

THE RUSSIAN "COSMONAUTS" IN RED SQUARE

(by the Director)

It was fortunate for me that the two Russian "Cosmonauts", Nikolayev and Popovitch were feted in Red Square while I was in Moscow, and more fortunate still that the Academy of Sciences was kind enough to give me a ticket admitting me to the Square for the ceremony.

I walked to Red Square from the hotel instead of taking a taxi; this was probably a mistake - it necessitated negotiating at least six separate cordons of police and soldiers drawn up across the streets. At first it was sufficient to show my ticket for the Square, indeed at one place the sight of it produced a smart salute, but as I got nearer the scrutiny became closer and they began to ask for my passport, which, perhaps foolishly, I had left in the hotel. I soon discovered that their first reaction was to try to turn you away, but if you resisted that the next was to hand you over to a superior officer who again refused at first to have anything to do with you, but when you remained insistent indicated that his entrance was the wrong one and you had better try the one round the corner. So you went to the next one and the procedure was repeated. Thanks to my knowledge of Civil Service methods I soon recognised the procedure and realised that if I played their game I would be successful in the end, and there would finally come a time when there was no-one else to send me on to. I was right and after the Top Man had finally shrugged his shoulders I found myself in the Square itself.

Red Square is a vast open oblong space with the high brick wall of the Kremlin on one of the long sides, the "onion domed" Cathedral of St. Basil and the Historical Museum facing each other on the two short sides, with the other long side opposite the Kremlin, occupied by a more ordinary row of shops, offices and flats. In the centre of the long Kremlin wall is the Lenin Mausoleum, a simple rectangular building of red marble outside which, on normal days, a queue of tourists a quarter of a mile long can be seen waiting to view the embalmed founder of the Soviet Republic. Flanking the Mausoleum, along the Kremlin wall, are a series of tiered terraces and it was to these that my ticket gave access.

Although the terraces were full I found myself standing in a place with a reasonably good view over the whole of the Square. It was full, but nowhere crowded, there was no pushing or shoving, and everyone seemed very orderly. In the Square itself organised groups of people stood with folded red banners, and on the Museum and above the shops were enormous placards with pictures of Lenin and the Cosmonauts. The crowd appeared to be organised by lines of men, some soldiers and some civilians with armbands, who broke them up into separate groups. After a few minutes there was a stir and the official party arrived and ascended to the top of the Mausoleum which is built to form a rostrum for ceremonial occasions. Because the terraces on which the spectators stood were on the same side of the Square as this rostrum we could not see much of the main party, but we saw the two "Cosmonauts" and Krushchev waving to the people. I do not think there was any ceremonial arrival, they appeared simply to drive up in cars and it was not obvious that they had arrived until they appeared on the top.

There then began a series of speeches. Although I could not see from

my position who delivered them, it was clear that one was given by one of the cosmonauts and was informal and highly amusing, and that the final one was by Krushev. It was by any standards much too long: he spoke for three quarters of an hour and at times it sounded very much like the ranting of Hitler in the 1930s, and I could not help thinking how well Charlie Chaplin could have mimicked him in the style of his "Great Dictator". If the crowds had been worked into a frenzy by his declamations it would have been a frightening experience, boding ill for the future, but the surprising thing to me was the reaction of the people in the Square. Of course I was standing amongst people who were invited guests, like myself, and were probably foreigners, so it is not surprising that they seemed to show little interest in the speech, but as far as I could see neither did the Russians in the Square. They stood, with immobile features, listening and occasionally clapping, but never cheering. Towards the end there was much talking and several started walking away. I believe the Russians are supposed to be phlegmatic, they certainly were on that occasion.

After the speech a procession of twenty or more small girls ascended the Mausoleum, each carrying a bouquet of flowers for the "Cosmonauts." This action produced clapping and cheering of quite a different intensity.

Then began what was perhaps the most remarkable performance of the afternoon. The people who had been filling the Square began to move, in ordered lines controlled by the men wearing uniform or armbands, out of the Square towards the Cathedral, carrying their banners unfurled, and as they left their lines were renewed by people entering the Square from the other end carrying banners of different colours, enormous photographs of the "Cosmonauts" or Russian politicians, and, with one party, a full length picture of Lenin some 15 or 20 ft. high. These were people who had come in parties, on foot, or in 'buses, and having listened to the proceedings on loudspeakers outside the Square, were now filing past to do homage to their heroes. Although they moved quickly the stream seemed unending. After an hour of this procession I felt I must leave to keep an appointment with some Russian friends. Leaving was not easy, the exits to the Square were blocked by those who had taken part in the procession, and all the public transport was at a standstill. I do not know how much longer the procession went on after I left. The afternoon must have been an exhausting one for the two men who had so recently been isolated in the quietitude of outer space.

Impressions formed on an occasion like this, in a country where one has been only for a week, and where one cannot understand the language are, I know, of little use, and are probably quite misleading. But the main memory I carried away is one of a very orderly people, well drilled and well behaved in a crowd, with passive immobile faces, not apparently moved by, or interested in, the rantings of an impassioned demagogue, but delighted to acknowledge the achievements of two brave men, and moved to emotion only when flowers were presented to them by parties of little girls.

CORRESPONDENCE

Radio Research Station,
University of Singapore,
Singapore, 10.

Editor R.R.S. Newsletter,
Slough, Bucks.

Dear Editor,

I have a guilty conscience in not acceding to your suggestion of news from the outstations and it is certainly too late to talk about Ariel.

However/

However, I thought perhaps the staff at R.R.S. and particularly any ex-Singapore staff may be interested in a brief description of National Day proceedings as seen from a chair among the distinguished guests on the steps of the City Hall.

During my first tour in Singapore, I witnessed the last of the Queen's Birthday Parades on the padang in June 1959. In subsequent years this has been replaced by National Day celebrations on June 3rd, presented along similar lines with the parade and march past of troops, civilian services, cultural organisations and, of course, the appropriate 18 gun salute, but with H.E. the Governor replaced by the Yang di Pertuan Negara, or Head of State, Inche Yusof bin Ishak.

Now, in the past I have witnessed this from various locations such as the Cricket Club verandah or roof, but this year I was privileged to receive an official invitation to be on the steps of the City Hall and to attend the luncheon following.

The whole thing was extremely well organised and the Guard of Honour, mounted by the Singapore Infantry Regiment, would have done credit to the Guards in U.K. It was a blisteringly hot day and I felt very glad that I was only a guest, nicely protected by an awning, and not beside the Yang di Pertuan Negara and members of the Government who stood in the full sun for several hours.

The representatives of the various civilian services such as the Work brigade, Fire brigade, Harbour Board, Womens' Police, Riot Squad and Nursing services were all represented during the march past and the local armed services looked particularly fine in their very colourful uniforms. The Traffic police received a very special cheer for an impeccable formation of mounted speed cops; I applauded with the rest despite the fact that I have on occasions received a "ticket".

The school children were rather too well organised by our own standards, but presented a very pretty picture by carrying coloured flags which were raised, lowered and gyrated to a fixed drill, rather like a massed gymnastic display. Finally came the "cultural" organisations which ranged from trick cyclists to massive dragons belching forth fire and performing intricate contortions to a tremendous fusillade of crackers, gongs and drums.

The massed military bands, who had played so well throughout the morning, now gave up the unequal struggle and marched off to a well earned rest while the Yang di Pertuan Negara, the Government and the guests marched into the Council chamber for an excellent lunch.

An interesting morning and yet another opportunity of seeing history in the making because the next celebration of this nature will be in connection with Malaysia and in my short span of four years in Singapore I shall have been fortunate to see the change from a Colony to complete independence.

Who knows, dear Editor, what changes it will be your lot to witness!

Yours sincerely,

Cecil Clarke

41, Downs Road,
Slough,
25th August, 1962.

Dear Mr. Editor,

May I use the newsletter to say "thanks" to friends at R.R.S. for the autograph book with its good wishes which I received from Miss Cotterham last week? Each signature recalls some conversation or other pleasant event associated with its writer. I owe special thanks to all the staff who were at R.R.S. during the war for their readiness - even when working a 72 hour week - to undertake the additional duties associated with Civil Defence, Rationing and other war time necessities; and to those who somehow undertook the additional work on 'Loran' for the newly formed Radio Board and the Admiralty.

Yours sincerely,
R. Naismith.

IQSY Office,
The Royal Society,
Burlington House,
LONDON, W.1.

17th August, 1962

Dear Mr. Ratcliffe,

May I ask you to pass on to the staff at R.R.S. my very sincere thanks for the gifts with which they presented me on my last day at Ditton Park. I appreciate their kindness very much and, when the gifts take concrete form, they will be a pleasant reminder of my friends and colleagues in D.S.I.R.

Thank you too for your letters and for your kind remarks. I cannot let the occasion pass, however, without saying that in most of the work with which I have been associated, I have had the able help of many other people. Some of these have been co-authors, others are mentioned in the 'Acknowledgements' in published papers, but I have not forgotten those who have gone unrecorded, including the administrative and workshop staff without whose help much less would have been achieved.

I am sorry that I missed seeing so many people before I left on 31st July, but I shall, I hope, be able to keep in contact from time to time with many of my former colleagues.

Yours sincerely,
C.M. Minnis.

22, Maypole Road,
Taplow,
Nr. Maidenhead.

September 8th 1962.

Dear Friends,

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking you all for the present that you gave to me when I left Radio Research a few weeks ago. Unfortunately, there were quite a few of you to whom I was unable to say farewell and to thank for the present. However, I hope it will not be long before I am able to call and visit you and see all those happy smiling faces again!

My very best wishes to you all.

Veronica M. Smith.

STAFF NEWS

We apologise to our readers for not having included some items of staff news in an earlier edition.

Congratulations to:

Mr. R. Eberst on his marriage to Miss Margaret Davis
Mr. C. Fletcher on his marriage to Miss Philippa Pitt
Mr. B. Jones on his marriage to Miss Elsa Roberts
Mr. V. Owen on his marriage to Miss Joan Dixon
Mr. C. Trotman on his marriage to Miss Jeannette Biggs

Mr. E. Golton on his engagement to Miss Patricia Sullivan

Mr. E. Oakman on his promotion to W.T.O. II

Welcome to:

Mr. E. Tucker	Temporary Instrument Maker
Mr. G. Anderson	Temporary Sc. Assistant
Mr. J. Riley	A.E.O.
Mr. D. Collyer	A.E.O.
Mr. R. Christopherson	Temporary Instrument Maker
Mr. J. Stay	Temporary Sc. Assistant
Mr. B. Stevens	A.E.O.

Temporary Part-time Appointments

Dr. R. H. Barfield	T/A.E.O.
Mrs. W. Harwood	T/S.A.

Resignations

Mrs. M. V. W. Smith	T./S.A. (part-time)
Mr. J. Smith	T./E.O.

Movements

Mr. E. Golton and Mr. M. Chivers sailed for Singapore on 20th August.
Mr. E. Hammond sailed for Singapore on 31st August.

Mr. J. A. Lane will leave for the United States on 25th September, for a visit which is expected to last about five months.

SPORTS AND SOCIAL CLUB

Camera Club Activities

Visit to B.O.A.C. at London Airport

Sunny 2nd September (Sunday), 1400 h: the lucky thirteen members and guests of the Camera Club loaded with photographic paraphernalia assemble in front of Argonaut House at the north-east corner of London Airport. Our guide conducts us to the massive B.O.A.C. Headquarters building and hangars, and soon the shutters start to click. Through the enormous workshops and service bays we troop, and there, in the far corner, stands 'our' Boeing 707: G-APFG. We are free to scramble all over the giant (134' 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ " long) which is - and certainly will be - due for servicing.

How relaxing to be a 1st class passenger even without stewardess (perhaps more so -). Or choose any one of over a hundred Tourist Class seats, they are also very comfortable. The headrests are being laundered, the galley is empty, no music or thrilling announcements over the loudspeakers - but just close your eyes: you are airborne, bound for some romantic destination -

/London

London Airport bound in fact! Meanwhile a succession of charming female captains occupy the pilots' seats in the cockpit, yet the four jets stay silent in their silencers.

Britannias, DC-7C's, and other Boeings are there, some stripped, some ready to circle the globe once more. The cover is off the air intake of a Rolls-Royce jet: click - one more close-up. Don't start the engine now to provide a dramatic action shot for the other twelve photographers!

Up the lift to the Control Centre where B.O.A.C.'s global services are being safeguarded and teleprinter messages arrive from all over the world (perhaps one like the following: about to land Singapore three engines cut send replacements URGENT!! but no, this is most improbably with all the care they take over everything!)

Yards of photographic emulsion having been exposed we enjoy a cup of tea and biscuits (by courtesy of B.O.A.C.) while our guide answers further questions: how much to fly to Buenos Aires and back? - £247 (Cheap Day Return?). What is the cost of the Britannias which B.O.A.C. will be selling most regretfully? - £300,000 in first-class condition; a real bargain. Just imagine: Dr. _____ and his team from Spur E to-day left Ditton Park by R.R.S. Britannia for _____ to carry out a series of field tests The car park will have to be enlarged again soon, anyway.

Another visit to B.O.A.C. next year, perhaps. Any non-members are strongly advised to join the Camera Club now!

Future activities

A display of prints resulting from the above visit is planned for the beginning of October.

The provisional programme for future exhibits is:

November:	Trains
December:	Picture Gallery, including Holiday Photos.
January 1963:	Animals
February:	Table Top Photography

Members are also asked to produce a number of photographs of the 'What is it?' type for possible use at the Christmas Party. Also planned are Film and Slide Shows - so watch this space for further details.

W. S. Newman

Amateur Radio Society Notes - September, 1962

R.S.G.B. Affiliation

At their Council meeting of 28th July, the Radio Society of Great Britain granted affiliation to our own Amateur Radio Society.

One of the advantages of this is that our members may now attend lecture meetings of the R.S.G.B. in London, details of which are published in the "R.S.G.B. Bulletin", available each month in the Station Library.

Another is that individual members of our Society may use the R.S.G.B. Q.S.L. Bureau for the collection of cards; further details available from the Secretary, on request. Our Club station will use the Bureau for outgoing and incoming cards.

/Club