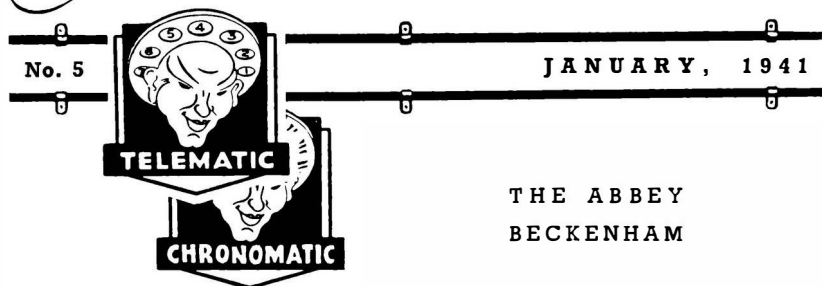


# *The* TIE LINE



# The TIE LINE



THE ABBEY  
BECKENHAM

## A MESSAGE FROM OUR GENERAL MANAGER

It is difficult to realise that it is only twelve months since the first issue of "The Tie Line," which as the Chairman said in his opening message, would prove to be "a Tie between those on Active Service and those at home." So much has happened, so many changes have taken place and so many readjustments both to our mental outlook and our way of life have had to be made.

But in spite of those changes and readjustments one thing is clear. None of the essential things has changed except for the better. Only the superficial things have altered or disappeared. The work of the Company carries on, but with added difficulties.

Delivery problems, combined with material shortages, impede our efforts to give service to our subscribers, who collectively represent so much of the Country's war production. A volume of business, as large as that which strained our resources in peace-time, must now be carried on the shoulders of a war-time staff. A staff which is already facing and overcoming the problems brought about by war damaged installations.

A few minutes spent at Beckenham or at any of the Companies would be enough to see how the war, in all its bleakness, has changed some aspects of our Company life. A glance at most of them would be enough to show that they were included in the lengthening list of "front-line" Companies, with their damaged premises and shattered windows. A talk with almost



any member of the staff would bring out the same story of interrupted communications causing that arduous and un-enjoyable adventure which used to be no more than "just going to work."

But the spirit of the Company remains unaltered, and its sense of humour undiminished.

Birmingham and Bristol grapple with the problem of reconciling a system that closes the offices at five with one that opens the pubs at six, and find their consolation in the thought of all the business they will do when the work of reconstruction begins.

Sheffield are determined, Blitz or no Blitz, that they will celebrate their twenty-first anniversary by winning the Annual Cup this year. And Newcastle in the nicest possible way are doing their best to see that they do not.

Beckenham, that place of refuge and haven of rest, has now found that the answer to the vexed question of whether windows blow in or out is—both ways.

London, subsiding majestically basement-wards, has come to the conclusion that, contrary to the laws of Euclid, a quart can be squeezed into a pint, when it comes to staff and office buildings.

Leeds—well, there is a story about Leeds. A few nights ago they had their Annual Party and a great success it was. The total number present was seventy-five, boys and girls, young and old. Everyone said it had been a beautiful evening, but what a pity the guns were so loud because they couldn't quite hear all the Manager's speech !

And so, if space permitted, the tale could be continued until the list of Companies had been exhausted.

All over the country, the determination that Telephone Rentals shall emerge from the war stronger than we entered it has deepened and strengthened with the passing months. Wherever you may go you will find in this Company the spirit that will win the war. And perhaps already has.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "R. S. Philmont", with a long horizontal line extending from the end of the signature.

Director and General Manager.



WELL, the peaceful quiet of The Abbey has been considerably disturbed of late by our friend Jerry. At first we seemed to spend most of our working hours trotting up and down to the shelter, until a Spotter was appointed—Ted White, or "Handsome" as he is called at H.O. We now work on after the Alert until Jerry seems to be making a bee line for The Abbey. Then "Handsome" starts the bells ringing, when we drop everything and beat a hasty retreat to the shelter, where noisy chatter and laughter drown the banging of the guns and the bombs.

We are now somewhat inconvenienced by the lack of glass windows at The Abbey—they are a thing of the past. Jerry busted them all in with a nice little land mine and "business as usual" is now carried on behind boarded apertures. We rather fear that the Company's electric light bill will swell to an enormous figure as a result.

H.O. members sleep in weird and wonderful places these days—or rather nights. Many of them arrive at the office after a tour of South London. Others who live locally, can be heard comparing notes on the previous night's Blitz. But, in spite of the upheaval which Jerry is causing in the

Capital, we are by no means downhearted and we still carry on the good work at H.O.

Unfortunately, several of the staff have been bombed out of their homes. A time bomb exploded outside Miss Baskerville's shelter and she has been in hospital for some time. As she is likely to remain there for a few more weeks, we hope that she will keep smiling and make rapid strides towards a complete recovery.

Miss Burgess' home received a direct hit, and she was buried beneath the debris for two hours. We are happy to say that she quickly recovered from the shock and was soon back at work at The Abbey.

We were glad to see Private Quigley here recently. He had only been on leave a few days when Jerry found him and dropped a bomb on his house. We imagine he was not sorry to return to the peace and quiet of the Army!

Gunner Berry of London Company also visited us and had many exciting tales to tell. We are unable to record them here because of the Censor's blue pencil. Suffice to say that he has moved eighty-seven times since last May. It appears that Hitler seems to have a personal grudge against him, and keeps him on the move.

A.C.1 E. Sweeting arrived one afternoon looking very smart in his R.A.F. uniform. We hear that he expects to take a trip across the water in the very near future.

**PRIVATE "LAUREL" HARDY,  
A.M.P.C.**

Writes :—Often my heart pines for the good old days at The Abbey. I am afraid all thoughts of returning to those days must, for the time being, go in the background. However, the Army is not so bad—far better than I ever expected. I have broken my heart several times—especially as far as the grub is concerned. But still I live, and, seeing I have put on nearly a stone, I shouldn't grumble.

After five weeks of foot drill, rifle drill, gas mask practice, bayonet fighting and lectures, we were moved to Sir John S—'s old house in Oxfordshire. Moving into there sent my thoughts back to another September when we moved into The Abbey. When we got there in the late afternoon, there was no lighting, sanitary or grub arrangements—did my poor old tummy ache!!

Apparently the powers that be decided that this wonderful mansion, tut tut, was too good for us. So they sent us out on a job in some huge estate, containing thousands of sheep, cows, poultry and bloodstock. The drive is only five miles long! Poor bloke, I don't think he has enough room!!

Our camp is pitched in the woods in the middle of the estate. So you may say we are pretty isolated. We spend a lot of our spare time felling trees. I tell you we are qualified lumberjacks here.

I find the most boring part of army life is cleaning our equipment and buttons. When I come on leave, I am seriously considering bringing the

equipment up for Miss Browne to clean in her spare moments.

I am more pleased than I can say to hear from Cyril that the "Tigarette Sales" are still going so well. I know you will continue to give him all the support in your power in these rather dark days. (Don't worry, Laurel. Cyril has mastered your technique to a "T," and H.O. is still smoking itself to death. My monthly bill get bigger and bigger. Ed.)

Our Sergeant—Sergeant Wiles—happens to know Lieut.-Wilkinson of Newcastle Company quite well.

So, Cheerio, and for goodness sake don't let those blasted Jerries droop your spirits.

**L.A.C. R. LEAKE, R.A.F.**

Recently he located Frank Biddle in Ireland. Rather a strange coincidence that they should meet again so far away from Head Office!

Writes :—Very sorry to hear that you have to bear the brunt of Nazi ferocity, but you can rest assured that, if we could, we should be only too eager to join you all back in England. You see, once again all the lads are rapidly becoming "cheesed" with the inaction, and life seems to be just a repetition of the old days in France, when we had nowt to do and all day to do it in. As a result, everybody silently hopes that Hitler will start Something, simply because we all want to get in another crack at his satellites.

**PTE. R. G. MARTINGELL,  
R.A.P.C. (See photo)**

He found the last issue of "The Tie Line" even more interesting than before now that he himself is a member of His Majesty's Forces. Has promised to let us have more news in his next letter. (The best thanks you can give us, is to let us have this news. Ed.).



**PTE. G. C. WEBBER, R.A.M.C.**

We think there will be some drastic new systems put into force when Private Webber returns to H.O., for he writes :—

My work is in the stores, and the many things I have heard about the quartermaster's stores seem to be correct. It is an easy job now accounting for deficiencies in stock. Stock Records would be far happier if only the army system of accounting was introduced.

The stores staff has a hold over everybody, even to the Sergeant-Major; and I have even heard the S/Major say "Please!" and "Thank you!" to me—a mere private. He has also been very polite about my shaving with him at 8 in the morning!

**CPL. S. CRANE, Q.V.R.**

We were delighted to hear from Cpl. Crane and we offer him our heartfelt sympathies because he was all set for a heavy date with a "gorgeous A.T.S. girl" when the powers that be decided to move him to another camp.



**PTE. R. E. DALTON, R.A.S.C.**

Recently visited The Abbey and was inspired to write the following few lines.

**It's getting back to normal, chaps ;  
getting back to normal.**

I went to The Abbey one day last week  
Saw the old fellow workers and some  
new ones we all wished to meet.  
Tich as usual was having his sleep,  
So it's getting back to normal, chaps ;  
getting back to normal.

One misses the noises of Horseferry  
Road  
And is struck by the silence in the  
new-found abode.  
A German mine expert has just  
dropped a load,  
So it's getting back to normal, chaps,  
getting back to normal.

Stock Records, of course, are still  
going strong  
One is led to believe they work all the  
day long,  
But some of the stocks are still going  
wrong,  
So it's getting back to normal, chaps ;  
getting back to normal.

Owing to the Blackout, I couldn't stay  
long,  
Had a drink with Mac before the air  
raids came along—  
Of Lemonade, of course, even the  
field of remembrance can hardly  
go wrong,  
So it's getting back to normal, chaps ;  
getting back to normal.

DOLLY (Stock Records)



## Our Women's Section

### EXPENDITURE

	£	s.	d.
Wool ... ..	15	1	8½
Cigarettes ... ..	22	12	6
Sundries ... ..		12	3
Comforts for T.R. Prison- ers of War ... ..	2	0	0
Wireless Battery for C. Dawson ... ..		5	6
Balance in Hand ... ..	20	9	3
	£61	1	2½

We hope that everyone will note that we have a very nice balance in hand and we should like suggestions both from the men themselves and from the Companies as to how this could best be spent.

Next we come to stock in hand which is as follows :—

### KHAKI

- 15 Scarves
- 4 Sleeveless Pullovers
- 12 Helmets
- 19 Pair Mittens
- 3 Pair Gloves
- 16 Pair Socks (grey and khaki)
- 4 Pair Wristlets

### AIR FORCE BLUE

- 7 Scarves
- 7 Sleeveless Pullovers
- 2 Long Sleeved Pullovers
- 10 Helmets
- 6 Pair Mittens
- 2 Pair Gloves
- 9 Pair Socks

### NAVY BLUE

- 3 Scarves
- 4 Helmets
- 5 Pair Mittens
- 10 Pair Socks

The Wool Fund has now been in full swing for just about a year, and I think the time has come to take stock of the situation, both financially and materially, as all who have so kindly given of their time, interest and money should know just what has been happening.

Below we give the Balance Sheet as at December 11th, 1940.

### RECEIPTS

	£	s.	d.
Head Office Collections	23	12	10½
Sale of "We Shall Not Fail" Cards ...	7	5	7½
Head Office Sweepstakes	2	0	0
Outside Donations ...	1	12	0
Belfast Company ...		9	0
Birmingham ,, ...	10	10	0
Cardiff ,, ...	4	5	6
London ,, ...	6	14	5
Manchester ,, ...		10	0
Newcastle ,, ...	1	12	0
Sheffield ,, ...	1	10	0
Unaccounted for ...		19	9
	£61	1	2½

What we are most in need of are grey socks, long sleeved khaki pull-overs, gloves and long stockings to go under gum-boots. These are all somewhat arduous things to make (not just nice and easy like scarves and helmets) but they are definitely the things that are most in demand.

## HERE'S A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY !

Sig. Powley wants a pair of long Gum Boot Socks, and we can't send them to him—yet !

Who'll volunteer to knit him a pair, or will two girls knit one sock each ? Use natural oil wool. Let us know the cost of the wool and we will send you the money.

To date we have sent out :—

- 51 Helmets
- 39 Pair Mittens
- 66 Scarves
- 215 Pair Socks
- 30 Pullovers
- 29 Pair Gloves

We are glad to say that we have quite a few "regular" customers, but we want a lot more of them ! Some of the men write in whenever they are in need of things that we can provide and that is just the sort of spirit we want to foster, as we really feel we are being useful under those circumstances. Any of you men who are reading this and who are not as yet our customers, just make up your minds to write in to-morrow and ask for that spot of material comfort that is missing at the moment but which will be forthcoming by return of post. Perhaps we should add that no comfort in the shape of liquid refreshment can be sent out !

Razor blades, chocolate, cigarettes, magazines, books, stationery, playing cards, as well as things to wear, can

all be provided by us, so think of that "Balance in Hand" and make a request to our Section.

Literary talent still seems to need a lot of coaxing, and surely Cardiff is not the only place where this abounds ! For the last issue of "The Tie Line" Cardiff was the only Company which helped out with the writing of this page, and this time the same thing happens. Come on all the rest, you ought to realise that we are in need of your help. We want to have news of what our women-folk are doing—written by the women-folk themselves. Don't let the men have a free field with their facetious comments. Anyway, we are solvent, at the expense of the men's pockets, we hope.

## CARDIFF WRITES :—

A short while ago a cartoon depicting soldiers hard at work knitting all kinds of articles, bore this caption, "Knitting for civilians in the front line," but our boys if they saw it, apparently turned a blind eye as their requests for winter woolies so overwhelmed us that we had to appeal to our Editress to help us out with a pair of socks for J. M. Barry who is in the Navy. Our bright spark typed "stocks," but we did not think you were deserving of such punishment Barry, so the necessary alteration was made.

L/Cpl. Pritchard has also asked for socks, and has added in a very apologetic manner, "I would like to ask for a pullover, but I think it is probably too big a job." He, being a married man, evidently knows that to tell a woman a job is too much for her, is the surest way of making her break her neck to do it, and so Pritchard you shall have your pullover, but we are sorry we cannot manage it in time for Christmas. The socks will,



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we hope, be compensation for the time being.

Bt/S.M. Hutchinson, who asked for a pullover, when he was here on seven days leave, would have us believe wasp waists still exist. We wrote asking him to let us know the length of his sleeve, and suggested he should measure it with a piece of string. Several days later the string arrived with a note saying he could not send it before as it had been keeping his trousers up. The string measures 26 inches !!!

In the same note he tells us there are plenty of seals around his part of the coast, and that he is sending something interesting for the girls. It wouldn't be sealskin coats would it ?



**E. CRACKNELL, of The Abbey Stores, sends us this suggestion for putting glamour into Telematic Publicity ; but not during this cold weather, surely !**

## ADVERTISEMENT AND REPLIES.

We recently inserted an advertisement in a Belfast newspaper as follows :—" Wanted by an electrical firm, a lad with brains and good physique."

Some of the replies we received were of a highly scented variety.

One poet applied, as follows :—

" I beg leave to present to you this my application to you for the vacancy in you re boy wanted for electrical firm."

Another wrote as follows :—

" As regards my physique, I am 5 ft. 9 ins. and weigh 9 st. 7 lbs. Age 14½ years. Regarding the Grey Matter, I would be very grateful if your firm would decide to put it to some useful purpose." (A few days later a Prime Minister was required by the Northern Government).

Another applicant evidently had experience in prodding, and stated that he was " 14 years old and can prod. good references."

Another's religion was apparently intended to be measured in inches. He wrote, " My height is 5 ft. 7½ ins. Chest expanded 37½ ins. Presbyterian."

The brains of one writer were obviously so large that, in mentioning them, he was forced to use **BLACK CAPITALS**.

A tongue-twisting expert discovered before writing, that he had "a natural intelligent interest in electrical engineering."

Another, whose handwriting betrayed his interest in Chinese hieroglyphics, was " nineteenth years of age " and " lost his position through slankness of work." He stated that he had been with " EVE " on a contract, and ended by asking, " Would you obliged by sending me a replied."

**REX GRAHAM (Belfast).**



## TO THE LADS IN THE FORCES.

My dear Lads,

Once again I appeal to you to let us have some news of your doings and whereabouts.

We are always ready to keep you informed of what is happening in the Company, and do appreciate very much any news which you can send along to us.

You will be interested to know that Mr. Nightingale has been transferred to Leeds on the Contact side, and that we now have Mr. T. H. Isherwood, who has spent many years in Manchester. He is helping us on No. 2 work.

We also have a new Representative on the Telematic side in Mr. C. E. Scott. Then, on the Broadcasting side, we have Mr. Timms representing us. We are looking forward to these men doing well and so keeping Sheffield on the top.

Mr. Sedgwick and the Engineering staff are doing a real good job of work, and the same applies to the office staff.

Miss Fretwell and all those in her care are indefatigable in their spare time knitting pullovers, socks, gloves, helmets, etc., for your comfort. These are despatched to Beckenham, from where they are distributed to those who are in the Forces.

If you will let us know if there is anything you really need, we will see

that, by hook or by crook, these wants will be met.

As I write this, Mussolini is getting it in the neck, and there is no doubt that "the Greeks have a word for it."

With best wishes from

*O. B. Oakley*

## MEMBERS OF THE SHEFFIELD STAFF ON HOME DEFENCE.

F. Ridal, A.R.P.

J. Crowther, A.R.P. Messenger.

C. E. Scott, Home Guard.

O. C. Oakley, A.R.P. Warden.

## HOME GUARD NOTES.

When Mr. Oakley asked me to write an article on my Home Guard activities, I felt I was back again at school and had an essay to write for my homework.

Rather the same feeling came over me when I first had to drill my Section, and I must confess I wondered

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what sort of a fool I should make of myself after twenty years of "resting."

However, I consoled myself with the thought that every one of the others (90 per cent. being ex-service men) would probably be just as bad, and, greatly to my surprise, the whole affair passed off quite smoothly.

It is very strange how one does not forget the movements, especially in rifle drill ; one is naturally, at first, a bit stiff in some of them, especially "grounding arms," but it all came back quite easily.

My Section is known as the Mobile Section. Its object is to be ready at any time to rush by cars to any of the posts which are scattered over the moors round Sheffield in case they should be attacked or hard pressed by any blue-pencil invader. We are twelve all told and devote one night a week to this duty. I think it shows how keen everyone is when, during the six months, there has been a full muster every week.

We mount guard and everybody does approximately one hour and forty minutes of sentry, and, what is more, enjoys it !

A rather amusing incident happened on one of these guards (NOT the Mobile). About 3.30 a.m., the whole place was startled by a rifle shot. Everybody turned out, thinking that at last there was something doing, but they were calmly informed by the sentry that he was just having a shot at a fox he had seen disappearing in the bushes as he was getting a bit bored ! No fox was found, so he had probably seen a cat.

During the night, there is generally a "solo" school. Some do get a bit of sleep and the snoring has to be heard to be believed.

Every Sunday there is a parade which members are asked to attend,

if they wish. We go route marches, have drill, field exercises and machine-gun training.

What has struck me most during my service with the Home Guard (and I don't suppose we are any different from any other Units) is the keenness which the younger members show, many of them engaged in heavy occupations in the steel trade during the day—not forgetting the old soldiers, of course, who thought they had finished with all this sort of thing for ever, but they come, instruct, and do their sentry turn with the rest.

So far, we have had no excitement in the way of any action, but there has been no slackening of our efforts to be able to deal efficiently with any spot of bother that may come along.

C. E. SCOTT.

### A.R.P. NOTES.

I am a Volunteer for Civil Defence work, and if I told you some of the stories that I've heard, there is a certainty that the Editor would be afraid to print them—or would he ?

Therefore, this must needs be rather a sober story.

So we'll get back to tin tacks. Being a good deal over military age, but still feeling that it was the duty of all able-bodied people to do something in their spare time to help the country we all love, I dashed in and joined the A.R.P. about six months before war was declared.

I was extremely fortunate to be attached to a post, the members of which are truly a fine bunch of chaps. Our strength is thirty-two, divided into four Sectors, and, to show the popularity of the Post, we have almost the same number of Reserves.

The Post ]1 is situated in the south-west of Sheffield, almost on the border of Derbyshire. It was, prior



to our taking over, an old coach-house and stables, but it has been so tastefully decorated and altered—all work and material found by the Wardens without cost to the authorities—that it would be quite unrecognisable to the old horse, and tell it not in Gath; we are right opposite the Hammer and Pincers. Yes! You are right, boy—it's a PUB!

We are a happy but, I trust withal, an efficient lot of lads, willing to do our whack when necessity arises, no special favours, just doing our job, leading the blind, carrying the poor devil who has lost both legs to the air-raided shelter, calming the nervous women, and seeing that the kids are all right and looked after.

We have stood up to the sneers of the early days, and our old detractors are now our best friends.

Do I feel it irksome? No! Certainly not! I'm glad to be able to do something, however small, as my contribution to ultimate victory; my only regret being that it is so small.

The district I am in has been fairly free from bombing, but, if it has to come intensively, I believe that we shall be able to put up a good show, and we have the example of our London, Birmingham, Coventry, Bristol and other provincial brothers to help us.

(Well, your chance has come at last—Oliver.—Ed.).

Our philosophy at the moment is that of the old woman who lives at Heeley, a suburb of Sheffield, who when asked if she wasn't afraid of Hitler and his crew bombing her, retorted, "Well, no! I looks at it like this. He's got to find Sheffield first, then he's got to find Heeley, and then the old devil don't know my house."

In conclusion, let me say we of the Civil Defence do not suggest in any

way that we are doing as important work as the Forces proper, but we do feel, however, that we are doing useful and, may I say it, very necessary work, and it is our duty and privilege to do it.

O. C. OAKLEY (See photo)

### SIGM. S. TAYLOR, R.C.S.

Dear Chums,

I am sat in the Y.M.C.A. It is a little schoolroom where we come to answer our fan mail. There is a grand aroma of fried sausage and eggs floating around. We spend most of our spare time and cash here, filling up the empty spaces remaining after we have had the Army grub!

It's snowing—the hills around have their white winter caps on now. I'm certainly glad of T.R. woollies. When I was on guard the other night, all I left uncovered were my eyes. If it gets any colder in the mornings, when we shave, the lather will freeze and we will be breaking off our beards!!

I recently went on a "scheme." On these trips, cable-laying consists of getting a drum of cable and laying it in ditches, on hedges, or fastening it to anything available. I should like to know what Mr. Sedgwick would say if he went on a job and found the fitter had put his cables up by fastening them to drain pipes or anything that happened to be sticking out from the wall!

Cheerio!

SID.

### SIGM. L. WILLIAMS, R.C.S. (See photo)

Has moved up to Bonnie Scotland, but, up to the present, he sees nothing bonnie about it. For our next issue we are hoping to record his experiences in tackling a haggis or an eightsome reel.

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**And here's the inside information on training for an L.A.C. by A/C.2. L. R. MIERS, R.A.F. (See photo), who joined Sheffield as a Salesman, just a year ago. We are also indebted to him for the photographic page of our Sheffield Company's good people. He is evidently using his skill in the R.A.F.**

Well, old Pals, I think it's about time I wrote to you through "The Tie Line," and I will tell you what has happened to me since I said "au revoir" to you all with very mixed feelings on the 22nd August.

After one week of kitting, vaccinations and inoculations, I went through two weeks of foot drill, musketry, bayonet charging, etc.—ten hours each day on the square! Thanks to nice soft socks supplied by the girls of T.R., my feet were not too bad. Thank you very much, girls, for the



socks, scarf, pullover and helmet, which were more than useful during long cold nights in air-raid shelters. (Curse Hitler !)

I must tell you about the laugh I had at a practice parade. I happened to be the centre man in the last rank and was stepping it out nicely, when, all of a sudden, the Sergeant bellowed, "Will the centre man in the last rank march properly and not waddle like a duck! It looks as though he wants a case in each hand to balance him." Did I laugh when I thought of the miles I had carried the T.15 and T.5, doing a spot of D.A.!!

Afterwards I was moved to the Pool Flight—we had another name for it which I dare not mention here. There we stuck for five weeks—fatigues morning, noon and night and then some more.

And now we began our advanced training—scrubbing and polishing floors, peeling spuds, washing up—and, of course, scrounging! So that, by the end of our test, we were known as "The Scrounge Flight." Believe me, at the end of this war we will have umpteen jobs at our fingertips—such as, charlady, waiter, coalman, washer-up of dirty pots, etc. I hope my wife doesn't read this, otherwise I shall have a full-time job after the war! Talking about washing-up: one day we counted and found that we had washed and dried 4,573 plates as part of a day's work—some job!

At last the grand day came when we were posted to a N.W. town for final training. We were put in private billets—feather beds, H. and C. in all bedrooms, table cloths—and, just to finish it off, a nice girl to serve our meals. I clicked for the job of senior man, so I had choice of bedrooms and did myself well.

The course did not start for two weeks, so all those who wanted leave could have seven days—but only on the strictest compassionate grounds. I got the job of writing the pleading letters from poorly wives and dying mothers, until, at the end of the first week, half the men had gone on leave. Then said I to myself, "You have got signatures to contracts, so why not the Warrant Officer's signature on a leave pass?" So, using some of Mr. Attwood's "straight line" selling technique, I tackled the lion in his den and got away with it—though I must admit it was harder than getting a signature for 35, T 50 instruments.

I had a grand seven days at home and dropped in at Sheffield Company to hear all the good news about Sheffield business. Good hunting and good luck, Mr. Oakley. Go to it, Sheffield, and win that Annual Cup this year. I only wish I could be there to pull my weight.

I am now hard at work on a 14-weeks' course. Every fortnight we have an exam on Theory and Practical, and so far I have managed to get through each exam with an average of 91 per cent. and 86.5 per cent. If I can keep up this average, I should pass out as an L.A.C.—so here's hoping!

I find the work most interesting. My first experience of taking photographs at 15,000 feet was not too good. Afterwards some of the crew told me that we had nearly had an accident. Little did they know that I myself had nearly had an accident when we were up at that height!!!

My very best wishes to all at Sheffield Company, to those who were with me at the Montague Hotel twelve months ago, and to all T.R. members now serving in the Forces.

## The Tale of a Donkey

THE present hostilities in Greece bring back to my mind quite vividly my experiences in that country during the last war. In the part of the country that I was in at any rate, my impressions were that the people resembled typical Biblical characters. Most of the Greeks of the peasant class look as though they had stepped straight out of an illustrated Bible.

Our unit was stationed in camp near a place called, I believe, Kukos. I've forgotten how to spell the word, but it sounded like that, anyway.

One day everyone was startled to see a very old lady, I should think she must have been at least 150, chasing frantically round our camp looking for something. With a judicious mixture of Greek, French and English, we ascertained from her that she was looking for her donkey.

One of our fellows, who appeared to have been stricken with remorse, then conducted her, with a very downcast expression, to the horse lines. In a very short time, she made a dive for a very pathetic-looking creature which was tethered among the horses. This was indeed her donkey, but it didn't look very like a donkey now! It had apparently been treated all over with No. 2 clippers, because it had the appearance of being shaved.

The donkey, on seeing the old lady, made a noise which, as far as I know, only donkeys can make, and the reunion between the pair of them was a very touching one. The old lady's joy at finding her donkey, far outweighed her resentment against the perpetrator of the practical joke, and it was good to see her and the donkey going off together in the distance, the old lady walking along with her arm round the donkey's neck.

J. F. G. (Belfast)



# TELETOPICS

## THE ANNUAL COMPETITION

For the eleven months ending November 30, each Company has beaten its Quota, as shown below.

	% Over Quota
Sheffield	108.3
Newcastle	86.4
Manchester	79.3
Bristol	77.3
Belfast	71.6
Glasgow	59.4
Leeds	55.3
Birmingham	47.1
Cardiff	41.6
London Chronomatic	25.9
London Telematic	19.9
Dublin	5.2

The Sheffield Company still holds a useful lead with one month to go. It may well be that this is Sheffield's year for the Annual Cup, although several other Companies are within striking distance.

## THE QUARTERLY CUP

At the end of November, the positions of the first four Companies were

	% Over Quota
1. Manchester	183.2
2. Bristol	159.1
3. Glasgow	152.3
4. Newcastle	103.0

## LEADING SALESMEN

For the five months ending November, the top places were as follows :—

### Telematic

A. Ambrose	London
G. Bastable	Glasgow
J. A. Romain	Bristol
W. T. Muir	Glasgow
B. F. Whale	Manchester
H. M. Cheetham	Manchester

### Broadcasting

J. W. Marshall	London
R. Taylor	Birmingham
F. J. Chalcraft	Manchester
H. G. Hathaway	Manchester
W. Walton	Leeds
C. J. Mackenzie	Glasgow

## APPOINTMENTS

Mr. H. G. Cowtan has resumed his position as Manager at Glasgow, and Mr. R. Mordin has taken his place at the London Company, pro tem.

Mr. F. Isherwood has left Manchester and is now on Contact Work with the Sheffield Company.

Mr. G. Nightingale has been transferred from Sheffield to the Leeds Company, where he is responsible for Contact Work.

Mr. W. Goldie, formerly at Glasgow is now serving in the Contact Department at the Manchester Company.

Mr. R. E. Martin of Bristol has been transferred from Telematic Sales to Broadcasting.

Mr. A. Kerbyson of Cardiff has been transferred from Telematic to Broadcasting selling.

## NEW REPRESENTATIVES

### Telematic

J. A. Sampson	Cardiff
W. Roberts	Cardiff
J. A. Romain	Bristol
G. Norman	Leeds

### Broadcasting

A. H. Liggitt	Birmingham
F. W. Timms	Sheffield

We wish them every success.

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STOP PRESS.—SHEFFIELD COMPANY WINS THE CUP. *Congratulations to Mr. Oliver Oakley and his Team.*



I am afraid that Jerry has been clumsy again. No doubt he imagined that, if the offices of Telephone Rentals (Telematic) Ltd., could be demolished, the moral effect upon the City at large would be very damaging, comparable, say, to the destruction of St. Pauls, Westminster Abbey or any other monument of the people.

However, the plan miscarried and the bomb appears to have travelled some distance down a drain and then exploded, blowing up a tree, and quite a large quantity of earth and stones. As a number of the latter were kerb stones and flag stones, the effect on the surrounding property was more spectacular than pleasant.

Strange to say, however, Britannia House escaped all structural damage, and the massive stones of the building are practically without a scar. On the other hand, most of the windows were blown in, but have since been skilfully filled with an opaque material described as "Essex Board." This, although it certainly keeps out the weather, also keeps out the light, so that London Company now lives in perpetual darkness. It has to be admitted, therefore, however distressing it may be to absent colleagues, that we are all slowly perishing through lack of light and air.

I should also say that we have had the glass taken out of the partitions, ostensibly so that it shall not fly about and cut people in the case of blast, but really so that each shall not be

able to observe the miserable condition of his neighbour due to the circumstances described above. In the middle of the day we emerge from the building and creep wretchedly about like moles in daylight.

Little of the above is to be taken seriously, although founded on fact! The actual condition of the London Company, although working nowadays under rather difficult conditions in the external market, is really a healthy and cheerful one.

This has been enhanced by a recent visit from "The Colonel" (now Brigadier) and Lt. Royds, who, by a rather remarkable coincidence, both visited the office at the same time on the same day without having made any mutual arrangement to do so.

All members of the London Company not with us at the moment will be glad to know that both of them are looking most cheerful, fit and well,

## THE TIE LINE

and seem to be happy in their present duties.

"The Colonel" was only able to stay long enough with us to shake hands all around and then had to go off to the War Office.

Lt. Royds, however, stayed longer, had lunch with some of us and gave us a very interesting account of his experiences on land and sea in the Navy, as well as his earlier difficulties in learning to be a naval man. This was a most diverting story, and we were very sorry when at length he had to be off.

The London Staff may be assured that, when they next meet "The Colonel" and Lt. Royds, it will be just like meeting old friends, because although in uniform, inside they remain just the same good fellows as we used to know before all this ugly business began.

I hope and believe that, with the goodwill and assistance of the London people, the Company will be found in such a condition that it will be at least habitable for you when you all come back to work again. May it be soon !



### SGT. F. BAYLESS, R.A.F.

Britannia House recently received a visit from Sgt. Bayless. He was called up for Military Service early this year and elected to become an Air Gunner. He has just completed a six months' very difficult course, and, when he walked into the office,

complete with Sergeant's stripes and an Air Gunner's badge on his chest, he looked like £100.

This young man is deserving of all the congratulations we can give him, for he has certainly worked hard to get his stripes. In addition to this, it was noticed in his logbook that he has been recorded as a pupil of more than average ability recommended for a special course at the Central Gunnery School. This, in effect, means that he is in the running for a Commission as Air Gunner. London Company is very proud of Bayless' excellent effort.

### GUNNER (O.F.C.) R. S. BERRY, R.A.

His section has, up to the time of going to press, been responsible for bringing down seven Jerry planes. Nice work Gunner Berry !

Writes :—"The worst moments up to now have been when incendiary bombs set the camp on fire, and when a Messerschmidt 109 was disabled in a dog fight with a Spitfire and crashed twenty yards from where we were standing."

### GUNNER A. F. COLEMAN, R.E.

There's a rumour going about that he's contemplating matrimony for he has promised to send us a bit of wedding cake very soon. Will you please confirm this rumour, Gunner Coleman ?

Writes :—"At the moment I am enjoying the company of hundreds of beautiful nurses. I was lucky enough to get a septic foot which (a thousand moans) is nearly well now. The prospect of going back to live with a searchlight on some heaven-forsaken marsh is **not** pleasing after all this comfort."

**GUNNER V. CONNELLY, R.A.**

Seems to have been having a busy time for he writes :—

"Jerry has a nasty habit of coming over at meal-times. The raids usually last an hour or two and, by the time we have cleared up, he is back again. We are pretty sure that the secret weapon they talk about is this new stunt of his—coming over just as we are having a meal. My pals are sure he is trying to give us all indigestion.



When the warning goes to take post, first we grab a handful of food, then tin hat and gas mask and run like a lot of 'Woodersons.' You can imagine that the language would be pretty bad if it weren't for the fact that our mouths are full of meat and potatoes !

**GUNNER W. G. DOUGHTY, R.A.**

Has settled down to army life and surroundings quite well and is in good health.

Writes :—"I hope business is run-

ning normally at Head Office and the works in spite of the present situation. The young ladies seem to be pulling their weight in the Comforts Fund and one appreciates what they are doing."

**SGT. H. ROBINSON, R.A.**

Congratulations to Sgt. Robinson who is to be married on the 9th December to a Scots lassie from north of the Border !

**AIR FITTER A. OLDHAM, R.N.**

Is another of our Serving Members who has recently been married. Again, we offer our congratulations !

Writes :—"I've passed my trade test and I'm going through the process of being turned into a sailor, which at the moment is not all I should like it to be, one of the reasons being that the P.O.'s get annoyed when I suggest we should knock off for a cup of tea in the afternoon."

**SIGM. S. STEVENS, R.C.S.**

Has now parted company with Bob White and misses him very much. However, he has picked a good billet in a hotel on the sea front which is wired up with a wireless relay system, to which he has added one or two points.

Writes :—"I was originally put in this section as a wireless operator, but I seem to do everything but operate a wireless set. Normally, we have two electricians, but at the moment they are non-existent, so I have taken on the role of electrician. We have twenty odd wireless sets which I have to maintain, so you can bet I'm kept busy. There are also three or four ten-line exchanges and instruments—made by T.M.C.—to keep in order."



**SIGM. H. SPEYER, R.C.S.**

London Company's latest recruit to don the khaki, and he now feels like the Dog's Dinner. He is happy, the food is good, the chaps are okay, and he has no complaints—so far. It would be a shame to disillusion him !

**L/CPL. S. J. BIELBY, Mddx. Rgt.**  
(See photo)

The London Chronomatic Jottings in the last issue were of particular interest to him, and reminded him of the past when he used to say "Chronomatic Service" down the phone many scores of times a day. He sends best wishes to Cadet Blake Thomas and Gunner Peters in their new jobs. (B.B.T. is now in officers' uniform.—Ed.).

Since joining the Forces, he has never been far from a Chronomatic O.P.U. and makes a point of keeping an unofficial daily check on them. They are always "O.K. for time."

**LT. F. G. BERNAYS, Queen Victoria Rifles.**

Has been on the move about the country and is at present in a dull market town, but finds the surrounding country glorious. He expects to make another move soon—this time across the water.

For the time being he has laid aside his usual work—Second in Command to "A" Coy—and is at present running two N.C.O.'s Cadres (Weapon Training). He finds this job most interesting and very akin to the old T.R. sales schools.

Writes:—"Our chief recreation here is billiards and shooting—there is quite a bit of game here and this makes a big improvement on the R.A.S.C. rations.

I often think back on the good old times and look forward to the days when I shall once more be able to talk about telephones instead of weapons. I do hope "The Tie Line" continues with vigour as it is most interesting to hear about all the lads both at home and abroad.

I was very relieved to see that Blackburn, who was in our first battalion, is a prisoner of war. I continue to look daily for Richard Raikes' name as the lists are published."

**L/CPL. E. VERRAN, R.C.S.** (See photo)

Reports that all is quiet on his front. Is at present doing a Junior N.C.O.'s course prior to joining the higher ranks. He rather fancies the idea of another two stripes and we hope he will soon possess these.

**L/CPL. A. R. WHITE, R.C.S.**

We hear that he has gone East and we are hoping to have news of him

soon. In his last letter he wrote :—

" Recently, we received a visit from our C. in C.—H.R.H. Princess Royal. The good lady's visit entailed a week of fatigues in the scrubbing, polishing and digging line. Our squad gave a demonstration of foot and arms drill on the square. It was quite a good effort and H.R.H. expressed her appreciation in a few well-chosen words. The C.S.M.'s words were not few nor particularly well chosen ! "

#### **L/CPL. J. H. MITCHELL, R.E.**

Has evidently been touring England for he writes :—

" This wandering mania is so typical of 504 Coy. and seems all to no purpose—it's just a case of loading our kit at one place and unloading somewhere else, and so it goes on. The boys get a bit fed up at times and simply long for some action.

I take a certain amount of pride in this fact that our, ahem ! Transport gets us there every time, but only just. Often we have to stop on the road to do some major repair on the spot under somewhat adverse conditions. The last incident which occurred was when a 10-tonner, carrying heavy bridging material, couldn't take a gradient, and, whether the driver lost his head or the brakes failed, I can't say. Anyway, the thing rolled back and crashed into the gate of a field, and we had a devil of a job getting it back on to the road.

We had a most exciting experience on ' Night Ops. ' and got the nearest to Service conditions during my career in the Army. Our job was to build a pontoon bridge across a river, and we couldn't have picked a worse night. It was pitch black, raining like hell, mud up to our ears—in fact every imaginable discomfort piled on the agony. But somehow everyone

seemed to revel in the work. I believe it was because they felt it was something like the real thing, and anyway, that bridge had to go across else it would mean another attempt the following night and many ' heavy dates ' would have to be cancelled.

Well, to our amazement, the job was done half an hour under schedule, so it was with cheerful hearts we returned to camp, and the only thing that was damp was our clothes. We were soaked to the skin and spent the remaining few hours drying out before we were back on parade for breakfast.

This course is finishing soon and we shall be back at S—— again where we have to spend the winter. Unfortunately, it is nine miles from anywhere and life there is very dull at times, though we make the best of it. Once a week we go into A—— and go to the Cinema or have a few drinks, according to the mood. Usually it's a drinking mood and there are many thick heads on parade the next morning.

And now, dear Editor, after over a year on Active Service, I'm still unable to write and tell you how we engaged the enemy and scattered them right and left, but I'm hoping our turn will soon come—then I'll have something worth writing about.

#### **GUNNER L. MEREDITH, R.A.**

Writes :—" I am still stationed at H——, much to my dislike as it is too quiet. Life on a searchlight site is very dull—one would not realise that there was a war on—in fact, I have never seen a German aircraft since the war started. But they still call us out in the middle of the night to cope with aircraft which never come.

I'm enclosing a little poem I wrote on a rainy afternoon—don't laugh at it but give it a chance."

## THE TIE LINE

Well, Gunner Meredith, we have not laughed at your poem and we print it below.

### **The Blitzkrieg.**

The night was dark and stormy,  
No enemy could we see,  
But it was only 5 p.m.,  
And folks hadn't finished tea.

At 8 p.m. came a warbling sound  
And people made for the underground,  
A heavy droning soon was heard  
And all the Services "got the word."

The enemy flew over London Road,  
And then decided to drop their load.  
Nine bombs came down with a terrible bang,  
But the Britishers didn't care a hang.

The A.A. put up a noisy barrage,  
Aiming at Jerry's undercarriage.  
Although the enemy twisted and turned,  
The A.A. Gunners were not to be spurned.

Very soon, a shot went whistling high,  
And plastered a Jerry all over the sky.  
The others knew they were doomed to defeat,  
And decided to make a hasty retreat.

The R.A.F. helped them on their way  
With many a tracer to remember the day.

So Adolf Hitler, don't you try  
To smash old England from the sky.

### **And here is further news of our Prisoners of War.**

#### **MAJOR B. DAVIES, R.A.**

Major Davies, as announced in the last "Tie Line," is now a prisoner of war in Germany. We have received the following letter from his wife :—

"In case you may not know, my husband was sent to France on May 16th and I heard from him up to June 3rd, but I had no news of him after St. Valerie until I received information from the War Office on July 3rd that he was missing. I have now been officially notified, I am relieved to say, that he is a prisoner of war. You can imagine how overjoyed I was to hear that my husband is alive and safe, especially as we now have a little daughter, born on June 27th. (Congratulations, Mrs. Davies. —Ed.).

I have received a letter from my husband, dated June 22nd. He says:—"One more effort to get a letter or news to you. Whether these letters will ever reach you or not, I cannot say, but they are worth the effort. I have been taken prisoner with the rest of the Battery, and we are now marching miles and miles, I presume to Germany. We are all here and so far have kept together. Don't worry because I am very fit and well, and at present well treated."

#### **GUNNER T. HOSIER, R.A.**

He is another member of our organisation who is now a prisoner of war in Germany. His mother, Mrs. A. J. Hosier has written us :—

"It is a coincidence that another of your employees—namely, George Blackburn—is apparently in the same camp as Peter.

We had a letter from him last week. He says that the Germans are kind to them and they are getting enough to eat, and, except for the fact that we must be worrying about him, he would be quite happy. He is working, but does not say what he is doing. As long as his health is good, he will probably be all right."

# AUXILIARY FIRE SERVICE

Here are two accounts of big "blow-ups," attended by two London Company's "Soaks."

## 1.

**At an Aerodrome. Recorded by  
M. LAYTON, A.F.S.** (See photo)

I have done a good many things in my life, but never have I anticipated being a Fireman. When things looked sticky, however, and new developments in warfare made it seem that the fire-fighting business was going to be important, I went through the usual preliminaries of joining up—I may say, not without certain difficulties connected with Anno Domini, but not with the medical exam.

I started in with my training, including squad drill, dry drill, wet drill, lectures galore on elementary hydraulics, first aid, etc., etc., and, having attended no less than sixty of the latter, I was pronounced fully trained and established the right to wear the badge.

I don't mind wearing the badge now we are getting bouquets, or wreaths as the case may be, instead of metaphorical rotten eggs. In the earlier stages, if anyone found out you were a Fireman, there would be enquiries about the beer, and very rude queries as to who won the darts. Since the spot of bother and the fires have come along, I don't mind, and anyway, to be quite honest, I still have a fire within which requires quite a lot of beer to put out.

I have only been to one big 'blow up' as they are called. This was at a certain aerodrome. It occurred on the hottest day in August on a Sunday

morning just as I was changing into comfortable clothes for the afternoon, and the smell of the joint had reached my nostrils.

At that point, the sirens started doing their stuff. Off with the civvies and on with the fire kit and driving like stink to the station. Jerry was attending to the town when I went through, and there were quite a number of bumps en route.

One brother fireman arrived dragging a bicycle behind him, which was still in one piece but almost doubled in two. He himself was still experiencing a partial blackout and I think that it was not at all clear to him what he was doing, but he just had an idea in the back of his mind that he had to report at the station, and report he must and did. He had been blown twenty feet by the blast of a bomb, the crater of which was less than thirty yards from him. We dusted him down and jumped on the tender, and off we went to the business.

There was plenty to do when we got there. Located on the job, the heat was terrific and the hose had to be run out, made up and re-run again.

We found there was insufficient volume of water on the mains and had to find some static water. When we were well down to it, the Jerries returned to inspect their handiwork, shoot us up and bomb us. We, therefore, had to go to ground several times. Each time we returned we found the fire had blown up again. Finally at about 8 p.m. we got it under or it burnt out—the truth being probably somewhere between the two.

When I got home at 9 p.m. and dragged my clothes off, my body was found, to all intents and purposes, to be covered with a juice called woad, as the blue of my uniform had dyed my skin.



## THE TIE LINE

I lived twenty-five years in the tropics, but believe me I never knew what it was in those days to be hot. Don't think all fires are like this one. They generally mean driving like blazes to a conflagration which has been occasioned by an incendiary bomb and which someone has been unfair enough to shoot up with a stirrup pump before we arrive.

I have told you all about my experiences, but nothing compares from the point of view of real danger to life with the experience of being given a 'Fireman's lift' by a complete novice. I had such an experience.

After the usual mauling and positioning on the ground, I was raised aloft in an entirely unbalanced and precarious position somewhere round the head of the trainee. I wobbled there for thirty seconds before being thrown heavily on to one of the pumps with a sickening thud.

As in most jobs, there are things that must not be done in the fire business. An equivalent of dropping your rifle in the army is to drop the 'branch,' or nozzle as a layman might call it. And I can tell you, there ought to be an H. M. Bateman cartoon of the man who dropped the branch. The leading Fireman becomes red and speechless; the Patrol Officer goes that lovely colour between red and purple, while the Chief falls down dead. And, as for your own feelings, if only you could get a bomb all to yourself, you would be only too delighted.

Well 'soaks,' here's to the next fire and something to put it out with."

### 2.

**At London's Docks. Recorded by W. MEDLAND, A.F.S.**

He took part in the big dock fire of London and has sent us an account of his experiences.

"During the week-end of the 7th September, I was 'standing by' at — A.F.S. Station, when at 2.0 a.m. a call came through for a crew to join in a Fire Service convoy to London.

In all there were fifteen lorries, and pumps as far as the eye could see. The column set off in darkness moving slowly at first—then swiftly like ghosts, passing through ghost-like villages and towns. Constantly, the motor cycle escort raced on ahead or came back along the convoy, checking the numbers, etc.

We knew we were in for something big, and, when we had topped the Downs, we could see the red glow in the sky which grew brighter as we neared it. It seemed as if the whole of London were ablaze.

It was morning when we dashed through London; traffic signals were ignored and the way was cleared for us. I shall never forget the people who stood amidst the ruins of their homes—they were still smiling and their thumbs were up.

We joined up with other A.F.S. Units and then proceeded to the docks. What a sight it was. Buildings and ships ablaze—pumps, hoses and firemen everywhere. We had instructions to keep a particular building under control.

The London A.F.S. had done fine work carrying on through a very tough time indeed. Several of them were carried away exhausted, as we relieved them.

Delayed action bombs, roped around us, occasionally went off, plastering us with all sorts of muck. The stern gun of a big cargo boat appeared to start firing on its own; it was the explosion of the shells in the magazine.

But there is a lighter side to my story.

The building we were playing on

had been full of flour ; the combination of flour and water had produced a lovely paste about eighteen inches deep, which swirled slowly round us and the pump. The sight of us after we had fallen flat a few times when Jerry dropped one or two near us !! This sight was nothing compared to the look on my chief's face when I took my uniform in to be cleaned !!!

At one time we were given orders to abandon pumps and seek shelter as things were getting 'too hot.' About thirty men rushed to a shelter, but soon rushed out again as there was an unexploded bomb at the other end ! I have never seen so many men get out of such a small opening in so short a time !



When we received this order to abandon pumps, a colleague and myself dropped our hose, but they forgot to turn the water off. The hose, with a huge jet pouring from it, writhed and slashed about, seeming

to chase us up the street—in fact, we both got one or two good jets in the rear before we finally captured it.

At 4 o'clock we were relieved by A.F.S. and soldiers. The Chief Officer then warned the officer in charge of the soldiers to be careful about the building we had been on as there were three unexploded bombs in there ! Talk about where ignorance is bliss !!!

That evening we returned to — feeling very tired and subdued, as we had been on the go for over 24 hours without sleep and, worse, without food. It had, however, been a fine experience for all of us, and, without exception, not one of the men would have missed it.

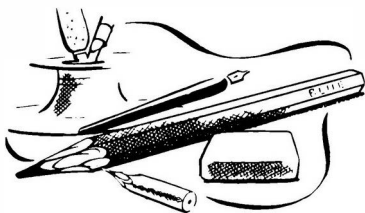
We have since received from the Regional Commissioner a letter of appreciation from the London Fire Services thanking the — for its assistance. It has given us a feeling of satisfaction at having been able to help our fellow A.F.S. comrades at a time of need."

**Fire Brigade Section Officer F. W. ROSAM.** (See photo)

He joined the Royal Artillery on the 9th August, 1914, and was demobilised on the 1st May, 1919, when he first joined Telephone Rentals—then London New System—and has served continuously up till now.

The call came for firemen in 1938, and, having in mind that the prospects of again serving with the R.A. would be more remote than in 1914, he decided to become a fireman. After serving for more than two years in what is now considered a very important branch of the service, he has reached the position of Section Officer.

## EDITORIAL



How do you like the new set up ? We hope you do not mind the changeover, although we must confess that we began to develop some sentimental regard for the homely amateurism of the early issues.

Still, we had little option about effecting a change, what with shortage of paper, and the uncertainty of delivery because every Air Raid Alert over London meant stoppage of work on the rotary machines.

Not that it has been all plain sailing with our new issue. Plans were laid for copies to be ready by the first of the New Year. Then London had its big fire blitz on Sunday, December 29th, and our printer's premises caught it, good and plenty. Still, they managed to save the type and in some miraculous way they have managed to give us our thousand copies by the middle of the month. One needs to have been behind the scenes to appreciate fully the re-organised efforts that were necessary to achieve this. We would like to record our thanks to our printers for this co-operation.

Now we need your co-operation for the next issue. Remember "The Tie Line" is your magazine—not the Editor's. It is our pleasure to get all contributions into ship shape for the printer. Then we have to correct the proofs, and arrange all the pages before the printer can make his final run on his machines.

All this takes up a lot of time in preliminary preparation. Therefore, we want your contributions at the earliest possible date, so that we can get to work on them. Will you, therefore, keep the 31st of January in mind as the last day for sending in the news about your recent experiences and activities.

You will notice that we are now getting a number of lengthy contributions, which make interesting reading for all of us. We want more of such articles. You can fill a column of the magazine with about 250 words. In relating your experiences, you use up 250 words in no time. Why not let us have these in writing ?

Then you will see that we have begun to feature the activities of those engaged on the Home Front. This is a totalitarian war, with a vengeance. We are all in it, up to our eyebrows. So we want contributions from those who are also actively engaged on the Company's work.

Our Engineers are doing a handsome job of work. Let's hear about the lighter side of this. Thank heaven, we can each of us get a real laugh out of our job. But let us pass the fun around.

Then our Representatives are having some real war-time experiences. Send them to the Editor. Humorous, printable stories will be very acceptable.

And by the way, let us have lots of photographs. We still need a goodly number to cover all our colleagues. These photographs will make a fine record when the war is over.

Well, we have broken into 1941. May it give us all good fortune, and, in the words of Robert Louis Stevenson—

"Grant us courage and gaiety  
and the quiet mind."



## TO THE LADS IN THE FORCES.

SOME time has elapsed since I last wrote to you, and I thought you would be glad to hear the news of the people at the Manchester Company.

In the last few weeks, two more of our sales staff have joined the Forces—this time Mr. Newstone, who has been posted to the R.A.F., and Mr. Inskip who has also taken wings and flown! Both of them have picked out extraordinarily nice sea-side resorts to go through their training, and we were very pleased when Mr. Newstone obtained forty-eight hours' leave and called in to see us.

In addition, G. H. Banks and S. Astley are also waiting to go to the R.A.F. to be air pilots. I am sure you will wish them all happy landings.

Despite the war, we are all very busy and we are glad to say that, whilst we have had a few sirens and an odd bomb, Manchester has not yet been blitzed. We are wondering if even the Luftwaffe don't like the look

of Manchester—particularly in this weather, and we must say we don't blame them.

I am sure you will all be interested to know that one by one, our office staff are getting married. Miss Lawrence started the fashion and has been followed by Miss Stirton and Miss Borthwick. So that, between Mrs. Ward-Smith, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Saunders, we are getting a little bemused, but, despite all this, they are all of them continuing in their work at the office.

We still have Mr. Nichols, Mr. Cheetham and Mr. Whale on Telematic, and Mr. Chalcraft and Mr. Hathaway on Broadcasting—which, incidentally, is a great success, and they are all making a desperate effort to make this into a really record year for Manchester, whilst our fitting staff are putting in the installations just as quickly as they know how.

We have heard from Fred Bryant recently, who is now in India and appears to be enjoying life there, and I am sure you will all be glad to learn that Mr. Buss of the Contact Department has now obtained his captaincy.

Mr. Nathan of the Royal Engineers is now a full Corporal.

## THE TIE LINE

We often speak about you and wonder how you are all getting on. Don't forget to write in and let us know some time.

In the meantime we wish you a very Happy New Year and send best wishes to you all.



**SIGM. G. F. BRYANT, R.C.S.** (See photo):

Correspondence to and from him is somewhat delayed as he is far away in the mountains of —. His last letter spoke of temperatures ranging from 112° to 116° amid the most picturesque scenery. But he has little time to worry about the weather or the scenery because technical training takes up most of his spare time.

Writes :—" My trade in the Signals is wireless operator, but I've discovered, during the last few weeks, that an operator is also a linesman and an instrument mechanic. Only a fortnight ago four of us had to run a line from an officers' quarters to the officers' mess—a distance of about three hundred yards. The route lay down the mountainside which is covered by a pine forest. This little job had to be completed by breakfast time, but we are getting used to little jobs like that.

As for the natives in this part of India, the less you have to do with them, the better off you are. Ninety per cent. of them in this district try to twist you at every opportunity—the other ten per cent. do twist you. It isn't quite as bad as that in the cities themselves, but the sooner I see

Blighty again, the better I shall be pleased. However, while we're out here, I suppose we must make the best of it.

I should be very glad if you would convey my best wishes through " The Tie Line " to all the members of the Manchester Company, both at Home or with the Forces.

**GUNNER C. DAWSON, R.A.**

Recently took advantage of his seven days' leave, and got married. Congratulations, Gunner Dawson !

**SIGM. C. NEILL, R.C.S.**

Seems to be one of the very few who has " stayed put " for some months on end.

Writes :—" The goings on here are not at all exciting—in fact the weather is the only thing worthy of comment and I can only describe that as very comical."

**CPL. M. A. NATHAN, R.E.**

He is now a Disciplinarian N.C.O. in the transport section and is undergoing a special course on Army methods of transport. He will then pass out with a third stripe on his arm.

His station is in a small cock-eyed town where it rains and rains, but happily he has Mrs. Nathan with him to brighten things up.

**A.C.2 E. F. NEWSTONE, R.A.F.**

The first part of his training is finished and he has now begun his technical training as a Flight Mechanic or Rigger. This will take about seventeen weeks and then he will be posted to an Active Service Squadron. We hope everything will run smoothly.

# SGT. E. LANGLEY-LYDDON, R.A.

Since his last letter, he has "visited" many stations in the U.K. on instruction duty. We hope to have more news of you for the next issue.

# CPT. R. C. BUSS, Royal Tank Regt.

His "Tie Line" arrived by the morning post and he was so intent on reading it at breakfast that he became quite oblivious to time. His Batman suddenly rushed in and announced that the car was ready and there was only ten minutes in which to get down to parade—four miles away! He jumped in the car and tore down to the Barracks where he found the R.S.M. walking up and down the square looking at his watch, then the road down which Capt. Buss should come, then at the shivering troops all ready for inspection. At last he arrived and jumped out doing up his coat to be greeted by, "Bit late this morning, Sir. Only five minutes for inspection." Capt. Buss assures us that this is the only morning he has ever been late for parade.



# O/S C. BETTS, R.N.

Very little news here, but he has asked us to pass on his good wishes to all T.R. lads now serving in H.M. Forces.

# SPR. D. FAWCETT, R.E.

As he is now due for seven days leave, we are hoping he will pop in and see us, and tell us all about his wanderings around England.

# A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

By an A.R.P. Warden.

The . . . the of . . . . . 1940.

6.30 p.m. . . . sirens . . . whistles . . . then alertness . . . prepared for what? The S.W. passes, on his round, when the sound of a plane is heard.

He calls across—"One of ours?"

Heavy gunfire commences. He crosses the road and stands in the house doorway. I cannot resist answering, "Er - no, one of theirs, I believe."

We watch the barrage, constantly changing position, until "He" (the plane) has passed over. Gunfire stops, and we decide to go off on our patrol.

A call through the letter-box of a house in which there is a permanent invalid . . . "Still all right Mrs. . . ?" "Yes, thank you."

And so, towards home. The shoes I'm wearing make a deuce of a noise in the quiet that prevails. The neighbours objected when I wore rubbers. Couldn't hear me. Seem to find relief when they know someone is watching.

Guns again. The local Battery opens up and adds to the din. "Whang! Wheeeee . . . Whuff!!" as shells are heard ascending. That "Whuff" seems ominous. "Hope

## THE TIE LINE

they've got him " is the general thought. And so, somewhat similar routine continues for some hours, when . . . "Down everyone !"

That tense period (waiting for it) . . . some shattering explosions, the last one down being a probable "time" ; then, after the rain of falling bricks, etc., a dash into the road wondering which house has "caught it." Inspection proves not in this road ; the S.W.'s S.O.S. denotes that it is in the next. A short talk with a reserve warden (he "knows what to do") and I join the S.W.

Two semi-detached houses have been demolished ; eight persons are trapped—two in one house and six in an Anderson shelter at the side of the other.

A warden is detailed to report damage etc., to authorities, and the S.W. and I go to the assistance of those trapped.

Here we learn of a further incident in yet the next road again and that four wardens are down with shock. There is a 30 ft. crater, and a number of houses concerned.

Those in the shelter are found unhurt ; we manage to clear some debris, and they emerge ; together with the two elderly folk, are sent to hospital in the now awaiting ambulance. Shock is evident.

Police and services arrive and take charge. After explanations and notes are exchanged, the S.W. decides that all wardens can repair to the A.R.P. shelter on the other side of the road. After a while we are joined by the policeman left to guard the damage.

"Raiders Passed" sounds, and we start "yarning." I hear that two "H.E.'s" and one "Time" have been dropped, and all precautions taken. Apart from shock—no casualties, though a dozen houses have been involved.

Outside the shelter we still continue to exchange notes until . . .

A blinding flash—a terrific explosion—and all scramble into the shelter. The S.W. standing in the doorway was blown in. Still no one hurt. A rain of bricks, after which we dash out.

The shelter, from which we had assisted those six people some 1½ hours previously, had gone. A "Time" had been dropped with the "H.E.," and had actually been "ticking over" while we were scrambling over the remains of the two houses.

Such is life !

S. BURTON (See photo)

Liverpool.

### WHAT ABOUT IT, ADOLF ?

"Cor blimey !" said Hermann  
To Hitler in German.  
"Ben Musso has sure let us down.  
As a Blitz he's a dud  
And I guess his name's mud.  
It's time that he scrambled out o' town.  
His Navy is 'fleeing',  
His Army's retreating,  
His Air Force is chased back to base.  
It's time that we reckoned  
With 'Cæsar the Second.'  
To hell with the whole blasted race !  
So are we to step in  
And shove lots of pep in  
This war in the Near-Middle-East ?  
My Luftwaffe's chafing  
To give Greece a strafing  
And bash up the British Lion Beast.  
Shall we make Ben cry peace  
With this tough little Greece,  
Then turn the spotlight on Buk Buk ?  
We must do some quick thinking,  
For our Axis ship's sinking  
And we'll land in a helluva Muk  
Muk !"

JOAN E. GILLESPIE, Head Office.



## TO ENGINEERS SERVING WITH HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

Dear Fellows,

Mr. Wise thinks it time I did my share in saying a few words to you—so here goes.

If "The Tie Line" reaches you before Xmas, the Best Wishes from myself, Moss and the rest of the boys are extended to you all, and for the New Year—"On to Victory" and a speedy return home.

No doubt you will all be wanting to hear "Shop News" as that seems to be the general topic when any of you have called in to see us.

Some of you may have experienced "busy rushes" in the past, but it is doubtful if any have approached the one we are now having. Everyone wants telephones fitted at a moment's notice for A.R.P. and L.D.V. posts, or else "urgent" alterations are needed immediately in connection with highly important Government work. The telephone, we "Blast" it—everybody in the Engineers' Office hopes that the other bloke will take the call and be a master diplomat in trying to explain to an irritant "sub" that it is simply impossible to send a mechanic right away to move a telephone on behalf of "Jim Crow—the Spotter."

Mr. Moss seems to have a man in a dozen different places at once and gets fed up with my asking, "Is this job in hand?" "When will that job be started?" and "Can you spare a man for So and So?" But, taking it all round, we can still see the funny side and keep smiling.

The Company has now entered into a new market in as much as we are installing Broadcasting equipment, covering "Music while you work," microphones for special announcements, round call facilities and directing employees during an Alert or Alarm, so, if any of you have the opportunity of picking up some "radio hints," make notes.

Tommy Pearson called in a while back, looking fit and well and due for a journey eastwards. Bon voyage, Tommy, and don't forget to let us have some news, if permitted by the Censor.

L. Campbell called in and still appears to be having a good time, supplementing the cook with grouse, partridges, etc., which he and others manage to shoot in their spare time.



## THE TIE LINE

Don't use up all the shots, old man. Save a few for the big "Grouser."

Bill Kennedy has called several times since his return from Dunkirk, and, from appearances, I should say he has put on about two stone in weight. Army life must be good for some folks. Any hints on "How to get more than one's due" would be greatly appreciated, and, seeing that we have not heard from you for some time, how about it?

Ken Tait writes to say he now considers himself a "real sailor" since he has been posted to a real ship. Some ship from all accounts—"very self contained." One wakes up and has a stretch, one arm going through the porthole and the other into the engine room. Another slight movement and one is ready for the day's work, having it all at one's elbow, so to speak.

Jack Bullock appears to have forgotten us of late, although he has been seen at the office since Dunkirk days. We should be more than pleased to have some news of you, Jack.

The same applies to Billy Jackson. I should have thought that you would have gained sufficient from "Blind Brag" to employ a secretary to keep us informed of your whereabouts.

We regret to report that Bobby Walton, so liked by all, was killed on active service. After surviving all the dangers of Dunkirk, he returned home and joined that grand squad of fellows—"The Bomb Disposal Squad"—to carry on with the good work. Hats off to one so brave, gone but not forgotten. I know that in future shop talks, we shall always have reason to refer to Bobby.

All the old and young lads at home are still going strong, doing their best to keep things moving and advancing.

We have several new faces among us and we do hope they will get that

company spirit so common to all of those employed by Telephone Rentals. "The Tie Line" should give them some ideas as to how we all like to keep together. I am often asked by those still with us, "Have you heard from So and So lately?", "I wonder how he is going along." So don't forget fellows, a letter when time, circumstances and the blue pencil permit, will always be welcome.

With best wishes from all of the Engineers—

Sincerely,



### EX-SERGEANT MCKENZIE, R.A.F. RETURNS TO CIVVY STREET.

Here I am again, back in harness after some wonderful experiences in the R.A.F. and a final encounter with a balloon one dark night, which sent me into a flat spin and eventually counted me out of the Air Force. "Per ardua ad astra"—the R.A.F. motto—was true enough that night. I saw the stars all right.

To come back to Civvy Street and take up the threads snapped so hurriedly just before the outbreak of war, was a big change. In fact, Mr. Philcox's welcome—"So you've come back to us again"—made me feel like the returning prodigal, when he saw the prospect of the feast of good things in store.

What I did find, however, was that one kind of discipline had to be replaced by another—the robot efficiency of the Services must give place to a disciplined display of initiative to obtain results.

Psychologists try to teach us ever to

maintain the questing mind—the chap who does that stuff in the Services generally lands himself in clink. "Stop talking," was my first bark, when mustering the men on parade, and I believe I meant "Stop thinking" too.

Consider for a moment the ridiculous position of a Salesman who offered a Time Recorder to a solicitor enquiring for Telematic, and yet I can vouch for the following. A member of my crew warned for dental parade, duly appeared before the M.O., but the Corporal in charge, on learning his errand, remarked "The dental parade is off, but wait and the M.O. will give you some medicine." In vain did the airman protest that he wanted dentures, not tinctures. As Private Warner says, "Talk about larf, it's a scream!"

I'm delighted to be with the Newcastle Company again. The present team is a real Cup Winner, and, although the medals have not been issued yet, we can sing with all those who are determined to bring this war to a successful conclusion—"It's in the bag, chaps—it's in the bag."

J. H. McKENZIE

### NEWCASTLE'S FIRST AIDERS.

Having been asked for particulars of the voluntary services we carry out, we shall endeavour to set them out as briefly as possible, together with one or two other little items!

Happily we have not yet been needed to any great extent in our official capacity—First Aiders. The only two casualties to date—apart from minor cases of hysterics indulged in by weaker members of the fair sex—have been a soldier who was rather cut up with flying glass (and this just after he had got back to

England from Dunkirk without a scratch!) and a baby who wanted a bottle. Both were dealt with very satisfactorily!

Our First Aid Room is in the basement amongst the various office shelters, and we're equipped for any emergency—we hope! Owing to slackness in our line of business, we don our "battle bowlers" and parade the corridors, complete with smelling salts—these for appearances sake. Actually it is in order to have a chat with the "Navy" who have offices on the same floor as ourselves; more of this later.

Really we're first-rate First Aiders—in theory anyway. We can bandage phalanges, or any other part of the anatomy, with truly professional skill. And that isn't the half—you should see us in our regalia! If we get over our natural girlish modesty before the next issue, we might permit a photograph of our two selves to grace the pages of "The Tie Line." This, provided we can find a photographer who can face the task before him.

The said regalia consists of all that goes to make one completely gas proof. After the sleeves of the tunic have been turned up six inches, the trouser legs eight inches, and the trouser tops tied round our necks, the suits almost fit us. The boots, of course, are beyond hope. We have to hold them on every time we take a step, otherwise we leave them behind. How we're expected to carry people in, when we'll be so busy holding ourselves together, we don't quite know, but—it makes you think. Luckily we have not yet needed the suits, and we trust we never shall.

As those of you who have been in on leave recently know, the Engineering Office Staff (now completely

female) have moved into the room adjoining the old Engineering office. No doubt Laurence Campbell regrets this—those windows were so handy! We don't mind though, because "All the nice girls . . . etc.," and, when they've got a lot of gold braid into the bargain, well it's just fine. We're expecting to find a plank across the windows any time now, as they've already been half out of the window doing a spot of "surveying." There is one be-monocled, who is just too charming—and we mean "too." We much prefer the lesser lights. Any of you girls from other Companies like a transfer? There are more than enough.

On the home front one of the most important items recently has been the silk stocking question. But we rise to the occasion, and instead of our usual job of "climbing ladders," we're now "Pickers-up of ladders!" "Ladder Pickers-up!"—that's what we are.

Apart from this occupation, we carry on with the knitting and are ready to take orders from anyone who needs anything. Big-hearted—that's us. By the way, Laurence, how did you manage with the puzzle socks? You haven't had to adapt hem into Pixie Hats yet, have you?

A final word to Captain Deane. We've heard that in your part of the frozen North, one takes out a girl at a quarter past January and comes back at half past June! We sincerely hope this does not apply, because that is not why you are there.

M. CLARK AND M. DUGUID

"The First Aiders"

## A POLICEMAN'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE

(Gilbert and Sullivan)

Although sworn in—not at—around May 1926, it was not until the War broke out in September 1939 that I was issued with uniform, all complete with nice shiny silver buttons, numbers and badges, and I can tell you, I felt really proud of myself.

My first night on duty after that, I got all dressed up in my new uniform, taking care to see that everything was correct. That night several people



were in the house for Bridge, and I felt my chest swell with pride when I heard remarks about "How smart he looks," "Looks like a proper copper," etc., etc.—but my pride was short-lived, as my wife remarked—"Oh, you do look smart—just like a Taxi Driver."

Later that evening, my confidence was fully restored, for, when calling at a house re unscreened lights, the door was opened by a young lady,

who looked at me for a moment and then shouted upstairs, "Mother, there's a policeman at the door!"

Duties are many and varied, ranging from harassing motorists for parking, speeding, lights, etc., to assisting drunks home or to a temporary home at the Police Station for the night, attending to accident cases, keeping sightseers from bombing incidents, and generally making one's self useful in any other direction that seems to be necessary at any time.

I often think how useful a police uniform would be when calling on a prospect, for my experience is that everyone seems to be a "Yes Man" when spoken to by a bloke in uniform.

A few weeks ago, while on patrol with another man, we were approached as dusk was falling by two young soldiers with a complaint that, as they had come across the path through the Town Moor, they had seen a man dressed in black clothes, giving Morse Code signals with a pocket torch pointing skywards. These chaps had evidently had a few drinks, but were certainly not drunk, so, after careful sifting of what they said, we decided to investigate.

We spent about an hour searching the Moor, but failed to find a trace of anything more unfriendly than numerous courting couples, so we gave up our search as a bad job. It was only as we got back to the car that we realised that we were armed only with truncheons, and, if we had met any enemy, it would have been just too bad—for us!

A Special's life is a happy one, and, although he has to be so very careful not to put his foot in it, when dealing with a case or even a complaint, and must at all times be prepared to accept responsibility for any action he may take against members of the Public—his knowledge of

Police Law is very limited—it is one of the best forms of Voluntary National Service.

Yes, taking things all round, Gilbert and Sullivan had a lot to learn.

H. SEVERN (Newcastle)

## Sergeant-Instructor to Recent Recruit.

"If you were advancing towards the enemy and a bullet shot your left ear away—what would you do?"

R.R. "I'd keep straight on, Sir!"

S.I. "That's the spirit! And, if another bullet shot your right ear away, what would you do then?"

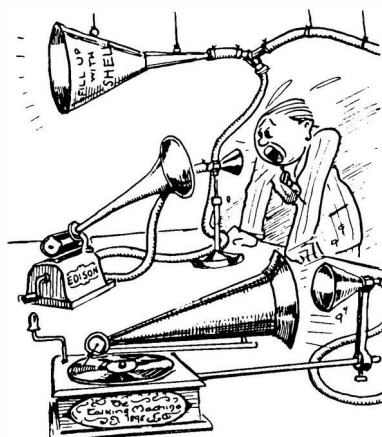
R.R. "I'd come to attention, Sir!"

S.I. "Oh! And why?"

R.R. "Because my tin hat would fall over my eyes and I shouldn't be able to see."

## No. 5 CHASE CARTOON

What it may come to if the War lasts long enough!



"Broadcasting Service"

*Born  
17th December, 1918.  
Joined Engineering  
Section, Newcastle  
Company,  
August, 1934*



*As a Territorial —  
Called to Active  
Service  
2nd September, 1939.  
Killed in Action,  
9th September, 1940.*

**L/SGT. R. WALTON, R.E.**

To quote the words of his C.O. —  
"He died doing his duty just as  
much as if he had been killed  
by an enemy bullet in Flanders."

We very much regret to announce that L/Sgt. Walton has been killed on active service. He returned through Dunkirk, to England with the B.E.F. in June after doing fine work in Flanders. His Mother has written to us, and here is an extract from her letter:—

My son was given the task of removing some land mines, laid the day previous against invasion by the enemy, and one of these exploded, killing him instantly.

He was very reticent about his experiences abroad, and the following letter was sent to his Mother by his Senior N.C.O. :—

"I had the honour to have your son in my section when a man had to be a man, and I can give you my assurance that he never failed to do his duty and never shirked any work or job given him. Let me give you one instance.

It was my section's job to destroy three bridges in Ypres when the enemy was very close. I was compelled to give your son the task of preparing the main bridge for demolition owing to his electrical knowledge. He worked without ceasing for eight hours.

His task completed, he reported to me and collapsed at my feet, through sheer exhaustion. We gave him every care and attention, and he soon recovered.

I am pleased to say that, through your son's effort, the bridge was completely destroyed and aided our efforts to escape from Ypres greatly, the enemy being very near.

Your son was one of our best N.C.O.'s and it will be difficult to fill his place. The whole section mourns the loss of L/Sgt. Walton who was liked by all his men."

# OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY



Sigm. W. J. DUDBRIDGE  
R. C. Sig's.  
*Bristol*



Sgt. B. W. TRACEY  
City of London Yeomanry  
*London*



Sigm. J. LOWE  
R. C. Sigs.  
*Leeds*



Wireman T. S. BENNETT  
Royal Navy  
*Bristol*



Sigm. A. KERR  
R. C. Sigs.  
*Glasgow*



AM/2 D. CLARKSON  
Royal Navy  
*Birmingham*



Pte. R. G. MARTINGELL  
R. A. P. C.  
*Head Office*



L/Cpl. E. VERRAN  
R. C. Sigs.  
*London*



AC/2 L. R. MIERS  
R. A. F.  
*Sheffield*

Sigm. G. SHILLITO  
Back—2nd from left.

Cpl. E. FARROW  
Back—4th from left.

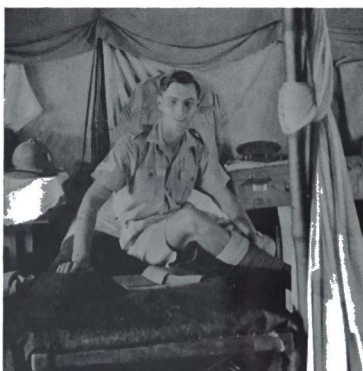
Sigm. D. IRWIN  
Back—5th from left.



### Three Leeds Men with their Field Equipment



Pte. J. JONES  
R. A. S. C.  
*Leeds*



Cpl. L. BAX, R. A. S. C.  
*Head Office*



Sigm. L. WILLIAMS  
R. C. Sigs.  
*Sheffield*



# Mainly on the Home Front



Warden O. C. OAKLEY  
A. R. P.  
*Sheffield*



M. LAYTON  
A. F. S.  
*London*



R. L. FARNELL  
Home Guard  
*Leeds*



S. BURTON  
A. R. P.  
*Manchester*



L/Cpl. S. J. BIELBY  
2/7th Middx. Regt.  
*London*



F. B. S. Officer  
F. W. ROSAM  
A. F. S.  
*London*



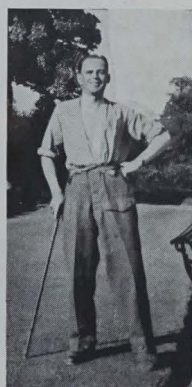
MISS SNUGGS, V.A.D.  
British Red Cross  
*London*



S/W. H. CHASE  
A. R. P.  
*Birmingham*



Sigm. G. BRYANT  
R. C. Sigs.  
*Manchester*

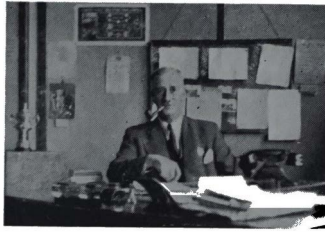


Cpl. E. FARROW  
R. C. Sigs.  
*Leeds*

**We  
Want More  
Home Front  
Photographs**



**SHEFFIELD  
COMPANY  
wins the 1940  
Annual Cup**



O. C. OAKLEY, Manager

**Congratulations  
to Mr.  
Oliver Oakley  
and  
his merry Staff**



Miss L. FRETWELL  
Cashier



T. SEDGWICK  
Chief Engineer



Miss IRENE GREEN  
Chief Engineer's Typist



Miss DORIS RODGERS  
Office Typist



Some of the Engineers



Miss EDNA KELLY  
Salesmen's Reporting System



Misses DORIS COOK, and  
MARY HEWERTSON  
Typists—Engineers' Dept.



Enjoying Life on a Saturday  
Afternoon



Miss KATHLEEN GURBY  
Time Sheet Expert

# The Company is Doing its Job

We are glad to print these thoughts from Major Jimmy Gunter, who pays tribute to the work of the Company's Home Front.

Being in an office not so many miles from Sheffield, I am reminded of a request that was made to me some time ago to write a few words for "The Tie Line" on "How far Telematic seems to be away."

To me it is hardly a question of how far—certainly at this moment Telematic is very near—for I have only to take my mind back over a period, a very hectic present war period, to those many instances such as—a very old and more than part-worn Telematic installation at Arbroath in Scotland; a just as old but still workable installation at Newcastle (a Director of which is a Brother Officer in my own Regiment, he being of a very well-known north-eastern brewery) and even to-day, in Doncaster, I saw our telephones obviously more than paying for their corn.

In addition to these installations, Chronomatic has been seen and discussed as far north as Stirling and Perth, and down to Dover, each giving perfectly satisfactory service. All of which constantly reminds me that the people, about whom I refuse to use the expression "left behind," but prefer "at the front," are doing much more than we who, by a strange twist of circumstance, are occupying the sheltered positions, which is exactly as it should not be.

To say that we become bored is to put the matter very mildly, but we can only say that it is not our fault—it is just the way of things.

Recently having had the privilege of visiting three of our Companies,

I can only testify to the most magnificent way in which everyone is doing the job, retaining as they do that one all-important asset—A SENSE OF HUMOUR.

We, from time to time, are accused of fits of depression, but this is not by any means true. We take the work, irrespective of its nature, seriously,



but always have and, we hope, always will have the capacity to take our off-duty hours just as lightly.

At any rate, it far from depresses me to say that Telematic is putting forth a full war-time effort. I find a difficulty in dictating the correct words which give the true sense of what I really think, but I do pay tribute in the most humble way to the personnel of this organisation, or for that matter, any other organisation

## THE TIE LINE

which is carrying on its duties under such very difficult conditions.

We, the Military, have all the advantages with very few of the disadvantages. Everything is found and provided for us, more so than for you who are in the front line doing a much more worth-while job. But, whilst the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy are in the limelight at the moment, the day surely is coming when the Army will come into its own.

I seem to have drifted to another topic, yet there really is no essential difference because each and all are doing their jobs to bring this little game of War to a successful conclusion, in order that we can build a really sensible world in which to live. In all probability, provided alleged statesmen and paid politicians will just creep out of things, this is exactly what we shall achieve.

There must surely be a change of these, and also a change of things. The practical must take best place rather than the theoretical. There are people who, never having done a really practical job in their lives, are content always to be guided by the thoughts of others, and they are always so perfectly happy in this, that nothing other than their particular point of view seems to matter. Truly there is a great deal in "They cannot see wood for trees."

JIMMY G.

He adds a postscript in lighter vein, saying :

"We are in lovely billets, going to bed and getting up by candle light, cleaning teeth with pile ointment, putting fish paste in our socks, finding foot ointment in the sandwiches, and scrubbing in the bath for half an hour only to find one has been scrubbing the side of the bath ! Oh, it's a great life !"

## MEN WHO HAVE JOINED THE FORCES SINCE THE LAST ISSUE OF "THE TIE LINE."

### BIRMINGHAM

T. Adcock (Jr.), Royal Navy.

F. W. Walker, Royal Army Pay Corps.

### BRISTOL

A. G. Dunn, R.A.F.

### GLASGOW

J. A. Nisbet, Royal Artillery

### LONDON

C. D. Shrimpton, Royal Army Pay Corps.

H. Speyer, Royal Corps of Signals.

### CHRONOMATIC

J. Collard, Royal Sussex Regiment.

### MANCHESTER

C. Betts, Royal Navy.

K. F. G. Inskip, R.A.F.

E. F. Newstone, R.A.F.

D. Robertson, R.A.F.

### ELECTRO-RENTALS

R. L. Greenacre, Royal Corps of Signals.

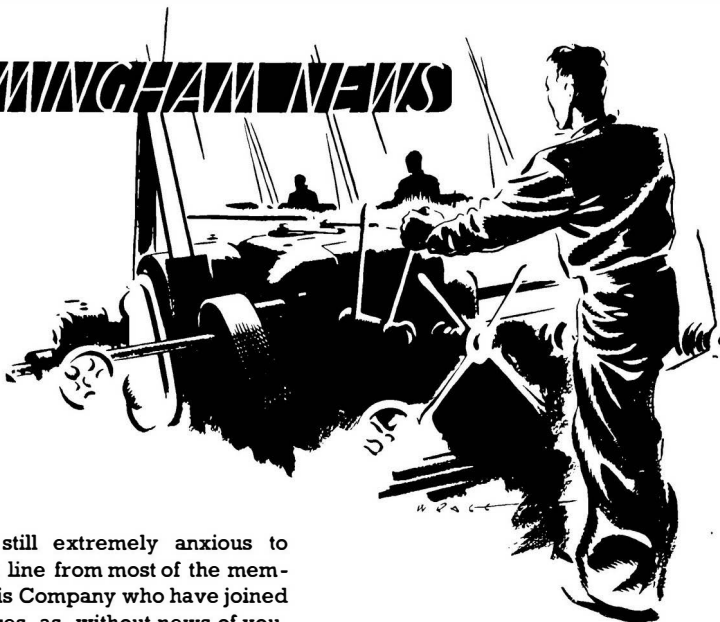
Congratulations to

Lt.-Col. R. Naesmyth, on reaching the rank of Brigadier.

## MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.

We were proud to see Major J. E. Gunter's name in the New Year's Honours List, as having been mentioned in Despatches. Hearty Congratulations, Jimmy !

# BIRMINGHAM NEWS



WE are still extremely anxious to receive a line from most of the members of this Company who have joined H.M. Forces, as, without news of you, we find it difficult to carry our share of news for "The Tie Line." Therefore, be good sports and acquaint us with your activities, both on and off duty.

We have had a further visit from W. L. Evans who has been promoted to Sergeant; the amazing thing is that every time this colleague calls at the Company, we find he has received further promotion and, in consequence, we have asked him not to call daily, otherwise another "Brass Hat" will be in the making.

V. N. Guest—an active member of the Home Guard—has received distinct promotion and is now called—"MISTER." We understand that the Military tailor, when measuring him for his uniform, mistook his width for his height and, in consequence, his present uniform consists of "V" pieces and splicings. We also understand that, in view of the remarkable fit, his local Commandant has abandoned physical jerks.

We have also been informed that it is his intention to qualify for a pilot, as his present guard duties are spent at the top of a church tower, and possibly in the near future they will be practising parachute jumping.

Mr. Howes—Storekeeper—is a very active member of the A.R.P., being a noted Warden in his district. We are leaving it to him to give his experiences in this issue of "The Tie Line."

We are extremely sorry to state that both Miss Hawes and Private K. A. C. Greening are in hospital, but we wish them a speedy recovery. They were injured during an air raid.

We recently had a fleeting glance of Major Gunter, but, owing to the fact that he was travelling in a Military car, "time lost on the road due to repairs" only permitted him to say "Good morning" and "Goodbye."

With all good fortune during 1941.

Yours sincerely,

## THE TIE LINE

**AM/2 D. CLARKSON, R.N.** (See photo)

Since joining the Navy, he has been at five different naval barracks and all were in different corners of the British Isles. He is now training at an R.A.F. Station as an Air Mechanic (A).

Writes—Was very pleased to read the letter from W. L. Evans in the last "Tie Line"—an old friend of mine, although a lousy storekeeper. Getting a "sub" out of him was like trying for a month's leave—except that it is comparatively easy to get a month's leave.

**E. HOWES, A.R.P.**

Life in the A.R.P. Service of the city has certainly undergone a big change these last two months since Jerry decided to cut up a bit rough.

For, whereas from September 1939 to August this year we had nothing to do and life was beginning to get very boring just moving round the streets looking for lights, playing darts, etc., it is now a case of "on the toes" most nights looking for incidents that may happen on the sector—such as incendiaries, H.E. or delayed action bombs.

One rather amusing incident happened one night while on this work. My Senior Warden and myself were looking for a D.A. (familiar term, this) which we thought had dropped into a garden on the Sector. We heard a fairly loud ticking, so we started to make a thorough search in the direction from where the noise appeared to be coming. We found that it was an alarm clock on the window sill!! (Hearts again began to beat normally.)

I think I can honestly say that the people of Birmingham have taken their gruelling like heroes, knowing we are giving the Nazis more than they want. So it is a case of THUMBS UP EVERYONE!



**SHELTER WARDEN H. CHASE GOES TO IT** (See photo)

About four months ago, the local authorities completed the building of what was described at the time as the last word in Air Raid Shelters, and, as this was situated within a hundred yards of my front gate, I was invited (together with certain of my neighbours) to become a Shelter Warden.

Rightly regarding this as a tribute to my respectability as a householder and my rectitude as a citizen, I accepted the invitation and asked for details of the duties. I was ready to start right away and already saw visions of captions in the "Birmingham Post," such as "Local Boy makes Good" and "Hall Green's Big-Shot Warden says Bi-metallism is a Washout," etc., etc.

Here, however, occurred a slight check. I was given a card of authority, an armlet, advised to buy a tin hat, and handed a long list of things which the public were not allowed to do while occupying the shelter, but

nothing very specific as regards my own duties.

Fortunately, among our number was one who had some knowledge of the game and whose speciality appeared to be describing it in some detail, but, after half-an-hour's chat with him, I began to wonder whether the job was not entirely beyond my powers, as it seemed without doubt that a Shelter Warden was expected to be a mixture of Policeman, Waiter, Fireman, Mid-Wife, Usher, Entertainer and Nurse.

In practice, however, one's chief concern is to see that the refugees refrain from smoking, raising Cain, or stealing the candles, and, in addition, one is expected to lend a hand in putting out incendiary bombs as and when they fall in the sector.

Our community was recently flustered by a giant controversy which raged for some weeks concerning WHO WERE ENTITLED TO USE THE SHELTER. The powers that be issued an edict to the effect that Public Shelters were intended only for the use of people who might be caught in the street during a raid, and not as a week end rendezvous for the nearby residents. Had this rule been rigidly observed, it would have resulted usually in six shelter wardens being in charge of a seething mob consisting of two bus conductors and a boy scout.

It was, however, modified to the extent of accommodating local citizens who had no shelters of their own. This seems to work out satisfactorily except that, on nights when we get an unusually heavy pasting, there is a tendency to overcrowd. On these occasions we evacuate the surplus to the shelters erected near the premises of one of the Company's subscribers who has been good enough to place them at our disposal from 7 p.m. onwards.

Consequently, as our raids usually occur every night, we get quite a little communal gathering and swop rumours as to the advent of "naval" anti-aircraft guns and lies to the extent of the previous night's damage.

The high spot of the evening is, of course, when the Thermos flasks are produced, although this was completely eclipsed one night when an habitue turned up with a portable cinema!

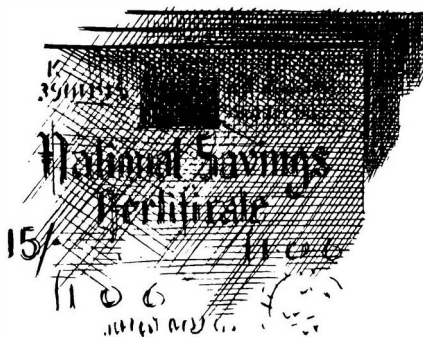
In case it should be thought that the people of Hall Green have degenerated into mere cave-dwellers, I should explain that, with the exception of comparatively few, nobody goes to this shelter excepting when the sirens blow, and even then most of them pack up and go home before the "All Clear" is given. Actually, the whole preposterous business itself is quite often relieved by distinctly funny occurrences.

Quite a lot could be written, for instance, about the night when it took the combined efforts of three wardens to lift a vast lady who had gone flat out in a dead faint after having done the quarter mile in something under a minute.

Also the night when, owing no doubt to some little playfulness on the part of the authorities, the sound of the "All Clear" signal was drowned by the roar of the A.A. guns.

And again, when another warden and myself were scared rigid by a most appalling flapping noise apparently just over our heads, which turned out to be a barrage balloon that had broken adrift and was rapidly losing height.

Consideration of space, however, forbids more than an allusion to these events, but I should just like to add that we're hoping to hold a dinner party in the shelter when the final "All Clear" goes.



## WAR SAVINGS

### OUR HUMBLE EFFORTS

We have not yet made up our minds whether we are strong enough to contribute sufficient money to purchase a T.R. Spitfire or Hurricane. Certainly we would like to do so, if only because of the splendid way in which the pilots of these machines continue to protect the Abbey, particularly as we appear to be below one of the direct air lanes from the Continent.

However, through the generous encouragement of our Directors, we are making our contributions to the Financial War Effort by the formation of War Savings Certificates Groups.

### FIRST GROUP

The first Group was formed in September, 1939, and ran for 30 weeks, when its 374 members subscribed for 1,649 Certificates, at the rate of 6d. per week for each Certificate.

The Company contributed 126 Certificates which were distributed as free Certificates to those members whose names came "out of the hat" at each of the monthly draws.

Each of the seven draws or ballots was carried out in turn on the premises of a different Company with due

ceremony in the presence of Mr. W. S. Philcox, and every care was taken to ensure an equal sporting chance to all members.

These draws made a welcome break in the normal routine on the appointed Fridays.

All told, the contributions of members and the Company amounted to £1,331 5s. 0d. A quite commendable first effort, but we thought we could do better than this.

### SECOND GROUP

So, with further encouragement from our Directors, we formed the Second Group, which is now in process of building up its contributions.

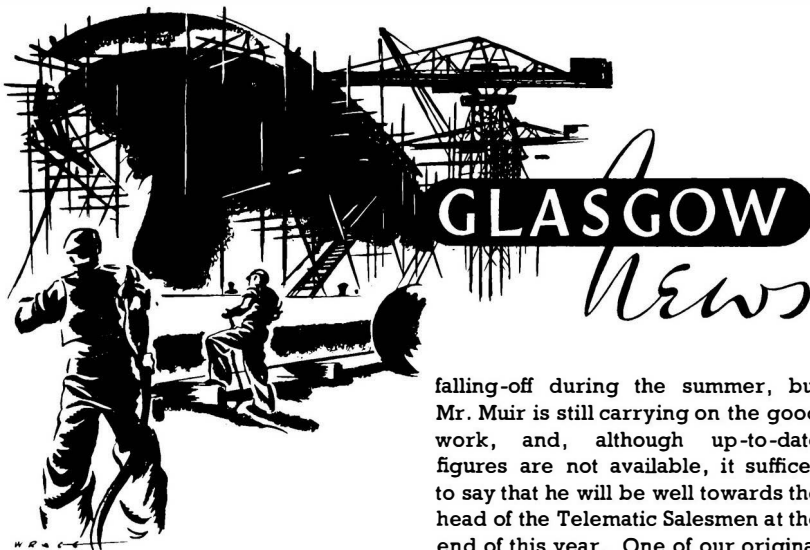
We now have 600 members for 3,450 Certificates, and the Company is giving 308 Certificates for ballot among the members.

Three of the seven draws have already taken place. At each draw there are 25 chances to gain one free Certificate, three chances to gain three free Certificates and two chances for five free Certificates each.

When this group has run its course, the total money contributed will amount to £2,818 10s. 0d.—more than twice the amount contributed by the First Group.

We would like to thank the Directors for the opportunity they have given us to gain free Certificates. But, apart from this, we know that we are doing a very sensible thing in giving the country the use of our savings for the National War Effort. One does not even have to be patriotic when the interest on our savings is 3½ per cent. per annum free of Income Tax.

So we are hoping there will be a Third Group, when we should like to see every employee joining in. There are still some 200 whom we have yet to welcome as members.



IN the last issue, I wrote a letter in regard to the activities of London Company, having spent the greater part of twelve months down south. However, just over two months ago, I returned to Scotland, so I propose to give a review of the activities of the Glasgow Company.

Things in this part of the world have not been greatly affected by the present war conditions—that is to say, there is not the interruption in the daily and nightly routine as there is in London and the Midlands. There is, therefore, not exactly the same feeling up here as there is further south, but there definitely is an urge in connection with our services which has resulted in a certain increased business turnover.

Mr. Muir, who joined us in December, 1939, first of all kept the flag flying for Glasgow Company by finishing second on the list of Telematic Salesmen at the end of June, and I believe he created a record for any single salesman attached to Glasgow Company. Since the new period commenced, there has been a slight

falling-off during the summer, but Mr. Muir is still carrying on the good work, and, although up-to-date figures are not available, it suffices to say that he will be well towards the head of the Telematic Salesmen at the end of this year. One of our original sales staff—who is doing a bigger job of work to-day—will be interested to know that Mr. Muir was with the Arden Company for a number of years and has previous knowledge of a few of this Company's sales staff.

We also have a newcomer in Mr. Bastable, who is at the moment heading all the Glasgow Telematic Sales list, and, being slightly in advance of Mr. Muir, will also show up quite well on the general figures throughout the Company at the end of this year.

Mr. J. M. White took over the supervisor's job of the Chronomatic Section earlier this year, but unfortunately this Section had temporarily to suspend operations at the end of May. He then transferred his attentions to Telematic selling and has had considerable success up to now.

Both Mr. J. A. Whyte and Mr. Welsh, who were originally with Chronomatic, have likewise taken to Telematic selling with some considerable success. We look to these two gentlemen to keep our flag flying when others may be called upon to do other important work.



## THE TIE LINE

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Our old friend Jimmy Nisbet left us in November to train as a driver in the Royal Artillery. Although Gunner Nisbet only joined up on the 28th November, I 'phoned his house on the 1st December to get his official address from his wife and found that Jimmy was at home for a few hours. Apparently it takes the Telematic Staff to find their way about, in and out of the Army !

Mr. John M. White has been accepted for the ground staff of the R.A.F. and is expecting to be called up any day now. We hope this may be delayed as there is still a job of work to be done in introducing our service to those people who are on work of national importance.

Telematic Broadcasting was introduced into this Company some months ago and has been the particular hobby of Mr. MacKenzie who came to Glasgow from Birmingham, where he had been acting as Chronomatic Supervisor. At first it seemed as though the people up here were not going to be so keen in accepting our ideas of Music in Factories, but, now Mr. MacKenzie has really got going, there is ample evidence that business is going to flow in just as readily as with Telematic. Although Mr. MacKenzie is working on his own, he is now actually head of the business returns for this period with over £500 annual rental to his credit.

Our Contact Department is still flourishing. While I was in London, Mr. Lamond was ably managing the Company's business and did not have time for Contact work, so we introduced Mr. Goldie—late of Newcastle Company. As Mr. Lamond has taken over his original desk since my return, Mr. Goldie has gone to Manchester, where we all hope he will be as comfortable and as successful as in the past.

Our Engineering Staff has undergone many changes because of the general call-up, and a large number of the present men are comparative newcomers. However, Mr. Holmes still carries on the good work all over Scotland—a really difficult task. What with petrol restrictions, the blackout and new parking arrangements in Glasgow, travelling round Scotland by road is becoming a truly tricky proposition. If one reverts to other means of transit, one never knows when the journey is going to end as time and time-tables no longer tally as in the old days.

The Engineering Department is carrying out a very satisfactory job of work under difficult conditions, and, in view of the expansion of new installation work in the Dundee district, we are definitely increasing our permanent engineering staff in that area.

Mr. Thompson, who used to spend most of his time inside relieving Mr. Holmes of a lot of clerical work, now has to spend just as much time outside because of the general shortage on the Engineering side.

Mr. Stratton still carries on as Chronomatic Supervisor, and, in addition, often lends a hand on the Telematic Broadcasting Engineering Section.

Mr. Hadden, for some time supervisor of a section of the Telematic Maintenance, has taken Broadcasting Service to heart and is extremely useful in planning proposed installations and the work for such contracts.

Mr. Martin, who has always specialised on our Telematic 50 Service, still travels the countryside in his car in order to carry out the wishes of so many of our large subscribers who are scattered in every direction.

Mr. Lavery, who left us temporarily to assist the Manchester Company,

and incidentally took on further responsibility by getting married while he was away, has been back with us for some time, and we are thankful to have his assistance with general maintenance of Telematic.

Over the last twelve months, the office staff have been doing something towards adding to the comfort of those who have left us for the duration.

Miss Montgomery is still doing noble work in charge of internal office arrangements and is ably assisted by Miss Kerr. We have comparative newcomers in Miss Angus—who was originally on Electro Rentals work—and Miss McLaughlan who assists in the general typing work on the Chronomatic and Broadcasting sections.

So much for Glasgow Company affairs. Now I have something important to say. You boys in the Forces will remember that, when "The Tie Line" first came into existence, the

idea was that we at home should keep in touch with you and that you should keep in touch with us. To do this, it is very necessary for us to hear from you. For this issue there is no news of the majority of you, so try and make a habit of writing to someone at the Glasgow Company or to the Editor of "The Tie Line," so that we may keep in constant touch with you. And, furthermore, don't forget to let us have any changes of address—either your own Forces address or that of any of your dependents to whom the Company is sending certain payments. So, let us hear from you even though you may only have time to write a short note.

In conclusion, I would like to wish everyone as happy a New Year as the prevailing conditions permit and would still hope that, before another year passes, everyone may be able to live under more normal conditions.

**SIGM. J. HUGHES, R.A.**

(Edinburgh)

Since Gunner Hughes became a Signalmán, we are now more confused than ever, as we have two Signalmén J. Hughes, so, in order to distinguish between the two, we propose putting Edinburgh or Glasgow by their names, so that you will know who is who.

Well, Sigm. J. Hughes (Edinburgh) was recently on manoeuvres and was put in charge of a Lewis Gun with another chap. They dug themselves in on top of a hill and looked out for the enemy (whom they did not see) until dusk. Then they fell asleep just as they were, complete with clothes and kit. From 2 until 4 a.m. Hughes was put in charge of the exchange. He says it was made by T.M.C. so he had no fear of it going out of order.

**SIGM. A. KERR, R.C.S.** (See photo)

Since making his debut in the Signals, he has been a Jack of all trades including operator, instrument mechanic and now electrician. This last was more or less forced on him as the unit to which he is attached was very short of this type of tradesman. His job is that of keeping his section's radio sets in working order—a difficult task this, for one of the men maintains that dropping a wireless set off the back of a moving vehicle provides a very good test ! !

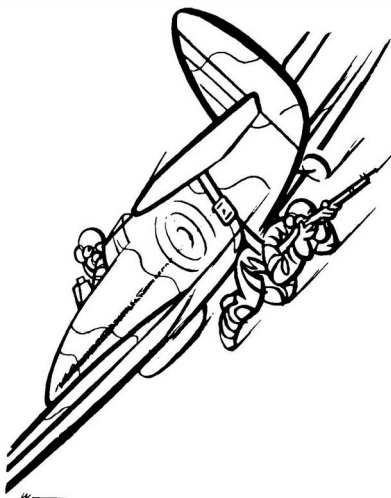
He enjoys army life and well he might, for, until recently, his daily routine consisted of light fatigues in the mornings and a round of golf in the afternoons ! ! !

**A/C.2. W. W. KIRK, R.A.F.**

Writes :—Look at me now—a dashing young hero thirsting for battle, and battle I have had, but the only fighting I have done has been with Corporals and Sergeants. I've had my back to the wall many a time against rats and mice, but not all of them had four legs.

I'm due for leave in February. Should such a blessing materialise, I'll drop in at the office and give the staff the opportunity of listening to my thrilling tales ! I wonder if the girls know I'm an Apprentice Air Gunner in a Hurricane ! ! I'll forget to tell them how I ran into a sheep in the dark !

*[Our Artist has done his best to find a place for Kirk in his Hurricane.—Ed.]*



**CPL. R. TAIT, Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders.**

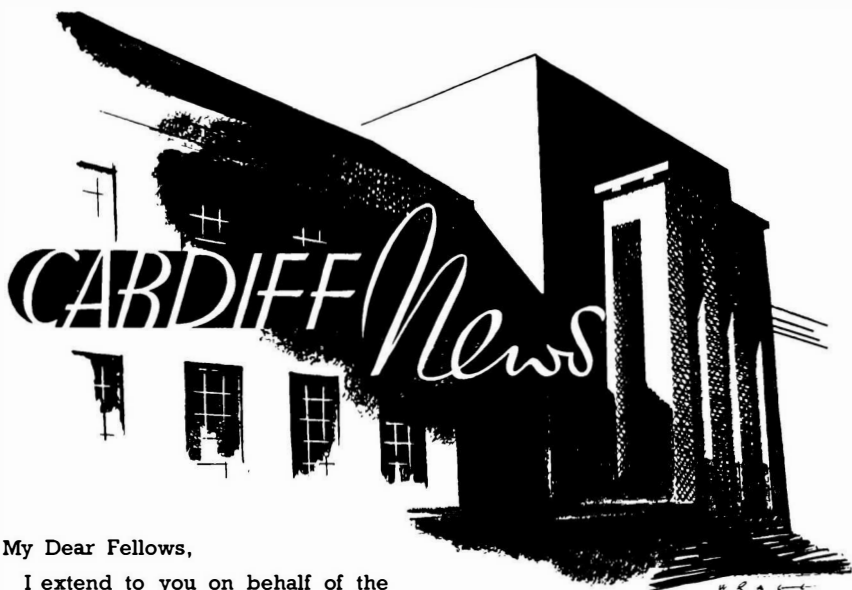
His Company Orders forbid him to impart any information as to what he is doing, but he is well, and the food and accommodation are very good.

**Mr. J. F. Grimbley, our Belfast Manager, has been unduly perturbed of late. Read what he says about the Duties of an Executive !**

I was recently asked to serve as a member of an executive committee. After giving my assent, I found out that my duties were as follows :—

"As nearly everyone knows, an executive has practically nothing to do except to decide what is to be done, to tell somebody to do it, to listen to reasons why it should not be done, why it should be done by someone else, or why it should be done in a different way ; to follow up to see if the thing has been done, to discover that it has not, to enquire why, to listen to excuses from the person who should have done it ; to follow up again to see if the thing has been done, only to discover that it has been done incorrectly ; to point out how it should have been done, to conclude that, as long as it has been done, it may as well be left where it is ; to wonder if it is not time to get rid of a person who cannot do a thing right, to reflect that he has probably a wife and a large family, and consider that any successor would be just as bad and maybe worse ; to consider how much simpler and better the thing would have been done if one could have done it oneself in the first place ; to reflect sadly, that one could have done it right in twenty minutes, and, as things turned out, one has had to spend two days to find out why it has taken three weeks for somebody else to do it wrong".

I would mention the foregoing as a warning to others who may harbour any ambitions in this direction.



My Dear Fellows,

I extend to you on behalf of the whole of the staff and myself, our sincere good wishes for a Lucky New Year.

We were glad to have the pleasure of seeing Battery Sergeant Major Jack Hutchinson, and delighted to hear of his progress. It is gratifying to know that one of our lads has made good in his present sphere. I hope this will be an incentive to you, Lance-Corporal Bill Pritchard, to work still harder and attain more stripes !

I shall be glad to hear from you, Jack Barry, that you have at least one stripe, and I wish you all every success.

Now for a short report on the Company's activities in your absence. We have taken a few Telematic 50 Contracts since my last epistle to you. These are as follows :—

Partridge Jones and John Paton Ltd.,  
Pontypool.

Partridge Jones and John Paton Ltd.,  
Pontnewynydd.

Ebbw Vale U.D.C.

Consolidated Fisheries Ltd.

Thomas and Evans Ltd., Porth.

Wm. Evans and Co. Ltd., Hereford.

With the raising of the age of reserved occupations, I sincerely trust that it will not affect us, but there are five members of the staff who are under 30, and believe me, things are difficult enough to arrange now without losing even one of our personnel.

Unfortunately, I cannot tell you any stories of our experiences as Air Raid Wardens, etc., as, with the boys being all over the place on their jobs, they cannot devote their energies in this direction.

The only thing that I find time for is trying to teach the morse buzzer to those friends or acquaintances of mine who are being called up. Incidentally, in this direction I am pleased to say I have assisted no less than a dozen lads. This instruction is usually carried out in my home during a spare evening each week.

I understand that, when you return to the Company and have the misfortune to hit your finger instead of the nail, Miss Lewis has prepared herself to attend to any bruises, cuts or

## THE TIE LINE

abrasions. She is attending Ambulance Classes, and it has been rumoured that she has threatened to break somebody's neck, just to test her skill; but do not blame me if this is not true.

You will probably be interested to learn that we have installed our first Broadcasting Installation at the Metal Box Co. Ltd., Neath. We hope, when it is in use as a round call, the announcer will not make such a faux pas

as the B.B.C. announcer recently when he said, "Where the devil is that piece of paper?"

Well, I am busy now so I must ring off. I shall look forward to hearing from you very soon, and will you please drop the Editor of "The Tie Line" a note of anything interesting which has happened to you.

Kindest regards from all,

Yours sincerely,



### Editor's Note.

I also met Hutchinson at Cardiff and was much intrigued with his "free for circulation" details of his present job. This will serve to remind him that he promised "The Tie Line" an article, complete with photographs. Can I have this within the next two or three weeks?

## WE CAN TAKE IT!



Near our office, three or four buildings were completely demolished. Within a few hours the owners had obtained temporary accommodation elsewhere, and advised their clients of the change of address by placing large placards on the debris, e.g., "— Auctioneers, blown round the corner to —," "— Electrical Engineers, still on top at —."

But the one which takes the prize is that recounted in our local paper recently.

During an air raid over London, a large tree was uprooted and crashed through the front window of a house, its leafy branches spread out for all to see. The householder the following morning displayed this notice, "On view, the largest Aspidistra in the World."



Dear Fellows,

Some of you I know personally, others I do not, but I send you all—heartly good wishes.

Please do not forget that we are always glad to receive a letter from you, so start "right now" and let us hear how you are faring. Better still, if you are in Leeds any time, pay us a visit; no matter how short it is, you will be welcome. Should your visit be timed for any Tuesday evening between 6 and 8 p.m., you would find Mr. Mitchell expounding to his band of enthusiasts the "Theory of Broadcasting."

He will be minus cap and gown, but none the less resplendent in all his glory, complete with blackboard and chalks. With the aid of the latter he produces various types of diagrammatic wiring schemes, and mystic signs in the form of triangular shapes, with an inverted "T" at the base—somewhat resembling a Christmas tree—rectangles with diagonal lines resembling a "Union Jack," and so on.

These are ultimately explained as representing sound units, but I must leave this subject otherwise it will become too technical.

We were very surprised to hear a few days ago that a swish had been heard in our offices, which was immediately followed by the appearance of Major Gunter. Unfortunately most of us were out at the time and, in consequence of this, he was entertained by our Cashier—Miss Cantor.

Mjr. Gunter has such a keen sense of humour that it is sometimes difficult to decide whether he is serious or otherwise. So, when he requested that we should order on his account dozens and dozens of Chefs' white outfits, it certainly set us wondering, and it amused us greatly to find Miss Cantor doing her War Effort by scouring Leeds for a wagon-load of Chefs' clothes. She could not get the "Band Wagon," but she was undaunted and eventually produced the goods.

We always thought that the Black Watch wore tamies. Are they developing their headgear skywards, or is it some form of disguise in preparation for Christmas manoeuvres?

Yours sincerely,

## THE TIE LINE

**PRIVATE J. A. JONES, R.A.S.C.**  
(See photo)

Has been getting about a bit for, in his last letter, he bewailed the fact that he had done nothing but pack and unpack.

Writes:—We are forming a new company here, and we have chaps moved from all over England to make up the number. There are three electricians including myself. Luckily the other two are my chums; we have all three been together since we joined up. It isn't often you get good pals in the Army—the motto and first rule is "Self first—second—and third."

**SIGM. J. S. LOWE, R.C.S.** (See photo)

Is with Air Formation Signals and the R.A.F. lads of his group have a splendid "bag" of Jerry planes to their credit.

Writes:—The food still remains good, and we are now allowed to have a fire in the billets in the evening, so we really have no grounds for complaint. I haven't at any rate.

**DRIVER D. G. HART-COX, R.A.S.C**

Wrote us a line sometime ago, thanking Mr. Hewitt very much for the solid gold fountain pen which he has not yet received. We also learn that he has been transferred to the south of England and is enjoying Army life.

**SIGM. D. IRWIN, R.C.S.** (See Group photo)

After having returned safely from Norway, Sigm. Irwin has been on the move again and is now in the island where Ice is made.

Writes—We are under canvas—nine of us in a tent. The chap nearest the door has to enter bed from the outside and close the flap after him!

It's rather a job untangling one's feet and legs first thing in the morning. The weather has not been too good—rather a lot of rain and cold winds.

The country is very barren round here—very little grassland, just plains of rubble and boulders. Believe it or not, we have a volcano which last emptied in 1918, and innumerable hot springs; the water from the latter is absolutely scalding. We are continually wondering how to get this water into a hot water system throughout our camp!!



A party of us went to the local baths yesterday—a fine place inside. I was rather surprised when I found myself in approximately 15 feet of water at the deep end.

I went to the cinema in the evening. The performance starts at 9.0 p.m. Smoking is not allowed inside, but there is a ten-minute break during the show. The speech is in English, with Danish translation at the bottom of the screen.

Well, it's lights out, although it never gets dark here! And so to bed.

**FLYING-OFFICER A. W. WOOD, R.A.F.**

Visited us in the middle of October. He had been sent home to recuperate from inoculations in various degrees. We understand that he is engaged on work of an important nature.

**A/C.1. L. DRYSDALE, R.A.F.**

Now claims to be a champion "miler" after running so often for the shelters at a certain camp much "patronised" by Jerry.

Has moved again and now writes:—

It is a brand new camp—plenty of red tape, tons and tons of rain and, on the whole, a hell of a camp. It has been built on a bog and it is a common sight to go out in the morning and find the road missing; so they just build another on top of the previous one. At the moment we are having the wet season. It has not ceased raining for eight days, and the rainfall here is eighty inches a year. So you can picture us all like ducks, paddling about.

Apart from the terrible weather and dismal life, I am in good health and very fit. A million thanks for "The Tie Line" which I am enjoying, and spend a good many hours of my evenings reading it word for word.

My regards to all the boys wherever they may be and the best of luck to them all.

**CADET C. LENTON, R.C.S.**

Is now at a Cadet Training College and, to quote his own words, he is "training to be an officer to uphold the traditions of the British Army." All members of our staff wish him every success.

Writes:—I find it all very interesting, and it certainly brings me back to my schooldays. I have had to rake up all my knowledge of algebra, and trigonometry. One is taken right

from the beginning of Magnetism and Electricity, alternating currents, right through to higher radio, including telephony and telegraphy. It is surprising to find how little one really knows!

I have been made Platoon Commander. I expect that is because of my previous army service, which is standing me in good stead. Thank goodness I got through the 1st period exam. with flying colours. I have the 2nd exam. to pass and then I should have some sort of rank.

**PTE. D. H. THOMPSON, R.A.S.C.**

Have not seen him lately, but we had a phone message from him a couple of months ago from Bradford. We couldn't understand why he should be haunting the old city of his past prospects, until we found that he had some special attraction there!

**SGT. J. FEELEY, R.C.S. and SIGM. A. SHILLITO, R.C.S.** (See Group photo)

When we last heard of these two, they were up in Bonnie Scotland together, and their only grumble was that they couldn't get liquid food after 9.30 p.m., and no beverage on Sundays unless they travelled three miles. However, they managed to travel the three miles—if only on paper!!

Their drinking headquarters had a Chronomatic installation. The slaves inside were set ten minutes fast, but the chronogram was set with the O.P.U. Shillito and Feeley duly passed their comments about the installation.

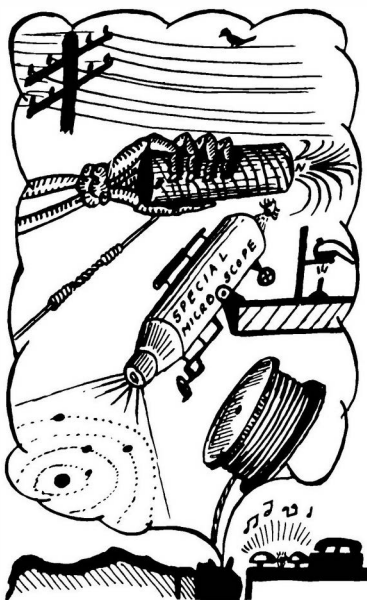
Feeley writes:—The usual rumours are running around about going here, there and everywhere. I think every place has been mentioned except Honolulu and Hawaii—just the places I could enjoy!



**CPL. W. CHATHAM, R.C.S.**

Life seems to be far from monotonous for him. In September he was a despatch rider. Now we hear that he has taken 18 men to a college, to go through an Instrument Mechanic course and has to see to their welfare.

In his spare moments he is a budding artist and has sent us a sketch which looks to us like a cross between a Heath Robinson drawing and a dream. It shows a telegraph pole, fireworks, copper joints, a futuristic microscope, bells ringing and coils of cable, with a soldier asleep in bed! We in Leeds are particularly interested in the type of drink that is necessary to produce such a result. We are not sure whether our Editor will be able to reproduce this drawing, but we know he will do his best. [Have it is. Ed.]



**CHATHAM'S NIGHT-MARE**

**CPL. E. FARROW, R.C.S.** (See photo)

We are sorry to hear that his leg is still causing him trouble. He was hoping to be home for Xmas, but, unfortunately, he was sent back to the main hospital for another operation—a bone graft—which was performed on the 11th December. The surgeon took a piece of bone from Jimmy's good leg and put it into the broken one. We all hope you will soon be on the mend and that this will be your last spell in hospital.

## DEFENCE WORK AT LEEDS

Talking about War Efforts and Defence Work, we should like you to know what is being done and who is doing it at Leeds.

Well, eight of our staff are on A.R.P. duties—L. Whitaker, H. Campbell, P. Thompson, R. Winterburn, R. Tapster, W. Sharpe, B. Vevers and W. H. Walton.

Three are in the Home Guard—R. L. Farnell, A. H. Hullah and J. Musgrove. C. R. Butterworth is in the Special Constabulary at Pudsey. Mr. Nightingale was in the Home Guard at Sheffield, but has resigned this post on account of his transfer to the Leeds Company.

Mr. A. V. Mitchell is undergoing a special course with the A.F.S. at Pudsey, in connection with the extinguishing of incendiary bombs. It is rather amusing to hear that samples of Thermite and explosive substances are passed round for inspection whilst students are still puffing at their pipes and cigarettes, but one gets so familiar with these things that little notice is taken, having had a lovely baptism of 500 incendiaries and a few big bangs.

Not many weeks ago, whilst a game of billiards was in progress in the A.F.S. retiring room, the siren control switch was operated by the end of a billiard cue. With what speed did Mr. Mitchell get out of his bath, we leave you to guess, also his remarks when he found out that it was an accident.

One of our Defence Workers has been an Air Raid Warden for the past 2½ years—namely Mr. Walton. He takes duties one night in ten, from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. We understand that they have recently installed bunks in their "Pill Box," in which they make themselves quite comfortable.

We have now appointed G. W. Kirk (our disabled ex-service member) to the duty of pressing the button for the Air Raid Alarm bell in Britannia House, Leeds. He works in conjunction with the Roof Spotter. At the moment these arrangements have not been completed, as we need co-operation from the other tenants in the building.

We enclose a photograph of R. Farnell in his Home Guard kit. (See photo).

Mr. Hick has been called in to assist with A.R.P. arrangements in his district, and he has written some of his own experiences in this connection.

" THE LEEDS ENGINEERS "

## THE WEEKLY SQUIRT

Though I am unable to connect myself officially with our A.R.P. Organisation, I am a member of an organisation which has for its purpose the work of instructing its civilian

compatriots in the use of Fire Fighting Appliances, First Aid, etc.

We have a great deal of fun at the "Weekly Squirt" which takes place every Sunday, that being the only day when we can assemble a really representative gathering. Imagine the Local Warden blowing his trumpet at, say, 11 a.m. and hosts of people rushing up the fairway complete with buckets, pumps, sand trays, rakes, etc. The warden has, of course, planted the bomb (a well-soaked rag), and to his song of "Pump yer . . . . . , pump!" we "go to it."

The First Aid Lectures are of a more serious nature of course, although we have not been able to keep the young ladies away. We can never get them to volunteer to be bandaged, but, when we show them where the pressure points are, they scream and go into raptures. Why is this—oh! boy, why is this?

Anyway, everyone gets thoroughly interested, and I feel we shall not be unprepared when our turn comes to help each other.

J.W.H.

## TIT-BIT FROM B.B.B.

(Head Office)

We hear that Adolf recently wrote a Nasty letter to Musso:—

Dear Musso,

In future, we shall have to communicate with each other by letter or other means, as our phone system is far from satisfactory. You evidently misheard me, for I distinctly said "Strike like lightning—not streak like lightning."

We helpfully suggest that Telematic would meet their requirements.



# **LIFE in HONG KONG**

By

**Capt. T. A. Thompson**

**R. A. P. C.**

At long last the Editor has received news from Captain T. A. Thompson, Command Pay Office, China Command, Hong Kong.

The letter which we wrote him in April did not arrive until the end of August ! He will welcome letters from his colleagues in the organisation.

Firstly, we hasten to give him our congratulations on his Captaincy.

Then, here is a digest of his newsy letter, which makes interesting reading.

" You may remember I left England towards the end of March, and the troopship which I joined at Marseilles, was supposed to take me and other people to Hong Kong. But, as there was only a very small handful of people to come here, we were all dumped off at Singapore, where three of us had to stay for about three weeks. So that I arrived at my journey's end about two months after leaving home.

I was soon made very welcome. As far as my own Corps is concerned, there are only five Officers, including myself, with about thirty other ranks, and our job is to look after the pay and accounting problems of the China Command. I have an Office at General Head-quarters, and my particular work is to act as Command Cashier, which, although it sounds

very important, is really quite a soft job.

Cheques are signed by me every day, sometimes for as much as a million dollars, and the job, apart from the responsibility for doing such things, is that of a very junior clerk in our own Book-keeping Department at Beckenham. Nevertheless, I have quite a number of interesting experiences and meet all sorts of people.

It was very strange at first, to walk along a street in Hong Kong, and possibly for some distance be practically the only European about. On the whole, I think I am right in saying that the Chinese are not such a bad race of people. They have their own peculiarities. They seem to do everything exactly opposite from us.

For example, I have noticed on occasions when crossing on the Ferry from the Island to the Mainland, a Chinaman reading a book, printed, of course, in Chinese characters. Whereas our printing is horizontal, theirs is vertical ; we start reading from the front, and they start reading from the back.

Most of the coolie-class women wear trousers, whereas quite a considerable number of men wear a very long sort of overall, but I would not like to say what is worn underneath the overall.

The very hardest jobs are done by women. It is a common sight at Headquarters, to see about thirty women squatting on the grass, apparently cutting each blade of grass separately whereas a lawnmower would probably do the whole job in about ten minutes. I think the reason for this is that labour is so ridiculously cheap, and there is so much of it available.

Again, apart from a few Army horses, there are none here at all, and it is a very common sight to see two coolies with the familiar bamboo-pole, carrying the most incredible loads. But they all seem to enjoy it, and nobody seems very much worse off. I estimate that the wage-earning capacity of the coolie is, at the very highest, about 7½d. a day !

The Chinese have the most horrible way of spitting, and I am told that it is a habit common to every class. Someone with a sense of humour decided that the awful noise they make must be their National Anthem. This has to be heard to be believed, and even if one was deaf, there is sufficient evidence in the streets to confirm what I say.

Now I will try to give you some idea of what the place looks like.

Hong Kong, as you know, is an island, but not a very big one. It is the centre of the Colony, and all the Public Offices, Banks, etc., are situated there. I live on the Mainland, which is called Kowloon, and one has to cross by Ferry. I can leave the flat I am sharing with another Officer, at 8.30 in the morning and be in Headquarters, which is some distance up a hill, by nine o'clock.

The whole of the main portion of the city, including that part of the Mainland where I live, is surrounded by very high hills, or peaks, and it is really an incredible sight on a clear evening, to see the thousands of

lights shining from the hills. It looks like some colossal sort of fairyland.

The highest peaks are approximately 3,000 feet, and one's first impression on arriving in the harbour is 'What a beautiful place it is !' Climbing these peaks is quite a popular pastime. I have done a little myself, and the views one gets of the Harbour, and the whole place generally, are really amazing.

I suppose the average person at home, imagines the streets to be very narrow and probably extremely dirty. On the contrary, the European parts of the Island and the Mainland really do not look very much different from any big city in England. There are, of course, the Chinese on every hand, and Chinese signs written everywhere. But the main streets are wide and well made ; trams and buses are running, and there is a colossal amount of motor traffic.

We are allowed, even in uniform, to ride in rickshas which are fairly quick, and extremely cheap. Cars are very expensive here. For example, the car I had before I left England, would cost £60 more here than it would at home. I mean, of course, a new car. Speaking generally, for the Service people, not many of them have cars for the very simple reason that they cannot afford them. But in Hong Kong they are not particularly useful, especially if one is living on the Mainland, because, each time you make a journey to the Island, you must take the car across the Ferry. I should think one of the chief advantages of having a car, is being able to get out very quickly to the various bathing beaches, but, in any case, buses run to most of them, and taxis are very cheap.

On the whole, most things are cheap here. I should say less than fifty per cent. of the cost of most things at

## THE TIE LINE

home. I will give you a few examples.

As we are compelled when we go out in the evening, to wear mess-kit, I found it necessary to buy quite a number of clothes when I got here, and was pleasantly astounded at the price I was asked to pay. A pair of mess Wellington boots, which I suppose would cost about five guineas, cost eighteen dollars, which is 24/6. Incidentally, these were made for me, and I must say that most English boot-makers would approve of them.

A pair of overalls made of European cloth cost me 37/6 as against about seven guineas in England.

Then drinks are very cheap. At the United Services Club, where I spend a fair amount of time, one can buy a whisky and soda of fairly generous proportions for 6d.—and a bottle of quite good beer for 7d. A tin of 50 Players works out at 1 1/2 d.

At this particular Club, there is almost every kind of recreation. I play tennis most days. There is a

good bathing pool, squash court, bowling green, and bridge room. Consequently, the Club is very popular, although, since the evacuation, it is used principally by men who, like myself, do not seem to find very much difficulty in drowning their sorrows. There are no licensing laws at all here. If you care to stay at the Club till two in the morning, there will be a Chinese boy to serve you. The same applies to the hotels, which are modern, quite cheap, and run very efficiently.

Recently I heard two rather amazing Chinese equivalents, one for the Bishop, who is known as 'Number One Top-side God Man,' and another for the Admiral, who is known as 'Naval Man Number One.'

The telephone services are simply lousy. I have been in a number of Offices here, and I should say quite the most up-to-date one of all is the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, where they seem to

T

A

T



BEFORE

and

AFTER

have every modern appliance, excepting an automatic telephone. I should imagine someone with some selling ability and able to obtain supplies of equipment, would very quickly make a small fortune. As money is very plentiful, and energy is very valuable, a telephone service such as we market, would be an absolute godsend. I cannot for the life of me think why nothing has been done about it.

Most of the equipment I have seen, which is used by the H.K. Telephone Company, is either Siemen's or G.E.C. The worst system of all is, naturally, the Army telephone system. I should think it was made long before the last war, and is the old magneto ringing type, manual of course. Army operators, so far as my experience goes, are considerably less efficient than the average operator in a place like Selfridge's, for example. Every time I pick up my telephone to use it, either the mouth-piece or the wretched receiver falls to the floor. So you will realise that the telephone service generally is not very good. Maybe we can do something about it some day, when the war is over.

One of the things that strikes people the first night in Hong Kong is the complete absence of any form of black out. You can imagine how I felt about that, after having lived in darkness so long, as, of course, on the Trooper, we were completely blacked-out all night. We had a sort of trial black-out here last week, and by some ironic coincidence, one of the places which should have been most blacked-out, but which showed the most light, was the Head-quarters of the Air Raid Precautions people. Oddly enough, a number of Chinese were locked up for striking matches !

I am told, quite unofficially, that as

a black-out, it was a complete wash-out. If there was a need for a black-out, then very drastic precautions would have to be taken. But it looks as if our friend the Jap is going to leave us alone here, although there was a slight scare in that connection about two months ago, when the majority of the women and children were evacuated to Australia.



Here's an item which may interest you. A friend of mine, who has some influence in the local Broadcasting Company, persuaded me to go along for an audition, and, although I have not done any serious singing for a good number of years, to my complete surprise, they seemed quite impressed, and I have just heard that on October 3rd, 8.0 p.m., I am to be on the air. I have no doubt that the majority of my friends will be missing from their homes that evening when they see that I am to give part of the programme. However, it gives me something to do, and it may even persuade me to take up once more that which I had given up completely.

I was also persuaded to take a very minute part in a play which is being broadcast this evening. No one will know that I happen to be in the studio, because I appear to be the 'noises off.' Actually, I am a member of the jury, and have to laugh and rustle papers, and do the various things that jurymen do. But it is all very interesting, and gives one an interest in a place where there is, frankly, nothing else but very dull routine.

**Here is a cutting of the Radio Programme taken from a local paper.**

# RADIO

**ZBW, 355 metres (845 k.c.) and 31.49 metres (9,520 kilo-cycles)**

## A Bass Recital from The Studio of ZBW

Radio Programme broadcast by ZBW on a Frequency of 845 k.c's and on short Wave from 1-2.15 p.m. and 8-11 p.m. on 9.52 M.c's per Second.

**8.03 Studio—A Recital by Capt. T. A. Thompson with A. T. Lay at the Piano.**

1. (a) The Lute Player (Allitsen); (b) The Yeoman's Wedding Song (Poniatowski); (c) In Cellar Cool (Fisher).....Capt. Thompson; 2. Shepherd's Dance (from Henry VIII Dances) German....A. T. Lay (Piano); 3. (a) The Company Sergeant Major (Sanderson); (b) Up From Somerset (Sanderson); (c) The Yeomen of England (from "Merrie England")....Capt. Thompson.

Now I trust that it will not be very long before all of us are together again as members of that very wonderful, happy family we were just over a year ago.

I send my very kindest regards to all my friends at Beckenham, and the various Companies throughout the country.'

T.A.T.

## News of our Paris and Brussels Companies.

This letter was received by Mr. W. S. Philcox, at the end of November, from Lisbon.

LA NATIONALE-VIE  
DIRECTION GÉNÉRALE DU PORTUGAL

GÉRANCE

LISBOA le 25 Novembre 1940

RUA ALVES, 87, 1.<sup>o</sup> & 2.<sup>o</sup>

Monsieur W.S. Philcox

President of the Telephone Rental Co.

Horseferry House

LONDON -W

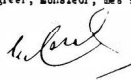
Monsieur,

Je viens de recevoir une lettre de Mr. Henry Tritschler, frère de Mr. Maurice Tritschler, arrivé récemment à Vichy, me demandant de vous transmettre qu'à la Société de Paris, Mr. Tarrane assume les fonctions d'administrateur délégué, - A la Société de Bruxelles Mr. Goeders assume les mêmes fonctions. Les deux Sociétés fonctionnent au ralenti mais dans les meilleures conditions possibles étant donné les événements et l'occupation.

Les intérêts des deux filiales et ceux de la Société Mère sont défendus au mieux possible à Paris et à Bruxelles.

Au cas où vous voudriez répondre à Mr. H. Tritschler je me tiens entièrement à votre disposition.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, mes salutations empressées.



## Here is a translation of the letter.

I have just received a letter from Mr. Henry Tritschler, brother of Mr. Maurice Tritschler, who has recently arrived here from Vichy, and who has asked me to let you know that at the Teleautomate in Paris Mr. Tarrane has taken on the functions of Administrator Deleque.

At the Teleautomate in Brussels Mr. Goeders has taken on the same duties.

The two Companies are carrying on as well as they can taking into consideration the effects of the German occupation.

The interests of all concerned in Telephone Rentals are being safeguarded as much as possible in Paris and in Brussels.

In case you would like to write to Mr. Henry Tritschler I should be glad to send on a letter to him.

A N T R I M

**BELFAST**

*Belfast Laugh*

*News*

D O W N

My dear Mr. Grimbley,

I had a run of bad luck recently. On returning from leave, I first of all hurt my right hand, which put me out of action for some weeks. After this I was shifted to a new site. Just as I was getting settled there, I was sent back. A day back and I cracked my right ankle. This week I started with a piece of steel in my right eye. This has now been removed. Who said the right side was one's lucky side ?

At present I am stationed at a lovely spot. It's about four miles from the nearest pub, not a house in sight and no buses. If I take a notion to go into town, I start off in the early morning and arrive at dinner time. So I don't often go. If I am not shifted from here soon I shall be arrested for talking to myself.

I suppose Victor and George still paddle about. Please give them my kindest regards and also the rest of the Engineering Staff.

Does Miss Turner still manage to cope with the demands of the lads ? (Please don't misunderstand this last statement).

You might ask Miss Cairnduff how Joe is getting on.

Cheerio for the present and the best of good wishes.

GUNNER T. E. W. DORNAN, R.A.

My dear Dornan,

After having very carefully read through everything you had written, I decided there was no reason why

the rest of the staff should not share the treat of having an epistle from you. There was certainly that piece about Miss Turner, but I've very carefully explained to her what you mean. My explanation was, of course, not necessarily the right one, but she at least very prettily pretended to understand.

We were all very concerned here over your series of accidents, but note with relief, that you have got over them.

We had no outing this year, of course. I shall compensate Miss Turner for this some day by treating her to a cake in Campbells. I think the girls are feeling pretty lonely these days now that you and Wilson aren't in evidence. We older people don't seem to fill the bill somehow. Of course we aren't told this in so many words, but we are treated to a very frigid glare if we try the lighter vein.

As you say, Victor and George are "still paddling about." I sometimes wonder if Victor is not feeling age creeping on him. As for George, we still have the same difficulty in keeping him in Belfast. If he can get a supplementary for a bell or button in Enniskillen to warrant him staying over for a week or two, he is after it like a bird.

Miss Cairnduff raised her eyebrows and wouldn't talk, saying she refused to recognise the court, when I asked



## THE TIE LINE

her to disclose the details of friend Joe. The funny thing about this is that Miss Cairnduff is going to type this letter herself !

I haven't heard anything from Mr. Inskip for quite a long time. I shouldn't be at all surprised to find him landed in the Marine Cavalry.

Well, everyone here wishes you all better luck in the future—write us whenever you have a chance.

Yours very sincerely,



P.S.—I have gone into the question mentioned in your last letter to me, which you said was causing you considerable embarrassment, and my advice to you is to follow the suggestion embodied in the Technical Superintendent's letter of the 18th October ; ref. SC/RMA/MR/7, headed "SYRENS."

I shall be glad to forward you a copy, if you wish.

J. F. G.

### PARS FROM BELFAST.

OUR building was recently graced by the presence of H.R.H. The Duke of Kent, who, dressed in the uniform of an Air Vice-Marshall, paid a visit to a Military Comforts' Depot, located on the Ground Floor. He was accompanied by the Duke of Abercorn—Governor of Northern Ireland—and the Officer Commanding Northern Ireland Naval District.

Though no announcement of his visit had been made, large crowds swiftly gathered, and business for many blocks round came to a standstill. He has seen, during his stay in Ulster, something of the War Effort

here, and the general preparedness of the Province.

Miss Turner and Miss Cairnduff are trying to pull wool over someone's eyes again—in other words, they are knitting ! And knitting, being an occupation which would bore us to stitches, if that were possible, we hasten to change the subject. Needles are all very well in haystacks, but . . .

"Brighten the Black-Out !" say hundreds of advertisements in as many places, but we may record that an attempt to do this by the lady who cleans out our offices was not appreciated here. One evening she rushed into the general office, switched on



the light, and was busily cleaning when a man, dressed in a blue suit, charged through the door, or rather, the doorway.

Whether she did not wish to encourage a strange man, we do not know, but she did not appear to notice him until he spoke. Then she realised that he was excited about something. Soon she gathered that it was the light

shining out of one of the windows which was the cause of his being all "het up"! Before leaving, he asked her name and duly noted it in his pocket-book. Just another Romeo perhaps, but the last she saw was a baton swinging from his belt as he strode away. Just goes to show that you can't please everybody!

From all this, you may have gathered that our Plywood Barrage—always a knotty problem—had not been erected. We are still waiting for some bright lad to invent a one-way glass—a glass, that is, through which the light would shine in only one direction, so that we can have our plywood sheets sent up to the Museum to be labelled "Souvenirs of the War."

John McElhinney and W. Flackes were removing the face from an outside clock in the city, when a young lady—presumably a nurse—rode furiously past on a bicycle and dropped a notebook. It was found to deal with such intriguing subjects as Polydypsia Treg. and Metabolism. Who said nurses weren't interesting?

The notebook was passed on to Miss Cairnduff, who takes a deep interest in nursing, and it is supposed that she is now engaged in adding notes on such abstruse subjects as those mentioned. We wouldn't be surprised if she typed "trichiniosis" for "telephone" one of these fine days—or, more likely, rainy days! Don't forget to turn to this page next issue, and read all about it!

W. FLACKES

#### A.R.P. IN BELFAST.

AS a member of the best A.R.P. Organisation in the British Isles, I have recently been posted to the Samaritan Hospital, Belfast. Despite the fact that

I was trying to keep this fact dark, the news somehow leaked out. The first intimation I had of the leakage was when Mr. Grimbey suggested that, with me in attendance at this hospital, the patients were unlikely to recover their normal health! I had forgotten to mention, so far, that this hospital is one for ladies most exclusively.

I have yet to experience what my duties are like at this establishment, as I do not commence them just yet. Being always of a very retiring nature—particularly in the presence of ladies—I cannot record to you what my reactions have been or are likely to be. (On the quiet, Mr. Editor, I'm looking forward to it!).

Victor Hutchinson, who also learned of my new appointment, now wants to join the A.R.P. if it can be arranged for him to be with me at the same hospital.

As a precaution, I made a few discreet enquiries amongst the lads respecting his reaction in the presence of "the fair sex," and, as a result, have made arrangements for him to be "blackballed."

George McCann has also evinced great interest, but is fighting shy owing to the fact that he would prefer to be posted for A.R.P. duties in Londonderry, as he knows more about Londonderry than Belfast. At least, this is the managerial impression. It is very significant that George McCann has written an article about Londonderry for the next issue.

However, joking apart, I consider my job to be a most important one, and, if an air raid comes here, the patients of the Samaritan Hospital will be carefully and efficiently removed to their shelters by my co-workers and myself.

S. KING.

## "HE BRINGS THEM BACK"

**Based on the claims of the  
Canadian Mounties—"We  
always get our Man."**

Up the long hill he struggled, burdened by a heavy kit, while away in the south-west the storm clouds were gathering. Much of the low country was flooded—as it often is—and there was a gusty wind blowing. But the men who frequent the icy North have become accustomed to the rigorous climate, and hard winters had toughened them. The faint tracks of the far-famed Northern Police were easily visible in the muddy stretches, for even the most desolate country is on the beat of some law-keeper.

Only another few hundred yards, and he would reach the main track for the town, but these yards seemed like miles ; his boots seemed leaden and his load to grow more heavy, if that were possible.

At last, however, the track was reached—one of the best the country possessed, and soon he was well within sight of the smoke that means civilisation.

But near to the track there was still a mark of the wilds, for not thirty yards away beyond the trees, a polar bear lumbered across the terrain in search of food, but soon disappeared into the distance.

Eventually the Zoo was left far behind ; the tram came to a standstill, and he alighted with his heavy load of "exhausted" cells.

What he muttered as he reported to stores, is nobody's business !

V. HUTCHINSON (Belfast)

Captain C. R. Deane, of Newcastle Company, had it coming to him for his lines in our last issue, entitled : "A little bit of Heaven." Here is Belfast's reply ON A "HEAVENLY" CRITIC.

Of all the folks who come to Ireland,  
In khaki or without,  
There's one, who, though  
Commissioned,  
Deserves a verbal clout.  
His words, though ably written,  
But less true than some suppose,  
Ha' got us Irish spittin',  
And waked from our repose.



He sees a corner of our land,  
A spot in oul' County Down,  
And makes such a moan about it,  
He'd make the fairies frown.  
Didn't he see the Mourne Mountains  
That sweep far down to sea ?  
Or the lovely lakes of Erne  
That rival Killarney ?



Though the grass is green in Ireland,  
The people aren't so green.  
Our blood it goes a-boiling,  
At such men as Captain Deane,  
Who, finding an island of desert,  
In an ocean of lovely scenes,  
Sees but the yard of wasteland grey—  
Is blind to the rolling greens.



If heaven is like Ireland,  
Then only Irishmen go there.  
Others would find fault with it,  
Too ugly or too fair.  
So, those who wish to go to Heaven,  
Had better now beware.  
Hell could be overheated—  
Are there other critics there ?

By W. F., for the Boys of Belfast

## W. Flackes of Belfast Kontributes a Kouple of Krazy Kolumns

Don't get us wrong, readers !  
Actually there is nothing crazy about  
this column except the title—and  
perhaps the writer. But then, we had  
to attract your attention somehow,  
and, with so many scribblers and so  
many titles (which the scribblers  
never get attached to their names), it  
was a bit of a how-d'you-do, as we  
seem to remember someone describ-  
ing it. Anyhow, we have succeeded,  
otherwise you wouldn't have read so  
far. No, don't turn to the next pages—  
there's really nothing worth reading  
there, though we shouldn't say it !

You have now read exactly ninety-  
seven words of this feature, and there  
are more to come—but don't let that  
discourage you. Think of all the data  
sheets you've read. Ah ! we thought  
that would do the trick !

Well, by way of a change from the  
above rather heavy prose, here is  
an American college-boy's opinion of  
—well, read it for yourself ;—

Tobacco is a dirty weed ;  
I like it.  
It satisfies no normal need ;  
I like it.  
It makes you thin, it makes you lean,  
It takes the hair right off your bean,  
It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen ;  
I like it.

Now you know, and, speaking of  
things tobaccoish, here are a few  
lines inspired by the actual mishap of  
a T.R. fitter. They will be found in  
most standard poetic works—not  
woiks !

'Twas summer in the snuff-house—  
A ladder he erected.  
And upward climbed, not guessing  
What fate had then directed.

Six steps he went, another step,  
And it happened in a flash,  
While the snuff in clouds arose  
In the air above the crash.

With snuff in mouth, ears and nose,  
Our hero painfully arose,  
Dusting snuff off overalls,  
Talking in strange grunts and calls.

Later in a 'baccy shop  
Lots of trouble did ensue.  
A lady bought an ounce—but no—  
She got his buttons too !

Well, that was some time ago, and  
all the snuff so rudely disturbed that  
day, has by this time settled down  
(don't ask us where). The fitter  
seldom enters tobacco shops nowa-  
days, for, when he does, and an old  
lady comes in for a 'pennorth o'  
mixed,' he is reminded of the day  
when he was part of the mixed ! As  
for the buttons, they may now be  
helping to keep up Britain's good  
name !

To conclude, we offer a selection of  
the sayings of wise women, collected  
from some of their best-known  
works :—

" Women are the busy bees of life  
—men the poor mugs who get stung."  
Miss I. T. Sright.

" A man should never lift his hand  
to a woman—not while his right boot  
is in good order." Mrs. Drinksbeer.

" Edison invented the gramophone  
—women made it unnecessary."  
Madame Vats de Use.

Take our tip and turn to this page  
when you get your " Tie Line." There  
are too many spaces on the other  
pages, while there are only cracks on  
this one ! ZEKE.

## SMILING THROUGH - *By LEE* PHONE TROUBLES



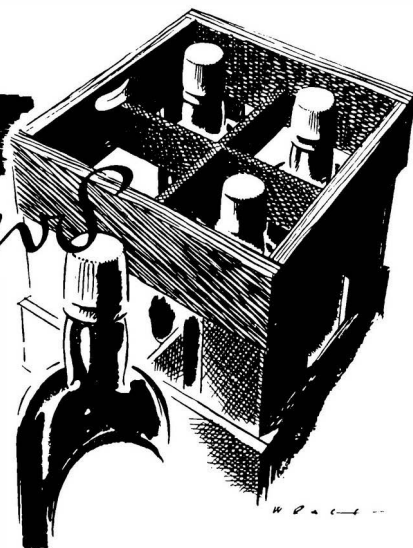
"Oh, yes, we get on much better now we've scrapped the telephone and installed tom-toms."

This cartoon appeared in the October 28th issue of the London "Evening News," and it is with the Proprietors' kind permission that we are allowed to reprint it.

If the G.P.O. needs any technical advice on this Tom-Tom service, we are sure Mr. DOGO, our Sheffield Manager, will be very happy to give his experience of The Drums of Africa—otherwise Bush Phones.  
See page 42 of "The Telematic Exchange."

# DUBLIN

*News*



DUBLIN Company—the only neutral member of the Telematic Group—send greetings and good wishes to our brothers across the sea.

Every time a case arrives here from the Factory, it makes us admire the wonderful courage and spirit that keeps the Telematic Service flag flying, in spite of the terror through which it is passing.

It does not seem possible that a War could be going on in which we are not taking part, because even as they say in the Irish National Anthem, "We are children of a fighting race—that never yet has known disgrace."

Although we say we are neutral, this does not mean that there are no Irishmen fighting, because we are told that the Irish Guards played a fine part in the battles of Dunkirk and Norway. We suppose it could again be said:—

In far foreign fields  
From Dunkirk to Belgrade,  
Lie the Soldiers and Chiefs  
Of the Irish Brigade.

We members of the neutral Company are proud to be able to do a little in providing Comforts for the members of our Organisation who have joined the Forces. Our Nurse-Typist holds out her hand for our subscriptions to the Wool Fund even before we receive our pay envelopes on Friday!

In England, we believe that the men do their share of the knitting, but we are afraid that even Hitler could not make our men knit—they don't mind

paying for the wool, but it ends there!

If and when it is possible for G.M.O. to visit our Company, we will be able to receive them with full Military Honours, for almost all our men are now members of the Local Security Force (known to some as the Local Insecurity Farce!)

After work, recreation now takes the form of drilling. One can immediately notice the improvement in the men. They walk around with shoulders braced back, chins up, so that carrying coils of Cable or Ladders is child's play to them. You should see the way our Fitters use their hammers—every movement is methodical, and they strike the nail with perfect precision.

In conclusion, we express the earnest hope that 1941 will bring to all countries a lasting peace.

*W. J. O'Connell*

**Dublin calling ! Dublin  
calling Fellow Knitters !  
And here is the news.**

The knitting still goes on—perhaps slowly at times—but steadily. If we need any encouragement, we get this from the Women's Page of "The Tie Line." We look forward with eagerness to this interesting feature in each issue, hoping at the same time that we are keeping "in line" with other Knitters.

Our knitting friends still nobly rally round us, and from time to time send us the fruits of their labour in the form of socks, mittens, helmets, gloves, etc., and to these we add our contributions.

Of the three Knitters on the Office Staff, two seem to have brought knitting to a fine art, which makes one



think "some are born to good knitting—some achieve good knitting—but some, alas, have knitting thrust upon them."

Unfortunately, the writer appears to belong to the last group, as a pair of socks, which were originally intended for some lucky ? member of the B.E.F. "somewhere in France," are still in the making!! Methinks Tennyson had second sight when he wrote—"Men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever!" Nevertheless, the socks are nearing completion despite the humorous remarks made by the "expert Knitters" and will be included in our Xmas parcel—we hope! So, everything comes to him who waits, provided he waits long enough!!

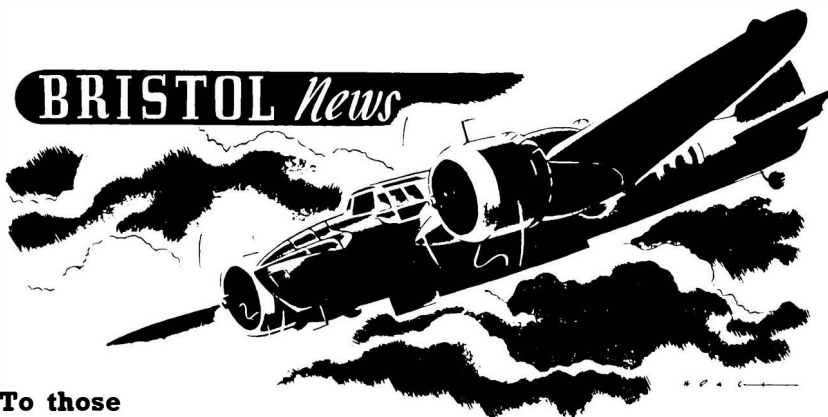
It is well that at least one member of the Office Staff has recently qualified in First Aid, as, when the socks do finally materialise, several people will have to be treated for shock, judging from remarks afloat in the Office! We will not, however, mind this, as the socks will at last have started on their journey to reach one of the men who are endangering their lives to preserve everything one holds dear.

So, Cheerio Girls, and good knitting!

"THE DUBLIN KID"

**P.S. From the rest of the Staff.** At a meeting of the Staff, it has been agreed that the above socks will be presented to Lord Gort (after completion?).

## BRISTOL *News*



### **To those in the Forces Everywhere.**

This applies to all, including the womenfolk, for, with the extension of the bombing raids, everyone is in the Front Line.

Since our last issue, Dudbridge has joined the fighting forces. He has gone with the best wishes of all the Staff at Bristol and for a safe return.

The members of the Home Front are carrying on under difficulties of many kinds. Shortage of staff is causing engineers literally to hop from one job to another, to try and satisfy the requirements of all our new and old subscribers.

The restrictions on the roads, caused by air-raid damage, and the congestion on the remaining roads which are open, also makes it very difficult to get to and from Subscribers' premises. It is, therefore, much easier and quicker to walk than to wait in a queue for half an hour, only to find at the end of the journey that the Subscriber or Prospect has gone away for the day !

In our offices, most of the windows, or I should say window frames, are boarded up, as the windows were smashed during a recent raid and the stock and supplies of glass have been exhausted. This situation has certain advantages, as, being permanently blacked-out, there is no fear of con-

travening the Black-out Regulations. The Public Supply Services have been much improved lately ; at one time neither gas, water nor electricity were obtainable.

With all the excitement experienced in Bristol, we have no actual casualties in the whole of the Company. The staff, and even the building, has looked a bit shaken up at times—but, with the exception of the glass, all have got back to normal and are carrying on as usual.

Bristol being a small company with a scattered area, we have not the same opportunity of supplying the Home Defence of Bristol with members, as the larger Companies.

Still, we have a Stout Defender in the Home Guard in Mr. Latimer, who stands four square to all the winds and weather and any Jerries thrown in. As he is an expert signaller, his services have been requisitioned to train members in this very necessary military service.

I have also seen Mr. Martin, complete with tin hat, looking like the real thing on A.R.W. duty, guarding a very important part of Bristol—i.e., where I intend to live.

So, although Jerries may come and Jerries may go, this part of Bristol remains immune, up to the time of going to press.



## THE TIE LINE

I will conclude by sending the very best wishes to all at home and away, and may 1941 bring a speedy return to normal conditions, with the Dragon well and truly slain.



**BOMBARDIER E. G. CLARKE,**  
Prisoner of War in Germany.

As readers will have seen from the last "Tie Line," Bdr. Clarke is now a prisoner of war in Germany. We have recently received news of him through his wife who writes:—

"I am pleased to report that, up to the present, I have received two cards and one letter from him. In all of them he says he is quite well and in the best of spirits, so that's quite cheerful news, isn't it?"

### TO THE LADS IN THE FORCES

Very sorry that we owe one or two of you letters, but, despite the M.O.I., etc., you may have heard that we have had several Helpings of Blitz. Being very easy people to satisfy, unlike *Oliver Twist*, we do not ask for more. However, perhaps you will accept this note as a circular letter.

You will all have heard by now, I expect, that our Nobby is a prisoner of war. We understand he is quite well but, of course, fed up. Hard luck, Nobby!

Spence has now joined the Fleet Air Arm and called in to see us when home on leave. Much to our surprise he announced his intention to get married. (We hope it was not a surprise to him!) We were pleased to see you, Harry, and hope you passed that exam.

We heard from Bennett (Tommy to you, please) that he has passed his

second exam. and has been recommended for "Leading Wireman." Congratulations, Tommy! You prove my theory—that the man that talks about the job very glibly is not necessarily the one who knows everything. Sorry to hear you will be miles away at Christmas; be careful of the "Double Rum Ration" on top of Christmas Pudding.

Last time we heard from Dudbridge it appeared that a little Sergeant Major had whispered in his ear that their crowd were due for a warmer climate (No—not that place.) We sincerely hope that our "Dud" is putting some salt on the tails of the "Wops." Should improve your time for the 100 yards. (See photo).

We believe Wilson has moved from the Scottish Castle where only "Haggis" and "Bag Pipes" annoyed. Understand he has been very busy and hardly had time to write to his wife. Whether this is true or not, we accept your word, Wilkie, but always thought that "Wave" of yours might lead you astray, so shall be prepared to hear the worst.

Everybody at 9-10 King Street would like to couple their very best wishes for the New Year with those of mine.

G. LYNE.

### THE BRISTOL BLITZ

The note of the siren ended  
As the drone of the enemy died.  
We gazed on a town well defended  
But battered—"our day" had arrived.

"Business as usual," we kept this in mind,  
And our services gave with great pride,  
Till darkness fell, with faces lined  
Once again T.R. "Held the line."

V. PROSSOR.

## BRISTOL—PAST AND PRESENT

Bristol was a beautiful city. Its Downs were the envy of most towns and its historic buildings admired by all visitors. The tiers of shops rising to the Museum at the top of Park Street was a picture it was difficult to beat anywhere. From Bristol Bridge to the Station was not exactly beautiful but it represented the traffic and the business side, and its warehouses looked quite imposing from this angle. It looked like a beautiful and prosperous city as a whole.

Since the commencement of air-raids on this country, Bristol has received attention from the Jerrys, but we were beginning to get used to the nightly raids and to say that it would be a long time before he made an impression on the Bristol people or on Bristol itself, the way the raids were then being carried out.

On a recent Sunday evening, however, the usual warning was sounded but one sensed at once there was something different this time. Jerry was not to be content with blind bombing on this occasion, for the whole of the city was lit up by hundreds of flares and fire bombs so that one could easily read a newspaper in the streets.

Then commenced the most realistic fire-work display one could ever imagine, which lasted for nearly six hours. My wife and I were caught on the outskirts of Bristol on the opposite side from where we lived. It was therefore necessary either to drive through the inferno to get home or go in the opposite direction to get food. Although we decided to drive away, we had a front view of the display, as it was at this moment that a shower of incendiary bombs fell

all round us and it was a work of art driving between them on the roads to get outside the boundary. Incidentally it was more than a 20 mile drive before we could get food that night.

The return journey five hours afterwards was through what one would imagine Dantes Inferno would be like. There were blazing buildings—hundreds of them—which caused a huge fiery-red glow which could be seen 10 miles away, huge craters which made the roads impassable, and the once elegant buildings were now sprawled across the streets.

The drive over innumerable hoses-pipes which often spouted water into our faces as we surveyed the picture—over brick, bomb and shrapnel remnants—over more glass than I thought the world possessed—to arrive at the office at 2 o'clock in the morning, was a scene never to be forgotten. Although there were fires and demolished buildings all round, the office had survived, and the only damage done was to the windows. So I went home relieved to think that there would not be numerous complicated forms to be made out for insurance purposes on account of the damaged premises, and destroyed stock, and records.

To try and give a picture of Bristol now, it would be necessary to go to the East, for the ruins, particularly at night, remind one more of the catacombs than the once prosperous and beautiful Bristol.

But of the people—that presents a different picture. Some business firms are continuing to trade around the ruins of their former premises. There is a frantic rush to find suitable new premises and some people are even starting to build new premises. One of the most persistent of our subscribers was so very pressing

that we fitted him a new T.50 installation in a week's time in his new premises. And this is the spirit of Bristol to-day—looking for new premises to start again, and trying to re-build—and the general sentiment is that Bristol shall be more beautiful in the future as the slum parts will not be rebuilt—they have vanished for good.

To complete the picture of Bristol to-day, one cannot help but notice that the once busy and often rowdy Tramway Centre is now practically deserted after black-out, and what used to be a difficult and dangerous drive through this thoroughfare, can now be undertaken with perfect safety.

W.B.

### A Laugh from B. O'Sullivan.

A small firm of engineers, having secured several Government sub-contracts, decided to enlarge their works. This being done, the question of having a "Jim Crow" arose. A

visit from an Inspector of Factories coincided with a call by a TELEMATIC salesman. The result, never being in doubt, was that a Telematic Spotter and A.R.P. Control System contract was secured.

The great day arrived when the installation was completed and ready for use. The workers had unanimously elected Old Jarge as their Spotter. "Been with the firm, man and boy for over 50 years, so I 'ave."

At 11 a.m. the Sirens started their "Jerry Serenade," so Old Jarge went up on the roof. And he listened and listened and listened—then he grabbed the telephone and roared into it, "'Ere, why don't 'ee stop that there damned noisy machinery down there ; I can't 'ear a ruddy sound up 'ere."

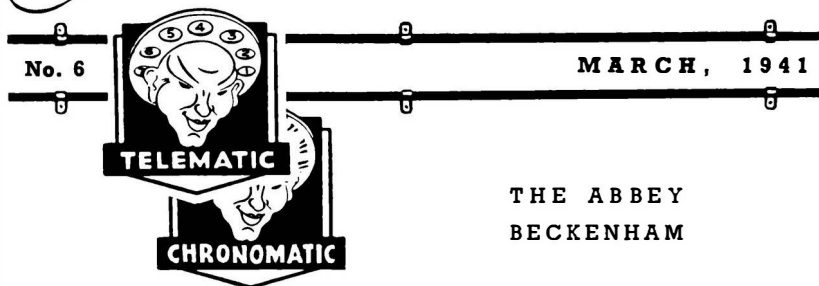
## SO SORRY!

As printer of this number of "The Tie Line," I owe you an apology. Your magazine is not in your hands as soon as it might have been. Adolf Hitler is to blame. His night-hawks set fire to part of my works in the dead o'night, though their destructive efforts were only partially successful. But "The Tie Line" had to be got out—Mr. Attwood said so, and you know what that means! And here it is—spite fire-bombs (Deutsches Fabrikat), soot and water; spite out-of-action 'phones and heating apparatus, melted type, and ice-cold fingers. I found much entertainment within the pages of this number of "The Tie Line," and know you will do the same.

Mr. PRINTER.



# The TIE LINE



## A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHAIRMAN

As you will have noticed, Mr. Philcox and I alternate in sending you a message through "The Tie Line." This issue it is my turn and I have been much exercised in my mind as to what message I could send you.

After reading through the last number the quotation with which Mr. Attwood concluded his Editorial, viz. "Grant us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind," remained firmly imprinted in my mind. These words of Robert Louis Stevenson are extraordinarily appropriate for the times in which we are now living, and I therefore propose taking them as "the text" for my message to you.

In a sense these words of Robert Louis Stevenson are analogous to the words of St. Paul, "... faith, hope, charity ... the greatest of these is charity," in their message, though not in their meaning. In our text the "greatest of these is Courage." If we have, or can attain, courage, the quiet mind will follow.

I want to write you more about courage than gaiety or the quiet mind. The courage of which I am thinking is not animal courage, such

as is displayed by one who knows no fear, but the courage of the imaginative person who realises and fears danger but who yet, to attain a good end, faces the dangers realistically through the triumphs of mind over physical fear and so can face possible pain, disablement or death, bravely.

At no period in our lives have we had greater need of courage. Never before in history has the ordinary civilian been faced with the dangers with which he is faced to-day, dangers which in the past have been faced only by the armed forces. So long as we draw breath it is our duty to others, and to ourselves, to be cheerful and to do our work with a smile, although fully realising that we live in very grim times.

A thought which helps me to carry on in these times is that we can but die once and to carry the fear of death in one's mind would not avert it and would make life miserable. Let us not concern ourselves over what is inevitable for each one at some unknown time, but rather while we are in this world concern ourselves with endeavouring, by being calmly courageous and cheerful, to make life easier for all with whom we come into contact. I think you will agree that this doctrine is one which will not only benefit the people we meet in our lives from day to day, but will have an undoubted good reaction on its disciples.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Fred Hutchings". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal stroke at the bottom.

Chairman and Managing Director.



TWO or three recent snowstorms transformed The Abbey overnight into a suitable subject for a Christmas card drawing. When trudging up the drive, we carefully avoided glancing in the direction of the swimming pool, for it gave us the shivers to see a few of the boys playing some kind of "ice football" on its frozen surface. We remembered wistfully the warm summer days when we spent many happy hours swimming and sunbathing. However, it's a case of bad weather and burst pipes or daily and nightly Blitze, so we think we'll take the bad weather and like it!

H.O. cyclists have had a bad time on the glassy roads. Mr. Wilding was seen in a horizontal position with his "racer" near a roundabout, and Miss Long and Miss Gillespie have also been known to part company with their cycles in a most unladylike fashion—suddenly and without warning.

We've managed to beg, borrow or steal a few panes of glass, so the interior of The Abbey is a little brighter than it was.

One day the ex-cigarette King blew in to see us—none other than Private "Laurel" Hardy, A.M.P.C. We looked him up and down and formed the opinion that he is literally twice the man he was

in spite of all his complaints about not getting "elevenses" in the Army.

Martingell and Fleming have also been along to see us. Both these boys are billeted at their homes. How do they do it?

We were very sorry to lose Miss Murray, who has now taken up full-time Red Cross work. We wish her every success in her new work. Miss Miller has now taken over the responsibility of the Comforts Fund.

We are looking forward to the return of Mr. W. S. Philcox to The Abbey. At the time of writing H.O. News, he is recuperating from his recent operation for appendicitis.

#### **GUNNER E. J. CURTIS, R.A.**

Some weeks ago, Curtis dropped in on us at The Abbey while he was on leave. He looked very handsome in his Army togs, so we are wondering why he is so keen to obtain a transfer to the R.A.F.!

Here is an extract from one of his letters:—

Jerry dropped in one night here, but, as luck would have it, the cards landed in the field next door. Apart from two lovely holes, no other damage was done, although I think I lost a couple of years as they whistled over.

## THE TIE LINE

### TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF PTE. R. G. MARTINGELL, R.A.P.C.

I have settled down now and am getting quite used to Army life and all its regulations, etc., but I find the work rather monotonous.

The only real excitement we get is provided by the air-raid warnings. These last few weeks we have had quite a number during the daytime. When an alert is sounded (immediate danger signalled by the clanging of a huge bell about two feet in diameter), we have to descend from the fifth to the third floor by way of a marble staircase. Try to imagine army boots on a marble staircase which is all turns, and you get some idea of the task—to say nothing of the noise !



However, this is not all. Each pair of us is responsible for taking all books and papers, dropping them hurriedly into a wooden box and carrying them downstairs between us. It's no easy task, I assure you, to wear a steel helmet, carry one's gasmask and a box, and hurry down two flights of marble stairs in army boots. What would happen if any bombs

dropped very near while we were on the move, I don't care to guess !

As a matter of fact, some incendiaries did fall near us recently. Luckily they weren't H.E.'s, or you might not have read this article. By the way, someone brightly suggested that, if we keep on having to run up and down stairs six times a day, they will soon be insisting on A.I men for the R.A.P.C. instead of taking nearly all C.3 men !

Army methods are very hard to understand sometimes, but, during the last fortnight, this one has annoyed us all. A certain section of our W'ing is very much behind with its work. So, for the past fortnight, the whole W'ing has been working overtime. So far so good. But, instead of everyone helping that section during the overtime, as you would expect, we all carry on with our own work. That is the R.A.P.C. ! Actually, our own particular Section has only sufficient to do during the normal day, so you can just imagine the kind of things that are being said ! Perhaps the wisdom of this measure will make itself apparent at some later date !

I expect you have often heard cases of soldiers' accounts being all "haywire," and of wives' allowances being overdue and incorrect. This is usually blamed on to the R.A.P.C., and is usually, in turn, not accepted. Last week I heard an up-to-date translation of our motto—FIDE ET FIDUCIA (with faith and confidence). It was this—DEBIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE. I will not make any comment except that "it makes you think."

One of the biggest advantages of being where I am is the fact that I live at home. But this brings a big disadvantage—that of travelling backwards and forwards. This has always been a big problem for me, especially getting there on time with the small amount of transport available. However, by some lucky chance, my worries in this direction are

over. I am now picked up each morning by two fellows from work who run a car. So, now I'm in the Army, I ride backwards and forwards to work by car. Time marches on !

## EVENING LULLABY FOR THE ABBEY FIRE SQUAD

It is said that the Firemen-cum-Store-Assistants at The Abbey cannot get to sleep unless they sing their little lullaby to Mr. Bliss, the night watchman. Here it is ; it is sung to the tune of "The Lincolnshire Poacher."

Oh ! Mr. Bliss  
Just give us a kiss  
And tuck us into bed.  
And we will sleep so soundly  
While Jerry's overhead.  
And, if The Abbey catches fire  
Then we will have some fun.  
Just give us a shake  
When we will wake  
And we'll be on the run.

When they have fallen asleep, Mr. Bliss gently tucks them in, kisses them fondly on the forehead and turns the lights low. He tenderly watches over them to see that no harm comes—he has to watch in case they pinch his supper ! When morning comes, he wakes them with a nice cup of tea—I DON'T THINK.

E. CRACKNELL, Abbey Fire Squad

## THE SKY IS THE LIMIT

Miss Rice, of Head Office, recently joined forces with the Fire Watchers in her home district. One evening, she arrived home close on midnight, and was horrified to find a long envelope awaiting her arrival, on which was typed :—

"Enclosed are the final instructions for Fire Watchers. You are asked to

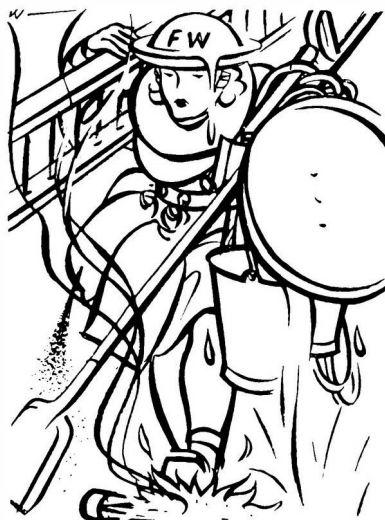
report without fail at midnight, fully equipped for duty."

She hurriedly tore open the envelope, and this is what she read :—

### FIRE WATCHERS ACT—1941

#### Equipment to be carried by Fire Watchers

- 1 Respirator.
- 1 Waist Belt, with hooks (10) to carry six filled sandbags and four buckets of water.
- 1 Axe, stuck in belt.
- 1 Stirrup Pump, to be carried over left shoulder.
- 1 Extending Ladder, over right shoulder.
- 1 Dustbin for burnt-out incendiary bombs under right arm.
- 1 Long-handled Shovel, to be tucked under left arm.
- 2 Wet Blankets, slung round neck.
- 1 Tin Helmet, with turned-up brim to carry spare water.
- Spare Sand to be carried in all pockets.
- Ship's Anchor, to drop in case watcher cannot stop after galloping.
- 1 Box of Matches to light incendiary bombs failing to ignite.





## THE TIE LINE

### PTE. G. WEBBER, R.A.M.C.

We have a bone to pick with Private George Webber. Yes, sir ! He walked into H.O. recently and said he was on leave, but did he say why he was on leave ? Did he tell us that he'd come home specially to marry Miss Betty Read ? Oh, dear, no ! He hugged his secret all to himself.

But it isn't a secret any more. George ! H.O. Secret Service found your wedding photograph on the front page of the Sydenham Gazette and a full account of the ceremony and reception on page 4. Why, we even know where you spent your honeymoon, you sly old clam !

### CPL. S. CRANE, Queen Victoria Rifles.

At present he is stationed in a large-sized town with plenty of recreation and "dates" in the evenings—that is, when he gets an evening off, which is rare these days.

He says that Mr. Bernays cannot complain of being in a dull market town now, as the 2nd Battalion are stationed only a few miles away from Crane's Battalion.

Crane was once in the 2nd Battalion, so he has been able to visit a good many of his old friends, and they have had a good many celebrations !

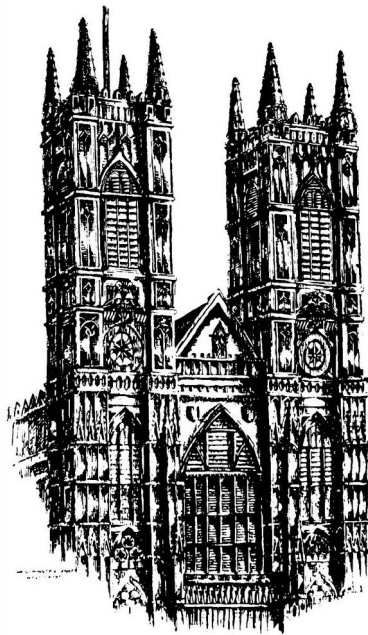
Writes :—We have plenty of work to do here, and the C.O. thinks that the best time to do it is in the evenings. We have lectures, sand-table conferences, night "ops," etc., spread throughout the evenings of the week, which means that plenty of dates are made, but not many kept.

We have a short (?) march of 34 miles on Wednesday to the ranges. We are spending three days there whilst firing our course, and then they are going to decide whether we are fit for marching back ! I am wondering whether we shall ever get there, let alone get back !

I was pleased to see in the papers that we have started using parachute troops. I am very interested in this, and volunteered as a paratroop many months ago. After they had given us permission, they decided that N.C.O.'s could not go, so I was unlucky.

We went mortar firing recently, and it was lucky that all of us got back safely. We had two bombs that failed to explode and which had to be found and destroyed. Then two bombs landed about 100 yards away, and the whole Company dropped to the ground as one man ! After that, we decided it was safest to pack up and go home.

### A View of the other Abbey, we all know so well.



Drawn by Bernard Patch,  
aged 16, of the London Company



## Our Women's Section

We have, in fact, now sent out a great number of cigarettes, magazines, and razor blades, and, judging by the letters we have received, these are greatly appreciated, which pleases us no end.

Now a request from us. When writing in, will you please indicate whether you need small, medium or large articles, as it would be a pity to send ill-fitting things when, no doubt, we have the correct size in stock.

Gloves have been a bit difficult to supply, but this is being rectified, and we have to-day heard that Newcastle are busily knitting handwear.

Leeds supplied us with a pair of gum-boot stockings which we sent out as soon as we received them. We now beg for more gum-boot stockings. They can be made a bit shorter than sea-boot stockings. A member of H.O. staff, and a friend of Mr. Charlton's wife, have each presented us with a pair of sea-boot stockings. We also have a navy blue pair in stock.

Dublin has just sent in a large parcel of woollies.

Records show that men from all Companies—with the exception of Glasgow, who deal with their own men direct, and Electro-Rentals—have received gifts from our Fund. If the Glasgow knitters are unable to cope with all the demands made upon their store of woollies, we shall be very pleased to help them out. Our aim is to see that all serving men from all Companies participate. We are hoping to hear from the two Electro-Rentals men—Signalman Greenacre and Lieut. Miller.

We were very pleased to receive £7 10s. from Birmingham, and 10/- from Manchester, the latter being towards the Cigarette Fund. London Company still send us the proceeds from the sale of

At the end of December, we were down to our very last pair of socks, and stocks of other woolly garments were also very low indeed. However, Sheffield, Leeds, Birmingham, London, and folks at The Abbey, rallied round, and stuck to their needles with determination, with the result that towards the end of January our store cupboard was once more chock full of everything the boys could want—except gum-boot stockings, but more of this later! The Abbey knitters were very glad of practical help from Mrs. Cleverdon, Miss Miller's mother, Miss Abbott's mother, and Mrs. Kilroy's mother.

Requests have been coming in steadily, and every day parcels have been sent out containing the requested woollies and usually a few more. Everyone writing in now will also receive 50 cigarettes from the Cigarette Fund, which is associated with the Knitting Fund. If any of you boys don't smoke, chocolates or other sweets can be sent instead, much as this makes our mouths water when we are tying up the parcels! There are also plenty of novels for the asking, so hurry up and stake your claim.

## THE TIE LINE

their waste paper for the Cigarette Fund, and to-day we have received £10 from them for the Knitting Fund which will be most useful.

Some of the men, when acknowledging Comforts and cigarettes, write "Dear Sir." May we here and now state that it takes more than a man to look after a Comforts Fund!

We have news from the knitters of Manchester and Cardiff, and a poem from a H.O. knitter (?), which we are happy to reproduce below. Miss Gillespie's poem, I may say, is not far from the truth. I can tell you that she HAS been knitting a pair of socks for our Comforts Fund for many months—it is a good job she helps in other ways, and that there are folks who can knit a bit quicker!

### GIFTS FOR OUR PRISONERS OF WAR

As you all know, Gunner P. J. Hosier, London Company, and Bombardier E. G. Clarke, Bristol Company, are prisoners-of-war in Germany. We have sent £2 to Hosier's mother, and £2 to Clarke's wife, and have asked them to purchase some articles on our behalf and to include them in their next parcels. We do this, as, apparently, only one parcel can be sent every three months. We are also making the same arrangements for our other prisoners-of-war—Major B. Davies and Rifleman G. A. Blackburn, of London Company.

### J. E. G. GIVES US A JOB

It's so comforting to know that our efforts are appreciated, and, as testimony of this appreciation, we publish a letter we have received from a certain distinguished Major in the Black Watch.

"Being a rather hard-faced individual, it is going to be rather difficult for me to say what I want to say without appearing gushing. I was completely taken back with your gift (a) because it was so completely unexpected, (b) because you

seem to so accurately assess my literary talents—never got beyond "Razzle" previously, and (c) because you so open the future for me as regards my wants.

"I am deeply grateful to the members of the Comforts Fund, and would ask you to convey my thanks to them. As Players are scarce these days, that particular brand was more than acceptable.

"Now about the woollies. Yes, I will accept from you—again with humble gratitude—one sleeveless pullover, khaki, a tight-fitting 42-44" chest, cable stitching preferred.

"Now, having given you what I want, even to the extent of stating the type of stitching, is anyone present able to knit me one pair of Highland stockings—thin at the ankles?"

Well, girls, what about it? Any offers?

## HERE IS THE NEWS FROM OUR KNITTERS

### I.—MANCHESTER

We couldn't resist the appeal—and challenge—to the other Companies to urge their office staffs to write a letter for the Women's Section, although we rather wondered whether the men would like to know how we were carrying on.

We don't quite know whether our T.R. (Lancs.) men do feel the need for our locally knitted woollies—at any rate, they haven't sent us in any special requests, so that we have reluctantly come to the conclusion that (a) they have already seen a demonstration, or (b) wherever they are stationed, it doesn't appear to be cold, or (c) they're tough, anyway.

We are all willing to make the theme song of this office, "I'm knitting a singlet for Cecil," and to do our bit—although we do wish that the men would take up the popular turban fashion so that scarves would serve instead of balaclavas! We are, however, evolving

some very chic patterns, all done by kindness and dropped stitches—mainly because our knitting is done by night in the shelters !

## 2.—CARDIFF

We would like to add our bouquet to those we are sure the Editor will have received in appreciation of the bright appearance and handy size of the last "Tie Line." We hope the cover will retain its vivid colour—we like it.

The Christmas parcels we sent all reached their destinations, although Barry's was returned to us by the Postal authorities at the end of January in a very travel-weary state. Judging by the varied postmarks, it must have been everywhere, including the right place. We understand from Barry that confusion was caused owing to his being sent to another area whilst the parcel was in transit, but he was very glad that it was in perfect condition when he at last received it.

We eventually completed Corporal Pritchard's pullover and sent it to him. We are hoping to hear it is a good fit, although, if he has suddenly become outsize because of Army rations, we have very grave doubts about it.



We are very glad to see from the Balance Sheet the splendid result of the Wool Fund last year. The farthing intrigues us. Did someone have to pay it in respect of damages ! As we seem to have such a good stock of woollen goods, may we suggest that—providing the men throughout all our Companies have received sufficient for their needs—we send some of the articles to the Red Cross and Order of St. John, whose wonderful work we cannot praise too highly. We make this suggestion because we are nearing the end of the cold months, and we think it would be better for the men in the Forces to have the benefit of the articles now rather than we should keep them in the office.

## THOUGHTS ON KNITTING.

Say, knitting is a lousy job

Wot don't 'arf make me wild.

It makes me curse and swear like h—

In language wot ain't mild.

I never could abide the stuff,

But, when the war began,

I thought I'd better do my bit

And knit socks for a man.

Cor, sufferin' daylight ! Strike me pink !

Them socks ain't finished yet.

Cor, knit one, slip one, slop one, too !

It don't 'arf make yer sweat !

The ribbin' and the leg's all right.

But, when the heel begins,

I gets in such a perishin' mess

A-turnin' round them pins.

I got a lot of nasty friends

Wot ain't much help to me.

They say the moths will get my socks

Before the owner to be.

It makes my boil bleed, yes it does.

They think they're mighty clever

'Cos they can knit a score of socks,

While I knit one forever !

JOAN E. GILLESPIE,  
Head Office.

# TELETOPICS

## THE ANNUAL COMPETITION

The following are the final positions, ending 31st December, 1940.

	% Over Quota
Sheffield	93.3
Bristol	83.8
Newcastle	82.6
Manchester	74.4
Belfast	62.5
Glasgow	55.7
Leeds	55.2
Cardiff	51.3
Birmingham	37.9
London Chronomatic	18.9
London Telematic	17.0
Dublin	1.3

## FIRST ELEVEN

Congratulations to the Representatives who have gained their places in the First Eleven for this last half-year's work.

## LEADING SALESMEN at 31st December, 1940

J. W. Marshall	Broadcasting	London
R. Taylor	"	Birmingham
F. J. Chalcraft	"	Manchester
W. Walton	"	Leeds
H. G. Hathaway	"	Manchester
A. Ambrose	Telematic	London
H. Severn	Broadcasting	Newcastle
C. J. Mackenzie	"	Glasgow
F. T. White	Telematic	Leeds
G. Bastable	"	Glasgow
W. T. Muir	"	Glasgow
12th Man		
P. J. Jones	Telematic	London

## NEW REPRESENTATIVES

Broadcasting	
G. H. Jackson	Leeds
S. W. Solomon	London
D. H. Whale	"

## COMPANY TIES

Company Ties were presented in January to the following Salesmen who have earned a Bonus in the two previous consecutive six months Bonus periods, January/June and July/December, 1940.

P. J. Jones	London
A. Ambrose	"
F. T. White	Leeds
H. Severn	Newcastle
H. J. Spencer	"
W. T. Muir	Glasgow
R. Taylor	Birmingham

Ties were also presented to :

B. A. Tame	Manager Electro-Rentals Ltd.
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Contact Representatives :

V. N. Guest	Birmingham
G. L. Rhoades	London
H. Graham	"
A. Armstrong	"

## QUARTERLY COMPETITION

The winner and runners-up of the above Competition for the quarter October-December, 1940, were as follows:—

	% Over Quota
Bristol	157.5
Manchester	129.0
Cardiff	106.7
Glasgow	106.4

Congratulations to Bristol on winning the Quarterly Cup.

## MEN WHO HAVE JOINED THE FORCES SINCE THE LAST ISSUE OF "THE TIE LINE"

### GLASGOW

Robert Deary, Royal Corps of Signals.  
John M. White, R.A.F.

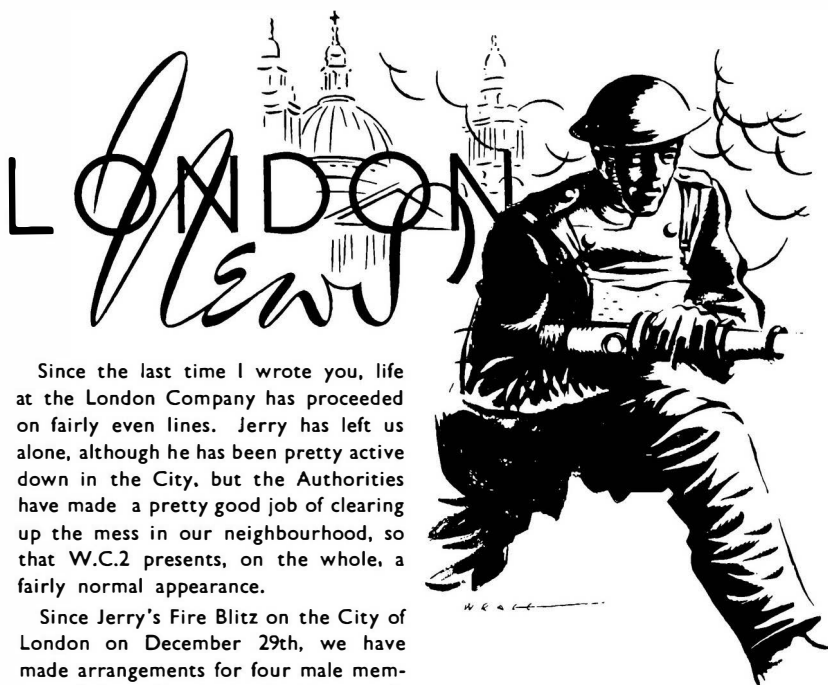
### LEEDS. W. H. Walton, R. Artillery

### LONDON

R. A. Wood, Royal Corps of Signals.  
H. L. Youens, R.A.F.

### BIRMINGHAM

T. E. Doolittle, Royal Artillery.



Since the last time I wrote you, life at the London Company has proceeded on fairly even lines. Jerry has left us alone, although he has been pretty active down in the City, but the Authorities have made a pretty good job of clearing up the mess in our neighbourhood, so that W.C.2 presents, on the whole, a fairly normal appearance.

Since Jerry's Fire Blitz on the City of London on December 29th, we have made arrangements for four male members of the staff to be in all-night attendance in the building. Every department of Britannia House is well represented in this rather eerie job, which entails among other things, going round the building every two hours with a watchman's clock.

So far we have had nothing to deal with, but Jerry now seems to be getting a little more active at night, and it may well be that I shall have something more exciting to tell you under this heading in the next issue.

The engineers, and others who knew him well, will be sorry to hear of the death of W. Griffiths, one of our best maintenance men, and a fellow whom we had all grown to value very much as a colleague.

We have instituted on the Engineering side the rather interesting experiment of training a group of girls in elementary electrical maintenance, mainly for inspection and battery testing on Subscribers' premises.

We are starting a course of training for these people towards the end of February and, from what we have seen from the girls who have applied, we have every reason to suppose that this will turn out to be a quite practicable and successful venture. By the time I write to you again, I hope to be able to tell you how it is progressing.

**SIGM. H. SPEYER, R.C.S.** (See photo).

On his first Sunday in the Army, he came across Verran. He is "happy in his work" but would rather be back at T.R. Says he is looking forward to the day when he rejoins.

## THE TIE LINE

### **L/CPL. A. R. WHITE, R.C.S.**

We were expecting him to be well on the high seas at Christmas—but, no. After being on no fewer than three drafts, he was sent back to his old address and was then given 48 hours' unexpected and most welcome leave. However, we have an idea that by now he really has crossed an ocean or two.

### **SGT. W. BROWN, E. Surrey Regt.** (See photo).

Recruit training keeps him busy and he has little time for letter writing.

At present he is studying hard to sit for an exam. at the beginning of March. If he passes, he will become a technical instructor of wireless and fire control. We wish you the best of luck, Sergeant Brown, and hope you will come through that exam. with flying colours !

### **TROOPER D. G. MARSHALL,** **R.T.R.** (See photo).

Has been stationed at half a dozen different places over the country and, in every place, the main object of his Brigade seems to be playing at fighting.

Writes :—I suppose this is all very necessary, but when, oh when, are we going to get cracking to finish this (!?!?) war ? Maybe we will this year ? In the meantime, I take off my hat to England's front-line fighters—the London Firemen.

### **SIGM. S. A. TAYLOR, R.C.S.**

In his last letter he promised to let us have an article for the magazine on "his unique experiences." As yet he has not had enough time to get his ideas sorted out, but we are hoping for something from him for the next issue.

### **GUNNER R. S. BERRY, O.F.C., R.A.**

Since the last issue, he has been on the move again and has now landed in a Prison Governor's house (gas fires in

every room !) He is a rolling stone, and seems bent on gathering no moss, so he expects to leave this haven of rest in the near future. Just to bear out our point about the rolling stone, readers might be interested to know that Berry recently received a parcel, posted last July, which had twenty-two re-direction addresses on it !

### **L/BDR. L. MEREDITH, R.A.**

Having been promoted to Lance Bombardier, on which we congratulate him, he is now on a four weeks' N.C.O.'s course, which, he says, is about all he can digest.

They have a nasty habit of making him do physical training in shorts and singlet while the snow is coming down !

### **SIGM. S. STEVENS, R.C.S.**

The place where he is stationed sounds pretty awful. It consists of half-a-dozen cottages and a refreshment house called "The Oak." He leaves it to us to guess what sort of refreshments are served there with a name like that !

Twice a week he goes by truck to a certain town on the coast for a little diversion. He is kept very busy on schemes and exercises, but he managed to get a wireless set, so he does have a little amusement. He sends all good wishes to all T.R. lads now serving in the Forces.

### **CPL. L. WESTALL, R.C.S.**

So far, he tells us, he has selfishly refrained from sending us the story of his life in the Army, but now—here goes !

After the usual tedious months of training, I was put in charge of a mobile wireless unit and given two tapes. With this truck and my six men, I must have travelled in every part of Britain. We never stay long in one place.

The inside of the lorry is furnished like the cabin of a yacht and is our only

home. I have to do a great deal of night driving in a cold open cab. This brings me to the point that a scarf, knitted by one of the fair T.R. members, would be very much appreciated ! (This is being sent right away, Cpl. Westall.—Ed.)

I can really say that I enjoy Army life. I am practically my own boss and the men under me are chaps who joined the Terriers with me.

I have made several visits to Britannia

House, and each time I was asked where my third stripe was. This, I think, will be coming very shortly.

A lot of old friends may be surprised to learn that I am now a married man and the proud father of a baby boy ! May I thank the " old firm " for bringing this about ? She was the switchboard operator of one of our old subscribers.

My regards to Taffy and Vivien, and best wishes to all.

## FURTHER NEWS of TWO of OUR PRISONERS OF WAR

### RFMN. G. A. BLACKBURN

(See photo).

His father, Mr. J. E. Blackburn, writes :

" We have been receiving letters from him once a month, the last being in answer to our first. He informed us that, on the 23rd November, he received our first parcel, posted the first week in August. The second parcel we sent on the 30th October. This included articles of clothing which we purchased with the £2 so kindly sent us by your Comforts Fund. We will write you on hearing that he has received this parcel.

In previous letters he informed us that he is working on a farm which, he says, is better than being in a fort, and that the time is passing pretty quickly.

He tells us not to worry about him and also wishes to be remembered to all at Telephone Rentals.

In a letter dated the 20th August, he stated he had had two articles out of Red Cross parcels—namely, a tin of sausages and a tin of Marmite cubes, and they were a real treat."

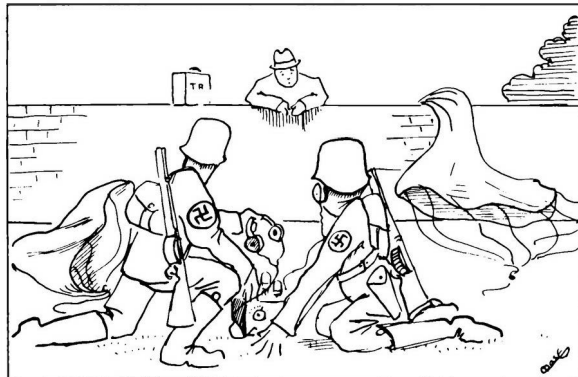
### GUNNER T. HOSIER, R.A.

From a recent letter from his mother, we were very sorry to learn that Gunner Hosier, has been in hospital with a broken upper jaw. He did not say how he came by this injury and we sincerely hope that he will soon recover. We are arranging to send him woollies, tobacco and novels.

### No. 5

#### CHASE CARTOON

What it may come  
to if the War lasts  
long enough !



May I interest you in Our Broadcasting Service ?



Here's some interesting news from  
**SIGM. W. G. BURNEY-JONES, R.C.S.**  
especially about

## WHACKING THE WOPS

My first experience of Army ways was quite typical—I enrolled as a Morse-tapper, but was arbitrarily, and without my knowledge or consent, remustered as a teleprinter operator, and was then given the job of erecting telegraph poles.

This hardly makes sense, does it? However, to show how quickly I was getting the idea, I endeavoured to change again.

I had discovered that certain soldiers were actually being paid and provided with a motor-bike and unlimited free petrol, to career around the countryside. So I made a determined but unsuccessful attempt to get in on the good thing. However, I was turned down, and later on in the winter, when I had had a chance to see how despatch riders actually earned their money, I decided I was well out of it.

I was attached to the R.A.F. for some months and found the work there extraordinarily interesting. I used to read the individual bomber reports before they were boiled down to the bald but comprehensive Air Ministry communique. From what I read then, and from what else I learned, I feel very confident that this year will see this war over. This is an individual opinion, of course, but one shared by all the R.A.F. personnel with whom I came into contact.

I recall one incident especially, which made quite an impression on me. It was at the time of the big September raids. I was at H.Q. and, as a special favour, was allowed for a moment to stick my head in the door of the Control Room.

The loudspeaker was going, picking up the fighter pilots talking to each other just as they were going in to attack. We were 100 feet below ground, surrounded by reinforced concrete and enormous girders in absolute safety, and they were miles in the air with only a millimetre or so of aluminium between them and eternity.

I just heard a few words—not the words I expected and, I suspect, not official.

Combat Orders. They were—"Scotty, I'll take this — with the blue pelican, and you take that big grey — over there on your side." "Okay." "Here we go."

Just then the door closed, but I had something to remember. I was actually listening to the "few to whom we owe so much" going in for the kill.

I wonder if I would be running foul of the censor if I gave a brief impression of what happened when the Wops came over to bomb the shipping here!

It was a brilliant sunny day. The alarm had gone and soon enough there came the drone of the planes. Here they come—seventeen of them, very high and seemingly not so fast as usual. Nothing happens. They circle round and come lower. Nothing happens. Around again and lower still, and now we can see they are Italians, painted a drab olive-green. We can almost imagine the puzzlement in the cockpits. Lower still, and then cautiously down to 5,000.

Nothing happens—no guns, no fighters. What conversations must be going on up

there? "Why this is as easy as Abyssinia." "What's the matter with those Jerries? They said it was tough over England." "Talk about taking candy from a baby"—and so forth.

Having worked up their confidence, the leading Wop slants into a dive, and simultaneously every gun in range bangs, thumps, crashes and crackles.

The Italians' confusion is ludicrous. All formation forgotten, they swirl around like a flock of startled sparrows. Then, as suddenly as they had opened

up, every gun ceases fire and a flight of six Hurricanes screams down from the ceiling and Wops are falling right and left. Fifteen came down in less than two minutes—each one crashing into the water. There was not a single survivor—just fifteen wisps of wreckage and thin films of oil.

We are sorry that two got away, but perhaps they spread the good word the other end. Anyway, they've never been back, and I imagine they never will!

## News from the COOPER BROTHERS—both Captains in the R.A.S.C.

### ERIC WRITES :—

Perhaps you would like to know what happened to units of the B.E.F. after they had landed in England.

We were sent to various reception stations all over the country, and finally, those who were left were gathered together in one camp. My particular unit was given a job of guarding aerodromes, and I found myself with one officer and some men attached to a very famous regiment somewhere in England.

I was given some of the defences of the aerodrome to man, and I am afraid that I didn't know very much about the matter. Members of the regiment to which I was attached, were very helpful, however, as they told me that, in the event of anything happening, they would leave the aerodrome at once and would then counter-attack it and recapture it from the Germans. It did not seem to me that they were placing any great reliance on my powers of resistance!

However, they taught me something about defence by carrying out various exercises and attacking my posts. My

experience in these little efforts were all the same—the post was always taken. But, rather like the subaltern in a certain famous little book called "The Defence of Duffer's Drift," I learnt by experience and eventually, when the Brigade Commander came down to review an attack one day, I managed to hold the post.

This lasted for about two months, and then we were told that there was equipment for us and we would function as an R.A.S.C. unit again. I think you will agree that this was pretty quick work, and we proceeded to somewhere else in England and started to train again, trying to remember the lessons we had learnt in France.

After about a month of this, I was lucky enough to be selected to go on a course with the job of learning how to perform staff duties. I found myself attached for a month to a Brigade Head-quarters, where I acted as general factotum to the Staff Captain, and found that, although I thought I knew a lot, actually I knew very little.

After a month at the Brigade Headquarters, I was sent for a further month to a Corps Headquarters, which I found completely mystifying and very difficult. I don't think I have ever seen so many Generals and staff officers all at once.



Towards the end of the completion of my month at Corps H.Q., I was surprised to be handed a telegram one day posting me to equatorial Africa. This I did not think at all in the best of taste, so I protested rather violently. The powers-that-be did their stuff, and instead of going to Africa, I found myself posted as Staff Captain to the Brigade H.Q., where I had originally spent the first month of my staff duties course.

I have now been Staff Captain for about a month, and very hard work it is, too. We start at 9 o'clock in the morning and go on until approximately 1 p.m. Back soon after 2 p.m., and we stay there until 7 o'clock, as we have tea in the office. Perhaps twice a week it is necessary to work after dinner for a couple of hours or so. This goes on for seven days a week if we are unlucky—and, generally speaking, we are unlucky.

I did manage, however, the other day to slip down to town for a few hours, where I met my brother, and we both went along to the London office, which was a great pleasure.

Ashley seems to have a very beastly job, indeed, stationed in London clearing up the debris and removing the bodies. I don't envy him a bit.

I was sorry to hear that there is still no news of Richard Raikes, but I have a feeling that he will turn up in the not so distant future.

#### ASHLEY WRITES:—

I have been in London since the beginning of last October, and am in charge of a section station at B——, one of my old areas.

We provide the lorries for clearing up the results of the blitz, and have worked every day, with only one exception—Christmas Day. The Pioneers are responsible for loading the lorries and our men take them to barges and pieces of waste ground for unloading. Of course, all scrap iron and metals are taken separately to various places for further use.

I heard from a friend of mine the other day that he had had to billet an Army officer in his home at Crowborough. The officer was a Major, and belonged to the Black Watch. He drank enormous quantities of beer at the Golf Club and often disappeared in the night on strange manoeuvres.

Apparently his wife came to stay for one week-end, and the Major wished to accompany her to the station when she departed. He therefore ordered a large taxi and was seen driving down to the station in his own large Staff car plus Batman, with the taxi following behind containing his wife ! Very conscientious ! I hope he doesn't see this, else I shall be court martialled for insubordination !



## TO THE LADS IN THE FORCES

I hope you have all received "The Tie Line" in its new form, and I am sure you were interested to read of the experiences of some of your colleagues.

When I last wrote to you, I told you that the Luftwaffe were avoiding Manchester, but I spoke too soon, for they promptly came over and knocked a few of our well-known beauty spots about. But the main beauty spot here—our own Telematic House—they missed entirely.

Despite everything, we did manage to have a lunch for the staff at the Grand Hotel to take the place of our Annual Dinner. We were very sorry indeed that none of you who are in the Forces could be present, but I think the Committee of the Social Club are going to write to you and send you some cigarettes—if we can get them! It will interest you to know that we are putting up with some weird and wonderful brands.

So far as news from this end is concerned, everything is really going on in a normal manner. We are taking

contracts for Telematic and Broadcasting installations, and fitting them in as quickly as we know how.

We did have a visit from Fawcett and Hampson, both looking extremely fit and well. C. Betts also dropped in on us when he was last in port, and returned to the Navy the possessor of a pair of socks which we had in stock. We also heard from Astley, who is in the R.A.F., and has met R. Goulden at his present station.

Then Newstone dropped in to see us one week-end, and bore off a scarf and socks, and you can read elsewhere of Nathan's progress.

I do think you should try and make an effort to write to us more often or direct to the Editor, giving us your news.

**L/CPL. G. S. MILLWARD, C.M.P.**

We understand that he is hoping soon to be transferred to the (Brylcreem Boys) R.A.F., and we hope to hear more about this.

## THE TIE LINE

**CPL. M. A. NATHAN, R.E.** (See photo).

His section recently received new lorries, shipped from U.S.A. Very good stuff—Fords !

He has been suffering from a slight fracture in his left hand, caused by falling over a quarry with a motor cycle—only a 20-ft. drop ! The funny part was that he was teaching about fifteen men how to drive and ride across country ! We hope they didn't follow his example. Part of his training was telling them to reconnoitre strange ground first before attempting to travel across it, so the first thing he did was to try and climb a one-in-three slope that finished up in the quarry !

And here is a word or two from Mrs. Isobel Nathan, the Corporal's wife.



I am now staying in Somerset in order to share my husband's escapades, which are many and sundry. As soon as I hear the terrific roar of a motor bike doing about 90 miles an hour, I know he is on his way to visit me. At present he has a fist like a ham, as he came off his bike,

and, after doing several somersaults, luckily only sustained a fractured hand. However, as he has now succeeded in (s)training his voice to the power of a sergeant-major, he generally manages to make himself understood.

I have started with the W.V.D., and help to feed 96 little evacuees. When they rush in pell-mell at mid-day, like starving rabbits, it's just like bedlam. And their very candid remarks about the food—and the helpers—are not always flattering.

One little blessing shouts, "What, blooming ole stoo again !" Another whispers in my ear, "Go on, madam, give us a bit more before old Fustiface catches you." It's grand to see them enjoy it all, and they get splendid food. I am sure it would be a source of comfort to their parents to see how healthy they all are.

My best wishes to all our friends in the Manchester Company, and trusting we shall all meet soon to celebrate a grand reunion.

**SAPPER J. ROBINSON, R.E.** (See photo)

When I received my copy of "The Tie Line" in its new form, I was surprised to see that it had developed into a smart magazine, and I give credit to those publishing it.

I sincerely hope that "The Tie Line" will never die now it has been born—that it will carry on after the war in a semi-technical form and do the same corporate work between us all.

As I am stationed close to my home, I have often been able to call in at Aytoun Street when on leave. Unfortunately, I have never been able to catch any of the boys in, but I hope to soon !

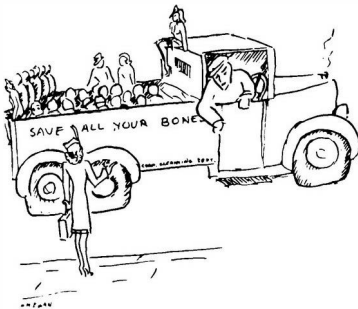
**GUNNER C. DAWSON, R.A.**

Is hard at work on a three-months' radio course, and his billets are comfortable.

# YES, WE'VE BEEN BLITZED!

Now that Manchester has joined the ranks of the blitzed, we expect you are all wondering how and where we are, but we are lucky in that we are still at Telematic House—our only damage being two windows. We do feel sometimes, however, that we are working in the wide open spaces when we go out and look around.

The day after the blitz saw us in as usual, but we had some difficulty in finding food for lunch—quite evidently our usual cafes did not keep up the "servicing and maintenance" of their customers. We had to walk—that goes without saying—and many and wonderful were the means we adopted for getting to town. We are all expert hitch-hikers with a distinct bias to lorries as a means of transport. We thought you might like a sketch of this sort of thing, and so we asked our office artist to sketch it for "The Tie Line." There is nothing like a blitz for getting that matey feeling.



How do I get on ?  
Or do I get off ?

Even the blitz didn't stop our Annual Dinner—business and pleasure as usual. This year we made it a lunch at the Grand Hotel next door. We had a very pleasant surprise—after lunch we had a very good cabaret show by the "Telematic Sisters." The name hides three of our girls very well known to most of the staff. Judging by the reception, we think a return engagement is certainly indicated, and we very much hope that all our serving members will soon be back with us to judge for themselves.

We know that our photographs have been requested, but we are inclined to think we should send them in instalments—we are fifteen in number at the moment, and, as some of you know, we are all working in the same General Office.

We have long grown accustomed to this, but it is still amusing to see how surprised our visitors look when they drop in on leave. We would urge those with memories of office tea still strong in their minds, to drop in and see our proud array of varied cups and saucers on view each day.

MISS V. BORTHWICK.

*A/C W. W. KIRK (Glasgow)*  
*even though*  
*under five feet in height,*  
*is*

## MIGHTY TOUGH

Did I ever tell you of the experience a Naafi lad had when I dashed into the canteen and asked for a pint. He told me the beer was sold out. So I was chief mourner at that lad's funeral, and the Naafi had to build a new canteen !

# SMILING THROUGH - By LEE

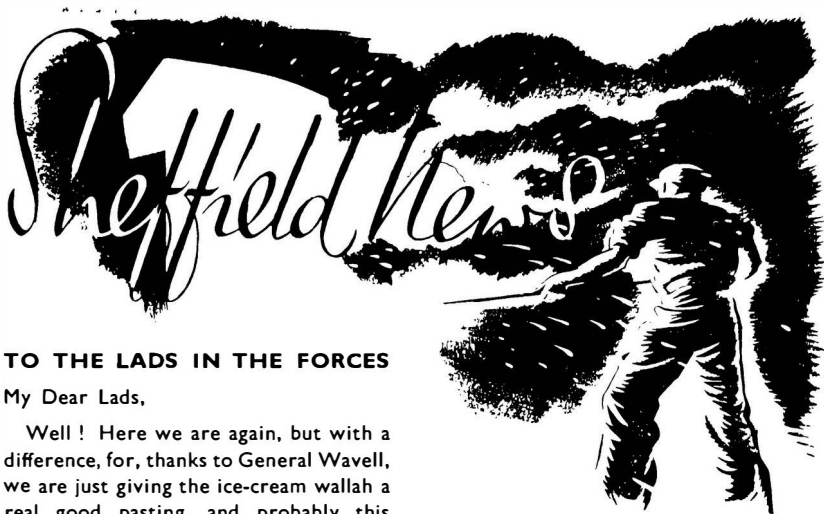
## GOOD OLD DAYS



“It’s a machine called a telephone. There was a time when you could lift it up like this and listen and speak to people at considerable distances.”

Here is another cartoon from the London “Evening News,” and it is with the Proprietors’ kind permission that we are allowed to reprint it.

If we had known LEE’S mind, we could have supplied him with one of our Blitzed instruments !



## TO THE LADS IN THE FORCES

My Dear Lads,

Well ! Here we are again, but with a difference, for, thanks to General Wavell, we are just giving the ice-cream wallah a real good pasting, and probably this makes our wee worm of an Adolf cogitate more than a little !

I'm no prophet, but the position looks healthier to me now than it did, say, three months ago. In fact, I am now no longer a " long-term " man, but one of those optimists who looks for the collapse of Nazism with all its attendant evils, before many months are out.

Let us hope I'm right, for I want to see you back, doing your normal jobs, and helping to keep the flag flying at Sheffield.

It was good to see Miers again. He called in at the Office, complete with wife and kiddie, and certainly looked fit.

Major Gunter has also not forgotten us, and the place fairly rocked as he blew in. We do congratulate him on his mention in despatches. He seems to have done a real good spot of work during the evacuation from France.

All at Mappin Buildings are very fit and doing everything possible to make a success of things till you boys come home and make it a little easier and happier for us. We've got the Cup, and shall do our best to win it again this year.

Sid Taylor, Dennis Roberts, Albert Stork, Len Williams, George Fretwell—

please let us hear from you when you have five minutes to spare. We do not forget you, but want more news from you, so don't let us down.

All the lads want to be remembered to you, and this also goes for the Office.

I should like to say in closing, that the place is not quite the same without you, and I shall be a happy man when this scrap is over and we all get down to working together again.

So here's hoping, and all the best of luck,

*O.B. Oakley*

## A LETTER TO THE BOYS FROM THE CHIEF ENGINEER.

How are you—George, Dennis, Sid, Len, and Albert ?

Well, it's time I did drop you a line, as to that there's no doubt, and, although I don't wish to make excuses, we are now always " up to the neck in it."

Now, lads, apart from new faces—more of the fair sex—the office is pretty



## THE TIE LINE

much the same. I know you want to know what is happening, who is still with us, and who is likely to be with you shortly—so here's the information up to date :—

J. A. Milton is still hard at it now on Broadcasting, but helping with lots of other jobs. If he's got to go in the Forces, it's the Air Force. He's still a very steady and careful lad—no family yet.

H. Butler got the fault averages down very nicely in 1940. I don't know whether he will like to continue the good work or have a shot at getting the Nazis down.

C. L. White doesn't get much fatter, but is strong enough to keep the T.50 Subs. quiet—may have to join up (we hope not)—wants to be a sailor. I think this is because it seems to be a sailor's privilege to get drunk when he comes on leave.

A. Owen is still the same Arthur—life and soul of the party (if any)—still makes a fortune following the dogs, where to, one day we'll find out—so will he.

S. Brooke, very, very busy showing the new men how to hit wall nails, eye spikes, etc., instead of their thumbs, which some of them seem to make a habit of.

S. Armitage, still going strong, doesn't look a day older, but says he feels 99—assists A.R.P. when they are busy.

A. Reed misses his Saturday afternoon's football, but, apart from that, rarely grumbles—although we can hear him occasionally calling Adolf anything but Hitler !

Well, as to the others—E. Glew (still as unperturbed as ever), and R. Banks (who is just beginning to know us) are due to register on the 22nd February.

Norman, another doubtful for the Army—no, he's not married yet, although I think he's getting a little warmer (if it's possible).

Dick Thompson, Storekeeper—you don't all know him, but, if you get anything out of the stores without signing for it, when you come back, you will certainly have learned something in the Army.

Sam Fox, Dennis Worsley, Ted Weston (now showing his paces outside) are all "coming lads" now, and all frequent Stewards for their pint of sarsaparilla.

Ken registered some time ago, and has also had his medical—passed A.I.—so, unfortunately, he will not be with us much longer, worse luck.

S. Glover, now 18, cannot wait to be called up, and has volunteered for the R.A.F.—no words or deeds could persuade him otherwise.

Of Nottingham, Les, Bob, Harold, John, Dick, together with Holland, and one or two new lads, including Harold's son, are keeping things going very nicely. No, Les has not got a family—yet—it's possible he may be called up, so you can ask any questions you like, then.

As I have mentioned, we have a lot of new faces, but they do include some real good lads who are rapidly becoming real Telephone Rentals men ; the sooner the better, because I know you will agree, lads, when I say that the "Old Company" does really deserve the best that's going.

No, I have not forgotten to tell you about the "fair sex." Well, Mary and Irene are now nearly fixtures. Dora is getting that way, while two new girls—Kathleen and Mildred—are quite nice from your point of view. As to efficiency, we haven't had time to judge. In any case, lads, don't worry about competition—no one has time to worry about girls nowadays, so they will still be "in the market" when you get back.

Of course, please don't think that the office side of the business has closed down. No, it's very much open (all the windows are out) and Miss Fretwell,

Doris, Edna, and Peggy are still there, being blown from pillar to post, or desk to desk.

Mr. Oakley, as you know from his letters, is still at the head of affairs, and is still the same as ever.

Well, that's that. . . . Oh ! I nearly forgot. We've had a Blitz. Yes, a real blitz, and we nearly had another shortly afterwards, because the entire staff had to work altogether, sat on each other's knees, using each other's pens, and many other things that shouldn't be done, for nearly four weeks, without a row. Don't ask me why, because I just don't know.

Well, some of us were "bombed," "blasted" or "unexploded bombed" out of our homes, but I am pleased to be able to tell you that we are all intact, including the Office and Stores, which most certainly had a charmed life. This you will see for yourselves when you call at Mappin Buildings.

Dick Thompson was the only casualty. He seemed, according to very praise-worthy reports, to have saved his own home, and several others, by putting incendiaries out as they fell. Unfortunately, the blast from an H.E. put him out for a bit, but not seriously.

Les White also did some similarly good work, while G. Smith couldn't find sufficient dustbins to accommodate the incendiaries, his method being to put one dustbin over each bomb. Everyone, without exception, behaved marvelously, and did whatever they could.

Some of our landmarks have gone, but things are straightening themselves out now, and, although several of our jobs were damaged, considering the intensity of the raid, well, we didn't do so badly.



## AFTER THE BLITZ WAS OVER

To say "necessity is the mother of invention" is to put it mildly after the unwelcome visit of the henchmen of a certain person, who, through his "popularity" (?) prefers to remain anonymous. Breathing space is of no account after such an event.

As each step brought one nearer the Office the morning after the night before, one wondered if our "home from home" would still be standing—we needn't have worried. Like Telematic Telephones, it can stand up to anything.

Upon investigation, it was found to be somewhat battered, real S—muck everywhere, and the delightful aroma of burning wood and other things (mostly other things!) wafted on the gentle breeze through the glassless windows, and a marvellous fire next door was doing its best to lick the spots off our building. In view of this, and the fact that we were more or less suspended in mid-air, the middle part of the building being—well—just not there, and, as time bombs had decided to liven things up all round us, we decided to move elsewhere while the going was good.

We migrated to the Stores Department *when* we had moved all the things we needed down below. I should have mentioned that the Stores Department is "down below." And, by the time we had staggered up and down hundreds of stairs—at least that's what it felt like after about the dozenth journey—we looked rather like things you see in a fog.

Now, the great problem was to house us and our belongings. When I tell you the Stores is pretty well full to overflowing with its own males and females, you can imagine it was a bit awkward, but they were all very kind to us and we managed to squeeze in. Our Manager was the most unlucky—by the time he'd seen everybody else fixed up, there was

## THE TIE LINE

no room for him. So he shared a bench with our Storekeeper, directly opposite the door, and, as he wore his A.R.P. uniform and beret, strangers were in doubt as to whether he was one of the "Free French" or part of Telephone Rentals outfit.

We had no heat, light or water, so, being close together was an asset from the heat point of view. At least, we hope that was the only reason for the close proximity of the two girls who had to sit between two male members of the Engineering Department!

None of us could ever find anything we wanted—we were always in one another's way. We became adepts at balancing a book on one leg and writing in another on the other, standing on our heads on the floor to type, and our noses getting redder and redder with the cold to such an extent that it was suggested we leave the building singly, or the powers-that-be would think we'd forgotten to black out!

We went in for community washing—one bowl of water "doing" all of us all day, and the tea was made from distilled water. As the only eatable available was pork-pie, the men folk eventually found themselves answering by grunts and snorts, and the females ate sandwiches until they felt as cows must feel after chewing the cud.

But, in spite of everything, everybody made the best of things, and there were few, if any, grumbles. The great thing was that we were all alive and could carry on.

There was weeping and wailing on the part of the Engineering Department when our own Offices were made habitable, but I'm glad to say they are all recovering, with the exception of one man (see January "Tie Line"—first on the right sitting down) who got so attached to the girl who sat beside him that he's never been the same man since.

MISS L. FRETWELL

### DRIVER G. A. FRETWELL, R.A.S.C.

Writes :—As you can imagine, anything readable circulates round our hut and "The Tie Line" is getting quite popular. Some of the lads here were with me in France, and remember earlier copies of the magazine. They were all interested in the snaps of "Mr. Oakley and his merry staff," and there were quite a few requests for addresses! This particular page, by the way, now hangs over my bed in a position of honour, i.e. between a snap that brings back memories of Chesterfield and a page from "La Vie Parisienne."



. . . really busy.

For once in a while we are really busy now, and are out most of the time delivering the goods. When we are not on the job, we are maintaining the lorries or doing fatigues—cookhouse, sanitary, coal and coke, or quartermaster's stores, or what have you. Of course, if we're not on any of these, there's always an odd spot of guard for someone to do.

We've a small wireless set in our hut that is doing a marvellous job of work, working 24 hours out of every 24. We're all too lazy to switch it off at night—it means getting out of bed, and anyway, it's grand to get up in the morning to the strains of the Forces' "On Parade" programme.

We're not quite such a smart company now as we were in Chesterfield. As a matter of fact, it's the lorries that get the inspections now, not the men. Still, we keep up the old traditions as much as possible under present conditions.

#### A/C.I L. R. MIERS, R.A.F.

After weeks of training, he has at last arrived at an action station, where he has met a very fine crowd of chaps.

At present he is on "night ops"; four of them on duty every night—two with cameras and two waiting for the work to come back. So far he has had the job of waiting, and, as he finds this rather monotonous, he is trying to scrounge a dartboard to while away the time.

He has to work seven days a week, but he gets six days' leave every six weeks. This isn't too bad, as he is only sixty miles from home, and the road is a good one from the hitch-hiking point of view.

#### SIGM. L. WILLIAMS, R.C.S.

In our last issue we told readers that we were hoping to have his experiences of tackling a haggis. Well—we're still hoping! He was expecting to be posted abroad, but instead he has been sent to a very cold part of Scotland, and he doesn't sound too happy about it. We hope that you are more settled now, Sigm. Williams, and that you have found the Bonnie side of Bonnie Scotland!

#### TEN LITTLE ENGINEERS

Ten little Engineers

Parading in a line.

One forgot to clean his brass

And then there were nine.

Nine little Engineers

Marching at a rate.

That was much too fast for one

And then there were eight.

Eight little Engineers

Posted down to Devon.

One deserted on the way

And then there were seven.

Seven little Engineers

Building things with bricks.

One worked himself to death

And then there were six.

Six little Engineers

Learning how to drive.

One forgot to learn to stop

And then there were five.

Five little Engineers

Sleeping in the straw.

One was eaten by a horse

And then there were four.

Four little Engineers

Out upon the spree.

One had too much to drink

And then there were three.

Three little Engineers

In hospital with 'flu.

One got friendly with a nurse

And then there were two.

Two little Engineers

Playing with a gun.

One forgot what he was taught

And then there was one.

One remaining Engineer

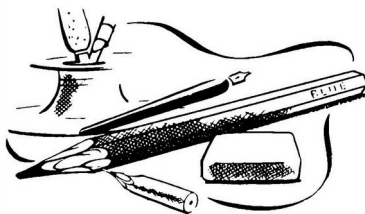
Whoever could it be?

Apple of the Colonel's eye—

None but little me!

Sapper S. W. PHEBEY, R.E., Head Office

## EDITORIAL



From the many letters of appreciation which reached us after we distributed our last issue of "The Tie Line," it is abundantly clear that the changeover is universally approved. We are glad about this because, with the aid of our printer—Blitzes permitting—we shall be able to issue future numbers with greater regularity.

We thank our many contributors to this issue for their timely and interesting articles and sketches. But for these "The Tie Line" would be but a name, rather than the clearing house through which we are able to keep intact all those links which still keep us together as one organisation however far flung many of its members may be over land and sea.

After all, this war period is but an interlude, and we all look forward to the time when the pages of "The Tie Line" will recall the lighter and brighter side of this sordid business in which we are fighting "evil things" for the vital purpose of being free men and women.

You will notice in this issue that we have had a goodly response to our request for lengthy articles of 250 words or more. We still ask for continued support along these lines. Such contributions make interesting reading and give each member of our organisation a good opportunity to record in detail the lighter side

of his activities. A good laugh is an excellent tonic these days, and by sharing our fun with well nigh 1,000 readers, we feel that "The Tie Line" contributes not a little, in its own way, to the winning of this war.

We also have evidence that "The Tie Line" is passed round by our serving members to their colleagues in the Forces who, we are told, enjoy the contents too. So our efforts to be bright and cheerful among ourselves are becoming infectious—another good job of work which is quite satisfying.

There are, of course, still a large number of our colleagues who have not yet sent us any lengthy contributions.

Living and working as you do among four million men and women engaged in one direction or another on war activities, there must come to each of you a wealth of new experiences, from many of which you get quite a bit of fun. It is these that we want you to write to us about. When we print them there will be no danger of our giving away official secrets, unless it be that the enemy finds out that we can still fight with a smile on our lips.

We will make you a promise—for every contribution that you send in of some length, we will ask our artist, Mr. Bernard Wragg, to illustrate its most humorous point in the hope that when you see it in print, you will in turn get another laugh out of it.

Here then is your chance to get some of your war-time experiences put on record both in print and in line—the latter by our well-known artist whose sketches in "The Tie Line" have already come to be regarded as a special feature of the magazine.

*Mrs. T. A. Thompson gives us a peep behind the scenes, with these jolly little rascals*

## ON A CUMBERLAND FARM

In the last issue I learned quite a lot about Life in Hong Kong from the father of my three boys, Erik, Peter James, and David. Here are some of the antics his sons get up to on the farm where we are living in Cumberland.

I know one thing—that cattle, sheep and pig driving aren't what Daddy and I had planned that our boys should do, at least, not at such an early age as they are now. Heaven knows what they may be called to do after all this fuss is over.

Yet, I suppose it has its funny side, if for nothing else than to hear the boys speak in broad Cumbrian dialect, like the farmer we stay with.

Instead of being greeted with "Good morning, Mummy!" it's now "Hoo ista?" meaning "How are you?" Another favourite phrase is "Where's ta gaan?"—"Where are you going?" In fact, it's no exaggeration on my part when I say that most of the time I can't understand what they are saying, they are such experts with this dialect. In each letter I get from Daddy, he asks if the boys speak as nicely as they used to!

They've all made an idol of the farmer, and anything he does is all right with the boys.

The boys' first Big request was for a pair of trousers each, like the farmer's. Now they are all wearing corduroy riding breeches, which they received in their stockings at Christmas time. They each took possession of a pair of



*Michael, Erik, and Peter James*

their shoes, which, no matter how much mud and dirt gets on them, they refuse to have cleaned—like the farmer's, only his are boots. The farmer suggested that clogs were the only solution for a farm. Now they each have a pair of clogs, and, when they're all together, they can be heard for miles on the country roads.

My sister, and her boy, Michael, are staying here with us, and when we first came to the farm, it was her job to take Erik, Peter James and her boy Michael down to watch the cows being milked. I've only been once, and it's put me off milk for the rest of my days.

My sister fancied milking, and milked a white cow called Daisy. One day she managed it successfully, but the cow has never given any milk since!

We hadn't been on the farm long

## THE TIE LINE

before the farmer started giving the boys little jobs to do, and I never thought the day would come when I should watch Erik bring the heifers in all on his own ! He runs along to their field as soon as the farmer says the word, lets them through the gates, drives them over a road and bridge, down to the " Beck " for a drink, and into their " bigres." He started with young calves. He was rather nervous of them at first ; he used to shut them up quickly and run hard after closing the door on them, as much as to say how brave he had been, but now he will tackle anything on the farm.



Peter James and Erik were asked to fetch a big sow in from a field one day. This same sow once attacked my sister from the rear and knocked her down. It's too frisky for my liking, and I prefer to stay indoors when it's out for an airing.

But I did watch Erik and Peter James manage, with what appeared to me, great skill, to get this pig into its home.

In the first place the pig didn't want to go indoors, and galloped to the other side of a big field. Erik went after it and, after lots of tumbles, got it into a corner near the gate where Peter James stood on guard to see that it didn't dash away any more. The pig flew past Peter James, and the draught it caused knocked him down. They were full of excitement at their great achievement.

Instead of collecting cigarette cards, they now have horses' teeth, bits of sheeps' horns, sheeps' wool, or anything the farmer gives them as souvenirs. I may add, they bribe each other with these.

Before I finish, I must tell of the boys' efforts at " milking," after watching the process a few times.

They come into the house and start. One of them has to get down on all fours and be driven under the sideboard, with a stick, usually by Peter James. Peter sits down with a tin hat between his legs—for a bucket—and " milks " his cousin until he thinks the " cow " is dry.

All the time he is doing this, he uses the same language as the farmer, which wasn't too good at first, but he has certainly improved since the boys have been about.

Even David, aged one year and nine months, joins most days in this " milking " fun.

So, although my sister and I find life in the country very boring indeed, we must admit the boys help things along a lot.

---

Hitler to New Recruit :

"How's Tricks ?"

N.R. : "I can't complain."

H. : "I'll say you CAN'T !"



Dear Fellows,

A waft of salt sea air penetrated our Office a few days ago. A young man entered, complete with bell-bottom trousers and a perky cap, with a very ruddy complexion, a strong smell of salt, and every inch a Sailor !



His name is Kenneth Tait, and, from what was not so many moons ago a ruddy-complexioned boy, is now a big, well-filled-out Son of the Sea.

He is engaged on a rather dangerous mission and spends most of his time in a very small vessel which, with no exceptions at all, persists in riding every wave and refuses to break them. Consequently, he has only recently got used to standing on his feet.

When he puts his foot out of bed in the morning, he has had his breakfast, and, if he wants to stretch, he has to go on deck to do it ! Very modestly he remarked—it is all right, so long as they do not explode within a 100 yards.

Well, he is one of several of our lads serving in the Forces who has recently paid us a visit, and we were naturally delighted to see them all.

I would like to take this opportunity of reminding the Generalissimo, who is now in the land of " Eskimo Nell," that I wrote him a long letter in December. I have the impression that he has not received it, because other letters have been answered which were sent at a later date.

In that letter, I asked him if there was anything he was in need of, as we would quickly do something about it. As no



## THE TIE LINE

request has come forward, we feel that a pair of socks, size 12, should be sent, as there was an argument in the Office as to the size of his feet. Anyway, if they are too big, we have no doubt you can make very good use of them in other directions !

It is a great pity that none of you lads were at home when we had our Annual Dinner—everybody agreed that it was a very good show.

Mr. Broxis, late of Birmingham, was the star turn of the evening. Even if he does not remember singing "Alice, where art thou," I think he does remember thumping a piano to the refrain of "The man who broke the bank," etc., at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Joe Day has been transferred to Middlesbrough as Resident Engineer, where he is holding the fort in a very efficient manner. Now that he is away, there are no violent arguments regarding the Table Tennis scores. This sport still enjoys great popularity.

Keep on writing to us and let us know if there is anything we can do for you—and the best of good luck to you all.

Yours sincerely,



### NEWCASTLE'S ANNUAL DINNER.

After a lapse of two years, Newcastle Company decided to get together and hold their annual dinner. Suggestions were put forth that instead of dinner, we should have a Pot Pie Supper and Darts at the Local Pub., etc., etc., However, it was finally agreed that we should go all "posh" and Dine and Dance at the County Hotel, on January 24th.

After satisfying our hunger and thirst (for the time being) music was successfully provided through the medium of the celebrated Telephone Rentals Broadcasting System.

A song was called for from Mr. Broxis who, after rejecting the facetious request for "Why was I born so beautiful, why was I born at all?" developed Mike's fright and asked to be excused. However, the most brilliant feature of the evening was a demonstration of the Rhumba by Mr. E. Wise and "Miss" Teddie Broxis.

As the dinner was for employees only, the engineering and General Office girls did not lack attention, and it is quite possible that an invoice will be submitted to Telephone Rentals for one dozen pairs of silk stockings ! The male members of the staff must admit that the girls can certainly take it.

The Table Tennis finals were postponed until the next dinner, as the competitors complained of seeing more than one ball !

Unfortunately, a certain member of the General Office had to leave early to meet her boy-friend who was coming home on leave, and we were greatly surprised to hear that she actually got hold of the right man.

Big Bell of the Sales Staff had rather a rough crossing, and had to make a quick exit as his trousers were left unreported.

For those who like Rugby, there was a very exciting match with a dinner bun as a ball—Miss Duguid, the Cashier, made the only touch down.

As a new member of the Staff of Telephone Rentals, I was greatly impressed by the harmony and good feeling among the staff.

The evening was most enjoyable and, as the vicar said, "A happy time was had by all."

MISS S. EARLE

## SHOTS FROM THE NEWCASTLE COMPANY.

The old Company is not what it used to be ! For instance, the Chief Engineer was interviewing new engineers a little while ago, and one very determined bespectacled youth was queued up with the rest. After waiting a long time, it was found that he (poor soul), far from wanting a job, wished to pay over a mere £10 ! And to think that we nearly turned him away. Just imagine what would have happened if he had been told to commence work the next day !

Now to come to the event of the month—the dinner. I could give it another name, but for the present it shall remain as “dinner.”

Unfortunately, I had to leave early, but, from all accounts of what happened after I left, it was for my own good that I had to break myself away at the early hour of 10 p.m.

First of all, let me assure anyone who is under a misapprehension, that I *did* find the right soldier at the Central Station that night. However, I must admit that, after I left the County Hotel, the pavement did appear to come up and hit me. But, if I had stayed at the so-called “dinner” until midnight, I would not have been capable of even attempting to get home.

Joking apart, everyone admitted the next day that they had had a grand time and we are all looking forward eagerly to the next one.

MISS M. ACASTER

## INVITATION TO THE WALTZ.

If Mr. Bartram would apply to Madame Lazonga, of Telephone Rentals Ltd., Collingwood Buildings, Newcastle, she would be more than pleased to give him Dancing Lessons at any time convenient to himself.

## MUSIC WHILE YOU DANCE . .

Recently, whilst testing out our Broadcasting Equipment at the close of the day, we were amazed to find that the entire cleaning staff of the building had gone all “Palais de Danse.”

We allowed our imagination to run riot, and the result is in the sketch on this page.



May I have the pleasure,  
Madame Lazonga ?

## GOOD FOR A. G. LAWRENCE (London)

During a recent air-raid in an aircraft factory, notwithstanding the fact that he was himself blown over by bomb explosions, he had the Chronomatic Service restored in the No. 1 factory within 1½ hours.

## THE TIE LINE

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### **CAPTAIN C. R. DEANE, Durham Light Infantry.**

Has anyone a spare typewriter? Captain Deane is badly in need of one—the relic in his Company office sounds rather rickety. Now and then the letters fly off and the rest of the day is spent in looking for them!

His little village is ruled over by a Sheriff, who literally is L.G.A. in "them there parts." The slaughtering season rather got the Captain down. The inhabitants had a nasty habit of decorating the outsides of the slaughter houses with the grinning heads of various animals, including ponies! Incidentally, one of the platoons in Captain Deane's Company held a dinner at the local hotel, such as it is. The menu consisted of pony steak and chips!

The native beer isn't very popular. Just before Christmas, however, the Naafi managed to obtain six barrels of real English beer. They tapped one barrel—36 gallons—and it was gone in half an hour! (I remember a barrel

disappearing just as quickly some three years ago.—Ed.).

They did a scheme on one of the lava fields, and Captain Deane had the honour of meeting Lord Gort, as his Company was doing the attack.

### **Air-Mechanic G. W. HELLYAR, R.N.**

Hellyar has joined the Navy and, so far, everything is to his liking.

Writes:—I arrived quite safely, although the journey was a bit long. It took us twelve hours to get here, and was I tired! It's no joke getting up at 5.45 a.m. Still, I just have to do it or miss my breakfast, which is something I will not forego, seeing that it is porridge, followed by ham and eggs!

I will say this—the meals are grand. We get onions, pickles and eggs, so there is nothing to grumble about. Have just received my tobacco ration—one pound every month at 2/6 per pound! I've been twiddling my fingers making cigarettes. After making 206 I was just about done in.

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**L/CPL. CAMPBELL sees for himself when he has**

## **A RUN ROUND LONDON**

"Have you seen London? My dear, it's down to the ground. Not a stone left." "A mass of ruins, sir!" "Only a shell, lady, that's all that's left of it."

Such remarks as these were highly perturbing. So my friend and I decided to see for ourselves. Was this magnificent City a heap of ruins? Was this mighty Metropolis a cinder? We were determined to find out, and find out we did.

Grabbing our week-end passes—being soldiers we always grab—we caught the train to Victoria and began our investigations. Now I must say in all fairness,

that usually our step is very bold, but, on arriving at our destination, we rather faltered—in fact we didn't walk, we crawled—a sort of stealthy fugitive crawl. We kept close to the wall, at any minute expecting a land mine or an H.E. to put an end to our week-end escapade, and, incidentally, to our army careers.

Nothing happened. No planes, no bombs, no land mines and, as we looked around, no ruins. Everything seemed perfectly in order. Were we right? Was this the place? I stopped a pedestrian. "Excuse me, sir, this is London,

# OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY



*Reproduced by kind permission of "Illustrated"*

**AIR MARSHAL SIR RICHARD PEIRSE,  
K.C.B., D.S.O., A.F.C.**

Commander-in-Chief of the Bomber Command makes  
good use of Telematic Service.

# ANNUAL DINNER — LEEDS COMPANY

*Held at the Guildford Hotel*



*Photo by "The Yorkshire Post"*

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Philcox were present. They are standing in the centre at the head table.



Dvr. H. WILSON  
R.A.S.C.  
*Bristol*



Sigm. J. ROBINSON  
R. Engineers  
*Manchester*



Sigm. G. BUCKLEY  
R. C. Sigs.  
*Birmingham*



Sigm. G. A. SMITH  
R. C. Sigs.  
*London*



Sgt. J. ROXBURGH  
R. Artillery  
*Glasgow*



Pte. F. W. WALKER  
R.A.P.C.  
*Birmingham*



Sigm. H. SPEYER  
R. C. Sigs.  
*London*



Sigm. E. JAKINS  
R. C. Sigs.  
*London*



Wireman T. ADCOCK  
Royal Navy  
*Birmingham*



Sgt. W. D. BROWN  
East Surrey Regt.  
*London*



Cpl. M. A. NATHAN  
R. Engineers  
*Manchester*



Sigm. S. McKEAG  
R.A.S.C.  
*Glasgow*



Tpr. D. G. MARSHALL  
Royal Tank Regt.  
*London*



Rifleman G. A. BLACKBURN  
Q. V. Rifles

# ROLL OF HONOUR



MISS F. CANTOR

We congratulate Miss F. Cantor, on having completed 21 years' service with the Leeds Company, where she holds the position of Cashier. She contributes an article in this issue.

{ We hope to have more  
to say about our Roll of  
Honour in our next issue. }

isn't it?" He looked at me for a minute, then smiled. I think he was trying to humour us. He clapped me on the shoulder. "Yes," he said, "this is London and that big pool of water over there is the Thames." I smiled rather weakly. My friend kept his face straight. "Thank you kindly, sir," I said, and we passed on.

Having been in the City an hour or two, we soon settled down and, before very long, our old firm step was back again and our spirits were very high. After booking our rooms at a noted Services Club, we set off to see the sights.

Wending our way through the throng, we arrived at Piccadilly. Everything was quite normal. All the local picture emporiums were sporting premieres, crowds were going in to see the latest blood and thunder release, so, like most people, we followed the crowd.

Having satisfied the more blood-curdling side of our natures, we came

out feeling rather peckish. So we betook ourselves to one of Lyons' many cafes, where, amidst numerous cups of tea, poached eggs on toast, and many coloured ices, we whiled away a very pleasant hour to the haunting strains of a stringed orchestra.

When we came out, it was dark, and everything was deathly quiet. Everybody had gone—we had London to ourselves. We walked quickly down Oxford Street. It was weird—not a soul about. Eventually we met a policeman who directed us back to our billet. He told us a few rather gruesome tales of the Blitz, and, as I listened, I felt the ice-cream come up and shake hands with the poached eggs.

Next day we looked over the City thoroughly. True, a lot of the bombs had made a mess of the buildings, the House of Commons was damaged, the House of Lords had suffered, and Westminster Abbey had lost many panes of its famous stained-glass windows, but otherwise London is grand, the people are grand, and Queen Victoria still sits as stately as ever outside Buckingham Palace. Marble Arch is still an Arch, and Big Ben is not just a pleasant memory.

Once more the shades of night fell. My friend and I decided to catch the bus back. London was once more gradually fading into silence. Everything was again terribly quiet, and, as we got on to the famous Green Line Special, I could have sworn that we were the last two to leave London.

My thoughts were very comforting on the way back. Hitler can bomb as much as he likes—it would take twenty years to leave an indelible mark on dear old London. The morale could never be shaken, and to the rest of the world, this mighty Metropolis must stand as a monument of Freedom, Democracy and Determination.



*... a sort of stealthy, fugitive crawl.*



# MANAGERS' ANNUAL CONFERENCE

This year, for a variety of reasons, the Annual Conference could not be held until February 27th, when we met together at the Crown and Mitre Hotel, Carlisle.

Nine of us journeyed north from London, and, in spite of the recent very heavy snowstorms, we reached Carlisle almost dead on time.

Then, as each Manager from the Provinces reported "Present," there were renewed solicitations and toasts for each other's well-being, and, having done this for a sufficient number of times to make sure no one had been omitted, we "hit the hay," and were ready for the business end of the Conference promptly at 9 a.m. on Friday.

Mr. W. S. Philcox, whom we were delighted to have among us after his recent operation for appendicitis, took the Chair and completed a heavy agenda by the evening.

After a splendid dinner—rationing considered—Mr. Oliver Oakley was duly presented with the Annual Cup, and Mr. W. S. Philcox read out the following message from Mr. F. T. Jackson's vacant chair.



"I am very sorry I am not able to be with you at this Conference, but I feel it is a mistake for everyone to be in one place in these critical times. Another reason is that our Works are 100 per cent. on War work, and in giving this percentage I include the whole of the work which you are doing.

"It is a matter of great regret, as far as I am concerned, that we have not been able to have our usual Annual Dinner, but hope that the time is not far distant when we shall all be able to once more meet in a period of Peace and Good Fellowship, and be able to exchange experiences which we have undergone in these very difficult times.

"I should like to take this opportunity of expressing the keen appreciation of the Management here to all our Managers and Engineers and, indeed, the whole of the Staff, for the way in which they have carried on in these days. No one knows better than I do the grave difficulties we have had to face through shortage of men and raw materials, and in many other ways. At the same time my experience is that when these are faced determinedly, even if they are not entirely overcome, they are greatly minimised. I wish the Conference every success, and everyone here a safe passage through 1941."

Lieutenant P. E. C. Y. Royds and Major J. E. Gunter then spoke fittingly on behalf of our colleagues now with the Forces.

It was fine to have these two good fellows with us and, if perchance we needed any encouragement to make merry for the rest of the evening, they certainly provided an added stimulus.

Then, after a "show" and further convivialities, we were up on Saturday morning in good time to look around Carlisle, scrounge some cigarettes, see that Oliver was safely loaded up with his cups, bid adieu, and disperse to our various Companies, in the sure knowledge that the Conference had been a big success, from which we had profited from discussion and a renewal of friendships.

Our best thanks are tendered to Mr. Eric Wise of the Newcastle Company, who carried through the arrangements for our creature comforts during our stay in Carlisle.

**PTE. R. POWELL, R.A.O.C. (Head Office), draws a word picture of**

## MY FIRST DAY IN THE ARMY

On the 28th day of August, I passed through the grim, foreboding portals of a certain military barracks, together with about 300 very self-conscious male civilians. My heart—in all probability with 300 other hearts—was beating much faster than usual, and, with singular inconsistency, that very susceptible organ continually leapt into my mouth.

Waiting to welcome us was a kindly gentleman, dressed in a neat, well-cut suit of battledress. On his arms he wore three stripes which, we who were well up in these matters knew, pronounced him as a Sergeant.

Contrary to all expectations, he was not six feet tall, neither was his face a pillar-box red, nor did he sport a walrus moustache. He was of normal height, his face was clean shaven, and the glasses he wore perched on the end of his nose gave him an almost benign appearance. My heart began to slow down.

"Well, fellows," he said in a very chummy voice, "feeling hungry, I expect?" There was an answering chorus of "Yes, sir!" He modestly fingered the place where his neck tie should have been. "Now, chaps, cut that out. I'm not a 'Sir' yet. Call me Sergeant." He then continued, "Now form up into three lines and answer your names. The sooner we get this done, the sooner you'll get your dinner." Never have I seen so many men move so quickly!

After messing about in the barracks for at least five hours, we were perfunctorily summoned to the main square, where a bevy of omnibuses awaited us. We were herded into these, and, after driving half-way across Hampshire, we eventually arrived at some more

barracks, the sight of which once more sent my heart thumping.

Here we were tapped by a doctor, tabulated by a clerk, and filed by an orderly. Then, with the air of Lord Nuffield presenting us with a million pounds, our benevolent Sergeant announced that we were now going to eat. Three hundred tongues simultaneously licked hungry lips, and in fairly high spirits the flower of Britain's youth trooped away to the cookhouse.



*Call me "Sarg"*

Inside the rather dingy dining hall, an apologetic civilian cook met us, and intimated that we must not expect much as it was rather late for dinner.

What followed is now but a painful memory. Our "dinner" consisted of two slices of bread and "marge," and a

## THE TIE LINE

slice of meat roll, followed, not by a half-bottle of Sauterne, but by a huge bowl of very Army tea.

The hour was now late, and most of us were feeling rather weary. So, when the Sergeant announced that we had an hour to go to "Lights Out," and we had better get bedded down, three hundred hungry, but still fairly high-spirited men, rolled hopefully into allotted dormitories.

Our hopes this time were not destroyed. The room was clean, and the beds, while not of the latest design, were comfortable—and, above all, there was a wireless.

Within five minutes of crawling between the blankets I was asleep. So ended my first day in Britain's New Army.

**And now, Mrs. MOLLIE RANDALL turns a wheel or two for Head Office, in**

## MIND MY BIKE!

We democrats are adaptable folks! And G.M.O. Telephone Rentals is just another "chip of the old block."

One sometimes wonders where all the "men," who once were City Gentlemen, and all the ladies, so very chic, have disappeared to.

Can it be that the horde of cyclists we see in Beckenham, morning and evening, vying with the Army lorries for first place at the traffic lights, is the self-same crowd? And, is the "that's Shell, that was" gentleman no other than the imperturbable Mr. Wilding?

Yes, we certainly have a good array of "bikes" at The Abbey. Old bikes—new bikes—little bikes—big bikes—three-speed bikes—no-speed-at-all bikes—no-value-at-all bikes.

We're not only telephone minded now, but definitely cycle minded. And maybe when this bloomin' war is over, we shall no longer be tootling off to the sea for the day, but pedalling off to a grand cycling rally of T.R. folks.

One should add, for the benefit of the various units of Head Office, scattered around the country, that Mr. H. Blake Thomas endeavours to keep up the old traditions, and hasn't yet swapped his Vauxhall for a Raleigh—but, alas, even his car, when it arrives and leaves, is often reminiscent of the old woman who lived in a shoe!



And talking of cars, reminds us; what about a snappy little label "Free Lifts at your own Risk" on that commodious basket of yours, Miss Miller?

Undoubtedly, the "females of the species" are getting quite an amount of P.T. in, since they evacuated to the wilds of Beckenham. Swimmin', cyclin', runnin'—only the "huntin', shootin' and fishin'" is needed to transform the demoiselles into genuine buxom "County" wenches.

# BIRMINGHAM NEWS



My Dear Fellows,

We are still anxiously waiting to hear from many of you, and it makes it extremely difficult for us to give our share of "The Tie Line" unless we receive your news.

Will you, therefore, after receiving this copy of "The Tie Line," spare a few minutes, if possible, to give some information or experience that can be passed through to the magazine for general circulation.

We had the pleasure of a visit from AM/2 D. Clarkson, R.N., who related a very interesting experience he had in a South Coast town during a recent air raid. Clarkson assures us that he is now a competent fighting man.

It was also interesting to note the care in which they are being educated in their respective trades. Therefore, I am sure if more of the members of the Company serving in the Forces would give us their knowledge, we could make a very interesting article for "The Tie Line."

I am extremely sorry to advise you of the death of our Chronomatic Engineer, Mr. G. E. Smith. His passing away was very sudden, as he was only ill for about four days.

You will also be interested to learn that Mr. T. E. Doolittle, Telematic Supervisor, reported for Military Service a few days ago.

We are very pleased to tell you that Miss Hawes is now out of hospital, and is recovering very satisfactorily.

Wishing you the best of luck,

**A/M.(A) D. CLARKSON, R.N.**

The A.F.S. will have to look to their laurels, for Clarkson has had good experience with a hose. He was caught in a blitz on P—, and spent half the night fighting a fire. We are glad to know that he is still intact, although he says it was touch and go whether he would see the sun rise again.

He is now a machine gunner, and is looking forward to having a crack at Jerry.

## THE TIE LINE

### L.A.C. W. E. HOGG, R.A.F.

His M.T. Section have taken over a small village out in the wilds. The Section is at one end and the cookhouse at the other, and so it takes them about twenty minutes to get to their food ! But it gives them a good appetite !

### H. BAINES, R.N.V.R.

After a long silence, we have now received a letter from Baines, written just before Christmas. Here it is :—

I should like to give you some idea of our activities out here, but, as you know, the censorship is strict. However, I can tell you that we are doing plenty of chasing around and, at the present time, we are at sea and it looks as though we shall be spending our Christmas steaming round the ocean.

Even if we were in harbour, it would not seem like the usual festive season, as we are under the equator, sweating in a terrific heat, and, no doubt, we shall sit down to our Christmas dinner stripped off to the waist.

We have heard of the raids you have



*It came down like this . . .*

been having, and it appears that we are all in this together, and I guess it has caused you some busy times. I should like you to tell them all at the Midland branch, that I have not forgotten them and often try to imagine how they are carrying on between the warnings. I should like to hear from anyone of the staff letting me know how things are going.

### PTE. F. W. WALKER, R.A.P.C. (See photo.)

At the Army Pay Office, where he is now working, there is a Chronomatic O.P.U., a Master and lots of Slave Dials about the place, which cause him a pang of regret several times daily, as he is constantly reminded of what he has temporarily had to give up.

However, this gives him a feeling of being in close touch with T.R. every morning and afternoon when he approaches the O.P.U. This apparently is the only unit synchronised to the Master these days. The Slave Dials are simply all over the place for time. He confesses that, although he is proud to point to the Master and O.P.U. and tell the other lads that his Company installed and maintains them, he does not include the Slaves, as some of the remarks passed about them and their time-keeping are far from flattering.

He apologises for the "sickly smile" he is wearing in his photograph, but he says it was the best he could manage after standing in a queue for 2½ hours with a lot of people who had apparently never read advertisements for Lifebuoy Soap !

### W/M. T. ADCOCK, R.N. (See photo).

We were very pleased to hear that he is happily settling down to life on the ocean wave.

Writes :—We had quite a decent crowd on board and the old hands are quite patient with us new blokes, and

do their best to help us. We prepare our own meals, and, at the end of each month, we get our money allowed to us for messing, and we settle up with the canteen manager.

These last two days, I've felt ready to drop. We had to ammunition the ship, and I had to struggle aboard with shells. My back's been opening and shutting, and I can hardly lift my arms.

**CADET W. L. EVANS, R.A. (Birmingham)**  
who is now in an O.C.T.U., makes  
some interesting

## REFLECTIONS & SUGGESTIONS

Writes :—My sincere congratulations to Major Gunter on being "Mentioned in Despatches." I was also very pleased to hear that Harry Treen is still very much alive and kicking despite the many rumours I had heard to the contrary. What about hearing from you, Harry, in "The Tie Line"? You must have a yarn or two that would hand us a laugh.

It is surprising to read of one or two of the former "boys" of the Company being in uniform. It rather makes one think one is getting older every day. Good luck to them all.

I would like to draw attention to Major Gunter's fine article in the January edition of "The Tie Line," and I would add my own modest tribute to all those wonderful people who are doing such fine work on the Home Front. I had the pleasure (?) a short time ago of working amongst some of them during a blitz on a certain town. Fine work by the finest people.

I have now spent some time at X., where we are all described by the Sergeant-Major as being "the lowest form of military life." All stripes have gone and, in their place, a dash of white here and there has appeared. Here one hears such remarks as "R.T.U." mentioned from time to time. (Mr. Blake Thomas knows the meaning of R.T.U., I am certain!) Instructors here are

liable to make one's knees knock together very easily. However, having managed to dodge the "hornet's nest" so far, I am hoping for the best.

The Portrait Gallery grows with each issue, and, at the risk of spoiling it, I will send a photograph of myself as soon as I can get back to civilisation to have one taken.

Congratulations to the Women's Section for a very sound Statement of Accounts and a good balance. May I suggest, as a small tribute to the Civil Defence Services from the Army, that some items of woollies be distributed to these wonderful people? Would it be possible to use part of the cash balance to provide extra comforts for the Air Raid Shelters of Head Office or the London Company?

In conclusion, reading about the various Companies' activities during wartime, I must say "Well done, everybody; just what one would expect from Telephone Rentals Staffs."

"Keep going and dodging 'em and we'll all hope that very soon our 'stand-still' Army will finish the little job off and put Adolf and Co. in Safe Custody on a Receiving Order that would be 'lost sight of' owing to extremely urgent 'B' orders, which would be in progress due to the active rebuilding of a Wonderful England."

# SIX MONTHS WITH THE O. C. T. U. *not the O. G. P. U.!*

*Some tips from*

**2/Lt. B. BLAKE THOMAS, R.A.**

*who has recently graduated*

In a recent edition of "The Tie Line," I trespassed upon valuable paper to give you a short impression of my experiences when I "D.A.'d" the Army.

Shortly after writing that letter, we (that is the lads who came in from Civvy Street with me) were split up and the last I heard of the Borstal boy was that some officer—who obviously regarded a man with a good "inside" knowledge of custody, as the best



*neither appreciated his equestrian convictions*

custodian of "property personal"—had taken him over as batman.

The "Ben Hur" Coster, however, met with a less happy fate. From a letter he wrote (or had written) it appeared that his new Sergeant neither appreciated his equestrian convictions nor his horticultural accomplishments. (He worded this a little differently, and to the effect that the — Sergeant shut him up every time he mentioned the old nag and got — angry when he impersonated a raspberry). The outcome of these clashes was that Ben Hur foresaw with fear that before very long he would have peeled more potatoes than he ever sold even in his most flourishing days.

I remained at the Training Regiment, and, as I had been selected as a

Potential Officer—no, they just oalled us "Cads," I soon found myself being interviewed by every conceivable type of gentleman on whose judgment this country depends for the selection of suitable Commissioned Officers. I must have appeared to fit in with their ideas to a certain extent because, on one very hot day in August, I was summoned to appear before the G.O.C., and, after a very pleasant interview, during which time I realised why, with men of his type at the head of our Army, we could so confidently say "after we have won this war," I made ready to move off to an O.C.T.U.

You have heard about O.C.T.U.'s. I had heard about them; I had even heard them called O.G.P.U.'s, but let us get this straight. Those of you whom it was my pleasure to see a few days after getting my Commission, will confirm—I hope—that physically I looked fitter than they have ever seen me looking. But, just in case any of them may feel that the "natty gent's suiting" was largely responsible for this, let me hasten to assure you that I actually am fitter than I ever have been.

To revert to this O.C.T.U. business then. Obviously, anything which "does one good" is always subject to severe criticism by a Britisher. And so, when you hear me, or anyone else for that matter, running down the O.C.T.U. system or syllabus, please remember that the man who stays the course is likely to be some use as an Officer, whereas the same man, before the course, would be an extremely doubtful quantity to say the least.

Obviously, I cannot go into any detail concerning the actual training. Suffice to say that they teach you all which they want a 2nd Lieutenant to know in order to enable him to start

being of some use. You will realise that this involves considerable effort on the part of the Cadet, for, whilst it would not be possible in the short time available to learn everything which takes eighteen months in peace time, yet a very big "slice" has to be absorbed.

As I look back over my time there, I am chiefly impressed by the amazing mental outlook of the men who go there as Cadets. In civilian life, they may have been millionaires or mendicants, mathematicians or mechanics, or even salesmen (skip it!). Yet the Army has levelled them all and the day they enter an O.C.T.U. the process goes one stage further; they are reduced to clay.

For a very short period, possibly only hours, they resent this final abasement, but soon realise and accept, in most cases, the situation. Our sense of humour helps here, and it is true to say that everyone in our room laughed when, within a few hours of our arrival, the syren sounded and it was suggested that it was because one of the inmates had escaped!

We were made to work long and hard, and the work involved mental and physical exertion in roughly equal quantities. Because great care is exercised in the choice of candidates, the percentage of men who are returned to unit (R.T.U.'d for short) is small. Nevertheless, the dreaded degradation of R.T.U. prompts everyone to do his best. There is no schedule specifying how or when a man may be R.T.U.'d, with the exception of one formula, which I am unable to include here due to the algebraical education of the lady members of the Company, but which I should be pleased to give to anyone who feels, after entering an O.C.T.U., that he can't take it.



## THE TIE LINE

I do not imagine that my mail will be swollen on this account, chiefly because I know my readers ; and secondly, I rather doubt whether that type of man could comply with the requirements of the formula. (Very very, vague, but frightfully funneh ! !)

Yea, unto the very end doth one live in fear and trembling "lest R.T.U., one's sweet ambition doth undo."

By this, you will all be wondering how on earth the man, who this time last year was browbeating the gate-keeper at a certain Carriage and Wagon Company to agree that Chromatic departmental recording was better than the dual system, came to be marching by that very same gate the other day in all the glory of his baratheia uniform and very brown shoes, whilst marching his Troop to church.

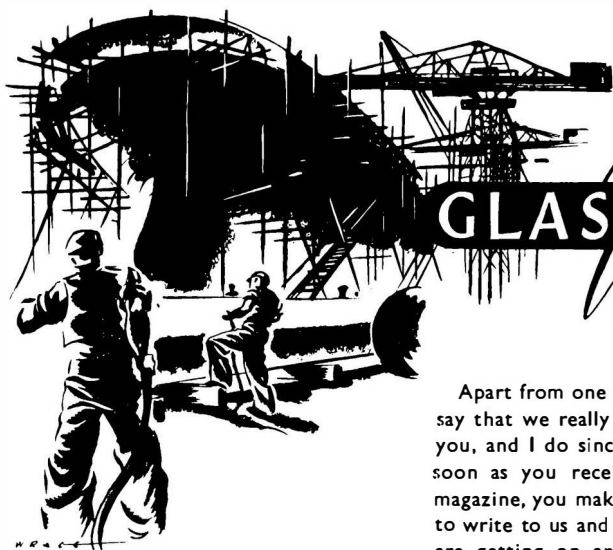
How had he overcome this R.T.U. dragon ? Quite hush-hushingly I'll tell you, but please keep it quiet. By the very same method as he overcame the gatekeeper ! Just a matter of "trade out allowance." It was most difficult to find out on whose judgment my particular fate rested, but easy to find out who his tailor was. After all, he must needs be a strange man if he doesn't swear by his tailor at the same time as swearing at him. (Saville Row patrons, please note). Although my enquiry may, in the first place, have appeared as a compliment, my purpose was deeper than that. I went forthwith to the said tailor and ordered as extensive a range of attire as was possible, and made it quite clear who had recommended me. As all orders of this nature are on a sale or RTUrn basis, I can only assume that this tailor used all the allowances at his disposal to make sure that I was "traded out" with a commission. Anyway, that's



my story and I'm sticking to it !

So, after six months of training in one form or another, I now find myself out with the men who are fighting this war, and it is of them and their work that I should have been far happier to write. They too have a sense of humour, and one which persistently prevails under conditions which make the life at an O.C.T.U. seem like a holiday. It is not my privilege to write of these particular men, but it is my privilege to read of our men in "The Tie Line" who are doing similar jobs with similar grace and cheerfulness. And it is their and my proud privilege to read and hear (unfortunately not as often as we would wish) of those who are making such a marvellous job of living normal lives under such abnormal and cruel conditions at home.

Towards the end of each year we start saying—"Well, next year must be the best the Company has ever had," and I for one shall be thinking that about 1941, but this time it won't be just in terms of rental.



# GLASGOW

## News

To the Lads in the Forces,

I do sincerely hope that you all received a copy of the last issue of "The Tie Line," and that you liked its new form. From time to time I have learnt from some of you that you did not receive your copy, and, fortunately, I have generally been able to help you out.

It is not possible in these difficult times to tell you exactly when the next issue of the magazine will be sent, but, if you would only keep more constantly in touch with this office, then we would be able to make sure that you were getting everything we intended.

In the last issue, I gave you a rough picture of how the Glasgow Company is carrying on under war conditions, but we, at this end, are much more interested in the well-being of all you who have left your civilian occupation to carry out a far more important job on everybody's behalf.

I realise that you may have very little spare time, although there are occasions when I have discovered that certain people do find pretty frequent opportunities of breaking away from the routine which normally controls their actions !

Apart from one or two, I am sorry to say that we really hear very little from you, and I do sincerely suggest that, as soon as you receive this copy of the magazine, you make an immediate effort to write to us and let us know how you are getting on and how you like the current issue.

If you are of a humorous turn of mind, then we shall welcome anything you can write to brighten up the pages of "The Tie Line." If you have gained promotion or have obtained some distinction in your new calling, do not be shy—tell us about it. And if you have a photograph of yourself, send it along. Send us anything you can, so that we may know that we are succeeding in the effort we set out to do when "The Tie Line" was first published—which was to keep in touch with everyone who left us temporarily.

Since the last issue, one further member of this Company has joined up. Mr. John M. White, of the Sales Department, has gone to take up his training for the R.A.F.

Finally, should it so happen that any of you are on leave in Glasgow or district, come in and see us. You will receive a hearty welcome. Please endeavour to call at a convenient time, so that we may do the correct thing by you. Also, we shall be very pleased to offer you a little diversion—assistance to our night Fire Guard Service, now in operation throughout this building, at which we all

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take turns. You would find this a change and we can promise you quite a pleasant night, particularly in the event of no Alerts !

With all best wishes to everyone, and hoping to hear from you soon.



### **SIGM. STEWART McKEAG,**

**R.A.S.C.** (See photo).

After doing one month's Army training at the barracks, I was sent to the Officer in charge of the Trades Group for my test. I explained to him that I was a telephone fitter. He then asked me to draw out some diagrams of the types of telephones that I had fitted. He also told me to describe the internal workings of them and how I would wire them for intercommunication.

When I had finished doing all this, he seemed quite satisfied, and then went on to tell me that there was nothing he could do for me in the telephone trade, as the R.A.S.C. was a transport unit. You can guess how I felt at this, after explaining telephones to him for about an hour ! I don't think he even knew what I was talking about.

Anyway I've had to forget about telephones for the time being, and I am now on an electrical engineering course at a civilian technical college. We are concentrating mainly on motor vehicle wiring and generating plant. As I find all the subjects most interesting, it may be that I am not so unfortunate, after all.

Anyway, I have got the job of putting in a telephone installation at the college. They are six-line ——— 'phones —not a patch on Telematic.

I am very thankful to be in civvy digs, where I can do as I please after I've finished the day's work at the college—a big difference from the barracks.

### **SIGM. M. REILLY, R.C.S.**

He is having a grand time at a famous seaside resort, but the snag is that he is on a provisional draft for Somewhere out East. He is consoling himself with the thought that "Travel improves the mind." In the meantime he is living in a big hotel, and his room overlooks the sea. The accommodation is good, but there is no breakfast in bed, nor shaving water outside the door !

Morning parade is at 8.30 a.m. Knock-off at 4.30 p.m. The time between is taken up with a walk around the town, drills, and maybe a little cleaning in the hotel. The local people are giving him a good time, and he says the girls are very sweet. What more could he want ?

### **SIGM. J. HUGHES, R.C.S. (Glasgow)**

Is now acting as Despatch Rider. He was in Glasgow recently. He appears to have covered most of Yorkshire, having been resident at Leeds, Sheffield and Rotherham. He has now been transferred to London, and the last we heard was that he was right in the middle of the Blitzkrieg.

### **SIGM. J. McCOLL, R.C.S.**

Called to see us whilst on leave. He has been stationed in Yorkshire, but expects to take a sea voyage any day.

An interesting point which McColl raised was that, whilst looking through the fourth issue of "The Tie Line," he noticed the picture of one of his late Instructors—namely, Corporal Chatham of Leeds. McColl speaks very highly of the attention he received from Corporal Chatham during his training.

### **SIGM. A. KERR, R.C.S.**

We had a very welcome visit from Kerr. He is at present attending a special Electrical Course and appears to be making excellent progress. We should have some experts at the Glasgow Office when things return to normal !

*Read what happened to Signelman S. Norris (Glasgow) when he mounted guard during*

## THE LAST NIGHT IN FRANCE

I feel a bit out of my depth as a journalist or article writer, but, being keenly interested in "The Tie Line," I have been raking over the not-so-distant past in the hope of finding something that might at least be worth the paper it was written on.

Now this is what stumped me; my stay in France was rather short, and, even at that, people get rather bored of hearing about France from so many Tommies, especially since the Blitz on London has made France and French experiences pretty much of a side-show.

However, I will tell of an experience which makes me laugh now, but which wasn't so funny at the time. Please don't be too hard on me, readers—it's about France!

It was the eve of the capitulation, and although we didn't know it, it was our last night on Froggy soil. I was on guard over our section transport—four trucks in all, which were under cover about 100 yards apart in a small farm. My duty was to patrol a continuous beat from one end of the farm to the other.

Everything went along fine for about half an hour. My patrolling up and down was disturbing a dog in a kennel over by the farm-house, who was showing his annoyance by barking almost unceasingly.

I was not exactly comfortable. The ground was sodden, and my right boot had broken down after walking many kilometres over Froggyland the previous day, and was now letting in water at a distressing speed. I was looking forward to a few hours' sleep after guard, when I had a feeling that all was not as it should be. The dog had stopped barking and, in an otherwise complete



silence, there was a low tapping and scuffling coming from the direction of the last truck.

Had I been a character in a book, no doubt I would straight away have crawled up to the truck and dared them to come out. But I wasn't a character in a book, and it was known that our infantry was engaging the enemy a few miles away. In my imagination, the enemy had poisoned the dog and were now setting about our vehicles.

What should I do? Arouse the guard? No! If it turned out to be just my imagination, I would never live it down. So I decided to creep up and take a peep. But first I threw a stone over at the kennel, where-upon my four legged friend recommenced barking. Instead of being poisoned, the poor brute had merely dozed off.

With a feeling that at least something, even if only a dog, was on my side against the entire German Army, I tucked my rifle "duck-shooting" position, and, picking my way through the puddles lest my already soaked feet should get completely saturated, I made my way up to the truck. As I approached, the tapping stopped, so, without having the presence of mind to think about what I was going to do when I came face to face with the enemy, I ran the remaining few yards, ready for anything—(I wonder !)

And now, my friends, this is what I mean when I say I am no use as an article writer. A journalist would have his hero at that end truck as calm as a cucumber, and the odds five to one, at least, against him. Whereas, when I jumped round the end of that trunk only to come to a standstill with my knees knocking, I found the truck just as it had been, and not a single German—not even a wee German dog—to greet me.

My "enemy" was merely another of our own sections, who had rigged up a shelter for themselves for the night and were having difficulty in keeping it waterproof. They had encamped for the night in the next field, without our knowledge.

## A/C.2 W. W. KIRK, R.A.F. tells his flying experiences

You were asking if I could relate any experiences. Here is a good one which is true. When I received my posting notice to come over here, I was told to pack my kit within half an hour and to get aboard a flying boat which was to take me to my base. I rushed here and there, and, having signed off at my station, I made my way to the machine.

On my way, I encountered the Captain of a machine, who was dressed up ready to go. I knew the Captain, and, as I was told the machine was all ready to start, I thought it was this Captain's

machine. So I got aboard the "kite" with the Captain, and, with hatches all closed, we made a lovely take off. All I can tell you is that I got aboard the wrong "kite" !

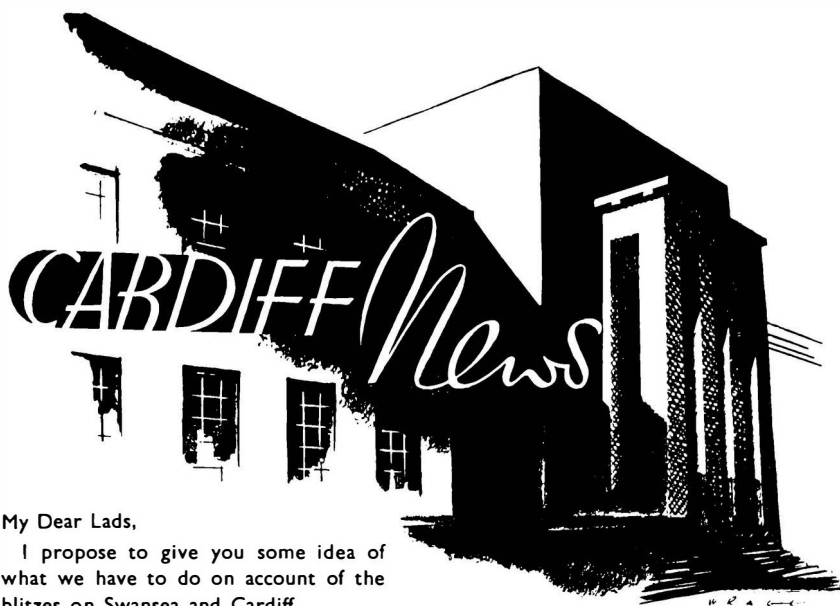
Here is another one. A Sunderland was going up on test, and I went up with it. We made a lovely climb, cruised splendidly, banked beautifully, and, in fact, the kite did everything the skipper asked of her.

Everything went well for an hour, but, when we approached to land, I heard a spluttering noise coming from the port engines. I didn't know whether to jump, scream or yell for the fire brigade. We made it safely, but, believe me, I felt I'd rather stick to darts or ludo.



*How deep is the ocean? How high is the sky?*

I think the most impressive sight I have witnessed so far was when I was aboard a machine travelling to the mainland, enjoying an escort of Hurricanes. It certainly gives one a marvellous feeling of security to see those machines cutting across, over and below one. And the lads who fly them are heroes in every sense of the word.



My Dear Lads,

I propose to give you some idea of what we have to do on account of the blitzes on Swansea and Cardiff.

For instance, our old friend, Reg Morris, has the pleasure of sitting up at night, with one or two other people in the "Co-op." buildings, acting as a fire watcher. I understand, however, that they have a very peaceful time and they have been made very comfortable by the Co-operative Society. I can only guess that they have an occasional game of pontoon, or something similar to keep themselves amused while they are on the job. I believe that Morris has used the press-gang method on Gardner, so that Gardner has to take his turn as a Fire Watcher for the Swansea Stores.

Jones, Philpot, Jarman and several others have undertaken Fire Watching duties for their various homes. On the night of the blitz, our friend Philpot had an incendiary fall through on to his stairs.

He was getting this under control by shovelling earth from his garden through the front door on to it, when some kindly fellow came along and threw a bucket of water over the whole lot, and dispersed the bomb in all directions, causing numerous small fires and smoulderings. So it seems apparent that water can have the same effect on an incendiary

bomb as wet drinks on an individual, if consumed in too great a quantity.

For my own part, I have been coerced into being Section Leader in my road, and I am responsible for the various rotas, etc. I feel you may like to hear of one rather amusing experience I had on the night of the Cardiff blitz.

Officially I was not a member of the A.R.P., or any like organisation, but I went out to see if there was anything I could do to help. Whilst looking around with the Chief Warden, I saw a small fire start up in the house opposite mine. I thereupon went into the house and upstairs to see what assistance I could give. I found that an incendiary had started, causing a bit of fun in the false roof, and they were applying a stirrup pump on this particular fire. I was amazed to see, however, that apparently no impression whatsoever was being made on the water in the bucket, or on the fire, and eventually the poor fellow doing the pumping, turned pathetically to me and said, "Will you please have a go?"

Immediately I started I could see that no water was coming through the pump.

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I therefore put my hand in the bucket, and, lo and behold, there was a dish-cloth in the bucket which, obviously, was acting as a very strong filter ; hence, very little water was being pumped out of the bucket. The pressure was relieved immediately this swab was removed, and you can imagine what a sigh of relief went around the people assembled there.

I feel the Company, on the whole, has been fairly fortunate—touch wood—in respect of the amount of damage caused to our installations by enemy action, more particularly in view of the amount of stuff that has been dropped on Swansea and Cardiff.

Many thanks for acknowledging the parcels sent to you for Christmas. I trust there will be no need to send them next December, inasmuch as we hope to have you back in harness with us enjoying real good Christmas fare together.

Finally, may I appeal to you for those photographs we have asked you to send for "The Tie Line," as I have yet to see a photograph of one of Cardiff Company's members therein.

With kind regards to you all, and best wishes from all at Cardiff Company.



## TESTIMONY

Barronia Metals, Ltd., one of our Subscribers who is on first-class priority work, has sent us the following letter :—

"This is a short note of appreciation of the manner in which you have carried through the installation of these Works. For both speed and efficiency, it could not have been bettered, and in this, both you and we were well served by your foreman, Mr. T. J. Smith."

## FROM THE GIRLS.

In the recent blitz, we lost our Coleus, which, for the benefit of those who may not know, is the botanical name for a plant presented by Miss Rose, and nicknamed Red Cabbage by B. S. M. Hutchinson when he paid a flying visit to the office.

This tender plant in a broken bowl was a pathetic sight, and we sadly watched the dropping off, one by one, of its cabbage-coloured leaves. Its passing was mourned by all, and we are sure Hutchinson will be as grieved to read this as we are to write it.

But cheer up, we are now trying to brighten the office with bowls of tulips and hyacinths. We have had a job to persuade Miss Powell that our spacious window-sills cannot be turned into a kitchen garden. We believe she was secretly hopeful of growing onions, but, as we pointed out to her, they would provide too great a temptation to the night fire watchers.

Now that our trams wait for each other at street corners, and often travel in convoy, we frequently stay in the office for lunch, and our menu, to say the least of it, is varied. One of the girls, when steaming a pie last week, flavoured it with a kettle of hot water. She misjudged the size of the basin, or the kettle, we don't know which, and the result was, to one pie—sunk. However, all was not lost as the meat ration was salvaged !

Bad luck that Corporal Pritchard was put out of action during a recent Blitz in Swansea. He is now well on his way to complete recovery.

## M. J. BARRY, R.N.

An advanced course in seamanship and gunnery is keeping him pretty busy—to say nothing of his endeavours to raise his Morse speed from 18 to 22 words per minute. He is also on passive defence as a fire watcher. What do you do in your spare time, Jack ?

Five letters from "Dusty Miller,"  
London Company, throw some  
light on

## LIFE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

**26th SEPTEMBER, 1940.**

We learn that "Dusty" Miller had arrived in Egypt a week before and his unit was being refitted before moving on. Although it was nearly winter, the weather was extremely hot at mid-day but fairly cool in the evening.

**30th OCTOBER, 1940.**

He had visited Cairo and found it rather amusing—particularly when natives boarded trams to try and sell lemonade, beer, cigarettes or shoe-shine. Buying anything was rather a long job as the natives started by asking 10/- whatever the article, after which the haggle started.

Ultra-modern buildings stand side by side with hovels. Cinemas are mostly open-air affairs and very good.

He is attached to a convoy section and travels about 200 miles every other day. He goes bathing daily and finds that time passes fairly quickly in spite of the fact that there is nothing to do in the evenings but go to bed early.

During the daytime the flies are a pest and in the evening the mosquitoes compel him to make a dive for his mosquito net and stay there. Animal life is strange—ants measure about half-an-inch and wasps over an inch long, and big in proportion. Beetles are tremendous and lumber about like baby tanks. Water is surprisingly plentiful, although it has a peculiar taste.

**13th NOVEMBER, 1940.**

He was now sleeping under canvas in the desert, and, apart from the flies which buzz around in seeming millions, he

found it very pleasant. Driving out there is very monotonous, for he just gets his vehicle into top gear and leaves it there until he reaches his destination. One can travel along at a top speed of 42 m.p.h. and easily do 40 miles in the hour.



After a few weeks, he discovered that things weren't so cheap as he first thought, for he had been treating piastres which are worth about  $2\frac{1}{4}$ d., as pennies, with rather disastrous results.

It's lucky he is big and reasonably tough, otherwise he would probably get the bird when he goes to bed, as he permits himself the luxury of pyjamas and sheets. He rises every other morning at 4.30 a.m., and other mornings at 6 a.m. By the time his day's work is done and his swim is over, he is ready for bed.



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### 6th DECEMBER, 1940.

He had been in hospital for ten days with vaccine fever, and had lost two stones. Then he caught the sun and could not get about for two weeks. After that he went down with 'flu, and, at the time of writing, was in the middle stages of jaundice.

### 16th DECEMBER, 1940.

Has been a week in an Australian Field Hospital, which really means two tents, with stretchers for beds. Evidently all was ready for "carrying out the body." Any way, he was sufficiently alive to give the Aussies some first-hand details about Dunkirk, and he is now out and about on his regular duties.

We hope you have had your fill, "Dusty," and that you won't start sampling other Middle East ailments.

Sorry about the sand in your food. No wonder you don't like it.

## THREE DAYS IN THE "MAIDEN CITY"

I think it is best to begin with an explanation. Doubtless there will be many readers puzzled by this title. The best, but perhaps not the true explanation for this is the fact that in Derry there are seven girls to every man. This, I think, will interest some T.R. men in the Forces who may have an opportunity of wangling a billet here.

Derry has its disadvantages. Monday is a butterless day ; on Tuesday, you're lucky if you get a scrape of margarine ; on Wednesday an ounce of dripping ; Thursday you generally SEE the butter dish, and, if you leave on Friday, somebody else gets it.

I learned this on a recent visit to Derry. After arriving there an hour or so late, due to the engine leaving the lines and a cow taking its place, I

found that the "Roaring Meg" was still there. And I don't mean the landlady, for "Meg" is a formidable-looking gun in the Guildhall Square, which was used during the Siege.

We might warn possible visitors to the City that a knowledge of mountaineering is almost necessary to get up some of the streets, particularly one—Shipquay Street.

If you wish further information, you should consult a Derry man, who is easily recognised abroad, because he invariably keeps his hands tightly in



his pockets. Whether this helps him to climb hills, or to protect his money, which it is very necessary to protect in his native city where he is so greatly outnumbered by the fair sex, I don't know.

Derry girls are also easily recognisable away from home, for they are generally aggressive, as they have such a hold on the boys back home. Their legs are generally shapely, but, in view of this warning, you are not likely to be "led up the garden."

G. M. McCANN (Belfast)



Dear Fellows,

Since writing for the last issue, we have indulged in our Annual Dinner at the Guildford Hotel (see photo). All members of His Majesty's Forces serving in the British Isles were invited. Unfortunately only a few of you could turn up, but we were very glad to have with us A. W. Wood, J. Lowe, C. Stephens, and W. Chatham.

We were particularly pleased to have the pleasure of the company of Mr. and Mrs. Philcox, both of whom entered into the spirit of the evening.

Early in January we received a visit from C. Lenton, who has been appointed to a commissioned rank. We send him our hearty congratulations and wishes for success.

As from the first of January, A. V. Mitchell was transferred from Leeds to be Chief Engineer at Birmingham. To succeed him at Leeds, R. Kernohan—the Chief Engineer at Manchester—was appointed. We wish them both happiness and success in their new surroundings.

At a meeting held by the entire members of the Leeds Company shortly before Christmas, it was decided that a present of 10/- be sent to each serving member, and this was duly carried out. To Captain T. A. Thompson we sent a box of half-a-dozen white handkerchiefs, because, after seeing his photograph on page 54 of the January issue of "The Tie Line," we thought he would have looked a good deal cooler with his pate covered! We trust that he will put this small present to good use, and, on behalf of all of us, it would be fitting that this should be taken as an opportunity to congratulate him on his appointment as Captain.

Business is being carried on with a methodical steadiness, both as regards telephones and broadcasting, despite the recent severe weather and Icelandic conditions which we have experienced.

Talking of Icelandic conditions reminds us of the boys stationed in that small island, and we should like to hear more of them.

Farrow is still in hospital, but is making slow progress. It is to be hoped that, before very long, he will be able to rejoin his unit.

Johnson, of the Service Department, has undertaken to form a class for members who wish to learn to operate the Morse key. It is said that he is quite an

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expert on this subject, and there were recent discussions as to whether his speed could not be outdone by another member of the Engineering Staff. In that case, some of you boys who are members of the Royal Corps of Signals may have to look to your laurels !

W. H. Walton, our Broadcasting Representative, is now serving in the Royal Artillery. We trust that his ambitions to learn a great deal about frequency waves will materialise.

For some time past volunteers from the Engineering Staff have taken fire watching duties at the Leeds Company's premises, in conjunction with one or two other tenants in the building. Apparently these duties were carried out so well and efficiently that our Staff was called upon to take duty on seven nights out of fourteen, which is pretty good travelling when one considers that there are approximately twenty tenants in the entire building !

This would seem to indicate Telephone Rentals' usual efficiency in whatever is undertaken.

Fire watching duties have now been placed upon a professional basis, i.e. paid watchers, who will have to be augmented by further voluntary assistance from our staff.

When Lenton came to see us, he told us rather an amusing story of an occasion last spring when he was in Paris. He called at a certain cafe, at which the service was poor. Enquiries made of the waitress elicited the fact that they could not obtain good service, as a result of which Lenton appears to have approached the Manager, who told him that the telephones were out of order. Actually, the only thing that was wrong was that the buzzer on the instrument to the Service Department would not function, and, after Lenton himself had put this right, he was most profusely thanked by

the Manager, and returned to his place at the tables to the accompaniment of the Manager's hero-worship.

That's all for now ! Happy hunting !



## THE HOME GUARD.

The Leeds Company is fairly well represented in the Home Guard, five of its men being in what has become the 1940-1 version of the Saturday Night Soldier.

No mention need be made of the keenness of all ranks, but, in this connection, it should be pointed out that Home Guard Officers do put in a tremendous amount of time and energy, and perhaps the following incident will show how keenness can be carried to extremes even in these times.

A certain Platoon Commander, for the first time in seven days, found that he was able to get to bed before midnight, and was looking forward to an unbroken night's rest.

At 12.30 a.m. on a cold morning, he was startled from his well-earned sleep by a determined hammering on his front door. Swearing heartily, he groped his way downstairs and found that the disturbance was caused by a bright young Air Defence Cadet. These Cadets are attached to the Home Guard as messengers, etc. The Cadet presented the Platoon Commander with a sealed envelope, handing it over with the words, "Urgent message from Company Head-quarters, sir."

With visions of mass invasion, parachute troops and all that goes with them, the P.C. tore open the envelope.

Imagine his feelings when this is what he read—

" Please note that, in future, men on all night guards will not be issued with tea and sugar rations."

Life in the Home Guard in these parts is quite a peaceful existence as yet, but, when and if the enemy dares to come, he will receive a fitting welcome, not only from the Old Sweats, but also from the younger generation who have benefited from intensive training over a period of some months, with the result that, in all except actual war experience, they are the equal of the 1914-18 men.

R. L. FARNELL.

### FROM THE ENGINEERS.

Since the last issue of " The Tie Line," we have certainly moved in the Engineering Department at Leeds. We now have Mr. Kernohan as our Chief Engineer, Mr. Mitchell having gone to the Birmingham Company. Good luck to you, Victor ! Anyway, Mr. Kernohan is no stranger to some of the lads at Leeds. Welcome to the Lioner's Den, Robert !

We have had Lieut. C. J. S. Lenton to see us, and he certainly looks well in his new rig-out. Good going, Clifford, we hope you will soon be posted, if this has not already taken place.

Signalman J. S. Lowe was having a " quiet one " in an unfrequented part of Leeds when he was pounced on from within. He said he had been tied in knots, but there were no knots on Jock that night, and he was able to ride home.

We hear that Sergeant Feeley is having a " rasping " time somewhere lower down. Let us know more about it, Johnny.

You will all be glad to hear that we have a great deal of work to do, and we are managing it, even though the weather has been contrary for certain types of jobs.

Our offices were subjected to an Icelandic spell a short while ago, and every-



*Just another slip up*

one seemed to be doing " Even Time," with the exception of the girls, who appeared to be chanting hymns of praise to the caretaker !

However, that same person did eventually come to our aid, and the girls, who had been wondering whether they should knit something for themselves were able to go back to Battle Dress.

J. W. H.

### CPL. E. FARROW, R.C.S.

We are happy to announce to readers that Cpl. Jimmy Farrow came through his operation successfully.

Writes :—I'm feeling more like my old self again, but have had rather a rough time. I had a relapse after the operation and had to be isolated for Christmas, so you can imagine what kind of a time I had during the festive season.

Anyway, from what I hear, the operation was a success, but it will be a long, long time before I shall walk again, and even then it will be with a distinguished military limp !

When I read of all the exciting, yet dangerous things that are happening, I feel so much out of it all and get rather depressed to think I am bedridden here

## THE TIE LINE

and not able to do my share—it's just fate, I suppose. (That's no way to talk, Jimmy. You've already done your share. And, when you're steady on your pins again, you'll do a bit more.—Ed.).

I am passing the time doing embroidery and am getting rather good at it—deep blush ! A table runner which I did was exhibited at a show of needlework in Edinburgh. (We've asked for a photograph of this work of art, and hope to publish it in the next issue.—Ed.).

### DVR. D. J. HART-COX, R.A.S.C.

His S.M. is making things pretty hot, but actually remarked on parade one day that Driver Hart-Cox and Co. were a pretty smart lot. Perhaps he wasn't well !

The authorities forgot all about Driver Hart-Cox's leave, so he complained, and they gave him Christmas week to make up for their omission. However, when he did finally arrive home, he found a D.A. bomb in his garden ! A little Christmas present with love from Adolf, we presume !



### F/O. A. WOOD, R.A.F.

He has made numerous attempts to write to us, but he has been living in such a rush that there seemed no opportunity of doing justice to the job. We hope he will keep his promise about contributing something shortly to "The Tie Line."

Every time he gets any leave, he receives a wire before it is over, recalling him immediately. Tough luck this !

### SIGM. J. S. LOWE, R.C.S.

A damaged knee landed him in hospital two days after he returned to camp from leave. He came out just in time to join one of the periodical inoculation parades, which knocked everyone flat, including such Old Sweats as the Sergeant. However, Jock managed to recover sufficiently to enjoy himself at the Leeds Annual Dinner.

### L/CPL. G. A. SHILLITO, R.C.S.

At the moment he is on an instruction course for N.C.O.'s, and assures us that it's about four times as stiff as when he was a recruit two years ago. He has discovered that he doesn't know as much as he thought he did ! In spite of this setback, he is enjoying himself very much in the Army.

### A/C.I L. DRYSDALE, R.A.F.

His present home is an old hotel, and life is a luxury to him after weeks in huts and under canvas. He says he is enjoying himself in the ballroom and the open-air swimming pool there. Can it be that he is one of these hardy enthusiasts who break the ice for an early morning dip ? Brrr !

### SIGM. D. IRWIN, R.C.S.

He isn't billeted in an igloo, as we expected, but in a very ordinary hut. It has electric light and a small stove, but, alas, no beds ; so they all have to sleep on the floor.

On Sundays he and his pals explore the surrounding countryside, and have already climbed most of the mountains within a 30-mile radius of their camp.

Once they walked thirty miles across rough barren stretches and frozen lakes. They saw several extinct volcanoes, climbed a small hill, and came to a swift

river, which they crossed by building a bridge.

The splashes of water on their clothes froze right away, and the stones they threw in were covered with ice. The strangest sight he has yet seen are the hot springs and rivers flowing amid the snowfields.

*File for future  
reference under*

## COKE-ABSENCE OF

It has been said that, if one holds a sixpence sufficiently near to the human eye, the whole of the universe is blotted out of the vision. Let the sixpence be moved away a little, and the range of vision will increase until finally the size of the coin becomes comparatively insignificant.

Likewise, if we puncture the end of a finger with a pin, the pain is dreadful, but, if we had to lose a finger entirely, then a pinprick would in comparison be something of no account whatever.

This brings me nearer to the thing I have in mind—had in mind quite recently—which was neither a sixpence nor a pinprick, but a spell of very cold weather. Nor was it the cold weather which blotted out my vision of the pleasanter things of life.

To put this Blotter-out of vision into what might be called military parlance, "Soldiers for use of," it was—

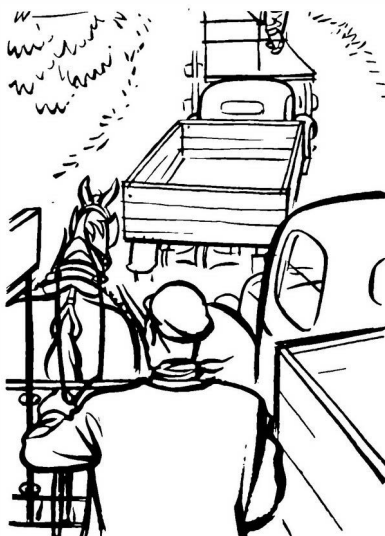
"Coke, absence of"—of course, a very minute piece of cinder in the eye can be very painful, but the sight of a load of coke can be a joy of everlasting remembrance.

Our objective is now in sight, but not to be reached before our old friend Rumour steps into the breach.

On this occasion, Rumour said—several things. Each one partly contradicted the previous one, but each had a little foundation, as all the most respectable rumours should have, in order to be properly relished.

The first indication of anything amiss was a gradual lowering of the temperature in our General Office. One member of our staff was heard to suggest that it might be due to air in the pipes. He later qualified this statement by saying heating pipes, not windpipes.

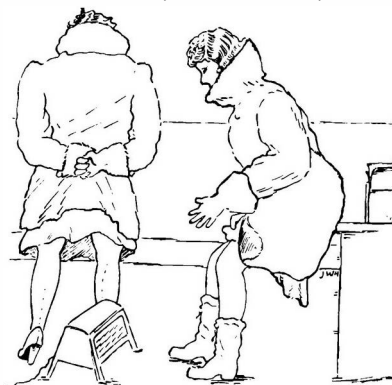
Now let us make this quite clear. It was not air in the pipes. It was all due to the coke in Leeds having been sent to Sheffield. Sheffield Company, please note—no offence meant. Then we heard that all transport had been sent to Coventry! As in Tom Brown's School-



*All transport had been sent to Coventry*

days, the effect of the Coventry tale or the Sheffield story boiled down—below zero being the correct temperature—to the fact that Leeds Company had not any coke, not even a cinder in the eye, to put into the boiler that heated the radiator that warmed the office that Jack had not built. And so the Captain said . . . This can be taken as a fact, that our Filing Cabinets became like blocks of ice, each drawer sliding in and out on a glacier, and our Cash Box became a refrigerator.

There was a chilly silence in the G.O., only broken by the staccato of the tap, tap, on the ice-cold keys of the typewriter. We really envied our boys in



*They couldn't go to Iceland  
So Iceland came to them.*

Iceland ; even they had their igloos and woollies. Here and now, let it be said that the Office Staff did not turn up for work dressed in chinchilla !

But now all that is history. The transport has now arrived back from Coventry, but then we are no longer concerned with that. The G.O. is so lovely and warm, and, as the sixpence is so very far from the eye, why worry ! But don't you see ? All that was only a pinprick. I wonder why we worried about it at all. It makes you think, don't it—apologies to Jack Warner.

MISS F. CANTOR.

## A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath

It has been noted of late in the daily newspapers that our Military Commanders carry their Army Bibles with them. May we suggest that our colleagues in the Forces should consult their Army Hymn Books for solace during their daily routine.

### 6.30 a.m. Reveille

Christians awake

### 6.45 a.m. Early Parade

Art thou weary, art thou languid ?

### 7 a.m. Breakfast

Meekly wait and murmur not

### 8.15 a.m. Officer's Parade

When he cometh

### 10.30 a.m. Kit Inspection

All things bright and beautiful

### 1 p.m. Dinner

Come ye thankful people, come

### 3.15 p.m. Lecture

Tell me the old, old story

### 5.30 p.m. Tea

What means this anxious waiting throng ?

### 6 p.m. Free for the Night

O Lord how happy we shall be

### 6.30 p.m. Out of Bounds

We do not know, we cannot tell

### 7 p.m. Estaminet Voluntary Route March

Onward Christian Soldiers

### 8 p.m. Foot Inspection

Fair waved the golden corn

### 10 p.m. Lights Out

Peace, perfect peace

S. WILLIAMS, ex-R.E.

London Chronomatic

A N T R I M

**BHAEAST**

*Belfast Laugh*  
**News**

**Miss IRENE TURNER HOLDS  
THE FORT FOR BELFAST**

D O W N

Now, when I sit down to write something for "The Tie Line" in the hope that it may be worth publishing, I also feel that we lack over here some of the subject matter with which our other Companies seem to be so well provided.

I hope that, when we have to face similar experiences, we shall not be found wanting and that we shall, as they say in the newspapers, "be able to take it." Certainly, as far as our Civil Defence Services are concerned, we are prepared for any emergency.

The First-Aid Post to which Miss Cairnduff, our typist, is attached, manages to combine business with pleasure very successfully. They have a very competent Entertainments Committee, and the parties they have organised have been very popular.

The last one, held about a fortnight ago, has, according to her, surpassed the others, but beyond this we could get very little information from her. I have a suspicion that her "morning after" feeling made her less informative than usual. However, one or two facts did emerge, from which I shall leave my readers to draw their own conclusions. One was that Postman's Knock was the most popular event of the evening, and earned for itself many encores. Another was that, although it was a very cold night, our typist went out for a "breath of air," minus a coat, and "didn't feel the least bit cold."

Mr. King, our traveller, holds firmly to the belief that nothing great was ever accomplished by Britain without an Irishman being mixed up in it somewhere, and that, before we make any further appreciable headway, we shall have to put more Irishmen at the head of our "affairs." It is significant, in support of his contention, that he—an Irishman—participated actively in the last war, and "after all, we won that one." It was, presumably, necessary to have a few of the rest of the Empire hanging around in order to see to odd jobs.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary for me to point out that Mr. King does not always "get away" with these contentions; this, however, is hardly his fault.

Until quite recently, he had a very able supporter in Miss Cairnduff, but her ideas have been entirely altered by a certain khaki-clad young Englishman whom she met at the party already mentioned. She now thinks that Englishmen are the salt of the earth.

She has, for some time past, added to our salvage campaign a side-line of her own—she collects little bits of paper. These bits of paper are the tiny snippings made when punching holes in letters and papers for filing. The use for this may not at once be apparent, so I hasten to explain that she had found out it makes excellent confetti, and has many advantages. Apart from the saving in money and paper, there is the important con-



## THE TIE LINE

sideration that, while the other members of the staff are using this for you—if you happen to be the victim—there is less risk of their using larger and harder ammunition. Then too, you can always drop a gentle hint that the money thus saved by ready-made confetti can be expended on a wedding present.

The thrilling thought arising from this is the fact that the confetti we are saving may be used at our very own wedding—almost as thrilling as sleeping with someone else's wedding cake under one's pillow !

Discussing the matter with Mr. Grimbley—i.e. Miss Cairnduff's peculiarity—he said that it reminded him of a peculiarity reputed to obtain amongst some "old soldiers." In order to maintain the general belief that old soldiers never die, they were supposed to have endeavoured to ensure this by sticking little pieces of paper, one by one, on the tips of their noses, and blowing them off again. The resultant "Ticket" thus contributed to their longevity. In the light of this, his own survival is perhaps significant.

In conclusion, I should like to send, through "The Tie Line," my very best wishes to every member of the Organisation, both in the Forces and on the Home Front.

### PARS FROM BELFAST

Some time ago, Miss Turner, on her way down the stairs from our Offices, was the chief character in an incident (a word which the A.R.P. have done much to popularise—our Mr. King, no doubt, has a wider knowledge as to its varied uses !) which has been made the subject of the following few and somewhat faulty verses :

Down the stairs she went alone,  
Tripping gaily o'er the stone.  
Safely reached the floor below,  
Then reached for what?—We don't know !

And such vigour did display  
She might be reachin' to this day,  
If more steps hadn't been there—  
To break her fall—and to tear  
The heels from her shoes away.

'Twas thought by most—more I'd say—  
That from that mem'able day  
High heels'd surely disappear,  
Be gone 'fore another year.  
And her fall not be in vain,  
So she'd have to fall again—  
So as to persuade us that—  
Ladies' heels should all be flat.  
(The heels of shoes, we mean.)

Though most Suffragettes have gone,  
Their spirit, it seems, lives on.  
Then it was votes and all that :  
Now it is heels and all flat !

And that is how one more name was added to the list of martyrs for the cause of women . . . though it may yet be the means of letting them all down.

The wail of the siren, not by any means a regular event here yet, nor accompanied to date by any more annoying noises, has, so an unusually persistent



rumour says, proved an ally to Mr. King. Whenever the sound is heard, it is said that his feet literally skim the ground as he travels in the direction of Telematic Roof-top Telephone Prospects, if we may coin a description.

Lends weight to his arguments, as it were, and takes it off his feet! The speed at which he travels is said to be phenomenal, and the number of men whom he interviews is astounding. Doubtless this goes far to explain the two-directional expression noted of late on the faces of not a few members of the R.U.C. (Rale Ulster Coppers).

It is understood that Miss Turner is contributing an article to "The Tie Line," and herein lies another explanation. No longer will her furrowed brow suggest that a sailor lad is the object of

sad reflection. We can, as we might say, rest on our oars!

It is also understood—such a useful word this, when one contemplates the Law of Libel—that Miss Cairnduff cannot be prevailed upon to put pen to paper in this connection. It is thought, however, that she is saving up "copy," and will some time release it for publication by instalments, when it is expected that pages will be taken up, bearing such headlines and cross-lines as: "DARING EXPOSURES!", "FOR MEN ONLY," "FIRST AID—LAST HOPE," or "MARRIAGE BY MEDICINE." All of us here naturally hope that she will soon complete the series—we want to know the worst. History is made at night, it is said—yes, but reputations can be lost in the daytime!

## THE MYSTERY OF THE MIST

It was about noon and a thick mist hung over the city, so that pedestrians were mere gaunt shadows that moved in an unceasing stream, and 'buses and cars were dark masses that appeared and disappeared unrecognised.

In this semi-darkness, a black-coated figure could be observed by those very close to him, entering an office building, to climb the stairs and make his way down a shadowy corridor 'twixt a number of offices. The man hesitated for a few seconds, then swiftly and silently vanished behind one of the many doors at hand.

It was quiet and foreboding in there, for not even the sound of a typewriter was anywhere to be heard, and the man in black coat and slouch hat glanced about as if to assure himself that no unseen eyes looked on. He moved his hand quickly over something on the desk, then peered beneath. Just at that moment a plane dived low over the rooftops, but he did not appear to give it a

moment's notice; instead he moved towards a door which led to an adjoining office.

Here, too, there was no occupant, and papers were strewn over the large table. Again the lone intruder was busy at the desk for a moment or two. In two other empty offices he repeated this procedure, then gained the dark corridor again and began walking towards the enquiry window near the exit.

Still opportunities for enterprising burglars, he thought, as he strolled along the passage and approached the general office, where, through the open door the safe was visible, its heavy door ajar.

From nearby there came the sound of an ascending lift, causing the man to pause for an instant. He stood still. A moment later a junior clerk appeared, and, seeing our maintenance man, volunteered the information that "There's a screw loose somewhere?" Yes . . .!

W. D. F. (Belfast Company)

## BRISTOL *News*



### To those in the Forces Everywhere

After a lull in contributions from the active forces, we have received two letters—one from Spence and one from Dud. I have also received a note from Captain Dalton, promising a letter later. He informed me that he is going to Yorkshire, but, whether this is only temporary, I do not know. Perhaps he will let us know in the promised letter.

Now that a start has been made with these letters, we should all appreciate a few lines from every one of you for inclusion in "The Tie Line," which is published every two months. You may not be particularly interested in reading your own letters in the magazine, but others appreciate them and you will, without doubt, enjoy reading letters from other members of the forces.

If, therefore, you will all send some contribution, however small, everyone will find the very popular "Tie Line" will become increasingly so with every issue. To be in time for the next issue, please start at once.

You will be glad to know that Bristol won the Quarterly Cup. There were many thirsty enquiries about how much it would hold. Interest seemed to wane somewhat when it was realised that, even under the engineers' keenest scrutiny, no holding capacity could be found. It was a very good effort on the

part of all—Salesmen, Engineers and Office Staff. Perhaps Mr. Jackman and Mr. Lyne will have a few anxious moments before the installations have all been fitted, but they are bearing up very well so far.

We were very pleased to receive a visit from Corporal Nathan of Manchester. He was in charge of a party trying to make the best of the wrecked buildings in Bristol. Sorry I missed you, Corporal.

We should appreciate very much the visit of members of other Companies when they are in Bristol, and will try to make their visit as enjoyable as possible.

The office staff is contributing for the first time, and you will be able to judge their effort for yourselves.

Bristol Company sends its very best wishes to all the members in the Forces.

### **BDR. E. G. CLARKE, R.A., Prisoner of War**

From his wife, we were pleased to hear that she has received several cards from him. He doesn't write much about his activities, but, in all of them, he says he is in good health. The only thing he grumbled about was that he has received no mail.

## From the Girls of the Bristol Company

Well, Lads !

You have by this time read several issues of "The Tie Line" and, so far, the Girls of the Bristol Company have contributed nothing. So here we go.

We are inaugurating a Wool Fund, and intend knitting "things" for those of you on active service.

From experience, we know that you usually get duplicate sets of gloves and no socks, or vice versa, so, if you will just drop us a line or put a P.S. on any of your letters to say what you really need—woollen garments, we mean—we'll do our best to supply your wants.

We think that probably Dud will not require any knitted woollies as he is already in a very warm climate. We hope you have quite recovered from your attack of malaria, Dud, and that you don't get a recurrence, as, apart from that, you appear to be having a quite good time.

We believe that Tommy Bennett has just returned from a pleasure trip to Canada, where he collected a Destroyer supplied on a White Works Order.

Wilkie came into the office not very long ago, looking very fit. Although he joined the Army as a Despatch Rider, he has now taken his motor bike to bits and made a wireless set, so the C.O. has decided to make him a wireless mechanic. Now we know what went wrong with the "Vacs."

We would take this opportunity of wishing Spence every happiness in his married life, and hope that all his troubles will be "little ones."

We saw Joey Brown just before Christmas, in fact, we think we must see more of him than the Air Force do. Did the gloves fit, Joey? If not, don't forget that there are four of us here—they ought to fit one of us.

We shall always be glad to hear from you.

Well, cheerio, and the best of luck to you all.

**A.F. (A.) H. SPENCE**, Fleet Air Arm.

As his part of the world has been snowed up of late, all leave for Spence has been cancelled. He is one of a party of 400 who dig out the road and the railway from under four to six feet of snow every day—once it was fourteen feet! The great difficulty is that the railway is in a valley and the wind blows the snow down from the hills. All road transport is carried out by means of sledges, pulled by troops. This is another daily routine to bring bread from the village two miles away.

He is still training in the workshops, and has to wear his overcoat to keep warm. However, he is expecting a move soon, and then he says he knows that things will be a lot better, and, we hope, a trifle warmer.

## THEN AND NOW

### A 1914-18 Episode.

I was at rest (?) behind the lines in the Pas de Calais area, and one evening was strolling around the billets with a huge Scottie who had sort of adopted me—I only stand 5ft. 4½ in.—when we "found" (sic) a hen that had got lost! "Jock," says I, "she'll make a lovely supper to-night." "No, no, mon," says Jock, "we'll keep her until morning; maybe she'll lay an egg."

### A 1941 Episode.

I recently managed to obtain a real new laid egg—real D.A. work this. So, remembering Jock's remarks, I'm keeping it in the gas oven. Maybe it'll hatch out a wee hen, and then I'll get lashings of eggs. Maybe!

B. O'SULLIVAN, Bristol Company.

## BRISTOL'S "STOUT" DEFENDER

**MR. W. LATIMER**, Battalion Signal Officer, Home Guard, gives us the lighter side of two recent experiences.

The first experience refers to a Platoon exercise. The Platoon had had a lecture during the week on Scouting and Advancing under Cover. On the Sunday morning, an exercise was arranged in which to practise what had been taught. Two men had been selected as the "Enemy" and were sent to a given position to hold it, whilst the remainder of the Platoon were to take this position, advancing without being seen by the "Enemy," making use of scouts. I, not being attached to any Platoon, had been asked to act as Referee and had taken up a position with the "Enemy". Each of the two "Enemies" had selected a good spot under cover from which they could see the "Attackers" in ample time to act.

At zero hour the advance commenced over a wide arc, with the lads crawling and dodging through mud and long grass. After half a mile or so of this, "Enemy No. 1," who was sitting behind a hedge, saw two or three of the "Attackers" appear at a gate within fifteen yards of him and, after a careful look round, vault over the gate. "Enemy No. 1" on sighting them, brought his rifle to the aim and covered them. He had no blank ammunition though, and, however long he kept them covered they somehow did not drop dead. In desperation, therefore, lest he should be overpowered himself, he yelled out in a loud voice, "Bang!" and the "Attackers," instead of dropping down, all decided that they



... Bang! ...

had been missed and scampered back over the gate.

"Enemy No. 2," who was esconced in a better position than his partner, had rested his rifle against a tree, sat down and lit his pipe. He had witnessed the trouble that his partner had had, and, as the "Attackers" at his end appeared in view, they got to their feet and stalked forward, having, in their estimation, just negotiated an open space very creditably. As they stalked forward, they passed him quite closely, when, in a low-pitched voice, he took the pipe out of his mouth and remarked, "All you b——s are dead. I've been watching your antics for the last twenty minutes!"

The next incident occurred during a Battalion exercise on another Sunday morning when one Company of the Battalion had to defend a village against the rest of the Battalion, who were advancing upon it from all directions. No precautions had been thought necessary regarding the identification of each side since the

"Defenders" would be in their own territory.

The "Attackers," however, did not know where they would find enemy outposts, nor did they know the number. My station was, of course, Battalion H.Q., and you may imagine the consternation caused at H.Q. when, almost simultaneously, signals came back from two platoons (one of 'C' and one of 'D' Company) to the effect that they had contacted the "Enemy" at a point where H.Q. knew the "Enemy" could not be. Intelligence Département was, therefore, sent forward and found that these two platoons, advancing on converging routes, had, on sighting each other, each taken the other for the "Enemy" and started on a purely private war of their own in the field!

#### SIGM. W. J. DUDBRIDGE, R.C.S.

Soon after he landed out East, he went down with malaria. Fortunately he contracted the non-recurring type, so he doesn't expect to have another bout.

Writes:—I had a marvellous trip out here in a converted liner. Quarters were very cramped, but I slept on deck most of the way. We stopped at — for a whole week with shore leave every day. It's a marvellous town, beautifully planned. It has lovely wide roads, tall buildings—almost skyscrapers, luxury flats and hotels. All the residential parts looked ever so clean as everything is painted yellow and white. Householders have to spend pounds every year to keep the outside of their houses spick and span.

Everyone seems to own a high-powered American car. Actually they are extremely cheap and are taxed by weight, so a 30-h.p. Studebaker only costs £7 10s. a year for tax, and there's no petrol rationing!

The people treated us like long-lost sons. Every day we were picked up and taken for drives around the countryside, given meals in hotels and cafes, and were entertained in the evenings at their homes. I've never been so well fed in my life. Incidentally, it was their spring season, so the weather was glorious.

After we left there, we were on the water for another fortnight. We reached a certain port, and then had a twenty-one hours' train journey to —, which has been a military centre for donkey's years owing to its position. It's 3,000 feet above sea level, so it never gets unbearably hot. We arrived at the tail-end of the Monsoon season, so, for the first few days, there was a perpetual thunderstorm.

Reveille is at 5.30, for half an hour's physical training, then three-quarters of an hour's drill, breakfast, after which technical training and parades all the morning; lunch, then lectures and sports. They are very keen on sport here, especially hockey and swimming. There's not a lot to do in the evenings except go to the canteen or one of the two picture houses. The bazaar is the filthiest and most evil-smelling place I have ever been in. Still, we have some grand fun beating down the prices the shopkeepers ask. There's no fixed price for anything except books and cigarettes. I can generally reckon to get things for half the price asked and I have to watch the change too, because there's more bad money out here than any other place I've been in.

We are allowed to wear civvies in the evenings, so I've had to get flannels and sports coat. Actually, at dinner, the place looks like a college. The beer is terribly dear and pretty rotten. Cigarettes are dirt cheap.

I'm quite homesick, and do hope this — war will soon be over, so that I can get back to work.

DUD.

## JOTTINGS

### from a Bristol Engineer

With the aid of a few rows of plain and purl, I would like to add a word or two.

We have, of course, lost more of the lads to the Navy, Fleet Air Arm and the Signals. Dudbridge, known as "Dud," who is in the Signals, was told by the Officer in Charge of the Company he joined, that he was very lucky, as they were never killed on active service—only worked to death! I beg to differ with regard to the first part of his statement as will anyone who has gone out to find a "dis" during a "stafe." Good luck to "Dud" and may all the shells and bombs he may meet be "duds" too.

Since writing my last notes, I have had—in common with other "odd length merchants"—a trip to London Company and to H.O. at their "sylvan home" at Beckenham. It was a visit much enjoyed and appreciated, and I should like, if I may, to take this opportunity of thanking all with whom I came in contact, for their helpfulness.

By the way, I hope that two certain lady members of the Beckenham staff still manage to catch their train in the mornings. Each morning I fully expected them to arrive on the buffers of the last coach. The rumour that the staff at B—n Station run a sweep on their chances of missing the train is, I understand, without foundation. As they say in the Army, "No names, no pack drill," but the fact that one is tall and dark and the other not so tall or dark may give those interested a clue.

If any storekeeper could tell me how to disguise empty cases as perishable goods, I should be very grateful, as that appears to me to be

the only way to get the railway to take them.

During the visit of **Mr. Greenfield** of London Company to our first Broadcast Installation, I understand he was introduced to **Mr. Oldmeadow**. I'll bet they were tickled "pink"!

By the way, our new cashier is **Mrs. R. Dix**, the wife of **Ronnie Dix** who went from Bristol to the Spurs—among other teams—to show them how footer should be played. As he is now stationed in Bristol, those who knew him as a schoolboy international and Rovers player are getting a chance to see him in action again.

Being up to our necks in work, we can sympathise with some of the Companies who are pestered with air raids. We haven't seen our shelter for weeks—touch wood—may that state of affairs continue for duration.

The above does not mean that we haven't been "Blitzed," but, apart from the fact that we have very little glass in our windows, we escaped very nicely, thank you, and, as I am writing this, they are busy replacing the tiles.

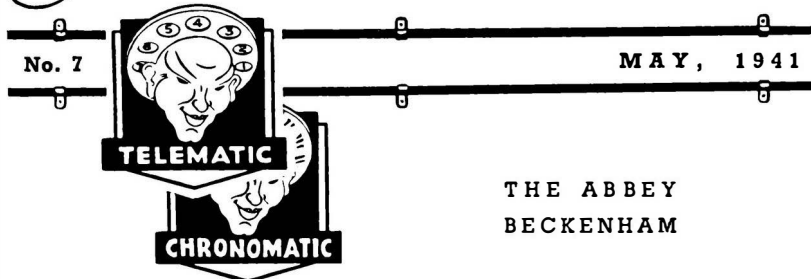
A fitter who, by his speech evidently came from London, went into a shop in the West Country. On asking for some "PLIERS," he was politely told that they were tobaccoists and not ironmongers.

Fitting is a man's job,  
For ladies will not dare  
To climb a ladder to a span  
For fear they should tear  
Stockings silk at five and eleven;  
And wool they will not wear.

Here's to a speedy return.

A. W. LYNE.

# The TIE LINE



THE ABBEY  
BECKENHAM

## A MESSAGE FROM OUR GENERAL MANAGER

Our records show that nearly two-fifths of Telephone Rentals men serving with the Forces have gained promotion.

At first sight, perhaps, there is nothing very remarkable in that. Promotion is likely to be more rapid in war-time, and, after eighteen months of war, one might be inclined merely to note the fact and pass on, with a word of congratulation to the men concerned.

But there is another point of view. A large percentage of those men worked with us on the engineering side and of them, an even larger percentage are now serving with the Royal Corps of Signals. Obviously there is a great deal of difference between the duties they are now carrying out and those they performed in peace-time, but it is certainly true that their training and experience with us have helped them to be proficient in their present jobs.

It might, therefore, be said that the Company, as well as the men themselves, may find this record of progress a matter for congratulation and may justly regard the good work of these men as yet another contribution of Telephone Rentals to the Country's war-time effort.

Or would that be just an idealistic exaggeration ?

Well, I think the answer to that rather disconcerting question depends upon how many of us are Telephone Rentals men—because that is what the opening paragraph said—and how many are just working for Telephone Rentals until something better turns up.

Experience has shown that in the past a man could not, as a general rule, be expected to take much interest in Telephone Rentals—could not, in fact, be a Company's man—until he had been with us twelve months



at the very least. And those troublesome records of ours show that a large number of our present engineers have been with us for less than a year.

As a matter of fact, it is rather interesting to see how the length of service with the Company of the men in the Forces compares with that of the men making up our engineering strength to-day. Here is the comparison :—

Men in the Forces, 20.0 per cent. with less than one year's service.

Present engineering staff, 33.4 per cent. with less than one year's service.

Not such a tremendous difference, you might be tempted to say, but more serious when you realise that that 33.4 per cent. represents almost 200 men and youths.

Well, what about it ? This about it.

A Telephone Rentals man—manager, engineer or salesman—has always been able to get a job elsewhere and, generally speaking, hasn't wanted to. Nowadays, jobs with competitors are not perhaps so easy to get because competitors may be less busy than they were, but even without them, there are plenty of well-paid jobs going.

So, as this war will not be over just yet and the future will be easier to face if there are no misunderstandings between ourselves, let's get this straight.

If we have men amongst us who have no more interest in the Company and its work than the money they get each week and who believe that they can do better elsewhere, let them go. Sooner or later they will go in any case, and it will be less trouble for them and us if they go now.

But if we have men who, with good conscience, honestly believe that the Company's work is vital to the Community in this time of war, and that it lies in their power to make that work the better and the more surely done, let them stay. Let them stay with the Company and work with the Company unless and until the Government should tell them individually and personally that their skill is required for even more important work.

The Company has great need of their services now and in the days to come they will not regret their choice.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'R. P. Hilme', with a long horizontal line extending to the right from the end of the signature.

Director and General Manager.



The writers were bemoaning the fact that it was difficult to write H.O. News because nothing ever happened out of the ordinary at The Abbey.

As usual it's a case of never appreciating what one has until it has gone. We used to complain about draughty corridors and leaky roofs, but, since THE "reprisal" blitz, we have experienced what it must feel like to work in the middle of a field with the gate open !

Read all about it—

We're having such fun at The Abbey  
Since Goering dropped us a packet.  
He gave us some of his big stuff  
With the aid of his Luftwaffe racket.

The blast hit all sides of The Abbey—  
Played havoc with windows and doors.

The tiles flew hither and thither  
And ceilings came down on the floors

H.O. staff arrived here next morning  
With many a groan and a curse.  
But, on thinking the matter over,  
Decided it could have been worse.

They set to with brushes and dusters  
And rescued their papers and bits.  
By lunch-time Head Office was working  
As though there had been no b—  
Blitz.

Not a soul is working upstairs now—

At least only just one or two—

Though Sunshine Roofs are the fashion,  
They don't stop the rain coming through.

We're having such fun at The Abbey !

But we don't care a fig if we can

Do "business as usual" despite a blitz  
And so thumb our nose at THAT  
MAN.

Mr. W. S. Philcox, supported by Messrs. Cleverdon, Chapman and Stokes, were on duty at The Abbey on that night—to say nothing of S.C.'s dog, Prince. At the height of the blitz, Prince scooted off home. We like to think that he instinctively felt his protective presence was needed by the womenfolk.

Incendiaries in the grounds provided the curtain-raiser for the big show. Sandbags here, sandbags there, and the fire bugs were smothered in double quick time. But there was more trouble brewing in the shape of heavier stuff, which landed nearby and blasted The Abbey, good and plenty.

Clouds of dust filled the air, so that, in the dark of night, it might have been taken for heavy smoke. But The Abbey was not on fire. What a relief !

## THE TIE LINE

Mr. Stokes went to the rescue of a puppy which was trapped in a nearby house. He pulled a box from a bed and threw it down. He heard the jingle of many coins and discovered that it was a cash box which he had so carelessly tossed to one side.

He brought the dog to The Abbey and tied him up in the shelter with a piece of string, but in the morning all that remained was the piece of string—the rescuee evidently didn't think much of our shelter!

So that was that, and our four fire watchers had a "merry" time till day-break—then a breather and a wash in readiness for straightening out.

What a mess—tiles on every roof gone, ceilings gone, glass gone. Yet by noon, under Mr. Cleverdon's guidance, the Accounts and General Office were working merrily, and the rest of us had found odd corners where we could sort out our papers and create a new working base.

A very big word of praise must be recorded here for our girls, who make up 90 per cent of our staff. They carried on cheerfully, almost as if nothing unusual

had happened. Something to be taken in their stride without fuss or alarm.

The menfolk at The Abbey are proud to have such girls as workmates—made of the right stuff, they are.

Then Friday saw most of the windows made storm and windproof, but we couldn't call on Tilers for the roofs until Sunday.

And then "the rains came" on Saturday morning to make another mess. It was now a question of frequently shifting desks and cabinets in an effort to escape the rain drips which poured through the roof into the Purchase and Supply Department and penetrated through the ceiling into G.M.O. Every available bucket was commandeered to catch the drips. Soon we had Alto drips, Tenor drips, Bass drips, and Soprano drips, and the resultant symphony would have made Beethoven turn in his grave.

However, H.O. has made a rapid recovery to as near normal as possible—as, indeed, has all London—as, indeed, Britain always will. She has the Courage, the Spirit and the Will to overcome all hardships and setbacks.



*Proud to have such girls*

It began in the far-off ages  
When Alfred sought to unite  
The kingdoms we now call counties,  
And started a long-drawn fight.  
The ideal was complete unity  
And, when a Scot came to the throne  
The ideal became reality,  
The seeds of Empire were sown.  
But something finer than possession of  
land  
Arose from the anguish of civil war—  
Something vital, simple, yet grand,  
A birthright for evermore.  
It's found in the marshes and eastern  
fens  
In the deep quiet strength of the  
moors,  
It's alive in the snowy Welsh moun-  
tains,  
In the seas that pound our shores.

It holds to its course when the  
pointer's at Zero,  
Has the grit that battles with pain,  
Declines to be known to the world as  
a Hero,  
Doesn't hanker for personal gain.

It's something intangible—yet stronger  
than steel,  
It may bend but can never be broken,  
And times of adversity alone can reveal,  
The Will of the average Briton.

Having told our readers about our  
blitz, we can now continue with other  
H.O. news.

The Accounts Department is very  
proud of the fact that its chief—Mr. B.  
Beldham—affectionately known as  
"B.B." to his intimates—is so often  
likened to the Aga Khan.

We are very glad to have Mr. Blake  
back with us again after a long illness,  
but we are still awaiting the return of  
Mr. S. Carrington, who has also been ill.  
Syd's humorous comments on the war  
during the first half of last year pro-  
duced many laughs when things looked  
blackest, and we have missed him very  
much.

Mr. Ainley inspires such devotion  
that four of the Abbeyites went gleaning  
wood for him one lunch hour. The  
wood—a log some seven feet high—was  
scrounged from an adjacent park, and  
the strategy of the wood-gleaners when,  
straddled across the road with their  
burden, they came face-to-face with  
officialdom in the person of a park  
keeper, might have made even General  
Sir Archibald Wavell envious.

Miss Browne, who deals with the cater-  
ing problems, finds it a little easier to  
collect the tea money these days. She  
is no longer presented with twenty-  
four farthings by some half-dozen of the  
office jokers one week, and a rustle of  
notes requiring change the next. Does

she think of those old tussles with  
regret? We wonder!

There are many new faces in the  
Accounts now—but McIntyre is still the  
evil genius of Stock Records. One day  
the end of the world seemed imminent,  
for Mac was seen frowning. However,  
it was only an isolated instance—his  
cheery grin and very hearty laugh are  
still in evidence.

Miss Bower—now Mrs. Jimmy Radley  
—is seen every Friday *en route* for the  
Post Office carrying a parcel nearly as  
big as herself. Judging by the news that  
Mr. Jimmy Radley—Royal Navy—has  
gained a stone since his call-up, the  
contents of those parcels must be good.

We often think of "our boys" who  
are serving with the Forces, and they are  
often mentioned in our conversation—  
especially those who have gone overseas  
—Bax, who found it impossible to keep  
out of scrapes, and Williams, whose gift  
of mimicry was such a constant source of  
amusement.

Here is a special word of cheer for  
Pte. "Laurel" Hardy. Pennells—who  
was Hardy trained—peddles his wares as  
efficiently as his predecessor—though  
sometimes the demand for cigarettes  
exceeds the supply.

So give a cheer for Head Office!

Again we are mending our roof,

Again we are boarding up windows,

But our humour and work are  
bombproof!

M. A. H. and J. E. G.

#### **CPL. S. CRANE, Queen Victoria Rifles.**

During his last leave, he came up on a  
Wednesday to The Abbey to have a look  
round and get first-hand news. He then  
went up to London for a quick one with  
Mac, and now wonders if Mac can tell  
him how he—Crane—came to be in  
Shepherds Bush in the early hours of  
Thursday morning!

## THE TIE LINE

He has now moved from his wonderful town—ten girls to each soldier—and is back in a small village—fifty soldiers to each girl ! However, he still has a chance as it's possible to get into town now and again.

### **PTE. "LAUREL" HARDY, A.M.P.C.**

Well, well, after doing quite a bit of "digging for victory," coaling, laying water mains and barbed wire, and erecting a military camp, I am now working on a munition dump Somewhere in England.

It is pretty hefty work, issuing and receiving all kinds of frightening and devilish-looking things. I have a constant dread that my rather well-known awkwardness may land me in trouble ! We also have to do guard twice a week, so, all things considered, we are having quite a busy time.

What a sight I look these days, dressed in a Denim suit, leather jerkin, Wellington boots, balaclava, etc. ! Rather different in appearance from the young gentleman (?) who once pleaded with you to buy his "tigarettes" and raffle tickets.

P.S.—Will our good friend—the tea lady—make a point of keeping a stock of dripping toast and doughnuts, so that, next time I visit The Abbey, I will not have to go hungry. Cyril let me down last time !

### **2nd LT. H. M. MILLER, The Green Howards (Electro Rentals) (See photo)**

Although he was one of the first members of the staff to be called up—25.8.39—he has very little to tell us beyond the fact that, although he thought that he was doing a hell of a mileage when he was with the firm, since he has been in the army he has travelled for more miles than he thought was possible.

He is now in his fifth station since last November, and, as he is in command of

the Bren Gun Carriers in his battalion, he gets around a good deal.

When he was on leave recently, he called in at The Abbey and was more than pleased to find some socks waiting for him.

When he wrote us he was just recovering from having injections of T.A.B. and A.T.T.—whatever they may be—and both his arms were rather sore.

### **SIGM. R. GREENACRE, R.C.S. (See photo) (Electro Rentals)**

I am in the Royal Corps of Signals, "the cream of the Army intake," and have just finished a course of training as an Instrument Mechanic. I am now at a training camp finishing my training with a refresher course, after which I will be sent to a Holding Battalion before joining a unit.

When I first arrived here with others, the authorities seemed very uncertain what to do with us—in fact, they gave us seven days' leave while they thought about the problem.

When we returned from leave, we began our refresher course, on which we have been very busy ever since—except for one day spent in the cookhouse taking the eyes out of about a ton of potatoes.

Our present camp is in some way more comfortable than the billets we were in. For example, the beds are much better—a very important consideration. In other respects we are worse off, as, when we have to do picket duty, we have to get up at 5 a.m. every morning for a week, besides not being allowed out of the camp. However, we are pretty well off, and the food is not too bad.

I have applied for a transfer to the R.A.O.C. as a workshop foreman. It is a job open for men with electrical and mechanical knowledge, with experience in supervising men.



## Our Women's Section

Since the last issue, we have been kept very busy indeed with requests for woollies, razor blades, cigarettes, books, etc., and we seem to have earned a good name for ourselves by the speed with which these requests are dealt with.

An anonymous lady member of the Accounts Department, Head Office, was kind enough to present us with eight precious home-grown onions to be raffled in aid of the Comforts Fund.

We were delighted to obtain the sum of £1 2s. 10d., and would like to take this opportunity of saying "thank you very much" to the donor. The winners were Messrs. Pennells and Bullivent.

When A.C.I Miers, R.A.F., ex-Sheffield Company, sent us an S.O.S. for a dart board, we co-operated with the Sheffield Company and donated 50 per cent. of the cost. We are very glad to hear that this board is being well used.

Manchester has sent us 30/-, and Birmingham £2, since the last issue, and we have collected over £6 at The Abbey, so we are in good funds again to meet the many calls we are likely to receive. Let them all come, we say—the more the merrier.

We are greatly indebted to Miss Wills for the yeoman work she has been putting in and to all the members of the Companies and Head Office, who have been so busy knitting for the "Boys," not forgetting Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Barnes, and Miss Barrow—outside the organisation—whose noble knitting efforts have tided us over many a tight spot.

We ourselves were very tempted to borrow some of the woollen articles in stock, when one morning we arrived at The Abbey to find that things were not quite normal—and certainly not warm.

We won't take up space by listing the goods which have come in from Companies, but we have received a goodly supply, and have written direct to the Companies concerned, thanking them.

We are pleased to learn from various sources that the articles sent out are good fits and wear well. What more could we ask?

MISS M. MILLER

### COMFORTS FUND

DEAR MISS MILLER

Dear Miss Miller, can I have  
Razor blades with which to shave?  
Have you any socks to spare?  
If so, could I have a pair?

Have you any rubber soles?  
My pullover is now in holes!  
My balaclava's worn away.  
I lost my khaki gloves to-day!

I cannot purchase any fags.  
Miss Miller, have you any mags?  
A scarf would come in very handy.  
Also—have you any candy?

JOAN E. GILLESPIE.

## "IN TOWN TO-NIGHT"

**MR. MAURICE HIGH**, London Chromatic Maintenance Engineer, describes his experiences in preparation for his B.B.C. Broadcast, May 3rd last, when all Chronomatic Clocks were advanced yet another hour.



Being "In Town To-night" is an interesting experience. Firstly, because it brings one into contact with people whose names are household words; secondly, one gains an insight into the workings of that much criticised institution—the B.B.C. To put the matter in a nut-shell, it's very much like gardening—you need to put in a great deal of spade work in order to achieve satisfactory final results, and—like gardening—it's very thirsty work. Definitely!

The personalities you contact cannot be discussed, so we will deal briefly with item two.

Now if you have an idea there are various ways of expressing it. You can speak about it to friends, or get up on a soap box in Hyde Park, or maybe write to the newspapers about it. In each case with a progressive increase in your audience. But if you have the luck to be able to use as your platform the "In Town To-night" programme of the B.B.C. you will reach an audience of approximately 20,000,000 (twenty million) people. I say "if you have the luck" advisedly, because it is not easy. This programme is in its eighth year—the longest run of any B.B.C. feature. It is broadcast on both Home wavelengths, at the week's peak listening period, and again on Sunday. It also goes out to the Empire on four different wavelengths. Consequently it is not

surprising that in any given week in which you apply for an audition it is certain that at least 500 other people are making a similar application. Topicality and general interest are the essentials.

On acceptance, you see the producer, who hands you over to a script writer to tell your story. He immediately dictates back to you a provisional interview. This is read over against a stop watch, for timing and detail improvement. You also make suggestions for an appropriate orchestral item to introduce the interview. Meanwhile the script in its final form is typed and handed to you. Rehearsals take place immediately before the actual show, and last for some hours, with a break for tea. During these you meet the other people who are appearing, and hear from the producer just how lousy or otherwise you are when on the air. Half an hour before zero time you pop out for a quick one.

Everything is delightfully informal, with the result that when the big moment arrives, you find that, as I mentioned originally—it's all very simple—apparently that's how it has to be—but it is only so because of the painstaking attention to detail employed in the earlier stages.

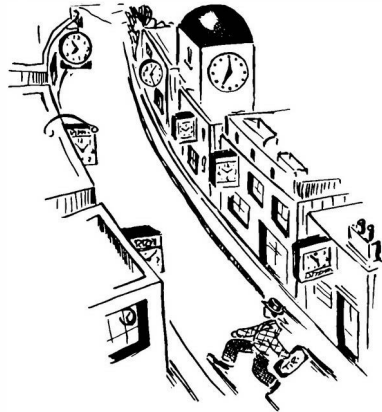
Afterwards, you collect your fee, assign to the B.B.C. the recording rights, and give the script girl your name and

address "so that we can send you your fan mail." Rather amusing, I thought. Then everyone—producer, script writers, recording engineer and performers, adjourn to the local to deal with the previously mentioned thirst. A very interesting story in itself—I wish I could tell it to you. Anyway—hats off to the

B.B.C. I can assure you *they know their job*.

P.S.—If any members of the Company have any interesting experiences to relate, particularly if they are *topical* on any particular date, maybe they would let me know—c/o London Chronomatic. I think maybe we can short circuit some of those 500 weekly applications.

And here is the actual Broadcast when Maurice was interviewed in the B. B. C. Studio by Mr. Roy Rich



*A Chronomatic Engineer's nightmare on the eve of May 3rd, by B. Chase Junior.*

**ANNOUNCER:** To-night our clocks have to be put forward by one hour. Perhaps it has not occurred to you that this means a great deal of work for many people, one of whom is Mr. Maurice High, engineer in a famous firm of electrical clock manufacturers and controllers.

**RICH:** I should imagine it's pretty simple for you fellows—just turn a switch or two—and there you are.

**HIGH:** It's nothing like as simple as that. My company controls about 14,000 clocks all over the country and 3,000 are in London. These London clocks will be my chief worry over this week-end—in fact, I'm right in the middle of it now. I and my eleven colleagues started yesterday at noon and we won't finish until lunch-time on Monday. Thirty other of my colleagues will be dealing with the

clocks in many other parts of the country.

**R.:** But you don't mean that you have to visit 14,000 houses over the week-end?

**H.:** Oh, no—that would be impossible. I and my colleagues have to go to factories, offices, and all sorts of other places to advance the master clocks—even to London night clubs.

**R.:** So even you clock adjusters get your fun.

**H.:** I certainly did last year when I had to go to a night club just after 12 o'clock on Saturday night . . . the cabaret show was on at the time but I couldn't allow this to interrupt me . . . I just erected my ladder, and advanced the clock. A difficult business in this case, and when I descended



there was a roar of applause from the audience. Then the cabaret girls entered into the spirit of the thing and dragged me on to the middle of the floor, and there I was surrounded by a bevy of lovelies and feeling a perfect fool.

**R. :** But it must be nice being Old Father Time sometimes !

**H. :** Yes—but not always—on the very morning before my cabaret exploit I had a three hours' tramp in the rain visiting brickfields in the heart of the country, and finished up like a drowned rat.

**R. :** But what could brickfields have to do with electric clocks, Mr. High ?

**H. :** In this particular brickfield there were 14 kilns and I had to visit each one of them to adjust the time recorders or clocks, which show on a card exactly what time a man arrives at work. This clocking-in mechanism forms a major part of our work. It's particularly difficult to adjust. Time recorders in factories where they handle second-hand sacks.

**R. :** Sorry, but I just can't see the connection between second-hand sacks and clocks—

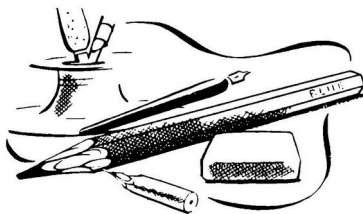
**H. :** You'd be surprised how much dust gets into the clocks from pepper and spices and things like that, that have been in the sacks. And that thoroughly upsets the works.

**R. :** Oh, I see. But may I ask one question—have you ever forgotten to put your own clock on, Mr. High ?

**H. :** Not guilty, sir ! But one of my workmates was so tired after a day of advancing all kinds and conditions of clocks that he *did* forget to advance his own and arrived an hour late for work next morning.

**R. :** Poetic justice, Mr. High ! Well, you're not going to catch me ! At half-past seven I'm going straight home to put my clock on an hour !

## EDITORIAL



We've been blitzed all right, or rather blasted, at The Abbey. Our usual comfy Editorial Sanctum, where we can spread ourselves and let our paper snippings flutter to the floor, was no longer a sanctum, but a sacrilege.

Still, who cares ? There are lots of other floors in The Abbey, over which we can spread ourselves. The trouble is we may be a day or two late in bringing out our May issue.

By the way, our Fire-Watchers on the night of the blitz had just settled down to their first game of solo, and Mr. Cleverdon had called "Abundance" when the more urgent call to Action sounded.

By midnight our Fire-Watchers returned to the shelter to finish the game, and C.C. got his "Abundance." What a nerve !

Well, the contributions are flowing in good and plenty. Evidence is shown by the fact that we have only one column left for ourselves.

Good going, this. But keep it up. We don't mind if you squeeze us out altogether, as the pages belong to our readers, not to the Editor.

We are getting more contributions from our colleagues on the Home Front. This is as it should be. We are certain that our Members in the Forces are as hungry for news about those still working actively with the Company as we are to hear from those with the Forces.

All is still well !



Dear Fellows,

It is very regrettable that, since the last issue of "The Tie Line," there are some of you blokes who have not written to us, and we know not where you are, but we do care.

I wish you would all drop us a line occasionally to let us know how you are and how you are faring.

You will probably have heard that we have been very much snowed under and, now that all the snow has disappeared, it is permissible for me to mention this.

An old gentleman in the town with a beard almost reaching his feet, including the proverbial Robin's Nest, told me in a very shaky voice that it was fifty-six years come March since anything like it had been experienced, and I have no doubt he was telling the truth.

Well, the outcome was that several of us could not get to the Office at all on the first day and, after digging ourselves out, there was another twelve hours' downfall, so you can imagine the result.

Baldy McKenzie said he would get to the Office or bust, and nearly bust. It took him five hours to shuffle through from Benton, and, having reached the Office, he had had enough and slept there

for the following night. We found him the next morning, as hard as he is, very much shivery!

The Engineering lads did a marvellous job of work and, to give them some protection, we raided the local gum-boot shop and they trudged for hours in the snow trying to give our most important Subscribers a temporary service.

Our one and only Broadcasting Representative—who has successfully sold so many services that it is a wonder he ever remembers what he is selling—is now Private H. Cemernic (Severn). He is undergoing a course in Telegraphy, and, according to the latest reports, he is now settling down, although he still thinks the Sergeant-Major is a "So-and-So."

Everybody here sends their best regards to all of you, and good luck.



**PTE. H. SEVERN is on THE WAR-PATH** (See also photo gallery).

I am here for five weeks' intensive training, and after that I go to take an eighteen weeks' course as a Wireless Operator.

Life is hard, cold and tough all round, for a rookie, but I'm told that this—reception week—is the easiest of all.

We have real post beds here. They are two-tier wooden lath shelves, with a palliasse and straw pillow. Unfortunately, the straw is practically all missing, so you can imagine the bed is the acme of comfort. I haven't yet slept, as the laths keep sticking into me, and, gosh—they are hard—much harder than some folks could imagine.

The food is wonderful, and there's plenty of it. That's because there's a Cookery (Army) School attached to this camp, which is a disused mill.

The N.C.O.'s are not too bad, but I've never had to listen to so much Blue Pencil language as I've heard here.

My uniform suits me pretty well and is a fair fit, but some of the blokes look like soldiers out of a Fred Karno show. The boots feel like ton weights, but are reasonably comfy.

The lads here, on the whole, are quite a good type, but we have a few "Win" merchants also. They'll win the shirt off your back if you don't watch out.

Still, it's a good life on the whole, if you can stick it.

**Air-Mechanic G. W. HELLYAR, Fleet Air Arm.** (See photo).

I have now shifted my baggage to an island. It is a grand place, and we get the sun every day, except for an occasional shower. The climate is much warmer than my last place, and that is one of the many reasons why I like it better.

I do no drills now, but have to look after the meals. I am, therefore, able to get as much food as I like, and it is grand food.



*Living to regret his words ? !*

I would make a good husband for someone, because my mess duties consist of scrubbing the floor, washing the dishes, lighting or laying the fire, and a small bit of cooking. But it is all easy work, and soon done. Any offers ?

There are not so many of us, so we get more amusements and time off. Most of the fellows in our class have been put on guard duty, but I happened to be one of the lucky ones.

I do not know how long I will be here, but I am enjoying myself, anyway. I am trying to get a transfer into an Air Fitter, which is a higher-paid grade than an Air Mechanic. I am also thinking about going in for an educational exam.

So the next time I write or see you, I might be a different person—happy or unhappy.

There is a snag in all this, and that is air raids. We have to go to the shelter every time there is a raid, just like a flock of babies, while the few civilians work. At night time we often get pulled out of bed to scamper away to the shelter. I think it is a lot of nonsense—still, I'm not the Admiral!

*Our Newcastle Fire-watchers appear to have thirst-quenching times*

## ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

We have got nicely settled down to fire-watching duties at Collingwood Buildings. The eerie catacombs underneath the building have been explored on several occasions for various reasons.

Rumour had it that there was some connection between these subterranean passages and the one-time smugglers' tunnel leading by devious underground routes from the Haymarket to the Quay-side.

Messrs. Bell and Spencer decided to test the validity of these claims, so, equipped with various implements and the quickened sense of a consuming thirst, they set forth on their labyrinthine exploits, doubtless hoping to be rewarded by the discovery of some forgotten lair where bacchanalian revels might still be indulged.

Their efforts meeting with little success, one of them descried a glimmer of light away to the North East. By this time our colleagues were suffering agonies of thirst, but stumbling on—in the direction of the illumination—they discovered it to be a veritable Aladdin's Cave, presided over by a fairy princess who dispensed the Golden Nectar.

Having quaffed the ambrosial fluid to the full, they returned by a more direct path to the appointed watching-place, intending to recount to their companions all that had happened.

To their horror, they found that neither of them could remember the pass-word and, lest you, dear reader, should find yourself in a similar state of distress, the ritual by which entrance may be obtained after 20 hours pip emma, is given as follows :—

The secret words are "Oli ! Oli ! Gumphise !" which are given—or will be later, together with a 50 per cent moratorium—in a supplicating manner, hands outstretched.

This rigmarole is answered from within the joss house by a sharp "Rat-Tat-Tat," whereupon the grille is raised and a shaven-headed Confucian priest admits honourable gentleman to humble dwelling.

A three-fold meaning is attached to these words. It is said to date back to the early history of the Scottish Marches, when young Lochinvar rode Fair Maid of Perth in the 2.30, and contested every inch of the debatable land near Carlisle.

## THE TIE LINE

You will remember in Macaulay's "Armada," how "the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle." This is where our young hero beat them to it, for, having travelled all night with a former Bristol bomber, he forestalled the enemy.

Here, however, the reference is somewhat involved, as it is known that the naval press-gang were busy with their nefarious activities prior to the Fleet leaving for the Clyde, when the secret words were used to enable several gentlemen—hostages of fortune—to return South.

The fire-watchers are grateful to Messrs. Strakers & Love Ltd. for the provision of a comfortable Rest Room.

We also appreciate very much the offer of the ladies of Telephone Rentals (Northern) for volunteering to take their turn of duty. There were, however, sufficient eligible males in the building to make the rota not too onerous.

J. H. M.

### SOME "ADVANCED" STORIES FROM CAPTAIN J. E. G.

A German parachutist, jumping from his aeroplane, discovered to his dismay that his parachute would not open. "Just my luck," said he, "I suppose when I land, my motor bike won't start."

\* \* \*

A Colonel of the last war was inspecting troops of this war. Everything was wrong—Troops, Barracks, Transport, Entertainment—nothing so good as it was. He espied a khaki-covered lady of quite uncertain age wearing mysterious badges with the letters W.V.S. "What does all that mean, W.V.S.?" It was explained—Women's Voluntary Service. "Humph," he grunted, "I would rather pay for mine."

A fellow in the black-out in Birmingham was yelling at the top of his voice, "George! George!! George!!!" A policeman remonstrated with him, saying, "Stop that noise. If you want to find George, go and look for him and find him by any other way than shouting." The fellow said, "I can't. It is the only way; he's in Coventry."

\* \* \*

I was at the barber's the other afternoon, and said to the barber, "I have already shaved once to-day. I tried the new way of sharpening the blade—you know, inside the drinking glass—and I cut myself." He said, "What you want to try is to break the glass and then cut your throat." Nasty words!

\* \* \*

A Regimental Sergeant-Major was addressing the Recruits, saying, "You are in the Army now and you've got to move quickly. If I say 'Come here,' by wagging my finger towards me, you've got to come and come quickly."

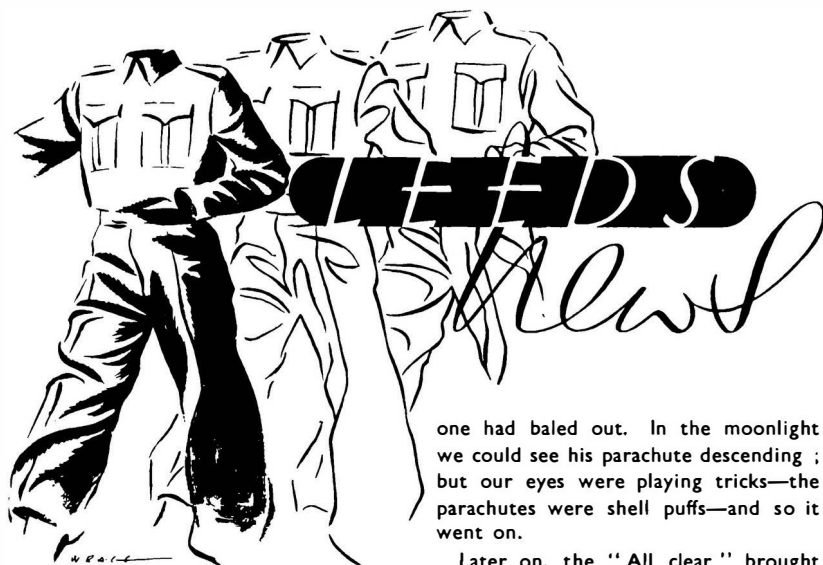
One Recruit shook his head from side to side and said, "And if I do this, it means I'm not — well coming."

\* \* \*

My wife, recently seeking accommodation, said to the landlady: "By the way, I object to children." The landlady replied, "That is no affair of mine. You had better tell your husband."

\* \* \*

Overheard the other day, "How do you think old Jim will die?" "Oh, he'll fall through some scaffolding." "Scaffolding! What will he be doing up there—building?" "No, being hanged!"



Dear Fellows,

Someone said, "Leeds is due for something." That was late in February, and we did not have long to wait for the fulfilment of the prophecy!

During the night the sirens sounded and we proceeded to our usual self-appointed star-gazing duties, but this time somehow it was different.

We were standing at a spot roughly four miles north from the centre of the city when a white glow appeared in the sky, and gradually turned crimson. It cleared away, only to appear again a little towards the east, then it stretched out westwards.

One said it was Barnsley, another Huddersfield, and yet another, Sheffield. Frankly, we ourselves did not know because our topography of the locality was not well developed.

But what was that? They dropped something different that time!

We saw a machine travel across the moon, followed by another. Surely the gunners have seen him! Yes, they had seen him; he stopped, or so it seemed to us, and then gradually climbed. Some-

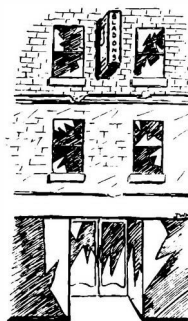
one had baled out. In the moonlight we could see his parachute descending; but our eyes were playing tricks—the parachutes were shell puffs—and so it went on.

Later on, the "All clear" brought general satisfaction because we thought that Leeds had come off scot-free once more.

Taking our usual course into town next morning, we found the road barred, and decided to take the main but more circuitous route.

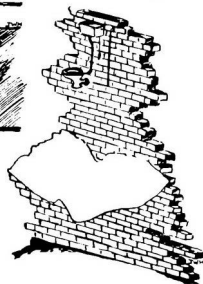
Surely we were wrong the previous night! We proceeded, and before many

## AFTER THE BLITZ



*Thank you,  
Goering!*

*One glass  
they couldn't  
break!*



## THE TIE LINE

minutes decided that we *had* been wrong the previous night. Were the offices affected, we wondered? We should know in a few minutes.

At last we could see the building, and, pulling up at our usual place outside the offices, found nothing worse than shattered windows. The Chief Engineer had already set his men to work, and before very long all broken glass and dust had been cleared away.

Travelling round since that morning has decided us that there had been a big blaze, but not as much damage done as we should have expected to see from such a fire, and certainly not as much as people outside the city believed there would be.

There is one regrettable episode, and that is the misfortune B. Ververs suffered whilst acting as an A.R.P. messenger. His injuries consist of a broken right arm and broken right leg, and, although he has since been sent home by the Hospital authorities, it will be some months before he is well enough to resume his duties.

Our office staff are now able to discard their fur coats and gloves, and the Sanatorium is almost back to its normal conditions.

J. Jones paid a visit to the offices towards the end of March, complete with his Corporal's stripes.

Lt. C. Lenton is, we understand, settling down comfortably in his billet at H—I—d, and we have strong reason to believe that a few ex-Telephone Rentals men will shortly be passing through his Instruction Class.

With best wishes from all the staff of the Leeds Company,



### CPL. "JIMMY" FARROW, R.C.S.

We were very glad to hear that at last his leg is getting better, although it will be some time yet before he is out of plaster.

On 11th March, he was able to get up and dress for the first time since last November, so we are not surprised to hear that he felt "a bit dizzy."

### L/CPL. G. A. SHILLITO, R.C.S.

He is stationed in a little hamlet in the South of England and is fed up. The belles of the village parade up and down the High Street on Sunday evenings—all three of them. Apart from this, entertainment is practically nil. (Well, here's your new "Tie Line," and we hope it will cheer you up—Ed.)

### SIGM. D. IRWIN, R.C.S.

The last news we had of him was in February when he wrote :—

We have had some hard weather lately. I thought we were going to have a thaw, but it only lasted two days. To-night is as cold as ever with a bitter wind blowing.

We have had plenty of skating, but the inhabitants have a nasty habit of cutting out lanes of ice and putting them in storage—very annoying at times!

### CPL. J. A. JONES, R.A.S.C.

His recent journey from London to Scotland was no picnic. On the first day, they did 90 miles—not very far, but it's fairly slow work in convoy. They spent the night in wagons, trying to keep warm under about ten blankets.

The second day brought him very near his home and he had a great longing to drop off the wagon and slip home. The next day they were snowed up, which meant a day of work doing essential little

jobs, and the following day they moved to the border.

This was a nightmare of a ride over snowbound roads. Over twenty wagons had to be dragged out of snowdrifts during the afternoon.

They finally reached K—, their destination, and here it began to thaw. Whilst travelling, there was no undressing to sleep—not so much as the shedding of a great coat. He had on two pairs of mittens, a balaclava, two jerseys and two scarves, and then he was cold.

We gather that he's not at all keen on "guards." There is no fire in the guard room and the only thing they can do is to get a blow lamp going in a wagon and crouch over that. This is all very fine until one starts dozing and falls into the thing. Another snag is that he, being an N.C.O., is not allowed to sleep at any time during a "guard" night!

#### L.A.C. L. DRYSDALE, R.A.F.

Drysdale passed his promotion exam. with 89 per cent., and he is now a Leading Aircraftsman—L.A.C. Electrician, to give him his full title. Hearty congratulations!

He has been put in charge of all the electrical work at his Station. They are all very busy there working 24 hours a day to keep Jerry out of the skies.

Their latest bit of fun is that, on Tuesdays and Fridays from 3 to 3.30 p.m., they have to wear their respirators. Quite a good idea, but, like everything else, it has its disadvantages.

One pay-day Friday, they fell in on parade wearing their tin helmets and gas masks. Very pretty they looked! The fun started when the Sergeant began to give his orders. Here's what happened in Drysdale's own words:—

Most of us are a little deaf in the

normal way, but that day we were stone deaf! Some were turning left, others right, and half the lads started wandering off in all directions!

The old C.O. was foaming at the mouth—he must have been, for we could see smoke coming out of his gas mask!



*Gas Attack!*

After a while we managed to get into the pay hall. But still the fun continued, for no one could hear when his name was called out, so we each took it in turns to march up for our money and hoped that we would get a lot. I did—I received £4 too much!

So not only did the C.O. have a big headache, but the accounts department too! It isn't often the lads share a laugh such as we did that day.

#### GUNNER W. H. WALTON, R.A.

A few weeks after joining up, he was sent home to recuperate from the gentle ministrations of the Army Dentist!

He passed his Bar Exam. in Wireless Theory and is now completing the course.



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## THE TIE LINE

### **SGT. J. FEELEY, R.C.S.** (See photo)

Writes :—I can assure you that the reading of "The Tie Line" gives me much pleasure, and it is also eagerly read by all the boys in the billet. In fact, after the war, we all look like having quite a lot of competition for our jobs, according to the number of men who would like to work for Telephone Rentals. It makes me feel proud to belong to such an organisation. I think "The Tie Line" has made the name of Telephone Rentals well known in the Signals.

You ask for news, but I think you may as well ask for gold, as where we are we are having a very humdrum existence except for air raids and exercises now and then. I think we are all hoping for the balloon to go up, so that we can begin to see the end of it all. After the variety of work and places we used to see at the old firm, this life seems pretty monotonous.

I send my best wishes to all Telephone Rentals employees, whether in or out of the Armed Forces, wherever they may be, and hope for a speedy conclusion of this war, when we can have a real old reunion.

I am sending my photo for inclusion in the Rogues' Gallery. This is against the wife's wishes. I believe she thinks I am better looking than Ronald Colman, but the camera cannot lie, so here it is. Do the best you can with it !

### **CPL. W. CHATHAM. R.C.S.**

As usual he is here, there and everywhere and, when we last heard, he was with a party of men undergoing an Operational Course. He doesn't know what he'll be doing next. He's had a hand at nearly everything in the Signals.

He takes some of the boys for Morse, and he can't sleep at night because of buzzing in his ears after listening to the boys on the Morse key all day !

### **CPL. W. GOULDING, C.M.P.**

We are sorry to learn that Cpl. Goulding has not been receiving his "Tie Lines," although we have despatched each issue to him.

However, a few weeks ago he had a pleasant surprise when two "Tie Lines" were handed to him by another "Goulding." He thoroughly enjoyed every word of them.

He is expecting to be made a Sergeant very shortly. Promotion is not so fast in the "Red Caps," as they are called—the troops have other names for them.

He finds his work very interesting, and there is plenty of variety. He has promised to collect together some of his experiences, and we hope to publish these in the next issue.

### **Further news from Hong Kong by CAPT. T. A. THOMPSON R.A.P.C.**

I broadcast regularly from the Hong Kong Studio—very interesting work, indeed. I am on the committee of the Garrison Concert Party. We have been rehearsing for about six weeks now and are producing a very ambitious show in a local theatre on December 13th and 15th. The proceeds, which we anticipate will be considerable, are to go to the Bomber Fund, and I really think it is going to be about the best show ever produced by the Army out here.

The whole of the company are Army, all ranks, apart from two very brave local ladies. The title of the show is "Music Hall 1940," and is being produced on the lines of "Garrison Theatre" which I used to enjoy listening to on the Radio at home.

I am to sing with the full military band of a famous Scottish Regiment, which you will recognise by its universal name, "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard."

We are having our cold spell just now, and I'm told it lasts until about the end of February. We are still wearing khaki drill, but go into serge on December 15th. It is cold enough to have fires in the evenings, and, whereas I used to swelter with no clothes on, and a fan playing on me all night, I am very glad now to be comfortable wearing thick pyjamas and to have two blankets.

It is very pleasant now; I only wish it was like this all the year round. The Chinese don't like the cold weather at all. They almost fold up on really cold days, and lots of them die, particularly the "Street Sleepers," as they are called. Even in the hot weather, an average of about twelve bodies a day are picked up off the streets, and, of course, that number is now greatly increased.

There is a terrible amount of poverty among the coolie class, whose chief worry seems to be to have sufficient food—rice principally—so that they can live. If they fail to do some sort of menial work, then they just starve to death. I often think this is a problem which could be tackled by the local government, but they don't seem to be very worried about it.

The Chinese population last week celebrated their New Year, and our doings each year on December 31st fade into insignificance beside their extraordinary goings-on. Everyone has two days' holiday, and all working people get an extra month's pay, or "Cun-shaw," as it is called.

The chief amusement is setting off fireworks, which they believe drive away all evil spirits, and drive our people almost crazy. I'm not exaggerating when I say it sounds like a very heavy artillery barrage, and never ceases for 48 hours. They throw the infernal things into cars and rickshaws, and people stand on their verandahs and throw them at passers-by. They all seem to have great fun, but we were greatly relieved

when it was over. I have relinquished the appointment of Command Cashier, and now have charge of the section dealing with the pay and allowances of all the Officers in this Command. It is a much more difficult job than my last, but it is much more interesting, and there is much more to do. I have a much larger staff, and it is quite a change not to be signing cheques practically all the time. It is still rather strange as I have not handled this type of work before, but I shall soon get used to it.

### NEWS OF OUR COLLEAGUES IN PARIS AND BELGIUM

Through a kind intermediary, a letter addressed to "Sir J. W. Filcox," reached us from Madrid on April 22nd.

We do not know who Mr. Baudin is, and he gives no address, therefore we can, for the time being, only thank him through the pages of "The Tie Line." Let us hope that in the not too distant future, we may have an opportunity of meeting Mr. Baudin personally, when we will tell him how much we appreciate this news. Here is a translation:

Sir, I am happy to inform you that Messrs. Taranne and Tritschler, now demobilised, are back in Paris and successfully carrying on the management of the French Teleautomate.

In October they received satisfactory news of the Belgian Company.

Business is difficult but the two Companies find it possible to continue operations on their own resources.

Messrs. Taranne and Tritschler from Paris and Monsieur Goeders from Brussels wish to express to their friends in London their profound sympathy, their wishes and their hopes for final victory, and their admiration for the heroic resistance under the bombardments of the common enemy.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) R. BAUDIN.

# TELETOPICS

## THE ANNUAL COMPETITION

The following are the positions as at 30th April, 1941.

	% Over Quota
Cardiff	68.9
Bristol	68.0
Glasgow	39.8
Sheffield	36.5
London Chronomatic	31.5
Leeds	28.4
Manchester	27.1
Newcastle	17.6
	% of Quota
Belfast	97.2
London Telematic	89.5
Birmingham	86.0
Dublin	79.7

## QUARTERLY COMPETITION

The winner and runners-up of the above Competition for the quarter January-March, 1941, were as follows:—

	% Over Quota
Cardiff	84.9
Bristol	63.2
Glasgow	62.0
Leeds	49.0

Congratulations to Cardiff on winning the Quarterly Cup.

## NEW REPRESENTATIVES

### Broadcasting

P. Fainlight	Newcastle
F. W. Timms	Sheffield
L. G. Winder	Birmingham
E. Challenger	Leeds

### Telematic

R. Aughton	Sheffield
W. Bryar	Leeds
W. H. Sim	Manchester
R. McLean	Glasgow
H. O'Connell	Birmingham

## FIRST ELEVEN LEADING SALESMEN as at April 30th, 1941.

J. W. Marshall	Broadcasting	London
B. O'Sullivan	Telematic	Bristol
R. E. Martin	Broadcasting	Bristol
H. M. Cheetham		
	Telematic	Manchester
W. H. Cardno		Birmingham
C. J. Mackenzie		
	Broadcasting	Glasgow
F. T. White	Telematic	Leeds
G. Bastable		Glasgow
R. Taylor	Broadcasting	Birmingham
H. J. Spencer	Telematic	Newcastle
T. W. Hannen		Sheffield
	12th Man	
P. J. Jones	Telematic	London

## WE HEAR..

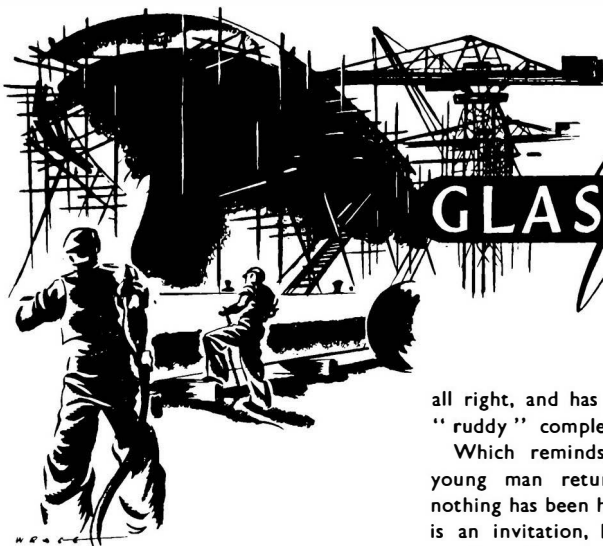
THAT there was much rejoicing when Mrs. B. Blake Thomas arrived safely by air in this country, after being marooned for five weeks at Lisbon, where she disembarked from the S.S. Manhattan, which has crossed the Atlantic from U.S.A.

THAT Mr. H. Blake Thomas is now completely recovered from his recent operation, and is already several points up on his old form.

THAT C.Q.M.S. H. Treen has a galleon tattooed on his chest! Proof will be forthcoming in our next issue.

THAT Mr. F. B. Charlton has come successfully through his operation, and hopes to be back in harness quite soon.

THAT Our Women Engineers are still going strong, and a special write up will be coming through shortly.



# GLASGOW

## News

To the Lads in the Forces,

Well, here it is again—another issue of "The Tie Line." May I, therefore, make another appeal to everyone to make a point of sending even a short note, either to his Company headquarters or direct to the Editor at Beckenham, so that it will be received in good time to be put into the next issue.

Since I wrote my last note, the war has been brought more forcibly home to North Britain, and, without giving any secrets away, some of you at least will know that the district round Glasgow was the target for a couple of nights. As in other areas where this has already happened, the order of the day is "business as usual," and there is fortunately not so much disturbance as one would have anticipated.

We recently had a flying visit from Mr. Kirk who has been residing in the Arctic Circle for a considerable time, and who apparently was lucky enough to get fourteen days' leave. Everyone who remembers our young friend will be pleased to know that he was looking very fit and well, and—I would say—is almost as broad as he is long! The fresh air of the northern sphere seems to suit him

all right, and has certainly given him a "ruddy" complexion.

Which reminds me that, since this young man returned to his station, nothing has been heard of him. So here is an invitation, Mr. Kirk, to send us another of your spicy letters which we shall be pleased to put into the next issue.

The telephone systems in his part of the world apparently leave much to be desired. We understand there would be a good opening for a T.R. Salesman in the area, but our Engineers' Department do not appear to be too enthusiastic.

Some weeks ago we also had a visit from Mr. John M. White, who joined the R.A.F. in February. He was on sick leave after an attack of German measles. He thinks that he has settled down in his new occupation, but, owing to this illness, he will have to start all over again.

Having heard from him since his return, it is somewhat astounding to discover that apparently he had his leave under false pretences because the illness for which he was being treated was not the cause of his trouble. In any event, we can only hope that he will very shortly be fully recovered from whatever the trouble may be.

We are still finding a considerable volume of business to keep our Engineering staff fully occupied, although unfortunately we certainly met something in the nature of a set-back last month, and

## THE TIE LINE

allowed two other companies to overtake us in the race for the head of the usual competition. I believe this is only temporary, however, and may be brought about by the information mentioned in the earlier part of this letter, so that, as people up here get accustomed to the possibility of the present conditions, so, no doubt, they will be prepared to give us their instructions as in the past.

Before bringing this to a close, you will all be interested to know of the spirit shown by one at least of our Engineers—Alex. Kerr—who has been in the Royal Corps of Signals for some time and who not so long ago came in to see us when he had a few days' leave.

At the particular time he called, our Chief Engineer—Mr. Holmes—had a considerable amount of renovation of instruments on hand for jobs which were urgently required, and Engineer Kerr hearing of this, volunteered to do a little bit of work by way of a change to fill in his time!

I believe he actually worked here for a couple of days, and was very enthusiastic about getting back to the old telephone work as compared to what he has been doing since in the Signals, although I understand his job is definitely to do with the maintenance of telephone and similar equipment.

You will agree that he was a stout fellow to take this on during his leave period, but it only goes to show a little more of the spirit that lies under the title of Telephone Rentals.

With reference to the letter in the Leeds News of the January issue of the magazine, under Sgt. J. Feeley, R.C.S., and Sigm. A. Shillito, R.C.S., we shall be obliged if one or other will kindly drop a note to this office as to which Chronomatic Installation they are referring to. It has caused a violent controversy in our Chronomatic Section!

Here's wishing you all the best where-

ever you may be, and may it not be too long before you are able to return to your normal surroundings.



**SIGM. J. HUGHES, R.A.**  
(Edinburgh)

During his last leave he was a welcome visitor at our Edinburgh Depot. He appeared quite fit, and seemed to be enjoying Army life. He is at present stationed somewhere in the south of England.

**SIGM. A. KERR, R.C.S.**

He has successfully completed a special electrical course, and has now rejoined his unit somewhere in the Midlands.

He is in the same unit as Sigm. W. Mackay, and they were actually billeted together.

**PTE. S. McKEAG, R.A.S.C.**

He doesn't think much of his present billets because they are not as comfortable as the previous ones. It used to be a printing works, and is whitewashed to give it some sort of appearance. No coal fires—only an oil stove. He has his meals in a disused garage, but he doesn't mind this as the food is good and that's all that matters.

As he was recalled on his first leave, he was given another few days soon after he arrived at his new station. He has an idea that Southerners don't like Scottish faces. Now, if you were to don your kilt, Stewart, the girls would just go mad about you!

**SIGM. R. M. DEARY, R.C.S.**

He is now in a General Trades Battalion and is about to become a lineman. He has an exam. every week, and he has passed out with a decent amount of marks in each stage of his training. He puts this down to his T.R. training. He says he has Mr. Hadden to thank for

passing his Electricity and Magnetism paper. It was a walk-over !

He has been learning to climb telephone poles, how to put arms and stays



What 'u doin' up there, young fella-m-lad ?

on them and how to wire them up. His instructors are all Post Office linemen and they know their job thoroughly.

Writes :—We got a five-pole route with eight wires on it, to put up in two days. You notice I say two days, but it can mean four days ; it doesn't really matter. They are not a bit like T.R. You have no satisfaction when the job is done. You can't stand back and say, " Well, it's done and it's neat and tidy and in working order." In the army, you just work away all day and wait for break times and, when it is finally finished, you just get started on something else, and so it goes on until your ten weeks are up. Then you are a Class 3 Lineman and posted to a Holding Battalion prior to being sent overseas.

I have just read with much interest the March issue of " The Tie Line "—I got it off a London Company Maintenance man who happens to be on the same course as me—his name is R. A. Wood.

My own copy arrived a few days later.

We arrived in W—, up north, where the lines are in a terrible state. Poles are lying all over the place and the wires are tangled up. As far as we know, there are three miles of poles down, so you can guess what kind of a job we have in front of us !

**A.C.2 J. M. WHITE, R.A.F.** (See photo)

Well, he didn't have German measles after all ! The M.O. mistook an inoculation rash for G.M., and they are now successfully treating White for the former. They didn't apologise for sending him to a hospital for infectious diseases, but he has no grouse, for he got seven days' leave which he shouldn't have had !

Good cigarettes are at a premium where he is stationed, so he found a packet of fags from the Comforts Fund most acceptable. He has been introduced to such brands as " Teal," " Barts," and " Clipper." One lot had no name, but, where it should have been, was printed—" If you don't like these, go to hell, and buy your own." After smoking one, White would gladly have done so.

#### The following is an account of a recent London Contact.

G.L.R.—" How do you do, Mr. Shakespeare."

Subscriber—(Looks somewhat peevish and mystified).

G.L.R.—" I am sorry—I'm afraid I'm not very good at names—Perhaps I've made a mistake."

Subscriber—" You have."

G.L.R.—" Excuse me ; what is your name ? "

Subscriber—" Macbeth . . . "

(Contact Ends). We don't know exactly what happened then, but the story is that G.L.R. took the first 'bus home and shot himself. If he did, he seems to have missed. M. L.

**SGT. F. BAYLESS, R.A.F.** (*see also portrait gallery*) is "seeing the world" with the R.A.F. and writes on

## ACTIVITIES IN EGYPT

It is a long time since I wrote to you, but I know you will excuse me as, while I was aboard the ship, I was only allowed to write two letters. Since I have been in this country I have been too interested in everything I saw to spend much time writing. Every day I seem to find something which I had never even dreamed of seeing, and I shall expect to find more as time goes on.

The voyage itself was uneventful as regards enemy action. We did not sight a plane or anything like it. The weather after the first week, turned very hot, and I took to wearing the service shorts and open-necked shirts.

We had two ports of call during the time I was on the ship. At the first one we were not allowed ashore, and we only stopped for a couple of days.

The natives in their canoes and dug-outs came and tried to sell us fruit and odds and ends, and then the native boys started to dive for money. I had always heard that they dived for pennies, but these lads only dived for silver and ignored copper coins. I suppose they had heard about war profiteering! The lads selling fruit had to be driven away from the ship's sides by hose-pipes trained on them. The reason for this was that the fruit they were selling was liable to cause dysentery.

At the next port we were allowed to go ashore during each of the three days. I had a very good time, and even played tennis. The town itself was very modern and at night it was all lit up with floodlights and neon signs. It was a treat to see it after the blackout restrictions in England and aboard the ship.

I have been at two stations since arriving in Egypt. At the first one we were

put under canvas, and really, we had a very good time of it, when off duty, playing football and cricket.

Since then I have moved here and am now in huts. I spend my time off going



*Bayless is on the right*

yachting on a lake, and cycling around the lake to see the different ships and native boats sailing across.

As things are now, you will have to let me have a couple of assistants when this war is over. The reason is that we have a native to do our boots and buttons, make our beds, bring us tea in the morning and afternoon—in fact, do everything except our actual duties!

I have not been flying since I have been out here, but I hope that I will get the chance soon, as I am getting a bit eager to get into action.

A N T R I M

**BREAKFAST**

*Belfast Laugh*  
**News**  
D O W N

Since the appearance of the last issue of "The Tie Line," we have been delighted with visits from Corporal R. Leake of the R.A.F. We thought at first that perhaps he had called upon us in order to obtain data for him to send confidential information to Mr. Ainley. We were very quickly disarmed, however, and we were very glad to receive a repeat visit from him. He is stationed in Northern Ireland for the time being.

We have also been subjected—pardon me, honoured—with a visit from Lt. Royds of H.M. Royal Navy, who spent a few days in this locality. Judging by my own experiences, a few days is not all he spent.

During this period he inflicted on me a liquid concoction he had encountered in Scotland, and I was frequently reminded of the Scotsman's song, "A wee Doch-an-dorris," which is completely descriptive, and, if analysed, would make quite a story.

I hope he benefited from his experiences at the Athletic Club here, where he spent quite a considerable time in the "sports department." He was looking, as usual, very bright and breezy, and, after the company had settled down again—about a fortnight after his visit—we realised what a refreshing atmosphere he created amongst us people living in the wilds.

Our expert—Mr. Flackes—will tell you about our recent bit of excitement on the Home Front, and we are not feeling quite so much out of it these days as we used to feel.

We have a local firm here who specialises in the manufacture of by-products from deceased animals. It was only recently we discovered that the same firm now manufactures a war product called "Breakfast Sausage." This, coming on top of an article we read recently in a Sunday paper—"Thousands of British housewives are now eating horseflesh"—is rather disturbing. The firm in question generates an aroma similar to that of two firms I know—one in Nottingham, and another in Bourne, Lincs—an aroma which hardly connects with breakfast sausage!

*Alfred Pumbley*

#### **PARS FROM BELFAST**

Londonderry has been receiving so much attention from the scribes of late that a few facts regarding this historic city may not be out of place, even under such a title as "Pars from Belfast."

Note that the name "Londonderry" is used. Why should it not be just plain "Derry"? Well, about 330 years ago the large London companies were acquiring interest in the land of Ireland, and, to the part of the country where Derry now stands, "four grave and discreet citizens" of London were sent



## THE TIE LINE—

to spy out the land. They reported favourably on it, and interest in the district was acquired by London merchants. So to the old name was prefixed "London."

In 1689, Londonderry was besieged for 105 days. Three days before the log boom across the Lough was broken by two food ships, the prices of meat in the city were appalling. One rat cost one shilling, a cat four and sixpence; horse blood was one shilling a quart; and a quarter of a dog five and sixpence—fattened by eating the bodies of the slain Irish. And in those days a penny was as good as our present-day pound!

Just a glimpse of the good old days!

Crime does not pay? In the Belfast News of the last issue of "The Tie Line" appeared the following words—"Still opportunities for enterprising burglars." What amazing insight! What incomprehensible knowledge of criminological problems! What an astoundingly correct forecast, for, scarcely had the issue appeared, before half a dozen gunmen entered a Belfast "Bookie's" and removed about one thousand pounds in hard cash.

A quite novel attempt in the way of criminal detection was made by one of the staff. He flung a large pot of ink through the windows, hoping perhaps to splash them with the liquid. They weren't caught, so, once again, we scooped, and there are "still opportunities for enterprising burglars."

Since writing the last edition of these pars, a campaign was inaugurated in the offices here, which, for want of a better description, we will call a Tidiness Campaign. It means, or meant, briefly, that a fine of one penny is, or was, imposed—if not paid—when one acted untidily. For instance, hanging one's coat on the waste-paper basket is, or was, considered taboo. Some worthy object, it is understood, will benefit from any money collected as fines. It is to be presumed,

or at least hoped, that this "worthy object" has an alternative source of income.

Obscurely connected with the above Campaign was the polishing of the office linoleum to such an extent that it meant almost certain sudden death to travel over it at a speed in excess of one mile per hour. An eye-witness, who prefers to remain anonymous, described the behaviour of an engineer who ventured



across the threshold as "something like a top." Almost another case of "failing to re-turn."

Mr. William Walsh, already familiar to "Tie-Liners," has been trying to live the phrase "coming like a bolt from the blue." One morning the other week he, disguised by a raincoat and a somewhat battered trilby, was proceeding in the direction of somewhere—as the police are careful to state—when he was spotted by a Bobby—copper to you—who, presumably drawing on his long practical experience of hardened criminals, decided there was a stripe just around the corner, or, more correctly, just ahead.

Anyway, the upshot of his mental deductions was that Mr. Walsh was detained whilst his credentials were examined by a P.C. whose chest measurements must have rapidly decreased. There is no truth in the report that Mr. Walsh carries his identity card in his hat.

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea." Only Miss Turner can fully realise the significance of the above. A returning tar is a sticky subject, however, so we will leave it at that. Additional information; tars don't stay in one port for ever. . . .

An understatement: "Some glass was broken in the latest air raid on Northern Ireland."

W. D. F.

## BELFAST JOINS BLITZED CITIES

At last the German terror bombers have come in force to raid Northern Ireland, and, as readers will have already heard on the radio, Belfast was their chief target. Other centres suffered too, but the damage there was not extensive.

Though such a raid could not, of course, be said to be expected, this does not mean that we were not prepared. On the contrary, all defence services did excellent work, and the members worked like veterans.

Thanks are also due to our fellow Irishmen across the frontier, who, though neutral, sent several of their city fire brigades to help quell the fires that resulted from the dropping of tens of thousands of incendiaries.

When daylight revealed the full extent of the damage, the city was found to be badly dented, but it was not, after all, the first time that war has come right into the streets of Belfast. Some of our engineers can remember vividly the

civil war years of 1919-21, when one might, if unlucky, have come to resemble a pepper-box at any moment!

But such warfare, unlike the cowardly attacks of the Nazi night raiders, had an element of adventure about it, and women and children were not involved.

We understand that the raid, as Nazi night raiders go, was on as large a scale as those made on the cities of Great Britain. It was certainly severe. All the bodies had not been recovered from the mounds of debris at the time of writing, and rescue squads were still hard at work. Neither, up to the moment, have any official figures of casualties been issued, but preliminary estimates show that the death-roll will be heavy.

Shopkeepers, whose premises suffered only superficial damage, were not slow in displaying "Business as Usual" notices, and many humorous variations. One had written up on his shop-front, most of which was conspicuous by its absence, "More open than ever." Another apparently did not relish window decoration, and stated—"Business as usual. I never liked window-dressing, anyway. Now I've got a good excuse for not doing it. CARRY ON BELFAST."

"RABBITS NOW IN SEASON," said a placard hanging by a piece of string in a shop window which had been completely blown out. A "wayside pulpit" message on the wall of a church, which had been gutted by fire, read—"Better fight for that which is good than tolerate that which is bad."

Finally, Miss Irene Turner has been provided, we hope, with sufficient "subject matter" to last for quite a while. For those whose memories don't reach beyond their last meal, we refer to "The Tie Line" of March, 1941, page 125, column one, lines 1 to 6.

W. D. F.

# PETE'S *potted potions*

Whether your problem is large or small, don't face it alone. Uncle Pete is here to help you!

**"Sprick, Glasgow."**—You say that your wife insists on you taking cold milk every evening when you return from work. I don't think you should get too much frothed up about it, though beer and liquid cow never did mix too well!

**"George."**—You wish to know if there is much of a future in flower-selling. Well, the prospects are hardly rosy, unless you happen to be a bit of a pansy. Wallflowers seen at dances would doubtless make ideal partners.

**"Bonehead."**—You write: "I hope you will not think my problem silly." Well, I do!

**"Minnie."**—I think Reggie is desperately in love with you, otherwise he wouldn't have enclosed a stamped addressed envelope when he wrote to you. And didn't he pay for you into the back seats at the cinema? I don't see that you can have any doubt.

**"Egbert the Second."**—You are evidently sore about this problem, and, indeed, it is quite an unusual one. The Ministry of Inflammation may be able to help you.

**"Osbert."**—I gather from your scribbled note, which arrived minus its envelope, but the postman knows where all such tripe is bound for, that, when shooting in the country last week-end, you accidentally shot a strange four-legged animal but have been unable to

identify it. From your description I should say that it could not have been anything other than a horse. How many did you have?

**"Big Ben."**—You ask in your letter the correct method of growing radishes. The tone of your letter, however, indicates that you couldn't grow a moustache either, which is an indirect way of telling you that I don't know.

**"Hogsnoton (Mrs.)."**—Can't you see that your husband is just trying to be helpful. If he arrived home earlier, you probably wouldn't have his tea ready!

**"Earnest."**—You ask if I can advise you on the best way in which to discover your soulmate? My suggestion is to get in touch with a Matrimonial Agency. These people have a happy method of placing at their ease, parties who may desire to draw closer together, and, from that point onwards, I can leave you to paddle your own canoe.

**"Still Young."**—A Spinster aged 25 would like to meet a kind-hearted soldier with a view to marriage before he goes overseas. Very fond of children and all home life. Can fit into the usual soldiers' amusements.

## Uncle Pete

Send in your personal problems to The Editor, marked "Uncle Pete."



My Dear Fellows,

We have not had many letters from any of you since the last issue of "The Tie Line," and, as we are often told that no news is good news, we are assuming that you are all well.

Actually there is not a great deal of news I can give you from this end. Your life, I am sure, is varied and different, and we find that ours is getting a little different, too. It does seem an odd thing, for example, to carry on with our normal job of work and then spend the night in the offices watching to collect any incendiary bombs that may arrive without notice.

Since I last wrote to you, we have had a visit from Inskip, who is training to become a member of an air crew, and Astley appeared in his uniform, very keen on his work in the R.A.F., whilst Fawcett called to bid us adieu, as he thought he was going abroad.

Those of you who were engaged on maintenance, particularly Telematic 50, will be interested to learn, I am sure, that we at Manchester are now going to have a female staff to do this work. We understand that other girls have been doing it very successfully in London.

We have not had any news for a long time from Messrs. Lyddon or Cousens, but, if this should catch their eye, will they please write us and give us their news?

It is really very interesting to us to read of your experiences, together with the experiences of members of the organisation other than our own Company, and the Editor will, I know, be glad if you will keep him advised as to your movements and your experiences in your new life.

So until my next letter, may you have all the good luck that is going around in this mad world.

**GUNNER C. DAWSON, R.A.**  
(See photo.)

Since he was called up with the Territorials just before the war, he has travelled to many places which, but for the war, he would never have visited.

He spent many weary months somewhere in the very north of Scotland, which was good fun at first when his crew bagged a few Jerries, but after the collapse of France, it became very monotonous.

## THE TIE LINE

However, he made up for that just before Christmas when he was with an H.A.A. Battery stationed only a few miles from Telematic House in the city where it is usually advisable to carry an umbrella.

What a Blitz ! It put all their previous contacts with Jerry into the background. He isn't able to give us further details, but he does disclose the fact that, all he possessed was what he stood up in, when the "stand down" eventually came through.



*Dawson takes an "Easy"*

However, he and his crew had the comforting knowledge that their efforts resulted in Jerry retiring at least one short. Dawson was thrilled merely to know that he had been doing a bit for the safety of many of his friends, and he was pleased to hear that Telematic House was still upright and standing.

He is now studying very hard to become a wireless mechanic and we wish him every success.

### **SIGM. R. REID, R.C.S.**

We have news of him *via* Gunner C. Dawson, who says :—

I have received a couple of letters from Sigm. R. Reid—a former workmate—who is out in the Sudan. In his last

letter he said things were very quiet out there, but I notice it was dated December. No doubt he has covered some ground since then ! I should think his experiences will be interesting when he gets an opportunity to relate them.

### **A/C.2 S. ASTLEY, R.A.F.**

Writes :—I met Ronnie Goulden recently. He doesn't seem very pleased with himself at the moment—in fact, he doesn't like the R.A.F. at all. Personally, I don't think it is too bad, providing I can get out of the fatigues which they seem continually to be showering down on us here. Still, I would rather be back at Telephone Rentals than running about here.

## **April Fool's Day at the Abbey**

During the morning of April 1st last, a certain secretary rang down to G.M.O. for particulars of an ex-salesman. G.M.O. were in playful mood and the following information was sent up.

### **C. SMITH,**

17, Tin Pan Alley, Bournemouth.

**Date of Birth?**—1st April, 1700.

**Married or Single?**—Half-married.

**Military Service?**—16 years' Military Service ; Private ; Chelsea Pensioner now.

**Business ?**—Soapflakes Limited.

**Experience ?**—General Blower-up of Bubbles.

Joined as a Telematic man, but left as a Professor of Twerps.

His Remuneration Slip was signed in 1735.

R. I. P.

# OUR ROLL OF SERVICE

**Eighty-one Members of the Organisation together give 1722 years' service to the Company.**

When we congratulated Miss F. Cantor, in our previous issue, on her completion of 21 years' service with us, we inadvertently referred to the Roll of Honour.

We ought, of course, to have said the Roll of Service, since it is under this title that the Boards for long service in our various Companies are known.

This Roll of Service has been brought up to date, and the new names and extra stars have been added to the big Board which is in a prominent position at The Abbey.

We reproduce in our Portrait Gallery the Roll of Service Board, together with as many photographs as we have been able to gather together, of those whose names or stars have been added recently.

A position is earned on the Roll of Service Board, when any member of the Staff has served the Company for 14 years; a period which has a peculiar significance for us. Each name is inscribed under the year in which the member completed his or her fourteenth year. Then, as each further seven years is completed, the member has a star placed by his or her name.

These inscriptions are made at the end of each year in which they fall due. The photograph therefore shows the additions up to the end of 1940.

We therefore offer our hearty congratulations to the following members, for the reasons stated at the head of each group.

## **NEW MEMBERS to the Roll of Service.**

**These completed 14 years' Service in 1940**

G. Kirk February 1917 Leeds  
E. M. Wray June 1919 Manchester  
P. Malone July 1926 Dublin

The 1941 list will not be complete until the end of the current year.

## **Extra Stars for Present Members New 3rd Star Members**

A third Star is added to the two members in the 1919 section, making 36 years' service with the Company.

There are now four members with three Stars, headed by Mr. F. T. Jackson, our Chairman and Managing Director.

Then comes Mr. J. E. Parrott, who joined the London Company in 1904, followed by Messrs. W. J. Scott and W. H. Green, both of the London Company since 1905.

Mr. J. H. Hinton will be eligible for his third Star in November of this year.

## **New 1st Star Members**

The first Star is due to those in the 1933 Section. Omitting Messrs. S. T. Smith and W. C. Furrie, the honour of a first Star goes to the following twelve members, each having recorded 21 years' service with the Company.

### **1933**

F. B. Charlton	Cardiff
W. H. Aldous	London
F. W. Rosam	London
H. S. Clements	Birmingham
C. C. Harmer	London
E. Thomson	Glasgow
J. Whittaker	London
J. E. Burgess	Bristol
T. Adcock, Sr.	Birmingham
R. Harris	London
G. McCann	Belfast
W. Walsh	Belfast

## THE TIE LINE

### 1941 1st Star Members

The following are due for the first star during 1941. Those who have already gained the star will be those who completed the 21 years by the month of May.

#### 1934

F. Cantor (Miss)	Leeds	January
G. Turner	Leeds	January
J. T. Blake	Head Office	March
R. R. Moss	Newcastle	March
P. Mulcahey	Manchester	March
J. G. Price	Newcastle	March
J. F. Grimbley	Belfast	April
G. A. Bartram	Cardiff	May
C. Cleverdon	Head Office	May
G. Lyne	Bristol	June
E. G. Marckx	Brussels	June
P. A. O'Connor	Dublin	July
G. W. Skerry	London	July
E. B. Jones	Cardiff	September
R. Kernohan	Newcastle	September
C. Townsend	London	September
L. H. Fretwell (Miss)	Sheffield	November

### Oh ! to be in England— With a Difference.

Oh ! to be in England now the black-out's there,  
For who dares go out in England finds  
some evening, unaware,  
As some soft part of himself he knocks  
That shadow was really a letter-box.  
And you bump your head on the orchard  
bough  
In England—Now !  
And in the winter when fogs follow,  
That make you cough and choke and  
swallow,  
Think ! In some far-off time the greatest  
joy  
Of every man and woman, girl and boy  
Was, as the gentle dusk turned into  
night,

To watch the lamp become a blaze of  
light,  
Casting a welcome glow along the street  
And lighting up the faces of all we'd meet.  
Now, cursing as you take your air-raid  
slacks out,  
Pour curses on this blue-pencilled black-  
out !

. . .

But oh ! to be in Berlin now our Boys  
get there.  
If you go out in Berlin you must always  
take great care.  
“ Donner and Blitzen ” hear them shout,  
“ Those Air Force boys will burn us out.”  
And the Fuehrer wrinkles his manly (?)  
In Berlin—Now ! [brow,  
And in the evenings with sirens blowing,  
No German frau has her light showing.  
For, when the R.A.F. screams overhead,  
A beam of light—another German dead !  
And they're afraid to die ; they know  
full well  
That open arms will welcome them to  
Hell !  
And there they'll have another fiend to  
“ Heil ! ”

In true Storm-Trooper, true-bred Aryan  
style !

So, in the dark when you can't make  
your track out,  
Be thankful that it's not a Berlin black-  
out.

M. COLE, Manchester Company.

### Bismarck into Hitler

A sign in a popular New York  
delicatessen shop advertises “ Hitler  
herring.” The owner explains how he  
makes it : “ I take a Bismarck herring,  
cut out the brains, remove the back-  
bone, and open the mouth.”

PETERBOROUGH.

Ex the *Daily Telegraph*.

# OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY



A/M G. W. HELLYAR  
Fleet Air Arm  
*Newcastle*



Cpl. A. L. WESTALL  
R. C. Sigs.  
*London*



2nd/Lt. H. M. MILLER  
The Green Howards  
*Electro-Rentals*



Pte. H. SEVERN  
Royal Sussex Regt.  
*Newcastle*



Gnr. P. HOSIER  
Royal Artillery  
*London*



Sigm. R. L. GREENACRE  
R. C. Sigs.  
*Electro-Rentals*



W/M. K. J. TAIT  
Royal Navy  
*Newcastle*



Cadet A. F. COLEMAN  
R. A. F.  
*London*



Gnr. K. OXLEY  
Royal Artillery  
*Sheffield*

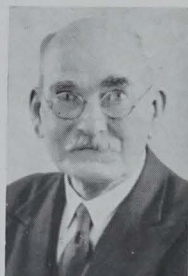


# TELEPHONE ROLL OF

1916 ... Fred T. Jackson June July 1916 Head Office	1925 ... A.H. Lane June January 1916 London	1932-33 ... H.B. Charlton June April 1932 Glasgow
1918 ... J.E. Barrett June November 1918 London	1928 ... E.J. Kerr June February 1928 Glasgow	... A.F. Williams August 1932 Birmingham
1919 ... W.J. Scott June May 1919 London	1929 ... V. Hutchinson June September 1929 Belfast	... W. Clough September 1932 Manchester
1920 ... W.H. Green August 1920 London	... W.J. Furze November 1929 London	... J. Jackson October 1932 Manchester
1922 ... J.H. Butler June November 1922 London	1930 ... E. Longdon June February 1930 Leeds	... W. Walker December 1932 Manchester
1924 ... G.V. Vernon June June 1924 London	... R.S. Fraser March 1930 Glasgow	... S. Hudson December 1932 London
... A.D. West August 1924 London	... C. Mason April 1930 London	... F.B. Charlton June March 1933 Cardiff
1926 ... W.E. Farrer June February 1926 London	1931 ... W.H. Stringer June January 1931 London	... W.H. Motuz March 1933 London
	... J. Pindling June 1931 London	... F.W. Room April 1933 London
	... J. Jones February 1931 London	... R.S. Clemens June 1933 Birmingham
		... C.C. Horner July 1933 London
		... E. Thompson August 1933 Glasgow
		... W.C. Purrie September 1933 Glasgow
		... J. Whitaker October 1933 Bristol
		... J.E. Burgess November 1933 Birmingham
		... L. Meech Se. November 1933 Head Office
		... S.J. Smith November 1933 London
		... R. Harris July 1933 London
		... G. McCann February 1933 Belfast
		... W. Walsh November 1933 Belfast

A record of the  
Members of the  
14 years  
Have appeared in the  
picture of 1

Congratulations to  
our Colleagues  
whose names or  
stars have recently  
been inscribed on  
the Roll of Service,  
a photograph of  
which is shown  
above.



J. J. SCOTT  
London



W. H. GREEN  
London



F. B. CHARLTON  
Cardiff



E. THOMSON  
Glasgow



J. WHITTAKER  
London



J. E. BURGESS  
Bristol

With three ex-  
ceptions, we are  
able to record their  
portraits on this  
page.

# RENTALS SERVICE

**1934**  
 F.C. Foster Jan 1934 1934 Leeds  
 A. Turner " January 1934 Leeds  
 J.T. Blaha " March 1934 Head Office  
 R.R. Mann " March 1934 Newcastle  
 P.M. Leach " March 1934 Newcastle  
 J.G. Price " March 1934 Newcastle  
 W.G. Gray " April 1934 Head Office  
 J.E. Gray " April 1934 Head Office  
 G.A. Burt " May 1934 Cardiff  
 C.C. Cheverton " May 1934 Head Office  
 G. Lyle " June 1934 Bristol  
 E.G. March " June 1934 Newcastle  
 D.A. O'Connor " July 1934 London  
 G.W. Sherry " July 1934 London  
 E.B. Jones " September 1934 Cardiff  
 R. Ketchum " September 1934 Newcastle  
 C. Leonard " September 1934 London  
 L.H. Fawell (nom) " November 1934 Sheffield

**1935**  
 E.H. Hock " Jan May 1935 Brussels  
 J.W. Hick " June 1935 Leeds  
 A.V. Mitchell " September 1935 Leeds

**1936**  
 J. Loeber " Jan January 1936 Brussels  
 A. Brown (nom) " February 1936 Head Office  
 A.J. Barnes " April 1936 Head Office  
 S. Armitage " June 1936 Sheffield  
 T. Sedgwick " June 1936 Sheffield  
 J.E. Gunkle " August 1936 Birmingham  
 E.V. Cooke " September 1936 London  
 V.P. Gooders " October 1936 Brussels  
 W.S. Philcox " December 1936 Head Office

**1937**  
 D.R. Holmes " Jan March 1937 Glasgow  
 F.S. Kamey " May 1937 Head Office  
 G.H. Field " June 1937 Head Office

**1938**  
 E.W. Shaw " Jan Feb 1938 Dublin  
 R.L. Torrance " February 1938 Paris  
 J.A. Mackay " June 1938 Glasgow  
 C.H. Ayres " October 1938 Birmingham  
 I.E. Jones " October 1938 Birmingham  
 H. Sanders " November 1938 Birmingham

**1939**  
 W.G. Madland " Jan Feb 1939 London  
 J.J. O'Connor " November 1939 Dublin

**1940**  
 G. Kirk " Jan Feb 1940 Leeds  
 E.M. Wray " June 1940 Manchester  
 P. Malone " July 1940 Dublin

dates on which  
 full completed  
 service

is empty further  
 no service



W. H. ALDOUS  
 London



F. W. ROSAM  
 London



H. S. CLEMENTS  
 Birmingham



C. C. HARMER  
 London



T. ADCOCK, Sr.  
 Birmingham



R. HARRIS  
 London



W. WALSH  
 Belfast



P. MALONE

# OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY



A. HULLAH  
Home Guard  
*Leeds*



Gnr. C. DAWSON  
R. A.  
*Manchester*



A/C 2 J. WHITE  
R. A. F.  
*Glasgow*



Sgt. J. FEELEY  
R. C. Sigs.  
*Leeds*



Pte. J. COLLARD  
Royal Sussex Regt.  
*London*



Sgt. F. BAYLESS  
R. A. F.  
*London*



Cpl. R. TAIT  
Argyll and Sutherland  
Highlanders  
*Glasgow*



Bdr. E. G. CLARKE, R.A., AND HIS WIFE  
ON THEIR WEDDING DAY  
*Bristol*



NEWCASTLE FIRST-AIDERS



## TO THE LADS IN THE FORCES

My Dear Lads,

The time has come round again to drop you a line—so here goes.

Since my last letter things have been moving rather quickly. Owing to the spreading of the war, it is more than probable that some of you will be transferred to some theatre of war operations far away from this lovely England of ours, and I want you to know that our thoughts will go with you wherever you are sent, and we know that you will do your duty as you have always done whilst working for us in peace time.

Ken. Oxley has been called up. He is in the Royal Artillery and we have already had two letters from him. His only grievance seems to be that the Army does not cater for such big fellows as him, and that he is more or less on the verge of starvation. This is, of course, a little exaggeration, but, knowing Oxley's capacity for food, you will understand what I mean!

Again, to all of you, I am expressing the wish and hope of all at this Company, of which you are still members, that you will have as good a time as is possible whilst you are with the Forces, and that you may be spared to come back to us safe and sound, ready to take up the threads and continue the good work you were doing prior to being called up. In spite of air raid warnings—of which

we are getting a good many just now—everybody is well, and we all wish you the best of luck,

**A/C.I L. R. MIERS, R.A.F.**

Miers didn't have to "scrounge" very long for his dart board, for the Wool Fund and Sheffield Company got together and did something about it. Here's what Miers has to say about it in his latest news letter:—

All the lads in the Photo Section join with me in thanking you all very much for the marvellous Dart Board. Just at the moment it is getting well used every night, as we are very busy now taking advantage of the fine weather, to give Jerry a dose of his own medicine. Every night there are six of us on duty—three at the Section and three with the Kites. We are getting the bull's-eye every time.

I thought the first time I went on Operational Flight that I would be as windy as hell, but, much to my surprise, once we had gone through all the

preliminaries and had been briefed, I did not feel a bit nervous. After over seven hours in the air, the only ill effects I felt were from the noise of the engine and the A.A. fire. This caused a constant buzzing in my ears, which took about twelve hours to disappear.

One night a Jerry followed one of our Kites in and peppered him as he was landing, but he did not get away with it as the Ground Defence got him and he blew up in mid-air. And did we cheer?

Now I feel that what's to be will be, so the more we can hammer at Jerry, the sooner it will all be over and, D.V., I will be able to return to my wife and baby, and job once more.

**GUNNER K. OXLEY, R.A.** (See photo)

"The Tie Line" has been read by everyone in our barrack room, and it is just now on its way round next door. By the time you send me the next issue, it will have been all round the barracks.

I have no idea what to write about, unless I give you an idea of my opinion of the Army, after being here a fortnight!

If this is an example of army life, give me the army—but also give me a lot more to eat. The grub is the only fault I can find, besides getting up at 6 o'clock in the morning. I have to make up my rations in the Naafi, otherwise I should be a shadow of my former self. (Oxley is an outsize in men, and needs plenty of stoking.—Ed.)

Our work consists mostly of learning how to march, stand to attention, stand at ease, about turn, right and left turn, slope arms, present arms, port arms, bayonet fighting and the names to call the dummy as we are using the bayonet on it, besides one or two new names to call the Sergeant when his back is turned. I can assure you there *are* one or two words that I haven't heard before—not even when people have hit the wrong nail!

The only thing that they haven't

taught us up to the present is how to keep out of the way of fatigues, but I can assure you that I am an expert at it even in this short space of time. I have managed to dodge most fatigue parties, although I got caught last Sunday morning for going down in the village on the previous night and breaking bounds. I was the only one who was noticed out of a party of eight, who were all doing the same thing—and I wasn't tight or anything like it!

The camp is one of the best you could wish for—decent N.C.O.'s and officers, a theatre, cinema, a dance every Saturday



night and plenty of girls to dance with—if you know how to talk to them.

I don't know exactly what further training we are due for, but, from what I can gather, we do one month on the square on infantry training and then we get weeded out and put on a different battery for one month's elementary searchlight training and from there on to another battery for secondary training.

I haven't much ambition, however, to be a searchlight soldier, so I have applied for a transfer to the Corps of Military Police as soon as my month's basic training is complete.



*The Opening Ceremony  
of Telematic  
Broadcasting Service at  
the nationally-known  
Sheffield Factory of  
James Neill & Co.  
(Sheffield) Ltd.*



# BIG SHEFFIELD FACTORY

## INSTALS THE TELEMATIC BROADCASTING SERVICE

On Monday, 24th March, the Broadcasting installation fitted by the Sheffield Company for Messrs. James Neill & Co. (Sheffield) Ltd., was officially opened by Mrs. F. A. Neill, wife of Colonel F. A. Neill, the Managing Director of the Firm. It may be of interest to readers of this magazine to know a few facts about this installation, which is at any rate a little above the average.

The installation consists of 65 Loud Speakers, and the layout is pretty well complete inasmuch as it provides speech, record player, radio, and signal generator.

It has already been proved that, in case of air raid alarms, this system is invaluable, for not only can instructions be given to enable the workers to go to their respective shelters, but, during the time of an Alert, a running commentary can be given as to the position as seen from the Look-out.

It should be mentioned that the Control Room of this system is a specially constructed building which was erected

by the Subscriber to house our equipment, and is situated on the roof of the building very near the Look-out post.

It would be true to say that the system installed at these works, although coming in for a little criticism from odd individuals, has in the main been received with acclamation, for it does its work remarkably well, firstly as Staff Location—speaking to the key-man wherever he may be; secondly, by giving the workers music, whether by radio or record player, and thirdly, by giving the signals for stopping and starting, breaks, and so on.

When the Home Secretary came to Sheffield on the 8th April, he visited these Works, and used the Telematic Microphone in the Managing Director's office to address the workers. He complimented the firm on having the foresight to instal this system which would lift the boredom from the employee who was on the same sort of work day in and day out.

Mr. Morrison was "tickled to death" to know that the firm had a gramophone record of his slogan—"Go to it."

There is little doubt that this system is of the greatest value indeed to the

## WORKS MUSIC

*They sing near the  
furnaces now*

Girls working at machines in a Sheffield factory yesterday sang to music for the first time since they started there.

Steel smelters near glowing furnaces, labourers, men at loading bays, and hundreds of girls in other parts of the works sang, too.

It was the first day of a "Music while you work" scheme started to cheer them at their jobs. Gramophone music was relayed through 64 loud speakers.

The chairman of the company told them through loudspeakers that if it were necessary to go into shelters music would help to while away the time.

*Cutting from local Sheffield newspaper*

workers, who are doing—dare I say monotonous jobs—work of National importance, but who are finding that there is little relaxation to be got these days, and so the music which our system broadcasts to the workers must certainly be all to the good and relieve the feeling that all days, in all ways, are alike.

We much appreciated the congratulations that were, during the opening ceremony, freely given to the Sheffield Company's Engineers for the way in which they carried out this job. The thanks of the Management were given through the Microphone to Mr. Chapman and Mr. Anderson who were present, and had spent several hours on seeing that the system was well and truly installed.

Our only grievance in connection with this matter—the contract for which, incidentally, was secured with the help of Mr. Attwood—is that Mr. Chapman

was too modest to come and stand behind the Managing Director's table and appear in the photograph, for actually we feel that we have a great deal to thank him for.

When looking round this installation, one's reaction is this—Why do not more people go in for an installation of this kind, because it seems to be not only a help to the workers themselves, but a tremendous aid in all business by the saving of time in contacting individuals who matter.

O. C. O.

### SIGM. L. WILLIAMS, R.C.S.

Just a few lines in answer to your advertisement in "The Tie Line," which I must say pulls at the heart strings of a far-away and lonely fitter in one of those outposts of the British Empire where there is nothing to see but sheep and water.

"The Tie Line" is as popular among the rest of the boys in the huts with me as, I think, with all the employees of the firm.

I must say that I have not yet tried any haggis, and the people here are people of their own race, and do not like being called "Scotch."

### SIGM. S. TAYLOR, R.C.S.

He is at present billeted in a small concrete hut in the grounds of a large mansion Somewhere in England—emphasis on the Somewhere in England, for he says that is the only term to be used for the place. There is nothing but open country for miles around, and the nearest town is nine miles away.

He is on "shift work" as the "duty lineman" and most of his life seems to be either spent down in the basement of the house where the exchanges are fixed, or else catching up with sleep in his little hut, as he finds time passes much quicker when asleep.

2nd Lt. P. H. VIGOR, R. C. S.  
(London) gives an interesting account  
of

## NORWAY AND AFTER

You last heard of me, I think, stumping along the Norwegian mountain passes in an obstacle race with the Germans, where we did the racing and they provided the obstacles. I walked distances that, in peace time, would have sent me scurrying to the nearest bus-stop. On the one occasion when a train did arrive, it was blown up by a mine on the tracks. Luckily my carriage blew sideways, if you see what I mean, so I was all right.

It is a most delightful country, where everything has the appearance of having been painted only the day before, and where the queer, stiff uniforms of the railway officials and police make the place seem like a toy land.

The chief ground of complaint is that the Norwegians have a mile which is equal to three of ours. So that, on one celebrated occasion, when we were told that a certain tunnel was seven miles away and we promptly set off to march there, we found to our sorrow that it was really twenty-one miles ! This was rather unfortunate, as we were moving in daylight this time—we usually moved only at night—and the real joy that I was getting from the wonderful scenery was rather marred by bombing attacks coming regularly every quarter of an hour.

However, we reached Aandalsnes at last, climbed on to the cruiser, and so to safety.

After this holiday-war, so soon to be overshadowed by the real fighting in Flanders, we were brought back to a rest camp in Scotland ; and then some very welcome leave.

I had been posted away from my regi-



*The "Heroic Soldier" Act*

ment for that little foray, but wangled back again as soon as my leave was over. They promptly gave me a couple of stripes and, to show their pleasure at seeing me again, they sent me off on detachment to run the signal office at Div. H.Q. This signal office was considerably overstaffed, and so we worked five hours a day for two days, and had the third off !

We were billeted in a large country house in —, in the middle of a huge park, and there was everything that a tired and lazy corporal could want. There were two cricket pitches, some tennis courts, a bowling green and a rather pleasant sort of stream that, after tumbling down a waterfall or two, flowed through a glorious walled-in garden to empty itself into a lake that was obviously meant for bathing.



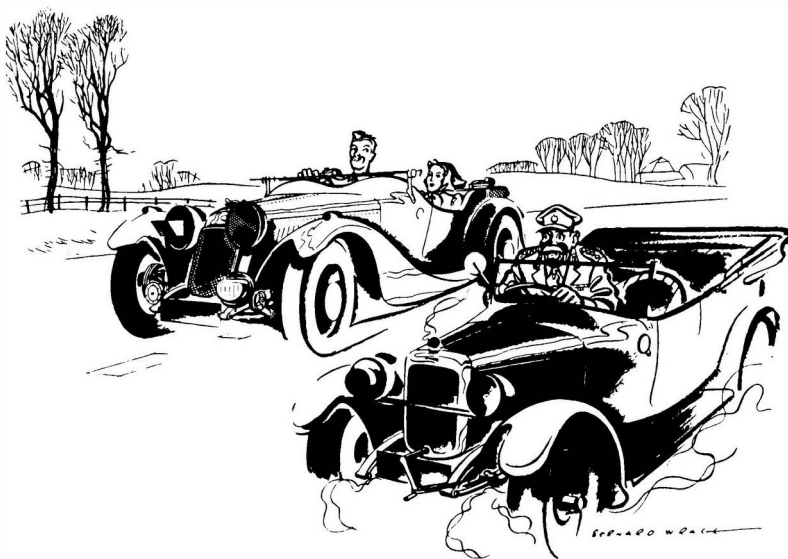
For three whole weeks I never heard an aeroplane, and, throughout that lovely June weather, we played tennis and bathed, and slept and bathed again—and across the Channel the French army was being battered to pulp, as we had been battered six weeks before.

Half a mile up the road was a little pub that sold a rather repulsive brand of beer. But I got hold of the landlady and put over the "heroic soldier" act to such effect that she let me have a private sitting-room with a wireless and a grand piano and something nice for tea every day.

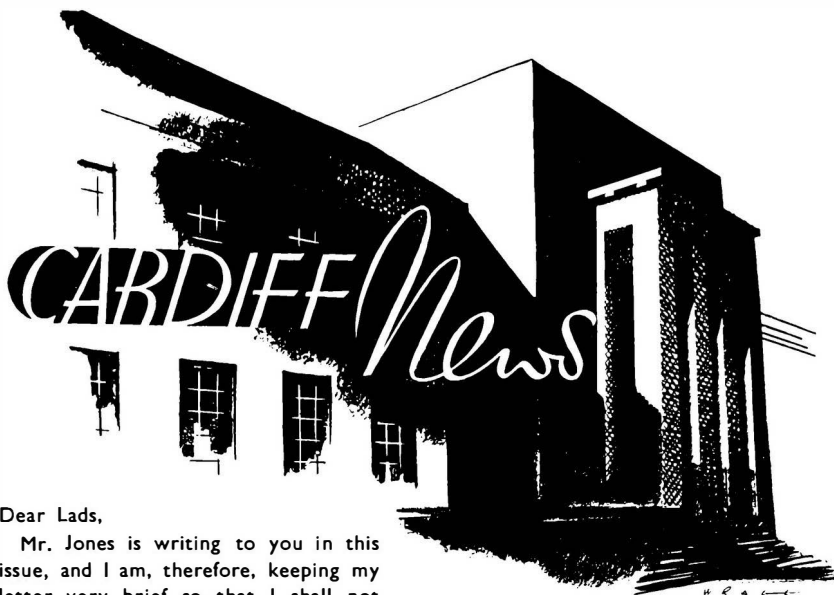
The beer, as I have said, was rather repulsive, but she made her own ginger beer, and the resultant "shandy" was delicious. And so I played tennis and wandered up for shandy, and occasionally with the air of a fat financier on Wall Street, flopped into the Signal Office to see if anyone had anything for me—and they hadn't.

It was the Golden Age—an age that I know will never come again. I felt like Winnie-the-Pooh when Rabbit, one lovely sunny morning, came dashing up full of things to do. And the sun and the breeze and the birds whispered to Pooh, "Don't listen to Rabbit, listen to us." So he got into a good position for not listening to Rabbit and thought about "What's for tea," and things like that.

To pass from this idyll to the clash and bustle of an O.C.T.U. would be an unpleasant transition—like a woman driver changing gear. So, if you will permit me, I will continue in my next with the thrilling story of how I went to an O.C.T.U. and was not R.T.U.'d—of how I was commissioned to a unit with vintage port at sevenpence a glass—and of how, once more, I was warned for service abroad. This thrilling synopsis should make the July number sell like hot cakes—so order your copy NOW.



"Fast" and "Furious"



Dear Lads,

Mr. Jones is writing to you in this issue, and I am, therefore, keeping my letter very brief so that I shall not encroach on any matters about which he may wish to write.

I just want to say how pleased I am to tell you that Cpl. Bill Pritchard was released from hospital on the 7th April, and that he has managed to get home to spend his convalescence with his good lady. Now that Bill is tucked away under the kindly wing of his wife, we can look to his speedy and complete recovery.

With all good wishes from the Company, I hand over to Mr. Jones.

My Dear Fellows,

Having started on the right note, may I hope to continue, even though I fail to interest you.

You will appreciate that it is difficult to give news to those friends of mine who seem to have a habit of looking in at odd moments, and who are almost as up-to-date with the local news as I am. Perhaps I cannot very well include Bill

Pritchard among the callers of late, owing to his very unfortunate blitz experience, but I understand that Jack Barry sees what is left of his home fairly frequently. Correct me if I'm wrong, Jack.

Jack Hutchinson appears to have enough influence to obtain leave of absence on more occasions than seems proper; but, anyway, who am I to judge?

To revert to Bill; we all thought you were having quite a good time generally, but you now have the sympathy of everyone at Cardiff, and we sincerely trust that your recovery will be complete. However, if you *can*, somehow, find that the after-effects of your injury impair your efficiency as a soldier, well, just look in at Imperial Buildings, and we can find you a few odd jobs to do. To be truthful, I could say that all our jobs are "odd" jobs these days.

You, Jack Barry, are the most reserved of our out-of-town boys—when it comes to corresponding. Please let us hear from you more often.

Censorship may not permit your telling us exactly where you are, and

what you are doing, but you could send along some sort of news and perhaps a photograph of yourself. All at Cardiff wish to know how you are keeping and whether your telegraphy, etc., is up to scratch. If you are learning anything at all about wireless generally, you may prove extremely useful to Cardiff Company when you return. We can certainly use a little knowledge in that particular line. Quite possibly you know that we have added "Broadcasting in Factories" to our existing services, and, although we in Cardiff have started on a very low note, we hope that soon we'll be hitting the high ones—which means, of course, more contracts.

I have a feeling that you boys may be bored if I write at length on the subject of work—don't take me wrongly—so, apart from mentioning that most of our Subscribers are still friends of ours, and that we have many new ones, I'll say nothing further on the subject. I can, of course, mention your workmates and shall, with regret, tell you that Clem Press is in hospital with pneumonia. Fortunately, he is progressing fairly well, and so let us hope that, when you read this, he will be up and doing once more.

I'm afraid the Cardiff staff are cracking up a little because we've had, between us, a few illnesses this winter which may require many hours of sunshine to counter. It seems to me that our ladies have devoted too much time to knitting those dinky little woollies you've been receiving instead of passing along a few to the working members of the engineering staff.

Our fellows have had a number of jobs lately which could not be termed fireside ones, and, if only they had had some of your thick socks and pullovers, etc., they (the boys) might now be in better shape. Mention of this may result in all our fellows handing into the office their chest measurements, etc., but

whether they will be successful, I'm sure I don't know. If I continue in this fashion, this article will be inserted in the Knitting Column by mistake, so perhaps I had better hand over this little problem to Miss Lewis.

You may be interested, more so than Joe Smith, to learn that he has passed his Medical Examination with flying colours. He is apparently too healthy for the Navy and is down in the records as a Royal Marine, which fact has somewhat disturbed him. Of course, we informed him that the Marines are the first to go ashore, and the last to leave—if at all—but, as he says, he's always willing to wait his turn. However, we



*Willing to wait his turn*

hope to spare him the indignity of seasickness for an indefinite period, and this applies also to one or two others who have been waiting for the call to arms.

There are some strange faces—strange to you, of course, because there is nothing actually wrong with the faces—in the camp these days, so that our fighting strength totals 21 engineers—

more or less. We have boys, youths, men, and one lady, and perhaps at a later date a few pensioners may be included.

I hope you are not losing touch with telephones, because, when you come back to us, you'll naturally want to step into work and be right up to date. I wish I could forecast exactly when that

day will dawn, but, if you chaps pick up many more stripes, then I can expect to see this war over shortly.

Now I had better conclude, with the promise of some further news at a later date. Here's wishing you the very best of luck from myself and the boys, and good wishes from the office staff.

E. B. JONES.

**CPL. W. E. PRITCHARD**  
is now convalescing after his  
**Swansea Blitz** experiences,  
about which he now gives us  
the inside information.

It seems ages since I last saw the outside world—as a matter of fact it was six weeks ago. Luckily they are very lenient with all us Blitz victims here, so life isn't too bad. To see the cheerful spirits of everyone in the ward, despite pain and loss of limbs, is wonderful, and would certainly dispirit Hitler.

One old chap, with only a stump of his arm left, is the life of the place.

Others, who have lost their right arms, have already started practising writing with their left hands. It's pathetic to see others with eye injuries having their letters written and read out for them.

I received my injuries on the first evening of the three-night Blitz on Swansea. I was on duty in charge, and, if I'd been a punctual husband, I should have been with my wife and children.

As it was, I got too interested in the work, and stayed on. From our maps, etc., we could tell that numbers of Jerries were making for Swansea. Presently the explosions came nearer and



one bomb scored a direct hit on us, exploding just the other side of the wall, in the next room.

It was a terrible experience. The lights went out and blackness like a curtain enveloped me. I seemed to be climbing up this, at the same time thinking of my wife and family. I was probably unconscious for a short time, and, when I opened my eyes, I could see the sky through the roof. I discovered I was still standing up, although both my legs were trapped by a large map table with a pile of debris upon it.

The pain in my legs was intense, and I thought I should faint, but I managed to fight this off. Although there had been

eight or nine in the room, I was alone except for one poor fellow who was still sitting at the table by me with headphones on, but he was already dead.

After some time they came and dug me out, and I was taken to a local hospital. Here I was operated on for the removal of a bomb splinter in my leg. I seemed to spend all my time on a trolley. It was really frightening being so helpless and hearing the bombs dropping for the next few nights.

My head was in a pretty bad state, and my wife nearly fainted when she saw me. Apparently my face was black and blue due to blast.

At the week-end I was sent to the hospital where I am now. My family, in the meantime, had been evacuated further west owing to time bombs. It was a week before my wife found out where I was.

It was heaven to get here—everyone was so kind. I must have looked pretty fearsome as I had not shaved for six days! My leg was put in splints for three weeks, and then I practised walking for a fortnight.

I had trouble with my knee, and they decided to X-ray my leg. They discovered a fracture in the fibula bone, so I am now in plaster up to the thigh. This will mean another four or five weeks here, so I suppose I must have patience. I used to think bed was very nice—now I'm absolutely fed up with it and will be glad when I can get out for a walk.

Well, my experience should show "Tie Line" readers that a bomb can explode a few feet away from one without fatal results. One bit of advice—place something between the teeth. Neglect to do this meant a broken tooth for me when my teeth snapped together due to the blast. Except for a scar on my forehead, I'll soon be O.K.

### CARDIFF KNITTERS

We are sorry to say our efforts at knitting lately have been somewhat similar to those of Miss Gillespie, and, although socks and scarves are in the making, they seem to be taking an age to complete. However, our menfolk have not pestered us for woolies, so we are not feeling too guilty.

Some of us are finding our spare time is becoming more and more limited. Miss Hobbs is busy at the Y.M.C.A. canteen for several hours on a Saturday, and has the time of her life making the cups of tea she serves tally with the tea ration.

Miss Lewis and Miss Powell are on duty one night a week as street fire watchers and, providing they remember to pick up the sand-bag and not the water bucket, we think their neighbours can safely leave it to them.

They are sorry they were not around when Miss Spear's house was badly damaged by blast, but, as they do not know how to prevent or deal with blast, we think they would only have been in the way. In the latest Blitz Miss Spear was the only member of the Company who suffered, but, although we are sorry about the damage to her home, we are very glad that she and her parents were not even slightly injured.

The people of Wales were delighted to receive a visit from the King and Queen in March. The day they visited Cardiff the weather was perfect, and they were given a tremendous welcome. Our only regret was that, as we could not obtain a time table of their visit, and our office was some distance from the route, we were unable to see them.

We are sorry, Pritchard, Hutchinson and Barry, that we were unable to send you the customary Easter Eggs, but hope you will understand the reason. We feel sure that you found the cigarettes and sweets far more satisfying.

**W.O.2 J. M. HUTCHINSON, R.A.**  
somewhere on Britain's coastline,  
dispels some misconceptions, with  
out giving secrets away.

## GUNS-AND A LITTLE ABOUT 'EM

Having been put on the spot in "The Tie Line," I can see that it's no use my prevaricating any longer, so I've cancelled the war for an hour while I try and give you a few "free for publication" details.

A lot has been written, and over a quiet half-pint, a lot more has been said about the accuracy or inaccuracy of guns, and I think the general viewpoint is that the bigger the gun the more inaccurate it is. This, of course, is the proverbial tripe. The largest of guns can be extremely accurate, but, to obtain that accuracy, we gunners must have a tremendous amount of information which is not always available and which is not always accurate.

I am now, of course, speaking of coast artillery, which is my branch. To guarantee a hit in the first round, we need to allow for the rise or fall of the tide, which we must know exactly. This is not easy to get, as the water tends to "pile up" around rocks and cliffs and give us a false impression. Then we need to know the temperature of our charges, the exact strength and direction of the wind, the barometric pressure, our height above sea level, and, of course, the range to and speed and course of our target.

You'll agree that that is quite a mass of data, some of which is bound to be unreliable. The wind, for example, is never constant, and it must be borne in mind that we are not speaking of the wind at ground level, but at some height above us to which our shell will rise in its journey or trajectory as we call it.



*I be telling 'on 'ee, they guns . . .*

That height, by the way, can be calculated. It may also in certain circumstances, be necessary to compensate for the rotation of the earth. Other factors, which are more or less routine, are the weight and type of our fuzed shell—its "Ballistic Co-efficient" for the technically minded; the weight and type and date of manufacture of our cartridge; the formula to which it was made; and whether the cordite is in small shaped pieces or in sticks, and, if it is in sticks, the diameter of the sticks—but more of that anon.

This does not exhaust the list by any means, but I can continue no further on that path for obvious reasons.

Well, to resume. All the trifling errors which cannot be avoided in compiling this information—much of which obviously cannot be found until the target is in sight—are, of course, cumulative,



*Here are Hutch's boys with only five seconds to go. The Crown Copyright authorities were unable to give permission to show the gun.*

and, when we decide to start shooting, some inaccuracy is going to result. When this combined error finds itself teamed up with other details, which I have purposely omitted, the result is that a succession of rounds fired from the same gun, at the same range and bearing, won't all fall in the same place. They will, however, group themselves symmetrically around a central point, which we term the "Mean Point of Impact"—M.P.I. in future—and the area over which they spread is known as the "Zone of Dispersion."

Without going into full details, the vast majority of the shells fired fall very close to the M.P.I.; very close, indeed, so that, if the M.P.I. and the target coincide, as they can be made to, the vast majority will fall close to the target.

Up to now we have been speaking of the target as a point, and our shells are falling close to it. Some a few inches over, some 30 yards short. If, however, we now replace that point by a decent-

sized ship, we see that most of our shells will hit the ship, but not all in the same place. The thing is, we do hit the enemy's ship.

Well, I think I'll close down for a spell. I'll drop a line again for a future "Tie Line," with some more of our problems—i.e. if the readers are like Barkis, or more aptly, like Oliver Twist!

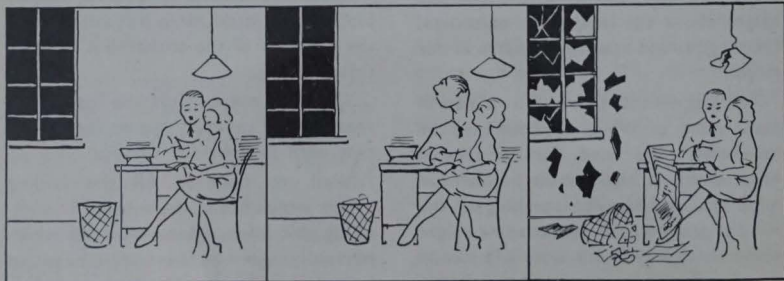
Here's a photograph of some of my boys. It has been released by the M. of I. for us to send to our friends and relatives. It was taken seven seconds after the alarm bell was sounded, and they've got another five seconds in which to get the first round off to schedule, as twelve seconds is our usual "Alarm" to "Shot."

The original photograph included the gun itself, but the Crown Copyright authorities were unable to give us permission to print it.

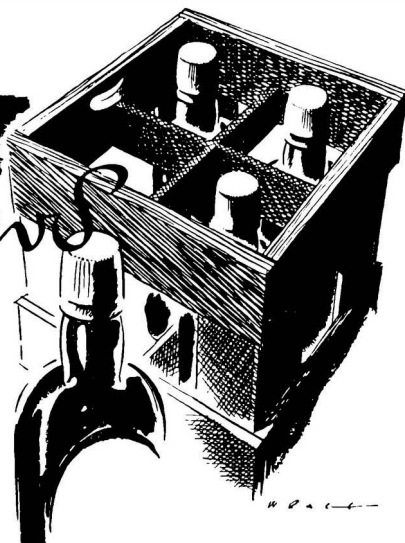
So we are just showing Hutch's boys, with only five seconds more to go before the first round is fired [Editor].

Dear Sir,

**BUSINESS BEFORE**



# DUBLIN *News*



## ANOTHER TELEMATIC SERVICE !

The Office Staff of one of our nearby Subscribers—who has the same morning habit as ourselves—sent us an S.O.S. for a “pinch” of tea, and the following poem was received after we had come to the rescue.

The reference to the “limb of the Law” refers to our Police who are at present distributing Tea Rationing Cards.

### Composed over the Teapot.

Nicholl's Office Staff just jumped with glee,  
When their eyes beheld half a pound of TEA.

The shock was great—some near passed on—  
We thought the time of War had gone.

We thank Miss Stearn and Miss Kidd too,  
Although it's a thing they shouldn't do,  
But their deed was rewarded, could they  
but see  
Six charming women sipping TEA.

But now that we have enjoyed “our fill,”

It's time to think about the bill.  
We couldn't return it, or even attempt,  
So take one and six and imagine you dreamt ;

As a “limb of the Law” we should abhor  
But “for ever after” you and the TEA  
we adore.

Office Staff

J. J. NICHOLL Ltd.,

Exchequer Street.

## PLEASURE ?



Yours faithfully, pp. CHASE CARTOONS



This is the story of two little evacuees who are enjoying life in Dublin. Their names are Peter and Myrtle. They are children of Mr. A. Barnes, of Head Office, and they are being taken care of by Mr. P. A. O'Connor, our Dublin Manager.

## JOURNEY'S END

It was somewhat cold at the landing pier, and anxious eyes were looking out to sea. Eventually, on the horizon, a ship came in sight. What a relief it was to know that this was another vessel which had escaped the attention of a Jerry submarine !

Eventually she dropped anchor. I do not know if this is the correct seafaring expression, and, if I am wrong, maybe Lieut. Royds will supply the proper one. Tension by now was running high as the many passengers disembarked.

Presently down the gangway came fifteen little mites, all labelled with their names, and also the names and addresses of their future "parents" for the

duration. The names of the children were called, and also the names of those awaiting these children. You can fancy the heart throbs when we heard the names of the two children we were seeking !

Having signed the necessary documents, we were given charge of the children (aged  $4\frac{1}{2}$  years and 8 years), who looked very fit, but a little tired after a journey of approximately 350 miles.

After a further journey of ten miles, we arrived with our new care, and, on completion of a good hot meal, they were tucked in bed to sleep soundly and not to be awakened by the wail of the sirens.

## SWAPPING SECRETS—AFTER HOURS !



*Photograph by courtesy of Independent Newspapers Ltd., Dublin*

# LONDON *New*

You will all have heard that on Wednesday the 16th a pretty concentrated Blitz was let loose on London, and it may interest you to know that a good deal of the filth dropped round about the London Company's offices.

It appears from the entries in the Night Watchman's Log Book that the four fellows on duty that night must have had rather a hair-raising time.

But it is good to be able to tell you that, in spite of quite a big bomb crater in front of the building—into which a succession of taxis have since projected themselves at night—and something that can only be called a conflagration at the back, Britannia House continues to fly the flag. In fact, except for a few windows blown in for the second time on the ground floor, we escaped quite scatheless.

Except for a further small Blitz on the following Saturday night, we have really had rather an uneventful month, and I cannot help feeling that some of the fellows in the Provincial Companies must have had a much worse time than we have.

Nor has the month been distinguished by any great number of visitors from the Forces. The Cooper brothers looked in for a few minutes one day, but, as far as the undersigned knows, these are the only people who have come to see us. Please remember we always like to see any of you when you can spare the time.

In my last letter to "The Tie Line" I made reference to the experiment we were making on the Engineering side with women engineers, and can now say



that this has proved such a success that we have decided to take on a few more girls on the Chronomatic side for the purpose of rating Master Clocks. The idea of this being, of course, to release for other work a number of men who have had more general experience.

These girls are now an accepted institution, and, for some reason that none of us can fathom, have come to be referred to as the "Eckstein Follies."

I am afraid I shall have to conclude on a rather sadder note, in that "Jimmy" Jones, who for so many years looked after the stores in London, has passed away after a protracted illness. We thus lose a man for whom everyone had a very high regard, both for his personality and his work in the Company.

*R. A. Roslin*

**SIGM. E. J. JAKINS, R.C.S.**

Five weeks he spent in hospital—he doesn't say what for. Since then he has moved six times in five weeks, and it makes him think that he is back again at London Company.

He is now busy on a fourteen-weeks' course, and the food is O.K., so he's all right.

**GNR. D. A. SHERRINGTON, R.A.**

I am just writing to let you know that I am off overseas. This has been pending for a long time, and we were actually stopped on the day of departure some time ago. This, however, seems to be pretty certain, and we are not expecting any hold-up. Where we are actually bound for I haven't the slightest idea, but it's somewhere pretty warm, for we have been issued with tropical kit.

**Marine V. WILLIS, Royal Marines**

As you may remember, he was, as so many fellow workers, serving in the Royal Corps of Signals, but, alas, in a moment of madness he transferred to the Royal Marines, and this is what he has to say about it.



I am now rolling around on H.M.S.

S——, and can she roll ! I will tell you how I find life afloat.

Charles Laughton once said in one of his films—"A Midshipman is the lowest form of animal life in the Service." He should have said, "A Royal Marine."

Men who go down to the sea in ships are also expected to go down on the Quarterdeck at 7.40 a.m. As you are required to be "fell in" before the bugle is actually sounded, you may, in your hurry and anxiety, forget your lanyard or leave your box unlocked, or omit to stow your bag with the tally square.

"Stand forth, thou perverse delinquent, for thou hast tarnished the fair fame of the Empire ! Repent thy sin ! For Nemesis hath winged thee ! Where is thy lanyard ? Wherefore comest thou on the Quarterdeck in that rude condition ? Expound to me why thou didst leave thy box to the mercies of thy wicked brethren ! How dost thou expect Britannia to rule the waves when thy bag tally is not square ? Away with him ! Insert him in the Commander's report !"

Commander's Report ! How ominous the words ! The O.O.W. says it and an R.P.O. repeats it in case you didn't hear it, or, in case you should think the O.O.W. was only pulling your leg. Customs certainly are strange and die hard.

Such is a Royal's life with the Royal Navy, and anyway it's a great life, and we get plenty of fun out of it.

Best wishes to all T.R. members and to Les—or should I say Corporal L. Westall ?

**LT. P. E. C. Y. ROYDS, R.N.V.R.**

Recently I landed in or near Newcastle and got rather marooned there, due to a record fall of snow which, amongst other things, entirely stopped trains, buses, trams—even ships ! The streets were

awful, and I ran short of dry clothes, so, looking into the Newcastle office, I tried to raid their supply, only to find that one of their own people had been in before me !

Life goes on much about the same. I never seem to be in the same spot for more than a day or two at a time. I have, however, had a grand variety of experiences, and have now sailed in over a hundred different ships of the Navy, all sorts and sizes—one of which has been much in the papers.

I am told I'm very lucky in having such a job, but I'd rather be back at Britannia House !

**A/C.2 H. L. YOUENS, R.A.F.**

After being equipped with kit in a northern county, he was then shifted to a southern county for a five-week course of foot and rifle drill.

He was billeted in a hangar with about 400 other fellows—quite a large dormitory !

The food was good—even if he did have to walk half a mile for every meal.

However, he's now passed out of that training wing, so he won't be doing any more "square-bashing."

He has now started his training as a Flight Mechanic, which will take about twelve weeks.

**CPL. L. WESTALL, R.C.S.**

(See photo)

By the time this issue is published, he expects to be on the high seas. Here is the last news we have had from him :—

Soon after my last letter, I was sent with my wireless station to a headquarters well out in the country. My crew and myself settled down to live in an old, white-washed stone barn, complete with an iron stove.

It was a lonely spot, nearly seven miles from the nearest town, but we had a good time together, and the work was interesting. Most of my time was occupied in climbing trees to crest



*A job I always do myself*

aerials. This is a job I always do myself—I seem to find great delight in struggling through the branches with a length of wire tied around my waist.

From there I was suddenly transferred alone to this unit, to await drafting abroad. I feel very upset at leaving my boys. I have had the same crew since the war began, and every one of them is a very good pal.

During our nights on duty together we have swapped yarns and shared secrets until we now know every little thing about each other. I shall miss them when I take over another wireless station.

There is one thing I can always thank Hitler for—I shall always have many happy memories. It is not the riotous times that stick in my mind, but things like evenings sitting round the stove, chatting, and toasting bread.

**SIGM. G. A. SMITH, R.C.S.**

I take up my pen, after some deliberation, to endeavour to tell you of life as I find it here.

As a member of the Terriers, it was not new to me to find myself on the parade ground again, and I am happy to

say the Sergeant-Major holds no qualms for me any more—thanks to the old sweats in the unit. I have been able to concentrate on my studies enough to secure a promotion to second class of my trade—Teleprinter Operator.

As regards the Hun, I am sure you are as well acquainted with his activities as I am, and I am sure you think of him in the same terms as I do.

I am keeping very fit with as much sporting activity as duties will permit. Being fed as I am now, I have to do something to keep the waist line in order!

As to the interesting part of my work, I am afraid I must remain silent. But, nevertheless, I am looking forward to the day when I shall be able to "open my heart" and tell a few interesting tales, as, no doubt, most of the other boys will also.

It is good to hear that the old firm is making a good stand in these trying times, and I hope it will be my good fortune to be back soon at my post to further the use of the telephone in a more commercial sphere!

**CADET A. F. COLEMAN, R.A.F.**  
(See photo).

Having grown exceedingly tired of playing around with searchlights, he thought it would be a change to go up in the air and just see what they looked like from above.

So he joined the R.A.F. and volunteered as Air Gunner. However, after one of the most gruelling medical exams, where fellows tapped him about and poked and peered, until he felt like chucking the whole job—he was eventually accepted as a Pilot.

After spending a pleasant week down south, he was sent to a seaside resort, which he describes as a "bleak spot." Here every other person is in some uniform or other and cigarettes are like gold. He usually has to bribe the

tobacconist with half-a-crown to get a 1/6 packet of Players reserved.

But he says life's grand, even though he does rise at 6.30 a.m., and doesn't finish work until after 7 p.m. After ten weeks in the "bleak spot," he should pass out the fittest specimen of manhood that one could wish to find.

Every week there is some exam. or other, so, if he survives them all, there may be a little pair of silver wings waiting at the other end.

The Editor had been looking forward to receiving a bit of wedding cake, but Cadet Coleman was married in such a hurry, having only a three-day honeymoon, that he didn't even have time to have any wedding photographs taken.

**SGT. W. BROWN, E. Surrey Regt.**

When last I wrote I was studying for an exam. in wireless. I'm very pleased to say I passed O.K., but the Army, with true consistency, appreciating my ability as a wireless instructor, sent me off as an instructor of P.A.D.—or A.R.P. as civilians would call it.

This is all very nice, but, when one's head is full of bisconial theorem and rector diagrams, it's rather difficult to talk about the methods of dealing with incendiary bombs. Anyhow, I'm very pleased to be here—it's very quiet—one is assured of a good night's rest. Also, I never realised how ignorant the general public and the Services are with regard to this type of thing, and I feel that I am doing a much better job here than I should have done at the wireless school.

The school is really an old castle loaned by the Earl of Carlisle. Most of the paintings and tapestries have been left.

By the way, one of the subjects I teach are the duties of a fire watcher. So Miss Rice's story rather amused me—in fact, I've introduced this story into my lecture on that subject, and it helps considerably to break the monotony.

**CPL. E. S. CLARKE, R.A.F.**

He called in at the London Office and mentioned that he was very hard up for woollies, but did not like to ask for them. He produced a very shabby pair of gloves, into which he had himself knitted an odd thumb. Apart from the colour not matching, the effort was certainly splendid.

Please don't be so backward in coming forward, Cpl. Clarke—our Comforts Fund is always at your service !

**PTE. J. COLLARD, R.A.O.C.**

(See photo)

In our Jan. issue we gave his regiment as the Royal Sussex, but Collard now informs us that he was merely trained by the Royal Sussex and is now attached to the R.A.O.C.

Writes :—I hesitated somewhat to write to the Editor of a journal so studded with Captains, Colonels, Majors, etc. Even my friends at London Company seem to have gained stripes !

The best part of my Army career so far has been the training. I was quartered in very up-to-date barracks and received quite a shock when I arrived at D—to find that I was to live in a hut and sleep on the floor ! However, one gets used to these things, and I have the compensation of knowing that I am going on leave in a few days.

I'm afraid I cannot supply you with any thrilling experiences as I'm five miles from nowhere and life is very dull. I'm glad the old firm still continues to operate and hope they will carry on doing so.

**GUNNER P. J. HOSIER, R.A.** (See photo).**Prisoner-of-War in Germany.**

His Mother writes :—

I have had no news of him for seven weeks. The last card was dated 15th December, and he said that the injury to his jaw was better and that he was work-

ing again. He had good work, good food and good billets, but it was very cold. He had not received any parcels and only one letter. As three parcels of clothing, three of Penguin books and several lots of tobacco and cigarettes have been sent it is disheartening, but we must keep on sending, and surely some will reach him. Also, he has now been moved to another camp near Danzig.

## THE EFFECT OF A BLITZ



"Say, Buddy, 'oo be I"?"

The following letter was recently received from one of the members of the London Staff :—

"Please could you send me a letter stating what I am, what sort of work I do, and what experience I have had on this firm."

"No names no pack drill." I might say, though, that the letter was received from one of the most useful and competent of our Engineers, apparently rather shattered for the time being.

# LONDON CHRONOMATIC

We have to record the recent transfer of Mr. W. Alexander from the position of Engineer in charge of Chronomatic work for the London Company, to Telephone Rentals (Stores and Distribution), Ltd., The Abbey, Beckenham.

No doubt "Alec" will be pleased to be back with his old chief—"H.B.T.," but we shall miss his presence in London. He has our good wishes.

We should also like to record a unique event, and congratulate George Lawson on being the first member of London Chronomatic to complete fourteen years' service with the Company.

"Tie Line" readers will have noted that we receive contributions from our old friend, "B.B.T.," but others are conspicuous by their silence. We should very much like to hear how they are faring, and to receive some details of their experiences, which must be many and varied.

In the meantime, we take this opportunity of wishing them and all London Chronomatic serving members the very best of good luck.

F. C. C.



Tie-Line, Tie-Line, calling on the Tie-Line,  
Calling Navy, Army and the Air Force too.

Calling Sea and Land folks,

A.R.P. and Fire blokes,

Calling "Telematics" 'cross the shiny blue.

Calling for the Navy—call the tramp and drifter,

Bringing Grub, Munitions, home for me and you.

Gunned and bombed by Stuka plane,  
'Midst U-boat, ice and rain.

Their spare time's spent in chasing  
Musso's crew.

Calling for the Army—call for Tanks and Signals

Signal thanks for mopping up the Jackal Wop.

Catch him up and blot him,

Dig him out and swat him,

Just to get your arm in for the Hun we've got to stop.

Calling for the Air Force—fighter and the bomber,

Winston Churchill's said our little "thank you" piece.

Too few, and yet you whacked 'em,

Well shot 'em up and cracked 'em

On Home Front, Cyrenaica and Greece.

Tie-Line, Tie-Line, calling on the Tie-Line,  
Calling Navy, Army and the Air Force too;  
Cheer-oh, you Sea and Land folks  
From just A.R.P. and Fire blokes—

"Telematic's" civvies who are watching here for you.

M. L.



## SIGM. F. W. HAYES, R.C.S.

We haven't very much news of him, but we gather from his letter to the Comforts Fund that, as his work necessitates continually visiting gun sites—which even in good weather are always seas of mud—he wears his gum-boots every day. Consequently his feet get cold and holes soon appear in the heels of ordinary socks—so he appealed to the C.F., and some "real proper gum-boot socks" were despatched forthwith.

## A SALESMAN'S LAMENT

(with apologies to Flanagan & Allen's famous song "Dreaming")

Dreaming, just idly dreaming  
Of Contacts and Contracts that might  
have been.

Might have been a T 5

Four-way or a Ten-way ;

But I only struck a No-way

Not worth a bean. . . .

What's the use of grumbling,

My Master I keep trundling

Up office stairs and factories umpteen,

I'd like to get a century—and if I top  
the first eleven

My dial will then be all blue-pencil  
beams.

Dear Sir,

The above lines were not prompted by DESPAIR, but by a temporary unbalanced distribution of LUCK. My car broke down last Thursday, and to-day I got "pinched" for parking on the wrong side of the road. I am glad it's all over now . . . the SPELL is broken, and I confidently look forward to a change of FRONT and with it BUSINESS with CAPITAL LETTERS.

A. AMBROSE.

**PTE. "DUSTY" MILLER, R.A.O.C.**

Has cabled that he has been safely evacuated from Greece. Last year he was evacuated from Dunkirk.

A girl said to me not long ago, "Darling, I feel so discouraged—everything I do seems to go wrong." What could I say but "I'm sorry—what are you doing to-night?"

**JAMES JONES**

It is with regret that we have to tell you that James Jones, London Company Storekeeper, died recently after a long and very painful illness.

He started work in the Welsh mines and carried with him the honourable marks of that trade. He was quite young when the last war broke out, but by adding a year to his age he was accepted for the Army, and after training was one of the gallant men who landed in Gallipoli. It was on his 18th birthday that he was so severely wounded. Despite the difficulty of moving him to hospital in Egypt, he made a wonderful recovery.

He was finally discharged in 1916, when he joined the New System Private Telephone Company. His first job was that of assistant on the fitting staff, but he was very soon transferred to the Stores as storekeeper, the position he has held ever since. In those early days the Book-keeping Department was located in Great Portland Street, and Jones was able to acquire a very thorough knowledge of storekeeping both from the installing point of view and that of the Accounts Department. He put this knowledge to very practical use, and became a most accurate and reliable storekeeper.

It is felt that this Company has lost a very efficient and conscientious employee, and we feel that all those who knew him will regret his passing.

F. W. E.

**SIGM. CARR**

We are sorry to hear that Signalman Carr, a former engineer at London Company, has been reported missing. He was fighting in the Middle East.



*Valuable hints to contributors  
by the Krazy Kolumnist, on*

## How to write for "The Tie Line"

First, get a large blue pencil (Censor's model), and sit down at the fire. Wrap a wet (and cold) towel round your head, and listen to the news in English from China. If you can, at the same time, be enjoying a plate of Welsh rarebit, sipping some Irish whisky, reading an American newspaper, doing a little French polishing or listening to a Scottish pilot telling of his experiences over Germany, so much the better. The pencil can be used for writing.

Before sitting down, it is necessary, of course, to procure a few dozen sheets of paper ; blue paper is to be preferred, as you will not then see how much has been written, and will not, therefore, feel discouraged. It is advisable to take notes from the various sources (see above) while you are sitting (or sipping), as this will use up some of the paper, and at the same time, keep you occupied.

When the first ten sheets have been, presumably, covered with writing, it is best to check up on your output. This is done by counting the number of words written, and dividing by ninety-nine. You see the important thing is to know how many words to leave out, and, if you omit ninety-eight out of each ninety-nine, you are almost certain to be on the safe side.

If the above instructions are carefully followed, you cannot fail to produce, within a very few months, a quite readable article for "The Tie Line," and, remember, the Editor will only trouble to read your first effort—so will the readers !



You should not make the mistake, though, of forwarding your article to the Editor written on the blue paper ; he might mistake it for a blue-print of a fancy circuit, or one part of a seidlitz powder. It should be copied out on a white sheet, such as rice-paper, (one-six-hundredth of an inch thick) and, if you think you have legible handwriting, print it in block capitals !

In conclusion, it is not out of place to list the things you should NOT write about. We think this brief list will suffice—the Editor's waistcoat, Raspberry Jam, M. Tsvetkovitch, the Swiss Navy—and no mention of animals is in good taste, including Horseferry House ! And never use any word with more than six different meanings—that is, for your own sake !

Now you have only yourself to blame if you can't write an article for "The Tie Line."

## BRISTOL *News*



### TO THOSE IN THE FORCES EVERYWHERE

My Dear Lads,

Fighting Forces seem to be having a busy time judging by the absence of letters. Still, we have one from Bennett. His letter, therefore, this month, represents the whole of the Fighting Forces. This is a big honour to you, Bennett!

We were very pleased to have a visit from our friend 2nd Lt. Bernard Blake Thomas, looking as cheery as ever. Although he did not like the appearance of Bristol very much at the present time, he seemed quite pleased with the reputed oldest inn in England—The Llandoger Trow—after his visit to the office. We all wish him the best of luck during his campaign with the Fighting Forces.

Unfortunately, we were not able to retain the Cup for the first quarter of this year, although we did the next best thing—we came in second.

We were pleased to see, however, that Cardiff Company secured the honour, and would like to congratulate Mr. Charlton and his Company on securing the Cup.

The Engineers are still working at full pressure on new and old installations, and there does not appear to be much hope of relaxation of effort in the near future.

Still, everyone is keeping cheerful

under the circumstances, and all are doing their bit to contribute to the war effort.

The girls are contributing to the comforts of the men and their news will appear in this issue, although on a smaller scale than usual owing to unforeseen circumstances. They do, however, keep pegging away.

All members of the Bristol Company join me in sending the very best wishes to all the members of the Forces.

### WHATCHER FELLERS ! "BUTCH" MARTIN SPEAKING.

This, as you are all aware, is my first contribution to "The Tie Line." Reluctantly I confess to this, and, try as I may, I cannot think of one good reason why this should be. However, here I am on the job, and, to use an old and hackneyed phrase, "better late than never."

Much water has passed under the bridge since you boys laid down your tools and took on that man's job in which you are now engaged.

The closing down of Chronomatic necessitated a transfer for me to Tele-matic. Now, as a man with some seven years' experience with the G.P.O.—

overhead maintenance and construction, fitting and exchange maintenance—believe you me, I felt very confident of my future as a telephone representative. Three months later I got a contract for a four-way T.5, and that was an enquiry ! Yes, Mr. Burrows and I were firmly of the opinion that, as a Telematic Rep. I was not all that might be desired !

Still, it appears that the Company were not entirely discouraged, for I was transferred forthwith to the Broadcasting Department, and I am glad to say that I have since been able to contribute very appreciably to Bristol Company's figures.

Broadcasting, like Telematic and Chronomatic, sometimes has to be demonstrated to a prospective Subscriber. It differs, however, in that a Broadcasting Dem. necessitates quite a considerable amount of preparatory work. Can you visualise Butch perched perilously on a ladder dipping a coil of tough rubber over beams and things ?

I was ably assisted by A. W. on one occasion, I remember, when an unfortunate incident occurred. We had set up loud speakers in a department in which there were some hundred girls. The Amplifier, Record Player and Microphone we had fitted up in an adjoining office, and we were making final adjustments prior to the Dem., when I said, "Where's that b—— screwdriver, Bert ?" Hilarious laughter from the female department caused me to check up on things, and I found that I had had the Mike switched on all the time !

By the way, I'm an Air Raid Warden ! We've been having a busy time, as you may imagine, but now the longer days are with us, sirens don't go until 9 p.m. or thereabouts. This permits a sojourn to the local before zero hour, and you'd be surprised how even a blitz seems to lose its sting when one is adequately fortified ! Which reminds me that it has been whispered in my ear that food is going up 2d. a pint !



*That fortified feeling*

I was shaken to the foundations the other night—or rather in the early A.M.—when, after a raid, my Section Leader asked me to accompany him on some D.A. work. "Blimey !" I exclaimed, "I've been D.A-ing all day !" However, it transpired that the Civil Defence's interpretation of the term "D.A." means locating Delayed Action Bombs. One consolation—one doesn't have to haul round a Dem. set in this class of work !

We had a very pleasant surprise one Saturday when Mr. Bernard Blake Thomas paid us a visit. He sure looks good in his uniform as a Lieutenant, and as fit as a fiddle. We made a call together—they close at 2 o'clock here—and from thence a spot of lunch at Dunlops. We're looking forward to your next visit, Bernard !

Say, Teddy Dalton, don't you think we at Bristol are entitled to a line ? I might inform you that you have already been relegated to the back of the far queue.

In conclusion, lads, please accept through the medium of "The Tie Line," my very best wishes to all.

## GENERAL OFFICE CALLING !

Well, Lads, our contribution this month must necessarily be on somewhat limited lines. Firstly, it's the beginning of the quarter and that means that we are working at top pressure—for some days, at any rate. Secondly, Adolf continues to vent his wrath, through the medium of the Luftwaffe, on Telematic installations in the West, and thus the War Damage Claims Department has become something of a whole-time job.

Under the able guidance of Mr. Latimer, however, we manage to get by, and, if we are in doubt about anything, we just ask him—he's sure not to know. We are thinking of teaching him the noble art of knitting, and, if he can acquire any degree of efficiency, we would gladly welcome him as "one of the girls." We'll let you know what progress has been made—if any—in our next contribution.

Since the last edition of "The Tie Line," we have welcomed Miss Brake as a newcomer to the G.O. Staff—eyes front, fellows !

We are still setting aside every possible minute to knitting comforts for you, and the frequent prolonged hours we have to spend in our shelters at nights does assist us somewhat in this direction. We would even go so far as to say that, with certain members of the staff—no names, please—knitting has become an obsession. We would, with every discretion, quote a certain letter recently typed by a certain person which read something as follows :—

Dear Sirs,

We acknowledge with thanks your favour of one plain ton purl, and we hasten to assure you that your favoured instructions to drop one will receive our immediate attention—Damn !

The matter is already in the hands of our Engineers cast on five, and we have every reason to believe that using No. 12 needles the alterations necessary, cast

off 8 stitches, will be completed in the course of 10 to 12 rows.

Yours, etc.

Well, that's all, Lads—and the best of luck to every one of you.

## MISS ELD IS CALLING TOO !

Well, lads and lassies, I hope this so-and-so war is not making you work too hard, but I hope we will all be together again very shortly—and what a hope !

But, talking of work, perhaps I could interest you in another job, such as mine—a Chief Engineer's Typist. Perhaps some of you are saying "Cushy job," and others "Lady's life," but I'll leave you to judge for yourselves.

I know you have your Sergeant Majors, but I don't know how you would put up with my "Sergeant Majors"—in other words, Mr. Jackman and Mr. G. Lyne—as, between the two of them, I don't know whether to believe what they say or not. I have my leg pulled so many times that it's a wonder I have any legs at all. No wonder so many people tell me how tall I seem to be getting ; it's nearly as bad as the story of how the elephant got his trunk !

But, apart from all this, I should still like to impress upon everyone that there is at least one person who works like a nigger and looks like a ghost in the Engineering Department. Not mentioning any names, but she does work hard rushing around and, of course, knocking over everything that she comes in contact with, and also having to put up with two very hard-working—I said HARD-WORKING—and "trying boys" in the same office. I will admit there's one thing that she cannot refrain from doing, and that is she will insist on typing the "½" on the typewriter for the "full stop." But, like all women, she expects one to overlook this.

The air in the Engineers' Office is absolutely blue when this certain person is trying to decipher which is "dots "

and which is "dashes" on the Engineers' time sheets, especially a certain Resident Engineer's sheet, as he has a passion for getting all his order numbers mixed up. After about half an hour on one sheet, she commences to settle down to a quiet morning on the remainder.

But still there's no peace for the wicked, as the next minute the telephone bell rings. No, it's not a Subscriber reporting a fault; it's one that is requiring an additional.

Well, I expect by now you've realised who this person is. Well, in case you haven't, it's little me. But, in spite of all this "work," it really is a very interesting and pleasant job. I am with a really happy and jolly crowd of work-folk, and this, I must say, is a great asset.

Well, boys of the Bristol Company, please do not think we have all forgotten you. We all hope it will not be very long before we can be together again. Without going into full detail, I expect I can give you a good guess where the first meeting-place will be. You will be glad to know that the Old Duke is still with us; although it has lost its windows, it still contains the same juice—ask Mr. Jackman!

H. ELD.

#### **Dvr. H. WILSON, R.A.S.C., Bristol**

He finds the wireless mechanic's course, on which he is now working, very interesting—all except the Babcdy (!) Algebra. He was bombed out of his billets, but has now found others equally as comfortable.

Writes:—Boy, what a life! Start at 8.30 a.m. after a nice rasher, finish at 4.30 p.m. No parades, no guards, no roll calls, and a real topper of a Sergeant. I am studying very hard and endeavouring to pass my exams.

Please give my kindest regards to all the girls—(Swosh!—that's my wife) and the best of luck to everyone.

#### **BDR. E. G. CLARKE, R.A. (See photo). Prisoner-of-War in Germany.**

Mrs. E. Clarke, his wife, has written us:—

"I had a letter from him and he was very elated because he had received a letter from me—the first since he was captured! It arrived on Friday, the 13th December, so he says don't ever tell him that Friday the 13th is unlucky.

"He says he is feeling ten years younger now that he has had news from home. He is in the best of health and is just longing for the day when he can return."

And later we received a further letter from Mrs. Clarke:—

"I am pleased to say he is still keeping well, and he is feeling much brighter because his mail is reaching him quite regularly now. He has asked for some books to be sent, so it would appear he is getting some leisure time."

#### **AN (UN)DRESS REHEARSAL**

During a recent "Black-out," "Flare-out" or "What's about" evening, I was returning home by bus, when a very large lady sat down beside me.

As far as I could see, she was wearing one of those present-day popular uniform type ensembles—all pockets and buttons.

All went well until the conductress came along for the fares. Whereupon, the large lady, having forgotten in which pocket she had put her purse, started to find it. And she began fiddling and fumbling and fumbling and fiddling until, after about five minutes of this, in desperation I said, "If you'll allow me, madam, I'd like to pay your fare for you; that's the third time you've unbuttoned my braces!"

Was her face red? I dunno. Maybe she was a lost "Tie Line" looking for a "Connecting Circuit"!

B. O'SULLIVAN  
(Bristol)

### A WORD FROM A. W. L.

I was informed last night that my contribution to "The Tie Line" was wanted to-day, but I'm afraid that to-day doesn't find me in the humour for writing—especially in a humorous vein. An alert that lasted from 9 p.m. to 4.30 a.m. was partly responsible. In addition, I have been trying to work how many cigarettes I must cut out in order to pay my income tax. The net result is a thick head and confirmation that the Chancellor is no friend of mine.

Cable Twin and Wire G.I.

Boxes June : and Spikes Square Eye  
Screws too, he's missed, "B.T." says  
"Fine !"

The "Screw" he's taxed is Little  
Mine.

A word to you lads who are away. We don't hear from you often enough. Please drop us a line as often as you can. You can be sure of a reply and something to smoke to accompany it. If you can drop in to see us, so much the better.

Among the office staff you will see at least one familiar face, as Miss Walters that was, has come back to us for the time being.

"Slim" and "Blondie" are still here on the sales staff—in fact, we don't seem to be able to get rid of them. Not that we wish to, except that space in our offices is rather limited, and, if I could transfer them to another Company on a "W Order," I could then find room for another twenty horn loud speakers.

But, joking apart, familiar faces are all too few these days, and we are looking forward to the time when we shall see yours again.

Work is plentiful and supplies, with a few exceptions, are wonderfully good. Therefore, if a storekeeper's life is not

exactly a bed of roses, it might be a lot worse.

We are still trying to arrange a reunion, and we hope to be successful, even if it's only a pork pie and pickle do, as I'm afraid anything more elaborate will have to wait until we have cut short "That Man's" allotted "span" and hung him up by his suspenders or his neck.

So cheerio to you lads. Blitzed we may be, but our tails are still up, and there they stay !

### WIREMAN T. R. BENNETT, R.N.

I hope that all the lads in the Forces are in the best of health and spirits. I am fit and am getting on quite well. I can't tell you where I am, but it's miles and miles away. Still, we have plenty of shops and pictures, and, of course, the usual collection of pubs.

## BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

"We have your letter of 30th ult. As the expression "dis" is not known to us, we shall be glad if you will be good enough to advise us what is meant by this."

This letter was sent to our Technical Superintendent, Mr. S. Chapman, at The Abbey, by an electrical engineering firm to whom we had returned a defective component.

This is where our Engineers get a good laugh, all to themselves !

### FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Daddy, what is Income Tax ?

# THE POOP GUNNER ON THE JARRA FERRY

OR  
THE NAVY AS IT IS NOT

*"They never go down to the Sea  
in Ships,*

*And they are the Rulers of  
the King's Navee."*

The quotation is entirely wrong. England is safe. During the days of Drake, Raleigh, Nelson, and of recent date—Beresford and Beatty—the days on occasion were dark and ominous, but to-day we have a dawn of particularly optimistic golden hue ! Why ? Picture the scene !

Jarra Ferry. A vast defensive area, 40 feet by 30 feet. A most vulnerable



point, but manned convincingly by a lone soul—one of England's unsung—and unheard of—heroes, sublimely isolated and yet sublimely confident, a veritable outpost of the Empire.

The gun he mans is no monster of eighteen-inch calibre ; it is a single half-inch—that is circumference—with a magnificently balanced proportionate length of ten inches. Is it made of steel ? No. Steel's illegitimate sister—Tin. In other words, it is a Pea (Shooter) Gun. *Prenez-garde !* The fungi on chin gets all mixed up with the Breech.

Can he shoot ? We say he can, but little opportunity is afforded this new-found asset to the Defences of Britain. He could have some shots if he had some Guns, but he has no Peas. Well, who has all the Peas ? Well, you have heard the answer to that one. They're canned, anyway.

And the difficulties under which our whimsical Hero works ! The reader's mind may flow towards the " Renown " at Southampton, in those now seemingly far-off days—happy pre-war. The " Furious " and the " Glorious." I am

## 'Passengers Only' on Jarroo Ferry

VEHICULAR traffic at Jarroo Ferry, including perambulators and bicycles, is to be suspended from 1 p.m. on Friday this week. Every effort will be made to resume vehicular service at 1 p.m. on Thursday, March 20, but no guarantee can be given that this will be done.

The regular vessel, A. B. Gowan, is going off for regular repairs, and a smaller boat for passengers only is to be run.

## No Solution

*Cutting from a local paper*

not writing of those two Barmaids at Stockton-on-Tees ; I will leave that to an abler pen than mine, wielded by none other than TAT—(be careful—careless words !) Or the mind might travel towards the " Brighton Belle " ploughing its way through the surf to Margate, or, as a contrast, the " Dartmouth Castle " following its placid way through peaceful waters—Dartmouth to Totnes, eighteen pence return. No, not such a craft as those—ours is a craft of crafts—in fact, a crafty craft.

THE BEAM AS WIDE AS THE LENGTH ? What a Craft ! What a Liar !

Degrees North, Degrees South,  
Degrees West, Degrees East,  
He doesn't know and we don't know,  
Mind over matter doesn't count in the least.

The elements are nothing to this super combination of Man cum Material. Will they ever sink ? No, they cannot. The Bulwarks which suspend them out of the water are made to defy such ordinary commonplace things. Wigan Pier, the Swiss Navy, or even the Lousy Barge, have nothing on our Squadron !

There are no lashing waves or High Seas, and, more often than not, when our fighting hero releases his depth charges, his beautiful Beard becomes a muddy mess.

Every morning he takes a bearing, gets taffled up with his sextant, and we give him three months to steer the Jarra Ferry with the Poop Gun armaments up the stairs of the Eldon Grill. His mind suddenly becomes bewitched with ravishing beauties that appear to be assembled on the floor, and we think that it will not be a matter of three months but rather three years before they tow the boat off again.

Now, about this very important item of degaussing. What it is our Hero

does not know, and we don't know, elther, but someone knows and someone's Secretary knows the right answer, but the " dear old boy " won't tell. Now, who are they ?

Well, we must keep the party clean, so we will leave all names out of it, but for the sake of others and our records we would like to clear up a profound mystery. Is she a glamorous Beauty, or merely another one of the Bagwash family ? The truth will always out, even though it takes time, and it is a subject which we should keep on top of, and exercise our patience.

One thing is certain. We know our Hero should have been degaussed or dissected long ago, but anyway, we are rambling from our Story. The tale of the Jarra Ferry with its armaments is almost ended, wrapt completely in mystery as to who our Hero is.

IT'S THAT MAN AGAIN. Just able-bodied Wise Guy ! A Georgeous Beast ! What a figure ! Oh, Fifinella !

Now look 'ere—nark it a bit !

ALBERT OF OLYMPIA.





# BIRMINGHAM NEWS



My Dear Lads,

We had a pleasant surprise in a visit from L. A. C. Hogg, who looked extraordinarily fit and is very pleased with life in general. I understand he has written to the Editor about one week's hectic experiences that came his way.

Also we have heard from Messrs. Walker, R.A.P.C., and T. E. Doolittle, R.A. After a few strenuous weeks on the parade ground, our colleague—Mr. Doolittle—stresses his fitness. Walker suggests that he is now able to become a competent cashier.

You will be glad to know that life in and around Birmingham is now running in a normal way, with very little annoyance from our friend Goering. (Evidently Goering was looking over Mr. Clements' shoulder as he wrote that sentence, for that very same night over came the Luftwaffe and dropped a few bombs.—Ed.)

Let us have news of you when you receive this issue of "The Tie Line." Remember we like to distribute cigarettes when we know your whereabouts.

I join with your colleagues and the office staff in sending good wishes to all of you.

Mrs. Adcock, mother of T. Adcock, Jr., Royal Navy, enjoyed reading her son's copy of "The Tie Line," and this is her opinion of our magazine :—

"I have read the articles and I am sure the magazine does give comfort and help to our boys who are scattered all over the world. One great point is that it gives NEWS."

Wishing you the best of luck.

## **MEN WHO HAVE JOINED THE FORCES SINCE THE LAST ISSUE OF "THE TIE LINE"**

### **LONDON**

J. H. Luke, Royal Army Service Corps.

### **NEWCASTLE**

H. Severn, Royal Sussex.

### **SHEFFIELD**

K. Oxley, Royal Artillery.

**L.A.C. W. E. HOGG, R. A. F.**  
is having some exciting times and  
tells of a few

## MEMORABLE DAYS

I'm afraid this lot is rather old news now, as it occurred during those memorable days of last May. I think it can safely be disclosed now, as most people know of those trying days, which still live vividly in my mind, for reasons I will try to relate.

During the German break-through and just prior to Dunkirk, my squadron was ordered to assist in delaying the advance as much as possible. The pilots and 'planes were operating from another landing field, but the ground staff were sent to help another squadron that had got badly shot about in France, and whose ground staff were still on the way over via Dunkirk.

We, the ground staff, were transported to this squadron in motor 'buses and lorries, and broke our journey at 11 p.m., stopping at another 'drome near the south coast.

We spent that night, with one blanket each, in a partially-built building amongst wood shavings and cement, and were up again at 4 a.m.

We arrived at our destination, in Kent, a few miles inland from the coast, the following day and found that it was just a private 'drome with no accommodation other than one hangar. We managed to get some food after a few hours' delay, and were each given a couple of blankets and told to find somewhere to bed down.

I spent the night in the back of my lorry, and had to turn out about a dozen times through raids. They had managed to get some semblance of a cookhouse, but nowhere to sit to eat the food. Our meal-times for the whole of that week

were spent eating our food sitting in the dust, brushing the flies off with one hand, eating with the other, and balancing our mess tins on our knees. But we enjoyed our meals all the same.

The first day we were there, the soldiers, who were camp guards, were holding a lecture on the Bren gun, when one let go a burst accidentally, and bullets flew all over the 'drome. One poor chap got two in the back and died inside a lorry before we could get a doctor to him.

That night, the invasion scare being at its height, the guards were very touchy, and one of them on one side of the 'drome shot at something. The shot must have missed the guard on the other side, who returned the compliment. I think they shot at everything that moved on the 'drome, including a friend of mine who peered gingerly round the hangar door.

The next day, one of the 'planes, returning from bombing Dunkirk district, had two 60-pounders wedged in the bomb racks by shrapnel. The pilot having, as he thought, dropped them, made the usual landing. At the moment of touching down, the bombs dropped. They exploded just under the Air Gunner and blew every shred of panelling and canvas off the fuselage. I wasn't very far away when they went off and immediately dropped flat, thinking it was the Hun up to his tricks again.

All the pans of ammunition of the Air Gunner started exploding, and once again, bomb casing and bullets whizzed about the 'drome. I still have the piece

of shrapnel that missed me by 18 inches whilst I was hugging the "deck."

We were waiting for the 'plane to blow up, as petrol was pouring out through a hole as big as a plate, but nothing happened. The pilot was unhurt, but the Air Gunner died as soon as we moved him.

The following day, as we had unearthed the 'drome's fire-engine—an old converted open Ford—we used it to take



ground crews out on their jobs. Incidentally, I used to drive it about.

I was right in the middle of the 'drome when a very big raid started. As I was in a machine painted a vivid red, I did not think it advisable to tarry too long. So I put my foot down on the accelerator. The 'drome was anything but a billiard table, and the grass was pretty long. I was doing over 50 m.p.h. and standing in my seat, when I reached the edge of the 'drome. I shot out through the one gate, broadsided into a narrow lane, tore up a private drive, and parked on someone's lawn under a big cedar tree.

That night—more raids. But by this

time we used to ignore them and just turn over. We couldn't sleep much, anyway, as we were still using the concrete floor of the hangar. My hip bones felt sore for weeks after.

The last evening there, someone dropped a cigarette end in a shack that was being used as a billet and ammunition store. Needless to say, it went up all right—with similar results as before—bullets all over the place. It was getting a bit monotonous by this time, and anyway, it was too dangerous for close approach, so we merely looked on at the firework display.

I spent the last night under the hedge—I *did* sleep, and that was all that mattered, as we were on our feet for hours on end.

The next day I think every one was glad to start back again for our own 'drome after what, I think you will agree, was a quite hectic week.

You ought to have been there really to appreciate it. Anyway, it was fun while it lasted. Incidentally, several of our pilots were awarded D.F.C.'s for the work they did at Dunkirk.

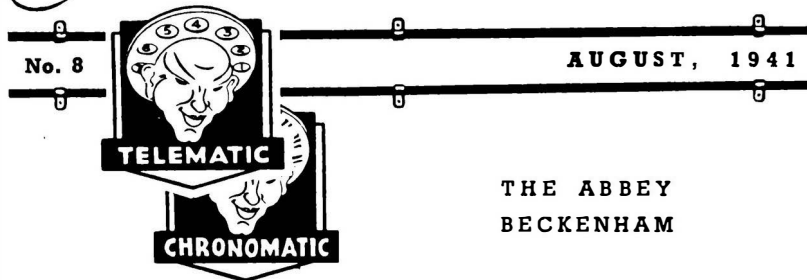
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## "HESSTERIA"

To add a little local colour to the "Hessteria" now flooding the country, readers might be interested to know that Herr Hess actually landed a short distance from the home of Mr. Holmes, our Glasgow Chief Engineer. Had the wind been a little stronger, this may have been a more exciting news item.

Birmingham have capped this by alleging that one of their engineers has caught a Nazi airman. Although this story cannot be confirmed, it is more believable than the rumour that a Nazi "caught" a Birmingham man!

# The TIE LINE



THE ABBEY  
BECKENHAM

## A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHAIRMAN OUR GIRLS

Our Editor appears to be developing an aptitude for asking unsuitable authors to write unsuitable articles on attractive subjects ! Why he should select me for this one is beyond my comprehension. He must have misunderstood me when, in the course of conversation, I mentioned that the extension of the coupon system to clothes had compensations as we should see more of the girls. "An address should be long enough to cover the subject and short enough to be interesting." This definition is attributed to a Bishop !

In my young days we had a poem on women which started off, "Woman, coy and hard to please, etc., etc.," but a lot of water has flowed under the bridge since then. I think that we men have a very different conception of women in these days, and it is more accurate. Is it ? Or is it that men are wiser ?

In the later Victorian days, the girls were retiring. Now they are by no means backward in coming forward. They used to be dowdy. Now they are smart. Then they hid their charms. Now they place them on show. Boys and girls were bashful in my young days. To-day the men are still bashful ; the women no longer so. They have come to realise what a helpless creature a man is in most of his ways. The consequence is that they have gained so many victories that they are full of self-confidence. They know what they want and are pretty consistently successful in getting it. In these days they are "Go-getters."

What is the reason for this change ? It is all to the good. Primarily it is due to the present War, which is quite different from any previous war ; secondly, it is due to a change in the attitude of men to women, also due to the War. I think that I am a fairly close observer. The girls have shown more courage than the men ; much to the surprise and shame of mere man. I have seen the girls at the Abbey in the daylight

blitzes. In blitzes too close for me to feel calm, they have carried on with their work calmly and with complete sang-froid. No hysterics. I have seen girls working in the factory when great big strong men were scrambling for shelter.

The girls don't mind a dirty job of work, either. When one Wednesday night a "supercharged wind" blew all the windows and doors out of The Abbey, and most of the tiles off the roof, plastering all the desks, papers, books and floors with dust and dirt, they did not turn a hair. They all set to and cleaned up the mess; by Thursday afternoon the office was working almost normally.

And from the full details that have reached me, about our girls at our Companies, under blitz conditions, show that they are made of "the right stuff." Girls are doing innumerable jobs to-day which have been regarded as jobs for men. They surely are wearing the trousers in these days! A day or two ago I was held up by a convoy of heavy Army lorries, all driven by women. I see heavy Drawing Presses, Moulding Presses and Heavy Duty Lathes all worked by women. Capstans, Drillers and Millers are mere child's play for them.

A few days ago a girl walked into my office wearing a neat uniform. I enquired what she wanted. "I have come to put your telephone right. I am from Telephone Rentals (Telematic) Ltd."

There are a few habits I, as an individual, wish girls would eradicate :

1. The use of lipstick. It is incriminating as well as unnatural.
2. The painting of finger nails and the sharpening thereof.
3. The use of cosmetics.
4. Chain smoking. It makes your breath smell and your boy friend won't like it—particularly if he has had difficulty in obtaining supplies. Sacrifice yourself—their is always a *quid pro quo*.
5. Jealousy. Even if you feel it, don't show it. Your boy friend will only get an overwhelming sense of his own importance.
6. Peroxiding your hair. For heaven's sake don't do it, for it will not make you an angel. Appearances are often deceptive and you will be found out sooner or later!
7. Concentrating on your appearance only. If you are not satisfied with yourself, look deeper for the causes than your personal appearance. Intelligence is more than skin deep and it is permanent.

All we come to in the end is that there is very little difference between a woman and a man. They don't look the same. A woman has as much, or more, courage than a man. One is complementary to the other.

In conclusion, I "take off my hat" to Our Girls. I am proud of them. With all their faults I love them!

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Fred Jackson". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal stroke at the bottom.

Chairman and Managing Director



Of course, the saddest thing that has happened to us is the loss of our daily summer "dip." The swimming pool was damaged by enemy action. This has indeed been a bitter blow—particularly as the thermometer must have registered tropical heat at times.

So this season, instead of the "bathing belles and beaux," there are little groups of picnickers dotted about The Abbey Grounds.

To counteract this disappointment, we have the consolation of mended roofs and ceilings, and patched-up windows, and everything as it was before, or nearly so.

All is quiet on the H.O. front. Holidays and what to put in sandwiches are the talk of the day, not to mention the much-discussed subjects of clothes-rationing and how to eke out the coupons.

Sunbathing is very popular, and there is a competition afoot among the girls to see who can get the brownest legs so that the lack of stockings is not so noticeable.

What do you think of the H.O. girls? Turn to the centre page of Our Portrait Gallery. Flattering criticism warmly welcomed—rude remarks strongly discouraged. One or two girls are conspicuous by their absence, but fortunately the majority were able to put

in an appearance and consented to undergo the ordeal of being herded together and told to keep perfectly still. We don't know whether we were supposed to smile or not—however, as readers will see, there is a goodly assortment of both expressions.

The women seem to get more and more numerous at Head Office, while the male element is slowly decreasing. So much so that the Fire-Watching rota had to be re-cast, and now the men have to do one watch in six days.

Some of our Serving Members are very bad correspondents. Will the following please write to us as soon as they receive their copies of "The Tie Line." We want to know what you are doing and what has happened to you.

Cpl. S. Crane

Cpl. R. J. Leake

Sapper S. W. Phebey

Pte. G. Webber

Pte. R. J. Owens

Pte. A. J. Fleming

Pte. R. G. Martingell

A/C.2 E. H. Sweeting

Cpl. L. N. Bax

Pte. R. Powell

H. M. Miller paid a visit to Electro-Rentals recently and announced that he had been made a captain. Hearty congratulations! He said he was working hard and the beer was bad. Tough luck!

Readers of Head Office News will be interested to hear that we have to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. W. Ainley on the birth of a son and heir.

Rumour has it that Gunner Curtis was married on the 19th July. Will you please confirm or deny this, Ted?

It has come to our knowledge that our two Home-Guarders have been having a rough time.

Here is the case of Home-Guarder "A." The H.G. powers-that-be decided—after a lot of consideration, no doubt—that it might be reasonably safe to trust "A" with a loaded rifle at the ranges, provided there weren't too many people there at the time. The result was the rifle kicked "A" with such force that he thought for one dreadful moment that he had swallowed all his teeth.

Now Home-Guarder "B" was at H.G. Head-quarters and strolled down to the canteen for a bite and sup during his rest period, or whatever it is that Home-Guarders have. On the way back, a paratroop sprang at him from

nowhere and informed "B" that he was dead. Poor "B", the poor b——, nearly jumped out of his skin, and protested that it wasn't fair, as he wasn't actually on duty!

That's all for now.

## SIGM. J. QUIGLEY, R.C.S.

He didn't seem over-keen on the Infantry, so he transferred himself to the Signals—popular berth for T.R. members—and has now travelled across the globe to an exceedingly hot part of the British Empire. Read what he says:

Here at last is the letter I promised you last November. Since then I have travelled several thousand miles to a new country.

Army life is not too bad, although I should prefer to be back at T.R. where I can honestly say that I spent the happiest times of my life since I have been forced to work for my living.

No doubt you can imagine this is a very interesting country, and there are a great number of varieties of insect life for bed-mates. It is astonishing how they take a fancy to you and prove it by frequent friendly nips.

We are in early summer now and the temperature is just about 100° in the shade, so would you be kind enough to get Mac to cable me a snowball.

The grub here is very good, and plenty of it. You might inform Laurel about that.

I'm looking forward to the day when I come to the office to see you all once again, and I sincerely hope that it will not be long now.

Please give my kind regards to one and all. I shall be more than pleased to hear from anyone who cares to drop me a line (address—apply to the Editor) telling me all the news.

Cheerio for now, but don't expect me to win the war for you.

The ever faithful wages clerk,

J. QUIGLEY



Crossed fingers

**GNR. S. J. WILLIAMS, R.A.**

He has been out in the Middle East for some time. For four months he had no news from home and then some nice person called out his name and presented him with a batch of letters from home together with the last summer issue of "The Tie Line." He was very glad to receive this. It was handed to him in Italian Eritrea—well in Italian Eritrea.

Writes :—It's quite hot here—106° in the shade. We've had our excitement. I am allowed to tell you that our guns were charged by Italian cavalry. They came galloping across the plain at—, yelling and cheering like the soccer crowd at Chelsea. Suffice to say that they took quite a hiding, and returned the way they came in a great cloud of dust.

The Iti's always seem to quit a place in a terrific hurry. Consequently they



leave stuff behind. In fact, if I eat much more spaghetti I shall bust.

I'm feeling extremely fit and I hope all the folks at T.R. are feeling just as well.

**L. GOODYER, R.N.** (See photo).

Goodyer is now a rollicking son of the sea—at least, he is learning to be one, for he hasn't actually been aboard yet. He likes the grub, but he doesn't think much of getting up at 5.30 a.m. Also he misses his tea !

**GNR. E. J. CURTIS, R.A.**

One night recently there was a bit of a blaze, but, as I had already turned in and was dozing six feet off the floor on the top shelf of a bunk, I didn't see anything of it.

Three nights ago we had a 'plane down very near here. The only member of the crew that managed to get out was taken prisoner by two of the N.C.O.s and brought into the house here. Actually, I did not see the chap, but I did see what was left of the 'plane.

**PTE. "LAUREL" HARDY, A.M.P.C.**

He is fast becoming the envy of his mates because his "wardrobe" is well stocked with T.R. woollies !

As he is too busy to write an article for us just now, he shifts this responsibility on to the shoulders of Cyril Pennells, who, he says, has plenty of experiences in the Home Guard, and suggests that Cyril's "ugly mush" should be displayed in "Our Portrait Gallery." What about it, Cyril ?

**PTE. R. E. DALTON, R.A.S.C.**

He came to see us in July when he was on a few days' leave. He has now been in the Army for two years, and celebrated this "anniversary" while he was home,

Here is a message to Cpl. S. Crane—

"Dolly is worried as he hasn't heard from you, Stan. Please drop him a line and let him know that all is well. You might drop us a line at the same time."



# TELETOPICS

## THE ANNUAL COMPETITION

The following are the positions as at 30th June, 1941.

	% Over Quota
London Chromomatic	49.8
Bristol	45.6
Cardiff	23.2
Glasgow	12.2
Manchester	12.3
Leeds	7.9
Sheffield	1.2

	% Of Quota
London Telematic	97.8
Newcastle	94.0
Dublin	88.5
Birmingham	86.2
Belfast	85.6

## FIRST ELEVEN LEADING SALESMEN

as at June 30th, 1941.

J. W. Marshall	Broadcasting	London
B. O'Sullivan	Telematic	Bristol
R. E. Martin	Broadcasting	Bristol
F. T. White	Telematic	Leeds
W. H. Cardno	,,	Birmingham
H. M. Cheetham	,,	Manchester
H. J. Spencer	,,	Newcastle
S. W. Solomon	Broadcasting	London
C. J. Mackenzie	,,	Glasgow
R. Taylor	,,	Birmingham
A. E. Bewsey	Telematic	London

12th Man		
P. J. Jones	Telematic	London

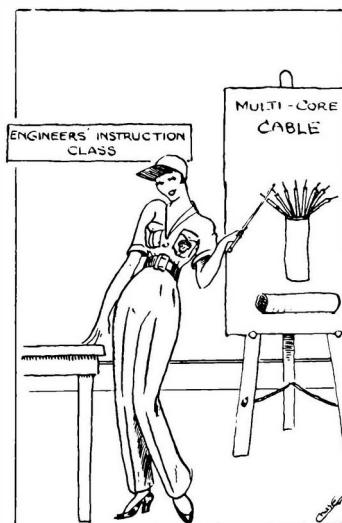
## QUARTERLY COMPETITION

The winner and runners-up of the above Competition for the quarter April-June, 1941, were as follows :—

	% Over Quota
London Chromomatic	75.5
Bristol	27.9
Manchester	14.0
Newcastle	6.1

## CHASE CARTOON

His first prophecy comes true



This cartoon appeared in the first issue of "The Tie Line," and was the first of the series "What it may come to if the war lasts long enough." On pages 206, 207, 208, we welcome our Women Engineers.



## Our Women's Section

Take heed boys, and be of good cheer,  
For, although wool rationing's here—  
Gloves, jumpers, scarves, caps, mits or  
socks,  
Can still be supplied ex our stocks !

\* \* \*

First of all, a word to the lads. Don't hesitate to send in your requests for woollies. We can meet them—and without coupons !

We were fortunate in securing a large stock of wool before rationing was announced, and so we can continue to knit for many months. By that time, we are certain some official scheme will have been devised to enable comforts funds such as ours to carry on. We have begun well—we mean to continue !

Since our last issue, we have received £5 from Birmingham, and 30/- from the Cardiff Company. Well done, Birmingham and Cardiff ! We appreciate your co-operation. In addition, many knitted and other articles have come in from the Companies and from our outside supporters. We are glad to have such parcels, and we assure you each is received with the enthusiasm normally accorded a Christmas gift.

We are happy to record that the demands from our readers are increasing, and that we are meeting them promptly.

The demand for cigarettes increases daily, but we are managing to deliver the goods. Perhaps a little inside information on ways and means would be interesting.

Firstly, we are indebted to Miss Wills, G.M.O., who has exercised the gentle art of persuasion on a friendly supplier and secured a small but regular supply. The balance is brought in by willing G.M.O. lassies who have replaced their "daily dozen" by the "daily twenty"—a mild keep-fit exercise combined with the joy of service, the object being to secure at least twenty cigarettes each day for our Comforts Fund. The general procedure is to hike round the local tobacconists in search of good brands. "Please, sir, they are not for me, but for our boys in the Forces," accompanied, of course,



... Winning Ways ! ...

by a winning smile, which invariably brings a reward.

Although supplies are available, it is essential that we should limit the number sent to individuals if we are to avoid bankruptcy and the danger of wearing out our almost indefatigable workers. The Committee has, therefore, decided to endeavour to send 50 cigarettes every six weeks to each applicant. So lads, it's up to you—send us your name if you wish to be placed on our mailing list. (I wish we at home could get on that magical mailing list.—Ed.).

Our most difficult task of recent days was set by an ex-Newcastle Company employee, who appealed for a portable wireless. We searched far and wide, but ne'er a portable could we find. Failure loomed ahead. Then came a bright idea—we sent an S.O.S. to Newcastle Company. As luck would have it, it so happened that one of the Newcastle engineers is very interested in wireless and always seems to have a huge stock of odds and ends at home. He had a set which he was willing to sell for 10/-, so we jumped at the offer. So, thanks to Newcastle, the Committee can hold up its head once again.

There is little other news to give, so we will close with a word to the women of our Organisation. You are co-operating splendidly by sending parcels and donations. But we would ask you again—can you not spare a little more time to send in interesting titbits for "Our Women's Section"? Never was so small a request made to so many and answered by so few. Remember, you have the news—we want it!

M. R.

## BRAVO GLASGOW!

Scots people as a rule are very diffident about singing their own praise, but we girls of the Glasgow Company—after reading the March issue of "The Tie Line"—have come to the conclu-

sion that it is time something was said about the comforts which have been made and sent to our lads in the Forces.

As you all know, when it was suggested that a Comforts Fund should be inaugurated, the Glasgow Company—with true Scottish independence and pride—decided to stand on its own feet



and attend to the comforts of their own lads. After all, who are better able to stand on their own feet than the Scots? Even after several bucketsful, a true Scotsman—unlike his poor Sassenach brother—can still stand upright with utter contempt for support of any kind.

But, mischievous bragging apart, we are very grateful to the good friends in the South for their offer—conveyed through the March number of "The Tie Line"—to come to our aid if we are having difficulty in supplying our men with the necessary comforts. For this very kind offer we send our sincere thanks.

Ever since the Comforts Fund was started, each Thursday evening when the wages are being paid, a little brown box appears and is rattled under the

nose of each home worker with the injunction, "Remember the box." So accustomed have the men become to this procedure that, when the brown box is now produced, a chorus of "Remember the box, boys!" chimes out, and woe betide the person who tries to sneak out without "Remembering." However, to the credit of everyone let it be said that the donors give with a smile—no easy thing for Scotsmen, so you may think!

At present we have eighteen men in the Forces; three of these have gone East, so they no longer have need of woollies. This winter, with the excellent help of the wives of the Sales and Engineering Staffs—to whom we are very greatly indebted—we have been able to send to each of our men a parcel containing socks, pullover, helmet, scarf and gloves.

Shortly before Christmas we had some cash in hand, and this we decided to disburse in 5/- postal orders to the lads. Unfortunately, some of them had moved to new quarters and had failed to notify us of their change of address; so, of course, the loss was theirs. It pays to keep in touch.

And now a few words to our men in the Forces. We still have some woollies on hand, so if any of you are in need of such comforts, please let us know. Then, too, the little brown box is growing heavy again, and one of these days we mean to do something with the contents. We do not want anyone to be left out this time, so, if those of you who have changed your station will let us have your new address as soon as possible, it will save much trouble and waste of time and disappointment.

We take this opportunity of sending to you our very best wishes, and want you to know that we keep looking forward to the time when you will all be back with us again.

GLASGOW KNITTERS.

## AND BRISTOL GIRLS, TOO!

This is a bit of an "Emergency" effort, as we girls have been rushed off our feet lately. Talking about feet gives us a cue as to what to write about, and that's the topic of the day—how to wangle coupons for stockings.

It strikes some of us who have to do the housekeeping, how strange it is that the much-despised word "MARGARINE" has now become not only respected, but also practically an "OPEN SESAME" when it appears on that small piece of paper; without which no well-dressed woman can hope to keep her end up.

What we mean is this. Supposing any of the Sales Staff want some letters or something typed out urgently, or the Engineers want some information, or anybody wants anything done out of its routine turn, just one of those delightfully pale-blue tinted bits of paper that appear on Page 11 of R.B.I seems to inspire all of us girls with a desire to "go to it."

Now don't get us wrong and imagine we are exerting any pressure on the male staff, but—well, "What would you do, chums?"

For some time, wool has figured prominently in these little "Tie Line" jottings, but, honestly, we don't think anyone wants even to think of wool in this present tropical weather.

No, we're all thinking of voiles, ninons, silks and flimsies, and how we can get together just enough of these for the "Break for Rest" we all hope to get. We really mean holidays, but that word is, of course, taboo nowadays.

And now, just a few words to express our best wishes and a speedy return to all our lads in the services. Don't forget, we're all waiting to give you a real womanly greeting when you come back again.

# Congratulations to our **Women Engineers** of London, Birmingham and Manchester *(see Portrait Gallery)*

★ **WANTED.** Intelligent girls, aged not less than 18, for training in simple electrical maintenance in the London area. Payment during training with every assistance for applicants to qualify in an interesting job of national value. Box . . .

At the beginning of the year, this announcement in the London Dailies put in train the decision of our Directors to fill the gaps caused by the call to the Forces of many of our Engineers.

The experiment was to be made in the first instance by the London Company. Rumours were rife. Where would this experiment lead us? Could we find the right kind of women for the job? And that much accomplished, could they be trained speedily to deal with the simpler forms of maintenance on our Subscribers' premises? How would they fit into the general scheme of things, and what would be the reactions of our Subscribers?

Well, the die was cast, and now, after six months, we are proud to give space in this issue of "The Tie Line" to congratulate trainers and trainees on the splendid way in which the first hurdles have been successfully cleared.

Within a few weeks London's experiment was a success. From the many applications received and several days of interviewing, a start was made with the training of those selected.

The initial four weeks were spent under the supervision of Mr. H. Darton and the direction of Mr. F. W. Eckstein who, with Mr. S. Chapman, prepared the varied and practical training programme.

The women's work covered Telematic 50 instruments, the adjustment of all

*At the bottom  
rung of  
the ladder*



the various component parts, replacement of faulty parts and a thorough spring-clean of the whole assembly, not forgetting the external appearance of the instrument when the job was finished.

Practical work at the bench was carefully interspersed with lectures, during which the circuit of the equipment was discussed and the way this functioned through the exchange, so that the trainees realised the importance of such points as off-normal contacts, the function of impulse springs, attention to contact gaps, tension, dial speed, etc.

In this way the technical lectures gave a simple but complete picture of the various instrument components, the setting up of calls via the exchange, and the part the components played in transmitting and receiving speech.

This much accomplished, it became clear that women could successfully tackle the technicalities called for in the maintenance of Telematic 50 instruments. The trainees came through this ordeal in fine shape. Out of ten who started, only one broke down.

The nine remaining women proved that they could do this job efficiently.

Oddly enough, the ways in which they had previously earned their living appeared to have little bearing upon the work which we required them to do.

Miss Lilian Lancefield did indeed graduate through the Telephone Manufacturing Company at Dulwich, but, of the others, one was a teacher of languages, another a waitress in the Bank of England Canteen, and so on through such a range as operating the Addressograph machine, supervising in a biscuit factory, ushering ticket-holders to their seats in a London theatre, and the practice of beauty culture in a business built up and owned by the trainee, her business having gone during a London blitz.

However, these women had much in common. They were alert, bright, intelligent, and they were anxious to do a job of work that had a definite meaning to the National War Effort.

Their training was not yet complete, but the rest was easy. They had to learn the routine of making precise reports. They scored heavily in this direction, particularly when they really got on the job.

There finally came what in the programme is called "Deportment"—how to make the right approach on reaching a Subscriber's premises, and what to do and how to do it when running the rule over a Subscriber's installation.

The day arrived when they were ready for the real test—putting their training into practice inside the Subscriber's premises.

A last touch was needed—they must have proper overalls for the job, complete with a distinctive Telematic badge. Then their kit-bags were duly accommodated with the necessary tools and they were ready as the first group of women maintenance engineers employed by this Company.

Our women engineers—for that is how we regard them to-day—quickly earned the respect of our Subscribers by the quiet, speedy and efficient way in which they did their jobs.

All Subscribers accepted the innovation as one more proof that women can do men's jobs under war conditions. Many Subscribers have reported most favourably on the work of our women engineers.

"I hardly know they are in the place, so unobtrusively do they carry on with their jobs."

"I only realised that your women engineers had visited us because of the way in which the instruments were left so clean, so bright, with all the kinks taken out of the cords."

"These women engineers of yours are so thoughtful. They actually use a sorbo mat on my desk to avoid scratching it when overhauling the instrument."

It is in these strains that Subscribers have expressed their approval and commended us on the Company's foresight in recognising the importance of maintenance to our Subscribers' installations.

They have succeeded because they love the work. They like the variety that comes into the job. They meet important people, and they realise they are helping them to get through their day's work expeditiously. They are intelligent and ambitious and they find they have opportunities for progress.

One woman engineer was much exercised in her mind about the cradle of the instrument being in the ringing position whilst she was dealing with the handset. She hunted for and found the neatest of spring clips, with one of which she retained the cradle in its right position so that incoming calls were duly received in the office whilst she was overhauling the instrument. To-day each of the London women carries this special clip as well as a sorbo mat.

So well have these women progressed, that it has been found practical to carry their training a stage further in order that they can look after the maintenance of our other Telematic instruments. Some are probing into the mysteries of Chronomatic maintenance, and we hear from Birmingham Company that two of their women engineers have, entirely on their own initiative, taken up the study of electricity and magnetism, and one of them is studying a P.A.X. schematic (63612).



*Swapping experiences*

So congratulations to our worthy women engineers at the London Company, who have proved what our Directors said was possible—namely, that the fair sex can help us considerably to maintain our high level of service to our Subscribers during this war period.

And, this much proved, it was but a short step for some of our other Companies to follow suit. The training of women engineers has already been completed at our Birmingham and Manchester Companies, from which points the new-comers have already made very successful debuts on local Subscribers' premises.

### MANCHESTER REPORTS

Take a pair of sparkling eyes . . . a hairdresser, a letterpress feeder, a millinery designer, a shop assistant, a machinist, and a telephonist—mix well

and leave for a couple of months, and the result—our women engineers !

May we introduce in that order Miss Jepson, Miss McCall, Mrs. Hill, Miss Southwood, Miss Viney and Mrs. Inglis, who have given up all those varied feminine jobs to tackle the job of being telephone maintenance inspectors. And not only to tackle it, but we would add, to carry out extremely excellent work with enthusiasm and relish.

We should like you to see them setting off in the morning—overall clad and carrying their tools. You might, perhaps, guess the nature of their jobs, but, if you heard their highly-trained and exceedingly technical conversation, you would have difficulty in believing that they were new to the job which they are doing.

### BIRMINGHAM REPORTS

Our women engineers are going strong, so that, from working in pairs which they did at the start of their field work, it is now possible for them to work singly.

It definitely appears that, providing the women trainees have sufficient and precise instructions, the work will be carried out efficiently.

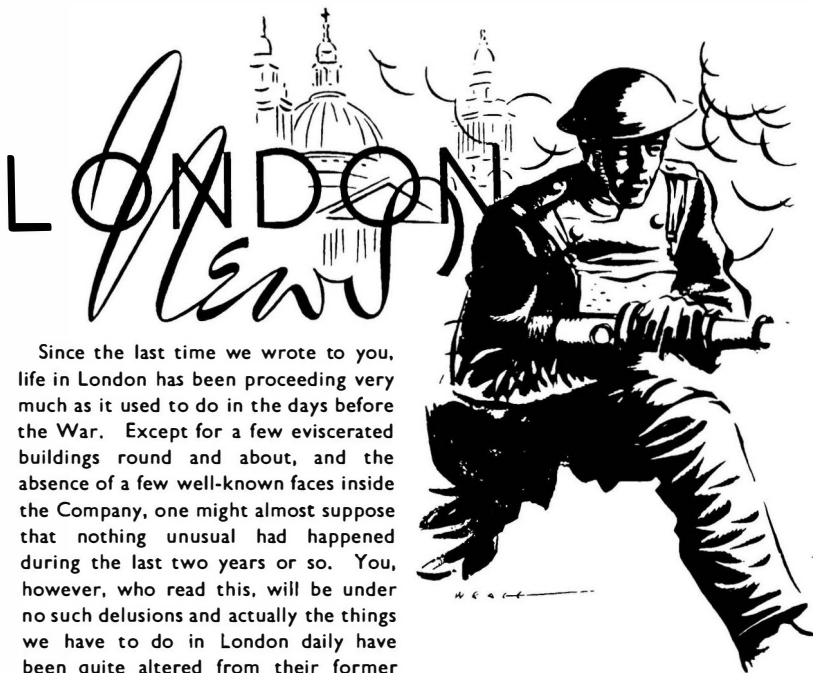
They have not yet been sent away from the City Centre, but it is proposed to do this in the near future. The subject has already been broached, and the girls seem quite willing for this to happen.

. . . . .

As we go to press, we hear that Leeds and Sheffield have started their training programmes with their selected applicants.

. . . . .

So, hats off to our women engineers for filling our war-time gaps so splendidly ! We shall hope to report further progress as time goes on.



Since the last time we wrote to you, life in London has been proceeding very much as it used to do in the days before the War. Except for a few eviscerated buildings round and about, and the absence of a few well-known faces inside the Company, one might almost suppose that nothing unusual had happened during the last two years or so. You, however, who read this, will be under no such delusions and actually the things we have to do in London daily have been quite altered from their former character by the events of the War.

Mr. Bradshaw's days, for example, are far less occupied with the pursuit of new contracts than with the preservation of old contracts with Subscribers who have been put either wholly or partially out of business by the blitz. By continued associations with Solicitors and Accountants, his well-known features are now beginning to assume something of a legal aspect, and it would be by no means surprising if, after the War is over, he should forsake telephones for the pursuit of the Law.

On the Contact side, Mr. Layton and his fellows find their work cut out in endeavouring to do justice both to the Company and its Subscribers in a very large number of cases where the Subscribers' businesses have been severely affected by the War, so that some adjustment to the rent has to be equitably effected in fairness to both.

I shall probably incur everybody's wrath—although it is intended by way

of a compliment to the Engineers—in saying that the Engineers are more on top of their work than any other department of the Company. This may be due to the fact that they have had less from the Sales side, due to certain complications recently introduced in connection with Contracts and acquisition of steel. Even when all this is taken into account, I think it may be said that the London Engineers are doing their job both on the fitting and maintenance side in a way that reflects every credit on themselves and the Company.

As you may learn from other pages in this issue, the Company has recently approached the Subscribers with a suggestion that they should contribute a small percentage increase in rental in view of the present circumstances. Out of the correspondence that has resulted—and there has been a great deal of it—one definite conclusion does emerge, and that is that the Subscribers as a whole do recognise that they are



getting a very good maintenance service. Few people have complained of the service, and many Subscribers, among them the largest, have gone out of their way to express their appreciation to the Company in this respect. It is true to say that this result has been brought about quite as much by the fellows who are in the Services, and who, I hope, will read these lines, as by the Engineers who have stayed with us and who are endeavouring to live up to the Company's traditions in the matter of maintenance.

I am told that somewhere in the pages of this issue, there will appear a photograph of the girls who are assisting in maintenance and have been referred to from time to time as the "Eckstein Follies." It seems to be a general feeling in the office that, if these girls are to be photographed there is a good deal to be said for having a photograph taken of the rest of the feminine staff, and maybe we shall be able to arrange this. If this does come off, you will be glad to see how many familiar faces are still with us.

Royds and Bernays—I forbear to mention their Service ranks in case I commit a frightful blunder by quoting them either higher or lower than they are and so I will leave it at that—recently called upon us, both in very good fettle, in spite of the fact that one of them, at any rate, was at the end of his first week's leave. If you will think of these fellows as they used to be, you will also have a very good idea of just what they are both like now, and it is to be hoped that, when you all come back, you will be in as good a shape as they are.



# **DRIVER J. H. LUKE, R.A.S.C.**

Driver Luke is having a hard time. He tells us that a soldier's employment is 24 hours a day, and, should it be necessary, they can be on duty for the whole of that period. In fact, it has often happened that he has been on actual duty for 48 hours without a break, except for meals. In view of this, we will forgive the brevity of his letter and hope that he will soon have more leisure time in which to give us more news.

# **PTE. "DUSTY" MILLER, R.A.O.C.**

Having evacuated safely from Greece, he has now found time to drop us a line, but, alas, he has a tale of woe to relate to the Comforts Fund :—

The woollies reached me in Greece, and I immediately discarded my Army pullover for yours. Needless to say, it was a perfect fit. As we were even then doing all-night driving, your mittens went in my overcoat pocket, but I did not wear the socks, as I already had clean ones on.

Now I am afraid they are buried along with my other much-treasured personal belongings. My only hope is that they are buried too deep for Jerry to find. I hope you will not condemn me at once as being thoughtless, as I really had no say in the matter, being thirty miles away and only finding my unit on the move some time after the catastrophe. My friends had even thrown my towel away, but, through some oversight, had kept my boots.

After the above, I hardly like to tell you that I am still safe and well, and am once more knocking on your door. Could you possibly forgive me and, with the help of your staff of beautiful girls, knit me some more socks? Also any books would be welcome, as I face another spell in the desert in a few days.

**L/CPL. J. H. MITCHELL, R.E.**

He and his Company continue to lead a nomadic life, and are longing to give vent to their pent-up feelings and get into action. He pleads that lack of exciting news is the reason for his recent silence.

**L/CPL. A. R. WHITE, R.C.S.**

After being at sea for some weeks, he has travelled half way across the world, and so has "The Tie Line," for he has safely received his copy. This he found very welcome, as he seldom hears news about old friends.

Writes :—I'm afraid I shan't require the services of the Comforts Fund for a long while, as it is rather more than pleasantly warm here—the slightest movement produces a soaked shirt, etc.

At the moment, we are at a rest (?) camp, all in tents. We expect to move into barracks soon. The camp is situated in a rubber plantation, and we are surrounded by trees all bearing little earthenware jars to catch the precious sap. In addition to these, there are dozens of coconut palms and a few banana trees.

We are graced with a wonderful collection of insects—spiders three to four inches in size and brightly coloured, crickets and grasshoppers all very fine and large, and, of course, our old friend, Mr. Mosquito. The last-named pest is discouraged by the use of nets and anti-mosquito cream. Said nets have to be in position by 18.30 hours, after which we are forbidden to walk abroad with arms and legs uncovered. So far I've seen only three small snakes, and two of these were dead, but, when we move up country, they should be fairly common.

The people of this country are well mixed. Their mode of living is mostly pretty crude. The majority live in "shanties" built of wood and roofed



with rushes. They have a bare earth floor and are inhabited by pigs, dogs and chickens, in addition to large families, and are incredibly dirty. However, most of them wear their national costumes, which are colourful and spotlessly clean. How they manage to achieve this is quite a mystery to us.

Apart from feeling a long way from home and experiencing a little trouble in getting used to the heat, I feel fine and fit—up to now.

**SGT. F. A. BAYLESS, R.A.F.**

He is still in the Middle East and says it gets a lot hotter than in England. He thinks he would be able to grin and bear it except that the flies will persist in alighting on his face and hands.

He has finished waiting about in camps and is now doing his final training before going into action. He considers he has been very lucky, because he is being trained for a special crew and the chaps in his crew are a good lot, if a mixed one. The crew consists of a Rhodesian pilot, a Lancashire co-pilot, a New Zealand observer, a Canadian rear gunner, and a Scottish

W/OP.: A.G.—and Bayless, W/OP.: A.G.

In June we received his further news by Airgraph letter—

He writes :—I have not had much time lately to drop you a line to let you know that I am still all in one piece and doing quite well as regards to health, except for a dose of "Gypo Gut" now and again.

We have, as you have probably heard, been doing some useful work, and it means that we have to try and catch up on our sleeping hours during the day. This isn't as easy as it sounds. The heat gets up to 119° in the shade and there are more flies here, it seems, than grains of sand in the Sahara.

#### **CPL. L. WESTALL, R.C.S.**

We are very grieved to hear of the tragic death of Cpl. Westall's wife and baby, who were killed during a blitz on London. We offer him our deepest sympathy.

Cpl. Westall has now been posted to a section, and, as soon as they move over their present station, he will become Section Sergeant.

As they are not very busy at the moment, he rides around the countryside on his motor-cycle. He says the local people are extremely kind and always willing to help. One family has almost adopted him; he has his suppers and Sunday dinners with them, and a free run of their farm.

After the above news had gone to press, we had a further letter from Cpl. Westall telling us that he had moved again. Unfortunately, the vision of a third tape seems to have faded beyond the horizon. As this is the sixth promise that has fallen flat, we hope that "7" will prove to be his lucky number.

However, he has obtained an interesting job. He is now a wireless supervisor at H.Q. This means lots of worry, little sleep and plenty of headaches

because one set or another is always going wrong.

Still further news has come to hand, and, once more, he has changed his address—this time north of the border where he is in charge of a wireless section in the wilds.

He and two colleagues are living with a gentleman farmer and his family. He considers he has found the perfect station—good beds and food—no officers—no troops or interfering busybodies—very little work and plenty of time to do it.

The farmer lends them his shotgun, ferrets, nets and fishing rods; so much of their time is spent in shooting game, trout fishing and rabbiting. They are awakened with an early cup of tea in the morning, and are sent to bed at night with a jug of buttermilk. He says that, provided he can stay there for the duration, the Army can keep their three stripes!

He thanks Marine Willis for his best wishes, and hopes that every time H.M.S. ——— rocks, Willis wishes he was back laying cable. Cpl. Westall can't imagine anyone wanting to leave the Signals for a mob like that. Perhaps it was the bus conductor's uniform he fell for.

#### **Cadet A. F. COLEMAN, R.A.F.**

I have now been posted to a Flying School where I am at last getting down to the practical side of things.

I was the first bloke to go solo in the Flight in 6 hours 20 minutes, which, though not exceptional, was pretty good going. We "Telematics" are certainly bright boys. Two weeks of the course have already gone by, and I have twelve flying hours to my credit.

One day rather an amusing thing happened here to a bloke who was sitting quite contentedly in the roughly erected "little house" at the end of



our field adjoining the 'drome. A pupil, who was on his first solo, came in rather low, failed to open up to get more on the centre of the field, and caught the "shanty" with his bail skid. The corrugated iron roof and two walls were torn away and one of the remaining sides slowly collapsed on to the grass, exposing the poor unfortunate occupant in his negligee. Boy, oh boy! Did we roar! It was too funny for words to see him clutching his pants with one hand and frantically striving to hold up the one remaining wall with the other. It appears to me, one is more in danger on the ground than in the air!

Another time, some inspired soul stuck a notice outside the time office in the lane by the 'drome. This advertised "Joy Rides 5/-. Loops 2/6 extra." In less than ten minutes the place was crowded with all the yokels with the money demanding trips.

Boy! The instructors nearly went crazy. Some old dame got quite excited and threatened to tell the local council that we were frauds having fun at the public's expense.

Our Flight crest is a Skylark—even

this is frowned upon now. When an instructor is near, there is a hushed whisper of "Any more for the Skylark? 5/- a trip." One is almost certain to see them blanch and quiver like a jelly.

#### **L/BDR. D. G. GRIFFIN, R.A.**

Luckily the sea was pretty smooth on his trip across the sea. We can't say where he is, but readers can take it from us that he is getting plenty of sunshine.

The only time he felt sick was after he'd been out there two months—and that was home-sickness. However, having been there almost a year now, he's quite used to the place.

#### **L/BDR. L. MEREDITH, R.A.**

Since his last letter things have changed quite a bit. He is finished with Searchlights and is now engaged on fire-fighting on the A— docks, and he has never struck such a hot spot in all his life. All he seems to do is to put out incendiary bombs and fires, and dive under cover when he hears anything whistling. So far he has been lucky. His worst experience was being laid out for three hours by an H.E. that landed too close to him. Still, he is keeping his fingers crossed.

We then had a short note from him in June just before he was due to leave for some "unknown destination." He is still getting along nicely as a Lance Jack and hopes to obtain further promotion soon. He has no incidents to report except for a few blitzes which were very unpleasant.

#### **SGT. A. E. CREIGHTON, R.C.S.**

Creighton has joined the "three-stripers" and has also been transferred to a south-west coastal town where they have been having some pretty hectic nights. He has been helping

the G.P.O. to restore damaged communication lines.

He was very sorry to leave his friends at C—, where he was stationed for eighteen months. He sounds a bit "browned off" with the war, and is just longing for the day when he can return home and start working and living normally once more.

He sends best wishes to all his friends at London and Manchester offices.

## SGT. H. ROBINSON, R.A.

He has been transferred to the Military Prison Staff Corps. It is quite a good job—very easy, and 6d. extra a day. He is hoping to be posted to Scotland soon as he will then be near his wife.

He would like to tell us more about his prison, but all that he is allowed to say is that it is called the GLASS-HOUSE. We are sure this will convey quite a lot of information to readers!

July. He has now been transferred to a military prison in Scotland which is only 25 miles from his wife's home.

He likes his job very much and asks that all T.R. lads in the Forces should keep their noses clean. After all these months, Sgt. Robinson would not like to meet them in his prison—outside by all means, but not inside.

Whenever he sees an M.K.V. field telephone, he asks if it is giving good service. If it is, then he picks it up and, more often than not, it is a T.M.C. instrument. The instructors say that faults are scarce and that they have a terrible job to make the instrument go wrong so that they can instruct rookies on how to clear faults.

## GNR. R. S. BERRY (O.F.C.), R.A.

I moved in April to a certain gun position "somewhere down South." On the following Wednesday, during a heavy raid, a "big one" fell among the huts and completely demolished

some twenty-five buildings with a death-roll of three, and seventeen seriously injured. Fortunately I got away with a badly bruised right shin-bone and a bruised left thigh, although I was lying on my bed a bare twenty yards from where "it" landed.

Strangely enough I had, that same evening, changed over beds for the night, as there was a spare bed and mattress in the hut. My own camp bed, on which I left all my kit, was smashed into splinters and, of course, most of my kit went with it!

## SIGM. S. STEVENS, R.C.S.

Fire pickets, fire watching and office duties take up so much of his time that it is only on rare occasions that he is able to explore his new surroundings.

He found the last edition of "The Tie Line" very interesting—so did several other boys in his section.

There are a great many "schemes" afoot these days, and, when he wrote, he had just returned from one lasting a week, during which time they travelled five hundred miles.

He sends best wishes to the rest of the boys and hopes to see them all back at T.R. very shortly.

## L/BDR. V. CONNELLY, R.A.

(See photo)

He has been on the move stopping only for a short while at various places. His battery is now mobile. He thinks there's a competition on as to which mobile battery can visit the most places.

On their last outing, which lasted five days, they just slept wherever they could. One night they found a barn and laid their blankets in the dark. One chap was agreeably surprised to find that he had a lovely soft pillow. He kept very quiet about it, as things are always getting mixed up in the scramble to "get down to it."

Next morning he discovered that a

horse had been there before him ! The last Connelly saw of him, he had his head in a rain barrel and was scrubbing away like mad !

Connelly has now received his first stripe. He can still remember the



night he and his pal "wet this stripe." They went out about 7 p.m. all set for a good night out. As they approached the gates, they were collared to go on an advance party.

It started to rain and they were sitting in an open 15-cwt. lorry, and were soon wet through. With water dripping from him his pal turned to him and said gloomily, "Now I know what they mean by 'wetting your stripe.'"

**R/O. J. HAWKINS,**  
Merchant Navy (See photo)

Britannia House had the pleasure of seeing our friend "Harry" who was on a short leave after more than a hectic time crossing the Atlantic. During the last war he was engaged in the same capacity. He is a Radio Officer.

While staying in Glasgow, who should he meet but Miss Carnegie and Miss Hurley who had gone up there for a little peace and quiet.

**A/C.2 H. L. YOUENS, R.A.F.**  
(See photo)

He has nearly finished his training as a Flight Mechanic, and, before this issue is published, he hopes to obtain his longed-for leave and call in at Britannia House to get first-hand Gen. on how the Company has been faring since he joined up.

His copy of "The Tie Line" was read and enjoyed by all the boys in his hut. Through it, A/C.2 Youens discovered that two of them worked for Telematic subscribers.

## JUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON THEM!

Hitler ? Don't you mention him !  
I'd like to give his "taz" a trim.  
I'd like to stick him in hot oil  
And slowly bring it to the boil.

Ribbentrop ? That snaky curse !  
I'd like to see him in a hearse.  
I'd like to ring his dirty neck  
And make his handsome face a wreck.

Goebbels ? Nasty little sprout !  
I'd like to tear his larynx out.  
I'd like to sit him in a trough  
And plague him with a hacking cough.

Goering ? What a massive pile !  
I'd like to make him run a mile.  
I'd like to see him with no fat on  
And tell him where to put his baton.

"ANON"

Head Office

**A/M (A) D. CLARKSON, Fleet  
Air Arm, whose ship is "The Ark  
Royal," tells us his story of the**

## **Sinking of the Bismarck**

We were in harbour. We had just docked and were looking forward to a spot of shore-leave, when, for some unknown reason, we weighed anchor and steamed out of the harbour at full speed.

The next day we were still in the dark as to what our quest was, and then the Commander warned us that we were after the "Bismarck," and we were to prepare for long periods at "action-stations."

You must realise that we had been operating in a very hot climate, and we soon noticed the difference when we moved up north into very rough seas and icy cold winds.

After about two days at sea, our "Recco" aircraft sighted "Bismarck," and so we went to action-stations.

Just after mid-day on the 26th May, our first torpedo-bombers took off. We all waited anxiously for their return, which was about two hours later. The attack had proved unsuccessful.

We then heard a rumour that we had lost touch with the "raider," and our hearts sank. Not a smile was there to be found on our mess-deck for the next six hours or so, during which time a second attacking force had flown off in an attempt to put an end to this menace of the high seas.

After 9.30 p.m. they returned with good news. At least two hits with torpedoes were registered, and she had been reduced in speed. This news cheered us all and put us in good spirits for the rest of the night.

We slept standing up that night—

waiting, waiting for light. At dawn a third attack was arranged, but cancelled on account of bad weather. It was raining and the sea was running high, coming right over the flight-deck at times.

The attack was taken off later in the morning. The "Bismarck" was found proceeding very slowly owing to the damage done by our attack the previous night.

As you know, the "Dorsetshire" was ordered to sink her by torpedoes, which she did while our aircraft flew around just in case.

Just after 11 a.m. we heard this over the loudspeakers on the ship—"Bismarck is sunk!" At 11.01 a.m. she went down. The "Hood" was avenged.

We turned back to our home port once more, after having played our part, such as it was.

### **MEN WHO HAVE JOINED THE FORCES SINCE THE LAST ISSUE OF "THE TIE LINE"**

#### **Head Office**

L. Goodyer	Royal Navy
R. Walton	R.A.S.C.

#### **London**

L. E. Stapleton	Royal Navy
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#### **Manchester**

H. G. Banks	R.A.F.
A. Bent	R.A.F.
F. Nye	R.A.O.C.

#### **Newcastle**

E. Wilson	Royal Navy
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# MANCHESTER *News*

My dear Lads,

Since I last wrote to you, the home front has been pretty quiet, and in Manchester we have almost forgotten the sound of the sirens—and during this hot weather we are tempted to utilise the reservoirs which have been made in the cellars of blitzed buildings, as swimming pools.

I am sure you will be sorry to learn that Mr. Newstone got a fortnight's leave and then contracted pneumonia, but, fortunately, he is now better and has returned to his unit.

We had visits from Betts, Banks and Astley during their leaves, all looking fit and feeling very pleased with life in the Forces in general.

Those of you who were on the maintenance side will be very interested to know that we have followed the example of the London Company and have now a number of girls doing maintenance work. Elsewhere in this issue you will read a little more about them. They are really doing a very good job, and, when you return, you will have something to do to improve on their standard.

As I believe many of you have been drafted abroad, I hope that, wherever

you may be, you will still receive a copy of "The Tie Line," because it is really an excellent way of keeping you in touch with the organisation, and this Company in particular.

Everyone here joins me in wishing you all the best of everything—and again, do write to us or to the Editor giving your news.

**Officer Cadet P. H. COUSENS,  
R.A.C.**

He is now training in an O.C.T.U. for his commission. We hope he will come through this gruelling ordeal with flying colours.

**Capt. R. C. BUSS, R.T.R.**

In May he had seven days' very cold leave—it rained every day. He did not have a chance to come up to the office. As a result of a bad cold, he has dropped smoking. Perhaps we could pump a few cold germs around the queues at the tobacconists! Offers to let us have an article on his experiences some time. Offer gratefully accepted. Article, please!



## THE TIE LINE

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### **A/C.2 S. ASTLEY, R.A.F.**

Since he last called at the office, he has been down to Devonshire, and from there to the north, where he is studying a course preparatory to his flying training. This is his eighth station so far, so he's seeing England at the expense of the Government !

His next station may be overseas, so he warns us that, should we receive a request for an estimate for a 200-line installation from somewhere in the middle of the Canadian forests, or from a wool station in Australia, we will know where he is. Suggests that, if Mr. Leivers sent him the "B" order, he could do the job for him. Says, "Don't tell him, please, or I might get a 'B' order for Liverpool !"

With all the P.T., swimming and cricket, which is part of the R.A.F. training, he is feeling a lot fitter.

### **PTE. F. NYE, R.A.O.C.**

He was called to the Forces and is now in Welsh Wales, look you. Has hardly had time to settle down yet, but we hope to hear from him later on.

### **A/C. H. G. BANKS, R.A.F.**

Just now he is nearing the end of an Initial Training Wing course, which deals with Air Navigation, Maths, Morse, Armoury, Air Force Law, Hygiene, First Aid and Aircraft Recog. (Not quite sure what "Recog." means, but we presume it is short for "Recognition."—Ed.).

Every week they have exams. on one or other of these subjects, and are they swotting ! Anyway, Banks only gets out of camp once a week. At the end of July, he sits for his final exams, and, if he passes, then a spot of promotion to Leading Aircraftsman and on to flying training at the Elementary Flying Training School. Best of luck to him !

Writes :—I used to have some good times at Telephone Rentals and in



*Suited down to the ground*

civvy life in general, but, to a lad, there's nothing like this life. It suits me down to the ground, and it really seems hard to imagine how I will fit back into civvy street when the war is over.

### **R/Mate C. BETTS, R.N.**

Just a line from him to say that he enjoyed "The Tie Line," and to send best wishes to all T.R. members.

### **A/C.I E. NEWSTONE, R.A.F.**

After recovering from an unwelcome dose of pneumonia, he is now back at work on his Fitter's Course.

### **A. BENT**

He has left us to join the Air Force and we are awaiting news of him.

---

### **TELEGRAM RECEIVED, JULY 10th**

CHAPMAN TELEPHONE RENTALS  
THE ABBEY BECKENHAM

SOUTH MIDLAND COUP LAUNDRY  
NUNEATON ILLUSIVE FAULT  
CAUSING STOPPAGE OF MASTER  
CLOCK COULD OUR MA VISIT  
MITCHELL — BIRMINGHAM

Recently, our Subscribers have been asked to agree cheerfully to a 15% increase in our Rental Charges. O'Sullivan (Bristol) shows us how really cheerful this business can be.

## Selling the Surcharge

### CHARACTERS.

*The Salesman*—Bryan O'Sullivan.

*The Subscriber*—Another "Scandinavian" (we'll call him McGinty).

### SCENE I.

#### THE OUTER OFFICE.

Enter Salesman complete with smile and copy of Subscriber's affectionate (sic) letter.

*S'man.* Good mornin' ! Would ye just tell Mr. McGinty that Mr. O'Sullivan has called specially to see him ?

*Clerk.* I'll see if he is in, sir.

(Returns with query as to S'man's business.)

*S'man.* Oh, just say it's a routine call from Telephone Rentals.

(Irate voice from Inner Office : "I will not see anybody from that thievin' . . .".)

*S'man* (scenting the brogue, chances his luck). Then I'll talk to ye from here.

*Voice.* Ye will not.

*S'man.* I will so.

*Voice.* If I say ye will not, ye will not. Come on in here.



### SCENE 2.

#### THE INNER OFFICE.

*S'man* (enters with smile working overtime). Ah—Good morning, Mr. McGinty, and thanks for the welcome. Sure it's a glorious day. The top o' the morning to ye.

*McGinty* (the owner of the voice). And the bottom of to-morrow morning to you. (Accent discloses he's a Dublin man.) Now, look at here, if you or any others of your profiteerin', etc., etc., gang t'ink that I can be co-erced into payin' that damned iniquitous

15 per cent extra charge on me Telephone Rentals, you're mistaken. There's absolutely nothin' doin'. (*Monologue continues until breath is nearly exhausted.*) So ye can just put your hat on your head and be off wid ye.

*S'man.* And what part of Dublin are ye from ?

*McGinty.* Rathmines ! And what the H—I has that got to do with it ?

*S'man.* Nothin'. I'm from Dublin meself and just wondered.

*McGinty.* Did ye now. Ah, well, if ye can get that great paunch of yours round the desk, sit down. (*S'man manoeuvres and finally gets seated—a tight fit.*) And what part are ye from ?

*S'man.* Ranelagh !

*McGinty.* Howly —. Where the " toffs " come from.

*S'man.* And I t'ink I know our brother, the chartered accountant.

*McGinty (quickly).* That's not my brother—he's my cousin.

*S'man.* Well, seein' that we know each other, I'd just like to explain—.

*McGinty.* And I will not listen to a d—d word. I'm tellin' ye that of all the outrageous X ! X ! X !

(*As McGinty's remarks grow in volume and intensity, and the S'man replies with equal force, the Outer Office staff appear to be in that state which perhaps can be expressed by the well-known phrase, " Any moment now ! " To their great relief—or disappointment—physical combat does not ensue.*)

*S'man.* So there ye are, Mr. McGinty, after listening so " kindly " to our reasons for asking you to make a voluntary gesture, I know ye'll willingly agree to pay this small surcharge.

*McGinty (imploringly).* Will ye listen to him ? " Skin-the-Goat " was an amateur beside him—I will not pay it.

*S'man.* I t'ink ye will.

*McGinty.* I will not.

*S'man.* Ye will !

*McGinty.* Not until I've looked at me contract—and then I will not.

*S'man.* Mr. McGinty, I'm surprised at you. You, the Managing Director of one of the most prosperous businesses in the West of England—

*McGinty.* Did ye ever hear the like of him ? Prosperous—and here's me wonderin' where I'll get the money for this week's wages and afraid to look—.

*S'man.* I know, afraid to look at our contract, because ye know if ye do, you'll have to admit that our request is warranted—

*McGinty.* That'll do. I am not afraid to look at your contract. (*Gets contract*). Look at that ! Did ye ever see such an extortionate charge for a t'ing, we never use at that.

*S'man.* So ye niver use it, and your business is going to blazes ? Then why did ye have to have an extra instrument fitted a short while ago, and why did ye engage an extra hand while I was waitin' outside and why—

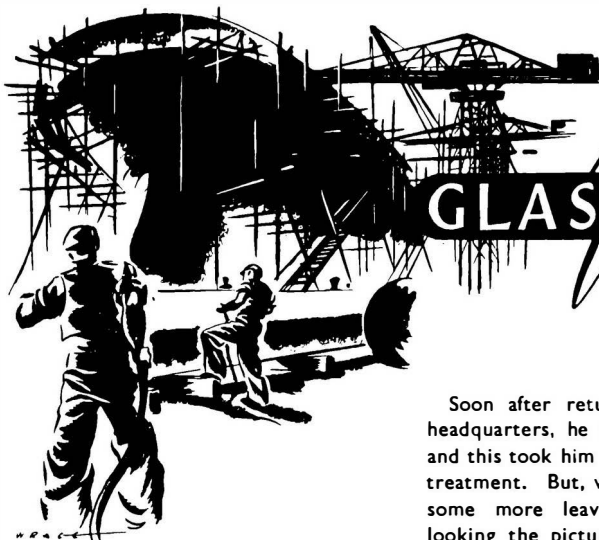
*McGinty.* Never mind the whys—I can do as I like with me own business and there's only one t'ing I'll do for you—

*S'man.* And that's write us agreeing to pay the surcharge.

*McGinty.* Yis ! But only for the Duration, mind ye—and now to h—I with all this—(*pushing contract aside*)—Did ye ever know, etc.

The rest of the dialogue you can guess for yourselves, and, to the surprise of the Outer Office staff, the Salesman is escorted off the premises by the Subscriber with a request to look in at any time.

I suppose there should be a sort of moral to this story, but, judging from some of McGinty's remarks about myself, maybe I'd better not tackle the " moral " side.



# GLASGOW

## News

To the Lads in the Forces,

Once again here's a message from the Home Front, which I sincerely hope you will all safely receive with the current issue.

It's amazing how time flies. Here we are with another half-year gone by and it hardly seems more than yesterday that we ushered in a new year.

It's now approaching two years since some of you left us to take up more strenuous duties, and thankful we are to be able to record that, as far as our present knowledge goes, no one has suffered any ill-effects, apart from temporary ailments which can only be expected when such drastic changes are made.

That reminds me, since last writing, we have had a number of visits from John M. White, R.A.F., who has certainly had his spot of trouble since joining up last February. And it was not long before he had a spell in hospital with German measles—or at least that was the original diagnosis. Readers will remember that his Measle bug turned out to be nothing of the sort, but "something taken internally which did not agree."

Soon after returning to his seaside headquarters, he was again in trouble, and this took him to hospital for special treatment. But, when I last met him—some more leave—he was certainly looking the picture of health and was itching to get back to his new-found job. Here's hoping he will now be immune from any further mishap, and be able to give a good account of himself in the R.A.F.

Another caller was our amiable friend, C. G. Alexander, now a B.S.M. and instructor in the A.A. Section of the R.A. He, I believe, has the longest service of those from Glasgow, having been on service since just before the war broke out. I understand that he lives in style in a country mansion, and, but for the fact that he is in uniform and has a lot of lessons to give, he might be a country squire. Here's wishing him jolly good luck.

You will remember Cpl. R. Tait—his photo was in the last "Tie Line"—well, he's now back in harness at St. Enoch House getting astride his old job of storekeeping once more. Although discharged from active service, he is sound enough in wind and limb to do a good job on the Home Front, and we are glad to have him back.

Everyone knows our esteemed confrere, Jimmy Gunter—Capt. J. E. G. to you! Wherever sparks were flying, you could bet he was not so far away!

Well, you will all, no doubt, be interested to know that the Captain, Lieut. P. E. C. Y. Royds and myself had a little unofficial meeting in Perth as a send-off to Jimmy, who was detailed for other parts. I hope that when you do get your next copy of "The Tie Line," Jimmy, you will let us know in Glasgow how the world is treating you—and the best of luck from "Auld Reekie!"

Things are pretty well the same at St. Enoch House. We have a little more space to move about in and have altered arrangements somewhat, so that our Stores Department is quite apart and now on the third floor. Our office staff remains the same—no one having become too deeply involved in wartime romances—so far, at least, as I am aware.

The Engineering Staff shows the biggest change, and, to be perfectly frank, there are quite a number that I do not recognise at all—so many new faces—whereas I used to pride myself on knowing each one. Well, that's a direct result of this international madness—a lot of engineers gone to the Services and a lot of new ones being trained to carry on the good work. Soon we may be introducing some of the fair sex to assist in the simpler maintenance duties!

Well, that's a bit of news from the Home Front—now what about some news from you! There must be something to tell—maybe something you want. Just sit down and write us now—not to-morrow—and don't forget we like photos. We want to see how you are all shaping in your new surroundings.

Here's wishing you all the best, and a safe return,

Sincerely yours,



## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE— Modern Version

How like a fiendish German dog he looks!

I hate him for he is a Nazi;

But more for that in inhumanity

He sends out 'planes, and brings down

The rate of sleeping hours here with us in Britain.

If we can catch him once upon the hop,  
We'll feed fat the burning hate we bear him.

He hates our steadfast nation; and he scoffs

Even there where henchman must him tolerate,

Scoffs us too, our country and our well-won freedom

Which he calls decadence. Cursed be our fate,

If Victory is his!

K. M.

## NEWS AND VIEWS FROM THE GLASGOW OFFICE

Two girls think it about time that the Glasgow Office Staff was put on the map, and therefore begin with this very humble effort. You will notice we say "begin."

Things are pretty unexciting here with all the attractive (?) males away, and we are extremely sorry to say that our last hope passed away on the 6th June, viz. Jimmy Rice. The ordeal which Jimmy went through in the office the night before the event, and which he fortunately survived, will teach him that marriage is no joke and once is enough, although we would whisper that a certain member of the Engineering Staff recently got married for the third time!

Jimmy has not yet told us if the iodine has worn off his feet or if he found his socks, but it was all just good fun, and we do all hope that Jimmy will be very happy in his new venture.

Recently we had a flying visit from

two young ladies of the London Office—Miss Carnegie and Miss Hurley—and we were very pleased to see them. We might add that a certain member of our Sales Staff also appeared to be very pleased !

Most of the girls up here are taking this war economy business to heart—or rather legs—as stockings are things of the past, having been replaced by "Honolulu Tan." Sundry remarks have been passed by the more outspoken male members, but they have not discouraged us and we sally forth bare-legged each morning whether it be snow, rain or shine—the Scottish weather being as versatile as ever.

This is not our only war effort. The humble writers of this article rise sleepily each Friday morning in the "wee sma' oors" and wend their way to a canteen to serve breakfasts to the hungry men in the Forces until it is time to leave, weary and footsore, for St. Enoch House. We meet all sorts and sizes there, but remember with regret the attractive Canadian who was looking for a "nice" girl to take out in the morning, and for once in our lives we

were sorry that work in Telephone Rentals must come first !

By the way, perhaps it would be within "Uncle Pete's" powers to tell us who the anonymous "Sprick, Glasgow" is, as we are quite sure that none of the wives of our Glasgow men can force them to drink milk ! Also, we would like to be inserted in the Agony column with "Still Young" in the hope that so many applications will be received, she will have some leftovers for us. Photographs can be had on application. (Why not compete with the two rivals for the hand of A/M. Hellyar ?—Ed.).

But what's this we hear ! Mr. Cowtan says that none of the office staff is involved in wartime romances—but isn't it usual for such matters to be "quick and snappy" ?

Well, that's all for the moment.

## THE CANTEEN CUTIES

### SIGM. M. REILLY, R.C.S.

When he was on the high seas, he wrote us, but one paragraph has a few big blobs of ink where it has been censored and it's a bit difficult to understand. For instance :—

"At the start we had a blob escort, but it has now greatly blobbed. At present we are sailing in 'a blob zone.' Our convoy was a blob, and it does not say much for Hitler's U-boats."

However, from then on, everything is plain sailing :—

"We have almost entered the tropical regions and this past few days we have had brilliant sunshine, although not so good to-day, but very warm nevertheless. To-night we draw our topees from storage.

"Life aboard the ship is very good, and it is most surprising how we can keep boredom away. During the day we have lectures and, in our free time, we



“ Called here for a while and having a glorious time in a beautiful place. People are marvellous and the girls beautiful. What chance a transfer to a T.R. Company over here where you could not work for having a good time ? ”

—that is, he wrote his letter on a special form which was photographed with many others. The whole roll of film was flown to England and developed. Then the finished print was cut into separate letters and distributed by post. Here is Reilly's letter :



Pte. S. McKeag whiles away his leisure hours on the River Thames. Is in some hush-hush job—all the information he can impart is that his Company is attached to the R.A. and R.A.F.

Among a number of communications received in reply to our circular letter on the subject of Rental Surcharge, was the following letter from a Glasgow firm, who copied the wording of our circular, but with slight (?) alterations :

It is our constant endeavour to meet all our obligations and, since the outbreak of war, we have not failed in that respect.

Unfortunately, the present abnormal conditions have created a serious decrease in the volume of this business, and we therefore ask you to consent to a deduction of 20 per cent as from 1st June, 1941.

In order to save correspondence, we will assume that you are in agreement with this procedure, unless we hear from you to the contrary.

Yours faithfully,



My dear Fellows,

Since the last issue of "The Tie Line" we have had personal visits from T. Adcock, Junior, G. Chapman, and K. Arnold.

Chapman had received a few days' special leave for re-issue of clothing after the very unpleasant experience of being torpedoed. We understand that it took several days to equip Chapman, owing to his terrific waist line. But even after his exciting experience, he looks extremely fit and has been posted to a Unit somewhere in the Home Counties.

We have now heard from D. Clarkson that he has been posted to the much-discussed ship, the "Ark Royal," and that he is enjoying this new adventure.

We also learn that T. E. Doolittle is preparing for Overseas Service, and that Captain Gunter has already set sail for an unknown destination.

We are pleased to tell you that Kenneth Greening, although still in hospital, is making a satisfactory recovery, although at the moment he is not yet able to walk for more than a few yards. We all join in wishing him a complete and speedy return to physical fitness.

We have not seen anything of Sergeant Evans for some time; no doubt he will write to either the Company or the Editor of "The Tie Line," so that we may continue to keep in touch with him.

This also applies to all of our Members in the Forces, as we have not received any news from a number of you for a considerable time, and we wish you to appreciate that "The Tie Line" is the medium for keeping us all together, and to keep you advised of the experiences and welfare of your colleagues.

We realise that you are spread over a very wide area, but, if only for the sake of your pre-war friendships, please forward to us your contributions to "The Tie Line."

With every good wish,



**A/M.(A) D. CLARKSON,  
Fleet Air Arm**

I have just realised that the "arm" of "The Tie Line" is very long—nearly as long as the Fleet Air Arm—as I have just received my copy out here miles away from home.

I was very pleased indeed to read about my old pals all joining up. I also notice that I am not alone in the Air Arm, as there is a Bristol lad, and also one from Newcastle in it too. I see they are still on their training course, so I hope they all do well and maybe we shall all meet sometime, somewhere?

I must tell them that I was one of the lucky ones to be drafted to the "Ark Royal" as she is one of the finest ships afloat, and has on board the finest men that Britain can produce.

We work seven days a week and don't get much leave, as we are at sea for weeks on end. Part of my job is to stand by my "kite" on the flight deck, while a squadron of kites "rev up" and blow a gale at you while you wait patiently for your turn to come. When my kite is signalled "chocks away," I pull away the chocks and lie on the deck to prevent myself being blown into



the aircrew of the kite behind. Then I watch my kite take off, after which I scramble into the safety nets at the side of the ship and breathe again until the next time.

Well, it is all in the day's work—sometimes night as well—and grumbling doesn't get the job done.

I was very pleased to see that L. A. C. Hogg, R.A.F., has now got his L.A.C. up. The M.T. must be short of drivers! I was also glad to read W/M T. Adcock's article. Maybe you will act as escort for us one of these days, Tom. Who knows?

*On page 216, Clarkson has written an interesting article on the Sinking of the Bismarck.*

**PTE. K. A. C. GREENING, A.M.P.C.**

Well, I think it's about time I wrote something for "The Tie Line," but the question is what to say, as I have spent the last six months in hospital!

I got off to a good start in my army life without knowing a soul. I am glad to say that I got in with some decent chaps.

We did not beat about the bush. We got down to training very hard as we had to do about six months' training in two months. Having finished the hardest part—not forgetting the route marches, and, believe me, it's quite right what they say about them—I found my weight down by quite a bit.

After that we started training for the Signals, which was very interesting, but alas, Old Nasty had to interfere by dropping one of his bombs on me, and, to make it worse, he gave us no warning of his coming—just the sort of thing he would do!

From then onwards my life changed from activity to hospital life, where I am at the present moment. I was in three hospitals before I finally settled down, and then, a week before Christmas I caught diphtheria which put an end to my Christmas, as I couldn't see anybody.

Having got over that, I looked as if I had been bombed again, but, thanks to some good nursing, I am getting on very well now, and have just started walking again. I am glad to say they gave me a very nice 21st birthday party.

I hope it will not be long before I am out again. I don't know whether they will take me in the Army again as the fracture in my back has left it weak, and

will take some time before it gets anything like normal.

**BDR. W. L. EVANS, R.A.**

He is in charge of a detachment of twelve men who are situated miles from anywhere—in fact they are nearly an hour's walk from the nearest pub! We hope he will soon be moved to a brighter locality.

---

## HERE YOU ARE—A/M HELLYAR!

We said in the last issue you might live to regret your offer "to make a good husband," but it seems you are a lucky chap to have the choice from two lovelies.



Dear little laddie in Navy Blue,  
Oh, tell me quickly, is it true  
A "Fleet Air Arm" is seeking a wife?  
Ah, me, this is the thrill of my life!

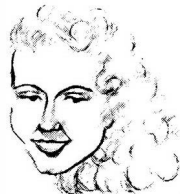
Am I to believe you? Dear man, I beg,  
Please say you're not just pulling my leg.  
Haven't I always longed to be  
Devoted wife to a Son of the Sea?

I haven't beauty of face or figure.  
My nose could be smaller, my eyes much  
bigger.

But I can cook and I can sew  
And I can manage the laundry-o!

Dear Mr. Hellyar, consider my plea.  
Offer to share your name with me,  
O, save me from a spinster's fate!  
I promise I'll make a loving mate.

**I. C. A. CHANCE**



Dear A/M Hellyar, F.A.A.,  
I see from your ad. in the mag. to-day,  
That you are looking for trouble and  
strife—  
In other words—you want a wife.

I simply loathe all household chores—  
Washing dishes and scrubbing floors—  
So, as you're a "trained domestic" man,  
You'll fit in nicely with my plan.

Now you can do this sort of stuff,  
While I go out and earn enough  
To keep the home fires burning, dear,  
And buy your fags and pints of beer.

What's your decision? Let me know of  
it.

Do you think we could make a go of it?  
If you say "Yes"; why then, of course,  
I'll sue my husband for divorce!

**O. R. U. MINE**

## FLACKES' KRAZY KOLUMNNS

For the information of my three regular readers who so often, ahem ! write to me, I would say that I do not write these lines on the top of a telegraph pole at 3 o'clock in the morning while munching a lobster sandwich. My three faithful readers are suffering from illusions, but I must forgive them, for, after all, this feature was written for unusual people, and I am rather troubled that there are only three of them in Telephone Rentals Limited. Any advance on three ?

Continuing our unrivalled service for housewives, two are among our regular fans, we present

### PEG'S POINTS on

#### How to Get Things Done.

1. If you have an alarm clock, don't set it for the exact time you wish to get up, for you are almost certain to lie on a few minutes longer and will thus be late. Don't set it to alarm earlier than you wish to get up, for, after hearing it, you may drop off to sleep again. And, if you set it for a time later than you wish to get up, you are certain to be late.
2. Don't break an egg in the direction of its major axis, for you may find a yellow streak in it. And one Axis with yellow streak associations is quite enough !
3. When answering the Government appeal for binoculars, make sure that there is still some glass in the pair you wish to give away. A high official—chimneys' inspector—says that those without glass in them are not really satisfactory.
4. Scarves which you may knit for the Forces, should not be tapered at one end. It is not true that mechanised regiments have decided to adopt streamlined mufflers. . . .

5. . . . Neither is it necessary, when sending razor blades to a friend in the Army, to mark his number on them. No regulation has been made to this effect. That would be cutting it too fine !

6. For sufferers of insomnia, we hear that instead of counting sheep to get to sleep, the counting of Italian prisoners is now the craze.

#### Why lie awake when Wops Are good as sleeping drops ?

And that concludes this selection of hints that may mean money to you !

Our Special Correspondent in Hack-Walla-Burton—stress on the "Walla"—informs us that he has still had no success in his fishing efforts. It may or may not be remembered that early in 1876 he set out full of high hopes, having formulated the theory that gold was to be found inside every sixth goldfish. He has so far fished out some 786,567½ goldfish without result. He now believes that gold may only be found inside every fifth goldfish ! "Look out for big news soon ! " are his last words—we hope.

### NEWS ITEM.

"Signor Mussolini yesterday had his picture taken on the back of the largest elephant in Italy. Goering was clearly visible in the background."

Big developments are imminent !

And here is a story for which we do not accept responsibility :—

Two Cockney women came across Epstein's statue, Genesis. They were staggered. One of them looked at the inscription underneath, turned to her friend and said, "Lumme, Liz, if that's what Guinnesses does to yer, I'm sticking to me old cocoa !"

And that will be all for now—and remember, don't ever miss this feature. It is a veritable gold-mine of information and amusement.

ZEKE.

# OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY



*Reproduced by the courtesy of The Sheffield Newspapers Ltd.*

**THE RT. HON. HERBERT MORRISON,**  
**The Home Secretary,**

delivers a stirring message to the workers of James Neill  
and Co. Ltd., Sheffield, over the Telematic Microphone.



**Mr. F. T. JACKSON and Mr.**  
**THE HEAD OF**



*Left and right*  
← **MID-DAY BREAK AT**

**OUR WOMEN**



**LONDON**



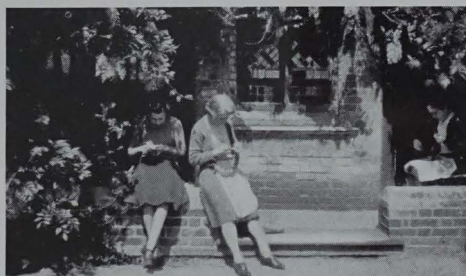
**BIRMINGHAM**





**r. W. S. PHILCOX with  
OFFICE GIRLS**

*right*  
AT THE ABBEY →



**ENGINEERS**



**GHAM**



**MANCHESTER**

# OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY



Sigm. S. TAYLOR,  
R. C. Sigs.  
*Sheffield*



O/S L. GOODYER  
Royal Navy  
*Head Office*



Sigm. A. C. MEDLAND  
R. C. Sigs.  
*London*



L/Bdr. V. CONNELLY  
Royal Artillery  
*London*



Cpl. D. H. THOMPSON  
R. A. S. C.  
*Leeds*



R/O J. HAWKINS  
Merchant Navy  
*London*

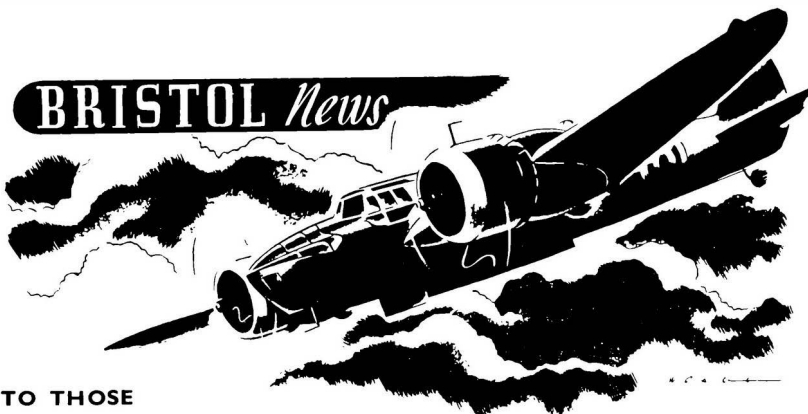


"JIMMY" PULLS HIS WEIGHT



A/C2 H. L. YOUENS, R.A.F.  
*London*

## BRISTOL *News*



### TO THOSE IN THE FORCES EVERYWHERE

My dear Lads,

Correspondence from the Fighting Forces for this issue is a letter from Wilson. This you will read elsewhere in the magazine, and you will be sure to find it interesting.

This is the point I would like to make to all our lads who are away from us—that letters we receive contain a great deal of interest for the Telephone Rentals Staff generally, and they are appreciated far more than the writers actually realise. It makes us all feel that we are living through the experiences outlined in these letters, and this does a great deal in these days to take one's mind from the very busy periods we are experiencing in all departments during these abnormal times. No doubt if you realised the tonic effect these letters have upon us, you would send far more of them. So it is now up to you.

Incidentally we were very pleased to welcome Wilson when he paid us a visit on the leave he mentions in his letter. Army life certainly seems to agree with him very much.

We in Bristol are very pleased that the Jerries are finding themselves very much occupied in other theatres of war than here, and the sleepy expressions that

seemed to be general through lack of sleep, are now wearing off.

The Engineers will certainly need all the energy they can muster to keep pace with the Installations which have to be fitted.

The girls are also doing their bit to add to the comforts of our Fighting Forces, and, as usual, will speak for themselves, in an article in this issue.

All the Staff at Bristol join me in wishing the Best of Luck to all those who are away from us.

*W Bunnons*

### OH, TO BE REALLY HAPPY !

I find that it is my turn to write in "The Tie Line," but, with this lovely summery weather and the worrying year that is flying by, one's thoughts turn more to "Tide Lines" than to "Tie Lines."

Blitzes lately—touch wood—seem to have left us alone, for which we are duly thankful, and the work of tidying up goes on steadily. Just as the largest wave appears to come immediately before the storm abates, so the climax



## THE TIE LINE

of the blitzes arrived in Bristol. My evidence? Let me retail the experience of our colleague "Butch," who is a Senior Warden.

He arrived the day after the blitz, looking very glum—I was going to say dark, but he can't avoid looking dark—and the opinion was expressed that he looked as if he'd "lost sixpence and found a ha'penny." Very offhandedly, he answered, "Oh!"

A few minutes later, I said to him, "Anything wrong, old man? You don't seem very cheerful this morning."

This remark drew a very caustic, "Oh, I feel really happy. As you know, I was on duty all the night before last, and then, with last night's 'do,' they called me at 11 p.m. Up to midnight nothing had dropped and, as I felt very hungry, I nipped home to get something eatable to fetch back. There I found no



food that I could snatch and bring away, so I decided on a rasher of bacon and egg, a frying pan to cook them in at the Post, and some bread.

"Just then the barrage let loose with a hell of a bang, and I grabbed my eats and started for the door. I ran into the dog and stepped on the kitten, and, recovering my balance without losing anything, dashed into the hall. There I ran full tilt into my wife who was coming downstairs in the dark. Collecting the scattered eatables, I opened the front door and rushed out into the rain. Running up the road, I dropped the rasher in the mud and, in groping for that, I dropped the egg and lost the bread in the scramble. On top of all that, I didn't get home until 7.20 this morning. Now, if you can think of anything else to make me laugh, I'd like to hear of it!"

W. LATIMER

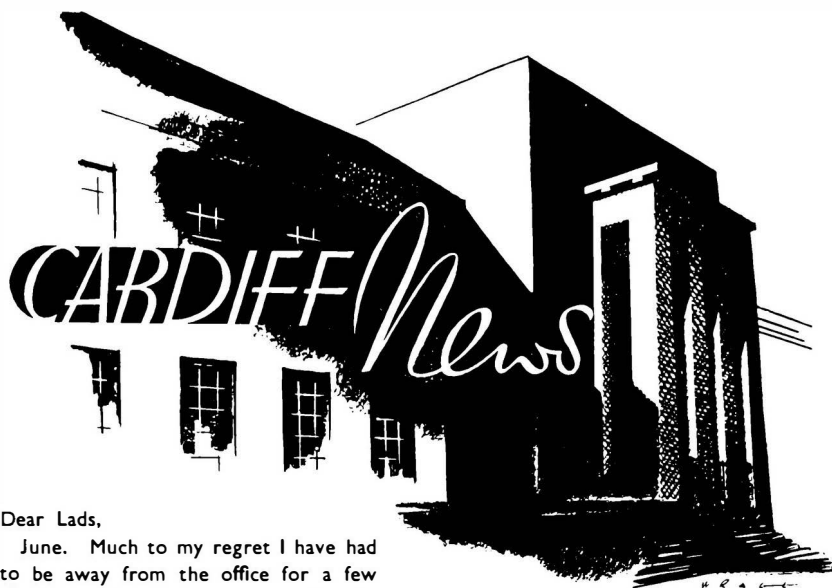
### DVR. H. G. WILSON, R.A.S.C.

I am in the small town of G—, and am I browned off? I am on the second course which is very interesting but very hard work. The stuff we are using is very secret, so I am afraid I'm unable to say anything concerning it except that it is for defence against aircraft. I will be here for another month, when I hope to get my seven days.

We, of course, have Army instructors, which I am sure Mr. Jackman can tell you quite a lot about. How good they were! After this exam. I am hoping to land myself in a good job. An Ordnance Department seems to be the answer.

Well, lads, I hope you are all in good health and that you haven't got too much work to do.

A few weeks ago we had a very sad week. One of our best boys was electrocuted. This hit us all pretty badly. It's made us all much more careful. Unfortunately, I was a witness and had to attend the inquest and Army inquiry.



Dear Lads,

June. Much to my regret I have had to be away from the office for a few weeks, but I hope to return very shortly. As I understand, however, that our Editor wishes to go to press with the next issue almost immediately, Miss Lewis is going to give you the Company news on my behalf.

I was very pleased to read your articles, Pritchard and Hutchinson. They were most interesting, and I hope you will make them a regular feature of "The Tie Line." By this I do not mean that yours, Bill, shall be on the same topic, as I feel sure you have had more than your share of a blitz, and will not wish to experience another

So good hunting to all of you.

Since the last "Tie Line" went to press, we, that is the Office staff, have experienced the joys of spring cleaning. A little late with it this year, you think? Well, what's the use of cleaning until after the fires are finished, anyway?

You should have been with us. It would have reminded you so much of home! The dust of winter has been shaken from the shelves, old papers turned out and sold for salvage, and well-worn packages generally tidied up. The job did not last long, and, with sighs of regret, we laid aside our overalls and returned to our typewriters, firmly convinced for that day at least that a woman's place is in the home.

You will remember in the May "Tie Line," Mr. Jones said the Cardiff staff was cracking up. Well, whilst not wishing to appear boastful, we would say the womenfolk are not showing any signs of weakening, but, for the sake of the engineers, we do think we should have taken a course in First Aid to the Ailing instead of to the Injured. We would firmly contradict the rumour that the garments we knitted for you were added to our own wardrobes—fortifying us and enabling us to steer safely through the winter. Fortunately we can prove our statement as we have your letters of acknowledgment filed

## THE TIE LINE

under reference WE/Dbl.X, and can produce them for inspection by any doubting Thomas.

What do you think about the clothes rationing business? Talking about robbing Peter to clothe Paul, and cutting Mary's dress to fit Jane! It isn't in it. We are concerned about



*Hi! what do you think of Clothes Rationing?*

your knitted comforts, because, if coupons have to be handed over for wool, it will be a toss-up between a pullover for you or two pairs of stockings for us. We understand, however, that representations are being made to the Ministry concerned for supplies of couponless wool for the Forces, so we hope to have a favourable report soon. (See the Women's Page.—Ed.)

Mr. Charlton, having spent three weeks in hospital following an operation, is now making good progress and hopes to be back in harness before the next "Tie Line" is distributed.

Mr. Press commenced work recently, having recovered from his attack of pneumonia, and, although he tells us he found it difficult to obtain the nourish-

ment necessary for regaining his strength we think he must have managed quite well, as he appears to have put on weight.

You will be sorry to hear that Mr. Haincock was taken ill some days ago and his doctor ordered him to stay in bed for several weeks. This is a hard prescription to carry out, particularly during the summer months, but we know Haincock will keep his chin out and stick it. We all wish him a speedy and complete recovery. Letters from you, we feel sure, would cheer him, as your experiences would be lively and interesting. If you have time to drop him a line c/o the Office, we will see that it is delivered to him.

Those engineers who are digging for Victory tell us the gardens are looking lovely, but they do want a drop of rain. Well, a gardener, like a soldier, must have his little grumble.

We send you our very best wishes, and hope to hear from you soon.

Miss E. LEWIS

### W.O.2 J. HUTCHINSON, R.A.

He has been travelling around somewhat, but he always manages to be stationed at nice spots—at least, that is what we think. We have not heard from him recently, but believe he is somewhere in Bonnie Scotland. How about some white heather, Jack?

### W/M. M. J. BARRY, R.N.

He was in the thick of the blitzes on Plymouth, but we are glad to say he came through uninjured.

He is unfortunate with his parcels, as a second was returned to us by the P. O. after weeks of wandering. As it has now been forwarded to his present address, we hope to hear shortly that he has received it safely. At the same time, perhaps he will give us some account of his experiences.

**CPL. W. E. PRITCHARD, R.C.S.**

He 'phoned us from the General Station one morning not so long ago to say he was on his way to hospital to have the plaster removed from his leg. We hinted that, if he came to the Office, we might manage a cup of tea. Before we could say "Jack Robinson," he was here. We did not know a man with a game leg, plus our notorious tram service, could move with such speed.

Mrs. Pritchard was with him, and it was good to see them both looking so well. They and their children are staying in the heart of the country, and are seldom troubled even by the siren.

Here is a letter which the Editor has received from him :—

At last I've had the plaster removed from my leg. This was performed at Llanelly General Hospital—one cannot get away from "Telematic" even when in the Army!

The gentleman who performed the operation of removing the plaster—incidentally, he took three hours over this, owing to its thickness—was an old friend of mine. Many a time-sheet he's signed for me in the good old days.

The majority of my time then was spent crawling around underneath the hospital. I have a soft spot for this place because the Cook had a soft spot for me!

After the plaster was off, I had my first view of my leg for three months, and it was a shock to see how thin it was. Of course, I couldn't bend it, and it felt queer when I put my weight on it.

I managed to get to the Office with the aid of my stick and rang up my Company Officer for a car to be sent for me. This duly arrived and took me to Headquarters and the Sergeants' Mess for dinner.

Another coincidence! In the car was a chum who informed me that he was going to our Factory—Norwood, I believe he said—for a course on Telematic Army Telephones. By the way an article on these, including diagrams, and perhaps explaining the course, would be very interesting for Telematic men in the Forces.

I am now on sick leave. My leg is stiff and painful at the moment, but I suppose this will eventually wear off. I certainly manage to get about easier, and recently was very pleased, when out for a walk with my family, to meet two of my Telematic colleagues from Cardiff—R. Martin and H. Russell.

I enjoyed the article in the May issue by my old mate, Jack Hutchinson. Drop me a line, Jack, via "The Tie Line" or Cardiff Office.

Well, the weather here is glorious, and my only worry is the shortage of cigarettes. When my wife wishes to find me, she comes to a field where I am eventually discovered eating grass, as I haven't got a smoke. My boy discovered me in the act, as witness his sketch.



A. D. JOHNSON (Leeds) tells of the lighter side of an Engineers' Conference at Manchester.

## The Innocents Abroad

A. D. 2088.

M. K. 2.

In a recent broadcast, it was recommended that we should make use of our possessions for a longer period. One of my old possessions is the Regimental Number "2088," the other old possession is my initials. The sergeant in my platoon often dispensed with these two and found another means of referring to me.

These previously mentioned facts will, I hope, go so far on the way to explain the title of the amazing story of adventures which is about to unfold itself.

The day had dawned—dull, damp and dreary, as all the best days do in our month of May.

Throughout the morning—Ack Emma, Signallers for the use of—in a certain household in the North of England there was much coming and going, for great things were about to happen. No! Do not be misled, but read on and find for yourself the reason for this most unusual haste on the part of one, who, in order to comply with the old pack-drill theory, shall for the present remain unnamed.

Later in the day, there appeared, almost simultaneously, in a Northern City Railroad Station, four men, very different from each other in appearance, but each one carrying a case, similar in colour, size and shape.



*Wallflowers . . . some in beds, some on seats*

Together they moved towards the booking office and, in return for a piece of printed paper, received a slip of pasteboard, which entitled the holder to travel without any expense to himself to a far distant city.

There was only one small incident to mar the otherwise pleasant journey. In order to explain this, it can now be revealed that I, the writer, was the fourth person in this party of assorted gentlemen.

Nearing our destination, one of the party exclaimed, "Look at that ruin." Now there is nothing unusual in this, but just at that moment, I happened to be looking into the mirror, and thought this to be a remark applied to my personal appearance, so I promptly told him, "Your mind is foggy." Later, and to my everlasting regret, I had to with-

draw this statement, because he caught me in the act of trying to draw straight lines with a slide rule—local purchase.

Upon arrival at our destination—namely, the Tarmac House in the Town Street, we were received very cordially, but with rather a look of suspicion, by a gentleman, whose occupation was watching fires—in theory only—the day being quite quiet, in fact.

The look of suspicion must have been caused by our appearance of helplessness, common to most people on the first trip from their native heath.

After removing the handset—in this case by placing each one carefully in a corner—our thirst caused us to seek a battery of glasses. These were very quickly forthcoming—"just round the corner" as in 1914-1918. Fortified, we moved out in a compact body, to seek the place of our abode-to-be in the outskirts of this great city.

We found the outskirts—skirts having a peculiar attraction for one gent of the party. We also found the "Out" after prolonged knocking only. The military had, to use an Americanism, beaten us to it.

This explains the "innocents" part of the title. Being from birth accustomed to the whips and scorns of outrageous fortune, I quickly organised a voluntary search party—each member taking a different route.

I will describe the route taken by myself. Crossed the road—entered by way of the swing door like a parasite—that is to say, on someone else's swing—into the pleasant atmosphere of Lancashire enjoying itself in a very legitimate manner.

Approaching a natural blonde, who had a smile upon her face and a transparent cylindrical vessel in her left hand, I very timidly enquired, "Can you find a bed for a few gentlemen?"

Lifting one eyebrow, she replied,

"I could manage one, or perhaps two, but I'm afraid that four would be rather a tight fit."

With true Lancashire hospitality, various members of the audience offered suggestions and finally provided us with beds. Together, with my half-section, we eventually settled ourselves very comfortably in a home from home.

When we informed the lady of the house that we were attending school in the city, she promptly locked up the silver, and very discreetly turned over the pages of a Classified Directory, and came to rest at the page which was headed "Mental Homes."

Fortunately our new home was shared by two very charming lady teachers, who very willingly verified our statements *re* school, when we arrived home each evening with reams of homework in the approved school-boy fashion. From this moment our progress seemed—to ourselves—to be very rapid.

Mingling with the schoolboys from several other T.R. Companies, we quickly became united in a common cause. On my left I had Frank from Newcastle, with whom there existed a mutual interest in a certain chemical works in a northern village with a name similar to a great American city, closely linked with the speaking of the whole truth—No. 6 across. On my right—I once followed the noble art—I was able to enjoy the company of Albert Cheery, Fils de France, *qui ne parle de la rive gauche, encore je dis "Bien a vous et bonne chance mon ami."*

After completion of each morning session, it was our custom to transport ourselves to the Lewisite Luncheon Club, where one is permitted to choose one's own cutlery and table silver, immediately previous to pushing forward the tray into the full view of the Duchess, who kindly drops upon it her *carte-de-visite*, which, in turn, is handed to the

## THE TIE LINE

Maid-in-Waiting, together with sums of money varying in amount from tenpence to two shillings, in direct ratio to the day in the week.

Leaving the refectory, our way led us by the statue of Watt—the man who tied down the kettle lid with a piece of flameproof, and in 60 milli-seconds blew up the "ohm" of his little granddaughter Milly Amps.

But, as Albert would say, "*Revenons a nos moutons.*" After taking farewell of Old Watt, we threaded our way through the hilly, up dale and down dilly gardens, taking in our stride the magnificent view of wallflowers, some of which were neatly set out in beds, others sitting on seats neatly knitting.

The blissful hour passes very quickly, and we return to our studies via the treadmill. Here, I might say, is an excellent opportunity for some genius to fit a few relays, and, by fixing a driving shaft to those back stairs, so use the

avoiirdupois of the scholarly climbers to generate a few Amps, which will in turn charge the battery, which drives the T50 board, "Trainees—for use of," and so put that piece of apparatus on a really good paying basis.

I have rather a suspicion that the genius behind all this "top floor business" is George, and, for those who have yet to meet him, future trainees would do well to cultivate his acquaintance. I guess his age to be about 15 years.

He has rather a strong Liverpool accent, a smile that will take some beating, and an uncanny habit of collecting *all* the tools up every evening—so do not get any ideas about the change of ownership.

Much more could be added to this story, but, to those who get the chance to visit Top Floor for a period, I can only say "Take it," and you won't be disappointed.

## WHAT IT MAY COME TO IF THE WAR LASTS LONG ENOUGH



COUPONS FOR CLOTHES . . . "It is therefore the duty of every

# NEWS FROM THE EMERALD ISLE

## BELFAST

My dear Fred,

I am very sorry to hear that, during your stay in France, your custom on divers occasions was refused in a certain estaminet—in other words, the local Pig and Whistle.

The reason for this, I believe, was very aptly described by the ravishing Lucille, of "Le Poisson d'Or,"—sans pomme de terre—of No. 4 St. Omer, who, in answer to a query why British soldiers were refused to be served before noon, explained, "Beaucoup Anglais soldats come ici, beaucoup biere—beaucoup zig-zag."

This, I suppose, is another instance of the sins of the fathers visiting their sons in the present scrap. Connected with this address, incidentally, there is the tale of the lost bandolier. This, however, is quite another story.

J. F. GRIMBLEY

## DUBLIN

With the exception of a few Jerry "accidentally" dropped bombs, Dublin has been very quiet during the month of May.

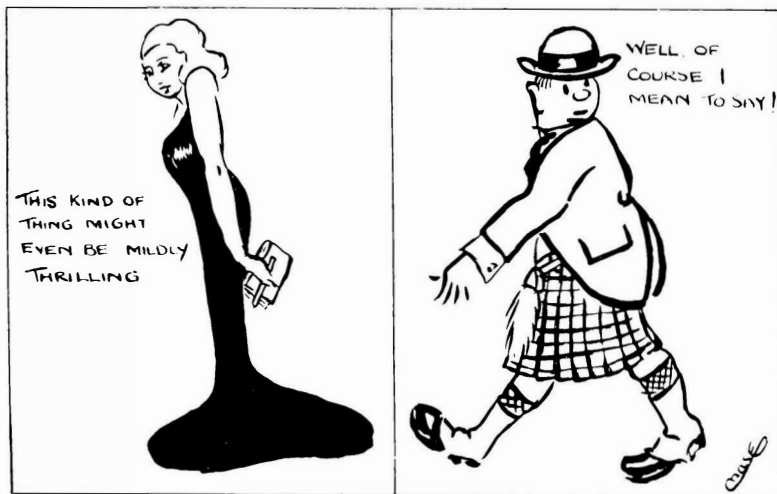
One of our O.P.U.s—Messrs. Corcorans—registered the time by stopping when a bomb dropped close by. Although one dial and glass were put in fragments, the four advertising panels, one dial and glass escaped damage.

Mr. Corcoran, being a keen man for advertising, had, before our Engineers arrived, given an order to the printer for some notices stating "Business as Usual."

When he learned that we could give him service on the one good dial, he rang up the printer and ordered the notice to be changed to "Time and Business as Usual."

P. A. O'CONNOR

## CHASE CARTOON, No. 8



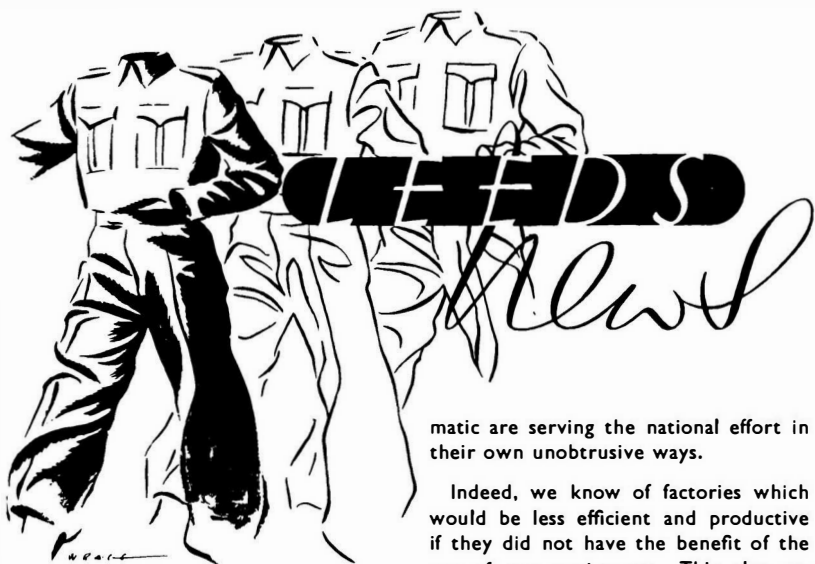
patriotic citizen to make his (or her) clothes last as long as possible."





**"Now let me see, where was I?"**

*Reproduced by the courtesy of "Sea Pie," a magazine run for the benefit of King George's Fund for Sailors.*



Dear Fellows,

One of the members of our staff, who is serving with His Majesty's Forces, recently asked what type of Subscriber we were transacting business with. This seems quite a rational thought and leads us to our two main efforts. These are, firstly, to consolidate our position by installing equipment only for Subscribers who are engaged on work of national importance, and, secondly, to strengthen our ties with Subscribers so that mention of internal telephones, time control or broadcasting, shall be mentally linked up with Telematic, Chronomatic or Telephone Rentals Ltd., as the case may be, with the ultimate result that you will have a stronger, more widely known and respected Organisation to which to return. If we can do this, and we see no reason to doubt our ability, we shall have served both our Company and our Country, each in their respective ways.

It is not false pride which prompts us to state that Telematic and Chrono-

matic are serving the national effort in their own unobtrusive ways.

Indeed, we know of factories which would be less efficient and productive if they did not have the benefit of the use of our equipment. This also reminds us of a certain Army Command, where Telematic is being used by a number of officers and their staff, so you can well imagine that they will return to the commercial world with a high opinion of Telematic. When they become dispersed over their respective civilian localities, the whole of our organisation stands a reasonable chance of profiting, because we happen to know that our service is esteemed in the instance cited.

We have recently received visits from D. Irwin, G. Shillito, E. Farrow, J. Feeley, J. Jones and W. H. Walton.

D. Irwin looked particularly fit on his return from the Icelandic atmosphere. G. Shillito is quite enjoying his life in the Army, and J. Feeley is very active and happy in his work. W. H. Walton has now passed the stage of concentrated studies, and is feeling more like an expert radio technician.

By the time this issue of "The Tie Line" reaches you, you will each have received a communication from the Treasurer of the Leeds Company's Social Club, and we trust you will have

## THE TIE LINE

been able to put the gift which was enclosed to good use.

You will remember that B. Vevers, a junior member of our Engineering Staff, suffered injuries during the blitz on Leeds. His mother came in to see me and stated that it had been found necessary for her son's leg to be re-set. This is very disappointing as Vevers has spent two or three weeks in hospital, besides going for treatment of his leg for over three months, and it will be necessary to go through the whole procedure again. We hope that the setting will be completely successful this time.

It is a strange coincidence that Cpl. Jimmy Farrow, who was recovering very slowly and steadily from his leg operation, has now had a most disappointing set-back. Readers will remember that Cpl. Farrow was involved in a motorcycle accident while he was with the Expeditionary Force in Norway.

He was discharged from the Army to take up civilian duties, but, before doing this, he was to take a month's massage treatment. Unfortunately, during this treatment, the leg broke again, as a result of which Farrow, like Vevers, must go through the whole business again of having his leg re-set. This is, indeed, bad luck, and we hope that the process will not be so lengthy this time.

Very best wishes from all members of the staff



### GNR. W. H. WALTON, R.A.

It seems ages since I walked the streets a free civilian, but, taking it by and large, I'm happy in the service my country

desires from me. I can speak two languages now—Army language and one when I'm home on leave. One of these days I must write you a brief outline of my life in the R.A., which might be entitled "A Sensitive Soul amongst the Rough Soldiers."

The first part of the course I have been on is now completed and I came out quite respectably. It has been a stiffish grind and we are all glad it is over and the practical course is commencing.

I am now to be stationed at a gun site fairly near my home and I am hoping most sincerely that my stay there will be prolonged. In any case, we should get leave soon, so I may get a chance of calling on you and exchanging experiences. Don't expect to see a Field Marshal walk into the Office. I have searched my haversack for the Field Marshal's baton we are all sup-



"A Sensitive Soul"

posed to be supplied with, but it has probably been taken by the B— who pinched my knife and fork and other

oddments. Anyway, the first step is to get an odd stripe or so, and this usually involves a further course.

I feel considerably fitter than I did in civil life. By cutting down my beer and doing an hour's drill before breakfast, I find I am growing to my suit size. One of these days I shall be advertising "How would you like a body like mine?" with a photo of myself in a leopard skin.

And speaking of photographs, our gang have been photographed and we are waiting for prints, when I will send you one.

#### **CPL. W. CHATHAM, R.C.S.**

Again he has moved, and this time he is not so very far from H.O. He is planning to visit us as soon as he can obtain a 48-hour pass. When he does put in an appearance, our News Hound will be waiting to seek an interview with him.

#### **L.A.C. L. DRYSDALE, R.A.F.**

His station have opened their swimming pool, so Drysdale is getting plenty of swimming and sunbathing. That's not all—in addition there's tennis, dancing and putting.

When the pool was first filled, one of the lads fell in fully clothed and had to be pulled out as he could not swim. Then the Sergeant had the sauce to tell the lad that, if he fell into the pool again, he would be put on a charge!

Recently Drysdale had the honour of white-washing and painting the battery charging room. He and his pal got down to the job thoroughly and soon there was paint and whitewash all over the place—much more on the floors than on the walls or ceiling.

However, they managed to finish the job and clean the mess up, but then Drysdale had the misfortune to fall

off the steps with a gallon of white enamel. He was soaked in it. But, as he managed to wangle a new uniform, it was all for the best.

## **WHY I CLING TO LIFE**

**By the Boss**

I have been held up, held down, sand-bagged, walked on, sat on, flattened out and squeezed by the Income Tax, the Beer Tax, the Spirits Tax, the Motor Tax and by every Society, Organisation and Club that the inventive mind of man can think of to extract what I may or may not possess—for the Red Cross, the Black Cross, the Ivory Cross and the Double Cross, and for every Hospital in town or country.

The Government has governed my business until I don't know who runs it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and re-examined, informed, required and commanded, so that I don't know who I am, where I am or why I am here at all.

All that I know is that I am supposed to be an inexhaustive supplier of money for every need, desire or hope of the human race, and, because I will not go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away, I am cursed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, rung up, robbed and damned near ruined.

The only reason why I am clinging to life at all is to see what the hell is going to happen next!

#### **WOE IS ME !**

Oh, what a disaster !

I have been made station-master

Of Hamm !

Damn ! !

# OUR COLLEAGUES who are PRISONERS OF WAR



Major B. DAVIES  
Royal Artillery  
*London*



Rifleman G. A. BLACKBURN  
Q. V. Rifles  
*London*



Gnr. P. HOSIER  
Royal Artillery  
*London*



Bdr. E. G. CLARKE  
Royal Artillery  
*Bristol*

**We give the latest news  
and addresses of all our  
men known to be  
Prisoners of War. This is  
our chance to write to  
them.**



Sigm. E. F. CARR  
R. C. Sigs.  
*London*

## **MAJOR B. DAVIES, R.A.**

Thank you very much for your letter enclosing the March issue of "The Tie Line," which I will keep for my husband, along with the other issues which you have so kindly sent me.

It was so kind of you to send me £2 from your Comforts Fund to buy something to send to my husband in my next parcel. It was so very good of you to think of him. I have bought two pairs

of lovely warm Viyella pyjamas for him with the money, as he was asking for pyjamas in his last letter. He will be simply delighted with them, and I know how much he will appreciate and value your kind gift. I will tell him that these are from your Comforts Fund so that he knows when he receives the parcel.

I am glad to say communication is much quicker now, thanks to the new air mail service via Portugal ; his letters



*Mrs. Davies with Susan Elizabeth*

reach me in about three weeks. I have sent him three personal parcels of clothes and toilet necessities through the Red Cross. The first, which I sent last August, reached him just before Christmas, and he was terribly glad to get it.

I am enclosing a photograph of Major Davies for your Portrait Gallery. It was taken just before he went to France in May, 1940.

I had intended writing you long before this with news of my husband, to let you know how he is getting on, but I seem to have been kept so busy with our small daughter, amongst other duties. She is now nearly a year old and you can imagine how delighted my husband was to hear of her safe arrival. The news did not reach him until the end of October.

The Red Cross food parcels are now reaching them, but apparently they only get half a parcel each per week. His letters are always very cheery,

though, and he is very anxious to know how we are all getting on here.

Here are extracts from letters which he has sent me.

*Betty Davies*

**B.D.'s letter of 10.12.40.**

Your lovely parcel came yesterday. It is simply magnificent. You can have no idea what it means to have some decent clothes at last. All I had were two shirts which I have worn day and night for over six months, and they are now absolutely in shreds !

**B.D.'s letter of 28.1.41.**

I am in sick bay for a few days with a slight spot of 'flu. It is quite a pleasant change really ! While I have quite a decent room, it is good to get away for a bit. I share a room with 14 other Majors. I am, of course, by far the youngest—only four others under 40—but we all get on very well together, which is really remarkable when one realises that we live, eat and sleep in one room.

We are about half divided between T.A. and Regular, and Scottish and English, optimists and pessimists, so you can imagine the arguments and discussions that go on from time to time, with, I may say, plenty of baiting !

**B.D.'s letter of 25.2.41.**

It is grand to have so many letters from everyone. It is amazing how cheerful everyone seems at home and this keeps us cheerful too, as we know so little of what is *really* happening there. Is the nervous strain very great ?

It must be. How helpless we all feel here, living in comparative security. We get enough to eat and are busy, so life for us is really not too bad, while you folk at home take all the knocks.

The camp is situate in the Austrian Tyrol. The country round about is magnificent. There were about 1,200 in the camp, but 500 subalterns have been moved to Poland. We have turned ourselves into a university and have lectures, concerts, etc. There is quite a lot of varied talent. I am studying quite a bit of French, German and Spanish amongst other subjects.

We rise at 7.30 a.m. with black coffee ; roll call and parade at 9.30 ; dinner at 11 a.m.—soup and potatoes ; lessons then start until the next meal at 4 p.m. It used to be more soup and potatoes, but we now have English tea, thanks to the Red Cross. After tea, lecture or concert or study until supper at 7.30 p.m., which consists of the contents from Red Cross parcels or what we have saved from other meals. After supper, chess or read. Lights out 11 p.m.

## B.D.'s letter of 11.3.41.

At one time this was the palace of the Bishop of Salzburg, I think ; then became the barracks and now us ! There is an inner courtyard with the buildings round it about 50 yards square, where we exercise when the field is too wet. The field, about an acre, is adjacent, admission to which is through a small gate about the width of an ordinary door, so you can imagine the crush when over 1,000 of us used to try to get through it at once after parade in the morning, but all good fun !

In the recreation room we have our orchestral concerts—seats about 350—and there one can work quietly during the day. We also have a theatre which has been recently decorated, where concerts and plays take place.

There is an island in the river about 200 yards by 50 yards, which we are using in the summer. Our hosts are busy putting up the barbed wire now ! It will be very pleasant under the shelter of the trees from the scorching sun they get here. Now that 500 officers have left for Poland, the canteen is quite comfortable, and I usually spend an hour every evening over a litre of beer—except when it is my turn to cook, and then I have to get back earlier.

Then there is the parcels hatch. We do not get the actual parcels, only the contents. One is usually there long before necessary, so the hatch becomes a great centre for gossip and many a good rumour starts there—or the canteen. As you can well imagine, we live on rumours here, or, as they are commonly known—"Latrin-o-grams." Red Cross parcel day is great excitement. We collect all available dishes and go to the hatch in pairs, where tins are opened and contents issued. Then everything is scrupulously divided into two.

## B.D.'s letter of 6.5.41

I am so glad you are hearing from Telephone Rentals. I wondered if they had forgotten me. I wish I could see copies of "The Tie Line."

We are still getting our half parcel each per week from the Red Cross, but it is hardly conducive to strenuous exercise ! Basket ball and hockey have started, but many of them leave these hectic games to those who get the parcels. These seem to come mainly from America—the only neutral country left (?) We content ourselves with tennis quoits every day until, or if, we get any parcels.

Actually I make my parcel last about four days, although I could easily eat it up in one wop ! We used to get bulk issues from Turkey and Greece,

of sweets, raisins and biscuits, but these are dropping off now. However, as I am very fit, I have come to the conclusion that we all eat far too much normally.

Saturday afternoon is devoted to the weekly wash. In the evening there is usually an orchestral concert or piano recital, which are excellent. On Good Friday they gave Bach's "Matthew's Passion."

Tragedy of tragedies! Our beer has now been rationed to about 1 litre a day. Actually, this is about my usual consumption.

#### **B.D.'s letter of 11.5.41.**

We are now using the island, which has been surrounded with barbed wire. It is very pleasant. I spent two afternoons there this week. We call it "Whipsnade"! I am afraid this word rather puzzled the censors at first. They thought it was something to do with flogging—they could find "whip" but not "snade."

We have got a new German teacher who is very good and extraordinarily droll! He has started German singing classes, when we all sing German folk songs while he accompanies us on the tin whistle!

Major Davies' address is:

Major Bruce Davies,  
Gefangenennummer 1335,  
Lager-Bezeichnung,  
Oflag VII, C/H,  
Deutschland (Allemagne).

#### **SIGM. E. F. CARR, R.C.S.**

Readers will remember, in our last issue, that Sigm. Carr was reported missing. We have now heard that he is a prisoner of war in Italy. His address is  
2336315 Signalman E. F. Carr,  
Campo P.G., Capua, Italy.

The name and address of the sender must be written on the back of the envelope. Air Mail costs 5d.

Here is an extract from a letter we have received from his mother:—

"It is extremely kind of you to send me the £2, which is most acceptable, as I've had a letter from Ernest telling me he has lost everything and has sent me a long list of things for me to send him.

"I had a letter on May 6th from the War Office, also one from the Regimental Paymaster, saying that my son was reported missing on April 8th. I did not hear any more until I had a letter from Ernest himself telling me he was a prisoner and lucky to be alive. He was quite well.

"As soon as I hear any fresh news, I will let you know at once. I am keeping 'The Tie Line' for his return—oh, if it would only be soon!"

#### **GNR. P. HOSIER, R.A.**

His mother has recently received two letters from him—the first for seven weeks—in which he says he is in good health and spirits. He is now working in a timber yard—hard work but not disagreeable. He has received two parcels of clothing and was very glad of some new socks.

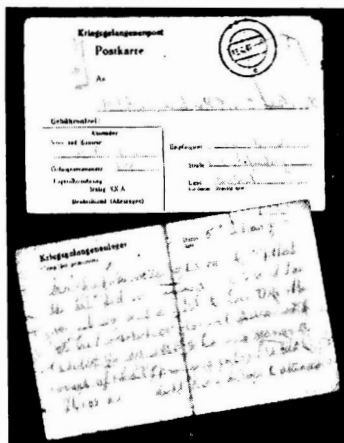
His camp was mentioned by the Duke of Gloucester in a broadcast as being one of the most remote—Stalag XXB. It is near Danzig.

Mr. Lees received a card from Gnr. Hosier, and he says he would be delighted to hear from any of the boys.

His address is:—

Gunner Peter Hosier,  
Gefangenennummer 14027,  
Lager-Bezeichnung, Stalag XXB,  
Deutschland (Allemagne).





Above, we have reproduced the prisoner-of-war postcards which we have received from Gunner Hosier and Rifleman Blackburn. This is what they tell us :

Wording on the postcards received from Blackburn and Hosier respectively.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank you for your letter and for the money my people received to help with a parcel for me. I am working, so I'm not growing lazy. It's not in the electrical line, although I have tried. I find wiring systems over here interesting, as they are different from ours in many ways. They say it's an old English custom to look on the bright side, and to see the lads here confirms that.

Yours sincerely,

G. BLACKBURN.

My Mother writes me—Nov. 5th—that she has had some money from you, and I am very relieved and grateful to hear this. Also "The Tie Line," which she has not forwarded. Should be delighted to hear from you or the boys, as "mail-up" is very welcome indeed here. Things are all right here, and I hope to return soon.—P. J. HOSIER.

#### RIFM. G. A. BLACKBURN, Q.V.R.

His father writes :—On the 28th April we received a letter from him dated the 3rd February, in which he informs us he is very well.

He is in a camp, most comfortable so far, sharing a room with fourteen others, and has a good bed and a fire.

Owing to the extreme cold weather at the time of writing, he was taken from farm work, where he had been engaged in pulling swedes, lifting potatoes, and threshing.

He stated that he had heard from the firm and was writing them shortly. Altogether a most comforting letter.

His address is :—

Kriegsgefangenenpost,  
Prisoner of War Post,  
Service No. 6896934,  
Rifm. G. A. Blackburn,  
Gefangenennummer 8135,  
Stalag XXA (7),  
Deutschland (Allemagne).

#### BDR. E. G. CLARKE, R.A.

His wife writes :—I am pleased to say my husband is still fit and in good spirits. He has at last received one of the clothing parcels and also a parcel of games. Unfortunately the dart board has been taken out, as this is not allowed. Apart from that, everything arrived quite safely.

Apparently he hasn't had to work all the winter as it was much too cold outside, so he has spent some of his leisure moments playing bridge. Actually he should be employed in his own trade, but he says he hasn't done anything in his line yet.

His address is :—

No. 802394 Bdr. E. G. Clarke,  
British Prisoner of War,  
Gefangenennummer 18760,  
Lager—Bezeichnung,  
Stalag XXA (2A),  
Deutschland (Allemagne).



My dear Lads,

Although there is nothing of outstanding interest to write to you about, I feel that I for one should like to keep up our bi-monthly letter to you who are, for the time being, away from the Sheffield Company.

It would be quite truthful to say that there is not a day passes but you are in our thoughts and, therefore, not one of you is forgotten. So, although your life to you may seem occasionally hum-drum, do not fail to write telling us of your experiences, which to us will be new and of real interest.

All the men here are pulling their weight, and the same applies to the girls, of whom we have now a goodly number.

Mr. Sedgwick was under the weather for a week during June, but I am glad to say he is back again putting all in. We want you to know that, while you are doing your "whack," we at this end are doing ours, so that when you return the Company will not be worse than when you were unfortunately called away.

This will seem to you rather a prosy sort of letter, but it is sent to you with a sincere wish for your welfare, and the request that you do please write us from time to time.

*O. B. Aubrey*

#### **SIGM. D. R. ROBERTS, R.C.S.**

Everything is still O.K., and we are having the time of our lives—for the time being, anyway. We start the day by getting up about 7.30, then lounge about for the rest of the day.

The weather is much warmer now—midday, which is the hottest period, is about the same as a normal English summer day. This last week we had many sandstorms, the worst one was the first. It started about 7 o'clock in the evening. We went to bed at the usual time thinking nothing more about it.

Early in the morning I awakened to find the dug-out smothered with sand. The beds were covered to a thickness of three-quarters of an inch. By this time the other lads were awake complaining of the sand blocking their noses and making it difficult to breathe.

However, that was soon rectified, and back to sleep again. Getting up later on, we found that things were in a real mess. The steps leading in had run into a long shute. We started to clear up and finally finished just before mid-day.

Last night and to-day we had a similar storm but not quite as bad. This

morning we found a hole just below the roof where the sand had been coming through. Two of us went outside to repair this. We put on our gas masks to stop us breathing so much sand. When this job was finished we came back inside covered in sand from head to foot.

By the way, our Christmas was a very dull affair. Nobody had that Christmas feeling. The snow, which gives the usual finishing touch, was missed. The dinner on the 25th went down very well, with turkey, bully beef and biscuits, but I think the turkey must have lost its way here. The biggest enjoyment came when the mail began to come in just before the New Year.

We have made a fire-place out of old petrol tins and we are getting quite a dab hand at frying eggs, chips and bacon, etc., but are lost on the bigger things.

We had a jolly good trip on the boat, but, of course, I can't tell you the way we came or the places we called at. I always had that dread of a long sea voyage—now I feel quite an old salt, and I would go anywhere.



#### A/C.I L. R. MIERS, R.A.F.

We have had to work darned hard lately, and, as you will know by the news, Bomber Command has been busy lately. We have had to put in long hours of duty both night and day. Still, it is all in a day's work, and, as long as we can get this cursed job over quickly, I don't care how long I have to work.

I had rather a thrilling experience last week, or shall we call it an awe-inspiring experience? We were just returning from a photographic Recco Flight; and about one-and-a-half hours' flight from our base, when one of the engines caught fire.

We were flying at 20,000 feet. The Pilot told us all to don parachutes and stand by to bale out. Talk about your past coming up in front of you! But we were over England and after about half-an-hour we got the fire out. The Pilot brought us safely back on one engine and made a perfect landing. He was a fine lad, and three days afterwards was reported missing.

Some weeks later:—This old war seems to be taking some queer turns, but we have got old Nasty beat, especially with our big new beautiful bombs. It does one good to see this, and more so when they are dropped. Of course, I prefer a grandstand seat from about 13,000 feet. They look bad enough from there, so heaven knows what it must be like to be near one that is going off.

#### GNR. K. OXLEY, R.A.

He's having a jolly good time—plenty of beer, plenty of girls, good grub and private billets. The only thing which isn't plentiful is money, but he manages to scrape along. He and his pals enjoy

themselves while it lasts and then look forward to the next pay-day.

He confesses that he actually enjoyed a blitz. He and his chum were just returning to billets when a few bombs came down, so they decided to give the A.F.S. a hand. It was just a game of dashing here, there and everywhere with sandbags.

Incendiaries dropped like rain accompanied by one or two H.E.'s. They went from one fire to another, occasionally throwing themselves flat in the gutter or any other convenient spot.

They came across an old couple and took them to a shelter. Oxley had just got them inside and was turning the handle to shut the door, when BANG—he found himself flat on his back at the other side of the shelter. When he looked for the door, it had disappeared.

No one was hurt, so Oxley and his chum carried on until the "All clear" went at dawn. They then decided to return to their billets to get a bit of sleep, but, when they arrived, the billet was no longer there! However, they found a shelter where they slept peacefully until 11 a.m.

"Anyhow," says Ken, "I did get a new kit out of it. From the girls."

#### **SIGM. A. STORK, R.C.S.**

I am on a nice long journey, in a nice big ship, and bound for I don't know where.

So far I am enjoying it very much. There is a swimming pool, plenty of sport, and, as I have still got some of my old pals with me, we are having plenty of fun.

The other day I did what I had never dreamed I would do—I crossed the Equator. The heat was terrible; we dressed in just a pair of shorts and slept on deck at nights.

We had the usual King Neptune procedure. Certain persons are picked out and, after they have gone through the treatment, they are supposed to be the Sons of Neptune. A Court of Enquiry is held, the persons being charged with things they are supposed to have committed. Then they are painted and made a general mess of and thrown into the swimming pool to receive a ducking.

We called at a port but were not allowed to go ashore. The "Bom-Boys"—niggers—came out to us in small boats laden with fruit, etc. There was plenty of fun bargaining with them and finishing up with about 24 bananas for about 7d.

Remember me to all who know me, and a letter from any one of them will be very welcome. (For address apply either to Mr. Oakley or the Editor.)

#### **SIGM. S. TAYLOR, R.C.S.**

(See photo).

Now that the summer weather is here, he finds his station more pleasant as it is "down in the country," and, as they have an open-air swimming pool, this is very well patronised. The only thing that's missing is the bevy of beautiful bathing belles!

Recently he took part in large-scale manoeuvres, which consisted of five days' very hard work and very little grub.

His copies of "The Tie Line" are becoming very popular among the boys in his section.

Writes:—I see in the May issue that Ken. Oxley has joined the Forces. Good luck, Ken! He mentioned in his letter that they have a dance every Saturday and plenty of *girls* to dance with. I wish he would post a few over here, because we are very short-handed in this part of the country!

*J. E. G. is Overseas again, and  
Mrs. "Pip" Gunter writes on*

## The Memoirs of a Camp Follower



*Mrs. "Pip" Gunter*

At 11.15 a.m., September 3rd, 1939, the Prime Minister broadcasts: "This country is at war with Germany. . . . We have done all that any country could do to establish peace. The situation, in which no word given by Germany's ruler could be trusted, and no people or country could feel themselves safe, has become intolerable. . . . We have resolved to finish it. It is the evil things we shall be fighting against—brute force, bad faith, injustice, oppression and persecution—and against them I am certain that the right will prevail."

Ominous words . . . and the ball had already commenced rolling in our small family the night previously. That fateful voice over the air: "Army Reserves B, C and D 420." A sudden query—"Does that mean you?"—"to report to Headquarters by noon to-morrow!"

A few busy hours, a crowded station at midnight, staggering in the black-out recently enforced. A hurried hand-

shake and a confident statement, "War will not come."

On the return home, a friend—who had lost a leg in the Great War of 1914-18, but still retained a fighting spirit—in the back of the car, wanted to jump out and fight there and then, the nearest approach to the foe being his own front door, which he fought well and truly, until it was suddenly opened. The last picture registered in my brain was a mass of walking sticks, game and game legs entwined with hall mats—but to that funny figure the battle was won!

A visit to those beautiful white cliffs of Dover, which to all of us are the embodiment of Britain and all it means. There in the daytime up on the cliff military square, raw young recruits were trained in bayonet fighting. With a whoopee and a mad rush, the bayonet was thrust into a straw-filled sack—a sharp twist of the blade to the accompaniment of the training sergeant's special adjectives—and, as we walked out of earshot—the sergeant's comment—"I am glad those women have gone—now I can swear!"

Happy recollections of sea-bathing with the young recruits somewhat resembling a Rugger scrum—and the count as they came out, to see how many had decided to swim out to the end of the harbour, although it was strictly out of bounds. Fine soldiers in the making!

The next meeting—a strange figure, hardly to be seen for kit and a grand, almost walrus, moustache.



*Winter!*

France—its work and play—the wool-len comforts with love knitted into every stitch. Dunkirk—and a safe return—and, while waiting for my train to steam into the station—a reprimand to two Guardsmen—who saw fit to celebrate and loosen their collars—for improper dress. An explanation to no avail—the report was to stand! Oh, what a man! He had almost forgotten he was waiting to meet a mere wife.

An air raid shelter 6 feet deep by 9 feet long—dug and completed in three days' sweated labour, helped to bring our perspective to a normal level.

A grand spot somewhere in the South of England—a week-end visit—a good evening at the local pub—an introduction to three of the host's glamorous daughters. Thoughts of nights spent in that air raid shelter—in layers—with our good neighbours lying beside us—and pictures conjured of how we look when we are asleep—a thought of the old tea flask produced each morning at 2 a.m.—compared with country life at the local. From now onwards we camp—follow!

More mock battles amidst beautiful country, watched from afar. A definite improvement in execution, general

physique, and a keen alertness on the bronzed faces.

Some thrilling air fights far above those leafy lanes, and a record number of enemy 'planes destroyed, with an occasional one of our boys coming down, but more often than not a successful bale out.

Autumn with its numerous golden tints—an Army warning—tactical exercises—a TEWT (tactical exercise without troops)—a move to the North within 48 hours.

Two months later, a tiny car filled with collected rations—tin kettles, dolls, cases, children—rattled up from the South, through the City of London—just a glorified caravan, but without its gilt and gay colour—made its way up to the bleak cold North.

Arrival—a vigorous shake of a sleeping figure—gradual return to life—a smile—and greeting, "Hallo, Mrs. Atkinson!"

Life on one Yorkshire farm—and how! No water to bath, wash, or even to drink—except on the walls, where it trickled down merrily. Life in the raw—but not the life for a camp-follower!

Good fun at the Troops' Dances—mur-



*Summer!—Jill and Colleen*

murs in the distance of a blonde's soft voice. "How I love dancing with you, Major. It's so long since I danced with a bit of skirt!"

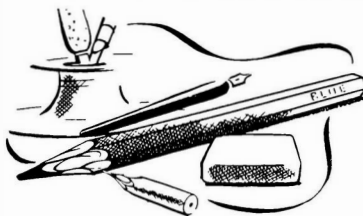


*"How I love dancing with you, Major.  
It's so long since I danced with a bit  
of skirt."*

More manoeuvres in icy blasts on snow-bound roads—another far-off rumble—a sudden jolt—a move to the South once more. Our story gains momentum. A sudden resignation—a few days' leave—a report to Scottish Headquarters—rumours of the East maybe—but my story now is ended—my resignation to the Camp Followers' Club accepted. The Home call grows insistent, although never shall I forget the grand hospitality of the Yorkshiremen—new friendships made both North and South—never to be forgotten.

And the future lies ahead, unknown and doubtless very hard—but we know at the end of the road, with lessons learned, Victory awaits us!

## EDITORIAL



We are glad to be back in our Editorial Sanctum, now that The Abbey is ship-shape once again.

In this issue of "The Tie Line," we devote considerable space to the work of our women-folk, not forgetting the mothers and wives of our colleagues in the Forces.

We are proud to have their support in furthering our contribution to the war effort.

We know that our work on the Home Front is of National importance. Our Subscribers, during the first months of the war, told us our service was absolutely vital to their production plans.

And now the Ministry of Supply confirms this, by placing us on the "Vital List."

We are an integral part of the national programme for maximum war output.

Our men and women will continue to labour ceaselessly to this end.

Never did so many War Factories owe so much to our Service.



Dear Blokes,

Since the last issue of "The Tie Line" we have been pleased to welcome several of the Newcastle fellows who have been on leave from the Forces.

The outstanding visitor was Generalissimo Deane, who returned for seventeen days from the land of Eskimo Nell. We still don't know the correct answer to our many questions as to why he was growing mutton-chop whiskers, and we offer a prize for the best solution!

We asked you all, through the medium of "The Tie Line," to let us know if you had any wants—in other words, send all the "Gimmes" and we shall try to "give," but "nark it a bit" on the expensive stuff because income tax is soaring.

Friend Bullock took our suggestion on its face value and asked for a portable wireless set, so, through devious channels, we managed to secure one, and the Newcastle Company consider that, at the price paid for it and the value obtained, their buying methods are equally as good as their selling ones!

Most of you will know H. J. C. Spencer, of the selling staff of this Company, who

has had a very good half-year. In spite of all his D.A. work, he has found time to grow some gigantic cabbages, and now he is in the leek business. He is the head of the "Bureau of Information for Amateur Gardeners" for the benefit of the Newcastle Company, and has been very rightly nick-named "ADAM MIDDLETON SPENCER."

After Lieut. Royds' remark in the last issue of "The Tie Line" that he just missed getting a pair of socks—or was it a pair of sea-boot stockings—I understand that the girls are now frantically knitting again, just in case we have a visitor in the near future. Let us know if you require anything in this line, and we shall do our best to satisfy you.

Cheerio!



## THE TIE LINE

### L.A.C. F. RIDDELL, R.A.F.

I was up before a Selection Board for a Commission in the Administrative Branch, having first of all passed the Wing, the Group and the A.O.C. Un-



*The Wrong Tie !*

fortunately, for some reason—perhaps just not the right tie—I didn't get through on that occasion.

However, I've had a very interesting job here for the last six months on what is called "Operational Control." We are the telephonic or radio link between Fighter Command and the Balloons.

I had a course earlier in the year—rather a come-down for a Chronomatic man, these telephones, don't you think ? Or maybe I'll make an Engineer after the war !

### SIGM. H. SEVERN, R.C.S.

Training goes on all day long. He is learning so much about telephones, broadcasting, switchboards, electricity, magnetism etc., that Chief Company Engineer, Mr. Chapman, will have to look to his laurels when Severn retires

from the Royal Corps of Signals, or else he'll be showing the engineers all about tracing faults, etc.

Joking apart, Severn is gaining knowledge which will be invaluable to him as a salesman when he returns to T.R.—so roll on victory !

### W/man L. E. WILSON, R.N.

Edgar joined the Navy recently and claims to be "fit." When he says "fit," he doesn't mean "fit to drop." He has no duties to perform, except that of washing up. Even this isn't too nauseating as, no sooner are his hands wet, than someone else has to take his turn ! He assures us that he isn't lazy—it's just that he doesn't like washing up. Who does ?

One extra hot day he played football and what a game ! It's a wonder he wasn't crippled for life. His opponents thought nothing of giving him a friendly "push," thereby causing Edgar to turn double somersaults. Needless to say, he gave a few in return—all very friendly, of course !

All the preliminaries, including inoculation, are passed, and he is now waiting to be kitted up and classed up. Then he'll be ready for his drills, and, instead of a pair of cutters, it will be a rifle and bayonet that he'll be wielding.

While on week-end leave, he went to see Joe whom he found extra busy. He offered to get busy on a couple of faults, but Joe declined the offer because he didn't think Edgar ought to work on leave.

Has only one complaint about his station—it's too dull, excluding blitzes. The cinema appears to be the only amusement, and, although he doesn't claim to be a Don Juan, there is a definite scarcity of girls. We are very sorry these can't be supplied by the Comforts Fund !

**Still the finest country  
in the world, and  
worth fighting for**



*By ceaseless action all that  
is subsists.*

*Constant rotation of the un-  
wearied wheel,*

*That Nature rides upon,  
maintains her health,*

*Her beauty, her fertility.  
She dreads*

*An instant's pause, and lives  
but while she moves.*

*—William Cowper.*



*These photographs are reproduced by kind  
permission of Star Photos, Perth*

C.Q.M.S. H. TREEN,

Gold Coast Regiment, tells us about

# Happy Gold Coast Days

At last, in the month of April, the January "Tie Line" has reached me, and, although tattered and torn after its journey here, there and everywhere to catch up with me, it is just about readable, and I must congratulate you on a fine effort.

Since I came back from the "do" in France, things have been moving very rapidly. I did not even have time to come and say "Good-bye," and, as for writing letters, just inquire at my home and see how many they get! What with the erratic sailing of mailboats and my inability to write, letters from me are a rarity to be gloated over by the chosen few.

I could tell you some good tales about the trip out here and the happenings in this "Darkest Africa," but only the vaguest doings are allowed to be set down. Still, if I must keep "mum" now, no doubt some Friday evening in Suffulds will be set apart for a grand reunion.

Of course, I am only a *young* soldier and not yet initiated into the ways of Army life—much—and what I take as commonplace might be interesting to you.

At present we are training niggers to be soldiers, and I have acquired a style of pidgin English that no doubt would amuse you all. But once again, on paper it doesn't look so funny. The only annoying things here are the

1. Climate
2. People
3. Food
5. Long Hours
6. Distance from Home
7. The Beer



otherwise everything is just what the doctor ordered.

I hear "Jimmy" is going strong. An Acting-Major now, eh! He must have had a field marshal's baton in his pocket. Or is he working the oracle with the War Office—the same as he does with our prospective Subs? I must get a few tips from him.

I see most of the lads who carried my bag—if they felt like it—are now in the Services. They need not worry—they won't get under me now that I have parted company with the Imperial Forces. I would give them what-for if they ever did. I begin to think that is why so many of them joined the Navy and Air Force.



*The Beautiful Black Girls.*

Good luck to them all. I hope they all pull through O.K. And I mean that—Tommy, Eric, and the rest of you.

They are building me a mud house, and it will soon be ready—in time for the rains, I hope. The beautiful black girls who carry the water in petrol tins on their “nuts” would surprise you. More about that in Suffulds, and I shall be able to support my statements this time, Bill, with actual photographs.

I was interested to hear that the “lousy Storeman” was made a Sergeant. Good luck, Les. I would like to be in Desmond’s shoes if he did happen to get posted under you. Still, you are not doing too badly at W—. How do you manage it? They have to bung me over the sea every time.

I think I shall be able to bring you plenty of staff, if you want them. I have some wonderful black linemen here, and I am sure Miss Weaver and company would be thrilled to put their time-sheets right for them.

I hear you have all been sorely tried in

Brum, but that you are all carrying on with a smile. I don’t know if you still aim at 16.5, but if you do, go to it and good luck. I hope the time is not far distant when we can renew our Annual Outings and Dinners together and forget all this. It was only a year ago that I was wondering what it was all about, but never dreamed that in twelve months I would be in a place like this. In another twelve months? I wonder!

Excuse me if I appear off my rocker, but everyone who lives here gets that way, more or less.

P.S.—I missed out No. 4. Robbie, old boy—the Women!

P.P.S.—Re my photo. I don’t need a uniform—take me as I was born, less the ship, which is due to be scuttled any minute.

## IN THE DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS

Perhaps the following words of Queen Elizabeth, spoken at Tilbury prior to the action with the Spanish Armada, show the spirit of the people to-day:—

“My loving people. I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, resolved in the midst and heat of battle, to live or die amongst you all—to lay down for my God, for my Kingdom and for my People, my honour and my blood even in the dust. I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a King and of a King of England too; and think it foul scorn that Parma or Spain or any Prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm, to which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms. I myself will be your general, judge and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field.”

## WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK

**Our Broadcasting Service is a boon to employees in our War Work Factories.**

**But our Representatives have a tough time on occasion, in getting the Demonstration Equipment up and in to the Factories which need it.**

**Here is the lighter side of such a job, retailed by**

**F. C. CLAYPOLE (London)**

On a certain fine day, when the jolly old Fahrenheit column was as attenuated as it has been of recent weeks—which is another way of saying "in the good old summer time"—the then London Broadcasting Sales Force (which is referred to herein as the L.B.S.F.) consisting of F.C.C. and Johnnie Marshall, set out with the demonstration trailer for a very hush-hush factory in an obscure village some miles from London.

As Johnnie's car is the only one fitted with the means of attaching the trailer, there was no opportunity of his passing the buck to the worthy lady who, among many other things equally well done, performs the duties of chaffeuse to Mr. Claypole, and also on memorable occasions to Johnnie.

Apropos of the latter, doubts have been expressed by some people as to the incapacitating effects of muscular rheumatism, but the ability to make out a long contract and E.I.S. does not necessarily indicate the ability to drive a car.

However, that is quite another

story and nobody's business, so we will revert to the events forming the subject of this chronicle. Before doing so, we must explain that, owing to the restriction on the purchase (hire) of new cars, Johnnie had shortly, prior to the dates of these events, acquired by fair means or foul (we suspect the latter), the sum of approximately £60 wherewith to obtain a new "innards" for his car and also a new set of tyres.

For some reason, doubtless of technical origin, a car is always referred to as "she." The extremes of femininity are usually cold and stiff or warm and er—we'll leave that. Johnnie's car upsets all theories—she's hot and stiff, or was at the time. We hear that latterly his brutal treatment of her has been rewarded by a more sympathetic response, but we fear the "lady's" expectation of life has been somewhat foreshortened in consequence.

To resume, F.C.C. decided on the route to be taken and off went E.G.N. 290-cum-trailer and the L.B.S.F. (all of it). The route, very well known to F.C.C. (it happens to be **one** of his ways home) passes the reputable houses of dix—neuf Princes, Dukes, etc.

All went well until the arrival at West Hill, Highgate, which Johnnie insists has a gradient of "one in a bit." E.G.N. 290 soared two-thirds of the way up before deciding that she would not allow her willingness to be abused any more or longer. She got frightfully het up, slipped her clutch and indulged in the vapours. Of course, the brake had to be put on that sort of thing at once. As soon as the faint spark of humanity in Johnnie's

make-up induced him to release the brake, the shrew, untamed and still contrary, would only descend in retreat.

By this time, F.C.C., whose charm with the ladies availed him nothing with this "bit," was getting fed up and a conference was held to decide upon strategy. A plan was formulated whereby the "lady" was to be relieved of her appendage and subsequently cajoled into completing the journey to the summit. The L.B.S.F. would then return to the severed appendage and manhandle it to the summit. It was thought—rightly as events proved—that the indignity thus forced on the L.B.S.F. might assuage the "lady's" petulance to the extent of allowing her to resume her normal purpose.

These tactics presented certain difficulties of manoeuvre. The uncoupling of the appendage was effected easily, apart from the amount of grease attaching to the persons of the L.B.S.F., but, to hold the weight on a gradient of "one in a bit" proved to be a task of which the L.B.S.F. were only momentarily capable.

It was, therefore, decided to back the appendage into the side of the road, and this was ultimately achieved with more than liberal assistance from the appendage itself. Most unfortunately this first stage in the offensive resulted in F.C.C. receiving a particularly vicious jab on the shin from the connecting bar, and the aggressor—for such we considered it by now—drew first blood.

By this time, the "lady" had cooled off quite a bit and began to relent sufficiently to be driven to the summit, from whence she surveyed the perspiring L.B.S.F. with the satisfaction of vengeance wreaked.

And so down to the resting place

of the appendage. Tactics demanded that, as there are only two wheels, the weight had to be supported elsewhere, and, bearing the "one in a bit" in mind, this was only possible by putting the appendage right about face, hauling up the connecting bar and pushing uphill. Numerous halts were necessary as the oxygen content of the air at Highgate, was insufficient to maintain the distending lungs of the L.B.S.F. except for a very short period.

During this time the "lady" wallowed in an ecstasy of delight. F.C.C. will confirm that every time the L.B.S.F. paused for breath, the headlights came on. This involuntary

"MUSIC WHILE  
YOU WORK"



WE  
MUST  
APOLOGIZE  
FOR THE DELAY  
OWING TO A SLIGHT  
TECHNICAL HITCH

*This cartoon of Mr. A. Thomas, London Engineer, appeared in the Staff Magazine of Millers Machinery, Ltd., one of our Broadcasting Subscribers.*

indication of the "lady's" uncontrollable joy at the discomfiture of our heroes, goaded them on to efforts which ultimately brought them with the appendage to the summit. Here the right about face business was

reversed and the appendage attached to the contraption fitted for that purpose to the rear bumper of the "lady."

Possibly, the "lady's" behaviour, which was exemplary from this time until the next attack of the vapours, was due to the appeasement afforded by the L.B.S.F.'s struggles, but more probably to the fact that we were approaching one of the "houses"—namely the Duke of Wellington's—where, doubtless, she had hopes that the effects of the exertion which she had caused and gleefully witnessed would be remedied and that she would be invited to partake.

But there was a job of work to be done by the L.B.S.F. and her hopes were not realised. For a time it was evident that the pleasurable anticipation of "having one" at "the next" kept her in a fairly good mood, which she maintained for 20 miles. During this time many "houses" were passed, and at last her patience was exhausted for she had a further and more serious attack of the vapours. This was the last straw, and the appendage was once again removed and this time placed in the local garage.

The "lady" was left to cool her heels. The Prospect, who was no doubt thrilled by the anticipation of a Telematic Broadcast gratis and for nothing, was telephoned with regrets, etc. Another appointment was made, and at last the L.B.S.F. found an opportunity for refreshment in the form of bread, cheese and onions—yes, real onions—and, of course, beer—in the local.

A look at the seven houses and one pub comprising the village, then back to the garage and the "lady," who by this time was more docile and gratefully accepted a copious draught of aqua pura. In appreciation

of the latter, she did her stuff all the way back to London.

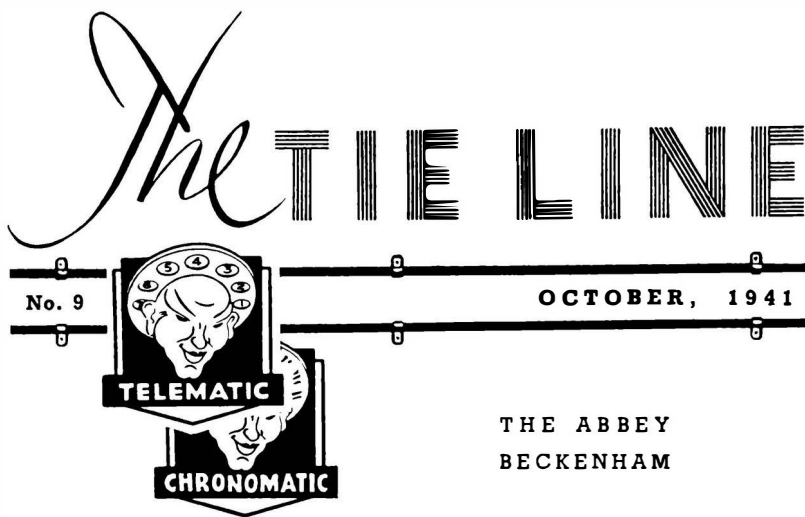
For the next appointment, F.C.C.'s car—the well-known light chestnut EYU 567—was used. First to the rural garage to transfer the essentials from the appendage to the rear of EYU 567, and then on to the prospect. The Dem. was not given before the survey was made. It was decided not to give one until the idea was accepted in principle and terms agreed, as it was felt that a bad effect might be produced on the workers if nothing was done after the Dem. had been given.

Despite all the effort put into this job, no contract was obtained.



And so, once again back to London where every prospect pleases (or should do) and only those that don't are vile.

**Epilogue.**—On a subsequent Saturday afternoon, the "lady" repaired to the spot where her appendage, minus contents, was parked, and, somewhat repentant, returned it to its home in a garage in the vicinity of Britannia House.



### A MESSAGE FROM OUR GENERAL MANAGER

Do you remember that just after the outbreak of war we tried to set out in "The Tie Line" what our war aims should be?

*"To emerge from the war stronger than we entered it."*

*"To broaden and benefit ourselves by our new experiences."*

*"To leave behind us a record of honourable achievement."*

We said that it was not enough to believe that Telephone Rentals was a company of national importance, whose work contributed to the country's production and efficiency. We had to prove it by showing that our services, to the need for which so many of our subscribers had testified, were just as necessary to the thousands of other firms who were, or who would be, engaged in direct war work.

We then concluded by saying

*"As always in our history, our quota must be reached."*

Now that the results for the twenty-fourth month of the war are available, it is time to take stock of the situation and to see how far we have succeeded in our task.

Let the bare figures tell their own story.

**September 1st, 1939, to August 31st, 1940.**

**10.5% above pre-war quota.**

**September 1st, 1940, to August 31st, 1941.**

**12.5% above pre-war quota.**



And those figures become more significant when we take into account two factors.

1. Half-way through the first war year, a successful and rapidly growing branch of our business, through circumstances far beyond our own control, disappeared overnight through lack of essential supplies. Disappeared—not for ever or even for the duration—but most effectively for the period we are now reviewing. It has been no light matter with the resources at our disposal to create and build up from almost nothing a new service to take its place.
2. In spite of that, the quota we have so far managed to beat has not been the rather subdued war-time quota we had in mind in that first “Tie Line” article, but the pre-war figure with which Telephone Rentals in all its peace-time strength had set itself in competition.

These figures tell a satisfactory story, but nevertheless a story which is incomplete. Incomplete, because they say nothing of the close and friendly association with our factories who, working under intense pressure through the demands of the Services, still find the time and machine space to manufacture our equipment for us. Incomplete, because they give no hint of the Company's standing with the Government Departments and Ministries from whom we receive authorisation for our supplies of raw materials and the retention of our essential man power.

And in at least one other respect the story is incomplete. It is too easy to forget that a quota is only the scale by which we measure the extent of our work : too easy to regard it as something which in any case is the affair of the sales side alone; too easy to overlook that it is the work which follows the passing of the quota that counts in the long run.

Once the contract has been brought in, the work—the real work—of the Company commences. That is the work which enables us to justify our war-time existence and which has decided the Ministry of Supply to place the Company's name on its “Vital List.” Whether that name stays or goes depends on our remembering that the

Company is judged not only by the nature and extent of its work, but by the way in which it is carried out. And that is the affair of us all, each individual one of us.

We are working short-handed and at great pressure and we cannot expect that the situation will improve until the war is over. However exaggerated it may sound, the true strength of the Company lies in the ability and willingness of each of us, from office boy or girl to Managing Director, to criticise and supervise our own work and to realise that a mistake avoided is time twice gained.

And those of you in the Forces whose names are still on the Company's pay-roll and whom we are glad to regard as part of "us," remember that you also have a responsibility in this matter and that the Company's fulfilment of the first of those war aims will be made more likely if you yourselves have achieved the second and the third.

When peace comes, we shall all have our personal problems and to most of us it will be important that the Company shall in fact have "emerged from the War stronger than we entered it."

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'R. S. Philips', with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Director and General Manager.

# TELETOPICS

## ANNUAL COMPETITION

The following are the positions as at 31st August, 1941.

	% Over Quota
London Chronomatic	51.5
Bristol	40.2
Glasgow	31.4
Leeds	17.8
Dublin	12.3
London Telematic	4.3
Manchester	4.1
	% Of Quota
Newcastle	99.8
Cardiff	98.3
Sheffield	95.2
Birmingham	90.8
Belfast	65.3

## FIRST ELEVEN, LEADING SALESMEN

as at 31st August, 1941.

J. W. Marshall	Broadcasting	London
A. Ambrose	Telematic	London
R. McLean	"	Glasgow
W. T. Muir	"	Glasgow
C. R. Wyles	"	Birmingham
W. Bryar	"	Leeds
B. O'Sullivan	"	Bristol
C. M. Hill	"	London
H. M. Cheetham	"	Manchester
C. J. Mackenzie	Broadcasting	Glasgow
W. H. Cardno	Telematic	Birmingham
12th Man		
P. Fainlight	Broadcasting	Newcastle

## QUARTERLY COMPETITION

JULY—SEPTEMBER

The following are the positions as at 31st August, 1941 :—

	% Over Quota
Glasgow	88.8
Dublin	84.4
London Chronomatic	56.6
Leeds	47.5
London Telematic	23.9
Bristol	23.8
Newcastle	17.5
Birmingham	4.5
	% Of Quota
Manchester	79.4
Sheffield	77.3
Cardiff	23.5
Belfast	3.3

## NEW SALESMEN

E. H. Waller	Telematic	Birmingham
A. E. Faithful	"	Cardiff
P. Wright	"	Cardiff
H. C. Campbell	"	Glasgow
A. Elkin	"	Leeds
J. Wilson	"	Leeds
E. Langford	"	Leeds
J. A. Farrell	"	Manchester
J. A. Toomey	"	Manchester
F. T. Hood	"	Sheffield
E. H. Morris	"	Sheffield
W. Ansell	Contact	London
E. Hansen	"	London



Since war began, such mournful faces had never been seen at Head Office as on that morning when everyone received a "touching" note from the Income Tax authorities. It shook us far more than any Blitz. However, each had the consolation—if consolation it be—of knowing that the other was in the same boat, so, before lunch-time everyone was joking about it and cracking the usual Income-Tax gags.

"Laurel" was up to see us in September. He looked very fit, so, as usual, we took no notice whatsoever of his moans about "not getting enough to eat," and "don't you think I look thinner?" What about that promised article, Laurel?

Fleming visited us whilst on leave, and we were also very pleased to see Cpl. Chatham of Leeds Company, who was stationed in London, but has now gone northwards.

Congratulations to Mr. R. M. Anderson who was married on the 20th September. Our congratulations also go to Gunner Curtis because that rumour about him has been confirmed!

Wedding bells will ring metaphorically for Sapper Phebey on the 11th October,

and now we hear that Miss Clark is also planning to be married some time about Christmas. So Cupid seems to be having a grand time with H.O. staff.

We are very glad to hear that O/S. Les Goodyer is now out of hospital after a rather painful op. He expects to see blue skies all the winter, lucky fellow!

Tin hats were recently distributed to our Fire Watchers. Ye gods—what Paris models! We like the nitty bit of natty lacing which held the innards of the hat together and at the same time decorated the outside—oh, ever so prettily!

We would like to publish a photograph of our Fire Watchers in this beautiful headgear, but we are rather afraid that readers would be tempted to sing, "Don't go down the mine, daddy!" We only hope that no one gets himself wedged into one of these beaux chapeaux! !

We have been anxiously watching Miss D—, who insists on remaining anonymous. She recently had a headache, so her Mother prepared a "headache" powder for her. Miss D— quaffed this without a murmur. But the taste was not the taste of the usual H.A.



powder, so she went further into the matter, and to her horror discovered that she had swallowed a Bob Martin's! No, she hasn't started barking yet!

#### GUNNER S. J. WILLIAMS, R.A.

I have just received the January issue of "The Tie Line." Believe me, I enjoyed every line of it.

Our regiment has enjoyed a thoroughly successful campaign. At last we are allowed to tell something of it.

We began chasing the Italians at Kassala on the Sudan-Eritrean border. We kept well behind him, and at Keru, a small native village, they charged our guns with their cavalry. Our regiment gave a grand account of itself by defending our guns with rifles and Lewis guns. The "Iti" cavalry turned and fled, leaving behind quite a few casualties.

Then on to Agordat where the Italians tried a thing or two with their tanks. But the British tanks were bigger and better. Many prisoners were taken here.

More chasing, this time to Cheren, which was a natural fortress; mountains and a road winding around them. The Italians blew the road up, leaving a

very precipitous aspect on the whole thing. Our infantry were glorious. They attacked again and again up the almost sheer mountain sides.

One dark night we crept around the "Iti's" rear, and at dawn next day we began pounding away at them from behind. This, and the R.A.F., forced them to retreat further still.

As Asmara, capital of Eritrea, was declared an open town, no fighting took place. But at Massaua, port of Eritrea, they held out for a day or two. Of course, they fled again, leaving many prisoners behind.

Now we chased them into Abyssinia—to Amba Alagi, where they were also attacked from the south by the South Africans. Amba Alagi was also a natural stronghold, but the Italians soon surrendered because, I firmly believe, their morale was at its lowest ebb.

Some of us were on the top of Amba Alagi when the prisoners came down. Eighteen thousand of them! All worn out, thoroughly dejected, and no two men dressed alike.

So here we are now at —, and we are all feeling pretty bucked about things.

Dalton's (Stock Records) little poem, "It's getting back to normal, Chaps," amused me no end.

Best of luck to T.R.

#### L/SGT. S. CRANE, Q.V.R.

I hope that everyone at The Abbey is in the best of health and not working too hard. I hear that it is rather quiet around Beckenham these days and that the shelters are falling into disuse. I hope that is so.

We are working harder than ever and seldom see the neighbourhood of our billets at W—. I went on a gas course a few weeks ago and am now very "gas conscious."

The morning after my return, the Company was on the move to a camp in a forest where Robin Hood and his

merry men used to hide themselves. It was rather funny because, while we were there, an order was issued that we should carry stout sticks when walking out, instead of rifles. I believe they thought we were descendants of Robin Hood.

We were out on schemes most nights and had very little sleep. Then they decided to move us again and sent us up on the moors. It is terribly cold, a high wind most of the time. If it gets much colder, I shall have to write to the Comforts Fund for a warm pullover.

We are out on the moors firing from sunrise till sunset, and our spare (?) time is filled up with cleaning weapons. We expect to stay here another couple of weeks and then move north of the border.

We are still itching to go over the "other side" and are hoping this will be soon.

(Readers—please note the promotion to Lance-Sergeant! Hearty congratulations!—ED.)

#### PTE. G. WEBBER, R.A.M.C.

He was up to see us again recently and apologised for not having told us about his wedding when he was on his last leave. Readers will remember that news of his marriage only came to light when someone saw the wedding photograph of Webber and his bride in the local paper.

It seems that everyone at H.O. was so busy talking to Pte. Webber that the poor boy couldn't get a word in edgewise although he fully intended to let us all know that he was getting married the next day.

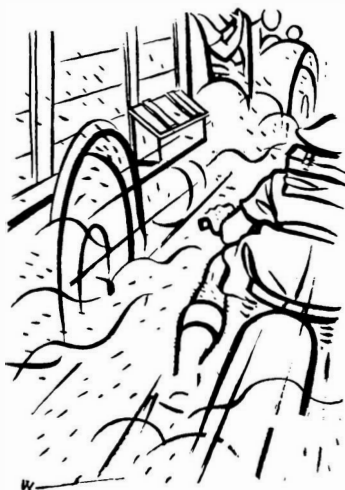
His wife is working with the W.A.A.F.'s and is only four miles from Webber's station, which is very handy.

#### S.B. D. McQUOID, R.N.

Some months ago, McQuoid decided to forsake T.R. permanently for the Navy. We are very pleased to hear that he passed his examination, which makes him a Wireless Telegraphy rating and qualified him to take the advanced class training. He is now in the middle of a 45-week course, after which he will go to sea.

#### PTE. R. POWELL, R.A.O.C.

Since I last wrote to you, the unit has again moved—jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, I'm thinking.



... the unit has moved again

The camp we are in now is situated in a barren waste of desert. It is twenty-five miles from the nearest town and two miles from an Arab village.

When we first arrived we were appalled to see beetles, two inches long, and large lizards scuttling about. Now we have got used to those, and find the scorpions and snakes, with which the place abounds, are more to be taken into account.

The work here is not yet very hard, but the hours are long. The food, I'm sorry to say, is definitely "off colour," but, as it is almost impossible to buy food elsewhere, we have to make the best of it.

A few weeks ago we were delighted to hear that a mobile N.A.A.F.I. was coming to the camp. When it arrived we weren't sure we were so pleased; the prices they charged for the things were terribly exorbitant. They must think we're getting the same pay as the Aussies—7/6 a day.

Still, Germany ought to be taking a licking pretty soon now, and we shall all get back to the comforts of home life—I hope.

## CALLING ALL WOMEN!

Give up your puffs and powder,  
Give up your lipsticks and paint,  
Give up those little odds and ends  
Which make your looks what they ain't.

Wear last season's coat again,  
And darn those stockings you tore  
Check through all your clothes in turn.  
You'll find you don't need more.

Reserve your hard-earned money  
To buy Saving Certs. galore.  
Make sure each day you do your bit  
To shorten this dam'-fool war.

Then, when this madness is ended,  
And with peace the world is blessed,  
You too will share the joy—knowing  
You played your part with the rest.

" V "

## A FEW LINES FROM

**SIGM. J. QUIGLEY, R.C.S.**

(Head Office) who calls himself

## THE EVER FAITHFUL WAGES CLERK

Bert, as readers will remember, is a long way from home, and, just as this issue goes to press, we have news of him. This is what he writes :—

Just a line to let you know I am still alive—also that I have just received the January "Tie Line." I find it very interesting and it certainly helps when far away from home to have plenty of news, as is contained in "The Tie Line," all in one envelope.

I enjoyed "Laurel's" letter and have just received one from him myself. Will you please thank him for me, as I haven't his present address.

Crane and his tale of woe with the A.T.S. was very amusing. Tell Stanley I have always found the Q.T.S. far more nuisance than they were worth. This should cause a storm from the fairer sex!

I think I told you I have been transferred from the Infantry to the Signals, into which, it seems, most of our engineers find their way.

I was *not* pleased to get back to the Army after being bombed out at home—in any case, I have been through that experience three times now! Being a lucky ----- I'm still alive to tell the tale.

Remember me to all, not forgetting Mac and Brownie. No doubt she is still making a steady income from the tea racket. Also tell Webber that I'm sure the Army copied their system of balancing books from T.R. and not vice-versa.

Well, I'm longing for the happy day when I'm back with you all once again. Keep smiling and don't work too hard.

**PTE. R. G. MARTINGELL, R.A.P.C.**

has

# **FUN AND GAMES**

I will try to give you some idea of how I have been getting along since I last wrote you, but, believe me, life in the R.A.P.C. is so dull that there is seldom anything interesting to report.

All the really bright moments of R.A.P.C. life concern the activities organised by the detachment for after-duty hours. In July a very large party of us went to see the Leslie Henson show "Up and Doing." Needless to say we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

Mention of shows reminds me also that we staged our second revue "Finsbury Frivolities" which had three very successful performances. It consisted mainly of topical sketches and also included various musical items all performed by our own talent.

Another extremely enjoyable evening in July was spent at the Surbiton Lawn Tennis Club where a series of exhibition matches were staged for our benefit. The players included Kay Stammers, Jean Nicol, Margot Lumb, F/O C. D. Malfroy and Lt. H. G. N. Lee—our own officer.

This was followed later in the month by our annual sports day, and again we all had a good time despite the weather which was not very kind.

I have played some tennis and table-tennis, but our most successful times have come at darts. We have formed a League and our section is at the head of the table, having only lost two games.

One Friday evening we witnessed a 2-hour exhibition of ju-jitsu performed by real experts. I can assure you we were all amazed by what we saw.

I have also visited several other shows, etc., apart from those organised by the Pay Corps, so you will probably

think I am doing very well. I agree this is the case with regard to spare time, and in other respects I know I am far better off than a number of fellows.



I would, however, hasten to assure you that there is no doubt whatsoever in my mind where I would prefer to be—in the Pay Corps or in the Abbey Accounts Section.

I recently completed my first year in khaki and, if the war continues much longer, I am afraid my brain will become rusty through inactivity.

To conclude on a brighter note, here is a true story concerning our M.O., when someone reported sick and the M.O. didn't think that he was justified in reporting sick.

M.O. Tell me, if you were in civil life and I was your doctor, would you have come to see me about this?

Pay Corps Clerk. No! I should have stayed at home and sent for you!



*Mr. Oliver Oakley, sends us a timely testament, which we print below. In his covering letter, he says, quite sincerely—*

To those of us who are getting on in years, but who still try and retain a youthful spirit and outlook, these words, written by an author who desires that his name should not be mentioned, should be of peculiar interest.

I personally, can never think of you or anybody else being anything but young, and age never seems to enter into my thoughts regarding the good fellows in this organisation. I think there are many of those with whom we daily come in contact, who would say "AMEN" to it.

## YOUTH

**YOUTH** is not a time of life ; it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees ; it is a temper of the will—a quality of the imagination—a vigour of the emotions. It is the freshness of the deep springs of life.

**YOUTH** means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty.

**NOBODY** grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals.

**YEARS** wrinkle the skin ; but, to give up enthusiasm, wrinkles the soul.

**WORRY**, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—those are the long, long years that bow the heart and turn the greening spirit back to dust.

**WHETHER** sixty or sixteen, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing, childlike appetite for what next, and the joy of the game of living. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt ; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear ; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

**IN** the central place of your heart is an evergreen tree ; its name is Love. So long as it flourishes, you are young. When it dies, you are old. In the central place of your heart is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage and power from God and from fellow-men, so long are you young.



## Our Women's Section

We had a most pleasant surprise at the end of July in the shape of a cheque for £3 3s. 0d. from Mr. Martin of Bristol. We think this was most generous of him. When this was followed by a donation of £10, together with £1 9s. 0d. from the sale of waste paper from the London Company, plus 5/- from Cardiff, and more recently £9 10s. 0d. from Birmingham, we were most definitely feeling rich.

The following Companies have been doing a lot of knitting lately—Leeds, Sheffield, Newcastle, Bristol, and various members of H.O. staff.

We have been able to buy a good many cigarettes and razor blades, and we hope to have a bumper demand now that you know what we can let you have.

All those who contribute to this Comforts Fund will be glad to know that not a day passes without a request being received for something or the other. The following extracts will show just how welcome the woollies and cigarettes are :—

"When I read your columns in this month's issue, tears of relief and joy

came to my eyes. I need socks. My meagre stock is in the very devil of a state. Each morning I gaze at them in despair and wonder which end to shove my foot in."

"To-day it was my turn to go to town on a 'fag-crawling' expedition. Three long miles there and three longer miles back with a total bag of 10 Woodbines to be shared between three. Can you imagine my pleasure and relief on returning to find your parcel waiting for me?"

We have not forgotten the T.R. boys who are now prisoners of war. Readers will remember that some time ago we sent each of them £2-worth of goods. We have now written to their nearest relatives asking them to let us know :

- (a) Would they like us to send 10/- to buy the boys some article which they particularly need, or
- (b) Would they prefer us to send woollies along to them so that they can include these in their regular parcel.

We felt extremely honoured when we received a postcard direct from Sigm. E. F. Carr, London Company, now a prisoner of war in Italy. He writes :

"I regret that I have not written to you since last in England. However, now as a prisoner of war in Italy, I feel I should let you know of my whereabouts.

Naturally it is not possible to tell you how and where we were captured, but it was certainly the last thing we expected to befall us.

I feel extremely fit and well and trust it won't be too long before I can visit the London Company once more. After the Libyan desert, work will be a pleasure!"

We do hope that Sigm. Carr has now received the £2-worth of goods which were sent to him by the Comforts Fund.

Now for a word to the fellows overseas. We feel rather neglected by them as we have only had one request for a pair of long socks with turned-down tops. You, in turn, may be feeling that we have not been looking after you. This is just to let you know that, if we have your address in our possession, we made up a parcel for you in September which should arrive during November. Don't forget to write to us using either a 3d. Air Mail letter card or a 3d. Airgraph letter. Just send it to The Comforts Fund, The Abbey, Beckenham. We are very anxious to extend our activities.

MISS M. MILLER.

P.S.—Boys, do not hesitate to write on account of the wool rationing. We can obtain wool coupon-free.

### LEEDS KNITTERS

Just a note of appreciation from all of us at Leeds Company to each and every one of the contributors to "The Tie Line." We thoroughly enjoy reading your contributions and, for days after we receive our copies, we spend the time comparing notes about the interest and amusement derived from all your letters and articles.

We would like to tell you how glad we were to welcome Miss Rice of Head Office here at the end of August. This meeting was quite a unique occasion for our Office Staff, and our thanks are due to Miss Rice for paying us a friendly call during her stay in the North.

If any other member of the organisation is in the vicinity of Leeds, we do hope they will come in to see us, and, Lord Woolton permitting, there'll always be tea in the office, even if we can't rise to anything stronger!

## "ANDY" CLOCKS IN

Congratulations to Mr. R. M. Anderson!

On Thursday, September 18th, at The Abbey, Mr. R. M. Anderson, who is in charge of Chronomatic Maintenance, was the recipient of a canteen of cutlery from a number of his T.R. associates and well wishers, to mark the occasion of his embarkation upon the sea of matrimony.

Mr. S. Chapman, Chief Technical Superintendent, made the presentation on behalf of colleagues and others who wished to be associated with the gift.

After a few other speeches—congratulatory, rude and otherwise—the party adjourned to the "Local," where, in accordance with the best traditions, an exceedingly good time was had by all.

We take this opportunity of wishing "Andy" every happiness in his new venture. Being a clock man, he will undoubtedly see that the Master/Slave relationship is correct.

## ANDY'S STAG CELEBRATION

There gathered at "The Shades,"

A crowd the other day,

To celebrate a wedding

In a proper sort of way.

They drank a lot of whisky

And washed it down with beer,

Toasting well the happy man

Whose wedding day was near.

Many are the rumours

Passed from mouths to ears,

Of the jolly time they had—

That crowd of Engineers.

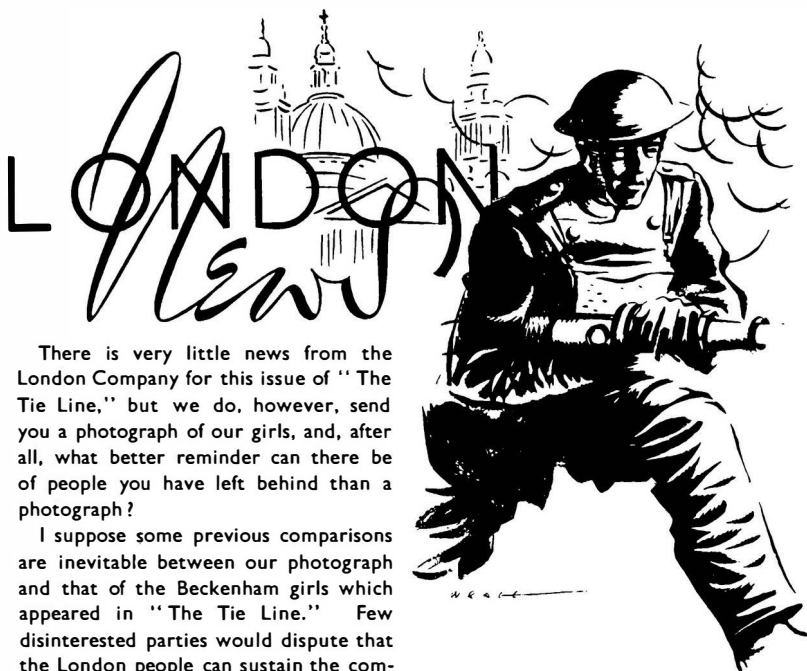
Though we can't give details,

We know quite well you chaps

Being kindred spirits

Can fill in all the gaps.

"NEWS HOUND."



There is very little news from the London Company for this issue of "The Tie Line," but we do, however, send you a photograph of our girls, and, after all, what better reminder can there be of people you have left behind than a photograph?

I suppose some previous comparisons are inevitable between our photograph and that of the Beckenham girls which appeared in "The Tie Line." Few disinterested parties would dispute that the London people can sustain the comparison, but we are not at all sure that this is true of the male element in the two pictures.

At any rate, as regards the undersigned, he at least views the reproduction with some alarm, because, if this is the appearance he really presents to the world, the outlook is hazardous indeed!

It is to be regretted that on the day the photograph was taken, our friend Claypole was of necessity on an expedition to Norwich and could not, therefore, be with us, and the picture is to that extent unrepresentative.

It might be worth adding that it had to be taken on the roof of the building, and, what is more, on the highest part of the roof. Nobody would suppose from the demeanour of the girls in the back row that they were actually standing on chairs poised more or less on the brink of a precipice, with a 100 feet drop into Shaftesbury Avenue! This does go to show that the hazards of life in London in the war-time period has had a bracing effect upon civilian nerve.

Shaftesbury Avenue has had visits from 2nd Lt. J. H. T. Arnold and Cpl.

"Nobby" Clark. "Nobby," I think, is the only man in the whole of the R.A.F. who has remained in one place on one job since the beginning of the war.

Stratton, late of Glasgow Company, is now with us at Britannia House.

It may interest London engineers that there has been a certain amount of internal reorganisation in the place, without any actual changes in personnel. A large proportion of the engineering staff, together with their women assistants, are now housed in a kind of "Salon" or drawing room on the first floor, instead of in a number of offices dispersed all over the building.

Engineers visiting London should not fail to come in and inspect this very handsome addition to London Company life.

Yours sincerely,

## THE TIE LINE

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### L/CPL. A. R. WHITE, R.C.S.

The March issue of "The Tie Line" has arrived, and by now presents rather a tattered appearance as it has quite a large circulation these days. In the past I could sit down and devour it at leisure, but the occupants of my barrack room think I am acting very niggardly if I sit and chuckle to myself. So these days I have to skip through it, pass it on and finally retrieve the remains after the others have finished with it, to enjoy the pages in comfort. Maybe I'll be able to bribe the post Corporal to deliver it secretly. Then I suppose he'll want to have it as well. It now finishes up in the Company library. Such is fame!

Since my last letter to you we have moved to a new camp. As a matter of fact, it's so new that a large number of coolies are still working on it and alter the lay-out and appearance daily.

At the moment it consists of about two dozen single-storeyed wooden huts dotted about in a young jungle clearing. Every day fresh paths and steps are being cut to link up the shacks, and, although one is often tempted to take a short cut through the rough, it pays to stick to the paths, as snakes, etc., are quite plentiful.

Our barrack rooms are long wooden erections. A long verandah runs the full length of one side, while large half-length wooden shutters open outwards to catch any stray breeze that may be about—accent on the "may."

Believe it or not—each man has an iron bedstead complete with all the frills, and large wooden kit boxes make it possible to keep the bungalow neat and ready for inspection daily. We just can't fathom all this talk about a war in the papers!

As far as work is concerned, I'm being kept quite busy. Of late two or three people have been stuck up country with

breakdowns, and it has fallen to my lot to go up and get them moving again.

I find the normal routine maintenance and repair of M.T. very interesting on its own, so the addition of a trip up country fills me with delight. The bad climatic conditions make a lot of difference to the efficiency of transport, and, unless one is always looking for trouble and nursing it, things go wrong. It's fatal to hope for the best.

As our new camp is quite close to the — Signals workshops, I'm able to make full use of their equipment and this helps a lot. Work can usually be done in less than half the time if the necessary tools are forthcoming. Believe me, I often wish for my pet sets of spanners that are at home in the garage. It's funny how one forms a liking for a certain tool, so that all others seem inferior.

Well, according to my finer feelings, it's long past the hour for tiffin, and, as the Orderly Corporal's whistle proclaims to all and sundry that it will be served in five minutes, action is indicated.

My regards to all the London boys.

### CAPT. A. McL. ROY, R.A.

Recently Mr. H. Blake Thomas received a visit from Captain Roy who has been stationed in the bogs of Ireland for several months. He was home on seven days' leave, and, although his wife is in the North of England, he arranged to travel home via London so that he could pay a visit to his friends in the Company.

Before joining up he was in the Contact Department of Chronomatic Time Control. Since we last heard from him, he has become the proud father of a daughter who is now six months old.

He was looking very well, and, although he is rather fed up with the present inactivity as far as the actual

war is concerned, he indicated that the powers that be keep them working pretty hard so that they don't have much time to think about it.

In addition to visiting The Abbey, he also visited Britannia House, where he has many friends in both Telematic and Chronomatic.

#### PTE. J. COLLARD, R.A.O.C.

I am somewhat handicapped by the fact that there is absolutely no news of any interest I can give you. I feel sure that a recital of my daily deeds would only succeed in boring you, although not as much as they bore me.

I have no tales of stirring deeds to tell. I have never been dive-bombed or machine-gunned—in fact, I have not heard a shot fired in anger since I left the air-raids of London behind me.

The only thing that enlivens my miserable existence is the concoctions of the humorist responsible for our Company details.

And so it is with a faint regret that I close this letter which serves only as a reminder of this same existence.

#### CPL. L. WESTALL, R.C.S.

The grouse season has opened, and to-day we went out with the first "shoot." Coming back, we had to cross a stream that looked perfectly easy to jump. Either my eyesight is getting poor or my waders are very heavy, for I landed right in the middle!

Last week I realised my wartime ambition. I had my first trip in a Wellington bomber. It was great fun gunning dummy targets in the sea. I've been promised a weekly flip by the O.C. of the flight. He has even put aside a 'chute and Mae West jacket for me.

Now I have a request to make. I am looking for a pen pal. These days, the only letters I receive are from The Editor and from the boys of my old

section. I am sure that, among all those young ladies pictured in the August "Tie Line," there is one who can find a little spare time to write to a lonely wireless operator.

(Here's a chance for the London Girls.—ED.)

#### L/BDR. V. CONNELLY, R.A.

I expect you will be surprised to hear I'm now on my way to a far-distant land where even Telephone Rentals is unheard of. I didn't have time to write before sailing, as we were taken un-awares.

Up till now it has been like a pleasure cruise. I've only been sea-sick once.



*pleasure cruise?*

The weather is very good—too hot at times—but we are only wearing shorts, shirt and slippers, so it's not too bad.

I shall be looking forward to "The Tie Line" more than ever, if it's possible for you to send it.

I've got a job as policeman for the rest of the voyage. We patrol the decks to see no one is breaking the ship's rules, and it's a bit lively at times. We are usually busy on pay day when the

## THE TIE LINE

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fellows have a few beers, but otherwise it's quite a nice job.

The food is very good. If this is a sample of food which the Navy get, I advise everyone to join the boys in navy blue.

Please give my regards to all my friends in Chronomatic.

### **2nd LT. G. H. SHINGLETON, R.A.**

As our news from this source seemed to have dried up, we jumped to the conclusion—quite wrongly—that he was somewhere with our forces in the Middle East. We now learn, however, that he has been in England during these last months.

He thought things might be more exciting, however, if he could get into the R.A.F., and has accordingly arranged the necessary transfer, actually having passed the initial examination for a Fighter pilot.

A few months' time, therefore, should see him in the training field, and, when he takes up his first-plane, we feel "this will be the turning point in the war!"

### **LT. R. TREADWELL, R.N.**

A very long silence here after he left England in the early months of the year for "Somewhere in the East." News has now leaked through that he is doing a grand job of work with the Navy.

We learn that he and a few other officers were chosen for some special mission in the Middle East, although his actual subsequent activities we can only surmise. He will, however, never forget the experience.

In his travels he has visited the Garden of Eden. He expresses disappointment here, hoping that it was a better place when Adam and Eve lived there!

### **SGT. F. A. BAYLESS, R.A.F.**

The following is the latest letter we have received from Freddie Bayless, but we have now received news that he

has been in hospital for about a month. Apparently he was wounded by shrapnel and finds it a little difficult to sit down! We do hope that, by the time his next letter arrives, he will be out and about again.

I have had a good hour-and-a-half's enjoyment reading the May issue of "The Tie Line," and I must say that, to see a photo of "Nightingale" in uniform at last, gave me a bit of a shock. Still, it does suit him a little better than the trilby and umbrella he used to sport to and from the office!

Really though, "The Tie Line" does help a lot these days—chaps like myself who have to live a long way off from civilisation as we were brought up in.

I rather like the new publication "The Tie Line" as a reasonable-sized magazine. You see, most chaps in the Services only have the old kit bag to lug anything around in when moving from one place to another, and I'm afraid my copies of previous issues have become a little tattered and torn. You will be pleased to note that I have kept these with me all this time—even those copies which I received during my first few months of training. It amuses me sometimes to show my new chums the photograph of myself as an A.C.2 and then to read some of the "Line Shooting" that appears under the heading of London News.

Well, I hope everything is still O.K. at Shaftesbury Avenue and that the lads are still pulling their weight. I am still anxious to get back on the job, you bet, but I have first to do my bit in helping to finish this war.

You understand that I cannot write any stories like the chaps serving at home or give you any "Gen," as we call it, as to what we are doing out here. But, when this war is over, I expect I shall be able to collect an audience of R.C. Sigs. chaps and tell them a few tall stories of what I did in the R.A.F.

**A/C.I C. E. COTTLE, R.A.F.**

He has at last got to the job he has been after all these months and all who have seen one of the recent Ministry of Information films—namely, "A Pilot is Safe"—will understand the work which he is doing at the present time.

He is stationed on the coast and spends his time—when he is not dashing up to London—looking after one of the



R.A.F. high-speed launches, picking up members of aeroplane crews who have been shot down. His experiences are many and varied, but, in short, he is enjoying the job to the utmost.

**FLT. LT. S. SINGLETON-FLEMING, R.A.F.**

After a period of many months in the wilds of Scotland, with a brief dash to London in the middle of his duties there, he is now stationed in England on a job to keep him going until the promised Squadron-Leader vacancy materialises.

In the meantime—to use his own words—he is thrilled to death to be nearer London again and is rather

enjoying life in a comfortable station after roughing it in the wilds so long.

Officially he is Adjutant of a fairly large station—unofficially he is "dogs body" and "chief bottle-washer." His endeavours to make things run smoothly are keeping him frightfully busy.

**2nd LT. K. C. B. McDONELL, QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS**

Having heard rumours of a serious illness here, this state of affairs was confirmed when he paid an unexpected call at the London Offices, complete with a very "nasty looking arm" encased in plaster of paris.

Apparently he contracted some germ in his arm which has resulted in his being laid up for months on end in hospital. Even now, although the arm is on the mend, it is rather evident that his future activities might be restricted.

He still seems very cheerful and, when he next comes to London, we hope to find he has finally recovered.

**SIGM. S. STEVENS, R.C.S.**

The other day he and his colleagues were coming back from a "stunt," when, within sixteen miles of their billets, the back axle of their wireless truck broke.

They were all alone and stopped right underneath some grid power wires, which rendered the wireless set unworkable.

The only way they could get in touch with the other sets to let them know what had happened was to take the set out. Stevens' companion, being an energetic sort of cove, decided to put it right on top of a nearby hill. The set and equipment were not exactly what one would call light—in fact, by the time they had the thing working, Stevens was all in.

When they finally arrived back, no dinner had been saved for them, so



## THE TIE LINE

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they had to make do with bread and jam !

Recently spent a week going round all the artillery wireless sets with his Section Sergeant, but would rather be going round the country for T.R.

Sends his regards to all the boys.

### **2nd Lt. G. T. PETERS, R.A.**

Hearty congratulations to 2nd Lt. and Mrs. G. T. Peters who now have a second son, born on the 12th July.

G.T.M.P. is now in a Service Unit, having successfully passed through an O.C.T.U., and he finds this much more interesting.

### **RFLM. G. A. BLACKBURN, Q.V.R. (Prisoner of War)**

His parents received a parcel of woollies from the Comforts Fund which they have forwarded on to George.

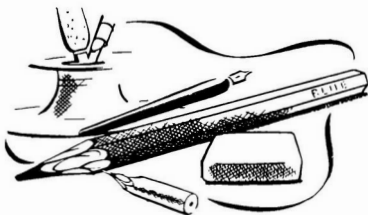
When he last wrote them he told them that he was quite well and was working in a quarry, but not quite so many hours a day as he had previously done.

### **SIGM. E. F. CARR, R.C.S. (Prisoner of War)**

When last he wrote home, he was very well and fit and was on the verge of being moved to a permanent camp.

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## EDITORIAL



This issue reflects in some measure the serious way in which all of us, whether in the Forces or on the Home Front, are taking this job of work brought about by the war.

The main purpose of "The Tie Line" is, of course, to maintain a cheerful bond between all members of the organisation, and we can say, in all sincerity, that on the Home Front, we are keeping our chins up as we know those in the Forces are doing.

There is no such thing as despondency in this organisation, and that helps us more than somewhat to contribute our full share to the serious job of getting this war well and truly finished as soon as maybe.

By the time this issue is distributed, we shall have approached the autumn season, and, with the long respite from

blitzings, we shall be ready to face the worst—if it is attempted.

We continue to get increasing evidence that "The Tie Line" is getting further afield than we originally anticipated. If it makes good reading to the "other boys" in camp or barracks, so much the better.

We are also aware that several of our Members are carefully preserving each issue of "The Tie Line." We would encourage readers to do this because we look forward to the time when each year's issues can be suitably bound into one volume.

I am afraid, however, that we shall not be able to make good any incomplete sets because we only have about a dozen copies left over from each issue. Paper is scarce these days.

Our next issue will be in December and that will complete the series of six for 1941. With Christmas then in the offing, we are planning to make that number as bright and cheery as possible—and, what is more, we plan to come out on December 1st at latest so that copies will get a fair chance of reaching their destinations before December 25th.

Help us then to make the December issue the best yet, and remember—"Bright and Cheery" is the key note.



*A brief sketch on the tradition and history of*

## THE BLACK WATCH

As is generally known, the Black Watch is the oldest of all Highland Regiments. It has served in all parts of the world at different times, and the saying, "The sun never sets on the British Empire—or the Black Watch," covers its activities.

The Black Watch—the Gallant 42nd—The Royal Highlanders. These are names with the fire of battle in them—names that thrill the hearts of all true Scotsmen.

The early members of the regiment were "men of commanding external deportment of full height, well proportioned and of handsome appearance," and it is the oldest corps of Highlanders in the British Army.

In the Regimental Records of the British Army, it says :—"To enumerate the services of the Black Watch is simply to narrate the military history of Great Britain since the middle of the 18th Century." Hardly a campaign has been conducted or a battle fought in which the Black Watch has not participated with bravery and frequently with conspicuous gallantry.

These qualities were admitted by the enemy in the Regiment's first battle, at Fontenoy in 1745. "The Highland Furies," they said, "rushed upon us with more violence than ever did the sea driven by the tempest."

At Triconderoga three years later, the country acclaimed their bravery, and the title of "The Red Highlanders" was conferred upon them by a grateful monarch.

They served with great distinction in the Peninsular Wars. For the recapture of French guns, which had been lost by the 11th Dragoons—now the 11th Hussars—the Black Watch were given the distinction of wearing the Red Hackle. Tradition has it that the Commander-in-Chief of the then Army deprived the 11th Hussars of what was then their chief honour—the Red Hackle—awarding it to the Black Watch with the wish that they would never lose it.

The Red Hackle is the proud symbol of that enduring spirit that has inspired the Regiment throughout all its campaigns. They continue to wear this distinction, and as a result of their valour against the Russians at either Sebastopol or Inkerman, Queen Victoria



## THE TIE LINE

issued an edict that the Black Watch should wear the Red Hackle in perpetuity.

One thing does stand out in their annals of history—the sinking of the troop-ship "Birkenhead," where it is recorded that 120 rank and file Black Watch stood to attention whilst the boat was sinking, allowing the wives and children of the rank and file to make their escape by boat.

On the other hand, it is also recorded that, in one of the minor Peninsular Wars, they lost a position which they should have held, and the then General ordered that the toe of their spats should be snapped. That is the reason why The Black Watch is the only Scottish Regiment to wear the square-fronted spat, rather than the pointed one.

During the Great War, no fewer than fourteen battalions were serving at the same time in various parts of the world, and it is calculated that their casualties were no fewer than 40,000 officers and men; seven V.C.'s were won with a very large number of lesser honours.

Much of the history of The Black Watch is commemorated in their Highland airs, a number of which were recently played by The Black Watch Pipes and Drums, and broadcast by the B.B.C., from which the following is a selection:—

### "Paardeberg"

At Paardeberg they crossed the almost impassable river to surprise and defeat the enemy. First across was Donald Cameron, a piper, and his gallantry on that occasion won him the D.C.M.



### "Crimean Long Reveille"

On the 15th of every month, the Regiment is awakened by the Crimean Long Reveille. The Highland Brigade were the first to meet and defeat the Russians on their own soil, and the scaling of the Heights of Alma was one of the great feats of military achievement.

### "Magersfontein"

General Wauchope, who spent his life with the Regiment, fell at Magersfontein, but not in victory. Magersfontein—a retreat air—recalls to many of the older members the memory of their gallant commander during the Boer War.

### "The Hieland Laddie"

This is a tune with a taunt in it. There's the swing of the kilt in it. Aye, and the challenge of true men in its "Wha daur meddle wi' me." That's The Black Watch version of their motto "Nemo me impune lacessit." And is it not also the motto of that gallant soldier of the Regiment, Sir Archibald Wavell?

The photographs show "Retreat" being played on the last day of April this year, and it was in itself a very unique ceremony, as this was the first time "Retreat" had been played in full dress by any Regiment in Scotland during the present war.

It was a magnificent spectacle—the inter-marching and counter-marching; the general bearing of the Drummers and Pipers being something at which to marvel.





# MANCHESTER News

whole Staff, to pay us a visit, and I am sure everyone will be glad to see you.

Now I will again wish you all—Good Luck and a Speedy Return.

Yours sincerely,

My dear Lads,

Since the last issue of "The Tie Line," I have not had many letters from you fellows who are away in the Forces; possibly you have written direct to the Editor.

I do hope, however, you are all progressing and making a good job of whatever you are doing. We at home are endeavouring to do so and certainly in the last few months life has assumed a quiet atmosphere, free from sirens and disturbance, the work of the Company going on in a normal manner.

The last time I wrote to you I was able to tell you that the girls were doing Telephone Maintenance work, and now we have girls in training to do Chronomatic Maintenance work.

Since my last letter, a further member of our Staff—Mr. Nichols of Sales—has joined the R.A.F., whilst Mr. Vanner, of Maintenance, has been transferred to Newcastle Company.

From time to time, some of you, I feel sure, must be getting leave, and I again extend an invitation, on behalf of the

**SIGM. C. NEILL, R.C.S.** (see photo)

Thanks for a real grand copy of "The Tie Line." Our Chairman has certainly got the girls weighed up, but then we must all agree that we just couldn't do without them!

I haven't really much news for you because I'm one of the few who have had little excitement.

Oh! but I nearly did have shakey legs a few weeks ago when I walked up to the altar. Yes, you've got it right! I was married—but, of course, I haven't had time to learn what married life is really like.

Best wishes to all the boys, and tell Ledicott I often think of those juicy fruit tarts we ate back at Blackburn!

**SAPPER J. ROBINSON, R.E.**

He joined the Royal Engineers, and nine months later was attached to the R.A.F. A year passed and he now finds himself with the R.A.O.C. We won't



*Something in the Navy*

be surprised to hear that he is "something to do with the Navy" by the time the next issue is out.

As he has now moved to north of the border, he paid a visit to the Scottish capital and found everything there most interesting. His last station was near his home, which he was able to visit at least once a week, so consequently he is a bit homesick at the moment.

Writes :—Once again I wish to express my gratitude toward the Company of Telephone Rentals for past favours—certainly a friend indeed ; also to members of the staff who have been responsible for war-time comforts in France and at home, which I received at very welcome moments.

This organisation has proved a strong tie between those serving and those carrying on the home battle-front.

And here's a line or two just received as we go to press :—

I'm now getting used to my new surroundings and finding my way about, so everything is O.K. On my next leave I will be calling in at the Manchester Company and I hope to find everybody happy there.

At one place in Scotland where I was stationed recently, the Sergeant happened to mention that the English were chased out of this place 500 years ago. We told him that if he wished to do the same with us, it was quite O.K.—we knew our way home !

**SPR. D. FAWCETT, R.E.**

As we were under the impression that he had left these shores for an unknown destination in the East, his Christmas parcel was duly sent off in September so that it had a chance of reaching him by Christmas Day. Imagine our surprise when we had our parcel returned with the following letter :—

I feel guilty of accepting this parcel under false pretences, as it is so obviously intended for members of the Company serving overseas, and I am still in England!

Six months ago I was on embarkation leave—under draft orders for the Middle East. The weeks that followed were—or seemed to be—one mad rush of moving. We changed our station three times in six weeks. Preparing, drawing kit, packing stores, which amounted to some forty tons of material, unpacking, and repacking—in typical army fashion.

At the end of two months of hanging on—expecting at any time to head for a luxury liner in some port or other, and then away over the sea to the land of everlasting sand—fresh orders came through, cancelling entirely the proposed expedition.

# WE ALSO FIGHT!

**MAURICE HIGH** sends us all a timely reminder.

*"He died the noblest death a man may die, fighting for God and Right and Liberty—and such a death is true immortality."*

## ALL THERE—AS USUAL!

The other day, in the course of my work, I journeyed from London way up into the heart of rural Norfolk. It was a three-hour trip, and I occupied my time, as one so often does on trains, in reading my newspaper; in listening idly to conversation in the carriage; and in glancing occasionally out of the window at the constantly unfolding vista of early autumn harvesting, with its old familiar tints, its neatly regular piles of gathered corn, and its occasional grandly plumed cock pheasant.

And, with these things jumbling together in my mind and perhaps with the day's news uppermost, I also fell to thinking; thinking of those of us who are not here as usual—who, in far distant lands, and in the elements above and around those lands, were at that moment, and at any other given moment, fighting and suffering and dying, that these simple things might be, and might continue to be, in future years.

And I rather wondered if, in our humility and gratitude to these splendid



*Beckenham War Memorial  
1914 — 1918*

people, we could explain—we who are of them—but not yet with them—what we are doing that makes it excusable for us to be standing, as it were, in the wings—watching. Watching while they play out this stark and bloody tragedy for us, with all the world as their stage.

Can we give a good account of these efforts of ours backstage? Do we just stand there gaping; or are we busy—unceasingly busy—pulling wires and ropes and things, as we should be? Keeping the action going—HANDING THEM THE "PROPS"—the terrible, destructive, necessary "props," without which in earlier acts so many of their

entrances have been followed by untimely exits, and by scene-shifting for which we were so unprepared?

# **APPLAUDING BUT NOT DOING?**

Worse, are we taking no part in this production at all? Are we not, some of us, **SITTING IN THE AUDIENCE**, paying our money, patronising the show, sitting back there and viewing it all rather detachedly?

Do we yet realise that this is the one play in all history that cannot afford to have an audience at all, however enthusiastic? And aren't we all, whenever things are going well, rather apt to take up time indulging in pursuits which will rightly follow, but which cannot sanely be allowed to precede, the final falling of the curtains?

**And the answer to so many, and too many, of these questions is "YES"!**

In Beckenham, there is a memorial, erected twenty odd years ago, to those others who fell, defending the same ideals for whose preservation we labour to-day. The memorial and inscription thereon is given at the head of this article.

Shall we not make it our endeavour and our purpose to hearten these immortals of yesterday and no less of to-day?

We can do it—and we shall do it, only when we go about our daily tasks with a will and a determination and a purpose which will justly enable us to answer the question—

**"What are You Doing?"**

by giving the only decent and worthy reply—

**"WE ALSO FIGHT!"**

# **WE HEAR...**

THAT Capt. J. E. Gunter, not only struck land somewhere round the Cape, but also a goodly company of fellows, sufficient in number to encourage "Jimmy" to consume several bottles of "Lion Special Beer." And, having thus proved his manhood, he was suitably enrolled in the Venerable Order of the Legion of Longbeersmen whose slogan is "Quaff Deeply." Keep smiling, Jimmy, and have the next one on us. You'll be thirsty in the Middle East!

THAT Cpl. Pritchard, Cardiff, is now sound in limb once more.

THAT Gnr. Walton, Leeds, has sufficiently recovered from his operation to "stagger around the ward."

THAT R/O. J. Hawkins, London, arrived safely in an African port after a very grim voyage.

THAT L/Cpl. Kudlacek, London, is enjoying life in Abyssinia and sends regards to all.

THAT L/Cpl. Hayes, London, has just been made a PAID Lance-Corporal after successfully passing the N.C.O.'s course. Sends a big kiss to the Comforts Fund Girls.

THAT Sigm. Hale, London, is still going strong and is now an Instrument Mechanic. L/Cpl. Hayes says he should be an even better ornament to the Installation Department when he returns to civvy life!

THAT Sigm. G. Powley, London, is still stationed in London and sends best wishes to the "Old Firm."

THAT S/B. McQuoid, Head Office, has pulled successfully through an attack of scarlet fever.

THAT Pte. Dalton, Head Office, scored three bulls-eyes the first time he handled a Bren gun.



To the Lads in the Forces.

Since my last "Tie Line" letter, we have had visits from J. Hughes of the Engineering Department, Mr. Nisbet and Mr. J. M. White.

J. Hughes appears to be well satisfied with his present activities, which include a certain amount of telephone work.

Mr. Nisbet has succeeded in getting his first stripe up and is either taking or about to take a special course, which we all hope will lead to further promotion.

Mr. J. M. White has been floating about a considerable lot of late and appears to have no settled location at the moment. I understand he is taking up a special course in connection with motor torpedo boats, but I am not at all clear where the connection between this subject and the R.A.F. actually comes in. However, since all the services have a certain amount of association, and at least need to work in with one another, there is probably more underlying this idea than appears on the surface.

About all the other members of this Company who are on active service, I am particularly sorry not to be able to

pass on any news. Perhaps when they receive this further copy of "The Tie Line," they will take up the cue and write us all the news up to date.

As regards this Company's normal activities, things have been moving again of late, and, since the half-year, business has been progressing far better than during the previous few months.

Those who are associated with the sales side of our activities will be pleased to know that we have materially improved our position as far as competitions are concerned in relation to all the other Companies, so that, at the moment of writing, this Company is at the head of the quarterly competition and has managed to get up to third place in the annual competition.

It is, however, one thing to fix up contracts and quite another matter to carry out the work within the time requested by the subscriber. What with one difficulty and another, one can never be too sure as to what we are likely to run up against.

We have no time for business with ordinary undertakings these days, as our activities are absolutely restricted to those people who can not only state, but also prove up to the hilt, that they are engaged on work of national importance. This, however, does not mean only the manufacture of engines of war, etc., but such activities as are essential to the wellbeing of the country at large.



Then there is the question of obtaining the supplies. As with most other concerns, these are not by any means as abundant as they were under normal conditions, and, with the working of the elusive "M" Form for steel, it often takes a little while to persuade those who control this matter that the work ordered by our subscribers should be carried out.

Then again, the question of transport is one which has bothered us for long enough now, and promises are often only made to be broken at the critical moment and more explanations become necessary to appease the subscribers, who may have taken long enough to make up their minds, but, once it has been made up, seem to imagine that theirs is the only job of work we have on hand.

Turning to the other side of our activities, we still find time to get a little exercise in leisure hours. For no particular reason whatever, only a few weeks ago we found ourselves in the middle of a bowls competition promoted for the benefit, I imagine, of the older members of the male staff who were wanting a little more bending exercise!

Most of those who took part in the first competition professed not to have played the game before, but there were a few dark horses. It may be of interest to intimate that the first competition was won by the Engineering Department represented by Mr. D. R. Holmes and J. Taylor.

Since this first competition, we have managed to squeeze in another two, and the recognised champions still remain D. R. Holmes and J. Taylor. Mind you, they did not run away with the competitions, which are based upon the difference in points at the end of 15 ends. The fact remains, however, that they still remain unbeaten, and their last win of 24 to 9 against the Sales

Department, represented by Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Muir, was no undecisive victory.

One thing I must mention here—you never know what you may be able to do until you try. This was proved by the fact that G. C. Cowtan of the Engineering Department ran away with the second competition by a very good margin, although he professes never to have bowled a bowl in his life before!

Not to be outdone, the lady members of our staff very secretly arranged a competition of their own, this time of a more athletic type, consisting of "pitching and putting" which is fairly popular in this part of the world. Having obtained the assistance of some of the ladies associated with our staff, they created something in the nature of a stir by pinning up by the side of the "mere males" notice, details of their competition which was taking place on the same day as our second effort.

Here again, most of those taking part said they knew very little about the game. I believe there is more in this than meets the eye, as the winner of the competition—Miss McLaughlin—with a score of 75 for 18 holes, seemed to know her way around the course. Miss Montgomery, who actually was responsible for promoting the game, had the rather doubtful satisfaction of making the top score, but there is no need to repeat the figure.

Outside of business, conditions remain very quiet in this part of the world just now, and everyone hopes that it may long remain so.

So that my next letter for the Christmas "Tie Line" may contain something of interest to everyone, will all those who are away from the Company please do their utmost, upon receipt of this issue, to help towards distributing the news of their activities.

In other and plainer words—when you receive this October "Tie Line,"

do not leave it till to-morrow, but sit down and write us something really of interest covering your activities. And send it right away to this office, or to the Editor, with any photographs or other matter of interest which you can produce.

Once again, I would pass on to you every good wish from all the members of this Company, and may it not be too long before we have the opportunity of meeting again.

Sincerely yours,



P.S.—Will any members of the staff who may visit this Company take particular note of the fact that Thursday afternoon is not a suitable time, owing to licensed premises having taken upon themselves to have a half-day holiday per week!

## THE NOBLE GAME OF PITCH & PUTT

Some mention having already been made about the competition held by the lady members of the staff, we think it only right that this subject should be enlarged upon.

The office staff, not being sufficiently large to hold the competition on its own, invited Mrs. Cowtan, the Misses Irene and Ruby Cowtan, Mrs. Lamond, Mrs. Holmes, and Mrs. Muir to come along. On the 13th of the month—luckily it wasn't a Friday—we met at the gates of Queen's Park and proceeded to what is known as the "pitch and putt" green, where we divided into teams of three. The first team commenced and created something of a stir—mostly sand—but soon got into their stride. The others followed suit.

It was fine weather, and we had quite

a number of interested spectators round the park, who did not apparently realise the importance of the occasion. Even the barrage balloons above us seemed to be taking notice.

However, apart from clouds of dust and clods of earth in the air, and certain members pitching to the wrong green, everything went off very smoothly.

At the 18th hole, score cards were added up feverishly—some requiring more mental arithmetic than others—and Miss McLaughlin was pronounced the winner with 75 for 18. Not bad for a beginner? The second place was held equally by Mrs. Lamond, Miss Angus and Miss Jean Archibald, who each received the handsome sum of 8d.

Miss Montgomery had the distinction of producing the highest score, but the other members of her team explained that considering the amount of ground she had covered, the results was really remarkably low!

When disbursing the prize money, we did not forget to lay aside a donation to our Comforts Fund.

Later we went for tea—unlike the men, whose thirst is not so easily quenched—and had the pleasure of Mr. Cowtan's company. He appeared to be not the least bit embarrassed at having to sit—the only gentleman—amongst so many ladies.

Everybody agreed that we had had a real good time and voted "let's have another one."

THE CANTEN CUTIES.

### SIGM. J. HUGHES (Edinburgh), R.A.

Recently called at our Edinburgh Depot, and we understand that he has been in training and has passed out O.K. His present whereabouts are unknown. Perhaps he could oblige us with a letter.

### A/C.I D. GORDON, R.A.F.

Is now out East. This information has been received from his Father.

A/C.I W. W. KIRK, R.A.F.

## GETS IT OFF HIS CHEST!

It seems more like a year than a week (22.7.41) since I popped into the office and had the pleasure of meeting you all again. Amazing how time flies, isn't it? But, of course, I didn't start a letter with the object of talking about the time. One can ask anyone the time if one really wants the time, and it doesn't matter what the time is anyway, unless to a guy buying a time recorder.

I know you are all anxious for me to get along with my war experiences, but there's loads of time for all that. Heroes, such as I, do not like to relate our doings, especially so on paper because they can be used against us in the "War Cry," "The Daily Worker"—or even the notorious "Tie Line."

I was a bit upset because time was so short, and I promised the girls I would tell them of how I baled out after shooting down one of our barrage balloons thinking it was a Hun airship. It really is a bit upsetting to be stalled, as it were, right on the story. The girls were let down—I realize that; but a hero lives to tell another day, and, much as I detest hero-worship, I will carry out my promise and "shoot a line"—on my next leave.

The Prime Minister once said of the R.A.F.—"So much owed to so few by so many." W. W. Kirk would reply to that with "So little done by so many in such a time." The reply is very fitting to my unit, which I often think is a sanatorium for weak and wearied airmen.

Perhaps I shouldn't say these things, but rather leave them to be said by a recruit, because I'm well past the "cheesed off" period, and have now arrived at the stage where I would be far better off in an 'ome!

I'm like the M.O.I. this time—I'd like to say it, but I can't. So much to tell you, but so little courage!



It may interest you to know that I am with a salvage section. I go to wrecks and clear them up; and it's a bunch of wrecks that go with me to clear up the wrecks—just like "so little done by so many," etc. etc.!

The May issue of "The Tie Line" said that most of the lads from Tele-matic had secured promotion. I'm afraid I cannot be included in the list, because I am almost where I began. My wife asked me once why "they" didn't make me a Corporal or a Sergeant? I could only tell her that real heroes don't get promotion, they only get medals, and, if I haven't got any medals yet, it is because I have been overlooked. Yes, so much so that I haven't even had my picture in the papers. But women do ask the most awkward questions! They can never mind their own business.

All the jolly old best to everyone, and please don't take me too seriously!

If what the Premier said is true, you all owe me a fiver.

**SIGM. M. REILLY, R.C.S.**

Still knocking around the Middle East and am now up in the desert doing a job of work—a job which should take some time and one which would make your Coltness job a picnic.

It is pretty hard work and murder in the sand. The heat has been so terrific these past few days that we have had to give up working in the afternoon.

We have native labourers, and, if I have much more of them, I will go completely screwy. It is worse than hard work getting them to do anything. The minute one of us turns his back, down they squat and it's half an hour before they manage to rise again. Then they have a rare old argument as to who is going to start first or do the heavy part. If Andy Hennessy had them back home, he would waste away within a week.

As for the job itself, I cannot mention anything about it but, if and when completed, it will be something to say that I belonged to the section which did the work. Most of the section are P.O. and S.R. and should know their stuff. We outsiders should pick up a few hints.

There is nothing much up, except sand and insects by the million, and they cause us some unpleasant moments. There is a small town a few miles away, but there is nothing there and it's not worth going to the trouble of getting ready to go there.

We can usually find some means of passing our time away in the evening, but, as we are awake and on the job at the crack of dawn, it is an early bed-time. We have a newspaper daily and that is one thing that is precious out here.

**SIGM. A. KERR, R.C.S. (See photo)**

The weather here has been very showery since I returned and the ground outside the billet is a sea of mud.

Bill Mackay was to have gone on leave but it has been stopped for the next fortnight or so.

I have interrupted this letter to get myself some supper from the cookhouse. It is a very good meal to-night consisting of fried potatoes, meat, mixed vegetables, and tea.

I am looking forward to bed now as I have had a slightly harder day than usual, though that is not saying very much!

**SIGM. R. M. DEARY, R.C.S.**

Since my last leave I have travelled a lot in Yorkshire and have done almost every kind of outside telephone communication that I can think of—from post office permanent line to phantom circuits, but now I have remustered with a line maintenance section and that cuts out construction work, but I get my rating money with it.

I came here last night and, as far as I can see, it's going to be pure hell. I was due for leave but we were told to-day that leave is run on a four-months' basis and that means that our leave will be a month later.

**L/CPL. S. NORRIS, R.C.S. (See photo)**

After two years of war, a soldier—if I may be forgiven for straining the elasticity of my imagination so far as to call myself a soldier—might be expected to be able to tell wondrous tales of bravery and valour. But, alas and alack! I am afraid we are all too conscious that the "good old days" of William Wallace and St. George and the Dragon, are all over—the heroes of to-day being Mr. McTavish, Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown.

Nowadays, we are told to fight with old pots and pans, old piston rings and waste paper, instead of St. George's lance and Wallace's sword—which, by the way, I notice was still missing from

## THE TIE LINE

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its prominent place in the Monument last time I was there. I admit though that Bren and Ack-Ack guns have their uses, when we can't obtain pots and pans.

No, lads and lassies, I am afraid the only great deed I can put down against my own name for bravery, was the time I told our Section sergeant, quite vigorously and choosing such words from my vocabulary as would best express my point, that his views and mine did not, in all instances, coincide.

But, lest this letter—or apology for such—should be published and in case that particular N.C.O. should find a copy of "The Tie Line," I will not go into the case of "Norris versus Sergeant X." I didn't visit the Company Office on account of it, but next time I may not be so fortunate.

Well, everybody, I have managed to pen a few lines and have said nothing, but at least you can't turn round and say—"I wonder if Norris is now our 'late' Chronomatic Engineer."

I am enclosing a photo, which, if it does not merit a place in the Portrait Gallery, should find at least a place in the Krazy Kolumn.

### SGT. B. McLAREN, R.C.S.

As you can see, I have had a useful promotion since the last issue. In two jumps I have managed to be in charge of my own workshop staff.

I have a good staff of quite a number of instrument mechanics and electricians.

It is a pleasant change to be a sergeant, as I have many privileges, including the mess and better food and sleeping accommodation.

## A LINE OR TWO FROM THE CHIEF ENGINEER

I want to take this opportunity of asking all absent members of this Company to please make a very special

effort to let us have a letter before the next issue of "The Tie Line."

Although we are still in touch with the majority, there are one or two from whom we have received no news of any description, and, as we at St. Enoch House always look forward with interest to news of the absent ones, please do your best towards making the next issue of "The Tie Line" a record one as far as Glasgow is concerned.

Remember that it will soon be Christmas and "it pays to keep in touch"—see remarks from "Glasgow Knitters" in the August issue. So, come on, lads, don't be left out this time.

At the present moment, Sigm. M. Reilly holds the record for keeping in touch, although he is many miles from this country. As you will see from past issues of the magazine, we have heard from him both by ordinary mail and by Airgraph Letter, and now we have had one of the new Air Mail letter cards from him. All at St. Enoch House send their best wishes and congratulations to Reilly on his fine effort to maintain contact with us.

We are also pleased to acknowledge receipt of letters from L/Cpl. S. Norris, Sigm. R. Deary and Sigm. A. Kerr.

Then we were delighted to receive a letter from Sergeant B. McLaren. Please note the SERGEANT!! Congratulations, McLaren; you have done very well indeed, and, in view of your age, we suggest that it is a record to gain promotion so rapidly.

We are also happy to report that we have recently had a visit from L/Cpl. J. Hughes (Glasgow) who, as you will see, has been promoted since the last issue of "The Tie Line."

Yours sincerely,

D. R. HOLMES,

**SIGM. D. ROBERTS, R.C.S.**  
(Sheffield Company) relates his  
kaleidoscopic experiences, covering  
eight weeks

## IN AND OUT OF GREECE

I expect you have heard that we have been over to Greece and back again safely. We were only there for seven or eight weeks, but, during that short time, we were kept busy running a line here and another one over there, over mountain passes and down the other side. From the tops of these mountains we had marvellous views of the small villages tucked away in the mountain sides with a small trickle of smoke winding its way upwards.

On arrival in the country we were stationed near to the capital. We spent many nights touring the city, but always too late to go up amongst the ancient buildings.

Then the day came when we had to move northwards, travelling for three days over roads which were no better than cart tracks, full of pot-holes and just wide enough for two lorries to pass.

On the second day it rained and what a fine time it was! We were covered with mud from head to foot. This day we passed through a mountain pass which was very high and dangerous. The wheels of our wagon were slipping and sliding all over the place as we steered round the well-used and bad bends.

On the third and last day we came to a road, which we kept to for about ten miles, with a smooth tarred surface. This was a godsend after the bumps and hollows of the previous two days.

Early in the afternoon of the third day, we found ourselves at our destination. After settling ourselves down under a tree, we started to dig a hole for our tent. After a time we had three willing helpers from a nearby village.

They smelt very strongly of garlic, so every time they started to work near us, we had to work in the opposite corner, because they smelt terribly.

The next day we had everything fixed up and ready for action. Within the next few days there was a job waiting for us. This was across country—six miles long. The first day just about put us all out because the rations had been left behind, so that meant one small cheese for dinner.

Over hills, down again, across rivers. We finished work about 8 o'clock, feeling all in, hardly knowing how to walk the four miles back to the lorry.

After being in this position for about a month, we were told to pack up and leave as soon as possible. This time I took my place on the motor-bike, cruising along very steadily. Instead of going forward as we planned, we found that we were going back along the same road as we had come and we didn't like it a bit.

After a time we stopped in a very thick wood, again pitching the tent and making ourselves at home.

The next day I was given the job of going into a town to collect parts of one of the wagons. After going down the road for about twelve miles, I was passing a convoy of lorries coming towards me. Just at this time they stopped and the Greeks who were in the back started to run in all directions. I didn't take much notice of them because these chaps would run for cover at the sound of an aeroplane engine.

I carried on for a few yards. Then I happened to look up in front of me and saw a plane diving towards the road. In a flutter, I stopped the bike and

## THE TIE LINE

put it on the side stand. Just at that moment he opened up with his machine guns, and, before I had time to fling myself into a ditch, I could see the rounds hitting the road not more than six feet in front of the bike.

After he had passed, I managed to climb out of the ditch with my knees knocking like a couple of drumsticks. Nobody was hurt, but the lorries had been hit—not bad enough to do them any damage.



After a time I carried on, but kept one eye on the ground and the other up in the air. Three times he came over that afternoon, bombing and machine-gunning the district, and I was very glad to get back at 10 p.m. after being on that bike for just over eight hours.

Again we had orders to move and, making another camp, started another job. The roads were full again with traffic going in southwards. We wondered why, but carried on working.

After a few days our turn came, and we were on our way back, travelling by night and very slowly. At 3.30 in the morning we had a short sleep upon

the road just behind one of the lorries.

Before breakfast that morning we had to dive for cover as he came over again with those black crosses and machine-gunned an aerodrome that was just across the road.

The night before, we were told the news. Just as we expected. We had to leave the country.

That day we burnt, destroyed and smashed all our equipment. All our own kit went on the fire too. I came away with soap, towel, shaving kit, rifle and a small haversack.

We left in what transport we had. Going through the streets of the capital, women were crying and men were standing looking very worried. All were waving and trying to raise a smile.

On we went, through the night, trying to sleep in the back of the lorry. As dawn broke, one of the lads woke me up saying, "Come on, Ginger, he's here again." Out of the lorry and into a field we went, only to find out that it was a Hurricane. Of course, I then started grumbling at this lad for waking me up.

After hiding out for two days in the hills, we moved off again, this time on foot, and, being near to a port, we thought that we were leaving that night. But no—we found ourselves packed like sardines in goods wagons. Another night's sleep lost.

The next day we hung around the streets, waiting for darkness again. Off again on foot, but down to the docks this time, and so joining a queue which seemed miles long.

Later we were on board a destroyer and so we left, later joining a troop carrier. After finding a place to sleep at 4.30 a.m., we were soon far away in the land of nod.

Now we are back here, miles away from anywhere, just with the sand to look at, but it is quiet and there are no Jerries to worry us—yet.

# OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY



2nd Lt. G. T. PETERS  
R. A.  
*London*



L/Cpl. W. BURNEY-JONES  
R. C. S.  
*London*



Brigadier R. NAESMYTH  
Royal Tank Corps  
*London*



Mrs. LES. MIERS  
and the pride of the  
family



Sigm. J. QUIGLEY  
R. C. S.  
*Head Office*



L.A.C. L. R. MIERS  
R. A. F.  
*Sheffield*



L/Cpl. S. NORRIS  
R. C. S.  
*Glasgow*



Wireman E. WILSON  
Royal Navy  
*Newcastle*



2nd Lt. C. S. G. LENTON  
R. C. S.  
*Leeds*





LONDON OFFICE GIRLS



Sigm. C. NEILL, R.C.S., and his bride  
*Manchester*



Sigm. A. KERR  
R.C.S.  
*Glasgow*  
(on left, lying down)



## FACE THE CAMERA



Sigm. W. MACKAY  
R.C.S.  
*Glasgow*  
(on extreme right, standing)



Bdr. W. L. EVANS, R.A., and his bride  
*Birmingham*

# OBITUARY



**SIDNEY G. HAINCOCK**

*Born : 26th September, 1912*

*Commenced as Storekeeper with  
Telephone Rentals (South Wales) Ltd.,  
11th March, 1935      Promoted to  
Fitter on the 22nd May, 1940*

*Died : 11th August, 1941*





Dear Fellows,

I am sorry I have to start this letter on a very sad note, but it is with sincere regret that I have to tell you that I had to make arrangements for Sidney G. Haincock to be taken to Glan Ely Hospital suffering severely from tuberculosis, and, on the 11th August, I am sorry to say he passed away.

I know you will all join me in saying we shall sadly miss this Engineer, and it seems hard even to try to believe we shall not see him with us again. We extend to Mrs. Haincock and his relatives our earnest and sincere sympathy. After spending six years with this Company in his various capacities, he is the type of man we shall find hard to replace.

I am not going to worry you with what has been wrong with me, only to say that I am pleased to be back in harness and able to do a good day's work, although I find I cannot hop about just yet. Many thanks for your kind enquiries.

We were extremely pleased to see both Jack and Bill recently, and we trust that it will not be long before you are back with us for good. Please let us have your articles for "The Tie Line," but, in this case, address them to the

Editor direct rather than send them here. But keep us fully informed of your movements, and, if there is anything you require and we can secure it for you, we shall be only too happy to forward it on.

Now Jack Barry, how about you? You are the only silent member of the party from whom we only get very spasmodic information. What are you doing these days? Is there anything you require? If so, the same applies to you as to Bill and the other Jack.

Unfortunately, Jack Hutchinson is now in Hospital with his old trouble, and has forsaken his guns for a while. We hope you will soon be back on the job, Jack.

I am sorry that Cardiff has dropped in the Annual Competition, because I believe you are all as interested in the Annual Competition as I am, but unfortunately I was away for an appreciable period. Therefore, our returns were somewhat adversely affected. I hope, when I have cleared up one or two important matters, to get back

into my stride and recover the lost ground.

We have another tie-line job between both the Prince of Wales Dry Dock Companies, at the P.O.W. and Palmer's Dry Dock. This proves our subscriber's appreciation of our past services and the value of our equipment inside his firm.

Touching wood, we have been free from the Jerries for some time now, and we hope the day is not far distant when you will be back with us to carry your own kit bags containing tools and not army kit.

Finally, I understand the girls are again diving into their knitting bags for their No. 8's and No. 9's to produce the garments you have hitherto enjoyed. So write in your requirements early—don't wait to be caught by the severe cold snaps.

With best wishes to you all,

Yours sincerely,



**A/C.2 S. KNOWLES, R.A.F.**

Many thanks for the August "Tie Line." So far it has been in the hands of nearly all the twenty-four members of my hut. As we have a fairly representative lot of chaps from Birmingham, Manchester, etc., many of them know of T.R.

I am still on my electrician's course and shall be for some time. At the end of next week I am due for a half-way exam. and am doing a spot of swotting to make an effort to pass.

There is plenty of work at school and it is very interesting, but our hardest job is to keep awake.

## NAVAL STOCKS REPLENISHED IN DUBLIN

The Dublin Office was very pleased to receive a call from Lt. P. E. C. Y. Royds recently.

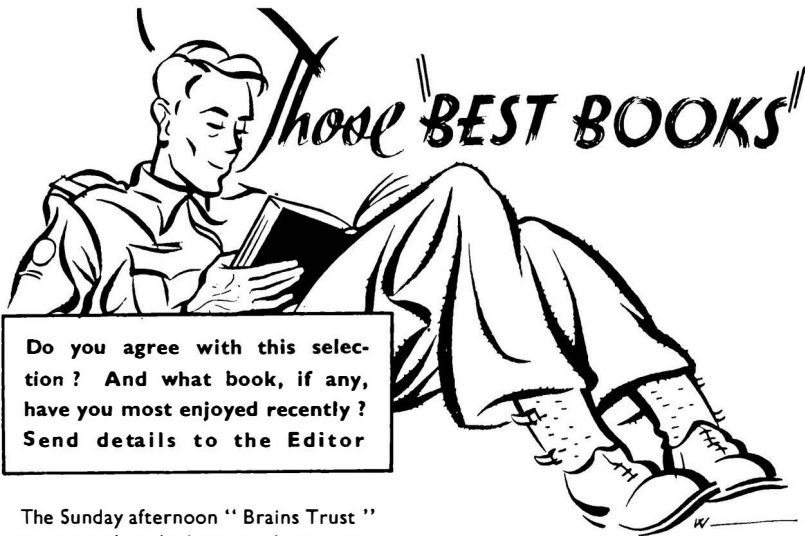
After his few hours here, we wondered did he really come to see us, or was he on a shopping expedition? However, whatever the reason may have been, we were delighted to see an old familiar face again.



## BORN 1862 AND STILL GOING STRONG?

I seem to remember, in "The Tie Line," Commercial Travellers representing us with beards. I recently received an application made by a "young man" of 79. When I interviewed him I put his age down as 60, but, to be serious, he was certainly mentally active.

F. B. CHARLTON.



The Sunday afternoon "Brains Trust" were recently asked to celebrate over the problem, "If you had to send a soldier six of the Half-Crown Classics, which of them would you send?"

This question is very much like our old friend, "What books would you like to have with you supposing you were marooned on a desert island?" except that you now have to choose them for a soldier—any soldier, presumably—instead of yourself.

Among the books chosen were the following:—

*Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,*  
*The Bible,*  
*The Oxford Book of Verse,*  
*Tolstoi's War and Peace,*  
*The Works of Plato,*  
*Don Quixote,*  
*Gulliver's Travels.*

It should be borne in mind that the Brains Trust's choice was limited to the Half-Crown Classics, and it is, of course, always possible that, had it not been so restricted, none of the above would have been chosen.

Nevertheless, the fact that these books were, in all seriousness, recommended for the reading of the average private soldier will afford the highest possible gratification to the realist and, no doubt, some disappointment to the sentimentalist.

The word "sentimentalist" is used here to describe that extraordinarily large body of people who persist in regarding the English soldier as an irresponsible overgrown schoolboy of the lowest intellectual attainments. This attitude was particularly noticeable during the last war, when the civilian population of this country, led by Mr. Horatio Bottomley, got positively maudlin over "the lads," "the boys," "the Tommies," and so forth, to such an extent that the private soldier, who was anything of a student of the popular press, must have regarded himself as a kind of heroic half-wit.

As a matter of historic fact, it would, I submit, be true to say that the majority of the rank and file of the British Army have always been just one jump ahead of what they were popularly supposed to be.

The soldiers of 1914-18 were not necessarily composed entirely of the fag-smoking, Tipperary-singing, "Arf-a-mo-Kaiser" toughs that the average book or periodical of that time would lead one to believe.

At the outbreak of the present war, there was a tendency to revive this superstition—happily without very much success—and the literature now recommended for the Army's consumption

should go a long way to killing it stone dead.

Incidentally, in a community sworn to defend Democracy to the last man and the last penny, it is a trifle odd the way these sentimental people always stoutly oppose the introduction of democratic ideas into the Services. They deplore, for example, the passing of the good old boozy, illiterate sergeant-major, the old uniform that needed spit-and-polish, and the fact that in most modern barracks the soldier is no longer expected to eat kippers from a plate covered with marmalade. Therefore, the idea of Mr. Thomas Atkins reading Tolstoi or Gibbon will, I imagine, be most distasteful to them.

Reverting to the list mentioned at the commencement of these notes, many of us, while listening to the Brains Trust's selection, must have immediately thought of one or more books which we, ourselves, would have included, and, for the purpose of a little friendly exchange of ideas, I suggest that the Editor be asked to reserve a small space in, say, the next half-dozen issues of "The Tie Line" in order that selections as chosen by our readers, may be printed and, what is perhaps more to the point, selections of books which our serving members would like to have themselves.

By way of a start, the following are submitted, and, in choosing the titles, the endeavour has been to make them as diversified as possible. So, starting with something light by way of *hors-d'oeuvres*, we commence with

1. *The Amateur Gentleman*, by Jeffrey Farnol.

Here is a long, romantic and utterly impossible novel of the Regency period, which is a perfect "escape" from present-day worries—full of Bucks, Corinthians, powdered wigs, cravats, swords, duels, fisticuffs, incredibly immaculate damsels, and is, I should judge, totally unlike the actualities of

George IV's reign. That, however, doesn't matter—the romance does.

2. *Riceman Steps*, by Arnold Bennett.

A grim and rather sordid story about a bookselling miser in Clerkenwell, told in a masterly manner, but differing considerably from the usual Bennett novel.

3. *English Saga 1840-1940*, by Arthur Bryant.

4. *The Hundred Years* (or "History without Tears"), by Philip Guedalla.

Two excellent books, the first being concerned with England only—the second embracing in a series of vivid sketches, the whole world.

Anybody who wants to get an idea of how mankind has landed in its present amazing mess, can very profitably read these, and he may be surprised to find how far back the seed was sown.

5. *Brazilian Adventure*, by Peter Fleming.

This is a "travel" book, written in a rather unorthodox style. That is to say, it is most amusing—which travel books usually are not. There are no heroics in it—in places it outrageously caricatures the conventional expeditionary book, and is altogether a most interesting account of a voyage up the Amazon.

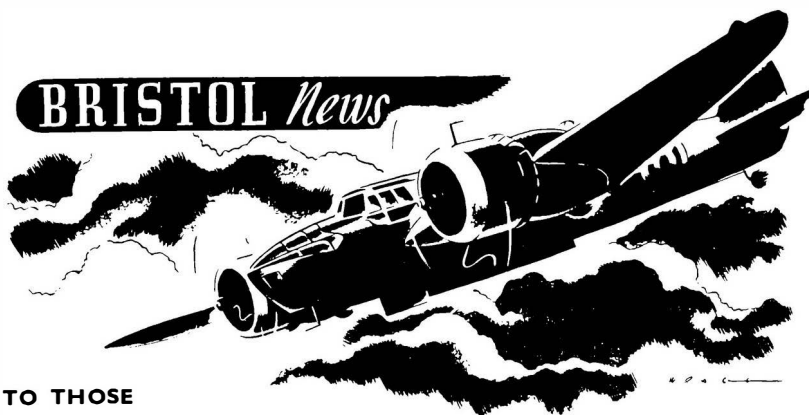
6. As a savoury to finish with—*Summer Lightning*, by P. G. Wodehouse.

An extremely funny book containing all the old stock characters. A lot of anti-Wodehouse nonsense has appeared in the Press lately about a broadcast by "P. G." from Berlin. Whether the published account of it is correct or not doesn't matter. The fact that Schubert was a German doesn't prevent us from enjoying the "Unfinished Symphony," does it?

Well, that's my selection. Now then, "Regular Reader," "Pro patria," and "Mother of Ten," let's hear from you!

DILETTANTI, Birmingham Company.

## BRISTOL *News*



### TO THOSE IN THE FORCES EVERYWHERE

My dear Lads,

Since the last issue, our correspondence has increased by 100 per cent from the Fighting Forces. Although this only amounts to two letters, still we were particularly delighted to receive one—without trying to create any distinction between the letters—as the one referred to came from our friend Clarke who is a prisoner of war in Germany.

It was only an official post-card containing a few lines, but we were very pleased to think that Clarke had not forgotten Telephone Rentals in the meagre correspondence they are allowed to forward from Germany.

Probably the most outstanding topic to-day is a word we never heard much about before the war, and that is "Rationing." Now it is in evidence everywhere. Even in the Companies we are still dogged by this word "Rationing" when it comes to supplies for our own products.

In one particular direction, however, there is no rationing, and that is in the amount of effort one is allowed to put into any section of our work in connection with winning the war. It must give all of us some satisfaction to know that no efforts are spared to put in our Installations in the quickest possible time, and to see they

are maintained at the highest possible standard, despite any difficulties, because we know these efforts are helping our Subscribers to increase their production and, in an indirect way, to shorten the period of the war.

The whole of the Staff in Bristol join with me in wishing you the best of luck.

Yours sincerely,

### "BUTCH" MARTIN RAMBLES ON

I have armed myself with pen and ink and, with every good intention in the world, I sit me down to send you lads a few words through the medium of "The Tie Line." What to write about I know not, so, if you will b—— with me, I will just ramble.

Well, lads—life here in the West, at any rate, remains about the same. "Telematic Broadcasting Service" has proved itself a winner throughout the country, and, as far as I am concerned, I am up to my eyes in it.

It is indeed very interesting work from the Salesman's point of view, and I am given to understand that the



Engineers have their moments when installing this type of equipment.

That we can help those factories that are supplying you lads with the necessities of warfare is indeed a pleasing thought. If a T.B.S. installation will improve production by even one decimal point, it is a job well done.

Whilst on this subject—I was told by the Works Manager of a firm of aero-engineers, for whom we supplied our biggest Broadcasting installation yet in the West, that a census, which they have just completed, has shown them that, during the last twelve months, they have worked 91 per cent of air-raided time. This, of course, includes day and night shifts. They are of the opinion that our microphone control throughout the factory has made this amazing percentage figure possible.

We have been favoured by a recent visit from Mr. W. S. Philcox. He was looking well and appeared to be well pleased with our efforts for the first half of this year.

Messrs. Anderson and Robinson have also been down. Robby was, as usual, oozing ohms, watts and things. Andy was his bright little self. As usual, I locked up my cigarettes and small personal belongings on hearing that my friend was in the building.

However, he bought me the odd one and brought me down two new jokes, so, at the time of writing, he ranks very high in my estimation.

By the way, a little bird tells me that a giant announcement is shortly to be made concerning this gentleman. On second thoughts, there is no need for me to be secretive about the matter as, by the time this contribution is in print, it will be known to everyone in the organisation. And so I take this opportunity, Andy, of wishing you and your wife every happiness.

## A WORD FROM THE BRISTOL GIRLS

We know it is not very often that a member of our sex finds she has little to talk about, but we seem to have come to that word "Stop." We have had very few happenings lately—no weddings or births, and, what is more, no scandal to discuss. This is a great pity. Can anyone oblige, please?



We are afraid that we shall soon be turning out autumn coats, dresses, etc., cutting the beards off same, and endeavouring to disguise them as this year's models. We know the rest of the staff will raise their eyebrows and say, "What! Has it been turned again?" But this year, at any rate, we have a perfectly legitimate excuse.

We are very sorry that Miss Brake—Crack of Dawn—has decided that she has seen enough of us for a while and has gone into hospital. We stormed the ward yesterday, and, after making ourselves extremely unpopular, managed to see her for a few minutes. She told us the Doctors cannot find out what is wrong, but we seem to have heard that one before. We miss her very much

and hope she will soon get well, even if the Doctor is most attractive!

Referring to this unimportant matter of rationing, we are open to receive hints and lessons as to how we can get unlimited supplies of rationed goods. We look on with envious eyes as the male staff get hams and cigarettes, etc., delivered by SMASHING BLONDES, yet we have to struggle with weak tea—visitors, please note. We think our technique needs "peppering."

S.O.S. As milk will soon be rationed, could the heavy section of the Home Guard help us out? We understand there are one or two cows at Clevedon, and the interest in pigeons these days appears to be very keen.

**BDR. E. G. CLARKE, R.A.**  
(Prisoner of War)

We have received a prisoner-of-war post-card direct from Gerald Clarke, and this is what he says:—

"Dear Boys and Girls,

At the risk of a domestic upheaval, I am sparing you a card at last. We get very few.

How are you all during this trying time? Still keeping merry and bright, I hope? I am in the pink myself and am looking forward to seeing you all again soon.

Please accept my thanks for the generous way T.R. are treating me. Cheerio.

GERALD."

There is a slight alteration in his address, which is now—

Bdr. E. G. Clarke,  
Gefangenenummer 18760,  
Lager-Bezeichnung:  
Stalag XX A (45)  
Deutschland, (Allemagne).

Nobby is still keeping in good health and his letters to his wife are all very cheerful. He is working with some electricians and he seems very pleased at the opportunity to be able to do something in his own trade.

They have Bridge tournaments at his camp, which, by the way, is in Poland. So he has plenty to do, which all helps to pass the time away. Apparently the weather has been good and he says he has acquired a beautiful tan.

**Wireman T. R. BENNETT, R.N.**

No doubt you are thinking "It's about time young Tommy wrote a letter"—so here goes.

I would like to hear from all, if you can spare a few moments, giving me the local gossip from any of the districts. It will be of interest to me and to a number of my shipmates as there are quite a few from the west and south.

There is one thing I never forgot and that was the firm's Annual Outing. I hope everyone enjoyed themselves—and, of course, had one for me. I only wish I could have been with you in person, but the leaves very seldom coincide with our wishes. So I shall have to hope and wish for the next time—probably at Christmas. Then I shall be able to see everyone

Please give my best wishes to all the lads in the forces. I often think about Nobby and wonder how he is. We read a lot about Jerry prison camps and conditions in them, and one cannot but wonder from time to time, how our friends are faring in them.

**DRIVER H. G. WILSON, R.A.S.C.**

Hi-Ya, Tie-Liners!

This must be a very big shock for you, but I am sure you are tough enough to survive. I am now on my third course here in —, and trying to digest inwardly all the weird wonders of wireless.

I received my May issue of "The Tie Line" O.K., and found it very interesting. I see that Butch finally took the plunge, and what trash!

I'm sure you Tie-Liners will excuse me while I send a few words to Bristol Company. I wish, through "The Tie Line," to thank all the remaining staff of my Company for the good times they have given me on my various leaves, especially Mr. Jackman and Mr. Lyne. Also I would like to wish all my old work-mates now in the Forces, the very best of luck and a safe return.

Well now, as my "Tie Line" is on

its usual round, I won't be able to answer any more pieces. All the lads have a read and say it is the only book of its kind they have come across.

You, I am sure, must feel as browned-off as I do at times. Yesterday I celebrated my second year in the Army, and I hope I won't see my third in it. Still, I have one thing to my credit—I have always managed to wangle things, within limits, of course.

## ANIMAL CRACKERS

*B. O'SULLIVAN (Bristol Company)*

Well, here we are in August, with a new issue of "The Tie Line" just arrived and "Priority" call for material for the next issue.

So what to write about becomes an urgent question.

Shall it be "M" Forms? No, we don't think so! It's a ticklish subject. Most of the people who have to deal with them refer to them by a totally different sounding initial, which those of us who remember Arthur Askey's famous "Bee Song" will easily recognise.

Shall it be our Holidays—or, as we now call them "Our break for rest," and, on our return, "our broke" for the rest of the month? A pleasant topic for those that have had them and a bit of a poser for those who still have to take them.

The former will have happy memories—we hope—and the latter, as the fateful date of September approaches, will have to decide whether they should just take their "summer kit" only, or their "portable shelters" and "tin-hats" as well. They might as well take their tin-hats because the present shortage of "liquid-nourishment" plus its prohibitive price, makes it almost a stone certainty that the chances of

getting tin-hats while away, are very remote.

Oh! Talking of holidays reminds me of a very curious and exciting episode that occurred at our Bristol Zoo on Bank Holiday. Large numbers of us, in response to the request for non-travelling on that day, made the Zoo our rendezvous. (Is this fellow writing prose or poetry?)

In the Wallaby, Rodent and Kangaroo enclosure, we observed a very large "kangarette." We hope that's right—we're not quite certain what is the female for kangaroo. She was sitting on her tail and she looked very thoughtful.

All of a sudden, she jumped round the enclosure, stopped, patted, and scratched her tummy, appeared to pause a moment in thought, and then off again.

This manoeuvre was repeated at ever-increasing speed about four times, and then a look of enlightenment appeared on her face. She dived her fore-paws into her pouch, pulled out a pair of baby kangaroos, banged their heads together and exclaimed, "There! That'll teach you to eat biscuits in bed."

Crazy sort of story, sez you. Well, aren't we all?

*The Editor records some interesting facts and figures concerning the*

## **COMPANY'S PENSION SCHEME AND BENEVOLENT FUND**



Recently when having a chat with Mr. G. H. Field, our Company Secretary, we turned to the subject of the Company's Pension Scheme and the Benevolent Fund.

We all know about the splendid purpose for which each plan was inaugurated.

### **PENSION SCHEME**

How the Pension Scheme is primarily intended to provide financial support for members of this Company when the age of retirement comes about—or for his dependants, should death intervene.

The amount which a member pays into the Scheme is determined according to his age, salary and length of service with the Company, and the latter adds to such payments a like amount so as to double the benefits which will accrue to that member.

The Scheme is secured by Trust Deeds under which the Company covenants to pay all premiums annually in advance for each Member so long as he remains in its employ, and also all the working expenses of the Scheme.

Each Member then pays his half of the premiums by monthly or weekly deductions from his salary.

Mr. G. H. Field is the Secretary to the Trustees, of whom there are six. Each is appointed by the members of his Grade to look after the interests of those members.

Already there are over 400 members in the Scheme, and last year the payments made by Telephone Rentals' employees amounted to the goodly figure of £2871 8s. 2d., which, when increased by a similar amount from the Company, will give some idea of the savings that are accumulating year by year in readiness for members as each reaches the age of retirement at 60.

### **BENEVOLENT FUND**

And how an employee, when he is away from work owing to illness and is not receiving his salary during this period, is encouraged to apply to the Benevolent Fund if he is in need of financial aid.

Mr. G. H. Field is the Chairman of the Committee of Trustees who administer this Fund. They discuss each case brought to their notice and decide how much money should be granted. Such aid is not determined by what a man has subscribed to the Fund, but by what his financial needs are.

## THE TIE LINE

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Both schemes are active evidence of the Company's policy for safeguarding, as far as possible, the interests of those who in working association, form THE COMPANY.

Further evidence of this policy came to light, which certainly deserves to be recorded in "THE TIE LINE."

Firstly, in the case of those serving with the Forces, who are on the Company's pay roll and who are members of the Pension Scheme, the Company pays such Members' contributions as well as its own.

This is really a considerable as well as a considerate concession, the value of which must be thoroughly appreciated by those whom it affects, since it ensures the continuance of their Life and Pension Policies in readiness for their owners' return to civil life, or, if unhappily the worst should happen, will provide the maximum of financial aid to their dependants.

Secondly, the Committee of Trustees of the Benevolent Fund has added to Rule 2, which defines the object of the Fund, a resolution :—

"That, for the duration of the war, the scope of the Fund be and is hereby extended to include, in cases of hardship, dependants of employees who are serving with His Majesty's Forces and are contributing to the Fund."

Thus the Committee, fully aware of the greater measure of risk, gives itself powers to use its funds for the dependants of our Serving Members.

The 10th Annual Report shows that the number of donors and subscribers was 2,952. We understand that the number of contributors is on the increase, but, obviously, whilst such subscriptions are voluntary, the more the funds accumulate, the more generously can the Committee allocate the monies at its disposal to those cases which are brought to its notice.

This same Report showed that for

the year grants were made amounting to £891 5s. 0d. Since the Fund was started, the Company itself has subscribed several hundreds of pounds, and the only expenses incurred in running the Fund are the cost of the cheque stamps.

The Trustees of the Fund are anxious to obtain more regular contributors to the Fund, and any of our readers who wish to number themselves among such contributors should notify their Managers so that arrangements can be made to deduct a regular amount from the weekly salary, if this method of payment appeals.

Even a penny a week as a regular payment is sufficient and will be most acceptable. The important thing is the regular contribution rather than the amount of the contribution.

Each of us will be pleased if he doesn't need the help of the Fund, but, if the occasion should arise when it becomes an untold blessing, then such a man is happier in the thought that he did subscribe in the past to help others.

We would say that any employee who is engaged on the Home Front or in the Forces, who is in distress through ill health, accident, or similar unforeseen circumstances, should not be too proud to make application to the Committee by writing to :—

Mr. E. A. Farrant,  
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer,  
Employees' Benevolent Fund,  
Hollingsworth Works,  
West Dulwich, London, S.E.21.

Sometimes the Committee only gets to hear about necessitous cases in a roundabout way and often after a lapse of time. The Committee works to the policy that "he gives twice who gives quickly."

Both these plans apply equally to our women workers, and if upon marriage, a women member leaves the employ of the Company, she reaps ad-

vantages from the payments made by the Company, as well as from the payments that she herself has made.

### WORKING OF THE SCHEMES

Naturally I was interested to have some examples of the working of these Schemes. No member yet has reached the retiring age, but I give sufficient cases below to show how, at a time of emergency, the Pension Scheme and/or the Benevolent Fund carry out, in a financially practical way, the very purpose the Directors had in mind when such plans came into operation.

#### MR. A. OF MANCHESTER COMPANY

Unfortunately he was absent from work for six months suffering from tuberculosis, and, after this period, it was found that he would not be able to return to work at all. Rule 9 covers just such a case.

All the four Policies held in Trust for Mr. A. were surrendered and the total proceeds handed to him. In actual monies he had contributed £25 18s. 7d. and the proceeds given to him amounted to £56 10s. 6d.

#### MR. B. OF CARDIFF COMPANY

The most recent case is that of Mr. B. of Cardiff Company. On his death the four Policies were made available to his widow. The two Insurance Policies held in trust for him were each for the value of £50. Therefore, upon death, Mrs. B. was paid £100.

He hadn't been in the Scheme very long, but the two Pension Policies were being steadily built up to provide him with £1 a week for life on reaching the age of 60.

In this case, these two Pension Policies had to be surrendered and the amounts paid on each was £11 16s. 9d., or £23 13s. 6d. in all. Thus Mrs. B. received all told £123 13s. 6d., yet the

contributions made by Mr. B. himself were only £10 10s. 5d.

#### MR. C. OF DUBLIN COMPANY

He was absent, owing to illness, for a period of sixteen months, during which time grants amounting to £15 10s. 0d. were paid to him by the Benevolent Fund. Unfortunately, his illness proved fatal, and, in these circumstances, the Trustees decided to assist his widow by making her a grant of £5 0s. 0d.

#### MR. D. OF DUBLIN COMPANY

He has been away from work with a fractured leg and wrist for over 12 months, during which time he has received grants amounting to £26 0s. 0d.

#### MR. E. OF BIRMINGHAM COMPANY

On his death in February, 1941, a grant of £10 0s. 0d. was paid to his widow.

#### MR. F. OF LONDON COMPANY

During his absence from work owing to illness in 1940, a grant of £5 0s. 0d. was paid to him.

#### MR. G. OF LONDON COMPANY

And finally, may we instance the case of Mr. G. who was for many years the London Company's Storekeeper. He died in April, 1941. He had been a member of the Pension Scheme since its inception in March, 1928.

On his death the Benevolent Fund assisted his widow with grants amounting to £8, until the Life Insurance and Pension Policies were made over to her.

A few weeks later she was sent a cheque for £271 3s. 0d., which sum included two Life Assurance policies for a total of £100, the balance being Pension contributions returned at 3 per cent compound interest.

Mr. G. himself had contributed the sum of £75 18s. 6d.

# ***If we had some eggs . . .***

*Anyway, Gnr. S. T. Williams, R.A. (Head Office) sends us some valuable hints on*

## **EGGS—HOW TO COOK**

*by Friar Nifty*

Out here one gets plenty of opportunities to cook for oneself. I mean, one can buy eggs and chickens from the natives and—cook them. (What, the natives?—Ed.). I don't want to boast, but it's whispered throughout the battery that I fry a very nifty egg. I'll try to give you some idea of just how I deal with that which the hen so cunningly produces, i.e. the common egg.

### **Frying Eggs**

Firstly, grasp your egg firmly between the index finger and thumb; take a breath and hit the edge of your frying-pan, or mess-tin, rather smartly. This has the effect of making the edible part of the egg slither down the outside of the pan and coming to a violent halt on the desert beneath.

Scoop the egg up with a spoon—making sure you get a little sand and gravel with it—and throw the whole thing into the frying pan. Let it fry for an hour or more, and then eat it—if you're man enough?

### **Scrambling Eggs**

Take six eggs from six chickens—never take six eggs from the same chicken, the other five will lose heart—and beat the whole issue up in a cup or something. Leave a little shell with it—this grates against your teeth when you eat it, and reminds you that it is egg you are consuming.

Right, the eggs are well beaten up by now. Place a little cart-grease—or butter, it doesn't matter which—into a saucepan. Plonk the saucepan on a wood fire and start stirring. It's the stirring that does it. If you aren't a strong stirrer, get five or six of your

friends to help you. Add a little pepper—say half a pound—and, when the saucepan is good and burnt, eat it—the scrambled egg, not the saucepan.

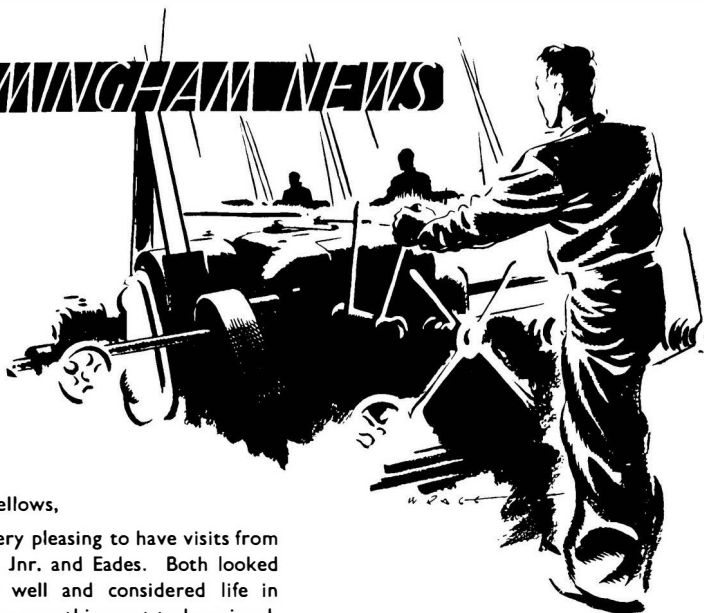
### **Boiling Eggs**

Put some into boiling water. Now, supposing you like your eggs boiled for three minutes, don't use your watch—that idea is too old-fashioned. You can run a hundred yards in, say, 15 seconds, flat out. Right—run 1,200 yards flat out—come back to your now-boiled eggs, eat them, and then wonder why you suddenly get indigestion.

That just about completes my repertoire. Of course, I can boil water and even make tea, and—oh, heaps of other things. In fact, when I return home, I'm only hoping that some sweet girl will look into my eyes and murmur—“If you could only cook.”



# BIRMINGHAM NEWS



My dear Fellows,

It was very pleasing to have visits from T. Adcock, Jr. and Eades. Both looked extremely well and considered life in the Navy as something not to be missed. They both felt that, from the discipline and fellowship created amongst their Mess mates, it is something to their advantage, and we wish them every success in the future.

They both consider that the war is a general nuisance and are extremely anxious for the day to come when they can return to this Company.

We have recently heard from Pte. F. Walker, Royal Army Pay Corps, and he too would welcome a return to civil life, partially due to lack of enterprise in the service and the boredom when he is off duty.

Here we hardly realise the existence of the war—in fact, we cannot remember when we last heard the sirens.

We are still anxious to hear from a number of you who are serving in the Forces. It is a considerable time since we had any news of you, and we do hope you will realise the value of "The Tie Line" is a responsibility we would ask you not to neglect.

It is important that you assist the Editor by keeping him busy with your general activities both on and off duty, so that he can pass on this information

to your comrades. We who are left at the Company are also anxious at all times to hear from you.

We now learn that Captain Gunter has arrived safely at his destination in the Middle East.

We were very pleased to hear from Baines who, we understand, is serving with the Navy in the Tropics. He is extremely fit and enjoying life as a whole.

Since the last issue, we have had a visit from Kenneth Greening who has now been discharged from the Army. We hope in a very short time to welcome him back at the Company. His recovery, though slow, appears to be satisfactory.

Finally, may I again stress to those who have not kept up correspondence with the Company—please write as often as you can so that your colleagues may read and know how you are and what you are doing. Please help to make the Editor's job a little easier by writing to him when you receive this issue.

Good luck and every good wish.



## THE TIE LINE

### PTE. F. W. WALKER, R.A.P.C.

The Army Pay Corps seems to agree with him, for he is in the best of health, has regular office hours, and is just as well fed and cared for in his diggings at 27/6 per week full board, as at many places he stayed at in peace time to the tune of 12/6 B. and B.

However, the call of the road is still in his blood, and finds an outlet in "hitch-hiking" homewards as many week-ends as possible.

### BDR. W. L. EVANS, R.A. (See photo).

I am sending along a snap of my wife and I taken on our wedding day.

The wedding took place on Saturday, June 14th, 2.0 p.m., at St. Cyprian's Church, Hay Mill, Birmingham. Bride—Miss M. W. Irvine, of Small Heath, Birmingham. Bridegroom—Bdr. W. L. Evans, late of Small Heath, Birmingham.

My wife is well and truly telephone-minded, having been employed by G.P.O. telephones for some years, and, since the war, she has been on loan to the Air Ministry on a hush-hush job. To carry the "Tie Line" further, Mrs. Evans' father was employed by the National Telephone Company.

Of course, it goes without saying that I convinced my wife some time ago that G.P.O. telephones were many times as effective with Telematic doing most of the work for them!

"Browned-off" is a very mild expression to use when a newly married man is away soldiering, especially when he has about five moves in about seven weeks, and the chances of even a 24-hour leave are exactly nil!

During the past few weeks I've been by the sea and then so far into the



country that we couldn't even see a road, our only companions being cows and rabbits.

Our next move was on to the roof of a factory where we had excellent quarters and were treated very well indeed by employers and employees. Now we are looking after a large Telematic Subscriber of the Birmingham Company.

### W/M. T. ADCOCK, R.N.

Mrs. Adcock has sent us news of her son. Here it is:—

T. Adcock, Jnr. was home on leave a few weeks ago and looked very fit. I noticed he has gained two stone in weight. Navy life certainly makes men of the boys. Tom Jnr.—I don't think I should call him that now, seeing he has spent his 21st birthday afloat.

I have forwarded all "Tie Lines" to him and I can tell you that that small magazine is a great favourite of the Mess. There is always a scramble amongst the Jack Tars to read it when Tom has finished with it.

**CAPTAIN R. C. BUSS, Royal Tank  
Regt. (Manchester Company), gives  
us some idea of**

## **A Day in the Life of an Adjutant**

I get down to the Orderly Room about 09.00 hours—to any civilians, 9.0 a.m.—say “Good morning” to everybody in sight and feel hearty. I then read the orderly officer’s report which depresses me at once, as I find something frightful has happened; swear to myself a few times, ring all my office bells, take all action on the report, dictate a letter to my A.T.S. girl who thinks she can do shorthand, but actually is not so hot at the job.

After all that, I relax for a moment. The ‘phone rings—somebody wants to know something. I tell them I am busy and to ask somebody else. I then go and have a short talk with the Commanding Officer.

From 10.00 hours to 12.00 hours, I act as receptionist to the C.O., letting in those people who really need to see him, and keeping the others out. I expect all members of T.R. have met a bloke like that before. Also, in that period, I answer the telephone about fifty times, go through the post, sign a few letters, and go home for lunch at 13.15 hours.

As I live quite near Barracks, it doesn’t take me long to nip home for lunch, have a talk with my wife about everybody in general and about what Mrs. So-and-So said, and get all the regimental scandal.

I get back to the Orderly Room about 14.20 hours. The Duty Officer gives me a long account of some telephone call



he has had, which he knows very little about—I ‘phone up and put the matter right.

In the afternoon, I go through still more letters, dictate a few more. At 15.00 hours I try and get round the Regiment with the R.S.M. I return about 16.00 hours, read and sign regimental post and orders. At about 17.00 hours I go up to tea in the Mess with the C.O. We discuss the day’s work with all the Company Commanders and get back half-an-hour later; sign lots more letters and generally leave about 19.20 hours.

About once a month I go and turn all the guard out after 23.30—11.30 p.m.—just to see they are all alert. Of course, the Orderly Officer does this every

night. Then sometimes I go round at dawn "Stand To"—I don't feel very well at that time of the morning, and most people know it, so, when they hear I am coming, most of them are doing or trying to do the right thing.

On Saturday mornings I take the Regimental parade. I inspect the parade, give a few drill orders and everybody does more or less as I want them to. This parade, as most of you know, is known as "Adjutant's Parade." Everyone is in his best turn-out, ready for inspection. All rather frightening when you have about 700 men to drill. I generally look up the drill movements each week, just to make sure I don't say the wrong thing.

Sunday Church Parade—Regimental Parade, which I take in turns with the Assistant Adjutant to perform.

There was a man in the Regiment who was an old New System subscriber. I interviewed this man, but I didn't let on to him that, the last time I saw him, he dictated to me!

The other week we were visited by the Princess Royal. She came to see the A.T.S. girls who are working with the Regiment. By the way, she ranks as a Major-General. There were lots of senior A.T.S. women also there. I brought up the rear of the procession with the Area Commander's A.D.C. I think Her Royal Highness was duly impressed with the work of the girls.

In my spare time, which isn't very much, I have taken to digging for victory. I have planted my garden full of vegetables which seem to be growing all right.

I haven't met any of the people from the firm, but I wish one of them would drop in one day and make our field telephone work. No wonder some people create hell because their 'phones won't function! I create more than that when our field telephone won't work!

## Promotions

Hearty congratulations to the following:—

### Belfast

Gnr. T. E. W. Dornan, R.A., now L/Bdr.

### Glasgow

A/C.2 D. Gordon, R.A.F., now A/C.I.

Sigm. J. Hughes (Glasgow), R.C.S., now L/Cpl.

Sigm. B. McLaren, R.C.S., now Sgt.

Gnr. J. Nisbet, R.A., now L/Cpl.

Sigm. S. Norris, R.C.S., now L/Cpl.

### Head Office

L/Cpl. S. Crane, Q.V.R., now L/Sgt.

### Leeds

Dvr. C. E. Tempest, R.A., now L/Bdr.

Pte. D. H. Thompson, R.A.S.C., now Cpl.

### London

Sigm. W. Burney-Jones, R.C.S., now L/Cpl.

Sigm. F. W. Hayes, R.C.S., now L/Cpl.

Cadet G. T. Peters, R.A., now 2nd Lt.

Sigm. E. A. Verran, R.C.S., now Cpl.

L/Cpl. A. R. White, R.C.S., now Cpl.

A/C.2 H. L. Youens, R.A.F., now A/C.I.

### Sheffield

A/C.I L. R. Miers, R.A.F., now L.A.C.

## THOSE WHO HAVE JOINED THE FORCES SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE

### London

S. Solomon      Royal Marines Police

### Manchester

S. Nichols      R.A.F.

B. F. Whale      Royal Navy

### Newcastle

J. B. Thackray      Royal Tank Regt.



Dear Fellows,

We are wondering how you are all getting along, as we don't seem to have seen any of you for quite a while. We hope you will soon be home on leave, as we are looking forward to seeing you in the office, but, in the meantime, do write a few lines as there appears to have been a dearth of correspondence lately.

Since writing the last letter to you, we have engaged female members on the Engineering Staff—four for Telematic maintenance and three for Chronomatic maintenance. Each section has received one month's instruction by H. Cantrell and A. Turner respectively. The Telematic girls have since visited a number of Telematic 50 subscribers and they appear to be carrying out their work efficiently. The Chronomatic girls are just finishing their month's training.

We've had very little good weather in Leeds this year, but fortunately the sun did shine on Saturday, 5th July—the date we had fixed for our afternoon outing.

We left Leeds in the early afternoon and proceeded straight to Knaresboro', where we very much enjoyed boating on the river. We discovered we were not up to professional standard, as some of our ex-naval men found they were suffering from lack of practice, and quite a number of the staff were more nearly in the river than on the river!

The Wishing Well greatly attracted the Office Staff, and the Petrifying Water Fall was a very interesting sight. The strangest objects were in process of being petrified, later to be exhibited in museums.

In the evening we held a cricket match on "The Stray" at Harrogate, during which one of the girls of our staff received severe buffetings, but, none the less, made an excellent effort with the bat!

Very best of luck to you all from everyone at Leeds Company, and we hope we shall soon be issuing invitations to a Victory Dinner.

Yours sincerely,

## THE TIE LINE

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My dear Lads,

What a pleasure it gives us at home to read your letters! It lets us know how you are getting on, and, from all accounts, some of you are having a great time. It makes us, who are too old, envy you.

A few years ago, none of you ever thought that you would be seeing such sights, or visiting the various places, or doing the things you have done. How good it must make you feel, and we all hope that it will soon be over and you will be amongst us again.

You will find a few changes, but that will be nothing fresh to you, and you will soon get used to them.

What a time it will be when you all return home! What tales you will have to tell!! Some may be like the Fisherman's, but never mind, what will it matter. We are all one big happy family, and will be only too delighted to hear first hand of the various adventures you have had.

Possibly we at home may have a tale or two that will cap yours! They naturally cannot be told now, in the cold print of "The Tie Line." But a good story always keeps.

Chins up, and keep smiling.

GEO. P. NIGHTINGALE.

### L.A.C. L. DRYSDALE, R.A.F.

Not much news this time. Things are quiet here. Nothing happens to disturb the peace. We just keep on existing and have only one moan and that is about these W.A.A.F.'s. They are being trained for all the jobs in the R.A.F. What is going to happen when they become proficient? Most probably we shall be sent back to Civvy Street to keep the washing clean.

A peculiar thing happened the other day. We had a new bomber delivered to us. Everything was checked over in the usual way, and the machine was detailed for a bombing trip. The bombs

were loaded and everything was O.K. for the crew. The pilot settled himself down and set his controls to start the engines. He pressed the starter button and, behold, instead of the engines starting, all the bombs dropped out! He pressed the bomb release button and the engines started up full of life! What a scare for the crew. Just one of those technical hitches for us—all in a day's work!

### 2nd LIEUT. C. S. G. LENTON, R.C.S. (See photo).

I am still at the same place and on the same job as Assistant Chief Instructor in this training centre. Besides that, I am the unfortunate individual detailed as Officer I/C Entertainments, Education and Agriculture. The reason for this is that the majority of people passing through here do not stay long. They are trained and then swished away to do a real job in the field.

There are times when I get bored



myself and wish I was taking an active part in the field, but I suppose I must console myself that I am doing my share by training others, and somebody has to do that job.

**L/BDR. C. E. TEMPEST, R.A.**

He is working on a very stiff electrical course on searchlight equipment, which is more complicated than a telephone installation ever knew how to be.

After he leaves "school" at 4.30, he has an hour for dinner, and then has an hour's musketry drill. After that he has to "swot" and, when that is finished, his time is his own—except that, in addition, he does all-night guard every fifth night, blanco's all his equipment and cleans out the barrack room!

A week's leave on a course of medicine from a glass with a handle will do him a world of good!

**GNR. W. H. WALTON, R.A.**

Readers will be glad to hear that, although Walton has had an operation and is still in hospital at the time of writing, Mr. Woodruff called on him and found him looking very bright and cheerful.

And now, here is a letter from Gunner Walton:—

As you will see, I am writing under difficulties from hospital where I am recovering from an operation. I had my stitches taken out to-day and feel about fit again. I can't, of course, sit up yet, but hope to be up and about again soon.

Taking things all round, I believe I have had quite an easy time, although the wound looks as though a harvest festival marrow had been taken out sideways, and I am fully expecting the nurse to inform me at any time now that I have become a mother!

The life here is quite a change from army life, and the food is first class—again a distinct change, since all army dishes have an ounce of chopped hair and a dash of Monkey Brand as staple ingredients.

We make our own fun, and, in spite of the fact that most of us have off days, the time passes very pleasantly. It will not seem long before I am back on the job again, wondering how I can work my ticket.

Thanks for "The Tie Line" It is a link with you I value very much and one which reminds me I have roots solidly planted outside the army.

\* \* \*

## DIS- ILLUSIONMENT

A patriotic soul was she—

She thought she'd be a V.A.D.

So now she is a part-time nurse,

And thinks that nothing could be worse.

She dreamed herself a Nightingale—

Complete with lamp. Alas, a pail

Is hers—she scrubs the floors,

Sorts the linen and does the chores.

On the screen the handsome wounded

HE,

Falls in love with his sweet V.A.D.

A passionate close-up then discloses

Them madly viewing each other's noses.

Well, our V.A.D. is a bit of a cynic

Since she's been down at the local clinic.

Romance at the bedside? Well, how the  
hell

Could it possibly thrive in this B.A.  
smell?

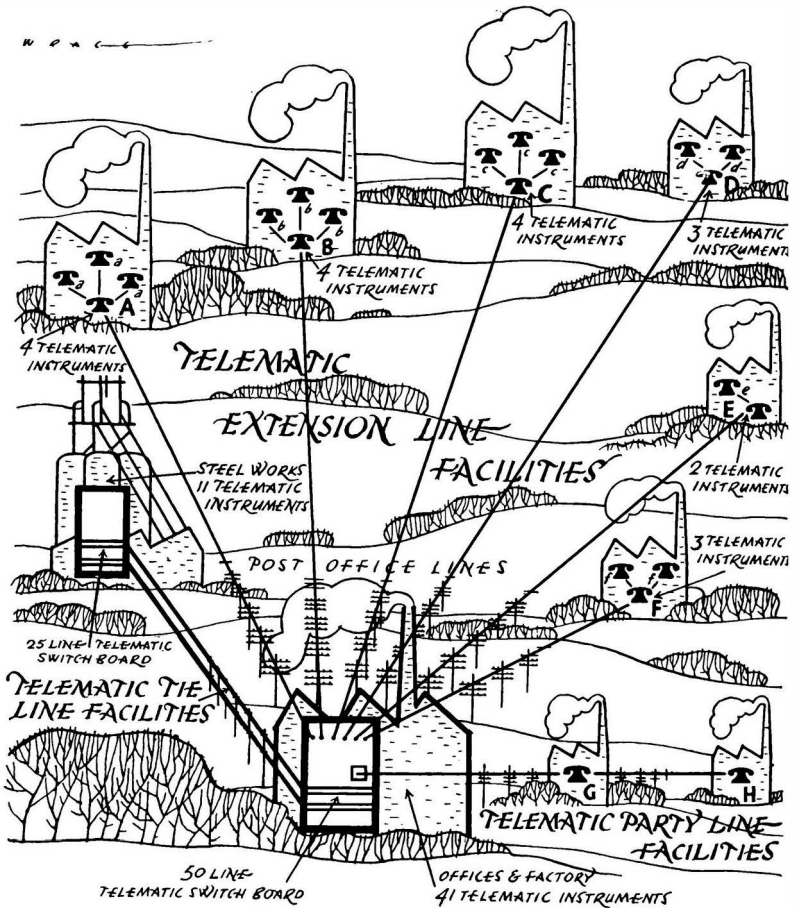
ANON,

Head Office.

*The above relates the true spare  
time war effort to date of a fair  
maiden at The Abbey—Ed.*

# A Telematic Tie-Line Installation

connecting ten Factories over an area of 50 sq. miles



Do Telematic Facilities increase the tempo at which Executives can translate their decisions into action under War Conditions



Imagine these Facilities withdrawn from the ten associated Factories pictorially portrayed herewith and you will know the answer. Now read the next page.

"The Tie Line"—yes, a good name for the magazine, but do not let us forget its technical interpretation.

A tie line in the telephone world means a pair of wires linking two telephone switchboards. It frequently occurs that large business organisations occupy two or more premises located at a considerable distance apart and that they need full inter-communication by telephone without going through the normal Post Office channels.

A tie line between two automatic telephone switchboards provides the subscriber with instantaneous service between all instruments in both premises.

We have installed a large number of tie-line jobs and some of them are extensive networks linking over five exchanges. Let us have a look round at some of these jobs, select one and have a chat about it.

Since this is not a sales article, there is no need to take our largest installation. A particular job in Wales may interest you. It is a steel works consisting of a large office block, an adjacent factory, a distant steel works and eight smaller works within a radius of ten miles. The network is illustrated roughly by the accompanying sketch. It is not a very large job as far as equipment is concerned; there are only seventy-four instruments all told!

A 50-line automatic switchboard is fitted in the main office block and a 22-line automatic switchboard serves the steel works. The switchboards are joined by two tie lines. One tie line is normally sufficient, but two tie lines—i.e., two pairs of wires—have been fitted here because so many calls are made. Full intercommunication is possible between all instruments. The lines serving the eight works referred to above are extension instruments served by Post Office lines. Since long outside lines are costly, it would be unreasonable to duplicate these for the

telephones needed in the small works, so these particular instruments are fitted with keys and press buttons to provide local intercommunication. Each extension line terminates at a main instrument which receives all incoming calls and passes them on as necessary. Outgoing calls can be made by any instrument. The line to G and H is an exception. In this case party line equipment is fitted at the 50-line switchboard so that either of these phones can be rung by dialling their respective numbers. The party line equipment also provides for reverte ring. This means that G or H can dial a special number, say digit 6, to call the other.

It really needs a visit to this job to appreciate the service given over this extensive network. It is a busy installation where one has to cross railway lines, look out for trains, travelling cranes, or motor trucks, and it is often quite difficult to think of telephones when entering mysteriously illuminated sheds, keeping a respectful distance from white hot metal pouring into moulds, dodging sparks, watching bars of hot iron snaking across moving platforms—being guided into rollers, meeting hot and cold blasts of air, etc.

Nevertheless, all this "hulla-balloo" of dirt, clatter, light, darkness, heat, associated with this subscriber's business, spread over many miles, is all linked by our "Telematic Service," thanks mainly to the "tie line."

Our salesmen always talk about "Selling a Service." Its selling, yes, but what a crying shame that salesmanship is needed to sell a subscriber something which is so necessary to him!

If the business world knew the telephone meaning of the two words on the cover of this magazine, all you lads in the forces, and more, would have to come back and help us fit them.

K. STOKES, Head Office.





**"M**y business is not as usual"

My business is not as usual—not by a long sight.

I don't usually have 600 or more new Army and Navy and defense plants to equip completely and quickly.

And I don't usually have the rush of business that comes when every one else is working on defense.

When a country starts to hurry,

about the first thing it calls for is more telephones.

It takes a lot of telephone calls to make a tank or an airplane or a cargo ship.

When a country goes all out to produce, it uses plenty of telephone service. We are all out for defense too—doing our best to keep ahead of the job.

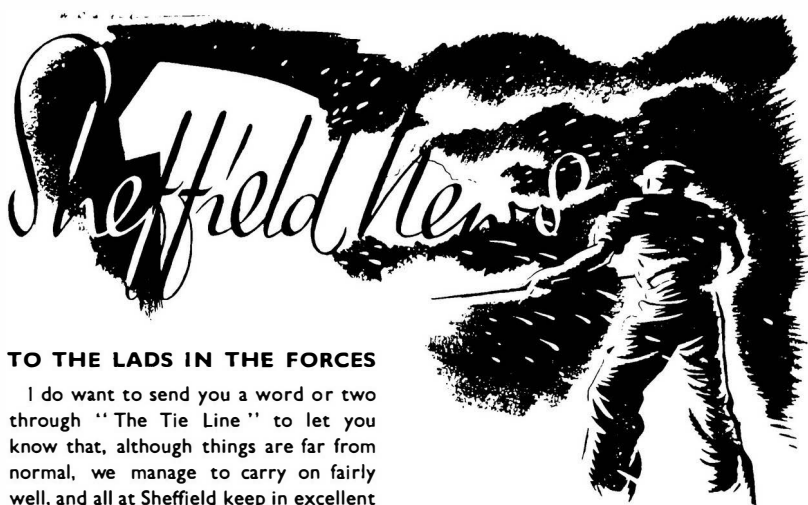
"THE TELEPHONE HOUR" IS  
BROADCAST EVERY MONDAY  
(N.E.P. NET WORK, 8 P.M.,  
EASTERN STANDARD SAVING TIME)



BELL TELEPHONE  
SYSTEM

**This announcement, which appeared in the September issue of The "American" Magazine, is reproduced by the courtesy of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Remember—**

**It takes a lot of telephone calls to make a tank . . .**



### TO THE LADS IN THE FORCES

I do want to send you a word or two through "The Tie Line" to let you know that, although things are far from normal, we manage to carry on fairly well, and all at Sheffield keep in excellent fettle.

Since writing you last, we have had visits from Miers, who as you know is in the R.A.F., and Oxley. Miers looked very fit, and had me chasing round Sheffield to help him find a toy tricycle for his little daughter who was evidently having a birthday, and, in spite of shortage of supplies, between us we worked the oracle.

K. Oxley was looking remarkably well and as big as ever. Fancy having to feed Ken! I'd rather keep him for a week than a fortnight!! Before calling in here, he had looked up the lads at Nottingham Office and apparently had had a good time.

It was grand to see him again. He obviously does not forget us, and I am pleased to record that both Miers and Oxley, although at present in uniform, still look on this place as their home and are grateful for all the Organisation is doing for them. Both are looking forward to the day when they can return to us and show their appreciation by one getting contracts, and the other installing equipment for the said contracts.

G. Fretwell has also been on leave, but he does not think it necessary to

write us as other members serving in the Forces do, which is a pity, as we feel the least he could do would be to let us know from time to time how he is faring.

Mr. Sedgwick has his hands fully occupied, owing to the fact that, on top of his other work, he has now to look after four women Engineers, and, boys, they are doing good work—so don't rust, or you are going to get a showing-up when you return!

The girls in the Office are terribly interested in your doings, and they knit, knit, and knit some more, so that you shall not feel cold this Winter. Do you realise what they do for you?

Again I ask you to let me have news of your doings from time to time so that these can appear in "The Tie Line."

All join with me in wishing you the very best of luck and a speedy return to a normal way of going on.

Yours sincerely,

*O.B. Oxley*

**DRIVER G. A. FRETWELL, R.A.S.C.**

During his last seven-days' leave he intended to call in at the office to say how-do to everyone, but he always has such an awful lot to do on those seven days and so very little time to do it in. When he promised the girls he would call, he was just going to meet his father, who carted him off to the pictures, etc., and, by the time they had finished the etc. he was just in time to catch the last 'bus.

He is still doing the same job, but he has a lorry of his own now. He has been on quite a few trips to the north, too, but the only time he went near Sheffield he was in convoy and so was unable to call.

When he does come up that way again, he will try and arrange to have a breakdown in Sheffield—Norfolk Street for preference—and then he'll be able to call in and see everyone again.

---

**L. A. C. LES. R. MIERS (Sheffield)**  
asks for luminous Telephone dials

## IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT

Well, lads and lassies, let me tell you how we spend our time when on night duty.

At 16.00 hours we get the instructions to fit six cameras for Night Ops, and the two duty photographers are detailed for night duty in the section and three for duty with three of the cameras.

On this particular night I was on duty with a chap called Reg.

By 19.00 hours the cameras are all fitted and we can now go off duty till about one hour before the take-off. Then all cameras are re-checked and muffs switched on. This means a walk of about three miles round disposal points.

At 22.00 hours, Reg and I start to prepare the darkroom for the night's work. This takes us till 00.30 hours, and then we can turn in for about an hour's sleep.

At 02.30 hours the fun begins. The 'phone rings. I call Reg, and, in the



darkness, I try to find the 'phone to stop the darned bell ringing. After bumping my head several times and cursing telephone engineers for putting bells in such rotten places, I find the bell, only to discover that my colleague has moved the instrument itself to the other side of the room.

So, feeling along the cable, I find the handset, during which process I get several more bumps on the head. I am now asked where the hell I have been, as "K" has landed ten minutes ago. Valuable time wasted—so Engineers, please note—keep instrument and bell as close as possible.

I call Reg, as I go off across the 'drome, which is as black as pitch, and decide to take a short cut across the landing field and flare path—this is strictly against orders. I'm walking fast across the flare path when, all of a sudden, I see one of those big black — coming straight for me on the landing ground. So I just grab my "tit for tat" and run like hell. He skims over my head and the slip stream nearly blows me over. The Pilot laughs like fun afterwards when he tells me he has never seen anything so funny as me running out of his way.

I get the magazines and rush back to the section, where we immediately lock ourselves in the darkness and proceed to develop the films.

Curse the 'phone!—it seems to be forever ringing. Oh, it's the O.P.'s room wanting to know what the result is like—they can wait.

Ah, here it is! Lovely pictures and lovely bomb blasts right on the target. See? Look at that huge building going down like a pack of cards. Good work, boys!

Now to rush the prints down to the S.I.O., and that is the finish of the job. This takes two hours and ten minutes to develop six films, 15ft. long by 5in. wide, and make 216 prints.

Now we clear up and, by 07.30 hours we go to breakfast, and back on duty at 08.30 hours.

Well, lads and lassies, that is how we work at night, and the only fly in the ointment is the telephone. I think that it would be a good idea if they had luminous dials.



## WHO IS IT?

Who is it? Here's a guessing game.

All clues are here, so what's his name?

London and Beckenham know him—also  
Leeds, Manchester, Cardiff & Glasgow.

All T.R. Companies know this man,

Cos he's often round on some new plan.

Every salesman knows his fame.

Always busy and on the go,

Taking Schools at London Co.

Telematic and T.B.S.

Who gets "Tie Line" ready for press?

Oh, you must have seen him on his treks.

One more clue—he wears horn specs.

Do you get it now? If you don't, you're slow.

## DO YOU WANT TO WRITE VERSE?

Sure you do, and you are just wondering where all the secrets come in. Every one of them is revealed in the following paragraphs.

Now the first simple fact you should memorise is that lines of verse are measured by "metres," and metres, says the table-book, are each 39.37 inches long. I don't think anybody knows, or cares, for that matter, why this should be so; therefore perhaps you had just better forget it. Anyway, I've yet to see a line even one metre long!

Next, you should be able to distinguish poetry from verse. Which of these examples is which, do you think?

Cut me reeds to blow upon,  
Gather me a star.  
Leave the sultry passion-flowers  
Growing where they are.

Get me rugs to sleep upon,  
Put me near a Bar,  
Leave the blinkin' water taps  
Runnin' where they are.

If you find it impossible to decide between the above, try your skill with these:—

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on  
the fold,  
His cohorts were gleaming with purple  
and gold.

The footballer bobb'd round like a cork  
on the sea,  
So that out of compassion they gave him  
a "free."

To rest your brain, wearied by these efforts, here is a parody of a poem that everybody knows:—

I think that I shall never look  
On man as noble as a Duke.

A Duke, not conscious in the least  
Of how he keeps his trousers creased.

A Duke, who lets his valet deck  
A 13 collar round his neck.

Upon whose bosom Garters come;  
Who intimately lives with—some.

Men are made by hook or crook,  
But only kings can make a Duke!

After this half-time refreshment, you are doubtless eager for more guinea tips that will set you well on the way to success. Here is one.

Use an "H.B." pencil; it writes clearly, so that you will generally be able to read what you have written, and this is occasionally useful.

What do you think of this specimen?

A man bought a bicycle—"bike" for short.

Oh boy! was he caught?

Was it Longfellow, Saucer, Skelley,  
William Bakepeace, Packeraway, or  
Babbie Burns that wrote it?

The time has now come to test your own talent. See if you can produce something like this—but not about someone you know.

Doctor Jones fell in the well,  
And died without a moan.  
He should have tended to the sick,  
And let the well alone.

Now for two more hints.

To get the lines of poetry, or verse, or other concoction, the same length, tie a piece of thread on to your pencil and fix the other end to something near the edge of your paper. The thread can easily be adjusted to suit.

Don't write in the darkness. Letters badly written might result in confusion. The word "bell," for instance, might easily become something else!

Now, go to it!

W. D. F.

A N T R I M

**BEIRFAST**

*Belfast Laugh*

*News*

D O W N

A large D.A. bomb was dropped a few yards from our offices, which explains why—

### **SIX MADE A DEATH-DEFYING DASH INTO THREATENED BUILDING !**

Volunteers to enter the building and remove necessary materials were called for. Permission was refused by both military and police authorities. So, under the very eyes of alert members of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, the building was entered, and batteries, files, etc., taken out.

At first it had been hoped that permits might be granted to enter the danger area, and Mr. Grimbley approached the constable on duty at the rope. Five members of the staff stood by, awaiting the result.

#### **No Permission, but—**

The policeman could not permit anyone to pass without a permit—so the search for passes began.

First the Military Authorities were consulted—they left it to the police. The entourage trekked to the police station. The answer of the police was unequivocal—it consisted in effect of one word—"NO."

The story might well have ended here, but it did not. Even if the building could not be entered officially, there was always the unofficial way.

The unofficial way consisted of gaining an entrance by the back way and running

the chance of being spotted by police guards. Mr. Grimbley asked for volunteers, and all agreed to enter at their own risk.

Down into the stoke-hole went the party, in single file, crept up into the front hall, and into the field of vision of the watching police—but, fortunately, were unobserved.

Upstairs, and along the empty corridors they went, their footsteps seemed ignominiously loud. There was no sound of typewriters here now, no hum of business, only the silence of a deserted place.

#### **Inside, but not for long !**

The old familiar offices and store looked strangely unfamiliar under the circumstances, but there was no time to think on these things—as the B.B.C. advise—only time to grasp hurriedly the required materials and begin the return journey.

Out into the narrow street came the six. All the while members of the Bomb Disposal Squad worked to remove the large bomb.

Someone observed that all might have gone down covered in glory, but someone else thought it might just have been rubble ! A large number of dry cells had been removed, but, had the intruders been observed by the members of the R.U.C., there is little doubt that they would have been quickly transferred to another type of dry cell.



The story, however, ended happily. The "Cops" maintained their vigil, all unaware that they had had "one put over on them."

### UNDER THE SLATES !

We hark back to Belfast's second blitz and the fact that our offices are inaccessible, to tell of our new headquarters "under the slates." At the time of writing it is still our only quarters.

Learning that we were unable to use our offices, the proprietors of the *Belfast News-Letter* were kind enough to allow us the use of the topmost room in their building, and where our switchboard is installed.

A typewriter was obtained, some paper and a number of boxes, and Telephone Rentals (Northern Ireland) Limited went to work in the semi-darkness—for the few windows were so effectively blacked-out, and the artificial lighting so inadequate, that it had all the atmosphere of the gangsters' hide-out !

### A Discovery !

Figures dimly discerned flit about in the gloom ; the rattle of the typewriter seems oddly exaggerated and intruding, and one almost expects that the appear-

ance of the murderer cannot be long delayed ! It is a scene such as might send a thrill of anticipation through a Special Branch man.

Shortly after our arrival, someone saw—or all saw at once—a hole in the roof.

A search revealed the nose of an A.A. shell which had crashed through the roof. Later the nose of another shell was discovered on the other side of the switchboard, so that, all in all, the apparatus had a fairly narrow escape.

### De "Press" ing Pars.

In this room of many shadows, and dozens of dark seemingly unexplored corners, the functions of the office and stores are, as far as possible, being carried out. The only seats are boxes, and Miss Cairnduff types at a bench constructed to carry record copies of the newspaper.

Some light comes from a lamp high above, and a little more of the natural stuff penetrates the blue paint on a skylight. Mr. Grimbley and Miss Turner may often be spotted silhouetted against the window where some of the black-out paper has been removed.

Editorial staff in rooms below have probably contemplated more than once the sending up of the star reporter to solve the problem of the upper store, for it is seldom that there is any activity up here beneath the roof.

### Mistaken Identity ?

The members of the *News-Letter's* front office staff must be rather bewildered by the strangers who make their way upstairs and down at various times of the day. It must seem to them as if the paper has taken on a dozen war correspondents. Was it Mr. William Walsh who was taken for the music critic when striding down the street wearing a Paderewski expression ?

We'll close by quoting the opinion we hear on every side—"Belfast can take it"—and not stress the humorist's laconic addition—"... in bottles !"

London Company's "DUSTY" MILLER, on right of photograph, tells us what has happened to him

## IN OTHER LANDS

I was rather shocked to see in the March issue what a sick man Pte. Miller appeared to be since leaving England, but I can assure you that such was not the case. I must admit I probably had more than my share, but it wasn't so bad as it read in print. Anyway, I'm now fully recovered and feel fine.

I left England on the 5th August, 1940, and, as you know, went into the hospital on the ship for six or seven days. When I came out I had two alternatives—either sleep in one of the holds or on deck.

So I got weaving and secured a first-class cabin and personal service. I was awakened in the morning with a cup of tea and a cigarette and had the best food in the ship. This may sound strange, but it's perfectly true.

Our first touch of shore leave was at —, where we spent three marvellous days. The people were waiting with high-powered American cars to show us round and entertain us. I spent a very enjoyable time there going round all the well-known beauty spots.

We eventually arrived at our destination in September and went to an already established camp of wooden huts. I then went out into the desert with a convoy section, where I remained until Christmas. We returned to Base for Xmas and then went to the desert again. We used to average 200 miles



a day driving out there, and, when at our temporary camp, used to live in tents and were reasonably comfortable, although the water was terrible and mostly salty.

On one occasion I got lost forty miles in the desert at night and had to sleep in the open with no covering and no food, and, believe me, it was bitterly cold. Much to our chagrin in daylight we discovered we were only two miles from our destination.

On another trip we were away—two of us—nine days, during which time we had no wash or shave, and had to live by our wits. Need I say we did very well? On our return we were



nearly unrecognisable through the grime, but we soon had that altered.

In March we left for Greece and were very glad to get there, as, apart from the snow-capped mountains and hot streams, etc., it was very like England. We spent a week in the neighbourhood of Athens, which we visited frequently. We then travelled north about 400 miles, over the Olympus Pass to a few miles off Katerini, where we remained for a few weeks.

Two days before the fireworks started, an officer and I made an unsuccessful attempt to reach our mail. We had passed over mined roads and bridges and had been given two hours' grace when we learned that the Hun was on his way, so we turned round to go back to camp.

You can imagine our feelings when the car broke down and we had three mined bridges to reach before Jerry! Anyway, we got going again and made



... we got going again ...

it—much to our relief we crossed the bridges before they were blown up.

Two days afterwards, we started our run back, and we were not amused to discover that we were quite a few miles in front of our Infantry. Nine hundred vehicles went over Olympus Pass that night and only seven went over the side, five of which were recovered. Not a bad effort considering the roads were vile, with a sheer drop one side and a ditch on the other. It was pouring with rain—there was no moon—we had no lights—and we drove all night.

We finally reached our embarkation point after passing through Larissa which was in flames and was being attacked several times by fighters and bombers. We then destroyed our vehicles and equipment and set out to march the five miles to the quay.

We reached there about two o'clock in the morning and could then see our vessel, which, to our dismay, had run aground and could not be got off. The men were, however, being embarked and I breathed again. But you can imagine my feelings when, at 3 o'clock in the morning, we were told no more could be taken off. I was then in the front rank and was next to go!!

I was detailed to find a truck to take the remaining men back to a village for the night, and this was finally accomplished at 6 o'clock in the morning. Two days afterwards we got off on a destroyer and went to Crete, where we spent a few days.

We then returned to Africa—worse luck—and here I am once more averaging 200 miles a day. I am off to-morrow on a five-day trip, and, when I come back I shall be on a two-day trip.

So, Time marches on !



#### DVR. H. SEVERN, R.C.S.

It seems that the Royal Corps of Signals needs Motor Drivers, so I was one of the unlucky ones to be taken off the Wireless Course and transferred to a small camp just outside H—.

We are billeted and work in a pre-war pleasure ground which is complete with a boating lake and boats, a maze and all sorts of devices calculated to give pleasure to the poor working-class—now soldiers—for the use of.

We are fairly comfortable and sleep in a small ballroom. That must be in case we want to rumba during the night. I said *rumba*.

It is an interesting course and I am expected to know all about the innards of a motor vehicle in a few weeks from now, and also how to drive same vehicle in a manner peculiar to the Army.

When I leave here I will be a driver par excellence—I hope—for the Sergeant Major says, "Hi Ham Honly 'ere to make drivers hof you—nothing else." Well, well, who knows—perhaps he is right.

I saw the Skipper of the Jarra Ferry—alas, minus beard and jersey—when home on seven days' leave. I also saw all the staff and cadged a pair of socks

from the then acting cashier—Miss Acaster.

I hope when this sanguinary war is over that we can all meet again and find new angles on Telematic, Chronomatic and Broadcasting—and for heaven's sake, we hope it won't be long now!

#### W/M. E. WILSON, R.N. (See photo)

Since my last letter to you, I have once again moved. And this time it is out in the country. Have you ever heard of sailors like me before? Here I am, simply longing to be on the sea, and instead I am living in a tent miles away from any town. But still, I, like many others, can take it, and I may tell you that, when it isn't raining, it is quite a pleasant existence.

Some weeks ago I was very disappointed in what I presume to be the London Company of Telephone Rentals. You see, I was endeavouring to hitch-hike to London, and what should come along the road but a grey painted motor van with "Telematic" emblazoned on

the front of it. I made frantic efforts by moving my thumb in the appropriate direction, and also I gesticulated with my arms in an effort to stop it. I am sorry to say that it was of no avail. I wonder if the driver remembers the incident?

One week-end I fared much better in my endeavour to reach home. I managed to get a lift from just outside London all the way to the Newport Hotel at Middlesbrough, which is about 600 yards from my home.

Generally, when I get a week-end off, I go up to London and, every time I have been there, I have had a rare old time. I have met some great girls up there, and apparently they think the same of me. The trouble is they don't know me!!

I had to pack one girl up though, as, one night after I had taken her home, she started crying because I was leaving. I can tell you I was frightened. (We are thinking of nick-naming you "Love 'Em-And-Leave 'Em Edgar."—ED.)



*strong made weak!*

#### PTE. J. BULLOCK, R.C.S.

Although the precious wireless set was damaged in transit, he has fixed it and says it would now probably surprise its ex-owner. We don't quite know how to take this last remark!

#### CHASE CARTOON—No. 9 What it may come to if the War lasts long enough.



*"... have had considerable wire-pulling experience."*

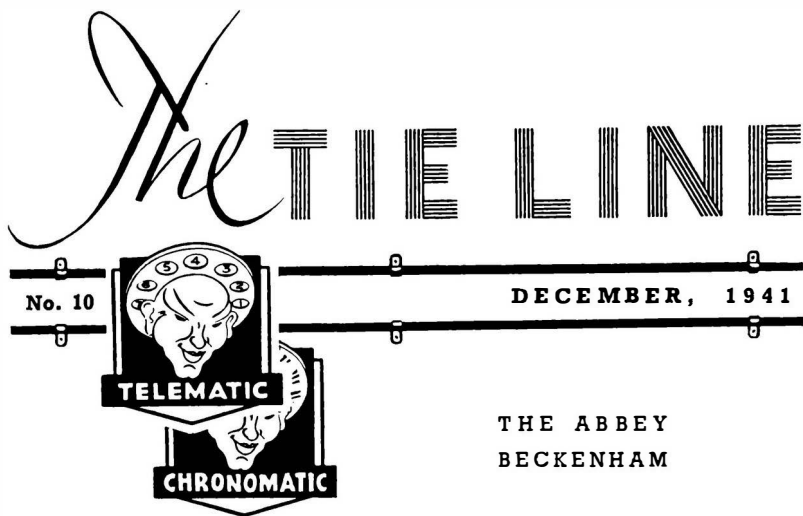
#### SPOT THE OPTIMISM?

Very Important Man, on the 'phone:—  
"Send a telegram. 'Can interview Ross; Capital R, O, double S; Thursday morning.'"

#### GREY HAIRS!

"I'm proud of my secretary's loyalty. She has grown grey-haired in my service."

"Really? My secretary has grown blonde and red-haired in my service and is now returning to mouse."



THE ABBEY  
BECKENHAM

### A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHAIRMAN

This is our third Christmas at war. We can look back to last Christmas and be of good heart. Looking into the future we have every reason to feel full of confidence in ultimate victory. In every respect the situation has improved to our advantage when compared with December, 1940. If we all continue to put the last ounce of our strength and energy into the war work we are engaged on in backing up those of our Organisation and others in the active Forces on the sea, in the air, or on land, the ultimate victory may be nearer than the majority of us imagine.

The recent trend of events has certainly made us feel more optimistic, and, in wishing you all as Happy a Christmas as possible in the circumstances, I personally feel that there is every possibility of Christmas, 1942 being one when we shall be able to have a real good old-fashioned one, although we may not be able to get all the good things we were accustomed to in the past. If the ultimate victory is gained by Christmas, 1942—or whenever it comes—as it will, we shall have gained what we are fighting for : Freedom of thought ; Freedom of action ; England's green and pleasant land. There will not be any great festivities here at home this Christmas. Many of us will be doing our respective jobs, but you will all be in my thoughts.

Even if you feel optimistic as I do, we must not allow that feeling to cause any slackening of our efforts. We should intensify them to the utmost of our power in order to get the job over and done. The sooner the better, for it will be easier for us all to win the peace which is going to present as many difficult problems as winning the war.

We are fortunate in being British and in having such an outstanding typical British leader in our Prime Minister. All of us are doing our best to be worthy of the lead he gives us and feel that it is a privilege to serve under him and to live in such great times.

No country has greater patriotism than our country. It is instilled into us first of all by our birthplace. The COUNTY in which we are born. As we grow up we realise that there is something greater than COUNTY ; we are ENGLISH, or SCOTS, or IRISH ; and then comes the realisation that we are BRITISH and part of the great BRITISH EMPIRE.

I always think when I get my copy of "The Tie Line" that, in starting it, we built better than we knew. It is an organ which enables me to pass my thoughts on to you every now and then, and vice versa. It keeps the T.R. organisation united when we have members of our staff on the active list in almost all parts of the world, doing their job in the defence of the Empire and all we Britishers hold dear. We at home are providing the Forces with their needs and most of us, in addition, either in the Home Guard, or Fire Watching, or on Red Cross Work, or many other forms of civil activity, but all War Work.

Some of our civilians are heroes and heroines. One of the girls in one of our factories lost her left hand. She was on direct War Work and was trying hard to increase her production of urgent parts, and to do this she neglected a very necessary precaution, just to work more quickly. The following is an extract from a letter she wrote from hospital to a fellow-worker :

" . . . Here I am, I would like to see you. As I lie here I only wish I were dreaming instead, but will see you very soon, I hope. Remember me to all the girls, Tony. God bless you all and keep you safe.

" Go on, and don't worry about me, Tony, there's a job to be done now—do it more than ever. Hitler has hurt a lot, so why not hurt him ; and Tony, if you put your heart into your work I shall feel happy. I wish I was doing my little bit now. . . . "

This is the spirit which is undefeatable.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Fred Jackson". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal stroke at the end.

Chairman and Managing Director.



Well, well—here's another issue of "The Tie Line" about to go to press, and Head Office news isn't ready! Now let me rack my brains and see if I can rake up any interesting bits for you.

Spr. Phebey, as forecast in the last issue, was married on the 11th October. As usual, when H.O. men take the plunge, we have to glean the facts from the local newspaper. He was married to Miss Phyllis Widgery at St. Laurence's Church, Catford, and afterwards there was a reception at Chiesman's Restaurant, Lewisham. The honeymoon was spent at Bournemouth. We send our best wishes for their future happiness.

Phebey promised to let us have the block of one of his wedding photographs, but you know what men are—it hasn't arrived yet! However, we live in hopes that it will arrive before the Portrait Gallery is printed.

We were very sorry to hear that your wife has had a spell in hospital, Webber, and hope that everything is now all right.

Miss Rice jumped into a railway carriage in the black-out one evening. By the dark light radiating from the blue lamp in the compartment, she dimly discerned the form of a sailor in the opposite corner. The sailor said,

"Hallo," whereupon Miss R. prepared to act "all haughty like," when she realised that the sailor was none other than O/S. Les Goodier (see photo). Sometime, some day, he is going East for the duration. We are sorry about this, Les, because we liked to see your cheery face at The Abbey from time to time, and to hear your anecdotes of life behind the scenes in the Navy.

Fire-watching is a pleasure at The Abbey since the old tea room has been turned into a billiard-room-cum-lounge. We are wondering what would happen if a novice stuck his cue through the precious green cloth. Perhaps this would make a good subject for a Bateman or a Chase cartoon!

We have had visits from Dalton, Crane, Webber and McQuoid, not forgetting the Giant from Sheffield—Ken Oxley, who overcame his shyness and arrived at The Abbey one afternoon. He had previously written in for a pull-over—measurements, 48-in. chest, 32-in. waist and 27-in. arms. Miss Miller and Miss Wills delivered the goods and then sat back and pondered. They and other H.O. girls were curious to see this chap of great dimensions, so naturally everyone was pleased when he turned up. If this is a sample of the manhood which Yorkshire produces, we are very sorry

for any German private who happens to come up against a Yorkshire lad !

Here's all good wishes for a bumper Christmas, even though you may be far from home. We look forward to the day when you will be with us once again, when we can celebrate in true T.R. style !

#### PTE. "LAUREL" HARDY, A.M.P.C.

At the time of writing he had a soft job. He was attached to the A.E. office as a sort of messenger-cum-tea-cum-office-boy. He did feel proud of himself ! In the town there is just one picture house, a few pubs and a couple of cafes. Needless to say, they all receive regular patronage from Laurel—especially the cafes, since his tummy is still his greatest problem !

They left W— with some regret, as they had had many good times there. It was good-bye to the evacuated children who had become quite attached to them ; good-bye to the football matches ; to the farmer's wife ; the vicar and his wife. They were billeted with the vicar and very comfortable they were, too—could his wife play ping-pong !

This is a small world. Cpl. Figg, who sleeps in Laurel's hut, is the son of Mr. Figg who is employed on our Water Softener plants. Laurel says, " General Date," as Cpl. Figg is nicknamed, is a credit to his father. But why, Mr. Figg, asks Laurel, must your son pull the blankets off poor Laurel at such an unearthly hour in the morning !

He is now running a weekly football swindle—still at the old game. Says it's very successful, his sweep—we don't doubt it !

Writes : Hello, Chums ! This is your old pal Laurel calling all Accounts Department wallahs at home and abroad. How are all you fellows in the Forces—Lew, Bert, Stan, Bob, Peter, Ron and the rest ?

It seems a devil of a long time since we last met. Somehow I seem to have lost touch with most of you. This is due to

not knowing your present whereabouts. Perhaps you will drop me a line some time ; you may be sure of a reply. What about it, Lew, Bert and Stan ?

My hat ! how I yearn for the day when we shall all meet again ! What fun and games we will have, all on the jolly old Social Club. Oh, boy ! My tongue is hanging out already.

Bung ho, lads—a Merry Christmas and a Peaceful New Year to you all.

#### SIGM. J. QUIGLEY, R.C.S.

Bert is rapidly developing into a pukka sahib—at least, we gather this



much from his latest letter. The food is first class—right up to Laurel's standard. Bert sits at table and waits for the bearers (waiters) to lay before him the choicest dishes. He even has a tablecloth !

Here's his news in his own words :—

Now that the Monsoons have arrived, India has really come to life. The most interesting specimen is a large flying beetle which is about 2½ inches across and sounds very much like a Spitfire as it whizzes through the air. It makes a lovely crunching sound when I tread on one of them.

I have moved from my previous station. It was nearly a two-day journey to my present location. On the way here we saw many very interesting sights and also smelt many disagreeable smells at the numerous stops we made. Delhi had the worst odour. We had an hour's wait and wandered out of the station slap-bang into the middle of an Indian bazaar. Not only was it the worst sight I have ever seen for poverty and slums, but it was the most filthy place, and it smelt far worse than a pack of skunks.

On the way up we saw crowds of wild monkeys, some peacocks, a load of camels, a pack of vultures, and a few flamingoes. We passed through a small ridge of hills and saw many gorgeous sights.

There is plenty of sport. I get about three games of football a week. We play in the *cool* of the evening when it is only round about 100° in the shade. I generally come off the field like a small grease spot inside a big football shirt.

Well, cheerio—the best of luck to all!

P.S.—Tell Stan Crane there is a large European population here with plenty of dancing and girls—also plenty of fun!

#### **PTE. G. WEBBER, R.A.M.C.**

(See photo).

There is little to tell you as my job is rather a routine one. I have just made an application for a move, but it is still in the Q.M.'s basket awaiting approval.

One evening, returning from "French leave," I met a corporal who had only a month ago returned from Gibraltar, having escaped from occupied France. It took him almost nine months to get from occupied France to Gibraltar via Vichy France and Spain. He described the peoples of France as marvellous. Many times they gave him their meagre rations and more money than they could afford, to help him on the way. He said there was no doubt the French were

100 per cent pro-British and willing to do anything for the British.

Last month we had a fatigue man help us make up the recruits' kit. He finished up with some ninety socks to the good—he had given each recruit three socks instead of three pairs!

#### **L/SGT. S. CRANE, K.R.R.C. (Q.V.R.)** (See photo).

I've been in the wars since returning from leave. I had a touch of 'flu and could not stop shivering for about two weeks. Then I had a crash whilst doing P.T., and have been hobbling about on one leg for quite a while.

At present I am on a P.T. course, but, up till now, I have had it rather easy owing to my leg injury. It is a hard course with plenty of boxing, wrestling, unarmed combat, cross-country running, etc., and we are kept very busy. We should be very tough by the time it is finished.

#### **BOY 1st Class D. M. McQUOID, R.N.** (See photo).

Again "The Tie Line" proved a source of interest and amusement to my fellow-mates and myself. I also mention with some foreboding that it actually passed the scrutiny of our Chaplain—even producing a good word from him. Then after all, why not?

I am now back to my standard in training after my slight illness, and going strong on the road to the Admiralty. Oh yeah! You will continually hear us lads grumbling and attempting to smite the "good name" of the Navy down to the deck, but do not take too much notice. After all, it's our privilege to grumble!

Do you know where the Marines are? Finding myself being put through an extra course of gunnery and field training, musketry, etc., I begin to wonder whether I have made a mistake and joined them!

That reminds me of a story. A Marine was sprawled in the dentist's chair bear-



ing agonies and torments while the dentist calmly drilled away at one of his teeth. This went on for some time. After a while the dentist kept noticing a trace of gold coming out with his drill. The Dentist asked whether this tooth had been filled. The Marine said no. The Dentist said he was getting gold shavings out with his drill. "Oh," said the Marine, "that must be my back collar stud!" I don't get it.

Then there was the Naval Officer who disliked the request that officers' gold rings should only be halfway around the sleeve, to save gold lace, because, as he said, "I can never walk without swinging my arms."

After being accidentally knocked into a huge oven and rescued after a few hours by a cook-hand, a pal of mine calls this experience a dry-shave.

One of our lads here has a strange aptitude for being lazy. So, having invented an alarm-clock device to break the switch of our electric light at "Lights

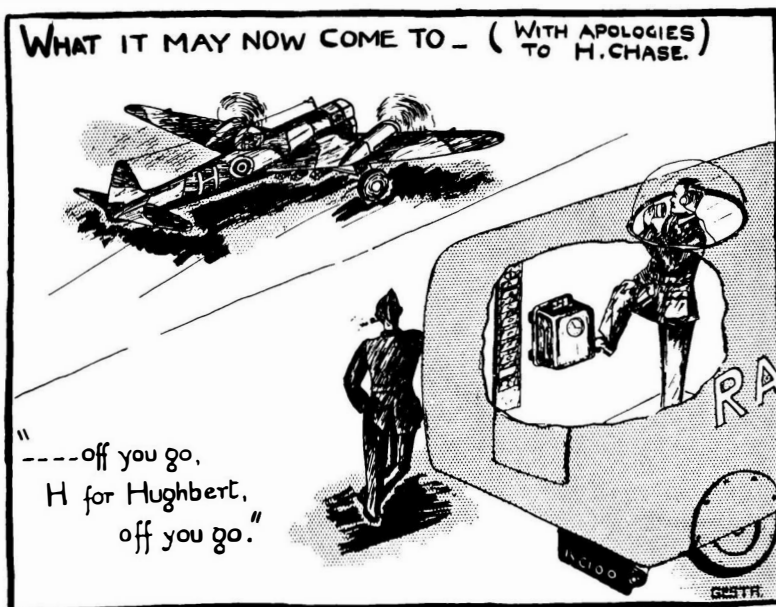
Out," and close it at 6 a.m., he refused to instal it as it entailed him winding the clock up every three days!

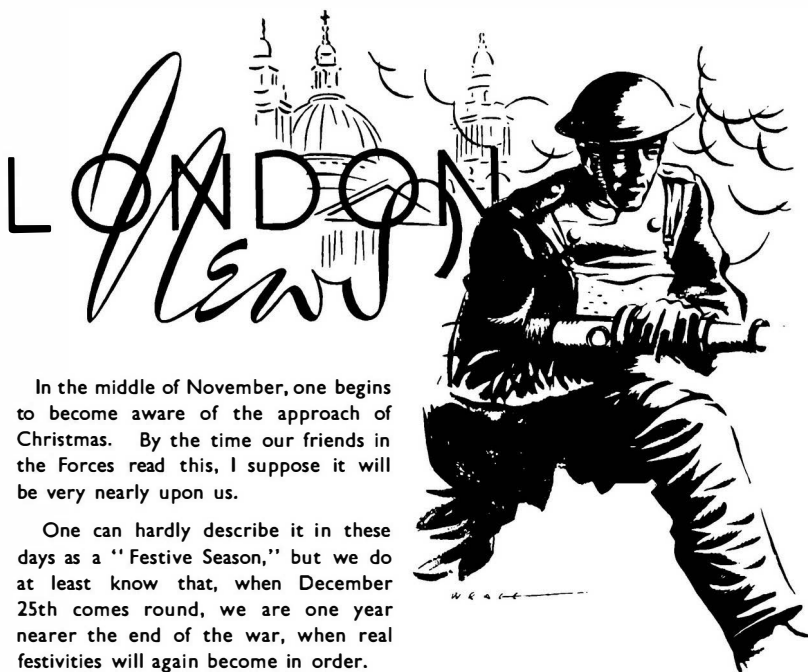
## A SURPRISE!

Miss Bower is delighted with the paper knife made from aeroplane bits. Everyone at H.O. has inspected it and all declared that they would'nt mind owning it themselves. This knife was a present from Air Fitter A. Oldham, of London Company, for whom Miss Bower knitted a pullover.

## HUGHBERT BLAKE THOMAS

By the time we go to press, H.B.T. will have taken taken up his commission in the R.A.F. We wish him all good fortune and happy landings. He is detailed for duties similar to those shown in "Target for To-night." Will he introduce the K.C.100, as shown in the cartoon below? Let us have your news, H.B.T.!





In the middle of November, one begins to become aware of the approach of Christmas. By the time our friends in the Forces read this, I suppose it will be very nearly upon us.

One can hardly describe it in these days as a "Festive Season," but we do at least know that, when December 25th comes round, we are one year nearer the end of the war, when real festivities will again become in order.

It is impossible in this letter to mention by name all the different people in the London Company who would like to be remembered to their friends in the Forces. So Bradshaw, Layton, Claypole, and Eckstein, have asked me to send on behalf of themselves and their Staffs their very best wishes for "A Happy Christmas and Successful New Year"—in this case the word "Successful" does bear a special meaning.

However you may be feeling in the Forces, among the civilians at home is the confidence that our enemy is in decline, and the day is not too far off when we shall at length come out definitely on top.

I can tell you of no important changes in the London Company, except that we have voluntarily released some of our Engineers so that they can lend their experience to the industrialists who are producing some of the more complex and secret war devices. The Company is keeping in close touch with

these fellows and will see that they do not suffer in any way for having become "Orphans" for a little while.

The result has thrown rather a definite strain upon the Engineers, because, at least upon the Telematic side and in spite of the restrictions, we have lately been doing quite a lot of new business.

We cannot imagine how you are going to spend your Christmas this year. Indeed, we have no very clear ideas of how we are going to spend it ourselves. But, be sure that on that day we shall be thinking of you and looking forward to the time when we can join hands again.

Yours sincerely,

**A/F A. OLDHAM, R.N.**

We have news that you have been in Sick Bay with tonsillitis. We hope that, by the time you receive your copy of this issue, you will be in the best of health once more.

**SGT. A. E. CREIGHTON, R.C.S.**

Nothing exciting to report. Only tons of work, which keeps me going and stops me from going mad!

**L/BDR. F. DIVER, R.A.**

The October issue of "The Tie Line" gave me and my barrack-room colleagues great pleasure. I was very glad to read that my old friend, V. Connelly, is O.K., although I never expected to hear he had left the country.

Since January I have been on and off electrical courses. I am now on another—the same subject but more advanced service work. If I pass, this will be of great advantage to me both in the Army and in civil life.

**L/CPL. S. J. BIELBY, Middx. Regt.**

In a few weeks' time I'll be in the Ordnance Corps. I've been doing a spot of technical training these last few months on one of those hush-hush jobs that everyone knows about. We're not supposed to broadcast what we are doing on the "radio," though everyone seems to know our "location."

**Cadet W. G. BURNEY-JONES, R.C.S.**

He has been on secret work and so cannot tell us what he has been doing. However, he has promised to let us have an article soon on his Army experiences, and, in the meantime, has sent us some useful tit-bits which are appearing in this issue.

Writes :—The October issue—unless I am dazzled by my photo—is very good and the standard seems to be consistently getting better and better.

**L/CPL. F. W. HAYES, R.C.S.**

It looks as though we shall be hard at work this Christmas, as we are at present engaged on an urgent and important job. But still, if it helps to bring the end of this war any nearer, we don't mind that.

I have come into possession of an old and decrepit typewriter. Having diligently practised five-finger exercises on it for a few days, this letter is the result. (A very fine effort, too.—Ed.) I do hope that, if any of the gorgeous typists on your staff get a look at this, they will accept my humble efforts with a forgiving as well as a condescending spirit.

I wish to express my very sincere appreciation of the efforts of the Comforts Fund girls—I wish them all as happy a Christmas as possible under the circumstances.

**SIGM. S. STEVENS, R.C.S.**

At the moment I am on a course of wireless and the like. They certainly move fast in this Army. When we started two days ago, we were on E. & M., and now on the third day we are on A.C. theory! Actually I should be on leave, but, thanks to this 'ere course, it has been postponed.

I had a letter from Bob White—or rather Corporal White. He wishes to be remembered to all the boys.

As usual I had to pass my October "Tie Line" round to all the other chaps in the section. If they hadn't heard of T.R. before, they certainly know a lot about it now.

**PTE. "DUSTY" MILLER, R.A.O.C. 4.8.41.**

Exceedingly busy but has managed to fit in a spot of cricket now and again. 17.8.41.

Now changed his address and re-mustered as an instrument mechanic, having passed a trade test. Sorry to leave friends. No work for him yet, so making himself useful in cookhouse, but as he's getting three regular meals a

day, he says this is a treat and he's not complaining.

9.9.41.

Hoping for leave within three months and praying it won't come before he has managed to save some money. Getting cooler at nights—winter in six weeks. Camp has open-air cinema, but, as it closes down during air-raids, has only seen half pictures lately.

**SIGM. E. F. CARR, R.C.S.  
Prisoner-of-War in Italy**

It is our custom to send a copy of each issue of "The Tie Line" to the nearest relative of our prisoners-of-war, and Mrs. Carr (Ernest's mother) has received her copy and has written us this letter.

Thank you very much for sending "The Tie Line." Although I do not know the chaps personally, it is most interesting to read about them all, as several of them I have heard Ernest mention.

I hear from him about every two or three weeks. He seems very well and fit. About a fortnight ago he was allowed to send a message to me over the radio. It came from the Apostolic Delegate from the Vatican, but, unfortunately, I did not hear it. We were allowed to send a return message of 25 words back to him. If only I had known, of course, I should have been listening for it.

**SGT. F. A. BAYLESS, R.A.F.**

It is a few weeks since I last wrote, and I must say that at last something has happened of which I can write about.

My way of living out here has been changed in a couple of minutes by the blast of one bomb. You see, I was hit by a piece of shrapnel right in the place I seem to want to use most. I mean by this the left cheek of my backside!

I think the worst is over, thank heaven, as the wound has almost healed and, to my knowledge, they are going to leave the piece of old iron in. Of course—as I was told—if it causes me any trouble in

the future, I can always have it taken out!

I have said that my mode of living has been changed. What I mean is that I have been transferred, all in the space of a few hours, from heat, dust, tents and poor substitute beds into a nice cool, clean ward and—above all—a spring bed with an actual mattress and sheets that are white.

However, at the time of writing, I am getting a bit fed up with my bed. I've been in it now for nearly a fortnight and that is the longest period anyone has managed to keep me in bed.

Now that my wound has practically healed, I expect I shall be allowed to get up for a short time during the day and exercise my legs.

I hope you won't think I got this wound whilst running away, seeing that I was hit in the backside. The truth of the matter is, I was hit whilst asleep!

**L/BDR. L. A. G. MEREDITH, R.A.**

His mother sent us a line telling us that she had forwarded the Comforts Fund parcel to him, as he is now on the high seas. She had received a letter from him in which he said that he was quite fit and having a good trip, particularly as he won 8/- on a Lotto game!

His only complaint was the climate, which was very hot and prevented him from sleeping. We are hoping to hear soon that he has arrived safely at his destination.

**R/O. J. HAWKINS, M.N.**

News by Airgraph from R/O Hawkins!

It is somewhat hot out here and I am wearing white uniform. Afraid I have not been able to trace Sergeant Bayless yet as this is a somewhat difficult matter.

I had a ride round yesterday in a Gharry—one horse, one driver! So I had a good view of the place. Mr. Eckstein will, no doubt, remember this method of transport!

Don't know when I shall be back but am hoping for the best.

**BDR. D. J. GRIFFIN, R.A.,** tells us that "The Tie Line" goes over big in the

## GEM IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

When my August issue arrived, I left it on my bed until I could devote more time to its reading. The bright cover and unusual "Trade-Mark" must have been very attractive to someone's wandering eyes, for it disappeared! This morning it turned up again where I had left it—torn at the edges, creased and very grimy but, nevertheless, readable.

I was amazed to find that the photo of H.O. Girls was covered in pencilled circles. Quite a number of chaps seemed to have been picking "winners" from the feminine beauty displayed.

The extract from my last letter to you was also pencilled round and several rude remarks written in the margin. Major Davies's letters from his prison camp in Germany seemed to have been very popular, judging by the number of finger marks and tea stains that adorned that particular page.

At the moment I'm in charge of the Troop Stores and am compelled to keep an eye on my responsibilities by sleeping with them—and various forms of insect life that haunt this building. So my contacts with the men on the guns are confined to the Canteen—the home of all gossip.

I asked my pals about my "Tie Line." "Yes, we've read it—a jolly fine book." "Who's so and so?" "Which Company do you work for?" "Are you going to marry a Woman Engineer and settle down and do the housework while your wife mends telephones?" were some of the many questions which were flung at me. The



*Wat yer fink of 'em, Erb?*

last on this list rather startled me—but it's an idea.

I've never encouraged enquiries about my past life—or my work. The reception I got when I asked about "The Tie Line" rather overwhelmed me. Our Mag. certainly went over big.

Most of the chaps here are "Regulars." The Regiment was here before the war started. I was one of the first "Conscripts" to arrive here. "Civilians in the army! Ye gods! No wonder we evacuated Dunkirk," was the general feeling when I arrived. But I've been given another stripe since then and we're all good chums now.

The Brass Hats are taking advantage of the "lull" by giving us the opportunity to attend Civvy Evening Classes. I've made an application to attend Electrical

Engineers—it's the nearest I can get to telephones.

It was a great shock to me to learn that Ernest Carr is a prisoner-of-war in Italy. We were called up about the same time. If and when we invade Italy, I'll keep a look out for him !

The idea of Women Engineers rather intrigues me. I'd like to know what they think about the job, the subscribers, etc. I don't expect to get home immediately after the war is over, so I shall probably never meet these "feminine fitters." Would you please send out a Round Call among them for a pen pal in the London Company to correspond with this lonely soldier exiled miles from his native shores.

I'm perfectly fit and well. I've survived the rigours of dysentery and sand-fly fever—even the mosquitos turn away in disgust from my seasoned torso.

*Editor's Notes.*—(1) Mr. Eckstein has found a pen pal for Griffin, but refuses to be held responsible for any results ! (2) We must encourage the Women Engineers to give us their impressions.

**SIGM. E. J. JAKINS, R.C.S.**

We are very glad to hear that he has finished his refresher course and is now employed on outdoor maintenance work.

**SIGM. H. SPEYER, R.C.S.**

Has now got himself posted very near to The Abbey and is hoping to pay us a visit.

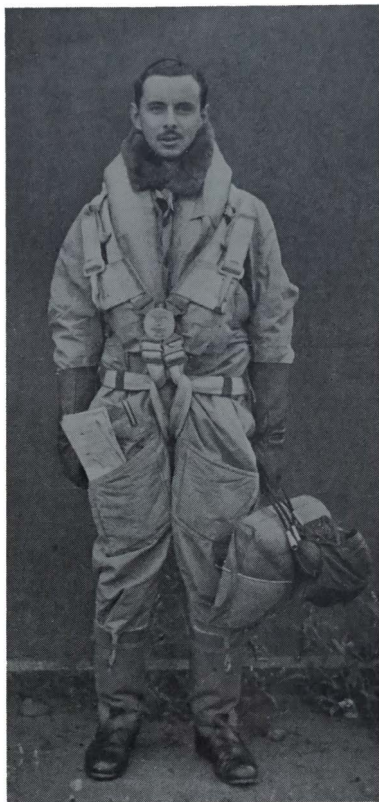
**GORILLAS !**

Collector : Spare a copper, Mum.

Little Old Lady : What for ?

Collector : Aid for Russia.

Little Old Lady : Aid for Russia, indeed ! I've no sympathy with a nation which employs "gorillas" to fight the Germans. Let's fight fair, I say !



**SERGEANT-OBSERVER  
STANLEY WILLIAM GREEN  
R.A.F.**

We regret to announce the death of the son of Mr. W. H. Green, Assistant Chief Engineer of the London Company. He was killed on active service.

He was employed with the London and Manchester Insurance Company. He joined the R.A.F. as an Air-Mechanic and later became Sergeant-Observer.

He was twenty-five years old and had been in the R.A.F. eighteen months.

We offer our deepest sympathy to Mr. W. H. Green, in his tragic bereavement.

# XMAS & NEW YEAR *Greetings*

L/Bdr. F. DIVER, R.E.  
to T.R. and Chronomatic Members.

L/Cpl. S. BIELBY, Middx. Regt.  
to London Chrono.—Misses Freed-  
man and Hurley, Messrs. Alexander  
and High.

Boy 1st Class D. McQUOID, R.N.  
to Miss R. Diamond.

L/Sgt. S. CRANE, K.R.R.C.  
to H.O. Staff and Serving Members.

L.A.C. W. E. HOGG, R.A.F.  
to Telephone Rentals Ltd.

Sgt. A. E. CREIGHTON, R.C.S.  
to London and Manchester Cos.

Sigm. S. STEVENS, R.C.S.  
to All the Boys.

CHRONOMATIC LONDON  
to Chronomatic Serving Members.

Cadet P. H. COUSENS, R.A.C.  
to Manchester Staff and Serving  
Members.

Pte. R. POWELL, R.A.O.C.  
to Head Office Staff.

JOHN NEAL  
to Messrs. Wray, Symons & Leivers.

Dvr. H. SEVERN  
to "Skipper" Wise and Staff—  
Newcastle.

Spr. J. ROBINSON, R.E.  
to all in Telephone Rentals.

Sigm. L. WILLIAMS, R.C.S.  
to Sigm. A. STORK, R.C.S.  
May good luck be your guiding star!

A/C.I S. KNOWLES, R.A.F.  
to London Chrono and Arthur  
Bailey.

A Victory dinner would be far more  
welcome than a Christmas dinner—so  
save up your pennies!

Sigm. L. WILLIAMS, R.C.S.  
to Gnr. K. Oxley, R.A.  
Nothing but sheep and water all around  
—what would you do, Ken?

MANCHESTER RECORDS  
to E. E. Vanner  
Hope you have a "doddle" of a Christ-  
mas this year!

Sigm. C. NEILL, R.C.S.  
to Telephone Rentals Ltd.  
None of the old familiar Annual Dinners,  
but we shall have even better ones in  
times to come. May 1942 be Victory  
year!

F. W. ECKSTEIN  
to London Serving Men  
On behalf of the London Company  
Engineering Staff—Greetings! May the  
New Year see your job completed,  
closed and costed.

Sigm. P. F. COX, R.C.S.  
to my old bed-mate "Med in the  
Mud"—Alf Medland to you—and  
Fred Hayes, George Powley, George  
Smith, Alf Creighton, and the  
Howes Brothers.

We were all introduced to the T.A. at  
the same time by R.S.M. Creighton—  
Alf's father.

L/Cpl. F. W. HAYES, R.C.S.  
to Stan Hudson, Ted Randall, Reg.  
Harris and Fred Welch, Britannia  
House.

Still think of good times we had together  
on Friday evenings in the Club Room  
—Can still throw a nifty dart!

Cadet W. G. BURNEY JONES, R.C.S.  
to the "old gang" of London  
Telematic.

Remember T.R.'s victory reunion dinner  
in 1942 will be something that will make  
the Brussels and Paris Trips look like  
Sunday-school treats!

W/M. T. ADCOCK, R.N.

Calling! Calling!! Calling!!!

H. Baines, H. Treen, H. Eades,  
Fatty Chaplin, D. Clarkson—not  
forgetting dear old Les Evans.

Can you all hear me? Just a moment,  
I haven't got the batteries connected.  
How's that? Wherever you are—  
Greetings! May 1942 see us all together  
in Suffields or Shales. Cheerio Lads!  
Good Beering!! From your Fellow  
Wall-Nail Smiter.

JOHN NEAL,

to Gnr. C. Dawson and Sigm. R.  
Reid.

Hear you're married, Charlie. Con-  
gratulations—you naughty man!

JOHN NEAL

to Peter Boby and Eric—Liverpool  
Merry Christmas, Cads. Peter, keep  
sober—have a pint on me, old man!

Wm. LATIMER

to Lt. R. Treadwell.

Best wishes for a cool Christmas with  
iced beer and a run ashore.

to A/C.I Cottle

Keep your head down in small ships!

to Flt.Lt. Singleton-Fleming

All the wherewithal for a return of  
gout—but without the results!

Wm. LATIMER

to Dvr. H. G. Wilson

A spot of home leave so that we can  
"liquidate" the season's greetings  
personally.

to W/M. T. R. Bennett

May your Christmas give you the same  
pleasure as the Annual Outing.

to A/F. H. Spence

Hope your arm is O.K. and you enjoy  
Christmas with the proper "spirit".

to Capt. E. L. Dalton

May Christmas remind you of pre-war  
Friday nights—in quantity if not quality.

to E. A. Bradshaw

May Christmas keep you out of War  
Damage.

## TELEGRAMS

Capt. J.E.G.

ALBERT'S WAR CRY "WHERE  
IS JIMMY" STOP SUGGEST GET  
ON WITH WAR RETURN  
QUICKLY SAVE ALBERT'S  
REASON. OAKLEY.

Capt. T.A.T.

VELLY SMELLY CLISTMAS STOP  
ME NO LIKEE DAM WAR  
STOPPEE QUICK VELLY QUICK.  
OAKELEE.

Lt. P.E.C.Y.R.

HOPE YOU'LL BE RIDING ON  
EVEN KEEL THIS XMAS AND  
SOON IN PORT HAVING  
SWAMPED ADOLF. OAKLEY.

To all of you in uniform, wherever you are  
and whatever you rank I send Christmas  
greetings and very good wishes. May the coming  
year bring us all nearer the closing of this biggest  
job we have ever worked on.

*John Neal*



# TELETOPICS

## ANNUAL COMPETITION

The following are the positions as at 31st October, 1941.

	% Over Quota
Bristol	42.2
London Chromomatic	34.3
Glasgow	24.8
Leeds	23.6
Newcastle	17.3
Dublin	10.1
London Telematic	6.7
Birmingham	6.4
Belfast	1.6
Manchester	1.3
	% Of Quota
Sheffield	99.0
Cardiff	91.7

## QUARTERLY COMPETITION

JULY—SEPTEMBER, 1941

The following are the winners and runners up :—

	% Over Quota
Leeds	61.7
Glasgow	59.7
Newcastle	55.3
Bristol	50.2

OCTOBER—DECEMBER, 1941

The following are the positions as at 31st October, 1941.

	% Over Quota
Belfast	148.9
Birmingham	96.6
London Telematic	72.0
Sheffield	66.8
Manchester	60.0
Newcastle	43.8
Dublin	42.5
Leeds	2.9
	% Of Quota
Bristol	99.5
Glasgow	95.9
Cardiff	68.7
London Chromomatic	64.9

## FIRST ELEVEN

### LEADING SALESMEN

as at 31st October, 1941.

J. W. Marshall	Broadcasting	London
A. Ambrose	Telematic	London
H. M. Cheetham	"	Manchester
W. T. Muir	"	Glasgow
A. E. Bewsey	"	London
R. McLean	"	Glasgow
B. O'Sullivan	"	Bristol
H. T. Jessey	"	London
P. J. Jones	"	London
C. R. Wyles	"	Birmingham
C. M. Hill	"	London
	12th Man	
H. J. Spencer	"	Newcastle

## NEW SALESMEN

P. Bagley	Telematic	Leeds
S. G. Evans	Contact	London

## MEN WHO HAVE JOINED THE FORCES SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE

Head Office	H. Blake Thomas, R.A.F.
Manchester	J. J. Concannon R.A.F.
Leeds	A. H. Hullah R.A.F.

## PROMOTIONS

### Head Office :

A/C. 2 E. H. Sweeting, R.A.F., now L.A.C.

### Cardiff

A/C. 2 S. Knowles, R.A.F., now A/C. 1.

### Leeds

Pte. D. G. Hart- Cox, R.A.P.C., now Cadet.

### London

L/Cpl. W. G. Burney-Jones, R.C.S., now Cadet.

L/Bdr. D. G. Griffin, R.A., now Bdr.

L.A.C. R. B. Hooper, R.A.F., now Cpl.

Spr. F. Diver, R.E., now L/Bdr.

### Manchester

Cpl. M. A. Nathan, R.E., now L/Sgt.



## Our Women's Section

The Christmas Tree, which has been drawn at our special request, is no empty symbol. We have already posted Christmas parcels to our boys serving overseas, and are now working hard to prepare surprises for those over here—whose addresses we have.

This is in addition to anything you want at the moment, so don't let this stop you writing in if there is something which you need. Socks, gloves, balaclavas, etc., are in great demand now owing to the weather, but our stocks are being kept up by the splendid work of our knitters.

This seems an ideal opportunity to thank the Dublin Company once again for the message they sent to us by Mr. W. S. Philcox. It was greatly appreciated. The message will be duly sent out to the boys in the Forces.

We have been presented with a number of gramophone records of musical shows, and we invite requests for them. We also have a number of Lillicrap hones which, to a mere female, seem an absolute boon. For the benefit

of those who have not heard of the Lillicrap hone, we would mention that it enables one safety razor blade to be used for several months. So, will those of you who would like one, please write in.

We feel we must enquire at this stage whether Captain Gunter ever received the pullover specially made to his requirements and sent off in a great hurry several months ago. We hope, when he replies one way or the other, he will let us know if there is anything else we can supply—but go easy!

Your letters of appreciation hearten us very much indeed. We were particularly pleased that we were able to fix up the giant from Sheffield Company with a pullover from stock.

With hearty Christmas Greetings and best of good fortune in 1942 from us all.

M. MILLER



## Our Knitting Circle

With us once more is the long dark night,  
When we all like to sit round a fire so  
bright,  
But not with idle hands sit we  
For we belong to T.R.'s Knitting Bee.

From Miss Miller comes an urgent  
request—  
"Will you please make an effort and all  
do your best  
As the Army, the Navy, and Air Force are  
showing  
A great need for socks and for other  
things going."

So out come the needles of various size,  
As once more to the needful occasion we  
rise.

The wool is now wound and we're well  
on the way  
To supply our Lads' needs without  
undue delay.

Soon a parcel quite big is packed up and  
ready  
And addressed to Miss Miller, care of  
The Abbey.  
Who, ever grateful for such things as  
these,  
Sends them off near and far, at Home and  
o'er Seas.

The large and the small, we cater for all,  
With "specials" for Ken, who's six  
foot odd tall,  
Size twelves for his feet, he keeps us  
quite busy,  
Whilst his height and breadth—one look  
makes us dizzy.

The thin and the plump, the long and the  
short,  
For you all, to our knitting, we ever  
resort.  
And, when through "The Tie Line" your  
thanks you send on,  
We feel fully rewarded for all we have  
done.

DORIS, Sheffield Company





## TO THE LADS IN THE FORCES

My dear Lads,

By the time you receive this number of "The Tie Line," Christmas will be with us, and I am grateful for the opportunity afforded me of sending a message to you—wherever you may be—at this time, which, under normal conditions, is the Season when we can all sink our differences and radiate good will.

Because that terrible tyke Adolf Hitler has, with his beastliness, upset the whole world and made it impossible for us all to meet and have a good time, I for one refuse to be depressed, and I'm sure, knowing you, that you feel the same. So we can still have Christmas in our hearts and think kindly of each other.

I therefore wish you as happy a Christmas as possible under difficult conditions, and Miss Fretwell, Mr. Sedgwick and all the lads and lassies at Sheffield join with me in this wish.

Miers, Taylor, Oxley, Williams and Fretwell—I want you to write to us immediately after reading this letter, telling us whether you have received our Christmas gift, as it is possible that, owing to change of addresses, there may be delay, and we should like to know if this happens.

As regards you—Dennis Roberts and Albert Stork—your gifts were despatched on the 17th September, as we

were advised to post early to those serving in the Middle or Far East.

I will close this brief letter with the reminder that we do not forget you, and the fervent hope that it will not be long before you can spend another Christmas among your own kith and kin.

We shall drink to your health and well-being on Christmas Eve—our chief regret will be your absence.

Again, all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

**SIGM. L. WILLIAMS, R.C.S.**

He's on a cold, cold island, way, way off. Says the weather is the coldest he has ever known—snow in the autumn! When your letter arrived, we asked the Comforts Fund to come to the rescue and hope that you have received the warm woollies, Williams. Phew! What alliteration!

## CHRISTMAS 1941

Not so very long ago, to folk like you  
and me,  
Christmas was a time for joy and going  
on the spree,  
The bells rang out and all was bright,  
With windows just one blaze of light.

The nights are now so dark and drear,  
Far away are the ones we hold dear.  
Christmas and all that it should mean  
Seems a thing of the past and only a  
dream.

But, though all around is hurry and  
bustle,  
And all we hear is the one word  
"hustle,"  
Deep in our hearts let there forever  
abide  
The old and true Spirit of Christmas-tide.

DORIS,  
Sheffield Company

## FROM THE FOUR SHEFFIELD COCOA BABIES

Dear Lads,

Every time we receive our copy of  
"The Tie Line"—which believe us, is as  
enthusiastically received in this office as  
in any camp—we think it's about time  
we did our little bit.

So now you can put out the flag, etc.,  
as we've decided to bring our light from  
under its bushel and let all and sundry  
know that the Sheffield Engineering  
Office Girls are still a part of good old  
T.R.

Life seems to go on much as usual  
with the same old faces around us.  
You'll be glad to know that Arthur—our  
good old faithful—is still as interested  
as ever in anything that has four legs, or  
we might limit this to two in special cases.

We do occasionally have amusing

episodes. One of the minor worries of  
our lives is crockery. Someone in this  
place must have butter fingers, as we'll  
be sitting quietly working and all of a  
sudden we hear a sound outside. Up  
come our heads and we hold our breath  
until we get to know whose cup has  
gone to its last resting place. It's very  
peculiar, but ten to one we will be one  
cup less—and we are seriously thinking  
of doing as the Army does and having  
tea in mess tins!

One day, one of us girls—we'll not  
mention any names—picked up her cup  
which was filled with tea, and—it hap-  
pened! Instead of the tea coming from  
the top, it came through the bottom like  
a tap. We will leave it to your imagina-  
tion as to the mess it caused.

If this was an accident, it was very  
queer, but we suspect someone had been  
doing a spot of dirty work with a drill.

So you can gather from the above how  
we are treated. But we always try to  
get our revenge—we have been known  
to put soap in a certain person's tea,  
which had very quick results. This  
person beat Harper in the mile race!

As we are sitting here writing this,  
the first snow of the Autumn has been  
falling, and our noses are getting visibly  
bluer. This—and we don't mean the  
blue noses—makes us think of you,  
Dennis and Albert, out where the sand-  
bags grow.

We don't hear much from Len and Sid,  
so how about following our good example  
and dropping us a line as to how the  
Army is suiting you both?

We trust that the day will not be  
too far distant when we will all be  
one big happy family once again.

Here's hoping,

---

HE: You seem very friendly and nice  
to the butcher these days, dear?

SHE: Yes, darling! You see, I'm play-  
ing for bigger steaks.

**GIANT GNR. KEN OXLEY, R.A.**  
(Sheffield Company), says he's shy.  
But he did visit The Abbey, where

## He Lingered Longingly

After receiving the October issue, I decided it was about time I did something. So, after cleaning my buttons, badge, gaiters and boots, and still finding myself with time to spare, and a "tanner" writing pad never been touched, I'll begin.

Congratulations to "Ginger" Roberts on his article, "In and Out of Greece." If you ever get to see this letter, Ginger, I would like to say "Good going, boy, and I wish I were with you."

Since my last letter I have been getting round the country quite a bit. On the way round, I think I've volunteered for everything except mess-orderly—from Paratroops and Commandos even down as low as Military Police. However, I must have something missing because I've heard nothing from anybody yet. And here I am learning the weird and wonderful ways of wireless.

About six months ago I awoke one morning in Dorset to find that nine others and myself were detailed to go on a wireless course to be held at a very well-known spot in S.E. England.

So, after spending fourteen glorious days by the sea about 160 miles from where I was supposed to be, I finally arrived at my destination and got cracking on Radio theory. I enjoyed every minute of that course, especially the evenings after finishing work.

From there I was put on the move again and I have finally landed about an eightpenny bus ride from The Abbey for a more advanced course. I am sure I shall not be sorry when it is finished because, although I am interested in radio, I am sure that it will drive me "Lakes o' Killarney" if I get much more of it.



*so shy !*

You might wonder why I don't drop in at The Abbey ; well, I'll let you into a secret. I'm so shy with the girls—and anyone at Sheffield will tell you the same, I think. Having seen the battery of lovelies you have at Beckenham, I don't think I would be able to breathe for at least a month after a visit !

Well, I have no hair-raising experiences to relate, as I have had nothing worse happen to me than seven-days' "jankers" for starting a fight in the Mess Hut. The best of it was, it wasn't my fault at all. I ask you, what would you do if you caught a bloke swiping your piece of cake ? Besides, it wasn't a fight—I only hit him once.

I would like to wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—especially the Sheffield lads in the Forces—so Best-o'-Luck, Ginger, Len and Sid.

**H. SAUNDERS (Birmingham Co.),**  
narrates the funny things that  
happen when

## "FUNF" PHONES

One of our valued subscribers has recently occupied a large and very old country mansion. He has converted this mansion into machine shops, so that his work may be continued here instead of at his local premises which, unfortunately, have been blitzed.

Three of our installing engineers had just completed the installation of a Mark 8 job, and were clearing up. These three engineers were *alone* on the premises. The last employee had departed and the engineers had received instructions to let themselves out by a side door, and to latch it behind them.

It was getting on for late afternoon, and shadows were lengthening. Suddenly the stillness of the building was shattered by a strident ring from one of the instruments they had just installed, which was actually situated in the dining room. Upon lifting the handset, it was found that the line was "dead."

A few moments later another bell burst into sound, and it was found that this line also was "dead."

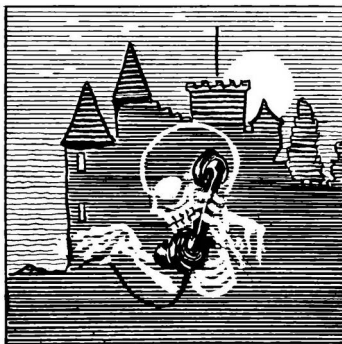
By this time a gentle breeze had sprung up and was heard sighing in the old stonework and gently rattling the shutters of the leaded windows.

The engineers nerved themselves up by lighting cigarettes, and one gripped a hammer more firmly.

Another telephone bell rang with the same result—no one at the other end.

A tour was made of the entire premises by the three engineers *en bloc*. Not a living soul was found. All they heard was the distant ring of a T.15 sub-station echoing around empty rooms.

The engineers eventually returned to the old dining room from where they had started their tour. To their consterna-



tion they saw a large electric light chandelier suddenly start swinging without any provocation!

Spooks—shivers and shades of some old-time country squire.

The silence of the countryside was shattered by the racing engine of the engineers' car, and a faint haze of exhaust smoke lingered along the drive.

Such unseemly modernisation!

The towers of the baronial hall frowned under the darkening sky.

. . . .

### A COUPLE OF LIARS

**Explorer:** "This weather reminds me of the time I was in the Yukon. It got so cold one night that the lamp flame froze."

**Trapper:** "Yes, you scoundrel, and I've been looking for you these forty years. You broke that flame off and threw it out, right against my shack. Next day the flame melted and burned it down."

*Weekly Scotsman.*

A N T R I M

# BELFAST

*Belfast Laugh*

# News

D O W N

Belfast City seemed to have been struck dumb. Over our offices a hush hung as thick as a fog. The Managerial department of the Belfast Company was shrouded in mystery. The manager himself wore a countenance white with emotion. He spoke rarely, then only in hushed whispers. In the offices every footfall seemed magnified a thousandfold, and the very atmosphere crackled with dry electric discharges.

Something was happening—or about to happen. Everyone felt that any moment might be the next, but no one KNEW—ANYTHING. No one dared give expression to the thoughts which were seething within every living being present. The office staff were carrying the biggest strain, and every now and then a stifled scream was heard to pierce the SILENCE of an atmosphere which concealed an unknown SOMETHING.

Day followed night and night followed day. The tension grew. But, after a time a new development became manifest. Figures were seen furtively stealing through the ghostly rooms and corridors. Every corner concealed something unknown.

Came one morning when the sun shone. The pigeons across the courtyard sang lustily. The cleaning staffs staggered from the building gasping for air and sunlight to restore vitality obviously on its last gasp.

The first man in that morning was Victor Hutchinson. As he slid through the stores door, his jaw dropped with a click—the sight of the manager strolling

around as though he had been there all night was more than he could understand.

Towards mid-day the manager flashed out of the office and fled towards the stairs. He said, as he streaked below,



"I'm going to meet Mr. W. S. Philcox and Mr. Wallace Attwood!" The secret was out!

We all considered ourselves particularly honoured that they should undertake a journey entailing such severe discomforts, to say nothing of the risks, to pay us a visit.

In due course all arrived safely in the offices, complete with three huge smiles and one good Contract taken on the way by Mr. Grimbley.



Everyone at the Company was delighted to see our guests apparently in such good health and spirits—a condition which was maintained throughout their stay of several days, thanks to daily doses of Corbetts.

For the first time in history, the weather was on our side. The sun shone the whole of the time, for which we render our heartfelt thanks. What might have happened to all of us here if the weather had been wet and miserable is nobody's business. As it was, matters of great moment were discussed, and determined—matters respecting which, we are unable, in the national interest, to divulge.

The whole Belfast Company records its pleasure at the opportunity of meeting and individually speaking to Mr. W. S. Philcox—and also to Mr. Attwood, who spoke to the Engineers to such effect that apprehension has arisen lest they should all apply for jobs as salesmen !

We hope both went back with as many pleasant memories as they left with us, and trust that it will not be very long before we are awarded a return visit. Their cheery smiles and dispositions were infectious and we all feel the better for seeing them.

It may interest them to know that since they left, the weather has broken and has been beyond description !

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## STOP PRESS

Mr. W. S. Philcox and the Editor are safely back at The Abbey, after their visit to the Belfast and Dublin Companies.

This memorable trip, with its many adventures, will be featured in our next issue.

In the meantime, they tender many thanks for the arrangements made for their creature comforts.

Northern Ireland—or, to be more precise, Belfast—has recently been in the news by reason of an upheaval within the Corporation. This has, of course, caused a certain amount of uncertainty amongst many fathers and mothers who had mapped out careers for their sons, as the City's affairs are apparently to be scrutinised in the future with a microscope.

Talking about upheavals, we have one periodically in our own local Telematic fraternity, caused by the visits of a Lt. X. of the Royal Navy who has a knack of leaving things about. As a result of this unfortunate habit, the next time I see him I am expecting to find that he is wearing a beard.

Another peculiarity of this rather tall gentleman is to carry with him a number of trick bees, which he places upon the driving seats of motor-cars. At least, this is a suspicion that I formed in view of the fact that, on the last occasion Mr. R.—sorry, Mr. X.—came to Belfast, I was stung twice by a bee in the position where one would expect to get stung under these circumstances.

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To  
L/Bdr. T. E. W. DORNAN, R.A.

The Engineering and Office Staffs join me in wishing you a jolly Christmas, and may good fortune go with you in 1942.

We are all subscribing towards a Christmas parcel for you, and we hope this will reach you in good time.



## BRISTOL *News*



My Dear Lads,

I am pleased to be able to acknowledge a letter from Air-Fitter H. Spence since our last issue. Young Tommy Bennett's effort in the last issue was a good start, so keep it up, Tommy.

We all enjoy reading the letters. The smiling face you saw in our last issue over the question "Who is it?" must have been drawn after the Editor had received a bunch of such letters. I am sure you will agree that such a smile of appreciation was worth the effort. So, like *Oliver Twist*, we ask for more.

I was pleased to hear the cheery voice of Mr. Bernard Blake Thomas on the telephone announcing his arrival in Bristol. His thirst for knowledge about the contents of Bristol's ancient buildings is much appreciated—and particularly so by Mr. Martin, who knows every stone of one of them at any rate.

Our Engineers in the Forces may be interested to know that we just managed to *scramble* to the top of the competition at the end of September for the first time this year. I cannot yet gauge whether even this *undignified attitude* will be maintained by our Engineers by the time the jobs are fitted.

I thought I caught a "What-have-I-done-to-deserve-this" kind of look in Mr. Jackman's eye when I told him the news, while Mr. Lyne's reactions were of the "I-don't-care-if-it-snows" type.

However, as it will be Christmas month before these thoughts are printed, no doubt the intermingling of the Christmas *Spirits* will restore both to their normal selves again.

The Women's Section will, no doubt, be speaking for themselves, as usual. Not having seen the result of their efforts, I cannot express an opinion. You will be able to judge for yourselves. You in the Forces, however, have already expressed your thanks for the results of their handiwork. I agree with you, if something has to be rationed, do not let it be the *Handiwork*.

I almost forgot to mention in this letter the Tank Department—as you were—the Number Two Department. Latimer is the soul of good humour. He needs it in having to deal with our Babe of Sales—B.O.S.—who is speaking for himself and several others in this issue.

Even a letter written in a lighter vein for a Christmas issue must come to an end. But the wishes of the whole of the Bristol Company need not end with this issue, for they are "The hope that you will all realise the fulfilment of your sincere desires this Christmas time."

Yours sincerely,

**BDR. E. G. CLARKE, R.A.**  
**Prisoner-of-War in Germany**

Nobby is still keeping in good health and spirits. Two more clothing parcels and several lots of tobacco and cigarettes have safely reached him.

He now has a clarinet to amuse himself with and thinks he'll join the camp band. He is still working with the electricians, which seems quite an easy job.

**A/F. H. SPENCE, F.A.A.**

Well, here I am back in circulation. I couldn't write before because I broke my arm. It is only just out of hibernation.

The population here don't know what an air raid is. The sirens go off now and then, but nothing ever happens. The closest they have come to one was when a piece of shrapnel landed in the district during a raid on a nearby town.

**From the Bristol Girls**

We've turned these pages o'er and o'er  
 To see what others have put before.  
 We think we'd do well to begin  
 With a toast to all in Beer and Gin.

The Christmas season once more is here,  
 Now's the time for joy and cheer.  
 So here's wishing you all good Health,  
 Happiness, Prosperity, Victory and  
 Wealth.

**A Note to the Home Guard**

Please do not have a Mock Invasion about the 25th of December, in case too many parachutists get lodged in our chimneys, and so prevent Father Christmas from paying his yearly visit.

Which reminds us—When the heavy section of our Home Guard, talking about the Mock Invasion, made a chance remark about parachutists, our Junior Typist brightly said, "Are you going to drop from the sky, Herman, dear?" Hearty guffaws from us all.

Mr. Editor, will you please ask your artist to embellish our rough sketch of our dear Herman Latimer.

**HERE IT IS.—Ed.**



And here are some humorous tit-bits which we hope will escape the Blue Pencil. (Jolly good! Ed.).

**A Pair of Twin Stories**

1. Did you hear of the young mother who had twins and named them Ivor and Novello, after enjoying "Glamorous Nights" and "Careless Rapture"?

2. An Italian had twin sons and, being an admirer of Hitler and Mussolini, took them to church to have them christened Adolf and Benito. On his way home, he got them mixed up and didn't know one from t'other. He went back to the priest and asked if he could help him sort them out. The priest said, "Oh, don't worry. When you get home, undress them—the one in the biggest mess is Benito."

**And Little Audrey laughed**

Tommy and little Audrey were visiting the sports outfitters. Going up to one counter, Tommy asked if they kept sports knickers. Little Audrey laughed and laughed and laughed, because she knew that sports didn't wear knickers.

## BRISTOL'S BUTCH WONDERS?

Well, here we are with Christmas upon us. Not that we can feel really in the festive mood, but, nevertheless, the season is here. Adolf or no Adolf, we shall all have fun and enjoy ourselves to the utmost that our individual circumstances will permit. For many of you lads a Christmas in the Army has yet to be experienced. I wonder what it offers!

From what I have seen and heard of Senior Officers, I cannot visualise your C.O., bedecked with white beard and red cloak, staggering round your sleeping quarters with a giant sack of good things for the stockings. Of course, I may be wrong—in fact, for your sakes I hope I am!

Neither can I picture the average A.T.S. girl looking the real McCoy, draped with tinsel, crown and magic wand, tripping lightly midst the occupied bunks casting blessings o'er its sleeping occupants. That would be fun!

I wonder if the Cookhouse will produce the good old Xmas Pud? If its entry into the Canteen will be preceded by a roll of drums and a fanfare of trumpets? If the said Pud—licked by the flames of ignited brandy, will, on cutting, produce a wealth of silver charms and threepenny bits? If the crackers, eagerly pulled across the table, will contain those becoming paper hats, and those cute little rhymes and riddles? I wonder!

Talking of rhymes, I am sending along a short cutting which I think most of you will like.

In conclusion, wherever you may be—whether we are acquainted or not—I raise my glass and toast you all—"Merry Christmas, fellers, and may the NEW YEAR fetch you good luck and safe-keeping."

This intriguing poem was "discovered" by Butch and also the Newcastle Girls

### THE DISCARDED LOVE

He grabbed me round my slender neck,  
I could not yell or scream,  
He dragged me to a darkened room  
Where we could not be seen.

He tore away my flimsy wrap,  
And looked upon my form.  
I was so cold and damp and scared—  
While he was hot and warm.

His feverish lips he pressed to mine,  
I gave him every drop.  
He drained me of my very self,  
I could not make him stop.

He made me what I am to-day,  
That's why you find me here—  
A broken bottle thrown away  
That once was full of beer.

## LATIMER TAKES IT ON THE CHIN

On a visit to Swanage during my summer holidays, I went with my brother-in-law to the farm of a friend of his, to see his pedigree heifers.

Whilst awaiting the arrival of the farmer, one of his labourers, hoeing turnips about 200 yards away, looked up. He started a conversation which would have been far less of a strain on the vocal chords had it been carried on by telephone or even radio.

I let my B.-i.-L. do the shouting from our end, and this is how the conversation went.

"'Ow be they Rooshians doin' this marnin'. Be 'em 'oldin' em?"

"Yes, they seem to be."

"Ah well, the more Germans they Rooshians kill, the less 'twill be fir we to kill in bye."

"Yes."



"'Tis a gude job that they Germans went to Rooshia and did'n come aver hier. I rack'n if they Pansy Divisions ud a come aver hier, our 'Ome Guard 'ud a gone underground."

We both bridled a little at this—both my B.-i.-L. and myself being Home Guarders—and my B.-i.-L. took up the strain again.

"Oh, I don't know—the Home Guard aren't bad lads."

"Naw, they'm not bad lads—they'm very gude lads, but I doan't think they got the heart to shoot anybody!"

Discomfiture of Home Guard contingent.

Heard after the rain had started in Dover: "Nice drop of rain this. Ought to lay the shrapnel."

*Evening Standard, London.*

## G. LYNE GETS GOING AGAIN!

If letters for "The Tie Line" could be "fixed" with the aid of a screwdriver and a pair of pliers, no doubt G.L. would contribute more often. However, I must agree that it is time someone from the Engineering Department wrote you a line or two—so here goes.

Firstly, as it will be—we hope—the festive season when this edition appears, let me wish you, on behalf of Mr. Jackman, myself and all the lads of the Engineering Department, "Good Luck," and a "Very Good Christmas." We all hope that 1942 will see this spot of bother cleared up. We are all looking forward to the day when we can have our Grand Reunion. Have laid in a stock of aspirin against this day or the morning after!

The Bristol Company is on the map again this year, and we make no secret of the fact that we are quietly confident of winning the Annual Cup.

Champagne may be expensive and scarce, but we are sure Mr. Burrows will be only too delighted to see that cup filled! The Blonde Venus (Butch) and Old Mother Riley (the original O'Sullivan) with the help of "Contact" Herman Latimer, are very determined to see Bristol's name engraved on the Cup once more. I am sure you men who are away will join with me and wish them success to their efforts.

We were very glad to see Pete Wilson recently. The little he was able to tell us about his work made some of us wish we were working with him. Your training should prove very useful when you return to civil life again, Pete. In fact, Broadcasting is progressing so quickly that we could do with your services now. Shades of Inductance, Reactance, Diodes, Pentodes, Triodes—who invented Amplifiers?

Sorry we were not at the Offices when you called recently, Tommy. We should very much like to have seen you again. We are expecting to see some gold braid on that uniform very soon.

Very pleased to get your letter, Harry, but sorry to hear you have been in hospital. How did you break your arm? If you can get beer as strong as that, you might send a cask down.

We have not had any news from Dud (Dudbridge) for some months. The last time we had a letter from him, he was enjoying himself in India. It will take some time for this "Tie Line" to reach you, Dud, but how about tearing yourself away from the Dusky Maidens



for a few minutes and dropping us a line? I am sure Mr. Stokes would wish to enquire about your Magneto File, Dud,—O.K., I'll keep it dark.

Just recently we have met two lads who left the Company a good time ago, but who are known to most of you—Theo and Archie Ball. They both wished to be remembered to all of you. Theo is in the Air Force and sports two stripes. A.J., as you might expect, is serving

with the Tough Guys—The Royal Marines.

Any Company news of interest you ask? Not very much. There are one or two new faces—lads that we feel sure will live up to the T.R. tradition. The "little" Company at Bristol is growing so fast that the term "little" no longer applies. So much so that we now have a Maintenance Supervisor. Bill Neville holds this post, and I am sure you will all agree that he has worked hard for this promotion and join with me in wishing him every success. At any rate, if the fault rate goes up, we shall have someone to blame!

Yes—in my visions of the future, I see the Bristol Company housed in palatial premises, myself seated behind one very large desk, surrounded by telephones, the operation of which will call the various Supervisors, typists, dancing girls, etc. What a dreamer! Aren't we all?

Well, enough of this drivel,

Cheerio and Good Luck to you all.

## WHY SALESMEN FAIL

Old Farmer Robinson broke his plough, so he decided to cycle to the next farm and borrow a plough from Farmer Brown.

As he was cycling he started thinking: "I wonder if old Brown will lend me that plough."

Ten minutes later he was thinking: "I doubt if old Brown will lend it to me."

As he got near to the neighbouring farm he thought: "I'm sure old Brown won't lend it to me."

Farmer Brown came to the door, smiled and asked: "Well, and what can I do for you?"

"I just came to say," snorted Robinson, "that you can keep your bloomin' plough!"

*The Tatler.*

**SPR. S. W. PHEBEY, R.E. (Head Office) tells us what happened to**

# THE EARLY RISER!

No, you're quite wrong—this is not an article about myself, however misleading the title may be. It's about this fellow Pilkington who came to us about three months ago.

Of course, we know now that the poor fellow was not normal, but we were quite worried about him at the time. You see, he was so different from the rest of us—particularly when it came to observing reveille.

They always sound reveille in the camp, but we had always been of the opinion that it did not concern us and was meant for some other chaps. This Pilkington, however, seemed to have other views.

When he first arrived, we noticed that he had brought an alarm clock with him, but this did not worry us much because it hardly ever worked.

However, it did not worry him either, because he was up half-an-hour before reveille on the very first morning—and seemed to get earlier every day. You can imagine what it is like to be awakened in the middle of the night by somebody cleaning his boots and whistling through his teeth at the same time.

We often discussed the matter between ourselves : some thought it was insomnia, but the popular opinion was that the Army had turned the poor fellow's brain. We studied him to see if he had any other peculiarities, but, apart from the fact that he always handed his cigarettes round, he seemed quite sane.

In the end, the M.O. got to hear about him and sent him to see a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist asked him all the usual questions—such as, how many pints of water in a quart of N.A.A.F.I. beer—and he answered them all quite intelligently.



In the end he was asked, "Why do you get up so early in the mornings?" Pilkington replied, instantly, "Because I hate being in bed."

This was enough. Poor old Pilkington was discharged immediately as being mentally unsound, and left the Army to get a job as a milkman or night watchman.

The moral to this story is, "If you want to be discharged from the Army, get up early in the mornings." But what a price to pay!

\* \* \*

## SINFUL SOULS

Pop used to say about Presbyterians, "It don't prevent them committing all the sins there are, but it keeps them from getting any fun out of it."

Christopher Morley  
in "Kitty Foyle."

# BIRMINGHAM NEWS



My dear Fellows,

Most of you will receive your "Tie Line" in time for Christmas. The whole of the Company send cordial greetings, and it is the expressed wish that, before another year passes, hostilities will have ceased, and we shall have the pleasure of being re-united.

We learn with great pleasure that Dennis Clarkson, who was serving on the "Ark Royal," is safe and sound, and we hope to have a visit from him in the very near future.

We also hear that T. E. Doolittle is serving with the Forces in the Far East, and we wish him good luck and a safe return.

As the Editor tells me that space is very precious in this issue, it remains for me to wish you all Good Luck in the coming year.

Yours sincerely,

**BDR. W. L. EVANS, R.A.** and his one Pub.

This is not a bad spot at all, except that it is very quiet. Pubs close at 9 p.m.—sorry, "Pub"; there's only one in this village!

The house we are living in is very

large, having 32 bedrooms all fitted with H. & C., which is, of course, a luxury in the Army, especially at this time of the year.

Personally, I would rather be back in the Midlands where there is a chance of more action.

The people in these parts are very friendly, and we have had one or two enjoyable evenings at dances and whist drives.

There is a strong rumour that we shall move shortly and be billeted in the Marquess of —'s home.

I recently came across a "mobile" ten-line switchboard, which was receiving much praise from a group of officers. I did finally succeed in finding our three letters T.M.C. stamped on it very modestly. Naturally, I threw out my chest and informed them there and then that it wouldn't let them down!

**AM/A. D. CLARKSON, F.A.A.**—late of the *Ark Royal*

Two days before the news of the sinking of the "Ark Royal" reached us, we received a letter from Clarkson in which he revealed that the "Ark Royal" had re-



cently shot down fourteen Italian aircraft.

Clarkson was very proud to be a member of the "Ark Royal's" crew, and we know he must feel the loss very keenly. We hope that he will be assigned to a ship of which he can be equally proud.

**L.A.C. W. E. HOGG, R.A.F.—turns Watch Repairer**

I am now rushing around the countryside in a Ford V8, driving the big-wigs



about, which is rather a change from heavy lorry work.

A circular was sent round to each man a short time ago, to be filled in, giving name, address of pre-war employer, also nature of work. I, of course, stated I was in Chronomatic Service and explained roughly to a few onlookers that it was to do with time recorders, electric clocks, etc. Anyway, to cut a long story short, word got round the squadron that I was a watch-repairer. At least fifteen blokes brought their timepieces round to be repaired—all shapes, sizes and conditions, mostly minus "innards." I managed to get some going, to their respective owners' satisfaction.

## To the Members of the Organisation Knitting Scheme

We of this Company take this opportunity of wishing you all "good knitting" over Christmas and through the coming year. We hope that the necessity for woolies for the Forces will soon be at an end, and we can all return to knitting "smaller things."

Like most of the other Companies, we have received a request for more socks, and, whilst we are happy to comply with this, we shall be glad to learn that these are to be used for the purpose intended, or whether some kind Sergeant-Major has suggested he plays Santa Claus.

We should like to thank the wives of many of our staff who have helped us in our cause. To all those who have not had the time to prove what can be got out of two knitting needles and a ball of wool, we suggest that they get in touch with us very soon.



Incidentally, talking about learners; what about a few of the Fire Watchers starting? After all, we know they have at least one evening in the week when they are free to do *almost* as they like.

**BIRMINGHAM KNITTERS**

C.Q.M.S. H. TREEN (Gold Coast Regt.), of Tattooed Torso Fame

## DREAMS ABOUT OUR GIRLS

Just in receipt of my second copy of "Tie Line," the August issue. My first was January, and I am now bewailing the loss of the copies Jerry must have misdirected. No doubt the denizens of the deep are having a severe bout of indigestion, if those copies are where I think they are. Still, someone once said something about "sharing your joys and sorrows," but I never expected to share "Tie Lines" with sharks. (We'll reserve your March and May copies for you.—Ed.).

Incidentally, although there are no members of the firm here, everyone read the copy from cover to cover and remarked how good it was. They all clamoured for more—so it must be good.

So the ladies have taken over? Dear Mother, sell the pig and buy me out! Is there no way you can claim me out? I would make a good instructor, you know! Anyway, as a last resort, I could do a bit by correspondence. Please keep my address secret—my fan mail is terrific. I nearly had two letters last month. One was a request for some income tax or something like that, but I don't understand the foreign words, so I gave it to my boy. He thinks it is a diploma and uses it as his ju-ju (charm).

I am glad to hear that the boys who had had a taste of it, pulled through all right and visited you. Of course, Fatty would not sink—a torpedo would have to obtain a direct hit on him. I even have my doubts about this. I believe it would bounce off. What do you think, Ernie?



*When sending this Photograph, H.T. says  
"You should have seen the boy I cut off!"*

All right, Gordon, don't get ratty—I'm a long way off, you know! If you do happen to be passing any time, drop in, and I'll present you with a lump of gold.

By the way, the mud hut they were building for me is now finished and all—well, most of them—the black mammies have departed. At any rate, those who could only carry water have gone—so there. A few of them decided it was good growing ground round here and opened a small cabbage patch, which they till and till, till they're tired of tilling—then they rest. Of the rest I'll say no more.

Will the girl engineers be kept on after the war? I think it would be a good idea. Fancy an out-of-town job with Victoria or Daphne for a mate—excuse me.

Oh, I must tell you of a thrilling experience I had last night. I had occasion to get out of my little cot during the night. Yes, the beer had been plentiful that evening. Anyway, after disentangling myself from my mosquito net, I reached for my slippers, which are a trifle large (yes, I could do with a new

pair—size 7's, please) and gently placed my first dainty foot inside.

The second one was half in when I felt something creeping over my toes—whow ! " Boy ! Boy ! " shouts I. And, in a jiffy, in dashes Stinker—that's my boy. Nice name ? Yes, I gave it to him. When he first came he said his name was Haruma, which it really is, but to me it sounded like Aroma—hence Stinker. Anyway, in dashes Stinker, " Massa ! Massa ! " cries he, " she's gone ! "

" No, not that now. My foot ! " yells I. " Take off my slipper—sure and begorra (in English) there's a scorpion inside." Was I sweating !

The slipper was removed—wrong one first, of course. Africans always do that. He got it off. I seized a stout stick and proceeded to turn the slipper over. Oh, horror of horrors ! Why didn't the damn thing drop out ? Scorpion or centipede it must be.

By this time quite a crowd had collected. I must explain I was apparently the only one who had retired. I had a touch of " fever " after the beer and crept straight into bed.

Oh, yes, the " scorpion " ; I forgot. We got the blamed thing out of the shoe. Yes, you guess right—it was neither scorpion nor centipede, but a harmless cricket—one I had been chasing a long time—whistling every night under my bed. Needless to say, he will whistle no more.

This tale is bound to reach England in due course. It is all over Africa already. So I relate it myself and give you the true facts, because no doubt it will be stretched and my cricket will have dwindled to an ant. Still, I suppose we " Guardians of the outposts of the Empire " must put up with these inconveniences. " Boy, bring me a beer ! "

I suppose if you did keep the girls on as fitters' mates, and I went out of town, you'd send Maud or Mary Jane with me ?

A little bird whispers that we may get leave after five years, so I am building castles in the air.

Do the girls—oh, dear, I do so keep dreaming about T.R. these days.

Seriously, I'm afraid my letter sounds rather flippant, but, by letting off steam like this, saves me from going completely dotty, and, as I am a long way off, I can take advantage of it. I know that, by the time I do see all your smiling faces, we " heroes " will be forgiven everything.

Bless those girls ! So, if I appear to be taking advantage of you, I give you permission to slap my face—if you can catch me !

I wrote one letter addressed to the Girls of T.R., but, after reading it through I began to blush myself. So I called a committee meeting of Stinker, the pup and the parrot, and decided to tear it up. After all, we didn't really know the girls. Decent of me, don't you think ?

Well, hang it all, I really must stop now or the mess will be closing. So, cheerio to everyone at Brum—in fact, cheerio to everyone everywhere.



P.S.—Re my sketch. Excuse the first attempt, but it's in the blood. The characters are entirely fictitious and do not represent any dead person.

# OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY



Sgt. L. WHITAKER  
St. John's Ambulance  
Brigade  
*Leeds*



A/C 2 S. ASTLEY  
R. A. F.  
*Manchester*



O/S L. GOODIER  
R. N.  
*Head Office*



Pte. G. WEBBER  
R. A. M. C.  
*Head Office*



Boy 1st Class  
D. McQUOID, R. N.  
*Head Office*



L/Sgt. S. CRANE  
K. R. R. C.  
*Head Office*



L/Cpl. J. A. NISBET  
R. A.  
*Glasgow*



R/Mate C. BETTS  
R. N.  
*Manchester*



Dvr. H. WILSON  
R. A. S. C.  
*Bristol*



### LEEDS OFFICE GIRLS

Standing : Miss Sheldon   Mrs. Fenton   Miss Houldon   Miss Todd   Miss Cantor

Sitting : Mrs. Hartley   Miss Horton   Miss Phillips



Major B. DAVIES, R.A.

*London*

This photograph was taken at the  
German Camp (Oflag), where he is a  
Prisoner of War.

### CONGRATULATIONS



Mr. J. SMITH and bride

*Cardiff*





### LEEDS WOMEN ENGINEERS

Standing : Miss Joy Mrs. Carter Miss Moss Mrs. Kirk

Sitting : Miss Waite Miss Bowman Mrs. Marcus

### ATIONS TO



Spr. S. W. PHEBEY, R.E.  
and bride  
*Head Office*



Sigm. W. MACKAY  
R. C. S.  
*Glasgow*

# THIS ENGLAND . . .



*This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise ;  
This fortress, built by nature for herself,  
Against infection and the hand of war ;  
This happy breed of men, this little world ;  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,  
this England.*

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



Dear Blokes,

It is intended by the Editor that this copy of "The Tie Line" shall be in the hands of you fellows by Christmas at least—so, wherever you may be, and whatever you may be doing, the whole of the Staff of Telephone Rentals (Northern) Limited join me in wishing you all the best of good wishes during this Festive Season.

It will be difficult to make this Christmas at all festive, either at home or—I presume—overseas, but, like everything else, we shall make the best of it, and, I am sure enjoy it.

As you know, we are accomplished scroungers. At the present moment we are putting our ability in this direction to the supreme test by chasing round to find you blokes some cigarettes.

We shall get as many as we can and send them off to you, but, if we cannot get the number we would like to, then you will understand it will not be for the want of trying. The feat will be accomplished by hook or by crook.

The Generalissimo has not been seen or heard of for some time. We suspect that Eskimo Nell has something to do with this—either that or his mutton-chop whiskers. We would like to bet he gets taffled up in them before this war ends!

(See his news of Iceland.—Ed.)

If the Generalissimo is fortunate enough to get any leave between now and Christmas, will he kindly note that arrangements have been made for one large bottle of "Nelson's blood" to be put on one side at a certain dive well known to this Company, and it will be duly knocked off in his presence. Incidentally, for his information, that "Nelson's Blood" is just as strong as it was when "sampled" by him just prior to the outbreak of war.

We have never heard a word from Lt. Wilkinson since the dark days of Dunkirk, and this is no small disappointment to everybody here. If he poked his face in here during the next month or two, we should be highly delighted.

We hope you will let us know of any requirements as early as possible. The best of good luck to you all.

Yours sincerely,



## Misses M. ACASTER and M. LEE write up the NEWCASTLE LOG

Lawrence Campbell is our first colleague to set our feminine hearts aflutter. You have all heard the saying—"Go West, Young Man"—well, we are still waiting for Lawrence to go East—to the land of the Sphinx, the Pyramids, and, last but by no means least, Salome. But still he turns up and we believe he is still slogging away waiting for his next seven days.

Well, Lawrence, here's all the best for Christmas and the coming year.

The spotlight now turns to W/M. Ken Tate. The last time this handsome cavalier paid us a visit was very memorable in more ways than one.

We hear that he takes his medicine from a glass very very well. He was dragged away from us a good hour before three by our Chief Engineer. We can



... dragged away?

only presume that there was no shortage of what they went in search of. This was borne out by the fact that, at table tennis that evening, our Chief Engineer saw "balls to the right of him, balls to the left of him"—but couldn't hit one.

Kenneth left us and promised to call the next time he was on leave, but we bet he says that to all his girls.

Talking about sailors—Edgar Wilson is next on our list. You've heard the saying, "A sailor has a wife in every port." Well, you can take it from us that Edgar is qualifying for two in every port. He seems to be able to hold his own in these "affaires du cœur."

Should he need any words of motherly advice—if we can be nothing else to him—we're at his service. Service before Self is our motto. He also takes his liquor like a man.

Now, Edgar, when are we going to see your smiling face? We are all very eager to see you, so what about it? This goes for all the girls from Newcastle.

All we have seen of Jack Bullock lately was when a member of our staff came upon him by chance in the Central Station. He was going back to billets after a short leave—but not alone! It was noted that he carried in his pocket the inevitable bottle of "Milk"—just what the doctor ordered.

Last, but by no means least, is our "Big Broadcast of 1941"—Driver Severn.

As he is a married man, we had better stick purely to business. We thought how becoming the paternal look suited him when he was seen in town carrying little Severn Junior.

We are anxiously waiting for the day when you can return to Newcastle Company and give us all ten start at table tennis.

There is only one item left, and that is to wish you all a very merry Christmas and an early Victory in the New Year!

# DVR. H. SEVERN, R.C.S.

Now just about to end a Driver-Mechanic's course here, I expect to get a job assisting the Entertainments Officer in producing shows. During my stay here, I have helped to produce and have stage-managed three shows. First a revue, "Black and White Rhythm"; then a play, "Someone at the Door"—a Thud and Blunder comedy thriller; and at present, "Punch without Judy," a comedy of modern young things.

We have toured all the various troop formations in the area with these three shows, and hope we have given some pleasure in the drab lives that the "licentious soldiery" live.

In any case, we have been well received and have had lots of fun out of running these shows, at the same time "winning" our way out of other duties.

Last night I made my debut as compere of "Blue Flashes," our new revue. I had some pretty warm gags all ready to fire off at the audience. You can imagine my dismay when, peeping through a hole in the curtain, I saw my "customers" were 50 per cent children between the ages of six to twelve years.

Anyway, I sandpapered my material down a bit and got over in good style—in fact, was congratulated on being the hit of the show.

To crown all, just at the end of the show an air raid alert was sounded, and all traffic stopped. We had to walk two and a half miles back to our station in the pouring rain, and, just as we reached our palatial mission-hall billet, the All Clear sounded!

## CONGRATULATIONS TO F/O. J. V. MARSHALL, R.A.F.

We have heard from his sister, Mrs. TAT Thompson that he has been promoted to Flying-Officer and is stationed with the R.A.F. in Iraq. He is quite well, safe and happy.

## Jarrow-Howdon Public Ferry To Be Suspended

The public ferry service between Jarrow and Howdon terminates to-night with the last boat until further notice.

Hushed is now the noisy hurry,  
The Captain's gig has left the wherry  
For other shores. The Jarra Ferry  
Sails no more.

He's mopped up malt ashore at Malta,  
The sea was salt, but the beef was saltier,  
He'd punctured a tyre at Gibraltar,  
When the stormy winds did blow.

When the bos'n pipes all hands again,  
On Tyne or Wear or the raging main,  
His whiskers gorn, effete his brain,  
The Skipper's busted.

No more he'll roam while tempests  
howling,  
The poop went pop and the watch-dogs  
growling,  
His grog's all drunk and his paint-work's  
fouling,  
The Skipper's sunk (and drunk).

## ACCIDENT OR — ?

A dicky bird whispered the other day that our Broadcasting Chief Installer, during a visit to Whitehaven, met in the hotel at which he was staying, a member of the female engineering staff of the Manchester Company.

She apparently was supposed to be there to do some estimating, but, as it is in our territory, we are inclined to think there is more in it than meets the eye—especially as he has returned time and time again to that district on the flimsiest excuses!

Here's a date !

Marjorie, Muriel, and Mildred, of Newcastle Company, have won W.V.S. badges for Canteen Work, and issue invitations to our men in order to

## FEED THE BRUTES

Last time we had anything to say for ourselves, it was in the capacity of First-Aiders for the Office. Fortunately—in more ways than one—our services have not been required recently, so, feeling that we must do more, we gallantly volunteered for canteen work.

The Canteen was well supplied with helpers, however, so we went to the "Kitchen," where our services have been retained. We sometimes think it was in a misguided moment that we accepted the work so cheerfully. We hadn't realised there could be so many potatoes to peel and dishes to wash—or so many hungry men in the Forces !

Either the life is suiting the men, or their cooks are starving them. Last week, within half an hour, we took two "outstanding orders"—one for double sausage, double fish cakes, double chips, double bread and butter and two cups of tea ; the second for double sausage, double chips, double kippers (think of it !) plenty of bread and butter and tea, followed by apple tart and custard. Believe it or not, this second one could still get into his sailor's jumper ! We must admit, however, that there were a few bulges.

Small wonder that we cannot eat anything ourselves after looking at meals like that !

Actually our job doesn't end there—maybe it's our kind faces (?)—but it's nothing to be asked to sew on buttons—and once there was the case of the gussets.

We have a "resident" who must be the largest man in the Navy. Anyway, he had a pullover which would have made us each a jumper but which restricted him considerably. He was constantly pulling it and, as he said, his actions might be misconstrued—people might easily think he was "not alone." So the obvious solution was gussets. They really were a work of art and were greatly appreciated—even to the extent of two oranges ! We've been looking for more gussets to do ever since—oranges are so rare in this part of the world.

For all this noble work, we are now the proud possessors of W.V.S. badges—qualified for after 100 hours on duty.



## EDITORIAL

The heat in the actual kitchen is terrific—the tropics would be mere child's play to us after this. We vow that we lose pounds every time we are on duty, but we haven't heard any nice remarks passed by the male members of the staff about our slinness yet !

If any of you who are in the Forces—those who know us and those from other Companies who don't—happen, by some misguided chance, to be stationed fairly near to North Shields, and care to drop in for a meal, we will do all in our power to make it a specially good one. Wednesday, after 7 o'clock is the night best suited to this sort of thing, because we are always on duty—so, remember. We leave it to you to find some method of letting us know that you are brother workers in civvy life.

By the way, we haven't been paid to advertise this Canteen ; it was only our kindness of heart which prompted the offer. Before we close we suppose we had better tell you the name of the Canteen—it is situated on the top floor of the Y.M.C.A., North Shields.

Let us close by wishing all our friends in the Forces all you wish for yourselves, plus a little more.

#### To "JOE." Resident Engineer at Middlesbrough

Milk rationing began on the first,  
By gosh, there will be a great thirst,  
No milk for our tea,  
Oh dear—deary me !  
Our girls and others all cursed.

SO—

We now have a goat called Nanny  
Finnigin,  
She has whiskers on her chin-i-gin,  
The roof's her home, but we bring her  
in-i-gin,  
When it's time to milk old Nanny  
Finnigin.  
(Sorry, Michael !)

M. & M.

Here is our Christmas number, which should reach the majority of our colleagues in good time.

We have been rather overwhelmed with contributions for this issue, and it has been a pleasant task selecting those items which would, more aptly, suit this season of the year.

The remaining contributions must perforce be held over until the New Year. Contributors of these articles will, I know, understand.

Let me register a big "THANK YOU !" here and now for your magnificent co-operation.

Our colleagues in the Forces are scattered far and wide from Hong Kong to Canada, from the Gold Coast to Iceland, to say nothing of the Near, Middle and Far East, as well as the British Isles.

Whether you be on land with shovels, searchlights, cables, guns or tanks ; or in the air with cameras, compasses, parachutes or joysticks ; or roaming the seas with speed-boats, astics, convoys or battleships—we salute you !

At home we are helping over 10,000 War Factories to make every second spell Output, and using our spare time in the Home Guard, Fire-Watching Teams, Canteens, Red Cross, or just knitting.

All of us on War work of one kind or another.

Whether our jobs are picturesque or grim, kaleidoscopic or monotonous, let each of us at noon on Christmas Day lift up our glasses to the simple sincere toast :

" Our Country !

Our Company !!

Our Colleagues !!! "



### HELLO ! HELLO ! HELLO !

The man who had dined and wined too well, picked up the telephone hand set :

" Hello ! Hic ! Hello ! "

" Hello ! " returned the operator.

" Hello ! "

" Hello ! "

" Gosh ! " said the man. How this—hic—darn thing echoes ! "

### Playing with Fire

There is something about this fire-watching business which seems to give rise to a host of amusing anecdotes. A reader whose word I implicitly trust tells me that a lady in his household, reporting for fire-watching for the first time, asked her partner—a staid schoolmaster—for details of the duty. " Well," he replied in all seriousness, " we mustn't take our clothes off until three o'clock, but after that we can go to bed." *The Shell Magazine*, London.

### SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS

One morning a poor little urchin brought his schoolmistress a beautiful bunch of white roses. She was astonished, and showed her surprise so plainly that the little boy asked, " Don't you want them ? " She hastily replied, " Yes, they are lovely, but I am surprised because you have never brought me any flowers before." The boy replied, " Well, if our lodger isn't buried to-morrow I'll bring you some more."

### His "Just" Reward

The partners called the manager into their office. " We find," said one, " that last year's trading was the best since we went into the business. We know how much hard work you have put into the firm, and as a mark of esteem we are making out a cheque for one hundred pounds in your favour.

The manager stammered his thanks.

" Yes," went on the other partner, " and if next year's business is as good as this, we'll sign it."

### DEAR, DEAR, DEAR, WHAT THINGS THEY DO SAY !

Notice in a San Francisco library reading room—" Only Low Talk Permitted."

New York " reducing " salon's slogan—" We take your breadth away."

New York pawnbroker's sign—" See Me at Your Earliest Inconvenience."

Advert. in *Times-Dispatch*, Richmond, Va.—" Expecting relations ? Solid Mahogany Reproduction Bed."

Advert. in *The Times*, London—" Lady whose ' good companion ' must be put to sleep offers real country home to young bitch."

Regal Cinema, Marble Arch, advert.—" Adam Had Four Sons," at 12.10, 3.0, 5.50, and 8.30.

### Divorce Court, U.S.A.

Buxom wench, married to a very undersized jockey, is giving her grounds for seeking a divorce.

" You know how it is, Judge—once the novelty has worn off, a woman feels she needs a MAN for a husband—not a radiator mascot."

## Lucky Fish

When closing time came at the village pub, the members of the Angling Club moved off with as much steadiness and dignity as possible to the bridge from which they were to angle that night.

They seated themselves, cast their lines over the parapet, and "fished" steadily till the grey dawn was breaking. Then, with a roar, the first down-train passed under the bridge.

## DO MEN PREFER BLONDES?

Here is a table of statistics, prepared by Damon Runyon for the *New York Daily Mirror*, showing the kind of women men prefer according to the age of the latter.

- 18 to 21—Cute
- 21 to 30—Beautiful
- 30 to 35—Intelligent
- 35 to 40—Charming
- 40 to 45—Dumb
- 45 to 50—Decorative
- 50 to 55—Understanding
- 55 to 60—Any kind
- 60 to 65—Good cooks
- 65 to 70—To hell with 'em

## Thrifty

For his gallantry a Scottish soldier was given a decoration. A week or so later a pal asked him :

"And what does the wife think of your medal, Sandy?"

"She doesna' ken yet," was the reply, "it's no' my turn to write."

*and*

## THESE AMERICAN WAITERS

A business woman was entertaining some business men at luncheon in a French restaurant the other day. Not wishing to be obvious about paying the bill, she whispered to her waiter, when the meal was almost over, "L'addition, s'il vous plait." "Downstairs and to your left, lady," he said.

*The New Yorker.*

## Not a Dog's Chance

"I don't like the look of that pretty maid you engaged, John," said his wife, "so I discharged her this afternoon."

"Without giving her a chance?" asked her husband, in a shocked voice.

"No, without giving you a chance."

## AS WE GROW OLDER

Our tastes change as we mature. Little girls like painted dolls; little boys like soldiers. When they grow up, the girls like the soldiers and the boys go after the painted dolls.

*The Leader Post, Regina, Sask.*

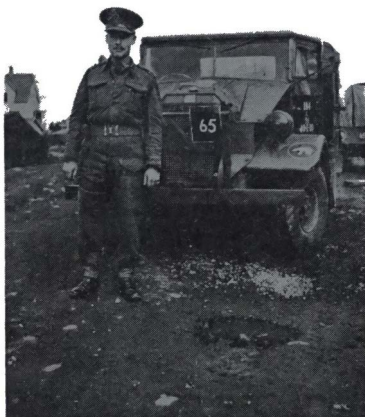
**Wanted.**—A Teacher to teach a Gospel String Band, consisting of Spanish and Hawaiian Guitars and Mandolines; a Christian preferred.

Advert. in *The Belfast Telegraph*.

**Real Chance.**—Very sound hotel, Cathedral town; large lounge bar; steady profits for years.

Advert. in *The Times, London*.





After ten weeks on the beaches of South Devon, I was sent up to Scotland, and there embarked. I had no idea of my destination until after the boat had sailed — ICELAND. The three-and-a-half days' crossing was rough, but this, fortunately, did not worry us,

On Monday, 16th September, 1940—a sunny afternoon, but with a real nip in the air—I got my first sight of Reykjavik (Smoke Bay), the Capital.

Three nights in tents at the transit camp were very cold. At the end of the week I moved by sea round to a small town of some 500 inhabitants, on a fjord further up the west coast. I was in a tent there until the end of October, for which I received a weekly issue of rum. The weather was really bad—camps flooded by heavy rainfalls, and tents blown down by the strong winds howling from the north.

Then came the snow! Arctic clothing and eiderdown sleeping bags were issued to all ranks. The frosts were very bad. One morning I went into my Company Office—half a Nissen hut—and found my ink frozen although the table was only two feet away from a hot stove. How-

**CAPT. C. R. DEANE, who was on parade when inspected by Mr. Winston Churchill, sends us some sidelights on**

## LIFE IN

ever, in spite of all this, training went on—and hard training at that.

The troops found the long winter nights very trying. It was dark at 3 p.m., and not really full daylight till after 10 o'clock in the morning. The majority of troops went to bed between 7 and 8 o'clock—there was nothing else to do. But not so the officers.

I must mention the slaughter houses. There were three of them in B—, situated almost on top of each other. One could see thousands of sheep being driven in from the surrounding hills to be killed. This went on daily for weeks.

The unwanted parts of the sheep were put on trays outside for all to see—also the unwanted parts of the legs, just as they had been lopped off. The heads also.

A Sapper officer asked me to go to the local hotel as a guest of the manager. I think there were five of us there. The *piece de resistance* was, or rather were, sheeps' head roasted over a blacksmith's fire in the street, the head being held over the fire by a woman with a pair of iron tongs.

The waitress brought several of these heads cut exactly in half, and put the dish on the table. I just looked once and said "No." Everything in the half head was complete, even to the tartar on the teeth.

One officer picked at one of these heads for a while, then pushed his plate away. The waitress looked at him in surprise, picked up a knife, gouged the eye out and held it to his mouth. He shook his head—so she swallowed it. This was too much for Bob—he shot out of the room at a rate of knots and was violently sick. When he returned he

# ICELAND

had a full bottle of whisky in his hand, and drank very freely from it for the rest of the evening.

There was too much ice for good skiing at that particular place, but I had some very good skating.

Christmas and New Year came. All I can say is that we did our best.

In February I went to the Force Tactical School on a course. This was held in R——k, which was a very pleasant change.

During my stay there, my Company had been moved further north again. My Company H.Q.'s were in a school on the shores of another fjord. But there was nothing within miles. But I did find something there I have searched for all my life, and that was a really hot swimming bath. This one was filled from the natural hot spring running through the camp.

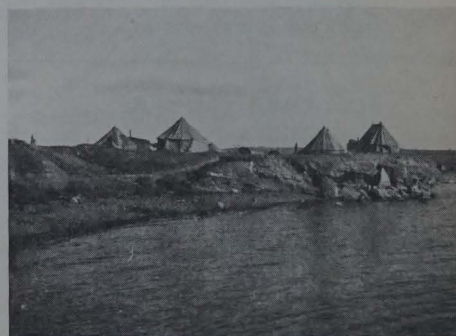
After another spell of very bad weather came the spring, and the nights began to shorten until we had 24 hours of full daylight during the summer.

I sailed for England in the Spring in a large troopship—leave at last! The trip was rather exciting—at least, one afternoon of it was. I was just finishing my coffee after lunch when I heard several muffled bangs. I noticed a number of torpedoed Merchant Navy Officers who were in the same ship, leave their tables very quickly and go on deck.

The remainder of us finished our coffee and went on deck to find our escort dropping depth charges all around. One of the ship's waiters had actually seen a torpedo. Thank God it missed us! When the escort rejoined us sometime

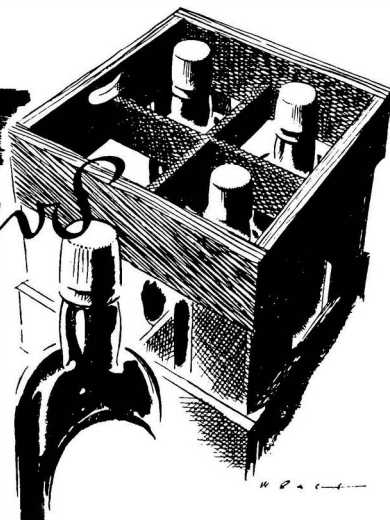
during the evening, we received a report that a probable two German submarines had been sunk.

And now I am back in Iceland again, stationed about two miles out of the capital. The United States Marines arrived, and I have had some good parties with them.





# DUBLIN *news*



## Is it True that—

Two prominent visitors to Dublin recently put on weight ?

\* \* \*

Dublin steaks were very palatable, to say nothing of the fried onions ?

\* \* \*

Olympia, London, is somewhat similar to Olympia, Dublin, bar the bar ?

\* \* \*

“ Newspapers ” cause some anxiety at times to the Powers-that-be ?

\* \* \*

The Border is not as black as it is painted ?

\* \* \*

Hose is a good protection against a cold in the nose ?

\* \* \*

Dublin hens worked overtime to satisfy our visitors' demands ?

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## POST-CARD FROM A SUBSCRIBER

Dear Sirs,

We are unable to get the Eggs & Poultry from our Master Station. The light appears to come on at the Eggs & Poultry but the bell does not ring. Will you please be good enough to attend to the matter.

It seems that we have another Telematic service of which we were not aware—viz. producing Eggs and Poultry from Master Stations. It also seems that the hens are not ringing the Bell even though they switch on the light !

I am sure that Lord Woolton would be pleased to learn if there are any more such Master Stations operating in a like manner in Great Britain.



## Christmas Greetings

We in Dublin, extend a hearty greeting to all members of Telephone Rentals on Active Service at home and abroad, and offer our sincere wishes for their safety and victorious return to the old firm.



My Dear Lads,

I am pleased to report that, since I last wrote to you, I have had a few more letters from you fellows.

Everything here in Manchester is fairly quiet. So far this Autumn we have not been troubled much with the Luftwaffe.

The work of the Company is proceeding on fairly normal lines, but, of course, we have to adapt ourselves to ever-changing conditions and requirements.

Mr. Whale has joined the Navy since I last spoke to you. We have had visits recently from Mr. Nichols and Mr. Luxton, who are both doing well in the Air Force.

Mr. Newstone also called in to see us on his last leave, and I was very pleased to see him looking quite fit and well again.

Everyone here joins me in wishing you as happy a Christmas as possible. Chins up, lads, and good luck wherever you may be!

Yours sincerely,

*B. A. M. A. y*

#### **CAPT. R. C. BUSS, R.T.R.**

I have been appointed G.S.O.3 at the War Office. The G.S.O.1 is an old friend of mine. I was in his Company for a short time before the war. The Major-General in charge of the whole department was a Major under my father-in-law after the last war, and they are still great friends. So what?

It's all very nice with the extra staff pay, red arm-band and a Whitehall Lancer. I will really feel quite important in Military Circles now!

#### **A/C.2 A. BENT, R.A.F.**

Since I left T.R. to come into the R.A.F., I have certainly bumped into a lot of things I never expected to see. The life is grand and offers good chances to pick up a very useful knowledge of electrical work.

I underwent five weeks' drill and it has done me so much good that I feel as if I could run three miles with a 500-watt amplifier on my back!

At the end of my present course, I hope to pass out as an Electrician.

#### **FLT./LT. F. LUXTON, R.A.F.**

I am to be promoted to Adjutant of Air Crew Wing here and am at present attached to the Air Ministry for special instruction accordingly. This will mean £3 3s. per week extra pay, "though I don't really need it," as Nat would say!

## O/S B. F. WHALE, R.N.

At last I find myself with a few minutes to spare! We have had a very busy week. I have had two medical exams., one dental exam., one eyesight test, have been vaccinated, attended three lectures—one by the ship's Commander, one by the Captain, and one by an officer from the Submarine Service. The rest of my time has been spent drawing equipment and marking it. They certainly look after the Navy—I should think I have received about £40 worth up to now!

The food is very good. Here is a sample menu:—

Breakfast: Bacon, Beans, Bread, Butter, Tea.

Lunch: Roast Beef, Potatoes, Cabbage, Sweet.

Tea: Bread, Butter, Jam, Tea.

Supper: Steak and Kidney Pie, Vegetables, Soup, Cocoa.

The only snags are loss of liberty and a great shortage of beer, etc. The canteens only open for about half-an-hour a day, so you can imagine the fight if we want anything.

## PTE. F. NYE, R.A.O.C.

Well, I am still attending school and I must say that the algebra and maths. are certainly getting me worried. Still, there's one consolation—I should be ready to clear a few faults by the time I come out of the Army.

How are the lads getting along at T.R. these days? I only wish I could lay my hands on a "B" order. If anybody is thinking about joining up, just tell them to write to me for a few tips.

## A/C.2 E. F. NEWSTONE, R.A.F.

Am very busy helping to keep the R.A.F. in the air. It is a very welcome change from training camps and I find the work most interesting. I am on 24-hours a day duty for seven days, and get called out at all hours of the night to attend to things which happen at the most awkward times.

## A/C.2 S. NICHOL, R.A.F.

I am at present taking an armourers' course and have just passed the progressive exam. with quite a lot to spare.

The life is more or less what I expected, but one gets used to it. If not, then one stores up an awful lot of trouble.

We are hard at work from 6 a.m. till 4.45 p.m. We have sports, of course. I find I can still play football sufficiently well to be picked for the course team.

Do you recall the story about the old bull and the young bull? Well, at 36, I play football a bit like that old bull—I wait for the ball to come to me!

There are plenty of chances here for odd flights. Pilots seem to like taking



*all against the rules*

someone with them, although it's all against the rules.

My best wishes to everyone in the organisation whom I happen to know, with especial reference to those members of the Manchester Sales Staff who are in the Forces—Messrs. Whale, Newstone, Nathan, Cousins, Lyddon, and Inskip. Although we are somewhat scattered at present, one fine day we'll have a really merry meeting—in fact, there might

easily be a drop of ale consumed when that meeting does take place !

Isn't it a small world ? Not very long ago I bumped into Mr. Oliver Oakley and Tom Isherwood. Believe you me we had a rattling good night. We didn't find all the pubs, but we found enough.

#### CADET P. H. COUSENS, R.A.C.

I have only a few weeks to go before I pass out, one way or the other, from the O.C.T.U. R.A.C. courses are longer than other units. I am glad really, because there is such a lot to learn before one is 100 per cent efficient. Only recently has the importance of the R.A.C. been realised, and the standards are rising daily.

My baby daughter arrived while I was still in France, and my wife, rather appropriately, called her Victoria.

I would like to be remembered to Messrs. Newstone, Hewitt and Nathan, wherever they may be.

#### R/MATE C. BETTS, R.N. (See photo).

Having just returned to my billets after seven days' leave to find cigarettes and books from the Comforts Fund awaiting me, I feel I really must write at least one or two lines for the next "Tie Line."

These requests for a photograph rather overwhelm me. Usually they are demanded from heroes, phukka sahibs, and all that. However, as I have been asked to send mine along, I presume that "The Tie Line" wishes to collect a Rogues' Gallery !

Well, Manchester Girls, here it is ! Don't be too critical. After all, we can't all be Clark Gables, can we ?

I'm afraid I mustn't write anything interesting about my work because most of it has to remain secret. But I can say it's a grand life if you don't weaken—at least, it's a grand life for a change, but, like everyone else, I look forward to the day when I shall be back home at T.R. once again.

I was led to believe that all the nice girls love a sailor, but, at the moment, the uniform isn't working its usual charm. Everything in this town closes



*maybe they CAN'T see !*

down completely before nine o'clock and, as I don't finish work until six or thereabouts, things are bound to be pretty dull, aren't they ?

This early finishing of all entertainment, however, leaves plenty of time for swotting. As I have piles of that to do, I make the most of my time in an endeavour to climb another step up the ladder.

If this edition of "The Tie Line" reaches India, I hope Fred Bryant will spot this column, because I should like to know how he is going on. How about a reply through "The Tie Line," Fred ?

I should like to take this opportunity to thank the Comforts Fund for their parcels. You've no idea how welcome they are, and how much I appreciate the gifts. A very big THANK YOU to you all, and the very best luck to all my friends in Manchester Company.

**SPR. D. FAWCETT, R.E.**

In September he promised us an article all about his big-scale manoeuvres. So far it hasn't come to hand. What has happened to it?

**L/SGT. M. A. NATHAN, R.E.**

I have made another move and am now living under canvas! We are on a constructional job. In our spare time, we send small selected parties on a short journey for some fun and games, to create a spot of bother with some stuff that rather suddenly goes off bang!

I spent a week in hospital recently, and then had seven days' sick leave as compensation.

Later: Once again I have changed my address. I have finished a month's work here as my initial training for O.C.T.U. to which I expect to be sent very soon. It's certainly a change to live in barracks. I never knew there was such luxury—oh yeah!

**MANCHESTER GIFTS**

As a Christmas gift, we are sending every one of you Manchester men who are in the Forces, a Postal Order, in order that you may buy some little present which you feel is most suitable. Good Shopping!

**WHY BOTHER ABOUT PETROL COUPONS**

A motorist was asked if he had tried a new atomiser which is said to halve petrol consumption.

"Rather," he replied. "It did all the makers claimed for it, and saved 50 per cent of my petrol. I also bought a new carburettor which saved 30 per cent., got another brand of petrol which saved 20 per cent., and some special sparking plugs which saved another 10 per cent. Then I took the car out for a test run, and I'm dashed if the petrol tank didn't overflow before I'd gone five miles."

*Shell Magazine.*

**2nd Lt. B. BLAKE THOMAS, R.A.  
STILL**

**Continues to  
make Contacts**

All sorts of things have happened to me since I last wrote. Like most people in the Army, I have spent a little time in a lot of places during the last few months.

There is one outstanding feature which became apparent from these moves. Wherever I went, I found some link with the Company.

At one place, in range of one of my guns, I found Johnny Marshall and Butch Martin making a Broadcasting Survey in an aerodrome. At another, my wife was living in the house of some very charming people—owners of a factory with a Telematic Installation—and so on into the night when, after another move—this time to a large railway junction in the west of England—I found myself precariously picking my way across the main lines on a night visit to the gun posts. I dropped into one of the goods depots for a cup of tea. And there, in the dim light, I could see two large piano-like objects—switchboards with T.M.C. labels on them.

They gave that large bleak shed a homely air and seemed to have a "cocky" look about them—to be saying, "Well, we at M-Road are still going strong." They were safe in that marshalling yard, and the station-master there—unlike the one at Hamm—didn't say "damn" when he was appointed! I was pleased to think that my lads, up there on the guns, were that night helping to protect a job so well started by the lads and lassies at the factory.

To-day, it isn't only "lads" who are guarding the skies against the enemy. Recently I had to take a party of N.C.O.'s for training on a heavy A.A. site.

The lorry in which we were riding was suddenly halted at the entrance to the site by a golden voice demanding our pass. There she was standing, looking very smart in her battle-dress. Even the boys in the back of the truck respected the business-like way in which she held that pick-helve !

Yes—it was a mixed battery, one of the first in the country. Up in the command post were the A.T.S. telephonists, operating a batch of telephones—neat, black field telephones, each bearing that plain little brass plaque on the side with "Telephone Manufacturing Co. Ltd." inscribed thereon. Even this latest development in A.A. was largely dependent on the work of you at home.

The girls don't operate the 'phones only. They work most of the predictors and do their jobs very well.

Of course, the romantic touch is not entirely absent. While we were there, the 'plane which had been flying for us, swooped down, after its last run, to about fifty feet, and with a wave, the handsome young pilot dropped a note to

the ravishing blonde who was on spotting duty in the look-out post. I wonder which cinema those two went to that night !

I wonder also which cinema one of the Chronomatic Engineers took one of the "Tele-cuties" to that same night ! Wherever they went, I do hope that all four of them had a good time after a day's job well done.

Now I'm off again—this time to "little England beyond Wales." I expect my next communication will read somewhat like this :—

"Look you by half, surely to goodness indeed I am arrived ; the camp site couldn't be finer, so could 'The Tie Line' also be neither, and the turkey—I hope !"

---

#### DIPLOMACY

The art of letting somebody else have your own way.

*The Universe.*

#### A BACHELOR

Just a guy who didn't have a car when he was young.

*Canadian Spectator.*

#### AN OPTIMIST

One who figures that when his shoes wear out he will be back on his feet.

*The Woman.*

#### A PESSIMIST

One who always sees microbes in the milk of human kindness.

*The Universe.*

#### A GOOD POKER PLAYER

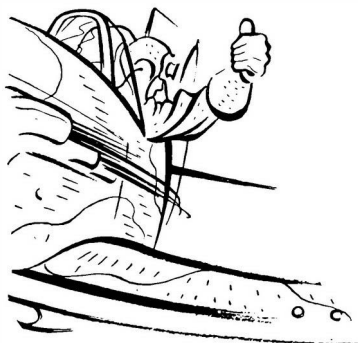
Usually a good business man also. But the best poker players don't waste valuable time working.

*The Shaker.*

#### THE SEA GULL

Be sure of this—no British gull  
Will ever find an air-raid dull  
So long as he can score a hit  
(Direct) upon a Messerschmitt.

*Time and Tide, London.*



# Mr Walker wants to know

Well Chums,

A northern friend of mine pulled me up the other day in a North Midlands city and asked me if I could help him to solve a set of circumstances which had held his attention for a whole week and had suddenly terminated on a Friday without any apparent reason.

He had found out that a gang of men from all over the country had come into the city by various routes, and had converged upon a certain hotel in the centre of the city where they went into private session in a back room.

Nothing more was heard of them during the hours of daylight. But, from black-out time onwards, several things began to happen, both in the centre of the city and in the suburbs.

It was said that the gang had "Hide-Outs," each of which had a name—such as "Grapes," "Phoenix," "Minerva," "Brinckley," etc. My friend recalled having heard these names mentioned in guarded tones on several occasions.

He was unable to enlighten me as to where or whether the gang slept. However, there was one occasion when he trailed them to the Brinckley Hide-Out, which, by the way, you can't miss if you follow the White Line.

They were observed to be partaking of liquid refreshment in one corner of the room, together with some local talent whom they had collected *en route*. The table appeared rather small for such a gathering, but there were no complaints. Several times heads went down and came up laughing, and in between times everybody in unison made the curious sign of elbow lift. My friend

There appears to have been mysterious "goings on" during the Chief Installers recent week's meeting at Sheffield.

was perplexed and not a little intrigued.

Eventually the meeting ended. After some remarks such as "Follow the White Line," the party began to move down or all over the road towards the next stop. This my friend discovered to be the house belonging to one of the local talent—previously mentioned.

Unable to gain access here, my friend had to take up a position adjacent to the keyhole. He overheard several remarks such as "A.I wire," "He's smashed the key," "LN.199," etc. "Ah!" thought my friend, "Code wires, code numbers, probably some secret organisation is at work."

Imagine his surprise when the whole party burst into song and kept the entire neighbourhood awake well into the small hours.

Well Chums, besides this, he told me that some of the gang were taking tram rides to one side of the city and walking back to the other side after the trams stopped—as if to throw followers off the trail!

My friend is still worrying over this strange episode and is consumed with curiosity as to why the gang came to his city. Can you supply the answer?

So long, Chums. I'll be seeing you, some day!

J. W. HICK

Leeds Company



Dear Fellows,

Some of us will receive our copy of "The Tie Line" before Christmas ; others will be less fortunate, but one thing is almost certain—we shall have our own "tie-line" of thoughts and remembrances during the Christmas and New Year seasons.

Although we cannot expect that we should all know each other individually, we do know we are linked to the same organisation, and there is thus a common bond between us.

Recently we have received visits from Walton, Farrow, Jones, Tempest and Lowe, all of whom seemed very cheerful and quite fit.

It was particularly pleasing to see Gunner Walton looking so well after his operation. Farrow is getting better so rapidly that it is expected that he will return to duty with this Company in the near future. Lowe was, unfortunately, on embarkation leave, and we would like to extend to him our best wishes for a safe voyage and a speedy return.

Elsewhere in this issue photographs of the girls of the Office and Engineering

Maintenance Staffs appear. The Chronomatic Maintenance girls are proud of being permitted to extend their research into the workings of Time Recorders ; hitherto their activities have been restricted to making time checks.

The Telematic Maintenance girls are becoming adept in dismantling, adjusting and assembling T.50 instrument dials.

Arrangements have been made to forward to each member of our staff in the serving forces, a gift of 10/- for Christmas, and we have sent Capt. T. A. Thompson a Bridge Set fitted in a leather case. We hope you will all receive your presents quite safely on or around Christmas Day.

May you all have a happy and prosperous Christmas and New Year, with a safe and speedy return to normal activities.

Yours sincerely,

**A/C.I A. H. HULLAH, R.A.F.**

Hullah has now left Leeds Company and the Home Guard for the Royal Air Force. At the moment he is with an Initial Training Wing and is so busy that



he has little time for letter-writing. However, he managed to squeeze in one letter to us and this is what he writes :

We are kept busy studying and cleaning from 06.15 hours to 22.15 hours, lights out. We are provided with plenty of sport, physical training and foot drill to keep us fit, and have to pass periodical medicals. I have passed seven medicals in eighteen days, and am not expecting any more for quite a while to come.

Our hotel is supposed to be the birthplace of a famous dramatist, and is very old-fashioned. The passages are very narrow, and we have to stoop and grope our way along in semi-darkness.

The whole town is full of its famous bard. Everywhere we go someone stops us and points out one of his haunts. If anyone asks who — was, he is jolly lucky if he lives to tell the tale !

## LEEDS KNITTERS and two Stories

Dear Boys,

At odd times we are favoured by the welcome, but all too short visit of one or another of our men in the Forces. One notices especially the healthy and extremely happy appearance of all of them, generally with the addition of another stripe.

We think it might interest you to know that the link in our knitting campaign has never broken. Fortunately, we have been in a position to hand to our callers—socks, pullovers and gloves. The knitting of the woollen comforts is carried out by the female members of the staff, aided by the mothers, wives and sisters of our men.

### STORY ONE

A story told to us innocent females by one of the Signals was as follows :—

That during the short period in hospital, he suffered from cold feet.

“ In more ways than one, perhaps ? ” we added, but were promptly put in our place. So he thought ! But to continue the story. In order to gain a little extra warmth for his pedal extremities, the Signals appropriated the woollen bed jacket of a neighbouring patient—unknown to the owner, of course.

The culprit was eventually discovered by the Sister who was in the habit of paying nightly visits to the ward in order to see if all the patients had warm feet—and cool heads. The Signals disclaimed all knowledge of the existence of the woolly, and only saved himself from receiving a severe reprimand by boldly stating that his “ bones must have been knitting ! ”

### STORY TWO

A story is told of an industrious young lady who boarded a train at K.X., travelling overnight to pay a surprise visit to her fiancé who was stationed somewhere in Scotland.

The lady was a fast knitter. She cast on for a pair of gloves as the train pulled out and continued to knit patiently through the night—only stopping to join the wool, which had somehow become broken by fellow passengers in the dimly-lit compartment.

The following morning upon arrival, the gloves were duly handed to the delighted fiancé, and, as soon as she was able to speak, the charming lady exclaimed, “ What a cold climate you have in Scotland ”—much to the surprise of the boy friend. Greater still was the surprise of the girl friend when she retired for the night—for she then discovered that in the dim light of the railway carriage, she had tied the end of the wool on the needles to a run in her winter underwear and unconsciously had knitted it out and into the gloves.

Now she is wearing five margarine coupons stitched together at the edges. Fortunately, she is of the “ petite ” class.



*Reproduced by kind permission of The British Power Boat Co. Ltd.*

**A/C. I C. E. COTTLE, London Co.,**  
gives us the "Gen." on

## **AIR-SEA RESCUE SERVICE**

To skip very lightly over the early days of life in the R.A.F. is to say that it contains shocks and disappointments common to all of us who have joined in this show. You know that most terrible, awful feeling when the first meal is placed in front of you—or rather more correctly collected from a very harassed cook who has, with his entourage, prepared a thousand or more meals that morning. It is then that one early a.m. cup of tea is really appreciated—the one you used to have—and, of course, such things as lack of privacy and continual noise tend rather to take the glamour out of all the posters that look so alluring about "Join This and That."

However, compensations set in. Good friendship, plenty of sport and the knowledge that one is pulling a spot of weight somewhere.

For my part, the early technical training in radio and wireless was very interesting. But once I had become a knowledgeable person about R.A.F. affairs, my heart was set on joining the Air-Sea Rescue Service, which I managed

after some little time. Now we spend our time getting those lads who daily raid our enemy out of the blue, should they have to bale out for one reason or another into the sea, or are unlucky enough to get shot up.

Our craft are high-speed launches. The racing boats of the powerful type; very handsome jobs that have lovely lines and plenty of speed.

Fitted with 1,500 to 2,700 horse-power engines, a speed of 40 to 50 knots is obtained—a very thrilling affair when in a sea that is just off being smooth or even more so.

The enclosed photo was taken in speed trials just as we were slowing down. It can be realised that, when at real speed, our wash and position in the water are good to see.

We spend a good deal of time waiting for "operations" to call crews to readiness, which means that we are always dressed for the "ready," when the loudspeakers get going. By the way, it is good to see Telematic Broadcasting on top of the world.

Then, into our boat and out to our rendezvous for an immediate search for an air crew.

Fun and games happen now and again. The other day, after spending many weary hours looking for and not finding some reported parachutes, we decided to stop, have a fag and a rest. Sitting on deck, one of my pals pointing to the nearby coast said, "I suppose that's Folkestone. We must be nearly home again." I said, "Oh, yes. I suppose it is." Just to make sure, I said to the coxswain, "What is our position at the moment?" Looking at the chart, he said, "Three miles off Calais."

Well, of course, I felt a little surprised and I may say uneasy. That particular spot didn't appeal to me as the most happy place in which to sit and smoke!

Anyway, in a short space of time, the skipper got under weigh and said to me, "Get up into the cockpit and keep a lookout for half an hour. It may bring us luck." No sooner had I got into position than I saw a dogfight going on. Naturally we stopped to watch, but, within a couple of minutes, Jerry slipped out of the clouds and had a slap at us.

Great fun reigned for ten minutes—cannon fire on our stern and port-side. We zig-zagged and opened on him. This went on for some time and then a few Spits came out and home went Jerry. All very good fun—and just for one fleeting moment, I thought this letter might have to be written from Oflag II or some such place.

Oh, yes—it's a good life on the ocean wave. I could go on telling of experiences and such like, but "The Tie Line" has, I'm sure, plenty of tales such as mine to print and space is limited.

So to all my friends spread out over land and sea, good hunting and a very excellent Christmas. See you all at 233 in the very near future, I hope.

## MAINTENANCE SERVICE

Pat's wife had left him and was suing him for maintenance.

"I have looked into the case very carefully," the Magistrate said, addressing Pat at the conclusion of the evidence, "and I have decided to allow your wife 15/- a week."

"Much obliged to yer Honour," answered Pat. "I'll do my best to give her a couple of bob myself, as well!"

## CHASE CARTOON—No. 10

**What it may come to if the War lasts long enough.**



*"... and when may we expect delivery of the twenty-three wall nails we ordered last month?"*



Dear Lads,

Cardiff seems to be getting it in the neck these days, what with illness and so on. At the moment Mr. Jones is down with pleurisy—hence is not being able to keep his promise to send you a message of good cheer. He has, however, written a message he suggests should be used generally for all the lads in the Forces, and I hope you will find it on another page.

I am sure we all congratulate Joe Smith on his marriage to Miss Thelma Walsh, on October 18th, and we wish them happiness, good health and prosperity in the future.

You will, no doubt, be surprised to learn that Jack Hutchinson has been invalided out of the Forces owing to the old trouble. I am sure you, with us, all wish him a complete recovery to full health and strength (see photo).

Now, Jack Barry, what about a letter from you? We have been on to you for some time, and I am sure, after our hearing the report from your brother, you cannot make the excuse that you are too busy. Re the question of leave, I am certain some of the other lads in the Forces would like to take a leaf out of your book. Nevertheless, good luck to you in getting the leave you do, and I hope you are keeping fighting fit.

Well, Bill, what about you? We are very anxious to make contact with you, and we hope that your leg is not giving you any more trouble.

I understand that the lasses in the office are busy looking around trying to supply your Christmas presents, but I am afraid chocolates will be taboo.

Here's wishing you all the best for Christmas and the New Year.

Yours sincerely,

#### CARDIFF KNITTERS

Weddings have been rare in this Company of late, so you can imagine how excited we were when we heard that Mr. Joseph Smith of our Engineering Department had popped the question and was to be married.

One very gusty Saturday afternoon in October, we literally blew into the Church to witness the knot being tied.

The bride, Miss Thelma Walsh, looked lovely.

Christmas gifts have been our main concern of late. We have had great fun going around the shops looking for mysterious things to put in our boys' parcels. This year we have aimed at as much variety as possible—in fact, the parcels contain anything from ships to sealing wax.

So look out, Cardiff lads ! That innocent little gaily-coloured, beribboned oblong may be a wolf in sheep's clothing ! If you should not, ere this, have received your parcel, well, be warned in time and open with care.

The inclusion of a book of popular songs, pocket size, was prompted by an article in the *The Daily Sketch*. So, now that you have words and music, all you need is a mouth-organ or a ukelele, if your camp does not rise to a piano.

Our knitting party now includes Mrs. Jones, Joe Smith's mother and sister, and Mrs. Hobbs. These ladies have been working feverishly—in some cases burning the midnight oil—so that woollies should be completed in good time for posting. We should like to



thank them here and now for their enthusiasm and valuable help.

Boys, we hope you will hang up the socks on Christmas Eve and that you will have the usual reward the following morning. The role of Santa Claus is filled by the Sergeant—or so we understand—so don't leave anything lying about to trip him up. Otherwise he might pass you by and then you would be the Soldier Boy whom Santa Claus forgot !

We send our Greetings and Best Wishes to all in the Forces, and to our Sister Susies of the Comforts Fund. May the future hold many happier days for us all.

## CARDIFF GREETINGS

We offer our greetings to those far and near,

And trust that this Christmas will bring them good cheer,

With good Company spirit and a drop of good beer.

What Hitler may do—well—why should we fear ?

So, to Tommy, Jack Tar and to Air Force Blue

Let us hope that soon we shall see more of you.

To end this bright poem, may we all wish you well

And hope you'll be with us when Hitler's in Hell.

The dear old spinster was on the point of fainting, and her bright-eyed nephew suggested she should take some brandy.

"Surely, Harold, you know that I have never tasted alcohol in my life !"

"That's because you knock it back too quickly, Auntie dear ! Why don't you chew it a bit before you swallow it ?"

Bryan O'Sullivan  
(Bristol Company)  
writes a few lines

## In Response to the Editor's Request

Sir,

re "The Tie Line" Christmas Number.

Your favour of the ult. to hand and contents noted. May I reply to your remarks "seriatim" and trust that the stenographer will not transcribe "verbatim."

Demand for "URGENT, QUICK ACTION"? Easily complied with. Try a No. 9. For confirmation, apply to any of our lads in the Forces.

### I. CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GREETINGS

To all and sundry—  
Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, the fat and the thin, big or small.  
Bless all the Engineers, bless all the Subs,  
Bless all the Salesmen, and BLESS all the PUBS ;  
And we're saying Good Luck to them all,  
As we go on a fag-hunting crawl ;  
No matches, no beer-ski,  
No chocolates, no whiskey ;  
But still we repeat, "B— 'em all."

### 2. HUMOROUS TITBITS

They are guaranteed Highly Comical on the cover of the "Gag-Book" from which I pinched them.

#### Relativity

A man rushed out of his house yelling for a taxi and shouting,  
"I've got to see a doctor at once"  
(repeated *ad lib.*).

A friend who was passing in a car, pulled up and enquired,



"What do you want to see a doctor so urgently for?"

The man replied, "It's on account of my wife. She looks terrible."

The friend said, "So does mine! Jump in and I'll come with you."

#### Analogy

At a "Go-as-you-please" competition held at a very small-time music-hall, a competitor, a fiddler and the local orchestra somehow failed to synchronise or even harmonise. At last the fiddler stopped playing and, in a very bland voice, said to the conductor,

"Excuse me, but may I ask you a question?"

"With pleasure," replied the conductor, not to be outdone in politeness.

"Well," said the fiddler, "can you tell me the difference between my fiddle-playing, a sea voyage and your orchestra?"

"No," said the conductor, "I'm afraid I can't."

"Then I'll enlighten you," said the fiddler. "You see, my fiddle-playing makes *mu-sic*, a sea voyage makes *you-sick* and your orchestra makes *me-sick*."

### Equality of the Sexes

That's just plain hoey. In the summer a man puts on flannel trousers, whereas a woman — (Censored.—ED.)

### 3. SNAPPY PICTURES

Sorry I can't oblige. The old "plates and dishes" won't let me have one of hers. Wow! What a "Snapper!"

### 4. REACTIONS FROM READERS OUTSIDE THE ORGANISATION

When I passed my October copy round amongst a few friends (*sic*), they unfortunately read my contribution. When I asked them to pen a sentence, they opined that a Judge and Jury were the only competent authority to deal with the "sentence" adequately.

### 5. "MR. WALKER WANTS TO KNOW."

Have I a question I would like answered? Yes, Mr. Editor. When it comes to the question of asking for contributions, as the small boy who stuttered said to the man who also stuttered, asking him the way to the station, "W-w-w-why pick on me?"

### 6. "SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE IS WANTING YOUR PHOTOGRAPH!"

Huh! You're telling me. 'Phone Whitehall 1212. However, herewith is an easily identifiable portrait of this "great" writer—13 stone. (See photo at the beginning of this article).

### 7. LENGTHY ARTICLES

Well, Mr. Editor, after wading through the foregoing bilge—which pre-supposes my MS. has not long ago reached the W.P.B.—remember, "You asked for it!"

### AND FINALLY—

To the few members of the T.R. organisation I have met, to those I have yet to meet, and to all our Lads and Lassies in the Forces and the Services—

### A TOAST!

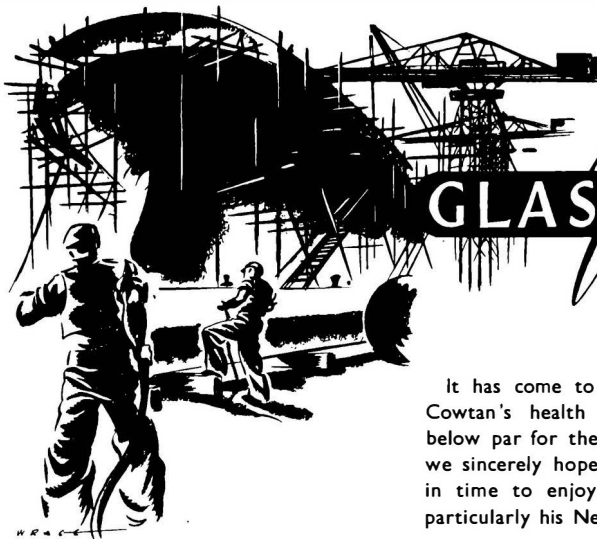
Here's to you and here's to me  
This time next year.  
May we be a happy familiee  
This time next year.  
May our troubles pass, lift up your glass,  
To our friends both far and near,  
And pray that we altogether once more  
will be  
This time next year.

(Lyric by BERT LORAINE).



"Mother would be cross, Colonel, if she knew that I smoked!"

Reproduced by kind permission of the publishers of  
"A Basinful of Fun."



# GLASGOW

## News

It has come to our notice that Mr. Cowtan's health has been somewhat below par for the past few weeks, and we sincerely hope that he will recover in time to enjoy his Christmas, and particularly his New Year's Eve.

My dear Lads,

I am afraid this will need to be a very short message owing to circumstances out of my own control. Nevertheless, I would like everyone to know that all those at the Glasgow Company are particularly bearing in mind those who have temporarily left us to do a bigger job of work.

I take this opportunity of wishing everyone the best possible time they can have in the circumstances in which they find themselves, with the added wish that the New Year may bring a clearing of the horizon and at least give some indication that better times are not so far away.

I do hope that the copies of the magazine are reaching you quite all right.

Do not forget, if any of you should have the good fortune to obtain leave round about the year end, we shall be most happy to see you at the old address.

With the Season's Greetings from everyone in the Glasgow Company, and every good wish for the coming New Year.

Sincerely yours,

*W. J. Cowtan*

### SIGM. R. M. DEARY, R.C.S.

I wish to congratulate Sgt. McLaren and L/Cpl. Hughes. I suppose there'll be no holding you now! I'm also glad to know that Sigm. Reilly is in good health.

Since I last wrote to "The Tie Line," I have travelled quite four hundred miles in Bonnie Scotland and have climbed practically every telegraph pole *en route*. By the time this letter is put in the Book of Heroes, I'll have probably climbed that many poles again. We T.R. men have everlasting energy—so much so that I'm now properly up the pole.

### L/CPL. J. A. NISBET, R.A. (See photo).

I'm afraid I've no juicy experiences to relate about my Army life that would compare with the many I have had with T.R. in the good old days.

The duty of Main Guard is quite an event in a recruit's life. They are instructed to give a butt salute to an officer from the rank of captain and under, and a present-arms to a major and up. We have one bright lad here who gave a present-arms to the Telegram Boy. I expect he mistook him for a French General!



## GLASGOW COMPANY'S CHIEF ENGINEER

We have had a visit from L/Cpl. S. Norris who, when last heard of, was trying to instil some knowledge of Electricity and Magnetism into a bunch of very raw recruits.

Pte. Stewart McKeag was also another welcome visitor. He is still stationed somewhere in the South of England and appears to be having the time of his life. He does not mind how long the war lasts !

We also understand that Sigm. W. Mackay was recently home on leave in Edinburgh (See photo).

At St. Enoch House everything is proceeding quite well. The Engineering Dept. is extremely busy just now with new work and we have just had the satisfaction of putting into operation our first 500-watt broadcasting job.

I recently had two rather unusual experiences, which should be of interest to at least two of the absent ones. It is, of course, common practice at the present time to give lifts to members of H.M. Forces. In fact, I estimate that I have already transported half of the British Army and a fair proportion of the R.A.F. and R.N. in my various journeys about Scotland.

Recently I gave a lift to a young member of the R.A.F. In the course of conversation, it transpired that he was an acquaintance of a late representative of this Company—namely, A/C.2 J. M. White—and was given to understand that the latter had received some form of promotion—at least, he had been taken off digging holes and was now in charge of the BAR at the Sergeants' Mess. It sounds very interesting, so what about some information, J. M. W. ?

The second experience was whilst I was travelling to Edinburgh. Another

member of the R.A.F. was picked up. I discovered he was on a similar job to A/C.1 W. W. Kirk—namely, attached to a salvage section. Our conversation was most interesting but hardly fit for publication. No doubt W. W. Kirk will understand !

As this will be the last opportunity I will get of writing to you this year, I would like to finish up by saying that everyone at St. Enoch House and the various Depots sends very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all absent members of our staff.

D. R. HOLMES.

## L/CPL. J. HUGHES, R.C.S. (Glasgow)

I was to have gone to A— on an N.C.O.'s course. Well, I've been on that course, but not at A—, as you will see. Believe me A— couldn't be worse than this dump. We have to scrub our equipment white every other day, polish our toe-plates on our spare pair of boots, swab the " Square " up at 6 a.m. before breakfast ; have breakfast ; then on to the damn Square—and, boy ! when you're on the Square here, you're on the Square, and no fooling.

We have a Sergeant-Major here who keeps telling us that, if the Twelve Disciples come flying round our heads when we are on the Square, we have to pay no attention to them because they're not in our Squad. Also, he says that, if a man is going to die when he is in the ranks on the Square, he has to take one smart pace forward, turn to the right, slope his arms, give a smart salute, and then he can b— well die. He insists that, if anybody comes in at nights and is " tight " and wants to throw bottles all over the Square, the bottles must be dressed by the right.

That will give you some idea of what this place is like. I have completed half my training, and boy, will I be glad when it is over ! Still, it's a great life.

## GLASGOW KNITTERS

Another year is drawing to a close, and we, in the midst of black-outs, clothes coupons, rationing, and other minor difficulties, would like our lads to know that we have certainly not forgotten them. The saying "Out of sight, out of mind" does not apply here, but rather "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

We often talk about you—what we say, of course, is for our ears alone!—but the gist of our remarks is that we could do with a little more attention from you. We understand that your new mode of life and the experiences you are having tend to make the old life become rather far away sometimes, but do not forget we are still here and endeavouring to keep smiling.

The "little brown box" continues to rattle each week, and we have collected quite a large store; in fact, the constant stream of coppers causes considerable embarrassment to the treasurer.

As far as the woollen comforts are concerned, these are disappearing gradually. Any of the lads who come up invariably leave carrying some sort of knitted garment. The curious thing is that we always have to ask if they want anything, and we never get any appeals from those who are away. We do hope the reason for this is that you are well supplied with woollens. We would hate to think that you were miserably shivering in this cold weather because you were too shy to write us!

The problem of Christmas presents this year is causing us much concern, especially with those who have recklessly used up all their coupons. The same difficulty arises with our fund here because we have the money but can't

get the goods. We would like to have sent you all cigarettes and other commodities which we know you find very necessary, but we just can't seem to find a source where we can get sufficient to go all round. Anyway, we hope you are able to get what you need in the can-tees. We have noticed here that any fellow in uniform can manage to extract from the tobacconist what the poor soul in "civvies" can't.

So, all things considered, we think the best thing to do is to send you the money, and we will be despatching a postal order to each of you in time for Christmas. Here the old trouble arises in that we are never sure of your address as you keep changing so often, but we will send to those whose recent addresses we have. If any of you have not written us for some time and do not receive a postal order, you will be doing a real favour by writing us as we simply don't want to leave anyone out.

Some of you have, we know, gone East, and we haven't yet got your address. In the case of our "old faithful," Maurice Reilly, who has been writing us very regularly, we sent him a postal order in October, which we hope he will receive safely.

All the girls here hope that you will have a very enjoyable time at Christmas, with plenty of good things, and that the coming New Year may find us all together again in "one big happy family."

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### A READER REMINDS US

Apropos the article on the Black Watch, it is stated that the late Marshal Foch, on seeing the kilt for the first time, exclaimed, "Pour la guerre ce n'est pas bon, mais pour l'amour c'est magnifique!"

If anyone needs this translated, please send a stamped addressed envelope to the Editor.

Have just received news by Air Mail  
from Sigm. M. Reilly, R.C.S., who  
hints at

## Desert Preparations

I have just received the May issue of "The Tie Line," and I extend many thanks to all responsible for the interesting articles therein. As yet I have only read about one quarter of it, for, as soon as I put the book down, it is commandeered by someone. At present it's in the safe custody of the section cook. I am now looking forward to future issues—and remember, better late than never! (Your copies are on the way—one each two months.—ED.)

Army life out here is an experience, and that is about all. When we arrived here, we had a good look round the town and went sight-seeing. Quite a few modern buildings were offset by the almost unbelievable quarters of the natives and the foul stench coming from them. We in the Army have other names for them, but I expect there is no shortage of Blue Pencils!

From the base I was posted to my present section and a day or two later we were sent into the desert. We made our first camp there and prepared to start the job. During our spare time we went swimming.

After a couple of months and a few setbacks, the job got into swing, and so we shifted our camp to somewhere else in the desert. I am not allowed to specify our work, but, suffice it to say that it is heavy construction, and I mean heavy!

Working conditions were pretty terrible—temperature mostly about 120° in the shade, working from 8 a.m. until 4 p.m., along with a company of millions of flies. Then, in the cool of the evening, mosquitoes came and bit lumps out of us.

Gradually we became acclimatised, and, as the actual construction began,

working hours were altered from 6 a.m. to 2 p.m., Sundays included.

Working in the afternoon is practically unbearable, and sleep impossible because the heat is then terrific. By now we are well acquainted with the mannerisms—peculiar and otherwise—of the Arab labourers. I know enough of their language to threaten, humour, or more or less carry on a conversation with them.

Whilst at our first camp we were subject to some very heavy and uncomfortable air raids, but, since moving up, we are now completely isolated. Our only visitors are convoys which sometimes pass, and this gives us an inkling of what is going on.

As you may guess, our pastimes are few. Reading, writing, looking forward to mail—anything welcome—a run down for a swim twice a week, and a liberty lorry to a nearby town once a week. The town is practically deserted, and there are no entertainments.

Fortunately, we have our own section canteen, and we have the usual luxuries—lemonade and beer! The beer is always at least luke warm, but whilst an Englishman can be fussy about his beer at home, here he cannot afford to be so.

Food out here is eaten because we must live—not because we enjoy it. Dinner every day is stew, onions and rice. There are no potatoes in the country. To flavour our stew, etc., we invariably have a generous helping of pure desert sand—the only thing which is plentiful. In fact, we have sand everywhere—inside us and outside from head to foot.

Our beds are easily made. Put down a ground sheet, one blanket—get in—and a blanket over us. But, as Mr. Whiteford always said, "Why worry?

Toffs are careless." In spite of all our inconveniences and troubles, we manage to have a good time.

Our ages range from 20 right up to



the over 40's. The vast majority are P.O. men and real good mates—all striving to do a real good job and one which will go down in the records of the Signals—a job in which I shall be proud to say that I helped.

Such is our life out here in the desert, and I laugh to myself when I read of the lads complaining about three girls in one village. If these three landed out here, it would cause a sensation!

With my best wishes to all, I am eagerly awaiting the next issue.

\* \* \* \*

## WE HAVEN'T COME TO THIS YET :

"Dumboy," a favourite dish in Liberia, Africa, becomes so hard if not eaten immediately that left-over portions are used by the natives as ammunition in their muzzle-loading guns.

*The Comet, Lagos, Nigeria.*

## It is said that a Ghost used to stalk the precincts of The Abbey, Beckenham

### THE ABBEY GHOST

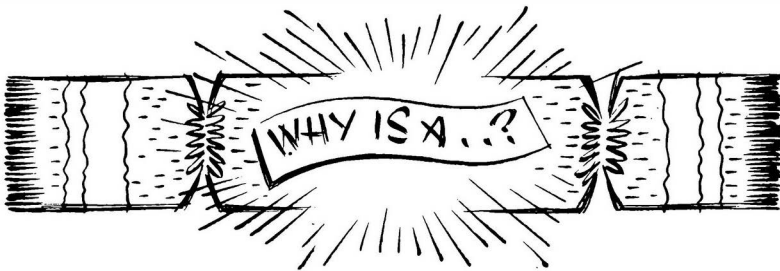
At Christmas time we think of ghosts  
And hosts of other things—  
Of all the presents and the joys  
This age-old season brings.  
But did you know, about this time,  
Within The Abbey lurked  
A Ghost, who, up till recently,  
His murky duty shirked?

The Abbey Ghost lay sleeping  
Until the Blitz began.  
A land-mine woke him up, you see,  
And then amok he ran.  
Our Ghost had quite a lot of pets—  
Some people call them "draughts,"  
They followed him through doors and cracks  
And crept round people's calves.

Along came builders with their tools  
To lay our Ghost—they hoped—  
They hammered here and chiselled there,  
Elsewhere they interloped.  
And did they lay our naughty Ghost?  
Or did they stop his pets?  
They couldn't catch him if they tried  
Not with the smallest nets.

And so on cold and windy nights,  
You'll hear a haunting moan  
As Mr. Ghost and all his pets  
Within The Abbey roam.  
But do not be too hard on him.  
'Tis Hitler's fault, we know,  
That cracks appeared through which he flits  
When e'er the cold winds blow.

C. F. TRUMBLE, Head Office



Hope the solving of these brain-twisters won't drive you crackers. Each of the first nine should be solved within a minute. Fifty Player's Cigarettes (very scarce) to the first dozen readers sending in the most correct answers before the end of January next.

### THE BOOK WORM

The three volumes of a treatise stand together in sequence on the book-shelf. Each volume has covers  $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thick and the pages of text between each pair of covers are 2 inches thick.

A book worm is lodged in page one of Volume 1, and eats its way through to the last page of Volume 3.

How far does the book-worm travel in so doing ?

### AS THE FLY FLIES

Two trains—one at Euston, the other at New Street, Birmingham—start off simultaneously to do the 120 mile nonstop run between Euston and Birmingham. Each train maintains a steady average of 60 miles an hour.

The moment the engine driver at Euston starts, a fly leaves the driver's cap and, travelling at 90 miles an hour, follows the railway track until it alights on the cap of the engine driver on the train from Birmingham. The fly immediately turns back at the same rate to meet the London engine driver, and so on out and back, between the two engine drivers until the respective trains are passing each other.

How far has the fly travelled by this time ?

### WHAT A PARTY !

Mr. Jones arrived at the hotel to arrange lunch for his family party. "How many of you are there ?" asked the Proprietor. "Well," said Jones, "we are father, mother, uncle, aunt, aunt's sister, brother, son, daughter, nephew, niece and two cousins."

What is the fewest in number there could have been in his party ?

### HOW DEEP WAS THE MUD ?

A Royal Engineer, who was planning a road through a swamp, was testing the depth of water and mud with an 18-foot pole.

"How deep is the mud ?" asked his C.O.

"Well," said the R.E., "my pole is twice as deep in water as in mud, and twice as much above both as in water and mud together."

### HOW ECONOMICAL !

Cigarettes cost real money these days. So one man saved his cigarette ends, from seven of which he found that he could make another whole cigarette.

One evening, he ran right out of cigarettes, so he used up his "fag ends," of which he found he had 49. How many cigarettes was he able to smoke from these ends ?

### THREE FEET MAKE A YARD

A farmer with the aid of his dog, rounds up his sheep at the gate in the hedge. He opens the gate, counts his sheep as they pass through, and finds there are twenty—the correct number.

Then the dog passes through the gate and finally the farmer himself, who closes the gate.

How many feet passed through the gateway?

### HIS NIBS!

A stationer says to his assistant, "I'm going to put these pen nibs up a penny a dozen. So, in future, you must give one less for a penny.

What was the new price?

### MONEY FLIES

Four Commercial playing cards in one of their bedrooms, asked the waiter to bring a bottle of whisky for their evening's consumption.

As the whisky was to cost £1, each Commercial put down 5/-.

When the waiter passed the order to the bar, there was no £1-a-bottle whisky left—so he took a 17/6 bottle, and, on his way to the bedroom, pocketed sixpence of the half-crown change, leaving two shillings.

Reaching the bedroom, he explained that the whisky was only 18/-, and returned the 2/- change from which each Commercial took 6d.

On turning in for his night's rest, the waiter was puzzled as he figured out the transaction thus.

"The whisky cost each Commercial 5/- less 6d.—that is 4/6, making a total of 18/-. I kept back 6d. for myself, making 18/6. But I started with 20/-. Where the devil has the other 1/6 gone?"

Do you know?

### WHAT IS THE WORD?

A thousand and one and fifty twice  
Is often used to grind grain nice.

### THIS IS AN ADDITION SUM

F L Y	
F O R	Letter O = Figure 0
Y O U R	Letter I = Figure 1
<hr/>	
L I F E	Now supply the correct figures.

### ANOTHER ADDITION SUM

E X E T E R
O X F O R D
<hr/>
D U N D E E

Turn the letters into figures. Where a letter is repeated it will have the same figure value throughout.

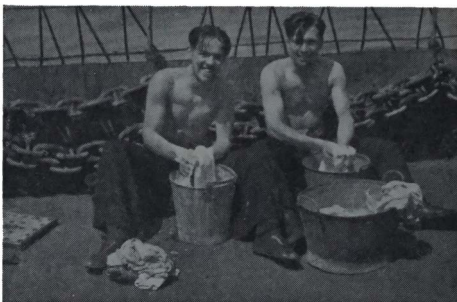
### GOOD OLD LONG DIVISION

And here's one to keep you busy for quite a long time. It is a division sum, which works out exactly. Each dot is a figure. Your job is to supply the figures.

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**W/M. T. ADCOCK, R.N.**  
(on the right), Birmingham Co.,  
writes about his experiences of

## LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE



*Here is a snap of my chum and me taken on the upper deck during the better weather. Girls note — NOT the Rinsoway, but the good old-fashioned way. Results are wonderful!*

Well, I think I can say, that after more than twelve months' service in the "Andrew"—naval for Navy—I am practically a fully-fledged "Matloe." There is still room for improvement though, I must admit.

The first thing I learnt when I commissioned, was to make a "duff." After a few lessons from the old-timers, I could, with a few egg powders, etc., make a fairly eatable duff.

Dumplings are my speciality. I remember one instance when some of my dumplings pushed the lid off the pot. I had rolled them to the size of a billiard ball. When they had finished cooking they were as big as turnips!

My work came fairly easy—thanks to the training I received at Martineau Street, Birmingham. I only wish that getting my sea legs had been as easy. It was terrible. If anyone had told me that sea-sickness could be so awful, I wouldn't have believed them.

We have seen a bit of action, but I'm afraid I can't give you details. However, I can tell you about one incident.

I was having a bath one sunny afternoon when the alarm bells went off. I was stuck for the moment, not knowing what to do. After the shock had passed and I had gathered my wits, I grabbed my towel, wrapped it around my waist, jumped into my slippers and I was off! I spent the next short period having a crack at Jerry—practically in the nude!

When it had quietened down again, I was clambering down the ladder on the

upper deck when the towel slipped. I was left standing as the day I was born. There was a crowd of lads on deck at the time and I was greeted with calls, whistles, and one or two "Yoo-hoo's." Did I go red!

There seems to be a doubt about what sailors do when ashore. One or two people have asked me whether the saying that "Jack has a girl in every port" is true. Well, here is the truth—and at the same time I give you a bit of advice. The saying lacks one letter—the letter "S." It should be GIRLS in every port.



"... interrupt a fellow in his bath, eh?"



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