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Extract from Marconi at War, pages compiled by Don Halstead as a reminder on the 50th anniversary of the ending of the War in Europe of the huge contribution made by MWT in WW2. Just before it went to print Don and Pam thought to ask Sir Robert Telford for his wartime experiences. Looking at his contribution Pam happened tell Don of her memories of VE Night. She was at first reluctant to add them - ..but I wasn't Marconi then ...but Don insisted. For Pam as splendid author, please read on

Pam Reynolds recalls ...

VE Day the nation erupts!

I'm in London, one of the Wren crew of *HMS Pembroke III*, a stonebound frigate, permanently moored in Hampstead. Six of us hot-foot it that evening to the West End. We are in uniform, so we're feted hauled into pubs, plied with drinks, shaken by the hand, thumped on the back.

By the time we reach Baker Street, we're two feet off the ground and feel we've won the war single-handed. Have no compunction removing an enormous flagpole and Union Jack from the entrance of Daniel Neal's store.

We're joined by a drunken naval bugler. Flag aloft, our bugler ripping the air with discords, we act as a magnet to other naval ratings. In tumultuous Piccadilly Circus, more naval types detach themselves from the swarming crowds to tag along with us to Trafalgar Square.

We are now about 100-strong but this is our greatest catchment area. The Navy's there in force, celebrating under the single benevolent eye of its patron saint, high on his column among the pigeons.

The Mall, and here it really starts a solid phalanx of naval personnel marching down The Mall towards the Palace, headed by six delirious Wrens, a half-stoned bugler and a huge flag. The crowds part to make way for us and we finally join the thousands outside the gates, roaring with one voice, 展 e want the King The Royals come out onto the balcony again and again.

The roars continue until, suddenly, a silence falls as it sometimes does in a crowded room. Booming over the heads of the throng comes a lonely, beery voice, 的 want the Queen my Gawd, I want the Queen!"

Time passes; slowly the crowds disperse, our vast naval column breaks ranks, and the bugler subsides in the gutter. We make our way back, euphoric but very, very weary. It is 2 am. In Oxford Street a taxi draws up. A man leans out of the window.

"Where are you for, girls?"

"Hampstead."

"Jump in, I'll drop you off."

It's Jack Buchanan. Magic, or what?