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# Thomson Staffs in War-Time

How do we stand after four years of war? Over five hundred men and women have gone to the Services or other war work from the Thomson staffs. Not a department has been left untouched and those left behind are carrying on the work as best they can—and making a good job of it too.

With reduced sizes of papers and fortnightly publication of the magazines, there is not quite the amount of work there was in peace time, but there is still the same rush to get out on time, and we have our occasional hectic moments to remind us of conditions we hope will soon be with us.

Already there has been a slight increase in the permitted consumption of news-print. This of course we all regard as a step in the right direction, and hope the upward trend will continue.

We still have frequent visits from our Service men and women, but during the fourth year of war we have had news of more and more of them going overseas, until there can hardly be a single theatre of war anywhere in which the Thomson staffs are not well represented.

Airgraphs and other letters keep us abreast of the doings of the wanderers, and they are always welcome. They show also that the absent ones are keenly interested in what goes on in the office as well as in the movements and news of the Service folks.

So this little book has been prepared to put on record as far as possible the position of all the Thomson staffs in Dundee, Glasgow, Manchester and London.

Naturally we begin with the headquarters in Dundee, where all the war time activities—Home Guard, A.R.P., Civil Defence, Firewatching and other national services are as lively as ever.

We shall make a round of the building in Meadowside from the top to the bottom, and then go on to give the news of Glasgow, Manchester and London.

Copies of Thomson Staffs in War-Time are being posted to all serving members of the staff. The homesters should receive it before Christmas, but others may find it will take months to reach them. Soon or late, rest assured it brings with it greetings and all good wishes. Good luck to all!

## DUNDEE.

## FIFTH FLOOR.

## Caseroom

THE wheels of industry are still turning in the Caseroom but maybe not at the speed they formerly did. The staff is much depleted these days, but as the papers are likewise we just manage to maintain the balance of power.

Now for the gen on the lads who are out of sight but not out of mind. Pride of place must go again to Flying Officer GEORGE TURNER, D.F.M. He dropped his biggest "load" yet, when we read of his wedding in the "Courier." We had a visit from George the previous week but he didn't divulge the fact that he was contemplating higher altitudes. All of us extend our congratulations to Mr and Mrs G. W. Turner. Now a veteran of "ops" over enemy territory, George wants to fly a kite of his own, and is busy on a Pilot's course. At the moment he is in Canada for the final stages of his training. (See photo pages.)

IAN BREMNER (See photo pages), a resplendent figure in the uniform of a Flying Officer (plus 'tache), is now in the final stage of his navigator's course. We think we can claim that he is the first navigator officer from the "Courier."

REG. COLEMAN had his temper sorely tried while teaching A.T.S. the proper procedure of Signals teleprinter operating. So much so that he was kinda relieved when posted for embarkation. Thereafter there was a long silence and we wondered if Reg had been endeavouring to have the last word with his Colonel—and was paying the penalty. But no, he's turned up again in India, and been shifting about a lot out there. The heat is proving very tiresome to him. Remembering how the beads used to gather on his forehead after a rush down the road, we would suggest Reg approach the W.O. for a wipe for his specs!

BOB PATERSON looked in to see us the other week. That bonnet that used to grace the stand at Dens is still to the fore! He is down in Coventry on aircraft production, and looking fit in spite of long working hours. But he has lost some of the bloom from his cheeks he acquired when manhandling Sunderlands up in the Shetlands.

L.A.C. SYD SMITH, R.A.F., was involved in a bad accident early this year. While working inside a Lancaster, some petrol caught fire and Syd was trapped between the blaze and the exit. It was a very near thing before he managed to fight his way out. He was so badly burned about the face and hands that even his room-mate didn't recognise him. Syd spent a long and painful time in hospital with his wounds. To add to his troubles, complications arising out of the accident necessitated an

operation. But glad to say that Syd seems to have made a good recovery and is down South doing light duties.

DAVE WILSON, R.A., is still at Workington. In spite of all his efforts, Dave can't get free of this place. Periodically he skips away on some course or other, but his return ticket is always for the same destination. He has a great "admiration" for his sergeant-major. We wonder if this is mutual, and is the reason for Dave's long stay. We know he gets the blame for most things in Dave's hard world!

After knocking around the Med. area for some time, ED STEWART took part in the Sicily "do." He declares that the Italians are very friendly to the lads, and that the V sign is as well known there as at home. But there's an ulterior motive behind this show, as the salutation is usually accompanied by requests for cigarettes or biscuits. Previous to this, he had a spell on Malta, where he had his first taste of civilisation since leaving home. The pictures there were a great attraction for the lads, and Ed spent most of his spare time there.

JOHN WHITE, R.A.F., paid a flying visit recently. After a strenuous senior n.c.o.'s course, in which Jock had to do his stuff on the square, plus bayonet fighting, &c., and losing some weight in the process, he got a turn of putting the other poor victims through it. Then followed a "hush-hush" course, at the completion of which "Shorter" passed out as sergeant. Jock has been doing a lot of moving about recently and sampled most types of civvy billets from the village pub to residing with a bank manager.

WILLIE CARDNO, R.A.F., is another who has joined the ranks of the married men. He was married to a Dundee lass who is also in the Services—A.T.S. We all join in extending our congratulations to Mr and Mrs W. Cardno, jun. Willie is at present stationed in the South of England. Now a fitter, he is attached to a Czech squadron, and thinks very highly of them. (See photo pages.)

ED MUDIE, whose visits to the Caseroom always resulted in the production slowing up, is another of the lads with an A.P.O. number. Ed has been in North Africa for some time now, and is well acquainted with all its moods and aspects! On his arrival there, the campaign was being carried out in a sea of mud. Our Ed was up to the eyes in the stuff. Later, old Sol decided to show his face, and things were as hot as Hieland love, out there—climatic and otherwise—for a while. But after the show had wound up, Ed had a short leave at Sousse, and spent every minute he could dook' in the blue Med. He has had several near misses in contacting Jim Shaw.

GEORGE CHRISTIE, R.A.F., is stationed somewhere near Cairo. At a Burns Supper, he had the good fortune to run into Norman Guild. What a night these lads had! They did full justice to the all-Scotch

courses, patting each other on the back and shaking hands! George is keeping very fit, thanks to hockey, swimming, and a little canoeing. He says, "It's a little cooler here now—I can almost work with my shirt on." And to think they're closing the windows at Meadowside because it's cauld!

We had our first sample of R.A.F. camouflage a little while ago. The occasion was a visit from an old pal, JIM RAMSAY. Now training as a wireless op.-navigator, he has acquired a lovely line in 'tachers! Its span is almost equal to the wings he hopes to wear on his breast! Jim is very keen on the job, and his great fear is that the show is over before he's ready for "ops."

The army of firewatchers got a severe shock when smiling JIMMY MUNRO, the "King of the Substitutes" was called to the Navy. His place will be hard to fill! Good luck, Jimmy, and when you utter that famous phrase, "Ah'll try the lot", we hope that you hold a "full house."

After a brief and unexpected sojourn "down south" Q.M.S. WILLIAM BROWN, is back again to his familiar beat. Like all the other "quarter blokes" he is dearly beloved by one and all. We are also assured that Bill keeps the Colonels, Majors, and other small fry in their proper place.

L.A.C. CECIL PETRIE is, as far as we know, still somewhere across the herring pond. Our last reports of his activities spoke of visits to New York, automobile runs, and exciting participation in his favourite sport, ice-skating.

Our latest information about Trooper BOBBY MARTIN, the tank tickler, is that he has gone all mediæval. He is billeted in an old castle (and in the blue room, no less), but we fear the atmosphere has got him down. He assures us the place is haunted by a "Pink Lady." Well, well! We never knew cocktails were invented all these centuries ago.

JAMES SCOTT has now deserted his proofing press for the Royal Marines. We have no first hand news about him, but we bet his hands in pockets habit is now completely cured.

The latest information of L.A.C. DUNCAN MACRAE, R.A.F., stationed in India, is, that he is now well on the way to being his usual breezy self after a severe bout of malaria. After a week or two in hospital he spent sick leave with some Dundee friends on a tea plantation. On returning to his squadron he was again sent off on leave, but this time he visited Calcutta, where as Dunk says, he had a hectic time with a number of Dundee jute-wallahs. Dunk's most exciting experience in India was when the beer ration (in bottles) tumbled into a river. Dunk says there was no need to call for volunteers. I bet Dunk was nearly killed in the rush!

The Comforts' Fund dance in Kidd's Rooms in October was made merrier by the presence of L.A.C. DAVIE NICOLSON. Davie's luck seems to be well in. After a long spell in Aberdeenshire, he went to England on a fitter's course, and then was posted—back to the Aberdeenshire village. The "Dyce" have been running well for you, Davie! (See photo pages.)

The letters of L.A.C. NORMAN GUILD are usually chock-full of newsy items. You can guess his whereabouts when we say he had 14 days' leave in Palestine, and visited Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Capernaum, and crowned it with a swim in the Sea of Galilee. Norman goes on to say, "I was amazed at the hill roads, many parts making Devil's Elbow look like child's play. One day we did 250 miles in under 10 hours. Boy! Can these bus-drivers take chances! We got back O.K. however." We suggest Norman should send some of these drivers home to tackle the "Conshie Brae."

The scene is somewhere not a hundred miles from the barren rocks of Aden. The sun is scorching down (an old Spanish custom in these there parts). Inside an R.A.F. hut, a slim young aircraftman is trying to work in physical and mental conditions certainly not conducive to good results, for the said young man, suffering the torments of "prickly heat" is also in the throes of deep mental anguish. His eyes, when they are clear of perspiration, keep straying to the window that overlooks the road along which the mail truck creeps. At last it comes chugging on its way, and a little later comes the call—"Gibson!" With a bound our young man leaps out of his chair and darts outside. There he opens up the cablegram with trembling fingers—"It's a boy!" Congratulations, A.C.I. SYDNEY GIBSON.

All we can say about Private J. DAWSON, the quiet lad from the North of Scotland, is, that he is somewhere between North Africa and Italy, and that he is fit and well.

News is scanty about RONALD WALKER, R.A.F. After a spell in munitions somewhere in Fife, he was sent back to his unit, and as far as we know, he still sports the R.A.F. blue.

Examinations and such like tortures seem to have been getting into the hair of L.A.C. JIM SIMPSON, but by this time he'll have got over them—successfully, we hope. Jim is in Rhodesia, and complains of the bitter morning cold. Fred Cairncross of the Publishing Office is billeted somewhere near, and they see a lot of each other. In his last letter Jim said Fergus Hutcheson had been in hospital with rheumatic fever, and Jim was intending paying him a visit.

The air of South Africa doesn't seem to have agreed with L.A.C. FERGUS HUTCHESON, as you'll see from the above par. Fergus was for



"Don't get me wrong, Mrs M'Whirter. It's just the pram scarcity."

some time in a place with the queerest name of Guinea Fowl. Send us one for the Christmas dinner, Ferg.

From North Africa comes news of Trooper DAVIE MATHIESON. He's another poor lad whose life is made irksome with courses and exams. Davie says he would give anything for a day or two of the home climate. What offers? However, he says there are consolations—two picture shows a week, a Y.M.C.A. hut close by, and a town near enough to have a day out.

RONNIE WILSON. For months we were asking each other—"Have you heard or seen Ron Wilson?" Quite recently the spell was broken when a note came from North Africa. Were things getting too hot for you down south, Ron, or was it a broken romance, or simply "browned off" that made you become ambitious and volunteer as a Marine Commando? He ran into Jock Moon one day. All the best, Ron, and don't overdo the Commando stuff.

ALLY DUNCAN, Black Watch, another of our "old timers" still out in North Africa. He was wounded, but is now back into harness again. We believe he has attained the enviable rank of every Tommy in the army—Quarter-Master. Yes, Ally, you make the chit for the daily rations for the boys, and in due course along comes the ration waggon—nae

bother—while the missus here at home, has to stand for hours in a queue for her weekly ration. You lucky people!

DEREK WILTON—"The 'Lone' Guardsman—we don't believe it! Although he has not much time to write his old workmates, we are happy to know he still has a girl friend who used to be in the office and is now in the forces. The fair young lady's name is to be found on page—(No, Derek, we won't spill the beans!)

JACK SHEPHERD—A Dunkirk hero, who, on his return to this country, had only a few months in England and was "found out" again and drafted out to the Far East. Yes, Jack, life is hard on some folk. With the monsoons, mosquitoes, and other plagues and pests, no doubt you are kept lively.

JOHN DUFF looks very well—more like a burly Irish farmer than a sodger. His long stay over in Ireland has done John the world of good. In fact, he was heard to say the last time he was on leave, that he thinks he will return to Old Ireland after the war, and get hold of a donkey and trap, a few pigs, and a puckle of hens, and so settle down. No doubt John also has a nice colleen spotted! He is now on a course in England.

JOHNNIE JACKSON, R.A.F., has gone north to winter. He prefers that to the west country as there is always the hope of getting a rum ration. His best joke while at a 'drome in the west, was, when one morning on parade the officer asked for four volunteers who could cycle, to step out. Eight bright boys with visions of a good time in the nearest town, immediately stepped forward. Four were selected—Johnnie being one of them. Being a "froth blower" he felt quite happy about it. The bicycles were got out of the store and, along with the officer, they set off for the day's outing. After cycling about 250 yards, the officer gave them the order to dismount alongside some unused huts. They entered one which was a mess room. "Off the tunics, up the sleeves, and get hold of these scrubbing brushes and pails of water," was the order from the officer. Great long tables and many forms had to be scrubbed white! No wonder Johnnie says "Never again."

Guardman BILL BRAND never fails to give the Caserom a three monthly visit. Missy Brand, who is exceptionally fond of her soldier daddy, accompanies him on his rounds while he is on leave. Bill got into a bit of a pickle some short time ago. Desirous of his good lady and Missy Brand having a holiday close by his quarters down south, he got his eye on a nice furnished cottage. On enquiring about a let of the cottage, he found out his officer was also keen to occupy it. Bill got the wind up, and well—"What would you do, chums?" Needless to say, with thoughts of the guardroom, he climbed down, and the officer

got the cottage. Bill found other digs and the family spent a nice holiday.

W. T. THOMSON, R.A.O.C., is at present stationed in Lancashire, where he finds the work most interesting. He looked very fit on his last leave.

Sergeant JIM SHAW left these shores in that great convoy which sailed for North Africa last November. He took part in the big landing there and accompanied the First Army on their trek east. For "Security" reasons, he says little about his own part, but gives praise to the Navy for their share in the operation. The latest news of Jim is that he is in hospital. We hope he will have a quick recovery. (See photo pages.)

DAVIE FINAN, R.A.F., is blooming like a rose, and declares it's with stoking the fire. Although officially an armourer, Dave seems to be unofficial fuel overseer, so he's busy laying in a store of coke. It's cold on them thar moors! We hope he got past the M.P. at York, all right. A sleeping-out pass doesn't allow a guy to sleep a couple of hundred miles away!

JOHN MOON is another of the army lads now in B.N.A.F. There have been no "signals" of distress from him, so we presume he is all right. We expect, like the rest of that happy bunch, Jock is busy cussing the climatic conditions of that much maligned country. One of the few to be fortunate enough to meet a fellow Caseromite, we hope Jock had a good session with Ron Wilson.

L.A.C. HARRY POWRIE, stationed somewhere about the Borders, is still as chirpy as ever. He complains about being short-staffed and having to work fifteen to sixteen hours a day. However, Harry feels he could overlook all that if only he could get a table-tennis bat in his hand. On leave recently, he was recalled after only one visit to the Palais. Too bad!

There is weeping and wailing in a south coast town. One of the oldest inhabitants is leaving at last. L.A.C. WILLIE LONIE tells us he feels like one of the O.H. Willie has been about three years at this place, and was expecting any day to be placed on the electors' roll.

GORDON ROBERTSON, of the Scots Guards, now wearing his third stripe, was looking as fit as a fiddle last time he was on leave. He had just moved to a new camp. He says nothing exciting ever happens to him, but we heard from a reliable source, that he was in a tank which reached the foot of a hill in record time, but luckily with no more damage than a few bruises and a wall knocked down.

It's a long time since we heard from GILBERT HUME. Gillie is quite a "Middle East" veteran now, and has seen a great deal of country of varying interest. We hear he is somewhere in Italy, following up the Eighth Army. He says his main ambition is to catch up with Jock Moon.

FERGUS STEWART was directed into work of national importance some time ago. In spite of long hours, Ferg still keeps cheery.

Nurse HELEN TODD, according to latest information is in Edinburgh, doing a job of patching and mending. She had a rather trying experience one evening. There was an emergency operation, and as Helen was the only one on duty she had to prepare the theatre and assist the surgeon. Helen says she was as nervous as a kitten, but everything went well. (See photo pages.)

The other two girls—MAY WILSON and ESMÉ MARNIE, are still doing their stuff in munitions.

Now for news from the Home Front:—

D. Fergusson is still on the desk and kept as busy as ever mediating between the wrath of the Caserom and indignation of the Editorial. Our Dave has had his medical and passed grade one.

Apprentices of the third generation since the start of the war are:—G. Wilson, S. Carmichael, A. Proctor, T. Coull, more interested in joy-sticks than setting-sticks, this bunch!

On the machines at present are: D. Carmichael and F. Low, (Inter-types and Linos), J. Birkbeck, Peter Reid, D. Cuthbert, J. Traill, A. Dempster, H. Ballantyne, J. Buist, J. Keir, A. Gray, W. Duncan, E. Mann, K. Beveridge. The site occupied by No. 18 has been requisitioned for a water tank and piles of sandbags. There is also a large water tank in the corner at the dining-room door. Maybe you lads in the Middle East would appreciate it more than we do!

Jeckie Buist has now joined the ranks of the operators. You can't say you didn't hear your number called when Jeck's on the slate! Also helping out at rush periods are Jimmy Findlay, Bob Sivewright and Sandy Scott.

Metal marks on the proofs continue in spite of "Big" Eck Williamson's energetic brushing! These war-time brushes!

Most of the magazine men double on two mags nowadays—and firewatching. Still chasing page and forme proofs are J. Elder, R. Sivewright, J. Findlay, J. Stirling, W. Johnston and C. Edgar.

Peter Auld presides over the "Tele" along with J. Craik and E. Simpson (The Laird); while J. Norrie and W. Cardno continue to have their hectic Wednesdays on the "News."

Owing to illness, the smiling face of Jim Wallace is still missing from our ranks.

In the Mono corner, scene of many a hot debate, the old tradition is kept going by Frank Mann, Johnny Milton, and Andy Anderson. In the glass-house next door, are N. Duncan and W. Watson.

Hugh Anderson (mechanic) busy searching for that mysterious "Mr Nobody" who breaks all the spacbands. W. Fox still distributes the

metal. By the way, Willie figured in a record transfer fee lately when he left the ranks of "Nap" for "Solo" in the Firewatching League.

In the Readers' Room are: W. Keir, M. Marshall, W. Crawford, W. Gauld, Mrs Smith, Margaret Whyte and John McDonald.

Next door in the "wee buckie" resides all alone, Harry Dryden, keeping watch over the blocks.

On the ads. J. Barn, A. Scott, and J. Halkerston still find time to listen-in to the war talks round the historic table!

Last but not least, the Nightshift, "where all the work is done?" The team is made up of J. Ruxton, W. Millar, J. Macgregor, and R. Dunn.

Geo. Scott retired this year after a long spell of service. We all remember Geo's golfing yarns of the good old days. We regret to announce that another "old hand" in the person of Sandy Arthur, died this year. Sandy had put in 65 years with the firm.

## Stereo

THE Stereo is still going hot and strong.

Beginning with the R.A.F., here's all the news.

A. FYFFE, of the R.A.F. Regiment, has now got his three tapes. Good work. He's still at the same place, and we've heard a rumour that the locals are thinking of asking him to stand for the town council after the war!

L.A.C. R. CAULFIELD, the first of the lads to go overseas, is located in India. He's been laid up with malaria, but after a spell of convalescence in the hills is A.I. again.

Corporal HARRY CAMERON is still in the West of England. Congratulations Harry—we hear that your wife—formerly Ray High of the Third Floor typists—has presented you with a daughter.

L.A.C. WALLACE BROWN, a rigger, has been moved from the far north of Scotland to Wales.

Corporal A. BUTCHART, of the Balloon Barrage, has been transferred from Scotland down London way. There'll be no slipping home for "48's" now!

Our former apprentice, DAVID MILNE, graduated from A.T.C. into the R.A.F. He's training to be a navigator and expects to finish his training abroad. The life is suiting him to a "T"—he's bigger and fatter.

A/C. W. MCKENZIE sailed away in the summer—India bound. Think he must be having a "whoopie" time as we haven't had a letter since.

The last we heard of our army representative, Gunner M. JAMESON, was that he was in North Africa.

Sig. GEORGE MCFARLANE, R.N., is taking care of our interests in the Mediterranean, while J. JOHNSTON, R.N., our latest recruit, is training in the south to be a teleprinter alongside J. Munro of the Caserom. It's a small world!

A. STEWART, of the Fleet Air Arm, breezed in on embarkation leave. He wasn't too thrilled at the prospect of not seeing the Fifth Floor for a long time to come.

We are sorry to report that JACK CRAIG, reported missing last year, is now reported killed.

Here are the lads still in dungarees:—

J. A. Purves is going strong. (Men may come and men may go, but J. A. goes on for ever!). The others who answer "here" are:—R. Burrell, W. S. Purves, C. Horne (Special Constable), W. Adamson (Home Guard), H. Forbes (Warden), W. Scott (Warden), G. Duff (Home Guard), W. Craig (Report Centre), G. Abbot (Home Guard), H. Walsh (Warden), and our new apprentice, A. McCormack (Chief Firewatcher of the Stereo!).

## DUNDEE.

## FOURTH FLOOR.

## Reporters

HARRY BOYNE, Tyneside Scottish, has got his crown up after being on a course in Edinburgh. He has been a bit of a roamer recently and has had four addresses in a very short time. At the moment he is in Scotland—hope that means you'll be able to pay us a visit soon, Harry. He has been in charge of a company and judges it to be about the most interesting job in the army.

Sub-Conductor GEORGE BEATTIE continues to be kept busy at his North of England Ordnance Depot. He hasn't been into the Reporters' Room for a while now, but we believe he was on leave in Forfar recently. Mrs Beattie and young Alan are staying there just now.

MOWAT PHILLIPS, a lieutenant in the Black Watch, last wrote us after he returned to the battalion after a spell in hospital. In his own words he "stopped a rather well directed Italian bullet, but he managed to get back in time for the 'kill'." His particular packet arrived at the battle of Wadi Akarit, where the division had a very merry party. Mowat has run into a few office pals including Jimmy Borthwick, Ronnie Birnie, and Ian Latto of Meadowsdale Artists.

ANDREW THOMSON, Indian Army. Entering army life with no handicap, our golfing reporter, Andrew Thomson, wasn't long in getting through the qualifying rounds to a commission in the Indian Army.

He is now somewhere in the "tiger country" out there, three pips on his shoulder strap; prospects of rising from captain to major—second-in-command of a battalion!

JOHN P. INGRAM, O/S., R.N., resplendent in bell bottoms and sailor cap, breezed into the office during his first leave. Enjoying the life tip-top. Chief snag rising at cock-crow—a foreign hour to any reporter. He was dying to get aboard a real ship. Latest letter shows that wish has been gratified. He writes:—

"After some wandering and a good deal more waiting, I have joined the above ship (no names no pack-drill) and am settling down quickly, if not exactly comfortably, to a life on the ocean wave. I must confess I have been sea-sick. One thing about life in a destroyer is that you learn to sleep anywhere, any time, anyhow. Undoubtedly hammock slinging is most comfortable, but I can do very well on the messdeck table, the lockers, which also serve as seats, or even on the deck. I have landed among a good set of chaps.

"During spells in port I have made a by no means inconsiderable acquaintance with the kind of things a sailor has to do—scraping, painting, scrubbing, sweeping, polishing, not to mention loading stores. One day I had to climb the mast, wriggle into a bo'sun's chair and rub bitumen paint into one of the backstays as I was lowered slowly. The rubbing was done with an impregnated cloth replenished occasionally from a bucket which rested on my knees, and you can imagine the mess I was in when I reached the deck. To-day I scaled the lesser heights of the funnel and washed off the salt left there by the spray."

John closed his epistle by extending his best wishes to all members of Bank Street and Meadowside staffs. He is a cert for kitchenette duties next leave.

ALISTAIR SCOTT, Lieut., R.C.S. After four years in the Signal Corps, Alistair is not in the least "browned off." The last news of him was still in Tunisia getting unbelievably fed up of the constant good weather. He is as fit as a fiddle and eating "bags" of fruit. In one letter he tells of a visit they had from the King. His only remark was that he was thrilled, especially when the King shook hands with him and asked how he was getting on. He has been a year in Tunisia now.

ED PETERS has been long enough in the army now to know how to fit in duties with his love for a game of cricket. As a signalman he has had his fill of studies and courses and things—with a spell of orderly room work thrown into the bargain. But when Ed was home on leave in August he was looking so fit that he had to admit that he had put in an awful lot of cricket!

L.A.C. JACK MARSHALL, R.A.F., writes home from North Africa and seems to find the life there quite good. He had a chance



"Is there a Private Broom stays about here?"

meeting in a Toc H. Canteen with Major Brian Thomson, and had a short chat with him. Jack says he was looking very well.

Wee Georgie Wood and Gracie Fields were out entertaining the boys, and gave impromptu concerts on table tops. Jack managed to have a word with both these stars. Also visiting the camp were the Western Brothers, Naomi Jacob, and Captain Richard Llewellyn.

The boys of the camp have made a "smashing" theatre complete with back cloth, footlights, spotlights, running curtains, &c., all out of scrap material and in their spare time on nine evenings!

It was just ready in time for the station's show "Chocks Away" which was written and produced in 14 days by a sergeant who used to be on the stage and screen with Will Hay. Jack seems to have landed among a lot of fast workers!

He has been doing a spot of writing for the Air Force News out there, and he's getting quite a kick out of it. A novelist, cartoonist, an assistant editor, a compositor and Jack, planned to start a station magazine, but unfortunately they were parted and the project fell through. Hard lines, Jack, but you'll have all the more time to write to your old pals in the Reporters' Room!

DAVID DOIG, R.A.F. All his friends in the Reporters' Room were delighted when they heard David had been mentioned in despatches.

He wrote to his colleagues but as usual didn't say very much about the honour. Only assured them he hadn't been tackling Tojo single-handed. There's been no news from him just recently but we suppose he's still in Ceylon.

**STIRLING DICK, R.N.** Last news from the reporters' first sailor was that he had landed at Immingham, Nr. Grimsby, from Southend via Chatham. He's revelling in comfortable bed and a comfortable hut, and highly approves of the system of ignoring the reveille at 6.30. He's not so complimentary about the surrounding country and longs for a round of golf at Caird Park.

**BERT YOUNG, R.A.F.,** now a Sgt./Pilot instructor in Wales, hasn't entirely lost the attractive drawl he acquired when training in America. He was home on leave in July looking very fit and had a final fling in London before returning to duty. Although he enjoys his work we think he rather hankers after having a crack at things himself. (See photo pages.)

**BERT CLARK, R.A.F.,** is enjoying the delights of South Africa. Letters indicate that the oranges, bananas and pineapples, to say nothing of good cigarettes at rock bottom prices, help to make life very pleasant. Last word was that he was spending fourteen days' leave in Cape Town.

**ARTHUR GARVIE, R.A.C.,** comes in with clock-like regularity. But in the intervals of his visits he is usually stravaiging the countryside—that is if it's possible to stravaig in a tank. He has now moved from his North England headquarters to a more southerly region, and while adding to his knowledge of mechanics is likewise improving his geography. It's a far cry from Ram Sales and Highland Shows, but it must be some balm to the soul of an agriculturist that his regiment's name has the word "horse" in it. Arthur was well and breezy on his last leave.

**VAL MOONIE, Pte. R.A.C.,** attached to the Sherwood Foresters, is another of those letter sinners. Val is still waiting patiently for his turn to go overseas. He is the only Dundonian in his camp, and there is only a Fife lad and he representing "Bonnie Scotland." Doesn't go to the camp dances but he can always fall back on his library for a night's "fun."

**JIMMY AITKEN, now 2nd-Lt.,** Auxiliary Pioneer Battalion, stationed in India, due congratulations on his promotion to the ranks of the "starrics." Jimmy has been "over there" now for nine months and has travelled around a good bit. He was in Central India when he was a cadet officer, and his captain wrote home to his parents stating that Jimmy was a first-class cadet and would make a first-class officer. When he wrote home last, Jimmy was learning Urdu and was expecting to sit an exam very soon. His last letter, by the way, was at the beginning of

the year. The training he has gone through appears to be a grade over the Commando stuff, and he says that it was compiled to create Generals. Let's hope so, Jimmy.

**PAT SHEARER, Staff-Sergeant, R.A.S.C.,** sent a bright, amusing letter from Sicily recently. A short spell in hospital had kept him from going there with the rest of his pals, but he caught up on them eventually. He was revelling in quantities of fruit and likes the Sicilians. His grouses are few, but no doubt he's glad to have left the desert and even Tunisia behind, where insect life was a bit of a worry. He estimated that he killed two hundred flies per day, and they had a nice line in snakes.

Just space to add the names of those who are up and on the job in all sorts of weather at all sorts of time—D. L. Robertson and S. Adamson (firewatchers), Miss L. Petrie (first aid), Miss D. Galloway (Girl Guides), Miss B. Ritchie (street War Savings collector), Mrs Daw (A.R.P. Report Centre), D. W. Mills (still coming to and from Lunanhead), J. Hart (that keen bowler!), D. Alexander (Home Guard), G. Macaulay (Home Guard), Geo. Hall (temporary from Arbroath and waiting to be called up for the R.A.F.) and young George Macdonald.

## Telegraph and Post

**SIXTEEN** members of the Tele staff are now on "combined operations." That includes pre-war staff men and the young reinforcements engaged to take their places.

The Senior Service first. **REA STEVENSON, Coder** on the Rodney, has been home from the Mediterranean after taking part in the Sicily and Salerno landings. "Battleships" he says, "always take up such dignified 'back of the goal' positions that we don't see much of the game. Still they need our tanner (unemployed gate)."

Also in bell-bottomed breeks is **DONALD MACDONALD**, home from America after Fleet Air Arm training and now at sea with a view to an R.N. commission. "Tonal" spent his recent leave poring over a Russian grammar. (See photo pages.)

Now a Sub/Lieut. in the Fleet Air Arm is **JIMMY PROCTOR**, who has completed his training as navigator. Jimmy's been in and around the office a lot, and we're going to miss him when he takes his wings.

Linking the Navy to the Army is Royal Marine **JIMMY HUNTER**, still spoiling for action somewhere in the Channel. "I have an ambition to be home for Hogmanay this year," he wrote. He won't, as he's just had leave.

Captain **DREW TODD**, Seaforths, is back to his battalion after a spell in hospital in Tripoli, due to acute appendicitis that developed in the

early stages of the Sicily fighting. He did the "long walk" with the 51st Division across North Africa. (See photo pages.)

No news for months from ARTHUR MACKAY of the Signals, but still believed to be in North Africa. Arthur joined the band of happy fathers early in June.

NEIL STEWART, now Sergeant in the Intelligence Corps, has made his way to Madagascar to edit the "Morning Pioneer." "Everything," he writes, "is hand-set by native compositors who don't know a word of English, so you can imagine the number of corrections that have to be done."

Still at home, helping the communications of a Tank Brigade, is Signalman CHARLIE LOWSON. Charlie's looking well on it—and putting on weight.

Now for the "air cover." Sergeant JIMMY NICHOLSON, the senior R.A.F. Tele man, is looking after the orderly room of a hush-hush unit down south. Came north for the christening of his three-weeks-old son.

Flying Officer IAN SAUNDERS, home for a few days' leave recently, has completed 33 operational flights over Germany and Italy in his four-engined bomber. He had just had a gunnery leader's course as part of his spell on the ground. (See photo pages.)

L.A.C. THOMSON MUDIE, still on long range wireless, fills in his spare time with football, theatricals and a threatened station magazine.

Sergeant GEORGE CLARK from his North African luxury station writes:—"The only decent stretch of sand I've seen is down at the beach. I have a shower every morning, mosquitoes are practically non-existent in this particular spot and a cooling breeze makes the climate even in midsummer pleasant. Food and drink are plentiful, as are fags and sweets, but despite every comfort, I will not hesitate to take the first boat home."

Two recruits to the R.A.F.—HUGH FRASER, now in Canada to train as bomb-aimer after a spell of rustic labour in Cumberland, and STEVE MITCHELL, just embarking on his navigator's career.

A welcome airgraph from BOB MITCHELL written by his wife—Bob says he hasn't "got round to a letter in my own hand yet"—brings the news that he is feeling very well and has started to agitate to get home. Bob, still in hospital in Quebec Province, has been out in the open air for the first time for a year.

Last but by no means least, the only Tele girl in services, strapping L.A.C. BETTY INGLIS of the W.A.A.F., is still tapping a typewriter in a northern orderly room. (See photo pages.)

Keeping the Tele flag flying and getting the editions to press more or less on time are Messrs. Pride, Stephen, Clark, McNab, Chisholm,

## Their Big Day



Flight Sergeant J. WILSON HALKETT (Parth Depot) was awarded the D.F.M. on October 26th, 1942, for his work in attacks against enemy objectives in Germany, Tunisia and Sicily.



Cpl. J. KIDD, R.A.M.C. (Advertising) reached Dundee on October 26th, repatriated from Germany, where he spent over three years as a prisoner of war. He is seen here in the kit he made for himself from a travelling rug while in camp.



A "double interest" office wedding. L.A.C. A. GRIEVE (Publishing) wed F.C. M. MORRIS, A.T.S. (Advertising) on 31st October.



FRISER A. HENDERSON (The Dandy) was 21 on October 6th. Here he is receiving the congratulations of some of his service pals on the boys' papers.



Henderson, and young Fred Menzies (now blossomed into his first "longs") and the ladies—Mrs Bessie Kelly, Jessie Milne, Lena Boyd and Elsie Thomson. There have been many days of stress and strain, but all have buckled in together to get the job done. A welcome recruit to the table is "Peem" Yeaman, former Courier sub. and just discharged from the R.A.F. Peem should ease the burden for everybody.

Most of them are busy on some form of work in their "spare" time—Jim Clark, J. K. McNab, Mrs Kelly, Lena Boyd and Elsie Thomson in Civil Defence, Jessie Milne as V.A.D., and Ralph Pride recently appointed second-in-command of his Home Guard battalion.

## Weekly News

T. H. MACLACHLAN is our latest to join up. He landed in R.E.M.E., and characteristically got down to it right away in South Wales. He was the "daddy" of his lot, and has come out tops in all his classes. Now he's in England, and his instructors are suggesting that Tom should have a go at his commission. (See photo pages.)

ALEX. STOTT is in the R.A. He has put on weight since joining up but, unfortunately, he had spent some time in hospital which is irksome to Alex.

Sergeant W. ANDERSON is still writing cheery letters from Stalag XXA5, asking for everybody, especially the female members of the staff. He has a job in the library.

PHYLLIS KINNAR was called up for munitions. She is an inspectress and takes great delight in knowing she is helping to supply the boys with the goods that count.

ALAN LUMSDEN wrote last from Central Mediterranean, and he has been taking advantage of seeing all the historic sights.

WILLIE LINDSAY is now full corporal in R.A.S.C. and has seen service in Sicily. (See photo pages.)

Captain J. M. BORTHWICK has been ace Observer Officer to the 51st Division from El Alamein to Sicily. He has now been transferred to another division of the 8th Army.

En route for another of these courses he always seems to be en route for, WALTER GRAY looked into the Weekly News Room lately to get a few tips on firefighting from the office firewatchers, and in return gave Iza a few wrinkles on the Latest Fair Isle designs. He is now a Company Officer in the National Fire Service, and based in Lerwick, the most northerly outpost of the N.F.S.

There's a full time job for all the lads left.



F.A.A. Photographer  
W. P. REID  
(Photographers)

Lt. F. RITCHIE  
Airborne Troops  
(The Scouts)

Ordinary Seaman  
D. A. MACDONALD, R.N.  
(Telegraph and Post)

*Services  
Spotlight*

Nurse HELEN TODD, V.A.D.  
(Readers)

Nurse C. B. HORNBY, V.A.D.  
(Publishing)

A GID. NICHOLSON, R.A.F.  
(Casseroom)

L.A.C.  
W. JOHNSTON, R.A.F.  
(The Tower)

Sgt. Pilot  
H. S. YOUNG, R.A.F.  
(Reporters)

Mr P. Dun is still putting the lassies through their paces on fire-watching duties.

Mr J. H. Hardie turns out with Home Guards. Mr J. D. Thomson has a Fire Guard Section. Mr John Forbes clocks in for firewatching. Miss Ruth Whytock and Miss M. Colston keep us all bright and cheerful, and out of office Miss Whytock does firewatching and nursing auxiliary duties, and Miss Colston also reports for firewatching and is Chief Guard of N.A.R.P.A.C. Anna Low is in Phyllis Kinnear's place.

## Topical Times

OUR most recent visitors were ALAN GALLOWAY, ERNEST ANDERSON and ROBERT WILSON.

Alan has been in the thick of the sea-war, and he has forgotten how often he has crossed the Atlantic. Having said "good-bye" to his French crew, he's now on a special course ashore in Scotland preparing others for further adventure.

Ernie is finding as much fun as ever in his Pioneer Corps, and there's plenty of hard work along with it. Since his sojourn in Ireland he has driven practically every type of truck in the British Army and can steer a shrewd course on a Bren carrier.

Bobby still does his job with the R.A.F. in Angus with the rank of corporal.

We haven't heard from W. P. SMITH, Lieut. in H.L.I.

We've had a wedding. Flight Sergeant MARJORIE MAITLAND, who used to be so particular with our letters, married Pilot Officer Leese during the summer. After her long stay in the North she is now stationed in the Midlands.

Mr D. A. C. Grimmond helps out on the most depleted staff of "Weekly News" and is an A.R.P. Warden. The Scottish Command calls on him to do his job as a War Correspondent. He's been with the Commandos, with the Fleet Air Arm dive-bombing in an Albacore, and jumping from a practice parachute with the Poles.

## At the Ends of the Corridor

IN his old room which looks out on to Albert Square and Reform Street, Mr D. C. Thomson is to be found, with Mr Harold as his next door neighbour. Just outside are found Miss Walker and Mrs Ireland—know her? Until last February 10th she was Miss Grace Cockburn, and on that day she married Mr James P. Ireland, Broughty Ferry.

We are sorry we do not have a photograph of her, but we can assure you she made a very charming bride.

Early in March the Wire Room lost a well-known and much-liked member. Miss Dewar died after a short illness. Mrs Marshall is in her place. J. Aitchison is also there carrying on his good work, while J. Williamson and D. Brown are in the Creed. The "wire" girls at present are Sheila Porter, Irene Fox and Cathie Barclay.

Mr H. R. Cook is often tracked to earth in the late G. B. D's room, while Mr Grant occupies his own familiar room.

Mr HOWARD THOMSON is still an absentee with army duties. A lieutenant, he is stationed in the South of England.

Mr Eric Thomson is also in this corridor. An enthusiastic member of the Home Guard, he is now a corporal.

The Phone Room keeps the bells ringing with Nan Cunningham and Jean Gunn at the switchboard.

The other departments on Fourth Floor at the west end carry on the good work with Miss Orme and Miss Horsburgh handing out books and photographs in the Library, and Miss Ritchie assisted by Miss Bella Wilson, recording the war's progress in newspaper cuttings.

Former members of the Filing Dept. staff now on war service are BETTY DINELEY, in the W.R.N.S., and GRACE SMITH, on munitions. Since joining the Navy, Betty has found romance, and on November 3, she was married to Officer's Steward George Cooney, R.N. Good luck, Betty!

DUNDEE.

THIRD FLOOR.

## Editorial

HULLO FOLKS, here's the Magazines calling. No big changes to announce on the Courier Front since last year. But we ARE claiming two records! First of all we do solemnly declare that the first girl in the office to get clogs belonged to our department—M. OSLER. Her firm tread has since induced others to follow. The second record is this—F. TAIT (Red Star) has won a rink championship at curling. Other office representatives fell by the wayside! Again this proves that you won't go far wrong if you hitch your wagon to a star!

Now here's the "gen" about our wanderers—more news about the homebirds at the end.

We'll give pride of place to CHICK CHECKLEY (Red Star). The R.A.F. evidently decided it was high time he saw some of England. They'd post him to one spot, and no sooner was he settled in than off he'd have to go again. This went on so long that Chick soon became quite an

expert on deserted villages. He was finally sent to the wilds of Cumberland, and there he stayed long enough to do all the donkey work in beginning a station magazine. Then the Powers-that-Be remembered him again, and lo and behold before the publishing day he was on the High Seas. Next came word from Canada! He's there now. Had a great trip over with cigarettes at half-a-crown for two hundred. That made him nearly join the Navy! He's still pop-eyed at the lack of black-out, and the wealth of newspapers and magazines. Here's a sample of his tea—cold pork, salad, cheese, pickles, macaroni and tomato sauce, followed by ice cream and sponge cake, and of course, tea, bread, butter and jam!

On his first 48 hours, he hitch-hiked to Niagara. At the Services Club there he was lucky enough to fall in with Mrs Ben Whistler who is in charge there. She immediately asked him to spend his leave with her and her husband. Chick says they treated him like the Prodigal Son. He says: "They showed me Niagara Falls by car as I could never have hoped to see them myself. Nothing was too much trouble for this grand couple, and can Mrs Whistler cook! I ate grapes in their garden—yes, they grow outside here, and I ate fresh peach pie at lunch time." Chick recently won five dollars in a story competition.

Sergeant ERIC ILLINGWORTH, R.A.F., Chick's old room-mate, has also travelled far. Here's his story of his landing in North Africa:—"Our convoy lay in Algiers harbour for two days, and during that time we were subjected to a real Jerry welcome. For two nights the Hun bombers and torpedo-bombers came over and Hell was let loose. We had a terrific A.A. defence and Jerry had a tough time of it. On the second night in the thick of the raid we disembarked.

"With flak and machine-gun bullets making things very unhealthy I, with others, staggered down a spidery gangway to the quay. We carried a full load of kit, including two kit bags. We formed up in threes, dumped our kit bags, and at three o'clock in the morning began a ten mile route march with full pack and ammunition. Every now and then we had to scramble as Jerry dived down, but no one was hurt or even shaken and the march went on through the dark streets and the pouring rain. We sang as we marched—'Pack Up Your Troubles', 'Le Marscaillaise' (this for the benefit of the civilians who watched and waited), 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' (tugs at the old heartstrings) and more crude and equally rousing R.A.F. ditties. And so we arrived at our transit camp." Since then his mother has written us that Eric is in Sicily. Always a musical bird he has formed a choir which is to entertain the surrounding troops.

L.A.C. JOHN MC COLGAN the third Red Star member is still on the



"They used them against the Germans in the last war."

Scottish East Coast. There's no news of him to give you as he never has any to give us!

Captain IAN CHAPMAN (Family Star) is in the South of England. He took part in the big army manoeuvres there early in the year, and was one of the journalistic staff who produced a daily newspaper telling how the "battle" was proceeding. This was an entirely new venture and was highly successful. The paper reproduced maps and photos as well as news. Ian was photographed when home on leave. (See photo pages.)

Corporal IAN GARDEN (R.A.F.) has now been instructing would-be wireless "ops" for two-and-a-half years. Here's what he says about his spare-time:—"Outside tennis our sports are as last year, fishing, cycling, and raising occasional tankards of an ever-weakening ale. Soon we shall have to drink only because we are thirsty, since no other effect—no temporary lifting in the service blackout—will ensue." Judging from Ian's appearance he is thriving in spite of things. On leaves he is out with his rod at his old love, Letham.

IAN SMITH (ex-Family Star) is another lad who has been hitting the high spots. Now a Flight Lieutenant, in July he was awarded the D.F.C., but so far he hasn't disclosed what for. He was a member of one of the Hurri-bomber squadrons who battered Rommel's troops and also assaulted Pantellaria. He was reported missing, too, but in true Smith fashion walked back after ten days. He says: "I've seen Huns die, dozens of 'em, horribly and painfully, to my own guns—and

what a glorious sight it was!" He had the luck to meet Mr Churchill in Tunis, and got his cigar butt as a souvenir.

Corporal GRACE ENBRIGHT (Family Star) is now down in England slogging away at a Wireless-Ops course. She gained her promotion while in W.A.A.F. admin., but there was a fifty per cent. remuster of personnel so hence her new address. She says her next address is bound to be "County Asylum" but we're not taking a bet on it. Knowing her we can picture her calling "D for Dick" in professional fashion yet.

After a year's service BABS ALEXANDER (Family Star) has also collected her corporal's stripes in the W.A.A.F. as a clerk General Duties. She came out top in the exam but her cap still fits her. It's always a tonic when she breezes in, full of life and more attractive than ever. She has to work hard, but it's a grand excuse, too, because she's always "too busy" for P.T. and who can doubt a corporal? Still heart-whole, she says, so take heart, boys. (See photo pages.)

GORDON CLYDE (Welcome) didn't let the grass grow under his feet when he joined the R.A.F. The result was that he gained his commission after less than a year's service, and is now doing hush-hush work in the South.

DAVID DOIG the other Welcome also showed he was a fast-worker—but in a different sphere. He sprang a surprise on us all in April by announcing his marriage to Miss Kathleen Waters, a young lady from Northern Ireland. Actually this is an O.C.T.U. romance, for he met her while training in Wales and just kept us in the dark. However, the army has no time for prolonged honeymoons so within a few days David was bound for overseas. After a spell in Gib, he is now in North Africa on special instructional work. By the way he is a lieutenant. His wife is in the W.A.A.F.

JIMMIE LOTHIAN (R.L.) still wears the two stripes of a corporal, R.A.F. The high light in the past year for him has been a wonderful holiday spent in the Himalaya country. The seemingly endless snow peaks against a deep blue sky: the magnificent rainbow hues of the sunset: the glories of the dawn: he's seen them all. He has also been up in the Kamet direction for another break. (See photo pages).

J. McFADYEN (ex-R.L.) has been invalidated out of the Merchant Navy after being ill in West Africa, and is at present waiting to be called up for the Navy. His little girl is now at school.

ISOBEL NELSON said farewell to the Typists' in spring after being drafted into the A.T.S. Usually when she appears in the old room her first words are—"Now don't tell me!" She's referring to the few extra pounds she has put on, but they improve her and she is a real knock-out in her uniform. She's in a mixed-battery down Mersey-side

way. They had a grand dance for the A.T.S. birthday celebrations, complete with two cakes. Her only regret was that there was not time for the exhibition eatsome she and other seven Scotties were to put on "to show the English." NANCY LINDSAY has also left the room, prior to taking up nursing, and MURIEL GEEKIE is now in the L.N.E.R. offices. MURIEL BIRD left in mid-October, being directed into munitions.

### THOSE LEFT BEHIND.

Mr Donald still reigns supreme. It's a comfort to go into his room with a problem and read the motto on the wall: "Work faithfully for 8 hours a day, and DON'T WORRY. Then in time you may become the Boss and work 12 hours a day and have all THE DAMNED WORRY!" We hand it to him—he may have the worry, but thrives on it.

R. D. Mackay is mighty with the pen in office hours, but after that it's the spade and hoe for him. The onions and leeks he grows at Craigielea appear to be the biggest ever. But as the largest fish always feeds the fisherman the slip, so the rabbits seem to make off with R.D.'s best!

About the Magazine staffs themselves. Welcome-Woman's Way houses Ella Ferguson, Isobel MacRostie (nee Quirk), Mary Benvie. Red Letter room has another trio. A. A. Cuthbert (Wormit's head warden: passed Grade 1 for the army: the owner of an onion tree among other things) occupies the Editor's chair. Winnie Mirley and Mollie Gauld aid and abet him. A very welcome visitor is sometimes found here—Miss A. S. Maxwell. She takes a lively interest in office affairs, and is always asking after those in the Services. Red Star—Family Star's combined staff is headed by F. Tait (the afore-mentioned curler, and also we may add the fisherman who tells you he just caught one and no funny stuff. But it's a different matter where his bees are concerned—his just don't seem to know they're supposed to make honey—according to him!) The three girls who carry on with him (in a purely business way) are Barbara Glass, Margaret Osler and Kathie Mitchell.

In the Typists' room Ella M'Gill (nee Coleman) is in charge. Her husband has now two pips. The juniors are Muriel Baxter, Jessie Wotherspoon, Betty Smith and Morag Campbell, a wee lass from Tayport who writes Gregg's shorthand. In the old Family Star room Bella Wilson is often found getting order out of disorder among the hundreds of gifts sent to the Sunday Post "S.O.S." Service.

## Artists

IF you'd walked into the Artists' room a few months ago you would have seen the most amazing collection ever of home-made "creepie-crawlies." Some had wings as big as palm leaves: others had eyes like saucers: others bodies like barrage balloons: and still others legs like pokers. What was it all about? Ask Bill Mechan and whisper gently the word "Blairgowrie." It's a long story this about his summer holiday. But when Bill's dramatic p.c. arrived with news of the little "home from home" he'd found, the Artists decided to give him their idea of the unexpected inhabitants he'd met in his bedroom. There was some talk of selling the "exhibits" for the Comforts' Fund—but there were no offers!

Now for those who are away. We'll deal with the Army first—the Eighth Army. IAN LATTO, our former young apprentice, is now a lieutenant in a Scottish regiment in this glorious band, having fought in the African and Sicilian campaigns. He caught a packet but was soon up and at 'em again. He was sitting watching "My Sister Eileen" in a Sicilian picture house when suddenly the show was stopped and on to the screen was flashed the news of Italy's unconditional surrender. He said you could have cut the silence with a knife and then there was a tremendous burst of cheering. Half the audience rushed out to celebrate, but Ian being a true Scotsman saw the round before going out! (See photo pages.)

BOB STEVENSON, now a sergeant-major in the Tank Corps, was sent Africa way. To let the lads know where he was without saying it he wrote: "I've heard about the blazing sun overhead—now I know all about it." The homebirds guessed correctly, too. He says he'd give a lot to be packing his kit for the Cairngorms.

GEORGE RAMSBOTTOM is still with the Signals Corps in India Command. Some illustrations of his have appeared in papers out there. He had a bout of malaria, but is on his feet again. He sums up India thus:—" . . . so colourful a continent rivals Inversnecky for parochialness!"

Bombardier JOHN FRASER is also out India way. (See photo pages.) His letters show he is still the same old John. We are sorry to have to record that his mother died in Dundee during the past year.

J. NICOLL is now a sergeant-major attached to an army film unit, with headquarters near London. It's no novelty to him to rub shoulders with the great men and women of the film world.

FRED STURROCK is still a general duties man attached to the R.A.O.C. He's married, of course, and since he only finds time in his leaves to drop in at two minutes to one, we can only guess at his activities!

IAN DUNCAN, one of our apprentices, was called up early in the year. He is a signaller attached to the Royal Field Artillery. The last time he was up was on embarkation leave.

Now for the R.A.F.! L.A.C. JAMES SMITH is the first of the Artists we've heard of getting a "dog leg" for good conduct. He's been attached to the Central Link Training School for three years now, but hopes to take up cartography soon, and if this materialises he's to have a shot at getting his commission.

Corporal HAROLD PEARCE put in two years in the Hebrides, but his song is now "The Road From The Isles." He's still in the wilds of the North, though on the mainland. He feels, however, he is getting nearer to civilisation. At his last spot they cut the crops with a sickle, but where he is now they use a scythe! Being an Englishman he refuses to take kindly to our climate, and won't appreciate that his schoolgirl complexion is due to good Scotch rain!

L.A.C. GEORGE DRYSDALE is enjoying life to the full. Now stationed in the North of England he's hitting the high spots in an R.A.F. dance band. His band won second place in "The Melody Maker" Northern Counties Dance Band Championship, and he himself won the special award for the best trombonist, and received it from Harry Parry.

L.A.C. DAVID OGILVIE is in the North of Scotland at the same camp as George Miller, People's Journal. So far they haven't encountered each other. Dave is full of beans, looks a few pounds lighter, and is quite an ad. for an open-air life.

JIMMIE MALCOLM is a sergeant in the R.A.F. Regiment. Began life at a town high on the social scale, but soon deteriorated to a much more plebeian locality.

L.A.C. SAM FAIR we believe is now overseas. After a series of sudden leaves and more sudden recalls there has been silence.

L.A.C. JIM LORIMER has not changed his address, where he is attached to the photographic section. He's now the proud father of a son. To remind you, he married Gladys Walker who used to be Editorial's head typist.

News comes rarely from Corporal JIMMIE LATTO, R.A.F. He was married in Slough, but we don't know the date or the young lady's name. He went in for a pilot's course, but he says the navigation caught him on the hop.

Corporal IAN MACKAY is the R.A.F. mystery man. Shuts up like a clam about his job, so we suspect he must be one of the Backroom Boys—or nearly!

Here's our sailor boys now! Musician JIMMIE FARQUHAR was shore based for a while after some thrilling experiences. But he's on the mighty deep again aboard a battleship, complaining about the heat.

Your guess about his whereabouts is as good as ours.

Great news about Lieutenant MEL SCOTT (R.N.V.R.). He's been transferred to the Indian Navy, and shortly after his arrival in the East he was married in Bombay Cathedral to Dr Ann Griffiths. He had let no one here into his secret.

Lieutenant COLIN GRIERSON, (R.N.V.R.), called in to see us four years to the day he joined up, looking as fit as ever. Most of his time has been spent around Iceland. (See photo pages.)

TOMMIE REID, N.F.S. is still stationed near home. We'd like to hear more about the fire where he got soaked. But whatever happened they didn't manage to quench his inward fires!

DUDLEY WATKINS is attached to the Wartime Police in the "Kingdom." Fortunately he still finds time to keep "The Broons" alive.

All we know of TOM SMITH, N.C.C. is that he is in Derbyshire.

ALISTAIR MCCALLUM, our apprentice, has just been called to the Navy.

MARGARET GRAFTON, A.T.S. was attached to a mixed A.A. battery in the South. Now a corporal she has gone on a special course.

ANN ROBERTSON who used to be in Mark's room is a home-based telegraphist in the N.F.S. The uniform and life seem to suit her to a "T".

MARGARET DUFFUS was married at the beginning of the year to William Turner, formerly of Arbroath.

Here's the roll call of the present department. Ladies first! Miss Tuckett, "Nickie", Doris Kinnear (nee Brine) and Gladys Checkley (nee Couch) wield their pens in their own little domain. Mark Antony still works away at his littered desk, as full of beans as of yore. Esther Morrison, a Morgan F.P. is the only "little Artists' girl" at present. Across the corridor it's "as you were." Chick Gordon, Dave Spink (senior warden of a sector in Carnoustie), George Reid, Proutie (a stalwart in the Home Guard), and Gus Lang still out-Montgomery Montgomery—on paper!

The big room is a bit of a morgue with so many empty lairs—sorry, chairs. But those left behind still cause as much bother as a roomful! John Roy is always hard at it. Apart from his own work, he's always getting Editorial folk at his throat. If things go wrong it's "Take it to John!" If a thing's late it's "See John!" John is a real miracle man. In spite of his job he's popular with the Editorial. Akrigg and Toby Baines are still partners in the back seat. Bill Davidson sits in the second row.

Ted Lawson sits in solitary state in front. Then comes "Peem" Walker and Ed Martin, who is seen sometimes on the stage of the "Rep." At the "foot of the class" is Bill Mechan. Across the room

we find J. Crichton hard at work on "Korky." "Dunkie" sits in front. He's just the same—quiet, polite and ever generous. J. M. Glass (still a bridge fiend) and Jack Gordon are in the same old chairs. In the wee room Tommie Laurenson is kept as busy as ever. G. Anderson was an absentee for several months, but he's fit again.

## DUNDEE.

## SECOND FLOOR.

# Boys' Papers

THE Old Home of Rest isn't the same as when you fellows now in the forces kept the chairs warm. Picture the Boys' Papers rooms if you can. To begin with, all four rooms to the back—the old "Rover", "Beano", and "Dandy" abodes—are stark empty. "Wizard" and "Rover" live together; so do "Beano" and "Adventure."

But the biggest difference is in the staffs. No longer could anyone pick a couple of tough rugger fifteen out of the thirty-odd blokes in their husky late 'teens and early twenties. We've only the original editors and five youngsters—all good lads—under the age of 17!

If you wandered in on one of our special Friday nights you'd get a cheery surprise. We've been using these empty rooms for whist drives for the Comforts' Funds. Bring-your-own-basket-of-food affairs, with good fun, prizes, and plenty of cheerful chatter. Generally 50 or 60 of the office and their wives or sweethearts or husbands turn out, and although it gets a bit stuffy with the black-out, a goodly time is had by all.

And, of course, some more grist for the postal orders for the boys.

Here's how you're doing:—

Fr/Lt. RONALD D. FRASER, D.F.C. (Hotspur). R. D. F. is still P.O.W., but a cheerful one. Recent letters show he thinks he will be back on a sub-editor's cushioned chair "pretty soon now." He has heard of George Moonie's marriage and wonders what his own chances will be. (He doesn't say whether the 'chances' are for marriage or for survival as a bach). He is fit and well anyhow.

Sub./Lt. A. W. BARNES (Dandy) R.N.V.R.—blew in from West Africa in October, after several months out there. A. W. B. did a bit of jungle exploring as well as seafaring, and certainly got the sun. He was a nice coffee-gold all over, when we saw him at badminton. The heat was worst. Decks and ironwork as hot as Hades, no cool drinks. At the time of writing he awaits a new ship and wonders if he'll add to his geography. He hasn't done so badly up till now with voyagings

to North Russia, Iceland, Algiers, West Indies, Scotland and West Africa.

Captain GEORGE MOONIE (Beano) Royal Marines. June brought promotion to captain. In August he became just a mate when he got married. So 1943 has been a big year for big George. Training has been intensive and varied. He's had fun too. Played in a representative rugby match against the Navy and covered himself in mud and glory. You'll see more of George in the photo page of weddings.

HAROLD H. MOON (Rover) Black Watch. Since last year's news, Harold has been through the mill. He was wounded by machine-gun fire from a Messerschmitt at El Alamein, but later on went into Tripoli with the 51st. Then Sicily next, and again he was unlucky. Details have not been clear, but as a result of mortar-fire Harold lost his left eye, but has not suffered disfigurement. In fact, he writes that it is hardly noticeable. He made a good recovery and in October sent word he had got a job on the "Tripoli Times." So he's back on the old job, more or less. Let's hope his luck holds good now.

Ft./Sergt. ARTHUR HENDERSON (Dandy), still manages home as often as ever. He is now stationed near Edinburgh. Arthur celebrated his 21st birthday when here in October. (See photo pages). There's a tale to be told of how he spent that night. There were new dents in the ice at the ice-rink, holes in the dart board, and a wind up at a Salvation Army meeting. Not bad going!

CHARLES SMITH (Rover) R.A. The blond gunner is still functioning at a show-piece anti-aircraft site just outside London. The Prime Minister's daughter was attached to the battery which incidentally was mixed. Chick runs the paper there and he has a hard time keeping up with the matrimonial tangles. The King and Queen paid a visit to the battery and many cinema shots were taken. What about Chick as successor to Charles Boyer, Mr Goldwyn? Chick celebrated his second year in the Service the same time as the whole battery celebrated its anniversary.

Craftman W. ANDERSON (Wizard) R.E.M.E. Willie has been out getting hairs on his chest, being attached to a mobile battery of R.A. Most of the time he lives in a tent, but when the battery shifts from one site to another, a hayrick or a hedge is the shelter for the night. It's a big change from when he was pen-pushing for the Pay Corps. Willie prefers the he-man stuff.

L.A.C. J. WEBB DAW (Dandy) R.A.F., was glimpsed for a minute in a barber's shop in Dundee. He was having his hair trimmed after his sojourn in the Orkneys. From beneath the tangles of beard and barber's cloth, he muttered something about coming into the office to tell us all about his wicked life in the North. J. W. Daw never happened in.

We must regretfully conclude that he was snapped up by some fair maid between Reform Street and the Courier.

S.B.A. KENNETH WALMSLEY (Dandy) R.N. Still a poultice-walloper with the Fleet. We had exciting accounts of his adventures in S. Africa, relayed by various of the lads, but the latest "gen" came from his father who is major of the Home Guard. Ken was bowled over by a bout of malaria and landed in hospital in Durban. He's doing well and is likely to be based ashore for some time, now.

HARRY MARNIE (Dandy) Fleet Air Arm. After he had passed his square-bashing course in the South, Harry managed to dash home for a few days leave before he went abroad for his wings. An airgraph has just been received telling of how he reached Canada and is now stationed somewhere near Ottawa. The Fleet Air Arm are lucky getting such an enthusiast. (See photo pages.)

RALPH R. BROWN (Rover) R.N. Ralph still has as much energy as usual. Apparently he got slightly browned-off with common or garden coding, so he volunteered for a special course dealing with a very special type of craft. He was so very secretive when he told us about it that we visualise he is possibly helping to man one of the two-man submarines. No matter what it is, Ralph R. will put plenty of beef into the job.

Sergeant A. T. BROWN (Wizard) R.A.F. The sun shines clear on Tom Brown as per usual. He is now compass-swinging near home, after a successful season in the South, where he managed to sneak leaves every six weeks or so. Tom had a holiday up in Sutherlandshire, and the result is a Waaf is now wearing a ring on her third finger, left hand. Tom wears a ring through his nose. Congrats on the engagement!

W. M. JOHNSTON (Rover) R.A.F. Bucko is still in the North. He looks fitter than ever. (See photo pages). Just can't seem to get moving for his tapes on account of having to wait for dead men's shoes, but that doesn't get Bucko down.

RALPH J. DUNCAN (Rover) R.A.F. We presume Ralph is still wandering the desert sands after having been evacuated from Greece. He was heard of in the Middle East, but we wouldn't be surprised to hear he is practising his swing in the Italian vineyards by now.

JACK HENDERSON (Rover) R.A.F., now sports a couple of tapes. "I got 'em the HARD way!" says Jack. There's a crack there somewhere if we could only work it out. He's an R.A.F. "Commando" and was last heard of on the South coast. (See photo pages).

IAN CHISHOLM (Beano) R.A.F. Sweat, sand and pests, is Chizzy's lot, and he'd willingly swop the glamour of the East for one close-up of the third-floor typists. But his writing's so bad, as usual, that maybe

he means something else. Anyhow, you'll have to queue up with the rest, Chiz! (See photo pages.)

Flt./Lieut. "JOCK" SINCLAIR (Adventure) R.A.F. Just about due for another ring. Jock's still instructing in a "hush-hush" way he tells us—maybe that's why he spends so much of his leaves in London! Hush! Hush! (See photo pages.)

GEORGE RAE (Beano) R.A.F. George is exposing a few R.A.F. films and things where the jute-wallahs knock back the burra-pegs. His biggest complaints include a goat that drinks the hypo and fireflies that fog the films. (Can't you fix that goat any other way, George?). (See photo pages.)

JACK RAMSAY (Adventure) R.A.F. After years of being browned-off waiting for an air-gunner's course, is happy at last! He landed in Canada and lived on the fat of the land. His last letter ran to 5,000 words (almost) and every line was fair bubbling with enthusiasm. The Maple Leaf for ever! Then, what a shock he gave the boys when he arrived home for a leave—flown across the Atlantic in fourteen hours! Jack must be the first Courierite to fly the "Big Drink."

JOCK WALLACE (Beano) R.A.F. Flight-mechanic now, and recently posted to an English cathedral town near the Welsh border. Jock's had a spell in Ireland, too, so his Blairgowrie accent's getting a cosmopolitan complex.

ERNEST RITCHIE (Beano) Airborne Troops. Ernie wears a couple pips now—as well as three automatics and an armful of badges that would turn any Boy Scout green with envy. He is slimming on the principle that "the heavier they are, the harder they fall." On his last leave Ernie gate-crashed the Broons' Ball. (See photo pages.)

IAN MURRAY (Adventure) 2nd/Lieut. Black Watch, and now training a bunch of 18-year-old veterans for the Big Show! Judging from what the police have told us about his spell on Tayside, Ian's the right man for the job!

HAROLD CRAMOND (Adventure) R.A. Maybe there aren't any phone boxes in Sicily, and that washes out "Horsa's" favourite way of getting in touch with us. But we've good news of him from Ian Latto (Artists) who bumped against him in an orange grove or some other fruity place. Harold's still a B.S.M.—one of the big shots!

ALISTAIR INNES (Beano) Fleet Air Arm. Long distance jitterbug champ of the Fleet Air Arm, and the Beano's most recent gift to the nation's need. From latest reports his bell-bottoms are swinging it in the wilds of Nova Scotia. We don't know whether he's been "up a 'ky" yet—but we're willing to bet he's been up to something!

2nd/Lieut. STANLEY STAMPER (Beano). The Second Floor two-tone siffleur, is still staggering under the white man's burden on the Gold

Coast. He seems to be spending his time huntin', shootin', and fishin', but so far he hasn't sent us any monkey nuts or ostrich feathers.

DOUGLAS NEILSON (Beano) R.A.C. Tanks seem to agree with young Doug. He gets bigger and rosier every time we see him. Apart from a secret worry that the Beano's not doing so well since he left, Doug is enjoying his sardine-tin existence.

BILL OSLER (Adventure) R.N. Bill has shattered another illusion for us. The Navy no longer soaks its tobacco in rum—but water! Maybe of course, that rum's wanted for a different kind of soak. Bill's home port has been in Fife for a long spell, but he has rumour of a shift to a new wireless cabin.

J. R. MACKERSIE (Skipper) R.A.F. Mac has been in the R.A.F. so long now that he can't speak English any more. Recently he has been seeing a lot of England with 19 other aircraftmen on some special job. Won't talk about it even in his sleep. But it's a good life because they're never long enough there to get on the guard rota. Mac had an unfortunate experience in one of the tip-and-run raids. He took a short cut to his gun position through the camp cesspool. Spent the rest of the alert under a shower!

ALASTAIR PETERS (Skipper) R.A.S.C. Ally is probably on his way home now—via Italy—as he was last seen by the Prime Minister in the



"Whae's runnin' this war, you or me?"

march past at Tripoli. Even Ally was impressed by the occasion. His one grouse was that the R.A.F. makes sight-seeing a waste of time. He's a corporal now but still has to make his own tea. (See photo pages).

JAMES M. LOW (Hotspur) Royal Corps of Signals. Jimmy is having a hot time in Irak, coping with a temp. of 118 degrees. He is in Signals, and is learning to be a pukka sahib. Doesn't know what the white man's burden means, as the Indians do all the fatigues.

W. MANN (Hotspur) R.A.F., so far has found the R.A.F. almost a home from home. Spent the summer in the Lowlands and is now in winter quarters learning to be an engine-basher.

L/Cpl. LESLIE BOWMAN (Wizard) R.E. Les went abroad early in the year and we now learn that he had to swim part of the way to North Africa. Just another of those yarns that will have to wait till the end of the war! Miss Jean Elizabeth Bowman celebrated her second birthday not long ago and is likely to take on a staff job where her parents worked, at any moment now.

JACK SMITH (Dandy) R.A., now a bombardier in the Middle East. Jack spent his last leave in Luxor visiting the tombs of Tutankhamen. He and his pals found it quite exciting, but found much more excitement at a native wedding where the chief attraction was a dancing girl who did her stuff to the native version of the bagpipes.

ERIC HENDERSON (Dandy) R.A.F. An occasional letter comes through from Ceylon where Eric is leading a very pleasant existence. As Eric quotes "One is constantly expecting Dorothy Lamour clad in sarong and smiling, to step out of the palms. Indeed, some of the boys have seen her—while under the influence of native toddy!"

HARVEY WALKER (Wizard) R.A.F. Back to his home from home in the North of Scotland. Still instructing, but he hopes to break into 'ops' again. We occasionally get a flying visit from him when he raids Dundee. Now sporting a crown above his sergeant's stripes—after two years of waiting! Congrats, Flt/Sergeant!

Major D. C. GRAY (Wizard). A full-blown major in the Hyderabad Regiment. The receipt of last year's edition of "The Courier Folks In War-Time" in July, made Don come out of his jungle fastness and break his long silence. He spends most of his time dodging stray bullets in Pathan villages and is "out-wolfing the Wolf of Kabul." He can shoot, skin, clean and cook a goat in next to no time. He reports that on one of his brief sojourns to civilisation he came on the work of George Ramsbottom, (artists) in an Indian service magazine, entitled "The Victory." (See photo pages.)

GEORGE THOMSON (Dandy) R.A.F. Now in Yorkshire. The same old, quiet lad with "nowt" much to say. Spent an epic summer

*Here  
and There  
with the  
Forces*



CARL A. TODD  
(Telegraph and Post)  
in N. Africa.



2nd Lt. I. LATTO  
(Artist)  
snapped in Italy.



Morning toilet in the  
African desert for  
Cpl. D. IRELAND  
(Photographers).



Sgt. J. SHAW (Caseroom) right,  
suns himself at Tobruk.



LT. R. MACLURKIN  
(Sunday Post)  
and some Gold Coast friends.



CPL R. GALLOWAY (Perth  
Dispatch) poses up with a  
chooch in Ceylon.



Off for a turn in a Calcutta gully  
—Cpl. J. LOTHIAN (Red Letter).



"Sheik" H. ANDREWS  
(Glasgow Office)  
in Cairo.



Dvr. W. CUNNINGHAM  
(Jobbing) off duty in  
Tripoli.



Sgt. N. DOW (Adver-  
tising) poses for a  
Sicilian photographer.



Cairo calling! Pte. W.  
WRIGHT (London Office)  
on the 'phone.



Dr. B. ROBINSON  
at Catania.



Sgt. N. FRASER  
in Egypt.



L. Bdr. R. WILLIAMS  
in Palestine.



Major D. C. GRAY (The Wizard). On duty at the Khyber Pass.

A trio of Manchester Pressroom stalwarts.



F. Sgt. I. BATCHELOR  
(Circulation)  
Somewhere near Alexandria.



Sgt. J. GORDON  
(Glasgow Office)  
in the Middle East.



A. C. CHISHOLM  
(The Beano) outside his "better life" in the Middle East.



Cpts. W. LINDSAY  
(Weekly News) and A. PETERS  
(The Skipper).  
Tea for two  
in Benghal wdy.



Pte. J. ROBERTSON (Jobbing) on leave in Bombay.



Bdr. J. FRASER  
(Artist) on leave  
in Calcutta.



Sgt. G. MILNE (Manchester) snapped shortly before he was taken prisoner at Tobruk.



A. L. H. MARNIE (The Dandy) training near Ottawa.



A. C. G. RAE (The Beano) off for a canter through the Himalayas.

leave showing a Canadian pal the night life of Blairgowrie.

GEORGE L. BAYNE (Annals) R.N. George crossed the Atlantic in one of the latest of the new all-wooden minesweepers. The shallow draught of the same said boat meant quite a rough trip for George, but he stuck it out. He was last heard of heading for a warmer clime.

DONALD GREEN (Skipper) R.A.F. Safely ensconced in Monkton, Canada, for training as a bomb-aimer. He already had one false start on the way to Canada. Donald was actually on the ship ready to sail, but had to be carried off on a stretcher with a touch of diphtheria. He should be home some time soon.

BILL SWINTON (Dandy) R.A.F. Bill had been out of touch with the office for a month or so, which is unusual, when a note arrived to say he was doing his stuff in the far North.

JAMES HOUSTON (Wizard) R.N., stuck to the tradition of the Silent Service for a long time. Then along came a letter telling us he was editor-in-chief of his ship's paper. He is operating in the Mediterranean at present.

BOB PATERSON (Rover), is now stationed at Rawalpindi. He is a full-blown 2nd/Lieut. in the Indian Army Ordnance Corps, and sports an address at Lloyds Bank. However, Big Bob assures us not to be misled by this, he has not accumulated too much of India's untold wealth. He has very posh quarters in a bungalow and is learning a trade.

Lieutenant T. B. CUNNINGHAM (Hotspur). It was whispered that Tim C. came home wounded from the Middle East to a cushy job in Scotland. But being only 20 miles away seems as far as 2,000. He hasn't managed in to see his old pals in the office. Married life may be weighing too heavy on Tim.

NORMAN FOWLER (Wizard) R.A.F. Norman used to delight us with frequent visits—bubbling over with cover ideas and proudly showing pictures of Miss F. Maybe Norman has gone abroad or perhaps his daughter is keeping dad at home. Let's hear from you, chum.

Lieutenant W. S. SCROGGIE (Wizard) Cameronians. Sid joined a Highland regiment—and was last heard of in Inverness-shire. Always keen on the hills, Sid is thoroughly enjoying his "Red MacGregor" existence.

A. MACKINTOSH (Wizard) R.A.F. "Toshie" left early in August for the R.A.F.. He is now on an I.T.W. "Toshie" caused quite a flutter after his departure when vague whisperings of an engagement crept into the office. There's been no official acknowledgement or denial of the same said contract.

ROBERT MCNAUGHTON (Wizard) R.A.F. The Second Floor's latest recruit to the R.A.F. Like "Toshie", Bob McNaughton was an

ardent A.T.C. member. No doubt he's telling the instructors where they go wrong, by this time.

That accounts for pretty well everybody who has figured in Boys' Paper work, and as an envoy, here's what the homesters are doing:—S. D. Gilchrist, sergeant, Special Police. (See photo pages); A. C. Hunter, warden out west; W. Blain, corporal, J. N. Low, private, and J. Hutton, L. Cpl., Home Guard; R. D. Low, ambulance.

The junior members of the staff are Angus McKenzie (Rover), and Ronald Millar (Dandy) A.T.C.; Jack Hutton (Hotspur), N.L.Sea Cadets. Albert Powell (Adventure-Beano) binds books for the Forces, and Munro Paterson (Wizard) is in the Army Cadet Force.

## Sunday Post

**S**TILL going strong at the old pitch, the S.P. team sends best wishes to absent members.

Warrant Officer Air-Gunner DICK HUTCHISON still languishes in a German P.O.W. camp. But he's not letting the grass grow under his feet. In a letter dated September 9, he says he's just resumed "after the summer holidays"—(a good touch, Dick)—a course of journalism he began in spring under a Yankee newspaper man. Dick's full of beans, and confident the show'll soon be over.

If Dick is compelled to stay put, our other exiles are very much mobile. Especially IAN DUN, R.A.S.C. During the year, Ian has got around to such purpose that he's collected both a wife and a commission. Last time he dropped in (almost removing the lintel of the door) he looked as if the double event thoroughly agreed with him. At present he's in London on a course in publishing. (See photo pages.)

RONNIE MACLURKIN, R.A.P.C., has added a second pup since last we reported his progress. He's also changed his sphere of operations from West Africa to Middle East. In a letter which has just beaten the dead-line he remarks—"I've been in lonely places for so long that when I do find myself in a fair-sized city I'm absolutely lost and tongue-tied." Ronnie tongue-tied! We don't believe it! (See photo pages.)

Lieutenant NORMAN DEBOYS has also had a change of air—in North Africa. Since he disappeared into the blue, first-hand news has been scanty. But unofficially we hear that he took Pantellaria. We seem to remember reading that some other chaps were there, too. Why? we wonder.

Even our solitary feminine representative gets about—and how! (Ask no questions, but that exclamation means a lot). Nurse MYRA FINDLAY, V.A.D., is no longer tempting wounded navy boys to delay

convalescence at a north-eastern hospital. For several months she's been at a Fleet Air Arm base in the west, where the work is less exacting. We hear rumours of strange adventures—but the censor's listening.

The home front has seen little change this year—except that forenoon coffee is now the most important feature of the day, with Betty Langlands the expert provider.

J. B. M. (now sergeant in charge of No. 2 section of the Home Guard), and J. H. C. J. can still be found any Tuesday—any day, in fact—struggling to conjure ideas out of thin air. Jimmy Ritchie has formed a firm partnership with Doris Brine (Artists) to produce the funny drawings which adorn the centre pages. And John Dron (still a confirmed follower of Aberdeen F.C.) criticises films and the B.B.C. with all the aplomb of a James Agate.

We have two new members—Mrs Anderson who succeeded Lilian Mounsey (now a proud mamma), and her assistant, Vina Herd.

During the year the Services have made no new calls on the strength—thank goodness. But John Dron expects to line up soon. O.K.—we can take it!

Also in this corner of the building, you may run into Mr Syme Anderson or his staff, Mr J. B. Hornby and Winnie Anderson (nee Arbuthnott).

W. S. Greig and George Marshall also "room" here.

Then there's that den of the W.P.R.A. with Mr C. A. Anderson in command, dictating to Norah Learmonth. What puzzles us is this—are the empty milk bottles sometimes seen here, for salvage—or what?

DUNDEE.

FIRST FLOOR.

## Jobbing

**I**T's all quiet on the Jobbing front these days. There's no hum of young voices, nor splashes of bright colour from dozens of overalls. Those who are left aren't pining away by any means, but they're looking forward to you all coming back and stirring things up.

Here's the roll call of the compulsory absentees.

First of all here's the latest about Gunner A. LAMB. Since his return from Iceland he has had quite a number of changes, varying from a post on a lighthouse to the present luxuries of a castle. But Andy feels his stay there will not be long, as it is too good to last. He has been helping in the harvest this year, and says he has done a worthwhile job. Fortunately he was quite near home, and managed to be there at weekends during his six weeks "down on the farm."

Sergeant ALBERT MASTERTON having been stationed in Gloucestershire for over two years was beginning to think he was to be left there for the duration. So you can imagine the shock he got when he was told he was to be moved. Albert was thinking of himself as one of the "local lads" until he was put away on an instructor's course in Wales.

BERT ROBERTSON was called up as a gunner but put in a long spell in London as a Medical Orderly. He has now been transferred to Derby and is working on the telephones. He says, however, he would rather be back doing hospital work.

Driver W. CUNNINGHAM has been with the M.E.F. for two years. During the battles of Tunis and Tripoli he was with an Indian Division. (See photo pages.)

The Army let Sergeant BERT ALEXANDER see a good part of the British Isles and then posted him to India. There hasn't been much mail from him yet, but we are sure he will take to his new life like a duck to water.

Private J. ROBERTSON, Indian Command, has seen service in Burma. He had a bad time with malaria when he landed, but we hope he has had no further trouble. Says he prefers Broughty to Bombay, so here's hoping he will soon be paddling in the Tay again. (See photo pages.)

Captain STEWART ROBB is as elusive as Hitler. We heard from him in May when he was stationed in the south of England. Home in October—stationed north of Scotland.

We told you last year how Corporal A. ANDERSON just missed a trip to Russia, well he's now back in Scotland after a few months in North Africa. He's in the R.A.F. ground staff and went abroad in a ship laden with troops.

ISOBEL HYND (V.A.D.) is still down in England working in a military hospital. She and her sister Margaret have been lucky enough to be together since they left home.

SADIE CAULFIELD, who divided her time between the department and being "relief man" on the lift was called up in September for munitions. She has been fortunate enough to get work very near home.

Two former Jobbing girls have been married during the year. MARGARET ISLES (in munitions) is now Mrs White, and BESSIE JOINER who was transferred to Bank Street at the beginning of the war became Mrs Wallace in July.

EFFIE SIMPSON (now Mrs Young) is in the W.A.A.F. up North. She has had a spell in hospital but is now on her feet again. Stationed with her is Margaret McWalter formerly of Bank Street. Effie is still clerk-typist in Sick Quarters. The other day she had to type out a sheet on which the diagnosis was "Mild Recurrent Appendicitis" and get the M.O. to sign it. In came the M.O. a few minutes later to ask if this was a new disease or what. Puzzled Effie looked at the paper. Do you know

what she had typed? "Mild Recurrent Apparatus"! Looks as if she'd been dreaming about that husband of hers who is posted not far away! (See photo pages.)

Here's the staff who keep the home fires burning. Miss Nicoll and Nan Kilgour are the only "petticoats" now. Willie Mitchell (who is upmaking this book), Willie Johnston and J. Stirling divide their time between here and the caseroom.

The "Competitions" once so busy a room is reduced to two—Miss Doig and Miss Thomson.

## Fiction Department

THE Fiction Room is looking a bit more like its old self again. But for a few months you could scarcely see the staff for the piles of entries in our short story competition. However, all good (?) things come to an end, and the staff has now had time to collect some news about you who are away.

Well, it has been an eventful year for two former members of Fiction Dept. They have signed away their freedom. GEORGE HOSSACK turned up one day last summer and proudly introduced "the little woman"—May, a charming member of the A.T.S. George has been transferred from the R.A.M.C. to the R.E.M.E.

Our other member to get hitched up will prove a sad loss to all the lads who cherished hopes of one day making the grade. Yes! Glamour girl L.A.C.W. EDITH TAYLOR is out of circulation. On a June day she became Mrs Anthony Hunt. The happy man is a Flight-Lieutenant—one of the Battle of Britain heroes. We wish George and Edith long and happy married lives.

Our other George—GEORGE DUNSMORE—is now a sergeant, R.A.F. After a long sojourn at East Lothian, he departed south for his training—and what a training! "Nearly killed me," he says in a letter, "but am proud that, although the oldest member of the course, I stuck it out to the end. Several of the over-thirties dropped out." Good going, George!

BAES SUTTIE—now L.A.C.W.—is still in the Forth area, and what she thinks of the town she is in wouldn't appear in any guide book!

1943 has taken JAMES VEITCH to distant lands. He is on radio, and seems to have a sort of roving commission with the M.E.F. He is now A.C.I. He has had the luck to get a first hand view of the Pyramids.

Although a busy lad he is managing to turn out a few stories to keep in touch with the old firm.

Those still keeping up the old tradition of the department are Mr H.

R. Brown, a keen A.R.P. warden, and the bee-adviser-in-chief of the office, Catherine Lang, Audrey Smith (in the shadow of Bevin's axe), Winnie Phillip and Sheila Graham, a new member straight from Grove Academy.

## DUNDEE.

## GROUND FLOOR.

# Circulation Department

**T**HIS hive of industry—no joking—is keeping the old flag flying. Bent heads, rounded shoulders, the phone ringing, coloured labels on desks, it's like the old days—but for the many familiar faces that are away.

We'll let the Navy lead in the bombardment of news.

NORMAN ALEXANDER is still stationed in the North East, but this should not worry him much since he has become engaged to a young lady who is resident in the granite city. Just got a rise in his pay, too—nincence a day forsooth! In a recent letter he writes: "Here's a small item of personal news. I've stopped smoking—getting the wind into trim for the scramble to be demobbed. Reckon I'll need plenty of training. So far as I can see I won't exactly be in the first bloom on the happy day."

A. B. GORDON MILLS, has had some interesting experiences since leaving this country in June, '43, visiting Gibraltar, Algiers (which showed great changes since his last visit there the previous November—Allied Forces being seen everywhere), then Sicily, where they covered the landing of the Canadians and the Royal Marine Commandos. After giving all bombardment assistance necessary, they moved further afield to assist the British. Despite the fact that he seems to be in the thick of things, Gordon still goes ashore with the bathing parties. Officially these are fruit gathering expeditions, returning with grapes, lemons, melons, tomatoes, figs and almonds.

Gordon was married to a Glasgow girl in the spring (see photo pages).

Here's the Army with its supply of good things.

Driver W. SMITH (Perth Depot)—when last we heard from him, was enjoying the lovely weather and swimming facilities in North Africa. Hoped to meet Wilson Halkett or J. Alexander (both from the Perth Depot), who he had heard were in the vicinity of Tunis.

L./Bdr. D. FINLAY (Inverness Depot), writing from Sicily, says life goes on just the same—with lack of reading matter his main worry—however, he's anticipating a bunch of Sunday Posts and Weekly News.

Wonders if the Borthwick on the "Eighth Army News" is our J. Borthwick, and hopes to meet him.

Pte. J. ALEXANDER (Perth Depot), is fit and well and accustomed to the heat and more or less resigned to the flies in North Africa. A French family has done much to make life more comfortable for a pal and himself. The language presents difficulty, but a mixture of English, Scotch, French, and the Indian sign language, does a lot to surmount this.

Cpl. L. BELL, R.A.M.C., in the past six months has found circumstances change considerably. During this time he has been stationed at a camp for P.O.W. in Central Scotland, where he first saw to the dispersal of two and a half thousand Italians.

Here's what he says about some Nazi ones who went through his hands:—

"Rommel was affectionately known as 'Poppa' and appeared to stand next to Adolf himself in their estimation—Goebbels they laughed at and called 'Big Mouth.' Himmler they detested, and all had an insatiable curiosity regarding Hess. Adolf stood supreme, away above all ordinary human standards, and in three months I never once heard criticism of him."

S. McRITCHIE was promoted 2nd-Lieut. and posted to the Gordons in June. Since then he has put in a lot of hard work on exercises, &c., and still enjoys the life very much. Was looking very fit on his last leave and showing signs of avoirdupois. Returned south after his last leave.

Here's the Air Force with their "packet."

L.A.C. J. S. BURT, after a lengthy stay at a station not far from Dundee, has been transferred to Morayshire.

L.A.C. W. J. ANDERSON, is still stationed in the North and looks like becoming a fixture at this 'drome. He has plenty of work in his own little corner and plenty of interest to keep one from wearying.

Ft./Sgt. IAN BATCHELOR is back in this country, after completing the necessary number of flights in the Middle East. (See photo pages.)

Last June with only a few available gallons of petrol left, his plane had to make a forced landing near Alexandria. While the tanks were being refilled the crew went off for a meal. Then his letter goes on: "What could have been more amusing than the sight which met our eyes on our return? Alongside the Halifax was a lorry filled with twenty gallon drums of petrol, and a queue of sixteen Arabs were anxiously awaiting the opportunity to assist with the pumping into the wing tanks. Under normal conditions this would not have been extraordinary, but when such optimism prevails humour is activated!"

"The capacity of the aircraft tanks runs into four figures, and is filled

from a normal Bowser only after considerable time. An accurate comparison cannot be made, because we never discovered if the 'spray' position was used on the pump for this occasion. Yes, they were using a stirrup pump!"

Cpl. J. B. DEVINE has been dragged from his lighthouse in the North to "school" in Lincs. He doesn't seem to be too enamoured with this change, but finds the course very interesting.

A/C. R. ROBERTSON, R.A.F. (Perth Depot.) As his picture on the photo pages shows, is quite enjoying life among the Air Force boys.

A/C. J. F. COOK writes to say he is in rather a nice part of the world (M.E.F.), and although fairly quiet, seems to enjoy it. Swimming in the Med. helps to combat the heat. He can't complain of lack of travel, as he is never static for very long. One of his journeys was from the Russian border to somewhere in N. Africa. Jack drove a lorry the whole way and enjoyed every minute of it.

Sgt. J. C. QUIRK is somewhere in Cheshire. We haven't heard from him for some time (the reason may be too many home comforts—Mrs Quirk now travelling with him). Stop Press—Wait for it—he's just dropped in and is looking fit and well. (See photo pages.)

L.A.C. R. M. SILLER, somewhere in the Middle East, and quite settled down to the life "in the blue." Complaints of lack of canteens, picture shows, concerts, &c., and to combat boredom does a lot of writing to correspondents in India, Ceylon, Persia, Iraq, Aden, Kenya, Iceland, as well as Blighty. Met two fellow members of the staff—Robertson, Perth depot, and J. Suttie, Bank Street Despatch.

Cpl. R. GALLOWAY (Perth Depot)—been in Ceylon for almost two years. Keeps very fit. (See photo pages.)

We were very thrilled to read the following announcement in the Courier of Oct. 28—1943.

#### D.F.M. FOR CITY AIRMAN.

Flight-Sergeant John Wilson Halkett, R.A.F.V.R., No. 114 Squadron, has been awarded the D.F.M.

This airman has completed a large number of attacks against enemy objectives in Germany, Tunisia, and Sicily.

By his keenness to fly on operations, and his skill as an observer, he has overcome many difficulties and contributed largely to the successes achieved by his crew.

Flight-Sergeant Halkett was born in 1908 at Dundee, where his home is. He enlisted in 1940 as air crew.

Our warmest congratulations! (See photo pages.)

Mr GRAEME THOMSON has spent the year in the Middle East. Cairo,

we hear, got too hot for him, and so he migrated to a nice quiet spot known as Malta. Luckily the worst of the blitz was over when he arrived, and he could settle down to his job of Press Censor. One of the thrills he had was watching the Italian fleet steaming in to surrender. In his most recent letter he tells of bathing from the same beach as Lord Gort, but we gathered there were other bathers whom he found more interesting. Nuf sed! Since that letter he has again had a move, this time to North Africa. So he's gradually getting nearer home. Query—How long at the rate he has been going will it be until he appears at Meadowside? Perhaps some of our Counting House maths experts will work it out.

Now for the girls!

Wren M. BRUNTON is now stationed in her home town and pays us an occasional visit. She still longs to be back in the Orkneys.

L.A.C. W. M. OUCHTERLONIE we believe is now in the Highlands. Never hear from her.

Pte. M. H. R. TAYLOR has been in the A.T.S. since February, '43, and is stationed in the south. Likes the life very much here and hopes to remain at this camp for at least a few months. Boxing Day is celebrated, and Maureen's 21st birthday is to be the reason for a cake on this day, too.

EFFIE WALKER (now Mrs Sibbald) was called to munitions in February, '43. After putting in four months training at Glasgow, she was given an appointment as inspectress in a factory in her home town. She was married in September and now lives in Edinburgh (see photo page).

Here's the roll call of the department. R. F. Grant (still tapping that pipe of his on the Courier wall), C. A. Anderson (the waste-paper chief), S. R. Mudie, W. M. Anderson, R. Simpson, Misses M. Forsyth, N. Learmonth (our indefatigable Comforts' Secy.), H. Stewart, F. Thomson, Mrs Keiller and Misses C. Pugh and G. Cartmill.

## Advertisement Department

THE Middle East seems to hold an irresistible charm for the lads of the Advertisement Dept. Whether the lure is Females, Fruit, or Fighting has never been revealed to those left behind. The Boys just vanish and the next thing we hear is that they are in the Middle East.

NORMAN DOW, holds pride of place for 'he has marched with the Eighth Army.' He started away back at El Alamein, and the latest

word to reach the office was that he had now arrived in Sicily, where he was enjoying life, having collected three stripes on the journey.

The Sicilian dames must like the look of a Scotty, for one stopped Norman on the road one day, and insisted on him handing over his shirt to be washed. Done while you wait style. Of course, that may only have been a way of detaining him for a little more conversation. He says he finds life very pleasant on the isle, and gets lots of fresh fruit and honey, &c. His one lamentation is NO toothpaste. We hope this has been remedied ere this. Good luck, Norman, keep going, and you'll be in Berlin in no time. (See photo pages.)

Captain A. S. NICOLL has also helped to chase the Jerries out of Africa. Some of his letters made us feel rather envious reading about the ice cream and fresh fruit he was able to get. He was also having a spot of sea bathing which came as a welcome change after months of little water, and no chance of a hot bath whatsoever. Captain Nicoll's last letter, however, dated October, tells us things are rather quiet where he is at present, and he wouldn't mind a little excitement, there is nothing much to do except sample the local wines, and they could be better.

WILFRED WRIGHT (London Office) is another lad who has been in North Africa for a long time, and still doesn't find the desert any more to his liking. According to his last letter, he expected to be visiting Europe in the near future. (See photo pages.)

ROBERT BAYNE is one of our best correspondents. He is now in the land of Cats and Carpets, attached to what he calls the Lost Legion, doing welfare work. He rather puts the local canteen in the shade when he speaks about their canteen frying 1000 eggs each evening, with about 150 gallons of tea to wash them down with. (He should be glad they don't serve chips as well). They can't have heard about egg rationing in Paiforce.

Robert is assistant to Rev. M. Spence, and not only conducts the singing but also the service on occasion. His work has enabled him to visit a few of the places around, such as Bagdad, Teheran, &c., but he says the glamour and romance fade at close quarters. He visited the offices of the Iraq Times where he found they still do flat-bed printing.

Flies are the biggest pest, and nothing seems to shift them. You're too far away or we would send you some Flit, Robert. N.B.—We hold no order for advertising Flit in this publication.

Flying Officer JAMES ANDERSON is located at Heliopolis, and runs an aerodrome all by himself we hear. Jimmie Christie and Norman Dow have both visited him, and been entertained. They all enjoyed having a good yarn over old times. James leads a very busy life and has a lot

to do in the way of organising, &c., but enjoys the work. The climate is great. No rain for the last six months. It seems a good place to go to spend the Dundee Holiday Week.

JIMMIE CHRISTIE has been doing a good job of work in the Mediterranean. Spends about 28 days out of 30 at sea, and could tell some good stories of his exploits between Malta and Gibraltar while on convoy duty, but we can't give you the low-down on that here. The last photo we saw of Jimmie he was looking his usual cheery self, and like Peter Pan never seems to grow up. Met any good golf courses on your travels, Jimmie? If you don't do a spot of practice now and then, you won't be able to get your place in the Press Club team when you return.

Lieutenant BILL SIMPSON is the latest to join the trek for Alexandria. He has been minesweeping around the shores of this isle ever since war started and collected his second bit of gold braid in September. Hearing that Admiral Cunningham had been promoted, and there was a vacancy out East, he volunteered for service abroad. It may not be correct, but the story reaching the office is that he has gone to take charge of the Italian Navy. Here's wishing you all the best, Bill. (See photo pages.)

The latest member of the staff to join up is also heading East. ALEC GOW, not so long ago "Heid Lad" of the Tele advt., is now a full-blown sailor man. He has just completed his training ashore, and dashed into the office the other day to say "Cheerio" and that he was off abroad somewhere. He is thrilled at all the things he expects to see while ashore, and is going to be very disappointed if the "dames" don't come up to expectations. Good hunting Alec.

And now to change from East to West. DOUGLAS GARDEN has been in Canada to complete his training for his wings. (The ones on his tunic we mean). Douglas has been doing solo flying, and in between times seems to be having a very good time. His training is nearly over however, and he expects to be back in this country ere long, when he'll show the Jerries a thing or two once he gets inside a bomber.

Now for lads nearer home.

Lieutenant JACK GRIEVE, now skipper of his ship, has been having a pretty strenuous time this past year minesweeping in a very dangerous area. We can't tell you where, but most of the sweeping is done in the blackout which doesn't add to the joie de vivre. But Jack never grumbles. He looks very fit and is very keen on his job.

Bombardier JIMMY TAYLOR is at present back in Scotland after a long spell down South. He is kept very busy playing in the Regimental dance band, and says he can now get his double-bass under his chin. (See photo pages.)

FRANK ANDERSON a Sergeant Navigator in the R.A.F. He has finished

his training, and expected to go on Ops when he returned from his last leave.

ANDREW PATTISON, is still on munitions, but has not been into the office to see us for a very long time now.

Lieutenant STANLEY COWIE, is still in India. He had a short spell in hospital having his tonsils removed, but has now quite recovered. We hear that his nurse was very charming.

GEORGE HINTON seems to be all over the Globe. One day he is in the office seeing us, and the next thing we hear is that he is at the other end of the Earth. Latest word was he was doing the sights of New York, or as he put it 'I'm having my usual good time amongst the bright lights and visiting all the locals to the detriment of my pocket.'

The hero of the hour, of course, is Corporal JIMMY KIDD, R.A.M.C., who was repatriated and returned to this country at the end of October, after having spent 3½ years in different prison camps as the guest of the Germans.

The first nine months after Dunkirk he spent in France attached to a French hospital. Jimmy is pretty good at French, and the Germans decided he was a Frenchman, and wouldn't listen to him, so there he had to stay. Then he moved on to Poland, Czechoslovakia, Germany, and back to Poland. Being an orderly in a hospital he was able to get about quite a bit.

Jimmy caused quite a stir at Leith when he stepped ashore dressed in a kilt, (see photo pages). This he had made himself while in prison camp, out of a travelling rug, and a very good job he made of it. (It has been suggested that he should start a make-do-and-mend class in the office, for the other males). All his old friends will be glad to know he is fit and looking well, and after his month's leave expects to be back in the thick of things again. Good luck, Jimmy.

PEGGY MORRICE (Mrs Grieve) still a member of the A.T.S. was married to her "Andie" in St Enoch's Church, Dundee, in October.

Peggy looked very charming in a dusky pink dress with brown sailor hat and accessories. (This won't interest the males, but we're sure the girls would like to know how Peggy looked as a bride—See photo pages.)

The old faithful still in the office are Mr Thomson, who still keeps the rest of the department up to scratch. Mr Morrison, busier than ever with his 'Battery.' He sees that the guns are fired occasionally just to let us know they are still there. Tom McLaughlan looks after the counter staff. Douglas Norrie sees that the Tele still gets a few adverts. in, and George Morton supervises the office boy.

The female team, consists of Ella Beat, who still argues with the Editorial as to the space allotted for advertisements in the Weekly News

and Sunday Post, and does a little canteen and Report Centre work in her off time.

Beatrice Rose keeps a strict eye on the advertising in the magazines, and is one of the very efficient members of the office First Aid Party. She also does a spot of firewatching in between times. Rita Pattie still looks after the department correspondence, does her share of firewatching, and in the evening, sees that the lads who visit the Broughty Canteen get a good supper. Helen Williamson attends to the cash side of the advertisement transactions, is also a member of the firewatching team, and does her share of dish washing in one of the canteens. Margaret Robertson assists at the counter and keeps an eye on the young males of the department, or should I say the young males have an eye for Margaret!

Walter Hayward officiates at the office boy's desk.

## Publishing Office

THE faithful clock still ticks away the hours in this busy room. The main difference a visitor notices—male visitor of course—is that the large majority of the youngsters are bare-legged—bleak November winds haven't made them spend those coupons on stockings yet!

But, we'll get back to business. Here's the low-down on the departed: ARCHIE DORWARD of the R.A.F., after a lengthy stay in his native land is now back in England. We hope the climate is more to his liking!

WILLIE FINDLAY of the R.A.F. is still in the vicinity of the Great Metropolis. He has been so long in this place he is thinking of taking out his naturalisation papers.

Willie is keeping his hand in at the various sports and manages to keep his place in the station football team.

LINDSAY MURRAY, Royal Navy, was called up early in the year and is now "all at sea" for the first time in his life. No word from him so far, but he might be too busy collecting Italian warships.

ANDREW WILSON pops in to see what's left of the costing dept. when he's home. He was attached to the Royal Artillery and is now at an O.C.T.U. He will be getting his pip one of these days.

FRED CUNNINGHAM lives up to the slogan—join the R.A.F. and see the world. Fred did his initial training in South Africa and visited Germany and other places after returning to this country. He then flew to North Africa for a few visits to Sicily and Italy. He walked in recently disguised as Ronald Colman. But it's no use girls, Fred is sticking to the R.A.F., or at least to someone in the service (W.A.A.F.)

WILLIE KING, R.N., has gone abroad, but up to the time of going to

press no word has been received where he has landed. Willie would enjoy the voyage after being a shore sailor for so long.

JOHN GELLATLY, R.A.F., was in seeing us on his fourth (or was it fifth) embarkation leave. He assures us it is the real thing this time. Someone has been using the sand-paper, but John is looking as fit as he did when he footed it for the Amateurs.

JAMES ROSS of the R.A.C. is now at a pre-O.C.T.U. teaching gunnery. Jimmy has joined the band, and in his last letter he was saying that at one dance there were four A.T.S. to every man. Sorry boys! Can't supply the address. It's a military secret!

FRED CAIRNCROSS is stationed near Bulawayo with the R.A.F., in a place he describes as the size of the Howff, and twice as dead. Boasts of a Clark Gable "tash" but it is a wasted effort as there is no Locarno in the district. Spends all his spare time writing billet-doux. We hope he remembers the breach of promise law embraces South Africa.

FRED WATERS—still in India with the Black Watch. Has been raised to the rank of corporal. Longs for a breath of the cooler air of Scotland.

GORDON MAXWELL, R.A.F., has been transferred from Middle East to Malta and mentions conditions there as settling down. Eggs for instance are now only one shilling each. Good work if you can get it.

JIMMY McLEAN, R.A., has now returned to Scotland. He is training to go to sea as a gunner. Good shooting Jimmy!

ANDY GRIEVE. Another unconditional surrender. Andy joined the ranks of the benedicts on 9th October. His bride was our own Jean Munro—Peggy Morrice to you, brother! (See photo pages.)

EDWARD ROBERTS, R.A.F., now sergeant, has had a variety of jobs. After two years experience as chaplain's clerk he "qualified" as book-keeper in the Officers' Mess (with access to the bar). Someone dropped a piano on Ed's foot (he doesn't say from what height) with the result he spent two months in hospital. Is now on special course down south.

Mr BRIAN THOMSON had a year as D.A.A.G., in an armoured division, but in the latter half of the year he was sent east where he is on Headquarters Staff. By a happy coincidence, on the way east, he found himself on the same boat as his brother, Flying Officer DEREK THOMSON. The latter, however, wasn't content with the Mediterranean, and the latest news of him is that he is to be found on India's coral strand.

Here's the tit-bits about Bevin's girls!

AMY TODD, W.R.N.S. is now in South Africa and says she is enjoying the wonderful sunshine and fruit to the full. Lucky girl! David Low of the Boys' Papers was in the same convoy, and in Durban she ran into Fred Cairncross.

JOAN FIRTH, another Wren, is stationed in the South of England. When on leave she regales us with lively stories of life "in the stores."

ELIZABETH MOIR ('Lizzie' to her pals) is now a member of the A.T.S. in the Isle of Man. In spite of P.T. with barking sergeants, classes and so on, she manages to see quite a lot of the island, and does she make our mouths water with the feeds she and her pals get on their travels. (See photo pages.)

IN JANET ROBERTSON the Publishing has the honour of having the first member of the staff in the Land Army. She is meantime working near Dundee. We are expecting a bumper crop of tomatoes next year, Janet.

LYSBETH SCRYMGEOUR, of the A.T.S., is still stationed in Yorkshire.

EDNA McINTOSH's motto must be "Mum's the Word!" It's a long time since we heard from her or saw her in the office.

BERYL HORNBY is a member of the Florence Nightingale league, and very natty she looks in her V.A.D. uniform. We are sure, boys, you would like her to hold your hand and calm your fevered brow! (See photo pages.)

HILDA SHEPHERD, now a corporal, is still near Edinburgh. Is not managing so many "48 hours free" nowadays, as she is in charge of a department. Generally manages to coincide her spare time with that of a sea-going member of the sporting papers. Guess who?

Here's the homesters who dash in at a minute to nine.



"Grapes again! Are there nae fish an' chip shops in this ruddy country?"

Mr T. Leslie (an officer in the Home Guard) occupies the managerial chair. His little daughter, Judy, is thriving apace.

The rest of the male staff on the publishing side in the commercial room are Messrs C. Gracie, A. Dow (thinking of retiring on his daughters' earnings at the "tatties"), J. Fox (an aspirant for the onion growing championship of the office), A. Soutar, D. Bruce, T. Pratt, G. Tuite, R. McMillan, and L. Clegg. The ladies: Misses B. Nairn, C. Leslie, M. Low, D. Cameron, G. Marshall, E. Anderson (our enthusiastic war savings collector), A. Tosh, A. McDonald, E. Fenwick, M. Farquharson, J. George, Mrs Duff, Miss C. Smith, Mrs Young, Misses G. Anderson, I. Knight (who's had a medical for both A.T.S. and W.A.A.F., and is waiting till the Army and Air Force toss up between them for her), May Elder, M. Thom, E. Hill, N. Wilson, E. Diamond, J. Paton, M. Scott, D. Brown, M. Oliphant, M. Cameron (a keen hockey player), G. Moonie, E. Clark, A. Soutar, M. Nicoll, Mrs Taylor, Misses E. Withers, E. Nicholson.

## Machine Room and Despatch

WELL, boys, here we are again! We take this opportunity of extending to you all Hearty Greetings and Best Wishes from the Despatch and Pressroom. Judging by the airgraphs we receive from the lads in the Middle East, they seem to be quite happy.

BILL DONALDSON, Royal Marines, is wandering "All Over The Place," having been in North Africa, Egypt and now Sicily. (See photo pages.)

ARCHIE WATT, R.A.S.C., is in North Africa. The climate is certainly doing you no harm, Archie, if your photograph is telling the truth.

The last word we had from RON MILLER, Army, was from North Africa. He attended the Victory Parade at Tunis.

We were very surprised when Guardsman DAVE HALLEY dropped in to see us from North Africa a few weeks ago. He is suffering from a bad leg wound, but is looking well. A speedy recovery, Dave!

Lieutenant ALF GRAHAM paid us a short visit the other week. Congratulations Alf on getting the second pip. Here's the low-down on an unofficial "exercise" of his. He says: "One day I was riding a motor cycle along the sands at ——— in Ireland.

"I had been in the habit of going for spins along the sands which stretch for miles round the coast, and this particular day, I was spinning merrily along, and I spied what I took to be a small pool in my path, and being "Scotch" and not canny, I stepped on the gas. Imagine my horror when I found the water creeping over the top of my pants, and my engine dead with Irish water.

"I shan't go into details of how and when I got back to camp, but I

## FOUR SERVICE 'GROOMS



A.B. GORDON MILLS, R.N. (Circulation) deserted his belt-bottoms for a kilt for his wedding in April.



2nd Lt. IAN DUN, R.A.S.C. (Sunday Post) and his W.A.A.F. Bride, Corp. Evelyn Oliver of Rummy, Cardiff



Flying Officer GEORGE TURNER, D.F.M. (Caseroom) and his bride Miss Carmen Chartrey of Madrid.



Captain GEORGE MOONIE, R.M. (The Beano) wed pretty Miss Marjorie Chalmers, Dundee on August 11th.

## H.G. Manoeuvres on "THE COUP"



Sgt. J. Martin (Sunday Post) instructs his section on the rifle.



A smoke and a joke at "stand-easy" time.



Cpl. Forbes (Advertiser Pressroom) and his men advance at the ready.

was glad no one saw me." (See photo pages.)

A/C.I. JIM ADAMSON, is a flight-mechanic located in Ireland. Hope you have gained your "Props" by now. We want fuller details about you and your "difference" with the Adjutant!

BOB SPALDING is now in the R.E., and has passed a trade test as a Class 2 Millwright.

Had a visit from DOUGLAS DAVIDSON, L.A.C., R.A.F., and he is looking well. He's going on a course and hopes to get his tapes. (See photo pages.)

We have had no word from WILLIE HENRY, R.C.S., lately. The last we heard he was going on a course.

Now for the Home front. We are carrying on as usual. The Despatch staff includes Willie Allen, W. Watt, who is getting on nicely since his discharge from the army, N. Pearson, R. Duffin, A. Bain, T. Whitelaw, J. Borland—Jack, an A.T.C. member, has just passed his medical and hopes to go soon as a flight-mechanic to the R.A.F. The "despatchettes" Lizzie Allan and Bertha Carmichael (nee Watson), are doing great work, and it would be a dull place without them.

The Machineroom staff includes Mr Dall (Overseer), H. Watson, (who keeps everything going with his whistle), T. Grant, W. Rollo, A. McLaren, Jack Reid, Jas. Reid, N. Brown, J. Brand, R. Lawson, T. Blackwood, A. Soutar, and D. Scott.

We regret to have to record that Mr W. J. Johnston of the Saleroom, died in the Royal Infirmary on November 2nd., after a short illness. We offer his widow and family our deepest sympathy.

## Engine-Room

DOWN in the bowels of the earth—our basement—the Engineers are still at work. They're the only folk who haven't to rush to the shelters when the sirens go, because they're in them already!

GEORGE THOMSON is the only man away, being home-based in munitions.

Those who emerge promptly at mealtimes are Home Guardsmen W. Dargie (L/Cpl.), R. Nicoll, W. Anderson, R. McLeod, T. Kelly, along with W. Elder and D. Cowan. Our apprentice, R. Gibson, has now put in nearly two years of his "time." Out of doors he sometimes dons his A.T.C. uniform. He's attached to 1230 Squadron (Morgan).

Dougal Buchan has the rest of the basement to himself. Coached by John Roy, he's taken up chess, and is said to rival Casablanca himself. This recreation along with his curling, makes his A.R.P. work a good third!

## Process and Photographers

THOUGH there are staff shortages here, too, jobs are still coming up on time—more or less. Here's the news—both home and away.

Sig. WALTER PENFOLD spent a few glorious days ashore in Cape Town. Visited Harry Hunter, an old Courierite, from the Camera Room. Harry took Walt round his etching shop, and the old familiar smells made him quite homesick! He also "lashed" himself up with plenty of fruit. Didn't have one glass of beer though—he had several! (See photo pages.)

After a short silence, we were sorry to learn DAVID SMITH, now sergeant, had been wounded in the arm by shrapnel. Dave had a tough time in North Africa with the Scots Guards. But his letters are bright and breezy again, and he has now fully recovered.

ERNIE SCOTT, R.A.O.C., and BOB KING, R.A.F., (See photo pages), walked into the office together recently. They certainly had a tale to tell. It was their first meeting since they joined up—on the same day—three years ago. Both looked very well. Ernie has been on a "Docks" course, so thinks this means a shift in the near future.

A/B. SIDNEY LESLIE went through a course in New Jersey, he had a splendid time and made many friends. He found the luxury hotels marvellous to "look at," but the British sailor's pay didn't get poor Sid even in the back door! After this he was in Algiers—but is now home, and doing a spot of stretcher-bearing in the sick bay.

Sgt. SIDNEY MILLAR, R.E.M.E., landed in the third hottest place in India—Agra—some months ago, and as usual Sid managed to have a good time, despite a short spell in hospital. He looks thinner than ever in his snaps, but his famous smile is broader!

A great shock was had by all in the "Process" on the day Cpl. DAN HAMILTON, R.A.F., decided at long last to drop us a line! He is now attached as a "muscle-binder" to the tough section of the Brylcreem boys. Hammy says the lads are 100 per cent. fit, but refused to say how the instructors feel!

L.A.C. ERIC SCOTT was a recent visitor to the Dept. Although smelling strongly of Sloan's Liniment we were pleased to see him. Ecky is in a newly formed football team, and really thought to begin with, he was a cripple for life. His legs refused to function for days, in fact he fell off a ladder twice because he couldn't lift his feet high enough. However, it's gratifying to know his elbow still functions in the good old-fashioned way.

A/C 1. WILLIE DALL, in on one of his rare visits, gave Dan a hand to put through a "neg." Willie looked remarkably fit, although home on sick leave.

L/Cpl. LEN FORD, Royal Tank Corps, stationed in Wales, being five miles out from "Anywhere" does a fair bit of cycling, after a busy day of course! In reach of a lovely bay, Len made the most of the warm weather for a swim. Remembering Len's record at the Dundee baths, we bet he left the whole regiment behind!

Trooper JIM BEEDHAM, Royal Tank Corps, spends most of his leaves with his "ain folk" in London. But he is a regular and very interesting correspondent.

Jim is still cooking for the sergeants' mess, helping to keep these important people in a good humour. He has sixty of them, so is kept busy thinking out menus. Despite this Jim manages time off for his beloved cricket, and was even "mixed up" with a film company. David Niven was the star, so maybe we'll see Jim cooking "stovies"!

Trooper EDDIE BOGAN, Royal Tank Corps, was in the office with his two-year-old son, Lindsay, a fine sturdy wee chap. Ed certainly looks the picture of health. We wonder if Jim Beedham cooks him an extra wee snack! Eddie was playing a small part in a film recently, in his tank. Unfortunately Eddie ran amok slightly and smashed a camera!

JIMMY SCOTT, now in the Fleet Air Arm, was representing the division in a cross-country race, along with another ten lads, and really did very well. Apart from having to go to bed at 10.30 p.m. and having to wash out his "smalls", Jimmy says, "It's a swell life." (See photo pages.)

A/B. WILLIE BAXTER, still mine-laying on the "Rock," is now a torpedoman. On returning to the ship one dark night after a special occasion, full of "good spirits", Will shouted in the port for the lads to give him a hand, but the wooden jetty (some logs tied together) gave a great shudder, and all the boys could see was Will's hat floating on top of the water. When he at last succeeded in reaching the mess deck with great trails of water behind him, he got some kidding. To crown all "Wee Juggie" was wearing his No. 1 suit! He is on top line for relief—so look out for a handsome sailor.

Our much travelled young sailor, O/Sig. GEORGE SINCLAIR, has been torpedoed in a recent convoy. But we are glad to report he is safe and sound. You're "up sides" with Walter Penfold now, George, but don't let it happen again!

We received a Xmas card from BOB DICKSON, an Air Mechanic in the Middle East. What about a letter now and then, Bob?

Cpl. JACK MITCHELL, R.A.F., was on a toughening course recently—so tough in fact, by the end of the first day Jack went back to camp and quietly made his "will." Jack is now posted to England, after 3 years and 3 months up in Bonnie Scotland.

Sig. DAVID OGILVIE, R.C.S., still maintains he is the healthiest man in the British Army, although definitely "graded." Every time the old

gas mask goes on, he breaks out in a rash, and is promptly put into hospital. Must be that school-girl complexion, David!

Cpl. JACK ARNOLD, R.A.F., ever happy and smiling, endeavours to get in some cricket when not signalling. Jack says they have a "Camp Book" which is a great success. Bet it's not a patch on our own book!

A/C.2. JOHN DAVIDSON dropped in for a chat not long ago, looking fit and full of the joy—latest report, however, is one long moan. He has "moved on" again, and it's not exactly a home-from-home!

BOB HOWIE doing his bit at a West Coast aerodrome, is now a "gaffer." Bob is O.K., apart from having an argument with a propeller, which slightly marred his manly beauty—good thing you didn't lose your head, Bob!

HENRY CRAIG, doing "heavy" work at a West Coast factory, cast a longing eye on a rush job for the "Tele," when in on a recent visit to the Process. Pity he was wearing his "Sunday suit." Hen might have given a hand.

KEN BOYACK, Glasgow Office, never forgets his old pals in the Process. His letters are very welcome. Ken took part in the Victory Parade in North Africa—a braw display. The French people seemed very happy, and quite a few flowers were thrown—better flowers than raspberries.

BILL FOOTE and ECKY SCOTT are together. All his old Dundee friends inquire kindly now and then for Bill—fancy a 'bobbie' having friends—are you laughin'?

Another faithful old Courierite is GEORGE ROSS, photographer. Stationed at a nearby 'drome, we get many cheery visits. Last time both hands and arms were swathed in bandages, and one side of his bushy hair was gone. George had been trying to cut and save a burning film. He wishes to be remembered to Willie Baxter.

DOUGAL HUNTER is likely to be our next Etcher for the Senior Service. He has had his interview, and now awaits his papers.

To Mr Kay who retired on November 6th, we send our very best wishes for good health, and a long and happy retirement. "Bill", who has served the firm for 33 years, was a great favourite with everybody, and is missed very much in the department.

It was with regret we learned of the death on May 18th of Alexander Langlands. He had been ill for three months. Of a quiet disposition, Sandy was well-liked, and was with us about 35 years. Our sympathy goes out to his widow.

Those left to carry on:—Mr Lee, Florrie Vair, James Bell, Willie Watson, James Howie, Bill Taylor (still running his "sweepie" for the Comforts' Fund), Winston Christie, James Duffin, Nin Gordon, Gordon McGuine, Dan McLeod, (See photo pages), Bob Leslie, Dougal Hunter, and our new apprentice, Walter Wilson.

Our two service photographers are seeing a good bit of the world.

Fleet Air Arm Photographer BILL REID is now functioning aboard one of the latest of the fleet's smaller aircraft carriers. Bill was home on a short leave after his ship had played a big part in the Salerno landing. "It just wasn't all beer and pickles" says Bill, "but we got through." Bill had a little battle of his own while he was in the Mediterranean. A mosquito bit his ear and the poison went through his system. It meant a fortnight in hospital, but he is all right now. (See photo pages.)

Corporal DAVID IRELAND—the latest news from David came from the Middle East—but it was only half news. It was the second of two airgraphs and up to date, number one airgraph has not arrived. For a time Corporal David was stationed beside Tom Lancaster, Glasgow Office. He is now off on his own into the sandy wastes. (See photo pages.)

Mr J. Fraser is now alone in his glory in the "dark room," and has a busy time tearing here and there getting the latest pictures. He's also responsible for a lot of the "speaking-likenesses" in this book.

## Caretakers

BERT DARGIE, R.A.M.C., is in the equipment section in North Africa. We're sorry to hear that his son reported missing in the Middle East, is now presumed killed in action.

RUTH ABBOT of the Lift, is still in the A.T.S. as a telephonist. Based in the far South, she had a spell in hospital, but is on her feet again. She says there are great dances where she is—but she still believes there is no place like home.

In the Home Brigade, Jim Mitchell reigns as chief. We must take off our hats to him for his good work at our office whisk drives. Sandy White and Heppy are running true to form—"nuff sed! Bob McDonald sees to it that the Lindsay Street firewatching room is kept nice and clean.

John Simpson sees to it that all the A.R.P. water tanks are kept well filled. Jim Jamieson looks after the office at night.

Lily McGlynn and Ruby Mudie (nee Mitchell), answer faithfully to our "down" and "up" bells, with Maisie Dorward as "relief man."

## The Delivery Brigade

THE Courier country cars are still on the roads in all weathers. G. Low, J. Grieve and A. Clark are at the helm.

## In Honoured Memory

ROBERT LINDSAY and JAMES STEEL.

**A**LL members of the staff, and the reporters particularly, mourn the loss of two highly esteemed colleagues who gave their lives in the Middle East, during the past year. Lieut. Robert Lindsay, Royal Scots Fusiliers, was accidentally killed, and Lieut. James Steel, Seaforth Highlanders, died of wounds. Only when it comes home to ourselves do we fully realise the tragedy of unfulfilled youth. Bob Lindsay and Jimmy Steel were fine lads.

To their sorrowing relatives our deepest sympathy goes out. A few months before Bob Lindsay met his tragic end, his younger brother Jack, a lieut. in the Black Watch, died from wounds in the Middle East.

NORMAN E. REILLY.

Sergeant-Pilot Norman E. Reilly, R.A.F., was reported killed on active service, early in May, 1943.

Cheery "Nom" was only 20. He came to the office in June, 1938, and after a spell on the boys' papers went into the process department. When war broke out he was always hankering to get away and eventually went, just a boy, to the R.A.F., in August, 1941. He received his training in Canada.

He had been in the 6th B.B. as a boy and also in the Home Guard before joining up. He was buried, with appropriate R.A.F. honours, in Balgay Cemetery, near his home.

ROBERT WHYTE and RICHARD E. B. NEISH.

The Caseroom has also lost two of its members on active service—Sgt. Bob Whyte and L/Bdr. Dick Neish. Bob was one of the first to go from the office, being called up before war broke out. He completed an armourer's course in this country, and was sent out to the Middle East, where he remained until his death. He was drowned at sea in July during operations.

Dick Neish joined up in September, 1939, took part in the Dunkirk evacuation, and was posted to North Africa at the beginning of this year. Just before he left he was married. He was killed in action in February, a short time after he landed.

Lieut. T. C. H. THOMSON.

News was received in October of the death in action in the Middle East of Lieut. Trevor C. H. Thomson, Scots Guards.

He was the second son of Mr and Mrs W. Harold Thomson, Kemback House, Fife.

Educated at Wellington House, Westgate-on-Sea; Lathallan School and Charterhouse, he later went to Clare College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree. He was 23 years of age.

## Glasgow Office

**S**INCE last year the Glasgow Office has increased its "output" to the Forces and Industry to over seventy of its members. But these three score and ten can be assured that those who remain are "ca'ing awa'" in good fettle, and seeing to it that the home "output" goes steadily on and up.

And while we're on the subject of "oursels", let us say we were pleasantly surprised when, on inquiry at Miss Harper, who (with Miss Kerr) safely guards all our various voluntary funds, we were informed that our Comforts' Fund has collected £533.15.4 from February 24th, 1940 to Nov. 15th 1943. This grand result is due not only to the givers but to the collectors in each department; their slogan "cash for comforts" never meets with anything other than a ready response. The convener is Mr R. Scott, and he makes a thoroughly fine job of it.

## Editorial

**T**HE Editorial Department, now a mere skeleton of its former self, is frequently cheered with letters from members serving overseas, and visits from others at leave intervals.

Latest to go was ALEC MITCHELL, Boswell to the famous Professor Whitapant, and he was threatened with all sorts of dire penalties if he did not show up in uniform on his first leave. But when he popped into the office we didn't expect to see such a husky fellow. Three months in the army, including a real tough training course, had provided A. M. with new teeth and a general air of improved physical well-being. It came as rather an anti-climax to learn he had been drafted to the Pay Corps.

Lieutenant ALF ANDERSON maintains the tradition of the Navy as the Silent Service, but we do know from other sources that he's doing an important job and doing it well. It's grand when he breezes in on us with latest joke and merry laugh—otherwise he's like a clam!

Corporal HARRY ANDREW, R.A.F., ended a long silence just the other day with a grand letter in which he tells that he started the year in Palestine and looks like ending it in Malta where he is now. His highlight so far was watching the Italian fleet sail into harbour after surrender. In his two and a half years overseas he has made the Grand Tour of the Middle East—Jerusalem, Cairo, and the desert, where he found it difficult to decide which he disliked most—the bullets and bombs of the enemy or the bites of the scorpions. (See photo pages.)

Lieutenant BRUCE SWADEL, of the Black Watch, is somewhere with the 51st. Bruce will be proud to know that when his son and heir made himself at home in the office recently, all the ladies voted him the perfect child.

Trooper JOHNNY RANKINE is still stationed south, but turns up "beret" and bright—often when some important game is on. Nothing pleases Johnny more than to mingle once again with the nobles of the Scottish football world.

Private J. KEMP, R.A.M.C., knows a lot about Medical Boards by this time, but frae Bonnie Garelochhead he popped in just the other day and confessed that soon his uniform wouldn't fit him! As a touch typist he's commandeered for a fair proportion of office work, but what he doesn't now know about the human frame isn't worth knowing.

Biggest surprise in the Editorial Room lately was a letter from L.A.C. JACK MCGREGOR, which informed us he was in West Africa. Jack has seen elephants, lions and crocodiles in the raw so to speak. He "bust up" his foot and was in hospital for a period, but aided with a couple of sticks he was hobbling about when we heard from him.

Too bad to leave the lady to the last, but Private INA HALL, of the A.T.S., deserves a paragraph to herself. She's lucky to be posted not too far from home, and she likes the life, but she frankly confesses she'd much rather be taking "S.P." articles and cors. over the private wire, than the "technical stuff" she's now typing all day long.

All our colleagues in the Forces would learn with deep regret of the death of Jimmy Kennedy at the early age of thirty-one. Never very robust, Jimmy's second serious illness within a year took too great a toll of his strength. We miss his quiet humour, and our papers the fruits of his original pen. That he should be thus cut off on the threshold of a most promising career was a great grief to us all, and Mrs Kennedy and her twin boys, born four days prior to their father's death, have the sincere sympathy of all at home and abroad.

If some of our oversea colleagues suddenly stepped into the Editorial room to-day, they'd be surprised to find it so spacious—despite the fact that a portion is curtailed off as a bedroom for six firewatchers. Many desks are vacant, but at theirs are still to be found, A. C. Brown, J. M. Borthwick, and F. K. Plews.

R. Knox was laid aside recently, but we are glad to know he hopes soon to be back. C. Caw divides his time between the "P.J.," "W.N." and "S.P." as sports writer. Another veteran is John Shearer, still on good terms with the Police! Also doing valiantly are R. Haveron and James Dunbar.

Newcomers are Maimie Baird, who has the distinction of being the first budding woman reporter to start her career in the Glasgow Office,

and Robert, son of our good friend, Harry Miller, who with W. McAnespie, shares a corner of the room as the "sanctum sanctorum" of the People's Journal.

Last—but by no means least—Miss Alice Taylor and Miss Ninian Muir, (lately of Manchester) without whose assistance the Editorial staff would be at their wits' end—not merely on Saturdays!

## Counting House

THERE is nothing of the "deserted village" atmosphere, such as you find in the Editorial realm, about the Counting House. Yet it is there, perhaps, you sense most of all the changing scene. It is still a galaxy of youth and beauty, but it would seem as if there was new youth and new beauty every other month.

Since our last edition MARTHA HAVRON has become a Wren. As she is serving very "hush-hush" not too far from home, she pays us a not infrequent welcome visit. BETTY SPEED has gone to help in the output of aeroplane material. PEARL COOK, left with a limited choice, put aside her Girls' Training Corps uniform, for the practical dress of a member of the Forestry Commission. Last we heard was, deep in the heart of a Highland forest, she's developing her muscles! HELEN BRITTON was drafted to the General Post Office to help play a useful part in the national effort.

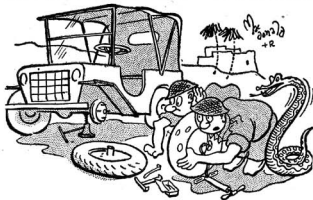
Our two A.T.S. girls—BETTY STORRIER, Scottish Command H.Q., and MARGARET WILLIAMSON, Eastern Command H.Q., England—never fail to look us up on their leaves. Both are in the pink, now thoroughly acclimatised to service life and, believe it or not, the envy of the Counting House younger brigade!

GRACE WALKER has found the Land Army to be at once a fascinating and hazardous enterprise. She has met with several accidents, and in her last long letter, giving vivid and humorous accounts of her varied activities, she ended by informing us she had been ordered into hospital for an X-ray, following an accident in which she twisted her leg, and lay for four hours on a bleak hillside before she was found.

"So," concludes Gracie, "whether the Land Army is as healthy a life as it's cracked up to be, I leave you to decide."

Our Counting House veterans in the Services are DOUGLAS G. MILNE, Royal Navy, still active at Whitehall, and ROBERT THOM, now with an Army Dental Centre somewhere in the Shetlands, and on his own confession, leading a very quiet life. Latest recruit to the Navy is GORDON HISLOP, training as a signaller.

Mr Peters has been missing from his desk for a spell, but he is very



"S'funny, it's still hiss'n'."

hopeful of getting back to his room soon. Meanwhile, D. J. Cunningham is carrying on. He's beginning to forget what Dundee is like. We miss Bob Braid, transferred to Dundee.

David Harvey is still to the fore, and J. MacDonald of the "P.J" has come over to lend a hand. Miss Harper and Miss Kerr are never flustered, even on Fridays, and Violet Wilson and Chrissie Mains do their firewatching most industriously—knitting or sewing! One newcomer is Mrs Foote, wife of Willie, Process chief, now in the R.A.F.

The "home front" is completed by Isobel McGibbon, Mary Haveron, James Pringle, Robert McCall, Gordon McIntyre, and Robert Russell.

Still at their posts in the Circulation Department are John Clark, Bert Buchan, Norman Grant, James Morrison and George Speed with, on the feminine side, Minnie Fleming, Jessie Fogg, Kathleen Symers, and Isobel Slowey.

A special "par" for Norah Brabender, who has, as one of her tasks, the arduous job of fixing the weekly firewatching roster—the most eagerly studied of any of our publications! Nobody grumbles now—the best possible tribute to Norah's work!

## Caseroom

THIS department holds the Glasgow Office record for numbers given to the Services. No fewer than eleven have donned uniform; three others are doing their bit in Industry.

ALAN MACKINTOSH, latest to go, breezed into the office recently wearing a natty uniform which he informed us was the garb of a Naval Gunner aboard a Merchant ship. Alan's been having a spot of bother at his billet lately, where some slippery-fingered gents have relieved him of towels, toilet requisites, and even his pillow (!) from time to time.

From an R.A.F. squadron in the Middle East came a cheery letter from JOHN GORDON, now Sergeant-Air-Gunner. John (see photo pages) is in the pink and hopes to be made a Flight-Sergeant soon. While in Cairo he ran into a fellow apprentice, ARCHIE SHAW, ground staff, R.A.F.

JOHN GIBSON has reached the rank of corporal in the R.A.F. John has been stationed in historical East Anglia for so long he almost considers himself a native. But he can still lose his way. He tells us one night in the black-out he and some mates mistook their hut and began to undress unknowingly before a group of W.A.A.F.'s! When the mistake was discovered there was a fine "stushic." The "culprits" were marched before the C.O. and told they were lucky not to get fatigue duty!

A.C.I. ALEC BEATS was last heard of in Sicily. L.A.C. IAN SMITH is still stationed in the South of England.

Navymen JOHN HILL and LUNDIE FORRESTER, continue to gather new experiences. John, after two trips in a corvette to Russia has changed to the warmer climate of the Mediterranean. Lundie is a signaller at a shore base in the North of Scotland.

Lads in khaki are L/Sgt. ANDREW ERSKINE, attached to the Royal Corps of Signals, B.N.A.F., and L/Cpl. SID WARREN in the Pioneer Corps. JACK YOUNG is still sailing the high seas with the Merchant Navy.

Last but not least, are ANGUS HUNTER, WILLIAM KNIGHT, and J. MCK. SMITH, now on work of national importance.

The middle-age complex of the Caseroom results in these familiar figures still remaining to do their stuff ("bless 'em" from upstairs):—

W. Small, Alex. Crombie, Willie Dewar, Sandy Duncan, George Forbes, Johnny Gray, Willie Greenhill, Ted Morrison, Peter Murphy, Charlie MacLennan, Jimmy Soutar, Jimmy Sturrock.

Norman Robertson, the sole apprentice, will probably be going off soon. Cissie Blackhall is in the front office all week except Saturdays, when she reigns in the Readers' box. Bobbie Shields (assisted by Sandy McLeod) forsook the stereo to act as caseroom mechanic.

## Stereo

THERE was a rousing welcome for Corporal JOHN HEPBURN, R.E.M.E., when he walked into the office after a three years' spell in North Africa. John, looking as brown as the proverbial berry, was the first

man to rally to the call from the Glasgow staff, and is the first, we believe, to take part in a whole military campaign. He was attached to a famous Indian Division of the Eighth Army, and marched all through the desert from Eritrea to Tunisia. John has now settled down to a not so rigorous life.

The department's newest sailor, JIMMY ROBERTSON, has chosen an Allied ship to begin his career afloat. Jimmy is a signaller on a Norwegian destroyer.

We all had a friendly word for ALEC ANDERSON, invalided from the Royal Artillery. Alec, who was a gunner in a light ack-ack battery, enjoyed his spell in the army, but the strenuous life of the service didn't agree with his health.

But the work goes on with Jack Smith, Willie Ritchie, and Jimmie Erskine, busy with flongs and moulders, molten metal and 'a'. The last named, we believe, holds the Glasgow office record—four sons in the Services. Others doing their bit—Arthur Baxter, Bob Brunton, Bill Gowans, Willie Pringle and A. Tomison.

## Pressroom

**L**ATEST to go from the Pressroom is the "boy" WALTER EWEN. Wattie has now attained his heart's desire—he's training to be a pilot.

From Signalman TOM SIMPSON, comes word that his cruiser's in the wilds somewhere far from home. Tom got his Crosby-like pipes going recently at a concert on board ship. He rendered (meaning "to tear apart") the "Holy City." Since the audience was composed entirely of sailors, he feels proud to record the fact nothing was thrown at him.

L.A.C. LESLIE PLEWS, as far as we know, is round about Cornwall. You never can tell with Leslie. The R.A.F. seem to say—"Look, chaps, have we sent that fellow Pews to — yet? Come on—let's do it." Leslie has been in almost every Coastal Command station in the British Isles. From this one he reports—"The only complaint is the food. Before the war the pigs used to get our waste food, now I'm sure we get what the pigs leave." Of course he doesn't mean it. Or does he?

Another Navy signaller, IAN BUCHANAN, is still blinking the old lamp, and we mean that in a nice way! He was in the Navy party which hoisted the white ensign at Tripoli.

Of the others, Corporal HARRY ROSS, R.A.F., wireless operator, is, at the moment, invalided home. A.C.2. DONALD McLEOD is still giving bomber chief Harris a hand in this country! A.C.1. GEORGE LAMIE

is attached to the R.A.F., India Command. We used to call this fellow "wee."

Sergeant ALEX. LAMONT, just back from the west coast of Africa, tells how he and another white were in charge of a native gun crew. One black was giving him headaches as he was well-nigh hopeless with his English. Alex. exasperatedly told him to repeat what he said. Next time our black friend sprang on to the gun platform, he roared—"Held! You — nitwit!" Yes, just as the sergeant had done!

All the others are still doing their bit—Sergeant W. COYLE and Gunner L. ANDERSON, in the Army; Corporal M. BUCHANAN in the R.A.F., W. BEATTIE, in the Navy; and D. DUNN, in the N.F.S.

Cheery news comes from the nursing home where our genial chief, J. C. Frame, is making good recovery from a severe operation. In his absence, with the help of Tommy Mains, "big Will" McKenna, has kept the presses running in fine trim. Still with us are:—Tom Baillie, Willie Conway, Bob Cummings, George Duffy, John Gardner, Bob George, Ernie Hardstaff, Lindsay Hunter, Gibby Laird, Jimmy Leighton, Archie Lindsay, Sandy Moir, Jimmy McCall, Alec McCubbin, Jimmie McKay, John McLeod, James Primrose, Donald Robertson, Bob Scott, John Service, Charlie Slessor, Dan Stevenson, Bobby Stewart, Tom McLachlan, Robert Barr, James Chapman, John Coyle, Robert Craigs, Charles Dickson, Francis Finnieston, Thomas Montgomery, Hugh McWhinnie, John McWilton, William Russell, James Smith. Peter Fyffe has added another to his red-letter dates—thinks end of the war "will no' be lang noo!"

## Despatch

**C**ORPORAL TOM OGILVIE is with a transport attached to the Scottish Rifles in Scotland. Corporal EDWARD HUTSON, of the Pioneer Corps Police, has a "beat" somewhere in Wales; L.A.C. JOHN NEWLANDS is still in this country helping the Raf out; and ALEXANDER RANKIN knows what's cooking in the Merchant Navy, since he's the one who prepares it. One of the lads—R. LYNN—is doing his bit in industry.

Signalman ANDREW MACALISTER, who's been knocking about this country since he came back from France, is now in Somerset; Trooper OLIVER McARTHUR, recently returned from West Africa, and latest information is that he's moved abroad again; L.A.C. WILLIE McFARLANE is stationed on Gibraltar.

The passing of Sandy Allison was deeply regretted. He had given long and faithful service to the firm, and was popular with all at Port Dundas. Willie Parker, at the desk, has able assistance from Jimmy

Jones, Stuart Adie, Alex. Johnston, John Waterson, John Broadley, John Gallacher, John Gibb, James Gray, Thomas Hill, Robert Scott, and Thos. Brown.

## Process

**N**O new departures to report here.

R.A.F. men at a certain station in the South of Scotland are kept up to scratch by Corporal WILLIAM FOOTE, attached to the special police.

Congratulations are in order for DAVID EADIE ROBERTSON, who recently carried out an impressive double by marrying an English girl, and being promoted a one pipper. He is now in India with an Ordnance Section.

ALEX. ROBERTSON sports the official cameraman's badge of the Royal Navy. Although it's a while since "Sandy" appeared at Port Dundas, we can be sure he's as cheery as ever.

Private DONALD CUMMINGS has been lucky enough to be allowed to continue his trade. Donald, who is with G.H.Q. Press, Middle East, says he's happy to be keeping his hand in. In his spare time he's studying for his matriculation through the Army Educational Corps—three nights a week at classes. Donald also did some camera work with the Eighth Army.

When last heard of KEN BOYACK was helping the big advance in North Africa, as a trooper attached to the R.A.S.C.

Assisting in the U-boat hunt is LAURENCE PARKER. He is on active service in a destroyer carrying out submarine detection work.

The Process Department only functions now at the week-end, with John Abbott as etcher. The Stereo have the benefit of John's services for the bulk of each week.

## Engineers

**A**FTER a toughening-up course lasting fourteen weeks, A.C.2. ALEC GUNNING is a tradesman in the R.A.F. somewhere in Scotland. He admits it was pretty stiff going, but adds he feels none the worse for it. On the course he was stationed at a place where our bomber boys take off to prang the enemy. "I had the pleasure of listening to the boys going over to Jerry," writes Alec. "The noise they make is terrific, and I'm glad I'm on the right side!"

To the King's Navee, recently, went WILLIE WILSON, but we haven't heard a cheep from him since.

A. GALLACHER, is a sapper in the Royal Engineers.

HARRY BOWDEN is pegging away as hard as he did here, on work of national importance.

All things considered there is little change, for Sandy Bowden has still with him, Louis McLean, Alex. Miller, Tommy Gallacher, Eric Macintyre, with a new apprentice, Gregor Murray.

## Photographers

**W**ITH four photographers in the R.A.F., the Glasgow Office is well represented. Sergeant JACK WALLACE pays us an occasional visit, and stimulates us all with his pep talks.

TIM LANCASTER and IAN ORR, both L.A.C.s, were in the Middle East when we last heard from them, but their young colleague, JIMMY THOMSON, L.A.C., is our best correspondent. Indeed, he's developed quite a graphic touch. From Sicily comes his story of his biggest thrill so far—a flight over Mount Etna. "The day when I had my flip was clear. I could see right inside, and I took some photographs which will be excellent souvenirs."

## Roll of Honour

ROBERT FARQUHAR.

Just as we were going to press came the sad news of the death in action in the Middle East of Guardsman Bob Farquhar, Scots Guards, formerly of the Stereo. A bachelor, Bob had the readiest of smiles and we shall miss the good cheer he invariably radiated.

ALEC. KENNEDY.

About two months earlier we learned that Alec. Kennedy, Royal Marine Commandos, had been killed in action in the Middle East. Alec was a favourite with all, because of his bright and happy disposition. He was married just before going overseas, and to his young wife we extend our sincere sympathy.

## Manchester Office

THE Manchester Office is a much quieter place than it was before Hitler let loose his mad hordes over Europe. The hum of the machinery is not so continuous as it was then, and for the time being there is no nightshift in the Pressroom.

From the Manchester staff 100 men and one young woman have joined the Forces, the R.A.F. being the favourite. Apart from those in the Forces quite a number of the Manchester staff have been directed into other jobs by the M.O.L.

## Editorial

WITH all the noisy element now in the Forces, the Editorial floor has a strange quietness, but when Cyril Ritson, Len Noad, Donald Napier and the others in the Forces look the "boys" up, it becomes more like its real self. Here's what they have all been up to:—

JEFFREY JOHNSON is somewhere in India. When he returns he will no longer be the fat boy of 139 Chapel Street. R.A.F. life has brought Jeff's weight down to 9 stones 7 pounds and has added 2 inches to his height.

Pte. DONALD NAPIER has got a job in the Orderly Room at his depot. Donald's only complaint is that he has to get up at 6 a.m., attend a roll call parade at 6.45 and have breakfast at 7. He wonders who can enjoy a meal at that hour. Donald recently had a spell on the switchboard. He didn't think it funny. By the way, Donald's colleagues have still to see him in uniform. Oh yes, he visits 139 regularly, but always in mufti. When chaffed about it, he retorts, "I thought it was me you wanted to see and not my ruddy uniform."

Flight-Lieut. WILLIE SLATER blows into Chapel Street whenever he is on leave. Billy moves in upper circles these days. When in the Orkneys he had tea with King George VI., and recently he and some other officers at the station where he is, went to Queen Mary's country home and had tea with her. When he is on leave, A. F. T. finds him useful in giving his wireless the once over. (See photo pages.)

News of SANDY REID, ex-Dundee, Glasgow and Manchester sporting staffs, comes from North Africa. After several months there, Sandy writes that he is well acclimatised and on speaking terms with every known (and unknown) kind of ant, beetle, mosquito and fly. In one respect Sandy should feel at home. He is still meeting sporting stars. He is even playing football with them. In one game between a combined Army/R.A.F. team and a side from Brigade H.Q., Sandy had as



L.L.C. GRIERSON, R.N.V.R.  
(Artists)

Pilot Officer/Nav.  
I. M. BREMNER, R.A.F.  
(Casework)

Pilot Officer-A.G.  
I. W. SAUNDERS, R.A.F.  
(Telegraph and Post)

Pte. R. B. KING, R.A.F.  
(Process)

Filt. J. SINCLAIR, R.A.F.  
(Adventure)

Signaller  
W. PENFOLD, R.N.  
(Process)

L/Cpl. E. D. MOIR, A.T.S.  
(Publishing)

L.A.C.W.  
J. E. INGLIS, W.A.A.F.  
(Telegraph and Post)



MR. T. MACLACHLAN, R.E.M.E. (Weekly News, Dundee) and his "get-together" in a Welsh mining village.



MR. J. TAYLOR, R.A. (Dundee Advertiser) stands with his colleague of the same department, Lieut. W. SIMPSON, R.A.V.C.



"Dr. Glycerol, I presume?" Capt. J. CHAPMAN, R.A. (Family Star) greets an old comrade in Serjt. S. D. GILCHRIST, Angus Special Constabulary (Adventure).



Snapped at Thomson House when they met on leave are Troop Officer L. PERRETT, M.N. (London Gleaner) and Flight-Officer ALAN R. TAYLOR, R.A.F. (London Editorial).

## Fancy Our Meetings

team mates, Andy Beattie, Scotland's left-back, and Albert Geldard, English International outside-right. Sandy's team won 5-2.

LEN NOAD is now a full blown sergeant in the R.A.F., and is the same perky little fellow that made him a favourite at Chapel Street. For a time we neither saw nor heard from Len. We knew he was still alive through his pal, Cyril Ritson. But he gave the boys in Chapel Street a surprise by coming to Manchester for a week-end. Len was a long time in the West of England, and had a nice cushy job. So much so, that he looked upon it as a home from home. But he has now been shifted to the Midlands where he has played his share in the forming of another unit. But for the Official Secrets Act, Len could a few stories unfold, and so he does the clam act and forgets them. Rumour has it that Len has fallen a victim to Cupid's dart, and that by the time this appears he will be a married man. We wish him luck. You'll find his cheery face on the cover of our book. He looks as if he'd be a success as a hitch-hiker.

CLIFFORD SMITH of Birmingham and formerly of Manchester, had a rather funny experience recently. Cliff is in a Regimental Office of an R.E.M.E., and has to do with the drawing up of orders. This year he had an addition to his family (another girl), and so it came about that he had to publish the fact in his Part 11. Orders. A day or two later along came a letter from R.E.M.E. Records Office referring to the publication, and saying they had no record whatever of L/Cpl. Smith being a married man, and what about it. Yet Cliff had been married for about ten years, and the Regimental Paymaster had been paying his wife her allowance for a year and a half. The office staff, says Cliff, felt certain he was leading a double life and refused to accept his protests of innocence. Cliff, to put matters right, wasted little time in rushing into print, and published in his Orders the why and wherefore of his marriage. Only then was he able to look his pals in the face again. Cliff operates a rotary duplicating machine. One day it wasn't working well and he dived into its innards. He emerged a real smutty printer's devil. An A.T.S. clerk seeing him remarked: "You know you've missed your trade. You should have been a gentleman of the Press. He, he!" "He, he!" echoed Cliff, "That's just the joke of it." And the A.T. wondered why he laughed.

Craftsman CYRIL RITSON is still the same irrepressible lump of good nature. To him life and the army is one huge joke. When he is home on leave the Manchester Editorial is kept in an uproar. Regarding his transfer to the R.E.M.E., Cyril says the only change it brought was that instead of being a "private" in the R.A.O.C., he is now a "craftsman" in the R.E.M.E. Cyril occasionally sends an article to the Weekly News. One of them dealing with a course he was on tickled

the civvy instructors no end, and they made stencilled copies of it, but the high-ups frowned on it, with the result that subsequent pupils had to do half an hour's rifle drill every day. For a time this year Cyril worked under an American Army radio officer. This officer got a very high voltage shock from some equipment, and describing his experience to Cyril he said: "I saw a bunch of the boys working on the set. I stuck my head inside and said, 'What's cookin' fellas?' and the next second I was!" When spending a week-end with Len Noad at the latter's home in London, the pair of them went to a greyhound meeting at Harringay. Cyril was wearing a new pair of pants which were a bit too tight. Seeing a dog named "Good Redress Again" they both backed it. And it was the best winner of the night.

PETER MILNER, he of the smiling face and dimpled cheeks, has been in Canada for months training to become a navigator. Peter was a great favourite in Manchester and his colleagues all hope that by the time he sees this publication he will have earned his wing with the letter "N." As befitting one who looked after the joke column, he has a keen sense of humour, and he has seen and experienced much to laugh at since he joined the R.A.F.

From his letters from Canada it is evident he has shared the great hospitality shown our boys over there, but his colleagues wish he wouldn't make them hungry by telling them of the "cats" he gets. Happy landings, Peter!

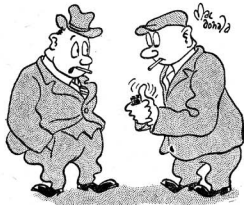
L.A.C. CHARLES MERRYLEES is a bachelor, but funnily enough he is in Married Quarters. He is getting quite giddy with his gyrations in these quarters seeing he has had six shifts in them this year. No sooner does he get used to seeing greasy finger marks in one position on his bedroom wall than he gets shifted, and has to accustom himself to a new lot. Sometimes it is not finger-prints but foot-prints, and he says he is not "seeing things."

Charlie is an adept at floor polishing. He says that every time he seems satisfied with a floor he gets moved to a house with worse lino than ever, and the job starts all over again. He wonders if he is being used as an unofficial mobile char. Charlie was dreading winter as he saw himself turned into a coalman, shovelling coal into one sack-and-coke into another, and then trundling same uphill for half a mile. Tea-making for officers, bedmaking for the night officer, un-bed-making in the morning, and washing up, are some of the other duties he has to do apart from being Clerk S.D. (B). With it all he says there's a helluva lot to laugh at.

Manchester Editorial fellows were quite bucked to learn that L.Bdr. TOMMY BREWER had driven his army truck ashore when the invasion of Sicily took place. Until he joined the L.A.A., R.A. eighteen

months ago he had never driven anything more complicated than a cycle between Cheadle Hulme and the Manchester office, and now he can make an army truck do just what he wants! Some expert motorists we know will have to look to their laurels when Tommy comes back. Tommy was very much amused to hear some Italian prisoners in Sicily arguing the toss with a British tommy about football, especially the England v. Italy match in 1936 which nearly ended in a war. According to the Italians "Footba' Inglis no bueno." T. B. has a good story to tell about one of our soldiers who fell for a beautiful Sicilian girl. But she knew no English, and he didn't know her language. Romeo, however, got a pal, who knew a bit of the lingo to act as an interpreter to help in his courting. The pal had to sit by him while he was declaring his love. But it didn't work too well, and Romeo had something unprintable to say about Juliet and her language. The pal this time managed to tell the girl what her wooer had said, with the upshot that she put her hand upon his and gently shook her head. And so ended the balcony scene.

At the office Arthur Scott and David Simpson are carrying on as usual. Fifer Simpson is drinking—per doctor's orders—his pint of milk a day in the office. Jimmy Arthur still tours the country keeping up his old, and making new contacts in the football world. Jim Denholm, apart from being photographer, is now Joke Editor, and the handy man of



"Yin o' they futility lighters, Ah suppose?"

the subs room. Then there is Mr Taylor—A. F. T. to everyone—he still manages a few holes of golf on Sunday (and him a Scotsman), and does a spot of gardening. Last year he was proud of his carrots. This year he has run to dahlias.

On the Editorial floor there is also Mrs Barratt, telegraphist, and Mrs Nairn—Mr Ramsay's secretary—who has become a regular anglicised Scot.

## Counting House

**I**N pre-war days the Countinghouse always seemed to be a place in which you could hardly move, as there were so many people at desks or moving about. But now there is plenty of room, and desks waiting for their former occupants.

Here's news of the Forces members :—

A.C.I. DOUGLAS A. PEPPER has had the experience of being in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales within the space of 24 hours. Some travelling that, Douglas!

When A.C.W.I. MARGARET DONALDSON is on leave she never forgets to blow into 139 Chapel Street—and what a welcome sight she is—like a breath of real fresh air, and not the Salford variety. She is still the same happy, smiling, carefree Margaret. When last home she, when seeing her friends in the Editorial, said to A. F. T., "Now don't say I am getting fat." And then she confessed she had put on a stone and a half since joining up. She thinks the boys in the Air Force are grand. No doubt they think the same of her. (See photo pages.)

Now for the home-birds—Mr A. Ramsay, the manager, (he'll soon be a real Mancunian), keeps moving about in his own quiet way and keeps in close contact with all departments. George Donald remains the most popular man in the place on Fridays, when he hands over the "sugar" rations! Then there's Bill Young, always busy with Firewatching affairs in the office, and when at home, counting the eggs his hens lay! Flo Hall and Mabel Prophet, apart from Countinghouse duties, are both learning to do a bit on the Linotype. "Tiny" Gladys Hinton still does her little bit extra in looking after the War Savings business. The Jill of all trades in the office is Edith Gouldbourn. Other kent faces are Winnie Smith, Mary Miller (former competitions and always looking for sweets when her own are done!), Betty Metcalfe and Beatrice Kelly. Newcomers are Hazel Brierley and Ivy Jewell. There is also Bob Campbell from the Pressroom, who is lending a much needed hand in the office. Bob is mustard as a Home Guard officer.

## Circulation

**I**N these days of stabilised sales, no pushes, no supplements, the Circulation Dept. is a much quieter place than it used to be. It would need to be, because the staff has melted like "snow off a dike."

FRED MARMON, since our last booklet, has become a leading seaman. After another spell at sea he hopes to make "Petty Officer" grade. Here's wishing you luck, Fred!

Here's how we are placed at 139—Old man Brough—J. B.—the best gardener in Manchester, is still very much to the fore. He has had a rough time this year through illness, but he is again as large as life, and covers the country like a two-year-old. John Curran is the only outside representative left. Frank Ward, Ada Milborne, and Jean Donaldson (sister of A.C.W.I. Margaret), complete the staff.

## Caseroom

**T**HINGS go on smoothly in the Caseroom, and when the NEWS has gone to press, men from the Caseroom go down to the Pressroom and lend a helping hand. We've gathered the following news about our former co-workers :—

The war has see-sawed for the brothers TOM and JIM WILL, ex-members of the Caseroom staff. For a long time Tom was afloat, and Jim, in the Fleet Air Arm, ashore. Tom was in one of the big U-boat battles and the North Africa landings. He was twice torpedoed. Now he is ashore in a "stone frigate" while Jim is serving in a "Woolworth carrier." These Will boys seem to have an attraction for U-boats. In one of his first convoy jobs Jim helped to sink four, seven others being claimed as damaged.

ANGUS MACKENZIE (Signal Corps), after his hectic time in North Africa, landed in Sicily, but had the misfortune to go sick, which resulted in him having a slight operation. Writing home, he says: "On the mend once more, and hope to catch up with the corps before long."

RONNIE POWELL, R.A.O.C., after serving some time in Ireland, is now serving "somewhere in England."

About us—Mr Will (J. P.) is still at the desk, and when the rush is on helps at the bulk and the upmaking bench. Alan Cuthbert is still the same Alan, deliberate in speech but with a grand selection of adjectives. Then there's Geordie Findlay, still as lucky as ever in the "buster", Ted Phillips, Tom Hindson, Alf Paterson (now in the Readers' room following the death of Ernie Wright), big Bob Dawson, Fred Roberts, the songster, Tom Sadler, Cyril Lever, who still has an

occasional game of football, and cleaner Tommy Cosgrave. There's a new "devil" in the person of J. Kelly.

## Stereo

**T**HOSE Stereo lads who are away will be glad to know that the "stereos gaters" they left behind are still carrying on turning out the plate-  
for the presses.

Accompanying the Eighth Army in its push from El Alamein was the R.A.F. squadron in which "TONY" WAGSTAFF serves as an armourer. Tony went with them to Tobruk and then went to Malta, where he has now been for ten months. He likes Malta, but misses the whoopee times of Cairo and Alexandria. He tells us of two events which make up for it though. One of these was when he had a real "night out" in Malta with Alan Brooks, of the Pressroom. The other was when he watched a large part of the Italian Fleet steam into Malta to surrender. It was a great thrill, and his only regret was that Alan Brooks was not still around to have another celebration.

Heading the home team is Foreman Jack Bowden, as cheery as ever and liking his occasional "gemme" at gowff. Jack Oliver's as obliging as ever in his quiet way. Tom Kay, how he does love to get into an argument, and then visits the editorial to get the answers. If Tom is told he is wrong he is just as happy as if he got the verdict. Alf Moore and Fred Waterhouse are still going strong. A new comer is Roy Gunning, the apprentice. In the nickelling department you will find Will Thomson in his gum boots making the plates look like big chunks of silver.

## Pressroom

**I**F you were to wander into the Pressrooms and see the machines turning out the NEWS, RED LETTER, W. WELCOME, DANDY, BEANO, HOTSPUR, &c., you might think things were going as usual. So they are, but the "Mags" are only once a fortnight and that does make a difference, because all the machines are not running all the time these days, and there's no nightshift.

Now for your news!

After the fighting in Sicily had finished Sergeant LEN ELDER, Pressroom, and some pals, thought they would climb Mount Etna. On their way down they came across two officers of the Highland Division taking turns at carrying a large notice board to the summit. The board bore the inscription in bold letters:—"Go Slow, Danger—Large Crater Ahead."

Driver BEN ROBINSON, R.A.S.C., of the Pressroom, has been overseas for over twelve months. During that time he never contacted any one of the men from 139 Chapel Street. When in Catania, he went into a photographer's to have his "picture took" and who should come into the photographer's, but Sergeant Len Elder, who also wanted his "picture took." Did they have a chin wag—I'll say. Len was a silent witness of Ben trying to explain to the Sicilian photographer by hand waving and mysterious signs that 10/- for 6 pictures was daylight robbery. (See photo pages.)

To relieve the monotony he has felt since he left France and Iceland, Corporal T. BROADBENT, R.A.F., has gone and got married. Hearty congratulations, Tommy.

Sergeant N. FRASER, R.A.F., son of Norrie Fraser, Manchester Pressroom overseer, met L.A.C. Smith of Bank Street Caserom, in Egypt. They are in the same squadron. The world's a wee place! (See photo pages.)

Craftman CLIFF WESTWOOD, having done the sights of Egypt and Palestine, is looking forward to the day when the "buster" outings to Blackpool are resumed. He fancies a drop of good old English beer, and says it is nothing to queue for an hour at the N.A.A.F.I. for a bottle. Evidently he has not heard that they also queue for beer at Blackpool. Cliff was lucky to get in touch with his brother in the Middle East. He has met quite a number of "Jocks" who get the Sunday Post and Weekly News from home, and gets a look at them.

L/Sergt. TOM LLOYD, R.A., who is in India, has put a poser to Norrie Fraser, his gaffer. He wants to know what he thinks of Musso now. We'll better not put it in here. The censor might have something to say.

Stoker A. RUSSELL has quite recovered from the operation which kept him in hospital for four months. In a letter to Mr Fraser he says it is better to be fit and in the forces, than unfit and out of them.

Corporal F. SUNDERLAND, R.A.F., after becoming a fitter-armourer, was promoted to be instructor, and is enjoying the job. He has been in a few places in the British Isles but he thinks Edinburgh the finest city he has visited. Fancy that from a Lancashire man. He's surely never been to Southport!

L/Bdr. DICK WILLIAMS threatens to understand and speak the language of the Scotsmen at 139 when he returns. You see, the regiment he is with at Paiforce, is full of Glasgow men. (See photo pages.)

Driver D. THOMSON is in the Bomb Disposal squad. He could tell plenty of hair raising stories but daren't. Here is one he can tell. His section was working near the South Coast trying to remove umpteen kilos of explosive when they got a bit of a shock. This morning while



"Excuse me, is this the Black Watch Depot?"

in an empty house having lunch, the roar of planes could be heard. It was the "tip and run" raiders. The R.E.s got down on the floor in no time as lumps of the house were blown off with cannon fire from a raider. Then there was a loud crash, followed by quietness. They rushed outside to find that a Folke-Wolfe 190 had been shot down. The plane came down just under the electric cables to the house and these had torn the cockpit cover off and decapitated the pilot. The plane with two bombs only just missed the house.

L/Sergt. TOM A. LLOYD is somewhere in India. In between times teaching the Indians how to become good gunners and to be able to add, subtract and multiply, he is very fond of scrounging a flip. Usually South Africans take him up, but on one occasion he got permission to go up with an Indian learner. After they took off the pilot turned round and said through the inter-com, "One oleo leg won't come up." Tom says if ever a black could look white, that pilot did. There they were, one wheel retracted, the other halfway jammed.

The position was not a comfortable one, and Tom was wishing he hadn't signed the chit relieving the R.A.F. of responsibility.

The pilot flew in circles round the aerodrome at a height of 100 ft., making signs to the ground staff with his hand.

Tom realised the pilot had lost his head, and he nearly lost his.

Finding his rip-cord, Tom told the pilot to climb to 4000 ft. At that height he told the pilot to loop, which he did. Both wheels then came down. The pilot beamed all over his face and they hedgehopped for half an hour before landing.

Corporal NORMAN TAYLOR, R.A.F., who is somewhere in England, had an experience he is not likely to forget. One day F.O. Gilbert Wild (Despatch) paid him a flying visit in a Tiger Moth and took him up for what he thought was to be a nice quiet flip. But he soon knew better. Norman got strapped in the open cockpit behind Gilbert. They were soon airborne and Norman was enjoying himself immensely, for this was his first flip in an aircraft with open cockpit. They had been in the clouds for about ten minutes when Norman got the shock of his life when he found they were flying upside down. He asked Gilbert what was wrong, and was coolly told it was all right, not to panic and that they had just done the loop. Not content with that, Gilbert, as Norman puts it, "Damn well finished up by putting the aircraft in a spin. And believe me I was not sorry when I again felt my feet on the ground."

Norman asked Gilbert if he was trying to get rid of him. Gilbert's reply was that he was darned glad he had scared him, which was what he had come to do.

L.A.C. CYRIL WOOD is first choice for goal in his squadron football team.

Congratulations to Pilot Officer FRED GASH, D.F.M. in obtaining his commission. Your pals in the Pressroom are proud of you.

Heading those who are carrying on is Mr Fraser (better known as Norrie), still as large as life. If any of you come home don't mention the England v. Scotland match at Maine Road. That 8-0 defeat of the Scots spoiled his week-end. Ted Coates is the same Ted with the whimsical smile and little to say. Mackenzie (Big Mac) in spite of Income Tax and snuff at 3/- per oz., smiles and is ever ready to offer you a pinch. Billy Bramhall still grows tomatoes and keeps poultry. Billy had a spell in the Royal Infirmary but is O.K. now. Harold Wyatt's utility clock in the new Pressroom has been a great acquisition. Tommy Wagstaff's wife knitted the mauve jumper which the referee wore at the Scotland v. England match at Maine Road. Gaffer Fraser, after seeing that match told Tommy on Monday to tell his wife that the next time she knits a jumper for a referee of a Scotland v. England match, it must be in tartan. Old Johnny Waters has had a trying time after a serious operation. The boys all look forward to his return. Other old stagers in the Pressrooms are Harry Todd, Fred Boden, John Reddish, Jack Freeman, Harry Gash, Jimmy Childs, Jimmy Stretch, Aaron King, Jack Taylor, Jimmy Hartley, Jack Newton, Syd Sherwood, Percy

Pye, Jack Price, Alf Bradshaw, Jimmy McMillan, Billy Chappell and Baden Scott.

Newcomers are Bert Dowler, Albert Dean, E. Downelly, W. Burton, T. Rishton, H. Pendlebury, J. Doyle, J. Quilty, A. Lever, H. C. Chapman, J. Massey, senr., J. Massey, junr., A. Ferguson, S. Walker, J. Sinscow and E. Collier.

Goodness gracious, we nearly forgot Barney Hudson, the man who can tell to a copy how many thousands of any "mag" are in the racks. Since Wyatt's utility clock was installed, Barney has been trying to sell his watch, but there are no buyers!

## Despatch

THESE lads, who under Willie Algie, keep one eye on the machines and one on the clock so that they don't miss trains, &c., are a busy lot, even if the parcels are not as big or as heavy as in the piping times of peace when we had big papers and insets.

Over to you boys!

L.A.C. WM. B. WATT, tells Mr Algie that at his station they have always plenty of work to do getting the heavy bombers into ship-shape order for visits to enemy territory.

Corporal BERT LINNEY of the R.A.F., when he was in the Counting House, and before he went as assistant to Mr Algie, used to go up to the Caseroom to learn to master the lino keyboard. Now somewhere in India, he is getting plenty of practice on a typewriter keyboard. Bert is looking forward to the days when slips and supplements are again the order of the day, even although his wife used to say he talked about them in his sleep.

During the year, Sergeant FRANK STAPLETON has had varied experiences. While his sergt-major was on leave he had to take over his duties. It had just to happen then that the Battery Quartermaster-Sergeant was taken ill. When the sergt-major returned, Frank found himself acting as B.Q.M.S. He had six months of the job. During an exercise, to test the defences of a Home Guard regiment, Frank had to act as an umpire. His job was to note how quickly and efficiently casualties were dealt with. When the action was at its height he was sending casualties back to the dressing station as fast as he could. When the exercise was over he discovered he had been sending them to a place that had been ruled as completely destroyed in the first attack!

Flying Officer GILBERT WILD, has done a grand tour of the British Isles at the Government's expense. He has had some rather important personages on these trips, mostly senior officers who had to get somewhere in a hurry. While he was on this job he was lucky enough to meet Bill Thomson, (Stereo) in Belfast; Frank Farmer, (Despatch) in Manchester, and Albert Grayson, (Despatch) at a 'drome in the south.

Gilbert had some experiences he won't forget in a hurry. He was taking three persons down to a place in S.W. England. When about ten minutes from the 'drome he encountered heavy sea mist and a drizzling rain which completely covered the hills to the east of the 'drome. Petrol was getting low and he had to get down somehow, and the sooner the better. They came in a straight run over the sea, the observer meanwhile clutching his white elephant, and the others keeping their fingers crossed. When over the cliffs they hit an air pocket and crashed from about fifty feet on the edge of the 'drome. Fortunately no one was hurt, but they were all "k.o'd" for a time. When they came to, they found they were surrounded by darkies in green overalls, and for a time they didn't know whether they had landed in Africa or Alabama. But the blacks were American Pioneers. A few cups of tea, and a few hours of shut-eye soon put them all right. Gilbert is now a night-fighter.

Stoker WM. HOCKNELL, is not enamoured with the Mediterranean. He does not think it is as beautiful as the travel leaflets make it out to be. The glamorous East, he says, leaves him cold, and he is fed up with the sight of eggs, grapes, bananas, oranges and lemons. Bit hard to please, aren't you, Bill?

Here is the low-down of the gang carrying on at 139. Well, Willie Algie's there all right. He is in friendly rivalry with Hen Green as a roof-gardener. Bill Harvey is an A.R.P. warden; Frank Threadgold is a corporal (unpaid) in the Home Guard; Alf Gardner still as proud as ever of his twin son and daughter. If its tips you are after, Sam Knape can still supply you. Perhaps you prefer a cup of tea. Then it's Arthur Cooke you want. He is the champion tea brewer altho' Jimmy Lloyd prefers to drop into Bangs for his cup. Peter Berriman is still the same old ha'penny. Jack Smith has left us to be a builder's merchant, so there should be plenty of houses for you boys when you come home. A number of casuals also help to get the parcels despatched.

Then don't forget the night watchman, boys. Willie Linney is still going strong and making his nightly tours of the buildings both inside and outside.

## Engineers and Maintenance

**T**HANKS to those fellows who move about with a hammer in one hand and a pair of callipers in the other, the wheels of the machinery at 139 keep revolving smoothly.

Our news of those away is brief :—

A.C.I. R. DIXON, after over eighteen months in Irak and Iran, blew into the office recently. He is back in Blighty because he has volunteered as a flight-engineer, and he is now undergoing the necessary training.

Going into the army hasn't meant any change of routine for JACK MCINTOSH. They bunged him in the Royal Engineers! Now Mac's working harder than ever—and for less money than he had at 139. We won't congratulate him on the stripe that now decorates his arm, for the only thing it has meant is more work!

About those left behind :—

Henry Green (Hen to most of you) the chief of the hammer and callipers—we nearly said sickle—squad, moves about in his unobtrusive fashion. Then there's Bob Milne who in his spare time does N.F.S. work. Bob is a coach to the office Fire Guard teams. Arthur Critchley is in the H.G. Stan Chambers retains the office championship as a leg-puller. Other old-timers of this team are Les Cooper, Bob Taylor and Jimmy Dearden. A newcomer is a youth named Sam Wheeler (not Weller.)

## Roll of Honour

The Manchester Office regrets to announce the following casualties.

### PRESSROOM.

HAROLD WRIGLEY was wounded in France and discharged.

ARNOLD BOOTH was reported missing in raid on Berlin.

G. C. MILNE and DENNIS LETT are prisoners of war in Italy.

L. DALTON was killed in operations over Germany.

### DESPATCH.

H. HORSFALL was reported missing in India, April 1943.

B. CORRAN was killed in operations in the Middle East, Sept., 1942.

### EDITORIAL.

Sgt./Obsr. A. CLARKE, R.A.F., was killed in raid over Germany.

## Thomson House, London

**S**HOULD you chance to wander down Fetter Lane just now you would see Thomson House standing in all its glory amidst the ruins. The windows, blown out by Jerry in the blitz, have been boarded up. Festoons of hose line the passages and buckets and tanks of water are at every strategic point.

On the ground floor, Miss Allison, as keeper of the shekels, is in great demand, and is a very busy person with her War Savings Group. To assist her is Miss Brewer, and Mr Duncan provides the male element in the Circulation Dept.

On the first floor the door on the right will take you into Mr Rowland's room. He's always busy, both at the office and at home, for his spare time is fully occupied with Civil Defence.

In the same room you will find Miss Gunn (wife of Lieut. Robin Needham, now serving in India) "at the ready" with her notebook and typewriter. Two nights a week she helps in the New Zealand Services Club in the West End.

The sounds coming from the Wire Room will be Mr Johnson tapping on the teleprinter as of yore.

Up on the second floor, the lair of the Editorial Staff, few are doing the work of many. The Old Guard are still there in the persons of Anckorn, Sears, Dunn, Baillie, Thain and Thomas. Once away from the office their time is full. Mr Sears is a Sector Captain down Orpington way, while at Dunton Green, is Head Special Constable Anckorn. Jack Baillie becomes Private Baillie of the Home Guard, and Mr Dunn has long organised the firewatching in his road. Miss Moyler, still turning out articles, becomes a switchboard operator at a Report and Control Centre as part of her spare time activities.

Away up in the "attic" Frank Snelling gets plenty to do, for he's also the Zone Commander for the area in which Thomson House stands.

Hard by the old Topical Times room has changed to Maps-cum-photographs-cum-articles room, with two new inhabitants; Mr Dobson (Dobby, to you) and Maurice Ennals (discharged from R.A.F.) make it their headquarters now.

Across the passage you'll hear a familiar voice—Miss Fairweather at the switchboard, keeping an ear open to the wrong numbers and trunk calls. The scurrying footsteps along the corridor will be those of Doris, no longer "young Deris" to you.

Nothing higher but the roof, and that's an important place these days. Spotters' box, pumps, steel helmets and water tubs, the firewatchers' home from home!

Since last year more of the lads from Thomson House have gone

abroad. Those at home have been having a pretty strenuous time, but all are safe and well.

L.A.C.W. BETTY RUMSEY, is still keeping a watchful eye on balloons. After working on sites all round the country, she is now settled in her home town—London. Judging by some of her experiences, she finds her charges can be pretty awkward things.

Apart from tearing themselves loose on dark and stormy nights, they have more subtle ways of causing trouble. There was "Bella" who failed to rise easily after a snowstorm. There she was bedded down, lazily flapping about in the breeze. Suddenly there was a jerk, a guy rope broke, and the balloon bucked, sending down a great mass of snow. L.A.C.W. Rumsey was missing!

Looking something like a snowman, she was hauled out, but now declares that whenever there's snow about she'll keep well clear of "Bella."

During the year, Sergeant SAM PRESTON of the Air Force, has changed his stripes for a Pilot Officer's "circle." Still an air-gunner, he has completed his first tour of operations, and is now on rest—although this really spells plenty of work. (See photo pages.)

His tour included trips to Berlin, Kiel, Mannheim and Turin, as well as mine-laying. Plenty of excitement, but plenty of amusement. Pretty free and easy times when you're on "ops." There was the bloke who always wore a tattered pair of pyjamas under his kit on every flight. They were his mascot, but no amount of chipping would make him say why!

Not often that the lads meet one another, even on leave, but stranger still, when they run across one another in far away Ceylon. That's what happened to Lieut. ROBIN NEEDHAM and L/Cpl. CHARLES HOLLOWAY. And a very good time was had by all! Now they are both back in India.

Lieut. Needham, who is in the Royal Artillery, has been working hard, but playing hard as well. Rugby is his favourite game, and his name has figured in several accounts in the Indian papers, when he has played for representative sides. On one sunbaked ground he was unlucky enough to break a rib, but stranger things than that have not stopped him from turning out.

On one occasion there had been a spot of bother in a native village—a few bandits on the prowl. Coming back on a motor cycle with the battery's pay, he was a bit perturbed to see an ugly-looking crowd outside this village. They seemed to be waiting for someone! He might have turned tail, but opening the throttle he charged through the lot. In his letter he finishes the modest account of this episode by saying, "You see, I was due to play rugger that afternoon, so I had to get back!"

L/Cpl. HOLLOWAY, who is in the Marines, left Ceylon some time after Lieut. Needham, and they've not been able to see one another since. His camp there was in the jungle, and they became so used to it that the affair of finding a snake in the bed was quite a minor one.

Bombay, where he is now stationed, is quite a contrast. Football every evening, race meetings with the tote costing five rupees a time. That's about seven and six in English money, and as he puts it, "a bit steep on a service man's pay."

Practically every branch of the Services is represented from Thomson House, and SHEILA ROWLAND upholds the Wrens. Stationed in town, she sometimes gets the chance to pop in for a chat.

On Guard of Honour for the Duchess of Kent recently, the two had quite a chat. Sheila readily told us what the Duchess said to her, but won't tell us what she said to the Duchess.

After a couple of years travelling all over the world, 3rd/Officer L. PERRETT, has settled down into a job that does not take him too far from these shores. He is serving on a Royal Fleet Auxiliary—but no names—no torpedoes! (See photo pages.)

His job often takes him to some of the mightiest units of our Fleet. Quite a change from the days when he was on the Russian convoys.

Sergt. W. PAYNE, who is with the Intelligence, reckons that fourteen years with the firm has had its effect on his service. "I'm an instructor in eight different subjects," he writes. "They range from Tactics of the German Army ("Sunday Post"), to Sniping (Adventure). I also look after the human angle in Army Welfare (Weekly News), and I'm the resident comedian with the Concert Party (Beano). I have yet to find a Fairyland Tales angle!"

Sapper A. VAXLEY, who is in the Royal Engineers, has spent part of this year in the wilds of Scotland, and the other in the remote parts of England. Owing to a spot of health trouble he's been "Officer Commanding" the regimental canteen, and well qualified to supply anything from a bootlace to the proverbial elephant.

Signaller R. WESTON, went out to North Africa in the early days of the Tunisian campaign, but he kept well in touch with the news from home, being in charge of a few hundred pounds worth of wireless gear.

Many a strange tale has come out of Africa, but mythology has nothing to beat the signaller's bears. They lurk inside old Jerry shells and in the turrets of tanks. When a signaller has laid a nice new wire, these bears hop out and eat the insulation. As soon as the line is repaired, they climb to themselves and rip it up again. Unlike the Gremlins, there are no good ones, only the kind that live on signaller's wire. Signaller Weston says some fellows call them by the strangest names, but that's not our business!



"We need twa mair auxiliary pumps an' hauf a dizen pint tumblers."

### STOP PRESS

More call-ups:—Fred Low, Dan Carmichael (Caseroom), W. Adamson (Stereo), Bert Buchanan (Circulation, Glasgow)—all bound for the Army; G. Hall (Reporters) to the R.A.F.; Jessie Young (nec Guild—Publishing Office) to the W.A.A.F.; Irene Knight (Publishing Office) to the A.T.S.

Discharged:—A. Stott (Weekly News.)

Home from abroad:—Norman Dow (Advertisement Department) on leave from the Middle East. Bob Stevenson (Artists) from the Middle East for his commission. Ian Smith (ex-Family Star) home from the Middle East and now Operational Liaison Officer with one of our allied air forces.

Congratulations to:—A. Lamb (Jobbing) became the father of a son on November 18th. W. P. Smith (Topical Times) married Miss W. Lawson, Monifieth, on November 25th.

Our Cover:—The cheery airman on the cover is Len Noad (Manchester Editorial). We feel it's a tonic just to look at him.

Our thanks to:—Once again we would like to tender our thanks to the "Weekly News" for giving us permission to reproduce some "Macdonald" drawings. They were immensely popular last year, and we're sure you'll have a hearty laugh at this year's.

## SNAPPED ON LEAVE



A bright smile from A.C.W.I. MARGARET DONALDSON (Manchester Office).



EFFIE WALKER (Circulation) became Mrs J. Sibbald on 2nd September.



Popular Pipe-Major DAN McLEOD keeps up the Courier H.G. spirits.



EFFIE SIMPSON (Jobbing) now Mrs Young, is doing her duty in R.A.F. station in the North.



LT. A. GRAHAM R.A.C. (Despatch) now stationed near York.



Cpl. J. HENDER, SDN, R.A.F. (The River) dons his sou'wester.



Col. BASS ALEXANDER (Family Star) proudly shows her "tapes."



Pte J. SHACKLETON of the Despatch Dept. of Manchester Office.



L.A.C. W. CARDNO, R.A.F. (Caseroom) and his A.T.S. bride, Miss E. Goodes.



Marine W. DONALDSON (Despatch, Dundee) on service abroad.



L.A.C. D. DAVIDSON (Dundee Pressroom).



A/M J. SCOTT, Fleet Air Arm (Process Dept.).



Sgt. A.G. J. QUIRK (Circulation).



A/Ci R. ROBERTSON (Perth Depot).