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The **BUSH** **TELEGRAPH**

News Bulletin

of the

B. I. C. C. Athletic & Social Club,
Wood Lane, W. 12.

BRITISH INSULATED CALLENDER'S CABLES LIMITED

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THE BUSH TELEGRAPH

January 1960

Vol. 6, No. 1

Editorial

It should be easy to write an Editorial this month as we start a new year, a Leap Year, a new decade and even a new volume of the Bush Telegraph, but in spite of this, or even because of this, the going is not easy and the moral becomes difficult to point. For Wood Lane, with the prospect of the occupation of the McFadzean Laboratory in the summer, it will be a good year. For the rest of the world, we would not venture an opinion, although the omens would appear favourable. For the Bush Telegraph, the future depends upon all those who in any way contribute to it, so we hope that those readers who wish us well will bear this in mind.

THE WEST LONDON RAILWAY

by

G. A. Ward

The West London Railway, which is the railway running along the east side of our site, was first opened in 1840/1844 (date doubtful) using the atmospheric system of propulsion. This was an interesting system and was also used by Brunel in South Devonshire. A round pipe with a slot in the top, which slot was closed with a leather flap, was laid between the rails. A piston attached to the train fitted in the pipe, and the air was pumped out of the pipe in front of the train, when it was "blown" along at fairly high speeds. This atmospheric single line ran from Wormwood Scrubs to Shepherds Bush.

The "atmospheric" failed owing to trouble with the leather flap, and the railway was extended north to the London and Birmingham Railway, in the green fields of Willesden, and south as far as the Kensington Canal (i.e., from where Willesden Junction is today to Olympia). The railway was known in 1844 as the "Birmingham, Bristol, and Thames Junction", and ran seven trains northbound and four southbound! In those days Kensington was a small village.

In 1855 the railway stopped all services.

In the 1850's the L.N.W.R., the successors of the London and Birmingham, leased the railway and planned to drain the Kensington Canal. A bridge was built over the G.W.R. and a spur was built from North Pole Junction to the G.W.R. South of North Pole Junction the W.L.R. was jointly owned by the G.W.R. and the L.N.W.R. as far as Addison Road.

The railway was extended to Clapham, the extension called the West London Extension Railway being owned by four railway companies, and completed by 1863 including the bridge over the Thames and a triangular junction at Clapham. Willesden Junction was completed in 1865.

The only stations on the W.L.R. and W.L.E.R. were Kensington (later Addison Road, still later Olympia) Chelsea and Battersea.

Trains ran from Willesden through Clapham Junction, which was only on the W.L.E.R., and then to Victoria. One odd result of this was that the G.W.R. partly owned Victoria Station and the Victoria and Pimlico Railway. Later a few slow trains of the London and South Western, and of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway passing through Clapham on their way south also stopped at the station.

In 1863 the following was the service:-

London and North-Western Railway

- (1) Kensington to Harrow: 3 trains each way daily discontinued in 1865
- (2) Euston to Kensington: (reversing at Willesden) 9 trains each way, calling at Kilburn, Chalk Farm

Great Western Railway

- (3) Southall to Victoria: 7 trains each way daily

London, Brighton and South Coast Railway

- (4) Kensington to Croydon: through coaches from Euston, 9 trains each way daily
(continuation of (2) above)

- (5) Kensington-Clapham: shuttle 12 trains

London and South-Western Railway

- (6) Kensington-Clapham: shuttle 15 trains

In the 1870's a shuttle operated by the L.N.W.R. from Willesden to Croydon replaced the two-part service (2) and (4) above.

At the end of 1863 there were three trains from Victoria to Reading. In 1864 the G.W.R. built the Hammersmith and City Railway. The Metropolitan ran a service from Hammersmith to the City and the G.W.R. from Kensington to Moorgate. These latter trains used the incline which was recently dismantled, from the Hammersmith line to the W.L.R. on the east of this site.

In 1869 the line from Richmond to Kensington via Hammersmith and Shepherds Bush was built. This used the viaduct still to be seen to the west of Hammersmith District Line station. It also accounts for the curve of Minford Gardens in Shepherds Bush.

The service in 1869 was therefore:-

- | | | |
|-----|--|-----------|
| (1) | L.N.W.R. Broad St-Victoria half-hour service
via Willesden High Level | 28 e.w. ✓ |
| (2) | L.N.W.R. Euston-Kensington, via Low Level | 8 e.w. |
| (3) | G.W.R. Victoria-Southall | 8 e.w. |
| (4) | G.W.R. Moorgate-Kensington | 32 e.w. ✓ |
| (5) | L.B.S.C.R. Kensington-Crystal Palace | 5 e.w. |
| (6) | L.B.S.C.R. and L.S.W.R. Kensington-
Clapham shuttle | 28 e.w. ✓ |
| (7) | L.S.W.R. Richmond-Waterloo | 14 e.w. |
| (8) | L.S.W.R. Richmond-Ludgate Hill | 14 e.w. |

So in 1869 there were no less than 109 trains daily using Kensington! Si sic omnes!

In 1872 the Broad Street and Moorgate services were diverted to Mansion House, and former were called Outer and latter Middle Circle.

In 1916 the Richmond service of the L.S.W.R. was withdrawn in favour of the District Service.

In 1920: The G.W.R. and Metropolitan ran a 20 minute joint electric service from Edgware Road to Addison Road.

The L.N.W.R. ran an electric service from Willesden to Earls Court.

The L.S.W.R. and L.B.S.C.R. ran a half-hourly service from Addison Road to Clapham.

These remaining services were withdrawn during the war, thus increasing the congestion along Wood Lane at 5.30 p.m. as the 'bus service was increased to "compensate"!

Attached is a map showing the W.L.R. and W.L.E.R. in detail, also the various connections which underline its importance as a goods link from north to south London.

THE WHITE RAT

by

Cedric Stratton

You know how it is when you go to Old Boys' Reunions. You usually only see one or two others you remember, and most often their interests are totally different from your own. You tell and hear a few timeworn anecdotes about the people you both knew. You relate your wartime experiences. You have a few drinks together, exchange addresses, and then don't see each other for three or four years. But you always go again, sooner or later. Funny, isn't it? But that's the way people are.

This time I was lucky, or so I thought. As I entered the warm upstairs room of the public house where we generally met, I was surprised and pleased to see my dear friend "Ben" Logan. Ben and I had been boon companions - perpetrators, victors and culprits of numerous escapades. We went to the same college after schooling. He took a first in medicine, while I had just a moderate degree in engineering. In those years we had played rugby together, centre and wing. We had tipped at nearly every public house for miles around, had been arrested on Rag Day, shared a flat, shared the same girl friends even. Then war came along and we lost touch. Yes, this was going to be a wonderful evening.

At the moment I spotted him he was engaged in earnest conversation with another of our year, Nickol Daminsky. I didn't like Daminsky, but, mind you, that's another thing about reunions - you are usually so pleased to meet someone you know, that you forget past animosities, you greet ex-enemies like long-lost brothers. The years have mellowed the intense feelings and you find your hated rival is a jolly old stick when you scratch below the surface. But Nickol Daminsky was different, very different. For one thing, nobody knew a thing about him - not even his middle name. Again, he kept himself aloof, he was so much out-of-touch that he never had a nickname. You wouldn't say he was unpopular, but more negatively (and more accurately) you would merely describe him as "not popular".

Looking back I suppose it was his mysterious air that made people avoid him. His saturnine appearance did nothing special to add appeal. His preoccupation with hypnosis, psychical phenomena and what-have-you was definitely not a pose either. He was deadly serious about it all. I remembered one of the few times I ever had contact with him. He asked me to help him in a little experiment. First he laid out about twenty playing cards, face down. He next asked me to concentrate hard. After about three minutes he monotoned the words "Select the nine of diamonds" and I remember the uncanny feeling as my arm stretched out in a disembodied manner and my hand turned over a card. I don't honestly know what I expected to see, but the card I flipped over was the nine of diamonds. He did the trick another couple of times, each time urging me to "Concentrate, concentrate". The results were beginning to alarm me, but eventually he got tired of it. That night I remember having a most vivid nightmare, in which Daminsky stood over me holding a whip of snakes, and although I struggled free and ran, he was always just round every corner saying "Concentrate, concentrate" and in the dream he was slowly turning into a large white rat. I woke up sweating. After that I didn't speak to him again, and he never particularly sought me out, which quite a relief.

So you see, I didn't want to meet Daminsky just then - certainly not until I had been Logan, so I stood drinking quietly in a corner where only Ben could see me. I prayed I hadn't changed too much in the last eight years. After a moment he recognized me, and murmured something in Daminsky's ear, and they both came over to my corner. I thought "Tactless blighter - why does he have to drag Daminsky with him?" I said "Well, then, this is a surprise! Good to see you, Ben, after all these years. Why, hello, if it isn't Daminsky, too. I never expected to find you here this evening".

Daminsky said "Good evening, old boy. You been hiding all these things? Don't think you are quite getting that. Why don't you shave it off, old boy, it looked me for a bit - fact I only recognized you by that lecherous glint."

Nikol Daminsky stood slightly embarrassed and didn't say anything. I said "My moustache? I got that in the desert - never bothered to clean it off afterwards."

We had a few drinks, exchanged autobiographies. After an hour or so Ben turned to Nikol (as I expected, we soon broke down to first names) and said "Look here, Nikol, remember what you said earlier, before we met John here? Well, do you mind very much if I tell him? We could talk about it together, and perhaps we could help you, between us!" Nikol seemed to withdraw a little, but after a seconds pause he nodded slowly.

Ben went on talking. "Nikol seems to be in some sort of trouble. You remember he was always interested in spiritualism, and so on? Well, he's been trying out some experiments and although they haven't been unsuccessful, he's not happy about the results. He wants some hard-headed assistants to sort him out if it goes wrong, and he asked if I would help. You tell him the rest, Nikol."

Nikol spoke with that slight East European accent he had never quite lost at school, nor in all the twenty-odd years we had known him.

"I don't like to ask favours, you know that, but since my most recent experience I feel I would prefer some assistance. I can promise I would not take up much of your time. You understand I wish you to observe something only, not to participate. The last time I have tried this experiment I felt a disturbing sensation, as if something or somebody else were in the room. I heard sounds. I sensed movements. It all felt so evil towards me I could not continue. Frankly it worries me the thought of being there alone.....somebody has got to be there....in case of mistakes or accidents..

I said "Well, I'm game to try anything, old boy, but if it disturbs you why don't you just pack it up". Immediately his expression changed and I wished I hadn't said it. He turned on me almost angrily, but controlled himself and said "But you can't be serious. You must realize how much this work means to me - I've got to do it. You do see that, don't you?.....I've got to do it". He emphasized every word with what bordered on ferocity.

He was so intense that, although inwardly I scoffed at him, I tried not to show it. Besides, I thought, it might give us a little harmless amusement of the creepy kind. I looked at Ben. He was obviously quite interested, and at his flicker I realized with delight that both of us had still the old, sometimes reckless, zest for the unusual. In any case Nikol was so genuinely worried, we felt it would be wrong to refuse. I said "O.K. then. Let's see when we can fix it up. I'm booked up tomorrow, how about the next day - no, make it Friday." Ben preferred Thursday, and I compromised.

Nikol said "Very well, my friends, Thursday evening then. Here is my address. If you come at about six o'clock, you can have dinner with me, and we shall be ready to start at about eight o'clock. And thank you very much for your trouble."

* * * *

We arrived at Nikol's house in St. John's Wood practically together, and the door was open. We had a splendid dinner, and afterwards Nikol opened a bottle of brandy.

"Will you accept my apologies if I do not drink with you. For me what we are about to do is work, and I must concentrate, concentrate", he echoed the word. I thought back uneasily to that old nightmare, but gave a mental shrug.

Eventually he led us into his "laboratory" as he called it and explained a few bits of apparatus to us, which frankly didn't interest me. But what I particularly remember was that shallow black box in the centre of the room. Inside (absurdly enough, exactly what I had expected) there was a complete skeleton - at least Ben said it was complete, and he ought to know. There were four candles, one at each of the corners. A fifth was hung in a cup suspended from a ring in the ceiling, to a point just above the skeleton's navel, if it had any flesh on it.

Daminsky explained that the four corner candles were to confine his thoughts within the four walls of the box. The central candle, as in some forms of hypnosis, he went on, was to focus the thoughts, in this case, on the origin of life.

"I wish to establish contact, if possible, with this person. I cannot give life to his bones, or anything one half as sensational, but if I concentrate on the source of his life, there may well be a response. You will probably see no change, but I, by this self-hypnosis, will perhaps see the bones clothed with flesh, and the mouth may talk. I only, shall hear the words, and see the movement."

I thought "Where the devil did he dig that one up?", but I said nothing.

"Already, I have tried this experiment once, but have only seen a haze of light over the bones - no actual solidity. And then I had to stop. Now, here are pencils and papers for you. Sit here, and you may carry on drinking if you wish. But now I must work, and if you hear or see anything, please note it down, it may be important."

He clipped wires to the hands and feet of the skeleton and I thought "Hallo! Another of these phoney-type seance tricks!", and started watching very carefully. The wires were looped over a low rafter and hung down towards a corner where he had some electronic equipment.

Then he lit the four corner candles, finally the one in the middle. He said "My friends, I hope you will not mind the lights going off. The candles will be sufficient when you get used to it."

At last he was ready. He sat down in a chair he drew to the foot of the box. He reached over and pulled a white canvas skull-cap over his head. I saw dimly the candle light shining on the two thin wires attached to the cap. His face glistened slightly in the dim light, and his hands gripped the wooden arms of his chair.

Over his shoulder we could see the skull.

"I am starting now" he said, and partly closed his eyes, presumably to concentrate the harder. About ten minutes ticked by and the place was as still as a graveyard in November. The effect was certainly eerie. I looked at Ben and winked. He grinned back.

After about fifteen minutes I relaxed a little. I watched the black wisps of smoke rising from the candles to form spreading black smudges on the ceiling.

And then, unaccountably, I suddenly became more alert. I listened and watched carefully, opening my mouth so that my breathing did not sound so loud. At last I heard it, a very slight rustling sound. It seemed to be coming from the box. I glanced at Ben. He heard it too and was listening, hands in pockets, not moving. Nikol had not changed. A bead of perspiration coursed down his forehead, finally soaked up by his eyebrow. As we watched and listened, the dry bones made a dry scratchy sound on the wood, and the right hand rose slowly about two inches, and fell back suddenly. The sound, small though it was, startled both of us in that dark silent room, but Daminsky did not seem to notice.

Suspecting trickery, I looked over to the machine in the corner of the room, but it was too dark to see properly. Then I looked up to the rafter and imagined I saw something, but was not sure. Ben saw it too, and acted on it. The next few seconds were confused. There was a bright light and a crash which rattled the windows. I dashed for the lights and when we could all see again, there was Ben grinning triumphantly at me, with a smoking pistol in one hand, a torch in the other. In front of him on the floor, screaming, was a huge rat. There was a slowly oozing red groove across its back where the shot had smashed its backbone. It struggled to regain the dark corner under the cupboard, its pale bloated body convulsing with effort; but it could not overcome the loss of use of its back legs, paralysed. Before it disappeared I dispatched it with a swift cut of a heavy ruler to the back of its neck. Its eyes were still open as it twitched towards final oblivion.

At the same instant as all this happened, Nikol leapt out of the chair, kicking it over behind him, tore the skull-cap off and cried out in alarm.

"Imbeciles! You have spoilt my experiment! I had nearly finished!" Ben without a word pointed to the dead rat. Nikol said "Ah, you miserable little creature. I'll have your bones". "Yes", he muttered, "I'll have them."

Gradually he calmed down. At the end of it Ben shrugged his shoulders and said "Well, that seems to have been your evil spirits, Nikol old man. I have a suspicion about "evil spirits", that's why I came prepared. All too often they are very tangible and real objects. Still, now it's all over, why don't you have another go when we've had a drink? We can stay a bit longer, eh, John?"

"It's no good now" said Nikol, "I'm too exhausted. I've had rather a shock. Thank you very much though, but I would be most pleased if you would spend the night here." He glanced over to the rat, and up at the ceiling, failed to repress a shudder. We sympathised with him "Just give us time to make a couple of 'phone calls, then", I said.

After an hour or so Nikol, much calmer now but still white-faced, said "Look here, if you don't mind, I have just a small piece of work to do. You go on up to bed - you remember the room I showed you?"

As we went out of the laboratory I glanced over my shoulder. Nikol was selecting scalpels and forceps from a drawer in his desk.

Upstairs I commented to Ben "I'm glad I don't have to watch that one. I thought he was going to perform mischievous operations on that rat."

Ben said "Healthy reaction though. Shows he's not all that scared now."

And there I wish it could have ended. But I had not even started unlacing my shoes when we heard a horrible shriek, seeming to combine both terror and pain. We sprinted for the "laboratory", and what I saw there I never want to see again.

Nikol Daminsky was standing in front of a dissecting board, the partly dissected rat on it. Only the head was missing. He was still screaming, but so fearful was his panic that no voice came, just a harsh breathy whisper.

"It's inside....inside me....Aaaagh..... the head.....fell off.....off the board....I didn't notice..Aaaagh. Oh, my bones....the pain....Aaaagh."

As we watched his left leg seemed to crumple up. He sank slowly to the floor, writhing and making that horrible hissing sound. Over the noise of his breath we heard a new sound - a stealthy gnawing sound, rhythmic, persistent. Daminsky clawed the carpet with his hands. His face was grey and perspiring, his eyes agonised, his jaws clenching and unclenching. One hand stopped clawing the carpet and just convulsed in uncontrolled muscular spasms. The other beat the floor in futile protest against the agony. As we stood there unable to do anything, because we did not know what was wrong, his jawbone seemed to lose definition. Then the eyelids receded from his right eyeball, as if the supporting bones round the eye had retracted. I felt violently sick, but could not stop looking. The front of his forehead seemed to ripple slightly as if something were moving about under the skin. And still the rhythmic persistent gnawing sound, as when a rat gnaws upon wood.

Ben, affected by what was happening, clutched my arm. "Let's get out of here." One last glance over my shoulder. I couldn't help it. Nikol Daminsky lay twitching, shapeless, unrecognizable, one eye staring, unnaturally large, up at the ceiling. We fled.

* * * *

A few days later a small paragraph in the daily newspapers announced "The body of Nikol Daminsky, the writer on psychic phenomena, has been found in the library at his home in St. John's Wood. The body

was found by his housekeeper. Police authorities say there is no suspicion of foul play. Death was caused by complete degeneration of the skeletal system....."

TOMBOLA

A Tombola session, better known to some as Housey-Housey or Bingo, was held in the Conference Room on Friday, 29th January during the latter half of the dinner hour.

These completed cards were played for two prizes each card. Prizes were of the order 8/- and 4/- per game, being dependent entirely on the number of players.

More players mean bigger prizes, and you are therefore cordially invited to join in the next session. The date will be announced on the notice boards.

HORTICULTURAL SECTION

Members are reminded that catalogues for SEEDS, PLANTS and GLADIOLI are available. The order will be closed on Friday, 12th February. All orders (large or small) welcomed; good discounts given. We again deal with Messrs. W.J. Unwins, Histon, Cambridgeshire.



WOODLANE I.
THE LAB. ASSISTANT

SECTION REPORTS

PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION

We start the new year with a total of thirty-two members subscribing to the magazine circulation. Six of these are paying 15/- per year and see all new magazines first before they go on general circulation. So far the scheme appears to be working well, but the ultimate success depends on the co-operation of all subscribers. Please don't let magazines pile up in the "IN" tray; take them home to read by all means, but do keep them moving. There are others waiting to see them.

Interest has been shown in the Portrait Group. On the 31st December the shooting started in the Conference Room at 6.30 p.m. Doris Wills very kindly acted as model while the rest of us blazed away. As this was the first meeting it was essentially an experimental session to give everyone an opportunity of judging their exposure/film/aperture settings.

Gerald arranged two simple lighting sets, the first using a light background and the second, of more dramatic character, with a dark background.

Each of us photographed the model in turn with each of the lighting arrangements, but to add interest a free shooting session was held before the lighting was changed over and at the end of the sitting. A welcome break for coffee and biscuits was taken about half-way through the session which lasted until 8.45 p.m.

Doris has seen all the proof prints and we hope has recovered from the first shock of our efforts. She has selected a few and those concerned will be presenting her with their finished masterpieces in due course.

For our part we have had a lively discussion on the results and each of us now has a rough idea of how we should have photographed Doris. Later on this year we would like to put our hunches to the acid test. Whilst on the subject of results we would like to make one point very clear to anyone who is kind enough to sit for us. Put bluntly, we are out to please ourselves

and above all to improve our techniques in this difficult branch of photography. Each of us will therefore see the model in a different way and will use a lighting arrangement best suited to our purpose. We are not therefore going to churn out standard studio portraits with all the usual trimmings. There will be a lot of failures, there will have to be, otherwise we will not improve, but occasionally one of us will get something worthwhile, something that perhaps even the model will like!

To the models this may sound terribly grim and earnest, but we are all quite human really. The model gets a free tea and a front seat view of our antics for a couple of hours. We pay for our tea and endeavour to look composed whilst wrestling with recalcitrant tripods or performing strange gymnastics in order to secure the right camera angle.

There were six of us at the first meeting, but only five were taking photographs as Molly had unfortunately left her camera at home. Even so it was obvious that we would have been very pushed for time had each of us arranged the lighting in turn. As there are two other members interested in joining the group it looks as though it will have to be split into two smaller groups which meet on alternate months. To simplify the organisation of each meeting it is suggested that they should be held on the first Wednesday of each month.

The next meeting will, therefore, be on Wednesday, 3rd February for Group A, and on Wednesday, 2nd March for Group B.

GBW

ICE SKATING

Will anyone interested in ice skating as a Club activity please contact me.

BJT

BRIDGE SECTION

We are continuing to compete in the same three leagues as last year, and results so far are as follows:-

<u>League</u>	<u>Played</u>	<u>Won</u>	<u>Drawn</u>	<u>Lost</u>
London	4	1	1	2
London Business Houses	3	1	1	1
Hammersmith	4	0	1	3

We continue to find it difficult to maintain regular teams, and it is therefore with regret that we learn of the impending departure of another of our few players with match experience. On the bright side, some new Social Club members have recently expressed an interest in taking part in competitive Bridge. I must apologise to them for not having organised any practice games so far, and I hope to remedy this in the near future.

PJK

MODEL RAILWAY SECTION

The section subscribe to the following publications:-

Model Railway Constructor

Model Railway News

Railway Modeler

and the cost to members is 9d per month. At present there are twelve subscribers and eight active members of the section. Will all those interested in joining please contact the secretary.

GAW

CLUB CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY

Monday	1st February	Whist Drive
Tuesday	2nd February	Bridge Match (Home)
Friday	5th February	Record Dance (Canteen)
Thursday	11th February	Film Society
Friday	12th February	ST. VALENTINE'S PARTY
Saturday	13th February	Ballet (Covent Garden)
Wednesday	17th February	Bridge Match (Home)
Saturday	20th February	Ballet (Covent Garden)
Tuesday	23rd February	Bridge Match (Home)
Wednesday	24th February	Bridge Match (Away)
EVERY TUESDAY		Table Tennis (Canteen)
		Recorded Jazz (Conference Room)
		Rifle Club (Range)
EVERY WEDNESDAY		Popular Recorded Music (Conference Room)
EVERY THURSDAY		Badminton (Lime Grove)

SYNOPSIS OF THE MINUTES OF THE
99TH MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE
COUNCIL HELD ON 17TH DECEMBER.

1959

Present:-

Mr. E. Kelk	(Chairman)
Mr. L. West	(Treasurer)
Mr. S. Tempest	(Senior Staff Representative)
Miss C. Roberts	
Miss F. Nettleton	
Miss B. Weir	
Mr. M. Dua	
Mr. A.J. Moore	
Mr. B.J. Thompson	(Secretary)

The Chairman commented on the success of the Children's Christmas Party and said that the organisers were to be congratulated.

The Council agreed that the Buffet Dance had been successful, approximately 120 persons being present.

Insurance

The Treasurer said that after consulting the Company Insurance Department it seemed that no one policy covered all liabilities likely to be incurred by the Club, although many policies were in existence.

Premises and Club property were insured; injury for certain sports activities were insured, but no general accident or loss cover was available.

The most important cover available was that which indemnified all Club officials against any claim for damages arising from injury or loss during Club activities.

Mr. Tempest said that in cases of injury on Company property recompense could only be made after an action for damages was taken out against the Company. Any other type of injury insurance would require a very large premium.

He went on to say that if the Club wished to insure against loss from cloakrooms, then for a reasonable premium any such cloakroom would require an attendant. This would probably be necessary in the new building.

Mr. Moore said that injury insurance for certain sports was available on a group or club basis through the governing bodies of those sports.

The Council was not willing for the Club to accept liability for claims of any other nature, and Mr. West ended the discussion by agreeing to check on the sports specifically covered by existing policies.

ITEMS FROM THE FINANCE COMMITTEE

The Chairman stated that the Finance Committee had discussed the small balance remaining at the end of 1959; and agreed to call - up £100 of the remaining £250; and had suggested a planned budget for 1960 so that funds could be used to the best advantage.

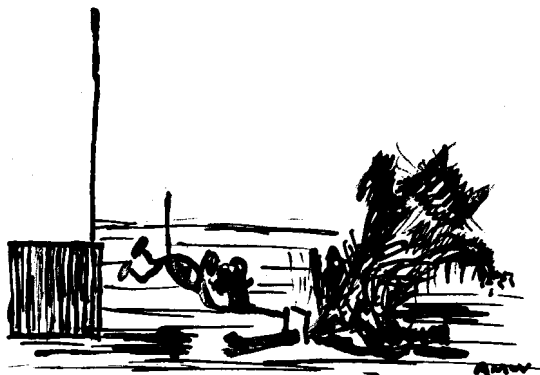
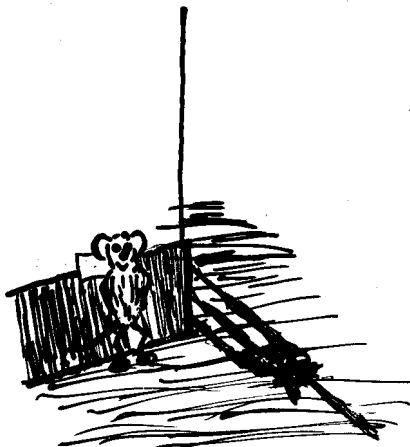
TOMBOLA

Mr. Moore asked for permission to run a lunch hour tombola session on a non profit making basis. If successful he proposed that sessions be held once a month. The Council approved the scheme, and Mr. Tempest agreed to the use of the Conference Room.

GO-KART RACING

Mr. Moore explained the new sport of Go-Kart racing, saying that the vehicles were generally home produced to specifications laid down by the governing body of the sport. The vehicles were basically miniature racing cars with motor-cycle engines of 100 or 200 c.c. capacity and could be built for £50 to £100. Clubs and associations were being formed and racing was starting. Mr. Moore went on to say that ten persons at Wood Lane had agreed to finance the building of a Go-Kart, and he suggested that the sport be carried on as a Club activity, possibly under the Motor Section, with the Club assisting financially in the racing of the vehicle.

After some discussion the Council voted that the sport was outside the scope of the Club.



PERSONAL

TO LET

1960, 4 berth, 16 ft caravan, Herne Bay, Kent. Fully equipped. 6 minutes to sea. All amenities on site. From £6. 10s. weekly. 'Phone Ext. 245.

CONCRATULATIONS

to Mr. and Mrs. A. Reading
on the birth of a son Mark
on the 15th December.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

My wife and I wish to express our warmest and sincere thanks to the friends at Wood Lane who contributed to the generous wedding presents.

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 and Shopping days
12 to Christmas
9 Pater
10 Never fear
11 Roost
13 Ionic
14 In the port
18 Insolvent
19 Fudge
20 Loss of fee
24 Corfu
25 Treasurer
26 Egret
27 French partisan

DOWN

- 1 Superficiality
2 Outgoings
3 Piratical
4 Non-active
5 Diver
6 Yarns
7 Therm
8 Press the button
15 To the aria
16 Efficient
17 Order arms
21 Smear
22 Orson
23 Forth

SOCIAL NEWS

Staff Arrivals

We welcome the following new members of the Wood Lane staff and extend to them an invitation to join the Athletic and Social Club, if they have not already done so.

Mr. J.L. Wilson	Metallurgy
Mr. T.B. Hill	Chemistry
Mr. D.A. Kelly	Metallurgy
Mrs. M.V. Dickson	Administration

Departures

Our best wishes for the future go
with:-

Mr. R. Langmaid	Chemistry (transferred to M.S.S. Recording Co. Ltd.)
Mrs. M. Pellatt	Diffraction and Microscopy
Miss S.F. Davies	Physics
Mr. A.V. Davies	Physics (transferred to M.S.S. Recording Co. Ltd.)
Mr. I.D. Wood	Physics
Mr. R.T. Puckowski	Rubber and Plastics
Miss M.F. Reynolds	Rubber and Plastics
Mr. A.F. Palmer	Drawing Office

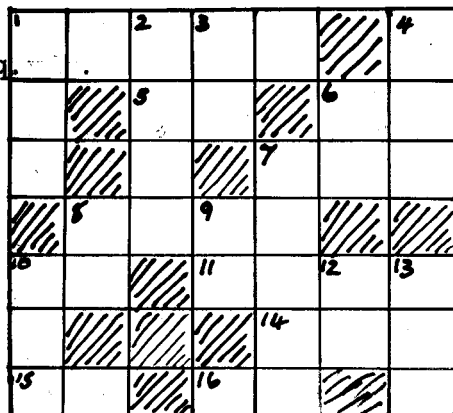
A PUZZLE FOR THE CURIOUS

Down on the Farm

N. B. The puzzle was not necessarily compiled this year - the year of its compilation is deducible.

1 rood = $\frac{1}{4}$ acre

1 acre = 4,840 sq.
yds.



EXTRA CLUES

One "across" number is the same as one "down" number.

One number (relating to something quite different) happens to be the area in roods of the rectangular field known as "Dogsmead".

CLUES ACROSS

- Area of Dogsmead in square yards.
- Age of Farmer Dunk's daughter, Martha.
- Difference in yards between length and breadth of Dogsmead.
- Number of roods in Dogsmead, times 9 down.
- Year when Little Pigley was occupied by the Dunks.
- Farmer Dunk's age.
- Year of birth of Mary, Dunk's youngest.
- Perimeter in yards of Dogsmead.
- Cube of Dunk's walking speed in m.p.h.
- 15 across minus 9 down.

CLUES DOWN

- Value of Dogsmead in shillings per acre.
- Square of Mrs. Grooby's age.
- Mary's age.
- Value of Dogsmead in English pounds.
- Age of Dunk's eldest child, Ed, who will be twice as old as Mary next year.
- Square of yards in breadth of Dogsmead.
- Time in minutes for Dunk to walk $1\frac{1}{3}$ times round Dogsmead.
- See 10 down.
- 10 across times 9 down.
- Sum of digits in second column, plus one.
- Lengths in years of tenure of Little Pigley by the Dunk's.

SECTION REPORTS

For the benefit of new members we are including a list of the principal sections of the club, together with the names of their secretaries, who should be approached for further details.

Badminton	Mr. D. Goff	(243)
Bridge	Mr. P. J. Killingback	(249)
Chess	Mr. A. A. Smith	(207)
Films	Mr. A. E. Morrison	(280)
Horticultural	Mr. H. Charman	(221)
Jazz	Mr. A. Davies	(267)
Judo	Mr. J. Greenbury	(270)
Motor	Mr. D. A. Taylor	(239)
Music	Mrs. G. Skelton	(209)
Photographic	Mr. A. J. Bangay	(243)
Rifle Range	Mr. B. R. Smith	(206)
Swimming	Miss C. Roberts	(268)
Tennis	Mr. P. J. Killingback	(249)
Whist	Mrs. E. W. Bell	(233)

FEBRUARY SOCIAL

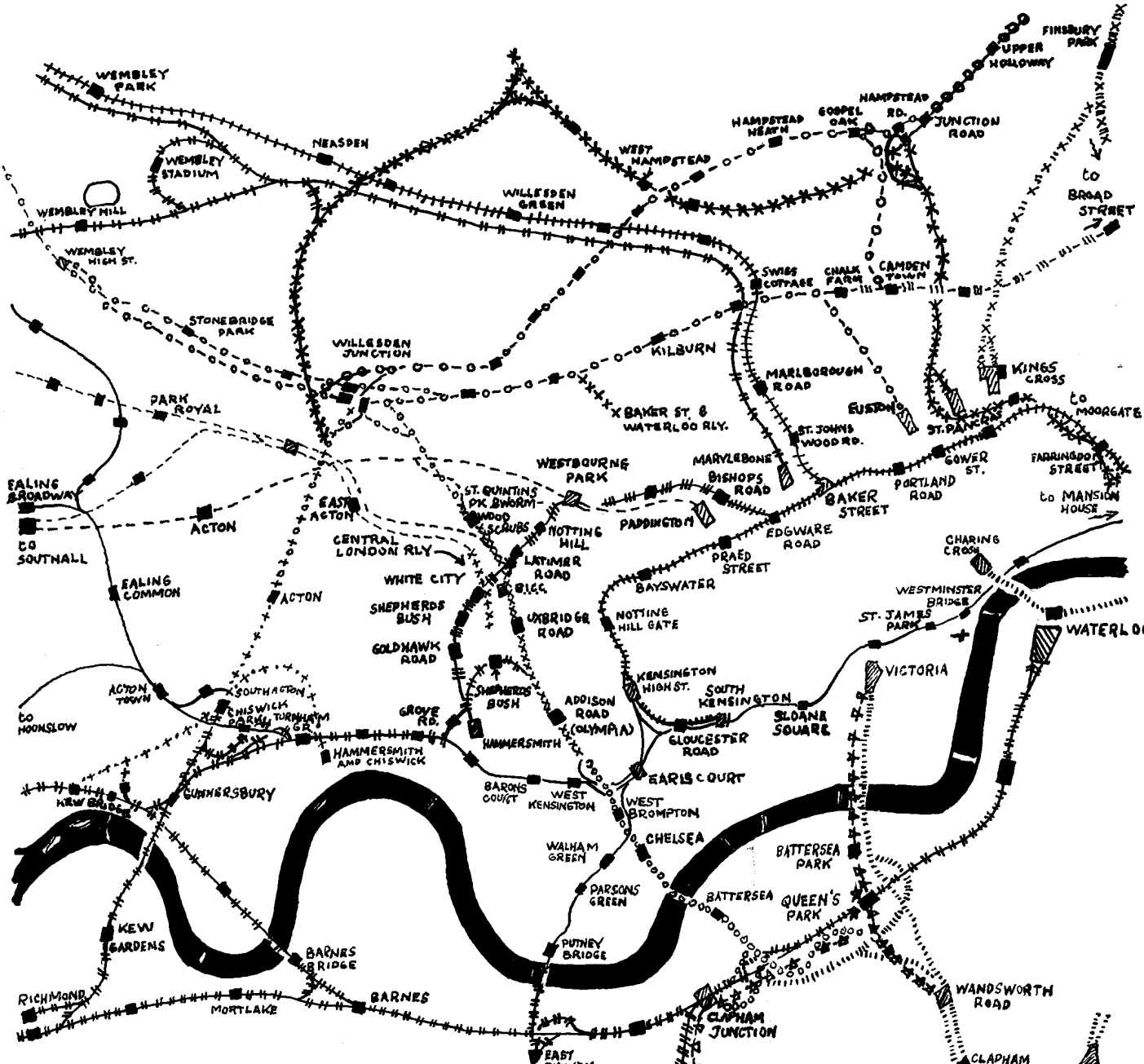
Nearly one hundred members and friends came to the social held on Friday, 27th. The social was a bigger success than ever and really went with a swing.

We now seem to have two bands at Wood Lane - the original consisting of Alan Davies, piano, Jerry Counsell, clarinet, and Alf Spittle, drums, with a double bass player named Bert. The newer ensemble consists of Pete Corbett, piano, Mike Gaze, sax., and Peter Betts, electric guitar. Both bands entertained us on Friday, and for good measure Betty Tracey sang very sweetly "Green-back Dollar", "The Day that the Rains Came", "To Know Him is to Love Him", and "Kiss Me Honey" to Peter's guitar accompaniment.

In the interval, Ted Morrison jockeyed an intelligent selection of cha-cha discs and others with his usual modesty, and the Chef provided an appetising mountain of food and coffee to counteract the effect of other beverages.

A hundred people can't all be wrong. If you haven't been to one of the "new look" socials, try the next one. The socials are open to every one who works at Wood Lane and any friends they care to bring.

Our thanks to the entertainers, the Chef, and Bert Smith and his helpers for another happy evening.



- MIDLAND RLY.
 - - - - - Gt. CENTRAL RLY.
 - - - - - NORTH LONDON RLY.
 - ||||| SOUTH EASTERN & CHATHAM RLY.
 - + x + x + TUBE
 - +++ METROPOLITAN RLY.
 - XIXIX Gt. NORTHERN RLY.
 - Gt. WESTERN RLY.
 - o - o - LONDON & NORTH WESTERN RLY.
- XXXXX WEST LONDON JOINT RLY.
 - ooooo WEST LONDON EXTENSION RLY.
 - ☆☆☆ LONDON, BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST RLY.
 - - - - - LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN RLY.
 - - - - - HAMMERSMITH & CITY JOINT
 - METROPOLITAN - DISTRICT RLY.
 - + . + . + NORTH & SOUTH WESTERN JCN. RLY.
 - o - o - HAMPSTEAD & TOTTENHAM JOINT RLY.