



# Royal Marines

"PER MARE, PER TERRAM"

THE FIRST ASHORE since leaving England were the O.C., Royal Marines, the Sergeant-Major (Colour-Sergeant Duncan) and Marine Lukes, who landed on the island of Bequia in the Grenadines on 30th January, 1958. They were landed by helicopter, and were given a terrific greeting by the natives, none of whom had seen a helicopter before.



A reconnaissance of the island was carried out with a view to a future exercise taking place in the area. Only six white people live on this small island, and it was not long before we met them, and most delicious rum punches were being swallowed fast! Members of this reconnaissance party will probably long remember their first introduction to this delicious Bequia brew!

The next port of call was Trinidad, where the Post Corporal (Corporal Toms) was very quickly ashore and had contacted the U.S. Marine Corps base before the ship had even finished anchoring. This resulted in many of the detachment being looked after extremely well by our brother Corps. This stay in Trinidad also saw Corporal Hill and Marines Marchini and Shields out in a whaler becalmed for many a long hour. No water (drinkable), no shade, and just no wind.

On arriving at Cannouan Island, the First Lieutenant suddenly got the idea of trying to procure some bamboo, though goodness knows what for! A Royal Marine volunteer party, headed by Sergeant Newall, went ashore on this island to see if they could meet this requirement. The whole island was scoured without success, and the volunteer party were seen later in the day devouring the island's monthly beer ration in the local shop. The population of the island was only six hundred. The dirty dogs!

A banyan party went ashore here under Corporal Hill. This party went off very well, and was enjoyed by all except one intruder who appeared in the middle of the night. It appeared that a "chef" in the Fleet Air Arm, dressed in swimsuit

and straw hat, approached the camp in a drunken stupor in the early hours. A hole in the sand was quickly dug for the corpse, and in it he was left with land crabs as a bed companion.

Marine Deen had an experience on this island which he will not quickly forget. He was on a diving exercise with other members of the ship's company at the far side of the island from *Bulwark*. At dusk the boat from which they were diving broke down, and Deen volunteered in a moment of madness to cross the island and fetch help. To cut a long story short, it took him six hours to get back to the ship. The country was thickly wooded in this part—no navigational aids, and the fear of some dangerous alligator, which was reputed to abound in this part of the island. Never again!

The detachment carried out a combined exercise with the detachments from H.M.S. *Ceylon*, *Bermuda* and *Maidstone* in Bequia. The aim of the exercise was to destroy a gun-running organisation which was well established in the island. Gun-runners were represented by Royal Marine musicians from the C.-in-C.'s band in H.M.S. *Maidstone*. It turned out to be a very vigorous exercise pursuing bandits through dense undergrowth and up steep hillsides. Our detachment was most ably led by Colour-Sergeant Duncan, and we were the only platoon to catch any of the gun-runners—eleven out of the sixteen loose on the island. On completion of the exercise, Marine Burrows excelled himself by managing to drive a bayonet into his own hand in an attempt to open a coconut—just too impatient for that well-earned drink!

Marine Hunt, during the stay at Bequia, was seen to dive off a liberty boat in an attempt to save a private in the British Army. It was later learnt that the private was already in the Sick Bay at this stage. What peculiar apparitions some people have, and what they will do !

One of the best floor shows in the commission was seen by the detachment in Bequia whilst waiting on a beach to be picked up by the destroyers *Barfleur* and *Camperdown*. Procession after procession of native beauties wriggled their way passed awe-inspired eyes. What beauties and what music ! The steel bands proved too much for Marine Ayles, who, after listening to it for half an hour, said he would go mad if he heard any more. He was quickly allowed to go elsewhere. One member of the detachment nearly finished up with a pig, which one of the "beauties" was offering for a hundred cigarettes. Fortunately he was dissuaded from clinching the deal.



After Bequia a week in destroyers made a pleasant break and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. A gunnery shoot took place off Cuba, and Corporal Hill, Marines Clay, Rigby and Clarke closed up to assist in the shoot. Corporal Fletcher apparently staggered the ship's company by getting permission to erect Heath Robinson showers on the upper deck to keep cool. Those in *Camperdown* appear to have had the complete run of the ship, and several spent their time on the bridge in an attempt to qualify for watch-keeping certificates.

Bermuda brought a sad story of a drill display that never was. After a concentrated work-up the squad embarked in an open boat for shore about an hour before the display was due to be put on. The sea was unfortunately rough, and within ten minutes of setting out the boat had to turn back, bringing with it not a smartly turned out drill squad, but wretched, frustrated and angry half-drowned rats!

From the hot sands in the Bequia landing to the deep snows of Halifax, the S.V. boot certainly

proved its worth. In fact, Corporal Fletcher and Marine Seed were even seen dancing in it during a St. Patrick's night frolic. What a boot!

During the stay in Halifax, one U.S. Marine, complete with battle bowler, appeared late one night in the "barracks." There seemed no good explanation for this until the figure later revealed itself as Marine Campbell.

It was in Gibraltar that the keyboard flat nearly had a cuckoo clock installed by Marine Smith. Now his mess-mates are privileged to hear the bird.

Singapore saw the start of the tattoo craze, and in the detachment the Tiger Beer label seemed to be the one that appealed to most. Bugler Rose appeared with just four Chinese symbols on his arm—but the interpretation is not quite clear.

In Hong Kong we unfortunately had to say good-bye to Marines Ure, Pickles and Watts, all of whom were admitted to hospital. Anyway, they have one consolation in that they should get

home before us. A very pleasant week was spent over at Stonecutters Island living under canvas and making full use of the rifle range. Rifle, L.M.G., Sten firings and grenade-throwings were carried out. Living under canvas was found to be a refreshing change after the heat of the "barracks," except for one night, when the tents had to be evacuated on account of a storm. The occupants had to retire to the more substantially built N.A.A.F.I. and dining-hall. It was nice to find the Stonecutters range being run by the Corps. Sergeant Pritchard as Range Warden and Marine Brown as his assistant. The visit to Hong Kong also saw a great influx of weird and wonderful "rabbits," and one could not help but wonder where they were all disappearing to on board.

During the second visit to Singapore the detachment took part in a helicopter demonstration during Exercise "Showboat." This entailed embarking in helicopters on one end of the flight deck, being flown round the Fleet and disembarking into an all-round defensive position on the

other end. This was followed up by having to manhandle transport over an obstacle which had been erected in the centre of the flight deck.

#### Sport

The Rotating Trophy for any sport has been held by the detachment for fifteen months. The Home Fleet Rose Bowl, played for at Bermuda, was won by the detachment, who beat *Maidstone* 3-0 and *Ceylon* 1-0. Congratulations to Sergeant Newall who has played for the ship's 1st XI throughout the commission and also captained the team for four months. Marines Taylor and Howe have also represented the 1st XI, and the former also captained the 2nd XI.

Corporal Fletcher has been playing for the 1st XI cricket team throughout the commission and has also captained the side on five occasions. Colour-Sergeant Hotchkiss and Corporal Toms have been regular players in the 1st XI hockey team, and Marine Briers has been playing regularly in the 2nd XI.

Corporal Clark and Marine Shields represented the ship at fencing. Richmond in the swimming gala in Hong Kong won the breast-stroke, and Corporals Clarke and Parmenter have regularly represented the ship at basket-ball.

The detachment have been very keen on volleyball, and no fewer than thirty-four have turned out to play from time to time. The keenest supporters have undoubtedly been "Guts" Wyatt, "Club-fisted" Baker, "Basher" Findon, "Fatso" Begg, "Tash" Kemp and "The Mighty" McFarland.

Our tug-of-war team managed to beat the Home Fleet champions from H.M.S. *Ceylon* during an inter-detachment sports meeting in Bequia.



In the ship's tug-of-war match the detachment got through into the final, but were then beaten by the Engine Room Department.

Colour-Sergeant Hotchkiss has given valiant service as referee in practically all sports throughout the commission.



# The Shipwright Department



THIS TINY DEPARTMENT, staffed by one officer, two Chief Shipwright Artificers and twelve Shipwright Artificers, just one per cent. of the whole ship's company, is responsible for a large variety of tasks.

Their existence isn't glamorous and rarely do they come into the spotlight. It is doubtful if their shipmates give them a second thought until they damage a boat, break a chair or mess table or, on the very, very rare occasions, when extra holes appear in the ship side.

In this ship their tasks have been heavy and many. The domestic plumbing arrangements kept three men employed full time and often overtime to keep these essential services working.

Boats, too, have been a constant source of employment. Both 35-ft. fast motor boats have been partially rebuilt. The pinnace and the three motor cutters have been constantly "tingled," and the Island cutter has had her keel refastened when it was discovered that twelve out of sixteen main fastenings had sheared. The *Fairey Fox*, too, has had her moments!

Then, of course, since our passage through the Canal in April we have been given two opportunities of practising what we were taught at the A.B.C.D. school! Firstly, when a small Egyptian ship tried to take passage in Major Phelp's cabin. We were able to effect temporary repairs

in thirty-seven hours whilst at Aden. These repairs, which consisted mainly of stiffening the damaged frames, plating over externally and then back filling with approximately a ton of concrete, was considered by the Singapore Dockyard officers to be quite adequate to allow the ship to complete her programme.

Many months later and during salvage of *Melika*, another unofficial window was created on the starboard side of the Quarterdeck. This proved to be too big to effect repairs, so it was decided to plate over the hole so that, at a distance, we would continue to look undamaged. This aim was achieved within sixty hours, the work being continuous during this time; 200 sq. ft. of 5 lb. plate and 60 ft. of angle bar plus an enormous amount of electrodes were used in this work of camouflage.

We have also completed 500 items of planned maintenance since October last year. This work is tedious and routine, but must be done to ensure the safety and well-being of the ship and her crew.

The one shipwright who is affectionately known as "Putty" has issued 11,740½ gallons of paint, painted 150 crests and 30 lifebuoys since the ship commissioned in March, 1957.

The staff must be congratulated for their efficiency and endurance, and surely *Bulwark* will long remain as their testimonial.

*Engine Room Department*



# Engine Room Department

## *Smoke-Stack Stories*

FOLKS, DID YOU GET HOTTER under the cooler than you got cool under the heater ? Were you besotted or besooted when you worked off your homicidal tendencies at deck hockey in the shadow of the funnel ? Did you ever drive a boat over a rock and then wonder why the power seemed to have fallen off ? And that's not all. Did you, perhaps, suffer loss of sleep due to that "bloop-bleep" drip from a firemain joint ? Or were you just one of those unlucky guys with a new patent, wind-excluding light scoop ?

Maybe you weren't any of these people, but whoever you were/are, during this last commission your whole life must have been affected, in a multitude of ways, by the goings on of that vast industrial empire, otherwise known as the Engineering Department.

You probably know less about this part of ship than you would care to admit. Don't worry, you are not alone and here, straight from the horse's mouth, or perhaps from the bottom of the funnel, are a few definitions designed to help you understand the world of wheelspanners.

"M.(E.)" stands for missing energy. "Mech." stands for much energy, craftily handled. "E.R.A." stands for energy rightly applied, and "E.O." for energy overflowing. Everyone should know this, for here is the mighty quartet of effort which makes the team, which supplies the work to release the energy, which turns the screws, which pushes the ship through the water and otherwise steams a luxury liner complete with sunbathing, deck sport and private flying facilities, from party to party, or "party" to "party," depending on which way you look at it.

Now it may be news to you'se guys, but a ship isn't like a car; you don't just press the starter and off you go, and when you want to stop you don't put on the brakes. Come to think of it, a ship couldn't be less like a car and to show you what we mean, here are more definitions :

*Flash-up.*—*This*, as anyone who has had the least connection with the E.R. department will tell you, is just a simple extension of the age-old principle of "Seen off" or, "That's all right, darling. I'm in the bed, you go down and make the tea." As applied to ships, this means that, about four hours before we go to sea, a haggard and half-awake bunch of "Energy Boys" (see previous definition)

creep down to the machinery spaces, light the fires, warm up the engines, and connect up the boilers as they come to the boil. Meanwhile, anyone who is trying to sleep within earshot of the machinery broadcast, may well awake to such executive orders as, " 'A' Engine Room, this is 'B' Boiler Room—got a light ?" Or perhaps, "All machinery compartments, this is 'A' Engine Room—tea's up!" After four hours of rapidly increasing chaos, the machinery is at last ready to go to sea. The seamen have just got to their S.S.D. stations and are yet rubbing their eyes in the unaccustomed daylight, and, as the magic order "Obey Telegraphs !" is received down below, Joe Stokes reluctantly comes to the conclusion that he is indeed—Flashed-up.

*Obey Telegraphs.*—*An* order which comes from the bridge each time we go to sea, telling the Engine Room to do what it is told—just in case it has any smart ideas of its own.

*Black Smoke.*—*To* the Officer of the Watch or the pilot of an aircraft about to land on—a clear visible phenomenon.

*To* the Engineer Officer of the Watch—an extremely unlikely occurrence, but just for the record, he pipes over the broadcast: " 'A' and 'B' Boiler Rooms, check for black smoke." In both boiler rooms there is an ugly rush for the microphone. "A" Chief of the Watch gets there first and reports glibly: " 'A' Boiler Room smoke mirror clear." There is a pause, followed by " 'B' Boiler Room funnel clear," in a voice suggesting "I know I wasn't quite quick enough, but I bet my tot that b\_\_\_\_\_ in 'A' was making smoke as well."

*Flying Stations.*—*Preparations* for this is the flight deck Engineering party's equivalent to "Flash-up." The Wheelspanner law of "Seen off" holds good here, also.

*Change a Catapult Wire.*—*To* those of you who may not have spent hours on the sun-drenched flight deck it must be explained that a catapult is a device for tossing aircraft off the bows of the ship, so that in much the same way as a non-swimmer who falls into the "Oggin" normally swims, they just have to fly.

The catapult is at the very bottom of the ship and its power is transmitted to the deck by a gigantic wire which winds around many pulleys, and you've probably heard that shocking noise in

your mess-deck. Every so often, but especially when the deck sports programme is behind schedule, the wire conveniently wears out and has to be changed.

This evolution is carried out by the flight deck Engineering team and is really *very* simple. You just dig up half the flight deck, join in a new length of wire, pull it all through with Jumbo and, Hey Presto! you have a perfect "granny" of 6½-inch wire somewhere in the bowels of the ship.

What will you do next ? Knit two pearl, two plain, perhaps ? Actually this has never happened, despite the evil spells cast by Union-conscious seamen. The flight deck team has many powerful wizards of its own, and their counter spells have been most effective in confining the natural cussedness of wires to the cable deck.

*Boiler Clean.* — This is a very unpleasant but important task, which has to be done every few months. It is not made any easier because, when the boilers were built, everyone knew that they would have to be cleaned, but nobody bothered to think how it should be done. This makes the job very difficult, but, as ever, the Navy has risen to the need, and the system of water washing has been evolved. The theory is simple : spray enough hot water all over the boiler and the soot will be washed off, to run into the furnace, where it is easy to remove.

If it is so simple, why, you may ask, does it require a vast number of M.(E.)s., just when

they were to be roped in to clean, wash, paint, store, de-store and ammunition ship ? The answer is that the whole success of boiler cleaning depends on employing as many hands as possible, so that when they have crawled over, under, round and through the boiler, most of the soot will naturally have come off on to their overalls, which can then be "dhobeyed." Hence the term "water-washing."

*Fuelling at Sea.* — For you, just another chance to stand around and goof on the flight deck. For the D.P. party, however, it is an exciting game—their version of Russian roulette. — They rush around opening and shutting tanks, till eventually they achieve "a spill." Then everybody is happy.

*An Engine Room Department Make-and-Mend.* — A misprint on Daily Orders, which should read, "Make and Mend an Engine Room."

*Shut Down* — When "Finished with main engines" is rung down, it takes anything up to an hour to "put them away." And when this is done, Joe Stokes goes home rejoicing—especially when the wires are tied to Pompey's bollards.

And so, folks, that's it — engineering in a nutshell, to tell you what we've been doing. If in the future you have any technical problems, just contact "Smokey Joe." He is, *as ever*, available — after he's had his spot of leave !

SMOKEY JOE.



"Cause and . . .



. . . effect !"

# The Electrical Division



WE STARTED THE COMMISSION a fairly ordinary collection of chaps and have ended it a cheerful technical team. While "Let's have a bash" may not be a fine phrase when discussing workmanship or skill of hand, it's not a bad spirit in which to approach some of the difficult tasks we have had.

The cheerful smile on the face of El. Mech. Loke (and his team) during Exercise "Strikeback" when "R" pump-room was full of flooded motors and starters, for the third time in as many months, earned him an award from the Herbert Lott Fighting Efficiency Fund.

Radio E.A. Beaumont, who left us at Christmas to start a new life in "Civvy Street," received a similar award for his good work in the radar world.

Many others have worked equally hard, and the four El. Mechs.—Dawson, Kay, Betts and Emery—who turned to on the flight deck during the Asian 'flu epidemic, when the ship was inside the Arctic Circle, well and truly earned their Blue-nose Certificates.

In Trinidad, Chief Electrician Davis led one of his now famous electrical "banyans," and as cash ran short in Hong Kong he came to the rescue again. By motor cutter and motor-bus these parties have managed to get away from the ship at most of the ports we visited.

We must mention the wonderful hospitality of the Royal Canadian Naval Air Station, H.M.C.S. *Shearwater*. It was a pleasure to be invited to keep fit in their gymnasium and swimming pool. (R.N. Barracks and H.M.S. *Collingwood* please copy.)

At Gibraltar, by contrast, we had to store ship and paint ship's side concurrently. We managed to do all this in the ten days which included Good Friday, Easter Day and Easter Monday, but only by every single chap doing his bit.

I should like to congratulate the wives who

came to Gib to see something of their husbands, and to apologise that it was not possible to give more leave.

We were all curious to find out what would be the reception of *Bulwark* at Suez. Not so many months ago, at the end of the last commission, her Seahawks were responsible for sinking one or two Egyptian M.T.Bs. But the Egyptians who came on board have the Canal as their livelihood, and there was no doubt that they were delighted to see a large ship of the Royal Navy in the Canal once again.

Not so pleased to see us were the crew of the Egyptian S.S. *Talodi*, which blundered into us the next night. This ship did its best to give the Electrical officer a call at a time when he was not expecting one. Fortunately the damage done was slight, and no one was hurt, but it might have been more serious; and I should like to thank and congratulate those of the Division who, knowing that something had occurred, reported to the main switchboard to see if their help was needed.

The long trip across the Indian Ocean gave us a few days' fun and games on the flight deck, and with Chief Electrician Masterton as anchor, the Electrical Division quickly established their reputation as giant-killers.

Some of us, Chief E.A. King would agree, were quite glad to leave Singapore, even if it did mean drinking chilled cans instead of bottles of iced Tiger.

What a lot of fuss about one small refrigerator!

And so from the past tense to the future. *Bulwark* returns to refit and will be converted to a Commando carrier—a veritable Joey Jollyboat.

Many of us, I hope, will meet again, somewhere, some day, to confirm that there was no commission quite like the last one.

Yours aye,

H. R. WYKEHAM-MARTIN.



## SPORTING ACTIVITIES

DURING THE SHIP'S second visit to Belfast inter-part competitions were held in hockey, soccer, rugby and cross-country.

It seemed fairly clear early on in the first rounds that the "L" Division was not going to excel at the first three mentioned, despite great efforts by the various teams. So we just had to do something about the cross-country race. A careful study of the rules governing the race showed there was no limit to the number of runners that could be entered per team, and the system of scoring was such that every runner finishing the course within a fixed time limit would score for his team.

From then on, "cross-country race" were words that no loyal Electrical man would mention in front of anyone outside the department, and a very cloak-and-dagger-like atmosphere prevailed.

On the great day, when the teams lined up, it was fun to see the surprise registered amongst the opposing teams when our team of fifty-four runners got "set" at the starting-point alongside the other teams of a dozen or so runners.

It was a good race, and, as a result of hard training during the previous weeks, our core of good runners would have probably won the event anyway, but it was certainly clinched by the magnificent effort from all concerned. Everyone of the fifty-four made it to the finish within the time limit, so the result was a rather overwhelming victory for the Electrical Division.

The first six of our team were each presented with a medal, the runners concerned being El. Mech. Kimberlin, R.E.M. Roberts, El. Mechs. Christian, Waters, Rottenberry, and R.E.M. Daun. The Division was presented with the shield by Captain Gick, R.N.

All in all, a good cross-country race, or should I say a good double-cross-country race?

Perhaps the most exciting competition next to the cross-country event was the tug-of-war knockout competition. This took place while the ship

was on passage to Hong Kong, and was spread over a few weeks.

The Divisional team was not a heavy one, and at the beginning of the competition our eight men were considered to have only an outside chance. However, we entered into each pull with every intention of giving the opponents a real run for their money. After some real tough tugs-of-war, we were all very surprised to find ourselves as far as the semi-finals. However, we were defeated on the odd pull by the Royal Marines in the round. Nevertheless, we felt it was a fair achievement.

The following pulled for the Division: Chief El. Masterton, Radio Mech. Jones, P.O. El. Clayton, L.R.E.M. Jenkins, L.R.E.M. Toes, El. Mech. Simpson, R.E.M. Power and R.E.M. Manners, plus an enormous chucking-up party.

At Hong Kong an excellent inter-divisional swimming gala was organised. After running our own trials and selecting a team we entered the heats, which were completed in the first day, and were satisfied to get L.R.E.M. Lawson, L.E.M. Farrar, L.R.E.M. Jenkins and R.E.M. Manners into the finals. The final results of the gala placed the Division as a close fourth out of an entry of fifteen.

As far as representing the ship goes, we have had quite a few of the Division in various ship's teams from time to time. R.E.M. Smith has regularly, played in the ship's 1st XI football team and continues to give a good account of himself.

L.E.M. Whalley was selected to attend the 1957 N.S.R.A. and N.R.A. rifle shooting at Bisley and did extremely well, returning to *Bulwark* with many honours. Not only did he become the Tyro Rifle Champion of the Royal Navy for 1957, but he also returned with the Orpen Talley for the Grand Runner-up Aggregate, a silver medal for team winners and several cash prizes won during the National week.



"That's the last time I complain of insomnia"



"The gentle art"

# Medical and Dental Departments



"Our foster nurse of nature is repose."—Lear IV, 4

AN ARTICLE ? Yes, of course, Jim. What sort of thing do you want ? I suppose I could put in a few little tips about escaping from nurses' homes in the small hours, though on second thoughts I suppose my wife might read it, so that's out.

Funny, I could have sworn I had a drink somewhere. . . . Oh! did I ? Of course, there is the story of the chap who came down to Sick Bay for a minor operation before getting married—and left, having had his ears syringed. The next clay an officer, due to have his ears syringed, refused to come; but I don't think you could print that.

I'm sure everyone has heard the one about the rating who complained that he couldn't sleep, so the P.M.O. told him to return his bedding. It all seems a bit of a dead loss. Richard Gordon has already pinched most of the standard jokes—all the presentable ones, anyway.

Of course we could, with a few concessions to accuracy, say just what bloody heroes we are and how hard we work. I'm sure we did have to, because I distinctly remember having a very low wine-bill—some time during "Strikeback," I think it was. Oh yes, 'flu. Then I could slip in some crafty statistics on toe-rot, but somehow I don't think that would have sufficient general interest. After all, we are here primarily to amuse.

Yes, please, the number is 58. Oh, you've got it ? Good. Now where was I ? This tastes just like "Mist. Ipecac," without ice in it.

Excuse me. . . . Oh, you do ? Well you can't go sick, it's a make-and-mend. Sorry about the interruption—officers are so hypochondriacal. It takes a lot to convince them that we haven't lost a patient with prickly-heat yet.

I wish someone would switch off the S.R.E. For some deep-seated and mysterious psycho-

logical reason I "come over all unnecessary-like" when I hear "Gone fishin'."

My turn is it ? Funny, I don't think I want one at the moment. You're nearest, Jim, we'll let you write the chit. Oh well, if you insist, a rum and coke please. You know, I don't think this article is going to be so easy to write after all.

No, Bob. I'm not at all interested in whether you are in date or not. In any case, I wouldn't know where to look it up. You'll have to ask the Chief. In fact, I don't even like to think about inoculations, they always make me faint. No, nothing complicated or medical—just pure fright!

Well, it's no use complaining to me, Jock. Anyway, what did you ask him ? Oh well, if you must prescribe for yourself, I'm not surprised that the leading hand gave you minute instructions as to how it should be taken.

Always some - interruption — well, it would be rather difficult to write about the staff. I'm never quite sure how many we have. They always seem to be going off with the "Royals" or getting "choppered" somewhere, or driving tractors on the flight deck, and it's terribly difficult—Oh, a another one, thanks—terribly difficult to get to know them all by name. When I ask who hasn't got my things-for-looking-in-ears ready, he's always the chap who is somewhere else.

You think you will ? Well, Padre, I suggest you totter down in the morning and ask the P.O. for some of his special mixture—it's very good, if you can keep it down. No, I don't know what's in it, that's a specialist's job.

Well, Jim, I'm sure it would be much easier if you wrote something. You know, "A layman's view of doctors"—that sort of thing.

What so-and-so tape-recorder ?

(Sounds of tumult.)