to have a cup of tea with O.C., No. 1 Company.

All this business makes me feel rather like a country cousin. Mind you, I secretly believe that they keep their accounts on the backs of old envelopes and nominal rolls on odd scraps of paper. All this whistle and tear business is like the annual parade in the Unter den Linden, put on to keep the peasantry (that's you and me) quiet and well behaved.

I don't think that these buttons really ring any bells. In fact one day, when nobody was looking, I pressed at least six of them at once, and all that happened was that an angry voice from behind a screen said, "O.K., O.K.! I can't be in two places at once."

I took Nockels with me and at great personal risk and terrific expense we got a few pictures of the master minds at work. There was the managing director feverishly cooking up the balance sheet for the shareholders to see that night and quite obviously wishing he hadn't left it to the last minute. He was a bit short on the assets side, I gathered. The stock seems to deteriorate if it isn't moved around somewhat. I don't know whether he'd been bitten by a Shakespearean; but he kept saying "Twenty, forty, sixty, Why list, Why list."

The sales director was doing better. Apparently local representatives had been doing well lately. He was saying "Twenty for So-and-so by Thursday and sixty for such and such on Friday, and don't forget twenty for the other place on Saturday." Turning to me, he said, "Hullo, what do you want? No, we haven't got any. Sergeant Waghorne, lock up the typewriter." I said, "Thanks very much. Have you been bitten by a Quartermaster?" and passed swiftly on to a spot marked "Goods inward. Mind the step." Here Corporal Reed, the oldest inhabitant, smiled a wintry smile and said, "Good afternoon." In spite of this (for him) warm welcome there was suspicion in his eye and I am quite certain that as soon as I turned my back he said to the telephonist, "Ring up Sergeant-Major Baker and tell him the WIRE representative is here."

Going to the manager's office I put in my head and said, "What's on?" This was greeted by a cheerful grin and I was bade welcome. This form of greeting nearly caused me to panic on the spot; but bracing myself for the worst I entered and said, "My paper would like to be able to tell the great British public that all is well on your front." "Aha!" says he. "Now you're just the man I want. Could you tell that part of the British public that reads your journal not to loiter outside this building with their hands in their pockets and without gaiters, and not to discuss in adenoidal voices the probable winner of the next Derby, the price of coal, and what they're going to do to the Sergeant-Major if they meet him in 'Civvy Street?' Do you think you could start a campaign for the more general wearing of respirators?" At this point he took a deep breath and in the momentary silence I fled. Passing through the vestibule I saw Sergeant Dennington and said to him, "I gather Mr. Watson saw a man without a respirator and gaiters this morning," "Yes," said Sergeant Dennington. "How do you know? In fact it was two men. But one of them had one gaiter on so we knew he had been through No. 2 Company."

Lance Corporal Long, the managing director's private secretary, was hidden behind a mound of paper and appeared to be struggling with some problem of doubtful identity. If I heard aright he was saying, "Factory Phyllis, Factory Phyllis, who the deuce is Factory Phyllis?" I hesitated to disturb him and at last decided that he might seriously strain something if I shouted "Boo!" at him, so I dropped a lighted match in the wastepaper basket and left. He was probably burnt to death without knowing about it.

Talking of lighted matches we got some startling results on a fire test recently. We let off some flash powder and shouted "Fire!" Then we went home to change. The Fire Squad



Welcome !



Oldest Inhabitant



Oh, Denny Boy !



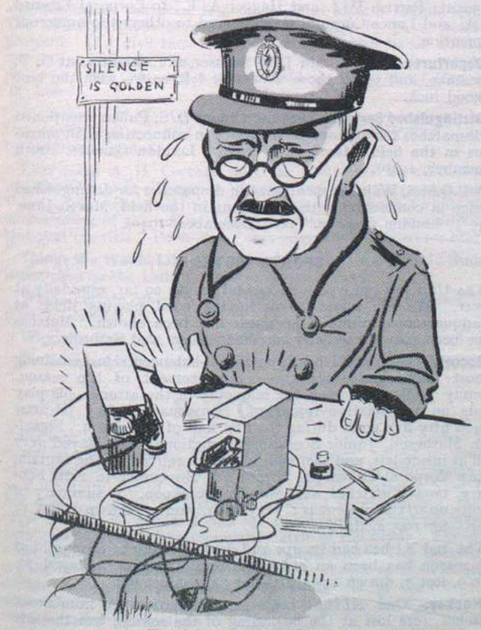
"Would you like me to wash it for you, son ? "



Not a move !



The Managing Director was cooking the Balance Sheet



The Sales Director was busy



Who's she ? Never heard of her

must have been stalking us with fire buckets. They arrived so promptly as to arouse suspicion.

Editorial Note.—I can still do with lots of help in preparing WIRE notes. Together with the faithful Nockels I hope to visit various Companies and departments each month; but I should like to hear from you what's going on in your Mess and barrack room. I asked No. 4 Company to produce some notes; but they swear they can't write (wonderful thing modern education), so I suppose we shall have to go out and see for ourselves.

Tail Piece.—

He was spotty, he was lazy,
He was dirty, he was frayed;
In his mind he'd ideas hazy
That commands should be obeyed.

With complaints each morning later
He'd languidly arise
And fill the air with little moans
And yawning gurgling cries.

He'd put his trousers on and yawn,
Then stretch and pull on boots;
Long and loud he'd curse the dawn
And factory whistle hoots.

He did a spot of soldiering
But not for many days;
And never had a proper chance
To lose his civvy ways.

So how could he know? How could he!
That Sergeant Majors eat recruits,
And never find 'em really tough,
Except, perhaps, the boots.

From civil courses he returned
Technically trained;
And in a manner unconcerned
On all his knowledge rained.

Alas, alack, although he knew
A Farad from an Ohm,
That Sergeant-Majors eat recruits
He'd not been taught at home.

So when Sergeant-Major Hardy told him
To tidy up his bed,
"I'll do it when I've time, chum,"
Is what this rookie said.

It's a pity no one told him
Where he did his morning drill;
That Sergeant-Majors eat recruits,
And their very looks can kill.

Broadcast Appeal.—Will any person knowing the whereabouts of Sergeant (now probably C.S.M. or R.S.M.!) Tom Sayers, last heard of in China about three years ago, please communicate with Ex-Bedfordian, c/o No. 2 Company, 3rd Holding Battalion.

STOP PRESS.—Men who can live without breathing.—Just as we are about to go to press my attention has been drawn to a most interesting phenomena. No. 2 Company Order No. 956 orders all men without Respiration to report to Platoon N.C.O.s immediately.

Amazing! The business of reporting loss of respiration should be worth watching! Would he go black in the face and wave his arms or would he just pass out in the N.C.O.'s arms?

Then again—what does the N.C.O. do? Does he give him a chit to the Q.M., or would he give him some artificial respiration himself, or would he put in a report in sextuple? Perhaps he would just blow him up or probably use flattering words, such as, "You're a very smart soldier—just the sort of man we like in this Unit," until the man became automatically puffed up with his own pride.

— Command Signals, Scotland

It is with becoming modesty that we make our first contribution to the WIRE since the formation of the Unit, but it was felt that the visit of Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal would be a suitable occasion for our initial effort.

When H.R.H. visited us a full guard of honour, commanded by Captain J. R. Stanser, M.C., was drawn up on the Unit parade ground. After the Royal Salute, the guard was inspected by H.R.H., who conversed with C.S.M. Fee, M.M., and several other ranks. The C.S.O. and Major W. M. Smith, officiating as C.O., accompanied the Princess Royal. Our C.O. was away on a Course and sent a message of regret at his inability to be present.

After the inspection the guard marched past in column of division and was a credit to the Unit. H.R.H. complimented the guard on its turn-out, steadiness and military bearing.

The following officers were then presented to H.R.H.: Adjutant, Captain W. H. Oliver; Major C. Ferguson, O.C., No. 1 Company; Major H. V. G. Bloodworth, O.C., No. 2 Company; Major A. H. Britton, O.C., No. 3 Company; Lieutenant (Quartermaster) F. E. Lockyer; R.S.M. Smith R. M. T.

H.R.H. inspected transport and men of one Line Section drawn up in column of route, under 2nd Lieutenant Mitchell. The party then proceeded to the Officers' Mess, where the C.S.O.'s wife, and Mrs. Shearer of the A.T.S., and other officers were presented. H.R.H. kindly consented to a group photograph being taken, but owing to the late hour light was failing and the photographer, engaged by 2nd Lieutenant Bujnowski, became rather overawed by the occasion and took some time to fix his tripod. The photograph was eventually taken, but the O.C. of one of the Companies was rather shy and failed to make it.

H.R.H. had tea at the Mess and departed at 19,00 hours.

A few days later the Unit received a message of appreciation. H.R.H. was specially pleased with the smartness of the guard and wished to congratulate all responsible for its training.

Promotions and Appointments.—Our congratulations to Major H. V. G. Bloodworth and Captain D. H. Smith, to Sergeants Robinson S. W., Cooke A. M. and Wright T. N., to Lance Sergeants Parrish P. J. and Hagger A. E., to Corporal Edward G. M., and Lance Corporal Garratt, and to others too numerous to mention.

Departures.—To Captain J. R. Stanser, M.C., Lieutenant G. T. Copestake, and to all those who have left us we wish the best of good luck.

Distinguished Service.—2nd Lieutenant D. S. Pullen, mentioned in despatches for distinguished service in connection with operations in the field, March-June, 1940 "London Gazette," 20th December, 1940).

A/C.Q.M.S. Wale D., mentioned in despatches for distinguished service in connection with operations in the field, March-June, 1940 ("London Gazette," 20th December, 1940).

SPORTS NOTES

The Unit has enjoyed a successful season so far, especially at soccer. We are fortunate in having good playing fields at Headquarters and much keenness has been shown. Matches have been played regularly on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Soccer.—The 1st XI has been a well-balanced side, remaining almost unchanged since the commencement of the season. Tommy Walker has been the mainstay of the attack—his play needs no appreciative remarks! Signalman Walley (Hearts) scored fifty-five goals during the first half of the season. Signalman Matheson, Junior Scottish International, has played very well at inside-left, and the team has been well led by the captain, Lance Corporal Brown R. From 6th November to 12th February, twelve matches were won in succession. A summary of results up to the present is: Played 23, won 17, drawn 2, lost 4; goals—for 100, against 51.

The 2nd XI has had its ups and downs, owing to changes, but the season has been an enjoyable one. Results: Played 17, won 9, lost 7, drawn 1; goals—for 74, against 62.

Hockey.—One XI has been run regularly. A number of matches were lost at the beginning of the season, but the side improved with experience. Sergeant Plank in goal and Sergeant Roscoe at inside-right have been outstanding. Results, up to the present: Played 18, won 9, lost 4, drawn 5; goals—for 101, against 58.

Rugger.—Difficulty was experienced in getting players and the first half of the season was not very successful as regards results, but the XV has improved and should end the season well.

General.—Facilities for basket ball and badminton have been provided and we hope to arrange a boxing competition.

We look forward now to the cricket and tennis season.

Unit Headquarters

Unit Headquarters! What dreams the average recruit has of belonging to the chosen few therein. An ideal life, no more guards, duties, parades to be performed, an "old sweat's" paradise. Alas! I was innocent enough to believe that once, but now I sit and brood, a disillusioned, cynical scribbler. Things are not what they were. In these days of blitzkriegs one expects P.A.D. fiends, debris maniacs and fire-ooglers to appear, but why should the majority of them materialise from U.H.Q.? Can it be that some misguided person still imagines that an Orderly Room closes promptly at 5 o'clock and we all toddle off to the pictures. It's a hard world, gentlemen, a very hard world.

Having stated the chief grievance of the Section, let me survey the host of talent composing it. First and foremost, Captain W. H. Oliver, the Adjutant. Perhaps he hasn't been long with us yet, but anyway so far I have not seen him really irate. This is only a little short of a miracle—many an officer has gone mad sitting in that very chair. Seriously though, we enjoy working under him and hope that his stay with us will be a long one.

The "Q" staff, headed by Lieutenant Lockyer and supported by the rotund R.Q.M.S. Crone L. F., have been going great guns; what they can't get officially they get unofficially.

The recent addition of "M" Section to U.H.Q. brings us more in contact with this oddly-attired, extremely hard-working gang, ably led by Lieutenant (T.M.O.) H. M. Webster (music—"Last Round-Up"). Next comes the R.S.M.; some say he was born in the Army. Anyway, he does know his "stuff," and woe betide the poor fool creeping in after "Lights Out." The Orderly Room Sergeant, one Burbidge F. J., a ticklish problem. If I give him a bad character I shall be on amendments to "King's Regs." all next week. Actually, we are lucky—a swell chap and a good organiser; why aren't they all like him?

Lieutenant P. E. Orton, our Headquarters Subaltern, has temporarily left us, and his clerical work is being kept going by Sergeant Punter.

Lieutenant A. H. Cortez-Leigh, the gentleman we all depend on—the Officer-in-Charge of Messing, and recently posted from U.H.Q., but still officiating in that capacity. Space forbids the enumerating of this officer's other responsibilities, but can it be true that the title "Pooh-Bah" was originally intended for him?

Things We Would Like to Know.—Why the Unit Orderly Room is regarded as the Unit Telephone Booth?

Why a certain officer is advertising for a cat, with the description of "Neuter"?

Why the Y.M.C.A. Mobile Canteen has been "warned-off"?

Do Company Clerks read Orders?

No. 2 Company

Perhaps, as part of the foreword, it would be better to enumerate the Sections forming the Company. First we have H.Q., consisting of a few persons of Lilliputian dimensions—a scoundrelly lot of whom the less said the better. Next in line comes — D.R., a first-class crowd of fighting men; then there is — D.R., whom I had led to understand had partaken with great valour in the renowned battle of the Clyde. For our third, there is — W/T, who we will couple with —T.O. Section; a close-mouthed lot these, and little is known of their shady doings, so we will pass them over in favour of the recently arrived T.O. Sections—in my opinion a pretty hopeless crew, mainly staffed by invalids.

Now for our officers. Firstly, Major Bloodworth, an all-round sportsman in every way; no scandal being available we will pass on to Captain Stanser, now departed from our midst, remembered by all for his benevolence during the Christmas period. Next Captain Bale; it cost him a small fortune last time we were out route marching. Then there is Captain Beattie, the "Sparks King"—a retiring individual—again defamation is frustrated. From here we pass to 2nd Lieutenant Waddleton, a "Cantab" whose walk fails to belie his name. Next in the list is 2nd Lieutenant Drew; he once claimed that he was wise to all the tricks of the other ranks—I wonder? The others, 2nd Lieutenants Wilson and Allen, are recent arrivals who have, I am afraid, hidden their lights under bushels in such a manner that nothing to their disadvantage is yet known.

Our most recent arrival is now known to his intimates as "Puncher"; famous first words on this occasion were "nah git this," pronounced with an accent far removed from Aberdonian; in fact, when asked about the presence or otherwise of the Old Bailey he looked aghast at his questioner, saying, "Gor blimey, owja guess?" Keep up the good work, "Puncher," the boys are with you, but for heaven's sake the next time you borrow a forage cap, don't get an eight; the last one threatened to envelope you at any moment.

Recently the Sergeants' Mess held an "At Home" Night, to which all Junior N.C.O.s were invited—thoroughly good fun. The evening opened quietly with darts, table tennis, etc., being earnestly contested, but after an hour or so, during which the Sergeants' score was rapidly descending to lower levels, a sort of communal gathering developed, in which various experiences, personal and otherwise, were related. Sergeant "Jake" Jarvis' rendering of "Salome" was a little inarticulate, due to his consuming of ham sandwiches and liquid refreshment at the same time.

At the last No. 3 Company dance a knockout competition was held, culminating in a wheelbarrow race, in which the male partner was the wheelbarrow. Who was the officer who reversed the principles of the game by seizing his partner, a pretty A.T.S. girl, by the ankles and rapidly propelling her across the floor?

In conclusion, we tender our best wishes to the personnel of Nos. — and — T.O. Sections, wherever they may be; your recent departure from the homestead has left a peculiar air of loneliness.

No. 3 Company

Our notes this month must of necessity be a trifle sketchy. Reason—and apology—being that the writer has been footslogging and brain-cramming on a D. and D. Course at the Depot Battalion for the past thirty-one days.

In a two-hour snoop for news—the WIRE dead-line has gone by two days now—some very interesting facts have, however, been gathered together.

We may be challenged if we say that No. 3 Company supplies most of the football talent for the Unit Soccer teams. In fact we've been challenged over it before now, so just to put the matter beyond all doubt, an Inter-Company Competition was arranged. In the first game we showed that No. 1 Company wasn't so hot. We won 2—1, and this, mark you, without the assistance of Scotland's own Tommy Walker, who was elsewhere engaged on the day in question. So now we are sitting back resting on our laurels waiting for a Company to choose their ill-fated day and thus put this talent question beyond all doubt. Can it be that this rise to fame coincided with the transfer of 2nd Lieutenant Pole to our "camp"? At any rate, since that day we have never looked back, and his expert opinion is that the competition is as good as in the No. 3 Company kit bag.

Whilst talking of football, we ran yet another of our famous dances during the writer's absence. I'm told that C.S.M. Duncan excelled himself on this occasion. The wall decorations were even more decorative, the novelties more novel, and the "interior" decorations in the bar just as varied as usual. The customary good time was had by all.

Congratulations are due to Lance Sergeant Jeffers, who left us this month for a brief spell at an I.T.C. before going on to an O.C.T.U. Jeff's off to be a Gordon Highlander officer, and he

takes with him our very best wishes. Not quite so far in the commission stage are Corporal Edwards, Signalmen Dunnan, Mouat, Devlin and McLeod. They are all waiting to go before the Command Interviewing Board. To all of them we wish the best of luck.

Lance Corporal Gosden is still in the throes of a D. and D. Course, and Lance Sergeant Henderson has returned from ditto minus the soles of two pairs of boots.

The Company wish all the best to those who have been lost to us.

London District Signals

Headquarters Section

Although it is not really our fault, we feel that an apology is due to those of our readers who are optimistic enough to expect a balanced account of the activities of all the various components of the Unit's best Section. We have done our best to wheedle the shy Fitters from their shells and to unearth some of the secrets of the cookhouse, but all in vain. Publicity, it appears, is a privilege desired by few, and so we are thrown back on the unfortunate clerks to provide " copy " for this column.

For once, however, they also have little to say for themselves. It has been a peaceful, uneventful month. " Quarter " Muir duly retired to his super Course, first news of which was given exclusively in this column by your correspondent last month. We have not heard how he is enjoying himself, but it is rumoured that the C.O. is somewhere in the same vicinity, presumably to keep an eye on him.

For the rest of the clerks, it has been the normal, steady grind under the grim eye of their taskmaster, the Adjutant (I shall probably get disrated for that). In between-times they have been exhilarated to witness Sergeant Alexander digging up everything within sight and sowing seed with a carefree and lavish hand. Some of his camouflage effects will no doubt be much appreciated by the enemy raiders, but he is so serious about it all that he is contemplating an " Onion Guard " (one N.C.O. and forty men), armed with Tommy guns to protect his onions should they ever appear above the sod.

Fitter Cope was so impressed by the whole thing that, of his own accord, he " decarbonised " the rose beds at his billet—a self-imposed fatigue which was viewed by some of his colleagues with apprehensive disapproval.

Incidentally, congratulations are due to another Fitter, Lance Corporal Burton, now on a Course consequent on his first tape. Courses, in fact, are quite the fashion these days, and the cookhouse is somewhat depleted with both Eaton and Hicks away at the same time. By the time they return, a little pate de foie gras should not be beyond the capabilities of such an expert staff.

We feel that that should be all for this month. Our crack in the last issue about the roof of the barrack blocks seems to have had a most lamentable and wholly undesirable effect. The project is now going ahead by leaps and bounds and the Adjutant will shortly be ready to receive applications from those personnel who wish to be allotted first places in this palatial modern building. A poor view will be taken officially of anyone discovered trying to bribe one of our own pilots to drop an H.E. on it before it is too late. Still—it's an idea !

Operators' Section

March winds and many weathers are no set-back to the slaves of the morse and they continue with the good work that they have been doing. Our Wireless Schoolroom is honoured with the presence of representatives from various Guards Brigades, who are delving into the " mysteries " of the wireless world, and we give a big hand to Sergeant Rea, who has taken them under his wing and seems to be " nursing " them along nicely. Signalman Reid, who was the author of the previous articles for this Section, has been taken to hospital, and we all join in wishing him a speedy recovery. Sergeant Cowen has returned from his Course looking fit and well. He seems to have lost that henpecked look in his eyes lately and it seems that being a "bachelor" again agrees with him ; however, we are pleased to have him with us again.

The trade board this month for B.III and B.II was once again a success. Congratulations to those who passed and better luck next time to those who failed.

Lance Corporal Pafford returned from the last Scheme feeling " all in," and it is still a mystery to me how he scraped the mud from his coat in time for the C.O.'s Parade next day. Signalman Cohen is also back with us again, having completed his Junior N.C.O.s' Course.

Good luck to Lance Corporal Brewin and Signalman Arnold, who have left us to join the O.C.T.U., and may we soon have the pleasure of seeing you with a " pip."

We are all sorry to lose Captain Elliot, our Section Officer, but we all join in wishing him every success in his new position.

Corporal Hurst is having a headache these days with the Parade State, but he doesn't mind so much just now as he is looking forward to a spot of leave.

Whisperings.—Has Corporal —— had a week-end off duty yet ?

Does Signalman —— still get out of bed at 5.30 a.m. ?

Has Signalman —— seen his young lady yet ?

Did Signalman —— know that the train was two hours late ?

No. 3 (Linemen) Section

" Line marches on ! " or rather a line is reeled out, laid, tied back with spun-yarn, bared, jointed, insulated, telephones fitted and the job is completed. It is not quite so easy as all that, for when one comes up against the practical linework, one is often faced with numerous obstacles of " varying intensity."

" Strawberry " Fletcher wishes to inform us that he is still kicking. Against what ? Well, we do not know ! Perhaps we are keeping a good man down. What are we to think of our little "Arfer " Lee ? 'Es been an' got 'imself a posh batman's job. It is now rumoured he is using cold cream to restore that schoolgirl complexion and beauty to his hands (which suffered through heavy line work and constant fatigues).

Lance Corporal Ken Ward says he gets a great kick out of calling the roll on parade, and answering "All men accounted for, sir."

D.R.'s CORNER

Another month has passed away and as the sun begins to shine so the D.R.'s smile becomes more human and strained looks vanish. No more dodging No. 4. With even fair weather riders are coming into their own.

This month has brought us a new M/T Officer, whose efforts have resulted in a discarded wireless going strong again and a long-neglected gramophone NOW playing more than two tunes. Nice work, sir ! Only it wants a bit of wangling getting two bikes into one stall backwards.

We sincerely trust that in the very near future some practice trials will be arranged. Most of the lads are looking forward to competing with the army riders. It must not be forgotten that we still have genuine motor cyclists, who are better known as " Knights of the road."

After a year's tedious work on an outstation, we welcome back Lance Corporal Alf Farnham. Let us hope he doesn't get too homesick for C.C. Office. Alfie still reckons he is one of the oldest active D.R.'s in the U.K. What say you, fellows ?

Congratulations to Lance Corporal Standbridge on his recent appointment. Everybody will join in wishing him every success on his Course.

Poor Sergeant Ashby, after challenging a Signalman to a bout hadn't the heart to look himself in the face for a week after.

What We Want to Know.—Who is the D.R. who has never yet done the longest D.R.L.S. run ? How he loves to be a counter clerk on a wet day !

When is the Driver-cum-Clerk starting on the road ? We've heard almost as much as we can stand—he will have something real to " tick " about then.

Whose bike is it that has the clutch wire wound round his leg four times, mainly to attain silky action ?. Maybe it is the same bloke who always walks his bike on to the square, a promising recruit for the mortuary, don't you think ?

" C."

No. 5 M.T. SECTION (DRIVERS)

Since the last issue of the WIRE 2nd Lieutenant Smee has left the Unit and 2nd Lieutenant Barber is now in command of the Drivers' Section. We give him a hearty welcome.

We learn that the recent manœuvres were carried out successfully and that the Drivers and vehicles played their part well.

The Drivers have to attend breakfast at 7 o'clock and take early dinner now that Reveille is at 6.30 a.m. This was a bit of a shock to the Drivers at first and they were a bit dubious about the wisdom of eating at such an early hour, but have found that there is now more time to prepare for the first works parade and P.T. Anyhow, " first come, first served " or " the early bird catches the worm."

The mention of birds calls to mind our " mystery " driver of the Pigeon Service, L. Pratt. It is rumoured that Pratt is now quite a " bird fancier "—or rather a pigeon fancier. He is usually to be seen " filling up " his bird cage in the early hours of the morning and if one is lucky they will see him again in the late evening " emptying " his bird cage. During the day he travels " round and round " with his " birds "—who knows where ? Nice work, Pratt ; keep it up.

What was Driver Williams doing the other day with " two pennyworth " of putty and a paint brush ?

Who did go to —— to collect stores ? Every Driver is asking the question. The mystery was solved a couple of days later when Driver Bright turned up " out of the blue " with his van loaded with " stuff."

Until next issue, cheerio !

JNO.

PHYSICAL TRAINING AND RECREATION

General.—" Is there any man on parade who has not been for a road run with his respirator on ? " Most of us have heard this question asked by Sergeant-Instructor Rendell when on P.T., and many of us have flinched under it ! Anyway, no matter what our views may be on the subject, or whatever our opinions of our Sergeant-Instructor, we must realise the benefit of such exercise. Running in one's gas mask is a real practical test for stamina, and such a test that should be carried out while we have the time to do so.

RECRUITING MARCH—LONDON DISTRICT SIGNALS



[By kind permission of Planet News, Ltd.

Afternoon parades are quite jolly affairs on the "Square," especially when it's bright and sunny! Basket ball or football is after played by those attending these parades.

What of "C" Relief? It is putting up a glorious fight to survive (or escape) the ten o'clock parades, specially arranged for the men working on that shift. "Where do those naughty Don R.'s get to?"

The attention of all ranks is drawn to the fact that "Voluntary Parades" are now held nightly, between 17.30 and 18.30 hours in the Riding School. There is always an Instructor in attendance and training includes basket ball, boxing, wrestling, unarmed combat, vaulting, squash, etc.

Good hunting to Signalman "Billy" May, who is at present attending a three-week Course at the local A.P.T.C. Camp.

We have salvaged miles and miles of "old rope," which makes excellent skipping ropes. Many have already been distributed to some of the Sub. Areas, and more are on the way. Lance Corporal Putnam is busy cutting and whipping the rope ends, and soon hopes to pass the "99" mark!

After months of patient waiting our Ack 1's have now got their official "Blue Serge P.T. Trousers." I think we must unanimously agree they look more efficient in them.

Football.—Our recent fixture results have not been any too encouraging, but we hope to make up for that in the near future. During the month we lost against 2nd Air Formation Signals and 1st H.Q. Signals.

In a match The Officers v. The Sergeants' Mess, the latter won by 6—2. Lance Corporal Turner was an excellent referee, for he spotted no "fouls" or "off-sides" during the whole of the game. All those participating enjoyed the game very much. Outstanding play was seen from 2nd Lieutenant Kovachich, 2nd Lieutenant Rapsy, and Captain Calvert. It was unfortunate that our Commanding Officer was unable to play.

The 1st H.Q. Signals proved perfect hosts after the match with them. They gave our team an excellent tea, and invited them to their dance afterwards. A most enjoyable evening was had by all.

What about the Corporals and Lance Corporals challenging the Sergeants? Come on now!

We have a forthcoming fixture—a Coldstream Guards Battalion—which should prove very exciting.

Rugby.—The Coldstreamers certainly gave us a good licking in our last match with them. We must put up a better show when we meet the IX Corps Signals.

Boxing.—As the last words about our tournament, let us say that we consider it a good effort on the part of all the competitors. Our thanks to all those folk who kindly supported us. It is proposed to hold a short wrestling contest, after which the Commanding Officer will present the medals to the finalists of the boxing.

Squash.—Just a reminder that rackets are available, and we are glad to see more men learning to play this fast and exciting game.

FIRST BOXING TOURNAMENT

ENTHUSIASM GREETS SPORTING VENTURE

GALLANT LOSERS

The P.T. parade was enjoying itself. The A.I. was hopping about on one foot and then on the other, admonishing, cajoling, urging on his gruntingly absorbed following to raise the horizontal torso by the simple means of exerting pressure upon the riding school floor with the hands.

"Keep it down!" he rapped out, giving a gentle flip to several offending pairs of buttocks.

Just then came an interruption.

"I want you, and you, and you, no not you—you, and you and you and you." The honeyed tones of the Sergeant-Instructor seemed to suggest that he wanted someone. "Blimey, what have I done now?" was the prevalent thought. Half a dozen guilty consciences were soon calmed, however, when several pairs of boxing gloves were brought into view, and the instructor indicated his desire that the chosen should follow one another to the recently erected boxing ring.

It was the beginning of a new phase of L.D.S. sport, and, judging from the keenness of the contestants in the recent tournament, and the enthusiasm which greeted their efforts, boxing has come to stay.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

At this early stage our claims as to the quality of boxing must, of necessity, be modest. Many who took part in the tournament had never before been in the ring. At the same time, there were those whose fistic ability was strongly marked. The new-comers made up for lack of skill by their energy, and the spirit in which they fought. In the majority of such cases they seemed to be having a rollicking time, whether chasing or being chased. The fun caused to audience and recipient alike by a terrific crack upon ear, nose or jaw appeared at times to verge upon the excruciating. One lanky middle-weight just refused to lie down. He was lashed over the ring for three rounds, absorbed numerous mighty wallops in all parts of his anatomy, and then climbed out of the ring with the pleased expression of a cat full of warm milk.

It was in this happy spirit that the contest was fought, and it was this spirit which drew comment from the Chief Signal Officer (Lieutenant-Colonel D. A. B., and Lieutenant Lambert (responsible for P.T. and Sports in the —— District) upon the finals night. Naturally the semi-finals and finals had a more serious air about them, and perhaps it was for this reason that many onlookers enjoyed the night of the preliminaries far more.

A CLOSE TUSSLE

The fight which on paper had promised fireworks was the final of the light-weights. After seeing Signalman Perkins in action in one of the preliminaries, everyone was greatly intrigued to learn that he would be meeting in the final Signalman May, who had brought a reputation with him from Liverpool. The bout started off at a terrific pace, and did not slacken throughout the three rounds. Both men were attackers, but rather spoilt themselves by too much hanging on to one another. A favourite move of May's was to jump in to close quarters and use the right with great rapidity above and below. Most of these punches failed to score, however, the "below" species landing in the middle of the back, generally speaking, and the over-arm blows finding a billet on the top of the head. Signalman Perkins had already shown that he held nitro-glycerine in each glove, and he landed several which succeeded in making his opponent blink. May just seemed to take them in his stride, however, and on several occasions towards the close cleverly eluded straight lefts. Perkins did well in refusing to be overwhelmed by his opponent's "flurrying" tactics, and had the better of the close exchanges. Nevertheless, the judges had a difficult task, and it must have been by a narrow margin that Perkins was awarded the fight.

MEDLIN'S FINE PERFORMANCES.

Congratulations are due to Signalman Medlin for the fine performance which took him to the final of the feather-weights, and the decisive way in which he set about winning the honour. In the semi-final with Signalman Hare he had provided one of the prettiest exhibitions of the first night of the contest. From the first gong he had looked the more confident, coolly taking his time, never wasting energy, just quietly moving around, taking all that Hare had to give on his gloves. Occasionally, out would shoot his left to score each time. As the fight progressed the frequency with which the left met its mark increased.

In the final with Signalman Hodge, Medlin attacked. He brought a punishing right more into play, and his left had lost none of its cunning. Signalman Hodge early took the fight to Medlin, who covered up well. Ever after that, Hodge was on the retreat and received a lot of punishment. He carried on gamely, but in the third round the fight was rightly stopped.

THE BIG MEN

The heavy-weight final between Corporal Willis and Lance Corporal Carter resulted in a win for Corporal "Tiny" Willis.

Signalman Platt and Signalman Burnett walked into the ring for the light heavy-weight final. The gong went. A mix-up followed. Platt went down; there was a pause. Burnett walked out of the ring; Platt stayed. Champion Burnett is now known as "Mr." Burnett.

PHILLIPS BELTS THROUGH

The semi-finals and final of the welter-weight section were fought in the same evening. Signalman Phillips, since his first fight has discovered how effective can be a hard right to the stomach, and he used it with terrific effect in his semi-final with Sergeant Blake. The Sergeant seemed to have no defence against it. The first hard right straight to the pit of the stomach was the beginning of disaster for him.

Signalman Fackrell was Phillips's opponent in the final. Three times the latter's head went back from straight left leads, and just for a moment things went Fackrell's way; but only for a moment. Half a minute later the fight was over. Phillips suddenly stopped retreating and attacked Fackrell with both fists. Let to the body, right to the side of the head, left to the jaw, another to the ribs, and Fackrell was making distress signals to the referee. All over in the first round.

EARLIER FIGHTS

One whose coolness stood him in good stead during the preliminaries was Signalman Higley. His sheltered existence appeared in no way to impair his physical prowess. He knew exactly how to deal with the rush tactics of Signalman Allen, who repeatedly used a flail-like boring-in procedure. Allen gave a very good account of himself, and at one time it looked as though his strength and worrying methods would carry him to the next stage of the middle-weight section. If he had boxed as he did in the last few seconds of the first round he probably would have reached it. In the middle of the second round Higley was on top and stayed there. An incident which brought amused applause occurred when Allen, who had somehow got his head under Highley's arm, received a surprise. Higley flipped his right arm around the back of his neck, dotting him lovingly on the tip of the nose. For all that, Higley did well to gain the ascendancy over a determined opponent.

Signalman Price had the painful experience of discovering the value of a straight left (to an opponent) when losing his welter-weight fight with Lance Corporal Lamacraft. "Lammy" kept on jabbing out that left as if the fate of civilisation rested upon it. With similar determination, and with monotonous regularity, Price hung his handsome countenance upon that outstretched glove. It had a snake-like fascination for him. Repeatedly he rushed upon it like a blue-bottle hurling itself against a window-pane. And that's how "Lammy" earned himself an eye, the colours of which would arouse the envy of the brightest-hued fish of the South Sea deeps, for on reaching the next round he, in turn, ran into Sergeant Blake's out-thrust glove.

GOOD LOSERS

The way in which a number of fellows went down fighting courageously is worthy of a paragraph. Two of these have already been mentioned. The first, Signalman Hodge, receives the prize as the best loser. The other—the lanky middle-weight who refused to lie down—was Signalman Jull. Signalman Young deserves special mention for the fight he put up against the winner of the welter-weight section. Repeatedly he made Phillips miss. He was adept in the art of getting out of trouble. Phillips had the stamina and the punch. Signalman Denton went down fighting to Sergeant Ashby, who had the advantage of weight and experience in the middle-weight section. If only Signalman Cooper-Keeble had hit Signalman Carter once or twice over the umbelicus! We probably should not have had to sit through that painful final.

EXHIBITIONS

2nd Lieutenants F. G. G. Rapsey and W. G. Kovachich were well-matched in a three-round exhibition no-decision contest. Lieutenant Rapsey, strongly made, looking very fierce, using the ring well, feinting cleverly, sprang around the ring, taking full advantage of his extra weight; Lieutenant Kovachich, ever watchful for an opening, taking those out-thrust left leads on his glove, sending home a very hard straight left and vainly trying to follow it up with a right upper-cut. It was good to watch; both men put all they knew into those three rounds, and were equally tired at the finish.

An exhibition of catch-as-catch-can wrestling and ju-jitsu holds was given by Mr. J. Harman of the Metropolitan Police. It was described as a combination of all the best holds in wrestling together with a few of his own. Later this was followed by an exhibition of weight-lifting by 16½ years-old Mr. J. Osbourn, whose first public appearance it was.

THE OFFICIALS

The officials were as follows: The Commanding Officer (Major B. H.-B.) and Captain R. H. Calvert, judges; Lieutenant G. S. Hodge, medical officer; R.Q.M.S. Hale, referee; R.S.M. Wells, M.C.; Sergeant Rendell, ring manager; Sergeant Tucker, time-keeper; C.Q.M.S. Reece, register keeper; Corporal Fussell, Lance Corporal Turner and Signalmen Harvey and Pullum, seconds. Sergeant Alexander and Lance Corporal Putman, well away out of the limelight, enjoyed doing a good bit of work in getting the fellows ready for their fights.

The Commanding Officer congratulated Sergeant Rendell and his assistant instructors upon their work in connection with the tournament, and thanked the C.S.O., Lieutenant Lambert and Messrs. Harman and Osbourn for their presence.

N.S.A.

(March contribution, received too late for publication)

Since our last contribution to the WIRE quite a lot of water has flowed under the bridge. First of all we must apologise for not keeping in touch with the outside world, but as you can see we are still in the land of the living. We have been able during the last few weeks to complete our table tennis tournament and embark on another. The last tournament saw Signalman Ingham in the first place. You should have seen Driver Milton and "Sabu" (Signalman Herdman), our elephant boy battling for last place; it was a sight for sore eyes. Signalman Dunstan is responsible for the existence of the table tennis league, and has provoked the Section to keen competition.

The dances we have been running are getting even better than they were when the radiogram kept conking-out in the middle of our dances. But still we are forming our own band now, and, thanks to Signalmen Pipe and Fenn, we were able to have a piano and drum combination last week, which went down very well. (Beware the H.Q. London District Signals Band! We have got you beat.) Our thanks are also due to 2nd Lieutenant McInnes, whose untiring efforts to procure a piano for us have been unfailing and he has won the admiration of his Section, not to say anything of the counter clerks who type the letters.

We welcome to our section a fellow who has won a name for himself in the boxing ring, none other than Sergeant Douglas; we also say, in the same breath, good-bye and good luck to Sergeant Neale.

We also welcome to our fold 2nd Lieutenant Mitchener, who has come down to help us to keep the Home Guard situation under control.

Our happy little band of operators are still toiling night and day and seem quite content with life in general, except when they are trying to decide whose turn it is to take the tea jug back to the cook-house. "Sabu" seems to be quite peeved that the cooks do not supply custard cream biscuits with the early-morning tea. The counter clerks seem to be docketing a bit faster than usual. Perhaps it is the cold weather, one never knows. But they are working in close liaison with the D.R.s. Only the other day a D.R. brought a packet in addressed to somebody or other in Ontario. Talking of D.R.s, we congratulate Signalman Shrubb on his marriage. In fact, somebody went quite kind hearted and sent him a baby's nappy with the words "Be Prepared" as an inscription.

When is Signalman Fairhead coming back from the scheme? One or two of us want one of his special haircuts. Signalman Pipe is seriously thinking of putting his hair in plaits and Corporal Clarke has decided to tie his up with ribbon until Signalman Fairhead returns.

Our Line Section has been out on the job lately and consequently have to have unexpired rations. Quite a disturbance was caused the other day when Sergeant Lucraft indented for the unexpired portion of three men. We think he must have been thinking of what they would like when they return.

WAL.

Later.

Well, another month gone and this is N. calling again. The WIRE being one of our links with the outside world we would like to tell you some more about ourselves. To start with we must let the world know how S.L.S.A. managed to beat us at football. The fact of the matter was we were unable to turn out enough men for a side, owing to certain technical hitches, but by the time our next article appears in the WIRE we hope to be able to reverse this result to something more befitting a Section like ours.

There is one thing we would like to say now before going any further, and that is, we will challenge any other Sub-Area to a six-a-side match of darts for as many pints as they like to stake.

One Friday, a few weeks ago, about half of the Section moved into a new billet. Everything was nice and comfortable until Jerry thought we would like a bit of fresh air treatment and gently but forcibly removed our windows one Saturday, but we are now O.K. again, having curtailed the treatment and got rid of the surplus glass.

We hear that Sergeant Lucraft is to be united in the bonds of holy matrimony to little "Bluebell." Let us congratulate him and hope that "Bluebell" will make him shine more than ever. Talking of weddings, we must congratulate Signalman Ryder on his recent marriage and also Signalman Shrubb.

It is high time we said something about our two out-stations not having mentioned them in previous issues. They are both under the direction of capable N.C.O.s, Lance Corporals Taylor and Carmichael, who replaced Lance Corporal Brewin a few weeks ago. They are very happy where they are—one station being situated in an old wine cellar (without the wine).

We have a few new men with us now. We have lost "Sabu," and in his place we have a Signalman Hooper, who is so tall that we are thinking of having a hole sunk in the ground to allow him to reach the morse key. We don't let Signalman Wyatt out when he is around for fear of having him crushed. Fairhead is back and everybody's hair is now normal again.

We hope to bring you more news next month.

WAL.

S.L.S.A.

"Putting a jerk into it" has its original meaning at S.L.S.A. now that Signalman Taylor has instituted P.T. and that fact, coupled with the bracing air at this establishment, is producing a race of supermen.

S.S.M. Northcott has gone to the Guards, where he should be "roight" in his element; though not a Guardsman in height, he will be amply compensated by his lung power and roundness of tone. C.S.M. France is settling down to the job and his gentle tones at Reveille are appreciated by all.

The concerts held every Thursday have produced a number of budding Carusos and Chopins. Corporal Chapman's early morning efforts have to be heard to be believed, and Sergeant Hardman loosening his fingers on Paderewski's "Minuet" is staggering. A modicum of "wallop" is provided and a good time is had by all, especially the linemen who are expert both sides of the bar. Corporal Gaywood, slthough no "Plaster Saint," has just completed his six months set in plaster and he is liable to be released any month now.

Lance Corporal Lloyd has reluctantly given up command of the Line Section for the time being, and seems to have lost that certain harassed and hunted expression—but this mantle of despair and despondency has now settled upon the able shoulders of Lance Corporal Burningham, who, although at first was subjected to a "battery" of remarks from the linemen, is now succeeding into "electrifying" them into action.

W.P.B.

HAVE YOU JOINED THE SIGNALS ASSOCIATION?

1 Corps Signals

No. 1 Company

General.—Everything is quiet in the Company at present. The lull is due to the absence of the Line Sections, and the various "Duties and Details" do keep the remainder from straying around this typical old English countryside. (The foregoing is not intended to refer to "Over the Border").

No. — Line Section.—"Ye old — Line" has been in the picture of late, even if we do seem to have a few potential cooks and stokers in the Section. We were always a working Section and "wish" has at long last been gratified and most of the boys are on a job of work. The hard-earned title of "Can Carriers Own" seems to be drifting past, at least we in this Section sincerely hope so. Our ranks are in for a few changes in the near future as we lose such old "originals" as Corporals de Lacy and Durbridge, Drivers Jeffery and Ranson, who depart to pastures new to seek what! More renown? They certainly will not sojourn in Onecorps. We wish them all the best in their new spheres. 'Ere leaving the subject of moves, some of the above on being interviewed by our reporter prior to their departure, merely stated, non-committedly, that "They had nothing to add to their previous statements."

No. — Line Section.—The scribe "Ghandi" for this Section has evidently gone a "fast," for some obscure reason, and I am afraid that I will require to relate (from meagre knowledge) some of the Section's "doings." At present they are as a Section what one would say "Tosp," and are up and doing where the work is concerned, under one of these foreigners, to wit, W.W., or in full, Welshman Wilding. The "remainder" are at present under a cloud in the home station, and do most of the essential duties that require to be done, but their turn will come, we hope before very long. (These duties are irksome, "Nobby," when one has so few "bodies" to play with.)

We lose our old friend and adviser, "Nobby" Clark (you know, one of these Clarks), who leaves us to "grip" some of the younger generation and keep them in check. However, joking aside, we do wish you, "Nobby," all the best.

No. — Line Section.—This Section was, and still is, one of the best Line Sections for "everything." I know full well that other "Lines" will, in all probability, have an argument with me about it, but blame the one and only "Shoey," who asked me to write a few notes for the WIRE.

We must congratulate our various notables—"Our Ken and Jack"—on their obtaining the first foot "On"; also "Blanco" White (no, not Properts Green) on that "D," that certainly shook them, "Blanco."

We certainly have been busy in every sense, and our lads are still carrying on the good work in all kinds of areas, and on real "classy" jobs.

Our famed Cook has gone to improve his knowledge of the culinary art, and the reins are now in the hands of the one and only "Cockney Cobby," the "bug" driver. It is to be hoped that he leaves his water duties course note-book in the ——; well, you know, without it being censored.

L.M. Section.—The "baby" of them all, and what a "baby"

Held in the strong arms of "Grandpa" Higgins, assisted by "Mush" Reevely, it keeps the happy band together. This Section, as everyone knows, or should know, consists of the backbone of the Corps; and if service counts towards knowledge, well, this Section should have at least its full quota of knowledge. (A scribe is required for L.M. What about it, "Snowy" or "Brace"?)

Question Time.—Could any of our readers enlighten a certain "Binnie" whether the Senior Service do employ stokers on submarines?

Who were the Lance Corporal and Signalman who paid for "Gills" engagement ring?

Is it the case that the Signalmen of L.M. have put in an application for transfer to the Guards? What say "Hen" and "Cot"?

Poets' Corner.—This poetic effort is written by the high-brow of No. — Line Section. (N.B.—It was censored by that wizard, ex-C.D. Echange, Egypt Signals, "Topper" Browne.)

OTHER RANKS.

The private soldier was scrubbing the floor,
Had later to do the knob of the door;
To put an end to this dip and wipe,
"I wish I had a blooming stripe."

No. 2 Company

Well, I guess we can pat ourselves on the back on having very easily got through the winter, and we can now look forward to enjoying ourselves during the spring and summer—who knows how? We all have our different ideas of amusement; many, after the intensive training period, are breathing fire and water, and just itching to "be up and at 'em." But then, sad to say, there are many who would be content to bask a further while in the charms of the many seductive daughters who grace our so successful dances.

The S.O.-in-Chief visited us recently, and I believe he paid a few compliments; we at least, without actually fishing, gave him every opportunity.

To all our many arrivals, far too numerous to mention by name, we extend the glad hand of welcome and hope their stay with us will be long and pleasant. At the same time we hope that 2nd Lieutenant J. Stow will enjoy an Operating Section as much as we look forward to the prospect of having him with the Company.

We say good-bye to Lieutenant E. W. Pack, who, after too brief a stay with us has gone to a Gunner Section. At least you're built for success there, sir, and we wish you the best of luck. To Sergeant Hayter, Corporal Booth and Signalman Cowley we wish all the best on their joining the Depot Battalion. Don't be too cushy!

Many groans and much furious cursing was heard from a room upstairs not long ago. On investigation they were found to emanate from the bedroom of our Company Commander. The groans were no doubt due to the well-known methods of the M.O., whilst the cursing was—well, I leave it to you. Anyway, No. 2 Div., you can ease your worries; he is now quite fit and back to duty.

There have been no births, deaths or marriages in the Company this month. Even Lance Sergeant (Joe) Shinn has managed to survive his first fourteen days, although it is admitted that he is looking a wee bit on the beaten side.

Third period leave has commenced, and many glad faces can be seen. A few anxious ones have already popped their heads into the Company Office and left, sadder and wiser men. Alas! Fares have to be paid for this leave. Credit balances will be strained to the uttermost in an effort to meet this expense. And if that's no good, it will, in many cases, result in an influx of the female population locally. Let it here be pointed out that our boys have charm, and are not to be outdone—in spite of the "Daily Mirror's" preference for the boys in blue (the police!).

Well, I will not submit any agonies; already there are far too many.

Sergeant W. Scott, somewhere in Egypt, has left behind an anxious brother here who would appreciate a line; same address.

Late News.—Hearty congratulations are extended to Lieutenant Booth-Jones on his promotion to that rank.

So we say au revoir to all ex-Twocoyites, and although our numbers are now many, we are not likely to forget you.

TWOCOY.

Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess

At long last we make a belated attempt to "gate-crash" our way into these pages of what to us is and always has been a part of the Corps, and we hope now we have broken the ice, so to speak, that our contribution will be regular.

R.S.M. Williams, C.S.M.s Back and Hudson, keep the Mess up to scratch, and certainly put in some very hard work to enable same to run smoothly. With the arrival of some of the younger generation, some of us "old 'uns" are getting in a few "grips." R.Q.M.S. "Paddy" Parsons states that the dates and stations in his A.B. 64 do make some very interesting reading. What about that one, "Shoey"?

Congratulations.—To R.Q.M.S. Parsons and Lance Sergeant Sutherland on their being "Mentioned in Despatches." Also to Sergeant Shinn on his recent marriage to Miss Williamson; may their lives be long and happy.



Sergeant and Mrs. Shinn

Things We Want to Know.—Which Sergeants fell for the bridesmaids, and what did the bus conductor say?

Why so few at the L.D.V.? Has the capacity got you all down?

Lounge Corner.—On snooping round I found a fellow, who said to me "Why all this bellow"? I replied "I am looking for that fellow, who would write a ditty that's not yellow."

The Orderly Corporal with bags of swank,
Was issuing our Army Form blank;
His manner betrayed his deep distress,
"I wish I were in the Sergeants' Mess."

The Orderly Sergeant sat up in his bed,
"An hour before Reveille," he said;
"This ruddy life is no sort of joke!
I wish I were the Quarter bloke."

The Quarter bloke has lost brooms bass,
Said he, "I have arrived at a dreadful pass;
I'll be up on the mat to-morrow, I'll wager,
I wish I were the Sergeant-Major."

The C.S.M., with mien remorse,
Strode in the ranks, put three in "close";
"Confound these rookies, curse 'em, bless 'em,
I wish I were the Regimental Sergeant-Major."

The R.S.M., with a fearful yell,
At once consigned the troops to h——;
"My troubles grow as I grow older,
I wish I were a private soldier."

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A.A. Signals, North-East England

No. 1 Company

Success ! Our notes are picking up. Welcome to our new monthly contribution from No. 1 Signal Office Section ; like the buds with the coming of Spring, they are opening out and revealing their colours. The other flowers—being polite—are still hibernating, waiting for someone to turn their beds over and dig them out. There seems to be little doubt that No. 1 Section is " The Section " for, whilst Ops. Brigades and L/M are continually blowing, it is No. 1 Section that produces the " Notes." It seems that as far as these somnolent Sections are concerned, they must have, as usual, misinterpreted that famous Yorkshire saying, doubtless heard from our many new recruits as " Hear nowt, write nowt, and if tha has to do owt then do it for thissen." In passing, I should like to thank No. 1 Company for its splendid response for volunteers for a concert party, and to point out that obstacles are made to be overcome. Is the spirit in the stomach instead of in the soul ? Once again I suppose the " drones " will leave it to No. 1 Section, the " Jeeves " of the Company. As our Fritz says, " Never was so much done by one for so many."

We like the story of our excellent pianist, Signalman Reynolds, who, after giving a recital at a local social, was approached by a bundle of fur, tapped on the shoulder with lorgnettes and informed " You know, my man, you play quite well for a soldier " !

Are we busy ? The man who said that in the Army you work 25 hours a day is under a misapprehension. You only work 24½.

Arrivals.—Welcome to our popular new officer, 2nd Lieutenant R. D. Smith. May his stay with us be long and pleasant.

Promotions and Appointment.—Congratulations to the undermentioned promoted and appointed to the ranks as named (who's worked in the Company office ?) : Corporals Stokoe G. D. and Boydell T., and Lance Corporal Woodcock J.

No. 1 Section

A good " Good Morning " to everyone. This being our first contribution we think it best to make our notes of a general character. We're a pally crowd.

Proportionally with the Company, about 70 per cent. of us are local lads, the remainder coming from all parts. Owing to the close proximity in which some of the " locals " live, they have earned the nickname of " Penny-farers "—self-explanatory, we think ; whilst the " Foreigners " have been affectionately dubbed " Real Soldiers." Anyhow we muck in together, as proved by the fact that these notes are written by " Zeke," one of the latter ; whilst the illustrations are by " Fritz," one of the former. This Section seems to have an endless store of talent—athletic, musical, literary, and artistic—and, of course, we have our " ration " of " oddities."

We propose to introduce some of these " gentlemen " to you as space and circumstances permit, and it is with real pleasure we present No. 1 of our Personality Parade—none other than our Section Officer and Signalmaster, 2nd Lieutenant F. E. Mallett.



"Well—the answer to that is this" !

" Fritz " has sketched him in characteristic attitude, whilst " Zeke " has captioned it with his popular rejoinder.

And now here's our hearty congratulations to Signalmen " Freddy " Earl and " Slim " Davison on recently " pushing the boat off." May they have a smooth passage.

Lastly, here's a good natured jibe on that old sore, " Fatigues." Hope you will like it.

OLD MAID

A No. 1 Section Lament

(The system of elimination by which the fatigue man is " Found " each morning on parade has inspired the following)

Have you ever played that little game with fifty-two cards in a pack,
When they're dealt all round, excepting one, which someone has drawn from the stack ?
Then they're shuffled and sorted and passed and paired—every card with its mates,
Like two sevens, two nines, two kings, two jacks, two aces, two tens, and two eights.
This goes on and on till at last you come to one which is left all alone ;
The one that remains is called " Old Maid "—and I think this ought to be known
That when on parade our Company stands and inspection has been made,
Then the S.M. starts to " shuffle the pack " just like the card game " Old Maid " ;
He falls out the duty men—Line Section, too—and Company office staff.
That's " paired off " a lot, and there's left but a few, and this is what causes a laugh.
By the time the recruits have been fallen out, and the lads to the " Printer School " gone,
There's only ONE man FROM DIVISION who's left—the unlucky son of a gun,
And there's only one place where he can be sent—the COOKHOUSE, and sure as you're alive,
'Tis there that he goes, though everyone knows, it's benefits he doesn't derive,
But *he's* from the Drill Hall along the way, and he's come for a " training " parade,
SO INTO THE COOKHOUSE HE HAS TO GO, and truly he is " OLD MAID."

(Zeke.)

Bibi till next month.

" Fritzeke."

Sergeant's Mess.—Tommy has now sold his drawers to Mush for 10s. ; it was a sad parting, even though Les bought 10s. worth of cheer water for the handing over ceremony. We sincerely hope that they have not now faded away from the public gaze for good ; we hope to see them again soon in all their glory.

Two splendid evenings' entertainment have been enjoyed by the Mess this month. First, the Spitfire Concert Party, who provided excellent entertainment for our enjoyment, and whose efforts were heartily appreciated. Secondly, all members of the Mess thank Mr. Dobson and his friends for a social evening without parallel, and one and all are looking forward to the forthcoming reunion.

Sport.—During a recent Divisional soccer match we had the honour of sending Signalman Gotts as reserve, and regret that he did not get the opportunity of showing his brilliant style. Our Division got licked, after a ding dong game, by 6—5. Better luck next time. In the game for the C.O.'s Cup, as usual No. 1 Section are leading, and it seems as though it is all over bar the shouting.

Cookhouse.—All praise to the staff of the cookhouse ; they all warrant the Distinguished Cooking Medal. Why, even the Orderly Officer is loathe to leave at meal times, and many a Sergeant has been caught at tea time with his nose pressed to the window and a greedy, envious gleam in his eye. Nice work and we appreciate it.

Unit H.Q.—My remarks in last month's Wire have stirred the soul of the Adjutant's chimney sweep, and wrung forth the following plaintive wail :

A SWEEPER UP OF CHIMNEYS ; or, ONLY A MASON

There's a chap who joined the Army, in a Unit wot should be
A very 'ighly technical affair ;
But he's not been in a fortnight when the sequence of events
Began to play the devil with his savoir faire.
He's become a sweeper up of chimneys—a chimney sweeper up,
I hope I make my meanin' really plain,
'Cos when this so an' so war is over,
He never wants to see
The inside of a chimney pot again.

COMMANDING OFFICER, OFFICERS, WARRANT OFFICERS AND SENIOR NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF UNIT H.Q. AND NO. 1 COMPANY N.E. A.A. SIGNALS



Back Row (left to right).—Lance Sergeant Bradbury G., Lance Sergeant Finlay A., Sergeant Toal G., Sergeant Turnbull G. B., Sergeant Appleby J. G.
Centre Row.—SergeantWelch W. L., A/C.Q.M.S. Connon T., Lance Sergeant Proud R. W. H., A/C.S.M. Longstaff C., Lance Sergeant Johnson H., Lance Sergeant Fay E., Lance Sergeant Apedaile F. W. H.
Front Row.—2nd Lieutenant R. D. Smith (standing), 2nd Lieutenant F. E. Mallet, 2nd Lieutenant J. Rogers, Captain H. Benson (Adjutant), Captain N. J. Woodcock (O.C., No. 1 Company), Major J. K.——— (second-in-command), The C.O., R.S.M. F. W. Troman, Lieutenant H. R. Broadhead, Lieutenant (Quartermaster) S. Robson, 2nd Lieutenant L. J. King, 2nd Lieutenant L. Mickler (standing).

With a weight upon a cable and a wad of cotton waste,
He climbed up on the roof to do his stuff ;
But though the wadding went down sweetly, when he tried to pull it back,
He began to find the going rather rough.
For that sweeper up of chimneys found that chimney sweepin' up
Is a dickens of a strain upon the nerves ;
'Cos that adjectival wadding,
Had thought it best to stick
To the stickiest of the chimney's sticky curves.

So the sweeper up of chimneys, with face set grim and stern,
Pulled with all his might upon that cable-end ;
But the cloud of soot that billowed,
When the wadding came in sight,
Nearly shoved our soldier off the gable-end.
So he's a sweeper up of chimneys—a chimney sweeper up,
With darker face than these dark days of strife,
But as long as there are chimneys,
There'll be sweepers up of chimneys,
So it looks as though he's got a job for life.

H.M.

(My sincere apologies to Jack Warner.)

Query.—Is it true that our badge is to be altered, and Musso substituted for Mercury, because he can run faster ?

Cheerio !

SILVER THREADS.

The First (London) Ack Ack's

There has been some misunderstanding. Soon after the despatch of our last month's magnificent and belated effort to regain our public we were approached by a Subaltern Officer. " What do you want ? No, we haven't any," we said, by way of being friendly. " It's about your March contribution to the WIRE," he said. We sat back in our chair, folded our hands over our Saturday lunch, waited for the well-merited congratulations which would inevitably follow, and beamed approval. " Yes," we said. " Rather a crude way of covering up one's ignorance of the correct use of punctuation, don't you think ? " he queried. We hardened our face and stared back stonily.

" What I mean to say," he continued, wilting somewhat under the gimlet eye, " is that all that kind of thing is being overdone these days ; rather conventional, what ? " " Young man," we began patiently, holding ourselves well in check, " have you never heard of Gertrude Stein, James Joyce, Damon Runyon or Nathaniel Gubbins ? " He bit his lip and blinked. We pursued him relentlessly. "And be careful what you say. Remember the Sitwell case ; it's a very dangerous thing to criticise a writer these days." "As a student of literature," he retorted, " I am concerned with artists, not pen-pushers. I prefer Thackeray, Dickens, Dorothy L. Sayers or Captain David Griffith." We snorted defiance. " I shall cancel my subscription," he said rebelliously, and departed.

We meditated on our responsibilities to our Corps. . . . .

It is with great regret that we inform those of our readers who are, despite exigencies of the Service, lovers of everything canine, that our relationship with "man's best friends (i.e., dogs, silly !) has gravely deteriorated. Now since our studied indifference to the misfortunes of our fellow creatures has always been neatly counter-balanced (as witness fox-hunting) by our spontaneous sympathy with the welfare of dumb animals, it must be quite obvious to our readers that we are treading on dangerous ground. Throw Johnny Smith-Jones over the cliff on to the shingle and you're a stout fella' (chap always was a boundah, anyway), but you tread on his dog's tail sufficiently to make him yelp and you'll find yourself, within the time taken by the D.R.L.S. to get from where you are to the Cavalry Club, an unutterable cad. We have no comment to offer in connection with this delightful human idiosyncrasy other than to point out, in confirmation, that it is recognised by the gentler sex who, quick to sense any alienation of man's affections, first coined the phrase " Love me, love my dog," hoping thereby to cash in on the " nobler feelings " which we lavish on our own pets. But we digress.

Higher authority, whose edicts it is our constant aim to obey as quickly as possible, issued the following instruction under the heading of " Messing By-products—Bones " :

" . . . Commanding Officers will ensure that bones are kept out of the reach of stray and wandering dogs."

Whilst Unit administrative machinery was reverberating with the orders necessary to put this dictum into force, King, our Unit artist, drew a sketch which is published in order to show the personal interest our Commanding Officer took in this matter.

It is hardly necessary to say we have all felt this blow at the doggy world with grief and find the greatest difficulty in looking any dog straight in the eye. Boris, whose gigantic Great Dane frame was a familiar and pleasing picture at our H.Q., turned on his four feet and departed the same day that the order in question was published. We assume he went in search of " higher authority."

Mitzi, the Unit cat, had a pretty contempt (as have all her species) for official business and the war generally, and it was quite obvious from the beginning that she was a " different kind " of girl. Our public will readily appreciate the implications of this preliminary statement when they cast their minds back over some of their experience of life. How many times have we suffering males been impelled from the " ninepennies " into the " half-a-crowns " ; drawn from our favourite eating house away to a " nice little exclusive restaurant in Soho " ; or shamed from the Palais-de-Danse to the Imperial Russian Ballet at the Sadlers Wells, and all because our delightful companion of the moment has that little extra " something " which stamps her as one who has always been accustomed to something



". . . . . Commanding Officers will ensure that bones are kept out of reach of stray and wandering dogs"



The Second-in-Command sat down

different from what one really wanted to do at the time ? Well, so it was with Mitzi. From the outset she refused to take milk and exhibited a marked preference for meat, thinking no doubt that meat would preserve her lines better. Instead of installing herself comfortably in the cookhouse, where she would have had plenty of tit-bits and a bit of mouse-chasing, as well as a chance of mixing socially with her own kind in the cat world, she elected to settle herself in the C.O.'s room, where, it is understood, she had the good sense to dispense with the Adjutant's stroking in favour of a seat on top of the safe—next to the Colonel.

It was from this position, and with the same supreme indifference for which past generations of cats had been made sacred in Egypt, that she surveyed an important military discussion between the C.O. and the No. 1 Company Commander. Becoming bored (" why must you talk shop, my dear ? ") she presently licked her paws and began to wash her face, then, evidently deciding that she was not sufficiently the centre of attraction, jumped on the shoulder of O.C., No. 1 Company, who, being experienced, took such close feminine proximity with understanding calm. After some few minutes this typical scene of English domestic tranquility was disturbed by the entrance of the 2-in-C. Mitzi exhibited considerable interest, walked over O.C., No. 1 Company's, neck, paused to wave her tail in his face, and finally slid down into the Adjutant's chair, from which vantage point she could keep an eye on the mysterious working of the latest arrival. At this point Sergeant Livermore, post haste from a bed of sickness, came in to answer some important questions, and, 'flu being what it is, became rather weak on his pins. The C.O. and the 2-in-C. together made a dive for the Adjutant's chair, whisked Mitzi off the seat and assisted the Sergeant into it. Calm having thus been restored, the C.O. sat down again.

" —— —— —— ? " he said.

" Yes, sir, perhaps —— —— —— ——," replied Sergeant Livermore.

(Author's note : The censorship is the very devil, isn't it ?)

" Or perhaps —— —— —— ? " continued the C.O.

The 2-in-C. moved towards his seat, now occupied by Mitzi, and joined in.

" I quite agree, sir," he said, " if only —— —— —— ——, ——, but not too much," and remained poised perilously over his chair—Mitzi purring contentedly the while.

Sergeant Livermore was non-committal.

O.C., No. 1 Company, was silent.

The C.O. was satisfied.

The 2-in-C. sat down.

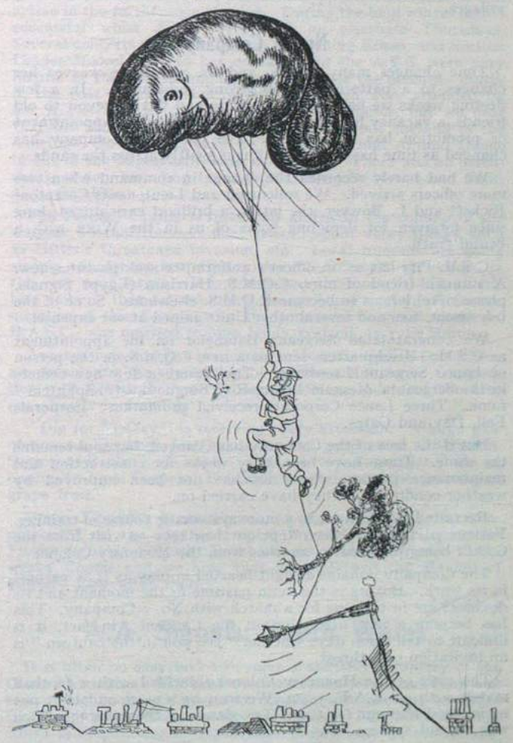
" Eeeeowwaaaheeeeaast ! ! ——— ! ! ? ? ! ——— ! ! —— ! sssstt ! fpheesst ! " screamed Mitzi, forgetting she was a different kind of cat and continuing all the way through the cat vocabulary in the same strain.

Too late she realised that it is an axiom, in good society, never to say, audibly, anything you mean, and, if you must say something unpleasant, to communicate it with charm ; you know, like Noel Coward—*noblesse oblige*, you cads ! Suddenly it became apparent to her that she was no longer regarded as a " different kind " of girl. She had offended against the most cherished law of civilised society ; she had spoken her mind. In a split second a drab process of meals at coffee stalls, fourpenny " flicks " and seats in the park appeared before her, and visions of the glittering splendour of the Ritz, the Opera and sable furs faded into the distance. She bared her teeth, spat out a final malediction, and left the office.

* * * *

Any with tears to shed—prepare to shed them now. We lost 3—7 in the Football Competition semi-final. Ugh ! Beaten by the Gunners. Never mind, WE LOVE OUR WORK. (Cries of " Hear, hear.")

An All-Signals Law Report of the astounding case of Mount versus Hemelryk will appear in May, illustrated by King.



Some readers were puzzled by the following paragraph in the March issue :

" Those nightly sallies into the darkness for the purpose of uprooting railings and lamp-posts at which the Guvnor became so efficient when the blitz came upon us very violently."

King, our artist, has endeavoured to clarify the position in the above illustration.

— A.A. Signals

Headquarters.

After the tedious process of "putting our house in order" we are now settling down to the normal routine of Headquarters. The grounds are now adorning themselves with their spring covering, making the air pleasant with the odour of the young flowers. During the past winter months we had many a charming view of the snow-mantled countryside, which we could not appreciate in our old town life.

At present several of us are in billets, but we hope very soon to have all our huts completed, when we will be able to spend our evenings together.

Recently a canteen was started. It had a very modest beginning, but no doubt in the near future it will be more fully developed.

At mid-day there is a grand exodus to the little general store, a short distance away, where we are able to partake of a cup of tea and a chat round the sitting room fire, which is provided by the kind owner.

Although we are very much in "the wilds" with regard to social activity, many of us visit the whist drive once or twice a week, which are arranged by the local inhabitants. There are also dances each week, which are held in the neighbouring villages.

No. 1 Company

Time changes many things, and, in war, time weaves her changes to a pattern with surprising suddenness. In a few fleeting weeks we have seen new faces and bid au revoir to old friends, a vacancy here and there has been filled, as appointment or promotion has been made. The face of a Company has changed as time has drawn her finger swiftly across the sands.

We had barely recorded the change in command when two more officers arrived. We welcomed 2nd Lieutenants Compton-Rickett and L. Bowyer, the latter, a brilliant caricaturist, long since forgiven for depicting some of us in the WIRE with a brutal truth.

C.S.M. Pitz left us, in officer's uniform, to seek pastures new. A staunch friend of ours, C.Q.M.S. Harrison (Egypt Signals, please note) left us to become R.Q.M.S. elsewhere. Some of the boys went, too, and several other Units gained at our expense.

We congratulated Sergeant Batchelor on his appointment as C.S.M. Headquarters sent us a new C.Q.M.S. in the person of Lance Sergeant Freedman. There were a few new-comers in the Sergeants' Mess, including Roy Bingham, of "Splinters" fame. Three Lance Corporals received promotion: Corporals Fell, Day and Gates.

But if the face of the Company has changed, her soul remains the same. These have been busy weeks for construction and maintenance parties, whose lot has not been improved by weather conditions. They have carried on.

Recruits have been set to a more systematic course of training. Fatigue parties have been kept on their toes—a visit from the G.O.C. being followed by another from the Honorary Colonel.

The Company remains as light-hearted in play as it is earnest in its work. Boxing is the main pastime of the moment and its devotees are in training for a match with No. 2 Company. This has become a new attraction in the Canteen; in fact, it is difficult to tell these days whether "see you in the canteen" is an invitation or a threat.

The visit of the Honorary Colonel coincided with a football match with an R.A.F. team. We won by 13—1, and that put us in good humour for the A.T.S. dance in the evening, which was a great success.

The concert party remains in good form and many shows have been staged for neighbouring Units. The dance band is still going strong, and Signalman Craig has not yet despaired of finding a recruit who can play the trumpet. Our weekly dances become increasingly popular.

Other entertainments during the month included a hilarious skit on everything and everybody, shamelessly written and produced by Lance Corporal Lawrence. A talented Divisional concert party also paid us a welcome visit and promised to come again.

No. 2 Company

Highlight of social affairs for February was the performance in the Concert Hall of the final act of "Love from a Stranger," during the Sunday evening concert of 2nd February. There was a capacity house to see a new star born in the person of C.Q.M.S. Mitchell A. J., who captured the audience with his polished acting in the role opposite Miss Vera Sumpster.

The story, which concerns a homicidal maniac who is brought to a summary justice by his wife, lends itself perfectly to the creation of a dramatic tension, and this result was achieved with consummate ease. It was hard to imagine that the sinister, leering brute taking such a fiendish delight in the mental torture of his young wife, was our handsome and courteous C.Q.M.S., but the transformation was complete and successful and reflects great credit upon his acting abilities.

Apart from the full quota of dances and concerts, sporting interests have been maintained by a Boxing Tournament on 5th February, between No. 2 Company and 307 Battery, 55th Regiment, R.A. The Gunners proved to be the better boxers and won three matches out of four, Signalman Harding giving the boys their only victory, with Gunner Merry as his man. Harding had a determined style and gained the points with his rapid and telling two-fisted jabs. Mr. A. Craig (Chatham Welfare Officer) acted as referee and congratulated contestants on their fine sporting spirit. Major Shrimpton voiced his admiration of the Gunners' fine form and, in response, Major Hatherall, R.A., expressed the hope that there would be a return contest. Major Hatherall, R.A., and 2nd Lieutenant Magee, R.C.S., were judges. 2nd Lieutenant Macdonald was timekeeper and Sergeant Creighton acted as M.C.

Another enjoyable evening was spent when our representative team was challenged to a table tennis match by the ——— Telephone Exchange Home Guard. The play was of high standard and every match was a stern tussle for supremacy. No. 2 Company gained an overwhelming win with a score of 32—2. Team: Signalmen Stanton, Kell, Keeble, Hall E. G., and Sergeant Green C. E. The Exchange men were also beaten in the darts match which followed.

At football we have had several recent victories and now can muster a strong team under the captaincy of Signalman Len Beamont.

The February issue of the unofficial Company magazine was once again a bright and breezy number and is now looked upon as an institution.

A new departure in camp affairs is the lending library, in charge of Sergeant Green C. E. All the latest fiction can now be borrowed, and this is proving a boon to the whole camp.

A.A. Signals S.W. Scotland

Headquarters Section

Though numerically the last-born of the Ack-Ack Command family, we in H.Q. Section consider ourselves quite the lustiest member of them all, and by our works are determined that we shall be known in the coming months.

The assembling of a Unit H.Q. staff had been judiciously supervised by the Commanding Officer, prior to leaving his old Unit, so that right from the start, the administrative work has been tackled with a terrifying zeal.

Personnel.—Commanding the Unit is Lieutenant-Colonel D. M———, whose enthusiasm for his work is equalled only by his popularity amongst the Unit as a whole, and whose one lament is that out of his Unit Officers he alone is a Scot. To counteract a too Sassenach a tone in the Mess, however, Signalman McPherson, complete with pipes and—the Good Lord preserve us!—an unending selection of—yes, that's the word!—strains!—has been introduced into the Mess as Cook.

As second-in-command we have Major W. E. Gill, late company Commander of what is now No. 1 Company. A live wire whose prodigality with cable gives the Quartermaster many a headache. As to "G" work, one envies the grasp of so much detailed work.

As Adjutant, we have Capt. A. S. Crockford, with many years of Signals experience behind him, including two years as Quartermaster with the old parent Unit. What he doesn't know about the ways of the Army, neither you nor I need worry about.

The Quartermaster is Lieutenant (Quartermaster) J. Bolton, who comes to us from a North-East England Unit, and is striving to live down the popular conception of Quartermasters. Wot 'opes, says we!

Divisional Signals Officer is Lieutenant W. Park, also from the parent Unit, whose anxieties, besides lack of N.C.O.s, includes "Gardens, soldiers, for the use of," and the straightening out of inter-Mess loans and exchanges.

Messes.—All Sections have Mess facilities. The Men's Canteen was quickly in action, and is showing good returns. Later on, it may be possible to provide better accommodation than at present, and a similar remark applies also to the N.C.O.s' Mess, which, though small, is yet cosy and compact.

Cookhouse.—The most important section of Unit H.Q. in the opinion of many of us! This thriving business is run jointly by Signalmen Blair and Rankin, whose cooking leaves very little for a decent soldier to grouse about.

Additions.—Recently we have welcomed R.S.M. Bruce H., from No. 2 Company. Not perhaps the pattern of R.S.M. we have read about with bristling moustaches, gimlet eyes and a voice like a depth charge—but we like him.

Straight from an O.C.T.U. has arrived 2nd Lieutenant W. S. White, who is destined for No. 1 Company, but who has been shown round the ground he will be working—to some purpose, may we add—by Major Gill.

That's all. More next month!

JAYBEE.

No. 2 Company

Mainly about Personnel.—Although it is some time since notes concerning this Company have appeared in the WIRE we are still situated at the same camp and going strong. The fortunes of war and re-organisation has brought about many changes, especially in the personnel of the Company. A short time back we learned of the departure of 2nd Lieutenant D. Waite from our midst, but he took with him our warmest congratulations on his promotion to Captain, closely followed by further promotion to Major. C.Q.M.S. Maitland T. and Sergeant Barratt G. are also congratulated on "squeezing the pips." The latter also has departed from us, as has Lieutenant W. Burnett, who, during his service with us, evinced a keen interest in all our sporting activities especially in the soccer field. 2nd Lieutenant H. Beastall joined us early in February from No. 1 Company and is now our L/M Officer.

Early in the year we severed our connection with the parent Unit on being absorbed into an entirely new Unit. This severance is much regretted as the Divisional Headquarters staff were always so helpful, but we feel sure and confident that the same guidance and help will be forthcoming from our new Divisional Headquarters. Whatever riddles may confront us we are assured of assistance from Sergeant Riddell and his colleagues in finding the necessary solutions.

Shortly after we assumed the name of No. 2 Company we received the announcement of the departure of Captain Sir C. N. Musgrave, Bart., on relinquishing the Captaincy of the Company on being appointed to a more important position with the rank of Major. He has expressed to us the reluctance he felt about severing the tie with this Company. He it was that fathered the Company since its inception in October, 1939. Strict, but none the less sympathetic, he had the welfare of each man at heart and his career in the Army we shall follow with interest.

The responsibilities and onus of commanding the Company has fallen on the broad shoulders of Capt. A. McBrinn, who had been our second-in-command since the inauguration of the Company. That he will make a worthy successor to our late O.C. time will prove. We congratulate him on his promotion and we hope that he will always be mindful of the scarcity of paper when he is making out A.F. B.252.

Whilst writing in this congratulatory strain may we take this opportunity of congratulating C.S.M. Bruce on his promotion to R.S.M. He has been succeeded as C.S.M. by Sergeant Scott W. H. Lance Sergeant Rusk A. has been appointed to the important post of C.Q.M.S. Others who have climbed a further step in the ladder of Army fame are: Corporals Knipe T. W. and Baird A. B. C. to Sergeants; Lance Corporals Walsh H., Watters G., Wynne H. S., and Signalman Cleave S. to Corporals. Congratulations are also extended to Lance Corporals Houston J. A. and Hannan D. A., and Signalman Bowman S. A. on being appointed to vacancies in the O.C.T.U.

Obituary.—The sudden passing of Signalman Quirey J. on 15th February, 1941, cast a deep shadow of gloom over the camp. The deceased was one of our oldest members, having joined in 1939. Full military honours were accorded at the funeral to the cemetery which was attended by every available man in the Company. Amongst those who sent wreaths were Major Sir C. N. Musgrave and the officers and men of the Company.

Sport and Entertainment.—Notwithstanding the many duties that beset us time was found to participate in an interesting soccer league under the auspices of 102nd A.A. Regiment. Although we did not head the league our team is to be congratulated on gaining third place. Our Sports Committee is still active in the furtherance of sport. During the long winter nights successful whist drives were held on alternate Thursdays. Several concerts were also held in the Dining Room, and Section Leader Moorehead and her colleagues in the A.T.S. were very helpful at these in arranging teas, etc., for the artistes. Early in the year dancing classes were held which were attended by our A.T.S. friends. "Tiny" was our instructor, but we hear that the Scissors Dance or steps brought about the end of the dancing. On 23rd January we held our second Annual Dance in one of the largest ballrooms in the city. There was an attendance of 500, including Lieutenant-Colonel D. M—— and Capt. A. S. Crockford.

Pen Points.—Spring is in the air and with the coming of the warmer weather rumours float around about many things, such as Hitler's threatened invasion, etc. Local rumours are going strong, too, for we hear that a senior N.C.O. is to be wedded in the very near future. It is a secret at the moment, but a little bird tells us that arrangements are well under way. A former member of this Company in the person of Sergeant Craig G., R.A.S.C., was married to Miss Hilda Watters on 12th March.

Another rumour that is current is that the Sports Committee are considering the advisability of having a Moustache Competition with Corporal Fryer R as adjucator. Some of the men are already in training.

"Dig for Victory" is receiving every attention. A large plot of ground has been lent to us for the purpose of cultivation. Sergeant Rutherford hopes to get every assistance. He is hoping to have Corporal Bradley's assistance in the growing of grape fruit.

Driver Finnegan J. and Signalman Stewart T. are to be complimented on the excellent report on their recent Course for Fitters/Signals. Sergeant Baird has just returned from a three-weeks' Course and we hear that he swallowed the Manual of Military Law while there.

AMBRO.

A.A. Signals, South Wales

It is often no easy task to evolve a monthly summary of the Camp's activities. The real trouble is that we do not keep any sort of log book or diary, and consequently are apt to forget the things which have recently transpired. For, after all, that which is of paramount importance to-day may be utterly displaced and find little or no mention in the Canteen gossip of to-morrow.

And so we take up the pen this month in the hope that as we write, and as this contribution "drags its slow length along," fresh items worthy of inclusion will continue to occur to us.

In the first place, of course, we should not overlook the fact that our N.C.O.s have had their first exclusive dance. It was

indeed a grand affair, and the concert hall was resplendent with coloured lights, laurel leaves, paper decorations (left over from Christmas !), and, naturally, N.C.O.s ! Among the guests were our officers, and the senior members of the attached A.T.S. Company. The large number of attractive ladies gathered in by the N.C.O.s certainly seemed to prove that there is some truth in the old song—there is, very definitely, something about a soldier ! Or do we flatter ourselves ?

After such a lengthy report of the proceedings it is only just, perhaps, to add that subsequent reports indicate that the band originally engaged failed to put in an appearance. This omission, however, failed to detract one atom from the pleasure of the evening, since for reasons best left to the imagination, every few of us were aware of it until informed of the fact next monring. We understand that several of the gifted musicians amongst the N.C.O.s successfully filled the breach.

Owing to the arduous tasks confronting C.S.M. Eason J. W., who is filling the vacant position of Lines Officer, Sergeant Lloyd A. R. has taken over the nefarious duties of C.S.M. for the present in an acting capacity. Sergeant Lloyd is, of course, one of our old original number, so few of whom now, alas, remain.

It is delightful to report that we are once again to appear on the air, this time in company with a nearby Searchlight Unit. On this occasion our efforts are to be recorded, so that we shall all be able to listen-in to our own items. C.S.M. Eason will at last have an opportunity to grow tired of the sound of his own voice, while the Poet, who has heard so much about his monologues, will now be able to judge them for himself.

Our normal weekly concerts continue as ever, and the fresh batches of intakes we are becoming so accustomed to receiving appear to derive much enjoyment from these functions. Many of these intakes are enthusiastic soccer players, and there is consequently keen and increased competition for places in the Company team. Unfortunately, recent postings have so seriously affected the rugger contingent that their fixtures have had to be abandoned for the present. Let us hope that the future will provide fresh talent in this direction.

It is perhaps natural that poets should flourish in the Spring, and ours is proving no exception. After all, as he points out, if Mendelssohn could write a Spring Song, why shouldn't he ? Which, like the poem, is rather ambiguous ! Anyway, with the Poet's aggressive, and our abject, apologies to Browning, we close with the following effort :

Oh, to be the linemen
Now that April's here,
For each morning many fine men
Blossom forth in right good cheer ;
With merry " larks " they ramble
And, of course, the chicken rolls
To delight them as they " gamble "
All around the " blooming " poles !

– Divisional Signals, Devonshire

By the Local.—You remember that this is where we have ou office. It hasn't made any difference. Our only support remains the gallant journalists who have produced the following. We were hoping that the bar parlour might be used for a literary club ; what fun we could have with our dictionaries and things. How we would appreciate a contribution from " B " Cable Section, written with a jumper in blood. (Tough, eh ?)

We have 2nd Lieutenants R. E. B. Burgess and B. W. Turner with us now ; they are very welcome. Lance Corporal English J. R. H. has left us for a Course at the O.C.T.U. ; we hope to hear that he emerges with honours in due course.

The rumour that a court of inquiry is to be held to investigate the circumstances under which one of Meredith's pigeons produced a plover's egg is entirely without foundation.

Orderly Room Speaking.—All sorts of people come and go from all parts of the Unit and not even the Orderly Room is immune from change. Lance Corporal Lathwood has followed his old C.O., and we now have Lance Corporal Walker in his place. Signalman Davis B. G. has joined from our second line Unit, and thinks that the change is for the better ! Thus, after a lot of correspondence the net result is an increase of one, which is most satisfactory to all concerned. Signalman Page Croft took the bit between his teeth on 5th February and joined the ranks of the wedded. He has not yet been successful in converting the misogynists.

One result of all this is that the office has overflowed into the back room, formerly the joint sanctum of the R.S.M. and the draughtsman. Suggestions that a No. 9 Set might be added to the office machinery already in the building were frowned upon and finally defeated on technical grounds.

The wastage of Adjutants, Substantive, Acting, and Assistant, is high, as its a very tough job these days. The latest " recruit " is still looking rather " Haggered," but will soon be able to speak into two telephones at once. This is necessary to cope successfully with the present rush of business.

It is believed that the Lines department is still functioning, but its representative only shows himself to the outer world at meal times and elevenses.

The telephone system is still going strong—much too strong in the opinion of yours truly—and will surely drive some of us to a padded cell sooner or later.

With the coming of lighter mornings it has been ordained that P.T. shall be carried out at 07.00 hours daily. This is welcomed by this department as it will prevent us becoming so corpulent as, say, the Q.M.'s staff or No. 1 Company office.

VOLTAIRE.

Circulation.—R.H.Q., C.H.Q., No. 1 Company, " A," " B," " M " and " H " Sections have ordered lots of copies of the WIRE. It is a beginning. The next step is to get them to write for it, and, if possible, to draw also. The talent is there ; it only needs to be prised out of them.

Rendezvous.—The older members of the Unit—and, alas, they become fewer weekly—send their greetings to the Old Comrades' Branch at home. We will meet you in the " Horse Shoes " one of these days. What a night that will be !

Stop Press.—Congratulations to " Voltaire " on his promotion ; even if it does mean he is going away and will break up the Warwickshire lads partnership that has lasted so long.

MR. CATESWELL.

"M" Section

We commence this month by congratulating Signalman Frank Darrall, of this Section, on his fine performance in the recent Divisional Motor Cycle Trials. His individual position (6th) did so much to assist his team, ably led by R.Q.M.S. Bill Nokes to third place. Mention of Frank Darrall brings dim memories of the old Display Team in times of peace, doing stunts in all sorts of shows in and out of " Brum." Our T.M.O. (Lieutenant Field) also did a fine spot of work for the success of the Trials in the organising sphere.

Departures.—We have lost three more of the old " Henin Brigade " in Signalmen Harris E. S., Musty and Cohen, with much regret. I think that there are now eleven of us left—it makes you think, chaps, who's next ?

Sport.—Owing to the absence of a ground in this district there is no football news to report this month. This problem of where to play football has caused many a headache to enthusiasts. No assistance has been received from local owners, I regret to say, and the outlook for more football this season is rather bleak.

By the Way.—A beautiful sight it was. A lad getting himself ready for leave. All nifty like. He empties all the remainder of the Brylcream on to his hair to assist his natural good looks. True, he found it a bit more sticky than usual and when he discovered it was condensed milk—I don't really think any of the lads would have done it !

Sergeants' Mess Notes.—Lots of water has flowed under lots of bridges since our last contribution—it was written by an esteemed Mess member who has long since left us, enroute, he hoped, for the sacred portals of Whitehall. As we have not yet received notification of his safe arrival there we can only presume he fell by the wayside. It is with extreme caution that I take up this task and do so by asserting, toute-de-suite, that I do not intend to make a survey of past history. Many members have left us ; we wish them the best of luck. To all new members we offer our congratulations. We would like to wish past Mess members now residing north of a line A to B, pleasant memories. We deeply regret the loss of our own Pip H to higher spheres, at the same time welcoming our new Commanding Officer.

A series of brilliant social functions have been held in the Mess, ably conducted and extremely well organised by our (1) untiring, (2) energetic Entertainments Committee. I have a suspicion they are " Yeast-Vite " fiends. I also ran out of adjectives.

A recent social evening was run by our ladies ; very successfully, even though I did lose 9d. The skipping demonstration by the R.S.M. confounded the critics and similar attempts by Sergeant Burstow had to be seen to be appreciated.

The ladies knitting club issued the following communique : " The heel of a sock was recently turned by our forces with some success. Modern scientific mass production methods have made it possible for our first pullover to be unveiled on 5th July, 1941. Scaffolding by Messrs. B. C. Able."

We congratulate R.Q.M.S. Nokes on his fine performance at the recent Motor Cycle Trials, his team being placed second. May his towel never dry.

A mathematically inclined friend of mine tells me that if the official circulation of the WIRE were placed end to end it would reach from the bottom of —— in Yorkshire to Berchtesgaden My forecast, however, is that the latter place will, in the near future, be included in our South-eastern D.R.L.S. Run. (Hitler, please note !)

Things We Want to Know.—Have Julieo and Romiet learnt any more lines of Shakespeare yet ?

Are our " I " members really intelligent ?
Who is collecting caps F.S. ?

Here's to the next time,

— Welsh Divisional Signals

Training.—Individual Training has once again been completed, Trade Boards have been held and now the participants are anxiously awaiting the results, and wondering whether they will have that couple of extra " bob " to spend on " idle pleasure."

Schemes and lectures are still a part of our training and it is hoped that with the spring, the unit will be able to partake in longer and bigger exercises.

Sport.—The soccer and rugby teams are still hard at it, and good games are a regular feature. At the moment, the soccer team is struggling hard to finish at the top of the local league table and it appears as though they might just manage it.

Congratulations.—To Lieutenant-Colonel W. Ralph Hawkins and Major A. W. Bartholomew on their attainment of their present ranks. To all the Subaltern officers who have just added another " pip " to the shoulder straps. Also to Lance Sergeant Fenton B. G., on attaining the rank of Sergeant ; Corporals Cameron A and Stranks N. C., on attaining the rank of Lance Sergeant ; Lance Corporals James W. H., Bedingham D. and Davies L., on attaining the rank of Corporal.

Departures.—It is with regret that we say au revoir to Lieutenant W. Ralph Hawkins and 2nd Lieutenant R. K. Chater, on their posting to pastures new. Best of good wishes to you both from all ranks.

C/C.

Don Section

The regular appearance of notes from a correspondent of " L " Section has prompted this effort on behalf of " D " Section, and if they are somewhat tardy, let us at least hope that they will appear as regularly.

Individual training has now ended, that trade board feeling is a thing of the past, and those who sat for the various upgrading tests are looking hopefully to the early publication of the results.

The passing of the Individual training period marks the commencement of Section training and opens up possibilities of getting out into the wide open spaces. We in " D " Section have not been entirely neglected, as the monthly exercises set by the powers that be have always enabled us to keep in our minds what our functions in the field are. We have had our moments, but we have also benefited from them.

We do not suppose for one moment that we will ever really want to tie our cable back on to an H.T. power insulator ; neither do we think that a hypothetical shell burst will ever leave us in the dark in future.

Just at present there is an air of uncertainty about this Section. People come, and go. A short time ago we said goodbye to a couple of operators, these have since been replaced in numbers—but not in bulk. Rumour has it that many other changes are imminent.

We welcome to No. 1 Company, but not to this Section, a very devoted disciple of St. Williams, Lieuteuant D. B. ——. He has come to take over "A" Section. "A" and " D " Sections being " the two in harmony," the event is one of mutual interest. Rumour has it that the new O.C., " A," has brought a complete set of jungle drums with him. It is also reported that he has formulated a new formulæ : " Nuts barred are barred."

Best wishes to all in front and in rear of us, not forgetting our flank—may our contacts be happy ones.

DONITE.

"L" Section

Variety is the spice of life. Intermingled with our training, many members of the Section have taken an active part in many of the Brigade and Section games.

Congratulations to Signalman Vivian Jenkins, who has captained the Brigade Headquarter's team throughout the season with such success, and Signalman Harries, recently appointed Brigade Team Secretary. The appointments are popular everywhere, and we feel sure the team will continue to meet with success.

Our snooker and table tennis tournaments are progressing well and we hope to publish the winners soon.

Turning for a moment to the entertainments side, we recently had a visit from a well-known West-End dance band, which played for over two hours to a packed house. Shortly, Miss Frances Day and party are to entertain us—so roll out, you blonde fans !

Continuing our case for the " spice of life," we are pleased to inform the world that Signalman R. E. Jones, our hard working E.S., is now married to Miss Grace Escott, of Porth, South Wales, and that Lance Corporal Parr S. C. has disclosed his engagement to Miss Joan Wright, of Dulwich. Congratulations !

Finally, we extend our good wishes to our colleagues in other Unit Sections, and in case we do not meet you on the playing fields, at the billiard table or in battle, DO let us hear from you through these columns. (Well spoken—C/C.).

Cheerio and good luck !

— Artillery Signal Section Training Battalion

Headquarters

Old Faces in New Places.—Regret is mingled with congratulations in the fact of the departure of R.S.M. Church, to a commission elsewhere. We wish him all good fortune and recognise the valuable work he carried through under tremendous difficulties in the formation of Home Counties second edition. R.Q.M.S. Webb steps into his office and C.S.M. Skitt assumes the role of Quartermaster Hobby's stand-off half. These changes, coupled with an overdose of movement orders, tend to give a few more grey hairs to the not yet aged pate of Adjutant Wootton Woolley. H.Q. Company has surrendered Sergeant Lake to No. 1 Company as C.Q.M.S., and Imperturbable Chapman has taken over the files.

No. 2 Company

Quotation.—

"And even Cleopatra, who was Cæsar's pride and joy,
Was nothing but a floogie with a floy, doy, doy !"
Shakespeare.

In case you are wracking the old grey cells in an attempt to find some connection between the above and No. 2 Company, 1st A.S.S.T. Battalion, let us relieve your mental stress. There is absolutely no connection whatsoever, but we feel we would be flying in the teeth of all convention had we insinuated ourselves in the literary columns of the WIRE without a quotation to lend tone to the proceedings.

We should like very much to introduce ourselves properly, telling you our strength, location, officers and N.C.O.s, purpose in life and the latest speed attained by our N.F.R. operators, but you know, official secrets and all that!

So we will content ourselves by reporting a few of our activities in the past few months.

The first of these was our O.C.'s own show, his marriage in January, and we take this opportunity of extending to him the congratulations of the Company, and our best wishes for the future.

Two very successful dances in the neighbouring village hall were organised by the Company in aid of Section funds. These dances are very enjoyable. The Unit band, by the way, provides the melody and rhythm at our dances and very good it is, too, due to the fact that all but one of the members are No. 2 Company personnel! Their rendering of "Minnie the Moocher" is one of the most poignant and tender things unleashed on an unsuspecting public.

Bitter Brevities.—Whose moustache is the pride and joy of the entire Company?

Where can one obtain a "neck shave" before the morning parade?

What Section Officer does *not* like "Roll out the barrel"?

ESSEF.

No. 3 Company

Captain Williams once more finds himself in command of one man and a dog, who are inspected religiously at 09.00 hours daily for clean turn-out. It is rumoured that the dog has got seven days C.B. for moving on parade. A curious thing is noted—the remaining officers and N.C.O.s walk round with bundles of Training Manuals under their arms and deep depression on their brows. It looks very much as though the next Sections will have a hot time, for there are mysterious meetings held in the Company Commander's office.

Sergeant Merchant and the demon barber Bakall are being chased by the Plumbers' Union for turning on water, connecting mains and mending pipes.

Sergeant Knight (A/C.Q.M.S.) and Sergeant Williams (Sergeant Cook) have at last come to an agreement about the use of surplus fat, Bakall having contracted to buy it as use for hair oil. C.S.M. Howell is walking around most woefully, trying to put someone else on a charge now that his son Joe has departed.

We are really sorry to lose "King Pin" and his Section, to say nothing of blue-eyed Griffin. The following fellows particularly wish them all the best of luck: Captain L. T. Huddle, Piccadilly Todhunter, Silent Fittall, Penny-Farthing Greenwood and Educated Evans. Peggy, who is quite a big girl now, sends love to all her boy friends.

We are very sorry to lose Corporal O'Neill and wish him the best of luck with his new Unit.

We understand that the M.O. may shortly have Driver Stafford's head cut off—this being a sure cure for boils.

Orkneys and Shetlands Signal Company

We must apologise for the lack of notes from these secluded isles; but in defence we plead that so anxious were members of our community to render notes to this journal that we had to agree to submit the best effort put forward. Submissions were numerous, and in fairness, everyone was judged by three different people. This naturally delayed operations. In the meantime the submitters came to grips on the impending result. Voices were raised, arguments became heated, until finally, in order to avoid more bloodshed in this troubled world, the curt order came to this office—"MOVE"! A fortnight later we jumped to it!

Contrary to the predictions of the well-meaning people who told us we should have taken to living in igloos during the bad winters up here, we have courageously endured the rigours of the past one, in Orcadian Nissens. In case you ask the difference between an Orcadian one and an ordinary Nissen, we point out that they are the same huts but with different weather characteristics. As the winds here are stronger than usual our huts are better ventilated, chiefly by cracks, which graduallly widen through wind pressure or warp through dampness. Hence, once an Orcadian Nissen always one.

Our winter courses finished with Map Reading. This was enthusiastically followed by those who stay out late. The talk on night marching being particularly appreciated. One bright young thing, however, doubted his ability to keep track of the same star, especially after some of the nights he's had.

And now back to our morning drill and beauty parades with our morning star. We love you, Sergeant-Major!

Football.—As we predicted in our one and only other notes, our football team gradually got together again to finally finish seventh in the league. The results of the last eight games were: Won 6, drawn 1, lost 1; goals—for 31, against 9.

Darts.—The latest craze, and as we've been up here as long as anyone, we're completely crazed. We've almost arranged the "Victory Evening." Of the four games played to date, we have won three and drawn one.

"Blitz" Contractors.—Humphrey & Co. Telephone: Orkney 1212. Motto: "Down in two minutes—up in two months." Signature tune: "Somebody stole my Girl."

Julie's Definitions.—The Band: A rare form of entertainment for all. Popular in the extreme. Darts Team: A pointed crowd with flighty ideas (and she means flighty!). Football: About the only thing you can kick about and get away with it.

Conclusion.—Radio Orcadian reports the following prisoners: C.S.M. Hinds W. H., F-of-S Lister J. H., Lance Corporal Appleby J. E., and Signalmen Abbott J., Allen D. T., and Abrahams W. E.

Northern Ireland District Signal Company

Here is the monthly news and this is your pal, "The Gloomy Dean," writing it.

Enemy bombers were not over this country last night; at least, we hope not.

Corporal Coram, the good cook, had one over the eight last night.

Yesterday our troops almost completed the encirclement of the Quartermaster's stores and were only broken up when the enemy started dishing out floor polish.

The War Effort.—Antrim, Down, Derry, Armagh, Fermanagh, Tyrone, are the warm and friendly names of the six counties contained in Ulster, and they are thick with homely folk, proud to be part of an Empire on which the sun never sets. Ulster, paradoxically, is a small but great country; small, geographically; great, from a point of view of history and hospitality. Ulster is an integral part of the United Kingdom; it will, we trust, ever remain so. Right from the start of this war the Ulster people pledged their faith in our cause. In a War Weapons Week, when five millions was aimed at, they surprised the world by finding well over six. Meantime, they are still cutting the strings of their private purse to buy Spitfires. Yes, they are a great people. They have not only opened up their property and the doors of their own homes to the troops, they have opened their hearts.

In the streets of a large town, on a wet night, when the blackout has shut down on you like a monstrous umbrella—in such circumstances when, were it not for what Ulster folk have done, the lonely young soldier, far from home, might easily cry out loud with horror—there are always dances, canteens, rest houses, entertainments of all kinds, and even special classes for troops interested in mechanics and the arts.

Whatever fate has in store for us troops now assembled here, we shall not easily forget our debt to Ulster.

The Signal Office.—Much has been written about the Signal Office, but much is not yet explained. According to theory, everyone in the Signal Office should have a pencil and a seat to sit on. In practice, however, it often happens that there is one seat less than the actual number of people who ought to sit down, and so the Superintendent is left standing up, usually in front of the fire, wondering who has pinched his pencil.

Another queer thing about the Signal Office is that the door, both in theory and practice, is left wide open always. This seems to be entirely due to the fact that the door was left open in Signal Training, Vol. V.

So you see it is really almost impossible to lay down any hard and fast lines for a Signal Office. In fact, it does not matter how hard or how fast you lay down the lines, the result is always the same. The door stays open.

While it is possible to be right in theory and wrong in practice, it is almost impossible to be wrong in theory and right in practice. The trouble with theory is that you have to remember and in practice it is so easy to forget.

Of course, a Signal Office can be almost any size, either too big or too small, but whatever the size it is always open day and night. At least, Signal Registers prove that the office is open all the time, from 00.01 hours to 23.59 hours, and there is really no point in closing a door just for two minutes.

Good-bye to Mr. Cribbes.—While it is not given to troops to criticise their officers, we know not of any law that prohibits an appreciation. Such is our intention and our subject is Lieutenant C. H. Cribbes, Royal Signals, who, we much regret, has left us to join another Unit. In "Journey's End" there was a subaltern who loathed war but recognised its iron necessity and was something more than just passively loyal. Of such a type is Mr. Cribbes. As an officer of the Supplementary Reserve he joined us at the commencement of the Great War and quickly endeared himself to all. For consistency close interest in the efficiency of this Unit, for devotion to his own arduous duties, for his ability, cheerfulness, coolness—not forgetting his passion for the welfare of the troops—the name of Mr. Cribbes will long be remembered. He was a native of Leeds and we hope the day is not far distant when he will be able to return there. If ever we should go travelling through his provincial town, we might well call a halt to write over his door:

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an upright and cheerful man,
Commands all hope, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him comes early nor too late."

Rum Rations.—The good cook bashed the alarm clock into complete and final silence. It was 05.00 hours; time to get up. Says he: "This getting up every morning in the middle of the night and cooking kippers for ungrateful troops is knocking me dead sick. Oh, how I wish I had done what Aunt Fannie said and gone to sea with the navy." Five minutes later the good cook rang a bell or pulled a chain in the annexe to the cookhouse, and dictated the following: "Dear Aunt Fan. Time is 05.05. I have just got out of bed. I suppose you are just getting in. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Is that right about you joining up? I was around your place on leave and heard you were blown up. Have you any nice red meat? If you are really with the W.A.T.S. don't be a cook. Be a crook. Never tell the truth. That's the way to get on. Drink all you can. Eat all you can. Don't be a cook. Tell all the lies you can. Have a good time. Never tell the truth. Pleased to say I am doing well and feeling quite well. Pleaseed to say I may be married soon. If you would like to come to the wedding you will be welcome, but don't be surprisd if I'm not there. And in any case hand over your ration card at the door. Cheerio, Aunt Fan.! See you again soon. Your affectionate nephew. (Signed) E. CORAM (good cook)."

Brighter than the Sun.—The first ornament of a barrack room or billet is not the snow white table, nor the polished stove, but the good fellowship of the chaps who frequent it. Many a time, when the news is not so good, when the Signal Office stifles, when one is a bit too tired or too broke to go out, and letters are a bore, it is good to be in the old barrack block where we are housed.

On the top deck of our barracks, indeed, it is more like a stout ocean-going schooner than anything else, we have, mercifully separated by the stove and the coal tub, a couple of bed mates (namely, "Phosgene" Watson and "Steamship" Talbot), whose verbal exchanges last thing at night and first thing in the morning make the eyes run over with mirth. By a strange coincidence these two always seem to go to bed, get up, and perform their joint toilet at the same time, and the result is always the same. Steamship Talbot, wishing to clean his teeth, goes to Phosgene's locker and finds S.S. Talbot's toothbrush firmly embedded in Phosgene's tin of blacking. Meantime, Phosgene, nosing around in S.S. Talbot's locker, has cut himself on a razor blade thoughtlessly left in a tin of brilliantine, and S.S. Talbot has to forego a shave because he is convinced blood poisoning will set in if he uses the blade Phosgene is talking so much about.

Yes, as we may have remarked before in these columns, this is life all right, a rum mixture of work and play, but always with the troops, however the fates may play, all lies in light before us and we seem to romp together on a coloured orb that is brighter than the sun.

"Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring,
The winter garment of repentance fling;
The bird of time has but a little way to fly,
And, lo! the bird is on the wing."

THE GLOOMY DEAN.

Diary of Events in the War

JANUARY 12TH TO JANUARY 26TH, 1941

JANUARY 12TH.—Intense but short air attack on London.

JANUARY 13TH.—R.A.F. daylight raid on Pas de Calais and night attacks on targets in Germany and Italy. Enemy raid on Plymouth. General Cavallero replaces General Soddu in command of Italians in Albania. Abyssinian revolt against Italians spreads. Anglo-Turkish staff talks begin at Ankara.

JANUARY 14TH.—Attacks on British naval escort to convoy in Sicilian channel by German and Italian air forces. Aircraft carrier "Illustrious," cruiser "Southampton" and destroyer "Gallant" damaged. Twelve enemy machines shot down. R.A.F. raid air base at Catania in Sicily and destroy thirty machines. Lowest total of Allied shipping losses since May, 1940, announced.

JANUARY 15TH.—Government announce scheme for compulsory fire watching services.

JANUARY 16TH.—Cruiser "Southampton" announced lost as result of recent enemy air attack. H.M.S. submarine "Pandora" sinks two Italian supply ships off North Africa. Heavy R.A.F. raid on Wilhelmshaven. Enemy raid Bristol.

JANUARY 17TH.—Second R.A.F. raid on Catania air base. Enemy raid on Malta, 10 enemy aircraft shot down. R.A.F. attack Wilhelmshaven again.

JANUARY 18TH.—Hostile air raid on Swansea.

JANUARY 19TH.—Italians retire from Kassala on Sudan-Eritrean border. Revolt in Abyssinia continues to extend. Enemy raid on Malta.

JANUARY 20TH.—Hitler and Mussolini meet at Berchtesgaden. Heavy enemy air raid on Malta; 37 hostile machines destroyed in two days. Five hostile machines brought down in night raids on Britain. President Roosevelt takes oath of office for third term.

JANUARY 21ST.—Assault on Tobruk begins. Suppression of Communist paper, "Daily Worker," by Government order.

JANUARY 22ND.—Tobruk practically in our hands. Enemy in Kassala area fall back into Eritrea.

JANUARY 23RD.—Fall of Tobruk announced; over 30,000 prisoners and much material taken. Outbreak of disorders in Rumania.

JANUARY 24TH.—Italian retreat continues on all fronts in North and East Africa. Emperor Haile Selassie returns to Abyssinia to lead revolt. H.M.S. submarine "Parthian" sinks enemy supply ship in Mediterranean.

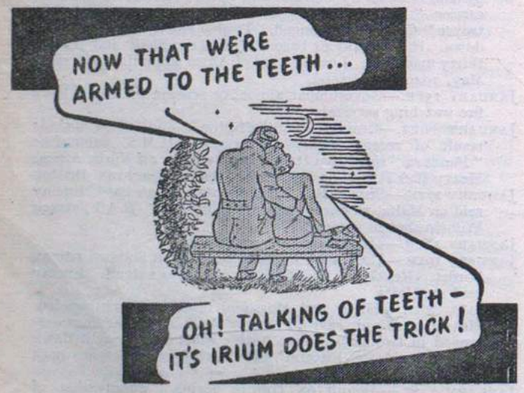
JANUARY 25TH.—President Roosevelt goes in person to meet new British Ambassador, Lord Halifax, on his arrival in U.S.A.

JANUARY 26TH.—In Eritrea British capture Biscia and patrols enter Italian Somaliland.



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VOL. XXII.—No. 255 MAY, 1941 PRICE—SIXPENCE

Editorial Notes

Our Colonel-in-Chief.—In reply to a telegram of Birthday Congratulations sent to Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, the following reply was received:

"Colonel Commandant, Royal Signals, War Office, London.

"Most grateful to all ranks Royal Signals for their good wishes.

"MARY, Colonel-in-Chief."

"Signals History."—In 1796 a Royal Warrant was issued in which Regimental Chaplains were abolished and the first Chaplain-General was appointed in the person of the Reverend John Gamble, M.A. The Chaplain-General was given a salary of 20s. 0d. per day, but it is interesting to note that, in addition to this pay, he received £600 a year to assist him in his establishment of telegraphy.

It appears, therefore, he was the first Chief Signal Officer in the Army.

It is also interesting to note that when he took over he found 340 of his Chaplains on leave. He gave them the option of reporting for duty by 25th December or of retiring on 4s. 0d. per day.

1st L. of C. Signals.—On 12th and 13th April a concert was given by the 1st L. of C. Signals in aid of Royal Signals Comforts Fund. Aptly named "Putney Pie," it contained many plums. Mr. Douglas Byng's portrayal of three feminine beauties intermingled with spicy yarns, brought down the house. Feminine charm was provided by Danvers and Dolaine, who exploited the birth of tap dancing in a manner which a packed audience fully appreciated. Section-Leader Dravers and Sub-Leader Willis of the A.T.S. Signals Company, Victoria, gave an amusing sketch on life before and during the war. Two chorus numbers produced by Corporal Eddy Blow and assisted by "trick" lighting designed by 2nd Lieutenant A. G. Colton brought spontaneous applause. The Unit Band, under the direction of Signalman Wally Reed, gave a skilful rendering of some hot swing numbers. All the members of this sextet are to be congratulated on the crisp tempo and timing that makes a band just that "little bit" better.

The show was ably compered by Lance Corporal Dick Coles and was produced by Major S. A. Hills and Major C. Lyddon.

Space does not permit naming the individuals, but all those who took part and the many who worked hard "behind the scenes" are to be congratulated on producing a show, which for slick, snappy entertainment compared favourably with many widely advertised productions.

Financial details are not available, but such a worthy cause should benefit to a marked degree.

Royal Signals Prisoners of War.—The task of despatching parcels of clothing and comforts to our fellows in enemy hands is proceeding rapidly and, thanks to the generosity of those who have already responded to our recent appeal, we have been able to lay in an initial stock of the necessary commodities. Much more, however, will be needed for this all-important undertaking and further contributions will be gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

In addition to those amounts published in last month's issue of the Corps magazine, the committee gratefully acknowledge receipt of further sums, details of which are published herein under the heading of "Benevolent Fund Notes."

EDITOR.

Benevolent Fund Notes

An Appreciation.—The following is an extract from a letter recently received from a contemporary charitable organisation:

"I know how very appreciative our Divisional Hon. Secretary is of the prompt and valuable assistance always rendered by your Association to any case we put to you for help.

"Our committee always remark upon the generosity and prompt response forthcoming from the Signals Association and we are most grateful to you."

Security regulations do not permit us to publish detailed particulars of Corps Units, but it is hoped that the following list of those formations who have already responded to the Colonels-Commandant's appeal for regular monthly contributions to the Corps Benevolent Fund will be found satisfactory for the purposes of identification.

The Administrator gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following:

Benevolent Fund (No. 2 A/c 1940)

BANKERS ORDER SUBSCRIPTIONS from:
Lieutenant C. K. Clarkson.
Captain R. E. Pickford.
2nd Lieutenant R. E. Priestley.
2nd Lieutenant M. F. Holliday.
Captain G. Cawthorn.
2nd Lieutenant F. A. Proctor.
Captain P. F. L. Williams.
Major F. A. Sykes.
Major L. W. Wright.
2nd Lieutenant G. E. Allinson.
Lieutenant R. W. Hardy.

CASH SUBSCRIPTIONS from:
Captain G. W. Bryant.

Benevolent Fund (No. 2 A/c 1940) (Unit List continued)

	£	s.	d.
12 — Signals, Home Forces—March	1	13	6
6 — Signals, Home Forces—March		13	9
2 — Signals, Home Forces—April		10	5
Orkneys and Shetlands Signal Company—March	2	0	0
1 Company, 48th — Signals, Home Forces—March	1	14	0
— H.Q. Signals, London—April	2	19	6
50th (N.) — Signals, Home Forces—March	5	0	0
1 Company, 61st — Signals, Home Forces—April		19	9
1 Squadron, — Signals, Home Forces—April	2	5	6
Officers' Mess, 152nd O.C.T.U., Yorkshire—March	1	17	0
50th (N.) — Signals, Home Forces—April	2	17	0
Officers' Mess, 48th — Signals, Home Forces—Donation	2	16	0
5 — Signals, Home Forces—Donation	9	0	0
3rd Holding Battalion, 3 S.T.C., Yorkshire—April	7	10	0
12 — Signals, Home Forces—Donation	12	5	0
1 Company, 15th (S.) — Signals, Home Forces—February	2	7	6
Railway Signals Training Battalion—Donation	5	0	10
4 — Signals, Chester—March	27	17	8
59th — Signals, Home Forces—March	2	2	0
1 Company, 9th — Signals, Home Forces—April	1	5	3
1 Company, 11th — Signals, Home Forces—April	1	16	9
— Air Formation Signals, London—April	8	15	7
UNITS ABROAD—			
Armoured Brigade Signal Squadron, India—January		5	6
Kohat District Signals, India—January		12	2

For "Prisoners of War Parcels" (List continued)

	£	s.	d.
Captain C. M. Galbraith		10	6
Mrs. R. Temperley		3	0
Captain J. W. W. Panton	1	0	0
50 Divisional Signals	5	0	0
Brigadier G. C. Wickins	3	0	0
Royal Mint Refinery Social Club (for Sergeant Wyatt)	3	0	0
Mrs. Rollason		1	3
Lieutenant-Colonel R. R. A. Darling	1	1	0
Major R. F. Holwill		10	6
1st Operators' Training Battalion	28	7	6
Captain T. W. Norrish		10	0
Major C. C. Fairweather	1	1	0
Captain F. G. M. Riley		10	6
Captain W. C. Burke		10	6
Signalman Harold Oddy	2	0	0
Signalman Haigh C. P. J.	1	0	0
Signalman Young B.	1	0	0
S.O. Training Battalion	70	0	0
Mrs. J. W. Aldridge		5	0
Mrs. B. Lane		7	0
N. Ireland District Signals	1	12	9

APPEALS dealt with:

1	Wife of Signalman, Hants ..... Grant	£2	10 0
2	Signalman, — Corps Signals, Home Forces Grant	£2	0 0
3	Wife of N.C.O., Dorset ..... Grant	£4	10 0
4	Mother of Signalman, Scotland ..... Grant	£3	0 0
5	Ex-Signalman, Hants ..... Grant	£2	10 0
6	N.C.O., Essex ..... Loan	£10	0 0

(Signed) T. H. L. SPAIGHT, Lieutenant-Colonel,
Administrator, Signals Association Benevolent Fund.

Royal Signals Comforts Fund

Once again the Comforts Fund can count itself lucky, as in spite of shattered windows, no loss of stock was suffered during the recent severe raid on London. The Committee, however, apologise in advance to anyone who may find a splinter of glass in his scarf next winter. It is extremely difficult to remove shattered windows from amongst woollen garments and although every effort has been made, there might still be a lurking fragment here and there, but the Committee hopes that if there is it will merely be treated by the finder as "the fortunes of war."

A description of an extremely successful visit to the Scottish Command by the Corps Band last month will be found on another page of this issue. As a result of this, £60 was handed to the Comforts Fund. Grateful acknowledgements for this most welcome sum are due to Brigadier Wheeler, who organised the visit, and to the C.O.s of the —— Divisional Signals, the —— A.A. Divisional Signals and —— Command Signals, for the concerts they arranged, and last but not least to Mr. A. Hibbert and the members of the Band. It is hoped that other Commands will be inspired by this success to make similar efforts to use the Band to raise money for the Fund. There has been a considerable demand of late in the press for more military music so the Corps Band represents an excellent means of fulfilling a public need and of benefiting the Comforts Fund.

A needlework picture was very kindly worked by Mrs. Moore and presented to the Fund. A raffle was arranged, as a result of which the sum of £20 5s. 6d. was raised.

As will be seen by the following list of receipts to the Comforts Fund a growing number of Units are running dances and concerts for the Fund. This is very gratifying to the Committee, who would like to take this opportunity of extending its very sincere thanks to all those who have worked hard to make these entertainments a success. Signals have always had a reputation for providing good entertainments in their stations both at home and abroad, and it is hoped that they will continue to exercise their talents to good advantage for the benefit of the Comforts Fund.

A good supply of games and sports equipment is now in stock, and will be sent to any Units, Companies or Sections which apply to 6, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

MONTHLY LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. H. M. F. White's Work Party	3	17	6
— Corps Signals (Proceeds of Concerts)	8	0	0
— Corps Signals (Proceeds of Dance)	4	0	0
Mrs. Solly		5	0
Major A. E. Morrison (quarterly)	1	0	0
Brigadier J. A. S. Tillard (quarterly)	1	0	0
Inspection Department, R.E. and Signal Stores (monthly)	5	0	0
Mrs. Parker's Work Party	1	5	0
Brigadier C. Wheeler (Proceeds of Corps Band Concerts)	36	15	0
— Divisional Signals (Ditto)	10	10	0
— A.A. Divisional Signals (Ditto)	2	8	0
5 Command Signals (Ditto)	10	7	0
Edinburgh Ladies' Guild (Collecting Boxes for March)	3	0	0
C.S.O. and Staff, Scottish Command (Collecting Box for February and March	1	0	0
Mrs. Finney's Branch, Ladies' Guild (Collecting Box)		13	6
Lieutenant J. W. Clark		5	0
Orkneys and Shetlands Signal Company	2	0	0
Royal Signals Mess, Aldershot (monthly)	2	9	0
Staff of Royal Signals' Records Office (monthly)	8	16	9
— Divisional Signals	5	0	0
— Corps Signals (Proceeds of Concert)	7	3	6
Mrs. Tayleur	5	0	0
Proceeds of Raffle	20	5	6

Visit of the Corps Band to Edinburgh

Royal Signals, generally, enjoyed the visit of the Corps Band to Edinburgh so much that we hope you will allow us some space in the Corps Magazine to mention details of this entertaining visit and to say how much it was appreciated by everyone.

The C.S.O. arranged for a concert to be given in the Usher Hall on the Sunday, and this was to be in aid of the Lady Provost's and Royal Signals Comforts Fund. An excellent programme of music was arranged for both orchestral and military band and, in both phases, was a pronounced success. It was thoroughly enjoyed by an appreciative audience, which included the Army Commander and various members of the Headquarter Staff.

The Band had also been engaged to play that same evening at the weekly troops concert held in the same Hall. This concert is always a popular affair and there is seldom a vacant seat in the hall. The Band was in great form and besides playing popular dance music also gave some excellent solo items. The Lord Provost, who was present, congratulated the Bandmaster, Mr. A. Hibbert, on the splendid programme.

Our visitors were here for a week and were kept busy the whole time. They spent two days with a Unit in the Border area, where they accompanied a route march, gave two concerts and played for an "All Ranks" Dance. Their music was so greatly enjoyed by everyone that there was a strong request made for a return visit.

Units here in the town also had their share of entertainment. The Band played for two concerts, another "All Ranks" dance, and also at a Signal "At Home." They accompanied a route march through the town as well, but alas! so did the rain and the sirens! However, it takes more than this to put Signals out of step!

We were all very sorry to say good-bye, but it was grand to feel that men and officers alike had had the chance to hear our own Corps Band and the familiar strains of our regimental march.

As a result of this visit a cheque for £60 has been sent to Signals Comforts Fund.

HAVE YOU JOINED THE SIGNALS ASSOCIATION?

Plain Tales

Camouflage.—Or Tra La La, as merrily we wander through leafy lanes. Being a genuine extract from the new style of indent for stores.

"We had our initial issue at —— but, as it struck me at the time, there seemed to be rather a preponderance of brown over green; now, with both the results of fair wear and tear to contend with, and the approach of summer, it is evident that the nets at present in use have too wintry an appearance to satisfy the requirements of artistic concealment."

And there with admirable restraint, we leave it.

Interlude.—Having a small pain amidships we called round to see the M.O., and arrived in the middle of an interview. We waited outside and listened. It went something like this.

"What's the matter with you, me lad?"

"I can't eat, sir."

"Why not?"

"No knife and fork, sir."

"O.K. Two days excused boots. Next!"

We crept away quietly in case the M.O. gave us a month's sick leave.

Society Back-Chat.—Quite a lot is due to happen in our area during April; some of it just after these notes are posted. We shall hope to tell you of the visit of the Corps Band and what happens if we find too many of our old friends missing. Of the notable events in April past, the visit of Lieutenants Perry and Marchant with a choice selection of vehicles may be noted. We heard it remarked that the beautifully clean lorries pointed to the power behind the organisation. Anyway—thanks, George. They don't always come that way. Hope you all got home safely and delivered the messages.

We hear that Lieutenant (Quartermaster) Francis (another Maresfield star) has been initiated into the grand order of Qs. Congratulations. Ask us anything. What we don't know we make up.

We were glad to see that May Savage and her charming daughter Edna were back in the Midlands after an adventurous journey home from India. It is reliably reported that they were sunk with all hands three times. Mrs. Savage will be remembered as the All India hockey, tennis, polo and high diving star from 1934 to Christmas day on Ilkley Moor. Or maybe we are thinking of someone else. We are never quite sure of anything.

2nd Lieutenant O. Corbett, who has been suffering from trouble with his ankle, gashed his thigh in a motor accident late in March. Nothing if not wholesale, he made a good job of it. We know of no one else who could have taken such a rap and recovered. Glad to say he is out of "dock" and on sick leave.

Mrs. Snodblitt broke her ankle again last week. She slipped on an onion in the High Street. The story is unconfirmed as we go to Press, and is still generally doubted as we come back.

Further Patent.—Bitten with an urge to do more and more to defeat the Nazis we have now thrown ourselves into the realms of invention Lock, Stock and Sinker. Or perhaps we mean Hook, Bell and Barrell. No matter. At the moment, while the Unit is losing itself in the multitude of narrow lanes in this part of the country, we are engaged on an invention that will almost certainly revolutionise the shipping world. Without becoming too technical or talking over your heads, the apparatus includes a mile of cordwainer's twine. This is knotted at intervals of three feet by a left-handed bog sorter from the Fen country. The cord is then passed through a highly polished ebonite box containing an hour glass suspended at its point of balance on a steel rod. Small brass wheels from an alarm clock prevent the cord from passing through without doing anything. The spare end of the line may be trailed from the blunt end of a ship. A man has to stand beside the box during the dog watch, and when he shouts "Stop!" (if he wants to, of course) another man, usually a sailor, pulls a small lever and the whole thing bursts. The man need not shout "Stop!" at all, in which case the apparatus goes on and on.

Uncle Alf.: "But what does it do?"

Us: "We don't know."

Uncle Alf.: "Doesn't the thing tell you anything?"

Us: "No. Why should it?"

Next month. How to test out a wireless set without valves. By our guest artist from "A" Section.

Ukann Larfe Relaxes.—The quiet of a summer evening in March was shattered by a roar from Colonel Ukann Larfe, N.Y.D.

"Where are my —— socks?"

Corporal Fogworthy, whom you probably don't remember, doubled up smartly as befits a man trained in some of the best company offices. "Sir," he said, "Mr. Faceache has borrowed your almond rocks. He said you wouldn't be going out to-night."

"Ha. But I AM going out, Fogworthy. Knit me another pair at once. I've got a scheme on at the Hotel Improbable. Nice work, Corporal. Her code name is Lulu and we pass the starting point at 21.00 hours, so get a move on."

The Corporal knitted furiously and produced a pair of socks within five minutes, probably from a cupboard in the pantry.

The Colonel put them on with a pleased smile and, jumping on his bicycle, pedalled off into the bright sunshine of a June morning, whistling quietly. We think he was swinging one arm negligently, but that is not important anyway.

Uncle Alf.: "But you said it was ——."

Us: "Yeah. We know. Put a sock in it."

Uncle Alf.: "Hang it, man, the serial doesn't GET anywhere."

Us: "So what? We ain't going no place."

BARLEUX.

The Victory of Cape Matapan

March 28th will in future rank with the Glorious First of June and October 21st, Trafalgar Day, as one of the noteworthy anniversaries of the British Navy. On that day we definitely affirmed in battle our supremacy in the Mediterranean, and put it out of Italy's power further to dispute it in arms. Our battleships at last got the chance for which they have been waiting ever since the war began to measure themselves on a fair field against those of the enemy, and though it is true that it was the less martial of the Axis Powers that was opposed to them the material balance of forces was, if anything, on the Italian side. But the whole course of the war at sea so far has shown that material forces are still to-day, as ever in history, overridden by moral ones, and this battle of March 28th was a shining proof of the validity of this view. More ships and better ships, higher speeds, bigger guns and more of them—all these elements of superiority are of value only if boldly and skilfully utilised by men with the zest for fighting, their hearts in their cause, and the resolve to endure punishment and give as good as they get. It was in these qualities that the Italians in this war have proved themselves deficient, and it was this deficiency that on March 28th was to prove the root cause of their defeat.

The scene of the battle was the area of the Eastern Mediterranean bounded on the east by the island of Crete, on the north by Cape Matapan, the southern point of Greece, and on the south by the coast of Cyrenaica. The forces engaged were: On our side: the battlefleet of Admiral Cunningham, consisting of the old battleships Warspite, Barham and Valiant, the new aircraft carrier Formidable, and a force of destroyers, and the light squadron under Vice-Admiral Pridham-Whippell, consisting of the medium cruisers Orian, Ajax, Perth and the heavy cruiser Gloucester, with another force of destroyers. On the Italian side there were at sea, though not all engaged, three battleships, the large new Vittorio Veneto and two of the smaller and older Cavour class, eleven cruisers, of which at least three were of the heavy Zara class, and fourteen destroyers. We also had the co-operation of a force of Greek destroyers, which, however, did not actually come into action.

The battle was brought about by the emergence of the Italian fleet from its harbours on March 27th to attack our convoys moving between Egypt and Greece. There is evidence to suggest that this was on German orders, there were German officers and ratings on board some of the Italian ships, and it is known that Germany has taken effective control of all the forces of her partner. Since she had every reason for dissatisfaction with the timidity and incompetence of Italian naval operations prior to the battle, she may well have decided that the time had come for trying some bolder line of action. The experience of Napoleon in the Trafalgar campaign might have taught her that the policy of driving unwilling admirals and half-hearted crews to sea is a sure road to disaster.

The Italian fleet set out in two columns, the southern one comprising the Vittorio Veneto, and six cruisers, the northern one the two Cavour class battleships and five cruisers; the fourteen destroyers were evenly distributed between the two columns. The forward cruisers of the southern column were first seen by our air patrols about noon on that day, while they were still off the south-east coast of Sicily. This was at once reported to Admiral Cunningham at Alexandria, who ordered the light squadron to make contact with the enemy south of Crete, while he himself moved out to join it with the slower battle squadron, as soon as steam could be raised. By mid-afternoon the whole fleet was at sea and steamed north-westwards all night. Before dawn on March 28th, our air patrols had once more found the enemy's southern column 35 miles south of Gavdo island, 15 miles south of Crete, and this column was observed to be joined shortly afterwards by two cruisers and two destroyers from the north. Our light squadron was then 40 miles to the south, and our battlefleet squadron 100 miles again to the south-east of it. The contending forces were thus rapidly converging. The second northernmost Italian column was then due west of Gavdo Island, more than 100 miles to the north-west of its comrades.

Vice-Admiral Pridham-Whippell's task was now to keep touch with the enemy and, if possible, draw him forward within reach of the British battlefleet, but after he had been moving for an hour to the south-eastward, for this purpose, the hostile cruisers turned tail to the north-west and retired at full speed. This was apparently in order to turn his own trick on our Vice-Admiral, and lure him within reach of the big guns of the Vittorio Veneto, now coming on to the scene of action. Our light squadron in turn fell back, keeping out of range of the hostile battleship, which followed hard after it.

It was at this moment, just before mid-day, that the aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm from the carrier Formidable took a hand in the action. A series of bold and effective torpedo attacks were launched against the Vittorio Veneto, and she was hit so badly that she lost speed and turned to flee. At this time the second hostile column came within our reconnaissance range to the north and the whole battle picture was now clear. A new and most daring and effective series of heavy bombing attacks followed; the Italian battleship was once more damaged, as were three of the cruisers and a destroyer, and the speed of the hostile retreat was so reduced that our pursuit was able to close in on the fugitives.

As dusk fell, more torpedo bombing attacks took place, in which a hit was scored on another cruiser; and shortly after

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7, Victoria Road, RICHMOND YORKS.

dark the Vice-Admiral commanding our light squadron, now once more close on the enemy's heels, let his destroyers loose in an attack. Meanwhile our battlefleet had turned to port to finish off a crippled hostile cruiser, the Pola, reported in that direction. As it was in the act of doing so, the second hostile squadron from the north suddenly appeared out of the night on its starboard bow. A light cruiser led, followed by two heavy cruisers and some destroyers. Our battleships immediately opened fire with their giant guns and struck as by a thunderbolt, the Italian ships were crippled and set afire almost before their lookouts could have had time to give the alarm. Survivors stated that the crews were down below and quite unready for action and that the effect of our fire delivered at 4,000 yards range only, was overwhelmingly destructive. One of the heavy cruisers blew up at once; the other fired not a shot in reply and soon afterwards sank. An unsuccessful attack by enemy destroyers was countered by similar action on our side with better results, and this brought the battle to a close. All that now remained for us to do was to sink the two crippled Italian heavy cruisers, the Zara and the Pola, and to follow up the fleeing enemy. Some of the Italians, thanks to their superior speed, were able to get away safely, but their fleet losses had been extremely heavy. In the first Admiralty despatch it was stated that seven of their ships had been sunk, three heavy cruisers, the Zara, Pola and Fiume, one light cruiser, and three destroyers. Later reports made it probable that this was an under-estimate. It was highly unlikely that the battleship Vittorio Veneto ever reached port; the last seen of her on the night of the battle was that she was moving very slowly and badly down by the stern, with 400 miles to cover to safety, and next morning no trace of her could be found. It also appeared probable that two more cruisers and three destroyers should be added to the first list of hostile ships lost. This would make the full total thirteen ships —one battleship, six cruisers and four destroyers—out of the twenty-eight that set forth on this ill-managed and ill-fated expedition.

Full comment must, of course, await the more detailed accounts that will no doubt be published in due course. But one or two points already stand out clearly. If the unusual venturesomeness of the Italian fleet is to be attributed mainly to the more energetic impulse of its new German controllers, it is possible that it was due in part to the belief, based on wildly erroneous reports of air and submarine successes against our Mediterranean warships that Admiral Cunningham's command had been too seriously reduced to interfere with the sortie. It is amusing to think of the Italian navy being thus hoist with its own propaganda. This would also explain the strange tactics adopted, whereby the expedition set forth in two widely separated columns, too far from each other for mutual support, with the bulk of the battleships on the wing opposite from that on which attack was most to be feared. When the battle was joined, the Italian gunnery was as indifferent as ours was excellent—the latter scored some 75 per cent. of hits to rounds fired, the former none at all, for neither damage nor casualties were caused to any of our ships. It is not easy either to understand the blunder which led to the northern enemy column, unsupported and blind, right into the jaws of our battlefleet, and that placed it at our mercy in a state of complete unreadiness for action and quite unsuspicious of its peril. To say that the Italians were outmanœuvred and outfought is to put the matter mildly; its was, in fact, not a battle so much as a massacre. British seamanship, gunnery, and morale were too vastly superior to leave the Italians any chance in the uneven contest, once it would be joined. That it was so joined and that the result was so annihilatingly decisive, was in no small part due to the fine work of the Fleet Air Arm, which at the moment when the enemy turned to escape reached out its long arm and so crippled him and slowed him up as he tried to escape as to enable our battleships to arrive on the scene and finish what had been so well begun.

I SLEPT ON BOOTS



Then I still slept on Boots because all my comrades borrowed it

- Splendid on manœuvres and in camp
- Khaki material
- Ideal for all on service
- Up or down in a few seconds
- Deflated about the size of handkerchief. 15" × 10"
- Send now, stocks cannot be replenished — Price 4'3
- Offered by ex-W.O. who knows its worth — Postage - 3d.

KENOSHA AGENCIES, COWPLAIN, PORTSMOUTH

Yorkshire Relish

A MONTHLY RETURN RENDERED BY L.H.D.

From Bad to Verse.—

Oop Yorkshire waay wheere men are men
It paays thee well to watch thysen
For, waading round knee-deep in snow
Tha grows to look like Eskimo.

Wi' faace stoong blue from howling goost
An' trousers gone when braaces boost,
It's caase o' strongest stand or fall
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at an' all.

Even crows have corns on t'feet
Since (walking round through snow and sleet)
Pedestrians, they cannot fly;
Wind hurls them backwards out o' t'sky.

It seems to me that, really tough,
The Yorkshire moor gooat does his stuff;
He saunters round all over t'plaace
In spite o' gormless look on t'faace.

He never seems to worry mooch
Negotiating ice and sooch,
Careering round in lurid skids
For t'benefit o' wife and kids.

He's graadely laad is Yorkshire gooat,
Wi' toofts o' whiskers on his throoat;
But yet he's never learned to strike
A proper balance on a bike.

That's one o' t'things I'd like to see
For entertaining thee and me.
And lots o' folk'ld be surprised
To see a moor gooat mechanised!

There's oother folk'ld argue thus:
What's good o' moor gooat riding 'bus
Or pushing pedal bike about?
To which I'd say: precisely nowt!

In spite o' which I still maintain
This life of ours has mooch to gain
From fun and games in endless spate
Watching herds ne-goat-iate (Oi!).

□■□

Conversation Piece.—When our 'phone bell rang and the voice of a complete stranger hailed us over the line we entered into the spirit of the thing at once. We are like that.

"Oh, hullo," cried the Voice. "I say, don't forget to book that squash court."

"Rather not!" we rejoined with enthusiasm. "But, business before pleasure, you know."

"Eh—what?" queried the other, obviously shaken.

"Your transport detail," we snapped in a flash, warming up to the theme in great style—"collecting three thousand seed cakes—remember?"

"Three thousand seed cakes—I don't," began the Voice, rapidly losing its grip.

"And, by the way," we continued, piling on the pressure, "tell Rigworthy to exercise greater caution in his handling of indents. The last time we banged in for ten drums of oil, lubricating, five gallons, he met our demands with a delivery of six dozen porcelain door knobs. We experienced some difficulty in reconciling the two."

"Quite—but—" began the other.

"Better make a point, too, of picking up the surplus bootlaces authorised in ratio to your establishment, and don't forget that urgent matter we discussed yesterday—tools, potato peeling—it's pretty vital."

"Er, oh yes, of course," faltered the Voice. "I say, who is that, anyway?"

"This is Elastic Piling Swivels, Limited," we announced with relish and finality, replacing the receiver.

□■□

Few cases of this type, however, can hope to compare with the Ripworthy epic.

It was during the Army manœuvres a couple of years ago; a Colonel Bridoon-Bitt, A.R.P. (retired), had placed an order for a saddle of beef with his butcher, Ripworthy, and decided to 'phone instructions to expedite delivery.



A Depot Celebrity—Guess Who!

Now, by an odd mischance, he became connected—distantly, of course—with Brigade Headquarters, and, by a remarkable coincidence, the clerk who took the call was also a Ripworthy. The conversation which ensued went something like this:

"Hullo! Is that Ripworthy?"

"Ripworthy speaking, sir."

"Ah, what about that saddle I ordered?"

"A saddle, sir? I'll put you through to the Quartermaster."

"What's that? Quartermaster? What Quartermaster? Look here, Ripworthy, I want that saddle delivered immediately, y'understand. It's to be roasted—savvy?"

"Roasted, sir! But—you can't roast Government property, sir!"

"Government property! Who's talking about Government property, dammit! Listen, it's to be done to a turn or I'll want to know the reason why!"

"But—surely you'll find leather a bit tough, sir. . . ."

"Leather! Leather, d'you say! Send me one as tough as leather, Ripworthy, and by thunder I'll have you court martialled!"

At that point the exchange disconnected the lines. It just shows you.

Correspondence

The Editor of THE WIRE.

DEAR SIR, The enclosed may possibly amuse your Anglo-Indian readers.

Yours truly,
P. A. CHUBB, Major, Royal Signals.

"OVERLAND (PRE-WAR)"

Uper! Niche! Age! Piche!
Now we're drawing near the quay.
What's the French for "Get a taxi"?
And "*Hamārewasti Bhi.*"

MARSEILLES MÉN

Dekkho, Bādmash! Ou est Ghari?
A la Gare Bahut Jeldi Jao!
Can't you understand me *Pukkah?*
Chelo vite and *Chuparao!*

LA GARE

Une Place Reservée on "Calais Mail"?
Ne! Troisième Classe, you son of a *Bail!*

THE "CALAIS MAIL"

Chilumpchi! Chibootra!
Chilumpchi! Chibootra!
Chilumpchi! Chibootra!
We're puffing along.
Chilumpchi! Chibootra!
Chilumpchi! Chibootra!
Chilumpchi! Chibootra!
This *Khana's* no *bon.*

PARIS

Vous ulu ka Bachha! Kahañ tout Mon Kit
Just look at that French girl!
By Jove! She's got *It!*

CALAIS GHAT

Ou est le Jihaz?
(Gosh! More northward you go,
The less of their language
These perishers know!)

LA MANCHE

Ham Boat.* *Bimar Hain.*

* *Joke! Very funny!*

P.A.C.

HOME STATIONS

S.O.-in-C. Staff, G.H.Q. (Home Forces)

For the first time the doings of the Signal Officer-in-Chief's staff at General Headquarters (Home Forces) appear in print. A serious attempt was made to go to press in the WIRE when we were with the B.E.F. in France, but, unfortunately, that attempt had to be jettisoned along with other things in our anxious dash for home and beauty.

I can think of no better way of opening these notes than by wishing our old Chief, who left us some little time ago, good-bye and good luck! Those of us who remain of his B.E.F. staff, I feel certain, will always have some pleasant memories of him and not a little admiration.

Then, having carefully got our bearings, we say " welcome " to our new Chief, and respectfully extend to him our very sincere and hearty congratulations on his promotion to Major-General.

To our Colonel we also extend our very heartiest congratulations and good wishes on his elevation to that rank; the best use we have seen " Red Tape " put to yet!

Just a note about our dear departed. Firstly, we send our good wishes and congratulations to our old R.S.M. (Pip) Page, D.C.M., who forsook us a few months ago to become " Two-Pip " Page. To our old Sergeant (Alf.) Newton, now glorifying under the title " C.S.M. Newton," somewhere in the desert fastness, we send our fond felicitations and advise him in case of difficulty with his camel to show it the WIRE of February last, in which his " mention in despatches " was noted. Cheerio, Alf., we don't think we'll be seeing you!

We are pleased to have had recent news of our ex-draughtsman, Jock Morris, and also of Lance Corporal MacGowan, whom we know is doing " good work " not very far away. We should like to have a line from Lance Corporal Bullock in the land of " Colleens," but meanwhile we trust his training at L'Joiteur will stand him in good stead. (It's a long time back to that little bottle in the wine-cupboard at Hazebrouck, Norman!) It is doubtful if ever again we shall see our ex-Corporal (Taffy) Edwards. Rumour has it that he was last seen before the public eye as a " one-pipper " avec tartan kilt (surely there's a leek somewhere!). Of Signalman (Loftie) Stiggers news has been very scant since we departed from Arras. We haven't had a free glass of beer since his towering frame earned for us notoriety in the Café Legland at Arras. We should be glad to hear how he is getting on. Another of our missing correspondents is C.S.M. (Sam) Hodges, from whom we should be delighted to hear.

Coming nearer home, we have congratulations for our present R.S.M. (Ray) Hodgson (anyone who knew him in Yorkshire as a cycling fiend can well imagine the decorations on the wall—in fact our promotions depend on our subscriptions to " Cycling "). During his spare time of late he has been observed working furtively and secretively on a job which seems to be taking the shape of a " cot." We may be wrong in this, however, but are equally ready with our congratulations when the dark story is unfolded.

In keeping with the activities of our mutual admiration sociey, we mention with pleasure the promotion of Corporal Davies to Sergeant (a note of his " mention in despatches " also appeared in February's WIRE), the attainment of Corporals Marriott (locally known as " Ticker ") and Rodrigues to war substantive rank, and the promotion of Lance Corporal Staniford to Corporal. The last-named is our own version of " Heath Robinson." He does wonders with a few odd pieces of wood and yards of string; there is no truth in the rumour that he wants to be a lineman (he has no desire to help the enemy!).

A goodly portion of our staff emanates from 2nd S.T.C. Amongst them are: Sergeant Davies, Signalmen Tugwell, Lightfoot, Coulter and Beardmore (the last two named from Cadre), and until a short while ago, Lance Corporal Waller—who has forsaken us and Royal Signals to embark on a career in R.A., O.C.T.U. We are also blessed (meant in a kindly sense) with an officer from that delightful camp, and we had yet another, but he, understanding the ways of mice and men, so far as is known again languishes in that happy clime.

From 3rd S.T.C. comes our present draughtsman, Signalman Heppenstall, weighed down under multitudinous degrees and awards, not the least of which are the mystic letters A.R.I.B.A. Please note this future builder of cities, but for heaven's sake get his name right—he's been called anything from "Alpenstock " to " Hoppinwall."

In general, we are an exceedingly happy crowd here. We did get a wee bit fractious a little while ago, owing to work having to be conducted some two or three storeys underground, but this we countered by forming a " Mole Club." Amongst the club's many activities was the study of Esperanto (since we were a trifle uncertain who would join in the war next), and with the aid of that language and some slight acquaintance with the English tongue, we now feel able to hold discourse with all and sundry. Should there happen to be any fellow-Esperantistoj in the house, we say " ni kredas, ke ni povus kun granda intereso korespondi inter ni pri multaj demandoj. Cu vi volas korespondi kun ni? Under consideration is the question of making future announcements in Swahili or Sud-Arabic!

Trouble having been occasioned by reason of the fact that a part of the staff seems disinclined to rise in the mornings, we have had posted to us a member of the Corps band, Signalman Kellett, and a subscription is afoot to buy him a trombone to facilitate disciplinary action.

I end these notes with a word of farewell to Sergeant Solley, who departed from our midst a week or two ago for other realms. It seems such a pity that he should leave this happy (?) land to run slap bang into a " Blitz " on the first day of arrival. We hope he will keep us informed of his perambulations, and wish him good luck.

MERKURO.

Yorkshire 1

1st Operators' Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

Once again these notes are brought to your notice by your humble scribe, and I would like to express my thanks to Major Holwill who so kindly stepped into the breach and wrote last month's notes. I was an inmate of the local hospital at the time and was unable to compile them.

Promotions and Appointments.—Congratulations to Lance Sergeant Hazelgrave, Corporal Jago and Lance Corporal Jacobi, all until quite recently just " one of the lads." Go to it, there's room for a few more.

Departures.—We are sorry to lose our Adjutant, Captain Morris, and wish him good luck; also R.S.M. Bennett, who is now a Mr. A " Q " Bloke, he is " Somewhere in England," having now attained the right to be saluted. Good luck, sir.

Lance Corporal Connell and Signalmen Snell and Ogara have all left us to be " three little boys in blue "; well, that's what they tell us. Still, let's hope that traffic blocks will be a thing of the past now that they are on their way.

Blessed Event.—It's a boy, and the proud and happy couple are none other than Signalman and Mrs. Bert Daulby. Many of 'em, Bert, but—what about the cigars? "

Education.—New German classes have recently been formed, and other kinds of education are still going strong, despite the counter attractions of the O.T.B. Circle and Theatre.

Entertainments.—Dances at the O.T.B. Theatre are still a weekly feature, and a good time is had by one and all, but during the last month very little has been seen of our concert party. Is

the close season on, or are we being neglected? The boys are eagerly awaiting their reappearance.

Answer: Majority of the party have passed to other Units, and none have arrived to replace them, or they are hiding in the corner.

Disappointment.—We have at last found a solution to Signalman Jarvis V. E.'s recent loss of appetite. It is due to the fact that the onion plant he has been cultivating at the back of the Cookhouse has turned out to be a daffodil, hence his crestfallen appearance.

Miscellaneous.—It is a long time since any mention of our fair sex has entered our notes, and I would just like to say that Auntie Flo (of Hell's Kitchen fame) is back and wishes to be remembered to the boys. She told me recently that a friend of hers has written a little book called " Mutiny in the Cookhouse," and she pays great tribute to the self-sacrifice and devotion of a little lass called Elsie. There are just two questions " Jimmy the One " wants answered:

(a) Who are the Mutineers?
(b) What medal (?) did Elsie receive for her canine-like devotion?

No prizes will be given for correct answers, so just think it over, lads, and do your best.

One Word re Our Dramatic Society.—Owing to posting, we have lost our leading cast. The last comedy staged was " Tons of Money." Three performances were given, one open to the Garrison, and were thoroughly enjoyed by all. To those of the cast who have since left us, we convey our hearty congratulations for the splendid way the show was produced and acted, and to thank one and all.

Our Entertainments Officer, Major Holwill, wishes personally to thank in particular Signalman and Mrs. Davis for the splendid help and co-operation given while they were here with us, enabling us to put on such splendid shows. We wish them all good luck wherever they may go, and hope they will carry with them happy memories of the O.T.B. Theatre.

A. E. HUGHES.

No. 1 Company

Writing these notes on a Thursday, I am struck by the importance of this day of the week in the daily life of our Company. Even the Orderly Corporal looks forward to this day. It means that at least one barrack room will not need coaxing from out of its blankets. As punctual as the bell in the training huts, this barrack room will be up ready to collect its leave passes and be out of the lines before it is wanted for gardening or any other unusual fatigues.

After the shouting and the tumult on the Square has died down the rest of the Company will be settling down to the day's training. Not so some trainees. The anxious look on their faces gives them away.

What is it all about? We soon find out.

Towards 11 a.m. there is considerable activity in Room No. 4. For once " Spares " are not sought high and low. Inside the room, a Sergeant, a twinkle in his eye, is busy grooming his teleprinter machines as if they were horses from his pet stable. There is no superstition about this race. " Number Thirteen," although penned up in a corner, will be among the seventeen starters. To the casual observer it would seem a good idea to tune up the starters as well as the machines. Quite a number are suffering from cold hands, if not from cold feet. One trainee especially calls for sympathy. Five minutes before the " off " he is a sorry sight. His fingers, which had yesterday rattled out 20 messages in under 15 minutes, now stumble and chatter all over the keyboard. Letters and figures become inexplicably mixed. He types out: " Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party," feeling that it would be truer to say " this party," not " the party."

Behind him, nervously pacing the centre of the room, is the squad instructor. He gives the impression of a man desperately in need of divine help. Or perhaps he is anxious the results of this test will tally with his weekly progress report. He reflects on the form of his team: X, the favourite, should walk through, unless he is suddenly stricken with testitis. Y is a possible, if he does not hit the " Who are you? " key. The testing N.C.O. takes out his stop watch. The stage is set; the prize, an extra 3d. a day if the test is Group Eddy, or if it is B.3, all to the wives of those who are married.

In an adjoining waiting room are a number of other men waiting their turn. They occupy their time in peering through the window in an effort to catch a glimpse of the Test Room. For fifteen minutes they keep up a running commentary. " They're off," goes up the cry. " Hello, X has stopped—a false start? Bad luck." " Y's finished. He looks pleased. He's checking through his message." " Time's up. I wonder how many finished? "

The door of the waiting room opens. The Squads exchange places. White faces replace flushed cheeks. The two respective instructors grunt as they pass in the doorway. The second race is on!

Some time later, in the training office, an extra training list for the coming week is being compiled. The " also rans " are being given another chance.

Now for other news of the Company. At one time the Mobile Force's theme song was " I've got those happy feet." The Force was proud of its " embussing " and " debussing " records. Times have changed. Led by our energetic O.C., this Force has been getting around the countryside at a remarkable pace under its own steam. It is expected that it will soon be tackling that army record of 67 miles march in twenty-four hours, going one better by parading with teleprinters strapped on the back. Following on these marches it has been noticed with interest that carpet slippers for footwear in the morning are now a spring fashion. Company Office is open to tenders from motor coach firms willing to pick up stragglers on these rambles.

Signalman Bonner S. F., as he is remembered by No. 9 Barrack Room, is now a 2nd Lieutenant in the A.E.C. It is understood that his new post maintains contact with the Signals.

Overheard on the telephone. Patient switchboard instructor, on how to clear the lines, explained: " You say ' Finished three times ' or ' Finished, finished, finished.' " He was later slightly nonplussed to see the trainee pick up the receiver and, speaking into it, say, " Finished three times."

" Out of the mouth . . . " N.C.O.'s efforts to prompt Signalman who failed to recognise the cradle switch—" You were in one when you were a baby."

W.V.H.M.

No. 2 Company

Since the last issue, 2nd Lieutenant Bruce has been promoted to Lieutenant and we have had to say good-bye to C.S.M. Murphy who has been replaced by C.S.M. Launders. Sergeant Dibsdale has also been posted. We wish them all the best of luck.

We have to thank Signalman Topin for his letter; we are always pleased to hear from old trainees and take this opportunity of wishing him good luck.

The changes that have taken place in " O " Squad since our last appearance in print are too numerous to mention in detail. Rumour went round that the Squad was going to put its shutters up, and the numbers recently posted seemed to confirm it, but new members continue to arrive in twos and threes; enough, anyway, to disturb Company Office with " communication drill " every afternoon. (Incidentally, what will become of the Squad when it loses its " griff merchant.")

Soccer.—Battalion league games are in full swing again and with a strong Unit team we hope to give a good account of ourselves in the newly formed league. Unit Trial and Inter-Company games are held weekly and keen interest is shown amongst all players. We are fortunate to have three of our players playing in the Garrison representative games, namely, Lance Corporals Smith and Adams (our P.T. experts) and Signalman McGregor.

Rugby.—The Unit team who met the School of Signals in the semi-final of the Garrison Cup gave an excellent account of themselves until half-time, after which the supremacy of the Schools forwards gained them a comfortable victory by 29 points to 3.

No. 3 Company

Alas, many a scribe hath finished after his first few sentences, but the tragedy is that he knoweth it not. Yet, though thy servant is but a meanly paid scribe, his philosophic mind deriveth satisfaction from the knowledge that many who are worth more are worthless.

Well, chums, spring is here. Of course you may not have noticed it yet, but it arrived somewhere around the 21st March. So for a few months, no snow-clearing—we hope.

With spring comes, amongst spring offensive and other things, spring fever. This probably explains how these notes have come to be written and why your unworthy scribe has, in the words of a certain overgrown N.C.O., finally got his " mighty intellect weaving."

You have probably noticed that military mathematics have been brought to a very fine art. Herewith a classic and not so rare example : If ten men take two hours to load one lorry, it will take twenty men one hour to load that same lorry. Will it ?

Shocks to the Company's constitution have so far been very few, but—it's happened. Sergeant Lilley has left us. Yes, he has gone, and his name has been deleted from the Inventory. This popular N.C.O. (and we say that without reserve) has been responsible for much of the good record both for training and discipline earned by this Company. He will be hard to replace if, of course, any attempt is made to replace him. At least one Unit has profited at our expense. Good luck, Tich, we hope that your new Unit will appreciate you as well as we have done.

Previously, we had also lost Lance Sergeant Tyers and Lance Corporals Lettice and O'Kines. We wish them the best in their new Units.

It appears that some people have all the luck. Not only has Lance Sergeant Gillott a bonny daughter, but he has now been presented with a son. Congratulations, Snowy !

Past Three-Companyites will remember that we were very proud of the grass verges outside our bungalows. After much roaring and bellowing of the phrase " Keep off the grass," the marks left by the tents had been obliterated.

Now the cry is " Dig for Victory," and those green verges are no more. All available land is receiving attention of the spade and, incidentally, much sweat. Soon, we hope to walk out of our bungalows and survey, with pride, rows and rows of cabbages and other vegetables. By the way, you would be surprised at the number of rocks that were unearthed. This reminds me, for in the words of Hocus Pocus, " Divers men love to see their gardens blooming, whereas others hate the sight of their blooming gardens."

Corporal Hurst has left the trials of Orderly Corporal to Lance Corporal Mann, and is now taking a Squad. Lance Corporal Mann has a man's job and is now haunted by Duty Week. His job is to supply double the duties with half the men. What a job. Poor Mann ! We curse you, but, you have our sympathy.

We welcome to No. 3 Company 2nd Lieutenant C. H. Buttery, and we hope that he enjoys his stay with us.

Congratulations to the unknown artist whose cartoon of Creed Training stood out in all its glory from a recent copy of the WIRE. By the way, I, S.P.D., was NOT the cartoonist. I am not so gifted. Still, I take this opportunity of suggesting further cartoons on " What ! No 'As you Were ' ? " or " The N.C.O. who wasn't on duty."

Finally, whatsoever their faults may be, these notes hath, at least, a happy ending, for any reader who doth get that length must verily be damn glad.

S.P.D.

No. 4 Company

The compilation of these notes has been delivered into the trembling hands of a comparative rookie, and it is hoped that any indiscretion in the future will not be taken so hardly as to result in his ultimate removal to the " dock " and therefore temporary or permanent absence from these columns.

Well, cads, things are running pretty smoothly, except for our " infernal " machines, which have the habit of going at the critical moment. Maybe they sense " Charlie Inkwell " coming up the corridor. Perhaps, now that the weather has changed, " Smudger " will have better results on his V/S. (Bear up, Smudge.)

It seems apparent that some of the lads fail to see the joke of our Saturday morning stroll over the moors.

There has been a wailing and gnashing of teeth amongst the A.T.S. Girls, the reason being that some of the Company Don Juans have been late keeping appointments, owing to Weapon training, and, of course, Duty Platoon.

Arrivals and Departures.—We extend the glad mitt to our new arrivals, and hope their stay will be most convivial. Don't have too many nightmares, boys.

Best of luck to all the old boys who are now fully-fledged Operators. You will all be Sergeants soon.

Taffy " Worried " Hughes, our popular and cheerful custodian of the Technical Stores, has left us for " warmer " climes. (Bet you find it tough putting on a collar and tie, Taff.)



Promotions and Appointments.—Congratulations to Lance Sergeant Smith J. C., on his triumphal entry into the Sergeants' Mess. (Mine's a pint.) By the time this goes to press our " Jimmy " (S.S.M. Grocott) should have taken over the duties of C.S.M. (Be steady on the duties, sir !)

Marriages.—" Pop " Long, of procedure fame, has departed on leave to take the plunge. Congratulations, old man ! Our other procedure king (Geo. Evans) doesn't know whether to stop or go. Maybe he learnt a few tricks from Wilbur Hade.

Things We Want to Know.—Who was the " Madden " who said he would rather give racing commentaries over the air than read morse ?

Does our Training Officer enjoy climbing khuds or did he lose his way ?

Has our young subaltern conquered the " Bucking Bronco " yet, or is the clutch still fierce ?

Whether " Our Cecil " managed to get any Bren gun maintenance hours ?

How does " Busty " get in and out of the trenches ?

Jews' Mail.—To " Leaguer Vincent," ex-1st Ind. Div. " What about a line ? Robbo."

So long, cads, be seeing you sometime, providing " Nasty " doesn't see me first. Adios.

ROBBO.

1st General Trades Training Battalion

No. 1 (Line) Company

Here, one again, is the old firm, minus several of its most important partners (sleeping and otherwise), but still eager to satisfy the hungry souls of all our ex-members, new members and all the etceteras.

If at times I seem to waver, I would like it to be clearly understood that at my elbow stands a most critical of critics, waiting, complete with a look of gloating superiority, to devour these hasty ruminations. I refer to the pet scribe of our rival, No. 2 (Line) Company, who seems as yet unawed by the magnitude of the honour bestowed upon him in the capacity of Acting C.S.M. in our Company. We, nevertheless, wish him a (comparatively) happy and contented sojourn with us, and may he never be ashamed of the annexes.

It is with very real regret that we say good-bye to our recent C.S.M., as a result of his well-deserved rise to the giddy heights of Lieutenancy. Our loss is very much another's gain this time, and we would like to extend our wholehearted thanks for all he has done for our Company during his reign. " Ears " to you, sir, and may they never come into painful contact with the A.T.S. again.

Congratulations are extended to Corporal Talbot on his promotion. His comrades of the Scorton days are delighted to know that he is now in a position to throw the dishcloth himself.

Found.—On Dunkirk beach—One rifle, believed to be the property of a Lance Corporal in this celebrated Company. Any offers for this priceless souvenir ?

Calling X.2 ! Calling X.2 !

Flash !—Lost. One Signalman. Answers to the name of " Gilroy." Last seen heading in the direction of the Q.M. Stores. Stop ! What is he like ? Sorry, X.2, but the only person who saw him has been posted. For further information dial Whitehall 1212.

We have a number of celebrities amongst us these days, one of whom seemed to derive great pleasure from informing the Company Commander at the interview that his civilian hobby was poaching. Too bad that the rabbits on the moors are free ; it takes all the kick out of life.

Sport.—In the capable hands of the Quarter bloke, sport is gradually lifting its weary head and assuming a look of slight interest, as proved by the results published here with a lack of shame which points to previous similar situations. Our first soccer match was with No. 4 (M.T.) Company, to whom we lost 10—3. The next three, all against our counterpart, No. 2 (Line) Company, showed that even a worm will turn, be it ever so slowly. The first match was lost to them, 5—2 ; the second was also lost to them, 2—1 ; the third did not exactly prove a hat trick, but some satisfaction is derived from the fact that we drew, 2—2.

In conclusion, we wish to offer our best wishes to all our dear departed.

To Sergeant Pfeiffer on his promotion to C.Q.M.S. we send our heartiest congratulations, tempered by our regret at his posting to No. 4 (M.T.) Company. We sincerely hope that this success is more lasting than his previous promotions.

And so we leave the outside world to its devices, and turn to gaze with jaundiced eye upon the usual dreary routine jobs, unbrightened, these days, by whistling (Signalman Croucher, please note) or jazz (due to the " Y " list), and with a satisfied feeling of " something attempted, something done " our Company makes its exit.

No flowers, by request.

No. 2 (Line) Company

General.—Owing to the WIRE notes reporter being posted, notes this month will be rather brief, but " C " Company should do well.

Arrivals.—We welcome to this Company S.S.M. Fergusson, and the usual number of squads.

Departures.—C.S.M. West to somewhere in England. S.S.M. Robertson to " C " Company—he never did like walking. S.S.M. Frankland to No. 1 (Line) Company—he'll soon get his weight down now. We wish them all the best in their new spheres.

Training.—The usual number of squads are in training, and certain squads are getting a lot of letters from somewhere up north. (Was it as good as all that ?)

Gardening.—The Company are getting the allotment licked into shape and we hope to get good results with the aid of Signalman Atkins and his little party, not forgetting the work the Company has put in.

Football.—In an attempt to find fresh talent, two games were played against No. 1 (Line) Company. The first game resulted in a win for our eleven by 2—1. The game was spoilt by a high wind, which made ball control difficult, but, all the same, a spirited game was witnessed. The opposition had the majority of the play when they had the wind behind them in the initial half, but Lee scored from a breakaway to allow us to change ends with a goal advantage. No. 1 (Line) Company defended stubbornly in the second half. King increased the lead and the opposition's goal resulted from a breakaway late in the game. In the return match, both teams were strengthened and a very good game resulted in a draw, both teams scoring twice. This game was featured by the clever play of both sets of forwards.

Indoor Sports.—A new venture was introduced on Good Friday, when deck tennis was tried as a competitive game. We were opposed by No. 1 (Line) Company, when six games were shared.

A Tough Recruit.—Whilst attending plumbing, the squad was split up into pairs and it was during this process that the recruit holding the blow lamp was called by another member in the squad, which caused him to turn round. In doing so, he turned the flame of the lamp on his mate's ear, who turned upon the former with the request, " Give us a number, Jack." " What the h—— for ? " was the reply. " Well," came the answer, " my ear ain't half ruddywell burning."

By the Way.—We have been issued with double-tier beds and the men in the bottom beds are, up to the present, still looking as handsome as ever.

THE LOCAL.

Boys Training Company

General.—Having been elected to that exalted position of WIRE correspondent to the Boys' Club, I shall endeavour to carry on the good work of my predecessors.

To many of our readers, I have no doubt in believing that the following news will be quite a shock and surprise to them. Much to the Company's regret and disadvantage a good many Boys have suddenly been posted down South, no doubt because reports of their outstanding and precocious merits had reached the other Unit, who were thus anxious to acquire their services. To many of the Boys concerned it was considered the greatest pleasure to leave behind a land so possessed with beauties that only Mother Nature herself could provide. (Some hopes.) Anyway, everything went off well, and I think one thing is worth mentioning. Much to the Boys' delight, a farewell " gobble " was prepared for them. As a point of curiosity we would still like to know the method behind the Sergeant-Major's acquiring abilities for future self convenience. As an act of appreciation, we all extend our heartiest thanks to him and the cooks, for producing such an exquisite tea, so worthy of its cause. To the Boys who have left us, we all extend our very best wishes for success in the near future.

Interest.—The " Spud Patch " outside the Boys' Block is progressing favourably, what with our detailed volunteers. Much to the Company's advantage, Corporal Blades has been away on

a Gas Course. So far, we have had a few lectures, and slowly but surely we are increasing our knowledge of gas ; so much so, that some day, so-and-so, mistaking the smell of socks for garlic, will shout " Gas ! "

Departures.—We are sorry to lose Lance Corporals Foskett, Stewart and Robbins. All are ex-Boys with outstanding abilities as invaluable instructors. All the very best to them.

Arrivals.—We extend our very warmest welcome to Lance Corporals Oldham and Beadle and Signalman Morton. To Sergeant Ellis, who was here for a very short time, we extend our best wishes.

Appointments.—Congratulations to Lance Corporal Brodie and Lance Corporal Boys Clowson, Sinclair, Risby, Ridgeon, Wride and Moore, on attaining their respective ranks.

Jews' Mail.—To Paddy from D.I. " How about the weeds ? "

To Porker from the Quad. " How about a line inclusive with some fags ? "

To Sammy from No. 8 Room. " Don't forget the four bed spaces down Divs. ? "

D.N.S.

SPORTS NOTES.

Boxing.—In the Novices' Inter-Company Boxing Competition Boys' Company, though not actually competing, entered several contestants, all of whom put up " smashing " shows. The outstanding fight of the evening was that of Boys Sampson and Wride in the welter-weight class.

The following fought in the finals :

LIGHT HEAVY-WEIGHT.—Boy Knight v. Boy Wilson. Knight won on points. (Atta, boy, Fatty !)

MIDDLE-WEIGHT.—Boy Froom v. Boy Lewis. Froom winner on points.

LIGHT-WEIGHT.—Lance Corporal Boy Stokes v. Boy Lister. Stokes won on points.

Boy Neale v. Boy Graveling. Neale won on points.

MIDGE-WEIGHT.—Boy Fairweather v. Boy " Killer " Dadswell. Fairweather winner on points.

BANTAM-WEIGHT.—Lance Corporal Boy Giles v. Boy Bond G. Giles winner on points.

Boy Wride won the " Best Losers " Medal and all other winners were presented with medals by the C.O. Corporal " Paddy " O'Keefe is to be congratulated on the way in which he trained those Boys who fought, also the success of the Company boxing team is largely due to his instruction.

Soccer.—The following team represented the Boys' Company in the three matches played against the Depot Battalion, " D " Company (also return match) and O.C.T.U. Classes, all of which we won : Kneebone ; Durrant, Stokes ; Risby, Royle, Ham ; Haughney, Stevens, Campbell, Giles and Hine. Lance Corporal Stewart (Jock) and Lance Corporal Boy Eliot took the place of Giles and Stevens in the first match. All the best in your new Unit, " Jock," and keep up the football.

We hope before the season ends to form a new team as we have been " promised " some fixtures.

Rugby.—The fate of Boys' Company rugby now rests in the hands of Major Boileau and the " Colts," so you may rest assured that on the whole we ought to do quite well.

Cross-country.—The usual Boys' Company talent again proved in all runs this season. Sergeant Boy Royle came first in the Garrison Inter-Unit Run, which was won by our team, under the captaincy of Corporal Blades, who still "never lags behind."

Boy Moore won a " Junior " Company Run and is to be our future hope with the aid of Boy Christie (Beamer Jock).

Hockey.—Boy Stevens and Lance Corporal Brodie played for he Garrison against Durham County. Nice going.

To all down south. We have heard " great things " from Toc E—e about you, as regards sport. Keep it up and remember to drop us a line because what is 2½d. to you now ?

Cheerio,

GINGER.

Cadre Interlude

Introduction.—We, the Cadre, got our heads together recently and decided that we should strike forth into the columns of the WIRE. That, of course, was an easy decision to reach, but who was to be the scribe ? Thus, we once more sceptically searched our swollen skulls for sign of a sagacious scribe. Someone suggested that I might suit, so, after a swift sojourn to my " Sanctum Sanctorum," I, sapient sage, succumbed to the schemes of these my sanguinary satellites. (Say, some sentences !) So here, readers, is my first effort.

Arrivals and Departures.—This past month has seen many changes in the Company. A number of Boys have been posted and several changes in the Cadre have taken place. To those of the Cadre who have left us, namely, Sergeants Smith and Ellis, Lance Corporals Foskett, Robbins and Stewart, Signalmen Williamson and Hooper, we extend our heartiest congratulations and trust that they will be favoured with rapid promotion. We welcome to our fold Lance Corporals Oldham and Beadle and Signalmen Single and Morton.

Who's Ticking.—Since the arrival of Signalman Morton C. B., complete with watch and clock repairing kit, No. 16 Barrack Room has taken on the appearance of a clockshop. At the moment there are only " Clocks to the right of him, clocks to the left of him, and watches in front of him," but if business improves much more the ballad will have to be re-written !

Off Course.—Corporal Blades T. has recently returned from a Gas Course and may now be seen on any evening in the Corporals' Mess making up for those two weeks he forfeited. To him I dedicate the following :

I'm thirstier than a sailor, dry as an old barn door,
What's the use of living if I can't get beer no more ;
I went to all the places where the gargle used to be,
I turned them nearly upside down, but not a pint could see ;
They can ration cigarettes, they can also ration tea,
They can even ration kissing, 'cause what good's that to me ;
They can raise my income tax and enforce the black-out rule,
They can make me eat more carrots just like some blinking mule;
They can raise the postal rates and ration petrol, too,
And even with the Purchase Tax, I still come smiling through ;
But when it comes to rationing that good old English brew,
That's just the thing to me they really cannot do !

Sport.—As the Cadre sport is usually confined to " Fingers, stretch " in the mornings and shove halfpenny, darts, table tennis and tossing-'em-back competitions in the evenings, this section of the notes should be comparatively small. This month, however, a " Tabloid Sports " was arranged and proved to be a great success. Hidden talent was brought to light and existing world's records had a shaky time of it. Signalman Banham ran an outstanding quarter-mile and his heart and soul were determined to win, but near the end his legs were not so sure. Driver Morton was confident of winning the High Jump; he forgot one thing—he hadn't his horse with him.

I understand that these Sports are to be held regularly in the future, and if this is the case they should prove very popular.

Things We Ask.—Why does the language used by the Company Office Staff moderate considerably during the mornings of one week and the afternoons of the next ?

Definitions.—Leave is a certain something which is brought forth every six months, carefully dusted and distributed for about two weeks and then stored again for a further six months. When you've had it, it doesn't seem long enough ; when you get it you don't know what to do with it.

Conclusion.—More high-lights will be forthcoming in the next issue, but just at the moment I have exhausted my supply.

So, for the present, " Carry my gas mask, somebody." (That's wrong, somewhere !)

COY CAD.

School of Signals

Spring is in the air, so are we at the School of Signals, for the one and only " Bisto " Yates is now a proud and happy father. His wife presented him with a bouncing, bonny, baby daughter. We shall expect exceptional rissoles now, " Bisto " ; not the type you once stunned a fellow-cook with.

We are about to bid au revoir to No. 13 Regimental Signalling Instructors' Course and extend the welcome hand to the following : No. 2 Type " X " Machine Maintenance Course, No. 1 Officers' Advanced Lines Course, and No. 1 Lineman Mechanics' Course.

Promotion.—Congratulations to Q.M.S. Lafford E. on his recent promotion.

Marriage.—Driver Doncaster has seen fit to invest in a death warrant, having duly signed same. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Doncaster ! Long life and a happy one.

Overheard in the Orderly Room.—Orderly : " To which Sergeant Clark shall I deliver this note, Corporal ? There are two in the Unit."

Corporal : " Oh, that will be ' Nobby ' Clark."

(Collapse of office staff.)

Things We Want to Know.—Is there a vacancy for a Canteen N.C.O. in M—— Lines ?

Has " Ike " got any " dough " to spare ?

Why did " Smudger " choose a day like Saturday to lay a kit ?

Was Bob and Stan's water wagon campaign a success ?

Is C.S.M. Hallett still feeling the effects of Monday, 7th April ?

Jew's Mail.—To Corporal Blades, alias " Bladell " or another name we can't mention. " Why do you not pay your subscriptions at the Legion, or is it because you have bought the place ? "

To Dolly Duncan, G.T.T.Bn. " I hope they haven't bombed your gasometer, Dolly."

POOPDECK, S.O.S.

S.T.C. Wales

2nd Depot Battalion

"B" Company

Hello ! " B " Company bawling !

To the departed Sergeant Cannings and Bombardier Lazenby, both of the R.A., we extend our best wishes for their future, and to Roy many of the Company wish to remind him of the words. " We'll meet again ! "

The recruits who are leaving the Company for their future training in the technical branches of the Corps, they too go with a hearty wish from us. We find their ability to perform the " Standing Load " in the local to be more efficient than on the " Square."

Sport is still very much alive in the Company. The Inter-Section Boxing is in full swing, good talent was found, and all arrangements have been excellent, thanks to the O.C. and the P.T. Staff. Now for the Inter-Company competition. It's coming. You are warned !

Our digging for victory in the Company garden is a wash-out for the present, owing to the inclement weather. However, brighter days and longer evenings are coming, so you gardeners, look to your catalogues. The Company Lines should soon be brighter ; in fact, " Pilkington's Patch " has already a distinct odour of wallflower about it.

All expectations have been passed re the Savings Scheme run by the Company. Such interest was hardly expected. I heard the remark " Would Jew believe it ? " passed in the lines. Nah then !

Another Sergeant has popped up in the night. Good luck, Jim Davies ; you are not the best yet, but you will be.

In passing, a hearty welcome to our own Sergeant-Major. We in " B " Company now know the meaning of the " strong, silent type."

Things We Want to Know.—Who was the N.C.O. who said the Seven Wonders of the World were the " Three Musketeers " and the " Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

BEZA.

No. 1 Company

Well, folks, No. 1 Company is on the air again ! Please excuse us if there are not enough notes to satisfy you, but I am still waiting for that help I spoke of last month. Still—here we go !

Departures.—The Company mourns the loss of the following N.C.O.s, who have left us for other stations : Sergeant (Jock) Lyons to 2nd Holding Battalion, and Corporal Little to —— Command. We all thought you were on the inventory, Jock ! Still, there are a few more folks sweating pretty freely !

Arrivals.—We extend a hearty welcome to S.S.M.s Kelly and Lovell, and also to Sergeants Morton and Ramsey, who have arrived to help out our overworked staff. We hope that their stay will be long and happy.

Promotions and Appointments.—Congratulations to C.Q.M.S. Garden on his promotion to C.S.M. Nothing but hard work now, sir ! Also to Lance Sergeant Malley on attaining that rank, and Lance Corporal Bell on becoming a full rank ; not forgetting, of course, Lance Corporals Clipson and Biddlestone on losing that " U " at last.

Agony.—Fancy going to a Field Unit and finding on your arrival that one of your former pupils, who you passed out, was your Section Sergeant !

Howlers.—Who was the A.T.S. who thought that Admin. Wing was a Chinese general ?

No. 3 Company

Well, lads, here we are again ! Although it's a wonder, with all the innovations we've had recently ! The advent of spring seems to have awakened in the minds of the powers that be the thought that soldiers, Army, for the use of, are in need of a toughening process. So now, it is compulsory for *everybody* to do P.T. during the morning. My—didn't wide smiles spread over the faces of the lads when they saw Sergeants turning out and exhibiting their bare knees for the first time since—well, perhaps we'd better not go back that far ! It's true we don't do P.T. before breakfast, as some Companies do—no, we do arms and squad drill instead ! But apparently this isn't so strenuous, since it isn't considered necessary to fortify us with " gunfire," as are the partakers of P.T.

Another toughening idea is a weekly cross-country run, but everybody is bearing up under the strain (both those who go on the run and those who rack their brains for an acceptable excuse for dodging it !). Still, all this organised P.T. will have the effect of improving the standard at the next Sports, training for which is proceeding apace.

We take pride in the fact that a member of this Company—Signalman Beddard—was one of the S.T.C. soccer team which so soundly trounced the R.A.F. all-professional team, on 5th April ; 9—2 was the score in our favour. It's a good job the R.A.F. achieve better results when matched with the Jerries, and manage to reverse that score ! In a recent match, our own Company team played No. 1 Company, and after a lively game ran off the victors to a tune of 3—1. There's still plenty of kick left in No. 3 Company.

Promotions having been so scarce for some time past, it is with very great pleasure that we are able to offer congratulations to those who have fallen in the way of it during the past month. Our Company seems to have done particularly well. At last, one of the original militia (pre-war brand) has reached the exalted stage of wearing three chevrons, in the person of Lance Sergeant Bruford D., of the Fitter's School. Good going, Bru'. It won't be long now before the crown and laurels come your way ! There were three lifts from Lance Corporal to full rank, to wit, Corporals Bryden A., Ley G. and Harris T., all with their promotion backdated. Nice work, pals ! Lance Corporals Richardson F. and Wiggins G. A. P. are paid for their tapes at last. Lance Corporal Staziker has left the ranks of the exalted to become an U/Lance Corporal—thus joining that distinguished band of heroes who form the backbone of the British Army.

We Hear and Observe.—That many of the " Old Brigade " are sweating on a posting.

That the Company 880 yards relay team have been approached by the Italian Government to give running lessons to the Italian army.

L.H.

No. 4 Company

We understand that, at this season of the year, it is usual to start any literary effort with a quotation from " Oh to be in England now that April's here," but, after giving the matter due consideration we decided that the poem may not appeal to some readers of this column, and we couldn't remember the second line, anyway !

There have been many signs lately that the winter is over, and that spring is really in the air. The sun nearly shone one day last week ! The cookhouse has started producing porridge more regularly for breakfast. We have noticed, too, that many of the boys go out these evenings with a high polish on their toe-caps, and that longing look in their eyes. Large troop concentrations are usually to be found on Sunday evenings in Bluebell Wood, where every path leads to a Lovers' Lane, and every sheltered corner is a " Room 504." We should like to point out to all Drivers that, should identification parades become necessary in the future, the wearing of respirator face pieces will be forbidden !

The spring feeling seems to have penetrated deeply into " the men at the top "of this army, too, with the result that we are now hauled from our beds in the early hours to teach a rifle to do tricks. On four days a week we now have P.T. before we are allowed to have our dinner. Talking of dinner, we hope that the movement to supply No. 4 Company with a piece of cake for this meal will not gain ground.

Should you hear a little child telling you that there really are fairies at the bottom of the garden, do not doubt the sincerity of the claim. What other conclusion could a child come to after seeing the Company trotting along in their little shorts and vests on the early-morning run each Saturday ? Early morning we said ! It is pleasant to note, however, that Drivers are now accompanied on P.T. and cross-country runs by ranks that had a hard job to find their gym. shorts !

There have not been many stripes springing into the air lately, but we congratulate Lance Corporal Nelson on at least getting his feet on the bottom rung of the ladder. Other changes have been few. Lieutenant (T.M.O.) Bramley now keeps an eye on No. 3 Company as well as on this Section. The standard of vehicle lubrication seems to be as high as ever in the Garage and apparently Mussolini is not the only man who dreams of Greece. In fairness, though, we must say that " Off the road " figures have improved considerably, and a breakdown is an event.

We Hear.—That the N.A.A.F.I. may some day start selling cakes during Canteen open hours !

That the new Income Tax Assessment has shaken some of the shower !

That one of the M.C. Sergeants has indented for a pair of steps to help him mount his bike ! How's the nipper, Sarge ?

That one of the R.P.s in the Camp is being fitted with a coat by Sciaperelli !

That these notes are not appreciated by some readers of this column, but we don't get paid for writing them, so why should we worry, anyway ?

Our space is nearly filled now. Yes, we are saying just the same thing that you are. Before we go, however, we should like to extend a big hand to the men of the Corps who are at present serving in Africa and elsewhere abroad. To them all, and in particular to the men who have gone out from this Company, we say " Good luck and good hunting." We hope that they will all be back in England the next time April's here.

T.A.C.

Pip, pip ! Pip, pip ! Pip, pip !—To all my pals. I wish to extend my best wishes to my old Section, and to the first twenty D.R.s who formed the now London District Signals.

To my own Section 31, all the best ; miss you very much, let me be having some letters from you. Come on Wilber, Tubby, Johnny. Has Eric performed the marriage—if so, good luck to you and wife. Ted Lewis and Eric Bond are doing swell at the moment, but wish to be back in the saddle again.

How is the old crate, the Indian, going on ? Or isn't it ?

Well, lads, cheerio till we meet again.

SERGEANT KELLY T.

Yorkshire 3

3rd Operators' Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

There is little to report from Administrative Wing since the last issue of the WIRE. Only one important change has taken place in the interim—C.S.M. Teeling is now R.S.M. Congratulations, Mr. Teeling ! Those brown boots certainly look well !

Our abortive attempts to suggest dramatic performances from the Wing have been—well—abortive. We are coming to the reluctant conclusion that we don't shine in histrionics ; still, you never know. And at least we've got several musical people. In fact, the Battalion Dance Band is composed of a number of them : Signalman Hotchin, for instance, swings a nifty bass fiddle when he's away from his normal work of mercy in the M.I. Room, administering to the sick, lame, and halt. Boy, can he administer ! Then there's Signalman O'Leary, that wizard of the ivories ; we nearly lost him when the Corps Band was here a few weeks ago. Signalman McAnish plays the sax ; he works in the R.Q.'s office, so he should have taking ways. Yes, Lance Sergeant George and his boys have a full-time job these days. (How much for publicity, Sergeant ?)

" In the spring a young man's fancy . . ." Boys, spring is practically with us. Already the effects are becoming noticeable in the countenances of us khaki-coated office workers. But we mustn't allow it to take too firm a grip, lest we suffer the dismal fate of the unhappy being in the following narrative, which we might appropriately entitle—

SPRING

Spring in the air ! Outside, a resplendent sun beams upon the world ; inside, playful breezes waft " out " correspondence into the " ink tray " when the O.C. absent-mindedly removes it to " pending," what time he gazes pensively out of the window and doodles with his pencil on his blotting pad. Tapping noise over in the far corner draws attention to a barrack-room table groaning beneath the burden of several correspondence trays improvised out of old boxes, files of various shapes and sizes, and sheafs of papers strewn indiscriminately here and there, remarkable chiefly for the abundant use which has been made of the rubber stamp.

A timid knock is heard on the door, and a wild-haired orderly enters, holding in his hand more papers closely resembling those already mentioned. He approaches the heavily-laden table and, moving aside a pile of folders, discovers the origin of the tapping noise—a dilapidated typewriter being ill-treated by a serious-looking Lance Corporal, who pounds grimly away at what is apparently some sort of list of names.

" Y'are, Corp. ! " says the orderly, tentatively proffering the papers. The tapping continues. " Corp. ! "—pleadingly. " Okay, okay, tell him I'm just coming . . . Look what I've (censored) done now ! What do you want ? All right, give them to me. Fancy standing there all that time ! "

The orderly retires, and the clerk leans back in his chair until it is balancing precariously on two legs. He glances through the papers, and finally selects one stamped more vividly than the rest. " URGENT " and " IMMEDIATE " appear in bold violet letters across the top. The letter itself reads :—

Subject : Clothing. GHI/1/2/3.

Officer Commanding,

1 A.B.C., D.E.F.

23456789 Shaw, G. B.

A.B. 64, Part II, for the above-mentioned soldier has been received showing, in the " Cash Payments " column, " drawers, woollen, long—22/6."

No voucher has yet come to hand for this amount. Please forward immediately, as this is the third request ; your attention is drawn to this office circular No. X/Y dated 1/1/1907 and G.O. Order 800/1.

It is pointed out that the amount charged is out of all proportion to the vocabulary rate. Care must be taken to ensure that as far as possible the accurate price is charged, vide R.Q. Regulations, 1929, para. 10,000, Appendix A, sub-para. 1 (a) (ii) (f).

Please treat this as urgent.

JAS. SMITH, Major,
for Paymaster.

Anywhere,
1/1/41. KIM/NOP.

Having perused the document, Lance Corporal Lovaduck props it up on the keys of the typewriter—the only available space—and resignedly commences a search among the chaos. After a surprisingly short time he emerges with a folder containing all the correspondence relating to the matter in hand—and it appears to be quite considerable. With unusual alacrity—for him—he removes the present contents of the typewriter, and inserts two clean sheets in the roller. A very brief study of the correspondence, and he recommences typing laboriously !

" Subject : Clothing. ABC/1/2/3.
Paymaster, G.H.I.

23456789 Shaw G. B.

In reply to your GHI/1/2/3 dated 1/1/41 in respect of the above-named soldier.

The delay in replying is regretted, but is due to the fact that correspondence has been proceeding with No. 3 Bn., C.I.D., with regard to the drawers, woollen, long, since this man was with that Unit when the charge was incurred."

At this point the sound of feet walking along the road outside distracts Lovaduck's attention, and he pauses to look out of the window just as a bright young thing comes walking into his line of vision. He rivets his gaze upon her sunny countenance, and as she passes the window she turns her head and smiles at him. He continues to stare idiotically until she is out of sight, and several minutes after. When he eventually turns back to his work, a marked change has come over him. He looks with disgust at his desk, mouths at the letter in the typewriter, and begins to type at an enormous pace. (And, believe me, twenty-five words a minute is enormous for this typist and this machine.)

" So you've received A.B. 64, Part II, with drawers, woollen, long, in the cash payments column, have you ? Phooey ! It isn't everybody that can get a nice pair of long pants thrown in with his pay book, is it ? And it's not your pay book, anyway. What do you care if he paid 22/6 or 52/6 for his drawers, woollen, long ! Whose drawers are they, eh, tell me that ? Why don't you mind your own business ? How would you like it if I asked you how much you pay for your undies ? Personally I don't care for drawers, woollen, long ; I prefer drawers, cellular, short, specially now that spring is coming. Don't you think they're so much more comfy., Jas. ? I do.

Yes, and I've got another bone to pick with you. It's about time you stopped sending threatening and urgent letters for things you've already asked for once. Tell-tale-tit ! I might tell you I could tell you where to get off over some of the tripe you write. Smith Major—bah ! I'm sorry for Smith Minor, that's all.

As for your office circular, G.O. Order, and R.Q. Regulations, I don't think I need to tell you what to do with them ! And may I draw your attention to page two thousand, nine hundred and thirty-eight, column two, line three, of the Encyclopædia Britannica ?

Thank you.

Yours affectionately,
J. K. LOVADUCK, Lance Corporal,
Commanding 1 A.B.C., D.E.F."

Nowhere.
7/1/41. JKL.

Three months later. Lovaduck—just plain Lovaduck—is on the barrack square in full marching order. It is a detention barracks. The hot sun is pouring down, and Lovaduck is feeling the effects of two hours round the square.

" Spring in the air ! " says the Sergeant.

Lovaduck springs.

M.G.B.

No. 1 Company

The Inter-Squad concert has aroused a great deal of interest this month, and it has been obvious that all the Squads were striving to wrest the cup from its holders. At the concert, Squad O.S. 39 were successful in gaining enough points to put them on top, and they are to be congratulated on winning the Cup for the third time in succession. They will have been posted by the time these notes appear in print and all of those who remain here wish them good fortune in their new Units.

The proceeds of our one and only BIG dance were sufficient to buy enough football boots to enable us to organise our own matches. No longer is it necessary for us to put at the bottom of all football notices " By kind permission of . . ."

A.W.B.

No. 2 Company

Having survived the threatening anonymous letters that greeted our last effort we are here once more to put on record that one Annas now has two (new ?) stripes on each arm. But wait ! We suspect that we still have with us a reminder of the glory that was Walton. And may we ask that our friend Stewart, now that he has his first stripe, take English lessons (perhaps from our Quartermaster !) ; while we are glad to see a happy smile on the faces of Butler and Clegg, now that Part II Orders have blessed them.

Arrivals and departures are varied, and to Lance Sergeant Ainsworth and Corporal Barker we have said " Hullo " and " Good-bye," with very little pause between. Lance Corporal Wright has left us to go to a field unit and in his place we have Lance Corporal Keyes ; to the former, " Good luck, and write us soon," to the latter " We hope your stay will be a pleasant one." With regret also we have said " Cheerio " to one of the most popular N.C.O.s, " Bill " Jamieson, who has left us for an O.C.T.U. We wish him every success, and hope to hear from him often. More recently S.S.M. Bell has joined us, and we hope to give him something to remember us by.

To prove that courage is still part of the make-up of modern youth, Lance Corporal Mawer will shortly venture on the stormy seas of matrimony. We have all promised to stand by him with every encouragement and advice. More we cannot do !

Closer investigation of creaks and groans coming from Lance Corporal Tilson's room reveal that he has been going through a " home " P.T. Course ("A body like mine in seven days ") in preparation for his ordeal at Ossett. Well, it was nice to have known him.

Our trainees are eagerly awaiting the next intake, after which they will perhaps be able to approach the order board with a better hope.

Cheerio, everybody ! Ox.

A Free " Smoker."—If ever any Unit is in need of stage talent that has cheerfulness and vitality, application should be directed to No. 2 Company.

That there were a number of people possessing such talent we of the Company were vaguely aware, for occasionally in the past we have heard the word " Entertainment " mentioned. But the most recent smoking concert organised by the Company Entertainments Committee provided a triumphant answer to the question : " What do we get for our penny a week subscription ? " This smoking concert provided almost everything—free gratis—free cigarettes, free refreshments, free entertainment. There they were, these lads who set themselves up to entertain us—pianists, seemingly by the score (and all good, too !). And there were Corporal Kench and Lance Corporal Roberts as a comedy duo (Why are soldiers' knees so bony and their legs so hairy ?). These two were ravishing creatures in their dance number, but we understand that the crowd which awaited their departure when the show was over were not there to offer escort billetwards. And we had " Jock " Marshall, with a beautiful Scotch accent, telling us stories of Caledonia stern and wild and playing anything on his violin from " The Ballad " (the smokers of free cigarettes all behaved with propriety and sang a decent version) to Monte's " Czardas." Signalmen Makin and Longbottom sang to us of the watchman's answer to the well-known nocturnal question, and in individual items did so well that the cigarette puffers allowed their weeds to burn away unheedingly. And when it was all over our O.C., Captain F. C. McMurray, expressed our thanks to all the artistes for the grand show they had given.

making particular reference to the flying visit of Scott and Foster, two of the artistes appearing at the local variety theatre that week, and who responded nobly to an invitation to entertain us. It was a thoroughly enjoyable evening, and in future we shall pay our penny each week in gratitude—and anticipation.

E.B.

No. 3 Company

In the past few weeks, the competitive spirit has, like Topsy, "just growed." The Squads have become much more definite entities, speaking of themselves with something like the pride of a boy in his school "house." Thus it was that Nos. 41 and 42 intakes took to self-congratulations on their abilities as footballers, and duly took the field against each other. The first result was a draw, 2—2, but on the replay, No. 42 intake, aided and abetted by Lance Corporal Rantzau, came out on top, to the tune of 4—1.

In view of this friendly rivalry, the O.C., Lieutenant C. F. Bunce, has proposed that intakes should vie with each other in all things: progress at training, drill, turnout, etc., as this spirit, so essential nowadays, should not be wasted on the desert air.

We have lost one of our stalwarts of bachelordom, Corporal Philpott, who was duly wedded to Volunteer Doris Crosby on 5th April, at Hull, and the Company are unanimous in wishing the couple all they wish themselves. We can expect Corporal Philpott to "spread" himself a little, according to the good work already done by Volunteer Crosby in our cookhouse.

Last month we said good-bye to C.S.M. (now R.S.M.) Barham G. This month we say welcome, and we mean that, to C.S.M. Cooper. We also welcome Sergeant France and Corporal Branson. We bid a fond farewell to Corporal Smith, who has departed on a Course at an O.C.T.U.

Corporal "Joe" Stock is evidently preparing a surprise for the Company on the next concert. He walks around, trying to talk without moving his lips, but we haven't seen any signs of his "stooge," Signalman Laidig, ex-Geraldo saxophonist, who is busy sucking and blowing, so we can expect a convivial evening.

To all past members of No. 3 Company we send our good wishes, and hope that the months spent in it are still fragrant memories.

T.R.L.

No. 4 Company

How do you do, everybody? This is your old friend Dan calling.

General.—Apart from the fact that the final of the Table Tennis Tournament has been played, there has been little if any interest taken place during the past month. With regard to the above final, I must agree it was a very spectacular event, and our congratulations to Lance Corporal Inman (Trainee) on winning the event. The O.C. presented the prize which was in the form of a wallet. During the month, the following Squads passed out and have since left us: O.S.s Nos. 34, 35, 37, and 38. The results of the test were good and we all trust that their tour of duty in the field will be an enjoyable one.

Arrivals.—Sergeant Phillips, Corporals Gill and Allan from Field Units. The hand of welcome is extended, blokes, and we hope you will be as happy here as conditions permit.

Departures.—Since our last notes we have lost Lance Sergeant Tucker and Corporal Low W. D. Good luck to you both, and don't forget, Ton—"keep the old EFFAS flag flying."

Sport.—We played No. 2 Company in the first round of the Crossley Cup. Unfortunately, we were beaten 5—2, but I don't think that the result can be taken as a criterion of the play. We tried hard and kept at it, but they were "too fit" for us. Anyway, here's wishing No. 2 Company all the best of luck in their future games in the Tournament.

Agony.—There is a certain youth nicknamed "London Monkey" whose wooing tale goes something like this. "Let's be romantic, love"—and take fish and chips in th'air raid shelter. Makes you think, doesn't it?

Who is the bloke who went "trouting" in the local canal—at midnight? Speak up, Charlie!

N.B.—"Fairy" is still "Gripper" No. 1 and is still in possession of the Cup.

That is all for now, folks. So au revoir until next month. Happy landings!

VERLY BARRA JUNIOR.

Sergeants' Mess

Obituary.—It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of C.S.M. Scott W. His death is a great loss to the Unit and will be felt for a long time. A full report of his life service is published elsewhere in the magazine.

Sport.—HOCKEY.—Sergeants' Mess "B" team v. Officers; result, lost, 1—5.

FOOTBALL.—Sergeants' Mess "B" team v. Corporals; result, drawn, 0—0.

Mess Games Tournament.—This Tournament was held on 20th March, and was a howling success. All the games had to be played cack-handed, and this caused a flutter amongst the dart players. The marker had an easy time, as most of the scores were 0. One, Harrison, managed to throw a pretty dart which put the lights out. Sandbag Joe closed the darts match by eating the darts.

The draughts competition was won by Administrative Wing in a gallop, Sandbag Joe closing the competition by repeating the feat.

Blow Football.—A great game well played on four barrack tables and a table tennis ball; everyone knelt down and blew with the face. (Some of the members had been eating scented toffee). This was won by "B" Company in a terrific blow between C.S.M.s Shipley and Payne on No. 1 table. (Those men can blow!)

A pleasant evening ended with "B" Company winners of the Team Trophy by 1 point.

Sandbag Joe missed his feed after the competition as someone had stolen the ball, and a barrack table is a bit too hard even for him.

TIM.

"A" Company

We are now on the way to regaining our prominence; the drums have once again been brought out of storage and are in constant use. The boys now march to the heartening throb as in the days of yore. Our temporary inactivity has passed away and we are in full swing again, and, as is the usual case, we are at times chalking out our D.I.s.

Another phase of our existence that is rapidly fading away is the excavations necessary to make our abode habitable; we shall certainly miss them as we had begun to look upon them as part and parcel of our normal life.

The weather is still persisting in its vagaries; if only we had as much licence, what a world it would be.

Sport.—I had hoped to give a brighter note on the sport side, but the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley. We have had one or two games of soccer which have not redounded to our credit. "B" Company managed to inflict a 5—2 defeat on us, and Administrative Wing, in the Crossley Cup, tanned us to the extent of 8—1. Two of the Squads, however, could not make up their minds who were the best, so they had it out on the field, where a decisive result was obtained to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Marriages.—To Sergeant Stewart, who took the final plunge with Volunteer E. Gill, we offer our heartiest congratulations.

Arrivals. To Lance Corporals Scruton and Bathurst we extend a welcome hand and hope their stay with us will prove agreeable to both sides.

Things We Hear.—A goon had lost his clip of dummies and this was overheard by our Sweet Young Thing in the Q.M. Stores. She promptly enquired "What are dummies," and was immediately informed that they are issued to goons to soothe them to sleep after "Lights Out."

Two storemen are asleep in the Stores. One wakens up and hears the sirens going; he shakes his pal and tells him that the sirens are going, only to be informed that "If they can't think of anything better to pinch they deserve to get away with it."

To the little Sergeant of "A" Company: "Does the stick beat the drum or the drum beat the stick?"

Sergeant to Recruit; "What is a small armed party?"
Recruit to Sergeant: "Sergeant Hall with a rifle."

Cheerio, boys!

SEXTON.

"B" Company

We regret that we missed our notes in the March issue. However, we will endeavour to make up the difference with a few extra lines.

We welcome Lieutenant F. J. A. Church back to the fold, with fresh ideas from the Weapon Training Course. We hope you did well, sir, and kept up the Company's long list of "Ds" and "Qis."

"B" Company won the Games Cup in the Sergeants' Mess with a big blow. After being regarded as the wooden spoonists, we mustered our breath, gave a big blow at football, and safely tucked away the cup for a month. Sergeant-Majors have been seen in awkward positions, but never have I seen two of them standing on their heads biting each other's ears. In spite of all this, a good time was had by everyone present.

With spring in the air and all feeling sprightly we now look forward to watching our athletes leap and bound past our business associates in the coming super sports events, as we believe that the story of the tortoise and the hare is not just fiction.

Stop Press.—Lieutenant Church evidently enjoyed his Course as he is leaving us to return as a permanent Weapon Trainer.

JOT.

3rd General Trades Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

Now that we know we are not to pay more for our beer and baccy, life doesn't seem too bad again. The weather is improving slowly and the number of bottles of sun tan to be seen in billets is gradually getting less. Noses to the grindstone is the order of the day and some of us have very recently been trade tested with a view to higher ratings, more pennies per diem and, we hope, promotion.

For the time being we have said good-bye to Lieutenant (Quartermaster) C. Bryant, who, unfortunately, is in hospital. We extend a hearty welcome to Lieutenant (Quartermaster) L. Mears and hope that his stay with the Unit will occasion many happy memories.



Our salaams to Major G. Bell, whom the War Lords decided should move on. Best wishes for the future, sir.

Spring madness has hit us with a wallop. At least two of our number have recently cantered through the preliminaries to getting married. We are considering toughening them up for their future battles by swinging many extra duties over to them and arranging for them to be put on double rations. Anyway, here's wishing good luck to you, lads, and to your fiancées.

Congratulations to Signalman Rigby S. on remustering into the trade of butcher. You'll have to go some now, Stan. We shall expect old bullocks to be served up as tender and tasty as sucking pig.

We wish to be remembered by all the lucky lads who used to be with us but who are now lead-swinging in cushy jobs in field units. As usual, we do the work and you get the medals. Chins up, blokes, we are all hoping to join you before long—don't finish the war off until we have had a crack.

In conclusion, we take off our hats to the first bloke who ever accounted for a three-ton lorry on a "C.R.V."

The photograph herewith is not of our beauty chorus, but of a miscellaneous group (mostly crelks) invariably found scrounging somewhere or other between Reveille and Lights-Out in the vicinity of Battalion Headquarters.

No. 1 (Line) Company

In the absence of Jacko, who is on leave, herewith is an epistle which I trust will not let the "Master of Musick" down.

Fare Thee Well, Kind Sir.—Ever obliging C.Q.M.S. Farmer a well-known figure in both the business and skating rinkside of this Company, is shortly leaving us to take up duties elsewhere. We wish both him and his wife God-speed, good health and the very best of luck. His efficiency will be our loss and someone else's gain.

Sergeant Stokoe.—The above's partner in crime is taking over the reins. So roll up, my lucky lads. Anything you want that Sergeant Stokoe's got, but doesn't want, you can have, if you haven't already got one. Sez you. (The only thing I should like at the moment is his Saturday night's dancing partner. Oh, boy, what a peach!)

Smoky Hambly's favourite dance tune is "We three" at the moment. Let me tell you that before many more moons are out he will wish he had never heard it. Anyway, it's his own fault—him and his secret weapon.

Badgie Morton's immense personal charm has landed him in a good part-time job at last. Heaven help him.

He is the official A.T.S. drill destructor (sorry, I mean instructor), and I think he intends taking them—individually—on long route marches, when the dark nights come along.

Apart from the above, everything is under control. But oh for the time when men were men and women glad of it.

No. 3 (Workshop) Company

The sporting instinct dies hard, if at all, in our W.O.s. One day in the early spring one of these estimable personages felt the call of an Indian summer, or perhaps it was the curry we had for dinner, and took the Sergeants on a reconnaissance trip into the wilds of the neighbouring countryside. It was one of those days when one is never quite sure which is the balmier, the weather or the traveller, which may be an explaination of what is reputed to have occurred later in the afternoon.

What is definitely known, at any rate, is that everyone in the party was in a particularly good humour when they set off from the Company Office shortly after dinner—we emphasise the word "shortly" for reasons which will become clear later. All was very mysterious and firmly wrapped in red tape and sealing wax, but at least one person was clear that X was definitely the spot where the party had to pick up a number of officers.

The route ran through rough country and the " bug " in which the party were travelling made good progress until the W.O. in charge spotted something moving in the long, waving grass. His blood rose to his face and his nose twitched reminiscently as he smelt the call of the wild. The party halted to investigate the W.O.'s suspicions, something more than suspicions, for had he not hunted with the best of them in India. By gad, he had, and he'd show them again. He deployed his men with the ability of a Havelock and led them into action, slowly stalking that which his keen senses told him he could not have mistaken.

The grasses moved little as the W.O. and the Sergeants followed the trail like schoolboys in Indian file, stealthily, except for the occasional muffled curse of someone who found the progression on all fours a little trying after years of telling ancient and incredible stories from the depths of the most comfortable chair in the Sergeants' Mess.

Suddenly the tempo of the hunt quickened, the W.O. sent out a flanking party and himself moved on apace. Half a pace onward—threep aces to the rear d——n quickly as the grass in front of him parted to reveal a tawny, bewhiskered grinning face. Tiger, tiger, by gad, sir. A ghostly tiger, too, for as it moved there was a clanking sound as of some imprisoned soul seeking relief. But stay, it was no ghost for as it stalked majestically past the amazed Sergeants they saw that the clanking noise was made by a long chain with which its keeper kept it under control. Were their faces red as they resumed their journey in the " bug," and also when they tried later to swear to the truth of their story ? A bit early in the day perhaps, but still you never know.

The following night most of us were out on the moors looking for mushrooms—we had to, there were so many people about. Our ghostly figures flitting about in the moonlight and in the dull grey dawn must have borne a menacing appearance, but there were no casualties, so all's well that ends well.

From the ridiculous to the more sublime. We have seen several changes in personnel recently, apart from the usual comings and goings of trainees. We have said a regretful farewell to our O.C., Captain G. H. Metson, M.C., who, formerly our Training Officer, has been appointed C.I. of the Unit, and promoted Major—a promotion which has given pleasure to all ranks. We also extend a cordial welcome to our new O.C., Captain H. L. Wermig, who previously acted as our T.M.O. We have also said farewell to Sergeant Oakley and welcomed in his place Sergeant Cartwright.

Three final questions. Who was the officer who stole the conjurer's thunder as his " Stooge " at a Sunday concert ? Who is the Sergeant who has absentees on his mind ? Who are the N.C.O.s who secretly find the new craze for Yo-Yo's satisfying to their springtime rejuvenation ? (Second childhood.)

No. 4 (M.T.) Company

An " oldest inhabitant " of this burgh warned us on arrival that the weather here consisted of nine months winter and three months bad weather. We record his error. Yesterday, for the second time this year, an observant D.R. saw the sun coyly peeping between the clouds. Why must these locals deliberately distort facts ?

Social.—Our weekly dance still carries on. The females of the district have become so attached to our gigolos that it seems likely we'll have our camp followers when we leave !

Arrivals.—Our trainees move in and out as quickly as playing cards in the hands of a professional. However, we are pleased to say that the supply of professors, dons and company directors is being well maintained.

Departures.—Odd relics of the original cadre drift away at intervals. Some difficulty is experienced in uprooting them. So, apparently, the Company could be worse ; or is it because it is so easy to implant one's legs firmly under the table in this corner of the world ?

Obituary.—With regret we record the death of Driver " Bert " Norris, due to an M/C accident, on duty. He was an accomplished rider, and a popular member of the original Cadre.

Conclusion.—It will be noted that 99 per cent. of these notes is padding. Sorry. Will do better next month. Cheerio !



Without doubt it pays to advertise. I've had two more offers of notes for the WIRE this month. One from No. 3 Company, who have appointed an official scribe in the person of Sergeant Scales, and the other from Section Leader Walshaw, who says she would like to write a couple of paragraphs just to get her own back.

The " Squirrel " has returned from leave apparently much refreshed. His renewed strength has caused him to produce one and a half pages of notes for Headquarters this month instead of the usual half page. Apparently he doesn't approve of the present time lag between " Last copy date," " Press day " and publication. Never mind, " Squirrel," it is still readable if it is not so hot !

Chit-Chat or Social Note.—Just after I wrote the last lot of notes, the Sergeants' Mess put on a carnival dance. Oh, boy, what a do ! By far the best evening I have had for a long time. R.S.M. Hopwood was there looking dignified, most of the time, anyway. R.Q.M.S. Woods doing a line in general light-hearted behaviour that made all the youngsters pull up their socks to compete. Among the most beautiful girls present was Sergeant-Major Baker, and that's where he stayed for most of the evening.



There Must Be a Couple Short

And now, as I am writing these notes, I hear they are going to have another " do " on the 10th of next month, and it will be too late for me to get a description into the WIRE. Still, I am going to smuggle Nockels into the gathering and see what he can produce for you.

" The Ghost Train " is making headway ; it should be fit for the public eye in about a month. Unfortunately we are likely to lose Corporal Parker, who is to return to the Royal Armoured Corps—after kidding us he was a Signalman all this time.

Our Dramatic Group recently did a show in aid of the local Church. The hall was packed to overflowing—people paying a shilling a time to hang in through the windows. We nearly got

stage fright and almost refused to go on in front of such an audience, but it was all right in the end. The " variety " end of the show was well sustained by Lance Corporals Walker and Connell, who did their usual wisecracking.

We have said good-bye to C.S.M. Morley of No. 2 Company this month. He is now Lieutenant Morley in another Unit. He received a first-class send-off and our very best wishes. Nockels



The Transformation !

—no doubt inspired by his visit to the Art Gallery—has executed a picture called " The Transformation"—all thunder-clouds and things. It shows the chrysalis of a warrant officer hatching out into the butterfly of an officer.

We have also lost S.S.M. Pope, who has departed to be a C.S.M. Good luck to him, too.

Another departure is 2nd Lieutenant Rawnsley, who was i/c " Y " List, a job calling for a sort of bedside manner. Our most



The Entrance Examination for 2 Company Officers

treasured memory of Mr. Rawnsley is the day on which he crossed the Rubicon. In other words, the day on which he accepted a challenge from Mr. Easton to cross the pond on Sergeant Thatcher's rope. It was a hard pull and a long pull, with a serious wetting as the penalty of failure ; but he did it. A little red in the face, perhaps, but there he was, among the select few who have crossed the pond, and a member of the Honourable and Ancient Order of Rope Crawlers.

ATTEMPTED STRANGLING

Respectable Illusionist the Victim of Assault

The entire audience at the weekly concert sat frozen with horror, while two officers, previously renowned for their mildness and kindly manner, gave an exhibition of latent savagery that would have made a thwarted head hunter from Khari Garli pause in his stride.

It must be admitted that the attack was not altogether unprovoked. In a previous trick the conjurer had asked for the assistance of two members of the audience. Lieutenants Hayles and Easton had kindly volunteered, and during the course of the trick the conjurer made certain references to " mugs." Of course, he may have been talking about the enamel receptacles with which he performed the trick. However, he tied a rope round his neck and gave each officer an end to hold. " When I say ' GO,' " said he, you pull and keep on pulling. Take no notice of anything else." Well, he said " Go," and they pulled, and the only thing that happened was that the conjurer got red in the face and made gurgling noises. They pulled harder and harder and it was only when the conjurer went black in the face and his tongue stuck out that we began to suspect that something had gone wrong with the trick. But did these two show any sympathy and understanding ? NO ; they pulled harder, and when the conjurer passed out and had to be revived with whisky, they were most abusive about the whole affair.

There was a sequel when the conjurer came on again and said he would complete the trick. Up rose the two officers, eager to finish off the job, but the conjurer said he would rather have two ladies.



O.K.! He's Only Faking—Pull Harder

SABOTEURS ?

Is there a Fifth Column ?

A series of mysterious incidents within the Battalion have caused the question of fifth column activity to be very seriously reviewed. Signalman Rankin, when recently interviewed by our representative, made the following statement :

" I reckon there's something peculiar going on around here. I was standing in the lean-to, attending to the fire in the Bluff cooker the other day when suddenly—for no reason at all—the coal dump exploded right at me. I was so startled that I sprang into the air ; but with great presence of mind I turned whilst in the air and hit the ground running. Before the shower of small coal had descended I was up on the top floor of the mill pulling on my respirator. The men in the potato-cleaning shed



What the H——!!!

next door refused to come out for about an hour afterwards, in case there was another earthquake.

"I did hear," went on Signalman Rankin, "that it was only No. 2 Company experimenting, but I prefer to believe that it was a determined attempt to sabotage the next day's rice pudding."

A certain number of people are under suspicion, but no arrests have yet been made.

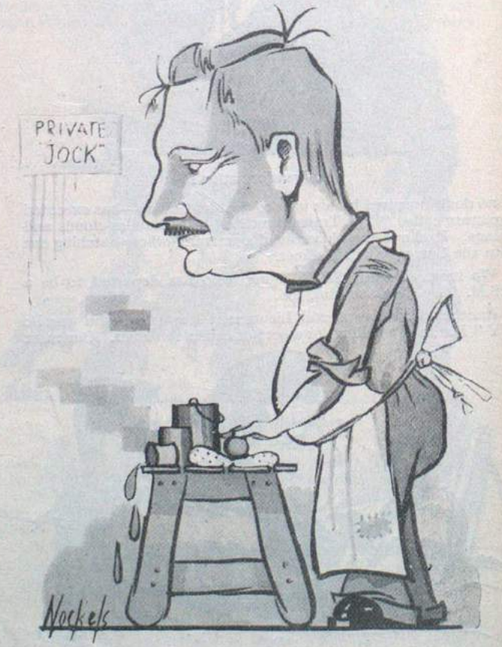
Apart from the incident described by Signalman Rankin there is the business of The Fire. Nobody really knows how the fire began, but it burst out in the A.T.S. Office—which is



That's Him !



just above the Adjutant's Office. Of course, it may have been caused by Mrs. Baker carelessly flicking her cigar ash into the waste paper basket, but everybody admits that this is only a theory. Your special correspondent has reason to believe that it was deliberately started by the enemies of the Crown. Many people in high places are under suspicion. One very grave feature of the whole case is that the Commanding Officer, on going to inspect the damage fell through the ceiling of the Adjutant's Office. This confirms that a deeply laid plot for disorganising the war effort was at the back of the affair. It may be remarked that the Adjutant gave a commendable display of sang-froid. On observing the C.O. entering by the roof, as



Detective Inspector Morrison in One of His Many Disguises

it were, he displayed no ill-bred surprise, but merely said "Good morning, sir," and continued with his work.

Fortunately the damage was limited, but with these examples of total warfare about us we can't be too careful!

Fortunately we have Detective Inspector Morrison with us, and there is no doubt he will get to the bottom of the matter without delay.

Headquarters.

When our monthly narratives are submitted to the Powers i/c Corps Magazine, the news is really hot, but by the time we receive them it is almost history. (A hint that we might receive them earlier.)

On the topic of contributions, these would be welcomed from all sources, flippant or serious. Roll on the time when the Unit will set aside an hour to settle down as one man in the composition of deathless prose. Anything serious is guaranteed serious consideration, and one may rest assured that the proverbial "blue pencil"—hall mark of editorial authority—will be used only as a last resort.

Rationing means nothing to Lance Corporal Murray. He receives his saffron cake from Cornwall, fresh eggs from Devon, and chicken from Gloucestershire. For the last month the Sergeants' Mess Secretary has been awaiting an overdue consignment of Chinese figs from Japan. There are manifold advantages of being Post Corporal.

Lance Corporal Connell (formerly doctor of medicine, but now "doctor" of the Mess menu) has opportunity of receiving a steady income from hiring out his resplendent dress uniform to sundry N.C.O.s and Warrant Officers. He has obtained a scale of hire from the Regimental tailor, and hopes to purchase a set of detachable stars for the shoulders to assist in making a profitable extension to his market.

Our football team is now making (at last) a good name. In the last three matches we had 14 goals in our favour with two against, and are now well in the running for the cup which is to be presented by the Town Mayor to us (we hope).

Signalman "Sammy" Wilkinson, we regret, has fallen victim to some bloke with a heftier kick than his own, but should soon be fit again, after the special attention by our M.O. Mention might be made here that it isn't the first time he has been hobbling about. When in "civvy street" he entered a local egg and spoon race, and having nothing else in view but the winning post, failed to notice the rabbit trap.

Reverting to our topic of football, we have now quite a considerable following, and being intent on retaining the hard-won name as a winning team, invitations are given to men with a James or Matthews touch to submit the following to Corporal Macfarlane: (1) height, (2) weight, (3) number of (sound) teeth, (4) size of boots and/or clogs.

The entrance to our H.Q. was not considered wide enough for traffic, at least not to a Section driver, who destroyed the partitioning pillar. This same pillar may be seen lying in apparent discomfort, embalmed in its shroud of white, close to the spot where the final blow was struck. 'Twas at this entrance that one of our newest soldiers, while on guard recently, heard footsteps approaching. Shouted the guard: "Halt, who goes there?" A feminine voice replied: "Friend." The sentry replied: "Step forward and be reasonable."

Our Unit dances are still as popular as ever. Our recent carnival proved a grand success (especially for the P.R.I. funds). 2nd Lieutenant Lenton, as tenor sax. player, labours with good effect, and is responsible for the band receiving the much-needed new dance numbers. One of our pianists, Signalman Howe, has now got a missus to keep. Our good wishes are extended to himself and the wife.

Congratulations to our M.O. on being promoted Captain. The extra "pip" we think is responsible for the renovations to his car, by Signalman Young and company. (Advertisement.)

The recent shortage of "smokes" has driven Signalman (late Private) Greenhow to smoking Abdullas. This he thinks will strengthen the Anglo-Turkish alliance. Still he doesn't do quite as well as some of our orderlies who roam the streets smoking Corona-Coronas.

Departures.—We regret the departure of Major Beck, our Chief Instructor, who is now P.R.I. with his new Unit. Best wishes are extended from all ranks. Also to 2nd Lieutenant Rawnsley, our Sports Officer, whose efforts were no doubt responsible for turning our defeats into wins.

Promotions.—Congratulations to Lance Corporal (Look y'here) Jones, whose labours have earned him a second stripe. Also to Lance Corporal Long on becoming Corporal.

THE "SQUIRREL."

No. 3 Company

After my trip to No. 1 Company last month I decided to go to No. 3 Company, and really get to the place where the work is done. After a weary drag up the steep hill to H.Q., I beckoned a Signalman, and said to him, "Excuse me, but could you direct me to "THE" office?" Without hesitation he replied, "Oh, you must mean No. 3 Company office, just follow the crowd." Somewhat nervously I joined the queue, and said to a fellow "queue-ist," "What is this crowd doing here? Are they giving something away?" "No," Was his quick rejoinder; "it is always like this, and let me give you a tip—knock on the door before you enter, or else you'll get thrown out on your neck." I cautiously took his advice, and gave a hard knock. "Come in," exclaimed three voices. I entered. Whew, what a "posh" place, I thought, it must be the finest office in the Battalion. But I must not linger on the excellencies of the building. I must go and see the "workers."

Taking a quick glance to the left on entering the office, I espied three tables. Approaching the nearest, I saw a clerk, and inquired of him his name. "Jagger," he replied, in a serious tone. (I afterwards found out that "Joe" as he is known has a wonderful sense of humour.) "What do you do, Jagger?" "Oh, I do casualty returns, ration cards, leave, etc., and I like a beer in my spare time." Leaving him, I approached the next table. Aha, I'd heard of this Corporal! He is Corporal Salter, reputed to be the finest shorthand typist in the Battalion. (His hobby, he tells me, is music; his lady friend is a musician's daughter, hence the reason.) At the third table I came to a plump-looking Sergeant, whose name is Scales. "And what do you do here, Sergeant?" "Oh, my job here consists of helping with the Sections, and that I assure you takes me all my time."

Leaving Sergeant Scales, I turned about, and facing me was a notice, "C.S.M. Grose C. W." I gave a gentle knock on the



The "Tote Chief"

door, and entered the office of the C.S.M. Surely, this must be "Sid" Grose, whom I knew in India, many years ago. But, my, my, how you've changed. You were lean then, and now you say you weigh 17 stone. I'm afraid you wouldn't win the tennis final, like you did in India some few years ago. This C.S.M. must be one of the old stagers of the Signals, I thought. Upon enquiry I found out that he will have done 21 years with the Signals this year.



But come, Mr. WIRE, the C.S.M. said. "Let me take you to see the O.C." We entered the office, and there, to my amazement, the walls were covered with hundreds of white, red, blue, and yellow discs. Seated at his desk was the O.C., Captain E. F. Lyne, a veteran of the last war. I noticed that he was wearing the M.M. Introduced to Captain E. F. Lyne, he took very great pains in explaining his Section Board, which to me resembled the Totalisator Boards I have seen at the White City and Wimbledon. I noticed that Captain Lyne was not looking at all well. "Aren't you feeling well, sir?" I enquired. "No," was his reply, "I have a headache; establishments you know." I did not like to show my ignorance, but I imagined that "establishments" was a malady that I had never heard of. (Did he mean the trial of keeping up two establishments?)

As the tea hour was approaching, I decided that I had better be on my way, so I took my departure, and in doing so nearly knocked over Ellerker, the Orderly, who was doing his rounds with the coal bucket. I walked slowly down the steep hill from the H.Q., and said to myself, "What a happy family. Yes, that must be "THE" office."

Odds and Ends.—By the time that you read this in print we shall have lost an old "stager" from the Cadre, namely, Sergeant Simms F. Good luck, Fred, wherever you may go, and, as a parting request, just look around and make sure that you haven't "pinched" any of our shovels.

We should be able to field some good cricket and football teams now, as Lance Corporal Hainsworth (Yorkshire cricket professional) and Driver John Robinson (Sheffield United and Hull City) have been posted to us.

"Charlie" Rich, our D.R., covers 52. miles every time he takes out Company Orders. Is this a record?

Things We Should Like to Know.—How many eggs does our C.S.M. eat a week?

Does Wallace 010 know how to milk a cow?

When is Corporal Watts going to get married?

Is it true that "The Range King" has taken up knitting?

The Late C.S.M. Scott

The late C.S.M. Scott was born at Ballriggan, Co. Dublin, in 1883, and went to Hibernian Military School, Phœnix Park. Joined the Grenadier Guards at the age of 14. He served in the South African War as a boy. He rose to the rank of Sergeant and transferred to the R.E. Signal Service in 1914.

He was one of the original 1914 B.E.F. and was wounded in France. He returned to the old Signal Service Depot at Bedford, where he did duty as Chief Drill Instructor. He was discharged from the Service, after completing 25 years' service, in 1922.

He joined the Corps Commissionaires after being discharged, and in 1924 became a Yeoman of the King's Guard. As a Yeoman of the King's Bodyguard he walked beside the King's coach at the Coronation of King George VI.



In September, 1939, on the outbreak of war, he immediately went to the Cavalry Barracks at Hounslow, and, at the age of 56 years, he volunteered for service. He was accepted and posted to the 3rd S.T.C., where he served as a Drill Instructor.

Died 29th March, 1941.

Medals: King's South African Medal, Queen's South African Medal (with four clasps), 1914 Star, General Service Medal, Victory Medal, Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, George V Jubilee Medal, George VI Coronation Medal.

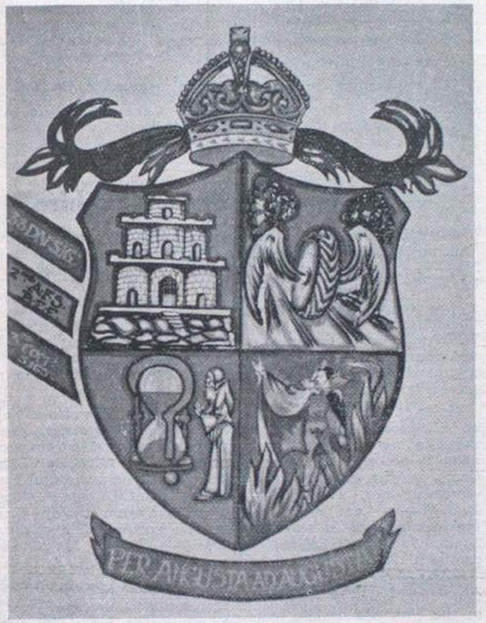
I understand his medals were in "safe deposit" in London. The building was bombed during a "blitz" and the medals have consequently been lost.

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— Command Signals, Wiltshire

It is two months now since we last broke into print, but we make a comeback with a HEADLINE!

Big things have happened in the past two months, and I have "noos" of things to come.



37 D.R. Section

At Headquarters, the lads, led, of course, by the Don R.s, have moved into new quarters—"posh" little huts, trim little fir trees around them, a garden path to their army home-sweet-home—leaving the hutments in H——— Square, where the Unit was born ten months ago.

Soon "Naafi" will be moving in and all will be well in Sigs Avenue. The Sports Officer saw that the Recreation Room was ready for occupation, and so now, at nights, you find the lads saving their coppers and staying at home.

But in the limelight, too, are the Tele. Ops., complete with Drivers and I.M.s, who only a few miles away have their own canteen, recreation room (complete with table tennis, darts, dominoes and all those other table games) and a football team that can challenge all. More anon.

With us, as I write, is the Corps Band. The concert and dance they are to give us before they leave is all the Signalmen talk about. We get it at breakfast, dinner and tea (if the ration lorry arrives).

The Band has brought with it the "spit and polish" craze, for mouldy civvy shoes have been requisitioned and are being made spick and span for the dance (which I will tell you more about in the next issue). Tickets for same (free issue for Signalmen) have been snapped up by all who are evening-free. At the moment, Corporal Jack Hylton (no relation of dance band leader) is searching for a pretty wench who CAN dance.

While on dancing, quite a few Signalmen (from Signal Office) went along to the A.T.S. (Gloucesters) dance not so long ago. Someone tells me that Signalman X01 and 2 Peat isn't such a bad dancer after all!

Lieutenant (Quartermaster) S. T. Cozens tells us, in a friendly circular, how to take care of kit. When said Quartermaster handed you a housewife it was FOR THE USE OF.

Writing of socks, he quotes that old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine," and politely reminds us that we should have that little outfit called a "housewife"! In case you haven't seen inside one, it has needles, thread and wool. 'Nuff said!

So dig deep down into the bottom of your kit bag for ye olde housewifee and DARN, darn you, DARN!

With April showers came Reveille half an hour earlier, and P.T. at 7 a.m. But freak weather (censor's permission) or was it All Fools' Day that fooled the instructors, who were keyed up for opening day. Alas, the weather fooled us the second day of April and we were on the parade ground to plan. Still the Fugglestonians got a thrill when they saw Sergeant Ben Good, dressed to kill in blue shorts and white vest, dash out on to the parade ground ten minutes before check parade.

News in Brief.—Captain J. R. Stanser, M.C., has joined the Unit and has become Senior Signalmaster. Other arrivals include Lieutenant J. Kennedy, who has taken over command of No. 52 Tele. Op. Section; 2nd Lieutenant Work, who is Unit H.Q. Assistant Adjutant; and 2nd Lieutenant S. Schofield (who, incidentally, plays rugger), No. 11 Line Section.

Leaving us for the O.C.T.U. are: Sergeant Jeffries, No. 97 Tele. Ops.; Lance Corporals Charleton, Lawrence E., Foster J. and Scouller. From the Holding Battalions have come fresh blood to fill up the gaps. They say that No. 2 Company's Corporal Arthur Irving (you will find him day and night at Company Office—24 hours' service) speaks two languages—French and Lancashire! That Corporal Jock Hooper (Scotch and proud of it) never counts wrong, though he did mix up his totals when it came to counting the goals the Harnhamites didn't score when they played the Fugglestonians the other week. That Captain J. D. Fraser (congratulations on the other two pips) will soon have a pretty hot dance band when the alto sax arrives and that when said band gets going. Sigs., in opposion to their friends the Ampe, are likely to have dances of their own in a nearby village hall.

More News in Brief from Our Other Station—We have our own canteen now and with Signalman Shields, storekeeper, caretaker and "mine host" of the local club behind the counter, we can buy cigarettes, razor blades which the nearest town doesn't stock, and "Energy" blocks of chocolate to make us fit for that 7 a.m. P.T.! Lieutenant Kennedy has spent some of his spare time off, getting things fixed up at our club. We now get four national dailies in the rest room, magazines and the "Radio Times," for we now have a brand new radio. No more running down to the local or back to camp to hear of our Navy's successes against Antonio's fleet, and no more bus rides into town for a game of table tennis.

Caps off to: Bert Inglis, our M.O. Orderly, who is trying to grow grass on the "bald" patch in the centre of the Square; members of a certain Tele. Ops. Section who sold "Kiwi" Wyatt the idea that flowers in said square would make him feel more at home; Lance Corporal Bill Aitchison, who went and got married (more later); Chris Sangster, who is now Lance Corporal i/c cookhouse, Wilton; Sergeant Eric James, our camp com., who got together the football team that is doing great things; Mr. Wildy and Mr. Alexander (the latter has left the Unit), who now have two pips; the Signalmasters (all of them), who allow early Signal Office relief on sports days; Sergeant Bill Smith, who deputised for C.S.M. Barker while said S.M. relaxed in Norfolk; our P.R.I., who has dipped pretty far down into his "stocking" to provide the £ s.d. for the things that keep us fit and happy; the man who invented bachelor buttons, now on sale at the N.A.A.F.I. (advt.).

Lost, a wife! True! A certain Corporal "lost" his wife in transit. He was going on leave—his wife was 25 miles away. They made arrangements to meet the night before he went on seven days' leave; the last we heard of him he was still searching.

Who was the Signalman who phoned cipher and asked whose call sign ICW was?

We hope Signalman Rushbridge, our "star" goalkeeper, will soon be out of hospital; that Lance Corporal Stan. Lawson, No. 97 Tele. Ops., also in hospital, will enjoy his sick leave; and that Don. R. Goatley is recovering after his spill.

Missing.—Lance Corporal Horne, No. 1 Company, wants to get in touch with ex-Boy Signalman MacDougal A. A., frae Stirlingshire, last heard of Mons Barracks, Aldershot.

My appeal to No. 3 Company to let me have news of them before next publication date.

Sport.—Corporal " Nick " Carter wants all interested in tennis to come up and see him some time. Said Corporal is also interested in table tennis.

RUGGER.—We have got a rugger team and our fifteen stalwarts are always " at the ready," and, like the footballers, we are getting on nicely. At a recent Command game eleven Signalmen were fielded for the Command.

SOCCER.—The Don R.s have a pretty good team and have beaten (they are proud of it) a team from an R.A.F. Station in the area.

GOLF.—See Sergeant Bill Smith. They say he is a pretty good " gowfer." Walking : see Sergeant (same) Smith.

CYCLING.—See C.S.M. " Waki-Waki " Barker, No. 2 Company, who cycles at least six miles every day.

Flash.—Corporal Jack Hylton has been on the phone to Corporal Irving. " Have you another ticket for the dance ? " He's found a partner !

Bung Ho ! cads !

S.J.A.

— Command Signals, Kent

No. 3 Company

Apology.—It's rough luck having to start a new job by apologising ; however, here goes. Sorry, chaps, that you haven't been represented in the last few contributions of the WIRE, but our last scribe " couldn't take it."

General.—So many new faces have arrived, and so many old ones departed, that I won't mention names. We'll just wish the best of luck to our old friends and put " Welcome " on the mat for the new.

Whilst on the subject of wishing luck, we would like to extend it to our new Pay N.C.O., in the hope that he can get those red ink figures changed to a more sober hue.

The spirit of the Section is clearly shown by the action of some of the boys in giving up part of their spare time to erect an air-raid shelter for the staff of the local Y.M.C.A.—a gesture which was most certainly appreciated. The boys also helped in getting the hall ready for a Y.M.C.A. concert, and one of them (no names, no pack-drill) entrusted with the responsibility of presenting a bouquet to the leading lady, found his blushes well hidden by the curtain, which was dropped in front of him as soon as he reached the stage. Out latest arrival, Clem Adams, acted as pianist.

Sport.—We can't claim terrific successes in this field, unfortunately. The football team keep trying hard, but invariably manage to get beaten by an odd goal or so. Leave and the movement of various players has not helped, for we have not been able to turn out the same team twice. Of late, we have had additional strength through the inclusion of new-comers, Haggerty, Corbin and Inns, and also by the return of Scott and Orton.

The captain of the team has asked me to state our appreciation of the display given by Gordon Woodman, who played in goal during my absence on seven days' leave (whoopee !) and put up a really stout-hearted resistance.

Congratulations.—We all extend our best wishes to Billy Orton, who, by the time this appears in print, will be—we hope—a happily married man.

To Lance Corporal Peters on his attaining the rank of father ; not forgetting myself, who beat him by a few days.

To Smudge, Flash and Johnny, who have started giving away engagement rings. We presume they'll soon be heading churchwards.

Things We Want to Know.—Who pinches my sugar ?

Who is the most energetic lineman (if any) ?

Who was seen searching around singing " Where is my wandering boy to-night " ?

Has our budding song writer submitted his effort to any of the well-known publishers, and is it true that he's dedicating it to an N.C.O. ?

What's happening to the Billiards Handicap ?

If.—If I'm still here,

If old " Nasty " keeps on missing me,

If my efforts meet with approval,

If, after reading these notes, certain members of the Section don't lynch me,

You'll hear from me again next month.

BIG-HEARTED.

— Command Signals, Cheshire

General.—Since the last appearance of notes from the above Unit many changes have taken place. Lieutenant-Colonel B. S. W———, and the second-in-command, Major J. E. Hobson, have left us for pastures new.

The command of the Unit was taken over by Lieutenant-Colonel G. C. W———, M.C., who was accompanied by Major M. Duncan as second-in-command. Major Duncan, however, was destined for a short stay only, and has since departed for a command of his own. All ranks here wish him the best of success in his new venture.

Major R. A. Waldron, O.C., No. 1 Company, has also left us, and has been replaced by Major W. D. Weir. The writer's short acquaintance with the last-named leads him to believe that the name is probably well known amongst older members of the Corps, as, of course, are most of the names and horizontal bars aforementioned. It is to be hoped that both Lieutenant-Colonel B. S. W——— and Major Hobson are once again enjoying their previous pastime of searching for odd bodies during working hours. Lieutenant-Colonel G. C. W———, M.C., has already proved himself an old campaigner and sympathetic C.O.

Training and Employment.—Training is carried out in all three Companies wherever possible, but the majority of the personnel in the Unit are usually employed on actual work, and from reports received it is very obvious that the work done has been thoroughly satisfactory in every instance.

Lectures.—The Unit has been extremely fortunate in securing the services of some really first-class lecturers. The lectures given have been very well attended, and have included the following subjects :

" The Early History of Chester." Professor Robert Newstead, F.R.S.

" Winston Churchill." G. G. Thompson, Esq.

" Mussolini." G. G. Thompson, Esq.

" The Submarine." Dr. A. M. Robb, D.SC., M.I.N.A.

" Lessons of the September War in Poland." Flight-Lieutenant Brodowski.

" The Detection of Aircraft." Norman R. Edge, Esq., B.SC.

" Campaigning with Kitchener." A. L. Kneen, Esq.

Sport.—From early in the season the Unit soccer team has produced good results. In all, eighteen friendly fixtures have taken place, and, until 12th March, not one match was lost, and only two drawn. On 12th March, however, the team met its Waterloo, and was beaten by the 2nd S.T.C. by 4—2. Since then it has been beaten by 5th Divisional Signals, and the local reserve team. Were it possible to state openly the name of the local team, it would be seen that this is no disgrace. The team had previously beaten the local team, and drawn with 5th Divisional Signals.

Without mentioning personalities, it can be said that the entire team has pulled its weight, in spite of considerable drainage of personnel due to postings, drafts, etc. The standard of play has been maintained at a very high level. 2nd Lieutenant G. E. Allinson has put in some good work in promoting general enthusiasm for the game.

The rugger team showed promise, but, due to lack of opponents in the neighbourhood, has died a natural death, to the disappointment of a great many rugger enthusiasts.

Social and Entertainments.—Many thanks are due to a very harassed-looking Captain R. G. Coates for his efforts in gathering together a Unit Dance Band. The Band has proved itself a great success, and the Unit Dance held every Friday evening is always very well attended, and is extremely popular. Signalman Shankland and his wife are to be thanked for some first-class demonstrations of modern ballroom dancing.

Recently the Unit turned out a party of one hundred strong for the local War Weapons Week Parade. Their turn-out and marching was second to none as the cheers of the local populace testified. We are not, of course, overlooking the fact that this may have been occasioned by the well-known sheer personality of the Royal Signals.

We must offer our sincere thanks to the wives and friends of personnel of the Unit and also to local residents for their efforts in the " comforts " line. Their work has been very much appreciated. Cheques amounting to £40 have already been forwarded to the Royal Signals Comforts Fund from the proceeds of the Unit Dance, and a recent special Unit Dance enabled the Unit to make the generous contribution of £30 towards the local War Weapons Week.

Further dances are being held, and it is anticipated the Unit will be able to forward a useful sum to the Royal Signals Benevolent Fund as a result.

Postings, Promotions and Appointments.—Lieutenant (I.P.C.) B. T. Sherman posted to London District Signals w.e.f. 1st February, 1941. We wish him well in his new domicile.

Congratulations to W.O.I Hardy R. D. H., who became the bearer of two pips on 6th February, 1941, and was posted to this Unit.

Congratulations are also in order for Q.M.S. (F-of-S) Hall T. E., who was commissioned on 1st March, 1941.

Personal.—2nd Lieutenant J. A. Robinson wishes to congratulate R.S.M. Simnett P. on attaining that rank, and hopes that his attention may be called to this paragraph wherever he may be serving. Many of the older Corps members will be surprised to hear that the well-known " Ginger " Simnett is still serving. Lieutenant (Quartermaster) V. E. Deamen also wishes to tender his regards and congratulations.

— Command Signals, Yorkshire

The Royal Corps of Signals are highbrows, are they ? This sweeping statement, culled from one of the popular dailies, is enough to engender inferiority complex in any contributor, and your humble scribe's feet are still cold (literally speaking) from his spell of fire watching last night, so that the effort to climb up on to the higher plane of my readers is going to be rather exhausting. However, the office comedian (funniest when unconsciously so), has promised to be facetious later on, so that I can be just as dry as dust and lofty as I like.

Psychology ? It's considered a science nowadays, so that should satisfy you. The psychology of modern warfare ! The subject has priceless potentialities. Ah me, if only I were Ursula Bloom, what wondrous tales might I not unfold !

Starting at the top. " Hell hath no fury like a Brass Hat scorned," as one of our poor S.B.O.s discovered to his cost when in quavering tones he advised a Brass Hat that the Umpires had vetoed a line during one of our Schemes, and that, to all intents and purposes, it was " dis."

Descending the scale, the R.S.M. has, I think, made an elaborate study of Entrance and Exit (apart from the " Cap off," " Cap on " technique ?). He is of the opinion that in this war of nerves the conventional rap indicating that a body wishes to enter a room should be toned down from prelude to blitzkrieg to the more hushed entrance of a student thirsting after the Part I Order file.

And whilst we are on the subject of doors, we admit that the bathroom in U.H.Q. may be considered common ground, but strongly advise that the peremptory rap be pitched to an interrogative note in order that holders of the King's Commission be spared from the embarrassment of a life study of nature in the raw. A bath towel, however voluminous, shrinks to the insignificance of a pocket handkerchief in these circumstances, and while making no concessions whatsoever, nature in the raw and Diana emerging from the forest pool make no comparison—but that's rather like the flowers that bloom in the spring !

However, if any charming young lady novelist would like to come along and collect " experience and copy " for her next venture, I shall be only too willing to assist, provided, of course, that she will reciprocate to the extent of helping a fellow with his Part I Orders. After all, we know that Vicki Baum did empty the slops as chambermaid in Grand Hotel long before Miss Garbo was invited to star in the vehicle, and I think I've drawn a much more attractive parallel !

We continue to work very hard. If I may quote an officer (three pips), " This is the hardest worked Unit in the Command." We think so, too ! It's going to be rather trying when the summer evenings come along, and I'm rather glad of the moral reinforcement which " Gloomy Dean " of the N.I.D.S. Company injected in the Birthday Number : " To experience that exalted sense of health and destiny when operating wireless set, or weaving patterns with those cords on the telephone switchboard." (Really, " Gloomy Dean," I must introduce you to Mr. Philip Guedalla—you must be his missing Muse !) It's really dangerous nowadays to voice any yearnings ; the audience is bound to trot out those well-worn clichés " Wishful thinking " and " Don't you know there's a war on," as the thrice-torpedoed sailor was rebuked by his loving wife when he tossed his empty cigarette packet into the fire.

Before I hand over to our Social Conscience, may I take this opportunity of saying " Hello " from the boys to our new second-in-command, Major Anderson, and to R.S.M. Barham, by now a familiar figure, who takes such a grandfatherly interest in our welfare.

Well, boys and (have we any A.T.S. readers ?) girls, here is your favourite column written by your favourite columnist ! Or am I thinking of another magazine ?

We haven't done much Steppin' Out since we last wrote you, but we notice that other folk have been doing pretty well. Our congratulations on that line go to the following, who recently decided that the extra £60 allowance on income tax was worth the rest. You've guessed it, dim-wit—they got married ! Our best wishes to man and wife. Sergeant Fraser J. (even Sergeants do it !), Lance Corporal Woods R., Signalmen Cropper P., Wilkinson A., Cracknell C., Morter D., Barton H. and Clayton G.

Then, of course, there are the lucky people who go home after a hard day's fighting to be greeted at the rose-covered door by a little voice that screams " Daddy." New recruits to the Ancient Order of Fatherhood are : Lance Corporal Griffiths A., presented with a daughter christened Eileen ; Signalman Johnson L., who has a son by name of Roy ; and Signalman Collyer E., who is " papa " to young Ernest. Our congratulations to the proud parents.

Talking of congratulations, we are all ready to receive yours after you have heard our Taylor String Quartet's next broadcast. It is scheduled for 11.0 to 11.30 a.m. on 17th May, so don't forget to listen.

Social Columnist is back on the air on 28th May at 10.30 p.m., with a Get-your-girl-and-sit-in-the-dark programme—" The Romantic Rumba."

Fashion Notes.—" Red is the only colour suitable for fighting in."—Extract from newspaper interview.

On seeing the above, we toddled round gathering views, and we found that whilst certain quarters held the view of the newspaper article, the majority of—and we might say the well-informed—fashion circles were inclined to disagree.

Green, I was told, was THE colour for self-respecting soldiers this season. As one designer said, " Red ! By gad, old chappie, what do they think the Army is, the Quorn ? "

Dining at the Y.M.C.A. the other day, I saw a most delightful outfit, consisting of bottle-green gaiters, with steel helmet to match ; the respirator case was a very dainty tone of clay-brown. These accessories were worn over a chic little two-piece of woolly material, in this case, coloured khaki. Any suspicion

of " heaviness " was cleverly dispelled by the red face of the wearer tastefully framed by the dark grey of neck and ears.

My favourite N.C.O. prefers a yellowy-green (almost daffodil shade) effect on his anklets and webbing and this delightful hue matches the daffodils or tulips which he twines in his Cap, F.S. He tells me he has his blanco specially mixed for him, and that he has several new shades being prepared for him. If you would like the name of the shop which sells these preparations, write to me, enclosing the top right-hand corner of this page and a 2½d. stamp, and mark the envelope " Blanco."

It is rumoured that fashion is turning towards the veil again, and if we are lucky, we may be able to wear our nets, camouflage, steel helmet, coyly drooping from our cap badge and over the left side of the face. Very a la Parisien !

And now one word of advice. Remember, boys, our brave girls in uniform like us to look our best when they return from their dangerous duties. It is our part of the war effort to cheer them up and we can best do this by our trim appearance. (Next month, " Ribbon and braids to win the maids.")

Jus' Lettin' You Know.—Highly-secret-office door bears notice—" Ring three times." And ask for Annie ?

Heard at local dance : " That soldier is in the Signals ; he wears suspenders ! "

Seen—a member of the Unit raising his cap to a funeral !

Pneumatic message tubes have been installed in the Signal Office. Signalman Brudenell (small, but nice) has been approached to " officially " open the system by riding in the first container !

News headline says N.A.A.F.I. is to sell cosmetics. I was only a Signalman until I used Lake's cold cream ! It's time we did something about this, anyway. The Luftwaffe are enthusiastic Elizabeth Arden boys !

AMANUENSIS & JUNKMAN.

London District Signals

Headquarters.

Headquarters Section, justly named the hardest worked Section in the Unit, as per usual has carried on stoically and, of course, come up for more once again with that " Go to it " attitude, now the hall mark of the British Empire. Rumour has it that Lance Corporals Rising and Moore have put in a joint application to O.C. No. 1 Company, to come off ration allowance, since they have no time to wash before meals and all food now tastes the same ; oil is the prevalent flavour, I believe. The Commanding Officer has once again dived into the lucky dip and emerged with the names of Brown, Morgan, and Hammerton in that order. " Teddie " wanders around in a daze and sometimes even forgets to answer to the appellation of Lance Corporal. " Bags of Beans " now sports a third stripe and, of course, is entitled to feed royally in the Sergeants' Mess ; perhaps now he even gets the absolute " maximum of toast." As far as " Pop " Hammerton is concerned, things are not so very bright ; he moons around bewailing the fact that he has to pay 4s. 6d. for a crown for his blues.

The politeness of Orderly " Dogs " being accepted throughout the British Army, perhaps the following incident will not appear out of the ordinary. A certain Orderly Sergeant on the watch for black-out offenders noticed literally streams of light issuing from a flat in the Married Quarters. He knocked most politely on the door and, on it being opened, the following conversation took place :

" Excuse me, sir, I think your black-out is slightly faulty. Terribly sorry to have to complain, but you know I have to carry out my duties."

" Oh, yes, I quite agree."

" Some of the men, you know, are absolutely impossible ; they don't give a thought to blinds and such like. Well, good night, sir, I must carry out my tour. So sorry to have bothered you."

" That's O.K., Serg. My God, what's come over the old so-and-so ? "

Perhaps, to be fair after having boosted up the Headquarters Section, the following incident should go down in these annals :

On a recent medical inspection a certain E/S preferred not to take off his vest, because it was chilly, and, besides, somebody might have been looking out of Married Quarters. No names, no pack drill, so they say ; we say, " May be ! "

No. 3 Company this last month have led their usual comatose life, although " The boy with the schoolgirl complexion," Lance Corporal Broome, visibly changed colour on being told that C.Q.M.S. Reece was being posted away and that he would be L/U/U/A/C.Q.M.S. for one day ; in fact, it must have put ten years on his life.

Is it true that a certain I.M. A.111 is shortly to be decorated by His Majesty the King for bringing about an amazing scientific evolution ? When asked what the charging lever on a No. 9 Set was for, he replied, " To make the rotary convertor charge the batteries."

Casting no aspersions on our excellent fire-fighters, even though the fire engine does occasionally go wrong, it certainly was an amusing spectacle at a recent fire-fighting display, when our able Fire Chief-cum-Jack-of-all-trades, said, " This is how not to put out incendiary bombs " ; whereupon he proceeded to put out the fire most efficiently with one spray of a patent extinguisher.

In conclusion, we should like to wish all the best to C.Q.M.S. Reece, Sergeant Jones and Lance Corporal Lamacraft, who are unfortunately leaving the Unit for new spheres of life.

OPERATORS

For once in a way the Section was extraordinarily smart the other afternoon. The marker was on tip-toe and the way in which he sprang to it caused everyone to blink. At the command, " On Pa——ade," the remainder of the Section moved off with uniform precision and exactitude, causing the eyebrows of the R.S.M. to oscillate on an unknown frequency. For the first time in the history of the Unit, the Section N.C.O. finished his Roll Call 'way ahead of every other Section.

After all, it doesn't take long to call two names !

The reason for the shortage on parade is not far to seek, for the Section of late has indulged in various schemes, manœuvres and what-not, upon which they have shared congratulations from high sources with the other Sections. Thank heavens we've got the D.R.s ! Since Lance Corporal Pafford's vivid description of " Life on a Haystack " has received such wide promulgation, N.C.O.s and men of the Section have been vociferously clamouring for inclusion in these schemes, manœuvres and what-not ; especially the latter. In connection with more nefarious " scheming," it is not true that Signalman Wright's grandmother's funeral has taken place, for the third time, during a recent fine week-end.

Movements.—Corporal Hurst will be sadly missed from the Wireless School, No. 30, and the bar at the " Blenheim," which he considered his private property. He will be hibernating " down south," but we hope it is only for a time. His merry quips and querks, and his propensity for telling a good story, which earned him the well-deserved title of Corporal " Never-a-dull-moment " Hurst, should receive a real fillip during his period of rest and quiet, and his return (we hope) will therefore be all the more welcome.

Congratulations to Lance Corporal Cohen for his well-merited promotion to that rank. He has left us to go to an independent Signal Section, and we wish him even greater successes.

We are glad to see a number of new faces with us ; one, in particular, in Signalman Cooper G. W. Perhaps it is wrong to style George's as a new face, for he was with us a number of months ago. It is good to see him looking so chirpy after his serious illness.

LINEMEN

After having assured ourselves that spring has come and that Easter has passed, we notice as we survey our military quarters that things are now beginning to move and come to life. Most people look forward to their annual " Spring Clean," although perhaps in these troublesome days not so much is heard about the subject. When a spring clean takes place, the old, useless rubbish is discarded, or destroyed. Old pots are made to look new, and fittings which no longer serve a useful purpose are replaced by new ones.

We, too, in the Line Section, are having a spring clean in our own simple fashion. Why, only a day or so back, we have visions of an unhappy defaulter scrubbing the boarded floor of our " Linemen's Office." Incidentally, this little cubicle (most conveniently for some folk !), tucked away out of sight, is frankly more like an information bureau. Sergeant Duffin has piles of books and files containing the personal idiosyncrasies and abilities of each man in the Section—what he doesn't know isn't worth knowing !

To get back to our subject ; there are, at the time of writing, very few Linemen left in barracks. All our prominent members are attending courses of instruction, and those few of us who are left are kept well occupied.

Lance Corporal Ken Ward is on a Junior N.C.O.s' Course ; we wish him all the best and a successful " pass out " at the end of it. " Bill " May (our pugilist) has completed his P.T. Course and is now going into action.

Congratulations to our Section Commander on his recent promotion to a " full blown " Sergeant ; no more shall we be able to say, " What me ole' Duff ! "

Lance Corporal Dicky Turner has also been away limb stretching, and returned with a new pal in the form of a black dog, believed to be part of a " Retriever " at birth. His new chum, it is hoped, will help to fill the soon vacant place of Lance Corporal Stan Putman, who, with Signalman Bill Buttle, is to attend the Royal Signals O.C.T.U. in India. We wish them every success and a safe journey.

Standby duties still continue to harass the Line Section on the home front ; you ask Sergeant Duffin and Lance Corporal Ward W.—they will tell you all about it—they simply fight to do as many as possible !

The Section, as a whole, feel very dejected—as Linemen. After all we have said and thought about operators and operating, " they " went and bundled us into the " School," with heart-breaking results. Anyway, thanks to Sergeant Rea for having patience with us.

Next month's article will be written by a new scribe, so while one has the opportunity, one must apologise for any future grammatical errors or lack of vocabulary on the part of the would-be " trier."

So, until the following issue, keep you eyes on our " Training Programme ! " Adios.

DRIVERS

Since my notes in last month's issue of the WIRE, we have had another change in the command of the Drivers' Section. 2nd Lieutenant Green has been appointed Officer i/c, and the Drivers give him a warm welcome.

It is with regret that we learned of the sudden illness of Sergeant Fisher. We are, however, glad to hear that the operation for removal of appendix was carried out successfully and that the patient is now " on the road to recovery " and will soon be about again in a vehicle on the " King's Highway."

Congratulations to Driver Smith E. J., who, after many vicissitudes, is now joining the R.E.s in a few days' time. Best of good luck, " Smithy."

Driver Bright, complete with Guards' hat and salute, paid us a visit at Easter—from a Guards Brigade—prior to his week's leave. We understand that it is leave on " compassionate grounds," or would it be " passionate grounds " ? Jim is " tying the knot " and we all wish him a jolly wedding and a happy married life.

Army leave is a popular time for weddings and engagements, and Lance Corporal "Alfie " Williams is no exception to the rule. We learn on " very good authority " that he took the first step into matrimony by becoming engaged while on his recent week's leave. Good luck, "Alfie," and may we soon hear the " wedding bells."

The weather was again nice and fine for the recent scheme, and everything went off smoothly and finished up with a note of congratulation from the " Chiefs." There are rumours that another scheme is coming along and the Drivers are looking forward to a day or so in the " wide open spaces where parades are unknown."

This just about exhausts my notes this month, so cheerio until the next issue.

JNO.

Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess

A review of the past month's activities gives one encouragement to look to the future with some confidence. We are still a merry gang, thriving on work and happy at play. It is about the latter we prefer to speak.

A couple of years back, this same gang would probably have snorted at the mere mention of the word " play." They were grown men at that time, unaccustomed to the lure of jack-pots, the pleasures of P.T. and the delight of catching a fellow-member with a covered head one yard inside the room. Yes, my noble lords, this war has done something to all of us !

Now to the business of past play.

Surprise Item.—The sudden appearance of a " swear-box " in the Mess caught us on the hop, especially as " Johnnie " laid in wait for us with the box hidden. It is certainly carrying the class war a little too far, however, when the R.S.M. and the " Spooner " are allowed to purchase " season tickets " at a tanner a time.

Social.—Our evening out as guests of No. 1 H.Q. Signals was great. The result of the darts, shove-ha'penny, snooker and table tennis match was a draw. We were afterwards entertained by the Unit dance band and a talented company of entertainers. Towards the close of the evening, " Johnnie " upheld our reputation by challenging their champion at a pint-drinking bout, which our man won comfortably.

On another occasion we visited the local hotel, where we found their dart team still trying to lick us. R.Q.M.S. Hale's ladies' team will have to put in some practice. Maybe some secret arrangement could be made in this respect.

Forthcoming Events.—Featuring Sergeants Rea, Lucraft and Robson ! By the time these notes come into print, Sergeant Rea will have already reduced his income tax, and will perhaps have regretted his invitation to the Mess en bloc. Will Ernie Lucraft and Robby complete a strategic withdrawal, or will they go through with it ? At any rate, we wish the future brides-to-be all happiness and prosperity.

Hospital.—George is in it again. We trust that the removal of his appendix will in no way impair his ability to sink a pint.

Thanks.—To Sergeant Duffin for his rendering of the " Hula-Hula." A diet of jelly would no doubt make for more flexibility. Go to it, Duffy, old boy !

So long !

" REEKIE."

PHYSICAL AND RECREATIONAL TRAINING

One of our breeziest and brightest Assistant Training Instructors, one with whom it was a real pleasure to do P.T., Lance Corporal Putnam, has now left us to serve in the Indian O.C.T.U. During the past months, he has put his whole heart into the work and seems to have gained as much enjoyment in " putting it across," both in the games and the exercises, as we have received in performing the various convolutions, etc. If it were only for this reason alone, we should miss him, and we wish him every success in his new work and travels.

Signalman May, returned from his P.T. Course, has entered with zest into his duties as an Ack. I, and we see him getting every ounce of energy out of his classes in the Park in the mornings and on the Square in the afternoons.

Soccer.—The past month has been notable for two smashing successes, against the East —— Regiment, and the —— Garrison. The former game was played on an amazing pitch. Gentle rain descended steadily and consistently right through the playing time. The ball would be kicked, ascend and descend, and with a dull thud stay put where it fell. It was Sergeant Johnstone's dream pitch ; he slid and skidded to his heart's content, and fairly wallowed in it. It is good to see Signalman Marder back with us ; it is a pity that he spoils what would otherwise be a

storming game by holding on to the ball. Signalman Horsfield, in from an outstation, showed himself a great asset to the intermediate line in his first match, and consolidated belief in him by piling on four in his second game. Udal, Smith, Draper and Hop covered themselves with mud and glory once again. The remainder of the season should bring forth some good matches. A report of our W.O.s and Sergeants' match with the W.O.s and Sergeants of the 1st H.Q. Divisional Signals will appear in next month's issue.

Cricket.—Considerable keenness has already been shown, and a meeting was held with the object of making arrangements for the season. 2nd Lieutenant Kovachich, Sports Officer, was in the chair. It was decided to invite the Commanding Officer, Major B. H. B., to become President of the Cricket Club, and Major P. H. Harding, Vice-President. A general committee was elected, consisting of the Sports Officer, the N.C.O. i/c Sports, the Secretary (Signalman Green), the Team Captain (Signalman Johnson), Signalmen Platt and Cecil, and Driver Marsh. It was announced that a famous cricket ground would be available for several matches during the season, and that practice nets also would be at our disposal. Suggestions concerning fixtures were made, and it was decided that the Captain and Secretary should deal with the matter of a fixture list forthwith. Plans for the holding of practice matches were discussed, and it was decided that a meeting of the general committee should shortly be held in order that such arrangements as were necessary should be completed.

Wrestling and Other Activities.—Wrestling, whilst not having "caught on" so well as boxing, has interested a number of men in the barracks, and quite a good number turned up to see a few interesting bouts one evening recently. The Commanding Officer, who was present, presented medals to the winners of the boxing contest reported in the last issue.

The Sports Officer is particularly interested in swimming, and wishes it to be known that a number of events will be staged during the summer months. Parties to the local baths will, in all probability, be arranged. He also wishes to draw attention to the squash court in the Barracks, which is available to the men.

Despatch Riders

We wish to report the arrival of new faces, and to extend a welcome to Signalman Jennings B., late of the Grenadier Guards. His brother, S. H., an old rider of the L.D.S., claimed B. into the Unit. Was B. glad? He says he is as happy as a puppy with two tails. Here's a secret: only a few blokes know that our new member was the winner of an amateur talent competition and seems to know much about birds and their mating songs.

Another new D.R. is Signalman Woods E. S., who hails from the "smoke" and therefore knows his wood blocks.

A few of the boys have recently been issued with new Enfields. These machines have sweet running engines and are ideal for the work being done. One or two of the speed fiends call them sewing machines.

What a difference weather makes. All one can see now is smiling faces and shining bikes. A squabble breaks out now and again when a long run has to go—everyone wants to do it! What a difference from a few months ago.

Congratulations to Lance Corporal Watts on receiving a "Distinction" on completion of a Junior N.C.O.s' Course. We hope Lance Corporals Stanbridge and Jeffries are as successful in finding that elusive "D."

Another record month! Not one accident among the D.R.s during the thousands of miles covered in March, a record upon which the C.O. congratulated the Section.

Spare our blushes. We D.R.s never thought we were so good until we read some of the recent daily and other newspaper reports about our deeds; the Quarter bloke can't keep pace with the demand for larger crash hats to fit the swelling heads. On 10th and 11th April "Motor Cycling" and "The Motor Cycle" published long articles in complimentary terms of our activities as described by our C.O. at a Press conference. The articles relate how we carried on throughout the "blitz" months of last winter, when we had our busiest and most hectic D.R. period, but I think it would be correct to say that the "blitz" caused less mild apprehension than the prospect of a night trip over wet wood blocks and tramlines.

Newsreel and Press cameras have taken shots of us during our duties and should have been published by the time this appears. If this goes on, some of the D.R.s will become temperamental.

More News.—The Body Protection Committee of the Medical Research Council, who are investigating protection of D.R.s and D.R.s' clothing, have invited suggestions from the D.R.s for investigation. Considerable interest has been taken in this among the D.R.s, who have strong, if divergent, views on this subject.

T.G.M.

S.L.S.A.

On reading with great interest a description of our Outstation in the January issue of this Journal, we decided to add a little inside information for the benefit of those who, living a life of luxury and ease in control stations, or even at our Depot, know little of the rigours of Outstation life.

Since then we have lost "Tiny" Williams, who has gone to another Outstation on our group, and we miss (inter alia) his ability to originate practice messages in any foreign language from Latin to Welsh (we always impressed upon him that he was a —— foreigner) to the bewilderment of the receiver and the unholy gratification of the sender.

Hansford, inspiring us all with his dynamic energy, is still Signalman i/c, and could not show more zeal were his arm adorned with as many stripes as a zebra's back.

Wollacott still has his now famous greatcoat, which has the lines, if not the allure, of a lady's nightdress, in spite of his efforts to wrest a more seemly garment from a stony-hearted "Q" Stores. He is looking forward to warmer days, when it will no longer give cause for ribald comment.

Although rheumatic tendencies are beginning to indicate approaching senility, Larkman still displays great tree-climbing agility whenever the cry goes up for longer and higher aerials.

In place of "Tiny" we have recently welcomed Camsell, whose sunny disposition is an asset in the Station. We hope he will not find his spare time too dull in a district where the only amusements are those provided by Nature. There is no truth in the rumour that on walking out in his Blues he narrowly missed being rounded up by the local Home Guard as a suspected enemy parachutist, although we gather that their effect as a means of introduction to the local female inhabitants was not as good as he had anticipated.

We have recently been the willing victims of experiments by a certain technically-minded Major, who descends on us at frequent intervals and leaves behind him an astonishing assortment of meters, coils, variable condensers, loud speakers, mains eliminators and other apparatus. We walk gingerly for fear of becoming entangled in his latest hook-up, and are convinced that "radio" is an infinitely more accurate description than "wireless."

All this gives an added interest to our evening pastime of receiving "Press," or giving each other timed sending tests, while all musical tastes can be indulged on a station which can have four receiving sets in operation at the same time.

Although constant night duty is sometimes conducive to "livers," we live together harmoniously, and have the advantage of what house agents describe as a "large and well-stocked garden," in which to seek solitude.

In fact, but for the war, army life wouldn't be so bad.

F.W.L.

A.A. Signals, North-East England

No. 1 Company

Summer is here, and each morning as we watch the "glorious" sunrise, we pause in our knees bend, shake the dew off our nose, and wonder what's glorious about it. The beauties of nature are no longer appreciated—the artistic is too realistic, yes, sir! Sunrise seen in canvas shoes is altogether different from sunrise on a canvas sheet—still the old adage remains to bring us consolation for "A thing of beauty has a boy for ever."

Priority.—Highlight of the month has been the promotion of our O.C., Captain N. J. Woodcock, who has now attained his Majority. Congratulations, sir.

Entertainment.—Nil return, so far as we are concerned, although we did provide the star for the local A.T.S. concert. Is it true, Bill, that you have been asked to transfer, and that there is only one thing stopping you?

Promotions.—Corporal Bartram (von Hess) has now joined the exalted. Congratulations, Sergeant, and now how about that order for the WIRE?

No. 1 Signal Office Section Notes.—Hi ya, customers! Once again we present our current notes. We only just managed to get them done on time for press, though, because of the extra quota of parades brought into force on 1st April (note the date). Immediately we had to present all our watches to the local salvage man and a hurried search began for a timepiece with a dial showing (Blocks on) TWENTY-SIX (Blocks off) hours to a day. So far, our search seems to have been in vain, but by dint of a little adding and multiplication, plus an occasional sly glance at the sun we are able to tell you that these notes are being written at 25.52, or somewhere about half-way between Night Duty, Fatigues, P.A.D. Drill, and an occasional Fire Piquet, not to mention a night on the roof, spotting for those dinky little "insanitary" bombs. Any-way, here we go again—hope you like it.

Congratulations to "Hopalong" (Signalman Bill Boyd) on getting well and truly "Dot and Carried." Also to Lance Corporals Jimmy Johnson and Vic. (Vol. 5) Huckerby, on being sent to Drill and Duty Courses. We're ready for you when you return and we bet your hearts get broken first!

Believe It or Not.—A new feature (first and only appearance). Overheard on the weekly Boot Parade (also a new feature):

Orderly Officer: "Where are your other pair of boots?"

Signalman ——: "Gone to the *Laundry*, sir."

(Maybe his feet should have gone as well.)

Also on the same parade (was it a coincidence?):

Sergeant-Major: "Fall out the following: Signalmen Freeman, Hardy and Willis."

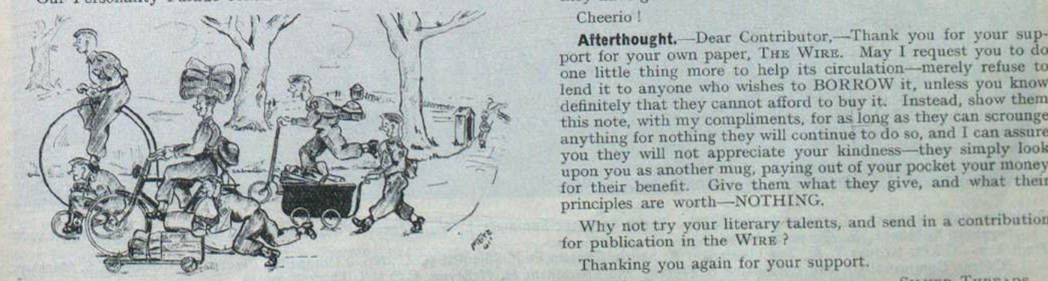
Ah, well, as the song says, "All God's Chillun got shoes."

Who was the guy who, when admitted to hospital, was asked if he had his Devotional Books with him, and, replying in the "infirmary," calmly produced "Signal Training, Vol. 2, Parts 1 and 3"?

"Mind my bike!" You've all heard that famous saying of Private Jack Warner. We little thought that we should emulate him, but with the recent issue of "rill still bikes wiv rill whills" such is the case. By the way, who let his tyre down because the saddle was too high? (We know that's an old one, so please respect old age and refrain from laughing.)

"Fritz" soon got busy with his pen (how that boy works and he imagines we look like this when proceeding to night duty. Personally I prefer a bath chair!

Our Personality Parade continues as threatened and, believe us, with a vengeance this month, for, without claiming priority and for no other reason than the fact that "Fritz'" latest effort happens to be his partner in crime, we dare to present No. 2 in this Series, namely Signalman Bill Woodason, alias "Zeke."



"Swing it, 'Zeke,' Four in a Bar"

Most of his spare time is spent in the manner shown, either at the "local" or maybe at an A.T.S. concert. We believe his signature tune is "Love Me Tonight, in 'A' Flat," but whatever it is, he manages to strum out the latest hits for our pleasure, and we suggest his fingering warrants a K.B.O. 1 without further test. We understand he fiddles pretty well, too—but not in a musical sense. (Note from "Zeke": "It's a libel, and any likeness to Mr. Punch is purely coincidental.")

Bi, bi, "FRITZEKE."

"Certa Cito" or "C" Relief Takes Over Night Duty

Sergeants' Mess.—Our latest form of mechanisation has had dire consequences, for unfortunately C.Q.M.S. Connon is now hors de combat. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Twice we have been contested at darts, and twice have we lost; twice have we had a good time, which raises the query—is darts a game, or an excuse? An impromptu entertainment took place after the last match; in which R.Q.M.S. Thomas performed some of his amazing feats of magic. With such success did he deceive our eyes, that sales stopped—for a while—until confidence returned. Sergeant Durrant, at present a guest of our Mess, delighted us with his efforts at the piano.

Charlie's Snack Bar has now closed, and "Jasminn" has become the Cinderella of the Mess, holding the Kitchen Front with great fortitude.

It is rumoured that we are about to spring clean, and we are looking forward to seeing R.S.M. Troman F. W. and C.S.M. Longstaff C. tripping down to the spring sales, but we hope they have good taste in curtain material.

Cheerio!

Afterthought.—Dear Contributor,—Thank you for your support for your own paper, THE WIRE. May I request you to do one little thing more to help its circulation—merely refuse to lend it to anyone who wishes to BORROW it, unless you know definitely that they cannot afford to buy it. Instead, show them this note, with my compliments, for as long as they can scrounge anything for nothing they will continue to do so, and I can assure you they will not appreciate your kindness—they simply look upon you as another mug, paying out of your pocket your money for their benefit. Give them what they give, and what their principles are worth—NOTHING.

Why not try your literary talents, and send in a contribution for publication in the WIRE?

Thanking you again for your support.

Cheerio! SILVER THREADS.

No. 2 Company

General.—Progress during the past two months has lacked the spectacular, but has produced a healthy addition that to goodly company of saints on earth whose struggles with Ohms, Mhos, Henrys and what-have-you who now respond to " III " and " II." Has anyone seen a " I " lately ? No ? Then how about it ?

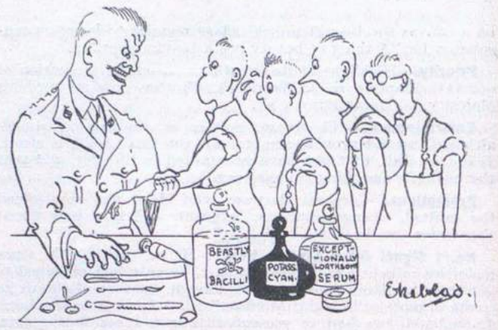
On the social side, invitations to dances organised by local bodies have not been accepted by all who would have tripped the light fantastic. Still, what is a slow fox trot compared with a Fire Picquet ?

Portraits.—The Company photograph was a hazardous affair for those in the rear ranks. The results, nevertheless, amply justify the visit to the scaffold, albeit one wag was heard to forecast the miniature range as the destination of one group.

Sartor Resartus.—Some concern was occasioned by the departure to hospital of Signalman Riley M., whose skill with needle and thread has transformed many a dress, battle, into a thing of beauty. Happily, he is with us once more, recovered, and " Short Leave " produces a turn-out which even the most critical of C.M.S.'s must envy.

Hors de combat.—It has become quite commonplace to suddenly miss some radiant personality from our midst—to hear, on enquiry, that he has been removed to the luxurious surroundings of the R.M.P. The truth is that vaccination being the latest vogue, it is now considered the thing to boast about one's temperature with the after effects

On vaccination parade it was noted that Signalmen generally wore a resolute " I-can-take-it " expression which lasted until



"Arms and the Man"

the whole proceeding was over. Prior to the treatment of the first man the M.O. asked for the assistance of someone to wash the arm of each person concerned in some specific place. This evidently being a position of responsibility, the C.S.M.—an explicit man at all times—remarked " Send for Davies—he's a medical student."

Football.—Of our past six games three have been won, two drawn, and one lost. The solitary lost match was against a combined Army Eleven who certainly deserved their 6—2



Back Row (left to right).—Corporal Baker F. W., Lance Sergeant Summers J. W., Sergeant McQueen C. W., Sergeant Wright W., Lance Sergeant Robson E. E., Corporal Haley A.
Front Row.—C.S.M. Jacques T. A., 2nd Lieutenant R. Smith, Captain D. Middlemiss (O.C., No. 2 Company), Lieutenant Colonel T. S. Mensley (Officer Commanding), 2nd Lieutenant B. Farrell, 2nd Lieutenant H. McBryde, C.Q.M.S. Thirkell W. H.

victory, although the game was much more keenly contested than the score suggests. A decisive 8—3 win was gained against old opponents, the Co-op. Society, after a really fast, sporting game. The remaining four matches—all played against Army teams—resulted in scores of 2—2, 3—2, 4—4 and 3—1.

" Dig for Victory."—The Company competition is now in full swing and although the officers' window box is said to be a home for wire worms and tin cans, they hope to be concerned in the finish on prize day.

Attachments.—One wonders if Mr. Farrell, Our Officer In Charge of the Destruction of Rats and Mice, has anything to do with the most recent " recruits." That big black cat is a capable deputy in that department ; but the dog is not doing much to help the Bones income !

We Would Like to Know.—What the cook of the ——th Regiment thought of our gift of " flour." We do know what ours thought when he discovered he was making " duff " with whitewash.

Whether the C.S.M. ever found the lip-reader.

What was behind the C.S.M.'s slip of the tongue (" Oh, kiss me, Sergeant-Major ").

THE RAIDERS. By Toc.

They come with ghostly moaning cries,
  Our cities to destroy ;
Nocturnal prowlers of the skies,
  The modern Horse of Troy.

Like wolves who scent the baited trap,
  They linger in the night ;
At random strike and hope a hit,
Then turn their tails in flight.

Their course has been long, and soon
  Light pencils stab the sky ;
The guns rise in crescendo tune,
  The fighters strike on high.

Defence is now turned to attack,
  And as night turns to day
The lucky ones go limping back,
  The others have to stay.

ERIMUS.

A.A. Signals, Berkshire

Night Life.—Wrens and sailors were honoured guests at a recent soirée thrown by the Sergeants' Mess. As the Press were not admitted we are forced to rely on unconfirmed reports as to exactly what happened. A lineman trying to sleep in the room above the Mess swears that they played Red Indians most of the time, but Grapevine Intelligence mentioning the names of Whacker Payne and Ginger Platt, R.N., holds that a harmless game of forfeits was in progress.

The sight of the evening, so they say, was Whacker being hurled across the room by the formidable stern of C.S.M. Lawrence in a forfeit " Boomps-a-Daisy," fiendishly devised by Section Sergeant Rodaway, and then Ginger sang " My Brother Sylveste."

Of the Wrens, no information is available. Sergeants questioned by Charlie Snoop, our roving reporter, refused to commit themselves. Sergeant Burnett just said, " Boy, oh boy," whilst Sergeant Wilson confined himself to a bestial wink, and then there was another who breathed a fervent " Thank heavens we have a navy." Johnny Woolls, confidence man about town, who is on the inside of most of the rackets, commented " If de goils was purty and you was playing at forfeits, what would you do ? " Like the Sergeants, we weren't talking any.

Fairy Story.—Once upon a time there was a brave handsome Signalman named Ryde, who went before an O.C.T.U. Board. The president of the board looked in amazement at the brave, handsome Signalman's hat and then said, " I'm afraid there must be some mistake. This Board is choosing candidates for O.C.T.U., not O.G.P.U."

Toujours La Politesse.—Among the ranks of new members recently admitted to this exclusive circle have been so many B.A.s and B.Sc.s that the old place has taken on a decidedly academic atmosphere. It has been suggested that if we could only get rid of a few of the B.F.s the tone of the Unit would approach that of its earlier days, when, we learn, it was possible to be the last man to arrive at a table and to still find some jam and butter left for you. And " No hats in the mess " was a rule, also !

Espinola's Eats Joint.—Satisfied customers in the men's mess have been going into raptures about the new thin slices of bread that grace the tables for breakfast and tea. There was a time, you see, when the slices were nearly an inch thick, and even the Line Section boys regarded these " doorsteps " with awe. Then some bright spark made a suggestion to Frankie, the maestro of the cookhouse, and the above satisfying result was not long in forthcoming. We know it means a little extra work—so thank you.

Monthly Quiz.—Here are some simple questions to which are appended three answers, only one of which is correct. If you cannot answer any of these correctly, you are of average mental powers. If you can answer any at all you are a genius. If you fail to see any sense in the whole thing you are probably a most unpleasant fellow with pimples.

Question 1. If you had a cadillac, you would (1) keep tea in it, (2) go to Siam and spend it, (3) see a doctor about it.

Question 2. A jerkin is (1) a pickled cucumber, (2) the opposite of a jerk-out, (3) something rude.

Question 3. A trade board is (1) a bench in Hyde Park, (2) a poster hoarding, (3) the thing Army beds are as hard as.

Question 4. If you had a scabie, you would (1) try to sell it to the Egyptian Department of the British Museum, (2) give it to the Zoo, (3) carry a sword in it.

Question 5. A leclanché cell is (1) a French method of imprisonment, (2) a bacterial growth, (3) a Bactrian camel's second stomach.

Question 6. D.8 is (1) a new Ford model, (2) a department of the War Office, (3) teleprinter procedure meaning " The 700 group message you have just sent is unreadable. Please send again."

Question 7. Scrofula is (1) the name of an Italian general, (2) an important submarine base in the Mediterranean, (3) a sort of cabbage.

Well, boys, how many did you make out ? Those of you who got more than two answers right should send your names and addresses to us by the next mail. Then, on the receipt of 7s. 6d. to cover cost of postage and packing, we will send you, absolutely free of extra charge, a signed portrait of ourselves. Yes, the identical portrait that graces the dressing rooms of so many Hollywood beauties.

The Big Parade.—Before a distinguished assembly of officers and senior N.C.O.s the picked Squads of Nos. 2 and 3 Sections paraded, prepared to drill and march each other to a standstill. This inspiring spectacle was witnessed—even admired—by Major F. E. Moules, our O.C., Major C. J. Bridge, R.A., the Brigade Major, 2nd Lieutenants Padwick and Jackson, and a whole crowd of wide-eyed Signalmen. The Squad of No. 3 Section was the first to perform, and carried out some fairly straightforward foot and rifle drill with smart infantry timing. Then No. 2 Section took the stage and gave a rather more intricate display, culminating in a full ceremonial guard mounting, carried out entirely without orders (" telepathy," said one recruit !). Anyway, the result of this friendly contest was a draw, which pleased everyone, even the postman, who stopped by to see the show. The Squads then had their photographs taken—they liked that, too.

No. 3 Section Squad included the following Signalmen : Enoch Adams, Ginger Pitts, Lefty Leaver, Sid. Copelin, Tag Warrick, and Ron Easton. Commanded by Corporal Dabber Day, a veteran of Great War No. 1.

No. 2 Section, with the technique of old troupers, supply the following details of their squad : Cast : Doug. Ryde, Bert Greenhough, Tom Down, Jim Wilkinson, Johnny Upton, and Len Main.

In charge of production : Section Sergeant Norman Rodaway.

Director of photography : George Lawrence.

Footwear by Upton. Web Equipment by Ryde. Gowns by Chesterman. Decorations by Horace Stinkeinsen. Technical Adviser : Charlie Ratbag. Recorded by the Western Gastric " Fluty-Rooty-Tooty-Tone " Sound system.

Presented by Miracle Movies, Inc.

" If it's a good picture—it's a miracle."

Promotions and Appointments.—To Sergeant : Bob Wilson ; to Lance Sergeant : Ernie Choules and Bob Matson ; to Corporal : Dickie Dixon ; to Lance Corporal : Norman Francis, Eric Barrett, Jack Price, Johnny Woolls and Arthur West.

In addition to which, Lance Corporals Bill Tanner and Ron King are now getting paid for their tapes.

We Think You're Swell.—One of the problems which face the domestic organisation of any Unit, immediately after fresh promotions, is the state of mind of those men who have just missed getting stripes. In any military body it is essential that every man be enthusiastic—for a reduction in the enthusiasm of a Unit means a reduction in its striking power against the enemy, and it quite often happens that certain men lose a trifle of their spirit when they find their names missing from the promotions on the notice board. Treated tactlessly, these men will lose all interest in their Army careers. Those who have been promoted can ably take care of themselves, so a Unit which, realising this, recognises the value of those who work for stripes and fail to get them, is a Unit of which to be proud. That, gentlemen, is why we are proud of this Unit.

You can pick out the " failures " very easily at promotion time. They become rather hard-faced and cynical. You can catch them in spare moments staring hard at nothing. Their eyes are fish-like and apathetic, and they will remain so for many weeks until a new promotion list becomes due, then, in common with their boots, their rifles and their brass, their eyes take on an added shine. They prepare confidently to have another shot. Yes, they are triers ; these men who don't quite make their first stripe, and for this ability to keep trying, this courage born of implicit faith in themselves, we recognise them. " Failures," we salute you.

My Kid's a Crooner.—On 10th March a friendly stork orbiting the Hayward residence dropped its entire bomb-load consisting of one baby boy. Roy Hayward, who, in the course of his stay with us, has got used to having H.E. and other unpleasant things dropped on him, was delighted. He's now waiting for it to say " Dadda." It appeared that Roy had been waiting for some time for little Peter Roy to arrive—which explained the worried look on his usually cheerful pan. " Ho hum," he said, " it was a terrible ordeal ; who'd be a father ? " Reporting Hayward's elation over the happy event, local paper splashed headline, " Hayward goes Haywire."

Long Time No See.—Almost imperceptibly a small host of familiar faces has disappeared from our homely little circle. Whither went they ? How did they go and what are they doing now ? To satisfy your natural curiosity we sent Charlie Snoop, our trained checker-upper, to find out what had happened to all the old faces. After collecting an exorbitant expense sheet he gave out the following dope :

SERGEANT PORTER (Friendly Fred), who used to be our Section Sergeant, is now at Division, showing the recruits how it's done. Sometimes when the wind is blowing in the right direction, we fancy we can yet hear his dulcet bellow of " On parade." Anyway, we miss his piano playing and his fiddling. (Editor, " You mean his violin playing.") We said fiddling—and we mean fiddling.

ROBIN WARD. Once the heart-throb of a million local frails was for some time junior N.C.O. i/c a detachment out in the bush. Then, with the cunning inherent in the Levantine mind, he seized at an opportunity to progress from his humble A/U/L state to the glory of a commission. He is now a cadet. Practically every girl we meet these days asks after him. They are all at great pains to inform us that they hate him like poison. It doesn't make sense—or does it ?

E. GRANT DIGWEED—or, as he is usually described by himself, the Great Digweed—is now with another A.A. Division, and still dodging the same kind of work. He visits us occasionally and departs laden with our spoons, plates, G.S. caps and badges—facts which we discover on the following day. Digger is thinking of becoming a rear gunner in the R.A.F. So look out for your Luftwaffe Lugs—here comes a one-man wave of destruction. By his closer friends, Digger is known as " I hate-everything-Digweed." To-day, in strange surroundings, and with few old friends, he is worse tempered than ever. A sad story, my masters.

RO ELLIS.—" The play-boy of the West-End world " has pulled off a commission in the Infantry. He rated 18th out of a total entry of 130 who passed out of the O.C.T.U. Writing from North Wales, he says, " The life gets you. I want nothing more than to stick bayonets in big, fat Germans." So yet another pseudo-cynic has seen the light. Good luck, Ro ! We miss your ever open pocket book and your ever open mouth. You talked faster and louder than anyone we ever knew—we just lapped it up

RICHARD WEST. Though the boys called him " The Colonel," he looked more like a Chinese medical student with those intimidatingly thick horn-rimmed spectacles. He has just passed out of the same O.C.T.U. as Ellis and is now a 2nd Lieutenant. Great stuff, Richard ; the subtleties of your Oliver Wakefield act in the Christmas concert still makes us smile. We've only just seen the jokes.

Homing Bird.—Lance Corporal Eddie Edwards, who has been a Lance Jack for longer than anyone can remember, has just returned to us from an N.C.O.s' Drill and Duties Course. He brings tidings of strange orders and outlandish drill movements, quite foreign to us. But for all that, his home-coming is an excuse for great rejoicing. The fact that Eddie was away on detachment for so long a period prior to his Course, was mourned by not a few of the older boys.

Va, Va.

BILL NEWTON.

— A.A. Divisional Signals, Essex

Headquarters.

Well, after the " very slow but sure " method of the British workman most of us are now accommodated in huts. Our Canteen is looking quite homelike, thanks to the helpful assistance of an A.T.S. member who has decorated the windows with curtains of a fine hue.

Dances and whist drives held in the neighbouring villages are still in full swing, but, sad to say, our successes at the latter have been diminishing of recent weeks. (Co-operation seems to have been neglected.)

The Medical Orderly is kept busy these days, dealing with the influx of recruits who require treatment for sore heels. (But he is not de(feet)ed !)

No. 1 Company

General.—Another month has come and gone and the Company has had plenty to do. The Line boys have been exceptionally busy. They have recently completed a very good job of work and have attained the perfection necessary to give complete satisfaction.

Sport.—Games of all kinds are at present in full swing. Much enthusiasm was aroused over an Inter-Section football match, when the " Office Boys " defeated the "All-conquering Line Section " by the odd goal in 3. In the return match, however (despite the support of the A.T.S.), the " Office Boys " were unable to maintain the pace and lost by 5—2. Nevertheless, the " Office Boys " anticipate avenging themselves in the near future in the eagerly awaited deciding match.

Indoor Games.—Two very successful indoor games evenings have been held. Our comrades from No. 2 Company and the local Home Guard were our opponents. The former proved to be too good for us at snooker and table tennis, but we managed to save our faces by winning at darts. That particular evening produced a remarkable exhibition of snooker between our Commanding Officer and the Lieutenant Quartermaster, and, no doubt, many of the spectators gained a few tips on how snooker should be played.

Boxing.—A boxing match has been arranged between No. 2 Company and No. 1 Company in the near future. We have managed to obtain (and " scrounge ") a reasonable amount of

equipment for training purposes. Our boys are now getting down to serious training for this event, under the eagle eye of Lance Corporal Wright, our Medical Orderly, who still exhibits amazing prowess in the " art."

P.T.—P.T. classes have also been held each day under the able instruction of popular Sergeant Woodward, P.T. Instructor from the A.P.T.S., with beneficial results. Physical culture at present is the main topic in the barrack rooms and many are seeking for that athletic figure.

Entertainments.—Our Tuesday evening dances are still proving very successful and enjoyed by all. The Signals Band (under Signalman Craig) has recruited two members from a recent batch of recruits. One manipulates the saxophone very well, while the other is very nimble on the guitar. Both have proved a real acquisition. Debroy Somers, please note !

" Spotting."—Another innovation which proved highly successful was a " talent spotting " Competition in the Canteen. Although comedians were not lacking among the competitors, some of the biggest laughs were provided by members of the audience. The first prize was won by Sergeant Wrist and Lance Corporal Spooner, who " dolled up " in A.T.S. uniform (and " armed " with a certain amount of " Dutch courage ") gave a very outstanding turn and were unanimously acclaimed winners of the contest.

Two talkie film shows given by E.N.S.A. and visits by two concert parties were well patronised—even by the shady customers in the back row.

Departures.—We are sorry to have lost that very popular officer, 2nd Lieutenant C. Cox, who has been posted elsewhere. We wish him good luck in his new sphere.

Arrivals.—Acting C.Q.M.S. Burchell (F.O.S). Welcome ! We wish you a very pleasant stay. How do you like our milk stout ?

Courses.—Corporal Gates attended a Gas Course, and returned with a Q.1. Lance Corporal Payne gained a Q.1 on a Drill and Duties Course. Signalman Champ W. J. passed a Fitters Signals Course with honours. Congratulations and well done, boys !

No. 2 Company

A very sincere apology must be offered to all readers of these notes for the meagre contributions made by this Company during the last two months. But we must plead that now familiar excuse, " the exigencies of the Service," and this time, believe it or not, it is absolutely true.

The first three months of 1941 have brought a spate of work, both operational and training, which has taxed the energies of all ranks to the utmost, but with their usual fortitude and good humour they have cheerfully endured and overcome the many difficulties, discomforts and setbacks attendant thereto. However, the sun is returning and although we still shiver a bit at night and in the early morning there is a touch of spring in the air which fills everyone with new-born hope and courage, and renews our determination to do our utmost to see this job through to the ultimate victory of which there can be no doubt.

Changes are inevitable in this existence of ours and there have been plenty during this winter, changes in personnel, changes in duty and changes in the camp itself, all of which have caused problems, but the solution of these has kept everyone on tip-toe. However, we have survived this winter much more comfortably than last, despite the more frequent attentions of the Hun.

Structural alterations within the camp have benefited everyone, and concrete paths, re-decorated dining hall, etc., have all helped to make life easier.

The shortage of civilian labour and the delays which occur in execution of the " Barrack Services " have resulted in the formation of a Pioneer Squad, under the inimitable Sergeant Pope, and they have tackled everything from cleaning drains to the complete fortification of the camp. What they can't do with a few bags of cement and a heap of sand is nobody's business !

Sport.—There has been some spasmodic but none the less enthusiastic football during the season and a considerable amount of new talent has come to light. However, operations have interfered with really serious play and it has been an extremely difficult task to obtain a good representative team for the various fixtures secured during the season. Signalman Beamont has proved an indefatigable Secretary and great credit is due to him for his efforts.

During March a most successful Boxing Tournament was arranged, consisting of ten Novices' bouts, and a number of clever exponents were discovered in our ranks. 2nd Lieutenant McGee has taken this section under his wing, and the acquisition of training equipment has proved a great stimulant. Signalman Taylor is the leading light and under his able tuition a number of tough fellows are training for an Inter-Company Tournament, to take place on 24th April, when it is hoped that the Divisional P.T. Officer, Captain Lowe, will referee the Tournament.

Preparations for an Inter-Company Sports Meeting are well under way, and No. 1 Company will have to look to its laurels. I understand that a whole galaxy of talent has been unearthed and it is no uncommon sight now to see wraith-like figures disappearing into the dawn, intent on a little road work or else wielding spade and fork in the C.S.M.'s garden.

Indoor sports have also progressed and our table tennis team remains unbeaten. Sergeant Green, Signalman Stanton and the others have really put up an outstanding performance in this branch of sport and have done much to encourage the players of less experience. A number of matches have been played at home and away, mostly with Service teams and they have invariably proved victorious.

A new billiard table has resuscitated the interest in billiards and snooker, but we have some way to go before we reach competition standard.

Entertainment.—The social events in the shape of dances and Sunday night concerts are now almost an institution and our Dance Band is a really first-class combination. The efforts of those stalwarts, Signalmen Harker, Lustig, Lishman and Read, have enabled us to enjoy many evenings of music and signing which would otherwise be spent in " beer and skittles."

Our Company dances are looked forward to with great relish and the attendance of the nurses from the local hospitals is another attraction which is greatly appreciated by the lonely soldier !

One of the most delightful entertainments yet featured was the visit of Keith Lester's Ballet Company from the Arts Theatre, when they gave a very charming and beautiful performance under conditions which, whilst greatly relieved by Sergeant Pope, were not ideal for this type of show. Whatever misgivings the artists had when they opened their show were completely dispelled by the rousing reception they received from the troops. It can honestly be said that no show has been more appreciated and the applause could not have been surpassed by the most critical audience at the Arts Theatre itself.

The " Signal Lights " Concert Party from our sister Company entertained us on Easter Sunday and they gave us a grand show. The variety and excellence of their turns was almost bewildering and we are justly proud of their efforts.

Training.—A large number of new faces have been seen around the camp during the last few months and these can usually be traced to the Training Sections. The fortunes of war, unhappily, have shortened their sojourn with us and a large draft departed recently, a little wiser, we hope, than when they arrived.

Sergeant Littlejohn and Corporal McCarthy have done their guide, philosopher and friend stuff and it has been quite touching at times to see the care and tenderness which these two have lavished on the new arrivals.

Departures.—Besides our output of " new blood " mentioned above, we have to record the departure of Lance Corporals John and Poole to civil life for a period. We are sorry to lose them.

Also many who have been with us since the beginning have left us for new Units and our good wishes go with them. Among these are Sergeant Creighton, Corporal Turner, Lance Corporals Miller and Stembridge.

Courses.—Our heartiest congratulations to the undermentioned on " making the grade " : Sergeant Littlejohn, Lance Corporals Harwood and Bannerman, and Signalman Fairhurst, and those others who have come back sadder but wiser men.

Marriages.—Cupid still takes his toll and we have to record the

passing of several good men, i.e., Sergeant Orriss, Corporal Turner, Lance Corporal Jones and Signalman Goater, whilst our Intelligence Department informs us that several more are about to succumb.

It is rumoured that the O.C. is seriously considering the banning of all nurses from the Company dances.

Casualties.—It is with deep regret that we have to report the death by enemy action of one of our most popular members, Signalman Brown. He was a born D.R. and will be long remembered. Our sincere sympathy goes out to his relations.

— Welsh Divisional Signals

"M" Section

Training.—Individual Training and the consequent Trade Boards are now over, and the Unit is rapidly settling down to Section Training; and it is hoped that with the spring (and perhaps some fine weather) Exercises of several days' duration will once more be a regular feature of the training.

Congratulations to all the "worthies" who increased the strength of their financial resources and also the status of the Unit on their recent good showing on the Trade Boards, but beware of that little man called "Tax Collector."

Sport.—The so-called formidable "L" Section met their match when "B" (Cable) Section played them on the soccer "battleground," so much so that "B" Section emerged the winners by 6—2.

On the occasion of the rugby match v. 6 Corps Signals our team were again victorious. An Inter-Divisional rugby match is to be played in the near future and it is hoped that we will have several representatives in the team when it is finally chosen.

A little bird has whispered that negotiations are now proceeding for a soccer match—Officers' Mess v. W.O.s and Sergeants' Mess, and I also hear that the defence of the W.O.s and Sergeants' Mess will consist of the R.Q.M.S. and the three C.Q.M.S.s, as they have never been known to give anything away yet.

Departures.—Many and varied, but this opportunity cannot be passed without saying, with regret, au revoir to Sergeant (Nigger) Stranks. Good luck, Nigger!

C/C.

"D" Section

The great "C/C" is on the walk once more, an indication that these notes are again due.

Of what can we write? One could, of course, quote extracts from our Unit Part II Orders, in which appear the names of many of "Don" who were successful in passing the last upgrading test, but instead we will hereby congratulate all those who were able to make the grade.

Again, one could write of our many excursions into the rural districts. Our last excursion, one in which the Divisional H.Q., together with formation H.Q., took part, was perhaps memorable, or should we say notorious, for two great factors: heavy rain and lots of mud. This combination resulted in many vehicles getting into difficulties. (Rumour has it that the staff really think well of us, thanks to our L.A.D., who had the sticky job of getting the vehicles back on to more solid ground.)

Once again our D.R.s proved that they could "take it."

We, who sit back in the Signal Office in relative comfort and ease, doff our battle bowlers to them.

Our annual Weapon Training Course came to its ultimate conclusion with our appearance on the range.

The results have yet to be published, but one result has become very noticeable. The Officer i/c Firing Point seems a changed individual.

"DONITE."

"G" Section

Right, up you get! "G" Section is on parade.

We are making our debut in this issue of the WIRE, so bear with us for a few moments.

Sport.—We are pleased to announce that we have licked, on the soccer field, the great "L" Section, who threw out a challenge to all Signal Sections in the February issue.

The game, a Brigade league match, took place on our opponents' ground and proved a hard and exciting tussle. At half-time, "L" Section were on top with the score 2—1, but a brilliant rally by "G" soon brought us on equal terms. This was followed in the closing moments of the game by an excellent winning shot by Signalman Holly T. E., bringing the final score to 3—2.

While on the sport topic, we are looking forward to pitting our skill against another unbeaten side, "E" Section, whose fixture was previously cancelled owing to unfavourable weather conditions. "Be prepared," "E" Section; here we come!

Departures and Arrivals.—The Section desires to express its regret at the transfer of our Section Officer, Lieutenant D. G. Davies to an I.B. Section. He takes with him our best wishes for the future.

We also extend a hearty welcome to our new O.C., Lieutenant C. M. Jenkins, and hope that our association with him will be a happy one.

Training and Inspections.—Recent inspections by the C.S.O., C.O., and T.M.O., have proved very encouraging to all concerned. To quote the C.S.O., on his remarks to our Bedford driver, "Your vehicle is a credit to the Royal Corps of Signals."

The Section has been fully occupied with various exercises which have been very helpful in giving us more experience in the practical sphere.

Congratulations.—We would like to express our congratulations to Signalman Coleman C. V., on his engagement to Miss Anne Rose of Holloway, London.

Well, readers, this brings news from "G" Section, in its first instalment, to a close.

HUBI.

"L" Section

It is with sincere regret that we record the departure of our first O.C. Section. Lieutenant D. B. McNeill has been with us since the formation of the Section and with many of us since our first introduction to the mysteries of army life. Under his able leadership, the Section has gone from strength to strength, and without "blowing the trumpet" it can be said, at least, so we think, that "L" Section is one of the most efficient in the Division. So now we wish him "all the best" and congratulate "A" Section on their good fortune in having him for their O.C.

We have also seen the departure of Lieutenant C. M. Jenkins, who has taken over a Gunner Section, and to him, also, we offer our good wishes for a successful sojourn with his new Section.

Our new O.C. is Lieutenant D. G. Davies, formerly of "G" Section, and we extend to him our welcome and trust that he will have a happy and successful stay with us.

Sport.—Notable sporting achievement of the month was the defeat inflicted upon the 5th Welch Signallers. The score was 3—1 and all goals were netted by Signalman Jenkins V. E.

Congratulations to Signalman Harries J. R., who won the Table Tennis Competition, and may we say "better luck next time" to Signalman Robbins J. E., who was the runner-up.

Time prevents more news, so till next month, "be seeing you."

ANEZ.

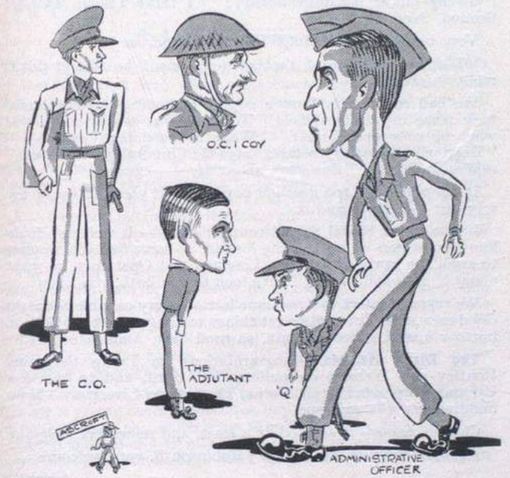
Introducing the — Divisional Signals

Somewhere in the North-East

The Royal Corps of Signals was recently—and very aptly—described by a leading National newspaper as the "nervous system of the British Army," and I, in presenting this first contribution from the —— Divisional Signals, feel rather like a highly sensitive nerve point in that system! My diffidence is certainly not on behalf of the Unit, however, but because I should be presumptuous enough to attempt to chronicle those parts of its activities which may pass the censorial and editorial blue pencils.

The main item of topical Unit news at the time of writing must of necessity be shrouded in mystery and secrecy, that is our move of headquarters from one "somewhere in England" to another. I need waste no time eulogising the doubtful pleasures of "moving house," but I might mention that several Section Sergeants have managed to find a variety of articles they either thought had been lost for ever, or never knew they had!

Our life in the somewhat rural part of the North-East we have just left was not without its special attractions. In addition to the occasional Unit dances, concerts and similar home-produced entertainments, there were dances and shows by local organisations, and, in the church canteen, we had a real club, where many used to forgather, though it was never really established whether the varied menu offered, or the bevy of volunteer "nippies" was the chief attraction!



The Sergeants' Mess have had a busy time, showing what excellent hosts they can be. Their latest effort was, according to reports, a complete success, though as Signalmen are barred the pleasures of these superior orgies, one can only visualise the resplendent array which resulted. Personally, as amateur newshound, I failed to obtain any concrete facts about the event, as all my queries were answered by either a knowing look or a glazed stare and hazily mumbled generalities—but perhaps my queries were made a little too early in the morning following the event!

The Unit has recently begun to develop its individual fighting prowess on organised lines with a series of Inter-Section boxing contests. These events have met with a high degree of enthusiastic support. The more active participants carry their black eyes, split lips and other facial evidences with an understandable pride, and it is interesting to note how an insignificant little cog in the working wheel of the Unit becomes a positive hero after he has put up a game fight against tough odds in the ring. R.S.M. Carr has played a prominent part in the organisation of our boxing activities, which incidentally reached a new stage a short while back with our first outside contest. We were narrowly beaten by a more experienced team from a neighbouring R.A. Unit, but our star, Signalman Dymer J., saw that the Unit team did not come back empty-handed, for he was awarded the cup for the best victory of the contests. It is hoped that the sport will be further developed, and that, with further experience, a team will be moulded together which will be able to challenge all comers.

I have tried to discover some original method of presenting Unit news, and for some time toyed with the idea of publishing a new form of orders—possibly titled "Unit Part III Orders," which would read something like this:

(Note: All characters are entirely fictitious)



The R.S.M.

PAY.

88888878 Recruit Jones J. N.F.R. Deprived of Normal Flat Rate of Pay for permanent unconsciousness on parade.

ATTACHMENTS.

1200000 Sergeant Robinson G. Attached (very) to the blonde dispenser of bottled comfort at the "Pig and Whistle," w.e.f. recent promotion from U/U/A/Lance Corporal.

1234567 Sergeant Brown T. C.T.B.A., ditto.

(See admissions to hospital—Sergeant Robinson.)

On second thoughts, in view of my rather hazy knowledge of K.R.s anent libel in the Army, I feel it would be wiser to refrain.

In more serious vein, I should like to refer to the interesting contacts made with the men by our Commanding Officer by his series of interesting lectures on varied subjects of general and particular interest to us all. The addresses are topical and informative, and play a large part in widening interest in the present struggle and in the part we as Signals are playing in that struggle.

(In addition to the foregoing, I have included some caricatures—sketched very surreptitiously at Unit Headquarters.)

O.O.A.

— Divisional Signals, Devonshire

Chapter One.—Spring is in the air again and in spite of unconfirmed reports that the Isle of Wight has been sunk or that one of our submarines has been shot down in flames, the troops are on their toes and looking forward to the sunshine. Some have their noses to the grindstone or their backs to the wall or even their shoulders to the wheel, but all are pulling together to steer the country through the dark clouds down the long trail. Their efforts will save our bacon, and egg their efforts on to greater efforts and if you think I know what I'm talking about, I don't think much of you. Training goes on and on and, we have every reason to expect, on. Cable goes up and down with ever increasing speed and Wireless Sections get through like lightning, noise and all. The pigeons are being trained to fly backwards in order to memorise the homeward journey.

Congratulations to Captain and Mrs. P. G. M. Lee on their recent marriage. What? You didn't know! Well, it just shows how quiet things are in England.

A hearty welcome to the latest arrivals to this famous Unit. Quiet everywhere. 2nd Lieutenants W. T. B. Gaskell, L. P. Bliaux and W. H. O'Neil.

More congratulations to 2nd Lieutenant O. Corbett, who has made a remarkable recovery from what was actually a bad motor accident.

"A" Section

"A" Section opening up. Sorry for the delay; things move so rapidly these days one has a job to keep pace. Very few of the original, or shall I say, September, 1939, "A" Section are left now. The new arrivals, however, are keen and enthusiastic, which is a good omen. Several N.C.O.s are away on Courses, and what with the static group, we are spread-eagled somewhat.

Our Section Officer, 2nd Lieutenant G. H. W. Hagger is Acting Adjutant, and the second-in-command is in charge of a Signal School out in the blue. Sergeant (Lofty) Hine is carrying on with the good work. A good job he is not as other men are.

We were sorry to lose Lance Corporals Harding and Boodson, as they were very hard working and popular. Lance Corporal Harding was the "talented artist" you have heard so much about, so you must now apply to "J" Section for your cartoons.

We keep getting a few schemes, very funny, too, at times. We still laugh when we think of our Acting Adjutant chasing an "enemy officer" with a gun in each hand!

To all former "A" Section personnel who kept the flag flying in France, wherever you may be now, we send our salaams. Doc Perrin, Scantlebury, Tug Wilson, Ghooly Ball, "Boy" Gallagher, Lanky Lane, not forgetting our interpreter whilst over the water, my old pal, Croft. How are all you blokes? We often discuss you when we talk of nights in the "foul pen" at Chilton.

So long, everyone. Will try to do better next month.

LOFTY.

"Don" Section

Whoa! Whoa! Everyone has suddenly become very WIRE conscious, with the result that a few budding scribes are suffering from the same complaint as Mussolini, to wit, one big headache. If it isn't one darn thing after another. Never mind, some say "Good old Don," but whatever the others say, might I murmur "Nuts"?

Personally, I should like here and now to state that dear old Don keeps No. 1 Company's head above water, nay, it keeps the whole Unit's head above water. We supply the Unit with first-class men, Corps even looks to us for advice (and that is not one out of the hat), and in every fatigue going we are well represented—aren't we, S.M.? And we must not repeat, not even mention, leave—may we, Sam? However, we go on accepting our bouquets and raspberries like good 'uns. Speaking of raspberries, reminds me—

Of late we have been very scheme conscious and everything, as far as personnel of Don Section are concerned, has gone off very well. The Intelligence Staff—save the name—may think otherwise, but what they think with, heaven only knows. Even the C.S.O. sent in five foolscap pages of what we failed to do and what we should have done. Five pages, indeed—I ask you—and coming from our own late C.O., too!

Fortunately "A" and "B" Sections "carried cans," as it was a general summary, but the C.S.O. was kind enough to finish up with "On the whole, Signals worked very well." We raise our hats, sir. Praise from you is praise indeed.

The same rivalry still exists between "A" and Don Sections—doesn't it, Lofty?—but we are at least on speaking terms. If the said Lofty would drop that blinking halo of his and come to earth again, things would be better. As it is now, he gets such a nasty headache because the halo is too tight, and he works his liver off on the Section. Be as other men are, Lofty, or take an example from me. Look how retiring I am, shy, reticent, and a laddie of such perspicacity. (What's that you said, Lofty?)

Heavens, I nearly forgot to mention our new skipper. With the advent of Captain (Jigger) Lee, Don Section has entered a new phase in its remarkable and glorious career. Shorn of all single blessedness (he's done the trick), he still remains the same Captain Lee. We had a general blitz when he first came and it still continues, but the storeman at present is bearing the brunt. Coupled with our own storeman is Lieutenant (Quartermaster) Barlow and the one and only "Rab a Dab" What-do-you-want-ain't-got-none R.Q.M.S. Nokes. They won't play with us re deficiencies, but the R.Q. did promise us some waterproofs, didn't you, Bill? Well, sir, we in Don Section have come to the conclusion that your stock phrase "When I was a lad" has worn out, and we should like to hear another penny drop. Anyway, happy hunting, and may your stay here be likened to a bed of roses.

Now our sub-skipper is none other than 2nd Lieutenant Burgess, new to the Unit, but keen and industrious and a credit to his employer. Dear, dear, quoting stock civvy phrases again.

We tapped in on the following conversation the other day and thought it fit for publication:

Young officer (enthusiastically): "I think I'll go to 'L' Section, Sergeant."

Very bored Sergeant: "Why the Section, sir?"

Which reminds me of another good one I heard and this is really in order.

We had occasion to bury a supply of bombs and the burial took place in our local field. The hole was nearly completed when up rolls local farmer. "What be ye doing, Corporal?" "Digging holes to bury bombs," says the Corporal i/c. "Bombs," replies the local. "But what about my —— horse?"

It doesn't sound too good on paper, but if you had heard the way our "Busty" said it.

I take it our Signal School running at —— is well and truly known now and we are looking forward to some likely customers to swell the ranks of Drivers, Linemen and Operators, so what about it, Bob and Topper? We look to you both, you know.

We regret the fact that we have lost our very capable Sergeant Goodanew, who did a lot to get things really going at the School, but our loss is someone's gain, so good luck, Alan.

The Dizzy Heights.—Congratulations to Lance Sergeants Routley and Webster on pulling that third, and to the new U/Lance Corporals Patton, Keene, Thomas and Livermore. More budding Wavells we hope.

Cheerio, enough is as good as a feast, and remember Belgium.

Agony.—News of No. 2318323 Robinson F. very welcome.

ANDY.

"M" Section

This month, as so often recently, has seen the departure of two more of the old school in Sergeant Simpson and Corporal Tomlins. Both have wandered, via different channels, across the path of their old comrade "Q." Varley, which is something of a coincidence as Norman recently handed in his tapes and left us for the home front. While wishing them the very best of luck, we take this opportunity of warning Ernie not to get landed in court again. Remember your judge is still able to keep an eye on you and Len's evidence may once again prove fatal. Be seeing you, chaps.

Rummaging through the pages of this invaluable medium for Signals gossip I chanced to run against a paragraph praising the clarity of the air in some of our holiday camps. How regrettable that they do not endow their members with those reserves of energy which are so necessary on venturing once again into the outer world. Here's wishing Lance Corporal Horsley a speedy recovery. At first we feared the army had got him completely, but have since been reassured that it is only quinsies.

We shall miss Lance Corporal White's flashing smile around the shop for a few weeks, but hope to see him returning to us ready for anything after being hotted up. I understand gland treatment is the latest idea, Bub, so watch your step.

Congratulations to Charlie Harrison—who gets his second tape—and Frank Meadows on his well-earned promotion, while not forgetting to wish Corporal Macfarlane the best of luck with his new Section. Mac.'s stay with us was a short, but we hope, happy one.

Ex-members will be interested to hear that we still struggle to run a soccer team, but the old Henin talent is sadly lacking, despite Sergeant Joyce's recent efforts to make us fit. The proud reputation we built up on "Le Stade Municipale, Montigny," has proved a very difficult one to keep up to and we must pack our boots away for better luck in the future.

Mention of Sergeant Joyce's P.T. parades bring to mind one of the many pitiful sights we witness by the dim light of dawn. Out of sympathy for the R.Q. Staff we suggest that Corporal Stafford and his motley crew borrow our "Mechanical Rouser" (the design of which has undergone slight modifications) so that they can experience the pleasures of turning out in the morning with at least their primary senses functioning.

S.O.S. Wanted.—Man with all-round knowledge of drains and experience in the art of spud bashing to act as general, but able, if called upon, to make tea distinguishable from cocoa. Write or phone, Box 018.

Cheerio, lad! PIP.

Orderly Room Speaking

Once again a leading topic of conversation is the disappearance of familiar faces and their replacement by unfamiliar ones. Sorry though we are to lose the former, we know that they will carry the good name of the Unit with them to places where they have never heard of the ——th Divisional Signals, and the thought that our glory spreads comforts us somewhat for the losses we have borne. To the new-comers we would say we hope they will never regret coming to us and we hope they will not soon forget their stay with us. To all those from S.T.C.s we say "You have left behind you the trials and tribulations of a recruit, and have taken up the life of a soldier." (Well, more or less a soldier's life, anyway.)

The Orderly Room goes on with its work in its own quiet way, in hail, rain or sunshine, on exercises or at home; and sometimes day and night as well! Other people don't appreciate all we do, but we don't complain. Scarlet fever has torn the draughtsman from our company and delivered him into the hands of charming nurses, where, if rumour is correct, he is not so unhappy as might be expected.

At the time of writing there are no more casualties to report, but life is pretty hectic sometimes, and one never knows who will be next to leave us. Even when they do leave us, they are sometimes on the end of a telephone not too far away, and take every opportunity of scrounging what they can, which isn't much nowadays.

The Baize Door

(Being a contribution from the Officers' Mess Staff)

As the most exclusive Section (probably because no one else wants to join us) and as request readers of other peoples' WIRES, we think we might creep into print. When returning from the now quite frequent periods of leave or other blobs of respite we usually find either a new face or a blank space. Perhaps the C.S.M. regards us as first reinforcements. When the batmen (we call them other names as well) have read the latest "Buck Jones" or if the girl friend is "fire watching" they will graciously consent to put coal on the fire. This, of course, in exchange for a couple of loaves and a leg of mutton. Is Driver Swell going red?

Perhaps rations are not what they were—at least so far as quantity goes. We have our visions of Henin-Liétard with crammed cupboards by Fortnum & Masons. Meat safes full of bacon and never a sausage to offend the eye. Those days will come again. Meanwhile, we think of fresh insults for the long-suffering ration delivery men. We haven't noticed anyone losing weight yet.

The water system is peculiar here and calls for considerable physical effort on that grandfather of all medieval tortures, the pump. As if that is not enough we are introduced to the P.T. Instructor, Sergeant Joyce. Perhaps Sergeant Joyce will accept our invitation to do an hour's pumping in return for his kindness.

It has been suggested, and the P.M.C. heartily agrees that the Mess Spitfire box be emptied and the contents used to provide a number of watches which will produce a piercing whistle at the hour allotted for every meal. To be distributed with tact and discretion.

We have much to be thankful for, we think. It is good to be in England now that the daffodils are out, and the moon shines round the wine room door. Sergeant Flavell has returned from his seven-day inspection of the Midlands and the chef, Lance Corporal Sadler, will get his.

P.M.C. after the visit of the Corps band, my lad.

MR. CATESWELL.

1st Artillery Signal Section Training Battalion, Shropshire

"Time furrows wrinkles in beauty's brow." And so think all of us as we gaze in the mirror of our nominal rolls each morning.

The departure of Captain Williams is our loss but somebody's gain, and so a long association is severed. Q.M. Hobby has thrown his "1033" in our face and gone off to find stacks more. Companies will record their own personal losses.

None the less, what there is is good. Football is flourishing, but uneven. (John Galloway has signed on for another team.) The Ordnance took toll the other day and got own back. Quieter sports are not necessarily a sign of "category" or anno domini, and there are strong rumours of fishing and bowling clubs to supplant the fiercer delights of "jumping a Green Line."

No. 1 Company

As is our wont we lead the way from R———. After a week of continuous fatigues a concert was produced on the Friday, according to schedule; programme a bit weak, but we have had weaker, and ended with the usual success. The intake and output has not been so great as of yore, so we have had time to look back on the Sections that have passed through our portals. Many we have heard from, others we would like to hear from. We wish you all the best of success in the new spring offensive.

No. 9.—"Twistle's twistled," our compere is now with Q. Kemp has decamped and is rebuilding the Empire with A.A. The latent Lake has arrived to bubble amongst our stores, but the remainder hold fast as long as (D.V.) we are allowed.

ROCKTHREY.

No. 3 Company

This is our first appearance in the WIRE and we sincerely hope that it won't be the last. As everyone in the Company has been approached as the WIRE correspondent for this Company, and cannot find time (ahem) to do it, I hope your worthy scribe will not let you down.

Plus ça change! Our new house was dismal enough at first but we soon got busy, and, with Corporal Bennett's gang of whitewashers and painters, we soon made ourselves comfortable. We are still wondering whether Barber Bakall will ever be his natural colour again or whether the Ordnance will charge him up for the whitewash on the floor.

Departures.—The whole Company deeply regret the departure of the old O.C. (Spit and Polish Bill). Having been with this Unit since Territorial days, it must have been a hard parting for him, as we, who stood on his last No. 3 Company parade, realised. We wish him the best of luck wherever he may go and carry on the good work.

Also Sergeant Izod (Izzy), one of the originals. Thanks for looking after the Technical Stores, Izzy. We wish you all the best, too. We believe that the Officers' and Sergeants' Mess Treasurers will be especially sorry to see him go.

The Infantry's gain is our loss now that "Ginger" Martin has got his heart's desire and is O.C.T.U. bound.

Arrivals.—We heartily welcome the arrival of 2nd Lieutenant Bennoson to this Company—may his stay be a happy one.

Promotions.—We congratulate Corporals Greenwood and Taylor on their uplifting. Push along, lads; the Sergeants' Mess is waiting for you.

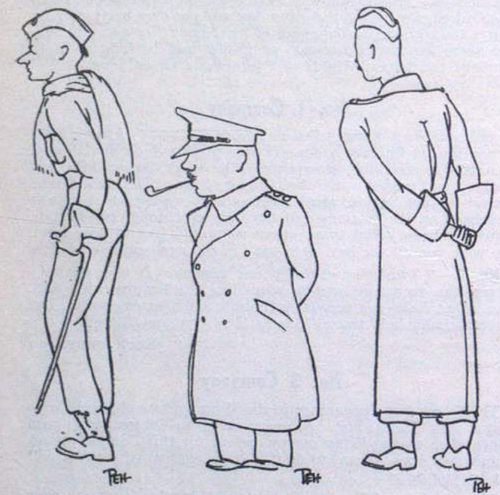
Agony.—Certain officers and men want to know if the chocolate a well-known officer is collecting *is* for his wife.

Who wakes the C.S.M. and why must be persist in his early morning P.T. JOE.

— Armoured Divisional Signals,

As this is written it is three days to Press Day. And one wonders whether, at the beginning of next month, when these words appear in print, the world at large and the reader in particular, will be duly sensible to the great event which is just this moment happening. We, after an absence of many moons, are returning to the WIRE.

The pains and vicissitudes of much travelling are responsible for our disappearance, but of that we can say little and had better say nothing! This does, however, bring us to the point which we should like to stress, namely, the absolute impossibility of telling you anything concrete about ourselves. We are sorry, but there it is. To the confusion of our enemies we maintain a deathly silence! So should you find our remarks a trifle frivolous, remember that we are loathe to disappear from the WIRE altogether, and can only return to it cloaked heavily in whimsy. Bear with us—Certo's all.



Unit Personalities

Troops Entertain! (Or Critics' Corner)—Ack Troop.—A riotous show led by Tooloots Rayandutch, with full supporting cast. Patrons can be promised a real good show; Sarnt King giving, in blank verse composed on the spot, many lurid and more or less untrue pictures of Tiger Lil and other famous Balkan personalities. An inveterate Scot, with two tapes and an accent, may be relied upon to uphold our allies over the border in the face of very strong opposition of the Artoc Kings (all in the fun of the scheme!); whilst Garbo's Gigolo—commonly called simply "Her Man"—has brought his "sign, please" technique to perfection. Altogether a rattling good show—seen to perfect advantage in harbour (preferably at the bottom!).

Observers always have been and always will be thrilled at this Troop's gay abandon, both in their tricky riding of A.C.V.s and in their utter disrespect for telegraph poles. The art of balance is brought to its peak, too, in the assembly of hundreds of feet of rods without stays and a stoical determination is likewise noted when these same rods—descending as the veritable shafts of Jupiter—quit the heavens and fall about their ears.

For sheer radio entertainment this Troop cannot be bettered. You should see it—it will kill you with laughter—or something!

What We Want to Know.—Where is the anode tap on a "firkin"?

What is the "strength of signals" on the average British railway?

Who said an "end fed" was a wire-worm?

How does one cultivate the aerial currant?

Who answered "yes" in the space marked "rank"?

Is "Beautipon" any good for an undersized tank bulge?

GROWING PAINS

We had swept up every crevice and polished every board,
The Q.M.'s soap had vanished and the blanco sales had soared;
The cooks were spotless (almost) and were wilting 'neath the strain—
When the "He-Who-Shall-Be-Nameless" came to visit our domain.
He viewed the scene with pleasure and he intimated that
The billets weren't bad at all—except for one darn'd mat
That some bright guy had overlooked and left out in the wet.
But even that was no great sin and very soon the sweat
That stood on every brow was dried, and smiles appeared once more;
Although on these occasions you can never be too sure—
For as the "He-Who-Shall-Be-Nameless" stood with hand upon the gate,
He said "Where are your gardens on this beautiful estate?
I want to see the rich brown earth deliver up the goods,
Colossal curly cabbages and swiftly-sprouting spuds—
The unexpired portion will then include some veg.;
And I look upon neglect in this as 'conduct to the prej.,'
That's all—Good morning, gentlemen." He smiles, salutes, is gone;
But like the old proverbial song—the melody lingers on.
And soon the orders issued by the "He-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed,"
Bade every Troop Commander draw a rake, a fork, a spade;
And organise the crowd scenes in attacking the good earth—
Which effort caused a Signalman, believed of gentle birth,
To murmur to his friend, "Old boy, as far as I can see,
This gardening will lift aside a veil of mystery—
For just before the spuds are ripe, be sure that date will prove
To be the very day on which—the Unit's going to MOVE!"

ART RUPE.

2nd Air Formation Signals, London

This is our first attempt to crash the WIRE and we hope that in consequence old hands in the art of Regimental journalism will not brood too heavily on our mistakes. So here is the first bulletin from 2nd Air Formation Signals. (We had better save paper by calling ourselves 2 Airsigs.)

We had an excellent time in France and eventually got the Boche on the run, in the wrong—our—direction. However, he was not sufficiently fleet of foot (or tank, as you will) and we subsequently did our tactical withdrawal via various ports in Brittany. Some of the lads had their first (salt-water) bath in weeks on this occasion, but casualties were fortunately few.

We are now ready to take the pants off Adolf when we get the chance. We owe him one or two! We feel very sore about our winter woollies and other treasured possessions now in his keeping.

We are pretty comfortable at the moment, with such luxuries as camp beds and hot water laid on. We live in hopes that we shall in future be gently awakened each morning with a cup of tea.

Our Entertainments Officer (Lieutenant P. H. Chapman) has organised a dance band, complete with crooner. Signalman Carroll E. is our blossoming "Bing," and he carols a good tune. We have had some excellent dances and hope for many more.

We are also enjoying (is that the word?) a series of cross-country runs, under the ægis of our Chief Inquisitor, Captain Archbold. The D.R.s are, unfortunately, prohibited from taking their bikes and have to "pad it" like the rest. So the corns have shifted about three feet lower down!

We have played some hockey and football and are awaiting the cricket season. We hear that the D.R.s have renamed their villa "Norton House." It is also whispered that a certain Sergeant, lecturing, referred to "prismatic tyres" and stated that he was going "ricocheting" when seen with a map and compass! Which all goes to prove that the English tongue is slowly being revised. The D.R.s would like to hear from "Locky" and suggest that stamps are not yet rationed. What about it, "Locky"? Have you learnt to write yet? Send your mark on a postal order failing anything else.

That's all this time.

TAFF, 149.

Northern Ireland District Signal Company

This month it is proposed to discuss, almost exclusively, a topic which, by recent events, by consideration of the weather, and by the very nature of the war, seems to render itself appropriate to this occasion. It is the dashing despatch rider.

It is not really necessary for us to describe a dashing D.R. because quite a lot of people go in for that sort of thing in a big way. Perhaps, it ought to be mentioned, however, that they are called dashing D.R.s because that is typical of the way other people think of them; although these days it is not really necessary to think of them, as you can seldom cross a road without one dashing or aiming at you, as it seems.

What we would like to do here is to submit a few ideas about D.R.s so that those who do not know much about them will feel better equipped to face the war, while those who DO know about these ideas will be pleasantly surprised to see how much they know, which will be very satisfactory all round.

Well, the first idea we want to tell you about is that the thing behind the handlebars, which the D.R. almost sits on, is not a hot water bottle but a petrol tank, and the rule to be observed about this is that, strangely enough, like the hot water bottle, it must have something in it before it works. That is why a D.R. cannot get any petrol nor go any place until he has what is called a WORKS TICKET.

Next we think you ought to know the idea about opening and closing the throttle. The idea is that the throttle is supposed to regulate the supply of petrol. Another idea is that, actually, a non-commissioned officer or a works ticket regulates the supply of petrol.

Who rides a motor cycle and is not thrilled by the flux of things? Young despatch riders soon find out how a slight twist of the throttle grip instantly relieves the monotony of the road. Hence, the fascination of speed. No matter how bad the road, the despatch rider is tickled by the illusion that it is not he but the landscape that is on the move. This illusion is rhythm to the eye and the pulse beat of the running engine is rhythm to the ear. Thus, the lure of the road.

Now and again, however, military necessity demands that man shall ride his machine, as if it were a camel, across country; plunging through the undergrowth; sliding over rocks; chuffing up and down hazards of mountainous ravines like a merry Swiss steam train. Such antics are known as RELIABILITY TRIALS, for they call out the best from man and machine, and are the eminent experiences of motor cycling. A dashing D.R., then, is the nearest thing we know of to our regimental emblem, MERCURY, a winged god shifting like running fire from peak to peak.

We have just had some trials over here. For reasons of security we cannot name the military units that competed, but can give some account of how the struggle went. To select their own teams, formations and units held their own eliminating trials over four week-ends. On the fifth week-end the best eighteen teams emerged to compete in the finals. In our particular serial of the eliminating trials our team, securing 193 points out of a possible 270, ranked second best in the group of five teams carried forward to the finals.

The course was about six miles. There was a steep and slippery climb. They who did well here were those who had eyes for the hill as a whole, as well as for their immediate foreground, and twisted the throttle grip according to the conditions of the moment. There were some interesting examples of the tyranny of GRAVITY.

Then there was a deep watersplash which, though water rose within inches of the carburettor air intake, could be ridden through non-stop. The danger here was inducing a charge of water and then having to climb another steep hill on the far side.

On a downgrade, rutted by the passage of armoured fighting vehicles, there was a descent more perilous and calling for greater judgment than any upward journey. He who had the selective eye of a horse picked the best path from half a dozen, missed the worst going, crossed ruts at the maximum angle possible, changed gears at the elect moment.

In the Finals our team secured no greater distinction than having ridden well with the best eighteen teams in the country. All the same, they earn hearty congratulations. When it was all over, our team came back to barracks, whipped by the wind and coated with mud, but with cheerful faces and spirits high. When asked, for the benefit of this journal, to comment on the day's proceedings, the team leader, Lance Corporal Clark, said, "Is my face red?" Signalman Pearson made some wistful remark about wishing he had the wings of a dove, and Signalman Cutler said, "Well, we were in the first twenty. What's for tea?"

The catalogue of examples that go to show the time was well spent is endless. Trials do not belong to the peaceful pastimes of pre-war days; they are part of the war effort. Much depended on machines, more upon men. The rules about stopping, re-starting or passing through the various sections of the hazards regulated the issue of marks. There were no rules about the weather, but since it is so much talked about we must say Sunday, 6th April, when the Finals took place, was a grand day.

All this reminds us that the business of riding is well mixed up with the business of living and that we ought not to delay longer in congratulating Lance Corporal Clark; first, on having married very successfully; second, on obtaining his first lance stripe; finally, on his team leadership in the Trials.

The dashing D.R. lives up to his name in the luscious fields of romance as well as in the harder fields of battle. He rides hard, eats a lot if he can get it, and sleeps long. Therefore, the D.R. makes a good husband. Signalmen Franklin, Rowley, Gibson and Corporal Denehy have all married in recent days; and, while only the first-named is a D.R. by trade, all are qualified and pronounce themselves, unanimously, fond of a ride.

Mention of women, reminds us that we owe a welcome to the members of the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service who have joined our Unit to cater for us; thus releasing more D.R.s for the road, among them the celebrated good cook. So we conclude this month's news with a brief account of the decline and fall of the Coram empire.

Poor old No. 2311262 Corporal Coram E. (good cook), it was his last day in his magic works. To-morrow for the first time in about umpteen years he would have to go on parade again, to start work again. The girls had arrived. He sat on a stool in the cookhouse with his head in his hands, tears trickling down his cheeks. When a knock came at the door he rose obediently, small kit in one hand and a pack of cards in the other. He moved to the door as one in a trance, his mouth oscillating but saying nothing—nothing we could print. From the doorstep a grim philosopher spoke: No. 2311262 Corporal Coram, every man has a trade assigned unto him and must return to it sooner or later. Your hour has come. The fates know how eagerly you have striven to supply the wants of ungrateful troops. Nevertheless, you are, or were, a dashing D.R., according to your documents, and your reward will be in the Cavalry Yard, where an empty saddle waits for you. Lo, you still have a number, rank, and name, so put them on this Works Ticket and Go.

Five minutes later the good cook was speeding into the country, leaving behind a terrific trail of smoke. As he travelled the cares of former days fell from his shoulders like old rags. He revved up. He sailed through the air with the greatest of ease. He glided along the Ards peninsula and the sun had set when he returned to the Company office. Before his Commanding Officer and before the attendant clerks, the good cook struck a stance as he flung himself from his trusty machine, and demanded: "See. These good cook's clothes impede my progress and do not shorten the war. Let me take them off, tear them up and discard them for ever. Come, clerks, cads, lend a hand, to tear off these domestic clothes. Tear them off, tear them up, and see for yourselves the virile beating of my faithful old heart, the heart of a dashing D.R."

THE GLOOMY DEAN.

STATIONS ABROAD

Signal Training Centre (India)

Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess

March.

Arrivals.—Welcome to the members of the F-of-Signals Course, which has started, and we wish them the best of luck and success on the Course.

Departures.—R.Q.M.S. Russell and Sergeant Keithley to our new S.T.C. More are expected, but when, we do not know; our intelligence department has let us down. We said hail and good-bye to C.S.M. Cox (Syd. of dots and dashes fame). who stopped with us for a few days en route to Bangalore.

Congratulations.—To Sergeant (Melody Maker) and Mrs. Mitchell G. on the arrival of a daughter, Elizabeth Anne, on Hogmanay night, just ten minutes before the New Year. Nearly a 1941 model, but not quite. Now is the time for plenty of music practice, George, and blame it on the child. If you want any lessons on pushing the pram, George, ask the M.I. Staff.

To Sergeant and Mrs. Tant on the arrival of a son, Stuart. Ford V Eight and Chevrolet were among the names put forward, but Stuart Turner, I beg your pardon, Stuart, was the name selected. A future Young Appolon, and a welcome addition to that happy family. You got the pattern right this time, Jock.

To Sergeant and Mrs. Lynam on the birth of a daughter, Wendy.

To C.Q.M.S. and Mrs. Penny on the arrival of a son, John.

Condolences.—To Sergeants Robson and Nancy on their tying the knot, and we hope all their troubles are little ones.

Tennis.—The Ladies' Tournament starts in the near future and great activity is seen on the courts. Breathing exercises and early morning cycle rides are the main features of the training programme. Bandeaux and eye shades are to the fore. There are reports of secret training, but are not confirmed.

Presentations.—The Cadet Officers' Course, before their departure to various Units, presented the Mess with the model Spitfire which was bought by them at our first Spitfire dance. This model was raffled first and the winner, Sergeant Munslow, put it up for auction. After being bought by Captain Firman, it was put up again, and this time the Cadet Officers' Course bought it. The total proceeds came to Rs. 553.

Corporals' Mess

Hello, folks! Here we are again!

After a short spell from the WIRE, here is some griffin about recent events. Weather fair to middling; menaces all over the Mess, training proceeding favourably, and fishing tales getting taller and taller, professional anglers Kyber, the Scale Skinner, and Freezer the Bagger being spinners. Of course, one must not omit to mention those artful young Spitfire fiends, the Ginders and Ganders, who are still up to their usual tricks.

In the middle of this month (March) we were fortunate enough to have a smoker. I believe that is what most folks called it. Here is a description of it as far as one remembers on these occasions. 'Twas a dark and murky night, and sinister figures were to be seen crawling warily towards the Mess, as if afraid of being seen (you know, New Year's resolutions, and so forth), when suddenly all advancing figures stopped. Why? Well, if any of our readers have heard the great pianist, Dark Fellow, then why ask; it was the most horrible distorted sound a poor piano can make. This did not keep members away. As the night grew so did the attendance. Many notables of brewery waste were getting worried about how long the free liquids would last; they could have rested in peace, there was plenty.

Then came the star of the evening, our Reggie, the "give it 'em all," who gave us the famous impersonation of the country gentleman. He brought the house down, as it were. Then he gave us the surprise of the evening, his greatest and latest success, entitled, "The Court and Courtiers, and the little packet of Gold Flake the only brand obtainable on the Island." It certainly was a success, too. As the evening grew, so did the boys around the waist line and our Scotch members started dancing, with the aid of music by those two Maestros Dinger and Mac.

Of course, Ben of Char fame soon forgot his tea and took to skee. As can be imagined, a good time was had by all and the Mess was left empty, in a mess (joke).

For the remainder of the month things were rather quiet, except a certain party has a most unusual competition, i.e., growing hair below the nose for transplanting to bald pates of some of our most hairless members. Also Sandy has been missing on many occasions; suspected trips to lofty heights.

Congratulations to "A" team on winning the Wallace Cup. Incidentally, it was used to an advantage the same night, the cup I mean.

Jews' Mail.—Neil. "Long time no hear. Sandy."

Porky Sleddin. "What about a ———. Dick S."

Hoppo. "You dongee weer a reeki. What about it? Yank.'.

103 Cooper. "What about a line? 232 Cooper."

Jock of Paly. "Thanks for Christmas card of 1938; still waiting for a line. Brother Eck."

1110 Price, somewhere in the Corps. "No letter received since you wrote 'via Eve.' What about it, Tommy? Have written to 'Lincolnshire' but no reply. 73's: 88's, old pal. Birky (ex W.E.S.).

S. Ben. "Stamps cost very little out here. Whit."

Impossible People.—The chap who thought he was a one-man band.

The Ginders and Ganders.

The R.I. party who dug a hole and put it on the back of their car; the hole dropped off and they reversed the car into it.

The lads who go fishing with two chips to buy the fish they did not catch.

Special Note.—Dinger's white ant "Oscar" has lost his notebook.

CRACK.

Wireless Station

March.

Introductory.—This being the first appearance of our notes as W/T Station notes, I should like to take this opportunity of saying, on behalf of all at the Wireless Station, "Howdy, everybody!" Particularly I should like to send our 73s to all those who knew us by our call-sign, and with whom we are in communication. Since the last issue of this Journal, Southcom Signal Company has assumed parental control of the Station, rendering the task of compiling these notes one that can no longer be avoided. In other words, they have found us out. So, here goes.

War Comes to India.—Roughly eighteen months ago we were informed by a certain Austrian by the name of Schicklgruber (alias Hitler) had so far missed his guess that the only way of getting out of it was to go to war against England. Official circles put forward various reasons for his stupid and thoughtless behaviour in doing so, but one of the most probable reasons has been vouchsafed by a learned friend of mine who seems to think that the one stripe worn by Adolf Hitler in the last war, went to his head. Be that as it may, we were prepared to forgive the said Austrian and went to work, in a very determined manner, to teach him a lesson he would never forget. The "Hello, Fritz, and Ja, Tommy" of the last war were conspicuous by their absence, although the Sahibs still want to treat Adolph with a little contempt. We were soon to learn that our contempt was very misplaced; that this man's villainy knew no bounds; his

senseless ambition compelled him to embark upon the most dastardly, outrageous and inhuman career of crime that has ever been known. I do not mean the bombing of homes, libraries churches, etc., for through many years of conflict the Britisher has taught himself to accept these things with a calm, typical of his ancestors; but the most hardened and toughened of our race could not stand by and witness the cold-hearted bombardment of our good old English "Pig and Whistle" without feeling a furnace of emotions burning within him.

However, we were in India and looked on all this with a certain remoteness, since we were six thousand miles away. Hitler's last act, the most striking blow of all, can never be forgiven. It has placed in the front line against him, a band of gigolos burning with hatred and thirsting for revenge. In short, we have had our civvies stopped. He has been responsible for bringing war and the most horrible of its horrors to these shores. He has revolutionised the whole of our life in the East. The gigolos, once to be seen stepping past the Married Quarters dressed in their best civvie bib and tucker, can now be seen sneaking past, dressed in ropey old K.D., reminding one of socks—very lousy socks. The war has now changed from a war for freedom to a war for civvies. And God help Hitler when the Gigs get going.

Deaths.—This is remarkable since the emotion that prompted it is one of gratitude, rather than sorrow.

Now, oblique strokes are useful things, and are just as essential to an A.H.Q. as they are to the lowest Coy. Dufta. This simple fact had led me to the belief that they are taken too much for granted. I hope to rectify this grave error by my deaths column. Will all operators, therefore, wherever they may be, please endeavour to treat oblique strokes with the respect they deserve. There are thousands of them, too numerous to mention, who give their lives day after day travelling the perilous ether from C.P. to U.P. If my paragraph achieves nothing more than to foster the formation of a "better treatment for XEs" movement, I shall feel more than amply rewarded.

Departures.—Lance Corporal Melluish (crab knee, Fs fe Cs, or what have you) has left the station and travelled, complete with G.T.D. key, to "Somewhere in India." There were many wet eyes around Napier Town, and Jim Lloyd is looking for a new bridge partner. Chin up, Mel. Our own little Corporal, Shorty Relph, has left us for the bright lights, although I am keeping his bedspace for him. The Roberts Sahib (J.P.) and the Muir Sahib (A.) have also picked 'em. They left Jubbulpore with the strains of the Rangers League song ringing in their ears. 73s to you both, Robo and Stoory.

I Have Heard That.—Doey hopes that there are no kit inspections coming off, as his shirts are in the Dhurzi's.

Beg is due to start a Station Master's Course with the I.C.S. any day now. Keep him to it, Babs!

The Gilheely Sahib is combing the haunts of Jubbulpore with a small tooth-comb in search of a "dancing partner." They have some of the best at the R.I., haven't they, Gil.?

A certain operator was heard to send over the ether: "If you are on a 'X' receiver, tune to 30 on the Bandspread." I'll bet that rocked the enemy, Herford!

The practice of allowing certain football victories to be celebrated in bungalows after "Lights Out" has been discontinued. No comment.

Congratulations.—To the S.T.C. on carrying away the Wallace Cup. There have been whispers that some of the star members of the team were chosen from the W/T Station staff. I offer no comments on this information and submit it for what it is worth.

To Lance Sergeant McMillan on assuming the command of our station. He will probably think that sympathy would be more appropriate. We are not such a VERY big heap, Mac.

Call of the Yid.—To Jimmy Heslop. "How about a line, Jimmy, to your old next door neighbour? Pat."

To Bill, 730. "Shall I send some paper? Gil., 737."

Men's Mess

Pin back your ears and let a pal in—on the grip, cos I sure reckon I got something here and here is the low-down.

The S.T.C. (I.) "A" team have brought back the Wallace Cup, after an absence of four years. Here is the good record:

In the first round, the "A" team was paired against S.T.C. (I.) "B" team. This was an easy match and we ran out winners by 5—0. The second round found us up against H.Q.,2/K.O.S.B. We soon got the better of them and piled on three goals without reply. The final round saw us up against the crack "C" Company, 2/K.O.S.B. The match was good entertainment right to the final whistle. We soon got the lead, through a solo run by Lillie, and this seemed to the other forwards the little something they needed to buck 'em up—and did it? I'll say it did! Hinshelwood got hold of the ball and placed it well wide of the goalkeeper, to put us two up. This had a marvellous effect on our opponents, and they scored two quick goals, making the score two all; and it remained so until half-time. The second half started with both sides trying to gain the lead, but it was not until the half was twenty minutes old that the Signals scored the winning goal with a brilliant effort by Hinshelwood, and thus the cup was recovered and brought back to its old home.

The victory celebration in the Corporals' Mess at night was held in "pukka" style with every man at least filling the cup once, but it was noticed that one of the good sort set about showing a good example by offering to fill the cup after each round. I want to thank the Senior Corporals for their kind assistance in rounding off a splendid evening. To the team we say "Well done, and your efforts are well appreciated by us all."

Entertainments.—Friday night dancing seems to be what the M.O. ordered (or something). The bar seems to have a magnetic attraction, judging by what I hear the "sawdust wallahs" tell the "Baboo."

Arrivals and Departures.—Fellows keep coming and going, so all we can do is to wish them the best of luck in their present stations.

Well, sokes, I mean folks, I'm very thirsty, so I'll have to nickle away for a little lubrication.

JOHNENRY.

Waziristan District Signals

March.

Sergeants' Mess.—The usual remarks owing to the non-appearance of the above heading for some time past, apply.

Unfortunately we have been under the spell, due to musical hypnotism, of one named Edwin, understudy of the original blind pianist. The general remarks on his key touching tend to tread in an uncomprehensive manner, for we wonder if Liest, who apparently was another of Edwin's category, said, "Wot do you want next, boys?" with two organ stops doing an unnatural leer.

Ably assisted by "Cela," the original Polli of no small fame, the modern nature of the Mess is transferred back to an 18th century drawing-room or something. We also have the honour of the company of the Royal Signals greatest C.Q.M.S., who once saw the high lights from a motor cycle. Then, of course, we have a F. Barton, who has been contemplating a transfer to Bohemia, Paris, on its return to our side. Someone said painting.

Budding Romeos, less ladders and suitable apparel, but duly equipped with a highly mobile getaway, have been making hay whilst the moon shines. This, according to titles of old, is not in any way unconventional, except in cases where the back window sticks. Anyhow, the wheelers have become quite famous and their roll should be at least one foolscap this time next year.

"Muscles," alias "Chesty," the local O.R.S., has also been looking to the orange blossoms from a different angle. Let me see, 250 a month and more to come.

This more or less covers the present members and hope they like the remarks.

The green pork-pie and canary sweater often blended with blue slacks, has disappeared for the duration. There are several dismal faces to be seen because their owners had only recently acquired the soup and fish. Wait until these people land at So'ton. Some rather cosmopolitan dress should be seen.

There isn't much more "news," some would say scandal, to tell. As elsewhere, we have held "Bomber Balls" and different

other functions to aid those undergoing the Nazi air blitz. They are attended with the utmost enthusiasm ; if one was held every night they would still receive the same support.

If any old friends of the Mess should be endowed with the courage to write, their letters will only be too welcome. Brass neck it as does Jones K., ice of any degree of thickness melts before him, and how.

Do you like my closing rhyme ? :

" Piggy, piggy, have you any wool ?
" Yes, sir ! Every morning, one bag full."

Razmak Infantry Brigade Signal Section

March.

Introduction.—Although most of us feel that this Section needs no introduction to readers of the WIRE, we tried for several minutes to pen a dashing preface, but after a few attempts all beginning " We are sorry, etc.," we decided to " skip it."

Salaams.—We send our best wishes to all former members of Wazirdist Signals, especially old Razmaniacs.

Section " Doings."—" Time," we are told, " marches on," but it could give very few tips to us these days. During December the Section left Razmak, via No. 7 Gate, and imitated Felix. On reaching our day's objective, we lost no time in digging ourselves in for the night. The original intention was for us to leave early the next day for our second camp, but circumstances beyond our control made it necessary for us to reconsider our decision and bed down in Camp 1 for a few weeks.

Day by day our " funk holes " went deeper and still deeper until we were well and truly at home. We got to know that camp so well that most of us were able to find our way around it blindfolded. This proved very useful on Christmas Eve. At this time we spent most of our time on road protection duties and it was here we realised the true value of our Militia people. Their work, mostly on No. 1 Sets, reached an amazingly high standard for men who, hardly a year ago, knew little or nothing about the army.

Eventually we moved on to our second camp, where we rashly challenged the local Scouts to a game of football. The referee, a South Waziristan Scouts' Indian officer, wore a revolver, complete with ammunition, thoughout the game. Its presence no doubt exercised a sobering influence on us, although, by a remarkable effort of self-control, the referee refrained from using it on either team. We lost by two goals to one, finding that slacks and Chaplis, whilst not helping us in our game, did little to obviate the effects of the S.W.S. robust tackling.

However, the refreshments provided by the O.C., S.W.S., did a lot towards helping us to forget sore shins.

Christmas.—We had hoped to spend our Christmas in Razmak but it was not to be, the cold Christmas dawn finding us revelling in the joys of a real old-fashioned Christmas in our first Camp. The snow obligingly fell on Christmas Eve and lasted long enough for us to get the right atmosphere and for the O.C. to get a moving picture of " Men at Play." He found it far too moving for words when a few of the snowballers thought that a moving camera was as good a target as anything else.

It may be mentioned here that we are all rapidly gaining the required experience for a career at Hollywood, most of us having been filmed at work (slow motion ?), play, and on the march. During the whole of the column the O.C. was dashing hither and thither looking for likely subjects and no doubt feeling more like Mr. R. E. Jeffries every day. We are all awaiting the results and longing to " see ourselves as others see us." Pride before the fall !

Our Christmas celebrations were held in Razmak on the return of the column, though 21st January is not the ideal date for this sort of thing. Anyway we managed to get the proper spirit into it and everything went with a bang, and we must thank the cook orderly for a really good show.

Sport.—At present our activities in the way of sport have been curtailed owing to adverse weather, but when we get going again we expect to become a power in the world of Razmak sport.

Tailpiece.—Not wishing to create a wrong impression we wish to point out that Razmak Signals were not the only Signal Section in the field, other Brigade Sections, detachments from our own H.Q., and several attached people from other Units were knocking about somewhere, but no doubt their correspondents will give you the " low-down " on their activities.

Before going to press, we hear that our well-known " Q " representative is frantically searching for a garden roller before handing over. Finder may claim any reward that Jock is likely to offer.

" RAZMANIAC."

Wana Infantry Brigade Signal Section

March.

We regret the absence of notes last month. So little of interest happened round Wana that it was not considered worth while sending any.

Arrivals.—We welcome our new O.C. to Wana and trust his stay will be a pleasant one. Corporal Ridgway, from H.Q., to replace Corporal Towson, who has left us to take over the unenviable job of " pay bloke " at H.Q.

Departures.—Signalman Reiach—" old sweat "—of Wana has moved to the sunny south, where they DON'T do columns ! Signalman Goodsir is temporarily away on a Course, but we hope to see him back with us next month.

There was little to report before Christmas except for the winning of the Inter-Company Soccer Cup, with barely enough men to form a team, but the Signals got " through " again. Here's hoping we have the same good fortune next week in the semi-finals of the Battalion Cup.

Christmas week was a very enjoyable one, especially the day of the comic football match. " Will Hay " played well in the role of Hitler, as did " Miss " (Militiaman) Parham in " her " role of the only woman in Wana ! Five minutes each way was played, for which we blame Murree Breweries for giving a pint per man !

Christmas dinner was everything that one could anticipate (thanks to " Lofty "—our " cook for the day ") ; even the Brigadier's mouth watered when he came for the traditional toast. The Sergeants served the dinner in the B.O.R.'s Canteen (recently opened, and now awaiting the arrival of piano and billiard table) and a " good time was had by all."

By the time these notes appear in print, it will be a bit late to wish everyone a prosperous New Year, but we do so, and hope to be able to wish it to those in Blighty in person next year.

" WANITE."

German Armoured Troops

Details are now available about the armoured troops, which have played so large a part in the German victories in Poland, France, and now in Libya and the Balkans.

As is well known, Germany had few tanks and no tank corps in the war of 1914-1918 and under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles she was forbidden to possess any. But her military authorities fully appreciated the value of the tank as a weapon of war, and the achievement of Britain's and France's tanks, and the technical development in these and other countries during and after the Great War were carefully studied pending the time when Germany would be in a position to emulate them. Meanwhile special attention was paid to anti-tank defence, and the action of tanks was the subject of many war games and exercises without troops. In some cases mock tanks, consisting of canvas models mounted on, or towed by, motor cars, made their appearance at manœuvres. The time for Germany to put into actual practice what she had thus theoretically learned about mechanised warfare came with the advent of the Nazis to power, and the return to the large conscript army of pre-Great War days in 1935. Shortly afterwards the German Armoured Corps was formed. The former Austrian General Eimannsberger was the great German tank prophet, though much of what he preached he had learned from our own British writers, Fuller, Liddell Hart and others, who were held in greater honour there than here. General Guderian, the first Chief of the German Armoured Corps, was a great admirer of the French General de Gaulle's works and ideas, and put many of these into practice.

The German Armoured Corps was from the first a *corps d'elite*, with specially selected personnel, carefully trained, and with a full and lavish equipment in vehicles, arms, spare parts, and maintenance and repair facilities. Not all the first ideas that had been evolved from the original theoretical studies of the immediate post-Great War years stood the test of the practical experience to which the Germans were fortunately able to subject them before the outbreak of the present conflict. The unopposed advances into Austria and Czechoslovakia showed up many technical defects in the vehicles, and the insufficiency of the maintenance and repair systems. The war in Spain made manifest the limitations of the light tank model then in use—a model which was at once scrapped and replaced by an improved one. In Spain, too, was tried out, practised, and perfected the close co-operation of tanks and aircraft, which had proved so potent an offensive weapon to-day. Thus when the second Great War broke out in 1939 the German Army had in its Armoured Corps a most powerful arm, unequalled by anything possessed by any other belligerent—strong, of high technical and tactical standards, war-experienced, and master of a new technique which combined all the advantages of surprise, mobility, and fighting power.

Nevertheless, brilliantly as the corps acquitted itself in Poland, defects revealed themselves, which the Army Command found it necessary to rectify before the next and more severe test of the campaign in France nine months later. Only four armoured divisions seem to have been used in Poland, though probably one or two more, also in existence, were retained on the Western Front, and it was decided to double this strength by the spring of 1940. It was found, too, that the armour of the lighter models was too thin to be proof against the Polish anti-tank weapons, and this, too, had to be remedied during the ensuing winter. It goes without saying that the lessons of the Polish campaign were carefully studied and the methods of operations modified accordingly where found necessary, and that reserves of trained personnel, vehicles, and stocks of spare parts and fuel were augmented. The new armoured divisions were formed by mechanising the existing S.S. formations, picked troops of high standard and spirit. The enlarged and perfected Armoured Corps was thus able to play in the Low Countries and France as vigorous and decisive a role as the year before in Poland. To-day, in Libya and the Balkans, this same corps, now raised to a strength of fifteen divisions—not all, probably employed on these two fronts—is once more acting as spearhead to the German attack.

Each Panzer division is now a self-contained formation of all arms, organised and trained for swift and vigorous offensive action. It comprises about 400 tanks of all types, organised in two battalion brigades ; in addition it has a three-battalion brigade of motorised infantry, a mechanised field-artillery brigade, and special battalions of engineers with bridging equipment, of heavy machine guns, and of anti-tank guns. A mechanised reconnaissance detachment of motor cyclist machine-gunners precedes its advance, operating swiftly on a wide front. Behind it is a complete ordnance recovery and repair organisation to supplement the work of the light aid detachment forming part of each of the four tank battalions. The division has also its permanently allotted supporting air squadron in constant wireless link with it. The division as a whole is thus a most mobile and powerful weapon, and is capable, as indeed often happened in France, of breaking up at need into a number of yet smaller self-contained units, each consisting perhaps of a tank troop, with a section of anti-tank guns and an allotment of armoured cars and motor cyclists, operating separately with a special task and objective.

Generally speaking, the tendency now in the German Armoured Corps seems to be to reduce the number of tanks in the division, so as to be able to multiply the total number of divisions, and to increase the weight, armament and armour of machines. The light tank is being gradually replaced by the medium, and the medium in turn by the heavy, or cruiser type, possibly with a super heavy model in reserve for special tasks. So far there is no evidence that the Germans actually used the 75 or 100 ton giants with which rumour credited them in France last year ; nothing as heavy as 40 tons was identified there, though something bigger may be in use now. Technically the German tanks in France proved inferior to our own, but this inferiority may now, of course, be remedied. It was numbers that enabled them to prevail there, and this advantage they have up to the present been able to maintain.

Diary of Events in the War

JANUARY 27TH TO MARCH 5TH, 1941

JANUARY 27TH.—General Wavell visits Athens.
JANUARY 28TH.—Free French force from Lake Chad raids Italian air base at Murzuk in Fezzan.
JANUARY 29TH.—R.A.F. raid Naples and Catania. Death of General Metaxas, Dictator of Greece. Enemy night raid on London, first for ten nights.
JANUARY 30TH.—Italians driven from Derna in Libya.
JANUARY 31ST.—Several day raids on London.
FEBRUARY 1ST.—Scattered air raids over Britain.
FEBRUARY 2ND.—R.A.F. attack Brest and Channel ports by day and night. British capture Agordat in Eritrea.
FEBRUARY 3RD.—British occupy Barentu in Eritrea.
FEBRUARY 4TH.—Italians evacuate Cyrene in Libya.
FEBRUARY 5TH.—R.A.F. make day raid on St. Omer air base.
FEBRUARY 7TH.—British occupy Benghazi in Libya, taking many prisoners and much booty.
FEBRUARY 9TH.—Navy bombard Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa.
FEBRUARY 10TH.—Britain breaks off diplomatic relations with Rumania.
FEBRUARY 11TH.—Navy bombard Ostend. Franco goes to Italy to visit Mussolini.
FEBRUARY 13TH.—Franco visits Petain in France on his way back from Italy.
FEBRUARY 14TH.—Greeks resume offensive at various points and take 700 prisoners. British parachutists land in southern Italy. German raider attacks convoy off Azores.
FEBRUARY 15TH.—R.A.F. raid western Germany and invasion ports.
FEBRUARY 16TH.—R.A.F. bomb Ruhr.
FEBRUARY 17TH.—R.A.F. drop leaflets in Poland, and attack Brindisi and aerodromes in Sicily. Turkish-Bulgarian pact of friendship signed.
FEBRUARY 19TH.—Australian troops and R.A.F. reinforcements arrive at Singapore. Italians evacuate two posts in Western Abyssinia.
FEBRUARY 20TH.—Mr. Eden and General Dill arrive in Egypt and Mr. Menzies, Australian Prime Minister, arrives in England. Enemy air raid on Swansea.
FEBRUARY 21ST.—R.A.F. raid Sicilian aerodromes. Enemy again attack Swansea.
FEBRUARY 22nd.—Third hostile raid on Swansea.
FEBRUARY 24TH.—Successful British crossing of Juba river in Italian Somaliland.
FEBRUARY 25th.—Mr. Eden and General Dill reach Ankara. British in Somaliland take Brava.
FEBRUARY 26TH.—Fall of Mogadishu, capital of Italian Somaliland. R.A.F. raid invasion ports.
FEBRUARY 27TH.—German armoured reconnaissance unit driven back in Lybia.
FEBRUARY 28TH.—R.A.F. in Albania shoot down 26 enemy machines without loss.
MARCH 1ST.—R.A.F. attack Wilhelmshaven and Boulogne. Bulgaria signs Axis Tripartite Pact.
MARCH 2ND.—Mr. Eden and General Dill arrive in Athens. German troops occupy Bulgaria in force. R.A.F. raid Cologne.
MARCH 3RD.—Soviet Government announces its disapproval of Bulgarian surrender to Germany. In Somaliland British occupy Villagio Duca del Abruzzi.
MARCH 4TH.—Free French forces occupy oasis of Kufra in central Libya.
MARCH 5TH.—Mr. Eden and General Dill leave Athens for Cairo. R.A.F. shoot down nine Italian planes during attack on Italian warships in Adriatic.

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VOL. XXII.—No. 256 JUNE, 1941 PRICE—SIXPENCE

Editorial Notes

THE CORPS MAGAZINE. — In common with the rest of the publishing fraternity, we find ourselves facing up to the ever-present "paper shortage" problem. Our very patient and long-suffering printers have, so far, met our demands upon their sadly-depleted stocks of this all-important commodity most nobly and we are duly grateful to them for the excellent results achieved to date despite the many difficulties with which they have had to contend.

Things have now reached that stage, however, where it is essential that we should reduce the number of pages each month by at least "one third."

This entails one of two alternatives, viz.:—

1.—Either we must condense all "articles" and "unit notes" submitted for publication to conform to the reduced space available—and possibly omit some altogether—or

2.—Adopt a smaller-faced type as an emergency expedient, which will enable us to produce the same amount of "copy" on less pages.

In selecting the second alternative as the lesser of two evils we crave the indulgence of all concerned for any inconvenience caused by the use of this smaller print. We are very grateful to the many new and talented contributors who are now submitting representative "notes" and "articles" from their respective units and it is with the object of encouraging such efforts that we refrain from taking any action which would necessitate a drastic censorship of their contributions or "cramp their style" in any way.

Our aim is, as it has always been, to obtain NEWS for PUBLICATION from EVERY UNIT in the Corps. We will continue to provide sufficient space for such matter as long as it remains possible for us to do so and will revert to the original type face at the earliest opportunity.

FELICITATIONS

The Birthday Honours list :—

KNIGHT BACHELOR

COLONEL ARTHUR STANLEY ANGWIN, Engineer-in-Chief, G.P.O. —In reply to a telegram of congratulation sent to him on behalf of all ranks of Royal Signals by the Colonel-Commandant, Colonel Angwin replied as follows:—

"Dear Colonel-Commandant,—It was with very great pleasure I received your telegram of congratulation from Royal Signals. It adds so much to my pleasure to be remembered by the Corps with which I am so proud to be associated.

"Thank you for your good wishes.

"Yours very sincerely,

"(Signed) A. S. ANGWIN."

We also extend our congratulations to Signalman Tinto R. H., whose exploit during a recent air raid was recorded in "The Times," dated Wednesday, 28th May, as follows:—

GEORGE MEDAL

"SIGNALMAN R. H. TINTO, ROYAL SIGNALS. — Entered a wrecked shelter through a very small aperture and with bare hands dug away earth making possible the rescue of four people."

OBITUARY.—We regret to announce the death of Colonel Roland Hayward Rupert Neale, late C.S.O. Aldershot Command, who passed away on Tuesday, 27th May. (Announcement in "The Times," dated 29th May, 1941.)

Benevolent Fund Notes

Security regulations do not permit us to publish detailed particulars of Corps Units, but it is hoped that the following list of those formations who have already responded to the Colonels-Commandant's appeal for regular monthly contributions to the Corps Benevolent Fund will be found satisfactory for the purpose of identification.

The Administrator gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following :

BENEVOLENT FUND (No. 2 A/C 1940)

BANKERS' ORDER INSTRUCTIONS FROM :

Captain R. G. Coates.
2nd Lieutenant J. O. Buchanan.
Lieutenant V. E. Deamon.
Lieutenant W. H. Pagett.

CASH SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM :

Lieutenant G. J. Williams.
Lieutenant-Quartermaster C. N. F. Marshall.

BENEVOLENT FUND (No. 2 A/C 1940) (Unit List Continued) :

	£	s.	d.
54th (E.A.) — Signals, Home Forces—to March, 1941 ...	1	3	0
43rd — Signals, Home Forces—donations from 18 officers	5	6	0
3rd Operators Training Battalion, Yorkshire	17	5	8
2 Company —th — Signals, Home Forces—April, 1941 ...	3	3	0
— H.Q. Signals, Home Forces—May, 1941	2	4	0
50th (N) — Signals, Home Forces—May, 1941	2	7	3
1 Company 48th — Signals, Home Forces—April, 1941 ...	1	13	9
152nd O.C.T.U., Yorkshire—part proceeds entertainment	5	0	0
1 Squadron — Armoured Divisional Signals, H.F.—May, 1941	2	10	9
59th — Signals, Home Forces—May, 1941	2	11	6
— (London) Divisional Signals, Home Forces—March and April, 1941	9	5	0
Administrative Wing 3rd G.T.T. Battalion—April, 1941	10	4	6
3 Squadron — Armoured Divisional Signals, Home Forces —April, 1941		15	0
152nd O.C.T.U., Yorkshire (other ranks)—April, 1941 ...	2	6	3
1 Company 61st — Signals, Home Forces—May, 1941 ...		10	0
"F" Section 18th — Signals, Home Forces—May, 1941		5	0
4th — Signals, Home Forces—May, 1941	5	3	3
2 Company 9th — Signals, Home Forces—April and May, 1941	4	11	9
3 Squadron 1st Armourned — Signals, H.F.—May, 1941		13	6
2 — Signals, Home Forces—March and April, 1941 ...		4	3
3rd Holding Battalion : 3rd S.T.C., Yorkshire—May, 1941	11	0	0
4th — Signals, Home Forces—June, 1941	5	11	3
2nd — Signals, Home Forces—March, April and May, 1941	4	0	8
9th — Signals, Home Forces—May, 1941	1	5	6
1 Company 11th — Signals, Home Forces—May, 1941 ...	1	12	6
3rd General Trades Training Battalion, Yorkshire—May, 1941	10	13	9
38th (W) — Signals, Home Forces—May, 1941	5	0	0
Aldershot Area Signal Company—May, 1941	1	10	0
"Staff" Social Club, National Bank of New Zealand—Donation	5	0	0
1 Company 48th — Signals, Home Forces—May, 1941 ...	2	3	3
55th — Signals, Home Forces—part proceeds entertainment	11	1	6
152nd O.C.T.U., Yorkshire (officers)—April and May 1941	3	16	0
Air Formation Signals, Home Forces—May, 1941 ...	8	2	0
The Rev. R. H. Whitrow, S.C.F.—part proceeds collection at parade services	1	0	0
UNITS ABROAD :			
— W/T Company, India	7	5	2
— Signals, Rawalpindi	6	0	0
Peshawar District Signals—October, November, December, 1940	4	9	6
Waziristan District Signals—October, November, December, 1940	4	19	9
Kohat District Signals—February, 1941		16	8
2 Armoured — Signals, India—January, February, March, 1941	1	11	9
Peshawar District Signals—January, February, March, 1941	4	9	6
8th Indian — Signals—January, February, March, 1941	3	2	11
Signal Training Centre (India)—July to December, 1940	15	2	0
Kohat District Signals—March, 1941		15	9

FOR "PRISONERS OF WAR PARCELS" (Unit List Continued) :

	£	s.	d.
"Clerks," Signals Directorate, War Office	1	10	0
1st General Trades Training Battalion: 1st S.T.C. ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Pollard (for 3rd S.T.C., Yorkshire)	50	0	0
Miss O. M. Trevett		10	0
Mrs. Robins		2	6
Mrs. R. E. Barker	5	0	0
Lieutenant P. T. W. Vance		10	0
Mrs. B. Kampe, Forces Canteen, Sawbridgeworth	5	5	0
"Q" Anon.	1	0	0
Mrs. E. L. A. Manning	5	0	0
Signalman D. S. Evans	1	1	0
Birmingham Branch Signals Association	5	10	0
W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess, London District Signals ...	1	5	8
Sergeants' Mess, H.Q. 1st A.S.S.T. Battalion	2	2	0
Lieutenant-Colonel J. J. Graham	2	0	0
Mrs. J. W. Aldridge		5	0
Lieutenant-Colonel L. R. Hall	1	0	0
Miss E. James		5	0
1st Armoured Divisional Signals	45	7	6

APPEALS DEALT WITH :

		£	s.	d.
1	Convalescent treatment, child of Signalman, Nottingham	Grant	3	7	6
2	Ex-Signalman, Glasgow	Grant	3	0	0
3	Wife of Signalman, Newcastle	Grant	2	0	0
4	Signalman, — Divisional Signals, Home Forces	Grant	2	10	0
		Loan	2	10	0
5	Wife of Signalman, Gateshead	Grant	2	0	0
6	N.C.O. — Corps Signals, Home Forces	Loan	5	0	0
7	Wife of Signalman, Middlesbrough	Grant	2	0	0
8	Mother of Signalman, Cardiff	Grant	4	0	0
9	Ex-Signalman, Oldham	Grant	3	0	0
10	Wife of Signalman, London	Grant	3	0	0
11	Wife of Driver, Newcastle	Grant	3	3	0
12	Wife of Signalman, Newcastle	Grant	2	10	0
13	Signalman, London	Grant	3	0	0
14	Driver, Catterick	Loan	3	0	0
15	Widow of Signalman, London	Grant	5	0	0
16	Signalman, Prestatyn	Grant	5	0	0
17	Signalman, London	Grant	5	0	0
18	Wife of Signalman, Dorset	Grant	1	0	0
19	Wife of Signalman, Derbyshire	Grant	2	0	0

(Signed) T. H. L. SPAIGHT, Lieutenant-Colonel,
Administrator,
Signals Association Benevolent Fund.

Signals Association and Ex-Service Old Comrades Branch Notes

(Birmingham Branch)

The annual general meeting of the Branch was held on Friday evening, 23rd May, at the Australian Bar, Bromsgrove Street, Birmingham and was well attended.

The proceedings were opened at 8 p.m. by the Chairman and Treasurer, Colonel J. W. Danielsen, D.S.O., T.D., who reviewed the general balance sheet for the year ending 31st December, 1940, showing that the Branch is in a very sound financial position; but he pointed out that we feel it incumbent to conserve our resources under present circumstances, as we may have unforeseen calls to meet when this war is ended.

However, in view of the heavy demands being experienced by the Association Headquarters and our very satisfactory balance sheet, the meeting, without any hesitation, passed a proposition put forward by Mr. T. Coley, and seconded by R.S.M. Frank Richardson, that £5 5s. from our subscriptions account be transferred to Headquarters' Central Fund.

The Chairman read a letter of greetings and good wishes from the General Secretary, and also a greetings telegram from Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Bartlett. A letter from Lieutenant-Quartermaster Bob Barlow (Barleux) in his own fruity and inimitable style, was passed round for the edification of the comrades and we were very pleased to learn that he still retains his treasured saxophone. Roll on the day when we shall be able to hear him play "Nola" for us once again, and watch him doing justice to a pint afterwards. Should he read these notes he will be interested to know that a former musical associate of his, Lieutenant Ralph Trommonger, was amongst us.

Letters were also passed round from various other members of the branch who are at present in London and other places in the South.

We were glad to hear from all these absent friends and we reciprocate their good wishes.

The Branch Assistant Secretary, Mr. J. Carnall, in a speech touching on some of the activities of the Branch, mentioned how, after Dunkirk, wounded Signals had been visited in local hospitals by members, and how, more recently, relatives of Signals Prisoners of War were being visited systematically to offer them help as regards Red Cross parcels if they are unable to afford, or obtain, the more expensive articles which are permitted to be sent. He warmly thanked Messrs. T. Gilbert, H. Aldridge and F. Vickers for their valuable help in this work.

It is pleasing to report that out of about 60 cases visited in our area, only about 20 actually needed assistance from the Parcels Fund, the remainder being for the most part well able to manage the parcels themselves. Another pleasing feature of this work is that one is often permitted by the relatives to read the actual correspondence received from the boys who are prisoners of war. The writer has perused many of these letters and the general trend is the same in all of them : they are in good heart, mostly in good health and keeping their chins up. The winter they have gone through has been severe and they have felt the cold very much, and Red Cross parcels containing woollen comforts, etc., have been more than welcome; they have been received with grateful thanks.

On a motion by Mr. T. Gilbert, the meeting decided to vote £2 2s. from the Branch general fund for the above cause and subsequently by a local collection the amount was made up to £5 10s.

The Assistant Secretary mentioned that a problem had arisen as regards subscriptions from those members of the Branch who are prisoners of war. Some of them had not forgotten the Signals Association (O.C.A.) and had, in their letter, asked their relatives to keep their blue cards paid up to date; almost immediately a proposition was put forward and passed that several members present would each adopt a Prisoner of War member and keep his card paid up for the duration.

Mr. T. Coley undertook to collect these extra subscriptions and apply them as directed.

We were very pleased to welcome amongst us Sergeant Arthur Yates, M.M., of the local A.A. Signals, and sorry he had to leave early on account of military duties. Before he went, he made a brief speech outlining his interest in the Signals Association, and promising his continued support of this Branch as long as he is stationed in our area, which we all hope will be until the "cease fire" sounds and even some time after that if possible.

On a suggestion by Mr. T. Gilbert, the Chairman agreed to send a message on our behalf to Colonel W. Martineau, M.C., T.D., the present Lord Mayor of Birmingham, who was associated with this Branch in its early days, congratulating him on attaining his present high office and expressing our appreciation of the good work he is doing for the municipality.

The business of the meeting ended with a hearty vote of thanks to our Chairman, and until closing time those members who had not got buses or trains to catch, continued to enjoy themselves in the time-honoured manner amongst all comrades.

During the next few months we shall endeavour to continue our monthly rendezvous at the Australian Bar on the last Friday in each month, at 8 p.m. or thereabouts. Members please note.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since penning the above notes the writer learns that in support of the Comforts Fund and Prisoners of War Parcels Fund a dance has been arranged jointly by the O.C.A. and A.A. Signals, to take place at the Acorn Hotel, Erdington, at 7 p.m., on Thursday, 24th July. Tickets: Single 2s., or double 3s. 6d.; to be obtained from the Assistant Secretary, or Sergeant Yates A., M.M.

JULIUS.

A Bookworm Looks at France

BY LANCE CORPORAL MARTIN W.
(Formerly Reuter Staff Correspondent in Paris)

"Wanted—A Digest of Books on the Collapse of France." Such a plea might well have found its way into the Agony column of "The Times" during the past few months.

With a view to assisting the soldier to form a background to the events which led to the overthrow of France, the authorities have recently recommended a number of books as interesting reading on this question, but even their list, modest though it is, may be beyond the time and pocket of all, hence the need for a digest.

Books on the fall of our former ally tumble from the presses like leaves from trees. Some of these books become famous overnight, others are but carelessly thumbed by the reviewer.

What chance then has the soldier, anxious to tackle a thorny and delicate subject, of being satisfied at the first book on which he lays his hands. The prospective reader is faced with a galaxy of books written both by Frenchmen and by British authors.

The French authors will surprise the reader by the vehemence of their recriminations against their own country, recriminations which happily, for the most part, are tempered by constructive criticism. The fact remains; no Briton, at the risk of being dubbed Francophobe for time immemorial, could have put such thoughts down on paper. British authors, you will find, are critical to a fine degree. Unconscious comparison between Britain and France may creep in, but unscrupulous fairness throughout is maintained.

The pettiness of men who had charge of France's fortune stands out in this great tragedy. Tales of intriguing women, backing on the one hand M. Reynaud, and on the other, M. Daladier, and the personal antipathy between these two men, is a sorry sidelight on political France.

One of the first questions you or I would ask is: What was the state of France's morale ? Evidence, as provided by books on her fall, varies to some extent. Here are four views taken from books which I propose to review later in this article :—

Louis Levy, leading French Socialist and War Correspondent, is emphatic : "They (the French soldiers) were resolute and determined, ready for heroism, though not for bravado, and they knew perfectly well what they were fighting for."

Support comes from Gordon Waterfield, Reuter Correspondent. He declares that the French "went down with their hands tied behind their backs." They were badly led, but given a chance they could have been their own leaders, the very thing which the Petains and Weygands feared and did their best to prevent.

On the debit side, a noted Conservative Frenchman, and a Briton, declare :

"On every side, that flame was absent which should have burned in every Frenchman. The spirit of war was lacking."—Elie J. Bois, former Editor-in-Chief of "Petit Parisien," and for twenty-five years a force in French political life.

"Some continued to be full of fight, others thought it all a deadly waste of time. On the whole the spirit was not bad, but the general level of French morale was considerly lower than in 1914."

"Both the morale and efficiency of the officers was unequal to 1914."—A. Werth, Paris Correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian," in "The Last Days of Paris."

Perhaps the best summing up on "morale," a word which is very loosely used in French, comes from the vitriolic pen of Miss Clare Boothe, American authoress of "The Women." In two cynical paragraphs she writes in "European Spring" : "Sometimes the French spoke of their morale as though it were something tangible. 'The morale of the French Poilu,' they said, 'made him impervious to the longest, coldest winter France has ever had.' Or something negotiable like money : 'The morale of the Home Front was such it supplied our Poilus, on short notice, with millions of blankets.' Or functional like an anti-tank gun : 'The morale of our troops will really begin to operate when faced with the menace of German tanks.'"

Louis Levy, in his book "The Truth about France" (published by Penguin, Ltd.), develops his theme on the spirit of the Army in a chapter "The French Soldier is not to Blame." The French Army was not rife with Communism and Pacifism, he declares. He found on the Front only the faintest and most infrequent traces, not of pacifist propaganda, but of pacifist feeling coming to the surface. The attitude of the strong Communist Party, he rightly points out, must inevitably have had some influence on the most active members of the party serving in the army, and it was "difficult to believe that the ultra-pacifist teachers changed their opinions overnight." The "poison" of Fascism in the army was still in the system during the course of the war and it became virulent again when France lay defeated and Petain triumphed, Levy says.

General Weygand is bitterly taken to task for nursing this "poison." He stands accused in the author's eyes of desiring to maintain an army intact to fight against imaginary internal trouble-makers. This view has been put forward many times since last summer to explain Weygand's actions, but the Generalissimo's attitude to the war remains shrouded in mystery.

Levy stresses : "In 1870 our strategists thought in terms of the campaigns of Napoleon. In 1914 their minds were still in 1870. In 1939-40 they were obsessed by 1918—their thoughts were always one war behind." A damning verdict.

The author ends on a confident note, estimating that 100 per cent. of Frenchmen in Occupied France and 90 per cent. in Unoccupied France support Britain.

The French General Staff also comes in for rough handling in Waterfield's "What Happened to France." Their faith in the unfinished Maginot Line, nightmare about discrepancy in numbers, tanks and 'planes considered as a side issue, their stubborn "infantry would decide"—all contributed to the final result. Yet both Waterfield and Levy, as eye-witnesses, testify to the individual braveness of the French in the Battle of France.

Alexander Werth begins where Waterfield ended. In a vivid day-to-day diary he records his impressions of the "Phoney War" and then the period up to his evacuation. No one could call Werth an optimist. Right from the outbreak he uncannily sensed how events would turn out. "The final outcome of France's resistance became only too apparent to me soon after the invasion of the Low Countries, and especially after the break-through on the Meuse on 15th May," he wrote at the time. His gloomy prophecy was more than justified a month later. He records one point in Weygand's favour. Weygand, he declares, more or less foresaw the German method of attack four years before war began.

Werth and Waterfield are diametrically opposed to one another on one point. The former castigates "nonsense about the French genius for improvisation" (remember how the French "adapted" 75's with open sights to stop tanks), while Waterfield speaks highly of the country's "characteristic improvisation," although he admits sadly that this time the French were rushed off their feet.

Paris could have been defended street by street by the inhabitants, if necessary, says Waterfield, while Werth says that from the little evidence available, it did not appear that the capital could have been defended.

Only on one point does Werth seem to be off the mark—the strange case of Admiral of the Fleet Darlan, who is described as "Pro-British." But Werth is (or was) not alone in this opinion. Elie Bois, who slashes his way through the whole disaster in "The Truth about the Tragedy of France," sparing neither man nor woman, says of Darlan : "Until then (June 16-17) he had played his part, which was a fine one. During that night, Marshal Petain appointed him Minister of Marine. Were they afraid he might take the fleet into British harbours ? By associating him with the Government they imprisoned him."

Now back to the gloomy atmosphere of the battle.

On 14th May, Werth recorded : "One of the important things seems to be that we should send them (the French) a lot of fighter 'planes, otherwise this bombing and machine-gunning of the French troops will harass all the guts out or them. What one hears of the break-through on the Meuse suggests that most of the French troops were overwhelmed by the German technique, lost their heads and ran, especially the officers."

Three days later : "The Boches aren't bombing Paris. It's an alarming symptom. Are they imagining they'll get Paris easily ?"

27th May : "The discussion at the Press Conference clearly suggests that we are about to face a period of difficult Anglo-French relations . . . So Hitler can play a double game : threaten the French with an attack on Paris and threaten the British with an attack on London. The French are now saying, 'France d'abord,' while the English are saying, 'England first.' Clever, eh ?"

Of Bois's book I would say that it grips, hurts and leaves one exhausted. Political and private reputations of men the French nation —and ourselves—put in trustworthy posts are just so many upset applecarts. More poignant still, Bois does not pretend that he tells all the truth ; neither he nor anyone is yet in possession of all the facts. But what he does reveal is enough to make any nation take stock of itself and ask: "Can it happen here ?"

Here are a few pen pictures which tell the dreadful story :—

Reynaud, the weak and frivolous, swayed by Madame de Portes, who was no friend of Britain.

Daladier, his predecessor, jealous and moody, but shown in a better light than Reynaud; also backed by a woman.

Gamelin, the "political" general, at variance with his second-in-command, General Georges.

Petain, the "shield" for others, imposed upon, and a victim deserving pity.

Bonnet, the double-crosser.

Laval, the clever plotter behind the scenes.

Baudoin, the Latin bloc schemer.

President Lebrun, "whose personal honesty is undeniable, yet guilty of the worst dishonesty towards France."

Chautemps, the Vice-Premier, the grave digger of the Third Republic, and, lastly—

Mandel, the one man who maintained a reputation, "possessed of a spirit of war to the highest degree."

At this point the reader may ask, "What about the works of Andre Maurois ?" He may well demand the reason why the creator of "Colonel Bramble" his been ignored. To the great surprise of his friends in London, Maurois is now in the United States, where, according to the French in London, he is a propagandist of the worst type for the "Men of Vichy." Such extracts as I have seen of his books on France are full of sneers at the British Army.

And now, like the French in London, I cry "Assez" to the books on France.

A post-mortem on a body as big as France is obviously one which necessitates the presence of a jury ; perhaps the verdict is "murder," it may even be "murder by persons well known." But unless a great deal of new evidence comes to life there can be no excuse for raking over the case at the merest whim.

The British Campaign in Greece

When it was realised that the possibility of an attack on Greece would have to be taken into account as part of the Axis spring offensive, Mr. Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, and General Sir John Dill, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, engaged in various discussions with the Greek and Turkish Governments, as well as with General Wavell, as to the best way of meeting it. Greece, having notified her purpose of resisting even if she had to do so without help from anyone, it was decided by the British Government, in consultation with the Australian and New Zealand Governments, that she must be assisted up to the limit of the resources at our disposal for the purpose. Accordingly, an Expeditionary Force, consisting of an Australian division, a New Zealand division, a British armoured brigade and the necessary corps and force troops, with an R.A.F. contingent, in all some 55,000 men under General Wilson, was sent from Egypt during the course of March and had reached Greece complete by the end of the month. The despatch of further troops, which had been intended, was prevented by the rapid and unexpected success of the Axis attack in North Africa, which in a fortnight recovered from our weakened army there the whole of the province of Cyrenaica conquered by us a few weeks before, and renewed the threat to Egypt which that conquest had for the moment removed.

Not only was the Imperial Force thus weaker than had been intended when the German blow fell in the first week in April, but the strategical situation of the Allies in the Balkans was not that for which their original plans of operations had been designed. The revolution in Jugoslavia had unexpectedly brought that country is on our side, but, as it happened, that event, however advantageous from the moral point of view, turned out to be a military misfortune both for her and for us. Jugoslavia, betrayed by her former pro-Axis Government, was quite unready for war, and the Germans had little difficulty in defeating her half mobilised and badly distributed army and over-running the whole country within a few days. Unfortunately, on the news of her adherence to the Allied cause, the Greeks had remodelled their strategic dispositions, and had left undefended their frontier with Jugoslavia north of the Monastir gap, sending the troops that made available to strengthen the garrison of Western Thrace, the long strip of territory on the northern shore of the Ægean Sea, which connects Greece with Turkey. This move was probably unwise, for that territory was not defensible against any serious attack. In any case, its consequences were disastrous, for the Germans in the first rush of their offensive, defeated the Jugoslav troops north of Monastir, and broke the Allied line there. Thence they swung down to the south to reach the Ægean Sea at Salonika, which they occupied on April 8th, and thus cut off the three Greek divisions in Western Thrace to the east of that city. Some of these got away by sea, but the bulk of them, after a gallant resistance, were destroyed. At the same time other German forces, continuing their westward drive into Jugoslavia reached the Vardar Valley and threatened to break through the Monastir gap by a wheel to the south, which would bring them in between the bulk of the Greek army, which had for months been victoriously fighting the Italians in Albania, and General Wilson's small force, consisting of the Imperial troops and two Greek divisions, in position facing east along the line of the lower Vardar. It was to meet this peril that, on April 8th, a mixed Australian brigade under General Mackay was sent west to hold the mouth of the Monastir gap at Florina. The British armoured brigade, which was carrying out demolitions east of the Vardar, was ordered to complete them and fall back behind the Australian division holding the river line.

On April 9th the expected German attack on the Florina gap began in great strength. It was two days before General Mackay's force, after taking a heavy toll of the enemy, had to fall back through the gap to the south, but this retreat, when it was finally compelled, involved also the withdrawal of the whole Allied line, not only to the east of the gap, but also to the west, where the main body of the victorious Greek army in Albania was not dangerously exposed. General Wilson ordered on the 11th a retreat to the line running from the Ægean Sea coast north of Mount Olympus, south-east along the Haliacmon river to Grevena, while the Greek army of Albania also began its withdrawal towards Janina.

The Germans now swung the main weight of their attack south-westwards and westwards with the object of driving a wedge between the Allied wings before these could join up on their line, and in this purpose, thanks to their great superiority in numbers and armament, both on the ground and in the air, they were only too successful. The two Greek divisions holding the left of General Wilson's front were so heavily hammered as to be practically destroyed as a fighting force, and the road through Janina, the only really practicable line of retreat for the Albanian armies, was cut, so that these hitherto undefeated, but war-weary, troops were thrown back into the Pindus mountains, where it was impossible for them to live or fight for long. Their capitulation, unauthorised by the Greek Government, but probably inevitable in the circumstances, followed a few days later, on April 23rd. Two days previously the Greek Government, recognising that the powers of resistance of its armies were virtually at an end, requested the withdrawal of the Imperial Force, for the sake of the common cause, while there was yet time.

Meanwhile, that force, after holding the Mount Olympus-Haliacmon river line for a few days, in face of incessant and costly attacks by the enemy, draw back yet further to the south to a new front running south-west from the historic pass of Thermopylæ to the Gulf of Corinth, the deeply-cut arm of the sea dividing the mainland of Greece from the peninsula of the Peloponnesus to the south. This withdrawal was completed by April 20th and involved much difficult and dangerous rearguard fighting under severe and unrelenting pressure, maintained by the enemy regardless of the high cost to him in casualties. But in view of the request of the Greek Government it was now impossible to continue the hopeless fight further, and it only remained to carry out the evacuation of the Imperial Force with the maximum of swiftness and completeness. This evacuation began on the evening of April 24th. It was an even more difficult operation, in some ways, than that from Dunkirk, for though the Force to be got away was much smaller, and the possible points of embarkation were more numerous, the enemy, thanks to the greater distance of our air bases, had a more complete air superiority, the necessary transit before the Force could reach safety was far longer, and all the major Greek ports had been rendered unusable by enemy bombing.

The main points of embarkation for the first stages of the withdrawal were Raphti, east of Athens, and Nauplia on the eastern shore of the Peloponnesus, and from these 13,500 men were got away on the first night. 5,500 more were evacuated from Megara in the Isthmus of Corinth on the second night, and 16,000 from these and other small ports on the third night, that of 26th-27th April. At this stage the only serious losses of ships were incurred, two destroyers, the Diamond and the Wryneck, being sunk by bombs after rescuing a number of troops from a damaged transport off Nauplia. Three other troop-ships, previously lost, had fortunately been empty. On the following night another 4,500 men were got away, leaving a balance of 8,000 to be embarked on what was intended to the final night, that of 28th-29th April. But it was found that Kalamata, in the Peloponnesus, where the bulk of these had been ordered to collect, was already in enemy hands, and all that could henceforward be done was to pick up parties of stragglers in naval boats as and when opportunity offered. In this way about 6,000 more men were rescued up to 1st May, when it was decided that it was no longer worth while facing the risks of persisting in the dangerous operation in the faint hope of finding and getting away further survivors. 45,000 troops had already been withdrawn with the loss of only two destroyers and four transports, three of which were empty when sunk. As the battle casualties of the Imperial Force of 55,000 men were estimated at 3,000 to 4,000, this meant that the enemy's maximum haul of unwounded prisoners could not have exceeded 6,000, though he also reaped a large harvest of heavy war material, most of it rendered temporarily or permanently unserviceable before he got it. The casualties inflicted on him by the Imperial Force alone, against which he is known to have engaged three armoured and four non-armoured divisions, were probably at least three times as large as the maximum total of 10,000 Imperial casualties. Some authorities put them much higher and say that we inflicted almost as many losses on the enemy in Greece as the number of troops we landed there. Germany's strategical victory in the Balkans, which is undoubted, and which it would be foolish to deny or minimise, was therefore dearly bought, and because of her failure to entrap and capture even the bulk of the Imperial Force, was only half complete.

The Sea Battle

It is clear that in the present stage of the war the utmost importance is to be attached to what it is usual to call the Battle of the Atlantic, but which may, perhaps, be better termed "the sea battle." Britain, the mainstay of the forces of freedom, depends not only for her powers of making war, but even for her continued existence on her overseas traffic, mainly with America to the west, and also with the east by way of the Mediterranean and the Cape of Good Hope. Food, raw materials, as well as arms and munitions, have to come to her by these sea routes, for in these things, vital for her life and for her powers of defence against the enemy, she is only to a very small extent self-supporting. The extent to which her needs can be supplied depends on the amount of shipping available for her use, and that shipping may be taken as the total of her own and that of her Allies combined. The most useful contributions to the joint war effort that many of these smaller Allies of ours have been able to make has been in the field of shipping, where their resources have added considerably to those already available to us, for the maintenance of the sea battle, without victory in which the fate of the common cause would be sealed.

Exact and up-to-date figures of the mercantile shipping at the disposal of the Allies cannot, of course, be given. At the beginning of the war these figures were approximately as follows:—

	Ships	Tonnage
Great Britain and British Empire	9,500	21,000,000
Norway	2,000	5,000,000
Netherlands	1,300	3,000,000
France	1,500	3,000,000
Greece	600	1,800,000
Other Allies	100	200,000
Grand Total	15,000	34,000,000

In addition, a considerable quantity of enemy shipping has been captured and turned over to Allied use. Exact figures for this are not available, but it has been stated that enemy shipping losses during the whole war, up to mid-May, amount to close on 3,000,000 tons, out of a pre-war total of some 8,000,000 tons. This does not, of course, give an accurate picture, for our enemies have no doubt been building ships throughout the war far in excess of their normal annual peace-time output, which was comparatively small.

Our own and Allied shipping losses throughout the war have now been published in the form of monthly totals, and these make interesting reading. During the first four months, September-December, 1939, British losses totalled 118 ships, in all 414,300 tons, while those of Allied and neutral shipping amounted to another 80 vessels of 317,300 tons—a grand total of 198 ships of 761,600 tons. The losses in the heaviest in September, the first month, when the enemy was able to take advantage of surprise, of his full anti-shipping effort prepared in peace-time, and of the inevitable delays and imperfections in our initial defence measure, fell away heavily in October, and again in November, to rise again in December to the October figure.

The figures for 1940 showed a disturbingly large increase on those for the previous year. The world total came to 565 ships of 3,770,000 gross tonnage, of which 564 ships of 2,363,000 tons were British. Up to May, apart from a rise in February to the December, 1939, figures, the losses ranged surprisingly low; but from June onwards they rose alarmingly, with the resumption of active warfare on land and the frequency of combined operations conducted on coasts occupied by the enemy. The June figures for Britain and the world were nearly four times as heavy as those of May, and those for world shipping then mounted to a peak figure of 533,000 tons, fortunately never since attained, though several times approached. British losses attained their maximum of 307,000 tons in September, a figure but little higher than those of the two following months. At the turn of the year the losses fell again to a less perilous, though still anything but comfortable, level, very much in excess, as was only to be expected, of those suffered before the hostile conquest of all the west coast of Europe from Norway to the Pyrenees. Germany now had new and wider jumping off grounds for her surface, submarine and air offensive against our shipping in the Atlantic, while the entry of Italy into the war had also made vulnerable our Red Sea and Mediterranean routes.

The first four months of 1941 have shown little appreciable improvement in the position. Monthly losses have ranged between 200,000 and 300,000 tons for Britain and 300,000 and 500,000 tons for the world, the respective totals for the period being 25 British ships of 1,009,000 tons and 168 other ships of 527,000 tons. In part the large figure of 488,000 tons for April is accounted for by the heavy losses, 157,000 tons of Greek shipping, during the German offensive in the Balkans and the evacuation of our Imperial Forces from there. It may, therefore, be assumed that the losses in the Battle of the Atlantic, properly so-called, are declining somewhat, since the British and world tonnage losses for April show a drop—in our case a considerable drop—from those of March. Nevertheless, it is clear that sinkings still remain at a dangerous level. The total shipping losses for the whole period of the war from September, 1939, to April, 1941, are as follows:—

British	World Total
923 ships — 3,896,000 tons	1,508 ships — 6,127,000 tons

It would appear from this as if Britain and her Allies had lost something like a fifth of the pre-war shipping at their disposal. This is true, but it is not, of course, the full picture, which is nothing like so grim. It has been officially stated that the gross losses of shipping, so far as Britain is concerned, have been largely made up by captures from the enemy, new building, purchases, and hiring, so that her net loss is little over a million tons. These compensating gains will almost certainly be maintained, and may even increase, as time goes on, while it may reasonably be hoped that the rate of losses, even if it does not continue to decline, can be prevented from seriously rising. Any future action that may be taken by the United States in the way of convoying or otherwise helping to ensure the safety of our traffic across the Atlantic will, of course, greatly improve the position in our favour, as will also the recent decision of President Roosevelt to declare the Red Sea a non-combat zone into which American shipping can go.

On the whole, therefore, though the end of the sea battle is not yet within sight, or our success in it by any means assured, we have good reason for hope and even confidence in its ultimate issue in our favour.

Diary of Events in the War

MARCH 16TH TO APRIL 17TH

MARCH 6TH.—Italians abandon Burye in Western Abyssinia after series of attacks by patriot levies.

MARCH 7TH.—Sixteen German machines shot down in attack on Malta.

MARCH 9TH.—Italian commerce raider sunk in Indian Ocean. Heavy Italian attacks begin in Albania.

MARCH 10TH.—Italian light cruiser sunk in Mediterranean. R.A.F. raid Durazzo, Tripoli and Boulogne.

MARCH 11TH.—U.S.A. Lease and Lend Bill becomes law. Attempted assassination of British Minister to Bulgaria in Istanbul.

MARCH 12TH.—Italian attacks in Albania continue, but without success.

MARCH 13TH.—Very heavy R.A.F. raid on Berlin, Bremen and Hamburg. Enemy lose nine machines in raids on Britain. British advance in Harrir, in Abyssinia, progressing fast.

MARCH 14TH.—Enemy lose eleven machines in night raids on Britain. R.A.F. make heavy raids on Hamburg, Rotterdam, Bremen and Emden.

MARCH 15TH.—Four enemy machines shot down over Britain.

MARCH 16TH.—President Roosevelt promises full and speedy aid to Britain, Greece and China.

MARCH 17TH.—British re-occupy Berbera, in British Somaliland. Hostile air raid on Bristol.

MARCH 19TH.—British capture Jijiga, in Southern Abyssinia. Heavy enemy air attack on London. R.A.F. attack Lorient.

MARCH 20TH.—Five Italian supply ships sunk in Mediterranean. Italian cruiser sunk in R.A.F. raids on Valona and Durazzo. R.A.F. again attack Lorient.

MARCH 21ST.—Split in Jugoslav Cabinet over policy towards Axis Powers. British and Australian troops capture oasis of Jarabub in Libya. Enemy air attack on Plymouth.

MARCH 22ND.—Third successive R.A.F. attack on Lorient.

MARCH 24TH.—U.S. Senate passes the Aid for Britain Bill.

MARCH 25TH.—Marshal Graziani resigns command in Libya.

MARCH 26TH.—Two enemy supply ships sunk in North Sea. Jugoslavian Ministers sign Tripartite Pact with Axis Powers in Vienna.

MARCH 27TH.—Military and popular revolution in Jugoslavia against pro-Axis policy. Keren in Eritrea captured after stubborn Italian defence lasting six weeks. Harar in Southern Abyssinia occupied without resistance.

MARCH 28TH.—King Peter takes oath and assumes power in Jugoslavia.

MARCH 29TH.—Naval battle in Eastern Mediterranean; seven Italian warships sunk and five more heavily damaged.

MARCH 30TH.—Brush between French coastal batteries and British warships exercising right of search of French convoy in Mediterranean.

MARCH 31ST.—British occupy Diredawa and cut Addis Ababa-Jibuti railway. U.S.A. takes over Axis ships in harbours to prevent sabotage.

APRIL 1ST.—British occupy Asmara, capital of Eritrea.

APRIL 2ND.—Italian destroyer sunk trying to escape from Asmara.

APRIL 3RD.—Two more Italian destroyers sunk in Red Sea. British forces in Libya evacuate Benghazi before strong hostile pressure.

APRIL 4TH.—Two Italian destroyers in Red Sea scuttled by crews. Protests by Axis Powers against seizure of ships rejected by U.S.A.

APRIL 5TH.—R.A.F. raid Brest and bomb two German battle cruisers docked there.

APRIL 13TH.—Greeks continue to hold front in Macedonia. Germans in Libya occupy Bardia and press on to Sollum. Russia and Japan sign treaty of friendship and neutrality.

APRIL 14TH.—Germans repulsed in attack on Tobruk. Allies in Macedonia retire to new line of defence.

APRIL 15TH.—Light cruiser Bonaventure sunk while escorting convoy.

APRIL 16TH.—Hostile convoy of five ships with their escorting Italian destroyers attacked in Mediterranean; all enemy ships sunk for loss of one British destroyer, Mohawk. Very severe air raid on London as "reprisal" for recent R.A.F. raid on Berlin.

APRIL 17TH.—Allied line in Macedonia held against repeated heavy attacks. Germans in Libya halted at Sollum.

Plain Tales

SUBSCRIBERS' CORNER.—You will observe that Divisional Signals, Devon, are producing some "copy" these days. Even "B" Section has detailed a man to write something. It is not often that you see notes from Officers' Messes. Probably beneath their dignity. If you can get your chief to take up his well-sucked pencil you'll get some startling stuff. Did you hear about the very conscientious officer who took a haversack ration on a short scheme, and finding that he was unexpectedly back in Mess for lunch, promptly went out into a nearby field and ate his sandwiches!

Then there is the large officer whose theme song is "There's Duff, Mighty Duff, in the Mess."

1st Y.O.: "'M' Section is not working to-day."

2nd Y.O.: "How can you tell?"

All right. Stand easy, everywhere.

□■□

VERY LOUD PEDAL.—How grand to see Mr. Hibberd and the boys of the Corps Band again. They were with us for two days in April. The first day was wet. Bad "Q" work there I'm afraid. However, we tried to make them comfortable, and in return they produced some really first-class and polished performances. No criticism at all. They were great, and we were proud to refer to OUR band. The local people were much impressed, and so they should be. Personally, I was very disappointed to find that C.Q.M.S. "Alf" Saunders was absent and that Drummer Riley stayed at home. Sergeant Robinson put over some good xylophone solos with a branch of fir tree down his collar. He took advantage of a two bar rest to remove it, but it sprang back into his left ear. Well, darn it, man, we must have decorations.

□■□

OLD COMRADES.—Signals Association branches all over the country are keeping things going with a persistence that astonishes not only yours truly, but the General Secretary himself. Joe Carnall and his Birmingham boys, for instance, are not allowing blitzes or any other kind of obstacle to prevent their regular meetings. This is exactly the sort of spirit and implacable resolve that reduces the Hun to a helpless and tearful rage. He doesn't understand it. You may bend the British, but Donnerwetter and Dumphspitzenblatte, you can't break 'em. Good luck, chaps. Keep it up.

Gradually, the younger members of the Corps are taking a keener interest in Association matters. Come on, you Section officers. Do your stuff. It is pretty certain that if the lads know what it is all about, they will rally round in considerable force.

□■□

WOODWORK.—A delightful episode in the lives of our old friends. Film and stage rights reserved. Must not be cut out and sung in public.

Colonel Ukann Larfe, L. B. W., threw back his head and yelled for the waiter. "Boy, I want half a pint of milk on my porridge." The waiter was noted for his patience. "Well, sir," he said quietly, "you can't have it. See?" The hasty-tempered ex-detective rammed the plate of porridge upside down on the waiter's well-oiled hair.

Note: This makes the whole thing screamingly funny, so we will have a short interval while you laugh yourselves sick. We toyed with the idea of letting the *waiter* throw the porridge, but although this, too, would have gone down very well, it was considered bad for discipline. We should have waiters getting ideas in their heads.

The Colonel waited for his gammon rasher, two eggs and mushrooms (circa 1938) and to kill time, carved a heart on the priceless old dining table with a jack knife. Lieutenant Faceache, late C.I.D., watched the C.O. with his habitual stunned expression. "I say, sir," he said, "you won't half get a bill from Madame Swingpill."

"Rubbish," replied Ukann Larfe, "you can pay for it out of impreat." He added an arrow with a flourish and a final stab with the marline spike. Corporal Fogworthy (whom you probably don't remember) snatched the table away in case the Colonel decided to add his initials and a few drops of blood. The incident passed almost unnoticed, which just goes to show something or other.

CHAPTER XIII.

New readers may start here or they may go back to January, 1928, and start from there. As if we care. Now read on and be careful to keep your index finger on the place.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Uncle Alf.: That's what we are afraid of.

ODD ODE NO. 1.

There was a little man, and he had a little bike,
And he took it all to pieces in the morning.
When night descended black, he found he couldn't put it back,
I think you ought to take it as a warning.
If you buy a little bike and you don't know what it's like,
It's no good sitting down and looking sick, man.
Get some bearings from a truck, and some miscellaneous muck,
And some spunyarn, wire and tape, like Corporal Hickman.

You may now fall out and be ill.

BARLEUX.

HOME STATIONS

S.O.-in-C. Staff G.H.Q. (Home Forces)

The bidding of fond farewells and the extension of the welcoming hand would appear to have developed into a fine art and pastime on this staff. It is, however, with genuine regret that we record the departure from our midst of our G.S.O.1, whom we were so pleased to congratulate recently upon his promotion to the realms of "Red Tabs." The loss of this touch of colour has left our bunch with less serenity of tone, and the severance of the last link with our ex-B.E.F. staff of officers denotes for us the ending of a very pleasurable association. With full sincerity, we wish him the very best of good luck in his new appointment, and congratulate whoever has the good fortune to serve under him on their real acquisition.

Since we have always been fortunate in our choice of G.S.O.1's, we welcome our new officer, and fervently hope the same good spirit will continue.

In my notes last month I referred to our old colleague ex-Corporal (Taffy) Edwards as having been seen as a "one-pipper" in a Scots Regiment. My information, from a Scottish source, was proved to be incorrect when, by a stroke of chance, I personally met the subject of my semi-libellous statement the other evening. In fact, he now staggers under the burden of "two-pips" (with a third carried expectantly in his pocket) and the badge is of the Royal Berkshire Regiment. Sorry, Mr. (Taffy) Edwards—the Scotsmen "welshed" us after all! You will recollect that I remarked previously that "there must be a 'leek' somewhere."

In search of copy, I have toured the various branches of this staff with the following results:—

OPERATIONS.—The only outstanding things in this branch are Corporal Staniford's outsize in "bags," which even the Quarter-bloke refuses to take back; knowing creature. When he first appeared adorned in this "bulb-grower's" garment, we were under the impression that a member of the Dutch forces had been attached to us. Even his well-known if not good-looking visage was at first a puzzle to us, but the fancy trimming in the form of a dress sidecap was speedily seen through and thus we were able to send the "Red Caps" away and lower our sidearms. He keeps us very much alive, however, by performing such cunning little tricks as flagging up the location maps in two or three different ways just before departing on leave. We had such fun trying to unravel the mystery. And did the Sergeant-Major laugh!

LINES.—Some time ago we heard the tinkling of little bells in the distance, but although our worthy Corporal Marriott was ready and willing, his fiancée managed to escape him by seeking refuge in hospital. We are exceedingly glad to hear that she is now almost completely recovered, and we (the married coterie) are smiling once more in the hopes that the now long waited event will take place in the near future.

WIRELESS.—We are still enjoying the mirthful indiscretions of operators' back-chat. But don't we blush at times! Quite often we are shocked to find that not all signalmen are "gentlemen"! What funny Sergeant-Majors some of you must have.

The clerk i/c this branch, Signalman Tugwell, has so pulled his weight that we are now able to congratulate him on his having attained his Class II rating.

STORES.—Here, priorities of "leave," rather than of issue of equipment, take pride of place. The clerk i/c this branch, Signalman Lightfoot, has trod so warily and carefully that we now congratulate him also on his Class II rating.

STAFF DUTIES.—Here, the mystery of War Establishments is puzzled out. Our latest and greatest problem concerns one, Fifi. She has been to see us on several occasions, but cannot be posted yet because she is too young to leave her mother. For the benefit of those of you whose minds will persist in reverting to other shores on the mention of such succulent names, we are about to repeat an error made by one of our officers when in France and introduce an office cat. The adventures of Fifi—for such there are bound to be—will be duly and faithfully recorded as and when they occur; as will also the holding of her requiem if she has too many of the unladylike ways of her predecessor. Fifi is an offspring of "A" Mess cat so that we anticipate that many of the difficulties under "Q" heading will be adequately met and dealt with. Her presence is urgently required by reason of the fact that there are one or two rats knocking about this establishment (please do not infer a subtle reference to any member of the staff).

REGISTRATION. — Everything sliding in and out quite well. Fortunately, a member of this party is an ex-trombonist of the Corps band and has mastered the "in" — "out" business to rhythmic perfection.

DRAUGHTSMAN.—Draw the line, you cads!

A.T.S.—Volunteer Martin (not to be confused with Maria of that ilk—though not unlikely to share a similar fate; only the Red Barn is required) finds great difficulty in working out her instructions. The sum total of many months of weary labour is unidentifiable, but local gossip has it that the knitted garment is some kind of a comforter (whatever has happened to the Lance Corporal we don't know), yet again, the struggles, in the throng of which she was observed, led us to believe that she had invented a patent type of rowing machine. We steadfastly disbelieve that her attempts are cruel intentions of comforts for the troops!

In general, with the advent of good weather and longer, lighter evenings, we are all managing to put in quite a lot of work out-of-doors; some indulging in the search for incendiary bombs and other war-like relics, others standing by at a respectable distance with hopes of promotion in the breast and the promise of same growing stronger and more probable with every "find." The likelihood of vacancies created in this fashion seems to be as good as any. But can we persuade the Sergeant-Major to join the hunt? Can we!

And so for the present we leave you in the hope that those of you who are so new to the Corps not to have heard the age-old story of the lady who said to her swain, "But I can't marry you, you are a Signalman, and I am only a Duchess!" will benefit by it and having fully digested the moral thereof we expect great things of you.

MERKURO.

Yorkshire 1

1st Operators' Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

"Summer is a coming in" is certainly the theme song for this month, and when one looks around at the numerous plots of ground belonging to this Battalion of ours, we realise the meaning of "Go to It" and "Dig for Victory."

The boys are certainly doing a good job. It is pleasing to see S.S.M. Wink back on the job, we sincerely hope he is fully recovered from his recent accident. Fred Snell is also back and his hearty laugh once again re-echoes throughout Mons Cookhouse; the police's loss is our gain. Now that the nights are lighter, the boys certainly take advantage to explore the moors and country, for in this area it is nice and pleasant. Rumour has it that "fags" are to be rationed, applications to non-smokers for their "fag ration" may be sent by any other smoker, who, in return for the said ration, will reward them with a smile and the price of the respective purchase, and needless to say numerous friendships are springing up between heavy smokers and non-smokers. I wonder what can be in the wind.

HORTICULTURAL.—We regret that these notes are not yet to hand, but a report of Signalman Jarvis V. E.'s lecture on "The Onion Life behind the Cookhouse" will be given in the next issue.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—Dances are still a successful spot in the O.T.B. and are very well attended. In a recent report of the show "Tons of Money" so nicely turned out by Peter Madden, "Poor Old Joney" (Lance Corporal to you), was overlooked. Nevertheless, on behalf of the management "I thank him." Since Lance Corporal Bate has had his hand in at the Reading Room, I notice it is being used more frequently and no wonder, "Jock" certainly made a good job of it. "Nice work, Jock, keep that brush moving."

LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED.—Will any kind person who comes into possession of a large sable dog, name of Nellie, kindly return same to Signalman Latham, and bring the sunshine back to his life. "Has anyone seen Nellie." That's all for now.

A.E.H.

No. 1 Company

Double summer-time has been officially recognised and greatcoats have been put away, although experience of this part of Yorkshire shows the climate to be equable all the year round, i.e., cold.

There is a dearth of news to record this month. Reports of our indoor training activities alone make dull reading.

When we have ventured out-of-doors it has usually been to take cover from imaginary attacks on the lines from the air. We did, however, renew our challenge in field exercises with the Home Guard. Much to the surprise of some who had laid odds on a Home Guard victory, the O.T.B. mobile force carried off the day and the score at the time of going to press is one-all.

We have survived the first drill with our recently-issued bayonets and like a new cricket bat have gently broken them in.

The Y.M.C.A. is becoming the favourite haunt of Sergeants and other N.C.O.s, due, it is rumoured, to their keen detection of possible sources of cigarettes and chocolates.

W.V.H.M.

No. 2 Company

During the last month we have said good-bye to two of the oldest instructors—old, not particularly in years, but in service with the Company. We refer, of course, to Sergeant Craig and Corporal Bond, and we are indeed sorry to lose these old friends. They certainly had their own ways and peculiarities, but they most certainly were among the most popular N.C.O.s in the unit. Good hunting, "Jock" and "Minnie," wherever you may go.

We congratulate our latest arrival to the instructional staff, Lance Corporal Armstrong, on his appointment to that most exalted rank, and also to those senior soldiers of squads on their receiving "recruit" tapes. No doubt they will be able to lend their weight in seeing that the Barrack Room "Bull" is done in the proper manner, and also act in the traditional Sergeant-Major way in tucking the boys in bed, and calling them with their tea in the mornings.

One last bit of news—Corporal Grattan has injured his arm—we are told that it was done when he was trying to "grip" more graphically after the Hebrew style.

"O" SQUAD.—In common with the instructional staff, "O" Squad have also said farewell to some of its oldest members. Signalmen Johns and Bruce, who are bound for foreign climes, and Signalman Ball, who has gone to the "Sunny South." Signalman Bland was appointed deputy company clerk as a reward for old age and virtue (?) and it was rumoured that "by reasons of the powers vested in his position," as the judge says in the films, he officiated at the nuptials

of two of the members of the squad. Still, unfortunately for the office, he has gone the way of all good "O" Squadites, and leaves for training at an I.T.C. No doubt his association with "Hooky" and "Goolie" has broadened both his mind and his repertoire, and no doubt these will be used to good advantage. Apart from these departures the squad remains unchanged, and, while the older members slip still more deeply into their grooves, the younger ones soon begin to dig their own grooves and get settled in.

SPORTS.—The last month has seen a lot more activity on the sports field. Many men whose knees have not been exposed to chilly winds for years are now sporting honours in the shape of skinned knees, etc. Even certain N.C.O.s, considered to be "past members," have staged come-backs, and are now walking around with only an occasional creak of bones. The Soccer fields have been most in demand, and, considering that in Company representative games we have fielded a completely different side in each match, we feel very pleased with the victories which have come our way. We feel that, in this paragraph, a word or two should be said for our old friend Sergeant Craig—he has been posted and I am sure that all players in the unit team are sorry to lose him. We shall all miss his "pass it noo." We have not had many Rugby games, but nevertheless quite a fair percentage of our players have been "discovered" for the unit team. Unfortunately, hockey has not been in the limelight, apart from Battalion matches. The only other games have been the Corporals match between themselves—it is rumoured that some of the N.C.O.s have now purchased instructional books on the subject. At one time we thought billiards and snooker were sports, but now we have found out that they are merely "child's play," at least so one would gather from the displays given by our well-known Signalman Donaldson—better known, perhaps, to the outside world as Walter Donaldson, the "pro." He certainly knows his procedure O.K. (billiards, of course).

During the last weeks the Corporals have elected for themselves a new committee, and the aforesaid new committee opened up in good style with a dance. It was well attended, both by males and females, the band was in good form, despite the presence of "Toscanini," the bar went well, so what more could anyone ask. Now that the light nights are coming we are hoping for a good bit of outdoor entertainment, as a contrast to the indoor tournament now in progress. The Corporals' room is certainly quieter now that Minnie has left, but we miss him in other ways, too. One last note—If you didn't see the Soccer match Corporals v. Sergeants, you certainly missed something—it was even better entertainment than "The Great Dictator."

No. 4 Company

The past month has seen many comings and goings, mostly—as regards the Cadre at least—goings. We have lost Corporal "Cecil" Spencer who has gone to the "sunnier" (we hope) climes of the South-East.

"Smudger" Smith J. C. has also been torn away from his beloved (?) haven here and has gone to a different part of the county, as a full-blown Sergeant.

Au revoir, lads.

Our late C.S.M. (C.S.M. Stevens) has now taken over the duties of R.Q.M.S. and our new C.S.M. (C.S.M. Grocott) is getting into his stride.

Congratulations to Peter Phillips on his second stripe. Watch that income tax, Pete.

S.S.M. Webb D. was with us for a short period as W.O. i/c Training, but soon left for 2 Holding Battalion, where he has taken a commission as Lieutenant T.M.O. Congratulations, sir.

Bustus Farrellus has now taken over Permanent Orderly Corporal for about a month we fear. Organisation, promotion and "Griffin" generally will now be to the forefront, and anybody in need of information can obtain it suitably wrapped up from the aforesaid P.O.C.

The gardens are still being tirelessly weeded, poked, raked and dug, and it is hoped that the results of the amateur gardeners will soon be evident.

Our appreciation is due to Signalman Findlay who has put in so much time on the job.

That's all this month.

ALFIE.

1st General Trades Training Battalion

No. 1 (Line) Company

GENERAL.—This month has once again proved to be one of changes and upheavals. We have, since the last issue of THE WIRE, said our good-byes to our temporary C.S.M.—one C.S.M. Frankland. Though his stay was brief, his presence was felt, and great improvement was noted in the annexes. The sale of caustic soda, says our special correspondent, has risen 100 per cent.

We extend our congratulations to our new C.S.M., ex-C.Q.M.S. LeCocq. He has not, as yet, had much opportunity to push us around, as the advent of seven pups can cause a very real technical hitch in the smooth! ! ! running of the Army.

UP AND UP.—During the last month the whole company took a step higher by reaching off the ground floor to proudly stand by their two-tier beds. No casualties have yet been reported, probably owing to the lack of team spirit, but the M.I. room, ever optimistic, are working in shifts. We are still awaiting the issue of steps, or of wings, to enable the top occupant to reach the arms of Morpheus without doing so via the lower unfortunate's face.

ARRIVALS.—To all the new squads who have arrived in this demi-paradise we wish a pleasant stay and a happy ending. If they wish to know about leave, in the meantime, ask the C.S.M. He's big-hearted.

Congratulations are duly forwarded to the following "lucky people." Sergeant Pfeiffer on his appointment to C.Q.M.S., Lance Sergeant Wood on his promotion to Sergeant, Lance Corporals Skinner and Copson on having at last reached the rank of Corporal, and to L/Lance Corporals Ivey and Kearin on the second step of the ladder, now full-blown Corporals.

TALK OF THE TOWN.—To Corporal Copson—future Field Marshal, of course—on having pulled his second seagull, we dedicate this paragraph. His middle name, we are led to believe, is Patience. The men of his barrack-room, with awe upon their faces, have watched with deepest interest, imaginary guard preliminaries. Only too soon they will cease to be imaginary.

PUZZLE CORNER.—Who is it?

From bowler hat and red necktie,
To B.B.C. fame.
You wouldn't be kidding us, would you sergeant?

Mr. Walker, alias S.S.M. Summerfield, wants to know:—

Why is it that the N.C.O.s always have something important to do on duty company and stand-by nights, instead of attending O.S.5 lecture room for sixty minutes? Marriages! Births! Deaths! or just otherwise engaged?

Which Corporal, after two days at a D.R. course, was hunting up entry forms for the National Speedway Championship? No names, but it is a seven-letter word beginning with "A."

HEARD IN VINY LINES.—C.S.M.: "What are those two men doing with their sleeves rolled up, Corporal? Not working, surely."

Orderly Corporal: "No, sir! They have just been tattooed."

It is strange that so many kind, sympathetic hearts can be found in so large a community. One shining example is the touching generosity bestowed on one, Sergeant Scott, in the form of a comforter. No names, no pack drill.

SPORT.—That we are sports in the true sense of the word, has been proved by the way in which we have come up for more, in spite of the many defeats we have known. Stout effort, ye football cads. Keep it up.

Friday afternoons are now devoted to the said sport, and cares are forgotten for that brief interlude, and football, cricket, hockey and cross-country running takes its place.

We are proud of our football captain, Lance Sergeant Holmes, and hope that his skill will be at our beck and call for many moons to come.

Thus spake the scribe of No. 1 (Line) Company, and now, my imposition disposed of, I may return to comparative serenity for one more month. No flowers, by request.

No. 2 (Line) Company

ARRIVALS.—Best wishes are extended to 2nd Lieutenant Tucker from an O.C.T.U., to Lance Corporal Brotherton from Administrative Wing and to Lance Corporal Griffiths from a Field Unit. May their stay be long and happy. 92 Squad from the "holiday" at Newcastle.

DEPARTURES.—Sergeant Larry Ashton to a Field Unit; he should have plenty of experience as he was always playing with his son's trains. Corporal Jimmy Hughes and Jock Adams have left the Company for new quarters. During his stay with us Corporal Hughes has donned the Company's colours on numerous occasions and his absence will be felt by large numbers of the sporting fraternity. His services in this respect will be hard to replace and it was pleasing to watch him give his farewell display in the annual cricket match when opposing the senior N.C.O.s he compiled a grand free hitting 76; he was an ideal captain. Corporal Adams has also been with us some considerable time and now "Little Alber'," minus his teeth, has lost his pal. To the pair of them we wish them best of luck.

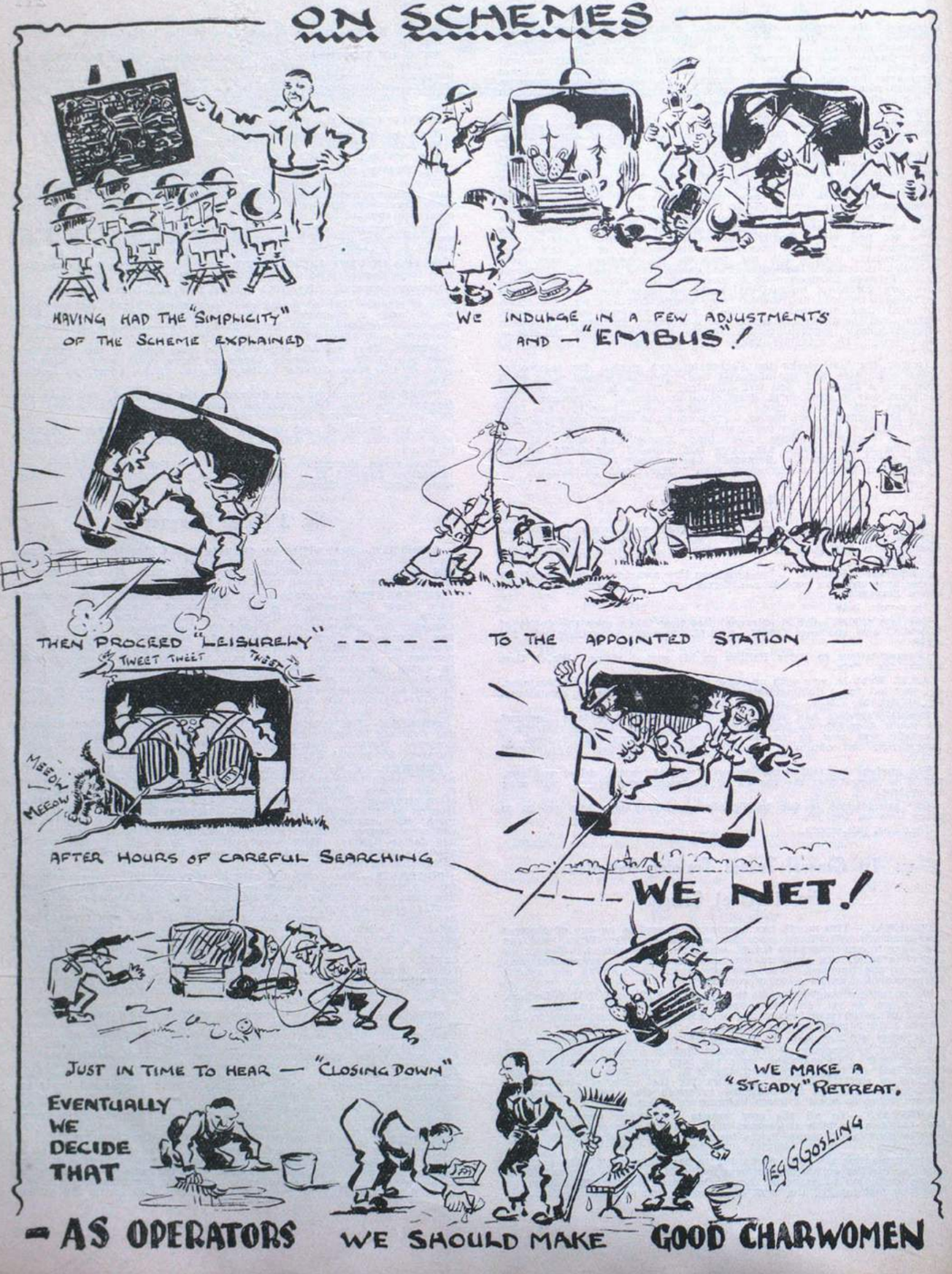
COURSES.—The following N.C.O.s have attended Weapon Training and Drill and Duties Courses, and all have brought back good results:—Corporal Davison, Lance Corporals Munkitterick, Blay, Felstein, Thrower, Pryor and Harrison. Congratulations to all.

CRICKET.—A start was made on Sunday, 11th May, when the annual match between Sergeant and Corporals celebrated the opening of the season. Contrary to expectations the game proved to be a stern struggle. The Corporals opened and put together 128. Corporal Hughes batted in free and easy style, scoring 76, which included ten fours. The sergeants replied with 84, losing five wickets cheaply at the end of the game. C.S.M. McDowell and Lance Sergeant Holmes both had double figures. They were captained by C.S.M. Walton, who is again in charge of the cricket section and a very successful season is anticipated by all.

FOOTBALL.—The Company football team met No. 1 Line Company for the third time this season, defeating them by three goals to one. The game was spoilt by a very high wind and our forwards lost many scoring opportunities in the first half when they failed to control a lively ball. Dunlop opened the scoring for us half way through the initial half when he netted from close quarters. Our opponents soon got on terms when they equalised from a breakaway. The lead was regained just on half time, following a goalmouth scrimmage, Anderson driving in the ball from twenty yards. No. 1 (Line) with the wind behind them set up a hot pace in the second half, but failed to penetrate a resolute defence. Five minutes from the end, Clark scored a clever goal when he beat two defenders before placing the ball well out of reach of the goalkeeper.

BOXING.—We had a very successful night on Thursday, 18th April, in the Garrison individual finals, being represented in three of the finals, winning two. Signalman Garwood beat Signalman Laurie of No. 2 (Line) Company, in the feather-weight final, gaining the decision in the first round. Our next success came when Signalman Hawkins boxed too cleverly for Driver Barton, of the R.A.S.C., in the welter-weight final. Lance Corporal Harris put up a very game show in the bantam-weight finals, but was beaten by a more experienced boxer in Signalman Hobday, of the Operators Battalion. The boxers were the guests of 2nd Lieutenant Horn the following evening, when a very enjoyable evening was spent at the local cinema. Signalman Hawkins was selected to box for the Garrison against Durham, on Friday, 26th April, when he knocked out Sergeant Fullman in the third round.

ATHLETICS.—The Battalion sports took place on Saturday, 11th May. The Company contested many events but raised only one winning flag when Signalman Ferguson won the mile in five minutes six seconds. The sports proved to be a field day for Sergeant Skinner, of 4 (M.T.) Company, who won the 100 yards, 220 yards, 110 yards



hurdles, the long and high jumps. From the winners a team was selected to represent the Battalion against the Depot Battalion.

BY THE WAY.—Was it really Mr. Horn who was seen at the end of a parachute in Scotland on Saturday? We thought he went south for his leave.

LOCAL.

No. 3 (Workshops) Company

DEPARTURES.—Good-bye and good luck to Sergeants Winterman and Dologhan, and to C.S.M. Hutcheon, who has left us for 152nd O.C.T.U. Lance Corporals Lunn and Johnson have gone on a Drill Course at the Depot.

ARRIVALS.—We have welcomed Corporal Gard, C.S.M. Frankland (from No. 1 (Line) Company), and 2nd Lieutenants C. K. Horton and H. Jowett.

PROMOTIONS. — Signalmen Lunn and Stotesbury to A/Lance Corporals, Lance Corporal Woods to Corporal. Congratulations to them all. Friends of Corporal Woods express the hope that he will return none the worse from his energetic P.T. course.

"NIGHT SCHOOL."—Voluntary education has taken a determined step forward under the guidance of 2nd Lieutenant Horton.

The post of organiser of adult education is difficult enough in civilian life, involving, as it does, a rather high tax on the persuasive powers and a constant battle against indifference, suspicion and fickle tastes. In a training battalion the task is complicated by a constantly-changing population, some staying in the Battalion for sixteen weeks and some only for six, and all of them subject to duties which may fall arbitrarily on their class evenings.

However, within a week of a meeting convened by Lieutenant Horton, an impressive programme was already in operation. A group now meets weekly for the discussion of current events and, with frequent reference to maps, lively debates range over various aspects of war strategy. A class for the study of German was fortunate in securing the services of Pioneer Schueftan as teacher—how fortunate may be judged from the fact that two students attended the first meeting and ten the third. At the moment of writing a French class has begun, students have been enrolled for classes in elementary and advanced mathematics, a male voice choir is starting rehearsals, a group is taking a map-reading course and looking forward to some pleasant times on the moors, instruction in first aid is available for all who require it, and a solitary applicant for economics has been accommodated.

MORALE.—The extra hour of summer-time makes the breakfast period seem very early indeed, and the temperature as, mugs in hand, we assemble on the square, is more appropriate to November than Spring. Despite this, men have been heard to comment appreciatively on the magnificent sunrises.

This seems to deserve the heading of morale.

CHOCOLATE SOLDIERS.—No major sporting events have occurred during the month under review. Our lives, however, are not entirely sedentary, and at the hour when the more energetic B.B.C. listeners are joining in the "Up in the morning early" programme, we may be observed startling the rabbits and the still drowsy sheep as, with bayonets fixed, we charge an imaginary enemy across the fields. Members of infantry regiments are seen to wear a superior expression during these exercises.

The impression prevails that every N.A.A.F.I., except those locally available, has incredible quantities of cigarettes and chocolate, so colossal that the staffs have to use salesmanship in order to clear the shelves for the next huge consignment. Hasty, but unavailing pilgrimages to the scene of these fabulous stores do nothing to dispel such illusions. Even more distant N.A.A.F.I.s are then reported to be bulging with these luxuries, and once more the hopeful search proceeds.

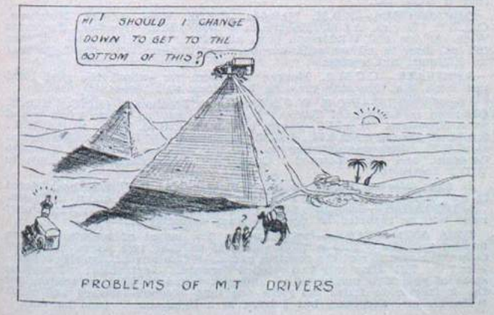
The queue habit has grown to such an extent that when we see a line we automatically join it, speculating with others at the tail end as to just what the queue may be waiting for. When a voice from the distant counter announces, "No more!" we wonder what it may be that we are not going to get. Meanwhile, men who surely never bought a packet of chocolate in ten years before the war, leave the canteen happily clutching a twopenny-halfpenny bar.

J.A.C.

No. 4 (M.T.) Company

INTRODUCTION.—After the lapse of a couple of months, yours truly can cease to "Bow down his head in shame" and endeavour to give you the "Griffin" on the following:—

ARRIVALS.—These are, as usual, too numerous to mention them all by name as they arrive in squads, and as we must save paper,



I must be satisfied in saying that we all hope that their stay will be pleasant. To our new Sergeant-Major, C.S.M. McDowall G., we extend the glad hand, and hope he will find his new work of great interest. Also we are pleased to welcome Sergeant Brownlee and Lance Corporal Woodford from No. 3 (Shops) Company. Make yourselves at home, boys, you may be with us for a long time.

DEPARTURES. — A/R.Q.M.S. "Geordie" Booth W., to Administrative Wing and the Main "Q" Branch, brings the age-old cry of our loss and their gain. By the way "Q." Margaret wants to know if you still play the game of dominoes or have you forsaken it for long walks.

PROMOTIONS.—After some "sweating" in the company, and the rumours as to who would be the probables on the next list to take another step up the ladder, we find many walking around the lines with a disillusioned expression on their faces, but to the lucky ones we offer our congratulation on attaining their respective ranks:—Sergeant Skinner J., Lance Sergeant Payne D., Corporal Teanby H., and, finally, Lance Corporal Newton W. A "Chota Peg," please Harry. How about the posting now Jack, does it still hold good?

BIRTHS.—To Driver and Mrs. F. Taylor, a son—Frederick—born at the Military Families Hospital, somewhere in the North. A remark has been passed that the proud papa is "Walking on Air," but we know that he has put springs in the heels of his boots. Anyway, congratulations from the lads of your section.

SPORTS.—I am pleased to say that everything in the Gardens is doing fine.

FINIS.—That's all, folks.

FOURCO.

Boys Training Company

GOING? GOING? GONE!—It is with great regret we note the departure of the most famous personality of the old "F" Company, Lieutenant-Colonel Boileau. His official command of the Company expired when his services were required with the B.E.F. As everyone knows, his fine and untiring efforts were official commended. With the unfortunate turn of the tide, Lieutenant-Colonel Boileau found himself on the staff of officers at the "School of Signals."

There was great rejoicing on the "Big Chief's" return to the S.T.C., where everyone in the Boys' Company knew he would continue to take an active interest in the sporting life. At Captain Lindley's request he coached the Company's Rugby team and gave invaluable assistance in all other sports. Knowing Lieutenant-Colonel Boileau, it may safely be assumed that he is now in a post of greater importance.



Everyone joins in wishing him the best of luck, and tender their greatest thanks for his efforts on our behalf.

DEPARTURES.—We are very sorry to say good-bye to C.Q.M.S. Overington. He was very popular with the boys, and his genial personality, incorporating cool efficiency, will long be remembered. Best of luck, Q.

We welcome in his place C.Q.M.S. Morgan and hope he likes his work in the Company, as did his predecessor.

USUAL.—Judging from the nature of past scribes it seems proper to mention the weather. The majority of the Company consider, now that the temperature has come up to zero, it is high time to discard their winter woollies. Why on earth Fothergill insists on wearing "long combs," is still a mystery. Of course, there are explanations—but never mind. Nevertheless, as you will see from the sports notes, the weather is favourable for swimming, athletics and cricket.

EDUCATION.—In the last first-class examination the Company had great success. Quite a number of boys achieved their first-class certificates. The following distinguished themselves:—

Lance Corporal Boy Mills (distinguished in mathematics).

Boy Smith P. A. (distinguished in mathematics).

Lance Corporal Boy Stokes (distinguished in mathematics).

Boy Todd R. (distinguished in English).

Also a number of boys gained subjects towards their first-class certificate. The following distinguished themselves:—

Boy Fell (distinguished in geography).

Boy MacLeish (distinguished in mathematics).

Boy Metcalf (distinguished in mathematics).

Boy Reece (distinguished in English).

Lieutenant Hill, A.E.C., has arrived to take over from Captain MacDonald the duties of Education Officer, and we know that he will carry on the good work of his predecessor.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—Since when has bird nesting been considered part of Technical Training?

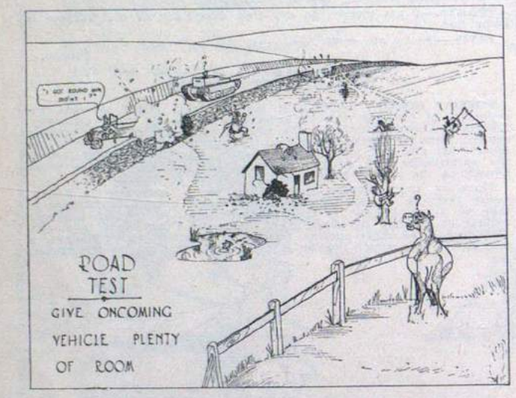
Who was the profoundly technical-minded youth who asked: "If two short wave coils were joined in series parallel, would they perform the function of a medium wave coil?"

JEWS' MAIL.—To Fatty from Mac—"How about a line?"

To boys in Sp. Op. Batt. from the B.T.C.—"Roll on."

To Fairy from 14 Room—"How about it."

SPECIAL.—We tender our deepest sympathy to "Mr." Woolveridge. He knows why.



CADRE CHRONICLES CULLED FROM THE KEYHOLE. — The scribe at the moment is enjoying (?) himself (we hope), somewhere in the region of South-West England, so I will endeavour to give you the low down.

There have been many secret whisperings going on in the Company office, but so far, apart from C.Q.M.S. Overington, there have been no changes to report.

Ann has come in for a spot of wooing from a conspicuous figure in the Company office, and so far he's not doing too bad. Further information on this delicate subject is unavoidably held over until next issue. We hope to be able to publish a sample of this intriguing correspondence, but we must bide our time. Meanwhile the office copper is all ears. (You're telling me.)

Another budding romance seems to have been nipped in the bud by some foolish remark passed in the heat of the moment (yes, we have our heated moments even here), but a little bird told me that things are being straightened out and it certainly seems to be true, as D —— G —— has again been in demand, so we will leave it at that for the time being.

We are enjoying a spell of delightful calm thanks to a spot of leave being given to certain "grippers," and the Company office has now developed into a debating room for numerous members of the fraternity, and Rudyard Kipling and Omar Khayyam are names that are frequently quoted by the more learned (?) debaters, which, after all, still doesn't seem to get us anywhere, but still we hope to live a good while yet, even if we can't learn.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—What is it that Can-Can has that we haven't got that attracts the opposite sex, and what has happened to the W.A.A.F. that used to ring us up?

Who was the N.C.O. that failed to turn up for Guard mounting, and was it really the C.S.M.'s fault, and what happened to the Guard the next time he had to mount, and is it true that he "grips" them?

What is the attraction about M.T. driving, and has Siddals' café anything to do with it?

TAILPIECE.—Have you heard the story of the Captain whose ship was approaching Shanghai when they had a bad outbreak of cholera. Numerous members of the Chinese crew had to be put overboard.

The next day the Captain called the mate up. "Put the fellow in number seven bunk overboard," he said.

The mate went down below and threw the fellow in number eleven bunk overboard.

He reported to the Captain: "I threw the fellow in number eleven bunk overboard," he said.

The Captain replied: "I told you number seven bunk, not number eleven."

"That's funny," the mate said," the fellow in number eleven bunk kept saying, 'Me no deadee, me no deadee,' but you know what ruddy liars these Chinese are."

BOYSCOUT.

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SPORT

Once again we are in full swing at sport. Swimming, cricket and athletics will soon be in progress, and we hope to see some Company records broken. The winter games are slowly giving place to the above-mentioned sports and we all look forward to a successful season. Training for a sports meeting in the very near future has been taking place during the last month.

RUGBY.—On the 26th of last month we played "D" Company, who were a superior team in both weight and size. We retired from the field beaten by one try but definitely not disgraced. The ground being dry and consequently hard the air for quite a time was "blue," especially where the scrum was in action.

SOCCER.—On May 9th a game versus "D" Company was played at Somme Lines, where yours (in modesty) had the good fortune to score two goals. The team was:—Hine; Pavey and Risby; Dunning, Stevens and Christie; Owen, Wride, Earl, Ham and Ridgeon.

Boys Neale Watkins and Sinclair played for "D" Company.

A number of fixtures have yet to be played off so "look out" for the results in next month's edition.

HOCKEY.—Quite a number of games have taken place recently, whilst special honours were bestowed upon Lance Corporals Brodie and Boy Wride and Boy Stevens, who all played for the Battalion eleven. In a recent match versus "D" Company our first eleven lost 4—2 after a hard struggle. The junior eleven, however, had better luck in beating Q.A.I.M.N.S. (Nurses) by 4—1.

Against 123rd O.C.T.U. we lost 6—3 after an exceptionally good game against an altogether superior team.

Much talent has blossomed forth this season and our teams have been greatly improved due to the able tuition of Sergeant R. Hakesley.

Altogether we have had a happy and successful season, and we are confident that the ensuing summer months will prove equally fruitful.

Let's hear from you Trowbridge regarding your inevitable sporting successes.

That's all for this month.

GINGER.

Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess

GENERAL.—Having served our last correspondent as a faithful snoop for many months, I now step into his shoes with the hope that I may be able to put the news of this bright and colourful spot over in a manner which will appeal to all readers. A lot has happened in the last few weeks, and we have said good-bye to many old and faithful members.

And now for some real news; to swell the ranks of Alvar Lidell, Bruce Belfrage, etc., we sent our own Wimpey Wellington Gee to give a talk on Aden, the summer resort of the East, at least that's what it seemed like after Bill had finished with his six minutes on the air. Joking apart, those of us who did manage to hear him speak all agreed that he put it over in grand style. In fact, we all thought it so 'ot that it oozed out.

DEPARTURES.—R.S.M. McBride, C.S.M. West, C.S.M. Hutcheon, C.Q.M.S. Davies, S.S.M. Robertson J., C.Q.M.S. Overton, Sergeants West, Ashton and Winterman have all left us for better jobs (so they tell us) and to all we send our very best wishes with the hope that we all meet again soon.

ARRIVALS.—C.Q.M.S. Morgan to whom we extend the glad hand and hope that his stay may be both long and pleasant.

PROMOTIONS.—F.O.S. W.O.1 Emsley to Lieutenant (I.P.C.), C.S.M. Goodison to Lieutenant T.M.O.; both have left us to do more useful work elsewhere. R.Q.M.S. Brown to R.S.M., C.S.M. Booth to R.Q.M.S., S.S.M. McDowell to C.S.M., S.S.M. Frankland to C.S.M., S.S.M. Walton to C.S.M., Sergeant Pfieffer to C.Q.M.S., Lance Sergeant Wood to Sergeant, and our renowned "Calamity" Jones (A.E.C. attached) to W.O.2 Instructor.

It may interest readers to know that "Calamity" was back dated to last October and for the first time did not grumble about the news.

MARRIAGES.—Sergeant (Busty) Medlycott to Miss Audrey Page; more will be reported as news becomes available.

BITS AND PIECES.—Instructor (to new squad of recruits): "Can any of you chaps ride a motor-bike, if so take two paces forward." Only three men moved the required paces. "Can any of you ride a push-bike?" This time only two stepped forward. Instructor: "I suppose some of you have just come off a desert island." Without waiting for the instructor to finish his piece one man stepped forward and said: "Excuse me, Sergeant, but I lived in a lighthouse" (and he did).

We don't mind George Pfieffer playing on the . . . but we do hope that he will stop ticking when he gets wound up.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW.—Who was the Sergeant-Major who (to avoid Sunday duties) took 14 days' leave?

Since Tommy Holdsworth's affections to a certain Pekinese and strings, Sacha has been put up for sale (to cover expenses).

Heard in the Mess daily: "If I come round and see you, Tommy, will you give me a hand with my income tax?

All for the present.

FRANK.

S.T.C. Wales

2nd Depot Battalion

Hi-ya fellahs. I'm back to blither bally-hoo after a month's absence. Why the month's absence? Ah! Dear reader there has been work to be did. Actually, I've chosen a very bad moment to make my "come-back"—news, as usual, is as scarce as a fellow with cash on the night before pay-day; and to add to that almost unsurmountable difficulty I have the muddled state of mind usually associated with a return from seven days' leave. (Yes, Sergeant—it was only seven days.) After 12 months or more here I'm not at home unless I'm working under difficulties—the dice loaded against me and all that sort of thing you know—so here goes.

Before I reluctantly went on leave we had to say, "Fare thee well" to two of our A.T.S., namely, Volunteer Cattell D. M. (H.Q. S.T.C.) and Volunteer Whitehead E. (Q.M.'s Office), who have proceeded on a course prior to becoming Clerks' Instructors. They are two of our original A.T.S. and have been here since the camp's inception (is that the right word), so they are going to be a big miss—to somebody. Here's wishing them success.

More moves. Administrative Wing has had to say "bye-bye" to C.Q.M.S. Morgan, who has left us for "Dunnowhere"; in his stead we whole-heartedly welcome A/C.S.M. "Jock" Bain; we also tender our congratulations on his attaining the aforementioned rank. Talking about attainments—not that this has anything to do with it—but men in our midst have risen. Not to be outdone we rise to the occasion and say "Congratulations and nice work chaps." The lucky people are Lance Corporal "Pubs" Morbin, who has at long last got the "L" out of it. (Motto: Everything comes to he who waits—if he waits long enough.) Signalman John Sawyer (Huckleberry Finn to those who know) has picked up the falling "L." Everybody is happy now. We at least hope so.

A departure of a different nature is Signalman "Brad" Bradley's exit from the Orderly Room to Training Wing. He has gone on a pre—OGPU—sorry, O.C.T.U. course. We say good luck and congratulations—the latter not being intended to refer to "Brad's" move to Training Wing. No sirree, on scanning through Part II's I notice that he is now the father of a fine "bouncing baby boy." Gee. Some guys get all the breaks.

LAUGHTER PARADE.—Certain N.C.O.s of Administrative Wing (No names, no short pays) are now performing various defence duties. What! You don't see anything funny in that! Well, of course, you haven't met the certain N.C.O.s. . . .

AUTHENTIC?—We don't think so, but nevertheless we like the story of the Guard that mounted in the rain. The order "For Inspection, Port Arms" was given and one recruit smartly turned his rifle upside down. "Didn't you hear the order "Port Arms" said the Orderly Sergeant. "Yes, sir," said the rookie, "But it's any port in a storm isn't it?" Collapse of Orderly Sergeant complete with one Orderly Officer.

This month's high spot in the entertainment line is a large Charity Ball being held at a nearby point of civilisation. It is being run by kind permission of the Commandant and the proceeds are to go to the Bombed Areas Distress Fund. The feature of the dance is the band, it consists of players from many famous stage and radio bands and is under the personal supervision of Sydney Lipton, of Grosvenor House fame, who at present is serving at this Centre. It should be good.

SPORT.—Miniature Rifle Club. The Secretaryship of the Club has recently changed hands. Now in that capacity is Signalman Johnny Walker (who said his nickname was "Whisky"). Anyhow, "Whisky" is a capable secretary and a very handy fellow to have in any Rifle Club. He recently placed his tarket "edge on" and split it at 30 yards' range! Seeing is believing—so I know. Needless to say he won this month's silver spoon for handicap shooting.

There's always more enjoyable things to do than writing. Wire dope—so I'll blow. O.K. Beat it.

BIMBO.

No. 1 Company

Well, folks, we are sorry for the small amount of notes for this month's issue, but nothing startling has happened this month. Still we will do our best, so here goes.

ARRIVALS.—We welcome to the fold the following who have come to swell the ranks of our over-worked staff, S.S.M. McDougall and Corporal Crumbie. We hope that their stay will be a long and happy one.

DEPARTURES.—We are sorry to have lost the following who have left us for other stations, S.S.M. Adams, Sergeant Beddon, Sergeant Conroy and Signalman Riseborough.

Still there are a few more sweating.

PROMOTIONS.—We extend our congratulations to Lance Sergeants Mansfield and Gillie on attaining that rank; also to Lance Corporal Phillips on pulling his second. The same applies to Lance Corporals Brind, Burling and Cooper on losing their "U."

FLASHES.—We wonder whether Lance Sergeant Gillie with his promotion, coupled with his back pay, will be able to speculate 7s. 6d. and join the "Order of Married Pads"?

AGONY.—Who was the N.C.O. who said that a soldier was considered drunk after one pint.

P.U.G.

No. 3 Company

Hullo, blokes, hullo. No. 3 Company calling once more. That Spring we were talking about last month really seems to have come at last, and a good job, too! This extra hour of daylight of an evening is a great boon, not only to our amorous Corporal, lately returned to duty with the P.T. Staff, but also your scribe.

At one time it was possible to write these notes in the "Guvner's" time, but those palmy days seem to have departed for ever, and now it is necessary to scribble away in a race against time—or rather the light.

With the Company assuming more and more every day the proportions of a battalion, it's no small wonder that the C.S.M.'s hair seems to be diminishing in quantity, if not quality. But still, he welcomes every new batch with a cheery smile, "Let them all come," he says, "bless 'em all," especially when 99 per cent. of them put in for leave immediately on arrival!

The past month has seen the departure of three "old hands" from the Cadre. Sergeant Hebbes H. left the Electrical School on being released from the Service—lucky little fellow—he's gone back into the front line now—and Lance Sergeant Massingham H. was promoted to Sergeant before leaving us, for the 3rd S.T.C.

C.Q.M.S. "Darkie" Saunders H. left us after a long and happy stay here. No more week-ends now "Q"—or arternoons orf.

In his place we welcome C.Q.M.S. Simpson, and we hope you will be as happy and popular here as your predecessor was.

Appointments just recently have been thick and heavy, if promotions have been a bit sticky, and we're pleased to report that the following are now "stripeys" and we hope they'll soon be paid, Lance Corporals Clayton L., Poppleton F., Smallbone F., Symonds E. and Hughes W. Keep going lads—it's a grand life if you don't weaken. These appointments, by the way, bring great joy to the other Junior N.C.O.s, who will now occasionally get a night off, and rather takes the sting of a remark overheard in the N.C.O.'s room a short time ago. "It is being considered to stop people for detention being sent to S —— M instead they will be posted to No. 3 Company and made U/Lance Corporals, as the net result will be the same." Back to promotions though, and we're able to congratulate Corporal Verran E. on getting that second tape—nice work, Eddie.

To the accompaniment of long faces, loud winks and lurid curse, quite a number of N.C.O.s have been recently trekking to and fro from the Pay Office.

It seems that the Regimental Paymaster has decided that they'd be pleased to help the Nation's War Effort by paying income tax. Well, well—you should be glad to know that you're in receipt of such wealth as to necessitate the payment of the tax. After all—if you blokes *will* go after promotion . . . .

Well, gang, the light is falling fast, and I can see no more, so till next month, good luck, everybody.

L.H.

No. 4 Company

If you think that the arrival of Herr Hess was big news, watch this. A driver was seen smoking on Thursday last week. I understand that one of the boys was able to buy a packet of Player's, in Prestatyn, too, but this report should be treated with the utmost reserve.

Real Griff now.

Back to take charge of the garages, our long garages, big garages, beautiful garages, comes Sergeant Boyton. Yes, that man's here again. It must be a change to be able to stroll around that vast estate after being confined to the chicken run that houses the M.C. Section. I understand that M.C. wallahs count holes in bits of wire netting when they suffer from insomnia!

Talking of M.C., congratulations to "Freddy" Lathbury on becoming Sergeant Lathbury, and to Corporal Richardson on pulling that second tape. Also to Lance Corporals Bond and Elliott on getting their feet on the ladder that leads to fame and fortune. I believe that there was once a Lance Corporal who got paid for his tape—that wouldn't be in our Army though.

Back to the M.T. Section, and we find that Corporal (Alf) Newsome now becomes Sergeant Newsome, and also that he is leaving us shortly. Congratulations, Sergeant, and we're wishing you all the best of luck in your new station. Sergeant Delaney has also left us recently, our best wishes go out with him. All the best, Serge, and oil that throat.

It may interest old members of the Cadre who have now drifted from us to know that Sergeant (Stumpy) Holmes has returned to this Centre for a short while. We could do with him in the Company if there is an athletic meeting on August Monday. When entries for the last meeting were going in the boys stood around as if they had wooden legs. The way some folks move on early morning P.T. supports that view, too, mentioning no names, of course, but we know a P.T. Instructor who just stands on the corner of the drill square and shouts instead of running round with the boys.

Another innovation has come into force, as a result of which recruits are going to be only attached (platonically, of course), to the company. The boys don't seem to like doing as many duties as there are drifting around now. They like their evenings out, do our boys, but I suppose the girls of the district will welcome the change.

Well, that's all for this time, so it's cheerio for another month of parafin and cotton waste, and the joys of the open road.

TAC.

Training Wing

It is such a long time since we sent in any notes that we have almost forgotten what to say and how to say it. What is more, we have been so very, very busy that time has not allowed us to get anywhere near the typewriter.

If you were to peer into Training Wing office at the present moment you would find everyone in there simply loaded up with work and 25 per cent. of the staff in the office persistently shaking. (All right, you can calm down now.)

Some weeks ago Training Wing lost a Section Sergeant, no other than Sergeant Blanchard J. He was admitted to hospital and we are sure that all who know him wish him a speedy recovery. He is certainly missed and he leaves a blank space which can never be filled in.

We have also lost Major Webb, our O.C. We were, indeed, sorry to lose him and we wish him all the best in his new venture. Captain Randall has now taken into his own hands the reins of Training Wing. We, his N.C.O.s and men, will offer him every support.

Sergeant Driscoll now has two pips. If it had been last year we would have said they had come from oranges, but it cannot be said this year. Congratulations, Lieutenant Driscoll. Everyone we know was glad to see it.

Lieutenant Driscoll is Acting Second-in-Command in Training Wing. Sergeant Bob Morphew has taken over the Senior N.C.O.'s D. and D. Course, Sergeant Bill Spargo the Juniors. Corporal Davies, now Lance Sergeant, has taken over C Group, unfortunately for him.

Jimmy James is still sweating, we know that tea is rationed, so maybe he is unable to procure enough tea coupons for his other tape.

Corporal Fulton (late Training Wing) is now Training Wing's Chief Goon under Corporal Vic Edens. We sincerely hope that he will come through O.K. He takes P.T. quite often to broaden his shoulders to take the weight of the pips (he hopes).

We congratulate "Sandy" (Sergeant Emery) on the birth of a daughter.

C. Group, these days, is comparatively small, as there have been many postings, but we are very proud to have Signalman Sydney Lipton (of Grosvenor House) in our midst and we hope he "strings" along O.K.

Training Wing Marches On (Lance Corporal Charlesworth please note).

JIM.

Yorkshire 3

3rd Operators' Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

DEPARTURES.—Sergeant Freedman has left for a far better home, our best wishes go with him.

SPORT.—Our Soccer match with "B" Company gave the crowd (all five of them) a great thrill and "B" Company were deserved winners of a good game. We hope they now go on to win the Crossley Cup.

Changes in personnel are too numerous to mention by name, so to all arrivals we say "Welcome" and to all departures "Farewell."

SERGEANTS' MESS.—Very few changes have taken place during the month, we still carry on and Spitfire is ever the password.

Another Games Tournament was held on the 18th April, and was a great success. The final item was the usual blow football, this time played on the floor with a balloon. "B" Company won the magnificent trophy with 16 points.

QUEERHAWK.

"A" Company

The amount of news that I have to impart to you this month is absolutely negligible. I haven't even got any snow to moan about, although the weather in this part of the world leaves much to be desired. The normal routine of the Company is still continuing, much of it up to the standard of the days of old. There is much "Hesteria" these days on the probability of the skids being applied to various members of the community, but this up to date is as far as it can go, and we have simply got to sit back with our hearts all a flutter.

SPORTS.—This department is again more or less stagnant, and nothing of importance has taken place recently.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—Does "Goon" Training send the Instructor or the "Goon" batty? Comments please.

What a Sergeant feels like when he passes a column and gives a pukka salute although he is riding a bike?

DEPARTURE.—Lieutenant G. V. Hayles to fresh fields. Our deep regret at losing him, and hope for a successful continuance of his career.

CONGRATULATIONS to "Bill," late C.S.M., on having reached the dizzy heights of Captain. All the best from the boys.

SEXTON.

"B" Company

Here we are again, right in the middle of War Weapons Week, with a lot of yokels taking the "brass" from the pockets of the bewildered and astonished (Goons).

Once again "B" Company has excelled, and as usual have taken the troubles of the Battalion on their shoulders. We are now in the final of the Crossley Cup, after a gruelling fight against the Operators Battalion; our chief worry is who will fill it.

We extend the glad hand of welcome to 2nd Lieutenant Galloway and, at the same time, wish him good luck as he departs for a muscle bending course on the 15th. Good muscling, sir.

Congratulations to Lance Sergeant Danskin on reaching full rank; also to Corporal Upson, who grew bald waiting for his other one, and Lance Corporals Gibson, Quinn and our Little Drummer Boy Elliott.

We wish Lance Sergeant McKellar, Corporal Wallace and Lance Corporal Elder bon voyage and best luck in their new venture.

QUERIES ?—Who was the Captain that asked the team and spectators to stop and have a drink at 16.40 hours? I wonder if he knew the pubs were closed.

Which C.S.M. was seen furtively going in the direction of Dewsbury with a "Tatting" hat wrapped up, disguised as a pair of kippers?

DIS.

"D" Company

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.—We welcome 2nd Lieutenant R. M. Warrington to the Company and hope that his stay with us will be a pleasant one. Another cavalryman has left us, but we are sure that the presence of the O.C. Company will prevent "Don Troop" from ever becoming just "D Company"; we wish Lieutenant C. G. McIntosh every success in Administrative Wing, with Transport added to his duties, as P.R.I.

Lieutenant H. B. Jennings has temporarily deserted us in favour of "Drill and Duties"; our prestige in the district has dropped considerably since he has removed his motor car from its position in front of Company office.

We congratulate Lance Corporals Dennison and Kewley on their postings to O.C.T.U.s and are sure that they will do well there.

We welcome Sergeant Williams to the company.

PROMOTIONS.—We congratulate Lance Sergeant Dique on his promotion and Q1 for weapon training; also Corporal Newton and Lance Corporal Clapham on their promotions.

COMPANY NOTES.—Corporal Hackett goes from strength to strength and from P.T. course to P.T. course; he does jolly well at each one. Well done, Corporal! Lance Corporal Cook obtained a Q1 on his gas course. Fifth columnists from "A" and "B" Companies are still trying to obtain useful information by watching our pass-off squads.

The C.S.M. is in remarkably good voice just now; the only fear is that on one of these days he will waken the Quartermaster. Corporal Metcalfe, back at his old job, finds it "less strenuous" than office work!

Congratulations to Lance-Corporal Senior on the arrival of "Junior."

3rd General Trades Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

The combination of double summer time, weak beer and shortage of cigarettes and silk stockings gives life a twist that many of us would regard with despondency and alarm were it not that we are amply compensated by breakfasting seven days a week off ham and eggs.

Even nature is bucking—we have to contend with snowstorms and frosts in summer, but despite these and many other hardships, pay day sees us all lined up with beaming faces that would put Adolf five years behind with his programme could he see us.

Time and tide wait for no man, nor do posting orders. Sergeant Barton is the latest to fall in facing the gangway. We wish him every success in the future. C.Q.M.S. (Sam) Farmer, Line Company, recently hoisted his sails, which was a blow to our shooting team—his reasons for "aiming off, for wind" when shooting indoors on a miniature range still puzzle us.

After quite a period of sick leave, Little Audrey has come back to the fold. We are sorry to note that she is so depressed and are endeavouring to contact a "duplicator" expert for her so that her only worry will be not to amend K.R. with clothing regs. amendments.

Lance Sergeant Lavery has joined us from 4 Company and we feel sure it will not be long before he realises the importance of being amongst the select. We wish him luck in his new employment and await the results of his new formula (or should it be "recipe"?) for producing rissoles from Kellogg's Corn Flakes, empty sauce bottles and creosote.

It is rumoured in well-informed quarters that the R.Q.M.S. was one day compiling his income tax returns when his 'phone rang and he had to give certain information in connection with the petrol account to a most exalted personage who, apparently, was a long sufferer from indigestion. Anyhow the rumour continues that, not unnaturally, the R.Q.M.S. became a little flustered and when taking up his pen again to complete aforementioned statement to H.M. Inspector of Taxes had miles per gallon, total consumption and so on confused with £ s. d. An enterprising pay clerk is laying odds as to the time to elapse before the R.Q.M.S. is bankrupt.

WE WONDER WHAT THEY THOUGHT — When the R.S.M., at midnight, told a sentry not to loiter but move about in a smart and soldierlike manner, and found himself addressing not a sentry but a pillar of stone at a certain entrance.

When the M.O. discovered that his orderly thought sal volatile was Geraldo's sister.

IS THIS A RECORD !—Cricket for the crowd—popular slogan of county clubs before the war curtailed pleasures of the willow—has been adopted by our budding cricket team. 250 runs, or thereabout, in two hours! All out for 19 in less minutes! Cricket for the crowd (if there had been a crowd) with a vengeance. 3 Company might claim the credit for both runs and wickets, but where would they have been without the Administrative Wing bowlers and batsmen!

POINTS WE NOTICED.—The blank astonishment of the fielder who was told it wasn't "cricket" to smoke his pipe during play. The dismay of the bowler who had the batsmen in two minds—whether to hit him for four or six. The hurt feelings of the man who discovered that a ball driven hard from 15 yards' range is hot to handle. The audacity of the batsman who claimed top score of 5 when 4 of the total resulted from an overthrow.

No. 1 (Line) Company

Line Companies calling. Everything is going off according to plan—plenty of blitzes from the inside, but none from the outside up to going to press. Everything possible is done for the comfort and welfare of the inmates of this institution. Even the 06.25 hours P.T. parade. The latter "improvement" has, I think, been sent to try us. I, for one, feel fit (to drop) after 1,800 seconds of galloping in small circles round and round the training field. (The way things are going there is likely to be a definite advantage in being trained a good runner).

Congratulations to our football team on winning the Burton Challenge Cup. Everyone concerned has worked hard to get it, but I have not heard of it being filled as yet.

Summer coming on, we naturally turn to cricket and tennis, and facilities will soon be available for everyone interested to join in some sport or other. The first practice cricket match took place last night, the 12th day of May, 1941. The points worth noting are as follows:—

Tich Lambert, I.W.P.—A "duck."

W. C. Twitchen, I.W.P.—Ditto.

Nev. Davenport, M.B.S.—Acrobatic display.

By the way, the abbreviations are "Improve with Practice" and "Member of the Ballet Dancing School." Another cricket fiend, one Signalman Overton, ex-Notts, gave a reasonable display of fast bowling. He's walking about like a cripple to-day. I don't know whether it is the result of his week-end leave or the exertions of the match.

What actually put the lads off their stroke was a ladies' match on an adjoining pitch. Captain Lambert and Professor Greening deserted our side and went to "coach" the ladies (I don't know whether the latter got any of them to tell him their life story, but he looks very happy and pleased this morning.)

C.S.M. Hill has had a nasty accident with his top denture. One tooth is now missing—second right from the centre of his smile. I think he must have had the atrocious luck to get in his rations a piece of the same "chicken" that he had for dinner one day last week. It amazes me that he didn't break his jaw.

The Sergeants' Mess was the venue of a nice social the other evening. It went a bit flat about half-time, but everyone was well "terped up,' so there were no complaints. Sergeant Barsby, the head charang-cum-Master of Affairs (internal) did the disappearing trick about nineish and returned to the fold about midnight. Don't ask me where he went, and, if any of you have an idea, don't bother to tell me, because I'm not offering prizes for the answer. "Q" Stokoe is going into the chip business after the war. She looks lovely in a white pinafore. And someone told me he didn't drink. Well, he doesn't, not much. (There goes my new cap F.S.)

SECRET SERVICE.—Which of our officers returned to the Mess in the early hours of the morning and found his pyjamas had been sewn up and his bed made apple-pie fashion?

THE CARETAKER.

No. 3 (Workshop) Company

Pressure of work (?) nearly prevented these notes appearing this month, and only strenuous efforts at the last moment have produced any result at all. We therefore crave our readers' (if any) indulgence for any shortcomings in the following effusions.

Football is rapidly giving way to cricket and we are looking forward to a very successful evening in the local evening league, as we possess the services of several experienced cricketers. We hope, too, to give them some Saturday afternoon games later, and we broke ground in this direction early in May when we answered Administrative Wing's challenge and beat them by 244 runs for 6 wickets to a total of 19 all out.

Our first two evening league games have also resulted in easy victories for our two teams, though we may whisper it gently that the "B" team were fortunate in finding a well-known county fast bowler ineligible to play and so were awarded the match which, in actual play, they lost by 85 runs for 5 wickets to the small total of 19 all out. Much needed strengthening of the batting has now, we hope, been effected, and the "B" team look forward to repeating their surprise, but none the less deserved on the day's play, victory over the "A" team.

We particularly like the story, incidentally, of one of our C.Q.M.S. who arrived in the middle of one of our many discussions on the subject of our favourite summer sport and wondered why there was so much talk about a noisy insect which quickly jumps its lively way from hearth to hearth.

Tennis, too, is claiming a great deal of spare time, and several matches have been arranged. Though we lost the first, we have high hopes for the future. Athletics loom in the wind also, and there are rumours that some of our superior officers may be seen in unfamiliar garb on the sports field during Whitsuntide. It can certainly not be said that our spare time is not more than filled, and, in addition there are the weekly dances at which the Shops Swingers Band provides enthusiastic accompaniment to the large crowds who regularly attend.

No. 4 M.T. Company

Once again the authorship of these notes has changed hands. Upon the promotion and posting of "Lave," "Nobby" descends from the lofty pinnacle to which he soared on handing over to "Lave" and again takes up the pen to record the (printable) deeds of this gallant company.

ARRIVALS.—Our new Company Commander, Captain F. D. Ransome, brings enthusiasm and experience to the company. He also brings a chestful of military history which has given rise to heated arguments amongst our medal experts. (If you want to get on in 4 Company chaps, don't make any smart cracks about bows and arrows and woad.) Welcome to 4 Company, sir, and may your stay be long and successful.

We welcome also Corporal "Nobby" Hall from Aldershot, and trust he will enjoy his stay with the Company.

DEPARTURES.—We shall miss Major V. J. K. Hook who, according to rumour, is leaving for a part of world not altogether strange to him. Congratulations on the promotion, sir, and we wish you success in your new unit.

We are sorry to lose also Lance Sergeant Johnny Cairns, who has been with the Company since its formation. Hope you are comfortable back in Aldershot, Johnny.

Lance Sergeant Lavery has left us, but has not gone far. He has pulled off a cushy job in the Ration Office at Administrative Wing, and still passes our door occasionally, smelling tantalisingly of cheese and onions. It is a pity that he had to give up these notes just as he had burst so promisingly into verse—or is it? Also the "Hatry Group" will miss him, though the Company fund won't need much administration now. In fact, it's only a matter of paying out until all is gone, and even a C.S.M. can do that.

PROMOTIONS, BAGS OF.—Congratulations on their appointments or promotions to Sergeant "Topper" Brown, Lance Sergeant "Robbie" Hayhurst, Lance Sergeant Lavery R., Corporal Hubbard J. and Lance Corporals Shardelow, Turner, Scurr, Dimond and Williams. That ought to ease the duties out a bit.

PROMOTIONS, IRISH.—Our sympathy is with N.C.O.s who have had to revert to War Substantive rank through not having the requisite trade ratings. Keep swotting chaps, and better luck next time!

SOCIAL.—Once again we have staged a successful smoker—with real smokes, too! Thanks are due to C.Q.M.S. Redfern for the A. and Q. arrangements, and to Corporal "Piccolo" Peet for a good performance as compère. You're quite a discovery, Harold, and the job is yours for keeps.

In defiance of the conventions of smoking concerts, ladies appeared in our programme. Miss Marion Thomas, who accompanied Signalman "Hutch" Hirst in popular choruses, and the young ladies of the O.T.B. Concert Party, made a pleasing change in the conventional smoker programme, and, incidentally, helped to keep us in order. Thanks, girls.

The concert disclosed the fact that there is plenty of talent within the company, and we hope to make our next smoker an entirely domestic affair.

It is a pity that, owing to increased demands for accommodation, we have been obliged to give up our dance floor. The ever-popular weekly dance will be missed keenly by our lighter-footed drivers, and also by the numerous civilian "regular customers."

NOBBY.

— Command Signals, Yorkshire

DEFINITION.—A period of happiness is the distance between two fixed immovable objects, both intangible and mundane. I mean the toil of Father Time, which is the nucleus of our sweetest dreams—seven days' leave!

Frustration might also be described as the long gap between Army Forms B 295!

I seem to be blowing hot and cold — but then I'm going on leave in a couple of days' time, so that the mercury is continually shooting up and down as I undergo the process of anticipation. I shan't feel really safe until I get on the train, and it would take at least two Panzer Divisions to stop me from getting there.

Perhaps this is rather unflattering comment on Command Signals, but apart from all else I can always blame the Spring—ignoring the fact that we had hail the other week.

We continue to work hard, and far from blushing at the pay table, we readily accept our hard-earned cash — confident that very soon we shall be able to unleash our philanthropic spirits now that income tax is 10s. in the £.

I'm afraid it would be very tedious if I were to even broach upon the "Changing face of Command Signals," there has been so much swopping around lately. It is rather pertinent to record the opinion that even the Ministry for Air Production could pick up a few tips from our O.C.T.U.s! Officers' initials have always been a bogey in the Orderly Room, and it's getting more difficult than ever now to choose the right combination from the alphabet to fit our more recent arrivals. In this respect our new Second-in-Command is fortunate — Major J. C. Anderson — J.C., if one employs the association of ideas theory, is very easy to remember!

The response to the "Churchill" Essay Competition surprised everyone, I think, and the quality of the entries more so. The judges were rather at variance, but the first three entries which were eventually forwarded certainly won't detract from our prestige. I wonder if the many hours spent in originating practice messages has helped to develop the imagination?

There was one very popular entry from Private Lewis, one of our attached infantry orderlies. His essay on emancipated woman was really clever, without being too flippant—he obviously admires the ladies. At any rate he was very successful in demonstrating that an essay need not necessarily resemble a thesis on political economy.

There is a vacancy on the Orderly Room establishment for an unselfconscious personality of commanding presence. Here is an opportunity for a highly repressed specimen who wants to give expression to his ego, preferably a student of the Pelman Institute. All he has to do is to interview intending officer visitors. The approach should be cautious and suspicious, but very tactful. After the identity card has been produced compare the original with the photographer's effort, mentally register the impression, decide quickly whether or not it's Rudolf Hess masquerading in British uniform, and if you still think it's safe, escort the gentleman to the sanctum sanctorum. That is SECURITY.

Personally I'm rather tired of living those agonising moments during which Lieutenant-Colonels and other exalted personages gasp at the temerity of the creature and deciding to swallow the thing whole or send out for a bottle of Yorkshire Relish first.

I won't paint too gloomy a picture — there is a lighter side. Occasionally the A.T.S. come along, and there comes an opportunity of gazing deeply into the eyes—just to check up on the identity particulars, of course!

CARELESS RAPTURE.—If you make it worth my while I'll give you the number, rank and name, religious and medical category of the Don R. who, while parked at the kerb with an A.T.S. parade was in progress, was so unmanned and weakened at the sight that he let his "Beezer" fall over on top of him.

SABOTAGE IN THE STRING SECTION.—Don R.s will please note that the practice of removing strings from Mission Hall pianos to repair their brake cables will cease forthwith. It isn't cricket, it isn't even ersatz.

AMANUENSIS.

STEPPING OUT.—It is May ! The birds are singing and the trees are budding ! It is May ! (Apologies to the sob-sisters who write for the newspapers under male nom-de-plumes.) Anyway, it is May and the temptation to tell you all about the first daffodil blooming so bravely in our front garden is almost neutralised by the urge to go forth and find some feminine pulchritude. I sound almost like old Amanuensis don't I ? To return to my urges, I am not sure which will win, but I'll bet a day's pay that there'll be lipstick on this MSS. when I send it in.

Lipstick reminds me of the rumour that an A.T.S. stenographer has been indented for. Already we, the Social Conscience of the Age, have been asked to find a padded chair for said A.T.S. to sit in when taking letters from the Adjutant. We can't see why the chair is necessary; when we were young . . . .

We once read that the Spring directs the fancies of a young man towards the opposite sex and so we are not surprised that we have to congratulate the following newly-weds :—Signalmen Pickhaveer A. C., Blandford H., Tillotson T. J. and Hatton J. and Driver McDonald R. A. Happy days, folks.

We've got a new " daddy " to tell you about—Sergeant Chadwick. His son Kenneth arrived on this earth not so long ago, and we congratulate the happy parents.

Our ears are always open for any little item of news to scoop the other reports on this magazine. We're got a real snorter for you now. It seems that a member of our intelligentsia has written a march for the A.T.S. Theme of the march and song is concerned with beautiful damsels in flowering valleys falling for handsome knights and then being stood-up by said knights. We think he was rather tactless, but we must admit that the idea suggests great possibilities and we have chosen signature tunes and incidental music for various people and occurrences in the R.C. Signals.

" Dodging a Divorcee " would be suitable for most of our Romeos, and " Serenade to a Wealthy Widow " would suit most of us. To those brave hearts who polish not their buttons and leave their equipment blancoless we dedicate with bursting hearts " Revolt of the Yes Men." " Deep Purple " is obviously meant for the C.Q.'s nose and " One O'Clock Whistle " reminds us of the poor Orderly Room staffs everywhere who never go to dinner on time. Duke Ellington's " Saddest Tale " should be played during the trials of traffic accident culprits, and " After all, you're all I'm after " should be sung by anyone passing an M.P. " How come you do me like you do " could be used to introduce the Pay Clerk, whilst members of the T.A. would march quite well to " Saturday Night Function " ; Militia men would no doubt appreciate " Berceuse to an Unwanted Child."

Yes, we think that a better choice could have been made for a march for the A.T.S. and we hereby give notice that " You're gonna lose your gal " would have been our idea.

" Hotel leads way in scientific cleanliness. All bathrooms sterilised with ultra-violet rays and then sealed with cellophane." (Extract from " New Yorker.")

Ah me, these happy people, plodding along so slowly and thinking they are so far ahead. Ultra-violet rays and cellophane, indeed. Blanco and metal polish would turn the bathroom into a new idea (or order) that would be so far ahead that no one would catch up with it. Why don't these people come to us for ideas ?

PERSONALITY QUIZ.—We have noticed that all the best papers now are testing their readers' personality free of all charge and embarrassment. That to our mind is a very good idea and as we have always considered that Army life needs tact, politeness and a good personality more than any other branch of life, we have worked hard on the following questions. It's quite simple, you answer the questions truthfully and without lying more than once per question and then add up your marks and see how high you rate in the social whirl.

1.—How long since you last cleaned your rifle ? (Last week, 5 points; last month, 3 points; Christmas, 1 point; lost me rifle, nil.)

2.—When you are smoking on parade, do you offer the R.S.M. a fag ? (Yes, 5; sometimes, 1; no, nil.)

3.—You knock your hat off when shouldering arms on a big inspection, do you say—" Sorry, I'm sure " and bow gracefully as you pick it up, 5; smile and say " Aren't I clumsy?" 3; cough politely and then pick it up, 1; leave it there, nil.

4.—You are standing in a crowded bus and an A.T.S. officer offers you her seat.—Do you present arms, bow, and say " Madam is most kind but I am only going another ten miles," 5; smile and say " Oh, I really couldn't, ta all the same," 3; say " S'all right lady, I'll stand, 1; take her seat, nil.

5.—You haven't had a hair cut since your last leave and someone asks you if you're in the Pay Corps. Do you smile and say, " No, I like it long," 5; smile and say, " Is it that bad," 3; say " I'm a soldier, I am," 1; wrap the rifle round their necks, nil.

6.—You are on guard when the Colonel and his wife pass. Do you present arms to the Colonel, raise your hat to his wife and say " Nice day for a walk," 5; salute, bow to the lady and smile, 3; say " Going tata's ? " and wave, 1; turn your back and hide in the sentry box, nil.

7.—You are at a dance and an officer of your own unit keeps cutting in on the beautiful wench you have just found. He knows you are single. Do you smile and say " Naughty, naughty, I saw her first, 5; say " Excuse me, but this lady may be the mother of my children, 3; coldly raise the right eyebrow and ignore him, 1; snarl, " go, find your own," nil.

8.—A strangely-dressed officer with jack boots and a silly sort of armlet walks up to you and say " You show me der secret documents, Ja?" Would you say " We hof not landed near the Cherman Army, nein," 5 (he would think you a friend then, see ?); say " What secret documents, funny," 3; give him a gentle push and say, " Garn, don't be silly, you're an enemy," 1; ask for his identification card, nil. (Of course, if you ignore him, it is bad manners and someone might say you don't know your job.) Well, how did you make out ? If you scored 30-40, you are well on the way to fame. 25-30, is good. 20-25, you want to be a little more suave. 15-20, no technique at all, read Godfrey Winn. 10-15, Don't you know anything. 5-10, Back to the gutter for you.

JUNKMAN.

HAVE YOU JOINED THE SIGNALS ASSOCIATION ?

— Command Signals, Scotland

Unit Headquarters

OVERTURE—ARRIVALS. — Welcome to 2nd Lieutenants Simpson, Mather, Rogers, Lisle, Smith, Parsons and Sandeman. We wish the last-named a speedy recovery after his operation.

Lieutenants Waddleton and Pullin have return to the unit; we are pleased to have them with us again.

DEPARTURES.—Major W. M. Smith, of Bill fame. Good luck to you, sir. We shan't forget you.

FIRST ACT.—Congratulations to Signalman Robinson A. B. on signing a long-service engagement at the Methodist Church with Miss Eveline Atkinson. " Robby " has, until recently, handed out sports kit to the legions of aspiring Don Bradmans and Tommy Walkers.

SECOND ACT.—We extend our sympathies to R.S.M. Smith on his misfortune, luckily with no loss of life.

THIRD ACT.—Our wishes for future success go to Signalman Constantinides, a very popular member of the Orderly Room. Having graced this unit with his presence for six months, he returned to England a little more learned—we hope.

FINALE.—We would like to know—The thoughts of the humble Signalman, officially on P.A.D. duty, who heard the sirens wail when surrounded by 35,000 roaring fans at the Hearts-Celtic match.

UNIT TIT-BITS—

1.—Masterly handwriting ! For " Private Residences " read " Duode Resistances."

2.—Cereals and stewed fruit !

3.—Who is the officer who drew his own attention to his own orders and then " singed " himself ?

4.—By their sayings so shall ye know them:—

(a) " Oh, to the Devil ! "

(b) " Here ! What the heck's this ? "

(c) " But, sir, just a moment, sir."

No. 1 Company

The Company is busying itself at the moment with a greatly varying number of jobs. Such a remark I am afraid, leaves scope for unkind people to make nasty remarks, but just don't listen to them. Actually a line company always has the best of it in the summer-time, although they certainly have the dirty end of the stick in the winter-time, and at the moment the company is certainly enjoying life out in the sun all day long.

There are no special items of interest to report this month except that the posting away of Captain J. W. Grieve is greatly regretted and the Company wish him the very best of luck wherever he goes.

? LINE SECTION.—This is the working section at the moment. They are scattered all over the map, doing everything and helping everyone —not forgetting the Home Guard.

They have " Ubique " plastered on their chests and justly deserve it.

Likewise the **? LINE MAINTENANCE SECTION.** " Suffish " to say that both sections are being kept busy all the time and are keeping the flag flying.

In conclusion there actually is not much to report at the moment and (sorry, girls) no juicy tit-bits of scandal to whisper, for it really has been a hum-drum uneventful month, and so for the present we leave you.

No. 2 Company

This chapter opens with the departure of the O.C., Major H. V. G. Bloodworth, who leaves us to proceed to censored destination on a Senior Officers' Course.

Whether or not his " docs " will bear a " D " on his return remains to be seen; but we wish him well and hope that he will " produce the goods on the day," as is his usual custom.

We find after this long paragraph that we are a little behind, for the O.C. has not only gone, but completed his course and returned to the fold. His appearance suggests a holiday well spent on the Riviera.

During his absence the affairs of the company were conducted by Captain Beattie, who is looking less strained of late but still a bit thin.

ARRIVALS.—We have been blessed with two new officers on whom to hold forth. Firstly, Lieutenant Barron who, from his distinct bearing instantly earned himself the name " Von ——."

Maybe the surname (or the laugh) had something to do with it.

Secondly: 2nd Lieutenant Aitken. Rather quiet so far (time will always tell with the deep 'uns), noted for his magnificent breeks and field boots.

CONGRATULATIONS.—To Lance Sergeant Davenport H. T. on achieving or stealing his third stripe; and this without rude reference to " bread rations."

The D.R. Section to which he has been posted have a capture here, although perhaps I should tender my condolences to Dave.

Also in the stripe-gleaning contest are the recently-appointed Corporals, Robinson, Middlefell, Sleat, etc., and a further host of Lance Corporals too numerous to mention.

Good luck to you all.

CONGRATULATIONS MATRIMONIAL. — Tragedy struck at the household last week, the once happy and carefree Sergeant Roscoe is now a " married man."

While wishing all future happiness to Bill and his wife, I do at least hope that he will mend his habits.

CONGRATULATIONS, ALMOST MATRIMONIAL. — It is Spring. Young men have hearts and fancies. On a very selective, highly-sensitive receiver, we intercepted the following information from the " Little Bird " colony:—

Mr. J. A. C. Drew has become a casualty on Cupid's list.

Ah, love ! could thou and I with fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits and then—
Remould it—nearer to the heart's desire.

Best of luck, sir, let's hope it runs " Smoothe " for you.

Riders from this Company figured prominently in the recently-held District Motor Cycle Trials in which we achieved seventh and eighth positions out of a total entry of twenty-eight teams.

Not too bad for an initial effort, eh ?

Corporal Mayfield is to be mentioned for an excellent ride culminating in the third position individual placing; and this after demonstrating during the practice lap—how a steep descent should be negotiated exactly one jump ahead of his motor cycle.

LECTURES.—Training is now in progress for the owls and others in order that they may soon upgrade. Lectures are given in turn by our various officer instructors in such profound subjects as German War Tactics, E. and M., Map Reading and Telegraphy.

An official paper on the former, ably read in cultured tone by our Mr. J. A. C. Drew, commenced with a most enlightening statement:—

" We now know far more of the tactics of the German Army than we did six months ago."

We agree, Mr. Drew !

One question asked in an undertone by a person seated immediately behind me was not answered, and perhaps not heard by Mr. Drew; so we appeal to higher authority.

Would it matter very much if enemy action resulted in the total destruction of three heavily-laden cargo vessels, with holds chockful of the more popular shades of " Green Blanco " ? (Presumably our May issue.) We think yes, for it is not only the good earth that puts on a mantle of green to herald the Spring. Fortunately for the good earth it is only necessary to provide one annual application.

HOCKEY.—The performance of the unit team has steadily attained higher planes. The high-spot being the brilliant and well-earned victory over the Blue-Pencil Girls H.C.

This was only achieved after innumerable scrimmages resembling Rugby scrums, in which I am pleased to note no one was damaged.

Judging from the mingled guffaws and shrieks of merriment—a good time was had by all.

Strange ! But I had previously failed to see anything remotely akin to humour in pursuing a small white ball, armed only with a much-warped stick.

Perhaps I'm not well-versed in such serious entertainment.

SILENCE.—At a hockey match played on the home pitch a week or so ago, we witnessed by eye and ear, the temporary silencing of one " Puncher."

As this is the only time on record it is therefore worthy of mention for the numerous scattered " Signals " who either know, or have heard of " Puncher."

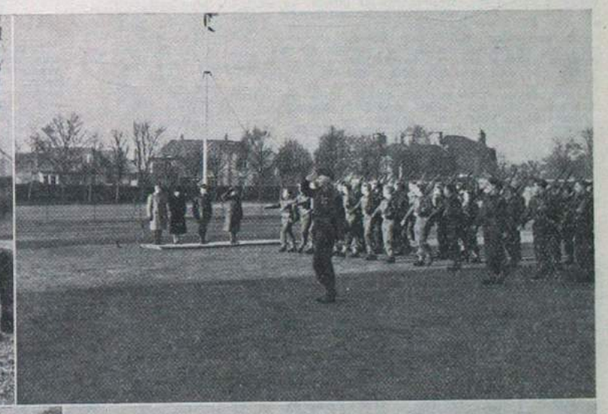
It happened like this:—

A little man, magnificently attired in a jersey of a brilliant and awe-inspiring scarlet, stood in our goalmouth. Or at least he should have been standing there. But the greater part of his time was taken up by his frantic rushes toward and sometimes over the half-line; during which he brandished his warped stick not unlike an Indian Brave his tomahawk, intent to kill.

Accompanying these flourishings and brandishings were the usual Puncher noises; but they came to a sudden stop when, after either

H.R.H. VISITS — COMMAND SIGNALS, SCOTLAND









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misjudging his distance, or mistaking his disengaged eye, he, with some considerable force collided with a beefy opposing forward.

Puncher rushed, bumped, bounced off, staggered and fell, and lay a crumpled and strangely silent heap of suffering humanity.

Bull-goading jersey an' all.

He really was quiet, and for almost two whole minutes, but, hero that he is (all those medals) he regained his feet, mumbled unintelligible cuss-words, made vague references about the unmentionable locality of some old war-wound and recommenced play.

We are happy to say that he is back with us again, still with a limp 'tis true; but on the road to complete recovery.

But, I have heard it said—in quiet corners mind you—that the impediment should not be so much in his gait as in his speech.

NO. ? TELE-OP. SECTION.—"Thank Heaven for the Marines!"

At least, that was the general opinion of T.O.S. last March.

Elucidating.—The circumstances prevented us from taking over some Nissen huts for our training period, instead we were accommodated in an old house, complete with ghost, hot (?) and cold running water and a few other modern conveniences (e.g., a piano), so that the fourteen inches of snow worried us not at all.

Two rooms were fitted up as signal offices and the training consisted mainly of Morse and traffic schemes between the two offices, with a certain amount of lamp traffic arriving through the window from the other side of the rosebeds.

As a variation, the two three-tonners were fitted up as mobile signal offices and the section moved off temporarily to look for "fresh woods and pastures new."

When a suitable spot had been found the lorries were parked in the "fresh woods" and the DS run out at incredible speed across the "pastures new" and traffic was passed.

Judging by the looks of well-fed contentedness and the gloom that descended when the time came to return to H.Q., the Section benefited both mentally and physically by its excursion into "the high timber" and, as is written of vicarage fetes and Sunday School outings, a good time was had by all.

TWENTY GUESSES

An apparition crossed our square,
A soldier strange from—Lord knows where,
With anklets, web, up to his knee—
We wondered who this man could be.

He came upon us one sad day
When "Puncher" ailed, and had to stay
Quiet in his billet with a knee
Quite twice the size that knees should be.

This soldier strange marched to our rear,
With jerky gait and grinning leer,
Weird noises from his puzzling mouth
Reverberated North and South.

His hand clasped note-book twice his size,
A baleful light shone in his eyes,
He turned about; but sad to say,
His under-structure fell away.

RUMOUR, ALARM AND DESPONDENCY.—We have authority from official quarters to refute all rumours that the elegant suiting recently flaunted by Mr. Smith is a "Rational Creation," or that the cutting process was performed by his brother—believed to be a butcher.

THE THIN MAN DEPARTS

Now hearken gents. and ladies,
And to you I will unfold
A poem 'bout Mr. Cortez-Leigh,
If I may be so bold.

He's been our Messing Officer,
And one of great renown,
His charges they must surely be—
The best-fed troops in town.

When you have your herring fish-pie,
Or early morning tea,
The gentleman you have to bless
Is Mr. Cortez-Leigh.

But should you go out courting,
And come in rather late—
Be careful Mr. Cortez-Leigh's
Not standing by the gate.

For one glance from his eagle-eye,
Or so I've heard it said,
And many a stately blue pass
Has turned a shameful red.

Mr. Cortez-Leigh has left us,
But I think we're all agreed,
We wish him all the very best—
Good luck, good health, God speed.

No. 3 Company

Taking it all round a most eventful month has just passed. The city in which we are stationed—official secret(?)—was treated to the edifying sight of the Command Signals marching through and round its streets behind the Corps band. The band was paying us an official and welcome visit. The participants' in the march chief comment on the show from start to finish was "Who the hell invented blanco anyway."

The concert given by the band in the hall was widely appreciated and if criticism were offered it could only be "This music is over youse guys' heads!"

Another visit of importance was that paid us by the "Signal Officer in Chief." His pleasure at all he saw was greatly appreciated and the general duties men (establishment two, on strength nil) have applied to the C.Q.M.S. for a larger size of battle bowlers.

Talking, or rather writing, of visits, we are pleased to have seen several of our old N.C.O.s and Signalmen now 2nd Lieutenants. Was it imagination or did we detect a certain wistful look in the martial eye as they recognised old haunts? Anyway our congratulations to them and the best of luck.

Three Company, becoming ambitious, installed a billiards table in the N.A.A.F.I. canteen as an experiment. It was a great success and culminated in the "Great Snooker Handicap." Congratulations to Driver Robbins on winning first prize. Incidentally, it's a not true that several first round failures are being sued by the Handicap Committee for libel.

We welcome back Sergeant Whenman and his band of explorers from the far far distance. Their sojourn seems to have left them with a fine clear eye, but probably few illusions. Our farewells to Sergeant Ferguson and his party. At least they have some fine weather in front of them this time (perhaps).

AGONY COLUMN—

Any Old Iron.—Who the hell told the Q.M.G. we had beds, iron extending? Those days are gone forever.

Mathematics (?).—How many "Lance Jacks" make one "2nd Lieutenant."

P.A.D.—Must a fire watcher watch his fire all night or may he sleep at his post.

Privilege.—Who asked for a sleeping out pass on passionate grounds?

Real Agony.—Who the devil suggested me to write these notes, anyway?

G.E.I.M.

London District Signals

Headquarters Section

It is with some trepidation that your scribe approached his task for this month's WIRE, for was it not Lance Corporal Rayner who produced the last epic and is it not Lance Corporal Rayner who, far from basking in the heat of a happier clime, is now cleaning out cookhouses and other houses of a somewhat similar nature "Somewhere else in England!" However, it is not every stony path that ends in a rat-infested barn and the Headquarters Section will join in wishing the best of luck to both Lance Corporals Rayner and Ozanne on the termination of their apparently somewhat harrowing course. Meanwhile, back in the barracks something stirs. The Adjutant, for a time inviolate in his eyrie above the Square, suddenly had the secret of his whereabouts discovered. As time went on the gesticulating, shouting throngs which swarmed into his office became larger and larger, and now he has fled to the ultra Holy of Holies where he may only sign transport requisition chits and breathe in a hushed voice into the telephone. In his place, like Hercules (or rather Canute) to stem the tide, he left Mr. Caton, whom 1b Section welcomes as its new officer i/c. A mammoth task indeed was his, but he acquitted himself nobly and it is a privilege not to be missed to listen as he unfolds to a prospective recruit the glorious happiness of Army life, and then sends the poor fellow away to wait impatiently on the War Office until the day when he may partake of such bliss.

The Headquarters office also lost another famous figure. The nerves of P.N.Q.R. (Pop Nominal Quarter Roll) Hammerton snapped under the strain of shouting to make himself heard above the daily hubbub in the Adjutant's office, and he has now been put quietly to grass in the peaceful seclusion of No. 2 Company Office wherein (between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. very sharp) one may purchase anything from drawers' cellular short, to the very latest in pop pro-formas. It is understood that higher circles are kindly inclined to the suggestion that he and Lance Corporal Broome (the shepherd without a flock) should pass the empty hours in a game of marathon chess, as long as it does not interfere with the cobwebs and other fungus gradually accumulating on the latter's desk in the ghostly office of 3 Company.

The thrill of clerking has infected other sections of the unit and we now have an ex-lineman, Signalman Laidlaw, seated—or rather, glued—to the seat of honour at the registration table complete with a C rating. There are also newcomers to No. 1 Company office staff, who watch with bated breath the "Battle of the Quarters." Latest information is that Quarter Muir is slightly ahead on points, but Quarter Hammerton is confident of a knock-out in the 200th round, and the ultimate victim, it is thought, will be Lance Sergeant Morgan, who is just there to be shot at, anyway.

So much for the clerks. Of the fitters we have had no news, nor of the I.M.s or E.S.s. The cookhouse flourishes though its denizens are reported to be browned off with watching for imaginary fires by night and answering to the gentle ministrations of Sergeant Rendell by day. Never mind! There are worse things than the Army (so I was told just before the fellow who said it got lynched) and we shall soon be back in the Barrack Blocks.

Now we must say farewell to the most glamorous, the most exotic, the most poifect Section. (My apologies. These American travelogues do give one ideas.)

No. 1a Section

I find myself in a rather unenviable position as I have recently taken on the job of writing up a few choice lines on behalf of our Section. Apparently our friends the Fitters have, in the past, submitted contributions for inclusion in THE WIRE which have been mysteriously lost and this has caused the said Fitters and others whom I have approached for suggestions to shut up like clams and thus leave the onus of representing the Section in other lands. I feel, however, that the workshops should be heard from occasionally and so these few random remarks are penned to give expression on behalf of Headquarters workshops as a whole.

The ranks of the Fitters have been sadly depleted recently by the departure of Sergeant Jones from the unit, the posting of Signalman Moore R. G. to No. 5 (Drivers) Section and the temporary absence on courses of Lance Corporals Rising and Burton. This hard-worked shop is now endeavouring to bear up under the strain of a much depleted staff and an ever-increasing volume of work. The Electricians, who are now comfortably installed in their new charging shop, have also had a few changes in their ranks. Lance Corporal Horner has departed on 28 days' leave, pending discharge, and Signalman Hodgson has been posted away. The Electricians are very proud of their new acquisition, to wit a mains charging plant, promised long since and now doing good service. Certain members of this shop are more than pleased to see the passing of the old charging engines. No more polishing and wiping over with oily rags under the eagle eye of Corporal ———. In passing, the Technical Stores wish it to be known that they regret the departure to other spheres of Signalman Carter.

The I/Ms have also made a move and are now working like busy bees in their new hive. By the way, they would like it to be generally known that the unit painter has now departed from the dark hole behind their shop and has found a new home in the P.A.D. Stores. Corporal Eames would like to hear from any member of Kohat District Signals. Also what happened to his kit which was left in Headquarters Bungalow Kit Stores. Our carpenter, Signalman Cecil, would be glad to get in touch with Dennis Brady, late of Antofagasta, Chili, now believed to be a member of Royal Signals, "Somewhere in England."

S.M.



Our C.O.

D.R.'s Corner

The most outstanding event of the month undoubtedly was the Don R.'s dance. Both socially and financially this was a brilliant success. In Mr. Graham Walker and Mr. Arthur Bourne we had the esteemed company of two well-known people in the motor cycle world. Mr. Graham Walker, who spoke during the evening, being an ex-World War Don R., praised the work being done in London and compared it with his despatch riding in the last war. He said that wood blocks were definitely the most hazardous trial in the world.

Many of the Don R.s could be seen discussing the pros and cons of Army motor cycles and motor cycling and enjoying themselves with thee two guests. It looked like a real "club night," all were in the best of spirits.

2nd Lieutenant Bruce-Mitford and Sergeant Tucker as organiser and M.C. respectively did a good job of work. As two auctioneers they really excelled. Signalman Fripp, whose artistic posters and invite cards were outstandingly attractive, also helped to make it a success. We hope soon to be able to comment on successful trials training, which should now be available to all and sundry.

It is with regret we announce that two boys are in hospital after crashing. They are Danny Jordan and Jimmy Marsh, we trust they will soon be out and with us again. Jimmy had a very lucky escape, had he not been wearing his crash helmet, from what we saw of it, it may have been "good-bye" instead of "See you again soon." The boys sent Jimmy a parcel and Danny will be having one soon.

The sharpshooters of L.D.S. have been doing their stuff on the revolver range recently. Special mention must be made of that promising recruit, who, in his own words, put all six through the same hole. (Shame! What a waste.)

We warmly welcome the following recruits, Signalmen Lambert, Gwinn, Purcell, Finch, Anthony, Humphreys and Thorp. We trust their stay will be long and happy. Is it true they have already become subscribers to THE WIRE.

The week-end camp was officially started by a large number of Don R.'s, who returned looking sunburnt and happy (not that scheme appearance). The rest of the Section are looking forward to making the trip soon. More next month chums.

H.O.P.

THE DOINGS OF JIMMY DARE

Nothing could be heard except the steady throb of the high-powered motor cycle as it sped through country lanes, up one hill and down another in quick succession.

Jimmy Dare was still in his 'teens and only a few days before had been accepted as a despatch rider with London District Signals. Those three words meant a lot to Jimmy. He was proud to be a member of that well-known Signal Unit. Now he had his big chance, his first important special to deliver.

The "Alert" had sounded some time ago and Jimmy could see the searchlights sweeping the sky from all directions. Overhead he could hear what sounded like hundreds of aircraft travelling at high speed from the direction of the coast. Then the barrage from the "ack ack" began. To Jimmy Dare it seemed that shells were bursting inches above his head. He recognised the peculiar "crump" of bombs falling in the distance. But bombs or no bombs, Jimmy was determined to get through.

Well he only had another 20 miles to go and his engine was running smoothly. What was that! The earth seemed to tremble underneath him and he swerved just missing a "crater" by inches.

Jimmy Dare smiled grimly, he would stick it out come what may. Could those dirty "Huns" see him? There it was again: Gosh! that was near. I must be careful thought Jimmy. The needle of his speedo dropped back to sixty. Jimmy Dare reckoned he had about ten miles still to go and the barrage was getting heavier and heavier; he could hear it plainly above the roar of his engine.

Would his crash helmet protect him? Still two miles to go. My God, what was that? Jimmy knew something had really happened this time. He felt himself falling, falling, then he heard a voice. Was it the M.O. or was it his Section Sergeant asking for an accident report. He heard it plainly now. He was in bed. It was his mother, she was shaking him, saying: "Jimmy, you have been dreaming again, hurry or you will be late for school." Oh, dear, sighed Jimmy, why aren't I older then I really could be a despatch rider. Anyhow, he reflected, brightening, his brother was a D.R. and he promised to tell him more of his experiences of despatch riding with L.D.S.

W.J.C.

No. 5 M.T. Section Drivers

To commence the notes for this issue we have to report several promotions, postings and appointments. 2nd Lieutenant Collingham is now officer i/c of the Drivers Section in succession to 2nd Lieutenant Green—this is becoming almost a monthly change! We welcome 2nd Lieutenant Collingham and in quite a short time he has introduced several innovations into the Section. The new wall chart showing drivers and vehicles "in and out" of the barracks and workshops is his "pride and joy." The new log book is also in full use, accompanied by various forms and booklets on M/T which the drivers have to carry with them—if we get many more forms we shall need a document case in which to carry them! Vehicle inspection is now becoming a daily task and on one recent afternoon the officer i/c was discovered with gauge in hand carefully checking the tyre pressures of all the vehicles. So much for the new officer i/c and now to deal with the drivers, N.C.O.s and men.

Good luck to Lance Corporals Smith J. B. and Lamacraft (late of the fire squad) who are now with the R.A.F. undergoing intensive training for pilot and observer respectively.

Congratulations to Lance Corporals Dixon and Mizon, of the Drivers Section (non-driving drivers) on their appointment to Lance Corporal rank—both are on the fire squad and Lance Corporal Mizon has recently returned from a P.A.D. course which he completed successfully. Latest news of Lance Corporal Dixon—appointed Lance Sergeant and proceeding on a "pucka" P.A.D. course within the next few days. We wish him every success.

Corporal Fussell has recently been "made up" to Lance-Sergeant and is now on an M/T course "Somewhere in Wales." We learn that it is likely to be some weeks before he is back at the barracks and we wish him good luck.

With the approach of summer our thoughts have been turned to the summer camp which this year is situated at ——. It has meant quite a lot of work for the Drivers Section, and Drivers Logie and Hollands have both spent a week's "holiday" at the camp. We have, however, heard that a certain amount of pioneer work has been necessary to clear the forest and make space for the tents. Anyhow, most of the camp equipment must now be down on the site as several lorries have left barracks fully laden with all the "stuff" needed for camp, and both Driver Logie and Driver Hollands have returned looking well and sunburnt. Drivers will now be busy until the end of the summer conveying parties down to the camp at week-ends for musketry practice and the joys of sleeping under canvas—although it isn't so good in the wet weather!

What is this rumour of a — per cent cut in the petrol issue?

More news in next month's issue. Until then, cheerio.

JNO.

Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess

Glancing through my notes for the past month I find them to be more or less a repetition of last period. The details, in some respects,

appear to be a bit more spicier perhaps, but in the main we are doing the same things in exactly the same way.

Our membership is minus C.Q.M.S. Reece and Sergeant Jones.

Little Arthur's departure was a blow to the symphony orchestra. He was a star in that sphere. Many a good laugh he gave us. Could he tell a yarn? At a recent Mess meeting it was touching to see the hon. members falling over themselves in their eagerness to clinch the vote for Arthur's motion. No drummer-boy ever had as many champions.

All the best, Arthur.

SPORTS.—We have dart matches and still more dart matches and still think we are good. To some of us darts is a good game; to others it simply means amusement between drinks. Tastes differ.

SOCIAL.—Imitating a well-known fan dancer, one of our members gave a delicate display to an admiring crowd at a Wednesday night gathering. The absence of the original guest artiste was covered up pretty well.

One good lady was in some doubt as to whether or no a fan dancer wore "tights." She must have been mildly surprised to find they did—NOT!

RE.DES.—A few of us are camping out in turn. The sort of thing we would do week-ends in civil life—with a difference.

The wives, sweethearts, etc., are not, repeat, are not invited.

P.O.W. FUND.—The Signals' Prisoners of War Fund had a birthday when our Swear Box was opened. The proceeds will help to purchase some comforts. Some of the more economical members are getting somewhat red in the face, holding themselves in check.

Well, that's all for the present, and what about an extension of the Swear Box system? It should bring in thousands of pounds for the P.O.W. Fund.

REEKIE.

North-West Sub Area

We now stagger out of bed at 4.30 a.m. (sorry, 6.30 a.m. D.B.S.T.) to the accompaniment of chirping sparrows outside and groans from the D.R.s and led so nobly by the superintendent who is unfortunate (?) enough to be off duty, go prancing across the Park, clad in gym. vests of varying degrees of whiteness, which prompts Signalman Manning (one of our recent additions to the Section) to remark, "Oh, my dear, you should use Persil." One hardy warrior, resplendent in sleeveless vest, exhibiting magnificent torso, is D.R. Wyatt, who views the rest of us wretched mortals with scorn as we come creeping out with hair awry and knees knocking. Signalman Fenn, in addition to vest, pullover and various other garments, sports a gaudy scarf wound round his neck, which he insists was bequeathed to him by his Aunt Fanny. All this, as you may guess, is the advent of "summer," ushered in by P.T.

Behold the N.W.S.A. C.C., whose first match against London District Signals resulted in a draw, despite Signalman Ingham's brilliant wicket-keeping and "Hepcat" Fenn's decisive fielding at long stop. The match was followed by a dance (music by Signalmen Pipe, piano, and Fenn, drums); very well attended, including a bevy of charmers from the A.T.S. "Tiny" Hooper's wife won the raffle for a bottle of sherry and everyone affirms that his strength was down to R3 next day. Our next match is with the local Balloon Barrage boys and we shall welcome any further fixtures. All communications to Corporal Clarke, our cricket secretary.

Sergeant Douglas, who many old Punkah Wallahs may remember as "One Round Duggie," light-weight champion on the North-West Frontier, would be very pleased to hear from old friends and would like them to know he is still carrying on with the good work—hence the moans above!

Believe it or not, we had a cross-country run a few weeks ago (your scribe was fortunately on duty), but Special Correspondent Hooper tells me they were told to make for a church on the horizon and adds, "We ran, ran and ran, but after two hours it was still as far off, my shorts insisted on slipping, so I held them up with one hand, constantly in danger of being overtaken by Cherrill, whose long, loping strides were beginning to equal mine." Anyway, all the favourites were soundly beaten by Signalman Grant, following a close second by Signalman Pipe, whose diminutive form overtook all the giants. After a very pleasant afternoon—with Corporal Clarke insisting he'd lost four pounds and that we should have these more often—everyone sat down to a grand high tea (reminiscent of pre-ration days), with Mr. Mitchiner ably playing host.

We were sorry to lose Lieutenant McInnes, who was so popular with us all and wish him the best of luck in his new sphere. We hear he has been promoted to Captain. Good luck, sir. We are happy to welcome 2nd Lieutenant Mitchiner, who now takes charge of the Section and is so indefatigable in his efforts to promote our social activities.

Our challenge to a six-a-side darts match has gone unanswered. We say again, six-a-side, any other sub area, for as many pints as you like. Signalman Elson has a very nice distemper brush which he keeps handy to present to his opponents.

Signalman Dunstan, our table-tennis star, walked off with second prize at a N.A.A.F.I. contest the other night, and he still maintains he would have won first if they'd let him use his own bat.

Swimming parades are proving very popular, twice a week, Mondays and Thursday, at a local baths, and Corporal Clarke's side stroke has to be seen to be believed.

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW IS:—When is "Cherry" going to take lessons in touch-typing?

Were any of Signalman Waller's ancestors stokers? Sergeant Lucraft insists they were.

Who jumped on a bus during the cross-country run?

Our column this month seems to be full of our sporting activities, but I think we can lay claim to having a really athletic Section. "Mens sana in corpore sano," though I don't think this applies to a certain counter clerk I wot of.

More next month, folks.

J.R.

A.A. Divisional Signals, South-East England

Headquarters.

One notable event has happened since the last issue, when Signalman Davies J. E. took his courage in both hands and embarked upon the troubled sea of matrimony. Our best wishes for his future happiness are extended to him.

A recent addition to our canteen arrived in the form of a billiards table, which is in very great demand. Rivalry exists between the



Q.M. Stores and the Orderly Room, and duels are held daily, over which many a "word" is exchanged.

The other week a bright new recruit came on parade with his gaiters upside down and on the wrong feet. He was quite peeved when he was asked which way he was going.

Congratulations to Lance Sergeant Runagall D. S. on his promotion to Sergeant, Corporal Cross L. E. on his appointment to Lance Sergeant and Lance Corporal Bone D. H. on his promotion to Corporal.

No. 1 Company

During the past month a large number of our comrades left us to join other units. Among the party were many familiar faces, some we had known in Territorial days, several "characters" who had become indelibly associated with life in this camp. They stole away at the crack of dawn, Sergeant Parkinson, the Lancashire linesman, Lance Corporal Spooner, the dancing pay bloke, Signalman "Winnie," the irrepressible Welsh wise-cracker; in all 57 varieties.

The exodus was preceded by a Bacchanalian night in the canteen. The sweetest of sorrows was mellowed at the feast. There was singing and dancing and the assembly was entertained by several members of the Concert Party.

About this time, Sergeant Kirby took a team of linesmen away many miles from here and for a spell the camp seemed in comparison as lonely as the desert. There have been many new arrivals, however, and once more the Company is settling down to altered conditions. We send our best wishes to our former comrades wherever they are; their letters are welcomed by their friends and news of their activities is eagerly retailed in those places where members of this unit meet in leisure moments.

There has been varied activity in the sporting sphere. Our "soccer" team has fought its way into the semi-final of a local Charity Cup Competition. Credit for its progress thus far in the contest goes in large measure to Signalmen Scott W and Boatwright, who scored our three goals between them in the last match before going to press. In this match Signalman Battrick, our goalkeeper, allowed one goal to be scored against us, a lapse for which he has given no satisfactory explanation.

A more hilarious sporting event was our first venture in Rugby football. The operators lost by 3 points to 12 to the Rest. The O.C. figured prominently in this match, which attracted a large crowd of vociferous supporters.

We also played an indoor match against an adjacent battery, winning at snooker and table tennis, but losing at darts. The event was followed by a sing-song and the event was voted a great success.

Our weekly dances are as popular as ever, and two dances organised by the local Home Guard were well patronised by the camp.

Gardening is once more claiming its devotees, some of whom take voluntarily to the spade and fork.

Congratulations and again congratulations to Sergeant Burchell, who had scarcely celebrated his appointment as Foreman of Signals when he went to London to celebrate his marriage. The wedding was attended by many friends in the unit.

And congratulations to the following on their respective promotions and appointments:—Sergeants Frankson and Kirkaldie; Lance Sergeants Filmer, Fell J. H., Day J. O. and Young, H. A.; Corporals Beckett S., Prior, Absolom, Willett and Lawrence; Lance Corporals Strutt, Evans, Stirling, Reeves, Byrne, Kemp, Hooper and Andrews G. C.

No. 1 Section

This Section has not contributed to recent issues of THE WIRE, there being nothing of interest to report.

Events lately, however, warrant a few words. Firstly, the field of sport. The Army personnel have been competing against one another for the Hanbury Cup. All branches of the Division are represented in this "Soccer event" and some keen and efficient teams have been consistently beaten by the Signals eleven.

The list of matches and particulars of them will be of interest.

Game 1.—Signals v. Cooks Won 2—0.
Game 2.—Signals v. Officers Won 4—0.
Game 3.—Signals v. Guards Won 2—1.
Game 4.—Signals v. Clerks Won 5—0.

The last game we have to play is versus Staff Car Drivers, but as these have already been beaten by some of the above "losers" we are confident of the cup being under the Signals' care.

A cricket team is in course of preparation and by the list of clubs that enthusiasts belonged to in peace-time, it should prove as formidable as the illustrious Soccer team.

Tennis and swimming are also gaining new enthusiasts and the prospects of tennis matches with the local G.P.O. club seem favourable. From the above it can be seen that in the sporting field we are well represented.

Amongst our general news there are a few items well worth announcing.

Promotion has cast its eye upon the D.R.s, and Ken Barber and "Fitter" Branton have joined the band of the elect. The "Publican" managed, "unfortunately," to murder a chicken during a D.R.L.S. run, but although this does not earn him promotion, we are assured that the chicken was quite tasty.

The remainder of the Signal Office Section has also been visited with the angel of promotion and a small band of old hands are now U/Lr/C. Corporal Young becomes a Lance Sergeant and Lance Corporal Lawrence is now a full Corporal. With these liberal additions to our strength of N.C.O.s, the Signalmen are busy sorting out friend from foe.

Signalmen Clifton and Parfitt have become proud fathers. Alf Clifton wasn't surprised, but, oh boy! did it shake "Tonsilitis" Charlie.

Corporal Morgan has left us to return to Company and we wish him success in his new field of operations.

To our brothers everywhere "Greetings."

No. 2 Company

Seeing as how we had a write-up in last month's issue of THE WIRE, the O.C. got rather peeved and sends the Orderly Corporal to find yours truly.

Says the O.C.: "This is a bad show. Here we are mentioned in that scandal-sheet, THE WIRE. What do you think the Colonel's going to say about this?

"There's nothing else for it," says he, "you'll have to write the notes in future, then we can be sure we won't be mentioned again."

Nice fellow, think I, but wisely saying nothing.

Well, we haven't been idle since the last issue. We've played several games of football, winning most. An unfortunate accident occurred one Saturday, though, when a team from the Pioneer Corps had the audacity to score nine, repeat NINE, against us. We had always imagined that the Pioneer Corps consisted mainly of veterans of the last war—came the dawn! Needless to say the members of our team have been very subdued since this disaster overtook us.

We have been very successful at indoor sports, having beaten the local police force at table tennis and disposing of the local naval forces at billiards, snooker, darts and table tennis.

Our Sunday night concerts continue to draw the crowds. We had a particularly good evening when No. 1 Company's Concert Party paid us a visit. It was a first-class show and we hope to see them in our part of the world again.

Thanks to Signalman Tom Lishman we have had visits from columnist James Agate, of the DAILY EXPRESS (advert.), from the Arts Theatre Ballet and from baritone Laurence Holmes.

Needless to say we had some qualms about introducing ballet, but the boys behaved themselves at the start and then suddenly discovered that they were beginning to enjoy it.

James Agate trotted out some very amusing anecdotes, but as he so nicely put it: "I was going to tell you my 30 best stories, but had to self-censor 27 of them when I learned that women were to be present."

Our debonair (?) C.Q.M.S. Mitchell and Miss Vera Sumpster have treated us to another of their now famous duologues, while Signalmen Read and Scott have blossomed forth as song writers. We hope to hear one of their numbers on the Ack Ack — Beer Beer programme.

Many of the old T.A. boys have left us recently, Lance Sergeants Oriss and Creighton and Corporals McCarthy and Turner have gone out to fend for themselves in this hard world. Incidentally, Bob Oriss has just got married. We wish him well.

There has been another batch of promotions and, in consequence, we have enjoyed beer with Lance Sergeant Jock Gow and Corporals Lamb and Rossell, not to mention many A/U/Lance Corporals.

Here's a story which will interest all married men. It's about our Sergeant Henman, who is stationed 60 or 70 miles from home. On a recent occassion when he had 24 hours' leave Henman cycled home to see his wife. This entailed about 12 hours' cycling, which allowed him 12 hours at home. Now the point of this story is that Henman is not a newly wed, but has been married several years. He had to borrow the bike, too.

Nice going, pal.

Full corporals are once again back in the Sergeants' Mess, which brings me to the subject of the Palace.

Now the Palace (I don't know who named it so) is a hut. Not just an ordinary hut, mark you. Oh, dear no. The Palace, on the contrary is an extraordinary hut, beautifully panelled inside. The Palace has hot and cold water and all modern conveniences, as the landlady says.

The Palace, my friends, is to be the new N.C.O.'s Mess. Go inside any day between 09.00 hours and 20.00 hours and you are almost certain to find C.S.M. Price hard at it. Rumour has it that he is training his fierce bloodhound to guard it at night, so loathe is he to leave the Palace unattended for any length of time.

At no little expense, THE WIRE has been able to secure an exclusive story of the opening night of the Palace for the next issue. Order your copy now to avoid disappointment.

A.A. Signals, North-East England

No. 1 Company

Welcome to our new contributors. Notes are now coming in well from Sections, and so supplying authentic news—perhaps my espionage system was not all that it should have been. However, I can now relax a little, and leave some of the work in the hands of "Fritzeke" and Company. I should like to mention, however, that we are credited with having an "Ops." Section and also a D.R. Section, of whom I can only say, as usual—activities, nil—and as that I leave our Rip Van Winkles to slumber gently on and hand over to:—

NO 1 SECTION.—Hello again! Straight away our thanks, blushingly, to "Silver Threads" for his unsolicited bouquets in the April issue. A little bird tells me that his remarks have had the desired effect in part at least, and that these notes will be appearing together with notes from other Sections, to whose contributors, welcome greetings are extended. The April issue had not been on sale more than half an hour when yours truly bumped into a member of the other Sections, No. — to be exact. "Hello, Zeke," said he, "so No. 1 Section is the cream, eh! Tell me, pal, what is cream?" Hastily I replied in rather bad grammar, "It's the stuff which comes to the top, you know." Said he, "Tittle-tattle and fiddle-de-de, so does *scum*," and with that he departed. Well, we can take it. After all, words are words, and what do they mean, anyway? Sometimes one set of words can have two distinct meanings. Let me explain. Last week one of our boys was warned to present himself at W —— A —— for a week's fatigues. He protested. "But I don't belong there, I live at D —— H ——." Anyway, like a good soldier, he went. First day there his yearnings became acute for a puff of the best Virginia weed and, as such things are nowadays rationed, applied for a ration card. "Sorry," he was told, "You don't belong to us." Well! Well! Well!

Incidentally, I've simply got to remind you that No. 1 Section has won the cup for Soccer so kindly presented by our C.O. This reads good doesn't it?

P.	W.	L.	D.	For	Agst.
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Yes ! No. 1 is the cream. Congratulations to Sergeant Apedaile and his merry men, Lance Corporals Brumwell and Williamson and Signalmen Hall, Marjoram, Massey, Middlemiss, Dickinson, Signey, Smart and Winskell. No need to stress the excellence of the defence, figures speak for themselves. Mention must be made of Signalman Signey, who after playing one or two games at back went to centre-forward and netted the ball 15 times. By the time this appears in print we expect to have had the " pot " presented, when we'll celebrate in our usual style and for once, happily, our " cup will be full and running over."

PERSONALITY PARADE.—Fritz this week presents Lance Corporal Crawford, always " Spick and Span "—will clean up any time providing other people's cleaning material is available.



At the special request of Fritz and in memory of the " Dun Cow " days, we are presenting an old member of our Section this week, one who though he is no longer with us continues to pester the Section, namely, Lance Sergeant Fay E. Candidly, I am only publishing this because I have a sneaking suspicion that he is " Silver Threads," the only trouble is, I may be wrong. Someday I will find out, until then, I and others will have to just sit back and take it. How about another do ?

BIBI FRITZEKE.

P.S.—Calling No. 2 Section. Heard from Connie lately?

NO 2 SECTION.—Stung into action by the jibes of No. 1 Section (bless their superior little souls), No. 2 Section arise from their " hibernation," gird their armour on, and step into the limelight—soft music, maestro, please !

To introduce ourselves. In contrast to No. 1 Section the majority of No. 2 are " foreigners." In fact, some of us come so far away that we arrived here in fear and trepidation expecting to find the inhabitants still tastefully clad in woad. It follows that we have a remarkable collection of accents here, ranging from Liverpool Irish through Geordie to South Welsh, including a bewildering variety of " Tykes."

Our Section officers come and go like ships that pass in the night. Our last was seen disappearing in the direction of Hamelin Town muttering " Rats—rats—rats " incoherently under his breath. Unless I am already out of date our present Section officer is 2nd Lieutenant R. Smith (his accent belies his name), who finds in Signalman Paterson a breath of home.

No. 2 Section is not so well known in the local hostelries as our detractors No. 1, who practically form part of the interior decoration of the local " Leadswingers Arms," but we have one or two lads who can toss a pretty jar. We are also fairly well known to the neighbouring atteries (assemblies of A.T.S. to the uninitiated)) unless some gem or purest ray serene languishes unknown, unsung, in our midst, we boast no cartoonist to rival Fritzi, but at least one mute inglorious Milton, who will now proceed to burst into song with alopogies for his tunelessness.

" THE LOWDOWN "

Who thinks fatigues are hardly cricket ?
We really can't think how they stick it.
Who go on leave on a tuppenny ticket ?
Number One.

Who are soldiers quite home-made ?
Who, are a most exclusive grade ?
Who fall out on the first parade ?
Number Three.

Who are the grimy, noisy crew ?
Who lose themselves for a week or two ?
But not so long as we wish they'd do ?
Number Four.

Who is it cleans the Sergeants' Mess ?
Whose Denims are their standing dress ?
Who are sworn at, mocked and jeered ?
Who stand fast when the rest have cleared ?
Who never even smell a tape ?
Who lick the rookies into shape ?
Who find that honesty never pays ?
In gloomy caverns pass their days ?
And never hear a word of praise ?
Number Two!

TAILPIECE.—To whom it may concern:—

Red and black are not becoming colours.

Despatch riders are not required to demoralise their machines before leaving them.

Plugs are not meant to fit into eyeball indicators.

Till next month.

TAFFY.

NO 4 L/M SECTION (alias the Cream).—Having heard our Section Sergeant's repeated pleas for notes, we find it at last an impossibility to remain our quiet and unprovoking selves.

The proverbial " bushel " has been removed and from under has flown talent such as has never been witnessed in the annals of L/M history.

To quote President Roosevelt's famous words with only slight alteration, " Let not Div. Zekes doubt our unanimity now."

" Certo Cito " here we come.



To our comrades at present ably (we hope) assisting a distant Division with their L/M troubles, we say " Good cabling, chums "; may the runs be short and the sessions long with the " Laughing Water " who said " Silence was Golden."

We raise our hats to Zeke and Fritz of No. 1 Section for their very original contributions. " Jolly good work, chaps, jolly good work."

Now to " reel in " our initial contribution, we present " Galvo Pete," our first of a series of " Lines and Rhymes."

" AN ODE TO A CORPORAL AND HIS GALVO "

An ear, our fellow Signals,
Your attention we implore;
For our tale of a Corporal Lineman,
And his " Detector No. 4."

The " Detector No. 4," my friends,
(As per " Rate Book " you must know),
To our old friend the Corporal
Is just me and my Galvo.

Now Mary had a little lamb,
Which tales relate she took to bed;
Even so does our dear Corporal,
But here the " Galvo " bides instead.

He adores his little meter,
This N.C.O. of Section 4;
He says, " Aa canna de without it,"
Well, in some such words or more.

He will tell of its thousand uses,
And you must listen to the end;
As he explains how there's Six Quids' Worth,
In our Electro-Magnetic friend.

Now our Corporal " Knaas his Onions,"
When 'ere the " Galvo " is concerned;
And 'tis a fact that every Lineman,
Detailed for faults has lately learned.

Be it Disconnection, Short or Earthing,
" It's in the Bag " you'll hear him say;
So once more our Corporal Lineman,
Plus his " Galvo " wins the day.

The moral of this story, chums,
As by lessons is now sour,
Is that you'll never make a Lineman,
Sans " Detector No. Fower."

Be sure not to miss our column next month with Section notes and a special item dedicated to the art of " Boat Pushing Off " by kind permission of Jug Ack.

By the way, there is no truth in the rumour that a certain " rookie " thought Spun Yarn was a " Drawn Out Story."

So long for the present.

DRY CELL.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—An exceptionally enjoyable visit was paid to our old friends Mr. Dobson and Co. Food, wine and song were there in plenty. Many thanks are due to R.Q.M.S. Thomas, Sergeant Durrant, Corporal Fogg, Lance Corporal Walker, Signalmen Mason, Corben, Leach, Lewis, Forster and Cooper for the talented show they provided. Special mention should be made of Lance Corporal Smith A. for arranging the outing, also of Lance Corporal Smith K., who discovered he had a very keen sense of taste and smell, a desire to wander, a Yorkshire dialect and a remarkable singing voice—his rendering of Signalman Mason's song, " The First Lullaby," was a magnificent achievement. Maybe it was professional jealousy that later on made Signalman Mason " give him socks." Sorry you lost your bet, Corporal.

SHOWDOWN.—Why are so many greatcoats now being used as eiderdowns?

Cheerio.

SILVER THREADS.

No. 2 Company

The compilation of these notes each month demands a retrospective mood, and inevitably the writer becomes sentimental as he recalls the departure of old friends, and the breaking up of old traditions and routines which the passing of time has made an integral part of life. But slowly he becomes reconciled to the ever-changing environment and learns to eschew sentiment and view these things objectively and without passion.

The exercise of this discipline is particularly necessary this month during which so many men have been posted and which has witnessed the passing of that venerable institution—the 24 hours' weekly leave.

POSTINGS.—Sergeant McQueen has followed R.Q.M.S. Thomas to No. 1 Company and is now A/C.Q.M.S.; we shall miss his vigorous personality.

Seven other ranks are also scheduled for posting, including Signalman Hadfield; he was one of the earliest recruits to the Company, and the smooth functioning of the Ops. seemed to demand his presence; but democracy can never admit that any man is indispensable, so we must carry on without the help of his genius !

In passing we must say how gratifying it is that No. 1 Company should so frequently invoke our aid; we appreciate these glowing tributes to the efficiency of our personnel.

Lance Corporal Drury, formerly Company Pay Clerk, has been successful in his application for transfer to the Intelligence Service. All his illusions about the melodramatic atmosphere of such work have been rudely shattered; we gather that most of his gymnastics are physical rather than mental — a fact which he must find very disconcerting.

O.C.T.U. — Corporal Haley and Lance Corporal Boyd have metaphorically speaking received the call to " higher service," having been accepted for Officer Cadet Training; we wish them both the very best.

OPS.—We are hoping to take up our country residence shortly. Those who have been at the B.S.O. and have had a fine taste of the sylvan existence in huts among the trees, have great expectations.

We are pleased to report that the Ops. have been relieved of the necessity of doing fire piquets, the L/M taking over; we relinquish our charge with grave misgivings.

L/M.—Still no report from these delectable people; perhaps one day a man of letters will arise amongst them to tell us something of their pedestrian deeds.

CASUALTIES.—We were sorry to learn that Captain Middlemiss had been admitted to hospital. Discreet inquiries have elicited the fact that after admission there were no complications due to " heart trouble."

PROMOTIONS.—Rien à signaler.

COURSES.—Sergeant Hudson distinguished himself with a " D " result from the Senior N.C.O.'s Drill and Duties Course; being of a generous nature he immediately gave the B.S.O. personnel the benefit of his experience on his return.

EDUCATION.—This month has witnessed a startling innovation—the Army Education Corps has at last become aware of our existence and we of theirs; a lecture on astronomy was announced (" all ranks not on duty will attend ") and an interesting discussion followed the display of lantern slides, led by the Sergeant-Major. For a few fleeting minutes we were transported to other worlds, enjoying fantastic journeys in space and time. The escape from the trials and tribulations of this world was a useful mental tonic, but we were glad to be back on terra firma once again. We look forward to further lectures on different subjects in due course.

A.A. Signals, South Wales

No. 1 Company

" Summer," there is no doubt, " is a-cumen in," but most of the few old stagers that remained to us seem to be a-goen out. During this last month we have lost a number of our oldest friends ; some we must congratulate on being accepted for O.C.T.U., while others are merely taking up their duties in more distant spheres. To all of them, however, we should like to extend our sincerest farewell wishes : we are all sorry to see them go, but how much more does this apply to some of us older ones who have known them so long and shared with them so many pleasures—aye, and hardships, too. It it with mingled feelings, indeed, that we see our comrades of those early days depart and our numbers relentlessly dwindle; what memories their departure leaves behind, and what regrets ! Our hearts are full, as Tennyson's was when he wrote:—

" I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

Two of our officers were among our losses of last month. One of them, Lieutenant C. Lyons, though he had not been with us very long, had become exceedingly well-liked by us all; his brilliant impersonation at a recent concert left many of us weak with laughter for days afterwards, and for that alone we are sorry to have him leave us. Our good wishes, however, go with him; we have no doubt that he will find popularity wherever he may go.

The other officer to depart is, we regret to say, none other than our very popular O.C., Major A. B. Harnden. Major Harnden told us before he left that the nine months he had spent with us had been among the happiest of his life. We were not surprised to hear this, not only because most people find us easy to get on with, but because Major Harnden's personal interest in the welfare of his Company has made itself evident from the day that he arrived. Every one of us is exceedingly sorry to see him go ; we shall miss his kindly supervision, and we shall miss his splendid portraits in our shows and on the walls of the N.C.O.'s Mess ; we hope that in her book Dame Fortune will paint for him a rosy future. It but remains for us to welcome his successor, Major F. E. Moales, and to wish him the best of luck as our O.C. : our co-operation he does not need to ask, for it is already assured.

Our cricket season has just started, and we are all looking forward to another successful season. Our first match we actually lost, but the finish was a somewhat rushed affair and a draw would perhaps have been a more fair reflection of the play. No one has scored a century or a hat-trick yet, but no doubt they will be plentiful when we get going properly.

Our concert season will be over by the time this article appears in print, and a very full one it will have been. Our organiser is mopping a fevered brow, and whispering prayers of thankfulness to the skies, but we rather think he is secretly sorry and that there is really nothing he likes better than being a harassed, haggard and worried Secretary, fervently speculating as to the success of next Wednesday's concert. He has not yet rid himself of his excitement about the two broadcasts which we gave, and already it is being hinted that he is thinking of bringing us a circus to open the next season. Knowing him as we do, we should scarcely be surprised.

Our poet, who has been peering over our shoulders at the first paragraph of this article, appears deeply moved. He tells us that a few weeks ago he received a fan letter from two of the old members of the camp, now far removed, in which they asked him to write them a special verse. Well, we always said our poet was mad, but surely these two old stagers must be madder still ; however, here is the promised effort from the rhymester, who wishes us to dedicate his poem to the original No. 3 Company as it was about a year ago.

" THEM DAYS IS GONE "

Do you recall the days, long months ago,
When all the lads were here, before they went
Their several ways ; the beer that used to flow,
The friendly rivalry, the argument;
The slim excuse they " celebrated " on ?
Them days is gone, alas !
Them days is gone !

Do you remember them, the grand old days :
The baths parades, with shrill discordant tunes ;
The midnight feasts around the hut fire's blaze ;
The brawls and scraps ; the daily stew, the prunes ?
Dark days, through which the light of friendship shone :
Them days is gone, alas !
Them days is gone !

A.A. Signals S.W. Scotland

Unit H.Q. and Divisional Signal Office Section

In this, our second contribution to THE WIRE, we felt at first inclined to reiterate that hackneyed and laconic phrase of B.B.C. News Bulletins, " Nothing of important to report " and leave it at that.

Better council, however, prevailed and the following random reflections resulted.

PROMOTIONS.—Personnel of H.Q. and No. 1 Section, what with stripes and spots (twelve of them !)—would make a good show in a menagerie—or, alternatively, would be well camouflaged for service in " Darkest Africa."

DEPARTURES AND ARRIVALS.—We regret the departure of Lance Corporal Rankine R. W. to 3rd A.A. Corps and Signalman Still J. W. to the R.A.F. Our best wishes go with them. At the same time we extend a welcome to Corporal McCormack W. V., who comes to us from across the water. We hope his stay will be a pleasant one.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—Unit H.Q. held a very successful and convivial dance on the 28th April. Thanks are due to the committee who made the necessary and highly-successful arrangements. There is no truth, however, in the rumour that drinks served were logged as " Large—O.S. Pattern "—or that the bar-tenders were their own best customers. " Sic transit " Glorious Monday.

NOTES IN GENERAL.—Of recent days the R.S.M. has become a devoted disciple of Mr. Middleton. Dare we hope for a lettuce or—it brings tears to our eyes—an onion in the not too distant future ?

Abnormal development of the cranium in recruits prevented the " R.Q." from fitting more than five out of a recent batch of thirty or more with " Caps, Field Service—G.S. Pattern "—do you wonder *he* had a headache !

One member of the mess is often heard singing an old-fashioned ditty these days—" Her name is —— ! "

Another Lance Corporal has been known to accompany him—and not on the piano either !

On the occasion of a recent visit to the theatre, Charlie Kunz was seen to be visibly affected by the encouraging remarks of one of the party !

Among other changes in personnel since our last effort—Lieutenant Park has departed from our midst and with him the recipe for a succulent dish, "hot-pot" to wit, which was wont to tickle the palate of the Officers' Mess.

Officers and O.R.s alike would appear to be keen students of ornithology these days. At least, several of them have been making enquiries about the bird in the red house over the way. Frankly, we are more interested in the one in the "gilded cage"—pardon ! the yellow house ! !

We read that soldiers in various stages of undress assisted in the capture of Rudolf Hess. Could they have been Signals personnel? Perish the thought !

NO. 1 COMPANY.—Better to be born lucky than rich ! We are indeed lucky to be in such a billet in such ideal surroundings. Our home from home is a mansion of early Victorian style, standing in extensive grounds in which the natural beauty has been added to by the landscape gardener. The drive from the main road is hedged with rhododendrons whose varied hues contrast strongly with the dark green foliage.

Along the front of the house stand, like giant markers on parade, twelve giant cypress trees. At the back one looks on to virgin woodland and the orchard, the fruit of which would tempt Adam and Eve. Soon the spring blossom will herald the promise of autumn fruition, but so far it has not been found necessary to place piquets around the orchard.

Game exists in the woodland, not the jumping or crawling type, but the sort you see hung in high-class shops—pheasant, grouse, hare and the plebian rabbit.

A small stream winds a tortuous course through the woods. Fish sport in its limpid waters, but fishing is not part of our curriculum. This natural hazard has bunkered some of the boys when trying to get back to quarters unseen after a jag. It seems to have an uncanny knack of turning up when least expected, but what is a wet shirt when you're wet inside ?

The spacious grounds afford ample scope for outdoor sports and the opportunity is not wasted. Such has been the country home of No. 1 Company for the past 18 months, an ideal existence, but for one snag. We are expected, nay compelled, to do a spot of work occasionally.

No. 1 Section has recently held its first social function, a supper and dance at a well-known restaurant. Among the guests were the Commanding Officer, Major and Mrs. W. E. Gill, O.C. No. 1 Company, Lieutenant F. J. Wheeler and 2nd Lieutenant and Mrs. H. Collins-Free. The evening's entertainment was enjoyed by all present. One half-expected guest had the decency to stop at home.

We record with regret the departure of Lieutenant F. J. Wheeler to No. 2 Company, but our welfare in the culinary department should be perfectly safe in the hands of 2nd Lieutenant Wakely.



O.C. No. 1 Company

Lieutenant E. J. Tucker and his fellow conspirators of the Flying Squad have made their temporary abode with us and have been welcomed and initiated into the mysteries and privileges (including the ghost !) of the Castle. We hope they find their lot amongst us less strenuous than their hard graft in the south.

We learn that a Divisional Concert Party is being formed. Scouts are out after talent, so take warning, don't sing in your bath, unless you yearn for publicity and risk of a flying boot.

Welcome to Sergeant-Major Scott from No. 2 Company. No ! the Sergeant-Major will not kiss you good-night or tuck you in your little wooden beds, and as for bringing your gunfire—well, you'll be unlucky !

NO. 2 COMPANY—PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.—In our recent notes we had occasion to offer congratulations to a number of men who had been promoted during the past months. Since then further progress has been made in the ladder climbing and to those who have climbed another step we offer our congratulations:—Lance Sergeants Bradley R. E. and Fryer R., Corporals Walsh H., McCormack W. V. and McIlroy G. E., Lance Corporal Magill A. J. and U/Lance Corporals Crowe R., Pulford H. A. and McCleave E. Corporal McCormack has been posted to No. 1 Company and he has taken with him our best wishes.

GENERAL.—Lieutenant F. J. Wheeler is back again at this Headquarters and is our G.O.R. Section Officer. We welcome him back and hope that his stay with us will be a long one. Writing about G.O.R. Section reminds me that the G.O.R. personnel on duty the night of a recent raid have been warmly complimented by the Brigadier on the efficient and smooth way they carried out their duties. This only proves that the G.O.R. boys are more than powder puffs, as they have been called, when it comes to a show down.

It is now common knowledge that there are a certain pair of Corporals using Cooltan and they do not belong to G.O.R. Section.

SPRING.—Much has been written about Spring and we have even mentioned it in these columns. The season when things come to life. We have even noticed our C.O. manipulating the shovel. Lieutenant Maitland also has been handling a spade like an expert.

Lieutenant H. Beastall has brought his L/M Section back to school and as their tutor he is very strict for he has given them many lines to do. Fie fie, Mr. Teacher !



"Going a' Milking ?"

Lately, our very efficient Messing Corporal missed a bone from the cookhouse and rumour spread that a dog had carried it to the Sergeants' Mess. No trace of it was ever discovered, although the bins were watched for several days. Seemingly someone has been monkeying with the bone, but we don't think it was "Joey."

Last month we mentioned that one of our senior N.C.O.s was to be married shortly. This took place very quietly on 2nd April, so quietly that we did not know the date or venue until the sacred ceremony was over, but we wish our C.Q.M.S. and Mrs. Rusk our very best wishes. We understand that at least two O.R.s propose entering into a similar state later this month.

A number of men have recently arrived here from across the water We hope they enjoy this environment and feel sure that when they leave us they will take with them many happy recollections of an area noted for its hospitality.

AMBRO.

— Divisional Signals, Devonshire

Good afternoon. I will not take up much of your time, but will hasten to introduce some of the correspondents who have kindly supplied this page with notes from their Sections.

You will observe that "B" Section have beaten the young (ahem) gentlemen of "A" Section to it. "M" Section, like the poor, are always with us and we appreciate their efforts. The persistent absentee is "D" Section. They don't read THE WIRE anyway. It is a pity because I am sure they could produce an interesting contribution. They are all very funny.

Congratulations to all those lucky infantrymen who have been transferred to the Royal Signals. A very welcome addition to our ranks.

Now read on, because I am very busy and must leave you.

MR. CATESWELL.

"B" SECTION.—No apologies are forthcoming over the absence of notes from us lately, but pressure of work has kept spare moments scarce and the jumpers are too busy to dip in blood and write notes with.

First of all we've had goings and comings and our best wishes are extended to all concerned. It caused a shuffle round, but now that we are getting going nothing can stop us—ask "D" Section, they've tried. 2nd Lieutenant R. E. B. Burgess is our new O.C. and he evidently thinks the air at "Troho" is better than "The Scrumpy Factory."

SPORT.—Here we are a force to be reckoned with, by the results of the last few games: v. "D" Section, 4—1; v. "D" Section, 3—1.

and then we played "The Rest" in aid of War Weapons Week but lost 3—1. Still, we got some money for the cause and that's what was wanted.

By the way. Who put the beer in Lofty's pocket ?

Who is Ivy, when she is on the 'phone ?

This is not much of an effort, but we hope to send a regular contribution in future and also hope to see "A's" notes when the "Air of Despondency and Gloom" has lifted. Cheerio, pals.

B.1.

"M" SECTION.—Things happen quickly. Leave arrives and is gone with bewildering speed. The lads are carrying out plenty of "skilled" work, including operations with a spray gun and twisted paint. There are still a few survivors from the old original Drill Hall at home. Our new Section Sergeant, O'Malley R. L., is very welcome. Congratulations to "Char-me-eye" and F.D.M. on their promotions. "Tut-gear-admi" is fearfully awaited from his Vengeance Course. "Blanco" Fairclough is doing well out of the oblong box business, and Uncle Clem is wearing a beret. We wonder why. We have news from the Chippys and another trade in the bag. Spud Maddocks knows his War Bonnets. Long live the "Shower." Forward.

IRVINO.

ORDERLY ROOM SPEAKING.—Once again the passing of a month has witnessed changes in the Orderly Room. Following illness, Captain Keeling has returned to our midst to resume his duties of Adjutant, thereby enabling 2nd Lieutenant Hagger to return to his old, and we suspect better-liked, job of O.C. "A" Section.

After hardly having made his presence felt, Lance Corporal Walker was saying good-bye consequent on his posting to a nearby unit. Latest arrival is Signalman Biltcliffe, our new draughtsman, to take the place of Lance Corporal Jenkins R., posted to Y list after mysteriously contracting scarlet fever.

Whether it was due to being imbued with a feeling of "Spring is in the Air" or mere *joie de vie* we don't know, but our jaded eyes were treated to the arrival one morning of Sergeant Burstow, usually of sober mien, sporting a brand new piece of headgear of an almost indecently vivid hue. Shortly afterwards he decided that it was time the office furniture and accoutrements should be moved round, so that now both the Davis brothers have window seats and are able to watch the world go by with interest. Great interest, we observe, as the world that goes up and down this street seems to consist mainly of attractive blondes and charming brunettes. . . . No wonder that the other members of the office have been heard ruminating darkly that there seems to be a great increase in typing to be done when they are duty clerks in the evening.

After close daily questioning of Signalman Page-Croft, a bridegroom of two months, on the subject of married life and its pitfalls, it did not come as a tremendous surprise when Signalman Baldwin H., previously known to have forceful views on getting married in war-time, disappeared on 48 hours' leave to Birmingham to announce on his return his intention of "middle-aisling" in the near future.

Now that the light nights have arrived all the boys are going very sporty and teasing about with tennis rackets tucked beneath their arms, and even, rather prematurely it is thought, examining their swimming trunks to see if the moths had eaten any embarrassing holes in them.

It is known that R.Q.M.S. Nokes has been a frequent visitor to the local golf links during the winter, but even we under whose sophisticated exteriors beat the hearts of simple country lads, regard with a certain amount of reserve the rumour that he is the man who one bright and early morning put such ferocity into his drive that the ball ricocheted off the local gas works and maimed two sheep reclining in an adjoining meadow.

In conclusion I hear:—

That there is no truth in the rumour that following the receipt of his income tax assessment the R.S.M. has announced his intention of walking into the nearest town on his days of relaxation.

That the noise highly reminiscent of a Stuka dive bomber in the near vicinity was only the gorgeous boy from the Q.M. stores arriving for his pay on his newly-acquired and first motor cycle. Oh ! Hick man.

That the O.R.S. will not in future call for an orderly without inquiring first as to who is just around the corner.

BURST.

— Divisional Signals, Devonshire

THE WEATHER.—It will not be wrong to reveal, by the time that this gets into print, that the weather lately has been rather mixed—not at all what we expected from Sunny Devon. However, the only consolation for those who are wet outside, is to wet the inner man as well, and this we have to do. Of course, some are nearer to places of refreshment than others, and work suffers or benefits accordingly.

DEPARTURES AND ARRIVALS.—The tide of postings has been running in high quarters lately and has washed away the Commanding Officer after only a few months' stay. All regret his going and wish him the very best of luck in the future. In his place we welcome Lieutenant-Colonel R——, and assure him of our support at all times and places. We understand that he comes from Australia, and we shall be all out to show him that the British Army is every bit as good as that from "down under." We are also sorry to lose Major G—— after an even shorter stay of three weeks ; we should have liked to have learnt more of that closely guarded place from where he came. Other officers and N.C.O.s—and even occasionally one of our rare W.O.s depart on courses and return after a lapse of days or weeks bursting with knowledge and pardonably anxious to impart it to all and sundry. Captain A. M. Keeling spent his Whitsun week-end this way, delving into the minutiæ of Part II Orders and similar matters we understand. Lieutenant-Quartermaster Barlow, whose name does not often appear in these notes, is awarded an "honourable mention" for departing on a Messing Officers' course, which will involve some practical cooking. The lying jade, rumour, states that the result —of the cooking, not the course—will be awarded the place of honour on the walls of the Orderly Room beside a notable message dated 16th May, 1940. 2nd Lieutenant Haggar is congratulated on his appointment as officer i/c destruction of rats and mice. He will probably kill them by running over them with an 8-cwt. truck. 2nd Lieutenant O'Neil's appointment as officer i/c fire precautions and P.A.D. led to his immediate retirement to the M.I. room ; we trust his stay there will be short.

No. 1 Company, H.Q.

C.S.M. Cockbill has returned from a course. During his absence several knotty leave problems were straightened out. Otherwise nothing to report.

MR. CATESWELL.

"A" Section

First of all many apologies for missing last month's WIRE, due mainly to schemes (despondency and gloom).

Several members of the Section have returned from up-grading and other courses with very good results, and we continue to keep the Signal School at —— on its feet by providing instructors, the latest being Lance Sergeant Sargeant, who has returned with one or two gems provided by his students on a gas course. (Hide your blushes, K Section.)

"Before decontaminating a 15-cwt. truck I would put on my anti-dim gas clothing."

"If I were a gas sentry and a blister gas bomb fell upwind of me, the first thing I would do would be to shout "Gas," then tell the guard commander what I had seen, then take steps to contaminate myself, after which I would proceed to contaminate the bomb with fire, earth, or bleech." (Sic.)

"To dry a facepiece after disinfection I would hang it up in a rack, allowing the tube to 'dandle'."

At the moment we are having a stores blitz, and no one in the Section is exactly green with envy as regards the storeman's job.

We hope that Windscreen Wiber, the specialist in canine slaughter—he's done it before, you know—is finding better opportunities for his studies at his new station. "Tinkle" Bell has been loaned to Don Section and we've got their Love to keep us warm, temporarily, of course.

"Two-gun" Haggar has had another spell at Lombard Street, but has now returned as Big White Chief.

Our M.T. Corporal fancies himself as a lady killer, and is ably assisted by his partner in crime who spends his spare time in the Y.M.C.A. "Can I have a permanent late pass, sergeant ?" The other member of the "Unholy Three" is still out in the blue ; we refer, of course, to "Duck's Disease" Newman.

We would again point out to a certain person that the normal method of using a telephone is to speak into the microphone and not the receiver, but we bow in admiration of his powers of imitation ; the short one-act play, "Is Mr. Burgess In ?" (with apologies to B Cable) is a nightly performance worth attending.

We congratulate Signalman Lambert on attaining his commission, though we regret the loss to the Section. In conclusion we smite our chests again and thank our stars that we are not as other men are ! We don't come home in the early hours, laden with butterscotch and black currant pastilles. (Oh, Reggie !)

A.D.A.G.

"B" (or Cable) Section

Here we are again as promised, although we've plenty of work to do. Has anyone got a spare All's button, so we can turn out a few more men to cope with the hundred and one jobs we have to do. Still, true to the B Section reputation we do it and get it done with. Things are getting more settled after our reshuffle and signs of improvement are to be seen all the way round, even to blanco with the "Burgess Tax" on it. The section lately has been sadly depleted owing to courses, leave, etc., yet we're always there on time, ask Don Section, they know. A dark shadow reappeared in the Section lately in the form and shape of "Topper" Brown (Charlie Turner please note) after his extended leave at ——. "Topper" is still waiting for the "combo" to arrive, so some day we shall see the fruits of patience.

Congratulations to U/Lance Corporal Benn on getting his foot on the bottom rung of the ladder and we hope to see him higher up.

SPORT.—As we can get no opposition from the other Sections we have to look out for fresh fields to conquer. So far we've only had two games, losing one 7—4 to the R.A.O.C. and winning the other 3—1. M. Section will turn out a team one day, but as Pat O'Malley has to indent for spare parts for his team, we don't know when that day will be. Our biggest difficulty is getting a ground to play on, but we keep on hoping.

S O S.— What about a line, Charlie ? If you have no stamps send it by pigeon and we'll do the remainder this end.

B1.

D. R. Notes

After the lapse of many moons, we have decided that the voice of the Don Section D.R.s should be heard once more in the land, not perhaps to the extent of yore—to the great relief of the W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess—but we will make a valiant effort, so here goes:—

We were very greatly perturbed at the hurried departure of Signalman Stockley (Stocko') under orders. Although we wish him every success in the new venture, we can all sincerely say we should like to see him back with us soon. His absence reduces the rapidly decreasing number of the old display team to eight. Oh, where are our wandering boys to-night ?

Since the last contribution we made to THE WIRE regarding D.R. activities, there have been various changes, departures and arrivals. To the arrivals we say "Hello" and trust they will soon shake down, which should be a very easy matter. To the departures we send our best wishes and may the lights be always green.

Meanwhile, we have a few announcements and short notes of general interest.

We were amazed to see Lance Corporal Allen return in one piece after his brief holiday on the South Coast. He immediately proceeded on a course and we wish him luck.

We learn from our Gestapo agents that there is a movement afoot in Q.M. circles to issue, at long last, breeches and jackboots. Obviously a brain storm or an attack of remorse has been suffered by Whitehall and something is bound to happen during the next few years. Would this issue mean the return of our revered Sergeant, now departed for dizzier heights, for as all team wallahs know, he wears a pretty breech and boot.

We cannot let this opportunity pass of putting on record the recent joy in pigeon circles when it was learnt their beloved temporary keeper (no names) was returning for seven days to perch and brood with them. As everyone knows he is now entitled to wear the appropriate badge, a wing with crossed pigeon baskets rampant, after having passed his pigeon-keeping test.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.—If Signalman Jenner's pillow is still used as a night shelter for tired mice ?

Who put Don Section Sergeants on spud bashing (excuse us while we smile) ?

Where does "Romeo" Culy find a market for backstands ?

Are Signalmen Mottram and Field collaborating to produce a "Pennell" moustache between them ?

TRIBSA.

Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess

Why bother to go to Madame Tussaud's when you can come to ——— and see the same exhibition of still life at 13.30 hours any day, Sundays included ? Of late this siesta has been interrupted by the tapping of a ping-pong ball. Several members have taken up this game in an effort to keep their waist-lines in order, and the medicine has usually proved successful. The notable exception is the "Tower of Strength," whose figure is as unique as ever.

With the coming of summer-time and late black-out, there has not been the call for dances at as frequent intervals as hitherto. Those that have been held have been well attended and enjoyed by all. The only difficulty has been to find the best place for the bar. Needless to say, this is always well attended, but its peregrinations have been somewhat startling.

We have been very glad to see Sergeant Simpson again on his brief leaves (yes, plural) from his new unit. His last leave he managed to extend by staying in bed and sending for the doctor, but he does seem to have appreciated this extension very much. We learn that he does even less work there than he did here, if such a thing is possible. His successor in M Section, Sergeant O'Malley, has fully recognised his responsibilities and is always ready to explain the difference between M Section and the others.

On the departure of Sergeant Gattrell with a topee, Sergeant Wakefield left K Section to look after itself and became chief assistant to officer i/c P.O. communications. He is now ready to supply a telephone at any time or place, even in the middle of a field, and maintains the closest liaison with our good friends in the Post Office. This liaison is, of course, not confined to the business hours of 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., but may extend far into the night as well.

There are no other changes to report up to the time of going to press, but one never can tell.

S.B.

Orderly Room Speaking

I am hoping, one month, to be able to devote these notes purely to the social activities of the Orderly Room staff and hangers-on, but no, as soon as we appear to be settling down to a nice steady routine the "powers that be" start to inundate us with telegrams.

As a result we have lost our C.O., whose stay with us has been comparatively short, but none the less a happy one for all concerned. To him we offer our best wishes for the future.

During the month we welcomed and said good-bye to Major G——, who could have hardly had time to get settled in before he departed.

Major Challen, our second in command, has taken up his goods and chattels and moved down the road to take over the reins of O.C. 1 Company from Major Collins, and the latter has moved in here in the capacity of Administration Officer—a title which we suspect will cover a wide variety of activities.

In fact the furniture appears to be the only part of the Orderly Room to remain without change and this state we don't expect to exist for long. At any moment now Sergeant Burstow is likely to break out in a spasm of energy and announce his intention of having "a little shuffle round." This is getting quite a periodic occurrence of late. Is it true, Steve, that "Apres la Guerre" you are going to give up banking and become one of those interior decorator blokes who throw an aurora of fascination over a fellow's wife and for a fabulous sum redesign the old homestead, so that when the tired husband arrives back off a business tour, instead of the old chair in front of the fire he finds his house resembles a shot out of "Things to Come."

Now we have gained our bearings we wish to extend a hearty welcome to our new Commanding Officer. With slightly blushing cheeks after reading the Umpire's report on our last exercise we modestly think he has a real cracking unit under him and one that will not let him down.

Congratulations to Signalman Davis S. W. on putting up his first stripe. Go to it, Syd., you're on the right road now.

Of our social activities there is nothing outstanding to report, we have all been working desperately hard, and though our Adjutant has just returned from a short course at "Records," we notice his "out-tray" still seems to be perpetually over-filled, despite the Herculean efforts of the despatch clerk. Indeed, it is rumoured that the Adjutant is contemplating applying the "Bedaux" system, to which we should darkly reply that he relies on us for his morning cup of tea. We did take pride in our tea-making qualifications until one day we made coffee for a change, and the C.O. was heard to remark, quite seriously, "Well, there's one thing about this tea, it's warm and wet."

A sight to behold was the O.R.S. performing on the local tennis court when his long figure became entangled with a small girl who had strayed too near. He was no doubt practising for the forthcoming challenge match against two of the O.R. staff, when he will be partnered by R.S.M. Robson. The latter had already scoffed at the idea of bothering to practise for the event, and as he openly sneered at the suggested stake, muttering something about "chicken-feed," we expect to see something hot on the day.

STOP PRESS.—To the delight of a large gallery, the two members of the O.R. staff—in spite of frequent practice—were completely overwhelmed by the R.S.M. and the O.R.S., although the latter had not played for a considerable time.

Messrs. Baldwin, Davis B.G. and Page-Croft nipped into a neighbouring town the other day and imbued by some mysterious motive visited a "take your picture while you wait" place. Showing it afterwards, Baldwin was heard to suggest that it should be captioned "The Three Musketeers." From the expression on their faces far more appropriate would be "Three Mustave Beers."

Our office confidence man took a walk down to the Quartermaster's Stores the other day to try and sell R.Q.M.S. Nokes the idea that he urgently required a new respirator case. When he returned with his old respirator case, not having any coupons, he informed us that at any rate they had certainly a system working there, and everything appeared to be perfectly under control, there was obviously good co-operation between the members. An air of efficiency prevailed : the two M.T. corporals were getting stuck in, the petrol Corporal was busy with whatever keeps him busy, Corporal Hickman was deeply immersed in some papers and the storeman was checking off some equipment. The radio was functioning and above the strains of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" could be heard the firm voice of the R.Q.M.S. supervising the unloading of some cable drums off a truck by two or three drivers, and in the background could be seen one or two odd-job men. We simply don't believe that Lieutenant-Quartermaster Barlow is thinking of indenting for a couple of clerks.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—Do the ration people think we live on locusts and wild honey when we go out on exercises ?

"M" Section

I'm sure the instigators of the movement for bigger and better WIRES will be very gratified by the constant increase in material which each issue produces. Our own "Live Wire" Barlow certainly started something when he hurled his glove in with the anniversary number. It has brought scribes from all corners of the unit to carry on the good work and there is always a lively interest in their efforts.

Welcome to Major J. B. Challen on returning to 1 Company once again, at the same time wishing Major Collins the best of luck in his new position. We guessed something was in the wind when C.Q.M.S. Smith added to his list of "We ain't got any" the secret weapon Blanco, but it was not until his right-hand man, Lance Corporal Minor, made the heroic but unsuccessful attempt on his own life that we realised the seriousness of the position.

This week has seen the return to the fold of Lance Corporal White after two months of concentrated "What have you." I don't know what they've done to the lad but he looked awful when he returned. Really worn out. But big-hearted M. Section have put him back on his feet. We clubbed together, got him some clothes and packed him off on leave. You should have seen him register his signature smile when Mr. Field produced some brand new gaiters and told him where to put the strands of calico he was wearing. We are simply longing to see Bubbles doing marker on the next C.O.'s parade. He may even shake us more than when he tried to improve Pat Barton's rifle drill.

Mention of Patrick Magenty — holder of the Douai-Arras-Douai cycling record—brings to mind the fact that of late we have not seen him speeding past on his much-boosted roadster. It has been suggested that as he is taking such an interest in the welfare of the local evacuees he may have returned his machine to the makers in order to have it cut down for walking-out. Of course, this theory may be quite wrong, but an explanation does seem necessary.

A letter has lately reached the Section from our old comrade Jock Hume, now slogging away in the shipyards of Northern England.

Congratulations, Haggis, on negotiating your examinations successfully and we all join in wishing you the best of luck. Anyone who will fill in as many forms as you did to achieve his object deserves to have a break.

Old members may be interested to know that we had our War Weapons Week recently. Mr. Field, working in close co-operation with Sergeant O'Malley and realising the need for a combined effort, decided to spring a surprise tool-kit inspection. It was most interesting and quite a revelation to sit and listen to the names of the different things which during our misguided youth we had been seduced into signing for. As a result of our folly most of us have been forced into spare time jobs in order to clear the national debt. Some of the lads hope to be fixed up at the Y.M.C.A. if reasonable terms can be arranged, while "Addie" is always willing to accommodate a couple of healthy chaps over a sack of spuds. I can see Louis Maddocks stropping knives already.

Before closing down we must not forget to wish Corporal Irving happy hunting while away from the Section. As a matter of fact we are a bit shaky about Jack's departure as it leaves us short, in an emergency, of a machine gunner. But I expect some one will turn up at the last moment to fill the bill—very possibly Cyril Hallbourn. Anybody who will get up in the middle of the night to listen to Vera Lynn must have something out of the ordinary. What do you think, Jack?

And so for the time being we must carry on along our different paths. People have been coming and going quite a lot since—just twelve months ago—we reassembled in the Midlands to begin the second stage of the campaign. But always those who remain try to carry on the high standards set by the lads who have now left us for the four corners of the globe.

Be seeing you, chaps.

PIP.

West Country Divisional Signals

The absence of notes from our unit on this page is regrettable, because, no doubt, so many of our old friends may have no other means of keeping in touch with the 45th, but, at long last, the silence is broken, and we hope to be "on parade" regularly in future.

So much has happened in the time that has elapsed that it would be difficult to recount all the departures, arrivals, and other numerous "casualties," but I will mention one or two of the more recent and striking incidents.

First, the sad news of the death of Major W. J. L. Cornelius, who, with his wife, was caught in a recent "blitz." One time O.C. 1 Company and later 2nd i/c of the unit, the years preceding his departure from the unit were fraught with many happy memories. To those of our lads who have suffered losses in this way we extend sympathy, knowing full well that such calamities will spur them on to even greater efforts to crush our bitter foes.

To strike a happier note, we say "Good Luck" to those who have recently embarked on "Matrimonial Waters." Amongst these we mention our Adjutant, who has now added his name to the list, and to both Captain and Mrs. Ashe we offer our best wishes and may their happiness soon be enjoyed under peaceful conditions.

We had occasion to say farewell to R.S.M. Sibley during April. The suddenness of his departure rather "shook us," but we, nevertheless, shall remember the many happy times we have had together, and his useful guidance to us, especially in our more carefree Territorial days.

Another departure not so long ago was that of Sergeant Kavanagh. Since the outbreak of war and for some time previously he was Orderly Room Sergeant. He has now gone back to "Civvy Street," but is still doing his bit for us in a Record Office somewhere in the West.

News reached me some days ago of ex-C.S.M. Scott—now R.Q.M.S.—in Nairobi. He sends good wishes to all his ex-colleagues and looks forward to the "Victory" Re-union Dinner, which, we hope, will soon be in our minds.

Work is keeping us pretty active and this batch of notes will, of necessity, be brief. We have many amusing incidents, and whilst, of course, the most amusing of them are not for publication, I think we might select one as an example and maybe we can find one or two more for your digestion next time.

Time: 06.15 hours. Scene: Lobby outside C.S.M.'s bunk. (Batman with "gunfire," knocks on door): "Come in," calls the C.S.M. Batman: "I can't, sir, I've got a cup in each hand."

(All right, Mr. Printer, we'll let them imagine the rest of the conversation, which became very, very one-sided.)

Happy hunting, fellahs—be seeing you next month.

DRAKE'S DRUM.

Scottish Divisional Signals

GENERAL.—Having penetrated further into the wilds of England, it becomes increasingly difficult to find items of topical interest with which to provide copy for THE WIRE.

As always, operational duties and training occupies everyone's mind, but despite this fact the men still succeed in indulging in various recreations and the always popular "half-days."

In an effort to provide a homely atmosphere for the men (most of whom are Scots), it has been found that the appearance of our pipe band in their national regalia not only livens their spirit, but adds much-wanted colour to the drab and uninteresting surroundings.

The local inhabitants too, have found that the rendering of Scottish airs not only produces a feeling of spiritual and physical well-being to the Scot, but is sufficiently appealing to the "Sassenach" to encourage him or her to contribute magnificently to the funds of the local "War Weapons Week Schemes" in which the band has figured prominently.

ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.—The provision of transport twice weekly to towns within the Divisional Area enables everyone to indulge in his favourite recreation, and theatres, dancing and pictures are within everyone's scope.

Not all the "free evenings" are spent in entertainment, however, and lectures, educational films and demonstrations are given every week. Everyone has taken the opportunity of continuing their studies in the subjects to which they were attracted in civil life. Classes for those wishing to study economics, English, shorthand and languages have also been inaugurated.



DEPARTURES.—It is with deep regret that we have to announce the return to "industry" of The "Muscles" Blair, who, it can be said, would easily have filled the position of Entertainments Officer, despite the fact that he was attached in the official capacity of P.T. Instructor.

It is to be hoped that he is more gentle towards the school kiddies than he was with the boys during "unarmed combat" lessons.

ARRIVALS.—We extend our heartiest welcome to Sergeant Barker and Corporal Snowball who joined us recently from Holding Battalions. We hope that they will soon settle down in their new home and that their stay with us will be a lengthy and happy one.



THE PRESS.—Further visits by Pressmen and War Correspondents to the unit whilst on manœuvres provided the "newshawks" with excellent material for their columns, and even the photographer who was marked for the "job" succeeded in taking a few shots for reproduction in the national newspaper which he represented.

He was kind enough to forward two of these prints to us which we now forward for republication in THE WIRE.

One shows two of the boys from "B" Cable making some repairs to "overhead," whilst the other portrays a "D" Section Sergeant being introduced to three feathered friends by two pigeon wallahs.

OBITUARY.—The Commanding Officer and all ranks direct their sympathy to the parents and relatives of the late Signalman Mulls, who was killed recently during an air raid in Portsmouth whilst on leave.

During the many months this D.R. spent with the unit he gained numerous friends who are deeply grieved by his sudden and tragic death.

O.H.

— Welsh Divisional Signals

TRAINING.—Exercises and schemes appear to be the key note of training these days, and they are a very welcome change after a winter period of indoor class work. It is really good to be able to get out into the country and blow all the cobwebs from one's self, and during the coming months there will be plenty of opportunity for both fresh air and hard work, as the unit will be partaking in exercises of six days' duration.

SPORT.—As mentioned in the last month's notes the Soccer match between the officers and W.O.s and Sergeants' Mess took place on Easter Monday morning, the officers emerging from the gory battlefield the winners by three goals to two.

This victory was frowned upon by our friend, "Old Nast," as Wailing Winnie started sobbing at the conclusion of the match as everyone had to take up their positions on the other field of battle from which, without a doubt, not only officers but all ranks will emerge victorious.

DEPARTURES.—We have to say "au revoir" to C.S.M. Pugsley F., who has been with this unit practically since its infancy, but we trust that this and other postings are only for a short while, anyway, "Here's wishing you luck, Fred."

CONGRATULATIONS.—Congratulations to Captain F. C. Moon on his taking over command of No. 3 Company and to Captain E. O. A. Jobson, both in his attaining his Captain's rank and also the appointment of Adjutant.

EN PASSANT.—It is said that officers of the Divisional Tactical School thought that they had wandered into the Senior Chaplain's lecture when O.C., No. 3 Company, opened up his Signals Lecture with:—

"And He said unto them, 'What manner of communications are these that ye have, one to another . . . ' " (St. Luke, chapter 24, verse 17.)

" D " SECTION.—There are lots of things that one might write of, but little that one may write about. At least, that is how the writer of these notes feels about it. It may, perhaps, be a slight exaggeration to write that nothing of great importance has happened to us since our last notes were written. I might, however, be guilty of writing with my tongue in my cheek.

One's turn for leave comes and goes. There are also those regular journeys into strange places, when one is afforded the opportunity of practising the art of putting one's fellow man in touch with his neighbour. We have also had a pleasant party with a service that is generally termed the " Silent Service." This particular party produced a good story, one that perhaps for purely local reasons might fail in its telling.

A party of Donites found themselves in a ship's cutter some distance from dry land. They were making very slow progress and hailed, with considerable relief, a passing launch to give them a tow.

A sturdy P.O. accordingly threw over a rope, which naturally had to be missed by a Donite in our boat.

This produced the following exchange of words :—

P.O., scornfully, " Are you in the ' Wrens ' ? "

This rather shook our amateur who answered, " Oh."

P.O., " Then what are you wearing that badge for ? " Unfortunately, only those of this unit will see the point in the story.

And now, what. We are all looking forward to the father and mother of all exercises, which is to take place shortly. By the time these notes will have appeared in print we will perhaps have had many more of them. One cannot help but feel gratified for the opportunity of getting out and really doing a job of work.

" G " Section

Hold everything. Here we are again with all the news. Our activities have been many and varied during the last month or so, and we have taken part in our full quota of exercises during the last few weeks. However, perhaps the most interesting feature of our training was a Message Steeplechase organised by our Section Officer, Lieutenant C. M. Jenkins. This took the form of passing traffic from a given base to a visual terminal by D.R., then by V/S to a line terminal finally reaching the original base by wireless telegraphy. Personnel not on duty, or away on that far away " dream " called leave, were split into two teams. " A " team was led by Signalman Hickman T. and " B " team by Signalman Morgan S. A.

Various trades made up the teams, but the co-operation and general adaptability gave the competition a good standard. Signalman Morgan S. A. led the winning team and a prize of 5s. was won. We are now looking forward with some eagerness to our next " chase." (Incidentally we are prepared to challenge any other Section on hearing from them—choose your " weapons," pal.)

Two new additional sports features are now nearly ready. Two rowing blues have very kindly promised to coach us and eventually we hope to field our really own *gun team*.

During the past few weeks " face fungus " has gradually appeared in the region of various upper lips. Has this any connection with recent outbreaks of foot and and mouth disease.

That's all now, folks, so cheerio.

HUBE.

Thames Estuary Signals — Command Signals

GENERAL.—Having survived my first attempt at these articles, I now come up for the second round. There seems to be rather a shortage of news this time. We welcome Signalman Delahunty to the Section, and wish the best of luck to Signalmen Corbin and Johnny Garrett at their new abode.



Then I still slept on Boots because all my comrades borrowed it

- Splendid on manœuvres and in camp
- Khaki material
- Ideal for all on service
- Up or down in a few seconds
- Deflated about the size of handkerchief, 15" × 10"
- Send now, stocks cannot be replenished — Price **4/3**
- Offered by ex-W.O. who knows its worth — Postage - 3d.

KENOSHA AGENCIES, COWPLAIN, PORTSMOUTH

Crossword puzzles are well to the fore in the Barrack Rooms nowadays—maybe George Vincent's success in a leading Sunday paper has done a great deal towards starting the craze.

Musketry practice is causing a bruise or two and some healthy dents in the Barrack Room floor, but joking apart, our instructor seems to be fairly pleased with us, which is saying a lot. Incidentally, I know at least one chap who can't shut his left eye.

Changing our equipment has led to a sudden rush of cleaning, some of us call it by another name. The N.A.A.F.I. is certainly doing a roaring trade in Blanco.

SPORT.—As before, our football team is still trying to find someone we can beat—our best effort this month was in holding the Royal Marines to a 3—3 draw. With only twelve minutes to go we were leading 3—1, but the pace of the game proved too hot, and the Marines fully earned their last two snap goals. Unusual as it may seem, I'm saying " thanks " to the referee, who was the best we've met.

Tennis is becoming popular now. I don't know if we've any budding " Perrys " in our midst, but I suggest a tournament in the future would add to everyone's enjoyment.

CONGRATULATIONS — OR UNCLE ARTHUR'S GOSSIP COLUMN.—I appear to have left quite a few names out of the Matrimonial Stakes last month. Four more runners who have cleared the Engagement Hurdle are Skip, Harry H., Ted (Curly) W. and Don. I'm no tipster, but Ted appears to be well in the lead. Flash—a dark horse—comes into the picture : no names, as I'm not sure of my facts, but watch the Wireless Section.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—Who turned " her " picture to the wall ?

Just what is Khaki Green Blanco No. 3 ?

Can we get a rebate on unused brown polish ?

How many men make a football team ?

Who has got a reliable mouse-trap for sale ?

WANTED.—A volunteer to give up his cheese ration for the aforesaid mouse-trap.

That's all for now, boys—you'll be hearing from me again next month (I hope).

2nd Air Formation Signals, London

Well, readers, we're here again. Almost recovered from a rush of chili to the head brought on by our first (last month's) contribution.

Our local suburb held a War Weapons Week recently and the procession was graced by a detachment from this unit. Our guiding star (?), the R.S.M., knocked us into shape and the result was very gratifying; we fairly swept the board and even the Guardsmen blushed when they saw us. So hats off to Tara.

We have partaken in a few local schemes which we thoroughly enjoyed, particularly when a supposed Fifth Columnist pinched your humble scribe's motor cycle.

Was our face red when the shameful story leaked out ! It isn't safe to walk about, nowadays.

However, things were evened up when the rest of our section were captured and were lodged in the enemy's prison camp, which turned out to be the courtyard of the local ale-house. . . . We were surprised to see by many were captured after the " gen " got around. . . . It is said that a certain Captain, hearing of this prison camp-cum-ale-house, went out waving a white handkerchief.

Too bad the scheme finished before you arrived at the Offlag, sir—or should we say the off-licence ?

SOCIAL.—The Swing Six have been performing mightily in the ballroom sphere. Lieutenant P. H. Chapman, the creator of our band of maestros (correct plural ?) has worked hard—and has made a fine job of it, judging by the large number of ardent hip-swingers that gather regularly in our hall. The trumpeter has indented for a new set of choppers—sorry, teeth—and is dedicating the top half to the trombonist.

SPORT.—The Sports Committee will be catering for cricket by the time this is rescued from the Editor's waste-paper basket and we are hoping for some happy hours with bat and ball.

SEEN ON THE PARADE GROUND.—Who was the C.S.M. who told his Company to take the bolts out of their rifles and put them back on their shoulders ? And why was he surprised to see every man with his bolt neatly placed in the required position ?

That's all this time, folks.

TAFF 149.

51 D.R. Section

Norton Villa looks positively charming now and we have great hopes of a fine show of potato blooms in a month or so. We look forward to spending our leisurely summer evenings amidst the blossoms, lulled to a gentle snore by the tune of rattling tappets and snorting exhaust pipes.

" Binn's Garage," adjoining Norton Villa, is doing a roaring trade, and Signalman Binns, the popular curly-haired proprietor, has asked for an increase in his director's fee. Next month's Trade-test Board will decide.

We have recently suffered a mighty blow to our dignity—the Great Provider has sent us four push-bikes ! Pass the cuspidore, Cuthbert, we will show our contempt.

Congratulations to all those lucky people who have recently discarded the unwanted " U/ " and here's to their next. The pubs did well out of them and are definitely in favour of wholesale promotions.

LESSON OF THE DAY.—Don't tease the girls in the N.A.A.F.I.

WE WANT TO KNOW.—Who is Rumplestiltskin and where is he now ?

Who used the Turk's bath water ?

Where is the gudgeon-pin when it is at home ?

IN MEMORIAM.—We sincerely grieve for the loss of our mascot and pet, " Peggy," who, true to the noble traditions of her varied forefathers, was killed in action. That is to say, she was run over by a car whilst being pursued by an ardent, but unwanted, lover.

She was a fine dog.

R.J.M.

— Corps Signals

No. 1 Company

GENERAL.—Once again No. 1 Company appears in print, and once again an unlucky fellow sits, scrawls and scratches trying to get a few lines together. Having made what he thinks to be a valiant effort he hands his notes to the C.S.M., who says, " Huh, could be better." However C.S.M.s were always the snag in a fellow's life.

COMPANY H.Q. SECTION.—The Company H.Q. lost weight when Sergeant Lillie left for Unit H.Q., but it soon regained its balance when Corporal " Busty " Holiday decided that a Line Section was too risky for a man of his bulk.

Taff Mars is endeavouring to rule the roost in the Company Office, but Jock Hindle continues to be " Laird " of all he surveys, under the eagle eye of C.S.M. " Shoey."

NO — LINE SECTION.—One often reads about poetic justice ; here is an example:—A certain chap in this Section disagreed with some of the remarks passed by a junior Line Section. He had considered a private vendetta with the offending Section. Now, due to the powers that be, this vindictive chap is a loyal member of that Section. Lucky for you, Jock H.

The Section was sorry to lose " Busty " Lagg and Bill Pilling. These two laddies served in the Section for three or four years. We wish Bill a speedy recovery.

NO. — LINE SECTION.—This is the quiet Section, we find it more peaceful to lie low and say now't. A few detachments are still away doing good work. Keep it up, lads.

Congratulations to Sergeant Wilding on the safe arrival of a little " Taffy " in Battle Dress and a crook stick in his hand.

NO — LINE SECTION.—This Section has changed so much recently, our Section officer is inclined to believe that he has a chameleon, not a Section.

This is now considered to be the " Section of Blue Eyes." Ask Sergeant Trevethan or Sergeant Breeze why " Busty " Holiday is missing; his place as a gripper will be taken by Ken Gibb, of Spike Island fame.

In spite of manifold changes, we still carry on and hope for the best. To all those who left us we say good luck and to the arrivals we offer the glad hand. Our lodger, Coope " Fancy " Lee, of the Staffs, is still doing himself well.

L.M. SECTION.—A slight storm was caused by our notes last month, therefore we must let sleeping dogs alone. We sent " Dick " Whittington on a " D. and D. " course. Be sure to come back, Dick, with as good a report as our old friend " Blanco."

INFANTRY TRAINEES.—Congratulations are extended to all the lads who passed the various trade tests. We have a good bunch of chaps amongst them and we are certain they will be a credit to the Line Sections.

P.S.—Here's hoping for more Hessians.

No. 2 Company

We have an apology to offer for having been found wanting last month, although it was really unavoidable as we were very busily engaged on manœuvres.

Incidentally, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves—for after a barren life here, so far as smokes were concerned, life for a brief space became one glorious round of tobacconists and cafés. In fact, we descended on the unsuspecting villages like locusts and I'm afraid we did not leave much behind.

During these manœuvres a tragedy was narrowly averted by some brilliant wire pulling when our rations were restored after having been captured by the " enemy." At this phase, two personalities stood out —We wondered how the 1 Company Officer, who had been seen earlier in the day surreptitiously scraping a raw carrot in the " wash-house," would fare if times became rather lean. Our No. 2 personality was our C.S.M., who, on being detailed as Quartermaster, procured five loaves and stalked around very grim and haggard, looking for an enterprising individual to cut the five loaves—blessing everything and everybody he came in contact with, except the bread. However, all our troubles were smoothed away and we returned quite safely, having performed our tasks quite satisfactorily—we hope.

Since then life has been developed into almost peace-time conditions; we actually managed to round off the winter with a spell of intensive training—many of the students now gaining financial benefits as a result.

All welcomed the extra hour of Summer-time with the exception of the Despatch Riders—who seemed to be of the firm belief that this mandate had emanated from either the Company Orderly Corporal or the Company Office Runner with no other object than to curtail their evening pleasures with the female of the species—we all know the advantages of dark nights.

We regretfully say good-bye to the many departures, though no doubt we will be running across many of you soon.

To the new arrivals we extend a cordial greeting and feel sure that they will soon be happy amongst us.

To Captain Cox, Lieutenants Cressall and Stow, Lance Sergeant Nicholson, Corporals Hoddinett, Huntingford and Midgley, and Lance Corporals Spencer, Clapp, Wilson A., Manns S., Cookson N. and Young C. we offer our congratulations on obtaining that rank.

Our unofficial registrar has not been very busy this month, although Signalman Russell and Private Holmes A. did both manage to toe the line—for better or worse, no doubt. At present they are still in that stage of gliding around as though they are in heaven with wings. Let me take this opportunity of warning all who contemplate likewise action that this stage is invariably followed by one of shuffling in hell with shackles instead of wings.

Worthy of a mention in despatches are those who planted our own potato crop—we look forward to many a baked spud during the next winter.

All other ranks congratulate the officers on their national effort in saving petrol and still await to hear of the pedal champ. We also would like to know which is the greater evil—sore bottoms or sore feet.

For the rest our training programmes, no exemption drill parades and other weekly features carry on as usual. Our sporting activities we will leave to other writers, even the 6—0 defeat of 1 Company. So au revoir.

Two Coy.

FOOTBALL 1940-41

At the beginning of the season we announced our presence in the district by obtaining a fixture with the Reserve XI of the local professional club. Although we had had no training we managed to put up a fair show, only losing 3—0 after an exceptionally keen game. Later in the season we beat the same team 5—2.

After this first fixture we were invited to enter the local Thursday League.

We went through our fixtures very successfully, winning all games except two, one of which we drew.

The matches we lost and drew were against the same team, namely, R.A.V.C., who finished top of the league, the Unit XI finishing runners-up.

We were given our chance for revenge on the R.A.V.C., however, when we met them in the final of the Thursday League Knock-out Cup.

This match, which was played on the evening of May 8th on the local professional ground, was one of the finest our team has played this season.

Owing to postings, two of our regular players this season were unable to assist us, but we were lucky in having 2nd Lieutenant Lister recently posted to us. The team we fielded was as follows:—Corporal Roe; Signalman Wall and Corporal Scott E.; Signalman Openshaw, Sergeant Burch (captain) and Signalman Clayton; Signalman Codd, 2nd Lieutenant Lister, Signalman Billington, Signalman Crowley and Signalman Crawley. Reserves: Signalmen Wild and Wileman.

The game started at 18.30 hours and from the kick-off the Unit team took up the attack. Within five minutes we were in the lead, 2nd Lieutenant Lister, taking advantage of a short through pass from Signalman Billington slipped the ball out of the goalkeeper's reach. For the remainder of the team this was just what the doctor ordered, it showed them they could score goals against their " bogey " team, so they decided to repeat this effort.

Within another five minutes Signalman Billington picking up a long pass from his half-backs decided to go through on his own, which he succeeded in doing, almost walking the ball into the net.

Both sides soon found the pace too hot and settled down to play a slower but no less interesting game. The remainder of this half was packed with thrills, both goals having many escapes until, finally, R.A.V.C. scored five minutes from the interval.

Up to the interval the defence had shown great improvement on previous games. Corporal Roe, in goal, was getting behind the ball well and showed definite improvement with his goal kicks. Signalman Wall and Corporal Scott seemed to be playing better together than previously, Wall as usual being conspicuous for his kicking powers.

The half-backs, although being worked hard, were coming through on top, Sergeant Burch not only stopping the opposing centre-forward but also feeding his forwards well. Signalman Clayton played his usual sound game, bringing off a grand save on the goal-line by heading out a point blank drive when the remainder of the defence had been beaten.

R.A.V.C. took advantage of the interval, for before our team got into their stride they had managed to draw level after a grand bout of passing. At this point of the game our supporters in the stands were getting very uneasy, many had their heads almost sunk into their collars and one officer was seen to be wringing his hands, almost his own neck, in deep despair.

Their spirits, however, rose in leaps and bounds shortly afterwards when Signalman Billington ran on to a pass from 2nd Lieutenant Lister and with sheer determination forced his way through to score our third goal. Cheers from our few spectators nearly brought the roof down after this grand effort, and shortly afterwards he again scored, converting a glorious ground pass from Signalman Codd, on the right wing. We sat back in our seats and prayed that four goals would be enough to make that cup ours, but apparently Signalman Billington had other ideas for in the closing minutes he chased a bouncing ball, which we all considered would soon be over the goal-line, and managed to scramble it round the post and into the net.

Result: Corps Signals 5, R.A.V.C. 2.

The season ended, therefore, on a very sweet note. Congratulations to the team on the many grand games they played.

Before closing we feel mention should be made of all those who played from time to time, namely, Signalman Hollingsworth, Signalman Simpson, Signalman Wild, Corporal McDonagh, Signalman Wileman, Signalman Cox and Sergeant Stringer.

— Corps Signals, Yorkshire

In spite of many previous attempts and the best of intentions, this unit has not, except as a contributor to the various Corps funds and charities, appeared in THE WIRE.

Now that the effort to overcome natural shyness has been successful it is hoped that the flow of correspondence will continue unbroken.

This unit commenced life as 1st Army Signals, in 1939, under the command of Colonel Westropp, then became 10th Corps Signals, under the command of Colonel Thursby-Pelham. Our designation has changed again recently. The latter event has been the cause of the loss of a number of good friends, and considerable disappointment to all of us. Further than this, it is not possible to write and at the same time avoid the Censor's blue pencil.

We are billeted in a delightful valley, and take our full part in operational and training duties. As is the case with all units we find the 24 hours barely sufficient for all the work that has to be done. Unless the spate of paper decreases we shall be drowned in the flood. As it is we find it very difficult to keep our heads above

water, and prevent creeping paralysis overtaking the unit on account of the strangulating effect of the flood.

As the local government speaker, whose ardour outshone his lack of education once remarked when called upon to make a speech, "This is indeed a suspicious occasion!"

These notes (providing the Editor is kind and they see the light of day, of course) mark two debuts. Firstly, the unit makes its bow under its new designation, and, secondly, the writer of these notes makes his initial effort as unit scribe.

As I write, we bring to a close our first month under our new name . . . 28 days which have been full of hard work and taken up by a seemingly endless programme of inspections. We have had, in effect, a "spring cleaning" of the unit, and this on top of our operational work, too!

As is usually the case when there is a surfeit of inspections, the extra work involved brought forth a good deal of grumbling from various sources, but, after all, "protestation on principle" is one of the recognised characteristics of a British soldier, and his freedom to do so one of the main causes of his present fight.

But after having had their grumble, the men got down to it and now, if they are truthful with themselves, they must admit that this "spring cleaning" has had a beneficial effect upon the smartness of the unit.

All the cleaning of M.T. and equipment has not been without its reward. The remark of the O.M.E., who after inspecting transport recently, spoke of it as "among the cleanest and best maintained transport he had come across in the Army," must have been pleasing to the drivers responsible.

More pleasant work—and not without its moments of humour, has been the training of several Polish officers, attached to the unit for instructional purposes. Two of them, finding but little difficulty as far as our language is concerned, have acted as interpreters to their less capable colleagues, and as a result all have made many friends in the Officers' Mess.

The month's funniest incident occured in the Officers' Mess the other night, I am told. The T.M.O. (Lieutenant Holness) speaking in his native Irish brogue, attempted to give his Polish colleagues a lesson in Arabic and Hindustani. The resultant babble can well be realised!

The usual complement of N.C.O.s have been despatched to the various training centres for courses during the month, whilst those returning, it is pleasing to note, have obtained results which enhance the reputation the unit already holds with regard to course successes.

Best wishes are extended to Captain B. H. E. Rogers on his recent elevation, to C.Q.M.S. Sims on his promotion to A/C.S.M., to Sergeant French, who has taken over from C.S.M. Sims, and to the many others who have risen on, or set foot on, the ladder of promotion.

A cloud was cast over the unit by the death, following an accident whilst he was carrying out his "Don R" duties, of Signalman Craven H. The unit expressed its sympathy to his widow and family in a tangible way, organising a dance, the proceeds of which were forwarded to Mrs. Craven. Condolences are also offered to Driver Travers S. C., who suffered a double bereavement during a recent "blitz" on Portsmouth.

The following items culled from current copies of the "H-r-r-r-h Harbinger" make interesting reading:—

AT LAST!—"Our ace columnist, Vick Eddy, writes:—"To-day I heard from authoritative circles that Corps Signals have received their final—yes, definitely their last—posting orders!"

"The Sanitary Orderly who told me said that, as yet, the destination was highly secret, but after slight persuasion he whispered that as he had passed the Orderly Room early that morning he had heard the R.S.M. tell the O.R.S. that the unit was going to Hell!"

"The news agency, Exchange Rumour and Griff Inc., informs this journal that Colonel Mephistopheles is in command of the garrison there."

"The repercussions experienced on the Stock Exchange when the news became known are described in our City Editor's despatch. Ike Owen writes:—'Opening was dull, but on receipt of news business became more active. Drawers, woollen, long, 5 per cent., dropped several points, and Incorporated Drawers, Cellular, reach a new level'."

"It is understood that the Chairman will make a full statement on the matter at the next meeting of the local Parish Council."

"Wigan Pier is rumoured as the likely point of embarkation."

LOCAL INVALIDS.—"It was with pleasure that we learned, on enquiry at his store to-day, that C.Q.M.S. Kerr has practically recovered from his recent painful and embarrassing loss of voice. It is of interest to note that the malady from which he was suffering was diagnosed by the M.O. to be a comparatively new illness—a disease of the throat named 'Biancosis'."

AND THE WAR GOES ON.—"Tempted by the sun this morning," writes our Society Sonny, "I left my den and walked past the Orderly Room. There I chanced upon Sergeant M——. He was attired in a fashionable suit of khaki, which was offset by strips of dazzling whiteness, and anklets of a dainty green. I made a mental note of this for my fashion celumn."

Will be with you again next month.

DANUM.

1st A.S.S.T. Battalion

It is thought that the numerous Sections now scattered over the United Kingdom and abroad who were formed in this Battalion, and who are still independent might like to use our column in THE WIRE as a means of mutual greeting. Other means of doing this are not practicable in present circumstances. The contributions of those desiring to do so, should be sent to this unit for inclusion in our notes, and will be very welcome. We shall then all know where to look for news of old friends.

H.Q. COMPANY.—No, this is no half-hearted attempt to emulate Lewis Carroll. Yet the Cheshire Cat has nothing on us.

Faint wisps of old associates trail the billeting area, blown about by gusts of authority (three bars and upwards) seeking relief (!) in labours more domestic perhaps than technical.

Administration seems to be the only flourishing tree, plentifully watered with the copious perspiration of sappers, hut builders, distemperers.

What was, is not, nor never shall be. Such is 1st A.S.S.T. Battalion, when the tide ebbs. But if time and high authority have taken the "Rock" out of Rockshaw, leaving, it would seem, a mere expression of contempt, the essential guts are still there.

Dee-side rocks to hearty laughter once a week, preceded by furious efforts of piano and scene shifter. The band still boasts Delaney, but Izzy is now Wazzl. Alas!

Between Buck and White Horse (this is hunting country) flit Linemen and lovers, drivers i/c, this and also that. The road to Gwernheylod is not a Slough of Despond, but precious like it. Farmhouse life, however, if cramped, is broadening if only to the nostrils. (O, ye dwellers in Althrey.)

Loose boxes may prove a little tight for four—with a "Hay, Nonny No," but on with the rising of the sap in the Spring, when even the N.F.R. becomes so tough that he chews "American" "E" as the Eyti his spaghetti.

So let us like nature smile, and look forward to the next bundle of twigs for the bending.

At present old associates feel a little "framed" (French joke).

PROMOTION.—We congratulate R.S.M. Church on his step into commissioned rank (T.M.O.). He first joined 44th Divisional Signals as P.S.I., No. 2 Company, in September, 1939. He was made R.S.M. 2/44th in September, 1939. He has performed splendid work and we all wish him the best of good luck.

No. 1 Company

The absence of the baronial hall and impromptu stage—its excellent artist and grand company has been hard to replace—but we are once again getting into our stride with a dance and concert at the local hall.

Only one of the Four Marx Brothers remains, and this ruling passion is now chief assistant to the Lancashire Lad, "C" having joined the motley.

Contact this month or two has not been good, and we are hoping that all who passed through the portals will open up through THE WIRE. You know our frequency.

Corporal Fox has at last made the irrevocable decision, and we wish him and Mrs. Fox good luck.

The unit's dance band has been strengthened by the arrival of Ken Crossley (late of Henry Hall), vocalist, together with Pat Sullivan, boxing promoter, and G. Seaton, the one-punch killer.

The company is very proud to record that Sergeant Wall and Signalman Schofield carried out rescue work whilst away from the unit, and saved from a burning building two small children—typical of our best Signal traditions.

CORA.

Nos. 2 and 3 Companies

After a rearrangement of old friends, some go here and some go there—how wonderful that card system seems to work—we give a big hand to Captain Cadogan, who greets all with "Ah, more men."

The local village dances have been a great success, and we are all now nicely settled down.

Our loss is others gain. Mercer, Todhunter and Dawson, etc., have transferred their energies, and C.S.M. Robinson is now our "Bees Knees."

Captain Huddle is still saving all he can, but an occasional shot by committees stumps him.

Our unit pianist has received his first stripe. We hope he can speed on the rest like his rhythm on the "ivories." Signalman Field with others mentioned in 1 Company notes receives our congratulations for good work done.

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.—Who visited Barber Bakall and, finding he was out, helped himself to setting lotion and found it to be "Remove it."

We hear Captain Williams is well. He is "tuff." He can take it!

"THE LIGHTHOUSE"

This is the story of a party of fisherfolk who row out to a lighthouse and find it deserted. The room is tidy, the fire is burning, a table is set for a meal, but of its occupants, no sign is ever seen again.

Can solutions to the mystery of what happened to these folk in the lighthouse be forwarded to 1st A.S.S.T. Battalion, c/o THE WIRE, before next issue?

OBITUARY.—It is with deep regret that we have to announce the loss of C.Q.M.S. Kemp, wife and son, through enemy action, and tender our deepest sympathy to his daughter in her great loss.

C.Q.M.S. Kemp came to the fore in the early days of L Section at Southgate, and his instant success owes no little to his sterling work in the early stages as Section Sergeant, and despite his local civic duties, one Section became two, and in the days of duplication, no less than 300 men fell to this charge. His departure from this unit was an indication of his determination to get once more into active sphere of operations, but this was denied him. We are sure that all ranks Home Counties Signals will join us in mourning his untimely passing.

— Army Tank Brigade Signals

We begin our first contribution to THE WIRE with saying a real "howdy" folks and we hope you will find our news good reading.

Firstly, let me introduce to you our "O.C.," Captain P. S. Banbury, who, with 2nd Lieutenant R. S. Jenkins, is making our unit a tip top one. We are a very mixed crowd here, and I may say a very cosmopolitan one, we having an operator from the Far East,

8th Armoured — Signals

— **ARMOURED DIVISIONAL SIGNALS.**—What does it mean? We had a number when we last contributed to THE WIRE, but, alas, we appeared in print preceded only with an ignominious "dash." Is it too much to hope that this time we shall be accorded the privilege of a "dot"—a sign of so much superior proportion and possessed to a far greater degree with the virtue of economy? What price fame, what price glory? It avails us naught. We are the "blank" Armoured Divisional Signals. Out, out, damn'd spot (or confounded dash). Give us back our number.

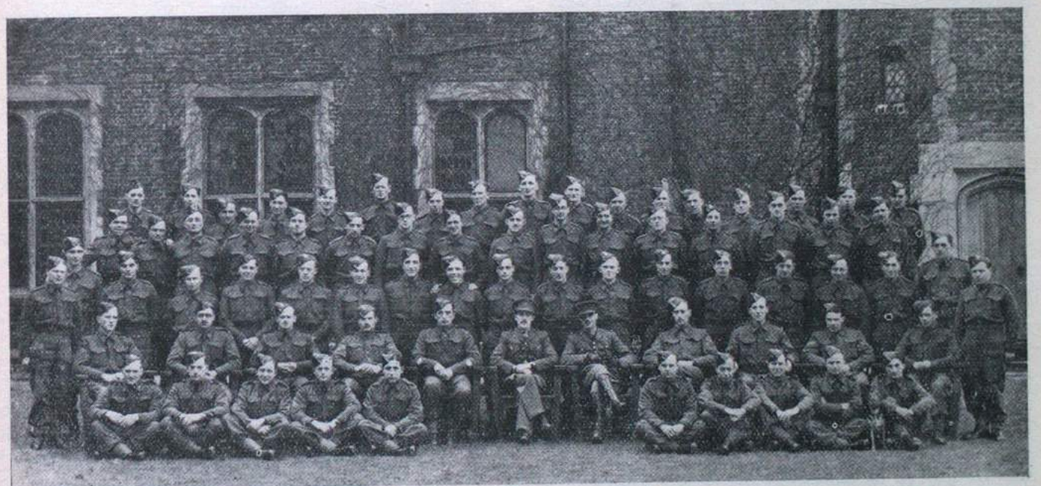
What a life, what a unit, what a title, what a war! What are we going to say? Only "out, out, damn'd censor," and aside, "To Hell with Hitler."

OPERATOR'S LAMENT.

STAR DUST—OR LISTENING WATCH

Some times I wonder why I spend,
The lonely night
Just listening for your call.
Your carrier haunts my reverie,
And I am once again with you,
When your key was new,
And each dot an inspiration . . .
Oh, but that was long ago,
And now my consolation
Is in the repetition of your text.
Beside the barrack wall, your rods all shining bright,
The headphones told their merry tale of paradise where tigers fight,
But now I dream in vain,
And in my heart will remain
The hope that you will use again
The other foot.

(With apologies to man whose work we've improved.)



several from the Middle East, and, of course, some "regulars" with a large dash of S.T.C. men, so we have a well mixed pudding. We are accommodated in gorgeous billets, reputed to be haunted by a beautiful young lady, but up to Press "no contact" has been made. Our Sergeant hyphen Major is S.S.M. Peacock E. (late 1st Armoured Division), and we can assure you a finer man you could never meet. For the last time, sir, is it true that tank operators drink the water from their machine guns? I only want to know. Well, anyway, with the officers, N.C.O.s and men, we are and will be a very efficient unit in all ways. We are now running an Inter-Troop competition and to see the men the night before kit inspection is really a sad sight, what with holes in socks and cleaning their pocket knives with Silvo (this not being an advertisement) you will see that the eagerfulness is terrific. (Apologies to Hurree Jam Singh.) We get out of bed half way through the night to do that dreadful exertion called Blocks on "P.T." Blocks off and even more dreadful Blocks on "Drill" Blocks off twice "Scots Guards" who honestly bawl and shout about something no one can understand, but apart from underhand speaking on the square, very decent chaps. The only trouble being when you ask for the time it's either "'Tup,' Two, Three, Away," or some other similar ridiculous remark; anyway, we are progressing very favourably with that part of our training. So much for this part of our training, now let us peep into the lighter side of life. Firstly:—

SPORT

RUNNING.—We took part last month in a cross-country run and I hear we managed a third place which, considering the amount of training done, was quite a good effort. Well done, boys, better luck next time. Of course, there was something in having L-w-e-c-e as a recorder.

CRICKET.—Up to writing there has been no matches played, but we hear that some equipment has arrived and we hope to have some good fixtures before long.

FOOTBALL.—Our football team has done very well under their chiefs, manager Lance Sergeant Barber and captain Signalman Brooks, despite handicaps through shortage of kit. They are managing to romp home with good results, the latest being a six-goal win over the local A.R.P. Services F.C.

BOXING.—We entered a team for the Battalion novices contest and came home first with an easy victory. We have some very promising boxers in our team, so if anybody feels like a scrap any time just write and let us know.

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.—Congratulations to Lance Sergeants Hickey and Barber on attaining their third and also to Corporals Arnold, Claydon, Hickson, Parkinson and Langdon on their second. We hope they will prove worthy of climbing still higher the ladder of merit and responsibility. You know that one about the Field Marshal's baton.

DEPARTURES.—C.Q.M.S. Philps has gone to prepare himself to take further responsibility by accepting a commission. He was with us for a comparative short period, but was well liked by all, and we have missed his lengthy body around here, but we would like to pass out to him our best wishes and hope we shall see him again soon.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—We had two really good dances here on the 4th and 14th of April, and I feel sure that everybody who came enjoyed themselves. Signalmen Roche and Kent proved themselves very capable M.C.s and I may say kept the bar busy by ushering as many as they could handle. The proceeds of these dances are going towards buying new sports gear for us and various items for the comfort of the unit.

We want to know. Whether the certain driver who chased the pigs out of the sty when it was burning t'other night is trying for a transfer to the Land Army?

Well, folks, that's all for this month, and we hope we have given ourselves a good introduction. A photograph of our unit is shown and if you recognise some of us, don't forget to write. All the best.

CONGRATULATIONS.—To R.Q.M.S. Trew and Sergeant Haigh on running a bar for four hours at our last dance and still being able to remember it.

To Lance Corporal McCabe who succeeded in being posted to the unit with his stripe.

To 2nd Lieutenants T. I. G. Gray and J. A. P. Hoskyns on being posted to us, and

CONDOLENCES.—To 2nd Lieutenant J. A. P. Hoskyns on being posted away again within a week.

To 2nd Lieutenant A. Russell, R.A.O.C., on taking over the L.A.D.

To Major E. D. Good on account of Jane.

SPORTS.—We played a cricket match a month ago, but nobody will report it. It is rumoured, however, that the administrative office executed some excellent "off breaks" with a pair of bedroom slippers; and the Second in Command did some useful work with a squash racket. The Mess Secretary is reported to have won the match—with his scoring (chit system).

About a fortnight after this, the officers challenged the Home Guard to skittles. The W.O.s and Sergeants came to their aid, and we (I believe) won. The evening was finished off by a tug-of-war and fun and games were had by all.

Damages, barracks—one poker, fire, bent; damages, general—most suits of Service dress in the two messes.

NARRATIVE

The Thames and Severn Canal marks the frontier between two States.

To the south dwell the Wurzels, a happy, peace-loving people, ruled over by King Mangel (a Swede by birth).

To the north lies Newmonia, the home of the Nastis, a cunning, spaghetti-eating race, whose weak ruler, Baron Edward Bard (posh Eddy to his friends—if any !) is in the grip of his mother-in-law, a time expired C.S.M. in the local A.T.S.

The baron (a pity his mother wasn't) is only a Group E ruler and for years has smarted under the injustice of having to maintain his royal estates on 15s. 9d. per week (less sports subscription and barrack damages). At last, egged on by his ambitious mother-in-law and emboldened by a stiff dose of Clark's Blood Mixture, he has decided to make a savage attack on the Wurzels in a desperate attempt to capture the important B III factory at the Hare and Hounds !

The Prime Minister of Wurzalia is astounded to be woken from his beauty sleep by his charlady in a state of ill-suppressed excitement. Apparently the eight o'clock news contained the information that Newmonian troops had crossed the frontier of Stroud and, after a fierce struggle occupied Minchinhampton.

The Prime Minister, at first incredulous, dresses hurriedly, breakfasts, verifies the news, sends Baron Edward Bard, a stiff note, and goes into a huddle with General Cannonball—the army big shot.

At 09.00 hours the position is as follows:—

The enemy has established positions along the east bank of the tributory canal on a line Dudbridge—Woodchester—Nailsworth thence to Avening and Hyde. The main body of Newmonian troops is being held temporarily on this front by the Malmesbury Militia and the local Home Guard, but enemy mechanised troops have filtered through at Nailsworth and Avening and are advancing southwards. An anti-tank battalion of the Chavenage Highlanders is fighting a delaying action. Nailsworth, Avening and Malmesbury are known to be heavily garrisoned. It is imperative that action be taken at once and General Cannonball is not the man to waste time.

He seizes the 'phone and after a couple of wrong numbers succeeds in getting through to the M.T. office. After explaining the urgency of the situation to three Signalmen, two Lance Corporals, a Sergeant and an officer, he finally obtains permission to move his tanks. It remains but to complete a work ticket for each tank, drive them into a town two and half miles away to fill up and to get two of his drivers released from duty as mess orderlies, and the 400th Armoured Brigade is ready for action.

It should be noted that the Newmonians, though only partly mechanised are in possession of large numbers of anti-tank guns. Their main strength, however, lies in their secret weapon—the gas that is so deadly that if it gets into your paybook it will kill your next-of-kin.

Orkneys and Shetlands Signal Company

The fighting spirit still lives! Yes, even in the Orkneys and Shetlands. To prove this our war correspondent went right into the firing line—at great personal risk—to discover the following engagement in progress.

Thousands of the enemy had landed upon the island and a fierce battle (of wits) was taking place. The Royal Corps of Signals were holding the lines (of communication) against great odds.

However, the situation was saved—thanks to their intensive training and "superior equipment," the Signals completely routed the enemy, who withdrew in confusion.

Many prisoners were taken—much to the dismay of the cook—and fatigue men.

Amongst the equipment captured by our forces was a new type short-wave transmitter. Though I am unable to describe this instrument fully (owing to information reaching the enemy) I understand it is referred to as a trinket set—with catswhisker and piano tuning.

After taking part in this major offensive, our troops paraded, in full marching order and were inspected by the O.C., the Adjutant, the Quartermaster and the Sergeant-Major.

They were informed that the grime of battle (and dust of ages) would have to be removed from their equipment—so that if any medals had been won in the engagement—the men concerned would be clean and smart for the presentation. This was done forthwith !

SPOTLIGHT.—Full of the above-mentioned spirit, our "brightest of all" fired five rounds—from the hip—at an oncoming tank—and succeeded in putting the said tank completely out of action.

He had forgotten, however, that the war was over—at the time—that he was in the bath house.

There were no baths that day and a lot of the lads grumbled—some even suggested that he might have put the five rounds to better use.

SPORT.—Our company dart team were beaten by the R.A.M.C. last week. In preparation for their next contest, however, they have sharpened their arrows—and fitted new flights to the same—feathers from the "Wee-Gee" bird. This is a local resident which flies backwards-way to keep the dust out of its eyes.

FOOTBALL.—None this week—"Ball's Bust."

NEWS ITEM.—The Company held a dance in the local Town Hall, which proved a great success. What with the glitter of uniforms and the glitter in the eyes of the dancers, and the flitter of lemonade—well! There was, however, a distinct shortage of the fair sex, but by sharing out what there was—everyone had a good time.

A novelty item, in which partners placed one shoe each in the centre of the floor—did not prove too popular as—I suspect—many of those present had holes in the heels of their stockings.

The Signals Band played in their usual style, under the leadership of Lance Corporal Barber—though at break-time there was talk of going on strike. However, refreshments were provided and all went well.

SECRET.—It is strongly rumoured that the Signals workshop contains a "Secret Weapon" ! Designed by one of the officers this machine has yet to be launched against the enemy.

PRISONERS OF WAR.—C.S.M. Hinds has escaped from the camp where he was interned (as reported in the last issue of THE WIRE). However, he was recaptured and has been deported to another concentration camp. We continue to send him parcels !

WORKSHOPS INFORMATION.—

Little bits of elbow grease,
Little dabs of paint,
Make our ruddy vehicles
Look just what they 'aint.

This week we welcome back to the Orkneys our C.O. and hope that he has enjoyed his brief "holidays."

Many brilliant ideas have emerged during the past month; our "blitz" expert excelled. In addition, the workshops turned out a new device for painting the huts, which, though finding favour among the fatigue parties, was frowned upon with great disapproval by a certain gentleman—guess who ?

A highly successful dance was held at the local Town Hall on the 27th, and proved to be the finest ever organised by the Signals. The hall was tastefully decorated and beautifully illuminated; overhead hung a large net of coloured balloons, which, when released, went with a bang - tiddy - bang tiddy - bang.

The music, by the O. and S. dance band, consisting of seven players, was varied and entertaining. A statue dance resulted in the male winner receiving everything of necessity from a pair of laces to a

ROYAL SIGNALS CAR BADGE



The above illustration describes a new Car Badge, which has been designed to meet the requirements of all Royal Signals car owners.

It is a highly finished production of excellent workmanship—Chromium plated with a central background of Royal Signals Corps colours in enamel—and can be obtained on application to The Secretary, Signals Association : 17/6 each.

bottle of hair oil. Dancing continued with great enthusiasm until 2 a.m.

CANTEEN NEWS.—Our canteen is now under the control of a new "landlord" who is proving very efficient, and holds the following trade ratings:—

Group "E."—For skill in using razor blades twice before wrapping them up for resale.

A2.—For his ability to get nine pints out of one gallon of beer. (No doubt due to the addition of a secret formula.)

A3.—By studying the effusional properties of the humble tea leaf, blood out of the proverbial stone. (But, as we remarked, we can and by manipulating the tea-bag, he definitely manages to get see through it !)

Who was the D.R. who rang up to ask for another bike when his tyre was punctured ? What did the Sergeant say ?

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.—Who was the Signalman who thought sub-lieutenants only existed on submarines ?

Who is the N.C.O. who *always* dances with one certain Stromness beauty ?

Who frowned with great disapproval upon seeing a stirrup pump in action and said something about : "I wish the blue-pencil thing would burst" ?

Who was the N.C.O. who misplaced his neutral gear and only found it again with difficulty ?

Who were the two I.M.s who probed the secrets of an eleven set—tested every component and all the bits and pieces—then had a brainwave : why not try the valves ?

NATURE NOTE.—Since our last dart match several "Wee-Gee" birds have been seen in the vicinity giving lifts to some of their unfortunate brethren, who (since the Signals half-inched their tail feathers), have been having a blue-pencil job to fly under their own steam.

Seen at our cinema show—several Signalmen sitting on blanket-padded seats. Evidently like a railway engine—got a tender behind.

Re the Bismarck—We pass one of our mottoes to Adolf—"Up in a year—down in a minute."

Northern Ireland District Signal Company

That bed-time story about the boy who would never grow up owes its popularity to the fact that it symbolises so well, especially in the Army, the condition in which we carry on, shouldering responsibility, accepting all experience as valuable, while at the same time endeavouring to hold fast to the perpetual smile of boyhood days. In the Signals, where juveniles rub shoulders with and cheerfully borrow razor blades from veterans of previous wars, there is a type of humour circulating in the regimental blood stream which, making its daily appearance as the first rays of dawn pierce the gloom of passing night, transcends all the inevitable nuisances of a stereotyped routine and permits no one who is really its servant to grow old. Every individual has his peculiar traits and every company of men its patent jokes. Of course, it is true, as you hear every day, there is a war on ; but, war or no war, good days or bad, we cling to those who jest at scars and make nonsense out of the threats of Huns who scream at us from blood-stained lands.

Nissen huts and rusty stoves,
Wet boots and muddy clothes;
Duty calls when all the fowls
Are safely housed, save bats and owls ;
Potatoes dished up in their skins,
Liver, figs and boiled hair pins ;
Five fags a day, a laugh, a groan—
These are the things we thrive upon.

The nearer we approach the end of the war the better we understand what we are fighting for. We know well enough now that it is not just to make fags and matches cheap. We started out, some of us, very much in love with the idea that it was just to be a war of nerves, to be settled, without much effort, in less than a year. Then, one by one, small taps, broad hints, and, finally, hard knocks were given ; indicating that, in a twentieth century war, where two of the most virile nations on the earth were at each other's throats, the last chapter of this tremendous struggle cannot appear until one has decisely defeated the other. We stripped ourselves of the last of our fond illusions, along with the dartboards and canteen glasses we had so carefully acquired, at Dunkirk. Since then, Signals, the world over, have known short respite, and even here in Northern Ireland, in recent days, we have been twice blitzed. Even so, we have our communications to maintain intact ; and though, at the moment, we have not suffered the brute shock of total invasion, we cannot help but share the justifiable faith of him who said:—

"Let it rage and let it roar, we shall come through."

Summer at last has come, but with it there is so much going on that we have little time to say what we are doing. True, letters are written and others received daily, and life here now dramatic, now ironic, goes on as before. This month, however, about the doings of any particular persons we regret we have not much news to impart.

What keeps the ball rolling these days is not so much an occasional binge or spot of leave, though these find their place in the scheme of things and are necessary enough, but it is rather in the inner knowledge that throughout the British Army, and, in particular, in our branch of it, nothing is allowed to stand still for a moment. Every amendment to procedure, every fresh batch of promotions, every change of socks, every signal, every despatch rider's packet rightly delivered at the accurate moment is a step in the right direction, a step closer to final victory.

Lest anyone think, however, that the writer has mastered too well the precarious war-time art of writing much about nothing at all, please pass now to a consideration of the latest news about our immortal good cook, who is one of our greatest war efforts.

Early one morning, whilst still was dark, the good cook walked smack into the stove pipe that keeps the roof of the joint we live in from falling through.

"Art in the same hole ?" we cried. "Which hole ?" demanded the cook. "Rissoles" we shouted in chorus. Then the good cook ran out of the hut and came back with a stirrup pump and a bag of sand.

You see, it happened one night not so long ago in an air raid, that the good cook had been blasted up a chimney from whose lips only his head emerged, so that he had a perfect view of everything ; immovable he was till next morning, and he could not even put his tin hat on, but when he came down he complained bitterly because, while he saw everything, he could do nothing. So we have to humour him sometimes.

Well, on this occasion, however, when he dashed from the hut to the cookhouse and started using the stirrup pump and our tea for breakfast to put out the fires with, and then mixed the sand with the bacon and beans, we thought he had gone far enough, and we said so.

At that moment the orderly officer who had been standing nearby, hitherto unsuspected, cried out in a shrill voice : "Chew the rascal's boots off !" The moral of this story, not quite obvious, is that everyone eats a peck of dirt in a life time and there is really no objection, from a military point of view, to anyone having more than one helping.

THE GLOOMY DEAN.

"THE WIRE" No.....

THE EDITOR,
"THE WIRE,"
BUCKINGHAM HOUSE (First Floor), BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

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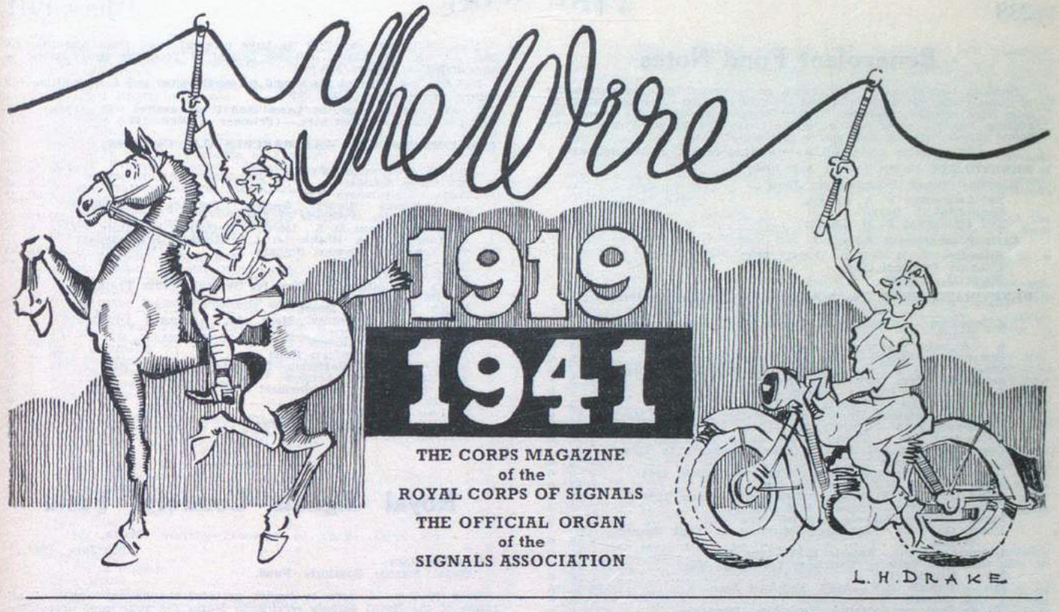
Date..... .....

* *Strike out where non-applicable.*

MORE SNAPS FROM TANGANYIKA



8. Loliondo. W/T Station on right
9. Bicycle battery charger
10 & 11. Loliondo Timber Mills
12. The car in the tree
13 & 14. The Morogoro-Dar-es-Salaam Road
15. Troops at P.T.



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VOL. XXII.—No. 257 JULY, 1941 PRICE—SIXPENCE

Editorial Notes

FELICITATIONS

1.—We convey our best congratulations to the undermentioned recipients whose names appeared in the recent Birthday Honours List.

C.B.—Major-General G. G. Rawson, O.B.E., M.C.

K.B.E.—Lieutenant-General H. C. B. Wemyss, C.B., D.S.O., M.C.

C.B.E.—Colonel E. N. F. Hitchins, D.S.O., M.C.

O.B.E.—Colonel R. F. H. Nalder, B.Sc.; Lieutenant-Colonel I. W. Nicholson; Colonel D. A. L. Wade, M.C.

M.B.E.—Captain C. H. Patrick; Lieutenant (I.P.C.) R. A. McIntosh.

British Empire Medal.—Sergeant J. H. K. Harrison; W.O. Class II (C.S.M.) N. J. S. Headington.

Also to the following :—

"The King has given orders for the following appointments and awards in recognition of distinguished services in the Middle East."

O.B.E.—Lieutenant-Colonel Ralph Alger Bagnold, M.A.; Major Alfred James Hannah; Lieutenant-Colonel Walter Scott, M.A.

M.B.E.—Captain William John Applegate, Indian Signal Corps; Major Arthur John Maunsell Atthill; Captain Archie Dunn; Major Leopold John Douglas Reed; Major Sydney Rutherford Tait.

D.S.O.—Lieutenant-Colonel Cecil Meadows Frith White.

British Empire Medal.—Sergeant Edward George Holland; Lance Corporal George Percival Watts.

Military Cross.—Lieutenant Victor Henry Martin (94645).

Military Medal.—Corporal Bernard Lawrence; No. 2321879 Lance Corporal John Wallace Briggs.

The Indian Distinguished Service Medal.—No. 9249 Havildar Chandra Reddy, Indian Signal Corps.

□■□

2.—EMPLOYMENT BUREAU FOR RETIRED OFFICERS OF THE REGULAR ARMY, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

The object of this Bureau, which is recognised and supported by the War Office and the India Office, is to assist officers who have held permanent commissions to obtain employment in civil life on their retirement from the Regular Army, including the Indian Army.

Officers holding permanent commissions who have retired or are about to retire, and who are desirous of obtaining civil employment, are asked to register their names with the Bureau with the assurance that every effort will be made to find suitable employment for them. No fees are charged.

Officers, whether serving or retired, are invited to acquaint the Bureau of any openings for employment which might be suitable for retired officers.

Correspondence should be addressed to the Secretary, Employment Bureau for Retired Officers of the Regular Army, Watergate House, York Buildings, Adelphi, London, W.C.2.

□■□

3.—OBITUARY.—It is with deep regret that we record the death of Colonel C. L. H. Humphreys, O.B.E., T.D., late Officer Commanding London Corps Signals, at his home at Berrins Hill, Ipsden, Oxfordshire, on 18th July, 1941.

Benevolent Fund Notes

Security regulations do not permit us to publish detailed particulars of Corps Units, but it is hoped that the following list of those formations who have already responded to the Colonels-Commandant's appeal for regular monthly contributions to the Corps Benevolent Fund will be found satisfactory for the purpose of identification.

The Administrator gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following :

BENEVOLENT FUND (No. 2 A/C 1940)

BANKERS' ORDER INSTRUCTIONS FROM :

2nd Lieutenant V. A. Prowse.
Lieutenant C. Boxall.
2nd Lieutenant L. B. Lander.

CASH SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM :

Brigadier R. H. Willan, D.S.O., M.C.
U/Lance Corporal Oddy.
Major G. F. Falk.

BENEVOLENT FUND (No. 2 A/C 1940) (Unit List Continued) :

	£	s.	d.
3 Squadron — Armoured — Signals H.F.—February and March	2	8	0
2 — Signals, Yorkshire—January		14	9
Dover Signal Section—Proceeds Band Concert	6	0	0
Officers' Mess, S.T.C., Yorkshire—Proceeds Derby Sweep		17	6
Sergeants' Mess, 45th — Signals, H.F.—Donation	10	0	0
London District Signals, London—April and May	8	6	9
1 Company 61st — Signals, H.F.—June		12	9
15th (S) — Signals, Home Forces—March, April and May	7	11	6
1 Company 59th — Signals, H.F.—June	2	7	6
3 Company 59th — Signals, H.F.—March, April and May	2	16	6
Depot Battalion 3rd S.T.C., Yorkshire—March to May, 1941, inclusive	15	0	0
Orkneys and Shetlands Signals Company—April, 1941	2	0	0
44th — Signals, H.F.—April and May	4	11	6
152nd O.C.T.U., Yorkshire (other ranks)—June, 1941	1	2	6
1 Company 48th — Signals, H.F.—June	2	0	3
London District Signals, London—June	3	18	9
152nd O.C.T.U., Yorkshire—Collection at Unit Sports Meeting	1	10	9
1 Company 11th — Signals, H.F.—June, 1941	1	15	0
3 Operators Training Battalion, Yorkshire—May	9	12	6
3rd — Signals, H.F.	1	16	0
5th — Signals, H.F.—April, May and June	16	11	10
1 H.Q. Signals, London—June	2	8	0
N.C.O. Training Battalion, Yorkshire—Donation	25	0	0
2 Company 11th — Signals, H.F.—May and June	4	7	6
— Command Signals, Chester—April, May and June	22	11	0
— Command Signals, Chester—Unit Donation	20	0	0
Officers' Mess, 4th — Signals, H.F.—January to June	3	7	6
— Air Formation Signals, London—June, 1941	8	12	7
56th (London) — Signals, H.F.—May and June, 1941	10	3	6
— Air Formation Signals, N. Ireland—Collection at Church Parade	3	13	0
53rd (W) — Signals, H.F.—Donation	26	5	0
Officers' Mess, 51st (H) — Signals, H.F.—Donation	5	0	0
Other Ranks, 51st (H) — Signals—Donation	5	0	0
Orkneys and Shetlands Signals Company—Donation	2	0	0
1 Company 9th — Signals, H.F.—June	1	15	9
4th — Signals, H.F.—June	5	10	9
1st — Signals, Home Forces—March to June inclusive	7	14	6
" F " Section, 18th — Signals, H.F.—June, 1941		4	0
12 — Signals—April, May and June	3	19	6
105 Section, Special Wireless Company	1	12	3

UNITS ABROAD :

Northern Command Signals, India—January, February and March, 1941	5	15	4

APPEALS DEALT WITH :

1	Widow of Signalman, Somerset	Grant	2	0 0
2	Widow of Driver, Gloucester	Grant	4	0 0
3	Wife of Signalman, Cornwall	Grant	1	0 0
4	Mother of Signalman, India	Grant	3	0 0
5	Wife of Signalman, Ireland	Grant	3	0 0
6	Ex-Driver, Dundee	Grant	3	0 0
7	Wife of N.C.O., Aldershot	Grant	3	0 0
8	Wife of Signalman, London	Grant	4	0 0
9	Wife of Signalman, Birmingham	Grant		12 6
10	Wife of Signalman, Newcastle	Grant	5	0 0
11	N.C.O., 5th Corps Signals, Southern Command	Grant	5	0 0
12	Wife of Signalman, London	Grant	3	0 0
13	Ex-Signalman, London	Grant	2	0 0
14	Signalman, Huddersfield	Grant	3	0 0

PRISONERS OF WAR PARCELS :

(EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF RELATIVES OF ROYAL SIGNALS, PRISONERS OF WAR.)

Thank you very much for helping me in the matter of my parcel for my husband. He wrote to me and said he had received my first parcel in March and everything was fine.—(Wife, 98.)

Many thanks for your letter and your kind offer to help us with the personal parcels for our son. You can understand our feelings wanting to do all we can for him. We had a card from him on June 19th. He wrote it on May 5th, so that is an improvement in the postal arrangements. He said he is quite well and received the parcel we sent in February and every thing is intact. Thank you so much for your kindness to him and may you continue your good work till this futile war is ended.—(Father, 441.)

We have received a letter from my son informing us that he has just received a parcel which we sent last November.—(Father, 647.)

Thank you for your letter. Up to the present I have been able to send parcels and have heard that my son gets them.—(Mother, 580.)

I am extremely grateful to you for sending the parcel. It has made me feel I owe you a great debt of gratitude. For one to have a friend in need is all that any one would really ask for and I have had real friendship from you.—(Mother, 347.)

I should like to say that we have received word from him that he has got his first parcel and his delight at receiving the clothing is unbounded.—(Father, 576.)

Ned has just received his second personal parcel and I am waiting for mine.—(Prisoner of War, 399.)

I have just received my parcel and I am excited. It's lovely too, just the things we need here.—(Prisoner of War, 347.)

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR PARCELS (List Continued) :

	£	s.	d.
P.R.I., 4 Command Signals	10	0	0
9th Corps Signals	6	8	0
Anon., 1 Operators T.B.	1	10	0
— Artillery Signals Section Training Battalion, Shropshire—Proceeds of Dance	20	16	5
Signalman Evans D. S., 1st O.T. Battalion, Yorkshire	1	1	0
Captain W. J. A. Wicks, 1st A.A. Brigade, H.Q. Signals	2	0	0
1st Armoured Division Signals	4	14	0
Mrs. J. W. Aldridge		5	0
London District Signals	4	14	0
W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess, 1st General Trades Training Battalion	1	15	6
Major F. R. B. Moore	1	1	0
W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess, 1st Armoured Division Signals	1	0	8
Mrs. E. I. A. Manning	5	10	0
Royal Signals Comforts Fund	68	0	0
Mrs. Henderson, Catterick—Proceeds of Jumble Sale	15	0	0
Mr. A. M. Booth, London	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Constantine, Sheffield		7	6
Mr. H. Stubbs	2	0	0
2nd Air Formation Signals	20	0	0
1st Operators Training Battalion	1	0	0
Mrs. M. C. Noble		5	0

Royal Signals Comforts Fund

Malta,
10th June, 1941.

Hon Secretary,
Royal Signals Comforts Fund.

Dear Madam,—I wish to tender grateful thanks on behalf of all ranks of the Royal Signals serving in Malta for your most acceptable gifts.

A consignment of knitted goods, playing cards and games have arrived. They have been enthusiastically received, the knitted khaki stockings being in great demand.

I also wish to thank you in advance for the consignment notified in your letter dated 26th February, 1941.

Yours faithfully,
W. C. RAMSAY,
Captain, Royal Signals.

O.C. Malta Signal Company,
Lascario Barracks,
Malta.

The occasion of a visit of the Corps Band to London District was utilised by the Committee to hold a concert in aid of the Comforts and Prisoners of War Funds. The concert was held in Holy Trinity Church, Brompton Road, by kind permission of the Vicar. The delightful playing of the band, under the direction of Mr. A. Hibbert, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., was supported by two groups of songs by the well-known soprano, Miss Marion Browne; also by the boys of the Church Choir, directed by the organist, Signalman Woodhouse. The profits amounted to £102 4s. 10d., a half share of which has been handed to the Signals Association for the Prisoners of War Parcels Fund. Grateful acknowledgments are due to the Vicar, all the performers, members of the 1st A.A. Divisional Signals who assisted with the arrangements, and other friends who undertook the sale of tickets.

In addition to the above, the visits of the Corps Band have recently been made the occasion of collecting money for the Comforts Fund by three other Units. This is much appreciated by the Committee and it is hoped that this practice will soon become universal throughout the Corps.

A successful dance was held in Surrey by the London Entertainments Committee. Half the proceeds are to be given to the Prisoners of War Fund. It is hoped that this half share will amount to between £15 and £20. The exact figure will be given later.

The following news from working parties is of interest :—Between January, 1940, and March 1st, 1941, a work party run by Mrs. H. M. F. White made 1,048 woollen garments. At the Comforts Fund work party, Mrs. Nutting, mother of Corporal Nutting (now a prisoner of war) has made 56 pairs of Despatch Riders' waterproof gauntlets between the beginning of March and the middle of June. The Wallington Girl Guides and Brownies sent in a most welcome gift of 100 hussifs for inclusion in the prisoners' parcels.

With reference to wool the Committee would like to say that the new rationing scheme has made no difference to its wool supply.

DONATION TO COMFORTS FUND—May and June :

	£	s.	d.
Signal Units, Rawalpindi	28	19	11
Mrs. A. M. W. Whistler	1	0	0
Kohat District Signals (monthly)	2	3	1
2nd Signal Training Centre	10	0	0
Mrs. Oliver		5	0
The Tank Brigade Signals	2	2	0
Captain McMullen		15	0
Mrs. Wheatley's Work Party	1	2	6
3rd Signal Training Centre—Proceeds of concerts, dances, etc.	50	0	0
1st General Trades Training Battalion, Yorkshire (quarterly)	10	0	0
Waziristan District Signals (quarterly)	6	11	2

	£	s.	d.
Kohat District Signals (monthly)	2	3	1
Staff of Inspection Department, R.E. and Signal Stores (monthly)	7	0	0
Southern Command Signal Section, Poona—Subscriptions and Profits of Dance	13	10	0
Edinburgh Branch, Ladies' Guild—Proceeds of Collecting Box for April	2	0	0
Mrs. Bury		10	0
Royal Signals Mess, Aldershot (monthly)	2	9	0
— Corps Signals—Proceeds of Concert	45	0	0
Signal Training Centre, Bangalore—Proceeds of Golf Competition and Collecting Box	3	5	0
Signal Training Centre, Jubbulpore	15	0	0
Miss Calvely		5	6
L. of C. Signals—Proceeds of Entertainment	20	0	0
Kohat District Signals (monthly)	2	3	0
Peshawar District Signals	4	9	6
— Corps Signals	4	10	0
W/T Company, Abbotabad	4	10	9
Royal Signals, Records Office (monthly)	8	17	0
— Divisional Signals—Proceeds of Entertainment	6	0	0
Mrs. Naider		10	0
4 Command Signals—Proceeds of Dance	10	0	0
Miss Collins	1	0	0
No. 2 Railway Training Centre, R.E. Officers' Mess	5	0	0
No. 1 H.Q. Signals, W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess	1	0	0
Mrs. Chadwick	2	0	0
1st Operators Training Battalion, Yorkshire (quarterly)	4	11	6
— Divisional Signals—Proceeds of Corps Band Concert	4	12	3
Mrs. Barlow's Work Party	2	0	0
Mrs. Roney-Dougal	1	0	0
No. 1 H.Q. Signals	10	10	6
1st A.A. Divisional Signals—Proceeds of Side-shows, etc., on the occasion of the visit of the Corps Band	4	7	0
No. 9 Line Maintenance Signal Section	1	3	0
Mrs. Parker's Work Party	1	0	0
Royal Signals Mess, Aldershot (monthly)	2	10	0
Inspection Department, R.E. and Signal Stores (monthly)	5	0	0
— Divisional Signals—Proceeds of Dance	6	5	6
Edinburgh Branch Ladies' Guild—Proceeds of Collecting Box for May	2	15	0
Mrs. French	1	10	0
Dover Signal Section—Proceeds of Corps Band and Concert	6	0	0
Mrs. Ryan		2	6
— Corps Signals	6	0	0
Mrs. Mould		5	0
Major Herdon	3	12	0
S.T.C., Bangalore—Golf Competition	1	17	0
Mrs. Tayleur's Collecting Box		11	0
Mrs. Allen		1	6
Signal Units, Rawalpindi	16	9	1
Lady Edgecumbe		10	0
Part Proceeds of Corps Band Concert at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton Road	51	2	5

One Year of Vichy

BY WILFRED MARTIN

For one year sick France has been seeking a cure by the medicinal waters of Vichy.

The condition of the patient has shown no sign of improvement : feebleness of mind, a blind eye to the obvious and a deaf ear to friends have been added to excuses for increasing neglect of promises to do nothing against a former ally.

Vichy's collaboration with Berlin is more in the news to-day than that of Rome, professed senior partner in the Axis. The effect of this on the general situation is so complex that it would need a second Jeremiah to prophecy where Vichy will eventually end up in the war. Internally, the situation following upon the country's upheaval is relatively more static.

When Pétain agreed to Hitler's armistice conditions he implicitly wiped French heavy industries off the map. " Back to the land," was his decree. At the same time he turned in wrath on the capitalists, blaming them as one of the causes of the nation's defeat.

But after one year these same industrialists are attempting secretly to obtain a firmer grip than ever before on the country. Germany's urge to stamp her beaten foe into the ground and reduce her to the status of an agricultural nation has failed. The conqueror has begun to shackle what is left of French industry to the German war-machine.

As R.A.F. bombers seek out targets further and further afield in Germany, the Nazi leaders are decentralising their industries. Re-equipment of tanks in the Renault works on the outskirts of Paris was one of the more obvious moves : utilisation of French naval bases as submarine and general repair yards was another.

Before the war began French industrialists had distinct leanings towards their German counterparts : now they give the impression of hoping for the opportunity to slip gracefully into seats kept warm for them by Germany.

This is obviously to Hitler's advantage. French industries can usefully be adapted to strengthen Germany, while France struggles along as best she can, dependent more and more on Nazi favours.

French prisoners of war still in captivity are a powerful blackmailing weapon. These prisoners amount to nearly 2,000,000, while another 1,000,000 persons are unemployed in France and thus no better off than prisoners.

French industry as a whole lacks raw materials because of German seizures and the blockade. Absence of petrol, German requisitions of vehicles has caused a transport breakdown, with the result that such orders as are placed cannot be fulfilled.

" Work, Family, Fatherland " is Vichy's substitute for " Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.' What a mockery of words !

In an effort to provide work the Vichy Government has embarked on a 45-milliard francs engineering programme, not the least serious aspect of which is the speed-up in work on the trans-Saharan railway line to Dakar, which would facilitate Axis penetration into North Africa. This railway line has been planned and replanned for years, and at the outbreak of war M. Mandel, then French Colonial Minister, did his best to push the project ahead. Its construction had immense value then for the Allies, now it will probably figure as one of the chief objectives to be destroyed by the British Air Forces.

Vacant jobs have also been " found " by the wholesale dismissal of Frenchmen on the grounds that three of their ancestors were of Jewish origin. Married women have been replaced in public departments and a percentage fixed as to the number allowed to be on the pay-rolls of private concerns.

Vichy's slogan, " Return to the Land," would seem to involve the admission that all the problems arising out of the war had been solved—an end put to hunger and misery through unemployment.

Is this a practicable experiment ? The answer appears to be a blunt " No." " Wasteful war-time cultivations in many lands will leave agriculture almost as weak as industry." Here, then, is an effective answer to the Vichy programme.

In a recent speech, Mr. Eden declared : " Continental Europe will end this war starved and bankrupt of all the foods and raw materials which she was accustomed to obtain from the rest of the world. . . . Wasteful war-time cultivations in many lands will leave agriculture almost as weak as industry." Here, then, is an effective answer to the Vichy programme.

On the social side, Vichy is attempting to increase the birth-rate, just as all previous governments did. No divorce before a minimum of three years of married life is one measure. More physical training and sport in the schools is another move along the same lines. Wholesale purges among professors and teachers because of their opinions or on the ground of being Jewish in origin is but a natural corollary to the actions of other dictatorships in their first months of existence.

On Borotra, of Wimbledon fame, falls the mantle of the physical fitness of France. His action in approaching the problem of outlawing professionalism in sports in France has aroused controversy which bodes no good for his success. In the early stages of war Borotra showed his dislike of professional lawn tennis players when an amateur French side, of which he was a member, refused at the last minute to play a charity tournament against professionals.

So much for the " National Revolution."

If only from an internal point of view, it has made France's ultimate recovery to greatness more difficult than anything done by the despised Parliamentary Governments of the country.

Darlan has said that a British victory will have the effect of reducing France to a second-rate Dominion. He did not say that the country is even now on that downward path through her own choice of policy. The final international situation will matter but little if the nation is left in a chaotic state unable to hold her head high as a great power which won through. The Free French, who will inherit the terrible legacy of Darlan's France, will need all their genius of improvisation to rebuild a country which has had its foundations kicked from under it and feet of clay, fashioned by Hitler, substituted in its place.

There is one hope, which not even a Darlan can destroy. France and her literature, her civilising influence and cultural tradition will survive the Vichy régime. They will live on to see recovery even although the sick patient of 1941 does not survive to see that day.

The Operations in Crete

When the full truth about the campaign in Crete is known military experts and historians will have a fertile field of study before them. Here we can do no more than briefly summarise the story and its obvious lessons.

After the Germans had over-run the mainland of Greece in a brief and violent campaign, the island of Crete, lying 100 miles to the south, barring the exit from the Ægean Sea into the Mediterranean, became the seat of the Greek Government and the last shred of Greek soil not yet in the hands of the enemy. It was occupied by a strong Allied garrison under the command of General Freyberg, G.O.C. New Zealand Expeditionary Force, and our Prime Minister, in the House of Commons announced that it was to be defended to the last. The strength of the garrison is not accurately known, but the Imperial contingent must have amounted to some 30,000 men and there were also Greek troops, not as many or as well-armed and equipped, which may well have brought the total force available up to some 40,000 men. The inhabitants of the island, warlike and brave, though incompletely armed, afforded a valuable support for the defence throughout, and rendered yeoman service as guides, in the service of transport and supply, and as irregular fighting men whenever and wherever their help could be useful. Crete, in fact, looked, and proved to be, a tough nut for the Germans to crack—all the more so as the British Navy was able almost to the last to bar all the routes of approach to it by sea, and to take a destructive toll of the repeated but unsuccessful hostile attempts to reinforce their air-borne troops in the island by sea-borne forces.

Yet Crete was conquered after less than a fortnight's fighting, reckoned by those who took part in it to be more severe and sustained than anything so far experienced in this war. And the conquest was carried out entirely by means of the air arm, which thus proved itself in the existing conditions to be the master both of the land and of the sea. It was a lesson to the power of that arm when its possibilities can be exploited to the full in highly favourable circumstances, from which we can draw both warning and hope. Before long that air supremacy will pass to us. So long as the enemy possesses it, he has in his hands a master key of victory, as he has known, he knows how to use to the full. The invasion of Crete will assuredly not be his last or most formidable attempt to exploit it, more especially as the time for which it will remain in his possession will not now be of long duration, as he well knows. But while he holds it, we have difficult and dangerous days before us.

The deciding factor in the failure of our attempt to hold Crete was undoubtedly the decision to remove our air force from the island. This was taken a few days before the beginning of the hostile attack, and

no doubt the technical reasons for it were sound and, indeed, overwhelming. The aerodromes at our disposal in Crete were few and bad; their ground defences were weak; and they were exposed to attack from a large number of bases on the mainland of Greece, which the enemy had vigorously and rapidly got ready for use, and where he had assembled a greatly superior force of aircraft of all types. It must have appeared certain that any attempt to retain our air squadrons in Crete would have involved them in swift and inevitable destruction, to no profit to the general defence, and to the possible serious determent of operations elsewhere, for which our air resources in the Middle East are as yet none too ample. Nevertheless, the withdrawal of these squadrons meant the exposure of the troops holding Crete, and the ships defending the sea approaches to it, to the full weight of the blows of the German air force, which took a toll of them even heavier from the moral than from the material point of view, and subjected them to an incessant physical and mental strain beyond the power of human nature to endure indefinitely. It is enormously to the credit of the British, Australian, New Zealand and Greek soldiers and of the indomitable men of our Navy, that they did in fact endure it for so long and refused to break under it.

In method and sequence the German attack had nothing very novel about it. It began with the heavy and sustained air bombardment of our ground defences, and especially of our few aerodromes, by the end of which most of our anti-aircraft guns had been put out of action. This was followed by a deluge of parachutists, used in far greater numbers and with more lavish and varied equipment than ever before. As soon as these had obtained any sort of temporary footing, they were reinforced by troops landed from troop-carrying aircraft, many of them towing gliders also filled with soldiers and equipment. These came to ground all over the western half of the island; many of them crashed on arrival, but others got their passengers and loads safely to their destinations, and those that still remained available for further use at once set off home for more troops and material. Much of the material thus brought and floated down by parachute was heavier and bulkier than had been though possible; tanks were not apparently dropped, but anti-tank guns, light field guns, mortars, munitions, supplies, medical stores, signal and engineering equipment, petrol and water were among the items carried. The German troops, once on land, got into quick touch with their bases and called by wireless or light signal for anything and everything they required, which was quickly delivered in lavish quantities. On some occasions it arrived at the wrong address, and was made good use of by the defenders of Crete, instead of by their assailants, for whom it had been intended.

But the deciding factor in the enemy's final success was, as it had been in Poland and France, his mastery of the air over the battlefield. His bombers, and particularly his dive-bombers, were able to range at will, unhampered by any counter weapon save the small arms of our infantry, and deliver swift, powerful and incessant attacks whenever any centre of resistance was found. After the first three days some of our longe range fighters came on the scene to give occasional help, and at night a steady toll was taken by our bombers of hostile machines on the ground, both in Crete and in Greece. But this was not enough to do more than delay and make somewhat more costly the eventual success of the invasion.

Several attempts to reinforce the hostile air-borne troops by sea were destroyed or beaten off by the Navy, which in the process suffered the loss of three cruisers (one, the York, lying in Suda Bay, undergoing repair after previous damage) and four destroyers. These losses, which were notified as having incurred in the operations in narrow waters, under constant air attack from short range, during the twelve days of the defence of Crete itself, were later increased by those of one cruiser and two destroyers incurred during the difficult and perilous process of evacuating the remnant of the garrison from the island. Nevertheless, at a price which must be considered high, the Navy kept clear the seas between Crete and Greece, and only a few isolated small boatloads, slipping through by night, seem to have evaded its guard. This, of course, only makes all the more remarkable the German feat of effecting the conquest of the island by air power alone.

The critical period seems to have been the first three days, when the advance guard of parachutists and air-borne troops were still fighting desperately for a foothold, and it was just at this period, unfortunately, that our garrison was deprived even of that small measure of air support which it was later found possible to give. Had this been afforded earlier, it is possible, but by no means certain, that the result might have been different. It is only right to recognise the admirable fight put up by these first German arrivals, who were not only out-numbered but enjoyed none of that superiority in armament on which they had hitherto been accustomed to rely for success in Poland, France, Greece and Jugoslavia. These German soldiery must not be despised as foes in fair fight; picked troops as undoubtedly were this spearhead of the attack on Crete, they were up against the best of our Imperial troops, hardened in recent war, and held their own long enough to allow of the arrival of their comrades to their aid, and that in sufficient strength to complete the task set them. We shall only lay up more future trouble for ourselves if we shut our eyes to these facts.

The ultimate end of the battle was inevitable once the Germans had managed to set firm foot on the western side of the island and gain ground and time for the intensive reinforcement of their first flight of parachute and air-borne troops. By this means they gradually built up a heavy numerical superiority, and were able to use fresh units against the battle-weary and exhausted Allied soldiery, whose resistance was slowly but surely worn down by the incessant hostile pressure on the ground and in the air. Once the decision had been come to that the fight must be abandoned, the British Navy, assisted by the R.A.F. as far as was possible from its far distant Egyptian bases, performed its usual but ever impressive miracle of evacuation which was less successful than at Dunkirk and in Greece only because the difficulties here were considerably greater.

The Allied losses in Crete have been officially stated at about 15,000 men. It is known that 17,000 British and Imperial troops were safely extricated and probably a certain, though unfortunately far smaller, number of Greek soldiers also made their escape. The majority of our casualties fell into German hands as prisoners. The Germans claim that they also captured 8,000 Greek prisoners. Their own losses were also heavy—5,000 at sea and at least 15,000 in the land fighting. The losses in aircraft and gliders were also great, 180 fighters and bombers and 250 troop carriers shot down or crashed, but many of these latter machines were only intended for use on this particular occasion and errand, and consisted of cheap, mass-produced stuff, easily replaced. In the matter both of material and men the Germans showed their normal recklessness of loss, provided that the object of the expenditure was attained.

The hostile victory in Crete, whatever its future strategic results on the course of the war in the Mediterranean, will always be a striking example of the power of the unhindered air arm and the possibility by a lavish and skilful use of that arm of overcoming difficulties hitherto considered insuperable in face of a superior sea power. For Britain, whose main source of strength is in her sea power, the lesson of this epsode must be quickly and fully taken to heart.

For Services Rendered

(An appreciation of the recent tour made by the Corps Band in Northern Ireland : submitted by the regular correspondent of the Northern Ireland District Signal Company.)

Rhythm in our music, and music from OUR BAND : that's how it is for us, these first glorious days of July, with the Corps Band in our midst. This band might easily have toured the globe, full circle, such is its reputation now. Their tour of Northern Ireland was in fact of just over a fortnight's duration and was of a most comprehensive character, embracing all Signal Units and many of the principal towns. The three days of their tour they spent in our company, namely, the 6th, 7th and 8th of July, we shall not easily forget. Concluding as they did with a most successful variety and band concert in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, we rather think that here and nowhere else they reached their highest peak of performance and gave a show that persuaded hundreds that the Royal Corps of Signals had a military band that had not been organised and trained in vain.

Thus first of all on Sunday the 6th dawn revealed a bright sky a trifle cloudy but our hopes had dawned earlier up and we were not to be entirely disappointed. Overhead, not long after a good dinner, as we lay on our backs in the meadow, we idly watched an aircraft drone across the sky from east to west. Well you can bet those chaps in that 'plane must have remarked the nearby crowd around the band made a pretty audacious splash of colour on the lush grass ringed by the fir, the pine, the elm, the beech, and other magnificent specimens of nature whose names we are now too busy to think of. Really, it was just too bad that about four, when the show was to begin, someone stretched out the back of their hand to reveal a spot of rain splashed down like a golden penny from heaven ; and then, next second, down it came. Of course, there was cover, marquees, and the band went on making the best of things. Later on, drops of rain began to percolate through the canvas above, making pustules in the steaming tea cups, but sitting there, in nature's garden, with the tang of the wet and freshly-cut grass in our nostrils was something more of a thrill than we knew at the earliest Sunday School treat we ever attended.

When the band finished up with the Regimental March, "Begone Dull Care," thought went leaping back over the years to jocund days at the Depot, when we always had the band with us, marching drilling and stamping in the sun. We recall with a thrill, something like that which attends at the birth of a child, those early days, twenty years back, at Maresfield, when the Corps first came into being and the band with it. We have even a sharp nostalgia for Catterick Camp and those Saturday night dances for all ranks, in the Newbigging Hall, when the band played into the early hours for us jazz mad goons ; and then it would turn up next morning on the Depot Square for Church Parade, all of them as fresh as a daisy.

Still more, nay, we shall never forget them, those irrecoverable mornings when, in the early spring of each year, as a Battalion, with officers mounted in front and with drawn swords, we marched in column of route and then in open order ; the band in rear ; and all of us bright and glowing with health in what was then the drill order of the day, namely, with rifles, shiny bandoliers over real serge tunics with brass buttons, and breeches and puttees nicely set off with a few thin strands of green tape and flashing spurs on well-boned boots.

The following evening we had an all-ranks dance in town. There was such swing music and revelry that we know not how to record it all. For very good reasons we had to pack up before midnight, and so 'twas only just about dark as we threaded our way, happily, homewards, through the streets of a place which is no mean city ; often enough passing groups of the recently-blitzed buildings, where young couples, saying good-night, stood in doorways that opened into nothing but space and rain.

As for that final concert at the Ulster Hall, that was for us a night to write home about. By kind permission of the Colonel Commandant, Brigadier R. H. Willan, D.S.O., M.C., and officers, Royal Signals, there was a variety and band concert in aid of the Prisoners of War Fund. Famous artistes appeared by kind permission of R.N.A.A.F. To this came the Prime Minister and many other members of the Government of Northern Ireland ; the Chief Signal Officers, British Troops in Northern Ireland and Northern Ireland District, were also in attendance, but we believe war-time rules prevents us mentioning them by name.

It is here perhaps, too, we ought to mention the splendid work done on the sales and publicity side by one of our Company officers, in fact, the second mainspring of the Company is he, Captain G. F. Bayliss, whose associations with Corps history would make a pretty catalogue of their own, and on this occasion he certainly made the wheels go round. Also, to all those who sold tickets for the worthy cause we owe a debt of thanks.

That sudden, arresting, rattity-tat of a stick on something metallic must have been the band conductor's baton, summoning to attention the several members of the band, who look as if they knew their jobs well enough, but they are a trifle hot-looking all the same. Yes, that's Mr. Hibbert all right, just as immaculate, just as imperturbable as ever.

When they start to render good music you get a sensation something like you have when the Army truck, in which you have been sitting at the back, suddenly comes to a halt and it seems as if you're in reverse, retreating by imperceptible degrees back along the road so recently travelled, not quite master of your own final destiny. Of course, it's not only the retrospective mood that a good band puts you into. There is something else. The pulse beat quickens. Well, all bands have a value ; but what is their best worth ? . . . They are to inspire. That is it. They make you expand and feel twice the man you used to be. It's not just a cheap thrill. Those fellows in the band, with the brass instruments wrapped round their necks, seem to know a trick worth two or three of Dr. Goebbels ; and history abounds with instances of troops being enfiladed and battered and then, being enthused and stimulated anew by the muffled beating of a distant drum or the clarion call of the trumpet, throwing themselves to the saddles of riderless horses, to join in yet one more immortal charge.

In between each number, in between each number in this memorable concert, there is a prolonged and spontaneous burst of applause ; then, rising and falling, like the murmur of bees around flowers, the cumulative voice of hundreds of couples talking the last piece over. Admirably compered by Leon Cortez, the E.N.S.A. artistes provided sparkling variety throughout.

Both the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland and the Chief Signal Office, B.T.N.I., said a few words towards the end, which were much appreciated by the mixed audience.

It would be difficult to say which was most enjoyed, the al fresco concert of the Sunday afternoon, the dance the following evening, or the concert at the Town Hall ; but when at last, at the end of the concert, the band gave a sublime rendering of Handel's Coronation Anthem, "God Save the King," the audience stood to attention as one man, and we rather thought that that night we had well and truly lived.

These several social amenities, with their unrivalled opportunities for a little excitement, new scenes, new inspiration, and the making of new friends, not only make us congratulate ourselves on the good luck that frequently attends us in this Corps, but also, to the Corps Band, whose tour, having made these things possible, now draws to a close, we would like to say, and must in fact place it on record here, that we remain profoundly grateful.

We shall leave it at that. The band has gone, and we may not see them again, but we shall not forget the things they used to play ; they brought some happy days to Ulster, and there is always rhythm in their music when they're on the air.

THE GLOOMY DEAN.

Diary of Events in the War

APRIL 18TH.—Allies in Macedonia fall back to shorter line. Heaviest air raid of war on Berlin, in which new types of bombs and bombers were first used.

APRIL 19TH.—Fighting still fierce in Macedonia. British forces land at Basra to control communications in Iraq, following on recent *coup d'etat* there.

APRIL 20TH.—British evacuate Mount Olympus and Allied line in Greece withdraws. Hostile attack on Tobruk repulsed with loss. Heavy hostile air raid on London.

APRIL 21ST.—Allies in Greece take up new front. Economic and financial agreement concluded between U.S.A. and Canada.

APRIL 22ND.—Heavy bombardment of Tripoli by Navy and R.A.F., much damage done on shore, seven ships hit and five enemy troop-carrying 'planes shot down Germans attack new Allied line in Greece. Raid on Plymouth.

APRIL 23RD.—Greek army of Epirus, cut off from its base, lays down its arms. Greek King and Government leave Athens for Crete. U.S.A. hand over twenty fast torpedo boats to Britain.

APRIL 24TH.—German attack against Allies in Greece continues. Evacuation of Imperial Force begins. In Abyssinia Italians defeated south of Dessie.

APRIL 25TH.—Germans occupy island of Lemnos in Ægean. Another attack on Tobruk repulsed. President Roosevelt announces U.S.A.'s intention to extend warship patrol area in Atlantic.

APRIL 26TH.—Allied withdrawal from Greece continues.

APRIL 27TH.—Germons occupy Athens. Enemy cross frontier of Egypt near Sollum.

APRIL 28TH.—Dessie in Abyssinia occupied. Enemy advance into Egypt halted.

APRIL 29TH.—British withdrawal from Greece continued successfully despite difficulties.

APRIL 30TH.—Heavy hostile attack on Tobruk penetrates outer defences. Evacuation from Greece continues.

MAY 1ST.—Outbreak of hostilities between British and local troops in Iraq. Enemy driven from his foothold at Tobruk. Evacuation of British forces from Greece completed.

MAY 2ND.—Fighting still continues at Tobruk. New outbreaks of fighting in Iraq.

MAY 4TH.—Thirteen German bombers destroyed in raid on Merseyside. R.A.F. raid Cologne. In Iraq British destroy 22 rebel aircraft. Enemy attack on Tobruk repulsed with loss.

MAY 5TH.—Heavy enemy raid on Ireland; seven bombers shot down.

MAY 6TH.—Speech by Mr. Stimson, U.S. Naval Secretary, advocating convoy for American supplies for Britain. R.A.F. deliver heavy attack on Hamburg. Nine hostile machines shot down over Britain at night.

MAY 7TH.—Ten enemy aircraft destroyed by day round Britain. Emperor Hailie Selassie returns in triumph to Addis Ababa.

MAY 8TH.—Twenty-four hostile machines shot down by night and fourteen by day. Iraqi rebels defeated at Habbaniya.

MAY 9TH.—R.A.F. raid Hamburg and Bremen; enemy attack Humber area and North Midlands, losing thirteen machines. Mercantile shipping losses for April announced (106 ships of 488,124 total tonnage). Enemy losses in last six weeks total 600,000 tons.

MAY 10TH.—R.A.F. raid Mannheim, Ludwigshafen and Berlin. Heavy hostile raid on London; thirty-three hostile aircraft destroyed.

MAY 11TH.—Heavy raid on London; much damage and casualties; Westminster Abbey, Houses of Parliament and British Museum damaged; thirty-three enemy aircraft destroyed.

MAY 12TH.—Hess, Deputy of Hitler, lands by parachute in Scotland. Nine enemy bombers shot down in night raids.

MAY 14TH.—Daylight attack on Heligoland by our bombers.

MAY 15TH.—German aircraft stated to be using Syrian airports with connivance of French authorities, in pursuance of plan announced by Marshal Pétain of collaboration with Germany. Attack on enemy convoy near Friesian Islands.

Plain Tales

SMOKE USED TO GET IN YOUR EYES.—Which manufacturer will be able to advertise truthfully after the war, "The cigarette that still kept going when the others passed out." This cigarette shortage is a dreadful thing. Men who before the war were known for their generosity and ever-open cigarette cases, now look round fearfully to make sure that everyone is smoking before they even start to fumble. When their cases are eventually produced they invariably contain only one cigarette—just in case, if I may crack a joke.

Erstwhile honest and open-faced men slip furtively from shop to shop begging, pleading, whispering, apologising and, very occasionally, stowing away packets of fags. Now and again a jewel of an incident shines and sparkles in a world of smokers' gloom, as when the man who bought a box of a hundred Player's fell in the river with this treasure in his pocket. But it is still a dreadful thing, this shortage. Soon it will be, "Have you any cigarettes, you liar ?"

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FOR SALE.—Battle Dress complete with divisional signs, pass plates and bridge classification. Only done 3,000 miles. Bargain 30 coupons, 3 lbs. onions, one dozen oranges, a pork chop and 9d. in stamps. Owner going sick.

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PATENT DEPARTMENT.—The rumour now going round that I am engaged on the invention of a special bicycle for the use of paratroops who bale out minus a parachute is grossly exaggerated. It was started by the story of the German parachutist who, having hurtled from 8,000 to 4,000 feet fully equipped and with a parachute that grimly refused to function, just shrugged his shoulders and muttered, "And I'll bet the damn bicycle doesn't work either." True, I had considered and even produced a bicycle with small reversible 'chutes in place of tyres with which it was hoped that absent-minded balers-out could return to their 'planes. The only people I could get to volunteer for the final trials insisted on taking their parachutes with them. This rather detracted from the value of the experiments, especially as they all had to use them. I feel that the idea was never given a fair chance and I have now given the whole thing up. Next month: How to bamboozle a Quartermaster in seven thousand six hundred and ninety-five lessons. This, of course, is only the beginners' section. Success cannot be guaranteed, but it may help you to realise what a fool you are.

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NARRATIVE AND WHAT NOT.—Schemes and exercises have an undoubted value, but the individual assesses (mind your teeth) this value from his own point of view. Personally, I have discovered that a pocketful of chalk forms about the most useful accessory to a Recce party. Thus armed, or rather equipped, one may walk into an empty house and have a good time rubbing out weird signs like A.D.M.S., D.A.P.M., C.A.M.P. (about six rooms) A. and Q., etc., etc. One then proceeds to write SIGS. on all the doors with what might be regarded as sickening monotony and, of course, the chalk. While one is washing one's hands, the main body arrives and the rooms are all occupied by the people for whom they were originally intended. By great good fortune, Signals have found a small cupboard that will do for a signal office if they can find a place to put the pieces of old bicycles, broken buckets, books and picture frames. So, actually, the chalk has nothing more than entertainment value and a good laugh is had by all, except Signals. It makes you think, doesn't it ? I mean does it make YOU think ? When I served with the Extranian Army in 1930 we Signals were quite independent of houses. Caravans served us admirably and a lot of time was saved because the instruments were permanently installed in their positions. When the order came to move, we just moved. Telephones were never rolled up in the drivers' blankets, and if a couple of letters were left in a drawer, well the drawer was still with us. Only once was our caravan damaged by shell fire, and then we reverted to the room in an empty house idea until repairs were completed. Jolly good show. We were always so beautifully camouflaged that D.R.s and Quarterblokes could never find us, so that trade dropped off and we eventually starved to death. Our remains cannot be seen to this day.

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THEY SAY.—That if you want to buy cigarettes in a certain part of the country you will do well to ask a military policeman to get them for you from a well-known institution, where they will serve HIM.

That this is a glorious county, too.

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UKANN LARFE AGAIN.—Our hero pushed another of his priceless old Chinese vases over the edge of the Louis Quartorze billiards table with an idle forefinger and watched it, the vase, shiver into a thousand (1,000) glittering pieces on the incredibly valuable Persian carpet (write for illustrated folder).

"Got any Woodbines, Flatface ?" he asked peevishly. Fogworthy, whom you probably don't remember, produced a crumpled packet and extracted a cigarette grudgingly. "That's two you owe me now, sir," he said, pushing the gasper across the table.

"Look here, Corporal, if you are still a Corporal."

"S'up to you, sir."

"Shut up. What can we do now ?"

"How about another scheme, sir ?"

"Played out, Corporal. Everybody does it. I've got a better idea. We'll run an Armistice exercise on what to do when the war finishes. No tin hats, no black-out. Eh ?" Corporal Fogworthy turned pale and staggered to the sideboard. "Have a drink," said the Colonel anxiously. Fogworthy dithered about it for three-fifths of a second and finally accepted. "I say, sir, you've got brains !" he said admiringly.

The Colonel and his faithful henchman, butler, servitor or batman (it matters little)—

Uncle Alf : Why labour the point ?

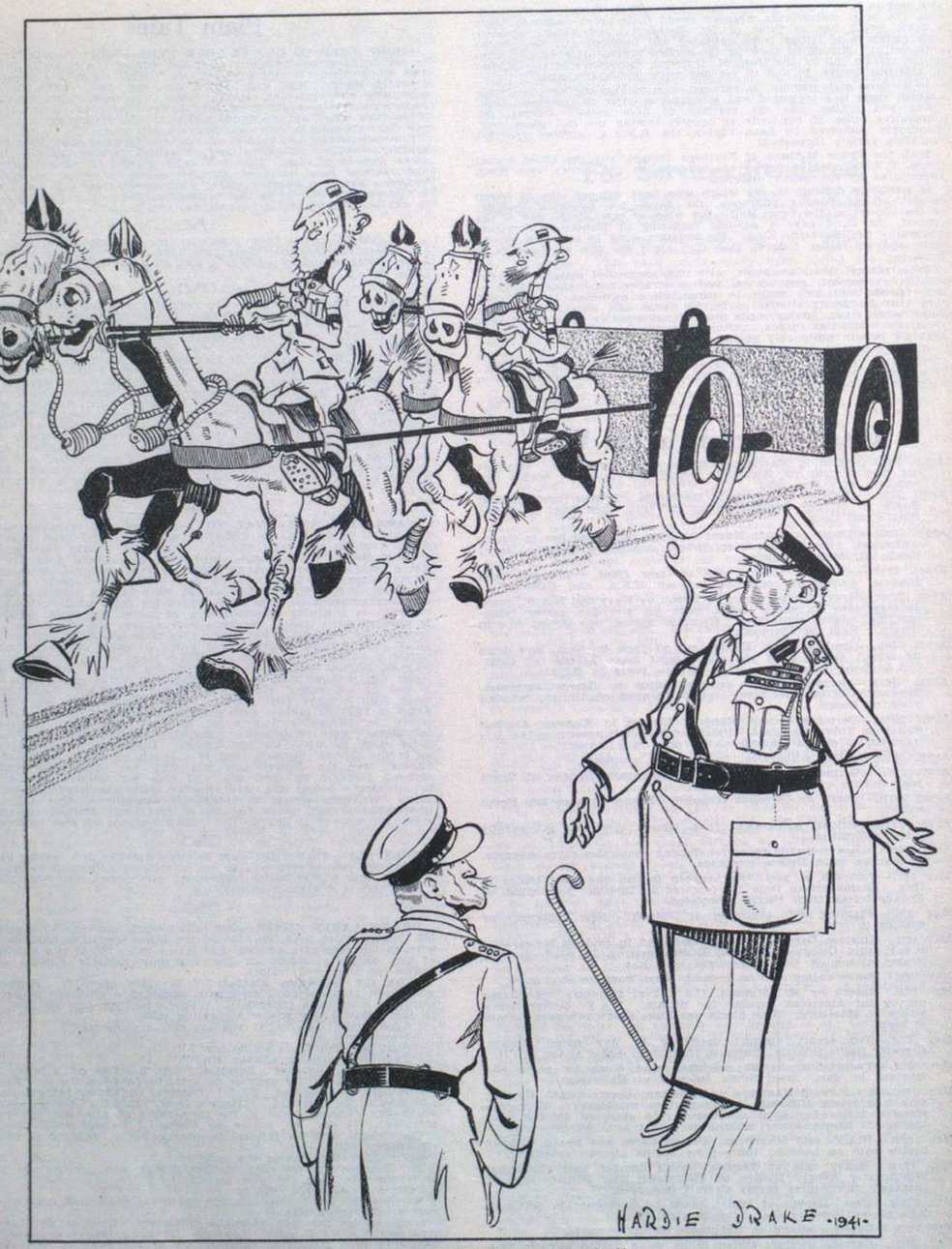
Me: Because I'm not sure whether a man who henches can buttle or if one who bats can also serve.

Uncle Alf : All right. Go on.

Me: Shan't. See ? You can line up in the queue and read what it says on the small bills.

Look out for our next incredible instalment. Glamour girls, Oomph girls and N.A.A.F.I. girls. Cowboys, Doughboys, Operators and Flat Rate men in a staggering extravaganza or something in wild riot of technicolor. See the 8-cwt. wireless trucks in their history-making dash for cover. Watch the poise of the old brigade. 2/6 standing.

BARLEUX.



"Must have been overlooked by Records, Sir."

HOME STATIONS

S.O.-in-C. Staff G.H.Q. (Home Forces)

The advertising value of THE WIRE is obviously pretty tremendous. Several of our missing correspondents have been brought to light since our first notes appeared. We were exceedingly glad to hear from them.

From Ireland we hear that Lance Corporal Bullock continues to view the delightful countryside from an inclined plane and are content to leave it just at that. We learned from him that C.S.M. Pearce, whom we were pleased to be associated with at school, has now got "pipped." We extend him our usual big hand and wish him luck.

From Yorkshire we have news of our old friend Solley and observe with pride that he was Guard Commander during our Chief's recent visit. We were amused to hear how quickly flower gardens spring up in that hardy clime, but from the training the lads are getting there we don't suppose there is much risk of seeing any blooming pansies. We would just love to see our old friend careering about on a "stink-machine." Watch the cows, Sol!

Our R.S.M., having apparently become a trifle "cheesed off" at the sight of numerous exercise programmes decided when on leave to have an exercise of his own. At any rate, rumour has it that he was espied pushing a pram round Darlington the other week.

Such activities can certainly not be connected with an event which is still a "rubber heel" subject and therefore in order to give him the benefit of the doubt we are left to conclude that it is all a matter of practice. Anyone witnessing the arrival of certain items of clothing, woollen, Young Hodgson for use of, could quite permissibly be forgiven for thinking we had opened a depot for Royal Signals Comforts Fund.

As previously anticipated, Fifi, our kitten, has climbed rapidly into the limelight, but also, unfortunately, into the wastepaper bag, where she—being nothing if not a gourmet—endeavoured to add coloured carbon to her diet (evidently she mistook the order for "dye-it"—sorry!) Her accomplishments now include the miaowing of "Deep Purple." Nevertheless, having been tested on a mouse (very slight assistance from her mother), Fifi emerged Q1—quite an achievement since she fought almost her own size. Almost every night, Fifi crouches on the hairy chest of Signalman "Bill" Kellett ostensibly to lie in wait (but not awake we are afraid) for lurking prey. Fifi's posting raised many questions of import, not the least of which was that of rations. Obviously she could not be expected to muck in with our hardy crowd. After all our aim is to keep not to kill her and goodness knows this will be hard enough ere many moons have waned. Thereupon much scheming was undertaken and it was finally decided to have a Cat Comforts Week. Everyone gave generously (under threat) and the final count showed that we had a goodly pile of really useful articles, including an old tin tray, somebody's drawers, cellular, tattered, pairs 1, a length of Corps ribbon from an old diary, 1s. 8d. and a box of sand. This miscellany provided uniform, accommodation and a generous allowance. What more could a recruit expect? Long term policy took shape by the institution of a garden in which tomatoes and flowers are being bred. Admittedly the "garden" consists only of two window boxes, but by the amount of enthusiasm and expert advice at call great hopes are held as to the results. The idea is to sell the fruit and flowers to provide Fifi with an endowment, but whether the scheme or the tomatoes bear fruit is another matter.

Now that we are in the midst of June cricket is in full swing, but our staff not being big enough, or perhaps I should say being too busy, we are unable to field an entirely Signals team, but nevertheless members of the staff have been loosening up of late and there appears to be much hidden talent taking cover under the honourable title of Signalman. By the time our next contribution is ready there should be something more "solid" in this direction.

Not long ago the Corps Band was in our vicinity in full force. This was a very welcome visit and enabled us to meet some old friends. The programme they gave us included selections from the Strauss family, Arcadians, Showboat and many popular melodies. When this visit will be repeated we do not know, but what we do know is, it can't be too soon.

Now we come to a more distasteful task, that of bidding adieu to two active members of our illustrious staff. First of all is Sergeant Davies G. F., who has left us for training prior to joining R.A.O.C., O.C.T.U. It is with real regret that we announce his departure, and although he was transferred to the Corps for some reason still obscure to him, we don't think he really regrets his stay with us. We shall miss his versatility it is true, but there, you can't keep a good man down and when Fighting Foster hits the trail, things start happening! Although leaving the Corps, we shall always be delighted to hear of his activities wheresoever he goes. (Remember Sol! George.) As we have cause to know, all good things come to an end sometime, so here's wishing you the very best of luck, George, and don't forget to tell us when you find the word that makes your camel squat! Happy days—shelter nights!

The second is ex-Signalman Heppenstall E. A., A.R.I.B.A., A.M.T.P.I. (now gazetted 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Engineers). Hearty congratulations, Allan. Here again we are sorry to lose a chap who has proved his worth in many directions, not all connected with his architectural calling. That's A Mess isn't it? We shall be very interested to hear whether he gets tied up with that elusive bit of Finland he used to tell us about. We sincerely hope he will not again become a victim of that "pyjama trick." Of course, he has learnt much since he joined us, but we are afraid his "laking in t' park" days are over; for the duration anyway. If our ways must part, so be it, but we shall want to hear of his progress in his new surroundings. Meanwhile, good luck, sir, and may your erections never fail!

Pause here whilst watery eyes are plugged. Continuing, we have much pleasure in welcoming to our midst one Signalman Miles F. S. from 3 S.T.C., who fills the breach as draughtsman. We hold out both hands (no, in joy) and hope his stay will be long and happy. We have already noted his qualities at cricket and have hopes that he may extend our notoriety to cover the gentlemen's game.

In truth, it never rains but what it pours, so turn the taps on again for a further loss to the staff just been reported. This time it is "across the passage" and Captain T. J. Fielding is the name. He has been with us since the early days, when work was the order of the day—and night, and it is with a touch of regret that we sever this last link with the "old days." Still, we must look forward not backward, and wish him good luck and every success in his new appointment.

In succession we have Captain K. S. P. Butler, to whom we extend our usual big welcome and trust his stay will be long and pleasant.

Now, before there is any chance of bad news coming in, I hasten to conclude these notes with the promise of some more interesting tit-bits next month. Until then, carry on, you chaps.

MERKURO II.

Yorkshire 1

1st Operators' Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

JUNE NOTES.

By the time these notes are in print, the Clothes Rationing Scheme will be in full swing, and we have the greatest pleasure in being the only Unit in the British Isles, nay, even in the whole world, who have the answer to the question, "How many margarine coupons to make a new suit?"

Below we have the only photo in existence of the forthcoming "Dress Reform" instituted by that well-known club "The Old Bolikonians."

Our ace cameraman, at great risk to himself, managed to get just one photograph of the suggested fire fighting kit; notice the absence of trousers, thereby saving eight precious coupons which can be utilised for more handkerchiefs, or even a pair of boots, and just in case there should happen to be a fire, very few clothes will be destroyed by fire, the close proximity of the fire will be judged by burning flesh.



DEPARTURES.—And now to the more serious things of life. We regret to say good-bye to S.S.M. Wink, who has been posted to 4 Company, and we hope that he is appreciated by the Company that he is now in. A remark was passed to me the other day that he is the only S.S.M. that has that "sympathetic understanding," and I am sure that Administrative Wing wish him well in his new sphere of activities.

ARRIVALS.—The chief arrival of any importance to Administrative Wing is S.S.M. Rhodes, who replaces S.S.M. Wink. We say welcome, S.S.M. Rhodes, you will have a hard job to keep up the popularity of the P.R.I. as set by S.S.M. Wink, but we know you can do it, and we hope you stay long enough to enjoy our hospitable company.

GENERAL.—Swede Patey is still on the job with the lawn mower and his "Dig for Victory" campaign. I saw a man at the Sergeants' Mess peering into the soil; upon approaching him, he told me he was not looking for empties, but for onion seed plants; well, we wish him luck. His french beans are certainly looking well, keep in up, Freddy ! In fact, everything in the garden is lovely.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—Our Monday night dances are still going strong, and all are very well attended. Cinema shows are still a weekly feature in the O.T.B. Theatre. That's all for now, folks.

A.E.H.

JULY NOTES.

GENERAL.—The main event of this month's activities was no doubt the sports meeting, which was held on the first Saturday of this month. It was very well attended, too. The weather was grand, and even some N.C.O.s were polite to their men. A very good time was had by all. Even cooks, who do not indulge in P.T., proved their mettle by taking part in various events. Major Holwill proved himself as fit as the proverbial "fiddle" by competing in and winning the relay race. All credit goes to No. 3 Company for gaining the highest number of points; but the "old men" of the cadre proved themselves a very close second. Congratulations to the officers and men who were responsible for the organisation of the sports meeting, and we hope to look forward to another meeting at a later date.

At a recent Mess meeting a soldier stated that when he complained to the Orderly Cook he was told to write to "The Northern Echo." What price the "Live Letter Box" now ?

It is very annoying that a certain N.C.O. can't have his bacon cooked just like mother does it, but steps are being taken to rectify this small matter, as the recent influx of A.T.S. show, and as for his portion of apples without cloves—that won't take Long (Corporal).

Have you heard that owing to a recent mishap a certain Signalman has joined forces with a ginger-haired N.C.O. and their main pastime now is trout-tickling and mushroom gathering ? But please don't believe the yarn about catching trout with rabbit snares.

OBITUARY.—We regret to announce that the O.T.B. Circle has merged into a straight line and is now no more; but cheer up, you free thinkers and lovers of chamber music—it will no doubt come to life again in the forthcoming winter.

HORTICULTURAL.—Owing to the large area of ground under cultivation, "Swede" has taken unto himself a partner and it is a pleasant sight to see Syd. Bracegirdle following in the steps of the master while "Swede" gets on with the hay-making. It would not be a bad idea to hold a vegetable show in the autumn.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—Entertainments are now at a low ebb, due, no doubt, to the lure of the countryside, but the Monday night dances are still very well attended and the Friday cinema shows are still a huge success and that I think constitutes this month's notes, so cheerio for now.

A.E.H.

No. 1 Company

JUNE NOTES.

The loss of our WIRE correspondent, Lance Corporal Martin, is deeply regretted. He will soon be attached to Sandhurst for training and we wish him the very best of luck.

Rumours have been very prominent during the last few months because of the rapidly decreasing Company strength. The stage has arisen when, instead of having one N.C.O. per table in the messroom, the eleven N.C.O.s have one man to look after them. Very soon the men will march the N.C.O.s to meals ! We have had some good news, however, that large intakes are on the way, so the general motto is "Clear decks for action."

One item of news is the infiltration of A.T.S. into the Unit. They have taken over most of the key points, in messrooms, regimental institutes, etc., and at the present rate of progress they will soon be in command of the bath-houses. A typical subject for discussion is "Where should the line be drawn ?" Perhaps Syd Walker could tell us !

Our vegetable garden is proving a great success under the watchful eye of the C.S.M. farmer. Rumour states that a set of gardening tools is to be the first prize at our local "hop." Efforts to persuade the N.C.O.s to parade one evening for "shovel drill" were not very encouraging. It's surprising how, in such a place as this, they could have had so many pre-arranged appointments. Maybe they don't like gardening !

Our sympathy goes to the unfortunate men who are at present awaiting training. By the time they finish training they will have received additional ratings on the plate washing machine. They have already qualified as barrack room orderlies.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—Who was the C.Q.M.S. who collected, sorted, bundled and vouched 800 vests, pants, and 400 pairs of gloves of winter issue to be informed that they had to be re-issued the same evening ?

Who wanted to borrow the C.S.M.'s caricature to frighten the rats from his barrack room ?

MARRIAGES.—Congratulations to Signalman Sherratt who has now started wearing "double harness."

J.H.H.

JULY NOTES.

The outstanding event with No. 1 Company of the 1st O.T.B. for the past month has been the athletic meeting. Considering the very small number of competitors, the Company did exceptionally well to take second place, and congratulations go to Lance Corporal Watt and Driver Bisson on their fine performances.

We are now able to reap the benefit from the hard work spent on the vegetable garden earlier in the year. In spite of the poor soil, hundreds of lettuces have been grown, and the cabbages, etc., are well on the way. The only regret is that "pretty" flowers are appearing amongst the lettuces with the result that when a supply of lettuces was introduced on the tea table they were disregarded as being marigold leaves. Our present motto is "Join the Army to see the world, but join the O.T.B. to weed it."

Our "one and only" Signalman Peach, of the C.Q.M.S. Stores, has left for training as clerk. His persuasive powers are now at work at the 1st G.T.T. Battalion.

The only event for the "Social Column" is the marriage of Lance Corporal (with one L.S. and G.C. chevron) Dobson. Who said he couldn't take it ? He has ! Congratulations also to Lance Sergeant Constantine on attaining his third stripe.

J.H.H.

No. 2 Company

JUNE NOTES.

This month we have said good-bye to our O.C., Captain H. Shrimpton, who has gone to join a "Division" "Somewhere in England." Although he was only with us a short time, he soon became very popular, and everyone is sorry to see him go. Best of luck, sir, wherever you go.

We have welcomed in Captain Shrimpton's place, Captain S. I. Brett. Unfortunately, we have only just had time to welcome him, and now we are to lose him, too. We had hopes that Captain Brett's stay with us would be long and happy, but it is not to be so. To you also, sir, we say "best of luck."

We have also welcomed to the "flock" this month a new W.O.—S.S.M. Owen, who is sharing the burdens of training office with S.S.M. Loudon. We hope that his stay with us will be long, and that he and "Jock" will continue to get along famously.

Our trainees have also been coming and going as usual through the month. To the new squads we wish them the best of luck, and feel sure they will carry on the good record of their predecessors.

"O" SQUAD. — This month "O" Squad, as well as the general company, have lost their officer i/c. Lieutenant Bruce has left us for another post in the garrison, and in his place we welcome 2nd Lieutenant H. Buttery from No. 3 Company. Following his lecture to the Company on the subject of "Savings," we feel sure we have clicked for a good 'un, and that "O" Squad is in very capable hands. Among the other ranks, there has been the usual intake and posting lists, but some of the old hands still manage to linger on. We feel sure that they have taken the Company to heart and that when they do go eventually they will leave a hole which will be difficult to fill in.

SPORTS.—Soccer has once again been most popular. We have had many games, and though we have been beaten a few times, we feel quite sure that every football enthusiast has had a "run-out." We are very pleased to see that at last our N.C.O.s are playing—by the way, there is no truth in the report that 50 per cent. of them reported sick after the first game. Our Company office staff fancy themselves quite a bit, and believe me it is well worth while to take a walk over to Colbourne Ground and watch the amazing feats of agility. Anyone who has been detailed for duty by Lance Corporal B—— must surely take great pleasure in seeing him pick the ball so often from the back of the net—that surely is a "fatigue." Then Lance Corporal T—— (Hooky), with his "mazy" dribbles is a sensation; we only hope that he understands the maze. While we are on the subject of Soccer we must mention the epic battle of the Sergeants versus Corporals game, which the Sergeants won 4—3 after extra time. The old-hands, ex-Pindi and all that, were well to the fore, but we are inclined to think that Anno Domini is telling on them.

Cricket will be more to the fore now, and practice games are arranged often. We hope to put a few players into a strong Battalion team to compete in the Garrison Competition.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—Has Hitler posted Hess to the "Y" list, or perhaps to Class "W"/T Reserve ?

Who addressed a letter to the O.C. at the "First Co-Operative Battalion" and is he expecting "divi" ?

When is Kitty going to start doing P.A.D. pickets?

Why is "Snod" now T.T. (On duty Tuesdays and Thursdays) ?

How many lorries did "Goolie" need to change bunks ?

When is Jimmy Jackson going to get his "Recruit" tape ?

What is the attraction for two certain W.O.s in Darlington ?

Are Buckman's eyebrows natural or "suicide" blond ?

JEWS' MAIL.—C.S.M. Launders E. would like to hear from ex-C.Q.M.S. Smith G. (late Malta); also 54 Divites—no reply to three letters.

JULY NOTES.

Training has proceeded apace, and Squads 39 and 40, having reached the dizzy heights of "B.III" Operators, have left us during the last few weeks. We still have a few remnants left over from these squads, and we are expecting to lose these, too, in the near future. This month we lose S.S.M. Loudon. We wish "Jock" all the best in his new job, and offer our congratulations on his promotion to C.S.M. We have an idea that he thinks it is all "Bute"-iful.

"O" SQUAD.—Things have been going on the same way as ever—people coming and people going, and still some of the old hands stay on. One of the old hands has left us, however—Lance Corporal Fenton—we presume that there is now a tank coming off the production line which will fit him. The high spot of the month, though, has been the appointment of all members of the Squad to the glorious and dignified position of U/L/T/WAA Lance Corporal. Nevertheless, we are still doing our jobs and the usual "O" Squad pull, as can be evinced from the extract from the poem by a member of the Squad.

Men of "O" Squad, would you be, blythe and gay and fancy free,
Free to roam the lanes at night, free to go out and get tight,
To show or dance or "do" or club, or for a quiet beer at a pub;
If you would there's one prescription, do your room jobs, all descriptions,
'Till you reach such dizzy heights that you'll be free to go out nights,
Without the gnawing fear within of a 252 when you get in;
Get up in the early dawn, don't stay till six when others yawn.
Spring out of bed and grab a bumper, get a cloth or use your jumper;
Put some polish on the floor, then bump like hell and then some more,
When you've finished this you can rush out to the closet pan.

Get some rag and 101 and polish that until its shone;
Whilst still in the annexe sweet, just to give the boys a treat,
Give the seats an extra rub, and when they come out to scrub,
They will surely think of you, loyal, willing, staunch and true,
Fill the holders, you they'll thank for ample stock of Army blank.

This "O" Squad ode will be continued in our next month's notes—look out for the next breath-taking episode. Our tame poet is straining at the leash to give you some more.

SPORTS.—We have forgotten most of the strenuous sports for the summer. By strenuous we mean Rugger, Soccer and Hockey. However, the Company has turned towards athletic recreation to fill in the many hours (?) of "evening leisure." We had quite a successful sports meeting in preparation for the larger Unit sports meeting held later. In these preliminary runs special mention must be made of Lance Corporal (Fanny) Adams, who was the outstanding performer. In the actual Unit affair, we had to give best to No. 3 Company, but we were most pleased with the performances put up by our budding Woodersons. We needed more "strong" men for the field events, so all you men who have descended from the north—what about it ?

There is an athletic meeting versus 152nd O.C.T.U. to be held during August, so we shall see then how our men compare with those of another Unit.

The men who actually frequent the baths these days are not all enthusiastic swimmers—rather do they enjoy being cool. However, it is fine to see such a splendid turn-out, and we are hopeful that there may perhaps be a gala before the summer ends.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—Is it true that since the news about Goolie's departure came out all Junior N.C.O.s have decided to draw all their credits ?

JEWS' MAIL.—Still waiting for letters from ex-C.Q.M.S. (F. of S.) Smith G., and 54 Div-ites.—C.S.M. Launders.

No. 3 Company

JUNE NOTES.

It is a funny thing, but when it comes to writing a letter my pen can fly across the paper, but these notes have me beaten.

Still, I will do my best, though I am afraid that my effort will be lousy.

We welcome to our Company 2nd Lieutenant Etteridge and S.S.M. Ditchfield. In addition, Corporal Constantine has been lent to us from No. 1 Company.

Corporal Wilkins has returned from the North to continue the duties which he had begun to forget.

2nd Lieutenant Buttery left us with many regrets. We are assured that he enjoyed every moment of his stay. We, too, are sorry to see him go. Lucky "O" Squad—you have gained from our loss.

Several more have left us. Sergeant England, after a few weeks, left. Corporal Hurt hardly had time to move in before he, too, departed.

Corporal Davis has had quite a long stay, but all good things come to an end and so he joined the list of old Three Companyites.

Still, he is not as far away as many who have gone and appears to be quite happy in his new unit.

This Unit's hockey team misses the services of an excellent full-back in Corporal Davis.

Our "Smudger" Smith has now dropped the Lance and becomes Corporal. Congratulations "Smudger," No. 21 Squad will be pleased to hear this.

At the same time we must congratulate "Smudger" on the excellent results obtained by his Squad on their Group "E" Trade Test.

Whilst congratulations and compliments are flying around so freely, we must not forget C.S.M. Cosstick. He has left us to attend a course and we hope to see him in a few months' time with his "pips" up.

That certain long Corporal who endeavours to explain to his numerous pupils the intricacies of the various instruments used by the Signals—phew ! what a mouthful—had an amusing experience with some "bird perch." I can't remember what it is so I shall have to tell you about it next month.

Still he will probably agree that whereas some shall be wise, others shall be otherwise.

S.P.D.

JULY NOTES.

Listeners to the radio have heard of the use of the letter "V" by pro-allies in occupied territory. Apparently this letter in its Morse form greatly annoys the Nazi.

I suggest that we here could devise a suitable form of torture for the Nazi guttersnipes by bringing them to our creed tuition rooms—binding them to a steel chair bolted to the floor—then bringing in Junior squads and teaching them the letter "V."

After a week of this (provided they are still living), the Hun gangsters could then be dropped over Berlin by parachute and a sound film could then be made of them dancing up and down the streets of Berlin screaming "Dit, dit, dit, dah."

Last month produced the Battalion sports.

To find the kind of talent that we could put into the field, an inter-squad sports day was inaugurated. This was won by 42 Squad with 48a Squad as very close runners-up. Here we find that good squads in their training are always good squads at sports. Yes, physical fitness has much to do with the production of efficient operators.

On the Battalion sports day, No. 3 Company proved that besides being an efficient Company in training, cleanliness and discipline, it was also the best Company at athletics. We romped home easy winners.

The cadre rose early during the month for the purpose of "Pokey drill." After a brief refresher the cadre fired their course and some excellent scores were returned.

Hitler and his Hunnish hordes had better look out if they come within range of our humble rifles.

C.S.M. Cosstick returned to the Company after a short course, but has just left again on another course. Best of luck, sir. We shall be sorry to lose you.

We welcome C.Q.M.S. Walsh to the Company to take over the duties of Sergeant-Major Cosstick. We hope that his stay will be very pleasant.

Other arrivals to the Company are Lieutenant French and Lance Sergeant Arnold. Here again we offer the glad hand and hope they will enjoy their sojourn with us.

As Lance Sergeant Arnold has had inside experience of our test-room methods he should prove a very able squad instructor.

Though Lance Sergeant Constantine is only on loan to us from No. 1 Company we would like to tender him our congratulations on gaining his third stripe.

Much to our regret, S.S.M. Mattock leaves us. We wish him luck in his new Unit and hope they will have good fortune in their acquisition.

It is rumoured that we are shortly to have a new "Charlie Ink." We think that he will find his task rather simple, thanks to the endless energy of our present "Charlie Ink."

S.P.D.

No. 4 Company

JUNE NOTES.

They tell me egg collection schemes are a new feature in training. Nice work if you can get it !

Peace came to us last Thursday. Busty went on leave. Up and down life we're leading—first we're down, then we're up, and now we're on the floor again. From "bed" to worse.

Sergeants v. Corporals replayed football game last Wednesday. Sergeants won—very meaty game, in fact a carve up.

Our new subaltern wants to know why "Free" French. He's at it twenty-four hours.

The Corporals' Mess was not so hot, so the U/P Actings made it so. Burn me down !

Lance Corporal Smith C. P. finished his course, of course, and brings that moustache home to roost.

Our Company office has been renovated, too, too grand—let's hope the bailiffs don't swipe the lino.

All the Unit went through the gas chamber, our way to shut some (Busty) people up.

The Company welcomes a baby son to Lance Corporal Hemming, and says so-long to Lance Corporal (Hookey) Greening—ex P.O.C.

Flash Cearns, lightning orderly, was seen running (I said running) during an air raid last week. The things they do to you at this place.

Sergeant England held the fort for C.S.M. Grocott during the C.S.M.'s leave. S.S.M.s Wink and Adams have taken over training. Sergeant Machin has entered the fold.

Jock Brown made 350 new friends last week. He's in the trade test room.

Our own personal independent air raid fund has raised over £20—a worth-while and splendid effort.

I hear a new show is on the way. Nice work, actors.

That's all for now.

P.B.M.

1st General Trades Training Battalion
No. 1 (Line) Company

JUNE NOTES.

Once again, here's the Old Firm trying to give you a few important details of the last month. "Are you all right, pets ?"

PROMOTIONS.—We don't know if it is the weather, but quite a few N.C.O.s here seem to be sweating around the brow.

ARRIVALS.—Once again we have the pleasure of welcoming all the men from the Depot and elsewhere who have come to assist us in doing pickets, guards, fatigues, etc.

DEPARTURES.—To all the men who have left us we wish them every success wherever they may be.

SPORT.—Soccer now being finished, we are settling down to cricket. A good team is expected, so other Companies, beware !

An athletic team from this Company represented us in the Battalion athletic meeting.

One Company managed to obtain one point, thanks to Signalman ——, who obtained third position in the high jump. As for the running and field events, we will stick by that well-known saying, "The least said the better."

Our congratulations go to the worthy winners.

HEARD RECENTLY.—Excuse me, Corporal, but I have something growing in my ear.

Corporal W. A. Middleton (?) Right, my good man, fall in with the gardeners.

CIGARETTE SHORTAGE.—There are some lucky fellows amongst us who have been able to turn film stars, which is very profitable because they now exchange their autographs for fags.

FLASH.—Congratulations to Volunteers Jenkins and Moody on their promotion to Privates. Oh, boy ! Oh, boy ! We are now waiting to see them jump to attention when the C.S.M. speaks to them.

STOP PRESS.—Owing to the fact that there is only 30 days in this month I must now sign off.

No fruit, please.

JULY NOTES.

STOCKS AND SHARES.—Sale of THE WIRE has gone up in leaps and bounds recently due, we are given to believe, to the fact that we now have secured the services of a Class I news vendor.

Last month's supply sold like hot cakes, to the accompaniment of "Read all about Able ! All about Able !"

Who is this bloke, Hitler, anyway ?

DEPARTURES.—We have, with much wailing and gnashing of teeth, said farewell to our "blinkin' double-six." Corporal Stillyards to you.

We learn that he has attained the dizzy height of Sergeant as a result of this move. Congratulations !

Another departure, and one entailing much more work and swearing, was that of the entire office staff from the Sandhurst Block to the ex-M/T office.

For the first time in history, the A.T.S. were on the scene at nine o'clock on *Sunday* morning, having sacrificed the usual breakfast in bed which is customary on this hallowed day.

Pause here to ruminate.

A good time was had by all, and the week-end was whiled happily away to the accompaniment of much One-O-One-ing of shelves and paint on the part of the said A.T.S., and streams of water, via the stirrup pump, on the part of the Q.M. staff.

One other notable departure is that of our "dapper little figure" of S.D. fame. After a short spell of C.S.M., S.S.M. Mayo has been plucked from our midst, and has left us for further fields.

CORPORALS' CORNER.—Who was the Guard Commander caught checking his black-out in broad daylight ?

Who is the N.C.O. known as "Kipper Heels," and is he a transfer from a famous Scottish Regiment ? Also how many coupons did he use for his "yard of tripe" ?

We all know that walls have ears, but it seems that some have voices, too. One of these walls told us, in confidence, that a certain Corporal was detailed to have a wheel fixed to the bottom of his bayonet scabbard, to prevent it wearing out through trailing on the the ground.

Yet another Corporal—brave man—told a W.O.III that he was not in the habit of doing fatigues for private soldiers. That's how they bring them up in the infantry.

Whilst still on the subject of the elite, I should not forget to mention the Lance Corporal who asked the Quartermaster to indent for a grindstone on which to sharpen his crossed swords.

We would like, however, to tender our sincerest congratulations on attaining these "priceless souvenirs" as a result of his course.

JEWS' MAIL.—To "Cocker" Shore : What about a line ?—Abie.

No. 2 (Line) Company

JUNE NOTES.

MUSIC, MAESTRO, PLEASE.—Apart from occasional E.N.S.A. shows and gramophone recitals, there is little to comment upon in this direction, but it may be mentioned here that a show entitled "General Traders on Parade" actually reached the rehearsal stage when it was discovered that the Unit was without a band; so the script went back into the cupboard until the maestros got together. There is encouragement, though, in the news that S.M. Frankland, of No. 3 Shops Company, is forming a band in the near future. The Traders will be on parade yet. All who are interested, or who have any stage experience should get into touch with Lance Corporal Munkittrick.

VOLUNTARY EDUCATION.—Under the able and enthusiastic direction of 2nd Lieutenant Horton, Unit Education Officer, a number of evening classes have sprung into being, and the subjects include mathematics, French, German and map reading. The last-named is a 2 Line Company venture and is strongly supported by those who have come to realise that on a man's ability to read a map much may depend, especially in war-time. The writer is reminded of the story told of a young man in the Navy who was asked whilst on the high seas to take a bearing and to calculate the ship's position. This was done, and after a while he was called to the bridge, where he stood nervously before the Captain.

"Young man," said the latter, gravely, "remove your cap. We are passing a hallowed spot. If your calculations are correct, we are now right bang in the middle of Westminster Abbey."

SNOOP CORNER.—Corporal Smith is fast making friends with his new top set.

PERSONALITIES.—If our potato crop comes up to expectations, the credit must surely go to C.S.M. Walton, who, with his usual boundless energy, has taken a "farm" hand in the campaign. We welcome S.S.M. Harvey-Smith, who has cleared the line considerably, but there really is a paper shortage ! As sorry as we are to lose through postings so many familiar faces, we wish them luck, and good wishes, too, to their successors.

TAIL-PIECE.—Space and time are at a premium, and your recorder ends his notes with the expressed hope that those who frown on military entertainments may remember that a smile on Tommy's homely features is well worth the work entailed in putting it there. Sports news is contributed by Lance Corporal Pryor, who is better qualified than the present writer, but it is reported here that as a prelude to a recent Company sports meeting quite a number of spirited lads got together and practised tumbling, rolling and balancing. Everything went swimmingly until someone sat rather heavily on the writer's face, but the point is that this kind of training teaches a man to take a fall and to land on his feet; and it does much to give him confidence in himself.

Think it over.

JACK NEMO.

SPORTS NOTES.—Some very good athletics were witnessed on the occasion of the Company sports on Friday, June 6th, with the object of selecting a team to represent the company in the Battalion sports on Saturday, June 14th. On the latter date we gained 16 points to finish third to 4 M/T Company, with 41 points, and F Company, with 32 points. The majority of our points were obtained by the tug-of-war team, which beat No. 1 Line Company by two pulls to nil in the



first round and then went on to defeat 4 M/T in the final by two pulls to one. The deciding pull was full of thrills, and at one time we were within an inch of defeat, but good team work enabled us to fight back and win.

The tit-bit of the afternoon was the all ranks relay in which the O.C., 2nd in Command, C.S.M. C.Q.M.S., Sergeants, Corporals and men participated. A good race resulted in a win for the Transport Company, with S.S.M. Harvey-Smith putting in a rousing finish to beat our late S.M. Frankland for third place.

In the track events, 2nd Lieutenant Horn ran well in the 440 yards and was runner-up to the winner, while in the mile Signalman Fergusson led to the last bend where he was passed by the F Company pair. In the relay we again filled second place behind F Company, Signalman Sellars running through his field to pass all with the exception of the winner.

FOOTBALL.—In an effort to raise funds for the Royal Corps of Signals Prisoner of War Fund, we are endeavouring to run a five-a-side competition.

JULY NOTES

REVIEW.—Things are still moving in this corner of the camp, and this is particularly true of personnel, for they come and go at frequent intervals. Not unnaturally, ventures such as evening classes, entertainments and sports suffer as a consequence. We bid good-bye to S.S.M. Harvey-Smith with very mixed feelings, for he was a man with ideas and was, I think, popular with most of us. Here's luck to him.



A Company treasure hunt, with cigarettes as prizes, was organised recently in connection with the map reading classes. Competitors were required to find their way across country by finding and solving clues planted in odd places en route. The final clue indicated the hiding place of the treasure, and great fun resulted. The writer, who planned the hunt, extends warmest thanks to the O.C. 2 Line Company, 2nd Lieutenant Horton, C.S.M. Walton and S.S.M. Harvey-Smith for their active and enthusiastic co-operation and encouragement.



Cricket is in full swing again, and it does one good to see our traditional game played with the same calm skill and spirit which has characterised it for so long. The wicket is good and the boys are keen. We look with confidence to the time when our great Empire will once again send forth her shining stars to fight with bats—not guns. Let us first bring home the "ashes" of Victory.

As these notes go to Press the last stragglers are coming in from the battle with burning peat "Somewhere on England's 'back-bone.'" The boys did very well but the high moorland has taken a toll of a few and the M.O. is still busy. It certainly was something of an ordeal, but who will believe me when I say that I enjoyed the experience, despite the discomforts ? Nevertheless, it is true.

REVELATION.—One does not talk of the weather these days, but I am able to reveal that he have had an awful lot of it lately.

It is rumoured that Corporal "Bobby" Peart is writing a book to be called "No Place like Ohm," and it is said to deal very fully with his new secret weapon which, when in operation, looks rather like a sewing machine, sounds suspiciously like a second lawn mower, and smells like our egg ration. It is learned on good authority that the gadget will be known as Esmeralda.

The first Gunpowder Plot was, as you all know, a dismal failure. What price blanco ?

Lance Corporal Munkittrick seems to spend most of his time going nowhere fast (as our American friends put it) and he is still trying to catch up with what he might have left behind him had he not stayed where he was.

Carroll, our office "boss" has outdone himself. Armed with enough ice-cream bricks to build a new cookhouse, and beaming benevolently, he distributed his precious cargo amongst us all. Or has your reporter slipped up somewhere ?

TAILPIECE.—According to a recent Press report, a big battleship which was in action was described as being hidden "behind a pill of smoke." It must, I think, have been a ticket-pocket battleship.

We would like to know why C.Q.M.S. Tiddy Day is growing dwarf beans.

Who was the Corporal who, failing to gain admittance to a local dance, solicited the aid of a N.A.A.F.I. girl by assisting her in carrying the tea urn ? On being challenged at the door replied, "Tea Wallah."

SHOOTING.—The cadre had a refresher course on Friday, 27th June, 1941. An added interest was the prizes presented by the Colonel for the best three returns. The winner was Corporal Hunter with 68, only seven below possible. The second place was shared by Lance Sergeant Wood and Corporal Smith with 56.

Your rude reporter,

JACK NEMO.

No. 4 (M.T.) Company

JUNE NOTES

INTRODUCTION.—The Old Firm is still pegging away. There are rumours of drastic moves (including some of our most famous "grippers") in the near future, but so far nought has happened.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES (Part II Orders Clerk please note).—We welcome to the Company, one, Sergeant Brownlee, of Shops Company fame, who has relieved the one and only "Knocker" West. Our old scribe and fiddler, Bobbie Daish, has left us for parts unknown. Good luck, Bob, wherever you are, and bags of promotion to you. We trust that "incoming" 'phone calls will not be quite so numerous at your new address.

We have gathered the great "Nig-Nog" back to the fold, complete with three stripes and from what we hear a few people are going to be shaken up. His co-partner in crime, Taffy Spanswick, is also back, so we're looking for great things in the future.

CONGRATULATIONS.—We extend the hand of congratulation to "Our Q," "Jack" Skinner, "Pish" Payne and "Tommy" Tucker on their promotions; to Harry Teanby and Jock Black now that their arms weigh a little more; and to Cec Lowe, "Busty" Newman and "Coaly" Needham on being paid for their "solitaries."

Mickey Rooney and Tommy Chestnut have taken the plunge, as they say in the classics, so here's to some happy futures.

SPORTS.—A detailed report appears elsewhere. Did we use Pool spirit, or team spirit ? Anyway, it was a high octane. And doesn't that inter-Company shield relieve the spirits when being marched into the O.C.'s office ? Congratulations to all those who helped to bring it back after so many attempts and also to the Boys' Company for making us fight so hard for it.

AGONY.—Why aren't we given tall Sergeants to inspect the I.C. Drivers shaves in the mornings, and so save Corporal Hambleton the trouble of locking up his tool chest six times per day ?

GARDENS.—We don't have our after-dinner nap on Sundays now, as we aren't allowed to lie among the lettuce. So it's "in bed or out of barracks" for us.

SOLDIER FOR AN AFTERNOON

"E.S." becomes "A.U./P.B.I."



GENERAL.—Now that the "Don Juans" of 4 M/T have returned from their stay with the fair maidens and yokels of "Somewhere in England," we're wondering whether we shall require a sub-Post Office to cope with all the fan mail from broken-hearted future (?) wives.

Overheard in the M/T office and "released without prejudice":

C.O.—Send my car round to the Battalion Office right away, please.

Clerk.—I'm sorry, sir, but the P.R.I. has taken the Siddeley on a Home Guard reconnaissance; the Adjutant is out in the Utility; the O.C. is looking up some squads on the Ariel and the office orderly has just gone for dinner on the push-bike.

C.O.—Blue-pencil. Well, look here, get hold of my batman, and if he's not wearing my boots, I'll walk.

JULY NOTES.

SHOOTING.—The refresher course for the Company cadre was held at the end of June, so the "lads" had an afternoon out on the moors. Driver Cheyne surprised the community by obtaining the maximum number of points, i.e., 65, and C.Q.M.S. Dickinson, watched over by "Dinkie," was a very close second with 64 points, and so the M/T Company led the Battalion for marksmanship.

MOVEMENTS.—The M/T staff have moved to their new quarters in the "Bays." The "daily dozen" is having the necessary effect on the C.S.M., and he is now in tip-top condition and ready for full marching order; as for "Dicko" on the scrounge for "spud-bashers," I should recommend him to do the "bashing" himself and save time plus trouble, although I'm afraid he's not as susceptible as all that.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.—"Smudger" Smith, late of the O.C.T.U., is now one of us, and Signalman Kay has joined the elite from the Operators Battalion. Driver Robinson, of cookhouse fame, has left us in exchange for "Smudger."

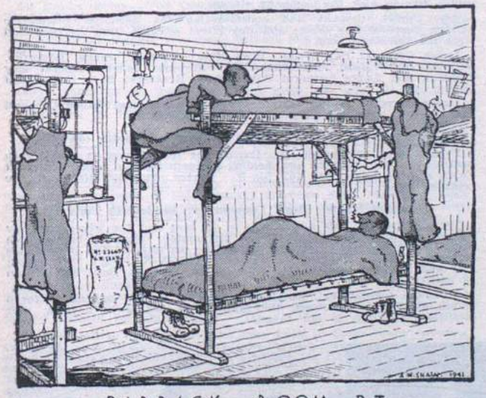
COURSES.—Lance Corporals Dixon and Aldred, junior, have attended fire-fighting courses, so all one can hear nowadays is "Roll on my posting to the Fire Brigade."

MARRIAGES.—Driver Brown, the Brigadier's driver, has joined the ranks of ex-bachelors, so let us hope that the proverbial knot of marriage is not a slip-knot.

AGONY.—Since the A.T.S. had their clerks test, with the well-known results, Signalmen Watteson and New have been "sweating" on losing their jobs in the tin-wash; anyway, N.A.A.F.I. report a big increase in the sale of One-O-One, so maybe the girls are "sweating," too.

ON THE AIR.—Browns "Symphony in Barlock" will be played in Vimy Institute on Saturday next, by permission of E.N.S.A.

SEQUEL.—"Bags of typing practice." JUG.



BARRACK ROOM P.T.

Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess

GENERAL.—Hello, readers, at last this Mess has risen from its slumbers and is now one of the liveliest spots in the North.

We held two dances this month and both proved great successes. As usual everything is of the best, beer, food and last, but by no means least, the band, which was led by Katsky, of Lyons' Corner House fame, and the only thing you pay for is the beer.

ARRIVALS.—This month we welcome to the Mess S.S.M. Harvey Smith and Sergeant Ryder, both from "Home Forces," and hope that their stay with us will be both long and pleasant.

PROMOTIONS.—Sergeant Goodman has now dropped the "L" before the Sergeant and Sergeant Elliott has managed to jump to full acting Sergeant from Corporal, Lance Sergeants Trail, Paine, Roberts have also joined the ranks of the famous and we wish them all every success with their new jobs.

DEPARTURES.—Sergeant Dologan left us in a hurry and very few were able to say cheerio and good luck, so we now pass this on.

Sergeant McDiarmid has also managed to creep away and if "tears could bring you back again," he would not have got past Q lines.

Many a broken heart lies in them there Blue Eyes Mam, all the same, Mac., we all wish you the very best of luck in your new job.

PASSED ON FOR YOUR INFORMATION.—The Poverty Street Shake is not a new dance, but history in the making. A tip was passed round and everybody started to brush the ashes away from the door, and in some cases the broom and scrubbing brushes were seen to be in action. Even Calamity did his bit to help by taking his black-out board down.

And then shame came into our midst, Sergeant Lee was seen to blanco the walls of his bunk.

I feel sure that old residents of this institution will recall the days when it was worth keeping Poverty Street out of bounds.

After all this and the many times repeated, "I have never known of this in all my service," all for the present.

FRANK.

Unit Sports Meeting

"TOP GEAR" ATHLETICS.—A tendency to mechanical flavour in our choice of sub-title and in the text matter, generally, of this running commentary can be attributed to the team victory scored by No. 4 (M/T) Company in the Unit's annual sports meeting, held at a sports ground on the afternoon of Saturday, 14th June, 1941.

In spite of certain meteorological deficiencies, during which the statistics staff suffered an early reverse and saw vital documents blown sky-high, the competition ran its course with huge success and reflected a maximum of credit all round. In common with the quality of the Inter-Company spirit (which was as keen as any winds experienced in these northern latitudes) the organisation and partisanship combined to contribute to the enjoyment of a praiseworthy occasion.

A feature of the lengthy and comprehensive programme was provided by the ubiquitous Boys' Company, whose spectators—at full strength—saw to it that their representatives lacked nothing in the matter of encouragement. It was an inspiring (and almost perspiring!) sight to see anything up to fifty wildly enthusiastic Boy onlookers join in a tight finish from the touch-line and literally yell their man home to the tape by a matter of inches. One was tempted to imagine that our energetic sports officer had entered into a conspiracy with Captain W. M. Lindley, M.C., to turn out his Boys in force in order to inhale a surfeit of our June zephyr.

Individual honours were claimed by Sergeant Skinner, of 4 (M/T) Company who, with firsts in the 100 yards sprint, the hurdles, high jump and long jump, carried off the "Victor Ludorum" trophy in addition to four medals.

The ultimate winners of the Team Challenge Shield were given a hard fight for it by the Boys throughout, but victories in seven of the fourteen events proved a superiority none could seriously challenge. Sergeant-Instructor Cadwallander, running with the wind, put up a good time in winning the furlong, and C.S.M. McDowall vied with Lance Corporal Turnbull in the "heavyweight" class of shot putting and discus throwing, both competitors recording exceptionally good performances.

The Commanding Officer presented the trophies at the conclusion of the programme, and expressed appreciation of the work entailed by 2nd Lieutenant H. L. Horn (sports officer), the hard-worked statistics staff under Captain (Q.M.) A. R. Manley and all voluntary officials.

It was a pleasure, too, to welcome the Brigadier and the Brigade Major, whose support of the Battalion's yearly competition was universally appreciated.

Mention must also be made of the excellent hospitality arranged by the members of the Sergeants' Mess, who contrived to provide a truly majestic tea for the officers and other guests.

Results:

100 Yards.—1, Sergeant Skinner (4), 10.8 secs.; 2, Signalman Davies (4); 3, Signalman Sykes (3).

High Jump.—1, Sergeant Skinner (4), 4 ft. 10 ins.; 2, Signalman Kerr (3); 3, Signalman Taylor (1).

Throwing Discus.—1, C.S.M. McDowall (4), 88 ft.; 2, Lance Corporal Turnbull (4); 3, Lance Corporal Warren (3).

880 Yards.—1, Boy Moore (Boys), 2 mins. 22.8 secs.; 2, Boy Bond (Boys); 3, Signalman Fergusson (2).

110 Yards Hurdles.—1, Sergeant Skinner (4), 18 secs.; 2, Signalman Reynolds (Boys); 3, Signalman Sellers (2).

Putting the Shot.—1, Lance Corporal Turnbull (4), 32 ft. 2 ins.; 2, C.S.M. McDowall (4); 3, Boy Bourne (Boys).

220 Yards.—1, Sergeant Cadwallander (4), 23.7 secs.; 2, Boy Hine (Boys); 3, Signalman Sykes (3).

One Mile.—1, Boy Nelle (Boys), 5 mins. 40 secs.; 2, Boy Conroy (Boys); 3, 2nd Lieutenant Hudson (4).

Long Jump.—Tied, Sergeant Skinner (4) and Sergeant Cadwallander (4), 19 ft. 1 in.; 3, Signalman Griffin (3).

Obstacle Race.—1, Lance Corporal Goulding (3); 2, Signalman James (3); 3, Signalman Garwood (4).

440 Yards.—1, Sergeant Strutt (Boys), 58 secs.; 2, 2nd Lieutenant Horn (2); 3, Signalman Tenneson (3).

All Ranks Relay.—1, 4 (M/T) Company; 2, Boys Company; 3, 2 (Line) Company.

Tug-of-War (Final).—2 (Line) Company beat 4 (M/T) Company.

Mile Medley Relay.—1, Boys' Company, 4 mins. 27.2 secs.; 2, 2 (Line) Company; 3, 3 (Shops) Company.

Inter-Company Team Championship (Final Points).—1, No. 4 (M/T) Company, 41; 2, Boys' Company, 32; 3, No. 2 (Line) Company, 16; 4, No. 3 (Shops) Company, 14; 5, No. 1 (Line) Company, 1.

Victor Ludorum.—Sergeant Skinner, No. 4 (M/T) Company.

SPORTS.—A tug-of-war team, constituted by No. 2 (Line) Company, represented the Battalion on Saturday, 28th June, 1941, on the occasion of a challenge match versus the 152nd O.C.T.U. They were successful, winning by two pulls to nil, giving away weight, they pulled in great style to out-general the cadets. The result of the meeting was a win for the O.C.T.U. by 59 points to 56 points. The Battalion success resulting in wins in the 100 yards, Signalman Sykes; hurdles, Sergeant Skinner, and the relay. In the relay, Lieutenant Horn wearning the Battalion colours for the last time prior to his posting, ran a great 880 yards to enable the last man to take over with out 30 yards in the lead.

Cricket

CRICKET NOTES.—Once again the Battalion has issued forth with flying colours into the current cricket season, and as in the past, the "Esprit de Corps" has predominated the fact that we are not entirely invincible. So far we have enjoyed quite a successful season, despite the fact that we have suffered two rather embarrassing reverses, but we hope to continue the remainder of the season in the same manner as we commenced it. There is unlimited talent in this direction, and if the opening batsmen are prevented by misfortune from doing their stuff we can always rely on the "tail" giving quite a liberal wag.

Thanks to the imperturbable batting of Signalman Coutts-Trotter, who insists on being a "tail wagger" or else he'll go "home," we have managed to excell ourselves in a gallant eighth wicket stand on three occasions.

Our most interesting match was against the 56th Training Regiment R.A.C. on 12th July, when with most consistent batting we reached the most admirable total of 156 for eight wickets, C.S.M.s Rodrigues and McDowall both passing the quarter century mark. At the tea interval, C.S.M. McDowall carried his bat for the consumption of the usual "tea and wads," but on the resumption of play we fear he must have eaten too much, as the second ball lowered the curtains to an excellent innings; however, nice work, sir. It isn't everybody who can make 30 on an empty stomach.

A remarkable asset to the team is Boy Hine, our youngest member, who, when we were in great difficulties in the knock-out competition against the 123rd O.C.T.U. R.A. contributed a most memorable 42 not out. Unfortunately, we *were* knocked out, and even Hine's contribution couldn't pull us out of the mire. The score will be found at the end of the notes.

Our heartiest congratulations are extended to 2nd Lieutenant Jowett who has been keeping wicket for the Garrison 1st XI, and to Sergeant Bennett, Signalmen Davies P. and Goodall, all of whom have been chosen to participate in a Garrison 2nd XI.

Of the bowlers, C.S.M. McDowall and Signalman Allen appear to be making the most satisfactory progress, and with the able assistance of Sergeant Elnig behind the stumps they are given ample encouragement by his energetic appeals of "a-a-a-a-a-a-a-t." It is rumoured, incidentally, that in view of "Nig Nog's" success as a cricketer, the furniture removers are starting to drop leaflets in his letter box at home.

And last, but by no means least, a good word about our noble "Skipper," C.S.M. Walton, who goes to no end of trouble in the organisation of the game, and who is always capable of a bright and breezy innings. Keep it up, sir; we need blokes like you.

RESULTS :

G.T.T. Battalion v. Training Regiment R.A.C.

G.T.T. Battalion, 114 (Signalman Apps 31, Signalman Coutts-Trotter 30 not out)—Training Regiment R.A.C., 101.

G.T.T. Battalion v. School of Signals

School of Signals, 106 for eight wickets (C.S.M. McDowell 2 for 15)—G.T.T. Battalion, 65 (Signalman Coutts-Trotter, 15 not out).

G.T.T. Battalion v. Training Regiment R.A.C.

G.T.T. Battalion, 93 (Signalman Davies, 39)—Training Regiment R.A.C., 70 (Signalman Carmichael, 8 for 25).

G.T.T. Battalion v. Training Regiment R.A.C.

G.T.T. Battalion, 156 for eight wickets (C.S.M. Rodrigues, 37; C.S.M. McDowell, 30; Signalman Adams, 23 not out)—Training Regiment, 126 (Signalman Allen, 6 for 44).

G.T.T. Battalion v. O.C.T.U. R.A.

O.C.T.U. R.A., 218 for four wickets (Signalman Allen, 3 for 55)—G.T.T. Battalion, 97 (Boy Hine, 42 not out).

"AUTO-ADD."

Boys' Training Company

JUNE NOTES.

GENERAL.—Since our last contribution of notes, time certainly has flown, so much so, it seems that comparatively no important event which is noteworthy has occurred. But just to show that we, the faithful band of warriors, are still alive and kicking, here is the usual contribution of notes. Once again the weather must be mentioned, and this time it might well be praised as an asset rather than a debit, in allowing of Section sports. At a recent meeting, it was decided that three new sport sections be formed, and by careful choosing on the part of the leaders, equal terms were maintained. It was further suggested that N.A.A.F.I. chits be presented to the winning team. Consequently, at present there exists a strong rivalry between the teams, and in some of the recent games, keen interest and enthusiasm has been displayed on all sides, the only obvious reason being as aforesaid, N.A.A.F.I. chits. For further information see the "Pivot Man."

INTEREST.—It was with great anxiety that we were watching the progress of the spud patch. It never seemed possible that anything would blossom forth from such a heap, after the under-aged smokers had thrown their "dimped butts" on to it, but much to our amazement signs of growth have appeared. Maybe it's the grass. All the blokes who had a hand in digging it, no doubt feel relieved and are glad to know their efforts have not been in vain.

DEPARTURE.—It is with great regret that 14 Hut note the departure of Lance Corporal Boy Dunning. All the very best "Bush" and future success.

JEWS' MAIL.—Since the blokes went away, many letters have been received from them, and so in reply to them the blokes have decided to be patriotic by economising in the use of paper.

To G.C.D. from D.T.N.D.S.: How about a line and the usual ?

To Snoz from Dolly : How about it ?

To Porker from Todd Pott : No hints, but you know what we want.

SPORT

GENERAL.—Now that the better weather is supposed to have arrived, cricket and athletics have taken the place of football, rugby and hockey.

Note : We are still waiting for the better weather and expect it just after we come back off summer leave. Dear old ——. It can always be depended on for the worst luck.

CRICKET.—The season opened with a trial match, the object of which was to pick the Company eleven.

After much thought and consideration the Selection Committee (Lance Corporal Boy Wride and Boy Hine) selected from the odds and ends the following team :

Lance Corporal Boy Wride, Boys Hine (captain), Johns, Edgerton, Wilson, Haw, Band, Richardson W., Stevens, Lance Corporal Boy Dunning and Lance Corporal Boy Risby. Reserves: Boys Froom and Pavey.

Lance Corporal Dudley, Lance Corporal Brodie and Lance Corporal Boy Sinclair have also played in recent matches.

First Match : Boys' Company v. Barnard Castle (away)

Batting first, we scored 90. During the tea interval it rained thus making the ball slippery and fielding difficult for our team. Barnard Castle's final score was 162 for 9. Beaten, but not disgraced, we returned home.

Second Match : Boys' Company v. Ampleforth Colts

The weather for this match was at its best and the whole company turned (or were turned) out to see the match. Sergeant-Major Edge wangled a gobble for the teams during the tea interval and it was also rumoured that he wangled the weather. C-H-A-R-L-I-E ! We opened first and raised a total of 149 (Stevens 36, Hine 33, Bond and Wilson 13 each).

After the tea interval, Ampleforth went in to bat, scoring 83 for 6 before stumps were drawn, the match thus ending in a draw (but conditions definitely in our favour).



Third Match : Boys' Company v. O.C.T.U. Classes

This match, played on a wet wicket, proved for us successful.

The O.C.T.U. opened, but were soon dismissed with a total of 25.

Credit is due here to the bowling of Lance Corporal Dudley and Lance Corporal Boy Wride.

Lance Corporal Dudley and Boy Johns, our opening batsmen, quickly passed this total before the first wicket fell and we went on to score 127 for 5. Scorers were Lance Corporal Dudley 18, Johns 36, Hine 29, Wride 10 not out.

Fourth Match : Boys' Company v. Richmond Grammar School

Batting first on a wet wicket we scored 49, and Richmond replied with 99. A rather uninspiring game. Relieved only by the good bowling of Hine, who took 5 for 15.

These results, though not outstanding, are definitely promising and we are looking forward to future matches in which we hope to be more successful.

ATHLETIC TRIALS.—Much talent and enjoyment were derived from an athletic trial held on Wednesday afternoon last month.

Boys "Tug" Wilson and "Wendell" Wilkes, the duff wallahs, excelled themselves by both gaining a first in their respective 100 yards heat.

Charles Sherman has blossomed forth into the limelight as a sprinter. He made very good time in the 100 and 220 yards events.

All voted the afternoon a success and Corporal Blades found time to tear himself away from his "Counter Pushing" to act as chief organiser and starter.

BATTALION INTER-COMPANY SPORTS.—These sports were held on the 14th and the weather was windy and chilly.

No. 4 M/T Company won the inter-Company shield, Boys' Training Company coming second.

Events won by this Company were :

880 Yards.—1, Lance Corporal Boy Moore; 2, Boy Bond (Gde. V).

One Mile.—1, Boy Neale; 2, Signalman Conroy.

Company Relay.—Sergeant Strutt, 880 yards; Hine, 220 yards; Reece, 440 yards; Sherman, 220 yards.

440 Yards.—Sergeant Strutt.

Other Events :

220 Yards.—2, Boy Hine. The winner, Sergeant Cadwallender, recorded 23 9/10th secs., beating the former S.T.C. record held by Sergeant Skinner.

All Ranks Relay.—The Company was second. Runners : Captain W. M. Lindley, M.C., Royal Signals, Lieutenant D. B. Parry, Royal Signals, C.Q.M.S. Morgan, Sergeant-Major Edge (magnificent effort, Toc. Sheldrake thought you would outpace him once), Sergeant Skinner, Boy Knight.

The C.O. presented the winners with medals and we retired tired but happy.

We're going to get that shield back after the war, so watch out, 4 M/T Company.

That's all for this month.

GINGER.

JULY NOTES.

GENERAL.—Writing this month's notes requires very little literary effort on my part, due to the inspiration offered by the thought of leave next week, so here is my attempt.

Perhaps the item most worthy of mention is the recent incr. ments, whereby 50 per cent. of the Company draw an extra shilling a week. As a result of this, a savings stamp system was evolved, two Boys and five O.C.T.U. candidates being ardent supporters.

We have heard grip of a move into the next block due to come off shortly. The bind about this is that our predecessing tenants took their lockers with them so bringing about a purge on margarine boxes by the boys.

The weekly films will continue in this block. Boy Harding P. is making a picture entitled "Martian Quest" and as "Death" Walmsley and "Fish" Walters are hero and villain respectively, it should be a roaring success (or should it ?).

We are glad to see Captain Bickmore back in these sunny environs, as his presence at the Company sports meeting denotes. After a long absence through overseas duty, we all hope his stay will be a lengthy one. This is understandable, as, during his long standing with the Company, his genial nature and sporting spirit has made him most popular.

Congratulations to Boy Reece on being dragged out of the mine of D.R.-dom to the notable trade of I.M. His first success has been gained by coming top in his Squad. Well done.

The law of averages will materialise however, as this example will show. A "Workship" wrote the following in an essay on the most thrilling thing in his life. Referring to a bicycle crash : "I awoke to find myself unconscious, so I got on my bicycle and walked home." Words fail to express my thoughts.

A new A.E.C. instructor—Sergeant Cunningham—has arrived at the education centre in lieu of W.O.I. Ind, who left recently. Although he is a "Geordie,' he runs high in the Boys' estimation as an instructor, and we all hope he remains till after the next examinations, at least.

Thanks to the efforts of the wreckers and defaulters, a hay rick is blossoming forth in the quadrangle, thus giving rise to a farmyard effect. So much, in fact, that Corporal Blades was almost induced to buy a new cow, the usual fatigue "Spud Patch" being replaced by a more unorthodox command, "Milk the Cow."

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—What is that antique, mis-firing device reposing in the backyard ? The cadre owner, under the misapprehension of it being a motor cycle, seriously considers licensing it.

What were the three dots on the horizon beating a hasty retreat from a burning tree ?

JEWS' MAIL.—Jow to Sam : Drop me a line.
Steve to Fairey : A weed, a weed, my kingdom for a weed !

OLLY O.

COMPANY SPORTS FINALS

These events took place on a beautiful afternoon and was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. As many were eliminated in various events on former afternoons we were able to get through the whole programme in one afternoon.

Results were as follows :

100 yards.—1, Boy Ford; 2, Boy Ham; 3, Boy Knight. Time : 11 secs.

Putting the Weight.—1, Boy Wilson; 2, Boy Harding A. P.; 3, Boy Lewis. Distance : 32 ft. 4 ins.

100 yards Hurdles.—1, Boy Hine; 2, Boy Pavey; 3, Boy Watkins.

880 yards.—1, Lance Corporal Boy Moore; 2, Boy Bond G. de V.; 3, Boy Vallor. Time : 2 mins. 17 secs.

Discus.—1, Boy Wilson; 2, Boy Haynes; 3, Boy Froom. Distance : 95 ft. 3 ins.

Inter-Section Relay.—Winners, White Section.

High Jump.—1, Lance Corporal Boy Sinclair; 2, Boy Vickers; 3, Boy Warwick. Height : 4 ft. 7 ins.

Long Jump.—1, Boy Ham; 2, Boy Knight; 3, Boy Wilson.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1, Boy Ham; 2, Boy Vickers; 3, Boy Stevens. Distance : 91 yds. 6 ins.

Pole Vault.—1, Boy Pavey; 2, Boy Wilson. Height : 5 ft. 9 ins.

220 yards.—1, Boy Hine; 2, Lance Corporal Boy Moore; 3, Boy Vickers.

Obstacle Race.—Winner, Boy Edgerton.

One Mile.—1, Boy Neale; 2, Boy Christie; 3, Boy Potts.

All Ranks Handicap.—This was the main event of the afternoon. The race took place over a distance of 660 yards. Everyone in the Company ran, O.C., C.S.M., Cadre and Boys. Everyone stripped for action and so we got to our marks. The race was started by a large firework which blew a hole like a bomb crater in the centre of the town.

"We're off," a stumbling, panting, heaving mass of humanity surges round the course. The O.C., is well in the lead and running strongly. Sergeant Hakesley is moving up and so is Sergeant Curtis, but in a different way. He thinks he's putting up a smoke screen. Sergeant Strutt, handicapped at par, is forging ahead. We're coming to the last bend now. The O.C. is still in the lead and running smoothly, but wait, someone is coming up with the speed of light, running with the effortless ease of the inexperienced runner. Who is he ? What's his name ? Ah ! I see now. It's Humby. He's taken the lead and is followed by a surge of perspiring individuals striving for a N.A.A.F.I. chit. Humby has it. A winner by 10 yards. Well run, sir.

A heated argument is taking place meanwhile betwixt the Sergeant-Major and Gook as to who arrived home first.

They're still arguing about it.

Sergeant Hakesley says there will be a row if he hasn't lost a stone, while others are stretched upon the ground to recover their breath. And so the great event has been run and won.

Lance Corporal Boy Moore holds the "Victor Ludorum" for the magnificent show he put up in the 880 yards. Boy Hine won the over 17 cup. The winners were awarded medals and N.A.A.F.I. chits, which were kindly presented by Mrs. Bickmore.

Dr. Bickmore is with us once again we are pleased to relate. He has seen more active service in the Near East and is hoping to see more in the Far North in the form of Rugby. We are looking forward to his expert tuition in this game.

CRICKET.—We have little to report since last month. Another game versus the O.C.T.U. took place and after a good game the honours went to us.

The usual Operators v. Workshops match has been played, but as there are very few Workshops left it was a struggle to pick a team. However, it was managed and the game was played and won by the Operators.

Operators, 89 all out; Workships, 51 all out.

They are vowing vengeancé, however, when they threaten to play Wilcox. We fear the outcome of a match with this demon playing.

Boys v. Cadre.—This game was won by the boys, but the Cadre complain that they had an off day. It certainly was an off day for them for they were all out for 28.

The Boys went in to score 90 for eight declared.

Sergeant Hakesley could not get stuck in so he could not break our bowlers' hearts with the O.O.O uster methods.

The Cadre was represented by C.Q.M.S. Morgan, Sergeants Hakesley and Curtis, Corporal O'Keefe, Lance Corporals Beadle, Chandler, Dudley and Brodie, Signalmen Gook, Craig and Banham. Reserves were stretcher bearers and there was an ambulance handy, but fortunately neither were needed.

CADRE MOAN.—"Why couldn't 'Toc' wangle a win for us ?"

HOCKEY.—We have played two recent matches versus 123 O.C.T.U. The first we lost 3—1, and the second we won 3—2. Team: Lance Corporal Boy Moore; Boy Ridgeon and Lance Corporal Boy Wride; Boys Watkins, Probert and Potts; Boys Christie, Pavey, Johnstone, Stevens and Lance Corporal Brodie.

Stevens scored the three goals in the last match.

SWIMMING.—A swimming gala has been promised, but when it will take place we cannot say.

CONGRATULATIONS.—To Boy Hine on being selected to represent the Battalion at cricket, and the following at athletics : Lance Corporal Boy Moore, Boys Potts, Neale, Christie, Reece, Bond, Knight and Hine.

We have had an enjoyable and successful month of sport and are now looking forward to leave and all it brings.

Cheerio.

GINGER.

BOYS' TRAINING COMPANY NOMINAL ROLL

2302503 C.S.M. Edge T. 2313638 Corporal MacDougall, D.
6391895 Corporal Blades T. 2585949 Signalman Craig H.

2328643	Boy	Mullen E.	2329649	,,	Risby K.
2329502	,,	Partridge.	2328651	,,	Stevens B.
2328831	,,	Ridgeon A.	2329311	,,	Tilley P.
2329503	,,	Probert A.	2329512	,,	Walmsley T.
2329831	,,	Ridgeon A.	2329513	,,	Walton J.
2329202	,,	Sherman D.	2329515	,,	Webb, R. A.

Boys' Training Company Nominal Roll (continued)

2329520	,,	Wilson, T.	2336623	,, Harding A. B.
2329485	,,	Christie J.	2328832	,, Hayes R.
2329389	,,	Dadswell.	2329493	,, Holman J.
82130	,,	Fell D.	23.8643	,, Johnstone G.
2329468	,,	Froom J.	2329496	,, Lewis G.
2329468	,,	Ham N.	2329498	,, Madley L.
2329493	,,	Haw W.	2328499	,, Moore J.
2329492	,,	Hine S.	2329591	,, Owen J.
2320495	,,	Johns P.	2328648	,, Potts T. E.
2327711	,,	Knight L.	2329534	,, Reece T.
2328644	,,	McLiech L.	2329505	,, Richardson W.
2336460	,,	Metcalf V. E.	2329507	Sheldrake.
2328547	,,	Neale Y. T.	2329508	,, Smillie.
1878276	,,	Pavey S. J.	2328510	,, Tayler A.
2327723	,,	Rain A.	2327720	,, Vallor V.
2329504	,,	Richardson.	2327628	,, Walters J.
2329506	,,	Roberts T.	2329514	,, Watkins J.
2328630	,,	Sinclair C.	2329512	,, Wilkes, D.
2329500	,,	Swales T. A.	2329481	,, Band B.
2328500	,,	Todd R. S.	2328637	,, Clowson P.
66836	,,	Vickers L.	2329541	,, Dugdale D.
2327772	,,	Werwick E. W.	2329487	,, Edgerton, T.
2329517	,,	Wilson E.	66019	Fothergill.
23 9521	,,	Wolfe D.	2328641	,, Grigg J.
2329480	Boy	Alexander.	2328242	,, Harding A. P.
2329482	,,	Bond H.	2329491	,, Haynes W.
2328638	,,	Hudson J.	2329494	,, Humby F.
2329486	,,	Earl A.	2329579	,, King R. M.
2329523	,,	Ford D.	2329497	,, Lord B.
2328640	,,	Gray D.	2328645	,, Masson K.

S.T.C. Wales

2nd Operators Training Battalion

Reports on the doings of 2nd Operators' Training Battalion have been missing from THE WIRE for so long that a number of people seem to be under the impression that it has ceased to exist, at least in this world. This is far from the truth, but it does take time to "sort out" the "lines" of "wire" and re-establish connection with correspondents where personnel appear and go, almost as quickly as a "wireless spark."

Here is the latest report received on the movements of the various "Sparks" in the Instructional Staff, who having been recharged or added a few cells to their "instruments" would scarcely be recognised by former residents of even a few months ago.

Chief Instructor—this "Post" has been taken over and is now occupied by Captain Jackson, of 4 Company, who has assumed with it the new dignity and rank of Major.

Talking of Majors, reminds me of Sergeants Jones E. A., Kitson and Meakin, who have joined the "Legions of the Lost" and departed for pastures new. The War Office, once again, decimating the ranks of the "Ancients" with their "Secret Weapon." Their places have been filled by equally well-known figures such as Lance Sergeants Hingston, Baker and Allan, not to mention Sergeant Giles (please note *Sergeant* and as shown in the recent sports on Whit-Monday, not so "Ancient"). Sergeant Ricketts must also be mentioned and congratulated on his promotion to C.Q.M.S.

Further to confuse visitors who once knew their way around, Captain C. H. Howarth (Adjutant) decided that a vacation was necessary and taking Macaulay's suggestion to heart, departed on a "course" for England, the first few days of which, rumour has it, were unfortunately spent in hospital. (Not always such a quiet place to study in, under present conditions.) The direction of the Battalion has now been passed into the able hands of Captain R. L. St. Clair Douglas, formerly of 2nd Depot Battalion.

Corporal Crawley, who graced the Battalion for many months as Orderly Room Corporal, has also decided to wander away and find another hole, in the field.

Whilst writing these few notes a thorough search of Company offices has failed to produce any notes of interest or any of the fluent writers, who normally live in such places, so I will close with this ominous threat :

"A list of 'awards' likely to be incurred by all Company WIRE correspondents who fail to provide interesting, enjoyable 'copy' at correct times, is being circulated."

Next month's WIRE should definitely be worth reading, if only for the 2nd Operators' Training Battalion notes.

P.S.—These last remarks must have been read already as a "contribution" signed Fourcoy has just been received.

B.H.D.

No. 4 Company

INTRODUCTION.—It is with some misgivings that I commence to try and put the "doings" of the Company on paper, but under the threat of many days in "jug" I have no option but to try.

ARRIVALS.—These are too numerous to mention individually, but to all who have joined since our last "notes" we extend the "Glad Hand." May their stay with us be both profitable and enjoyable.

DEPARTURES.—K.O. Squads 59 and 60 to 2nd Holding Battalion.

It is with regret that we say farewell to "Dutchy," who has been taken off the inventory of the Company office. Having grown tired of pounding the keys of the "Oliver," he has decided to "foot" a key on a No. 11 Set. He has the good wishes of all in the Company in his new venture and may his "U" be dropped as soon as possible.

We extend a hearty welcome to his successor. Much beer (promotion) should flow on or about the 30th. Let's hope his "credits" are good.

FINALE.—In parting we must remark that the matrimonial stakes are doing well here. To "Dixie" and "Jimmy" we say "All the best." By the time these notes appear two will have become one.

I think a "Lonely Hearts" Club is indicated.

More, unfortunately, next month.

FOURCOY.

2nd General Trades Training Battalion

No. 1 Company

Your regular scribe has now departed from this Unit, as will be read further on, so in this issue I make my debut and hope my readers will bear with me in this initial effort if I do not reach the heights previously obtained by Corporal Sutton. Postings, promotions and appointments have been flowing pretty freely of late. Foremost in the former is the departure of our O.C., Major E. R. Moore, to fresh fields. He has been succeeded by Major R. N. Morgan, and to both we offer our very best wishes for the success they justly deserve. Other losses have been C.Q.M.S. Hart, Sergeant Merriman, Corporals Sutton and Margrain, both of whom put up the third stripe before departing, and Corporals Tilney and Bell. How are the mountains, "Dinga"?

On the promotion side stripes have been flying right and left. I am afraid that to mention all the lucky ones would take up too much space, so I will confine myself to saying congratulations to you all and may all you "Unpaids" soon get your reward. I know you are all hoping in the same way as myself—so just keep it up, pals!

We would like to say official congratulations to Lance Corporal Chesworth on joining the "married." We heard all manner of rumours about him during his leave, one, that some great disaster has overtaken him—maybe my informant was being subtle. The event filled the "home town rag" with a write up and pictures—must be an important person our "Chessie"—or was it influence?

We have read in the Press that some imaginative Army School of Cookery has found 156 ways of preparing potatoes—wish they could spare two more to our cookhouse at least and make our total up to four.

We regret to say the C.S.M. unfortunately lost his voice early this month—of course there was not too much noise in the office—you could have heard an airline pole drop—or could you!

J.F.S.J.

No. 3 Company

Pip, pip, pip—3 Company calling, to North, South, East and West, wherever ex-threeites are, all over the world. This month, added to the usual mush, we have an odd point or two of interest, so—read the notes before you consign this paper to—er, other uses!

First, some of our "toughs" have been getting themselves into the boxing news again. At a recent inter-Unit boxing tournament, the S.T.C. team tanned the hides of a R.A. team. No. 3 Company provided three of the Signals' team and in the ring they certainly showed the R.A. what *Certa Cito* means! All three won their bouts by the knock-out route, Signalman Fenton J. finishing off his opponent in the second round, after an exhibition of shadow boxing in the first round, Lance Corporal McColl G. disposing of his in the second and Lance Sergeant Bruford D. putting up a sparkling exhibition, culminating with the K.O. of his opponent in the third round. These bouts earned a considerable measure of praise for our lads in the local rag. Just goes to prove, you see, that besides brains, we can conjure up some brawn when the occasion arises!

Whit-Monday, the sports were carried out to plan—unlike at Easter when rain was the victor of the day. The sports were run in tabloid form, eight men representing the Company for all of the events. Since most of these were of a novel form, such as grenade throwing, time race (assault), etc., as may well be imagined the lads had a very strenuous time. However, they put up a first-rate show and deserved to win, although the judges didn't quite agree and placed them third. Never mind, blokes—better luck next time.

Besides athletes, we have some dancing experts in the Company. At the North Wales Amateur Dancing Competition held recently, Signalman Kennish and his charming wife took first prize, and added to their already large collection, yet more trophies. Signalman Holland R., another of our "steppers out" secured third place in the competition.

Changes have been thick and heavy since last month. Sergeant Massingham lost the "L" in front of his rank—and we lost him, to another S.T.C. Thus another one of the old brigade has "hit the trail." Signalman Michallett F., after a brief spell on the Cadre, has been transferred to the R.E., where it is understood, he is seeking a job as one of the "guvnors." Lance Sergeant Burton D.—congratulations on getting that other tape, old boy—together with Lance Corporals Chicken J. and Smallbone F., have given up teaching now, to be taught, and have toddled off to the School of Signals on a Foreman of Signals Course. Best of luck to the three of you and may we soon be seeing you with three stripes and a crown adorning your arms. To offset some of these departures, Lance Sergeant Taylor, from Administrative Wing and Lance Sergeant Wignall T., from 4 Company, have come to give a hand with some of the duties—what do you think of our early morning drill parades, Sergeant?

Promotion once more has stretched out its kindly hand, and in addition to Lance-Sergeant Burton previously mentioned, the following Corporals had to get busy one night and sew on some new tapes ready for the next morning: Corporals Fletcher R., Hedden L. and Ford R. The Company is now practically up to strength as regards two-bar men—nice going, chaps. After months of patient waiting Lance Corporals Prickett C. and Chicken J. are now paid for their stripes—you see Colin, everything comes to he who waits—if he waits long enough.

We have been requested to try and ascertain the name of a certain N.C.O. who went on a P.T. Course. While he was away we were besieged with anxious enquiries for his welfare from many sources. Since his return we have also had many enquiries from female admirers who live in the vicinity of the camp at which the course took place. This P.T. business evidently makes one work fast! Any volunteers?

I think I've now used up enough paper for this month, so till next time—cheerio, everybody.

L.H.

No. 4 Company

"Stripe up the band" seems to be the theme song round here just now. We don't know if they just grow, or how it happens, but our congratulations go out to Corporal Wignall and Corporal Waugh on becoming Lance Sergeants. To Lance Corporal Burden on stitching up his second tape, and to Drivers Drysdale and Barnard on becoming Lance Corporals (with the usual adjectives, of course). It has been brought to our notice that in our last note we omitted to record the promotion to Lance Corporal of Signalman Truscott. Our apologies, Ken.

Talking about tapes, we know a boy who's working hard on a course just now. It's nice and peaceful here for a while, but we wish him luck, just the same.

There was genuine regret in the company at the posting to 1 Company of C.S.M. Douglas-Beveridge. Our best wishes go with him.

We welcome as our new S.M., C.S.M. Tinsley, late of 1 Company and Administrative Wing. We realise that in some people's eyes our shower is a disgrace to the Army, but we're not really that bad, sir, even if we do wear our hats at the driver's angle and sometimes run around with boots that are not quite fit for the square. We've also said "Cheerio" to Corporal Tuft this month, who has gone to the Holding Battalion. We hope things are still "Oke, mates" with him. It may interest the boys who have been posted to distant parts to know of some of the changes that have gone on here, so here goes. Nearly 50 per cent. of the shower can now slope arms without blinding their neighbour. The defences round the garage now give the place rather an internment camp appearance, but we comfort ourselves with the fact that things could be worse. If red-tape was barbed wire, for instance, we might not be able to get out at all. Potatoes are now being planted in the spare ground near the garage. If they grow them at the same speed that some of the gardeners move, we won't be seeing them yet!

We are put to bed early these days, so that we can get to sleep before the bogey-man comes. Roll call at 10.30 and no late passes. Time marches on!

We have been asked to deny the report that a certain Morris Bug we have in the garage now, is the one in which Harold drove to the Battle of Hastings. The statement is quite false, of course. The truth is that the wagon in question was in for a de-coke at the time. We don't know if the cylinders were sooty or "sandy."

Parting thoughts. If anyone doesn't like these notes—write them yourself.

TAC.

Yorkshire 3

3rd Operators Training Battalion

No. 1 Company

Morse madness is now mechanically produced—the sounds from a certain long black shed match anything heard from the Tower of Babel and their effect on "Harold" and his merry men has to be seen to be believed.

Sport seems to have been given a much-needed fillip by the Soccer team's unbroken record, and a cricket eleven is essaying forth to equal that record, and thanks to the generosity of a civilian in placing a tennis court at the Company's disposal, both team games and a tournament are being held.

With some newcomers to the Company bringing professional talent to the dance band, the weekly dances are going stronger than ever, and a system of "registered customers" has been introduced.

Congratulations to Lance Corporal Nash on his marriage—to be followed we hear by the espousal of at least one other cadre N.C.O.

No. 2 Company

"I'll be glad to be in Scotland where it is warm." This cryptic remark from our "Q" (in the original Gaelic, of course) sums up everyone's feelings—and we suppose the censor's blue pencil itches even to allow this much to appear, so 'nuff said. The weather may have had an effect on the "R.Q." at the last clothing exchange, for Signalmen were tottering to the N.A.A.F.I. for reviving drinks after being issued, no questions asked, with socks, gaiters, and what have you. The age of miracles. . . .

Route marches are now a feature of our Saturday mornings and the whole Company (with the possible exception of unspecified members of the Creed Room staff) now totters around Yorkshire for what seems an endless time. We had always had the idea that this county was a place of hills, but at no time in our short lives do we remember having an impression so forcibly confirmed. It has been suggested that the C.S.M. be given a map on which the contours are marked, as he seems to have an unhappy knack of picking out hills of terrifying proportions from his uncoloured specimen. And talking of the C.S.M. reminds us that we have to welcome him back from his holiday (?) as Officer i/c Workshops. We hope that his reappearance will not mark the beginning of a new era of drastic change, although with our customary observant nature we have noticed that dust for long undisturbed has now been removed (both figuratively and literally).

Our morning drill periods bring out the best in our N.C.O.s, though some of the juniors seem to be chafing under restraint and waiting to step into dead men's shoes. We hope they will not be goaded to *create* a vacancy.

Our latest effort has been to launch the company cricket team and although our first match was lost we hope to put up a good show in the inter-Company league. Our Entertainments Committee have been brooding on some new and startling scheme, and with pleasant memories of "Black and White Rhythm" we are looking forward to something more from them. The two chief stooges, those scoundrels of stage fame and back-stage notoriety, Kench and Roberts (just soldiers) are the next two victims for the course at the Depot. Our faith in the capabilities of drill instructors is great, but this combination should provide a problem for the most conscientious man there. We can imagine, however, that their turns on the stage, after their return, will be punctuated with Depot cries and phrases (the more polite ones)—or are we wrong?

Gloom has been thrown over us by the departure of Ted Plummer and Bert Mawer. We wish them the best of success in their new jobs, and hope to hear from them as often as possible.

By the way, the scoundrel who started the rumour that Lance Corporal Tilson, following his marriage, is on the "Y" list, pending discharge, should note that anyone who can stand a course at the Depot can treat a small matter like marriage (even with Bill Henshall as best man) with disdain.

We are afraid that we have run out of any news, and will finish by noting that exercises with the Home Guard are apparently going to form part of our weekly routine now.

P.S.—Who had the bright idea of organising a ramble to follow the route march?

Ox.

No. 3 Company

The Company had bad news when the O.C. (Lieutenant C. F. Bunce) made the last "balcony speech" in Albany Hall two weeks ago. Lieutenant Bunce had just heard the result of a doctor's examination and acting on that advice had decided to go into hospital for treatment. He is making progress, and every man in the Company wishes him a speedy return to his normal duties. 2nd Lieutenant O. H. Herbert has been deputising very ably for the O.C., and in particular has been livening up the sports enthusiasts. A Sports Committee is to be formed and should be able to make full use of the talent in the Company.

The news of the past month has in fact been almost entirely around the formation and restarting of new committees, and I've noticed three appeals for membership for play reading, debating circle and jazz club. The most important has been the restarting, after four months, of the Entertainments Committee. It soon proved its worth with the most successful dance the Company has yet had in Albany Hall. There was an attendance of 250. The committee intend to keep things on the move, so watch the notice boards.

Another innovation this month has been the welcome appearance of a piano in Albany Hall. Corporal Branson fully approves of the idea, and delves in the classics, that is when he can find the time—not easy for a six-weeks-old bridegroom. And while on the subject, here's hoping that Lance Sergeant Roman has fine weather on July 12th; he was most perturbed this morning at the prospect of rain—and this is a month before the wedding. To correct false rumours, Sergeant France has not followed his friend's example—he is not married and so far has no intention of marrying—at least, that's his version.

The number of Lance Corporals is steadily growing, it must be quite a distinction to be a plain Signalman in Squad 63. Many of them are in the middle of the apparently numberless interviews which precede the elusive chances of commission, and "Colonel" James, of 62a, may yet owe a good deal to his quack knowledge of duck-shooting. His partner-in-crime, "Admiral" Beattie, has been busy of late with 'cello recitals and has decided to become a "T.T."

One of the latest U/Lance Corporals—H. Lawrence—has at least proved his worth in the cricket field. He made 53 not out and took two wickets for one when playing for the Brigade against the Craven Gentlemen of Yorkshire.

And now for the true story of the month. A Signalman of Scottish descent had been attracted by the beauty of one of the town's "natural" blondes. He met her on several evenings and then one Wednesday night—naturally, well before midnight—came the inevitable question, "Are you married?" With blandness that surprised even the Signalman, he replied, "Yes, are you?" and with an air of palmed innocence, *she* answered, "Oh, I'm getting married on Saturday, but don't let that worry you." And I thought all blondes were dumb.

In conclusion, I've heard several complaining that the happenings in their Squads never get into these notes. There's a simple remedy to that grouse—to jot them down and pass the notes on to me. Believe me, you'll save me many headaches on how I can scrape together 500 words each month.

No. 4 Company

TRAINING.—Training roars ahead with the newly-installed apparatus. The initial introductory weeks with this amazing piece of machinery were a little trying to the instructor and trainees in the adjoining room, but now barely a sound is heard outside the room. In fact, the training rooms can be likened unto heaven—peace, perfect peace.

Congratulations to Corporal Allan's Squad on their recent B.111 result and to Corporal Maughan's Squad who returned 100 per cent. passes for Group E.

ARRIVALS.—The hand of welcome goes out to 2nd Lieutenant Bratherton, who has joined us in the capacity of Training Officer. We hope your stay with us is long and pleasant, sir.

The hand of welcome is also extended to Corporal Hewitt who arrived from the Field last month, and to the Squads recently arrived.

DEPARTURES.—We were all sorry to lose 2nd Lieutenant Sheldon who has gone to a Field Unit. 4 Company wish you luck in your new job, Sir.

PROMOTIONS.—Heartiest congratulations to now Lance Sergeant Gill in his attaining the third stripe. Next stop C.S.M., etc., Sergeant Gill.

GENERAL.—The instructors' thanks go out to Sergeant Faircloth for his tasty rearrangement of the instructors' den—almost like home now.

The recreation room is a much-used place these days. The recreation fund provided us with a new set of balls and two new cues—the standard of play has gone up immensely.

The band was creating hell's delight last week in readiness for the coming social. The mainstay of the band, of course, is still Lance Corporal Snelson, who worked wonders with the piano. The Company is looking forward to this social and when I next pen for you I hope to include a report of same.

Until next month, my readers, good-bye and good readings.

L.E.H.

3rd General Trades Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

Once again it falls to my lot to bring to your notice all the events of the past month. The most oft-repeated words these days seem to be "Good-bye" and "Hello." Hard on the heels of last month's departures and arrivals of the exalted, the following have now taken place.

Captain G. G. Cochran, our Adjutant of the last twelve months, has left us to take up the appointment of O.C. 1 Company, and Lieutenant J. H. T. Barley has joined us to fill the vacancy. The help and consideration extended to the Orderly Room staff by Captain Cochran was appreciated by all who came in contact with him. There may have been a bark, but there was never a bite.

To Lieutenant Barley we extend the welcome hand and trust that your stay with us will be a long and memorable one.

Captain T. C. Chilton, our P.R.I. and O.C., Administrative Wing, and one of the pioneers of this Battalion, has left us for fresh fields. Good luck, sir, and may fortune favour you.

To Lieutenant J. B. Allen, who has taken up the reins of office, we offer salutations and assure you of our willing co-operation at all times.

EVERYTHING IN THE GARDEN IS LURVLY.—Lance Sergeant "Paddy" Hawthorne, our Provost-Sergeant, has taken the slogan "Back to the Land" very much to heart. On looking from our windows speculation is often rife as to whether the gardens will ultimately be of the flower or vegetable variety. I am afraid you will soon require extra police, Paddy, to look after the lettuces, etc., when they are ready for cutting. Avaricious eyes are already sampling the crops.

THAT (D)ARNED AND (D)OLEFUL COURSE.—Lance Corporal Johnsey (Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, how you can spin 'em) has come back to the fold from the Ossett D. and D. course. Sleeping and waking, eating and drinking, working and playing, his mind runs in one channel. "Squad will about turn," "Squad will advance," "Squad will turn to the right in bunches of twelve," is the way it goes. Yes, our Johnny is full of the terrors of the D. and D. course (though I fancy he enjoyed it), and more gruesome details of parades, manœuvres, spit and polish, innumerable lectures are mavolently added by Lance Corporal Henstone—who can afford to, for his sufferings are over. The delight in describing, never missing a heart-breaking detail, the hard labour of the Ossett parade ground. If all they say is true, then pity the poor fellows who have still to make the D. and D. grade.

NIGHT VISITOR.—"All windows of billets shall be constantly open" runs a Battalion order (or words to that effect). Open windows are all very well if fresh air is the only thing they admit. But open windows let in more than sweet evening breezes, as a certain Signalman by the name of Perkins discovered the other night. Waking in the wee sma' hours, presumably by laboured breathing, he had an uncanny sensation that a bomb or some other weighty object was resting on his manly chest. Cautiously, and with some trepidation, he came up for air. A hand stole out to discover the strange phenomena. But whatever it was it moved quicker than he. With a half-muffled squeal, it leapt from his bed and was out of the window like a bullet from a gun. Perhaps it is that our local cats have a liking for the warm protection of a soldier's breast.

A GAG THAT CAME UNSTUCK.—Boys will be boys, goes the saying, and the lads of an unnamed billet kindly arranged a midnight kit inspection for one of their stay-out-late colleagues. The kit lay-out was perfect (I doubt if the S.M. would have thought so), and the unfortunate victim looked like having a devil of a time sorting out his goods and chattels. Having completed their handiwork, the conspirators retired to bed to await results and possible repercussions. A bump on the door, the sound of feet on the stairs. This was it ! Here was the big moment ! Then an awful voice boomed out, "The Field Officer." Never have men moved so swiftly. For three seconds the air was thick with flying blankets, kit bags, pillows, tooth brushes and other of the 1,157 articles. And when the Field Officer walked in our gay but frightened conspirators were snugly beneath the blankets feigning the deepest of sleeps. All was in order, the Field Officer retired, and gasps of relief came from under the covers. Good for the jokers that the Field Officer didn't look beneath the bed—and he wouldn't have found Jerry there !

"WITH ME—BEGIN."—Any morning, Mondays to Thursdays, you will find a score or so of our younger element (the older blokes can't take it) doing their daily dozen on the greensward of a nearby park. "All handsome men are slightly sun-tanned" goes the slogan. If "tanned" means as red as the rising sun, then the slogan has something. Our Lance Corporal leader takes a delight in putting us through the hoop, but we manage to come up smiling even when, wind fast failing, he declares, "Come on, just another one for my Aunt Fanny." Best enjoyed, however, is the few minutes Soccer. The competitive spirit runs high—too high, sometimes—and then we go back to the up and down, to the left and right, etc.

And so for the present, good-bye, everybody.

TAFF.

Since your pen pal of the last nine months has decided to exploit his capabilities elsewhere, it has now fallen to my lot to unveil the mysteries of Administrative Wing to you month by month. I trust you will be generous in your criticisms, for my future journalistic career depends on it. Here goes, anyway.

Our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. W., has left us for higher pinnacles of duty. He had been with us since the formation of this Battalion in 1939 and had guided us through the venturesome days when the Unit formed up on parade each morning on a plot of ground not much larger than a piece of "four by two" until the present day, when a day is necessary to visit each of the companies. It came as a shock to hear on arrival at work one morning that he had left us for good and his reappearance a few days later to say farewell was greatly appreciated by all. While regretting his going, we all extend our heartiest congratulations and sincerest good wishes for the future.

We trust you will revisit us again, sir, as soon as the opportunity arises.

We extend a hearty welcome to his successor, who has rejoined us after a short period of absence. It is indeed a good sight to see you again, sir. I should like to inform those newcomers to whom he is a stranger that, prior to his previous posting, he held the appointment of Chief Instructor, and through his capable hands countless men have passed to the "Section Forming" department.

To you, sir, also, we offer our congratulations and hope your stay with us will be a happy and memorable one.

Other notable changes have taken place over the same period. R.S.M. Stares, who has been with us for approximately 16 months, has at last found the call of the wild too strong to resist and has departed for fresh fields. Good luck, Jim, in your new environment, and I hope I have the pleasure of working with you again after this present little bit of trouble has blown over.

To R.S.M. Payne, who has taken over the reins, we offer our salutations and extend our felicitations on attaining that appointment. R.S.M. Payne packed up his kit bag at 3rd Depot Battalion and decided to come himself to find out whether all this glamour talk about 3rd General Trades Training Battalion was true. I trust we have come up to your expectations, sir. One warning—do not be alarmed at the seemingly spiritualistic way in which quaking masses of paper move on the desks in the offices here. If you dig deep enough you will find the human element is responsible.

Many are the beneficial changes that have occurred here in the past month. Visitors to this Headquarters are cordially invited to our newly-opened "Night Club" from 10 to 10.20 a.m. daily, Monsieur Le-Hawthorne presiding. It is rumoured that a set of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies are shortly to be engaged to entertain us while we have our cup of tea and a "wad."

Lance Sergeant Paddy Hawthorne seems to be coming over "all particular" lately. His garden edges with their red brick rims and whitewashed black-out lines are a sight worth seeing. It is suggested that a blue lobelia border would just about complete the picture.

If you are a stranger in the town and require accommodation for the night, bed and breakfast may be obtained at our new Police Room. Every comfort is provided, including radio, easy chair, flowers, books, etc. Price, Two Woodbines ! (I don't think.)

Rather belatedly, we should like to congratulate Lance Corporal Johnsey on getting that first step up the ladder. Won't our "Audrey" be proud to walk out with "Bob" now ! Buck up and get the other two and then I shall not have to sew on the stripes every time I borrow your blues. Congratulations also to Corporal Taylor on being promoted to that rank. Hurry up ! I hear they are short of C.Q.M.S.s.

By the time these notes are in black and white, Signalman Kennedy, ghost of the Orderly Room, will be busily tooting his hooter on the driver i/c course. As a driver in civil life, he shouldn't find the training too much of a strain. Happy days, Jock.

Sergeant Stone's departure for Line Company was a matter of regret to all. Our loss is 1 Company's gain. Still, he is only attached, and that may mean a return to the Administrative Wing fold at a not too distant date.

Officers' and Sergeants' Messes have lost willing hands in recent changes. To 3 Company for training as F/Ss have gone Signalmen Parker, Turner and Claxton. If ever they do return to the mess room we trust they will refrain from mashing potatoes with a hammer and stirring the soup with a spanner.

Economy, tho civvy st may nt bve it, hs always bn a watchword o / Army. "Waste nt, want nt," is / slogan in Admin. Wing, and woe to those who disobey instrns. Latest ex in / econ campn is word abb. sd to save space, time and ppr. / boys and girls o / typewrtr bde, while apprecg. / obj behind / instrn, just hd to smile at some o / res. Perhaps these few lines are an exaggeration, but you'll get the idea.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—O.R.S. : "Where can you get some tobacco ?"

Returns Clerk : "Who the (censored) put these fresh returns on my table? That's 15 extra this week !"

Myself : "Who is this guy in 4 Company whom everybody calls 'Topper' ?"

Claims Clerk : "Who started the P.A.D. lectures on the wife's night off ?"

On taking a final glance through a previous issue of THE WIRE, I note that our new R.S.M. is a sportsman of some renown. How about forming a Blow Football Club in this Battalion ?

U.P.T.—To 965 Lance Sergeant Dique, 3 Depot Battalion. Congratulations on getting the third one up, Denis. Have been looking for it in orders for a long while.

And now, as Pepys would have said, "and so to bed." (Which saying calls for a crack at a certain Lance Corporal who, if he is not on duty clerk, orderly N.C.O., fire patrol, etc., etc., has a personal "Baby Watch" fatigue. Tough baby, says tougher father, is cutting teeth on a chisel.)

Well, cheerio pals, till next month.

TAFF.

No. 1 (Line) Company

Since the June issue was printed, drastic changes haxe occurred in our personnel. Departures include Major G. M. Welsford, Lieutenant D. F. K. Rennick, Lieutenant R. K. Hayward, that little chap with a gingery 'tache C.S.M. (Jimmy) Hill, and the old war-horse S.S.M. (Joe) Baddeley.

It's not so bad when they go in oddments, but when they go in a bunch—then it's a sad state of affairs. Still, I suppose it could be worse. To you, Major, and your good lady, on behalf of the Company, I wish you the very best of everything, and, for being a gentleman to us all, Major, thank you. Good luck also to Lieutenant (Pat) Rennick and Mrs. Rennick, and to Lieutenant Hayward.

As for Jimmy Hill, I am sure his readiness to help the individual will take him far along the new road. So long, Sergeant-Major, and the best of luck. We may all meet again somewhere, who knows. By the way, Jimmy, the Ordnance "Bird" looks in whenever she passes the gate.

We all mourn the loss of S.S.M. Baddeley. The Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments should have laid a retaining finger on Joseph, for he was well known around here. He will be badly missed, as are all men who are good workers, good sports, good boozers and good swearers.

We welcome Captain G. G. Cochran, our new O.C., Lieutenant N. A. C. Clubb and 2nd Lieutenant J. Scott. From the short time he has been with us, it is evident that our O.C. does not set tasks that he cannot do himself. The Company shook a little when they knew he was coming (including the office staff). However, things couldn't be better now we know him (not at the moment, anyway).

The new C.S.M., Lambert J. W., we also welcome. Rumour was rife prior to his arrival. Everyone claimed to know him, some saying they had served with him in France, China, Africa, Chile, and heaven knows where. From the many descriptions given of him, he might have been anything from a nice chap to a replica of Dracula. Now he is here, I think I may say that we couldn't have a better man, even if the choice had been left to us.

SECRET SERVICE.—Our friend Smoky is still singing "We Three." It will be the very devil if the result turns out to be the "Four Musketeers."

Which W.O. was it who left his party and dived out of the front door of the "Great Northern" about five minutes to time, closely followed by a Lance Sergeant, only to find they had wasted about 90 minutes of their time. (By the way, the women *did* turn up.)

I saw another senior N.C.O. the other night walking arm-in-arm with "a peach of a dame." Does this mean he intends to take on additional responsibilities in the near future ? He once told me he was a confirmed bachelor and only "flirted" a little.

Who was the Junior N.C.O. who went from this Company on a D. and D. course looking like the Hunchback of Notre Dame and returned like a lamp-post ? It took a week's leave to put him right, but sad to relate his wife returned to —— with him for a further week, so he's back where he started.

If little Audrey gets to know of the goings on of another Junior N.C.O. there will be trouble in the camp. However, "Q1" don't worry. She lives a long way away, so trust in providence.

Congratulations to our late Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. W., on his new appointment. I trust those who now come under his jurisdiction find him as good a man as we found him. "Good luck to you and your family in the future, sir."

We also welcome Lieutenant-Colonel G. B. as the succeeding C.O. So long as he does not make any suggestions regarding an earlier Reveille we shall be very satisfied.

I think the next item to be given priority in this contribution should be sport, because ere long who knows whether or not there will be any time for play, so we might as well play while the playing is good.

TENNIS.—Our match against the N.A.B. Tennis Club, Ravensthorpe, in an attempt to quality for the second round of the Huddersfield Hospital Cup proved disastrous. It would appear that the team, with the exception of one, were under the impression that tactful battle action which is so essential to this dangerous sport. One would have thought that our chaps, with the exception of one, were playing in diving boots and swinging frying pans instead of brand new rackets.

Now the "excepted one" referred to in the above paragraph (seeing that I had something to do with the team) was not me. The bouquet for the best performance should go to Lance Corporal Cooper. He played a magnificent game, but had as lousy partner (the latter was me). I might add, though, that conditions were not entirely in our favour. The courts were like Muckton-cum-Pluckacre with the tide out. The going was terribly heavy and a couple of our team were carrying top weight. (One of these was "Smoky").

However, despite the large odds and disadvantages, give us about four years and eleven months' practice and we will take on any team in the Corps. Cheeky Charlie informs me that he is willing to take on anyone in the Company, and the stakes can be anything from a couple of "Blinders" to a night out with his A.T.S. Flossie.

FOOTBALL.—Neither the Crossley nor the Burton Challenge Cup has yet been filled. I don't quite know who is the one responsible for the filling, but I sincerely hope they look snappy before the extra tax goes on the brandy. Which reminds me—the C.S.M.'s tooth is still missing. (Referred to in my last notes.)

CRICKET.—At the present rate of progress, our chaps will take a lot of licking. A match between us and the R.A.S.C. on Thursday, 5th June, resulted in the latter being well and truly trounced to the tune of 175 runs to 74 in our favour. The visitors fielded a side of nine officers and two O.R.s. and the home contingent one officer and ten O.R.s Sergeant Marshland was the star batsman, his bag being 41 runs. Bowling honours went to Signalman Overton and Poyner, who took four wickets for 20 runs and three for 21 respectively. Signalman Barron, whose score, incidentally, totalled 22, exploited his body line tactics on Colonel Bright Holmes and very nearly crippled that worthy gentleman.

I bet one or two of the last batting officers of the Service Corps, who had to face the fast bowling of Overton in a fading light, wished him in hell; as one of his victims (a young subaltern), who was bowled out first ball, said with a very injured air as he walked off the pitch, "I never saw the —— ball."

BIG GAME HUNTING.—The season is just about to begin, but I had better explain the tale from the start.

I understand, on good authority, that the Sergeants' Mess is about to be extended to cope with two very charming personalities of the upper ranks. After weeks of persuasion, their better halves have suddenly taken the advice given them and vacated the town. Both of the young men are looking high and low for their old address books, but they need not despair, as the Great Northern is as popular as ever. (The Rose and Crown is not a bad joint on Sunday nights, chaps. Ask the Q.)

Incidentally, I would who the two grass widowers are who frequent, occasionally, a well-known club in the vicinity of the L.N.E.R. station ? It gets very "windy" up the hills, doesn't it, Jimmy ?

NATURE IN THE RAW.—A laddie who was vacating this palace of ours was told by the C.Q.M.S. to empty the straw from his palliasse on to the coal heap in the boiler house and then burn it. He put the straw on the coal heap all right, but he put his palliasse on the fire.

ANOTHER TRIP OUT.—Fifty of us, including the O.C. and some ladies, paid a very enjoyable visit the other evening to a glass works. The journey there took about an hour and the company were delighted with the trip through the green fields. A very interesting tour of the works was made, the lads finding great delight in assisting to smash the bottles in the "flaw" department. The only fly in the ointment, so I am told, was the taking of ammo. instead of a case of ale. Anyway, better luck next time.

No. 3 (Workshops) Company

Always up to date, let me tell you, we have our own Enoch, and from time to time we hope to bring you some of the fables with which he keeps us entertained during the quieter moments (?) in the office.

Latest things he wants to know are: Do men being posted collect the unconsumed portion of the night's passion before departure ?

Who is the W.O. whose first questions to any newcomer are : "Who are you ? What are you ? Where do you come from ?"

Is the M.I. Room the Ministry of Information ?

Who was the Guard commander who ordered "Old guardroom to the sentry, dismiss ? Why did some wit, when he saw him come into the Mess Room in S.D. ask : "What's the set of Signals buttons doing walking about here ?" After all, he's only so thin that he has to enter a room twice before anyone knows he's there at all.

SHOCKS.—One for the company office staff when the C.S.M. came into the office one morning with a bunch of carnations. If the flowers had been lillies we might have thought things.

The N.C.O. who asked the C.S.M. if he could do two duties every week and be free every week-end.

The C.S.M. as a salesman "plugging" official receipts for shillings for the Prisoners of War Fund. One heard suggestions that an old adage should be amended to read : The Q.M. is one of the 40 thieves, the C.S.M. is the other 39.

CRICKET.—Since our last notes our two teams have made headway in this direction, so much so in fact that the B team have entered the final of the local knock-out competition. The A team were, unfortunately, unable to emulate the example of their fellows and went down to O.T. Battalion in the other semi-final by a narrow margin, this continuing a bad patch. However, we wish the B team better fortune in the final.

Inter-Platoon matches provided some interesting games, but none with so exciting a finish as that in which H.Q. drew with No. 1 Platoon. The latter required one run to win, with three wickets to fall. An unexpected hat-trick by Corporal Coombs brought the game to a close in the first three balls of the last over.

A number of the members of the Corporals' Mess have been going about looking very heavy-eyed following a hectic evening in the Mess. There is no truth in the rumour that following this sausage and mash supper, several of the lighter members of the Mess are training for the Derby. Nor was it after this "do" that two N.C.O.'s ran nearly to Battalion H.Q. and finished with the scintillating shafts of the railway tunnel. A prominent raconteur at the mess supper was Lieutenant N. A. C. Clubb, who, since our last notes, has moved to another part of the Battalion to look after the training of Line Company. In his place we extend a warm welcome to Lieutenant R. K. Hayward.

DANCES.—Dances have been held regularly during the month and have been well supported. Joe Hallam and his Boys, not to mention the newly-formed S.T.C. Dance Band, are still a popular attraction in spite of the season and that about which the Censor will not allow us to speak.

CARTOONS.—The Censor will, we hope, prove more benevolent on another subject, however, and allow us to show you our artist's impression of some recent exercises which afforded those who took part plenty of fun in addition to lots of hard work.

LATE NEWS.—In conclusion we may say that a certain Sergeant to whom we referred last month is now well ahead of the Marines and heading for the home stretch.

CHIPPY.

Once again, "browned off" reader, we picture you with your shell-like ears pinned back so that our words of wisdom (?) may enter unimpeded, and who shall say that you are not right to do so, for have we not provided you with much of the joys of the evenings spent around the old stone hearth in happier days of yore? Here, then, is another "spasm" from our youthful correspondent, who is still hoping to hear the full, uncensored story of how a certain W.O. came to enlist. It promises to be a good yarn, and if certain events take their course during the next month and promotion comes his way, perhaps we may be able yet to pass on to you the "story" of the year.

However, to give him a well-earned "break" we pass on to other topics, merely recalling in passing, or, should you prefer it, *en passant*, that he was "shaken" the other day when a man agitatedly inquired what his best friend had been doing as he had heard that he was on initial charge. Sorry about the whiskers, but a certain Yorkshire-Welshman insisted on having it in. The said Y-W has already proved himself an able student of figures—no, you're wrong, we mean those in the cricket score book. We may modestly add that they make very good reading, except in the case of two very lamentable episodes against O.T. Battalion, who found us too easy. We hope to reverse the process next time we meet.

Thanks to Lieutenant N. A. C. Clubb (congratulations, sir, on the second "pip") and Sergeant Cartwright, who finds that it is not quite so easy to "tell it to the Marines," the cricket teams are doing

well now, while tennis is getting nicely under way, ably guided by Corporal Coombs, our champion, and Lance Corporal Linday, who have led the team to several outstanding victories in a short time.

Since our last notes we have welcomed Lieutenant (T.M.O.) Newman, who is quickly making himself at home. In the Company office we have said farewell to A/Lance Sergeant Sandys and Lance Corporal Peck, who are not acting as instructors, while we have welcomed Corporal Coombs (ex instructing staff) and Corporal Williams (ex-Administrative Wing) in their places. Lance Sergeants Cannings and Bainbridge have also come amongst us, and those who have been posted include Corporals Marshall, Rowberry, Moseley and Sergeant James, all of whom had been here some considerable time and will be greatly missed.

And so, as you unpin your ears and resume less congenial tasks than reading these sketchy notes, to bed.

CHIPPY.

No. 4 (M.T.) Company

Well, here we sit with the original brain-cudgel and cold towel handed down from a long line of 4 Company WIRE correspondents, but nothing leaps to the mind as being worthy of inclusion in these notes. Even the weather, which in this part of the country is usually worth a few hundred words of abuse, is beyond reproach. So we shall indulge in a little trumpet-blowing (no, ours was not handed in with spurs and bandoliers).

SWANK.—An ex-cadre man returning to the Company now finds us a pretty tough crew. The cadre can now march and we delight in taking trainees for an afternoon's gravel-crushing just to hear 'em "tick." We were about to say that the cadre can also shoot, but we'll wait until we've seen the results of the recent range course.

Anyway, we are pretty useful at unarmed combat and have a cricket team and two basket-ball teams. We won't say much about the cricket team as they haven't warmed to their work yet. Also we have just received a challenge from a ladies' basket-ball team, so we anticipate that by to-morrow morning we shall have forty-two basket ball teams and no cricket eleven.

DEPARTURES.—We are sorry to lose Lance Corporal Orgill J. and have to thank him for many a square meal. The welfare of the Company's inner man is now in the very capable hands of Corporal Cowton E. (A.T.S.) and her team of "Nippies." The Company has always prided itself on its high standard of messing, and we know that this will not suffer from the "change of management."

WAS HIS FACE RED ?—The Orderly Officer who, seeing a "goon" sentry without his rifle, asked where it was and was assured that it was "quite all right, sir, in the sentry box."

The cadre driver who was interrupted in the midst of a nice bit o' courtin' and ordered to appear before the magistrate in connection with ten bobs' worth of mowing grass which he was alleged to have flattened.

The C.S.M. when he was asked if he had shares in a firm making a certain brand of equipment cleaner.

During the past month we have occupied ourselves steadily with routine matters and there has been little of interest to report in these notes. The arrival of Spring, so eagerly heralded by "Lave" in the May notes, is followed by a very wintry summer.

The order to doff overcoats, impatiently awaited during the warm days of May, has at last appeared, and here we are in early June shivering on the parade ground and wishing we hadn't handed in those drawers, long woollen, quite so promptly. The local inhabitants don't seem to complain, so it must be our thin Southern blood.

ARRIVALS, DEPARTURES AND PROMOTIONS.—Since last month's "General Post," we have nothing to report under this heading. After all, we shouldn't expect such a flood of promotion beer every month.

Of course, we wish to join the rest of the Battalion in saying "good-bye and good luck" to Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. We hope he will have happy memories of his command. We welcome in his place Lieutenant-Colonel G. B., who is by no means a stranger to us. R.S.M. Stares has also left us. The best of luck in your new unit, sir. R.S.M. Payne, who succeeds him, has already taken a firm hold on the reins and is welcome—if he'll use the bridoon !

BALL AND CHAIN CLUB.—Our latest member is Sergeant "Corn-cob" Walker, who got chained up on Saturday, 7th June. Congratulations, "Cob." (What will Mrs. Cob say when she sees that collection of old briars ? What if Cob comes back a non-smoker ?)

SOCIAL.—Weekly company dances have started again. The threatened invasion of our dance floor failed to materialise, and once again we look forward to Thursdays as something other than the day we get paid. Dancing classes are being held, so we wallflowers will soon be cutting the "gigs" right out.

PUZZLE CORNER.—Sergeant "Topper" Brown has thrown light on the mystery of N.A.A.F.I. The letters mean "Never 'Ave Any Fags In."

Cheerio for now.

NOBBY.



D COMPANY CADRE

Back Row (left to right)—Lance Corporal Pratt, Signalmen Davison, Holmes, Skelton, Wills, Grose, Lance Corporal Frost.
Second Row (left to right)—Private Betterton, Lance Corporals Clapham, Cook, Anderson, Senior, Harmer, Trooper Bramsden, Private Footitt, Signalman Ansell, Lance Corporal Baker.
First Row (left to right)—Lance Sergeant Goodall, Lance Corporal Firmin, Corporal Newton, Corporal Hackett, Sergeant Williams, Sergeant Francis, Sergeant Carter, Corporal Metcalfe, Signalman Houlden, Private Wright.
Front Row (left to right)—Sergeant Wardle (standing), Sergeant Cockerton, C.S.M. Payne, Lieutenant H. B. Jennings, Captain R. W. Wade, 2nd Lieutenant R. N. Warrington, Sergeant Willis, Sergeant Hayles, Sergeant Hallam (standing).

"D" Company, Depot Battalion

Since our last appearance in this august journal many of the luminaries of D Company have departed for pastures new. To 2nd Lieutenant Bingemann, C.S.M. Payne ("Ginger" to his friends) and the one and only "Viv" Harrison we extend our heartiest good wishes for their future activities.

We have to report the forming of a new "Rest Centre" for the N.C.O.s of this Company to pass away their spare (?) time. It is said that there are at least six "pubs" within 100 yards of it !

The accompanying photograph of masculine beauty was taken after many feats of balancing, which were much envied by the P.T. staff. It was strongly suggested that it should be sent to a certain physical culture magazine.

There is an air of despondency in the Clerks' billet—the reason being that Sergeant Goodall's allotment is now sprouting vigorously after many hours of hard work, and they are wondering if they will be there to reap the harvest.

Lance Corporal Clapham seems to have found fresh feminine interest as he is spending his time looking for reliefs to do his Duty Clerk. "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life."

There is great rejoicing among the chickens on "Ticky's" plot as the said "Ticky" now sports a crown. Congratulations C.Q.M.S. Willis.

It has been rumoured in certain quarters that our eldest recruit—Signalman East—is going to apply for the L.S. and G.C. medal ! To paraphrase Tennyson :

"Recruits may come,
Recruits may go,
But East stays here for ever."

Unusual phenomena witnessed at ——. D Company Junior N.C.O.s doing coal fatigues ! "It makes yer fink."

We would like to know which subaltern allowed himself to be "pumped" by an alleged Fifth Columnist and what would have happened if it had been a real one.

WISECRACK.—Sergeant : Stand to attention when you address an N.C.O.

Recruit : I am, Sergeant, it's the Battle Dress that is stood at ease.

"B" Company

Since our last notes, the Company had dwindled away to nothing, some were posted, some remained and moved into our special "Board" Room.

We said good-bye to Corporal Upson, who departed for fresh fields, there to lecture to N.C.O. "Goons." Have a Zube, "Uppy," Old Boy.

We welcome to the Company, Sergeant Freeman from D and D Company, for a short stay at least.

It is with regret we announce our defeat in the final of the Crossley Cup at the hands of Line Company, General Trades Battalion. We did not disgrace the Company, being beaten by a much more experienced team. Anyway, it was a fine game enjoyed by a good crowd. Result : 4—3.

CONGRATULATIONS.—To Corporal Stinton on his success in matrimony. Good luck, "Curly," you waited a long while.

To Signalman Garrard—a lovely bouncing boy. No hair, no teeth.

Question : Have they sold him an Old 'Un ?

HEARD IN THE MESS.—Captain A. : Another job for you with regards to this darning and mending business, it is definitely an Administrative Wing job.

Major B. : I am afraid I cannot do it, it is a "hole" time job.

HEARD IN THE BARRACK ROOM.—Sergeant to recruit after a foot lecture : What have I told you to do with your feet when talking to an N.C.O. ?

Recruit : Add methylated spirits.

A budding young Shakespeare wrote the following :

All up and down the German Reich
The Fuehrer pedalled on his beich;
Gestapo cleared the dirty street
As Adolph came like Texas Pete.
An emperor without a crown
Saw hands flash up and hands flash down,
And lips that roared his name aloud
By men and women in the crowd;
He was King, he was trumps,
Mumps.
Hess in Scotland on a mission
Saw a very different vision.
All up and down the German Reich,
Half were men and half were meich;
Not a man or child disbanded
But did as Uncle Hit commanded;
While in England things were easy
People did as they darned well pleasy.
Oy !

DIS.

Have you joined the Signals Association



WIRE notes look like being a bit thin this month. We've advertised for contributions but without much success. Nockels is away on a drill and duties course at Depot, so I can't give you any pretty pictures to look at either.

LOCAL GOSSIP.—It is rumoured that somebody has been carving entwined hearts on the trees near a certain chapel. I'll give you seven guesses.

2nd Lieutenant Easton has passed from 2 Company, where he walked in the paths of virtue, to No. 3 Company. He has managed to foist off the job of Education Officer and Garden Member on unsuspecting newcomers; but for some reason best known to himself he has refused to relinquish the appointment of Gas Officer.

The completion of the bayonet assault course has gladdened the hearts of all concerned, and believe me there are a good many concerned. The nimbleness with which the victims nip over the obstacles has caused uneasiness on the part of the authorities. They feel that the course has not been made sufficiently difficult. They (the authorities I mean) stand round looking as glum as hell and shake their heads. Even the failure of a victim to cross the imitation bomb crater by the nine-inch plank only brings a wintry smile to their faces.

Section Leader Walshaw, of whom you may have heard, has gone from us. Now I shall have to look for another victim.

Another contributary cause to the reduction of the size of these notes is the vast amount of correspondence with which we have been called upon to deal in the past month.

We've had a bit of excitement lately over delayed action bombs; what with guarding them from crowds of the great British public clamouring to see them; then the bother of digging them out and, finally, the trouble of further guards to prevent folk from cutting off pieces with a hacksaw to keep as souvenirs.

Dances are doing well just now. Lounge lizards like Connell, Frazer, Hayes, O. W. and Slavin are in their element.

The gods do joke sometime ! Sergeant Clark has gone to hospital with chicken pox. Chicken pox of all things ! And when he comes back to us he'll be on the "Y" list. Oh, help !

Captain Sanderson has joined us from an O.C.T.U., where he was an instructor. He was welcomed by a number of his ex-pupils. How the lads have grown up !

The C.O. has completed a messing course for senior officers. The old excuses aren't any good any longer.

Lieutenant Spanner has reappeared after a long period of absence. He is reputed to have attended a course. What sort of course is not specified. I suspect a racecourse. His general light-hearted and horsey behaviour supports this view and is quite out of keeping with his character as the most senior-senior subaltern.

Look out for something startling next month. Nockels has promised to bring back "Impressions of a D. and D. Course."

No. 3 Company

After our lavishness of notes from this Company last month, we shall be able to offer only a mere minimum for this issue. We have a new addition in the form of 2nd Lieutenant Easton, who after his long spell with 2 Company has decided to better himself and join us. What about some "gas" experiments for us now, sir ? Lieutenant Pratt is a new addition to our Company cadre, and we are pleased to have him with us; he is now the "Chief i/c Information Bureau," a new departure to assist all and sundry in their problems. (Mostly domestic.) We of 3 Company are sorry to hear that Sergeant Clark, of 2 Company, is in hospital with chicken pox; we wish you a speedy recovery, "Nobby."

SPORTS.—"M" are the most dominating crowd in this Company as regards sport. They play football, cricket, darts and even organise rifle competitions amongst themselves. They played No. 2 Company football recently and won by 6 goals to 4. They have fixed up a cricket match with No. 1 Line Company, and we are awaiting the result.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW. — What is it that attracts Section Leader Walshaw to this office ? Is she "hankering" after a shorthand-typist's course in speed from Corporal Salter (or can it be our C.S.M.)?

Where does Jagger buy the fur coats from ?

INFORMATION REQUIRED.—Signalman C. Rich, our D/R, would like to know the whereabouts of Sergeant "Benny" Chadwick. (If you read this "Benny" please drop him a line, he's been worrying about your welfare.

London District Signals

VISIT OF H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL, C.I., G.C.V.O., G.B.E.

It is a far cry, judged by any standards of progress, from "Civvy Street" to the Barrack Square, and an even further cry to the impressive ceremony of a Royal inspection. To have bridged such a wide gap in less than a fortnight is an achievement of which any man might well be proud, for it is probably unique. Yet there are several such men at St. John's Wood Barracks to-day.

The "high spot" in the history of the London District Signals occurred one recent hot and sunny morning in late June, when a dark saloon car with despatch rider escort pulled up outside the Headquarters offices and from it stepped the Colonel-in-Chief of the Corps, H.R.H. the Princess Royal.

It was a moment eagerly awaited, yet fraught with a twinge of apprehension, for it is not every Unit that is privileged to be inspected by Royalty and this was most definitely the first time that London District Signals had been so honoured. However, judging by the congratulatory messages subsequently received, it is clear that the ceremony reflected (at least) great credit on everyone, down to the most recent addition to the Unit's strength.

Though the heat was gruelling, conditions otherwise could hardly have been better for the ceremony. From a comparatively early hour distinguished guests and visitors began to arrive at the Barracks. These included the G.O.C. London District, the Signal Officer-in-Chief (Home Forces), the Inspector of Signals, the Brigade Major, Brigade of Guards, the C.S.O. London District, and a number of staff officers. It was shortly after 11.30 when the sounding of the Royal Salute and the turning out of the Guard announced the arrival of the Colonel-in-Chief. Her car swept through the gates, preceded and followed by an escort of five London District Signals Despatch Riders astride machines so immaculate that it was difficult to imagine they had been on the road on normal runs the previous day.

Her Royal Highness, wearing the uniform of the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service with the insignia of Major-General, was accompanied by her Lady-in-Waiting. She was received by the G.O.C. London District, and proceeded immediately to the Square for perhaps the most impressive moment of the morning's ceremonies.

The sun shimmered on bayonet steel as the parade came to the "Present" for the Royal Salute and the strains of the National Anthem rang across the Square. The Commanding Officer stepped forward to present the parade and to be introduced to the Princess Royal and he and an imposing array of Senior Officers accompanied her on her inspection of the Unit. Several times Her Royal Highness paused for a few words with one of the rank and file and she had a special word for R.S.M. Wells before she took up her position for the March Past. This has since been described as "magnificent," and certainly it was difficult to visualise that several of those who took part had been in civilian clothes a fortnight before or that the Unit had only been issued with bayonets two weeks previously.

To the accompaniment of the Corps March, "Begone Dull Care," the long column swung past with perfect rhythm and precision, to turn and re-form at the far end of the Square while the presentations were made.

The following Royal Signals officers were then presented to Her Royal Highness:—

Lieutenant S. G. Gover, adjutant.
Major P. A. Harding.
Captain R. H. Calvert.
Captain M. H. Shearme.
Captain W. F. Elliott.
Lieutenant W. H. Buttle, M.M.
Lieutenant R. D. B. Steele.
Lieutenant D. McMillan.
Lieutenant G. Garside.
2nd Lieutenant D. L. Barber.
2nd Lieutenant W. G. Kovachich.
2nd Lieutenant L. C. Brunning.
2nd Lieutenant G. M. B. Mitchener.
2nd Lieutenant R. L. S. Bruce-Mitford.
2nd Lieutenant F. G. G. Rapsey.
2nd Lieutenant J. A. Caton.
2nd Lieutenant K. R. V. Collingham.
2nd Lieutenant D. J. McMullan.
Major W. Lewis, M.C.
Captain R. A. Hatcher.

Also presented to the Colonel-in-Chief were Sub. J. D. Hogh and 2nd Sub. E. Neil of No. 10 Company, Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service, attached to London District Signals, a detachment of whom were on parade and took part in the March Past.

To conclude this stage of the ceremony, R.S.M. Wells J. R. was presented to Her Royal Highness, who was informed of his twelve years' service with the Coldstream Guards before joining London District Signals.

Nothing was overlooked by the Princess Royal. She inspected and spoke to each of the five despatch riders who had escorted her car to St. John's Wood and then returned to the sun-lit Square, where twenty or more of the families residing in Jubilee Buildings were presented to her.

This completed her programme as far as the Square was concerned. The Colonel-in-Chief then visited the cookhouse, where she watched the dinner for the men being prepared, the N.A.A.F.I. above, and one of the Married Quarters in Jubilee Buildings.

Her Royal Highness had been in Barracks an hour when she concluded her visit by inspecting the Guard and congratulated Sergeant Johnstone on the Guards turn-out and general bearing. How well-kept a secret was the ceremony was demonstrated by the fact that only a handful of the general public outside the main gates witnessed her arrival and departure and, in these days when certain nations have to resort to armoured trains and cars, there was a reassuringly democratic touch about the way in which a member of the Royal Family went on foot through the roads of St. John's Wood to lunch at the Officers' Mess.

A large amount of the credit for the success of the day must be given to the R.S.M. and his Junior N.C.O. drill instructors and to the determination of everybody to see that no fault should be found either in the "turn-out" of the Unit or in the arrangements made to ensure that no hitch should occur in the carefully-arranged and timed programme of the day.

Headquarters Section

Pity the unfortunate canary—the one they take down the mine to see if there is any gas about. Should there be no gas the canary sings: if there is gas about the canary ceases to sing for the very reason that it becomes a dead canary. We mention this because, having in our brief Army experience been already injected with deadly poison by the M.I. Room staff—and having barely survived to their obvious disappointment—we have just sampled the delights of toxic smoke and have formulated a distinct and powerful sympathy for the said canary.

Having interposed this brief protest against such repeated attempts to kill us before we have any opportunity to kill anybody else, we pass to the activities (?) of the Headquarters Section during the past month. The question mark is intended to convey a doubt as to whether it is decent to refer in the present weather conditions to anything which relates to activity. It is a fact that owing to the prevalent temperature two clerks and a C.Q.M.S. recently blew up, while another clerk who stuck to his battle dress instead of adopting P.T. kit, stuck to it so much that he dissolved into a pool of perspiration.

Before this effusion becomes about as incredible as a joint Berlin-Tokyo communique we will pass to the real news, if any.

This mainly concerns the zebraic tendencies of certain members of the Section and our congratulations are due to Sergeant Morgan (now, it is reported, an expert at apportioning work evenly among everybody except himself), Lance Sergeant Day (he melted down some of the pay to make solid gold stripes for his blues), Corporal Brown, E. W. (the man with a load of care), Sergeant Sawyer and Lance Corporal Mabey of the E/S's and Corporals Rising, Moore and Hodgetts of the fitters. An imposing array, which only shows how much the valuable work of the Section in keeping the Unit together is being appreciated (we hope!)

In conclusion we are glad to note that

(a) The whole of No. 3 Company staff have returned from Lance Corporal Broome's seven days' leave—anything but refreshed by the look of that ruddy countenance.

(b) C.Q.M.S. Hammerton has graced several recent parades with his presence and is becoming an enthusiast.

No. 1 Section (Workshops)

Since our last bulletin there have been quite a few changes to record. This time it is the ranks of the Electrician Signals that have been sadly depleted. There have been several postings and departures to out-stations. Signalman Boswell has changed his occupation and much to his relief has left behind the moil and toil of the charging shop to become clerk to the T.M.O. As a musician, and a good one we believe, the change is greatly to his benefit. No more grubby hands and broken nails. Lance Corporal Mabey has left us for the Technical Stores and has by now settled down in his new quarters.

Several promotions have come to the Section, Corporal Moore is to be congratulated on attaining his second stripe and Lance Corporal Cecil is welcomed to the ranks of the Lance Jacks.

Our workshops have taken on a coat of whitewash recently and have been generally "poshed up" in anticipation of a special inspection through which we came with flying colours. This has earned us the promise of a visit in the near future of our Colonel-in-Chief, to which we are all looking forward. We should record also the visit of our Corps Band, from which we all derived such pleasure. We hope they will be able to give us another treat during the summer.

S.M.

No. 2 Operators Section

The Section has grown considerably since our last notes and the newcomers from the various Holding Battalions are proving themselves worthy of the Section. After a fortnight in the Square they were able to make even their stony-hearted instructors believe that they do know something when the Unit was inspected by Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal.

It has been whispered that Signalman Robinson almost skewered his squad instructor during a period of bayonet drill. The rest of the squad have threatened dire results if he leaves the scabbard on his bayonet the next time he tries.

Best wishes to Sergeant Lucraft (Ernie) on taking the last plunge into married bliss. (Ernie Lou was sick the Thursday after—D.M. did it.) Happy days!

Congratulations to Sergeant Rea on losing his Lance, Corporals Currie, Watson and Norman on attaining that rank, Lance Corporal Winter on losing that "Uncle."

DEPARTURES.—We mourn the loss of Sergeant Cowan, our senior instructor, who has gone to the War Office. Corporal Davenport has gone to an Independent Signal Group.

ARRIVALS.—Too numerous to mention individually. We welcome all new arrivals from Holding Battalions. Thrice welcome to Sergeant Rea, who has returned from a wireless course to take the place of Sergeant Cowen. We also welcome back Mr. Kovachich, who left us a short time ago. Mr. Kovachich has taken on the numerous duties of officer i/c Drill and Duties Training.

VIC. EDDIES.—Johnny Powell, South Sub Area, 1939-1940. Let's hear from you. 5885336 Norman (Corporal).

D.R.s Chat

The expression "Scruffy D.R.s" is just an out-of-date phrase used by other Sections who know nothing of dirty work in dirty weather throughout the winter months. With the arrival of sunshine and dry roads we have cast aside our necessary disguise and appeared in our true light. Gleaming bikes and dazzling toecaps flash in the sunlight as we joyfully ride off the parade ground each day to our duties.

H.R.H THE PRINCESS ROYAL INSPECTS LONDON DISTRICT SIGNALS



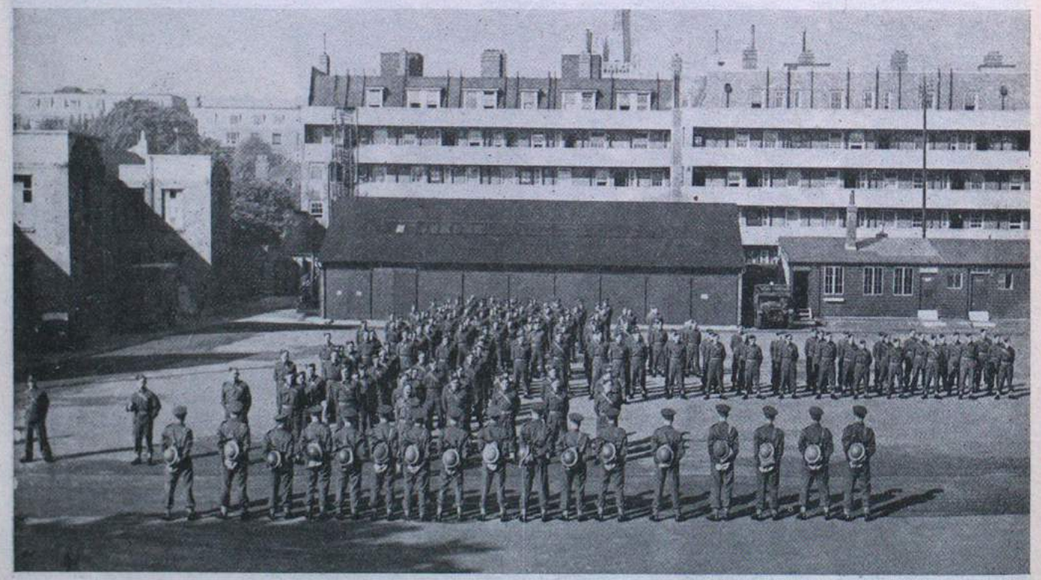
[*Reproduced by kind permission of Wide World Photos*

H.R.H. The Princess Royal Inspecting Despatch Rider Escort



[Reproduced by kind permission of Wide World Photos

Royal Visit—The March Past



[Reproduced by kind permission of Fox Photos, Ltd.

London District Signals—First Works Parade



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Rehearsal Parade—Inspection by G.S.O. London District

This spit and polish reached its zenith in the D.R. escort which, under Corporal Barnes A. V.[illegible] and his showroom model, accompanied H.R.H. the Princess Royal on her recent visit to the Barracks. A Very High Personage was greatly surprised to learn that the bikes used were in continuous service with many thousands of miles to their credit. Our Section was well represented in the Special Guard, mounted in honour of the occasion, by Signalman Jennings B. and Signalman Guinn M. A. Our Section Sergeant Tucker was also complimented by the C.S.O. for the way in which he had helped so much to maintain efficiency of the D.R. Section throughout the long winter blitz months by his example and foresight.

Since no midsummer night can pass without someone going to sleep, I must record here " A D.R.'s Dream."

There's reveille blowing-up : it must be nine o'clock and I suppose I'll have to get up for my early cup of tea as the billet N.C.O. is on leave. I must glance at the menu while I'm at the Barracks Restaurant to select breakfast; no much choice this morning, still I think I'll have two eggs and rashers, toast and marmalade with coffee. This starvation ration is reducing me rapidly.

Well, we'll have to get on parade now. Blimey, the Orderly Sergeant has been busy in the kitchen garden again, I can hear the Orderly Officer reading C. H. Middleton to him. Funny he doesn't mind him coming on parade in his shirt sleeves, but objects to worms crawling over the parade ground. As usual, the lads are getting told off for cleaning their bikes too much, as it gives the impression that they don't do any riding if it rains. But then, Triumph Tigers never do look really dirty!

Off we set for the Signal Office at last. The traffic is held up for us all along the route while the convoy goes through at its speed limit of 60 m.p.h., a bit slow, but we can't grumble.

Where are the A.T.S. this morning ? The rest room has not been cleaned, there's cigar ash all over the Persian carpet and empty wine glasss about. We must really be more firm with those orderlies. The telephone rings, must be a special. Yes. " Who lives near Brighton ? " " Nobody here, mate." " O.K. I'd better send the Signalmaster in his car," replied the Superintendent. " Thanks, old man, come up and have a cocktail, I've just shaken a double."

Ah, well, I think I'll have forty winks. Wake me at 12.30 hours, orderly. I have a date for lunch with one of Cochran's Young Ladies. That reminds me, I must ring the Ritz (where I have my subsistance allowance account) and reserve a table for two. Thank goodness, I'm in the Signals and not the Pay Corps, else I couldn't meet my social engagements.

Wake up, wake up, says the Guard Commander to the dozing standby D.R., there's a special here to go to —— !

T.G.M.

No. 5 Section (M'T)

DRIVERS

We are still enjoying the pleasant spell of fine sunny weather and the drivers have been longing for a " job " out in the country—strangely enough transport has slackened off and it's a while since we have had a scheme.

Vehicle maintenance has been in full swing for several weeks and our officer i/c, 2nd Lieutenant Collingham, has been well on the " job "—in some cases he has actually been under the " job "—or rather the vehicle.

We have a few notes this month about the personnel of No. 5 Section. There is no change in the officer i/c to report this month, but Driver Logie is now on an N.C.O.'s and M/T course and Lance Corporal Williams and Driver Wiltshire are due to go on Junior N.C.O.'s courses early in July—we wish them the best of luck. Sergeant Fussell has recently returned from an M/T course and we shall no doubt be hearing a few words from him about the theory of the internal combustion engine.

Our mystery Driver Pratt is now no longer custodian of the pigeons on the Pigeon Service. After careful and discreet enquiries we found that Driver Pratt was not " given the bird " but that the pigeons are now " taken for a ride " by a despatch rider. It was quite nice to see Pratt's portly form on the Square again, although he did look a little perturbed—was he still thinking of his " birds " ? Our mystery driver has, however, vanished again—this time he has been posted to one of the out stations, where we hope he will be happy.

Driver Bright has now been appointed clerk in the drivers office. We think his new title should be Driver Bright, clerk i/c drivers office !

The week-end exodus to camp continues and it certainly makes a nice break to get into the country, especially in such fine weather, with a little shooting included. Driver Chambers has been down at camp for a week working on the land and clearing the forest—he arrived back at barracks the other day and when he left to return to camp his two-ton lorry was loaded to capacity with timber and " all sorts of things "—in fact, nearly enough to build a house.

Sergeant Alexander is looking after the camp and it's rumoured that he is building a bungalow so that he can live in " style and comfort with every modern convenience." Perhaps Sergeant Alexander is pining for his armchair and is tiring of life under canvas ? Anyhow, we shall be interested to see his new " home " when it is completed.

Final note—everybody at barracks is very busy these days preparing for a big ceremonial parade and " spit and polish " is the order of the day.

Cheerio, until next month's issue.

JNO.

Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess

We have to begin this month on a regretful note for, as will be sadly obvious from what follows, the Mess now has a new " correspondent." The departure of Jock Cumming to a new " sphere " does at any rate enable it to be revealed that he was the author of the racy and entertaining accounts of our activities which have up to now appeared in this column—a fact which was apparently unknown to quite a lot of people. Now he has gone and the Mess is not the same without the " braw wee lad " and his still brawder accent (joke over !). We wish him all the best. Our good wishes also to Ernie Lucraft, who has taken the irretrievable step of matrimony, thus following in the steps of many other good men and true. The single survivors are becoming sadly in the minority these days.

The Mess membership continues to expand and a hearty welcome is extended to the five most recent additions, Lance Sergeants Day, Chapman, Clarke, Cooper and Carmichael.

In the way of news there is little to report except the Royal inspection, which is dealt with elsewhere. Our darts team retired one very warm evening to Fulham where it is believed that they sustained a defeat though the memory of those who attended is so clouded on the subject that it is assumed there must have been some alcohol involved somewhere.

The swear box fund continues to make good progress and Sergeant Robson, it is learnt, has himself contributed enough at recent Mess meetings to keep a minor Field Marshal in luxurious captivity for the rest of his life.

In the meantime the Mess is rather exercised as to the possible fate of Johnnie—now on a course. The reason is that someone saw his Regimental Route, which stated, " Sergeant Johnstone P. will proceed by the most direct route to the Military Detention Barracks ——."

But that—as a window cleaner on the Empire State Building once remarked—is another ——— stor(e)y.

Reprinted from " Motor Cycling," April 10, 1941.

A Chance For Young D.R.s in London

" I am in a position to enlist volunteers aged 18 to 59." The speaker was the officer commanding the London District Signals Unit of the Royal Corps of Signals, and his audience a group of Press representatives, who, one day last week, listened spell-bound to a description of the magnificent work put in by despatch riders in the London area during the recent succession of blitzes. The story lost none of its dramatic force from the quiet, matter-of-fact tone in which it was told; indeed, the typical Army reserve rather tended to emphasise the pride this officer felt in the achievement of the men under his control.

Much has been written about the heroism of the civilian services in London, but little has, so far, appeared in print concerning the deeds of the military motor cyclists who have been responsible for maintaining vital communications during the defence of what the officer commanding aptly referred to as " The Empire's greatest pride," so at least one of the Pressmen present at the conference felt tremendously elated by this tribute to the civilian motor cyclists-turned-soldiers from the man who knows, better than anyone else, just what they have done. " Theirs is a job requiring guts and initiative," said the O.C., " and it is essentially a job for Londoners, more than 80 per cent. of the personnel having been recruited from the Metropolis."

Misinformed people have suggested that the basic function of the London District Signals—the duty of maintaining communications for the defence of the world's greatest city—is a sedentary task. Just how wrong that idea is can be gathered from the fact that casualties through enemy action have proved comparable with those sustained by Signals Units in contact with the enemy in the field. In some respects the work of these " Home Service " D.R.s has been even harder than that of the overseas men, for they have been on a continuous 24-hours-a-day roster since the outbreak of the war, with no relief other than the normal " one week each quarter " leave periods. No wonder that a constant demand exists for men trained in this arduous school, and no wonder that the O.C. is faced almost daily with the job of transfering to Field Units some of his best men whose experience will prove invaluable overseas.

The six major commitments of the Unit provide a remarkable insight into the complex task of maintaining communications .throughout the vast Greater London area—an area which is so elastic that it has even been known to stretch as far as Dunfermline, where London Signals personnel were in wireless communication with London G.H.Q. throughout the historic evacuation. These duties are:—

1.—To maintain at all times, day and night, a wireless service to all military strategic points. Although constantly maintained for instructional purposes, this service can immediately be switched over to form a vital alternative link in the event of a complete breakdown in the telephonic system.

2.—To maintain a Despatch Rider Letter Service throughout the London area as an express system for the delivery of important secret documents, supplementing the normal G.P.O. letter service and ready to take over *all* military deliveries in the event of a major G.P.O. breakdown. Over 10,000 letters per day are delivered by the D.R.s, and such is their knowledge of London's routes and traffic hazards that they have never yet failed on the job. The O.C. is justifiably proud of a unique record established in the month of March, when the London District Signals was the only unit in the area to have an entirely accident-free report. The merit of this record is better appreciated when it is pointed out that the Unit is one of the largest in the world, employed hundreds of D.R.s.

As the Unit was first formed only a few weeks before the declaration of war, it has reached this high standard in an amazingly short time. Incidentally, amongst the special duties of the more experienced D.R.s is the task of carrying secret documents for Cabinet Ministers, the men being specially armed and riding in pairs. The majority of the riders were enlisted through *Motor Cycling's* recruiting scheme, to which the O.C. paid a very graceful tribute, specially mentioning the considerable number of ex-G.P.O. motor cyclist messengers we have enrolled.

3.—To man all military headquarters telephone switchboards and to understudy G.P.O. personnel at civilian exchanges ready to take over control if required. In passing, it is understood that in such circumstances a limited number of lines will be reserved for civilian use, when the dulcet tones of the telephone girls will be exchanged for the baritone and bass of the Signalmen.

4.—To maintain a pigeon letter service from all strategic points. The flights are carried out by trained birds, whilst breeding looks after the recruitment of new personnel ! (The " running time " of these Despatch Flyers in the Blue-and-White service is almost invariably within five minutes of the set schedule. After all, they have no traffic blocks and slimy surfaces with which to contend, so their job is, perhaps, a little easier than that of the D.R. !)

5.—To maintain a highly-skilled technical staff of fitters, mechanics and electricians. The O.C. was full of praise for the invaluable work performed by the motor cycle mechanics who have been recruited largely from the staffs of motor cycling agents and garages in the London area.

6.—To be in a position at any moment to render skilled assistance to the G.P.O. and police in any matter appertaining to communications. The postal authorities and police have, in fact, a reciprocal arrangement with the London District Signals whereby each can help the other in an emergency.

Of the various specialised sections included in this comprehensive scheme, the Despatch Riders represent by far the biggest single unit, and the constant drain on their personnel has created *vacancies for a further 100 recruits*. Because the work provides such invaluable training for the young D.R. the officer commanding has been given special permission to recruit volunteers *from the age of 18½ upwards*, thus providing a splendid oportunity for the many enthusiastic youngsters whom we have hitherto been forced to disappoint due to the standard age limit being 19. This facility is of primary interest to Londoners, because week-end leave and late passes are granted generously, whilst older men who are married can be given permission to live at home where their residence is near one of the several London headquarters.

Although the youth angle has been stressed in this report, the O.C. is equally anxious to obtain the services of older men, particularly members of the Royal Engineers who served in the Signals Section in the Great War.

Here is the procedure for D.R. volunteers : Fill in *Motor Cycling's* Registration Form in any issue ; comply with all other instructions published on the same page, but, in addition, add the words " London District Signals " at the top right-hand corner of the form. We will arrange for the volunteer to be interviewed or, alternatively, the volunteer may write, or report, for an interview appointment direct to the Officer Commanding, London District Signals, St. John's Wood Barracks, St. John's Wood, London, N.W.8, after posting the registration form to us and notifying us of the intention to make direct contact with the Barracks. The chances of obtaining commissioned rank, after training, in this Unit are exceptionally good, particularly for those men who possess technical school qualifications.

— A.A. Divisional Signals, Home Forces

Since this Unit last appeared in print happenings of note have been mainly on the administrative and operational side and therefore too tempting to the editorial blue pencil for me to utilise as " copy " !

There have, however, been one or two items of what one might term " strenuous " interest to the sporting members of the Unit, and I will refer to these later, for, firstly, pride of place must be given to the main item of news since our last write-up appeared. This is the recent arrival of our new Commanding Officer.

Our old C.O. has left us after only a comparatively short time with the Unit, but during that period I think I may say he saw great progress in our work, both individually and as a whole, a fact he stressed in his farewell talk to us. The whole Unit at headquarters gave him a rousing send-off to his new position, the boys of " B " Cable—always the " life and soul " of any Unit event—hauled the C.O. in his car, through the billeting area on the road to the station between lines of cheering men.

On the sporting side, the inter-section Soccer tourney held since our last contribution caused great interest and strong rivalry. Whereas the actual games were more or less bloodless, the supporters were invariably in need of the Marquess of Queensbury's rules more than the Football Association's to settle their dispute. The finalists, as widely forecast by the experts, were " B " Cable Section and " D " Section and the former took the honours in a final game which vied with a Wembley affair in turnout and keenness of play.

Cross-country running, too, had its finale of the winter season a short while back, when every available man in the Unit panted and grunted their way over a course which seemed dozens more miles than the length " advertised." Unit headquarters provided the winner for the second run in succession—the significance of which varies according to one's point of view !

On the whole entertainments have been fairly plentiful, film shows, dances and concerts have brightened the lives of our younger men, not to mention visits to the neighbouring village according to which (reports from " usually well-informed circles ") houses the largest collection of rural glamour ever beheld outside Hollywood. Then when the powers-that-be feel that the men need a little extra diversion they can always produce a little bayonet fighting practice or arms drill to keep the men amused !

Before I close here is an " agony " from one of the " old soldiers " of the Unit—2320465 Pritchard calling 6396919 Pesecod.

O.O.A.

A.A. Divisional Signals, South-East England

Headquarters.

The members of Headquarters staff have removed from their former abodes and are now accommodated in a relatively palatial new hut, safely tucked away from the A.T.S., who have taken possession of one of our previous ones. We hope that the symbol of the hat (representing we presume (" The Attery ") does not mean that they are going to " high hat " us.

Since the acquisition of the billiards table, meals are now eaten with great gusto, in order to bag the first game. Signalman Shere appears to get plenty of practice, and our chess players think so, too, as several times recently their carefully planned moves have been almost upset by a ball leaving the table at high speed in their direction.

In spite of inoculations, football is taken very seriously in the evenings and minor injuries count for nought in the rivalry that exists between the various departments. The canteen afterwards is the scene of several arguments as to which side was legally victorious (as per K.R.'s, A.A., etc.). Perhaps it was as well that the A.T.S. were not present when our veteran centre-forward was obliged to play in his long pants (not meaning breath).

The local whist drives and dances are very much appreciated by all who enjoy this form of entertainment and we are very pleased to see that the Signals names are appearing a little more regularly in the final results.

Corporal Bone we gather is really set on taking unto himself a wife in the course of the next week or so, but we shall await certified evidence that this event has really taken place, as we seem to remember fictitious weddings have taken place before.

Plenty of hard work having been put in on the tennis court to get it into reasonable playing condition, it was opened last week by the Sergeants' Mess and some really smashing play was seen.

Signalman Davey W. C. deserves our heartiest congratulations for the first-class painting of the Signals crest. It adorns the canteen, in a place conspicuous to all, and has already evoked much admiration.

No. 1 Company

We are preparing for a major campaign. A sports meeting, in which we are to engage No. 2 Company, is to be held in the near future.

Already a band of enthusiasts may be seen in training at an hour which is almost too early to be decent. Erstwhile athletes are trying all they know to recapture the glories of their youth.

No. 2 Company are our favourite—and our most formidable—opponents. We have tried conclusions with them at most things, ranging from Soccer to darts. This will be our first outdoor sports meeting since mobilisation.

CRICKET.—The nets are up. Never was such a willing fatigue party. Any evening now one may see C.S.M. Batchelor practising the gentle art of spin bowling and some poor misguided recruit knocking him to hell. (Bad form.)

HUNTIN', SHOOTIN' AND FISHIN'.—The more aristocratic pastimes claim the whole-hearted attention of Sergeant Day, who recently returned from his exploits with one wild duck and an elaborate story about a hare. Latterly, his friends have admired the way he casts his

THE RURAL CORPS OF SIGNALS



WE HAVE A MAN CALLED GARFIELD BROWN
WHO'S COOKED HIS WAY TO GREAT RENOWN
OF MILKING TOO, HE KNOWS THE CULT
BUT MILKS THE GOAT WITHOUT RESULT.
BOTH MEN & GOAT PRAY EVERY DAY
THAT VERY SOON HE'LL LEARN THE WAY.

line, but up to the time of going to press, his skill has been rewarded in no tangible form. (Bad luck.)

LAND WORKERS.—The garden is looking fine. It is tended by a handful of ardent enthusiasts, worth their weight in onions. One of them, Lance Corporal Wright, also tends the sick and one wonders what he will tend in his spare time when the crops have come and gone.

JUST MARRIED.—Congratulations to Driver Wilkinson W. J. on running into matrimony. It is rumoured that his last night in bachelorhood put the entire M/T Section out of action. He will have to put the brake on now.

NEARLY MARRIED.—Who is the Cleric who borrowed a piano for his engagement party and mislaid it ? They say he has the same way with the Company files.

ANIMAL STORIES.—A word about the Company mascot. First on the scene was Dusty, the Great Dane, followed by Bill, the terrier. Now there has arrived—a goat. He was introduced to the assembly at a dance and surveyed the throng with marked disapproval before registering his protest in a way which goats have. This strange little community has now been joined by a lamb. It is hoped to record the completion of the farmyard soon. Dusty still regards himself as lord of all (nice work) since he collected £3 16s. 1d. in coppers during War Weapons Week. (Heavy work.)

MEN AT WORK.—Good wishes to all who have proceeded on courses, and particularly to Corporal Beckett S. and Lance Corporals Perrins and Luxton, who are striving to become Foremen of Signals.

SOCIAL.—There has been no relaxing of our social activities. Our weekly dances are as popular as ever, although we miss the companionship of many of the Line boys who are unable to attend. The dance band has enhanced its high standard by the addition of a trumpeter and a second saxophone.

No. 1 Section

We are proud to report that the Hanbury Cup mentioned last month is now resting in prominence and glory in the Signal Office.

We played the Staff Car Drivers, winning one goal to nil in the final round and, as a fitting end to a fine season, it was decided to play "The Rest," a team made up from all the sides we had played and beaten. It rained all the morning and afternoon, but cleared up in time for the kick-off at 20.15 hours. Among the many spectators were Mrs. Hanbury, Colonel Peel and Colonel Kermack, and numerous lusty lads who cheered in real Army style, in fact our "lad," Reggie Huggett, of the D.R. Section suffered from a relaxed throat for several days afterwards. In an excellent game, which well deserved the cheering it received, we beat them three goals to one, and all the spectators agreed that the "Signals" played their best game of the season. Afterwards the cup was presented by Mrs. Hanbury to our blonde captain and he introduced the team to her.

It may be of interest to our friends in this and other Signal Units to see the names of the team and their position on the "field of glory" :

Signalmen Hine (goal); Clifton (right-back) and Knapton (left-back); Rodgers (right-half), Sergeant Frankson (captain and centre-half) and Signalmen Hadley (left-half); Lingham (outside-right), Schwartz (inside-right), Lance Corporal Barber (centre-forward), Signalmen Wright (inside-left) and Wilson L. J. (outside-left).

Our good wishes and many thanks are due to Corporal Ernie Morgan, of No. 2 Company, for the good services rendered to the team in the early days and we were sorry he could not be with us at our final victory.

There is just one other item in our sports news to complete this epistle—we are hoping that someone will present a cricket cup—there is plenty of room on the Signal Office shelf.

We hope that very soon we shall have Signalman Runagall T. F. with us again and trust he will have completely recovered from his unfortunate accident. Our hopes for speedy recovery are also extended to 2nd Lieutenant J. D. Winchester of this Section.

The lads are attending evening classes in their spare time, and if things go right and according to plan, some improvements in financial status should be reported in our next review.

Until then, good luck.

No. 2 Company

If we were to say that there had been very little doing since the last issue of THE WIRE, it would perhaps be interpreted as an admission of failure, so take it as not said.

We did mention to the O.C. that we could fill up space with that one about the bus conductorette, but he pinned back our ears with one of those O.C.ish looks and said: "That's not funny, George"—he always calls me George—so the story doesn't appear in these notes.

Our many friends will be surprised to hear that Mr. Macdonald is no longer with us, but has gone farther afield. We know he takes with him many pleasant memories. For our part we shall always be pleased to meet him again over a glass of food.

Lance Corporal Jock Wall has departed to try his luck at an O.C.T.U. We know he will acquit himself well.

Regarding promotions, it would appear that the local tailors are in danger of shutting up shop, our net total since the last issue being two. Two of the M/T boys, Stanton and Roebuck, have been away on a P.T. course, as a result of which they both display a lovely new stripe on each arm. You can see from this that we have gone in for the open-air life. The boys seem to enjoy it and believe me some of those curves would make the League of Health and Beauty sit up and take notice. We have learned, too, that basketball, which is very akin to netball, is not such an effeminate game as we had been led to believe. We may arrange a knock-out tournament (if we ever get the other goal erected).

Courses are very much the vogue, nowadays. Those who know Lance Corporal Bill Greene will be interested to learn that he has been away on a Drill and Duties Course. Said he before he left : "Wait until I get back—I'll out Rossell-Rossell."

Our dances and concerts are still going with a swing, thanks mainly to the efforts of Signalman Eddie Lustig. The band, usually consisting of Eddie Lustig, Lance Corporals Jim Harker, Jack London and Ken Fretton and Signalman Read, have been doing excellent work. Mention of Ken Fretton reminds me that he is now a daddy—nice work, Ken !

I hardly think that rabbits come under the heading of social activities, but the O.C. said, "Breed rabbits"—just like that—so we're breeding rabbits. C.S.M. Dick Price thought he'd try his hand at it, so he's got two all to himself. He thinks he's going to breed from them, but a little bird whispered that they're both does. Anyway, we know that he's now a regular reader of "Fur and Feather"—ain't nature wonderful ?

The Sergeants and Corporals now reside in their new mess. The Palace. Since the artist in us is still dormant we will not attempt to describe it in detail. We will content ourselves with saying that it is beautifully panelled throughout and that we have already refused four offers from syndicates wishing to open a new roadhouse. As the top price offered was merely £450, we are still in possession.

We have just learned that the O.C. is a patient at the County Hospital. He has some internal trouble, but we feel sure that he will be with us again before these notes appear in print.

More next month, public.

A.A. Signals, North-East England

No. 1 Company

Hello again, No 1 Section straining at the leash. At the time of writing we hardly know who's who in our section, as a little game of robbing Peter to pay Paul is in full swing, and by the time these notes appear in print several "old hands" will have moved out and a corresponding number of "new faces" will have put in an appearance.

We must at this point give a word of welcome to Signalman (Hooky) Jamieson G. on his return from the sick bay after being "cut up" a bit due to a faulty appendix. Of course, he had to say "Have you seen my operation ?" and a cute one it is, too ! As soon as he arrived, however, the powers that be decided he should be posted to "Operational" (no pun intended) duties elsewhere, so it's a case of "Hello and Cheerio" to "Hooky." We'll be "tapping you up" sometime.

The same "cheerio" to Signalmen Tommy Riley and Bill Arrowsmith (the Inseparables) who also departed with "Hooky."

To all the newcomers "Welcome" and a word of warning—Don't pinch the Sergeant's bed when on night shift !

SAYINGS OF THE GREAT.—No prizes offered if you identify them, but they're given in order of seniority of rank :



"That reminds me of the story about . . . ."

"Why aye, the line 'as went, sir. Somebody must have *seveered* the cable."

"Would you like me to tell you what I think of N.C.O.s ?"

"Not me, lad, I'm on the counter."

"I'll slap you down to my size."

"Im going home to change."

Our Personality Parade continues, and here we present Signalman Stan Hudson in action. He's one of our Flying D.R.s who keep the Corps name for delivering the goods. "Good riding, Stan, and safe cornering."

We could not conclude without a word about the recent medical inspection held the other morning. Fritz's picture needs no words to describe what happened, but we're expecting to hear from the local constabulary.

Lessons were also stopped for a while at the Girls' Preparatory School just opposite, but calm was restored after *their* blinds had been drawn.

STOP PRESS.—Have just heard we'll be really running a dance in aid of the Corps Prisoner of War Fund. Arrangements are well in hand, contact having been made with the brewers. If I survive it I'll tell you all about it in our next. Strike up the band !

Bi, bi.

FRITZEKE.

No. 2 Section

These notes are written amid turmoil and disorder—change and decay in all around we see—but the Show Must Go On.

Bow your heads with us and shed a silent tear. With switchboards swathed in crepe and teleprinters at half mast we watch the passing of Lance Sergeants Finlay, Findlay, Finly, Findley, Findly and Finley. Look after them No. 3—we'd do as much for you !

Congratulations to ex-Corporal Bailey on having attained the dignity of the Sergeant's Mess. They can't keep a good man down. Congratulations, too, to Signalman Forster on having achieved the dizzy heights of Lance Corporal. After all, that moustache deserved recognition.

We welcome Corporal Barras to our midst and are glad and perhaps a little surprised to see the Prodigal Son in the shape of Lance Corporal Taylor coming back to the fold (please excuse mixed metaphors). It is sincerely hoped that Corporal Clarkson is not being overworked now he is with us.

Rumour has it that our Section is to be cleft in twain, so this may be our Swan Song. If this is so—it's been nice knowing you.

Bi, bi.

TAFFY.



Sergeants' Mess.

To external and internal appearance the Mess has not altered very much during the past month or so, but a discerning observer would notice subtle changes. The electric lamps now have wonderful fringed shades and there is a wireless which works; installed by an energetic Sergeant from the L/M Section, it rests on a lounge chair, where it was temporarily placed, and still remains (Sergeants Turnbull and Fox—may we prevail upon you ?) many days after— but it works, and that's all that really matters.

Fish knives and forks, cruet stands, sauce bottles and new tablecloths also delight the eye of R.S.M. Troman F. W., who still chooses to sit with his back to the window, disdaining all the attractions our own particular avenue has to offer. The writer now understands the import of the song "I passed by your window" sung (?) by Sergeant Spence at our Christmas Party.

As an addition to the Q side we have C.Q.M.S. McQueen, who suddenly appeared from No. 2 Company. Congratulations on your promotion to C.Q.M.S. This strengthens No. 2 Company's hold in this direction. First, Sergeant Bradbury, whom we know can cook a meal second to none when he is called upon. Then our R.Q.M.S. Thomas, with his facility for magic. Now C.Q.M.S. McQueen, a canny Scot, but we only hear his real brogue at the end of a convivial evening. All these No. 2's talk of the training received from C.S.M. White K. E., who departed to "Somewhere in England" last year. If he reads these notes—many thanks.

To Sergeant Bailey we offer our congratulations on his promotion. We hear (!) him in our Mess.

We have been pleased to receive visits from Sergeant McEvoy, now with Tyneside accent well mixed up with Welsh and Scotch; Sergeant Welch, who came for a week (a hectic one for the Mess) from the Drill Hall renowned for its dances; and, alternately, at week-ends we have Sergeants Appleby and Fay, who visit us and remain longer than they have ever done before. We who really reside here welcome them, it is different when one does not use the Mess only as an eating house and sleeping quarters, isn't it ?

Sergeant Fay has made an excellent job of Mess caterer. He has had many, many difficulties, trials and tribulations, but a thankless job well done is appreciated, and we enjoy his smile in the face of adversity.

Our acting Foreman of Signals, Sergeant Toal, now back from his adventures in Durham and Yorkshire, is now mastering the intricacies of his iron horse. We expect at any time to see him balancing a five-line switchboard on his steel helmet at 40 m.p.h.

Sergeant Connon is still away convalescing at Harrogate. We hope to see him back again with all the bones mended. Mind that bike in future, Tommy.

We now have two South Countrymen attached—C.S.M. Cobben and Sergeant Durrant—who add to the interest of our musical life. The Tynesiders' "Blaydon Races," our Yorkshire members "Ilkla Moor," and now we have "One Fish Ball." We enjoy many musical occasions to Sergeant Durrant's excellent piano accompaniment.

Things are going well here and it seems are even on the point of improving.

R.Q. (deputising for SILVER THREADS).

No. 2 Company

The tempo of military events is quickening in foreign fields, but nothing has so far happened here to disturb our pre-occupation with domestic circumstances; they provide the context wherein our martial spirits find their satisfaction, though there are times when we become restless for action, when our soul is swept by some heroic impulse when, like Raleigh, we feel that "we fain would have a sea whiff between dungeon and death."

But we are digressing.

NOS. 5 and 6 SECTIONS. — The most important event this month has been the transfer of Nos. 5 and 6 Sections to "Somewhere in the Country." At last we have an environment worthy of the dignity of our labour. We have what we could only dream of in the days of peace—a country house with fine terrace, woodlands and private tennis courts.

In consequence of this move we now see little of the remainder of the Company; we are sorry indeed, to deprive the ungodly remnant of the inspiration of our presence—and in a way we miss them, too.

PROMOTION.—We congratulate erstwhile Signalman Swift on his promotion (or is it appointment) to the rank of Lance Corporal. We hope that his access to power will not corrupt his genial disposition, but we would commend to him the dictum of the great Carlyle, "I am their leader and therefore I must follow them." His acceptance of this advice would not only ensure his future success; it would guarantee our peace of mind.

SPORT.—Now that the football season has drawn to a close an analysis of the performance of our team may be of interest.

Of the 29 games played, 16 were won, six drawn and seven lost. The forwards, our strong point, scored 140 goals whilst the defence conceded 80 to opposing teams.

Signalman Wilf Haworth claimed the most distinguished individual performance, scoring 43 goals in 17 games, followed by Lance Corporal Swift 27, Signalman Thomas 18, Signalman Wilson 18, Signalman Allick 15, Signalman Walker 9.

Wilf Haworth was particularly unfortunate in sustaining a nasty injury, whilst scoring a goal against a battery team, which kept him out of the game for a number of weeks, but after leaving his hospital bed, where he had a good rest, he came back like a giant refreshed and commenced to bang them in once more. On the whole it has been a good season, though we have been unlucky, in that duties and injuries have often made it impossible for us to keep our strongest team together; during the season 39 players were called upon.

Now that we have said good-bye to the winter sport of football we are looking forward to the commencement of the summer games of tennis and cricket.

Equipped with brand new cricket tackle the 5 and 6 Section men have moved out to the country like a touring Test eleven and are

now waiting the opportunity to knock the L/M and Headquarters staff all over the field.

Up to going to press, however, they have not had this opportunity, but in the next issue we hope to be able to give the result of one of these games. No cricket matches have as yet been played.

We opened the tennis season with a match between OPS/B.S.O. and Headquarters played in the public park.

But although OPS/B.S.O. opened well, thanks to Sergeant Summers and Signalman (Dicky) Whitehead, they unfortunately went under by 11 sets to 5. The cricket enthusiasts mean to redeem this defeat.

POSTBAG.—We were delighted to hear from Signalman Hadfield, who was posted recently; we are reminded of the concern he felt when it was rumoured that they were going the last stage of the journey by air. H felt sure that if they were dropped by parachute he would have difficulty in counting three before reaching terra firma !

QUERY.—No. 1 Company possesses a famous chest of drawers. No. 2 does not. Isn't this a chance for R.Q.M.S. Thomas to do his old love some good and, at the same time, pull a new trick out of the bag.

ERIMUS.

The First (London) Ack Ack's

This education scheme is going too far. No right-minded person will ever raise any objection to the properly supervised instruction of all ranks in philosophy, metaphysics, ancient languages, archæology and differential calculus. After all these are subjects which, together with the art and science of sterling manipulation and playing the game have brought our civilisation to its present-day perfection. No, we repeat, these subjects are necessary and, we would add, conventional, in that their instruction involves no intrusion into our private lives. True it is that, when waging war with a ruthless enemy who pursues the policy of total war, only by the subordination of our private lives to the dictates of military discipline can we hope to pull through; but should we be instructed in the use of our " housewives " ?

Higher authority, whose edicts it is our constant aim to obey as quickly as possible, issued the following order recently ;

" Every soldier should have in his possession a ' housewive ' and it is the duty of all Unit commanders to ensure that soldiers make full use of these articles."

Tut ! Tut !

Our indefatigable artist King has presented his version of the carrying of this into effect.



A.A. Signals, South Wales

No. 1 Company

The great difficulty of writing an article for THE WIRE is that one has to look ahead somewhat—at least a month, to be precise : which task, in these swift-moving times, is more than a little disconcerting, especially in view of the old maxim regarding the prophet in his own country. Preferring, as we do, therefore, not to " labour " under such difficulties by being too " liberal " with our forecasts, we will continue to keep our articles " conservative " in character.

We may, therefore, consider it safe to assume that July will be hot, and that we shall have to grow accustomed yet again to sweating our perspiring way through the summer attired in our all-weather khaki suits. Since this material is reminiscent of the song " June in January," perhaps we can well leave it to the imagination to describe its condition in July !

Still, the warm weather has its compensations for such people as the members of the cricket eleven, whose doughty feats are again being recorded in the annals of fame. We cannot help feeling sorry for the poor chaps who are due to bat about fifth wicket down and onwards, when such willow-wielders as Lieutenant Hough get set for the day ! Still, patience has its own reward, we hope; after all, a man can scarcely hit boundaries at the wicket and carry on an enlightening conversation with members of the A.T.S. in the pavilion. The penny and the bun are as a pair unattainable !

The tennis enthusiasts made a start recently also ! they did not win their first encounter, but no doubt a little practice will work wonders.

With the coming of the lighter evenings we were compelled recently to close our concert season for a while. The grand finale took the form of a revue, which received a fine ovation from all present; we can only hope that we shall be able to enjoy many more such shows in the future, and perhaps in happier circumstances. Visions of great reunions spring up before our eyes; but first let us complete the job in hand.

From time immemorial almost, large crowds of admiring sightseers have gathered to watch that old Army sport, the changing of the guard. But surely not even this royal and ancient ceremony ever attracted such a motley conglomeration of gaping ragamuffins, local leathernecks and interested tourists as that which now accumulates each week to view our newly-instituted pay parade; in the words of the well-known hymn, " Oh, what a gathering ! "

It must be confessed that the thought has more than once occurred to our editorial intellect that the dotted lines and circles so deftly painted for our guidance and edification might well be improved by the additions in appropriate places of such instructive phrases as " Fork left," " Pedestrians Cross Here," and, finally, before the O.C.'s table the illuminating statement, " Major Moules Ahead." (Should any enterprising young dare-devil ever take advantage of some moonlight night to bring such fancies to effect, however, let it be hereby recorded that the said editorial intellect disclaims all responsibility, having cast such fantastic ideas aside before the ink was dry upon the editorial paper !) The subject of pay parades can scarcely be passed over without one final extract from the repartee of a camp wit, who misquotes thus blatantly, " Never before have so many waited so long for so little.'

Our poet always a keen student of human nature, has evolved for your benefit the following effusion:—

THE MODEL SOLDIER
(Poem with a Moral)

A perfect soldier once there dwelt
(The thought may make you chuckle !)
The heavens shone brightly in his belt
And " reigned " within his buckle.

No man had boots more bright than he,
No one had cleaner gaiters;
While scrubbing floors he sang with glee,
He loved to peel the " taters."

The officers soon noticed how
He simply oozed with motion;
And no doubt you are thinking now
That he received promotion.

But no! the fates had no such plan,
Alas, in store for that man,
So as a private he began,
And ended as a batman.

— A.A. Divisional Signals, Warwickshire

No. 2 Company

Interest high spot at No. 2 Company, 11th A.A. Divisional Signals, in the days preceding Monday, 16th June, was the B.B.C.'s now well-known " Ack Ack, Beer Beer " programme. This programme is being performed entirely by personnel serving in the 11th A.A. Division and rehearsals have been well in hand for some time. Quite a wealth of musical talent has been disclosed and the orchestra which has been formed and which will form the backbone of the broadcast, is being directed by Lieutenant L. Huckerby, R.A., who was conductor of the Aston Hippodrome Orchestra. Lieutenant Huckerby is being assisted by Recruit Signalman Da Costa, a newcomer to No. 2 Company, who was musical director of the Birmingham Hippodrome Orchestra. Three members of No. 2 Company are taking part in the broadcast—Signalmen Fletcher, Hains and Harrison. The last-named, by the way, is a leading member of the concert party formed at No. 2 Company, which has already given a number of highly successful shows locally.

Congratulations are extended to Major J. J. Milburn, O.C. No. 2 Company, on his recent promotion, while C.S.M. Wood J., who succeeded C.S.M. Adkins at No. 2 Company, received a warm welcome when he took up " office " some days ago.

Well, here we are again after an extremely busy period, putting up lines, taking them down again, and so on. Still, it keeps the boys employed and also gives them valuable experience.

It was a very sad affair in a recent blitz when we lost one of the young lads of the linemen and our sympathy goes out to his parents.

I expect that by the time this appears in Press we will have got well on the way with our dance arrangements, in which we are being assisted by the Birmingham O.C.A. I attended their annual meeting and I must place on record how pleased I was to be in their presence, seeing it is the only band now in existence outside London. I also take this opportunity of placing on record my admiration for their assistant secretary, Mr. Carnell, for all the help and advice he gives us. The dance, by the way, is being held to provide funds for comforts for our boys who are prisoners of war. It is up to all of us to try and assist in this worthy cause. You will be helping others who cannot help themselves.

We extend our very best wishes to Signalman Hickman, Lance Corporal Chamberlain and Lance Corporal Mosley who have now tied the knot which takes a bit of undoing! The best of luck to them all.

Congratulations, too, on recent promotions. It has been pleasant to see some moved to higher rank. What with promotions and farewells I have noticed a few heavy heads o' mornings lately !

SERGEANT YATES A. E. H., M.M.

A FEW IMPRESSIONS OF THE GREAT CHURCH PARADE



— Welsh Divisional Signals

"G" Section

"Time marches on."

We now push off with another small article having seen, after many trials and tribulations, our first effort make the columns of this paper.

Since our last appearance we have regretfully said good-bye to our last station, leaving temporarily many a broken heart, soon to be healed again by the furious dabbling in the push bike market by various members of this establishment.

We headed for the wide open spaces and must admit that at least in summer Nissen huts and fresh countryside provide a very pleasant combination, although we miss the comforts and pleasures of civilisation.

We, as a Section, have been through trying times of late. What with the M.O. doing his utmost to provide a choice collection of pin cushions and the powers-that-be plaguing us with long and arduous schemes, which, incidentally, the Section came through with flying colours (next size in caps F.S. MK. please) our life has been a hard one.

Through the clouds comes a gleam of sunshine, that magic word "leave" has appeared and all our troubles have faded into obscurity—well at least for those who have yet to hit the trail.

CONGRATULATIONS.—To Corporal Bedingham D. G. on attaining to the rank of Lance Sergeant and all best wishes for a successful future in his next Section. We "Gee-ites" regret his departure.

To Signalmen Cross J. A. and Husbands T. L. who have made the grade to Lance Corporal. Further congratulations to Lance Corporal Husbands on his engagement while on leave to Miss R. Morgan, of Heath, Cardiff.

The Section has been reinforced by new arrivals from other Units. We hope they make themselves at home and enjoy their stay with us.

Well, folks, here endeth this month's bulletin. So until next time, au revoir!

HUBE.

West Country Divisional Signals

Endeavouring to recount the events of the past month is no easy task, and the fact that the most prominent things which come to mind are under the heading of sporting and social events does not mean that the Unit has been on holiday. Far from it. There have been the usual opportunities to keep us "hard at it" and enable us to show that we can still "do our stuff," and should the visitors really arrive one day, well, they would find us keyed up and ready to show that West Country fighting spirit which has lived through the ages. Of course, now we have lads from all over Great Britain serving with us, but they have our title of "West Country" and we can still find the dear old dialect much in evidence.

Now for a bit about sport. We have discovered a useful cricket eleven and have already enjoyed games with local civilian clubs and teams from Units nearby. Even in war-time, cricket is a delightful way of spending an afternoon—be it from a spectator's, player's or even umpire's point of view. Notable amongst the individual performances has been the all-round achievements of our C.O., who has certainly shown us that he has lost none of his old prowess. I have in mind particularly the last Unit match I witnessed. The Colonel's bowling average of six wickets for 13 runs proved to be a match-winning quality, and the whole of the opposing side were dismissed for 22. Amongst other members of the team worthy of special mention are Corporal Mole (our walking lamp-post) and Signalman Voss, both of whom have shown consistent play.

Indoor events of recent interest were the dances arranged by the W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess and by the Unit. Both were great successes, and the former owed much of the enjoyment of the evening to the dance band, who came from a nearby town. A happy combination, these boys, and one could not help having pleasant memories of those days when our own "Signals Syncopators" gave us such splendid weekly dances in the old Town Hall in Devon and later in Kent.

That reminds me of one, "Smudger" Smith, who was prominent in the functions of those days. I hear he is now doing well as a T.M.O. and not very far from our present location. If these notes should catch his eye, he will know he is not forgotten and for his ear only I might mention a "Foo" bird was seen perching on the R.Q.M.S.'s table one day last week.

Amongst other old contacts since our last notes are 2nd Lieutenant Field and Sergeant Eric Blackman, our old P.T. instructor attached. Both still retain happy memories of their associations with the Unit and hope that one day these may be resumed.

Departures have not been prominent of late, but the loss of Major Bower after a happy command of 1 Company was felt by all who served with him. Good wishes will go out to him wherever his path leads him.

And that I think will be all for this month, except to conclude on a humorous note. Here's a true incident:

A voucher for petrol was recently returned from a Hong Kong address with a note attached asking if further details could be given of the vehicle which came to the South-East Coast to draw petrol, as the Unit had been in the Far East for several years.

So-long.

DRAKE'S DRUM.

— Armoured Divisional Signals

Perhaps before we say more, we had better express our appreciation to the Editor for last month telling you who we are. That did our conceited selves a power of good!

But enough of bouquets—that is, to other people.

It has been suggested that we never say very much about ourselves as a Signals Unit. Gentlemen, may we point out that our efficiency leaves us speechless. It is tremendous, colossal, stupendous, amazing, awe-inspiring, epoch making—in fact, we are quite astonished. Anyway, you don't get into THE WIRE if you're not Signals, and most Signals are pretty cracking hot. (To-day we feel expansive.)

HERE AND THERE.—Daily we grow more civilised and weekly we stage a better dance.

Our dances are interesting, because they fall into two categories:

(i) Packed ones.

(ii) Unpacked ones.

The same number attend each, but one takes place in a small, hot hall—rather warm, but decidedly intimate—and the other in a rather larger hall which is not so matey, but is rather more comfortable. We don't mind—the gate money remains level, we believe, but number two has a rickyard outside, which makes dancing inside incidental, and we rather like that.

CONGRATULATIONS.—To Lieutenant-Colonel J. J. Duvivier, on the birth of his son, Simon.

To Signalman Brown P. R. on winning outright the Divisional Tennis Tournament (Singles).

D.R. NOTES.—For news of our famous Despatch—(did I say riders?) you want to ask somebody else. And then perhaps you will get a proper answer. Don't ask a certain N.C.O. or the name may revive certain peace-time tactics, plus something pushed out of the side of a large mouth, plus task—who mentioned Sergeant-Major?

Let me introduce to you this Death-Defying Squad, led by 2nd Lieutenant Hopkins and Sergeant Rotherham. Corporal Shenton is our distinguished fitter, then Lance-Corporal Mansfield, Signalman Goosey (the only two left of old 22 Squad). Of Dakar fame is Signalman Davis. Thence Signalmen Bowden, Gibbons, Disley, Henderson, Massie, Marsh, Walker T., Walker A., and last, but not least, our Flanders' Mud Masher, Signalman H. Nelson. Such are the wall, trees, hedges and on-coming traffic smashers. One could write a sheet upon sheet of the way in which our lads do their job, but, a D.R. never brags—he never gets time (quiet, please, all you black coats who so wanted to be clerks, operators or Birmingham screw-driver twisters—give us the open air and a saddle).

WELCOME TO "D" TROOP.—Lance Sergeant Swain from London Divisional Signals. We hope his stay will do much to enlighten him of the horrors of the — Armoured Divisional Signals D.R. Troop and that unseen ticking and those chittles by the thousand — "said he parading at six o'clock for sand-bag filling."

Sergeant Rotherham, N.C.O. i/c "D" Troop, would like to hear from anyone who remembers the old Catterick days when petrol was not in pool but a pump, from 1934 to 1939.

POSTINGS TO OTHER UNITS.—We wish to pay our best respects to the following posted away: Signalmen Cook, Harrison, Lydiatt, Farnworth and Driver McGregor ("Y listed").

IN KIND REMEMBRANCE.—2594008 Signalman Rugg A. G., killed on active service on 19th June, 1941. We was laid to rest by members of his Troop, who wish to extend their deepest sympathy to those he left behind.—"Gone, but not forgotten."

Thames Estuary Signals
— Command Signals

GENERAL.—Very little of note has happened to be inserted under this heading. In fact I think the words "very little" are an exaggeration, at the moment only one interesting fact comes to my mind, and that would be "blue pencilled" by the censor.

DEPARTURES.—Signalman Allen has left us, and we wish him the best of luck at his new berth.

Re our last month's appeal for a mouse-trap and cheese, this is now cancelled, having found a remarkable good substitute in "Killer Smith," who has demonstrated his prowess in no mean fashion. We understand he is practising hard in the hope that on his return to "civvy street" he may be up-graded and obtain a situation as a "town rat-catcher."

SPORT.—The close of the football season was reached without our losing our bad luck. No questions are likely to be asked in Parliament as to who was to blame for our losses, and even if such a query did arise it would be impossible to answer it. It was not for the want of trying that we couldn't gain success and the whole team will agree that we had some really good games which were thoroughly enjoyed, and after all someone has to lose.

Our last game was most unfortunate, it developed into a fiasco. Owing to circumstances "beyond our control" only eight men took the field; this was more or less suicide against a strong team of Marines, who worthily lent us two players who had just finished playing in another match. The resulting score of 8—3 in their favour was due to the fact (we think) that our opponents treated us lightly.

The recent summery (?) weather (Manchester on a Test Match day style) has rather curtailed the activities of our tennis fans, who live in the hope that the sun will shine again one day. Incidentally, I noticed an open-air swimming pool going strong the other day.

CONGRATULATIONS—OR UNCLE ARTHUR'S GOSSIP COLUMN.—"Flash" Courtman won the Matrimonial Stakes, and so we offer him our congratulations, and wish him and his bride the best of luck. May all his troubles be nothing to do with motor bikes.

No further runners have entered this competition—yet. With the exit of Allen, is there a broken heart at D.Gs?

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—What is a good glue remover for things stuck on desks?

When not to exceed 30 m.p.h.

The name of the chap who thought he could improve my first effort in these columns?

If he likes to come forward he can willingly assist me prepare the copy before it goes to press. When all is said and done, two heads are better than one, even if they're both sheep's heads.

Like the proverbial bad penny, I shall be turning up again in a month's time, so cheerio.

BIG-HEARTED.

1st Air Formation Signals

After straying for so long from the fold, we have come back with much to tell. During our absence we have been able to temper hard work with not a little pleasure. Not only have we enjoyed the hospitality of some very friendly folk, but we have also been taken under the wing of two local churches. In the persuasive way of people in this part of the world, we have been mothered, fed, entertained, educated (in many ways), philosophised and generally made to feel at home. To those who have done so much for so many, we say a sincere "Thank you."

OUR OLYMPIC GAMES.—We were able to indicate our gratitude to many friends by inviting them to the Unit's sports day. Before the sports began, there was an Olympian tussle between Mercury and Jupiter Pluvius. By getting in a foul blow, Jupiter won the day, and Mercury hung out his green and blue flag in a steady downpour for the rest of the afternoon.

With the Corps Band of 36 in attendance, there was enough gay music to drown the melancholy of rain. But for a few stalwart judges, who bravely jeopardised several dozen clothes coupons, we managed to keep dry—on the outside at least.

In the veterans' race, C.S.M. Pugsley ran as if the R.S.M. were on his trail, and put on a spurt which enabled him to snatch first prize from Sergeant F. Taylor.

Tubby Anderson, with the help of a few other fellows from No. 1 Company's "chain gang," won the tug-o'-war. In the final, Captain Rycroft and No. 3 Company found Tubby's 15-stone so immovable that they lost their grip. We just do not believe the tale that Tubby trains by sprinting to the head of the N.A.A.F.I. queue every day!

Major Scott, of Scott and Scott (Recce.), Ltd., arrived in war paint from a local war to receive for No. 2 Company the C.O.'s handsome silver trophy for the most successful Company. He modestly attributes his Company's prowess to 15 minutes' P.T. before breakfast every day. The prize-winning heroes are just a little dubious whether a cup—unfilled at that—is really adequate compensation for lost beauty sleep!

Jack Crebbin (No. 3 Company), who went out into the blue to train, returned to receive the laurels for the best individual performance.

AFTERWARDS.—After the sports there were fun and games at both the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes. It is reported quite unofficially that the Agriculture Officer's scheme to produce home-grown food has had a set-back in the Sergeants' Mess, where there were attempts to find the proverbial elephant's nest. Another great event of the Sergeants' Mess is the appointment of Sergeant Foster as President of the Nobblers' Club, after keen competition with Sergeants Dunlop and Bent.

CHURCH PARADE.—The church parade on the day after the sports was led by the Corps Band, and things went with such a swing that the lads are asking for a band of their own.

BUTTONS.—Major Woodland has left to take another command. Good luck! Local haberdashers went into mourning for three days—unknowingly, he had created a flourishing trade with his snap checks. On one momentous occasion No. 2 Company was ordered to touch its toes—"Once, twice . . . ten times, twenty times!" Ping! The air was alive with small shining missiles. The parade went back to billets with hands in pockets.

PERSONAL.—Congratulations to Fred Calcutt on being the first member of the Unit to lead a local girl to the altar. Also to 2nd Lieutenant Dewar on taking the fatal step.

It is said that more romance vibrates in the air around No. 3 Company, but no further applications are being entertained for transfer to "Honeymoon Villas."

INTELLIGENCE.—No prizes for the Signalman who thought Dannert concertinas were Mozart and Wagner, or for the Lance Corporal who thought they were Jewesses! These fellows ought to go to see a doctor and get "Medicine and Beauty" (etc.).

GEN. NEEDED.—Who first referred to No. 3 Company as the Shadow Factory, and why?

Why has No. 1 Company got a Penal Detachment?

Is it true that No. 4 Company is the brainiest and has a resident guest?

Does No. 2 Company know anything about P.A.D.?

How long will C.S.M. Phillips have "the blues"?

Who were the people who fell out of the "A.T.S. Nest" right into trouble?

OUR ARDENT MOTOR CYCLISTS.—The D.R.s are becoming noted for pictures and "pots." The pictures on the wall of their billet are said to detain the Orderly Sergeant longer than is strictly necessary. The "pots" have been gathered from a very wide area by our dare-devil riders, at the expense of both civilian and military competitors. Further success to Dubbie Dodson and his merry lads!

2nd Air Formation Signals, London

Well, readers, here is the monthly bulletin from 2nd Air Signals once more.

We have had a very eventful month. The Corps Band paid us a visit and the reign of terror we experienced for a fortnight before was well rewarded. The local inhabitants were quite surprised and pleased to see the manly might of Air Signals marching through. Yes, sir, it was quite a memorable occasion. The Unit was inspected at the the local park by the C.S.O., who expressed his feelings on the turn-out, and it ended by the Unit marching past to the tune of "Begone, Dull Care."

The same afternoon a garden fete was held, at which the band played some excellent selections; the stalls were quite busy and the wine (?) flowed in great quantities. That night, the officers and Senior N.C.O.s held a dance, which went over with a bang. Your humble scribe was junior barman, and was he busy! However, it was a memorable day and we are all looking forward to the next visit of the Corps Band.

No. 1 Company held a three-day scheme, in glorious weather, which ended with a smashing victory for Air Signals, with the enemy completely routed. The O.C. No. 1 Company was quite pleased with the show put up by all ranks. The D.R.s were in clover—Lieutenant Russell, of No. 1 Company, organised a trial and map-reading scheme. Perhaps I am a little biased, being a D.R. myself, but they put up a magnificent show. Lieutenant Russell has earned the undying praise of the D.R.s by his excellent riding and organisation.



NAH LADS T'BAND'S COMIN', SO —!

SPORT.—We are now in the hands of King Willow and quite a few interesting inter-Company matches have been played.

BIRTHS.—Congratulations to Lance Corporal Moore, of the D.R. Section, on the birth of a son. You win the medal, Turk.

COURSES.—Lance Sergeants Dodsworth and Balmbro and Corporals Bradley and Smith have just returned from a course on smells and can be seen walking around checking men for not wearing their respirators properly. It is rumoured that they will be wearing crossed Rattles A.G. on their arms very shortly.

HERE AND THERE.—Who was the C.S.M. who did a strip-tease act during the big dance? Did you find your onion prize, sir?

Is it true that the R.S.M.'s dog has had its pads blancoed?

That's all this time, folks.

TAFF 149.

51 D.R. Section

Patient Readers.—We are writing this month's chronicle in the grounds of Norton Villa, on one of those lovely summer evenings that we were looking forward to last month.

We have enjoyed the gentle snore that we promised ourself and are now paying for it with pink and blistered torso. Our chief worry at the moment is whether the scorched torso will pass the M.O.'s weekly skin inspection.

The garden is thriving under the loving care of Signalman Strong J. J. and we have his word for it that the small green shoots that we can see are really spuds and lettuce. He has put many hours of work into it and a bouquet is deserved—for which we are daily expecting the first timid green of aster and stock which, although planted some time ago, still remain a mystery to be proved.

Corporal Humphries and Signalman Fowler G. one day went into conclave and emerged with pale face and furrowed brow with the announcement that they had conceived, 'between them, the 51st D.R. Section Recreation Club, and would act as chairman and treasurer respectively. The thought of such responsibility was too much for the dashing Corporal, who immediately delegated his duty to Lance Corporal Moore T. (the Turk). So now our villa nightly resounds to joyous shouts of "Double top to win, George," and Signalman Norman King vainly tries to find someone to beat him at draughts.

We were honoured by the visit of the Corps Band, of which you will have read in the Unit contribution, which occasioned such feverish use of blanco and brush as has never been seen before in the annals of the Illustrious 51st. We were not able, however, to consent to the use of the grounds of Norton Villa for the ensuing garden fete, which, perforce, had to be held in the grounds of a lesser mansion—the local hotel—owing to the cultivation of crops. This was regrettable, but necessary, in the interest of the National War Effort.

It would interest us to know how two "dogs" came to be running about loose in Signalman (Nick) Carter's gearbox. We really think you should keep such creatures on a lead, Nick, or better still, keep them on the layshaft.

Regarding last month's query on the gudgeon pin, Signalman Thompson assures us now that it is something to do with the connecting rod and piston—and is not situated in the bottom of the sump, as he tried to convince a Trade Board recently.

Our push-bikes have been used occasionally by the more thick-skinned D.R.s, but there are still many who prefer walking to braving the barrage of cat-calls. After all, there is not nearly so much glamour attached to an Army pattern pedal cycle as to the trusty Norton 16H (joy of our life); they are, nevertheless, appreciated by the Janker boys on their half-hourly trips to the Guard Room.

Norton Villa and the immediate vicinity has been haunted of late by the wraith of a dog which rejoices (or otherwise) in the name of Bismarck. Driver Len Hall was the first to see (?) this mysterious animal, which is said to be the ghost of one adopted and left behind in France. Many other clairvoyants claim to have encountered him also. Signalman Binns A. was seen yesterday kicking at empty air under his bed and heaping the foulest of invectives on the name of Bismarck; Sergeant Pearce, of the M.I. Room, was seen to throw an armful of nothing into the swimming pool and dive in after it; whereupon Driver J. Morgan complained most bitterly when the enraged ghost bit his leg whilst he was under the water.

Our opinion of such behaviour is definite, but unprintable, especially when supposedly responsible N.C.O.s co-operate in such fantastic foolery.

Five of our D.R.s and Corporal Humphries have just returned from a three-day Signals Exercise, covered in glory and muddy sun-tan. We hear that the dashing Corporal won an impromptu trial and Signalman McFarlane D. H. was a good second. The six representatives of the Illustrious 51st were competing against officers and mounted linemen, with the result, naturally, a walk-over for the D.R.s.

2nd Lieutenant R. K. Russell, of No. 1 Company, has won the eternal respect of the D.R.s by an exhibition of good riding and a gift of several packets of cigarettes. We hope Mr. Russell will be present on future exercises.

Signalman Greenwood has already approached several people with a view to holding another three-day scheme—he says he enjoys the opportunities for uninterrupted sleep. Signalman (Nick) Carter is not so favourable—he slept too well and was awakened by the smell of scorching flesh, which he discovered was his own. He can now be seen bathing himself in olive oil at frequent intervals.

Business in Binns's Garage has been noticeably brisk, following a surprise visit by the C.S.M. the other day; apparently he does not approve of men adjourning to the swimming pool when trade slackens off a little. We suspect Fifth Column activity somewhere, unless C.S.M. Heptonstall is psychic, because he seldom leaves the Den of Rogues for a tour of billets.

R.J.M.

— Corps Signals, Yorkshire

OFFICERS.—The constant call for officers continues unabated. We have lost many friends of late, some of whom have been in the Unit for long periods. It is always disconcerting when "Corner Stones" are removed. The consequent rebuilding is difficult. Still, we are getting on very well, and so far are managing to complete with the multifarious demands of the staff.

OFFICERS' MESS.—Relaxation is a pleasant thing and the more so when it follows strenuous training, not to mention "Alarms and Excursions" at unholy hours of the night. So we looked forward to our guest night with keen anticipation, not only for these reasons, but also because it would provide an opportunity of meeting socially some of the prime instigators of our labours, namely the B.G.S., the C.S.O., and other distinguished members of the Corps staff.

After dinner free rein was given to competitive propensities by a programme of games, including practice bombing, which, due to the light-heartedness of the proceedings, might have given cause for anxiety if detonators had not previously been removed. As it was, the unusual trajectories followed by the bombs gave food for thought to the more serious-minded and provided amusement for those to whom natural philosophy had no deep appeal.

It would be unseemly for boasts to boast of their prowess, so the question as to which side won must remain for ever one of the unsolved mysteries of the war.

L'ke all really happy occasions the time passed too quickly, and so it seemed that we were saying "good-night" to our guests far too quickly after we had welcomed their arrival.

GENERAL.—If, on July 3rd, 1940, the party of this Unit who took possession of billets in a little village "Somewhere in England" had been told that they were to spend over a year there, they would have been convinced that they were in for a "lean time." The thought of spending 365 days or more in this out-of-the-way spot, to those of us reared amongst the bright lights of our cities and towns, at that time augured nothing but nights of sheer boredom.

When 3rd July, 1941, rolled along, however, personnel who had been able to spend the whole year with us, realised that the village had not turned out to be such a backwater as first appearances had suggested. Looking back, as one is wont to do upon such occasions as anniversaries, one can't help but realise that the year has been far from the bore that was anticipated.

True, a lot of the credit for entertaining the troops must go to our own Entertainments Committee, ably led by Lieutenant (T.M.O.) A. H. Holness (who, by the way, recently handed over the reins to 2nd Lieutenant Hepher), but people of the village have also played their part, and so welcome have they made us that we are beginning to feel almost an integral part of the life of the village.

It is to be regretted, however, that the efforts of the Entertainments Committee have not always been appreciated by the people it set out to assist. The weekly dances have proved very popular and a great draw (although one critic claims that the "drawing power" is not provided so much by the "Sweeney Sextet" as by a certain group of young ladies who grace the event with their presence each week—this is, of course, a matter for conjecture!) But the concerts and the film shows have on the whole met with poor response from the troops, and on occasions, but for the attendances of the villagers, concert parties would have played to an almost "empty house."

Turning to the events of the past few weeks, however, one finds little room to speak of such niceties of life as dances and concert parties. Participation in a Command exercise meant a lot of work in preparation and cleaning up when it was all over. If space permitted several amusing anecdotes arising from the exercise could be retailed—how a certain Orderly Room Corporal, complete with escort of four D.R.s, fell foul of the Home Guard who kept the whole lot of them languishing in a temporary prison for six hours. . . . But luckily for the writer, space does not permit!

In quick succession followed an inspection by the C.S.O., but it was full reward to read his letter after the event stating: "I was extremely pleased with your Unit lines and transport."

Perhaps the most popular event of the past month was the inauguration of a mid-week half-holiday scheme. Despite the fact that this scheme has been in operation but a short period, it has already proved a great boon, providing a chance to visit neighbouring towns and experience a short spell of "civilisation."

Long evenings and warm weather have encouraged from their hibernation the Unit cricketers. The nets are now being well used, both by the cricketers and the sheep who share the field. Just as the local cows developed an amazing taste for Quad and D.8 when we arrived in the district, these sheep seem to have no other ambition in life, but to eat a hearty meal, with the nets as the high spot of the menu! Cricket enthusiasts it is reported, are collaborating in the preparation of a new "secret weapon" to counteract this enemy.

There are still men in the unit who don't believe that Soccer is solely a winter's sport, and 22 of them can usually be seen sweating under the summer sun each Saturday afternoon following their favourite sport. (In reply to one questioner, the writer has no proof which is the greater inducement for their taking part—their love of sport or their automatic excusal from the route march).

In conclusion, congratulations are extended to all those who, after the recent meeting of the Unit Promotion Board, found themselves elevated or set on the road to success.

TAILPIECE.—Heard before the C.S.O.'s inspection.

Signalman Snooks (to neighbour).—"I thought my webbing was clean until I saw Signalman Bloggs'."

Neighbour (a kindly soul, always willing to dole out information).—"Yes, you see he uses . . . . .

(See next month's issue for the secret of Signalman Bloggs' success.)

DANUM.

— Army Tank Brigade Signals

Very regretfully we say "Au 'voir" to S.S.M. Peacock E., but, now that we have met his successor, S.S.M. O'Donnell J. we have reason to congratulate ourselves. We bid "adieu" to Sergeant (now S.S.M.) Smith and congratulate him on his promotion. We welcome to the Unit S.Q.M.S. Martin E. W.—may his stores ever grow bigger. Our period of flux at last appears to be over and we are settling down to practical work as a Unit. It is pleasant to record that we left our winter quarters in a blaze of glory, having won the cross-country run and the boxing contest, and in more serious fields gained five B.II ratings. Well done, the participants. These achievements were quickly followed by the great trek to our present rustic setting. We have been singularly fortunate with the weather, but this is not the only reason why we have so rapidly adapted ourselves to camp life. All will agree that we are comfortably and pleasantly situated, though some of us wonder if the ground would not be better perhaps than some of the "beds" which have sprung up in many tents. Every day sees us more efficient as a Unit, and recently we all gained valuable knowledge and experience from a big "exercise" in which we participated. Some of us would like to know how to protect aerials from cows.

PROMOTIONS.—We are happy to congratulate the following: Sergeant Barber A. in obtaining his full rank. Lance Sergeant Le Cornu in getting his third stripe. Corporals Atherfold and Horsman in obtaining full rank. Lance Corporals Allen, Alston, Bevan, Francis, Hebden and Williams on receiving their first stripe.

VA.

Shetland Signal Section

DON'T GET EXCITED.—This is merely the first of a series from the Frozen North, the home of Shetland ponies and Fair Isle jumpers, so unaccustomed as we are to public writing it is felt that this outpost should make itself known to the Army at large, and those in captivity. We are not to be confused with our cousins in Orkney, so lucky to be in warmer and more civilised islands, and in any case a hundred odd miles of shark-infested waters is enough to separate anyone from relations.

We do not, as commonly imagined, reside in Igloos, but in Nissen huts, built unsuccessfully to fool the seagulls. Army regulations prevent us from growing beards more than six inches long, but permit us to partake of blubber once a day, or is it porridge?

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—What did the C.S.M. say when he discovered a clean rifle instead of a dirty one in the Section office.

Who called the cook a ——, or is it the other way round?

Who put the hedgehog in the C.S.M.'s bed?

Which N.C.O. offered his polished bandolier to a certain Signalman for an auspicious occasion?

Who taught a certain Corporal the "About Turn" in five movements?

Where does the rum go in the summer-time?

THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

There's peat and rocks, and Army socks
In the land of the midnight sun;
There's a silent hush at the guarded docks
For the day's work not begun.

There's a strong wind blowing, and the waters flowing
To this land of the midnight sun;
There's a peaceful sound of the cattle lowing,
Where wanderings never done.

There's a sudden shout, "Come on, turn out!"
In this land of the midnight sun;
And a thousand boots just turn about,
Whilst a hundred sheep just run.

There's heavy sand in Shetland Land,
The home of the midnight sun;
And hearts beat fast 'neath bodies tanned,
As they shift it by the ton!

The boys are here, no need to fear
For this land of the midnight sun;
Just give them fags and pints of beer,
And this war's as good as won.

SEMAJ ECIRP.

STATIONS ABROAD

With the Signals in East Africa

Hello, readers, here is your old scribe "Ack Pip Beer" at it again. Having read my rubbish from the snowy wastes of Catterick, 1937-1939, my despatches from the B.E.F., 1939-40, and no reports from the Home Forces, you should be just about fed up with me. You must admit I have perseverance. This time my tale comes from the wilds of East Africa—and what "blue pencil" wilds.

I suppose you would like to know exactly the locality of my thrilling story. Well, rogues, dig into your kit bag and get that Phillips' Atlas which you have "borrowed" from the Education Centre and turn to the page showing a map of Africa. Now find Kenya Colony, which wraps itself around the Equator. Just above Kenya you will find the other two places mentioned, i.e., the ex-Italian Empire of Abyssinia and Italian Somaliland. Having taken you, through steady stages, to a remote spot in Africa, I will proceed with the yarn.

The sun was beating down upon the dockside of a certain port in British East Africa with a certain amount of heat, giving a certain group of Signals officers and other ranks a certain type of temper. (Not giving much information away, am I?) These die-hards of the jolly old Sigs. carried their weary bodies down the gangway to a waiting train—carrying their kit behind them. Sharing a bit of space in a railway compartment with "kit, complete to scale," is no holiday. I wondered who the Army were paying the rail fare for, myself or my kit.



Corporal Bennett A. P. (Ack Pip Beer)

I was detailed, along with a small party, to get off the train at a place we shall call X. The train, having been loaded unceremoniously with the Royal Corps of Signals personnel, commenced its long journey through some rather delightful countryside. Rather tired and weary after such a long trip—the longest some of us had ever had—we detrained at this place called X. Here we were bundled into vehicles and transported through this great town to a place which fulfilled all the ancient and respected traditions of our Corps for being miles away from any "blue pencil" place.

The story now takes upon itself the dramatic cloak. An order is given that Lieutenant F. W. Pearce will speak to the party in the tent at 10.00 hours. As Lieutenant Pearce entered the tent all was tense and quiet. What secrets is he going to tell us? Which particular duty have we been selected for? I ask myself, "What kind of Orderly Room am I going to take charge of?" Lieutenant Pearce soon answered our worries. We were informed that we were going "Somewhere up North" to meet some Italian soldiers who were dying to make our acquaintance The road, we were told, was across the country most of the way and that the South African Forces had made the road as good as it was. We did not look forward to our trip with eagerness.

On the 8th February, the great campaign against the Italian Army commenced and on that day we left X to join our new Unit, which was a Divisional Signals. After travelling by road for a day and a half, we managed, by some miracle, to catch the rear party of the Unit—the main body having advanced some 12 hours earlier. Another day's journey was required before we could catch them. Having already read about the retreat of the Italians in Libya and Greece, we began to wonder whether we could run fast enough to catch up with our Unit. However, Dame Fortune smiled upon our happy band and we joined our Unit on the 11th February.

Naturally, on joining a new Unit it is only human to keep an eye open for old friends. Once same have been located, then a great "gripping" competition starts. Nearly everybody knew somebody in the Unit and there were many competitors for the Unit "gripping" honours. (So sorry to disappoint those who know me personally—I did *not* figure in the honours list for "gripping.") Before very long our party had settled down to face the enemy—having made friends rapidly with our Colonial friends and comrades-in-arms. For some of us it was our first taste of battle, there were a few like myself had served previously with the B.E.F.

With heads high, we went to face an enemy who was in the early stages of what was to be a greater retreat than had been seen before in this war. It was not long before Italian war material fell into our hands and it was equally as rapidly put into use by our own forces.

From the Signals point of view there are many disadvantages in belonging to a rapidly advancing force. Communications, as our Corps motto demands, must be always in existence. Throughout the early part of this campaign it is with pleasure that I report that my Unit maintained communications over long distances and under bad conditions. Obviously, a Divisional H.Q. cannot keep moving at the same pace as its forward troops in this type of warfare. Consequently, the efficient working of a Signal system was of major importance to the success of operations. I happen to know that at one time as the operations were progressing rapidly, a certain Brigade was nearly 400 miles from its Divisional H.Q. In spite of this, communications were maintained both by wireless and by despatch rider up to an excellent standard.

Being a clerk I apologise for not being able to go into technical details—for the interest of operators—about the difficulties faced by the Unit operators. Let it be sufficient to say that there were difficulties, and that the operators faced them with grim determination, eventually being the victors and succeeding.

Of the despatch riders I find that I can say quite a bit. Although I never went out on a D.R.L.S. run I travelled some hundreds—probably thousands—of miles over roads which D.R.s had to journey on their long and arduous runs. As an example of what a D.R. had to face. During one of our many moves, we came across a part of the road which was just simply a swamp, nothing more and nothing less. A little exploration gave us a picture of the swamp and the ground surrounding it. This swamp was about four square miles in area and around it the ground was not secure enough to hold our vehicles. A halt was called for 24 hours, nothing more could be done. The following day a few of us went on foot to mark out a route for the convoy to take, hoping that we could hit the main road as soon as it was possible. The detour was nearly twenty miles in length. Just picture what a despatch rider would have had to do in that case had he been on a run. Consultation of maps in this part of the world does not always solve your troubles. In addition to maps, a D.R. must have a good sense of direction. Hats off to the D.R.s who have toured East Africa on their runs.

The advance into Italian Somaliland continued and within 21 days of the operation commencing the southern half of Italian Somaliland was in our hands, with our enemy in full flight. This campaign then took on a different objective. One part of the force continued to mop up the rest of Somaliland whilst the rest turned their eyes towards Abyssinia.

Forces were slowly but surely penetrating into Abyssinia in a northerly direction from Kenya, from the Sudan came other forces moving in a westerly direction. In the north a force was fighting hard to break through Eritrea, and to the east was the East Africa force in Somaliland. Gradually, these pincer movements forged their way towards each other with a central objective—Addis Ababa, and the fall of the Italian Empire. As I write these notes, the war in this part of the world is nearing its end—the objective having been gained with little loss to ourselves.

I left my Unit in Abyssinia as my services were required elsewhere and I commenced my last "safari" (native language for journey) in this country. A short while ago I returned to that place X referred to earlier in this report. To-day I can look back and compare my experiences in two entirely different types of warfare.

What of the men and the way they lived? In France they were to be found in open fields, barns, farmhouses (a luxury). Out here they planted their bed under a tree near their place of work or some friend. France gave the English soldier a few worries about water in parts of the country because it was not fit to drink. Out here underneath the boiling sun one was rationed with water at the rate of one gallon per man per day, each man having to draw his own water from a Unit water point. In France most detachments had an improvised cookhouse, but out here each man drew his rations for seven days and he was his own "head cook and bottle washer" for that seven days. There were two things which did not alter. Firstly, the uses of a petrol can are equally as numerous here as they were in France. Secondly, and by no means the least, the spirit of the men is superb. They are doing a good job of work under conditions which are none too good. To-day they stand as the first part of our forces to have attained a complete and overwhelming victory against our enemy, having struck a blow at the sleepy partner to the Axis alliance. I know some of you old Dunkirk chaps will say you had a complete victory—not quite as good as these chaps though.

In a short while I shall be turning my face to Egypt and the campaign in the Middle East. I am hoping to be able to send regular reports from there.

Before concluding I would like to make an appeal. The writing of notes for THE WIRE invariably fails to the lot of some clerk. It is considered a tiresome task by most of them. Here is a few words from one clerk to those many others who are too tired to write notes. Remember, you are giving news to men all over the world. News they are delighted to have about their many friends. Furthermore, you would be doing something to help in the writing of the history of our Corps. Please let us have news from you, no matter where you are and no matter how little you can give. THE WIRE is your magazine and is being kept open during a war under very hard conditions. Shortly before he was bombed out of his office at Belgrave Road, it was my privilege to meet the Editor and Secretary of the Signals Association, Mr. W. Butler. If you let him down and do not support your own magazine then you have taken away from him the results of many years' work—and he loves our magazine as he would a child he has nursed from its cradle. Don't forget it is YOUR magazine and its success depends upon YOU.

Cheerio for the present, readers, I hope to be with you again soon.

ACK PIP BEER.

OPEN LETTER
TO
ALL RANKS OF ROYAL SIGNALS

THE CORPS MAGAZINE.—With the object of restoring THE WIRE to its pre-war circulation an appeal has recently been made to all ranks of the Corps asking them to resume that active co-operation and support which was temporarily broken by the outbreak of hostilities and the departure of a considerable number of our original subscribers for service with the British Expeditionary Force.

With the return of the B.E.F. to this country there are no longer "despatch" and "delivery" obstacles to contend with, and there are many serving with Royal Signals to-day who, if they do not wish to receive the magazine themselves, would be glad to know that a monthly copy is being sent regularly to their relatives and friends at home.

It is also probable that the war-time personnel of the Corps includes many who are not yet aware of the magazine's existence and they also may be regarded as potential subscribers if the publication is brought to their notice.

Despite the many difficulties that had to be overcome in the early days of the war, no break in the continuity of production has as yet been necessary and so long as the demand for it exists, and a sufficient quantity of "copy" is forthcoming from Unit correspondents, the Corps magazine will continue publication.

With that object in view, the Central Committee express the hope that every effort will be made by Unit representatives to provide the regular monthly news bulletins and to supplement such articles with snap-shots, group photographs, and other topical illustrations whenever it is possible to do so.

It is realised that the exigencies of the Service may not always provide opportunities for lengthy or descriptive contributions, but as long as a REGULAR supply of news can be maintained it will enable the Editorial Staff to continue with the production of an hitherto unbroken record of Corps History.

There are also many new Units of the Corps who have not as yet been represented in our news columns and to them we extend a cordial invitation to collaborate at the earliest possible moment.

The latest official ruling regarding production is briefly as follows:

1. War Office hope that Service and Regimental Journals will continue to be published, but it is of paramount importance that they should contain no information which may be of the slightest use to the enemy.
2. Each Editor will act as his own censor and will be held personally responsible for all matter appearing in his publication.
3. No articles may be published upon any of the following topics without submission to higher authority:
   - (a) Military subjects of a contentious nature.
   - (b) Modern tactical doctrines as accepted in the Army, or tactical theories.
   - (c) Modern weapons or equipment in possession of Great Britain, or her allies.
   - (d) Plans for the expansion, equipment, or mechanisation of the Army, or any part of it.
   - (e) Preparations for Home Defence or for operations abroad.

At first sight, the above may appear to be a formidable array of "Don'ts," but actually they concern us very slightly as we rarely, if ever, embark on such serious and momentous topics.

The chief object of our Corps magazine is to chronicle a record, in lighter vein, of each Unit's domestic activities and to provide readers with a monthly publication dealing with Corps matters of "personal" rather than "technical" interest.

It should be remembered that THE WIRE is YOUR publication and is what YOU care to make it.

For a number of years up to the outbreak of hostilities it had a larger circulation than any of its contemporaries and contributed a considerable annual revenue to the funds of the Corps Association, which is doing such good work among your comrades both past and present.

The need for that financial support to Association Funds is now greater than ever. Yet, despite the fact that the Corps is at full war strength, our circulation figures have dropped by 50 per cent. in the last ten months and the majority of our present subscribers are those serving in Units overseas.

Many of those fellows are "off the beaten track" and out of the limelight. They are anxious for Corps news and anticipate delivery of the magazine each month for tidings of their friends in other Units, particularly those situated in the centre of operations.

Their keen disappointment may be imagined when the magazines arrive and they find that the particular Unit contribution they had hoped to peruse is conspicuous by its absence.

It is only recently that we had further proof of the magazine's popularity when we distributed free copies throughout the hospitals to all Royal Signals wounded casualties. Those copies were contained in parcels of miscellaneous gifts from Royal Signals Comforts Fund and the following is a typical extract from many of the letters of thanks subsequently received:

"It was all greatly appreciated, especially THE WIRE, which I had not seen for many months and have since read from cover to cover."

It has been stated at the commencement of this letter that the Central Committee have every intention of continuing production of the magazine "as long as there is a demand for it," and it is for YOU to make that decision.

You can answer that question at once by completing an Order Form and sending it in to the Editorial Office with your covering remittance without delay.

Like the Corps itself, THE WIRE has always been in the front line. Are you going to keep it there? Or are you going to let it be jettisoned at the critical moment through lack of interest?

IT IS UP TO YOU!

THE EDITOR.



SECRETARY AND EDITOR:
Mr. W. BUTLER
BUCKINGHAM HOUSE (First Floor)
BUCKINGHAM STREET
STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2
to whom all Correspondence and Notes for THE WIRE should be submitted.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Twelve Months 7/0
Six Months 3/6
Three Months 1/9
Post free, home or abroad.

THE TREASURER
SIGNALS ASSOCIATION
BUCKINGHAM HOUSE (First Floor)
BUCKINGHAM STREET
STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2
to whom ALL REMITTANCES *must*, in future, be forwarded.

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VOL. XXII.—No. 258 AUGUST, 1941 PRICE—SIXPENCE

Editorial Notes

FELICITATIONS

Extract from the "London Gazette," dated 22nd July, 1941:—
"The King has been graciously pleased to approve the publication of the name of the undermentioned as having been commended for brave conduct:—

"No. 2596868, Signalman Geoffrey Paul Gibbins (late Cadet Sergeant, Cadet Unit)."

ASSOCIATION FUNDS.—For the information of Commanding Officers, and those responsible for remitting periodical sums of money to Association Headquarters Offices, we have been asked to publish the following information regarding the several funds to which all ranks of the Corps have been asked to subscribe in order that cheques, etc., may be correctly prepared for the particular object for which they are intended:—

1.—ROYAL SIGNALS BENEVOLENT FUND (No. 2 A/C, 1940).—This fund is designed to meet all applications for financial assistance arising from war conditions and is the one for which special appeals have recently been made to all ranks of the Corps by the Colonels-Commandant.
Cheques and other remittances in respect of monthly or quarterly contributions, also donations, should be made payable to "Royal Signals Benevolent Fund (No. 2 A/C, 1940)."

2.—ROYAL SIGNALS PRISONERS OF WAR PARCELS FUND.—Is designed for the purpose of sending regular supplies of parcels every three months to other rank prisoners of war whose next-of-kin relatives cannot afford to do so.
Although an integral part of No. 1 above, it has only the one objective, and remittances should be made payable to "Royal Signals Prisoners of War Fund."

3.—ROYAL SIGNALS COMFORTS FUND.—Is an entirely separate entity and is designed for the purpose of supplying ALL Units of the Corps, at home and abroad, with periodical parcels of woollen comforts, games, books, sports gear, and other miscellaneous creature comforts too numerous to mention. It has no direct connection with either 1 or 2 above, and all remittances for this purpose should be made payable to "Royal Signals Comforts Fund."

Cases have recently arisen which indicate that some slight misunderstanding exists regarding the relationship between the "Prisoners of War Parcels Fund" and the "Comforts Fund."

It is, therefore, emphasised that the former has for its sole object the supply of periodical parcels to those of our fellows who are now in enemy hands and the latter an entirely separate branch of the Association with its objective as described in paragraph 3 above.

The Colonels-Commandant with whom are associated the Central Committee—also the Committee of Royal Signals Comforts Fund—are deeply grateful for the generous support which is being given to their respective appeals and trust that sustained efforts will be made which will enable those responsible for the administration of each fund to safeguard the welfare and interests of all other rank members of Royal Signals—and their dependents—whatever the need and wherever the exigencies of the Service may take them.

"JIMMY."—Under the title of "Jimmy," and described as THE MAGAZINE OF THE ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS IN THE MIDDLE EAST, our contemporaries in the Eastern Mediterranean have, as a means of

congenial relaxation from their strenuous labours, compiled and published a journal which reflects the greatest credit on all responsible for its production.

Put together by a number of enterprising officers and sponsored by their Signal Officer in Chief, it contains many sparkling contributions, and comprises a 48-page issue of intensely interesting matter, particularly to those who are in any way familiar with local colour and atmosphere.

In his introductory foreword, the Signal Officer in Chief writes as follows, and we quote his letter in full for its sentiments of general interest to all ranks of the Corps :—

" FOREWORD.—The idea of producing a Signals Magazine for the Middle East had been thought of by certain enterprising officers, who have spent much time and labour in organising and producing it. The idea has been theirs, their labours have been purely voluntary, and we owe them an extreme debt of gratitude for, first of all, the bright idea and, secondly, the work they have put in.

" I would like to add, thirdly, that they have let themselves in for a packet of trouble in future in keeping it going, and, if for this reason only, I would beg to ask full support for the enterprise and whole-hearted assistance from scribes and contributors, who, I feel sure, will be found in every Unit.

" Their idea is :—

" (a) To give men interests in idle moments.

" (b) To try and let all know how different Units are progressing, though this is made difficult owing to the restrictions of censorship.

" (c) To provide some record of our doings amongst Signals in the Middle East, in accounts of events which are passed, and which will be allowed past, the aforesaid censor.

" There is yet another side of Signals in the Middle East, and that is our close liaison with the various civil telegraph departments with whom we are so much involved, and to whom we owe so much. I would particularly like to have a record first-hand from Units of this liaison so that we can record and all appreciate the efforts which these Civil Departments have made towards the progress of the war. It will also give the Civil Departments an opportunity of reading up the adventures of their Army brethren.

" In fact, the whole idea is to help esprit de corps and co-operation, and if it is in any way achieved I know full well that the producers of this magazine will be amply rewarded for their efforts.

" (Signed) R. E. BARKER, Major-General."

It appears that our Middle East friends are in no way hampered by such vexing problems as paper or labour shortages, and the numerous blocks with which their first issue is liberally illustrated stand out clear and distinct in a first-class setting on first-class quality material.

We wish the producers every success in their venture and hope that the high standard of their inaugural publication may be maintained in subsequent issues, also that " Jimmy " will receive the full support it merits.

Benevolent Fund Notes

Security regulations do not permit us to publish detailed particulars of Corps Units, but it is hoped that the following list of those formations that have already responded to the Colonel-Commandant's appeal for regular monthly contributions to the Corps Benevolent Fund will be found satisfactory for the purpose of identification.

The Administrator gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following :—

BENEVOLENT FUND (No. 2 A/C, 1940) :—

BANKERS' ORDER INSTRUCTIONS FROM :

2nd Lieutenant J. R. Worsley
2nd Lieutenant D. W. Lloyd Davies.
2nd Lieutenant T. Haslam.
Captain A. S. Crockford.
Captain R. A. Oswick.

CASH SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM :

Brigadier G. C. Wickins, C.B.E., T.D.
Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. P. B. D. H. Foot.

BENEVOLENT FUND (No. 2 A/C, 1940) (Unit List Continued) :—

	£	s.	d.
1 Squadron 1st Armoured — Signals, H.F.—June	4	18	6
London District Signals—July	4	13	0
Wireless Section : A.F.V. School—Donation	10	0	0
— Command Signals, Yorkshire—March to July	1	11	9
Dorset — Signals	1	0	0
" H " Section, 48th — Signals, H.F.		5	0
1 Company, 61st — Signals, H.F.—July		13	6
" L " Section, 18th — Signals		7	0
1 Company, 11th — Signals, H.F.—July	1	14	9
Hampshire — Signals—July		12	3
1 — Signals, H.F.—July	6	0	0
Other Ranks, 152 O.C.T.U., Yorkshire—July		16	3
25th Army Tank — Signals, H.F.—Donation	1	2	0
Admin. Company, School of Signals—July, August and September	5	0	0
1st Operators' Training Battalion, Yorkshire—Donation	5	0	0
1st Operators' Training Battalion, Yorkshire—to June	15	15	0
7 — Signals, Surrey—Donation	10	0	0
Officers, 152 O.C.T.U., Yorkshire—July	2	1	0
37 Ind. Infy — Signal Section, H.F.		8	9
5 — Signals, Scotland—Donation	10	17	0
2 Company, 11 — Signals, H.F.—July	2	10	0
1 Company, 9th — Signals, H.F.—July	1	12	6
1 Company, — H.Q. Signals, London—July	2	8	9
3rd — Signals, H.F.—July	4	11	9
2 Company, 6 — Signals, H.F.—April	1	12	3
3rd Holding Battalion, Yorkshire—July	13	15	0
4th A.A. — Signals, Lancs.—to September	6	14	0
London District Signals—August	4	6	9
" E " Section, 43rd — Signals, H.F.—Donation	5	13	0
West Kent Coast Section—June and July	2	0	0
1 Company, 56th — Signals, H.F.—July	1	18	9
4 — Signals, H.F.—July	5	19	3
1st A.S.S. Training Battalion—Donation	10	10	0
— Air Formation Signals, London—July	6	15	0
220 Inf. — Signal Section, H.F.—July		9	6
10th A.A. — Signals—July	1	18	10
4 Squadron 1st Armoured — Signals	1	7	6
1st Holding Battalion, Yorkshire—Donation	4	0	0
3rd Holding Battalion, Yorkshire—June	10	10	0
Depot Battalion, 1st S.T.C., Yorkshire—Donation	50	0	0
2 Squadron 1st Armoured — Signals—July	1	12	3
3rd General Trades Training Battalion, Yorkshire—June and July	14	15	6
— Air Formation Signals, Northern Ireland—July	7	12	3
5 — Signals, Scotland—August	5	4	6
21st Army Tank — Signals, H.F.	2	0	0
1 Company, 7th A.A. — Signals, Newcastle—July	6	3	5
54th (E.A.) — Signals, H.F.	3	0	0
9th — Signals, Home Forces—June	4	7	3
UNITS ABROAD :			
Armoured Divisional Signals, India—February, March and April		8	9
Waziristan District Signals, India—January, February and March	5	16	0
— Armoured Brigade Signal Squadron, India—April and May	1	4	0
Kohat District Signals, India—April		18	4
Singapore Fortress Signals—January, February and March	5	19	0

APPEALS DEALT WITH :—

		£	s.	d.
1	Wife of Signalman, Dorset — Grant	3	10	0
2	Wife of Driver, Northumberland — Grant	4	0	0
3	Driver 2 — Signals, Home Forces — Grant	3	0	0
4	Wife of Signalman, Newcastle — Grant	3	0	0
5	Signalman, Chester — Grant	4	0	0
6	N.C.O., Catterick — Loan	5	0	0
7	Wife of Signalman, London — Grant	2	0	0
8	Wife of Signalman, Lincoln — Grant	3	0	0
9	Wife of Signalman, Dagenham — Grant	5	0	0
10	Wife of Driver, Northants. — Grant	2	10	0
11	N.C.O. 3 — Signals, Home Forces — Loan	5	0	0
12	Wife of Signalman, London — Grant	5	0	0
13	Wife of Signalman, Lancs. — Grant	5	0	0
14	Mother of Signalman, Middlesex — Grant	6	0	0
15	Signalman, Edinburgh — Grant	5	0	0

PRISONERS OF WAR PARCELS.

We continue to receive innumerable letters of gratitude from the next-of-kin of our Prisoners of War for the help we are able to give them with the quarterly parcels they are allowed to send to Germany. Before we stepped into the breach, many of these families were depriving themselves of necessities in order to send things to their husbands and sons. As prices rise and goods become more difficult to obtain the requests for help increase. So far we have been able to respond to all requests, but please continue to give us all the help you can so that your comrades may have a few comforts from home, and their relations be relieved of anxiety on their account by knowing that everything possible is being done for them. It is with much satisfaction that we learn that communication with Germany has greatly improved lately, and that letters both ways take a much shorter time.

Here are a few further extracts from recent letters. Lack of space prevents the publication of more.

" We would be very grateful for any help you can give towards our son's parcel. We have some chocolate and Spearmint for him and would like to know if it would be all right to send them to you to send with your things. Thank you for your kindness in helping us in this way."—(Father, 314.)

" I have just received a card from my son stating that he has received his parcel. Thanking you once again."—(Mother, 200.)

" I do find it a bit hard to send the parcel as I have six children, all at school, but I like to send him things and go without myself."—(Wife, 676.)

" Thank you so much for your kind letter about my son's parcel. It is a great comfort to know that someone takes such an interest in our boys in captivity. I am more than glad to accept your kind offer to send him winter under-clothing, and I am sending along a bit of chocolate I have got him. Again I cannot tell you what a great relief it is to have such real help for my boy, and wish you all success." —(Mother, 340.)

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR PARCELS (List continued) :—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Frisson		10	0
Mrs. E. Mead	1	0	0
Mrs. Fletcher		10	0
1 Company, 7th A.A. — Signals	38	17	2
Mr. A. Matthews	1	0	0
Mr. J. M. Fleming	10	6	8
Mrs. J. W. Aldridge		5	0
Mr. G. McPhee	1	0	0
Miss D. James	2	0	0
Mr. W. B. Parsons	1	10	0
Mrs. W. Sadler		10	0
Mrs. E. Manning	2	8	7
Mrs. Summers	2	0	0
1st Operators' Training Battalion	5	0	0
1st Operators' Training Battalion	4	2	0
1st A.S.S. Training Battalion	2	2	0
" A few of the Cadre personnel, 1st Operators' Training Battalion	1	10	0
3rd Signal Training Centre	50	0	0
Mrs. Marks		5	0
Mr. J. McJohnstone		5	0
5 — Signals, Home Forces	46	0	8
Northern Ireland District Signal No.	99	5	10
6 — Signals, Home Forces	19	15	0
3 — Signals, Home Forces	10	0	0
61st — Signals, Home Forces	61	0	0
5th — Signals, Home Forces	18	6	10
53rd — Signals, Home Forces	26	5	0

Royal Signals Comforts Fund

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT

FOR THE PERIOD FROM 20TH NOVEMBER, 1939, TO 31ST MAY, 1941

RECEIPTS	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS	£	s.	d.
To H.R.H. The Princess Royal	50	0	0	By Purchases of Wool	1,570	13	6
,, Private Subscriptions and Donations for Wool, etc.	690	0	0	,, Games and Sports Equipment	543	12	9
,, Staff, Unit and Mess Subscriptions	1,634	2	7	,, Miscellaneous Comforts	160	9	5
,, Proceeds of Entertainments and Comforts Fund Shop	793	2	10	,, Materials	143	13	10
				,, Expenses re Entertainments	43	17	3
				,, Packing	32	12	0
				,, Postages and Carriage	83	8	8
				,, Printing and Stationery	30	16	1
				,, Office and Administrative Expenses	19	2	9
				,, Travelling Expenses	17	10	0
				,, Sundries	26	12	11
					2,672	9	2
				,, Balance—Cash at Lloyds Bank, Ltd.	494	16	3
	3,167	5	5		3,167	5	5

(Signed) ERICA S. ROWLEY,
Hon. Treasurer and Secretary.

I have examined the above Account, with the Books and Vouchers relating thereto, and certify the same to be in accordance therewith.

(Signed) H. S. BAKER, F.C.A., Chartered Accountant,
Hon. Auditor.

Bletchley Road,
Bletchley, Bucks.
10th July, 1941.

A copy of the auditor's statement of accounts is published above. The committee is most grateful to Mr. H. S. Baker, F.C.A., for undertaking the duties of honorary auditor to the fund.

The committee have been very grateful for a number of generous donations, which include £100 from the 2nd Signal Training Centre, £50 from the 3rd Signal Training Centre, £10, making up a total of £60 since February, from 4 Command Signals, £15 from No. 1 Signal Training Centre, India, £4, making a total of £13 5s., collected in Bangalore since 1st April, 1941, by Mrs. Tayleur, and £15 from the staff of the Inspection Department of the R.E. and Signal Stores, bringing the total donation from that source to £77 since January, 1940.

The dance in Surrey, organised by the London Entertainments Committee, realised £34 4s. 9d., half of which was handed to the Signal Association for the Prisoners of War Fund.

The 3rd Signal Training Centre Branch of the Comforts Fund and its associate work parties have made the following garments since October 1st, 1940 :—Cap comforters 1, chest protectors 1, caps 9, gloves 94 pairs, scarves 885, helmets 684, mittens 783 pairs, cuffs 66 pairs, socks 21 pairs, pullovers 30. The Central Committee of the Comforts Fund would like to offer its very sincere congratulations to the 3rd S.T.C. for this magnificent effort, which reflects the greatest credit on all members of the work parties and on Mrs. G. L. Pollard, who has been responsible for organising the work.

The committee would be glad if C.O.s and P.R.I.s would note that it is not proposed to issue comforts to Units until application for the same is received, as it is felt that many Units must have a sufficient store in hand for the coming winter. A large number of woollens will, however, be available at 6, Buckingham Street, W.C.2, and it would be a great help if Units requiring these will send in applications as early as possible, accompanied by a private address to which the things can be sent. If Units near London could collect their supplies from the office it would be a further great assistance. Applications from Sections with no parent Units or other sources of supply will be given special attention and preferential treatment in the matter of distribution of woollens.

MONTHLY LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

	£	s.	d.
Part proceeds of Dance per London, Mrs. Doyle	17	4	0
C.S.O. and Staff 1 Corps		5	0
Brigadier J. A. S. Tillard (quarterly)	1	0	0
Brigadier Chenvix Trench (quarterly)		5	0
Major R. V. Cooke (quarterly)	2	10	0
Mrs. Egerton		3	1
Lieutenant-Colonel G. S. Power	5	0	0
Edinburgh Branch Ladies' Guild Collecting Box for June	2	3	0
Lance Sergeant Edmunds, 5 Command Signals—Proceeds of Entertainment	2	2	0
Mrs. Rawson		2	6
P.M.C. Royal Signals Mess, Aldershot	2	12	0
— Corps Signals	4	10	0
Mrs. Finney's Branch Ladies' Guild		17	0
Staff of Inspection Department (monthly)	15	0	0
Major W. Morgan	2	2	0
Royal Signals Records Office (monthly)	7	0	0
— Air Formation Signals	10	0	0
Mrs. Champion		5	0
— Armoured Divisional Signals	10	0	0
4 Command Signals	10	0	0
2nd Signal Training Centre	100	0	0
Mrs. Gale		3	3
Mrs. Calvely		5	6
Waziristan District Signals	6	18	7
1st Operators' Training Battalion, Catterick	3	3	0
No. 1 Signal Training Centre (I.)	15	0	0
Mrs. Tayleur, Collecting Box and Golf Competition (monthly)	4	0	0
Mrs. Marchant		5	0
7 Command Signals—Proceeds of Concert	3	0	0
Major and Mrs. D. Burridge	5	0	0
Brigadier W. R. C. Penney	2	2	0
Mrs. Champion		5	0
West Kent Coast Signal Section	1	0	0
3rd Signal Training Centre	50	0	0

Signals Association and Ex-Service Old Comrades Branch Notes

(Birmingham Branch)

Those members, with their wives and friends, who attended the dance-cabaret sponsored by No. 2 Company — A.A. Divisional Signals, and this branch, held at the Acorn Hotel, Erdington, on 24th July, agreed that in spite of it being a very warm evening, it was a most enjoyable function, and a good time was had by all. Several members remarked it was reminiscent of the good times we used to have at Cateswell House when the — Divisional Signals were stationed locally.

Mine host had seen to it that a goodly supply of liquid refreshment was reserved for us and, although his cash register broke down under the strain of the evening, the good work of filling up the convivial glass, or pint measure, went on uninterrupted.

From the above we would not have you conclude that the main business of the evening was imbibing ale—far from it ! Several of our old and staid members, catching the enthusiasm of the younger element, essayed the dance floor—but it was warm work—we'll say it was !

In an endeavour to get more fresh air circulating through the hall, someone opened various emergency exit doors and, unfortunately, this made things worse, as, through lack of co-ordination, there is no doubt that a good many local regulars, who knew the ropes, gate-crashed into the dance, making the floor very crowded.

At 9 o'clock the cabaret started and the cabaret girls in their scanties looked lovely and cool, and, oh boy, were they peaches and could they do their stuff ! They style themselves the Rhythmic Revellers and we understand some of them are in the A.T.S. ! Their dancing act drew vociferous applause, and we take this opportunity of putting on record our grateful thanks and appreciation of their sparkling contribution to the fun of the evening.

The speciality tap dance by Stella Krinks, and the Mexican number by Eva Bell, were veritable cameos of the terpsichorean art !

The comedy element was furnished by Signalman McGarry and Sergeant Phillips with some really funny cross-talk. Their gags and quips had the audience laughing all the time their turn was on.

Mention must also be made of Miss Vicki Carnell, the 17-year-old soprano, who sang during the interval. She has an amazingly sweet and powerful voice and held the audience spellbound without the aid of any microphone, a pretty difficult thing to do in a dance hall, during an " interval " ! Recently, she gained an award of merit at Leamington Musical Festival : those who heard her will understand why !

To all these artistes, who gave their services in support of our effort, and Colonel J. W. Danielsen, our chairman, who provided the spot prizes, we tender our thanks.

After writing all the above it is somewhat disappointing to have to record that financially we were not as successful as he had hoped to be. The expenses turned out to be more and receipts less than we had anticipated.

We were counting on support from Birmingham P.O. Engineering Department Offices, where we have quite a lot of members, but, as luck would have it, the powers-that-be decreed they had to work overtime during the week in which our dance took place.

However, something attempted, something done, and the writer believes that having had their appetite whetted, as it were, by the enjoyable evening, the local A.A. Signals may attempt another dance later on at a different venue, and, provided the object is the same (viz., the Comforts Fund), this O.C.A. branch will give them all possible support. All for now.

JULIUS.

Phone: Farnborough 403

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7 Peabody Road - South Farnborough

Bura to Addis Ababa with the Royal Signals

Headquarters,
— (A) Divisional Signals,
c/o A.P.O., East Africa Force.
5th June, 1941.

The Editor,
THE WIRE.

The enclosed note, which has been prepared by the Second-in-Command, together with the accompanying particulars of this Unit's traffic returns and the moves of — (A) Division during the advance from Bura to Addis Ababa, are forwarded as it is thought that publication in THE WIRE of some of the details would be of considerable interest to many of your readers.

Lieutenant-Colonel, Royal Signals,
Commanding — (A) Divisional Signals.

The — (African) Division made history with its lightning campaign which carried all before it in an advance of nearly 1,700 miles in 52 days. In the course of this amazing march many towns, including the capitals of Italian Somaliland and Abyssinia, were captured.

The maintenance of adequate communications during this hectic period was no small problem, but Signals were equal to the task. After initial difficulties with wireless, owing to atmospherics, during which despatch riders did yeomen service, the system worked extraordinarily well. The fact that wireless sets, after hundreds of miles of jolting over incredibly bad roads, still came up smiling, is a fine tribute to the British sturdiness of their construction. These sets, designed primarily for short distance work at home, have at times worked point to point distances of 600 or more miles, whilst distances of 200 miles have been commonplace.

Everyone is familiar with the Signals' despatch rider and his blue and white armband. Over the appalling surfaces encountered in this campaign, his motor cycle has been replaced by a 15-cwt. truck. In these squarely built vehicles, the despatch riders have shown the same qualities of initiative and determination which have been the outstanding feature of their work in campaigns all over the world.

In addition to providing field communications, Signals have, as ever, been quick to seize the opportunity of using what the enemy left behind. From a single switchboard at Vittoria d'Afric, taken by the Commanding Officer in person, via other exchanges of greater or less size, they graduated to the seizure of the modern automatic exchange at Addis Ababa. In every case, these exchanges were made to serve the ends of the Army with great alacrity and exemplary efficiency.

At the Vittoria d'Afric switchboard, ringing on one of the lines produced an Italian at Merca who fortunately spoke a little French. Amusingly enough, he promised the C.O. that he would look after his switchboard until the British came. This promise he faithfully carried out.

Switchboards, however, were not enough, and the utilisation of captured wireless stations and considerable lengths of overhead trunk route also fell to the lot of Signals, and no opportunity of using his own material against the enemy was neglected. Indeed, on one occasion three D.R. trucks came in loaded with the rifles of half a Colonial battalion who were walking in to surrender.

It would be difficult, and perhaps unwise, to attempt to assess the value of the Signals stores captured, but estimates vary from the considerable to the enormous. Train loads of such stores are already on the way to the Middle East Command.

The Commanding Officer had a number of interesting experiences, among which may be recorded the single-handed capture of several prisoners before Mogadiscio, the revival of his early days when laying cable at the battle of the Marda Pass, and his arrival in Harar almost before the town knew it had surrendered. Another Signals Officer, to use his own words, "Almost captured Mogadiscio before its actual surrender," when he accidentally got ahead of the leading armoured car.

Considerable amusement was caused by a despatch rider who, having lost his way, arrived at an anti-tank ditch in the Marda Pass before realising his error. He reversed calmly, turned round, and came away unscathed to deliver his messages safely.

At length the goal of Addis Ababa was reached, and here Signals rested from their journeying, but not from their labours. The wireless and line network which they are there operating extends several hundred miles in every direction, from the outposts harassing the still retreating enemy to the higher formation also several hundred miles distant. Many a larger organisation might well shrink at the task involved. These networks are supplemented as usual by a despatch rider service which covers a total of 1,000 miles every day.

Constantly on the watch 24 hours of every day, Signals await with cheery confidence their next job. It'll be just another day's work.

OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY OF RECORD.

After the fall of Addis Ababa, an officer, driving out alone, came to a fort some five or six miles out and instead of being greeted with shots had the Italian guard turn out and present arms to him. They offered to surrender, but the problem of immediate transport back to Addis proved insoluble, and they had to remain in their fort another couple of days.

Two signalmen distinguished themselves at the battle of the Marda Pass by laying and maintaining lines connecting infantry and artillery under continuous shell fire. When the battle was over they calmly reeled in all their cable without losing a single precious yard.

Near Dessie a Brigade Signal Section used lamps for communication, a very rare occurrence in these modern days, but the lamps kept going when the enemy guns broke the lines, as happened several times every day. The linemen worked indefatigably, and every break was repaired as it occurred, shell fire notwithstanding. This section also had a wireless set knocked out and its Signal Office penetrated by shell splinters, but the men just carried on.

— (A) DIVISIONAL SIGNALS TRAFFIC RETURN

13th FEBRUARY TO 5th APRIL, 1941.

Date	Wireless In	Wireless Out	DRLS Priority	DRLS Cipher	DRLS In	DRLS Out	Total
13/2/41	Nil		—	—	68	177	245
14/2/41	Nil		—	—	44	127	171
15/2/41	13	15	7	21	—	50	78
16/2/41	65	52	37	40	35	73	225
17/2/41	75	63	40	99	68	135	339
18/2/41	43	16	5	36	27	9	95
19/2/41	20	56	17	59	38	108	222
20/2/41	40	93	65	47	58	135	326
21/2/41	33	86	53	62	36	119	374
22/2/41	41	83	50	46	45	137	306
23/2/41	78	84	69	77	18	51	230
24/2/41	89	60	45	44	36	2	187
25/2/41	61	92	42	44	—	40	193
26/2/41	83	70	39	56	27	56	236
27/2/41	52	85	23	34	40	76	253
28/2/41	59	83	26	53	69	165	376
1/3/41	111	68	28	52	26	107	312
2/3/41	49	101	32	30	27	187	364
3/3/41	51	80	33	29	44	142	317
4/3/41	53	61	19	12	32	116	293
5/3/41	31	27	13	19	5	15	78
6/3/41	60	33	24	25	12	23	128
7/3/41	53	79	44	60	82	136	350
8/3/41	66	87	46	81	7	80	240
9/3/41	46	85	53	61	30	108	269
10/3/41	40	88	51	63	56	130	314
11/3/41	65	68	30	64	17	217	367
12/3/41	107	92	34	99	6	80	285
13/3/41	65	131	71	71	45	147	388
14/3/41	95	110	41	90	8	106	319
15/3/41	60	78	52	55	45	191	374
16/3/41	20	15	14	17	1	24	60
17/3/41	33	19	15	30	—	81	133
18/3/41	7	10	7	3	6	29	52
19/3/41	86	57	69	74	27	40	210
20/3/41	69	91	46	53	20	30	210
21/3/41	46	87	57	58	56	65	284
22/3/41	38	81	24	63	23	34	176
23/3/41	60	76	65	63	61	99	296
24/3/41	42	74	31	60	48	105	269
25/3/41	80	105	102	56	38	42	265
26/3/41	61	119	80	49	33	199	414
27/3/41	48	57	39	63	7	51	163
28/3/41	65	88	41	72	29	85	367
29/3/41	93	86	68	55	48	97	324
30/3/41	56	120	76	56	154	345	537
31/3/41	79	60	20	50	33	116	358
1/4/41	75	129	95	76	36	76	316
2/4/41	54	122	87	73	55	6	237
3/4/41	41	87	53	64	60	84	372
4/4/41	74	143	109	93	80	182	479
5/4/41	58	54	37	48	21	117	250
Grand Total							13,625

MOVEMENT OF H.Q. — (A) DIVISION : FEBRUARY—APRIL, 1941

Serial No.	Date	Place	Distance	Cumulative Total Mileage
1	13 Feb.	Bura-20 to Gaima Galla	87	87
2	14 Feb.	Gaima Galla to Obe Area	66	153
3	15 Feb.	Obe Area to L'Badana-10	50	203
4	16 Feb.	L'Badana-10 to Gurru	12	215
5	18 Feb.	Gurru to Afmadu	95	310
6	23 Feb.	Afmadu to Mabungo Area	87	397
7	24 Feb.	Mabungo Area to Modun	115	512
8	25 Feb.	Modun to Vittoria D'Afric	60	572
9	26 Feb.	Vittoria D'Afric to Mogadiscio	60	632
10	5 Mar.	Mogadiscio to Pietro Verri	105	737
11	6 Mar.	Pietro Verri to Belet Uen	104	841
12	16 Mar.	Belet Uen to Lammabar	100	941
13	17 Mar.	Lammabar to Gabredarre	105	1,046
14	18 Mar.	Gabredarre to Sassabaneh	117	1,163
15	19 Mar.	Sassabaneh to Dagahbur	48	1,211
16	20 Mar.	Dagahbur to Jiggiga-25	62	1,273
17	22 Mar.	Jiggiga-25 to Jiggiga	25	1,298
18	27 Mar.	Jiggiga to Harar	60	1,358
19	31 Mar.	Harar to Dire Daua	40	1,398
20	2-3 Apl.	Dire Daua to Miesso	95	1,493
21	5 Apl.	Miesso to Adama-25	104	1,597
22	6 Apl.	Adama-25 to Addis Ababa	90	1,687

NOTES ON — (A) DIVISION'S CAMPAIGN

(1) H.Q. opened 21 times.
(2) Average distance for each day of movement—76.6 miles per day.
(3) Average move per day during total period campaign—32.4 miles.
(4) Total distance travelled—1,687 miles.
(5) Longest march in one day—117 miles.
(6) Divisional H.Q. has moved every 2½ days.

The following engagements were fought:—
Mabungo Bridgehead—22nd February.
Goluin—24th February.
Vittoria D'Afric—25th February.
Dagahbur—10th March.
Marda Pas—21st March.
Babille Pass—23rd March.
Basidimo and Harar—26th March.
Carsa and Dire Daua—29th March.
Miesso and Arba—2nd April.
Forcing of River Auasc—4th April.
Ponte Macalle—5th April.

SUMMARY OF PRISONERS OF WAR HANDLED SINCE 14th FEBRUARY

	Europeans	Africans
Mogadiscio	1,146	165
Jigiga	67	261
Harar	350	736
Miesso	400	123
Addis Ababa	8,422	3,810
	10,385	5,095
Total	15,480	

Owing to rapid rate of advance many more prisoners than those shown above were collected by units in rear and sent back without passing through Divisional Collecting Posts.

War material, to the value of several millions of pounds, was captured. This included aircraft, armoured cars, lorries, heavy, medium and light guns, light and heavy machine guns, rifles and ammunition, survey material and medical stores of all sorts.

Indian Troops in East Africa

Some interesting details have now been published of the splendid work done by our Indian troops against the Italians in East Africa in the spring of this year. Although the campaign there is now to all intents and purposes over, the story is well worth retelling, for the somewhat bald official accounts have not fully brought out the difficulties encountered and overcome by our troops, or the sterling nature of their achievements there.

The 5th Indian Division, which arrived by sea at Port Sudan in the winter of 1940, was then sent to help the Sudan Defence Force hold the 500 miles of frontier between Egypt and the Sudan on the one side and Eritrea and Abyssinia on the other. In the course of its voyage up the Red Sea a heavy attack by Italian aircraft was successfully repulsed by the gunfire of the naval escort to the convoy of 37 ships, all of which escaped damage.

Early in January the force was joined by the 4th Indian Division and the advance into Eritrea began on the 19th. The Italians had 30,000 troops in garrison in that colony and our forces were only about half that strength. But as soon as it was known that the enemy had begun to withdraw from his forward posts on the frontier, the smaller British force was at once launched in pursuit of him. Thereafter he was steadily and incessantly pressed and harassed, allowed no rest, and given no opportunity to reorganise or mount a counter-offensive. After three weeks our advance was brought to a halt before the immensely strong position of Keren. Here the Italians had planned to hold up our main body along the railway and to strike back hard on both flanks so as to cut in behind us from north and south. But so fiercely had their retreat been hustled that they got no chance to do so. Indeed they were unable to get back in time all the great wealth of transport and material which they had accumulated in the forward area and much of it had to be abandoned. At one point our pursuing columns came upon a collection of 300 vehicles, a line of guns standing wheel to wheel across the valley, like a picture of a battle of a hundred years ago in a Christmas coloured supplement, and great numbers of machine guns and other weapons. The state of the road beyond and the hotness of our pursuit had forced the enemy to leave the whole of this great mass of valuable war material behind.

The Italian positions at Keren were sited on the crest of a great mountain range rising 7,000 feet above a wide valley, which it dominated from end to end. Our men had to fight their way up its bare precipitous slopes against an enemy, more numerous than they, who showered bombs down upon them and swept their ranks with a deadly rifle and machine gun fire. Yet they overcame all these formidable obstacles and the fierce and tenacious hostile resistance—for the Italians here fought very well and skilfully—with a stubborn irresistible valour that was beyond all praise.

Particularly noteworthy was the feat of a battalion of the Cameron Highlanders, which reached one precipitous and almost inaccessible spur, 1,500 feet up the ridge, where no food or water or ammunition could reach them save what could be brought up by hand, and from there launched a second and equally daring attack to the crest of the ridge, another 1,500 feet above them. The spirit of the Indian troops was equally fine, and a story is told of three men of the Garhwal Rifles who, with their Bren gun, remained close up to the enemy's lines for three days after an unsuccessful attack, harassing him from close range until shortage of food and water compelled them to return to their men.

The capture of Keren took seven weeks to complete, and in the course of the fighting the 5th Indian Division lost 2,000 men killed and wounded, out of a total of 2,500 casualties in the whole campaign.

After the battle was over on 26th March the force moved on to Asmara, the capital of Eritrea, and from there part of it continued eastwards to occupy the Red Sea port of Massawa. The main body, however, went southwards towards Amba Alagi, whither the Italian Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Aosta, was known to have withdrawn with the bulk of his forces after our capture of Addis Ababa. The Gondar road, along which one column had been sent, was found to have been so effectively destroyed by the retiring Italians as to be impassable and beyond any possibility of quick repair. But a curious incident took place during the pursuit of the enemy in this quarter. A squadron of our mechanised cavalry, entering a town, found it occupied by a large body of Italian native infantry, some 600 strong, which, with a column of 30 large lorries, was about to evacuate it. Though our troops numbered only 100, the squadron commander demanded the enemy's surrender. The Italian officers invited ours to an excellent lunch, which was served in conditions of great comfort and luxury to which the guests were quite unaccustomed; here the matter was discussed, and terms agreed on, and by the time the meal was over, the lorries, each with an Italian officer in charge, were found turned round headed towards Asmara, ready to drive back to captivity and the 600 Italians with them.

As the Gondar road was unusable, our force had to take the more direct route to Amba Alagi, which beyond that mountain runs in to Dessie and Addis Ababa. This also had been obstructed, but was still practicable. In mid-April our forces reached the narrow gorge six miles north of Amba Alagi and came out through it into the valley beyond. Thence the road rose sharply in a series of hair-pin bends for about 2,000 feet and then in a gentler slope to the Tosselli Pass, 10,000 feet high. Amba Alagi, a great square block of mountain, dominates this Pass by some 3,000 feet, the last 300 feet consisting of a steep pyramid crowned by a small chapel. The lower slopes of the mountain radiate out in a series of ridges like spokes, the whole formation resembling a starfish. This extremely difficult fortress took us two weeks to capture; the weather was bitterly cold, with continuous heavy rainfall, and conditions were most trying and wretched.

Our plan of attack was to feint at the Talaga Pass to the east, and also from the north at the Tosselli Pass, and to deliver the main blow from the west. South African troops, coming up from the south from Addis Ababa, would, it was hoped, be able to co-operate in the capture of the mountain fortress.

The garrison was deceived by the two feints and utilised the bulk of its strength to oppose them, so that when our main attack was delivered it came as a surprise and got ahead fast, despite the tremendous difficulties of the ground. The 6/13th Frontier Force carried out a remarkable advance; an approach march of seven hours in the darkness brought them thousands of feet up the mountainside to a position just in front of their objective as dawn broke. Pushing forward along the crest, they caught the Italians completely unawares, and some of them showed the white flag, but when the Indian troops came out of cover to accept their surrender, showers of bombs greeted them. They replied with a bayonet charge which forced the enemy back, but he was able to regain some of the lost ground under cover of a mist which came on shortly afterwards. At this stage in the battle the South African forces from the south came on the scene and set to work to shell the enemy positions with 60 pounders at a range of five miles; these had only the narrow peak of the mountain as their target and the shooting had to be most accurate, for any shells that missed it would pass over to fall among the Indian troops on the far side. However, there were no accidents. In all this part of the campaign the incessant rain made the supply of our forces almost impossibly difficult. Everything needed by them had to be brought up by pack mules, which had a journey of five hours each way. Had the Italians held out for another fortnight we should have had to withdraw to Asmara and wait for the end of the rainy season to resume operations.

During the battle for Amba Alagi a patrol of an officer, an N.C.O. and eight men of the Worcestershire Regiment, operating two miles away from any support, effected the capture of 250 of the enemy by putting a bold face on their own weakness and bluffing them into surrender. Twenty-five Abyssinian patriot levies, whom the Italians had captured and disarmed, were given some of the surrendered prisoners' rifles and helped to escort them on their five-mile march back to captivity through the mountains, where other enemy troops were at large in strength.

When Amba Alagi finally surrendered, the 4th Indian Division took 5,000 prisoners, nearly all Italians, a very large proportion of whom were officers of native regiments whose men had deserted or straggled. The Division itself had only 4,000 men engaged in the battle from first to last. The prisoners were in a wretched state when they defiled past the British General to lay down their arms, and presented a pitiable spectacle. Even the cleft in the rocks in which the Duke of Aosta had his headquarters was a miserable place, without any of the signs of luxury described in some reports.

The great success of the campaign was attributable first and foremost to the high state of training of the Indian troops, their confidence in their leaders and in one another, and their knowledge of and reliance on their weapons. The fitness and self-reliance are essential in a war of this kind, waged at high speed over vast distances and on a great scale, often by small parties of troops, whose officers and N.C.O.s must be ready and competent at any moment to take action on their own initiative. In East Africa it was these qualities that enabled our forces, never more than 20,000 strong, to beat many times their own number of Italians. Long and thorough training and experience on the North-West Frontier gave them that quality which triumphed here, as it usually will everywhere, over quantity.

Sport and the Services

BY H.H.

Throughout the war of 1914-1918, there were not more than half-a-dozen professional boxing rings available for use by the Forces. Up to the present moment, in this war, over 300 boxing rings—championship models—have been supplied to the Services.

This single detail indicates what a vast difference exists between the last war and this in the matter of the provision of sport and sports equipment to the Navy, Army and Air Force.

Army units stationed in Britain may have taken with a grain of salt stories emerging from the Middle East of cricket played between spasms of defensive or offensive action. Yet it is a fact that every facility, as far as the supply of sports goods is concerned, exists in both the Middle and Near East, from Bagdad to Mersa Matruh. It is true to say that no matter in what country a B.E.F. finds itself, sports equipment is to-day always at hand to lighten those monotonous periods of inactivity for which this war is so oddly notorious.

Britain, although a sporting nation, has, paradoxically, never become Olympic Games minded. She has not, in all truth, fallen in line with the many nations which in recent years have linked athletics with sociological progress—or, in some cases, unhappily, with the building up of a war-machine.

Men in the Forces, however, soon perceive the importance of that quickness and co-ordination of eyes, hands and feet which active sport of any kind imparts to the player. Such sports as archery have been revived among Service men and new games and new apparatus have been designed for Service use; indeed, sport is now looked upon as a segment of our armed strength—a weapon, but not a secret one, for we have had to learn much about its application to modern armies from others.

The bulk of the work connected with the supply of sports kit to

the Services and the design of inexpensive, easily adjustable apparatus is handled by the sports department of N.A.A.F.I. Here the popular all-metal boxing ring, capable of speedy erection and needing no floor fixing, was designed with the aid of Meccano; in this department also a new hurdle, incorporating steel uprights and new adjustment devices, has been designed, passed by the A.A.A., and is already in use in the Forces.

N.A.A.F.I.'s gigantic sports machinery at home and overseas called for an organiser with profound experience in Services requirements. So, as sports supervisor they chose Flight-Lieutenant A. J. ("Bill") Adams, who organised the R.A.F. Football and Athletic Association, sponsored sport behind the lines in 1918, won the R.A.F. Middleweight Boxing Championship and played centre-half for the R.A.F. Soccer team, and ultimately became hon. secretary of the Olympic Games Association and Middle East Sport Control Board.

The first big job to fall to Flight-Lieutenant Adams and his staff of experts in this war was the supply of £40,000 worth of sports kit free to the B.E.F. in France. Some of the equipment was sent by air for the first time, to expedite delivery. Within a few months the troops in France were in possession of 12,000 footballs, 60,000 football jerseys, 4,000 cricket bats, 14,000 cricket balls, 9,000 pairs of boxing gloves, 5,000 dartboards, 500,000 darts and vast quantities of other types of equipment. Testimonials reached N.A.A.F.I. headquarters from France telling of the incalculable benefits derived by the Forces, of the "Keep Fit" spirit fostered by these deliveries, of a very much healthier outlook among men who awaited action that never seemed to come.

The sports supervisor of N.A.A.F.I. has worked untiringly to build up reserves of sports kit in all the countries where our Expeditionary Forces have operated or are operating, and to replace, in the face of limitations of supplies, the equipment lost in British withdrawals.

With the experience of France to aid them, N.A.A.F.I.'s sports experts have organised the most thorough games facilities in the war zones of Africa, in Iceland, Irak, the Faroes, the Mediterranean stations and elswhere. The repair and maintenance of sports kit affected by torrid heat is an incidental service. And in these difficult and hazardous centres of trading, in the same generous terms of rebate, or return of surplus profits, exists as for the Forces at home.

To date, the N.A.A.F.I. Sports Department has been called upon to handle some 75,000 pairs of football boots, over 40,000 footballs, some 20,000 dartboards and 1,000,000 darts, over 20,000 hockey sticks, over 3,000 table tennis tables, nearly 1,000,000 sets of gym clothes, over 500,000 pairs of football shorts and football hose, 250,000 football jerseys, and items in other sports to similar proportions.

Another incidental service by N.A.A.F.I. are the sports lectures attended by appropriate officers, and the latter, though famous professional sportsmen are numbered among them, freely admit that even they can acquire much knowledge from N.A.A.F.I. regarding sport and the Services, and all agree that in any kind of warfare it "literally the survival of the "fittest."

The Destruction of the Bismarck

On the morning of May 27th the newest German battleship Bismarck, on her maiden commerce-destroying voyage into the Atlantic, was sunk by the British Navy after a five days' chase, which had led our ships from the northerly Denmark Straits between Iceland and Greenland as far south as the approaches to the English Channel west of Brest, and had involved the combined efforts of forces as far apart as the northern part of the North Sea and the Western Mediterranean. It was an impressive demonstration of the overwhelming and far-reaching might of our sea power.

The Bismarck, the last word in Nazi naval power and pride, had been launched in the presence of Hitler himself in 1937. She was a vessel of 35,000 tons, carrying eight 15 inch, twelve 5.9 inch and sixteen 4.1 inch guns, heavily armoured, closely compartmented against under water damage, and boastfully said by her designers to be unsinkable. Yet when she was finally brought to bay, on the morning of May 27th by our battleships Rodney and King George V, an eye-witness declared that "we shot the guns out of her and left her a smoking, lurching ruin. It made one a little sick, to see such a mighty, powerful vessel brought to the state of an impotent hulk, like a dog that had been run over."

As soon as news was received at the British Admiralty that the Bismarck, in company with the Prince Eugen, a cruiser of the 10,000 tons Hipper class, had sailed from the Norwegian port of Bergen, where they had been previously located, our naval net was spread to catch them. The two 10,000 cruisers, Norfolk and Suffolk, posted in the Denmark Straits, were the first to catch sight of the two hostile raiders. This was on the evening of May 23rd; weather and visibility were bad, with thick snow and fog, and the range of the quarry when first seen was only six miles. All that night our two cruisers dogged the enemy, while other heavier ships were speeding into position to encircle him. As a result, next morning, May 24th, near the southern mouth of the Denmark Straits, the battle-cruiser Hood and the battleship Prince of Wales brought the two enemy ships to action. The battle was a fierce one and resulted in a serious loss for the British, the Hood being hit by an unlucky shot in one of her magazines and blowing up instantly; practically every man of her crew of 1,400 was lost with her. The Hood, though an old ship in years—she was built at the end of the last war—had since been modernised and brought up to date, and was the largest warship afloat, fast and heavily armed, and good to look at. No doubt some defect in her construction, irremediable by modernisation, was the cause of her destruction, but it was a marvellously unlucky chance that led to her being hit in that fatally weak spot.

Neither her consort, the Prince of Wales, nor the Birmarck, escaped unscathed from the battle, but the German ships were able to make off to the south-west for the open Atlantic, still dogged by our two shadowing cruisers. The Bismarck was limping a little and leaving a wake of oil behind her, and on that same evening the Prince of Wales once more brought her to action at long range. She sheered away, first to the west and then to the south, and in the small hours of May 25th she for the moment eluded her immediate pursuers. But it was only to fall into the clutch of others now closing on her from all sides.

The Home Fleet from the North Sea was coming in from the north-east; the battle squadron from the Western Mediterranean was steaming up fast north-westwards from Gibraltar, and the battleships Rodney and Ramillies, on convoy duty in the North Atlantic, had left their charges to join in the hunt. These were the heavy forces; many light craft, as well as aircraft of the Coastal Command from Great Britain and of the Royal Canadian Air Force from Newfoundland, were also co-operating in their several areas. The two enemy ships could not for long escape this intensive search and on the morning of May 26th an American-built machine of the Coastal Command came across them in the mist 550 miles west of Land's End. The Prince Eugen now or earlier parted from her consort and made off for Brest, where she eventually found refuge. The aircraft carrier Ark Royal was in the vicinity and flew off her torpedo aircraft to the attack, and by the afternoon the cruiser Sheffield from the Western Mediterranean squadron arrived on the scene to take up the task of closely shadowing the German battleship. A few minutes later a second attack by the Ark Royal's aircraft got two torpedoes home and apparently damaged the Bismarck's steering gear, for she turned two complete circles before she could be got under control again, and was only able to go ahead at seriously reduced speed. Late that night surface torpedo craft took up the chase and two more torpedoes struck the half-crippled giant, causing a serious list on her forecastle, and eventually bringing her to a complete stop. Her position was then 300 miles west of Brest, and the chase had already proceeded 1,750 miles. Before dawn came on May 27th she was once more slowly in movement, her speed having sunk to eight knots, but as our destroyers found when they tried to close in, her guns were still capable of heavy and accurate fire. The Norfolk, now once more on the scene, took up the action, and shortly after daylight the Rodney and the King George V came within range, and the Bismarck's doom was sealed. By 11 a.m. she was so crippled and helpless as to be unable either to flee or to defend herself, and the cruiser Dorsetshire closing in, put torpedo after torpedo into her until, with her battle ensign still flying she sank. Only about 400 out of her ship's complement of some 2,000 could be saved.

Eye witnesses have described the great battleship's last hours. The Rodney's stokers had used the last ounce of their energies to get their great ship on to the scene, many of them collapsing as the result of their exertions, and King George V's officers saw the opening of the engagement with "the shells from the orange flames of the German's guns taking seemingly about two hours to fall and falling wide," and the Rodney's first salvo proving "great white columns of water 120 feet high that would break the back of a destroyer and sink her like a stone if she steamed through one of them." Then the British shots began to hit, "boring their way through the Krupp armour belt like cheese, and both the Rodney and the King George V closed the range, the Bismarck turning and twisting, writhing, it seemed, under the most merciless hail of high explosive armour-piercing shell that any ship has ever faced." "Before many minutes had passed the majority of the Bismarck's guns were silent, and a steady trickle of men were seen jumping from her into the sea." "Her hull and upper works showed frequent coppery glows from our hits, and great columns of flame shot up as high as the spotting top and the mainmast. She was reduced to 'a slow wallowing speed, with a heavy list to port,' before the last of her guns ceased to speak, and the Dorsetshire steamed close in for the death blow. Receiving it, 'she turned over to port, floated for a little bottom up, and then with a lift of the bows was suddenly gone.'" Such was the gallant and tragic end of the mighty Bismarck.

I SLEPT ON BOOTS



Then I still slept on Boots because all my comrades borrowed it

- Splendid on manœuvres and in camp
- Khaki material
- Ideal for all on service
- Up or down in a few seconds
- Deflated about the size of handkerchief, 15" × 10"
- Send now, stocks cannot be replenished — Price 4/3
- Offered by ex-W.O. who knows its worth — Postage - 3d.

KENOSHA AGENCIES, COWPLAIN, PORTSMOUTH

Diary of Events in the War

MAY 16TH TO JULY 2ND.

MAY 16TH.—German aircraft on Syrian aerodromes attacked and damaged by R.A.F. Our forces in Western Desert re-occupy Sollum area after brisk fight.

MAY 17TH.—R.A.F. attack on Cologne.

MAY 18TH.—Duke of Aosta, Italian Commander-in-Chief in Abyssinia, asks for terms of surrender for garrison of Amba Alagi. Successful local attack by our mechanised forces in Capuzzo area in Libya. R.A.F. attack French coast ports.

MAY 19TH.—Surrender of Italian forces at Amba Alagi. R.A.F. raid Kiel.

MAY 20TH.—Attack on Crete by enemy parachute and air-borne troops begins. In Iraq British capture Falluja.

MAY 21ST.—Hostile attack on Crete continues, despite heavy losses. Surrender of Duke of Aosta with 18,000 Italian troops completed.

MAY 22ND.—Enemy ships with troops attempting to land in Crete destroyed at sea. All other attacks beaten off except at Maleme, where enemy secure foothold. Mr. Eden announces that Britain will act to nullify effects of Vichy Government's expected co-operation with Germany.

MAY 23RD.—Second attempt to land hostile troops by sea in Crete defeated; German losses estimated at 5,000. Enemy destroyer and three other ships en route for Libya sunk by our submarines.

MAY 24TH.—Enemy attempt to gain new footings in Crete defeated; fighting at Maleme continues.

MAY 25TH.—Naval action in North Atlantic; H.M.S. Hood blown up, and Germany's newest battleship, Bismarck, damaged. More German air-borne troops land in Crete; King of Hellenes and Greek Government go to Egypt. Large Italian force surrenders near Addis Ababa.

MAY 26TH.—Bismarck hit by torpedoes of Fleet Air Arm. British forced to fall back west of Canea in Crete.

MAY 27TH.—Bismarck sunk in Central Atlantic after being repeatedly hit by torpedoes and engaged by our light and heavy ships. Further British retirement in Canea area of Crete; two cruisers and four destroyers announced as lost.

MAY 28TH.—President Roosevelt declares unlimited national emergency in U.S.A. and declares American purpose to resist Hitlerism anywhere where it may become dangerous and by any means, and to push through aid to Britain. Submarine successes against Axis convoys in Mediterranean reported.

MAY 29TH.—In Crete enemy occupy Canea and shores of Suda Bay. Italian ship seeking refuge in Sfax harbour in French Tunisia bombed by R.A.F., protest by Vichy Government. In Iraq British forces approaching Baghdad.

MAY 30TH.—Rashid Ali, Iraq's usurping Prime Minister, flees from Baghdad to Iran. British occupy Ur, above Basra. Fierce fighting in Crete continues.

MAY 31ST.—Germans bomb Dublin. Evacuation of Crete begun. Iraqi rebels ask for armistice.

JUNE 1ST.—15,000 British troops get safely away from Crete. Armistice concluded in Iraq and rebels lay down arms.

JUNE 2ND.—Enemy air raid on Manchester. U.S. troops occupy Greenland.

JUNE 3RD.—Hitler and Mussolini meet at Brenner Pass.

JUNE 4TH.—British occupy Mosul and oilfields in North Iraq. Successful R.A.F. attack on enemy convoy in Mediterranean. Death of ex-Emperor of Germany at Doorn.

JUNE 5TH.—Discussions by French cabinet at Vichy as to future Franco-German collaboration plans begun. Eleven enemy raiders destroyed in day and night operations over Britain.

JUNE 6TH.—U.S.A. takes over foreign ships lying idle in American ports. Announcement that three enemy supply ships and an armed trawler were sunk in Atlantic soon after destruction of Bismarck.

JUNE 7TH.—Vichy Cabinet discussions continue.

JUNE 8TH.—British and Free French forces enter Syria to drive out Germans. Successful R.A.F. attack on enemy convoy off Dutch coast.

JUNE 9TH.—British occupy Tyre; numerous French troops join invaders. Loss of anti-aircraft cruiser H.M.S. Calcutta and destroyers H.M.S. Hereward and Imperial during withdrawal of our troops from Crete reported.

JUNE 10TH.—Allied advance in Syria continues.

JUNE 11TH.—Attack by French destroyers on Allied column moving up Syrian coast repulsed. Heavy R.A.F. attack on naval docks at Brest.

JUNE 12TH.—Meeting of Allied leaders in London proclaim resolve to continue war till victory is won. Heavy R.A.F. attack on Ruhr.

JUNE 13TH.—Enemy pocket battleship torpedoed off Norwegian coast. Second and even heavier raid on Ruhr by R.A.F.

JUNE 14TH.—Ten hostile machines destroyed in small scale night raids on England. Third heavy raid on Ruhr. Seven enemy aircraft shot down by Australian Air Force in Syria.

JUNE 15TH.—British in Syria occupy Sidon. U.S.A. freezes Axis and axis-occupied countries' assets.

JUNE 16TH.—President Rocsevelt orders closing of all German consular offices and other agencies in U.S.A. by July 10th. British attack in Sollum area in Libya with success. 2,000 Italian troops surrender in Soddu district of Abyssinia.

JUNE 17TH.—British continue to advance in Sollum area. R.A.F. carry out day offensive sweep over Northern France and bomb Ruhr and Rhineland at night.

JUNE 18TH.—British break off action in Libya after inflicting heavy losses on enemy. R.A.F. again sweep Northern France, destroying nine enemy machines. Turkey signs treaty of friendship and non-aggression with Germany.

JUNE 19TH.—Reports that Germany is massing troops on Russian border increasing. Allied forces in Syria close in on Damascus. Another offensive sweep over North France carried out by R.A.F.; twenty-five hostile fighters shot down yesterday and to-day for loss of fourteen British machines.

JUNE 20TH.—Merchant shipping losses in May officially given as 461,000 tons, enemy losses since May 20th, 350,000 tons.

JUNE 21ST.—Allied troops occupy Damascus. Twenty-eight hostile aircraft destroyed for five British in offensive operations over enemy-occupied territory.

JUNE 22ND.—Germany declares war on Soviet Russia and opens offensive on whole front from Baltic to Black Sea. Rumania and Finland also take part in attack. Mr. Churchill announces that Britain will assist Russia by all possible means. In Syria, Vichy troops evacuate Damascus. R.A.F. on patrol over Northern France shoot down thirty enemy machines for loss of only two of our own.

JUNE 23RD.—Despite heavy fighting, Germans make little progress on Russian front, but occupy Brest Litovsk in Poland. Nineteen enemy machines destroyed for loss of five British in offensive sweep over France. In Syria British column invests Palmyra. In Abyssinia 8,000 prisoners captured in Jimma area.

JUNE 24TH.—German offensive in Russia continues with severe tank and air battles. R.A.F. lose two and destroy nine machines over Northern France, Western Germany raided by night.

JUNE 25TH.—German offensive in Russia still held everywhere except in centre, where some progress made towards Minsk. R.A.F. again attack targets in Northern France by day and in Western Germany by night, losing six machines to thirteen enemy.

JUNE 26TH.—German progress in Minsk area accentuated; elsewhere attack held. Russian air force raid Rumanian oilfields and ports. In R.A.F.'s daily sweep over Northern France nine hostile machines destroyed to three of ours.

JUNE 27TH.—Heavy fighting rages on Russian front. British mission arrives at Moscow. Successful air attack on enemy convoys in North Sea and Mediterranean. R.A.F. continue day attack on Northern France and night raids on Western Germany.

JUNE 28TH.—Russians take up new defensive positions in central sector of battle front, and hold fast on both flanks. New R.A.F. day and night raids on occupied territory in France and on Western Germany.

JUNE 29TH.—Germans claim 40,000 prisoners in Russia and many thousands of enemy tanks and aeroplanes destroyed. Unopposed R.A.F. flight over Northern France.

JUNE 30TH.—Germans claim capture of Minsk. Vichy Government sever diplomatic relations with Russia. R.A.F. attack Bremen by night and day and carry out another day sweep over Northern France, destroying six enemy fighters for one.

JULY 1ST.—General Wavell, Commander-in-Chief Middle East and General Auchinleck, Commander-in-Chief India, change places. Mr. Lyttelton goes to Middle East as Minister of State. Germans in Russia claim to have captured Riga and reached Beresina river.

JULY 2ND.—German progress in Russia slowing down. R.A.F. destroy eighteen enemy machines and lose ten in Northern France sweep.

Plain Tales

A DAY OUT.—I can't remember seeing notes from Divisional Signals, Dorset, lately, and yet that Unit was rarely absent from THE WIRE at one time, when they were known by another name. When I called on them a few weeks ago they appeared to be very happily situated. The R.S.M. was well fed. (Trust "Tubby" Lay.) The Adjutant and Quarter-master were contented looking people, the latter at any rate, with reason. A fine store in the High-street and Signalman Garratt to work for him, could man desire more? The Officers' Mess in beautiful surroundings under the genial eye of Corporal McPartland, whom you probably DO remember. One wonders if such ancients as Joe Sweeting, Dusty Doust, Shoey Holloway, Jerry Legg and Co., are still alive to read this and peer through the curtain. Thank you, Dorset, but what do I want with a Switchboard No. 2?

PRINTERS' COLIC.—The difficulties to be met with in the production of a Regimental Magazine in war-time must be many and large. Only the other day I noticed that yet another one had been struck out. When we reached July, with never a sign of the June WIRE, I feared the worst, but at last a solitary copy arrived in our county. I studied it carefully, regretting again the loss of my reading glass left in the canal at Hondeschoote, but eventually agreed with the others that it is the only solution. Smaller print, fewer pages (perhaps) but just as much information as ever. More in fact, for I observe that Devon Signals have two months' notes in one WIRE. An achievement. However, order your copies early. You'll get something even if they have to use tram tickets, cabbage leaves or the backs of old letters. I know this firm. Good luck to you, Mr. Editor AND your printers. I wouldn't swap my job for your headache.

UKANN LARFE.—I knew I was somewhere near the right place because just outside the handsome caravan was a neat pile of turf squares. If you remember Hermione Larfe you will appreciate the significance of that. I approached warily, but the place seemed pretty well deserted. Out on the main road a wireless truck went past at a steady seventy, and on the still summer air came a desultory hammering, probably from "M" Section Workshops. Had there been a cricket match in progress one might have heard the soothing click of bat on ball; but there wasn't. Nobody had any pins to drop either. I ignored the rather showy knocker and kicked the polished panel with my steel-tipped boot. There was some shuffling inside and the door opened a few inches. A voice asked, "Did you ring?" Corporal Fogworthy (whom you, etc.) suddenly flung the door back and oozed on to the top step. "Why," he exclaimed, "it's Barleux, isn't it?" I nodded dumbly as is my wont, if you know what a wont is. "Have a drink. No? A cigarette. No? Here take a Chinese vase." I struck the vase a hefty blow with my ivory headed stick and the price-less ornament shivered into . . . . see July WIRE. They always do the same thing anyway. "Listen, Fogworthy," I said, "Where's Colonel Larfe?"

"On leave, sir."
"And Mrs. Larfe?"
"On leave, sir."
"What about Mr. Faceache?"
"On leave, sir."
"Is Mademoiselle Colette here?"
"Just gone down to the village, sir."

The ground must have been very dry because there was still a little cloud of dust round the startled Fogworthy as I turned into the road leading to the village. To be concluded. But not yet.

NO 3 PLATFORM.—And now what with the shortage of paper, ink, money, cigarettes, beer, promotion and operators, I will leave you. Promise not to let it go any further and I'll tell you. I am just about to catch a train to the seaside where I propose to spend a few very lazy days watching the tide come in, and if my interest doesn't wane, watch it go out again. I am relying on Joe Stalin for this. Look at that flushed blonde over there with the blue suitcase. Seems a bit hot and bothered about something. Lost her ticket perhaps, but I've been caught like that before. Wonder if she'll get in my compartment. As if I'm likely to tell you. Well come back again next month and I'll think about it.

BARLEUX.

HOME STATIONS

S.O.-in-C.'s Staff G.H.Q. (Home Forces)

Before becoming entangled in recounting the divers activities of our staff I must first announce the addition of a new star to the constellation in the shape of Signalman Stevens B. G., ex 3 S.T.C. We learned that he has aspirations in the journalistic sphere whereupon a great idea was born. Why not present this good chap with a glorious opportunity of ensuring his success by conferring upon him the honour of recording our activities ? Why not, indeed ? Negotiations are proceeding in this direction and by the time these notes appear it is hoped that some success will have been achieved.

We have had considerable changes in personnel in recent weeks which appeared to break up the happy home as it were, but we venture to hope that these are at an end now, for some time at least, so that we can get "down to it" again in the same happy spirit as before. Our new blood is fitting in well; we seem to be past masters in the art of close harmony.

Of our pair of "rubber heels" previously mentioned, one has worn out and we are now able to offer our hearty congratulations to Signalman Beardmore on being presented with a very fine daughter, who is making rapid progress. We are told that this very young lady, ever true to the Corps, arrived by homing pigeon, which, incidentally, was espied proceeding on a north-easterly course. Watch where it settles, Raymond.

The feathered fraternity seem to be taking much of our attention these days. First we had pigeons and now seagulls. One settled on Signalman Tugwell J. E., whom we are pleased to say is now paid Lance Corporal. Congratulations, Tug. You're over the highest fence now.

Outdoor sport has taken many forms of late and we give you here a general report. Our inability to field a full team for cricket has not troubled us a bit and we can modestly claim to have established a name already. This is mainly due to Signalman Stevens who, in his first innings representing this office, fell only two short of his half century, a very creditable show. Potential swimmers are slowly gaining confidence (?) under the guidance of Corporal Marriott and steady progress is reported from this quarter. We have a cyclist, too. Our wheeler is none other than R.S.M. Hodgson, who is now to be seen tearing round the countryside on most fine evenings. It is rumoured that he is training in order to save coal on the engine when leave comes round. We are told that it is possible to attain great speeds in cycling with the aid of sundry gears and cogs which you tie up in a chain, add three, take away the number you first thought of and Bob's your uncle. A neutral (or is he) observer points out, however, that this machinery is most complex and expensive and puts forward a scheme of his own designed to eliminate at least two factors; we publish it for the benefit of all cycling Sergeant-Majors to whom the advantages of this invention are confined. Take a nice u.x.b. (with some life in it) and secure it to the rear mudguard with somebody's pullthrough. Then seat the R.S.M. in question on the saddle, explaining the situation in quick time. The cyclist then pedals off at a fearful rate. It will be seen that this is a subtle reversal of the donkey and carrot theory and the inventor has great hopes that his scheme will be successful. Our great spirit compels us to wish him every success. Well, what about it Sergeant-Major ? We can't see any snags, can you ?

Our dear Fifi (the kitten, you remember) seems to have forsaken our tender loving care (?) for better or worse; apparently coming to the conclusion that she had outworn her welcome. This wasn't true, of course, and we tried to explain the situation to her, but she would have none of it and promptly sent her papa to deal with us. We were taken completely by surprise when in he came one day, without knocking, and with a ferocious glint in his optics. Sans hesitation, he made straight for the R.S.M.'s room and soon muffled shouts, coupled with girlish squeals from Corporal Staniford, could be heard appealing for help. Eventually the old man was ejected, and Fifi's good name was, like herself, gone for good. Phew ! What a relief.

Our allotment (i.e., two window boxes) continue to thrive under the watchful eye of Corporal Rodrigues, whose labours have been rewarded by the appearance (admittedly surprising) of blooms on the plants. Whether the tomatoes can be persuaded to take the hint and bear fruit is not yet known, but our gardener spares no effort (not much anyway) and can be seen at twilight administering tender nightcaps.

Rather an interesting tit-bit has been going the rounds concerning one, Private Maria, our typist, who is said to be constantly dreaming (had it stopped here we could have understood it) about our lines clerk. Whether this is just another bit of moonshine we are unable to say, but it certainly looks as though somebody's been "doing a line."

Ex-members of the staff are in the news again and we are glad to be able to say that all are finding life very pleasant though their surroundings are by no means similar. C.S.M. (Alf) Newton, calling from East Africa tells of some interesting adventures in those parts and seems to be having a great time wigging the wops with the wogs. If you see this, Alf, you may like to know that George is now a cadet with Ordnance and hopes to be going out there soon complete with blow-pipe and camel. We were pleased to hear of our ex-draughtsman, now in the Royal Engineers, who is leading a wild life 'midst sylvan glades. It was amusing to hear of his daily excursions "inspecting" quiet sites. Very f.a.n.y., indeed. Quiet !

This brings me to the end of our exploits for the present. Whilst these very notes are being penned the whole crowd are out making history, thus ensuring our contribution next month.

MERKURO II.

In making my debut as a contributor to this periodial I feel I am batting on rather a sticky wicket and that these notes will fall far below the high standard set by my predecessor. However, my protests at taking over the task were unheeded, so herewith my scribblings.

All will wish to congratulate members of this staff who have received the honour of promotion. First and foremost, after a lapse of some two months, the branch can again boast of a Sergeant—Corporal Rodrigues having now attained that rank. Mention must also be made of Signalmsn Lightfoot and Tugwell, who are now Lance Corporals, positions all were delighted to see them take up.

A reshuffle in the office has separated Sergeant Rodrigues from his beloved tomato plants, which, despite pessimistic statements by our draughtsman to the effect that they are either dead or dying, still continue to flourish in the shade of Corporal Staniford, who now occupies the desk near their window-box. That they do flourish, let us hasten to add, is still due to the tender care of our Sergeant who more than once has been observed clambering over the goods and chattels of Corporal Staniford to look after them.

We believe the R.S.M. may know the answer to the mysterious appearance one morning of a tomato, red, ripe and large, on one of the plants. It was not the offspring of the said plant, that is certain, although upon close examination we have spotted an object which may one day be a tomato.

Much work, many evenings until 10.30, has somewhat curtailed the R.S.M.'s activities in the cycling sphere, although he has managed to get in a bit of training by going round and round a large table (not on his bicycle!) set up in the office, assisting in picking up a series of printed sheets in correct order from divers piles. Here we must make mention of our two orderlies who, between them, must easily have covered the distance from London to Brighton and back during this memorable week's collecting round and round the table. Many were the systems invented to lighten the task, which were put into force when the R.S.M. was otherwise engaged, he being convinced that the only safe way was to go all the way round the table every time picking up the sheets one by one. Dare we whisper that the system eventually perfected involved much deft passing of the sheets from hand to hand—rather like Rugger three's going all out for the line!

Corporals Marriott and Staniford have had many bright ideas and have provided several humorous situations. Stan suddenly developed a love for fire piquets and did two in one week!

Private Martin, we understand, will soon be leaving us for higher and mightier things—from her enthusiastic descriptions of her new assignment some were immediately convinced that the war was as good as over. Vanishing from the office one afternoon recently, "Our Mary" eventually returned with many pages of shorthand which after considerable effort she converted into a very readable report of an interesting lecture.

Our draughtsman, Signalman Miles, has, as cricket reporters are wont to say of fast bowlers "got through a tremendous amount of work and kept up his pace to the end." He has "burned the midnight oil" more than once and his arched back over the drawing board seemed to be a permanent feature of the room's furnishings.

There have been more comings and goings. Major Reading has left us and we wish him every success in his new appointment. His place has been filled by Major Jones, to whom we extend a hearty welcome. Welcome also to Signalman Seftel, who has swelled the numbers of the clerks.

A short while ago our officers came to the unanimous conclusion that the tea they had been imbibing was not what it might have been, so one morning an electric kettle, tea, milk and sugar appeared and have remained. Needless to add the brewing takes place in the clerks' office.

Of sport there is little to report. Several clerks formed themselves into a "before breakfast swim club" with good intentions, no doubt, but sad to say without results. Undaunted, they re-formed the club on an evening basis for a period with some success. Of cricket we can glean but little information. An N.C.O., upon his return from a match on being asked how he had got on, suggested that we should not ask tactless questions.

It is with very great regret that we have to record the death of Signalman Beardmore's baby daughter and we all offer him our deepest sympathy.

At regular intervals for the past month or two, one and sometimes two clerks have been seen to don their equipment and disappear, to return after a time looking very brown or else very "browned off." The transformation happened at a delightful beauty spot not many miles away, where, alleged by the powers that be to be "looking ill," all clerks have been sent on an intensive military training. To begin with the word "intense" caused considerable apprehension, but in the end things were found not to be so dreadful as they were at first pictured to be, and some even looked upon the period as an extra leave!

The writer of these notes is only in a position to describe some of the happenings during his stay at ——— in company with another member of this office. A treasure hunt one afternoon was perhaps one of the highlights. The two Signals representatives got away to a rousing start in search of the clues, but, owing to one's speed and the other's lack of it, the partnership was soon broken. Both traversed many miles of country, both perspired freely, and, strange to relate, both arrived back at the start at one and the same time—but by widely different routes! Treasure did not come to the Signals.

LATE NEWS.—As we close for press we have to report that Signalman Coulter, of registration fame, has at last heard that some much-talked-about cigarettes which have been a long time coming from some distant relative in Canada have actually arrived. Snag—he has to pay Customs duty on them.

G.H.Q. sports have had the attention of most of the staff lately and we have several "starters" in the finals, so hopes are running high. However, we shall see—in next month's WIRE.

E.D.P.

Yorkshire 1

1st General Trades Training Battalion

The Mess Meeting

When our Company representatives congregate at the P.R.I.'s office once a week to poke, probe, pry and pulverise the Battalion's culinary commitments we can be pretty certain that—to coin a phrase—the military situation is expected to develop in a series of swift events.

At least, Lance Corporal Magazine, of No. 3 Company, summed up the whole business, *sotto voce* and embellished with a characteristic profanity, in words to that effect when last the P.R.I. presided over the appointed assembly.

"Dietary," the modern equivalent of a former Army's plain, unvarnished "grub stakes," plays so important a part in our contemporary soldiering that the provision of regulation pattern rock cakes twice weekly at 16.30 hours is of such vital military moment that R.S.M. Sam Brown has been compelled to adjust his perspective by the variety, vitamins, calories and what-nots of his blistering flock's daily diet sheet rather than by the quality of the polish achieved by the same perishing objects of his attention in the comparatively unimportant matter of rifle barrels.

That the R.S.M. suffered considerable embarrassment in the process was made evident by his constant exercising of a vocabulary cultivated over a period of long, arduous and thirst-provoking service in divers strange and sanguine lands.

As R.Q.M.S. Guy Rope somewhat pointedly observed to the members of the Sergeants' Mess, the R.S.M.'s nose (an organ of singularly violent hue) testified to the nature of *his* staple diet, a pleasantry accepted by those present as a "reminder" which had the immediate effect of enormously increasing the bar takings and amplifying fluent conversation on a fluid topic.

Our weekly Mess Meeting is an event of considerable importance ; it looms large in the general scheme of things contributing to the Battalion's domestic affairs. It is, in fact, an established and integral part of our daily routine, like C.S.M. Scabbard's waistline or L/Lance Corporal Pullthrough's warts.

They possess mellowing characteristics without which we felt the Battalion would suffer something akin to a major reverse. We'd feel like a flat tyre or a Naffy rice cake, minus its superstructure.

In addition to the Company representatives, one N.C.O. cook per cookhouse and, of course, the officer i/c of Messing occupy prominent roles, the latter being the hub around which the whole proceedings revolve.

He is the butt of the Battalion's gastronomic gaulitiers, the target at which our barbed digestive shafts are loosed. He, like Charity, suffereth long and is kind—at least, he suffereth long.

His particular headache entails the wholly impracticable task of encompassing universal satisfaction against which the misgivings of ancient martyrs occupying *(pro tem.)* the lion dens of Cæsar's Rome were mere hallucinations. The prospects of the lions displaying vegetarian tendencies were just about as bright as the likelihood of the Officer i/c Messing getting away with a satisfied Battalion stomach.

Lieutenant Chinn-Strapp, the luckless individual concerned, bears his gigantic burden with a commendable stoicism, albeit at the expense of a rapidly-deteriorating liver.

His horizon consists of 1,281 rations, three times daily; viewed in terms of tinned herrings and suet "duff," Mr. Chinn-Strapp's jaundiced outlook is not, in the circumstances, to be wondered at.

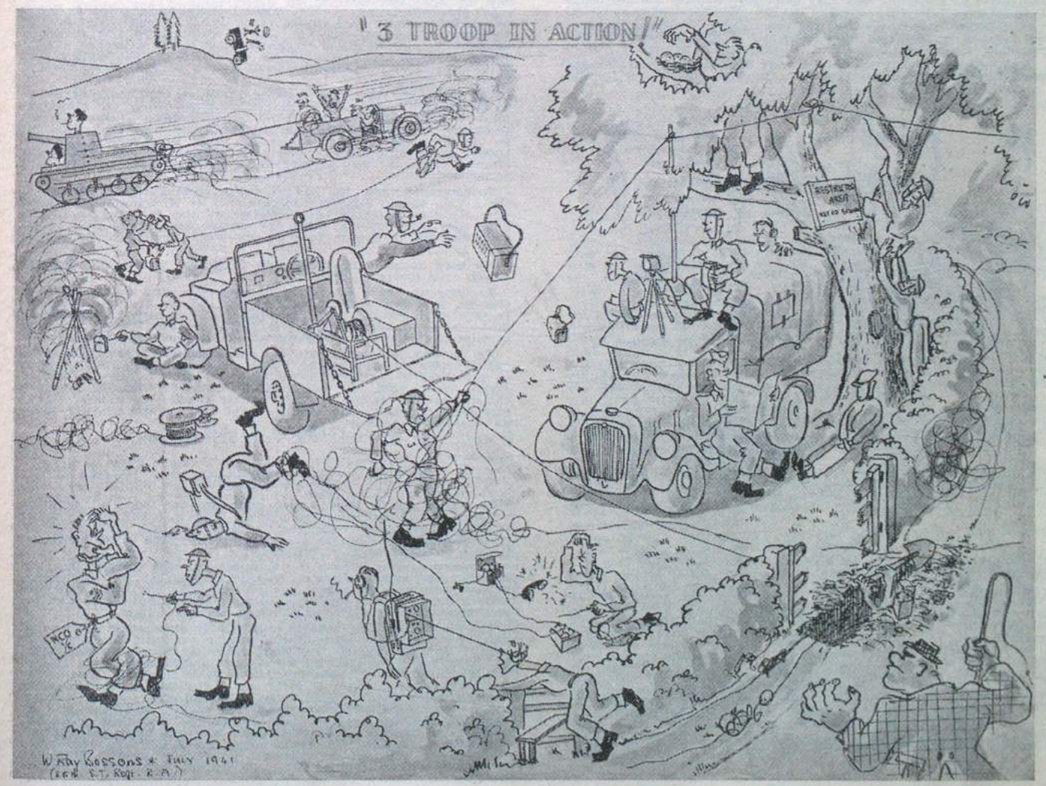
And so, when Signalman Buttplate asked if fresh cream could be served with the breakfast porridge daily, a low groan, as of a buffalo mortally wounded, was taken to indicate an expression of the Messing Officer's doubt and regret.

Lance Corporal Muzzle opined (presumably on behalf of No. 4 Company) that fresh fruit was preferable to the tinned variety, a suggestion which provoked some levity on the part of his colleagues and a rude noise "in lieu of raspberries," as Corporal Backsight wittily observed before the P.R.I. called the meeting to order.

Sergeant Cook Bolster, exuding good humour and an over-powering odour of boiling fat, drew attention to a clause in the minutes of the previous meeting which required the reconsideration of the matter of slicers, bread, mechanical.

The question under review, said Holster, was one which dealt with the Battalion's capacity for and ability to grapple with a thicker pattern slice.

Signalman Fourbytwo (No. 1 Company) proposed a regulation thickness of two inches, which Lance Corporal Trigger (Boys' Company) immediately amended to read three inches, thereby demonstrating his extraordinary rapidity in the appreciation of situations on the larger scale. (Trigger is regarded as a potential Field Marshal by the junior



personnel of the Boys' Company. Good old Trig, they will tell you, would have hit 'em for six at Bakerloo if he'd lived in Marlborough's time).

Signalman Haversack, of No. 2 Company, asked if a stronger brew of tea could be achieved, to which Mr. Chinn-Strapp replied that the strength of tea could be increased by the issue of cocoa in lieu.

This gave the meeting something to think about. It was a bold stroke against which Companies had no effective come-back, and in the ensuing throes of our Committee's discomfiture, Major Bridoon-Bitt, the P.R.I., declared the meeting closed in order to consider a proposal which, to the best of my belief, none have yet successfully elucidated—not even Trigger of the Boys' Company.

Lieutenant Chinn-Strapp's joyful repairing to the Mess for a Scotch and splash on the strength of it was both justified and appropriate, all things considered.

L.H.D.

School of Signals

INTRODUCTORY.—After searching the Unit unsuccessfully for a correspondent to collect notes for THE WIRE, the searchers (I wish I had the power of free speech) eventually approached my unworthy self, while at the "bar," and in that magnanimous state when one just cannot say no. Hence the studious look on my face, the much-chewed pen gripped dagger-like in my fist, and the beads of perspiration on a brow heretofore unruffled. Thought comes strangely to a mind unused to thought. However, I accepted. That is why, dear reader, we must both make the best of a bad job.

GENERAL.—The "Dig for Victory" campaign, started some time ago, at last shows sign of bearing fruit, or should we say potatoes, and I can see the time coming when an advertisement in the local newspaper for pickers will not only be deemed necessary, but will become imperative, unless, of course, we can manage with a "fatigued" party. Yes, if large tops mean small spuds, as one of the lads quoted while he looked under the flowers for seed potatoes, we have our small ones, too; but, sah! we're giving away information valuable—no, invaluable, to HIM.

Judging from the enthusiasm displayed by all, I think a word about Wednesday afternoon drill parades would not be amiss. (What word did you query, Ed.?) Still, bayonet fighting is very much to the point, though a sense of humour is an asset at times. It is a noteworthy fact that since the innovation of this healthy exercise, the number of postings between Holding Battalion and ourselves has certainly increased and leaves us wondering why they don't just transfer the instructors. It would save "Records" a lot of trouble. Which brings us to :—

POSTINGS.—These have been too many and too frequent since the last notes were submitted from the School to give in detail, so we'll just say, "A happy welcome and (being soldiers) farewell."

ART.—The accompanying sketches were left behind by Bdr. Bossoms when a recent R.S.I. course dispersed. Originally intended for inclusion in the revised edition of "Sugar Toc, Ack Ack," the authorities thought otherwise, so they are submitted for publication in the Royal Signals secondary text-book, in the hope that they will be of service to Cable Sections.

V. NOBBY.



S.T.C. Wales

2nd Operators' Training Battalion

Here are the beans and this is "Master Oscillator"—a new valve—spilling them.

First we respectfully welcome Brigadier E. N. F. Hitchins, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., who is in command of 2nd S.T.C., vice Brigadier C. J. S. Le Cornu, O.B.E., M.C.

We welcome S.S.M. Swan, a newcomer to the Cadre, and the return of Corporal J. D. Crawley, who has returned "home" after rusticating for a month in the field. Also, of course, the regular shower (ahem, intake) of operators-to-be.

Then we welcome a squad of distinguished visitors who are learning Morse by way of a side-line (get a load of their drill, boys, get a load of it!)

Finally, we welcome the sun—may it linger even longer than some trainees we have heard of in I.T. It brings shirt-sleeve parades and belated realisation of the extraordinary number of buttons possessed by normal battle dress trousers, compared with the number not possessed by one's own.

It brings cricket and tennis, at both of which Battalion teams have distinguished themselves. The 2nd S.T.C. have not lost a match so far this month. Operators have supplied the following personnel:—Sergeant Redgrave, Sergeant Collins, Sergeant Giles, Corporal Head, Lance Corporal Chadwick, Lance Corporal Perks, Lance Corporal Atherton, Signalman Kidd, Signalman Taylor and Signalman Thompson. Chadwick makes anything up to a century not out; he played for East Lancs XI and Lancs 2nd XI.

Operators' teams beat Depot at tennis, but lost evenly contested encounters with General Trades. Honourable mention: Lance Corporals Pollitt and Graham have yet to lose a match.

Our team met General Trades at hockey and scored a decisive victory. There are more games in the offing.

On the hottest day of July internal strife broke out. A Soccer match between No. 2 Company and No. 3 Company Cadres that threatened, happened, and was over as suddenly as rain in Wales. Some of the players proved conclusively that their real metier was the Higher Study of the Separative Ink Ink; the others had quite a good game of football. Strangely enough, No. 3 Company beat us—Tex had it all worked out.

The air is so thick with sporting challenges that it is impossible to record all the games that have taken place. P.T. has also come into its own, and even the Cadres' early morning frisk and cocoa party has not died the rapid death that Jonahs prophesied. It must be the inspiring spectacle of our P.T. staff, who decorate the local putting green with their bronzed torsos during the day, occasionally strolling towards the parallel bars to accomplish an airy back somersault.

To Sergeant Deane, who has married Sergeant Eileen Whitehouse, of the A.T.S., and to Sergeant Redgrave, wed to Miss Helen Scotson, we offer the congratulations of the Battalion; also to those others who have gone over the top, taken the plunge, and burned their boats: Signalmen Hill S, Cremin D. C., Dombey S. A., Regelous S. G., and Boyd J. C.

We hope young Brian Stanley is developing vigorously. Sergeant Cowell S. is the proud father.

To those who have left we extend our best wishes and assure them that we work and play as hard as ever. True, the boys have had to face grim realities, and it's cigarettes they hunt in the evening now. Also for one awful period the locals ran out of beer, but supplies came through and it was possible to finish these notes.

By the way, wot would you 'ave done, chums? A gent I knows of left 'is motor car on a nearby 'illside and goes orf for a walk. When 'e came back to the place 'e 'ad left it—or thort 'e 'ad—the car 'ad gorn. Clean gorn, it 'ad. 'Ad it deserted? Was it so well camerflarged 'e couldn't see it? 'Ad it climbed up a tree? Don't arst me. The party I'm torking abaht rang up the Orderly Room an' arsked for another.

Well, I arst yer chums, wot would you 'ave done?

No. 1 Company

So many months have passed since we last appeared in these columns that I would need the complete WIRE to record all the doings of the Company since that time. I regret the lack of notes in the past, and if there is anyone who has looked for news of us I apologise humbly and promise to do better in the future.

A steady flow of recruits is still passing through the Company and training goes on normally and, we trust, efficiently. It is, of course, impossible to give facts and figures of these squads, but it has been noticed that the office staff are becoming slightly bewildered with the seemingly endless flow of new numbers, names and faces.

The Cadre has also changed considerably since our last issue of notes, and I must be content with wishing our "old hands" all the best in their new spheres, and with welcoming those who have joined us. Our latest loss (and incidentally our greatest) has been that of C.S.M. Malvern H. A., who has joined No. 2 Company. One of the few times when one can honestly say, "Our loss—your gain." We welcome in his place C.S.M. Parsons R.E., and offer him our heartiest congratulations on his promotion to that rank. May your stay be long and pleasant, sir. We also extend the glad hand to S.S.M. Cook S. A. (the man with the daisy), who has taken the Training Department in hand. The rumour that the R.E.s have been asked to raise the height of our doorways is officially denied. The office typewriter is now taking severe punishment from one Signalman Grimmett G., who has joined the office staff. Keep to it, "Grim," the first ten years are the worst.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.—In the cool of the evening it is possible to see a chosen few staggering under the load of several buckets of water, which are poured lovingly over the Company's garden. We are proud of our garden, and it is only the lack of room which prevents us from growing our own vegetables. Still, the flowers are blooming, and we have even had a poem dedicated to their beauty. Security forbids me to repeat this epic verse.

WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.—Where a certain N.C.O. learnt the command "Move to the right in column of fruit"?

Do the occupants of Chalet F.85 know their own beds, and, if so, is there a permanent cure for sleepwalking?

Who has decided again to go on the "straight and narrow," and what the reason is this time?

Does a certain N.C.O. "go to the dogs" in more than one sense on his regular visits to C——r?

What causes Lance Corporal C——'s G.H.G.'s caps, F.S., to fall off regularly at 23.00 hours?

SPORT.—A very useful programme of sport is now in operation, and we hope to be able to report great doings in the near future. The only result at present to hand is that of our first Soccer match with No. 2 Company, which we lost 3—1. Our heads are bowed with shame, but our hearts are filled with a grim determination to reverse this result. George—our goalkeeper—was off his feed for several days (when I mention that George is a Yorkshireman you will realise how deeply we feel), but he is now slowly recovering.

FLASH.—Corporal W—— J. relinquished command of the "Grippers Club" and Lance Corporal D—— J. G. takes over the position of "Gripper in Chief"—and does he know his job!

FINAL.—The "deadline" day is near at hand—the boys are yelling for their cigarette coupons—my eraser is almost worn out—so I must stay this flow of balderdash till next time. Adieu, kind friends, there will be more to come next month.

No. 2 Company

The task of reopening this Company's contributions to THE WIRE is no small venture after such a long silence, but having "volunteered" to change the Morse key for the pen something must be done.

It is with regret that we record the departure of our genial C.S.M. "Jim Crow" and Sergeant Gough for pastures new, and we wish them all the best. Of the former we can truly say that we were happy to work with him, while we imagine the latter's parting words were "One Vic Eddie and away we go." At the same time we extend a hearty welcome to C.S.M. Malvern. No. 1 Company's loss is our gain.

Best wishes to Lance Corporal Davies—look you. E.H.E. has lost his "sparring partner."

We still continue to be the most hardworked Company in the Battalion. So "pressure of work" is as good an excuse as any for the shortness of these notes.

However, to all those of our students who ask "Is it worth it?" we offer the following logical deductions.

A Test is a trial
Which is a suffering
Which is an injury
Which is a crime
Which is a rank injustice
A Test is a rank injustice.
Procedure is a study
Which is a reflection
Which is a disgrace
Which is a lowering
Which is a decline
Which is a decay
Which is rot.
Procedure is rot.

Before we say *adios* we should like to know:—

E-C: What is "gripper's" trade pay?

R-B-O: How's business?

J--k: Any "griff"?

S-d-y: How much service?

TICH.

No. 3 Company

After an absence from THE WIRE of a couple of months, Dixie Dean, in the same old joint, has asked me to give "the griffin" on No. 3 Company. By the way, congratulations, Dixie, on taking the "Whitehouse"—I have notified Franklin D. Nevertheless, it's really lovely to walk into the Battalion Orderly Room and still hear the air of officialdom—all those little back answers are terms of love, Dixie.

Lots has happened since my last edition. Peter Richards and I (with Bodley as cashier) ran a grand charity ball and raised over £70 for the S.T.C. Bombed Areas Distressed Fund. Sydney Lipton, of Grosvenor House and Royal Signals, led a band of famous stage and broadcasting instrumentalists, including our own Bobby Brown, Tommy Benton and George Johnston. The crush was so great that even had Mr. A. Hitler been present he would have remained unnoticed. Still, an enjoyable time, may we even say a very enjoyable time, was had by all. At the moment another stupendous, breath-taking, never before attempted, all-singing and dancing attraction in glorious Technicolor and produced by Tex Richards Enterprises Inc., is now in the embryo stage. Watch out for further announcements and note particularly—tickets will, like most other things nowadays—be rationed—so put those shinpads away, lads.

One of our subsidiary companies, which will in future be under the management of our Mr. Frank Budgett, is now running the Battalion dances—it is very gratifying to have now the presence of so many officers—thank you, Captain St. Clair Douglas. We did not want to make this a compulsory parade, but thanks all the same. (Tell Harry Kehr, someone.)

Cricket is now in full swing. Captain J. Sims (the ever faithful) is "Ink oblique Charlie."

To all ex-No. 3 Companyites—herewith find postings. Kitson is a "Q" now, Taffy Evans, late of C.I. staff, is our C.Q. When are you holding another party, Taff? Hank Hayward is a Sergeant in a field unit now (I only hope its stationary). Jock Garden is now a C.S.M. in G.T.

Reg. Greedy, Ben Holt, "Topper" Brown and "Spider" Kelly "pulled" so much that they got a second. "Spider" is now in No. 2 Company Ops.

Tom Hipperson got married, bless him. The lads gave him a real send-off. He is a Sergeant now. (Anyone in Egypt reading these notes, will you please bring this to the notice of the Purity League.)

Captain Woodward, our O.C., is at present away on an A.F.V. course, Captain Howarth is in the chair and is doing O.K., Lieutenant Atkin (ex-India Signals) is our second-in-command and is a good 'un.

Somewhere in the ranks of the Royal Signals is one Signalman Melling L. (O.S. 42). "What do the stars foretell?" asks Twink. Do you still take those week-ends off?

We are glad to welcome S.S.M. Swan (late of -th Armoured Divisional Signals) to the Company, although we understand his stay is only temporary. He brings us news of an old No. 3 Companyite—Jimmy Clements. Congratulations on your promotion, Jim, all the best for the future from Bunny and Peter.

We saw Sergeant "Muller" Smith exposing his body to the beneficial rays of the sun on the Ffrith the other day.

Oh, Mr. Sun, shine out again
And shine upon my abdomen.

He's now in a field unit and is "sweating" on C.S.M., at least.

If anyone knows Frank Redworth, Hank Tucker, Lieutenant Peter MacCreath, George Cleaver, Anthony Blake, Ginger Castle, Mr. D. C. P. Hall, Mr. J. C. Hardy, please remember Sammy Butler and your ace commentator and columnist, Texas Sheard, to them all.

We often think over the happy times of years ago in the old 1st Divisional Signals. Sidney Couldridge is here with us, as a *recruit*, and has just got his B111.

C.Q.M.S. Taffy Evans sends best wishes to Bob Dewhurst (ex-Peshawar District Signals). Sergeant Jack Addlesee sends his to Ginger Oates, of Shanghai Signal Section, and "A" Corps Signals, India. Lance Corporal Ted Neighbour, now on our Cadre, sends his love to all members of O.S. 42—personally we are glad he is away from that rough crowd. Anyway, good luck, lads, and a safe return.

Before hibernating again we must make mention of the outstanding work of the Staff Instructor and his charming chorines of the Operators Gym—how fine and healthy all the Cadre are looking—especially the Reveille shift. To Cecil Peck (late of the holiday camp), Corporal Winfield (moanin' Douglas), Corporal Wilf Hunt (always butting in, Corporal Freddie Hamlet (would lose himself) and last, but not least, Corporal Norman Sharpe (our treasured babe of Soccer fame)—we thank you, lads.

S O S.—If "Busty" Gardener is eavesdropping on this programme he might drop "Richie" a note when he has a moment to spare.

And now all you "grippers" I leave you—my onions are in and I know 'em—"Barney" knows them better.

My happy returns.

TEXAS.

Administrative Wing

What a strange race the English are, to be sure. It's this way:—

During our stay in this camp it seems to be one weary thing after another. (This isn't a running commentary on the T.W. playing golf.) How the lads moan when they get only one egg for breakfast, when it is bacon and eggs, and so forth; but when it comes to the saying of "Goodbyes" it then becomes plain how much they have enjoyed their little moan and stay. Ah! fickle soldiers!

This article really belongs to the hail and farewell department, but the job is really too big to name individuals. However, we offer those newcomers the freedom of the camp (with reservations) and a key to the back door; to those who have graduated from Operators we wish them all the pleasure that is to be had in their varied circumstances.

Among the notabilities for hailing is R.S.M. Bartley, S.S.M. Cook S. A. (hail and farewell) and S.S.M. Shergold L., who now has the reins which don't seem to make his fingers a bit sore, and that good combination of work with pleasure is evident.

Cupid has sorted out a couple of good sportsmen among the senior N.C.O.s and fate in the shape of Sergeant Eileen Whitehouse has caught up with Sergeant B. Deane, and to Sergeant J. P. Redgrave, charming Miss Helen Scotson. What a nice fate! Ain't life grand—if you don't weaken!

I have it on good authority that if margarine coupons had been necessary to procure the dresses for these events they would have made the peace pacts of a self-styled gentleman look like rare postage stamps. It is supposed the happy couples have temporarily said good-bye to the social side of camp life.

The quickest good-bye on record goes to the credit of the Company Clerk, who—perhaps I had better start at the beginning.

And it came to pass that the All High Priest did command all the lesser ones to tarry one evening and learn how to slay fire with squirt water and sand sewn in bags (incendiary bomb drill). It was also a day of feast for the Admin Scribe and of a handmaiden of Ministryoffood, another well-known tribe; and the Scribe did take a bass broom and scraper to himself so as to catch the chariot on time, looking tight and needy—beg pardon—neat and tidy. (He knew that cleanliness was the thing when platonic friendship was in the offing.) And it also came to pass that the High Priest, being attracted by the Scribe's gorgeous appearance in feasting raiment, did righteously think that he coveted the centre of the arena, and to honour him bid him to get cracking with the stirrup pump whilst in acrobatic postures on a muddy ground (the Scribe's thoughts definitely rhymed with "muddy"). When the pump had mastered him, and scattered everyone but the bomb, the various priests were told to depart.

Through a cloud of dust and some falling masonry the Scribe arrived at the local Wells-Fargo depôt with some fifteen seconds to

spare—on the wrong side—but after praying in the middle of the road for a few minutes, his luck finally changed. A friendly coal lorry helped him nearer his ultimate goal, and he only had to wait an hour while the maiden made up her mind what to wear in case it rained. I ask you, is it worth while keeping clean for the sake of a platonic friendship?

In the next issue I hope to be able to give an account of sport activities, but in the meantime, here's to the departed ex-members of the 2nd S.T.C. Soccer team, who played so many grand games during the 1940-41 season.

SIGNALSAM.

Training Wing

"TRAINING WING MARCHES ON"
(Pipe Down)

"Aussy" Partington posted at last! What will the office staff do now poor things? Also Signalman Charlesworth and Lance Corporal MacGregor's postings are in the wind. Training Wing's Chief Goon, Jimmy Fulton, has finished his course, and at the time of writing is awaiting posting (it won't be long now, Jimmy). Sergeant Bob Morphew has been promoted to C.Q.M.S. and has taken over "B" Company Stores. Sergeant Geordie Richardson, of "B" Company, has been posted to Training Wing, and has taken over Sergeant Morphew's job. We welcome him into Training Wing.



Sigmn. Sidney Lipton of Grosvenor House, London, now a potential Officer, training at 2nd S.T.C.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Sergeant Jack Blanshard. It came as a shock to everyone and all who knew him will realise the personal loss Training Wing has sustained.

Sandy Emery sent his wife away for a week. We are wondering why. He is our weapon training instructor, and does he know his stuff?

Grosvenor House Sydney Lipton is still with us. For two week-ends running he was on guard and we understand it was only with the greatest will power that he was able to resist calling out "This is Sydney Lipton calling" when doing a smashing "present" to the Brigadier.

Partington's successor in the Office, Signalman Morse, was, we understand, very interested in old church organs. Since finding his duties take him into female-staffed offices, he has, however, found other hobbies, and is often missing for long periods round about the time of the A.T.S. morning "break."

For the benefit of all ex "C" Group personnel, whether at O.C.T.U. or commissioned under the weight of pips, we have to announce that Sergeant Bill Spargo (The Terror) is still with us as Acting C.S.M. (You lucky people.)

Well, back to more periods of "Admin"!

JIM.

2nd Depot Battalion
"B" Company

On behalf of the Company, may I, as THE WIRE correspondent, extend our hearty welcome to our new Company Commander. Hoping his stay with us will be a long and happy one.

The N.C.O.s of the Company must be efficient in the use of the bayonet, in which training some of their time has been spent during the recent lull in Depot.

A series of games has been devised, embracing most forms of sport, all tastes being thoughtfully catered for. From this the Cadre obtain both pleasure and, in some cases, much needed exercise, when participating in the game of their choice. The Company also put up their usual good show in the Inter-Company competition. Let the good work go on. Before leaving this subject, much good time, thought and money has been spent by the organisers, so let a deal of interest and good support reward their effort.

We extend our congratulations to the "Gunners" who have received their full rank, "good luck" to both, but there will be more to follow. So don't worry "Jimmy," your turn will come.

In passing, we of the Company were sorry that "Geordie" went to Training Wing, but it was a fair exchange, possibly slightly in our favour, a Sergeant for a new "quarter bloke." We welcome you "Bob"—our congratulations if late, are none the less "The Goods." He, of course, replaced our old "Quarter," who went to "Admin. Wing" as C.S.M., the latter also being well deserved.

JIM.

HAVE YOU JOINED THE SIGNALS ASSOCIATION?

Yorkshire 3

3rd Operators' Training Battalion

No. 1 Company

The May-June squad competition developed into a youth v. old age duel in more ways than one. On the one hand we had squads competing who were nearing the end of their stay with the Company up against new arrivals and on the other hand we had squads consisting of youngsters competing against men nearly old enough to be their fathers.

Generally speaking the honours were fairly evenly divided. Squad 64b won the competition as a whole, this being something of a personal triumph for Sergeant Chatfield who, after winning it with a squad, 43b, in their last month with the Company, wins it with one in their first month. The concert was won by 54 Squad and the football by a squad of youngsters, 64a. O.S. 51 won the competition for the best-kept classroom.

The squad competition has almost been overshadowed by other events, route marches and field "schemes." The rivalry in these schemes is getting keener and keener and Sergeants are going about with furrows in their brows as they plot deeper and deeper strategy to outwit their rivals while the Signalmen vow bitter ends for their colleagues when they meet them in hand-to-hand combat.

The cricket team is getting under way and some dark horses have been discovered in the tennis tournament. The latest venture proposed is a golf competition, and if Mr. Harveyson holds his own at this perhaps the C.S.M. will be taking on all comers at bowls.

We have had quite a lot of news lately of former trainees who are wearing several stripes and, in some cases, crowns, and to all these we send greetings and congratulations.

J.H.M.



No. 2 Company

FIELD (?) TRAINING.—Newspapers in general were quick to condemn the Nazi march against Russia as an unwonted act of aggression, but we in No. 2 Company possess a full appreciation of the real significance behind the German march to the East, and in these notes is revealed exclusively to the world the hidden reason for Hitler's eastward move. No longer is there any necessity for bush beating; the truth is out at long last. Hitler is in full retreat. Where is his boasted march westwards against England? You may well ask. Hitler knows why he chose Russia instead of England, and so do we in 2 Company. Here is the well-guarded secret—field training! Yes, it won't be long now before the war is over, for the men of 2 Company are rapidly learning the art of looking like a tree branch. For some time the instructors had been convinced that the men resembled brick walls, but now the trainees gambol merrily about local hayfields, woods and golf courses, lose their direction, sweat mightily and swear hugely. For days on end platoon commanders walked about waving their arms mysteriously into the surrounding air, muttering strange words, and when the result of their learning was passed on to the Company the sight was wonderful to behold. It was like training sheep dogs. But now we are all security minded, and in a recent mock battle one of us dared even to render an officer hors de combat by the simple expedient of crashing him to the ground and sitting on him until his identity had been established. It is not true, incidentally, that the N.C.O. concerned in this hand-to-hand affray has been asked to leave the Army because he is too rough. If only we had a little more time and space at our disposal, what grand things we could write concerning a certain hay-field conversation!

MISCELLANY.—With summer in full swing—even this district has seen the sun twice—indoor activity has necessarily been somewhat curtailed and has given place to outdoor sport. But brief mention must be made of a successful smoking concert, followed later by a Company dance. And we in 2 Company possess a magnificent cricket team. We have yet to taste the bitterness of defeat—even when against 4 Company the odds were against us we beat them in a thrilling finish and maintained our unblemished reputation. We were glad to welcome Lance Corporals Anger and Butler back from the Depot D. and D. course—they each obtained an honourable Q.1, and by the time these notes appear Corporal Kench and Lance Corporal Roberts will have had their boots repaired, too, and begun to put on weight again. Several men who are hanging around the Company wearing

incipient moustaches are merely O.C.T.U. candidates, and we congratulate Lance Corporal Osborne on leaving the ranks of the unpaid. And, finally, in this hurried miscellany, written urgently because a browned-off Scotsman in Company office (he's just returned from leave and is correspondingly ill-tempered) is threatening dire things unless the notes are quickly completed, the whole Company joins in congratulations to C.S.M. Raymond, whom we hope will not be called upon to walk the midnight bedroom floor too often in order to soothe the addition to his family.

E.B.

No. 3 Company

The past month has been one of mixed fortunes—successes for a fortunate few, examination scares for many more and a generous distribution of duties—especially for the new arrivals from the Depot during duty week.

The heartening news for the Company was the return of the O.C.—Lieutenant C. F. Bunce—who, after what he described as "a painful holiday" in hospital, made a rapid recovery on sick leave and returned to his command with fresh vigour.

The cadre have made very little news this month. C.Q.M.S. Green has been posted from 2 Company to take over C.Q.M.S. Livingstone's post; he is no stranger to 3 Company for he was here about a year ago with three "tapes" up. Apparently the nerves of the cadre have been sorely tried in the lecture rooms, for several have been on leave. One Corporal has just returned from seven hectic days—of good clean fun (?) and returning in poverty he sought for gold!—picking out his victims from 25 yards he could tell at a glance whether a hand shake would be worth while.

Two squads are in the throes of Group "E" expectancy, another is polishing up for the B.III. There are some bright candidates and others not so bright—like the Signalman who indignantly protested that a "phonogram" was "an instrument with two cells connected in series." And while on the subject of instruments it would be advisable to remember that anyone who tries to borrow a hammer and chisel from the stores for a week-end is regarded with the blackest suspicion—after that small instance of someone testing his knowledge on repairs to the Creed apparatus with some such tools. The culprit has not yet been found, "Watsonian" theory is that he must have been one of the unfortunates who have become unhinged after enduring the horrors of Creed key drill.

Route marches and other "pleasant recreations" have been creeping into the syllabus—so far everyone has stayed the course. The "Colonel" had a good evening on one exercise; after "capturing" four Home Guards he was conducted—against his wish—to a "local" where the prisoners insisted on drinking his health in many rounds. The "Admiral" has not yet fared so well; he has difficulty in hill descent, and has a habit of creating havoc in the ranks. The "Colonel" was seen to go to his assistance as he got into a steady roll on one hill and so prevented the Platoon being knocked down like ninepins. It's fortunate that Lance Corporal Short has no such habits, for with a life of ease, the "Viscount's" girth is now rapidly overhauling his height. At the end of an evening he has been known to stow away four suppers and still complain of hunger pains.

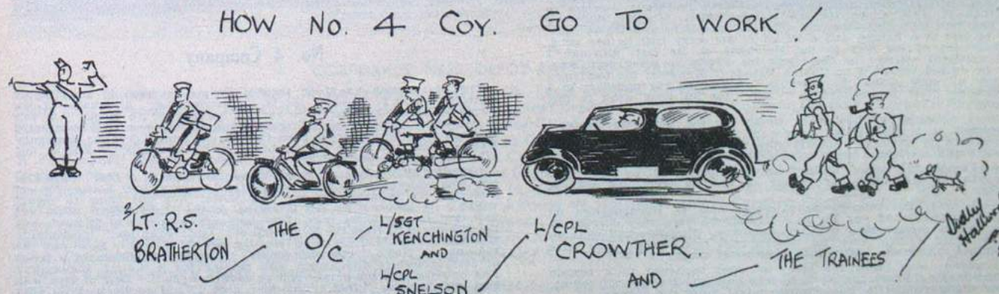
Lance Corporal James W. has passed through the numerous boards and interviews and awaits posting to a Pioneers' O.C.T.U.

The Entertainments Committee organised another dance and it was quite as successful as the first. The organisers were thanked by the O.C., and he at the same time hinted at a forthcoming Company concert.

There has been only slight activity—to use Air Ministry language—on the sports side. The Company have failed so far to win a match at cricket. Lance Corporal H. Lawrence has held his place in the Battalion elevens, and an evening match between 62a and b Squads ended in a draw, with good scores of 67 and 60 by Signalmen Major and Lamb respectively.

No. 4 Company

How do you do everybody! The task of obtaining material for these notes becomes more and more difficult month by month. The thought of having to cook up news makes me hot round the neck, and under the present circumstances it looks very much as if I shall have to say a lot about nothing. Incidentally, is any scribes from other units have a few tips to give away about the job they will be gratefully received by "yours truly." I often wonder, too, if it necessitates the carrying of a little book in which is entered the resultant material derived from the knowledge of that old saying, "See all, hear all, say nowt." The other part of that is, I think, irrelevant at the present moment.



We are now adapting ourselves to the mechanical device recently introduced for teaching Morse. It is not uncommon, if you walk round the billet at the dead of night, to hear a whole squad muttering in their sleep, all in perfect rhythm, and it goes something like this: "Dit, dit, dit, *da* dit." Makes you think!

Recently we have had a new innovation in our training—none other than our old friend "Field Exercises." Of course, you can spot an old Boy Scout or member of the O.T.C. a mile off. The last time we were out on the spot one of the old boys, pondering over a foot mark on a gravel path, said to his Section, "Ah! 60 Squad, follow my men." They must have had their squad number stamped on their studs, I think.

DEPARTURES.—Recently we have lost Corporal Poole and Lance-Sergeant Hickson. We wish them both the best of luck in their new Units. You would be surprised "Ted" how many people (I said people) have been looking for you around here.

AGONY.—I really must put this one in with these notes. It is an extract from an examination paper, handed in by one of our bright youths. "Tests for Fullerphone: Pull switch out and you should get a slight humming sound. To test batteries: Press cradle switch and you should hear clicks in the earphones. See that the cheese-headed screws are tight and screwed up properly. To test if current is going out to line, place your fingers on the line terminals, turn the generator handle and you should get a shock. The Fullerphone is run by D.C., which is only produced by a hand generator. A Fullerphone can only send speech, has only one receiver connected to the microphone, no pressel switch, but just a cradle switch. The microphone acts as a transformer and can only be heard by another Fullerphone." The poor lad was a bit confused, was he not? It is a wonder he did not say that it only worked on four megacycles.

Instructor to trainee: What is a crystal?

Trainee: A round, spherical glass job into which a mystic gazes and tells you your future for a small charge. (A.C.)

Instructor to trainee: What is a potentiometer?

Trainee: A future officer.

SPORT AND CRICKET.—Inter-Company league is being run in the Battalion in which we are participating. At present we have had great success, having played four matches and won all four fairly easily. Three of our eleven have been playing in the Battalion team and we hope that by the end of the season we shall have still more of our representatives in this team.

That is all folks, au revoir and happy landings.

VERLY BARR, JUNIOR.

3rd General Trades Training Battalion
Administrative Wing

With cigarettes still on short ration, a beer drought rapidly assuming critical proportions, Jim worrying the life out of everyone for his discharge, plus the sundry other trials and tribulations of this Army existence, both opportunity and inclination for writing bright and breezy WIRE notes are lacking. First of all, let me confess that "Taffy" is on leave, a fact which may subsequently account for the inferior quality of these notes. But how would you, dear reader, get along if someone left you a chit of extreme brevity, thus: "Thack. WIRE notes." No more, no less. A slip of paper oozing encouragement and inspiration. "Thack. WIRE notes." A saying, indeed, to rank equal with the great words of great Englishmen. Well, chaps, this is "Taffy" doing his stuff, for better or for worse, mostly for worse. And if he's not on a charge by the time he has finished, then Providence will surely be on his side.

All things being unequal, for such is our bitter experience, we may as well begin at the top and work our way down and across. By the top I mean no other than our C.O., whose enthusiasm and zest for physical development since returning from the Senior Officers' P.T. course has reduced not merely his weight but, in far greater degree, the corpulence of certain subordinate officers and other ranks. Judged strictly from the medical aspect, early morning swimming and P.T. might well be the ideal antidote for all bodily ills. Judged strictly from the mental aspect of the poor fellow who must suffer this 6 a.m. violence and nervous strain, it is a certain ticket for discharge. As he gingerly places one dithering foot in the icy cold water, the little trip-hammers of his brain declare: "You'll get pneumonia." "You'll get bronchitis," "You'll get flu." Strangest of all, none of these fears attain realisation and, fortunately or otherwise, the deep-seated knowledge of the medical profession wins the day. August bathing has its pleasures, but we dread forthcoming below zero days of November and December. Brrrrrr! Yet perhaps the good, kind Army will warm it up for us.

Though Administrative Wing is quickly becoming a centre for physical crocks (low medical category men), we managed to acquit ourselves reasonably well at the recent Leeds Road sports, thanks to the assistance of some P.T. wallahs. Everyone was a trier if not a doer, and the team somehow managed to finish fourth, which wasn't last even if near to it. To Corporal Roberts we hand the laurel as the only one of 25 men who could put the "hand grenade" in the little circle. We still think it was luck. Some of the competitors, by the manner of their throwing, would have missed the local gas works—which no doubt explains the absence of spectators at this event. Several of the team, incidentally, were almost reduced to hospital or grave by the wild and woolly efforts of their colleagues.

By the way, everything in our air raid shelter garden is not so lovely. We notice that our beloved cabbages, lettuces, cauliflowers and other delicacies of the vegetable family are thinning out at an alarming rate. The point is: Who does the thinning and whither do they go? We hoped to see those lovely heads of lettuce, chubby radishes and so precious onions gracing our mess-room table. But have they? No, a thousand times No. Just the same, we are hoping that our energetic policemen will shortly take up poultry farming and butter-making. It would be a grand surprise to have boiled eggs and fresh butter for tea one day. There are lots of other suggestions we could make to help our R.P.s pass the time, but fear of the "clink" puts the brake on our tongues.

And talking of food (work, food and sleep are the only interests of our Administrative Wing soldiers, with an occasional dash of wine, women and song), we beg to thank all those responsible, four cooks particularly, for the improvement in our messing. Now it's a treat to go for breakfast, dinner and tea. Briefly, if eating spells happiness, then we are happy again—mostly, anyway. Even the old soldiers don't grumble so much nowadays, and that's saying a lot.

Once again the past month has produced numerous arrivals and departures, so let us say the "cheerios" first. To Signalmen Hall and Potter, who have gone to "higher authority" and to whom we extend our best wishes for future progress. To Signalmen Cox and Cox, whose company we thoroughly enjoyed while on a Pay Duties course. To Signalman Locke, whose departure for civvy street made us all a little envious and to Signalman Vandenburgh—all gone, but not forgotten.

Among those we welcome to the fold are Signalman Skene, who looked aghast at the mess-room lingo until he discovered it to be harmless; Sergeant Conroy, A.E.C., whose French classes would be made far more attractive by the personal tuition of a bevy of mademoiselles from the Casino de Paris; Signalmen Ward and Juchau, Pay Course blokes, the latter more concerned about his "girl in every port" than who is winning the war; and Corporal Williams, whose cheery presence (though not so happy at the breakfast table, we've noticed) is always desirable.

The big hand goes out to Corporals Bassett and Williams on gaining Q1 at the D. and D. Course. Q1's aren't chicken-feed, as any Ossett guest will testify, so they must have worked hard. The big hand of sympathy also goes out to Lance Corporals Fenton and Perkins who, at the time of writing, are still on the D. and D. Square. Trouble with these D. and D. chappies is that they come back brimful of ideas to be tried out and tested on us already over-worked Administrative Wing lads. We just love our N.C.O.s on such occasions.

Congratulations to Captain Barley and Captain Allan on their promotion to the three-star rank, and to U/A/Sergeant Lloyd, U/A/Corporal Henstone, Lance Corporals Stroud, Perkins and Rigby on their various appointments. So far as we mere Signalmen are concerned, we don't seek chevrons but could certainly do with the extra cash involved. Unfortunately, you can't have the additional dough without the added responsibility.

Neither stripes nor money have much interest for Jim. All he asks is a very simple thing—his discharge. Yet nothing he can do seems to accomplish that object. If you want to know anything about discharge whether it be K.R.s, A.C.I.s, N.C.O.s, etc., etc., just ask Jim. He knows all the answers but the one to his own problem. We tell him he's too efficient. Maybe that is the answer.

Keep your chins up, boys. You'll be back in your own homes by Christmas.

THACK.

No. 1 Company

Here we are again, chaps. Another month nearer to the spring of 1944. Everything here is just about the same, but things appear to be taking a decided change everywhere else.

I think "Fritz" must have heard all about our elaborate defences at No. 1 Company because he definitely appears to be giving this town a miss.

Before I proceed any further, I would like to say farewell to Capta'n Williams, the late Officer i/c Training and extend a hearty welcome to Lieutenant N. A. C. Clubb, the new training officer. Captain Williams, who has been with this Company since its inception, was looked upon more or less as a fixture, and a lot of us are sorry that he has gone. He went out of his way to put the band on its feet, although I often wondered whether he questioned his efforts as being good ones, when he walked behind it on Church Parade! However, the bandsmen are now all good chaps, the music is definitely on the upgrade, so I am sure we must be indebted to "Jas" for his good work in this capacity.

I must apologise to Lieutenant Clubb for not heralding his new appointment in a more fitting manner in my July contribution, but in this instance his fame had not travelled before him, therefore I could not write of something I knew nothing about, could I?

P.S.—Despite the heavy "blitz" on training, it will be noted that the goods are still being turned out as well as ever (and without coupons).

By the way, the inter-company sports held at Headquarters on 2nd August was a bad egg for us. I think we were very unlucky in having to play second fiddle to No. 3 Company. Probably had we been able to afford a little time for practice the tables might well have been turned. However, better luck next time, chaps.

Has anyone ever heard the story of what happened to a certain Sergeant Major's Venus the week he was away on leave? Of course, I know nothing about it, but someone might know the answer.

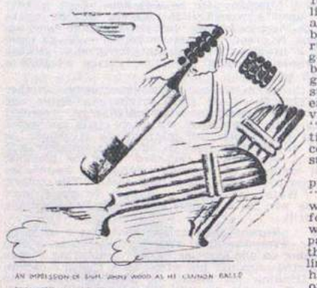
SERGEANTS' MESS.—A good time was enjoyed by all (we hope) who attended the recent "At Home" in the W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess. After having been renovated the Mess looked "hawfully naice." You must excuse the Oxford Sing-Sing accent, but it is so catching—for a Sergeant who goes by the name of Buss Bar is certainly on the up-grade—what with "*Do* have a chip, Joan" and "Ginanlime, please." What with the extra penny going for unaccountables, things are looking up—"ain't" they, Jimmy? Nice work, caterer!

What is the answer regarding Leeds is the burning question now. What is the "101"? Is it a kind of polish and why does the lift not work? Possibly the Brains Trust could assist.

SECRET SERVICE.—I wonder which officer it was who forgot to supply the necessary "implement" when a superior desired to "Dig for Victory"?

No. 3 Company

During the past month the weather has been somewhat variable, as might be expected for the time of the year, but despite occasional set-backs our cricket teams have fulfilled most of their programme. The "B" team, as previously reported, reached the final of the local Evening Cricket League Competition, but, unfortunately, found O.T.B. just a little too good for them at the last post and were beaten by some 20 odd runs. Our team put up a good show, however, and but for the loss of two good wickets at a critical stage of the game might easily have brought off a victory. Well played, "gang," and congratulations, O.T.B., on your continued run of unbeaten success.



AN IMPRESSION OF SGT. JIMMY WOOD AS HE CANNON BALLS FROM ONE WICKET TO ANOTHER

One of the most prominent spectators was "Our Sergeant Major," who, "smart" fellow, found a comfortable seat within easy reach of the pavilion and ably guided the team from the touch-line. Since that evening he has received his posting orders and has left us for fresh fields and pastures new. His cheery personality and his ready understanding of his men will be greatly missed in 3 Company, where he had a lengthy stay, and I, at any rate, shall also miss one whose ready wit and ready appreciation of a humorous situation, even if the joke was against himself, often provided me with material for these notes.

In his place we have extended a warm welcome to S.S.M. King, who returns to us after being at 4 Company for a spell. S.S.M. Wyers, whom we congratulate upon entering the state of holy matrimony, has left us for 4 Company, and we also bid him a cordial farewell and wish him every success in his new sphere of activity. Talking of marriage reminds us that a certain office personality has also "hooked" a wife. We shall not forget his reply when he was presented with the office staff's gifts at a small ceremony in the O.C.'s office. It was the one time we've heard him speechless.



Other memories include a recent "scheme" during which a certain office N.C.O. found that the "secrets" box was rather a heavy handful to move in a hurry (it just wouldn't come unstuck); several other personalities distinguished themselves by sprawling head first over sandbags which were placed on imaginary incendiaries; and others looked rather forlorn sitting on the office furniture in the middle of the street.

To close, unless our amiable cartoonist has again turned up trumps, cheerio, till next month.

CHIPPY.

No. 4 Company

The past month has been notable for an increase in such manly activities as P.T., tabloid sports and swimming. All ranks of the Company have taken part with varying success. "All Ranks" in this case is not a figure of speech, for the Company has been well represented amongst those hardy sprites from the Officers' and W.O.s' and Sergeants' Messes, who trot down to the baths, swim a couple of lengths and after ten minutes lively P.T. stagger back again.

DEPARTURES.—We must apologise to Sergeant "Ned" Sparkes, who was whisked away from amongst us at very short notice, for not recording his departure in our July notes. We had come to regard "Ned" as someone on the inventory of the Light Repair Shop, but now that he's gone we miss those hair-raising stories of Dunkirk and the familiar wail from the M/T Park of "Cor! wrap up." Incidentally, the air in the M/T Park is slightly less blue now. How well we remember "Ned's" constant prayer—to be put in charge of a batch of Jerry prisoners and armed with nothing but a "dirty, big knife." And how we hope his prayer will be answered—soon. Best of luck with that new section, "Ned," and how does it feel to be back in your native "Smoke"?

The postings this month have hit the old ship well below the water-line. S.S.M. "Banger" King has been snatched away from our side and set down again at 3 Company, where he has, according to Bazaar news, entered into his new duties with a will—and a way. "Banger" also had a prayer; it was to get back amongst the Valentines, Churchills and Waltzing Matildas. Well, there's still time, "Banger," and in the meantime sit tight, and may the new job soon lead to higher things. We'll reserve our congratulations until it does.

We have to say good-bye and good luck to Signalman "Hutch" Hirst, whose crooning from the Company exchange we shall miss. Also we should have known that we couldn't keep our two "chipples," Signalmen Aspin and Woodward, for ever, and sure enough they have been discovered and posted. They leave behind them a series of monuments to their skill ranging from cupboards and filing trays to black-out screens and that solid edifice, the ramp, in the M/T Park.

Driver Wellesley, budding Irving of the Garrison Theatre, has packed his kit and, if Hitler's invasion programme maintains its present speed, will appear at the Opera House, Berlin, next spring. Who's going to wangle the props for our next "Smoker"?

ARRIVALS.—Welcome to S.S.M. "Chalky" Wyers, who fills the breach left by S.S.M. King L. J. Not that he's exactly a stranger, for his appearance at our Mess table is no less familiar than his signature on our A.B. 400's. Now you'll see maintenance from our point of view, "Chalky."

Our inner man has benefited by a visit from Sergeant "Haggis" Hyndman. Mrs. Beeton had nothing on him, for he has enriched our vocabulary as well as our diet sheet. I'll tell 'em!

Welcome to Signalman Punton, Driver Gorton and Private Miller, A.T.S.

SOCIAL.—The Thursday night dances are more popular than ever. Hot weather seems to increase rather than decrease the attendances, and the floor has been packed to capacity. So has the bar (ask C.Q.M.S. Redfern) and we frequently sell right out.

BALL AND CHAIN CLUB.—Congratulations and welcome to our latest member, S.S.M. "Chalky" Wyers, who has just taken the matrimonial plunge. Please understand, "Chalky," that it is a distinct honour for a man to have two paragraphs of these notes all to himself when he has only been in the Company a week. Take a bow.

SPORTS.—After last month's trumpet-blowing, we now sing small. Although the Company came out on or near the top in tabloid sports held on Wednesday afternoons on our own ground, we were placed sixth of seven teams at the Battalion sports held on Saturday, 2nd August. The winners, 3 Company's "A" team, put up an excellent performance. Our low place does not reflect the keenness and effort put forth, and our real difficulty seems to have been one of finding enough men to fill the team. May we scrounge a little reflected glory from the fact that the winning team was led by Corporal Peet, of 4 Company, who was attending a course at 3 Company at the time?

AGONY.—C.S.M. Clarke E. A. would like to hear from old comrades of the 56th Divisional Signals.

3rd Depot Battalion

Administrative Wing

The activities of Admin Wing since last we appeared in these pages have been many and varied.

Having survived the dictatorship of "——— Joe," we are now being rejuvenated under the constant supervision of our new Sergeant-Major.

A true Scot, he has aroused us from our lethargic outlook on life and now each one of us is constantly "on our toes" (we have to be?).

The "Joy Through Strength" movement which is present sweeping the Battalion, has quite caught on with we "Wingers." In the evenings, the pen, shovel, rolling pin or brush are discarded for the racquet, bat, running shoes or gloves—thus do Admin Wing attain that schoolgirl complexion, which is rapidly becoming the envy of the Battalion.

The Pay Office practise tennis strokes with one hand whilst filling in Allowance Forms with the other, paper chasing is common in the Orderly Room, while the Cookhouse and Mess Room Staffs indulge in "light" exercise which is becoming apparent in the pastries and pie crust. So much for sport.

Things we'd like to know?

Who is the N.C.O. who talks so much in his sleep that the "boys" stay awake at night trying to absorb his technique?

Who was it who spotted the ghost (later found to be a sports vest drying)?

SCOTIA.

"A" Company

Here we are back again after our lapse of last month. We don't often have a strafe, but one must stand up for one's rights. It is against the Editor of this well-known "Rag." How long has "depot" been spelt "operators"? Shame on you—or if you don't think we are still in existence you should come on to the patch of asphalt, which we call our square, when our C.S.M. has got out of the wrong side of the bed. Having got that off my chest, here goes with the remainder of the dope, which incidentally is not very exciting. We are still functioning as a company, but only just. Our main object in life there days is to try and keep what goons we get on the square instead of having them distributed around the world on various fatigues, this, of course, not because we are fond of work, but having a reputation to maintain we have go to do summat. Some of our D.I.s have been noticeable for the interest they are displaying in those bold works of art which are confined to the covers of the books which are finding their way over from the other side; they have always been noted for having a discerning eye for form and carriage. We



CORPORALS' MESS, DEPOT BATTALION, 3RD S.T.C.

Back Row: Lance Corporal Quinton L. R. A., Lance Corporal Dow R., Lance Corporal Carrick J. A., Lance Corporal Curtis W., Corporal Sellar J. C., Corporal Court, R. V. C., Lance Corporal Douglas A. C., Lance Corporal Harmer D. W., Corporal Coates P., Corporal Robertson H., Lance Corporal Davidson J., Lance Corporal Wigmore M. B., Lance Corporal Walton G. J. F.
Second Row: Corporal Watmough L., Lance Corporal Alvin B., Lance Corporal Andrews, Lance Corporal Senior D. H., Corporal Cameron R. F., Corporal Bagnall W. H., Lance Corporal Anderson C. A. G., Corporal Stinton E., Corporal Cook N. J., Lance Corporal Baker S. G., Corporal Nash A., Lance Corporal Gibson, Corporal Clarke R., Lance Corporal Wigley F. E., Lance Corporal Bonigal W. E., Corporal Klein H.
Third Row: Lance Corporal Scruton R., Lance Corporal Arnold E. H., Lance Corporal Pratt W. R. E., Lance Corporal North J. A., Lance Corporal Anderson J., Lance Corporal McGrath M. M. P., Corporal Young W., Corporal Janion, Corporal Dennis, Corporal Firmin E. J., Corporal Blair T., Lance Corporal Quinn, Corporal Pashley E., Corporal Webb C., Lance Corporal Holt K. S.
Fourth Row: Corporal Allan J., Corporal Smith G., Corporal Barrs A. V., Corporal Metcalf V., R.S.M. Clevett A. E., Major R. Lazenby, Lieut.-Colonel P. C. Snatt, M.C., Captain P. W. Quick, Corporal Stockley A., Corporal Halls L. C. J., Corporal Newton L. A., Lance Corporal Frost F., Lance Corporal Harte, Corporal Kerridge H. B.
Front Row: Corporal Day E. V., Corporal Dow L. G., Corporal McAllister B., Corporal Popplewell J. F. H., Corporal Duxbury L., Lance Corporal Rider J. A., Lance Corporal Foot W., Lance Corporal Clapham S. F., Lance Corporal Bradbury R. J., Corporal Leonard K.

regret to have to announce the departure of one of our chief offenders in this department, Sergeant Godley C. H., who has gone to try his powers of persuasion on fresh fields. Here's hoping the extra colour (Red or Ginger) he imparts to his present station is to his own benefit. Also we have had to say good-bye to our C.Q.M.S. Tommy Tickell, who was one of the bulwarks of the original Company when it was first formed. He has taken over the duties of R.Q.M.S. of the Depot. Here's luck to both of you.

SPORTS.—What I promised you some time ago should shortly come to light in this department, as since the improvement in the weather and the appointment of a new Sports Officer, we are on the point of a distinct avalanche of sports. Our only snag appears to be that there's only 24 hours in the day, and so many of them must be kept in the arms of Morpheus.

PROMOTIONS.—To Lance Sergeants Tayler and Fitzclark, and Corporal Coates, on having their ability at last recognised. Keep it up boys, the higher you go the less weight you have to carry.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—What it feels like when you make a date with a nice bit of homework and your better half turns up and you have to pass it on. The homework I mean, not the better half ? Congratulations to the Maestro on securing the Musical Directorship of the hideout of those N.C.O.s who have a tremendous amount of work to do.

SEXTON.

"B" Company

Beneath the sweltering sun, with no palms or stretches of sand, we, the poor hard-working writers of notes, endeavour to pen a few lines as news and amusement about the Company.

Nothing of importance has happened in the Company except that we actually started "Goon" training again after giving up all hope of our ever seeing any more "goons."

A startling piece of information came to light. We found we had a leading light in the Company; a real actor. Could anyone enlighten us on his job in the particular play ? Did he hold the horses, or was he barman at the White Horse Inn ?

No offence Grath old boy, it is only a "peg."

Ah ! And it is good to hear the drawl of Sergeant Murray in the Company again, after a period of instructing the unpaids in the D. and D.

DIS.

"D" Company

Once more we venture into print. (Fools rush in . . .). When last we wrote "D" Company was in a very poor state, but the patient is now sitting up and taking nourishment. In fact, the old "Alma Mater" is quite herself again.

The ebb and flow of the cadre continues and this month we have to record the departure of several well known and liked figures.

Sergeant Williams (The Cheery Chappie) has left us and is said to be keeping his end up at No. 1 Line Company. Lucky G.T.T.B.

Yet another has gone to the Line Company, namely Signalman Wills (Willie), the cycling clerk from the Company Office. "Go to it, Willie !"

Lance Corporal Baker, of the Muscle Developing Section, and Signalman Ansell, the pride of the Q.M. Stores, have gone to O.T.B., to improve their knowledge. Good luck to you both, chaps.

Sergeant (Tich) Hallam has also left to rejoin his own unit, while Lance Corporal (Don) Harmer has started on the arduous task which confronts every potential officer.

PROMOTIONS.—Congratulations are in order to Lance Sergeants Cameron and Newton, Corporals Cook, Foot, Firmin and Anderson, and Lance Corporal Houlden. "Nice work, lads !"

PAGE FROM A CLERK'S DIARY.—Sunday, battle squad. Monday, recreational training. Tuesday, duty clerk. Wednesday, study for C.2 clerks' test. Thursday, recreational training. Friday, duty clerk. Saturday, assist entertainments. "Who mentioned spare time ?"

SPORT.—We must congratulate our new Sports Officer on his energy and initiative. Under his magic touch sports grounds have appeared in the most unlikely places. No doubt cricket will soon be played in the Market Square.

APPENDIX TO RULES OF INTER-BN. LEAGUE CRICKET.—If you lose a game blame it on the pitch and declare the match void.

"THE HOLE IN THE ROAD."—"Drill and Duties" has been recently the scene of feverish activity (?) Junior N.C.O.s, specially picked for their expert knowledge, have been navvying on the Feast Ground and the result of their labours is now plain to see. A large and beautiful hole. We shall now have to apply to the local council for a night watchman to look after it in the approved manner.

Who knows the other meaning of N.A.A.F.I. ?

Further publications pending: "Marksmanship with Rifle and Revolver" and "The Finer Points of Cricket," by the same author as "Improvements to the Bren Gun."

London District Signals

Headquarters Section

This contribution has been badgered out of us. It is really too hot—much too hot—for anything like work or thinking (the latter is supposed to be unnecessary and inadvisable in the Army anyway). Nevertheless, as long as the censor will pass our reference to the weather, here we are again having completed another month of activity.

As a matter of fact, the chief activities of the Section which spring to the mind, apart from the usual odd involuntary appearances on the Square, are courses and leave. The latter is a particularly essential feature at this time of the year and we were glad to note that our Section Officer got in his first seven days less than four months after joining the Unit, thus setting a good example as distinct, we regret to say, from the Adjutant who is still fond of bewailing the long leave-less years which lie behind him. Not, of course, that he is altogether believed, for was there not an Adjutant's course by the banks of the sunny Thames recently and was not our Adjutant there ? Many would call that a pleasant leave ! Then there was Sergeant Morgan who attended another of these courses so delightfully situated by the river and spent such a pleasant fortnight that he is reported to be making desperate applications for a "refresher."

The culmination came when Lance Corporal Broome was rudely wrenched from his hallowed seclusion in 3 Company office and despatched in company with Lance Sergeant Day on a pay course, which apparently shook him to the core. The real trouble appears to have been the beer, which ran out soon after the commencement of the course. Lance Corporal Broome is back with us now, but he is a shadow of what he was. He cackles hideously in his sleep, burbles ceaselessly about cash requisitions and has frequent brain-storms during which he wants to remuster as a "scruff."

Otherwise the work of the Section goes on uneventfully. The clerks have another new face at the registration table, for Signalman Laidlaw, the expert, is in hospital, whence we wish him a speedy discharge. The others of our most recent additions have now settled down. Signalman Booker, in fact, is doing so well in 2 Company that C.Q.M.S. Hammerton is seriously contemplating retirement. Rumour insists that he and C.Q.M.S. Muir are about to form a debating society with a grand opening meeting on "Company Administration." (Rifles, bayonets and broken bottles will be left outside.) We, personally, think it's too hot for that sort of thing. Certainly, it's too hot to write any more of this so a thankful farewell to such readers as have got this far, until next month.

No. 1 Section (Workshops)

There are not many changes or activities of special interest to record this month. In spite of the recent spell of exceptionally hot weather work has proceeded normally in the workshops. The use of P.T. kit while at work has been a welcome concession and has done much to overcome the inconveniences of the hot spell. The fitters' shop have had plenty on hand to keep them busy. Motor bikes seem to roll in in a never-ending stream for overhaul besides other jobs of a kindred nature. Now that our old friend, Signalman Basson, has deserted us for No. 5 (Drivers) Section, other hands will have to be found for prying into the secrets of magnetos, dynamos, etc.

We welcome back to the fold Signalman Wadey after a long absence at an out station. He will be a useful addition to the electricians' shop, especially as they have a very depleted staff at present to carry out their battery charging duties.

The I/M shop is also kept pretty busy these days and at all times is a veritable hive of industry. One of their worthy members has acquired a double-barrel name which, when called out on parade, greatly adds to the prestige of the Section.

Our carpenter has departed for a week at camp and we understand is being kept very much occupied. If he uses all the nails and screws he drew from stores before his departure he certainly will have done a hefty job of work.

Not actually within the scope of these notes, but an event worthy of recording, is the establishing of a Corporals' Mess. This is, indeed, a useful adjunct to the Unit. We are hoping that it will be well patronised and will help to promote a close and friendly contact between all the N.C.O.s.

S.M.

No. 3 (Linemen) Section

The most important event since our last notes were published has been the arrival of a mechanical layer, together with our own buggy. Most days have seen a party out for training. Sergeant Duffin is now an accomplished driver, though the number of gate-posts that were knocked down at first gave one the impression that he thought he was in the Tank Corps. The rumour that "Schmecklenuss" is to be presented to the Imperial War Museum is not confirmed.

Our hearty congratulations and best wishes to our Section Officer, Lieutenant Brunning, on the occasion of his marriage. He showed great courage by bringing his wife to a recent dance to meet his gang, but was very cute to keep her away from the more handsome members of the Section, particularly Sergeant Duffin, whose dynamic personality when with the fair sex is well known. However, we wish our officer every happiness and the best of luck.

There are a good number of non-driving drivers and quite a few non-riding Don R.s in the Unit, but our Section is unique in this respect. It possesses a non-trumpeting trumpeter. On the few occasions he did blow Reveille, it showed great consideration by not disturbing those who were still in the arms of Morpheus. Already he is known as the "Silent Voice."

Sergeant Duffin recently attended an A.A. and Aircraft Recognition Course, which he passed with distinction. Congratulations, Sarg. He never troubles to give even a casual glance up when a 'plane is overhead. He can tell you what type it is by just listening. That he would pass the aircraft recognition part of his course was a foregone conclusion. Duff has always had a natural flair for picking out and recognising "birds," so 'planes must have been easy for him.

Since our last notes, Lance Corporal Ward W. has gained his other stripe and now has the worries of the Section on his shoulders when Sergeant Duffin is otherwise employed. Nice going, Bill. Hope to see you in the Sergeants' Mess soon.

Sid Fackrell has returned to us again and is looking after our stores and equipment, which have grown considerably these past few weeks. Sid's only complaint now is that, as he has ticked about everything there is, there is nothing left for him to tick about. Give him a grouse and he's happy. Signalman Phillips is taking his summer vacation this year at Harrogate, on a Junior N.C.O.'s course. Signalman Hill has felt the urge of line-laying once more and has sacrificed his luxurious quarters in the Officers' Mess to join us again. Signalmen Welsh, Drage, Valentine and Emes have returned to barracks after a long absence at an out station. Their return will help Corporal Ward's biggest worry, the working out of the duty linesmen's roster each week. We were pleased to hear that Monty Taylor has made a successful recovery from his injuries sustained in an accident when he was crushed between two lorries. He will be back with us as soon as his leave expires. Before closing these notes there is one thing the Section would like to know. Has Arthur Lee been placed on the retired list or merely hibernating ? That's all until next month, when I hope our Sergeant will be able to catch another mug to write these notes.

Despatch Riders' Section

Many thousands of miles have rolled under our wheels since last month's WIRE, many dry miles, some wet, but most of them bumpy, an observation which will ruefully be confirmed by "Taffy" Davies, the Welsh wizard.

Curiously enough, the wet miles have been greatly in demand lately. A well-known "Recruit" D.R., who shows a marked preference for No. 7 and 11, insisted upon doing a lengthy Pool run *because* it was raining heavily, while other D.R.s try to start their runs early when it's raining in case it stops before they commence !

The reason for all this midsummer madness is that several men in the Section have been issued with new type waterproof riding equipment for testing and it has met with unanimous approval of the D.R.s.

We welcome 2nd Lieutenant F. G. G. Rapsey as our new Section Officer. He was well known to the Section before in connection with the Unit cricket team, of which he is a prominent member, but our acquaintance with his other athletic capabilities has been since widened at Section P.T. !

Signalman Jennings B. gave another of his too rare public performances of farmyard and bird imitations to an enthusiastic audience at the State Cinema recently, the cinema organist remarking at the end of the ovation that Jennings no doubt uses his talents, in spare moment, to amuse the WRENS.

Of promotions, we have had Lance Corporal Cooper-Keeble, to whom we extend the Section's congratulations for bringing back yet another "D" from the N.C.O.'s course. This outbreak of red hot Junior Scorpions.

N.C.O.s on the Square has justified the recruit's expression of Lance

Bob Orme has returned to the fold after a lengthy absence on a course, and we hope soon to have Signalmen Marsh, Hickling and Harrison back with us. We wish Reggie Collings every success with the R.A.F.

Our occidental poet laureate at last allows publication of a very descriptive account in rhyme of an actual Night Relief's duty written during the blitz months of last winter.

T.G.M.

D.R.'s SOLILOQUY ON A WINTER "BLITZ" NIGHT

Evening's upon us, daylight has gone,
It's time we were putting our riding togs on,
For even though shrapnel and bombs fall in showers,
There's work to be done in this city of ours.

We walk to the cookhouse with very great care;
It's dark, we might slip on a step that's not there;
"Know what's for supper ?" says someone to me,
"Meat pies and cocoa—too bad it ain't tea."

The lights in the cookhouse are shaded these days,
Not a glimmer must meet with the enemy's gaze;
The fellers are talking—just a low hum—
Though one bloke seems rather more merry than some.

He tells them a yarn, there's a laugh, "Any more ?"
So he ups an' obliges 'em with an encore,
There's jokes about Mary, Rosie and Kate,
Mingled with rattle of mug upon plate.

Up from the table, got to go now,
If we're late on parade there won't half be a row;
"Coming you fellers ? it's after ten past,"
"Don't talk so daft, man, that bally clock's fast."

Round to the garage, bikes on the Square,
The voice of the Sergeant says "Are you all there ?"
"Wilkinson ? Barron ? Gillingham ? West ?"
"Kelland you go round and chase up the rest."

Were standing at ease, it is quiet all round,
Till there comes from afar a familiar sound,
The evening alert, old Jerry's about,
Well, he's in for a shaking of that there's no doubt.

While we are waiting surrounded by gloom,
The searchlights flash up, guns start to boom,
There's the drone of an engine, the wham of ack ack,
The Hun with his Heinkel has had to turn back.

As the noise of the aeroplane fades from the ear,
We start our machines and slip into gear,
Straight off the Square, down to the gate,
The guard at the sentry box says "Good-night, mate."

The beat of our motors recedes in the night,
Till all that is seen is a distant red light,
Which in turn disappears in the mist-laden air,
As silence descends once again on the Square.

You'll hear us to-night, we'll be making the pace,
Taking despatches all over the place,
Riding through darkness in the small hours,
Keeping 'em rollin' till victory is ours.

J. WEST.

21st December, 1940.

No. 5 M.T. Section Drivers

After nearly two months, 2nd Lieutenant Collingham has left the Drivers' Section and has been posted to a sub-station. 2nd Lieutenant Parsonage, until recently at an out station, is now Officer i/c of No. 5 Section—we give him a warm welcome.

We have quite a number of changes to report in the personnel of No. 5 Section this month. Lance Sergeant Robson is back in the Section again after spending quite a time in the M/T Stores, Sergeant Fisher is also back "on the job" after his "rest cure" down at the camp. Sergeant Fussell has been in charge of P.T. during the absence of Sergeant Rendell (P.T. instructor), who has been on a course at Aldershot. Lance Corporal Logie has returned from a Junior N.C.O.'s course which he passed very successfully, and Lance Corporal Williams and Driver Wiltshire are still away on N.C.O.'s course. We have now nearly as many N.C.O.s in the Section—including three Sergeants—as there are "Driving Drivers !" Driver Roberts F. G. and Driver Boynton have returned to barracks after several months at an out station, and Driver Wood has been posted to an out station, while Driver Hollands G. W. is temporarily away from headquarters—also at an out station. Life at an out station is, by all accounts, very pleasant and seems to be preferable to the Barracks—we suppose there must be a reason ? Who did bite Driver "Jim" Bright ? Glad to see that he is now nearly his old self after a week's sick leave to recuperate from a very badly swollen face.

The arrival of several new Army vehicles at the Barracks caused quite a stir and also quite a bit of disappointment in the Drivers' Section. It was hoped that they were intended to replace some of the "old crocks" now in the garages, but apparently we shall have to wait a little longer for this to happen. The new vehicles are being sent to sub-stations and are also being used by the Linemen's Section at the Barracks who handle, drive and maintain them themselves.

My pen is running dry and I am afraid so are the notes for this month. Cheerio, until the next issue of THE WIRE.

JNO.

Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess

The old place has changed a bit since our last notes, for the Mess is now the possessor (on generous loan, it is true) of a full-sized table tennis table, with the result that several of our members, including Sergeant Robson have had to go on a slimming diet in order to be able to wedge themselves into what space remains for meals. Enthusiasm for this new sport seems likely to last as long as the celluloid is available. Matches have been arranged and, despite the heat wave, there is a tournament in full swing. There are reports that Sergeant Duffin has been observed in the Mess at dead of night practising furiously and very furtively, and it has been increasingly apparent from his meal-time harangues recently that he has confident designs on the title.

The other activities of the Mess during the past month have been based more and more on the "go and soak your head" principle, the head (and body) soaking being carried out in neighbouring swimming pools. "Fairy," among others, has found this to be a refreshing change after a day on the Square with his "children" and, according to his own story, he broke a seven years' abstinence the other day by jumping in the deep end.

For the rest the pace of the Mess has appreciably hotted up, particularly at meal-times. This is believed to be due to the sad inroad made on the lunch hour by the earlier parade. The post-prandial snorers now have to cut down their time by half and a hasty lunch means a correspondingly longer sleep.

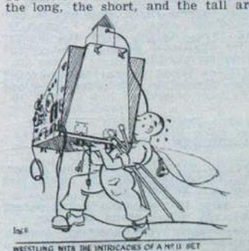
Owing to the sad lack of news this month, we had intended to interview some of the Mess members on their "Secret Passion," but, in the first place we are too lazy in this heat and, in the second, our preliminary attempts to extract this valuable information have been greeted so far with an incomprehensible bellicosity (which means to say that we are a bit apprehensive of physical violence).

"Johnnie" we can read like a book. Since his course he wants to put on a red cap and arrest every Brigadier within sight. C.Q.M.S. Thomas we can read like a book. He wants to inflict a slow and terrible death on everyone wearing a red cap. As we always said, there is no pleasing everybody, so we will please ourselves and say cheerio till September.

Training School

Have you ever read the inventory of the contents of a schoolboy's pockets ? You all know the type of thing—one rusty pocket knife, value 50 fag cards; one pea-shooter, slightly bent, on loan from Percy Simpkins; two pieces of much-knotted string; three pieces of dried orange-peel; a ha'pennyworth of barley sugar candies, very sticky and looking most unappetising; two liquorice allsorts, appropriated from Winnie Wilkins; a piece of second-hand chewing gum; last week's Comic Cuts, soiled, but still worth a large apple; a few marbles; the broken remains of a catapult; a few bent nails and sundry other objects!

If a fully descriptive nominal roll of the personnel at present in training at the School of Operators at London District Signals could be written it would read very much like the above inventory. Truly, the long, the short, and the tall are well represented, but their tastes and peculiarities are too widely varied for detailed description in this short chronicle. Arthington-Davies — a veritable museum-piece of the Barracks, hails from Burnham-on-Sea, a muddy little resort of the west, and presumably represents the "rustic" element—or is it merely at the school because it is generally believed that "old soldiers" stiffen the morale of the "rookies." Robinson H., better known as "Robbi," represents all that is cultural and progressive, hailing as he does from the academic town of Cambridge, but this fact is not indicated by his conversation, nor by the many "retort courageous" to which he frequently gives vent. A large proportion of "Geordies"—who are as bewildered by the Cockney accent as the Cockneys are by their own—a smattering of Welsh—and, I believe, a little straight Scotch—and you have a sketchy picture of the mob about which I am writing.



WRESTLING WITH THE INTRICACIES OF A NO. 11 SET

You may well raise your eyes in surprise and ask, "What the devil is this motley crew doing at London District Signals? I don't imagine that I am revealing any secrets when I tell you that they have been assembled from a number of civilian schools in various parts of the country and that they are now looking at lamps, puzzling over procedure, swotting switchboard operating, fiddling with Fullerphones, di-daing on D Mk. 5's, and wrestling with the intricacies of gigantic No. II sets in an effort to take their B.3 Trade Board!

Under the able guidance of Sergeant Roe—a self-made man—Corporals Norman, Hansford and Co., and with 2nd Lieutenant Kovachick keeping an eagle eye upon development, lending a friendly hand and occasionally delivering a most interesting and instructive lecture, great progress has been made in the past few weeks, although the commencement of the course seemed a little slow and complex to us.

A number of fortunate (?) individuals have already left these precincts to take up duties as fully-fledged operators in various parts of London—but though our numbers have diminished, the cheerful, friendly atmosphere has been maintained!

Much could be written of "square bashing" and of some highly-efficient (? ! *) "schemes" which have been arranged to initiate the bewildered rookies into the requirement of a good operator, but in this connection the old maxim appears to be most appropriate—"the least said, the sooner mended."

Of the many doubtful phrases and pass words in use at the moment the most used at the school seems to be "Where do we go from here?" For, by the time the next "line" is published, this cheerful, if nondescript, bunch of rookies, now fairly confident of attaining their trade rating, may be scattered over a wide area, all conscientiously key-clicking for the great cause. But I am sure that often, in the still of the night—or when the period of guard duty seems boringly long—or when the lads gather around a roaring fire for a yarn, many a smile will be raised and many a minute spent in pleasant reflection on the days at London District Signals Headquarters.

A.A. Divisional Signals, South-East England

Headquarters.

The Unit sports meeting proved a very successful event and the organisers must be congratulated on the smooth running of the whole affair. Some really first-class athletics were seen, the weather was kind, and if the outward signs of the Headquarters personnel were any criterion, everybody must have enjoyed themselves. Our representatives from Headquarters did not garner in many points, but they displayed plenty of enthusiasm and proved no mean challengers.

Although there has been a continual downpour of rain and a marked improvement in the condition of the grass, the goat's milk supply has not increased. This, however, must be put down to the absence of "Ginger" Osborne, to whom, as we all know, the animal took a great liking.

The Sergeants' Mess mouse, with such a partiality to cheese, continues to sit with apparent disdain on the table, and despite all efforts to beat him to his hide-out beneath the skirting, he always manages to defy our best runners by the proverbial couple of inches.

The inclement weather having put a brake on our usual evening entertainment of basket ball, more time has been spent in endeavouring to raise the record on the billiards table. Signalman Clements, too, has been making the most of the opportunity by making great headway with his rug of many colours, and despite some most tempting offers from several of the newly-wedded, he refuses to entertain any bid for it.

Otherwise "Operations proceeding according to plan."

Since the last issue we have been much engaged upon a course in infantry training. One particular day no member on Headquarters could be seen anywhere (now, don't mistake us, we had not closed down for summer holidays). It was just part of our training to see if we could crawl about the fields and woods without being seen. Some must have benefited from the instruction, for we can never find Lance Corporal Rickard or Signalman Over when their presence is required.

Basket ball is occupying our spare time these days, and we might add that we can throw a pretty ball. It is hoped that the Companies may get a team together so that we can really show our worth.

We had the pleasure (that is, the Sergeants' Mess) for a few days of the company of Sergeant Bourne G., Lance Sergeant Fell J. S., and a Sergeant Wilson from the Essex Regiment.

Signalman Jones J. B. has left the Orderly Room staff and is now accommodated in a corner of the Q.M. Stores (best of luck, "Jonah"). Signalmen Brookman, Brown, Clarke, Crisp, Knight, Shere and Weaver have recently been posted to another Divisional Signals. We extend to them our best wishes in their new surroundings.

As previously intimated, Corporal Bone D. H. has at last achieved his ambition and has now taken unto himself a wife (congratulations and good wishes, "Duggie").

No. 1 Company

About the Unit sports, we have no desire to crow, but those, between whose notes we are pleasantly sandwiched month by month, will be expecting us to tell you all about it. So here goes.

We won the cup (Vic, Vic, Vic). After that we filled it and passed it round many times (Hic, Hic, Hic). It was a grand day out.

There were many bright features about the sporting contest. Although our opponents had fewer entries than ourselves, they put up a resolute fight against odds. We had plenty of talent. We also had things pretty nicely worked out, thank you.

Here are the individual winners from this Company:—100 yards, Corporal Morgan; 220 yards, Signalman Wilson L. J.; 440 yards, Signalmanman Waterhouse G.; 880 yards, Signalman Hadley; mile, Signalman Pickman; high jump, Signalman Pierce; long jump, Signalman Green; inter-Company relay, Sergeant Frankson, Corporal Morgan and Signalmen Hadley and Wilson L. J.

Signalman Pickman ran a particularly fine race in the mile, putting in a tremendous burst to overhaul the leader within a few yards of the tape.

We also carried off several of the other events which did not count for the cup. Our A.T.S. helped to keep the flag flying by taking the skipping race and, in partnership with Lance Corporal Allen (whose sewing we have long admired) the threading-the-needle race.

The veterans' race resulted in a dead heat between C.S.M. Batchelor and Signalman Ibbotson (No. 2 Company).

During the course of the evening, when we were entertained by No. 2 Company, our success had a mysterious hypnotic influence on certain of our number. For some hours the Sergeant Major's conversational powers appeared to be confined to the blunt assertion, "We won the cup." He claims to have informed everybody just in case they had overlooked the fact.

There were dancing and general merry-making, particularly the latter. We were sorry when it was all over. Shum of ush were very shorry, indeed.

BIT OF A DO.—Two days after the sports we had a special "Victory Celebration" at our Company headquarters. It was in the nature of an encore for the latter part of the sports day and was staged chiefly for the benefit of those who had held the fort while the sports were in progress. The occasion was both informal and hilarious. Most of the dance band were on leave, but Lance Corporal Craig tirelessly provided the music with the aid of a few volunteers. By this time, C.S.M. Batchelor had tossed for the Veterans' first prize and won it; the presentation was made by Lieutenant Ward. The veteran was acclaimed with musical honours (an entirely unorthodox version of "For he's a jolly good fellow"). Captain Ratter filled the cup again. That started something!

WELCOME HOME.—We welcome back to the Company Captain Price, who was well known to us before the war started. In the early days of mobilisation he did much to ensure our comfort and amusement under difficult circumstances.

PUZZLE CORNER.—If the C.Q.M.S. borrows a broody hen and it lays eggs, to whom do the eggs belong? Address your replies to the C.Q.M.S., marking the envelope "Perks" in the top left-hand corner. Don't write on more than two sides of the paper.

DANCING NEWS.—Our weekly dances still top the list of social events around here. The orchestra is right at the top of its form and has recently acquired another saxophonist in the person of Signalman Sinclair. These lads are extremely popular in the locality, and are in great demand for outside events. They give up much time to cater for our entertainment which, but for their efforts, would be practically negligible.

OUR FARM YARD.—This month we have to record a happy event. On going to press the above-mentioned broody hen has duly done her stuff and the result is the addition to our farmyard of—three ducklings. Which all goes to prove that you can't count your chickens before they are hatched. Such sweet, fluffy little things they are, boys and girls. And just too, too cuddlesome. What fun one can have in the country, can't one?

Another large party of our comrades has left us for pastures new. And now they realise in the West Country that the wise men come from the East.

Among the latest departures is Signalman "Ray," who has ministered to our needs when we have been thirsty or hirsute or pugilistically inclined.

We cannot mention them all by name, but they carry with them our best wishes in their new sphere.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—The West Country has returned to us an excellent line party, whom they had on temporary loan. They are bronzed and fit. And for the first time on record our canteen has sold out of beer.

"—AND WE WILL FINISH THE JOB."—War Weapons Week owed much of its success to ourselves, though we says it as shouldn't. At least we provided 90 per cent. of the pomp and circumstance attending that occasion and not a little of the carnival spirit.

The aim was to raise £40,000, which means pretty good going in a sparsely-populated rural area. With two days to go, four times that amount of money had been received. And the organisers are still counting the shekels.

You may wonder what the devil all this has to do with us. We say again, quite a lot.

CEREMONIAL.—We started the week by providing the main body of troops at a drumhead service. An exceptionally smart turn-out under the Officer Commanding created a terrific impression in the village. To be truthful, it even shook us a bit. A hoary-headed old warrior in the crowd was heard to remark, "You can tell the front lot are Regulars." The march past drew forth tumultuous applause and, subsequently, a very flattering letter from the organisers.

We were reviewed by Brigadier-General C. E. C. G. Charlton, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., D.L., who expressed his appreciation of the turn-out and particularly of the precision of the march past. Dusty, our Great Dane mascot, took part in this and seemed to sense the importance of the occasion; she threw her chest out, pranced like a young colt, and even gave the "Eyes left" to order.

Behind us came the Home Guard and all the local civil defence parties in a variety of uniforms and heiroglyphicised steel helmets.

It was very hot and we were very thirsty. But we soon put that right. By way of reward, permanent passes were extended one hour that night and the first parade the following morning was cancelled. A good time was had by all.

FINANCIAL.—Our concert party gave a performance in the local cinema, which was packed. This effort raised £60 for War Weapons Week. All our usual artistes took part. The Commanding Officer made a moving appeal from the stage for support for the local savings campaign.

PAY IT WITH MUSIC.—Our dance band, always a major attraction in the district, played at a local hotel, thereby assisting in raising £17 towards the effort of the week.

FORTHCOMING ATTRACTION.—At present we are undergoing intensive training for the sports meeting with No. 2 Company. This promises to be *the* sporting event of the season. But more of that in our next issue.

CRICKET.—This Company provided many of the outstanding players in the cricket match, arranged by the Commanding Officer, in which this Unit beat the Rest of the Division. We contributed top scorer Knapton (38), who also took three wickets for 20 runs, while Signalman Boatwright knocked up a very useful 19. The Rest were all out for 79, and the Adjutant got the run which passed that score, while excitement was such that the Colonel himself took charge of the scoring board. We went on to make 130 all out.

SWIMMING.—Swimming is the pastime of the moment. We said swimming. Now, how did C.S.M. Batchelor get that bump on his forehead? Come clean, somebody!

LIQUID INTEREST.—We have had a great deal of fire-fighting practice lately, some of which was witnessed by two visitors from Headquarters, R.Q.M.S. Lee and Sergeant Runagall. They were particularly impressed by the accuracy of our aim. The practice was most useful, as within a week we have extinguished two minor fires with great ease.

SOUND APPROVAL.—Our concert party greatly enhanced their reputation when they entertained troops in another area. The Welfare Officer has written to say that he will have difficulty in finding another troupe to surpass their efforts, and it is the second time in recent weeks that we have been told just that. Well done, Sergeant Bingham, Lance Corporal Calkin, and your merry men.

No. 1 Section

SPORTS.—Our inter-Company sports, mentioned in our last "news item" are now over. No. 1 Company, from whom we are detached, were the victors, beating No. 2 Company by 32 points to 9. This Section greatly assisted this victory in obtaining nearly three-quarters of the total points scored. No. 1 Company also submit news to this "mag," therefore we do not intend to say very much about the day in question. They will undoubtedly give all the news regarding this. Whilst mentioning this event we wish to express our thanks to the undermentioned who really made history on the day:—Sergeant Frankson, Corporal "Ernie" Morgan, Signalmen "Freddy" Jones, Bill Wilson and "Jimmy" Hadley.

There are many more, but space prevents us from mentioning them all—to our heroes unsung, thanks.

Now that the sports day is over, we can concentrate once more upon cricket and in our next issue we hope to have some more news of importance in this field.

GENERAL. Signal Office. — We have recently completed the redecoration of the Signal Office. This was "performed" by our own staff, to whom the art of whitewashing is something just spoken about. They are convinced (and so are we) that it is impossible to whitewash anything without also covering everything within reach. Things did really go without a hitch, except in the case of Ken Bowyer. He is reputed to have put more whitewash on the floor than on the ceiling. As his ideas, generally, are the reverse of other people's, this will probably account for it.

Our cloudburst should also be mentioned at this stage. This headquarters experienced a "flooding" which was without precedent. Teams of D.R.s were manning the pumps, others were on a bucket chain, others baling out the boiler room, whilst the writer was armed with a screw-driver relieving bulging ceilings of unnecessary water deposits. Some of the lads got wet, others got soaked, and all got hungry—but it was good fun. Mention must be made of our Signal Master and the Camp Commandant. Everybody was loud in their praises for the way these officers handled a horrible situation. They were with the lads—they also got wet, tired and hungry. They showed us co-operation at its best. Sergeant Holt should be pleased about this —"Co-operation" is his middle name.

D.R.s.—The D.R.s have moved their quarters and are now installed in an office which they have made very smart and comfortable. Above their office they have a loft which is now known as the "den" and we understand great things are due to take place in this room. During their "redecorating programme" notice was made of Ken Bowyer and "Tonsilitis" Charlie. They are both in the building trade—Ken is a "knocker-down"; "Tonsilitis" is a "putter-up"... more co-operation. Their jackdaw is still flourishing, although it has been through some terrible experiences; it was even seen hanging head downwards from a branch, like a bat.

To finish, the Section is still "Morse-mad"—we have tried to re-introduce "Yo-Yo," "Marbles," "Conkers," or even "Cigarette Pictures," but no—it's still Morse.

To any other of our fellows who may be suffering with us, our deepest sympathy.

SPORTS.—In the field of cricket the Section is still without a team, there being a great call on the staff, who are in rigorous training for our inter-Company sports day. Some of the lads have played for the Divisional team, two Signalmen in particular making very good performances. "Farmer" Aldridge has shown some very enviable batting, and John Kapton has done some very fine fast bowling to the extent that a Staff Sergeant, R.A., is now reclining in the R.M.P. Our inter-Company sports mentioned above are due shortly, and it is this that occupies the majority of our time. We have been lucky enough to get access to a fine local track and most evenings our lads are down there training under the capable Freddie Jones.

Swimming is still very popular with the boys. Tennis, however, seems to have lost favour of late; still it is not possible to do everything, and the sports day and the success of the Section on that occasion is our aim at the moment.

GENERAL.—Lieutenant Donovan has taken over the "helm" at No. 1 Section. We are not sure yet whether his stay is "pro. tem." or permanent, but we all sincerely hope that he stays with us. Whether temporary or permanent, Sir, to you the greetings of the Section.

Corporal Ernie Morgan has returned to us again and "Peter" Runagall is with us completely restored in health. We also welcome Lance Sergeant Holt, affectionately known as the "Co-op." man, and Signalman Osborn, both new to the Section.

It is with regret that we bid adieu to Signalmen Richardson, Griffin, Schwartz and Rodgers, and our wishes for their success go with them to their new field of operations.

D.R.s.—This Section has acquired a young jackdaw and this is being trained to do the most amazing things. "Fitter" Branton is the keeper and the bird is certainly phenomenal! It has the effect of making the D.R.s almost human. The Signal Office had a kitten posted to them, but visiting D.R.s and the staff generally "booted" it around so much that it had to be evacuated to a safe area, viz., the Switch Room.

To round off this epistle we must inform you of the mania that is affecting all Sections. It's known as Morse. All the day long it's dot dash. It's becoming as popular as Little Audrey's laughing. It's our sincere hope that we get proficient before we go lunatic.

Until next time . . . good luck to you all.

No. 2 Company

The past month here in camp has been one of great activity. The training programme has been intensified, and coupled with the recent invasion manœuvres all and sundry have greatly benefited by their experience.

Many changes have taken place in the personnel of the camp and hardly a day passes without a celebration and many hand shakes. Such is our life, friendships that will never be broken, though temporarily suspended by necessary troop movements and the exigencies of the Service. However, good luck to all those lads who have left us. We are now to lose our entire A.T.S. staff, who are leaving us for pastures new. With them will go our sincerest wishes and hopes that they will always remember their old freinds at No. 2 Company. Life will not be the same without them and the constant chatter of the famous "Tiddler." They did their job well and we hope that in their new sphere their work will be as pleasant as in the past.

Thanks to our energetic C.S.M. the camp is daily undergoing renovation and alteration, and our new cookhouse with its adjoining food store is an asset in keeping with the many other facilities that we now possess.

This camp that is ours is far removed from the morass of mud and disorder that met our eyes when we first took possession, and we have every justification of pride when we hear the many remarks from our visitors who never seem to tire of discoursing upon the cleanliness and general well-being of as nearly a perfect camp as is possible. They are surprised when they are told that it is "all our own work."

Dances and concerts are still very popular, thanks to the untiring efforts of the Entertainments Committee and our noteworthy band.

Our sports day, the first since our pre-war sports, was reminiscent of the old days. It uproved an unqualified success, and while the honours went chiefly to No. 1 Company, our own boys put up a magnificent show.

The events dove-tailed in perfect precision and the delay which is so apparent in some meetings was entirely absent. Fortune, too, favoured us with excellent weather, which also helped to make the day a rousing success.

Among the many distinguished guests were Brigadier Wickens, Colonel Rowley and Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Morley Peel.

It was gratifying to see present our late C.S.M. Creighton F. O. We hope that his recovery from his recent serious accident will soon be complete.

After the sports, officers, senior N.C.O.'s and men were entertained in their respective Messes, and the new Sergeants' Mess had its largest and most convivial gathering to date. The dance in the Men's Canteen was well supported and proved a grand success, and many were the old songs that were sung "fortissimo" round the bar that evening.

We were sorry when at last we bade farewell to our many old friends and guests and hoped that it would not be long before we would meet again.

This past month has been notable in many respects, with regard to both camp affairs and social events.

We have said good-bye to many old and tried friends who have been with us since the formation of this camp. Their passing grieves us, but we realise that they have been swept up in the stern call of duty, and we have memories of happy days and hours to compensate us for their going.

Recent exercises and manœuvres have found us playing our static part, and the result was both exciting and enlightening. One lesson was particularly well driven home—the danger of Fifth Column activities—and the necessity for not under-estimating the powers and nuisance value of these perverted beings.

Under the experienced eye of C.S.M. Price R. L., a great rejuvenating of huts and camp facilities has been proceeding. Our small band of decorators and handymen have done a grand job of work and the lads are appreciative of their enhanced surroundings.

Regarding the social side of things, the most outstanding attraction was undoubtedly the brilliant pianoforte exposition by Signalman Tom Lishman. Seldom have we heard our Bechstein Grand to better advantage than under his inspired fingers at this recital. In a programme selected with much artistic skill we remember particularly the perfect phrasing of the Hadyn Sonata. From Chopin's works came the powerful and expressive "Black Keys" study. Tom Lishman's classical renderings are always technically exact and have that quality of warmth and expression generally found only to be developed at the expense of accuracy.

The Ballet Guild, formerly well known to all lovers of the art as the Arts Theatre Ballet, came down to us recently and gave us an evening of great enjoyment.

Their inspired dances were widely varied and intensively expressive. There was an amusing burlesque on the Victorian "Can-Can," and a charming new dance called "Saw Dust," depicting a female juggler, a tightrope walker and a pierrot, who tried to dance himself through a hoop while drinking a glass of beer. This was danced by Thea Wilmer, one of the most charming of lovely girls in English ballet. Lydia Vernon, talented beyond words and with a sense of humour in every expression, and also that very able and versatile artiste, Keith Lester, who also danced a wild Russian fantasy called "Vodka."

The ballerina, Helene Wolska, had a quality of supreme ease in her dancing and was a great favourite. Three other outstanding dancers were Molly Lake, Joan Kent and Beryl Kay.

Throughout the performance the costumes were gay and colourful

and quite a spectacle in themselves. It is one thing to hear a Strauss waltz, but quite another to see it danced by experienced ballet dancers through a hundred different motions in costumes reminiscent of old Vienna.

These talented artistes deserved every iota of the rousing reception given them.

Convivial nights have been had at concerts and dances on weekly occasions, and now at the time of writing we are looking forward to a grand sports day on Friday, July 25th, when we hope to put up a stern struggle with fellow athletes of No. 1 Company and Headquarters.

The "Ridges Review," our unofficial Company magazine, is still in evidence, and has just been to Press with a fine midsummer number, well up to its usual standard of interest and mirth.

A.A. Signals, North-East England

1 Company

No. 1 Section

Perhaps the outstanding item of news this month is the spring cleaning of the Signal Office. Ever versatile, the lads did a good job of distempering the various rooms—and not once was the bucket upset. We must state in passing that we noticed the distemper was purchased from the local Co-op. How someone must be looking forward to Divi. Day.

Farewell to 2nd Lieutenant R. Smith after only a very short stay with us. (We'll be listening in for you, sir.) Farewells also to Eric (slim-man) Stapleton, knowing his civvy occupation compels us to add "Good-bye, Mr. Chips." Cheerio to Jack Winskell and Lance Corporal Williamson, trainer and N.C.O. i/c D.R.s. All these departures, however, are overshadowed by the loss of Corporal Blackburn, who "as went" thereby "severing" his connection with the old firm. Good luck, and how do you like Army beds?

Special note to "A" and "B" reliefs—so sorry we haven't mentioned you, not even "old man," "the bomb dodger," or "Kybo," but we look in vain at the notebook for news from you. You know sports notes would be welcome—don't be shy, boys.

S O S.—News wanted of Jimmy "Hamish" Fyffe, last seen proceeding wearily and unwillingly to a drill and duties course. Will he survive? Can he take it? See next month's notes.



"After all, what's a little stroll after what I've been through"

"Always on duty, that's me," hence your humble scribe was unable to attend the dance held in aid of the Prisoners of War Fund. I can say, however, that everyone had a grand time, and one and all we sincerely hope that it will be the first of a series.

FRITZEKE.

No. 2 (Sub.) Section

Herewith our first and probably last appearance in print, complete with the low-down on this Cinderella of Sections. You lucky people.



The personnel is "floating" in all senses of the word, we never keep a Section Officer for more than a month, the N.C.O.s come and go in regular procession, and the Signalmen barely get their noses into the Signal Office before they are whisked away elsewhere. We have a few old diehards, chief of whom is Sergeant Spence. Then Corporal Stevens, who wields a nifty Rolls razor and is known as the "course-fiend" on account of taking these pleasure trips period.cally, each one always being held at some well-known health resort. We have also Lance Corporal Foster, who tries to play the accordion among other things. Has no upper teeth at the moment, thereby causing considerable unsoldierly mirth when he shouts "Lepht Phorm." Ascending the social scale, we reach the Signalmen, of whom Signalmen Walker and Hind are two T.A. wallahs, who do their bit with the foreigners. "Smiler" Morris, "Never drink" Fretwell and "Darkie" Compton, this latter recently getting married.

TAILPIECE.—A few vacancies have occurred in Butlin's Teleprinter School, will be most enjoyable in late summer when remaining printers have been put o.o.o. That's all for this month, folks. Must go and have a word with Connie. Keep scrounging.

FUNF.

No. 3 Section

Unlike our colleagues of No. 1, 2 and 4 Sections, who have burst forth so jubilantly and boisterously (how someone must have sweated) into print during past months, we enter the lists as it were quietly and with modesty becoming perhaps to a Section that, according to our colleagues, is so inactive. Before entering into any wordy by-play or attempting in our way to reply to sundry "cracks," we should like to congratulate No. 1 Section on their football prowess. Nice work, boys, but what happened to the "pot." Did the lads celebrate too well and not wisely at the jig? Rather quiet blokes that we are, we do not attempt to excuse ourselves as footballers, even the most bigoted will admit that the attempt to turn out two teams was too difficult even for us. In passing, though, I think we might fling a mean cricket ball.

We, like a well-known radio programme, have an "Enoch." We'd like to know if he was "trained" by a certain Section, or did he just grow that way, like Topsy? We have one or two others, also "trained" outside. Any offers? Going quite cheaply. One is a perfect marvel on a switchboard. Such is his skill, that he can, through four other exchanges and over about ten miles of wire, have you talking back to yourself in record time. Without being rude, could we ask how our mobile squad, now mucking about with No. 4 Section, has enjoyed the beauties of Highland scenery and just what they are qualified for now. Is it true the Q.M. is fitting them with kilts. Should we be a little late by the time of going to press, we hope the kilts fit. We hear the nearest hostelry to be patronised by our recently-departed brigade friends is three miles as the Signalman crawls. Is this the reason for the name "Sleepy Valley" now bestowed on their country residence? We can't, however, believe the story that they are to be issued with riding breeks and hoes, a la land girls, now they are so intimate with Mother Nature. You will all be pleased to know that after all Miss Blandish's experience in No. 3 Section it has been suggested that we all subscribe to buy her an orchid.

RUCS.

No. 4 Section

To quote our old friend, Syd Walker (No, I did not say Waggy), we begin this contribution with "Well, chums, here's a fine how do you do." "How so?" you ask. Just this. In our first edition we promised an insight into the art of "Boat pushing off," but, believe it or not, we properly missed the boat ourselves—by one month to be exact. An outstanding point of interest has been the change over of Section N.C.O.s. Sergeant Turnbull for the while becomes No. 1 Shopper to the Sergeants' Mess, and up to date seems to be making a good job of it. To fill the breach, Corporal Petrie has most reluctantly cast aside his "galvo" and set his hand to signwriting, and now leads with flashing pen his men onwards to posterity and bathing parades. Has anyone seen Messrs. Bart and Ginger, painters and decorators, last seen retreating in the direction of the coolhouse under a heavy smoke screen kindly provided by Lance Corporal Mynott's dry land destroyers.

QUERY.—Who thought a taped joint was a billet about to be raided by the C.S.M.?

DRY CELL.

D.R.'s Section

At long last the Don R.s respond to "Silver Threads" appeal for copy. So here we come. To start with we wish all the best to our departed N.C.O. i/c Don R.s. Good luck, Bill. We hope you renew the friendship with Corporal Wilson. We congratulate the latest "lad" to don double harness—to wit Signalman Yeoman. The best of everything to you and Mrs. Yeo. Now that we are complete with trade ratings, revolvers, crash hats, and the rest, how about some "recco" runs? We understand the "Death Watch Beetle" has been heard ticking loudly outside a certain charmer's house—"Wood" this be Destry? And who was the "fireman" who used sand when the model took fire—how long did it take to get the sand out of the "pot"? Two of the "lads" had some tough luck and landed in "dock." Signalmen Dodds and Temple. However, they are both on the mend and we hope to see them "forking the model" again.

What is the C.F. box for? We would like to know. Is it true the S.O. personnel are contemplating remustering as Don R.'s? Be careful, boys, the weather will change!

Cheerio.

SPARK PLUG.

General

To all Sections contributing notes—thank you—glad to see you are all changing your boat hooks for oars and helping the old tub into smoother waters. Pleasant days ahead seem to be foretold by our recent social and sporting activities which are slowly but surely returning to their old high standard. Our dance in aid of the Royal Signals' Prisoners of War Fund was a great success from every point of view, and only a repetition will silence the lusty cries for more—look out for 5th September. Many entries have been received for our swimming contest, which promises some exciting events, and at least two days' good sport.

Congratulations to Lance Corporal Harkis on nailing down that elusive stripe, may you bear your burden bravely.

Sergeant Bartram has now conclusively proved that there can be smoke without fire. When are you going to present those ash trays, Sergeant?

We like the forethought of the Sergeant who, when discovered perched in the top of a tree in our avenue, calmly descended with the Mess kitten in his arms—such humane gallantry would certainly have resulted in a medal— but for those binoculars—Oh, Sergeant, what are we to think?

I see the R.Q. and C.Q. are still looking for that little dog, may they have the same success as they had in the case of the sausage. Why not try an indent for wooden shoes? It is rumoured that the "Prairie Flower" is about to form a dramatic club, we wish the venture every success.

In conclusion, don't forget to do all you can to help the Royal Signals' Benevolent Association, suggestions for raising funds for this most deserving cause would be most welcome. Go to it.

Cheerio.

SILVER.

No. 2 Company

It gives the writer particular pleasure to record another month of service to King and Country. For while the chronicle of events declaims in sonorous prose no deeds of heroism enacted on the field of battle, it nevertheless reveals the faithful performance of duties which because they demand strict vigilance in the proverbial period of calm before which the gods strike are often irksome.

OPERATORS.—We are now well settled in and the fine weather has given us an excellent opportunity to exploit to the full the possibilities of our new environment. It is interesting to note the look of bucolic contentment on the faces of those products of urbanity to whom the parish pump and all its associations was at one time anathema.

PROMOTIONS.—Wilf Costello is now a full Corporal, whilst Oxlade and Illingworth have succeeded as it were in attracting the Speaker's attention, so their arms now bear that hallmark of respectability—a chevron. Good luck to them.

POSTINGS.—Sergeant Robson has left us for preliminary training before proceeding to an O.C.T.U. Signalman Chapman has been attached to the Corps School and enjoys the dignified status of an instructor. Signalman Melling has been posted to No. 1 Company.

Intersectionally speaking, Sergeant Smith is now N.C.O. i/c B.S.O. It is understood that this appointment was made in full accordance with the most modern principles of vocational selection. We also notice the transfer of Signalman Search to L/M Section.

We welcome Sergeant Longstaff from No. 1 Company. The Section has been further strengthened by the return of Sergeant Wright and his men after three months' absence. We understand they did the job well and that those communications have been fully restored and rendered impervious to all eventualities.

COURSES.—Lance Corporal Swift has now returned from his D. and D. course and is scheduled for a further course in P.T. Signalmen Sinclair and Milnes are at present attending D. and D. courses, and presumably taking the "waters" when off duty!

MATRIMONY.—We understand that our old friend, Corporal J. F. Wilson, has undergone a double metamorphosis. He is now commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant and married. How could he so lightly renounce the privileges of celibacy and life in the ranks! It is also rumoured that Signalman Jobling has gone the way of all flesh, having resolved the ancient conflict between man's will to independence and emotional necessity—a happy future to both.

EDUCATION.—The interest of the ranks in liberal education was given a fresh impetus with the announcement of a lecture on psychology.



The speaker dissected this vast science of the mind and then spoke in particular about "boredom." From the previous lecture on astronomical macrocosms to this dissertation on the peculiarities of microcosm of the human mind seemed a change of scene which demanded no small mental adjustment, but which was dutifully made. What remains a mystery is whether the lecturer essayed to explain his subject or induce it?

The high spot of the lecture was reached when the speaker pointed out the distinction nesic and amesic interest in relation to the question of boredom, but as far as the C.S.M. was concerned this enlightened teaching fell on stony ground. Those high-minded gentlemen with refined tastes and habits will still continue to devote the flower of their genius to the problems of sanitary hygiene!

POSTBAG.—We are glad to hear from Signalman Hadfield that he has now recovered from his unfortunate experience with his eyes. We can only hope that he enjoyed his 26 days C.B. (in this case confined to bed) in hospital.

SPORT.—The Operators staff in their country residence have developed a real enthusiasm for tennis and cricket. Whereas last season the poor secretary went round with a headache trying to pick a team (this colossal worry having little effect on the size of his girth), he now has a Selection Committee to help him, comprising the worthy "Snip" Simpson and I.M.T. Langford.

Our first cricket match was played—we were beaten by 46 runs—when most of the cricket talent was on leave or duty. At one stage we looked as though we would win, but, alas, the tail refused to wag, the last six wickets falling for 13 runs. Signalmen Ken Walker and Dicky Whitehead scoring a useful 25 and 24 respectively. The initial success of the season for No. 2 Company was achieved in an evening match against a cricket eleven of a noted constructional engineering firm, and the eight-wicket margin was a source of satisfaction to the Signals.

Our reputation growing after our last success, we played M —— eleven on their ground and, after an exciting game, Corporal Lowe and his merry men had to admit defeat by two wickets. For the Signals, "Curly" Thomas scored a useful 26, whilst Bob Langford and Joe Ladle each knocked up 18, whilst the former took four wickets for 28 runs.

TENNIS.—Sergeant Summers has tried to promote a handicap but results are not yet to hand.

We, of the Operators staff, mere country bumpkins that we are, had the satisfaction of smashing a combined Headquarters and L/M team in town recently, but the humiliation must have been great, because we have received no further challenge. (You forget, my dear secretary, that like the true British lion, Headquarters has yet to wag its tail in real defiance—until then . . . but, methinks, you have already felt the weight of Headquarters strength!!! Remember, 11 sets to 5.—SCRIBE.)

ENTERTAINMENT.—We are told that those country residents of ours are being well looked after by the local village folk at L—— N—— Institute, where a whist drive is held every Thursday night with special prizes for boys in khaki; two concerts with supper provided and a dance which was enjoyed by all concerned have been held—it is rather commendable that, despite the light nights, our lads turned up in quite a good number.

The best compliment that can be paid to the social and dance held recently in St. Barnabas' Hall, M ——, is to point out that many requests have been received for repetition of this form of entertainment —the gay, light fantastic, intermingled with treasure hunts and the like.

It is generally agreed that those worthy organisers—C.S.M. Jaques, Signalmen Balls, Russell and Smith R. R., deserve the highest praise for their efforts—Smith did particularly well in keeping the assembly in order—his loud and sonorous "Quiet" echoed and re-echoed.

The orchestra (a three-piece) was surprisingly good—beating out perfect rhythm, which set even our heavily-shod feet tapping.

"The Lad fra' Pudsey"—Signalman Evans R. (R. R. to the S.M.) suffered little from stage fright when he expounded at great length, with true West Riding accent, the monetary adventures of the famous Natty Dean—"Pudsey" was received with great applause. His swagger as he descended from the dais was almost professional.

There is little to add to the address given by the C.S.M.—his gallant remarks ("such a bevy of beauty") brought many a blush of modesty to the cheeks of our feminine guests.

WHISPERING CAMPAIGN.—Is it true that periodical search for missing kit is seemingly excellent training for the more leisurely treasure hunt!

ERIMUS.

— A.A. Divisional Signals, Warwickshire

No. 2 Company

Well, boys, here we are again, "recovering" from two hectic events in the life of our Unit. The dance at the Acorn was a very high-light. Yes, sir, especially when the girls, Dorothy, Pip and Stella, arrived on the scene. In fact, all the concert party were at the top of their form. The affair was in aid of the Comforts Fund and this object received the highest praise from the Brigadier and also the Officer Commanding, Major J. C. Milburn. There was quite a furore when the concert party came on the scene and everything they put on got a very "big hand" indeed. The thanks of all is due to them for their magnificent show, while we must not forget our appreciation of the band who played music hot and sweet under the leadership of Sergeant Bent. Outstanding items at the concert were the exquisite singing of Miss V. Carnell and the playing at the piano of Signalman Da Costa. We are indeed fortunate in being able to utilise the services of a musician who has played before thousands at the local Hippodrome. There is great activity at the moment in the competition for the best kept hut and garden for which a trophy is at stake. The writer is sorry to have to record that at the initial stage the palm did not go to the men who do all the work. (Pardon me!) Anyhow, the L/M are now making up the leeway and they are now becoming as useful with a garden spade or a dry scrubber as they undoubtedly are with the pliers and the wire. We offer heartiest congratulations to the men commended by His Majesty the King for sterling work after the Coventry blitz—Major Mickey Dodd, Lieutenant K. R. Turner, and ex-G.P.O. Engineer, Sergeant Arthur Yates. Recently there was a sociable affair in the Sergeants' Mess. The ladies were invited and in the old-fashioned phrase, a good time was had by all. A memorable affair two years ago when the Unit went into camp for a month's intensive training (result of the writing on the wall at Munich) was celebrated the other night with a very enjoyable dance at a nearby hall. The success of the affair was assured from the start with everyone concerned pulling their weight grandly. A special word of thanks is

due to 2nd Lieutenant Read for his able organisation and supervision, and also to the Entertainment Committee—good lads all. The writer was on leave, unfortunately for him but fortunately for the rest of the boys, otherwise the "Jockey" might have closed earlier than was actually the case. And so for the present we leave you.

A.E.H.Y.

The First (London) Ack Ack's

We remember Lieutenant (Quartermaster) Hall as the enterprising individual who initiated the "ladder" system into an otherwise quite harmless and occasional game of table tennis. The purpose was, of course, soon apparent, for in a remarkably short space of time, during which all the conceivable manœuvres usually associated with "Q" (and all that small sweet letter stands for) were conducted in association with numerous "new rules" invented by a shadow "committee" comprised of himself and a "stooge," who shall be nameless, he rose to the top of the ladder. From this exalted position he would then proceed to dictate his own terms as to who was entitled to challenge him for that coveted position. The challenger either had to wait 24 hours (rule 10) or had to resist a challenge from the one below him on the ladder (rule 2), etc., etc. All this was very instructive, because one began to realise how it was that an innocuous game like Soccer gradually became so hedged round with leagues, rules, transfers, suspensions, and the like, that it attracted more spectators than players. Had it continued to its logical conclusion, inter-Company transfer of officers would have been assessed on table tennis ability—one M/T officer being equivalent to two Company commanders, and so on. Unkind fate has now removed him from the ladder, still undefeated, to a new appointment in the Corps. We congratulate him and wish him well—he will be very greatly missed in these parts.

During the summer we have been most fortunate in being able to slip an occasional game of cricket into our periods of "time off." Quite a number of us hadn't played for a matter of years and it was somewhat providential that we survived the "trial" matches without serious casualty. The results of those matches which have been played by a team representing the Unit are as follow :—

5th June, 1941.—v. A.R.P., K——n House, won. A.R.P., first innings, 26 (Driver 4 for 10, Bruce 6 for 16); second innings, 28 (Smith C., 7 for 11. Our team, 316 (Driver 86, Rousseau 72, Forwood 55).

28th June, 1941.—v. H——d and R——p A.R.P., won. A.R.P., 21 (Driver 5 for 16, Spriddell 5 for 13). Our team, 97 (Stace 39, Rhodes 24).

12th July, 1941.—v. — Battery R.A., lost. The Gunners, 76 (Bruce 5 for 22, Spriddall 2 for 11). Our team, 38.

2nd August, 1941.—v. — R.A.O.C., won. The Ordnance, 81. Our team, 161 (Rhodes 34, Rousseau 30).

9th August, 1941.—v. — R.A.P.C., lost. Pay Corps, 144 (Scott 5 for 47). Our team, 58.

16th August, 1941.—v. R.A.P.C., won. Pay Corps, 52 (Wiseman 5 for 23). Our team, 63 (Rhodes 35).

O.C. No. 2 Company captained two of the above matches and the Adjutant deputised for him on the remaining four occasions.

The following have played in the majority of the Unit matches:—

From Unit Headquarters.—Captain D. W. T. Bruce, Lance Corporal Smith J. D., Signalman Partington.

From No. 1 Company Headquarters.—R.Q.M.S. Madeley H.

From No. 2 Company Headquarters.— Major D. T. G——s.

From No. 5 Section.—Signalmen Corbett R., Forwood R. P., Williams J. R.

From No. 6 Section.—Signalmen Rhodes, E. C., Driver R. F. S., Allen, R. M.

From No. 7 Section.—Lance Sergeant Rousseau L. V., Signalman Clinton H. R.

From No, 9 Section.—Signalmen Stace W. G., Spriddell G.

Batting averages are:—Signalmen Rhodes E. C., 26; Forwood R. P., 24.3; Stace W. G., 17.3; Driver R. F. S., 25.0; Lance-Sergeant Rousseau L. V., 19.7.

Bowling averages are:—Signalmen Spriddell G., 3.4 (7 for 24); Smith C. F., 3.5 (8 for 28); Driver R. F. S., 4.8 (13 for 63); Captain D. W. T. Bruce, 5.6 (14 for 79).

Inter-Section cricket has revealed that No. 6 Section has learned much from Dr. Goebbels. On each occasion preceding a match in which this Section's team has featured a carefully-prepared propaganda campaign, calculated to strike terror into the hearts of its opponents, has been put into operation. Other Sections are warned that the only method of counteracting this menace is by body-line bowling.

— Divisional Signals, Devonshire

Orderly Room Speaking

We continue our good work of keeping the Unit on the right lines in spite of various obstacles raised by sundry persons. 2nd Lieutenant O'Neil had a spell as Assistant Adjutant and then left to take charge of B Cable. We still see him from time to time when B Section want a pencil, although we don't quite know what they can find to do with such a delicate object. Lance Corporal Davis has been on a tour of Records Office and the town of Reading, and we understand he is quite satisfied with the results. Signalman Page Croft is taking a course at a well-known spa in the North of England. The R.S.M. and Sergeant Clerk have again demonstrated their superiority on the tennis court. Result : 8—6, 3—6. The R.S.M. thinks the S.C. is W.W.T.P. A new partner is required.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—Who dropped his pants on the tennis court ?

C.H.Q.

The suddenness of our awakening is as much of a surprise to us as it is no doubt to you. A brief scrutiny of these pages in past months (fitted in neatly between saying, "Come in," "Get out," "No, you are not due") has revealed that our silence is being most grossly taken advantage of by other would-be scribes. We should explain that this silence has been caused entirely by reason of the fact that our allotment of 4½ hours each day has been fully utilised in ensuring that every one may have not less than three seven days, two 48 hours and one passionate (excuse abbreviation) leave in every month.

It would now appear, however, that we must take up our typewriters and defend our honour. We have procured a suitable blunt instrument for the rapid liquidation of persons who endeavour to cajole us into granting them more than the amount of leave to which they are entitled, as laid down above ; and we hope now to be able in the spare time thus gained to produce a short contribution.

Please do not let it be thought that we rely only on the use of "blunt instruments" for the subduing of those who provoke us ; we are also quite useful with firearms. Enquiries made at M Section might support this. It was unfortunate that when we met those worthies in combat the exact method of scoring was not agreed on beforehand ; however, of the three methods devised for the occasion we won on two of them. Under the circumstances we must therefore claim this as a victory, part of which may no doubt be ascribed to the presence in our team of Lance Corporal (Hair Trigger) Minor.

This latter gentleman is shortly believed to be taking charge of our new hairdressing saloon. The price of a shampoo has not yet been ascertained. Those who used to pay him too frequent lessons in his capacity of "chucker out" in the C.Q. Stores are recommended to shave *before* visiting his saloon, as we understand he has been taking lessons from the "Demon Barber of Fleet Street."

IRRELEVANT RAMBLINGS.—Information—It is believed that Driver Keach has partaken of a hair-cut. This is not confirmed.

Question—If a menacingly foreign vehicle started from a point seven miles away at 23.40 hours, and arrived here at 23.41 hours, would the slip-stream be sufficient to dislodge an A.T.S. Lance Corporal from her motor cycle ?

Answer—Probably, if the road was wet.

Deduction: If the A.T.S. Lance Corporal's hair had been long some of it would probably have got muddy.

I don't get it.

POPOV.

"A" Section

Here we are again, chaps, writing this time from under canvas. The weather broke as soon as we moved, but *we* can take it. Everyone seems to be happier for the short move, in fact everything in the garden is lovely. We keep getting a few Section schemes and exercises, and life goes along like a song.

All the Section have been together for a few days' training, the static group having closed down, and we were surprised at the number of men we have in the Section. We believe that since we returned from France it is the first time we have all been together in one place. The sewage farm in the next field appears to be jealous.

We gave a demonstration to the staff the other day with the aid of loud speakers, and Signalman Barrass of M Section. It was quite a success, especially the interference by yours truly. One set broke down during the demonstration, but Signalman Barrass waved his magic screw-driver and we were on the air in two ticks.

We miss our neighbours, B. Section, with whom we have been billeted for several months. The solitude and quietness disturbed us for a few days, but we are O.K. now, *see*. But I miss old Topper and his lines, Bill Pott and his non-aggression pacts. Still, perhaps we will be joining them again one of these fine days when it rains. O.C. "A" has gone for a spot of leave (for a change !) Hope he doesn't get walking any more planks. But there are plenty at Chalfont St. Giles (never heard of it). 2nd i/c "A" (Marconi the second) is leaving shortly for a Sanitary Course. Wonder how they found him out. Latest addition to the Section is the "Horror." (I don't mean you, Mac.) It passes all traffic unattended, is a good worker in all gears, but, oh, that horn !

Here is a little parody we heard :—

Late this morning and early last night, a fire broke out in an empty house full of furniture. The fire brigade came dashing down the street like a funeral and an old, bald-headed man about 16 fell over his long hair into a bucket of cold water and scalded himself. He now lies in bed walking about bare-footed with his mother's clogs on.

A.D.A.G.

"B" (or Cable) Section

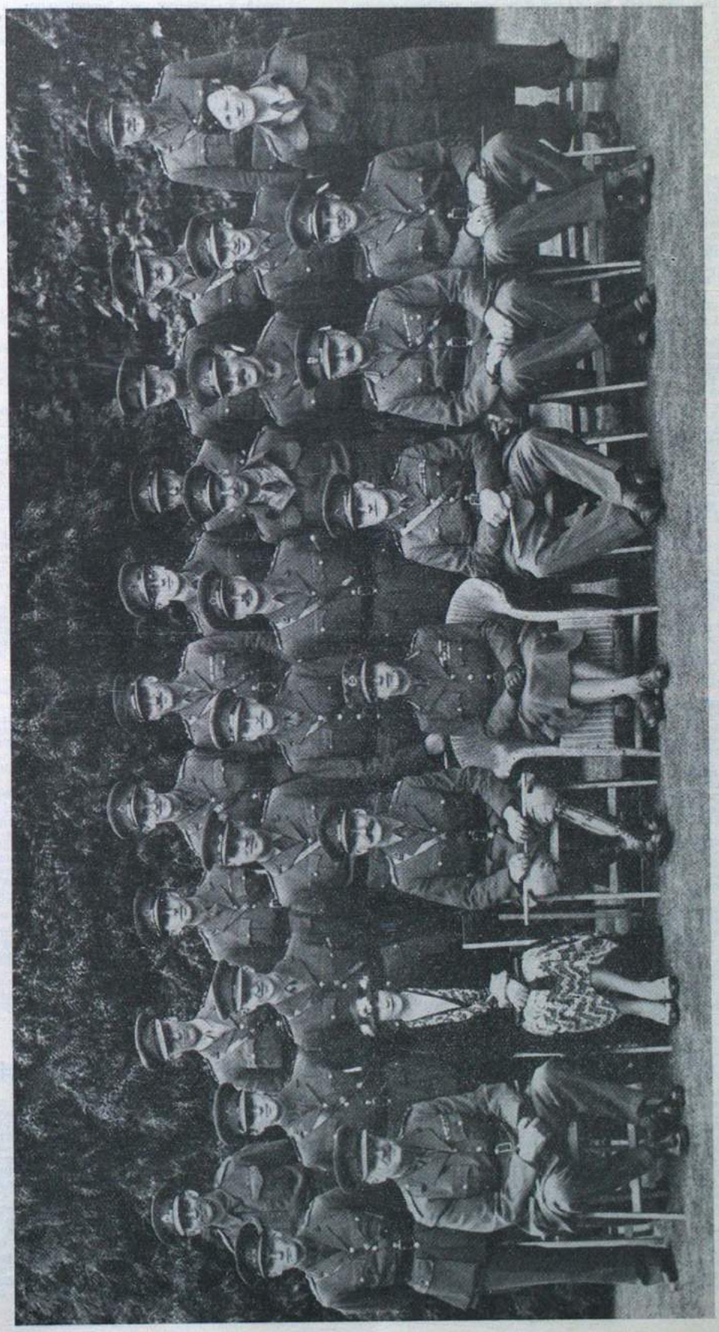
How do, folks, we're here again, and must apologise for being absent from last month's issue owing to our own absence from the fold, in other words we were too busy doing our work. We spent a glorious fortnight under canvas at ——, no locations, Dr. Goebbels, and returned well "browned-off," much to the envy of the Unit pen-pushers, who have been observed sunbathing pretty often.

Leave and courses still deplete our ranks, but we carry on in the true "B" traditions. Talking of leave, a certain W.O.II has acquired for himself a baseball stick with which to answer any twerp who dare poke his nose around the door and ask when his leave is due, especially after a Friday night dance. Have you discovered which step hurts most, Sam ?

We have lost our lodgers just recently, for Scoutmaster Haggar, assisted by Patrol Leaders Hine and McDonald, have taken the ADAG Patrol out camping, and it has rained nearly every day since. Lofty prefers this to his long jaunts to Tro Ho., but misses his "Tit" fetching the tea in the morning, and does he remember those old Indian habits he used to have ?

In the meantime, we have competed for the "Burgess" Challenge Shield and clearly showed Don Section how it's done, although one "D" officer said it would be the other way round. They'll learn one day, sir !

OUR COLONEL-IN-CHIEF VISITS — DIVISIONAL SIGNALS, DEVONSHIRE



We stretch out our hands to welcome 2nd Lieutenant O'Neil, who has taken over the Section, and hope his stay will be long and happy.

We also say bon voyage to 2nd Lieutenant Burgess, who has gone to a much warmer climate. May his experience with the Section be of good use to him.

This is all for now, so cheerio, folks, best of luck.

B.T.

D. R. Notes

Although there is still rather a lack of material for our pens to get busy with, the August D.R. notes must get into print somehow and we herewith present, after much mind flogging, our third contribution to date.

First and foremost, of course, the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Goffe occupies our space; perhaps we should explain to newcomers to the D.R.s during the last twelve months that Cyril Goffe was not only our very popular D.R. Sergeant, but carried most of the work of organising and training that very well-known band, the —th Division Signals display team, who, before the war, had earned a reputation in their own counties not greatly outshone by the London Division Signals display team. He has been working very hard in civvy street, and took the opportunity of a few days' holiday to drop in and chat over old times with the boys. You can bet that the remnants of the old gang were only too pleased to celebrate such an occasion, and though all those left did turn up, the Company only mustered eight.

We learn on good authority that Lance Corporal "Ruby" Hickman, of the Q.M. Staff, has been admitted to the M.I. Room for some obscure reason. We hope it is appendicitis, but confirmation may be obtained from Lance Corporal Homer, or a certain C.Q.M.S. (big, strong and handsome). Which raises

THIS MONTH'S TECHNICAL QUERY.—What happens when a front brake is applied on a motor cycle on a left-hand bend with a wet surface? For the answer contact the "gorgeous boy" of June's issue, but keep at a respectable distance when popping the question.

We feel we must congratulate the D.R.s and others who recently attended the Aviation Candidates Selection Board and qualified for training as pilots with the R.A.F. This, of course, further reduces the number of the old Henin Brigade, but when the time comes to go we wish them every success in their new venture.

We have with regret said farewell to two other D.R.s, who have returned to civvy street, namely, Bill Thursfield and Rube Hardy. Watch out for your arm, Bill.

ODE TO A NYMPH

Water to Ted is an object of dread,
So imagine surprise when to a river he's led.
Without any leg-pulling, nudge or shove,
He descends to the drink,
But not like a dove.

The outward trip he makes O.K.,
His feet touch bottom,
We shout "Hooray,"
But look—he stands alone,
Forlorn—
Bringing to life "September Morn."

On his home side his eyes do yearn,
And he knows full well he must return,
Should he have a go, he thinks he oughter,
But there's no bottom,
Just 10 ft. a-water.

The decision is made,
And with a shout,
Our doughty Edward launches out,
For he must cross the great divide,
For his mates and togs are on t'other side.

Half o'er, half o'er,
To the distant shore,
His rhythmic beat collapses,
And into language strange and dark,
Our Romeo relapses.

His muscles bulge like iron bands,
He grabs and pulls with failing hands,
But with expressions of surprise,
He sinks below the flowing tide.

The bubbles rise in steady stream,
This ain't the last of Ted we've seen,
For look . . . .
Blowing bubbles light and airy,
He gracefully rises, like a fairy.

He looks ahead
With cod-eyed stare,
And sucks in quantities of air,
And then again without ado,
He quietly disappears from view.

And yet again he reappears,
To quickly quieten our fears,
And as the water from him drops,
His eyes protrude like organ stops.

He looks round with spasmodic jerkins,
Hoping to light on Jackie Firkins,
But this well-known contractor,
Was fated not to be the factor
to prevent the water wet
From once *more* covering up our pet.

Now with a fanfare O.K. for Nero,
Let us introduce our hero
(As for the third time runnin',
(Our Edward vanishes—so cunnin');
Young Tig Harvey is the name,
And we are proud to so proclaim.

He first performed on a foreign shore,
No doubt remembered by the boys of yore,
And here again he did not hesitate,
And dragged our Ted from the river's spate.

Congratulations, Tig, my lad,
You didn't do at all too bad,
But a lot of good wind's
Gone up the spout,
To pull an old "Dope"
Like Cully out.

TRIBSA.

NOTE

The foregoing may be taken as a very advanced literary style and, as such, should be encouraged. After all, what are a few split infinitives between friends, and if the metre functions something like the one on our petrol pump, who cares? You will find that the thing actually rhymes in places. What do you want for 6d.—Shakespeare's Works?

MR. CATESWELL.

"M" Section

Signalman Bourne goes all high-brow and awaits transfer to R.A.S.C.

Sergeant Irving arrives en bloc.

Sergeant Dawes, ex-M Section, does it at last.

Arrival and departure of one, Timothy Smith, late of Henin Lietard.

Lance Corporal Horsley in Mechanical Love.

All in one week!

We may not be rocking the rafters in some directions, but the lads certainly cannot be charged with lack of initiative. Here is a little detail regarding their activities:—

Sydney's spot of bother with the R.A.S.C. is purely the result of his being so lucky. In a matter such as drawing who was to fill a vacant appointment, our Syd just couldn't lose. His great regret is that this has occurred just as he was carrying out some experiments with daisy petals. So far the information has not been entirely satisfactory. If the fates ordain and he leaves the old combine, we take this opportunity of wishing him all the very best for the future.

Tim Smith's entry one evening was a very pleasant surprise for us, who remember him as a more active member of the Section. His stay was, unfortunately, very brief, and too soon we found ourselves wishing him good luck in the civil job to which he is returning.

Sergeant Jack Irving is back with us, and is working night and day on his new system. The Irvino system has the greatest possibilities, and, although at the moment it may not bear close comparison with such proved theories as Bedaux's masterpiece of efficiency, we believe it introduces an entirely fresh element, peculiar only to the Army. It will probably be first detected by its close association with bovine odour, and, I understand, is to be applied in its most concentrated form prior to C.O.'s parades.

Quite apart from all this, old Jack has one or two very "Harrowing" ideas up his sleeve, and will probably be passing them on to us in the very near future.

Apologies to Bob Dawes for being a little late in extending our congratulations on his recent marriage. Better late than never. He knows that the wishes of his old comrades are none the less sincere for being pushed.

The Fred Horsley episode was an outstanding example of M Section methods.

Noting the arrival of truck—driven by worthy owner of A.T.S. badge—he grabs Fido and manœuvres same under vehicle. The resulting scene was of the highest order and showed obvious signs of development.

D Section are still a little bewildered by the religious background apparently associated with a gas sentry. It is rather surprising to discover the sentry, with head thrown back and an expression of profound gravity on his countenance, muttering scarcely audible phrases, while the Orderly Officer stands reverently alongside. Explaining the incident next day, the soldier revealed that having received the order to pray, he was complying to the best of his ability. There may be a catch somewhere, but that was the way the story was passed on to us.

Although I cannot help feeling that an incident such as Pat Barton's arrival one night, minus cap, F.S., soldier for the use of, would prove an interesting news item, I will adopt a measure of discretion and wish you adieu.

Lance Corporal White regrets his inability to hit the headlines this month, and excuses himself on the grounds that his new appointment as O. i/c Works Tickets, together with the task of superintending the laundry, has seriously curtailed his activities.

PIP.

Devon and Cornwall Divisional Signals

From the season's youngest debutante.

Starting from scratch with a cosmopolitan crowd, Major Newcombe and his satellites have certainly pulled the Division into shape. Thanks, too, must be offered to Sergeants Hunt and Arnott who polished up our rough diamonds from the infantry. The Division is going great guns to date and is rapidly pulling into stride as a great team. "Sweats" all round exist on coming promotion and congratulations are extended to all those who have acquired the first "laundry mark." Keep at it, boys, there's more to come.

Shall we say thanks to C.S.M. Scarlett whose efforts to put sport on the map here are more appreciated than he may imagine, whilst his work on the "jumping pit" and cricket pitch would do credit to the most enthusiastic "janker-wallah."

C.S.M. Nicholls (Cipher Staff) comes into the spotlight for a watchful eye on his present and future performances on the cricket pitch. His form to date suggests that county cricket and the newspapers are being robbed of some useful material.

E. and M., much-abused citizen of Signals World of Learning, has been re-dubbed "Eartbreak and Misery" by our crop of infantry transferees, who, incidentally, are getting a firm grip on this iddy-umpty business. Perhaps, however, they could desist from answering lecture questions in the dusky hours of the morning.

Scrounging a line from a local newspaper, I put to you some *unanswerable questions*:—

What N.C.O. could shake the camp by declaring "I have nothing to say"?

Who has been dubbed "Laughing Boy" and "Lightning"? And why?

This week's spontaneous pun comes from the lips of Signalman Duce, who during a dicussion hotly declared, "If you can clear a non-existent fault, you're a better I.M. than I.M.

It is probably because I have to write these notes so far in advance of publication that I sometimes do not record some events of interest that happen in and around the Division. Some excuse, too, I have, in view of the fact that not enough is passed to me. Rally round, fellows, and pass on the tit-bits, gossip, and what you have.

Under our month's congratulations' heading we must place the honourable Straker hyphen. That note-book has provided some poor photographer with a year's subsistence. Congratulations, too, to Corporal Court who has left us to thrash his way through a L/Lance Sergeant course. All the best. "Casanova," but hurry back, the girls are pining.

Our infantry transferees come into line for a pat on the back. They seem to be settling down and are all looking forward to the substitution of Signalman for Private.

Sport still hits the headlines in the Division, but the cricket team really should make up its mind. They beat a Royal Marines XI by forty runs, lost to the Devons, who dismissed the whole side for seven, and went on to beat a good local Grammar School side by 40 runs and a couple of spare wickets.

Table tennis doesn't seem to be our strong suit and the Marines dished us out a beating to the tune of 11 games to 5.

Revenge is sweet and what sweeter than a 12—3 victory at football over the Devons.

C.S.M.I. Scarlett once again must be congratulated for his efforts on the sports front. He is organising an inter-hut basket-ball knock-out competition. No 7 hut look forward to avenging the lost "dartboard."

Our unanswerable questions writer asks:—

What infantry transferee declared hotly, "No one can force me to make a voluntary allotment"?

Stokowski, where art thou?

How? asks a correspondent, do the R.E.'s fill the gap between meals? I suggest that very often they bridge the gap.

A Lance Corporal was struck dumb through receiving a shock from an electric iron.

"A" Section note—Electric irons cost 7s. 6d.

"Ringing noises in the ear, says the M.O., are nothing to worry about. Some of our telephone subscribers seem to have known that for a long time.

I dare to offer you

AN OPERATOR'S LAMENT

There's interference abroad to-night,
Atmospherics and static, too,
The hour is late and the signals weak,
And the WT Op. is out in the blue;
And it's not from fear of words unkind,
Or the selfish hope of a Class B II,
But the Signals motto fresh in his mind,
Certa Cito, *you must* get through.

D.R.s can't go 'cos it's much too wet,
And the lines are busted, and dis and broke,
And it all depends on the wireless set,
And the Morse code basher, the wireless bloke.
When the Colonel's patience has brimmed its banks,
And he's turning the air round him blue,
The cry runs through the Signals ranks,
Certa Cito, *you must* get through.

Month after month and year after year,
While in its place the Corps is set,
While rookies are learning to grin and bear,
Procedure, Morse and superhet,
You log Bosh nuts and you stand accused,
While the Signal Officer roars at you,
I don't give a damn if spun yarn's used,
Certa Cito, *you must* get through.
Va next month.

CHATTERBOX.

— Armoured Divisional Signals

"Every month, sooner than we expect, somebody comes along and says, "What about the WIRE notes?" And every month there are the same old difficulties about the things we can't tell you. Life is very hard. In fact, God help the Editor.

POEM:—

Picture, if you can, a Sergeant,
Ruddy, burly, bull-necked, dour;
And see he wields a rusty firearm—
(Two-two's round about the bore).
And tremble, then, if you're a tasty
Rabbit, pigeon or other beasty;
And call a curse upon "B Cable,"
Ere you appear on the Sergeant's table.

APPRECIATION.—We know now what Keats meant when he said he:—

". . . . had cast some dull opiate to the drains.
One minute past and lethewards had sunk!"

CONGRATULATIONS.—To Major R. J. Moberly on the birth of his newest daughter; to Lieutenant H. W. Smith on his promotion to the rank of Captain; to Corporal W. Sealey, who has got himself "spliced"; to Sergeant Ingram (mentioned cryptically elsewhere) on his eagle eye for pigeons; to S.Q.M.S. Mercer W. and S.Q.M.S. Chapman A., promoted to W.O.II (posted); to Corporal MacKenzie W., appointed Lance Sergeant; to Lance Corporals Mansfield, Hermann F., Rosbotham V., Copping G., Taylor J. F., Ross A. P., Freer, promoted to Corporals; to Signalmen Sones J. R., Gates T., White G., Sargent J., Evatt C. A., Jones A. J., Pluck D. R., Young L. H., Lovejoy C. E., Williams G. H., Orme W. A., Mannering, Drivers Stirling W., Rendell L., Davies G., Rankin T., Pickering F., appointed Lance Corporals.

TROOPS' REPORT. — A Troop—Browned-off in the warm weather last June. Weather now cooler, but colour just the same. Wishes to welcome Sergeant Petrie, who has come to keep a fatherly eye on it, but sheds a tear for the dear departed "Banger."

B Troop—Nothing fresh to report—still the same old gang of linemen, jointers, double-jointers, crossers and all-star twisters. (It's that man again!)

C. Troop—Never 'eard of it! (Sergeant Walsh please note.)

D Troop—Speaks for itself.

R Troop—Now known as Hall's (or Hill's) Distemper Works, or the "Stop me and buy one brigade"! Can produce anything from a chromium-plated Soyer stove to a rusty Signal Office Relief. And they say the funniest things.

M Troop—Censored.

L.A.D.—Can now turn out three vehicles for every two admitted. Absolutely gilt-edged.

(No returns as yet received from 2, 3 and 4 Squadrons.)

ENTERTAINMENTS.—Entertainments have in the main been in the form of dances held in the Village Hall. The Unit Dance Band, although not yet quite up to B.B.C. standards, can swing it as well as most and is much appreciated.

They line up as follows:—Private McKee E., R.A.S.C. (piano); Corporal Dance R. O., Royal Signals (drums), leader; Signalmen Howard S., Royal Signals (accordion); Smart J., Royal Signals (violin); Hills D., Royal Signals (double bass); Marks D., Royal Signals (saxophone); Stevens J., Royal Signals (drums).

It is hoped to recruit a trumpet player and judging from the strange noises which at times emanate from the L.A.D. we hope that one day he will be forthcoming.

In addition to dancing, an E.N.S.A. entertainment known as "Pop and his Party" gave us a concert which was much appreciated by all.

CRICKET.—The Unit team, captained by 2nd Lieutenant A. J. Keeling, Royal Signals, has had four matches during the month, of which it lost three and won one.

Games were:—v. ——— Village, both lost.
v. H.Q. Squadron, one lost, one won.

The team is improving, and we hope to arrange some more fixtures among the local villages.

D.R. Notes

ATTENTION, PLEASE.—Once again news of our famous Despatch (—).

In our last issue it did not include our Mascot "Bess." She is loved by all the D.R.s and other dogs at the Manor. Yes, we have a licence.

ANY COMPLAINTS?—Yes, a police officer came to the garage and stated "Cycle No. ——— was travelling towards ——— with a pair of leggings sitting upright on the saddle." After investigation we found that Signalman Gibbons was riding the machine, but he complains that the new issue of waterproofs fit tight around his neck.

CONGRATULATIONS.—Lance Sergeant Swaine who managed to retain his rank on being posted from — Divisional Signals to this Unit. Lance Corporal Mansfield E., now Corporal Mansfield E. A. G. Who's next?

SPORT.—2nd Lieutenant A. J. Keeling, O.C. "D" Troop, plays a good game of cricket. Eight for four was his record in a recent match against Headquarters Squadron. Keep it up.

D.R. MOTTO.—"We work every minute of the clock, but we beat it at ticking."

"Panda" Armoured Divisional Signals

This is our first appearance in print, we regret the delay very much, but owing to work being at high pressure and time rushing quickly, we have been unable to compete, but hope that we shall be well and truly in the field.

They say the first six months are the worst, and now that we have left them behind we are finding that our days and nights of hard graft are beginning to show the needful results.

We were graciously honoured by a visit from our Colonel-in-Chief, H.R.H. The Princess Royal, a short while ago. Accompanied by her Lady-in-Waiting, Miss Kenyon Slaney, she spent the whole of one day with us.

The C.S.O. Northern Command and C.S.O., R.A.C., were present during the visit.

After inspecting the guard, the following officers were presented:—Major R. C. Conway-Gordon, Major F. R. Booth, Major A. E. Tyler, Major A. H. Campbell, Major J. Tulloch, Captain J. M. Jones, Captain T. Gibson, Captain J. B. Cuthbertson, Captain B. G. Akr'yd, Captain W. A. Tunnicliffe, Lieutenant F. R. White, Lieutenant V. R. Little, Lieutenant J. C. Moden, 2nd Lieutenant J. C. Gladman, 2nd Lieutenant E. C. Fisher; 2nd Lieutenant J. F. Shearer; 2nd Lieutenant E. P. Withers-Green; 2nd Lieutenant J. T. H. Higgins, 2nd Lieutenant D. R. B. Helling and 2nd Lieutenant E. G. Norris.

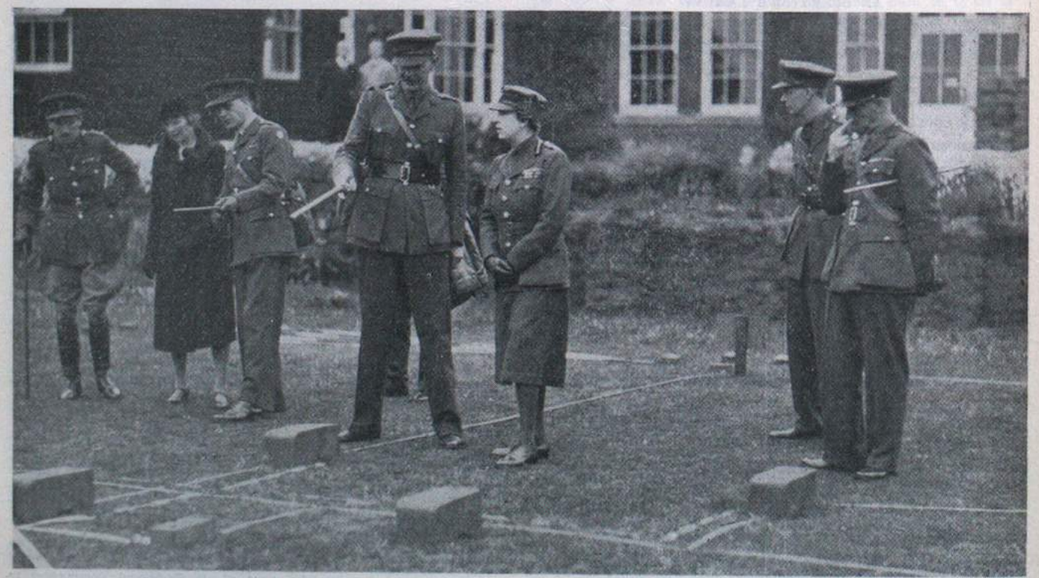
After coffee in the Mess, H.R.H. inspected the lay-out of an Armoured Divisional Signals, visited the canteen and made a complete tour of the lines.

After lunch, she took the place of the Divisional Commander in directing a mobile scheme, giving orders and instructing by R/T on

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ROYAL VISITS THE "PANDA" ARMOURED DIVISIONAL SIGNALS



Her Royal Highness with the Officers



Her Royal Highness examines a model layout of an Armoured Divisional Signals

the move in an A.C.V. On arrival at No. 4 Squadron, Her Royal Highness and Miss Kenyon Slaney each commanded a tank on a cross-country run, after which the party proceeded to No. 2 Squadron for inspection and tea.

Her Royal Highness showed the deepest interest in the Signal arrangements of which we think we can be justifiably proud.

Her Royal Highness was escorted on her way by the D.R.s who had met the royal car in the morning.

We welcome our new Commanding Officer, who must be nameless (although his signature is well known); also 2nd Lieutenants A. Lumkin, J. Johnston, A. Dibsdall, G. V. Garnett and A. H. Morton from O.C.T.U.s.

We extend a welcome hand to our recent arrivals :—S.Q.M.S. Newton A., from "Boyy," he is already a favourite and here's hoping you all the best. S.Q.M.S. (F. of S.) Thomas V., fresh from the F. of S. course at the School, I think we can add him to our list of Casanovas. Shades of Catterick in the form of ex-Boys Corporal Green B., Signalmen Black, Mullins, O'Connor (still unchanged) and Kneebone have rolled up. Good luck, boys. Also welcomed are Lance Corporals McCarthy, Southern, Howard, Freeman and Signalman Baillie from various places.

We said good-bye to Major F. Booth with regret, but hope that it is to bigger heights that he is going. Good luck, sir, and best wishes.

In the sports line we get along well. Cricket, football and swimming are all in swing and keen competition is shown amongst Squadrons and Troops.

Our weekly dance is still going strong, thanks to our Entertainment Officer and band, and judging by the fair sex that rolls up it is a bit of a "ta doo."

Congratulations to S.Q.M.S. Thain S. and Mrs. Thain on the arrival of a daughter. Many of them, Bill.

QUERY.—Who is the Q.M. who wears knee-high boots, shoots rabbits and who found his match trying to do a Scotsman for a tanner ?

What did Scragg say when someone asked him to paint another Panda ?

What do a number of N.C.O.s think of wearing equipment at 01.00 hours ?

S O S to Tommie Blades. Boys O.K. How's the beer ration, Jock ?

In conclusion we shall do our utmost to keep you well informed of our progress and shall, at all times, be glad to hear news from old friends.

PANDA JOCK.

Signals Detachment, 18th Military Mission

An editor's job is a tough one, so we have heard, and so the films have told us. Therefore, dear Editor, be assured that this is neither an ill-worded practical joke nor an over-worked operator's nightmare, and that our Unit really is the 18th Military Mission. We "put our trust in the Editor" as the saying goes.

Hearty congratulations to Captain Baring on his "conglomeration of pips"—to quote his own words. His was a long-deserved and much-belated promotion.

A certain event prompted a long-anticipated detachment outing a few weeks ago by way of celebration. "Little does man know his own strength"—neither did Signalman Noble, we think ! The outing started and flourished in his honour and in the gloating anticipation of those of us who caroused with him, and ended in his unexpected triumph. Or was it perhaps a matter for "Dark Horse" experts ?

Lance Corporal Hosking appears to be rapidly gaining an established reputation for himself as a local Deadwood Dick. His exploits include a hair-raising walk along the step of the local express train travelling at full speed, the wholesale threatening of cringing railway officials in authoritative tones, and, of course, the ruthless breaking of local hearts. I can't help thinking, Frank, of "Oh ! Ma !"

Interception honours have been keenly contested—even our E.S., Signalman Noble, seems interested. Interception is carried out at all times and in all localities (particularly farms), when Sergeant Paul is elsewhere (we often wonder where—but not for long). Signalman Kimble has a natural nose for "smelling out," as it were, interesting interceptions.

Signalman Masters suddenly developed a most conveniently mutinous appendix as a rest cure after a particularly "wet" evening. He warns us, however, that it is copyright, and that anyway it was all a coincidence. Yeah ?

Lastly, Sergeant Paul (who would like to be remembered to all his friends in the 3rd O.T.B.) has watched over his young with the eye of a hawk tempered by the patience of Job. Sometimes we feel jealous—jealous of Cinderella and all the fascination of her coy little ways, which tend to draw him away from us. But, indeed, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and we shall ever remember the beauty of his loving affection and increasing care for her, especially now, towards the end.

We report the detachment stores to be nearly complete—in some cases doubly complete. We only await one or two articles of aerial gear —and Sergeant Paul's sword—and then we shall put in a challenge to all wireless units as the best-equipped detachment in service.

LEM.

Thames Estuary Signals

GENERAL.—All right, I know. I didn't do our usual notes last month; well, I'm sorry, but what with returning from a nice seven days, to be met by a whirlwind, composed of crowns, stripes, orders, parades, fatigues, and "what have you," I was rather put off my stroke, and the last day for press had faded away into the distance before I realised my neglect.

Many things have happened since I last scrawled these notes, and maybe in the telling of them I may tread on a few corns, in which case I hope that my words will be taken in the same spirit as they are written, as at present I've a grin all over my face.

To our O.C. our congratulations, sir, on your "third pip"—but why ! oh why ! did you desert us for the seaside ? (We know a certain writer once said: "Ours not to reason why, ours but to do or die.") We were sorry to see you go; still, our loss is somebody's gain. As for the office wallahs in the train of our O.C., we think they must have known a thing or two.

While on the subject of congratulations, we wish all the best to our inimitable "Yorky"—Sergeant to you, please. If ever a man has earned his third stripe he has. Corporal Souter we hear is now wearing two up, but he has left us for the sea breezes.

As regards fresh arrivals, and departures, it is useless for me to name them one by one, as I'm not allowed to monopolise the whole of THE WIRE. Our parent company have arrived to look after us (the first man to say, "Now I know why some children leave home," is liable to get a cookhouse fatigue), and amongst it we notice many old faces, but enough of them, for after all I'm not their official scribe, so why should I give them free publicity ? Of course, a large packet of Gold Dust—sorry, I mean Gold Flake (free advertisement) might buy me over.

Lectures are at present going full swing. Under the guidance of Lieutenant Allen we hope to apply for trade ratings way above the heights of our wildest dreams, maybe, who knows, we might be able to afford a humble 6d. a week in the Savings Group. (Incidentally, we notice that the Q.M.S. takes charge of the stamps, but like so many Q.M.s, he never gives anything away.) Some of the Section are attending voluntary lectures on radio; we don't believe that there is any truth in the rumour that the wives of the a/m enthusiasts are petitioning for their lesser halves to have their leave cancelled in order to prolong the life of their own wireless sets.

Our firing course went off very successfully, nobody shot the instructor, which was a great relief to Mrs. Dixie. We had better give a pat on the back to Arthur Dullage, who led the field (not including our seaside pals).

SPORT.—No football—wrong season. No cricket—can't raise a team. Therefore the only recreation is swimming, a sport which has been indulged in as often as our "off duty" periods would let us. We're thinking of presenting Eddie Moon with a G.V. (?) medal for his life-saving act at the local pool. Joking apart, it was a good effort, and George and Heck appreciated it if nobody else did.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—Should the Section try to run a concert party? Have we a man to fill the role of comedian ?

Where's that tiger ?

Who's got a surplus of sugar ?

Any offers for the lump scrap opposite the Sergeant's bunk ?

Was Ted trying to do a Victory Roll when he took his nose-dive ?

Doesn't Bert know that pedal cyclists aren't fair game ?

U.A.G.C.—Owing to lack of scandal Uncle Arthur's Gossip Column cannot appear.

That's all for this month. Cheerio !

BIG-HEARTED.

1st A.S.S.T. Battalion

GENERAL.—All quiet on this front. By now, Captain Cadogan will have translated his peace-time relish for summer cruises into something sterner. There is news of John Baker, Barnard and Angell. John Galloway has discovered the meaning of telling anything to the Marines.

We much regret to hear of the loss of Signalman Moffat and Corporal Asbery and of 2nd Lieutenant Gleeson's capture.

Local activities go on steadily. The cricket eleven have developed into a workmanlike combination, and actually win matches. The sweltering heat has not prevented the Dance Committee from gaining a harvest for the Signals Association. But we fear that as the dull days approach our wit becomes even duller.

H.Q. COMPANY.—Recent changes include accession to Administration Officer of 2nd Lieutenant M. Bennoson. 2nd Lieutenant E. Blackley, happily recovered from m/c injuries, has inspired the Messing to delirious heights, but the only cooker he will now be interested in is a blow-lamp in the pots fire. Corporal Muir left recently for a similar Orderly Room job and probably promotion. We wish him good luck.

R.S.M. Webb departed in good trim with a neat little stores section. He is to be congratulated first on his well-deserved commission, and, secondly, on a happy issue from the motor accident which followed immediately on his promotion. He is succeeded by R.S.M. Skitt, whom many from the East of England will remember.

No. 1 Company

GENERAL.—The settled complacency of our Company office was disturbed by renewed activity in the shape of training of new arrivals. The O.C., C.S.M. Robinson and 2nd Lieutenant Palmer sat up burning the midnight oil, peering over finger-smudged training programmes, damp towels around foreheads, and aspirins by the thousand. At last the week's programmes were completed, and "Sporty" Palmer and "Drummer" Robbie were jubilant. Training began in earnest and instructors Christie, Doggart, Campbell and Troughton thrilled to the echoings of screeching buzzers in lecture huts. Alas and alack ! Overnight the fledglings were stolen from our paternal bosoms, and through damp mists, on those evenings when our crestfallen instructors are not on guard, they are to be seen roaming the "Banks of the Dee" bemoaning the fate of their lost lambs. Once again gloom settles over the Cadre with the loss of the opportunity of creative activity.

ARRIVAL.—The atmosphere of Deeside boredom has been freshened by 2nd Lieutenant Wheatley, known to his friends and cricket fans as the "Slasher." We welcome him to the family circle and trust his sojourn in our midst is a pleasant one.

QUIZ.—(a) Who was the pan-Gaelic N.C.O. who took the Home Guard of K—— out on the spree and taught them buzzer reading with the aid of a shove ha'penny board in the "local" ?

(b) Is it true that the War Office are renaming the Unit, the "Battalion for Incurable Scotsmen"?

No. 2 Company

Here we are again. Sorry for the absence of last month, but will try to make up for it this time.

ARRIVALS.—Our usual selection of "Goons" (Cockney for arrivals). They come, they go on, and we old stagers look at the arrivals of naval, artillerymen, infantrymen, or anything else that strolls our way and wonder why?

We welcome Sergeant Kimmins K. to this Company. "Now then, Joe, make an operator out of him." Welcome, also, to 2nd Lieutenants Blackley and Clement, and Corporal Dobing L. May your stay here be a cheerful one. Look out, boys! We have a new clerk, Signalman Carden L. Mind how you go with the late and week-end passes. *We hear he shouts them all to the C.S.M.*

DEPARTURES.—We are all sorry to see the going of Captain Cadogan (so early in his married life). Since the early stages of the war he has held this Company together, and the old hands will miss his beaming smile (except when he has a case to deal with). Best of luck.

C.S.M.I. Thomas (Muscles). Cheerio, Tommy, some will miss the P.T., some won't.

SOCIAL.—We all enjoyed the two dances which were run by the Unit, one for the "Prisoners of War Fund" and one for the Benevolent Fund, and we see by the result sheet that both funds received a handsome sum.

AGONY.—We want to know how the R.S.M. manages to avoid our Company when the spot prizes are given away and if he has learned how to deal with "gate-crashers" since the last one.

PROMOTIONS AND MARRIAGES.—Congratulations to Corporal Williams T. A. on attaining that rank and also for lessening the ranks of "singlemen." Don't let either promotions go to your head, Taffy.

ENQUIRIES.—C.S.M. Howell (Joe) would like to hear from any of the old 44th or 12th Division lads. Any news will be welcome.

Finished.

JOE.

Northern Ireland District Signal Company

We have a chap in this company who was once so red that he used to cash Russian cheques, but to-day his opinions are so popular that he has stripes on the sleeves of his battle-dress, which is a good one, and a job in the Quartermaster's Stores. Yes, we could point to many men in this company who are indispensable to the war effort whom we could ill spare; any one of them lost from our midst would be a national loss. The question then prompts itself, does it not, dear reader? How is it some men prosper while others fall by the wayside or, worse still, fall among people with brass necks?

The Quartermaster's Stores, once thought a dead end, is now reckoned a seat of learning. To it come men of all trades seeking to exchange their boots and gym shoes for greater worth. A greater barter in toothbrushes goes on here than in Woolworth's. Here also work the famed Signalmen, Knocker Knowles and Slug Lister. In the administrative seat, presiding over the works with the greatest of ease, sits C.Q.M.S. Wainscoat, who will tell you if you care to ask, though not many care to ask, that the secret of success is concentration, which is nothing to do with a concentration camp. Strangely enough, too, the experience of retired Sergeant-Majors, that concentration is the secret of success, is emphatic and positive.

With these representative men and with there ideas in mind, then, let us address ourselves to a consideration of the means to promotion and the acquistion of laurel crowns. What, first, is the hardest task in the world? It is to concentrate. Without that ability you might just as well go sick. Consider how, when one is in camp, how the natural elements and common nouns of everyday use, so perpetually intrude themselves into men's mouths that the words we have learned from our text books are continually crowded out.

What does all this mean but that in a modern army, where everything depends on mechanics, the soldier much necessarily divorce himself from all natural associations and the heydey of the blood and think only in terms of iron and steel.

How else can one explain what a superintendent in the signal office one day recently told us about an operator on phonograms, receiving a report from a Unit on the state of their small arms, writing down "apples" when he should have written "rifles" and converting "pistols" into "crystals," and that, further, when this operator on repeating back the message was apprised of his errors he cheerfully blamed them on to "heavy atmospheres." In fairness to the operator, whose name out of deference to the superintendent's wishes we reluctantly omit, it must, however, be said that he admits the story to be a true one, but then, he adds a trifle darkly that Corporal Denehy, who is now married and bald enough to know better, was no longer a friend of his and that in any case the atmospheres had let him down rotten. By the way, Signalman Pallett happens to do duty as operator on phonograms fairly frequently and, while we in no way wish to identify the worthy Pallett with the operator who mixed the crystals with the pistols, the name somehow seems to be sticking out a mile. So much for concentration. Now for self-reliance.

"In all battles," wrote Napoleon, "a moment occurs when the bravest troops, after having made the greatest efforts, feel inclined to run. That terror proceeds from a want of confidence in their own courage; and it only requires a slight opportunity, a pretence, to restore confidence to them. The art is to give rise to the opportunity and to invent the pretence. You see that two armies are two bodies which meet and endeavour to frighten each other: a moment of panic occurs, and that moment must be turned to advantage."

On this matter of self-reliance, so important to the potential N.C.O., we feel we must say here that even on this part of the Home Front, in old Ireland, even on the kitchen front, there are, daily, acts of courage that go to show that in a spot of bother it is better to take the initiative, to do anything, to do what may seem the worst while hoping for the best, rather than just wait passively for the worst and then to groan when you get it.

We therefore submit in conclusion to these notes an odd ode to No. 2311126.1 Corporal Coram (good cook), the most heroic of soldiers, whose acts have oft been written in this book. An epic deed of his yesterday, which illustrates that what he does is ever dictated by the most noble instincts of the human heart, seems to require to be immortalised in poetry, thus:—

THE ODD ODE

Even cooks have done brave deeds,
But cads have sung them not;
So I, of good cook Coram,
Intend to write a spot.

Of inoffensive rabbits,
A hunter bold was he;
Blurred was his eye and crab his aim,
So the rabbits did not flee.

One day a bellowing bull,
After watching his poor show,
Rushed at him from behind,
Aiming to hit him, low.

His rifle was not cocked,
Indeed, 'twas on the deck;
One hand held a pint of womp,
The other—the bottle's neck.

He heard the bull's approach;
He turned, he raised his glass;
The mad bull stopped, amazed,
Before this seeming farce.

The good cook drained his pint,
That made his courage rise;
He wiped his lips, then gave the bull
A smack between the eyes.

And then, unarmed, he stood alone,
Before the angry bull,
Without a care he seized its horns,
And gave a mighty pull.

Of plans for final victory
He owns he never thought;
Brave was he, but he finished up
On a special sick report.

THE GLOOMY DEAN.

Orkneys and Shetlands Signal Company

We apologise for our recent lack of notes, but plead with every hope of being believed that some of our efforts have been lost in the post.

Kirkwall Signals held a highly successful dance on the evening of 7th August, which attracted members of all the Services.

Major Lothian, O.C. Signals, was one of the many officers who attended.

Signalman Marston J. proved to be an able M.C.

During the interval, Signalman Fynes entertained the audience with the singing of "Song of Songs," "Oh, Maiden, My Maiden" and "So Deep is the Night."

Altogether a very enjoyable evening.

V Propaganda (Jewish Version).

Vork Villingly! Vy Vorry? Ve Vill Vin! Von't Ve?

By converting the "black-out" screens used on the windows into tables, the Sergeants' Mess managed to stage a whist drive (although had it been a pontoon school the floor would have been sufficient).

About fifteen couples attended and spent a very enjoyable evening. The "Signals Dance Band" (caps, please) played hard, as usual, to maintain their brilliant reputation.

THE PRICE OF GLORY.—We submit the following balance sheet for the benefit of a recent darts champion. Lieutenant Lister. ORK, DEF, ZET, DEF.

Income		Expenditure	
First prize	6 0	One round of drinks	15 0
		Net loss	9 0

To which we apportion—18 cheers at 6d. each. (The auditors carry forward three raspberries)—three.

Audited and found correct.

(Signed) I. V. E. BEANDAN.

WHAT WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.—Who was the officer (?) in recent manœuvres, on capturing a prisoner, found himself buying drinks for the captive? Or was it all foreign money the enemy possessed?

If the rabbits which nibble the radishes and lettuce in our allotment care for salad dressing? (If so, please hand in number to the C.Q.M.S.)

Who was the Signalman who, at a recent dance, kindly returned two Majors, two Captains and one Lieutenant to the door—after they had talked their way past two Sergeants—without tickets?

Have you joined the Signals Association



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VOL. XXII.—No. 259 SEPTEMBER, 1941 PRICE—SIXPENCE

Editorial Notes

FELICITATIONS. — We convey our cordial congratulations to A/L Corporal R. Nelson to whom H.M. The King has been graciously pleased to approve the award of the British Empire Medal for gallantry.

On the night of 4th/5th May, during a heavy raid, Lance Corporal Nelson was on duty at a telephone exchange in Belfast, which was being used for military purposes. For seven hours he continued at his post, notwithstanding danger from the collapse of blazing buildings, and he refused to leave although warned by the A.F.S. and A.R.P. that there was an immediate danger of the fire spreading. Not until the heat became unbearable did he leave his post, coming back to it at short intervals to communicate with his headquarters and inform them which lines were still operating. There was a shift of wind at about 6 a.m. which drew the flames away from the exchange and enabled Nelson to resume continuous operations, which he did until relieved at 8 a.m., having been on duty from 10 o'clock the previous night.

ETHIOPIAN ARMY AND TELEGRAPH SERVICE.—Another instance of the versatility of Royal Signals personnel has appeared in the public Press and is considered to be of sufficient interest to warrant publication. From Addis Ababa, on August 26th, the Special Correspondent of "The Times" writes:—

"One of the most curious and impressive sights in Addis Ababa at present is that of 200 young Ethiopians, with hardly a word of English between them, who are being initiated into the arts and mysteries of telegraphy by half a dozen British N.C.O.s of the Royal Corps of Signals. These pupils are destined to form the nucleus of both the new Ethiopian Telegraph Service and a Signal Company in the Ethiopian Army.

"A few of them have had some slight experience of the matter during the period before the Italians were evicted, but most are complete novices. Nevertheless, after eight weeks' training, a handful are already sufficiently advanced to be employed as assistant wireless operators, while others are out reconstructing the telegraph lines destroyed during the war under the supervision of British signallers.

"It is amazing to see a burly Lancashire Sergeant teaching map-reading and the use of the prismatic compass to a class of swarthy youths in every sort of mixture of European and Ethiopian dress, and putting it over by sheer persistence and force of character. Some of the instructors have a slight knowledge of French and Italian. That helps."

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU FOR RETIRED OFFICERS OF THE REGULAR ARMY.—In connection with the announcement which appeared in our July, 1941, issue, we are asked to publish the following details:—

Registered with the Bureau	45
Of these: Recalled to the Colours	7
Found employment	28
Still unemployed	10

Benevolent Fund Notes

Security regulations do not permit us to publish detailed particulars of Corps Units, but it is hoped that the following list of those formations that have already responded to the Colonel-Commandant's appeal for regular monthly contributions to the Corps Benevolent Fund will be found satisfactory for the purpose of identification.

The Administrator gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following:—

BENEVOLENT FUND (No. 2 A/C 1940) :

BANKERS' ORDER INSTRUCTIONS FROM :

Lieutenant L. G. Goddard.
Captain T. A. Roberts.
2nd Lieutenant K. A. V. Bywater.

CASH SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM :

Brigadier G. C. Wickens, C.B.E., T.D., H.Q. A.A. Command.
Lieutenant-Colonel T. S. A. Campbell.

BENEVOLENT FUND (NO. 2 A/C 1940) (Unit List Continued) :

	£	s.	d.
3rd Operators' Training Battalion, Yorkshire—July and August	18	4	0
Orkneys and Shetlands Signals—July	2	0	0
54th — Signals, Home Forces—August	2	7	0
11th A.A. — Signals, Staffs.—August	2	8	0
1 Company 61st — Signals, Home Forces—August	12	6	
5th (London) — Signals, Home Forces—July	5	18	0
152nd O.C.T.U., Yorkshire (Officers)—July	1	19	0
43rd — Signals, Home Forces—August	1	14	3
Depot Battalion, 3 S.T.C., Yorkshire—June, July and August	60	0	0
— Special Wireless Section, Essex—August	1	0	0
1st — Signals, Home Forces—July	2	8	9
45th — Signals, Home Forces	12	11	0
46th — Signals, Home Forces—Donation	5	5	0
25th Army Tank — Signals, H.F.—Donation	1	3	0
10th A.A. — Signals, Yorkshire—August	4	18	1
2 Company, 11th — Signals, Home Forces—August	2	15	6
2 Company, 6th — Signals, Belfast	1	7	6
Devon and Cornwall — Signals, Home Forces—August		8	9
4 — Signals, Chester—Donation	60	0	0
Hampshire — Signals, Home Forces—August		11	3
1 Company, 11 — Signals, Home Forces—August	1	16	9
220th Infantry — Signal Section, H.F.—August		8	0
1 Company, 8th A.A. — Signals, Middlesex—August	3	14	0
2nd A.A. — Signals, Northants.—August	3	0	0
56th — Signals, Home Forces—July and August	9	0	6
H.Q. 4 (F.S.S.) Company, 7 — Signals, Kent—August		10	0
A.A. Divisional Signals, South Wales—Donation	3	12	8
"L" Section, 18th — Signals, Home Forces—August		15	6
"F" Section, 18th — Signals, H.F.—August		4	6

APPEALS DEALT WITH :

		£	s.	d.
1	Mother of Signalman, Devon	Grant	2	10	0
2	Wife of N.C.O., Surrey	Grant	4	0	0
3	Wife of Signalman, Sussex	Grant	2	0	0
4	Wife of Signalman, Newcastle	Grant	2	0	0
5	Signalman, Wilts.	Grant	2	0	0
6	Driver, Catterick	Grant	3	0	0
7	N.C.O., — Corps Signals, H.F.	Grant	4	2	6
8	Wife of N.C.O., Catterick	Grant	2	8	5

PRISONERS OF WAR PARCELS :

The following are further extracts from grateful letters that we continue to receive from the relatives of our Prisoners of War:—

"I am very pleased to tell you that my son has had the parcel which you so kindly sent to him. I had a card from him to-day saying he had received it and how very pleased he was with it. So I am very grateful and very thankful to you for all your kindness both to my son and to us."—(67)

"Thank you so much for all you have done for my son. I find it very hard, indeed, to express our gratitude, but I would like you to know how deeply we appreciate your thoughtful consideration. We can only imagine the great joy that such expressions of fellowship must convey to all."—(385)

"On behalf of my husband and myself, I wish to thank you for your letter and list. We think it is a splendid parcel and we know our son will be more than pleased with it. Thanking you once again for your very great assistance."—(575)

"We have just heard from our son that the parcel which we jointly sent to him in April has been received by him. He was very pleased, indeed, and said that everything in it was just what he wanted and was especially grateful for the warm clothing. He writes very cheerfully and is now receiving letters from us after many months of delay."—(274)

"Just a few lines to let you know that my son has sent word to say that he has received his second 'Personal Parcel.' Also books which we sent him. He has also received a new battledress and boots. Once again we thank you for your help with the parcels. I will be sending another in a week's time—as he is getting them it is a pleasure sending them."—(339)

"So excited to let you know my husband has received the parcel. He says he was very grateful for it, and, of course, I cannot express my gratitude to you."—(196)

"I am enclosing a card which I received yesterday from my brother. You will be just as pleased as I am, I'm sure, to read how grateful he is for the comforts you have so kindly sent him, and my heartfelt thanks are added to his you may be sure. If you can think of any way that I may be able to help the Signals' Association, I would always welcome the chance to do so. I have a certain amount of time on my hands if nothing else."—(492)

(Card referred to above):—"Parcel received O.K. yesterday. You've no idea how welcome it was. I can face the winter cheerfully now with all these woollies. The socks, especially, were a godsend."

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR PARCELS (List Continued) :

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Green		10	0
1st Armoured — Signals	2	0	0
W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess, 2nd S.T.C.	10	0	0
11th African — Signals	9	0	0
Signalman D. S. Evans	1	1	0
1st — Signals	5	0	0
Ayrshire War Relief Fund	38	11	7
Mrs. Flett		2	6
Officers' Mess, 48th — Signals	2	10	0
District Signals, Rawalpindi	20	0	0
1st Operators' Training Battalion	2	10	0
4 — Signals	20	0	0
Mrs. J. W. Aldridge		5	0

Royal Signals Comforts Fund

The Comforts Fund is receiving a number of requests for games, playing cards, periodicals, books, etc., to provide amusement on board ship for drafts proceeding overseas. With the approach of winter there will also be an increased demand for similar supplies from Units at home. Gifts of any of the above will be most gratefully received by the Hon. Secretary, Royal Signals Comforts Fund, 6, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2.

MONTHLY LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS :

	£	s.	d.
1st Holding Battalion, Catterick	10	0	0
Royal Signals' Mess, Aldershot	2	14	0
Kohat District Signals (monthly)	2	3	11
School of Signals, Catterick	10	0	0
Staff of Inspection Department (monthly)	4	0	0
Mrs. Wickins' Work Party	1	0	0
Orkney and Shetland Signal Company	2	0	0
Mrs. Steward	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Birkett		5	0
Miss Playne		5	0
Mrs. Birnie Reid's Work Party	5	0	0
— Divisional Signals (proceeds of cricket match and dance)	15	9	0
Warwickshire A.A. Signals and Birmingham O.C.A. (proceeds of dance)	4	4	6
Mrs. Waters		11	0
Mrs. Parker's Working Party	1	10	0
— Divisional Signals (proceeds of dance)	5	5	0
Royal Signals' Records Office (monthly)	10	0	0
4 Command Signals (monthly)	20	0	0
1st Operators' Training Battalion, Catterick	2	10	0
Mrs. Marchant		10	0

(Extract from "The Times")

Nerve Centre of a Modern Army

Complex Duties of the Royal Corps of Signals

CARRIER PIGEON TO WIRELESS TELEPHONY

(From our Special Correspondent with the Army)

The Royal Corps of Signals, at one time in its history a branch of the Royal Engineers, usually has the distinction of being taken for granted even in official announcements about British regiments engaged, for example, in Crete or Syria. Yet every formation, down to and including the battalion, has its signal unit as distinct from the regimental signallers, and the development of military communications within the last two years has been very much a romance of science. The advance of short-wave wireless telephony alone has given the war machine an articulate form whose possibilities are constantly being discovered. As an instance of what can be done under the stress of events, there is the story from France of a forward observing officer of artillery who in his little wireless truck, moved up all day with the leading infantry, and by being able to talk back to his battery repeatedly brought down supporting fire in a matter of seconds.

I have recently had an opportunity of studying the signalling system of an armoured division, which possesses the largest wireless lay-out of any unit; there is hardly a vehicle in it that does not carry one or more sets, and clearly a formation of such far-ranging mobility must sink or swim with its signals. Every movement, every order, is controlled by wireless, and though the sets in the tanks are operated by the crews themselves, the various squadrons of the Corps of Signals number nearly 800 men, and there is plenty for them to do.

TIGER CALLING AJAX

I went out with the chief signal officer to meet some of his units returning from an exercise, and miles away we picked them up on the little set in his car. "Tiger calling Ajax," someone might be chanting. "We are moving into harbour. Tiger to Ajax. Over"—and just as clearly Ajax would talk to Tiger. With so many people speaking at the same time within the division, and maybe from outside, it all calls for a delicate adjustment of frequences and wireless discipline of a high order.

A clear picture of the operation of an armoured division may be gained by a study of its signal squadrons, which being self-contained, drive and maintain their own vehicles. The headquarters squadron, for instance, links the commander and his staff with brigade headquarters, and provides communication with the air and with the

superior formation, which in the event of operations would probably be an Army Corps. Within the squadron, besides the operators, are a technical maintenance troop, a cable troop to provide any necessary land lines, and a troop of despatch riders. Others squadrons link up the sub-formations in the support group and operate with the armoured brigades, in which they provide the links between brigade headquarters and the regiments. In addition, there is a small signal troop in each armoured regiment for the maintenance of sets and batteries, which would be restored at night after a battle.

During operations divisional headquarters consists of several large bullet-proof trucks known as armoured command vehicles, in which all the staff work is done. There is also one of these vehicles in each brigade. They are maintained by the Signals, and so, incidentally, is the general's charger—a tank which, by name at least, preserves the cavalry tradition. Each of these command vehicles performs a different function, and they are all linked by their own wireless net—familiarly known as the "house telephone," over which the commander's orders and information from the brigades may be heard.

AN ARMOURED OFFICE

One command vehicle might control the net between the general and the brigades, another would work with the armoured car regiment, another with the air or with rear headquarters, and so on. The armoured command vehicle may be traced to a brigadier who, attempting to squeeze himself and his maps and his brigade major into a tank on Salisbury Plain, said, "I must have an armoured office." That is what it is. The Signals, moreover, have to provide the "anchor" sets whenever an armoured division is attached to another formation. In working with the air, for example, they maintain two sets, carried in wireless trucks at the aerodrome.

All this may give some idea of the complex and vital nature of the duties to-day of the Corps of Signals; and in France we had a crowning example of what happens when communications break down. The duties are not really so complicated as they look, but clearly depend on finished training and on every man being a master of his task. There is no end to learning about the military uses of wireless, which are closely bound up with the question of security. Just when to impose wireless silences, and when and where to send messages in clear or in cipher are constant problems. Broadly, the preference is for radio telephony, by which messages may be transmitted rapidly and, by a plentiful sprinkling of code words, with little risk of being intercepted usefully by the enemy. Wireless sets, moreover, have improved so considerably that the speaker's voice may readily be recognised—another great advantage.

Here range is the problem, especially in armoured divisions. A range of 70 miles when communicating with aircraft is quite general, but on land much depends on the nature of the country, and radio-telephony is notoriously unreliable during the tactically important hours of dusk and dawn. Wireless telegraphy can then be used, but at once, given far greater ranges, the problem of security becomes more urgent. Morse, for one thing, is an international code, and here the use of enciphered messages is bound to increase. In general, it may be said that the number of persons authorised to use the radio telephone increases on the way down from the higher commands. It is the other way round with cipher, which in any case is not used in front of the division.

CORPS HEADQUARTERS

A visit to corps headquarters gave a similar picture of the ceaseless activity of the Signals staff, though naturally their system of communications was far less fluid. Three companies were engaged—one with cable-laying, the others with wireless and telegraphy on a far more permanent basis than would operate in the field. By laying many miles of underground cable and linking up at various points with the Post Office system, a network of communications had been built up on the grid principle, so that if one section of it were put out of action another way round could be found. Down in the cellars of an old mansion, working in anything but congenial conditions, was the staff of the Signal Office, with a modern telephone exchange, and their hive of teleprinters and telegraph transmitters. During a normal day more than 2,000 telephone calls pass through their switchboard, and the despatch rider letter service handles some hundreds of documents. A system of remote control, with land lines laid from the sets to house telephones, makes it possible for headquarters to have its wireless station in a safe position some miles away from the buildings. One link with the past has been retained, apart from the old methods of visual signalling which are still taught, is the Army carrier pigeon service, which is also operated by the Corps of Signals against a day when all else fails.

It has been learned by experience, sometimes costly experience, that information is a more vital need in swift-moving, modern warfare than ever before. The Corps of Signals are taking an increasing part in active reconnaissance. The new G.H.Q. Liaison Regiment, whose functions as a link between the commander-in-chief and the battlefield have already been described in "The Times," largely works through Signals men, who also have their units with battalions of the more recently created Reconnaissance Corps.

I was able to visit one of these battalions, which are strong in Bren carriers and the armoured cars known as Beaverettes, and which generally reconnaitre on similar lines to the old divisional cavalry. This battalion was composed of officers and men from several regiments, in this case from units of a London Territorial Division; but now the Reconnaissance Corps has adopted its own badge, designed, by the way, by a private soldier. But a corps commander, apparently, has still to be appointed.

The German Invasion of Russia

With the unexpected and inexplicable attack on Russia by Germany in the third week of June, the war entered upon a new phase, which will powerfully and probably decisively influence its final result. It is as yet too early to say what the outcome of this latest campaign of German aggression will be, for as we write these lines in the third week of August it is already in full course. But some account may now be given of its opening stages.

The reason that induced Hitler so wantonly and suddenly to fall upon Soviet Russia will not be fully known for many a year, if at all. It was, of course, obvious that if Nazism continued to dominate Germany and Europe, conflict with Russia was, in the nature of things, sooner or later inevitable. There is a fundamental contradiction between the ideologies of the two great powers which no pact of friendship and non-aggression, however temporarily useful to one or both sides, could nullify for long. But why did Hitler choose this particular moment to tear the pact up and march his armies on Moscow?

The reasons were certainly complex, and some of them can easily be conjectured. Growing dislike for the prospects of an invasion of this country; dread of the increase of discontent at home; fear of the rising offensive power of the R.A.F.; the tightening grip of our naval blockade; German failure in the Battle of the Atlantic; anxiety about his future oil supplies; the failure of the attempted anti-British coups in Iraq and Syria—all these may reasonably be counted among the motives in Hitler's mind inducing him to do something spectacular to compensate for the failure of his attacks both on Britain and in the East. He no doubt felt that a clash with Russia was inevitable sooner or later, and that he must attack her if he did not wish to see Russia attack him when it suited her best and him least, at a time when his hands were no longer, as they were for the moment, fairly free in the West. There could, therefore, be no time more favourable than the present, and the longer he waited the more would his chances of success deteriorate.

Moreover, he apparently fancied that these chances were reasonably good. His military advisers had a low opinion of the efficiency of the Russian army, not so much of the fighting power of its troops as of its leadership and organisation. In the German view it would be easy by a swift and violent attack to catch the Russians only partly prepared for defence, for it was known that it would take them five or six weeks to mobilise and assemble their maximum forces in concentration areas in the West. Before they could do so it was expected that the German armoured troops, supported by the Luftwaffe, would have penetrated so deeply into the heart of the country that its whole plan and system of defence would be thrown out of gear. If the invasion could reach Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev, the campaign would be virtually won, for though strong Russian forces would still be in being they would be in no position to retake what they had lost for many months to come, nor even if they could do so would they be any serious danger to Germany herself for even longer. But all this turned on whether or not Hitler's armies could really gain the rapid and complete victory in Russia that he expected. If not, if they got entangled in long-drawn-out, expensive and inconclusive operations, Germany would find herself bogged in that very war on two fronts which has always haunted her strategists and which it was her main purpose in this new campaign to avoid. So far as can be seen from the incomplete information at present available, this is in fact what has happened. Swift and complete victory has so far eluded Germany; Russia has survived the first few perilous weeks, in which she was fighting to gain time to muster her mighty strength for war, and though Germany has inflicted and suffered heavy losses, and has bitten deep into her adversaries' territory, she has neither won nor come within sight of winning any decisive success.

It must be admitted, however, that by reason of her flying start and the great superiority of the forces she was able to utilise in the first few weeks of the campaign she was able to make rapid and deep progress into West Russia. That period of extensive advance is now at an end, but it has carried the German armies forward from the western frontiers of Russian-occupied territory for a distance of close on 500 miles at their deepest point of penetration. But some idea of the magnitude of the task yet before them may be gathered when it is realised that they are still 200 miles from Moscow, nearly 100 miles from Leningrad, and not yet within striking distance of Kiev, though the fall of this last-named city in the near future—possibly before these lines appear in print—would not be unexpected. It seems that at the moment the advance in the centre of the long 1,500 miles battlefront between the Baltic and Black Sea has come to a standstill, and that the Germans are now massing the bulk of their forces on both wings for the capture of Leningrad and the conquest of the Ukraine. This would, indeed, seem to be their best policy, for their prospects of achieving at this late stage anything like the complete defeat and destruction of the main body of the Russian army are remote, and the rich prize of the Ukraine would at least be tangible and valuable. The harvest of its fertile cornfields has now been reaped and carried off or destroyed, but the coal and iron of the Don and Donetz basins, 100 miles east of the Lower Dnieper river, still beckon them on, while another 500 miles away to the south-east lies the chief prize of the whole campaign, the oil of the Caucasus. Meanwhile, the season for large scale fighting is drawing to its end, and the Germans will have to move faster than they have been doing in the last few weeks if they are to win their race to their objectives against time, and against their own wasting strength and impetus.

Where so little detailed and reliable information is available, speculation as to the forces engaged on either side and the losses each has suffered may well be seriously wide of the mark. The Germans with their allies, the Finns, the Hungarians and the Rumanians, to whom must now be allied a small Italian contingent, probably number between 200 and 250 divisions, of which at least 30, possibly more, are armoured divisions. This would give them a total strength of from 2½ to three million men, with perhaps another million employed in various auxiliary and non-combatant work on the long lines of communications and in the vast back areas behind the battle front. The Russian forces available to oppose them are probably more, rather than less numerous. These were the numbers that the Germans had when the invasion started. Estimates of how many are now left will vary with the supposed figures of casualties. On these it is impossible to arrive at any finality, but totals of a million or more for either side are patently exaggerated, for anything like a general percentage of losses up to nearly or over 33 per cent. would obviously have brought the fighting to a close before now. Possibly a figure of three-quarters of a million for each army would still be on the high side, but it may well be reached, perhaps passed, before winter terminates active campaigning for the year. For the material losses in tanks, guns and aeroplanes there are no reliable figures worth giving. The Germans habitually go in for exaggeration, admit it, as a matter of high policy, and the only doubt is how far that policy is being pushed—in other words, not whether their claims are false, but just how false they are. The Russian figures as to German losses can be only approximate, for no army which is continually retiring can have any but very general ideas as to how many of the enemy have fallen victims to its fire before it withdrew from any one battlefield.

It is fairly clear from the whole course of the operations to date

that the Germans have not yet succeeded in crippling either the Russian tank arm or the Red Air Force, and it is on their superiority in these two fields that their long run of victories in Western and South-Western Europe has been founded. Unless and until they can achieve such superiority again, that victorious career is unlikely to be repeated in Russia. Everything seems to indicate, in fact, that they have at last encountered a foe able and resolved to meet them on more or less equal terms, and that the battlefront in the East will gradually stabilise, as the campaigning season draws to its end with the coming of winter. For Germany this would be equivalent to a defeat, and a defeat with far-reaching consequences, for only a rapid and complete success, leading to the elimination of Russia from the war this year, could justify the new military adventure into which the overweening cupidity and ambition of Hitler has thrust his people.

The Operations in Syria

The campaign for the occupation of Syria must surely have been one of the most distasteful in which British forces have ever been engaged. To many of us, who know all that civilisation owes to France, who are grateful for her unique achievements in art, architecture and letters, who still delight to read of her great historic figures, such as St. Louis, Joan of Arc, Turenne and Napoleon, and who fought beside her soldiery on the victorious battlefields of the Great War, her overthrow in the spring of last year and her defection from the alliance which we had almost come to regard as perpetual, was not merely a shock, but a personal grief, almost a bereavement. But that the victorious barbarians should have not merely conquered her armies, but should also have enslaved her soul to the extent of inducing her to take up the arms she had laid down and turn them against us, her former comrades, and still her best friends, seemed unthinkable before it actually happened before our eyes. We know, of course, that this cowardly and dishonourable policy was only that of her most unworthy elements, unhappily raised to power like scum in the upheaval of defeat, that all true Frenchmen hated and reprobated it, and that the cream of their valour and patriotism was still fighting by our side in the ranks of the Free French forces. Yet, in Syria, circumstances and the designing cunning of the Nazis compelled us to vindicate our own rights and vital interests, which, in the last resort, are those of France herself, too, against a deliberate and disastrous betrayal by our former Allies, acting at the behest and in the interests of our common foe.

For some weeks prior to the actual outbreak of hostilities in Syria it was clear that Hitler intended to use the country as a stepping stone in his eastward march, which had begun with his conquest of Jugoslavia and Greece in April, and had been continued by the occupation of Crete in May. The revolt in Iraq, happily quelled before it could receive German aid in any effective degree, had served as a further danger signal and pointer to the far-reaching scope of Hitler's designs. With Syria under enemy countrol, our whole strategic position in the Middle East would be in peril. From that territory Germany could dispute our naval and air control of the Eastern Mediterranean, menace Palestine, the Suez Canal and Egypt, a vital point of the British Empire, with a double enveloping attack in force, and reach out further east yet to strike at Iraq, Iran and even Afghanistan and India. The island of Cyprus would become a liability rather than an asset to us. Turkey, isolated and helpless, would have to reconcile herself to becoming yet another Axis victim and tool. Syria meant all this in the Middle Eastern war. Yet it was clear by the beginning of June that unless we ourselves forestalled the enemy there the land would pass peacefully under his control. Already the flood of German tourists and technicians had begun to pour in to prepare the way for strong military and air forces. Airplanes, en route to help Raschid Ali, the Iraqi Quisling, had used and were still using Syrian aerodromes. The French garrison, so far from opposing this infiltration, co-operated with their new-found friends, even to the extent of using their fighter aircraft against our bombers attacking the aerodromes on which the Germans were established. The British Government reluctantly, but resolutely, came to the decision that this danger must be firmly and finally dealt with before it got out of control altogether. General Wavell was therefore ordered to enter Syria and expel the intruders by force, if necessary. Hardly had our first troops under General Wilson crossed the frontier on 8th June when the Germans hastily left Syria; they were not yet in sufficient numbers to add to any great extent to the strength of the defence of the country, but their presence there had at least achieved one of Hitler's purposes—that of embroiling France and Britain in internecine hostilities. But our campaign had, of course, to go on once it had begun, for we clearly could not trust either the Germans not to return or the French not once more to admit them if we broke off our operations before we had taken full military control of the country ourselves.

Syria in shape resembles a blunt-edged wedge, with the blunt edge, 100 miles from north to south, facing east towards Iraq, the north and south sides, 400 miles long, facing respectively Turkey and Transjordania, and the broader western edge, 200 miles long, along the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. The inhabited and cultivated portion of the country lies along this shore, stretching for some 50 miles inland; it comprises the coastal belt, the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges of mountains, and the deep valley between them. In this area lie the port of Tyre, Sidon, Beirut, Tripoli and Latakia, all the chief aerodromes, the inland cities of Damascus, the capital, Hama, Homs and Aleppo, and the only railway joining these places, with a branch westwards to Beirut. From Aleppo the railway branches west into Turkey and east into Iraq. All the country east of this railway is desert, inhabited only by nomad Arab tribes, but there are two aerodromes at Palmyra, 100 miles due east of Homs, and at Deir-ez-Zor on the Euphrates, 75 miles inside the frontier with Iraq. This was the size and extent of the country that we had to conquer. There were about 30,000 French troops in garrison there, all, save for the Foreign Legion, long service colonials with white officers, 10 air squadrons, and a few light warships to co-operate with them.

The campaign was a most curious and difficult one, for the British, Australian, Indian and Free French forces engaged in it were not only less numerous than the defenders of Syria, but the latter were better provided with tanks and armoured cars, and were much assisted by the nature of the country and the artificial defences they had erected. We were also hampered in acting with vigour and violence which, from a purely military point of view, might have been advantageous; both the Free French and ourselves were anxious, if possible, and as far as possible, to avoid fighting Frenchmen, and we also wanted to do the minimum of damage to the property of the Syrian civil population. All these handicaps lost much of their weight in the later stages of the campaign, when it had become clear that we could not count on any serious weakening or defection on the part of the Vichy troops or on any active help from the Syrian people, despite our promise to them of independence. It was then possible and necessary to go "all out" for the victory which was quickly achieved. But it was fortunate that Germany deserted her tools and dupes in Syria and made no effort of any sort to help them. It would have been difficult for her to do so effectively in face of our air and naval superiority, but even an attempt on her part would have considerably added to our problems and tended to prolong the campaign, if not to affect the ultimate issue.

The operations themselves need not be described in detail. The French outer defences consisted of a belt of centres of resistance, with mobile units to keep up connection and operate between them. The Allies advanced in four columns from Palestine and Transjordania along all the available main routes. On the east the Free French headed directly for Damascus; on the west the Australians moved up the coast towards Tyre, Sidon and Beirut. Two other columns penetrated into the hill country in between. From Iraq three other columns moved forward, one mobile force, including men of the Arab Legion, made for Palmyra; an Indian Division ascended the Euphrates with Deir-ez-Zor as its first objective; and a third, skirting the northern frontier, headed for Aleppo.

The western army, moving up from Palestine and Transjordania, had the worst of the fighting, and met with some checks and set-backs before it broke the back of its task. The enemy struck back at the rear of the Free French on the right as they were approaching Damascus, and there was some hard fighting before he could be beaten off. In the mountains he scored a series of local successes which, though ultimately of little profit to him, held up our progress for some days, and in the coastal sector our advance, though steady and sustained, could only be pushed on slowly. Damascus and Sidon, however, were both in our hands within a fortnight of our crossing the frontier, and with their loss the enemy was driven back to his second line of defence, a quadrilateral covering Beirut and Tripoli, Homs and Rayak. But the occupation of Damour by the Australians on 9th July sealed the fate of Beirut; Homs was threatened by our forces closing in on it from two sides, from Damascus and Palmyra, and the railway between Homs and Aleppo was also endangered. The French Air Force had been driven from the skies, and the British Navy had cut off any possible succour by sea. General Dentz, the Vichy Governor and High Commissioner, therefore resigned himself to ask for terms. As a result of the negotiations, Syria passed from French into Allied control, such of the Vichy forces as were unwilling to accept service with the Free French laying down their arms pending repatriation to France.

From the purely military point of view the decisive factors in our victory were our command of the sea and the air, which enabled valuable support to be given to our troops on the ground, and the superior fighting efficiency and spirit of our troops themselves. The French fought well, for though the soldiers themselves knew little of and cared less for the political issues involved, they had a high professional spirit and pride, and were eager to wipe off from French arms the stain thrown upon them by the collapse in the Battle of France the year before. The officers, too, were for the most part strong adherents of Vichy, all those with pro-de Gaulle sympathies having been carefully weeded out. All the units of the garrison were engaged in the battle before the end came, and the general feeling, expressed both by captured prisoners and by the main body after the capitulation, was one of professional satisfaction that they had fought well and had vindicated the honour of their arms, despite the unfortunate issue of the campaign, as to which few apparently felt any great concern.

As a result of our occupation of Syria our strategic situation in the Middle East has been greatly fortified. A formidable barrier now stretches athwart the best and most direct enemy road eastwards, with its north flank secured by neutral and friendly Turkey and its lines of communication to the Far East and America through the Red Sea fully safeguarded against attack. Cyprus becomes a valuable bastion instead of an isolated and easily assailable outpost. New naval and air bases have been secured to strengthen our dominance over the Eastern Mediterranean. The Axis forces in Libya are held fast along the only line of attack open to them, the frontal one across the Western Desert, and all possibility of combining their efforts with a second advance from the north has for the time being disappeared. For the time being, at least, Hitler's grandiose eastern design has been frustrated, and time is now not on his, but on our side. It is not, perhaps, unduly imaginative to see in the baffling of this cherished plan one of the reasons that induced him to seek another way to the East through Russian territory, thereby bringing him into conflict to the death with the most formidable military power in Europe and heavily fortifying the great and growing alliance of all the free and temporarily enslaved forces of the world against him.

I SLEPT ON BOOTS



Then I still slept on Boots because all my comrades borrowed it

- Splendid on manœuvres and in camp
- Khaki material
- Ideal for all on service
- Up or down in a few seconds
- Deflated about the size of handkerchief. 15" × 10"
- Send now, stocks cannot be replenished — Price **4'3**
- Offered by ex-W.O. who knows its worth — Postage - 3d.

KENOSHA AGENCIES, COWPLAIN, PORTSMOUTH

Diary of Events in the War

JULY 3RD TO AUGUST 9TH

JULY 3RD.—Stalin calls on Russian people for guerilla warfare and "scorched earth" policy against Germans. British forces in Syria occupy Palmyra. Eleven enemy fighters to six of ours lost in to-day's attack on targets in Northern France.

JULY 4TH.—Russians claim German casualties 700,000; Germans say 500,000 Russians killed, wounded and captured; Germans continue fierce offensive all along front. R.A.F. night attacks on Bremen and by day on Northern France; German losses sixteen, ours eleven.

JULY 5TH.—Germans and Rumanians cross Pruth into Bessarabia; little progress made elsewhere. Three enemy bombers destroyed in night raids over Britain. R.A.F. raid Brest, Lorient and targets in Western Germany.

JULY 6TH.—Battle in Russia continues, German progress slowed down by Russian counter-attacks. Italian cruiser "Gorizia," merchant cruiser and three supply ships sunk by our submarines in Mediterranean, and a Vichy French supply ship off Turkish coast. R.A.F. sink five German patrol ships off Dutch coast and raid as far as Magdeburg.

JULY 7TH.—United States troops and naval forces arrive in Iceland to take over occupation from British. R.A.F. hit five Italian merchant ships in raid on Palermo. Eight German ships sunk in Channel. Heavy R.A.F. raid on Western Germany.

JULY 8TH.—Battle continues to rage in Russia. Heavy night raid on Western Germany and day attacks by R.A.F. on Wilhelmshaven and Northern France.

JULY 9TH.—French High Commissioner in Syria asks British for armistice terms. Russians report repulse of German attack all along front.

JULY 10TH.—Armistice negotiations opened in Syria. Heavy air attack on Cherbourg and Brest; six enemy ships reported sunk; thirteen enemy fighters destroyed against eleven of ours.

JULY 11TH.—Lull in fighting on Eastern Front. Attacks by R.A.F. on Naples, Libyan and Syrian ports, and targets in Northern France and Western Germany.

JULY 12TH.—Hostilities cease in Syria during continuance of negotiations. Lull in Russia continues.

JULY 13TH.—Alliance between Britain and Russia concluded at Moscow; each Power to assist and support the other by all possible means and to conclude no separate armistice or peace treaty. Battle in Russia resumed all along line. Armistice terms in Syria initialled at Acre.

JULY 14TH.—Air attacks on enemy shipping damage five ships. British submarines sink three Italian supply ships in Mediterranean; two more sunk by air raid on Benghazi. British air raid losses for month lowest since raids began last summer.

JULY 15TH.—Terms of Syrian armistice include surrender of country and all military stores, installations, guns and transport to Britain; French forces allowed honours of war and those unwilling to join Free French to be repatriated. Heavy R.A.F. raid on Bremen and Hanover. Successful Russian air raid on Rumanian oil fields. Heavy fighting continues in Russia.

JULY 16TH.—Battle continues in Russia. Australian troops enter Beirut in Syria. Successful daylight raid by R.A.F. on Rotterdam; 150,000 tons of shipping sunk or damaged. Three other enemy vessels sunk in Channel and Mediterranean.

JULY 17TH.—Fierce fighting continues in Russia. R.A.F. attack enemy shipping in Channel.

JULY 18TH.—Germans claim capture of Smolensk, Polotsk and Kishinev. Successful British raid at Tobruk.

JULY 19TH.—German attacks all along front in Russia continue, but make little progress.

(Continued on Page 320)

Plain Tales

OUR PEN CORNER.—I should think it would be quite 13 years ago that I burst with a terrific bang after reading a long series of Unit notes. They put me in the workshops for repair, but it took a long time to restore me to my original shape. This peculiar state of affairs was the outcome of my efforts to get scribes to raise their literary standards. This column was used as a sort of "dreadful example" of what not to write and, indeed, still is. What we want from Units is news and real names.

"Snorty and Nobby did it again last week."

"Which sentry though the 'Altmark' was the end of his beat?"

"Tich paid us another visit last month. He looks well."

Two of these paragraphs convey nothing to WIRE readers, except perhaps 12 actually in the know, three of whom probably pay for a copy. The other paragraph may raise a faint smile from quite a large number of readers, even if they don't know which sentry, or even if there ever was one. Nearly all Unit notes these days are amazingly well written. Could we not aim at 100 per cent? Not *nearly* all the notes, or some of the notes. ALL.

General interest is the object, blokes.

Uncle Alf.—What about Plain Tales?

Me.—Yes. I'm worried about that, but most of the characters are factitious, and serve them jolly well right.

INTELLIGENCE TESTS.—Thirty dozen eggs in a sealed crate. Three dozen scrambled, served and eaten in dawn's early light before anyone noticed anything. Remainder taken away by men in respirators and buried in a lime pit. Where did I get them?

The corporal took his motor cycle round a right hand bend on a steeply cambered and wet road at excessive speed. He was on his proper side. He applied the front brake. What happened?

The man in problem No. 2 sat up in bed and felt the bandages round his head and hands. "Where the — am I? What — put me in this — place? Let me get the — outa here. Where the — is my bike?" Then the nurse stood beside his bed. Was his face red?

Write on one side of the paper only. Keep the other side for your fish and chips.

THE FOLLOWING WILL ATTEND.—I am rapidly becoming lecture-minded. By that I mean lecturers have got to be pretty tough to get through a talk without earning a sniff, a faintly-curled lip, or a quiet snort from me. Quite often we have lecturers who have their subjects beautifully under control, but spoil the whole thing because their stage deportment is lousy. Some don't know where to put their feet. They try the table, the chairs, the forms and the window sills. One even put his leg right round the back of his neck. He was so embarrassed. Others don't know what to do with their hands. They feel in their pockets for things they don't expect to find, pull their noses, ears and cheeks, scratch their foreheads, and explore their teeth with forefingers for imaginary pieces of nuts.

If you find yourself in a spot where you've got to talk to a crowd of people who perhaps know more about it than you (so why you've been asked to speak I don't know, comma) the best thing to do is go sick. If this is not convenient, make up your mind to dominate your audience. Go and see the platform first. Select a good spot, and when the time arrives plant your feet firmly on it. When you are not using your pointer grasp it with BOTH hands. If no pointer, carry a 17-ft. Poles Tele sawn off short. You are now all set with the two principal snags accounted for. The talking is up to you. Make your statements firmly as though you believed them yourself, but be careful not to say "See?" at the end of every sentence. One of the best lecturers I know talked to us one afternoon about an old Eastern campaign. He had the whole thing at his finger-tips, and one felt at once that he was a man of experience. His attitude was confident and restful. When old George woke me up at tea-time I felt that it had been an afternoon well spent, apart from the parallel marks made by the hard chair.

UKANN LARFE.—Colonel Ukann Larfe, QRU, slumped back in the corner of a first-class carriage and gazed at the gunner asleep on the luggage rack with a disapproving eye. He shrugged his shoulders and opened his newspaper. The engine emitted a piercing whistle and the train plunged into a tunnel. There wasn't no—sorry, I mean there were no lights.

Another incredible instalment of this breath-taking adventure in due course, or some time.

LOST AND FOUND. — The whereabouts and well-being of the following required in this office:—Tom Sayers and family, George Mitchell, Ron Softly, Annie.

Discovered in Southern England:—Mr. Painter, late gun carriage factory, Jubbulpore. Now Captain Painter, R.A.O.C. Sign here, please.

BARLEUX



"... and, between ourselves, the Old Boy's a stickler for tradition"

HOME STATIONS

S.O.-in-C.'s Staff G.H.Q. (Home Forces)

Somehow or other we're blaming Mr. Schicklgruber; our notes appeared in double strength in the August issue, and this fact has caused our backers some concern. We are rather keen on maintaining continuity in our contributions to THE WIRE, and on seeing a whole page devoted to the doings of our tiny band was rather startling. On the other hand, it shows very clearly that with practically no skill at all—(Agreed, Ed. !)—it is possible to set down quite an appreciable amount of matter which, we hope, is not altogether unreadable. Surely some of those chaps in the Divisional Signals can equal that ? Just try it. Having explained what may turn out to be a month's absence, I make haste to acquaint my readers with . . . well, read on and see.

Seldom in recent months have we gone to press without something really exciting to report, and this month proves no exception. On this occasion it is the R.S.M. upon whom shines the brilliant light of fame. The story opens a few weeks back when it became apparent to all that something was in the wind. It seems that the homing pigeon we told you about had gone and got mixed up with the perambulator which, as has already been faithfully reported, the R.S.M. had been seen trundling, it is alleged, round Darlington on his last leave. Before going further we think that the use of the word "trundling" in connection with perambulators may require some elucidation. It is our belief that with so little practice the R.S.M. cannot possibly have acquired the art of "pushing" as yet—and it *is* an art ! We have watched other students undergoing their training in this respect. On the first day, off they go, proud as Punch (and a good deal funnier), trundling for all they're worth. Twelve months hence, however, the same gentlemen can be seen pushing their charges slowly along wearing that look of hopeless resignation on their faces. Ah ! pitiful sight. (Chuckles of malicious glee have been supressed with a pair of old socks.) Yes, sir ! It will be 'orrible to see you, won't it, chaps ?

Well, as can be imagined, all these prospects caused no little excitement. Agitation, meditation and speculation was the order of the day (and night, some say) and, of course, we caught the slipstream. Then, on one never-to-be-forgotten Monday, it happened. I mean the telegram came. Oh, boy ! Oh, boy ! Oh, boy ! ! ! Beg pardon, it was a girl. And wasn't our Raymond pleased ! Who wouldn't be ? So we wind up this short story and extend heartiest congratulations to our Sergeant Major. It gives us great pleasure to say that young Hodgson is doing well. "L" plates are in use already.

On one of those brilliant Saturday afternoons in high summer, G.H.Q. organised a sports meeting in which most branches, including Signals, took part. In justice to ourselves it must be said at this stage that none of us did any training whatever (due to pressure of work, of course), and the results achieved were, therefore, not discreditable. Lance Corporal Tugwell with his partner, Private Martin, carried off the three-legged trophy. This was a particularly good effort as, to say the least, the opposition was certainly weighty. Sergeant Rodrigues partnered by Lance Corporal Gouk made second place in "tilting the bucket." How this happened is an unsolved mystery, but that it did happen there is no doubt, as Sergeant Rodrigues is pleased to testify. The more unfortunate male entrants were well and truly soaked. Thank you, Ann. In the sack race, Signalman Beardmore took big strides, or perhaps I should say, a lot of little ones, which really amount to the same thing. Anyway, his technique enabled him to arrive second at the tape. The obstacle race provided Corporal Marriott and partner with their chance, and after some exciting moments they were placed third. Mary (that's one of the names we call her) reaped further honours for herself and the staff by claiming places in the A.T.S. long jump and hundred yards. For all these successes appropriate prizes were awarded in the form of vouchers, the values of which were added up and divided amongst all the members of our staff who took part. Without a doubt, the afternoon was enjoyed both by watchers and watched.

Always ready to try something different, four of our chaps contemplated forming a quartet of melody-makers in an effort to while away our sorrows. It all originated in the bathroom (ahem !) where Signalmen Kellett, Seftel and Coulter gave mutual assistance in rendering many a tuneful number with whistling accompaniment ably provided by Sergeant Rodrigues. These doughty warriors set the pace regularly in grand style for three or four days when, suddenly, a quarter of their number became unavoidably absent, and Signalman Kellett, having no one to get him up, seized on the chance to indulge in that extra "five minutes" of a morning.

All will have heard of Corporal Staniford—that fellow with the bulb-grower's pants. It has to be put on record that after much deep thought and careful planning he made a blitzkreig on the Q.M. and emerged victorious to the extent of a complete new battle suit; of different shades, we admit. Tom was so pleased he forgot to put his stripes on. All he wants now is an electric iron with which to press it !

We regret to announce that since Fifi's departure we have been the objects of attention by an army of "pussy's delights." The little blighters seem intent upon molesting us; they dash between sleeping forms and play hide and seek at most disgraceful hours. Some discussion has taken place in an effort to develop a counter attack, but nothing has materialised so far. Another cat is quite out of the question. Those who knew Fifi are unanimous about that.

Rather a curious thing happened the other day in connection with the officers' tea swindle, which is now in full swindle—sorry, swing. It concerned the mysterious disappearance of the milk. As no satisfactory explanation was arrived at a careful watch was kept. Nothing happened for quite a week, then one day a certain N.C.O. came into the office and informed us that he had accidentally upset a pint on his pants. We heard that when this actually happened a host of knowing eyes looked up as much as to say, "So *that's* where our milk goes." Whether these two incidents are connected we leave to you.

Lance Corporal Tugwell and Signalman Hall have smoked their pipes contentedly and have discussed at some length ways and means of procuring their favourite brands of tobacco.

Our newest member of the staff, Signalman Seftel, is proving his versatility daily as opportunities present themselves. We have noted with no little pleasure that he belongs to that school which would take delight in producing a silk purse from a sow's ear. Realising full well that we have no use for purses, silken or otherwise, Seftel, after filling himself up with noble thoughts (this doesn't mean beer), set to work and before long cardboard and sticky paper were flying in all directions. The result of this prodigious effort was a piece of office furniture—a very fine piece, too. I cannot tell you its name, it is called many things. Yes, it was a jolly good effort—worth twopence of anybody's money. Of course, this is only one of his accomplishments, he can do tricks with coins (no subtle inference here), speedily count sheets from those blessed piles now well known, and, oh, he can write shorthand and type as well ! We think you'll be hearing more of this chap ere long.

We have a short notice to insert this month concerning horticulture. What can be done with a green tomato ? All suggestions to be addressed to Box SOB and the envelope marked "decent" or "indecent," as appropriate, in the top left-hand corner. Answers to be in by 29th February next year.

Talking of nature reminds us of Signalman Kellett, who has been taking more than usual interest in that study of late. He pays frequent visits to a certain garden not far away and returns to tell us lurid tales of his activities. Somebody is being led up the garden path all right, trust Bill ! We are told he is interested in foreign bodies as well. Studious chap, this Kellett !

All things, good and bad, come to an end sometime; so do our writings, for it is at this point that we are closing down with our usual promise—more next month.

MERKURO II.

Yorkshire 1

1st Operators' Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

Once again these notes bring you news of another sports day, and the tournament was between 152 O.C.T.U. and 1st O.T.B. (the challengers). The sports were once again very well attended, R.S.M. Jones being M.C., and we could not get a better man. The result was a draw, 81—81, and so the "Dear Boys" of 152 retain the trophy, they being the current holders.

ARRIVALS.—Arrivals are too numerous to mention, but to those who enter Administrative Wing we wish a happy stay. We also take this opportunity of giving a hearty welcome to the lasses who have arrived here recently and hope they soon settle down to their jobs of work.

DEPARTURES.—Due, no doubt, to the "importation" of "female labour," many lads have hit the dust recently. To them we wish "Bon Voyage and Happy Landings."

BLESSED EVENT.—Congratulations to Signalman and Mrs. Tate on the arrival of a bouncing baby boy. May all their troubles be little ones. Good luck, Frankie lad ! Your country's proud of you !

ENTERTAINMENTS.—Have you heard that that man Jones (Lance Corporal) is on the move again now that the nights are getting a bit longer ? He's studying, coaching and bullying our Dramatic Society into producing three one-act plays:—

1.—"A Distant Relative," by W. W. Jacobs.
2.—"The Crimson Cocoanut," by Ian Hay.
3.—"The Valient," by Robert Middlemas and Houldsworth Hall.

They should be jolly good if they are up to the standard of "French Leave." The O.T.B. have a treat in store. So much for dramatics.

The dances each Monday are still a very popular feature and are very well attended. And, of course, the cinema show. Well ! Well ! Well ! Haven't you heard ? Sergeant Napier has been on an operators' course. No ! Not wireless, but cinematograph; so the shortage of "hitch-ups" should now be rendered down to nil. Let's hope so in any case.

Now to business. I really think that a portion of these notes should be done by one of our female staff, but you know "what women are." I have had numerous requests for a second chapter of "Hell's Kitchen," but owing to "hostile action" of the heroine (Little Elsie) I'm afraid that it must wait. But I can give you another incident of how Little Elsie and a certain C.S.M. saved the day by turning themselves into Cooks-cum-Mess Orderlies-cum Tea Wallahs, thereby filling the nation's manhood with nourishment and vittle. Needless to say, Little Elsie deserves a leather medal. Let's hope she gets what she deserves.

That's all for now.

A.E.H.

No. 1 Company

The old soldiers of the Company were able to bring their past experience to light during a recent firing practice. Many good results were obtained and their keenness was portrayed during the shooting competition. The majority have already fired, and it seems a certainty that the team composed of S.S.M. Adams, Sergeant Cooper, Lance Corporals Asser and Dobson and Signalman White will be the winning team.

The movement for the forming of recreation clubs is again prominent. The cyclist's club, under S.S.M. Wagner, is gradually gaining strength as the cycles are sent by rail to the camp. Camera enthusiasts have also formed a club, ably directed by 2nd Lieutenant C. Buttery.

In spite of its small numbers, No. 1 Company has been able to find representatives for the various sporting events held in the Unit. Congratulations to Signalmen Chroston, Bisson and Waters on their splendid showing against the O.C.T.U. on the 2nd August. Does marriage weaken a man ? Ask Waters ! Ellis's scratch team did well to vanquish the redoubtable Administrative Wing side by four goals to one in a recent game. The shock troops will be introduced in the next match.

It was with regret that we learnt of the impending transfer of C.S.M. Hunt to No. 4 Company. We shall miss his dulcet tones, and the offer of a cup of tea in the morning. We trust he will be happy with his new colleagues, and also that Mrs. Hunt will be fully restored to health when these notes appear. We are also sorry to lose S.S.M. Wagner, transferred to No. 3 Company. However, he will not be lonely as five of our N.C.O.s are still over the river.

We extend a welcome to Lieutenant J. F. C. Westerman and S.S.M. Adams, newly joined, and we are glad to see the familiar face of our Quartermaster again. "If the mug is chipped it will cost you 6d."

J.H.H.

No. 3 Company

An efficient newspaper reporter or columnist first collects his material and then builds up the article from the facts thus obtained.

On the other hand, the good reporter is able to ferret out information from many sources, but I can only rely upon the rare changes in the Company Cadre, the recently much rarer promotions, and any other small event that may be of interest to past and present members of this Company.

This month we have had arrivals and departures, but no promotions, births or deaths. We have had plenty of duties, but they are too monotonous to make good reading.

Of the departures we regretfully say "good-bye" to our late C.S.M. Cosstick, who has now obtained a well-earned commission.

C.Q.M.S. Walsh filled the gap in No. 3 Company until the arrival of C.S.M. Knight.

We were sorry to lose C.Q.M.S. Walsh, but must congratulate him on his promotion to C.S.M.

C.S.M. Knight has taken over the reins of the Company now, and we extend to him a very cordial welcome.

S.S.M. Mattock has left us and is replaced by S.S.M. Wagner.

To S.S.M. Mattock we give our best wishes, and regret to have lost a very good Sergeant Major. Fortunately, S.S.M. Wagner is filling the breach admirably.

Lectures on grenades and Bren guns have been introduced, and are very enthusiastically received by the N.C.O.s on the Cadre.

Though our main task in warfare is communications, the Battle of France taught us that we need and must have a sound knowledge of these other arms, and these lectures may be the means of saving a detachment or Sections (and probably a large formation) from many a tight corner.

We would welcome more of these lectures.

From a personal point of view, I consider that a good N.C.O. to be really efficient should, as well as being a good tradesman, know (1) how to drive a car; (2) how to handle a Bren gun, Lewis gun, anti-tank rifle, hand grenades and Tommy gun; (3) field craft and camouflage.

That is only a personal opinion, but what do you think ?

Considerable excitement and comment has been caused amongst the Junior N.C.O.s at the prospects of a drill course in the coming fortnight.

Who is the N.C.O. who refuses to sit with his wife when they go to church because she has such an awful voice ?

S.P.D.

1st General Trades Training Battalion

BATTALION CRICKET.—Here we are again, and undefeated since our last appearance in the Press (see July publications), although our practically invincible tail deserves most of the laurels for its generous wag on more than one occasion when things looked undoubtedly black.

Signalman Allen is steadily showing his worth as a batsman as well as a bowler and has contributed greatly towards our fine record. (Up the swill.) We regret to announce the posting of our opening bat, Signalman Davies P., who was always capable of adding 30 per game on to our score, but we are confident that Signalman Allen is doing his utmost to fill the breech.

A most interesting game, and perhaps our most promising turn-out so far, was played against the Training Regiment, R.A.C., on Saturday, 9th August. The Training Regiment batted first and were dismissed for 65 runs. At the tea interval we had 24 runs on the board without loss. On the resumption, Corporal Adkins and Lance Corporal Peacock easily passed our opponents' score before the first wicket fell at 71. The two skippers went into a tete-a-tete and ultimately decided that we should have a knock about, our final score being 168 for nine wickets. C.S.M. McDowall surprised the critics with the merriest innings of the season, 25 from five consecutive balls, including two six hits. Unfortunately, he was bowled on the sixth, but all good things come to an end sometime, don't they, sir ?

Signalman Allen and C.S.M. McDowall are still doing good work in the bowling line, and with the aid of Lance Corporal Coutts Trotter we have nothing to fear in future games.

RESULTS.—You will obtain these from the score book if you are lucky enough to find Signalman Carter, the sports storeman; I couldn't.

AUTO-ADD.

No. 1 (Line) Company

HEADLINES.—No. 1 Line Company has produced the first "two-tier" casualty. Rudely awakened by the wailing siren, one of the unfortunate top deck wallahs tumbled, literally, to the call. The tumble was extremely realistic, and the long-awaited casualty now reclines in hospital nursing a broken finger and several somewhat damaged ribs.

What about it, 2 Company ?

We experience great pleasure in welcoming back to the Company Lieutenant Simmonds, Royal Signals, from the clutches of the Holding Battalion. It is a remarkable fact that the N.C.O.s who were shaking, in the last issue of THE WIRE, are now visibly shrinking.

TOPICAL TOPICS.—Sergeant Scott has proceeded on an indoor wiring course at his home town, where he will be employed during the night in pacing the linoleum. Individuals unknown were deeply hurt to find their recent present, i.e., one comforter, lying discarded and alone in the fireplace. One would have thought that in these times of economy this could have been utilised in his home, thus adding to the already great sentimental value.

Some people have no finer feelings, which is what Corporal Abraham thought when he reported sick this morning. He complained that the M.O. still cannot decide whether to blame the lettuce or just everything he ate went to his stomach, and the gardening in general.



He is pictured here in his favourite pose, offering, in the accepted manner, a choice green orchid. Mirrored in his eyes is some of the devotion with which he has tended and cared for these tender blooms. While still a little dazed with the reception he received from N.A.A.F.I. waitress, he wandered into the Corporals' Mess to hear the following conversation:—

"Two for you, Kipper Feet, and two for me. Two more for you, two for me." After discreet inquiries, it was discovered to be the Hunton Syndicate paying out after a good evening at Chase the Green.

FOR SALE. — Logarithm books ! Dozens of 'em, and all because S.S.M. Summerfield has been posted. Alas ! lecture room 5 is neglected and strewn with cobwebs, and ice in large quantities is no longer required to cool the frenzied brows of the N.C.O.s.

CORPORALS' CORNER.—More news about Kipper Feet. Further to last month's instalment, yet another episode has been received for this serial. Our hero was carried out of the Mess recently after partaking of an orange crush with an egg in it.

Since then, he has started a collection of N.A.A.F.I. chits with which to purchase wine gums.

It has been suggested that our "Miniature Corporal" does not know that the C.Q.M.S. is on leave. He has paraded outside the store every evening for a week and no one can persuade him that the Q would be unable to supply the necessary wheel for his bayonet scabbard. The rest of the Corporals have suggested holding a war week for him, and if so, they propose to buy an oil can to keep the wheel in serviceable condition. Something must have upset him in last month's issue of the WIRE for we regret to record that he bought a copy one day and reported sick the next.

WANTED URGENTLY.—By a Lance Corporal of Dunkirk fame, two pram wheels on which to build a trailer for the purpose of making his grindstone (duly indented for) his inseparable companion.

It is hoped that all Corporals will give this matter serious thought and suggestions will be welcomed.

A Corporal, not of this Company, has somehow found his way into our limelight. He finds that five into two won't go when Guard Mounting, much to his embarrassment and our delight.

Though his leave will be a thing of the past when these notes are published, the Junior N.C.O.s of the Corporals' Mess are anxious to know if Corporal Barzilay is enjoying a busman's holiday. They have dedicated a song to him, but if it were to be reproduced here, the Censor might blush. Rumour states that he took with him his housewife and three stripes. Perhaps the shops were out of crowns.

Our Minister without Portfolio, phantom Lance Corporal Chamberlain, is walking in a daze. In these times of rationing it is an impossible task to produce unlimited fatigue men. He thinks that the R.S.M. should produce coupons for them.

In our midst there's a local Lance Corporal,
Let nobody mention his name,
But if he should get one more tape up,
The lads will want postings to Spain.

He details fatigues for the Cookhouse,
Guards and pickets as well;
No wonder that lads here go "barmy"
When they aren't even given a spell.

Somehow he has no real system,
These duties to fairly share out,
One day, if he's not very careful,
He's going to meet "one up the spout."

At heart he's not really a bad fellow,
But he'll have his own way, plain to see.
It's lucky he's not Sergeant Major,
Or goodness knows where we should be.

Although all these things go against him,
There's also a better side, too,
But I will say nothing about it,
Or goodness knows what he might do.

Here's hoping he won't be too angry,
With just these few verses of jest,
And with all the bad things said against him,
He continues, and still does his best.

SNOOKER.—It is with great pride that we view our snooker champions. Two of them, big, strong and handsome. We have them on show weekly, and all takings are given to the Spitfire Fund. Not every Company can boast of snooker champions. Congratulations, Corporal Barlow and to Able, the runner-up.

AGONY COLUMN.—The Cadre of No. 1 Company would like to hear from Jeepers. No one knows why, it's just one of those things.

CALLING TERRITORIALS, S.R.s AND REGULARS—AND MILITIA.—Who is the six and six N.C.O. walking around the lines with his hands behind his back and beads of perspiration on his manly brow? We know the reason. It's the mirage of A/W.O.111.

Fiesta in Kemmel Lines, and flags flying, to celebrate Corporal Willcocks successful pass-off. Congratulations, Joe.

All you who love morning P.T., all of you, should take the following rhyme to heart, and one day, when you are famous, you too will have your name in lights and will be mentioned in despatches. Just like the N.C.O. mentioned below, if you get the idea.

We've got all sorts of fellows here,
Some short, some tall, some tubby,
Some who can't stop drinking beer,
And others very grubby.

There's one particular N.C.O.,
Two tapes he has as well,
He's sports man if you wish to know,
And, boy, he thinks he's swell.

Thursday is our P.T. day,
You should see him in his shorts,
He really likes to let you know,
That he's the King of Sports.

On most Friday afternoons,
It is the time for game,
He stands as if he's on platoons,
Arrayed in all his fame.

Although he's bound up in his sports,
One thing he can't forget,
The little parcels of all sorts,
That the Corporal used to get.

Alas! the time for these has passed,
But he never gives up hope,
Surely this bad luck can't last,
But still it does. Poor bloke!

Daily he comes to the office door,
And says so meek and mild,
"There's a parcel here for me, I'm sure,"
But it's always NO. Poor child!

Let's hope one day they will return,
These packets very small,
Then perhaps we all shall learn,
Why they ceased to come at all.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—Who gets hot around the collar when someone says, "Well, I am a sort of officer, only non-commissioned"?

JEWS' MAIL.—To Corporal Teasdale, "Somewhere in England," What about a line, Bill?—Tom.

No. 2 (Line) Company

SHOOTING.—Sergeant Rider's good shooting enabled us to beat the rest of the Battalion, when the final of the Battalion shooting competition was decided on 7th August. Sergeant Rider returned a score of 74 out of a possible 75, and with our second string, Lance Corporal Stevens, scoring 60, making a total of 134, we finished six points ahead of No. 4 (M.T.) Company with 128. C.Q.M.S. Dickinson equalled our first string's score, but his partner, Driver Cheyne, could only muster 54 points. The occasion was celebrated in the Sergeants' Mess, where C.S.M. Walton was amply rewarded for his loan of spectacles, which were requisitioned by Sergeant Rider when shooting. The single point he dropped occurred whilst engaging the grouping target. The prizes were presented by Lieutenant-Colonel P. B. D. H. Foot, Royal Signals.

FOOTBALL.—With the new season approaching we are already getting into full swing. In an effort to find new talent, squad matches have already been arranged with a view to spotting players to represent the Company and Battalion. With C.Q.M.S. Day at the helm once again a successful season is anticipated.

BOXING.—Following last season's many successes, boxing fans are commencing training. The material at hand promises to furnish a useful novices' team and intakes will be eagerly watched to strengthen this branch of sport. A promising newcomer is Signalman Lane, of whom high hopes are anticipated. We are also strengthened by the inclusion of Corporal Skinner, whose ring experience will be of great assistance during training periods.

FORWARD AND BACK.—We welcome back to this Company 2nd Lieutenant Tucker, who, not unlike the legendary thief of Bagdad, has been flying from Company to Company, using for his magic carpet an A.F. 108. We like you, sir, and we wish you a long and happy stay with us, and for that reason we hope that in future you will tear up on sight anything that looks like a 108! It is to be regretted that 2nd Lieutenant Horton's stay with us was so very brief, for he is now with 4 M/T Company, and we certainly wish him every success. He is succeeded here by 2nd Lieutenant Long, who arrived recently very unobtrusively. Captain R. A. Bishop continues to command our admiration and respect. Can we say more?

IN THE NEWS.—Once again this Company has been chosen to demonstrate at Scotton Hall the not-so-gentle art of laying cable in the approved manner. Sergeant Ryder acquitted himself very well on this occasion and is fully deserving of the compliment paid him.

Corporal "Queen" Hunter is still away on a course and should be back shortly.

Can it really be true that Corporal Talbot is back from Newcastle?

Our "office boss," Signalman Carroll, who crept into this column last month, has been singularly unfortunate. He came sailing past the office on a bicyle, and when the machine stopped Carroll went on. He is now in hospital with a fractured ankle. We wish him a speedy recovery.

SCANDAL CORNER.—Do you know what a Stooge is? Or, better still, can you define a Goon? There are no prizes offered for the answer to these queries, but a handsome reward will be paid by the writer (and a lot of other people) for the apprehension of all members of the Goon tribe, BEFORE they find their way here. Their representatives, Seymour, Bradford and Co., Incorporated, have departed for ever (Hooray), but it is feared that their ghosts may haunt us for months to come.

OVERHEARD.—M.O. (to last man on sick parade): "And what is the matter with you?"

Signalman Clovehitch (weakly): "I'm bad, sir, I am. I've got Permanent Lines under my eyes; I've got Twisted Joints; I've lost my instruments; I'm M.T. in the stomach, and it won't be long before I'm up the Pole." (Collapse of M.O.)

TAILPIECE.—Instructors' Headaches: No. 1—S.S.M.: "What does P.C.M.T. stand for, Signalman —— ?"

Signalman ——: "Permanent Cable, Motor Transport, sir!"

Reference our recent notice regarding the C.Q.M.S. and his dwarf beans, it has now been reported that he has lowered the lock on his door, and it is little short of remarkable the way in which the doorstep is wearing away.

Yours to the last drum,

MEMO AND PRYOR.

No. 4 M.T. Company

No more do we hear the cry of "Corporal Hambleton, see if these men have shaved," and the muttered reply of acquiescence expressed by said Corporal, as we have lost the only one of his kind, i.e., Sergeant Brownlee, who has returned to the Shops Company. His stay with us was rather short, but it was certainly not inconspicuous, the M/T drivers are authorities on his "retiring" nature.

Sergeant Brownlee's place has been taken by Sergeant Melhuish, whom we congratulate on his promotion from Lance Sergeant. Whilst the bouquets are being thrown about, ad lib., we'll throw another to Corporal Dyche, because he has at last received the second bird's wing he has been waiting for; patience brings its own reward, Frank.

We have heard that we are about to lose our ex-C.S.M. and present R.Q.M.S., "Geordie" Booth; we don't know how true this whispering is, but if it is the real low-down, every success is voted to you, sir.

The state of health of our new post-bloke, Jimmy Cairns, appears to have improved rapidly since he took over his new job, whilst his predecessor, Blondie Rogers, has taken up driving instruction again, occasionally showing his authority by being regimental with the O.C.T.U. candidates.

The M/T Company challenged No. 1 Line Company to a cricket match, for which game the Administrative Wing turned out in full force and eventually won the game to keep up the record for sports which the parent company enjoy. The final result was a victory by 129 runs to 69. Lance Corporal Green was the star of the match, scoring 60 runs and taking five wickets with his bamboozlers, whilst Signalman Allen took the other five wickets in his stride.

An interesting football match was held recently, when the drivers played the "under-training." Sad to relate the squads won 2—1, much to the Cadre's disgust, but there's always another day, we hope.

JUG.

Boys' Training Company

JUNIORS.—The Juniors being on leave it is regretted that no notes from them can be submitted. (Cheers from the Company Clerk.)

CADRE.—The Boys' block is now absolutely safe from fire and incendiary bombs. Our learned Pay N.C.O. has been on a short course of fire fighting and is now capable of tackling anything that may come along. He says he will have to have one or two helpers, of course.

The block is also immune from dive bombing and tank attacks. This was brought about by the simple means of sending one of our stalwart Lance Corporals on a weapon training course. We shall have nothing more to fear.

Our dumb blonde has commenced the inevitable. The call of Darlington has been growing stronger and stronger for the past six months and he has at last succeeded. He is thinking of applying for a sleeping-out pass, failing that a transfer to Darlington Home Guard. This speaks for itself:—

In this time of national stress,
Supply of beer has become less and less;
Tommy Blades the shortage has found,
Does save him, oh, so many a pound!
But now that he no more does drink,
To some new vice will turn, me think.
Will it be smoking or chewing gum?
Or constantly stuffing his little tum tum?
Which ever it is, it's certainly clear
That he will eventually go back to BEER!

Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess

GENERAL.—Even in two months news is harder to get than cigarettes and beer, and my reporters now go about thanking people who do manage to provide a little news for us. Our first customer happens to be our own Sergeant (Wimpey Wellington) Gee, who has just returned from hospital after having suffered from severe pains in the back, a complaint from which he has suffered for some time. Just how much the famous Bill Gee silk stockings had to do with the pains has yet to be decided.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—We have had four dances during the past two months, all being as before, great successes; add to this two social Sundays and our new Ladies' Night, which is held every Wednesday, and you will see that our Entertainments Committee is doing us fine.

MARRIAGES.—As yet nil, although there is a very strong rumour that Sergeant McLuskie will soon be putting his head in a noose.

BIRTHS.—Two very obliging gentlemen have come forward during the the past month, namely, C.Q.M.S. Dickenson and Sergeant Bill Craine, who both happen to be fathers of fine sons. Bill's success nearly went to his head, so much in fact, that he is now sick at home with mumps. Hard luck, Bill!

OBITUARY.—It is with deep regret we give you the sad news of the passing of "Sacha," the hound of Holdsworth, who was put to sleep on 11th August for sheep worrying. All members of the Mess will miss the clumsy brute, who seemed to know everybody and did not know how to bite, even when he had a chance, and I for one will say "Hard luck, Tommy!"

DEPARTURES.—We have now said good-bye to several of our well-known W.O.s III, who have left the old homestead on promotion to W.O. II. C.S.M.s Summerfield, Mayo, Harvey-Smith and Russell. To all we pass on the wishes of the Mess, and hope that they will find peace in their new jobs. The old cry of "There can't be many more left," still goes on.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—I have been asked to announce that C.S.M. Robertson's book on "What I can do with my pace stick" will soon be on sale to the public.

That's all.

FRANK.

1st Holding Battalion

GENERAL.—So many faces appear and old ones disappear overnight that it is difficult to keep track of what's what since our last appearance in these notes. The changes that have taken place. Well! Ssssh! Walls have ears!

We are happy to inform you that the number of men from this Unit getting "spliced" to young ladies of a certain north-east coastal town is still increasing.

We now know the reason why so many officers are trying to go on a Messing Course, and why the Quartermaster still has to make sure that no stores have been left behind.

The rations appear to have gone up considerably recently. Our sleuths duly discovered the reason was that Signalman "Busty" Moffatt is on a slimming diet.

PROMOTIONS AND DEPARTURES.—Congratulations to Captain Garbutt on his recent promotion; also to our former Assistant Adjutant, Lieutenant Cox, who recently left us for pastures new, with promotion.

Double congratulations to our genial doctor, Captain Miller, R.A.M.C., on his fine effort of winning the George Medal and promotion.

Congratulations to R.S.M. Rose and R.Q.M.S. Fahey on reaching dizzy heights, C.Q.M.S. Hodge and C.Q.M.S. Shepherd on promotion to C.S.M., Sergeants Carter, Sumner and Price on promotion to C.Q.M.S. and to all the numerous acting unpaid Lance Corporals.

Congratulations to Sergeant "Lofty" Bishop for his triumphal entry into the Sergeants' Mess. We have no doubt that he will soon be signed on by Scotland Yard.

SPORT.—Cricket—Without a doubt we have had a great season, the Unit team having played 26 matches, winning 18 and losing five, with three games drawn, a record of which we feel justly proud.

The only set-back of importance was losing to the cup winners by four runs in the semi-finals of the area competition.

We have had nine of our players chosen to play in representative matches at various times of the season.

The outstanding performance was Lance Corporal Cook's ten wickets for 52 runs against Stockton C.C. in a representative game. (Stout work, Cookie!)

Signalman Jones A. E. has been in great form with the bat all the season, collecting 854 runs for an average of 33, including a not-out century against the Depot Battalion.

Lance Corporal Marwick heads the bowling with 102 wickets for six runs apiece.

Soccer—Under Corporal Stranks' able guidance the Unit team looks like being the best ever and we have some notable players in our ranks. Go to it, George!

Hockey—As usual, with the indefatigable Corporal "Dickie" Fielding at the helm of the hockey team, we are assured of another successful season.

Rugby—Too many good men in other Units for our liking, but the first practice produced some promising material and, with one or two of last season's team still with us, we hope to put up a good show.

HEARD IN THE BLACK-OUT.—Voice from the Sergeants' Mess one Saturday night, "Free and Free, Ferty-Free."

ENTERTAINMENTS.—Nowadays, entertainment for the troops is of very great importance, especially for Units such as ours.

Entertainments in the Holding Battalion have always been very much appreciated, and have been very well thought of by all the officers, N.C.O.s and men, and amongst our greatest "fans" (if I might be permitted to use the expression) can be counted Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Goddard, Major and Mrs. Lea, Captain and Mrs. Bolton, and Captain and Mrs. Miller.

We have endeavoured during the period of the war to cater for all tastes, and the efforts of the Entertainments Committee have been many and various, and they have succeeded in providing all kinds of entertainment for every kind of individual that has passed through our hands.

At present the "Guvnor" is Captain J. W. Garbutt, Royal Signals, and his committee is composed of Corporal Wood A., Lance Corporals Giles A., Boaks W. and Scott A., and Signalmen Warren H., Hudis R., Katchky S. and Roberts A., with Signalman Wilder G., ex-officio.

We are very fortunate in possessing a dance orchestra which is rapidly becoming recognised as the finest in this area, and also a first-class concert party which can hold its own with the best shows the E.N.S.A. have yet provided. The dance orchestra consists of ten players, amongst whom are some of the leading London professional musicians.

The concert party, although perhaps not containing as many notabilities as the band, can, nevertheless, more than hold its own and has the reputation of never having been caught on one leg, and their shows are always exceptionally well received.

The party itself consists in the main of the band, supplemented by one or two individual turns. The main performers are Lance Corporal Giles, compère, and our edition of Jack Warner and Cyril Fletcher, Lance Corporal Brazell, a very fine Welsh-Canadian tenor, who has broadcast on various stations both in this country and in North America over 500 times, and Messrs. Giles and Wood provide a great deal of the comedy in the shape of a Murray and Mooney act. Our stage manager is Signalman Warren, who for a good many years filled the same position at the Carlton Theatre in the Haymarket, London.

We aim at providing as much in the way of entertainment as we can and run S.O.B. concerts in the N.A.A.F.I., weekly dances every Wednesday, "housey" practically every night, and the concert party gives a show every fortnight.

All our efforts take place in our spare time, and we cannot, unfortunately, spare the time for rehearsals that we would like. However, "C'est la Guerre," and we do our best, and thoroughly enjoy every minute of it.

According to latest communiques received, it appears that we are going to be more in demand than ever before during the coming cold weather—well, the more the merrier, says we!

Fortunately, as I have already mentioned, our officers and Senior N.C.O.s afford us every facility for carrying on the good work, and we hope that when Jack Hilton finally discovers us and we get a booking at the London Palladium during Victory Week, all of them will come along and support the "Griffins," and say to themselves that they had a share in putting us where we are.

Cheerio.

GRIFFIN.

S.T.C. Wales

2nd Operators Training Battalion

An historic decision, a step towards raising the status of the most hard-working members of the Army, was reached here recently. See Battalion Orders: "With effect from 31st July, 1941, three tables in the Mess Room will be reserved for the use of full Corporals of this Battalion. The location of these tables will be indicated by the Mess Room N.C.O."

That Awful Recruit: "I don't see anything important about that."

Self: It is very gratifying to be conducted by a polite, smiling orderly to a table especially reserved for one."

T.A.R.: "If you knew why he was smiling . . . ."

Self: "The atmosphere of old-world courtesy in which the meal is conducted . . . ."

T.A.R. (sarcastically): "Parss the sardines, 'Erbert."

Self (loftily): "The friendly generosity with which each N.C.O. passes his own share of the rissoles to a comrades . . . ."

T.A.R.: "Fiddlesticks!"

Continuing with more serious topics, while T.A.R. is sent about a more useful occupation, we have to record the departure of S.S.M. Connors C., who for some months was W.O. i/c Training in No. 2 Company. We all wish him the best of luck in the Command Signals to whom he was posted—as C.S.M., we understand. And assure him that still:

The law of Operators is
Use the Synopsis.

We regret also the departure of Corporal Swan H., transferred to the A.P.T.S. If one *has* to roll one's trunk and perform other feats, Corporal Swan's is the cheerful sort of personality under whom one almost enjoys it.

Farewell, finally, to Corporal Donovan J. and Worship C.—here's wishing them all the best wherever they have been posted.

To-day the Band of the Royal Corps of Signals arrived to spend a week in North Wales, during which they will enliven the Officers' Mess and the Sergeants' Mess, perform for the troops, and one day put some additional pep into the Guard Mounting. Theme for Bateman . . . the Signalman who dropped his rifle . . . .

In fact, the show has already started. At dinner to-day the band burst upon the troops with a spirited and very syncopated version of "Amapola." Those ignorants who did not know the Signals have a modern dance band, were overjoyed; and, not knowing the band's versatility, are eagerly anticipating something pretty hectic in the way of Guard Mounting.

Our sports exponents have upheld the honour of Operators on the cricket pitches and tennis courts of North Wales, supplying members of both S.T.C. teams. Internal warfare broke out in the form of a cricket match between No. 1 and 2 Company Cadres. 1 Company won a closely-contested game: they say the bowling of Lance Corporal Davies was one of the prime causes.

But the high spot of the summer season was the swimming gala. As your faithful newshound was ushing in the ballroom that night, here is a report from a neutral (more or less) observer:

No. 2 Company once again repeated their annual duty: in short, they won the Battalion aquatic sports trophy (did I hear anything, Tex?). No. 3 Company took second place, the deciding event being the Narvik Boat Race, in which 1 Company were second. Personalities of the winning team included Signalman Colley, an excellent crawl swimmer; Signalman Allen, a really spectacular fancy driver; not forgetting, of course, our wonderful floating log, Lance Corporal Lewis R.R., who gave an excellent display of a U-Boat in action. His winning plunge was 59 ft. 7 ins.

There is more about the swimming gala in No. 2 Company's notes below. Meanwhile, allow me to present—

No. 1 Company

They say that no news is good news, therefore it would appear that there is only good news to report this month. However, the fact remains that there is very little to report. Training goes on with its usual smoothness, and the personnel of the Company changes with such regularity that it is futile to mention names and incidents.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.—Several squads have passed on to other companies and several more have joined us. This has become so much of a habit with us that the Company nominal roll now looks something like a cross between a jigsaw puzzle and a game of noughts and crosses. The Cadre still remain the same (when do those postings start ?).

TAKING THE PLUNGE.—We record with great pleasure the marriage of Corporal George Newham to Winifred Hick, at Scarborough. George returned from leave with a very thoughtful look on his face and can now be seen working out complicated sums on scraps of paper. Incidentally, George's form as our wicket-keeper has improved considerably. Best of luck to you both, George, may all your troubles be of the usual kind.

SPORT.—The outstanding result to report is our victory over No. 2 Company at cricket. On this occasion we avenged ourselves on 2 Company for allowing them to beat us at football. The remainder of our sports activities have been confined to inter-squad matches, both at football and cricket, and we are now able to pick out good teams for both these games when we need a Company team.

LOCAL GOSSIP.—Our Junior N.C.O.s of the Cadre are thankful for the temporary absence of the President of the Grippers' Club. They can now enjoy meals without having to listen to long lectures on procedure.

Our gossip king also reports that several of our Junior N.C.O.s have been seen "admiring the beauties of nature" with holidaymakers in the district. It is generally believed that Corporal N——y J. and Lance Corporal H——s J. H. are seriously thinking of spending their next seven days' leave in Birmingham. These two Romeos now haunt the Post Room and are becoming the bane of the Orderly Corporal's life. Still, nature in the raw is seldom mild.

During the past month I have been snowed under with offers of news and even "spicy bits" for this month's notes. Now, at the critical moment, these sources of news seem to have developed some sort of stage fright. I never knew before that any of this Company could be called bashful or shy. However, as I said before, no news is good news, so we must be good.

Cheerio, fellows, see you again soon.

DUTCHY.

No. 2 Company

This, as the editors say, is the "silly season." It does not mean that we have been performing Morris dances on the Square; on the contrary, never has the Cadre confined itself to the business of "nursing" operators with such grim determination. But news is scarce: there is only one farewell, and the griffin of the pukka griffin merchants re postings has so often failed to materialise that even when they forecast their own imminent departure they are greeted with ribald scepticism. Don't you agree, G—— ?

The departure is that of S.S.M. Connors. Although it is referred to in Battalion notes, we of 2 Company wish to give him our own message of farewell and good wishes.

Our triumph of the month—the winning of the swimming gala—is also referred to above, but we should like to add that we consider it a particularly good show in view of the fact that the team had no time to do any training. S.S.M. Connors and Sergeant Markendale represented 2 Company staff and were very gratified with the result. Although there is no "hot news," ex-2 Company staff will probably be interested to hear about members of the Cadre. Owing to a slight breakdown in communications I believe it was not recorded at the time that spring brought promotion to "C" Block. Ex-Corporals Marks and Baker became eligible for the Sergeants' Mess and acquired two beautiful whistles. Ex-Lance Corporals English and Robinson removed the "L": they still disappear during a lot of their spare time; "Ernie's" main pursuit, we know, leads him back-stage: but where "Robbo's" main pursuit leads him, nobody knows. Lance Corporal Littler is now a very happily married man. He is still to be seen around with the boys, who are usually to be found within a quarter of a mile of a certain dartboard (in their spare time, of course).

Though it is seldom anybody comes back to camp anything but perfectly sober, it is such a long wait for the bus.

JOKE.—Other ranks installing a wireless set of their own must either pay a small fee for the current consumed, or, alternatively, use "concealed receiver" method.

Definition (of the commodity that baffles brains)—an attempt by outward appearances to deceive somebody, usually a superior officer, who knows that you know that he knows that you know that he knows that you are attempting to deceive him anyway !

Farewell, and may all your "grips" be little ones.

DON V.

No. 3 Company

This month I spent a large amount of time in and around the lecture rooms and I have managed to overhear one or two tit-bits. I may say intelligence of the instructors is far above average, and the mentality is a grade higher than one finds in other Companies. (Forgive me, lads, but I must have a dig at someone.)

My constant humanity still reaches out to Cecil Peck and his merry gang of chest developers in the operators' muscle factory—he is certainly putting some terrible cases into shape. I hear that a chap on excused duty with a pair of crutches joined in a class, and that the crutches were left behind in the gymnasium.

By the way, there is a question I must ask, "Who did really inaugurate the 'Narvik' Boat Race ?" I have seen it on all swimming programmes since a certain Battalion held its swimming sports.

Who was the N.C.O. who was working on 11 set and sent the following message ?—"Send in the Bug." After waiting in vain for the return of the Bug, the same N.C.O. kept sending, "Send in the Bug." Eventually the opposite station, way out in the blue, replied, "Have moved my set and am now sending in the Bug ! "

Another man was sent to join a squad on T.S.R. for the first time. The N.C.O. put him at the back of the class and gave him a pair of earphones. After wearing them for a minute the recruit recalled the N.C.O. and, handing him the earphones, said, "Something wrong here, there's two —— at it."

Recently, a certain Signalman was warned for Inlying Picket. This man wanted at once to see the C.S.M. He did so and said, "I believe I'm on Inlying Picket ? "

The C.S.M. said, "Yes, that is correct."

The Signalman answered, "Well, that's rather sudden and inconvenient, as you see I have arranged to meet a lady friend and bring her to the dance, and I shall require time off ! "

The C.S.M. was lost for words.

Corporal Kelly W. H.—"Spider" to us all—has left us for Holding Battalion, via 2 Company. We all miss you, Willie, and the C.S.M. says, "How's the boil up ? "

TEX.

No. 4 Company

The Company has recently been rejuvenated in the field of sport, and there have been several hard-fought encounters on cricket and football fields. A keen inter-section rivalry has developed.

"3" Section must record the loss of Corporal D'Craig, who left us some short time ago. He passed away in hospital shortly after being discharged from the Army.

Lance Corporal Curtis has joined the growing list of "3" Section discharges. At the moment the only members of the "Old Brigade" are Sergeant Tomkinson and Corporal Greenhalgh.

Sergeant Giles is still performing feats of great athletic prowess and he showed at the recent musketry course that he still has an eye for a duck. "Jim" and his assistant, C.Q.M.S. Byfield, nobly carry on, and C.S.M. Kirby wears an easier expression now that his namesake has departed hence. Best wishes to all "old boys," in particular to the "Telly Ops."

J.G.

Administrative and Headquarters

So many events have happened since last month's notes that it is difficult to get a real grip on them, but there is nothing like trying. Sport has been in abundance, but not in the competitive sense, except for the Battalion Swimming Gala, which must go down as the high spot of the season. Without a doubt the judges had to be on their toes (and knees, for the plunging event) to make their final decisions.

In last month's notes I forgot to mention that we have none other than Lance Corporal Sheard H. A. right here in the Battalion. (May I shine in the sun once more, Texas ?) This omission coincided with the fact that a "goon," when told to report to Lance Corporal Sheard, uttered this amazing remark, "Who is he ? " Mild confusion reigned and sabotage was suspected. I agree that a society for the prevention of cruelty to Lance Corporals should be formed, but, leg-pulling apart, "Texas" has done some grand work for charity, bumper houses for the two Soccer matches and ball amply testify to his ability in these affairs. So many people attended the ball that, except for the brilliance of Signalman Sidney Lipton and the orchestra, it was difficult to tell whether the Soccer match and ball were not a trifle mixed. However, a real object of these functions was realised, totalling about £140, and nobody will begrudge Texas two fat heads, one for being at the bar.

The air of mystery which always surrounds the Orderly Room is much more dense these days and "pukka griffin" is confined to Battalion Orders. This is annoying to "George" of the Mess Room, who after spending nearly all his spare time in acquiring that shade of sunburn so magnetic to the ladies has suddenly come to the conclusion that he may soon spend a lot of time in some remote part of the globe sighing for a cool spot in the shade.

My heart goes out to the go-ahead lad who, when cigarette coupons were issued for the first time at the pay table, got the extraordinary impression that the cigarettes were a free issue—a sort of gift from the C.S.M. (or something !). Having business instincts he proceeded to round up the non-smokers and at a small charge (to himself) to negotiate for the proprietary rights of their coupons. Needless to say he succeeded beyond his wildest dreams and, finally, stood in the long canteen queue with umpteen coupons and a beautiful money-making secret that was his alone. Then came the dawn. It was terrific: you don't have to go sick to be excused duty, you simply offer this "money-maker" an option on the Q.M. stores or the local waterfall. The M.O. comes to you.

Time marches on, and so for the present I leave you, hoping to bring you something interesting every month.

SIGNALSAM.

2nd General Trades Training Battalion

No. 1 Company

No 1 Company popping up again, chaps, after a short lapse. Things seem to be proceeding much about the same, except that we have lost a few of the old faces, and have had pleasure in welcoming a few new ones to the Cadre.

News of note this month concerns some sporting activities, primarily the Battalion Swimming Gala. In this, unfortunately, we did not do so well, which is no reflection on the members of our team, who did their very best against very superior opposition. I'm afraid that even with the ration of sun we have had the pool is hardly inviting for practice at 06.45 hours, and this may be the reason for our failure, lack of practice. Anyway, the lads are now pulling their weight and with the encouragement they are receiving we hope to give a very much better account of ourselves at the next meeting.

The football season is just commencing and from results of some recent matches we may avenge the defeats we suffered last season at the hands of No. 3 Company.

The Battalion recently won a series of inter-Battalion tennis matches, and are well placed to repeat this in the present series. Two members of this Company have assisted in these successes.

Friends and acquaintances of S.S.M. Hollands E. will be pleased to hear that he has entered into the bonds of matrimony, the happy lady being Corporal Mary Valentine. I'm sure you will all join with us in wishing every happiness to the young couple.

S.S.M. Kelly F. has requested that his kind regards be conveyed to the W.O.s and Sergeants of No. 1 Company, 1st General Trades, and his congratulations to those of his acquaintance who have achieved promotion.

J.F.S.J.

No. 3 Company

"Hello, lads ! " 3 Company calling again. Your favourite news reporter has left the Company and yours truly will endeavour to keep the old flag flying.

The news this month is mainly concerned with sporting activities, the Company having gone all athletic since the C.S.M. began getting us up a bit earlier in the morning.

Heartiest congratulations to our future Johnny Weismullers (swimmers to you) on their magnificent performances in the recent Battalion Aquatic Sports meeting, in which they carried off all the events.

Special credit is due to Signalman Klosser who was the "high light" of the gala, and who greatly contributed to the winning of the two shields, which harmonise so well with the other fixtures in the C.O.'s office.

With these successes fresh in our minds we sent a team of promising young boxers (all novices) to meet Depot Battalion in a novices boxing tournament. Although these lads put up a really grand display, luck was against us and we were defeated by one point. There is still a vacant place on the wall in the C.O.'s office, but we hope to fill that very soon.

It has been noticed lately that all members of the Scottish fraternity have been buying pins from the N.A.A.F.I. with a view to getting more life from their "10 for 6½d. (plus one coupon)."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Blue Eyes" (Devon)—No, we have no record of a Sergeant of that name in this Company.

"Ronnie" (4 Section)—You turn RIGHT when entering the camp.

"Anxious" (Nottingham)—But he's just come back from leave.

Well, blokes, that's all for now, so adios till next month.

C.B.

No. 4 Company

Scribes may come and scribes may go, but 4 Company goes on indefinitely. Well, another new hand toes the line for a brilliant start, we hope.

No. 3 Company have sounded the . . . — sign in the swimming gala. Congratulations to you.

Our lads made a noble effort, the spirit was grand, but we shall need our strokes retiming for the next event.

Who said, "Long service and foreign stations" ? It's webbed feet we need to win these events, not past history.

We have a very pleasant surprise this week. The Corps Band are here to entertain the Unit.

Congratulations to Lance Corporal Elliott E. and Driver Curtis L. on joining the happy band of married personnel. We all wish you both much happiness and success.

Don't forget the salvage campaign, you chaps working in the countryside. There are plenty of pieces of old metal lying around, bring them in and swell the funds.

The discharge of Driver Hadley T. came as a surprise to all his pals in this Company. However, as surprise is the essence of attack, we accept it and wish Driver Hadley all the best of luck in civilian life.

As the font of inspiration is running dry, we wish all our comrades in foreign climes—good shooting. (Keep the vermin down.)

Through to all stations. All the best.

FOUR.

Yorkshire 3

3rd Operators Training Battalion

No. 1 Company

There have been quite a few changed faces at No. 1 Company during the past months, for apart from the trainees and their routine comings and goings there have been changes in the "high-ups." We have had S.S.M. Williams as guest artist in the Training Office, while S.S.M. Garner had been carrying out duties in the Examination Room. C.S.M. Keenan has left us for a field unit after being with the Battalion since its formation and our good wishes go with him, together with our congratulations on his promotion to R.S.M.

An Ancient Order of Gardeners has been formed with Sergeant Langdon presiding and much new ground is being turned up. Some queer stories are being told about the activities of this brotherhood, but it is to be hoped that they are not all true, for otherwise the gardens will produce some queer crops. It appears that they have some queer ideas about the attributes that are desirable crops, and it is rumoured that the O.C. is asking the education representative to organise classes in botany before he allows his fine crop of potatoes, at the rear of the Company office, to be weeded.

Golf seems to have caught on and Lance Corporal Cochrane was the winner of a very successful medal round. Journeys to the local courses are consequently becoming quite frequent. While the Company boasts one or two players who have very low handicaps, some of the tyros with Sergeant Crookes at their head count their success or otherwise by the number of balls they lose.

The cricket team continues to play with varying measure of success though of late the weather seems to have won every round.

The Field Training Schemes are a regular part of the weekly routine and by this time every N.C.O. and man in the Company has been annihilated more than once. As to their practical benefit everyone seems to enjoy these stunts and there is a good deal of interest in them, if for no other reason than they delay parade an hour.

A very successful Company concert has been held, the triumphant moment arriving when cigarettes were handed round to the men and their guests. This was made possible by a pair of sparkling eyes and a captivating black moustache (the shape can make all the difference).

J.H.M.

No. 2 Company

IT WAS ALL FREE.—As we drank free coffee and smoked free cigarettes at the most recent smoking concert to be provided by the Entertainments Committee of No. 2 Company, we listened sympathetically to Lance Corporal Cornish as he soulfully played the accompaniment to "One Night of Love," and we remembered a few days earlier "Choppers" had proudly told us that the stork had brought him a son. "He's just like me," he announced, and as we listened to the song we thought of men we knew who had overcome even greater handicaps.

But it was a grand concert—the hall was packed, the talent provided (very little of it was imported) was excellent and a novelty competition to find the best out of platoon artists was a bright idea on somebody's part. Kench and Roberts were there to belie the rumour that the Ossett course had robbed them of their vitality—they repeated their ballet and once again proved that they bathe at least once a week whether they require it or not.

And when it was all over we had a few more acting people to applaud. The acting C.O. presented the prizes, the acting C.I. thanked him and the acting O.C. introduced them. We think the three of them enjoyed it thoroughly. We did, anyway, and we're glad to know another concert is already being planned. The regularity of these concerts has already prompted three Signalmen to apologise to the treasurer of the Entertainments Committee. Now they realise that he lives so well only because he has a private income, and we are glad to state that the treasurer when approached by the hitherto suspicious Signalmen displayed no anger.

E.B.

No. 3 Company

The return of our O.C., Lieutenant C. F. Bunce, has been short-lived, for during the past month he has again had to go into hospital for treatment and the Company has been sorry to hear that he is seriously ill. Lieutenant Bunce has been O.C. of the Company for some time and it is yet to be hoped that he may be able to come back to us.

2nd Lieutenant Herbert is still on a course and Lieutenant Grantham has undertaken the duties of O.C. and Training Officer.

Another change has been the departure of S.C.M. Cooper, whose place has been filled by C.S.M. Swinson.

In many ways the month has been lacking in news—examinations have filled the bill and kept noses to the grindstone. Group "E" candidates go to the slaughter with a do or die look on their faces, as to qualify for Group "E" leave now involves passing.

Ugly rumours about early morning swimming instruction have been seen floating through the Company and the married personnel living out have been anxiously watching orders—for 'twas rumoured that they would report at the baths at 6 a.m. After two weeks' anxiety, in which several searched for alarm clocks, orders have at last put their minds at rest.

The "Viscount" was noticed to manage ten days' leave just at the crucial time, while another member of his squad continues to figure in the limelight of visits to the Training Office. Lance Corporal James W. F. C. was posted to O.C.T.U., and at the end of August the "Pick and Shovel Brigade" should be the richer by one lieutenant. The last that has been heard of him was to the effect that he was spending an evening in his billet meditating on what to us seemed an utter impossibility—he had lost heavily at cards. Those who knew him, before white cap bands were the vogue, have some difficulty in swallowing such a tale. Another O.C.T.U. candidate, Lance Corporal Cromarty, has also departed.

There is better news from the sports side. The Company cricket eleven have won three matches and reached the final of the inter-Company cup, losing by a very small margin to No. 2 Company. We have since avenged that defeat with a win by 12 runs and eight wickets in hand. The captain, Lance Corporal Lawrence H. and Signalman Botcherby had the bowling well in hand when stumps were drawn. I have watched the tennis notices, but so far no progress has been made in the singles tournament.

The regular feature of Saturday morning route marches seems to be having a curious effect on the "any regular visitors" to the M.I. Room. In despair some of them are actually turning out for the marches. We can only suspect that their illnesses have taken a more serious turn.

No. 4 Company

CRICKET.—At the moment our Company is doing very well in the inter-Company league competition. We are now level on points with No. 2 Company and when we meet them again we hope to avenge the defeat of a month ago, when they beat us by one run. A cup has been put up for the winners of the league and I am hoping that it will nestle in No. 4 Company's office for the next year. Here's wishing our team all the best of luck anyway.

A basket ball competition has been arranged within the Unit and we are hoping to keep up the sports reputation of the Company when it does come off.

I must apologise, readers, for the lack of news this month, but promise that I shall make up for it in our next contribution.

VERLY BARRA, JUNIOR.

3rd Depot Battalion

Administrative Wing

The writer apologises for his lack of journalistic tendencies and hopes that by next month a better scribe will "take over." For the present, bear with me—"don't shoot the pianist, he's doing his best."

Changes in personnel of Administrative Wing are so many and varied that it is impossible to record every arrival and dispatch.

However, we might say that the cloud of gloom that has descended over the Orderly Room (and elsewhere) just lately is perhaps due to the fact that Lieutenant Fenton, our one time A.T.S. administratress (what *is* the female of administrator), who had been with us through all our trials and tribulations, has now left to enchant some other lucky Unit. Good luck, Mrs. Fenton, we were sorry to see you go. "Long may yer lummie rick," as we say in Scotland. Lieutenant Carpenter, our popular Q.M., has also left us. Did the officers pass the hat round before he left (as was done at one local cricket match in which he took part) ? After all, surely he deserved something for being the backbone of all their sports activities. All the best, sir. Perhaps now we'll be able to have our pants, etc., changed without such a careful scrutiny—you saved the the taxpayer thousands.

Congratulations to Lance Corporals Jones and Stirling on attaining their first tapes. Promotions in Administrative Wing are so scarce at present that the event is quite a nine days' wonder. Remember my pints, boys. At least I've got your names in print.

Our "sewing circle" had its first meeting last night with a lesson by the R.S.M. on "How to darn socks." Later on we hope to learn how to stop a tank with a knitting needle. It has since been reported that "Mrs." Duxbury is contemplating a course in embroidery and "Miss" Wigley has placed his order for "The Good Housewife" to be delivered weekly.

In conclusion, a few things we'd like to know :—

Who was the Staff Sergeant who worked so hard that his brother got promotion ?

Which "Don Juan" swiped the "Jimmie" buttons from "Haggis's" Service Dress ?

Why does Lance Corporal Rider keep murmuring, "Just imagine, only five more weeks" ?

ABERDONIA.

"A" Company

Firstly, we must wish the best of luck to the late editor of these notes, viz., "Sexton," who has departed from this Company. Rumour has it that his present Company needed a little class and smartness. The "power" that is took the natural course of posting someone from "A" Company. As ever, we still reign supreme on the Square, where our "pass-offs" (or should it be passes-off ?) are viewed with a mixture of envy and admiration by the opposing Companies. (Incidentally, the new editor intends stating irefutable facts and not watering-down our magnificent performances with "foot and bundook.") Now in our prowess confined to the Square. One Sunday we definitely shone in the "field," and that was some achievement with all visible flesh blancoed a natty khaki green. Our gallant performance that day must in great part be credited to our Platoon leader, whose character resembles that of the late Lieutenant Bethune (1914-18).

In the field of sport we "shook" some pseudo-harriers by bringing home the bacon in the road race. A fine example of team-work this. We missed the first and second positions owing to two or three of our team being under the delusion that the team had to come in holding hands.

At cricket we have shown startling progress, and we can now, with all modesty, say that nothing can stop us. We lost the first match through lack of practice and under-estimating our opponents. We won the last two matches and are confident of keeping things that way.

It was only a stiff bolt that prevented us from winning the "Tabloid Sports," and the stiff bolt wasn't in the rifle used by our team. Work it out for yourselves.

Buy the WIRE next month and get more straight "griffin." These notes are written by someone who believes in straight from the shoulder stuff and is fully insured against libel.

"B" Company

The only thing we can boast of this month is our agility in the field—the sports field.

Our Soccer team has only lost one game since our last report, whilst our cricket team has not let us down yet. We also lifted the prizes in the "Tabloid Sports" on two occasions—as there were only two.

To all those who took part in these sports we offer our congratulations, and hope you kept the prestige of the Company up.

Once upon a time, a war substansive sergeant walked into the Company office and handed his cigarette case round. Now you tell one.

Then we have the meek billet orderly who stood in a queue for 40 minutes, only to find it was for blood transfusion.

"D" Company

As a result of the recent visits of the O.G.P.U., the pundits of the "Kremlin" have decided that the Company office is insufficiently protected at night.

Consequently, feverish activity and reorganisation has taken place in that sanctum sanctorum, and now one cannot move for bodies, which are strewn in profusion in every corner, nook and cranny. Oh, well, it's all part of the war effort !

PROMOTION.—Congratulations to Corporal Senior on his second tape.

IS IT TRUE.—That N.C.O.s now require a leave pass to have a night off ?

POSTINGS.—It was with regret that we said good-bye to Lance Corporal Douglas on 1st August, when he departed for Armoured Division Signals. A gentleman and sportsman in the best sense of the word. Here's wishing you better luck in your new unit, Dougie.

Corporal Metcalfe and Private Betterton have also left us, but only to go to our main building higher up the road. All the best, chaps !

RECENTLY SEEN.—Nick Carter and his Nigger Minstrels careering through the town in search of a suitable pitch.

ALTERNATIVE NAME FOR COMPANY RIFLE RANGE. — "Wuthering Heights."

That's all for now, blokes. We'll be seeing yer.

London District Signals

No. 1 (A) Workshops Section

Fellow workers (?) and others. We are hoping that by the time you read this No. 1 (A) Section will have proved to be A.1 in at least half the events at the Unit sports meeting.

A certain quiet confidence prevails at the moment, and should the results be better than anticipated we may consider giving you the "low-down" on "How we did it."

There have been no changes in the Section's personnel recently, though Signalman Staley is about to leave us to study the basic differences between the local liquid refreshment and that supplied in one of our well-known spas. Any startling revelations as a result of our fellow brewer's research work will be duly recorded. Apart from this reference to one of our fitters, a remark passed by Corporal Willis to the effect that "the hub of the Section is too busy to think" is surely worthy of quotation and needs no further comment.

As usual, the I.M.s shop is working hard, but this does not prevent Corporal Eames from spending many "after duty" hours turning out some fine work in the shape of model ships of various types and sizes. Were it not for the difficulty in obtaining materials, our highly-skilled I.M. Corporal could no doubt produce something to carry Signalman Perkins to an overseas O.C.T.U. in the near future. Nevertheless, we wish our erudite friend a good journey and "all the best."

Last, but not least, we wish our readers to know that the electricians have done so much charging recently that their efforts would compare favourably with those of a famous Light Brigade. Indeed, it is not an idle boast that we could erase the world's biggest blot on the social fabric at one press of a switch (together with other secret devices).

Our news fades out to a "sotto voce," almost "ppp," but the voice of Signalman Carter can still be faintly heard announcing his intention of drawing on his stupendous "credits" to buy Signalman Mayes a soap-box and our beloved Sergeant Sawyer a beautiful big blackboard and easel.

We can't hear another word. The set must have konked. Send for an I.M., please.

PASSING THOUGHTS.—That "ham-fisted" operators should be issued with a Hammers, Tele., Sledge, 14 lbs., to enable them to complete their designs on switches, send and receive.

That Signalman Gilmour loves stroking a rasp, farrier's, unserviceable.

That it is time to sign off.

THE MAESTRO.

No. 1 (B) Headquarters Section

It is due to the absence on leave of your usual scribe that I am at last given the long-desired opportunity to tell what might be termed some of the "real truths" concerning the Headquarters Section.

I will begin by saying how pleased we are to welcome to our Section 2nd Lieutenant R. S. Branch, who is at present understudying our Assistant Adjutant, 2nd Lieutenant J. A. Caton.

We are delighted to have C.Q.M.S. Muir back in the Section again after his recent spell in hospital and hope that he has now fully recovered.

We are pleased to find that Driver Woods, our new Registration and Despatch Clerk, is rapidly settling down to his fresh work and is becoming an expert "stamp licker."

Congratulations to Signalman Booker and Taylor, both of whom have recently obtained C.II clerk ratings, and also to Signalman Young, who has just obtained a C.II tailor rating.

The poor, unfortunate clerk who has been requested to carry on with the Orderly Room Sergeant's work until his return from leave, in addition to having to do his own work, is beginning to wonder whether Sergeant Morgan, the O.R.S., chose a time in the month very favourable to himself to be on leave (end of the month Returns, etc.). Or could it be possible that the O.R.S. is now really kept busy throughout the month ?

Now that Part III Orders have been introduced our Part II Order Clerk, who has been called upon to produce these also, has been spending several sleepless nights in an endeavour to think of some way by which he can lessen the work and so continue to finish in the evenings at 6.30. So far, however, his sleepless nights have been of no avail.

Owing to the tremendous amount of work which the Unit clerks had to cope with the other day, a certain clerk from No. 1 Company office was invited to roll off on the duplicator, Unit Part I Orders. Having very little to do, as is usual with Company clerks, he smilingly accepted the invitation, but soon afterwards disappeared, leaving behind the unrolled stencils. These were eventually discovered by one of the much overworked Unit clerks, who promptly carried out the necessary task and thereby enabled the Unit office staff to return their record of always being to time and up to date with their work. Perhaps, though, this was rather a lot to expect a Company clerk to undertake.

I will end this month's article by wishing Lance Corporal Muir the best of luck and hoping that he will be very happy in the Unit to which he has now been posted.

TED.

No. 2 Operators' Section

Since our last notes the Section has been sadly depleted owing to quite a large percentage having passed off the Square, passed their trade test and, on being told of their postings to hither and thither (a number of them), passed out altogether.

However, when they recover we should like to wish them every success and sincerely hope that if they do anything contrary, etc., they will not blame it on to Sergeant Rea or Corporal Norman. It has so often been remarked—has it not?—"That's what I was taught."

Small as the Section is at the moment, it was whispered to me that Corporal Norman's "Right Whe-e-l" is not broken, but only a little bent and is ever ready to go into action at the first opportunity.

We must not forget Corporal Hossay (Parlez all sorts) and his S.B.O.s. It was he, I believe, who instructed all S.B.O.s to thank the lady kindly after dialling T.I.M.

Also a unique remark was made by whom (?) who on being asked for an extension for T.I.M., said, "Who's that—the Assistant Adjutant ?"

And who was it said, "Get fell in. The whistle's went" ? A clue, three stripes !

Still, Sergeant Rea swears it was not *his* instruction in R/T to say, "Your message received and overstood—under."

REX.

No. 3 (Linemen) Section

Courses continue to be the chief item of interest to our Section. Sergeant "Spot Them in the Air" Duffin is away again, this time for ten weeks on a lineman mechanic's course. Our trumpeter and his silent understudy are at H—— and will have returned to us by the time these notes are published.

Stand-by duties still harrass Corporal Ward; he has the whole Section worries in the absence of all the other N.C.O.s. His hair is perceptibly greyer since Sergeant Duffin has been away.

Signalman Taylor, who only returned to us a few weeks ago after being in hospital, has had another accident. The extraordinary thing is that it occurred whilst he was on his seven days' leave. Was the call of home worth the risk ?

Our wandering boy, Signalman Hop, is away once more at an out-station. It is rumoured that he can get into full marching order faster than any man in the Section. The Section was glad to hear news of our old comrade, Tommy Daw, who is back in "Civvy Street." He is working in a big shipyard near his home, and though now out of uniform he is still doing his bit in the war effort. He sends his good wishes to the Section and may be assured that we all wish him the best of luck and will be very pleased to hear from him occasionally.

The Section have now acquired a perfect working combination, the "Jeepa" twins. They have "jeeped" so much during the last month that our N.C.O. cannot account for their movements between Retreat and Reveille.

A very popular line job was in progress a short time ago in a well-known London park. A large audience was in attendance each day, the fair sex being predominant. This spurred our boys on to work as never before. Signalman Phillips rose to great heights and descended in record time. There were so many admiring glances that it proved too much for our "Young Lochinvar" that he passed peacefully out.

We are practising hard each evening for the Unit sports, which are to take place shortly. It has been suggested that our trumpeter should stand at the winning tape and blow the pay call.

These notes must be brought to an end as it is time to wake Arthur Lee from his afternoon siesta. He is training for his job after the war, a night-watchman.

M.C.B.

D.R.s' Corner (No. 4 Section)

August has been an uneventful month from the D.R.s' point of view. Visibility was good, with showers on and off, but more often on than off. The week-end camp is still going very strong and the D.R.s have nosed out a tasty section in a dell in the woods, where they can practice mud-larking and, incidentally, improve their riding.

Heavy training under the watchful eye of Mr. Rapsey, our Section officer, is now well under way for the inter-Section sports due to take place shortly. I understand the D.R. Section will spring a few surprises in the main events, especially the relay race, but I understand there is no truth in the rumours going around to the effect that they each intend to carry a basket of pigeons in this event just to make them feel more at home.



Our "Tough Guy," Sergt. Tucker, London District Signals

Signalman Ammon has returned from an out-station and is now doing some fiddling at Headquarters. Ammon is a keen musician and we expect to hear quite a lot from Ammon and his boys in the near future.

Lance Corporal Jack Fields has left on a Junior N.C.O.'s course, and all the boys wish him luck and look forward to his return with a "D" in his pocket.

A few of the D.R.s have transferred to the Air Force of late and more are waiting. Although we shall greatly miss them, we hope they may soon win their wings, and we wish them every success in their new venture. Reference also calls to be made of Signalman Hunt, who has lately been transferred to the Ordnance Corps. A number of new recruits have recently joined our ranks, and as we are unable to mention them all by name we take this opportunity of wishing them good hunting and no skids.

It is with pleasure that we announce that amongst the names in the final for the firing contest are a number of D.R.s. What a shock for the other Sections if one of them brings home the bacon.

A SHORT STORY.—D.R. dashes into Signal Office. Dashes out. Dashes on bike round corner. Dashes into a lorry. Dashed to hospital. Dashed well finished.

Moral—A slow D.R. is faster than a dead one.

We would like to know what other attraction besides good beer is at camp to account for the frequent trips of a certain Sergeant each week end, wet or fine. Rumour says that he is in strict training for the wallop competition taking place shortly in the Sergeants' Mess. We doubt this, as we know competitions take place there nightly.

W.J.C.

M./T., No. 5 Section, Drivers

We are glad to report that 2nd Lieutenant Pearsonage is still officer i/c Drivers' Section, and there are also a few promotions to announce. Lance Corporal Williams and Driver Wiltshire are now back at the Barracks after successfully passing the Junior N.C.O.'s course. Congratulations, and especially to Wiltshire, who has been given a "stripe." There have been quite a few "stripes" around lately, and Drivers Barker B. G. and Marsh J. W. have both been accepted into the Lance Corporals' rank. Congratulations. Is this a prelude to an N.C.O.'s course, or is there some big scheme afoot ? Who can tell ? Anyhow, there is no shortage of N.C.O.s in No. 5 Section. By the way, we are losing our Fire Chief, Lance Corporal Dixon. Although i/c of the fire fighting at the Barracks, is also in No. 5 Section, and is leaving us shortly to take a course prior to transfer to R.A.O.C. We wish him the best of luck.

The vehicle status is gradually improving, and we have recently acquired some nice "G.S." lorries. It's a real pleasure to drive these new "buses."

There has been an epidemic of "arm slings" at the Barracks these last two weeks and a few of the drivers have been badly "shaken" after vaccination and have been walking around with one arm in a sling and confined to Barracks for treatment. We certainly missed them on parades ! Luckily, however, most of the drivers were immune.

Driver Roberts F. G., after a few weeks back at the Barracks, has managed to get a transfer to an out-station. What is the secret of your success, Roberts ? A few of the other drivers would like to know.

LATEST NEWS.—Driver Hollands G. W. is taking the "big plunge" in a few days and we wish him "all the very best" in his married life. He has, unfortunately, been a victim of the vaccination "bug" right up to the last moment, but we trust that the M.O. will let him drop his "sling" before the great day. Can we hear the wedding bells, or is it a flight of fancy? Cheerio, until next issue, when we hope to have more exciting news.

JNO.

S.W.S.A.

Are you boys going to "The Wood" ?
Said M.T. Driver C. C. Frood,
'Cause if you are you must take care
The day before to have your hair
Cut like a convict's and your boots
Must shine like pre-war drill recruits.
Your web equipment you must clean
With Pickering's, that lovely green,
That comes off when you're out in blues
And want to look your best in shoes.
Your rifle, too, must be pulled through,
Your anklets, web, made tidy,
Your battle dress must show no clue
Of beer spilled there last Friday.
You boys down here must realise
That what may pass old Andrew's eyes
Stands very little chance, you see,
To pass the eyes of our C.O.
But cheer up, boys, we've heard it said
That though we're mad as hatters,
Esprit de corps we've got galore,
And what else really matters ?
(Next time, Andrew, you will write your own notes.)

N.W.S.A.

Well, here we are again, turning up like the proverbial bad penny every so often. Or not so often ? Although we hate to admit it, this, the one and only fault at this station, is lack of journalistic talent.

We have now settled down quite comfortably in our new home; the N.C.O.s each having claimed their individual consulting rooms and only awaiting the time when we are supplied with a contingent of A.T.S., whose troubles, so they tell us, they will competently diagnose.

The various duty superintendents have already fully entered into this consulting business and our Signal Office runs smoother than ever before; no doubt the change of air has a lot to do with it.

Unfortunately, we lost our "Health and Strength" specialist with the departure of "One Round Duggie" (Sergeant Douglas) from our Nursing Home Headquarters, but welcome in his place Sergeant Cowen and hope his stay will be lengthy.

The D.R.s are overjoyed at having a real garage in which to keep their machines, and one finds them tinkering about tuning them up, etc., from morn till night. The garage, by the way, was promptly and appropriately christened "Wood-block Ville." The only objection raised by our dashing D.R.s is that they have to share it with our invaluable E.S., Lance Corporal Elson, and his charging plant; and what with the noise from this and the staccato roar of the D.Rs' tuned engines, it is a "Dirt-Track Riders' Delight." Suspicious eyebrows are being raised, however, and conjecture is rife as to whether they are tinkering only with their machines so late at night, especially now it is dark so early; one no doubt knows the reputation mews have got.

I failed to mention earlier that we also have an historic billet in which to house some of our personnel, which no doubt is familiar to all, without mentioning whereabouts. Living there is one of our most venerable D.R.s, Signalman Shrubb, who hopes and prays aloud each night that the ghost of Miss Barrett will appear in his room. Up to the time of going to press he has had no such luck, but with miserable and downcast expression is still hoping.

The latest addition to our happy throng is Sergeant Bond, whom we welcome, but whom we contemplate with some misgivings as the possible "taker away" of eggs and bacon for breakfast in favour of liver and tripe (no offence, Sergeant Bond); even so, we are sure he'll give us his best effort.

Since our change-over to new quarters our social activities have been rather neglected, but with whole-hearted support of the Section and newly-appointed committee, ably led by our highly-respected Section Officer, 2nd Lieutenant Mitchner, we hope to blossom forth with some first-rate darts and table tennis teams unafraid to tackle all comers. With the advent of the long winter evenings we also hope to get our dances into full swing once more; the swing supplied by our maestro, the one and only Signalman Fenn.

Well, this is all for now, folks, so cheerio till we turn up again.

W.J.W.

1st Air Formation Signals

With winter nearing, we now prepare ourselves for a social fling or two during the dark nights. Already Unit dances are well under way. A church hall has been kindly placed at our service, and Corporal Whitehead's swingers regularly chase the blues into the rafters.

Glancing back at summer sports, we can be proud of our record. The D.R.s carried off a well-known motor cycle club's cup in face of fierce competition. We are proud of that, but the cup that has pride of place on our sideboard is a handsome piece of silver we snaffled from under the noses of the R.A.F. on its first offering.

ODDS AND SCRAPS. — Mr. Ken Powell, after serving his apprenticeship as "housekeeper" at the Officers' Mess, has set up a Mess of his own. Felicitations!

Bats in the batmen's belfry! We are not sure who were most scared—bats or batmen—but anyway they no longer share sleeping quarters.

Rumour has it that Mr. Edwards has arranged for all future P.O. routes to be constructed of heavy poles in order that the muscles of the tug-o'-war team may be further developed.

We are asked to deny a report that the local A.T.S. petitioned for the return of a certain Lance Sergeant from detachment. It is untrue that the brewers added their signature to the petition when they heard of the falling-off in consumption of beer at the Sergeants' Mess.

The distress signal at C—— is supposed to be a blue and white lamp with the blue uppermost. Perhaps an S.R. Sergeant can enlighten us further.

Why was the cigarette shortage less noticeable when a certain Major was in training for sports?

After a recent blitz on black-outs, a certain Section office had to use a torch to see whether the light was still on.

A certain C.S.M. is said to know the difference between left and right after a recent Unit dance.

No. 1 Company

Apart from working to schedule (and what a schedule!), the Company has got together on one or two occasions, taken off its jacket, and shown the local sports teams what's what. The tug-o'-war team took part in an open competition at a local works' sports, but met their Waterloo against the beef and brawn of the police. At the same meeting, Major Wilkins added to his running laurels by winning the 220 yards open. It takes a good man (or woman) to catch up with Major W.

The Company regrets losing Mr. Peter Rouquette. His sterling qualities will be sadly missed (so it is lisped). According to near-official sources, the bar member shed tears (mild and bitter) at the departure of a good client, and a Line Section wondered how it would spend its evenings with no "blanco parades." There is some speculation on whether Mr. Rouquette will keep his vow not to trim his moustache until he has found his horse.

No. 2 Company

'Tis said that Mr. Williams, looking into a tescup, beheld a journey before him. He folded his tent and waited. Before many noons had passed, the call came and he departed. After such a long association we were sorry to see him go. Good luck!

One of the Sections, known as "the phantom Section," astounded the Company by having as many as five men on parade for two consecutive days.

A correspondent writes:—"Two of our most noted members at present detached are staunch admirers of Greta Garbo. They, too, want to be alone. Is it the inoculation scare or does Ticker want to continue his self-training as an I.M.?"

Rumour has it that the Chaplain, after a talk with the C.S.M., is attempting to convert a certain Sergeant from his roving ways. The Sergeant's brother-in-law may also be taken in hand very soon! The suggestion is put forward that as we have so much to be thankful for compulsory church parades ought to be held more frequently than once a month. The name and address of the author of this bright idea will be forwarded on receipt of a 6d. postal order.

No. 3 Company

The most outstanding event in recent history has been the departure of "Pick" (Major Pickard) to Records. He gracefully withdrew with a fanfare of trumpets. In a last tour of his domain he rode in a carnival chariot escorted by outriders. There'll be nothing like it until the Armistice. After quaffing a stirrup cup at the Mess, "Pick" made his exit from our world. Truly a "Soldier's Farewell." See you again near Eros at half-past eight on Victory Night!

CONGRATULATIONS.—Our despatch rider has just brought in news that Brothers Parr and Corbett have unflinchingly taken to the tortuous path of matrimony. Good luck! Corbett was ensnared by auburn hair and Irish eyes. Parr patronises home produce.

ANY COMPLAINTS?—Our cookhouse is assuming the austere atmosphere of a hospital owing to the efforts of a certain Corporal. Whitewash has been used with reckless abandon and horrifying results. Through the window one sees white-smocked individuals performing inconceivable atrocities on dripping carcases amid clouds of (what we take to be) sulphur and brimstone.

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.—Good wishes to a certain gentleman of high rank who mounts his cycle nightly and departs on an errand, the object of which is a matter of conjecture. Maybe his name will soon appear in Company Orders under the heading "Bicycle mounting, 20.45 hours." At any rate we are pleased to note that whereas others have been beguiled with such local brews as Guinness, he preserves the Entente Cordiale by actually drinking cherry brandy.

HE'S GOT THE BIRD.—A pigeon, alighting in the "in" tray, tells us that that worthy, "Chunky," has suffered a romantic set-back that pains the heart of the whole Company. Could that "cheese-cutter" hat of his have had anything to do with it? When he wears it, dogs are said to rush yelping to their kennels and mothers call in their children and bolt the doors. Try a topee, "Chunky."

HOT NEWS.—The Company's runner interrupts office routine with news that we have visitors who may set up house with us. We trust the Page "printers" not forgetting the D.R.s, drivers and linemen), and those dwelling in Hatter's Castle will quickly make themselves at home.

No. 4 Company

As our guests are living out and the best brains of the Company are concerned with the joys of Rugger, most of our notes will have to remain over until next time. Since last month we have taken over the title of "shadow" factory from No. 3 Company. The rush and scurry of the Unit flow over our heads and we enjoy the happiness of obscurity. Having roused ourselves to say this much, we sink back into slumber.

POSTSCRIPT

The sins of this contribution are on the heads of many scribes. If anyone objects to what we have said, we will all meet him one dark night at the back of the guardroom.

SOLILOQUY ON A YOUNG OFFICER'S MOUSTACHE

You came upon us when our world turned khaki, but we dare not woo you until we attained the military dignity of O.C.T.U. There they seemed to think you an accessory to the pip, so that now we have come to link you with the Army, just as we have always associated the beard with the Navy. Behind the guns, in the tanks, on the beaches—you have become an integral part of our island defences.

Why you sprang forth is not always apparent. Perhaps you were wanted to camouflage the pink bloom of youth; or as a label of distinction (does not the authority of a sergeant major hang on his "walrus"?). More patriotically you may help to save razor blades and soap, and at the same time help to tickle some girl's fancy.

Just as men in submarines will grow beards while they lurk in the deep, far from the criticism of friends, so a soldier will experiment with vanity in the obscurity of an O.C.T.U. barrack room. Daily he will nurture you before the mirror of private admiration and will surreptitiously prepare to risk universal ridicule when he springs you on the civilian world. Alas! The cold world may be too ruthless to such a fluffy weakling and you may be sacrificed at one clean sweep of a flashing blade.

King's regulations keep the Army's chin smooth and prevent you from developing into an orgy of whiskeriness. In any case, a beard hardly fits into a modern war. It presents an inflammable front to incendiaries, fouls gear levers, obscures instruments, entangles aerials and can't be tucked into a Balaclava. So a moustache it is. You do at least help to soften the blows of nocturnal obstruction and balance the slung respirator, not to mention adding bristling fierceness to the young officer's command.

You are that touch of individuality in the uniformity of Army life. We can experiment with you to our heart's content—military, toothbrush, gigolo, football team—we take our choice and no-one has a word to say about regularity.

Just as the beards of Drake's men helped to win the battle in their day, so you have become the modern symbol of defiance. Hail to that stiff upper lip!

A Corps Signals in ——

No. 3 Company Jottings

It seems many moons ago since we dried our eyes after our heart-rending severance from our old Unit, and, having cleansed our travel-stained persons (and vehicles) were welcomed by our new Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Lloyd, O.B.E., M.C., T.D. We now take this opportunity of thanking him for the very kind way in which he received what must have seemed a very pitiable collection of sorry travellers after the long journey. We feel that our new Unit has now taken us unto its bosom, and it has certainly made us feel very much at home.

Firstly, go our very hearty congratulations to our old Section officer, Captain L. Hurley, on the attainment of his majority and upon his appointment to the Command of No. 3 Company. Secondly, the best of luck to 2nd Lieutenant J. H. Croll with his new Section, and our very sincere regrets at losing him. His Aberdonian manner of handling G.1098 stores will remain a model for our Section Sergeants for as long as the Section exists. We intend incorporating his system in a vellum bound volume, to be handed down to posterity vide deckled-edged A.B.108's.

Welcome to our new Section officers, Lieutenant C. P. Glennie and 2nd Lieutenant T. A. Pritchard, who are assured of the same loyal support as was rendered to our previous officers.

Congratulations to Lance Corporal Heading and Lance Corporal Rhodes upon their selection for O.C.T.U., and our real misgivings at losing Driver White and Signalman Myatt, who rendered yeoman service both at home and abroad with the B.E.F.

Very best wishes to all our friends in — Corps Signals, whom we trust are warm enough (!) and to Sergeant Nicholls, whose memory is very much with us. We hope to see his name very shortly in the Gazette.

Also to ——. Damn it, the Editor cannot be expected to publish nominal rolls in his "Live Letter Box," but all the best to all of them from all of us.

Our old S.M. Jock Young (to whom hearty congratulations on his promotion to W.O.I) will be pleased to hear that the great majority of our tradesmen are now Class II, which, no doubt, he will attribute to the intensive training programme born from the thoughts nurtured in the warming atmosphere of the Orderly Room hearth at Adderley Hall.

We have wished that C.Q.M.S. Walklate was with us, as we feel sure he would have received inspiration for several more stanzas to add to his "Ode to Blanco."

The Section has several representatives in the Unit 1st eleven at cricket, and we look like putting up a good show in the Inter-Section cricket competition. We have yet to lose.

G. Beer for now. We hope to have another contribution for THE WIRE in the near future.

G.H.C.

— Command Signals, Scotland

GENERAL.—Having completed a more or less successful evacuation from our home of rest at St. George's, we are beginning to settle down to our new abode and are managing to get along with the tide of Scots who flow around us. The Company Office wallahs now squat behind barred windows; a notice across the road says very boldly, "Forage." The place is, however, conveniently situated miles away from the R.S.M.'s office, and we are now no longer tormented into harassed activity by the tap-tap of his stick on the wall. We must thank heaven even for the smallest of mercies.

The Company is at present scattered over the four corners of this particular bit of the universe, and as has been so aptly remarked, the C.S.M. will soon take himself on parade and call himself out as marker.

DEPARTURES.—We bid au revoir to Lieutenant R. J. Bujnowski. He is now, or should be, in the ranks of the R.A.F., and we look for the day when his name appears in the ever-growing list of war aces.

ARRIVALS.—We must welcome back to the fold one Signalman, late Lance Corporal Feulkes, returned from a nice long rest on the "Y" list—and he ain't even married *yet*!

A new Line Section, and an even newer Line Maintenance Section, arrived all in the space of a week, and though we sympathise with them for having to come under the jurisdiction of the clerks-cum-linemen in the Company Office, we, nevertheless, extend them a hearty welcome and hope their stay will be a happy one. One Section Officer, 2nd Lieutenant Todd, has already appeared on the field of sport, and is making a name for himself. He bowls a natty googly and swings a bat with great determination if nothing else. As a footballer he uses a great amount of energy, but doesn't seem to quite get there. He strikes some very impressive poses, though.

We must also welcome from their eight months' hard work, 2nd Lieutenants A. K. Walker and B. S. Burns.

CONGRATULATIONS.—The land speed record goes to 2nd Lieutenant R. G. T. Our heartiest congratulations are extended.

Congratulations to Corporal James on his marriage. We wonder how she hooked you, Romeo.

Congratulations to Lance Corporals Spicer and Fowler on obtaining their "Q1's" for D. and D.

Most hearty congratulations to the man who got 1½ extra two days' leave.

—— CORPS ARTILLERY SIGNAL SECTION, —— (1st London) CORPS SIGNALS



Back Row (left to right): Signalmen Andrews T., Downer J. H., Thomas H. I., Johnson H. L., Flavill A. H., Wilson H. F., Driver Struthers J., Signalmen Blackford W. F., Grime J. C., Gee F. S.

Fourth Row: Signalmen Taylor E. J., Ranger J. C., Hall A. R., Stevenson P., Simpson P., Heath C. R., Hollingsworth S., MacDonald W., Matheson I. G., Driver Gilding J., Signalmen Bellchambers A. R., Brett A.

Third Row: Signalmen Mallett B. C., Roe W. H., Pyke H., Driver Orme S. S., Signalman Myatt W., Driver White H. J. E., Sutton H. J., Signalmen Bond D. W., Blackwell T. C., Barton T., Driver Garrity R., Signalmen Fitzpatrick D. J., McLean J.

Second Row: Lance Corporals Wilkinson M., Rhodes B. C., Chater E., Palethorpe F., Lance Sergeant Scott R. E., Sergeant Clarke G. H., Capt. L. Hurley, 2nd Lieutenant J. H. Croll, Lance Sergeant Saunders W. H., Corporal Sprake B. H., Lance Corporals Masterman B., Hamlyn W. B., Andrews E.

Front Row: Driver Latham R. P., Signalmen Bingham P., Jarvis W., Teggin J. A., Ormsby H. A., Latham R. E., Bamford K., Smith C. A., Driver Fletcher J.

QUESTIONNAIRE.—Who was the C.Q. who charged himself with a couple of brushes, tooth, and then denied he'd ever had 'em ?

Who started the parade of Section Officers at the Company Office at " cocoa time " ?

Who was the officer who sewed some cloth on to some leather and made himself a tunic ?

Who was the originator of " Careful, lad, there's ways and means " ?

Who bit the " Gel's " right eye ? We're dying to know.

What was behind a certain Orderly Officer's remark when he suggested that " that " was the Pay Clerk's bed because it had a li-lo ?

PUZZLE CORNER.—Suggestions are invited for a name for a large egg-shaped mound of flesh which bangs about like a rhinoceros and emits sounds of " woosh, woosh," at ever more frequent intervals. Suggestions as to how to exterminate the beast would be especially invited. No prizes offered. We'll stand you a pint though if you can tell us why its keeper *must* screech " bang-bang-bang " after each " woosh, woosh "

Next time we hope to bring you some even older old jokes. We expect we'll be seein' you.

No. 2 Company

There has been so much activity in the Company that the scribes have had little if any time for their usual efforts. However, we can say that members of the Company have been active in every field of sport and that the O.C. and his staff, together with the body of the Company, are all flourishing and in the best of health.

UNIT SPORTS DAY

'Twas on Saturday, 16th August, 1941, that we branched out in athletics which had the title of 1st Annual Sports Meeting. For days before the Administration Officer had been dashing around sorting things and everything pointed to a good day's sport. On the Thursday evening the first set of preliminary heats was held and part of the remainder were run off until the rains descended upon us. (Perhaps that was the reason that the Adjutant only just did manage to get into the long jump pit.)

The great day dawned, but with it came the rain and the outlook was dark. A meeting of the committee in the morning decided to give the Clerk of the Weather another chance. Luckily, just before the events began it cleared up and on very brief occasions the sun did just peep through.

The ground was wet, but thanks to our enthusiastic P.R.I., who spent a lot of the morning cadging spikes, the conditions were quite good.

Coming to the events themselves, the hurdles event was scratched—(I think the R.S.M. and Administrative Officer had to stand on tip-toe to see over the top of the hurdles)—because it was decided that the obstacles were too high, and a so-called chariot race was substituted. Here " Puncher Junior " rode his " chariot " well and his " horses " managed to double in step.

Honours of the day went to 3 Company, who really went in for it in a big way, and they carried off the Section Cup. Their leading lights were Jimmy Carabine and Tommy Walker, of football fame, and Gillie, who tied with Lance Corporal Fowkes, of W/T Section, for first place, but lost the spin of the coin for the Victor Ludorum.

The highlight of the meeting was the tug-of-war, in which 3 Company were vanquished in the final by the W/T Section. One great pull was witnessed in the heats when the relatively slight D.R.s' team heaved over a team of full and fat hearties from U.H.Q., despite Puncher's bellowing. There must have been a lot of superfluous fat amongst the U.H.Q. team, for the D.R.s must have felt like David when they saw their opponents.

The prizes were presented by Mrs. Clephan and consisted of cups and vouchers, with a nice big tankard for Lieutenant-Colonel Birnie-Reid, who romped home to win in a canter in the officers' race.

So a good time was had by all, and may the second annual sports be as successful.

SPORTS NOTES—Cricket.—Considering that we started from scratch, the Unit got together a useful side and the results were most encouraging. The weather was fairly kind, except during part of August. Towards the end of April the Sports Officer was wondering what kind of a pitch we should produce, since the site of it was on the football ground, which had been in continuous use through the winter. However, thanks to the untiring work of the groundsman and the willing helpers whom we were able to secure, the wicket was quite a good one and perhaps was all the better for being " sporty."

Two elevens were run and the following are the season's results:—

	P.	W.	D.	L.
First eleven	22	14	2	6
Second eleven	9	3	3	6

We played matches with most of the local clubs, including the Grange Academicals, Carlton and Leith Franklin, and with various Unit elevens. The match with — Signal Training Regiment, R.A., had a thrilling finish, the ninth wicket (Signalman Wright and Corporal Taylor) putting on 44 runs, to give us a win by six runs. The highlights of the season were to matches played against a representative Scottish eleven. These were in aid of the Signals Prisoners of War Fund and we are happy to be able to state that nearly £60 was collected.

The first match was a thriller. Lance Corporal Fowkes' fast medium bowling (he took seven wickets for 36 runs) resulted in the dismissal of the Scottish side for 133. We began badly, but a sparkling innings of 48 by Whaley improved our score. When the last man came in the score was 90, but an amazing stand occurred, Corporal Taylor defending stoutly, while 2nd Lieutenant Thompson hit hard. Not all the wiles of Laidlaw and other stars availed, and we topped the score by one run before Mr. Thompson was caught on the boundary.

The second match was not quite so thrilling since bowlers generally held batsmen in check, but Laidlaw hit three sixes, as did Whaley for us. We had the services of Evans, the Kent wicketkeeper, while our opponents included Scott, of Gloucester. There was a big crowd for this match and the weather, though doubtful, held off. We lost the game by 40 runs. Our thanks for these matches are due chiefly to Mr. J. M. Fleming. Not only did he collect his side, but he advertised the matches and organised the many details which go to the making of a successful show with untiring energy.

As regards individuals, Lance Corporal Fowkes stood out above all. He made nearly 600 runs for an average of 36 and took 58 wickets for an average of eight. He scored two centuries and had the distinction of representing the Army v. Royal Navy and R.A.F. Lance Corporal Lomax was a sound No. 1 and saved the side on several occasions. Signalman Whaley was another outstanding player, scoring over 300 and keeping wicket or fielding equally well. 2nd Lieutenant Thomas took 72 wickets for an average of nine and 2nd Lieutenant Simpson was a useful all-rounder and a brilliant field.

Signalman Wright batted well on several occasions and fielded brilliantly at all times, as did Corporal Taylor. It is not, however, the individual who matters as much as the team; a very happy spirit prevailed throughout the season in both elevens and the captain wishes to thank all concerned.

A Section competition produced much rivalry and some good matches. In the final, Headquarters defeated — Line Section, but the best game was that in which — T.O.S. defeated — W/T Section.

The following are the chief batting and bowling averages:—

BATTING

	Inns.	Runs	Highest Score	Times not Out	Avg.
Lance Corporal Fowkes	19	584	101	3	36.5
Lance Corporal Lomax	16	292	66	1	19.4
Signalman Whaley	18	330	49	0	18.3
2nd Lieutenant Simpson	17	247	45	0	14.5
Signalman Wright	14	166	36	2	13.8
2nd Lieutenant Thomas	19	167	33	3	10.4
Lance Corporal Jones	18	167	35*	1	9.8
Signalman Smith K.	10	64	28	3	9.1
Corporal Taylor	14	78	19	2	6.5

The following also batted:—Sergeant Spofforth, 31, 30, 13; Sergeant Johnson, 18, 8, 2, 20, 17, 3; Major Bloodworth, 5, 7, 18, 0; 2nd Lieutenant Thompson, 23, 0, 4, 3, 34, 9.

BOWLING

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Avg.
Lance Corporal Fowkes ...	129.3	18	46.1	58	8.0
2nd Lieutenant Simpson ...	44.7	2	198	23	8.6
Lance Corporal Lomax	32.5	2	136	17	8.0
2nd Lieutenant Thomas ...	160	14	668	72	9.3
Signalman Whaley	10.4	1	51	5	10.2
Major Bloodworth	11	1	41	3	13.7

The following also bowled:—Signalman Robertson, 8.1, 0, 46, 3; Lance Corporal Mairs, 5.5, 0, 31, 2; Signalman Wright, 6, 1, 32, 2; Lance Corporal Jones, 1.2, 0, 11, 2.

TENNIS.—The courts have been in use all the season. A tournament was played and one match against another Unit, but departures interfered with representative games towards the end of the season.

No. 3 Company

Since the Company's last contribution to these columns, a great deal of water has passed under various bridges. To condense these events into small space is, therefore, no small task. When in doubt, of course, you give the job to the I.M. shop. At least it's not technical, but equally complicated, as it has got to be tactfully handled.

The highlight, of course, was the Unit sports. 3 Company were the winners on points by quite a reasonable margin. We were indebted to Signalmen Gillie, Carabine and Roberts for winning the 440, 100 and 880 yards respectively. Other individual efforts that helped were contributed by Lance Corporals Sime and Gow, to say nothing of the tug-of-war team, the mile medley team and the Company relay effort.

Signalman Gillie worked very hard to be equal in points with Lance Corporal Fowkes as Victor Ludorum, the prize for which he lost on the spin of a coin.

Lieutenant (I.P.C.) Lafford's third in the officers' handicap was worth seeing as he had to run round a lot of obstacles and different styles of running to come up from very nearly the back mark.

The C.S.M.'s second in the old soldiers' race was nearly such a triumph. He couldn't quite " old soldier " it enough to beat the experienced running of Corporal Drabble.

All the way round it appeared that anyone requiring data for designing a mechanised high-speed stag couldn't do better than start by meeting some of 3 Company's " attached personnel " !

We have to congratulate Captain Pole on his promotion and appointment as A.O. in succession to Captain Smith, who we were all sorry to lose. We hope that his stay " in the country " will be as agreeable as he would have things in his old job.

Promotions among the O.R.s include Sergeant Parkinson becoming C.Q.M.S., Bridge (Lofty) full Corporal, and our O.C.T.U. and C.I.B. candidates get their stripes.

Sergeant Mitchell has, after many trials and tribulations, got away to an O.C.T.U. and Lance Corporal Dunnan has also gone along the road to great things.

TAILPIECE.—According to our designation we are a Static Company. When it comes to evacuating to out-stations with stores, we're dynamic.

As for off-loading, well, perhaps it was someone's off duty evening !

A.A. Signals, North-East England

No. 1 Company

ARRIVALS.—In hushed, awed, apprehensive tones, voices can be heard murmuring—fearfully, hopefully—" What's he like ? " Three words the answer to which means so much to so many. Free beer, cigarettes in the N.A.A.F.I., ham and eggs for tea, Reveille at noon, such things pale into insignificance in comparison with this month's stirring event—the advent of a new Sergeant Major. Well—we can

take them, and as most rules have exceptions we hope the adage that " Sergeant Majors ain't human " will be confounded in this instance. So with open mind and friendly spirit we bid welcome to C.S.M. Russel H., late of General Trades Training Battalion. May his stay with us be long, if pleasant. Incidentally, we hope that " Rex's " expression is no criterion.



DEPARTURES. — Sergeant Bradbury G. has found that piece of paper so many are looking for, and somehow he did not seem really pleased about it. We were all sorry to see him go, and we all miss that ridiculous question he used to ask at 06.00 hours, namely, " Are yer up ? " Good luck, George, and come up and see us some time. To Lance Corporal Hope, Driver Green, Signalmen Repton, Lightfoot and Coy, good hunting, and let's hear from you.

THE BRIGHT SIDE. — 'Tis rumoured that a smoking concert is to be held in the near future, for the purpose of presenting all those prizes that No. 1 Section have won. Roll up and watch the bashful boys blush. The results of the swimming gala, and the dance that is being held on behalf of the Benevolent Association will, I hope, be published next month.

NOS. 1, 2, 3, 4 and D.R. SECTION.—Back to normal, activities nil. Hard luck, Herby, you did at least try. Will Sections please remember that should they find the energy to compile notes for publication, such notes must be submitted by the 15th of each month.

SERGEANTS' MESS.—A very interesting month. Our new President of the Mess Committee, C.S.M. Russel H., appears to be settling down quite happily. We welcome him. A very pleasing sight, indeed, was Sergeant (Slim) Connon, who after an absence of three months paid us a visit. We are very pleased to see that he is slowly but surely recovering from that unfortunate accident. Hurry up and throw that stick away, Tommy, we all miss you. Sergeants Turnbull and Proud have both qualified for their Good Housekeeping Medals. Very tasty, very sweet. A special shopping basket, handsomely embroidered with pansies, is purchased in preparation for Sergeant Welch's trade test. The monthly outings are proving a very great success, and thanks are due to the committee for their splendid arrangements. Painting and decorating is all the rage at present. Sergeant Whitton, of the R.A., is displaying his artistic talent to the benefit of the Mess decorations. A monthly progress report will be rendered. C.Q.M.S. McQueen (Free French Polisher) has taken the bookcase in hand, and is just waiting for the first coat of paint to dry. Or are you trying for a genuine antique, Mack ?

CAUTION—YELLOW.—This petrol business is quite intriguing. We see that even the C.O. has resorted to the iron frame, which, whilst beneficial from a health point of view, is by no means as impressive as the old charger. It is rumoured, too, that a Signalman whilst cycling was stopped by the M.P.s and a sample taken from his cigarette lighter. Wot a life !

PERSONALITY PARADE.—At great personal sacrifice, namely, many visits on the carpet, Signalman Arman has managed to produce a special highlight for this month's parade, namely, our O.C.

Cheerio. SILVER.

No. 2 Company

We continue the chronicle in the spirit of Heredotus, " In the hope thereby of preserving from decay the remembrance of what we have done, and of preventing our great and wonderful actions from losing their true meed of glory." May the Father of History forgive us.

OPERATORS.—Operational work becomes increasingly complex. We cannot help but feel that those gallant A.T.S. who have invaded " A.A. Land " would find the mechanisms of projectors, etc., relatively simple compared with the complexity of our " Procedures," which, to say the least, are certainly " cunning."

PROMOTIONS.—Signalmen Illingworth, Brown N. S. and Allick W. D. have experienced their " first elevation," but with characteristic modesty they have announced their utter unworthiness, but they will soon shed their high idealism in the interests of self-preservation. Power always corrupts. Congratulations to all, and also to Corporal Costello on reaching that rank. Corporal Costello has been sent on an M/T course. We were amused by the Part 1 Order reference, " Corporal Costello will parade fully clothed." Is this in the nature of a rebuke to this august gentleman ? Is he in the habit of walking about " naked and unashamed " or has he seen the No. 1 Company cartoon ?

POSTINGS.—We understand that our intelligence service was not good enough. It is now our old friend, Lance Corporal Drury, has been drafted into it. Good luck. Many have left us since we last wrote—Davies, Senior, Brayshaw, Gregory, Whitehead, Riley (that incomparable tartar), Ashurst, Colton, Carter J. R., Penistone, Turner, Larder, Hart (famous for his " Hart-to-Hart " talks), Search and Hadlett. We offer them our best wishes.

L/M.—Little is heard from the stalwarts of this Section. We know that Mr. McBryde leads his sunburnt heroes away each dewy dawn and brings them back in the cool of each night. We know that the birds are kept on the wing wherever the Section performs. Those birds cannot get down again. That's why. But what about an anecdote or two ? How about it, Sergeants Wright and Longstaff ? Or you, Corporal Beckley ?

HEADQUARTERS.—The " Dig for Victory " effort has resulted in a runaway win for the men, despite Signalman Gillespie's efforts to help the Sergeants by placing chunks of the garden itself on the scales.

RECREATION ROOM.—Strange sounds wafted over the park have been traced to the new Recreation Room. It seems that we have unearthed some musical talent in addition to that boy of many parts, Signalman Evans, from Leeds, the little place near Pudsey.

COMPANY SOCIAL.—The recent social in the local Church Hall was voted a huge success and is being repeated. " Cast your bread upon the waters." It is understood that the number of meal tickets has increased enormously.

THINGS WE ASK OURSELVES.—Why Lance Corporal Turnbull W. has disclosed a little secret ? He surely knew what they would say.

Why Lance Corporal Brown N. S. polishes his buttons so nicely ? (C.S.M. Jaques knows the answer to that one.)

Why Signalman Cooper B. stayed in and what happened to the Navy the night before ?

Why everybody in the Company stays away from the shop " when the man is in " ?

Where the Sergeants got their beer and how they manage to keep it in the town once the cork has been drawn ?

SPORT.—Recent postings have depleted our resources. Goalkeeper and Batsman Whitehead, Full-back and Batsman Davies, Bowler Colton and Referee Gregory will not let No. 1 Company down.

Three matches have been played since the last report. Unfortunately all have been lost by one wicket, two wickets and ten runs respectively, despite the efforts of the Headquarters Staff (the mere one or two). Incidentally, two of the Headquarters Staff top the batting average. The best scores this month were Signalmen Walker K. C. 27, Thomas 26, Langford and Ladle 18 each.

As the season draws to a close, our secretary, " Ra-Ra " Smith, is on the prowl for possible goalkeepers. So look out, you ham-fisted Signalmen.

(E.A.) Divisional Signals Home Forces

INTRODUCTION.—During the past twelve months I have waited very patiently for notes to appear from this Unit. A recent appeal to all ranks to support the Benevolent Fund has induced me, after a period of some years, to contribute once again.

To give full details of the activities of the Unit since its return from the B.E.F. is not possible for obvious reasons, but it is sufficient to say that the organisation and training which has been carried out during this period has brought the Unit to a fine state of efficiency. It must be very gratifying to all concerned to see this.

A meeting of Section representatives was held recently to discuss matters common to the Royal Signals Old Comrades' Association and Benevolent Fund. " WIRES " have been sent out and up to now a fair number have been ordered. It was arranged that Sections should submit notes to me by the 12th of the month. To-day is the 13th and none whatever have arrived ! There will be all the usual excuses for the delay, but as time goes on I should have sufficient back notes to keep up rather a steady flow.

Now then, Sections, you produce the rough notes and I will do the rest.

OBITUARY.—It is with deep regret that I have to record the death recently of Mrs. Long, wife of C.Q.M.S. Long. Mrs. Long was well known by many members of the Unit, and we all offer our profoundest sympathy to " Eddy."

ARRIVALS.—The arrivals and departures are far too numerous to mention. There are, however, three outstanding arrivals to M Section, namely, daughters to Lance-Corporals Sellers and Wilson and Driver Leo. Well, well, it's surprising what M Section can do !



Of course, there may be others in the Unit, and if the proud "papas" wish for free publication of the event, just let me know.

DEPARTURES.—I did not intend putting any in, but I must say how very sorry I am to report the departure of Major "Jock" Heap. He leaves us to-morrow for the salubrious air of Yorkshire. The best of luck and may your stay there be as happy as it has been with us. (To the Mess Secretary: Please ensure that the piano is in tune.)

WHO'S WHO.—This is rather difficult. If I mention one and not another I shall be in trouble, so I am not going to mention any. When the aforementioned notes come in I shall gradually build up this paragraph (suitably illustrated). The first issue is the "Termite."

ENTERTAINMENT.—There are many and varied entertainments in the town, the pictures and dances being well attended. D Section dance band does its stuff regularly, the hall being filled every Saturday night.

EDUCATIONAL TRAINING.—Advantage is being taken of the night classes arranged in conjunction with the civil authorities, and for the backward boys we hope to arrange some classes under our own volunteer instructors. The point to bear in mind is that lessons will be given in your spare time, so when you put your names down it's no good saying, "I can't come to-night, because I have a date." The dark evenings are coming, and sometimes the laws of Euclid and the Fables of Æsop are just as interesting as "Dumb Biondes."

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—"Ad Astra Pro Asbestos." The saying of a well-known attachment to us. No prizes.

FINALE.—Our best wishes to all members of the Corps at home and abroad, and may we soon be all reunited.

TERMITE.

61st — Signals

It is, alas, nearly eighteen months since we made any contribution to THE WIRE, and, therefore, in sitting down to pen you a few lines, we are conscious that for us, on this occasion at any rate, there can be no hearty "Here we are again." No, we must merely say, "Hullo, old friends," and start once more from the beginning. We are very much alive, though and have been following on and taking a keen interest in all that has been happening in other Signal Units. In fact, the only thing THE WIRE lacked, in our opinion, was a contribution from us, and therefore, Mr. Editor, if your circulation should increase by leaps and bounds, remember "Alone we did it."

Well, the most noteworthy event was, naturally, our move from the birthplace of the Unit to our present station, and many were the memories brought away with us, including the rather unpleasant one that no more would weary limbs repose in the old armchair at home within ten minutes of "Dismiss." However, this was more than outweighed by the fact that we were at last going "afield" and at last we might be going to take an active part. So far, our only complaint is the weather, which persists in living up to its reputation, and it is a well-known saying that here we have three months' rain and nine months' bad weather.

Changes in the personnel of the Unit have been many and frequent. Among our officers, arrivals and departures during the past eighteen months have followed so quickly upon each other that it is impossible to record them all. We all wished the best of luck to Major N. E. Steeley and Captain L. N. Norris-Rogers, our esteemed adjutant, on their departure and also offer hearty congratulations to the latter on his promotion. At the same time we welcome Captain Murdoch, who has taken over the onerous post of Adjutant. Before we can recover our breaths, we have to say "good-bye" to Lieutenant "Dicky" Hossell and also 2nd Lieutenant J. M. Morris and wish them also all the very best of everything. We promise faithfully to keep a vigilant eye upon the coming and going of officers during the ensuing month and apologise for the shortness of our memories this time.

As regards the other ranks, R.S.M. Walker seemed to start the ball rolling when he left us to become a T.M.O.; he was quickly followed by his immediate successor, R.S.M. Clutterbuck, who is now an Adjutant and not very distant from us, but no more can his "dulcet tones" be heard exhorting us to "rise and shine"! However, congratulations and very best wishes to both. Solace then came to us in the shape of C.S.M. Allardyce, who is quickly gaining popularity as R.S.M. and to whom we offer sincere congratulations on his promotion to that rank. Our only hope is that he has come to stay. We also add "Well done" to Sergeant Burrows (Alf to all of us) in gaining promotion to C.S.M. Despite these changes, though, the Sergeants' Mess retains much of its solidarity in the form of the three C.Q.M.S.s (That should ease the situation as regards the issue of new stuff, shouldn't it?) We next consulted the Orderly Room Sergeant on the changes among ourselves, and with great fluency he told us that trying to keep an up-to-date "blue pencil" nominal roll of the Unit could be compared to walking a "blue pencil" greasy pole, etc., etc.

Owing to the influx of "Bigger and Better" exercises, we haven't had such a lot of time for sports, although we have managed to get in a few cricket matches. These entailed much leather-hunting for us, so we still thirst for revenge. At the present moment, Soccer has supplanted cricket, and each evening the Sergeant cook can be observed shouting advice (practical and otherwise) to the players. There is an Inter-Section league running, and many a stray guard and picket falls to the lot of the unfortunate chap who happens to remark that he doesn't play. On looking back, therefore, perhaps we haven't done too badly.

Many were the letters written to the folks at home telling of the visit of the Corps Band. "Music while you work" means nothing to us. We had "Music while we ate," since the band played for all meals while it was here, and our worthy 2nd i/c reports that the music had quite an appreciative effect on appetites. A parade through the town, when the Divisional Command took the salute, was followed by a public performance in the park. Finally, there was a hectic and highly successful dance in the Town Hall, the proceeds of which were devoted to the Prisoners of War (Signals) Comfort Fund. The Band moved off the next day, but its superb playing will long be remembered here.

So we pass on to what must be for the present our finale. As this is our first effort for some time, don't be too critical, lads. Now that we've got started again . . . . Well, wait until next month.

CAMBRAI.

Scottish Divisional Signals

GENERAL.—It has often been of the greatest mystery to me how many officers, N.C.O.s and men could say they have digested the contents of even a small percentage of the many publications—G.S. and otherwise—issued to formations. However, from a recent experience of the Orderly Room staff it appears that no great difficulty should be encountered by those willing to concentrate on the many hundred volumes.

When moving their stores from one hut to another during the winter billets reshuffle, the O.R.S. (Sergeant i/c Orderly Room) discovered that unofficial inhabitants of the store room, i.e., rats, mice, ets., in an effort to do their bit towards the war effort (?) had digested a large portion of the sometimes "so difficult to understand" publications! Perhaps they had heard the frequent radio appeal to "Go To It." Who knows?

Fortunate, however, for the Orderly Room staff the pests had only consumed the margins—which none of us find so difficult to understand—and they were able to salvage their valuable training stores.

It really isn't such an interesting tale, but in a place where nothing ever happens except the changes in weather it caused considerable excitement.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.—A considerable change in the face of the Unit has taken place within the last few months due, principally, to the posting, on transfer, of over 100 infantrymen who have forsaken their kilts and trews for the more sober battledress. True Scotsmen, as many of them are, they now sport their "Jimmy" with a great deal of pride and can be "heard boasting in the canteens to their late comrades of the BIII and DIII ratings they possess." We hope that in time they will become a great deal prouder of the badge that now adorns their head-dress.

The appointment to commissioned rank of R.S.M. Dale M. E. and R.Q.M.S. "Jimmy" Roberts has necessitated important changes. The first replacement has arrived from the 1st G.T.T.B. to fill the vacancy of R.S.M.—R.S.M. Booth is welcomed by all and congratulated most heartily on his promotion. Even at this early date there is little doubt of his popularity and of the respect held for him.

Among the officers to leave the best known was Captain I. Y. Moyes, who has left us in favour of the R.A.O.C. May he be very happy in his new position and accustom himself to his new tasks.

2nd Lieutenant McKnight, Sergeant Tait and Lance Sergeant Suttie, complete with Section, departed in haste some weeks ago for ——. The very best luck to all personnel of the Section.

Latest arrival from O.C.T.U. is 2nd Lieutenant G. N. H. Smith, from Aldershot. May he enjoy his stay with us and may it be a long one.

SPORTS.—At the recent "Games" run by No. 1 Company, "hidden talent" from all Sections revealed itself, the most notable winners being Corporal Snowball, D Section (throwing the hammer), an Englishman, too! Lance-Corporal Piercy M Section (100 yards) and Driver Weaver, who carried off the 220 yards and displayed to all that the Orderly Room staff does not always sit at desks! It goes without saying that the "Games" were a success and the colouring and atmosphere provided by the pipe band gave us the right to pronounce them "Highland Games."

VISITS.—The feeling of being "neglected" is dispensed with following the recent visit of the S.O. in C, who carried out a tour of inspection with the Commanding Officer and saw the Unit "on and off parade."

MOTOR CYCLE TRIALS.—D.R.s have been having "fun and games" recently whilst participating in motor cycle trials held within the Corps. We are pleased to announce that the results achieved were of a high standard and the placing on the top portion of the score board.

RECREATION.—With the arrival of Sergeant Instructor Hutchison J., of the A.P.T.S., to continue the "muscle building" work of ex-Sergeant Instructor Blair, P.T. kits can now be seen in the laundry bundles. Brrrr! Those cold winter mornings.

It is hoped, however, that our football team, who gained so many laurels in the past, will reappear on the field once more and give a good account of themselves. Even with the posting of many of our expert players we still hope to put a team into the Divisional League which will distinguish itself.

TRAINING.—The winter will, naturally, bring with it not only thoughts of sport and that extra blanket, but long nights on manœuvres and schemes—the importance of which is appreciated by all. At least it makes one appreciate more fully the comforts of winter billets and regular meals.

ORDERLY ROOM CORNER.—This paragraph should not be confused with "Children's Corner," but is merely to provide the morbid staff with some amusement by reading of their doings.

With a view to becoming a billposter (it is said) the despatch clerk is often "seen working overtime with the glue-pot and often-used envelopes pushing our Signaller Instructors and O.O.s. How he swears at the shortage of gum-labels which to him are like gifts from heaven. It is suggested that they be included in the "Comforts for Troops" for the exclusive use of despatch clerks.

The absence of two clerks has made the Sergeant i/c Orderly Room an "expert" typist and his specimen Pt. L's and Movement Orders are, indeed, wonders to behold.

Sergeant Menn A., late Orderly Room, has forfeited his desk and become a Section Sergeant. He appears to be thriving on the fresh air which was, in the past, unknown to him.

The inscrutable Beckham has gone off on attachment to the C.S.O.'s branch at Command to make the acquaintance of a new typewriter. We all hope he will be back with us soon as we miss his "cheery" face.

Signalman Slater, late Pt. I and M.O. expert, has chosen the key of a buzzer in favour of typewriter keys and, it is rumoured, has almost reached the dizzy heights of becoming a BIII operator. Apparently he expresses no desire to return to the laborious duties of Orderly Room Clerk. Who can blame him?

PUZZLE CORNER.—The Part II and recently Part III Order Corporal wants to know, "If the war lasts ten years will I have to publish Part X Orders? *(See "Old Moore's Almanack" or seek the assistance of the Brains Trust!)*

D.W.M.

1st A.S.S.T. Battalion

Headquarters.

Gradually the stalwarts of the old 12th Divisional Signals days are leaving us for pastures new. The latest departure is one whom we considered to be almost a fixture here—our Company Commander, Major H. M. Rand, T.D. We shall all be sorry to lose him, especially the members of the Battalion cricket team, whose progress he always keenly followed, and we wish him every success in his new Unit.

In his place we are very pleased to welcome Major F. Cokayne (of 5th Division fame), who, in the short time he has been with us, has already won the esteem and popularity of Cadre staff for his seemingly boundless energy and enthusiasm.

It is rumoured that the days of candles and lamps, hurricane, are soon to be over—at least, relays of contractors have arrived, deliberated, and duly departed, so perhaps it is not too much to hope that there will soon be light in dark places.

The Corporals' Club is in full swing and very flourishing, chiefly as the result of a highly successful dance. Rumour has it that a considerable flutter was caused amongst the feminine hearts in the village at the sight of the M.C. resplendent in "blues."

HERE AND THERE.—Why is it that the Orderly Room staff find cause for so many celebrations? ("Digger," "Herr von Blott" and "S.O.B. Akkers" please note.)

Congratulations to the "Bognor Lad" now proudly wearing his first. (A little bird tells us that he is the prospective son-in-law to a famous broadcasting comedian.)

A certain Senior N.C.O. has at last "thrown up the sponge" and decided to leave the ranks of "single men."

OH AH ESS.

No. 1 Company

The month of August has been notable for another change in the command of this Company. Welcome to Captain H. E. Shrimpton, who succeeds Captain L. T. Huddle, who has now taken over the exalted appointment of Adjutant. Good luck to them both!

It is rumoured that Sergeant "Bob" Kimmins may depart at any moment for a secret destination, but as we have been in this state of suspense for the past four weeks, it is hoped that we may yet frustrate the evil designs of "Records" and keep him with us.

"Robbie" (C.S.M. Robinson) is still tearfully protesting against the demands of the R.S.M. for men, and more men, for various duties, and his skilful mathematical calculations to enable the seven available men to do the work of fifty, have to be seen to be believed.

Congratulations to Lance Sergeant Ingram on his promotion.

Congratulations also to the "one stripers" who have recently become "two stripers." (Maybe there's something in that "field marshal's baton" story after all.)

The Company's exhibition of full Corporals of all shapes and sizes is really magnificent.

It is with some degree of trepidation that we face the rigours of winter in this "back of beyond," but should any notabilities fail to make the grade, due to either the climate or alcoholic poisoning, obituary notices will be published in due course.

P.S.—When is the "Q" bloke to get a permanent storeman?

No. 2 Company

ARRIVALS.—Welcome to this Company from Harrogate, Lance Corporals Pilkington L., Newall W. R., Cannon D. H., Reed B. L., and a host of artillerymen, who are attached for a speed-up, and believe me, they are knowing it by now. Also to Signalman Dennis R. J. W. and Sergeant Dean A. A. Still a teetotaller, Dixie? Welcome also to Captain L. B. Bulkly, our new Company Commander from "down South." May your stay with us be a happy one.

DEPARTURES.—To Major C. V. Close, our late Company Commander. We old hands know he started as Adjutant in the early Caterham days. The way he had the Orderly Room staff on its toes was unbelievable. Then came those Rockshaw days and the "finishing-off" house. Many a young officer, N.C.O. and man regretted leaving that house, for those Friday nights were, at times, really glamorous, as the Sergeants' Mess knew after the shows. Then came the departures of the Sections. Those early dawn mornings when they departed were really hectic, as the Section Officers knew when their stores were checked. Last, but not least, came "Gwernheylod," and, sir, you really made things "hum" there. Whitewashing, air raids gas attacks and invasion precautions made life interesting and astounding in this little old village. Well, good luck, sir, but we know you will be back again.

Also to Sergeant Cheesman W. Cheerios, Wally, pensions are hard to get, but worth it in the end.

To Signalmen Williams E. and Edmonds D., now in "Civvy Street," we say best of luck to you both, and Eddie, the R.S.M.'s boots have certainly deteriorated since you left.

WHO SAID IT?—We should like to know who said, "It is a good job we are not a Searchlight Company," when the M.O.'s Orderly asked for a Lucas daylight signalling lamp for examining bad throats?

JOE.

— Armoured Divisional Signals

Once again we come to press with news and gossip.

Notable departures—Major A. H. Campbell, "Good luck, sir"; S.G.M.S. (F. of S.) Thain S., got a very sudden call. "Good luck, Bill."

We welcome Major G. H. S. Balmain and hope his stay will be pleasant; also Lieutenant A. L. Fayerman, Lieutenant D. G. Craddock, 2nd Lieutenant N. A. York and 2nd Lieutenant W. L. Pine, R.A.O.C.

The hand is also stretched forth to Sergeant Bowler J., "Busty" Gant and "Tich" Galloway; also to all new arrivals within the past month.

Wedding bells have been rung for Signalmen Allen C., Guest F. and Miller F. Condolences extended.

The stork has been paying calls, and congratulations are extended to Captain and Mrs. B. G. Akroyd, 2nd Lieutenant and Mrs. N. A. York, Sergeant and Mrs. L. Jiggins and Signalman and Mrs. Luck.

Promotions have been numerous. Congratulations to all who attained an extra pay credit.

Work is still to the fore and steady progress is being made.

During the course of work we visited one of our other Armoured Divisional Signals and were challenged to football, etc. We had a very pleasant afternoon and extend our thanks to them. We did not fare too well in the challenges, but hope that our friends will pay us a visit so that we can show them that home air makes all the difference.

The great discussion at the moment is farming, and the air is hot with "gripping" about how a certain driver cut the harvest without "Assistance to Farmer."

The weekly dance is still in swing with popular and new "numbers."

QUERIES.—Which cook delayed the convoy with apples and rice?

Who was the Scotsman who was done out of 6d. by the Adjutant?

What member of "G" staff did not know what an "Oxometer" was?

JOCK.

Northern Ireland District Signal Company

Our regular correspondent having departed from our midst, it has fallen to my lot to endeavour to carry on the good work. I am fully aware that I cannot hope to compete with the "Gloomy Dean's" technique in his past notes, but I will do my best to give the news that will interest the readers at home and abroad who are interested in the affairs and what-not of the Northern Ireland District Signal Company. This I should like to say before passing on to the main notes: I feel sure that all who know "Molly" will join with me in wishing him every success and happiness in his new surroundings.

As a Unit we are always fully occupied with the job being on a 100 per cent. working basis. Also the making ship-shape of new accommodation has recently entailed a considerable expenditure of energy. In spite of this we have taken in our stride this month no fewer than three special inspections, two by C.S.O.s and the last by the Inspector of Signals. Everyone put his back into the usual spring-clean, which was mainly done in spare time, and it was very gratifying to hear that the experts had "No Complaints" and that everybody's efforts were appreciated.

The throes of weapon training having drawn to a close, we can now boast of a greater percentage of the Company who, at long last, know where a bullet leaves a rifle, how many deep breaths to take before taking second pressure, and, most important of all, how to put daylight into the bull of the target. (Fifth columnists, take note.)

Congratulations to those who have successfully survived the agonies of the Trade Board—(no, I don't mean a bench in the park)—and who now proudly claim a higher rating in their respective trades and who also pester the poor pay bloke for the extra "ackers."

So many of the Company have got married during the last few months that it is regretted they cannot be mentioned by name, but heartiest congratulations (or maybe I should say condolences) to all who have given up half their pay and ALL of their spare time.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.—These being so many, and so often, it is practically impossible to name them all. Our sincerest wishes for his health and prosperity in the future go with our late C.S.O., and coupled with his departure is the welcome extended to our new C.S.O. "We hope your stay will be a long and happy one, sir."

SOCIAL EVENTS.—Signalman Morgan was instrumental in taking a "Brain Census" of the Unit by commencing a Debating Society, the first meeting being a very happy and enlightening one. The discussion on this evening was (1) "That this house is of the opinion that smoking and indulgence in alcoholic liquor are habits detrimental to the war effort and therefore are dangerous, disastrous, pathetic and shameful;" (2) "That this house, believing in our ultimate victory, considers that we can, and will, win the war within six months."

It was surprising, indeed, the amount of brains contained in the 2s. 6d. a day heads (and vice-versa; quiet, please). Light refreshments were served to all who attended the debate.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.—Who is the person responsible for the return being submitted to the E.S.A. as follows:—"Ramps, M.T., destroyed by fire"?

Who thought that an "Inspection" should be placed on orders as "Punishment"?

Who was it who sent a package to the Company office labelled so:—"Sigaret Coopons for N.I.D. Sigs"?

Who was the driver who said the firing order of his six-cylinder engine was "In bunches of three"?

A CAMP LAMENT

A gloomy, muddy, dreary spot,
Where the rain is heavy and the sun not hot.
Although the beds are made of wood,
Everyone would stay there (if they could).
We wake in the morn full of sorrow and care
And wonder why the ? ? ? we're there.
Then, with foreboding of what's next to be,
Arise, and see that our kits are lined to a "T."
Eight fifteen a.m., on parade with great bounds,
Knees shaking, the C.S.M.'s on his rounds.
Two o'clock comes, and the parade paths tremble
As on second works, the workers assemble.
Then, at the close of a weary day,
To bed we wend our still wearier way.
Our thoughts, as various sounds diminish,
Being, "Blast, Hitler, roll on the finish."

After milking other people's brains, and looking through last century's WIRE notes, the above masterpiece of poetry (?) appears as the result of my efforts.

ADDENDUM.—We would like to let everyone know that here pay parades, haircuts and baths are just spare time considerations. All available time now being taken by training in fire fighting, grenade slinging, protection against gas, first aid and instruction in the use of Tommy guns, all done just so that Signals may maintain and add glory to their record of always being on the alert and ready for any contingency.

NICK.

STATIONS ABROAD

— African Divisional Signals

Here we are at last ! Let me introduce you to a new Unit as regards a small contribution to the columns of the WIRE after a very successful campaign in East Africa.

Under the very efficient command of Lieutenant-Colonel C. N. Stafford, the Unit took part in one of the greatest advances in British history.

Leaving a small place in the bush called Bura on the 13th February, 1941, the Unit was amongst the first to enter Addis Ababa, the Abyssinian capital, on the 6th April, 1941.

H.Q. SECTION.—Here we are in Addis Ababa, and what a relief to be able to manipulate the typewriter in an office with a roof over one's head. Seven weeks in the bush is no good for these machines. But they clicked just the same. The Orderly Room carried on " Business as usual " in strange conditions under the watchful eye of Sergeant Aitken.

One must not forget the Q.M., who did some wonderful things about water on the way up, Lieutenant (Q.M.) Jarvis and " Paddy " Barry, the R.Q.M.S. " Only one gallon of water, lads. Phew ! To do everything with ?"

We were all very pleased to see C.Q.M.S. Webb return on our arrival here. He fell sick and was evacuated early in the campaign. Good luck, Freddy. Keep on the pins this time and carry on with the rations.

We are sorry to lose our Adjutant, Captain D. L. Campbell, who has left us for promotion elsewhere, but we welcome the arrival of his successor, Captain J. Swallow. To both, we wish the very best of luck. Congratulations for Signalman Andre on obtaining a C.II clerk rating. After hours of swotting, he managed it.

R.S.M. Elliott has been putting the native ranks through their paces. The natives are now scarce when the R.S.M. approaches. " Mbaya, sana, Sergeant Major."

" A " SECTION.—To condense into paragraphs the activities of this Section during the East African campaign is a very difficult task.

Thousands of miles of appalling country, dust, heat, little water, and later, little else.

Our W/T tenders being buffeted about in such a manner that if the makers could only have seen would have made them either shrink with horror or glow with pride. The W/T sets, not to be outdone, withstood shocking treatment (unconscious humour), and emitted and received signals over distances that, were I to give figures, would be almost unbelievable.

Admiration for the men in this section is unbounded. Few, indeed, are old campaigners, but no task was too great for them to tackle. The weakening effects of the most distressing sickness did not deter them.

Men whose cooking experiences were nil set to and constructed weird and wonderful culinary utensils from our old friend, the petrol tin, and took pride in producing meals (quite good) from limited supplies.

It was the main idea to get the job over as soon as possible, and how well we succeeded is now history.

When the full story of this campaign is written the Royal Signals will not be ashamed of their contribution towards victory.

We are pleased to record the following recent promotions within the Section: Lieutenant L. E. Allan to be Captain and O.C. Section; Corporal Glover to be Lance Sergeant; Corporal Neal to be Lance Sergeant; Corporal Santry to be Lance Sergeant.

DEPARTURES.—Our Section N.C.O., Sergeant Brelsford I. S., has just left us for the O.C.T.U., and we wish him all the very best of luck.

" B " SECTION.—This Section has done some valuable work during the advance, especially during the battle of the Marda Pass. Here Lance Sergeant Buckton can tell some wonderful tales which I hope to be able to contribute in the next issue.

The Section at the start of the push was ably commanded by 2nd Lieutenant W. A. L. Jolin. But we had the bad luck to lose him early in the campaign owing to sickness. He has, however, just returned, and we hope his stay will now be permanent.

" D " SECTION.—During the campaign the Section was led by Captain S. E. A. Anthony.

Highlights of the 1,687 miles push in seven weeks include bathing in crocodile-infested rivers with armed guards mounted on the banks. Seven weeks living, eating, sleeping and working in the bush (and what a bush). Day, and sometimes night-long, journeys through desolate country on terrible roads. The epic deeds of our Nigeria Regiment, who took the Marda Pass at the point of the bayonet.

We ourselves were kept at concert pitch by R.S.M. Elliott and C.S.M. Manning.

Our Signal Office was skilfully handled by Sergeants Taylor, Rennie and Sinclair.

A special word of praise to our D.R. Section for tenacity and devotion to duty, which has not been excelled throughout the campaign. Many are the times they have been sent out with only scanty details of locations of certain Units to whom a special message had to be delivered. Never once did they fail to " deliver the goods."

The administration side of the Section is being ably carried out by Sergeant Bebbington.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.—We are pleased to welcome Captain B. H. Berresford as our new O.C. Section, vice Captain Anthony, who has left us to take over command of No. 3 Company. To both we wish the best of luck in their new sphere.

We are sorry to lose Sergeant Back, C.A., who has left us for O.C.T.U., but wish him the very best of luck. May " Dame Fortune " guide you, Charlie.

" M " SECTION.—Owing to the pressure of work put on this Section at the present time, notes have not yet arrived for inclusion in this issue. But a word of praise for this Section for the great work performed in keeping the Unit on its wheels on the way up, under the supervision of our T.M.O., Lieutenant G. Coles. Keep it up, " M."

We are pleased to record the recent promotions within the Section. C.Q.M.S. (F. of S.) Birkett to Q.M.S. (F. of S.); Corporal Phillips B. H., to be Lance Sergeant. To both we wish the very best of luck.

SPORTS NOTES.—Since our arrival in Addis Ababa we have played many interesting games of Soccer against the fighting services from all over the Empire. The weather has been far from good and often Addis Ababa's almost daily downpours have turned the matches into something resembling polo matches, but in spite of this opposition from the elements every one of the players enjoyed every one of the matches.

Captain Berresford, our capable officer i/c sports, was one of our most enthusiastic supporters. Our Commanding Officer was also one of the patrons and often turned up to watch a match. In general, the esprit de corps amongst the officers, N.C.O.s and men of the sporting element of this Unit was very noticeable and, in particular, we could always count on the active support of Major H. A. Penn and Major Reeder as staunch defenders, whilst Q.M.S. Birkett, Sergeant Sinclair and Lance Corporal Docherty were consistent and successful half-backs. Our forward line was never consistent, but was usually equal to the defence of most of our opponents with such players as Sergeant Taylor and Signalmen Gallop and Warden. Lance Corporal Goodman proved to be an excellent goalkeeper and it was very rare that he let anything but the most difficult shots through.

Finally a vote of thanks must be accorded to R.S.M. Elliott, an impartial referee, to Sergeant Bebbington, an enthusiastic, if veteran, player, and to Lance Corporal Robinson by whose energies the teams were produced.

ACKDIV.

DIARY OF EVENTS IN THE WAR—continued

JULY 20TH.—R.A.F. destroy 48,000 tons of enemy shipping in raids on convoys in North Sea and Mediterranean. British Ministerial changes announced.

JULY 21ST.—Russians withdraw from Bessarabia.

JULY 22ND.—Germans raid Moscow for first time.

JULY 23RD.—Vichy Government cedes to Japan air and naval bases in Indo-China.

JULY 24TH.—Heavy and successful R.A.F. raid on German pocket battleships in French ports; both hit and damaged. 33 enemy fighters shot down for loss of 22 of our aircraft. Successful attacks on hostile convoys in Channel and Mediterranean.

JULY 25TH.—Britain and U.S.A. freeze Japanese assets. Heavy fighting in Russia with little change in situation. Enemy attacks on Mediterranean convoy beaten off; H.M. destroyer Fearless sunk.

JULY 26TH.—Britain denounces trade treaties with Japan. R.A.F. raid Berlin, Hamburg and Hanover.

JULY 27TH.—Attack by Italian small craft on Valetta harbour in Malta repulsed with loss of 13 vessels. Russians check hostile advance in all sectors. Japanese begin landing in Indo-China.

JULY 28TH.—Sharp hostile air raid on London. Finland breaks off relations with Britain.

JULY 31ST.—Fleet Air Arm lose 16 machines in two heavy raids on Petsamo in North Finland. Successful raid on enemy convoy in Heligoland Bight.

AUGUST 1ST.—Third Canadian Division arrives in England. Battle in Russia becoming stabilised. U.S.A. bans export of oil to Japan.

AUGUST 2ND.—More Russian local successes on battlefront. Britain extends blockade to Finland.

AUGUST 3RD.—R.A.F. raid Berlin, Hamburg and Kiel. British submarines sink Italian cruiser and merchant shipping in Mediterranean. Germans begin new drive in Ukraine.

AUGUST 4TH.—U.S.A. promises economic help for Russia. Fighting in Ukraine continues.

AUGUST 5TH.—Arrival of reinforcements in Singapore. R.A.F. raid Sardinian and North African ports and aerodromes.

AUGUST 6TH.—R.A.F. raid Mannheim, Frankfurt and Karlsruhe. Russians continue stubborn defence in Ukraine and in north.

AUGUST 7TH.—Second R.A.F. raid on Mannheim, Frankfurt and Karlsruhe. Fighting in Russia continues fiercely.

AUGUST 8TH.—Russian air force raids Berlin. Successful sea and air attacks on hostile convoys in North Sea and Mediterranean.

AUGUST 9TH.—R.A.F. raid on Kiel. Russians raid Berlin again. Germans claim success in Ukraine and capture of Koresten.

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VOL. XXII.—No. 260 OCTOBER, 1941 PRICE—SIXPENCE

Editorial Notes

THE ABYSSINIAN REVOLT.—Much more will undoubtedly be heard at some future date concerning the exploits of that small band of adventurers who were responsible for organising and spreading the Abyssinian revolt which finally resulted in the overthrow of Italian rule in that country.

Five Englishmen, headed by Brigadier D. A. Sandford, now military and political adviser to the Emperor, successfully carried through their perilous enterprise, other members of the party being Captain R. Critchley, of the Hussars, Lieutenant Drew, R.A.M.C., of the Indian Medical Service, Sergeant-Major (now Lieutenant) Gray, and Signalman (now Sergeant) Whitmore, both of Royal Signals.

On page 323 of this issue we publish an extract culled from the " Evening Standard " which briefly describes some of their hazards and we extend our congratulations to the two members of Royal Signals, who will be envied by many for their participation in such an historic achievement.

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE.—Apropos our brief Editorial announcement in the July issue of the Corps magazine, we publish hereunder a letter recently received from Colonel T. W. Vigers, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., D.L., late of London Corps Signals:—

" The officers of the III and V Corps Signals who served under Colonel C. L. H. Humphreys and felt for him the greatest affection and respect have subscribed a contribution to the Benevolent Fund to which Colonel G. D. Ozanne and I, who were his close friends, have made a small addition.

" We make this contribution in his name and memory to be used by the Benevolent Fund for the relief of distress among the dependants of the men of the Corps which he served and loved so well.

" Yours sincerely,

" (Signed) T. W. VIGERS."

ENGAGEMENT.—Miss Yvonne Francis Jayne, only daughter of the late Colonel A. A. Jayne, O.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Jayne, of The Larches, Moor Park, Herts., to Second Lieutenant Douglas Wynne Holloway, R.E.

The above Press announcement recalls many pleasant memories of our long association with the late Colonel A. A. Jayne both during and after the last war, and those of our readers who were privileged to serve under him will wish to associate themselves with us in conveying our hearty congratulations to his daughter, coupled with every good wish for her future happiness.

Benevolent Fund Notes

Security regulations do not permit us to publish detailed particulars of Corps Units, but it is hoped that the following list of those formations that have already responded to the Colonel-Commandant's appeal for regular monthly contributions to the Corps Benevolent Fund will be found satisfactory for the purpose of identification.

The Administrator gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following :

BENEVOLENT FUND (No. 2 A/C 1940) :

BANKER'S ORDER INSTRUCTIONS FROM :
Lieutenant-Colonel D. MacGregor, D.C.M.

CASH SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM :
Mrs. E. A. Smith.
Colonel G. D. Ozanne, M.C., Colonel T. W. Vigers, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., D.L., and Officers of 3rd and 5th Corps Signals, Home Forces.

BENEVOLENT FUND (No. 2 A/C 1940) (Unit List Continued) :

	£	s.	d.
East Kent Coast Section 4 (F.S.S.) Company—August		7	1
5 Command Signals—Donation	12	10	3
Other Ranks 152nd O.C.T.U.—August	1	3	3
44th — Signals, Home Forces—July and August		16	0
4 Corps Signals, Home Forces—August	4	15	3
1 Company 59th — Signals, Home Forces—August	2	0	6
2 Company 59th — Signals, Home Forces—June		15	6
3 Company 59th — Signals, Home Forces—August		6	3
3 Company H.Q. 50th — Signals, Home Forces—July and August		2	6
3rd Operators Training Battalion—September	9	5	3
Aldershot Area Signal Company—Donation	2	3	3
1 Command Signals	6	17	9
12th A.A. — Signals—September	3	0	0
3rd Holding Battalion—August	12	0	0
5th (London) — Signals, Home Forces—August	5	12	6
15th (S) — Signals, Home Forces—June and July	4	13	6
45th — Signals, Home Forces—August	2	2	11
38th (W) — Signals, Home Forces—July and August	10	0	0
Dorset Divisional Signals, Home Forces—August and September	2	0	9
48th — Signals, Home Forces—August	4	14	0
37th I.I. Brigade Signal Section—August		8	9
1 Company 1 Command Signals—September	2	6	0
London District Signals—September	4	2	6
52nd (L) — Signals, Home Forces—September	5	1	6
2nd Lieutenant R. H. O. Benson and O.R. personnel I.B. Signal Section, Home Forces—September	203	6	0
1 Section 6th A.A. — Signals, Essex—August		10	0
46th — Signals, Home Forces—Donation	4	6	0
Officers and Other Ranks 7th A.A. — Signals—August	6	8	11
Unit H.Q. and 1 Company 7th A.A. — Signals—Donation	10	12	2
2 Company 1 H.Q. Signals	1	4	0
1st Divisional Signals, Home Forces—August	2	16	0
1 Company 61st — Signals, Home Forces—September	1	17	0
8th Armoured — Signals, Home Forces—September	4	1	3
1 and 3 Squadrons 11th Armoured — Signals—June and July	4	1	0
1 and 3 Squadrons 11th Armoured — Signals—August	1	5	0
Depot Battalion, 3rd S.T.C.—September	20	0	0
10th A.A. — Signals—September, 1941	4	1	3
4th (E.A.) — Signals, Home Forces—August	4	17	3
Officers 152nd O.C.T.U.—August	2	0	0
2nd Divisional Signals—July, August and September	4	3	3
5 Command Signals, Home Forces—Donation	4	0	6
"K" Section 54th (E.A.) — Signals—Donation	5	10	0
Guards Armoured Divisional Signals—Donation	7	9	6
3rd Divisional Signals, Home Forces—August	4	15	6
Other Ranks 152nd O.C.T.U.—September		18	9
4th Corps Signals, Home Forces—September	3	16	3
1st Operators Training Battalion—Donation	5	0	0
"H" Section attached 63 A.T. Regiment R.A.—September		5	9
1 S.W.G. R. Signals—September	1	7	0
54th (E.A.) — Signals, Home Forces—September	4	14	0
2nd A.P. Signals—August	6	12	0
1 Company 9th — Signals—September	1	8	0
Officers 152 O.C.T.U.—September	2	2	0
Officers and Other Ranks Hampshire Divisional Signals —September		14	0
38th — Signals, Home Forces—September	5	0	0
220 I.B. Signal Section, Home Forces—September		8	6
3rd Holding Battalion—September	9	15	0
1 Company 6 Command Signals—September	1	12	0
"E" Section, 43rd — Signals—Donation	6	15	0
11th A.A. — Signals, Home Forces—September	3	10	0
52nd (L) — Signals, Home Forces—September	4	19	9
1 Company 11th — Signals, Home Forces—September	2	11	3
Devon and Cornwall Divisional Signals—September		10	6
3rd Divisional Signals, Home Forces—September	2	18	0
UNITS ABROAD : Ceylon Signal Section—Donation	36	10	1

APPEALS DEALT WITH :

1.	Signalman, S.T.C., Yorkshire—Loan £5	Grant	5	0	0
2.	N.C.O. — Divisional Signals, Home Forces	Grant	5	0	0
3.	Wife of N.C.O. (prisoner of war), Glasgow	Grant	3	0	0
4.	Convalescent treatment child of ex-Signalman, Gateshead	Grant	3	0	0
5.	Widow of Signalman, London	Grant	2	0	0
6.	Widow of ex-N.C.O., London	Grant	2	10	0
7.	Signalman, S.T.C., Yorkshire	Loan	5	0	0
8.	Signalman, Chester—Loan £1 7s. 6d.	Grant	2	0	0
9.	Mother of Signalman, Newcastle	Grant	1	15	3
10.	Ex-Signalman, Gloucestershire	Grant	2	0	0
11.	Driver, S.T.C., Yorkshire	Loan	3	0	0
12.	Signalman, S.T.C., Yorkshire	Loan	2	0	0

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR PARCELS :

Miss I. Milner		10	0
Mrs. W. H. N. Dent	1	0	0
Clerks, Signals Directorate, War Office—June and July	2	14	0
9th — Signals, Home Forces	4	5	6
Clerks, Signals Directorate, War Office—August	1	5	0
3rd Depot Battalion	11	15	0
Mr. C. E. Mayall, Birmingham	1	1	0
1st Depot Battalion	10	0	0
Queen of the South Football Club	31	6	6
Lieut.-Colonel R. A. Hemsley	14	8	
Mrs. J. W. Aldridge	5	0	
Mrs. G. E. Yard	2	0	0
"A few of the Cadre personnel 1st Operators Training Battalion"	1	10	0
11th A.A. — Signals	1	6	0
Mrs. Sadler		10	0
Mrs. E. I. A. Manning	1	0	0
"Anonymous"		2	0

Royal Signals Comforts Fund

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Wheatley		2	6
Mrs. Rance		5	0
5 Section A.A.S.C.	4	6	9
Inspection Department	4	0	0
R. Signals Mess, Aldershot	2	11	0
2 Section A.A.S.C.	4	6	3
114 I.B. Signal Section	4	12	0
Mrs. Blundell		1	2
C.S.O. and Staff, Scottish Command		10	0
Lieut.-Colonel E. McHutchon	3	0	0
Mrs. Mould		5	0
54th (E.A.) — Signals	2	2	0
3 Company No. 1 L. of C. Signals—Proceeds of Dance	7	0	0
1 Section 5th A.A. D. Sigs.—Proceeds of Dance	1	16	10
Mrs. Doyle—Proceeds of Dance	52	4	2
1 A.A.D. Signals	10	10	0
Iceland Force Signals	5	0	0
Mrs. White's Work Party		10	6
1st Holding Bn.	5	0	0
Edinburgh Branch Ladies' Guild	3	0	0
3rd A.A.D. Signals	3	0	0
Western District Signals (1)	12	17	7
Signal Training Centre (1)	10	0	0
Peshawar District Signals	4	9	5
213 I.B. Signal Section	2	17	6
1 A.A.D. Signals—Proceeds of Raffle	1	16	6
1 A.A. Corps Signal School	3	3	0
51st — Signals	5	0	0
Officers' Mess, 51st — Signals	5	0	0
38th (Welsh) — Signals—Proceeds of Dance	3	3	11
Mrs. Ryan		2	6
38th (Welsh) — Signals—Proceeds of Concert	4	8	1
Edinburgh Branch Ladies' Guild	2	0	0
C.S.O. and Staff, Scottish Command	1	0	0
Dorset Divisional Signals	3	3	0
131 I.B. Signal Section	1	14	6
N. S.W.G., R. Signals—Proceeds of Dance	20	0	0
Miss Carman		1	0
Mrs. Egerton		3	0
4 Corps Signals	13	9	0
4 Squadron 11th A.D. Signals	6	18	0
Mrs. Allan		2	0
3 Company No. 1 L. of C. Signals	3	9	0
Mrs. W. Ponsonby	1	0	0
Major H. R. V. Cooke	2	10	0
Brigadier R. Chevenix-Trench, C.B.E., O.B.E., M.C.		5	0
Brigadier J. A. S. Tillard, O.B.E., M.C.	1	0	0

During the three months from July 1st to October 1st the Comforts Fund has despatched to units serving at home and abroad and to prisoners of war the following items:—Woollen garments, 2,190; footballs, 47; football boots, 63 pairs; cricket gear, seven sets; tennis balls, 90; quoits, 49 sets; baseball bats and balls, eight; dart boards, 78; darts, 271; table tennis sets, 43; draughts, Lotto and other indoor games, 214 sets; playing cards, 642 packs; books, 482; writing compendiums, 332; miscellaneous, 318.

Any offers of help over knitting will be most gratefully received. The demand for woollens is already large and stocks are quite inadequate.

"What is a Holding Battalion?"

Although a Holding Battalion holds many things it has nothing to do with "holding the baby," although we do occasionally have to "take the can back."

Actually, we don't want to "hold," but, nevertheless, sometimes we are compelled. Oh, how they cling ! Another common word amongst folk of a Holding Battalion is "Forming." This has no connection with forming fours, threes, or any other type of drill movement, we wish it had; life would be simpler. There is so much a Holding Battalion holds that it would like to dispense with—to drop. "To hold or not to hold" is so often the question. Some like to be held, some like to cling like leeches, some want posting and some want . . ! You notice the airs they affect, the very way they walk indicates the attitude. "Oh, I'm on the Cadre !" Sez you !

Many letters of the alphabet have a peculiar significance to us chaps of the 2nd Holding Battalion. Us chaps of the Cadre who can't cuss, can't crow and can't carry on unless courteous Company Commanders contribute their "C" men for common place congenial tasks.

We are a weird and wonderful Unit, an offshoot of a benevolent and condescending organisation known as an S.T.C. They feed us with A's, B's and C's, and many others whose catagories cannot be found in any A.B.64 ! There's the A and B men. Bless 'em ! They come in by one door and go out by the other—we hope—to any theatre of war !

Sometimes this S.T.C. will pay us a visit to fish in our C-Pool ! Needless to say they have been known to net some or nearly all of the big fish, leaving us to carry many babies. This "pool" business has no connection with sporting pools—one home, two away. No, there are no coupons in our pool !

Colonel J. A. F. Mair, M.C., is still with us, still a tower of strength, still surrounded by those stalwart veteran Company Commanders, Captains Blake, Talbot and Rowe.

Captain A. Hodges still administers antidotes to alleviate the agony of artless intakes who supply soporific stories to a sentimental Medical Officer who tries to keep us all merry and bright; nevertheless, he has been known to give sick leave to reluctant patients.

Besides endeavouring to keep us all fit, Captain Hodges occasionally enjoys a boxing bout with a worthy opponent. So get out your gloves, ye merry men who would like to show our worthy M.O. how you can do it. No objection to reporting sick the next morning.

Major Nixon has departed for fresh fields and pastures new. Captain A. H. Horton is no longer Adjutant and is now Staff Captain at the 2nd S.T.C.; his place is now occupied by Captain B. S. Lion.

Two casualties have occurred, much to our regret. Captain Metcalf has recently undergone an operation and is still in hospital. Lieutenant-Quartermaster Minion has been very ill and is now on sick leave recuperating.

To all who have memories of the 2nd Holding Battalion we send greetings, whether they be in Abyssinia or Aberdeen, Bagdad or Battersea, Dartmoor or Delhi, Kermanshah or Kensington, Tobruk or Tottenham, Moscow or Morden, Singapore or Syria.

Best of luck, look after yourselves.

E.S.L.

Momentous Discovery in Ballywobble

Establishment of New War !

Far-reaching Effects of Recent War Office Plan

(From our Special Correspondent in the War Zone, R. U. LAFFIN)
Exclusive to the "Ballywobble Eavesdropper"

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

I am to-day able to reveal the establishment of a vast new WAR. This latest plan to defeat Nazi-ism has been set in motion by the War Office. It has far-reaching possibilities and will affect the lives of millions.

The official designation of the New Plan has a characteristically British simplicity. It is known as "The New War Establishment."

A story of so momentous a nature can only be disclosed in stages. The mere use of superlatives and figures of astronomical dimensions, as the vast hugeness (or huge vastness) of the plan demands, would give no true picture of the real situation, or of the hours, days, weeks, months, years almost, which have passed in tireless labour whilst perfection of the last detail was achieved. I must begin at the beginning, which, despite my years of training in the hardest of journalistic schools, I have always believed to be a good place to begin at.

Some weeks ago (In The Interests Of Security I may not divulge the exact date) a little bird (In The Interests Of Security I may not divulge its sex) whispered to me (ITIOS) . . . well, what our brave boys in their brusque heartiness have summarised so succinctly as a latrine rumour. "Go to it," said the sexless little bird. "Get an intro to O.C. Signals and you'll gather a scoop that will shatter Fleet Street."

I owe my success in life, my position as Ballywobble's most exclusive eavesdropper, to my ability to read between the lines, to snatch the substance from the shadow, to get to grips with *reality*. I went to it.

I will not tantalise my readers with a prolonged description, fascinating as the story would be, of my activities of the ensuing weeks. Let it suffice that, after days sometimes spent in fruitless endeavour, after nights when sleep was not wooed until the dawn, I attained by objective. I, alone of Ballywobble's exclusive correspondents, got the intro. Came the morn when I was ushered into the Commanding Officer's sanctum.

It would be idle to aver that my blood had not turned to water, nor my very bones to jelly, as I was conducted into the darkened room where sat the Four Just Men of Signals. (ITIOS.) No emotion was displayed at my entry. Each of the four officers bent unbending over his endless task. Awed and silent, I oiled off silently to the darkest corner of the silent room.

For awhile there was no pause in the ceaseless execution of duty. Then one of the silent workers—I learned later that he was called the "Unter-Fuhrer" by his brave but gay-hearted comrades—gathered up a vast sheaf of buff-coloured documents and fuhred off, muttering as he went "these god-damned P1954s are getting me down." Silence reigned once more, until I dropped my last pin on the parquet flooring.

The effect was instantaneous. The Colonel himself looked up and pronounced, "Ah, an eavesdropper. ITIOS !"

I emerged from my umbrage and, with slight but tremulous emphasis on the definite article, replied, "Sir, *The* Eavesdropper."

Silent, keen-eyed, he surveyed me, tearing me, in a manner of speech, limb from limb, hand from pocket, pencil from note-book. After a searching gaze he appeared satisfied. "Take a seat," he said. I took one, but returned it later.

"You, I assume," he continued, "are the accredited special correspondent of the 'Ballywobble Eavesdropper.' Tell me, why do you eavesdrop in Ballywobble ?"

I plucked up my courage. "Sir," I replied, "I have, as you have correctly assumed, the honour to represent the 'Ballywobble Eavesdropper,' but I am aware as to the nomenclatural originations of my great newspaper. But you may have noticed that one of our contemporaries—a poor thing, but still surviving—is called the 'Ballywhiffle Observer.' In Ballywhiffle they observe; in Ballywobble we eavesdrop. Ach, 'tis a small matter."

He started at the phrase like a frightened mustang, but it was obvious that he agreed the axiom. Then, recovering his balance, he returned to business.

"You have come," he said, "to obtain information from which to write an article on the 'Establishment of New War' ? So I understand. I will give you that information. Let there be secrecy ! ITIOS !"

At his gesture the two remaining officers, tight-lipped Scots of large and small dimensions, respectively, rose from behind ramparts of documents and carried out the normal military precautions for the prevention of secrecy. The smaller Scot, with a keen, but glassy, eye, scrutinised the lower portions of the room, ensuring that no listening apparatus had been installed since his last sub-mensal inspection. The larger Scot, equally keen and with an even greater appreciation of the possibilities of espionage, closed the windows, drew the black-out curtains and drew his sword, too. Suddenly, he opened the door and lunged into the external gloom. There was a dreadful, choking cry. "Well, that's cleaned the rust off it," he observed, as he wiped his sword on the black-out. "He was always late with his returns, anyway". And without further comment he returned silent to his task.

"Is secrecy assured ?" the Colonel asked. Two sparing Scottish nods assured him. "I will proceed." He proceeded.

"Here," he said, producing a vast brochure, "is the key to the 'Establishment of New War.' Young man, why aren't you in the Army ?"

Although taken aback, I hastened to inform him that khaki would be my only raiment were it not that I am over age, lame and loopy, and born of German parents in Eire. "Ach, 'tis a small matter," I concluded.

He staggered back at the words with forearm upraised as if to ward off a blow. Then, recovering his equilibrium, he reluctantly accepted my explanation. I noted, however, a tinge of mistrust in his manner. The carefree spirit of camaraderie which had characterised the earlier stages of the interview had gone.

But he was a man of his word. Repressing his obvious doubt, he unfolded the coveted document.

"Here," he said, "are the figures of the New War. Can you add up ?"

I said I could. I did. Involved as was the calculation, I found it to be correct.

"Here's a more difficult one," he continued. "Can you add *across* ?"

I said I could. I tried. I couldn't. I tried again. Perspiration streamed from my brow. The Colonel withdrew the fateful documents and wiped them carefully.

His keen eye searched me. "Well ?" he said in a tense whisper.

"They don't add up right," I answered.

"I admire your acuity," he observed with a grim, sardonic smile. "But you are not alone in your conclusions. We also are bewildered by this strange arithmetical discrepancy."

"Ach, 'tis a small matter," I said. He died.

(Copyright in all countries)

Five Britons Spread Abyssinia Revolt which Overthrew Italians

They only took £200 with them

Five Englishmen, after many thrilling adventures, organised the Patriots of Abyssinia and spread the revolt which finally led to the overthrow of the Italians in that country.

They were members of the British Military Mission in Abyssinia, and the story of their experiences was told in London by Brigadier D. A. Sandford, who was the head of the mission and is now military and political adviser to the Emperor of Abyssinia.

The Brigadier, a middle-aged, burly man, wearing spectacles, told how he and his comrades had to swim rivers, hide in caves and scramble down cliffs to elude the Italians.

Second in command to him was a tall Hussar, Captain Ronnie Critchley. The other members of the party were Lieutenant Drew, R.A.M.C., of the Sudan Medical Service, and two signallers, Sergeant-Major (now Lieutenant) Gray, and Signaller (now Sergeant) Whitmore, of the Royal Corps of Signals.

Captured Arms.—The mission chose the western area of Abyssinia, in the Gojjam area, because there the Ethiopian tribesmen had been in a state of revolt for some years.

They had waylaid an Italian convoy when they were armed only with sticks, stones and old muskets, and so had captured enough arms to keep their revolt going.

"Our instructions were to go in to spread the revolt, but not spread it too quickly," said the Brigadier. "It is no good having a sudden flare-up which would be squashed immediately.

"We had to use our wits and spread the revolt sensibly. We had to make contact with the leaders, ascertain what help they would require, and arrange to get the stuff up to them. Finally, we had to co-ordinate operations.

"I took in with me the Emperor's representative, Azazh Cabada, a wise and stout-hearted counsellor. There were two other Ethiopian lads who were members of the Committee of Union and Collaboration started by a body of young Ethiopians in Gojjam.

Flooded Rivers.—"Both were educated young man. We had 50 muleteers and 50 mules," said the Brigadier. "A force of Ethiopian Patriots who had come to the frontier for rifles acted as an advance and rearguard.

"We crossed the frontier from the Sudan on August 12, 1940. Conditions were not good for propaganda, for events had been going against us, and the French had packed up.

"Our escort of Patriots did not leave us till we had got to the plateau. We had to go in in the middle of the rains.

"That meant crossing eight major rivers in flood—wading or building bridges—and the weather was very hot.

"Before we crossed the frontier the Sudan Defence Force warned us that there was reason to believe our plans were known. In fact, after crossing the border, we came across tracks of an Italian patrol that had crossed our road that morning.

"But we got over without being spotted. Then we had to leave

tracks and cut our own trail. Once we got to the plateau Critchley and I and some of the Ethiopians had to leave the party because of transport difficulties.

"We took in with us 2,000 dollars—valued at about 1s. 10d. each—and we borrowed another 2,500 when we got in. It was one of the cheapest expeditions ever.

"On the plateau the Italians had news of us. When we arrived an Italian, Colonel Korelli, was waiting for us with the best part of a brigade."

Plain Tales

WITHOUT COMMENT.—I don't know when I have seen so much rain. It just kept on and on, and then all of a sudden it stopped on a Friday night. Saturday was bright and warm and the farmers, who had been developing headaches, grey hairs and wrinkles at the prospect of a ruined harvest, began to cheer up. All day Saturday a warm dry wind blew the moisture out of the corn and on Sunday it was ready to cut. Did they cut it ? No. The farm workers didn't work on Sundays. Their fathers didn't, nor their grandfathers. The very idea! So the corn stayed where it was and on Monday it started to rain again. You can laugh about it now, because eventually they did get it all in, but doesn't it make you go funny inside ?

TIME FLIES.—A weekly publication of some merit resurrects the old argument about the landing of flies on walls and ceilings. An article examines at some length various theories regarding the use of front, side and rear feet, the half-forward loop and the half-side turn, but fails to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. Quite amusing, mark you, but not helpful. Now it may not be generally known that the matter was thoroughly thrashed out in the Signals Mess at Bulford in 1934 by a Board of Officers with names like Winterborn, Gambier, Knox, White, James, Brown and a Canadian guitar player of note, whose name escapes me, but whose memory—I mean the memory of whom—remains.

A full report was published in THE WIRE in early 1934 and was acclaimed by the world Press as positively the last word, not to say *le dernier cri* of something or other. See "Avis et Fugits," chapter v (ii).

Note.—The names mentioned in the foregoing are purely fictitious and do not ——.

Uncle Alf: Why, you ——.

Me: Pipe down. They won't remember anyway.

PATENT DEPARTMENT.—Persistent rumours and the activities of spies have forced my hand and it is with some reluctance that I reveal for the first time my plans for the defence of the civil population. For the soldier, of course, attack is the best form of defence, although, I, personally, always thought this was called offence. There are, however, many civilians who cannot reasonably be expected to attack and for them I have devised a portable cave. A larger size for parties over five is known as a cavern, but these are—or should I say, this is, as I haven't made one yet?—built on different lines and come a little more expensive, especially the Mk. II, which has a saloon bar. The framework of the cave is bamboo, large supplies of which are coming from China by a very secret route. The structure, which varies in size according to its dimensions, is covered with sheets of a special fabric at present coupon free. The whole is then lined with selected chalk from Dover and mounted on rubber-tyred wheels. It can be taken practically anywhere and occupies very little space, the hole inside excepted. This, however, can be filled with grass or old bicycle tyres when not being used as a shelter.

To move from town to another, remove the chalk with a pickaxe and leave it in your lodgings. Make a neat bundle of the bamboo and deposit this in the cloakroom at any decent station. The fabric may then be folded into a space 14 ins. x 16 ins. x 5 ft., or even more in about an hour and destroyed on any convenient bonfire.

OUR ASTONISHING SERIAL.—"The story leaves one breathless and slightly bewildered."—"Morning Guide."

Colonel Ukann Larfe, R.D., placed his bowler hat on the sideboard and seated himself in an armchair by the huge fireplace. "Listen, Colonel," said Lord Elpas, "I know you've only got seven days' leave, but the loss of the Stenchingham Trophy is a matter of the gravest concern to me and the Government. It contains, as you have heard, the plans of the ——." The old man's voice died away in a soft murmur as he recounted once more the events described in Chapter xxii (as yet unpublished).

CHAPTER IV.—Colonel Harvey Q. Adenoid (retired), now Acting Captain, was a frightfully decent sort of chap. He came towards Ukann Larfe with outstretched arms, a pistol grasped in each hand. Hermione Larfe, the famous detective's charming, but massive, wife, regarded the scene from the doorway of the morning room at Little Stench House. On her magnificent right hand she balanced a square yard of turf. With Hermy to think was to act. Poised delicately on one foot she took careful aim. The turf, which contained a paving stone from the High-street, hurtled across the hall and the sickening crunch announced that to examine the body of Harvey Q. Adenoid would be sheer waste of time.

CHAPTER XXXLMCI.—As Ukann Larfe placed the Stenchingham Trophy on the beautiful old dining table and gazed at the pathetic figure of Lord Elpas, he experienced a sense of extreme satisfaction. Rather shyly, he knocked two four-inch nails into the table and passed out into the night. Mrs. Larfe smiled kindly at the old man and jerked her thumb at the door. "He's just a big boy," she said. Waving a cheery good-night, she left the room and pulled the great door behind her. She reached the front entrance before she realised that the door was still grasped in her powerful hand. "Blimey," she muttered, "I don't know me own strength."

Bluggo for the muscles.—(Advt.)

PASS FRIEND.—The darkness was thick enough to cut with a blunt knife. The sentry was browned off with the scheme, but agreed with the Corporal that as he had only another half-hour to go he would make the best of it. He gripped his rifle firmly and peered through the blackness of the lane at the tiny lights of an approaching car.

"Halt!" shouted the sentry and the car came to a crunching stop at the vicarage gates. "Your identity card, please," he said firmly.

"Rabbits," came a gruff voice from inside the car.

"——," replied the sentry, "I've had enough of you funny blokes to-night. Come out and let's have a look at you." The occupants recognised the sentry for a determined man and disembarked.

The Corporal arrived with his torch and illuminated a fully-matured Colonel complete with red tabs and gent.'s natty hat band. From this point on it is another story, but the moral seems to be that a pass-word known only to a select few is not worth even two in the bush and as likely as not will prove to be another man's poison.

BARLEUX.

Diary of Events in the War

AUGUST 10TH.—New R.A.F. raids on Northern French targets; 18 enemy fighters shot down. Fighting at Uman, in Ukraine.
AUGUST 11TH.—Germans thrust towards Odessa and Nikolaev.
AUGUST 12TH.—Britain and Russia guarantee Turkey against aggression. Heavy daylight attacks by R.A.F. on targets in Western Germany and Holland.
AUGUST 13TH.—R.A.F. night attacks on Western German cities and on Berlin.
AUGUST 14TH.—British Prime Minister and President of United States, after meeting on board ship in Atlantic to discuss future war policy, issue eight point declaration of peace aims. Russians evacuate two towns in Ukraine. R.A.F. sweep over Northern France.
AUGUST 15TH.—Britain and U.S.A. offer all possible help to Russia, details to be arranged at joint conference in Moscow. 300 R.A.F. machines raid Western Germany. Heavy fighting continues in Ukraine.
AUGUST 16TH.—Russia accepts British-American proposal for Moscow conference.
AUGUST 17TH.—Russian withdrawal in Western Ukraine continues. Cologne, Dusseldorf, Duisberg and Rotterdam bombed by R.A.F.
AUGUST 18TH.—U.S.A. announce new ferry service to West Africa for delivery of airplanes to British Middle East Forces.
AUGUST 19TH.—New German attacks against Leningrad and in Gomel area. Russians completing retirement to east of Dnieper in Ukraine. German attempts to land on Black Sea coast repulsed.
AUGUST 20TH.—Premier of Canada arrives in Britain.
AUGUST 21ST.—Germans continue pressure toward Leningrad and in Gomel sector.
AUGUST 22ND.—Lord Halifax arrives in Britain from U.S.A. German advance towards Leningrad checked.
AUGUST 23RD.—Germans claim to be closing in on Odessa.
AUGUST 24TH.—Successful Russian counter-offensive in central sector.
AUGUST 25TH.—British and Russian forces enter Iran to enforce expulsion of German agents. Russians in north evacuate Novgorod, but continue advance in centre of battle front.
AUGUST 26TH.—Allied advance into Iran continues; little resistance encountered. Germans occupy Luga in North and Dniepropetrovsk in Ukraine.
AUGUST 27TH.—Allies continue to make progress in Iran. R.A.F. raid targets in occupied France.
AUGUST 28TH.—New Government in Iran orders cessation of resistance to Allies. Russian advance in central sector progresses well.
AUGUST 29TH.—New Russian offensive in North, but Germans capture Tallinn and Baltiski in Estonia. Hostilities cease in Iran, but Allies continue unopposed advance.
AUGUST 30TH.—Fighting rages all along battlefront in Russia.
AUGUST 31ST.—Russians withdraw to old frontier line with Finland, north of Leningrad. R.A.F. sweep over Northern France.
SEPTEMBER 1ST.—Russians successfully continue offensive in central sector, fighting continues before Leningrad and on Dnieper line. Armistice signed in Iran.
SEPTEMBER 2ND.—Battle continues all along Russian front. Russian and British forces effect junction in Iran.
SEPTEMBER 3RD.—Russians drive back Germans in central sector. Germans continue attempts to encircle Leningrad on South and East. R.A.F. bomb Frankfurt and Berlin.
SEPTEMBER 4TH.—Unsuccessful attack by German submarine on U.S. destroyer Greer in North Atlantic. Successful naval and air attacks on Axis shipping in Mediterranean. H.M.S. cruiser Hermione rams and sinks Italian submarine.
SEPTEMBER 5TH.—German attacks in Leningrad area and Russian counter-strikes in central and southern areas continue. British submarine torpedoes Italian cruiser in Mediterranean.
SEPTEMBER 6TH.—German and Rumanian attacks on Odessa repulsed with heavy loss.

I SLEPT ON BOOTS



Then I still slept on Boots because all my comrades borrowed it

- Splendid on manœuvres and in camp
- Khaki material
- Ideal for all on service
- Up or down in a few seconds
- Deflated about the size of handkerchief, 15" × 10"
- Send now, stocks cannot be replenished — Price **4/3**
- Offered by ex-W.O. who knows its worth — Postage - 3d.

KENOSHA AGENCIES, COWPLAIN, PORTSMOUTH

HOME STATIONS

Yorkshire 1

1st Operators' Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

"All is safely gathered in" might as well start this month's notes, because no doubt all *is* safely gathered in, judging by the local harvests. If these notes do happen to miss this current issue you can blame it on a few local farmers, who have been glad of my assistance throughout the harvest.

DEPARTURES.—It is with deep regret we say "au revoir" to two "ginger-haired" N.C.O.s, namely, Lance Corporal Perkins, of the R.P., and Corporal Cross, of cookhouse fame. May they do well in whatever sphere of activities they go into, the O.T. Battalion wishes them well in all they do.

ARRIVALS.—Arrivals amongst the male staff are too numerous to mention, but they can be assured that Administrative Wing welcomes them. And now a word of welcome to the ladies (A.T.S.), who throughout the past month have been the cause of tireless energy and effort by Jock Bate (Corporal to you), who has been responsible for the renovating of their huts. We hope that by this time the girls have settled down. They should be happy living on top of their work. No doubt Elsie, of devotion fame, will miss her morning stroll to work, but these little things can't be helped. Nevertheless, they may rest assured that Administrative Wing will do their best to make their careers at the O.T. Battalion as congenial as possible.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—The Monday night dances are still going strong and are still a huge success. Maybe one of these months I'll forget to mention it. The Corporals have a dance now and again, and what a "posh" affair it is.

And now a spot of praise to the O.T. Battalion Dramatic Society, who presented recently the following plays:—

"The Distant Relative," by W. W. Jacobs.

"The Valiant," by Holdsworthy Hall.

"The Crimson Cocoanut," by Ian Hay."

The following artistes, who took part, are worthy of special congratulations on their good work:—Lance Corporals Atkinson and McLelland, Signalmen Hills, Layfield and Levison, Mrs. M. Davies and Miss Noel Bliss. More so Lance Corporals Jones C. and Van der Bogaerde, who were responsible for the whole of the productions. The plays were presented and produced at the O.T. Battalion Theatre and also at the R.A.C. Considering that only three weeks was spent in the production of these plays, they were considered worthy of a review by the local Press. The scenery, which was of special interest, was designed and painted by Lance Corporal Van der Bogaerde, and the clever change of set effected by the switching of a centre window was much commented on. There is now a three-act play in course of production and I don't think we will be disappointed at it. So here's hoping.

A. E. HUGHES.

No. 1 Company

The month of August has been one of great activity for this Company. The outstanding event has been the change of residence across the "River," for on Saturday, September 6th, the great trek to Mons Lines began. This could have been compared with ants taking over a new home. Did No. 4 Company want to get away from the A.T.S. ? A considerable time elapsed before we had accustomed ourselves to the new surroundings, but now we have completely "settled down," and are one happy family again.

Talking about one "happy family" reminds me that we will soon have a co-ed atmosphere in our barrack rooms—soldiers, A.T.S. and N.A.A.F.I. girls (in suitably selected huts, of course).

Junior N.C.O.s have been busy on alternate evenings during the past fortnight cleaning up for drill parades. Train loads of Pickering's Khaki Green No. 3 have been used. Has someone purchased shares in the above-mentioned firm ?

The Company has been congratulated by the Commanding Officer for organising the sale of close on £100 in National Savings Stamps and Certificates during October — thanks to Sergeant Cooper and the anonymous post-war millionaires.

The departure of Lance Corporal Ritchie to the 1st Holding Battalion is regretted, but we hope that he will soon settle down in a new Unit. Best of luck, Jimmy !

A very deserving promotion was that of C.Q.M.S. Walsh to C.S.M.—the Company welcomes you.

J.H.H.

No. 2 Company

SPORTS.—Athletics have been the primary activity in the past month.

Our Unit team have been doing exceedingly well in the inter-Unit competitions and we are pleased to say once more our Company is well represented. The Garrison finals will be held on Saturday, September 20th, 1941, so we are hoping to show our small part of the world that the 1st O.T. Battalion still produce the goods.

If you should see young men walking around the lines on their toes you will know that the P.T. lessons are doing our Lance Corporals a bit of good. Never has there been so many "Sandows" in one Company. However, let me say here that there is no truth in the rumours that Lance Corporal W——ds had to rest for three days after his first period or that Lance Corporal F—rr—ll volunteered for a P.T. Course.

We have had many soccer games in these light evenings and we are sure we will have some new stars in the Unit team when the season opens on Saturday, October 1st.

AGONY.—There is a call for "Zubrick" Dibsdale, once a scintillating winger in the Sergeants' team. Will he please communicate with Sergeants Charlesworth and Johnson, as they are steadily falling into a decline. Even in their sleep they are said to cry for "Dibby."

This month I'll end wishing both my readers the best of luck. (Yes, there is another man who reads these notes.)

No. 3 Company

We are beginning these notes with an open letter to the Editor of "Reveille."

It is all over one word, too, Mr. Editor, the word "Purge."

Now "purge" means "to cleanse or purify—drastically if necessary."

You stated in your paper that Training Units were "being purged of A1 men." Really, Mr. Editor, "purge" is hardly the correct word, is it ?

Probably you, and some of your readers, suffer under a delusion that we instructors are cowering in fear and are afraid to leave our funk holes.

You are far from the truth, Mr. Editor.

Many of us are professional soldiers, Mr. Editor. Fighting is our trade. Do you really think we cower into funk holes, Mr. Editor ?

Read on, Mr. Editor—and think.

We are here because we have been posted to do a job of work and, believe it or not, Mr. Editor, it is against our true desires. We are fighting men, Mr. Editor, professional soldiers. Like many others who get the greater glory, we are longing for the day when we, too, are free to face the ravenous Hun together with those we have trained. We can do it, too, Mr. Editor.

This is hard work here and it is a specialist's job. Only men with experience can train those who know nothing of the task before them. An instructor's training is long and arduous, for he must know all the answers.

It is a specialist's job, Mr. Editor. Remember that before you use the word "purge" in relation to us. We don't like it.

The screaming and tumult on Le Cateau Square between 17.45 hours and 19.00 hours has died down and quietness reigns once again. In other words, the Junior N.C.O.s' Drill Course has finished.

Here are two trainees' howlers:—

First, a trainee says, "An electric current is a number of electricians moving along a wire."

Another trainee says, "An electric current can best be defined as bacteria moving about in a piece of wire. They can be likened to the red and white corpuscles in the blood stream."

Really !

Corporal (Ticker) Wilkins has left us for the Holding Battalion. Corporal Hurst and Lance Corporals Gaskin and Woodbridge have been warned for the same destination.

To all we wish good luck and good Units. Perhaps you will make your third this time, Wilkie. We are sorry to lose you all.

Lance Sergeant Constantine and Corporal Barron have returned to No. 1 Company.

We regret losing them and hope that they enjoyed their stay with us.

The Junior N.C.O.s (well in the news, aren't they!) have had a short Gas Course. No, not a "gripping" course. No time for that.

Those instructors who cannot ride a motor cycle are being taught.

As they can "ride" almost anything, they should manage this.

Personally, I think it is a good idea. Curiously enough, I said last month that I did not consider an N.C.O. efficient unless he could drive a car, fire a Bren gun, Thompson sub-machine gun and throw hand grenades.

This is a mechanised war.

There is a certain amount of jubilation amongst the Company now that duties have been cut down to a minimum. It makes such a difference.

All work and no play makes a soldier a very dull fellow, even in war-time.

Lance Corporal Clapton is making an excellent job of his new duty as Company Orderly Corporal. It is difficult to satisfy everyone, but he is getting very near to such a happy state of affairs.

Lance Corporal instructors have to compete with their own squads at P.T. now. As we are getting some very youthful trainees now, this will take some doing.

S.P.D.

No. 4 Company

The most notable event of the last month has been the general change over of 4 Company to Le Cateau lines in order to provide accommodation in Mons Lines for the A.T.S. We are just beginning to shake down. 1 Company personnel have taken over the old lines.

There have been few changes in personnel, and the following are

mentioned for the benefit of 4 Companyites who are far away—and not so far away:—

S.S.M. Grocott was, unfortunately, compelled for health reasons to relinquish the rank of C.S.M. We were sorry to see him go. C.S.M. Hunt is now our C.S.M., and does he clean offices up! S.S.M. Wink and S.S.M. Rhodes (Dusty), from Administrative, are keeping the flag flying in the Training Office. We learn that Lieutenant Pink is now leaving us for 2nd Holding Battalion. Better things in the offing we hope, sir. Joe Dunne is also departing to the 1st Holding Battalion on the first leg of a journey he knows not where. No doubt we shall hear of him via THE WIRE in the not too distant future.

Lance Corporal Hammond has been absorbed (what a meal) into the Cadre. These old soldiers keep cropping up. As our late lamented "Busty" says, "You can't keep a good man down."

Lance Corporals Falkner and Lockwood have just returned from a D. and D. Course and both obtained a "D." Nice work, boys!

This is all for now, short and sweet. By-the-way, the latest excuse: "Where are your ear plugs?" "They have been perished by the heat, sir!" (Not perishing likely, up here at any rate.)

DEFINITIONS.—A trainee was asked at the Trade Test Room what was meant by a "Signal Diary." His reply was: "This is a book issued by the Training Office for the guidance of operators and is becoming very popular."

ALFIE.

1st General Trades Training Battalion

CRICKET NOTES.—The cricket season having now breathed its last, we can now congratulate ourselves on having experienced a most successful season. We have played 13 games, won nine and lost only four. During the latter part of the season we experienced the remarkable achievement of defeating the Signals O.C.T.U. by 17 runs. The O.C.T.U. batted first and with their total at 86 for four wickets, left us one and a quarter hours in which to do our stuff. Thanks to the fine innings of Signalman Holmes, who scored 60 not out, and C.S.M. Walton, who could simply do nothing wrong, we passed their total with the same number of wickets down and ten minutes to spare.

Signalman Holmes tops the batting averages with an average of 68, although C.S.M. Walton and Signalman Allen deserve all laurels for consistency.

In the bowling field, Signalman Allen "Tops the Shop," with Lance Corporal Coutts-Trotter and C.S.M. McDowall close behind.

The total runs scored during the season was 1,389 for the loss of 123 wickets, averaging 11.21 runs per wicket, as against 1,329 for the loss of 109 wickets, averaging 12.19 runs per wicket; the reason for the slight deficit being due to the fact that when we were defeated we *were* defeated.

RESULTS

G.T.T.Bn., 93 (Signalman Davies 33)—Depot Battalion, 71 (C.S.M. McDowall 5 for 28).

G.T.T.Bn., 112 (Signalman Allen 32)—Holding Battalion, 39 (Signalman Allen 5 for 11).

G.T.T.Bn., 168 for 8 wickets dec. (Lance Corporal Peacock 35, Corporal Adkins 31, Signalman Allen 21)—Training Battalion R.A.C., 65 (Lance Corporal Coutts-Trotter 5 for 18, C.S.M. McDowall 3 for 16).

Training Battalion R.A.C., 102 for 5 wickets (Lance Corporal Coutts-Trotter 3 for 21)—G.T.T.Bn., 97 (Corporal Adkins 30).

Holding Battalion, 200 for 8 wickets dec.—G.T.T.Bn., 67 (Corporal Adkins 21).

G.T.T.Bn., 103 for 6 wickets (Signalman Holmes 60 not out)—O.C.T.U., 86 for 4 wickets dec.

G.T.T.Bn., 101 (C.S.M. Walton 30, Boy Hine 20, Lance Corporal Green 22 not out)—R.A.M.C., 53 (C.S.M. McDowall 5 for 13, Signalman Allen 4 for 17).

AVERAGES—Batting

	Inns.	Times not out	Runs	Most in an inns.	Avg.
Signalman Holmes	2	1	68	60*	68
Signalman Davies	5	0	133	39	26.6
Boy Hine	6	1	89	42*	17.8
C.S.M. Walton	8	1	115	30	16.43
C.S.M. Rodrigues	6	1	67	37	13.4
Signalman Allen	11	2	123	32	13.36
Lance Corporal Peacock	6	0	75	35	12.5
Corporal Adkins	10	0	123	31	12.3
Lance Corporal Coutts-Trotter	11	2	101	30*	11.22
Lance Corporal Green	4	1	32	22*	10.66
C.S.M. McDowall	10	1	94	30	10.44
Signalman Adams	6	1	48	23*	9.6
Sergeant Bennett	7	0	50	13	7.14
Sergeant Einig	8	1	34	13	4.86

* Signifies not out.

Bowling

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Avg.
Signalman Allen	62.4	7	260	30	8.66
Lance Corporal Coutts-Trotter	55.5	2	216	21	10.29
C.S.M. McDowall	73.3	5	271	24	11.29

AUTOADD.

No. 2 (Line) Company

ARRIVALS.—Your reporter welcomes the new arrivals and assures them that the autumn is THE season for training. The vicious winter in these parts can be very trying to those who are not used to the rigours of the North-East. Still, get down to it, lads, and show us what you can do!

NOTES AND NEWS.—A Cable Detachment took part in a War Weapons Week display quite recently under the easy leadership of Sergeant (Pop) Rider. Corporal Davidson did his stuff in fine style, but Lance Corporal Munkittrick deserted the Detachment in favour of "miking" in the capacity of compère. It was, however, an enjoyable outing.

Corporal Talbot returned to us a short while ago, and one of our most dearly beloved Sergeants—none other than Sergeant (Gummy) Geere—vanished overnight. It is understood that he has been abducted, but not against his will, by the ladies of Thirsk. So long, Gummy, and have one on us!

S.S.M. Ferguson, for some time attached to this Company, was whisked back in a whirl of dust and, as swiftly, whisked away to "Somewhere in the South-East." Really, it's breath-taking!

Corporal Smith (Smudger to you) came back only a few days ago from a short A.A. Course and looked as radiant and beautiful as ever.

And so it goes on, a never-ending parade of comings and goings that taxes the memory to the utmost.

CONGRATULATIONS.—To Corporal Clark on the gift of a baby girl.



MORE MOVEMENTS.—A whirlwind descended upon us just a fortnight ago and with papers and books, inkpots and A.T.S. flying high, we moved our Company office up the hill to Vimy. Cupboards came and went, drawers came down, and secret files, heavily guarded, were moved to an even more secret spot.

Out of the chaos there emerged an ersatz A.T.S. clerk in the guise of Lance Corporal Munkittrick, playfully dubbed "Miss Munkittrick" by everybody from the "Q" down. Company orders have been appearing at erratic intervals, beautifully smudged and blotted. Perhaps his qualities as a lineman will save him from permanent disgrace. We wonder!

QUERY CORNER.—Who is the Private (very!) who wants to know what "immature" means?

Is Lance Corporal Blay really air-minded?

Have you heard the new song, "Where are you Cohen to, my pretty maid"?

ENTERTAINMENT.—A new feature in entertainment for the Battalion has taken the form of Intelligence and Spelling Bees, and they seem to be enjoying a full measure of success. This Company has been represented, but not with outstanding talent. The Bee is usually preceded by an hour of musical frolics and community singing.

We had a representative in the Unit Concert Party, too, when they played with conspicuous brilliance at Hunton last week. There was dancing until nearly midnight and the "boys" took turns at banging the drums while their pals did the light fantastic. Boomps-a-Daisy! We of the Concert Party are under the expansive wing of C.S.M. Frankland, 3 Shops Company. His jokes most certainly go DOWN; if they go down much farther we shall have to take him under OUR wing.

TAILPIECE.—Football comes into its own again and great things are expected of the newcomers. Already, keen rivalry exists between squads. Until some results come through,

I remain, your reckless reporter,

JACK NEMO.

Boys' Training Company

GENERAL.—Well, once again, Boys' Company "Proper Slander" machine is set in motion after a well-earned month's respite.

Now leave and all its glories have been left behind, the everyday hum of Boys' Company existence is felt more than ever. No longer may boys be found spending money on the questionable N.A.A.F.I. edibles (as though there are any). Instead, a long stream of buckshee fiends may be seen meandering to our recently-acquired "Café a la Mode."

Since our return, the Company has developed a very keen sense of mobility, being ready to "take up their beds and walk" at a moment's notice. From our first abode, we shifted back to the scene of our square day crimes of 1939, only to be ousted out by Line Company chaps. We then moved to some militia huts, where we still remain in happy uncertainty.

Imagine our surprise to see Joe Lister roll up to this soldiers' haven of rest in Yorkshire for seven days. A good deal of "grip" naturally ensued, and we heard of some of "Der Tags" the ex-boys have been having down South. Our day will come shortly, though, so don't rub it in too much blokes!

After seeing us safely (?) shifted, C.S.M. Toc Edge departed from this Company to take over duty as R.Q.M.S. We hope his successor, C.S.M. McDowall, has as happy and as long a stay as had Toc.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—Who unwangles Toc's spud swing?

What is Masson's poetic achievement?

QUERY.—Are we A/Ts or A.T.S.?

JEWS' MAIL.—Ossy.—Drop a line.—Dug.

Algy.—Drop a line.—E.S.4a.

SPORTS.—On returning from a most enjoyable leave we have settled down to our new conditions and sport is in full swing.

A Company Sports Committee has been formed consisting of the following:—

President.—The O.C., Captain W. M. Lindley, M.C., Royal Signals.

Running members.—Corporal Blades T., Lance Corporal Boy Moore J.

Rugby members.—Captain Bickmore, R.A.M.C., Boy Stevens.

Hockey members.—Sergeant Hakesley; Boy Potts.

Football members.—Sergeant Cunningham, A.E.C., Boy Ham.

The object of this committee is to select the Company teams, arrange fixtures that WILL NOT clash, and to ensure that every boy in the Company "does" or gets his fair share of sport.

Since returning from leave we have played off a number of fixtures.

FOOTBALL

Boys' Training Company v. No. 1 (Line) Company.—Won 11—0.

Considering this to be the first match of the season with an entirely new team the result proved most satisfactory.

Team.—Boys Clowson; Ford and Neale; Wride, Ham and Christie; Hine, Stevens, Earl, Owen and Sergeant Cunningham, A.E.C.

Boys' Training Company v. "D" Company.—Won 4—1.

This match was played by a mixed team, but with a seemingly better knowledge of the game, we won after a good game.

Team.—Boys Clowson; Ford and King; Wride, Ham and Bond; Hine, Edgerton, Earl, Richardson W. and Qwen.

1st XI v. Battalion XI.

This was a clean and fast game, but playing with a very hard and heavy ball we were slightly handicapped. However, considering the odds against us we think we succeeded in putting up a fair show.

Team.—Boys Clowson; Ford and Wride; Ham, Christie and Hine; Stevens, Earl and Watkins, L/Lance Corporal Mackay and Sergeant Cunningham, A.E.C.

Sergeant Cunningham, A.E.C., and Sergeant Jackson, A.P.T.S., have together undertaken to train and instruct during football practice periods and we are looking forward to a successful season under their tuition.

HOCKEY

Boys' Training Company v. 1st Operators' Training Battalion.

This match proved a well-won victory for Boys' Company. The Operators had beaten the Battalion team twice previously. Boys' Company was well represented by the following:—

Lance Corporal Brodie and Boy Stevens (of Garrison fame), Boys Potts, Watkins, Pavey and Lance Corporal Boys Wride and Ridgeon.

It was then decided to give the boys' team a crack at them. The game opened up fast and furious, the Operators drawing first blood, but the Company soon equalised. The Operators went ahead again and the Boys for a time were over-run. Half-time arrived with the Operators in the lead, 3—1. The second half opened up with an encouraging word from our new C.S.M. McDowall (battalion centre forward and captain) and we went all out, and the Operators were put in the shade, and when the score reached 3—3 there appeared worried looks on the opposing team's faces. Then ensued a ding-dong battle, during which our defence, led by Lance Corporal Humphries, of the O.C.T.U., played excellent hockey, and for vitality, Jack Christie would make an ideal advertisement. Out of this battle came the Boys' Company, victorious. The final goal giving us the lead, 4—3. The scorers were C.S.M. McDowall, Lance Corporal Brodie, Boys Stevens and Ridgeon.

Other matches played since our last edition were against our permanent opponents, the 123rd O.C.T.U. The sixth match was played recently, being in our favour 3—2, and also a game before leave was in our favour, 2—1 (thanks to our goalie, Boy Band). Our thanks for these matches go to Lieutenant Pavey and Pigler Pavey, and we hope they continue.

CRICKET

Cricket ends for '41,
And we retire to dream
Of memories of games we won,
Of days upon the green.

Of Barnard Castle, Richmond School,
Of Ampleforth as well,
Y Company Cadre and O.C.T.U.,
They all were very swell.

We've seen that bit of leather,
Hit all round the grounds,
We've played amongst the heather,
We've played between the mounds.

Dukey Wride, our bowler sweet,
Has skittled thirty-two,
While George Hine has played a treat,
In scoring two-nine-two.

Johns has played a skilful bat,
For such a little son,
He's put the bowlers on the mat,
In scoring one-three-one.

Steve, too, has hit the ball about,
To get a pretty score,
He's put the fieldsmen all to rout,
In scoring one-o-four.

Wride and Haw and Pavey, too,
Have made the Company roar,
They must win, I guess they knew,
For they hit up a score.

Wilson, Band and Edgerton,
Have batted very well,
Whilst Wilson, Hine and Edgerton,
Have knocked the balls to ——.

Wicketkeeper Harry Haw,
Has kept the wicket well,
Whilst letting through but thirty-three,
I think he has done swell.

Masson scored the season through,
Helped by little boys;
Oh, Massy-pie, we pray to you,
Please let us share your joys.

For all those times we thank dear Toc!
For he arranged the games,
We hope his memory will not rock,
When he recalls our names.

So cricket's gone for '41,
And the Company cricket team
Retire to think of next year's fun,
Upon the cricket green.

Boy Hine has been playing cricket in the Battalion 1st XI and has certainly put up a good show. "Keep it up, George!"

COMPANY AVERAGES—Batting

	Avg.	Total score.
Hine	24.2	290
Stevens	17.0	102
Johns	16.3	131
Wride	8.8	61
Haw	8.2	49
Edgerton	7.0	35

Bowling

	Avg.	Wickets.
Wride	6.5	32
Edgerton	6.7	9
Wilson	7.5	17*
Hine	9.7	17

* Includes a hat-trick.

Hine took seven catches, Johns, Haw, Stevens and Wride took three each.

Of the total number of games played, five were won, four were lost and one was drawn.

ATHLETICS.—A number of boys represented the Battalion on Saturday, September 13th, at the Garrison Stadium Ground, in the Garrison Inter-Unit Athletic Meeting:—Boys Knight, Bond, Hine, Ford, Sherman, Lance Corporal Boy Moore—the latter obtaining a second place in the 880 yards heat in which he competed.

That's all for this month.

GINGER.

CADRE NOTES
(Culled from the Cookhouse, Coalhouse and Keyhole)

INTRODUCTION.—It is only fair that at the commencement of these jottings I—your most humble and unpaid scribe—should lay down for your guidance the following notes. For to read this column and not have these notes in mind would be a disaster !

1.—To believe all you read is foolish. To read about all you believe is a miracle !

2.—Should any person or persons mentioned below bear any similarity to an animal, reptile, bird or fish, then that's just too bad for both !

3.—If any reader is offended by these writings let him come and see me. As a word of warning I would mention that I weigh 400 lbs., am 7 ft. 8 ins. tall, and 50 ins. around the chest.

GENERAL.—During the past month, we poor unfortunates have been likened unto the nomadic tribes of Arabia. In the first place we were served with an eviction order to get out of our nice, comfortable Sandhurst Block back from whence we came. The chaps had hardly laid their toothbrushes to rest (in the bottom of their kit bags, where all toothbrushes go when blokes have false teeth), when, like a bolt from the blue, came that memorable message that can only be likened to that of Admiral Nelson, "Pack up and get out." Packing up wasn't difficult; after all, we hadn't unpacked ! Up to the time of going to press all is quiet and I have strong reason to believe that we have found a more or less permanent mooring.

We have swopped Sergeant-Majors. Sergeant-Major Edge has been "returned to store" (as R.Q.M.S.) and Sergeant-Major McDowall has been drawn. We have had several other arrivals and one or two departures, but there is no point in mentioning them, as those who have gone must know that they are not here and those that have arrived know only too well that they are here !

You have heard of housewives (some of you no doubt wish you hadn't). Well, we have a "Houseman" in the shape of Signalman Bass, our newly-acquired Clerk. He can be seen on any morning in the week wearing a most dainty pinafore, embroidered with his old school colours, dusting most industriously, and what's more Corporal Cook can now find his pencil !

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—What is a papoose ? Anyone interested should apply to Lance Corporal Chandler for enlightenment.

Why does a Lance Corporal of the Company fondly believe that the number of a man's rifle is the same as his regimental number ? Lance Corporal Chandler again has the knowledge. It's a shame the way he keeps these things to himself !

ENTERTAINMENTS.—Recently there has been organised in the Battalion a "General Knowledge and Spelling Bee" (that gong still rings in my ears). Corporal MacDougall (Silent and Strong) has been putting in some good work in organising and compiling these competitions. Of course, while doing this work, Corporal Mac is also educating himself. He brightly remarked t'other day that Hong Kong was the largest city in Turkey. I know the frontiers are moving about a good deal these days, but, well, I ask you ?

CONGRATULATIONS.—To Corporal Cook T., he is now the father of a fine boy !

CONCLUSION.—If I am not with you in these columns next month then you may assume that one of two things has happened:—

1.—My wife has caught up with me.

2.—That I have caught up with her.

COY CAD.

S.T.C. Wales

2nd Operators' Training Battalion

The Welsh winds do blow—the swimming pool looks less and less inviting (save, apparently, to one hardy young lady). There isn't much point in scanning the sand dunes with your binoculars now—the queues for the cinemas aren't more than a mile long—in other words, we are feeling the first chill touch of winter.

Operators are confident of a first-class Soccer team and have opened the season with a bang by beating Depot and General Trades respectively by eight goals and four without a single goal scored against them. No wonder, our "impregnable defences" are C.S.M. Peck I.—the driving force of the gymnasium—and Driver Webster, at full-back, and the redoubtable Corporal George Newham, in goal. Corporals Norman Sharpe and Jock Wood did the Panzer work in the front line as inside-left and inside-right respectively. Operators will be providing the S.T.C. team with first-rate players this season.

There is still news to report about tennis. The Operators' team won their match against "C" Company Depot, and we continue to provide the S.T.C. with, in our opinion, its most successful pair against Government departments.

Badminton, perhaps, looks more attractive than the tennis courts at this time of the year, and already we have had an inter-Company tournament. This was won, after some fiercely-contested matches, by the fearsome partnership of Lieutenant Giggall and Corporal "Wilf" Hunt. Their technique prevailed over the courage of the others. Corporal Freddie Hamlet, who had been frowned upon by some of the Badminton critics present, excelled himself in partnership with Lance Corporal Pete Richards, of 3 Company.

To leave the subject of sport, I find that the Company newshounds have scooped me on most of the Battalion's activities. But I ought to mention that those strange noises are not châlet doors creaking in the wind, nor fearsome sea monsters, but aspirants to the new brass band practising.

There has been the change-over of instructors—most of the changes are mentioned below—but I must add that Corporal Winfield is now on training strength and goes along to do his P.T. with the squad, between the walls that once re-echoed his "With me, cha-a-ange."

Of course, the departure of Sergeant "Busty" Hogg must be recorded here as well as by 2 Company scribe. If ever an operator made a Morse key talk, he did, as many an operator recruit remembers with gratitude.

FLASH.—When I referred to C.S.M. Peck I. above, I did not know he was about to depart from this Unit. But he is, and we all regret his going.

MASTER OSCILLATOR.

Administrative Wing

It seems that the powers-that-be have really decided to clamp down on the old hands, and Drivers Newman, Finch, Riggs and Signalman Patterson, are going to do their stuff as Signal soldiers once more. Apart from these local postings some very good friends have been separated—Corporal Donovan from the "Victoria," Lance Corporal Biggs E. A. from the office typewriter, and now they are going to take the "shine" right out of our own life, S.S.M. Shergold is going somewhere South. Whatever will the "Follies" do without their leading exponent (you can come out of hospital now, Lance Corporal Poulton, he's gone). However, good luck to you, sir; may you find some more rough diamonds—just to make them shine !

Owing to a spot of carving-up in the personnel of the Wing, sport hasn't been any too brilliant. The only event of any note was the first Soccer match with 1 Company. Administrative just scraped home by six goals to one; the old 'uns had done it again.

Two good games were witnessed between Operators and General Trades and Depot. Just after the kick-off against Depot, Sergeant N. Nicholson, the right-back of Depot, was seen to whisper to his left-half, and later on was heard shouting to him, "This is Norman Sharpe, that was !" It looks like the S.T.C. have a strong team for the coming season.

There are things in this world I am still hazy about. Will someone please tell me:—

Who has pinched my bike and why don't they come back to collect a couple of "accidents" to go with it ?

Why are the regular borrowers so funny and suspicious about the whole affair ?

What nationality is the N.C.O. who says, "Youse guys" ?

Why does the referee have a good match when Lance Corporal Sheard has a cold and loses his voice ?

What N.C.O. woke his châlet-mate up at 23.30 hours and asked him if he understood women ?

Who fell in the river in "blues" during the black-out after saying to his mate, "I'm sure there is a fence here somewhere" ? ("Shine" on, harvest moon.)

SIGNALSAM.

No. 1 Company

Here we are again, folks, with a bit of gossip and bits of this and that. The main happenings of the past month has been a reshuffle of the training staff. We have lost some of our "old hands," including Sergeant Hopkins G. (Daddy), Corporal Harvey J. D., Lance Corporals Walters V. J. and Davies J. G. (the procedure man). We bid them a fond farewell and hope that they will be as happy in their new spheres as they appeared to be with us.

We extend the glad hand of welcome to Corporal Battye H. P., who at the present moment is being gripped by the remnants of the "old hands." We hope that H. P. is not feeling the separation from W. D. too keenly.

Talking of grips, there is now a vacancy in the Company for the position of "Chief Gripper," which has been left open by the departure to another Company of ——, well, his name appears above, so you can take your pick. Nominations and recommendations for the position should be forwarded through the usual channels.

WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.—Why a certain "Busty" Sergeant has become so interested in the nursing profession and from whom he borrowed that cycle ?

The meaning of "straight and narrow" ? Replies to this query should be addressed to either of the Lance Corporals who are usually found in or near the Company office.

Whether a certain Lance Corporal has yet decided where he is going to spend his next seven days' leave ? Birmingham or Manchester are the present favourites, but you never know where these holidaymakers are coming from next.

Why all the A.T.S. are so interested in whether a certain Signalman is going to church ? They say that open confession is good for the soul, Grimm.

ADDITIONS.—To Mrs. and C.Q.M.S. Rickitts, a son (Thomas), at St. Asaph. Put him in the Signals, Tommy, and get him to make an allotment.

FLASH.—Lieutenant K. L. Parker, Royal Signals, joins the Company as Second in Command. May your stay be long and pleasant, sir.

AGONY.—The members of the permanent Cadre can now be seen in the early hours of the morning staggering about complaining of pains in the back. This is not always (note I say "not always") a case of the morning after the night before, but is due in a large measure to the withdrawal of box-spring mattresses and the issue of palliasses and straw. Buck up, lads, the first ten years are the worst. Incidentally, one wonders how many blades of straw it takes to make a resting place for our lofty S.S.M.

HOPEFUL.—The man who, when detailed for Warrington picket, enquired where he could find the transport to take him to Warrington.

ANSWER IF YOU DARE.—Where were you on the night of Thursday, September 4th, 1941, and does the wife know ?

TAILPIECE.—We always knew why our Gas N.C.O. got his job, but we never knew he was so much interested as to talk "shop" with the makers of gas capes.

That's all, fellows, I must start snooping again for next month's spicy bits. I'll be seeing you.

DUTCHY.

No. 2 Company

Little to report has happened since last going to press. The same happy atmosphere still prevails and recruits are eager to enter, but very sorry to leave, the Company (bouquets for the instructors!).

Training carries on under the new supervision of Sergeant Redgrave, popularly known to us all as "Red from the Technical Store." We wish him every success in the "little black hut at the back."

In an effort to bring the war nearer to us the powers that be have decided on an inter-Company change-over of instructors, and we cordially welcome Senior Sergeant Dunn from the C.I. staff, affectionally known to all as "Ginger." Another welcome newcomer is Lance Sergeant Pocock, from Ye Olde 4 Company (teleprinters).

FLASH.—As if by magic plenty of space suddenly appears in the Company lines. The reason for this is that our old friend "Busty" Sergeant Hogg (Griffin King Supreme) has been posted to a Holding Unit. It is our loss, but another's gain, for Busty's genial manner and hard work won for him many friends. He will be missed very much—so good luck, "Busty"!—what's the griffin now ?

Others who have left the Company are Corporal Robinson and Lance Corporal Higgs. The former has been seen wandering around with a screw-driver at which he looks rather unhappily now and again, but we believe he is now moulding operators with his customary ease.

The "Heavenly Twins"—Doughy and Marko—are still up to their tricks. Do you follow ?

So for the present, Vick-Ack, Ack-Robert.

BLONDIE.

P.S.—All the best to Egypt Signals wherever they may be, especially Vic Finn, Bill Warren, Andy and families, Doug Randall and Pilphott, from Smiler and the Duchess.

No. 3 Company

I have not much to offer this month "me lads," but in haste I give you as much griffin as possible. Peter Richards did a nice drill course at Depot and finished second of the whole heap. Oh, what a load of "bull" I get now—first action a "complete demonstration" of this and that— I really do my stuff by numbers, and she likes it.

Our C.S.M. now has a pigeon service in the lines—it won't be long before my châlet is covered like Nelson's column.

The mechanisation of the "Kate Karney" has been taken thoroughly to heart by a high official of our Company, who now rides on to the parade ground on his supercharged "Bike."

S O S.—Lance Sergeant Robson, last heard of in 2nd London, what about a line to Tommy (S.S.M. here) ? A relic of the Coventry blitz is now on show in the shape of one very much battered and ancient bike, owned by one Lance Corporal Ted "Naybor" E. W. By the time we read the next WIRE, Ben Holt (Corporal, ex O.S.33) will have humbled himself to a low degree and said "yes" to a woman. Good luck, Ben. Don't forget my book and Norman's little tin.

We welcome back from his course Captain J. E. Woodward and sincerely hope he has the Company fighting and armoured on the next flap.

Our "Corny" Cornetist is still blasting his way through every Battalion dance. It is rumoured that he is trying to get into the new brass band—but can't read a dot.

GRAND CHARITY BALL NO 2. — Watch out for sensational announcements in the future by Tex Richards' Enterprises Inc.

Incidentally, we had intended throwing the Company office gardens open to the public sometime during the month, but as the horticultural exhibits of another Company rather eclipsed ours we were forced to postpone the event to a later date.

Many happy returns.

TEXAS.

No. 4 Company

Teleprinters and switchboard operators of the old Company lament in sorrow those days since which its pristine glory has departed and the Company has linked up with the activities of the remainder of the Companies in the Battalion.

We welcome a mighty influx of new faces into the fold, too numerous to mention in detail, although old members of Administrative would find their names familiar. C.S.M. Kirby has sought new pastures and our regrets and best wishes go with him to his new sphere. Corporal Barton's many old friends will be interested to learn that he is instructing natives these days "in the Empire."

Lance Sergeant Pocock and Corporal Battye have taken refuge in other companies of the Battalion, while Sergeant Giles and Corporal Britton are with several other instructors in the pond—or should I say pool ?

Alack and alas! Time marches on and faces change. You will be pleased to know that Lieutenant Giggall is still holding the reins, although Lieutenant Harrison has "gone across the road," to use one of Major Jackson's phrases.

For now then, my old friends, "all the very best."

MAPPING.

2nd General Trades Training Battalion

No. 1 Company

Well, my very good friends, the time has again come round for me to set my pen to paper—how time flies, it seems but yesterday when I racked the old brainbox for something of interest to record. Anyway, here goes for this month's effort.

The usual quiet surroundings of the camp during mid-morning, you know, after the Sergeant-Majors have done their stuff, was shaken, dare I say rudely—my apologies if I may not—by the stirring strains of "Begone Dull Care." Investigation proved it was the newly-formed brass band coming out in the open for the first time. The largest proportion of the band are lads from General Trades and I'm pleased to record that a number of No. 1 Company are star members. So even if our lads cannot do too well in the sport line, they can apparently excel at soothing the savage breast.

Owing to the lack of response for entries for the novices' boxing match against Depot Battalion, it occurs to me that the members of the Company are desirous of preserving their features for other purposes, although I have always thought that the scars of battle were definitely more fetching where the fair sex is concerned !

We are pleased to welcome to our midst as our new O.C., Captain J. T. Cussens and trust his stay will be long and happy.

Seems the marriage bug is in the air again, since we are pleased and I may say glad to offer congratulations to Sergeant Watters on his recent marriage to Sergeant Betty Rowles, of the A.T.S. That seemingly perennial bachelor P.T. Sergeant was best man. How about it, "G," we are just dying to make the announcement !

CONGRATULATIONS.—To Lance Sergeant and Mrs. Hunt on the arrival of a daughter. To S.S.M. Kelly F. on substituting a "C" for the first "S."

With this we say "Au Revoir" until the next time and here's all the best to ex-"Onecoyites" wherever you are.

J.F.S.J.

No. 3 Company

Hello again ! 3 Company calling once more. Your learned scribe is endeavouring to write this to the accompaniment of weird and unearthly scounds which periodically issue from cornets, tubas, trombones and the like. The reason for this is that several lads in the Company are very anxious to get into the newly-formed S.T.C. Brass Band. Anyway, here's luck to the band, and I hope they get the support they deserve.

Sporting activities are again to the fore in this month's news. The Company carried all before them in the recent swimming gala (as usual). Nice work, lads !

The energetic fraternity of this Company put up a grand show in the athletic meeting against Holding Battalion.

With the football season on its way again we are glad to find several promising players who should ensure the Company having as good a team as in the past. Rumour has it that we are to get a return boxing match with Depot Battalion, and this time there should be no doubt as to the outcome.

Last week it was very noticeable that everyone was going about with a beaming smile all over his dial. Investigation proved that this happy state of affairs was due to two causes (a) the N.A.A.F.I. had some cigarettes for sale, and (b) our C.S.M. was taking a seven days' rest cure.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Mike (Fifeshire): "You see everything comes to him who waits. We think . . . Blue pencil . . . Blue pencil."

Jock (2 Section).—"We are sorry we cannot give you any information concerning the publican's business or, in plain words, "How to run a boozer."

"B" Company, Depot Battalion

Training goes on apace; sections passing off are up to the usual standard. It is noteworthy the honour of having the top squad is now going the rounds of the squad commanders, instead of becoming a monopoly as it was "way back." It is a pleasing feature, as it points to the N.C.O.'s being still enthusiastic in their work.

The Company maintains its good record in the inter-Company sports, especially boxing. Good use is made of the football and cricket gear, showing there is an abundance of enthusiasm among the recruits with us at present. This enthusiasm is shared with the savings scheme, a bumper amount being subscribed each week. So, together with the happy family spirit still running through the Company, everything in the garden is lovely.

Our "office" and "stores" still operate in their efficient manner; a harassing look is worn by their respective staffs at times, but "they always ride the storm" in the end. Still, give credit where it is due. They do not come into the public eye as it were, but a large amount of important work is successfully waded through. It can be noted the "stores" are always "up," but a sight for sore eyes was the Q's wrestle with the Rifle Record Book. I believe he is still "up" in that, too.

JIM.

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3rd Operators' Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

Unusually intelligent readers will have observed that Administrative Wing's excursions into these columns are of a remarkably sporadic nature. The reason for this is not far to seek. The personnel comprising this Wing, being for the most part comparatively old soldiers, are of a low and crafty disposition. Consequently, the writing of notes for THE WIRE is regarded as just another of these things. Now and again, however, some poor unfortunate is cajoled, bullied or bribed into pouring out his soul on paper. This is our second go, and we have been bullied into it, so we can legitimately claim poetic licence or diplomatic immunity if our efforts are adversely criticised.

It is usual in these notes to detail the comings in and goings on (in a purely technical sense) of the staff. However, there has been such an enormous influx of charming and cultured auxiliaries and such a corresponding departure of the old brigade that it is quite impossible to enumerate all these changes. Two notable exceptions to this generalisation are Cook-Sergeant Rooney C. H., who is getting his ticket, and Corporal Bragan, J. B., ex-Orderly Room, and now posted to start a loony-bin (excuse us, Orderly Room) of his own.

The work of the Wing pursues the normal even tenor of its way, subject always to the temporary upheaval caused by the afore-mentioned influx of our khaki-clad glamour orderlettes (female orderlies, to you, Sergeant). Consequently, there is little of outstanding interest to record. The battalion cricket team achieved the dizzy heights of top of the local evening cricket league, and we have heard it rumoured that the prize money is to be "blued" on a beer and sausage supper—and you all know how scarce sausages are these days.

"As ye sow so shall ye reap." Our gardening campaign is now bearing fruit, but the occupants of one billet must be sadly disappointed. In the summer (sic) they plentifully manured their garden with cigarette packets (empty), match boxes (Ditto) and razor blades (well worn). So this seed has born no fruit, and in this scribe's humble opinion "74" overdid it. After all the fertility of the soil is limited and you can't expect it to bring forth such extraordinary crops in addition to more orthodox produce. The dandelions and thistles in the front, however, thrive exceedingly!

We have noticed that all respectable WIRE notes run a "Things we should like to know" column. There are a deuce of a lot of things we should like to know. Chief amongst them are the following:—

Why has Signalman H—tch—n, of the Pay Office, paid so much attention to warrants lately, and is that why he's landed that nice little job at W——?

Has Mr. K——t any evidence to support his claim to be a one-man battalion?

Is it true that the Pay Office beauty chorus will figure prominently in our Garrison Theatres new show, "Sunday Night at Seven"?

If the Regimental Police are "aufgebraunt" and can anyone suggest a congenial task to while away the tedious hours?

In addition to all the above "sesquipiddledan verboojuice," this column proposes to run an answers to correspondents' section.

Not only is this novelty designed to increase circulation (an end which in happier days was achieved by liberal free gifts of paper patterns and packets of bird seed), but we hope it will bring peace to the troubled and solace to the weary. Have you any worries? Send your problems, enclosing a P.O. for 5s. (which will be devoted to charity which beginneth at home) to "Auntie Ermyntrude."

Below are given a few samples of the helpful counsel which the old faggot lobs out:—

"Lance Corporal," Nth Divisional Signals, Lower Toad-in-the-Hole—I shouldn't advise you to try getting another stripe that way, old son. It has been done, but know how people talk.

"Worried Sergeant," "Somewhere in England."—If you will send me a stamped and addressed envelope, and give me the details of the dates, etc., I will answer your query privately.

"A.T.S.," attached O.T.B.—The garments to which you refer, dear, are made up from a material in a delicate shade of khaki, known to the trade as "Passion Killer." A very good line in this can be obtained from Messrs. Brawn and Shillingsworth, price 1s. 11½d. per yard, no coupons.

"Ambitious," Yorkshire.—No, laddie, all O.R.S. are above suspicion; and they are not responsible for promotions, postings, or trade ratings.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.—Next month in response to requests from large numbers of readers (well, two, anyway), we propose publishing the horoscopes of the personnel of Administrative Wing, assuming that the censor has his back turned.

No. 1 Company

Welcome to C.S.M. Cooper, our former "Q," who has returned to 1 Company as Company Sergeant-Major.

That "there's many a good tune played on an old fiddle" was proved in the last squad competition, when 65c, who have earned the nickname of the "Veterans," won the cup.

Football is being included in the competition again now, but from the scores of the first two matches (9—0 and 11—1) it would seem that the so-called football is only a variation of the more summer-like games.

Congratulations to Corporal Brown J. C. on getting his Foreman of Signals course. Trainees will miss his lectures on E. and M. and Wireless Theory, particularly his knack, as he called it, of getting down to the "very bare bottom" of things. He claimed to be messing member for the Corporals' Mess, a claim he substantiated by saying that he ate as much as all the remainder of the members put together. It is rumoured that he has written a farewell ode to O.T.B., "Those I have loved"—bed, food and Sl——T——W—— T.

Though we make no claims to possess the powers of a Lyndo or Archidamus, it seems as if our prophecies of increased entries in the marriage stakes from the Cadre N.C.O.s are likely to prove correct. It seems as if more than one is to find his "Old Dutch" in this fair place.

Corporal "Curly" Darbyshire is the new president of the Corporals' Mess. It is said that he only accepted the position because he saw how the worries of the position had made his predecessor, Corporal "Jimmy" Mansfield, and he thought it was about time he gave his waist-line some attention.

There is no confirmation of the rumour that one of the new huts that have arrived is to house an "Oxometer" for use in conjunction with the Creed Room. (Technical note: An oxometer is an instrument for measuring b—ll—t. Originally used at one company by Lance Corporal Miller, has now been taken over by Corporal Bullen.

No. 1 Company continue to scoop the "D.s" on the Drill and Duties Course, and since February have lifted at least one on each course. Lance Corporal Makin is the latest one to have suffered the tyrannies there and to have earned his just reward.

Most O.C. Companies are well informed as to what is going on among the men, but it is not often they disclose the sources of their information. Our O.C. let it slip the other day, that when he is in need of information he can generally obtain it from the good ladies who give up so much of their spare time in our canteen.

The Mess Room is back to its old prosaic arrangement after a short time rejoicing in the lay-out of a Continental café. It has been suggested that the return to the old arrangement is because the request to the A.T.S. to supply dancing girls suitable for the revised lay-out could not be met.

JEWS' MAIL.—Calling "Pip" Legge, ex-Pesh—What about a line to "Tim," Healy at the above address?

No. 2 Company

APOLOGIA.—It is unfortunate that the exigencies of publication demand that these notes, by the time that they are being read, should be not news, but history. Items which are recorded in the white heat of their occurrence become strangely tepid in the necessary interval before their conversion into print—their immediate vociferous urgency recedes with a rapidity akin to the last seven days' leave.

Not, we hasten to assure you, that we have anything cataclysmic to impart. Our space must be filled somehow, and how better than a dissertation on generalities? For at least there is safety in generalities, even though we are in a position to reveal—exclusively, of course, all manner of matters personal, being prevented from such revelation only by a strict appreciation of the law of libel and by physical inferiority.

But there are a few recent events pleasant to recall. We of the Company, who have known him for many months, were pleased when we learned that C.S.M. Raymond must now be addressed as Lieutenant Raymond; and a few days after his commission had been granted we said good-bye to him. He took with him a cigarette case subscribed for by the entire company, and left with us, in his parting speech, some words of sound advice.

It was at a smoking concert that the presentation took place, and Captain F. C. MacMurray, our O.C., spoke for all of us when he extended our best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond and their family. Even apart from the presentation, it was an enjoyable smoking concert, for our own Private "Bobbie" Benson sang—and sang well, too—and Miss Pengelly was again in excellent voice (we all hope, now he has gone, that he really does find the 10-line a 'portable instrument). Kench and Roberts, *sine qua non*, were again in evidence; their ballet Egyptian accompanied them, of course. And all the remainder of the Company's talent performed for our benefit. Clements, the mathematician, Allen, the violinist. As Private Benson would paraphrase and dimple, "Be still my pen; silent list . . . ." Enough!

FANTASY.—When we learned of C.S.M. Raymond's promotion to a higher plane we held a meeting—quite an informal affair it was; just the N.C.O.s who count, gathered round a pint of ale (it was Thursday night) and all getting as near to "Pip" Pearson's pipe as we dared to prove how strong we were, and we decided we had better have a new C.S.M. After all, we argued, somebody's got to look after parades and arrange pickets and things. So we looked over the list of likely chaps, submitted to us by the lads in Company office—we agreed they had to have some share in the decision, for it was they who would have to work with him. But as soon as we saw the list we all agreed that we'd appoint S.S.M. Kelly, from No. 4 Company, to be our new C.S.M. So we telephoned him to ask him if he wanted the job and how much it would be worth to us if we gave it him. He said he didn't mind now there was a war on, and anyway he thought he could easily manage a shower like us. So that was settled—at least it was settled after we had explained to Lance Corporal Tilson the meaning of M.M., and when he heard he laid an egg—several in fact—and this ovarian story is one mendacious fallacy. Anyway, C.S.M. Kelly is now comfortably installed with us, and in response to our most recent enquiry he authorised us to state that he is recovering steadily from the shock of meeting us.

FAREWELL.—We've had to say good bye to several decent chaps during recent weeks. Corporal Annas has gone to O.C.T.U., while Lance Corporals Murray, Osborne and Wills have also gripped us firmly by the hand and assured us they would write. They don't, of course, people never do—but the A.T.S. tell us of Murray's progress, for he writes often to one of them. And, finally, we who are interested in teleprinters and their maintenance now thankfully realise that there is less chance of our having to deliver lectures, because Sergeant Jack can't be found anywhere—for Sergeant Jack is feeding in pastures new.

E.B.

No. 3 Company

The Company has been the centre of activity in the past five weeks and for once the trouble in the writer's mind is who to leave out of the horrors list.

To begin with the brains—the apple goes to the trainee who thought of this one:—"Duplex, the copy of a message transmitted. It is filed and kept for 72 hours for reference." Perhaps "age" turns it sour.

Departure and arrivals have occurred with such remarkable rapidity during the past few weeks that the old Company personnel is now almost extinct. Lieutenant C. F. Bunce—who had been O.C. since the formation of the Company—has now been replaced by Lieutenant W. S. Sanderson, who has already undertaken his duties with Lieutenant Grantham as training officer and a new Sergeant-Major—C.S.M. Swinson—as his right-hand man. There are still a number of trainees who have good cause to appreciate Lieutenant Bunce's advice on their arrival at Albany Hall—and every one of them would wish me to extend the hope that his relief from more strenuous duties will enable him to recover his health and strength. 2nd-Lieutenant Herbert, one time training officer, has left the Company to undertake other duties in the Battalion.

Jovial Sergeant Topping has also been posted, and when last heard of was trying to understand the Scottish "lingo."

The second dance was another real success, but the third is to be "for a commercial end"—for an admission charge is being introduced to "keep down the attendance" as the Scotsmen in one squad avow.

My great regret of the month was that I could not go to the Company concert—but I was in a very small minority, for the hall was crowded.

Colonel Stock—forgetting his worries which emanate from mathematics classes and the marriage problem (?) was the star of the clowns, while Lance Corporal Hansell came up to expectations as a stooge. The highbrows were catered for by the trio, Lance Corporals Winterburn and Whyper and Signalman Beattie. Others who took part were Signalmen Davis and Tidgeon. The Certo Cito band, including the demon trumpeter McKinley, were on the stage and a surprise item was songs by Mrs. Tidgeon.

The N.C.O.s have been kept busy. Lance Corporal Underwood has returned from a depot D. and D. Course without losing either fat or sleep. Lance Corporal Healy took his course seriously and came out at the top of the examination results.

Lance Corporal Branson has gathered another tape, he's now a Lance Sergeant—his cap is still a decent fit I think!

There have been five O.C.T.U. departures—Lance Corporals Cromarty, Mitten, Broad and Barton.

One surprise is that Lance Corporal "Viscount" Short has found time between leaves to pass through all the O.C.T.U. boards.

Lance Corporals Sykes and Wyper are expected back from Depot in a few days and we anticipate that both will be disturbing the cinders on the square after D. and D. Courses.

There are quite a number of O.C.T.U. hopefuls who are experiencing the pangs of horror of going to an M/T course—it is noticable how eagerly they scrambled for leave as soon as they returned. They don't forget easily those lectures on the Square on how to dress smartly in denims—nor of the art of sleeping under a lorry on a maintenance day. They should know where to look for their drivers should they ever pass through O.C.T.U.

Congratulations to Signalmen Neasham and Ferguson on their recent marriages—and to Signalman Hardy on "the new arrival who's just like his father."

There's been a lull in the sports—the mysterious basket ball side has disappeared—which is very surprising, especially as the team was excused P.T. The cricket team have still to play their deciding match with Administrative Wing, in the Company league competition.

A note of comfort to personnel of squads due for leave—in particular the two senior squads nearing B3 leave—don't take too much notice of negative entries in diaries.

And to all who expect posting in the next few weeks, here's wishing them good hunting, and remember, chaps, Spitzbergen can't be too bad a dump—we hope!

No. 4 Company

Greetings everyone, everywhere. Here is the news of 4 Company and this is Corporal Hewitt writing it.

TRAINING.—Work at the schools is still going great guns, and the majority of the squads are now finding training much more interesting with the L/T schemes. 'Our beautiful Creed machine has dropped in popularity of late, and the Creed King, Lance Corporal Middleton, is, indeed, a gentleman of leisure these days. Sergeant Harding enjoys the happy state of being a free lance instructor! I wonder how long it will last?

Thanks to the good work of Sergeant Kenchington, rooms 6, 7 and 11 are now a joy to work in. You are many miles away now, Kenchy, and perhaps you'll be interested to know that, since you did that swell re-wiring job, there has not been the slightest trouble.

Thanks also to Sergeant Faircloth and Corporal Snelson, rooms 5, 3a and 3b are, indeed, smashing pair work joints.

Apart from that things are much the same from a training point of view.

PROMOTIONS.—Congratulations now to Corporals Mann, Snelson, Holley, Starkey and Mattin. The chevron trade must have hit a new high.

DEPARTURES.—The Corporals' room was, indeed, a sad place on Monday, August 25th, when Corporal Allen departed. Good luck, "Rusty" in your new job. Sorry to lose Corporals Starkey and Holley. What price fame, eh, chaps!

A sad farewell to now C.S.M. Kelly, our ex-training office king-pin. We miss you awfully, sir. Our loss is 2 Company's gain. Good luck, Sergeant-Major, and tons of it.

ARRIVALS.—Welcome to Lieutenant Ashford from Holding Battalion. We hope you enjoy your stay with us, sir.

We welcome, also, Lance Sergeant Hinton, from Administrative Wing. (There is no truth in the current rumour that Sergeant Hinton *invented* the 10-line exchange!) We are also honoured with the presence of Sergeant Handley and Corporal Hunter—both on refresher courses.

FLASHES.—Thanks to C.S.M. Brown the Corporals are now separated and enjoy the privacy of a room on their own.

Best of luck to Corporal Snelson on his Gas Course. We all hope you pull the elusive "D."

Flash—Where has our band gone to lately? We do not hear sweet music wafting from their rec' room. Did I hear somebody say "Thank God"? Shame on you, sir.

Flash—It is whispered that Sergeant Verlander's household is expecting a happy event. Hope it's a boy, Verly.

AGONY.—Why does the local pub, namely the Albion, only open three nights a week? And why on one of these precious nights do we have to be out on field training?

So for the present I leave you. Good luck, good readings and good-bye.

LEONARD HEWITT.

Depot Battalion

Administrative Wing

Why is it that when one really gets down to the task of writing these notes all inspiration seems to disappear? Can a system be evolved whereby the scribe just sits down and lets the "griffin" run from his pen? Let's try it.

Assume that the brain is a sponge sodden with water, the "water" being the heterogeneous assortment of thoughts or happenings gathered from the doings of Administrative Wing during the past month. Squeeze the sponge—a thought trickles out. Blimey, I believe it's working.

Squeeze 1.—Congratulations to "me ol' pal, Joe" (Corporal Carrick J. A. F.) on attaining his second tape. How many "dates" were broken that night? No wonder there is a shortage of beer in the locality. I don't know what explanation I'll give when the "third" turns up, Joe (even then I don't think she believed me).

Squeeze 2.—"Five more weeks" Rider, has now reached the end of his tether. What happens now, Allan, "fresh fields"—or is it really "luv"?

Squeeze 3.—Now that the holes in the carpet on either side of the table tennis table have been repaired, perhaps Corporal Duxbury will be able to "come out of the trench."

Squeeze 4.—Corporal "Killer" Blair has apparently derived much benefit from his musketry training in the "Phillips manner"—vide large lump on the Carrick dome.

Squeeze 5.—Distant Utopia visualized by the "Dead End Kids"—No Duties.

"BRAINS TRUST" CORNER.—Where do the fags go in the winter-time? (Are you listening, Joad?)

Has the "Bad Man of ——" at last been tamed? Perhaps she used a "Bren"—gun!

Why has "Haggis" retired from circulation—domesticated Dow?

From what source did "Tiny" Isaac derive his new signature tune, "Oh where, oh where, has my little book gone"? (Have you looked "On the Fell" yet, Jack?)

What bright A.T.S. arranged the "do"—that didn't? (Next time, "Book before you seat.")

SAYINGS OF "THE GREAT."—Put on the kettle and we'll all have tea.

I say, can I have some leave, please?
Where did you get that Service Dress?
Can anyone get me a cook?
Where *is* Forty-seven stroke five?
Get me the authority for this!
Finally, a poem. This is a "first effort" (in print).

TO THOSE WHO COOK

The church clock strikes the hour of two,
The Stygian dark envelopes all,
And a restless fugitive stirs in bed,
Then rises, as if to a call.

Blankets aside, HE quietly dresses;
To the door with cunning stealth;
Creeps down the stairs to the cold night air,
So injurious to HIS C3 health.

O'er cobbles and tarmac HE makes no sound.
On what queer mission is HE bound?
Pausing, listening, crawling yet on,
Passing the guarding bayonet drawn.
Glides to the Guard Room, his breath coming fast,
Slips inside, HE'S there at last.

The Commander looks up aghast at the sight,
Thinking "Must be a saboteur, this time of night."
Then from HIS lips a quavering drawl—
"SERGEANT, CAN I HAVE AN EARLY CALL?" —B.M.

MILD AND BITTER.

"B" Company

This month we welcome a new leader to the fold, namely, C.S.M. Jackson, a man of ideas, but regret to announce that he is at present in hospital. We all wish you a speedy return.

The two bull-fighters, Corporals Allan and Evans, have also arrived in the Company to do a bit of "goon" training.

Our singing D.I., Lance Corporal McGrath left us still humming his tunes, and has departed to the land of the "potentials."

The sympathy medal this month goes to Lance Corporal Gibson, who, one Tuesday night, beheld a goon sleep-walking around the barrack room. After placing him in bed—still asleep—this gallant N.C.O. found to his amazement a second midnight meanderer following his footsteps.

"D" Company

ARRIVALS.—Business has been so good lately that we have been forced to take an extra staff. Among those we are happy to greet are C.S.M. Rafferty, Lance Corporals Alexander and Harford, and our old colleague "Vic" Metcalfe (Corporal to his pals), who has returned to us from the "Gestapo."

We hope that our business associations will be a long and mutually satisfactory one.

PROMOTIONS.—We extend our heartiest congratulations to Sergeant Carter (Well, I never!) and Corporal Frost upon attaining full rank and also to Lance Corporal Packman, who has rejoined the Juniors after a long stay in hospital.

COURSES.—The Company office suffered a loss when Lance Corporal Clapham departed on his Gas Course—there has been a notable decrease in salvage since he left—and we are sure that Healey Road is now plunged into gloom, but no doubt there will be great rejoicing on his safe return.

Congratulations to Corporal Bagnall (Baggy), our smooth-faced bruiser, and Lance Corporal Houlden, the gentleman with the "economy pipe," on safely negotiating the much-feared D. and D.

FLASH.—Dame Rumour has it said that our O.C. is now almost fully mechanised and "air minded" as a result of attending a recent A.A. Course. We can now be sure that all strange 'planes, particularly Heinkels, etc., will steer clear of the Company area in future. Maybe some of the uninitiated are wondering why Captain Wade is only "almost fully mechanised." Well, to enlighten these mortals I think it should be said that in view of his bicycle being out of commission it is thought that he may come to Company parade on his trusty charger. "These new-fangled ideas always seem to be breaking down, sir; perhaps that is the reason why you have a preference for horseflesh."

GOSSIP.—Things have been fairly quiet of late, excepting on the day of the inter-Company sports, when our goons ran away with nearly all the individual events. The tug-of-war team from this Company pulled exceedingly well to win the day.

R.W.W.

London District Signals

Headquarters Section

This is the Section of All the Talents (except Tug-of-War) calling once again despite another month of grinding and soul-searing toil. We mention the tug-of-war only because our Section Sergeant (or one of them) is on leave. Otherwise we wouldn't dare, for it is a very sore point with him and with others. There are even reports that Tiny Willis has given up training—a fact which will doubtless be received with relief in some quarters.

However, if the Section (apart from Mr. Caton's three miles) did not shine with any particular brilliance in the sports, it was put right back on the map in the shooting, and our congratulations are due to Corporal Pomroy on his extremely fine score. Strange how good people get when they have once fired for their pay!

To return to that sphere we have all learned to love so much, the world of Army Forms, the activities of the Unit's administrative side has continued unabated despite the galaxy of Section Officers and Assistant Adjutants who have come and gone in a bewildering succession since the Section's last appearance in print.

Originally, of course, there was Mr. Caton, but after his stupendous effort in the three miles (mentioned above) he was retired and Mr. Branch ascended the throne. Having come, seen, and conquered however, unlike Alexander (the Great, not the Sergeant), he went. In fact, he waited not upon the order of his going, but fled to the office of the D.R.s, whose gain was our loss. It began to seem that there was a hoodoo on the A/Adjutant's chair, but now it has all the appearances of being firmly occupied by 2nd Lieutenant Reynish, whom 1b welcomes as its new Section officer.

The remainder of our news—such as it is—is mainly concerned with the great battle of the Quartermasters, which is now in autumn session. C.Q.M.S. Muir has installed himself in a position of great strategical advantage by organising two band practices per week over the heads of No. 2 Company, who have been compelled either to become saxophone-conscious or to execute an undignified evacuation. C.Q.M.S. Hammerton, however, has made the best of a bad job by borrowing the musical score of "Five O'clock Whistle" (this theme tune for a long time past) which he intends to pin on the office door. This should serve as a dire warning to any foolish Signalman who has the temerity to even approach No. 2 Company Office more than thirty seconds after the hallowed closing hour.

Lance Corporal Broome, whose Company of Ghosts has now been reduced to one man and a boy, is going even one better and hopes shortly to bring out an entirely new composition entitled "Three O'clock Whistle." This, it is felt, will create great jealousy in No. 2 Company Office, and the situation is being watched with interest.

Unfortunately, we have to close this month's notes on a somewhat sad note, and the sympathies of all his colleagues will go out to Signalman Johnson in his recent family bereavement.

No. 1 Section (Workshops)

Since early this month we have learnt that our fairy-like colleagues in Section 4 do not rely entirely on 350 cc. for speed or pull. They seem to have some mysterious power of their own and so, as true sportsmen, we say "Stout Fellows." Workshops Section is not strong numerically compared with others and we think this fact should be mentioned by way of explanation for not finishing No. 1 Section at the Unit sports meeting. Beg your pardon? Rationalisation? No. We repeat, Explanation.

Sad to relate, we have recently lost another of the Section's now famous hub. Signalman Stuart has gone to another Unit and we shall certainly miss his genial countenance. We understand that at the time of his departure was pending the completion of a course in courtship, so we hope that he will not now be too far away to take the final lectures, and we sincerely wish him "All the best."

Never Say Anything Funny is a trite, if not feeble, joke, but we didn't think it so funny when our Institute was, unfortunately, unable to supply even the usual "five-a-day." However, we occasionally show a little ingenuity (even though we may be ingenuous most of the time) and so we produced our pipes in the Battery Shop. It's surprising what a manly air a pipe will give to an otherwise ordinary-looking individual. That's just "by the way." What we'd really like you to know is, that the STUFF in the riding school makes a rather nice smoke. Jolly good thing that the hay—sorry—hey-day of the gee-gee is over. What? Beerio, chums.

THE MAESTRO.

No. 3 (Linesmen's) Section

The Section have had a busy time since our last notes were published. A number of lines have been laid, but as the work has been a very "hush-hush" affair we cannot be more explicit about their nature and whereabouts. Like our trumpeters, we must remain silent.

When one considers the fact that the Section had only nine men to choose from they put up a very good show at the Unit sports. We entered in every event, which necessitated the same men running over and over again. Signalman Fackrell did extremely well by finishing fourth in the three-mile race. The benefit of plenty of sleep was proved





C.O. presenting cup to 2/Lieut. F.G.G. Rapsey



C.O. presenting prize to Major Harding

when Arthur Lee claimed second place in the 220 yards, closely followed by our Section Officer, who gained third place. Corporal Ward almost made his effort in the high jump, a tight-rope act. He ran, he jumped, landed in a sitting position on the cross-bar on which he bounced three times, and calmly jumped off leaving the bar in position. Thanks to every one for their efforts.

Whilst our Section Officer was on leave, Sergeant Duffin took his motor cycle out for its daily airing. He surprised everyone, including the bike, by proving that it had a top gear and was also capable of exceeding the speed of 25 miles per hour.

At the time of going to press, Corporal Ward is away from Barracks for three weeks, which has thrown stand-by worries on to Sergeant Duffin, who promptly hit upon the ingenious method of cutting them out altogether. A very popular innovation.

Signalman Taylor continues to put in an occasional appearance for a few hours and goes off again until next pay day. The plan of sending his money to him is being considered.

The "Jeepa" twins have parted at last. Signalman Phillips has left us for an out-station and Signalman Fackrell is away on a course. The parting was hard, but no doubt time will heal it. Lance Corporal Turner and his canine pal have left the Unit Post Office for the Unit Police Station. Dick's efforts at painting his pal's new kennel, where he now stands guard, was greatly appreciated.

Before closing, there is one thing *all* the Section would like to know. The reason why Sergeant Duffin did not send a copy of the August issue of THE WIRE home to his wife?

No. 4 Section (D.R.'s Corner)

The high-light of this month's news was the Unit's annual sports meeting—field sports for the Unit and a "field-day" for the D.R. Section, who had, it seemed, a lot in the bag and some more up the sleeve.

Gaining a total of 35 points, the D.R. Section ran away with the inter-Section silver cup, which is now on view to all and sundry in the D.R.s' office. The Drivers' Section was next with a total of 20 points. It must be admitted that the runners-up made a very good show, but they were not good enough. We must thank our Section Officer, 2nd Lieutenant F. G. G. Rapsey, who proved himself an all-round athlete.

Rumour was rife for days before the meeting upon each Section's chances, there being much public and more private training, a keenness never shown before. Indeed, it was a common sight to see one particular Section hauling an old cannon attached to pulleys, night after night. As a matter of fact, the sentry one night was going to rouse the Barracks when he heard a clanking and clattering in the distance, but it turned out to be the hot favourite Section in training for the tug-of-war event. It is said that this same Section uprooted all the trees in the Barracks when training, and the C.O. had to put a special picket on the Officers' Mess in case they should attach their pulleys to that. The hot favourites caused a minor sensation by turning out in elaborate-coloured jerseys and the spectators held their breath when the Captain and his men got ready to pull, but the real sensation came when they fell away, like moths before a candle, on their first pull. If colour had any frightening power the D.R.s would have been frightened out of their lives, but it takes more than colours and brawny *looking* men to frighten D.R.s. (Can you hear the trumpet, fitters?) The following officer, N.C.O.s and men were instrumental in winning the silver cup:—

Putting the shot.—2nd Lieutenant Rapsey (1st).

Putting the Shot.—Signalman Graham (2nd).

220 yards race.—Signalman Woods (2nd).

880 yards relay race.—2nd Lieutenant Rapsey, Sergeant Tucker, Lance Corporal Moses and Signalman Smith (1).

One mile relay.—2nd Lieutenant Rapsey, Lance Corporal Moses and Signalman Smith (2).

One mile.—Lance Corporal Moses (2nd).

Tug-of-war.—2nd Lieutenant Rapsey, Lance Sergeant Woods, Lance Corporal Watts, Lance Corporal Stanbridge, Signalmen Graham, Lovett, Williams and Pagett (1st).

The Old Soldiers' race.—Sergeant Tucker (1st).

Great credit is due to Sergeant Tucker for his coaching in the tug-of-war event. His movements would have brought a blush of shame to the face of Big Ben. When this venerable gentleman came in streets ahead in the Old Soldiers' race, he was greeted by the C.O. with "Well done, Grand-pa."

It was a most enjoyable day and No. 4 Section are looking to the next inter-Section sports day, when they will undoubtedly put up as good a fight as ever.

Signalman Wooding deserves mention for the way he followed the entrants, like a hen looking after her chicks, to see if they had their No. 4 securely fastened fore and aft. Also Signalman Sweet who worked hard with the embrocation, pouring oil on troubled waters as it were. Ask Lance Corporal Moses.

Once more that promising recruit is in the news. He left on his run with a basket of pigeons, but arrived at his destination minus the birds. The lads say he is very familiar with "birds," but apparently not the feathered kind.

In THE WIRE notes of two months ago we announced the arrival of a new Section Officer, 2nd Lieutenant F. G. G. Rapsey. Now we have had to say good-bye. He was chosen to go as an instructor to an O.C.T.U. It was a great loss to the Section at the time. We wish Mr. Rapsey every success in his new appointment.

During Mr. Rapsey's short stay with us many needed improvements were made and we have no hesitation in saying that he was the most popular officer the D.R. Section has had.

At the same time, we must welcome to the Section 2nd Lieutenant Branch. May his stay be a long and happy one.

On going to press may we take this opportunity of thanking the No. 10 A.T.S. Signal Company for their most welcome donation to our Trials Fund. Hats off to the A.T.S.

W.J.C.

No. 5 Section (Drivers)

The personnel has not undergone any changes up to the time of writing, although a few movements are in the "offing." Oh, first of all, congratulations to our officer i/c, who has just been "made up" to Lieutenant Parsonage. It was, we understand, a nice celebration at the dance when he "wetted" his second "pip." Three men of the Section are departing shortly on a Driver-Mechanics' Course. Good luck to Lance Corporal Barker and Signalman Hollands and Chambers.

We have recently had the pleasure of the company at Barracks for a week of a contingent from an out-station attached to a Guards' Brigade. The Barrack Square was quite transformed for the week and looked more like an Army lorry parking ground than a Barracks Square. The Drivers' Section was interested to view the various M/T vehicles and the three tonners were definitely the "hit of the show." It was also nice to meet old friends who were once at the Barracks and to renew acquaintances for a week.

The drivers' office has recently installed the "most up-to-date" wall chart giving up-to-the-minute information regarding all the personnel in the Section. It really is a most artistic piece of work with its plain, coloured and lettered tags, each colour denoting a maintenance job, each numbered tag relating to a particular vehicle, and so on. We must not give too much information away about our new "pet." It's really a combination of ideas from the N.C.O.s of the Section, but Driver Bright is to be congratulated on turning out such a "bright" and artistic job.

Camouflage has been an interesting topic lately and the drivers have been competing with each other to produce the most artistic garnishing effects. We believe some of them have been trying to camouflage the vehicles so effectively that we shan't know whether they are in or out of Barracks!

We shall now proceed to take cover under a carefully-garnished camouflage net and will emerge again with fresh news next month.

JNO.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess

Absence, so someone said, makes the heart grow fonder. We presume he didn't mean absence without leave. Anyway, if any of you noticed that last month's WIRE was lacking in some small essential, the secret may now be revealed—there was no contribution beneath the above heading. The reason, your correspondent regrets to state, was not "operational activities" so much as the unexpected arrival of seven days' very overdue leave. When he returned, his brain sizzling with bright (?) ideas for his monthly contribution, he found to his dismay that the Unit's budget had been despatched in his absence and not all his tearful protestations to the Adjutant could melt the heart of that man of iron. He was too late and he is still afraid that it may cost him a drink all round if he can't get a posting before this appears in print.

However, our temporary disappearance from print does not denote any falling-off in social activities. Far from it, the autumn and winter programme is just getting under way and the Mess Dance (which will be past history by the time this appears) is destined to usher it in with a flourish. In this connection we are glad to have back with us Sergeant (Snakehips) Duffin, who apparently found the Yorkshire air did not agree with him and returned from his course somewhat earlier than anticipated. He is now busy polishing up his act in between spasms of instructing his Section in the best way to burn the bottom out of a mess tin, and we look to him to provide some comic relief (even if it's involuntary) during the long dark hours which lie ahead. Darts and table tennis continue to be the most popular form of recreation in the Mess, though our darts team have been finding an increasing difficulty with that finishing double and, after two successive defeats, have retired for the moment to lick their wounds and find some opponents who can't finish either. The resultant match should prove a first-class marathon. As regards our table tennis team, however, we venture to think that it would take a bit of beating and if any of our contemporary Messes like to take that as a challenge we have no objection to an endeavour to substantiate that claim. We feel sure that Sergeant Sturgess K. J. will support these remarks after the defeat meted out to the sub-area side he claimed to have personally trained and instructed (poor fellows). Actually, however, we have a shrewd feeling that his men will acquit themselves very much better next time, when they have got more used to the somewhat cramped conditions.

"Casualties" among the Mess members since our last appearance in print have been few, though we have lost George Rendell, that indefatigable version of the Health and Beauty Movement, and we wish him all the best in his new sphere—a hospital, curiously enough.

Actually the membership is still on the increase—a fact which was mainly responsible for the Great Crisis of the Cups not long ago. The shortage became so acute that a rugger scrum threatened to develop at every meal and even C.Q.M.S. Thomas was constrained to act. In one moment of glorious extravagance he replenished the Mess crockery with such minute cups that several dining members are already suffering from tennis elbow due to incessant pouring out. The chief anxiety of the Mess now is what will happen if our worthy C.Q.M.S. ever has to purchase new glasses.

With that sad and solemn thought we will retire—to a pint mug if anybody will fill it.

Corporals' Mess

In some recent notes compiled for the Workshops, I mentioned the inauguration of a new Corporals' Mess.

It is now well on the go and proving to be quite a success.

The Mess is well patronised and is run by a very competent and conscientious committee, who are doing everything possible to provide a Corporals' Mess worthy of the Unit.

Last Friday a dance was run by the Corporals, the first since the opening of the Mess and was run by the Entertainments Committee. A great part of the work was ably carried out under the supervision of Corporal Willis and he was largely responsible for the success of this

first social enterprise. An excellent cabaret was provided, which was definitely the "Piece de Resistance" of the evening.

Several Mess meetings have already been held under the able leadership of our R.S.M. Some good suggestions have been put forward by various members. The most recent meeting was held this week, at which Lance Corporal Pease endeavoured to make himself the life and soul of the proceedings. He put forward several good suggestions and some in a somewhat facetious vein. Lance Corporal Turner also helped with some good ideas which we hope to see carried out in the near future.

A return darts match with the Sergeants' Mess is being staged shortly and no doubt they will be after our blood with a vengeance.

Here's to the continued success of our Mess and a happy time for all as a result of its varied amenities.

S.M.

N.W.L.S.A.

What with one thing and another this Section has been humming with activity lately like a hive; in fact, we've all been working bee hard; out-stations and personnel have been coming and going with bewildering activity.

At last we seem to have settled down again and our new sites are very comfortable. The out-station N.C.O.s seem very pleased with themselves. Corporal Chadwick and Lance Corporal (D. and H. B. V.) Walker have been vieing with each other to see who can think up the more complicated system of electrical switching devices. I think Walker is one tumbler switch ahead at present, but he cheated by having two plug-in aerial connections.

The Section led the sub-areas in the L.D.S. sports recently by getting 14 points, and this was due in large measure to the sporting ability of Driver Lynne. Lynne holds the unusual position in this Section of driver-operator-lineman-batman.

Signalman Bungey also put up a good showing, but was a bit stiff after a cross-country run on the previous day.

Sergeant Taylor is organising our football team and we play our first match on Saturday against N.E.

Congratulations to Signalman Poole on his wife's successful production of twins this week. The day after the event he applied for additional family allowance. Our Poole is certainly a fast worker.

The Section has had some very pleasant dances recently at Cumberland Terrace and the band has been going great guns under the leadership of Signalman Fenn. Fenn has just acquired a top hat from some unknown junk-heap and thinks he looks no end of a dog in it.

We obtained a guitar for Guimera last week and he was in his element playing it at Friday's dance. We were all very sorry he was posted away from us on Saturday. Now we are hoping for an operator-guitarist to replace him.

The darts team hasn't had many victories so far, but as both winners and losers get lots of drinks, who cares?

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Signalman Ness, whose father passed away this week.

To bring this brief résumé of the Section activities to a close, I would like to say thanks to each member of the Section for the magnificent work they put in during the recent switch-over of W/T stations.

Lots of hard work and never a single grumble.

SIGNALMASTER.

S.W.L.S.A.

So much has happened since our last contribution that it would be difficult to recount all the comings and goings. Chief among the latter was the loss of Sergeant Hardman, "father" of the Section, senior superintendent, compère at our entertainments, and producer of all the dazzling diagrams and professional lettering which were guaranteed to mesmerise any inspecting officer. Rumour has it that he is now converting some chilly igloo into something between a Signal Office and the pile-carpeted- well-stocked apartment of a millionaire president of an American Trust (Inc.). Sergeant Samuels is now Section Sergeant and trustee of all our bodily comforts.

There must also be recorded the short appearance of Mr. Bruce-Mitford and the flying visit of Mr. Reynish. The first of these supernumary officers, with his propensity for chit-writing, made the superintendents feel they were seconded to the Civil Service, but he also galvanised all three into appearing on the cricket field and at least adorning it. Mr. Reynish, unfortunately, was not with us long enough for us to get to know him, but just long enough to persuade the Welfare Officer that our worn-out linemen deserved an easy chair or two as an alternative to reclining in the line-truck. We were sorry to lose the officers and believe, or hope, that they were sorry to go.

Then followed the "purge" of September 24th. Lance Corporal Tatam, Signalmen Stillman and Till (superfluous to establishment) being taken for a ride up to Headquarters by the other sorrowing and (for once) silent members of the Line Section. We shall miss them all, especially Till's cheery countenance in the cookhouse and the pleasant way he dealt with all complaints. Till was one of the founder members and "baby" of the Section.

Stop Press news is that Signalman Taylor has at last achieved his ambition to swap his switchboard for a joystick or a navigator's table up in the skies, for he joins the R.A.F. next week. We wish him the best of luck and a soft landing always. We shall now have to go somewhere else for our gardening hints and someone else's father will be able to grow the largest cucumber in the district.

The Section has become a veritable hive of industry between screek of day and 08.45 each morning. Lance Corporal Broughton, fresh from the moorland air, beer and feminie relish of Yorkshire, has found time between servicing the officer's car and riding a tandem to make a marked improvement in our drill and we are now fit to appear before anyone—and when I say anyone I mean it. Individual training is now well to the fore based on the S.O. i/c C's newly devised programmes. Additional instruction is often obtained as the result of debatable lectures by Mr. Reid, Corporal Burningham and Lance Corporal Lloyd. It is very pleasing to see how keen everyone is to learn the next man's job.

Our cricket season opened in the middle of September (*sic*) with two smashing victories over the local War Reserve Police. Hall showed fine form, knocking up 81 not out in the last match. We turned out in part-battle dress looking rather like the "Dead End Kids," but played like a team (our opponents said), and after the victors had refreshed themselves at the expense of the vanquished they were quite prepared to challenge "the Wood."

Aphrodites' mate—his name used to distinguish make-believe from the real thing—has played quite a big part in our lives this past month and the powers-that-be have discovered that it is much greater "fun" to have exercises during the night. Apart from the technical knowledge thus gained we have also learned what a D.R. looks like when on night duty.

It ought to be mentioned that the C.O. at length carried out his threat to visit us at first parade and we hope next time that there will be no doubtfully-clean rifle or frayed anklet to spoil his breakfast.

N.E.L.S.A.

Well, at last we have managed to find a scribe to submit our first contribution to THE WIRE. Little did we think that they would ask for a few lines from this sub-area after being in seclusion since we were formed.

We have changed our O.C. several times since we were formed commencing with 2nd Lieutenant Bayliss, who, after a peaceful reign, left us for duty at Headquarters. Then came Lieutenant Garside, who stills rules the Section from the depths of his office. 2nd Lieutenant Collingham took over the reins for seven days while the great one was basking in the sun up Yorkshire way, but I am afraid we had to bid him good-bye for duty elsewhere.

We offer our salutations to 2nd Lieutenant Bruce-Mitford, who has been posted for duty at this sub-area. Prior to coming here he was stationed with a Guards' Brigade Signal Section.

Many moans can be heard in the Section this week owing to the fact that on Friday we cease to be on ration allowance; in other words we are going back to Army food. They have managed to find us a cookhouse and messroom, ably watched over by Sergeant Bond, of the Army Catering Corps, who should turn up some tasty dishes considering the courses he has attended. It has been decided that there will be two Messes, one for Sergeants and Corporals and one for Lance Corporals and Signalmen. Everybody seems a bit dubious about the first meal, wondering how it is going to turn out.

Much to everybody's surprise here, the linemen have at last some lines to maintain and in the near future some to lay, much to the regret of the line personnel, namely, Signalmen May and Ford, who, by the way, are watched over by Corporal Ward A. K., to whom we must offer our congratulations on attaining that much coveted second one.

Signalman May will be leaving us on the first of the month to see what praise he can collect for the Section on a Junior N.C.O.'s Course. Great sighs of relief were heard when the news came on orders because he is our very enthusiastic P.T. instructor.

This Section was well represented at the anniversary dance of the formation of the L.D.S., also many thick heads were felt next morning.

Many thanks to Sergeant Sturgess for arranging various matches for the Section, most of them being darts, billiards, snooker and chess. Football matches are being arranged for the coming season as well.

Hearty congratulations to Sergeant Sturgess on winning two medals in the Unit's sports meeting. Signalman May also competed, but could not finish the course. Hard luck, Billy.

We seem to be doing nothing else this month but offer congratulations, this time to Corporal Hooper on receiving that second one. Nice work, Jack.

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.—Who is the Sergeant who can't sleep without seeing a certain typist in front of him?

Who is the Corporal and Signalman who are after the same girl, and what goes on when they meet at the same place?

Now, with my pencil chewed away and the perspiration pouring off my brow, I will bid you adios until next month.

A.K.W.

Japan's Suicide

This is the most critical moment in Japan's history since she started to build a modern, westernised, State from the remains of the feudal oligarchy of less than a century ago. The next few months will show whether she is to achieve domination of the East or to be forced to accept equality with Great Britain, Russia and the United States. For the past two years she has been certain that the goal of two generations would be reached forthwith; but now she is not so sure of herself. Britain is still undefeated and is turning from defence to attack; the United States are turning away from isolation and towards intervention; and Russia has turned from benevolent neutrality to open hostility to the Axis.

All these events bode ill for Japan's ambitions; they culminate in the nightmare of Japan facing alone the armed might of these Powers after they have settled accounts with the other members of the Axis. To Englishmen there would seem to be an alternative to the present policy of aggressive expansion; the acceptance by Japan now of a compromise, and a most favourable compromise, which would accord to her a dominant, but not domineering, position in the Far East commensurate with her energy, enterprise and favourable geographical situation. This alternative seems most attractive to the Westerner, but to the Japanese leaders it is the least pleasing, for their philosophy, being based on the Shinto principle of duty to their ancestors, is of the all-or-nothing variety; either the antagonist must be forced to yield or, if that be found impossible, the Jap must at all costs avoid being himself compelled to give way. If thwarted, he can do so only by suicide, national or personal. This attitude can be understood when it is remembered that "hara-kiri" (suicide to save "face"), political assassination, and veneration of the Emperor as a direct descendant of the sun-goddess Amaterasu, are still the principles of most Japanese.

Japanese policy for the future is therefore supremely opportunist. Everything so far gained will be held tenaciously, while any possibility of gain will be exploited to the full. It may be asked, "Are there not others in Japan who are opposed to the present rulers and who, if brought to power, would be more moderate in their demands?" The answer is, "Yes, there are, but they will not be in power till the crash comes, and then it will be too late." Prince Konoye is a sick man; his nerves are perpetually frayed and his will-power disappears at frequent intervals, but he is irreplaceably useful to the real rulers of Japan, the Army and Navy. He is useful because he is on such intimate terms with the Emperor (he is one of the few men with the right of audience at any time), because he has been from birth imbued with the conviction of Japanese superiority, and because he has such close acquaintance with Western ideas and ideals that he can manipulate them to Japan's advantage. He is the most travelled of Japanese politicians, while his son was educated at Princetown University, and the favourite recreation of both is golf. Japan's foreign policy, being opportunist, will therefore vary according to the fortunes of war in the west. To us, there is only one possible outcome of the war against the Axis, but to the Japs there are three:—

(a) That Hitler will win. In this event, Nazi Germany will become a neighbour of Japan on the Pacific, and the Japs have no illusions as to whether or not Hitler would be a pacific neighbour. The China "incident" must therefore be liquidated with all speed and any desirable territories annexed and fortified before the neighbour takes up residence.

(b) That there will be prolonged stalemate, ending in virtual exhaustion of all combatants. This is doubtless the present view of Japan's rulers and is quite satisfactory to them if all great nations are combatants. But all great nations are not at present combatants. Therefore, if possible, the United States must be involved without involving Japan. It is this latter process of thought which may lead Prince Konoye to attempt an agreement with President Roosevelt; but any such agreement should be regarded with suspicion, for it is probably inspired by a desire to see U.S. forces engaged in battle, to the point of exhaustion, as far away as possible. Prince Konoye must be much torn between this desire and the desire to continue holding over the heads of the Allies the threat of armed collaboration with the Axis.

(c) That the Axis will be defeated. This alternative has been unthinkable in Japanese circles until recent weeks, but with the Russian colossus arrayed against the Axis, all-out aid from the United States, enormous German losses, vast hostile areas of Europe to be policed by the Nazis, the great decrease in Allied shipping losses, and other adverse factors beginning to obtrude, even the most optimistic Jap must sometimes have moments in which he asks himself whether his Government has not backed the wrong horses. As indicated above, however, the mere fact of probable defeat would not be sufficient to deter the Japanese rulers from aggressive action. The resolute militarists at present in control of Japan's destiny would rather be submerged by the armed forces of foreign powers than yield place to any group of men likely to meet the Western Powers half-way. It is one of the tragedies of modern Japan, as of Germany, that no Cabinet with whom the Western Powers could make a lasting settlement is ever likely to achieve power in their own country. In view of all the foregoing, therefore, it must be regarded as merely a matter of time before Japan takes further aggressive action in the Far East. Nothing but the overthrow of the present Cabinet could alter the course of events, and this is inconceivable as long as the democratic countries remain engaged in a struggle elsewhere. The question of principal interest to us is therefore "Where, and with what object, will Japan strike?" She can, for instance, attack Russia, thereby hoping to secure her back door, to eliminate Russian influence in Mongolia, to avert the threat of bombing attacks from Vladivostok on all the most populous areas of the Empire, and to win valuable territory in Sakhalin and elsewhere. But her hopes might be dashed; her armies in China might be so weakened that they would be over-run by the teeming manpower of her adversary, while any gains made might be more than offset by losses.

Again, Japan might attempt to advance inland from her newly-acquired bases in Indo-China, with a view to closing the Burma Road, placing Thailand under her "protection," and marching southward down the Kra Peninsula to Singapore. Such a threatening move, even if hazardous in the extreme, would, the militarists believe, be certain to bring large concessions or another measure of "appeasement" from the democracies. We know better, but the Doiharas of Japan are intent on eating their cake and having it too, on retaining everything so far gained and adding to the winnings month by month, on planning a "co-prosperity" sphere in which the prosperity will be enjoyed by the Japs and the co-operation will be enjoyed (or else!) by their victims.

We know these ambitions to be insane, and it is difficult for Westerners to believe that such aims could be sincerely upheld by the rulers of Japan, but it must be kept in mind that the Japanese are both mystics and fatalists. They have a mystical belief in the "mission" of Japan, coupled with a fatalism which tells them, "What will be, will be." Like Germany, the present leaders will fall only when the ordinary people realise that their leaders are no more inspired than the leaders of other nations, and that their nation has no more (and no less) a "mission" in the world than any other nation. That day is not far distant in both countries.

R.W.O.

London District Signals.

A.A. Signals, North-East England

No. 1 Company

What a month, the strain has been terrific, alternating between gay nights and sporting days, every moment filled with work—especially work—pleasure or excitement, we have certainly been proving that burning the candle at both ends is one way of making ends meet. In brief, our activities have this month covered a highly successful dance in aid of the Benevolent Fund—well supported—profits as published. Following the dance, a social evening was held in a local hall for the presentation of the C.O.'s trophy for sport. A really tip-top evening, Signalman Lewis and his boys provided sweet music, R.S.M. Troman F. W., R.Q.M.S. Thomas H., Signalmen (Kybo) Gibson, Stan Hudson and Davy Lowe all obliged by entertaining the Company right royally. Our Colonel presented the prizes and Sergeant Apedaile blushingly replied—sufficient to say that the whole Company are eagerly awaiting the announcement of the next social evening. A day or two later we held our swimming gala, an aquatic display without parallel. We have a sneaking suspicion that No. 1 Section were all reared in an aquarium; either that, or they have been putting in a lot of practice in their garden pond at Divisional Headquarters. There was undoubtedly something fishy about the way they swiped off all the prizes, especially as Sergeant Apedaile had already bought the sideboard. Next, a tennis tournament between the officers and the Sergeants. The officers, by the way, led by the C.O., trounced the Sergeants. The Sergeants are now training assiduously to retrieve their honour. They are rumoured to be staging a great come back, and are pinning their faith on beating the officers at—croquet. To round off the month, out of the blue dropped our Corps Band. May we congratulate them on their splendid playing at our dance. We thoroughly enjoyed every moment of it, and so did our guests. May the band return soon. In connection with the majority of the foregoing events, praise must be given to the committee who worked so hard in organising the various events. And now looming on the horizon we have football, boxing and inter-Company sports, sufficient indeed to warrant the establishment of a full-time reporter.

High lights in private lives—congratulations to Lance Corporal Lowe on his recent promotion.

No. 1 Section

"Zeke" has been away for weeks now, and poor old Fritz has had to keep the flag flying for our Section by pegging away at his cartoons.



This month his sketch requires no introduction to WIRE readers, for Lieutenant H. Broadhead is well known both at home and overseas.

D.R.'s Section

Apologies for missing the boat last month, but blame work, work, and more work. We open our contribution with a welcome to Signalmen Hart and Penistone from No. 2 Company. When new riders enter the fold we have to lose some of the old diehards, so Destry will ride no more. No more will he fasten his blankets to his iron horse, and make the perilous, lonely ride to Division. Pretty nurses have been at work on Signalman Temple, whom we welcome back off the sick list. Bouquets and bouquets to Signalman Sidley on his recent marriage. Best wishes from all the lads. No sooner do we have one chap out of dock than in goes another. I'm beginning to think this is a racket, or else Signalman Dodds was lonely and bribed Mac to join him.

Yours truly had to go on parade the other morning and take part in the usual left form, right form, etc., and a certain N.C.O., after tying us into knots, thought he would explain just how it should be done. Taking hold of the right hand man he said, "You use this man as a privet and hedge round him." No prizes. Here's to next time.

SPARK SPLUG.

No. 3 Section

What must have been the most enthusiastically supported sporting event in the history of No. 1 Company, the recent swimming gala, has, to everyone's relief, or at least of 75 per cent. of the competitors, come and gone, but before it is buried in the limbo of forgotten things, there are, I think, one or two comments to be made.

Congratulations to No. 1 Section, and particularly to Signalman Earle, for great team work. You worked for it, boys, and you got it. Now, please, sit back and rest, boys, for most of us go quite breathless when we think of your rigorous training. As a Section, however, we are pleased that our own expert, Signalman "Stew" Evans, prevented you making a clean sweep of the prize table, even though he was faced with unexpected competition in the shape of Lieutenant Mallett, a former champion, I believe, appearing for a certain Section. Nice diving, "Stew."

Some fine swimming by C.S.M. Russel and Sergeants Proud and Fox against "The Colonel" and Lieutenant Mallett and 2nd Lieutenant Rodgers provided the most exciting event of the evening and one or two surprises, too, I think. Later, much later, in the evening, Sergeant Proud, who did the best he could with the material at his disposal in this Section, performed even greater feats by leading his "merry" men through the black-out, back along the weary road to billets. I still declare, Sergeant, that the road is not seven miles long. Before leaving the gala, on behalf of No. 3, I should also like to offer my congratulations to a certain "novice" Lance Corporal. S'amazing what you can do with the crawl, in a week or two, isn't it? Especially when there is something at stake. Sport continues to be the highlight of the day, with football acumin-in, and No. 1 had better look to their laurels. You will not be allowed to hold the cup for another year if we can help it. We welcome your assistance, however, in the matter of the Rugby team—not, thank heavens, Northern Union. (Committee, please note.)

Apart from our usual tussles with Orderly Corporals on breakfast, dinner and tea parades, things are quiet, although Corporal Mynott can note that following a minor invasion of the "Ops. Room" by the Navy, we can almost take his advice regarding our excuses when thirty seconds late and "tell it to the Marines."

Following another invasion, this time from the South, we should like to offer a hearty, if belated, welcome to the newcomers to the Section. P.C. Longhurst is putting up a game if unsuccessful fight in the wordy battle against the Northerners in his barrack room. News from our scouts in the "land of the haggis" tells us that our departed colleagues are quite enjoying life, and, indeed, it would seem that they

are living almost in the lap of luxury, for even our old friend, Signalman Tighe, passes favourable comments on the conditions. Should you read this, Jack, best o' luck to yourself and all the boys there. Tell Les that as a correspondent we think he makes a great footballer. Or is it that he is doing his mail on a teleprinter? Following the great work on the cookhouse, is it true that the rooms are now to be papered, and are the cookhouse staff already preparing for this?

RUCS.

Sergeants' Mess

"Uncle" Durrant has gone, and with him, alas, his songs. "Cobby" accompanied him to the sylvan retreat of leaking rooms and village maids. "Ah, we Cobbens," how we miss their velvety personalities. We were pleased to see Sergeant "Ken" Taylor again, and also his own Mess President, R.S.M. Drake, who gave us some indication of social life beyond the border. Congratulations to Sergeant Petrie, of "Galvo" fame, whom we welcome to the Mess. It didn't hurt, did it, Bill? Sergeant Connon has floated back on a tide of welcomes, and Sergeant Fox has drifted off into the bonds of matrimony. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Fox. Nothing more to report bar the introduction into the mess of "Honest John" and so, until next month —"Th'all atter wait." Cheerio.

SILVER.

No. 2 Company

Nos. 5 and 6 Sections

The only significant departure from the normal routine of some of us has been the initiation into the gentle art of "stooking." At least we felt that we were doing a man's job until somebody revealed the fact that we were taking over from the Land Girls so that they could be released "for more important duties." However, we at least have the consolation that our labours were instrumental in assuring the Sergeants of an uninterrupted supply of good beer.



Still no word from Headquarters or L/M Sections. Is life so devoid of great accomplishments or humorous incidents?

With the advent of winter evenings, prospectuses of the A.E.C. and local colleages have been much in evidence. Hopes were raised by a note appended to the letter that the O.C. would make available every facility for the attendance of No. 2 Company personnel at evenings classes, but when it was revealed that this did not mean that seekers after truth would be excused duty, enthusiasm waned perceptibly.

THE THINGS WE ASK OURSELVES. — Has the Intelligence Officer discovered yet who (let us interpolate unwittingly) ate the Brigade Commander's breakfast?

Who was the **Signalman, who,** having climbed the gardener's apple tree in quest of forbidden fruit, found a notice "Out of Bounds"?

Why do they call him Crusher?

Where and who are "Mild and Bitter"?

Where is this place called Pudsey?

INVITATION.—A hearty invitation to C.Q.M.S. Thirkell's Sewing Guild is extended to all "housewives."

SALE.—"For sale, solo motor cycle, Triumph, 350 cc., 1937 model; will exchange for perambulator (must be two-seater and in good condition).—Write Box No. 2577103 Sigs."

Transport Section

At last the Transport Section have answered the challenge and submit their first literary effort with great timidity and apprehension—perhaps these tough, rough riding, "fault finding" linemen will lend their ears to this plea for sympathy.

M/T TALK

The Royal Corps of Signals' task, few people understand,
They think we send out messages with flags, one in each hand;
But in this modern war of wars, it's short wave radio,
'Lectricity and telephony the lads all have to know.
So, if you hear us talk of ohms, we don't mean 'omes of rest,
It's just a term used in our job at which we do our best.

Our motto's *Certa Cito*, its meaning Swift and Sure;
Communications must go through by one system or more,
A message very urgent from the front line to the base,
To the Navy or the Air Force, or some unexpected place,
In every kind of weather, in quiet or in raid,
Both night and day, at any time, a line has to be laid.

An urgent fault report comes through, a certain line is dis',
The Line Maintenance Section must attend at once to this;
However can they get there, for it's much too far to hike?
They would not get there soon enough if they used Jack Warner's bike.
So they call upon the most important Section of them all—
Transport is, both night and day, at everybody's call.

Some folks who do not understand think vehicles run on air,
And engines will keep turning and never need repair;
Those people do not miss their meals, they often take a rest,
They rush off to the R.M.P. when they've a wheezy chest,
But motors must keep moving, day after day, for weeks;
Our fitters do not get much chance to stop the knocks and squeaks.

They do their utmost to quickly cure misfires,
And you never hear them grumble unless someone steals their pliers;
Most days they have to do fatigues before they start their work,
But these lads just keep smiling, you never see them shirk,
So do not get bad tempered if a car should let you down,
Just look at all the miles it's done without wearing a frown.

SPORT.—By the time these notes are published the education of our No. 1 colleagues will have been completed. We are going to teach them how to play football. In return we will, of course, take the Mensley Cup.

Now, No. 1, don't let us have to say, "We told you so."

COURSES.—Congratulations to Sergeant Hudson and Summers on adding a "D" to the "D and D." (No, the picture does not mean that kind of "D.")

ENTERTAINMENTS.—Once again we are pleased to be able to report on a very successful social, at which a large percentage of the Company was present.

In spite of a rather slow beginning, things really began to hum after our famous Pudsey rhymster gave us a few of his Yorkshire stories, revealing some of the more intimate affairs of our worthy C.S.M. We cannot, of course, enlarge upon this here, but the members of the Company no doubt know the meaning of those three mystic letters to which the Pudsey lad referred. Sighs of relief were heard from all parts of the hall when it was realised that the ladies in the party were not going to ask any awkward questions.

It still remains to be ascertained whether the "mike" improved the efforts of the Company entertainers or whether the enthralled gathering was relieved from a lot of suffering. (All right, crooners, no offence.) We must, however, congratulate that grand singer of ours (J.K.N., of L/M Section) upon his magnificent rendering of "Love's Last Word is Spoken" and "I'll Walk Beside You." There are rumours abroad that he spends a lot of his time rehearsing, impromptu like, on the moors, supposedly poling.

May we take this opportunity of thanking the ladies of the Company who so kindly helped with the entertaining, including the "Rhumba Girls." Remember them, lads?

May we add, in conclusion, that we are looking forward to many future "do's" of this kind, in addition to a "big" dance and an E.N.S.A. concert, so roll up you "Sigs" and give the entertainment lads a good help—after all, they are trying to make life more enjoyable for you.

ERIMUS.

A.A. Divisional Signals, South-East England

No. 1 Company

Within recent weeks we have been joined by a lively party of Canadians. They have responded whole-heartedly to our efforts to make them feel at home in the Mother Country. For our part, we are rapidly becoming Canadianised. And say, you suckers, these boys are sure giving us the runaround.

INTRODUCING SERGEANT NESS.—The guy in charge of these boys from the West introduces himself to us as Sergeant Ness because he knows we can't pronounce his name properly, and so being a big-hearted kind of feller, he won't ask us to try. So, one and all, we call him Ness and say "Howdy?" and "What's your poison, Ness?" To which he says it's beer, like ours, and tells us his boys can sure hand out the goods at baseball, and will we have another? Sure we say, and tell us more about this baseball racket, Ness, because we reckon as there's nothing much as other folks can do around here that we can't do better ourselves. So Ness gives us the low-down on this racket and shows us how it's done, using his pint mug to show us how to throw the ball, but he doesn't mean to throw it, only just to let us see it's empty again. And before we leave, it's all fixed up for us to play these guys at baseball next Thursday, and Ness is smiling happily, but we don't know whether that's because Johnny Day filled his pint mug again or because old Ness reckons to himself as he's playing us for a lot of suckers.

BASEBALL.—We did fairly well in our first match against the Canadians, as they beat us by only 16—13, and we were sufficiently confident to challenge them to another match in the near future. They have also been challenged to a match against a combined team of our officers and sergeants.

SOCCER.—We beat the Canadians by 4—1 at soccer. Signalmen Alnwick, Boatwright, Snow and Moore G. scored our goals. To make up their team we lent the Canadians Signalman Battrick, who gave a fine display in goal and saved them from a more disastrous defeat. Signalman Scott, who scored their only goal, and Lance Corporal Pedder, who also played well. Sergeant Ness set a high standard for his men. The game was distinguished by the active participation of C.S.M. Batchelor, who has turned positively tough since he won that veteran's prize at the sports.

MOUSTATIUS SIGNALMANUS.—This is a very small plant of the fungus variety, which has appeared in increasing numbers during the last few months. In spite of the most careful cultivation, the growth tends to remain stunted and almost unnoticeable. We doubt whether this is an edible fungus, though several young ladies in the village seem to think it tastes very nice.

CRICKET.—We lost by 52 runs to the local A.F.S. They made 92, of which 37 were contributed by one man, who had three sixes in his score. Our best bowler was Signalman Waterhouse (3 for 14). To this we replied with 50 (Signalman Pullen 14, Signalman Richardson H. 13, Signalman Battrick 13). When they put us in again we quickly hit up 79 for 8 wickets before declaring, but Signalman Battrick had left it too late to play his captain's innings of 35. The A.F.S. were dismissed for 89.

NOMENCLATURE.—For some time we have had the doubtful pleasure of providing free meals and accommodation for one of the rare species, the Foreman of Signals. We have found various names for him,



none of which are quite suitable for official occasions or when accepting orders or when addressing him in front of people who matter. We wonder how other Units address this particular breed. The ruling here is that he is to be referred to as Foreman of Signals. But you simply cannot stand there and say "Yes, Foreman of Signals;" "No, Foreman of Signals;" "I'll do it now, Foreman of Signals." On the other hand, one can hardly expect him to suffer an abreviation of his title to a bare "Foreman," thereby reducing him from his lofty pinnacle to the level at which one leans on a spade and exerts no effort, except to spit at frequent intervals. Anyway, he doesn't spit, and we have never seen him leaning on a spade; he goes to bed. Will some kind reader tell us how we can address him shortly and politely? We know the rest.

STOP PRESS.—They say that Sergeant Ness bought pints all round for walking into the Mess with his hat on. But young Tiddler bought nothing at all for walking out of the Mess with his trousers off. A strange world.

No. 2 Company

The exodus of the A.T.S. was viewed with much misgiving, and when the volunteers for the cookhouse were asked for in the usual Army manner, we were assailed with visions of an epidemic, or at least a camp composed of gaunt-looking dyspeptics. But, lo and behold, the boys have never lived so well—amazing, but true, the men waddle out of the Mess Room with grunts of satisfaction. Of course, we must not forget the fatherly eye that our Messing Officer, Mr. L. Tooley, keeps on the staff.

We thought our camp was finished, but even now one can stumble over prostrate figures laying cement or adding in some way to the beauty of our country estate.

Quite recently we had as guests a detachment of Canadian troops, who were preceded by vivid reports of terrorism, etc., but let me tell you, a finer crowd of boys would be hard to find, and on the night before their departure a farewell party was given to our new friends. All joined in giving them the finest of evenings, and as afterwards stated by one of them—a lasting memory of a jolly evening and a fine bunch of boys.

We are happy to state that Major J. L. Simpson, our late O.C., after a severe operation, is now well on the way to complete recovery.

2nd Lieutenant Bratt has been posted to us and has already made his presence welcome in many ways by his technical knowledge and his interest in sport.

Speaking of sport, we have now commenced an indoor games tournament, embracing darts, snooker, billiards, table tennis, shovehalfpenny, and a game called "One for the Road." The support has been almost 100 per cent.

We regret to announce that our late C.Q.M.S. has left for pastures new. Though it means promotion to C.S.M., his going is regretted by all. To coincide with a farewell evening for C.S.M. Mitchell, the new Sergeants' Mess was officially opened. It was a huge success—old friends, past and present, united to make the occasion one of the happiest the camp has ever seen.

Dances continue every week and still are proving highly successful. It is rumoured that the popular Sunday night concerts are to start again. These are looked forward to with keen anticipation.

Once again, Tom Lishman has rung the bell—by appearing in a local charity concert. Praise is, indeed, superficial, for our Tom is undoubtedly a genius, and we feel sure he will go far in the musical world.

Last, but not least, our Company magazine, the "Ridges Review," is still going strong, and to our satisfaction the current issue is always voted "better than the last." Great work is done by our illustrator, Jack Willis, and the inimitable Peter Hodge is still doing his stuff to the amusement of all. We hope that local conditions and the paper question will allow us to continue this jolly rag to the end of the war.

7 Command Signals

BY-THE-WAY.—Q. Rogers declared at a recent lecture that by the use of algebra he will prove two equals one. Could Baldy Enderby use such talent for half an hour!

Wednesday's dance was a complete success, the swag being quite up to expectations, the only worry being the possibility in the near future of ice-cream for breakfast.

The allocation of the booty should provide an interesting interlude very shortly.

It is said that if a vote were taken on spending the said booty on a spud-bashing machine it would be heavily supported.

Our very own rugger fly-half does not play soccer, but he possesses a wonderful supporter's larynx.

The pessimists say that it will be advisable soon to take a bob or two with you on pay parade.

Since the Cayley-Thomas office régime it is said to be even possible to find out how much one owes.

Does anybody want to buy 20 dozen bottles of lemonade? Smudger reckons he would if it wasn't lemonade.

At the talk on current affairs on the 24th inst. our helmsman appears to be all for catching 'em young.

We wonder if the instructor liked the talk we gave him. Incidentally, the fly-half was all there with his facts and figures.

CANDIDUS.

— Divisional Signals, Devonshire

THE SOCIAL ROUND.—Lieutenant (T.M.O.) H. S. Noakes, to whom hearty congratulations on the commission, has left us after nearly three years' good work. He thinks that "gent.'s wear" in the near future will be khaki drill and topis. If this is so we wish him "bon voyage." He should know the way by now.

2nd Lieutenants Turner and Bliaux have left after a short spell of service in this celebrated Unit. Captain "Phil" Lee has again been posted to another Unit, much to our regret. He will return some day. 2nd Lieutenant G. Hagger and Lieutenant Holgate have become Acting Captains, and to them our congratulations. Geoffrey may now call the Quartermaster "Bob."

We learn with delight that Captain and Mrs. Harry Lidington, of Corps Headquarters, are the proud parents of a daughter, Pamela Mary, born August 30th. Mine's a pint, you lucky people.

Recent welcome arrivals in the Unit are Lieutenants Mander and Kearsley and 2nd Lieutenants Feil and Boraston. R.Q.M.S. Simmonds steps into the breach made by the departure of Mr. Noakes, and is settling down to some steady blitzing. We hear that Captain P. M. Bowen is coming on leave from Iceland within a month and proposes to call in to see us. We will save our last bottle of Nolly Prat for the occasion, Peter. (Don't swank, that went ages ago.—P.M.C.)

Mr. Feil is the Entertainments Officer and he is already spying out the land for the winter season. We have high hopes of forming a dance band, so if any of you Devonshire Signals can play something just say the word. No one-finger pianists need apply.

On one of our numerous and quite enjoyable schemes over last year's happy billeting area we took the opportunity of looking up old friends. Amongst these may be mentioned Mr. Frank Radford, who keeps the finest beer in all Devon and Cornwall at the Harris Arms. We won't say where because this place is a military objective and its loss would be a major disaster.

Talking about schemes, how would you like your beautiful "quad" cable cut in fourteen places by the Home Guard? Those chaps certainly do a thorough job of work when they're asked. We hope they are on our side next time. Get the remarks column filled up at Corps Headquarters.

STOP PRESS.—Just as we are rushing off to post, comes the news that a daughter has arrived for Major and Mrs. D. G. Collins. All goes well. Our heartiest congratulations to these proud parents. September 17th, 1941.

MR. CATESWELL.

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Devon and Cornwall Divisional Signals

Returning from a happily spent leave I endeavour to dash in, in time for our second appearance in print.

The Unit, having pulled into something like good shape, is forging ahead with all the clean sweeps attributed to a new broom, though Saturday morning is still a headache with the more "energetic" scroungers.

"Proudly they march, and well." Our infantry transferees have at long last shed forever the dread of "footslogging" and lay full claim—"Part II Orders and all that"—to the rank of Signalmen. Congratulations to all of them. They compile too long a list to rate an individual handshake.

Though the cricket season has drawn to a close, we can continue to congratulate the Divisional side on their comfortable win over the Pioneer Corps. I sense that will be their last appearance in the summer sport, so for the benefit of their admirers I offer a brief record of their short course:—

Played 6, won 3, drawn 2, lost 1.

Quite good, and with all thanks due to an eleven drawn in the main from:—C.S.M.I. Scarlett, C.S.M. Nichols, Sergeant Hunt, Sergeant Keast, Corporal Court, Lance Corporal Hill, and Signalmen Screech, Rodgers, Inglis, Hearn, Hughes, Rosser and Helliwell. As soccer proceeds let's hope the Unit follow up that 12—3 victory over the Devons.

C.S.M.I. Scarlett once more comes into line for congratulation on his handling of the inter-hut basket ball competition. No. 10 Hut managed to snatch victory over No. 7 in the final, but it must be mentioned that No. 7 "B" team was the one which contested No. 10 "A" team in the final. No. 7 "A" team lost to 10 "A" in the semi-final.

Congratulations this month wend their way whole-heartedly in the direction of L/Lance Sergeant "Casanova" Court and Corporal Dickenson. The former for the successful conclusion of his "Drill and Duties" and the latter on his double achievement of earning a BII and a train to Catterick. All the best, Dickie, keep slogging, I am sure Ginger will miss you. Lance Corporal McFarlane has shed the L oblique, but is looking to its return behind the exalted "Sergeant." Lance Corporal must look and feel pretty good to Geordie Holder and Tich Helliwell. Let's hope the cash "with effect from" will soon come their way. In the same breath we must congratulate and say good-bye to Corporal Speight on attaining his "war substantive" and his posting. You'll be needing the extra jingle, Speighty.

With regret we say adieu to Corporal Rawlings, who climbed down from the ladder of success to go as Signalman to 67th Heavy A.A. Brigade. Cheerio, Rawly, you will be missed and hard to replace.

Meanwhile, hello to Signalmen Fossett and Lucas, who have returned from hospital to the tune of hearty cheers. Woefully we offer our condolences to Bert Screech, who seems to be collecting his full share and more of the world's bad luck. He walked into a nasty car smash and we await with hopeful anxiety the result of his hospital treatment. Lance Corporal Wheatly, how could you? A boy, too. I wonder if you'll make him a soldier, like Daddy.

Lance Corporal Jones, of 209 Signal Section, is threatening to tie the knot. Jackie, I am mortified. "Are we to part like this." But I guess its no use arguing with a gun in the back. Signalman Lucas, too, is another who is contemplating a plunge into the maelstrom of marriage. Poor old Jay.

I break in here to remind you stalwarts of the Division that news about sport, etc., would be appreciated here at my "Noting Office." How about it?

"Ugis," Dutch says, "How come no mail?"

I WONDER.—If a certain Corporal, no names, "hyphen," still talks about "that bloke."

If Johnson has had that clapper mended yet.
If Duce still radiates his "jamd" affection for America.
Who dared to ask for "Chinagraph" paper?

My poetic strain prompts me to quote:—

Here a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
When from a route march long returning,
With feet all tender, bruised and burning,
To find, instead of a well-earned sleep,
A W/T watch he has to keep;
Well I'll be—Censored, Censored, Censored.

VA AR. Next month.

CHATTERBOX.

No great catastrophe has overtaken the Division since I last set pen to paper and everything seems to be going along quite smoothly. The C.O. has reason to be proud of the way in which he pulled the Division into working shape, and C.S.M. Moorcroft should come into line for his share of congratulations. Hours of working are creeping up, but slowly and surely Division is persevering with the task it has been set.

Infantry transfers are getting full benefit of the many and varied courses and past performances suggest that they are getting the job well in hand.

"A" Section on the waves of the ether continue to keep up a good standard of communication, and "D" Section are handling their share of the work in no uncertain manner.

Mistakes and delays still occur, but like our national shipping losses they are rapidly becoming negligible, and "A" Section seek to emulate the Royal Navy in the "Battle of the Waves." The experience of some of the operators creates many difficulties which will need careful handling, but Lieutenant Donaldson and Sergeant Hunt can be relied upon to do all the nursing that is necessary.

SPORT.—Last month's sports programme was a success, but plans are laid for still greater efforts in the months to come. C.S.M.I. Scarlett is receiving just reward for his efforts to date and is hoping for even better results in the future. No fresh news of sport has filtered through to my anxiously yearning ears, but perhaps later in these notes I may have been furnished with a report on the "Health and Strength" movement within the Division.

THE M.I. ROOM issues, this month, special bulletin which reads:—"A strange epidemic of mysterious sickness is puzzling the Divisional Medical Staff. As this seems to be rife immediately prior to big parades and inspections, it has been officially termed 'B.S. Paradelomania'."

HEALTH HINTS.—(1) If you have toothache, be thankful you aren't a crocodile.

(2) If you have corns, remember you might have been a centipede.

SC——ES demand a line in these notes. They call themselves the "ace detachment." Ace low if you cut high. Sid Rogers prepares himself for a return to P.T. and Saturday morning, and the Butcher settles himself into the bed formerly occupied by the "man with the pipe."

You know who has established the fame of the Corps with his crooning aspirations and appears once weekly with the local concert party. "You can fool all the people some of the time," so for the present he is crooning with the local dance band three evenings a week. We who know him will pray that the microphone will go for a six "When you wish upon a star."

THEY SAY a certain Lance Corporal was born with a silver spoon in his mouth! That, of course, accounts for the size of it.

Sergeant H—— served his country before the war. Was it the Scrubs or D——moor?

AGONY COLUMN.—"Hughis," where art thou?—"Butch" Inglis.

Jackie Hones I crave a line.—Yours truly.

Paging Jimmy Clayton.—Lance Corporal Hill.

I used to love you all.—Jock Richardson (ex-3rd S.T.C.).

RARE ART PHOTOS.—"A" Section at P.T., 1s. 6d. dozen. D.R.s vehicle inspection (censored). Division Signals on a route march (sold out).

There is little truth in the rumour that men dissatisfied with their present Units may transfer to the A.T.S.

OUR FUNNY MAN says a kiss is nothing divided by two. I thought it was two divided by nothing.

Asked for a helping of Goebbels' propaganda. He meant a plate of tripe.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. — Morse Mad Mo. — Certainly not. Send us her name and address.

Because I know you would be terribly disappointed without it, I hastily pen this month's positively parabolic poem.

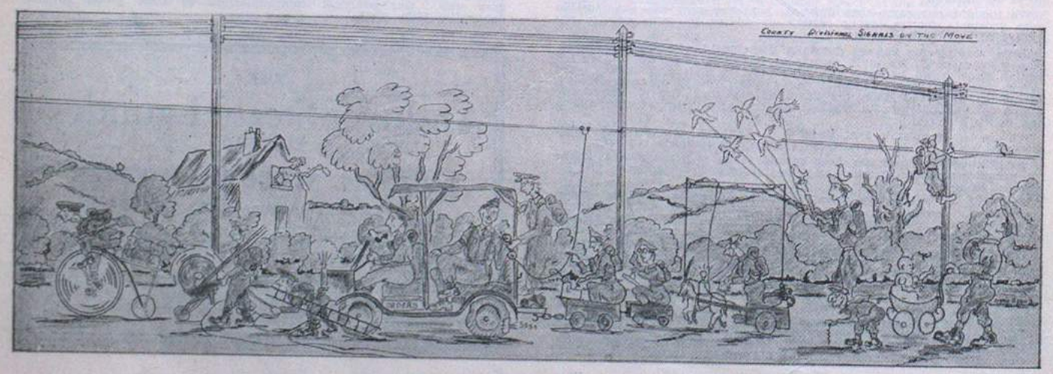
THE SIGNALS STOCK (With Apologies)

Unless you come of the Signals Stock,
That works by night and day,
Take the badge from your forage cap
And throw it far away.
Bury it under the biggest stone,
Or deep down in the earth,
And work your hardest to atone,
Till you have proved your worth.

"There you can stand at the door and mock
As the other mobs march through,
For it isn't right that the others
Should work as the Signals do."

Unless you come of the Signals Stock
That gives and never spares,
That follows the code "Esprit de Corps"
And minds its own affairs.
Work, slave and toil at your job,
And never give thought to rest;
Keep your temper through every trial,
And never give any man best.

"Then you can rest on your laurels
As the other mobs march through,
For it isn't the lot of the others
To work as the Signals do."





Who'd be a "Clerk"——?

FLASH.—I break in here with congratulations to Signalman Bateman L. C., who has taken the last hurdle in matrimony. May all his troubles be too much leave.

Congratulations to C.Q.M.S. Hull on attaining his L.S. and G.C. jingle. Lance Corporal Nicholls may take a hand in this, too. Georgie Holder has departed for one of the much celebrated D. and D. benders. All the best, Georgie.

Signalman Greenway certainly delivered the goods at his D. and D. and S. T. Course. Nice work, Dick, you wont be needing boxing gloves after all.

Corporal Mac has now passed into that challenging position that precedes A/Lance Sergeant. Nice going, Mac. Keep to it. Sergeant Price A. and all that. It's been a long time coming, but you deserve it, Pricey.

ARF. ARF. ARF. VA GB next month.

CHATTERBOX.

1st — Signals, Lincolnshire

Many moons have gone since our last notes appeared—in fact it was during our stay in the old brewery with its "laden zephyrs," now some two years ago. The usual apologies are extended and we now will endeavour to make amends.

Very few of the original "mob" personnel are left now. The more recent departures include Captain B. E. M. Hayles (our late Adjutant), Captain A. G. Paris, Lieutenants Lewis, Menendez, Stott, Harris and Pilkington.

We welcome with us Major C. C. Fairweather, Captain B. D. Corbett, Lieutenants Gronow, Gamon, Buckroyd, Raby, Harrison, Rowles and Bircumshaw.

Hearty congratulations are extended to Sergeant Harrison on his being awarded the British Empire Medal for meritorious service.

ATHLETICS.—We have been able to hold two sports meetings this summer. One was held in May in the form of an individuals competition, and as a "feeler" was quite successful.

The second event, held a few weeks ago, was organised on a Section competition basis. The weather was kind and an enjoyable afternoon was had by the members of the Unit and their friends. The progress of the afternoon increased the excitement and the state of the scoreboard just before the last event (the final of the tug-of-war) brought things to a climax. "A" Section were leading by 1½ points from "D" Section. However, "D" Section had still to pull off the final Tug-of-War with "M" Section and stood to gain two points and win the day if they succeeded.

For some rather obscure reason, "A" Section partisans suddenly developed a previously unheard-of affinity for "M" Section, with promises of all sorts of facilities for them if they won. However, "M" Section won and thus "A" Section preserved the lead.

At the conclusion of the proceedings the trophy was presented to Sergeant Harrison by Mrs. L. C. Boyd.

Lieutenant-Quartermaster J. G. Brandon is to be commended on the excellence of the arrangements throughout the day. "Kipper" and his merry men are to be congratulated not only on their athletics, but on their business astuteness. This prompted them to finance the temporary return of a detached (yet, nevertheless, essential) member of the fold.

DANCE BAND.—Our Unit dance band, the "Signal Swingers," formed in Jauary last, continues to flourish. A few weeks ago it completed its 100th performance and is now well known throughout the locality. Apart from the weekly Unit dance in the local Village Hall, various other engagements are regularly undertaken.

AGRICULTURAL.—The Unit has recently taken a rustic turn, as far as some of its members are concerned, in that during the last few weeks they have been assisting local farmers with the harveat. Reports reaching the Unit from the various farmers have indicated how very much their services have been appreciated.

FOOTBALL.—Our Unit team is now well under way and has entered the local amateur league. Last season's Unit league, won by U.H.Q., will also commence shortly.

BOXING.—We held an open-air novices' competition, supported by four special contests on August 21st with the object of unearthing "hidden talent" and building up a team to represent the Unit. Much enthusiasm was shown, and the majority of the contests were closely fought. The fitness displayed was a tribute to the hard work put in during the training period by S.M.I. Morris, A.P.T.S., and Lance Corporal Walker.

The evening commenced with a black and white demonstration by S.M.I. Morris and C.Q.M.S. Abbiss, which was admirably compèred by Major C. Fairweather. Apart from being instructive to the initiated, it caused plenty of amusement for all.

The winners of the various weights in the competition boxed with more skill than we had anticipated for a first effort, and gave us great hopes for our success in the matches which have been arranged.

We feel that the contestants are to be congratulated on a fine opening performance.

Fortunately the rain held off just long enough, and Colonel L. C. Boyd kindly presented the prizes from the ring.

RESULTS

Featherweight	Driver Oakes
Middleweight	Lance Corporal Fry
Welterweight	Lance Corporal Noble
Lightweight	Driver Cornford
Special Contest	Driver Greenfield

P.S.—Why, when the compère opened the Black and White demonstration with "How not to come out of the dressing room"—should a smiling C.S.M. emerge from the dressing room door and promptly take a dive into a slit trench?

Our heartiest congratulations go to Major and Mrs. A. P. Angell on the birth of a daughter on September 6th.

Certain sporting transactions have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion of late, but things "ain't what they were" and the old argument of rooks and crows still drags on.

Recently the Administration Officer thought he "knew his onions" and, bearing in mind the shortage, was provoked into asserting that nobody could produce one weighing 2 lbs. Now T.M.O.s are of a wily type, and this increases with age. Ours, having heard this assertion, crept out one night and prowled the locality regardless of cost. He got the information, and when he had found a field of onions all of which were over 2 lbs., he thought fit to make a bet. Suffice it to say the Administration Officer paid up, but now knows more of T.M.O.s and their ways.

CORBY.

— Command Signals, West Kent Coast Section

These are days of rationing and shortages, but until I came to try and record the activities of this small portion of 'Signals,' I didn't realise there was such a shortage of ideas.

Several hours have elapsed—I have found one or two.

This is our first effort for THE WIRE—at least for some time. I must not be too dogmatic. Already I have a horror of would-be critics if and when this is published.

August started rather badly for us, as both our D.R.s had bad luck on their bikes. Happily, one is now completely recovered, but our old pal, Ernie Hammond, had a really nasty smash and is still in dock. May he soon be completely recovered also.

We have been very fortunate from a sports point of view, running a cricket team with varying degrees of success, and quite a modicum of tennis has come our way.

Our cricket team, owing to duties and that bugbear of all troops—leave— presents a strange appearance sometimes, but we usually manage to find an eleven in the end and a good time is had by all—we hope.

We are blessed with a hard tennis court with our present billet—could those sighs indicate envy by any chance?—and have produced quite a useful tennis team. In fact, we are unbeaten.

We have played only two matches—both against the Balloon Barrage boys—but that is beside the point.

Now that summer is departing and Christmas approaches, we are looking round for a spot of the necessary—and already have run a couple of whist drives—to which the local inhabitants flock in their dozens.

We are also planning some dances, having fared rather well in the past with our efforts.

Some of our stalwarts have launched out into the dance band arena and we wish them luck. However, whatever success or otherwise they may achieve as a dance band, no one can deny their brilliant success as a foundation for a debating society.

You should hear some of our general meetings—held monthly for a

general discussion on the amenities and lack thereof, procurable or desired.

We had one a few nights ago and the arguments re the band are, as yet, only gaining impetus.

Work ? Oh yes, we do a bit now and then, but that's another story.

TELHOUSE.

— Corps Signals Home Forces

On looking through THE WIRE notes for August I was amazed to find an absence of notes from Corps Signals.

As we ourselves are one of the offenders in this respect, we can only hope by our confession to stir our broter contemporaries into bringing Corps Signals into the picture.

We will take this opportunity in extending a hearty welcome to our newly-arrived C.O. and a farewell to our old C.O., who had seen us through the difficult period of last autumn. All the best to you, sir, in your new appointment.

The rigours of censorship make life difficult for the note writer, but it's sometimes possible to creep in with an introduction or two when nobody's looking.

Now there's our "Adjutant," Captain S. L. H. (that's got you guessing). He's very useful on odd occasions and has helped us quite a lot, especially in the dark days when the "whites" of Jerry's eyes seemed to be just over the horizon.

There are lots of others who help us along and whom we hope to introduce in the near future.

Having got so far we might, at this stage, get down to the real staff—the W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess. (Did somebody say "that dump"?)

About 12.45 hours or thereabouts, if you push open the door in a certain building down South you'll see, smack in the centre—

The R.S.M., Elkins E. V., and on his left C.S.M. Fayers C., and on the right (O.C. 1 Company permitting), C.S.M. Green G., and not far away, gabbling in a strange tongue, C.S.M. Collington R. M.

Indents permitting, there's R.Q.M.S. Emmett T., to whom we extend the glad mitt on his recent promotion. Leaving the "master mind," we follow up with his thugs, C.Q.M.S.s Flower J. H., Cooper V. S., and Jones M. Throwing his respirator (which we know is packed with straw) into the corner of the room, C.Q.M.S. Bartlett F., our F. of S., takes his place at the table.

There are, of course, many others who help to drink the beer and whom we will endeavour to bring into the arena in due course.

This appears to be an appropriate part of these notes to bid our old friend, R.Q.M.S. White W. E. (Blanco to his enemies), all the best in his new sphere as R.S.M. with — Divisional Signals. What were you taking away in all those boxes and kit bags ? We know !

UNDER CANVAS—OR THE SONG OF THE MUD

In June, when the sun blazed down and the indent for topees had gone in, it was decided we should do a spot under canvas.

We were just itching to get out of billets with their hard floors, monotonous wallpaper, and all those other little irksome things which make civilisation so trying. We yearned for the other life—where men are men and tents look all the same on a dark night.

Of course, there was a lot to do before we could take up residence. Two or three hundred tents had to be moved about in a dark jungle and by the time we had finished we thought there were 5,000. Then, of course, there were lots of other irritating little things, that even tough men have to consider—such as washing places and cook ng food, and how to get ipto the town without being seen. However, being Signals we took it in our stride. Mind you, there were lots of nasty things that other people had done before us, but we covered them up with earth or simply took no notice.

Der tag arrived and we marched in with a swing (others may think differently).

Now owing to the dry weather, the undergrowth was rather dangerous from the fire point of view, so we all prayed for rain, and we got it. For three weeks.

All sorts of little problems started to present themselves. Everything got very wet and, being in a valley, the water collected there. However, we had a brain wave and dug a lot of trenches and the water went round and round and came out at the Officers' Mess, and they didn't

W.O'S AND SERGEANTS' MESS.

L. of C. Signals, France, 11.9.39 - 21.6.40. Taken at Le Mans, February 1940.



Back Row (left to right) : Sergeant Roscoe W., Sergeant Burton J., Sergeant Childs H. A., Sergeant Fox R., Sergeant Welsh, Sergeant Green R.
Centre Row (left to right) : C.Q.M.S. F. of S. Ransom, Sergeant Godman A. E., Sergeant Stares F., Sergeant Rose A., Sergeant White W. E., Sergeant Jones M., Sergeant Hampton T. E., Sergeant Emmett T. H., C.Q.M.S. F. of S. Blake.
Front Row (left to right) : C.Q.M.S. Green G., C.S.M. Elkins E. V., R.Q.M.S. Smith W. A., R.S.M. Sewell C. G., C.S.M. Bailey J. R., C.Q.M.S. Farrington T., C.Q.M.S. Hope.

like it, because others had noticed it and gave that spot a wide berth. But we didn't let it get us down. No, we got a lot of shovels and moved the mud into little heaps out of the way; and then in the night the rain moved it back again and we kept on doing this to see who would win. We tried other ways of moving it, but we left camp with most of it in the same place as we found it, which was all rather disappointing.

However, we are all back again, looking very fit and a lot wiser—(raspberries).

While in camp a very good effort was put up in the form of a concert and the Unit desires to thank all those who got the show going and a special word of praise to Private Hartley in his untiring efforts in drawing up the programme and for providing the music, which was aptly described as "Smashing."

It is understood that another is on the way and the promoters are confident that the material available will produce something quite "sensational, studpendous, etc."

SPORT.—Having passed through a very good cricket season, our thoughts are now turned to Soccer, and our sports officer, 2nd Lieutenant Randell, is hard at it drawing up a programme.

It is hoped in the near future to organse a Section knock-out competition. This we hope will stimulate interest and give the small fry a chance to show their paces. Watch orders closely and let's have a good gate.

MEMOIRS.—To R.Q.M.S. Ted Bourne, whose face I borrowed at Seaford, in 1937, to go ratting. Also in memory of those couple of chukkas we had in Poona in 1907.

GENERAL.—We hope to give a more detailed account of ourselves in next month's issue.

Reserve your copies now.

SNIKLE.

— Corps Signals, in the South

GENERAL.—September has been a delightful month, both from the point of view of weather and the fact that the "Troops" have wallowed in the luxury of billets after their muddy sojourn under canvas.

Even so we have not been idle.

No 1 Company, after hiding themselves in the country, were raked in and have been hard at it buffing up their billets and M/T., not excluding themselves. A Line Section were the first to have the official eye passed over them and come out with full points in all departments.

O.C. 1 Company has produced a miniature S.T.C. at the back of his office, where one can inspect models in various stages of line construction, jointings/wbd. connections, etc. This lay-out is proving invaluable to linesmen and other kindred tradesmen and it is expected a 100 per cent. pass will be achieved at the next trade board as a result.

No. 2 Company, as always, are being kept busy with the real stuff. There are even times when they have to squeeze a bit more out of themselves and provide a body or two for these mysterious exercises, which are coming into favour again and will no doubt keep us even busier in the near future.

IN YOUR GARDEN.—Billet holders should this month make a vigorous attack on weeds and generally tidy up ground from which potatoes have been removed. (Headquarters, please note.)

Everything else can be left until next year (officer i/c permitting).

W.O.s' AND SERGEANTS' MESS.—For description read advertisement in local "rag" as:—Fine building, Elizabethan style, five minutes station, one minute Green Line; h.c., w.c., h.f., l.f.; open all night; charges moderate (when they pay).

A very successful dinner night was held on Wednesday September 17th. With four notes still functioning on the piano, Sergeants Mortimer, Curtis, Knightley and Stacey gave renderings of hill-billies, and a new song, the main theme being something about a wheel going round and round.

WEAPON TRAINING.—As many of the Unit as could be spared spent a very useful three days on the range. Some good shooting was done with the rifle, pistol, a tank rifle, and a newcomer to the Unit —the Thompson sub-machine gun. O.C. 1 Company pulled a pretty trigger with the last-named, and gave a demonstration of firing from the hip. He took the stp.-butt in a wide arc and very nearly swept the warden's hut from its foundations.



"A" and "Q"

To whom so much is owed by so many to these two

MARRIAGES.—There being no just causes or impediments the following have clinched the deal:—

Signalman Roe V. S., to Miss Hilda Daisy Green, at Eltham, on August 23rd, 1941.

Driver Allison O. C., to Miss Lottie Brills, at Clitheroe, on August 28th, 1941.

Signalman Davis D., to Miss Doris Hilda Jones, at Kensington, on August 30th, 1941.

Driver Kemp A. G., to Miss Marjorie Bedford, at St. Albans, on September 13th, 1941.

BIRTHS.—Congratulations are extended to the undermentioned on their "war effort":—

To Signalman Barville F. H., a son—Richard.

To Signalman Tozer R. E., a daughter—Maureen Ruby Theresa.

Lance Corporal Martin J. W., a son—Michael John.



Back Row : 2/Lieut, S. Edmondson, Dvr. Degg, H. J., Sig. Noble, F. M., L./Sergt. Curtis, J. W., Sig. Hollis, E. G., Sig. Oliver, A.W.
Centre : Sig. Drew, Sig. Fox, R.
Front : Sig. Richards, Pte. Ede, P., Pte. Robertson.

O.C.T.U.—Our best wishes go to Sergeant Williams T. E. and Lance Corporal Marshall E. on their posting to the O.C.T.U.

PROMOTIONS.—Congratulations and best wishes are extended to R.Q.M.S. Collington R. M. on his recent promotion as R.Q.M.S. to — Divisional Signals. Well, Jock, how do you like your new Unit ? Don't write—we know the answer. Also to the undermentioned who have had a leg-up:—Lance Sergeant Leatherdale to Sergeant, Lance Corporals Collins W. S., Reed R. A. and Hewitt R. to Corporals; Signalmen Cole R., Logan J., Rudd C. F. and Elvin W. to Lance Corporals.

There is just space to squeeze in a hearty welcome to C.S.M. McPeak H., who has just joined us. He would like to tell his old Unit that he thinks he's found a good billet.

SPORTS.—Soccer is now in full swing and despite pressure of work we are able to squeeze a little bit out of the 24 hours for a game or two.

There have been three games of note. Of the first, the officers and N.C.O.s v. the Unit, provided a modicum of thrills. The Unit team was a bit overpowering and left the other side a little vague as to what was happening. With the aid of a slide rule I was able to measure the score as 10—0 against the officers and N.C.O.s.

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1 Company v. 2 Company.—The spectators, all six of them, were provided with some good football. The forward line on both sides was about even, with the defence rather to the advantage of 2 Company. Score: 2 Company, 4; 1 Company, 2.

Unit Team v. C.M.P.—The M.P.s gave a good account of themselves and tended to show up the weak spots in our team. The Police did most of the attacking and opened the score after 40 minutes. Faulty handling by the M.P.'s goalkeeper made the score even. 2nd Lieutenant Edmonson, for the Signals, made several break throughs, but failed to connect. The Police continued to press and put on two more before the whistle. The Signals' goalkeeper, Private Edes, played an excellent game and kept the score within reasonable limits. Score: 3—1.

BULLOMETER. — By kind permission of W.O. Department KX/5/SHUSH, I am able to publish brief details of the Bullometer MK. V.

This instrument is not new to readers, having been used as far back as 1922. The present machine is a vast improvement on older models.



The old model had only one dial and in moments of great stress and annual inspections was used to measure degrees of Red Tape (there are other names for this which you may recall).

The instrument just issued has five dials and the working is based on the well-known principle of radio telepathy.

The machine is particularly useful to Adjutants who want a quick answer.

When it was announced that General Poobah was to inspect the Unit a flutter went round and as the idiosyncracies of the said General were not known it was decided to call in the services of the Bullometer Mk. V.

The instrument can be described as a kind of W/T receiver, to which is attached a microphone. A brief description of the General was uttered into the microphone and after an interval of ten minutes in which to allow the delicate mechanism to digest some startling facts, the switch was put to "On." After a bit of searching with the knobs the dial readings gave the following answers:—

Degree of brilliancy required on parade.—99.

Number of tins of polish.—400 of Brasso or equivalent in Soldiers' Friend.

Type of Blanco favoured.—Paternoster's Blue Mist.

Points to swat up.—A.C.I's, Corps Orders, Cooks' Clothing, Q.M.'s Secret Dump.

Brief description of individual.—Twirp.

Having digested the results and got the Unit in fine trim accordingly, the unfortunate news was received that General Poobah was indisposed and that General Chukka would fill the breach.

The Mk. V was quickly brought into action, the C.O. and Adjutant anxiously watching the dials.

It is pointless to mention the result, but sufficient to say that they (C.O. and Adjutant) are now on the "Y" list.

An Independent Infantry Brigade Section, Northern Ireland

We haven't been in print before. Perhaps because we've been too busy—you know, a little training here and there, and so on.

But we believe it a good thing for Divisions and Companies and Sections and Detachments to get into THE WIRE and advertise.

Ably commanded by Lieutenant R. H. A. Hossell, with 2nd Lieutenant J. A. Wilks second in command, we, as a Section, are perhaps the most contented family in Ulster.

Should we be disbelieved, then you can ask Sergeant Jennings (old Pindi 1st Dwite), Sergeant Whayman ("B" Corps and 3 Division, Meerut), Corporal Ted Drake (Drake of "A"), Corporal Boughtwood, and Lance Corporals Ingle, Colquitt and Tilbury for confirmation. And because we think this a natty way of introducing the "goons" of this Section to you, we intend to give you more names next month. So order your copy of THE WIRE now, and if you see the name of anyone who owes you money, then the address is: Home Forces.

Unfortunately, we are not allowed to give you the names of the senior officers on the staff of this Headquarters, and even if we were, and did, then you would be wrong if you in any way connected them with the "aggressive" idea of training—solely for the use of "I" branch—a "Chief Wiper Outer."

Marking of maps is not allowed at this Headquarters—the only exception being the "I" map. On exercises and schemes and things this "I" map can be likened to any rainbow—you know, dispositions in technicolour.

Minefield in blue, saboteurs in red, and so on. Anyone is allowed to study it. Of course, we'd draw the line at Goering or Hess, or even the Bore of Berlin himself. But we don't mind as long as you are on our side and can produce A.B.64, part one and/or two. M.C.O.s come (and look) and M.C.O.s go (after looking), but the Chief Wiper Outer, complete with "flannels, wet, for the rubbing out of," is always on duty by the map. Strutting Storm Troopers who may meander into our Headquarters is the business of anyone, except the Chief Wiper Outer. But let one of Hitler's Bootlickers make one goose step towards the "I" map, and the Chief Wiper Outer will go into action with flannel in much the same way as the Nebraska Wildcat went into action against Gipsy Billy Daniels, at Madison Square Gardens. So far the Chief Wiper Outer has never had to go into action. His flannel has never tasted blood. But still he stands there waiting, waiting. Perhaps the guy who wrote, "They also serve who only stand and wait." was right after all.

Some of the Section, together with others of the Headquarters, have been holidaymaking by the sea for a few days. That may sound all right to you and it's sweet music to us—now. But when the news was first broken to us, in the form of a "buzz" we couldn't bring ourselves to like the idea, because rumour had it that we were going to camp for a few days. Now a camp always means tents, and white stones, and beds in a line, and earwigs and things. News leaked out as news will leak out—that this camp was to be quite informal—if you know what we mean. We were, however, still suspicious, when the names of the first party appeared on orders. Yet, somehow, we kinda repented for the hard things we'd said when we learnt that "only respirators, A.G. and P.T. kit would be taken." We, nevertheless, still wondered what was in store for us. This scribe was on the second party, and when we left the comfort of our not-so-bad Nissen huts and were en route to this concentration camp at nowhere in particular by the sea, we felt sorry for men like Crippen and Sweeny Todd, and we understood how they must have felt as they were taking the eight o'clock walk.

Have you ever backed a greyhound with your last two shillings, and as it flashes first past the post, felt like jumping the rails and kissing it?

Have you ever said rude things about the Regimental Paymaster when he informs you that you are £6 11s. 9½d. in debt, only later to find yourself worrying about his promotion when he writes you to say "for debit read credit"? If you have you will know just how we of the second party feel, our holiday over.

We hope the Brigadier reads these notes, and the B.M. and Staff Captain, too. We'd like very much to present an illuminated address to the officer i/c Holiday Camp, Captain ——, R.A.S.C., and it's only the black-out that stops us. Why the heck this holiday camp stunt wasn't thought of before is beyond us. Reveille 8 a.m., breakfast 9 a.m., P.T. 10.15 to 10.45, then a game of cricket, rounders, football—anything you like (except nap). As much swimming as you liked, a golf course of I forget how many holes, horseback riding, pictures, dancing, and something else that was too numerous to mention. There were no C.M.P.s, no gaiters, no hats, no shirts, no meal queues, no spud bashing, no fatigues. Are you reading? O.K. then, listen to us. We're telling you that this stunt was flawless, it didn't have one snag. We're grateful.

Of course, we work as well as play, and although many of our readers may be familiar with five-day stunts like "Rudolph," "Summit," "Gibraltar," etc., through the medium of their daily papers, we speak with real authority on the subject because we were there. Admittedly, we were on the losing side a couple of times, because they turned us into Germans for the occasion, but that didn't alter the fact that our communications satisfied the staff a whole lot.

Inside information we don't possess, but there's quite a lot of chappies around who would like to see again some of those sweet little French dames they had to leave so suddenly.

We are having an inspection by a Senior Officer of the Corps shortly and next month's notes will give you his verdict.

But don't worry, we never stand easy, only at ease. That's all until next month.

Two Years of War on Land

We can now look back on two years of war on land, and can do so with at least qualified satisfaction. We are still a long way from victory, but the Axis Powers have lost their best chance of defeating us and their position worsens rather than betters as the months go by and they lose their initial advantages over us.

The first year of the war was in every way militarily disastrous for the Allies. The first few weeks gave Germany possession of Poland. Then, in the spring of 1940, came the rape of Denmark and Norway and the vain attempt of the Allies to succour the surprised and under-armed Norwegians—an attempt which showed how unfit their troops yet were to meet the armed might of Germany in battle. There followed, a few weeks later, the swift over-running of Holland and Belgium before the Allies could assist them, and then—most disastrous of all—the disruption of the Alliance itself by the conquest of France, in the course of which the Germans made use of novel and astonishingly successful methods of war. The small British contingent fighting beside the French was twice compelled to evacuate by sea under fire, leaving behind all its armament and equipment. This campaign cost us some 50,000 casualties and our last footing in Europe, and we have not yet succeeded in regaining one.

In Africa the declaration of war by Italy in June, 1940, just before the defection of France from the Alliance, left us alone to face a strong concentration of Italian forces in Libya and in East Africa. Before the end of this first year these had already taken possession of British Somaliland and had crossed the frontiers of Egypt, the Sudan and Kenya, though they had not got very far.

Thus the picture at the end of the first year of the war was that we were driven from Europe and faced with the imminent peril of the invasion of Britain, and that in Africa we had lost some territory and seemed likely to lose more. Germany was mistress of all Western and Central Europe. Italy looked like becoming mistress of all North Africa.

The role of the Army throughout the second year of the war was

(*Continued on page 344*)



"There he was, sitting on the floor . . . surrounded by hundreds and hundreds of cigarette packets, and . . . muttering in a voice filled with sorrow and despair, 'They're all empty' . . . ."

TRAINING with Plenty of TEARS!

Some True Stories which Prove that the Job of Instructing Recruits is Anything but Dull

By

J. J. HALL

(By kind permission of "Motor Cycling")

We have had "Training Without Tears" and "More Training and Still No Tears." Well, that's all over. Here's "Training With Buckets of Tears," and they're mine (the tears, not the buckets, the latter being W.D. property!).

Last week the most horrible thing happened. I fell off—and, what is more, I fell off with extreme violence, and, what is even worse, I fell off bang in front of 40 cadets who, on my instructions, were standing in a great heap for the sole purpose of watching me perform round a bit of "rough stuff"!

Perform I certainly did—like an elephant with wings, the whole of my 15 stone sailing through the air for at least 12 feet, landing with a great crash in a gorse bush only a few yards from the assembled throng.

A DIVERSION

The trouble was that part of my normal training course was being used by two lorries, which were doing their best to get stuck in a bog. I therefore explained to the audience that I would make a diversion, returning to the starting point across a slope of gorse and bracken which looked smooth and perfectly innocent. Off I went with a vengeance: there were one or two experts with their eyes on me, and as I knew the course (bar the three-quarter mile diversion) like the back of my rather grubby hand, I went fairly fast. All went well until I came to the "home" slope—that innocent affair of gorse and bracken—and up it I sailed, throttle well open. What I failed to observe, owing to the wretched bracken which concealed it, was a 3-foot ditch. But I HIT it, and with the most extreme violence, sailing, as I have mentioned before, well over the handlebars, to land at the feet of the spectators. "That, gentlemen," I said when I had got my breath back, "shows you the value of reconnaissance before you start demonstrating over 'rough stuff.'" (NOTE: Always remember that in the Army the ready response may mean more than the accurate answer!)

Well, that was a pretty bad start to a very beastly week. But it was only a beginning. Less than 48 hours afterwards we had the "Affair of the Plate Glass Window," a nerve-shattering experience. A Corporal and myself were taking six men for their first run on the road and had covered about eight miles with everything running smoothly, when we arrived at a cross-roads in the middle of a small and peaceful town. There was no traffic, and turning to the right the column proceeded on its way, until the last man arrived at the turning. Why, oh why is it *always* the last man?

QUEER CUSTOMERS

This one, when he arrived at the turning, for some reason known only to the devils in Hell, opened his throttle flat out—he was correctly, but unfortunately, in low gear—and it took it, right between its teeth. There was a roar, the bike wriggled, gave a slight skid, bucked twice like a mountain goat and rushed at the pavement. Rider's reaction? Completely hypnotised! The machine jumped the pavement and, with a shattering crash, disappeared through the plate glass window of the town's leading tobacconist.

No. I did *not hurt* myself off my machine and tear in after him; I have at last got past that sort of thing. I parked my machine at the side of the road and walked slowly through the huge hole in the window. There he was, sitting on the floor by the side of his machine, surrounded by hundreds and hundreds of cigarette packets, and, unbelievable and utterly fantastic as it may sound, opening them one after another, muttering in a voice filled with sorrow and despair, "They're all empty; they're all empty!"

I had two more queer customers last month. There was the man who rode smack across a busy main road, without warning and without looking, from a little country footpath leading from a cross-country track, missing a lorry and a car by inches. When I asked him if he had gone mad he replied, "You know, I was dreaming I was on the Yorkshire moors and that there was nobody about." "You'll be dreaming yourself into a coffin, you absolute imbecile," I roared. But he only grinned; and another day passed and we'd brought them back alive.

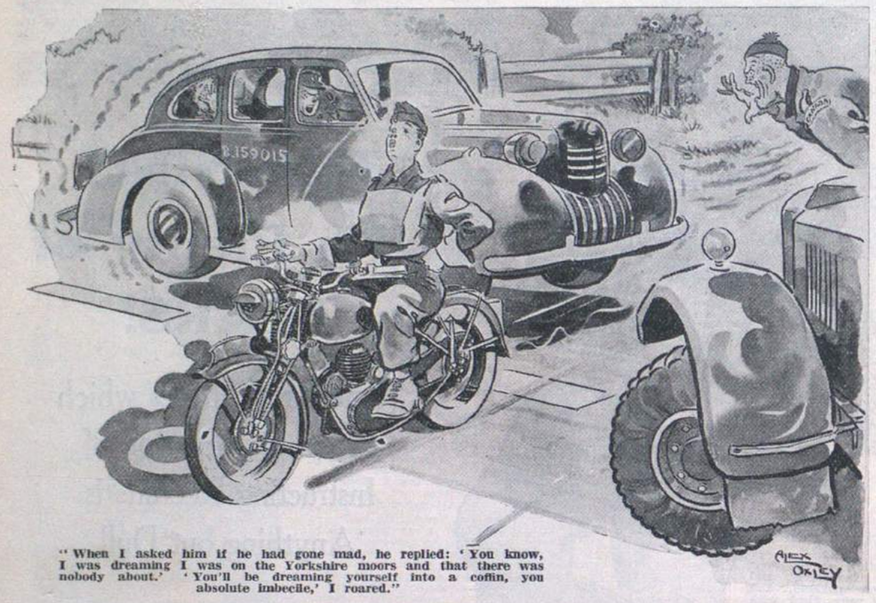
ENTHUSIASM

Then came the enthusiast. I had detailed a corporal to sort out eight Grade "A" riders with the idea of taking them over a few of our local precipices, and duly led them away from the training circuit. At the top of the first long, steep and rough climb I waited for the riders coming up one by one. The last of the column was considerably behind the rest and very nearly failed to get up at all. I went over and said, "Open your throttle wide at the bottom of a climb like this; don't wait until you're half-way up and nearly stationary." I then noticed that he appeared to be considerably hot and bothered. I've never been on one before," he replied. "Been on what?" I said, "a Royal Enfield?" (He was riding one.) "No," he replied, "a motor bicycle!" I nearly fell backwards down the hill. I asked him who on earth had sent him out with the others, and his reply certainly "showed willing." "Nobody," he said; "but I thought I'd get on quicker if I did."

Well, they say every cloud has a silver lining, and the silver lining to this one has just floated into view. A very beautiful thing happened last night. "Hippo" Hensman, Lieutenant, R.A.S.C., my assistant instructor, fell off! I had been sending up a silent prayer

ever since the shattering experience described in the beginning of this article that it might be so, as since my crash he has been quite insufferable.

We had been for an evening run (strictly instructional, of course !) with some of the officers on the permanent staff, and coming away from a small village, where we had stopped for a break and to buy some lemonade (Graham Walker made a queer choking noise when he read this bit; quite uncalled for), one of the riders got left behind. "Hippo" went to the rescue and executed a very dashing "about turn." To make it look really fast he took the grass at side of the road. But that, praise be to Allah ! was as far as he got, because, hidden by nettles, bless them, was a large hole, and into this "Hippo" disappeared; his bike stayed put and poor old "Hippo" went rolling over and over towards the road and through the nettles, to the accompaniment of howls, yells, squeals, roars, shouts and bellowings of delighted derision from myself and the other riders who were fortunate endugh to witness this most satisfactory spectacle.



"When I asked him if he had gone mad, he replied: 'You know, I was dreaming I was on the Yorkshire moors and that there was nobody about.' 'You'll be dreaming yourself into a coffin, you absolute imbecile,' I roared."

A STORY TO COME

Well, that's the end of our adventures for the time being. Anything may happen next week, because I've just heard from Teddy Prestwich, of J.A.P.'s, that "Crackleguts" may arrive at any minute. "Crackleguts" — Emperor of the Road—the Greatest Machine of All Time—a 12 h.p. engine in a 500 c.c. frame—crackles like a dozen Bren guns and has the guts of ninety elephants — successor to Rumble-thump—eater of petrol—faster than light. But enough; the story of "Crackleguts" must wait until later.

TWO YEARS OF WAR ON LAND—*continued.*

thus primarily a defensive one. But after a successful defence in Africa it seized the opportunity to pass to the attack, with the result that not only has the Axis drive in the Middle East been stopped, wherever it has developed, but the whole of the Italian East African Empire, on which that drive was based, has been conquered.

Hostile invasion of these islands, despite frequent threats and extensive preparations, has as yet failed to materialise. Should it ever do so, it will find the Army far better prepared to receive and repulse it than when the danger first became acute in the summer of last year. The main task of the Army at home has been to fit itself to meet this decisive ordeal should it ever come. The mere fact that it has never been called on to do so may be taken as a proof and a measure of its success. Its severe hardening and training, the enormous efforts made to equip it, the ceaseless and often wearisome vigilance demanded of it, have at least had this negative reward.

Among the troops in Britain, the anti-aircraft batteries have had a constant and active part to play in the day and night enemy raids. During the Battle of Britain last autumn they brought down over 200 hostile aircraft, and their total bag during the second year of the war was more than twice that figure.

The large military forces now engaged in guarding the shores of this country against invasion include not only Free French, Polish, Dutch, Belgian and Norwegian contingents, but three full Canadian divisions, and a Canadian Army Tank Brigade, Corps Troops and Forestry Troops. The last-arrived of the three divisions is equipped largely with material turned out in Canadian factories.

Behind the Regular forces in this country now stands the Home Guard, more numerous, better armed, trained and equipped for its special role than ever. Co-operation between the forces has become closer and training has been intensified and specialised.

The A.T.S., now an integral part of the Army, is growing in numbers and efficiency, and is daily taking over more and more of the domestic duties of the Army from the fighting soldiers. It is also assuming certain specialised operational duties in connection with anti-aircraft defence.

In the summer of 1940 British troops undertook the important, but wearisome and thankless task of garrisoning Iceland, which was in danger of occupation by the Germans. Living conditions have been anything but attractive; the quarters are over-cramped, the climate is trying and relations with the population at first left much to be desired. When, in July last, United States troops arrived to reinforce and eventually replace our forces, many of these had been over a year in the island.

In the Mediterranean our garrison at Gibraltar, though maintained in a state of constant vigilance and busily engaged throughout the war in strengthening its already formidable defences, has only had to repel sporadic air raids by French and Italian machines. The damage caused thereby to life and property has been negligible. Malta, on the other hand, has undergone far more severe trials. Since the Italian entry into the war in June, 1940, it has had more than 500 warnings and over 350 raids, of which 150 were bombing attacks. These increased in number and vigour when German air squadrons established themselves in Sicily. A heavy toll has been taken of the raiders, largely by the Royal Malta Artillery and anti-aircraft guns manned by Maltese, and the spirit of the people has remained high throughout. On July 26th, 1941, a surprise attack by Italian light naval craft was a complete failure and the whole attacking force was destroyed before it could be extricated.

Of our other Colonial possessions, West Africa and Malay have not so far been the scenes of active operations. Our West African garrisons have been powerfully reinforced, and native troops sent from Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast to East Africa have played a great part in the brilliant achievements of our armies there. Our garrison at Singapore, of which an Australian contingent forms part, is now one of the strongest and most formidable in the world, and is fully ready and fit to deal with attack from whatever quarter it may come.

The operations in the Middle East, in Greece, in Crete, in Libya, in Italian East Africa, in Iraq, in Syria, and most recently of all in Iran, have been fully dealt with in earlier articles in these columns and need no more than a bare mention here. The operations in Greece and Crete did not achieve their object of checking the German conquest of the Balkans and the Ægean Islands, but they slowed up the hostile advance and made it more expensive; though the price we paid in casualties, some 30,000 in all, was high, it was certainly well below that inflicted on the invaders. The effect of our North and East African operations was to give us possession of the whole of Italian East Africa and to free the Red Sea route of supply to our Middle Eastern armies. These results were attained at an absurdly low cost to ourselves, less than 10,000 casualties, while two Italian armies, totalling half a million men, were totally destroyed, together with a vast quantity of war material which fell into our hands or was lost to the enemy in other ways. The campaigns in Syria, Iraq and Iran were cheap, swift and effective in their purpose, which was to destroy the seeds of future German occupation in these three countries before they could become more than potential dangers to us.

The general result of all these campaigns has been to baffle the great German design in the Middle East, and to erect a barrier across all the approaches to the Eastern coast of the Mediterranean, to Egypt and the Suez Canal, and to India, which it had been the enemy's purpose to threaten or seize, as the surest means of splitting and disrupting the united fabric of our Empire. It was partly because of their failure in this grandiose plan that the Axis Powers in July decided to seek another route to the East through Russia—a move which has revolutionised, to their disadvantage, the whole trend of the war.

The results of the war to date, therefore, from the point of view of the British Army have been chequered. We have had severe defeats in France, in Greece and in Crete; but we have had useful and often spectacular victories in Libya, in East Africa, in Syria, in Iraq and in Iran to set off against them. We have foiled the enemy's designs both against the British Isles and against the British Empire, and we are only awaiting the time and the opportunity to turn the tables on him and to drive him from the countries he has invaded and holds enslaved.



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VOL. XXII.—No. 261 NOVEMBER, 1941 PRICE—SIXPENCE

Editorial Notes

FELICITATIONS

The news of the award of the Distinguished Conduct Medal to Sergeant Ronald F. J. Kells, Royal Signals, completes a remarkable family record of distinctions won in three generations, linking the Indian Mutiny, the last war and the present war.

Sergeant Kells received his award for gallantry in night operations at Tobruk. His father was a "Mons" man and was awarded the Military Medal. His grandfather won the Victoria Cross at Delhi during the Indian Mutiny.

Details of Sergeant Kells' exploit at Tobruk are not at present available, but although wounded and in hospital he is believed to be progressing satisfactorily and we extend our best wishes for his speedy recovery.

We also extend our felicitations to No. 2326912, Signalman Lewis McDonald, Royal Signals, who was recently awarded the Military Medal for "Distinguished Services in the Field" (*vide* "London Gazette Supplement," dated November 4th, 1941).

ROYAL SIGNALS COMFORTS FUND SHOP.—Mrs. G. D. Ozanne, of Horley Croft, Salfords, near Redhill, Surrey, appeals to all readers of the Corps Magazine—and their friends—to send along any unwanted articles which can be sold for the benefit of Royal Signals Comforts Fund and Royal Signals Prisoners of War Fund.

The smallest gift will be gratefully accepted.

Benevolent Fund Notes

Security regulations do not permit us to publish detailed particulars of Corps Units, but it is hoped that the following list of those formations that have already responded to the Colonel-Commandant's appeal for regular monthly contributions to the Corps Benevolent Fund will be found satisfactory for the purpose of identification.

BENEVOLENT FUND (No. 2 A/C 1940) (Unit List Continued):

	£	s.	d.
4 Command — —July August, and September	47	10	6
6 A.A. Signals, Essex—September	1	16	8
6 Armoured — —September	4	14	3
N. Command, Rawalpindi—July/September	5	4	6
2 Armourned — Signals, Meerut—October/December ...	1	4	0
Air Formation Signals, Ireland—September	7	4	6
9 — Signals—Donation	3	0	0
— A.A. Signals, Cardiff—Donation	2	5	6
— Command Signals, Wiltshire—June/August	5	3	6
Lieutenant-Colonel E. G. McHutchon, O.B.E., T.A. ...	5	0	0
4 (F.S.S.) Co., — Command—September		12	0
London District Signals—October	4	7	6
— A.A. Signals, Cardiff—Dance		10	0
2 A.A. — Signals, Northants—September	4	16	0
7 A.A. — Signals—September	4	9	11
— (London) Corps Signals—September	5	10	3
"H" Section, attached 63rd — R.A.—October		5	9
Armoured — Signals, Quetta—May/June		6	3
— (E.A.) Divisional Signals—September	5	16	9

	£	s.	d.
7 — Signals, c/o G.P.O.—April/June	4	2	0
7 — Signals, c/o G.P.O.—July/September	4	4	6
1 General Trades—July/September	10	0	0
Waziristan District Signals—April/June	4	16	8
1 A.A. Divisional Signals—October	2	11	3
11 Armoured — Signals—September	1	6	9
1 H.Q. Signals—August/September	4	12	6
Orkneys and Shetlands—October	4	0	0
Mrs. E. Galloway	5	17	6
— Divisional Signals—July/September	8	15	0
Railway Signals Training Battalion	50	0	0
— West Country Divisional Signals—September	2	2	6
S.T.C., Wales—July, August and September	82	11	3
1 Operators' Training Battalion—July, August and September	23	13	5
West Kent Coast Signals—October	2	13	4
59 — Signal —July/September	4	13	3
1 Divisional Signals—September	4	6	0
9 Armoured — Signals—Donation		12	6
N. Command, Rawalpindi —April/June	4	12	6
(Wessex) Divisional Signal —Donat on	20	0	0
— (E.A.) Divisional Signal —October	2	7	0
Dorset Divisional Signals—October		17	3
— Air Formation Signals, N.W.—September	5	12	0
— Command Signals Herts—October		16	6
—A.A. Divisional Signals, Yorks—October	4	15	10
3rd Operators' Training Battalion—October	8	7	9
12 — Signals—July/September	1	10	0
203 — Signal Section—October		6	0
1 Company, 11 — Signals—October	1	12	3
— A.A. Signals, Cardiff—November	2	14	6
Devon and Cornwall Divisional Signals—October		10	0
Hampshire Divisional Signals—October		9	9
School of Signals—October/December	6	0	0
3 Holding Battalion—October	10	10	0
1 Company, 61 — Signals—October	1	14	0
3 Depot Battalion—October	25	0	0
11 A.A. — Signals—October	3	2	0
12 A.A. — Signals—October	9	17	7
4 Command — —November	40	0	0
—Wessex Divisional Signals—November	1	5	6
— Lowland Divisional Signals—October	5	0	6
3 Divisional Signals—October	3	6	9
— Command Signals, Ireland—October	1	15	7
S.W.G., Royal Signals—October	1	7	0
H. G. Weston, Esq.	1	1	0
— A.A. Corps Signal School—November	2	3	8
220 — Signal Section—October		9	3
Humber Signal Section—Donation		6	0
N.I.D. Signals—April/October	8	18	0
1 General Trades—August/October	19	14	11
East Central Area Signals—Dance	2	2	0
— (1st London) Corps Signals—November	5	14	11
8th — Divisional Signals—October	5	6	9
S.O. in Chief's Staff—November		10	0
London District Signals—November	4	6	0

APPEALS DEALT WITH :

		£	s.	d.
1	Ex-Signalman, Isle of Wight — Grant	5	0	0
2	Widow of Signalman, Birmingham — Grant	5	0	0
3	Mother of Signalman (deceased), London — Grant	2	0	0
4	Ex-N.C.O., Kent — Grant	10	0	0
5	Wife of Signalman, Middlesex — Grant	3	10	0
6	Wife of Signalman, Scotland — Grant		0	0
7	Wife of N.C.O. Portsmouth — Grant	6	0	0
8	Wife of Signalman, Surrey — Grant	3	0	0
9	Driver, Catterick — Grant	2	0	0
	Loan	3	0	0
10	Wife of Signalman, Gateshead — Grant	3	0	0
11	Wife of Signalman, Prestatyn — Grant	4	0	0
12	Wife of N.C.O., Armoured Divisional Signals, H.F. — Grant	2	0	0
13	Mother of Signalman (deceased), London — Grant	3	0	0
14	Parents of Signalman, Essex — Grant	5	0	0
15	Wife of Signalman, Newcastle — Grant	3	0	0
16	Widow of Signalman, London — Grant	5	0	0
17	Mother of N.C.O., Derbyshire — Grant	2	0	0
18	Wife of N.C.O. (deceased), Bedford — Grant	3	0	0
19	Mother of Signalman, Leicestershire — Grant	3	0	0
20	Widow of Signalman, London — Grant	3	10	0
21	Widow of Driver, Newcastle — Grant	5	5	0
22	Widow of Signalman, Cheshire — Grant	5	0	0
23	Mother of Signalman, Huddersfield — Grant	2	10	0
24	N.C.O., India — Grant	1	15	6
25	Wife of Signalman, East Lothian — Grant	4	0	0
26	Mother of N.C.O. (deceased), Wiltshire — Grant	4	0	0
27	Ex-Signalman, Newcastle — Grant	3	0	0
28	Driver, Belfast — Grant	4	0	0
29	Signalman, — Armoured Divisional Signals, H.F. — Grant	4	0	0
30	Signalman, London — Grant	5	13	6

(Signed) T. H. L. SPAIGHT, D.S.O., Administrator, Signals' Association Benevolent Fund.

PRISONERS OF WAR PARCELS:

As expected, our work in connection with Prisoners of War and their families has greatly increased. During the past month alone we have augmented nearly a hundred parcels, adding the larger items, such as underclothing and boots.

One of the more frequent requests we receive is for mouth organs and harmonicas. We were able to buy five and have been given one. What is this among so many? They are now unobtainable. Please help them and us by sending yours to us for us to send on to your comrades. We will undertake to tell the recipient the name of the donor. Remember they cannot turn on the wireless or go to the cinema during their many hours of enforced idleness.

Here are a few extracts from the many letters we have received recently:—

"I thought you would be interested to hear that I have had two letters and a post card from my son. He says he has received books and also the 'Personal' parcels, which he says were lovely, and we know how much he appreciates them."

"I really do not know how to begin to thank you for your wonderful kindness. I am ever so grateful to you for what you are doing for my son. . . . Well all I can say is I thank you very, very much, and I hope God will bless you for the good work you are doing. It has been a very hard blow, but when folk like you do all you can to help it seems so great."

"Please accept my heartfelt gratitude for your kindly interest in our Prisoners. It does help us to pull ourselves together and not to look on the black side. Trusting you will be rewarded for all you are doing."

"I am very sorry to say I have not the means to send a parcel and it is worrying me very much to think I can't help. I do know that my son needs warm clothing and socks. If you can send my boy a parcel I shall be so grateful and thankful to you."

"Thank you for the trouble you have taken on my behalf in writing such a kind and comforting letter."

From a Prisoner of War.—"I wish to thank you and the Royal Signals Association for your post card and the help and interest it implies. All mail is very welcome here and helps to relieve our minds a little."

"Will you accept our thanks and deep appreciation of all you are doing for your man and their parents; it is a tremendous comfort to us all."

"What I have been unable to get is an harmonica for my son. If you could send him one I shall never be able to thank you enough."

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR PARCELS (List Continued):

	£	s.	d.
4 Command —	10	0	0
Mr. E. Canning		2	6
Signalman D. T. Evans	1	1	0
Mrs. B. Howlett		5	9
Lieutenant E. A. Parry		10	0
G. W. Pace		10	0
Mrs. J. Fenwick		3	0
Mrs. Constantine		5	0
Mrs. A. McNeill		17	6
L. C. Green	1	0	0
Mrs. Ada Pearson	1	0	0
1st General Trades	5	0	0
Mr. Agar		5	0
H. Allaway		10	0
— Corps Signals—Cinema Show	2	11	6
W. J. Dickenson	25	0	0
Mr. Male		10	0
Mrs. Gale		6	0
Mrs. W. Summers	1	0	0
1st Operator Training Battalion	2	2	0
— Command Signals	2	5	3
9 — Signals—Concert	5	0	0
Mrs. Ellison		5	0
Mrs. Derbyshire		5	0
9 — Signals—Concert	1	17	6
Mrs. M. C. Noble		5	0
A. Booth	1	10	0
Mrs. Stirling		5	0
3 Depot Battalion	15	0	0
— Artillery Signal Section Training Battalion—Dance	4	1	0
Brigadier G. C. Wickns, C.B.E., T.D.	1	1	0
Mr. A. Cameron		10	0
Queen of South Football Club	7	1	0
11 — Divisional Signals	2	8	0
4 Command —	10	0	0
Mrs. Jackson		5	0
— S.T.C., Wales	100	0	0
Percy R. Crooks		10	6

Royal Signals Comforts Fund

	£	s.	d.
West Kent Coast Signal Section	3	3	3
1 L. of C. Signals	7	11	3
S.T.C., Bangalore, per Mrs. Tayleur	3	14	0
Mrs. Wickens	1	0	0
Mrs. Barlow's Branch Ladies' Guild	16	10	8
Clevedon Woman's Voluntary Services	2	2	0
Mrs. Parker's Work Party	1	10	0
Staff of Inspection Department, Engineer and Signal Stores (monthly)	4	0	0
No. 3 Company L. of C. Signals	4	16	0
1 Corps Signals	4	15	3
A Friend in Canada		10	0
222 Infantry Brigade Signal Section	3	3	3
Royal Signals Mess, Aldershot	2	16	0
Lincolnshire Divisional Signals		17	3
Mrs. French	1	10	0
Waziristan District Signals	5	18	4
Mr. Champion		10	0
"F" Armoured Divisional Signals	10	0	0
R.E. and Royal Signals, Columbo	20	0	0
1 st Holding Battalion, Catterick (monthly)	5	0	0
Orkney and Shetland Signal Company	4	0	0
West Kent Coast Signal Section—Proceeds of Dance	1	6	8
Miss Des Barres' Work Party		17	0
Miss Adams		1	0
1st Operators' Training Battalion, Catterick	3	3	0
1 st General Trades Training Battalion, Catterick	5	5	0
3rd A.A. Corps Signal School	2	2	0
Mrs. Campbell—Proceeds of Raffle	2	4	0
3 Company L. of C. Signals—Proceeds of Entertainment	5	0	0
Signal Unit, Rawalpindi	14	4	4
106 S.W. Section	3	3	3
C.S.O. and Staff Scottish Command (monthly)	1	0	0
E. V. George, Esq.	2	0	0
Officers' Mess, 1st A.A. Divisional Signals	1	1	0
2 Command Signals	9	9	9
District Signals, Rawalpindi	10	0	0
Mrs. Bixby's Work Party		10	0
School of Signals, Catterick	6	0	0
31 t Ind. Brigade Group Signals	3	3	3
Mrs. Barnie Reid's Work Party	5	0	0
Mrs. Waters		10	0

The Vindication of King Leopold of the Belgians

Many of us will still remember the shock with which, on the wireless one fateful morning at the end of May, 1940, we heard M. Reynaud, the French Prime Minister, accuse King Leopold of the Belgians of having shamefully surrendered his army and his country, to whose help the Allies had hurried in answer to his own urgent appeal. This betrayal had taken place, we were told, without a word of warning to us or to the French, or a thought for the terrible predicament in which it placed us. "A betrayal unprecedented in history," M. Reynaud called it, and who could venture then to disagree with so high and responsible an authority? The bitter accusation was echoed and elaborated everywhere, and the young King of the Belgians whose life already contained in its short span more than the normal share of public difficulty and personal tragedy, was subjected to an avalanche of abuse and innuendo. It was said that he had been all his life anti-French and anti-British; that he had long been subjected to pro-German influences, masculine and feminine, to which he had entirely yielded himself; that the policy which in 1937 severed the bonds of alliance between France, Britain and Belgium under the Locarno treaties was his personal policy, for which he was solely responsible; that his adherence to a course of the strictest neutrality for Belgium during the first nine months of the war was short-sighted and selfish, if not treacherous; and that his conduct of operations prior to the capitulation of the Belgian Army on May 29th, after less than three week's fighting, was marked by vacillation, unhelpfulness and incapacity. The recent publication of several new and authoritative accounts of events from the Belgian standpoint, culminating in a small official work by the Belgian Foreign Office, in which many relevant documents have been printed for the first time, has shown that none of these allegations had any real foundation.

Here nothing need to be said about the King's private life, which from our point of view could only be of importance in so far as it influenced his public policy. Nor need we dwell on the charge that Leopold was not pro-French or pro-British, for obviously his first and principal duty was to his own country. There is no evidence that he had any delusions as to whence the greatest source of danger to Belgium was likely to come. It was with the purpose of minimising that danger, and in order to avoid the certainty of being drawn into any future war in the West as an ally of one side or the other—for under the Locarno treaties Belgium had obligations to fight France or Germany, whichever of the two attacked the other—that Leopold, in full agreement with his Government and the great majority of his subjects, withdrew from these obligations. The urgent necessity for reforming and remodelling the Army, and the impossibility of doing so with popular approval save for the purposes of self-defence, pure and simple, induced a return to the policy of neutrality guaranteed by all neighbouring Powers, which, despite its breakdown in 1914, had previously kept Belgium out of war for three-quarters of a century. Her new-born neutrality was duly recognised and guaranteed, and when war broke out in September, 1939, these guarantees were renewed by Britain, France and Germany alike.

Presumably by this latter date at least King Leopold, in common with the rest of the world, had a fairly good idea of just how much worth should be attached to any German guarantee. Nevertheless, having decided that a policy of neutrality was the only right and proper one for Belgium, he abode by it strictly and loyally. The army was partially mobilised and several false alarms of imminent German attack during the winter of 1939 and the spring of 1940 proved the wisdom of this precaution. The most serious of these occurred in mid-January, 1940, when two German officers made a forced landing in an aeroplane on Belgian territory and on them was found a document with a detailed plan for a full-scale attack on Belgium. Whether this was a calculated move in the "war of nerves" or a pure accident cannot even yet be definitely decided. That the plan so revealed was a genuine one later events fully showed, so that the probabilities are in favour of the second supposition.

Leopold's interpretation of Belgium's duties as a neutral also forbade any public discussions, or arrangements, political or military, with either of the belligerents as to help from one of them in case of attack by the other. An attack was, of course, only to be feared from Germany, but the open initiation of any form of staff talks with the Allies to draw up common measure for meeting it would certainly have provoked the very danger against which such talks were designed to guard. Actually, Belgium apparently managed in some way or other to convey to the French High Command a reasonably accurate general idea of her own military situation and her plans for meeting attack by Germany, though a Lord Gort's recently-published despatches show, her defensive preparations were thought to be more advanced than they actually proved to be.

Previous staff talks with the Belgians would undoubtedly have been of value to the Allies when the time came for them to hurry to her rescue, but the disadvantage under which we suffered from lack of them has probably been exaggerated. There is no reason to suppose that had they been held, the result of the campaign of Dunkirk and the Battle of France would have been any different.

When the German attack, long expected, at last came on May 10th, 1940, without any pretext or shadow of excuse, the Belgian Army consisted of seven regular and two reserve corps, each of three divisions, a cavalry corps of two divisions, and a number of special troops in all about 650,000 men. It was an up-to-date defence force according to the ideas of the day, well equipped for anti-tank and anti-aircraft defence, but with few tanks and only a small and partly out-of-date air force of its own. Half of this air force was surprised and destroyed on the ground on the first morning of the German attack; the rest lasted only a few days. No Allied machines were available for helping the Belgian Army, which for the greater part of the three weeks' campaign fought without any air support whatever.

There is no space here to describe this campaign in detail. King Leopold, on the outbreak of hostilities, at once took personal command of the army and exercised it throughout to the end. The plan of campaign was first to hold a delaying position behind the line of the Albert Canal along the frontier with Germany and Holland, long enough to allow the Allied Armies to come up and occupy the line of the Dyle and the Meuse on the front Antwerp-Namur-Givet; then the Belgians would fall back to take their place in that line on the front Louvain-Antwerp. This was successfully done, although by a surprise attack and the use of new methods the Germans forced a breach in the Albert Canal line west of Maastrict, and the forward line thus only held out for a few hours instead of a few days, as had been hoped and planned. The retirement to the Louvain-Antwerp line was ordered on May 11th and was completed by May 13th. But the German break through on the Meuse between Namur and Sedan, which took place on this day, quickly rendered the whole Allied position in the north perilous, and by May 15th the Belgian Army, the B.E.F. and the French 7th and 1st Armies were on the move back to the line Scheldt. The forts of Liège and Namur still continued to resist, the last of them holding out till the surrender of the army on May 25th. The Belgian Army held the front from Ghent to Termonde for a time and then, on the 22nd, retired again to the line of the Lys and the Terneuzen Canal. Here it was furiously attacked by greatly superior numbers, including heavy tank forces, and the withdrawal of Allied troops to parry the growing danger to their southern flank and rear necessitated a further extension of their line to keep touch with them. The battle raged from May 24th to 25th and the Belgian line was broken at several points within the first 24 hours. Only by the most heroic exertions could a front be maintained at all, and in the afternoon of May 27th the French Mission to Belgian G.H.Q. was told, "Belgian resistance is at its last extremity, our front is about to break like a worn bowstring." "The losses were heavy," says the official narrative, "the wounded were pouring into hospitals, units which were already overflowing. Many of the guns lacked ammunition. The army could no longer offer organised resistance. It had its back to the sea. The hostile ring of fire narrowed down; thousands of refugees and the local populations were wandering in a restricted area, entirely at the mercy of enemy guns and aircraft. More than three million people were crowded into an area of less than 100 square miles. Many of them were homeless. Food was beginning to run short. The army no longer had access to a railway. The roads were congested and traffic had great difficulty in moving. Our last means of resistance gave way under the crushing weight of technical superiority. There was no hope of help—no solution other than complete destruction."

Under these circumstances, King Leopold decided that if he was to save even a remnant of his army and his people he must ask the German High Command for terms of surrender. The French and British Military Missions were informed of this decision; the former was able to tell General Weygand at French G.Q.G., but could not get in touch with General Blanchard, in command of the Allied Armies in the north; similarly, the British Mission could not contact Lord Gort, in command of the B.E.F., but managed to notify the War Office in London, who passed the news to him. The German High Command could accept only unconditional surrender, and at 4 a.m. on May 28th the Belgian Army laid down its arms. King Leopold, who had promised "Whatever happens my fate will be yours," passed into captivity with his troops. Since then he has remained in German custody at the chateau of Laeken, and has taken no part in the government of his country or in public life. None of the enemy's attempts have induced him to countenance or acquiesce by word or deed in the present position of his country, or to recognise her conquest as an accomplished fact. He remains "the incarnation of a people which will not accept servitude."

In face of all this new evidence, the charges made earlier against King Leopold's honour and integrity are seen to be without foundation. There may be differences of opinion as to the wisdom of Belgian's policy before and during the first part of the war. If she put too confiding a faith in the value of neutrality and in the worth of Germany's repeatedly pledged word, events have proved her wrong, but not her only, for we, ourselves, it will be remembered, shared these delusions until a dangerously late hour. If Belgium feared the might of the German Army, mistrusted the military power of the Allies, and sought as long as possible to postpone the day which must align her against the former with the latter, she was fully justified by events. Belgium, it must be remembered, too, is a constitutionally governed country, and the policy and acts of its government do not necessarily reflect the personal views of the King of the Belgians. It is well known, for instance, that in the last hours before the capitulation there was an acute difference of opinion between King and Government as to whether the former should abide by his promise to stay and share the fate of his army, or go to Britain with the Government to continue the fight from there. King Leopold decided that he was bound in honour to remain with his troops, and did so, fully realising that by so doing he laid down for the time being his constitutional powers as a sovereign. The wisdom of this decision may be questioned, but hardly the generosity and integrity of the monarch who made it and adhered to it.

As regards the conduct of the campaign itself, if King Leopold made no mistakes, if his leadership is proved by subsequent criticism to have been perfect, it will, indeed, be surprising. But his generalship, so far as can at present be seen, was fully up to the admittedly not very high standard of the bulk of the allied commanders, and for any suggestion even of undue vacillation and despondency, let alone of disloyalty there is no evidence whatever. That the young King, a sensitive man, felt bitterly and incessantly for the sufferings and tears of his people, is surely to his credit, rather than otherwise. The fact of his capitulation of the Belgian Army on May 29th was in no sense premature; indeed, according to the American Military Attaché in Brussels, it was "the only thing that King Leopold could do." "Those who say otherwise did not see the fighting and they did not see the German Air Force—I saw both." The Belgian Army surrendered because without tanks to pit against the German armoured divisions and with only a small and out-of-date air force, it had fought throughout against cruel odds and could fight no more. The Allies, whose armies, with far less excuse, laboured under the same defects, are hardly in a position to reproach it.

The charge that King Leopold failed to inform the Allied Governments and commanders in good time of his intention to ask for terms of surrender is completely false. It is true that by reason of the confusion of the battlefield and the severance of communications between the various headquarters, this direct information never reached the commander of the Allied northern group of armies, nor the commander of the B.E.F., and that they only heard through circuitous channels. To Lord Gort, at any rate, the surrender came as no surprise, and, indeed, its imminence had been clear for some days to all who were aware of the Belgian Army's desperate position. One may believe, in default of evidence to the contrary, that when M. Reynaud made his cruel and unfounded charges against King Leopold in his most unhappy hour, he was inadequately acquainted with the facts of the case and was giving rein to the not uncommon French habit of seeking a traitor, preferably a foreign one, to serve as a scapegoat for their own defeat. Now that the facts are known, it is incumbent on us who may have

said and thought hard things of a young King who, like Lord Lawrence, tried throughout to do his duty in circumstances of cruel stress and trial, to make amends for the injustice thus done him and to recognise that his conduct was actuated throughout, not perhaps by the complete wisdom that is not given to men, but by honour, humanity, justice and the highest sense of duty.

The Allied Operations in Persia

The recent Allied operations in Persia (a name of historic and familiar associations which will now, it is to be hoped, replace the new-fangled "Iran" and which will be used throughout this article) were rendered necessary by reason of the dangerous situation resulting from the large-scale influx of German and Italian elements, thinly disguised as "technicians" and "tourists," which has, in many another neutral country, been the forerunner of open attack when the time was ripe. Britain and Russia had on several occasions drawn the attention of the Persian Government to this undesirable state of affairs, and urged that a stop should be put to the arrival of any more of these intruders, even if it was not thought politic to evict those already ensconced in the country. But the Shah, who had long ago transformed the constitutional régime under which Persia was in theory governed, into an autocratic personal rule, badly tainted with violence and corruption, turned a politely deaf ear to all these remonstrances and the only replies vouchsafed to the Allied Ambassadors were evasive and unsatisfactory. It was evident that Persia was unable or unwilling to deal with the danger herself and was prepared, by letting it mature, to continue to the last the favourite Eastern game of procrastination and playing off one possible enemy against another. In this case, however, the Shah miscalculated, to his own undoing, the power and resolution of the Allies, and over-estimated the extent to which Germany was in a position to assist him against them at need.

On August 25th the Allies marched into Persia to assure for themselves the elimination of the hostile elements that had secured so firm and widespread a foothold in the country. The British and Indian Forces, under the supreme control of General Wavell, were commanded by General Quinan, and attacked in three sectors. One, coming from Basra, secured the oil areas at the head of the Persian Gulf; parachute troops, received the arrival of the main body, ensured a complete surprise and prevented either the destruction of the numerous and important oil installations in the Karun River valley or any attempt to molest the British employees of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company resident there. The forces that landed by sea at Abadan and Bandar Shahpur met with resistance both from Persian warships at anchor in the harbours and from forces on shore, but the fighting was not prolonged, though for a time it was brisk. Within a few hours we had attained all our objectives with little loss, and the whole of the oil area as far up the Karun River as Ahwaz had passed into our control. 300 miles to the north, a column from Bagdad had also crossed the border of Persia on a wide front. Kermanshah was our first objective here, and though the defensive possibilities of the mountain range west of this town were formidable, the Persian Force holding the pass was outflanked by a swift turning movement, carried out by mechanised British cavalry and Gurkha troops, and retired without putting up any serious resistance. Indeed, the fall of the anti-Allied Government in Teheran followed quickly on the heels of our invasion, and the new Prime Minister announced as his first act that orders had been sent to the Persian armed forces to cease fighting and that negotiations would be undertaken with the Allies. There was, however, a brisk little action west of Kermanshah, in which our advance guard cavalry were warmly engaged, before the actual request for an armistice could reach our headquarters. Terms were quickly arranged, and our entrance into Kermanshah took place peacefully on August 30th. At the same time the fighting in the Karun Valley also came to an end. Our campaign had thus lasted less than a week.

Meanwhile, the Russians, who had entered the country from the north-west and north-east, had been unopposed from the first. Their main force crossed the frontier of the Caucasus near Julfa, moving direct on Tabriz, while a column more to the east had Ardebil as its objective. Both these towns were occupied within 48 hours. Other forces landed at various points on the southern shore of the Caspian Sea, and a third column, coming in across the north-eastern frontier from Turkestan, formed the left wing of the Russian advance. None of these forces met with any armed resistance. Pushing on fast, the Russian column from Tabriz approached the outskirts of Teheran by way of Zinjan and Kazvin. At this later place, on August 31st, they joined hands with British troops from Kermanshah, and the two Allied Forces appeared together outside the capital. Other mobile columns, sent out to all points of possible trouble quickly ensured our control over the whole of the western half of the country.

The armistice terms provided for the Allies occupation of the strategic points and lines of communication in Persia for the duration of the war, and for the expulsion of all Axis subjects from the country forthwith. Over this last point there was some difficulty and delay. The German Ambassador and his Legation staff were allowed by the Persian authorities to place a series of obstacles in the way of the evacuation of their fellow nationals, and it soon became clear that this attitude was being encouraged and abetted by no less a person than the Shah himself. But as soon as the Allies had made it clear that if Persia could not, or would not, expel the Axis nationals herself, they were fully resolved to do it for her, the resistance collapsed. Some of the intruders were interned pending evacuation; others were handed over to the Russians or to us for safe keeping. The Axis Legation staffs left Persia with the last party.

This underhand effort on the part of the Shah to resist the Allied demands brought about his own downfall and exile. For many years he had out-lived his first usefulness to his country, and all elements of the people had been alienated from him by his cruelty, violence, greed and corruption. The general opposition to him took definite form in the Assembly, which would content itself with nothing less than the obnoxious ruler's abdication. He was replaced by his son, whose first acts, though he was popularly supposed to have shared responsibility with his father for the latter's oppressive and tyrannical policy, were to promise more constitutional government and to enter into negotiations with Britain and Russia for a full alliance for the duration of the war.

The strategic results to the Allies of this brief and almost bloodless campaign should be very great. Not only has a dangerous nest of Axis hostility been rooted out once for all, but a new line of supply for despatch of material of war from Britain and America to Russia has been opened up. This line is shorter than the one by Vladivostok and the Trans-Siberian railway is open all the year round, unlike that by Archangel and the White Sea, and is practically safe from hostile attack by sea or air. The importance of this route will be increasingly felt as the facilities for traffic along it are improved, a task which is even now being taken energetically in hand. Persia also forms a new and strong link in the great strategic barrier which is now being firmly drawn across Germany's path to the East, now as always one of the main goals of her ambition. With Turkey friendly to us and Syria, Iraq and now Persia firmly in Allied hands, it seems more than ever unlikely that this goal will be attained.

The Story of the E.F.I.

BY H.H.

The outbreak of the present war was unique in being the first occasion in history in which a full canteen service operated with the Fighting Forces from the moment war began.

The Crimean, South African and 1914-18 wars all lacked advance preparations for a canteen service. Indeed, in the last Great War, many months elapsed before Expeditionary Force Canteens began their vital work.

How different a story in the present war! In September, 1939, 500 of the N.A.A.F.I. personnel, recruited and trained months beforehand, went out to form the vanguard of Expeditionary Force Institutes in France while the first detachments of the B.E.F. were crossing the Channel. Before the evacuation, those 500 had become 3,000, while another body of E.F.I. men were established in Norway.

A 1,000 E.F.I. men attended the armies of Generals Wavell and Cunningham in their first swift offensives, pressing hard on the heels of the Nile and Juba Forces and setting up, at key points serving West and North-East Africa, bulk-issue stores, shops and base institutes. Here again, N.A.A.F.I. was called to face difficult assignments in Libya, Eritrea, Somaliland and Abyssinia, having expanded its Middle East services over a long period before active operations began.

Similarly, the setting up of full N.A.A.F.I. services coincided with the arrival of British troops in Iceland, the Faroes, Greece, Crete, Syria, Iraq and elsewhere. When Australian troops landed in force in Singapore, a long-established N.A.A.F.I. service waited them, ready to cope with the influx as no other service could hope to do. Such use was made of N.A.A.F.I. here that extra staff was brought from the N.A.A.F.I. at Hong-Kong.

It will be seen that N.A.A.F.I.'s overseas service has such a range of resources, such elasticity, that it can meet emergencies in theatres of war in nearly every part of the world. The days of "improvised canteens" with their risk of infected food and local profiteering are gone.

The creation of the E.F.I. for service in war zones is not without precedent in N.A.A.F.I.'s 21 years of existence. Early examples of its readiness to organise a Field Canteen Service were seen in the expeditions to Turkey and Shanghai, 1922 and 1927, from both of which N.A.A.F.I. gained valuable experience.

Let us revert to the start of this survey and see how N.A.A.F.I.'s Overseas Institutes Service works and how it has been expanded.

In peace-time, N.A.A.F.I. ran institute, club and supply services in all parts of the world where British troops were stationed—except India, where vested interests made it impracticable. Its long-established services overseas include those in China, Singapore, Ceylon, Iraq, Aden, Palestine, Transjordan, Egypt, the Sudan, Malta, Gibraltar, Bermuda, and Jamaica.

For service in peace-time or in countries not at war, N.A.A.F.I. personnel are civilians. For service in countries where active operations are in progress, they must obviously form part of the British Expeditionary Force, and are thus commissioned or enlisted in the R.A.S.C., trained in the use of arms, and subject to the same military discipline as the B.E.F. to which they now belong. Their pay continues to come from N.A.A.F.I.

Inauguration of N.A.A.F.I. services in France, to dovetail with the arrival and disposition of large British Forces, was a stupendous task. The first E.F.I. detachment bore the responsibility of paving the way—in a country where no N.A.A.F.I. service existed before—for 150 institutes, warehouses, offices, factories, railhead stores, transport depots and other subsidiary premises, all of which were set up in the first few months.

Before the evacuation, 227 institutes were open, more than a score of bulk-issue stores served the forward area, over 5,000 "living" and film shows had been given to 2,250 000 men, sport goods to the value of £40 000 and newspapers to the value of £10 000 had been issued free to the B.E.F., and plans for the establishment of six mineral water factories—one already operated at Le Havre—were under way.

This brief survey provides but a fleeting impression of what the E.F.I. achieved in six months. It would take too long to tell of the task confronting them when, in the evacuation, they made desperate attempts to save men, money and stocks in 300 centres. The E.F.I. in France lost 172 men in killed, missing and prisoners of war.

N.A.A.F.I. operations in Greece and Crete cost the E.F.I. a further 157 officers and men, bringing the total losses to 329 in killed, missing and prisoners of war. In Libya, although the E.F.I. operated as far forward as Benghazi, they happily sustained no losses. They are still, at the time of writing, at work in Tobruk.

Instances of the E.F.I.'s vital work are shown in reports reaching N.A.A.F.I. headquarters.

British and Imperial troops manœuvring in the remote coastal plains of Malaya found a complete canteen service there. To serve those bands of troops involved in the exercise, N.A.A.F.I. transported large stocks of goods from Singapore to a rubber estate up country, and set up a canvas field depot offering goods ranging from beer and minerals to aspirins, shaving sticks, fruit, writing pads and kerosene.

In June, July and August, 1941, N.A.A.F.I. sent to Iceland over 1,000,000 pints of English bottled beer and 245 kilderkins, 127 hogsheads and 10 barrels of draught beer—all this in addition to the special beer brewed locally and made as near the English style as possible. It was the Commanding Officer of the E.F.I. in Iceland who persuaded the Iceland Premier to amend the prohibition law of the country which forbade the sale of beer with more than 2 per cent. alcoholic content.

Reporting to the New Zealand Premier on N.A.A.F.I.'s canteen service to New Zealand troops in Egypt, Major-General B. C. Freyberg pointed out that for the first time in history an efficient canteen service was ready to take the field at the same time as the troops, that most of the complaints against N.A.A.F.I. are unjustified, that a New Zealand canteen service could never be as flexible or ubiquitous as N.A.A.F.I., that there is no element of private gain in N.A.A.F.I., and that a special New Zealand canteen service coud not be better than the one N.A.A.F.I. had established.

As with the service to the B.E.F. in France, a constant supply of sports gear has reached successive Expeditionary Forces. Through its Middle East sports shops, the E.F.I. brings thousands of pounds worth of sports kit within easy reach of all our African Forces. As an example, by Midsummer, 1941, over £1,000 worth of sports gear had reached troops on the Gold Coast alone. Meanwhile—in the way of quieter pursuits—by March, 1941, N.A.A.F.I. and its E.F.I. had put 5,000 books into the hands of our Iceland Forces, to while away the long Icelandic nights.

By the beginning of summer, 1941, N.A.A.F.I. had made arrangements to supply our Middle East Forces with 1,500,000 gallons of beer a month. The E.F.I. were well established there to see that these arrangements were carried out. At Benghazi, before the withdrawal, th E.F.I. negotiated for the entire output of a brewery there, producing 36,000 gallons a month.

Such stories are interminable, and to turn to the spirit which motivates the E.F.I., we might quote the famous military historian, Sir John Fortescue, who wrote:—

"If war should come, it is N.A.A.F.I.'s lofty privilege to accompany the fighters into the field and help maintain their moral and physical force. They will follow them, not as the old contractors followed armies, to make money out of them, to stick to them as long as there was profit to be made and run away as soon as things looked unpleasant. Rather will they cling to them as friends and supporters, as they did from 1915 to 1918, undismayed by difficulty, undaunted by death, from sheer pride in their high calling, from that zeal for the British soldier which is the greatest service they can tender to their country. They are an essential part of the Fighting Forces, and their great tradition, handed down from the E.F.C., is to serve them that serve, to be all things to all fighting men."

Diary of Events in the War

SEPTEMBER 7TH.—German pressure continues heavy against Leningrad. Two Axis ships sunk in Mediterranean and two in North Sea.

SEPTEMBER 8TH.—British and Canadian troops land in Spitzbergen to remove inhabitants and destroy coal mines and plant. German submarine captured in Atlantic by our aircraft and naval forces. Russians in centre of battle front recapture Yelnia. Heavy R.A.F. attack on Berlin.

SEPTEMBER 9TH.—Three Axis ships sunk in North Sea, three in Channel and one in Mediterranean.

SEPTEMBER 10TH.—Russian counter-attacks in centre of front continue to progress.

SEPTEMBER 12TH.—President Roosevelt announces that U.S. warships have been ordered to sink on sight any Axis warships operating in American defensive waters. U.S. ship sunk in North Atlantic. Germans intensify attacks on Leningrad. R.A.F. attack Rostock and Kiel.

SEPTEMBER 13TH.—Germans begin new offensive in Ukraine.

SEPTEMBER 14TH.—Russians evacuate Knemerschug in Ukraine. R.A.F. wing arrives in Russia. Successful R.A.F. attack on Mediterranean convoy.

SEPTEMBER 15TH.—Five German ships sunk in unsuccessful landing attempt on Osel Island in Baltic Sea.

SEPTEMBER 16TH.—Shah of Persia abdicates. German offensive on Leningrad and in Ukraine continues. 200 R.A.F. aircraft raid Hamburg and other German ports.

SEPTEMBER 17TH.—Heavy R.A.F. day and night raids on German and German-occupied territory.

SEPTEMBER 18TH.—Russian counter-attacks check German advance on Leningrad. R.A.F. successfully attack hostile shipping in Channel and targets in Northern France.

SEPTEMBER 19TH.—Heavy fighting on outskirts of Kiev. British enter Teheran.

SEPTEMBER 20TH.—Germans claim capture of Kiev. Heavy R.A.F. raid on targets from Norway to Cherbourg.

SEPTEMBER 21ST.—Russians admit evacuation of Kiev. Germans claim to have reached Sea of Azov east of Crimea. R.A.F. in sweep over Northern France lose 13 fighters and destroy 24 enemy machines. E-boat attack on one of our convoys beaten off in North Sea.

SEPTEMBER 22ND.—Two large Italian liners and three supply ships sunk by our submarines in Mediterranean. Germans claim large captures in Kiev area. King and Government of Greece arrive in London.

SEPTEMBER 23RD.—German attacks in Leningrad area repulsed with heavy loss. British Government send warning note to Finland.

SEPTEMBER 24TH.—Allied Government's conference meets in London to declare adherence to terms of Atlantic Charter. Ten enemy supply ships and transports bombed and torpedoed in Mediterranean.

SEPTEMBER 25TH.—R.A.F. wing takes part in actions in Russia. Russians successfully effect withdrawal of bulk of forces from envelopment east of Kiev.

SEPTEMBER 26TH.—German attack on Crimea beaten off. R.A.F. damage four enemy ships in Channel.

SEPTEMBER 27TH.—Germans renew attack on Crimea without success. Wolchefir, largest remaining Italian garrison in Abyssinia, surrenders.

SEPTEMBER 28TH.—British and American Missions arrive in Moscow. New German terrorist campaign begins in Czechoslovakia.

Plain Tales

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD. — It was our privilege to take part in the large-scale exercises at the end of ——. We performed very well I'm told, and General —— said that he was very ——, indeed, with the —— Divisional Signals. They ought to be ——. I'm sure you'll forgive me if I don't put in all the details, because even now the enemy might glean some useful facts. We set off at —— on the first hop to the Concentration Area, near ——, and spent a healthy night under the stars. There was a good deal of night driving, which rather disappointed me at times, especially when we passed through —— and —— of happy memories. The whole scheme was most —— and instructive. We always thought that "A" Section were ——. Now we know "B" (Cable) Section, of course, were absolutely ——, and the Line, or "D" Section, quite beyond ——. One of Don's officers strolled across to the Wireless Section and gazed at a Remote Control Unit for some minutes. Finally, he asked one of his own men, "Is that one of OUR telephones?"

The local population at —— were particularly kind to us. When we arrived there after driving from — a.m. to — p.m. without food or —— they produced cups of —— in hundreds. We appreciated that. We were in this area for — days and the local pubs ran right out of ——. I found a lovely field for my lorries and decided to park first and enquire about permission afterwards. The field proved to be the property of Lord ——, but he turned up in person the next day and was very nice about it. We had a wonderful view of the great —— tanks as they roared through —— all one day. We had another view as they roared back again, but this was at ——, so you can tell we must have moved a bit. Certain very old readers of THE WIRE will be jealous and interested to read that I was able to dash into —— Sands for an hour and see Alice Holmes and others. As I most ungallantly reminded the lady, it was 26 years since I last saw her. Bob marches on. The following words may help you to fill in the spaces. On the other hand, they may not be the slightest use. Gimble-Stiggers, annoyed, pleased, browned-off, 99th, blessed, shot, midnight, Bath, Liverpool, Wigan, Dover, Edinburgh, lousy, good, superb, grand, disgusting, praise, invective, and ——. Also ——. Look out for our next big scheme.

OUR EASTERN SERVICE.—We are indebted to our Middle East correspondent for a very interesting account of life in Addis Ababa and district. Captains Robin Anthony, "Puffer" Holmes, and Gordon Waters, to name only six, appear to have been doing terrific work while we stick around. Good luck, blokes. The entry of the Emperor must have been a grand and inspiring sight, but considering the rain and mud we shall be glad if you will just go right ahead with the good work. What stories to be told over the bar at the Midland one of these days!

NORTH POLE SIGNALS.—Captain "Peter" Bowen visited this area last week and found only six of the old firm remaining. He lunched with us one day, but I fear that he was not his usual bright self. S'what comes of staying with Peter Feeny, the Warwickshire Terror. However, we were very glad to see our old Peter and hope that he will come again when the ice breaks up.

NORA (Three Swans).—No, dear, he isn't married yet.

HOME NOTES.—Captain and Mrs. Paul Jennens have joined us, much to our delight. Old Divisional Signals cads from Sheringham and places will remember Paul and his effective method of reducing a store tent to shreds by sliding down the roof in spurs.

Latest arrivals and very welcome strangers, 2nd Lieutenants W. S. Bates and D. J. Owen. Departure to S.T.C. after a short stay, Lieutenant H. T. Mariner. As he will not need those Divisional signs, I'll have a drink with the money.

The price of battle dress, torches, gloves (M/T) and microphone capsules will remain unchanged while I have anything to do with it. (Smootho for the temper.—Advt.)

UKANN LARFE.—Rain and wind lashed the deserted ruins of the houses in the little village of Ligny St. Flochel on the St. Pol-Arras road. The darkness of an overcast sky made the evening one fraught with something or other. A stray cat picked its dainty way through the bricks and rafters of Mme. Modart's café. It wasn't nice at all. Colonel Ukann Larfe, E. and O.E., leaned forward from the back seat of his powerful car (on loan from Supply Column) and whispered to the driver to pull in to the shadow of Madame Pfledine's Farm. Not a sound was to be heard save the swish of wind-driven rain and the squelch of gum boots as the intrepid Colonel and his driver crept round to what had been the entrance to the farmhouse.

Suddenly the silence was rent by an unearthly scream, a crash of breaking glass, and the sharp reports of two shots.

Uncle Alf.—Maybe it was a report in duplicate.

Me.—Shut up. This is serious.

A dim flicker of light indicated possible human inhabitants. Ukann Larfe joined his Tommy gun together and beckoning to the driver to follow, moved stealthily round to where the faint glimmer escaped through the improvised window. He lifted a corner of the sack carefully and peered into the room. Almost at once he staggered back with a choking cry as though he had been punched on the nose, which, as a matter of fact, he had. A woman's voice shrilled to a crescendo of hysterical laughter and the light went out. A solitary pair of clogs echoed sharply in a back street at Bolton and a man lay gasping for for a pint on the verandah of a bungalow at Metyapallam, near the foot of the Blue Mountains. And so forth.

What has happened to Ukann Larfe? Where is Hermione, the Inspector, Foxworthy? What will Colette do? Watch Chelsea. Order next month's WIRE at once, or else.

BARLEUX.

Correspondence

3rd O.T.B., 3rd S.T.C.
Huddersfield.
October 16th, 1941.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WIRE

DEAR SIR,—In the September issue of THE WIRE I noticed an "Agony" for one, Tom Sayers. I send the following information for what it's worth.

As far as I know Tom Sayers is at present stationed in Hong Kong. He was there when I left in February, 1940, and I still correspond with friends there and so far they have not mentioned anything about him having left.

I am enclosing a photo taken on December 28th, 1939, of a Christmas celebration of one of the Sections. You will see Tom, fifth from left at the rear. Needless to say he "tickled the ivories" for us that night. If you care to publish the photo I have no objections and it may be of interest to readers of THE WIRE.

The names of those present commence from the left front, work round back and up the centre.

Older members in the photograph are Tom Sayers, Sergeants Brakenberry and Langley and Corporal Spare. These are all ex-ponky wallahs.

Cheerio and best of luck,

R. ASHFORD, Lieutenant,
Royal Signals.

I.B. SECTION DINNER, XMAS, 1939, CAFE WISEMAN



— Murphy, — Phipps, — Parry, Lance Corporal Truscott, Lance Sergeant Brakenberry, 2nd Lieutenant Galloway, — Player, — Aubrey Taylor, Lance Corporal Taylor, Corporal Spare, — Griffiths, — Latter, — Seeright, — Lees, — Marsden, Signalman Eden, Lance Corporal Sculley, Lance Corporal Dignan, — Whitehead, Signalman Potter, Sergeant Langley, Signalman Harrington, Corporal McCready, Geo. Wharton, — Self, — Hosken, —Bevan, C.Q.M.S. Tom Sayers, R.A. Squeeze-Box, Lance Corporal Smith, W. A., — Cartwright, Lance Corporal MacDonald, Lance Corporal Sculley.

PRISONERS OF WAR (STALAG XXI B) JULY, 1941



Signalman J. F. Beck, third from right, back row

HOME STATIONS

S.O.-in-C.'s Staff G.H.Q: (Home Forces)

Summer has gone. There are many ways in which this fact is brought home to us, and in our case winter has been heralded by the timely issue of drawers, woollen, long, and vests, woollen, also long—too long (?) Nevertheless, we continue to toil unflaggingly (when nobody's watching) looking forward to the day when we can sit down, or even stand, to our steak and onions. Not that such a huge piece of good fortune is likely to come our way yet awhile, but here's hoping.

Since our last bulletin appeared we have been notified of two pending departures, one on each side of the line. Our G.S.O.1 is leaving to take up a Colonel's appointment not far distant and we all join in wishing him the best of good luck in his new appointment. To his successor we respectfully extend a hearty welcome and sincerely hope his stay will be a long and happy one. Our only female partisan has come to the conclusion that it is time for her to seek higher and mightier things. Her ambition is to be hailed as "Ma'am," and she thought that if she obtained a commission this would do the trick. Thereupon, with a throbbing heart and a dexterous flick of the wrist, she set the wheels in motion, but, as is not unusual with this delicate machinery, there were preliminary backfirings. Now, however, everything is running smoothly and by the time this appears our worthy Maria will scorn to be addressed as such. There must be some funny things in that diary. It isn't every girl who has the honour to be hung on a nail by the trousers! Leg-pulling apart (i.e., apart from joking), we wish her all the best in her new venture.

We were delighted to hear from ex-Sergeant G. F. Davies, who is now 2nd Lieutenant R.A.O.C. We hope to extend our personal congratulations at an early date. His many acquaintances will be pleased to hear he is very happy in the Service and feeling extremely fit after a strenuous course at O.C.T.U. In his first appointment he has met Captain (Pip) Page, who was our chief in former days. We are glad to know that he, too, is hale and hearty. Of our other "old boys" we have heard from 2nd Lieutenant E. A. (Draughtie) Heppenstall, who is en route for a tropical climate. At the moment he is hopefully studying foreign lingo.

Our R.S.M. had the misfortune to fall ill directly on his return from leave, which fact required his detention in hospital for some two weeks. Now, however, we are glad to be able to tell you he is again at the helm and we are proceeding once more under full steam. Don't we kn—! Sh! Who said that?

With autumn upon up our minds turn to football or winter sport in some form or other. At G.H.Q. a scheme has been evolved and is now in commission which aims to include everyone in at least one sport, but in this direction we shall be able to say more as the season progresses. At the moment we are trying ourselves out as it were.

This is the sum total for this month. The reduction in length must not be taken as a sign of weakness or inability, but the plain fact is we are sorely pressed for time and we would like to take this opportunity to say that this in future may probably prove to be the rule rather than the exception.

So for a brief lapse of four weeks (it seems like four days to us), we bid you adieu.

MERKURO II.

Yorkshire 1

1st Operators' Training Battalion

Headquarters.

That 1 Headquarters Signals have not contributed their monthly bulletin for some time (about a year I'd hazard) is not such a poor reflection of literary ability as you might think. We are a busy lot of boys, and it is just one of those extras which have had to go by the board.

This is by the way, and an early digression at that, but I understand from a well-informed circle who does a little superintending that the last Unit Press staff, mainly of Scottish extraction, suffered a severe and incomprehensible mental collapse about 05.00 hours last New Year's morn.

They have since been transferred to the Intelligence Corps.

The position, with its gratifying emoluments, honours and sundry tokens of national recognition, has now fallen to a person whose forebears surely gave rise to the expression, "Yea, verily, one is born each day."

Thinking of welding punches, I must confess some persuasive subtlety was applied in the selection of the latest correspondent.

But the task in hand is to report the news from this front, not to drivel idly.

Without working hours, an eyebrow raising expression, we are striving to rival our brother Units in the spheres of music and dramatics.

Yes, we have had an orchestra—no, a dance band—in full swing for some time now. Its eminent maestro, Mr. Askew, who, as the Americans delicately express it, cuddles a nifty "slush-pump," and the boys are doing some real work. A handle to the band has long been a matter of keen speculation. Various proposals from "The Cheery Sparrows" to "The Nazi Nemesis" have been made.

But I promise any fellow of the corps who is down our way on a Saturday night, you'll find some hot rhythm in the hall of the administrative headquarters. Being deservedly popular, it's a jam session in more ways than one. We don't keep ourselves to ourselves. The band is always willing to go visiting—and does.

We have a choral society just in its romper stage, though to be sure it has already given a couple of evenings of selection this year. Now that winter draws on the ranks of the society are swelling. Each Wednesday evening the mess hall is filled with the sound of clearing of many throats as, under the patient guidance of Captain Wilson, our songsters double declutch with the grace of a bilious tank, into a state of preparedness for the strife to come.

We are really fortunate in having Captain Wilson to check any chorister who threatens to get out of hand. He has a wide experience. His fine voice is the main feature of all our smokers (and other informal gatherings).

About the latter our Sergeants are very keen. Many a hearty evening is spent in their Mess, where old tales pass the round and old, but still warm, songs are sung.

There was quite a do there early last month when farewell was bade to C.S.M. Victor Haydon, who has left us to take up the appointment of R.S.M. at 4 Division. The occasion, if not tearful, was not wanting in dampness of the right sort.

That night was the first time I saw a pint passed to the proper place in four seconds flat. Now that C.Q.M.S. MacRae has departed to the 3 Depot Training Battalion, I am likely to wait long before I see a feat of the like. H.H. is now the undisputed champion swallower. By the way, MacRae, Sergeant Kinniburgh would like to hear from you. Do you owe him anything?

Another P.S.I. of the original G.H.Q. Signals S.R. who has left the nest is C.S.M. Longhurst, now Lieutenant. He went away last June. Wherever he is now we wish him all the best.

C.S.M. Blanchard A. was of that school. He up and took a couple of "pips," packed his bags and now, I believe, he ain't so cool. Perhaps some of you know C.S.M. Aitcheson, F. of S. He has gone from our midst since July last and C.Q.M.S. Dickson A. is his successor.

It is difficult to give all this gossip without reading like a Birth, Death and Marriage Column, so I will dot back a bit to the entertainment side.

Our Dramatic Society is at present merely a mental conception. But returns are now being made to Company offices of all men regardless of trade and medical category, who betray Shavian talent. While manner, gesture and profile are daily scrutinised for Gable, Colman and Couper tendencies. The bets are all in favour that a certain assistant, who passes in higher circles, will be our handsome hero (closely rivalled by H.H.). It has been decided not to hold a Unit ballot to select our favourite villain, refuse being still unrationed.

However, to return to characters, their appearance and their passing.

Early in the year Lieutenant-Colonel C. K. Thursby-Pelham relinquished command of the Unit to Lieutenant-Colonel L. H. Harris. I did not know the former, but know his leaving was greatly regretted. All respectfully wish him good fortune and trust that he has still to pass safely up and down many a lift.

In swimming with full kit and rifle, Colonel Harris broke an ankle. It is not long since he left hospital and meanwhile we have welcomed Lieutenant-Colonel F. R. Booth. So the family is now settled and content.

Those who knew Major E. H. Cogan-Harris will be interested to hear of his posting to the command of — Divisional Signals. Major A. F. W. Mitchell has taken over his office as second in command and captain (now Major) F. A. Haugh fills the latter's shoes.

To the following we send our best and would like to hear from them, either through THE WIRE, by letter or on the honours list. Mr. D. E. Morecroft, Mr. J. M. Kirk, now training young James's for their "pips" (if you're looking for him he is in the South O.C.T.U.), Mr. S. Lambert, so recently departed, a spurious Scot sends you a "soorek," and Mr. E. B. Faulkner.

Bunty, Mr. I. J. Bunting, took a party of lads last July out to study the habits of the Wop tribe. Don't bring 'em back alive, Bunty. Just pickle a few and send them to the British Museum. We should like to hear from your crowd. I am most curious to know how "A" is surviving. The following two tales of the doings of "A" hold his memory dear to us.

Through a grievous miscalculation, "A" was put on guard. Our tale commences at approximately 10.00 hours. "A" is at the entrance of Headquarters, his rifle holds him in a position resembling a well-discouraged dandelion. His feet are apart, so we presume he is at ease. The Colonel passes. "A" betrays not a spark of animation. The Colonel passes again, but one cannot even detect signs of respiration. The Colonel passes twice more; then, intrigued, approaches "A" and says: "Do you know what you are here for, man?"

With the lugubriousness of a soul in perdition, "A" replies: "Two hours, sir."

I have since heard that anecdote related on the B.B.C.

It was he who, when asked by a frothing drill instructor why the "alphabet" he insisted in supporting himself on the piling swivel of his rifle instead of standing up, replied: "It's easier this way, Corporal."

This is old news, but there will be those who do not know that R.Q.M.S. Colin Sinclair obtained the post of Lieutenant-Quartermaster with an S.T.C. shortly after the Unit returned from France. It is rumoured now that he is abroad. R.Q.M.S.P. McPhie now controls the Unit from battledress to braces.

Bob Murray, who was R.S.M. in Sinclair's time, is now T.M.O., and a right good job he makes of it. At least, he mended my pencil sharpener very successfully the other day.

If you're wondering who is now R.S.M., just look in the office and you'll find J. McQuarrie filling the breach the noo' (and how !).

We are not outstanding (as yet) in sporting circles, but we manage to obtain respect and when we get into our swing they'll have a gie lot mair. If you're a pool man, you can put us down as a good bet for the London District Cup Tie, having walloped the daylights out of G.H.Q. troops on two occasions to date.

Sergeant Turner A. H. was chosen to play for the Army against the R.A.F. this year at water polo. We thereby derived a little glory, the R.A.F. being pasted. However, we don't run a water polo team. Hockey, football, cricket and rugger are our lines, and we'll take you on any time, and lick you.

I have here a Jewish letter from Sergeant Buckman R. E., of 2 Company, for Sergeant L. F. A. C. K. Otto, late of Royal Signals in Egypt. He says, "love and kisses, please write." Awfully nice, dontcher think ?

Before I sign off, I have here a query from one of our bright boys. He wants to know whether Mills 700 Blanco has replaced gold as the basis for monetary exchange, owing to its greater scarcity. Sergeant Bob Kay, a well-informed "circle," hints that it is now a vital constituent in the manufacture of a new anti-tank weapon.

Well, till next time. Cheerio !

JULIUS.

1st Operators' Training Battalion

No. 1 Company

A hint of the "wild North-Eastern" that some non-soldier poet enthused about has been felt by us in the last few days and given warning that plans must be pushed ahead for the nights when we dare venture forth from that genial glow that has made a welcome appearance in our barrack rooms and seek relaxation from the cares that beset the day of the would-be operator.

Meantime, 1st Operators' Training Battalion men look back with some pleasure on the good season of athletic achievements. In field and track events they put up some good performances against other Battalions in the district.

A few hours after these notes leave me some members of No. 1 Company are competing in a five-mile cross-country run to find a representative for the Garrison championships. Among them are Signalmen Waters and Bisson, experienced hands at the game, and a newcomer about whom I have had good reports—Signalman Goodwin. Goodwin has done no track work here, but is reputed to be "smart over a distance" as the racing scribes say.

Bisson and Waters kept the Company's end up most creditably in a series of athletic meetings with other Garrison teams at various times during the season.

Bob Chrorton, too, did well. He, by the way, has been home helping to farm his native heath during a month's special leave. Would that more of us had been "wiser" in our choice of heath.

In his absence Bisson volunteered to attempt a half mile for the first time in his life, in a medley relay. He surprised himself by finishing with plenty of energy after gaining more than 20 yards on the only runner in front of him.

The many newscomers to the Company arrived too late to take part in summer activities, so whatever talent there be among them must remain hidden for a while. However, we have unearthed a few stars for winter entertainments which begin with a revue to be presented soon.

Two of them are drummers, Jack Goodman, of Troise and his Mandoliers, and Johnny Kenny, who spent many years with Leeds Empire orchestra. Goodman has already distinguished himself with the 1st Operators' Training Battalion orchestra at a first-class performance of "Rope" by the Operators' Training Battalion dramatic society.

Kenny is to appear in a different role—as a comedian. He says the Army chose him as a comedian because he was a good drummer. Be that as it may, he was once complimented on his "funny man" activities by Renee Houston during a Leeds show.

The stars foretell that we've got something here. If his public performances are as good as his barrack room ballads and dances, as I'm told they are, we may have Carroll Levis looking for him.

Many of the songs for this new show have been written by members of our company—words and music. Which proves that those folk who tell you that the Army was all right before the civilians came in and spoiled it may be wrong.

N.W.

No. 3 Company

Once again I take a pencil (sharpened at both ends) to endeavour to put together, the various odds, ends and tit-bits that will become "Threecoy's" notes.

Of births there are none and, as far as we know, nobody sweating. The matrimonial shares have also fallen to zero. We would like to record some deaths, but not of Threecoyites, past or present.

The only deaths we would like to print are of the horrible Hun, Hitler, and henchmen.

Still, away with such thoughts and let's get on with the ups and downs of the Company.

Our messing has been excellent this last month. You could not get better meals at the Ritz—if it is still there. We are even getting better food than those Fascist thugs on the Isle of Man.

The long run of nil promotions has been broken. Lance Corporal Dawson has now risen to the dizzy height of Corporal. Another bloke for Main Guards, bless him.

Still, we feel that Lance Corporal Dawson deserved his promotion. He has worked hard for this honour and achieved the well-deserved success of turning out a 100 per cent. squad. We know that past as well as present members of Corporal Dawson's squad will join with us in congratulating him.

Our training officer, Lieutenant W. J. O. Ettridge, Royal Signals, had the misfortune to break his ankle whilst playing Rugby. We are pleased to see that it was not as serious as we feared and welcome him back with us, still hobbling around, but working as hard as his damaged foot will allow. He must have sacrificed some weeks of convalescence in order to carry on his task of training operators.

That is the spirit of the Cadre of this Company.

These bursts of compliments are most unusual for a cynical cuss like me to write, so they must be well deserved and unanimous.

The Motor Cycling Course has finished. One N.C.O. on this course badly dented a barbed wire fence and nearly made close acquaintance with some nice juicy marrows.

Owing to the advance of "black-out," it was found impracticable to continue the course. Many N.C.O.s were very disappointed about it.

Listen to this, you procedure kings, and learn.

A trainee (not of this Company) was asked to explain the W/T Diary. This is his effort:—

"Any notes which he might deem it appropriate to add owing to their suitability as a means of helping the Operator following him to readily grasp the prevailing atmospherical conditions. The practice of keeping a diary is to be encouraged as it is conducive to systematic methods generally. And it is interesting to note that this form of "Log Book" appears to be rapidly winning great and, incidentally, well deserved popularity."

Well, I'll be ——, and he only got "O" for such a comprehensive answer of nothingness.

Postings from the Cadre still continue. C.Q.M.S. Burrell has joined the list. In him we have lost a stalwart in the hockey team, a jolly fine chap and a good C.Q.M.S., who tackled a difficult job well and efficiently.

We all wish him the best of luck with his new Unit.

Well, chums, this is all for this time.

S.P.D.

No. 4 Company

Another month gone. Don't we know it now the winds are beginning to blow ? By the time these notes are in print we shall be emulating our compatriots in Iceland.

Since our last notes there have been plenty of arrivals and departures, notably the following:—Captain Riley has parted with us and gone to the Holding Battalion. His loss was keenly felt by all as he was a grand O.C. to work under. His place has been taken by Captain W. A. Dodds from Bakewell. Among our N.C.O.s and W.O.s who have left us, C.S.M. Hunt has gone as R.Q.M.S. to 3rd General Trades Training Battalion, and Joe Dunne has gone to the Unit with the voracious appetite, the Holding Battalion. He is expecting a move further afield shortly. Lieutenant Pink has moved on to, we understand, "Somewhere by the sea." Don't start swimming it in your anxiety to get over it, sir.

Touching more general matters, the gardening efforts of earlier squads —all ye members of old squads who laboured (?) and toiled (??) kindly note—have begun to show a good return. There should be no shortage of cabbage and lettuce seed next year ! Our new C.S.M. (C.S.M. Vine) is very keen on gardening, too. (Ask the inlying picket.)

With regard to sports, we have not, up to the time of writing, done much in the way of Company games, but there have been plenty of squad football matches. Anyway, we are sure that this Company can hold its own with any other Company at football. That goes for No. 2 Company, too. We have several representatives in the Battalion teams both at hockey and football. If keenness goes for anything, we shall have a good season. Some of the lads get quite annoyed because they are not playing. Don't blame the P.O.C. lads, you can't all play at once. He would like a game himself one of these days. When he gets the time.

That's all for now. More next month.

BADGIE.

Yorkshire 1

1st General Trades Training Battalion

No. 1 (Line) Company

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF.—We are pleased to hear that Captain Lamb has recovered from his accident. He has been greatly missed these last few weeks, and we all hope that he will return to his former duties with us in the very near future. During his absence we have had as our C.O. one who is well known in the Battalion, and needs no introduction from us. We welcome 2nd Lieutenant Long from No. 2 Line Company. We hope he will enjoy his stay in this Company and that his posting does not turn out to be on a 108. Why is he looking worried these days ? Is it because he has been recently appointed sports officer. Cheer up, sir, all the team might turn up one day.

The A.T.S. have been much to the fore of late. High spots of events is that our clerk, A.T.S. Moody, has been promoted to Lance Corporal Moody (paid). The A.T.S. must be in a sad plight. She is very worried about her stripes as she has made a great mistake in buying all left-handed ones. Richmond and the Q Stores have been searched inside out, but she still fails to find a pair. Nevertheless, we all send our most hearty congratulations to A.T.S. Moody on her promotion to Lance Corporal and wish her every success.

The office has taken a turn for the better. A.T.S. Jenkins has left us to carry on her good work in the Battalion Orderly Room. She has made many contributions to THE WIRE in the past and we would welcome her support in future issues. Good hunting, Mitzi.

We welcome one named A.T.S. Young into our midst and trust that her stay will be a happy one. She has found her feet quickly. What high opinions some of these A.T.S. have with just one service stripe on their arm !

COURSES.—Congratulations to Lance Corporals Rogers, Fox, Mesher and Brooks on their successes at the Depot Course.

Let us hope that they will carry on their good work.

ARRIVALS AND POSTINGS.—We welcome Corporal Cordrey to the Company and trust that his stay will be a long and happy one.

Quite recently, Corporal Carrier and Corporal Copson have been deported from us to the Holding Battalion. We regret to have lost such two good N.C.O.s The best wishes of all go with them and we hope the future holds every happiness and success for them. Good luck, lads.

CORPORALS' MESS DANCE.—Event of the month was the Corporals' Mess dance. Our Company turned out in full force and every one enjoyed themselves. Even the married families of Hunton honoured us by their presence. We would like to know who was trying to find a stick in the cabbages at 2 a.m. the next morning.

SPORTS.—Although we have been beaten several times by No. 2 Company, we still come up for more, and they have found out at last that even worms can turn.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess

GENERAL.—Life at this outpost of the British Empire still manages to keep its head above water, and we find that two of our best-known members, namely, Andrew and George, combine in making this earnest appeal. We, the above-mentioned, hereby request that any member who is in possession of the following luxuries of life and can manage without them, please deposit same at No. 1 Company C.Q.M.S. Stores:—Bay Rum (not Digger's Rum), hair restorer or hair-raising stories, where they will be gratefully received.

We have already lost at least one football match due to the ball meeting a shiny and slippery patch.

After spending seven years in these delightful surroundings, W.O.II Holdsworth has been removed from the inventory of R.E. fittings and posted to carry out the duties of C.S.O.'s Clerk. After spending most of his life on pay, Tommy should find his new job very interesting. It is said that he will certainly keep the office warm and we all recommend him to be a first-class fire watcher.

ENTERTAINMENT.—We are still holding our fortnightly dances, much to everybody's pleasure and each one seems to be better than the last.

Our knock-out competition is coming along in good style and it has been brought to our notice that we have several dark horses—or should I say riders?—who have not played since 1932. I wonder how these people always manage to win ?

ARRIVALS.—We welcome to the Mess, C.S.M. Turner, C.S.M. Squirrell, C.Q.M.S. Geice, Sergeant Cunningham (A.E.C. attached) and Sergeant Jackson (A.P.T.S. attached). May their stay be long and happy !

DEPARTURES.—C.S.M. Booth has left us to become R.S.M. of a Field Unit. It is untrue that he took his own supply of A.F.B. 252. In any case, he will have to work hard to beat his own record—18, I believe, sir ?

R.Q.M.S. Edge has at last managed to get two "pips," to become T.M.O., and has left us to carry out his more arduous duties elsewhere.

TAILPIECE.—Yes, Basil ! Socks, grey, woollen, cost 1s. 11d. per pair, A.B.64 (Pt. 11) to C.Q.M.S., please.

FRANK.

Since Mr. Simmons came to us,
The change has been amazing,
Everyone is sitting up,
And simply can't stop gazing.

He's chased the N.C.O.s no end,
Poor things they're quite upset,
But Mr. Simmons doesn't care,
No use for them to fret.

They say he's hard and very stern,
This statement may be true,
They know that if they cross his path,
The air is filled with blue.

When he goes round the lecture room,
They almost go insane,
You hear the whispers going round,
Here comes that man again.

After all he's only human,
So never give up hope;
Maybe next time he comes around,
He'll be quite a different bloke.

I know it seems too much to hope.
But anything can happen,
He might even turn the other way,
And beat you with his baton.

On one point he's really generous,
It's in connection with the leave,
Just go and ask him for seven days,
He'll grant it you with ease.

Just go along and see him,
This master of the Army,
He'll either grant you what you want,
Or drive you blinking barmy.

Don't be downhearted, you boys of 1 Line,
When you know him he's not really bad;
Go down and see him and tell him the tale,
He'll talk to you just like a dad.

Let's hope Mr. Simmons can take it,
As much as he's given it out,
It's no doubt that he can, brave little man,
He will, as he's such a good Scout.

Although he's been such a terror,
I'm sure he's done us some good,
And if you're in real honest trouble,
He'd help you as much as he could.

Now I must end this rare poem,
After writing of one so sweet,
Remember, should you buy him a whisky,
Be sure that it's large and neat.

Boys' Training Company

This month's notes must, I am afraid, be on the rather short side, the Company "Bolo" not only being almost extinct, but very dilapidated into the bargain.

The first-class and special certificates examinations have taken up most of the spare time in the past month, thus greatly reducing "biology studies" over the moors. In any case, the weather has been in opposition to these expeditions, but insufficiently so to prevent a "walk in R.T. kit" the other day. Noticeable on this walk were gauntlets, pullovers galore and Balaclava helmets. (No offence, Donga !)

Once again our C.S.M. has been changed, this time for C.S.M. Poole. All our best wishes go to both him and C.S.M. McDowall, who is relinquishing his command for the coveted honour of a commission. We also congratulate Lance Corporal Boy Moore and Boy Ham on their promotion to Corporal Boy and Lance Corporal Boy, respectively.

As a deserving replacement to our usual cinema show, Captain Bickmore gave an exceptionally interesting talk on "Convoy," his own experience in such adding to the interest of the lecture. Authentic photographs also contributed to "gripping" us wholesale. We are looking forward to any more lectures Captain Bickmore may give.

QUERY.—Why must the "Brains Trust" (Operators) maintain that C.W. key is for cipher wireless ? Really, Mr. H., really !

JEWS' MAIL.—Boys' Company to anyone.—Have you a buckshee N.A.A.F.I.

1st Holding Battalion

GENERAL.—Nothing of outstanding interest has happened in the Battalion during the past month.

We have had the usual arrivals and departures, parades, guards and fatigues. However, great excitement was caused by the arrival of a number of A.T.S. for the Emergency Cookery School, where they learn to cook a joint and two veg. under field conditions. Our artist—Signalman Toothill—has recorded his impression of the "passing out" test, which was a great success.



The A.T.S. Always Try Something!
Even the Staff's Patience!

Two new officers have been posted to us, Lieutenant Clegg (Officer i/c Boxing) and Lieutenant Ware (Education Officer); also we have had our usual quota of "held" officers. Anyway, we offer our welcome to all arrivals and say "good luck" to all departures.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—Where was the Messing Officer wounded on a recent exercise ?

ENTERTAINMENTS.—The Entertainments Committee continues to supply good fare for the Unit. There is something on almost every evening, including concerts, cinema shows, dances and housey-housey. A recent "top liner" is the S.O.B. Concert, held fortnightly in the N.A.A.F.I. The Unit dance band, now called the "Signalaires," form the backbone of this, and small prizes are offered for the best performances by members of the audience.

Much fun was caused recently by "Colossal" conducting (?) the band through a spirited rendering of the popular "Chicca-chicca Boom Chic."

In addition to shows within the Unit, at least one other Unit in the vicinity is visited each week, where we either present a concert or provide music for dancing. During the month we were very pleased to have the opportunity of giving a show to the men in a hospital, and everybody spent a very pleasant evening. The dance band continues to go from strength to strength and eagerly looking forward to the broadcast which has been promised them.

SPORT.—Rugby—The "Rugger" side looks like being the best ever and has a number of "star" players. Already five of them have been chosen to represent the area side. The latest recruit is Signalman Case (Newport, Bradford Northern and Wales), who will be a big asset to our team.

Our two "Glaxo Babies," Corporal Morrell (Bradford Northern) and Signalman "Busty" Moffatt (Keighley), are carrying all before them. Unfortunately, our "star" winger, Signalman Birkett (Salford), has been off with a torn muscle after winning the 100 yards in the Area Athletic Meeting, but we hope to have him back with us before long. There is a good fixture list in front of us with such matches as R.A.F. and No. 5 I.T.C., so we are hoping for an interesting and successful season. It was with great regret that our Sports N.C.O., Lance Corporal Marwick, was posted back to his native land; he did a great deal to encourage Rugby in the Battalion. Good luck to you, "Major"—Up, Radley."

Soccer—The Unit soccer team this season promises to be one of the best ever of our Battalion teams. We have succeeded at long last

in our quest for "forwards," and these, in addition to the evergreen stalwarts—Sergeants Thorpe, Terry and Stranks, also Corporal Todd—have formed a strong combination. Keenest enthusiasm is running high, even among the more junior members of the team.

Our record to date is:—Matches played 10, won 8, drawn 2, lost nil, goals for 52, goals against 9. Chief goal scorer is our centre-forward, McGregor, and following in close pursuit are our inside-forwards, Cox and Campbell.

Hockey—We have the makings of a first-class team this season under the leadership of Corporal Fielding. Some very useful players have been discovered, so we are hoping for a successful season. To date we have won four matches with one lost. We are hoping to do well in the Area Competition.

SERGEANTS' MESS. — Absence of contributions to previous issues does not necessarily mean we forget old friends, particularly those who have parted from us for promotions, Home Front, etc.—likewise, we hope they won't forget us.

Three very old hard cases have recently joined us in the shape of R.S.M.s Dadswell, Turner and Goodman. It's a mystery what they did, but they did it and are now looking for pastures new. Other arrivals and departures are too numerous to mention, but the usual greetings apply.

An active Entertainments Committee succeeds in brightening us at reasonably regular intervals, no mean achievement in these hard and thirsty times, and the Mess dances and social evenings are very popular. A recent trip to 3rd G.T.T.B., via N.C.O.s' T.B., was voted a great success. Both Units excelled in hospitality. Pity there can't be more of times like that these days. It is understood that "Jumbo" Price is experimenting with running cars on fresh air, so we won't despair entirely. Which reminds me, our leading A.D. expert has started running a football sweep and one of his earliest beneficiaries was the said "Jumbo." 'Tis well said, "To those that hath ——."

News and scandal are really scarce, but items of interest (perhaps) are that Alexander Milligan has had his tonsils out. The event wasn't broadcast, but judging by the description it should have been. Ginger Moorfield, one of the most popular of the younger trippers to S——, has announced that he prefers here. We know what he means. "Thistle" McCombe—Guy Fawkes' modern counterpart—has actually completed a full week's stay in the Unit without being called away on leave. Lastly, the R.S.M. has decreed that the letter "R" in all drill books, training manuals, etc., will be amended to read "W." See that it's done.

HOLDALL.

S.T.C. Wales

2nd Depot Battalion

Administrative Wing

Your humble scribe requests your kind indulgence if his first month's efforts are somewhat curtailed. He was asked to fulfil this function at very short notice and has been racking his brains for notes of various happenings during the past month.

Congratulations to Corporal Levy on the acquisition of his second "tape."

Welcome to all the cookhouse and mess room staff who are now attached to our Company. Your invasion during the week-end caused a minor "flap" in the Company Office and that hard-worked (?) trio of clerks are still passing very dubious comments on the curious fact that the C.S.M. chose that week-end to take a couple of days' leave. Did he see the writing on the wall or had he some inside "griffin"?

It has been noticed that a certain Corporal in the Pay Office no longer meets the Flint train o' nights. Never mind, Charlie. Women were ever fickle!

Congratulations to Signalman and Mrs. Crosbie upon the addition of a girl to the family.

We would like to know the name of the Lance Corporal who can still use Californian Poppy in these days of rationed luxury. Also the writer would like to know (in confidence and for purely personal use) what reasons he gave his wife for spending nine days' leave away from her.



Our hearts were torn by the C.S.M.'s plight when, having won the "Sweep," he was inundated with hints of free "pints" by members of the Sergeants' Mess.

It is rumoured that a certain Corporal has "popped the question" to a fair maid of Manchester and has been told "Yes." Do we hear the soft tinkle of distant wedding bells, "Chippy"?

We are pleased to report that Mrs. "Bill" Richardson (R.A.) is now recovering from her recent illness following an operation.

Congratulations to "Lynn" of the R.Q.'s Office upon her recent engagement.

Our hearts go out to the well-known Signalman who, having shorn himself of his whiskered beauty, was the miserable possessor of the mother and father of all colds for a week afterwards.

SPORT.—Our soccer team still continues to carry all before it. Good work, chaps. Lance Sergeant Birchenough, who has recently taken over as sports representative, set a fine example in the match against "A" Company a few days ago. He was scheduled to referee the match, but upon arrival at the field found Administrative Wing two men short. Playing in slacks, he fully made up for the deficiency by scoring the winning goal of the match. Nice going, Sarge!

Now that Lance Corporal "Sandy" has removed himself from Chalet 174, its near neighbours are hoping for a little peace and quiet. We shall, of course, miss the terrific "free-for-alls" which have been going on there for a long while now. However, Administrative Wing are forming a boxing team, so what about it, Sandy?

Will the kind gentleman who regularly pinches the C.S.M.'s red pencils kindly leave his name next time he calls?

Well, blokes, this is all I can manage for this month, but it is to be hoped that a certain Doc's Office Sergeant will now change his mind about cancelling his order for THE WIRE.

ROBBIE.

"A" Company

Well, here we are again, blokes. I'm afraid it's been quite a long time since "A" Company appeared in THE WIRE. So as your ex-Company correspondent I will try to give you an outsider's view point on the "goings on" and "comings off" of recent times. Five months have passed since I last signed my nom de plume to Company notes. During that time, many things have happened worthy of report and many changes have taken place.

Well, when you name the parts of the rifle you always begin at the top, so here goes.

We were sorry to lose Captain T. H. B. Hoare, our O.C., who is now performing the duties of Assistant Adjutant, Depot Battalion. In his place we welcome a newcomer to the 2nd S.T.C., Major G. Gray. To them both we extend our best wishes on their new appointments.

Our Second in Command is now Lieutenant J. A. Allerton. Congratulations on your second "pip," sir.

We were also sorry to lose 2nd Lieutenant Smith, who has left us for further fields. In his place we welcome here 2nd Lieutenant Hore, to whom once more we extend our best wishes.

Two more great losses have been sustained by the Company in the postings of C.S.M. Brassfield, who left us on his promotion to R.S.M., and, if I may be so bold, I should like to say on behalf of all the N.C.O.s of the Company, "nice work, Brassy." Also that of C.Q.M.S. Jock Brain, posted to "C" Company and promoted to C.S.M. Congratulations, "Jock." In their places we welcomed C.S.M. Hunter and C.Q.M.S. Overington.

Promotions have also been very rapid. To all concerned we wish all the best:—Corporals MacDuff R., High W. J., Roscoe W., Farnen W. and Foulkes E. R. promoted Lance Sergeants and Lance Corporals Haxton C. R. and Bonell L. W. promoted Corporals.

We are also glad to announce that Lance Corporal Madden K. J. is now "paid" for his stripe.

The office is now a very quiet place since the posting of "Pinkie" Vaughan, who, by the way, promised to take over WIRE notes. I reckon his hand was shaking so much he could not hold his pen. (Also reason for posting?)

GOSSIP.—Not being in close contact with the Company, I am afraid gossip column is somewhat small.

Sergeant R—— is still training for posting to Egypt. He will be very sorry when he finds the Army does not supply harems to the troops.

Corporal "Jock" H—— has A.T.S. trouble at the moment. "What's 'Shaws,' Jock?"

Well, blokes, I think that is about all. I have tried to give you some news about the old Company. If I am still here next time I will cook up some more. In the meantime will try to find some brave lad to take over.

All the best.

JIMMY F.

"B" Company

The rainy season has ended. The squads have crept from their hiding places in drill sheds and lecture huts to reappear again on the Square.

In spite of the splendid attempt by "A" Company to take the Inter-Company Boxing Shield from us, it is still ours, and going one further, we won the Inter-Battalion Shield, too.

Bravo, "B" Company, we certainly produce the goods. Whilst on the subject, Corporal Collier again obliged with his usual good show in the exhibition bout. Thanks, Johnnie.

We extend thanks to the organisers, referees and seconds who helped the show to its successful conclusion.

To members of the Companies who have passed on for further training in the Corps, good luck, and we hope they scan the columns of the journal for news of their old Company, which is still very much alive.

In passing may I bring to the notice of old serving members of the 44th that "Jack Daniells" was killed in a street accident. A letter will be sent to his wife who for so long assisted him in his work in the Unit.

JIM B.

Training Wing

We regret to announce that our old O.C., Captain Randall, has left us. Nevertheless, we congratulate him on attaining his majority.

We welcome in his place, Lieutenant J. W. Stubbs, who has been with us for several months already. To both of these officers we extend our best wishes for success in their new jobs.



The Morning After the Night Before

"C" GROUP CEASES TO MARCH ON.—The end has come. (Ain't it a shame.) For the past two weeks we have been in the process of posting men hard and fast in all directions, and soon there will be no one left. (We hope.)

We understand that pre-O.C.T.U. training in this centre has come to an end, for the time being at any rate. In the upheaval, Corporal Vic Edens has gone back to "B" Company. We hope that you are able to teach them a thing or two, Vic.

Killer Con (Lance Sergeant Conway) is on a Senior N.C.O.s' D. and D. Course. That will shake him! Never mind, Con, just imagine how you will feel when it is all over. (A soldier at last!)

Lance Sergeant Jim Davies has taken over the office temporarily,



Around the Camp at Depot (2nd S.T.C.)

and he now knows why clerking is such a popular trade. Things are being seen to too promptly these days.

The Terror still remains and reigns supreme (Sergeant Spargo), with his able assistant, Geordie (Sergeant Richardson). They are still carrying on with the Junior and Senior N.C.O.s' D. and D. Course. Sandy Emery is still as good at the lying load as ever, just in case you were getting worried about him.

We are enclosing this time cartoons of the officers of the Depot Battalion, done by one of "C" Group, and we hope they will look as good in print as they do on his drawing paper.

Well, chaps, this seems all the news for now.

So, cheerio, and all the best.

JIM.

2nd Operators' Training Battalion

As your reporter took out a poetic licence this month, here for a start is:—

THE SONG OF THE GOONS

We're firmly convinced that a code
Is something you catch in your head,
And likewise we KNOW that a bug
Is an insect you find in the bed.

Chorus: I'm a Goon. Just a Goon . . .

When told to wear "clean fatigues"
We launder our Denims with zest;
A cap F.S. we invariably wear,
Sitting up—like a bird on a nest.
Not Morse, but cigarette coupons
Is all we want to receive;
We'd murder our own Instructor
For two days' passionate leave.

Chorus: I'm a Goon. Just a Goon.

They'll make me a soldier—soon.

Look out next month for an epic entitled "Down to the Gym in Slips," with vocal accompaniment by the Quarrelsome Quartet. Also "Corp, chase me round the sand-dunes," dedicated to Vol. — of the A.T.S.

Enough of this frivolity. We record with regret the departure of Sergeants "Busty" Collings and "Ginger" Dunn and Lance-Sergeants Addlesee J. W. and McIlvenny J. We welcome, on the other hand, Sergeant Pemberton D., Lance Sergeant Fish and Corporals Ellis H. V. J. and Skirving J. W. What the oracle predicted.

We are sorry to lose, also, Lieutenant K. L. Parker, who recently went to 2 Company (from 1 Company) for a brief, but brisk, period i/c training. In his place we welcome 2nd Lieutenant K. J. Charrott.

Winter sport has come into its own, but tennis refuses to die; a winter club has been formed. There has been inter-Squad soccer, inter-Company soccer, inter-Battalion soccer, and, of course, S.T.C. soccer in which Operators' players have distinguished themselves. The Battalion team proved its supremacy in matches in which it beat both General Trades and Depot. No. 2 Company was victorious over 1 Company in a rough game that included most of the horrors of modern warfare. The Corporals met the Sergeants and licked them 9—0. It must be those nights in the Mess.

The Battalion team lost the first Rugby encounter with General Trades by a very small margin, and drew the next two. Next time . . . The captain of the rugger team is Lance Corporal F. M. Clifton, who is to be congratulated for winning approval as a candidate for a Royal Signals O.C.T.U.

Boxing tournaments are being held; we supply the S.T.C. hockey team with seasoned players, including Sergeant S. Grattage and Lieutenant Atkin; a golf club has started to flourish, and the rifle club regularly announces a dishing out of prize money.



Corporal Foster J. H. has returned from a successful attendance at a Regimental Provost Duties' Course—look out for those gaiters, boys!

Virtue is at last to receive its reward. We are expecting an outbreak of "dodger's" stripes.

A C.S.M., who shall go un-named, emulated Solomon in all his wisdom recently. For it came to pass that a Signalman did approach him and in fear and trembling did say, "Sir, to-night I am detailed not only for picket, but for Main Gate Guard. What shall I do?" And the C.S.M. did ponder upon this, and reply, "Cut your —— self in half."

Then there was the recruit who told me "'Barred Nuts' means 'Never 'eard of 'Im.'"

Nerts!

No. 1 Company

Once more the fateful day arrives, and news seems scarcer than ever. All through the past month I have been snooping and peeping through key-holes in the hope of collecting some interesting gossip, but all I have gathered has been a cold in the eye.

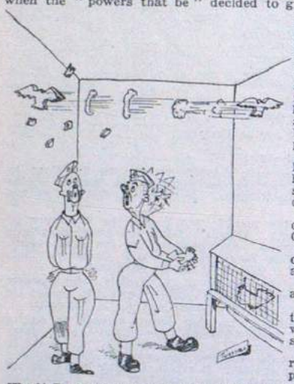
Training goes on with its usual smoothness under the watchful eye of S.S.M. Cook. It has been noticed that the supply of daisies and rare grasses seems at last to have become exhausted (if you don't understand that bit you should come to 1 Company and meet our S.S.M.).

The Company is its usual changing self, and this month we have to record the departure of two of our "oldest inhabitants." It was with real regret that we said farewell to Sergeant Collings H. M. and Lance Sergeant McIlvenny J., who have now disappeared into the "blue." We anxiously await news of them, and trust that in his new surroundings "Busty" can live up to his standard of "a change is as good as a rest." There is some "Jewa' Mail" for "Busty" later on.

In their place we extend the glad hand to Sergeant Pemberton D. and Corporal Skirving J. W. I must take this opportunity of warning these two N.C.O.s against the Company grippers (all of which are listed in the Company office), the folly of trying to listen to the radio in Chalet F85, and the danger of walking out with certain members of the Permanent Cadre. (Ask George for full details regarding these dangers. He knows them all.)

We have been waiting for a long time for fresh verses from our Company poet, but owing to the sad state of the garden his inspiration seems to have gone dry. Perhaps the acquisition of a brand new "battling dress" has, for the moment, turned his thoughts to more serious channels. However, we live in hope, and any further epic verses to flow from his pen will be published in due course.

FAIR EXCHANGE.—They say that fair exchange is no robbery, so when the "powers that be" decided to give us Lieutenant P. A. Silk in exchange for Lieutenant K. L. Parker, we sent No. 2 Company a bunch of our fairest flowers to clinch the bargain. We wish Lieutenant Parker all the best and we are trying hard to make Lieutenant Silk feel at home. We even went so far as to produce some clean blotting paper and a new pencil.



Waal! I told yer we kept racing pigeons !

WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW. — What actually happened to the "stunned slug" on his wife's birthday ?

Why Châlet F85 is now called the Battalion Parade Ground ?

Who ran away from who on the homeward bound bus and why ?

Is there really such a thing as platonic friendship ?

Whether George believes that he is putting it over when we listen to his "fairy stories" ?

Who starts all these rumours about "flaps" and postings ?

JEWS' MAIL. — To "Busty."—R.A.M. wants to know if they still "scratch and run" and if you require any help in your new conquests ? He would also like to know that we have told you that your old haunts here can still produce something new and that the partner in your various speculations is still going strong and "knocking 'em back." Now here's some "pukka gr.ffin" from your humble scribe. Go to the Bell (I believe that's one of your new locals) and talk French in a loud voice, and you may meet someone I know. 'Nuff said ?

Well, I told you before that news was scarce, and there is no one to help me out (sorry, I could not publish some of your suggestions, George, but there is still a censor), so I will r.ng off. Maybe my snooping will have better results now that the dark nights are coming. So look out for next month's effort and watch your step, fellows !

Cheerio, and all the best.

FLASH.—To Corporal and Mrs. "Tug" Wilson, a daughter, Norma Stephanie, at Prestatyn, on October 9th, 1941. Congratulations to you both ! "Tug" was Orderly N.C.O. on the 9th and we hope that he remembered to call the roll when he arrived home that night.

DUTCHY.

No. 2 Company

Since last going to press, the Company has had more changes. In fact, now our Griffin King has departed the Cadre are deeply concerned as to whose turn it will be next. The first to leave was Sergeant Dunn. We were sorry to lose "Ginger," but he was given a rousing send-off. We wish him good luck in his new sphere of work.



Gee! Was that an "Ack" or an "Ink" ?

In the next inter-Company posting we lost our O.C. (Captain Shields) to 4 Company and also Lieutenant Silk, who has gone to No. 1 Company. Both officers had worked hard to make the Company one of the most efficient and care-free, and were popular with the Cadre and recruits. They will be missed. Our best wishes go with them in their new "homes."

We are very glad to welcome Lieutenant E. G. Giggall (late of No. 4 Company) as our new O.C. He has a fine record with No. 4 Company and we hope his stay is a long one.

In the field of sport the Company has excelled itself. Two matches were played with the Cadre of 1 and 3 Companies. Against Tex's team we won 3—2. This match included many friendly bouts of "hacking" between "Ginger" of 2 Company and "Taffy" Evans. The other game, which was very friendly throughout, resulted in a 5—1 victory for us.

An old friend of the Company, Lance Corporal Davies C., is climbing high since he was posted. He has received his third tape. Nice work, sir !

BLONDIE.

No. 3 Company

"My inkwell is empty, my pen is dry,
I've no news to tell, but still I'll try."

There are some old-fashioned tradesmen who still send their customers cards at festive seasons—well printed in a manuscript of copper plate on which they thank them for their past and continued patronage. This is, I think, a highly debatable, but somewhat respectable practice now sinking into the fathoms of disuse.

I have no such elegant taste for these cards, but I endure to beg of those who relish in my column that they have my heart-felt pledge and esteem, and thanks for their respected compliments.

FLASH.—Don't blame chickens for bad eggs, think of the rationed bird seed. Take into consideration the black-out, sirens, lying cocks, ants in pants, mechanised worms, armoured caterpillars, etc. Then you'll see the old hen cannot always be sure of the outcome of her visit to the nest.

DISORDERLY ROOM

The C.O.'s on the warpath, the Major's having strokes,
The Adjutant swears so nicely he almost chokes,
The Sub. explodes profanely, he thinks he's to be shot,
'Cause some little rear rank squaddy is put upon the spot.
The R.S.M. breathes murder, C.S.M. belching flame,
Sergeant tearing up and down the ranks, shouting
"Corporal, take his name."
Poor little squaddy wishes he'd joined the tanks.
Down to the Jug I marched him—a soldier in disgrace,
The C.O. stood by, tears streaming down his face,
The R.S.M. looked at his watch, everyone was ready,
Until he turned and shouted, "Markers, steady !"
If he had shot the cook, it wouldn't have been so grave,
Instead of which he was only checked for a shave.

Applications for leave during the past month have been based on the following compassionate grounds:—

A Signalman required a long week-end for the purpose of digging his garden.

Another wanted leave to go home to feed his budgerigar.

The number of applications for being best man at weddings gives us the thought that the percentage of birth control is rapidly on the rise.

Will the Corporal who said "I've got to get married on my next leave" please leave his name and full particulars at D57. Fatherly advice will be given free.

Corporal Ben Holt has wed at last and all of us, Ben, hope you and Daphne will be eternally happy. Ben gave the Cadre a farewell Bachelor Night, and under the ceremonial mastership of Lance Corporal Frank Budgett the evening proved a complete and smashing success. Only the better type and those of better mentality were entertained. "Budgett's Floral Dance" will echo its menories from the high walls beyond and over.

Captain Howarth has left us and whoever gets him has the satisfaction of knowing he is a "good 'un." Watch your sports cars, lads. "He can smash 'em."

C.S.M. Harbury now has a "pup." Indian Signals, please note.

Football is with us again and we look forward to a smashing year. The S.T.C. team can boast:—Corporal Newham (Scarborough Town), Sergeant Nicholson (S. Liverpool and Signals), Lance Corporal Johnnie Hough (Port Sunlight and Signals), Lance Corporal Jones E. T. (Wales), Sergeant John Redgrave (Signals), Driver Jones S. (Llandudno), Corporal Hunt W. (Wolverhampton College), Signalman Griffen (St. Mirren and Brentford), Sergeant Stephenson A. (Lancaster Town and Army), Corporal Sharp N. W. (Everton) and Sergeant Swain J. S. (Grimsby and Chester).

We welcome Staff Sergeant Instructor Swain J. S., of the A.P.T.C. and soccer fame. Good luck to you, Staff, you have a good bunch of lads with you and we hope you stay for ever. (Especially as outside-lefts are very scarce.)

TEXAS.

No. 4 Company

Greetings once again to all ex-4 Company members wherever you may be. Since my last venture into the realms of literature several events of note have taken place. We welcome C.S.M. Pearson, who is ably filling the shoes of C.S.M. Kirby, and Lieutenant Giggall has "crossed the road" to No. 2 Company after a long and pleasant association with 4 Company. We welcome Captain Shields back to his old chair. Lance Sergeant "Jimmy" Allan is back again after a long spell in hospital.

The Company is now the happy abode of many potential instructors in the form of N.C.O.s' B11 Classes. Deep, indeed, do they probe into the remote aspects of "Eeandem."

We are amazed at "Pips" versatility so far as evening parades are concerned. We console ourselves that each new parade will surely be the last, when, no, he pulls another one out of the bag. In fact, certain members of the Cadre are having to cast their cobwebs and now realise, for the first time, the extent of a recruit's working day.

Jill has ceased to grace the office (how we miss her "poetic" language) and we now have "Toshette," a sister of Corporal Allen, A.T.S., of the Pay Office, applying her nimble fingers to the typing keys.

All for now, then.

J.G.

Administrative and Headquarters Wing

This is the gravy and "Signalsam" spilling it.

Since the departure of Drivers Newman, Finch and Riggs to "C" Company, I have been asked by the former billet mates of "Bud" Newman to say something in his memory. Here it is:—

"No more will he dust from floor to ceiling.

Since Records got that Kruschen feeling."

After all, he was a good billet orderly. "Sparrow" Finch must have known a thing or two, because when he went the electric bread cutter went, too, and since "Puffer" Riggs has gone, the joint hasn't been the same, especially at tea times.

Corporals Dews and Wood and Signalman Weston are now doing a spot of "Iddy Umpty" and they don't have to worry (much). Corporal Wood doesn't have to think how he can be at the W.V.S. and the N.A.A.F.I. at the same time ("get a move on, you'se guys") so that cuts out the excuse for having a "double," but "Aggie" has real trouble, he says he doesn't mind the "Iddys," but he feels "Umpty" enough. It must be old age or something.

However, he was a credit to the ancient order of obsolete storekeepers; in contrast to having one of nothing before he took the job on he now has two of everything, but what a load off the "Q's" mind, he may put on some weight now !

Sergeant J. P. Redgrave is also busy teaching the lads to separate dots from dashes, but what a pity his dog refuses to acknowledge him if he plays soccer in a red shirt; may be it's a Training Wing hound and only supports rugger. Never mind, Sergeant, if you must romp at half-time in a red shirt, the lads will coax a nice disagreeable bull along, they *like* red.

Sport has taken a back seat for the time being in "Administrative"; no doubt due to the influx of CIII wallahs. Lance Corporal Poulton managed to raise a soccer team after calling for volunteers from the morning sick parade, but three of the volunteers were a little hard of hearing and thought it was something to do with leave, but still you can't blame anyone for trying.

For the benefit of Operators' "Intake," a man's service is judged by the plausibility of an excuse for week-end leave; the speed at which he spreads jam on his bread; the number of times he salutes a bandmaster, and the expression on his face when drinking N.A.A.F.I. tea (witness Lance Corporal Sheard).

There is also the story of the Junior N.C.O. taking the Bath Parade after doing the R.S.M.'s Drill Parade. The habit of doing things by numbers hadn't quite worn off, but that will keep.

And so, for the present, I leave you.

Time Marches On !

SIGNALSAM.

2nd General Trades Training Battalion

No. 1 Company

Time marches on! Another month has gone, and the notes have to be written, so I must sit me down and think, and hope that inspiration will come and enable me to make some contribution, however small.

Firstly, we are glad to welcome to our midst Lieutenant G. N. Cook and 2nd Lieutenant J. Blamire, and we trust their stay will be happy and long.

Ex-members of No. 1 Company will learn with regret that Lieutenant J. P. Watt has left us to assume the duties of F.A.D. Officer in the Depot, and we feel sure that with us in wishing him every success.

It would appear that the "love bug" started his activities about the time I took over the note writing, for as you will remember I have had to record a wedding in nearly every issue. This time we extend congratulations to Corporal "Eddie" Brind and his wife (of the A.T.S.).

In the realms of sport I am pleased to record that the Battalion tennis team was successful in winning the inter-Battalion tennis tournament, for which a shield was presented at the Battalion dance. It now graces the C.O.'s office and the members of the team are proud to be the first winners.

THINGS WE HEAR AND READ ABOUT.—A squad being instructed in map reading, with a large scale landscape before them. One member being asked what he would do if he were an N.C.O. in charge of some men, and what would he make for, pointed to some telegraph poles and said he would make for them. The instructor then asked him, "What do you think the enemy would be doing if you did that ?" "Shinning up the poles, sir," came the bright answer.

One group, using unwrought materials with no workshop, produced a piano stool, two coffee tables and bedside lamps.—Evening paper.

Presumably the tables were for "Naafi" coffee, and the lamps were "studded."

J.F.S.J.

Yorkshire 3

3rd Operators' Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

In consequence of continued pressure from high places, and malice aforethought, malfeasance and tort in low ones, the scribe for last month's notes occupies the chair of history for a further term. This is too much. From this day forth no one is safe from vituperative attacks by our vitriolic pen. (This job is made much easier by the use of reportorial cl.ches and scathing denunciations will be the order of the day.)

The first subject which presents itself as suitable for scarification is the weather; but it is a safe bet that the representatives of all the boys will have a go at that, and why should we steal their thunder ? They don't get much, poor little dears.

We have long been waiting an opportunity to air our opinions on divers subjects. One which springs rapidly to what we call our mind is the peculiar way in which anticipatory delights are lengthened in this day and age. For instance, in pre-war days, at the Motor Show and Radio Exhibition, manufacturers all labelled their 1936 exhibits as "1937 models," and we recently overheard one khaki-clad female bemoaning the fact that Molyneux is not showing his 1942 spring models until Christmas, 1941. These profound reflections are induced by the feverish anxiety of the Messing Officer to produce a respectable bill of fare for our Christmas dinner and sundry notices to the effect that "Christmas cards are on sale at the barber's shop, price 3d." (Remember this is October 9th and although these notes will not probably appear until the end of November, the sentiments are still effective.)

It appears to be necessary to detail in these columns the gradual "smartening up a bit decent" (to quote a certain gentleman) of the foundation members of this establishment. The aforementioned gentleman himself has now been subjected to his own favourite process and departs forthwith to join — Command Signals. The farewell party held last night at "The Spink" was well attended, but there is no truth in the rumour that the raisen d'etre of the whole shooting match, namely and to wit, one, C.Q.M.S. Mann W., was seen prowling round and round a letter-box muttering, "Bricked in, bricked in." Incidentally, the scribe himself doesn't feel too much like writing THE WIRE notes this morning, due to the malady known as "Looking on the gin while it is pink."

Some of our more intelligent readers may, by dint of a little effort, remember that Auntie Ermyntrude's answers to correspondents promised to be a recurrent feature. Unfortunately, the public does not appear to want her advice, and no letters were received except one which begins, "Dear Madam,—Unless . . . ." and another promising to lend £1,000,000 on note of hand alone. Consequently this extremely interesting feature has had to be dropped. Auntie Ermyntrude has been sent to the slaughter house and the management has had to seek a new method of boosting the circulation.

After much deliberation it has been decided that this can be best achieved by following the example of our contemporaries and publishing the astrological predictions of that world-famed seer, Mrs. Montgomery Haddock.

Mrs. Haddock will be pleased to cast your horoscope for a purely nominal fee. Send 6s. 8d. to cover cost of postage and packing, together with date of birth, size in collars, number of dog licence and high tide at London Bridge.

We append below a few examples to encourage interest in this revolutionary feature.

For those born on dates between:—

March 1st and February 29th.—Your ruling star is Agitatus sostenuto. You will find this week a very good one for business, pleasure, banking and spud bashing, unless things go wrong, when it will be a bad one.

April 7th to August 10th.—Your ruling star is Streptococcus obligato, and it looks like a pretty bad week. Pickets, guards and fire watching are in the ascendant. Leave, beer, cigarettes and tobacco are waning.

These examples will no doubt leave you, poor, misguided idiots that you are, panting for more. Buy next month's copy of THE WIRE and find out.

No. 1 Company

Once again the September cup competition was a triumph for the "veterans," 65C repeating their success of the previous month. They clinched matters with a very fine show at the concert, portraying interesting side-lights on Army life from Whitehall to the recruiting office. Once again 65A, helped by a fine performance in the inter-squad run, winning the first four places, were runners-up. In the football, another squad of "veterans," 74B, put up a good show, eliminating the previously undefeated champions, 64A, before they yielded themselves to 65A. The Company football team has got going again and opened the season by netting a dozen goals for a solitary reply.

Incidentally, Mr. Harveyson somehow got his velocities, frequencies, etc., mixed up in regard to the squad run, with the result that the amplitude of his pocket was damped to the extent of six dinners.

It is with regret we say farewell to Sergeant "Jock" Cloughley, who has been one of the hardest working members of the Cadre both on training and recreational activities. Congratulations to Corporal Nash, now gracing No. 2 Company with his famous smile, and Corporal Roy Mansfield on their recent promotion. Corporal Mansfield, by the way, is creating a great success of his performances at the "mighty organ," and his accompaniment of Lance Corporal Mark Makin the other night was most effective.

No. 1 Company went to war the other Sunday when they were divided into attackers and defenders, and in conjunction with the Home Guard and the remainder of O.T.B., fought a fierce battle over the town which is now their home. Many and strange were the incidents that took place. Events were early astir with the capture of two "beautiful spies." Then the attackers started their plan of infiltration—travelling gaily down on trolley buses. Two of these were captured by a Home Guardsman and told as they were *hors de combat* they'd better return to their billets. Without money in their pockets and faced with a long walk home they spun such an effective tale that their captor eventually paid their fares. Then things got hectic at G.M.H. and desperate prisoners tried to break loose. One N.C.O. had not learnt the lesson not to play with fireworks and he tried consequences with a flash bomb, with the result that he has been "dotting and carrying one" ever since. Another defending N.C.O. got really tough, and was seen "flattening" the enemy with one hand and reviving them with cups of cocoa with the other.

THE TRAINEE'S REVENGE.—Answer to a question, name the war gases—C.M.P.

The same paper included the following advice on personal decontamination:—"Take your boots off before you enter the house and do not put your contaminated clothing on the furniture."

No. 2 Company

POSTINGS.—By heavens, everyone seems to be leaving. Soon there will be but one representative remaining of the Battle of Runswick Bay, for all the old soldiers (comparatively) seem to be leaving us. Lance Sergeant Jack (now looking more like the old days with but two stripes) and Lance Sergeant Nash (similarly denuded) have left us for the "beauties" of Holding Battalion. No more will Eric's moustache bristle at us, or the sprightly sallies of Tommy Nash's rock the class rooms (he was an early instructor), although perhaps our lines will lead somewhere now that Eric Jack has gone. He should be a qualified removal expert (A1) by now, so much practice has he had in moving his teleprinter stores. Six times in two days was his record.

With these two have gone Corporal Cleal and Lance Corporal Grogan. No sooner had we recovered from the shock of seeing Tom as a trainee (and regularly on parade) than he was neatly posted to Holding Battalion. But they didn't grip him very long there. And what will Corporal Fowell (new holder of the Training Office special trophy) do without his comrade Grogan? This sad parting, coupled with parades and married life will, we fear, exert a very bad effect.

To all our lost comrades we send our best wishes and hope to see them again after we have set up that Teleprinter Section in Berlin.

Footnote.—There are, we regret to announce, an excessive number of Scotsmen in this Company, and sharply divided differences of opinion have hitherto existed regarding the respective qualities of the two races—English and Scots. Now, however, that one of the Mackay brood has admitted that the head of his clan is a Dutchman, little more remains to be said.

No. 3 Company

A ghostly quiet descended on No. 3 Company in the middle of last month. Only an occasional stray trainee would disturb the silence of the corridor or the meditation of odd instructors "alone and palely loitering" at its corners. Only the post Corporal on his rounds struck a note of jarring cheerfulness; he was almost jaunty with the unaccustomed lightness of his daily load.

But now the Corporal of the post is his own bowed lugubrious self and No. 3 Company has regained its life and gusto. That awful period between the departure of Intakes 62 and 66 and the arrival of 82 is over and we are at full strength again. Let us salute our old friends and bid our new ones a hearty welcome.

To our mind, four events stand out from the innumerable daily doings of last month—the dances, the "scheme," the commencement of the A.B.C.A. talks, and the efforts of our artists.

The last two dances have been a "staggering success," socially and financially. No financial, more anon; of the social, we dip our pens to the next time. Tickets have been introduced, by the way, and when it comes to "organising" the C.S.M. reminds us of the "Ancient Mariner" of the ballad except that he "stoppeth" considerably more than "one in three"—in short, everyone is there, and Lance Corporal Rainbird's assorted side-shows do a roaring trade.

To turn to the field of manœuvres proper, we must give you some inkling of the epic encounter that took place recently between No. 3 and the Home Guard (we have only an inkling ourselves, but here goes).

Zero hour was 3 a.m. on a Sunday morning (except for our fifth columnist, who overslept). There were a lot more hours after that and many doughty deeds were done. Legendary stories have been told of how Lance Corporal Sh—t (temporarily released from leave) took a field and captured the enemy's beer, of how Corporal T—r, remembering Lot's wife, but forgetting the skyline, was taken prisoner. In short, 'twas a famous victory, but although there has been a conference since, whose it was is still not clear! Another sphere in which No. 3 has shown enthusiasm is the educational. Besides taking part in the Unit activities of the A.E.C., we have now started dinner discussions every Friday, which have been short but full of interest.

We Welcome the start of the A.B.C.A. lectures and the fact that the O.C. has invited the co-operation of all members of the Company who would like to start the ball rolling on particular aspects of current affairs. And now for the artists. Lately, the C.S.M. has been observed standing wrapt in ecstatic contemplation of the mess-room balcony. Why? Not at the rear view of various members of the Cadre at the top of ladders, but because our brigade of art workers are transforming the attic (some of the paint has even permeated the porridge), but we have seen enough to know that the final effect will look good. So on with the dance and on with the paint. The month has had its full quota of chuckles. People are asking who was the N.C.O. who gave an "eyes right" to the R.S.M. standing on his left; who the large gentleman was who "shouldered" part of the responsibility of the Regular Army after a recent carousal; whether Signalman B—field was under the impression that he was 36 hours late when he recently returned from leave 12 hours too soon. But such things we can only see through a glass darkly. There have been many Cadre changes this month, too, and we wish Lieutenant Grantham good luck on his departure from our Company, and we welcome our new training officer, 2nd Lieutenant M. Bernoson. We miss that chirpy pair, Lance Corporal Hellyer and "Dick" (Stap Us) and send them our best wishes. We also welcome "Nellie," who has been taken to the bosom of Company office—indeed, what would Company office be "Baht At"?

As we write 63 Intake are being posted and we wish that squad of "Characters" good luck.

Right now the news of Hitler's colossal onslaught in the direction of Moscow reaches us and we salute our opposite numbers in the Russian Signals.

J.W.T. (CHUCKLES).

No. 4 Company

GENERAL.—How do you do, everybody? This is your 4 Company scribe at it again, not much news for you this time, nothing of any interest in this Company. Training still roaring ahead and good results were obtained from squads under Corporal Mann, Lance Sergeant Hewitt and Sergeant Swift. We have said good-bye to some of the best fellows this Company ever had the honour to entertain. Wonderful sounds are heard from our "Creed Dens," the principal chanter being Lance Corporal Middleton, with the able assistance of Lance Corporal Kennedy. The new trainees are finding the initial introductory weeks a little dry, but that will soon go and a more interesting stage of training will be reached and they will then take unto themselves the Wireless Care and vanish into the blue with strict instructions to "get through by 09.00 hours." The walls in the school now bear the most amazing inscriptions. We are told they are extremely beautiful and ease the eyes from the otherwise drab appearance of the lecture rooms.

ARRIVALS.—The hand of welcome is extended to our latest arrivals. We hope their stay with us will be pleasant and instructive. Time will soon go and they will be off into the blue, fully fledged W/T Operators. The instructors also welcome Lance Corporals Sear, Church, Wilding, Ashworth and Overell to the technical staff. They will no doubt enjoy the kick one gets out of taking a squad up for BIII.

DEPARTURES.—2nd Lieutenant Bratherton is no longer with us. We hope their stay with us will be pleasant and instructive. Time will as much as you did with us.

AGONY.—Heard in the lecture room. "What is the signal F1?" asked the instructor. One trainee proudly cocked his head and answered "Dismal Point." Not bad, eh! The view from the instructors' den is the main road 20 yards away. I was admiring the view yesterday when two girls walked by at the moment our Creed King was just stirring his pupils to a higher pitch with their chanting. One girl turned to the other, "What are they doing in there?" The second girl, "Learning the Morse Code." "Good Lord," said the first girl, "Do they have to sing it?"

As I stated in the opening words of this epistle, nothing exciting happens here and I have no more news for you now, so until next month, good-bye, good luck and good reading.

L.E.H.

3rd General Trades Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

We needed no wireless announcement, newspaper headline or Special Order of the Day on September 3rd to remind us poor folk in Administrative Wing that the big scrap had been in progress for two long, long years. The old sweats had a few choice words to say about it, pessimistically adding, as is their wont, "Just another ten years to go." And in such a depressive atmosphere, thank heavens for the youngsters who, illusions still unshattered, believe in astrology or something and think they will be in their own homes by Christmas. Pessimist or optimist, all wondered when "Home, sweet home" would once again be the call.

The only outward manifestation of the event came a few days later when a certain Lance Corporal appeared proudly wearing a good conduct stripe. That started some ballyhoo among the fellows with two years' service who had forgotten the good conduct touch. Royal Warrant and King's Regulations were quoted to prove that the said Lance Corporal was out of order in wearing the stripe without some written authority. Retaliation came in the shape of a reply that it was an offence not to wear the stripe on completion of two years' unmarred service. Now we don't know exactly where we are.

LATER NEWS FLASH.—Driver Phillips, veteran of 22 years' service, has been awarded a good conduct stripe. (See Battalion Order No. 4,417, dated September 24th, 1941.) Is he humiliated!

September 3rd, however, was overshadowed by September 4th. The fourth, you see, was pay day, and that day, despite "rifles will be brought for inspection" is the only day of any week we really appreciate.

HOW "COMRADE" BECAME "KAMARAD."—Our super optimist, by the way, is one by the name of "Busty" Phillips (mentioned above). He feathers, purloins and manufactures the good news at all times of the day. "Have you heard the latest?" is constantly his greeting. Before Russia came into the battle game he was the only outspoken supporter of the Soviet in this Unit. (Though I sometimes wonder if he isn't also kidding on that score.) Now, since the Reds are playing havoc with the Jerry advance, his popularity as a flash news commentator has gone up a hundred per cent.

Little wonder, then, that he is known to us as "Comrade" Phillips. At a recent bomb-throwing party, our "Busty," by some strange incident or design, was selected as range orderly. So we gave him a red flag to wave. He waved it hard and fast when the inexperienced bomb throwers began hurling grenades, and rumour has it that he now possesses the title of "Kamarad" Phillips.

WE PLAY BALL.—Just as the war situation is all topsy-turvy, so has this been a time of ups and downs for Administrative Wing, though I fear it provided more downs than ups for our basket-ball team. Let us first say a word about the ups. Our initial basket-ball game with Administrative Wing, 3 Depot Battalion, saw the team come home gloating over a 14 points to nil victory. Your special WIRE correspondent travelled in the covered waggon to Depot of ill-fame (recruits may know the place), but neither the inclement weather nor unpleasant memories could damp our spirits. Before an immense crowd of one officer (who tactlessly remarked, "I say, what's all this about?"), one driver I.C. and yours truly, the match was fought out at a tremendous pace. Mostly the players were horizontal, executing many Sonje Henje-cum-Johnnie Weismueller gyrations, and on completion of the game would have passed for Kentucky Minstrels. The shirtless (that's us) did their stuff in grand style, but I had an impression that the Depot team was "conscripted" and slightly overawed by the plus of stripes on our side. Anyway, to cut a long story short, we won, came back cheering and vowing annihilation of all future opposition.

Unfortunately, the boot proved to be on the other foot when Headquarters, 3rd S.T.C., entered the arena. It seems that our fellows barely escaped with their lives. Three came back limping and painfully waving injured arms and hands. All swore vengeance on the referee, the B.M. and his "gangsters," if ever opportunity shall bring them together again. To depart for a moment from the jocular, the game was fast played, if a trifle overkeen. Two extra periods were necessary before the result could be decided, and then it was in favour of the S.T.C., 16 points to 12. My own view is that we fell because of Fell. That young worthy, six foot something and possessing arms like tentacles, is worth three ordinary men. Only two or three days before the vital game he pushed off to a Physical Development Course to

"improve his physique." If he is fattened up when he comes back we shall have to rechristen him "Man Mountain."

THE BIG SPLASH.—Don't get the idea that basket ball is our one and only sport these days. On the contrary, recreational facilities have been vastly improved in recent weeks. Swimming is on the daily menu and several of the lads are making headway, if a trifle breathless. We even produced a competitor for a big swimming contest—no other than Corporal Roberts. However, we can't put the whole blame on him for G.T.B. finishing second. The winning R.E. team might easily have outswam the famous Highgate Club. The biggest fabrication by Corporal Roberts was that he was "sweating from his exertions" when he came out of the water. Our pet somersaulter, Signalman Grimes, has now learnt to dive. Three unfortunates have been practically drowned by the tidal waves.

YOU FIND 'EM, WE FIGHT 'EM.—In consequence of a challenge thrown out by this Battalion to 3 Depot Battalion, an inter-Battalion boxing competition was staged at 3 Depot Battalion on September 12th. We hate to blow our own trumpet, but G.T.B. knocked the stuffing out of their opponents. Of 13 fights, 10 were won by us, and four k.o.s administered. Tough luck, Depot. You certainly showed your pluck.

The sport was displayed to its best advantage throughout the competition. Good, clean stuff, and plenty of spirit. Both winners and losers showed the marks of hard battle. A special word of praise is due to Sergeant Wall, of Depot, who daringly pitted himself against Signalman Clark G. of this Unit in the heavyweight contest. Signalman Clark is a formidable opponent for anyone. Not only does he turn the scale at 14 stone odd, but before joining the Army was one of the four leading wrestlers of the world. A tough nut to crack, so little wonder that Sergeant Wall couldn't do it. It has been suggested that the best way to get 14 days' sick leave, providing the sick doesn't become obituary, is to go into the ring with Signalman Clark. Administrative Wing was unable to boast any entry in the competition. You can hardly have brains and brawn together, can you?

One of the highlights of the evening was a demonstration of all-in wrestling by C.S.M. (I) Harper and Sergeant (I) Beresford, both of the P.T. staff. I fancy they had the raw recruits of Depot fooled by their ferocious demeanour and lusty throws, but it gave G.T.B. a big laugh to see these two very reserved and respected men snarling at each other like wild cats. It was a fine balancing, especially when the referee became involved in the general scrap, and the peacock strutting performance of Sergeant Beresford earned him the biggest boos. The result was a well-deserved draw.

R.S.M. Payne, acting as M.C., produced a voice like a roaring lion. I guess it caused the recruits to tremble a little at the thought of the dreaded day when they would be posted to his charge at G.T.B. Lieutenant-Colonel Snatt (Acting Commandant) presented the cup and medals and expressed appreciation of the fine showing given by all competitors. On returning to G.T.B. the competitors toasted their victory in the prize cup at the Sergeants' Mess.

Actually, the fighting almost began before the scheduled time. Jim Warren somehow got mixed up with the Depot trainees and went with them to their mess for tea. The fellow next to him at table, a recruit of no more than two or three days, began admiring Jim's shoulder flashes, and asked, "Where did you get them? Did you come last week?"

Naturally enough, after our overwhelming victory against 3 Depot Battalion, we begin to fancy ourselves in this field of sport. Since the Depot Battalion rout, we have challenged and beaten a team of R.A.S.C. boxers. The tournament took place on October 3rd and we ran out winners by eight bouts to four. The big disappointment of the evening was the inability of the promoters to find a suitable opponent for Lance Corporal George Clark (now posted to Administrative Wing and appointed Lance Corporal). He gave an exhibition bout, but it wasn't like the real thing. His massive frame seems to overawe possible challengers these days. There was plenty of hard fighting in all weights and our thanks go out to the R.A.S.C. team for putting up such a splendid show. However, we mustn't be too cocky or someone will come along one fine day and make mincemeat of our lads.

PATH TO PROMOTION!—If in your travels you should come upon sundry Corporals with arms in slings you may confidently approach them and declare, "Ah, you are from Administrative Wing." Being unable to read the future through the neck end of a beer bottle, it was quite beyond us in our last notes to forecast this epidemic of broken limbs. The epidemic has now reached such ghastly proportions that there is talk of immunisation. Within a brief few weeks four of our Corporals have smashed up on the football field and fatalists are running side bets on who will be next. Why, you may ask, should the bone-breaking blitz be solely reserved for Corporals? Thereby hangs a tale.

The first Corporal to suffer a fractured flipper received the following "bonuses"—three weeks' sick leave and another stripe. Far be it from me to suggest that other Corporals had leave and promotion in mind when they made the fatal slip. How would it be if we drew up a table of awards for injured personnel? Perhaps it would go something like this:—W.O.s, any bruise or injury, immediate commission; N.C.O.s, breakages, sick leave and promotion; Signalmen (the backbone of the Army), arm, broken, one, seven days' C.B. and one day Royal Warrant; leg, broken, one, 14 days' detention and dis-rating; neck, broken, one, six feet of good earth, an orange box and no military honours.

To get down to brass tacks, Administrative Wing is now running a football team. Running is the right word, for practically every team we have so far met has run us off our feet. Our goalkeeper, so it is affirmed, is already suffering from spinal curvature in consequence of so much bending to retrieve the ball from the back of the net. But we are improving. The elimination of two remaining Corporals, as above, will make us into a future side! With such a limited field of selection we have a tremendous job finding eleven men who will turn out, and this crop of injuries has caused the hair of the Selection Committee to turn grey. It is significant that some of our senior ranks who, prior to a team being formed, claimed super soccer abilities, now disclaim all knowledge of the game.

BOBBY DAZZLERS.—We must confess that the injuries sustained are not dut to "foul" opponents nor to the will to victory on our part. On the contrary, here is a true and unvarnished record of our lamentable prowess: 13—2, 7—1, 2—1, 7—6, 2—2. In honesty, I must mention that our opponents' score is given first. However, it will be noted from these results that the odds are rapidly shortening and about 1948, if the war lasts that long, we might be able to return to headquarters and proudly say, "We won."

A great deal of good would be done if certain members would sign the pledge and forgo Lady Nicotine. Rather than impose too much hardship in this direction we reasonably suggest that abstinence should be practised at least on the night before matches. Physical assistance might also be forthcoming from the Messing Officer, who would prescribe boiled fish and rice pudding for Wednesday and Saturday dinners. Playing a hard game of soccer immediately after a heavy dinner of mashed potatoes, cabbage, meat pie, not to mention the plum duff and custard, has a paralysing effect on many players. Despite these difficulties, however, we are still open to challenge anyone from Pudsey-cum-Winkle to the great Arsenal. What we lack in science we make up for in vigour, as our opponents, I think, will agree.

You might wish to know the names of the injured. Corporals Picton, Henstone and Johnsey. The fourth, Corporal, NOW Lance Sergeant Bassett. The only bloke who doesn't get any sympathy is Signalman Skene, Administrative Wing's clerk. He considers that football should be abolished. Too much of his time is spent in making out accident reports. How about a proforma, James?

Before winding up on this subject I would draw attention to our football kit. Scarlet jerseys, white knickers and streamlined stockings. This vivid colour ensemble dazzles us far more than it does our opponents.

SOME OTHER BRANDS OF "SPORT."—Sergeant Robins has his own brand of P.T. He runs up and down the stairs at least a hundred times a day and, rumour has it, has worn out six pairs of boots in the process. The stairs are certainly looking the worse for wear.

R.S.M. Payne has yet to prove that he did play soccer for the Army team, and we think the suggestions that Lance Corporal Rigby had been "too sporty" when he appeared one morning with an eye bandage were very unfair. We also consider it unfair that Lance Sergeants and above can remain out of billets all night, while Corporals and under must be safely tucked in bed by midnight, one minute to. Surely it is justice that we should all be permitted to take part in indoor sports whenever the opportunity arises.

Dancing, another type of physical training, is always popular, and the Officers' Mess dance proved a big success. The hall was nicely decorated for the occasion with streamers and fairy lights, and when all were "lit up" the fun was fast and furious. By gad, sir, but that young fellermelad did a jolly Charleston to a tangy tune, what!

Lance Corporals Fenton and Perkins had enough P.T. to last them a lifetime on the last D. and D. Course. Congratulations to them on getting the Q1 and sticking it out to the bitter end. One of the above-mentioned spent many of his evenings in a certain Depot fish and chip parlour. We can't be certain whether it was the savoury food or the choice waitress who constituted the attraction. Both have lost their "corporations" and look fit, bronzed and tremendously relieved.

THE DANCING W.O.s AND N.C.O.s.—Our W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess dance in St. Patrick's Hall, on October 1st, was a very enjoyable affair. A big welcome was given to many visitors from outside Units, who made special journeys to be present. Among the guests were C.S.M. Squirrel, R.Q.M.S. Fuhy, Sergeant Bridges and others and their ladies from 1st Holding Battalion. The immaculate blues and innumerable stripes were a sight for the gals with wedding bell ambitions. Pity this isn't Leap Year or we might be having a surplus of A22s. The Certo Cito band was in its usual good form and congratulations go to S.M.(I) Carroll and his committee for excellent organisation. The ballroom proved to be a rendezvous for many old acquaintances, and in every corner could be seen groups talking animatedly of happy and not-so-happy times in other quarters of the globe.

Our sporting instincts are further aroused by the influx of A.T.S. Such is the emancipation of women. How some of them must curse the Suffragettes and their ilk! The coming of these bright young things has not yet caused so many changes amongst the he-men staff as we thought, but most of us are expecting our postings. Seemingly, the only safe job in the Battalion is that of butcher, though I know some strapping gals who can "cut up rough" if need be. We welcome all these dear girls, learn their little hearts, and hope they won't find us too coarse and our language too vivid. The introduction of the female specie of waiter at the Sergeants' Mess has caused some startling changes. There is a general smartening up and a great moderation of language. Soon the saying "He swears like a trooper" will be completely out of date.

Our chief sport, S.M.(I) Carroll (when shall we see him in swimming costume or P.T. kit?) received a "surprise" parcel the other day. We trust he used the stationery for the purpose for which it was intended.

OUR WONDERFUL DON R.s.—By the way, don't you think our wonderful Don R.s look too, too divine in their new knickerbockers and riding boots? "Here comes the dancing girls," declared one wit when he cast eyes on them. I don't know whether it was the strangeness of this new attire or the tightness of the breeches, but on the day of issue Signalman Fawkes had the misfortune to come a cropper. Luckily his injuries proved not as serious as we dolefully imagined and he is now recovered.

These last few weeks have produced lectures galore, but we had a new kind of surprise on reading orders a short while ago to find ourselves earmarked for a church parade. Such a parade hasn't been known in Administrative Wing for months. Signalman Warren acidly declared that he last went to church 15 years ago. On this memorable occasion (not the one 15 years ago) he fervently prayed for his discharge (this in continuation of relative notes of previous issue). Never mind, Jim. Another nine years and you can claim your discharge for over age. It is also affirmed that the Yorkshire boys on the parade, notably Lance Corporals Amos and Terry and the Leeds lads, got mixed up a bit with the Psalms and gave a rendering of "On Ilkla Moor baht 'at" in close harmony.

LEAVE AND "MIS" CALCULATIONS.—Leave is always a matter of interest, especially now that Northern Command has authorised an extra two days for those living far afield. The lads on the boundary mark spend all their leisure hours working out mileage and cost in an effort to impress the O.C. and R.S.M. with the genuineness of their claims. John O'Groats and Land's End figure largely on leave passes nowadays.

Talking of calculations, one of our brighter N.C.O.s displayed the brilliance of his mathematical mind when checking up coal and coal issues for the Q.M.'s department. With brain working overtime, he meticulously worked out the number of pounds of coal per ton. Then he had a wonderful idea—coke was lighter and might mean a bigger issue per man. So he fathomed out the number of pounds of coke per ton. To his utter amazement, the figures turned out to be the same. He

checked and re-checked, honestly believing his calculation was at fault, and only the advice of "higher authority" convinced him that the number of pounds per ton was the same for coke and coal.

Officers are fortunate enough to be able to go on leave in magnificent cars (some of 'em). At least the Adjutant did. He went to the trouble of having it cleaned, polished and decoked (the debunking came later) in readiness for the event. What we cannot understand is why he wired for a return railway warrant.

Old pals were glad to see Sergeant James calling here on leave from a distant point in the United Kingdom. He doesn't diminish in size or spirits. R.S.M. Stares was also in the district on a vacation and we were disappointed when he didn't call in to say "Hello."

THEY COME, THEY GO.—Arrivals and departures during the past two months have been many. Fleeting "visits" were paid by C.S.M. Yorke, C.S.M. Pullen and C.S.M. Pettit, all of whom have now moved to fresh fields. To the fold have come Corporal Smith (G. R. G. to identify him from all the other Smiths), Signalman "Curly" Bearne, O'Hora and Scott (incidentally, our condolences to Signalman O'Hora on losing his Driver I.C. pay owing to medical reasons. What a lousy welcome!). We now have our own M/T Section, and in the former class come a bundle of drivers from 4 Company, Drivers Day, Clarke, Ford, Loveday, Hood, Manconi, Richards and Shaw, while others, namely, Drivers Allan, Corbett and Steed and Don R.s Fawkes, Hobden and Cawthorne, are also now on our strength after a long attachment. Signalman Bob Ward, our wizard inside-left (sometimes), remains with us on completion of Pay Duties Course, and other newcomers to the pay side are Signalman Gardner, Hawkins and Gregory. C.S.M. Hunt has arrived from 1st O.T. Battalion for Q.M. store duties and Signalmen Adie and Stock reported in from sundry Units. A.T.S. newcomers comprise Sergeant Staig and Privates Morton, Twitchit (fra blooming Briggus) and Joyner. Signalman Travall returned to us from cookery course looking as fit as a fiddle, a tribute, perhaps, to his own cooking.

That dashing D.R., Bob Cressey, hero of a million girls, has gone off to 1 Company to sow havoc among the feminine hearts of that region, and Signalman North, whose cheery presence is missed at the Sergeants' Mess, has almost assuredly gone to warmer climes than his name suggests. Other departures, if I remember them aright, include the burr-tongued Scotsman, Signalman Bremner, Corporals Nockells and Signalman Griggs to School of Signals; Signalman Juchau and Lance Corporal Fenton to 3 Depot Battalion as Drill Instructor (Eddie rubbed his hands and said on leaving, "No more duty clerk or orderly N.C.O. for me," and found an entry on orders two days later, "Lance Corporal Fenton, N.C.O. i/c Canteen"); Sergeant Cooper to R.A.O.C.; Lance Sergeant Lavery to 3 O.T. Battalion; Signalmen Fletcher (our pet poet) and Johnston and Lance Corporal Goodman to D. and D. Course. Signalman Kane and Cheney are the lucky ones. They have gone from here in civilian clothes and is Jim envious! The departure of Lieutenant Pearson to 1st S.T.C. is also a matter of regret.

CHANGES, TRAVELS AND PROMOTIONS.—There have been other changes, too. Lance Corporal Amos is bossing everyone but the A.T.S. (who boss him) at the Sergeants' Mess, and Signalman Phillips and Walker have joined the select ranks of Regimental "Coppers." This increase in police is not, as you might think, due to a deterioration of conduct on the part of Administrative Wing personnel. Our friend Walker has also done a spell on the telephone exchange and found it not simply a matter of saying, "Number, please." The vocabulary of the regular operators astounded him.

Journeys to Records Office have been made by Lance Corporal Stroud and Sergeant Robins, our O.R.S., and both were amazed at the complexity of the organisation. The only unpleasant incident for Sergeant Robins was when he returned to his billet one night and discovered that a fatigue party had been doing a quiet little bit of white-washing. No fault could be found with their work, except the tiny quibble that they hadn't removed the kits of Sergeant Robins and five other Sergeants from the room before setting about their task. Talk about a Siberian blizzard!

One or two promotions are on the cards this time. Congratulations to Lance Sergeant Bassett, A/Lance Corporal Rigby, Corporal Johnsey, Corporal Picton. Sergeant Staig and Lance Corporal Elliott on their rise in the world. Lance Corporal Elliott regrets that her chevrons aren't chromium-plated, but she isn't grumbling. Compliments also to C.Q.M.S. Dobson on celebrating his silver wedding. How's your head, Q?

We have noted a certain A.T.S. gal, by the name of Audrey, searching the shops on afternoons off for sticks and straw with which to furnish her "Nid d'amour." We gloomily predict a marriage. We have further noted this young lady's purchases of Swiss rolls, packets of biscuits, potato crisps, etc. Don't you think it a little early, Audrey, for preparing the wedding breakfast?

Who was the bloke who came to this Headquarters, saw "C.I." on a door, thought it meant "Come In" and promptly entered. He got his "metson" all right.

Cheerio, and Hell Hawthorne.

TAFF AND THACK.

No. 1 Company

Since the last issue of THE WIRE we have lost our very learned compiler of these notes, "The Grunter," alias "The Caretaker" or "The Saint." All his pals in the Company office wish him bon voyage and by mentioning his name are now able to get a good supply of cigarettes from the local shops.

Another notable departure from our midst is C.S.M. Lambert. Though your stay was brief, C.S.M., we have all missed you, and your rendering of "The Chelsea Pensioner" at our farewell gathering at the Working Men's Club will always be remembered, especially by the working men's wives. A very enjoyable evening was spent at this event by all the lads, and as S.S.M. Dunphy was also making his last appearance with us, it proved to be a very fitting event to terminate his stay. By the way, S.S.M., they are all having a terribly expensive time these days in the Sergeants' Mess; bus fares are proving so darned dear.

ELBOW LIFTING.—The sub-title is merely a suggestion to those noble (substitute any word you like, but keep clear of naked lights) few who apparently do not wish us to suffer from Tetley's Rash (advt.). You don't have to put in an application to speak to 'em, either. Democracy—that's the word. Let me see, there's Sergeant "Blitzkrieg" Barsby, Corporals Hall W. and "P. L." Bennett, Lance Sergeant

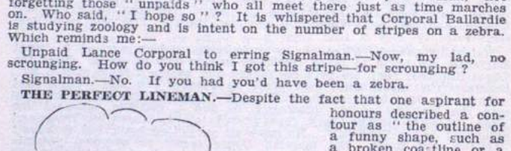


"Get-up-that-pole" Gardner, Lance Corporal "Q.M." Hall, not forgetting those "unpaids" who all meet there just as time marches on. Who said, "I hope so"? It is whispered that Corporal Ballardie is studying zoology and is intent on the number of stripes on a zebra. Which reminds me:—

Unpaid Lance Corporal to erring Signalman.—Now, my lad, no scrounging. How do you think I got this stripe—for scrounging?

Signalman.—No. If you had you'd have been a zebra.

THE PERFECT LINEMAN.—Despite the fact that one aspirant for honours described a contour as "the outline of a funny shape, such as a broken coastline or a woman (he left a wife and sorrowing children and Sergeant Stone's visiting hours are two to four), we maintain steady progress towards the T.O.'s dream — the Perfect Lineman. All the same, we take a poor view of the rumour that we are to be known as "Wembley Exhibition No. 2"—not that we can't vie with that august establishment. Haven't you seen our models? (No, Percy, not females of that ilk.) Why, we've that extra something the others haven't got. Lieutenant Clubb's and Sergeant Barsby's discerning eyes detect potentialities in all kinds of salvage and scrap, and the "Salvage Bloke" is having a very thin time.



We welcome the dirt track riders and, with Lieutenant Ricketts at the wheel, know they will add lustre to our evergreen laurels. Staff brings us S.S.M. Wyers, Sergeants Hunter, Walker, Griggs, "Wall of Death" Hayhurst, Jackson, Rawlinson, Morris and Corporal Billington.

Very sorry to bid good-bye to Lieutenant P. J. Scott. His keenness was always an inspiration. Best of luck to you in your new sphere. To Lieutenant Morris, a glad hand for an early "settling in." C.S.M. Keys returned to the fold looking very pleased and is safely installed dishing out "large lumps of Administration." And to those fair soldiers, the A.T.S. — well, what can we say? But we'd like to know why the C.Q.M.S. is favoured.



Lieutenant N. A. C. Clubb has a "Blitz"

SPORT.—The flying start with the walloping we gave to No. 3 Company at football has been maintained, and we rest very prettily at the top of the local league. There's a team spirit evident that augurs well for the remainder of the season and we mean to retain those cups—if the R.S.M. will let us see them now and again. Table tennis, with Sergeant Gardner acting "in loco parentis," is our latest venture and we'll maintain the Company standard even at that.

Does the Company dance come under sport? No! Well, it's good fun anyway. Lance Corporal Shepherd and "His Insulators" regale us with soft lights and sweet music — happy affairs.

SECRET SERVICE.—Who are the W.O.s who are using the Y.M.C.A. for other reasons than securing fag rations?

Who is the N.C.O. who, when calling the roll, couldn't get a reply from one, Wright? Oh, Dewwick, how wotten!

Did Lieutenant Clubb's car go or was it pushed? (Stamp on a postcard and send it to me.)

Who was the Signalman who wasn't issued with a quick release knot on his gas cape? (The Q.M. is doing nicely.)

Who is the Sergeant Major who has fan mail in hospital and who are his clients?



Would this be yours, Sir? And it would be the O.C.!

TAILPIECE (DEFINITIONS). — Pessimist — One who, when he has a choice of two evils, takes both.

Optimist—One who looks out in the dark and sees a light which isn't there. A pessimist is one who blows the light out.

Bore—A man who, when asked about his health, tells you all about it.

Drudge—A man with a task and without a vision, while a visionary is a man with vision without a task.

Opportunist—One who meets the wolf at the door and the next day appears in a fur coat.

Aristocrat—A member of a family that has long been descending.

Diplomat—A man who remembers a woman's birthday, forgets her age.

Pedestrian—A man who has two cars—a wife and a daughter.

Does the M.I. Orderly use his accordion as a stomach pump?



Why is the Q.M.'s store the only one with A.T.S. staff?

Who gave the correct answer when asked "Why" and we want to know why?

What were Messrs. Scott and Morris doing on the stage at the Y.M.C.A. with a bunch of carrots?

Where does the Training Office get its paint, timber and whitewash?

N.A.C.

No. 3 (Workshops) Company

It was with some pride that we noticed that several months after our description of a certain W.O.s "hunting" expedition, the said W.O. and the Sergeants who accompanied him were vindicated by the national and the Sergeants who accompanied him were vindicated by the national and the Sergeants who accompanied him were vindicated by the national

No. 4 (M.T.) Company

September.

The C.S.M., just back from leave and full of good resolutions, bounded up the stairs to the Company office, flung open the door—and got a big shock. The old place had changed almost beyond recognition. A.T.S. privates outnumbered Signalmen by two to one; everything, even his desk, was beastly tidy. Hang it, the place has been a bit of a mess, but at least a bloke could find what he wanted. His cherished collection of artistic photographs had disappeared and on the wall hung a text, "God bless our Sergeant Major." There was an atmosphere of restraint, almost of reverence, about the place, broken only by Sergeant "Topper" Brown crooning over his casualty report—it sounded like Andy Devine after a D. and D. Course—and Corporal Hubbard pounding a typewriter, breaking off at intervals to tell the office exactly what sort of typewriter it was and dropping halfcrowns into a large crate marked "Swear Box—Silver Only."

The C.S.M. looked dazed and picked up the 'phone. "I'll get on to Chalky Wyers at the M/T Park," he thought. "He'll tell me it's all a bad dream." But a sweet soprano cooed "Rubber knees?" (or was it "Number, please?"), and then another golden voice informed him that Chalky didn't live there any more. He turned and surveyed the blonde heads bent busily over "Betty's Paper" or "Film Pictorial." "Where's Taffy?" he quavered, "and Johnny and Bob Hayhurst?" "All posted," said "Topper" mournfully. The C.S.M. walked towards the door despondently. Suddenly an awful thought struck him. "I haven't been posted, have I?" "No, sir," said "Topper," "but we are only waiting for your A.T.S. relief." The C.S.M. uttered a peculiar moan and collapsed on the Swear Box.

All of which goes to show that a feller can't turn his back on a Company for five minutes without somebody playing at "General Post" with his staff. We had got used to the idea of A.T.S. cooks and mess orderlies, but A.T.S. clerks in the offices caused quite a little upheaval. Seriously, though, the girls have settled down to their work and are a real help. They have a beneficial effect upon us, too. Instead of "Hand over that ... postings file" we now say "Hand over that —postings file, please."

CONGRATULATIONS.—To C.S.M. King L. J. of 3 Company, late of this Company, on his promotion and the realisation of his prayer (see last month's WIRE).

To Lance Sergeant Kerslake G. on his appointment. Those anxious weeks have had their just reward, George.

To Drivers Neill and Goodwin on getting a "good" chit on their Sanitation and Hygiene Course. Yellow armbands with the usual insignia may be drawn from the C.Q.M.S.

To C.S.M. Clarke, who swam in the Battalion swimming team which came second in the area military gala.

TURNED OUT TO GRASS.—Presumably that is what some WIRE contributors mean when they say that So and So has "sought fresh fields and pastures new." This, then, has been the fate of S.S.M. Wyers, Sergeants Hunter, Walker and Hayhurst, Lance Corporals Bluff, Jackaman and Abbott, Signalmen Mansfield, Rogers and Wilkie, and Drivers Pearose, Platts and Tait, who have all been posted. Also, it is the painful duty of your humble service to record his own departure. Ah, well, it was too good to last anyway. Thanks for a lovely time, 4 Company.

Welcome to C.S.M. Kirby E. H., who replaces the above-mentioned humble servant. It's all right in summer time, sir, but, oh, when the goons arrive! An extra big welcome to Privates Raynes L., Norwood N., Smith M., Spencer E., Finns D., Emmerson F., Beecroft M. and Smith W., A.T.S. If you can do anything with that feminine touch to brighten up this place, girls, for Jimmy's sake start touching.

NOBBY.

October.

Well, Nobby, you leave behind you at 4 Company many good friends and happy memories. We wish you every success in the future and trust you will think of 4 Company as 4 Company will always think of you.

Training has started with a swing in the car park and no more do we hear of drivers being "browned off." The gears suffer a bit, but the instructors' nerves seem to suffer more so. To begin with, Driver Perkins has lost his best friend (three-ton Lizzie) owing to a trainee smashing his gear box. He says it was a sore parting. Driver Neill, whose Guy Ant clutch burnt out, was heard to sob as he left his car at 3 Company a tune similar to "The girl I left behind me." Driver Levy stands over the trainees rubbing his hands gloatingly and at intervals can be heard saying "Pizness is good." Never mind, boys, we can take it and give it, but thank goodness we have something to keep us busy.

SPORT.—At last we are beginning to prove to those above that "good gear goes into small bulk." Our Company has at last managed to produce a boxing team, which has done credit to us. Our representatives, Sergeant Hyndman, Lance Corporal Barkes, Drivers Powers and Appleby, made rings round their opponents at 3 Depot Battalion. We also turned the tables on the R.A.S.C. by bringing three honours to the Company. Keep it up, you gear crashers.

Our lads are complaining of stiff legs, backache, etc. The reason, Lance Corporal Barkes, our new P.T. wallah, is giving us something that will do us good. Our Chief Ticker has also come into the limelight at last by having his ticks attended to. He has so impressed the powers-that-be by his ticking that all men excused P.T. must parade a little earlier than the P.T. lads and have all cars checked for oil, water and petrol before the first weeps parade. The joke is on him, though. Nobody seems to have time to do his car.

THE TWO LESLIES OBLIGE.—The O.C. came up "tops" again and sprang a big surprise on us when he announced at our Smoker that he had obtained the services of the Two Leslies (Leslie Holmes and Leslie Sarony). They gave us a first-class show and we once again thank them in these columns. Everything was carried through perfectly. Driver Chambers wished everyone to know he was "South of the Border," but we could all see where he would go if he slipped any further off his chair. Driver Gibbons sought refuge behind a cigar which was almost as big as himself.

C.Q.M.S. Redfern is in a bad way this week, boys. One of the goons went up to the stores and complained that there wasn't a Field Marshal's baton in his kit bag.

SANDY.

"A" Company Depot Battalion

The past month has not afforded me much inspiration for lengthy discourse on the "doings" of "A" Company.

We have endeavoured to play a few football matches with but fair success, our failure being due to our concentration on the main issue, drill and "pass-offs."

To help us in this latter task we have enlisted the aid of three Sergeants from the "P.B.I.," to whom we extend a hearty welcome.

We are pleased to welcome back Sergeant Leyland from his sojourn on the "Y" list, and hope that he never returns thereto.

Our "S.D.I.," Sergeant Stewart, is conquering new fields (or should I say floors?) on the Senior D. and D. Course. Just a goon, now, Jock!

Congratulations to Lance Sergeant "Pat" Fitzclarke on the arrival of a bonny bouncing son.

Our next bouquet lands in the lap of the "ex-Yeomanry wallah," who has successfully avoided all forms of trouble this month.

Congratulations to Corporal Quinton on his promotion to the rank of Corporal. Three months and they are yours for the "duration."

"B" Company, Depot Battalion

It is extremely difficult to write about the ups and downs of this Company when we always keep the same level and high standard.

The "ins" and "outs" are varied this month. We welcome Lieutenant S. St. J. Parry and 2nd Lieutenant M. Slapp, also the four Sergeants, Lawrence, Spencer, Jackson and Allendon, who, when they first took over, had the "goons" dashing to and fro on the Square like a racing track, until the billet orderlies were placing side bets on likely winners.

Lance Corporal Quinn has returned to the Company and was straightaway promoted to drummer boy.

The "out" consist of Corporal Allan (who was returned free to Administrative Wing) and the Sergeant Major's appendix. We all wish C.S.M. Jackson a safe and speedy recovery.

We still wish to know who the Corporal is who says, "One, Stop, Tick, Tock."

Then there is the little N.C.O. in the office who changes the furniture around every week so as to give his staff a different view of life.

DIS.

"D" Company, Depot Battalion

This month we are pleased to welcome to this haven of rest (?) Lieutenant J. N. Campbell, although in so doing we have to lose our popular draughtsman, 2nd Lieutenant Richards.

The township's adopted son, "Beer-shifter" Bill Foot, has left to join Ally Sloper's Cavalry. Well, Bill, "We don't want to lose you ...." No doubt your new signature tune will be "Underneath the spreading chestnut tree."

Lance Corporal (Lance Sergeant) Clapham S. F. has recently returned from his Gas Course full of gas—in all senses. Sorry, Sid, I mean full of glory. It has been rumoured in certain official circles that he would rather have stayed down Healey Road all the time.

Another of our leading lights, Corporal Bill Bagnall, will soon be departing to conquer fresh fields, this time a W/T Course. We wish you best of luck, "Baby Face."

We have noticed that "A" Company has a new scribe—a most modest individual. Judging by his last offering he will need more space this month for his rhetorical outpourings, so we will oblige him by signing off.

"Nuff said."

Our grateful thanks are extended to Mr. Bernard Hepworth, a local friend of the Unit, for giving the men a "break" in the form of a full-sized billiards table. This has been installed in the N.A.A.F.I. The gift was "unveiled" at a small handing-over ceremony with a few well-chosen words from the Commanding Officer and the donor.

The C.O. vetoed the suggestion that the first game should be a "flying 10 up" with Mr. Hepworth as he only had an hour to spare.

London District Signals

Headquarters (1B Section)

1B Section once more endeavours to think of some of the events that have happened during the past month.

We again have the pleasure of welcoming a new Section officer, this time 2nd Lieutenant M. J. Bennell.

Sergeant Johnstone, our Section Sergeant, seemed to develop a bad foot a few days ago and was thereby excused all duties. It was said this was due to playing football, but we noticed that just previously to this mishap his somewhat quiet life had been slightly upset by his being called upon to carry out the duties of Orderly Sergeant at frequent intervals.

Although it is a great pleasure to see Lance Corporal Maule now regularly attending the Unit's P.T. parades, we are bound to wonder, knowing that he is allowed to be excused this parade or the Saturday parade with rifle and bayonet, whether he really has acquired such an interest in P.T., especially now that the cold days are here again.

The latest reason given for No. 2 Company closing at 5 o'clock sharp these days is that their black-out is not quite effective. We are told that No. 1 Company is living in hope that the days will soon get dark at a much earlier hour than 5 o'clock so that they will also be able to arrange for a defective black-out and so finish at an earlier hour than they otherwise would. Of course, it is very unlikely that No. 3 Company will ever be troubled with black-outs.

We are very pleased to welcome Signalman Woods to our Section. He has at last obtained the long-waited-for authority to become a real clerk and thus forsake the Driver Section.

It is hoped that Signalman Bushby will now very soon obtain his discharge from hospital and thereby be able to escape the much-dreaded "Y" list. We will conclude this month's article by wishing Lance Corporal Udal P. T. the best of luck in the P.T. Course on which he has just proceeded. If initials have anything to do with it he should be a great success.

T.B.

No. 2 Operators' Section

Life in the school wends its placid way, except for the flurry caused by Signalman Judge in his bouts with Messrs. Ohm, Kirchoff and Ampere. Even the coming and going of numerous Section officers in no way ruffles the calm surface of school affairs.

Schemes become almost a part of the gentle routine. Certainly we have learned how to obtain the maximum comfort from the elements. "Gin Palaces" no doubt in their time have been put to a myriad different uses. Corporal Hossay is quite proud of his conversion of the instruments of warfare into the utensils of the mobile kitchen.

One of the most exciting things that have happened has been the return of the boys of the N.W. We are also pleased to accommodate Recruit Worsley and Taylor and wish them every success in their new phase of life. But while welcoming these we had to say "good-bye" to "Rex," our last competent subscriber, "Banker" Depledge and the very argumentive Jock Carlon; also Joe Killeen, who seems to be very worried with the thoughts of not being able to get home each night. Cheer up, Joe, there's always the week-end—perhaps.

Let's not forget to welcome back again Lance Corporal Pafford—little, but good and very cheerful, who tells us he had a very strenuous time "away down south." He's telling the truth, for since leaving here six months ago he's lost a stone in weight and collected quite a number of grey hairs. By the way, his home is also down south, so perhaps his wife has had him "Digging for Victory."

Well, chaps, that is all the news we can compile for this month. So until next time, cheerio, keep tapping and, most of all, keep awake.

JUMBO.

D.R.'s Corner

We have been a veritable hive of activity during the past weeks. The "Board" has been completed and put successfully to the searching test of time. That masterpiece of paint and Pelmanism has become the Mecca of all seekers of efficiency. Representatives of other Sections possessing photographic brains, having studied the system, have been observed working hard on their paltry substitutes—mere caricatures of the Great Pioneer—that are already doomed to desuetude and dust.

To resume on a more serious note, the long mooted cross-country training has at last commenced. Already many of the Section personnel have become enthusiasts and should be quite proficient in this art with little training. The training parties, under the watchful eye of Sergeant Tucker A., have received instruction and demonstration by that promising recruit, D.R., Signalman "Gaffer" Kimber, whose efforts have converted the apprehensive to the confident in a few easy lessons.

It was with great regret we learned of Signalman Ken Gaywood's accident, which at first was feared to be more serious than, we are happy to say, is the actual case. The latest reports from the hospital are that he is progressing satisfactorily and we wish him a rapid, complete recovery. A large parcel has been despatched to him from the D.R.s, of whom he is one of the old originals, and we can just picture that Gaywood smile when he receives it. Who exactly is the fastest greyhound at New Cross, anyway, Ken?

Signalman Ammon, a well-known fiddler at Headquarters, is also temporarily in dock with internal trouble and is probably bestowing his charms on the good-looking nurses for which that particular hospital is noted. Lance Corporal Alf Farnham is on sick leave following a short spell in dock for his "growing pains," while Lance Corporal Watts has vowed to use the park gates next time. We are not sure whether he was climbing out of the park (accompanied?) one evening after the gates had been locked, when it happened. We wish Signalman Collis a speedy recovery and quick return. To Signalman "Jimmy" Barron, now in the R.A.F., all the best and happy landings.

As we go to press, we learn that another D.R.s' dance is to take place, towards the end of November it is expected.

To finish on a cheerful note we must report the wedding of Signalman Martin, R. J. "Robbie" will surely get the best skid of his life when he goes up the aisle. All the best, Marty boy, and may all your troubles be little ones.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess

So another month has come and gone. The summery beauty of the Barracks Square has dulled to an autumnal shade, Tom Sawyer has emerged from the dusty rear of the Mess wireless set with a slightly bent E/S rating and no tangible result to the set, and our one and only Alex has returned to our midst from his protracted period of foreign service with a snappy line in stiff collars and a somewhat hangdog expression. Celeste, he tells us, has now passed through the awkward stage of girlhood and is blossoming into a beautiful woman. What will be the effect on her of the faithless desertion of her beloved Alex we shudder to think. It is all very hard on the feelings of a self-respecting pig, particularly when the two of them had grown to know and love each other through eight months of blissful companionship. Maybe that is why a sad and wistful expression sometimes creeps over the rugged features of our worthy Sergeant Alexander, usually at mealtimes—or, maybe, he is just thinking of his Christmas dinner!

Since our last appearance in print the Mess membership has jumped up again and we have to welcome Messrs. Cooper, Judges, Rising, Weekes and Hooper, and extend our congratulations to one very well-known face—that of Sergeant Skinner, who has now reached "full status." All this influx of new talent, however, has not yet had a very invigorating effect on the darts team who barely staggered home on their home pitch against the Corporals and have since sustained a melancholy series of defeats by all and sundry, though it must be admitted that it was touch and go with the 2nd A.F.S. Our clash with them resulted in a very pleasant evening, even though they managed to complete our discomfiture by beating our table tennis team, despite ferocious and tigerish contortions by our "ace" performer in that line—Sergeant Duffin. It is reported that the visitors are still searching for the telephone number of the sweet little thing who performed the fan dance with such exotic skill before their astonished eyes. Someone will have to tell them that the sweet little thing subsequently got severely hacked at soccer and is no longer in a fit state to accept any engagements.

Indeed, the Mess casualties recently have been suspiciously heavy, following the example set by Steve with his broken leg. Sergeant Russell's sorry weight-lifting performance was followed speedily by Sergeant Robson's busted foot and Sergeant Johnson's permanent limp. The rot seemed to have set in properly among the "Orderly Dogs," but in this moment of crisis the mighty figure of Chunky, like Horatius, held the bridge. It is suspected, however, that even Chunky has designs on muscling in on the "Sick at home" racket and it has been suggested that the Mess should run a sweep on what part of his anatomy he will decide to break. We could, of course, give him some valuable advice on this point, but Chunky is rather big and we are not. He will probably break it one of these winter nights anyway, sneaking out of the back door of the cookhouse on his way to consume the seventh course in the Mess.

That seems to be about all, as we can't think of anyone else to take the damp out of, so what-ho she bumps until next month, when we may (but we doubt it) have some new ideas.

S.E.L.S.A.

Tucked away in a most historic quarter with all the other important guys, there is an unassuming band of Signalmen who feel compelled to invade these pages—if only in a spirit of competition. Of late we have viewed with growing concern the publicity given to rival sub-areas and other third-rate variety acts, and, to be candid, we feel entitled to a little limelight.

Those in the know are inclined to imagine us as angelic choirboys, with cherubic, shining faces and long parsonical robes—and hands reverently placed together and voices raised in the harmonious rendering of a Psalm. A peep behind the scenes would reveal a vastly different picture!

One cannot by any stretch of imagination suggest that the voice of "Strawberry" Fletcher is either reverent or harmonious—and I feel sure his "Psalms" would singe more sensitive ears than ours! Since we intend to blow our own trumpets, we will, on this occasion, spare you the stereotyped reiteration of the doings of Corporal Blank and Volunteer Blogg, and introduce ourselves generally, but briefly.

Mr. Reynish is at present acting O.C. in the absence of Mr. Watt, who is enjoying a leave in Bonnie Scotland. Sergeant (or should we say "Professor"?) Allnutt, our authority on every conceivable subject from the mysteries of astrology and Miers Analysis to the simplicities of cleaning a Barrack Room, heads our list of N.C.O.s. Following in his wake, but more concerned with the mysteries of life, are Sergeants Weeks and Judges, Corporals Godwin, Watson, Moreve and Weyman. There is a small, but active, section of linemen, lately returned to the billet after weeks of absence on an extremely complicated job. D.R.s—four good men and true, Drivers—reminiscent of the stooges—and a stalwart band of operators W. and L.—these comprise the "main body." A noteworthy event during the past month has been the introduction of a full relief of T.S.B.O.s under Signalman Ingham, who have now replaced the civilian operators previously employed on the board. One department we must not overlook—our smallest. The E/S—just one solitary member—but what a Section!

This is but the plot of a great play—for the "cast" here introduced are really a most conscientious, hard-working crowd. Next month, with more forethought, we will endeavour to "present a more comprehensive version of the "Illustrated London News," which will make our rivals curb their braggadocios—and, at attention with bared heads, salute these "angels with cherubic faces."

PAINT BRUSH.

N.W.L.S.A.

My pen is new to this, but don't blame me, I'm doing my best. Semper in Excretio—that's us. I know my Latin is bad, but if you heard some of the Messes think we hear your English would be bad, too. Our sub-area—notice the "our"—we're all one big bustling crowd—has suffered some drastic alterations lately. Many old faces have disappeared back to the Wood to be sent out to pastures new and sets untried. They will miss the ministrations of Sergeant Cowen. Heaven help 'em.

Corporal Chadwick went away for the week-end in some armoured and energised salmon tins and came back very sore where he would have sat down if it weren't too sore to sit down on. He slept out for two nights, or that's the story. We can't check up on its authenticity or respectability.

Signalman Frith spends much time extemporising his "forty-four farsand and four," or is it "five" song, and even the N.C.O.s would be shocked to hear some of the verses—about themselves.

Corporal Holl is so busy chasing bogus stations that he even invents his own boguses and gives himself endless amusement.

Jock Murray's delighted to hear he can now get four free railway warrants a year, because this means four trips to Buckie, where whisky's real he-man stuff.

Signalman Cherrill passed the cigars round last week after his wife presented him with a bouncing boy (why bouncing I haven't the slightest idea). David is doing fine and hopes to join the Royal Corps when he is old enough—if the war hasn't been stopped by then.

The sports side of our Section is coming on well and much fun has been derived from darts and table tennis, while the football team, though a bit depleted from the recent change-round, has reorganised its ranks and is preparing for further victories.

Corporal Elson has been a bit shaken by the T.M.O.'s present of a a mains charging set. This was fitted with a lot of shining neon lamps, so Elson covered them with paint to keep the black-out regulations. Unfortunately, they all exploded when they got hot, much to the consternation of Corporal Elson and the wrath of the T.M.O.

Next month we hope to bring you further news of the craziest Section in the North-West, where men are men and life is stern reality—you ask Sergeant Cowen.

No. 3 (Linesmen's) Section

Like the frog in the fable, we have "swelled visibly" these past few weeks. As our number has increased to more than 20 members, we can now march on parade in three ranks, and this took a little getting accustomed to. No longer does Sergeant Duffin call the roll from memory. When he was told that the duty lineman roster was to recommence he did not turn a hair. Perfectly simple now. One man per night and about 15 men brings it round to one every two weeks, which not even Signalman Fackrell can tick about.

We extend a hearty welcome to our new members, Signalmen Toomey, Walker and Perham. Signalman Eddie Hodge has forsaken the "Fleshpots of Egypt" to join us, probably persuaded by the eloquence of Arthur Lee, who told him of the glamour of line work. Or did he just need a rest as well? Lance Corporal Stephens has returned from his N.C.O.s' Course at last with a voice that Stentor would have envied and, judging by the amount he has dealt with in the short time he has been back, an even larger thirst than ever.

The forming of a Section football team is being contemplated, that is if we can find any other Section to take us on—Officers' and Senior N.C.O.s' Messes are not barred, in fact it would be a very welcome fixture. At least, it would give me some copy for next month's notes, which I have not got this time, as the Section have been so busy that they have not had time to do anything worthy of note, which necessitates my bringing these jottings to an end until next month.

(E.A.) Divisional Signals

GENERAL.—After seeing our first contribution in print I anticipated quite substantial notes from out Sections, but to-day is mail day and only "C" Section have responded. The Unit had a very successful time during the last large scale exercise, a full account appearing in the various newspapers. We covered quite a large area and much of the ground was familiar to some of the old original members of the Unit. From our own part everything was very successful, instruments and transport being 100 per cent. throughout. Officers and men worked very hard and I am sure that they could have carried on much longer had the occasion demanded.

ARRIVALS.—There are only two arrivals to report during the past month; Major H. C. B. Rogers, O.B.E., has taken over 1 Company and 2nd Lieutenant E. Matthews is now assisting "D" Section. We trust that their stay will be both interesting and happy.

SPORT.—We are fully occupied with our normal job in life and extensive training, but we have found time to get the Unit football team organised. 2nd Lieutenant J. C. Jones (O.C. "B") is very enthusiastic and is training the team. To date we have played two matches, resulting as follows:—

v. County Divisional Signals, won 6—1.
v. H.Q. Wing Brigade, won 3—0.

"C" SECTION.—We shall soon be celebrating our sixth month with the — Battalion Reconnaissance Corps. They certainly live up to their name "Recce," and it is no uncommon sight to see a wireless set, with a carrier bouncing up and down beneath it! We seem to spend quite a lot of time putting 15 cwt. trucks underneath No. 11 sets!

We were very pleased to see a photograph of our O.C. Section of B.E.F. days, Major A. H. Campbell. We send him our best wishes. "Fare thee well, Inniskillings."

We should like to meet the officer who wanted us to repair the "broken frequency" of his No. 11 set. The C.O. of the Regiment chatted over the air and referred to our electrician as "Joe." Does he live up to that name?



We have just completed a long and fairly successful scheme on which the wireless sets were in communication, in spite of the operators.

"M" SECTION.—There is very little to report from "M" this month. The recent exercise was very satisfactory from our point of view. With the exception of the period spent in travelling and normal routine tasks, we had very little to do. This is as it should be, because it proves that the time we spend in routine maintenance is not wasted.

PERSONAL.—To Barleux v. Termite—Will you let me have Tom Painting's address? I should like to contact him again.

PERSONALITIES.—This month I present you with O.C. "B" and a picture of one of his favourite pastimes.

TERMITE.

HAVE YOU JOINED THE SIGNALS ASSOCIATION?

A.A. Signals, North-East England

No. 1 Company

No. 1 Section

After an enforced sojourn to some remote clime your humble scribe once again wields his pen in a desperate attempt to regain the patronage of all those who may have cancelled their order after our non-appearance last month. Proceeding therefore to chronicle the recent happenings amongst the "Cream"—yes, we're still on top and far from turning sour—may we dare to mention the swimming gala? Nos. 2, 3 and 4 Sections, we'll spare you further pain. Swimming lessons can, however, be had from any member of this Section. Comings and goings have been plentiful again, but, ssh — walls have ices (or did have)—so no place names had better be mentioned. We've got plenty of "Patience" nowadays, and "Dr." Crispin is also a welcome new arrival, plus "Tiddler" and "Omlette" (sorry, Hamlett), Morgans (look you), and many others too numerous to mention. "The Boy" has returned from a visit to a "Blues" town with an abundance of knowledge.



Tears have been shed on many a pillow over the posting of now Lance Corporal "Hamish" Fyffe, the "Banana King." Yes, he "took it" on the course and reaped his protection as a result. Good luck to you, "Gladstone." To all those who have recently decorated the "Ole left sleeve" with the inverted Victory sign, congratulations on having stuck it so long. Old sweats, all of you. We share the obvious disappointment of several of you who long ago expected a "V" the right way up, but even a curtain for the Signal Office and gadgets for the Signal-master's desk go without their reward — it's just not done you know. "Winter draws on" and it appears that the warmth of the Signal Office must have been under discussion. Did the powers that be anticipate a coal shortage and substitute another coat? We refer to a second coat of distemper on walls. Once again the lads have done a great "Adolph" act and once again the bucket was upset, although we all agree splashes don't count. "Soft soaping" always was frowned upon, but with the recent issues of "human harness" the pernicious habit is now in full swing causing the reading on our "Oxometer" to soar to dizzy heights. To quote the poets:—

"Mr. Pickering has fallen from grace,
Mr. Propert has taken his place."



A word of warning to the uninitiated. The yellow substance is not good for the hair, neither will it remove corns or ease tired feet. I have heard though that it's a good egg substitute. Bedad and bejabers, 'tis pleased that we are now to have Sergeant Connon back with us after a long spell in dock. He is now a Super Superintendent, a new job recently introduced. Congratulations to Lance Corporal Johnson on his recent marriage.

Here's wishing you and Mrs. J. long life and happiness. Nice work, Toby.

Our education is improving. We now have a Unit teacher who "hazards several guesses" as to the events of the future. "Lyndoe's" only rival. Oh, that reminds me. Who was the guy who twisted his ankle and calmly asked the M.O. for seven days embrocation leave? A scrap of ersatz paper has come into our possession in ersatz ink, typed: "Now der timen ist fer allen der herren goot ter der aiden of der party cumen ist ja?" Wonder what his trade rating is? That much "hackneyed" ejaculation, "Taxi," still has some meaning—ask 518 special. Just before we go can No. 2 Section tell us who was the Sergeant who waited eight hours in a certain market for a certain dish of glamour?

D.R. SECTION.—Hats off this month to Corporal Stokoe on his recent transfer to this Section, also a warm welcome to Signalman Kennedy (of cookhouse fame), Spinks and Aplin. Signalman Cockren has just returned from leave looking like Marley's Ghost, and blaming all the trouble on to rheumatism—tough luck. At long last the eagerly-awaited breeches and boots have arrived and now we are all land girls together. Thanks for returning the lost property.

GENERAL.—Congratulation to U/Lance Corporal Spinks C. on picking up his tape. C.S.M. Russel has now got his boxing team going, and I hear that we have some very promising talent, who soon we hope will be adding more cups to the mantelpiece. Football is once again on the go, and much spirited competition is expected this year for the "Mensley Cup."

SILVER.

Devon and Cornwall Divisional Signals

My appeal of the Divisional doings did not, after all, fall on deaf ears and I have now arranged under my protective wing a Gestapo that spares not the whip and would, in point of fact, do credit to Himmler and Co. The first consignment of gossip doe full justice to the "Tommy's right," and I am almost buried beneath an avalanche of appealing and discordant mutterings which beseech me to make some sort of a crack against the tyranny of whoever is responsible for the—' Each to his lot. No more. No less '—order concerning the much-abused palliasse and pillow. They say "It never rains unless it pours," so to my ever listening ears comes the strain of a plaintive murmer that says that Tuesday is a no more welcome day than Saturday for the applied torture of officialdom. Evidently "Peace-time Soldiering," with its complement of parades and instructions, does not appeal to the ever-present collection of divisional grousers. I am afraid, boys, all I can comment is, "Ours not to reason why ——" and all that. I leave each one of you to complete it in your own individual fashion.

FOOTBALL.—Evidently caught the Divisional team willing, but unprepared, for that 6—2 victory over the — Regiment only preceded a list of defeats that somebody has been a hamed to hand on to me. Nevertheless, I shall in due course be able to give you some indication of the unhappy results of the blitzkrieg launched by our soccer stalwarts. I could name a goalkeeper ——, And where are the ready boots of the bustling Bradbury (D.R. to you) and the fanciful footwork of Huggis? They promised so much and have so far delivered so little. Perhaps we should pray for speedy return to the cricket season. We did at least manage a draw occasionally, and I hear we won, too, once or twice.

"D" SECTION.—Still fail to rouse any enthusiasm about their appearance in these lines, so I pass on hastily to those indispensables who provide, not unnaturally, all the interesting news of the Divisional headlines.

"A" SECTION.—We welcome the new batch of operators, who seem to have settled down to the job in hand and deserve congratulation for the no uncertain fashion in which they have succeeded in upholding, nay, improving the worthiness of "A" Section W/T commun cation. Lieutenant Donaldson seems to have a happy knack of getting the right things done in the right places and at the most opportune times. His advice to the "Sit tight I must be right" receiving operators is pretty sound and any Section under his guidance should sail on smoothly to success.

SC——S.—Butt in with a final farewell to Jack Rodgers and a hand of friendly welcome to the "Butcher," whose present interest in Gippo and the A.T.S. gives just cause for rumination (strange how that rhymes with ruination). Lance Corporal Hill upholds the sporting prestige of the Corps by virtue of his selection to repre ent a Garrison cricket eleven versus the champions of the league. If he plays as well as he can talk he should have no difficulty in retaining any laurels that may have drifted his way.

Whizzy, of Huddersfield fame, is still wondering why promotion has passed him by and wants to know if Brad is "blue" yet.

Jock "Brains-Trust" Richardson still wants to know if and when the war will end.

T——N.—Detachment is still going strong and "Where's my stripe?" Gorman should find that job "just his big enough." If Gestapo reports re Morton's return to Division — are correct, who is aiding and abetting the ex-Q in upholding his out-station integrity?

We assume that Miss Thompson and Dickie Sparrow have now recovered from their shaking up and are now back at the key-bashing establishment. Meanwhile, we look with sad eyes to the "Discharged pending" of the unlucky Bert Screech. I don't think that he will be any too pleased at collecting one of those so hotly-contested "tickets."

L/Ms and E/Ss.—Offer little material for notes, but congratulations can be extended to recently appointed "L Oblique" Holder. Nice work, Geordie, looking. Waggie and Il Duce, I am told, wander far afield in search of non-existence dits, while the fort is held at the workshop by Tiny Myers, the 14-stone contribution from the wilds. It has been suggested that the last-named was on the verge of taking out naturalisation papers when he was recalled.

FOOTBALL.—In the Division has experienced the usual ups and down of Army sports. Dashing off with a 6—2 victory over — Regiment, the Divisional eleven ran into two nasty set-backs at the hands of local neighbours. (Somebody was ashamed to quote scores.) A combined Pioneer Corps and Bomb Disposal side also dished out a licking to the D. and C., but, all is well that ends well, and Division managed to recover some of their lost integrity with a 4—3 victory over an R.A.S.C. eleven. Did I ask earlier in these notes about those boots of the redoubtable Huggi? He must have anticipated that crack because he scored the first three goals in the match versus the R.A.S.C., although he claimed to be only a stop-gap player in the place of the "absence on leave" Powell. Next time we play let us wangle another spot of "absence." Nice shooting, Huggis. Yet it seems the vanquished resented his scoring efforts in no uncertain fashion, for I am given to understand our shooting star slept for a few minutes after a collision with some R.A.S.C. boot leather. I hope his head is better by the time these notes hit the publication.

THE BRAINS TRUST.—Wants to know if Hitler is going to give up snooker because he cannot get the "Reds" down.

Says Aurora Borealis is the full name of that much-abused maiden in the song.

This month's predictions include statements that:—

1—The war will surely end.

2—America is, at heart, friendly to us.

3—Hitler will like Winnie even less in future.

4—England is going to try to win. P.S.—Win what?

THEY SAY.—That "Casanova" is lost in a secret desire to exterminate a certain very loquacious Lance Corporal.

The Butcher is contemplating a heavy expenditure on ——. (Is she blonde or brunette?)

It seems that I was too late with the September notes, so I must needs get cracking or I may miss this November issue, too. Would it be that the Orderly Room staff are being bribed by all and sundry to forget to forward them? Seriously, though, I offer you my sincere apologies. After all, do we not purchase this WIRE to glance at the doings in our own Division? I look to Corporal Walker to do his best in forwarding these notes as quickly as he can. I would hate you all to be disappointed again.

THE PIGEON SERVICE.—Claim that they are as much a part of the Signals as we W/T main tays. I quite agree that they are doing sterling work, but how can I include them when I can only avail myself of information concerning Corporal Sutton and his able accomplice, Signalman Fuller. Whilst on the subject, these two should be congratulated on the splendid results they are getting over what must be the most difficult course in the Home Forces.

Witticisms must be passed by owing to the fact that Signals brains fail to turn out the so very funny sayings that they have become notorious for.

Perhaps I should abandon my literary efforts this month, but as no brick-bats have yet been received I will launch an endeavour at this month's potty poem.

DON'T WE KNOW IT

When thunder roars and the lightning flashes,
And static plays havoc with dots and dashes,
When rain pours down in an endless stream,
You can bet your boots there'll be a scheme.

Where the mud is thickest and the grass is wet,
And a thousand trees screen the wireless set,
And the gnats are so thick you want to scream;
That's where they'll hold the blue pencil scheme.

But when you're back in the Nissen huts,
And you have got to turn out at half-past six,
And the S.O.B. methods are only a dream,
You'll wish you were back on the "censored" scheme.

VA next month.

CHATTERBOX.

An Independent Infantry Brigade Section, Northern Ireland

The Inspector of Signals dropped in one day last month. We were very pleased that he was pleased with everything he saw.

He O.K-ed us.

That night as we crept into bed we experienced a nice, rosy, contented feeling. Admiral Cunningham must have felt pretty well the same as he retired to his cabin after the Battle of Matapan.

Last month we introduced the officers and N.C.O.s of this Section. We now present Signalmen Buckle A., Francis F., Hutson D., Jarrett W., Johnstone V., Kolthammer R., Mair W., Levy D. and Speller (Stanley to you). We just hate to keep you waiting, but tune into us again next month for another list of names.

Captain R. H. A. Hossell, who commands this Section, was recently promoted to that rank. But just in case any wise guys try to put two and two together to make five, let us tell you that Captain Hossell was promoted *before* the Inspector's inspection.

In any case, two and two make four. Congratulations, sir!

Everyone seems to agree that the War Office decision to grant all troops in Northern Ireland, one period of 15 days and two periods of nine days leave, instead of four periods of nine days per year, is very sound. After all said and done, seven days—well, there's hardly time to take your equipment off. But fourteen days—now you're talking. Why you can have a honeymoon—you know, ha, ha!—honeymoon, as well.

And whilst we're on the subject of honeymoons, we'd like you to know that two members of this Section have just returned from their's. To Signalman and Mrs. Turner and to Signalman and Mrs. Jarrett we shout in chorus, "Good luck."

Last month we told you about the holiday camp idea, originated, carried out and completed by the staff of this headquarters. This month we'll let you into something else. At first it won't appear practicable. That's what you think. That's what we thought.

Perhaps you know that an Infantry Brigade headquarters is made up of so many Sections (or do you?) Well, there's the Signal Section, M/T Section, L.A.D., and a couple of more. (Berlin correspondent please copy.) Perhaps you also know that the long, dark, cold winter evenings are sometimes found to be a little bit tedious, even though you may be doing a spot of local twigging. Yeah, we thought as much, and so apparently did our Brigade Commander when he introduced the novel idea of "Thur day Night at Eight-Thirty."

At 8.30 every Thursday night, one Section entertains the remainder of the headquarters. Now Thursday night is the ideal night, because the majority of the lads are unable to raise a bob anywhere, and its much too dark to go round picking up dog-ends.

The M/T Section kicked off with a "Smoking Concert," and the following week it was the turn of this Section. We put on a "Cabaret-Dance." Every one agreed that it was a rip-snorting success. The Brigade Commander and his staff stayed right up to "The King," which only goes to show ——.

The "News" at nine o'clock (and this is Alvar Le Whayman reading it), set the cabaret in motion. This was followed by the "Brains Trust," featuring Signalmen Smith, Hutson and Levy, as Joad Huxley and Campbell respectively. That divine songster of 1941, Signalman Wilcock, became heart-throb No. 1 of the evening by warbling "Mr. Brown of London Town."

Other items included a tap-dance by Signalman Hutson, in ammunition boots. A weight-lifting act by Signalman McEwan, which terminated by the abrupt entry of his "wife," in the person of our 2nd i/c, 2nd Lieutenant Wilks, who looked exquisitely lovely in some old clinging stuff, with a stomacher of passementerie. She threw her "husband's" weights all over the place and finished up by throwing Mac out of the back door.

Good fun—and clean.

The jitterbugs were well catered for with a spot dance, competition dance, statue dance, and all the other catch-me, kiss-me stuff that the Romeos simply adore.

We feel obliged to mention Sergeant Harry Jennings who was in charge of the refreshments. He did a grand job of work, but somehow he got torpedoed round about ten o'clock and he was therefore hand capped by a bad list to starboard. When interviewed next morn, Harry said, "What's that, old boy—well-er, this is most embarrassing, old man, but I mean to say, as far as I am concerned a cabaret and dance is a cabaret and dance, but a good drink is a nice bottle of Black and White."

Agreed ?

Agreed !

Our Section shooting teams, which have been into action against the other Sections, have not fared so well. We admit being bottom of the league, but only because the standard set by these infantry chappies is pretty high. Anyhow, shortly we are introducing a "flag drill" contest. Win it? What us? We shouldn't be surprised.

Before passing on, however, we would like to deny that when the shooting instructor told Signalman Levy to aim at the white spot on the target, Levy replied, "What target ?"

The Brigade Headquarters' football team relies on this Section to the tune of six players. England (a couple of years ago) relied on the Arsenal for the same number. Comparisons are odious, we know. However, because this Brigade team dishes up football of a pretty high standard and because after it has won the league in which it is at present playing in, it will be taking on the champions of the other leagues, we think that our players are worthy of mention.

Lance Corporal Colquitt, at right back; Signalman Wilcock, right half; Sergeant Whayman, centre half and Signalman Ayre at left half. In the forward line we supply Signalman John tone at inside left and Signalman Turner at inside right. So far the team is unbeaten in the league.

Nice work, boys.

Of course, as in the entertainments, this team is very fortunate in having the personal interest of the Brigade Commander. It makes all the difference. Where would the Arsenal be without George Allison? You tell us.

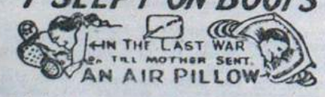
Northern Ireland is well known for its wild roses. So at this time of the year the hedgerows are clustered with rose hips. Now rose hips, we are told, contain all the vitamin from A to Z, and then right on through the long numerals and the short figure check. The B.B.C. told us to get tucked into them. Lord Woolton recommended rose hip pie, and our cook dishes them up with custard. Consequently, certain members of this Section have suddenly gone all vitamin conscious. You can see them chewing grass and murmuring about vitimin J. Others have been observed noising into the swill tub for albumen, which is labelled as vitamin M. These chaps require careful watching. They are becoming ridden by the health mania. They get up at impossible hours. They go out in silly little suits and run marathon heats before breakfast. They hunt for ozone. They bother about pepsin. In the evenings they get together and lift iron bars and heave dumb-bells. They like it.

We appeal to them to listen to reason. Don't worry about germs and bacilli. If you see a bacilli, walk right up to it and look it in the eye. If one flies into your Nissen hut, strike at it with your hat or with a towel. Hit as hard as you can between the neck and the thorax. If you must have ozone, go to a chemist and buy a bottle. If you must have starch, go to any laundry and buy a bag of it and eat your fill. Eat it and take a good long drink of glue after it and a spoonful of Portland cement. And please drop all this cold bath business—if you must bath. Just one final word about fresh air and exercise. Don't bother with either of them. Let your lungs rest. Don't you want to live ?

Cheerio.

STRUD.

I SLEPT ON BOOTS



Then I still slept on Boots because all my comrades borrowed it

- Splendid on manœuvres and in camp
- Khaki material
- Ideal for all on service
- Up or down in a few seconds
- Deflated about the size of handkerchief, 15" × 10"
- Send now, stocks cannot be replenished — Price **4'3**
- Offered by ex-W.O. who knows its worth — Postage - 3d.

KENOSHA AGENCIES, COWPLAIN, PORTSMOUTH

Know Your Commonwealth of Nations

In a letter to an English magazine a few months back, a reader expressed his regret that no mention had been made of the centenary of Hong Kong's cession to Britain as a colony. Although a trifle belated we will endeavour to give interested members of the Corps a brief account of the Colony's history.

On January 26th, 1841, a British Naval Squadron, under Admiral Sir J. J. Gordon Bremer, arrived at Hong Kong.

Marines were landed, the Union Jack was hoisted, a Royal Salute was fired from the "Men of War" and formal possession of the "Island of Fragrant Streams" was taken by the Admiral in the name of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. This historic event was made possible by the Treaty of Chuen Pei on January 20th in the same year.

The cause of it all was the outbreak of hostilities in 1839 between Great Britain and China. After several misunderstandings on both sides, conflict was inevitable. The major grievances of the Chinese were the importing of opium and the refusal of the British at Canton to submit to the severe Chinese penal code. Furthermore, the proud Chinese Government considered that the conduct of the British was unbecoming from a state tributary to China. The Mandarin ordered all foreign ships to quit Canton, the British complied by evacuating to Hong Kong. The harbour was shelled on November 3rd, 1839, by shore batteries from the mainland, roughly a mile away, whilst the British engaged the Chinese Fleet, which withdrew in disorder. Reinforcements were rushed to the scene and, by early 1840, 16 British warships and 27 transports were ready for action in Hong Kong.

Chuen Pei, fortified coastal town near Canton, fell to the British on January 7th, 1841. The Chinese, not wishing to go to war, accepted the British demands for "fair play" and agreed to the cession of Hong Kong at the proposal of Ki-Shen, newly-appointed Chinese Imperial Commissioner.

Hostilities again occurred between the two countries in 1858, and at the conclusion a small area of four square miles on the mainland was added to the colony.

The population was increasing rapidly, and in 1898 further territory was acquired on lease for a period of 99 years. This comprised the "New Territories," with an area of approximately 376 square miles, the large island of Lan Tau and waters adjacent to the colony.

Following the Taipang revolt in 1899, the 800-year-old Kowloon City which was excepted from the "New Territory" lease was taken over, thus ending all Chinese jurisdiction in what is now known as Hong Kong.

It is impossible here to record all the events in the past hundred years which resulted in a desolate, barren Island, infested with pirates, becoming one of the world's greatest sea ports, a centre of important industries and a great metropolis with a mixed population of some two millions, where the relations of two great peoples steadily improve as the years slip by.

The hardy pioneers, which included not a few Portugese, had to contend with torrential rains, storms, fires, typhoons, pirates (English and American, as well as Chinese), smugglers and "misfits" of all nations. To this may be added, malaria, dysentry and various other diseases of the body.

Owing to vast improvements and discoveries throughout the medical world, men and women have made it possible for colonists to settle in large numbers without the appalling and disastrous risks taken by the pioneers in 1843, when returns showed that between May and October of that year no less than 24 per cent. of the troops and 10 per cent. of the European civilians died of fever.

There are not many reminders of the ancient dynasties which have survived. Part of the old city of Kowloon remains, where many Chinese go to celebrate the occasion of their New Year and other festivals.

Reputed to have formed a shelter for Emperor Dai Ping, is the nearby Sung Wong terrace where a large rock is preserved and revered.

To return to the development of the colony and its industries, shipbuilding is worthy of note. From 1848, when the first Hong Kong built ship, the "Celestial," was launched, shipbuilding became a by-word, and recently the largest ship ever to be built there, the 9,776-ton "Brecongshire," glided down the slipway.

Schools, hospitals, technical institutes, parks, playing fields, government buildings and churches sprang up everywhere. As it is hopeless to deal individually with all these growths of civilation, we will go on to the most important connection with Britain—the Colonial Government.

Here again, co-operation between the British and Chinese is evident. Representatives of the Chinese community are included in Legislative and Executive Councils and adequate representation also is made on the Urban Council. Public opinion seems to be that if Government continues to repay loyal and faithful service of the people by good and stable management with understanding and mutual confidence to the whole community, as has been their policy in the past then, they, the people, will not waver and will continue to support the Government to the best of their ability.

It will be observed that co-operation between Chinese and British has improved to such an extent that to quote a local newspaper, "It is a far cry from those early days when the proud Chinese called all foreigners barbarians and slave people, and the foreigners regarded China as a country populated exclusively by bloodthirsty bandits and impossibly proud rulers and officials."

And now, as the "China Incident" enters its fifth year, some 300,000 Chinese refugees are safe in the colony.

Hong Kong, after a foundation of hard work by hardy pioneers, can look forward into the future when, perhaps, in the next 100 years, she will be one of the most important and prosperous cities of the British Empire.

B.V.P.

STATIONS ABROAD

Singapore Fortress Signals

Unit Headquarters

June

Many apologies for the mysterious silence of the East, which appears to have been maintained for some considerable time. The fault, I assure you, is entirely our own and not that of the censor.

After frantic months of "hush-hush" things are beginning to assume some sort of order and we can find time to tell the rest of the Signals world of some of our goings on.

We read with interest the doing of the Corps in England and elsewhere and wish we were there with you all. Believe me, everyone looks with longing at his serge which seems to hang so forlornly from one's locker.

I guess you fellows think we are pretty lucky to be out here where there is eternal sunshine and where beautiful dusky maidens saunter around à Lamour or Lamarr.

But one word of advice to you who have never been East of Suez—stay West of it !

Prickly heat, mosquitoes, flies, smells—not of exotic perfumes, but of sewers and drains—and the sun, always the sun, are but a few of the things we have to put up with here, without becoming personal !

It's no joke trying to do Ack-Ack training in the mid-day heat with a respirator on. Ask any member of this Unit. (With one notable exception. If he had his way you would see us doing cartwheels in them.)

But life is good here all the same.

Words of praise fell on us in the past months from those high up for our P.A.D. scheme in a week's exercise. Sweet words also from the G.O.C. after a recent tour of the lines. Though I don't believe the statement attributed to someone that he would have preferred Miss Betty Bryant to have inspected us. Australian film star, you ignorant Westerners !)

STEP UPS AND STEP INS. — Major Pope to Lieutenant-Colonel (C.O.). Congratulations, sir !

Captain Peel to Major and O.C. 3 Company. But to the cricketers he is still just Captain. (P.O. please note.)

Major Daubeny to be 2nd i/c and P.R.I. Our congratulations to him for winning the battle of the Dohbie.

Lieutenant Angear to be Captain and Adjutant. (2nd Holding Battalion and Ireland please note.)

R.Q.M.S. Gatford to be Lieutenant. But don't ask where he got his uniform from.

D.R. Hollis to be Lance Corporal. Keep calm, you bike-pushers, he is working in the R.Q. stores. So relax. You will still be just Signalman.

PERSONAL.—Is it true that R.S.M. ("I'll make a man of you") Parker seeks peace and quiet away from the Unit office staff's plaintive pleadings about overwork ?

Educational classes are now being held through the local college scheme and nightly the learned troop down to the class-rooms to learn all about advanced mathematics or elementary Spanish.

What's wrong with Volume 5 ?

Finally, to all of you, there is still a postal service out here. (We hope.)

N.P.

No. 1 Company

Ex-"Tuan Besars" would no doubt be amazed at the late M.S.C. which now hold its own in every line of sport. Tennis (Command Singles Champions), cricket (Area Finalists. Large Units), hockey (Command Finalists) and football (still hoping to head the Division 2a).

All around us there are strange faces and strange figures, but some of the old 'uns still linger on !

AGONY.—P.T. (Personal Torture) now figures prominently in our daily routine, and our feeble attempts at "cartwheels" and other back-breaking contortions to the cries of "get moving, lad," will long be remembered by us, as, no doubt, they still are in Aldershot, Jubb, and 'Pindi.

PROMOTIONS.—W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess.—"House Full."

Corporals' Mess—Same like—much to the brewer's delight.

The racing season has now closed with R.Q. Gordon winning the R.Q.M.S. Stakes by a short P.1954. We feel that our representative was carrying too much of that which proves a disadvantage on P.T.

HATCHES.—Congratulations to Sergeant and Mrs. Twiddy on the birth of a son.—Late "B" Corps papers please copy.

News leaks through from Blighty that Signalman Jones M. W. (piano-thumper) is now the father of a son, and Signalman ("True Love") Coker R. J. boasts of a fine daughter.

MATCHES.—Corporal Blackman (ex-China) to Miss De Souza. Nice work, "Blacky." Ration bag, accumulator and bicycle now obsolete.

DESPATCHES.—To the land of fogs and "Ack-Ack," Sergeants MacNair and McLaughlin and Signalman Flavell. We trust the beer is not rationed. Have a "brown" on me, Fla, at the George. (Sniff.)

To "destination unknown," Lance Corporal Parnet and Signalman Hennessy. Wherever they are and whatever they are doing we wish them "the best."

BUCKSHEE DAK.—To Freddie Hewitt (? A/S.M.). Am still here, just plain "Mr." P. G——m.

To Arthur (late Sarafand '38). Where are you, "Arabella" ?—Fairy Wright.

To Johnnie Young (late 3rd S.T.C.). Swing it.—H.D.B.

To those in the thick of it. Keep it up.

Every week the O.C., Major Thorpe, is giving us an extremely informative lecture on the international situation and every aspect of our tactics. Everyone is well pleased for this guidance amongst the maze of rumours.

PICE ADMIH.

No. 3 Company

It is hoped that very soon we shall be living with the rest of the Unit and thus we shall be able to take a more active part in the "goings on."

It was good to move out of tents where, if you forget to hang your boots up you awake in the morning to find that a million ants have made a home in them !

We are considerably nearer to our "parent" now and can take an added interest in the sporting activities.

Several of our lads are excelling themselves in the Unit teams, notably fast bowler Ventham and Batman Hill, ex-Cumberland player. We are happy to note, too, that Jerry Grant received recognition in the exclusive first eleven and is rapidly making a name for him elf.

The Company team is having a very peculiar existence. They played and defeated the old Unit team and every one was very happy. Along came 2 Company and we lost. Along came 1 Company, and we were routed to the tune of 11—1.

Well, you try and sort it out !

The team is playing in the Pond Cup games and we hope to let you know more about that next time.

New arrivals include Lieutenant Abrahams from 1 Company and a Cable Section from 2 Company. Among the latter we found several ex-"Sahibs." "Ginger" Martin, Bob Hodges and "Have you got ten cents" Smith, all ex-"A" Corps, 'Pindi.

From 1st Division, 'Pindi, comes Jock Campbell, now a stalwart of the soccer team.

Another ex-Jubbite is "Educated" Evans, now C.S.M. No comments. Congratulations to Sergeant Gilbert (Toc) and A/Lance Corporal Chapman on their step-up.

We hope to be able to tell you more about the lads next time. Till then, keep smiling.

FLASH.—To Sergeant Fink, Hong Kong Signals. Paddy Doyle is "Q" and likes it. What do you think ? Please don't write so often.

To "Doc" Doades, "A" Corps, 'Pindi. "What about a line ?"—Ging. Martin.

SMUDGER.

SPORT.—When you see this please don't think we are completely mad—yet. You see out here we play football and cricket in the same seasons. Any the wiser ?

CRICKET.—The team was strengthened by the inclusion of new blood in Hill, ex-Minor County player; tall, bespectacled Emrys Churchill, Cardiff College player; Bill (L.M.S.) Wilkinson, and Ventham and Moorhouse.

Their performances have been very remarkable and up to date we have not lost a game. I think, though, that I had better get this away quickly, because we are in grave danger of being beaten in the Area Final of the Large Units Cup.

Actually, we once did have a draw with an R.A. team. There are those who say that the scorer, Barnes, won us this game.

Lieutenant Holden was selected to play for the Europeans against The Rest, but turned down the offer to play for the Unit against Ordnance in a cup game. And a good job he did, too.

Lance Corporal Phillips (2 Company) was presented with a bat for making the first century on our new ground. A very fine innings by a very fine player. Meanwhile, the G.O.M. of Malayan cricket, Peter Gwillim turns out his teams for those who can't make the grade with the first eleven. It is rumoured that his team once played against the Ordnance !

FOOTBALL.—Starting the season with a 4—0 victory over the Y.M.C.A. and 4—1 against the Navy, the team went on from success to success and kept up this brilliant play for the first ten games.

Everybody in the Island was talking about the team and it was confidently expected that we should go through the season without a defeat.

There we were away at the head of the Division IIa table.

Then tragedy came upon us and we could only force a draw against a Malayan team ! And on our own ground, too, with a certain voice shouting for us !

Next game took us against our big challengers from the R.A. and we went down 2—3.

Confidence was restored with a six goals to nil victory over a Malayan Regiment. But the R.A.F. punished us heavily 3—6.

Since then things have looked up and we have won the last two games without a goal being scored against us.

Played, 16; won, 13; lost, 2; drawn, 1; goals, for, 58; against, 20.

Chief goal scorer has been centre-forward Macdonald with 16 to his credit. Surprise has been Jerry Grant who, in two games, has netted that little round ball eight times. Seven were in one game when we beat the Harbour Board to the tune of 12—0.

Captain is Managhan, veteran player, known well in India and Ford's Motor Works. Though getting on in years for this climate, Manny still manages to dazzle the opposition with some brilliant footwork.

N.P.

Unit Headquarters

August

The traditional English holiday month brought us more work than ever before, and every man in the Unit has been working extremely hard and the heat has, of course, been exceedingly great.

Yet all have found time for sport and the various other little vices in which they indulge (including P.T.) and the spirit of the men out here is very high, indeed.

Though I must admit you wouldn't have thought so had you been in the Barrack Room the day Miss Judy Garland had announced her marriage!

Once more there have been shuffles and reshuffles, and many comings and goings. We have said "Good-bye" to a part of the Unit and "Hello" to a few newcomers to the fold, who now form the G.O.R. Section with Lieutenant Gatford as i/c.

Since they have been here we have heard many uncomplimentary and unkind (?) things said about P.T. and W.P.

It appears the R.S.M. takes them himself.

They have our pity and sympathy. They'll need it.

Among those returning are Lieutenant Abrahams, Sergeant Jones and Lance Sergeant Stokes. We were sorry to see Lance Corporal Benton leave us. He was our 1 Company correspondent and our great song writer.

Incidentally, the R.S.M. and several others are on an unarmed combat course at the Command Gymnasium. So watch out for squalls now.

And who was it that cut W.P.'s lip? Nice work!

New feature in the Unit is that every man is now armed with a bayonet and it is, indeed, strange to see the Operators going out on exercise with their "tails" on. It is to be hoped that they won't be used as earth pins!

MALAYAN FOLK STORY.—The other day I took a package to the station for despatch up-country. As I wanted it to go as soon as possible, I asked the clerk which train it would catch. He said it would go on the night mail. "Couldn't it possibly go this morning?" says I.

"What's in it?" says he.

Says I, "Transformer rotary."

Clerk turns to H.M. Customs Officer and says, "How about it?"

The representative of H.M. Customs answers: Ah, yes. Transformer rotary. [And how he drew those vowels out!] Musical instrument—certainly, no duty."

At a general Mess meeting it was suggested by Mr. P.G. that we should do away (not literally, I hope) with the Mess Room boys. This did not meet with the general approval and was defeated. Thank goodness!

SPORT.—Sporting activities have been very great this month, despite all the hard work that the Unit has been doing.

FOOTBALL.—We were in a very strong position amongst the leaders of the table and stood an excellent chance of winning the league. But bad luck and bad play combined have defeated us. We now stand at fourth place and there is a very little hope of us getting any higher.

Against the R.A.M.C. we lost 1—3. But we still had a mighty fine chance of pulling off the championship until we met the R.E.s, who were then leaders and they defeated us 1—2. The Lady Luck returned to us and we defeated the R.A.F. (Seletah) by 6—1, after losing at half-time, 0—1.

But then came the final blow. Bringing more supporters than we have men in the Unit (well, almost), the Navy visited us and well and truly battered us by 4—0. It was a good game, but the team was missing its opportunities.

In the Warren Shield game in the first round we were drawn against the Loyals, 1st Division crack team. We played on their ground and lost 1—3. And, though I say it myself, we were extremely unlucky. Star player of late has been Bond, playing at half-back. He is the only member of the team who seems to play really hard throughout.

CRICKET.—Happier field this. In the semi-final of the Cup we defeated the H.K.R.S.A. by two wickets, though, at times, things looked bad. The team is now without Captain Peel, 2nd Lieutenant Davies, Signalmen Hill and Ventham, who have been posted away. But Mr. Holden captained the team well.

First innings: H.K.S.R.A., 104—S.F.S., 175. Second innings: H.K.S.R.A., 125—S.F.S, 53 for 8.

In the first knock, Don Twiddy made a really fine 70 and Mr. Holden did his stuff and got six wickets for 10 runs.

In the second innings we were 41 for 1, needing 12 to win, but seven more wickets fell before Mr. Holden made the winning stroke!

LUDO.—On August 20th a huge crowd gathered in the Reading Room to see the replay of the championship for the Stead Cup. You may recall that Signalman Dearden brought forth a host of objections after his defeat. This time there was no doubt about the issue, playing in true championship style, Dearden and Grant coolly defeated the cup holders, Kempster and Gallery, by two straight games.

Despite Boxer's "Keep cool, Champ," and Gallery's never empty cigarette holder, they just couldn't make it this trip.

Asked after the game is there were to be any objections, the ex-champions said, "No, we can take it."

I guess Boxer must have been doing too much road work lately.

The first Rugby trial has taken place, as it so aptly said on orders "at the Opium factory"! No wonder the kicking towards the factory was so good and the eagerness of the spectators to retrieve the ball from over the wall!

Outstanding player was Churchill, as centre, and there is no doubt that he will be a great asset to the team. We are expecting great things this year and we are confident that we shall make a name for ourselves.

HOCKEY.—After a series of trial games, the team is settling down to its winning form and has defeated the H.K.S.R.A. by 5 goals to 3, the R.A.S.C. by 2—1, and the I.A.O.C. 1—0.

Hong Kong Signal Company

In all probability you have, we suppose, forgotten that there was such a Unit in the Corps. To make amends for the absence of notes in the past we intend to give readers a short article each month on subjects of an interesting nature which, we hope, will help to "while away" a spare ten minutes or so.

Too numerous to mention individually is the new draft which arrived recently. We welcome them to the Unit and sincerely hope that their stay will be pleasant.

GREATER TRIUMPHS.—Sweeping all before it and crashing the headlines these days is the Unit water polo team. Leading them forward to greater triumphs and keeping up the excellent record of previous years is Lance Corporal (Jimmy) Dignan, captain and leading goal scorer. Knowing his men well, from other seasons and recent hard-working practices and work-outs, he has retained Signalman Hunt A., who made his bow last year.

Worth recording is the fact that last year Signals won the small and large Units knock-out, the Kay Lee Cup and the Senior League, in which they represented Combined Small Units. Seeing them in action this season one cannot be surprised that the team is heading the Y.M.C.A. Invitation Water Polo Tournament, with a 100 per cent. record. From May 20th, when the tournament opened, until June 28th, when these notes were compiled, the team had played and won ten matches, scoring 56 goals and having six against.

Signalman Allen newcomer to the team, has already made his name and is equal to the swift passing and brilliant marking of the rest.

Here is the team:—Signalman Bennett; Corporal Bedford and Lance Corporal Morgan; Signalman Hunt; Signalman Allen, Lance Corporal Dignan (captain) and Signalman McCann.

ENTHUSIASTS.—It will be interesting to ascertain later whether the new draft's claim to greatness is justified.

At cricket, according to reports, they overwhelmingly defeated Changi Signals when they put in at Singapore.

Amongst their football enthusiasts are Signalman M. Skinner, late of Bristol second eleven, and Signalman H. Bates, an amateur of some standing.

Last year we lost to the R.A.F. the final match of the season in the third division of the Hong Kong League. Score: 2—0. We venture to predict that with the additional talent available the Unit will do better this season.

However, we shall see. Meanwhile we will "rustle up" a legend or something for next month.

CALL OF THE YIDD.—4099, Henderson G.—"This year, next year, and so on."—4099, Ned Hewer.

"Duke Earl" (1934).—"What about a line, have been waiting since you left India."—"Copo."

LAST GASP.—And so for the present, etc.

B.V.P.

Advertisements!

THOSE FIRMS WHO ADVERTISE IN THESE PAGES SUPPORT OUR MAGAZINE.

WILL OUR READERS PLEASE SUPPORT THEM IN RETURN?

★



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BUCKINGHAM STREET
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VOL. XXII.—No. 262 DECEMBER, 1941 PRICE—SIXPENCE

Editorial Notes

"THE WIRE."—Owing to the many difficulties occasioned by war conditions the Central Committee find they are unable to continue production of the Corps Magazine.

It has, therefore, been reluctantly decided to suspend publication as and with effect from the December, 1941, issue, but hopes are entertained that THE WIRE will reappear in circulation at a not too distant date.

In conveying this notification we desire to thank all annual subscribers, contributors and readers for their loyal support and co-operation in the past and to express the hope that whenever it becomes possible for us to do so, all ranks of the Corps will give their wholehearted co-operation in a united effort to re-establish the Magazine in the prominent position it has hitherto held among contemporary Regimental publications.

Royal Signals officers and others who have paid their annual subscriptions by Bankers' Order instructions are asked if they will kindly cancel such orders with their bankers immediately, with our depleted staff, it will not be possible to effect subsequent refunds of such remittances.

Those that continue to be paid to us after despatch of this notice will be credited to Royal Signals Benevolent Fund.

Will Unit Commanding Officers also be good enough to give the widest publicity to this information and remit any amounts due in respect of Magazines supplied to the end of December, 1941, at their earliest convenience?

Benevolent Fund Notes

(As Censored by Official Authority)

Security regulations do not permit us to publish detailed particulars of Corps Units, but it is hoped that the following list of those formations that have already responded to the Colonel-Commandant's appeal for regular monthly contributions to the Corps Benevolent Fund will be found satisfactory for the purpose of identification.

BENEVOLENT FUND (No. 2 A/C 1940):

CASH SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM:
Brigadier G. C. Wickins, C.B.E., T.D.
Captain E. W. Pack.

BENEVOLENT FUND (No. 2 A/C 1940) (Unit List Continued):

	£	s.	d.
— A.A. — Signals, Essex—October	10	5	0
1 — Signals, Hertfordshire—October	3	18	9
— O.C.T.U., Yorkshire—September		13	9
— A.A. — Signals, Northamptonshire—October	2	16	6
Officers, 1 — Signals, Hertfordshire—October	1	11	0
"F" Armoured — Signals, Home Forces	1	18	9
— — Signals, Home Force—September and October	2	12	3
— Operators' Training Battalion, Yorkshire—November	7	16	3
— (W) — Signals, Home Forces — October and November	10	0	0
— A.A. — Signals, Northumberland—October	5	17	2
— A.A. — Signals, Lancashire—October, November and December	6	10	0

	£	s.	d.
3 — Signals, Salisbury—November		10	0
— — Signals, Surrey—October, November and December	19	10	0
Dor et Divisional S gnal —October and November		18	9
— Tank — S gnals, Home Force —September	1	10	0
" L " Section, — — — Divisional Signals—November		9	3
Army Air Support Control Signal Section—November		11	0
— — Signals, Home Forces—September and October	10	3	6
4 (F.S.S.) Company, 7 — Signals, Kent—October		2 19	8
— A.A. — Signals, Glamorgan hire—November		1 17	6
— (E.A.) — S gnals, Home Forces—November		5 16	6
Guards Armoured — Signals, Home Forces—October and November		8	8
— (E.A.) — Signals, Home Forces—October		7 6	6
1 Company, — — Signals, Home Forces—November		2 1	0
— A.A. — Signals, Yorkshire—November		3 17	6
— A.A. — S gnals, Middle ex—November		2 10	6
Northumberland — Signals, H.F.—November		5 10	0
Depot Battal on, — S.T.C.—November	30	0	0
Special Operators' Training Battalion, Wiltshire — November	50	0	0
Other Ranks, — O.C.T.U.—November		10	6
1 Company, 1 — S gnals, Hertfordshire—November	1	7	9
77 — Signals, Home Forces—November		10	9
1 H.Q. Signals, London—November	4	18	6
5 (London) — Signals, Home Forces—October	3	19	3
Officers and Sergeants, 2 — Signals, Home Forces — November	10	19	6
— Field Regiment R.A. Signal Section, Norfolk—November		11	0
Officers, — O.C.T.U., Yorkshire—October	1	18	0
— (S) — Signals, Home Forces—August, September and October		8	1 6
— Holding Battalion, Yorkshire—December		2	0 0
— A.A. — Signal , Berks—December		4	2 1
— Operators' Training Battalion, Yorkshire—December		6	0, 0
— S.T.C., Flintshire—December	150	0	0
— Holding Battalion, Yorkshire—November		11	0 0
1 — S gnals, Herts—November		3	15 3
— Armoured — Signals, Home Forces—to October		18	18 0
1 S.W.G.—November		1	11 9
— (London) — S.gnals, Home Forces—November		4	3 9
Officers' Mess, — O.C.T.U., Yorkshire—Donation	1	12	0
— Artillery Signal Section Train ng Battalion, Shropshire —Donat on		10	0 0
— A.A. — S gnals, Staffordshire—November		3	10 0
4 Wireless Company, Hampshire—November		2	0 0
Royal Signals, Mons Barracks, Hampshire—December		3	0 0
— A.A. — Signals, Es ex—November		4	19 0
— Signals, Home Forces—November		3	8 6
H Section, attached 63 — — Regiment, Ireland—November		5	9
— (E.A.) — Signals, Home Forces—November	1	7	9
— Div. Signals—October and Donation	11	12	7
2 Company, — — Signals, H.F.—September and October	4	3	9
1 S.W.G.—November		9	0
S.O.-in-C's. Staff, G.H.G., H.F.—December	1	3	0
Dorset — Signals, Home Force —December		16	9
— — Signals, Home Forces—Donation	10	0	0
1 Company, — — Signals, Ireland—November	1	15	4
— A.A. — S gnals, Northamptonsh re—November	2	13	9
" Q " Armoured — Signals, Home Forces	3	9	3
London District Signals—December	4	0	9
W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess, London District Signals	1	0	0
H.Q. Company, 52 (L) Signals, Home Forces—November	5	1	6
2 Company, — — — Signals, Glamorganshire		12	6
— Army Air Support Signal Section, Home Forces—November		15	0
Northern Ireland District Signal Company—November	3	7	3
— (W) — Signals, Home Forces—December	5	0	0
— General Trades Train ng Battalion—November	7	1	2
Hampshire — Signal —November		9	6
— General Trades Training Battalion—Donation	5	0	0
— A.A. — S gnals, Northumberland—November	5	8	2
Depot Battalion, — S.T.C., Yorkshire—December	30	0	0
— — Signals, Home Forces—December	4	9	11
— Artillery Signal Section Training Battalion, Kent—Donation	18	0	0
— (L) — Signals, Home Forces—Donat on	5	11	10
— Infantry — Signal Section, Home Forces		8	9
— Operators' Training Battalion, Yorkshire—December		7	8 9
Terr torial Army and Air Forces A sociation, London		6	15 11
1 Company, — — Signals, Home Forces—December		1	14 6
— (— London) — Signals, Home Forces—October		5	0 0
— — Signals, Che ter—December	50	0	0
— A. — Signals, Home Forces—November	11	14	0
— Air Formation Signals, N. Ireland — October and November		16	8 4
— — Signals, Home Force —to December		10	0 0
— — S.gnals, Home Forces—December		6	15 0
— H.Q. Signals, London—December		5	6 4
— General Trades Tra n ng Battalion—Donat on		3	0 0
— General Trades Training Battalion—December		31	18 2
— W/T Company, Hampshire—December		4	0 0
1 Company, — — Signals, Home Forces—November and December		3	0 0
— — Tank — Signals, Home Forces—December			13 9
— A.A. — Signals, Yorkshire—December		4	2 0
1 Company, 1 — Signals, Hertfordshire—December		2	0 6
— A.A. — Signals, E sex—October		1	15 4
— — Signals, Home Forces—October, November and December		1	2 9
1 Company, — — Signals, Home Forces—December		1	10 2
Orkney and Shetland S gnal —December		4	0 0
— — Signals, Home Forces—to December		2	12 11
— — Signals, Home Forces—December		1	4 3
— Operators' Training Battalion, Yorkshire—January, 1942		8	2 9
— Holding Battalion, York hire—December		11	0 0
— — Wireless Company, Home Forces		2	3 9
— A.A. — Signals, Home Forces		3	10 0
Officers, — O.C.T.U.—December		1	13 0
— A.A. — Signals, Home Forces		7	7 0

	£	s.	d.
— S.T.C., Flintshire		4 0	0
Officers' Mess, " Q " Armoured — Signals		3 15	0
— — Signals, Home Forces		9 1	2
London District Signals	20	5	7
— — Signals, Home Forces—October, November and December	31	5	4
— Holding Battalion, Yorkshire		2 0	0
— Armoured — Signals, Home Forces—November and December	12	5	8
Others Ranks, — O.C.T.U.—December		11	3
— — Signal , Home Forces—December	5	19	9
London Distr ct S gnals—January, 1942		3	8 6
S.gnals, Mon Barracks, Hampshire—January, 1942		3	0 0
— Operators' Tra n ng Battalion	38	0	0
— Operators' Training Battalion		5 0	0

UNITS ABROAD :

— Armoured — Signals, Indi a—February, 1941	4	10	0
— S.T.C., India—January to June, 1941	7	0	0
— Armoured — Signal Squadron, Indi a—July		6	6
— Armoured — Signal Squadron, Indi a—Donation	14	8	5
S.T.C. (" B "), Indi a—Donation	6	13	4
— Armoured — Signal Squadron, India—August		8	3
— — Signals, M.E.F.—July and August	5	7	0
Indian Signal Corps Records—to June, 1941	3	5	3
— Armoured — Signal Squadron, India—September		7	3

APPEALS DEALT WITH :

		£	s.	d.
1	Wife of Signalman, Sunderland	Grant	5	0 0
2	Ex-Signalman, Durham	Grant	1	0 0
3	Mother of Signalman (deceased), Yorkshire	Grant	5	0 0
4	Mother of Signalman, Liverpool	Grant	2	0 0
5	Mother of Signalman, E sex	Grant	3	10 0
6	Widow of Signalman, Gateshead	Grant	1	10 0
7	Mother of Signalman (deceased), Southampton	Grant	2	10 0
8	Mother of Signalman, London	Grant	1	0 0
9	Widow of N.C.O., Aberdeen	Grant	4	0 0
10	Mother of N.C.O. (deceased), Buckinghamshire	Grant	5	0 0
11	Widow of N.C.O., Surrey	Grant	2	0 0
12	Widow of Signalman (deceased), Berkshire	Grant	2	0 0
13	Widow of Signalman (deceased), Scotland	Grant	5	0 0
14	Wife of Signalman, Catterick	Grant	12	10 0
15	Mother of Signalman (deceased), Cardiff	Grant	2	0 0
16	Mother of Signalman (deceased), Yorkshire	Grant	7	10 0
17	Mother of Signalman (deceased), Yorkshire	Grant	4	0 0
18	Mother of S gnalman (deceased), Ed nburgh	Grant	5	0 0
19	Widow of Signalman, Sheffield	Grant	4	7 6
20	Mother of Signalman (decea ed), Manchester	Grant	4	0 0
21	Mother of Signalman (deceased), London	Grant	2	0 0
22	Mother of S gnalman (deceased), Devonshire	Grant	5	0 0
23	Mother of Signalman (deceased), Buckinghamshire	Grant	5	0 0
24	Mother of Signalman, London	Grant	3	0 0
25	Mother of Signalman, N. Ireland	Grant	10	0 0
26	Mother of Signalman (deceased), Glasgow	Grant	5	0 0
27	Mother of S gnalman (deceased), Scotland	Grant	2	10 0
28	Widow of S gnalman (deceased), Gloucester	Grant	3	0 0
29	Mother of Signalman, Folkestone	Grant	3	0 0
30	Wife of Signalman, — — S gnals, H.F.	Grant	3	0 0
31	Mother of Signalman (deceased), London	Grant	1	0 0
32	Signalman, — Armoured — S gnals, H.F.	Grant	3	0 0
33	Mother of Signalman (deceased), Essex	Grant	3	0 0
34	N.C.O., Chester	Loan	6	0 0
35	Signalman, Chester	Loan	5	0 0
36	Mother of Signalman (deceased), Lincoln	Grant	2	10 0
37	Father of S gnalman (pr soner of war), Manchester	Grant	1	0 0
38	Mother of Signalman (prisoner of war), Bri tol	Grant	1	10 0
39	Father of Signalman (deceased), Yorkshire	Grant	2	10 0
40	Foster Mother of N.C.O., Derbyshire	Grant	2	0 0
41	Wife of S.gnalman, London	Grant	4	0 0
42	Wife of Signalman, Scarborough	Grant	2	12 0
43	Widow of N.C.O., Aberdeen	Grant	5	0 0
44	Widow of N.C.O., Yorkshire	Grant	4	0 0
45	Widow of Driver, Kent	Grant	2	0 0
46	Widow of Signalman, Northampton	Grant	5	0 0
47	Father of S gnalman (decea ed), London	Grant	2	10 0
48	Widow of S gnalman, Isle of Man	Grant	3	0 0
49	Signalman, Pre tatyn	Grant	5	0 0
50	Widow of N.C.O., London	Grant	1	5 0
51	Mother of Signalman (deceased), Yorkshire	Grant	5	0 0
52	Wife of Signalman, London	Grant	2	10 0
53	Wife of Signalman (prisoner of war), Scotland	Grant	1	5 0
54	Wife of Signalman, Yorkshire	Grant	6	0 0
55	Wife of S gnalman, Eire	Grant	3	0 0
56	Father of S gnalman (deceased), Scotland	Grant	2	10 0
57	Wife of N.C.O., Wiltshire	Grant	5	0 0
58	Mother of Signalman (deceased), Lancashire	Grant	2	10 0
59	Wife of Signalman, Manche ter	Grant	3	0 0
60	Wife of N.C.O., M ddlesex	Grant	1	9 0
61	Mother of Signalman, Northampton	Grant	2	10 0
62	Signalman, Chester	Loan	5	0 0
63	Wife of Signalman, London	Grant	2	0 0
64	Wife of N.C.O., Essex	Grant	5	0 0
65	Wife of N.C.O., M ddlesex	Grant	5	0 0
66	Widow of Signalman, Middlesex	Grant	4	2 6
67	Wife of S gnalman, Gateshead	Grant	2	12 6
68	N.C.O., — Corps Signals, H.F.	Loan	7	0 0
69	Signalman, Che ter	Grant	3	0 0
70	Signalman, London	Grant	3	0 0
71	Widow of Signalman, Yorkshire	Grant	2	10 0
72	Widow of Signalman, London	Grant	2	0 0
73	Signalman, — (Devon) — Signals, H.F.	Grant	2	0 0
74	Ex-Signalman, Kent	Grant	5	0 0
75	Ex-S gnalman, Glasgow	Grant	3	0 0
76	Signalman, Surrey	Grant	5	0 0
77	Widow of Signalman, Sunderland	Grant	3	10 0
78	Signalman, Chester	Grant	3	0 0
79	S gnalman, Belfast	Grant	3	0 0
80	N.C.O., Chester	Loan	6	0 0
81	Signalman, N. Wales	Grant	3	3 0

(Signed) T. H. L. SEAIGHT, Lieutenant-Colonel,
Administrator,
Signals Association Benevolent Fund

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR PARCELS :

	£	s.	d.
— A.A. — Signals, Essex	10	5	0
Married Families' Library, Malaya	4	11	4
Mr. F. Ives		10	0
Mrs. V. A. Frake	1	0	0
Rangers' Football Club, Glasgow	62	17	8
Mrs. E. Appleby		10	0
— — Signals, Wilt hire	4	6	6
Royal Signals Comforts Fund	11	13	8
Colonel R. L. M. Rosenberg	1	10	0
Mrs. Fonge		10	0
— Armoured — Signals, Home Forces	5	0	0
W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess, — O.C.T.U.	2	2	0
Mrs. G. L. G. Pollard (p.p. — S.T.C.)	100	0	0
W.O.s' and Sergeants' Me s, — —Signals	5	0	0
G. Smart	1	6	9
1 H.Q. Signals, London	2	0	0
Mrs. Matthews	1	5	0
— S.T.C., Flintshire	100	0	0
— A.A. — Signals, Staffordshire	1	0	0
— W/T Company, Hampshire	3	0	0
Royal Signals, Mons Barracks, Hampshire	5	0	0
" A few of the Cadre," — Operators' Training Battalion	1	10	0
Mrs. H. S. Storrs		10	0
Lieutenant E. A. Parry		5	0
Mrs. E. I. A. Manning	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Weatherhead		3	4
— — Signals, Home Forces	5	0	0
R. Roberts		10	0
Royal Mint Refinery Soc al Club	3	0	0
W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess, London District Signals	15	0	0
Mrs. C. Pearce	2	10	0
Major H. E. Knight	1	1	0
Major R. L. M. Rosenberg	1	10	0
— O.C.T.U.	14	14	6
Depot Battalion, — S.T.C., Yorkshire	35	15	6
— (London) — Signals, Home Forces	5	11	0
— — S gnals, Home Forces	5	18	10
3 Company, — Operators' Training Battalion, Yorkshire	1	15	0
4 — Signals, Chester	20	0	0
— Air Formation Signals	20	0	0
8 — Signals, Home Forces	3	5	0
1 H.Q. S gnals, London	2	0	0
Mrs. C. Pierce		16	3
4 W/T Company	4	0	0
Orkney and Shetland Signals	4	0	0
Mrs. G. L. G. Pollard (p.p. — S.T.C.)	25	4	4
Mrs. Jenner	5	0	0
— — Signals	11	0	0
Major H. E. Knight	1	1	0
— — Signals	5	0	0
Mrs. Moxey		10	0
— A.A. — Signals	1	0	0
Officers. — O.C.T.U.	5	9	0
— S.T.C., Flintshire	10	0	0
Mrs. Sellick		10	0
Mrs. G. W. McPhee		10	0
Major Dale	2	0	0
— Armoured — Signals, Home Forces	5	16	8
Mrs. Marchant	1	10	0
St. Martin's Church, Catterick	8	4	2
Mrs. Legg		10	0
Mrs. Sadler		10	0
Mrs. Adams		10	0
Mrs. B den		5	0
— S.T.C., Flintshire	4	10	0
— Div. Signals, Home Forces	10	0	0
Signal , Mons Barracks Hampshire	5	0	0
— Operators' Training Battalion	8	1	2
Mrs. B. Lane		7	0
Mrs. H. Allaway		10	0
Miss D. Fenwick		5	0

Royal Signals Comforts Fund

The Comforts Fund would like to acknowledge with special gratitude the following amounts:—£100 from the — Signal Training Centre Comforts Fund, per Mrs. G. L. Pollard; £37 6s. 1d. from the Bangalore Civil and Military Station War Fund; £35 1s. from Mr. Doyle, being the proceeds of a dance held in Surrey; £20 from 4 Command Signals, bringing the total contribut on from this Unit since February, 1941, to £100; £16 from entertainments and dances arranged by the — A.A. — Signals and several amounts raised by the Corps Band at concerts arranged by different Units.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Allan		1	0
Royal Signals Mess, Aldershot	2	16	0
— — Signals	9	13	6
Miss Carman		1	0
4 Command Signals	20	0	0
Mrs. Ozanne's Comforts Fund Shop	5	0	0
Inspect on Department, Engineer and Signal Stores (monthly)	3	0	0
— O.C.T.U. (proceeds of Corporals' Mess entertainment)	2	0	0
— — Signal	6	6	0
Edinburgh Branch Ladies' Guild (monthly)	2	10	0
The Lady Pender	1	1	3
— — Signals Ladies' Guild	5	3	0
— — Signals (proceeds of Corps Band concert)	5	10	0
— — Signals (proceeds of Corps Band concert)	37	6	1
Bangalore Civil and Military Station War Fund	4	9	4
Pe hawar District Signals	35	1	0
Mrs. Doyle (proceeds of dance)		17	6
Officers' Mess, 1 A.A. — Signals	5	4	6
— — Signals (proceeds of Corps Band concert)	2	0	3
2nd Lieutenant K. G. Taylor	5	0	0
— Holding Battalion, Catterick (monthly)		5	0
Miss Mills		2	0
Anonymous			

	£	s.	d.
N.C.O.s' Training Battalion		10	0
— Signal Training Centre		100	0
Mrs. Calvely		5	6
No. 1 Section, — A.A. — Signals (proceeds of dance)	3	1	5
— Armoured — Signals	5	0	0
Mrs. Mould		5	0
Mrs. Scott-Watson		2	6
Mrs. B xby's Work Party		10	0
— Signal Training Centre Work Party	12	6	2
Lady Edgecumbe		10	0
Brigadier and Mrs. C. M. F. White		3	0
H.Q.'s Signal Training Centres (I) (monthly)		10	0
3, A.A. — S gnals	1	10	0
Edinburgh Branch Ladies' Guild (monthly)		1	16
— — Signals (proceeds of Corps Band concert)	5	0	0
Inspect on Department, Engineer and S.gnal Stores (monthly)	5	0	0
Mrs. French	5	0	0
Mr. Fitch		10	0
Mrs. Le nert		2	6
C.S.O. and Staff Scottish Command	1	0	0
— A.A. — Signals (proceeds of entertainments)	16	0	0
— Brigade Signals Troop	3	10	0
Mrs. Wickens's Work Party	1	0	0

Plain Tales

ONE NINE FOUR TWO.—The best wish for the New Year is Good Luck. This in my big-hearted way I wish you all, except one, and he is so conceited he'd never believe I meant him, so what does it matter? Happy you may be. I sincerely hope so. Prosperous, perhaps, but not on account of being a soldier. Victor ous certainly. That's a waste of a good wish. With Good Luck attending you anything can happen. You might even be promoted, but not, of course, if you are a Quartermaster or a T.M.O. Theirs comes round every three years or something. But they don't mind—these old R.S.M.s and W.O.s of another day. They love to watch their late Corporals and boys whizzing pa t to Captains and Majors. It helps them to hate the enemy, which is exactly what we need to win the war. Good luck, blokes.

REWARD OFFERED. — Pilot Officer John Bulcraig describes his brother as a Signalman in the Middle East with an Eastern Middle. If said brother will just tell his O.C. that he would like to come home it will get me out of a jamb, becau e I have assured John that I can fix it. That was after he had paid for our fifteenth drink, taking no refusals (as though there were any).

JUST GOSSIP.—THE WIRE bids fair to become a sort of S.T.C. journal. They are producing the bulk of the notes. D visional S gnals are not playing up at all well and I note with regret that the Birmingham boys have been very absent indeed. What a curious thing that " D " Section of any Divi ional Signals cannot write. Or won t. That reminds me. I must tell you about ours, you ll scream. We tried out the fire alarm in the new location. It happened to be a big gong from the dining-room of the hou e. Maybe they weren't told what constituted an alarm but as the last note d ed away on the still, frosty air, " D " Section fell in smartly with their knives, forks and plates. There must have been an element of doubt in the minds of some, because qu te a lot had donned steel helmets. Boy—d d they look funny? Well, funnier than usual.

If Termite will stop talking for a moment he will learn that Tom Painting was la t seen by this department at Granby Barracks, Plymouth. I am more than ever anxious about Tom Sayers in case he is still in Hong Kong, but thank Lieutenant Ashford for his interesting information.

THE SOCIAL ROUND.—Yet another one of the old firm leaves our Division. Major J. B. Challen on promotion to A/Lieutenant-Colonel and to command a Unit elsewhere. Jolly good luck and hearty congratulations to you, sir, and I am sure all the lads are with me in those sentiments.

Captain G. Rowland, our O.M.E., leaves us for the seaside, but never mind where. He may not be very pleased about this because the pre ent location was turn ng out to be—well, another time, George, eh? So cheerio to you, too, and may all your jobs be plain, straightforward, head-on wrecks. They're always the simplest.

Lieutenant Macbeth breezed in ex leave, stayed a few days and then breezed off again to some remote corner of our Empire. Bon voyage, Mac. See you some time.

I am not sure if I told you that Signalman Meredith J., D.C.M., was back with us again and doing more to keep the home fires burn ng than any of us. He is in sole charge of the furnaces and boilers for central heat ng and has an infallible method for detecting trouble in the system. He stands by the su pected spot and if he becomes saturated with water he w ll announce to an astonished and admiring audience that there is a burst pipe!

Arrived since our last return, 2nd Lieutenant G. V. Barnes and a complete Signal Section, 2nd Lieutenants J. Dixon and D. G rling. Mr. G rling is a p ani t of some merit and does much to remove some of the l nes on the forehead of the Entertainment Officer.

Greetings to old friends, who will need long memories, come from ex-C.S.M. Jerry Legg, now living near Newcastle.

BURST O' LAUGHTER.—Officer, d ctating to clever typist. " . . . and the instruments held are Mark 'Roman Numerals' four."

Typist—" How do you spell 'numerals,' sir?"

Officer related this to brother officer with amusement.

Other bloke laughed heartily and relapsed into s lence.

Then, thoughtfully. " That chap never *could* spell."

BARLEUX.

HOME STATIONS

S.O.-in-C.'s Staff G.H.Q. (Home Forces)

The past few weeks has seen the expansion of our staff due to the addition of another department under Major D. A. Stephen, to whom we extend a very hearty welcome, as also we do to his two clerks, Corporal Rushton and Signalman Bennett.

Greetings also to Captain J. R. Ross, who is taking over from Major Tew, whom we congratulate upon his promotion.

At long last we have a successor to Mary Martin (now an officer, we understand), and once again certain parts of the office have a delicate feminine touch—we welcome Private Totman in the role of typist.

That, to date, completes our record of arrivals and we must add that it has necessitated the use of an extra room—to the disgust of (a) he who happens to be duty clerk and has to dust it and (b) the little army of charwomen who have to wash the floor each morning.

We have one further item to record before leaving the subject of statistic—our heartiest congratulations to Lance Corporal Kellett upon receiving a stripe.

In the office during recent weeks the villain of the piece has been abbreviations! It has become a sort of mania and it is one long story of tps., divs., secs., and comms.!

Recreation has been found by many in the solving of cross word puzzles of all sorts, sizes and descriptions, and by little flutters on the football pools. (One win has been recorded to date!)

E.D.P.

I cannot think of a better way of opening these notes than by recording a pleasant event which occurred the other day. It was the visit of a Colonel who until a short time ago, was G.S.O.1 on our staff and under whom the older members of the staff had the privilege to serve. We were delighted to see him and trust it won't be too long before this pleasant occasion recurs.

Talking of ex-members of the staff reminds me of a party we had on All Hallows evening. The day before this affair was due, who should drop in to see us but 2nd Lieutenant G. F. Davies, R.A.O.C., of whom you will have heard previous mention. On being informed of the coming event he vowed to attend. Whether he got there by hook or by crook we cannot say—it was probably by bus—but attend he did and to good purpose. The party went off very well. There were many distinguished people present, including the Signal Officer-in-Chief. During the course of the evening there was a cabaret show formed from the more prominent members of a local theatre, dancing with music by the G.H.Q. Band and this, together with the excellent refreshments provided by the A.T.S., enabled all to spend an enjoyable evening.

We have an item here which will interest members of the medical profession and perhaps a few other people, too. It concerns a new disease we have discovered which for convenience has been called pamphlettis. An eminent member of the staff is just convalescing after a serious bout (it occurs in bouts). Although we have not learnt a great deal about this malady, we give you what few details there are available in the hope that you will profit by our experience. The attacks are sudden and unheralded and take such a form as this: "Tich, who's been in my cupboard?" "Who the blinkin' heck's been up etting all my nice pamphlets, poor dears?" "Right, I'll stop this. I'll see those beauties don't harm you" and much more in the same strain, which eventually stops, quite abruptly, and the victim sets to work on a "scheme." Fits of paper fly around duplicators are scared to full capacity, doors slam and the whole frame of the individual in question trembles as the fever grips him. In plain language he gets a shake on. Then there is a deathly calm as the first tremors subside. Not for long though, and soon the whole process is repeated with treble violence, during which period one can discern the poor chappie licking sticky labels by the thousand and plastering them for dear life on his precious volumes. When this is completed and all sticky labels are used up he sets out the books on a table and starts to play. Before the game can commence, however, the books are arranged in piles equal in height. Now the game begins. First he fondle the neat and tidy books, but as the moments pass his frenzy increases and he frantically pushes, pulls, lifts shoves and, finally, upsets the lot. They are now thoroughly shuffled! The whole operation is delightful to watch and to the uninitated it looks like a cross between tiddleywinks and draughts but, of course, we know better. The nerve-racked sufferer now arranges his charges in a big green cupboard—green is colour for them, he says. In they go, two by two, four by four, not, repeat not, four by two—that is quite another matter.

At last, at long last, they are all in their appointed places and with a decisive movement of the forearm the door is closed, locked, bolted and barred. After an impressive silence the patient, summoning his remaining strength, screams something like this: "If any b——," or words to that effect! Black out. As a postscript we might add that the answer's a doll's house.

Before going further, it is my duty and pleasure to record the promotion of Lance Corporal Tugwell to the rank of Corporal. Congratulations Corporal, on your well-merited advancement. We hear his young lady is thrilled to bits. Yo, ho ho, and a bottle of rum—what about it young feller? We aren't ALL on the water waggon, y'know!

SPORTS GOSSIP.—Many of our fellows are now playing football and we have a team in the G.H.Q. league, composed of gunners, sappers and signals, plus a few odds and ends, who go under the title of "Advisers." We have played three matches, in each of which success has been ours. Signalman Coulter has shown his prowess very early and has been chosen to represent G.H.Q. at outside-left on more than one occasion. Modesty compels him to protest, but the walls of this valiant hero go unheeded so long as he gets the ball across. He frequently scores, too; there are some who think that's taking registration too far. Hockey is quite popular and is played by many of the staff. This is not organised on a league basis, but many games are fixed up from which much enjoyment is derived. We have recently started to play badminton and our men are Sergeant Rodrigues and Signalmen Miles and Seftel. These three warriors rally forth in the evenings to pit their ever-growing skill (?) against players from other branches and if things go on as they are at present there should be some really exciting games before long.

To conclude on a tender note here is the latest information on the Battle of the Mice. The unhappy rodents are pressing on all fronts, but have suffered heavy casualties—five, to be exact, all killed. There are persistent reports, however, that they are bringing up reserves for a big push. If this is true our forces will have to sharpen their wits and organise a blitzkreig if they are to avoid a rout. Meanwhile, the issue remains undecided.

With this vivid account of battle still tingling your blood we make our exit, wishing one and all the best of good luck in the New Year. (Oh, dear, I shall get disrated for using capitals!)

MERKURO II.

Yorkshire 1

Operators' Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

This month's highlight is undoubtedly the presentation of "Judgment Day" by the — Operators' Training Battalion Dramatic Society. It is with justifiable pride that I set down these notes, and I can truthfully say that my opinion is unbiased since I took no part in the production except ing the very minor one of preparing and printing the original programmes.

First of all, however, a little about the play itself. It was written by Elmer Rice and comprises three acts, all the same scene—a court room in a Palace of Justice. I think an extract from the programme will explain the plot very nicely. "The action is laid in the capital of an imaginary state in South-East Europe, but the theme and even the main characterisations in the play are closely based on the famous Reichstag Fire Trial of 1934. It is, in fact, a scarcely veiled exposure of the Nazi Régime, and their judicial methods in particular."

The play was first produced on two consecutive nights to large audiences in the — O.T. Battalion Theatre and received an excellent ovation, exciting much comment and praise, and a week or so later on Sunday, December 7th, it was put on at the Gaiety Theatre to a full house. Many notabilities were present: Lady Ravensdale gave up a considerable portion of her valuable time and came all the way from London to see it; photographers from the daily and pictorial Press took "shots" of some of the scenes; and the touches of red provided by why my father calls "Brass Hats" were much in evidence. The professional company of artistes playing at the Gaiety the week following were present and were, I believe, very much appreciative and interested.

Comments and criticisms were many, and all loud in their praise; in fact, the general opinion was that it was an absolutely professional production of a fine play. It was most ably supported by the — O.T. Battalion Theatre Orchestra (Leader, Lance Corporal Powell) and all concerned truly deserved the high praise and congratulations conferred upon them by our Commanding Officer.

The — Operators' Training Battalion Dramatic Society, Royal Signals,
presents

"JUDGMENT DAY"

By ELMER RICE

The action is laid in the capital of an imaginary State in South-East Europe, but the theme and even the main characterisations in the play are closely based on the famous Reichstag Fire Trial of 1934. It is, in fact a scarcely veiled exposure of the Nazi Régime and their judical methods in particular.

The Scene represent a Room in the Palace of Justice.

ACT I—The first day of the trial. **ACT II—Scene 1,** Several days later; **Scene 2,** Two days later. **ACT III—Scene 1,** Several days later, late afternoon; **Scene 2,** One hour later.

CHARACTERS:

Judges: Vlora, Lance Corporal Atkinson; Zeiss, Lance Corporal Sharp; Sturdza, Signalman Barber; Slatarski, Signalman Ingeldby; Murusi, Signalman Carter.

Prosecutor, Dr. Bathory, Lance Corporal Jones; Defence, Dr. Stambulov, Lance Corporal Berry; Defence, Conrad Noll, Lance Corporal Fenton; Clerk of the Court, Lance Corporal Tucker.

Prisoners: George Khitov, Lance Corporal Buckman; Lydia Kuman, Margaret Meldrum; Kurt Schneider, Signalman Kittermaster.

Witnesses: Dr. Parvan, Signalman Kay; Barsaraba, Lance Corporal Van den Bogaerde; Martha Dorov, Edna Holwill; Mme Guilia Crevell, Rine Spencer; Sonia Kuman, Bettina Holwill.

Guards: Gherea, Lance Corporal Gunn; Slazhimir, Signalman Partlett; Vidin, Lance Corporal Roots; Pekmesi, Lance Corporal Haines.

Dr. Mensch, Signalman Carr; Captain Marek, Lance Corporal Stevenson; Lieutenant Nekludov, Signalman Ewing; Father Sebastian, Signalman Shimeld; Reporter, Signalman Lucker; General Michael von Hersoh, Minister of Culture and Enlightenment, Lance Corporal Aly; Gregori Vesnic—Minister—President, Lance Corporal Van den Bogaerde.

Spectators: Patricia Spencer, Signalman Ewing, Lance Corporal Simmons, Peter Holwill, Trevor Ranson-Judd, Signalman Chamberlain.

Stage manager, Lance Corporal Malladine. Produced by Signalman Capon. Setting designed by Lance Corporal Layfield. Music arranged by Lance Corporal Powell.

Programme of Music played by the — Operators' Training Battalion Theatre Orchestra

Bitter Sweet Selection, Coward; Conspiracy (Incidental Music), Savino; Suite from the Ballet Egyptien (Part I, Nos. 3 and 4), Luigini; For Love Alone, Thayer; Selected.

GOD SAVE THE KING

At the moment, the dramatic society is getting weaving on a one-act play for entry in the Garrison Competition, and the concert party likewise. I'm sure they'll come out "tops," so I'll leave it at that for the present.

At long last Sergeant Napier is able to demonstrate the knowledge he gained on his Cinematograph Operator's Course, since we now possess a most bee-yew-tiful line in 16 mm. Sound Film Projector of Gaumont British make. Training "fillums," as Sergeant Napier so quaintly pronounces the word, have been already presented to the trainees in matinee and evening shows, and I qualified as an usherette, class 1, with additional qualifications as cashier and assistant operator early this month, at the first of the twice-weekly evening programmes, with Enda Best, Ralph Richardson and Edmund Gwenn in "South Riding," supported by the ever popular Mickey Mouse short. Forthcoming attractions are indeed attractive, from the look of the schedule, and this item will definitely become very popular during the coming winter.

It is with deep regret that we say "good-bye, sir, and good luck" to Major R. F. Holwill, who has done so much for this Battalion for the past two years, keeping us so richly endowed with entertainments and sports arrangements. We hope he finds a happy berth wherever he goes.

I'm afraid that my remark in last month's notes to the effect that we're being mistaken for the Holding Battalion still goes, so I won't try to report on arrivals and departure. We shall, however, be sorry, yea, even heart-broken, to lose those two golden-voiced wizards of the Telephone Exchange, Topper Browne and Sid (why did I put my leave back?). Bracegirdle. I shall miss your morning "Shop's open, lads."

Sorry you've been troubled.

F. W. T. WOOD.

No. 1 Company

Many of the winter entertainments I forecast last month have already been initiated and promise to relieve considerably the darkness of our nights.

The snooker competition, organised most enthusiastically by Kenny, was won by Kenny, who is trying to organise a billiards competition. He expects that, too, would be won by Kenny.

We made a good start in the Garrison darts tournament by defeating the Corps of Military Police, but we were subsequently knocked out by the R.A.M.C., who won three of five games, each of which was closely contested.

A player from each team was left with the double one to get in the very last game to decide the fate of the entire match. The R.A.M.C. man did the trick first.

Major Holwill had arranged a pleasant little supper after the match and we all enjoyed ourselves.

The writer of these notes, who was official scorer, was told by an R.A.M.C. bloke at the end of the evening, "We'll be seeing you again soon."

The words were truly prophetic, for your humble scribe is lying in bed at this moment waiting for that same R.A.M.C. man to take him away for an appendix extraction.

Among the departures this month was Corporal Kirby, who has been transferred to the R.A.O.C. We shall miss him in the lecture rooms and it will be a sad blow to the other two members of what seemed an inseparable trio—Corporals Upsall and Marchbank.

I understand that at his farewell party Kirby revealed hidden talent as a barber, performing his task so effectively that when his victim went for a regimental haircut next day he was asked, "Have you come for an estimate." Good luck, Corporal Kirby. We—and the teleprinters—shall miss you.

Good luck, too, to Signalman Jack Goodman, who has left us to join the band. Nobody can understand why he should prefer music to Morse and precedure. (Joke!) This may lead to scores of Signalmen learning to play the drums.

New arrivals keep coming in, young and old, the latest being three lively Canadians here for a short course.

A move has been made to get a discussion group started in the Company. Names of would-be orators have gone into the Company office.

Classes in German and English literature were also offered, but the response was not so good in these cases.

No. 4 Company

Your old pal, "Badgie," being temporarily absent I've been saddled with the task of knocking out, "Just a few lines, old man, it won't take you long." So far I've spent two hours of my very valuable time, am no further forward and all I've succeeded in knocking out are a few more grey hairs. Still, here goes for my absolutely final performance.

There have been few changes of personnel, but the following are mentioned for the benefit of our "old boys":—Lance Sergeant "Bob" Parris has been posted somewhere east, but only on the East Coast. Your flow of language is a big miss around 4 Company, Sarge, but C.S.M. Vine is doing his best to make up for the deficiency. We received Lance Sergeant Williams in exchange for Lance Sergeant Parris. Our new arrival expressed his opinion of C—— by immediately retiring (hurt) to the Military Hospital, where he is still in residence. Tough luck, Sarge, best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Our popular training officer, Mr. Morgan, has left us to join No. 2 Company. His place has been taken by Lieutenant Swales. Recently, while the O.C. was on leave, Mr. Swales was employed in the capacity of Acting O.C. 4 Company, Training Officer 4 Company, and, at the time of writing, is also Acting P.R.I. We work 'em hard in 4 Company.

"The Moustache" has been in hospital. He says it was tonsilitis. Result, seven days' sick leave and seven days' privilege, to run consecutively (as the magistrates say) from December 16th. Any chance of borrowing those tonsils, C.P.?

Lance Corporal Strelley has just returned from a D. and D. Course and obtained a "D." Nice work, "Mike."

Congratulations to S.S.M. Wink, who reached his "Pontoon" on December 6th, and to Lance Corporal Bridge and Lance Sergeant Glendinning on the gift of a son and heir.

The football season is now in full swing and 4 Company are the proud holders of an unbeaten record. "Badgie" has ordered a size larger in capes.

LOCUM TENENS.

Boys' Training Company

GENERAL.—Picking up the proverbial pen and writing these notes has supplied me with either a sixth sense or hidden talent, of which I am still unaware, i.e., four months' notes have produced no bias in me for their favour.

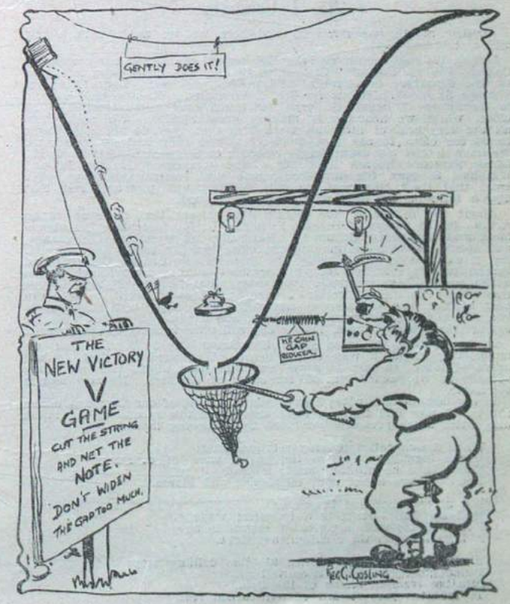
So I open this month's edition, finding little else to fill in the space allotted to us.

It is inevitable, as previous notes will show, that I should open up with anything but that connected with grub. This time, however, it is to praise the Vimy chefs, who now supply us with quite wholesome suppers in "cafeteria" form. From a varied selection of eats comprising tarts, sandwiches, buns and numerous other pastry dainties we select any three items. Naturally, the idea has met with great approval and we all hope the system persists.

TRAINING.—Ex-boys have commenced and, by now, finished their musketry training in fine style. They are undoubtedly "ploys," as several barrack room excursions of mine have shown. On the night operations, though, a certain amount of individualism has been encountered by potential V.C.s, who, for inobvious reasons attempt to reconnoitre, surprise and surround the enemy backed only by the moral support of their platoons. Take note, Clowson.

In the past month we have had two lectures, one on the Eritrean campaign and one on the North-West Frontier, the latter being given by our C.S.M., Mr. Poole. Both lectures were well attended and provided good entertainment as well as a glimpse of the immensity of operations required in the mentioned places.

RECRUITS.—Our chief hope at the moment is that we get some more recruits to carry on the Company traditions. If the recent appeals bear fruit this will be so, and will rejuvenate a dying concern, to bring satisfaction to many ex-boys, five of whom have been posted here recently.



EDUCATION. — To conclude I will publish the Army Special Certificate results, which, unfortunately, precede the first class results by a considerable time. Here goes:—

Physics (E. and M.).—Boys Reece, Ridgeon, Knight, Richardson W., Chetwynd, Earl, Smillie, Fell, Froom, Band, Bond, Lewis, Fothergill and Ham.

Mathematics.—Boy Webb.

English.—Boys Earl and Sinclair.

WANTED.—Suitable epitaph for well-known cat squashed by double-decker United bus.

JEWS' MAIL.—To Pud Saunders.—Send me the Bolo.—Harry, 12 Room.

OLLY O.

S.T.C. Wales

Operators' Training Battalion

"Master Oscillator" having been posted suddenly, before he could write up his usual monthly contribution to THE WIRE notes of this Battalion, only Company notes are available for publication this month. In any case our best wishes go with "Master Oscillator" to his new Unit.

B.H.D.

Administrative Wing

Mysterious things are still happening around these parts and, in consequence, we have lost R.S.M. Bartley, who has departed to take up duties as T.M.O. The powers have blessed us with none other than R.S.M. Rigden, from an Armoured Division (security must prevail), whose qualities as W.O.1 and sportsman preceded his arrival, and they were not found wanting. The unofficial reception committee wish you a long and happy stay, sir, and no one can add to that in its sincerity.

Corporal J. D. Crawley has also left the comparative shelter of the Orderly Room under the hard-earned cover of his third stripe, and is now facing up to life in an Armoured Division, but one can never tell about "Johnny," he seems to be the reverse of the man who sells the pills, gone to-day and here to-morrow; good luck to you and congratulations.

Administrative has taken a temporary back seat in inter-Company sport, due no doubt to the deflation of its personnel, but they still continue to supply a large percentage of the S.T.C. soccer team supporters, who, by the way, are unbeaten so far this season.

In recent exercises Lance Corporal Sheard made a real capture—a well-known soccer player from the "enemy" camp and was thoroughly annoyed at having to give him up at the end of the exercise. Incidentally, "Texas" considers himself insulted, but he won't let on how it was done and so the soccer team are looking for the man with the secret weapon.

Time marches on—(it has me by the forelock this time)—and so for the present I leave you.

SIGNALSAM.

No. 1 Company

Another month has flown by and here we are again with a few bits of this and that.

During the past month we have had several changes in our permanent Cadre. The position of "Gripper in Chief" has again been left open by the departure of Corporal Wilson J., who, with Lance Corporal Thomas S. A. W., left us for No. 2 Company. We also said cheerio to Signalman Grimmett G., who has taken over Administrative Wing office, where we hear he is making great strides. We wish them all the very best of luck; all we ask is that they do not come back to us too often to say how much they wish they had never left us. We have to offer our usual hearty welcome to Sergeant Bassett W. J. H., Lance Sergeant Pocock A. C. G., Lance Corporals Graham R. and Wingfield S. (yes, the same one), who have recently joined us. We trust that their stay with us will be long and pleasant, and that Stan's form on the dogs will do us some good.

About the middle of the month, the powers that be sent us an A.T.S., in the person of Private Pickering C. B., to replace the above-mentioned Signalman Grimmett. Naturally, we welcomed the change, and spent several hours making the office look as pretty as we could. But it was not to be. Whether the fame of our Orderly Corporal had spread further than we thought, or whether it was for some reason which we shall never know, the powers that be decided that Connie was to leave us. So off to No. 2 Company office she went. (Have you ever noticed how we always part with our Cadre to 2 Company?) We offer our deepest sympathy, Connie, and if you ever need a protector against the Scotch element, Danny boy will come rushing to your rescue.

In her place, we were given Signalman Creed D. R., and we immediately found a way to his heart. We found out that he had heard of leave, so just to show him what that much discussed thing actually is, we packed him off for seven of the best. He now blesses our name.

In my last month's notes I gave you a sample of our Company poet's efforts. I now find that we have another of this species in our midst who, after much pressure, produced the following lament:—

When I was called up, my relations said:
"The Signals! They're the brainy ones, of course!
You'll have no military stuff; in lead
You'll lounge about with telephones and Morse."

But after Depot and the C.M.C.
Had lavished torture in a thousand ways,
I learned too well just what it meant to be
A Signalman in these enlightened days.

And thus I mused: "When all this drilling stops,
I shall go forward like a spirit blest
Into the tranquil haven of the Ops.,
To find the just reward of well-earned rest."

But now, with brain more blistered than my feet,
And pencil heavier than rifle slope,
The dream existence turns out not so sweet,
As blindly through the di-da-di's I grope.

Stumbling to catch my new-accursed friends,
Johnnie and Edward, Charlie, Freddie, Vic,
Who flit past in a stream that never ends,
And always seem to be one step too quick.

So I, left sweating out my very guts,
Am ready to exchange in mad despair,
Oranges, sugar, beer and monkey-nuts,
For one bright hour on the Depot square.

AGONY.—George wants to find out if there is a permanent cure for blushing, so if there are any ex-medical students in the Company they would be doing our George a real service if they will give him advice on how to overcome this very embarrassing habit.

We stumbled on to a very disconcerting piece of news the other day. George and myself were taking a drop of what the doctor ordered in one of the famous (or infamous if you will have it so) haunts around here, when in walked Danny boy. We had often wondered where he did appeared to in the evenings, but always understood that he spent most of his time searching for good literature in the local library. First time I have heard them called libraries!

By the time these notes are published it will be Christmas, so I will take this opportunity of wishing all who have been with us a Merry Christmas.

May they have all they wish themselves, including that "single ticket."

The C.S.M. has just whispered the word "Leave" in my ear, so you must excuse me—I'm off.

Cheerio, I'll have one with you.

DUTCHY.

No. 3 Company

Owing to a decrease in Company strength, news and "griffin" is short. There is hardly anything to mention but for the distant fields afar. Many ex-Operators would perhaps like to know, particularly "ex-Corporal" Kelly (Willie), believed now about the C.Q.M.S. stage, that Corporal Richard on W. J. has just left us for 1st Holding. With him went Corporal Bednall.

"Busker" Brown, Ted Neighbour, Reg Greedy, Sammy Grattage, Sergeant Taylor, Roy Brown and Busty Thompson, all have gone to 4 Company. If ever a bunch of low-type grippers were missed. I, for one, miss 'em all.

To "Agatha" O.S.41. Yes, little Teddie is now a Corporal; also Bertram King has got himself on the scoffers' table.

Lance Corporal Budgett has gone on a Stretching Course for those plates of meat he has at the end of his legs. We miss him and the definite blend of high-class morality which he specially froze us with.

Ben Holt is again quite human since F.G.P.B. has left, or is it the perfect element of matrimonial understanding creeping into his heart.

Signalman Richards J. T. is with us as clerk from — Operators' Battalion. He is captain of our chess team and open to challenge all comers.

I suppose it's up to me to give you the — S.T.C. football results of late weeks.

Here they are:—Six matches played, six won. Scores: 4—3, 9—1, 8—1, 9—1, 6—0, 6—2.

We have a smashing side here and worthy of the many fine games and "wins" they have.

Winter is setting in and to all and others where ever you may be stationed we wish you a Happy New Year and a safe return.

God bless.

TEXAS.

No. 4 Company

Once again your "Pathfinder" is calling all ex-Four Company members and wishing you greetings where ever you may be. The Company has undergone many changes during the last few months and retains but a vestige of its old form. However, we have welded ourselves into a very efficient Unit, at least we think so, and the Cadre turns out a victorious football team with astonishing regularity. We were sorry to lose Sergeant Giles to 2 Company and once again welcome an influx of new instructors. The first squad from the B.II Course passed out tolerably well, and its members are now spreading their erudition in the Battalion.

We extend our sympathies to Miss Mary Stallard on being married to Lance Corporal Phillips E. but last week. Was it a long week-end you asked for, Eddie?

We are wondering why Sergeant Butterworth did not take his wife for walks round Prestatyn recently when she visited him, and we learn that Sergeant Tomkinson really enjoyed his leave, but we are not told the details. However, this is no scandal corner, although we do wonder at times. And now back to T.S.R. and, by the way, I have had an absolute deluge of news from you. See to it, won't you.

J.G.

General Trades Training Battalion

Having disposed of the sand blown up by recent gales from my desk, I now sit myself down to compose another month's issue of notes.

You will see that they are now presented in an entirely new form and it is hoped that they will be well received. It is hoped that by this change the notes will be of more general interest to ex-members as well as the present ones of this Battalion and centre.

SERGEANTS' MESS DANCE.—The Sergeants' Mess dance held on November 3rd proved to be a modified success.

Owing to "early closing" the bar was not situated in the usual position and it is thought that this may have something to do with it.

The B.B.C. seem to get over this difficulty, why shouldn't we? Dance hall, square 2; bar, square 4; way out, square 5.

POPPY DAY.—Poppy Day passed off brightly. There were a goodly number of wives of officers, warrant officers and non-commissioned officers as sellers. Whoever the strategian was who posted them at their focal points was a past master in the art of interception.

There is no doubt that the result will be gratifying to the organisers.

SHAKESPEARE.—After weeks and weeks of variety we have more solid fare in entertainment. "The Taming of the Shrew" was presented by an E.N.S.A. Company on November 12th-13th, and was exceptionally well received by the troops.

THE "NEW GROUP" SOCIETY.—This is the old debating society under a new guise. The debating society has been a very live wire in the past, but the words always put off the very men we have wanted to get there. Then it was changed to Discussion Group, just as unfortunate, and now it is called the "New Group." If any reader can give this fine social activity a title worth while they will earn our everlasting gratitude.

It was O. Henry who thought that premises, syllogisms, syntax and punctuation were good antidotes to alcohol. Come and talk and save money.

DEATH OF MRS. KENT.—Many old Aldershot soldiers will be sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Kent, the wife of R.Q.M.S. Kent. Mrs. Kent had not been in good health for some time, but the end came so quickly that it was a blow to us all. The funeral took place on Thursday, November 13th.

THE WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES. — I do not think that tribute has ever been paid in THE WIRE to the Women's Voluntary Services of our station. A canteen has now been going for some considerable time and the output of cups of tea and pies must now be astronomical in number. One feels that tribute must be paid to these ladies who give so much service to our troops at what must be great personal discomfort to themselves.

D.

SOCCER.—In a fast and interesting game on Saturday, November 8th, the centre put up a fine display of low-passing football. The centre showed their unusual skill, but the feature of the game was all in the forward line. There was a remarkable series of escapes of goal for the opposing side, the ball being intercepted by the back on the goal line in each case. There were also fine individual efforts on the part of Murray (C. of S.) and the opposing centre-forward. Our team was a collective effort rather than an individual one and the fate of the other side was sealed to the tune of 6—2.

PROMOTIONS. — With what better subject could we start. Congratulations are offered to the following:—Sergeant Webb A. on his promotion to C.Q.M.S., to Lance Sergeants Holmes, Green and Hunt on losing the "Lance" and Corporals Burden, Ford and Clipsom who now as une the third stripe. Last, but not least, the promotion of Lance Corporals Sadler and Townsend to Corporals.

SPORTS—SOCCER AND HOCKEY.—On the soccer side the Signals team has fared extremely well and during this month have maintained their position at the head of the league table, and as far as my information goes are the only unbeaten team. Their recent successes have been at the expense of R.A.M.T.S. and — S/L Regiment R.A., the results being 6—2 and 4—2 respectively. At the time of going to press the S.T.C. team has scored 38 goals to 14 against, in six matches.

On November 15th, S.T.C. hockey XI played M.C.S. at home. The sides were evenly matched and a good hard game ensued during which the ball was swung up and down the field. The final result being S.T.C. 2, M.C.S. 1. Goals were scored for S.T.C. by C.Q.M.S. Webb and C.Q.M.S. Evans.

RELIGIOUS NEWS—ROMAN CATHOLICS.—A special service was conducted by the Assistant Chaplain General (R.C.), Lieutenant-Colonel the Rev. J. J. O'Brien, on November 23rd. All R.C. personnel were paraded in the Gymnasium, where a Sung Mass was celebrated. The Commandant, Brigadier E. N. F. Hitchins, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., was present accompanied by Major J. H. A. Hallett, M.M., and Major G. M. H. Henderson, O.B.E., M.C. The parade was under the command of Captain B. J. Rowe, M.M., and Lieutenant-Quartermaster A. L. Winter, whilst the A.T.S. personnel were under the charge of Sub. J. Nicker on, A.T.C. The Commandant afterwards took the salute at the march past, music for which was supplied by the S.T.C. Brass Band, under the direction of Lance Sergeant Baker.

BADMINTON CLUB—OFFICERS.—There has been a large and enthusiastic attendance since the club opened and it is gratifying to note that the membership shows an increase over that of last year. Matches have been arranged again t the P.T. Staff and the various Battalions, and it is hoped that keenly contested matches will result.

MUSIC CIRCLE.—Meetings of the above are a regular feature of the Centre. Programmes are mostly arranged on request items and all B.B.C. broadcasts of any musical interest are included in the programme which normally lasts 1½ hours.

An endeavour is made to present something of interest to music lovers on most evenings of the week. A modern radiogram has now been installed and an interesting evening is guaranteed.

Included in recent recitals has been, among others, the "Peer Gynt" Suite No. 1 (Grieg), arias from "Marriage of Figaro"; also Overture (Mozart), Symphony No. 39 in E flat (Mozart), and the Piano Concerto in B flat, Op. 83, by Brahms.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—Prominent among the shows presented for our entertainment by E.N.S.A. has been two outstanding productions. The first, "Figaro," given by Sadlers Wells Opera Company, included Miss Joan Cross (Countess), Edmund Donlevey as Figaro, Tom Williams (Count), and Adelaide Stanley as Susanna, the maid.

Secondly, well produced by Basil C. Langton, the Travelling Repertory Company presented "Arms and the Man," by George Bernard Shaw.

These two shows were greatly appreciated and made a very welcome change.

JAY LEE.

Depot Battalion
Administrative Wing

This month we have to kick-off by saying "good-bye" to our friends of the R.A., who have left us since the last issue of THE WIRE. I think I am speaking for all of us here when I say that we enjoyed the friendly rivalry that existed whilst they were with us and were very sorry to see them go.

We also have had to say good-bye to Signalman Fowler C. H. and we wish him "Good Luck and Prosperity" on his return to "Civvy Street." All the best, Charlie. To anyone who may wish to write to him I would mention that I have his home address.

Congratulations and the best of good fortune to recent newly-weds in Lance Corporal and Mrs. Burgess and Signalman and Mrs. Williams, H. F. Also to Private Parry (A.T.S.) upon her first stripe.

Good-byes have also to be said to Sergeant "Harry" Kraft, who has left us to join W.O. Signals and to Sergeant Garven who went to the — Holding Battalion.

Recent arrivals are rather too numerous to mention individually, but we extend greetings to Lieutenant Phillips who comes to us as Assistant Adjutant; also to Sergeant Strong and Corporal Reen, the latter has joined Administrative Wing clerical staff, what time the writer has transferred his efforts to Depot Doc's Office, now presided over by Corporal Humphreys (A.T.S.) vice Lance Sergeant "Bill" Tute, who, after a spot of leave, is taking his genial personality to "C" Company.

It has been strongly rumoured that a certain Administrative Wing Clerk has spent so much recent time in tearing his hair that a regular visit to the barber will no longer be necessary. However, we understand that a remedy will be supplied before his poll is completely naked!

Our soccer team is still doing big things and their position in the league table is very encouraging. The recent match with the "Don Rs" was a very strongly fought battle, which terminated very deservedly in a draw, the final score being 1—1.

There seems to be a singular lack of news or scandal this month, blokes, so will say "cheerio."

ROBBIE.

"A" Company

GENERAL.—Sergeant Barnes is looking more and more like the father of the Company. He seems to have lost a little more hair during a recent scheme, when he was, unfortunately, "killed" whilst gallantly defending the Q.M. Stores—but not before he had disposed of four of the enemy with a well-aimed hand grenade. C.Q.M.S. Overington still seems to be worried about something—whether it is his forthcoming "matrimonial intentions" or that he was disappointed at taking such an active part in the aforementioned "scheme" after trying so very hard to appear too busy. You see the climatic conditions were not as favourable as they might have been.

COURSES.—We would like to bring to your notice the fact that this Company is now "safe" from invasion by land or by gas attack. Reason (a) the "Lamp-post" (Corporal Smith) has just completed a Weapon Training Course and has promised to tell us *all* he knows (?)

Corporals Podger and Mutton having recently completed Gas Courses have returned keen as "mustard," confident in the fact that Jerry will not now be able to catch us unawares.

SPORT.—The Company as a whole are taking an active part in all games just now, having won the Boxing Shield from "B" Company and licked them at soccer. Here's hoping the good work continues.

POSTINGS.—We were all very sorry to part with Lieutenant Allerton when he took over new duties as Assistant Adjutant in the Depot. I have just learnt that he is leaving us to take up other duties. I know everyone will join me in wishing him every success. We now welcome to the Company Captain King, 2nd i/c, and Lieutenants Evans and Garside, whom we hope will enjoy being with us. We have, after a long stay as storekeeper, lost "Sparrow" Watson, on posting to — Holding Battalion. We shall miss your "wotcher, chum," "Sparrow," and wish you all the best for the future.

GENERAL.—The Company still enjoys the bracing sea air and is turning out plenty of enthusiastic soldiers. The Square holds no terrors for the numerous squads, but the cold winds do blow very often.

The Company office staff now enjoy the privilege of break-time tea, now specially brewed in utensils kindly "borrowed" from a home in Derby.

SPORTS.—The Company football team has played four matches, but not having the use of its "pros," who have taken their place with the S.T.C. side, we have only won one and drawn one match to date.

In the hockey line, the S.T.C. have the services of C.S.M. Hunter, Lance Sergeant Podger, Lance Corporal Pearson and Sergeant Styan. The S.T.C. hockey fixtures have resulted in some good wins, the team and fixtures coming under the care of C.S.M. Hunter.

BIRTHS.—To Sergeant Styan, at Prestatyn, a son, and a future D.I. Maybe he'll play hockey, too. Who knows?

MOVES.—We are sorry to lose Lance Sergeant Foulkes, who has been selected to attend at Ops. Battalion for a refresher course prior to being posted to Holding Battalion. You can't keep good men down. Lance Sergeant MacDuff is also on a refresher course at "C" Company (D.R.s) prior to a move. Still, motor cycling is much more comfortable than marching.

BY THE WAY.—It is noticed that quite a number of the fair sex (the property of certain N.C.O.s of this Company) are moving around in new clothes. The specific rea on why those N.C.O.s are "broke." Colwyn Bay still has its attractions, too, and the Sergeant's Mess can't get rid of certain "late" members and friends.

JEWS' MAIL.—C.S.M. Hunter would like to get in touch with any of the old "Meerutites" or Edinburgh Signals of "ye olden tymes."

G.M.H.

"B" Company

Well, blokes, "B" Company speaks again. This is the very first time I have had the chance of voicing my opinions openly. (Pipe down.)

I must tell you, blokes, before I tell you any other news, that our poor old office, with all its memories of charges, kicking out, etc., and the stores (yes, Bob Morphew's and Fire Bug Bracey's stores) have been burned to the ground. Oh, boy, what a fire, but what a shame, it was just too late for Guy Fawkes' night. "Things were never brighter." Of course, all these things happen for the best, Bob, so don't look so blooming worried. Just think what a nice lot of old wood we have now for lighting the stoves.

Congratulations to Sergeant Wooding and Lance Sergeant Ballard on attaining their present rank. Things are still moving, evidently. It has been suggested by some (wise guy) that the Junior Lance Sergeant of the Company should be Guard Commander on Christmas Day (who is the bloke who tells the R.S.M. these things?—The Rat).

POSTINGS.—Ginger Dark-Copper, sorry, I mean Corporal Fairbrass, also Lance Corporal Bryan. We did have some good times together. We wish them all the best in their new spheres.

We also welcome to "B" Company Sergeant Allen, Corporal Spicer, Corporal Shirt and Lance Corporal Walpole as D.I.s. Don't shout too hard, chaps, as Zubes are unobtainable now.

OBITUARY.—All ranks of "B" Company wish to express their deepest sympathy in Sergeant Davies J.'s recent bereavement.

By the time this is published we will be in 1942, so, wishing all ex-"B" Company urchins a Happy New Year, I will ring off.

BUYER.

"C" Company

Once more the renowned "C" Company ventures into print—(fools rush in . . .) and many thousands of miles have rolled under our wheels since our last entry in THE WIRE, so here goes for what "Griff" we have.

INTRODUCTION.—No doubt quite a few changes have taken place here in our grand and happy home, so I will endeavour to enlighten you as to who is who.

At the top of the tree we have the grand name of our O.C., Captain Miesegaes; his name spells happiness and content. Then comes the Company's "Daddy," Captain Hayes. Followed by our Section Leaders, Lieutenant Watson-Bourne and Lieutenant P. K. Parry. The Sergeant Major needs no introduction to the old boys of the Corps, C.S.M. (Spud) Murphey, a grand pal on and off duty.

Then comes the brains of the Company—our gallant Sergeants. Too many to go into detail, but all keen, alert and sweating, followed by our happy band of Corporals and Lance Corporals. Good old Rooky Walker good as a clock for time, but much more superior in "ticking"; a grand all-round snooker player.

Our permanent Cadre are too numerous to mention, but one or two of the old boys still exist.

ARRIVALS.—We extend a big hand to Lieutenant C. A. Caton. May your stay, sir, be long and happy. Also to C.Q.M.S. Watts (Jerry) to us, but a good one, powerfully brave and stout fellow. Strop up.

DEPARTURES.—None yet, but quite one or two sweating. "Charlie Boy," your chest will hold more medals than Goering. Go to it, pay, your crooning will live in our minds forever. Don't forget to keep yur early morning P.T. up to scratch. You leave behind a monument of happy friendship and happy days. May Adolf never cross your path. God help him if he does.

HOSPITAL.—C.Q.M.S. (Ted) Copping, pick up thy bed and walk, Ted, otherwise your toes may turn up.

AGONY.—Which Senior D.R. N.C.O. goes tracking at night without his motor cycle? The miles he covers accounts for his size.

TAILPIECE.—

Many car parks have I seen,
Ever so big and ever so clean,
But ju t take a look and say you have seen,
The O.C. has at last completed his dream.

Well, I arst you, chums, wot would you have done?

THE FUHRER.

Yorkshire 3

Operators' Training Battalion

No. 1 Company

Though there maybe an "R" in the month, this seems to be a "close season" for news. Several squads have made their "exeunt," in at leait one case literally to the sound of "pipes and recorders," returning from their squad "do" with bagpipes to the fore and saxophone bringing up the rear. Two other squads had a marvellous send-off at the station; the whole company and A.T.S. turning out en masse to bid their farewells, not only with dewy eyes and so on, but rendering yeoman service in fetching and carrying cups of tea, biscuits, cigarettes, etc., to the lads as they waited for the railway stock to get "rolling."

Incidentally, who was the Corporal who returned to his billet after a farewell party to find a Signalman peacefully sleeping in his bed and had to spend the night on the floor? Nor, if rumour can be believed, did his junior escape unscathed.

We have been asked if Lance Corporal Mark Makin is to be christened "Cinderella" because his were the feet which the pair of slippers Corporal "Fairy Prince" Bill Perks had hawked round the Cadre eventually fitted.

The posting of Sergeant "Jock" Cloughley meant the loss of one of the stalwarts of the Company, for not only was he one of the most conscientious and successful instructors, but played a great part in the social and sporting life of the Company, particularly football.

Congratulations to the "House of Mansfield" on respective promotions, "Jim" to Lance Sergeant and "Roy" to Corporal. Welcome to Lance Corporal Williams A. G. as a member of the Cadre, his dry humour will add to the hilarity of the already gay Corporal's Mess.

Congratulations, too, to those worthies who faced the rigour of B.II and were not found wanting.

No. 2 Company

Never before had we in No. 2 Company so many guests to welcome as at our la.t, and most successful, smoking concert. It was a night out with a vengeance. Smoking concerts organised by this Company are among the most outstanding of local entertainments, and even the ranks of Tuscany in the form of rival companies, can scarce forbear to cheer when posters announcing yet another 2 Company concert make their regular appearance. And this latest function was successful in every way. A crowded audience sat uncomfortably, but happily, on hard seats, N.A.A.F.I. o ertopped itself and ferved tea that really tasted like tea, and our Entertainments Committee, infused with new blood and Lance Corporal Hicks-Gill, busied themselves with the comfort of the more prominent guests, passed the free cigarettes round among themselves and admired Sergeant Pearson's blues and his shiny, curly hair.



As for the concert itself, we comment on it briefly merely in order to arouse envy among other Units. Kench and Roberts, fresh from their local theatre triumph, surpassed themselves—their parade parody was really funny—and the latest arrivals from Depot Battalion heralded with delight Signalman Morley's epic on military life there. We had Signalman Robinson at the piano (his own composition was excellent), two fine tenors in Lance Corporal Birchall and Signalman Kemp, "Bobbie" Benson in dimples and mauve, and an inter-squad competiti n which clearly established the healthy rivalry existing in the Company.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. G——, our Commanding Officer, sat the long night through and obviously enjoyed himself, presented the prizes to the winners of the squad competition.

But, in spite of the abounding talent, we must, if only from a sense of public duty, reveal the fact that there is in existence in the Company an act which shouts to the heaven- for pre entation and which improves with each passing day. With fingers crossed, and pleading prosodic licence in mitigation of the penalty we invoke, we proudly present the Company Commander and Training Officer, officially known as the O.C. and Training Officer, in their daring "Morse sounder circuit act." We solemnly assure all our readers that this act is wonderful to behold, culminating as invariably it does, with the death-defying establishment of an earth wire on the training office tap and amazing galvonometric deflections hitherto unknown in the proud history of line telegraphy.

Having written which, we proceed to pack our k't-bag in anticipation of the posting, but not before we comment on the appearance from hibernation of one, Lance Corporal Anger. His honourable retirement ended, he now instructs a squad, and at long last his Q.1 talents are shining, richly and fruitily baritone. And as his successor we are pleased to inform him that the training office chair he occupied so peacefully now bears a broader, more solid form.

And for our "fudge" news we have to say how sorry we all were to lose Lance Sergeant Barker. We somehow thought he was one of the permanent Company fixtures, but his departure has again forcibly reminded us of the transitory nature of our stay in No. 2 Company. Yet those of us who still remain—"we few, we happy band of brothers"—will be exceedingly sorry when our call comes and we must say farewell to No. 2 Company, for it is, indeed, a goodly Company.

E.B.

No. 3 Company

Amid the examples of the Russian Front and the factories at home, the last band of "Signallers" to come up for Group "E" pulled it off with a 100 per cent. success. This is the stuff for the troops to give—and you won't be long without rivals, Cockneys, Scotties and men of Wales.

Other forms of competition have been entered into with more or less ardour during the past month—some of which need a delicate "Oxometer" (to borrow a phrase) to decide. While the net results of competition in the decorating line will, we fear, soon result in Albany Hall being hung en bloc in the National Gallery—which, in turn, would leave company office a shade colder than it is at present (we feel).

Of all the roads that lead to the Brigadier's cherished cup, the aim of 100 per cent. B.III is, in our opinion, the royalest.

Of individual efforts we single our Corporal "Freddie" Shepherd for the brilliant way he has enlivened the Mess Room.

The facetious lamp shades are the works of his hands, and to judge from the first panel we shall soon have a gallery of mural cartoons to be proud of.

By the way, whilst squad competitions are in the wind, voices have been blown in our ears suggesting some friendly rivalry in finding furniture for certain billets. Man shall not live by bed alone (say the voices). As I write we are preparing the floor for to-night's "do." This time we shall dance to the strains from our own "boys." Our feet itch to be a-dancing. On with No. 3 dance!

In the sporting world, readers have just missed an enthralling write-up of an unusual event. The lads showed a surprising shyness in volunteering for the cross-country team, a novel race was proposed. The starters were to be youthful, six of 'em from each squad, and to overcome the natural modesty, the honour of representing the Battalion was to be given the last four men home. However, three volunteers stepped forward and saved their fellows, but spoilt a very good story.

New ground was broken the other week when Signalman Mac from our own ranks gave a talk in the A.B.C.A. series on "Oil," and he produced the works without any boring (if I may venture a quip). Nice work, Mac, now we are looking forward to hearing from some of the other lads.

We send our greetings to all the lads who have left this month. May they take a leaf out of Signalman Dick Jacob's book and "pop" in and see us some time.

We do not believe that Thursday morning baths have been previously mentioned in these notes. A striking example of the salutary effect was observed last Thursday when Corporal "Joe" Stock arrived back at Albany Hall literally "panting" for victory. On with the pants, "Joe."

No. 4 Company

How do you do, everybody, the news of 4 Company and Lance Sergeant Hewitt writing it.

ARRIVALS.—The hand of welcome is extended to C.Q.M.S. MacRae from a field Unit; we hope his stay will be long and pleasant. Welcome back, also, Sergeant Faircloth from the staff at Administrative Wing. We missed you while you were gone "Fairy" and glad to have you back again. Welcome also to new intakes recently arrived from depot.

The allotted time will soon go by and they will emerge fully trained wireless operators ready to meet with any eventualities they may come up against in Syria or Streatham, Delhi or Dartmoor, the Caucasus or the Cotswolds.

DEPARTURES.—Sackcloth and ashes, loud wailings, reason—the trainees' friend, the Cadre's arch enemy—C.Q.M.S., now C.S.M. Chambers, has departed from this O.T. Battalion and is now in a field Unit many miles away. Sorry to lo e you, Sergeant Major, and our thoughts are often with you. Also, au revoir to Sergeant Swift, who has left us after a brief stay. He was loaned to us from Administrative Wing and was very helpful to the junior instructors, particularly in E. and M.

GENERAL.—Training forges ahead, both creed rooms are busy under their new Führer, Corporal Martin, who insists on devout worship to the great god "Dah."

Owing to a slight depletion in Company strength a junior instructors' class has been formed and is progressing favourably, in fact B.II's are almost in sight.

We have started fires in the school rooms now and the whole place assumes a le s dark atmosphere. In fact, the school can be likened to the innermost precincts of Narkover, complete with beautifully decorated walls, luxurious N.A.A.F.I. and rooms with views.

ENTERTAINMENTS. — At last the committee for entertainments have moved and a fortnight ago a first-class show was put on by this company. It was whispered from reliable sources that it was the best show this O.T. Battalion has produced for many months; the cast included Lance Corporal Wally Allen, Signalman Norris and Signalman Shimeld, and a host of others. A novel act was provided by Lance Corporal Dudley Hallwood with blackboard and chalk, depicting many life-like studies of C.S.M. Brown. We were also honoured by a bevy of beauty from the A.T.S. girls, ably led by Corporal Norah McDowell, who, incidentally, gave a very good impression of Olga Palovski, or was it Mata Hari? Anyway it was good, believe me. We are all looking forward to more shows and lots of them.

The table tennis tournament is nearing completion, and a hot tip for the winner is Lance Corporal Jaques. Chess, billiards, darts, badminton and more table tennis tournaments are on the way, so life in 4 Company will be very pleasant this winter.

Football and hockey are both in full swing; we are looking forward to some good results before long, although at soccer we lost 7—1 to Administrative Wing la t week. The team was not a bit downhearted and are determined next time—well, next time look out Administrative Wing.

AGONY.—We were on parade one morning not long ago when the command "Stand fast, N.C.O.s, remainder retire in column, etc." was given. A tremor was felt by all on parade, and rumour has it that many weird and wonderful things were found in respirator haversacks during the inspection. "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursells as others see us." Apologies to Robert Burns. My Scotch never was hot.

FLASH.—This column reported two months ago of a coming addition to the Sergeant Verlander family. I can now tell you that the happy event will take place any day now. We all sincerely hope that it is a boy. I mean another operator like his dad would be an asset to the Royal Corps, if the war goes on that long.

STOP PRESS.—Following the way of most "certs," the favourite for the table tennis tournament came unstuck at the last hurdle, when Signalman ("Heartbreak") Spelman won the final by 22 pts. to 20 pts. after being two games all. Congratulations on a very deserving victory. And so for the present I leave you. Good luck, good-bye and good readings.

LEONARD HEWITT.

No. 1 Company

By the time these notes are published Christmas will have come and gone and at the moment in between the blitzes, which are getting a regular feature of life here, preparations are going ahead for a full programme of entertainments. The Company concert for Boxing Day is at the moment veiled in mystery, but it is known that Lance Corporal Williams, Ack, the Company impressario, has some cunning cracks up his sleeve and the A.T.S. are marshalling their forces for a spell of glory on the stage.

Another cup competition has come and gone, ending with a concert in which, although nearly all the squads were giving their first show the entertainment was voted as good as any seen in these competit ons. O.S. 85 were the ult mate winners of the competition, aided by a fine performance in the drill and march past sections. No doubt Lance Corporal Miller, their junior instructor, has been injecting into them some of the spirit of which he received such an overdose on the D. and D. Course. O.S. 89 put on the best show at the concert—their version of the instruction of an O.W. & L. being among one of the best things of its kind done in squad concerts. O.S.88B won the football competition and are now awaiting their chance to try consequences with the Cadre.

Farewell has been said to Lance Sergeant Mansfield, who left us for 3 Company fir t of all and then for O.C.T.U. Our heartiest good wishes go with him.

No. 2 Company

Althuogh the exigencies of war-time publicat'on demand that these notes be penned long before their present printed appearance, so that current affairs became history before they are coldly and tactfully rcorded, yet we must comment, no matter how briefly, on the cup which by now will have been won and which we, as a Company, hope to win. To st mulate inter-squad and, eventually, inter-Company rivalry, was a healthy idea and a benevolent P.R.I. was able to find the money with which to buy the coveted trophy. And so, as we write, the teams are going into action in the field of sport and of work. They re playing hard and training hard, and the departure of Squad O.S. 77 has widened the field considerably.

Events in the past month were very few, and apologies must be tendered for the brevity of these notes. One or two more Cadre people whom we have known a long time have left us—Corporal Oxborough for O.C.T.U. and Lance Corporal MacKay for Holding Battalion. The loss of two such N.C.O.s, both of whom had the fine t "Oxmeters" we have ever seen, is somewhat severe, in so far as bovine activities are concerned.

No matter how hard we try, it is becoming almost an impossibility to keep Kench and Roberts out of the e Company notes. They have formed a concert party now—"The Mercurians"—which will entertain the Battalion from time to time (when the Battalion feel phys cally strong enough). But in the midst of all this Pollard Cup activity (and we in 2 Company are confident it will grace our s deboard), together with the feverish Mercurian rehearsals, there is gradually arising a darts team with a reputation. Their excursions into the fl ghty, feathered world are becoming something of a byword. And their motto is "Sugar, Harry."

E.B.

No. 3 Company

We said "Au Revoir" and "Good Luck" to one of No. 3's most popular N.C.O.s this month—Corporal (Bill) Turner. May that dogged twinkle in your eye gleam on, Bill, and here's to you from No. 3.

The inter-Squad competition concert is a long name for what was a "Reet good do." Various members of the Cadre performed miracles of stage construction and "gave to airy nothings a local hab'tation and a name" in the Mess Room (perhaps "Draughty nothings" would have been the "Mot juste" had the immortal bard eaten in our Mess Room) and on the very fine impromptu stage a very fine and well-prepared concert was given.

A roaring succe s was the unanimous verdict. There was the sketch in which Signalman H—day, as a chain smoking sentry with anarchistic tendencies took a considerable time to satisfy h mself of the identity of an "AT" (Signalman Mac—y we were afterwards informed), but considerably le s time to dispose of the C.S.M. and a few odd Sergeants in the course of his duty (everything conducive to good order and military discipline: at least the bodies were arranged in neat rows). There was the gargantuan guest of Signalman (8 Beer) McK— as a compère; there was the top line song "hit" of the evening, the "Creed Song," and there was Signalman D—ham's fine rendering of the "Moonlight Sonata," and a great deal more—altogether a fine show of individual and collective talent. It was noticed during the course of the evening that the ears of a number of per ons were glowing. For our part we offset this by puffing v'gorously at our pipes, but we could do nothing about the C.S.M.—whose ears were ringed with a roseate halo!

Alterations in the training hours have raised the spirits of No. 3 Company of late. We now knock off at 17.00 hours, which we all feel is to general advantage—including training. Now these human wrecks, who not long ago could be seen sunken-checked and glassy-eyed—in a state someone de cribed as "of drunken re-Morse"—have the light of high endeavour in their eyes. Moreover, we have "Recreational Training" of an afternoon and our lads now suffer from a more physical paralysis on the morning after.

We have just started a library, thanks to the generosity of a local library who donated the books. By the way, looking down the list of "overdues" to-day we noticed the "Q's" name. We feel we are doing our small bit towards retrieving some of the "excess laundry" bills!

Corporal (Freddie) Shepheard's latest masterpiece is a portrait of "Winnie" on a panel at the end of the mess room. It is a magnificent one. Nice work, Freddie. And now what about "Joe"?

We have an announcement to make. "Sandy," of Scarborough fame, would like to know the whereabouts of "George Stowers," ex—Division.

We append the "Creed Song"—(written by Squad 75, 3 Company, 3 O.T. Battalion, and sung at inter-Squad concert).

Tune: "The Quartermaster's Store.

There was Vic Eddy, just to get you ready,
In Room Four, in Room Four;
Here is Vic Eddy, just to get you ready,
In Creed Room Number Four.

Chorus :

My 'phones are "dis," I cannot hear,
I cannot tell X-ray from beer,
I can-not tell X-ray from beer.

There was creed, creed, you simply couldn't read,
In etc., etc.

Chorus.

There were beer toc's, brackets on and blocks,
In etc., etc.

Chorus.

There was ink, ink, that gave you time to think,
In etc., etc.

Chorus.

There was P stroke L, that went like merry hell,
In etc., etc.

Chorus.

There were lots, lots of hairy-legged Scots,
In etc., etc.

Chorus.

Here is Ack R, before we go too far,
In etc., etc.

Chorus.

Yours scribefully,
J.W.T.

No. 4 Company

After an unsuccessful attempt to start this month's notes, I've decided to come in at the "death," so to speak, and pen a little epitaph in honour of he departed—

There was once a Sergeant named Maughan,
Whose presence our school would adorn;
The trainees were cheerful in those happy days,
When this mastro infused them with his all-winning ways.

Now with mist in their eyes and hearts all forlorn,
They wish him "God speed" till Victory dawn.

Cheer up, Terry! What we really mean is, every success and happiness in your new Unit.

To brighten things up, let's welcome all our new arrivals. A grand spirit of sport has arrived with them to judge from the replies to our questionnaire, which asks if the trainee has any musical abilities or hobbies. Extracts from answers are:—

"Horticultural and other activities usually associated with home life." "Cribbage." "Mouth Organ."

Recently, a concert was held by the Company, which the writer didn't see, but heard that it was very good—something about a strip-tease act—so another is being held in a few days. Other activities include soccer, rugger, basket-ball, hockey, etc. The more mature are able to hang around the billards table, which gets quite a peace-time "saloon" atmosphere about it. The table tenn's fans are busy trying to sort out a champ from amongst them, but they re all so good it's not possible to single out any particular specimen on his own.

So to all ex-members of 4 Company, wherever you may be, we are thinking of you and are sure success will follow your path.

D.J.

Yorkshire 3

General Trades Training Battalion

Administrative Wing

Momentous events have occurred since last penning these notes. Our Adjutant (Captain J. H. T. Barley) has a son—mother, child and father "doing well"; sport ng battle has been done in the ring, on the football field and at the W.O.s' and Sergeants' dance, and one-half of this brilliant literary combination has been appointed U/A/Lance Corporal.

Regrettably, our reporting activities have not been crowned with their usual uccess. In football and boxing we have lost more than we have gained. But are we downhearted? No! The soccer team, though reinforced by such experts as C.S.M. Goodall and R.S.M. Carroll, was outmatched by the A.F.S., — Holding Battalion, R.A.O.C. and R.E.s. In sympathy we gloss over these defeats and beg to point out that we, a small company team, have had to face battalion opposition. Still, the tea given us by — Holding Battalion was grand.

Is it unfair to suggest that this lack of success encouraged the non-players to challenge the regulars? Anyway, they did and, in the first instance, suffered loss by 3—1, and this despite the assistance of C.S.M. Goodall, R.S.M. Carroll and Lance Corporal Duffy. Maybe some of my readers will well remember the great Roy Goodall, of England and Huddersfield Town fame, and Bob Duffy, ex-Liverpool, Brighton Notts County and Signal Corps player. Bob recalls the Marcsfield Park days when he captained the Corps eleven and wishes to be remembered to all his old pals and team colleagues.

It was a treat to see some of the oldsters galloping around like two-years-old. Jim Warren, living up to his name, tried to burrow his way through the defence, and Paddy Hawthorne rivalled Njinsky with his ballet dancing tactics. Yes, Paddy, for all his year, was a surprise party. Lance Corporal Over was mostly Under (curses on Stan Rigby), and R.S.M. Payne found the regulars tougher than he expected. Our officers turned out in force and were rolled in the mud with the best.

Not satisfied with this defeat, another match was staged, with the Over 30's betting on their ability to win. Well, they won, and thoroughly deserved the victory. Maybe we mere Signalmen and Sergeants were overawed by the plus of Sergeant Majors in the opposition ranks. By their team play the casual onlooker might have been led to believe they had trained hard together for the encounter. They certainly combined cleverly, the five "baldies" of the front line showing off like vererans. There was Sergeant Robins on the right wing, who scored a peach of a goal; Sergeant Beresford, who ought to know by now that soccer is slightly different to rugger; Sergeant Hawthorne, whose cursing was stilled by his breathlessness; Busty Phillips, who produced many a neat touch and caper, and Bob Duffy, left wing flyer. Signalman Myatt played a fine game at left-half, as also did R.Q.M.S. Hunt at centre-half.

The Under 30's found the Over 30's a tough nut to crack and were satisfied that their defeat was not more than 3—1. The next morning produced plenty of aching bones and sore muscles, but the old soldiers can take it all right. The regulars hope that the Company team will now be strengthened by some of the star players among the "non-players." Meanwhile, we are all eagerly awaiting the "conqueror," when the Under 30's intend to win back their money.

P.T. continues unabated, though it is the Signalmen who are compelled to show some degree of enthusiasm for the exercises. Basket-ball games, always regarded by the uninitiated as "a bit Cissie," are in the programme and prove about the toughest, fastest, manhandlingest wars imaginable. There's no give and take in these affairs and all-in wrestling is a boudoir pastime by comparison. We are also swimming again, but once again the Spartan Signalmen are the boys to don costumes. Perhaps they wouldn't if they didn't have to. Candidly, we are in some doubt whether P.T. is for good or ill. But we won't quibble. The local C.R.S. is a delightful spot, staffed by beautiful and sympathetic nurses, and supplying all the amenities—i.e., lull-you-to-sleep beds, first-class food, radio and lots of rest. So here's to P.T. and more visits to the C.R.S.

The W.O.s' and Sergeants' dance on December 12th was another all-in do. The profits, if any, are being kept a dark secret, but it was a crowded and jolly function with one, R.S.M. Carroll, doing all the vocal work, and another, R.S.M. Payne, performing manual labours. There was a big turn-out of officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, and if bar takings are anything to go by the whole show was a rousing success. The Certa Cito Band was in its usual excellent form, and the various novelties and competitions, not to mention the smart lads and super-debecked lassies, made everything perfect. The organisers are to be congratulated on their unstinting efforts, and the waiters (don't forget the diver) on their cheerful demeanour in the most difficult circumstances. The next one cannot be too soon to say the dancers. It would be better to leave the waiters out of that.

The boxing match with R.A.S.C. in the second round of the Yorkshire Area Championship proved a rout for — G.T.T. Battalion, particularly after our long succession of victories over worthy opponents. Some explanation of this defeat is to be found in that one of our tough guys was barred as an ex-professional and another couldn't make the weight, though he skipped, jumped, perspired and starved for 24 hours. The R.A.S.C. team won by 10 bouts to 3. Never mind, we'll make up for it in the future. By the common consent of the Os.C., participating units and the boxing teams, the proceeds, more than £50, were handed over to the local Distress Fund—a splendid financial result and an excellent gesture.

The takings of another nearby all-in wrestling tournament, in which two of our N.C.O.s took part, were also devoted to the same fund. R.S.M. Payne played the role of M.C. and Sergeant Beresford and Corporal Clark did their stuff in the ring. Sergeant Beresford won his match and Corporal Clark managed a draw. Both suffered some rough handling in the process.

Our education continues to be developed under the guidance of Captain Allan and Sergeant Conroy. The weekly debates (in abeyance at the moment) have been a useful medium of following the various theatres of war and also in bringing to light several interesting points occupying the mind of the soldier. French classes, discussion groups, film displays, play reading and other intellectual diversions are the business of Sergeant Conroy, though I fear that many Administrative Wing personnel do not take the advantage they should of these higher flights of learning.

Little Audrey found she had plenty to learn when she was selected for a recent A.T.S. course at Royal Signals Record Office. She has returned full of ideas of office improvement. When she marries Johnny (it won't be long now, lads) I can see her organising the home on Records basis. All Johnny's correspondence from old flames will be pigeon-holed for future use; cash will be checked weekly; a Domestic Conduct Sheet will be introduced and there'll be the devil to play if he doesn't jump to it, "one, one-two."

We clerks, however, ask that only one Records rule should be put into operation and maintained—that administrative staff shall, as far as possible, be excused regimental duties. "Fanny" Warren, with duster and broom, "Gertie" Duffy similarly equipped, and all the rest of us "office chairs" find it hard to reconcile our responsible battalion duties with dusting and sweeping. You see what I mean?

Lance Corporal Stroud has also been on a course—the dreaded Drill and Duties, described by some unfortunates as "a course in petty tyranny." Needless to say, he's glad to be back and we're glad to have him standing his round in "Ye Jollie Olde Dew Drop Inn."

As usual, we have been obliged to say good-bye to some good pals and chums. Signalman Gregory has gone south and lauds the happy conditions of his new station thus: Eggs and bacon, bread and butter and marmalade for breakfast; works parades 8.30 to 12.30, 2.00 to 4.30; finish 12.30 Saturday; no work Sunday; lots of freedom of action and little regimentation for Cadre blokes. Boy, how we envy you. Driver Shaw returns to 4 Company, Signalman Higgins has the luck to get a compassionate posting to his home town; Signalman Gardner graces our 3 Company office; Signalman "Hot-Water" Carter is transferred to Pioneer Corps; C.Q.M.S. Hughes (a man we all respected and admired) has gone to warmer climes, and Driver Scott-Wade, our efficient mess orderly, finds a new berth in — Holding Battalion. Captain Williams, whose posting we all regret because he was a friend and comrade, is now with the Junior N.C.O.s' Training Battalion, and Lieutenant Swann, our messing officer, has also departed. We wish them success and a safe home-coming.

To make up for the losses we have welcomed Lieutenant Dixon as messing officer, Lance Corporal Pearce, Driver "Canvas" Appleby and Driver Shepherd from 4 Company, and Lance Corporal Proctor, one more P.T. wallah. For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, we don't yet know.

Congratulations to A/R.Q.M.S. Hunt on his promotion. Also to Corporal Peck, Lance Corporal Davis, and yours truly, Lance Corporal Thackwray. If I don't pat myself on the back no one else will.

Well, folks, we are looking forward to Christmas (as per A.C.I., one egg per man, if available; roast pork, if available; fruit, if available), and it's odds on we shall have a good time. Weird and wonderful stories are going the rounds of the colossal stocks of beer laid in for the troops. Personally, we doubt it. Perhaps its another one of those "if available" stunts. Anyway, and it it's not too late, a Happy New Year to you, everywhere.

TAFF AND THACK.

No. 3 (Workshop) Company

If any old comrades of the Company were concerned at our absence from these columns in recent issues of THE WIRE we hasten to assure them that we have not been disbanded, posted en bloc or remustered as A.T.S. Our motto, you remember, was "Always pushed, but seldom absent." The old firm is still turning out the goods at the old address and has recently secured new contracts to supply the Far East, Near North and Mid-South.

New Year greetings to all old members of the Company and we hope that wherever they are their topee, tin hat, fur cap or halo (delete where inapplicable) fits them comfortably.

MOVEMENT OF TROOPS.—We have said good-bye to Sergeant Cartwright R. and wish him luck with that — Section. All the R.M.s here send their kind regards to you, Sarge, and look forward to an early meeting on a foreign shore—In the dark!

Sergeant Fisher J. B., who replaces him, already has a firm hand on some of the reins (there are a lot aren't there, Jock?). We welcome him with the conventional, if optimistic, hope that his stay will be a long and happy one.

Corporal Dean R. has found a topee to fit him and Corporal Coombs has also left us. Signalman Evens G. has handed his canteen broom over and packed his kit. Signalman Hardy R., resplendent in a civvy suit, has been released from service, but not for keeps.

We welcome C.Q.M.S. Stonehouse R., Corporal Argyle L., Signalmen Dignan and Roberts C. H. to Cadre.

Signalman Clewlow, looking tough and muscle-bound, has returned from a P.T. Course.

Congratulations on their appointments and promotions to Lance Sergeants Croft E., Brunswick B. W., Clay B., Gregory R. H., and Corporals Nicholls V. J., Justice G. F., O'Reilly J. T. O., Scoot N., and Manning H.; also to numerous U/Lance Corporals.

SOCIAL.—Corporal Horrocks and his "Blue Flashes" Concert Party are maintaining the high standard of their monthly performances. Prominent characters of the Company have learned to fear and respect these impudent and scurrilous players, while the lesser ones look forward gleefully to each original skit to see who shall be guyed next.

The Company dances are better attended than ever, despite calls upon our dance band made from postings and other sources.

SPORTS.—The Company soccer team has a proud record and if only we can hold the team together we should make our way to the top of the league.

In Line Company's WIRE notes last month we notice a reference to a "walloping" which they gave 3 Company, followed by the remark that they are at the top of the local league. We should like to know (a) when the walloping took place and (b) if the league to which they refer is "Our Dumb Friends League" Results of matches 3 Company v. Line Company have been as follows:—3—6, 5—3, 6—3, 1—1, Perhaps they were referring to some other 3 Company.

Others results are:—v. Messrs. G. M. Marchant, won, 5—3; v. Messrs. L. V. Holl day, won, 4—1; v. Monarch II, won 7—1; v. Brook Motors, draw, 3—3; v. Gas Works, won, 6—1; v. I.C.I., won, 20—2; v. D. Brown Tractors, won, 3—1.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?—The man who was told to straighten up some timber in the C.Q.M.S. Stores and was found half an hour later in the Carpenter's Shop, two floors down, cutting the wood into shorter lengths as it was "difficult to get round corners."

NOBBY.

No. 4 (M.T.) Company

Another month has arrived and soon we shall be in the middle of the Christmas and New Year festivities. Let us hope that this Christmas will be a great deal cheerier than last.

At present the members of the Company are planning out as to which is the most suitable place where they may partake of their eatables and gargle. We haven't much news at present, things have been rather quiet, but there is always a lull before a storm.

ARRIVALS.—Welcome to Lance Corporal Jackaman and Drivers Platts and Tait, who have returned to the fold. We are glad to see you back beside us, so stick in with us, lads, you're welcome.

PROMOTIONS.—May we congratulate Lance Corporal Hawksworth on his promotion. "You're leg may be a bit weak, lad, but it doesn't prevent you from climbing the ladder."

SPORT.—Our football team, woe is us.

The least said, lads, is easiest mended, but your tide will turn someday.

We miss Driver Perkins who, at present, has gone on a P.T. Course. Stick it, Perky, you will someday be able to carry out your promises.

The M.I. Room staff have been having a bit of a blitz. All their knick-knacks have gone astray. All I could hear was first Driver Hendry (model aeroplane manufacturer) asking where So-and-So Puss Moth was; Lance Corporal Scurr has lost his lovely piece of embroidery. Lance Corporal Hawksworth has lost a valve, the name of which sounded to me as similar to Foo Foo. Contradiction: Driver Hendry says it was a Fairey Battle which he lost. Apologies, sir.

This may seem short, but to me it means a lot off my chest, as I proceed on leave to-morrow. So I close, wishing all who go on leave all the best.

SANDY.

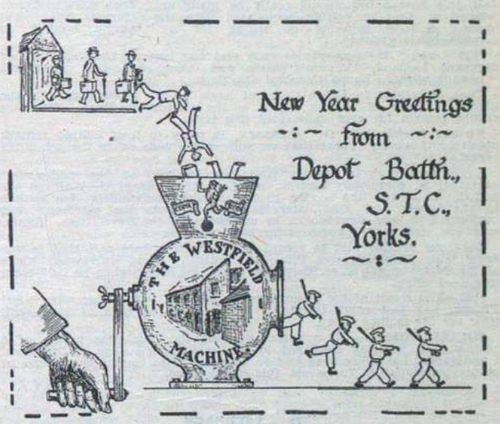
Depot Battalion

FESTIVITIES.—Christmas was a great success. A bumper carnival dance was held on Christmas Eve and the lack of floor space for dancing was made up for by the festive atmosphere.

On Christmas Day, a goodly spread was enjoyed by all, the service as usual being provided by the W.O.s and Sergeants and the beer dispensed by the officers. The assembly was honoured by the presence of the Commandant and C.O. with their ladies and the local Mayor and Mayoress. The Commandant commented to the men that whereas it was, for the most part, their first Christmas in khaki, it was his 31st, but he was an anxious as they were that the next one should be spent in their own homes with the victory won.

OFFICERS' MESS.—Extracts from race card of meeting of drag hounds held in Officers' Mess on Christmas Day:—

Glamour, by Auxiliary, out of Billets.
Scandal, by Spinster, out of Spite.
Bride, by Fr.llies, out of Bottom Drawer.
Flirt, by A.T.S., out of Bounds.
Philanderer, by Better Half, out of Sight.
Flat Foot, by Marching, out of Time.
Field Allowance, by Di allowed, out of All Reason.
Stinks, by Misplaced Zeal, out of Army Gas School.
Signalman, by Instructor, out of Goon.
Chinese Puzzle, by Many Happy Returns, out of Company Office.
C.S.M., Pedigree Unknown.
Stony Broke, by Subaltern, out of Pocket.
Beefsteak, by Messing Officer, out of Black Market.
Promotion, by Not a Hope, out of Brigade.
Leave, by Hopelessly, out of The Question.
Slice, by C.O., out of Bounds.



Administrative Wing

A comparative calm has settled over the "Back Room Boys." The natural and dreadful conclusion is that this is the calm before the festive storm, and with it comes a vision of last year's season of good cheer and the enjoyment therefrom. And when it was over how we discussed with foreboding the possible location of this Christmas fare. Many of those friends have gone from the fold and much water has passed under the bridge, but Tennyson's brook "goes on forever." So let us take this opportunity of wishing "all the best" to all the "ex-Wingers," hoping they enjoy this "do" as they did the last.

Since last we took our place in the leaves of the Corps magazine there have been not a few events worthy of note. Which word reminds us that Sergeant Geordie Wall "has been an' gone an' done it," the blushing one being none other than that winsome wench from "A" Company Stores. Good luck to Tiny and the little woman.

The Orderly Room has had a very sour appearance for some time. Jonah now "ticks" incessantly and Mac only shows his teeth in rage or when eating. Can't you take the hard labour, boys? The answer is deafening. Perhaps the incompatibility was caused by over-indulgence in daily P.T.

The dazzling Adonis, Jonah, has "taken a powder" (to quote from across the pond), as have quite a number of his contemporaries, but Ginge hangs on in his effervescence. What price glory?

The old Wing billet has taken on the appearance of a model hotel under the careful supervision of "Black Joe" and the behaviour is on a par with that of a "Brownies'" Camp. Nice work, Joe! Does the old saying, "Set a thief," etc., apply?

The M/T Section has had minor alterations recently. Personally, I rather miss the long lank "Angelocks." Towering above it all, young Jim still stands serene. The M/T motto still survives (it is presumed), i.e., "No petrol for cigarette lighters."

Though Christmas will be past and gone when these dull words are

printed, I must take time to wish the cooks a repetition of their culinary success of last year's big occasion.

Now that the Gestapo have changed their abode, the subservient clerks creep stealthily about their billet like unto Stalag internees. Oh, Sword of Democles !

Welcome to the Wing, Mr. Callen. May your journey with us be a pleasant one.

CONGRATULTORY.—Cheers to Corporal Dow and Lance Corporal Brandum on attainment of their new Army status.

Our appreciation must go to the Depot Band for the excellent work they have performed during the past year. Their motto seems to be "Service with a song."

Our Company football team shows better results every week and can now be relied upon to give a good game to any team. Nice shooting, boys.

The Corporals extend their thanks to old Tom Gavan for his fine work in their Mess.

"Light of heart, droll of tongue,
He serves us well,
His praise is sung."

To end, let us all exchange good wishes and feelings of good fellowship at the termination of this the second year of Depot.

STOP PRESS.—Congratulations to "Fluff," Hinch and Bobbie Mair on their recent engagement. You kids certainly kept it dark. Security-minded ?

B.M.

"A" Company

From life's hurly burly set amidst weird and wonderful types of troops, neurotics, and fifth columnists (specialists in anti-tank, Bren and grenade), I wrest a few minutes to keep the world informed of the colossal accomplishments of "A" Company.

We welcome to our midst the P.B.I. and hope their stay here is both happy and pregnant with result. They might even learn something —if only how a bed should really be made up. They have certainly wasted no time in getting acquainted with the nefarious local night spots. One is thinking of asking for a "bottom bunk" on compassionate grounds.

"B" and "D" Companies gain was our loss on the departure of Sergeant Leyland, Corporals Klein and Allen, and that far-famed "pong" wizard, Lance Corporal Davidson.

Congratulations to Lance Corporal Alvin on his rehabilitation in the higher stratum of society which is the Corporals' Mess. May his crimes remain for ever undetected this time.

To our friends in "D" Company, in reply to their unkind remark about us, I merely repeat that we still pass squads off in the scheduled period.

Every best wish to Private Wall (née Rusling) on her sudden, but nevertheless, completely binding, marriage to Sergeant G. Wall, of the A.C.C. It looked like having to be postponed indefinitely, but thanks to the timely and kind intervention of friends the ceremony was performed at very short notice by our chaplain, the Rev. Jones. Again, long life and every happiness to both of you.

Only one notable feat to record in the sport sphere and that is our draw with Administrative Wing at football. Long uncrowned kings of the Battalion at soccer, they met their first check when he held them to a 1—1 draw.

P.S.—The result of the Administrative Wing v. "A" Company, "S" Troops, has just come through. We won to the turn of three—nil. How are the mighty fallen.

SOCIAL TOPICS.—It is rumoured that the handsome profile of a certain S.M. is being displayed in a photographer's shop in the town. I understand the police have had to be called in to control the queues of people endeavouring to behold this masterpiece.

D.T.s.

"B" Company

This month we are snowed under by N.C.O.s. The new arrivals are Sergeants Leyland, Ramsay, and Smith H., Corporals McGiff I., Allen I. C., Hinge R., and Jackson G., and Lance Corporal Caldecote.

We were sorry to lose our infantry Sergeants, who have now returned to their own Units. They are Sergeants Jackson and Lawrence and Lance Sergeant Allanden.

Our congratulations are showered on Trooper Wakefield, our office orderly, on his recent marriage. Our best wishes to both you and your wife. Fred claims that life is a stop, look and listen affair. You see a pretty girl, stop, look, marry her, then listen.

Since 2nd Lieutenant Slapp took over our savings branch, the Army saving scheme has boomed. Recruits now come rolling in by the score to invest a large percentage of their pay. It is only fair to mention that Lance Corporal Andrews and the pay office have helped Mr. Slapp a great deal in this effort.

"Music while you work" is the motto of one of the clerks, who fills the inkwells to a certain degree, then by tapping them with a pen, plays a tune.

Dis.

London District Signals

No. 1 Section—Headquarters

On behalf of the Section, I say "Welcome" to our new Section officer, 2nd Lieutenant J. C. Clinch, and we hope that his stay with us will be a long and eventful one.

Congratulations to C.S.M. Muir and C.Q.M.S. Douglas on their recent promotion, and rumour says we shall be seeing interesting happenings between "One-Round Duggie" and his contemporary in No. 2 Company Office—possibly in the Unit Boxing Tournament ?

We are pleased to welcome back Signalman Bushby from hospital and also Signalman Laidlaw from his dreaded "Horror of Horrors," the Holding Battalion, from whence we hear that he had been training as a medical prescriber and as the Unit office mantelpiece is now a veritable M.I. Room, rumour says that the rest of the Unit clerks are seriously contemplating withdrawing to the Orderly Room to escape the lotions and prescriptions of M.O. Laidlaw.

We wish the best of luck to Lance Corporal Martin, who has left us for a new Unit, and we offer our heartiest congratulations to Signalman Booker and Lance Corporal Taylor on obtaining the necessary authority from Records to remuster in the noble and historic trade of "Pen-Pushers" and we hope to find them doing their share of contributing the necessary matter to THE WIRE in the very near future.

In conclusion, we understand that our Corporal "Teddie" Brown is now getting loyal assistance from "Two-Fingered" Woodie, our budding young typist, and is now able to finish duty at 19.00 hours some evenings instead of 18.45 hours as hitherto.

Stamp Licker.

Once again we have to welcome a new officer to our Section and we wish 2nd Lieutenant Scarfe a lengthy stay in his new position.

We are also pleased to welcome back to our fold Sergeant Johnstone after his sojourn in hospital and we also wish the very best to C.Q.M.S. Thomas in his new sphere of Army life.

We have noticed that since No. 3 Company office moved to Unit Headquarters, Lance Corporal Broome is busy working each night until 6.30 p.m. and he no longer continues to adopt "3 o'clock whistle" as his theme song.

Since our last notes, Signalman Laidlaw has added "artificial respiration" to his many qualifications by making a spectacular effort in reviving a fellow signalman during a fire fighting practice, which, incidentally, shows great credit on Sergeants John tone and Skinner and Lance Corporal Mizon in their very careful coaching in the art of fire drill.

As it is now time to partake of the annual festive dinner, the poor little scribe whose job it is to compile these notes, certainly requires his portion of turkey, beer, etc., so we shall have to bid you adieu.

Stamp Licker.

LAST MINUTE FLASH.—Observations of a Signalman: Is it a fact that certain Senior N.C.O.s have corns on their tender parts caused by excessive P.T. on Friday mornings, or is it the rural beauty of R—— P—— that so strongly appeals to them ?

No. 2 Section—Operators (Mobile)

No doubt many readers will be surprised to read a small article from the L.D.S. Operating Section. A brand spanking new mobile W/T Section.

All of the Section (and they are a jolly crowd) were more than pleased to learn that the popular Sergeant O'Shanohun was taking charge, with Mr. McMullun and Mr. Bennell with the loftier "higher-ups." They, with Lance Corporal Phil Underwood, busily dashing around the parade ground with his usual piece of paper in his hand, hope to make the Section go with a huge success, both professionally and, naturally, socially.

In fact, on the social side a few of us had an impromptu swing session a few nights ago in the great Signalman Frith's billet, who, as well as not supplying any beer or cigarettes, supplied us with some literally smashing guitar music. With that, Signalman Ramsey hitting the tops with his clarinet, and Signalman Brennan busily thumping around the room with a pair of drum sticks, all we needed was a crooner. Then in walked the star of the Mobile Section, Signalman "Bing" Carson Newstead, and our wildest dreams were fulfilled.

We are sorry to see that Lance Corporal Wright is leaving next week for the O.C.T.U. We are all sure that the "gin palace" will miss him and his tender care. We wish him the best in his new job. We will miss his chess support, which seems to be growing in the Section. Last, but definitely not least, we have in charge of M/T, Corporal Hull, who also dashes around chasing those most over-worked blokes, the poor Driver-Operators, who, however, still keep the "spirit of the Section" up.

No mention has been made of various short schemes we have had. Nor about some attempts at cooking, but they will come (I hope) in a later issue.

Here's to good "scheming."

Bren.

No. 3 Section—Line

New members continue to arrive, and we extend a hearty welcome to Sergeant Harris, who now has taken over the Section. Also to Signalmen Perham and Hodge R. and to Signalman Duffin, "Duff's" kid brother, a real "chip off the old block." The only trouble that Sergeant Duffin finds over his being here is that the N.A.A.F.I. staff will not believe him. He has had so many fictitious brothers, that when the genuine article arrived they simply could not swallow the fact that he could have a brother at all, let alone such a distinguished-looking one as Bert.

We extend our congratulations and best wishes to Roy Stillman on making a real "permanent joint." We wish him and his bride every happiness and the best of luck.

It is a strange sight to see linemen on the early breakfast parade. They considered it unwise to eat in the night, but at least it has given Signalmen Stephens and Hop a chance of seeing the dawn, a new sight for them.

The Section recently played their first football match, versus the Drivers, which, despite the heroic efforts of Sergeant Duffin in goal and of Signalman Hop and Lieutenant Brunning, the latter playing a martyr's game, we lost by six goals to three. The match was, however, enjoyed by all, and we hope to meet the other Sections before long.

Tired of crashing into gateposts when driving his "tank" around, Sergeant Duffin turned to bigger game. He chose an omnibus this

time, which he rammed full in the middle. Was he prompted by the spirit of Verdun—"They shall not pass"—or was it the C.O.'s admonition, "Are you traffic conscious" ? We hope his pay-book can stand the strain of the L.P.T.B. bill.

The order that gloves were to be worn on all parades came as a shock to Arthur Lee, who, in order to stand out above the rest of the Section on the C.O.'s parade, had commenced to use nail polish. We understand he is getting rather worried over the shortage of cosmetics.

Before closing, the Section are warned that 10s. is the minimum price for doing a stand-by duty on Christmas Day.

No. 4 Section—D.Rs

I should like to give you my impressions of the cross-country training in which we now indulge. As a sheer novice myself I must say that this field of activity was a real eye-opener to me—mine were subsequently closed by large quantities of mud.

I realised at quite an early stage that a motor cycle can go places and do things I have never believed possible, provided its rider knows how to handle it.

Confidence in oneself and one's machine on rough surfaces and bad going, a quick eye and quicker actions, all go to help to avoid the tight corners we encounter on the road in the course of duty.

There is a lighter side, of course. For instance, there was the episode of the disappearing Don R., Sergeant Tucker, negotiating one tricky section, rounded a bend to find himself confronted with a motor cycle peeping demurely through the bushes, minus rider. Further investigation disclosed the rider—little chap, Astaire or some such name—way down in the woods, looking for fairies, no doubt.

Then we had Signalman Clements, who handled his machine as though it were a live snake. He spent a great deal of time and energy looking for a mud hole which exactly fitted his bike, but to no avail, they were all too tight a fit. It also appears that he is an ardent naturalist, since he was observed on several occasions studying wild life in the hedgerows at very close quarters.

Signalman Kimber, with his past experience of this branch of motor cycling, temporarily relinquished his role of "Promising Young Recruit" and assumed that of the "Anxious Mother." He would ride through a section of the course and dismount to watch the remainder come through with an unmistakable "this is going to be good" look in his eye, accompanied by a torrent of advice and abuse, which the riders were too busy to listen to, let alone digest.

Signalman Taylor E. H. lost a footrest and had to ride with one leg waving in mid-air. I had footrests all right, but my feet were usually otherwise engaged.

Film star, debonnair "M. of I" Roe, appeared quite unshaken by the trend of events, possibly long legs astride an Enfield had something to do with it, or is it that facing movie cameras gives one "poise."

Our congratulations to Signalman "Distance No Object" Meeking on his film "Special Despatch," which had a very good reception at the local cinemas; also to Mr. Rapsey and Sergeant Tucker on the parts they played.

We have no confirmation that Signalmen Allen, Wooding, Legg and Pollock have sworn a collective oath to abstain from paraffin and cleaning brushes for the duration.

A big hand to Lance Corporal Cooper-Keeble and Signalman Martin R. J. on their recent matrimonial ventures. Did you sign the register with green ink, "Ducky" ?

We are glad to say that "Chico" has a fine brood of "chicks" who are rapidly developing into Class III, and he can be seen any day clucking round his brood—"Squad-ta ! ! !"

Can you spare a minute, I'm going to put you wise,
About a job called "C" relief, for which one needs cat's eyes ?
Arriving at headquarters, you put the bike away,
And climb up to the rest room, where bi kes have slept all day.
The place is in an awful state, muck all round the floor,
And air so thick that it's a job to shut the blooming door.
The fire's gone out, no coal about, a job for some poor bloke,
You can't go out for supper, 'cause you're very nearly broke.
Then the 'phone rings, "special please, hurry, this can't wait,"
You sling your blinking clothes on and down the stairs you skate.
You get the letter, sign for it, shove it in your pack,
Enter on your works ticket the journey there and back.
You go up to the N.C.O., "sign my ticket, please,"
You're a nuisance," he says, "I'm sick of signing these."
You mooch down to the garage, stumbling in the dark,
And think they send us Don R.s out just for a blooming lark.
Having took the padlock off and shoved the rear bulb in,
You mount the bike and start it up—blimey, what a din.
Out upon the road you go, it's pouring down outside,
Before you've gone a hundred yards your in a rear-wheel slide.
You straighten up and go through traffic full of fears and doubts,
And realise right away that taxi-men are murderous louts.
They pull up dead in front of you, your pardon they don't beg,
A lot they care if a smashed-up bike means that you're on the peg.
Smack, right into his back you go, you curse him and his mates,
And pick the bike up, grieving over buckled number plates.
Well, after many incidents, just like the one related,
You get back to headquarters fed-up and p'raps belated.
"Where you bin ?" the Corporal asks, "you've bin away too long,"
"Lost my blinking way," you answer, "everything went wrong."
Then he says, "You make me sick, you'd better go away,"—
These here Lance-Jacks ought to walk six miles a blinking day.
You crawl upstairs, you've had enough, your clothes are soaked with rain,
You drag 'em off and hang 'em up and murmur I'm not sane.
You take your boots off and your socks, they've just begun to ooze,
And wipe your feet on a dirty sheet of last night's "Evening News."
Sitting by the fireside, thinking of the day
You volunteered for service, impatient at delay.
You're thinking "I was crazy—must have lost my mind,
'Cause wet wood blocks and charge sheets is all I seem to find."
And then you think of summer with long runs out of town,
Lovely English countryside, no place for a frown.
Bowling along the high road, sun and wind on your cheeks,
You can say to yourself, "I get all this and half-a-quid a week."
So when your duty's time come, and spirits rather low,
Don't say the job is lousey, it really ain't, you know.

No. 5 Section—Drivers

First of all, my regrets at "missing the boat" for last month's issue. Things are, however, going on quite nicely in the Drivers' Section. Lieutenant Parsonage is still in command of the Section and by careful contriving and planning seems to work in various other duties connected with the administration of London District Signals, while Sergeant Fisher is his right-hand man.

So far as the rest of the personnel of the Section is concerned, there are one or two points of interest to record this month. Lance Corporal Barker B. G., and Drivers Hollands and Chambers have all successfully passed the Driver Mechanics Course and obtained Class II. Congratulations.

There has been a change round in the drivers at outstations and while three have left barracks to take up duties at outstations, we have now three of the "old brigade" of drivers back at the "Wood." Driver Pratt is one of the three who have returned after his long stay away, and frankly he doesn't appear to be too happy, but doubtless he will settle down to things at the barracks again. I wonder if he is still thinking about his feathered friends of the pigeon service ? Lance Corporal Logie has relinquished his "tasty" job with that service and is at present posted to a Guards Brigade and Lance Corporal Weyman is now "on the pigeon job."

We have discovered a real personality in Chapple, who has recently "passed out" as a Driver L.C. He has already been dubbed "Enoch," and all agree that he "fills the bill" admirably. A rather amusing story has been "going the rounds" concerning "Enoch" when he recently paid a visit to camp driving a fairly ancient Ford open truck. He had been detailed to load up the truck with bricks from a dump a few miles away. He arrived on the scene all right and together with a fatigue party duly loaded the truck with bricks. However, when this was completed, no amount of persuasion from the starter would coax the old engine to tick over, in fact the battery just wouldn't take it. The only way to get it going was to crank it up. But where was the starting handle ? Our M/T Sergeant began hunting in the driving cab, but no trace of it could be found—the only man likely to know where it might be was "Enoch". In reply to the Sergeant's question, "Enoch" fought for time, but truth will out. "It's under that 'three-ton' load of bricks" was "Enoch's" reply.

Latest up to the minute news. Arrival expected of some really big M/T stuff shortly.

As we write these notes the festive season is upon us and we send good wishes for the best of good luck in 1942. The Christmas dinner was again a great success and an enjoyable time was had by all—quite a good muster of the Drivers' Section was present. It must have been the free beer !

No. 5 Section has now grown so large that it is being split up into (A) and (B) groups—(A) being actual drivers and men under training and (B) men employed on regimental duties. This should simplify the running of the Section, as it has certainly reached a stage where it has become increasingly difficult to keep in touch with all the men in the Section, especially as those on regimental duties are, of necessity, spread out all over the barracks on various jobs. This splitting up of the Section will undoubtedly mean a change in the Section command, but at the moment it has not been definitely settled. Lieutenant Parsonage is still officer i/c of No. 5 Section and Lieutenant Wilce has recently returned as officer i/c of the transport.

Driver Hollands has recently departed on a Junior N.C.O.'s Course and we wish him "all the best." By the time these notes are in print he will be back with us again. We welcome Corporal Sides to the Section—he has recently been transferred from a Guards Brigade.

We are still awaiting the arrival of new transport to replace the impressed vehicles, some of which have already been consigned to the scrap heap and the other "old crocks" are waiting the same fate. A recent addition to the garage equipment is an inspection pit, which will prove very useful, but it requires a certain amount of manœuvring to get the vehicle "on the spot."

There is little fresh news this month, although the spread of the war to the Far East seems likely to affect the Unit as a whole and there are rumours of many postings in the "offing."

Cheerio.

Jno.

P.T. News

Having been out of the pages for some time we return still full of vigour and zest, but with a few changes in the P.T. staff. We first welcome our new sports officer, 2nd Lieutenant Branch (who knows his stuff). Next, our new A.P.T.C. Sergeant Instructor, Sergeant Boynes, who now has things going with a swing and is in great favour with the Unit.

Sergeant Fussel, we regret to say, has broken his ankle while doing a few tricks and will be out of action for some time.

Congratulations to Lance Corporal Dick Turner on his award of the cross swords, and also to another Ack I, fresh from his course at Hendon, Lance Corporal "Paddy" Udal. Lance Corporal Len Harvey has also been promoted and is doing great work.

Our thanks go out to Signalman Lynch and Signalman Holman on a very good show, they put up in a recent boxing contest at —— Town, but we regret to say that they lost. Signalman Lynch went the full time and only lost on points, but, alas, poor Larry only lasted 30 seconds, for he put his chin out for a terrific right swing. (He only remembers coming back to the Guard Room.)

What we want to know is "Who hasn't been for a road run yet and who thinks our Ack I.s do nothing else but P.T.?"

The football team started off very well, but were beaten by the Coldstream Guards in the second round of the London District Cup, after a very good game. Result: Lost 6—3.

We were very pleased to see Major Calvert on P.T. last Friday, but he was called away on important business.

The Sports Committee has been formed and any one with any suggestions should come forward.

The recruits, having been doing P.T. every morning for the last two or three month , are coming along fine, but some of them are still a little uncertain about " back lifts " and " head flips."

A certain Signalman Tay—r seems to think that being last in all the games makes his team the winner, but I think he realises his mistake, for the other day he surpri ed the instructors in the " Fireman's Lift Relay." How many of you still don't know the " Fireman's Lift " ? (Own up.)

Unarmed combat they do like, so mind, you tough guys.

Has any office got a spare " foot rule " ? The P.T. office needs one. A certain Ack I tried to pinch one from the Unit Office, but, alas, " Teddy " spotted h'm and flashed a " 252 " in front of his nose, so the ruler was placed back and so was the " 252."

We had another r ports meeting this month, but all Mr. Branch said was: " Leave it to me and it shall be got—done—procured—somehow."

Football has been going strong and our best game was against Merton Amateur Football Club, in which we have a good account of ourselves, but lost 6—3. Praise must be given to Lance Corporal Udal on his good performance in this game. He scored all our goals.

The day ended with a very good tea, but the challenge to a darts match at the " local " was refused owing to the 19.30 hours relief.

JERKS.

The Officers' Corner

Having permitted for the last two years various Sections', sub-Sections' and D.R.s' corners to have sly cracks at the officer', it has been decided to institute an " Officers' Corner " to enable us to get a few digs in at other Messes, etc.

DARTS.—Our dart team still remains unbeaten and it will be noted from previous editions of THE WIRE that the Sergeants' Mess have very cleverly av ided throwing out any challenges in this directi n.

CRICKET.—Our first and second cricket elevens remained unbeaten throughout the sea on.

FOOTBALL.—So far this season we hold an unbeaten record and, here again, the Sergeants have made no attempt to compete w th us.

OFFICERS UNDER INSTRUCTION. — Johnnie Clinch has just completed his tra'ning as a Driver I.C. and suggests that " I.C. " should be changed to " U.C.," r tanding for " Under Car," as it was in this po it on that Sergeant Fisher insisted on h.m completing most of his training.

In the fitters' shop, D'Aeth and Scarfe are hard at work and Sergeant Rising has reported that the pit will need to be resunk if we are likely to get many more subalterns of the towering height of the former.

Branch, who is still running the D.R. Section, had the shock of his life the other morning when, on waking up he felt particularly bleary eyed, only to find that he had gone to bed in h's goggles.

Bennell is still enjoying life as officer i/c Mobile Section, and it is rumoured that on R/T exercises the operator at the distant ends feels quite safe in leaving his truck for half an hour to come back and find our Max still talking !

This is all for our first attempt.

ISEEALL.

The January issue of THE WIRE not having been circulated at the time these notes were written, no challenges have been received by the Mess either for darts, cricket, football, etc., and under each of these headings, therefore, we are able to report that the officers' first and second teams still remain unbeaten.

OFFICERS UNDER INSTRUCTION.—Since our last notes, Johnnie Clinch has completed his tour of inspecting the under-carriages of the various vehicles in the Unit and has departed to act as second i/c to one of the Brigade Signal Sections. Similarly Scarfe, Branch and Michaelangelo have departed and are now acting as second i/c to various sub-areas.

D'Aeth, for whom a specially deep pit had been dug by the R.E.s, now seems to have taken up a permanent abode at headquarters as one of the three Signalmasters.

CONCERT PARTIES.—A very enjoyable evening was had by all officers in the W.O.'s and Senior N.C.O.'s Mess. This was made all the more enjoyable by the fact that our equivalent numbers from the various Home Guard Messes had also been invited.

It is understood that the C.O. is still feeling a bit hurt that due to the presence of various B.B.C. artistes he was not invited to sing.

ARRIVALS.—Since the last notes we have welcomed McVey to the Mess and he is at the moment strenuously employed coaching Unit operators up to Class II standard.

VISITORS.—The Mess received a surprise visit from Captain Campion, now a full-blown something in an armoured something. He was pleased to hear that he still holds the " skid salute " record though C.S.M. Northcott nearly surpassed him. Visitors for Christmas Day included the Chief Signal Officer, Doctor G. H. and Lieutenant Docker Smith.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess

Lest through absence we forfeit our claim to a hearing, I am prevailed upon to pen some words in place of our usual contributor. May he soon return from leave refreshed and capable of producing his usual effort for this column.

Since last month, much celebrating has been enjoyed in the Mess. To all concerned we offer our congratulations, not least to our Commanding Officer upon his promotion.

Somewhat increased merriment of late reminds one of our Alec's visit from his country seat. Whether his stay here is long or short seems not too certain. Perhaps he will stay to finish off the darts tournament in which he has made such regrettable progress ! On this subject it must be whispered that the Corporals again showed us the way round the board, but we saved our face at table tennis, and now that our darts box is in full swing, we promise them a " major defeat " next time.

Our social evenings continue successfully, in which connection our recently-acquired talent in the person of Sergeant Harris must not go without mention. We look forward to much entertainment from him in the future, and this will, no doubt, help as a counter-attraction to that of our local " Wrens," whose feminine charms have not gone unnoticed by a member or two.



Call me early, mother dear,
I should have come home sooner,
But we dr..nk loads and loads of beer
With little Ernie Spooner ! ! !

News has arrived of a rival Sergeants' Mess at one of our outstations. Sergeant Sturgess, well trained at the " Wood," in the art of entertainment and organisation, is energetically exerting himself, and their venture promises great things. Good luck to them !

Movements are fashionable again. When this appears in print we shall have lost Sergeants Blake, Woods and Howe. The latter we hear is after a Sam Browne. Good hunting ! " Winnie " will, we are sure, enliven his new billet, but " Chunkey's " new colleagues may doubt our good intentions if we send him off with his much-loved (by him) concertina. When he is gone we shall miss his deadly double-top by the way. Talking of missing things reminds us of Johnnie's unique feat with the tankard. We wish him a speedy recovery from his illness and an early return, that the " boat race " may regain its former popularity.

The success of our last dance must be put on record. Everyone voted it a great occasion and we are looking forward to another. To-morrow—as I write—we are entertaining the Home Guard Unit of our Headquarters. Great talent is promised, radio stars in fact.

Christmas will be upon us by the time this appears in print and already we have heard rum urs floating round as to what presents various members of the Mess would most appreciate. It is said, for instance, that Sergeant Duffin would like to find a truck which steers itself in his stocking, that Sergeant Tucker is hopefully awaiting a Hollywood contract (to star opposite Garbo in " The Downfall of a D.R."), that Chunky is dreaming of a steel dartboard with a flight of magnetic darts, that George Fisher would simply love to catch just a glimpse of a real, live driving driver, that ——. But this is digressing from the main purpose of this interlude, which is supposed to detail the past month's activities of the Mess.

Frankly, we hesitate to do this as our darts team has firmly embraced the principle that the only battle the English ever win is the last one, and we are getting a bit sensitive, not to mention apprehensive about it. In fact it is beginning to appear as if we shall all have died of a peaceful (we hope) old age before the great day comes when the sounds of victorious revelry emanate from that peculiar shack-like structure to the right of the Square as you face the cookhouse. (f you cannot bear to face the cookhouse, it is on the left-hand side as you don't.)

The defeat by Frosts' was hard to bear, but when the Corporals came in one night and so far flouted the Army Act (Section 40) as to defeat us, the tragedy was complete. Sergeant Woods is still looking up the law on the subject to see if he can stick the whole Corporals' Mess on a charge for such an ill-disciplined act.

However, one day the tide must turn and maybe that day will come with the return of our one and only Sergeant Alexander who, since our last bulletin, has rejoined the farmyard. (You might bring a few turkeys, too, Alec. The bird life up this way is a bit expensive.)

Despite the sad set-backs of the darts team, the social programme of the Mess has produced some entertaining evenings, including table tennis, in which department our team has maintained a fairly consistent record (we even beat the Corporals at that !) and no doubt by Christmas our social activities will have reached their climax. There is little other news to report. Our darts and table tennis competitions seem to have got so far and no farther, so we still don't know who are the best (and worst) players.

Our congratulations are due to C.S.M. Muir and C.Q.M.S. Douglas, and, as a postscript, for the news has only just come in, we wish all the best to Duggie Blake and Chunky, who have now left us, though not far away, yet.

By way of farewell, the compliments of the season from us to the Unit and a victorious and, therefore, Happy New Year.

Christmas is almost upon us as we sit down to pen these few lines and we find it extremely difficult to concentrate on anything but the thought of what sort of a head we are likely to have in a few days' time. If the present festive appearance of the Mess is anything to go by, it is going to be an extremely thick one. Some incurable optimist has even hung some sprigs of mistletoe at one or two strategic points, but, though a careful watch has been kept, we have so far failed to discover any Warrant Officers kissing any Section Sergeants or vice versa. Perhaps it is just one of Sergeant Duffin's little jokes ! The spray of holly over the dartboard is, we assume, intended to represent the new theme song of the Mess darts team—" Kiss the Doubles, Good-bye," for the past month has seen no recovery of the form which, according to the oldest and hoariest members of the Mess, was once the sensation of St. John's Wood. In spite of that, however, the experiment of drafting some new " blood " into the team nearly had the desired effect against Frost's, and as far as we can remember it was George Fisher who shocked himself even more than he shocked his own team by getting the finishing double in the first game. From then on it was level pegging, but our finishing in the third leg returned to normal and our opponents just scraped home. The R.S.M. is rumoured to be prepared to offer a substantial transfer fee for a good finisher to stop the rot. The other chief item of note this month was the Mess dance, which was generally voted a great success—it should have been with three M.C.'s ! Heroine of said dance was an anonymous hen of the C.O.'s who so appreciated the beauteous confines of the Barracks that she gave thanks in the shape of a four-ounce egg. The hen is now on Y List, but she couldn't have made a better job of it if she had been the golden goose. The egg was raffled, auctioned—in fact, everything but hatched—during the course of the evening, and eventually produced something like twelve pound to swell the proceeds of the dance, all of which went to the Prisoners of War Fund. That hen is a worthy successor to Celeste, who, we are sorry to state, found the attentions of Sergeant Alexander too much for her and has passed away suspiciously near Christmas.

It is not often that we have had to report the loss of two of the oldest Mess members in the same month, but that, unfortunately, is the case as regards December. First, Ernie Lucraft left for pastures new, and just before we started on this month's contribution we heard that C.Q.M.S. Thomas was not only leaving in a hurry (the hurry was not his fault), but was also ascending into the exalted sphere of Warrant Officerdom. Congratulations " Q " (that was !) and good luck to both of you. As the former had reached the final of the Mess darts tournament, it look as if some lucky so-and-so is going to have a walk-over. Incidentally, we could hardly let " Tommy " go without thanking him for the good solid work which he put in as secretary and treasurer of the Mess. What will happen to the Barracks bedding now does not bear contemplation ! The turkey is warming up now and so are we in anticipation, so a victorious New Year to all (except Hit., Mus. and Tojo) and, in the words of another, " Frightfully Bung-Ho."

N.W.L.S.A.

The Section has bought itself a new grand piano to bolster up its already famous dance band (Pipe's Own). Unfortunately our numbers have been cut so drastically by the Unit's training programme that everyone works at least 24 hours a day and has no time to dance. At the last of these show the Thirty-nine Beautiful Ladies, the Band, and both Signal Officers all had a very good time !

Christmas Day—a day of contrasts.

Morning.—Signal Officer comes in bright and early to find whole Signal Office in tears, clustered sadly round a wet-cheeked Superintendent, who is reading a series of A.F.s C2130, bearing messages of seasonable greeting from those with whom we have previously quarrelled.

Afternoon.—Signal Officer very cheerful. Full of duck, pork, beer, pudding, nicotine, custard and goodwill. We were very pleased to see the C.S.O., who came along to see us tuck away and after bandying greeting with the boys, left us to carry on the orgy.

We are glad to have 2nd Lieutenants K. R. V. Collingham with us as second-in-command and we hope his stay with us will be a long one.

S.E.L.S.A.

Through the seething mass of khaki-clad figures it is hard to discern whether a darts tournament or a drinking and eating competition is in progress at the moment. Signalman Dewhurst, on a brief visit from an out station has vanished the glamour of our lady visitors and, temporarily, is the centre of attraction and wonderment, for he is holding an imaginary (and inarticulate) R/T conversation with himself. Over to you, Dewie, over !

We are, in point of fact, in the midst of a party or Christmas celebration—and judging by the progress and the evident spirit of joviality, we might well, at a later hour, rededicate the time-honoured epitaph to the many exhausted recumbent figures—" A good time was had by all."

Tribute for the organisation of this festive event is due to the officers of this area, and particularly to Mr. Watt and Mr. Reynish (whom we again welcome), who have devoted great efforts to its success and have put in an appearance to join us in frivolity.

There have of course been several private and unofficial Christmas celebrations during the past few days, with some funny results. There is great speculation as to why Spike Malone decided to visit the outskirts of London during such a celebration and it is feared by all his bachelor acquaintances that only female influence could have prompted such a crazy excursion.

Apart from these seasonable diversions, this month will prove memorable because of the unusual activity it has entailed for every one. The reason being that a large proportion of our personnel have returned to the training school on an upgrading course. Reports tend to indicate that the refresher course has by no means been a holiday and there are some qualms as the day approaches when new " recruits " from this area replace our colleagues in the quest for knowledge. To further deplete our ranks, Signalman Lu by left us to take a course in town crying and square bashing at a Northern School for Junior N.C.O.s.

For those left to " hold the fort " there has been little excitement midst the hum-drum round of duty, sleep and more duty, and consequently there is precious little to report on this occasion.

We must extend a welcome, rather apprehensively, to new members who are shortly to join us in order to establish a mess room, and we earnestly hope that they learned their lessons well at the School of Catering. A warm welcome is also extended to the colleagues at the new out-station which has lately been attached to us.

With the eruption of activities in various parts of the globe there has been, during the past few days, much talk of old friends, now widely scattered and out of communication with the old gang. Though these words may not reach them for many weeks, it seems fitting on the eve of 1942 to send our heartiest greetings to these friends, and, indeed to Signals everywhere. We wish them all the best of luck and happiness in the New Year, confident in the knowledge that they will do their job faithfully and well.

PAINTBRUSH.

— A.A. Divisional Signals, South-East England

Headquarters.

Sometimes it seems that this place might justify Vicki Baum's description, the " place where nothing ever happens." And just as one dwells upon the thought with peaceful contemplation, everything happens in the Grand Hotel manner—with a rush.

The torrent of events which has burst upon us in the last month includes the departure of Captain Anson to take command of No. 2 Company, the departure of Sergeant Runagall for an Orderly Room elsewhere, invasion by an army of builders, our occupation of the new canteen, and the posting of Signalmen Rowlinson and " Taffy " Jones.

This takes no account of such major events as the M/T's victory over the Orderly Room at darts. But the M/T have talked so much about this that it would be entirely superfluous to write anything further here. However, it should be recorded that on the same night F.O.S. Burchell and Sergeant Day, who came from No. 1 Company to judge the event, performed something in the nature of the Indian rope trick by retrieving a motor cycle from a locked garage without leaving any traces of a forcible entry.

Our best wishes go with all those who have left us during the month. Sergeant Runagall had been with the Unit since before the war, during which time he made many friends and he was the doyen of the night life in these parts. The gap caused in the latter connection by his departure has been enthusiastically filled by the R.Q.M.S.

Signalman Rowlinson and Jones were also popular members of Headquarters Wing, which will particularly miss the latter's bedside collection of photographs.

Although we have moved into the new canteen we have yet to celebrate the official opening. The tentative plans which are discussed around the bar these days are on a lavish scale. Not the smallest detail has been overlooked; they have even considered a prospective cloak-room attendant, a man well suited to this kind of work.

No. 1 Company

Owing to the Company being deprived of the valuable services of the Company journalist, Sergeant Wrist (whose departure is sadly mourned by all), Signalman Battrick (assisted by his friendly " stooges ") has taken over the job. Sergeant Wrist set a very high standard in journalese, but we are confident that Signalman Battrick will do his utmost to attain that standard. He now buys " The Times " every morning! We extend to Sergeant Wrist our best wishes for the future.

SPORT.—An inter-Company league has been formed comprising five football teams, i.e., officers and Senior N.C.O.s, Line Section, Headquarters, G.O.R. and M/T. Matches have already taken place and up to the time of going to press the Line Section head the table.

From reports received in the office, the G.O.R. " boys " seem to be experiencing great difficulty in raising an " international " side. Shortly before their match last week against the officers and Senior N.C.O.s, the G.O.R. " boys " tired themselves out trying to explain to all and sundry when a G.O.R. man was on duty and when he was not (see Signal Vol. XXX, para. x), but the G.O.R. " back benchers " were unable to convince us. When the " talking battle " concluded the other battle commenced and both sides entered the arena amid great jubilation. F.O.S. Burchell (the " cad "), under the impression he could use the same tactics on the playing field as he does in the I.M.s' shop, started shooting a line at the G.O.R. goalkeeper, who took a very poor view. The Company Sergeant Major played a wonderful game on the right wing and scored a grand goal (who taught the C.S.M. to shoot ?) Result: Officers and Senior N.C.O.s, 4; G.O.R., 2.

PHYSICAL.—What is this favourite habit of ear biting which F.O.S. Burchell has introduced into the Mess ? Is he taking boxing lessons in the canteen in anticipation of reprisals By the way, John, you really must get your weight down.

ENLISTMENTS (RECRUITS).—Enlisted in emergency for duration. " Great Dane " Dusty's nine " pups " posted to No. 1 Company, w.e.f. 20/10/41. This was a happy event. (No, my dear Hamilton, a prolific event.—Ed.) " Pop " Stirling is performing as good father and kennel maid. By the way, who pays for the milk and does Dusty know it is rationed ?

OLD BILL.—This week we are feeling fit ! For, well, anyway, fit ! We have completed the first week of our " smartening up " programme, and believe us it is " smartening." We are becoming " drill conscious " and we like it !

ENTERTAINMENT.—A very pleasant and " filling " evening was spent last Sunday week when he had the first of a series of smoking concerts. The concert was a great success and disclosed previously unheard-of talent. (It is, however, hoped that some of the talent is not disturbed again.) Several turns were particularly good. The A.T.S. came into the limelight with quite a clever tap dance and song by Private Lewis, A.T.S.

Does " A.T.S. " means " Always tantalising someone " ?—they hope). Signalman Moore G. succeeded in reducing us all to tears with his rendering of a sentimental ballad). F.O.S. Burchell was " Entre Preneur " and, in addition, endeavoured on numerous occasions to reduce us to helpless laughter by his witticisms—at the end of the evening a state of general helplessness was observed, whether or not this was due to his efforts could not be clearly ascertained.

POSTINGS.—Lance Corporal Lamb has gone to O.C.T.U. We wish him the best of luck.

CONGRATULATIONS.—Our congratulations go to Corporal Beckett and Lance Corporal Perrins, who have each attained the position of Foreman of Signals.

MEDICAL.—Why does the Medical Orderly seem to think that the cure for every ailment is a visit to the dentist.

CONDOLENCE.—Our sincere sympathy to Sergeant Orriss on the death of his father.

No. 1 Section

Since you last heard from us our story is now of work and not of very much play. This does not mean that its been all work and no play—we certainly are not "dull boys." We are, however, well in the midst of a very thorough training programme and this constitutes P.T. "par excellence" and drill parades under the auspices of our oft-mentioned "Sarge."

"Sarge" in this instance being Sergeant Frankson and not "Co-operation" Holt (although he has been busy, too.) His job is to walk round the ranks picking up side hats, which through their owners' excessive smartness, have come adrift. Also at odd intervals he tells you to stick your stomach in—but he doesn't put his heart into this. If you saw him, or even know him, you can appreciate this.

The Section is also attending very excellent wireless lectures at the local technical institute, and where everyone was dot-dash mad, it's now ohms-amps, etc. To a reader, all this is probably rather boring, but we are really thankful for a full and complete itinerary. Through the efforts of our officer, Mr. Donovan, we have fixed up most of the lads who are keen with correspondence courses—and on the social side a very complete fixture list is always at hand.

On the sporting side our Section is well represented in the Divisional Headquarters team—those bearing our badge on the "field of honour" being Sergeant Frankson, and Signalmen Wright, Barber and Wilson L. J.—it will be remembered that these fellows gave valuable service in the winning of the Hanbury Cup last season. We wish them luck, and hope that they carry Division to the same successful finish.

Quite a number of our ranks have gone away on courses, included being Signalmen King and Parratt, and our old friend "Ernie" Morgan, who is on a Senior N.C.O.s' course. Lance Corporal East, "Stooge" to his pals, has been away in a foreign land attending an M/T Course and has done very well. Congratulations, Bob.

Those expecting or waiting to go include Lance Corporal Branton of the D.R.s, Lance Corporal Burridge, and Signalman Steele. From these few names, it can obviously be seen that training is the word for it. Lance Corporal Branton broke his wrist sometime ago, this is now well and the plaster nests in a place of honour. It happened while he was out on a D.R.L.S. run. He says it was faulty steering, but we believe that he was trying to emulate his jackdaw (deceased). Signalman "Submarine" Bowyer has also been in the sick bay, having had an accident on his bicycle, and Signalman Sedgwick, although *not* a D.R., tried to copy his "betters" and did so in the true D.R. style by finishing up in the sick bay. He was not on a motor cycle, just a push bike, but his wounds, various, would have made any D.R. green with envy. This is all for now, just a mixture of training and accidents, or shall we say, just accidents.

All the best.

No. 2 Company

With the winter coming on, we feel like the inhabitants of Prospero's Island, cut off from the civilised world. We have our Ariel in the shape of the L/M Section, who disappear every morning to a wonderland that we never see; and we have our Calibans in the recruits who labour at their fatigues and learn promptly to obey the orders of their master—their drill instructor, Lance Corporal Fretton. (By the way, rumour has it that the latter has a pre-arranged code with his wife so that she can tell when he is coming home by the accents of his voice!)

Since the last issue our former O.C., Captain L. Hill, has left us and gone to service farther afield. Our best wishes go with him and we know that the tougher the job the more he will like it.

NUTTING.—It is a common experience to walk into any of our rooms lately, and to be brought to a halt by a terrifying series of explosions. You will guess what has happened when you are smitten on the cheek by a bursting chestnut. The lads have discovered that our local woods are well stocked with sweet chestnut trees and they have been beating the village schoolboy population to it.

OUR BAYONET CHARGE.—Talking of explosions reminds us that our N.C.O.s are having a course of instruction in arms drill. One of our officers happened to go into the field behind our camp the other day and was suddenly confronted by twenty soldiers charging at him in formation with fixed bayonets, and pointing hard. He fumbled for his revolver, suspecting paratroops, and then carried out a strategic retreat. We understand that under expert instruction our N.C.O.s can now handle all kinds of guns and drill like real soldiers on parade!

MAROONED.—We always liked an occasional trip to civilisation in the form of the pictures, the pub, and the fish and chip shop. Now, our last link with those delights has been cut, since the bus company took off the late bus back from our local town. We understand that this may have something to do with the rumour that we are going to get hot drinks and snacks in our canteen of an evening. Perhaps the bus company heard about this and decided that none of us would be going out of camp any more.

Anyway, the alternative of a long, weary, dark, uphill trudge from our local town or taking the last bus, which leaves about 8 o'clock, makes us turn hopefully to our own entertainments.

We have been running a series of competitions in darts, table tennis, billiards, snooker, and shove ha'penny, in which everybody from the O.C. to the latest recruit has entered. Our table tennis team have now whacked the local A.R.P., Police, First Aid and Firemen. They're going to polish off the Boy Scouts and the Dustmen and then declare themselves the county champions. Inspired by their successes, Sergeant Major Price has been working away secretly in his evenings for several weeks and has just produced a handsome new table.

Our former C.Q.M.S., now C.S.M. Mitchell, came back to appear with Mrs. Mitchell in that blood-curdling thriller, "Love from a Stranger." They are both very skilled performers and they got the handsome reception they deserved.

Two regular broadcasters, Miss Margaret Bissett and Mr. Lawrence Holmes came down and gave us a programme of songs. We are used to hearing good music from our two professionals, Tom Lishman at the piano and Eddie Lustig singing, both of whom performed recently in an Ack-Ack, Beer-Beer programme. They have given us a taste for the sort of programme that our two guests presented.

VISITED BY BUCCANEERS.—At a recent concert we were astonished to see half a dozen rollicking fellows appear on the stage, clad in the gaudy attire of Gilbertian buccaneers. They set to work on a real capstan and reeled off one jolly sea shanty after another. It was only when the beards and moustaches were removed that we recognised Captain Hill, Mr. Bratt and our M/T boys. We *did* recognise Mrs. Price and much enjoyed her singing. We should like to hear her again soon.

TOPICAL TALKS.—The lectures and discussions on current affairs have been a great success. The talk on Russia raised the keenest interest. The discussions don't stop at the end of the lecture. It is common to hear points being hotly debated over the Mess table, in the wash-house and other places which cannot be mentioned.

THE A.T.S.—When our A.T.S. detachment left us in the summer we adjusted ourselves to our isolation. Our men went into the cookhouse determined not to let their sex down and have done a very good job. Now, wonder of wonders, the girls have come to stay with us again; but this time not to cook and wash-up. What preparations were made for them! Their house was redecorated from top to bottom and men worked all through two nights to finish the job. Their floors were scrubbed. Table cloths were found and enough easy chairs produced to seat four times their number. Well, all we can say from this welcome is that someone must have been pretty lonely! Or, perhaps, it's just the thorough way we do things in No. 2 Company. Judge for yourselves.

A.A. Signals, North-East England

No. 1 Company

Before entering the lists, as it were, this month we should like to pay a warm tribute to Sergeant Ted Fay who, owing to increasing duties, both military and social, has had to lay down his pen, so far as THE WIRE is concerned.

For some time now he has fought against the apathy of No. 1 Company and by dint of almost forcing Section correspondents to get out their monthly notes and then dunning men to take the copies they had ordered, he has kept head above water. His work shall be carried on, but in the meantime, Sergeant, thank you. We hope you will not forsake us altogether, and how about lots more inside dope on that den, the Sergeants' Mess.



Now the cares of distribution and editorial have descended on the shoulders of Sergeant Proud, of No. 3 Section, and one of the lowest forms of animal life—a Signalman. So far, Sergeant Proud's task has not been a congenial one and it is time those subscribers of Nos. 1, 2 and 4 Sections made up their minds to take every issue of THE WIRE instead of havering like a flock of sheep from month to month.

Come on, lads, give the new management a break. Gather round, you scribes, poets, cartoonists and what nots. Give us your dope. There's quite a kick in seeing your copy in print. How about it?

Meanwhile, the event of the month took place on the night of November 13th. No, it was not a murder. The — Division took over the Ack-Ack Beer-Beer programme. Warm congratulations to R.S.M. Troman and his accompanist, Signalman Bill Reynolds, and to Signalman Bill Woodason. His slick patter and talk on eels, a la Jack Warner, were grand.

Football, with both sectional and other games in full swing, has so far taken the eye in the sports world of the Company. We are still waiting for the boxing and inter-Company sports to get cracking.

We had intended allowing the Sections to speak for themselves, but is seems that "Zeke" for Division is still missing, the Don R.s have ridden themselves right out of the picture, while the Line Section appear to have lost themselves in a maze of wire.

Keep trying, boys, you'll make it.

P.S.—Sorry, "Zeke" has been found and the D.R.s have ridden themselves in at the last moment.

No. 1 Section

This month's notes are somewhat of a sketchy nature owing to a variety of reasons. Let's start with casualties first. Sergeant Apedaile is on the sick list, having broken a small bone in the left hand whilst playing rugger. (I always said it was a rough game, Sarge.) As a result he is well plastered—not what you think—and we shall not be seeing him for a few weeks. Hard luck, Sarge. Signalman Burdon (commissar) is also in dock with we don't know what but it seems that pains in the central sector are the cause of the trouble. Hurry up and get well, D—— wants a word with you. Corporal Blackburn "as went and got posted back." Is this a casualty—or is it. Ron Signey has joined the great majority and got himself "dot and carried." Hearty congratulations and best wishes to you and Mrs. S. Where will you do your fire-watching now, Ron? The season of goodwill approaches and with it the gift problem. Ever helpful we offer the following suggestions (no prizes are offered to those who guess):—

1.—Stop watch and fountain pen for pass signing.
2.—Concrete mixer and box tin soldiers.
3.—Year's subscription "Daily Mirror" and a kiss from "Jane."
4.—Pack of "Wilkies."
5.—Natty sailor suit for P.B.O.s.

Must dash away now. I'm on pass from 12.29 and ¾ seconds, so here's all best wishes for a victorious New Year from No. 1 Section scribes.

FRITZEKE.

No. 2 Section

Here we are again, boys, and this is Horace calling this month. Yes, our champion signer of official documents, Lance Corporal "Funf" Foster, has gone on a course and hopes to return with several ration cards enabling him to make unlimited purchases of red tape. We wish him luck and also send our best wishes to the many lads whose departure is less temporary. Bernard Myers, "Tiny" Compston, Syd Matthews, and last, but by no means least, Frank Chapman, have all gone to grace the country of kilts and haggis. (We are indebted to Lance Corporal "Hamish" Fyffe for this plural of the national food over the Border.)

We must also extend a welcome to the new relief, to wit, Signalmen Sturgiss, Robson, Morgans and Patience, who are rapidly settling down in their new jobs. Prior to their arrival we saw a notice hanging on the wall: "Office closed. Staff called up for military service."

The duty changes involved our Section Sergeant in the turmoils of working out fresh rotas. When he had finished the fourteenth, he had them filed under the label "Sergeants' Mess."

We have not had time to get the low-down on all of our new staff yet. Messrs. Sturgiss and Robson are both new to the Company and are keeping quiet about their "past." The virtuous Patience however, we know of old as a teleprinter operator whose tickling of the (printer) ivories merits mention, while Jack Morgans' name and accent both loudly proclaim that he comes from "The Land of My Fathers." However, we hope to give further details in the future in our personality parade.

This month's personality portrait is in the form of a tribute to the "dear departed." It is an impression of Signalman Myers B. L., as seen by our chief scribe, "Funf."

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.—Is there any truth in the rumour that the Signalman who recently broke a record by writing a 14-page letter to some person other than his lady love is thinking of writing a book on "When I was with the R.A.F. at ——"?

When are our two teachers going to start classes in English for the benefit of the "locals"? If we may be permitted to hazard a guess, we should think that it will be some time before they start. They will have to learn the "lingo" themselves.

Well, that's all for this month, chaps, yours till "five" flashes,

HORACE.

No. 3 Section

The great event in the merry life of the Ops. Room staff has been the introduction, during the past month or so, of mixed batteries in the gun zone.

Whether or not it is a direct result we have not been able to discover, but since the girls came in to show the A.A. lads how the job should be done, Jerry has been quite modest in his activities.

They have, however, been "blooded" and were complimented by the Brigade Commander for their good work after a recent raid.

So far, despite some solid spade work, we have not been able to obtain any real comments from the boys on the gun sites. We're still trying and will pass on same, if possible.

SPORT.—Football continues to loom fairly large in the sporting world with the "Mensley" Cup and friendly games, but a rival has appeared on the scene. A rugby team has sprung to life. This sporting baby was almost stillborn, but Signalmen Stow and Willan and one or two other enthusiasts were able, with the aid of the C.S.M., to administer treatment that saved the day.

The first game, against one of the gun stations, was played at Fenham on a ground obtained after some good work by Secretary Willan and resulted in a defeat for the Signals by one try (three points) to nil. For a first game it was very interesting and some reputations implied or otherwise were enhanced. Others suffered rather badly.

The forwards played splendidly, as did Signalman Stow at scrum-half, but the backs were weak and the enthusiastic gunners quite deserved their win. A return game has been arranged, however, so the Artillery fifteen had better look to their laurels.

With ordinary luck the team should make quite a mark in local rugger, but before I leave the subject there is a comment to be made.

Support was conspicuous by its absence. A highly-enthusiastic "gallery" consisted of two Signalmen, from this Section, on our side and the O.C. and sports officer for the visitors. A good time was had by all and even the referee escaped unscathed. It has been decided that, in future, all gate moneys will be given to THE WIRE charities.

DEPARTURES.—In the last issue, as Section correspondent, I tendered a hearty welcome to "P.C." Jimmy Longhurst. He was a nice lad, although he had some peculiar ideas as to the respective merits of north and south. To our sorrow we must now express our fond farewells. He has picked up the trail again and is now in Edinburgh. Hope you are nicely settled in "Auld Reekie," Jimmy, and, once again, we are sorry you missed the big game.

It was O.K. Keep in touch, lad, and let us have the low down on the land beyond the border. If you see Jimmy De Pod tell him I am still trying to write to him. Tell him about the Company reporter, too.

We should like also, on behalf of the Section, to express our congratulations and warm wishes to Signalman Don Robertson and his bride, Private Muriel Dodds, of the A.T.S. I think you've started something, Don, and I have a good idea that it won't be long before one or two others follow your example.

As this Section, strange though it may seem, has produced quite a large percentage of the sporting stars of the Company, we will reply to our friends, No. 2 Company.

As usual, we see you are a little previous. You have not yet completed our education re the art of football, but there are eleven good men and true who are waiting for the class to start. I have it on good authority that you won't even be able to groan, let alone say "We told you so."

D.R.s' Section

Chief events in the D.R. Corner this month are the handing over of the reins from Corporal Stokoe, who departs back to workshops, to Lance Corporal Spinks. Nice work, our fate is in your hands. Also that famous rider, Hop-a-long Boyd, has departed on a Junior N.C.O. Course, we hope you succeed in returning a "D" D.R. An old hand at the game returns to the fold from the sanctuary of the B.S.O. Mind the wires this time, Gordon. News keeps filtering through of our sick list, Signalmen Dodds and McCulloch, who we are glad to say are making a speedy recovery. You may have heard of the "Brylcream Boys," but have you heard of the "Jam Boys," who, if it is raining, or if the yard is dirty or the switch room is dusty, only have to press a button, and up pops a D.R. all ready to receive the broom, bass, for the use of. Try leaving your boots outside your doors at night, boys, and see what happens. Did I hear the esteemed Barling say, "Not us, lad?"

Cheerio.

SPARK PLUG.

— A.A. Divisional Signals, South-East Scotland

No. 1 Company

We make our bow (not for the first time) to readers of THE WIRE. Like the reincarnationist, but with more reason, we can say: "We have been here before!" We are not so immodest as to think our absence from these columns has been any special cause of grief to Royal Signals generally; but here and there we believe we have been missed, and truth to tell we have at times a little regretted our silence when we have seen how other Units were boasting themselves. In any case, we are glad to be back and already feel quite at home, if a trifle self-conscious in the presence of so many regular, practised and sparkling contributions. May we come in time to be as readable as they!

FUN AND GAMES.—A friend of ours, a well meaning lad, but a Scotsman and an incurable quoter of Burns, informs us that this is the season "when lyart leaves bestrow the yird." We can neither confirm nor deny the statement. What we do know is that it is the season of early dark and ever-lengthening nights—which is to say the season of parties and indoor entertainment. And in that connection we know that nobody in this Unit need suffer from barrack room boredom for lack of somewhere to go, something to do, on his evenings off. Scottish hospitality is a byword, but in our town it seems to excel itself. Two years of entertaining Service men has not dulled the generosity and kindness of the citizens, and a steady flow—a sometimes embarrassing richness—of invitations to "at homes," parties, whist drives, dances, and other links, high and low, assures every man of a fair whirl on the social merry-go-round.

Some of us were recently initiated into the mysteries of Hallowe'en, and got ourselves damp and rather sticky in the performance of such customary rites as "dookin" for aiples" and biting the treacly scone, while we scalded our tongues in the race to find the lucky treasure buried deep in a pot of "chappit tatties" smoking hot. There were no nuts this year to fizz and crackle on the hearth and by their noisy antics reveal the future of man and maid; but the ghost stories proper to the occasion sent appreciative shudders round the direlit circle in the darkened room—and after that it was only to be expected (wasn't it) that the girls should cling pretty tightly to their escorts on the way home, "lest bogies catch them unawares." There's something to be said for these old customs.

SONG AND DANCES.—Concert parties come from time to time to entertain us in billets, and very nice, too; but we have a sufficient variety of talent to entertain ourselves if need be—and we did, in fact, put our own show on the boards on a night made memorable by the vocal artistry of Billy (Noises Off) Morrison and a generous supply of free beer. The performance has never been repeated, but judging by the impromptu turns heard in the canteen on recent Sunday nights, our artists are catching that footlights fever again. Perhaps Charlie Perkins—producer, stage manager, accompanist and librettist of the original effort—will oblige once more. And perhaps not. We've heard his views on the subject! But we do feel he could put an extra special punch into another show—after that course at St. Hilda's.

We have, too, a dance band in the making—a small but promising combination. Rehearsals have been interrupted by the posting of drummer man Gracie to No. 2 Company; but it shouldn't be difficult to find a successor among all those mess-room maestros of rhythm whom we daily hear slinging a dexterous knife around the crockery between courses. Better still, perhaps, to bring back Gracie.

COMINGS AND GOINGS.—We've had a lot of those recently, affecting all ranks. Most recent of note was the departure of our C.O., who has gone south. We wish him well in his new sphere of duty. C.S.M. Pyper J. H., has now left us to go back to "Civvie Street." We wish him the best. His successor, C.S.M. Linton J., is accorded a hearty welcome.

The name of Sergeant Taylor K. B. figured in last month's WIRE in a social connection. It appears again this month on the occasion of his transfer to the R.A.F. We miss that mischievous and ready smile, but look forward to the day when it will return, complete with owner, to visit us. Meantime, happy landings, Ken!

WINTER SPORTS.—The inter-Section tournament for silver challenge cup is in full swing, with Captain Wheeler in charge of the organisation, strongly supported, both in committee room and on the field by R.S.M.

P. R. Drake. Activity at the moment concentrates on the football part of the programme—seven-a-sides. Half-way through the contest, Corps Signals are leading, with two points in hand over Divisional Signal Office and G.O.R. Sections. Unit Headquarters, although four points behind the leaders, are top scorers to date, with 22 goals for in five matches, and, with a continuance of vocal " encouragement " from Mr. Drake, may prove capable of anything before the finish. But, personally, we're putting our money on Johnny Blyth and Co., of Div. ——. Table tennis, a cross-country run and boxing will follow in due course; and from the fistic competition we hope to discover sufficient talent to enable us to enter a team for the divisional tournament a month or two hence.

In outside competition, in both soccer and rugger, we have cause for swelled head with our performance so far. Out of six games played in the senior division of the local amateur league, our eleven have won five—the fifth being a decisive victory, with only ten men for most of the game, against the league leaders. Our fifteen, after an unbroken run of success since the start of the season, suffered their first defeat on this very day of writing. The set-back will do them no harm.

South-West Scotland

Since sending our last notes nothing has happened to alter the tempo of matters at Headquarters.

W.O.s' AND N.C.O.s' MESS.—During the month several members have been taking dance lessons by radio, thanks to Victor Sylvester, and judging by the number of invitations they get from their " well-established friend " their labour has not been in vain. A dance was held in the Cameo Ballroom, Shawlands, and was very well attended. The R.Q.M.S., ably assisted by Sergeants Riddell and McPherson, supplied the needs from the " Pub.," light refreshments being supplied under private arrangements. It was regretted that our C.O. and Second in Command could not be present but here again duty calls. However, the attendance was good, and everyone present spent a very enjoyable evening, which terminated at 00.45 hours, when the trek for home began. We are looking forward to another dance in the near future.

NO 1 SECTION.—All ranks are looking forward to an enjoyable time in the near future, but everything is in the dark just now.

We are continuing our visits to industrial establishments, and these have proved very interesting and instructive.

Slum Clearance and Town Planning is at present in an advanced stage at our billets. Black-out arrangements are no doubt responsible for the liberal use of whitening, duckboards innumerable and, above all, " gratis," bring back memories of the Long, Long Trail in Flanders. The present scenery and layout has certainly been improved, but as in days gone by, " Mud " creeps through. A whisper from the " Gods-that-Be " informs one that at long last cudgels, rubber, are to be issued to all concerned, and these will no doubt take pride of place on bed layout and kit inspection.

HIGH SPOTS—Plaza. Attraction " Tula."
Has the " Q " taken over A.R.P. shelter for blanket store yet ?

WHISPER.—Owing to our meat ration being so large ? ? ? it has been suggested that meat safe be in pected three times daily.

LAMENT.—Oh where, oh where, has my timber gone.

ANECDOTE.

Browns there are and Browns they be,
Sergeant, Corporal and Signalman three;
They make light of every task,
Oh, yes, they do anything you ask;
To get their stores they do not tarry,
Just pick them up when in a hurry,
Then without further intrigue,
They carry out their day's fatigue.
Their task completed, there they rest,
Knowing they have done their best;
Outside the cookhouse they then stand,
With one accord shout " ain't this grand."

ATSALAD.

Generally speaking, great progress is being made in all branches and it is our hope that we shall be able to give you news of our Companies and other Sections.

UNIT H.Q. and NO. 1 SECTION.—Quite recently, with the completion of our huts, we departed from the land of tentage, as we thought for good, but owing to the sudden new arrivals tentage once again came into its own.

The minds of U.H.Q. staff have recently been forced to dwell somewhat reluctantly on records and all it means. It was at first thought a passing fancy, but apparently it will not die a natural death for some time.

We are not yet a mixed Unit, but we have our worries, to wit, Anne and Janet, acquired respectively by the R.S.M. and R.Q.M.S. Oh no ! not F.A.P. just for instruction.

At the moment entertainment is, unfortunately, in the background, but we hear a series of lectures, illustrated by cinematography, is to be arranged. The forerunner of the series was held recently and was very instructive, particularly to our drivers i/c and D.R.s. The show lasted about 1½ hours and was highly appreciated. More, please !

The first of a programme of visits to various factories was recently made and voted exceptionally interesting.

There has been quite a rush for trade ratings just lately, and to all successful candidates at the last Trade Board, our very best wishes. Further training is proceeding and quite a number of budding tradesmen are hopeful for the future.

ARRIVALS.—These have been many and include Captain H. Beastall from No. 2 Company, and our new R.S.M. The latter has now settled down to enjoy our cold but healthy climate. He is domiciled in the " Blue Room," which gets its name not from the colour scheme of the room itself, but rather from the condition of the occupants at times.

To Captain and Mrs. A. S. Crockford, a daughter—Irene Margaret. Our congratulations, sir.

DEPARTURES. — Among these are Major Gill, Lance Corporals Barker and Clarkson, and Driver Hunter from H.Q., Captain Flint from No. 1 Company, and several from No. 1 Section. The best of luck to them all in their new stations. We trust that an oft-used remark of one of these officers, namely, " nice going," does not now apply too literally.

In view of the departure of Major Gill, Captain Crockford has, so a little bird said, taken over P.R.I. Can we anticipate some extra amenities in the future ? Lance Corporal Barker and Driver Hunter will be missed for their untiring efforts in connection with entertainments. Our loss will be an asset to their new Units.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—Unit H.Q. and No. 1 Section held a very successful dance on October 21st, when 250 went gay for the evening. Our C.O. was a sprightly figure at the Eightsome Reels and put many of the younger ones to shame. Lance Corporal McPherson, suitably attired, ably obliged for this dance with his pipes. There were refreshments in plenty, with R.Q.M.S. and Sergeant McPherson attending to the wants of the thirsty with, dare we say, steady hands. Much transport was needed at the close of a very enjoyable evening. Invitation to attend a whist drive and social was received from Divisional H.Q. and a most enjoyable evening was spent, the following being prize-winners —Sergeant Riddell, first prize; Signalman Walbank, second prize; Signalman Kinchin, " booby." For this occasion the aforementioned changed their sex and took part as ladies. " Lady " Riddell has decided that " solo," although not so profitable, has been good practice.

QUERIES.—Where does a certain N.C.O. hide the eggs and why ?
Who was the subaltern, who, in order to comply with a recent A.C.I., Divisional Orders and Company Orders, was considering the purchase of an additional helmet, steel ?

A call from distant parts—" Labels, labels "—" Bobbins, bobbins." The " Q " has had a very busy time sorting out the junk. Was the de patch of boxes " T " or a means of providing certain departures with a place to rest their weary limbs en route ? And " Q " was it right that the boxes " T " were to be returned with eggs, labels attached.

Apropos of our previous notes relative to " Her name is Mary," we understand that this has now been adopted by our officers as their signature tune.

A visit was paid to our Divisional H.Q. by H.R.H. the Princess Royal, Colonel-in-Chief, Royal Signals, on Thursday, October 14th. Our Commanding Officer was an honoured guest at luncheon and is the proud possessor of an autographed menu card.

We trust this " blether " will not leave you " scunnered."

ATSALAD.

The month of December, full of festivities, has passed in many cases with regrets, others with thanksgiving. However, we are passing from one decade to another with resolutions for a successful year of 1942. Few changes have been effected in personnel, but there are expectations. Dame Rumour has been broadcasting.

INSTRUCTIONAL VISITS.—A party of 30 O.R.s paid a visit to a Cable Company recently, it being very interesting and instructive. Dealing with cables as we do, jointing and manufacturing are in themselves different episodes. On this occasion, cables of all types were seen in the making, single copper to multi-core, and the full process was fully explained. Several joints of different types were seen and the full explanation given. At the conclusion of the visit, tea was provided, then all ranks left for home with a feeling that something had been achieved. (Notebooks were prominent at this visit.)

ENTERTAINMENT.—Weekly whist, dances and E.N.S.A. concerts are well patronised, and we anticipate a bumper turn up at the concert on January 13th, 1942, this being the occasion of a visit by the Corps Band.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.—Here again everything went off well. The day commenced with best wishes, followed by rum and coffee, served up by W.O.s and Senior N.C.O.s. Breakfast was a spotlight. Yes, " Ham and Egg," etc.

Dinner was served at 13.00 hours; a sumptuous meal of ham, pork and other usual fare, including mince pies, Christmas pudding and, oh yes, beer and cigarettes. (Well done, P.R.I.) During the dinner we received a visit from the Divisional Commander, by whom a short speech of good cheer was made, compliments of the season handed down and the health of all being drunk. Lance Corporal Newton replied on behalf of Junior N.C.O.s and men. A few words were also said by our C.O., in which he passed on seasonal compliments and thanked all ranks for their good work and loyal support during 1941. Our R.S.M. replied (on this occasion dubbin and high polish was not mentioned) in a suitable manner, thanking the C.O. for his good wishes, reciprocating on behalf of all to our officers. A buffet tea was arranged with blancmanges of various flavours, mince pies, bread, butter, cake and tea. After dinner, an impromptu concert was arranged, during which all ranks had a lucky dip, gifts being supplied by the Lord Provost's Christmas Fund. The concert terminated at about 17.00 hours, when most of the men departed, having previously accepted invitations to spend Christmas evening with various friends and relations. There is no doubt that we are indebted to the public not a little for social life here. Parties are arranged for dances and evening parties every so often, and they are well patronised by all ranks. Arrangements for New Year's evening were left alone, as in Scotland one does as Scotland does. Some night. Whew ! Whew ! Whew !

H.Q.s, W.O.s', N.C.O.s' MESS.—Life in the Mess took on a brighter aspect during the month. An invitation was extended to and accepted by the nurses of a local nursing home to join us in a social evening. A very nice supper was arranged and a very jolly evening was enjoyed by all. (More please.) Christmas Day was quiet, it having previously been arranged to have our day on the 26th. We sat down to dinner at 18.00 on the 26th, the usual fare including turkey, pork, etc., being followed by a social evening which was a huge success. Here again a cold buffet was arranged, turkey, pork, cheese and other sandwiches being provided, together with jellies, custards, blancmanges, Christmas cake, etc. Our pianist for the evening was Lance Corporal Kennedy, ably assisted by our R.Q.M.S. with his banjo. Various songs were given by members, but the tit-bit of the evening was the Eightsome Reel, in which our C.O. took part—quite a hectic few minutes. Bloodcurdling battle cries fill the air. Our Adjutant, as the " Little Child," caused roars of laughter. Together with our C.O. and Adjutant, Major Shepherd, Divisional H.Q. was a guest, and, oh boy ! Speech. . . . . Here again Dame Rumour has proved false. However, everyone departed at ? hours, happy, cheerful and fully imbibed.

The old year was seen to depart and the New Year welcomed in grand style, a visit from our officer at 23 00 hours December 31st, 1941, and a visit from a few friends contributed to a small party that saw the old year out and the New Year in.

Festive season now at an end, we look forward to the future with a hope for all that is due to civilisation.

A word of thanks will not be out of place to our R.S.M. and N.C.O.s, with special comment to the " Rigger of the Boom," Corporal J. B. S. Brown, for their untiring efforts and hard work, which added greatly to the success of our Christmas Day festivities. The slogan now is " Bless 'em all " and not " — — —." Although belated, herewith our New Year greeting to all ranks of Corps.

AROUND THE HUTS.—Sergeants are happy ? Yes. Tula has been captured.

Q.Q.Q.—I'm very much in love with you.

Oh Hammy, Oh Hammy, where have you been ?

Can I go to the Plaza, Sergeant ? Be a good boy, perhaps nurse will take you.

Is it correct that dance classes are held every Friday when Victor pipes his tune ?

VOICE FROM THE DEEP

We look with hope to Sergeant Hope
For what we hope to obtain,
And we hope that Sergeant Hope won't shatter our hopes in vain;
We also hope that he still hopes to satisfy our " Q."
Who also hopes that Sergeant Hope will do what we hope " the noo."

Signal Office Routine

IF I WERE A SUPERINTENDENT. — With apologies to Mr. . . . — — — . . .

If an officer approached me with a message bearing a degree of priority to which he was not entitled, I would point out his mistake. However should he insist on the message being sent I would refer him to the Signalmaster or Superintendent, who would probably produce Signal Training, Vol. V, as Signalmasters always do just to baffle him with science. By this time the officer will have the fear of death—so I am told—and will either effect a strategic withdrawal with message or get it through at all costs. The Signalmaster would then report the matter to the Signals Officer, who would report it to the Captain, who would report it to the Major, who would report it to the Colonel, and so on. This is known as " passing the buck " method. The message will be passed, however. The guilty officer would then stand the Signalmaster a cup of tea at break time next day. The incident would be recorded in the Signal Office diary.

No. 1 Company

ENTERTAINMENT is on top this month. Firstly, the dinner on Christmas Day. The dinner was very successful and greatly appreciated by all concerned. Praise is due to Lance Corporal Henderson and his accomplices and the collection on their behalf resulted in something more solid than the usual berries.

The Commanding Officer, when delivering his first Christmas speech to this, the baby of the A.A. Signals, gave us something to think ng about even though it has been rumoured that the A.T.S. are putting us out of work.

A dance held by the Sergeants' Mess on Boxing Day was a glorious evening for the boys, and I am sure that the ladies also had an enjoyable evening and the Sergeants a profitable one. Now, Sergeants, it is up to you. " We want some more."

The old year went out with a big bang and the " Spirit of Scotland " ran freely amongst the Company.

New Year's Day gave the canteen a roaring business in headache powders (which weren't so hot) and the proverbial health salts.

HATCHES AND DISPATCHES.—To Mr. Blackley, who has joined this Company, as yet unknown and unchristened, the Company extends a sincere welcome and hopes your stay will be a happy one.

2nd Lieutenant Goldie-Morrison (" Lofty " to his fellow officers and " Goldilocks " to the boys) has left this Company and we wish him success and good luck.

Sergeant Brown (known to all as " DA ") has left us to join an O.C.T.U. We wish him the best of luck. It is rumoured that the boys miss his gentle (?) technique on the parade ground.

Corporal McCormack has also left us for an O.C.T.U. and we extend to him our good wishes.

Whispers are floating about the corridors of this old and very ancient castle that our Mr. Carnie, of wireless and line fame, is leaving us and appreciation is due to him from his class for the fatigues they have dodged and the passes they have gained.

We extend the compliments of the sea on to our Commanding Officer and his fellow officers, to N.C.O.s and men. Also to the lads who have left us and are probably doing a real job of work by now.

SHAMPAY.

Devon and Cornwall Divisional Signals

The Unit is still progressing favourably, though changes are occurring with startling rapidity. Major Newcombe still battles along with the task of holding together the fluctuating ranks of the Division, while C.S.M. Moorcroft, still holding doggedly on to his seat, is growing more in need of a supply of asprins as day follows day.

" A " SECTION luckily retain Lieutenant Donaldson as leader and a very much changed " A " Section it is. Since we first took our place as a Division, " Laughing Boy " Andy Andrews has departed to — Brigade and has been followed, much to our regret, by that very popular stalwart " Lofty " Hunt. Sack cloth and ashes become the order of the day and many hearts lean toward — Signal Section. Corporal MacFarlane, invaluable asset from the Sc——s has departed from the " Division " in search of that elusive Lance Sergeant. Hughes and Adams have also pulled off a double-shuffle into the ranks of " D " and Dickie Sparrow has wandered in the wake of " Lofty " Bert Screech, I am told, will soon be back at Division and we welcome his return with heartfelt congratulations. Rumour has it that Gosman is heckling after a " D " Section berth. (Nil desperandum du promotion.) He means he is " browned off " with de dah de dah dit.

SC——S news should appear under an obituary notice. Mournfully Lance Corporal " Silent Jim " Hill and his worthy aides, Fossitt and Wizzy, prepare to say au revoir (they hope) to their respective friends, and Lance Corporal Warner (no relation to Jack) and the Misses Thompson and Rodger wax enthusiastic over their prospective presentation of the detachment. Meanwhile, back at Division, the Butcher smiles very condescendingly on all and sundry as he orders the ring and the cake. (Gypo will be forthcoming.) Of their progress in the local k.o. competition, Sc——s keep very quiet. They were well and truly k.o.'d in the first round by an R.A.F. XI by 6—0. The result was a surprise all round. Two R.A.F. XIs had met the Garrison XI and the scores had been 1—0 in the Garrison favour and a draw of 2—2. Though thoroughly outplayed, it should be mentioned that their opponents possessed a side that included six professionals, the best known being Trigg of Birmingham. There was no mistake about any of their six goals, and although Lance Corporal Hill strove manfully to emulate Woodley, the Garrison XI were well beaten and greeted the final whistle with a sigh of relief. Five Signals were chosen to represent the Garrison and they were Lance Corporal Hill (goal), Corporal Sutton (right-half), Signalman Richardson (left-half), Signalman Wise (left-wing) and Signalman Inglis (right-wing).

HEADQUARTERS SECTION in search of publicity and who knows what, insist that they are worthy of mention. It is true that their Shake pearean actor, " I'll Pay the Rent " Paddy Holmes, deserves mention if only for the fact that he turned his " Chippy " capabilities to the making of a set of goalposts, a good job of work worthy of congratulation. Also in line for a pat on the back comes " Dicky " Bird, who, I discover, is responsible for the cartoons that burst so surprisingly into our Divisional note column..

WHO IS THE Headquarters wallah that asked " Who is Daisy Roots?" (Boots, you chump.)

Q.M. who was so unbecomingly surprised when " Lofty " Hunt dropped out of the blue.

Scobling has departed for other fields—(do I hear a sob ?)—and so Headquarter Section burst into print.

" D " SECTION deserve all the dirty cracks I could think of only they would be unprintable. " Stowkowski " Morton and Adams settle down among the élite and forget the horror of atmospherics and static. Huggins has failed to come through with the latest football results, but on my return to Division I shall make myself responsible for an



expansion of the Divisional sporting news. (Hurrah, la de dah, hurrah.) Tich Helliwell, they tell me, is getting his fingers well into the sporting pie and is flying up the right wing of the soccer eleven. We miss very much the smiling countenance of Sergeant Arnott G. P. O. and wonder when we will see him again. Lance Sergeant Court (again, nice work, Phil) carries smilingly his burden of responsibility, Corporal Kells, of course, ably assisting.

GESTAPO GRIFFIN informs me that:—

Contrary to expectations Johnson's clapper is still in need of decarbonising and blocking, and a silencer would be welcomed by all ranks.

Duce still retains unchallenged his affection for the Democratic Ally. Lance Corporal Jackie Jones came galloping into Division in search of a B.II and a glimpse of his " dear old pal." In the latter case he was sadly disappointed and returned a broken and sadly disillusioned man. He awaits anxiously consolation in the guise of a " passed " B.II.

AGONY COLUMN includes an appeal from 2328017 L.A.D. to all — Div-ites.

Andy where art thou—" The Prairie Flower."
To L.A.D., via " P ": How's about a line, Dickie.
To Butcher from Sc——s—Get cracking.

THE BRAINS TRUST ALMANACK predicts with its usual reservation that:—

1.—Winter will be cold in some places.
2.—Snow will retain its usual colour.

D.R.s still refuse to come across with any griffin so we must content ourselves with a congratulatory note to Bradbury and Taffy for their good work in the soccer eleven. Ain't it surprising how modesty so affects the denizens of No. 10.

FLASH.—News includes the congratulations to Johnny Lucas of " A," who has tied the knot. It seems this disease is catching, for he has been followed into the ranks of wise old men by Signalman Edyvean, of Brigade Signal Section. Tut, tut. If congratulations are to be

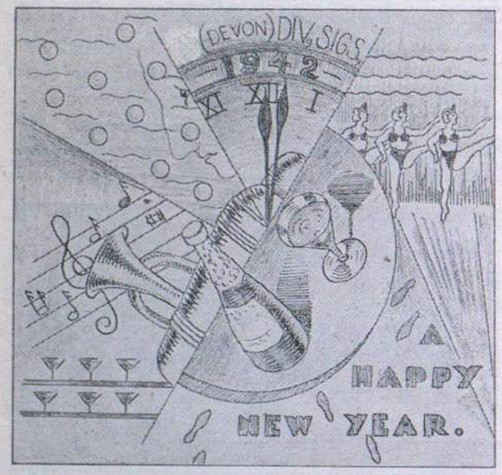
extended to all those who have gained promotion of late I'd need another batch of notes, but to George Munro, Waggy, Jackie Brown and L/Lance Corporal Warner we extend a hearty handshake. To all those lusty linemen (transferees) we say "good work" and keep trying. We hope our latest batch of "attached" enjoy their stay at Division. Most especially we welcome George Murray and that ace of telephonists Steve (How's the Missus ?) With a groan I come to the end of my tether with a realisation that all true fans will be expecting the usual inspiring flow of rhyme from my pen. With malice aforethought I present:—

L'OBLIQUE, L'OBLIQUE, S.G.T.

Each Signalman dreams that soon he will scrape
An acting oblique stroke 'ell oblique tape;
And as soon as he's got it he raises a yell
As to when he will get pay as full C.P.L.
Not content with two up he soon wants to be
An L'Oblique, L'Oblique, S.G.T.

Now L'Oblique, L'Oblique, S.G.T.
Is "Bon pour beaucoup l'argent,"
But the blue pencilled so and so then wants to see
Himself paid full acting rank S.G.T. *
As Sergeant he yells and he hums and he ohs,
Until he is placed among W.O.s.
But no matter how hard the poor fellow may try,
He can get on no further and I'll tell you why,
Alas, alack, he has no "Old School Tie."

CHATTERBOX.



Browsing at random through my correspondence, I came across a reminder that THE WIRE is needing its quota of notes, so here is my divine inspiration of the day.

Whatever may be said about the powers which gave rise to the Division, the men handling it have done a pretty good job of pulling it together. Major Newcombe overcame a Herculean task in shaping a Unit out of what once resembled the last dregs of Karnos Kriegers. Ably supported by Lieutenants Allen, Donaldson and Alder and the redoubtable C.S.M. Moorcroft, he has succeeded in presenting to the Army a Divisional Signals that is rapidly proving its worth to the cause.

"A" SECTION.—First alphabetically and in importance (do I belong to "A"), have experienced their fair share of attachments, departures and setbacks. "Lofty" Hunt and "Mac" were among our much regretted departures, but we have obtained Sergeant Wheeler in place of our "sober sides" i/c. We all know that he will make a good job of running the Section and will inevitably retain the popularity of all "A" Section leaders. Bert Screech has been discharged from C.C.S. and is back behind a W/T key (cheers) and Dickie Sparrow has managed to hop back to Division, closely followed by "Don Juan" Robson and dear old Botfield. With open arms and tear-filled eyes we welcome them back. Poor old Phil "Jamma" Duce has proceeded on a temporary detachment (we hope) to Corps.

Geordie Holder is back with us after his inquisition at D. and D., H——gate. Nice work, Geordie ! Sorry, Corporal.

The Section all round is pulling its weight nicely and congratulatory notices will be the order of the day when the results of this month's intensive training programme are published. Everybody wants to be mentioned, so I dare to publish a "Who's Who" in "A" Section.

Sergeant Wheeler, i/c.—I daren't, my stripe is hardly sewn on.
Sergeant Dickenson.—I say no more than—A.T.S.
Corporal Waghorn.—Night class to you.

And so "A" Section begins its Headline Publicity scheme.

"D" SECTION.—If it were not for Corporal "Wullie" Walker and what I (unfortunately) know, these notes would never appear. Good luck to Jack's Brown, who has aspirations to O.C.T.U. fame. As this may be the final chance to make a crack at him, I ask, "Who is using the other seat in the car these days ?" Lance Sergeant Court is to be congratulated on completing his Wireless Course. "A" Section break into a cold sweat at what this infers.

"I'll Think of You" rang plaintively on the air as Corporal "Tyney" Kells wandered off in the general direction of —, and so we say nuts and farewell for now to "D" Section, and so till "D" oblige with a willing line I must leave them and concentrate on the stalwarts of Headquarters Section.

Wee Willie Walker came through in good time with Part II's and no news which is printable. He says he loves me, but I hardly believe him. They say Jack Hearn is still glued to the chair opposite the door and Dickie Bird, our delirious draughtsman, is still fuming with impatience at the slow turning wheels of officialdom. Cheer up, Dickie, genius is rarely recognised until after the gun carriage and flowers stage. Cheerful Chippie Holmes is rehearsing his "Widow" act for a forthcoming celebration. "It's the call of the Canyon."

The Q's Stores announce that in future only two sizes of articles will be available, too small and too large.

"Who's Who" should begin with C.S.M. Moorcroft, but his bouquet of congratulations is already big enough.

Corporal Wee "Wullie" Walker heads the motley collection of typewriter tappers and disdainfully informs me that all know who is who in Headquarters Section while I reply, *sotto voce*—Yeah !

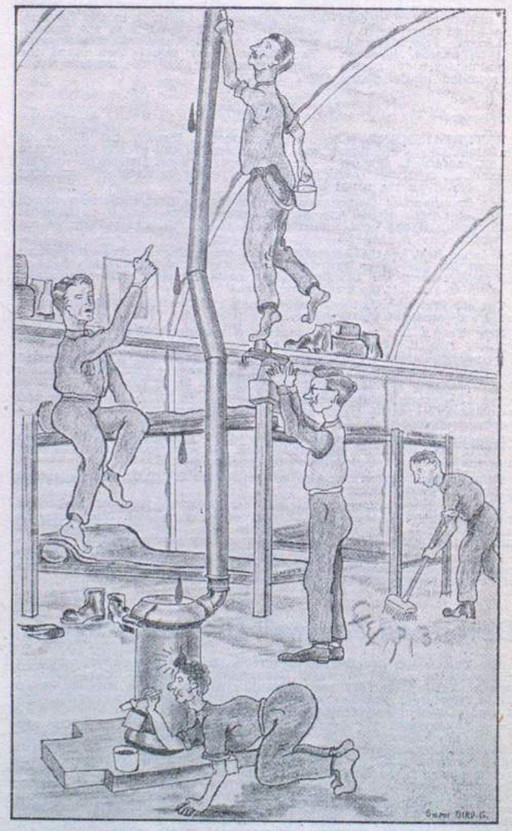
WHY DON'T THEY.—Publish a "Night Class Notes Rag" ?
Tell Waggie why ?
Shoot Lance Corporal —— (Who) ?
Let Staker sleep in the second dutt ?
Recognise my indispensability.

THE BRAINS TRUST.—Edited, published, produced and analysed by Jock "Joad" Richardson, publishes its usually tripey forecast unblushingly and says:—

1.—January will be the first month in 1942.
2.—A certain Lance Corporal will upset next month's harmony.
3.—The "Budgies" will coo during December.
4.—Butcher will buy the ring sometime in June.

FOOTBALL.—Squeezes in because the Butcher has written a very informative letter to Wizzy and he boasts that Division have won all their last three matches. (Remember this is written in November.) I give you the scores without fear of contradiction.

Signals v. East Surreys	5	0
Signals v. R.A.S.C.	3	2
Corporals v. Sergeants	7	2



Berrack Room — · · · ??? · · · ???

LAST LOOK ROUND.—I must mention that the Corporals' Room, recently established, worked a flanker on the Sergeants by competing successfully for the "Chirpy" Cup presented by Dickie Bird, and a football match ended 7—2 in Corporals' favour. Hopalong Bradley limped along to a gammy finish and scorers for Corporal were Corporal Powell (4), Lance Corporal Hellewell (2) and Lance Corporal Harris (1). Sergeant Dickenson did a Dixie Dean for the Sergeants all to no avail. Of the social evening that followed in the Sergeants' Mess, "Corporals maliciously invited." I draw the line at description. Beer, tears and blood flowed in lovely streams and some evidence was given to prove that Geraldo and Bing Crosby have nothing on —. Curtain—Nuff said.

I know you want it, here it is:—

DEFAULTERS' DIRGE

A man, a pay day, a pub, a drink,
A Red Cap, an argument, a clink.
An escort a thick-un, a smiling O.C.,
Cap off, seven days, march-'im-in—out, Poor Me !

— Divisional Signals (East Anglia)

GENERAL.—Training is the order of the day (and night). The "Lads" have been initiated into the mysteries of field training and by the time these notes appear they will certainly know the difference between "Mud and Clay." An arts and crafts exhibition was recently held, organised by Lieutenant Hare-Scott, R.A.S.C., and this proved a very great success. Amongst the entries, which were of a very high standard, were two water colours by Signalman Douglas, and a trinket box and two hand-beaten pin trays submitted by Signalman Rushmere. The organisers are to be congratulated upon a very novel and interesting exhibition, the proceeds of which were given to various military charities. The Commanding Officer arranged for one of our buildings to be used for the exhibits and the Unit carpenters assisted in arranging the entries. As a result of these efforts, the committee made a donation of two guineas to the Royal Signals Benevolent Fund, which was included in our normal subscriptions for November. I am pleased to report that the response to our appeal for the Benevolent Fund is magnificent. We are subscribing over 100 per cent., and if anyone feels like sending a little more it will be appreciated. Christmas is coming, so what about doubling your efforts this month. We are selling about 60 WIRES a month. We could sell many more, but for reasons of economy I think it is better that one copy is shared amongst several men.

It is very difficult to make notes interesting, and if Sections will try and submit notes I feel sure that in time THE WIRE will be appreciated by many more members of the Unit.

CONGRATULATIONS.—The news of the award of the Distinguished Conduct Medal to Sergeant R. F. J. Kells, Royal Signals, is, indeed, very good reading. He enlisted in Jubbulpore and was one of my pupils in the Signal Training School. There are quite a number of old "Indian Wallahs" who will join with me in congratulating him upon his being the third of his family to be decorated for bravery in the field. Well done, and your speedy recovery is wished by us all. "Shabash !"

EPIDEMICS.—During the past month the following members of the Unit have joined the happy band. It is impossible to show the names of all the happy ladies, but we wish them every happiness in their new walk of life. Here they are:—Sergeant Kerley E. C., Corporals Fleming J., Walker G., Dempster J. H. and Groves H. F., Lance Corporals Naish B. E., Banthorpe F. E., Howlett R. H., Love G. A., and Pare A. D., Signalmen Keen H. J., Gordan F., Round M. V., Sykes E. H., Burnett J. T., Green F. J., Harding F. C., Smart J. L., and Watts G. R., Drivers Pitt J. W., Forrester E., Leech C. C., Eastwell D. J., Gunners S. W., Ferguson S., Gibson R. D. H., Gough C. W. J., Harvey R., Miller F. W. and Frundle. (If I have missed anyone, let me know, and I will add them to the next nominal roll.) I hear from reliable sources that there are more in the offing.

ARRIVALS.—Sergeant Lodge and Driver Murphey have been presented with sons and heirs. Lance Corporal Gibbons has completed the "hat trick" a daughter arriving recently. Signalman Markwick, a son. Congratulations to them all. I almost included them in the above paragraph !

APOLOGIES.—"A" Section representative recently gave me some notes for insertion, but I can't find them. In our recent drive to salvage waste paper I'm afraid that in clearing my pending tray they were inadvertently destroyed.

"M" SECTION.—With the arrival of our Foreman of Signals, C.Q.M.S. Smallbone, work is going on quite smoothly. (Not that it didn't before !) Monopoly seems the best way to pass away an evening and Signalman Cashman has been known to have had a couple of hotels in Mayfair.

TERMITE.

Thames Estuary Signal Section

GENERAL.—Much has happened since I last penned these notes. Old faces have gone and new ones are to be seen on every hand. Flash has gone, much to his (and his wife's) disappointment, and Lance Corporal Peters is our latest loss. We wish them, and the others who are too numerous to mention, all the best of luck, and sincerely hope the day will come when maybe we will run across them again. We shall soon be losing, or perhaps by the time this is in print, have lost, Harry Stewart who has been fortunate enough to have passed as a prospective pilot in the R.A.F., and in this respect we offer our sympathy to Ted Corby, who was not quite so lucky.

A short while back a certain Sergeant who had left us in favour of one of our more distant Sections, said to me: "Why don't you ever say anything about us in your WIRE notes ?" Well, at the present moment I can't think of any wisecracks about three-wheelers, which have a nasty habit of breaking down, and anyway I believe he's told it. Of course, I could put him down in the gossip column, for he's just handed out an engagement ring. If he's not careful he'll wake up one morning and find he's married.

I used to be able to annoy one of the boys by regularly mentioning something about him or his trade, but now that source of amusement is over, for we have been told that he has collected a stripe at his new station. Congratulations, "Smudger."



HELL'S CORNER PERSONALITIES:
Signalman George Scarff (Our "Boogey Woogey Trumpet Boy")

ENTERTAINMENTS.—A week or two back we ran a dance which proved to be a terrific success. We all hoped to be able to say that it had added a pound or two to the Sports Fund, and when the balance sheet was finally settled we found to our delight that our most ambitious wishes had been greatly exceeded. The attendance was over 600 and a good time was had by all. This success has instilled a desire to run another dance at a later date and show people that we can even improve on what was termed the best dance held at the —— for years. Credit cannot be given to the workers individually, as it was definitely team spirit which did the trick, but if one man must be named as outstanding it was Lance Corporal Plane, who held the reins.

SPORT.—We still haven't started football, but the team is all ready—on paper, and all we need is a few matches. By next month we hope to be able to chronicle our successes (?).

Quite a few of the boys have taken up skating, but they'll never show us the bruises.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.—Who said that Potential Drop meant the result of the impending Trade Board ?

Who saluted the Scripture Reader ?
What became of Nancy ?
Who's got some cushions to spare for the above-mentioned skaters ?
That's all for the month. Cheerio !

BIG-HEARTED.

West Kent Signal Section

Corporal Smith having pointed out that it is nearly 200 pints since we were last in print, we once again take up the pen to earn a few more dirty looks.

To "Hearthrob Haselhurst" goes the honour this month of taking the first bow, together with our congratulations at having successfully qualified for the O.C.T.U. A pip on each side of his "Tilly Tickler" should knock 'em for six.

Our condolences to Acker Godwin who was recently attacked with the "flu" whilst on a week-end leave and was then plagued with tyre trouble for the rest of the week.

Signalman Thomas has departed for a while on the sick list, we hope for not too long. Meanwhile, we are at a loss to know what is wrong with anything.

To our untroubled community we welcome 2nd Lieutenant Elsmore, who we feel confident will, under the able tutorship of Signalman Short, be our band pianist in the next war.

Also to our ranks we welcome Professor Barrie. If he drives as fast as he talks, he was dead a year ago.

A successful evening was spent recently by one and all when we were visited by an experienced European traveller. His talk was such that it surprised the whole Section into listening for nearly two hours, always, of course, excepting ——, and he was able to put the "man who had been there" right on a few points.

On November 9th, over a 15-round contest, our soccer team bettered its own record by sharing six goals equally with — General Construction Company, R.E. Able assistance was given from the touch-line by those who matter and peace restored on at least one occasion by the influence of the odd 14 stone and a pip. No member of either team required stitches.

A plea from Lance Corporal Coleman "not to throw things at the drummer, he is doing his best," is here given prominence.

The whole of the foregoing should serve to keep the scribe ostracised for at least another month, so on the words "Truthus Prevailus" I will conclude.

CANDIDUS.

Having survived our initial appearance in THE WIRE we are prompted to attempt to make a habit of it—so here goes for December.

Firstly, our football team—at least, that sturdy party of eleven which weekly adorns itself in the necessary abbreviated costume and ventures forth to do battle on the soccer pitch.

We have had sufficient audacity to enter a local league, more with the idea of providing a bottom thereto than anything.

Seriously, though, the lads seem to enjoy themselves and I have no doubt that rushing around in the pouring rain for some 90 minutes does one a bit of good—or does it ?

However, last week we did run our opponents to a draw—which is progress in the right direction.

Last month we welcomed to our midst 2nd Lieutenant Elsmore. At least he was posted to us. Other than filling us with awe-stricken fear by reading the Riot Act to us, he seems to be pretty O.K.

Another change in the Section during the month was the advent of A.T.S. cooks. As there has been no appreciable increase on sick

parade, I think we can say the change over is not unsatisfactory. The feminine touch is quite apparent in our meals, but an element of caution must be exercised as they have only been with us for one week and perhaps it is really too early to pronounce judgment. Still, if they continue as they have begun, I can see the fellows putting on weight.

Our fortnightly whist drives continue to represent "good business" besides providing the local whist fiends with an opportunity to keep their hands in until the balmy days of peace return and they can resume their nightly battles for the local gold cups and packets of "woods."

Talking of good business, I am not sure whether our Christmas Fund now stands at 5s. 3d. or 4s. 3d., so I must away to check same.

TELHOUSE.

— Command Signals

CRICKET.—Now that the final match of the cricket season has been played it is my privilege to write a few lines on the season's activity.

The results of the team's efforts can be seen by the following analysis:—

Matches played	Won	Lost	Drawn
22	18	3	1

It has indeed been a good season and whilst the team as a whole has performed well, I feel that the following individual figures should be published:—

Batting

	Inns.	Times not out	Runs	Most in inns.	Avg.
Signalman Milton	12	2	230	51*	23.00
Private Peach	16	3	224	55	17.23

Bowling

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Avg.
Sergeant Andrews	161	26	503	74	6 79
Signalman Quick	95	10	294	40	7 35
Signalman Higginbottom	50	5	154	25	6.16

Sergeant Andrews, the "Punch" of the team, has bowled extremely well right through the season, and his steady, cunning and good length bowling has been an asset to the team.

Quick (by name and bowling), who played for Taunton Nursery team before joining us, has been no less valuable, and after the war should go far in the cricket world.

Our staunch R.S.M. has on many occasions given us some very bright innings and we as well as he were very unfortunate when he missed a few games through injury.

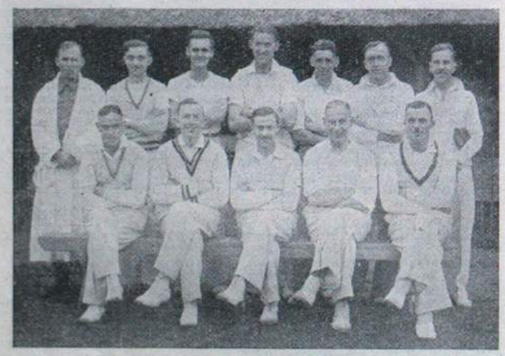
Higginbottom, a left-arm bowler, did well, and a more steady length is all he needs to gain more success in bowling.

It is regretted that Lieutenant Haggis and 2nd Lieutenant Hill could not turn out for us more often, but duty called always before cricket and we had to suffer their loss.

I have not mentioned all members of the team by name, but that is not because their contribution has not been worthy of recognition. On the contrary, all members have played with a wonderful team spirit and the keenness in the field in every game has been a notable as well as an important point.

We have been very lucky in having the use of King's Walden Cricket Ground, for which we are grateful, and much credit has been due to the R.S.M. for the condition in which he has kept the pitch.

— COMMAND SIGNALS UNIT CRICKET TEAM



Back row (left to right): C.S.M. Blackburn, Driver Jordan, Lance Corporal Fayter, Signalman Quick, Private Peach, Sergeant Andrews, Signalman Milton.
Front row (left to right): C.S.M. Dawson, Lieutenant F. J. Hill, Major H. A. Metcalf, Captain C. L. Haggis, R.S.M. Ray, J. C.

Thanks are due also to the valiant people who have worked to supply us with much needed teas during the innings.

In conclusion, I would add how much I have enjoyed skippering the side, which I can quite seriously say, is the best side I have been privileged to skipper and can only hope I will have the opportunity of doing it again next year.

END OF SEASON TABLE

Batting

	Inns.	Times not out	Runs	Most in inns.	Avg.
Major Metcalf	7	0	79	45	11.28
Captain Swinnerton	7	2	52	19*	10.4
Lieutenant Haggis	4	1	54	27	18.00
2nd Lieutenant Hill	5	0	66	44	13.2
R.S.M. Ray	12	0	168	48	14.00
C.S.M. Dawson	18	0	228	56	12.66
Sergeant Andrews	14	1	105	30*	8.07
Sergeant Lorriman	14	0	127	28	9.07
Sergeant Quant	12	1	108	27*	9.81
Sergeant Thompson	6	0	26	13	4.33
Corporal Pickles	1	0	2	2	2.00
Signalman Milton	12	2	230	51*	23.00
Signalman Jordan	15	0	154	24	10.20
Signalman Quick	7	1	10	5	1.66
Signalman Higginbottom	7	1	37	13	6.16
Private Peach	16	3	224	55	17.33

* Not out.

Bowling

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Avg.
R.S.M. Ray	23	1	107	9	11.88
C.S.M. Dawson	8	0	33	5	6.60
Sergeant Andrews	161	26	503	74	6.79
Sergeant Quant	4	0	12	2	6.00
Sergeant Lorriman	21	1	119	11	10.81
Signalman Quick	95	10	294	40	7.35
Signalman Milton	8	0	59	3	19.66
Signalman Higginbottom	50	5	154	25	6.16

Also bowled.—Lieutenant Haggis, 2 overs, 25 runs.

Catches.—Major Metcalf, 2; Captain Swinnerton, 1; Lieutenant Haggis, 2; 2nd Lieutenant Hill, 1; R.S.M. Ray, 3; C.S.M. Dawson, 8; Sergeant Andrews, 6; Sergeant Lorriman, 7; Sergeant Quant, 1; Sergeant Thompson, 4; Corporal Pickles, 1; Signalman Milton, 1; Signalman Jordan, 6; Signalman Quick, 6; Private Peach, 8.

— Corps Signals

Circumstances prevailing at the present time encourage the principle of "Work hard, play hard," and we in this Unit appear to have well and truly entered into the spirit of this during the past weeks.

The spate of schemes has subsided (but temporarily I suppose) and we have settled down to section and individual training about which little can be put on paper. Except to say that one hopes to increase every man's rating by at least one rate by the end of the winter.

As these notes are being turned out, news of the impending visit of the Inspector of Signals comes through.

That peculiar bird the Section Storeman, can now be heard around the camp calling for his stores, spread by the recent schemes to all manner of places, the scrub of the brush against webbing, providing a pulsating background to this lament.

But there's a whole lot of truth on the old saw, "All work and no play . . . " and recently we have had a very well-balanced social programme.

Mr. Schicklgruber, Slap-Happy and the rest have caused a great deal of suffering and misery since they turned their hordes loose upon the peoples of Europe.

It was a pleasant change, therefore, to see them responsible for the provision of an evening's pleasure. They were, however, blissfully ignorant of this fact, because the Unit players did not let them know that the "blame" was being put on them for their opening show, an original and scintillating revue, "C'est la Guerre!"

Although the title suggests that the responsibility for the production lay with the war it was actually only through the hard work of the show's "Brain Trust," 2nd Lieutenant D. H. Middleman, the producer, and Signalman Albert Morton, who devised the show and wrote most of the material, that their object was realised.

The approbation with which the "crowded house," including the C.S.O. and his wife, and our C.O. and his wife, was full reward for their persistency against the many interruptions caused by schemes, courses, etc., during the period of production.

During the two months that the show was on production the script was kept a closely guarded secret and attempts to "grip" the producer and obtain the "Griff" proved fruitless. All that was left to do was to take note of the advice given by a well-known politician around 08 and "Wait and See."

It was well worth waiting for and personally, I would have waited much longer to have seen Morton's burlesque of a torch singer performing at the "Blanco Club," the district hottest hot spot! Without diverting any limelight from the other players, it is no exaggeration to say that by his brilliance, he carried the show.

Others in the cast were:—Sergeant Timberlake, Signalmen Kelley, Hewitt Hornsey, Ashton, Bryan and Driver Dobbin, with 2nd Lieutenant A. Scott Finnie to add a little variety with his interpretations of music by Chopin and other masters.

The show was such a success that a repeat performance had to be given. There is a practical side to the effort, too, for the Royal Signals Prisoners of War Fund received an appreciable sum from admission fees.

Assisting on the production side of the show were Signalmen Hall, Turner and Hull and Driver Morrall.

In passing it is worthy of mention that the "girls" in the show were a riot. You may put your own interpretation upon that!

Another pleasurable evening was provided by the Coventry Repertory Company, who gave us a very racy comedy, "It's a Wise Child." It was unfortunate that the lighting system would choose that night to do a fade out, but Major R. W. Alford stepped into the breach and gained "fame"—an unseen pianist entertaining a darkened house during the period which elapsed before substitute lighting could be arranged.

British restaurants etc., can be found all over the country nowadays and not to be outdone we have started our own "Running Buffet."

This is held twice weekly during the evenings and has proved to be a great success. The hot suppers are provided from the Messing funds.

It means extra work for the cooks, but their reward is gained from the appreciation expressed by the men.

S.B.

— Armoured Divisional Signals

Once again another month gone and the year closing, and when we look back and think of what has been done it makes us look forward to 1942 to bring us what we all want, and here's hoping it does to all of us in the Corps.

We have had a busy month, training has been in full swing, and many are "watting" for up-grading. We have had various inspections. The S.O. in C. inspected the Unit and showed great interest in the personnel and the work. His keen interest made us feel that the hard work of the past had been just fed.

The G.O.C. of the formation, accompanied by our own G.O.C., also visited and inspected the Unit.

Another notable visit was the Corps Band from — S.T.C. The Unit paraded in the morning at Headquarters and were inspected by the Commanding Officer. After inspection the Unit marched past, the Commanding Officer took the salute.

After the parade the band gave a delightful recital in the Y.M.C.A. In the evening a dance was held in the town in conjunction with another Unit, it was a great success and everyone was in good "spirits."

The visit of the band was all too short, but everyone enjoyed it. We offer our sincere thanks to them and assure them of a hearty welcome if they come our way again.

We welcome to the Unit Major Seely, Major Hancock, Captain F. V. Price, 2nd Lieutenants Robinson and Blatch. We hope their stay will be pleasant. We also extend a welcome to Corporal Marshall.

Notable departures—Major A. E. Tyler, we hope that his new surroundings will be pleasant. Good luck, sir. We said good-bye to S.Q.M.S. Newton A., who is now a full Lieutenant. Good luck, Steve. Come back and see us. Sergeant Jarratt, S.Q.M.S. Parish, Corporal Dodd, Lance Corporal Bithell also departed to O.C.T.U. Good luck, fellows, every success in your new venture. Lance Sergeant Cockrell got a quick move, to warmer climes. Good luck.

Wedding bells have rung for Sergeant Hedge W. C. Corporal Marshall, Signalman Johnson P., Driver Evans W. Best wishes go to them.

Sport is in full swing, especially football. We have had two thrilling cup-ties in the Formation Cup.

The first game against the "Red Caps," although our team were midgets in comparison, we had the satisfaction of beating them 6—3. Since then our boys have kept out of town.

We had a real thriller in the second round against our Armoured Car Regiment, which resulted in a draw 3—3. They turned up for the game with a very big support, from their Commanding Officer downwards, and so did we. They were very fast and played a grand football. Our boys had just returned from a two days' outing and one could see they were tired. At half-time we were winning 1—0. When the teams turned round the other side got going and eight minutes from the end we were two goals down. Then the Signals' supporters came to the rescue and the "Hampden Roar" had nothing on them. The team were inspired and notched a goal, hats were thrown into the air, and the roar increased, the ball was centred, three minutes to go. The cry was, Could they do it? The supporters said yes, and the team went to it. Howie, our Scotch midget, gets the ball, beats his man in his usual nippy manner, slings a low long cross to outside-right Thornton, who is off like a shot. The opposing back made for him and if Thornton had not dodged he would have been in Kingdom Come. We thought he was running over the line, but at the last stride he slung a beauty into the centre. S.Q.M.S. Newton, our centre-forward, was on the spot, he had to head and he caught it just at the goalpost and it meant hitting it, too. Shades of miracles he got it in, but he was out to the count having hit the post as well. Pandemonium reigned, the Signals' supporters went crazy. Fellows could be seen hugging Sergeants, the R.S.M. was dancing and cheering at the top of his voice. Officers (including the C.O.) clapping each other on the back. The Q.M. and Orderly Room Sergeant doing a dance and hugging match on the line, and the bloke that caused all this lying on his back seeing stars. He recovered all right, no damage except a thick head, and then the whistle blew, and more cheers. It was a thrilling and sporting game and we are all looking forward to the replay.

Rugby is going strong and we have a full season's games fixed.

Netball is going well and many exciting skirmishes occur.

Our dance is still popular and well supported by all.

Now we must strike a very solemn note. We deeply regret to announce the death of Signalman Dixon R. E. Young Rollo met his death while on duty, in a bad fog he crashed. He was a popular young boy and we shall miss him. Our heartfelt sympathy goes to his people. He was buried with military honours. Here is Signalman Kneebone his boyhood friend, to give a short tribute. On the morning of Friday, December 5th, 1941, the funeral of Signalman Dixon R. E. took place. Signalman Dixon, who was a very popular member of "C" Troop, A.D. Signals, lost his life in an accident the previous Tuesday. He was buried with military honours as befitted a soldier who lost his life during the execution of his duty.

His father, an ex-member of the Royal Corps of Signals, his mother and his brother, who is also a Signalman, were present. His fellow D.R.s acted as bearers and mourners, escorted by members of "A" Troop. The C.O. and other officers being present at the ceremony.

Floral tributes were sent by officers and O.R.s of various Units with whom he had been connected during his Army career.

Members of the — Armoured Divisional Signals and "Boys' Training Company," who were all firm friends with the deceased, extend their heartfelt sympathy to his parents and relations.

AGONY COLUMN.—Busty and Bass, 51 L.W.

Bunker still alive.

Well, friends, this is all the news meantime. Best wishes to all for the incoming year.

JOCK.

We must apologise for being an absentee from last month's WIRE, but owing to urgent engagements in various parts of the country we were unable to give our gossip.

We are now settling down to winter training after a season of exercises.

Our experiences on the last two big schemes have been varied and exciting, and showed that all our hard work in the preparation for them had brought results. We can say with pride, that the hard work and the hard going on the exercises has brought us nearer to the standard of efficiency that we are aiming at.

We said good-bye to Major R. C. Conway-Gordon, who has gone to dizzier heights. Good luck, sir. Also notable departures, Captain T. MacSwinney, 2nd Lieutenants M. Walford and P. B. H. Morton. Good luck.

Notable departures amongst O.R.s were our C.S.M. Parker W. (How's the worms, Bill?) The Sergeants' Mess is getting fatter now.

Lance Sergeant Richards, Corporals Lockwood and Shaw, Signalmen Barker, Batt, Lawson and Mullins, and various others. We wish them all good luck in their new spheres.

We extend the glad hand to Major R. N. Seddon, Lieutenants C. Challice and R. G. H. Coles, and 2nd Lieutenant J. Jackson. May their stay be long and pleasant.

The glad hand is also extended to C.S.M.s Matthews C. and Pawsey, and Sergeant Frane. "Bovy's" loss is our gain. Also welcomed is Sergeant Bob Hoar from S.T.C. We also welcome the many others too numerous to mention, and hope they will soon settle down and be one of us.

Congratulations are extended to R.S.M. Strickson H. and R.Q.M.S. Hodson W. on their promotion. (So far no one has been able to get the "Gripper Cup" away from the R.S.M. Billy Bennett has nothing on him.) Congratulations are also extended to C.S.M. Shove (now departed) on his promotion. Sorry to lose you, but good luck. To the many others who received advances we tender our congratulations.

Wedding bells have rung for Sergeant Busty Gant, Lance Corporal Reeves, and Signalman Vineall. Best wishes to all these brave men.

The stork is still busy and our congratulations to Signalman and Mrs. Beaconsall, Signalman and Mrs. Hutchins, and Signalman and Mrs. Jones.

Sport is still in full swing. Football is going very strong.

Notable matches, Scotland v. England. Although the Jocks started off strong favourites and looked at the commencement of play to be winning, they were well and truly beaten 5—2, but there will come another day.

W.O.s and Sergeants got well beaten by the men in a very sporting game. I will spare the Senior N.C.O.s' blushes and not mention the score. Officers and Senior N.C.O.s played the men and were narrowly beaten in a very fast game. The Adjutant shook the critics by scoring a hat-trick. We have formed a Unit team and have great hopes in it.

Rugby is just commencing and trials are being arranged.

Hockey is in the air and ex-Indian wallahs are knocking up.

The weekly dance is still popular and no decrease of attraction is noticeable.

QUERY.—Solomon recently gave a piano recital in a local theatre. Is this the cause of the Adjutant's baby grand?

Who gave the very realistic impression of the ghost in the chapel in the last scheme and who was the N.C.O. who promised he would not touch another drop when he heard it?

Now we will close with the hope that we will hear from old friends and new.

JOCK.

Life has been fairly busy during the last two months. We have taken part in all the big exercises, including Bumper, since which we have provided neutral Signals for another formations exercise.

There is no doubt that we are improving at our job and were most gratified to receive a "bouquet" from the C.S.O. of a Command at the termination of the large t exercise in which we took part.

We now have a training school operating in the village hall and one constantly sees small parties of men armed with manuals and notebooks heading for the seat of learning. We hope that as a result Part II Orders will, in the near future, be recording the fruits of their labours."

Our weekly dances, which were temporarily suspended owing to the "exigences of the Service," are now going again, and judging from the attendance are one of the chief Friday night attractions in the district.

The band has now been augmented by a trumpet player and under the management of Sergeant Petrie is very popular.

Football has started and two matches have been played, both at home. The first against Divisional H.Q. Squadron was lost 4—2. Having played uphill for the first half and changed over with the score 3—2 it was hoped that we might pull it off. The second match against a team of Canadians was won 4—1.

The Unit team is at present composed as follows:—Goal, Lance Corporal Lickens; backs, Driver Moore and Signalman Kennedy; half-backs, Driver Irvine, Lance Corporal Robson and Corporal Foote; forwards, Signalman Doy, Lance Sergeant Sealey, Lance Corporal Dean, Driver McNamara and Sergeant Petrie. Reserves, Lance Corporals Mannering and Gates.

Owing to the energy of the Sports Officer, 2nd Lieutenant A. J. Keeling, Royal Signals, we have two football grounds in use and also, thanks to the kindness of the local cricket club who have lent

us their ground, we hope to have a hockey ground in the very near future. We have the kit and it is hoped to be able to field four teams at a time.

R.S.M. Rigden W. J. has left us for a Signal Training Centre and we welcome R.S.M. Hancock E., who has joined the Unit in his place.

Our congratulations are extended to Captain R. S. Ross, Royal Signals, on his marriage, which took place on October 9th, 1941.

Members of — — Signals who were with that Unit before the war and after Dunkirk will be sorry to hear that Jane, Major Goods little dog, was run over by a car and killed.

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.—This is the first entry into the columns of THE WIRE of the W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess of the — Armoured Divisional Signals.

We take this opportunity of according a hearty welcome to R.S.M. Hancock and of offering R.S.M. Rigden our best wishes on leaving the Mess for a new Unit.

There has been considerable activity in the Mess during these past few weeks, and several improvements have been effected, notably the addition of furniture and the opening of a Mess bar.

There is definitely no truth in the rumour that the S.Q.M.S. obtained the Mess furniture from the local salvage depot, or that he was seen during the following week handing round a packet of cigarettes.

The dazzling uniform flaunted by our Cable Troop Sergeant has caused a flurry of conjecture among the civilian customers of the local taverns. However, having interviewed this bird of gaudy plumage, we can authoritively state that he is NOT leading a military mission from Russia.

It grieves us to record that the book-keeping ability (amongst other things) of the Mess caterer was doubted owing to a trivial deficiency of 14 pints of bitter. Anyhow, I only had eleven.

Now the car park has become a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, we hear that a commissionaire is to be permanently employed and a parking fee of 3d. an hour to be charged.

— Artillery Signal Section Training Battalion, Shropshire

Headquarters

We, unfortunately, " missed the boat " last issue, so here goes for a spot of news this time.

First of all, we are pleased to welcome Lieutenant-Colonel R. Maguire back from a month's sick leave and to see him looking so well again. Best of health to you, sir !

Also we welcome three new officers from O.C.T.U.—2nd Lieutenants James, Harding and Davis, who are already proving a useful help to our somewhat overworked Cadre officers.

Large numbers of personnel have arrived during the last few weeks for training as operators and drivers, etc., and also a batch from the G.H.Q. Liaison Regiment for a special wireless course.

The training staff have certainly been busy, and deserve full marks for the way they tackled this big intake with our such limited accommodation, etc.

The Officers' Mess report, too, that the course of officers has made " Brow House " seem all too small. A dance was held by the Officers' Mess in " Bryn-y-Pys " during this particular course and proved a great success—some 60 people being present. The Unit band (especially Corporal Williams on the grand piano) excelled themselves that night.

Another course of officers arrived during the month, and are already enjoying themselves in this quiet (?) spot.

The W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess has been flourishing, and the social evenings in the Mess have gone with a swing (of the right arm ?). A dance was organised by them in the Village Hall and the proceeds forwarded to the Royal Signals Prisoners of War Fund. Another one is being held for the Benevolent Fund soon.

At long last we are seeing some results in the camp of efforts to " get things done." The N.A.A.F.I. (thanks to some hard work put in by our Unit carpenters) opened with a flourish at the end of October. The electric lighting is now almost complete, and is expected to be " switched on " soon now. What we are all now wondering is, " Will old Gamble's power (?) station stand it ? " According to the overhead route he (at least I mean we) built, one would think we were being connected to " Hams Hall." Here's hoping the " juice " won't be long and the days of candles and hurricane lamps over for good, and so at last we can see what really is for breakfast !

Our National Savings Campaign started off well. Keep it up, fellers, and let's have a record this month.

The Unit football team has gained one or two useful men from recent " intakes," and are keeping well up in the league. Some enjoyable Saturday afternoons have been spent recently, and it is certainly nice to see Captain Huddle " out " again.

E.N.S.A. have been much kinder to us of late, and sent along some grand concert parties—including the first " A " class show to visit the village. It is nice to know we can now show an appreciation of these shows by a really good turn up of " Signals."

During the month, Sunday evening " impromptu " concerts were started in the Village Hall. After a somewhat slow start, they have, with the able assistance of the local W.men's Voluntary Services, become a great success, and it is hoped that more " hidden talent " will come forward now to make it a really permanent affair, and enjoyable evenings for all.

On Armistice Sunday, a parade service was held and a wreath was laid on the village War Memorial, on behalf of the Unit, by Major F. Cokayne, in the absence of Lieutenant-Colonel R. Maguire.

DEPARTURES.—Quite a number of old faces have left us these last few weeks, among them being Sergeant Chapman C. W., our O.R.S., to whom we wish the best of luck on his marriage, and in his new job.

No. 1 Company

ADMINISTRATION.—October saw the departure of C.S.M. Robinson (one of the few survivors of the old T.A. days) and the arrival of C.S.M. Thurley. The best of luck to both of them in their new spheres.

Signals personnel shine forth in deeds other than those pertaining to mere communications. If you want your coal shovelling in, ask the Signals. If you want a Class " A " road constructed ask the Signals. If you want a house built, ask especially for Sergeant Wall and Co. (demonstrations in the O.C.'s office).

TRAINING.—Infused with the pep of early morning P.T., the technical training goes on with gusto, and failures are almost unheard of. Several new arrivals have been welcomed with open arms and absorbed in the merciless machine which will shortly gorge them forth as the world's experts.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—We seem to be doing well in these days. Dances, E.N.S.A. shows, social Sunday evenings, all contribute to the Company's off-duty gaiety. Our O.C., Corporal Fox, and the remainder of the Unit's Entertainment Committee are already complaining of sleepless nights. Despite frequent changes in their ranks, the Unit band continually rears its head and roars defiance to audiences various.

FLASHED QUERIES.—Is it correct that Corporal Fox received a telegram of congratulation from Paul Robeson ?

Is our O.C.'s promotion to officer i/c Women's Voluntary Services' Sock Darning Department a permanency ? Is it right that even the drains now smell sweet ?

Q.Q.Q.

No. 2 Company

We must apologise for having omitted to make a contribution in the last issue, owing to the lack of material rather than lack of interest.

During the month, we have welcomed quite a number of attached personnel, and trust that their stay, even though intensive, was a pleasant one.

Corporal Delaney has left us. All we can say is " All the best, Bernard." We hope you have learned to play the bass with us. Old faces, such as Signalmen Whitehouse and Husbands, and new faces, such as Dyson and Cooper, have gone, and we wish them " good luck."

The Company has been notably represented in the entertainments line, including Sunday nights at the Village Hall. Signalman Stott has earned for himself the title of " The Silver Voiced Tenor," while Corporal Williams has performed as usual at the piano.

We can also claim no fewer than 10 places in the Unit rugby team.

In conclusion, we send good wishes to all those who have been associated with our Company.

TOCK, ACK.

Diary of Events in the War

SEPTEMBER 29TH.—British convoy in Mediterranean beats off Italian attacks with loss of one vessel and 12 enemy aircraft shot down. Heavy R.A.F. attacks on Western Germany, Northern Italy and Sicily.

OCTOBER 1ST.—Allied conference in Moscow concluded. Russian counter-attacks gain ground in Leningrad area. R.A.F. raid Hamburg and Stettin.

OCTOBER 2ND.—Three German aircraft destroyed in raids on Britain.

OCTOBER 3RD.—Hitch in proposed exchange of German and British wounded prisoners.

OCTOBER 4TH.—Russian counter-attacks to relieve German pressure on Crimea.

OCTOBER 5TH.—Great German offensive on Russian central front reported in progress.

OCTOBER 6TH.—Germans make progress on Smolensk and Moscow roads in Briansk area. R.A.F. successfully attack enemy shipping in Channel.

OCTOBER 7TH.—Arrangements for exchange of sick and wounded German and British prisoners break down. Submarines and Fleet Air Arm sink 13 enemy ships in Mediterranean. Continued German advance on Russian central front.

OCTOBER 8TH.—Russians evacuate Orel; heavy fighting continues around Vyasma and Briansk. Germans claim encirclement of large Russian forces in both areas.

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