



JIMMY

MAGAZINE OF THE ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS
IN MIDDLE EAST



CHRISTMAS, 1941.



NUMBER 3





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The last thing wanted in a Christmastide issue of a Corps Journal is an Editorial; and even if it were an essential component of the Magazine, which it is not, the Editor has now got himself immersed beneath such an Everestian pile of paper he just has not got the time to write one.

So we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Victorious New Year - in which we trust we shall once again be returned to our dear ones.

Let us hope that this first Christmas number of "JIMMY" will be the best and also the last and that, next Christmas, we shall be revelling in the joys of London fogs, plum pudding - and real beer!

Resolution for the New Year



Let us take a vow that, after victory – as victory it will be – we will pursue with the same determination the victory of peace, and the bounding out of the self-seekers.

Let us pledge ourselves at this time to wage eternal war against the enemies of the individual, whether in country or continent, town or village; let us resolve to make sure that democracy as we understand it, will endure to benefit mankind.

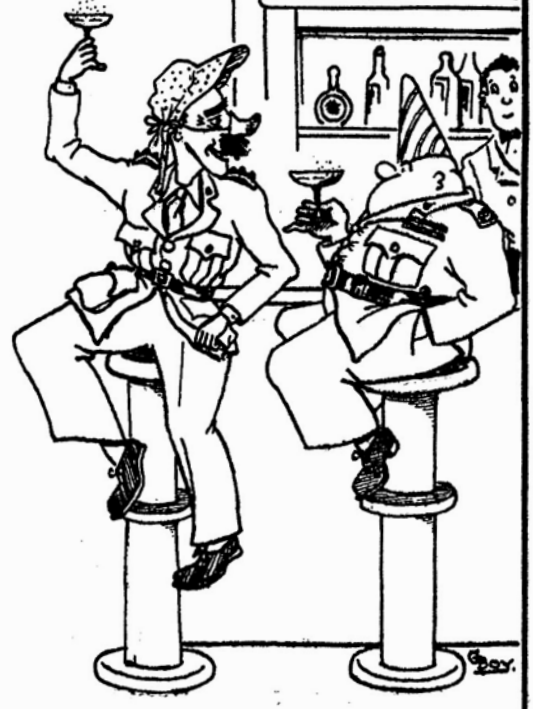
These must be the watchwords for our battle, and the shield and the buckler for our fight to day. For the tomorrow, let us buckle on the armour of courage – to face a new future, and with it the birth of a greater mankind.

MIDDLE EAST
Christmas 1941.



**CHRISTMAS
1941
AT
SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL**

*Don't come
if you don't
want to, but
you'll have a
jolly good time
if you do!*



≡ THE BIGGEST THIEVES ON EARTH! ≡

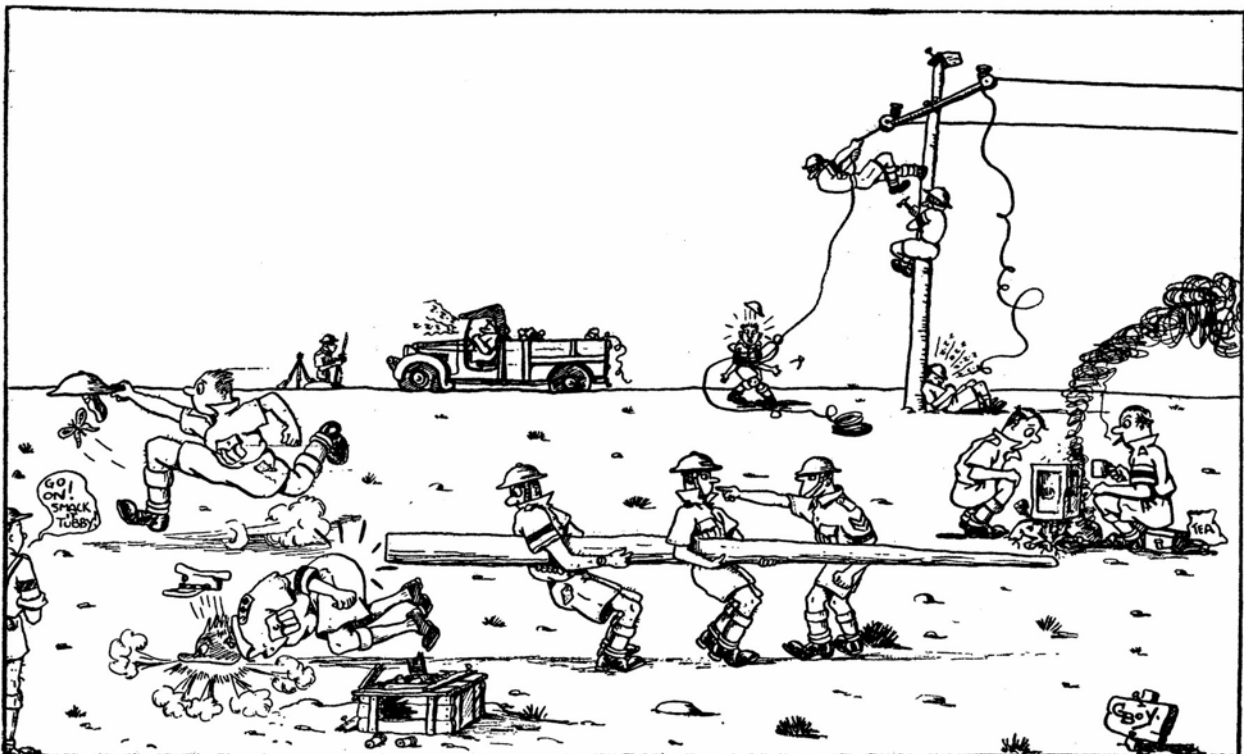
"Hello, B Cable?" "Speaking". "There's a dis on the so-and-so line, will you turn out a party?" "OK, coming down right away", and the NCO puts down the telephone.

What should happen after such a call is common knowledge. The NCO yells for the standby party, waiting by their truck with engine warmed up. They spring smartly to attention, receive their instructions, mount (by numbers, as per the book), and drive off to the signal office, arriving there within three minutes of the call. They report to the superintendent, test the lines, and are away in another two minutes, making five in all.

Yes, but in practice — ? The NCO turns sorrowfully from the telephone and gazes wearily round at the vast dispersion of the leaguer. A standby party has been detailed, but the canteen is open, and he knows by long experience that there is faint chance of rounding them up within the next twenty minutes. Eventually they are found, however, and dash off to the signal office, only to return a quarter of an hour later because they have forgotten to take a telephone. To save time they go straight out on the line without reporting to anybody.

By this time the staff are tearing their hair at the delay, the signalmaster is in tears, and the superintendent almost apoplectic with suppressed expletives, which he unloads on the wretched line NCO as soon as the signalmaster goes for his "life saver". Meanwhile the line party has found its way to the far end of the line, which they discover to be perfect, the fault being in the signal office all the time. The party returns, singing with joy, to thank the superintendent for the lovely ride he has given them. Thus a good time is had by all, and the highest traditions of the Corps maintained.

Although good fun, these parties are only a part of the entertainment. The planning and laying of the lines provide great amusement. The planning appears to consist of mysterious conferences held by a very large number of officers crammed into a very small space. All that emerges from these sacred rites are murmurs of "Split ack four", "tie him on to this line", "bridge through at the pole" and suchlike technical jargon. There is usually a Corps "lines representative" present, whose function is to say "no" to everything suggested by the unit, instructions



previously given him by D.A.D. The results of all this are finally produced in the form of a Line Diagram, which is defined as a collection of marks on paper, mis-drawn originally, mis-copied by the unit office, and illegible when it comes off the press, for the purpose of impressing the CSO (who never looks at it anyway). Thus the lines are planned.

To lay the lines, two vehicles set out, loaded with cable, telephones, twice as many rations as they need, and half a sack of sugar lifted from the cookhouse when nobody was looking. They go on their way with frequent halts to brew up, loosing off volleys of rifle fire at any stray gazelle they see, and finally reach their starting point two hours late. Now the serious business of the expedition begins. Somebody earnestly clambers up the pole to tee the cable in; just as he is getting nicely into position, holding on to the wires to steady himself, somebody rings on the line, and he drops cable, tape and pliers with an outburst of profanity. These are recovered

and the tee-in completed, and the party begins to lay.

In theory laying a line across the desert is easy; you merely proceed in a straight line leaving cable behind you as you go. In practice, led by some wavering navigator, the line resolves itself into a series of gentle curves delightful to the eye of a student of form, but, from a strictly utilitarian point of view, wasteful. As the CO said to his driver on a trip to another formation: "Stop waving the car about". The reply came back: "I'm only following the line, sir!"

Much more could be told, did space permit; tales of firepots, or the lack of them; of the eternal rivalry between "Hoops" and "Rings"; of the sergeant who signs his name with elaborate flourish in every line he lays; of the number of phones returned to "Ack" and "Don" on the return to barracks; of the volunteers for cookhouse fatigues who come away with pockets bulging; in fact of a thousand and one little things well known to every one of "the biggest thieves on earth". Take them all as said.

SIGNALLER'S SERENADE

I ack don orange Robert Edward you,
Of yorker orange uncle must I think,
Nuts orange monkey ack nuts ever loved
As ink.

Of William orange monkey Edward nuts,
Pip Robert Edward toc toc yorker dear,
My little London ack don yorker you
Must beer.

"My sugar William Edward Edward toc!"

Toc Harry uncle sugar shall I sing,

"Ink freddie you would William Edward don,
O King."

Don ink vic ink nuts Edward sugar toc!

One Johnnie orange yorker still I lack —

Monkey ack Robert Robert yorker me.

Ack — — — — — Ack.

With Acknowledgement to "Punch".

HAVE YOUR SHIRTS GOT LONG SLEEVES?

IF NOT,
GET THEM FROM

A. GHANI

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UNIFORMS, O. C. T. U. KIT
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REQUISITES AT
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INCLUDING QUARTERMASTERS AND ADJUTANTS !

**SOLIMAN PASHA STREET, CAIRO (Opposite Y.M.C.A.)
AND AT ABBASSIA**

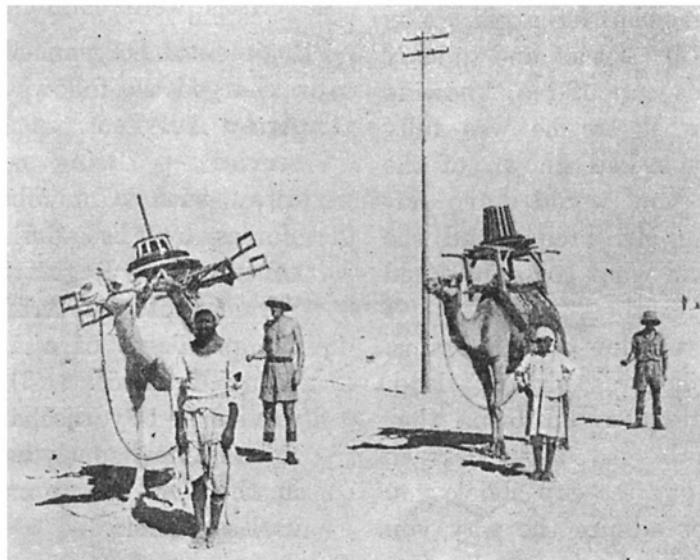
DRUMS, CAMEL, MK 1.

If "Necessity" be admitted as the Mother of Invention, "Laziness" must surely be recognised as the Father of the Child. Whatever the motive or the ancestry, here is a novel improvisation which has saved much of the drudgery of dragging wires across hot sand, and lessened the danger of "kinking" the wires in the process.

Constructed entirely from locally obtained products and standard stores items, the principle working parts comprise:—

Camels 1. (complete with walad)

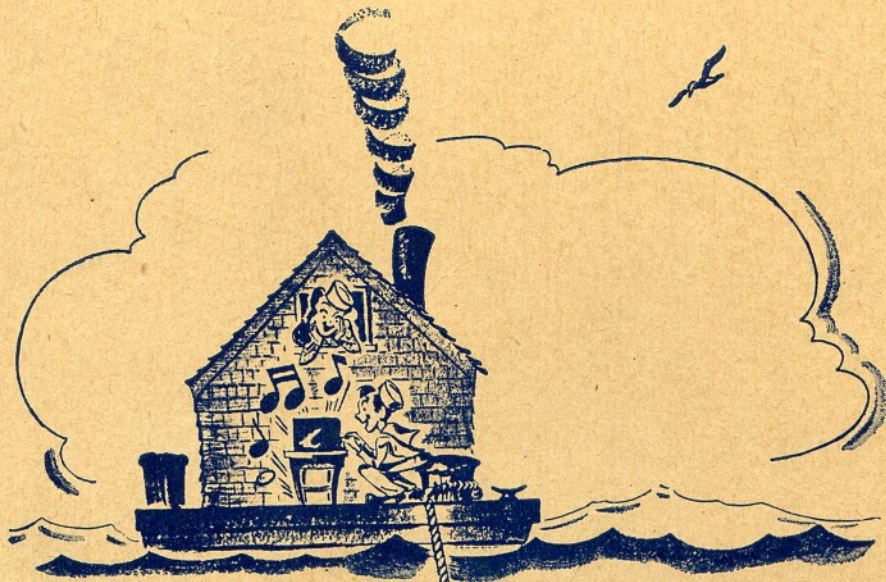
Drums Barrow 1. (less wheels)



and a fair amount of string and local bambooery. Admittedly the contraption on the right looks top-heavy and in danger of turning the beast onto its back, but that was adjusted shortly afterwards and the "Sleet" lowered down on to the hump. It was suggested that the whole outfit be "underslung" — but

there were practical difficulties !

Patent rights have been waived in the interests of the Service and the results obtained have been satisfactory ; a word of warning, however, to would-be-employers — the upkeep costs include 9 gallons of water a day — oh yes — and a handful of beans for "ye walad" !



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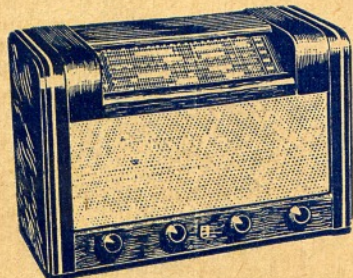
*Hear the World
wherever you are
with a*

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