


TOM and JIM WILL
M/c Caterers.

Sgt. A. WESTON (London)
on a gondola in Venice.

L. FORRESTER,
Glasgow Cannoon.

BERT ROBERTSON,
Dundee Jobbing.

D. IRELAND, Dundee
Photographers (in center), en
route to Toggie.

ELLA HILL,
Dundee Publishing.

J. S. MLEAN,
Dundee Publishing.

AUDREY SMITH,
F.A.N.Y., Dundee Fictions.

The Thomson V Book

WE didn't have on our glad rags, as shown on the cover, on the V-Days, but the picture expresses our feelings of relief and rejoicing.

Gone are the sad rags that clothed the Dundee office, and we can now enter the building without having to walk sideways. In spite of rationing and controls and frustrations we are still optimists, and our service folks who look in on us find they are sure of a smiling welcome.

We had hoped to make this, our last booklet, a complete record of the doings and the wanderings of our service folks. To that end a note was sent to each asking for particulars. The response was good, but there were still shy ones, or should we say security-minded ones, whose motto seemed to be "sealed lips."

In spite of that the record is fairly complete, and a splendid record it is. Our men and our girls seem to have penetrated to every part of the world, except possibly South America, and in the days to come no matter what happens in distant parts we ought to be able to find someone in the office who can give us first-hand information about the country.

Already the trickle of returning warriors has begun and we have had the privilege of welcoming a few "bowler hats." Soon the trickle will become the full stream.

During the past six years the Comforts Funds in the different offices have done a lot to keep the absent ones in touch with the home front. Judging from the appreciative letters that keep coming in, their efforts have been successful. With the issue of this booklet their organised effort comes to an end, and the committee thank all who gave their whole-hearted support.

Dundee, Glasgow, Manchester and London have all risen to the occasion. The Thomson V Book comes to you with all the news of those who are in the services and of the home guard. Soon we will be reunited, and then oh, boy, we'll make things hum.

So here's luck to all who are still away and a happy home-coming.

DUNDEE

Caseroom

WHAT, with two Budgets in one year, two V-days, a General Election, local elections—well, what's the use of reeling off all we've done during the past year! We've been up to our ears in work all right—but we're looking forward to "retiring" and letting you lads, when you come back, have a taste of "real work" and no 48 hours off a month!

Look for your name here and see what we've said about you!

With six years of Army life behind him, Warrant Officer ALLY DUNCAN writes—"I live in pleasant but impatient anticipation of the day when group 26 will have collared that ticket." Going out to the Middle East with the Black Watch to form part of the Eighth Army, Ally took part in Monty's big push, becoming a casualty at El Alamein. This put him in hospital for six months in South Africa. On recovery he was posted to Egypt, where he is meantime on the staff of a big depot. Norman Guild was able to give us the information that Ally has now fully recovered and was looking very fit when he met him in Cairo.

To L.A.C. NORMAN GUILD goes the title of "First Man Demobbed." Entering the R.A.F. in 1941, Norman passed out as a fitter and served for 18 months on various stations in U.K. Then came a posting overseas, and the next three years were spent in Egypt. Norman was looking very fit when he gave a look in prior to starting "work" again.

A member of the R.A.F. since 1940, Sgt. JOHN WHITE reckons the highlight of his home service was "during the Battle of Britain when I was stationed at Kenley (Surrey), seeing the daily dogfights and counting the number of Jerry aircraft shot down. Well I remember the days of record scores—it was more like taking note of a cricket score!" Of his travels on the Continent with the 2nd T.A.F., Jock will never forget the terrific reception they got when Brussels was liberated. "And now to see Germans under occupation—if individual Germans to whom we speak are to be believed, the Nazi party was memberless, so many denials of being a Nazi do we hear!" At present stationed in Germany, Jock is getting his hand in for preparation for his D-day, by setting and making-up his Unit's newspaper, "Griff." (See photo pages.)

A staunch supporter of the 14th Army, Cpl. DUNCAN MACRAE, R.A.F., is generous in his praise of the "Forgotten Army," with whom he has been associated for over three years in South-East Asia Command. Kicking off in 1941 at Blackpool (where it was mostly plain hoofing instead of the light fantastic), Dunc passed out as an armourer and eventually landed at Leuchars. Alas, his stay there was a short one, and

FIFTH FLOOR

soon he was off for foreign parts. He had a spell in Ceylon, then on to India, posted to a squadron on ops. in Bengal and Assam. Then transferred to the first rocket squadron in that country, served with it in Arakan until February '45. Now stationed at Delhi, Dunc is on his old civvy job at Signals Security Press. This latest effort resulted in much correspondence with his auld friend, Johnny—but it wasn't all about casters; the housing situation at home also figured in it. What do you think, chums?

A fitter in the R.A.F., Cpl. WILLIE CARDNO has spent most of his five years' service with squadrons of Coastal Command. Stationed for a long time down south, Bill was overjoyed when he got a posting to Leuchars. But, like Dunc Macrae, he found it was only the prelude to an overseas posting. Willie has now returned after a year's service in Iceland. On a recent visit, we learned from him that the young ladies up there are definitely "non-frat." Not that this meant much to Young Will, as he joined the ranks of the pair married men in 1943. (See photo pages.)

The Royal Marines didn't provide enough action for RON WILSON, so he volunteered for the Commando. After a long toughening course—with excellent results to his physique, but disastrous to his civvy togs (his collars just couldn't take it!)—Ron turned up in the Med. area. Of his adventures there, he writes: "After the Anzio beachhead in Italy we spent nearly all our time doing harassing raids in the Balkans. For some time we were operating with Marshal Tito and his partisans in Yugoslavia. This led to many unusual situations. You might be having an impromptu dance one night. The next night while raiding some town you might find yourself fighting alongside your previous night's dancing partner—only this time it was 'strictly business,' and these women knew their business!" Then on to Albania, where it was almost like hide-and-seek in the mountains—but not the kids' stuff. Teaming up with the Greek partisans, he took part in the liberation of Corfu and enjoyed Greek hospitality for a time before returning to Italy to take part in the Lake Comacchio do, just before the collapse of Jerry in Italy. Ron is now on the Continent with the B.A.O.R.

The B.L.A. boys were having a tough time of it on the Continent, so they called in the Marines. Thus it was that Marine JIM SCOTT found himself attached to an infantry battalion, with whom he saw action in the Lowland Countries, and took part in the capture of German Naval H.Q. at Wilhelmshaven. Of his experiences over there, Jim writes: "When on static defences on the Maas in Holland we were getting a bit fed up of it, so we started tapping out Morse on the Bren gun. We found that Jerry had a sense of humour, he sent back messages to us, but when we sent 'V' he treated us to the best barrage he could

give us." While at Wilhelmshaven Jim had several joyrides in a big bullet-proof car—formerly Goering's private armoured car.

Since joining the Royal Artillery in September 1940, DAVID WILSON has spent all his service with a Coastal battery. Of his experiences, Dave declares there were not many thrills in Coast Defence, and often it was a very monotonous task lightened by the fact that he was with a cheery set of lads. After being stationed for ages at Workington, he at last managed to get away—only to land in that delectable spot—the Shetlands. There he had a run of bad luck and had several spells of sick parade. Now fit again, he is at present stationed at Scapa Flow in the Orkneys. Dave is keen to get out now, as he has clicked for a house and is anxious to set up a home.

Early in 1940 saw the departure of DEREK (Alex.) WILTON to join the Scots Guards. From then on we had only the briefest of communiques from him. But now, in his latest effort, we see the old Derek hasn't changed much in spite of all the Guards efforts. He writes: "My first experience of the Army seems as interesting as any which came my way. The knowing leer from the sergeant of the guard at Chelsea Barracks as I crept in . . . The sight of columns of men dashing up and down the square with no apparent objective in view . . . The barber cheerfully scalping large numbers of dazed recruits in sharp succession . . . The experience of polishing boots for two hours, then having them flung in the coal box . . . and being stood to attention while an elderly captain gravely considered the charge, 'That this man, while on active service, had the handle of his mug turned the wrong way about, on room inspection, this morning, sir.' And then, Sick Parade—three hours' wait in a freezing passage, only made tolerable by my comrades' interesting speculations as to the M.O.'s job in Civvy Street. Finally, that glorious bed; that glorious week to lie in it; that heavenly flu! What a life!!!"

Joining the R.A.F. in 1940, Cpl. GEORGE CHRISTIE trained as a flight-mechanic, and finally graduated as a fitter. Then came an overseas posting to America. Over there he made the most of his opportunities for getting around, visiting many places in Canada and U.S. After a year "over there" he was transported direct to Egypt, where he served three years. Now home once more, he is still a firm believer in the old saying—"East, west, home's best." He is stationed at Carlisle, Lanarkshire.

One of the "old boys" of Padgate, L.A.C. WILLIE LONIE, R.A.F., did his "square-bashing" there in 1940. Then he was posted to Manston (Kent), where he was in the front line for quite a spell during the Battle of Britain. Arriving there, still very raw, he clicked for the inevitable guard duty, and was thus occupied when a dogfight commenced

right over the station. Unaware of the fact that he was supposed to take cover, Willie gazed upwards, enthralled by the spectacle. And it was only when pieces of disintegrated Luftwaffe began to patter on the deck around him that he remembered a paragraph in S.S.O. about taking cover. He still thinks that the score of four down in three minutes was worth the risk! Later he went on a Radar mechanic's course and his time in this branch has been mostly spent in isolated parts up North and the Hebrides. Now stationed at North Berwick and quite happy there—just the right distance to get home for week-ends!

Becoming a "Glamour Boy" in 1940, Cpl. CECIL PETRIE knocked around several stations, dispelling gloom wherever he went—even a "stretch" at Peterhead saw him come up smiling. Then Cec got a real "break" when he got an overseas posting to Canada. "Crossing the Atlantic to Canada, finding lots to eat and drink after months of rationing. Travelling on leave to the States and visiting such cities as New York, Detroit, and Boston, and comparing their ways to our own was my greatest experience," he writes. Returning to the Old Country, he was on the merry-go-round again for a spell before finally landing down south in Hants.

L.A.C. SYD SMITH, who joined the R.A.F., in March, 1941, has seen service with Bomber and Coastal Command. Of his experiences he writes: "I believe the most interesting time in my Service life was spent while serving with 97 Squadron flying Lancasters of Bomber Command and later as Pathfinder Force. During that time many of the aircraft which I serviced took part in such famous raids as that on the German battleships lying in Brest harbour, Rostock, Peenemunde, Berlin, Genoa, Turin, and Milan, to mention only a few. It was also 97 Squadron which started a shuttlecock bombing service between this country and North Africa, hitting the Huns on the way out and the Italians on the return journey. The hours were often long and hard in all kinds of weather, but results have shown that it was well worth it. I was proud to be a very small cog in the wheel of 97 Squadron." It was while working on these Lancasters that Syd had a bad accident, from which we are glad to say he has now fully recovered. Now stationed at Leuchars, he is nicely placed for flying visits to see the family, to which there was the addition of a son lately.

Joining the Royal Artillery in 1940, JOHN DUFF has travelled all over the home counties as a driver-mechanic with a H.A.A. battery. It was while driving south one night that he had his first glimpse of the flying bombs, of which he says: "We were on our way to take up a new position against them, but we didn't know what they were. When we got into their path we saw plenty of them. It was a dark night and their flaming tails showed up very well. As they roared overhead we won-

dered what we had run into." John's well-fed look makes the pair civvies envious!

Having considerable experience of the "Firewatch," JIM MUNRO decided to sample the "watches" of the Royal Navy when he got the call in '43. Jim has been knocking around the Med. area for some time. Of his experiences he writes: "I think my most interesting experience was a train journey from Port Said to Alexandria. The train was run by the Egyptian State Railways and what a "State." Open carriages with boards to sit on. The driver's sole aim in life seemed to be a five-minute stop every 100 yards to let aboard fruit vendors and thieves. At one stop a well-dressed Arab got on and showed us a gold ring with a diamond set in it. He said he had pinched it and was anxious to get rid of it. He even cut a piece of glass to show us the diamond was real. He then asked £3 for it, and when we started to bargain he put it in his pocket and made to walk away. Finally, one lad gave him 15/-. When he tried to cut the glass with the diamond, it fell out as glass won't cut glass. It was an exact substitute, worth nothing. Later we saw the Arab talking to two 'Wog' policemen and all three were laughing. At which we all joined in." Jim was involved in the Bari explosion, but we are glad to say he has now fully recovered from his injuries.

One of our air-minded apprentices, Sgt. FERGUS HUTCHISON, was "sky-high" when accepted by R.A.F. in 1942 for air crew. Landing in S. Rhodesia, he was lucky enough to have Jim Simpson on the same station, and they gained their wings together. Thereafter they went their separate ways. Ferg was posted to M.E.F. and made the most of his spell there with leaves in Cairo and Alexandria. Then another posting found him in India Command, stationed at Poona. We haven't had a bulletin from him for a long time now.

We haven't had many "lines" from W. T. THOMSON since he departed for the Army in April, '43. Now a corporal in the R.A.O.C., Bill is stationed at a depot near St Helens, Lancs.

One of the "week-end flyers" of R.A.F.V.R., Flight-Lieutenant GEORGE TURNER, was called to the R.A.F. in September '39. As a wireless op.-air gunner, George flew with Bomber Command for four years, gaining the D.F.M. for his part in a raid on L'Orient. George then had the notion to fly 'em himself and was posted to Canada for training as a pilot. Gaining his wings, he is now back in the Old Country, at present stationed at Prestwick. Incidentally, he declares this is the finest 'drome he has been on! A veteran of many ops., he says the worst moment was: "The first time I saw flak and realised someone was shooting at me in earnest."

"The Truth About Wilson" comes from Sergt. GEORGE WILSON, R.A.F., who is at present enjoying the luxury of indefinite leave after

spending a gruelling week tattie-howling—the second time in his brief career in the Raff. He relates the following as the most amusing incident in his Service life so far: "Last Christmas day, after a slap-up dinner, I was invited to tea in one of the Waaf billets. I offered to supply a cake towards the party and returned to my billet for the same. On the return trip I was running along a pathway at full throttle when I took off to land a split second later flat on my back with the cake suffering severely from abrasions owing to the fact it was between me and the ground. When I gathered my wits I was conscious of an empty feeling in my mouth which itself was wider by almost an inch. The cause, I found, was a wire I had failed to observe, in the gathering dusk, stretched between two huts. This had caught in my mouth and consequently almost gave me the necessary qualifications to enter Bertram Mills Circus. The remainder of the day I spent in bed feeling anything but 'Goodwill Towards Men,' but I still think it was funny." Geordie expects to be out by Christmas, but didn't say which one—he's group 61!

After 18 months' service with the R.A.M.C., DAVE FERGUSSON was discharged from the Army on medical grounds and is now quite settled down in Civvy Street again.

After a year's foot-slogging with the Scots Guards, L/Sergt. GORDON ROBERTSON changed over from infantry to an armoured division in 1941. From then on it was a never-ending round of training, courses, and manoeuvres until the opening of the Second Front. Gordon saw action with the Guards Division from the Normandy beaches to the German Baltic coast. Now stationed at Bad Godesburg-on-Rhine, he is back at his old civvy job on the staff of "News Guardian," the Division's newspaper.

Early 1942 saw the departure of DAVE MATHESON for the Royal Armoured Corps. After almost a year's service in the tanks, he was transferred to 17/21st Lancers and served throughout the North African

SOMETHING TO MAKE A SONG ABOUT.

Leading Wren Sheila Rowland touches on the lighter side of her job:—



"My job has been in the Enquiry Room of W.R.Ns. H. Q., which is a Recruiting Office cum Information Bureau where one is supposed to know all the questions and double the answers.

"Some recruits have queer notions. There was the girl who said she'd simply love to join up if the Admiralty would carry on with the payments on a grand piano she'd just started buying on the H.P. system. Very disgusted when she was told this didn't come under 'hardship.'"

and Italian campaigns with this lot. Of his campaigning days he writes: "My unit had a major part in the taking of both Tunis and Cap Bonn Peninsula. The Peninsula was cut by a spectacular dash by the tanks, and it was an exhilarating experience. Jerry was beaten all ends up by it, and the cease fire came a few days later. Though I have been through more bitter fighting since then, the later days of the N. African campaign still stick in my mind as the most interesting time of my career since leaving Blighty." Now stationed in Austria, he paid us a visit recently and was looking fit and well—quite a man now!

Joining the Black Watch in 1940, WILLIAM BROWN had a long spell of home service before being posted for training to Control Commission Military Security. This posting resulted in Bill going back to school to swot up German. Shortly after the German collapse he was posted to 21 Disbandment Unit, with whom he is now in Germany, engaged in work of discharging the defeated Wehrmacht.

Joining the Royal Artillery in 1940, Gnr. ED MUDIE served with a H.A.A. battery in this country until going overseas to take part in the campaigns in North Africa and Italy. The end of hostilities in the latter country didn't bring an end to his troubles! His old mob being broken up, he was for a time at a base camp before doing a round of transit camps—he does wax eloquent on these—to eventually land at a nice billet on the shores of the Adriatic. Here, he has a grouse at being "roped in to play watchdog over a bunch of Herrenvolk." Home on leave recently, Ed was looking very fit. He does not take such a dim view of Army life now that he sees prospects of getting out! 24 is his lucky number.

Pte. DAN CARMICHAEL had his introduction to Army life at Perth in December, '43. There he did six weeks' infantry training—and just survived! Then transferred to R.A.S.C., he was posted to the "wilds" of Dalmally. His next shift was down south to London, where he arrived in time to experience the effects and feelings one undergoes during air raids, as the last three raids took place that week. "But a new phase opened up then," Dan writes. "I distinctly remember being on guard over the office buildings one night when the sirens started their wailing. Just minutes later the guns opened up and a plane which appeared to be on fire at the tail sped right over our heads. Seconds later a terrific explosion was heard, and my mate shouted, 'That's one b—— we've got down anyway!' Yes, it was one down—but it was, though we were unaware of it at the time, intended to come down—it was the first Flying Bomb to fall on London." Dan is now with the B.A.O.R., and is at present enjoying the many attractions of Brussels.

After an operation for the removal of cartilages, RON WALKER is now out and about again. Joining the R.A.F. in 1941, he passed out as an

instrument repairer. Later he was drafted into the Ministry of Production, and had a short spell on munitions at Leven. But he had hardly got his gowff bag over there before he was recalled to the R.A.F. and has since been stationed down south.

One of our "old sodgers," JOCK SHEPHERD, Royal Artillery, joined up in August, '39, and served in France prior to Dunkirk. After a year in U.K. while our armies were re-equipped, he sailed for India and served out there for three years. He shares the views of his compatriots who are serving in that country—"blood, sweat, and toil!" One of his most exciting experiences was: "Being floated down a narrow river, somewhere on the Assam-Burma frontier, on a bamboo raft that looked too frail to support a man, yet carrying a field gun and a full gun crew of ten men. Getting the same gun into position and being told by a Brigadier that we were the first regiment of medium artillery ever to be used against the Japs." Now back in this country, at Troon, Jock gives us a visit occasionally—his shadow does not grow any less!

April, 1940, saw the departure of C.M.S. JIM SHAW for the Intelligence Corps, (Field Security Wing). After a spell of duty with Special Service Brigade (U.K.), Jim went overseas and has seen service in Algeria, Tunisia, Sicily, and Italy. A "Security" man, he doesn't say much of his official duties, but he and Ed Mudie swapped several good yarns of their experiences in the Med. area in a recent "get-together" they had when home on leave. In group 21, Jim expects to be back in Civvy Street very soon.

Early in 1942 BOB MARTIN departed for the R.A.C. After a short spell with the tanks he was transferred to Royal Corps of Signals. He went right through the campaign in the occupied countries to wind up in Germany. There he contracted ear trouble and has spent the past 4½ months in military hospitals. Now fit again, he writes: "I heard that D. Matheson was home on leave and sat around all day thinking about the swimming pool on the roof of the hotel in which he was billeted. So far I've only managed to get a billet with a spacious blue-tiled bathroom and all-chrome fittings, and a picture of 'His Nibs' in a silver frame. That was in Deutschland, near Munster." So the rivalry between B.L.A. and C.M.F. goes on!

Joining the Royal Corps of Signals in 1940, Cpl. REG. COLEMAN served at several stations in U.K. before going out to India. Stationed at Jubbulpore at Signals Training Centre (Indian), Reg. is now on maintenance work, and although not giving any details of the equipment, declares that Hugh Anderson had better keep the wire room locked when he gets back. One of his most interesting experiences was his first spell of duty in the Operations Room of an R.A.F. Fighter Group. "I had had experience in a G.O.R., and also a G.C.C. previous to this,

but here was the nerve-centre which controlled these two subsidiaries. Accustomed as I was to close co-operation with the 'guns,' I found a rather disturbing—at first—air of aloofness in the usually serene atmosphere of a Group Ops. Room. I say, 'usually' because at times the air was electric with the tenseness when 'patrols' were despatched to 'intercept' the enemy. And many a quickly-stifled murmur ran around the room when 'Enemy sighted' came flashing on the panel which gave full details of all squadrons under our control." (See photo pages.)

To TOM COULL goes the distinction of being in "the finest regiment in the British Army," the Royal Engineers (on no less an authority than ex-Sapper Sivvie!). Tom is now with the M.E.F. and is stationed seven miles from Suez. He is not greatly impressed with Egypt, most of the towns being like Suez, very dirty.

Three and a half years ago, DAVID NICHOLSON laid aside his black apron to don the light blue uniform of the R.A.F. He did his "square-bashing" at Blackpool before going to S. Wales for flight mechanic's course. After much hard graft he completed his fitter's course, and his luck was in when he was posted to Aberdeen. There he witnessed an unusual spectacle:—"A German plane come in and land as though it were just a visiting machine. However, it was not just a visit, having been forced in by one of our fighters." At present stationed in India, Dave is now a bit fed up of that 'interesting' country, as the longing for that return ticket grows stronger.

Our keen A.T.C. boy, ANDREW PROCTOR, tried for Fleet Air Arm, but failed in the eyesight test. So the Royal Navy was the next best thing for him. Although he's had several H.M.S. addresses, these were shore establishments, but now Andy is aboard a destroyer experiencing the "joys" of life afloat.

Joining the R.A.F. in July '41, L.A.C. HARRY POWRIE has done duty on various stations in U.K. and declares, "I cannot claim to be the proud possessor of front-line stories for my grand-children, but as a fitter in the R.A.F. I have done my best to keep 'em flying." Now with the M.E.F., we heard from him in November that he was in hospital and expected to be moved to South Africa.

J. DAWSON joined the Gordon Highlanders early in 1941. On completing his training, he was soon on the high seas bound for an unknown destination. This proved to be Egypt, and was the start of his long journey from El Alamein to Tripoli with the Eighth Army. The next task was Sicily where he became a battle casualty. "Not nearly so bad as it sounds, however, the bullet which grazed my forehead might just as easily have gone a little deeper with more serious results."

This campaign over, he returned to Blighty and soon Monty's words

were brought home to him when they commenced training for the European assault. Of this he writes: "Early June saw me putting foot on yet another foreign land. Normandy did not detain our victorious armies long and soon I was passing through Belgium on my way to Holland. Except for a brief visit to the Ardennes to assist the Americans, we switched from front to front in Holland, eventually being flooded out not far from Arnhem where our airborne troops had made such a grand stand earlier on." At the end of the long, long trail, Dawson is at present stationed in Germany.

Now back in this country after a long spell in the Mediterranean area, Gnr. GILBERT HUME was looking very fit when he gave the Caserom a visit recently. Joining the Royal Artillery in 1940, Gillie took part in the campaign which drove Rommel and his Afrika Korps out of North Africa. Then over to Italy, where he was in action at Salerno and Cassino. Of his experiences, he writes: "I think my most interesting experience, apart from flying home in 6½ hours after taking 6½ weeks to go out, was when we scrapped our guns and went on a secret operation which turned out to be the initial punch that led to the defeat of the Germans in Italy. We had to man A.A. guns on an amphibious tank, best known as the 'Buffalo' I think. We landed the infantry behind the German lines on the shores of Lake Comacchio, and it was a grand sight to see about two hundred of these tanks in line astern and in full view of the Jerries, yet nothing happened. Someone slipped up somewhere."

After a long spell at Aden, L.A.C. SYD GIBSON, shed no tears when he saw the Barren Rocks disappear from view. He writes: "If I ever do a holiday cruise it won't be to Aden! From there I came up to the M.E. and dotted about from one transit camp to another—bar one, the demob transit camp, but then they never do send you where you want to go! Now I'm posted to a new station at Heliopolis, just outside Cairo."

Of his wanderings he relates: "I often did wonder how much the war was costing a day, how much of your money little me was spending for words would fail you if I told you a third of the jobs I was given in those camps. In one, one week, half a dozen of us painted a little van. Spraying it would have been too quick. The next week we had to scrape the paint off! No, it couldn't have been me that won the war."

Syd tells a good yarn of his early days: "Happy as a sandboy I entered King's Cross Station with a seven-day leave pass in my pocket. It was not the gentle lark, but the station Tannoy that bellowed forth that A.C.2. Gibson had to report back to his camp immediately. When A.C.2. Gibson saw S.P.'s on the barrier gate of the Scottish train, he was convinced it was no 'lark.' They later even combed the train—

but as it steamed out I was on it, made Bonnie Dundee and home. What would you do, chums?"

A keen A.T.C. cadet, it was definitely the R.A.F. for Sgt. JIM SIMPSON when he got the call at the end of 1942. After doing his prelim training in this country, he went out to S. Rhodesia to train as a pilot. Gaining his wings, he joined a Ferry Unit, flying kites from Africa to Cairo, then through Palestine, Iraq, Saudi Arabia to India. At the end of '44 he shifted to Sicily, flying planes from there to squadrons in North Italy. Later he went to Yesi (Ancona area) and remained there until end of Italian campaign, and is now stationed at Naples. He's flown eleven different types of aircraft, in his "here-to-night-gone-to-morrow" routine.

Called up in 1941, BOB PATERSON trained as an instrument repairer in the R.A.F. Later he was transferred to the Ministry of Aircraft Production and was for a long time stationed in Coventry. Later he was sent to Bournemouth—but it was no holiday! He is at present stationed at Edzell.

Five years of Army life have not made much difference to JOHN MOON'S appearance. Now home on leave from Italy he gave us a look in recently—and met Gillie Hume. A member of the Royal Corps of Signals, he went overseas with the B.N.A.F., and went through the campaigns of North Africa and Italy.

After service in this country from 1940, L.A.C. DAVID FINAN got his long-desired overseas posting when he became a B.L.A. member. Now stationed in Denmark, Dave finds it very pleasant there after the "non-frat" of Germany.

OH! THESE FISHERMEN!

Sergeant Ian Garden, R.A.F. (Family Star) found time off in Germany to have an outing or two with his rod and reel. Here's one of his stories:



Scene A river in Germany.

Time April.

Action—Here I was poaching quite openly on the water of some Comte. Along came the comte. He was very affable, but I could see he was a bit suspicious in case I should be fishing illegally with a spinner. So, to reassure him, I showed him my dry fly. He was delighted.

"Those barbarians!" he said. "They come here with their spinners and strip my stream of fish. But you are an artist!" We parted most affably.

The sequel—Two days later I saw him again fishing, and went across. He wasn't quite quick enough to hide his tackle—a deadly-looking spinner! Tactfully I talked about the weather.

Joining the R.A.F. early in '41, L.A.C. ED. STEWART has had a long spell in the Med. area. After being stationed at Malta for a time, he took part in the Sicily "do." Then he did the "tour" of Italy, finishing up at Trieste. In his last letter he gives news of a hurried departure to Palestine.

After completing his initial training at Aberdeen at the end of 1943, Pte FRED LOW was posted to R.A.S.C. While stationed in the South of England, he was laid up in hospital for a time. On recovery he was not left long in suspense as to his future. Soon he was on the Continent with the B.L.A. and he is still doing duty over there.

Entering the R.A.F. in 1940, Cpl. JACK JACKSON became a member of the Balloon Barrage Section. After a spell of duty on stations in Scotland, he did quite a lot of moving about around Southern England. Now home after a spell with the B.L.A. he is now at Edzell.

HELEN TODD (V.A.D.), is now stationed up north at Elgin at a Camp Reception Station, and is being kept busy. And not all nursing—there's quite a spot of dances for off-duty times.

The Caserom staff comprises:—

Desk—Mr G. Marshall.

Lino Operators—Dayshift—J. Buist, J. Birkbeck, E. Mann, R. Dunn, A. Dempster, H. Ballantyne, J. Keir, F. Stewart, A. Gray, W. Duncan, K. Beveridge.

Nightshift—J. Ruxton, W. Millar, J. Macgregor.

Uptmakers—"Tele"—J. Craik, W. Cardno. "W. News"—J.

Norrie, E. Simpson. Advt.s—A. Scott, J. Halkerston. Mags.—J. Elder, A. Anderson, R. Sivewright, C. Edgar, W. Mitchell, W. Johnston, J. Stirling.

Bulk—A. Williamson.

Mono Operators—F. Mann, J. Milton. Casters—N. Duncan, W. Watson.

Readers—M. Marshall, W. Crawford, J. McDonald. Copyholders—Misses M. Whyte, I. Marnie (released from munitions), H. Henry, C. Barclay.

Apprentices—S. Carmichael (released from Bevin Scheme), A. Duff, E. Anderson, A. Watt, A. Lindsay, John Lawrie (our Sinatra), and T. Fawns (boy soprano.)

Mechanic—H. Anderson. Assistant—J. Lee.

Block Room—W. Kenny (discharged from Army), H. Dryden.

J. Barn and J. Findlay are still on the sick list.

Members of the "Old Brigade" who retired since we last wrote—W. Keir, D. Cuthbert, P. Auld, J. Traill.

We regret to announce the death of James Wallace early in the year after a long illness.

Stereo

As busy as ever up here—and no swinging the lead either!

We were glad to welcome back Corporal A. BUTCHART, R.A.F., who has been demobbed. He's been an "absentee" from the fifth floor since June 1940. He had a spell in Greece before returning to his old love, the Casting Box. (See photo pages.)

R. CAULFIELD enlisted in the R.A.F. in March 1940. His department was "signals." He went to India in 1941 and came back to the old country in 1945 and is now at Prestwick. He's done service on the N.W. Frontier, Bengal and Assam, and heaps more places with unspellable names! He writes:—

"The most interesting experience I had was whilst I was on the N.W. Frontier of India. One of the most isolated British outposts in Waziristan, Fort Data Khell, had been under siege and cut off for three months by rebel tribesmen of the forces of the notorious Fakir of Ipi. A small force of British and Indian troops was assembled to relieve the fort and the occupants. Air support was given by both R.A.F. and Indian Air Force squadrons, both of which employed the usual frontier type of aircraft for scouting and bombing. These aircraft are single-engined, and in comparison to modern speeds are reckoned to be very slow, but are ideal for keeping watch on the movements of tribesmen.

"The operation was a large one and met with a very quick success. I was one of a party of wireless operators attached to the Army for W/T and R/T communication with aircraft and base.

"During the operation I had the opportunity of observing all the aspects of frontier tribal warfare, which so far as the tribesmen are concerned is purely guerilla work, and they do it thoroughly despite the fact that their arms are mostly very old, and in many cases "home made." One amusing incident was a cannon which was captured and found to be using ammunition of the wrong calibre. This cannon had been used to shell the fort, and while the shells did fall in the fort area none exploded.

"An interesting feature of the bombing of tribal villages is that twenty-four hours before the bombing is due aircraft drop leaflets to tell the inhabitants when the bombing will take place, so that they may get their families and live stock away from the area. The object of the bombing being to cause enough damage to keep the tribesmen busy doing repairs, &c., as it is when they are not fully occupied that their hostility is put into effect. Incidentally this operation was the first one

to be 'covered' by War Correspondents since Winston Churchill reported a "rising" in the late 1890's."

Gunner M. JAMIESON who has been in khaki since October 1940, was home on leave from Italy recently.

Here's Corporal HARRY CAMERON telling you about himself and his experiences:—

"I was called up on the 24th May, 1940. I trained for close on a year on various courses to be an instructor, and apart from a brief spell at Shrewsbury on a Flying Training Unit, spent three years at Weston-super-Mare as an instructor. During this three years I was to all intents and purposes in a civil job since I was living out of camp with my wife.

In February 1944, I was posted to 2nd R.A.F. on 266 Squadron (Rhodesia) from then on. Landed in Normandy in July, there to Lille where I discovered that all that was said of France was true. On to Antwerp with the buzz bombs and the rockets. To a place in Holland than across the Rhine to Lingen in Germany.

"After V.E. day went to Hanover and now on the R.A.F. aerodrome for Berlin.

Sergeant A. FYFFE, R.A.F., has been away since December, 1939. He is still one of the lucky lads in England.

After a spell in Germany, W. ADAMSON, Army, is now in Cardiff. It will be a while till he's a civvy—became a serviceman in November 1943.

W. BROWN (Ginger), R.A.F., dropped in for a chat while on leave from Germany.

ASHLEY STEWART, F.A.A., has seen a lot of the world since leaving the department in 1942. He is now at Easthaven, and latest rumour is that he has received his demob ticket. Here's a brief outline he has written of his experiences.

"After serving on several stations in this country, the squadron to which I was attached sailed on the Queen Elizabeth to New York. It was a great sight viewing the Statue of Liberty with the morning sun shining on it. After a short stay at a base in New Jersey, we moved to Boston, Mass. From there our next move was to join a carrier at Vancouver B.C. The trip from Boston to Vancouver was grand, and lasted for four days and four nights. The Rockies were snow-clad, for it was February. Vancouver is a beautiful city. At that particular time of year the abundance of Spring flowers was a great sight. Having boarded the carrier we sailed south along the coast to San Diego, from where we had a trip to Hollywood. On through the Panama Canal, which is a great sight. Through the Caribbean Sea to lovely Cuba. Then on to Norfolk, Virginia, New York and back again to Britain.

"After a spell at home base, the squadron joined another carrier, this time for Russian convoy work. Our first trip was in November and a very grim experience it was, although this was the first convoy that had gone to Russia and back with no loss at all. This work we continued to do until just before V.E. day, when we were engaged in numerous strikes off the Norwegian coast. We then took part in the last escorted convoy to Russia—just after V.E. day.

Sig. GEORGE B. MCFARLANE who became a Jack Tar in April 1942, has certainly seen the sea. He's served on the Atlantic, Med., Indian Ocean, Persian Gulf and the coasts of West, East, and South Africa.

J. JOHNSON, another Navy lad since September 1943, is still in Bermuda.

DAVID MILNE, R.A.F., a sergeant-navigator, got into Air Force blue in April 1943. He's had a fine time flying between here and Italy.

Our former apprentice, A. MCCORMACK, has still a while to go before he becomes a real old Navy "salt" since he just went away last year. He's down Alexandria way.

The brigade at home :

J. Purvis, R. Burrell, W. Purvis, W. Scott, C. Horne, H. Walsh, H. Forbes, G. Abbot, G. Duff and L. Clegg, carry on with the good work.

DUNDEE

FOURTH FLOOR

Reporters

GEORGE BRATTIE, sub conductor with the R.A.O.C., is demobbed.

His long service dated from the eve of the outbreak of war, when he was called to the Army during the B.A. sitting in Dundee. He was in France in 1940, but since his return had been kept in this country until his release group came round. He never forgot his shorthand, and proved that to us when he helped us cover the General Election. He thoroughly enjoyed his spell on the staff then, whisked through the campaign in his own dashing style, and it wasn't his fault that Florrie got the KO!

Ed. PETERS sent a snappy "poissonal" and as he himself would say, it contains that "touch of class" with which he is very familiar. He joined the Royal Signals in August, 1942, and became a tradesman in the teleprinter branch. After some initial experience in the great network of Army Signals, he has for the past two years been attached to a big Signals depot in Yorkshire. The Army's insatiable appetite for clerical staff resulted in him being impounded for orderly room work.



J. WALLACE, Glasgow Photographers, watching the bombardment of West before the Rhine crossing.

*Kent
Faces!*
But d'you
ken 'em?



W. PAYNE, London Office.



IAN DUN, Sunday Post, at battle training. He looked so fierce they decided to put him in charge of stationery!

UP WI' THE BONNETS



R. BAYNE,
Advertising.



V.A.D. WINNIE PHILLIP,
Editor.



ERIC MONCRIE,
Sunday Post.



FRED CAIRCROSS,
Publishing.



GEORGE DRYSDALE,
Artists.



WILFRED WRIGHT,
Advertising.



R. G. COLEMAN,
Cartoonist.



ARCHIE WATT,
Dispatch.



E. G. ROBERTS,
Publishing.



J. WILLIAMSON,
Wire Room.

He tells us that he has covered more forms and paper in a typewriter in the last two years than would stretch to the overseas destinations to where so many of the Signals have set sail.

PAT SHEARER was extraordinarily brief in saying how he had covered the movements of the Highland Division from Egypt to Germany. Pat, of course, is a Staff-Sergeant at "G.S." branch at Divisional Headquarters. He merely says that the places in which he has served are Egypt, Libya, Tripolitania, Tunisia, Sicily, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany.

He says: "Most of service as deputy chief clerk, General Staff Branch Divisional Headquarters, apart from year and a half as chief clerk 154 Infantry Brigade. Wounded at El Alamein on 24th October, 1942. Awarded C-in-C's Certificate for Good Service in Germany."

Major ANDY THOMSON, who has had lots of experiences out East, sends us one of his characteristic pen pictures written on the morning after V.J. day, and, he adds: "There is no hang-over! What would you do, chums, with a pot of tea and a K ration? Just thought I'd drop you the old line to say I'll be home any year now! Three long years and nine long months I've been out here. Not long when you say it quick. I was twenty miles out from Rangoon when we heard the news, but it may take weeks before the old Jap understands it. When we heard it I just thought I should have been covering the Eden tournament at St Andrews this week. Them were the days! And I suppose the football season must be opening up now—what a pleasant thought with trips to Glasgow and Edinburgh and what have you! I am due for early release but it may be February or March before I get home. There is an awful lot to be done yet in Burma and I may have to go into Malaya before we've finished. I was nearly captured there early in 1942 but I can laugh at that now—but it wasn't a joke then."

Also out East but not so far east is Capt. JIMMY AITKEN of the 9th Jats, in India. Last we heard from him he was doing adjutant but might be elevated to the staff—"there's a possibility of a staff captain's appointment falling vacant, and I'm in line for that."

Sub-Lt. JOHN INGRAM, is home on leave at the time of writing, having come from the Thames this time. In recent months he has been in Continental waters engaged in minesweeping, but John's usual modesty results in us not hearing very much about his job. He won't return to Civvy Street for a bit yet, his group being 35, but it's fine to have him looking us up when he is on leave.

Ask Lieut. WILLIAM MOWAT PHILLIPS what his unlucky number is, and he will tell you that it is not 13 but 20. That is the number of his demob group—and that is one of the groups concerned in the edict that officers were to be retained for further service. But later the War Office

relented and Phillips having passed his demob medical was all ready for entraining for home on October 20. Instead, he had the unhappy experience of seeing the men go off while he, for no known reason, was retained on the other side with the B.A.O.R. Seems from his last letter home, that the staff wallahs responsible for demob have been having a thin time of it since then trying to cope with Phillips protests, and chances are that by the time this appears in print, he will have made his way into Civvy Street. He has been wounded in the leg, hand and back, and the last mentioned still gives him a bit of trouble.

Sergeant DAVID DOIG, nowadays stationed near Reading, has seen a lot of country since he left us during the Dundee holiday week of 1940. After being acclimatised to the R.A.F. in England he found himself "on the boat" bound for Singapore. It was an eight weeks' cruise round by the Cape. On the same day as he arrived at Singapore he was posted back to Ceylon where he remained for three years and three months. He writes: "During that time I was mentioned in dispatches and was one of a number presented to Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten when he arrived to assume command of S.E.A.C. The many and rapid changes brought about by the early Jap successes resulted in me serving in three different Commands without shifting from my desk. Originally under Air Headquarters, Far East, we were transferred to Air Headquarters, India, on the fall of Singapore, and later incorporated in Air Command, South East Asia. I must mention in passing, our Unit barber in Colombo—a Singhalese. I am one of those who normally prefer the barber to work in silence, but I had to make an exception in his case, as he knew Dundee very well. In peace time he had evidently worked as a barber on ships calling at Dundee.

"Due for repatriation on 1st June, 1944, I had to bid my time for another three months, as repatriation was cancelled on account of D-day. After a five days' train journey through Ceylon and India, I eventually clambered aboard at Bombay, and a fast and uneventful voyage of three weeks via the Med., brought me back to the Clyde."

L.A.C. BERT CLARK, R.A.F., is getting nearer home, but left South Africa with many regrets we feel. He was very happy there, had made good friends, and liked the country. He is now in the Middle East, fairly near to Cairo which disappointed him greatly. "A dirty rotten, smelling hole," was his description in fact. He spares a thought for our ladies occasionally, hoping they are not working too hard. Thanks, pal! We're coping. Old friends, especially those who congregate in the City Square on Tuesdays, ask about him. No word of his demob yet. He hasn't met any colleagues as far as we know, but there's a chance that the other Bert, F/O. H. S. YOUNG, D.F.C., will run into him one day.

The younger Bert is at present on a "conversion" course in England under Transport Command, flying a Dakota and absorbing the cockpit drill. He's practised dropping supplies on a threepenny bit, towing gliders and dropping paratroops. After a spell on operations, Bert blew in to tell us he was bound for Canada again, and the girls ordered all sorts of nice things to be brought back. He walked in one day to tell us that it was discovered that his unit was sent out in error, and had been told to go home.

Now he's rapidly getting ready for any little war that may break out anywhere.

Remember VAL MOONIE? He is now a Lance-Corporal in C Squadron of the XI Hussars. He has served in Belgium—Maeseyck—Holland—Vegel, OSS, Bredam Papenhoven—Germany—Brunsbüttelkoob, Berlin. He went out to join 21st Army Group across the Channel in September after D-day. It was at Maeseyck that he had his first taste of front line life which, as he says, is like most things in the Army—it isn't as bad as one expects.

In March, when the bridgehead over the Rhine had been established, the Seventh Armoured Division, with the Cherrypickers leading, went in to force and exploit a break-through. "From then onwards I more or less lived on my nerves. One of my most exciting experiences was when Jerry counter-attacked locally near Bremen. For several hours my troop had been watching enemy movements on a main road when suddenly we heard the rumble of trucks, and round a corner, four hundred yards away, there appeared a Tiger tank. Our biggest gun, being a two pounder, we did not stop to think, but started up and were away hell-for-leather towards our nearest tanks, two miles back. In the melee that followed, I had a few pot shots at a Jerry S.P. gun and the enemy landed several shells around my car, the nearest being six feet away. I was certainly glad when my troop withdrew and left the tanks and infantry to finish the job. It was not till we were near Hamburg that my car was "brewed-up" by one of the famous 88's. Luckily no one was hurt, as being in a position where it was impossible to withdraw, we had all "baled out" two minutes previously." (See photo pages.)

Sergeant GEORGE HALL, R.A.F., the "Joan frae Arbroath," was in full throttle when he paid a "flying" visit to the office at the beginning of October. The strong, silent type when he left for the Services over two years ago, George has certainly blossomed out, and thrilled his colleagues with his war adventures—mostly spent away from the war. He suspected at the time, however, that this was his embarkation leave, and that he would soon be sailing for the Far East.

ALISTAIR SCOTT is the reporters' 'mystery man.' We do know that he is a captain in the Royal Corps of Signals and was last reported in

Ceylon. Rumour has it that he was mixed up with some hush-hush job on the Continent. The last time he called into Meadowside—many moons ago—he was looking very fit, and we can only hope that he is the same now.

Sgt. J. J. MARSHALL, R.A.F.—A jump from L.A.C. to sergeant and a move from Maison Blanche have been the highlights of Jack's R.A.F. life during the past year. He hadn't moved much since landing in North Africa, but when he did start he covered quite a bit of ground, to Cairo for a spot of extra training, (he was more than a little thrilled to see the battlefields over which the 8th Army had fought)—and after getting his tapes, to Castel Benito via Italy. Doesn't think very highly of Castel Benito but it's a change. And anyway, main thoughts are of repatriation boat early next year—and of course demob! Has also planned to fly to South Africa to see his brothers there, but so far hasn't got official sanction!

The present staff is:—Messrs S. Adamson, D. W. Mills, John A. Lister (a newcomer since last year), Ian W. Murray, Geo. McDonald, Ian B. Brown, F. Scott Henderson (another newcomer), G. Macaulay, D. Norrie. And the ladies:—Misses Dorothy Galloway, Jessie Milne, and Betty O'Brien (who joined the staff in May).

Barbara Daw left in October on her husband being demobbed.

Telegraph and Post

WITH a salty tang to his speech, REA STEVENSON has been warmly welcomed back at the Subs' table after 4½ years in the Navy. Rea served throughout as a coder, first on the destroyer Punjabi until she was sunk in collision with the King George V. in Northern waters, and then on the battleship Rodney, taking part in the North Africa, Sicily, Salerno and Normandy landings. Between times he did escort to the Russian convoys, having a destroyer, cruiser and battleship placed at his disposal on different trips for this purpose. (See photo pages.)

Enlisted in the Black Watch in October, 1939, Major ANDREW TODD was commissioned to the Seaforths in September, 1940, and posted to the 2nd battalion, in which he has served from El Alamein to Germany with the 51st Division. Took part in the invasion of Sicily and was twice wounded after the Normandy landing, the second time while commanding his company at the Rhine crossing. Has a mention in dispatches, and a row of ribbons like a herbaceous border. Now helping to keep an eye on Cuxhaven, finds time to represent his battalion at rugby, football, swimming, or shooting, as well as editing the regimental magazine, "Elephant."

Our next oldest soldier, Sgt. ARTHUR MACKAY of the Royal Signals, went out to North Africa after the landing and followed the war into Italy. Latterly he's been located at Naples, which he has seen and not died, although he holds no opinion of the place at all. Arthur came on leave recently to England in seven hours by air and then took 22 hours to get home from the 'drome.

S/Sgt. NEIL STEWART of the Intelligence Corps, after working in Abyssinia, Egypt, Madagascar, and Kenya, came home (cooked hat on! all) to a job at Scottish Command. He joined up in August, 1940, and kept his subs hand in by helping to edit two Services' papers in Kenya.

From Royal Signals to Royal Engineers, that's CHARLIE LOWSON's record since he enlisted in December, 1942. Attached to the 9th Batt. of the Royal Tank Regt., he took part in the Normandy landing and the campaign through France, Belgium, Holland into Germany. "Cheesed off" with peacetime soldiering, he volunteered for the Postal Section of the R.E., and after a course of instruction in Brussels, is now a sapper at the H.Q. of the Postal Branch of the B.A.O.R.

Of the "types in blue," Sgt. JIMMY NICHOLSON is still waging ceaseless war against R.A.F. "bumf"; he should know something about it, for almost since he joined up in April, 1940, he's been in home station orderly rooms.

F/Sgt. GEORGE CLARK has spent three years in N. Africa. Long after war swept across the Mediterranean to Italy and Europe, he was still left somewhere around Algiers (we think), dreading that he would be forgotten about altogether. As we haven't heard from him since last Christmas, we don't know whether that's the case or not.

L.A.C. THOMSON MUDIE left home on Nov. 13, 1940, and after various wireless courses was posted around April, 1941 for overseas draft. "The draft landed me in the heart of Bedfordshire," he writes, "at a station called Chicksands. There I gave four of the best years of my life! At last after various efforts to 'break out', I volunteered for an attachment to Uxbridge. Here I am and here I hope to stay—till the 'powers' decide they can do without my services."

"One op. over Kiel just before V.E. day, two spam ops. (food-dropping in Holland, to you), one trip bringing home p.o.w., and now ferrying on the Italy run"—that's how F/Sgt. HUGH FRASER, bomb aimer, sums up his career in the R.A.F., which he joined in May, 1943, and which sent him to Canada for his training.

Canada was the training ground, too, for A.C. STEVE MITCHELL, but he hasn't cat's eyes in the dark and it was decided air crew wasn't the right line for a greatly-disappointed Steve. He was trained in met. work and now handles the weather reports at Wick. Steve, called up in July, 1943, was the last Tele sub to go to the Forces.

We started with the Senior Service and we finish with our two young Navy officers—S/Lieut. (A) JIMMY PROCTOR and S/Lieut. DONALD MACDONALD. Jimmy joined the Navy in June, 1942, trained as a navigator in the F.A.A., served at various home stations, did convoy protection in the North Atlantic and kept Jerry's last-minute midjet submarines from our Channel routes up to V.E. day. He was on board a carrier bound for the Far East when the sailing was cancelled and Jimmy was sent instead on yet another course at a Lancashire station.

Donald started his training in America for the F.A.A., was switched back home to the wavy Navy, commissioned and saw service on a landing craft during the Normandy campaign. Then transferred to India, Donald developed some trouble in his back and was sent to hospital where he was still having treatment last time we heard from him. What does he think of India? "The most boring place I've ever come across," he writes. "Asia is simply the refuse dump of the world."

Demobbed and with domestic responsibilities looming ahead, BETTY FORSYTH (nee Inglis), has been a welcome visitor, particularly in the phone room on Saturday afternoons. (See photo pages.)

On the home front in the Tele room, we have lost the services of Elsie Thomson who was married on 15th October and took all our best wishes with her to her Liverpool home. There remain Mrs Kelly and Misses Lena Boyd, Olive Spalding, Gertrude Moonie, Ruth Mathers, Beatrice Easson and the men folk—Messrs Pride, Stephen, McNab, Yeaman, Henderson, Chisholm, Gauld, and the two youngsters, Fred Menzies and Douglas Stainsby.

Weekly News

IT has been quite an eventful year for the Weekly News—two weddings in the family, a five-year P.O.W. back home, a retirement after 40 years service, and two warriors getting the Welcome Home.

There are five of the old staff still in uniform.

WILLIE LINDSAY looked in a month or so ago. An R.A.S.C. Territorial, he went over with the 51st Division, made his getaway at St Valery and helped chase Rommel from Alamein to Tunis. When the 51st came back from Italy, Willie came too, but they gave him a job to do, tearing across country on a motor bike. So he missed the D-day show greatly to his disappointment. He pleaded to be sent back to his old mob. Instead they shoved him on to the Pluto stunt, and on his last visit he expected to be called on to help finish the Japs. Perhaps that's why the Jap war ended so suddenly. Maybe Willie's in Tokio or just around the corner. He's like that. (See photo pages.)

ALAN LUMSDEN is another veteran of twenty-six. In it from the word go, he too, dodged Jerry at St Valery, and has been with the 51st ever since—Africa, Sicily, France (twice) and Germany. Alan confesses to no love for the Army and says the demob scheme is about as fair as a Dundee October holiday, but he didn't write this in Dundee on our last October holiday—or did he?

Sergt. WILLIAM ANDERSON, R.A.M.C., is another 51st Division old stager. Unfortunately he didn't get away from St Valery and spent five years as a P.O.W. Then one day the fiery cross went round—Willie Anderson was home. Was he lean, gaunt and emaciated, we asked ourselves. Well, Willie dropped in—just like that—looking as if he'd just been out of the office for a packet of cigarettes—in other words, the same red-cheeked, cheery lad.

We invited Willie to be a guest at a presentation to Mr John Thomson on his retirement. Willie was there and got the shock of his life. You see, a wee bird had whispered that Willie was getting married, so Mr Thomson just ca'd the feet from Willie by handing over a canteen of cutlery with the staff's best wishes. We're still waiting for the bridegroom's speech.

ROBERT WILSON, ex-Topical Times, has had four years in the R.A.F. After training landed at Arbroath and was cushy for three years—eighteen miles from home. Then in January '45, they decided he'd been among the smokies long enough and packed him off to India. He's now in Burma. Here's what he says about his most exciting experience:—

"Something I'll never forget was a 3500 miles road journey from Belgaum, in Southern India, to Toungoo, in Southern Burma. In these long weeks of travel, over the central plains of India, the spectacular mountain roads of Manipur State, and through the jungles and plains of Burma, I saw sights and had experiences, such as I never thought would happen to me. On the famous Dimapur-Kohima road, which winds up thousands of feet of mountainside, we had breathtaking views, and our first glimpse of the war out here—rows of wooden crosses at turnings of the road. Further on we ploughed over roads—or mere dirt-tracks—where dust lay like snow, six inches deep; over bridges hastily constructed; through rivers where there were no bridges. We passed burnt-out villages, tanks and trucks, travelling ever nearer to the battle area. Finally came the day, when in the Meiktila area, when we passed Jap bodies still not buried—and when we knew this was 'it.' From Southern India to the forward areas of Burma in one trip was my most interesting war experience. When I arrived in Toungoo my exciting experiences started—but then that's not what was asked for!"

JAMES BORTHWICK who started writing Army stories the Weekly News way and became ace observer with the 51st Division, is now major

and leading a team of all the observer officers with the B.A.O.R. He's had over five years soldiering, writing and lecturing. He's just back in Germany after a brief visit home for another lecture tour. (See photo pages.)

The two returned warriors are ALAN GALLOWAY and WALTER GRAY. Alan came back in October, demobbed from the Royal Navy. He was in the R.N.V.R. prior to the war and was called up in November, '39. He served till 1943 at sea in North Sea and Atlantic, mostly on convoy escorts. Then joined a Royal Naval Beach Signals Section, and did some hot training on the west coast in preparation for D-day. Landed in France on D-day morning and was several months in Normandy. Now we're pleased to have him back. In November he received a citation from the French Government saying he had been awarded the Croix de Guerre for skill and daring on anti-U-boat patrol in the French corvette "Lobelia."

Walter Gray was directed to N.F.S. in August, 1941. After serving a year in his home town—Arbroath—he was promoted Company Officer and sent to Lerwick. There he was in charge of N.F.S. for Shetland. In 1942 he was sent on a blitz course to London. "I was lucky," he said, "because I landed during one of the fire-raising raids."

T. H. (Tom) MACLACHLAN is still with R.E.M.E. joined the Black Watch in April, 1943 and transferred to R.E.M.E. after his initial training. He's made a grand Cook's Tour of England and Wales, being stationed at twelve different places, some of them very inaccessible. Still Tom has never lost his sense of humour and has never been known to grouse. He's still swotting, he says. Maybe he doesn't know the war's over. His most exciting experience—"Watching battery of six guns using the equipment you'd just set up and tested bring down the doodle-bugs."

Driver ERNIE ANDERSON, who joined the Pioneer Corps in 1940, had a spell of duty in Ireland. Afterwards he was transferred to the Royal Engineers Assault Group and had a very stiff time of it training for D-day. He took part in the Normandy landings and went right through Belgium into Germany where he is now stationed. At the moment he is looking after German working parties. He claims to have driven practically every type of Army vehicle.

Others yet to return will miss the well loved figure of John Thomson. Mr Thomson retired in June after over 40 years service. The Weekly News staff had quite a nice little party on their own when Mr Hardie handed over a valise. Later at a gathering in Mr Dun's room, Mr Dun, on behalf of Courier colleagues presented Mr Thomson with a well-filled wallet of notes. Mr Thomson left us with the good wishes of all who knew him as one of the most courteous and kindest of men.

He occasionally drops in to see us and still keeps his hand in by contributing anonymously a weekly feature to the News.

Miss Ruth Whytock was our guest at another tea, or rather morning coffee party, the occasion being her approaching marriage to Mr John Fraser of the Artists' Dept., home after a long spell in India. Mr Dun handed Miss Whytock a wallet with some bonny new Treasury notes and Ruth said "Thank you" very nicely indeed. Ruth—pardon—Mrs Fraser came back for a time to groom Miss Colston to take over the role of Iza. Then on Nov. 23rd she left us to take up her new career. Anna Low has taken over as Mr Dun's typist. Of the die-hards remaining, Mr Hardie came back full of beans and sporting a real snappy new wrist watch from a second visit to Europe as the guest of 7th Black Watch. In addition he paid flying visits in a Dakota to Berlin, Brussels and Paris. His ongoing or going on have been appearing in the Weekly News.

Mr Grimmond also had a trip abroad as Courier War Correspondent, to troops in Norway, and being a Bee Master paid a visit of inspection to a prominent apiary there. He has had a grand time and it is said a Norwegian bee stung him for luck.

To wind up there is John (Jayeff) Forbes writing boxing, doing everything about boxing except putting on the gloves. Some day he may do that too, if the subs don't mend their ways.

At the Ends of the Corridor

Mrs D. C. Thomson and Mr Harold are to be found in their customary rooms. Mr Howard is back from service in the Army. Mr R. F. Grant and Mr Cook are also "based" here, when not in Circulation or Bank Street respectively. Mr Eric Thomson is usually up here too.

There are now two new occupants in the Typists' Room. Early in the year Miss Walker had to go home and look after a brother who has been ill, while Mrs Ireland (Grace Cockburn, you remember) "obtained her release." Since then Miss Norah Learmonth, whose name was so familiar to all recipients of "Comforts" letters, and Miss Ruth Hodge, who came over from Bank Street, have formed a happy partnership in the corner room. Thanks, Norah, for all your work as secretary of the Comforts Fund.

The Wire Room staff comprises Mrs Marshall, Miss Greta Tölmie (now wearing an engagement ring given her by Jimmie Houston, of Hotspur), Jack Aitchison and Dave Brown. The two "wire" girls are Dorothy Dickson and Elizabeth McKenzie.

JOE WILLIAMSON of the Wire Room, has been a Radar expert since joining the R.A.F. in December, 1943. "I'd a very interesting time," he writes, "while installing very secret Radar equipment in Lancaster bombers. Some marvellous results were obtained by the different apparatus—exact height and position of the plane, as well as identification of approaching aircraft." (See photo pages.)

At the other end of the corridor Miss Orme and Miss Horsburgh still occupy the Library, and in the Filing Department are Miss Ritchie and Miss Irene Phillips, formerly in the Wire Room, also Mrs Reid (who changed her name from Bella Wilson last June). Grace Smith keeps in touch with us and we were glad to know that her sister, a nurse in Hong Kong, arrived home safely after her internment there.

In the Phone Room, Nan Cunningham and Anne Soutar keep working like Trojans linking us up with the "Tele" Box or Corridor phone.

DUNDEE

THIRD FLOOR

Editorial

A VOTE of thanks to all you Service Editoriales. Owing to your help in winning the war the department has had five buckshee days holiday this year. Yes, five!—three V.E. days and two V.J. days. That's been our big excitement.

"R.L.", "Welcome", and the "Stars" are still keeping the flag flying, but we are studying the demob numbers as eagerly as the "Pools," and waiting your homecoming as expectantly as the Saturday night results. Haste ye back.

The Magazines longest "away" man is Captain IAN CHAPMAN, (Family Star). He was a member of the Officers' Emergency Reserve, and in 1938, after Munich, transferred to the T.A., and was gazetted as a second lieutenant. August 1939 saw him tidying his desk and packing his kit bag. His "war" began at Auchtermuchty, but he was soon in the South. In those days he was on Ack-Ack. He was later transferred to the "Q" side of Southern Command, and had a lot to do with the pre-D-day arrangements, about laying roads, seeing to supplies, &c.

After that came a lull. But Ian made such a nuisance of himself at the War Office, he at last achieved one of his dreams and was posted to the Continent. He was in Brussels for a while on a job with the unromantic title "Solid Fuel"—again to do with supplies. Home on leave in August he revealed he and four other officers had been detailed

to write the "Q" history of the 21st Army Group from D-day to V-day—a job he was revelling in.

In his latest letter he says: "I'm now lending a very small hand in the Military Government of Germany." You can make what you like of that!

Ian was due for demobbing in the summer, but because of his job could not be released. As to exciting experiences—well, he keeps his thumb on them.

Sergeant IAN GARDEN, R.A.F. (Family Star) left towards the end of 1940, after taking an evening course at the local wireless school. He served in various parts of England including a long spell at Cranwell as an instructor—actually had 42 months instructing. Then he went over to the Continent, and was up to the neck in the Ardennes push, with his wireless paraphernalia.

Once had the joy (?) of setting up his wireless outfit in a snowbound spot only to discover it was an anti-tank minefield. After that, he said, he never stepped anywhere except into someone else's footprint! Passed through wrecked Cologne and finally landed at Nuremberg. As it was in the American zone, lived and smoked like a king. Before being posted back to this country was also at Wilhelmshaven.

Doesn't say much about his experiences, but as he was second-in-command of a mobile signals unit, working with Pathfinders, he must have had plenty of exciting nights.

His young son Ian Howard, is now at the age when he throws everything he can lay hands on out of the window—he just can't manage to do it with his father yet, however.

L.A.C. CHICK CHECKLEY, R.A.F. (Red Star) became a number in 1941. As a flight mechanic he was at various back of beyond places in England before he had a glorious year in Canada. Made the most of every free moment, seeing New York and Washington amongst other places. Posted home again he had the luck to be posted first to Errol and then to Tealing. That meant a sleeping-out pass, so everything in the garden was lovely.

However, all good things come to an end and he's now in Shrewsbury. But that's not all! Chick's a teacher now. Volunteered for the E.V.T. schemes, and he's putting across Elementary English and a spot of Journalism to fellow Rafties. Likes it a lot. Doesn't say if he wields a cane, but he has been hitting the wee white ba' to some tune down South. If you have any old ones he'll be glad of them!

Flying Officer ERIC ILLINGWORTH, R.A.F. (Red Star) has seen a lot of the world since he read the Red Star pages every week. North Africa, Sicily, Italy, India, are no longer just names on the map to him since 1940. As far as we can gather he is now in Rangoon.

JOHN M'COLGAN, R.A.F. (Red Star) is no correspondent. He was called up in November, 1940, did his wireless training in Wilts, and was posted to Montrose. He's still there, but we think he has forgotten us altogether. Have you, John?

Corporal JIMMIE LOTHIAN, R.A.F. (Red Letter) is now at Montrose after three years in India. After Calcutta, Chittagong, Arakan, it must be a change to have for an address c/o Greenkeeper's Cottage, Montrose! He looked as fit as a fiddle when he arrived home in the early months of the year, and apart from being a lot browner is the same as ever. Says his most exciting experience was his return trip to Blighty.

The girls were all green with jealousy at the beautiful moonstone bracelet he brought home to his wife!

Flying Officer GORDON CLYDE, R.A.F. (Welcome) gets our thanks for writing so fully about his job. Volunteering in 1942 he had a spell at Arbroath, went on to Cranwell and was commissioned within the year as an Intelligence Officer. Detailed to the Air Ministry for Research work, he had a most interesting job which even now cannot be spoken about. In the autumn he had a couple of months in hospital in the north-west of England but is now back in London fit again.

Lieut. DAVID DOTG, (Welcome) joined the Scots Guards in July, 1940, and spent a year in Chelsea trying to grow a Guards moustache, and playing darts with the pensioners.

Applied for a commission and was sent to the Training Battalion where he did one drill parade every day and divided the rest of the time equally between "The Robin Hood" and the N.A.A.F.I.

In January, 1942, he was sent to a mountainous region in Wales, for O.C.T.U. training, where he never stopped running for twenty-one weeks. Had just enough time to make the acquaintance of his wife. In June, same year, was posted to the Royal Scots in Shetland for another twenty-one weeks of hard running, this time amongst mud, bogs and battle schools. The sun came out on a Sunday that year!

April, 1943, he went abroad with the battalion and landed at Gibraltar. In September, 1943, was sent as instructor to a North African battle school to teach American and British officers.

Came back to Gib for Christmas medically graded, and was given the job of looking after the Garrison Rest Camp. His career as a Master Rester was interrupted by the conversion of the place into a smallpox hospital. Among the distinguished patients was an admiral.

After that bit of semi-medical work, he again became the host of the rest camp, and carried on until V.J. day. Then he joined a delegation to Malta to study the best measures against Bubonic plague, and returned to Gib to help solve the rat problem.

Most interesting Army experience—was bitten by a ferocious dog in Spain this year, and had to have an inoculation against rabies every day for three weeks. Now has a slight cough resembling a bark.

Now for the girls! Corporal GRACE EBBRIGHT, W.A.A.F. (Family Star) joined up in January, 1942. Took an admin. course, and was snowed up at Fraserburgh, and then landed at Monikie. When Admin. personnel was cut, she went on a wireless ops. course, finally landing in Glorious Devon, where her stories of strawberries and cream and sun-bathing almost made us all join up too. She's now in Leighton Buzzard. She says her most exciting experience was on Radar in Devon, plotting out the aircraft on D-day. She writes: "The moment when we realised 'This is It' everyone was very quiet and calm, but bursting with excitement inside!"

Corporal BARBARA ALEXANDER, W.A.A.F. (Family Star) is now Corporal B. Walker. She joined up early in 1942, as a clerk G.D. Did a spell of training at Blackpool, and then was posted to East Fortune, where but for Cupid's bow she still might be. But a certain young Dundee man flew north to pop the question to Babs, and since she answered "yes" that begins another story. After becoming "Mrs" last December, Babs must needs pull strings to get near to her Jimmy. So they are now both in England. Got her release on VJ Day and now keeps house for her husband at Darlington.

ISOBEL NEILSON (Typists) was called up to the A.T.S. two and a half years ago. She served first with Ack-Ack and is now in General Service. She says: "The idea of dashing around dusty foreign battlefields in the heat of battle clutching a battered old typewriter was soon scattered when I actually found myself in the A.T.S. and discovered all the crusty old colonels I came into contact with seemed to prefer stuffy old office desks rather than the romance and excitement of the traditional Bannockburn.

"Apart from this great disillusionment, I wouldn't have missed being in the A.T.S. for anything—it's a great life if it doesn't last too long!"

Now here's just a word or two to remind you about those you'll see when you walk in to hang up your hat, once again. Better say "good morning" to Mr Donald, first. Yes! It's the same green curtain over the door, and he'll be lighting up his pipe, sure as a gun! It's thanks to him that the Comforts Fund has been able to keep you so well supplied with P.O's. Got a minute to spare and we'll pop in to see R. D. Mackay in his cubby hole. He was ill for a month or two in the autumn, but he's A.I. again. What about betting there will be a sheet of copy paper on his desk, filled with minute handwriting? It's amazing how these grow into ten instalment serials!

Here's the "Welcome" room with Ella Ferguson and Mary Benvie. Isobel McRostie (nee Quirk) left in October to devote all her time to house hunting.

Now for "Red Letter." Mr A. A. Cuthbert (Sandy to most of us) divides his time between here and "Welcome." If you've a minute ask him about his holiday at Aboyne, where he set off with four ladies in his party and finished up with eight—and admitted without a blush that he had a good time! Winnie Mirley and Mollie Gauld are the two ladies here.

Now next door to be re-introduced to the staffs of Family and Red Stars. Fred Tait (whose bees have worked overtime this summer) is lord and master here. Enjoys his cup of tea every afternoon as of old, and leaps about the badminton court on Tuesdays and Fridays with the "lads." His harem is Barbara Glass, Kathie Mitchell and Evelyn Smith, recently transferred from Fiction Room. Sorry, Margaret Osler isn't present just now. She's been lent to the People's Friend and is in Bank Street.

Don't know if you will know many of our typist beauty chorus. Ella McGill (nee Coleman) left in the summer, and rosy-cheeked Muriel Baxter is now boss. Her team is Morag Campbell, Gladys Cartmill, Sheila Porter and Iris Jackson.

Bella Wilson may be down in the old Family Star room looking after the prizes. But remember to call her Mrs Reid, for she got married in the summer. (See photo pages.)

Miss Maxwell may drop in one of these days. You'll find her just the same as she was when she was an inhabitant here, and her refreshing personality always shakes us up.

Artists

THERE were huge sighs of relief here when the war ended! No wonder—that meant no more maps. What a relief to get Monty and the Russians stationary at last, not forgetting the 14th Army, too. There's heaps of floor space still for the desks of you wanderers, so get your pencils sharpened for there's plenty of work coming along from the Mags, the Tele, "S.P." and "W.N."

How have you all been doing? First of all here's news of two "returners." FRED STURROCK was discharged at the beginning of the year after over three years away in the Army. He's looking quite fit now, and pulling away at his pipe in grand style. Lieutenant COLIN GRIERSON returned to the grind in the middle of October. He was called up to the R.N.V.R. in October, 1939, and spent most of his life at sea mine-sweeping and submarine chasing in Northern waters.

Musician JIMMIE FARQUHAR has also finished with his life on the ocean wave, which he began in January, 1941. He's not back with us yet, however. He got a class "B" release, and is doing cartography for the Admiralty at Taunton. Jimmy deserves a quiet life now. On one trip on board the battleship Queen Elizabeth, he was torpedoed by one of the Wops two-man submarines. And did he jump! Then he was posted to the battleship Ramillies and did convoy duty, and then took part in both the North and South landings in France in 1944. In case you think a Marine musician just parades with the band we'll disillusion you! Jimmie's spot when "Action Stations" sounded was operating one of the gun turrets.

Young ALISTAIR M'CALLUM has seen a lot since he joined up two years ago. We'll let him tell you something about it himself:—

"Just after joining the destroyer 'Vigilant' we took a big convoy up Russia way. About dusk on the ninth day out from Scapa we ran into a 'Wolf Pack.' One sub is not too bad, but when they run around in packs I can tell you they are quite a menace. There were about eighty ships in the convoy and it was tough going trying to guard them all. We had two near misses with torpedoes during that night and when dawn broke next morning only about half of the convoy had survived. We also did many operations over in Norway in search of the 'Tirpitz.'

"January, 1945 saw us on our way out East, via Gib., Malta, Alex., Suez, Aden, across the Indian Ocean to Colombo, then round to our base at Trincomalee. We were kept very busy on bombardment 'ops' and escorting carriers on bombing raids. It was on a bombardment run over to the Nicobar Islands that we (Venus, Verago, Vigilant and Saumarez) met a 'Nip' convoy escorted by 'Nip' sloops, so we let them have it and sunk the whole issue. We were mentioned in the news next day.

"From that time on the name 'Vigilant' has cropped up in nearly every naval operation out here. Rangoon Occupation, Akyab, Ramree Island. Then the big event which was the sinking of the Jap cruiser (10,000 tons). We had been out in the Bay of Bengal 'stooging' around with the East Indies Fleet, this included Queen Elizabeth and the French battleship 'Richelieu', about four cruisers and eight carriers, with two Tribal Class destroyers and the five 'V's', Saumarez, Vigilant, Verago, Venus and Verulam. About two weeks had passed and we were getting 'chokker' with nothing happening. However, we were rewarded for our patience when a signal came through that a ten thousand ton Japanese cruiser had been spotted by a/c heading for Penang.

"The 'V's' were given the order to 'get their man.' When the cruiser had been sighted first it was over 200 miles away, so it took us

about six hours to get to the spot. When we reached the position we spread out two miles apart so as to cover a greater area. We sped on like this for about 36 hours, but still no trace of the enemy. Just before midnight on the second night Venus reported a Radar echo giving a range and bearing. This was it; still keeping our spread out formation we 'shadowed' her for a while to see if she knew we were there. She showed no sign of knowledge so we prepared for a torpedo attack. Full speed ahead and each ship coming in after the other launching its deadly missiles. One shot was fired by the 'Nip' which hit the Saumarez in the boiler-room, then there was a terrific explosion as the 'Nip' cruiser's magazine went up. She went down to the deck level so we came in close and raked her decks with machine-gun fire. After about half-an-hour she had gone under.

"When we got back to 'Trinco' all the ships had their crews on the deck to give the 'V's' three hearty cheers. We were given quite a lot of publicity on the news and in the papers, too, I believe. All I can say is that without Radar the whole thing would have been impossible. Radar found her, gave us accurate gun fire and all but won the battle (remember this happened in pitch dark). After this we went up to Bombay for a well-earned rest.

"We came back from Bombay ready to start some fresh ops., and we got 'em. After a while we began to hear reports of the Atomic Bomb, then came the peace terms. You can bet your boots that the Vigilant would be in at the 'kill.' The cruiser Sussex, along with the Vigilant, sailed into Singapore on the 3rd September, 1945!"

MEL SCOTT, who is a Lieut-Commander in the Indian Navy, based at Bombay, hopes to be home soon. He has been a sailor since 1940.

The R.A.F. lads are still all away. Sergt. HAROLD PEARCE has a job which is officially called "Receipts and Issues." It didn't convey much to us, but after reading his service story you'll understand. He writes: "I reported for duty on 9/4/41 to Blackpool, where I remained one week (lousy place in my opinion). From there to Arbroath, where I did my 'square-bashing' and a week's fatigues. This latter I got out of owing to having a poisoned hand, so made a few crafty visits (un-official) home. From Arbroath I went to Bridlington, Yorkshire, and took my course. It was here that I came nearest to getting 'my chips' when old Jerry dropped a couple of land mines on us.

"After a leave I reported back to H.Q. No. 70 Wing R.A.F., Inverness, with whom I've remained for the duration of the war, hidden away in the most remote corners of Scotland.

"There isn't much excitement about it. The only other point of interest is that all my work has been connected with Radar—hence in the past I couldn't talk about it. My job has been, of course, getting



A. LAMB, Dundee Johnnies, at the center.

Off Duty!



Major S. M'RTICHA (Dundee Circulation) and J. BOST-WICK (Dundee W. News) having a "rumour" in Hamburg.



D. CUMMINGS, Glasgow Press, shows how to keep cool.



A. MINTOSH (left) and D. GREEN (right), both of the Boys' Pipers, take it easy with a pal.



J. M. YOUNG, Glasgow Castroom.



C. MERRYLEES, Mac Editorial, enjoys an equivocal shave in India.



BETTY STORRER,
Circulation.



L. PARKER,
Press.



T. W. OGILVIE,
Dispatch.

Smiles from Glasgow



R. MILLER,
Editorial.



DAVID ROBERTSON,
Press.



J. KEMP,
Editorial.



J. RANKINE,
Editorial.



A. MITCHELL,
Editorial.



the requisite stores in order to keep the various Radar stations "on the air," and secondly, to keep everybody happy by seeing to it that anything and everything that might be required by a small community (living in these lost places) was available when wanted. When I say everything, I mean everything from the smallest nut and bolt, to coal, petrol, furniture, washing, boot repairs, &c."

He hopes to be out by January.

L.A.C. GEORGE DRYSDALE reported on St Valentine's Day, 1942, and has served in various parts of England and Scotland. Here he is giving some "gen" about himself:

"I am a Balloon Operator by trade, but have been a voluntary musician throughout my 5½ years' service, and during this time have had the pleasure of entertaining the troops in various parts of the country. We have played before the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester in Manchester, and have also appeared on the same programme as Elsie Carlisle, Reg. Foorte and other well-known personalities. We have also played for the benefit of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund—Merchant Navy—Prisoners of War Fund, &c., and at one time were told that we had helped to make over £2,000 for the M.N. Our broadcasts were few, but when we did one were featured with the famous "Ack-Ack"—"Beer-Beer" programme. Of the Melody Maker Dance Band Contests we have entered—we came second at Manchester in 1943, and first in Kent this year, and at the same time winning two individual prizes myself. The instrument I play, of course, is the trombone.

"My demob number is 24, and I hope to be released by the end of this year." (See photo pages.)

Sergeant JIMMIE MALCOLM (still young Jimmie to all of us) has kindly written his own story: "It started on 11th March, 1940—greeted at R.A.F. station Padgate by a complete lack of uniformity, R.A.F. tunics, plus fours, &c., &c., mixed dress as the expression goes. First and last time I was trapped on spud peeling fatigue. Four weeks at Padgate than staggered off to R.A.F. Tangmere, Sussex, where I seemed to become a prisoner of war for approximately two years, blitzes broke up the time as well as most other things. Colour of my togs changed from blue to khaki—suddenly found myself in the R.A.F. Regiment. Pleasant trips followed to Isle of Man, Yarmouth, Southport, Portsmouth and the city of the Round O on various courses, becoming thoroughly confused in the process. Following this spent three months in Victoria Barracks with the Grenadier Guards. Felt like the original Tom Thumb during this period and became quite adept at nipping through guard's sergeant's legs. Windsor Park being the billet for the next year, tramped through London and Windsor on a few parades. Back in London district again considering myself to be eligible for the Lord Mayorship.

"Then adopted the role of a human shuttlecock, leaving Essex for Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Montrose then ultimately to the land of prefab igloos—the Wick, Thurso district. Froze there for three months, Weston-super-Mare next stop followed by the Wiltshire district. A noisy spell on the menu in doodlebug alley helping the south coast pyrotechnics. Off to Cornwall, shortly afterwards finding myself on a certain ex-luxury steamer minus embarkation leave apparently en route for the Middle East. Doubted this when the ship left Aden and was eventually revived at Bombay. Enlightening road, rail and boat travel to Bengal, east of the Bramaputra, not the Chowringhee side, for the benefit of ex-India-Burma warriors. An atmosphere pervaded which can be likened to a cross between the interior of a steam laundry and Willie Mechan's pipe pulling its weight.

"Even more enlightening days followed in jungle country armed with a mepachrine tablet. Started on the organised race through Burma, had visions of crossing the Irrawaddy on an inverted K ration packet. From Rangoon to Calcutta by boat, back in India when the Japs declared their innings. Now awaiting 29 group turning up. One suggestion is that India is too high above sea level.

"Grimmest experience being the night I missed the last train from Clapham and timidly asked for board in the police station until morning, which I got through the kind auspices of an ex-Broughty Ferry copper."

Since Cpl. SAM FAIR left us in February, 1941, he has been "All over the place" in England, North Africa and Italy. Here are some of the things he will never forget during his "Grand tour": "Constantine, built as it is on the precipitous sides of a great gorge (400 feet) was to my mind the most intriguingly situated city in N. Africa. Locust swarm in N. Africa stretched to my knowledge a distance of 200 miles between Setif and Algiers. Millions of locusts ate every green thing—held up motor transport and grounded aircraft. Bay of Naples as we passed the Isle of Capri in the early morning on our way to Italy from Algiers. Rome, seen recently on an E.V.T. tour, is to my mind the most beautiful city I have seen so far. Snowbound; tents completely covered with snow, half a slice of bully, spoonful of peas, three hard biscuits each meal for a week—rations nearly done, but rescued in time by aircraft. Many Arabs died of exposure, but no casualties to R.A.F. personnel."

Cpl. JIM LORIMER has been away from here since 1941. Put his hobby—photography—to good use and has been on that "line" since joining up. Had a long spell in England and then went to the Continent a month or two after D-day. He is back in England now. While in

Brussels spent all the spare time he had studying at the Brussel's Art School.

Cpl. JIMMIE LATTO holds the department's long service record, being away since September, 1939. In spite of that he has nothing to say about the life. He was in France in 1939, and has served at 16 different stations throughout the country.

Cpl. IAN MACKAY is not the man to hand out news. Away since October, 1940, he has served most of his career in Scotland, but is now in Lincs. He has been regraded and hopes to be out soon. One thing he does say is that he is to take full advantage of his two months holiday before starting work again.

Flight-Lieut. DAVE OGILVIE was due to be called up in September, 1941, but was deferred until July, 1942. Since then he has served in Scotland, England, France, Belgium, Alsace and Germany. Home on leave in October from the South of Germany, he wasn't too happy at the prospect of spending a winter in North Germany where he was bound for. As to exciting experiences. He knows what the most exciting one is going to be, and has drawn it for us!

L.A.C. JAMES SMITH is with the S.E.A.C. He is a cartographic draughtsman. He says it was a most difficult job to get into, and it requires much determination and a lot of hard study. He was in hospital for six weeks this year but is A.I. again.

We're sorry we can't tell you much about the Army brigade. One would think they were the Silent Service!

BOB STEVENSON, who was called up in May, 1940, had a spell in Africa, before coming home for his commission. He is now a captain, stationed in Egypt.



GEORGE RAMSBOTTOM is still on India's Coral Strand, but hopes to be demobbed at the end of the year. July, 1941 was his last month as a civvy. He has been doing illustrations for his regimental magazine. In a cafe one day he saw a face he thought he knew, so he took a second look. Yes! it was his old artist colleague, John Fraser on his way back to Blighty! Did they yarn! (See photo pages.)

Now here's JOHN FRASER, himself. Called up in July, 1940, he has spent almost four years in India. First thing he did when he got home was to marry his fiancée, Miss Ruth Whytock of the Weekly News. He stood up heroically to a barrage of home-made confetti—the "dots" from the mono machines—on the Great Day, and it is said he was still shaking it out of his clothes in Princes Street, Edinburgh, a week later. His job is topographical survey, and he has now been sent to Wales. His demob number should be up by the end of the year.

Sergeant-Major J. NICOLL took "khaki" in January, 1941, and has been all the time with an Army film unit.

Young IAN DUNCAN has been with the Jocks and Canadians on the Continent including the famous crossing of the Rhine. He had quite a lot to do with the displaced persons from the concentration camps. At time of writing he is in Osnabruck. As he was not called up till January, 1943, it will be a while till he "gets his ticket."

DUDLEY WATKINS' career as a "bobbie" in "the Kingdom" is over, and his pen is as busy as ever.

Just a word about our mere civvies. Mark Antony is A.I., and his desk has been beautifully done up and is a treat to see. Young Ena Clowe is in his room—a regular little glamour girl. No change in the ladies' room—Miss Tuckett, "Nickie", Doris Kinnear (nee Brine), whose husband was demobbed in the early autumn, and Gladys Checkley (nee Couch), just waiting for hers to be home, too.

In the small room there are no changes—Chick Gordon, Dave Spink, George Reid, "Proutie" and A. R. Lang, are the team.

The big room is a cheery spot now without its blackout blinds. John Roy just manages to get time for a game of curling or golf when the Editorial stop showering him under with billets and jobs marked "Urgent." Toby Bains, J. Akkrigg, Bill Davidson, Colin Grierson, Ted Lawson, W. Calvert (remember him?—a pre-war member of the staff), Peem Walker, Ned Martin and Bill Mechan occupy the south side of the room. On the north side are G. Anderson, J. Crichton, "Dunkie", Fred Sturrock (who has got his desk facing the south just to be different!), Jack Gordon and J. M. Glass.

Tommie Lawrenson is always hard at work in the wee room.

Boys' Papers

ONE are the days when a visitor to the old Home of Rest could be sure of getting mixed up in anything from a free fight to a game of shove-ha'penny. Probably due to the fact that in place of the old staff of over forty, the six magazines are sent to press by a staff of eleven.

Here's the latest "gen" on our boys in the Services:—

W.O. ARTHUR HENDERSON, R.A.F. (Dandy). Tuck volunteered in July, 1941, and went abroad that year to do his flying training in Arizona. We do remember a photo of him in rodeo kit, complete with bucking (?) broncho, and amongst other experiences he appeared in a film called "Thunderbirds." Up to now Sam Goldwyn has not produced the contract! In 1942 Arthur came home and began a long spell on the Communications Wing at Turnhouse Aerodrome. Stories have filtered in of crash-landings in the fog, but Arthur has managed to keep his service career pretty dark. We know all about his hectic table tennis career, however. Apparently he is one of the best in the game and was much in demand giving exhibitions for charity. His other unrewarded exhibitions are best kept quiet. Since shortly after V-day Tuck has been in Norway.

Flt.-Lieut. JOHN SINCLAIR, R.A.F. (Adventure). Jock was early on the job. He was a birdman with the R.A.F.V.R., when the war was only a pale blueprint in Hitler's grey matter, till he was mobilised in September, 1939. He has been most "mobile" ever since. He is flown nearly every type of plane except the big babies. Latest bus is a Mosquito, which he "drives" while the brainy part of the crew—his observer—takes pictures from the nose.

The Mossies could fly rings round anything except Jets, and as he carried no armament on his photograph reconnaissance flights, Jock became an adept at finding cover in the tiniest speck of cloud when the Jets nosed around. He hopes to try out one of our own Jets yet before No. 26 group is grounded. Meantime he is trying to wangle a trip to India. (Note that it is a "trip" not a posting.)

During the blitzes he piloted an unarmed Havoc on night duty in search of Fritzes. His only protection was a pair of B-P Defiants flying within radio call, waiting for Jock to switch on the light and attract the German planes.

Here is his outstanding war experience:—

"Night fighting (Blenheim 1940)—radio bust—over Channel—bad weather—lost! Circled searchlight after flying through London

balloon barrage—told observer to bale out. Own parachute no use. Flew until petrol almost finished, finally losing height through fog until 'arriving' in a turnip field. A large whisky in the nearest R.A.F. Mess soon fixed me up but the plane was a bit bent. Observer a bit browned off, having come down in the middle of nowhere with only one flying boot and not a person or a pub for miles. Another experience was V-day in Paris—but that's another story!"

Lt. A. W. BARNES, R.N.V.R., (Dandy). Last heard of, A. W. B. was serving with the British Pacific Fleet. After the Japs folded up A. W. B. came to rest in Brisbane, Australia. Abe started life in the Navy as a seaman, was commissioned in 1942 and now holds the rank of Lieutenant.

He has served in all but one of the Seven Seas, the exception being the Antarctic—and he has no ambitions in that direction. A. W. B. struck lucky while serving aboard the frigate Exe. On getting orders to help salvage an armed merchant cruiser, Exe went out and they succeeded in salvaging the lame duck. Their reward for this was the chance to buy an unlimited number of pairs of best South American stockings. Needless to say, Abe took his share. Abe's present ambition is to complete circumnavigation of the globe by returning home via the Panama Canal, in time for Christmas. (See photo pages.)

Fit.-Lt. R. D. FRASER, D.F.C., (Hotspur). Most important item during Ron's R.A.F. career was his marriage to a pretty little lady from the Air Ministry. We haven't seen the bride yet but we are patiently waiting for a glimpse of the lady who can twist R. D. F. round her little finger—we never could!

Ron had a bad break when he was shot down over Brest and taken prisoner—spending three years of the war in a German P.O.W. camp. It was a long time but as usual, R. D. F. came up smiling.

It was his last attack before being shot down that earned him his gong. Good going, Ron, we congratulate you on your collection of a gong—and a wife! (See photo pages.)

W. M. JOHNSTON, R.A.F., (Rover). Rather than let Buck begin to imagine that he was part of the fittings in that much-talked-of camp at Lossiemouth, the R.A.F. decided to move him somewhere else. That somewhere turned out to be the far-off land of India. No doubt Buck is at present enjoying the mysteries and glamour of the Far East.

Although the journey to India was his first voyage, W. M. J. managed to keep his meals to himself and quite enjoyed himself during the crossing. He says nothing of his experiences, but we gather that he is looking forward to the sensation of donning a "civvie" suit, at the Government's expense.

DOUGLAS NEILSON, (Beano), with over three years' service, has reached the dizzy rank of corporal in the R.A.S.C., after a long spell with the Tanks and Reconnaissance Corps. After hearing his tale of the feather bed in Caen, shortly after the city fell, we realise he got his couple of tapes the hard way. Here's his time-table for one night in Caen!

Time spent under bed	95 minutes.
" " watching firework display	125 "
" " searching in dark for tin hat and boots	65 "
" " cleaning plaster, &c., from bed	60 "
" " in bed	75 "
" " in sleep	Nil.

Since then he has served in Belgium, Holland and Germany, and is presently stationed amid the ruins of Berlin, saving up his fags for a Leica.

J. WALLACE, (Beano), claims to be the long-distance "flannel" champ of the R.A.F., and his latest, and probably greatest, effort has been to 'flannel' (i.e. wangle) himself into the E.V.T. (Educational and Vocational Training) racket. For 3½ years he's been dodging the higher administrative posts, quite content to do those menial tasks it was impossible to avoid—otherwise happily, if humbly unemployed! We understand that three stripes go with this E.V.T. job—'flannel' stripes in Jock's case of course. But they should help him to take things a bit easier now.

Major D. C. GRAY (Wizard), the bright spark of Arbroath who used to spend most of his time in the Wizard room, saw service in India and Burma.

Don enlisted in the Black Watch in April, '39, and was in the U.K. for over a year before he was sent to India. He stayed there for three years doing—?—He just won't say! A shift to Burma and then after a year in the land of rain, heat and mosquitoes, a change to India again.

During his stay in India, Don managed to get a glimpse of the Taj Mahal, by moonlight—an inspiring sight—but not inspiring enough to make him say any more about it!

Don flew home to Scotland in October, 1945, finished and done with the Indian Army and back again in the Black Watch. He looked in to see us and said he had seen worse places than Dundee or Arbroath in his time! (See photo pages.)

HAROLD MOON (Rover), had a lot of knocking about in his campaigning with the Black Watch. He finished up on the bright side, however, and well deserved it.

Early in his Army career, up Dingwall way, he fell ill and was being taken to hospital in an Army vehicle. There was a smash and Harold took a nose dive through the windscreen, and had a badly gashed face as well as an illness to take into dock.

In due course he recovered and rejoined the regiment. He went with them to Africa in 1942, joined the 51st Division and went into the Alamein fighting. That was a pretty stiff 'do,' but soon after at Wadi Zemzem, Harold was machine-gunned by a raiding Messerschmidt and got a bullet wound in the thigh. He landed in hospital at Agadebia. After a good recovery, Harold went back to his unit in Tripoli, and took part in further fighting.

At Wadi Akarit, Harold was 'in the wars' again, this time suffering a bad gash in the face on the barbed wire. Into hospital once more.

Harold then took part in the landings on Sicily and saw plenty heavy fighting. "For five days," he relates, "we put in night attacks which were unopposed. Then one night we were properly trapped. We had just reached a wired in position, advancing in darkness, when the heavens seemed to light up with German phosphorous bombs and their Spandaus and mortars opened up. There was no cover until we made a dive for a ditch nearby.

"When it was getting light, two of us decided to try to make our way back. Helping a third man, who was wounded, we reached a trench and sat down. It was the silliest thing we could have done, for, of course, the Germans knew the exact range.

"Suddenly the mortars started again. Something hit me in the left eye. I put up my hand, and realised there and then that I had lost that eye.

"For a week I couldn't see at all. I was taken by Jeep to the regimental dressing station, and by plane to Malta, where the eye was taken out."

That was the end of Harold's active service. A bit of well-deserved good luck came along later when he got an editorial job on Tripoli Times, an Army daily paper. He is working on it now, doing specials and sport, and keeping his hand in for his come-back.

Promotion came along, too, and it was Sergeant-Major Moon who walked in on us in September on leave from Tripoli, looking well and little changed from his old self.

C. S. SMITH (Rover). Charlie's efforts at his "Memoirs of My Army Career" were so good that we thought we would be doing an injustice if we didn't let you read it too. So here goes: "I've had it easy . . . I was drafted, as our blood-brothers say, to Oswestry, Salop, on Sept., 18, 1941, and by December I started active service in a mixed A.A. battery—a mere male among a shock troop of pinupulous A.T.S.

"Operation Cupid began rehearsals right away.

"But just as I was getting really on the beam with a blonde named Babs—she had the ability to feminise A.T.S. uniform—I was transferred from the site at Sutton Weaver, near Warrington, to R.H.Q., Chester,

where I pen-pushed for three months, and there I met an M.T. driver named Millie.

"Returning to gunnery I found the black-crossed bombers loth to mix it again in the Liverpool area, so there was little to do but pass the summer hours with Jean and Hilda.

"In September, 1942, the battery moved to London. I was with 'B' Troop and ranged the skies from sites in Finsbury Park, Fairlop (Essex), and Greenford.

"I remained at Greenford until June, 1944, and in those two years 48r Battery established itself as one of the foremost mixed units in the land. Mary Churchill was with us, which meant publicity plus, and the sites at Greenford and Hyde Park became 'show pieces'—visited by the King and Queen, 'shot' by movie photographers, mentioned in the Press and in books, and once-overed by M.P.'s and foreign ambassadors. And on raid nights Winston Churchill would roll up in a car, clothed in helmet, respirator and cigar, to watch his daughter plot "hostiles" in the Control Room.

"We got a new C.O.—Lt./Col. Galloway, in appearance like Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot. Speaking to me one day, in a tour of the site, he asked if I knew Mr R. F. Grant, of the Publishing House of D. C. Thomson. Did I? I was all but floored when I learned that Lt./Col. Galloway was R. F. G's son-in-law.

"While at Greenford I produced a site newspaper with the co-operation of Mr Sears and Miss Edna Moyler, of the London Office—and it was a wow! And I was swinging on a star with Sally and Peggy.

"Came the flying-bomb menace in June, '44, and the battery took toll of the doodlebugs from a meadow at Four Elms, Kent; the sea-front at Hastings; and a cliff-top at Fairlight Cove, Sussex. Then back I came to London, to occupy sites at Gunnersbury Park and at Hurlingham polo ground, and to take out Cockney naturalisation papers.

"In December, '44 I was transferred to the Infantry, being A.1, and I snapped my heart strings saying goodbye to Margaret.

"At Maidstone I trained with the Royal Kent Regiment, and in March of this year I was shipped to India, where I became a member of the Queen's Royal Regiment, the Second of Foot. And now, hitting a nifty typewriter, I'm Coy. Clerk in a camp near Poona.

"In a few weeks' time I'm going east of Singapore with an Occupying Force.

"My most interesting experience? Enemy raids on London; sleepless days and nights on the South Coast, the air alive with shot and shell, the site ringed by "dead" doodlebugs; the splendid partnership of men and A.T.S., and the latter's V.C. courage in the teeth of Hun

hell; interviewing Mary Churchill for an article; my arrival in the Far East; hearing the news of V.E. and V.J.

"To come? Why, fraternisation with a Geisha girl, of course."

Congrats, Charlie. It's easily seen that you have at least made the best of your life in the Army!

RALPH J. DUNCAN (Rover), joined the R.A.F. in January, 1940, and has since seen many parts of the world, including Egypt, Greece, Malta and Italy.

However, as well as having his share of sightseeing, Ralph has also seen action, and in his letter describes how he was among a skeleton ground-crew which helped operate a drome in German-occupied Italy taken by a British airborne division. Ralph says little of the work but mentions that at the time of landing they were able to buy champagne at the amazingly low price of 3/6d. a bottle. Needless to say, "bubbly" was the "order of the day" until the arrival of the main force which raised the price sky-high. Hard luck, Ralph, but it's a sure bet you obtained sufficient wine to "damp your thrapple."

Lt. ERNEST RITCHIE (Beano), transferred from the Sherwood Foresters to the Parachute Regiment. Ernie went down with the boys at Arnhem, stopped a packet in the leg, was picked up by Jerry when his hospital was overrun, and liberated by the Yanks. Lost a couple of stones while P.O.W., but was smiling as cheerily as ever when he got back home. Now the lost weight's been restored, Ernie's posted overseas disguised as a chunk of manna for Palestine. There'll be moaning at the bar and wailing at the wall when Ernie makes his descent on Judah.

B.S.-M. HAROLD CRAMOND (Adventure). Alamein to Tripoli, Sicily, Normandy, Austria, Germany . . . Harold's done a lot in his six years' service but doesn't say much about it beyond confessing that it was a

A PRE-FAB. DE LUXE.

Flight-Lieut. A. S. Preston (London) solved the housing problem this way!



"During my stay in Italy we did not actually have all the comforts of home, and living in tents in winter is not to be envied. The Navigator and myself built a hut made of cardboard with a thick coating of tar. It had a bath, hot water and drain pipe to collect the fresh water. All these conveniences were built out of bits of old Junkers 88 the Germans had left behind when evacuating the airfield. We were better off in that hut than most people are in England now."

bit sticky at times. Harold's best story concerns a leave from Germany when the men were lined up and searched for smuggled goods. The man in front of Harold had watches on both arms from wrist to shoulder. "Good job" sez Harold, "they didn't take my pants down!"

RALPH R. BROWN (Rover) enlisted in the Royal Navy in 1940. Apparently he got browned off with common or garden coding, so he volunteered for a special course dealing with a very special type of craft. He was very secretive about his job and all we got out of him was that amongst other places he has served in, was in the Dieppe "do" and the North African landing.

Ralph was shy about giving us any "action" experiences, but he let the cat out of the bag when he murmured something about once getting a bit wet. We dragged it out of him and discovered that he had fallen from the lofty boom of the Malaya into the waters of the West of Scotland. His "dip" lasted twenty minutes, but he was compensated by the "wee drap o' the stuff that pits heart in ye" which he received from the ship's doctor. Nice going, Ralph. Perhaps there was "method in your madness."

IAN CHISHOLM (Beano) said goodbye to all his friends in the office and left to join the R.A.F. in January, 1941.

Since then, sweat, sand, and pests seems to have been Chizz's lot, as he has been in Durbán, Bombay, Basra, Iraq, Palestine, Persia, Saudi Arabia, Syria and Egypt.

According to Ian his most exciting experience was being entertained by a Sheikh, getting drunk on his "beer," and being entertained by dancing girls. Ian left, none the worse for his celebrations convinced that the dancing girls certainly weren't Hollywood standard—but most definitely "dancing girls."

Chizz is at present stationed in England and is awaiting a single ticket to Dundee.

L.A.C. ERIC HENDERSON (Dandy) joined up in 1940 and after roughing it on a station a hundred yards from his former desk on the second floor (he did a course of training in Dundee G.P.O.), he received the draft-chit which was to keep him out of the U.K. for four years. After a spell in a literally hot spot in Iran called Abadan, he landed in Ceylon. Then, following a taste of Japanese dive-bombing, he settled down to his years of enforced exile. He has now substituted the temple bells for the more strident tones of "Time gents, please!" and has been up to the office once more to test the memories of the remaining staff. He is nursing a snake bite—is he the only one of the staff the snakes have tasted? We believe it was a black mamma—sorry, mamba!

L.A.C. GEORGE RAE (Beano). The great day for George came in 1941, and before training as an R.A.F. photographer he was stationed

at Wick. Then the land of the boys' paper stories beckoned him and he was posted to India. We believe his collection of photographs taken there will be one of the prize exhibits of the office. He has bathed in the Ganges and sledged on the Himalayas. George's illusions were shattered by going through the Khyber Pass in a motor bus—he did not send home for his clicky ba'! He is now well qualified to be called a Wolf—any opinions, girls? Before moving off to Singapore he was in Ceylon, and we are now waiting for his dispatch—from his previous experiences we are again expecting something really unusual in the way of sightseeing.

Corporal GEORGE THOMSON (Dandy), left us in September, 1941. Since then he has moved about England and Scotland a great deal. He has been to Weston-super-Mare, Wick and the Shetlands and was for a long spell with Bomber Command in Yorkshire. His most interesting time was spent as a back-room boy in the Radar research station at Malvern. Since the secrecy was relaxed we have been very well informed on the magic eye.

"Home is the sailor." Back at his desk in "The Dandy" is KEN WALMSLEY. Two weeks after joining the Fleet Air Arm in April, 1941, Ken was blown up in a Portsmouth blitz. The explosion sent him halfway round the world on a tour which was fifty-fifty hospital and sea-time. Among places visited were South Africa, Kenya, Iran, Iraq, Arabia, Madagascar, India and Ceylon. But as he says, "Nothing ever happens to me" (not much!).

He finally came to earth again in Dundee this summer, with a discharge ticket from the Navy, and he and Johnny Hutton now run a Welcome Home Service of their own on the second floor.

A. INNES (Beano). Alistair's been getting around since he deserted jitter-bugging for globe-trotting with the Fleet Air Arm. Latest word is from Australia where he reports having met Bill Osler. Sydney was the venue and we've no doubt the barrel was well and truly rolled out.

A. MACKINTOSH, R.A.F., (Wizard) has seen a bit of the world since he vacated his chair in the Wizard room for a place in the R.A.F. He had the unique experience of crossing the Atlantic in the Queen Mary, eventually arriving at Toronto. He pranged the courses in Canada, and from there flew to India.

Toshie came away with the old saying—"By gad, sir, when I was in Poona," as, to put it his way, he had the misfortune to spend some time there! Asked what his most interesting experience was, Tosh wrote a five page screed on his journey from Canada to India—doubtless to show that he had not lost the "art of journalism." Unfortunately we just don't have space enough to publish it. (See photo pages.)

R. MILLAR (Adventure) "Tich," latest 2nd floor "youngster" to

don khaki caused quite a heart flutter when he came into the office, complete with "Tam O' Shanter" and a Glasgow accent, on nine days' leave. His main interests seemed to be drinking (tea) and women, and it is rumoured that he spent ninety per cent of his leave in a certain room in the building where both were in abundance!

So far, Ron hasn't had any service abroad but he left the office with the threatening words that he would be back in a month's time, on embarkation leave.

HARRY MARNIE (Dandy) joined the Fleet Air Arm in 1943 and transferred to the R.A.F. in 1944. When asked for his experiences Harry closed up like a clam. What we did manage to coax out of him was that he had served in Canada, America, and India, and is now with Ceylon Air Forces.

Corporal J. HENDERSON, R.A.F. (Adventure)—another of Adventure's Jacks (what a bunch they were!). He "took the shilling" round about March, 1941, did a few years fiddling around radio sets, and is still classed as a wireless mechanic (though he couldn't stop the howling noise in our set!). Hasn't the slightest idea what he got two stripes for, unless it's the runner-up prize in the grub-disposal competition. Couldn't have been the first prize, for Jack Sinclair won that!

After mucking around the isolated R.A.F. stations in Scotland, England and Wales look you, for three years, Cpl. Henderson went on a Commando course to fatten (sorry!) toughen him up for the European landing. As usual, he landed on velvet. Attached to a Canadian unit in Germany, Jack got all the gravy—Canuck rations, fags and beer, and a job on the unit's newspaper. It was a real good paper, too, with entrancing examples of feminine pulchritude on the cinema page and occasional funny articles by our Jack himself. Believe us, Corporal Henderson was really sorry when his Canadian pals went home and he was shunted off to a deserted village in Wales where he has to cook his own grub and put in a spot of real work now and again between the local's opening hours. He is becoming a less corpulent corporal, too!

Jack should be out in a few months, but he'll need some rigorous training before he's fit for the daily grind on the second floor, after all that money-for-jam newspaper work!

Flight/Sergeant J. S. RAMSAY, R.A.F. (Adventure) Eighteen months after his enlistment date (October 24th, 1941), graduated W.O.P./A.G., and was posted to Atlantic Ferry duties, the same job the "amateurs" drew big money for.

He was based in Montreal, only an overnight train run from New York, and found both these places dream cities in a wartime world. It is said that Jack grew fat on ice-cream sundaes and banana splits over there, but his stay was too short, luckily, for him to outgrow his civvies.

Jack is probably the only bloke from the office to be given a week's leave from Canada. One ocean hop he made was via Greenland and Iceland, so it was no surprise when his latest letter came from S.E.A.A.F. From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand!

In between the cold and the hot Jack put in some flying time over a little place called Arnhem in a glider-towing Dakota. He didn't know Ernie Ritchie was down below or he might have pancaked just to have a matter about office matters!

Out in Burma, Jack and his crew dropped supplies to the 14th Army on their road to Mandalay. He has a great admiration for the jungle fighters.

He had a beef around D-day in Europe—that H.M. ships didn't like Dakotas—seemed to mistake them for partridges. Well, nobody likes to be made game of! We don't know his demob group, but we do know that Jack prepared handsomely for "the day" by sending himself a big stock of books from over the pond, for he is a great bibliophile (book-lover to you poor blokes who weren't at the Morgan!).

DON GREEN, R.A.F. (Skipper) is one of the lads of the silent service. Maybe you are too busy entertaining the prospects of matrimony—or is it just that you never have time to scribble a line or two? How about it Don? We're waiting for the latest news!

The bright boy of the Skipper has served in seventeen different places. The majority of the camps were in the U.K. At present he is "doing the rounds" at Kolar, serving with the S.E.A.C.A.F.'s. His short and snappy answer to our request for his most interesting experience was—"It would sound like a horrible 'line'!" (See photo pages.)

L.A.C. JACK MACKERSIE (Skipper). Five years without the option is Jack's record. After being tried out in the servicing of a fighter he was put on the first Stirling bombers to be used by the R.A.F. He saw the first heavy bomber daylight raid set off for Germany; the first raid on Berlin, and watched the start of the first 1000 bomber raid. From Bomber Command he was transferred to Maintenance Command, and spent the last two years of the war on a hush-hush job during which he visited most of the stations in the north of England, and many of the pubs. Learned a lot in the R.A.F.—especially about cheap rail travel.

Corporal ALASTAIR PETERS (Skipper) is one of the office veterans, having been called up with the R.A.S.C. Terriers a day before the war started. Ally's history is that of the 51st Division. St Valery, where he won a place on a rescue ship by allowing a retreat from dive-bombing to walk over him instead of joining it; the Cairngorms, where the division was reconstituted; El Alamein, Tripoli, Tunis, Sicily. The 51st stopped there, but their transport accompanied the 8th Army into Italy as far as Bari. Ally hasn't missed much. He was back in France in time for

Caen and Falaise and has now reached Germany via Belgium and Holland. His biggest recorded thrill was the march past at Tripoli. His biggest complaint is that though he can find cushy jobs he can never keep them.

Major G. MOONIE, Royal Marines, (Beano), joined up in January, 1941. June, 1943 brought promotion to captain. In August of the same year he became just a 'mate,' when he got married. So 1943 was a big year for G. M. He got his 'crown' in 1945.

George has changed from journalist to poet during his absence from The Beano. Here is his latest effort, giving the "gen" on where he has served:—

"Rivers will do for a start—
Clyde, Forth, Thames and Dart.
Then I think perhaps we oughter
Mention larger bits of water—
Cromarty and Moray Firth
Thence to Pompey for a berth,
O'er the Channel, up t' Clyde,
Crossed Atlantic t'other side,
Mucked with Yankees in Pacific
That was just too, too terrific.
Back again to England's shore,
Can't remember any more.
So much water is a strain
Apt to soften up one's brain."

But G. M.'s career is a lot more colourful than his modest verse would suggest. He had a hot time of it in the landings on the French coast on D-day as he was in charge of an assault craft, and went through the worst of it.

His experience was such that they put him on to training Americans over in America, for the big task ahead of them in the Pacific. G. M. eventually went to the Pacific and saw plenty of the war in the Islands. Late in 1945 he took over a H.Q. job in London.

L.A.C. WILLIE MANN (Hotspur) returned from his spell in West Africa as cheerful as usual. He was so brown that he is suspected of turning native while there. Was last seen headed for Stranraer. Willie wouldn't mind another trip abroad before settling down.

Cftmn. W. ANDERSON, R.E.M.E. (Hotspur). It's five years now since Willie last helped to put a Hotspur to press, and changed his editorial pencil for a Government issue pen. Two years of soldiering followed, in which his greatest enemies were red-tape and boredom. Relief came when he began a radio mechanic's course in London. In due time he was transferred to the R.E.M.E., then in its infancy. His new job was

the care of Radar equipment and in this role he saw a good deal of England, being attached to a mobile battery. Highlight of his career was the Second Battle of Britain, and he was "fortunate" enough to be right in the middle of it.

After that bit of excitement he arrived up on Tyneside where he is at present enjoying one of the Army's sinecures—radio mechanic to a mixed A.A. battery!

NORMAN FOWLER, R.A.F. (Wizard) has had most of his service with the Airborne troops who operated with so much in so many war theatres. After V.E. day he went over to Transport Command ferrying troops and freight to all parts and bringing the lads for demob.

N. J. F. has seen service in Scotland, Shetlands, Norway, Denmark and Germany and is now stationed in Norfolk.

By the way, we almost forgot to tell you. Norman took the plunge early in his career and is now a proud and happy father. Marriage seems to have tamed the Count of Maryfield and we have heard very little of his latest exploits. He is keeping his hand in by playing the part of co-editor of "The Voice"—his camp newspaper.

JACK SMITH, R.A. (Dandy) was called up at outbreak of war with the local territorials. Since then he has served in England, Egypt, Syria and Italy. J. S. was attached to an A.A. battery for quite a while so he got his share of the Hun bombing—but you can be sure he more than got his revenge. Jack could shoot a gun almost as well as he could shoot a "line"—and that's saying something! At the moment he is doing P.O.W. guard in Italy and in his spare time, showing the local signorinas how it's done back home here in Blighty.

Jack's just waiting for that one-way ticket back to Dundee.

L/Cpl. J. M. Low (Hotspur) left the staff of "The Hotspur" in July, 1942. After almost a year of various types of training he sailed from Gourock en route to India via Durban and Bombay, eventually arriving safe and sound in Mosul.

J. M. L. spent fourteen months with 14th Hodson's Horse, an Indian mechanised cavalry regiment. He was attached to Hodson's Horse when they assisted the civil authorities in Syria in keeping order when the trouble was on. Jimmy only left Hodson's Horse a week before he wrote so, as far as he is concerned, it's now just a case of "wait-and-see."

It looks as if our compass-swinging Sergeant A. T. BROWN, R.A.F. (Wizard) has gone abroad at last. We got so used to Tam dropping in that we're taking it hard now that he's away. Tom gave us all a surprise a month or two ago when he walked into the office with a pretty W.A.A.F. from Prestwick and introduced her as his wife! She also is a sergeant and no doubt Tom is getting a taste of his own medicine. By the way,

*Carrier
Misses
Now
Mrs.!*



Married in Mombasa—Wren AMY TODD (Publishing) and Sgt.-Major R. BROWN, Eves.



An Australian's bride — IRENE KNIGHT, A.T.S. (Publishing), with W/O. L. FIEBIGER, R.A.A.F.



Wed to a Highlander—BETTY INGLIS, W.A.A.F. (Telegraph), and Sgt. A. FORSYTH, Tain.



A husband from Ireland—Wren MARY BRUNTON (Circulation) and P.O. Kenneth Smyth



Carrier weds Carrier—Miss BELLA WILSON (4th Floor) and JOHN REID (Despatch).

Back to Blighty!



W. SLATER,
M/c Editorial, disembodied.



SANDY ANDERSON,
Dundee Jobbing, disembodied.



A. BUTCHART,
Dundee Steved, disembodied.



W. BAXTER,
Dundee Presses, discharged.



JANET ROBERTSON,
Dundee Publishing,
disembodied.



R. STEVENSON,
Telegraph, disembodied.



J. ADAMSON,
Dundee Dispatch, disembodied.



R. SPALDING,
Dundee Dispatch,
discharged.

it may interest you to know that Tom came in sporting a moustache big enough to make any sergeant-major weep with envy. Congrats, Tom, both on your marriage—and your mouser!

LESLIE BOWMAN (Wizard). "Bowff" was called up early in 1940 and did his training in this country. Left the U.K. in the first month of 1942 to go to North Africa. He did some fighting in Italy but evidently there wasn't enough excitement so he volunteered for special service and was a member of P.P.A., (Popski's Private Army), a group of specially trained men for operations behind the enemy lines. He won't say much about this job but we gather that he had some hair-raising experiences. Les was in Austria before coming home for 28 days leave in mid-October.

He popped into the office but didn't stay long. It seems that he spends most of his time with Miss Bowman, who by the way, is growing into an exceedingly nice young lady. We're looking forward to her joining the Courier staff one day.

BOB PATERSON (Rover) is now stationed in Iraq and sports two pips on his shoulders. Bobbie boasts that he can now speak Hindustani fluently and would like to know if any other Courierite can do the same. If so, he would like to have a chat in the said language just to keep his hand in.

Bob can now join those who married while they were in the Forces. He took the plunge in December, 1942, and hopes to be home for 28 days in December, 1945 to celebrate his anniversary.

Tel. W. OSLER, R.N. (Adventure) got his suit of navy blue round about September, 1941, and after a very short training was also issued with a pair of sea-legs and a billet on H.M.S. Quorn. He left that ship in May, 1942 after a tussle with a real live mine about which he lives up to the traditions of the silent service. Then followed a spell of mine-sweeping in Scottish waters. Bill decided after having thus tasted a destroyer and a trawler he would like something bigger and was drafted to H.M.S. Indomitable. The progress of the Indomitable in the East has more or less been newspaper stuff all the time, but we only got snatches of scandal about his spells ashore in Sydney. Bill has now gone on an official reporting staff and has been as far as China on the job. We unhesitatingly give Bill the blue riband for sea-time or whatever it is they get for it.

W. SWINTON, R.A.F. (Dandy) is another man little is known about. Bill left us in August, 1941 and buzzed about Blighty for a bit before things really got hot on the Continent. We did hear a story about him being on top of a mountain in Sicily for a week with a mobile radar set and a Sirocco. These Siroccos must be as tough as the Moroccan women he met in Algiers—Bill had to come down after a week! After

D-day he shifted to Germany and finally came home to a cushy number in the south of England to wait a further call.

G. BAYNE (Skipper). George joined the Senior Service in 1942. We don't know much about his progress since then except that being 6ft. 3½ins. in height, he has always seemed to be in very small ships with painfully low deckheads. He tossed about in trawlers in the Atlantic for a spell and came home recently after two years in the Med. on a Greek ship with a Greek crew. So if you have any kids wanting help with their Greek call in George!

IAN MURRAY (Adventure) was pulled into the Young Highland Regiment when he began his "sojering" in January, 1942, but after a few months of square-bashing and "debating" with the Poles at Perth and Monifieth he managed to convince the selecting board that his old school tie had nice colours, so he was commissioned in the Tyneside Scottish.

He was in the thick of the European fighting and was lucky for a while, being at one time the only unwounded junior officer in his battalion. Eventually, however, in the fighting on the Seine banks he was wounded.

Discharged early in 1945, he is now back on the job, doing the "round-the-town" tour as a reporter. Says he likes it better than magazine work—more action in it.

Little is known about LT. T. CUNNINGHAM (Wizard). He joined up at the outbreak of the war, and after training in the U.K. went to the Middle East. He was wounded and managed to get home, but he didn't manage to get round to seeing his old pals in the office. Married life may be weighing too heavy on Tim!

J. WEBB DAW, R.A.F. (Dandy) was captured for the light blue forces in 1941 and was soon sporting props as an L.A.C. He was posted to the Orkneys where he did his overseas service. Little was heard of him after that, but he dropped into the office in October, '45 with the news that his latest station was Newcastle.

STANLEY STAMPER (Beano), the second floor two-tone siffleur was last heard of staggering under the white man's burden on the Gold Coast. We don't know what happened to Stan after that. He joined the Silent Service. What about giving us a scoop, Stan? Drop a line or two to the second floor. Like all good journalists we're eager for news.

Lieut. W. S. SCROGGIE (Wizard), joined the Camerons during the early stages of the war, and for a while enjoyed a Red Macgregor existence in Inverness-shire. He went abroad and saw heavy fighting in Italy. We are sorry to report that he was very seriously wounded and had a bad time in hospital out there. With an indomitable courage he stuck it and has made an amazing recovery, although badly crippled.

He was drafted back to this country and was in hospital in Gloucestershire, late in 1945.

J. HOUSTON, R.N. (Wizard). It took quite a job on Jimmy's part persuading us that it was really himself when he came home on 28 days leave.

The sunny years in the Med. area had given him an effective guise—in the form of a tan as dark as a nigger's. Coupled with the tan was the fact that what went away a typical "Wizard sub" came back a "mild inoffensive" lad. In fact the only thing that hasn't changed is his ability to keep the tradition of the Silent Service! By the way, J. H. now holds the rank of Leading-Writer.

H. WALKER, R.A.F. (Wizard), was in it early and took part in the early bombing raid on Germany. It was while over Cologne that his plane got mixed up in a scrap between five M.E. 109's.

Harvey stopped a packet and was laid up for a while, but he is back on the job training "youngsters." He dropped in once or twice to see his old pals, and despite his injury looked A.1. He got married, in due course, was later promoted to Warrant Officer and also father. Good work!

R. MACNAUGHTON (Rover) joined up in October, 1943 and left for Canada, after doing the usual routine training in the U.K. In October 1945 he graduated as a Pilot Officer. During his stay in Canada he hitch-hiked 3,000 miles in five days—for the sole purpose of seeing Times Square, New York, on a Saturday night. According to Bob, City Square, Dundee, on Hogmanay doesn't have a look in.

At the time of writing he is home on a month's leave. STOP PRESS—A phone call has just revealed the fact that Bob is now engaged to pretty A.T.S. Doris Ritchie, of Dundee.

Now a word about the Home Front. It has been noticed that you Services folk show quite a surprising interest in the prosaic back-room boys who did no jumping out of aeroplanes or frog-swimming.

On account of the petrol lack, R. D. Low has not had the same chances of clambering in the Cairngorms or getting on with his idea of scaling every one of the three hundred odd 3000 foot mountains in Scotland. He has been content to stay down below, deer-stalking and fishing, and in the winter, putting in a regular turn of curling and badminton.

Stewart Gilchrist (Adventure and Beano) is the one whose demob number seems to be highest. He is still in the emergency as a "cop," strictly amateur. Stewart became the office's explosion expert during the war, attended special courses, and was much in demand throughout Angus as an instructor.

Andy Hunter (Hotspur) profiting by his Fire-watching Sunday even-

ings, is among the high-ups as a bridge player. He has been selected for Dundee in representative games.

Johnny Hutton (Dandy) still has football reporting as his spare time hobby. He does his stuff at Dens or Tannadice for "Sunday Post." Bill Blain (Rover and Wizard) has been doing some authorship on his own account with short stories in "The Scots Magazine."

Junior members of the staff are:—

Jack Hutton (Hotspur) our junior football reporter and the lad who gathers all the gen about the R.A.F. "Abe" Powell (Beano and Adventure) is our latest jitterbug on the second floor. Roy Paterson (Wizard and Rover) is a hard worker for the Comfort Fund. Doug Johnston and Sandy Duncan are the latest additions to the staff.

Sunday Post

PEACE-TIME finds the S.P. still on a war footing so far as staff is concerned. None of our far-flung legion has yet got his ticket and returned to the fold. So to our usual good luck greeting we add the wish, "Here's hoping we'll see you soon."

Now for the "gen" about what our lads—and lass—have done since they left us.

Major RONNIE MACLURKIN writes from British Army Newspaper Unit, Paiforce:—

"Joined Pioneer Corps as private in August, 1940. Dug ditches, unloaded fish boats, broke stones (no previous prison experience). Put on muscle.

"Commissioned in 1941. Started to lose muscle again. Volunteered for West Africa, landed in Nigeria in 1942. Recruited natives (very black) and lived amongst them in 'bush'—often only with a British n.c.o. for company. Had malaria six times.

"Took company of Africans to Western Desert in 1943, guarded prisoners of war in isolated camp. Used to frighten Eyties by making Africans practise bayonet fighting complete with tribal war cries. Had to. Someone had decided not to issue ammunition!

"Public Relations caught up with records in 1944 and was posted as editor of 'The Iraq Times,' Bagdad's daily newspaper. Now major, editor-in-chief of army newspapers in Persia and Iraq where the daily temperatures all through the summer average 113 in the shade. Ambition: to keep clear of hot countries in future."

Lieut. IAN DUN is, of course, our St Valery veteran. He served with the 51st Divisional Petrol Coy., and here is his description of his escape:—

"Angry, tired and bewildered, we left from the same port we landed, Le Havre, but to our consternation swung back to Cherbourg. However, a few days later we jumbled into a coal coaster for England.

"Very fed up and bedraggled we landed at Poole, Dorset, on a drizzly Sunday night. Britain was there to welcome its 'ragged little army.' As I left the gangplank someone pushed a bottle of beer into my hand. Never will I forget that moment, that kind action, that beer!

"The Tay Bridge seemed plated with glistening gold as I glimpsed it from the train when I came home on '72 hours.' How I appreciated it—and Mum's face as I described my 'coming away dress'—dirty B.D., pink bed socks, cut down grandpappy woolies and a vest of a lady's 'unmentionable.' She was horror struck."

For the next two years Ian trained with the re-formed 51st. He missed going to N. Africa because of an operation but became engaged, and in February, 1943 was married. Then he got his commission in the Army Printing & Stationery Service, and in May, '44 went out to Cairo, where he spent seven months. Since New Year he has been in Iraq and is now near Basra where "the heat sizzles the wings of flies and makes the cold showers nearly too hot to use!" (See photo pages.)

Some months ago we were glad to welcome Lieut. NORMAN DEBOYS, Gordons, back from German prison camp.

Norman went to N. Africa with the 1st Army, helped to take Pantellaria, and was unlucky enough to be captured at Nettuno where he collected a "mention." He was freed when the Americans reached Brandenburg, and then had what he calls the most miserable three days of captivity.

A fleet of Dakotas was sent to bring prisoners home. When every corner was filled, twenty men were left. Norman was one of the twenty and they had to wait three endless days before another plane was sent for them.

Norman was looking in the pink when he reported—no wonder, he'd just got engaged to Miss Yvonne Thomas, of Llanelly.

JOHN DRON, our Bevin Boy, has now had a year and a half at the Montagu Colliery, Newcastle. He spends seven and a half hours a day at the coal face trying to solve the problem of making six feet go into four feet.

Periodically he drops in to see us—to get the pleats out of his back. And he's always thinking S.P., for hardly a week passes without a snappy contribution from him.

Another fairly frequent—but not too frequent!—visitor is Nurse MYRA FINDLAY, V.A.D. Myra's still at the Fleet Air Arm base at Campbeltown where she went on leaving Kingsseat, Aberdeen, in 1942.

During the year ERIC MONCUR gave up the mantle of Lee Russell to don a Scots Guardsman's uniform. He's training hard at Pirbright and hopes to go to Germany. (See photo pages.)

The holding unit at H.Q. is still going strong—J. B. M., J. H. C. J., Jimmy Ritchie and Vina Herd, with Betty Langlands to keep order. Main interest just now is the "Quiz" (see S.P. centre page). If you've any good questions they would save a few headaches!

James C. Fox has left the cashier's desk for a seat in the room next to the S.P., where he is to be found busy on newsprint with his staff—Mrs Taylor and Dorothy Brown.

The W.P.R.A. is letting us ease off a bit, but you'll catch Mr C. A. Anderson in the room "two doors down" from "S.P."

Mr Syme Anderson, Mr J. B. Hornby and Edna McLaren, their young typist, are also "based" here. Winnie Anderson (nee Arbuthnott) who was our very able Comforts secretary for some time, left in the summer to become a "real" housewife and look after her husband, W. Anderson (Engineers.)

DUNDEE

FIRST FLOOR

Fiction Department

ALTHOUGH the war is over there have as yet been no "returns" (empty or otherwise!) to Fiction Department. And, as usual, our absent friends have not been particularly good at keeping in touch with their home-from-home. That being so, it is only fair the ladies should come first this year as they have looked us up—and have been doing things.

AUDREY SMITH, Women's Transport Service, F.A.N.Y., invaded India at the beginning of this year. She has served in Poona, Meerut, Bombay and Colombo, but declares that nothing exciting has happened to her in the process. Her most worth-while job, she says, is the one she had in Colombo, serving meals, issuing clothes, &c., to P.O.W. She said it was a pathetic business and the poor souls—men, women and children—were so touchingly grateful for the smallest kindness done to them. In between times Audrey has been leading a fairly giddy whirl and we bet this has changed her from the quiet miss of Fiction days into a real Blonde Bombshell! (See photo pages.)

Our Lady of the Lamp, WINNIE PHILLIP, V.A.D., has been dispensing her healing touch in Douglas, I.O.M. for many moons. She has been kept busy—very busy—nursing the Wrens. She admits, rather disappointedly we suspect, that she has yet to soothe the brow of a

sailor. Cheer up Winnie, opportunity may yet knock at your door! Incidentally, what about the German prisoner who was giving you the "glad" so regularly? Did you hang out the Union Jack as an answer? (See photo pages.)

Corporal BARBARA SUTTIE, W.A.A.F., (who joined up in 1940) now in Gloucester, is a most modest young lady. On her leave in October she was out with us and never once hinted at anything about herself—yet she has received the R.A.F. certificate of good service and devotion to duty. Babs is attached to Transport Command and took part in the Normandy landing operations. Good going, Babs! We were all pleased to hear about it.

L.A.C.W. EDITH TAYLOR, our former Glamour Girl, is now Mrs Hunt, and becoming quite domesticated.

So much for the girls.

Sergeant GEORGE DUNSMORE, of the R.A.F. was home in September on a ballot leave from Ceylon. He was looking very fit and appeared to be enjoying life. He had to go back to Ceylon and hoped to be demobbed before the end of the year.

As for GEORGE HOSSICK, who was in the Aircraft Calibration Section, and JAMES VEITCH, R.A.F., out in Cairo, we can only presume they are still in the land of the living and in the same jobs, for they seem to have deserted us completely.

Good fiction is still being garnered by those "left behind"—Mr H. R. Brown, still trying to keep his bees in order; Catherine Lang, still trying to keep pace with the various "heart throbs" of the younger fry in her charge, represented this year by Sheila Graham, Muriel Cameron—blondes—and brunette, Isobel Ferguson.

Jobbing

LIFE here goes on quietly and busily, but we'd give a lot to be back to our pre-war stir. Here's hoping supplements and story slips begin again soon, and that you absent ones will all be back to lend a hand.

B.Q.M.S. BERT ALEXANDER, R.A., who has been out in S.E.A.C., says he can now lift the veil and give us some idea of what he has been doing. He was in Malaya and found the place and the people there much cleaner than in India. When they started off at Ledo on the last campaign they were flown in and supplied for ten months by air, all the way down through Burma to Mandalay and up into the Shan Hills. Coming out of action they flew back to India, then by rail to Poona where he started over two years ago. They landed in Malaya just in time to find the Japs packing up so it was then just a case of occupation and

disarming Japs. In October word came that he was in Java. Away from the office since December, 1939, he hopes to be back for good next April.

WILLIE CUNNINGHAM enlisted 1st June, 1939 in Territorial Army and since then has travelled about considerably. Leaving England in 1941 his first destination was Egypt. The other countries he has served in are Cyprus, Palestine, Syria and the Lebanon, African and Italian Campaigns, and is at present in Greece.

A grand account of his many experiences was sent in, but one which he mentions in the African campaign was that their infantry had the honour of capturing Von Arnim and his General Staff in the final drive to Tunis. After this, mountain warfare training started for the Italian theatre of war, where after getting a very hot reception from the German gun sites they finally joined up with the 5th Army at Cassino. While occupying positions in the plain he saw the bombing of the Monastery.

From Italy on to Greece where he is on convoy duty from Salonika to Alexandropolis.

Still attached to the 4th Indian Division, better known as Red Eagle Division. Was home for a month's leave last Christmas and is just waiting for group 27 to come along. (See photo pages.)

Sgt. ALBERT MASTERTON has now had 6½ years' service in the Army, being called up with the Militia in 1939. Joined R. A. Searchlights, then transferred to R.A.S.C.

Shortly after the outbreak of war was sent over to Le Havre and evacuated France via Caen and Cherbourg.

On his return was in quite a number of places in England not forgetting "Old Tetbury," working in supply units, then as an instructor in Wales for a few months. Since then he has been back in France, Belgium, and now at Eindhoven in Holland.

ISOBEL HYND, V.A.D., now Staff-Sergeant, has done very well. Starting her service in Gleneagles in May, 1941, she remained there a year and was then moved down to England where she has nursed in hospitals in Beverley, York and Leicester. During the heavy raids round Hull they had "quite a time." Being called out to gun sites, attending to the R.A.F. returning from raids over Germany, nursing serious cases of all nationalities were all in the day's work and meant very little rest and plenty hard work, but Isobel didn't seem to mind. In one small hospital there were over 2,500 nursed in one year.

A. LAMB, R.A., joined up in August, 1940. Posted from 20th A/T 3rd Division, June, 1945 to 54th A/T 52nd Division. Among the places he served in were Iceland, Holland and Belgium.

Andy reckons the Rhine "do" supplies the answer to his most interesting experience in his service career, having taken part in the

terrific barrage which started the Jerries downfall. It was "quite exciting" while it lasted, he says. The barrels of the guns were sizzling hot after so many rounds had been fired. Later, when they crossed the Rhine and saw the amount of damage caused they could hardly believe their own eyes. Andy was again giving a helping hand with this year's harvest. (See photo pages.)

BERT ROBERTSON, R.A., from 17th July, 1941, has spent a lot of his time in England and experienced many of the worst air raid, flying bomb, and "Doodlebug" attacks. Having been attached to the R.A.M.C. for two years, he has been mostly in hospitals attending to the sick and injured, so we shall be all right for a "first aid man" when group 22 comes along!

The stories he has to tell of when he was on the Maas and in Germany would take up too many pages, he says, so will just keep them and "swop" with the other lads when they all come home again. (See photo pages.)

JOHN ROBERTSON, R.A., has been out in Burma for over three years. News from him has been scarce, but the latest we had was very good—he expects to be back home soon. Although he hasn't written much you may be sure he will be able to "tell the tale" when he does arrive.

Major STEWART ROBB paid us a visit on his leave from Hanover, and said he expected to be demobbed in November. He has been moving prisoners and displaced persons. He was called up in August, 1940.

SANDY ANDERSON spent the last part of his war service out in the Middle East. While out there he had the opportunity of spending a leave touring round the Holy Land and found it all very interesting. He is the first of the Jobbing lads to be demobbed, returning in October, and is now in the Machine Room. He was called up in June, 1940. (See photo pages.)

The home brigade are all fighting fit—Miss Nicoll, Nan Kilgour, and Margaret White (nee Isles), returned from a spell on munitions. The last named also relieves on the elevators.

The men folk who used to be here—W. Mitchell, W. Johnston and J. Stirling are meantime in the Caserom.

Miss Doig is also here, being kept busy on cheques, &c.

DUNDEE

GROUND FLOOR

Circulation Department

THINGS are looking much brighter in the Circulation these days as the sun now beams in. We all appreciate it after the long spell with our "barricades."

We'll let the Navy keep the lead, reporting on our Service folk.

NORMAN ALEXANDER, who joined up in June, 1940, has served in the English Channel, North Sea, Aberdeen, Ceylon, Bay of Bengal, Burma, Malacca Straits and Singapore. He says his most interesting experience was the day of joining, and that will be far surpassed on the happy day of leaving which he hopes will be soon now.

A. B. GORDON MILLS who joined in March, 1941, has certainly visited many parts of the world on board the H.M.S. Roberts. He has had many exciting events and was nearly in all the allied landings. By this time he ought to be home from Hong Kong.

Now for the Army.

Pte. J. ALEXANDER (Perth Depot.) joined the Royal Scots Fusiliers in June, 1940, and was transferred later to R.A.O.C. He has served in North Africa and Italy. The experience which stands out most in his memory was the air attack on their convoy while the ships lay in Algiers Bay. It started about half past six in the evening and lasted almost continuously until six o'clock next morning.

L/Cpl. W. SMITH (Perth Depot.) has now served for over five years in the R.A.S.C., and has been abroad for nearly three, but he hopes to be back at Perth before 1946. He had many exciting times in N. Africa, but the four months he spent in Yugoslavia were the most interesting of his Army life. The platoon landed at Zara on 2nd February this year, the first Army personnel to land other than the military mission. Their job was to build landing strips for our fighter planes, and within two days they had plenty of thrills when the Yanks started to make emergency landings.

STEELE McRITCHIE joined up in August, 1942, was with the P.T.C. for six weeks and then posted to R.A. In June 1943 he was promoted 2nd Lieut. and posted to the Gordons in the Orkneys. Just after D-day he jumped to three pips and went to France. He is now Major and holds a responsible position in connection with the daily newspapers in Hamburg. (See photo pages.)

Sgt. L. BELL joined the R.A.M.C. in April, 1940, and served in Leeds, London, Reading, Birmingham, Gairloch (Ross-shire), Comrie and Peebles. He is now at Balgowan, Dundee. We don't see much of him but he was looking very well the last time he called. He says his most interesting experience was being posted to Dundee and granted a living-out pass for two years!

Gnr. D. FINLAY (Inverness Depot), joined the R.A. in December, 1940. He was posted to England then to Africa, Sicily and Italy. He will never forget the journey from Algiers to Bizerta, seven days in an open truck across N. Africa. His recollections of Naples are not very pleasant—rain and mud for weeks, not at all what he imagined.

The R.A.F. roll call:—

L.A.C. J. S. BURR, joined the R.A.F. in July, 1940. He served at different stations in Scotland and England and he is now at Shaibah Pairoforce, one of the world's hottest spots, he says. He expects to be back in circulation very soon.

Pilot Officer I. BATCHELOR joined the R.A.F., October, 1940. He did his training in England, and after a long spell of journeys from this country to enemy territory, flew to the Middle East. After completing the necessary number of flights there he returned with the rank of Ft./Sgt. He was then put on duties as instructor and promoted to W/O. He is now posted near Stourbridge, Worcs. He looked very well on his last leave and is now a P/O.

Flight-Lieut. W. HALKETT, D.F.M., joined the R.A.F. in April, 1941. After a spell in England training as an observer he went overseas. In October, 1943, he was awarded the D.F.M. He completed a large number of attacks against enemy objectives in Germany, Tunisia and Sicily. He was looking very fit and well on his last leave. He is now in Cornwall, but hopes to be demobbed soon.

Cpl. J. DEVINE (W.O.M.), joined the R.A.F. in November, 1939. After a long time spent in England he was sent to Aberdeen. He then went south again to Lincs. on an interesting course. After that he had a busy time and is now posted at Ramsgate, Kent. He also hopes to be back home soon.

The last time we had a visit from L.A.C. J. F. COOK, he was posted at Douglas Wood not far from Dundee. No doubt he would be pleased to be near home after spending years overseas. He certainly has visited many places, Africa, India, Arabia, Bagdad, Suez, Persia, Tripoli, Libya, Iraq, Bombay, Cairo, Syria, Haifa and Jerusalem.

Flying Officer J. C. QUIRK, joined the R.A.F. in January, 1941. He was stationed at different parts of England and Wales and then posted to West Africa, where he enjoyed the fruit and the weather. However, his stay there was very short and he is now at Pembroke, S. Wales.

Mr H. GRAEME THOMSON joined the R.A.F. in April, 1941. He was newspaper censoring and was sent to H.Q. Middle East. After a spell in Cairo he went to Malta and then to North Africa. He ranked to Squadron Leader. He got back into civvies at the end of October.

Cpl. R. GALLOWAY (Perth Depot), joined the R.A.F. in August, 1940, and has spent the most of his service in the East. He visited S. Africa and India and is still stationed in Ceylon, where he has been for three and a half years. He expects to be back with us soon.

L.A.C. R. ROBERTSON has served with the R.A.F. since February, 1941. We had a few lines from him to say he had returned to the old country after a long time in the Middle East. He is very glad to be

back, although he misses the sunshine. Is looking forward to being demobbed this year.

L.A.C. W. J. ANDERSON joined the R.A.F. in May, 1941. We suppose he is still in the north of Scotland where he has spent the last four years.

L.A.C. SILLER (Inverness Depot), has been with the R.A.F. since June, 1940. The last we heard from him he was at Aden, and is now with a H.Q. unit at Iraq and Persia.

Our Wren, MARY BRUNTON, is now Mrs Kenneth Smythe, and is demobbed. She was married in her home town in June. She joined the Navy, June, 1941, and served at Peterhead, Orkneys, and then she tripped across to America four times at least, where she had a marvellous time. Her husband is an Irishman. (See photo pages.)

Pte. MAUREEN TAYLOR joined the A.T.S. in February, 1943, and has spent her time down south, but she seems to have forgotten about us in the office. The last we heard of her she was frating with the Yanks! She is posted at Barksingside, Ilford.

Still "Circulating" in Circulation are:—

R. F. Grant, C. A. Anderson, S. R. Mudie, R. Simpson and H. Thomson. The Misses M. Forsyth, H. Stewart, F. Thomson, Mrs Keillor and Miss C. Pugh. Our Miss Learmonth has been transferred to the Private Room Typists.

Publishing Office

THERE's a real pre-war look about our room nowadays. Black-out shutters and sandbags are all gone, and we can now see the youngsters playing in the High School playground. Come in and have a look for yourself next time you are up.

Here's how all of you are faring:—

ANDREW WILSON joined R.A. in July, 1940. There has been no word from him lately. The last we heard was that he spent last Hogmanay on the high seas and landed in Burma shortly afterwards. Whether this was the result of a hangover is not known.

LINDSAY MURRAY has been in the Navy since April, 1943. He is a real Cook's Tourist. The list of places visited reads like a geography lesson, and includes New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Niagara, Montreal, Quebec, Nova Scotia, Postlaw (Maine), Bermuda, Trinidad, Freetown, Lagos, Takoradi, Bathurst, Dakar, Casablanca, St Vincent, Funchal and Gibraltar, and is now finishing up at Belfast as a telephone switchboard operator. Sums up his naval career as one great experience.

JAS. McLEAN was called up 2nd September, 1939, to the R.A., and is

now Lt., A. & S. H. He has travelled a bit since leaving Dunkirk in a hurry. Was a short time with Maritime R.A., Black Watch, and now A. & S. H. Has seen action in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany, and is now bound for the Middle East. His most exciting experience was the surrender of the 15th Panzer Grenadier Division to the 51st Division—a reversal of the position as it was in 1940. (See photo pages.)

A. GRIEVE joined the R.A.F., 1st March, 1941. He is not one of our best correspondents and we are doubtful if we would recognise him after all these years. Is now a happy father.

ED. ROBERTS, R.A.F., after two years in Leuchars, and spells at Cardington and Oxford, landed in Normandy in August, 1944. Is now stationed in what is left of Berlin, with the Control Commission. Admits of no breathtaking experiences, thinks the demobbing of group 35, R.A.F. might fill the bill. He has been away since February, 1941. (See photo pages.)

FRED WATERS paid a surprise visit to the office in September after four years' campaigning with the Black Watch in Tobruk, Syria, India, Burma (with Wingate's 2nd expedition) and is now stationed in Ayrshire, although he can hardly believe it.

He is asking about the Courier Etchers C.C., and has been studying form during the summer on the grounds of Kilmarnock. He was called up in May, 1940.

ARCH. DORWARD, R.A.F., has now been in India for more than a year, but does not care for the country or the climate. He finds a little solace in seeing as many of the latest pictures as possible. Now that he has the props, life should become a little brighter. Cheer up, Archie, the leave boat should be with you in a year or so! Became an airman in January, 1941.

GORDON MAXWELL, R.A.F., paid a visit to the office in September while on leave from Italy.

One of our best correspondents, Gordon was in Malta for quite a long time before being transferred to Italy.

He seems to have seen most of the notable visitors to Malta, including the late President Roosevelt, Mr Churchill, Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, but none gave him a bigger thrill than the sight of the porter at Arbroath station! He was called up in August, 1940.

FRED CAIRNCROSS, R.A.F., joined up in November, 1942, dropped in to see the "Buckie Folks" in October, all the way from Rhodesia. Still the same old Fred. First thing he did was to get pinched by the police for cycling without lights! (See photo pages.)

JOHN GELLATLY, in the R.A.F. since June, 1942, is now in Cairo after spells in Algiers and Caserta (Italy). Reflects with horror his early

days in ill-fitting uniform, but has travelled a bit since then. Visited Pompeii, Capri and Rome while in Italy. Most interesting experience was during the visit of the King to Allied H.Q. when he attempted to do the impossible by trying to take a snap and salute at the same time. Needless to say the photo was not a success.

RONALD McMILLAN, R.A.C., our youngest soldier (called up July, 1944), has spent most of his time at Catterick Camp but is now on his way to the Middle East. All the best, Ronnie.

WM. KING, R. Navy. After languishing for almost two years in the gales and solitude of Scapa, set out on a Cook's Tour which embraced Durban, Bombay (where he stayed for three months), Suez Canal, Cairo, and ultimately Leghorn in N. Italy.

He almost settled down in this latter port, staying nearly sixteen months, until he remembered he had a wife in the Port of Dundee, and beat it post haste for home, arriving in mid-October. First call was the City Factor's office, where he had the doubtful satisfaction of knowing his name was still on the list. Willie hopes to be demobbed ere this appears in print, he was called up in April, 1941.

WM. FINDLAY, R.A.F., is still enjoying the sunshine of N. Africa although his location has changed. Has now a chance of regular sleep. (What prevented the carrying out of this desirable condition before is not made too clear). Hopes to spend a leave at home some time in December and looks forward to the time when he can "join up" again (at Meadowside). He's been in the R.A.F. since July, 1940.

JAMES ROSS has been discharged and is now in the cashier's department. He was in the R.A.C., leaving us in February, 1942. (See photo pages.)

Lt.-Col. B. H. THOMSON, was called up with the Territorials in September, 1939, when a 2nd Lieut. in the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, which of course, was mechanised. Saw service in France, 1940, and was afterwards a Staff Officer in Italy. Is now on the Staff at the Staff College, Haifa.

F/O. D. B. THOMSON, joined R.A.F. in December, 1941. Is a member of R.A.F. Intelligence, and has been on the Indo-Burmese border for two years.

And now for the girls!

HILDA SHEPHERD joined W.A.A.F. on 22nd February, 1941. She at long last decided Edinburgh had had enough of her presence and is now stationed near Newcastle where she is helping to train young French recruits. It was rather a sticky job at first, but Mlle. Shepherd says tres bon or nae bather!

AMY TODD joined W.R.N.S. in February, 1942. Our congratulations

and best wishes to Amy who was one of this year's brides. She was married in Kenya to Sgt. Robert Barnes, R.E.M.E., in April.

Amy had many varied experiences in Africa, not the least exciting being practically next door to a lion hunt. The natives disposed of three lions and they presented a gory sight indeed.

We are looking forward to that promised visit, Mrs Barnes, before you settle down in Essex—traitor! (See photo pages.)

ENNA MCINTOSH joined W.A.A.F. in October, 1941. Is at present stationed in Coningsby—and that's all we know.

Another bride is ELIZABETH SCRIMGEOUR who joined A.T.S. in June, 1942. Became the bride of W/O. Arthur Jones, R.N.Z.A.F., on Sept. 1. Congrats, Lysbeth, but why did we have to learn about it from the "marriages?" Anyway, good luck in your "posting" to New Zealand.

JOAN FIRTH has been a Wren since January, 1943. Really, Joan, you've let us down. We expected a real salty yarn of your doings in Southampton, but guess it will have to wait! We understand you have just landed in Kenya and met Amy Todd, that was!

Our V.A.D., BERYL HORNBV, after doing her bit to bring comfort and solace to invalids in the Services, has had the misfortune to become one herself. She was invalided out in October. We all wish her a complete recovery and hope to see her soon. She joined up in May, 1943.

ELIZABETH MOIR joined A.T.S. on 15th June, 1943. Has been stationed for some time at Woodhouse near Loughborough. Her actual job was finished on V.E. day, and time began to hang heavily. We gather the "heid yins" didn't think Elizabeth and her colleagues had had a proper education so have started classes ranging from drama and literature to commerce and domestic science—whatever that may be. There's only one way to boil a tattie!

JESSIE YOUNG became a W.A.A.F. in November, 1943. After being stationed for quite a while near home, Jessie was posted to Orkney of all places.

The third bride of the department is IRENE KNIGHT who joined A.T.S. in November, 1943. Her choice was W/O. Lionel Fiegert, of R.A.A.F. and she was married on September 14. Got her discharge almost immediately afterwards and hopes to set sail for Australia very soon. All the best. (See photo pages.)

ELLA HILL joined W.A.A.F. in April, 1944. She is now on very ordinary duties at Banff but may be elsewhere by the time this appears in print. Previous to Banff Ella was one of those engaged on the now famous "Radar" and enjoyed the excitement it entailed. Had rather

a nasty time with broken ribs after a tumble down some steps. One of her most exciting experiences was when four Jerry prisoners escaped from a nearby camp and took up position on the front door of their hut! The corporal on duty outside stood for hours clutching his gun but all he caught was a chill! (See photo pages.)

EVALINE DIAMOND, who joined up at the same time as Ella, is still stationed at Brechin. Another of those who needed "education" according to the powers that be. Chose languages in preference to domestic science (here it comes again!) as she says she has no hopes of getting married! Evaline, have a heart, you've a bit to go before thinking you are on the shelf!

JOYCE PATON, W.A.A.F., has flitted to Hednesford after being stationed near home for some time. Joyce is one of the faithful few who regularly acknowledge the Comforts P.O.'s! Joined up in May, 1944.

JANET ROBERTSON, our Land Girl, was demobbed in October and is now back at her old desk in the Publishing. She joined the Land Army in June, 1943, and kept the tomato crop up to standard. (See photo pages.)

Of our munitions workers, STELLA MCKELL (nee Donald), was not one of the redundant the last time we heard of her. Our congratulations to EVELYN FRASER who changed her name to Lowden on 16th April. MABEL THOM of the N.A.A.F.I., is still in Edinburgh. She may make her home there, as she is engaged to a native of Auld Reekie.

Now if you want to tick off the names of the present Courierites, here we are!

Thos. Leslie, Alex. Dow, Chas. Gracie, David Bruce, Alex. Soutar, Thos. Pratt, R. Braid (replacing Jas. C. Fox), Geo. S. Tuite (one of our new fathers), Wm. McKenzie, Jas. Ross, Gordon B. Coupur, Ralph Gouck, David Coss, John Craig and James Young, office boy.

And now for the ladies :-

Misses Barbara Nairn, Cissy Leslie, Davina Cameron, Grace Marshall, Mary Low, Ethel Anderson, Annie Tosh, Effie Fenwick, Mima Farquharson, Jessie George, Chrissie Smith (Mr Leslie's typist), Mrs Helen Duff, Misses Nessie Wilson, Gladys Anderson (Laboratory), Margaret Nicoll, Ella Withers, Irene Fox, Esther Morrison, Ella Nicolson, Anne Livingstone, Margaret Russell, Agnes C. Thomson (Laboratory), Elizabeth Breslin, June Fairweather, Jean Cowie, Elizabeth Ross, Margaret Morrison, Joyce Paterson, Margaret Anderson, Margaret Forsyth, Margaret Donaldson, Sheena McKenzie, Pamela Young (office girl) and the aforementioned, Janet Robertson.

Annie McDonald resigned in November to get married.



1940



1945

*How We
Change!*

THEN
AND NOW!



1940



1945

On left is ALBERT BARNES (Boss' Papers) as a civilian journalist. Or do you prefer him bearded?

Advertisement Department.

WELL, lads, it's grand to be able to write "Positively our last appearance." We nearly got sentimental and started off with "When you come home, dear," and all about the "Vacant chair," then we remembered all the cracks about the vacant faces and thought better of it.

But we have had all the chairs, or should one say stools, dusted, the utility pencils are ready and sharpened for you, and all that is left to do now is hang out the flags when you make your come-back.

But to get on with the grand saga of the personnel of the Advertisement Dept. 1939-1945.

This booklet is going to save you a lot of trouble in years to come when your grandchildren ask the good old question, "What did you do, &c." Just hand them this booklet; when they read of your doings that will stun them.

ROBERT BAYNE is first on the list. Must tell you, Robert, you sort of become what might be termed the Pin-up boy of the department this year. Don't think that the way to a woman's heart has anything to do with that vulgar word stomach, but did all those boxes of sweets you sent us "girls" land you right at the top of the voting list? Boy, it certainly did. Anyhow, Robert, we all enjoyed them very much, so thanks a lot. Private Bayne has journeyed 15,000 miles by sea since leaving Bonnie Scotland, in 1942, having a brief stay in Brazil, South Africa and India, then on to the Persian Gulf. He has also visited a great many places in the Holy Land and Egypt. Here are some of the things he has done. Had a donkey ride over the Mount of Olives, a swim in the Dead Sea (where it is impossible to sink), and a sail in a fishing boat on the Sea of Galilee. There doesn't seem to be many places in the Holy Land he hasn't visited, and if ever we get back to the good old days, when we get time to listen, there should be some good stories to tell.

Of course, in between times Robert does a spot of work, looking after the welfare of thousands of troops, through the Church of Scotland Canteens, and assists the various padres with their duties on Sundays.

Well, Robert, it's difficult to see you settled down at the desk in the Buckie after all that globe-trotting, but if things get too stale you can always watch the High School pipe band practise on Friday afternoon. Here's hoping you have started for the homeward journey ere this booklet is printed. (See photo pages.)

STANLEY COWIE, now a major, is home, having completed his three years and eight months in India. Bit of a dark horse, Stanley, we don't know what he has been up to since he left this country. Can't get a line



C. A. SMITH,
Editorial.



DONALD NAPIER
Editorial.
(Not one of his colleagues
has ever seen him in
uniform!)



NORMAN FRASER,
Pressroom.



C. CLABROUGH,
Pressroom.



CYRIL HIRSTON,
Editorial.



W. R. WOOD,
Pressroom.



DICK WILLIAMS,
Pressroom.



DOUGLAS PEPPER,
Counting House.

on him at all. He started off his soldiering at Kingston-on-Thames with the East Surrey Regiment in 1940, and after a brief spell in Belfast, got himself into the Royal Indian Army Service Corps. From there he went to the Staff College at Quetta, and finished up at the H.Q. Nagpur District, India Command.

Here's hoping you'll soon be having a pint and a steak pie with some of the lads at Stones Chop House in London. Wasn't that where you used to render with great feeling "The Rose of Tralee"?

Lieut. BILL SIMPSON, R.N.V.R., is still sailing about somewhere in the Middle East, where he has been since 1943. Bill has had plenty experiences, but won't talk. Started off his seafaring career chasing subs in the North of Scotland, where he was "mentioned in despatches." Don't know what for. His story is he saved the lives of the crew by being a good cook. He then had a spell in Iceland. By this time he had become a sub.-lieut., and had gone in for fishing for mines, so he transferred himself to the English Channel and did a spot of fishing there. Early in 1943 he was promoted lieut., and sent to the Mediterranean, where he is at present. The beginning of 1946 should see him back in Civvy Street, until then, Bill, keep away from the Italian senioritas.

About a year ago GEORGE HINTON disappeared into the blue, but with the end of the war will no doubt return to some of his old haunts, where with his maritime experience (mainly sun and sea bathing) so far as we can gather, he'll cut a pretty dash on his next visit to St Brice's Baths in Fleet Street, where he used to compare shoulder muscle development with his colleagues. George joined up in 1940 and became an A.A. gunner on board a ship. Seems to have visited most countries, but what he really did to earn the princely sum which His Majesty's Government paid him must remain one of the dark secrets of the war. Last heard of in Rangoon, he was said to be waiting for a ship to bring him back to Blighty. No doubt he will saunter into the office one of these days with his casual "How do, folks?"

Major SEYMOUR NICOLL was home on leave recently and looked into the office to see us, but has now returned to Rome. He was looking very fit and seemed to be enjoying life. Being in the Territorials, he was called up at the outbreak of war, and served with the Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, in France and Belgium, leaving there for the return trip to England via Dunkirk. After doing a spell in Southern England he headed for the desert and Tunisia. Going to Italy at the time of the fall of Rome, he was stationed there until the end of the war. He now finds life very pleasant at the Lido de Roma and is passing the time with the aid of some good opera and a spot of bathing.

Flying-Officer JAMES ANDERSON is another one who has moved around a bit. Joining the R.A.F. in 1940, he did the usual training at Black-

pool, &c., then, having got his commission, left for Cairo, Egypt. He spent the next two years moving around Heliopolis, Suez Canal area, Cyprus, Palestine, and the Turkish Border, but is now back in Britain waiting someone to hand him his bowler hat. Of all his experiences he thinks his trip on Christmas Eve to the Church of Nativity in Bethlehem and afterwards a pilgrimage to the Field of Shepherds, where a service was held round a huge bonfire, is one of the outstanding memories of his sojourn out East.

Rifleman WILFRED WRIGHT, a member of the London staff, and one of the Desert Rats, is now home again after four years spent in the Middle East. Having joined up in January, 1940, he spent the usual time in training in this country. Then in November, 1940, he sailed for Egypt. Except for a brief spell in Cairo, all his time was spent in some pretty hard fighting in the Western Desert. From there he went to Italy and was in the fighting at Monte Cassino and Bologna. But, he says, the happiest day of his life was when he sailed for Glasgow in 1945. Well, Wilfred, here's hoping you'll soon be back in Fleet Street showing them how the blocks should *really* be packed! (See photo pages.)

Speaking of Desert Rats, NORMAN DOW is another one. He joined up in 1940, and was with General Montgomery all through the fighting in Egypt, Libya, Tripoli, Tunisia, and Sicily. He had a brief spell in Britain, and then off again to France on D-Day. He saw more fighting in Belgium and Holland before the cease-fire was given in May. Now Norman is home again and tells me he is soon to become a "poor married man." His bride is to be Miss Jean Hutchison, an ex-Land Girl, who is now back again at her old desk in our Bank Street office.

Well, Norman, we all wish you both the very best of luck.

JIMMIE KIDD is another bachelor who became a benedict this year. He met his bride, an English girl, when stationed in a hospital in England. Think it must have been love at first sight, as Jimmy wasted no time in wondering if he could get a house, &c., he just got married and let all that take care of itself. All the best, Jimmie, in your new venture.

Being a Terrier he was called up in 1939, and served with the R.A.M.C. in France and Belgium, being taken prisoner of war at Dunkirk. Spent 1940 to 1943 in various prison camps in Poland and Germany, and was lucky enough to be repatriated in 1943. Since then he has worked in various hospitals in this country, and is now hoping to be back at his old job in the near future.

JIMMIE TAYLOR, another Territorial, has also had his share in fighting since 1939. He served in France and Belgium, and was one of the also-rans in the Dunkirk Stakes. Anyhow he was either a better runner than Jimmie Kidd, or just plain lucky, but he managed to get back to this country, and on D-Day returned to France to fight another day.

Stationed at present in Holland, Jimmie was home recently, and along with his young hopeful, Jimmie the second, called into the office to see us one day. He was telling us that he was rather bucked that it was Dundee's Own Battalion from Douglas Street that was the first artillery unit to land on the beaches at Normandy on June 6, 1944, and that he was a member of that unit. He says his army days are numbered, and that he expects to be back soon for good. "Dundee" look like having a good team this season, Jimmie, so hope you will manage to see a few of the games.

Pilot Officer FRANK ANDERSON, D.F.C., is one of those lads who could tell some fine yarns of his experiences, but an oyster isn't in it with Frank. Don't even know what he got his D.F.C. for. Maybe he was pin-up boy of the mess, or something like that, anyhow you'll just have to make up your own story about it. He did a lot of trips to Germany while the war was going on, and is an instructor at Lossiemouth at the present time. We get a visit of him quite often, just to see that his name is still on the stool at the Tele desk.

About the doings of DOUGLAS GARDEN we know nothing. He joined up in 1939, went to Canada for his training, and was on patrol duty in the West Indies for about two years. Doesn't give himself away by talking of his exploits, but we'll bet he had some, if we know Douglas. He is now back in this country, and paid us one of what could be called his flying visits a few weeks ago. He breezed in one door of the office, said Hello and Cheerio in the same breath, and was out the other door before we could say, That's Douglas, that was!

ALEC GOW, one of the lads who wear bell-bottomed trousers and a coat of navy blue, was last heard of in Ceylon, and seemed to be running a private war of his own. Haven't heard anything about you, Alec, for a very long time. Let's hear from you soon, we always like to know how the has-beens of the dept. are doing. Alec did his training in this country, and is an expert in dot dash stuff. Went to Africa, was torpedoed on the way, and eventually landed in Ceylon.

JIMMIE CHRISTIE, another sailor lad, is at present laid low with appendicitis in a hospital in Germany. He started his career in a destroyer, and went places, among them America, Africa, Egypt, and the Azores. After doing his two years abroad he had a spell in England, and when war finished went to Germany, where he is doing his best to dispose of what is left of the German Navy. Is all set for his demob before the end of the year.

Lieut. JACK GRIEVE, R.N.V.R., is at present doing a very useful shore job with the Navy at Liverpool. Being a member of the R.N.V.R. he was called up at the outbreak of war, and spent a very tough time sweep-

ing mines all round the coast of Britain. For some time before D-Day he was sweeping every night in the Thames Estuary.

After D-Day he transferred his activities to the shores of Normandy, where his ship was blown up. He should have completed his naval career by the end of this year.

Another nautical lad is GEORGE MORTON. He seems to be still looking for a ship, and appears in the office with never-failing regularity about every three weeks just to give the girls a treat.

He did get as far as Gibraltar one time, but it got stormy or something, maybe it was just there were no dames there, anyhow he turned back, and that so far as we know ended his brief career at sea. But George manages to put in some nifty work with the girls ashore. He says he is making up for the time he may have to do without them when he goes East.

DOUGLAS NORRIE, R.A.F., is another one who seems to have unlimited leave; he pops into the office every few weeks, to say he is home for another six days. Douglas is by way of being a Radar expert, has passed all his tests for this and expects to go to India soon.

He doesn't confine all his energies to radio, however, he is an expert at growing strawberries, too, and just to show us he really had some the size he said he had, brought us in a basket of them in the summer time. They certainly were good.

Now for the Home team. Starting with the "Buckie," the Big Three are still in occupation there—Mr Thomson, Mr Morrison, and Rita.

Mr Thomson still goes on in his unhurried way, always willing to listen to your grouse, and then saying, "Well, just do your best," which translated means, "Get on with it."

Mr Morrison, as most of you will know, had rather a bad illness in the Spring, but has now quite recovered and is back to his old form.

And Rita (Miss Pattie) to the young fry, is just the same as ever, even her association with the Caserom, re the advts. for the boys' papers, hasn't disturbed her tranquility, and that's saying something. When Mrs Anderson resigned from the Comforts' Committee secretaryship she took on the job, and has done some grand work.

Ella Beat is still slogging away at the S.P. and News advts., trying to sell the idea to the Editorial that two columns of advts. don't take up any more space than one. Beatrice Rose has her spot of trouble with "smalls" now appearing in the Tele, but is pretty good at sneaking an inch or two when the Tele subs are not looking. Helen Williamson presides over the cash desk, and manages to get the books to balance, too. Margaret Robertson now has the job of pricing the Tele, and along with Walter Hayward and Jimmie Cameron make up the counter team.

The addition to the dept. is Brenda Shuttleworth. You'll like Brenda, boys. She is already very popular with the younger members of the opposite sex in the office, I notice. Present office boy is Ewart Sturrock. You'll all have your own recollections what you were like as office boys. Well, Ewart is no different.

Process and Photographers

WE'VE had such a busy time seeing to the photo pages for this book that we would have given a lot to have you all lending a hand. However, here's to the happy day!

We've managed to gather this news about you.

When wrestling his way through a "tag dance" in Agra, India, our cheery friend, Sgt. SIDNEY MILLAR, R.E.M.E., had his hand seized and nearly wrung off at the wrist by a Major of the Hyderabad Reg. Sid didn't at first recognise Don Gray of "The Wizard." They had a grand crack about old times, and Sid invited Don up the following week to their mess dance.

The most interesting experience in Sidney's service career is yet to come—the demob centre, although being chased all over the Atlantic by U-boats and finally landing in Bahia, Brazil, had its points.

Enlisting in the Black Watch June '40, Sidney was stationed "all over Blighty." Transferred to R.E.M.E. in '42, has served with India Command during whole of overseas service. (See photo pages.)

We hear Cpl. JACK ARNOLD, R.A.F., is a very busy man in Germany—is it Radar, Jack? How about dropping us a line now and then? He's been an airman since June, 1940.

Cpl. JACK MITCHELL's life at Operational Training Stations hasn't been without its thrills. He was attached to Flying Control, so spent most of his time on the flying field. Our Jack has had many narrow escapes awaiting the return and "landing" of bombers with pupil crews.

One night he was walking towards the flare path in the midst of a storm when he heard the approach of aircraft, and looking up through the lashing rain saw four Beaufighters which had asked for an emergency landing, flying wing tip to wing tip. They had received the O.K. to come in as the field was clear. It was clear, but Jock was faced with a bit of quick thinking to save his neck! He couldn't run to the side or back as the speed at which they were travelling would have caught him up, so made a rush into them, and just at the critical moment threw himself flat on the ground with palpitating heart. There was a deafening roar and all the wind in the heavens seemed to rush over him. The

planes had passed over—Jock was still in group 25. Roll on a "grey pin-stripe," and no more thrills, please!

Joining the R.A.F. in May '40, he has served with Bomber Command, Transport Command, also "bombing and gunnery schools" all over Scotland and England.

JIMMY SCOTT, Fleet Air Arm, although a very silent man, is believed to be still specialising in aircraft somewhere out East. He donned bell-bottoms in August, 1943.

The Process Wedding Bells summoned Bob Dickson, Bob King and George Sinclair to the ranks of the benedicts in the spring of the year. Congratulations, chaps!

BOB DICKSON, R.A.F. air mechanic, who served in the Middle East for four years without a break, is now down in Norfolk.

BOB KING, R.A.F., since March, 1940, was a recent visitor to the department on leave from Cheddar, Somerset, and looking very well. (See photo pages.)

Our other bridegroom, O/Sig. GEORGE SINCLAIR, hasn't been seen or heard of for some months now—being a "bell-bottomed" boy we take it he is on the crest of a wave in foreign seas. Joined the Navy 1943, served in Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Algiers, Gibraltar, Iceland, Freetown, Azores.

As a member of the 79th Armoured Division JIM BEEDHAM went to France. Using Flail Tanks, their job was to help clear up the Channel ports from Boulogne, Calais, up through the flying bomb sites to the Walcheren Islands. Later attached to the 9th American Army they crossed the Rhine with them at Wesel, and after clearing up the Rhine are now in occupation. Jim's job was to see that the boys had plenty "packing-in." He has prepared meals at all times of day and night under all kinds of conditions. That was a parade that was never missed by the lads—the "chow-line"—as the Yanks call the meal line.

Jim has many happy memories of time spent in Holland and Belgium, and keeps up a correspondence with his good friends there. January 1941 saw him leave our department.

Stationed at Tealing at present, A/Ci JOHN DAVIDSON, R.A.F., looks in for a chat with the lads, bringing his small son, Gordon, whose slogan is—"I'll have to ask me Dad"—great pals! He left us in April 1943.

A/Ci WILLIE DALL, though we haven't seen him lately, from his letters seems to be busy getting the 'dromes in order—"Calm after the storm." July 1940 was his call-up month.

A thrill awaited DOUGLAS HUNTER, R.A.S.C. (Armoured Brigade), when on D plus 1 he left Southampton on a tank landing craft at 2 p.m. Arriving close inshore the following afternoon at La-Manches beach, stuck fast on a sandbank. That meant waiting for the tide to rise to

allow them to get ashore at night. During the interval, however, a storm blew up which lasted four days and nights. They lost three anchors and a barrage balloon. To avoid being dashed ashore and losing trucks, petrol, ammunition and stores, they had to keep on the move. It was a nightmare experience with Jerry by no means sleeping.

Enlisting at Aberdeen, March '44, Douglas did his training at Carlisle, crossed over to France early in June, serving in Belgium, Holland, and is now in Germany.

Cpl. DAN HAMILTON, R.A.F., writes us to say he is now in India. Making the best of life as usual. Hammy is now tending the muscles of the natives as P.T. instructor. July 1940 saw him leaving his civvy job.

Sgt. DAVID SMITH, Scots Guards, paid a welcome visit to the office early in the year, after being released from his prison camp by the Russians. Despite his enforced stay in different camps David looked well, and was extremely cheerful to be back home again. He is now down in England. He was called up in April, 1940.

L.A.C. ERIC SCOTT joined the R.A.F. April '41. After a tour of the camps in Scotland he arrived in Italy. Although things were quieter, there was still some excitement. We think Eric was looking round for his share, as he tells us, of examining some Teller mines one night and learning next morning that these demons had exploded and had put paid to a bunch of Ities. Following this he was travelling in a truck, which decided to dive down a 20-ft. cliff. Clearing this only with a sprained wrist was good going. Eric is enjoying the glorious sunshine, and places of entertainment in Athens.

STOP PRESS—Now demobbed—just walked in! 24th October.

Sig. DAVID OGELVIE, R.C.S., somewhat of a stranger to the department. Believed to be working hard somewhere in Scotland—"Auld Reekie," we think! 14th February, 1942, was the day he became a "sodger."

Trooper EDDIE BOGAN, and L/Cpl. LEN FORD, both of Royal Tank Corps, had a happy surprise when they met at Nijmegen Station over a cup of "Naffi" tea. Both stationed in Germany, they were en route for Bonnie Dundee and travelled home together. Both have seen active service since D-Day, and being attached to Tanks, didn't have to look far for thrills. Eddie was called up in October, 1940, and Len in January, 1941.

Joining the R.A.O.C. in 1940, ERNIE SCOTT crossed to France, and after a spell there had a narrow escape at Dunkirk. Back in England, he had a grand job in the Officers' Mess, and after a "docks course" went over to have another bash at Jerry in France and Belgium. Ernie is not a letter writer, but we have good news of him from brother Bill!

The first few months of SIDNEY LESLIE's service career in the Navy were spent among the hills and lochs of his native Scotland. He had a serious accident aboard ship, which kept him in "dock" for four months. This wasn't at all pleasant, but proved to be a blessing in disguise, for the craft he left was sunk with all hands in the Dieppe raid of 1942. He then joined another L.C.T. which took him up to Scapa to act "Boom Defence" to H.M.S. K.G.V. It took three small craft like Sid's to hold the sub. net along one side of the great ship. When the net was down it was a tremendous strain on L.C.T., and with a gale in addition, our sailor says they didn't know just what might happen. Hawfers were snapping like threads, which sent the temperature of all concerned far above normal. Then came D-Day with Sidney aboard a Rocket Ship, another "death or glory" part of the Navy. They put in some good work off Normandy beaches and without a doubt brought VE-Day nearer.

He joined the Navy April '41. Soon after was transferred to combined operations, and has sailed the seas to America, Algiers, and other waters that weren't quiet.

A popular member of the department returned to us in April when A/B WILLIE BAXTER was invalided out of the Navy after a spell in "Dock." Having four years to his credit, Willie served nearly three years at Gib. doing good work as a torpedo-man. (See photo pages.)

Another of our sailors with a long record is Sig. WALTER PENFOLD. Most of his time has been spent abroad, however, and we have seen very little of him. D-Day brought him nearer to carry stores, &c. Now we have a rumour that he has been recalled off leave for demobilisation. He's been a sailor since January, 1941.

BOB HOWIE is still a very busy man at Prestwick 'drome. Hasn't been seen in the office for some time.

At home helping Mr Lee—In the camera-room are Florrie Vair, Dan McLeod, Gordon McGuine and Bob Leslie. Norman Kenny pulling proofs keeps Mr Lee company in his room. In the etching shop are Jim Bell, Willie Watson, Bill Taylor, Nin Gordon, Jim Howie; back from "moulding" we have Henry Craig, and our busy apprentice, Walter Wilson. In the printing room are Jim Duffin and Winston Christie.

Mr Kay comes in for his weekly chat with the lads on Saturday morning. Was fortunate to meet Jim Beedham, his old workmate on one of his recent leaves from Germany.

On the 24th May we learned with regret of the sudden death of Mr George Charlton. He had served with the firm for thirty-four years, and although in semi-retirement owing to his health, still took a keen interest in the department, and the boys in uniform.

Now for the Photographers!

Cpl. DAVID IRELAND, R.A.F., started his service life on August 10th, 1939, in accordance with the Militia Scheme. He was told then he would be an airman for six months, as things turned out, however, he has been in the Air Force for over six years! After training at various schools of photography he was posted overseas to Egypt in 1942 to a night bomber squadron. They were sent up to the desert soon after arriving. At that time the Army was as far up as Knightsbridge, but came back down the desert road a lot quicker than they went up when Rommel started his push which took him to El Alamein, and David's unit didn't stop until they reached Palestine.

Stayed there for a few months, the aircraft making nightly bombing trips to hamper Jerrie's lines of supply whilst our troops prepared for their own big push. When the 8th Army broke through, the squadron moved up behind them, following right through Egypt, Libya, Cyrenaica, Tripolitania and Tunisia. In November, 1943, they moved over to Italy, where they have remained ever since.

David has lived under canvas for three years eight months, and is quite used to it, but please don't anyone mention a camping holiday. He was home recently for 14 days' leave. He deeply regretted the fact he had lost his kit-bag. This was a big blow, as it contained several hundred negatives and photos, collected during his stay overseas.

David has seen service in various theatres of war, some chest of medals. He also makes modest mention of having been awarded an M.I.D. If our interpretation of the letters is correct we congratulate you, Corporal, on being Mentioned in Dispatches. (See photo pages.)

While serving on board H.M.S. Kenya, operating from Scapa Flow, BILL REID, F.A.A. photographer, had many experiences. Taking part in convoy duties to Iceland, Russia and Malta, as well as raids on Norway. One very notable one the raid on Vaagso Fiord. Having captured a few German supply ships, they were well known, and because of her pink colour, the Germans called her "The Pink Lady." She was, however, torpedoed in the end during the never-to-be-forgotten Malta convoy of 10th-18th August, 1942. The torpedo struck the bows, and in a sinking condition the convoy got through to Malta. On reaching Britain the ship's company were given a well-earned leave.

Some months later Bill was drafted to H.M.S. Unicorn, an aircraft-carrier repair ship, the only one of its kind in the world. They did various jobs, such as ferrying one hundred and forty-eight fighters to Gib. and operating with the Fleet off the coast of Norway to invite the German Fleet out—but they wouldn't play ball. They also took part in the landing at Salerno in Italy. Later, sailing for the Indian Ocean to form the new East Indies Fleet, they were given the honour of passing

through the Suez Canal at the head of the Fleet. Bill has great hopes of being in Britain for Christmas.

Holding the fort at home is Mr Fraser, hustling round with the press camera, covering weddings, football and everything of importance.

Machine Room and Despatch

Now that the War is over we hope to give the "glad hand" to our workmates who have been away for five to six years.

Our first welcome went to WILLIE KENNY who was demobbed during October. Willie is now to be found on the 5th Floor. He was called up 1st October, 1942. After six weeks general training he was posted to the Royal Signals. He was at the laying of the cable across the Channel before D-Day and crossed with the Americans on D 2. Had a rough time for three weeks. Willie says he kissed the ground so often he felt like a Mohammedan at worship!

JIM ADAMSON, R.A.F., was demobbed 10th October, 1945. He joined the R.A.F. on the 17th April, 1941. Jim has done quite a lot of travelling in England and Ireland, and he has also been in Italy. His R.A.F. trade was flight mechanic. (See photo pages.)

We expect to hear any day now that DAVE GIBSON has been demobbed. He joined the 1st Lothian and Border Yeomanry in January, 1941, and was then transferred to the 44th Royal Tank Regiment, and is now a Red Cap. Dave has seen quite a lot of fighting in France and Germany. Landed in Normandy on D plus 5 with the Desert Rats. Did traffic control duty in Antwerp during the V1 and V2 blitz on that city. He was on duty at the Belsen trial.

Captain A. GRAHAM gave us one of his usual flying visits when he was home from Germany. He joined the R.A.S.C. in Sept., 1939, saw service in France 1939-1940, then again saw service in Holland and Germany. He had a most interesting experience when he was commissioned to take an ammunition convoy to the H.Q. of the F.F.I. who were fighting in the forests near Orleans about the time of its liberation by the Americans. Being one of the first Tommies to arrive they gave him a great welcome, and he lived with them for a few days.

Sergeant JOHN HOWITT, R.A.F., has been posted to India. He joined the Pioneer Corps in 1940, was then transferred to the South Staffs 1941, again transferred to the R.A.F. Regiment 1942, and finally landed in the R.A.F. 1943. He was sgt.-instructor in the R.A.F. Regiment attached No. 1 Battle School.

We have just had a visit from ARCHIE WAIT. Archie has seen quite a lot of the world since he joined the R.A.S.C. in February 1942. He

has served in South Africa, India, Egypt and North Africa. (See photo pages.)

DOUGLAS DAVIDSON called in to see the lads. He had just been demobbed. He has served in West Africa with the Coastal Command, India and Ceylon (S.E.A.C.), and then Bomber and Transport Command. Dougie says his most interesting experience was a trip from West Africa to Madras (India) in a Liberator, 10,000 miles in 10 days. He flew over many well-known places, including Gold Coast, Palestine and the Pyramids. He has also done quite a lot of flying in India.

Our youngest airman, JACK BORLAND, was called up September, 1943. He has seen service in many parts of the country, including Arbroath, Casford, Tealing, and is now attached to Coastal Command at Leuchars.

RON MILLAR, who is now stationed at Barry, joined the R.A. in April, 1942. He has served in N. Africa, Tunisia and Italy. He took part in the bombardment of Cassino. Ron thinks it was the most impressive experience in his army career when the Poles planted their flag among the ruins of the Monastery of Cassino.

We hope to hear any day now that DAVE HALLEY is demobbed. Dave served in N. Africa with the Scots Guards. After being wounded he returned to this country. He was called up early in the war and is now stationed in London.

WILLIE DONALDSON, Royal Marines, dropped in when home on leave. Bill was called up in 1942 and has served overseas. Being on the young side, Bill will have to wait a little time before his group number comes along.

J. BURKE, R.A.F., and F/O J. FRASER, R.A.F., have disappeared into the blue as far as we are concerned.

The Despatch roll-call is W. Allen, W. Watt, N. Pearson, R. Duffin, T. Whitelaw, and we hope J. Adamson, Miss Lizzie Allen, Mrs B. Carmichael, and Miss Lydia Sutherland.

Machine Room—D. C. Dall, T. Grant, H. Watson, W. Rollo, A. M'Laren, J. Reid (see photo pages), Jim Reid, J. Brand, N. Brown, R. Lawson, R. Spalding (see photo pages), T. Blackwood, A. Soutar, W. Gallon, A. Anderson.

D. Eason holds the fort in the saleroom, and is ably assisted by Stewart Lowson.

Sandy Whyte, Bill Smith and A. Wills keep up the supply of paper.

Engine-Room

THE engineers (some of them anyway) have been trying their hand at "boots" this summer. They organised a tournament, but unfortunately it didn't get past the semi-final stage. At that time the

survivors were W. Fox (Caretakers) v. W. Dargie; T. Whitelaw v. A. White or D. Buchan. (To be continued?)

Here's the present line-up of the staff—W. Dargie, R. Nicoll, W. Anderson, R. M'Leod, T. Kelly, W. Elder, G. Thomson (back from munitions), and "Heppy," transferred from the caretakers' staff. Sorry, almost forgot apprentice R. Gibson, who is still going strong.

Dougal Buchan is at the other end of the basement, and he sits in solitary state at his desk, amongst the silent jobbing machinery, and now untenanted air-raid shelter.

The department regrets to announce the death of D. Cowan, who passed away suddenly while on holiday at Stonehaven in June.

Caretakers

BERT DARGIE, R.A.M.C., and RUTH ABBOT, A.T.S., a former lift girl are still away. Bert was called up in 1941, and has been abroad for over two years. He was home recently from Italy on leave, and looked very fit. Ruth has been away since May, 1942, and is meantime stationed in London.

Jim MITCHELL is still our right-hand man at home. The others are Willie Fox, Bob MacDonald, John Simpson and J. Galloway. Sandy White is now on the reels lorry.

Lily M'Glynn and Ruby Mudie (nec Mitchell), whose husband returned from abroad in October, are our regular lift girls.

The staff of cleaners are keeping the place as spick and span as of old—Mrs Lamond and Mrs Reid (4th floor); Mrs Mitchell and Mrs Barclay (3rd floor); Mrs Millar and Mrs Aitchison (2nd floor); Mrs Brand (stairs); Misses Sarah and Davina Kennedy (scrubbers); Mrs Clasher (process); Mrs Kennedy and Miss Ryan (publishing).

The Delivery Brigade

THE Courier vans are to be seen as of old, driven by G. Low, J. Grieve and R. Laing.

In Honoured Memory

W/O DICK HUTCHESON, R.A.F.

In May, 1945, while we were celebrating victory, came the sad news that W/O Dick Hutcheson, "Sunday Post," had died in Germany after V-Day.

Dick had been a prisoner since July, 1942, when his Beaufighter was brought down off the coast of Norway. He was in a camp in Eastern Germany and took part in the forced march west on the approach of the Russians. There is little doubt the privations and hardships of the march were too much for him.

Word came this November that he had been mentioned in Despatches, gazetted January, 1943.

Marine JAMES HUNTER.

Presumed killed during the attack on Walcheren Island last year. He was on The Telegraph.

Captain IAN LATTO, Black Watch.

In July, 1944, Ian was posted missing and known to be wounded in Norway. He is now presumed to have died of wounds. He saw service throughout the Tunisian campaign, in Sicily and Italy, and was promoted on the field in Normandy. He was with the Royal Engineers for a time before taking his commission in the infantry.

He was in the artists' department before being called up in 1941.

F/O WILFRED CUNNINGHAM.

He was posted missing after operations over Germany in March, 1945. He joined the R.A.F. in March, 1941, and received his initial training in South Africa.

He was married at the end of last year. He was formerly in the Publishing Office.

L.A.C. BOB MITCHELL.

Bob died at Stracathro Hospital on 5th Feb., 1945, from the effects of an accident while playing rugby with the R.A.F. in Canada. He was on the staff of The Telegraph.

Glasgow Office

GLASGOW Staff rejoiced "with exceeding joy" at the coming of peace. But, say the veterans, it was nothing like November 11, 1918.

And, Peace, with all its disappointments, is still wonderful! Just to step into Port Dundas Road of an evening to find the street no longer cloaked in gross darkness; to "feel" the radiant sunshine streaming in through windows no longer shaded; to see cars at the door; to welcome returning colleagues; to watch the dispersal of the fire-watchers' beds—my, hasn't it been grand?

Editorial

As we write this Lieut. Cdr. A. L. ANDERSON, R.N.V.R., was expecting a leave home—and well he has earned it after seven months in command of a flotilla of minesweepers in Danish waters. The Danish are a most hospitable people and they've given Alf a great time.

He was in the first British convoy to pass through the Skaggeak since the war began. It was a few days after V Day.

"We reached the coast of Norway just at dusk," he writes, "and there, out to greet us, miles from land, were dozens of small boats, all with their load of cheering, flag-waving Norwegians—old and young.

"Indeed, in the darkness of midnight, we almost ran down one little dinghy. On went our searchlight. I'm sure its crew of about a dozen didn't have one over twelve years. That sort of thing went on all along the route. And when we reached Copenhagen—Well—"

Flying Officer HARRY ANDREW blew into the office as "The Sunday Post" was going to press on a recent Saturday night. He was looking in the absolute pink. He had been East since the summer of 1940, mainly in Egypt, Palestine, and Malta. He is now at Liverpool. But let him tell his story in his own way:—

"My most interesting experience was undoubtedly leaving Malta to take a commission in Egypt as a Radar Controller—controlling night fighters in the interception of hostile aircraft.

"I found the new science completely fascinating—I still do, though I'm still trying to guess exactly how it does work!

"I came home from Overseas to carry on the good work in this country, but when the need for Radar defence became less urgent I was obliged to seek other employment.

"Nowadays I am an R.A.F. Embarkation Officer—a function of the Air Force of which I knew nothing until recently. However, there is

a certain fascination about ships—when viewed from the security of the quayside. Round about the New Year I hope to be 'bowler-hatted' so I'll be seeing you before long."

Trooper JOHNNY RANKINE, helping to produce "The Soldier" magazine in Brussels, is enjoying the smell of printer's ink again. He looked in on his last leave with his good lady and their little boy. The visit just coincided with our "elevenes" so we had quite a merry party that morning. (See photo pages.)

R.A.F. Sergt. JACK McGRIGOR, back from West Africa with a bit of tropical malaria in his system, had a period in hospital, but he's fit and well again and when he called on us recently he was his old dapper self.

A.C.2. R. MILLER, R.A.F., Yatesbury, had ambitions to be a pilot. But the war ending wrote finis to that, and he is doing a radar-mechanics course. In between he helped unload pig-iron during a London docks strike, saw the first V2 to come across and helped to clear the damage caused by the last V1's. His experiments in agriculture included the ditching, with disastrous results, of an R.A.F. farmyard tractor. (See photo pages.)

We see quite a lot of Private ALEX. MITCHELL, now stationed with the Pay Corps in Edinburgh, and Private JIMMY KEMP, R.A.M.C., Garelochhead. (See photo pages.)

Now for the folks at home.

There was great delight one recent Saturday morning when the good news came through to our chief, A. C. Brown, that he had had a cable from his son, Flight-Lieut. Archie, that he was safe after existing since 1942 in a Jap camp in Batavia. Archie is now home remarkably fit and well considering all he's been through.

Fred Kemplay Plews, still in the way of getting scoops both by pen and camera, has become a grandfather.

Sometimes Mamie Baird's work on Saturday evenings is interrupted by her study of all the sporting editions. Unless she sees the name Baird in capital letters she declares there's nothing in the late papers! Her brother, Archie, who was a P.O.W. in Italy, is Aberdeen's talented inside forward, and if he gets a cap she says she must be at the match

SCOTSMEN, PLEASE NOTE!



While in Freetown, GORDON HISLOP (C. House, Glasgow) watched the funeral of a native and was astonished when the bottom of the coffin opened and the body fell—plump!—into the grave. The coffin was then taken away for future service.

Said one of his mates—"Well, I'm jiggered, and I thought Scotsmen were supposed to be mean!"

In Double Harness



Ph. Lt. RONALD FRASER, D.F.C. (Boy's Paper), with his bride. He's one of our returned P.O.W.s.



J. ROSS, Dundee Publishing, picked a charming A.T.S. girl.



ROBERT KING, Dundee Postman, married Miss Terry Head, of Cheddar.



JOHN WHITE, Dundee Caravan, trapped with his wife.

TWO "OLD MARRIED MEN!"



J. H. POWELL, Ad's Circulation, with his wife, who is in N.A.A.F.C. uniform.



A. LUMSDEN, Dundee
Weekly News, in
Germany.

Many
Leagues
from Home



S. HICKSON, M.A. Free Press,
with his weapon in the
Middle East



VAL MOONIE,
Dundee Reporter, waiting for
the start of the United Nations
V-J Day parade in Berlin.



W. CUNNINGHAM, Dundee
Jobbing, with a pal in Greece.



J. T. HIGHTON, M.A. Counting
Hous, working at the stone on
his station paper.



G. RAMSBOTTOM, Dundee
Artist, hard at work in India.

wherever it's held and "The Sunday Post" can go hang for that day and night!

Jimmie Dunbar is at the sports desk, keen as mustard, ably supported by ex-airman Norman Hill. Veteran John Shearer wears well and is still "well-known" to the police—in the best newspaper sense, of course. Robert Russell has made good progress since he came "upstairs" and Willie Kelly who has just stepped up is involved in the intricacies which inevitably befall the youngest reporter!

Need we say that the ladies of the department—Miss Alice Taylor and Miss Ninian Muir—continue to render invaluable assistance. While on feminine matters we must not forget Private INA HALL of the A.T.S., who looks in occasionally on Saturday evenings.

We have lost two members of the Staff in the interval between publication of last year's book and this. Robert Knox passed away last Christmas Eve and Willie MacAnespie died suddenly one morning before breakfast.

Harry Miller took a spell from "P.J." specials to help the "S.P." get to press. Incidentally this assistance gave the staff week-end holidays for the first time since the war began. So we were doubly grateful to Harry and we wish him all the best now he's devoting all his energies to his first love!

Still to the fore is J. M. Borthwick taking a modest place here because on his shoulders again was placed the responsibility of seeing that this Glasgow portion of the Courier Folks' book was put into the hands of "D. D." in good time. He welcomes this opportunity to thank all heads of departments for their splendid co-operation.

Caseroom

THE caseroom's thirteen on service was reduced to twelve by the death in action of Sig. JOHN HILL. In early spring we were shocked to hear John had been lost on a convoy trip on the Russian route. The story of the "Bluebell's" gallant fight was told later and stirred us all. John was a popular lad, and we'll miss him a lot.

The rest of the lads are watching and waiting for—well, what do you think?

Cfn. STEDMAN B. MORRISON, "pride o' the R.E.M.E.," adorns the War Office, London. Work there is very hush-hush—even yet! V.J. night is his "most beautiful memory!" It's hush-hush, too!

Signaller NORMAN ROBERTSON, in his short naval career, has called at many ports the world over. At Gib. he saw his gunner mates despatch a sub. which had badly-aimed two nasty torpedoes at His Majesty's and Norman's ship "Lucia." Met fellow-apprentice Lundy in Eastern

waters. Then there was celebration! (See photo pages.)

M.N. Seaman-Gunner ALAN MACKINTOSH, peace-time sea lover, longs for a chance to be just a landlubber. One good job he recalls was when serving on H.M. Rescue Tug Assiduous. On look-out duty, outward-bound for St John's, Newfoundland, Alan sighted a straggler liberty ship, "Samuel Dexter." Plates stove in, she was doomed, but all the crew were picked up without loss. Good work, Alan.

LUNDY FORRESTER, sig., tries to keep cool in the Far East thinking of his ship's name—H.M.S. "Snowflake." A corvette, Lundy's proud to be afloat after his long spell in Ceylon. We haven't seen him here for over two years. We'll keep our fingers crossed for a nice long leave you think is overdue, Lundy. (See photo pages.)

W.O. JOHN GORDON, despair of the young ladies of Crewe, came home in mid-September on important business. He made his P.O.W. chum's sister his bride. A quiet affair, though Croftfoot and John were pretty excited about it.

IAN D. SMITH thinks the Comforts Fund Committee has done a "lovely job." Take a bow, you blushing people! Once, clearing the aerodrome of snow, his party were enveloped in thick mist. They stacked tools, thinking the others had gone away. An amazingly quick lifting of the fog revealed all the parties at the same game. An amusing scene of inactivity! Then the mist again blanketed their red faces.

R.A.F. Sergt. JOHN GIBSON, via France, Low Countries, and Germany, was in Essex, awaiting a Far East assignment. But Germany claimed him again. Dance band drummer on night V.E. was declared, he had a high old time playing old favourites. Dutch folk o.k., says John.

Bombs fall apart (the safe way) when ARCHIE SHAW gets busy on them. He has a million or two to do, and then, Knightswood and caserom, look out! Carnarvon and Edinburgh are the scenes of his most recent activities. The local talent could no doubt tell us more!

ALEC BEAT's service in the C.M.F. terminated with his losing (not "face") but body—a couple of stones! Germany, he hopes, will supply the necessary for rebuilding that handsome figure. His calculations point to November as his demob month, though he's still checking and counter-checking to see if he can't get it nearer.

In Germany now, Corporal T. S. WARREN has been "places" where things were happening—a score at least. His itinerary reads like a geography lesson. Recalls his pleasure reading first British newspaper to be published in Tunis.

On board S.S. Letitia in Panama Canal, Honolulu-bound!—JACK YOUNG, junior second officer, in September was on first stage of mercy trip. Canadian P.O.W. from Manila, Hong Kong, Singapore, now in Vancouver, have reason to bless the old ship and her crew for a com-

fortable home-coming, so Jack's own return will have to wait. (See photo pages.)

"After 5½ years' service 'they' are putting us into training again!" So laments Sergt. ANDREW ERSKINE, back in Italy after a glorious home leave. A C.M.F. veteran, Andy can thole North Italians not so bad, but it's "I belong to Glesga" for him in early New Year, he hopes.

News of a unique event heads the list of pars about the "stay-at-homes."

Mr W. S. Small, after fifty-eight-and-a-half years with the firm, was presented with a wallet of notes to mark his retiral. The good wishes of the boys at home and abroad are extended to him. The bungalow and garden at Burnside are his full-time charges now, and his plans for them will keep him busily occupied in future.

Alex. S. Crombie takes over the "desk," and looks forward to his absent flock returning to the fold.

The "Three Musketeers" J. M'K. Smith, Angus Hunter, and Willie Knight—in that order—have returned to their old places after their spell of "making the tools."

Willie Greenhill, between headings, graces the bulk with his "bulk." Johnny Gray, as big as ever, sets the "wee" type. "Mac." (Charlie MacLennan) makes a good double of mono and stone. Peter Murphy and George Forbes pull their "weight" on the mono boards.

Jim Sturrock's busy with first aid and reading. Jimmy Soutar, duster at the ready, dares a speck alight on No. 4. Alex. Duncan defies Father Time to good effect. Willie Dewar, operator-cum-upmaker, cheerfully aspires to a perfect forme time-sheet.

Charlie Wilkinson, (ex-Commando) showing barely a limp now, is doggedly seeking 100 per cent efficiency on the line. Apprentice Gordon M'Intyre has gained an assistant, Dougie Morrison—promoted from the office. Sandy M'Leod keeps the wheels turning and the metal flowing.

Miss Cissie Blackhall still divides her week between office and reader's box.

Stereo

WE are looking forward to the time when we shall welcome home the only two remaining members of our pre-war staff yet with the Royal Navy.

We have not heard from JIMMIE ROBERTSON for a considerable time. We know he is in the Near or Far East and is likely basking in the sun and we presume that with his long years of stereotyping he won't be put out by the heat.

WILLIE BEATTIE (Buster) is also East. Probably he will have a home leave before this goes to press, and most likely he will have another "smasher of a pipe" or an "alarm clock for father" in case he sleeps in. Not that Willie is ever tired!

As for the boys now home we welcome to the department, John Ross Hepburn, who has been fully discharged after a few months on deferred service. John has been in since the day war broke out.

ALEX (Sandy) ROBERTSON of the "Etchers" has joined us for a time to help to "pull the boys out of the muck" so he says! But after the first few days Sandy was mucking in. If he was no stoker in the Navy we are making a good stoker of him in the "stereo."

Among those still keeping the wheels of industry grinding is Jack Smith, our overseer. Jack has not enjoyed the best of health recently. But he is now back and looking his old self again.

Willie Ritchie is pulling his "weight." Jimmie Erskine still moulds away! His four sons are all overseas but all doing well. We fancy he'll have to take a back bench when they get home! Bill Gowans is chief examiner at the Shaver. The plates may be warm but he always finds the Chills.

Arthur Baxter is "Casting" but he gathers at the Switch—or does he? Willie Pringle still Routs and grows the best lettuce ever! Bob Brunton relieved of his "Auxy Police" job can now devote himself to higher things. "Six twenty, Bob, nae higher." As for Alex. Anderson he's our all-rounder.

Last but not least "Cums" Bob (Sammy) Shields. Bob is almost back to the department. He has been Stereotyper, Cum Engineer, Cum Linotype Mechanic. Cum up the stair, but with it all, Bob Cums up smiling.

We have lost our Comforts convener, A. Tomison. He has left us to take up other work, and if his word is his bond we should all have a bottle for Ne'erday.

We may have lost a man but we have found a boy ("Heart-throb" to the younger ladies in the Counting House.) First apprentice we have had for a long time—Jimmie Scott. We are pleased to have him and hope he will make good among us.

Photographers

THE four Glasgow photographers are still in the forces—"but it'll no' be long noo," as the pressroom philosopher always reminds us.

First out should be IAN ORR. He's done five years as photographer in the R.A.F., three of them in the Middle East and Mediterranean

zone. Hopes to be home by the time this is in print. Ian's more interested in telling us of the colourful folk he's met in his travels than of his own doings.

Describes in detail a meeting in the desert near Benghazi with a camel train, frequent encounters with native drivers and their families, followed by gifts of V cigarettes for eggs. He's been in Heliopolis, Western Desert, Libya, the Suez Canal area and Palestine.

Sergt. JACK WALLACE, a frequent visitor since V.E. Day, has travelled fast since D-Day.

It's over five years since Jack joined the R.A.F. Was on the Normandy Beachhead, was attached to Supreme Headquarters as news photographer and also attached to the Fleet Air Arm for research work. Met interesting folk in the underground movement of all the liberated countries and was at the Rhine crossing.

His stories are more of other people than himself. Yet he managed to get a "Mention." But one experience he'll never forget was in his native Glasgow.

"I was removed from the front of a bus queue," he writes. "An inspector pushed me back with the remark 'War workers first.' He evidently had the same opinion of sergeants as those who had to suffer them elsewhere," says Jack. (See photo pages.)

Corporal "TIM" LANCASTER, also with a five years' spell in the R.A.F., did his stuff in the Middle East and Palestine and came back to Blighty in nice time to be in on the big do in Germany. Early this year was with 8 O.T.U. at Aberdeen keeping tabs on the Tirpitz. Now his days as an R.A.F. photographer are over. He's been appointed canteen manager at Hanover.

Typical of Tim is the tailpiece of his latest note. "Everything that has happened to me in the last five years will pale into insignificance beside the thrill of putting a civvy suit on again."

Last but by no means least—"Wee" JIMMY THOMSON. It's about three years since we saw him but he writes occasionally from Algeria, Tunisia, Sicily, Italy and Greece (where he's now with 13 Squadron.) He's been with 18 Squadron, 114 Squadron and No. 3 M.F.P.S. (whatever that means.)

In his latest note he writes: "My service career has been pretty uneventful but I was proud to be a member of No. 18 Squadron when Wing Commander Malcolm won the V.C."

Process

THE first of the Process Staff to get his ticket was SANDY ROBERTSON (Royal Navy) and he's started up again in Port Dundas.

WILLIE FOOTE is still in the Far East and we haven't heard from him

for some time but his wife, one of the most popular lassies in the office, gives us all the "gen." It seems that Willie is up and doing in India after a spell on the sick list brought on by climatic conditions.

KEN BOYACK pulled a fast one on us, a few weeks ago when he popped in from Italy. We kidded him on about rumours of an impending wedding but he didn't bite. But rumour was no lying jade. An announcement of his wedding appeared in "The Courier" a few days later.

Belated but hearty congrats, Ken.

DONALD CUMMINGS who helped to chase Rommel to Benghazi and was in turn chased by Rommel to Alexandria is back in Britain.

"I'm an old sweat now," writes Donald, "so naturally I have a cushy job in the Q.M. stores. Daily I hand out equipment to youngsters bound for the Far East and I scare them with tales of heat, dirt, scorpions and snakes. Goggle-eyed they lap it up, but some day it will be their turn to shoot a line." (See photo pages.)

From India comes a note from DAVID ROBERTSON, who holds the exalted rank of Major in the India Army. He's travelled far since the days of the B.E.F. 1940, when Jerry gave them a quick hail and farewell. David was in the 4th Camerons then. The past five years have seen him in the West Indies, America, and now India. He thinks the high spot of his journeyings was the visit of his battalion to the U.S. about four years ago.

"The New Yorkers treated the Jocks like kings, and the gals were enamoured of the kilt. It goes without saying that the Camerons reciprocated . . . all in the interests of Anglo-American relations of course! The devotees of the better night-clubs were tickled pink when some entertainer on the floor-show would call on one of the Jocks for an auld Scots song. Eddie Cantor nearly backed a loser when he invited a party to the stage and the lads struck up a friendship with the chorus girls. He had a hard time getting the show re-started."

LAURENCE PARKER, A.B.-S.D., familiarly known to his pals in the Glasgow etchers as Laurie, is now completing his fourth year in the Navy. Laurie opened his innings with ten months on M.L.'s in the English Channel until badly damaged by E-boats, then had a spell hibernating on a course at Dunoon before being transferred to H.M.S. Mackay. More encounters with E-boats kept him fully occupied till the great thrill of D-Day, which he managed to come through unscathed. Now he is enjoying life in the Sunny Mediterranean. (See photo pages.)

Counting House

YOUTH and beauty is still the most striking feature of the front office. And all the new girls are nice girls.

[But there are sufficient of the "old familiar faces"—this is a quotation not an accurate description—to give our lassies who visit us during leave a touch of nostalgia for good old 144!]

We had a visit recently from MARGARET WILLIAMSON, A.T.S. Still looks the picture of health and enjoying life. Says she's not worrying about being demobbed, and the "Big Shots" can take their time, so far as she's concerned.

BETTY SPEED's been "serving" at home for quite a long time due to her mother's illness, so she's released from Rolls Royce. We're expecting her back at Port Dundas before long.

Now for the young men. News of quaint "ongauns" come from them.

Corporal ROBERT THOM is in India. His work with the Army Dental Corps doesn't make him feel very happy when he has himself to sit in the chair. He has had to work in many makeshift surgeries, the worst being a tent which was blown down in a monsoon. Another experience was extracting teeth on a ship sailing down the Suez Canal.

Pte. JIMMY PRINGLE is now in the Middle East with his Parachute Regiment. He never forgets the moment before he made his first jump. To cheer him up a Cockney shouted "Never mind, Jock, think of the cuppa' tea you'll get when you reach the deck." Tea at a time like that! "Yet, after all," says Jimmy, "It was nae bother at a'."

Pte. ROBERT MCCALL found himself in the R.A.M.C. He says he's now in what is considered one of the army's desirable jobs—a quartermaster's clerk.

Join the Navy and see the world is true in the case of Sig. GORDON

GOING DOWN, SIR!

When on leave in Johannesburg L.A.C. BUNTING (M/c Pressroom) went down the workings of a gold mine, the "Robinson Deep." The depth is 10,000 feet at the deepest part. It takes almost an hour to get down as you have to go down in stages—5000 feet, 8000 feet, and then bottom. He had to stay at the stages quite a time to get used to the pressure.

(What we want to know, "Ginger," is how many nuggets are you bringing home with you?—The Editor.)

HISLOP. He's certainly become acquainted with the West Coast of Africa, not to speak of the Mediterranean.

As for the staff who carry on, sufficient to say that Mr D. J. Cunningham, our manager, has a most competent team co-operating with him.

Miss Harper's still in charge of the "money" with Miss Isobel Kerr, her assistant, to see that everything tallies at the end of the week. Miss Violet Wilson still delves into the big ledgers and sees that agents square for "all supplies."

Mary Haveron has stopped marking labels. Now helps Violet.

Miss Norah Brabender is an all-rounder. Has served her time in almost every department. Now "reading" on a Saturday night.

Lexie Wilson is our "Hello" girl.

Alex. Ingram and Alistair Black are two newcomers to the Counting House since our last issue. Our "veterans" David Harvey and J. K. MacDonald maintain their shrewd and careful supervision of our precious newsprint.

Officeboys, Andrew Kiggins and Willie Hamilton, do credit to modern training, but nothing makes them happier than the news that they've to call on "The Doc."

"Jimmy" Fleming, Andy Gilmour, Willie Smith and John Scott, are our faithful watchmen of the night, their job a little lonesome now that the firewatchers are no more!

Circulation and Publishing

"THEY keep things in Circulation," that is still the motto, whether in the Services or out of it.

MARTHA HAVERON, for instance, promoted to Leading Wren and attached to Royal Supply Stores, Troon. BETTY STORRIER, A.T.S. truly "stationed" at Glasgow—address R.T.O. Central Station. (See photo pages.)

GRACE WALKER released from the W.L.A. on medical grounds and now in Barr & Strouds Optical Department. ISOBEL MCGIBBON married, but still in the Glass Factory. PEARL COOK in the Wrens has not been in touch with us for some time. We hear she is billeted at home in Glasgow.

Mr J. Morrison is at the helm—watching the compass. At the look-outs are N. D. Grant, G. Speed, R. Thomas and I. Martin. R. Thomas, formerly Manchester, has just returned from the Royal Marines. His motto now is "Tell it to the Marines." I. Martin is ex-R.E.M.E. He's frae Dundee via Belfast.

At Mr Morrison's right and left are Kathleen Symers and Helen Stevenson. They keep their machines rattling, and the telephone quiet.

Minnie Fleming, Jessie Foggo and Jean McLaren are still getting around—to ensure that Sunday Post does likewise.

On the periodicals side Chrissie Mains and Mrs Foote are the main props. Mrs Foote had hoped that her Willie ("Frae the Process") would have heard "No. 27" afore now. The demob fowk canna count as fast as she can—or fast enough for her! Norma McKenzie, Sadie Stewart and Thelma Kyle are still keeping the labels coming forward—not to mention their many other jobs.

Pressroom

"OUR BOY" WALTER EWEN, R.A.F., after his six months in Canada is now in Wales. He expects to be going East.

GEORGE LAMBE, R.A.F. ("Doddy") is still in India, and, according to his letters, enjoying himself greatly. We are not surprised at that for Doddy can enjoy himself in any company. His partners in Harmony are looking forward to that "welcome home."

Yeoman of Signals TOM SIMPSON, R.N. is still in the Pacific. He has had a varied share of active service, including the "Blue Nose" Russian Convoys, The Atlantic and Indian Oceans, not to speak of a spell around South Africa. He had a good camera and a fine selection of snaps but these were lost with all his gear when his ship was torpedoed.

Another Yeoman of Signals, IAN BUCHANAN, R.N., our football sailor, has played several times in Naval Internationals for Scotland against England. He was a member of the "Wolves" football team which won the Cup. He is now on Dover Patrol work and hopes to be back with us early in the New Year.

LESLIE PLEWS, R.A.F. was on leave lately and is now on his way East and likely, as he says, "to be drawing his old age pension" before he gets out. He is O.K. having got over the accident to his eyes.

DONALD MCLEOD, R.A.F. is at present in Aden. Owing to his acute sense of smell he is not enjoying life there too well!

HARRY ROSS, R.A.F., maintains his reputation as "the quietest member of our Staff" and has never much to say or write about. He is "somewhere in England."

WILLIE CONWAY, R.E.M.E., Motor Mechanic, was home recently with the idea that his next location would be out East.

LINDSAY HUNTER, R.A.F., was home on leave a short time ago, but

we have not heard a "wheest" from him since. He, too, may be Eastward bound.

Sergt. OLIVER MCARTHUR, Tank Corps, has been awarded the M.M. According to the citation he well deserved it. Our warmest congratulations!

Sergt. WILLIAM COYLE, R.A., when being treated for wounds in Algeria, was visited at his bedside by General Eisenhower. Willie is at present in Edinburgh assisting our repatriated P.O.W. to get back to Civvy Street. He is due out at the end of this year.

Sergt-Instructor ALEX LAMONT is still in England knocking the dust out of recruits.

DONALD DUNN, N.F.S., is back to Port Dundas.

Corporal MALCOLM BUCHANAN, R.A.F., is in the Middle East and LOUIS ANDERSON will now be back in Egypt after a great leave at home.

J. C. F., our chief, is still going strong and keeping busy—"which is all to the good," as he says. He has first class support in "Big Will" McKenna and Tom Mains, the man who grows the prize carnations.

The other live wires of the Pressroom are—Tom Baillie, George Duffy, Jock Gardiner, Jimmy McColl, Bobby Stewart, Ernie Hardstaff, Jimmy M'Kay, Charlie Slessor, Bob George, Jock M'Leod, Archie Lindsay, Jock M'Wilt, Jock Coyle, Gibby Laird, Alex. M'Cubbin, Dan Stevenson, Bob Cummings, Bob Scott, Jimmy Leighton, Frank Finnieston, Jimmy Chapman, Bob Barr, Willie Russell, Bobby Craighens, Hughie McWhinnie, Charlie Dickson, Tommy Montgomery, Bob Hanley, Jas. Coyle, Jas. Greir, Jock Greir, Willie Young, Phil Thornton, Joe Dawson, Davie Malcolm. Peter Fyffe is still the best judge of O.P. cigarettes when he can't get a standard brand of his own.

Despatch

CORPORAL JOHN NEWLANDS of the X-ray Department of an R.A.F. hospital near Preston, has seen something of the tragic side of war. But in lighter vein he tells of the bewilderment of the English M.O. when a Scot complained of "chappit taes." When at length he learned Scottie meant chilblains, he was very, very wroth! There's the story, too, of the man who appealed to the M.O. to stop the X-rays as they were doing him no good!

Cpl. A. McALLISTER, 31st Armoured Brigade Signals, is in Germany. He was in the naval assault on the Walcheren Islands, the Rhine and Elbe crossings. So since Dunkirk he has seen and done things.

Also in the Walcheren and Rhine "do's" was Sergt. T. W. OGILVIE,

Motor Transport. He was among the first of our boys to enter Bremen. His address is still B.A.O.R. (See photo pages.)

Cpl. E. HUTTON of the Pioneers has been busy with his demolition squad in London.

L.A.C. W. McFARLANE, now at East Fortune 'drome expects to be out by the end of the year.

Busy is the word for it with the team keeping pace with the presses. Willie Parker sees that everything moves sweetly and he's ably backed by—J. Jones, J. Adie, J. Waterson, R. Lynn, A. Johnston, J. Gibb, and J. Gray.

Newcomers are D. McIntosh, from Rolls Royce, and D. Fleming, who was in a prison camp in Germany for five years.

Nor can we forget our three "bright sparks" boys, J. Watt, W. Henderson and A. Morton.

Engineers

THE Engineers Dept. is in a better position than a year ago, but three of the staff are still to be demobbed.—W. Wilson, R.N., A. Gunning, R.A.F., and A. Gallacher, Army.

WILLIE WILSON is expecting his papers along with A. GALLACHER early in the New Year and by that time A. GUNNING should be in his old job again.

H. BOWDEN, who had been with Rolls Royce, has returned to the fold, and brought a pal with him—Andy Brown.

A newcomer with Sandy Bowden is Wattie Ritchie, who has now got the hang of things. J. Allingham, another new starter, has the fleet of motor cars always road-worthy.

Louis McLean, A. Millar, T. Gallacher and E. Macintyre all help to keep the wheels going round.

With the precious machine safely back from Galston and re-erected, Sandy Bowden feels gey happy that the gap in the Pressroom is no more!

Manchester Office

LIKE their colleagues in the various D.C.T. offices, Manchester staff are glad the war is over, and that the slight relaxation of paper control has made them busier; but their one desire is to see all rationing and control of paper abolished so that the machinery can run without let or hindrance from bureaucratic interference.

Some of the lads in the Forces have begun to trickle back and very soon that trickle should be a steady stream. They're all sure of a warm welcome. The "Buster" picnic is to be revived next summer and it is hoped to make it a great and happy re-union.

Counting House

LET'S start with the members of the Counting House who are in the Forces:—

L/Cpl. ERIC DRUMMOND is still in India attached to Eastern Command Signals. Since he joined the R.C.S. in February 1939 he has done duty at home, France, Belgium, India, and was in the retreat from Dunkirk in 1940. He was a fitter class 1, and now a radio mechanic.

Greatest thrills, Dunkirk Beaches and winning the Viceroy's Garrison Cup and Burma Shield at football. One of his most interesting experiences has been playing football in the 11th Division I.F.A. (Calcutta) against the Indians. What he looks forward to is his demob (when it comes to the turn of group 27) and a chance to repair wireless at home.

L.A.C. DOUGLAS PEPPER of R.A.F. Signals Maintenance, who left Chapel St. to join up in September 1941 has in turn been an Englishman, a Scotsman, and Irishman, and now he is a Taffy. So often has he been there that he says S. Wales seems to have become his native heath. (See photo pages.)

L.A.C. E. F. ROBERTS is now at Singapore. In a letter to Bob Campbell he says he is quite pleased with the change from India to Malaya. When he left India they took the precaution of taking plenty of fags for barter. For fifty Woodbines and a tin of tobacco he got a watch.

Among the things Ernest, who is in a mobile signals unit, will never forget are the never ending summer nights in the Faroes; dances lasting until four a.m. and going home in daylight. Experiencing the fierce January blizzards with snow piled up to six to ten feet by eighty m.p.h. gales; V.E. night in Manchester whilst on embarkation leave for India; V.J. night in Bombay with the city buildings illuminated, and the Servicemen going wild with joy.

L.A.C. JOSEPH THOMAS RISHTON has left the Bahamas behind him

and is now at Lossiemouth. Since he joined up in 1940 most of Joe's service in the Signals Section, apart from the period in the Bahamas, has been spent at bases in England and Scotland. If you were to ask Joe about his most interesting experience he'll quickly tell you it was the fifty weeks he spent helping to run "The Liberator," the R.A.F. Bahamian weekly.

Joe crossed the Atlantic in the Aquatania and returned to this country on the Queen Elizabeth, to dock at Southampton. This was the first time the Q.E. had docked there. (See photo pages.)

GEORGE DIXON of the Royal Navy has been a bit silent since last issue. We do know, however, that he has been married since then. Congrats George.

A.C.W. IVY JEWELL is in Gloucester and is still enjoying being a W.A.A.F. Ivy thinks she might be demobbed somewhere about 1970, in time for her old age pension.

Now let's have a walk through the Counting House and have a look at those who have been carrying on during the absence of colleagues in the Forces.

Well, you must meet Mr A. Brown, the new manager. You'll like him. Unlike a lot of Scotsmen, he can crack a joke and not "wi' deeficulty."

Then there's genial George Donald who as cashier is easily most popular and sought after man in the office at the week-end. Bob Campbell and John Keating complete the male members. Now the ladies on the staff:—Winnie Smith, Mary Miller, Mabel Prophet (Mrs Swindells), Gladys Hinton, Muriel Green, Joyce Keddy, Audrey Bridges, Mrs Barcroft, Connie Mangnall, Patricia Howard, Dorothy Campion and Ethel Holgate. Flo Hall (Mrs McKerrigan) has left the staff. She is now mother of a baby-girl who requires all her attention.

Circulation Department

THERE are more smiles in the Manchester Circulation Department—the quota increases are responsible for this. But Mr Brough and his staff are looking forward to the day when quotas are things of the past.

Marine RONNIE THOMAS, who joined up in January 1941 has been demobbed and for the time being is lending a hand in the Glasgow Office.

He classes the trip he had to Ceylon in 1943 as his most interesting experience. Travelling in usual "troops' comfort" they had to go half way to America to avoid subs, dodged mines and air attacks in the Med and then arriving at Bombay only to learn they were not wanted.

This meant a train journey down the length of India. He did reach Ceylon in time to join up with 3/4 year men bound for U.K.

Warrant Officer J. H. POWELL, R.E., is at present with B.A.O.R. He has had a step up since last book. Since he joined up in July 1940, he has done duty in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and is proud of the fact that all his army career from sapper to W.O. was spent under the same O.C. until the latter's demob. J. H. has kept a rather voluminous diary since landing in France on D plus 3. He thinks the most interesting experience he has had was a visit he, along with his colonel and two majors, paid to Cherbourg soon after its liberation. (See photo pages.)

The sisters MARGARET and JEAN DONALDSON are still very much alive and kicking, as Manchester Office knows when they're on leave. They are both at the same R.A.F. station in Rutland. Recently Jean turned up on leave. A. F. T. asked where Margaret was and was told she was also on leave but had gone to the south of England with her young man.

A few weeks passed and we had a surprise visit from Margaret who told us she was hoping to get married soon. This didn't surprise us so much. The wedding may be before end of the year or early part of next. The lucky fellow is on the ground staff at the same R.A.F. base. Jean says he is very nice. But she was "mum" about her boy friend, or should it be friends?

Here is Margaret's most interesting experience in her own words:—"My first posting was to a Polish Squadron. My friend and I had had no dealings with Poles up to this time and at that stage of the war the Poles, on the whole, could speak very little English. On our first day at our new camp we were directed to the Mess for tea. 'It's a big barrack block next to the parade ground,' we were told. 'The W.A.A.F. dine upstairs.'

"We soon located our objective and marched smartly towards the entrance. Two Polish airmen, complete with mugs and 'irons' stood in the doorway. They acted very queerly as we tried to get inside, trying to stop us from proceeding with frantic gestures. We swept them aside and I said coldly, 'You've had your tea, let us have ours.' The two of us swept majestically upstairs. Imagine our confusion when we found ourselves in the men's bath-blocks. Half naked airmen were wandering around with towels draped around them. We gave one horrified yelp and raced for our lives. You can imagine the amusement of the two on the steps. We couldn't look a man in the face for a week!"

L.S. FRED MARMON covered some 70,000 miles while in the Navy. He has been demobbed and is back with the old firm. Fred's little daughter is growing into a fine girl.

Holding the fort in the Circulation Dept., is John Brough, as energetic as ever and as fond of a crack. John Curran wasn't too well for a bit but he is up and about again. Then there's Frank Ward, Ada Milborne, Betty Metcalfe and Betty Leigh.

Editorial

SINCE our last issue SANDY REID has gone overseas again, while CHARLIE MERRYLEES is now in India. Here is the latest news of the boys in the Forces:—

Sergeant CLIFFORD SMITH, R.E.M.E., has certainly taken the hint given in our last issue for we have been hearing fairly regularly from him this year. Cliff went over to Germany in August as one of the Control Commission for Germany party. When they landed there nobody seemed to know anything about them and they just wandered about from place to place.

Writing from Bielefeld, about 70 miles S.W. of Hanover, Cliff says "Alas! Our 'C.C. for G' party of 120 odd has just ceased to exist. It has just faded out, unwept, unhonoured and unsung. We are all split up all over the place, maybe doing a job here and there, otherwise stuck at some place wasting time until something happens. I'm waiting! It really has its funny side although exasperating all the same. Still we all reached the same stage, a kind of 'Don't care what happens now' feeling, coupled with a fervent hope that demob will be speeded up and we'll get back to society."

Cliff joined the R.A.O.C. in January 1942, was transferred to R.E.M.E. in October of that year and joined the Control Commission for Germany in April 1945. (See photo pages.)

Since he joined up in October 1941, L.A.C. CHARLES A. U. MERRYLEES was in Bomber Command operations and Intelligence sections for three years five weeks, then he was sent overseas to India where he still is with 10 Fighter Direction Post.

In a recent letter Charlie says:—

"After sticking in the Suffolk mud for so many years (ahem!) the R.A.F. have now decided that variety shall be my destiny. When I first came out here I had to do an Assault Course, even more enthusiastically organised under a glaring sun than under the rain, cold skies of Blighty. I just survived that and, still wondering WHY, was posted to the Coastal equivalent of my old job and resumed office work again. The R.A.F. soon thought I was too comfortable and routed me out once more on to the road, since when I've been moving with monotonous regularity from place to place, hut to tent, and back again. Still a clerk S.D. any R.A.F. Section, for the use of— My latest job is very

interesting. It is as a Filter Room plotter, and has given me yet a farther slant on the service.

"I shall be glad to return to a dry spot like Manchester. Can't recall even that home of the mack enjoying eighty-four inches of rain in four months, even with Test matches at O.T."

The most interesting experience in his Service career, Charlie says, is one which has been shared by a good many other lucky people, male and female, with quite a good showing from Thomson's among them—namely, filing through huge sheds at Glasgow Docks looking and feeling like pack mules, and up the gangway into the belly of an impossibly small vessel, with a depressingly Indian name and a black-faced crew.

"Then slipping quietly down the Clyde while shipyard workers downed tools to come and cheer the blue (in more senses than one) throng on our decks, and riveters sounded noisy "di-di-da-da's" on their pneumatic drills, everybody looking remarkably cheerful and enthusiastic except us. Out into the Atlantic by night, into a gale, so that not only did we zig-zag right and left but up and down as well, while destroyers weaved in and out the convoy at the periodic sub scares. The weeks of watching the sun get into odd parts of the sky by day and the moon and stars turn upside down by night, as we slid along North Africa to the George Cross island where Valetta showed the reward not unmerited.

"Then Port Said, Suez, blistering heat down the Red Sea and eventually—horrific thrill of a lifetime—the sight of the gateway of India, as Bombay slipped towards us with the rising sun that long ago morning. Sorry, but otherwise my life has been almost boringly placid!" (See photo pages.)

Flight Lieut. W. SLATER has now been demobbed to plain Bill Slater, and is lending a hand on the C. and A. in Bank Street.

Since he joined up in June of 1940 Bill has been stationed in various parts of England, Ireland, Scotland and the Orkneys. The most interesting part was two and a half years at the Empire Central Flying School in Wiltshire, which he describes as the aeronautical Parliament and University of the British Empire and Allied Nations.

Bill says he will never forget crawling back to camp on his hands and knees after a Burns night supper at Scapa Flow. And he was perfectly sober! It was in 1941, and "an intense low pressure centred over Orkney and Shetland" proved man's impotence when Nature went to war. For days (and nights) the wind never dropped below full gale force; velocities of over ninety m.p.h. were recorded on several occasions, and on Burns night the anemometer gave a reading of one hundred and thirty three m.p.h. on the ground!

Whilst the elements were doing their worst he had to make his way

ERAE A' THE AIRTS



WALTER VICKERS,
M/c Despatch, at Bruges.



Churchill Avenue, in Athens
—from A. Burchart, Dundee
Stores.



A. Burchart's grandson in the
R.W. frontier of India, from
D. C. Gray, Boys' Pajamas.



Solonika,
From W. Cunningham,
Dundee.



N. ROBERTSON, Glasgow
Caterers, explains this is not a
photo of himself—but one of
the famous monkeys at Gips.



W. CARDNO,
Dundee Caterers,
looking at Hykhyk.



Mr E. S. DOBSON,
who has been the live
wire in the London
Office Comforts Fund.



3rd Officer L. J. PERRETT,
Merchant Navy.



Leading Wren
SHEILA ROWLAND.

Capt. R. NEEDHAM, R.A.



back to camp to take up night watch duty; a laborious, nightmare journey along a narrow path with a bog on one side and a slippery slope down to a raging sea on the other. The mightiest ships of the British Navy were in a precarious position. Mines from the fields guarding the Fleet anchorage had broken away and were drifting all over the place.

Fortunately the Germans had no means of appreciating the intensity of that cyclonic upheaval, so that the enemy was denied the most valuable of Met information—that of weather travelling from West to East. An attack on Scapa Flow before the disrupted defences—ground, sea and air—could be reorganised might have had disastrous effects on our sea power.

Bill confesses that he did not think of this angle as he crawled and slithered back to camp. But he did realise why there are no trees on the Orkney Islands. (See photo pages.)

L/Cpl. TOM W. H. BREWER has travelled far and wide since he joined the R.A. in July 1942. Since then he has visited Scotland, England, S. Africa (where he had four wonderful days at Cape Town), Egypt, Palestine, Sicily, Italy, and now he is in Greece attached to the R.A.S.C.

The first amazing thing Tom learned in the army was that he enjoyed square-bashing, but after the first six weeks of it he did no more until, on a drill and duties course for n.c.o.'s in Catania, he drilled a squad of sergeants on a public square! He's still a lance-corporal! However, as he joined at forty, he was delighted to learn he was still the equal of men years younger.

Trained as mobile wireless operator for L.A.A., Tom has driven his truck from England to Scotland, Egypt to Palestine, "all over" Sicily and Southern Italy, and Greece. He has slept in mud and flood. Once he even had to go for a walk in Sunny Italy to bring back the circulation.

In Greece he once penetrated enemy lines to get to a British unit, and got back again without any bother. And he never once saw an enemy during patrols with his trusty Tommy-gun in the dark streets.

Tom says "our only thrill now is trying to catch thieves who are after army stores in order to supply the Greek black market." He concludes his last letter:—"And so heigho for next April—my guess when my group—26—will be released. Look out for atrocities when I invade England!"

Flying Officer P. C. MILNER, the youngster with the dimples and smile, joined the R.A.F. as "potential air-crew" on July 20, 1942 and commenced training in England. Most of this was done at Scarborough with interludes at Ludlow and in South Wales.

Twelve hours flying instruction in this country gave the powers-that-were the mistaken idea that they could make a pilot out of him and they

sent him to Canada where they thought, no doubt, there would be plenty of room for him to fool about without endangering other people's lives.

He crossed over in the "Queen Elizabeth" from the Clyde to Halifax, Nova Scotia. "This," he says, "the biggest ship in the world was just big enough for me. A couple of tons less in its gross displacement and I should have been sea-sick."

He gives credit to the R.A.F. for persistence. They tried for a hundred and thirty hours to teach him how to fly until the Chief Flying Instructor and he came to mutual agreement, and he found himself under training as a navigator. Twenty weeks hard work followed and he was on his way home again with a commission.

It was in November of 1944 that the goal was reached—an operational squadron, on Lancasters. After nine sorties from this squadron he was transferred to Pathfinder Force. On his sixteenth "op," an attack on Nuremberg, his aircraft was attacked by an enemy fighter and the wireless operator and Peter were wounded. The aircraft was badly shot up.

The war, as far as Peter was concerned, ended on that date, for he returned to the squadron from hospital and sick leave just before V.E. Day.

After V.E. day he brought several loads of ex-prisoners back from the continent, and now he is bringing back men from the Middle East for repatriation.

Peter says "I think my most interesting experience, and I have had many, was a trip to Lubeck on V.E. day plus 1 to bring back ex-P.O.Ws. It was so soon after the ending of the war that there was still a thrill in flying unmolested over 'enemy territory' and as we circled Hamburg which was en route, we couldn't help contrasting our immunity with what would have been going on had we been there a week before. It meant a lot to me, too, because my old skipper was shot down over that city while I was still in hospital.

"Meeting our passengers, excited at the thought of going home after nearly five years in captivity was a grand experience, but the high-spot of the day to me was the look on their faces as we crossed the Channel and pointed out to them the shores of England. It made most of us feel that it would be a joy to go back the same day and bring some more."

Sergt. SANDY REID of the R.A.F., is at present at Khartoum where he says he is an E.V.T. instructor, "flannelling and flapping" to teach Britain's youth all he knows about Parliamentary affairs, local government, economics, legal system and what have you. As Sandy puts it, "God help 'em, but so far I haven't been found out."

Ask Sandy what was his most interesting experience and he'll tell you—"Going back to Blighty after my first tour overseas. What the 'ell do you think?" Sorry we can't show you a photo of Sandy who

would like to know "who wants to look at my ugly mug anyway?"

Since he joined up in November 1940, Sandy has had two tours overseas, and he, apart from the British Isles, has been in Algeria, Tunisia, Italy, Malta, Tobruk, Cairo, Sudan and Eritrea.

Sergt. LEN NOAD is one of the lucky ones who has never been out of England since he joined the R.A.F. in July 1940. He is at present in Cambridgeshire. We are becoming famous as tipsters regarding Len. In the 1943 booklet we foretold his marriage and it came off. Last year we hinted at a visit from the stork. It came sure enough and Len is now the happy father of a grand lad. Colin is his name.

We were wrong in one thing last year when we said that by the time the booklet was out he would be overseas. Well, it was his proverbial luck which made us wrong. He got his embarkation leave, was sent on draft to Blackpool, but at last moment they discovered they did not require him. His colleague Sandy Reid, who had already been overseas, was on same draft but his luck was out and he had again to leave the shores of England.

Len's greatest thrill occurred while flying. Here is what he says about it:—

"It was on the occasion we moved an entire unit in a morning and resumed work almost without a hitch in the afternoon. I was allotted a Whitley bomber for the entire orderly room personnel and equipment. Typewriters, filing cabinets, files and all the impedimenta that help to keep the red tape flowing freely were crammed aboard. We were pretty tight for space and four of us took up position by the rear turret to get the best possible view.

"Over base, approaching to land, the Whitley stalled, being rather tail heavy. Our navigator yelled to us 'For . . . sake come up front' We crawled as quickly as we could to the front of the aircraft to even out the weight proportion. Everything turned out O.K. however, we landed safely, and were much amused at the procession of blood waggons and fire tenders coming up at the ready! We hadn't realised just how near we were to 'non-effective' strength until we finally touched down, but apparently it was a near thing, and the pilot regained control in the nick of time."

IS THIS A RECORD?

Lieut. David Doig (Welcome) stakes his claim:—

Saw last German—1933.

Saw last Japanese—in Soho.



For Sergt. DONALD NAPIER, R.A.M.C., the war began on 23rd April, 1942, which was the day he reluctantly crawled through Leeds and reported to the depot of the Royal Army Medical Corps. The only person he felt like doctoring was himself. During his three months "learning" he kidded the authorities into taking him on as a clerk. The typing he had learnt at 139 Chapel Street stood him in good stead. They shoved him on the staff of the depot and he stayed there for a year. When this depot closed down he was transferred to a 'sister' depot the other side of Leeds. There he was again taken into an office and managed to make a corner for himself for another six months. This place then also closed down ('s'funny. Wonder if his work and the closing of these places had any connection!) and he was posted to the H.Q. of the corps at Crookham, about four miles from Aldershot.

He was again taken on in one of the company offices. The staff was increased and he was appointed to it. He was made a paid lance-corporal (Montgomery was made a Field Marshal the same day by the way). Then his chief clerk had to move and out of the blue he was bunged into his job. They made Donald a corporal and shortly afterwards, seeing that he hadn't made any boners (or rather hadn't been found out) they appointed him a fully fledged sergeant. He still holds that rank and is chief clerk of the company which is now about two thousand strong.

Donald once had a great scare. Here is how he tells it:—

"Two chaps had seen the Coy. Commander regarding leave. One of them had been granted indefinite leave—there were special circumstances, compassionate grounds, &c., and the fellow was due for discharge in the near future anyway. I came out of the Coy. Commander's office with my instructions and I called down the corridor where the two chaps were standing 'Follow me.' I marched into another office where leave was attended to and said to the clerk there, 'Get this chap away on indefinite leave' and I went out of the office again and back to my own desk without giving the matter any more thought.

"An hour or so later I discovered that the wrong fellow had followed me from the corridor and into the leave clerk's office. I hadn't really taken much notice and, of course, the leave clerk didn't know. What had happened to the chap who should have gone on leave was a bit of a mystery for some time, but it seemed he had got tired of waiting for me to come back and had floated! Well, was my face red!

"The situation seemed to tickle everybody except me. But I went straight into action. I chased the leave clerk down to the gates of the camp there to wait hopefully in case the chap had not yet started on his way. Luck was with me. He hadn't. He was grabbed by my man and brought back, no doubt wondering what the heck the army was up

to now. I eventually got the right chap away on leave and spent quite a few days keeping out of sight of the one who nearly got away!" (See photo pages.)

Cfn. CYRIL RITSON (known to his colleagues as the Army's most casual soldier, as he treats everything as a huge joke) has had five and a half years of it—from June 1940—in the Pioneer Corps, R.A.O.C., and R.E.M.E., and never been abroad. He thanks his lucky stars and the fact that he has been moved around and been mixed up in the Radar racket. He reckons that Radar honours shouldn't all go to the inventors. From what he saw first prizes should go to the A.T.S., O's F.C. (Operators Fire Control), and A.T.S. radio mechs. (the official name is now telecommunications mechs.) who operated and maintained a lot of the equipment which passed information to the heavy Ack-Ack guns of the Royal Artillery.

Cyril reckons that one raid on Plymouth gave a bunch of Yanks some stories to take home about our girls' heroism. The Yanks were stationed at Seaton Barracks and the mixed gun-site was just at the back. Jerry dropped flares which turned night into day and soon bomb and answering Ack-Ack shells were giving hell a holiday. Enclosed in their cabins Radar girls never batted an eyelid as they followed the picture of the selected Jerry plane on their television screens; slowly they turned round their cabins so that the targets were never lost. The action depended on the highly technical work these girls were doing and it was a very successful action. In the hulls an A.T.S. sergeant-major gave Cyril a mug of cocoa from a painful she was taking round the gun-pits. Her blue pyjamas peeped from under her khaki greatcoat. Later on girls like these helped kill the flying bomb.

Cyril was trained as a radio mechanic after applying for a course as a teleprinter operator. Well-known Army madhouse he visited was the isolated Gopsall Hall, near Twycross, Leicestershire, where Handel used to play the organ in days gone by. Here radio mechanics were turned out by the score. New arrivals used to land in the evening and be startled by wolflike cries and ghost figures flitting between the trees. They were only the regulars draped in sheets.

Sydney Wooderson was a student at the school while Cyril was there. Like the rest of them Syd had to go through a P.T. test of running a mile inside about seven minutes.

Cyril's group number is 27 and before he gets his ticket he's hoping to get in at least a month's solid training at No. 5 Formation College, Luton, in preparation for civvy street. (See photo pages.)

One day in the late summer the door of the subs' room opened and a smiling figure in mufti appeared. It took quite a minute or so before Arthur Scott, James Arthur, James Denholm and A. F. T. realised it

was Corporal JEFFREY JOHNSON, R.A.F., home from India. It was the same smile, the same twinkle of the eyes, but a very much stream-lined Jeffrey. His puppy fat had all gone. During his leave he paid frequent visits to 139 and regaled his colleagues with stories of his experiences. He is still as keen on photography as ever and can debate on cameras till the cows come home. You see, his work in the R.A.F. was all connected with photography. Last word is that he is still roaming about somewhere in England. The engagement to a Cape Town girl mentioned in our last issue is off, but Jeff's not breaking his heart over it.

The editorial staff at home is the same as last year :—A. F. Taylor-Arthur Scott, Jimmy Arthur, Jim Denholm and Miss Grace Greening.

Mrs Nairn on the editorial floor, still looks at her favourite daily strip and serves a nice cup of afternoon tea in her room.

A newcomer to the editorial floor is Miss Florence Scholes who works the teleprinter.

Caseroom

MR WILL and his staff are looking forward to the day when we'll be back to the large papers so that his battery of linos are kept at full stretch all week. Here's the latest from his men in the Forces.

ANGUS MACKENZIE is with Air Formation Signals, and last we heard of him was that he was with B.A.O.R. Since he joined R.C.S. in January, 1941, Angus has travelled far. Ireland, N. Africa, Sicily, Italy, Corsica, France, Belgium, Germany, Norway.

Angus, being a true Highlander, is not too communicative about what he has seen and done. If only he would tell us about those nights he spent in Marseilles, Naples, &c., we'd have a good story to tell. Angus may be demobbed before this is in book form.

A.B. TOM WILL has now been demobbed and is back at 139. He is just as smiling as ever even although since joining up in December 1939 he has been through some hectic times in the Atlantic, the Med. and the Channel.

One of the things which has left a lasting impression with Tom is the size of the convoy with which he was from the time it left U.K. until they landed in Algiers on November 8, 1942. He thinks it was a miracle that so many ships could travel so far without being detected by air or U-boats. There were at least two hundred ships of all kinds, tankers, troop-carriers and every type of cargo ship. To Tom the most unforgettable sight was when H-Force joined up. H-Force consisted of the Nelson, Rodney, King George V., Duke of York, Formidable,

&c., &c., but all the little boats, sloops, corvettes, &c., must be given the praise for fetching it all the way through. "Yes," he says, "a nice quiet trip until the dawn of November 8—and then !!!"

As if he had not had enough of the sea, Tom after being demobbed spent a holiday at Blackpool. (See photo pages.)

P.O. J. B. WILL, elder brother of Tom, enlisted in the R.N. (Fleet Air Arm) in May, 1941, but is now back at 139. Being a sailor and an airman, Jim thought he was entitled to two civvy suits plus two separate gratuities!

In April 1943 his squadron had the privilege of manning a new kind of carrier which was introduced for convoy patrols. These were so hush-hush that details were not published until after the European War ended. They were very small, carrying only four Swordfish aircraft, but they also carried a vital cargo. There were twenty of these ships, half of them carried wheat from Canada, the other type were just ordinary tankers with a flight deck built on it. They were named M.A.C. ships, the M.A.C. meaning Merchant Aircraft Carriers. They flew the "Red Duster" and carried merchant seamen crews, with the Royal Navy supplying gunners, signalmen and aircraft personnel.

Jim served long periods on both types. They had their share of action, and Jim admits to some anxious moments, especially when *under* attack and *over* 12,000 tons of oil. He really enjoyed the two years he spent on MAC ships, and crossed the Atlantic so many times that he almost began to recognise the individual waves. Jim also enjoyed some good times and big eats in the U.S.A. and Canada. (See photo pages.)

Pte. RONNIE N. POWELL, R.A.O.C., has been a regular visitor to 139 during his seemingly frequent leaves. Ronnie seems to be still growing, and since he joined up in March 1943, has visited Ireland and Scotland. He is very fond of Glasgow, and in fact we could trace a suspicion of the Glesca accent in his speech. Ronnie's one wish is that his demob day is not too far distant so that he can get back to the job he liked, and in which he was happy.

Mr Will, caseroom overseer, had a nice cheery letter from his "devil", A.C.2. JIMMY KELLY, who joined up a month or two ago, and who is now in the South of England. Jimmy states that on his way south his train stopped at London Road Station, but the carriage doors were locked so they couldn't jump it.

Jimmy has a "lovely sergeant," but the sarge won't allow them to talk because it makes him nervous. Jimmy says that not to talk is harder than you think. Knowing Jimmy we quite believe him.

CHIC BLACKLEY, freed from munitions, is back once more at 139. Welcome home Chic.

Of the old-timers who have helped to keep linos and monos going, Overseer J. P. Will wears well and is still as keen as ever. Alan Cuthbert is still able to give samples of his vocabulary. Ted Phillips, Tommy Hindson, Bob Dawson, George Findlay, A. Paterson, Fred Roberts, Tom Sadler and Tom Cosgrove are still there, plus a new "devil" Gordon Brown.

Stereo

It's now the turn of those fellows who turn out the shining plates from which all our papers and mags are produced.

First the boys in the Forces.

Lets start with L.A.C. ARNOLD DRIVER, who since he joined up in August 1941, has had the luck to be always stationed in England. He reckons that training bomb aimers and air gunners has been his most interesting job. Another of Arnold's jobs was to go round aircraft returned from "ops"; repair any reported failures or take off bombs not dropped. The latter was not without its uneasy moments as occasionally a delayed action came back. Arnold reckons his most disappointing experience was to hear the latest "gen" on demob. He is in group 27 and hopefully thought he'd be out in time for the Xmas numbers.

Had an interesting letter from L.A.C. TONY WAGSTAFF, son of Tommy Wagstaff of the Pressroom. Tony, who is now in Scotland, joined up in March 1941. In due course he was posted to a Wellington bomber squadron and he had his share in winching up many of the bombs which were dropped on Hamburg, Essen, Berlin, Dortmund, &c. In January 1942 he went overseas and can never forget four great days at Durban. In due course he found himself with a Wellington squadron in the desert.

Two experiences he won't forget are when Rommel started his big push for Alexandria during which Tony had some pretty close shaves. Then there was the straffing his lot gave Rommel before and on the night of Alamein. Tony next visited Malta where they had a sticky time, but with the capture of Sicily and Italy things looked up and so he was able to return to England in October of last year.

And here's the tit-bit about Tony. He has married "the swellest girl in the world," whose letters he used to read under the desert sun. Tony is patiently waiting for his release—he is in group 37.

Sapper ROBERT WILLIAMSON is with the B.A.O.R. Since enlisting in September 1941 he has seen service with the South Wales Borderers; the Gloucestershire Regt., and now he is with the R.E. Bob, who in peace time divides his working hours between Pressroom and Stereo, has soldiered in Holland, Belgium and France. He is in group 21.

Cpl. DAVID GREEN, R.A.F., is stationed in England again and expects to be demobbed before the end of year. He has travelled a bit and has been in the Far East, French Chad, Sudan, Egypt and Eritrea.

Sergt. TOMMY HIGGINBOTHAM, R.A.F., was reported missing in the Spring of this year. Plane he was in is believed to have come down in the Bay of Bengal. Nothing has been heard of Tommy since, we are sorry to say.

Sig. T/O BILL THOMSON, R.N., is in the South of England. He is looking forward to returning to Civvy Street some time before the New Year.

Pte. ROY GUNNING, the apprentice, joined the South Lancs Regt. in November 1944, and since then he has been moving about the British Isles. He has been on embarkation leave and expects to be in Malta before the end of the year.

So much for the lads in the Forces. Let's see who were carrying on during their absence. First there's Overseer Jack Bowden. Still the same fellow we told you about last year. Jack Oliver still carries on the good work on behalf of the Hospital Saturday Fund. Tom Kay, still one of the high heid yins of the pontoon. When it started this year Tom saw that he got a good team. Result it went two weeks and Tom got it all—less the picnic whack. Alf Moore, Fred Waterhouse and Gerald Hartley still go strong and are helped by latest apprentice Derek Whiteley.

In the Nickelling Room you'll still find Will Thomson giving a coat to the plates, and he still has Harry Todd to help him.

Pressroom

MANCHESTER Pressroom is a busier place now than it was this time last year, thanks to the extra quotas in newsprint. But Mr Norman Fraser and his crews won't be really happy until all restrictions are lifted and the machinery in both press halls has to work night and day to meet the demands on our products. We told you a lot last year about the men from the department, we've more to tell you this.

Let's start with E.R.M. ALAN BROOKS, R.N., for he is a lad Mr Fraser didn't hear from too often. Just at the last moment N. F. had a letter from him. It was evidently from the Pacific, and it was written just a day or two before the Japs gave up, but Alan knew it was a sure thing, for he said "our little yellow brothers haven't as much chance as a snowball in hell." V.E. day passed very quietly with his lot as they were in quarantine due to one of the lascar crew having smallpox. When they got ashore a week later they did manage an extra bottle of beer, that made a total of two to celebrate with.

Alan says the S.P. is a regular visitor in the mess as their three Scots are all real Glaswegians. He and one of the Scots have been together since 1941 and they still argue about their respective countries. If Jock asks "What did the Scots do at Bannockburn?" Alan replies "What about Culloden Moor and Flodden Field?" But it does not go any further. He says the only difference between where he is and Manchester, is that there they know when it is going to rain and when it isn't.

Sergeant RONNIE LETT is back at Chapel St. Before his demob he was given the job of driving a removing van pending the great day when they'd let him loose.

He ran into ARTHUR SADLER when on a tour of Lincs and Notts. Arthur, who is bigger than ever, looked very fit. Arthur is in charge of a Police Station. He had arrested two much-wanted car thieves the night before Ronnie met him, but the blighters broke out of the lock-up during the night and cleared off in their shirts and stockinged feet.

During his wanderings Ronnie met twelve employees of D.C.T's.

Lt/Cpl. J. FREEMAN, R.E., who is in Herts., has had a busy time in helping with the removal of millions of maps. When he last wrote N. F., he was in the C.R.S. as a result of an accident. He was on his way to Chester with a truckload of maps when the truck skidded and overturned and he was buried under the maps. He had various hurts and bruises but will be back to duty by now.

L.A.C. FRED SUNDERLAND is back in Civvy Street. Before he took up his old job he thought he would do a bit of decorating at home. He says he had to work like hell and that it was no holiday!

Corporal HARRY BOARDMAN, R.A.F., after joining up in May 1941, was attached to a night fighter squadron, and early in 1942 was transferred to a Tempest squadron. He has seen a bit of Europe as he has been in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Denmark. Harry reckons his most interesting experience was when the squadron moved to Copenhagen. When they landed at the airport the Danish people simply carried them from the Dakotas, they were so thrilled at seeing them, as they were the first R.A.F. to land there. They were taken to dinners at hotels and parties were given. People with cars used to stop and take them any place they wished to go. If you wanted a taxi you had only to give the driver an English cigarette and he would almost let you have the taxi.

Gunner J. M. HEATHERILL who joined up in June 1942, has served with the 1st Army in Africa, and 18th and 5th Armies in Italy. He has also been in Austria. At present he is with C.M.F. "Twenty-eight days of real freedom in dear old Blighty," is his most interesting experience.

L.A.C. C. CLABROUGH is with S.E.A.A.F. Joining up in June 1942, he did a few weeks' square-bashing at Blackpool. He had just started to be instructed in rifle drill when he was shipped to Kirkham. As luck would have it he fell for the first night's guard there. Result—he had a "strip torn off" by the orderly officer for not handling rifle properly. Of his voyage to India Charlie knows nothing until they reached Gib. Life is so monotonous that he looks forward to his forty-eight hours leave every month, to visit Calcutta, to do shopping or go to a show. (See photo pages.)

Sergt. W. A. TAYLOR of the R.F.A., will be back in Civvy Street by the time this appears, after doing a Cook's tour of Europe.

Sapper WILLIAM R. WOOD, R.E., who joined up in December 1940, is now at Hanover with B.A.O.R., after having been in almost every place in the U.K., from the Shetlands to the Solent. He reckons his most interesting experience was the assault of the beaches of Normandy with the Canadians, in the course of which he got a few small pieces of shrapnel in his anatomy. They made their presence felt when he sat on a seat.

Sergt. DICK WILLIAMS is still in the C.M.F. But he is no longer with the R.A. He is now with the Military Provost Staff Corps. He says he has a fairly cushy job looking after some of the people who stray from the "straight and narrow." He has a good bed to sleep on, good food to eat, with regular hours of duty and leaves. Dick thinks his present life luxury compared with what he had before. He had a fortnight in hospital with a carbuncle and enjoyed it—the hospital, not the carbuncle. He would like to see "Buster" picnic started again if only for the sake of Ted Coates and Big Mack! (See photo pages.)

We haven't heard much of Corporal TOMMY BROADBENT, R.A.F., for some time but understand he is still in this country. One thing we do know is that Tommy is now a proud daddy.

Gunner A. HARRISON, R.A., who joined up in October 1940, is in India. Albert has had quite a long spell in the East. He has vivid recollections of one encounter with the Japs:—"Our artillery had been pounding Jap positions without any apparent reply from the enemy. Then one night retaliation came in the form of Jap troops infiltrating towards our H.Q. Taken by surprise our lads had to make a running fight of it. Practically cut off, our lads had to get their supplies by air. But all ended well. Our lads turned an inglorious retreat into a major victory, and the Japs suffered their first land defeat in Burma."

Lt/Cpl. HARRY WILKINSON of Royal Signals, is now with B.A.O.R. Harry's Army career, which started in March '41 and has taken him to Normandy, Belgium, Holland, Germany, is nearing an end. He hopes personally to wish us all a Merry Xmas and have "one" with the boys.

One of the things which impressed Harry most was coming across poor creatures just released from concentration camps. A Frenchman, who was married to a Blackburn girl, gave them a vivid account of what they had endured. They were in such a condition that plain Army food was too rich for them and made many of them ill.

Ted Coates' son-in-law, P.O. WALTER HEAP, has done duty in the Navy in the Arctic Ocean, Atlantic, Med., and Indian Ocean since he became a Jack Tar in February 1941. Now that the job is done he is living for the day he'll be back to Civvy Street and his old job. Walter, being on the electrical staff finds his main job is to attend to the care and maintenance of the machinery in the particular sections of the ship allotted to it. He has been on hectic convoy work to Russia and the Med., and was once torpedoed. His latest job has been helping in the re-occupation of Malaya.

("Ginger") L.A.C. JAMES EDWARD BUNTING is still in Southern Rhodesia. Being on schools all that time is according to "Ginger" far removed from action, and an interesting experience. He writes that "it has been said of the chaps there that eighty per cent of them are mad, and the other twenty per cent drunkards. I come in the former percentage, being quite mad." We don't believe you, "Ginger." Up to date he has been posted home twice and removed from list both times. Hard luck!

Sergt. NORMAN C. FRASER is one of the old soldiers, for he joined up in 1939, and has seen service with Bomber Command, Maintenance Command (M.E.) and at present is in Transport Command. At present stationed in Notts., Norman has been in Egypt, Palestine and Aden.

In 1942, just prior to El Alemein he was employed on the maintenance of Hurricane aircraft, and at that time the position regarding spares was pitiful. That fact coupled with the knowledge of the urgency of the position in the desert spurred them on to provide the badly needed aircraft by methods which would certainly not be found in any text book on the subject. These few hectic weeks and the relief that followed the news of the Alemein victory provided for Norman the most interesting time of his service career.

Now, Norman, be honest, was not your greatest thrill that moment recently when you became the daddy of a fine baby girl? (See photo pages.)

Driver DUNCAN THOMSON, R.E., is now with M.E.F. Seeing it was a Bomb Disposal Coy. he joined in July '42, Duncan has had a number of thrills. On one occasion he had to work on three U.X.Bs within fifty yards of one of the South of England's largest munition stores. They were more than glad when the three jobs were safely finished, not that they should have had any worries themselves if either had ex-

ploded. In Kent they worked on two one tonners within thirty yards of each other. One exploded while the lads were out of the hole which was eighteen feet deep at the time. Duncan received a lump of timber across his face which has marked his nose for life and blackened both eyes for nearly a fortnight. But everybody was safe, which was what mattered most.

Pte. HAROLD EDWIN WYATT of the Pioneer Corps has done most of his service at Army Post Office work in Nottingham. It's time you were hurrying back, because since you joined up in August '44 there's quite a lot of watches and clocks waiting for your expert attention!

L.A.C. C. E. WOOD is with B.A.O.R. When Cyril joined up in May 1941, he was too old for flying duties and was trained in small arms for aerodrome guard duties. As a result he had some exciting times when Jerry attacked the 'dromes. He was stationed between Folkestone and Dover during the flying bomb raids and the shelling of Dover. For months he only got four hours sleep out of the twenty-four. He crossed to France in January this year and was attached to the American 9th Army. He remained with them till V.E. day, and is now waiting till it is group 23's turn (See photo pages.)

Sergt. T. HINDSON, R.A.F., mobile signals unit, is another of the Press-room boys with B.A.O.R., and has had about five and a half years of soldiering, as he donned the blue uniform in May 1940. Tommy had about two years in Canada when he thoroughly enjoyed a visit to Niagara Falls. At present he is near Hanover leading a peaceful life, not over-worked, but patiently waiting for the turn of group 26 to come round.

Corporal NORMAN TAYLOR, R.A.F., is at present in Bedfordshire. Joining up in July 1940, Norman says he can truthfully say he has enjoyed his Service career. For nearly four years he has been instructing on Aircraft Recognition. One treat he had was to be detailed to go to Hull on an Aircraft Recog. course which dealt with all classes of Jap planes. There were fifty-six n.c.o's on the course and Norman came out on top. He is also the proud holder of a medal for being on the winning side in the cricket final for the Hereford Hospital Cup.

Driver S. A. HICKSON, R.A.S.C., is with the Motor Ambulance Convoy in the M.E.F. (Alexandria is the exact spot). During his service since April 1942, he has covered lots of ground and had a few thrills. He has vivid recollections of a battle course in Italy when attached to General Mark Clark's Fifth Army. They had to jump out of boats into five or six feet of water and wade ashore in full battle dress. While near Naples he saw a big eruption of Vesuvius and the damage it caused. Four days leave at Cairo saw Hickson spend all his credits. (See photo pages.)

FRANK WANSELL, when he last wrote, was somewhere in the Admiralty Islands. He finds the place quite interesting, but he's disappointed there are no hula-hula girls as Hollywood led them to believe. Frank says as a matter of fact, it is a bachelor island. He had a whale of a time for ten days at Sydney and says you must hand it to the Aussies for the reception they give to our boys. His welcome in the U.S. was nothing to compare with Sydney's.

When Stoker ARNOLD RUSSELL was last home on leave he did not manage to get down to see the boys in Chapel Street, as he was busy with the family removal to Stretford. He says it won't happen again. When in India he got a surprise to see one of our boys' papers for sale on a bookstall.

L.A.C. FRED GASH was the first of the men to be demobbed, so we asked him to say his piece and tell us what it was like to be back on the old job. Here he is:—

"Well, here I am, back in Civvy Street, after a few years in the R.A.F. Air Sea Rescue Service, and believe me, it's good to be back amongst the smell of Bronze Blue and Johnnie Waters' snuff. I believe I am the first at Manchester House to be demobbed, but the boys are steadily rolling back again now, and the old place is getting back to its old look. It's surprisingly easy to settle down again, when everybody is so helpful. It was a little strange to hand the wages over on Friday, instead of keeping them. However, one gets used to even that. Talking about wages, it's nice to collect them every Friday and without saluting.

"Well, here is wishing all you lads a speedy and safe return to the old place."

Driver BILL HARDMAN was home on leave from the Med lately. All he wants now is demobbing.

F/O. JACK WATT, D.F.C., was also home a little time ago. He spent his leave where every married man should—with his wife and little son. Jack was looking well.

Craftman CLIFF WESTWOOD, R.E.M.E., is in group 25. He spent fourteen days recently in Alexandria and enjoyed himself. He says "Don't be surprised if I walk into the works any day now."

L/Sgt. TOMMY LLOYD, R.A., came home from India in the first half of the year. Mr Fraser saw him a month or two ago and did his best to help him get a house. We hope you were successful, Tommy. You're due for demob now.

In a recent letter A.B. DENNIS GILES says his ship was the first British ship to enter Bergen after end of European war and got a great reception. He hopes to celebrate V.E. day when he gets back to Civvy Street. Some of us will join you, Dennis.

L.A.C. JOE BOOTH is home from Ceylon and awaiting his discharge any day now.

Corporal HARRY DICK, R.A.F., when last heard of was in Middle East. He was then in good health and longing to be back in Blighty. He had met a Glasgow bloke who was a friend of Ernie Anderson who wrote for T.T.

L.A.C. BERT CREECH was highly delighted with his Civvy Street rig-out. Having done a spot of re-decorating at home, he is again working in the Pressroom.

MICK DELANEY in Germany at time of going to press but should be demobbed soon. Trooper JIMMY FAULKNER when he was home on leave from Italy looked as fit as an ox. In group 25 he says it won't be long now.

A.B. JOHN GAITSKELL belongs the Navy but he's working at Stretford gasworks. He thinks it is much better sleeping in your own bed than in a hammock. Flight-Lieut. FRED GASH, D.F.M., is at present at Pembroke. Corporal DENNIS LETT who was a prisoner of war is now home in England and since his liberation has been married. A.C. JACK REYNOLDS is demobbed and back at 139.

L.A.C. HAROLD SMITH has been transferred to the Army and expecting to go overseas. Sapper BOB WILLIAMSON is at present in Holland. He is looking forward to being home soon for demobbing. Driver BEN ROBINSON, R.A.S.C., was home on a month's leave from C.M.F. Believe it or not that while on holiday and visiting the office he actually took a turn at the fly of No. 5 press to keep his hand in. He hasn't lost the touch. Ben is to be demobbed on November 11, Armistice Day.

Sorry, but we can't tell you the present whereabouts of L.A.C. GEORGE MANWARING, Pte. A. MURPHY, L/Cpl. DAVE MCGILLIVRAY, Royal Marines, Gunner CHRIS MOODY, and Sergt. G. C. MILNE, Scots

WHAT A FOOTBALLER!

L/Cpl. W. Smith (Perth Depot) won't forget this football match in a hurry! He says:—

"I came out of my retirement in Yugoslavia and turned out for our football team. I have the honour of being the only one of our side to score a goal in the match we had against the crack Yugoslavian team. We were beaten by 8 goals to nothing. Yes! it was for the other side I scored! "But I made good in later matches by scoring the winning goals in two of our games."



Guards, who was a prisoner of war but liberated and sent home after the surrender of Germany.

Welcome back to DAVID PATTERSON, H. WEBSTER, BOB ELLISON, EDDIE GRAY and A. THOMSON, who have returned to the old firm after a spell on munitions and other directed jobs.

And now you lads still in the Army, Navy and Air Force will be anxious to know about those left behind.

Well, Mr Norman Fraser, the overseer, is still going strong. It doesn't matter a hoot to him now whether Scotland or Rangers get defeated. You see, he is now a grandfather to a little girl (Norrie junior's) and that takes up his interest. He says her coming has given him a new lease of life. Mr Fraser has done a wonderful bit of work in the way he has kept in touch with his boys during the war.

Ted Coates is the Teddy of old, and you should see his smile now that there's to be a "Buster" picnic next year. Big Mackenzie has been ill for a considerable time. He and his snuff mull are missed. Speedy recovery, Mack.

Other old faces still to be seen are those of Billie Bramhall, Fred Boden, John Reddish, Donald Taylor, Jimmy Hartley, Jack Newton, Syd Shearwood, Percy Pye, Tommy Wagstaffe, Jack Price, Alf Bradshaw, Jimmy McMillan, Johnny Waters, Baden Scott, Bert Dowler, Albert Dean, Evan Donnelly, Joe Quilty, J. E. Massey, A. Ferguson, Jack Ainscow, Barney Hudson, Edwin Collier, Robert Bowker, M. Tomlin, Harry Gash, Jimmy Child, Jimmy Stretch, Aaron King, Tommy Rishton, Herbert Pendlebury, Alex. Lever, Herbert Chapman and John Massey.

Despatch

WITH the increase of newsprint this department is kept at full stretch.

Here's the latest "gen" of Willie Algie's boys in the Forces :-

L.A.C. L. GILLIBRAND is at present attached to S.E.A.A.F. Joining up in July 1942, he has seen service in England, South Africa, and India. In a note to A. F. T. he says his most interesting experience was being picked, with eleven other blokes to build and assemble the first two "Tempest" aircraft that came out to S.E.A.A.F. In his opinion they are the only planes that could deal with the flying bomb in Blighty. "Can they go?" he asks, and then says, "I'll say they can. A wizard kite and no mistake."

An experience "Gilli" won't forget is a visit he paid to "The Valley of a Thousand Hills" in S. Africa, some thirty miles from Durban. The rail track twists and turns so much that at times you can almost see the engine coming back towards you! He was told that the track was

built by a Scots engineer who was paid so much per mile. Hence the numerous twists and turns. While in S. Africa he visited a Zulu village where quite a few of the men had four or five wives, with the result that there were children galore. Gilli is hoping that by the time this book is out he'll be on his way home.

L.A.C. W. B. WATTS, who joined up in November 1940, is with the M.E.F. After his preliminary training he went to school and workshops to learn the theory as well as the practical side of flight rigging.

Then he was posted to an operational squadron, one of the first four-engine bomber squadrons to be formed of the famous Short Sterling aircraft. Later he was posted once again to Blackpool, to commence a conversion course to become a fitter 2A and from trade group 2 to group 1. He left England in April, and after a couple of weeks in a transit camp in Egypt he got his posting to his present unit in Palestine. He has had his medical for demobbing, and is just waiting for the word "go" to start on his way back to England. His demob group is 24. On the 7th November this year he completed five years of service.

Since joining up in August 1942, L.A.C. BOB HESELTINE has visited North Africa, Egypt, Sicily, Italy, Libya, Tunisia, Corsica, France, and now he is home in England. When overseas he met two of his workmates, Alex. Grant and Ben Robinson. Bob's group is 23.

Pte. J. SHACKLETON, now is S.E.A.C., joined the King's Regiment in October 1942, but in 1944 was transferred to the Manchester Regt. He's a much travelled lad having served in Kohima, Imphal, Tamu, Chindwin River, Shewbo, Irrawaddy River, Mandalay and Mount Popa. He reckons his most interesting experience occurred while on the way out to India in the latter part of 1943. It was growing dark at the time and the men were seated in the mess deck listening to the news from London, when without warning the ship was rocked by a violent explosion, and they were plunged into complete darkness.

The next ten minutes was hell as they fought their way to the decks. To make things more terrifying orders were coming over the ship's wireless set, to abandon ship, amid the terrific roar of the guns from the escort and accompanying ships of the convoy.

As they reached the decks they could see the heavy flak bursting round the planes that had torpedoed their ship, and it was so concentrated that they weren't come in for another kill. They were left in peace again to await their turn for the lifeboats to take them to another ship.

Gunner TOMMY PEARSON after serving with H.A.A., since 1940, and doing his stuff in North Africa, Sicily and Italy, has now been demobbed and is back at 139. Tommy will never forget his experience of being dive-bombed at Bizerta. He lost a few of his pals there.

Gunner STAN WATSON has been with his regiment, the 45th L.A.A./R.A., right from the time he joined up in November 1941, the only change being that the regiment is now 603 Garrison. He fought with the 1st Army in Africa and with the 5th Army in Italy. At one time he did guard duty over P.O.W.s at Taranto. He will always remember Anzio where, he says, "we had some nasty shocks."

L.A.C. WALTER VICKERS is a flight-mechanic-engineer with a communication flight of the B.A.O.R. in Denmark. Since he joined up in March 1943, he has worked with Fighter Command on the South Coast, in Belgium, Holland and Germany. Walter says his most interesting experience hasn't happened yet. It will be when he gets the old demob ticket back to Civvy Street and "dear old Thomson's." (See photo pages.)

L/Cpl. ALBERT EDWARD LLOYD is still in the Corps of Military Police, his latest address is still M.E.F. On enlisting in September 1940, he was attached to 24th Battery, 27th Field Regt. R.A. Later he was with 111 Provost Coy., C.M. Police, at Darlington, and then in June 1942, he joined the Corps of Military Police in the M.E.F. During his service abroad he was selected for the C.M. Police dog section which was formed to put a stop to the considerable cases of theft that had occurred in the Middle East.

The dog he got under his supervision was an Alsatian. It was called Birchwood. The officer commanding the dog section was a racehorse owner in civilian life, and named the dog after his first winner. Albert regrets that Birchwood did not follow in his namesake's footsteps, and turned out to be a killer, for the natives or 'Wogs' he was capturing. By the time he was parted from his captive, he had killed him. The Egyptian Government put in a complaint against him, and Birchwood had to be destroyed.

Albert is now in the Traffic Accident Branch, and his job is to investigate all accidents concerning W.D. vehicles or personnel, who have been involved in accidents. In the course of his Army career, he has been in Tel-El-Kebir, Benghazi, Beirut, Quassan, Alexandria, Cairo.

Sergt. FRANK STAPLETON of the L.A.A., R.A., is due for demob next March or April. All his service since January 1940, has been in this country.

In the early months of this year he was with the Special Allied Airborne Reconnaissance Force, and had the privilege of being on the inside during the briefing of the parachute teams for the operations for which the Force was formed. The briefing was in the form of a study of aerial photographs, and the recognition of various objects, in this case strong points, guard towers, &c., of P.O.W. camps in Germany. The object

of the teams was the releasing of P.O.W.s in front of our then rapidly advancing armies. Being new to him he found it most illuminating and interesting.

L.S. W. J. DENT, writing from the South of England, puts D Day, beating the U-boats and laying mines in enemy waters as being his most interesting experiences. But he says the best experience of all has yet to come—the day he becomes a civilian again. Since April 1941, he has been on convoy and mine-laying work in North and South Atlantic and Home waters.

Stoker D/K. W. HOCKNELL has had a variety of experiences since he became a member of the King's Navee in June 1940. He has been on convoy duty; been in a ship which struck a mine; helped to sink seven U-boats, and been on bomb disposal work during the Liverpool blitz. He had a very lucky escape when on this work. The whole of the squad to which he had been attached were blown up and killed. He is the only survivor of that squad. You see, he had to attend a funeral that morning and got a friend to take his place. When he returned at dinner-time he got a shock to find that all his mates had been killed, including the friend who took his place. During the time he was on that job he helped to dig up about twenty bombs ranging from 100 lbs. to 3000 lbs.

Later he worked with the famous H Force, including the Ark Royal, and saw a lot of action in the Med. He places the run to Leros and the Dodecanese as the most nerve-racking of the lot. Writing from near Singapore, he says he does not know where he is going from there. The only place he wants is home, to get back to work and live like a human being.

Corporal H. LINNEY, R.A.F., Mr Algie's assistant, has made the first step towards his homecoming. He was then at Bombay. The sudden end of the Jap war caused a hold-up of the tour—expired personnel such as he, as priority for homeward passages was given to P.O.W.s, airmen due for demob, and repatriations on medical grounds. Bert is looking forward, however, to being home by Christmas.

OH! YEAH?

L.A.C. FRED GASH (M/c Pressroom) vouches for the truth of this yarn:—"We had a F/Sgt. of the old school in charge of the pay parade. He had fallen the parade in alphabetically, when a young A.C.2 rushed up. Of course the F/Sgt. gave him a few words then asked his name. The A.C.2 replied, 'Phillips,' so the F/Sgt. said 'Right, fall in with the F.s'!"



No one seems to have heard anything of F/O. GILBERT WILD since his marriage a year ago.

L.A.C. ALEX. GRANT has been demobbed. At the time of writing he is looking for a house and furniture. He then hopes to start work. Good luck to you, Alex.

L.A.C. JOHN BRAUMONT is back at Handforth. This means he can stay at home. Bdr. HARRY JONES, when on leave from Orkney during the summer popped in to have a chat with old friends in Chapel Street. He was looking well and full of beans. He is now stationed at Chorlton-c-Hardy.

L.A.C. FRANK FARMER has been demobbed and is now on Pressroom staff. L.A.C. G. TODD is now at Anglesey. When he visited Chapel Street on a recent leave he certainly looked as if his job was suiting him.

L.A.C. J. CROMPTON, R.A.F., is back with Algie's boys. J. MANNING, who left the Gordon Highlanders for the pits is still busy hawking coal.

We'll give a little space now to the boys left behind to tie up and despatch the parcels.

First there's boss W. Algic. Still the same as ever, still taking his after lunch stroll, and still quite as pawkie. There's Bill Harvey, Peter Berriman, Arthur Cooke, Sam Knappe, J. Mellor, T. Walker, S. Kennedy, C. Taylor, E. Tighe, V. Hilton, and R. Hart. Jimmy Lloyd has returned to the Despatch from the Pressroom. Harry Todd is now a half and halfer—three days Despatch and three days Stereo. Alf Gardner, we are sorry to say, is still in hospital.

Engineers and Maintenance

THE boys in this department have had a more than usually busy time lately. You see, they had to bring back Press 9 from Plumbley and re-erect it, and that's no small job.

Corporal J. MCINTOSH, R.E., is still in Yorkshire—Ripon to be exact. When six weeks after he joined up in April 1943, he became a "Sapper" he didn't feel at all pleased. "Now," he says, "I guess I couldn't have joined a better 'heap.' I trained for sapper work at Aldershot, tough work, too. Posted from there to 47th Div. A Field Coy. Horrible experience. Spent all winter under canvas practically, except for a fortnight which we spent in the open, on a big manoeuvre on the Yorkshire moors. Snowed every day. Drafted from there to Ripon on an engine-fitter's course, to the S.M.E. (School of Military Engineering). Like heaven compared to the miserable moors.

"Passed the course O.K., stayed as an instructor. Interesting job. I'm in Mech. Equipment, i.e. all forms of earth moving machinery in use with the Allied Armies. Our biggest jobs are instruction in and maintenance of bulldozers, from the giant 130 H.P. 22 tonners to 35 H.P. 3½ tonners, armoured and otherwise. We trained at our tractor fields, operators of 'dozers and tank 'dozers for D Day landings, and believe me, they did a most important and dangerous job. And did it well."

Seems a grand and interesting job, Jack. We hope that your wish to be back at 139 before book is published will be fulfilled.

Flight Sergeant-Engineer R. DIXON, who joined the R.A.F., in 1941, was invalided out in May this year. He is now back at 139. And isn't he pleased! Bob had a lot of experiences in dropping troops and supplies in Norway, France and Arnhem.

Heading those at home who kept the wheels turning round is Henry Green. "Hen" is a man of few words but he does get on with the job. Stan Chambers is still the champion leg-puller of the office. He can tell you the tallest yarn and never bat an eyelid. Then there's Arthur Critchley, Bob Taylor, Les Cooper, Jimmy Dearden, who did manage his celebration on V.E. Day, and Sam Wheeler.

Watchmen

THIS record of Manchester wouldn't be complete without a reference to our watchmen. E. Richardson carries on from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m., and then W. Linney takes over and keeps his lonely watch from 11 p.m. to 8 a.m. Linney is looking forward to the day when there'll again be a nightshift in the Pressroom. So are we all.

Roll of Honour

The Manchester Office regrets to announce this casualty list for the year:—

DIED AS PRISONER OF WAR.

Corporal HARRY HORSFALL, Despatch, died while a prisoner of war in hands of Japanese.

MISSING.

Sergt. TOMMY HIGGINBOTHAM, R.A.F., reported missing Spring of this year when plane believed to have come down in Bay of Bengal. Tommy was married to Joan Hewitt, who used to work in the Counting House.

Thomson House, London

WE can almost say that the dove of peace has taken up her abode in the trees opposite the office in Fetter Lane for the well-known "Sunday Post" pigeons nested there again for the first time since the war! All Thomson Houseites will be glad to hear mother and babies did very well!

Rain and a large quantity of dust is now all that falls from the skies—but inside the office things are a-buzzin'!

Mind your shins as Fred Jackson heaves a bundle of papers across the counter. Hard by Miss Brewer and Mr Duncan are busy on matters of circulation. In her little glass sanctum Miss Allison is occupied with the cash, but she's still selling her War Savings stamps with a zest that has lasted six years. And still full of enthusiasm.

The wire room on the first floor is inhabited by our telegraphists: Mr Johnson and Mr Lock, looking much the same as they did last year, but you might see a happy twinkle in Mr Johnson's eye. His son has just been demobbed.

Mr Rowland and Miss Gunn are the other inhabitants of the first floor. Lots of post-war activity here, plans for the future. There are sometimes interruptions when any of the Service girls and boys call in to say "Hullo" while they are on leave. "It's good to see them all safe," is Mr Rowland's certain comment.

No longer does young Derek Cheyne rush with copy to the censor—but he finds plenty of rushing about to do all the same.

Now up to the Editorial blokes. Lashings of papers on Mr Sears' desk. Wires from Dundee, clippings for stories, and a hundred and one things claim his attention. Typewriters rattle from the other rooms on this floor. Messrs Dunn and Baillie are busy with S.P. and W.N. stories, there are dashings to the wire room with early pages. Next door two more of the "originals", Messrs Thain and Thomas see that the stories on the suggestions list come up in good style. Eric Block is still with us, but the Navy will soon be taking a great deal of interest in him.

On the top floor the ring of the bell from the switchboard will tell you that Miss Fairweather is still "on deck" and coping with inquiries of all descriptions. Joyce and Jean, the two newcomers, are also occupants of the top floor. Mr Snelling's room is another hive of industry, no more firewatchers but lots to do before the office looks its own self. Amazing what a spot of glass after the "shades of night" will do to one's morale!

The end room is occupied by Miss Moyler, the shadow behind dozens of mysterious folks whose stories appear in the various papers. "A Japanese Prisoner of War" one day, "A Mother of Quads" the next. Also busy here is Our Worthy Dobson. During lunch time one can hear hoots of merriment coming from this room as it is the rendezvous of all the Service staff who pop in whenever they are on leave. "Dobby" as he is affectionately called, has done a grand job with the Comforts Fund, and has kept a close liaison between all the boys since the war started. And have they appreciated it? (See photo pages.)

We've reached the top but there's still another little batch of Thomson House folks, "exiled" from us, round at 186 Fleet Street.

Never a gloomy chap was Mr Anckorn, but the smile is more pronounced now. News has arrived that his boy, long a prisoner of the Japs, is safe and sound. Then we have Mr Clark and Miss Willett of the Advertising there. We often see them and still regard them as part of the family.

Yes, the "Fetter Clan" is going fine, thanks.

Now for news of our absentees:—

BETTY BALDWIN joined the W.A.A.F., way back in April 1942, and served with the Balloons both in the North and in London during the blitz. But let her tell a little of the story herself.

"There have been many interesting experiences in my Service life as a member of the W.A.A.F., so many in fact that it is almost impossible to quote them all.

"While I was on Balloon Command—June 1942-April 1944—as a Balloon Operator, the first seven months of that time I spent in Lancashire. I had an unfair introduction to that rather strenuous and all-weather job, by having bad, wintry weather from the start. Lancashire weather, well! (Forgive me, Lancashire. You were wonderful to us girls).

"When Balloon Command was disbanded, I, together with crowds more of the W.A.A.F., placed in a similar position, was forced, or in R.A.F. language "persuaded" to remuster, and so my pal and myself decided to try our hands at being electricians. Incidentally my husband, an electrical engineer himself, in Civvy Street, commented that the R.A.F. must be in dire need of electricians and made some very disparaging remarks as to my getting through the very intensive and long course! Had we but known then what we now know about Ohms Law, Faraday's Law, &c., &c., maybe we should never have become members of the Rogue's section of the R.A.F.

"Working on aircraft was certainly a lot more interesting than just watching them fly over our balloon cable. I have worked on Halifaxes, Wimpys, Beaufighters, Typhoons, Mosquitos and Fleet Air Arm kites.

"It was when another girl and myself were under training at a Bomber Command station in Yorkshire that I had my biggest thrill. We had been binding for a flip in one of the operational aircraft but the majority of the pilots were a superstitious crowd and wouldn't even let a girl look at their kite let alone go up in one. The Gremlins would surely have been there in full swing, some of the boys reckoned, if we had so much as dared to set foot in one of their kites. Anyway, one of the boys eventually said he would take us up. And so one fine afternoon two or three days prior to D day I found myself airborne.

"Previous to getting into Z Zebra I had gone along to the parachute section together with Phyl and there struggled into parachute and harness, and as we were going over the sea, Mae Wests as well. Well, off we went. First of all though, we had such a job getting into the darned aircraft with all that paraphernalia on. The hatch looks plenty big enough, and in fact was plenty big enough when I had none of the gear on, but being cluttered up as we were, well, we nearly fell out through laughing. We had plenty of help from the boys, bless 'em, and we were then ready. The flight was an uneventful one until we decided to get into an air pocket. I really thought my end had come. The kite just dropped like a stone for miles I am convinced, but actually it was a couple of feet, if that.

"We touched down, the pilots changed and off we went again. I was glad we got out before the pilot took her up a third time, because when he touched down Z Zebra got stuck in the mud at the side of the runway. Somehow or other he had over-shot the runway; still with the help of a crane or two the Halifax was soon O K again.

"Well, once more I'm a civvy, but I'm still full of the really good times I had while in uniform, although I never realised it at the time."

C. T. HOLLOWAY of the Royal Marines, has served in Middle East, Ceylon, India and B.L.A. (Belgium).

He says:—

"In spite of having served both East and West of Suez I don't think I have ever felt so bad as in a London air raid, so in my opinion the folks who stayed at home deserve more than a little space in this Victory booklet.

"My Service career started on 15th February, 1940, and I saw service with an A.A. Brigade in Portsmouth and Southampton before leaving "dangerous" Britain for the comparative quiet of the Middle East in February 1941. Arriving at Suez my brigade dashed off to Crete and arrived in time to get smashed up. I got on a trooper, started off and then turned back as the situation was hopeless. After that it was a grand tour of Egypt, taking in Cairo, Alex., Suez and Ismailia on the way.

"When the Japs decided to have a crack at us we moved very quickly to Ceylon and set about slamming in guns in double quick time. Had just about got into action when a flash came to say that a couple of Jap "battle-waggon" carriers, destroyers and a number of troopers were heading our way. We sat tight at Trincomalee and hoped for the best, but on Easter Sunday they hit Colombo and got their fingers burnt. On the Wednesday they had a crack at us and got well burnt again—twenty-five down and a score not likely to get back. After that they kept clear and we settled down to fifteen months of swimming, sun-bathing and generally having a good time.

"Next came India and six months of hectic jungle training with the 33rd Indian Corps. Almost as soon as we had reached our peak and were all set to give the Japs merry hell, the Admiralty decided we could do better at home, and we packed our bags and kissed the East goodbye.

"Back in Britain we were in the 21st Army Group before we got off the boat. Didn't take part in the D day ops., as the doodle bugs started and we set to work cracking them down. Then tropical bugs started to bother me and I had a spell in hospital. Managed to get to B.L.A. in February but was in dock again in April, so didn't see a great deal. Was eventually evacuated to the U.K. in May and after a spell in Manchester finally arrived at Roehampton Hospital where the 'germs' were run to earth."

About two weeks in advance of his demob group the powers-that-be have decided he should return to Civvy Street.

Captain ROBIN NEEDHAM, R.A., (Editorial Dept.), joined the Army in July 1940. This is what he says:—

"I professed a preference for going into the Royal Marines but was turned down on account of a mysterious 'something' supposed to be wrong with my feet—a fact worth recording in the light of future events. First job on searchlight work in the Thames Estuary—just in time for the blitz on London. Chief memories—grandstand view of the Battle of Britain, an average of four hours sleep per day for months on end, and a growing dislike for the loneliest job in the British Army.

"Recommended for a commission, I went to India as a cadet and was posted to a regiment of Field Artillery stationed in Ceylon. Waited for the expected Jap invasion with far from heroic anticipation. Orders appeared to be that if the Japs landed all equipment had to be destroyed.

"When the threat to Ceylon had passed, went to India with my regiment.

"One day listened to a lecture by a certain General Wingate. After the lecture Wingate said—"Well, how do you like your new job?" Away went the 25 pounders and in came Piats, flamethrowers and mortars. The regiment became a column and took part in Bernard Fer-

gusson's famous march from the Ledo Road into the very heart of Burma—described as *the* great feat of endurance put up in that theatre of war. Marched for five hundred miles carrying over ninety pounds of equipment, food and ammunition per man (remember the feet?) Wingate's Chindits helped to clear up Northern Burma and gave invaluable assistance to the forces desperately defending Assam some two hundred miles in their rear.

"The 'bad feet' were eventually flown out of Burma with malaria. Only ill effects a loss of no less than four and a half stone in weight. Trained for another Chindit expedition which fell through.

"Next job as a War Observer on most of the Combined Ops. landings down the coast of Arakan this year. Excitement aplenty and glad to be back to 'reporting'."

He returned home this year after three years and nine months in the East, and is now in Belgium as Intelligence Officer at P.O.W. camp. (See photo pages.)

Sergt. W. E. PAYNE, (Editorial Dept.) Many years ago, in July 1940, received a bit of paper which began "You are about to become a soldier," and went on, "there will be many things about this new life which will be strange to you."

Last bit was perfectly correct. He agreed whole-heartedly after first day. Took about three months before opening sentence came true. By that time he'd acquired a lot of unexpected muscles, appetite of a horse, a horrible voice and one stripe.

Time passed. Knowledge of maps, learned the hard way (Oh those pre-war S.P. efforts!) and a definite ability to arrive at places without being seen (learned through long years of tracking W.N. interviewees to their lairs) got him another stripe and a job in Intelligence.

More time passed. Elevated to Brigade H.Q., and was considered just the man for making new charts of coastal minefields which had got shifted around by wind and weather. Did this for many months.

Tempus went right on fugiting. Back to a battalion to be Intelligence Sergeant and began capering round Darkest England on a motor-bike. Acquired one more dent in nose, several new words, and strong dislike for enemy who persisted in dropping odd-shaped metal objects in the middle of dark fields at 2 a.m.—objects which Intelligence Sergeant had to be got out of bed to go and investigate.

Assisted in planning one of the first new-type assault-courses. Showed remarkable ingenuity—much regretted when he later had to go around the perishing thing in full kit.

December 1943, volunteered for India. January 1944, regretted it.

Was interviewed and found to have slight medical knowledge. Became Sergeant Clerk to Consulting Physician Central Command. This is largest Command in the world—big as France and Germany put together. Here were treated sick and wounded from Burma, and 14th Army trained.

Swiftly acquired good working knowledge of dysentery, malaria, sandfly-fever, dengue and jaundice, contracting all five in first six months. Later concentrated on other people's complaints. Did a lot of "paper work" on penicillin in the early stages and worked on large-scale malaria investigation which resulted in new treatment being evolved.

Mid-1944 was also made Sgt. Clerk to Consulting Surgeon. This meant stop to hospital touring and strict adherence to desk-grindstone.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO THE GENERAL.

Generals don't have all the fun as this story from J. G. Shaw (Dundee Casero) shows:—



"One of the best known small towns in French North Africa stands at the road and railway junction of Souk Ahras, on the Algerian-Tunisian frontier. It was there, on Christmas Eve, 1942, that I had a little insight into the trials of a generalissimo.

It was raining that day: in fact it had been raining for several days in the way it can rain at that benighted spot. The ground, it appeared, was coming up to meet the rain! In the morning we heard that General Eisenhower was in the area that day to inspect forward positions. He would spend the night in Souk Ahras.

"A room was set aside for him, and along came the United States Signals Corps trading lengths of telephone cable and an enlisted man carrying a camp bed and three blankets. Simplicity was the keynote of the furnishings—a bed, a table and three telephones. To finish off the job the Signals Corps put a card beside one of the telephones. The card read: 'A Merry Christmas to General Eisenhower from the officers and men of the United States Signals Corps.'

"The general was not expected before midnight, but it was two o'clock in the morning when he finally arrived. No carols were sung, but a sleepy-eyed 'top kick' turned out the guard. The general looked rather grim. Things were 'a bit technical' up Medjex way at that moment.

Immediately he got into his room the general started telephoning—a pause—then the telephone rang for him. Five minutes on the telephone and he was on his way out again into the teeming rain for a 400-mile journey back to Algiers.

"The general, it appeared, was between two fires. Christmas Day was to be grim on Longstop Hill, and back in Algiers a young Frenchman had walked into the Palais D'Ete during the afternoon and shot Admiral Darlan dead.

"Beside the telephone lay the greeting to the generalissimo: 'A Merry Christmas—' and, we thought, what a lovely bed never to have been slept in."

Shortly after was also appointed Sergt. Clerk to Adviser in Psychiatry.

Early 1945 was posted to Middle East. After a few weeks at G.H.Q. was given job very near heart—demobilisation! So far all attempts to lower own age-and-service group have failed, but now hopes to get out legally just after New Year. (See photo pages.)

L. J. PERRETT, 3rd Officer, (Circulation Dept.), volunteered for Merchant Navy War Reserve in February 1939. Started training for war service when he did a fortnight's training in Merchant Seamen's Gunner on H.M.S. President on the Thames in London.

Joined his first ship in July 1940. Had two trips to the West Indies in her bringing home bauxite and pitch. During this trip saw the "City of Benares" torpedoed and sunk in an Atlantic gale.

In 1941 joined M.V. Taranaki as a seaman gunner. Went to New Zealand and brought home wool, frozen meat and dairy produce. Although unescorted all the way the trip was uneventful. Merchant Navy Pool was then started and was drafted to Benalder. Took Army equipment to Middle East Forces and to Turkey. Then on to Port Ochrre in India where ship was loaded with cement for the fortifications at Singapore. Arrived safely, but was there when Japs first bombed the port. Completed loading of rubber and copra and left on Christmas Eve for Liverpool. Had to go south of Australia and coal in New Zealand owing to Japs, but got to Halifax, Nova Scotia, unescorted. Here joined convoy and across the Atlantic in the worst gale of the year.

Sat for second mate's certificate in 1942, passed and joined Royal Fleet Auxiliaries as a third officer.

Sent to Scapa Flow and was on Black Ranger on fleet oiling duties. In September 1942 was sent on oiling escort duties on North Russian convoy. Saw much action.

Back on oiling duties until refit in November. Joined War Pathan and was based at Loch Ewe on West Coast of Scotland for six months until drafted south to join the War Nizam.

For nine months had fun and games along E-boat Alley and Hell Fire Corner, each trip round there giving the German Channel guns plenty of practice. Left ship and went back to War Pathan again at Scapa. Was on base oiling duties there for light craft until a trip to the Faroes came along. Four months there as base oiler in 1944 until back to Scapa.

Left in May 1944 and has since been freighting round the coast and over to the continent.

Most interesting event was watching a whale hunt in Thorshavn in the Faroes when hundreds of whales were driven into the little harbour and killed by men in small boats. The meat was afterwards parcelled out on the quay for families on the island. (See photo pages.)

Flight-Lieut. A. S. PRISTON, (Editorial Dept.), joined the R.A.F. in June 1941. Deferred service for four months. Put on uniform on 10th October, 1941, for training as air gunner. No course available at the time so was put on general duties for nine months. With a white flash in his cap he carted around dustbins at a W.A.A.F. square-bashing depot. Started training as air gunner in August 1942, and six months later joined a Stirling squadron.

In all did twenty-eight trips over Germany and France. During this tour was coned over the Happy Valley three times, chased by fighters twice, extensively holed three times and lightly damaged in five other raids.

He says: "In one of the two trips to Berlin our aircraft was badly damaged when we strayed off course and landed over Bremen fifty miles off track. As we were the only aircraft over the port everything was thrown up including pots and pans. Evasive action caused us to lose height to 2000 feet enabling us to straff searchlights and machine gun posts. The mid-upper gunner fired 1000 rounds and I from the rear turret 4000 rounds in an attempt to divert attention. Our claim was strikes on a searchlight and machine-gun crew. Two petrol tanks of the aircraft were holed, the hydraulic system wrecked and enough holes to discourage the ground crew from counting them.

"The target best pranged was Hamburg. Got good luck when losing height to evade night fighter. When down to 3000 feet we could see acres of buildings ablaze completely out of control.

"After completing my first tour went as an instructor on an Air Gunnery School, and after six months got so cheezed that I asked for a posting. When I woke up from the daze I was on my way to the Middle East.

"After completing a course on Liberators I joined a South African squadron in Italy. I did twenty-nine trips with this squadron during which time we bombed oil refineries, tank concentrations and dropped supplies to Yugo-slavians and Italian partisans.

"On one supply trip to Yugo-slavia flying at 14,000 feet, two engines cut and the controls jammed. In a few seconds we were down to 6000 feet with mountains around us rising to 8000 feet. We were at our baling out positions when the skipper who had stood by in the cockpit, managed to get one of the dud engines going again. He got control, and as it was a moonlight night the bomb aimer was able to guide the skipper through the valleys until we had reached sufficient height to clear the mountains. As I was on my second tour I had only thirty trips to do—the rest of the crew, forty. The night after I finished my tour my old crew was reported missing. Later it was confirmed they

had been shot down by a Junkers 88 and were last seen going down in flames.

"I left Italy at Christmas of last year and after some time in a transit camp was posted to a Heavy Conversion Unit for instructional duties. I have been at Abu Sueir for the last nine months and now keep a good eye on Daily Routine orders for the demob numbers. Until that day comes along I will remain completely 'cheesed'."

Leading Wren SHEILA ROWLAND, (Editorial Dept.) volunteered for W.R.N.S., July 1942, in the expectation of releasing a home port sailor for battle duty. She writes: "Apparently one couldn't be found in time anxious for the transfer, so instead of Hell Fire Corner at Dover, I found myself at W.R.N.S. H.Q. at Westminster, in an enormous twelve storey building which provides shelter of a sort for all kinds of Naval types from the Second Sea Lord right down to L/W. Rowland.

"As a Wren I've explored some of the inner mysteries of broadcasting and great fun it's been. My baptism were two quiz programmes on the American Forces Network between an American team of War Correspondents and a British team consisting of Ronnie Waldman and Gordon Crier of B.B.C. fame and myself. This was broadcast at Rainbow Corner before an audience of two hundred grinning G.Is., and after that I think I could stand anything. Since then I've talked over the air to a WAVE (an American WREN) from Ohio in a Bridgebuilders Programme and "compered" a Mediterranean Merry-go-Round. The latter was heard perfectly in Burma by one whom I particularly wanted it to reach.

"Look like being in the Service for quite a bit yet. Sailors join the Navy to see the world—I'm the Wren who hasn't got within fifty miles of the sea." (See photo pages.)

Sapper A. VARLEY (Editorial Dept.), joined up in July 1940 in special section of the Royal Engineers. Posted to Chatham and from there went down to the wilds of Cornwall just as London blitz broke. Rusticating in the country not so pleasant when lurid tales of what is happening in your home district filter through. So when volunteers for bomb disposal squads were called for later on, he put his name down.

At last was shifted to London and near a colleague's home. One of his most vivid memories here. As dusk was falling he got out of barracks and went over to his pal's home. Sirens wailing, and the family were just going down to the cellar. Joined them and started a game of ludo with kiddies when stick of bombs rocked the building to its foundations. This was his first introduction to bombs. He was amazed to see kiddies put the counters back on the board and get on with the game as if nothing had happened!

Owing to fact that he was fully trained in the Auxiliary Fire Service in civvy times, he was transferred back to them.

Rejoined R.E.'s when things were quieter, and a spell of illness terminated his service with the fire fighters. Moved around between Scotland and England, seeing to the company's needs in everything from a needle to a packet of cigarettes.

Early in 1944 was sent to Yorkshire for a clerk's course which was so successful that they kept him on the staff.

Looks as if the arrival of his "ticket" will still find him there!

"Lady Luck and me have been partners all the way through, or perhaps after two and a half years in Sunny Italy I ought to call her Signorina Fortuna," says Signaller A. R. WESTON, of the Royal Artillery (Editorial Dept.).

"My career in khaki started in July 1940 at Colchester, ostensibly training but really doing all those things you Home Guard people went through, sleeping in blockhouses, and while the night hours watching for enemy parachutists and Fifth Columnists disguised as nuns.

"Peaceful times idly watching the Messerschmidts sail by on their bus routes and setting my watch by the dusk barrage going up over London. That was England, wherever the blitz happened to be Lady Luck saw to it her protegee was stationed miles away.

"Two years of getting ready, then to Africa. Was it the girl friend again or sheer efficiency, but six weeks after I reported, the last Nazi was trying to swim away from Cape Bon and the victorious Eighth and First Armies (not to mention the Yanks).

"Incidentally all that training in England was as an artillery observation signaller, and that has been my Army life, sending radio messages and laying telephone lines.

"Three peaceful months on an African hillside resting, sweating and reading the news of blitzed England, then a midnight dash and a dusk landing on the Salerno beaches on D plus a few days.

"A list of places in Italy visited would fill the booklet, but if you want to know the best wines and the best bars from Salerno to the Swiss border consult me. Nearly two years there, with only thirty days officially out of action, I spent the time with every formation, from Japanese Yanks to Cockney Irishmen, and on every sector of the fronts, six months around Cassino Abbey, another few months in the mud and mountains of the Gothic Line, finishing up south of Genoa and proceeding in triumphal procession to Milan and the Lakes.

"Altogether uneventful, plenty of sunshine, fruit, wine and kisses, the latter from the above mentioned signorina only of course. It's only reading the newspapers of the English blitz, flying bombs and rockets one realises how bad the war really was." (See photo pages.)

STOP PRESS

DUNDEE.

DEMOBBED—George Beattie (Reporters), Bert Dargie (Caretakers), Jimmie Christie (Advertisement Dept.), Ralph R. Brown (Boys' Papers), Eric Scott (Etchers), Walter Penfold (Etchers), R. Robertson (Circulation—Perth Depot), George Drysdale (Artists), Gordon Clyde (Welcome—who intends to go in for the ministry), A. Lamb (Jobbing—on 28 days' leave and expecting his "ticket" at the end of it).

CALLED UP—Walter Hayward (Advertisement Dept.), joined the Navy on 17/11/45.

WARMEST CONGRATULATIONS—W. Cunningham (Jobbing) married Edna Dalgetty (at one time with 3rd floor typists) on Nov. 15.

PROMOTION—Ian Dun (Sunday Post), promoted captain and now O.C. Stationery Depot, M.E.F.

MOVED FURTHER FROM HOME—D. Hamilton (Etchers) now on the Cocos Islands.

GLASGOW OFFICE.

EDITORIAL—Lieut.-Commander Alf Anderson likely to be demobbed in January; Ex-Internationalist Jack Harkness, freed from the Forces, joins staff as Sports Writer; Norman Hill in Erskine Hospital for short spell—aftermath of war wounds; Ian Orr, Photographer, expected home from overseas for demobbing.

CASEROOM—Alec. Beats now back to lino and stone.

OFFICE—A.T.S. Margaret Williamson was having fun on "Guy Fawkes" night and met with a slight burning accident.

MANCHESTER OFFICE.

CONGRATULATIONS—To Flt.-Lt. Jack Watts (Press Room) now awarded a D.S.O. ribbon to wear alongside his D.F.C. According to citation, he "has flown with many different crews and there is no doubt that his presence in the crew has a galvanising effect, which is a great tribute to his powers of leadership." Joining up in 1939, he is now demobbed and hopes to go to Buckingham Palace shortly to receive his D.S.O. and D.F.C.

WELCOME VISITORS—Bert Linnie (Despatch), after three years in India. He is enjoying twenty-one days disembarkation leave until he is re-posted.

Angus Mackenzie (Caseroom) home on a flying visit from Norway. He gave the boys a surprise with his row of medal ribbons and his neat little moustache. Expects to be in Civvy Street before the end of the year.

IN PASTURES NEW—L.A.C. Alex. Grant (Despatch), and Dennis Lett (Press Room) are not returning to Chapel Street. Alex. is making his home in Dunfermline and Dennis is entering the teaching profession. Good luck boys, in your new spheres.

BACK WITH THE OLD FIRM—Latest to return to Chapel Street are: Albert Dickenson, Dennis Giles, Mick Delaney, Ben Robinson, Frank Farmer, Ronnie Lett, Norman Fraser, Bill Taylor (all of Press Room); L./S. Fred Marmon (Circulation); Bill Thomson (Stereo); and J. Crompton (Despatch.)

Alan Brooks, Arthur Sadler, Walter Heap and Norman Taylor (Press Room) have been demobbed and are expected back after they have spent some of their demob money!

THOMSON HOUSE, LONDON.

CHRISTMAS should see a reunion of wanderers. Flt.-Lt. Preston has been nominated for a two months' course that will bring him home from Egypt, Sgt. Payne is shaking the sand of Cairo off his feet, Capt. Needham has his fingers crossed in Belgium for leave and Sapper Varley will be heading South from Yorkshire, all just in time to gather round the festive board in Fetter Lane for a Christmas Eve lunch. Marine Holloway now demobbed and back in the office, will be a certain starter.