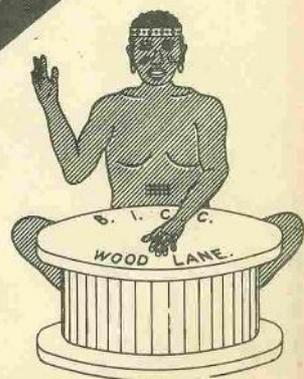


The
**BUSH
TELEGRAPH**

CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1958

VOLUME NO. 4

NO. 7



....AND BEST WISHES FOR A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

BRITISH INSULATED CALLENDER'S CABLES LIMITED

ATHLETIC AND SOCIAL CLUB (WOOD LANE)

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THE BUSH TELEGRAPH

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Editorial

Christmas has come round again with the promise of good things, the exchange of presents and the round of general festivity; carol singers in the lamplight, holly and mistletoe in the hall, the plump goose, the Christmas pudding, nuts by the fire, old brandy and the smell of cigars. Christmas Eve the time of waiting, not with the nostalgia which greets the New Year, but with suspense as if we, who from childhood have thrilled at the thought of the bulky stocking, were again in some way recapturing the excitement but half remembered. It is right that Christmas should be a time of joy and happiness with families gathered together at the fire side, for the message of the first Christmas is always with us and the power of that glory that shone around the shepherds in the fields and the Manger at Bethlehem, is still a stronghold of faith in a changing world.

Glory be to God on High and on

Earth Peace to Men of Good Will

'BUSH TELEGRAPH' CHRISTMAS MESSAGE
FROM THE VICE PRESIDENT DR. L. G. BRAZIER

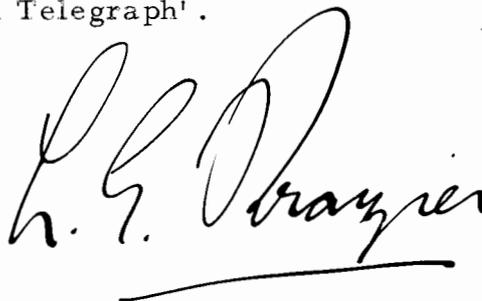
Looking at the file, I see that the last time the 'Bush Telegraph' had a Christmas number and I was asked for a Christmas message, I was writing as a convalescent. I seem to be making a regrettable habit of it: or perhaps it is that the Editor only chooses to issue a Christmas number when I have this misfortune.

The great news for Christmas 1958 is, of course, the new laboratory building. The present is undoubtedly a difficult time for new capital expenditure, and on this account many of the Company's schemes have had to be deferred. It is indeed a recognition of the increasing impact of the Research Organisation's work and results on the operations of the Company, that in spite of these difficulties the Board has approved the placing of contracts for the new research laboratories.

The French have a saying that it is necessary to suffer to be beautiful. In the new laboratories the elegance that we seek is the elegance of truly functional design. Nevertheless, with the architecture in the hands of Mr. Marvan, the building will not be without a visual elegance, both within and without, which will bear comparison with our newly arising neighbours in Wood Lane.

However, the early stages will undoubtedly be painful for all of us. The pile drivers will be noisy, and the excavators will throw up clouds of dust - that is if the dust is not squelched down by rain. I am sure, however, that we shall all bear with these discomforts, fortified by the knowledge of what the new laboratories will mean to the Research Organisation.

My very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all readers of the 'Bush Telegraph'.


L. G. Brazier

THE FFESTINIOG RAILWAY

by

G.A. Ward

The Ffestiniog Railway is the oldest narrow gauge railway in Britain, being opened in 1836 for horse-drawn freight. The steam hauled passenger service commenced in 1865.

The railway is of 60 cm gauge and runs from Portmadoc on the Cambrian Coast $13\frac{3}{4}$ miles inland to Blaenan Ffestiniog. At the moment only $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, as far as Tan-y-Bwlch, is open as the C.E.A. are building their pumped storage scheme 2 miles further up the line and a detour round this will have to be built before the whole of the route can be used.

The line climbs about 700 ft. passing over steep walled stone embankments, along shelves cut into the mountain sides, through two tunnels and doubles back round a lake. Starting at Portmadoc the railway crosses a mile-long embankment across the sea to Boston Lodge, from which one gets views of Snowdonia, and where the workshops are located, and which is the station for Port Merion ($\frac{3}{4}$ mile).

The railway next climbs up the Vale of Ffestiniog, through Minffordd, which has a large notice on the platform "Change for the Great Western Railway". The next station is Penrhyndeudraith, although it is located at a place called Upper Penrhyn. The Western Region station of the same name is located at Lower Penrhyn, the town being in between. The railway then winds its way up the hillside, with magnificent views of Harlech and the Vale of Ffestiniog. Passengers get the impression that a pebble could be dropped into the toy-like town in the valley below, and then the railway arrives at Tan-y-Bwlch, the present terminus. Beyond the line passes through a 60 yds. tunnel cut through Syerite, passes through Dduallt and then passes through another tunnel 730 yds. long, the far mouth of which will be 14 ft. under water when the reservoir is finished. The railway then passes through Tan-y-Grisiau before arriving at Blaenan Ffestiniog where the slate quarries for which this railway was built are located.

In 1939 the passenger service was suspended and the railway closed in 1946. The Ffestiniog Railway Society Ltd.

acquired control and reopened as far as Boston Lodge by July 1955, to Minffordd April 1956, to Penrhyn 1957, to Tan-y-Bylch April 1958.

The railway is not entirely old fashioned as it has colour light signals on one stretch. It has, however, the oldest locomotive in the world still earning its keep; this is "Prince", built in 1863. Britain's first and oldest bogie coach is at present in the shops being renovated and will be in use next season.

The railway has other points of interest which make it unique. It owns two 0-4-4-0 locomotives built according to the Fairlie Patent (dated 12th May, 1863) which are in effect two engines back-to-back with one cab. Only one is in use at the present, but it is believed to be the only one in the world in use. When they first appeared the "double engines" astonished the world and experts came from all over the world to see them, and there may still be some of this type in Russia today. Typical loads during the most prosperous years were 100 empty slate trucks, 4 passenger coaches and a dozen goods coaches hauled up the hill. During test one of these engines successfully hauled a 206 ton train 648 ft. long up a 1 in. 85 gradient; during the Board of Trade inspection in 1869 the train consisted of 111 slate waggons, 6 coaches with 60 passengers and 12 goods waggons, a train 1348 ft. long and 134 tons. At the loops trains keep to the right, unlike every other railway in Britain, and the signals are different from any others, though similar ones were used on the standard gauge railways years ago.

Members of the Society which supports the railway work on it as volunteers, using those skills which they know.

This summer I went to North Wales and worked on the track, replacing sleepers and chairs by new ones. The old sleepers were supplied for the railway and are shallower than the cut-in-half B.R. sleepers used to replace them. The process of replacement consists of removing the spikes fastening the chair, removing the key locking the chair to the rail and sliding the chair along the rail. The old sleeper is then pulled out sideways. A trench is then excavated with a mattock in the ballast (which came from the bed of the Elbe at Hamburg) to take the new sleeper. The chair is slid back into position and a new key banged into position. Ballast is then packed beneath the sleeper with a special type of pick until it is firm and tight under the rail; finally the chair is spiked.

Once a month during the winter parties of enthusiasts travel from London to work on the railway. The work is very varied and may consist of painting, heaving rail, loading sleepers and coal from B.R. to Ffestiniog waggons, attending to the telegraph system or to the track.

Altogether the work done by the Railway Company employees and volunteers has rescued the railway from being a derelict buried in Welsh jungle to a going concern. They have relaid most of the 7 miles of track in use, have rebuilt two steam locomotives and one NOISY, STINKING, UGLY DIESEL MONSTER. Acres of painting has been done - eight bogie coaches, three 4-wheelers and two vans, not to mention the hearse-coach and six stations and four level crossing gates.

The four wheeler coaches and a brake van, hauled by "Prince", make up the relief train, is used when the scheduled trains are full, and is known as "The Flying Flea", which always catches the permanent way gang by surprise.

Of the other coaches three are of special interest. One still retains the original 1st class Victorian upholstery in buttoned leather, prickly horsechair headrests with lace antimacassars. Unfortunately it is by now shabby and will have to be replaced in a year or so. One of the others is the third class buffet car (the Ffestiniog still retains third class in preference to second) which is permanently coupled to the first class observation car, which is entered through a frosted glass door bearing the Company's crest, and is equipped with bell pushes marked "Steward" which summon the car buffet attendant. Both these latter two vehicles have been rebuilt by volunteer labour and maintained with gleaming paint and clean windows so that more than one visitor has commented on the net foot pounds of elbow grease per trailing ton-mile.

For a pound a year supporters travel free on the railway as well as on the "Earl of Northesk's private Tramway"* and they support it with their labour, in some cases with donations through the society, and by any other means that they can. Their

* The Tal-y-Clyn Railway

reward is in seeing the railway running a regular service (is in the Western Region time-table - table 189) and in its progress. This year 60,248 passenger journeys were made. Why don't you make it one more next year?

ECONOMY

We must spend less
On crucibles and dishes
On beakers, glasses and urinals
The Great Work must be retarded
For lack of substance.
The furnace cool and
The smutty blowers be discharged,
Leaving their aprons
For another situation,
The stink of brimstone
Fade to faint remembrance.
Yet more workers
Must be enlisted
To fill their places
And precious gold be spent
On building palaces,
With orient splendour
Peacocks and eunuchs
Dancing girls and
High titled gentry
Doctors from far off
Seats of learning, and
Full sleeved masters.
The endless building
Of airy castles
With subterranean monsters
Rattling and groaning
From Hainault to Ealing.

RMB
1951

IMPRESSIONS OF LOURDES

by

Francis Reynolds

Situated in the heart of the scenic Pyrenees is Lourdes, until a hundred years ago a sparsely populated mountain village, near the River Gave. This little village is no longer obscure, since Our Blessed Lady chose an ill-fed delicate peasant girl to deliver a message to the world.

At Our Lady's command, little Bernadette Soubirous scratched the earth and water came gushing forth. Ever since suffering people have come to bathe in these miraculous waters, and many cures have been known to take place.

In this centenary year I had the privilege of visiting this sacred shrine. I joined a week-end pilgrimage of two hundred and fifty people.

On arrival at Tarbes airport we found a bright modern building, and we were greeted by slick French officials. We noticed excited traffic-controllers waving in a continuous stream of aircraft.

By contrast, an old-fashioned 'bus brought us the few kilometres to the town of Lourdes. It was strange bouncing long at an unaccustomed speed on the right hand side of the road. In the town the speed of the intermittent traffic, the carefree abandon of the pilgrims strolling all over the streets, and the excited gesticulations of the little gendarmes with their cute caps, were remarkable. The atmosphere was gay and cheerful, and at night music could be heard in the brightly lit thoroughfares. Do not let us dally in this cosmopolitan provincial town, charming as it may be. We must visit the Grotto Domain.

As we approach the gates we get our first glimpse of the four beautiful basilicas, built one above the other, and the adjoining rampants. We pass through the gates. Silence is now the order of the day, and we leave behind vendors of religious objects.

We notice a brancardier drawing behind him a preciously-laden wheel-chair, seemingly with carefree ease. The

brancardiers do heroic work, caring for the sick. Each night they drink from the water that the sick have bathed in, as an act of faith. None has been known to suffer any ill effect from infection which should be rampant in this water; this is regarded as a great miracle.

Now we come to the Grotto itself. We approach timidly, look about eagerly. This is the place people have come to venerate from all over the world. We are come to see what is here.

A statue of Our Lady stands in the groove where tradition holds St. Bernadette saw the apparition. An altar has been erected to enable Holy Mass to be said in this sacred place. An endless queue of pilgrims files around the interior of the Grotto, some pause to kneel before the spot where Our Lady stood. We notice the great candles which burn continuously before the shrine and looking upwards to the other side we gaze wonderingly at the array of crutches left behind by grateful invalids.

Before the Grotto there are several rows of sick people. What is it about them that fascinates us? There is an atmosphere of peace, hope and happiness among them, although they suffer greatly. Most of them will return home not cured but fortified to bear their crosses patiently. They know that like St. Bernadette "it is their business to be ill". This was the Saint's reply when asked on her death-bed what she was doing.

We leave the Grotto reluctantly, filled with awe, and begin to feel some of the happiness that is so much a part of this heavenly place.

Towards evening we had the privilege of taking part in a Procession, during which the Rosary was recited in Latin so that all could join together in prayer.

Later came a climax - the spectacular Torchlight Procession - a magnificent sight. We carried lighted candles and when some thousands were steadily moving and flickering, outlining the sloping ramparts before the basilicas, the effect was superb. The Lourdes hymn was sung over and over in four languages, everybody joining triumphantly in the Ave chorus.

Immaculate Mary
Our hearts are on fire
That title so wondrous
Fills all our desire.

Ave, Ave, Ave Maria.
Ave, Ave, Ave Maria.

TULIP GREEN

Green, tulip green, bending
Curved gracefully, stretching
Light seeking, purple
Unopened, pale purple, making
Gay and inhabited
Desolation.

Vacuum, void of life
Save these pale organisms
Silent save the raindrops
On the fastened windows;
Still, save the progress
Of decay.

Stillness, tranquil mind
Past comprehension; peace
Inconceivable, irrevocable
By consternation, tending
To destruction; falls the castle
Two queens and a jack.

Outside, preparation
The offering of propitiation
Tiny buds thrusting, and
Young leaves as yet
Unborn, waiting
For the moment of Spring.

RMB
1951

OF MUSIC APPRECIATION

by

Ralph Coates

My friend Bill possessed chest expanders, skipping ropes and a punch-bag. Inevitably then, the house of Bill became the focus of much physical exertion and we the acknowledged leaders of a small coterie who joyfully stretched, skipped and punched at regular and frequent intervals.

But during the Promenade Season the lesser ones did not come, for we were not as other men. It was our custom at such times to train with great solemnity, to bathe in ice-cold water; to consume ham, eggs and sausages and to drink fragrant Lapsang-Soochong tea. Then, exercised, rested and refreshed, we would switch on the radio, switch off the light, settle ourselves comfortably in our several positions, close our eyes and surrender to St. Cecilia.

On the occasion of which I relate we were about to suspend the punch-bag from its hook when Joe arrived. Joe was large, bovine and enjoyed a practical joke: we did not enjoy Joe. He shouldn't have come, he knew that, for we were certainly not as this man.

But it was part of Bill's code that no man should be denied a work-out, and Joe would not be denied. He was accordingly admitted and admonished only to be good, at which he looked hurt. We knew that hurt look and were afraid.

We took turns at boxing Joe, hoping to wear him out. I took him out for road-work; then Bill took him out for road-work; we fought him again; I timed him and coached him over three rounds of skipping; Bill timed him and coached him over three rounds on the punch-bag; I wrestled him; Bill wrestled him; I made him touch his toes; Bill made him swing his arms; I set him leaping in the air; Bill set him performing deep-knee bends. Every conceivable indignity, every imaginable discomfort, was administered to Joe.

But it was no use. Our ablutions were disappointing because Joe, who got to the bathroom first, had hidden the towels.

The ham, eggs and sausages failed to satisfy because Joe, who was ubiquitous, had filled the sauce bottle with black treacle and curry powder. The fragrant Lapsang-Soochong lost much of its appeal because Joe had fouled the tea-caddy with dried tobacco of dubious origin and obscene pungency.

"Still" said Bill with immense courage,
"there is the Prom!"

We took up our positions, switched on the radio and switched off the light. Anger, contention, all thoughts of reprisal or recrimination were dispelled as the music began. All was peace as the cuckoo exchanged bandinage with the quail, as the peasants walked by the brook and as the villagers performed their pastoral dances. Someone struck a match - it was an odd time to smoke - but the disturbance was transitory and the music gurgled on.

With good music well played, every performance reveals some quirk of orchestration or some subtlety of structure hitherto unnoticed and unsuspected, and so it was now. A curious swishing effect haunted the background as the music gathered momentum before the storm; and as the storm broke the drama was enhanced by an explosion which shook the house, rattled the windows and brought the pictures crashing from the walls.

"LIGHTS!" shouted Bill.

We stood in silence as the last reverberation died away, contemplating the desolation. A soft, glutinous paste was diffused evenly throughout the room; fragments of a moist, fibrous substance like rotting leaves were gently falling; there was a strong smell of brimstone. Bill was weeping silently. Not even the alchemy of Beethoven could have produced orchestration such as this.

We investigated Joe, who proved to be heavily armed with small but potent fireworks of a type now extinct, and an assortment of over-ripe bananas. (One of these, Joe proudly explained, with a squib inserted along its middle, had been the first banana in history to expand adiabatically.) It was recalled that of the three of us I was the only one who smoked and I didn't smoke during concerts. . . . The only good thing about Joe was his timing.

"A cup of tea might help" I suggested to relieve the tension. There must have been supplies somewhere which had escaped the ineluctable Joe.

"That's a good idea" said Bill, bravely fighting back his tears. "Throw the teapot over, Joe".

So Joe threw the teapot over.

I never saw a more gallant attempt at a save than Bill made, but it failed and the teapot shattered against the wall. A dark stain spread over the wall-paper and rivulets of tea trickled slowly down the wall and along the wainscot, leaving a wake of stranded tea-leaves like flotsam left by the tide.

"Sorry!" said Joe, "I didn't know it was loaded".

Slowly the wet paper detached itself from the wall, to form soggy bubbles which Joe was discovering could be rubbed off the plaster with the tips of the fingers. We sat down uncertainly. Our course was far from clear.

Rancour and bitterness were utterly foreign to us, and gradually we regained our usual full and generous feelings for our fellow men. A contrite Joe, sensing that we had not been pleased, explained that the fireworks had really been intended for some experiments he was conducting in hydro-dynamics. We were interested; we liked experiments. (No, the bananas had been an after-thought: he had picked them up in the street. He was dreadfully sorry about that and would personally apologise to Bill's mother.) Would we care to see a demonstration? A bucket of water was all that would be required. Yes, we could do it outside if Bill wished.

You couldn't help liking Joe sometimes. Once you got his feet out of his mouth and his arms tied behind his back he was so genuine. We warmed to Joe.

The bucket was placed strategically, well clear of the house. (Joe did try. It was a pity nothing could be done for him.) Joe lit a squib and held it while the twisted paper at the end smouldered away. When the squib began to fizz - yes, that was the noise - he dropped it in the bucket for, he explained in complicated technical terms, it would now generate its own oxygen from iron

oxide or something.

The squib burned for a time under the water and then exploded. A lump of water in the shape of a bucket rose several feet in the air, spread out, disintegrated and fell like rain. We were drenched but happy. We were prepared to give Joe our support.

Bill's eyes were shining. "Let's try it again!" he cried with enthusiasm. "You get some more fireworks. I'll fill the - May mercy be shown unto me, a sinner", he moaned pitiously.

The base of the bucket had been blown downwards into the earth. Its side was split from top to bottom. Its usefulness as a bucket had clearly been affected.

"That's funny", mused Joe, "they all do that".

Solemnly we returned indoors. There was nothing more we could do for the bucket and there was still the second half of the concert. We redeployed, switched on the radio, switched off the light and waited.

Open fifths in the strings resolving on sombre minor chords led into infinity. Joe was subdued - probably awed - he was no longer important. It was a pity about Joe, he missed so much in life. We had persevered with Joe, but it did no good.

Chromatic scales down, diatonic scales up, solid purposeful chords, a blast of three short and five long notes from the trumpets - that was the first movement.

Two great orchestral squawks, and we are waiting, while some inner mechanism counts An almighty clump from the kettle drums, one more squawk, and the scherzo is under way. In a distorted sort of way Joe might have liked the scherzo, but it doesn't matter now. I give myself up to the music and to reverie.

The movement prances along. Demons good and bad pursue Joe through the inferno; the rhythm drops into three-bar meters; Joe is running down a steep place; a fugue grows out of the contending parts; more and ever more demons join

gleefully in the chase. A final great roll from the drums, a snort from the wood wind and brass and a screech from the strings; Joe is over the brink and falling, falling - ever faster - through the abyss.

And so we came to the gem of purest ray serene. We knew and loved this slow movement. It was the epitome of all creations. It was the centre of the world - vortex. All time before had ~~been but~~ preparation. All time beyond would be but consequence, and opportunity to comprehend. All space around was but an auditorium for this music which justified existence, which knew the secrets of time and space, of the universe, and of the illimitable depths beyond. The long tranquil melody leading through a single dominant chord to the mediant major told of a soul at peace, ascending to his Heaven. The gentle alternation of dark and light keys was the apotheosis of calm and of infinite repose.

And as the strings began to unfold the mystery our souls drank and were refreshed. We were washed clean. We were made whole. Diffused bananas and defunct buckets were far away and long, long ago. The moment of uplift and transfiguration was at hand - that single dominant chord, then up four sharps, here it came-

- the air was shattered and time, space and the universe torn apart by a diabolical contrivance of alarm clocks, batteries and bells embowelled somewhere within the sideboard.

"LIGHTS!" screamed Bill as he tore at the door and scooped out armfuls of china, cutlery and glass hunting out the thing. He recoiled with an oath, a mousetrap clinging to his index finger, and while Bill shrieked despair and leaped among the wreckage, while the bells tolled their tuneless cacophony, while the Beethoven shuttle service still ran souls to Heaven a music box, cunningly concealed in a resonating basin, entered with the Blue Bells of Scotland and was joined four bars later by the clock on the mantel-shelf striking twelve.

"Oh my Father, we are sorely afflicted" wailed Bill.
"Show us the way".

We were pleasantly occupied with the destruction of Joe when Bill's mother returned from wherever mothers go on

Fridays. She gazed at the chaos and the ruin, and the struggling humanity.

"What are you doing to Joe"? she cried. "Bill! put Joe's ear --- ee --- ough, the poor boy!" Her wrath was terrible to behold.

She fell upon us and smote us, and cast us out.

We walked in silence. We had walked for some hours, and would walk for some hours yet. A gentle souging and rumbling stirred within Bill. It swelled in a slow crescendo. I knew him well. He would speak soon.

With a final gurgle he cleared his throat. "Women", he said, "are funny creatures".

OSTRICH

The crocus raised her little head
Looked at the world around
And straightway tucked it back again
Beneath the sheltering ground.
The tortoise similarly behaves
When cats come out to play
I do the same myself at times
At any time of day.

RMB

1951

RIPOSTE

A certain poem in last month's Bush Telegraph has prompted the following reply.

Young women who work in high offices
Should not attempt to write verse,
For they only reveal they are novices,
Deserving replies that are terse.

We secretly harbour the notion
That a common mistake has been made;
The poet's own private emotion
Has coloured the scene she's portrayed.

Our trio of maids mathematic
Are doing quite well - thank you!
If the men of Wood Lane are too STATIC
There are plenty outside who pursue.

So mind your own business, you amateur muses,
For cupid will pick whom he something well chooses!

C.R.S.
On behalf of the Ladies
of the Mathematics Section

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS TO ME (2)

by

Cedric Stratton

I am convinced there is something about me which invites attention - but not of the best kind. In nearly every large town I have ever lived, there is a long list of well-meaning policemen who have accosted me while I have been "pursuing my lawful occasions". I have been stopped fifteen yards from my own lodgings and asked if I could explain my presence there. I have been asked to open my brief case and explain what I was doing. I have been stopped with brown paper parcels under my arm and invited to disclose the contents. I suppose it is nice to know that this vigilance is the very same quality which ensures that the Queen has only the most deserving guests, but it becomes a little tedious at times.

On one such occasion I had been to the annual "Union Ball" of my University. In my capacity as an official of the International Society I had accompanied to the function a most beautiful and talented oriental princess, and had also secured her a taxi home. Alas, I had not enough money for my own fare home, and just out of sight of the entrance I was obliged to pay off the driver and walk the rest of the way, fortunately only three miles.

There was a gentle snowfall at the time, but why care? I had a vast warm overcoat which my brother had outgrown, and there was virtually no wind.

After about an hour I arrived at the door and was just about to feel for my key, when I had a sudden premonition. I distinctly remembered taking the key out of my blazer pocket, but for some odd reason I also distinctly remembered not putting it in any pocket of my evening dress. The time, it will be remembered, was about three o'clock in the morning. As well as the landlady and her family there were in the house two fellow-students, and all of them would have been asleep for very nearly two hours.

Being a peace-loving citizen, I went round to the back door and tried the handle. I deliberately did not attempt to waken Fred, who was a coloured student with a rather doubtful

temperament when woken suddenly. Fred's was the only occupied room on the ground floor.

Systematically, I tried the other ground floor windows, but without much hope, as my landlady had a window-locking ritual at twelve each night. Then I went round all the windows to see if the catch could be snapped back with my nail file, which was luckily in my pocket. There were no catches sufficiently loose.

You will understand that my motive was merely one of not interrupting the sleeping household. As I do not like my own sleep disturbed, I naturally go to considerable lengths to see that I do not disturb other people when asleep.

My next objective was the back door which I observed had the key still in the lock, on the inside. There are two available methods for dealing with this situation. One is to manipulate the key through the lock with a stiff piece of wire (it is a piece of cake for even a most inexperienced burglar.) If the lock is too stiff for the wire (this one was, of course) the second method is to insert a newspaper under the crack in the door, push the key out, withdraw the newspaper, et Voila! - the key is in one's hand, the door is virtually open. Lady Luck was certainly not with me in this little enterprise as the crack under the door was not sufficient to permit passage of the massive key, and the lock had not been oiled sufficiently for my piece of bent wire to turn it over.

About forty yards up the road was a builders' yard. I knew the builder and also knew that he lent my landlord his ladders for house painting, and so on. I could see the largest of the ladders soaring into the sodium-lighted sky, and without more ado I borrowed one, just a short one, to get me into my first floor window, which was always open. It had no catch and never had, all the time I was there.

At my first attempt the ladder did not quite reach the window. Oh well, I thought, a slightly longer one and I am home. As I reached the ground, I became aware of a presence. It might have been first a darkening of the shadow in the corner. I dismissed the thought as insignificant.

Nonchalantly slipping my shoulder between the rungs I set off to obtain a longer ladder, and because I had dismissed all

thoughts of being watched it came as a surprise when a large navy-blue voice inquired whether I would mind explaining what "all this was about"?

"I'm going to get a longer ladder" I said.

"Why?" it wanted to know.

"So that I can get in without waking anyone" was the quite natural response.

"Do you know the occupants of this house?" it asked.

I explained that I had lived there for the past twelve months and if I didn't know the people living there it would only be because they had done a moonlight flit. This did not endear him towards me, and he asked if I would mind going to the police telephone booth on the corner of the block, . . . "just so that I can take it in writing".

Once there I was obliged to give my name and address. I obliged - what else could one do? Then he asked me to prove my identity. Well, my evening clothes had never been worn before, so there was no mark on them. I found a handkerchief, and was relieved to find some red lettering in one corner. "S. E. W. J." it said, for the excellent reason that I had been short of a white handkerchief and had borrowed one from my companion in the lodgings. My overcoat still had my brother's initials "J. D. S." A pair of socks had nothing. My shirt was one my father had lent me - "S. E. S." it said.

Ostentatiously the constable escorted me to the nameplate of the road, and then to the gate of the house to see that the address I quoted was actually the place where he found me.

Then he made a call from the box. Would the senior patrol officer call at box number so-and-so on his next round?

Within fifteen minutes a car pulled up in the snow and the constable had a discussion with the officer in the car.

I heard only snatches of conversation.

"What do you think we ought to do with him?...."

"...found him with a ladder...."

"...no satisfactory proof of identity when asked, eh?!".

"Yes, he looks like one to me...."

Moments later the police car slid silently into the white night and the constable recounted the conversation.

The last sentence I had heard turned out to be the reply to - "He says he is a student at the University".

The constable having passed on the responsibility of any decisions made was visibly happier. So was I. He asked whether we should wake my landlady, and I said "No, not if possible, that's why I had the ladder".

So he came with me to the builders' yard, and selected the second largest there, carried it round to my window. and held it for me.

You might think this little episode ends here but it doesn't, because my landlord, in a spasm of good husbandry, had fitted a lock on my bedroom window.

I tapped with a coin on the adjacent window where "S. E. W. J. " had his room. No answer. Meanwhile, the constable had found what I had forgotten. He raised Fred's window two inches and said "Here's one that's open". I hurried down the ladder to explain that it was someone's bedroom, just as the constable shone his torch upon Fred's face, just as I looked in through the window myself, just as Fred threw a number ten black shoe. just as Fred gave a number ten shout.

I gave them all a cup of tea when I got in. S. E. W. J. had thought it impossible that anyone should tap on his window from outside, and just hadn't bothered to look. Fred had quite understandably given the alarm for burglars, as he thought. My landlady and landlord thought Fred was having nightmares, and hadn't bothered. The constable thanked me for the cup of tea and I thanked him for the trouble he had taken, and gave him a piece of plaster for his ear, which had a size ten heel mark on it.

Nowadays people think me fanatical about keys, but I tell them "Thereby hangs a tale" and this is it.

HISTORY OF WOOD LANE

Many, many issues ago appeals were being made in the Bush Telegraph for information from the older members of the establishment, which would be included in an intended write-up of the history of the Research Organisation. Since those early days two of the original committee of four who were working on this project have left the Company, and due to the pressure of normal research work, the remaining two "historians" have been collecting information at a very much reduced rate. About two months ago, in an effort to prepare the write-up, questionnaires were issued to various members in the hope that hitherto blank sections of the history could be completed. Unfortunately, soon after the issue of these questionnaires, one of the remaining two "historians" fell ill and as a result no further action has been taken to interview those people who offered information. To these people we offer our apologies. To those who haven't yet filled in their questionnaires, we should be extremely grateful if they would do so as soon as convenient or, if they prefer, we could arrange to interview them as well. We are hoping to publish this history in a serialised form in the Bush Telegraph in the New Year. It is a story that should interest everyone at Wood Lane.

AEM

KATS CORNER

by

Acarnan and Otionia

It all started one rather busy Thursday afternoon. One of us had been nattering to the Editor of the B. T. who said that we ought to have a woman's page in the B. T., so, in a rash moment we said we'd take it on. Visions sprang to mind of super-efficient, very elegant woman's correspondentssuch as Alison Settle of the Observer and Anne Scott-James of the Dispatch, sitting in their offices surrounded by super-efficient secretaries. However, visions fade. Clad in ancient jeans and an even more ancient sweater we are bashing this out one-finger fashion on a fairly efficient typewriter, surrounded by the remnants of an attempt to make a Christmas Pudding.

It all looked so easy in the Good Housekeeping Book. In six pictures, a do-it-yourself Christmas Pud!!! Just like Grandma used to make. So inspired by these pictures, we get down to work planning it like a military operation. We get all the utensils ready and start getting together the ingredients. Having successfully accomplished this after some half an hour, we get boiling water and start, as the picture shows, by blanching the almonds. We get some boiling water and are just about to pour it in the basin when we hear a howl from upstairs "What have you done with my drawing board?". This is so unexpected that the boiling water goes all over my hands, and cursing I go out full of wrath to put my brother in his place when I suddenly realise that his drawing board is being used as a pastry board. Ignoring his howls we feign deafness, close the door and go back to work. Nuts, fruit and grated peel are added with just the smallest amount of skin and blood collected in the grating process. The other ingredients are being added and we get to the stage of having floury hands when the door bell rings, the brother being most unco-operative is now feigning deafness and of course doesn't hear. Open the door, to be greeted by a Jehovah's Witness trying to convert me. Ten minutes later, having practically convinced him that the Catholic Faith is the only Faith, they leave armed with the address of our parish Priest. Suddenly remember the cooking and get back in time to stop the next-door-neighbour's cat from leaping on to it through the open window. The

next ingredient to go in is the brandy and discover during the sampling of the ingredients, that little of it is left. Go and replenish the glass. On return we have an arm-aching session of mixing and make a mental note hopefully to add an electric mixer to our list of wedding presents. The pudding is then carefully put in a basin and at last, some couple of hours after the commencement of operations, the pudding is safely in the oven. We sit down after a mammoth session of washing up and gratefully light a cigarette. Then the sound of a key in the door. Enter Mother smiling "I've brought a couple of lovely Christmas puddings dear. They are always so much nicer if you buy them!!! "

Still, we'll show them one day that we will be able to cook something with success apart from baked beans on toast. Come to think of it though, the last time we tried that we had three lots of toast cooked before we had a batch that wasn't burnt!.

FOR SALE

Girls Fairy Cycle B. S. A. Blue, 18 in. wheels.

As new. £8 or near offer.

'phone Howes 259

SECTION REPORTS

Badminton

The number of people attending Badminton this year is quite good. We have about six new members who attend nearly every week. A few of the older members do not come as often as we would like. As we now play with feather shuttlecocks all the time, we would like to see some members more often. The cost of feather shuttlecocks is high (3/- each) and a minimum of three are used a week - so if you want to play with them try to come along more often and so keep down the cost.

A book on Badminton is on the loose. If you have it, or have seen it lately, please ring 243.

DG

Bridge

With the loss of five of our players since last season it at first appeared as if we would have difficulty in meeting our commitments. However, four new players have been introduced to competition bridge at Wood Lane, and so far we have managed to maintain our full league programmes. Results so far are:-

<u>League</u>	<u>Played</u>	<u>Won</u>	<u>Drawn</u>	<u>Lost</u>
Hammersmith	4	1	0	3
London Business Houses	3	2	1	0
London	No matches played so far			

Meanwhile, if there are any bridge players in Wood Lane whom I have not approached, and who would like to try their hand at duplicate bridge, we should be pleased to offer them a game.

PJK

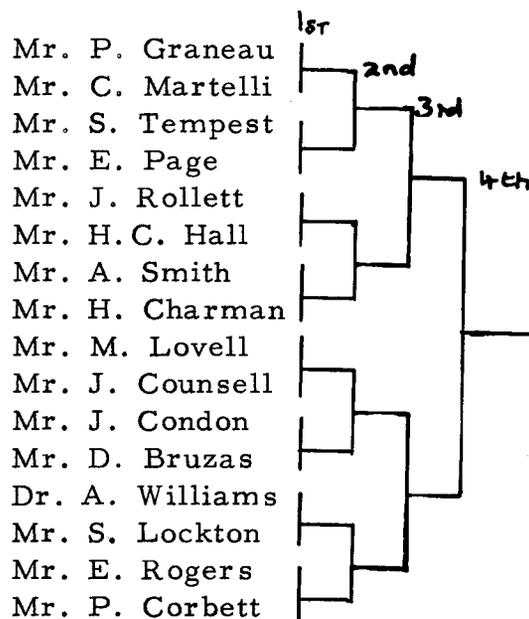
Chess

All interest at the moment is centering around the first round matches for the club championship. The draw promises to provide as much competition as last year, and already one good man has fallen. Last year's runner-up, Mr. Rollett of B. D. R. , has succumbed to the stratagems of Mr. Hall, and no doubt the Physics Department is now concentrating on routing for "Jerry" Counsell in his match against the present champion Mr. Lovell.

If you are not a member of the club but would like to join, you will be most welcome at any of our meetings, which are held on alternate weeks in the comfort of the Conference Room. The next is on Thursday, 4th December, and whether you wish to learn from scratch, or are already a Grand Master, this is an open invitation to you.

AAS

Wood Lane Chess Club 1958/9
Championship



Film Section

We must commence our report this month by apologising for the frequent pauses, and for starting to show a film upside-down and the wrong-way-round during our last show! Luckily these breakdowns were in keeping with the nature of the film, and it made one realise what it must have been like to see these films when they were first shown!!

The next show will be held on Thursday, December, 18th, when we'll have our fingers crossed that the gremlins will have left the projection room. The feature film is "Easy to Love", a lavish, colourful, aqua-musical starring Esther Williams and Van Johnson. Also on the programme is a cartoon "A Happy New Year" and an advertising film "All Lit Up", which we have been told will have you rocking in the aisles!

N. B. As it takes quite a long time for programme-sellers to go round Wood Lane, we have decided temporarily to suspend this practice. Instead, programmes will be on sale in the Library, price 1/-, from the 11th December. Early application for programmes is advised as it looks as if we shall be having a record attendance and accommodation is limited.

JWEW, AGR, AEM, PJR.

Photographic

Read all about it! Photographic Section Exhibition receives big write up in November's issue of The Link. Erith Works' entries enhance the show. Secretary's name mentioned in connection with obtaining prizes.

A short note on the Exhibition would have been considered an achievement, but to have made page 3 with one and a half columns and a picture is an unprecedented event in the history of the Section. In addition to this, Section member David Goff reached dizzy heights with the publication of one of his judo snaps (see page 4, same edition).

With reference to last month's article and questionnaire, five completed forms have been returned, three containing constructive suggestions. It is hoped that some are still to come in, thus the final result will, I hope, be given in next month's edition. (Supplies of B. T. are limited, so place a regular order for your copy now).

This article also brought an amusing letter which is reproduced below:

5th November, 1958.

Dear Mr. Bangay,

Although not a member of the Wood Lane Photographic Section I was very interested in your article in the latest issue of the Bush Telegraph, and also your questionnaire.

The suggested objects were the Kensington Borough's incinerator, Shepherds Bush Green, West Side or, you add, even "Our Daphne" (infinitely more attractive). You immediately go on to mention that the subject would have to be within easy reach of all members.

Well sir, our Daphne has legs with which to move about, and a husband who exercises some control over her, and therefore I think the suggestion that our Daphne would provide a good subject was rather unfortunate.

Lets stick shall we to stationary, truly communally owned subjects such as The Green or The Incinerator? After all we can be sure of finding them at any time of the day or night.

Signed.....Amused

For the benefit of Sir/Madam/Mr./Mrs./Miss/Master Amused, I will divulge the following snippets of information. 'Our Daphne' approved the inclusion of her name, and assured me that in the event of her being chosen as a subject would avail herself for the furtherance of photographic art. I would add that 'Our Daphne's husband, John Cotton, is a keen member of the section and would therefore be at a distinct advantage.

A. J. Bangay

Music

Music is a moral law
It gives soul to the Universe,
Wings to the mind,
Flight to the imagination,
A charm to sadness,
Gaiety and life to everything.

Plato

Two parties of 26 each enjoyed an excellent performance of "Falstaff at Sadler's Wells on the 18th November, as well as a delightful Ballet performance of "Giselle" at Covent Garden on November 23rd.

We hope to have some more visits to the Opera in February. Will those interested please contact the Secretary.

G. Skelton
(D.O. (Ext. 209)

Letter to the Editor

Wood Lane

13th November 1958

The Editor,
Bush Telegraph

Dear Sir,

I feel that as I wrote to you upon the occasion of the change of the cover design of the Bush Telegraph, I ought to write to you now. The photograph is, technically, an achievement but to the un-initiated a caption which pin-points which of H. M. Prisons is depicted would be a help. The return of our symbolic little man is very welcome.

In a more constructive vein, may I suggest that as you are able to reproduce photographs in this manner that you change the layout of your cover somewhat? Could not the little cable-drummer surmount a frame in which is reproduced an offering from the photographic section?

Happy Christmas,
Doc.

SOCIAL NEWS

Staff Arrivals

We welcome the following new members of the Wood Lane Staff and extend to them an invitation to become members of the Athletic and Social Club. A 'phone call to Mr. B.R. Smith (telephone 206) will ensure a personal visit and an entrance form.

10th November	Mr. F. Irish	Metallurgy
	Mr. A. Weeks	X-Ray Diffraction

Departures

Our best wishes for the future go with:-

October	Dr. C. Turner	Physics
	Mr. M. Sheldon	Rubber and Plastics
	Miss J. M. Weeks	Physics
November	Mr. W. L. Smith	Works (Tr. to Erith)
	Mr. F. Kimpton	Power Cables (Tr. to Erith)
	Mr. R. M. Coates	Power Cables (Tr. to Erith)
	Mr. J. R. Wood	Metallurgy
	Mr. C. H. Easton	Works
	Mr. E. A. Kellett	X-Ray Diffraction

Births

Congratulations to Mr. & Mrs. P. H. Harris (Electron Microscopy) on the birth of a daughter:

Joanna Margaret

Engagements

Congratulations to Mr. E. J. Page, Rubber and Plastics Department on his engagement to Miss M. S. Hadley.

Visitors to Wood Lane

6th October	Dr. Morgan	Monsanto Chemicals
15th October	Mr. Baan	Shell (Gracus)
12th November	Party of Boys from Habedashers' Asks School	
13th November	Mr. J. L. Dracopoli	Miles Hivolt Limited
	Dr. A. W. Bright)

COMING EVENTS

B. I. C. C. ATHLETIC AND SOCIAL CLUB (WOOD LANE)

Sisters

Sons

CHILDREN'S

Brothers

Daughters

CHRISTMAS PARTY

4 - 12 years

Saturday, 20th December

3.00 p.m. to 7.00 p.m.

B. I. C. C. ATHLETIC AND SOCIAL CLUB (WOOD LANE)

ANNUAL DINNER

DANCE

at

Hammersmith Town Hall

Friday, 23rd January, 1958

6.30 p.m.

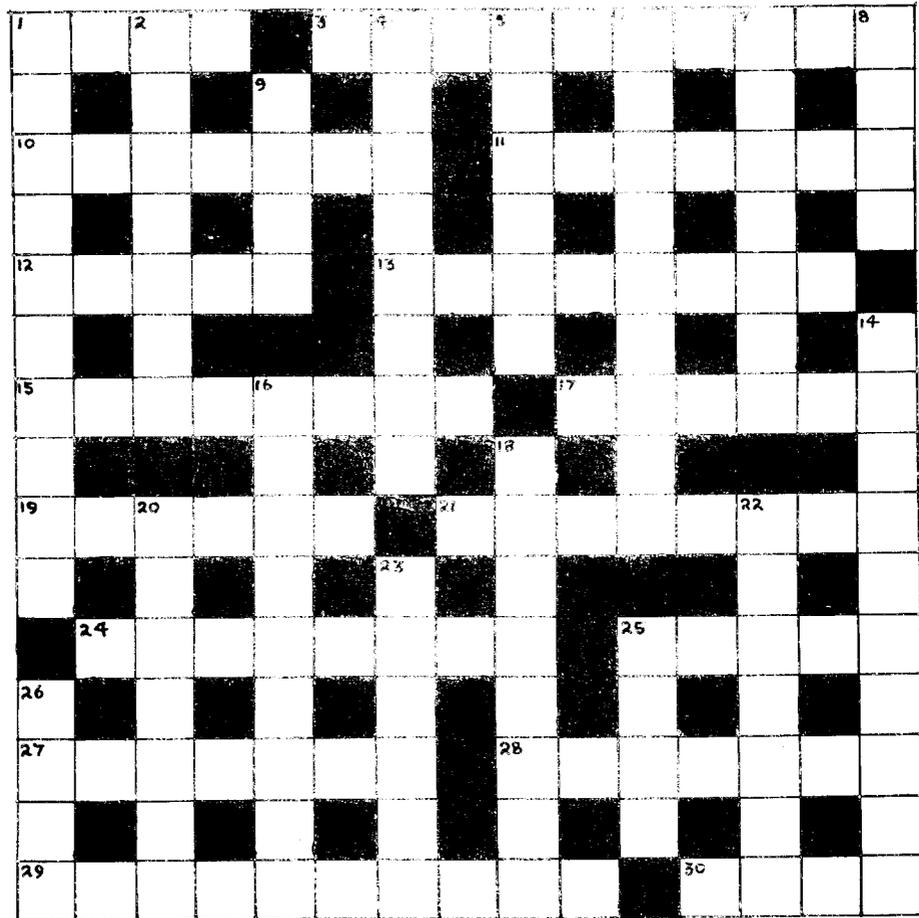
Dancing until 1.00 a.m.

Price:

Tickets from B.R. Smith
Dress Optional

15/- under 18
22/6 Non members
17/6 Members

CROSSWORD



Clues Across

1. You don't necessarily find it in a garden (4)
3. Moulding metal disc in gate (10)
10. Stupefied, so ponder in bed (7)
11. A hundred girls in the schoolroom (7)
12. Nomadic Scout? (5)
13. A blue lad, confused but praise-worthy (8)
15. Pitching thing to row in? (8)
17. This caused Snow White's explosion, on reflection (6)
19. This animal will decompose around the hair (5)
21. Brown men touch the circle (8)
24. One of a host, seen while wandering, God-like (8)
25. If you cut this - you're as good as dead (5)
27. Small globule of liquid (7)
28. Oh, return to the stile and get ready (7)
29. It's doubtful if 23 would accept this, as it's handwritten (10)

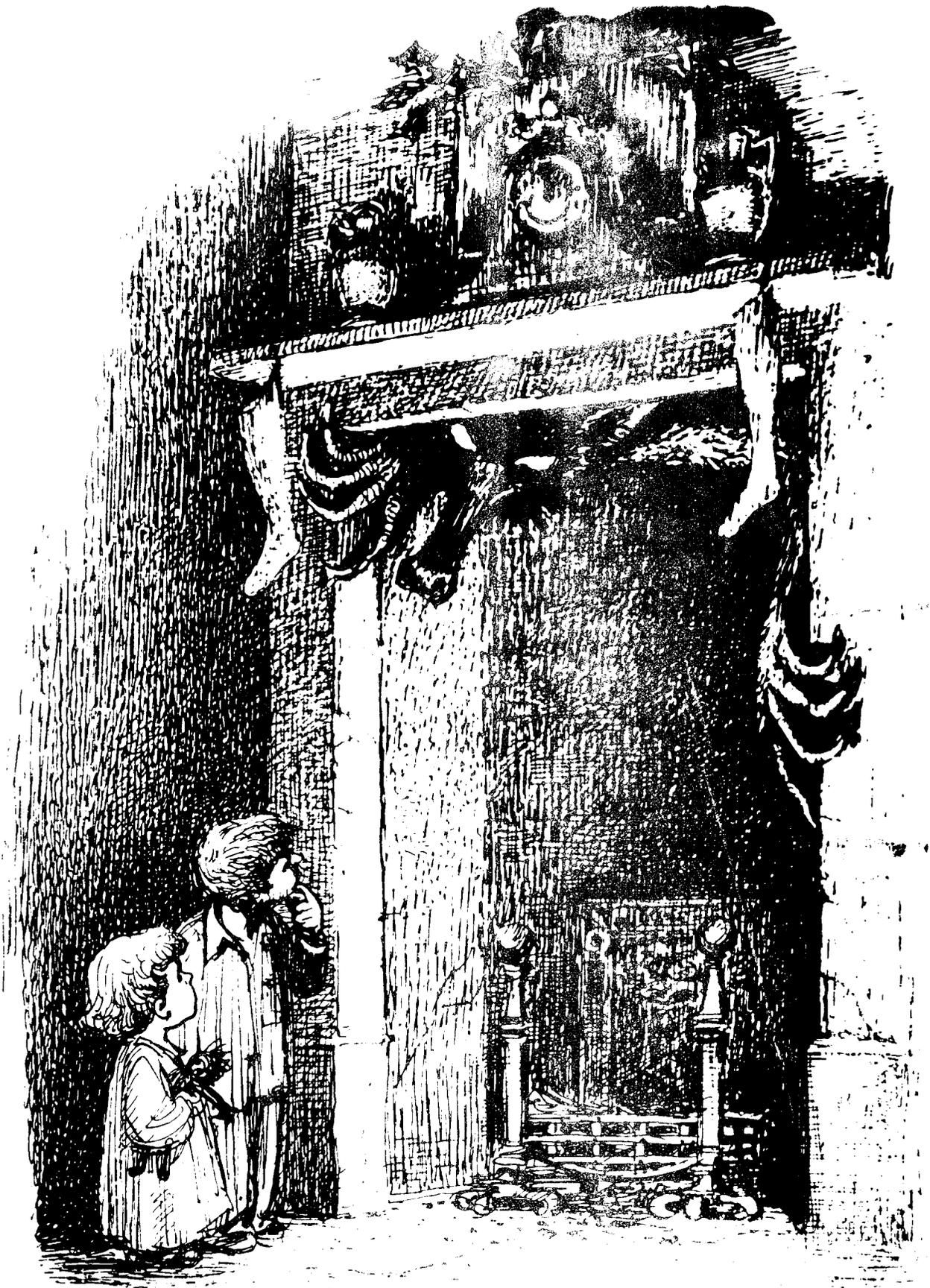
Clues Down

1. The professor would be annoyed if you played a royal tabor here (10)
2. Sounds as if Samuel's fallen. No, it's a Russian infuser (7)
4. You shouldn't be paid the heart of this if you are (8)
5. Desert plant (6)
6. Descriptive of those travelling in 18 (9)
7. Narrow-minded (8)
8. Substance of argument (4)
9. Ruse confused customer (4)
14. Member of the Crab family can't use car (10)
16. You often find these apples when this (9)
18. "And all I ask is a -----, and a star to steer her by" (Masefield) (4,4)
20. Force into submission (7)
22. Cathedral city, negative in the beginning (7)
23. Prepare alternative for publication (6)
25. Part of a church (4)
26. The first gentleman? (4)

KIS

We hope that you have enjoyed reading this copy of the Bush Telegraph. It is fitting that, at the end of the Christmas Number, we should thank all those members of the Wood Lane Staff who have during the year contributed so much towards its construction, production and distribution.

Ed.



"It doesn't look like Santa Claus."