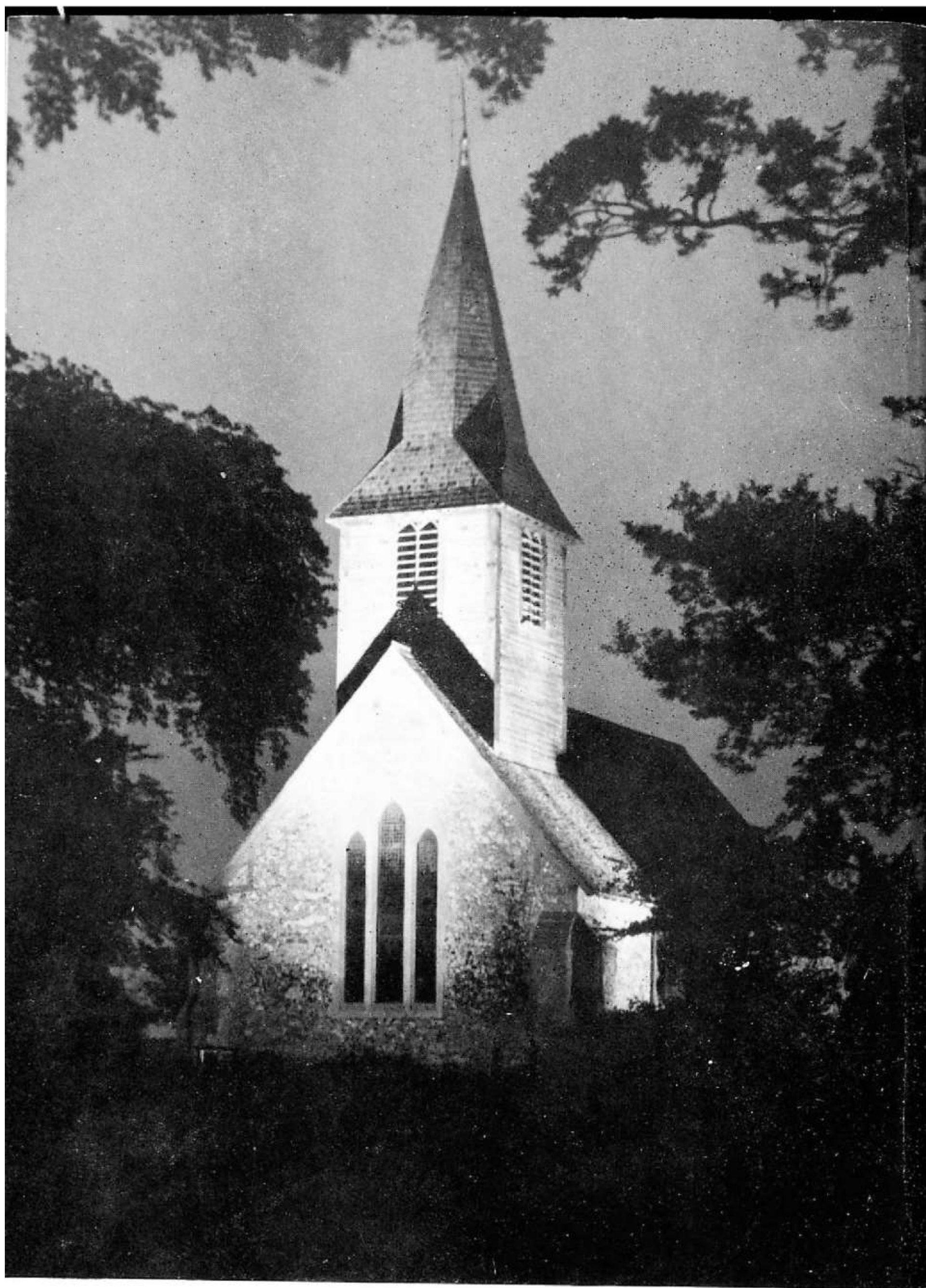


VOL. 4 • NUMBER 5 • DECEMBER 1953 • SIXPENCE

THE *Marconi*  
COMPANIES AND  
THEIR PEOPLE







“On earth peace, good will towards men”



## CONTENTS

	<i>page</i>
Christmas Wishes	2
Far and Wide	3
International Appointment	8
In <i>Gothic</i>	9
Rome on the Air <i>by R. Franks and D. G. Jarvis</i>	11
"Gosh, Ma—That Goose is Burning" <i>by Michael Malim</i>	15
English Bowmen <i>by C. J. Smith</i>	19
Cartoon of the Month <i>by Fred May</i>	23
Verulamia	24
Chateau Sutton	26
Picture Gallery	28
The People We Are at M.W.T.	30
Christmas Potpourri	34
The People We Are at M.I.	36
Waes Hael! <i>by Michael Malim</i>	40
Sporting Company	42
Christmas Spirit <i>by Kenneth A. McKenna</i>	45
Answers to Quiz	48

*Inside front cover: South Hanningfield Church, photographed by W. R. G. Crick*

EDITOR: L. W. B. MILLER, Room 701 E, MARCONI HOUSE  
CHELMSFORD

*Published by*  
MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY LIMITED  
CHELMSFORD, ENGLAND

*Printed by Benham and Company Limited, Colchester, England*



# *Christmas Wishes*

**T**HIS CHRISTMAS is, I believe, more than ever, a season of thankfulness for everything that has been accorded to us in the past year.

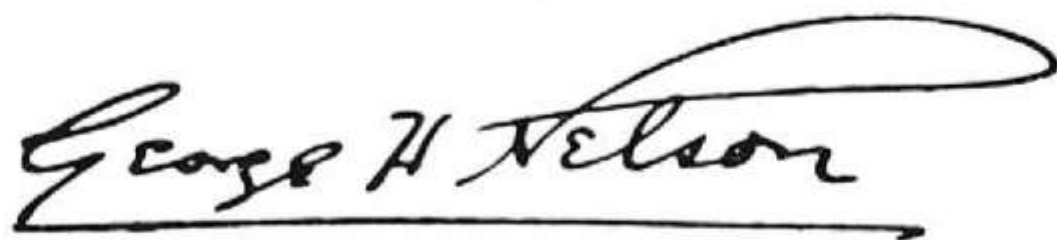
In it we have seen a tremendous upsurge of loyalty and affection for our young and radiant Queen, and have rejoiced at the pageantry of her Coronation. It was as though all our work in the course of the year had as a background this splendid ceremony. All through 1953 we have spoken of things as being "before the Coronation" or "after the Coronation", making the date and the weeks surrounding it memorable and a landmark in our lives. It brought us, I believe, inspiration and added something to everything that we did. For this we should all be profoundly thankful.

To us in the Marconi Companies it was particularly thrilling to realise that the television cameras and equipment chosen to capture the unforgettable scene inside Westminster Abbey were of our manufacture. Thus we played our part in the greatest television spectacle the world has ever seen.

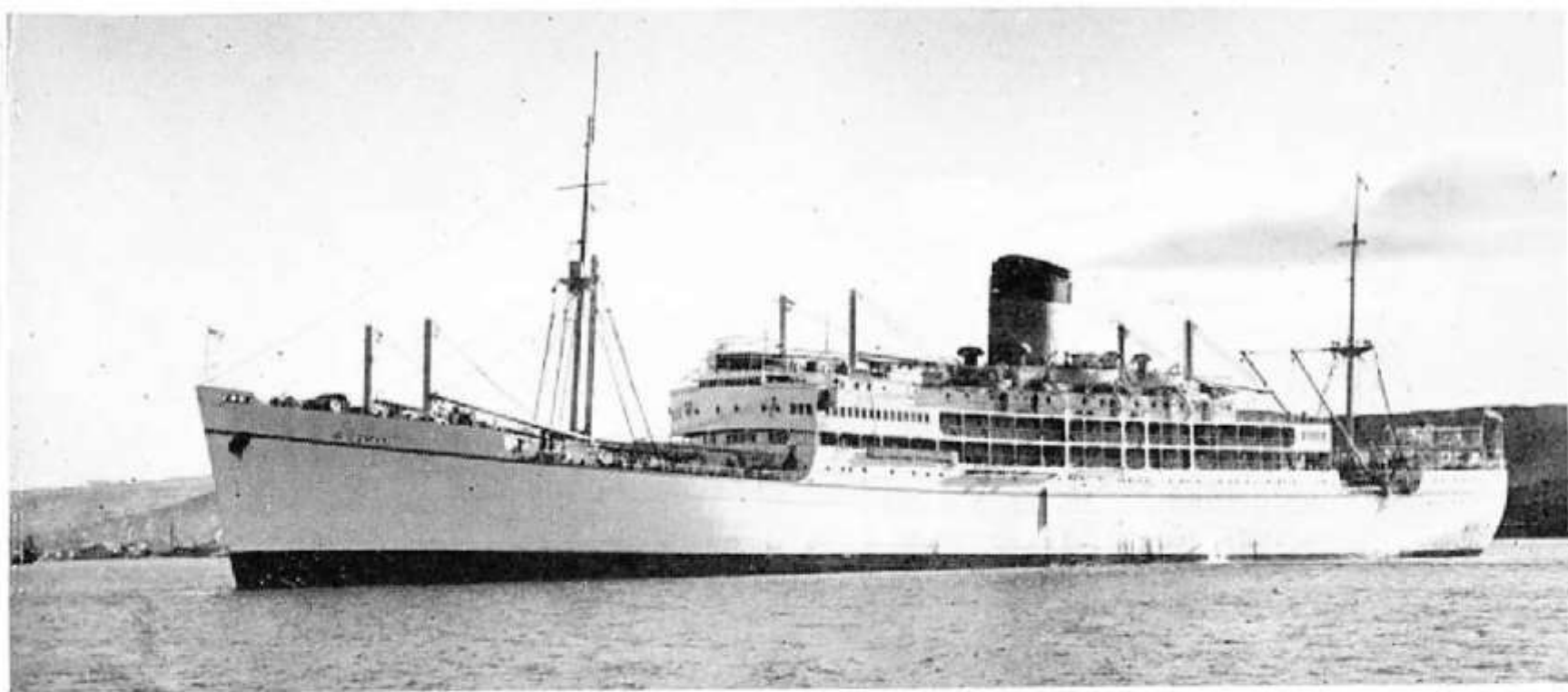
When we listen to Her Majesty's Christmas Broadcast from Government House, in Auckland, New Zealand, we shall experience again that thrill of elation and loyalty which came to us so often during the great moments of her year of dedication during which so many of us, due to the modern miracle of television, came to know and admire her as though we had received her in our own homes.

This year especially has reminded us of what our great country is and what she stands for, and we can be proud of the part our Companies have played in adding to her strength.

These are the thoughts I give you this Christmas. With them go my warmest good wishes for your happiness at home, amid those who are dear to you, and prosperity to you all in the New Year.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "George H. Nelson". The signature is written in dark ink and is underlined with a single horizontal stroke.





*James Hall (Photographers) Ltd.*

*S.S. Gothic is fitted with additional Marconi equipment for the Royal Commonwealth tour*

# FAR AND WIDE

## The Products of our Skill Reach Out

*Inspecting equipment in the Works are (left to right), A. R. W. Low, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Supply; F. G. Robb, Chief of Test; Sir James Helmore, Permanent Secretary, Ministry of Supply; F. N. Sutherland, General Manager; Sir George Nelson, Chairman.*







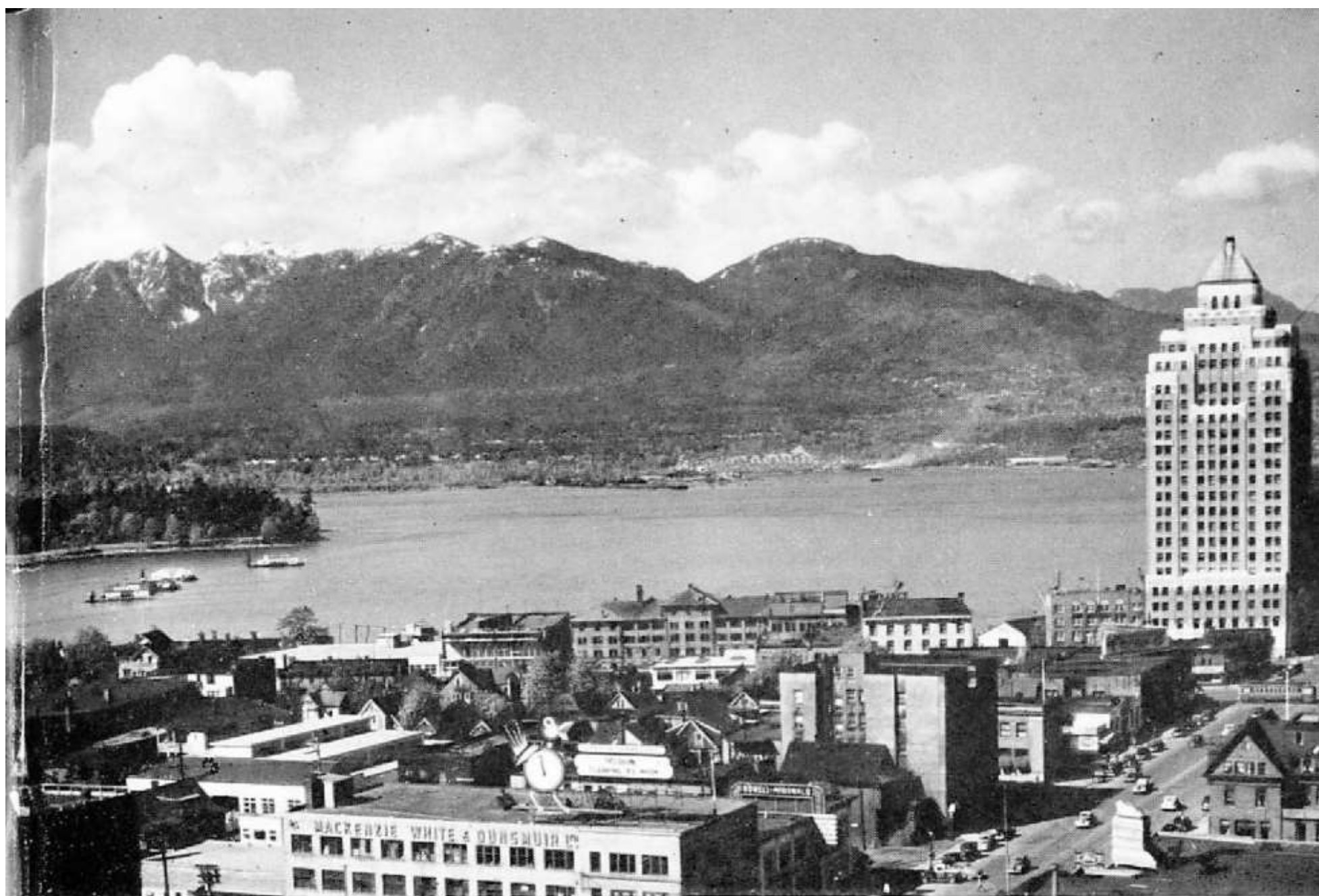
*An African market. To the Kenya Police go VHF Test Sets from Marconi Instruments. Our HP 10 series VHF transmitter/receiver is in general use by the Police throughout the colony*

*Assembling F.M. Receiver Testers for U.S. Forestry Commission, at M.I. Mrs. Vinton, Mrs. Ashman, Mrs. Cunningham*

*Our engineers are making VHF surveys in many parts of the world. This Yagi aerial was used in Malaya*  
C. Ashworth







*Canada's fourth television station, Vancouver, is being equipped with Marconi sound and vision transmitters with high gain aerial, together with studio and O.B. equipment*

*Natives carrying sugar to the railhead in Nigeria. The installation of our communication systems make possible the organisation of industry. In this country and in the Gold Coast, more extensive VHF surveys are in progress*







*Watched from the control room a Sinhalese orchestra broadcasting from Studio 1, Broadcasting House, Radio Ceylon. We are supplying studio and control equipment*

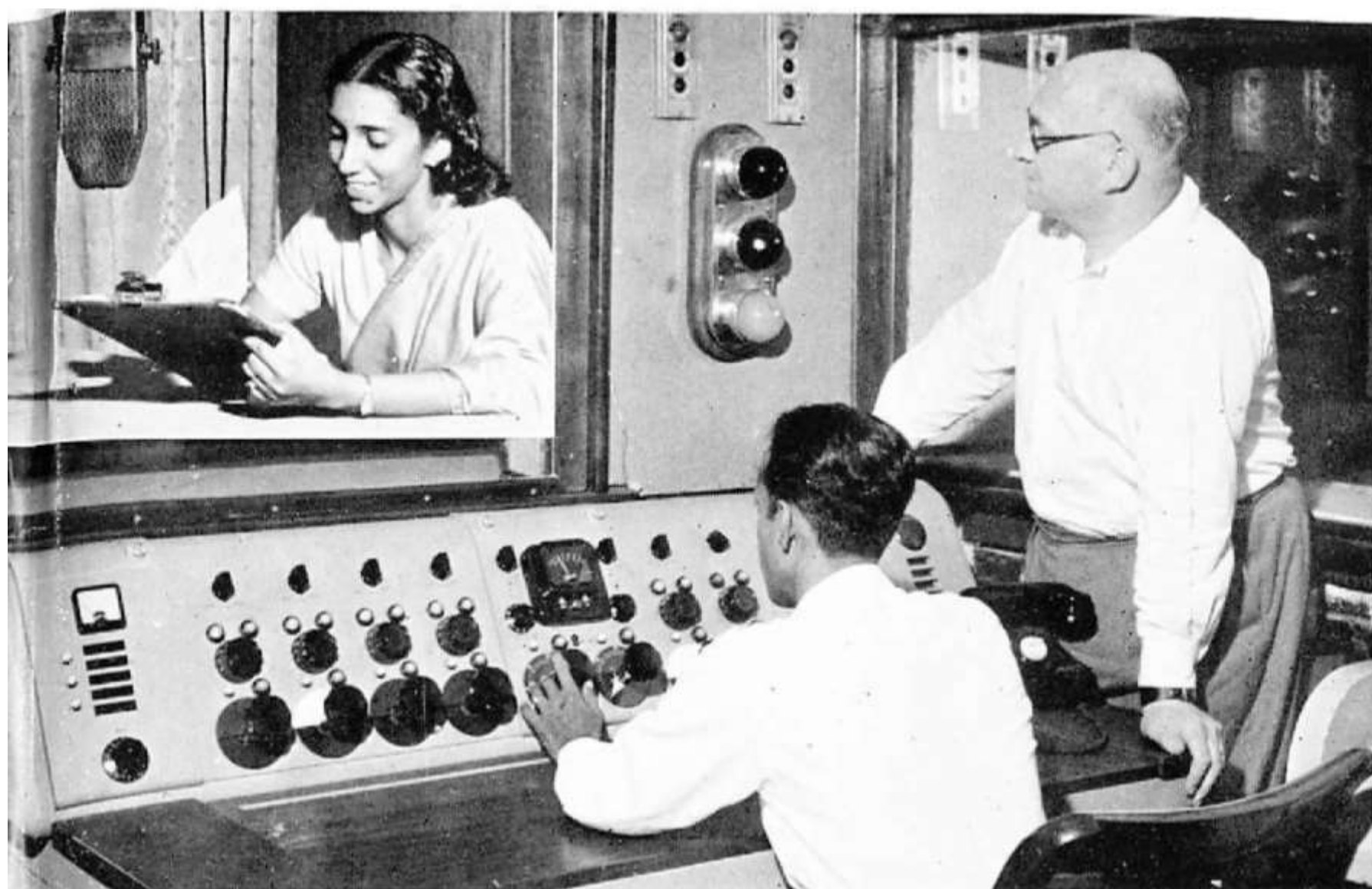
*Ron Moore, Section 17, on final assembly of the 150 kW Ampliphase transmitter for Sweden*



*Sales promotion tour. Arthur Carrington, Chief of the Television Demonstration Unit, recently*







*Control Room, Studio 6, Radio Ceylon. Standing by the Marconi control desk is our engineer W. G. Power. Inset: the News in English being read in Studio 3*

*visited Far Eastern countries, including India, Thailand, and Japan.*

*A. Carrington*

*Sunday morning in Leksand, Sweden. Church bells ring from a separate tower*







*G. Millington, Chief of Propagation Section and Mathematical Group.*

## INTERNATIONAL APPOINTMENT

**M**ANY READERS will have been surprised, on reading one of the Chelmsford newspapers, at the implication that George Millington of the Research Division was about to leave us. Happily the implication is unfounded.

It is true that Mr. Millington has been appointed International Vice-Chairman of Study Group No. IV (which investigates problems of ground-wave propagation) of the International Radio Consultative Committee (C.C.I.R.). We heartily congratulate him on being called upon, out of so many international scientists, to fill such a responsible position.

The work, of course, is not new to him for he has, since the retirement of Mr. T. L. Eckersley, attended many

international conferences in recent years which have been held in different parts of the world, and has invariably been a serving member of one or more Study Groups. In addition to the C.C.I.R. meetings he has attended the International Telecommunications Union (I.T.U.) at Atlantic City and three meetings of the International Scientific Radio Union (U.R.S.I.).

Let it not be supposed that these meetings are social gatherings where "a good time is had by all". Far from it, they entail a tremendous amount of really hard work and long hours both at the meetings and on the National Committees in preparation for them.

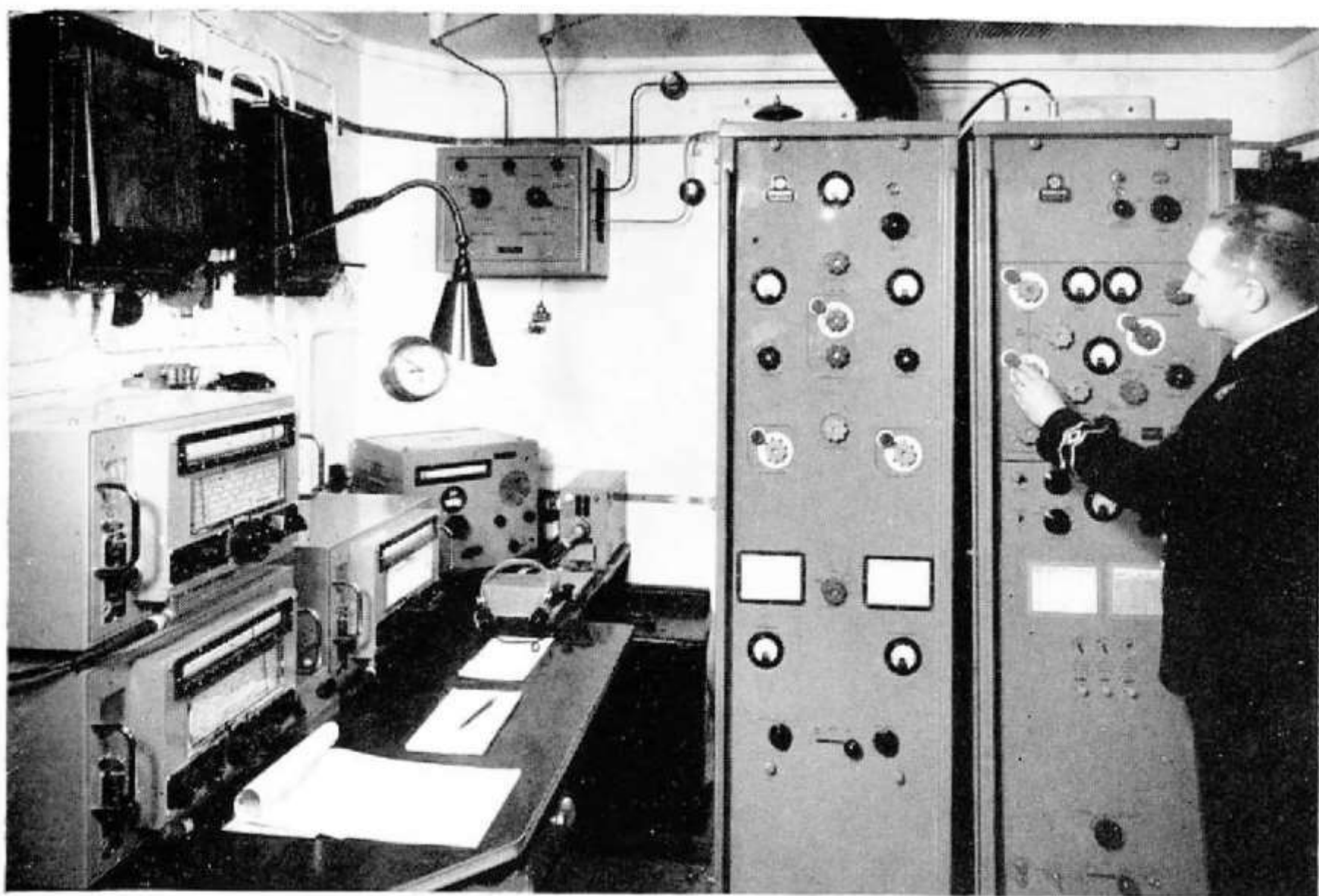
Mr. Millington is also a member, in a personal capacity, of several Government Committees and of the Radio Section Committee of the I.E.E. He is very well known in the Company, where he is chief of the Propagation Section and Mathematical Group, and we may remain confident that he is capable of upholding the high traditions of our Company wherever he goes.

Science is not Mr. Millington's only interest. He is Chairman of the Baddow (Research) Christian Fellowship and is an active church worker in the Parish of the Ascension, Chelmsford, where he superintends the Sunday School at All Saints' Church and runs the Scouts whom he takes to camp each year. He is a member of the choir and deputy organist at All Saints' and plays for the boys at the Essex Home School at their Sunday morning service.

But now to unfold a secret. He has a sense of humour that reveals itself in a weakness for punning, being particularly fond of the innocent remark with a double meaning. When told that he had been reported as "formerly of the Research Division", he remarked that it must have been a misprint for "formally", in view of the time that he spends away from Baddow.

G. A. ISTD





*In Gothic's radio room, C. H. Roberts, Chief Radio Officer, adjusts the "Worldspan" transmitter. Other equipment in this section of the room are two "Electra" receivers, the remote control panel of the aerial splitter unit, and "Mercury" and "Yeoman" receivers*

## IN "GOTHIC"

**H**ER MAJESTY THE QUEEN and His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh are sailing in the S.S. *Gothic* to New Zealand and Australia for the Commonwealth tour.

The *Gothic*, a 15,902 ton turbine liner, owned by the Shaw, Savill Line, has been provided with special radio equipment by the Wireless Company and the Marine Company. This will supplement her existing Marconi Marine installation which, while adequate for the *Gothic's* usual needs, would not be comprehensive enough to handle the State and Naval correspondence of Her Majesty's Household on tour.

Sailing in the *Gothic* is Chief Radio Officer C. H. Roberts, of the Marine Company, who will be in charge of radio operation, and A. J. G. Corbett, Wireless Company engineer responsible

for the installation and working of the special equipment.

Our two Companies have co-operated with the the Admiralty and Shaw, Savill and Albion Co., Ltd., to meet the many and varied requirements. The nucleus of the special equipment is a high-power radiotelephony and radiotelegraphy transmitter, the SWB11X. This was designed for installation on land for long-range communication, and the transmitter on board the *Gothic*, originally installed for the projected Commonwealth tour of 1952, is the first of its kind to be fitted on board ship. This is also believed to be the first occasion on which a transmitter of this power—7 kW—has ever been installed in a merchant vessel. It will handle picture transmission in addition to morse and speech.



Three of our receivers are provided to work with this transmitter—one for transmission checking and monitoring, one for the traffic and one to provide cueing facilities at the various B.B.C. commentary points. Godfrey Talbot, well-known B.B.C. commentator, is sailing in the *Gothic*.

This complete communication unit, the transmitter and its three receivers, provides for hand-speed or high-speed wireless telegraphy as well as long-range ship-to-shore telephony. Facilities are also available for the transmission and reception of inverted speech.

The *Gothic's* normal Marconi Marine radio equipment has also been considerably reinforced. Her "Oceanspan" main transmitter has been removed and replaced by a "Worldspan", the most powerful in the Marconi Marine range. The "Worldspan", which has been

specially adapted to transmit high-speed wireless telegraphy, will be used for the normal radio working of the ship and will also handle any overflow of Press traffic when the SWB11X is in use on transmissions of a higher priority. On the receiving side one "Mercury" and two "Electra" receivers have been installed in addition to the "Yeoman" already fitted, providing full coverage of all the marine communication frequencies so that reception can continue on several channels simultaneously.

Aerial-splitter equipment, specially designed by Marconi's for the *Gothic's* installation, enables any or all of the ship's receivers to be operated from the main reception aerials, and incorporates automatically-operated safety circuits designed to protect the receivers while transmission is taking place.

*Chief Radio Officer Roberts of the Marine Company (left) with the three signals officers of the W.R.N.S., who are serving as special cipher staff in the Gothic. They are (left to right), Second Officer Joan Bevan, Third Officer Diana Wilson, and Third Officer Susan Rigby*



*Photograph P.A.—Reuter*



# ROME ON THE AIR

BY R. FRANKS AND D. G. JARVIS

**B**OB FRANKS, David Jarvis, and Des Lavers have been in Italy installing television equipment for the Italian contract. The Rome station is now on the air and we have heard how they did it. Bob starts off:

When people knew I was being sent to Rome they said how lucky I was. For the first month there I might just as well have been in Writtle for all I saw of Rome. Installation had to be completed to a very tight schedule. Time was cut to a bare minimum but thanks to noble efforts by everybody, particularly Development Group, Development Workshop, Aerial Section, and Tom Mayer of Broadcasting, I saw some of the equipment already in the capable hands of Packing Department before I left Chelmsford.

I knew the transmitter building wasn't finished, but I wasn't prepared for the shock I got when I arrived. There were fourteen builders' men working in the transmitting hall making a determined effort to get it habitable. Anyway, I started work, though windows and temporary doors had still to be fitted. The job went ahead so that when the sound transmitter arrived we were soon able to install it. R.A.I. were very helpful, particularly Engineer Martini, who was always pleasant and did all he could for us. The Italian Marconi Company was responsible for navigating the equipment



*J. Durey*

*The Pillars of the Forum, public meeting place of Ancient Rome*

through the Customs to the new building, a very laborious process, and also provided two mechanics who worked very well.

The language difficulty was not nearly as bad as one might imagine. A mixture of French, Italian, and English, with the aid of a pencil and paper usually worked all right, although it seemed, sometimes, that the mechanics were learning more English than we were Italian.

When Des Lavers arrived three weeks later, the sound transmitter was working. Final adjustments were made and monitoring gear checked in the interval before the vision transmitter arrived. David Jarvis appeared two days after the vision transmitter had been erected and the wiring nearly complete. Soon tests were in full swing, and we sent our





*Top: Installation was carried on side by side with the builders who were finishing the transmitter house*

*Equipment: The sound transmitter on the right completed, and the vision transmitter only awaiting the modulators and monitor unit*



*Bob Franks (left) and Des Lavers, photographed by David Jarvis*

first picture over the air at the end of September, much to the satisfaction of R.A.I.

Des and I did manage one day off, when work was held up waiting for the vision transmitter. We went to the coast at Ostia. We enjoyed the trip and had a good meal there, although we were rather taken aback to have to pay to get on to the beach! There is practically no tide on this coast, which explains why it was necessary for the man with a sieve contraption on the end of a long stick to fish for cigarette ends and refuse.

David Jarvis continues the story: Working almost side by side with the builders, I was amused to watch them at odd moments. The floors, I noticed, are made with the aid of an absolute forest of timber, with no steel shuttering. The outside walls are cement rendered, the technique being to flick the wet cement on to the wall with an ordinary bricklayer's trowel and hope that some of it sticks. About half falls off, but that is good business for the cement manufacturers. The dress of the labourers generally consists of an ancient pair of sandals, a pair of very short shorts and a paper hat, usually made from a cement bag. One wondered why hats aren't cemented on by the end of the day. But there is a remarkable transformation in the evening, when all the clothes are changed and a smart company of men sets off for home. Their midday meal generally seems to be a loaf stuffed with vegetables, and a bottle of wine, and afterwards, a short nap taken in the most uncomfortable spot to hand. Scaffold poles and heaps of stones are particularly favoured as beds, with a nice brick as a pillow.

There is marble everywhere in the building. Even the steps down to the crypt are marble, and there is marble paving all round it. Tiled floors are laid with great skill, speed, and accuracy; the transmitter hall, about thirty feet by twenty feet, is floored with tiny green





D. Jarvis

*Some of the bridges over the Tiber are two thousand years old. This one, built in 62 B.C., is probably the oldest and still carries traffic*

tiles about one and a half inches long.

Around the station, which is about three miles north-west of the centre of Rome, the crickets chirp loudly and incessantly, so much so that the ordinary buzzer used to test the continuity of wires is known as the *cicala*.

Although none of us is fond of Italian food, we all enjoyed a *pizza*, which is served at the beginning of a meal. It consists of a base rather like a very tough Yorkshire pudding, the size of a large dinner plate and half an inch thick, on top of which is a good layer of cheese, with tomatoes, anchovies and mushrooms. When all this has been piled on the flour mixture the whole lot is pushed into a roaring fiery furnace at the end of a long shovel and cooks in a matter of seconds. The result is certainly filling and it takes a good man to get through one. To judge from the state in which

they are presented, no *pizza* is worthy of the name that has not been dropped on the coals at least once.

We noticed, one night, the efforts of a group of Americans trying to tackle a *pizza* each. We stuck our napkins into our collars and carried on manfully so that we might appear to them as natives. In the end they ate the filling from the middle and left the rest.

We generally had our evening meal *al fresco*, the restaurants being open until about 11 p.m., and we got quite choosy about our Chianti. But I, for one, would have given a lot for a pint of bitter.

Fruit is fairly cheap and we became such proficient marketers that we could confidently point to an article and say "*Quanto?*"

On two occasions we went to the opera, one of the smaller houses, where the company is less experienced, the



Teatro dell' Opera itself being closed for the summer. The pleasure of the evening is much increased by observing the ladies of the audience, some of whom are elegance personified. The long intervals give ample opportunity for quizzing, but it makes a late evening, as the performance doesn't start till after nine and seldom finishes before a quarter to one.

Crossing the street in Rome is an adventure in itself. You are assailed on all sides by constant streams of traffic, there is no speed limit and the pedestrian has to look out for himself. The most common and noticeable vehicles are minute Fiats, about half the size of an Austin Seven. Built to seat four they seat none in comfort and usually carry six. There are also thousands of motor scooters which make the night hideous in the small hours; the girls ride pillion

side-saddle with only one foot on the rest, and look most graceful.

Well, that is something of modern Rome. If once I started on the old buildings, and "the grandeur that was Rome", I should never stop. I went to the Colosseum at night, and there the imagination peoples the tiers of seats with spectators and the arena with gladiators until you don't know whether you're real or they are. Several of the ancient bridges across the Tiber still carry traffic, and it was amazing to us to drive a car over a bridge built in 62 B.C.

But now we must return to work, and there is still plenty to do in Italy. Next year we are supplying an amplifier to increase the power of the vision transmitter to seven and a half kW, and Bob and Des are still there working on other parts of the contract. A Merry Christmas to them.

*The arches which held the tiers of the Colosseum, where the gladiatorial displays were held. The cross in the centre of the picture stands where Saint Peter was martyred*

*J. Durey*







BY MICHAEL MALIM

"**A**H, WELL! looks like we may be going to have a white Christmas after all, mother", Mr. Ogshaw said as he locked and bolted the shop door.

Busy tidying up behind her sweets counter, Mrs. Ogshaw clucked. "That'll be just Perce's luck if we do. He's sure to go and get a touch of his bronchial, playing that old harmonium for them carol-singers. And you know how particular Ethel Figgs is, ever so careful about germs."

"You and your Perce and your Ethel Figgs", said Mr. Ogshaw with good-natured scorn.

"It wouldn't do for him not to be at his best", she protested. "Ethel's that particular. First impression's everything with her, as you well know. Going to look in, he is, on his way from Church and bring her here. He's having a taxi call for them at her place; and he's taking his present with him. He asked me to choose for him something she'd like, so I got him one of them gift jars of bath salts from Marks and Spencer's. Lavender. Always nice they are, and done up ever so pretty."

She beamed.

"Generous", said Mr. Ogshaw to himself, and aloud "Lilian Mary Ogshaw, your habit of match-making'll land you in hot water

one of these days. I'm telling you."

Lilian Mary Ogshaw laughed. "Ethel's just the one for our Perce".

"Sooner him than me", Mr. Ogshaw observed. "Or her for that matter. Not as I'd say they won't have a good deal in common. Indigestion for one. Disapproving for another. They'll be a match, all right; I'm not saying they won't."

"With her money—poor Albert's money—Perce'll be able to open up on his own", Mrs. Ogshaw said. "Even you'll admit, perhaps, as he's deserved it. Nineteen years with Throckleighs come Easter next, and ruined his legs with all that standing."

"Ma?", broke in the faintly adenoidal voice of fifteen-year-old Doris Ogshaw from the room beyond the shop.

"Hullo, dear. You got back all right? I put your tea ready. There's a kipper in the oven."

"I'm getting it."

"Your Dad and me'll be along in a minute."

"Ma?"

"Yes, dear."

"Is Uncle Perce coming to Christmas dinner?"

"Yes, dear."

"And Mrs. Figgs?"

"Yes, dear."

Silence.



Mr. and Mrs. Ogshaw exchanged a glance.

"She must have come in very quiet," Mr. Ogshaw said *sotto voce*. A moment later he chuckled. He disliked his brother-in-law as a selfish, mealy-mouthed hypocrite, an opinion he normally kept to himself. "Better not let Doris hear too much", he said softly.

"Downright silly of her I call it," Mrs. Ogshaw retorted, "just because he's given her a good talking to once or twice."

"None of his business to my way of thinking", Mr. Ogshaw argued, "if she did have a bit of lipstick on. Not as I think it's right mind you, in a girl of her age. . . ."

"I should hope not", Mrs. Ogshaw said severely.

Mr. Ogshaw chuckled again. "Know what she said to me Sunday? 'Bet you a bob, Dad', she said, 'Bet you a bob, Uncle Perce is in the *News of the World* one of these days.' There's not many flies settles on our Doris, Ma."

Mrs. Ogshaw swelled. "Cecil Henry Ogshaw are you going to stand there and tell me you let that child see the *News of the World*?"

Mr. Ogshaw slowly shook his head. "Our Doris is growing up, Ma. It's no good pretending . . ."

"To think", murmured Mrs. Ogshaw wistfully, "it's not six months ago Perce gave her that lovely book for her Confirmation."

Doris, who attended Grammar School with a scholarship, had an only child's habit of introspection, and a clever only child's power of acute observation. She was tenacious and reserved, but without shyness. Her current hero was Denis Compton with Stewart Grainger lying a poor second. A humbler idol, however, had inspired the lipstick; one of Uncle Perce's subordinate assistants at Throckleighs, unfortunately. For Uncle Perce the opportunity for self-assertion had been golden. Seldom

had manifest duty seemed to him so fair.

On Christmas Eve Mrs. Figgs was flattered and only mildly surprised to be visited impromptu by Doris on her way home from school. The child had called more than once in the past few weeks with small gifts, a pot of jam, a bunch of Mr. Ogshaw's chrysanthemums, from her mother. Ethel Figgs was a stout, timorous woman, with few interests other than her asthma and her superstitions. She had lived since childhood in a twilit world of dread and dyspepsia. Figgs, an elderly fishmonger, she had married not, as was popularly assumed, for his money, but for the asylum his rigid prejudices and solid worth seemed to offer in an alarming world. Bliss had been brief, but "poor Albert's release" from a chronic kidney ailment had left her at least as invulnerable as anyone of her character has any right to expect; in Mr. Ogshaw's phrase, "he had cut up for a cool eight thou' and the bungalow".

Doris, having by formal enquiries discovered that Mrs. Figgs was as well as could be expected and looking forward to the morrow without expecting to be able to eat much (her digestion being what it was), broke the news casually that They hadn't found the Murderer yet.

"What murderer, dear?"

Doris noted the *what* with satisfaction. Any reasonably well-informed person would have asked *which*. Mrs. Figgs had not discarded the late Albert's prejudice against newspapers.

"The one that cuts up old ladies," Doris explained limpidly. "There's said to be two more, now. Victims, that is."

"Two more!" Mrs. Figgs echoed. It was the dread of such unmentionable hazards which, as much as anything else, had persuaded her to accept Mr. Figgs twenty-five years before.

"Makes nine altogether. He dismem-





bers 'em, cuts 'em up. Haven't you read about it? Proper Jack the Ripper. Seems he's fascinated by wigs. He can't resist 'em."

"Wigs?"

Doris nodded, bright-eyed. "Old ladies with wigs." Mrs. Figg's hand rose and checked in mid-air. "He saws off their hands with a saw-edged knife while they're still alive. Only old ladies; widows preferably, and rich ones. Horrible, really, isn't it?"

Mrs. Figgs gazed at Doris as a fascinated frog gazes at a hungry grass-snake. "How . . ." she cleared her throat; with all her inhibitions, she had her fair share of morbid curiosity. "How . . . does . . . he . . . pick on 'em?"

"Ooh," said Doris gaily, "just anyhow I think. Sees one he likes, or hears of one, maybe—hears of one that wears a wig; gets to know her somehow; makes

up to her as if he meant to marry her, and . . . and then proposes to her. Always the same way. He takes her a present of bath salts—lavender bath salts. Always lavender. Funny, isn't it?"

Mrs. Figgs questioned the humour of it. "Do they," she asked with a shudder, "do they . . . accept him?"

"Nobody knows." Doris's voice took on a ghoulish note. "You see, it seems he always makes 'em smell the lavender salts first; only they're not lavender. That's only the label. They're chloroform you see. A couple of sniffs of that . . . and then. . . ." She made a gesture, appalling in its callousness for one so young.

Mrs. Figgs took two or three deepish wheezing breaths and fumbled the cameo brooch of her mountainous corsage. "They ought to circulate the description of a monster like that",

she said thickly, "to warn people."

"Oh, but they have, time and time again", Doris assured her. "Five-foot eight, fat and . . . and flabby, bald, wears rimless spectacles, usually has on a blue serge suit a bit tight for him—and brown boots. Light tenor voice, fond of singing, quiet respectful manner. The last sort of person anybody'd suspect. And he has a funny little mole in his chin here with hair growing in it."

It was an evocative description—almost too evocative. Doris was a considerable artist. She might well have been reciting from a newspaper.

"If they know all that about him", Mrs. Figgs grumbled, "why don't they arrest him? Don't they know where he is?"

"According to the evening paper", Doris replied, "they're closing in on him now. They know he's somewhere within thirty miles of London and they reckon it's south Essex, round here." She had risen as she spoke. "I must be getting home."

"Must you, dear?" Mrs. Figgs took a tired tug at her composure. "Is that what you came to tell me?"

"Oh, no. I just came to see how you were", Doris said. "See you tomorrow, then." She turned in the door. "Lucky *you* don't wear a wig, Mrs. Figgs."

A shrewd thrust; it left Mrs. Figgs to brood suspiciously over the equivocal implications of at least one National Health Service benefit.

Christmas dinner was on the table, a quarter of an hour late at that, when the door-bell rang.

"At last", said Mrs. Ogshaw. "Another five minutes and that goose'd have been ruined. I expect he'll have proposed", she said with a broad smile at her husband, "and I dare say Ethel won't have liked to accept him straight away; and then, perhaps, they'll have had a glass of wine . . ."

"Cold tea, more like", Mr. Ogshaw suggested, laughing.

It was Doris, with notable promptitude, who opened the door to reveal a policeman.

"Mr. Cecil Ogshaw?"

"Speaking", Mr. Ogshaw confessed, guiltily after the fashion of honest Britons in the presence of the Law.

"Gentleman at the station asking for you, sir. Name of Percival Henry Culp."

Mrs. Ogshaw uttered a shrill squeak. Mr. Ogshaw, more composed, if equally startled, merely said, "Perce? Perce at the station? What for?"

"Charged", said the constable heavily, "with attempted murder on evidence provided by Mrs. Ethel Figgs, widow of the late Albert Figgs, fishmonger, of 31 Belmont Avenue. . . . Just a matter of identification, sir, if you wouldn't mind accompanying me."

Mrs. Ogshaw and Doris heard the constable intoning as he went down the path. "First intimation, sir, come from neighbours. They heard sounds of screaming. Breaking in, they found Mrs. Figgs on the floor insensible, the accused kneeling beside her. A jar, alleged to contain bath salts, was also on the floor beside her. Accused resisted arrest. . . ."

Mrs. Ogshaw sat for some time quite dazed. It was only a glance at Doris which restored her wits. "I don't know what to say; I don't really." And then with a rare lapse into savagery as the quality of Doris's expression registered in her outraged mind, "Doris! This is a fine time to laugh, with your poor uncle gone out of his mind. What can you be thinking of? There's times I just don't know what to make of you. . . . And get up off that settee! *Sprawling* . . .! What-ever next?"

"I was just thinking," said Doris, "Dad owes me a bob."

Mrs. Ogshaw gaped. What could have taken the child?

"Or will do one of these days." Doris jumped up. "Gosh, Ma, that goose is burning. . . ."





# ENGLISH BOWMEN

BY C. J. SMITH

*Mr. Smith, who lives at Stock, is a former World's Long Distance Archery Champion and former Southern Counties Archery Champion.*

**D**URING THE MAKING of the film *Robin Hood*, the famous American archer, Howard Hill, shot a blunt arrow at a man on horseback. The rider was wearing a steel breastplate covered with thick layers of balsa wood, and Hill knocked him clean out of the saddle.

That was an incident which shows the power of the bow. We shoot with the bow for sport now and competition is international, but it was to the bow that our ancestors owed their very existence. They got their food with it; they used it

to defend themselves. The longbow became so important in Tudor times that the crossbow was prohibited in England, and ball games and other pastimes were forbidden by Royal Command so that there should be no interference with archery practice. The bow was as tall as a man and matched the strength of the man using it. It was the most deadly weapon used in battle and England owes much to the skill of her archers.

Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, were victories for the English bowmen over crossbow and cavalry. It is awe-inspiring



*Stringing the bow. Dorothy Howard, daughter of P. G. Howard, Marconi Instruments Purchasing, won the Hertfordshire Ladies' County Championship Shoot in 1950.*



to contemplate the havoc created among the enemy. Those of us who remember the Battle of the Somme or Passchendaele during the 1914-18 War, will remember the appalling slaughter when casualties amounted to 60,000 a day during some of the worst fighting, and this along a front and to a depth of several miles. Consider, however, the Battle of Agincourt where frontage and depth were but a matter of yards, not miles. Think of the concentration of 12,000 French knights all encased in armour, advancing across soggy ground towards the English lines. The English, outnumbered by about five or six to one, half-starved and suffering from dysentery, were considered easy meat by the French. Then there was a din when 5000 English archers opened up with armour-piercing arrows. Every modern target-archer knows the very audible slap an arrow makes when hitting a soft target at a range of 100 yards, but think of 5000 archers shooting, shall we say, at 12,000 milk churns. The slaughter was certainly terrible. It has been estimated that the archers were shooting for about twenty minutes only, but by the end of the battle 10,000 had been slain, which makes your 60,000 a day on the Somme Front look silly. Not all these knights, however, were pierced by arrows; some would be knocked over, but they wouldn't be able to get up again unaided.

It was no unusual thing for a knight to die in armour from sheer exhaustion and heart failure. Those lying on the ground were later polished off by the archers or taken prisoner and held to ransom. To help him in his job of clearing up the battlefield, each archer had, as part of his equipment, a heavy leaden maul sometimes weighing as much as twenty-five pounds. 5000 archers each carrying his maul could do an awful lot of clearing up in a very short time. Part of his job would also be the gathering up of arrows, for these were non-expendable stores.

We are told that in 1533, amongst the



*Knocking the arrow out of the string*

payments made to William Tempelle, the king's fletcher, was an item for the repair of 500 sheaves of arrows recovered from the wars when the Duke of Suffolk was Captain in France. The charge made was ninepence per sheaf of twenty-four. As a point of interest, how many arrows do you think those 5000 archers shot at Agincourt? To begin with, each archer would be carrying twenty-four in his quiver, and before the battle began, wagons would be delivering further sheaves of twenty-four each. If the supply was kept up, and presumably it was, with each archer shooting, shall we say, five or six a minute, you can easily see why there were so many casualties amongst the French and why so many arrows were gathered up for repair.

At least two specimens of the old English Longbow have been preserved. One is the Flodden Bow, found in a house near Flodden Field, with an estimated draw of from eighty to ninety pounds. Some bow! The other specimen was recovered from the ship *Mary Rose* which sank in 1545, and still to be seen,



*Shooting at Waterhouse Lane, G. King of Baddow, a member of the Stock Archers*

I believe, in the Tower of London. It is not a completed bow but a bow stave, and sorry as I am to disillusion you, I must point out that the old English Longbow was not made of English Yew, but from the foreign variety which was considerably tougher and closer grained. This was imported from Spain and Italy in the form of staves and billets. For example, it is recorded that one Melchior Mellin cornered the trade and raised the price of staves from 40 shillings to 6 pounds 10 shillings per 100, "which was the price given by Henry VIII for those selected for his service and yet not good".

Now Henry wouldn't stand for a swindle like that, so he sent "two men of science" abroad to buy up 10,000 staves which, we are told, proved to be the best ever imported.

The bow we use nowadays in competition has increased efficiency and it is no longer necessary to use such a powerful one. A draw of fifty pounds is now considered strong.

Let us suppose you are drawing a moderately strong bow of forty-two pounds. By the time you have shot the standard York Round of seventy-two arrows at 100 yards, forty-eight at eighty yards, and twenty-four at sixty yards, you will have pulled and held, for a considerable time while aiming, over two and a half tons, and this by using three fingers only of the loosing hand. You might ask "What about accuracy?" Well, a good archer will shoot three out of four arrows into a circle  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter (the gold) at a range of forty yards; the miss will be a near one in the red. If you decide to take up flight shooting, then a moderately good archer will send an arrow over a quarter of a mile. Good American archers are now shooting well over 600 yards, and it is recorded that a Turkish bowman, using a short composite bow, shot an arrow a distance of over 900 yards! The ladies find archery good sport too, and what is more, compete with men on equal terms up to and including a range of eighty yards.

Why did I take up archery? Do not ask. I can only say that the moment you take a bow in your hand and loose an arrow, you are lost. You become completely absorbed, and the more you shoot the more fascinating and tantalising does it become. You will neglect your wife if you are married and the single man will certainly lose his best girl. The only solution is for both of you to take up archery. If you play games you will drop them forthwith as being too deadly tedious and futile. That is archery. You have been warned. If you take it up you will find it the most skilful and difficult job you have ever tackled.

---

An Archery Section of the M.A.S.C. is being formed. Would anyone interested please give their names to A. T. Moore, Room 315, Marconi House, Chelmsford, or to G. King, Baddow.





## Secretary's Department

# VERULAMIA

BY KAMKENNA AND LAURIEMILLERIO

**D**URING RECENT building operations at Marconi Instruments, certain traces of Roman civilisation were unearthed, showing that the site now occupied by the Works was, even in Caesar's day, a hive of production.

Manuscripts that have been found now reveal that M.I. had an illustrious predecessor—Instrumenta Verulamia.

The Verulam Instrument Company employed several hundred people and was world renowned for precision engineering and originality of design.

Probably the most popular of the company's lines was the Standard Signal Generator, FT 768, a warning device consisting of jam jars in push-pull, which were activated by an ingenious system of pogo penarthes. The instrument covered a frequency range of 600 c/s to 8 kc/s, with an alternative range provided by the inclusion of a circuit mainly comprising medicine bottles from the International Health Service. Large quantities of this instrument were supplied to the armed forces and it is believed that a soldier of the 10th Legion originated the phrase, "dropped a clanger" when he accidentally let one fall on his C.O.'s foot. As the instrument weighed over a hundred pounds the officer could hardly be blamed for crying out "Res gravis est".

This equipment, however, did not save the Romans when Boadicea attacked Verulam in A.D. 61. The town was occupied and the inhabitants put to the sword. The Company's records for this period give small indication of the revolution that took place but there is reason to believe that Boadicea turned the works into a cosmetics factory. Shortly afterwards, however, the warrior queen suffered an overwhelming defeat at

the place now known as King's Cross—she had travelled up on a cheap day excursion—and the works reverted to its activities in the instrument line.

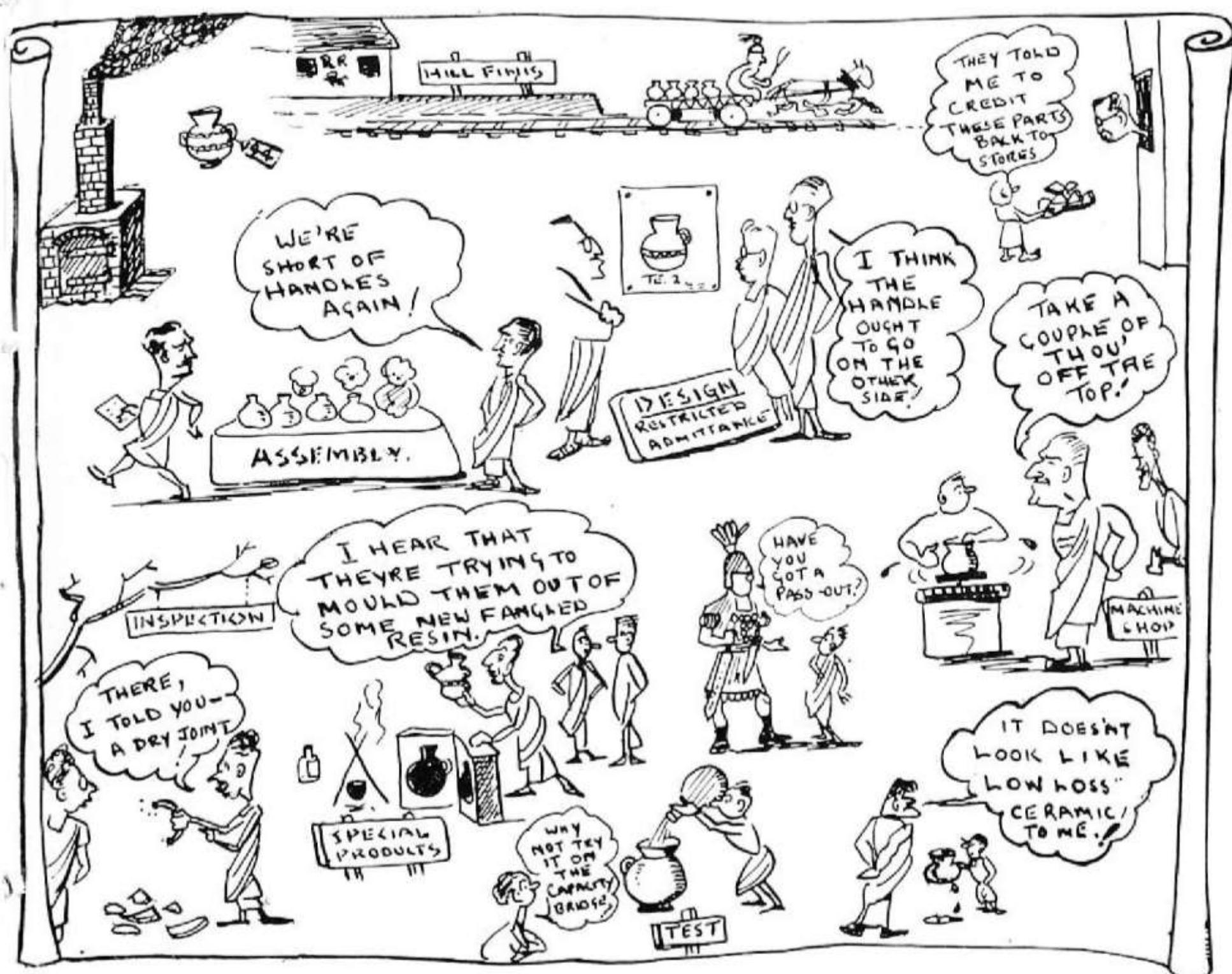
Considerable stress seems to have been laid on navigational aids and the Polarlocator Mk. I proved an outstanding contribution to marine science. Like most brilliant ideas, this one had a very simple basis, consisting of a large pole inserted into the base of a chair, the equipment being tied to the mast of the galley. A sailor with good eyesight would then occupy this position of vantage—up the pole—and report at frequent intervals to his captain. The Mk. II equipment was fitted with plush seating and a later model, Mk. VI, had distinct Regency characteristics.

Equally interesting, but with vastly different applications, was the Wave Analyser, FT 544D/1, which established a tremendous vogue with the ladies. Indeed, there is some reason to feel that by the introduction of this equipment the company started the craze for permanent waves which lasts to this day. Also popular was the Dyemeter FT 33, with which the ladies dyed their hair red in imitation of British warriors.

Whilst the majority of the Company's production seems to have been devoted to communications instruments—witness the very well-produced catalogue "Instrumenta Verulamia A.D. 66"—some interesting medical equipment was included in the range, including the Pilometer, FT 99, a device which dispensed pills when a coin was inserted. This automatic doctor was widely used by overworked practitioners.

Of passing interest was the Social and Sports Club . . . some three feet in length and well equipped with an iron





The recently found manuscript. It looks as if the Works were busy just then with a "J" calling for pottery

spike. Here is an extract from an advertisement for this device: "Equipment without equivalent. You can get a head with the Instrumenta Verulamia Sports and Social Club—maybe two heads. This made-to-measure weapon, skilfully designed and craftsman-produced, has a hundred uses; you can even make a big impression on your wife with it. Don't delay, write today, enclosing a two-Denarii stamp, for further particulars of this invaluable aid to brighter living."

Specimens of inter-departmental correspondence are worthy of study. A sharp note from the Works Manager, Williamus Gregorius Nella, reminded the factory personnel that the Works

closed at six p.m., and "the habit of drifting off before time to catch the communal chariots will cease forthwith".

There is also a plea from one of the office scribes for a portable desk and chair "to ease the strain of constant changes of territory". The office work seems to have been well organised and there was even a Scribes Pool, where manuscripts were copied in triplicate.

A sample of a Change Note required the replacement of a round peg in a square hole by a square peg in a round hole. This alteration was on the Charometer, FT 999, an instrument used by the law officers of those days for checking the speed of chariots. The reason for

the change was given as "Hobson's Choice", and it would appear that Hobson was an individual of some standing with the Company.

The Company had a wide range of transport at its disposal, including two- and three-horsepower chariots, and even a special four-horsepower model for V.I.P.'s. The last mentioned was driven by a sterling character called Rex.

The cost of maintaining these vehicles was considerable, indeed, one edict from above threatened that if chariot drivers didn't take more care of their vehicles, they would be reduced to using Shank's Pony. Expenses of all kinds were ruthlessly kept in check and an expense sheet submitted by a representative, covering six dozen oysters and a boar's head

boiled in goat's milk, was sternly rejected with the cryptic message, "Weare notrunni ngah olida yeamp".

There was evidently a popular camp magazine, "Nulli Secundus". A typical issue had articles of wide interest, including several pages on the installation of equipment in Rome, and an item entitled "I am Here". There is also a reference to a certain Colinus Sempericus, whose wife presented him with a baby girl, and an excellent description of a horticultural show in which *Alanus Frenchus* achieved signal success.

These manuscripts throw much useful light on life in those far off days. To quote the famous writer Androclicus Metaxaz, "There's no place like ohm".

---

## Chateau Sutton

"CLARET FOR BOYS, Port for men, and Brandy for heroes." So runs a famous saying of Dr. Johnson. If this historical figure could meet Harry Sutton, M.I. Maintenance, no doubt they would find much to talk about. For Harry can claim to be an authority on wine making. Through a quarter of a century he has been making it from the widest selections of fruits and vegetables, which include the lowly dandelions and cowslips.

There are a few basic "musts" for those who make wine at home, according to Harry. Patience is essential—you must give the liquid time to ferment. Cleanliness is another virtue, and each type requires a different treatment of the raw product. Probably the most important point, however, is to be generous with the application of sugar. For instance, crab apple wine needs a pound

of sugar to a pint of the liquor and the result will be three quarters of a pint of wine. Of course, sweeter fruits such as grapes, need only a very small amount of sugar, the exact quantity depending on the taste of the maker.

The making of wines varies with the type of fruit or vegetable used. With blackberries and grapes the fruit is crushed and no water is required; potatoes and elderberries, on the other hand, are boiled with an equal amount of water; parsnips, dandelions, crab apples, rhubarb, and sloes, are not boiled, although boiling water is added to the raw product.

The mixture is left for between ten and fourteen days. The liquor is strained and sugar added, the amount varying with the type of wine being made. The next step is the process of fermentation; the working into spirit of the raw





*Vintage year. Harry Sutton, M.I. Maintenance, with a bumper yield of black grapes which he will make into wine. This vine has been producing steadily for twenty years*

materials. To start this action a quantity of yeast is added.

Now, you may feel inspired to make your own wine. Here is a recipe culled from Harry's long experience. To make plum wine, take ten pounds of ripe plums. Place in a large china bowl and add one gallon of boiling water. Let the contents stand for fourteen days. A green mould will appear on the top of the mixture but do not worry.

Strain the juice from the fruit and add three-quarters of a pound of sugar for each pint of liquor. Stir thoroughly. Place a knob of yeast about the size of a walnut on a piece of warm toast and float on top of the juice. Fermentation will commence within four days—bubbles form on the surface. Now pour the liquor into bottles or jars and let fermentation proceed.

*Warning:* Do not cork. You will note that you lose a certain percentage of the liquor every day due to the upsurge of the fermentation. Top up jars or bottles each day.

You will know that the fermentation process is completed when scum ceases to appear, between three and five weeks after adding the yeast. Siphon the liquor into fresh containers, leaving the sediment at the bottom of the old bottles or jars. Cork and leave for at least three months. The longer the wine is left to mature the better.

So far this year, Harry has made some twenty gallons, including potato, parsnip, and grape. This hobby costs him quite a few man hours, but on Christmas Day he'll be able to say, "Let's have a glass of Sutton's Special, vintage 1952".





# PICTURE

WE RECEIVE many entries from amateur photographers of the Company for our Picture of the Month series on the inside front cover of the magazine. Competition is keen, and has kept the standard high.

We are publishing on these pages this Christmas a selection of the charming pictures which were runners-up during the past year.

A prize of half a guinea is awarded to each of the photographers.



1. Summer browsing, by B. L. Armstrong, Estimating Section.

2. A peaceful scene in the Recreation Ground, Chelmsford, by D. L. Plaistowe, Baddow.

4





# GALLERY

3. Shanklin Old Village in the Isle of Wight, by R. G. Sharman, Baddow Workshop.

4. An Essex Stream, by A. Crick, Development.

5. Godshill Church, Isle of Wight, by D. J. Canfield, student apprentice.

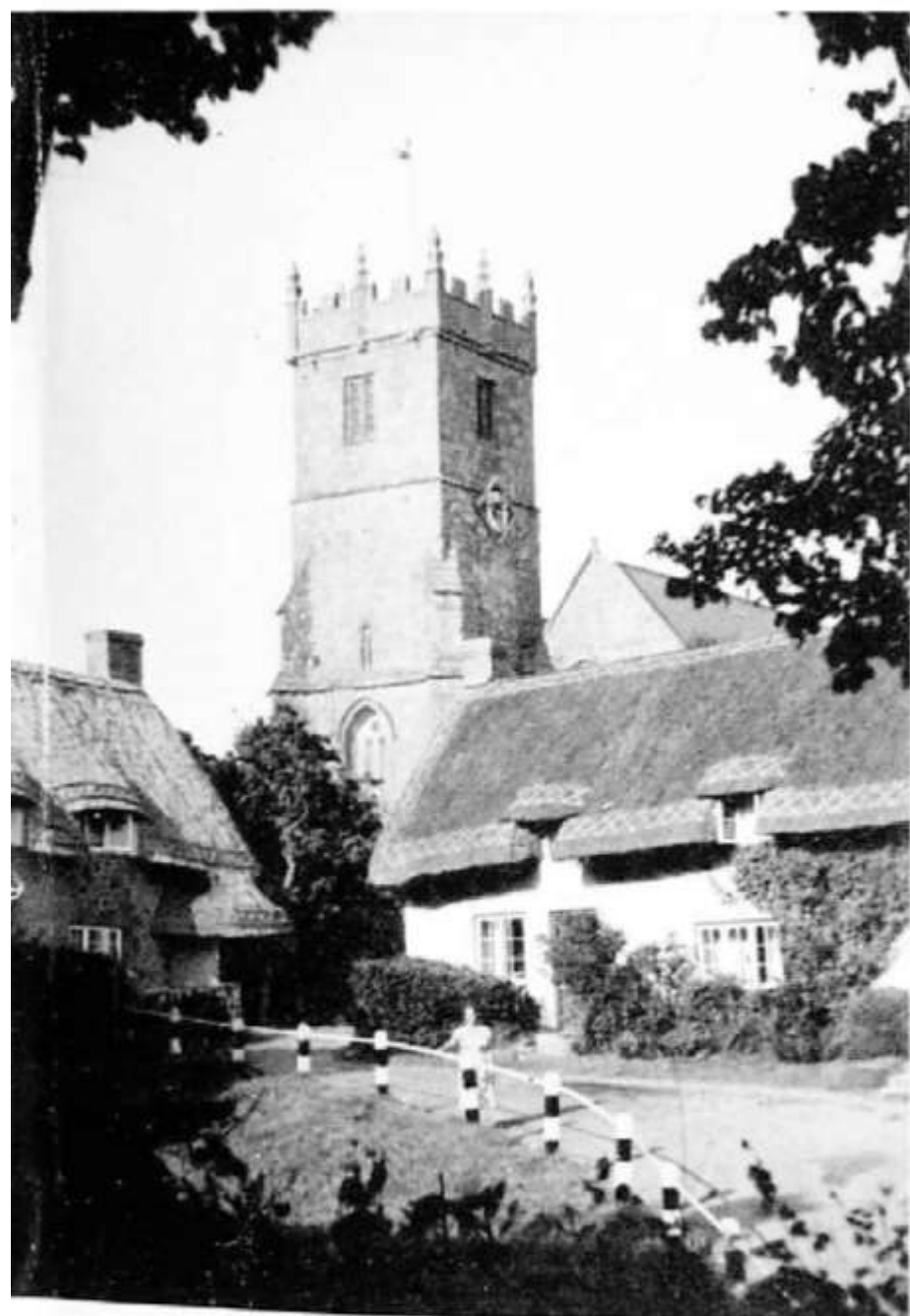
6. Evening on a Lowland loch, by J. Aikman, Production Controller.

7. The River Dart at Dartmeet, Devonshire, by G. C. Everett, Mast Design.

8. The Chelmer in Winter, by E. P. Frost, Waterhouse Lane Inspection.

9. West Bay, Watchet, on the Somerset coast, by Mrs. Harwood, Basildon.

5





## BASILDON

A King, two Dukes, two Lords, one Bishop and two Deans, are among the 300 people working at Basildon now. People of all shapes, sizes and salaries, there are, ageing from fifteen to sixty. Glancing down the list of names we also see that it is turning into a family concern with no less than a dozen husbands and wives, one mother and daughter, one father and son.

To this distinguished company there were lately added two newcomers. Firstly, as Test Section Leader, J. A. Edgar, who was with M.W.T. from 1935 to 1947; and secondly, in the Goods-In Store, one Fawkes G., Clock Number 511/1605. Unfortunately a party of incendiaries led by Bob Shippam, got to work on a piece of land behind the factory, and in the ensuing blaze Mr. Fawkes was ceremonially burnt to the accompaniment of loud cheers and other noises from Marconi staff and offspring. R.I.P. (till next year anyway).

The Sports and Social Club is going from strength to strength, not without expending some of this strength in financial arguments behind the scenes in Committee. A new venture was a visit for a social evening to the Social Club at the Chelmsford Works on 28 November. On 31 October the Football Section turned the corner, by drawing a match with Drums F.C., 1-1, thus gaining their first League point, and promptly returned to normal by losing 6-1 a week later. But no matter—it's a step on the ladder.

## TREBLE CHANCE

You wouldn't think anyone would sympathise with a chap who had won fifty pounds in the Pools, would you? You'd be only too glad for any little crumb, you say. So would we, but we must admit the story

of Geoff Fermor (Aeronautical, Writtle) is a bit hard. One Saturday he sat by the wireless in his caravan taking down the results of the day's play. When he checked his coupon on the Treble Chance, he found he had one line of 21 points, one of 22, and one of 24 points. He checked it again and again, but it always came right. Dashing off to the Post Office, he sent his telegram claiming first prize, and called in at the local for one to celebrate. Pretty safe to build a few castles in the air, he thought, including a house to replace the caravan. As for his





job, well, he'd keep that on, but a Bentley would be nice to go to work in.

The Pools Dividend turned out to be £51, not £75,000. This does happen once in a blue moon, of course, but Geoff's comment was, "Oh, well, it'll pay my stake for months and months to come, and who knows what may turn up?"

There speaks your true gambler!

## BADDOW WORKSHOP

In our bigger and better surroundings the Workshop is livelier than ever. As Christmas is here we take this opportunity of wishing all our colleagues good health and prosperity. We can mention but a very few for obvious reasons, but one or two spring to the mind. There is Jerry Hughes, forty-three years with the Company and still going strong with a helping hand for anybody. Young Robin Reynolds, our cycle enthusiast, fast exhausting the roads of England in his tours, and planning to invade Scotland next, who manages a 100 miles a week in spite of his studies. Bob Lake, whose Christmas present to himself was a powerful motor bike ("Nothing small for me!"). Another cyclist, Tony Sibley, who has now clocked well over 20,000 miles with his Cyclemaster. Fred Howard and Jack Bacon with their fond attachment to a certain General. Sid Jones, who can be heard right and left crying "Good Old Alec". Fred Graham, strongminded Lancashire captain of the darts team, keeps 'em up to scratch with no messing. "Work or play", he says, "one or the other!" And, of course, Hubert the Horselover.

We have hearty good wishes to offer to Phyllis Mansfield, married to Anthony Coe on 31 October, and to Eileen Watts who will marry Roy Clarke on 19 December; also to Ron Harris of the Metal Shop, on his engagement to Daphne Prentice.

## HACKBRIDGE

The Amateur Dramatic Section have now embarked on their first large production, Noel Coward's *Hay Fever*, which is planned to stage at the Highfield Hall, Carshalton, in March of next year.

Gwen Pauli, producer, rightly regards the entire complement of Hackbridge Works as members of the Section and at present is



*Frank Ainger, of Test Division, rings bass and Frank Payne rings tenor in the Great Baddow peal. Mr. Payne is the father of Peggy, in Works Orders*

preparing to pounce on all those possessing any resemblance to the types in the play.

A Tramps' Supper (no Toff's admitted) followed by a Vagrants' Ball, will be held at the Grange, Hackbridge, on the evening of 28 January. Why not shuffle along? Age and distance is no object. Anyone arrested en route will be bailed out by the Committee.

## M.A.S.C. PARTIES

Don't forget the parties in New Street Canteen on 24 and 31 December, 7.30 p.m.

## UP ARBOUR LANE

Great was our excitement when we came to work one day and found Jane Hodge wearing an engagement ring, and it is with pleasure that we announce her engagement to Senior Technician Harry "Tug" Wilson, one of the R.A.F. instructors attached to the College. Jane, whose home is in the wilds of Galleywood, came to the College in June 1949, as the Principal's Secretary, and she has held that position ever since. "Tug" hails from Yarmouth and he first joined our happy band in September 1952.

Gillian Songer has also got engaged. Gillian came to the College in July 1951—For two weeks!"—and she liked us so

well that she decided to stay! The lucky young man is Leonard Corley, who works in his father's building business at Witham. He served in the Royal Engineers and has lately returned from Korea.

We would also like to congratulate David Hampshire on his marriage. We have not met Mrs. Hampshire yet, as David keeps her hidden away from us. But we are hoping to see her at our Christmas Party. The College Staff gave Mr. and Mrs. Hampshire a present of cutlery.

It is also our pleasure to welcome to the Staff of Marconi College Arnold L. Clegg, who will assist in the instruction of the Radio Course. Mr. Clegg, a native of Yorkshire, was educated at Batley Grammar School and at Leeds University. He is a graduate in Mathematics and Physics and holds a Diploma in Education. He has served with the R.A.F., having lately been an Education Officer at No. 1 Radio School, Locking.

This is a month for congratulations, and we have more to come. Good wishes to George Gooberman, who has been awarded a scholarship which enables him to spend a year at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology, Zurich. George is a graduate of London University, having studied at the Imperial College of Science and Technology. He joined the Company as a graduate apprentice in September 1952, but has now resigned to go to Zurich. He will be keeping in touch with us through this magazine.

To end this happy theme of good wishes and congratulations, T.C. would like to wish all Magazine friends a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

### APPRENTICES

Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings—amongst other things—the M.A.A. party, which this year is to be held in the M.A.S.C. Clubroom. An added attraction will be the Music Hall, devised by Bruce Paterson, who has been trying to convince everyone that it is possible to do other things besides satisfying one's thirst on such occasions. Even the Select Body of the Committee is not fully aware of his intentions, so it would perhaps be a good idea to go along and see for yourselves the results of his labours.



*A well known face in the Mills is Bill Chumbley, a St. John Brigade man. The Company's St. John Ambulance Division needs more men*

Last month three new groups were established within the Association. These were an Amateur Radio Section, capable of running its own licensed transmitter; a Photographic Section, with a darkroom and all the usual facilities; and a Music Circle. With the exception of the Music Circle, which is already holding regular meetings at Marconi College, these groups will have their headquarters in the Cottage, New Street, which by the time this appears, should be well established as temporary headquarters of the M.A.A.

### SPECIAL TRAIN OUTING

The special train outing announced in the Darts News last month has been fixed for Portsmouth and Southsea on Saturday, 19 June 1954. Trips to Nelson's *Victory* and present-day naval craft will be organised. The train will pick up passengers at Shenfield if enough people want this arrangement to make it worth while. Weekly payment cards are obtainable from Darts Section Committee. See last month for Captain's names. But we must book a train *now*, so please hand in your names before the end of the year. And talking of the end of the year, we on the Darts Committee wish you all a very happy Christmas.

E.E.K.





*Another St. John man, an Inspector in Building 720, is Vic Andrews. Both are qualified First Aiders. To join, contact Don Lambert, Broadcasting Division*

*Top right: Mrs. Aikman (centre) presented the prizes at the Tennis Dance. With her are Marjorie Shipstone, Kay Lungley, Tony Jaques, and John Robinson*

*Bob Garwood (right) retired after thirty-eight years with the Company. With him are (centre) W. J. Munday, Chief Electrician, and Frank Staples*



## RICHARD SLACK

Marconi apprentices and the many friends of Richard Slack were shocked to hear the sad news of his death on 4 November, after a short illness. Richard started at Marconi's as an apprentice in September 1951, when he was fifteen.

The funeral was at Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, and wreaths were sent from Management and Staff, Apprentices, Services Equipment Division (Installation Section). Among those present were R. E. Burnett, M. F. Burrage, W. J. Quill and B. Everitt.

*Mr. H. G. Smith, of Wireless Accounts, married Miss D. King, of the Central Typing Office, at Great Baddow Church*

*Mr. D. B. Madder-Smith, of Cashier's, married Miss H. Willis, of Machine Accounts, at Danbury*





# Christmas



gave rise to a familiar expression, still in common use.

3. One of the great homes of Essex, with many turrets and many more windows, set in a parkland watered by a famous stream. The builder was one of the bold seafaring heroes of the first Elizabethan age, who was knighted by the Queen and won high State honours under James I. Samuel Pepys describes a visit to the house in his Diary, and records how he played on his flageolet in the wine cellar after drinking the King's health there.

**H**ERE ARE some quiz questions for your entertainment around the Christmas fireside.

1. No item of the Christmas fare conjures up such romance as these aids to the housewife. In bygone centuries they were valued as "more precious than gold" and sailing ships from England, Spain, Holland, and Portugal made long and perilous voyages in search of them. Battles were fought and piracy raged over them, distant isles were captured, lost and captured again, and they were even responsible for the foundation of one great empire. What are they?

2. This tasty delicacy may be enjoyed at Christmas or at any other time. It has been particularly associated with town and village fairs since the Middle Ages, some of which were called after it. There are numerous recipes for it, varying in different parts of the country, and people in Yorkshire like eating it with cheese. It was at one time a favourite gift for weddings, birthdays, christenings and similar family festivals. The elaborate way in which it was decorated when made for the Czars of Russia,

4. Just over two centuries ago a composer shut himself up in his London house for twenty-four days, during which time, working almost without rest, he produced his masterpiece. When it was first performed in London in 1743 George II was so moved by a part of the work that he sprang to his feet, followed by the rest of the audience. And audiences have done so ever since. Do







you know the composer and the name of the work?

5. Passing through a village or down a country road in Essex or Suffolk, you might see old houses which are distinguished by plasterwork friezes or decorative plaster medallions on the outside walls. They are often under the upper windows. This was once a highly skilled craft in the Eastern Counties, and it was given a special name. Do you know it?

6. Familiar and less familiar carols sung by candlelight, the voices of boy choristers echoing through one of the most beautiful buildings in Europe, the Bible story of Christmas read aloud as the ceremony proceeds. . . . This tradition is kept up on Christmas Eve year after year in a famous English town and has, in recent years, become very widely known. What is the name of the ceremony, and in what building and town is it held?

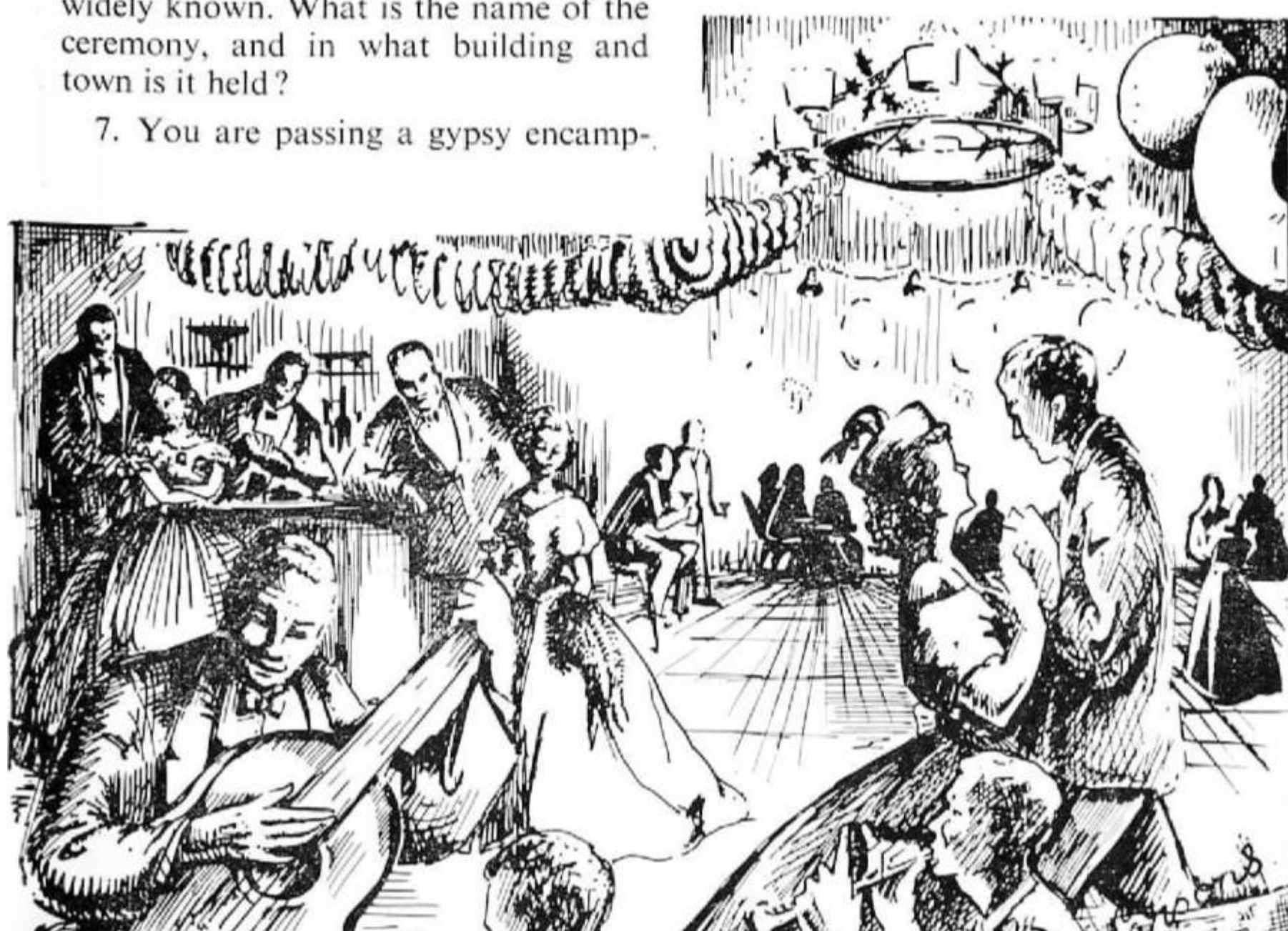
7. You are passing a gypsy encamp-

ment on the edge of Epsom Downs. The horses are hobbled, the washing is on the hedge and the smell of baking hedgehog is curling round your nostrils. The picture reminds you of the work of a living artist who is also famous for circus scenes. Who is it?

8. The modern man's hat and coat are almost devoid of trimming, but there are traces of the old days still with us. Why, for instance, do we have buttons on our coat sleeves, and bands on our hats?

9. Sixty years ago the proprietor of a livery stables owned a brougham, a landau, a hansom, a victoria, and a gig. He decided to put these new-fangled solid rubber tyres on the wheels. How many tyres would he need?

*Answers on page 48*





### THE MISSING MAN

A young man went into Purchasing Department recently and shook Harry Huckle warmly by the hand. "Thank you for saving my life", he said. Harry was somewhat mystified by this declaration of gratitude until his visitor reminded him of a Spring evening in 1944. The scene was the works at Ridgemont Road, outside of which a group of boys were playing. One of the boys managed to impale himself on the sharp iron railings and Harry—fifteen years a member of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, was quickly called to render first aid. His efforts were so effective that what might well have proved a fatal injury responded to hospital treatment.

The boy—now a young man—is working at M.I. His name? We don't know. Harry was so dumbfounded at this reminder of the past that he forgot to ask.

### THE STORY OF NURSING

We noted that Sister Thyer was among the nurses who took part in the pageant, presented in October by the Royal College of Nursing Educational Fund Appeal. The pageant told the story of nursing in eighteen scenes from the Golden Age of Greece to the present day.

### LEARNING AND EARNING

We set out in search of Jack Balding one Tuesday afternoon, having selected him as our victim of the month. It was largely a matter of luck, or maybe intuition, that enabled us to avoid by inches a jet of water with a seventy-five pound kick behind it. L./Fireman Jack Balding, Model Shop apprentice, and his colleagues were busy with the weekly drill session.

Jack can claim to be a veteran of the M.I. Fire Brigade, having several years service to his credit. He shows special ability in "Branch" work—directing the water to the target area. However, he is equally happy



*"Learning and Earning." Jack Balding*

when it comes to maintaining the equipment and he is quite prepared to strip down the engine if he is given half a chance. This engineering zeal is also directed on his 350 c.c. A.J.S., which suffers at frequent intervals from operations of a more or less serious nature. Of greater interest, however, is the 770 c.c. Royal Enfield, vintage 1914, which Jack bought at an auction in 1947 for the princely sum of six shillings. This old timer is in excellent working order and Jack threatens to enter it one of these years in the Veteran Motor-Cycle Run to Brighton.

We turn from the scream of motor-cycle engines to the more soothing music provided by the organ. At the age of fourteen,



Jack was playing the organ in the village church at Bressingham, near his home town of Diss in Norfolk. He still plays quite a lot, deputising on occasions for local organists. The piano is another of his interests and most nights he spares a few minutes to tickle the ivories, rather an irreverent way of describing these solmen interludes devoted to Messrs. Bach, Beethoven, Handel, and our old friend Mozart.

Jack's hands seem to be specially versatile. He shows great aptitude in craft work. This mechanical ability is allied to a keen brain and he looks forward to passing his Third Year National in the Spring. The old adage of "jack of all trades and master of none" would not appear to apply in this case.

### FROM NEW YORK OFFICE

Walter Dored, who works in the Service Department of our New York Office, spent a few days at the St. Albans Works in mid-October. This brief visit was part of a vacation which included some time in Norway, where his father is now living. Walter did his travelling by B.O.A.C., clocking up some 8000 miles. The weather was unkind to him during his stay in this country, but he had nice things to say about the folk in these parts.

*Terence Randall has now received his Polar Medal and shows it to H. S. Sellers, Home Sales Manager*



### SILVER WEDDING

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Taylor who celebrated their Silver Wedding on 11 October. A. R., who works in X-ray Division, was presented with an "Everhot" teapot by his colleagues. The couple were married at Christ Church By The Sea, Colon, Republic of Panama.

### SEARCH ME

This correspondent recently suffered the shattering ordeal of moving house. For weeks before M. Day, Mrs. Correspondent was busy packing and unpacking, ensuring that no hitch should mar the efficient transportation of goods and chattels. As the removal van, crammed to the roof with household goods and sundry animals, grinded to a halt outside the new residence, heads peered out of windows and tongues busily chattered.

With appropriate dignity, your correspondent strode up the garden path and halted outside the front door. His hand went into his pocket in search of the key. It was not there. They sought it here, they sought it there, they sought that wretched key practically everywhere. The minutes went by and the removal men made sundry comments of a more or less amusing nature. At last, inspiration hurled itself like a crawling snail into the addled brain of your correspondent.



*Focus on Eve. Violet Tomlinson of Assembly*

The key was in the waistcoat pocket of the grey pin-striped suit. The suit was with the cleaners some fifty miles away.

### FOCUS ON EVE

Violet Tomlinson, Assembly, was busy soldering wires to components on the Power Unit and Video Amplifier used in the Video Oscillator TF 885A when we tracked her down.

"What's cooking?" we asked her cheerfully.

"This resistor", she replied, "if you jog my chair again."

We hastily changed the conversation to the subject of dancing, which, we had heard, is dear to Violet's heart. Dear is rather a mild word to use in this case as Violet practically lives for dancing. Three nights a week she devotes to Modern Dancing; and she still finds time for Olde Tyme sessions and Square Dancing. We got out our slide rules and laboriously computed that she must have attended some two hundred dances since she came to M.I. six years ago. Some hoofing!

By the time this issue is in print Violet hopes to have obtained her Bronze medal for dancing, and she is already looking forward to the great day when she will glide her way to the Gold trophy. Her interest in

these medals was first aroused when she gained third prize in an M.I. dance competition.

Violet has one other ambition besides gaining her dancing medals; she'd like to be an air hostess. We have no hesitation in saying that she'd make a very attractive one.

Her sister, Rose, who spent seven years in Assembly, has the law on her side, being married to P.C. Peter Lovell.

### MARRIAGES

Mr. William Nicholson, Drawing Office, to Miss Una Presland, at St. Peter's, St. Albans, on 5 September.

Norman Bell, Development Test, to Miss Janet Bevington, at Holy Trinity Church, Claygate, Surrey, on 12 September.



*"It's all right, you won't be buying a new suit for the M.I. party on 8 January." Apply for tickets to Committee members, M.I. S. and S. Club*

Mr. John Carter, Service, to Miss Audrey Roberts, at St. Albans Abbey, on 22 October.

Mr. Ken Sheed, Development Test, to Miss Barbara Byard, at Trinity Church, East Hyde, on 11 November. A pewter tea set and two pewter mugs were presented to Ken by Mr. Leslie Sargent, on behalf of his friends in the Company.





*Peter Page, Welding, with a friend, competing for the Kennard Trophy in the Grasshopper Trials held at Hoddesdon*

### EL BALLAH

Ron Howlett, Accounts, recently returned after completing his National Service with the Beds. and Herts. He spent eighteen months in Egypt, his Christmas pudd last year being eaten in El Ballah, a one-camel

*Mr. William Nicholson, M.I. Drawing Office, married Miss Una Presland at St. Peter's, St. Albans*



village some ten miles from Ismailia. El Ballah is Egyptian for "The Wilderness", a very apt description in Ron's estimation.

### POT HOLING

Norman Brooks, a newcomer to Development Test, is often in a hole. Pot holing is his particular hobby and whenever he can spare the time he jumps on his motor-bike and makes for the Mendips, the pot holes of Derbyshire, or even Yorkshire. The lowest he has been so far is 500 feet.

Norman has just completed a year at Acton Technical College, studying physics. Before that he was with the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough.

### PHOTOFINISH

Heavyweight Brian Tuck, new member of Photographic Department, left the composing room of a local printing works to join the R.A.F. on a three-year engagement. He spent nearly a year in Germany with a mobile photographic section of 2nd T.A.F.

R. E. Carter, Chief of Photographic, has received a card from former member, Sidney Haycock, who is now in Toronto. Sidney has become a movie picture man, working for a company whose studios are in a little village just outside Toronto.

# Waes Hael!

BY MICHAEL MALIM

Drawings by S. F. SLEVEN and E. A. TILLSLEY

**K**ING HENRY VIII, like King Cole, was a lusty prince with a zest for living in three dimensions typical of the Renaissance. It's odd, considering, that he should have been responsible with his Reformation for taking a good deal of colour out of the Christmas festivities.

The Reformation put an end to much boisterous admittedly pagan frolic: the Feast of Misrule for example. This was really no more than a pretty clear echo of the old Roman "Saturnalia"—the Slaves' Holiday, which ran from 17–22 December. In mediaeval times, courts, universities, castles, and other communities or bodies used to appoint and pay Masters of Revels, known as Kings or Lords of Misrule (or at the Scottish Court, "Abbots of Unreason") whose job it was to keep the fun fast and

tinction between Christmas Day and the Christmas Season, though both draw for their customs on a surprising number of sources and share a common idea—the celebration of the turning point of black winter towards the promise of Spring.

You might, in fact, say that Christmas is one thing and Yule-tide the other. Yule is the English form of the Norse name "Jul" for the mid-winter festival of Freya, son of Odin. To Yule belongs the age-old custom of the great log, the drinking of spiced ale (punch is our equivalent) on New Year's Eve called Wassail which is a Saxon toast exactly equivalent to "Good Health". (Wassail = *waes hael* = be hale—whole—well—hearty). Similarly the Christmas tree is really a bit of Yule. It stems back to the "Scandinavian Ash", *Yggdrasil*, the



furious from Hallowmas to Candlemas. They had officers under them numbering anything from twenty to sixty. On Christmas Day itself, they used to proceed to Church with retinues equipped with hobby-horses, "dragons", and musicians, making a great deal of noise and providing the maximum of hilarity on the way.

The fact is one ought to make a dis-



mythical "Tree of Time", which had its root in Niffheim, abode of the Gods, and *Ginnungagap*—the Abyss of Abysses—where the Frost Giants had their dwelling.

The robin has his place on our Christmas cards because of the legend that his breast was stained by a drop of blood when he plucked a thorn from the crown of Christ. Holly bears its berries at



Christmas time but its use as decoration was borrowed by the early Christians from the pagan Romans who decked their temples with green boughs during the Saturnalia; and they quite likely got the idea from Egypt whose priests may have adopted it from further East. To those early Christians the green boughs symbolised "the righteous branch" of Isaiah who prophesied "The



Glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee; the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together to beautify the place of thy sanctuary".

The exchange of presents at Christmas is an improvement on the immemorial practice of "sweetening" magistrates and other influential persons at the end of one year with an eye to advantage in the next: a tradition by no means dead in some parts of the world. "Boxing" had its origin in pure charity. Collecting money-boxes were kept in churches, opened on Christmas Day and their contents distributed on its morrow by the clergy. The contemporary habit of some public servants of pottering round soliciting tips on Boxing Day is all that remains of the practice of old-time masters sending apprentices round to collect for the Box and giving their subordinates small sums to put into it.

Santa Claus (Sankt Nicolaus) became patron saint of boys—as St. Catherine is of girls—because of the precocious piety he is said to have exhibited in his cradle. By the old Teutonic custom, a responsible person collected children

together on his day, 6 December, or its Eve to distribute small gifts of gilt nuts or sweets, dressed as a bishop. The stocking ceremony comes from Holland, where it is traditionally performed by Kriss Kringle (Christ-Child) wearing a fur cap and fantastic raiment. From St. Nicholas, too, came the pretty old custom of the Boy Bishop, whereby one choir boy in a Cathedral was made a



bishop on 6 December for three weeks, the rest of the boys being his prebendaries. If he died in office he was buried in full pontificals. This custom vanished with the Reformation. You can thank Old Harry, in fact, for that.

Twelfth Night is really the last night of the Feast of Misrule. On that night, they used to cut a cake into slices and the slice which contained a bean made its lucky recipient "King of the Bean" or "king" for the night. I shouldn't wonder if the Bachelor's Button hadn't something to do with that—or the traditional coin in the Pudding.

Christmas Day, incidentally, was originally 6 January. Pope Julius in the 4th Century transferred it to 25 December. Pope Gregory XIII, reforming the calendar in 1582, dropped, you remember, ten days. England didn't adopt the new calendar till 1752, when it was necessary for conformity to shed *eleven* days, driving 6 January back to 25 December. In other words, Christmas Day this year is really 14 December—or 6 January—or 17 January—or what? If you like mental gymnastics on holiday—it's all yours; so long as you don't ask me.

# *Sporting Company*



*Action on the football field. Paul Chaplin heads the ball in fine style. The teams are all doing well and hope to equal last year when the Premier team won the Business House League*

*The Badminton courts are in full use in the dark evenings, "Chandra" (Lt. Ahluwalia) is one of the regular players*

*John Totten is another player who changes his tennis racquet for a badminton one in the winter*





# *At M.W.T.*



*An exciting moment in a Hockey "A" team match against the South-East Essex Technical College. R. Charlton (inside left) dashes for the ball with Bill Agar backing up behind him*

*The younger set in the Table Tennis world. June Lewis has her eye on the ball as it flashes across from . . .*

*. . . Bernie Dodson. The fashion seems to be "short and sweet" in both cases! The Section has several promising junior players*





*Ken Brown, nearest the camera, scores for M.I. Reserves in the match against E.A.C. The score was 4-1 in favour of E.A.C.*



*Ralph White, Marconi Instruments Reserves, has a tussle for the ball with an E.A.C. player.*

## *Sporting Company at M.I.*

*Most people play table tennis with a bat. Tony Pitfield, however, keeps his tongue in reserve for the high shots*



*George Walker, Reserves, came to grief in the E.A.C. match, but a capable linesman patched him up*





# Christmas Spirit

BY KENNETH A. McKENNA

*Drawings by Laurie Miller*



"YOU'LL BE SPENDING Christmas, of course, at Lissaloe", wrote Charles McTurk.

Charles has the honour to be one of my numerous uncles. He is also madder than any hatter, not because of the relationship but due, I believe, to a perverted desire to be different. He camps in an enormous barn of a house, known as Lissaloe, near the city of Cork, managing to make a thorough nuisance of himself to the fauna of the district, which he persecutes with ruthless ferocity and a fair degree of inefficiency. The Major—an honorary title bestowed on him locally in recognition of his martial appearance—is considered, however, as an inevitable evil, like plague, war and the inconsistencies of women. Strong men have been known to flinch when he passes with his double-barrelled shotgun, and women drag their squealing brats into the safety of their fortresses, for he

practically sleeps with his guns and they have an unpleasant habit of discharging for no apparent reason.

I took the night plane from London and landed at Dublin in the early hours of Christmas Eve. The train journey down to Cork proved rather exhausting as I was wedged in a carriage with eleven other people. The cattle drover on my right did little to revive my flagging spirits with his alcoholic rendering of "The Wearing of the Green". When he got out at Mallow station, thinking it was Cork, I forebore to enlighten him. After all, there are nearly as many pubs in Mallow as Cork, so I don't doubt he spent a convivial Christmas.

The Major met me with his vintage Maxwell at Cork. In appearance this vehicle—Nil Desperandum—is rather like Boadicea's chariot, and about as uncomfortable. The similarity doesn't end there either, for the Major always

drives it as if he were competing in a chariot race, with a reckless disregard for life and property. Before we reached Lissaloe, several rabbits, a rash turkey and the Widow Riley's donkey cart had fallen foul of our whirling wheels.

The Major is a bachelor, and his wants are seen to by an aged retainer answering to the name of Tomeen. This good fellow is not renowned for his personal cleanliness, but his efforts in the culinary line more than make up for his lack of hygiene. Soon we were tucking into an excellent roast pheasant, washed down with draughts of potheen. (Pothéen is privately distilled whiskey on which no duty is paid. Privately is the dominant word in the context as the police can well testify.)

"A nice drop of potheen, Major", I remarked, reaching for the decanter.

The good man beamed amiably at me. "And why wouldn't it be, seeing as how it came from Sean Murphy? That fella distills the finest potheen in the South of Ireland. We're going up to his place at Randalstown tonight to collect a crate of the lovely stuff."

"We are?" I raised my eyebrows in pained astonishment. "I'm not so sure that I want to be mixed up in your nefarious activities. A few months in Cork Prison couldn't blacken your reputation any more than it stands today, but I'm a respectable individual. I think I'll leave you to it and retire early to bed."

But we set out for Randalstown shortly before eight. In addition to several items of armament in the back, we carried two enormous Irish Wolf Hounds, Amus and Ignoramus. Our outward trip was uneventful, except for a tyre blowout which resulted in Nil Desperandum sliding into a ditch containing some three feet of water, the two dogs landing on my lap in a flurry of feet and uproarious barking.

"Peace and goodwill to all men", I murmured. "Get these damned monstrosities off me before I cave in!"

"Nothing to worry about", said the Major, patting my arm reassuringly. "Sure the beasts wouldn't harm a fly and that's the truth of it. Just give me a hand to get the spare wheel out of the back."

As soon as I clapped eyes on Sean Murphy I sensed that here was a broth of a man—whatever that may be. He exuded benevolence and the fine aroma of potheen. We sampled his latest brew and declared it to be fit for man and beast, so money changed hands whilst a horde of Sean's brats made the night hideous with their caterwauling.

"Cheaper by the dozen", said the master of the house handing over a sack containing bottles of potheen. I wasn't quite sure whether he included the children in this pronouncement.

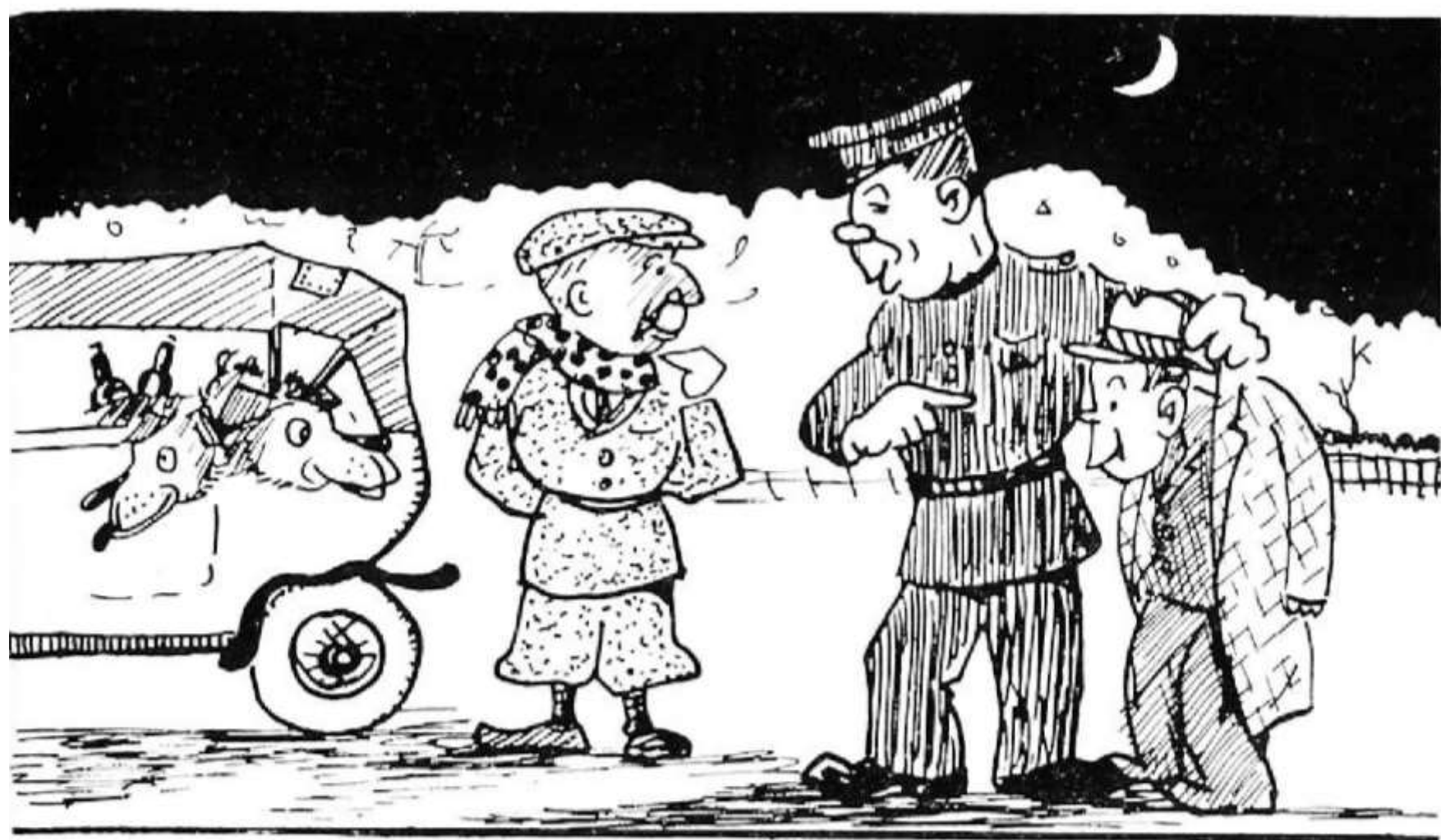
"Be careful how ye go", warned Sean as we climbed into Nil Desperandum. "With that load on board ye don't want to mix it up with the polis. I hear they raided a fella's farm a mile up the road tonight and found his potheen still. They've taken him away to Cork by car, the divils, and I shouldn't be surprised if he gets two years. That Judge Mac-Conachy is a terrible man, intirely."

With this not altogether reassuring statement ringing in our ears, we rattled off down the road at a fair rate of knots. It had started to rain and a thin trickle of moisture oozed through the rotting canvas roof on to the back of my neck. We hadn't gone more than a couple of miles when our lights picked up another car standing by the side of the road.

"Angels and ministers of fate!" I murmured. "Do you see what I see, Major?"

There was no passing that figure in policeman's uniform standing with arm upheld, unless we wanted to be arraigned on a charge of manslaughter. The Major cursed and brought Nil Desperandum to a grinding halt. "Is there anything we can do for you, officer?" he politely enquired.





"Sure that's very dacent of you an' all", said the other. "The auld vehicle has broken down so I'd be much obliged if you'd take us into Tullybray. Come here, O'Sullivan, don't be skulkin' in the background. The gintelman is goin' to give us a lift."

I could almost see the Major's mental processes in full gear. To give this guardian of the law a lift was the last thing he wanted to do, especially as it looked as if he was the same fellow who Sean had been talking about earlier.

"Certainly my friend", said the Major bravely. "Don't mind the dogs, they're harmless."

This statement was disproved a few seconds later when O'Sullivan sat on Amus and received a sharp nip in the leg as a result. The "polis" regarded this as a great joke and slapped the unfortunate man on the small of the back with considerable enthusiasm. There was the sound of crashing glass and the pungent aroma of potheen assailed our senses. I felt a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach and I noticed that the Major's face had turned an ashen grey.

"Glory be to goodness!" lamented

the polis. "I declare we've been and smashed a bottle of your whiskey. Let's be having a look at the damage." He whipped out a torch and dived his hand into the sack, bringing out a bottle.

"Now there's no need for you to be worrying", said the Major. "After all, what's a bottle of whiskey between friends?"

But the polis wasn't listening. He had taken the cork off the bottle and was sniffing like a pointer. "Me brave man, sure this is the finest drop of potheen I've smelt in many a long year. Tell me, where did you get it?"

"I'm not saying anything. Be damned to you and all the other police snoopers who go round looking for trouble." This was the Major's finest hour. He held himself like a brave man about to mount the scaffold.

"It's a serious matter", said the polis. "I'm afraid it's this night will see you in Cork Prison—a great pity seeing as how it's the festive season and all."

"Come now", said the Major, "I can see that you're a Christian sort of a fellow. Let's talk it over like gentlemen." He shoved his hand in his pocket and

took out a bundle of bank notes. "It's all been a great mistake, officer. As a matter of fact, and you may find it hard to believe, we found these bottles by the side of the road. We are taking them along to the police station at Tullybray. Now, it's a long time since I contributed anything to the police funds; maybe you would be kind enough to accept this little donation."

The law had never sounded so benevolent to my ears. "Sure it's funny the way things happen and I'm more than sorry to have suspected you gentlemen of breaking the law. Of course, I shall have to take this contraband into custody. Ah, I can see the lights of Tullybray railway station in the distance. I should consider it very dacent if you'd drop us there."

"With all the pleasure in the world, officer." The Major's voice exuded a rich warmth and belief in the kindness of his fellow men. We parted company with mutual expressions of goodwill.

The Major was rich in his praises of the constabulary. "A fine body of men,

with a nice regard for the frailties of human nature. Still, we were darned lucky to find so benevolent a specimen."

We had left the station a mile behind and were passing through the town of Tullybray as he spoke. "Watch out!" I cried. "More police ahead."

"The devil take it, the country's crawling with the varmints." The Major had quickly changed his attitude towards the forces of law and order.

An enormous constable stuck his head through the car window. "I'm sorry to be troubling you gentlemen, but would you have seen two fellers on the road, one in a policeman's uniform?"

"We have, but what of it? We gave them a lift to Tullybray Station. They caught the ten o'clock train."

"Did they and all! It may interest you to know that those two wans escaped from the police station at Mullinstown two hours ago. They knocked out the police contable on duty and pinched his uniform."

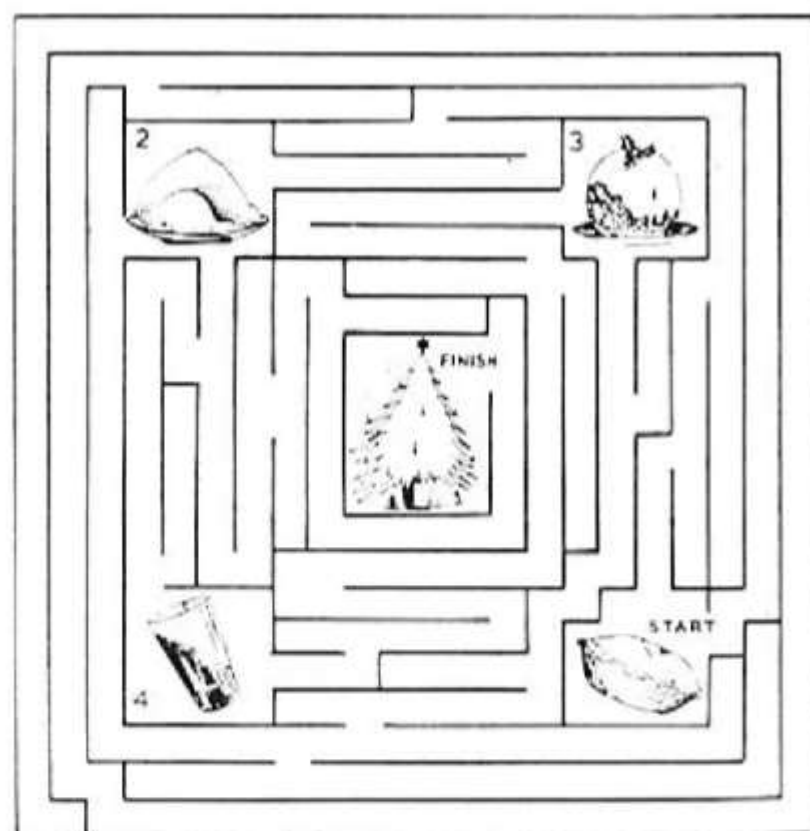
The Major said a very bad word and clutched his empty wallet.

## Quiz Answers

*From page 34*

1. Spices.
2. Gingerbread.
3. Audley End. The stream is the Cam.
4. Handel's "Messiah". The audience stand for the Hallelujah Chorus.
5. Pargetting.
6. The festival of Nine Lessons and Nine Carols at King's College Chapel, Cambridge, now always broadcast.
7. Dame Laura Knight.
8. Sleeve buttons were originated by Frederick the Great to keep his soldiers from wiping their noses on their sleeves. Hat bands are all that is left of the custom of the gallant knight going into battle wearing his lady's scarf in his helmet.
9. He would need sixteen; four each for the brougham, landau and victoria, two each for the hansom and the gig.

## The Maze



*By Eric Hitchen*

*Inside back cover: Marconi Instruments  
"Keep Fit Girls"*







