

# THE THIRD JUNGLE BOOK

EDITOR .. .. CAPT. F. C. RODGER, R.A.M.C.

No. 4

July 1944

## CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—FOR YOUR OLD (OR YOUNG) WOMAN ..	3	NATURE DIARY—THE COMMON COMMANDO (OR AMPHIBIOUS TUFFUS) <i>by Dik</i> ..	21
SOLDIERS OF THE EMPIRE—THE WEST AFRICAN FORCES <i>by</i> <i>Lt.-Col. K. R. S. Trevor</i> ..	4	PARTY CONVERSATION <i>by</i> <i>Bertie Smith</i> ..	24
SEEING STARS <i>by Canopus</i> ..	6	DANNY AND DELYSIA <i>by Pizi</i>	26
MUSIC OF A FRENCHMAN <i>by</i> <i>The Mastersinger</i> ..	7	THE PADRES' COLUMN ..	29
GEORGE REPLIES TO YOUR LIVE LETTERS ..	9	PRIVATE MATSUMOTO'S DIARY <i>by "Takke"</i> ..	30
HOME TOWN—MANCHESTER <i>by</i> <i>Eric Langley</i> ..	10	COMMANDO BOX <i>by "The</i> <i>Sweeper"</i> ..	32
ROGUES' GALLERY ..	12	BRIGADE ROUND-ABOUT ..	36
POETS' PLEASANCE ..	13	TROOP NOTES ..	38
THESE ARE OUR PEOPLE <i>by</i> <i>Leonard Street</i> ..	16	AT THE SIGN OF THE THREE- LEGGED CHAIR ..	43
HOW THE MAIL CAME THROUGH	19	LEST WE FORGET . . . PEACE <i>by L/Cpl. Barnes</i> ..	44

Printed by J. F. PARR at Thacker's Press &  
Directories, Ltd., 6, Bentinck Street, Calcutta.

## "JUNGLE CRISIS"



"Jings! Sir, don't say ye've gone off your bully stew 'efer a' these months!"

## EDITORIAL

For your old  
(or young) woman



THE Second Front is in full swing. The war advances on all fronts—except ours. The sands of Time are sinking. The old world keeps revolving. And the fourth tooth of the third JUNGLE BOOK appears. We are, little man, getting on.

It seems a long time ago since we sat round the lamp at Kedgaon, with the music of mosquitoes in our ears, making our plans. Then when 67 and 69 suddenly went off on holiday, we were left all alone with only smiles to encourage and cheer us. Many a nightmare followed, many an Indian printing press was upturned, BUT THE MAGAZINE CAME OUT. So this creature was born. Are you going to keep it alive, for if you don't each and every one buy, it will perish!

What we want you really to do, however, is to send a copy back home each month to your old (or young) woman. That should be worth at least half a dozen letters. She will be tickled to death. It will give her something to blow about, and crow about, and dream about. She will sleep with it under a proud pillow. . . .

Most of our experimenting has ceased now. We know where you stand. Contributions are coming in like snowflakes through a window. The senior Sub-Editor, Dik, spends

a busy time pouring over the pin-up girls we hope to bring you. He has taken to curling his hair. Dik is a beautifully ugly little man with a Plymouth-Hoe moustache. His humour is as acid drops. Bitter and sweet. He is continually submitting articles which our censor rejects. Funny stories about Lord Louis, and horror stories about the goings-on at G.H.Q., Delhi. He was born in Australia, yet he is a Welshman with a London accent. Work that out. Journalism is his bread and butter profession. His Alma Mater the *Daily Sketch*. The dirty African Star on his shirt looks like a drop of goat gravy.

However, we want to dedicate this issue to our old (and young) women, not to the senior Sub-Editor. We don't forget them. Although American newspapers may call Commandos "killers" we are not really. We don't mind throwing a few Yanks (or M.P.s) through plate-glass windows now and then for fun, but we're not killers, bub. Oh no! We love our women!

THE EDITOR.



# Soldiers of the Empire

## The West African Forces

by Lt-Col. K. R. S. TREVOR

IT has taken this war to compel the uninitiated to realise the vast importance of West Africa as an integral part of the British Empire. But even in the knowledge of its general importance, there still remains many who have not given a thought to what these material sources are. What do you know of the West African peoples and their customs? What do you know of its armed forces?

*Already part of this Brigade has had the good fortune to meet and serve alongside the West Africans, and it can be said with safety that our troops will return with glowing reports of their combined activity and successes.*

One of the regiments which forms part of the West African Forces is the Nigeria Regiment. It is recruited and raised in Nigeria which is the largest area controlled by the British. The regiment is comprised of men from all Nigeria's many provinces but the majority come from the North. They come from the famous Hausa country—a tract of land lying between Lake Tchad and the Niger. The Hausa is an energetic agricultural type known for his enterprising spirit and strong trading instincts. Of strong physique and steeped in a fine fighting tradition. Not to be

deprecated are the other tribes—from Munshis to Pagans who serve side by side with the Hausas.

The Munshi is a shorter squatter man but still tall when judged by our standards. With his face cut and scarred with tribal emblems and his teeth filed to points he presents a formidable picture. In the Abyssinian campaign the Italians were terrified of him as they were under the impression that those rows of sharpened teeth were ultimately destined for "Iti munching."

On joining the regiment the Africans have two names, the first being his normal one and the second the name of his home town. As many of the southern tribes have been converted into the Christian faith it is not uncommon to discover names such as John Ibadan, Joshua Bennue, etc. (A similar system in this Brigade would end in chaos!)

The language spoken by the West African in the army is a constant source of humour. Although the recognised language is Hausa it has such a limited range of expression and one word has so many shades of meaning that pidgin English is sometimes employed. Don't think that because you can speak English



Beside having a sense of humour the African is extremely courteous and his greetings are prolific to a degree. Instead of the customary "good morning" you find yourself faced with: "Are you well? Is your brother well? Is your horse well? Are your crops good?" It is taboo to mention the wife. After you have said "yes" to everything, he replies "praise be to Allah." And so you repeat the process.

The African nicknames all Europeans. You usually find yourself with two—, both quite uncomplimentary, but one slightly more so than the other. I once knew an Adjutant whose "better" nickname was "the smiling scorpion." The imagination doesn't have to be overworked to realise that his second nickname was infinitely worse.

you can speak the pidgin version. Just try these sentences for a start "The Emir he be plenty big man. He catchum plenty good chop. Time he give me chop it be small small. But he like me too much." If you can understand these phrases you will be well on your way to proficiency in pidgin speaking. Pidgin may mean the opposite to what is intended. For instance, the irate African (note *not* Nigger) once said to his boss, "You think I understand nothing. I tell you I know damn all."

Taken through and through the African is a stout-hearted fellow and a first-rate soldier whom, I am sure, you will be only too pleased to serve with when the time comes.

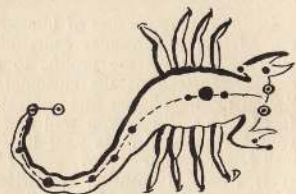
### SPORTS QUIZ

- (1) Who is British and Empire bantam weight champion?
- (2) What famous boxer held three titles at one time?
- (3) How many title fights have taken place at Hampden?
- (4) Who is the champion jockey?
- (5) What horse won the Derby in 1939?

- (6) Who holds the F. A. Cup?
- (7) When was the first Cup Final played at Wembley?
- (8) Which Welsh team won the F. A. Cup?
- (9) Which football team is known as "the Spiders"?
- (10) Which cricketer scored the highest number of runs in a Test Match?
- (11) Who was the famous cricketer that was killed in Italy?

(For answers see page 31)





**T**HIS month let us take a look at Scorpio, or the Scorpion. Scorpio is one of the signs of the Zodiac and one of the most prominent constellations at present visible. This group of stars can be seen, between sunset and midnight, well up in the sky to the South, moving across to the South-West.

A glance at the diagram should enable you to pick him out. Scorpio is one of the few constellations to bear a slight resemblance to its name. Two prominent twin stars, set close together, form his sting, and from these a line of stars rather like an inverted question mark curves up to three stars which form the

## SEEING STARS

by Canopus.

head and pincers. In the centre of his back are three stars in line, the central star of these being *Antares*, a fine star of the first magnitude and one of the largest stars in the firmament.

The following facts and figures will give you some idea of its magnitude. The sun has a volume one and a quarter million times that of the earth and has a diameter of 800,000 miles. *Antares* has a diameter of 420,000,000 (yes, four hundred and twenty million!) miles.

When looking for these various constellations it will help you if you remember that each evening the stars rise four minutes earlier. They rise from the East to set in the West. Thus, at some seasons, various constellations will not be seen, as they pass through our line of vision in the daytime and are obscured by the greater brilliance of that day star—the sun.



"Lemonade—Shrimp?"  
"Now; glass of milk—Slug!"

## MUSIC OF A FRENCHMAN

by the MASTERSINGER

**N**OW that France is in a fair way to recapture her country and her soul, our thoughts, naturally enough, turn to French music and musicians. It seems likely that in a people like the French the dark days of slavery will help give birth to some of the loveliest music of the future, for the French are great masters in exploiting the tragic. So I would like to speak about Debussy in this issue, for he is typical of what I mean.

*'De la musique avant toute chose,  
Et pour cela préfère l'impair  
Plus vague et plus soluble dans l'air,  
Sans rien en lui qui pese ou pose.'*

That formula of Verlaine's is what we find Debussy working out in music. He is vague and mysterious, macabre and yet strangely beautiful. He writes in a suppressed tone, yet underneath it all we can scent the wild passionate heart of the French. His music is as ferocious and natural as Wagner's in effect, but it has got none of his brutal realism. It is the music of a people as red-blooded as the German, but more restrained . . . . Debussy's music, apparently sophisticated and seductive, is, in some way, really sincere, and wistful. You can recognise it by the long melancholy harmonies, the repressed passionate quivering of the strings. Where you feel you

want to get up and play your French horns fortissimo, Debussy muffles them into a husky pianissimo. *Doux et expressif*. Soft and expressive.

Do you recall the delicate fabric of his "Afternoon of a Fawn," or the rich beauty of his "Moonlight"? The piano piece "The Cathedral Under the Sea"? His "Arabesques," "Rainy Garden," "Evening in Grenada," "The Girl with the Flaxen Hair"?

The Human Family owes a lot to this Frenchman.



*It may be the first white woman  
you've seen in six months but keep  
your mouth shut.*



At your command-o



## REPLIES TO YOUR LIVE LETTERS

**Why do the local villagers beat their blasted drums all night? and why are there so many kids always hanging around the camp?**  
—“ANNOYED”, 66

Well, your guess is as good as ours for the first one, but the men probably hang the drums to drown their wives' "nattering." As for the second query, we can only quote you a well-known little ballad, sung to tune of "Just like the ivy on the old garden wall." It goes like this (nasty words deleted, of course).

*Dockyard maties' children, sittin' on the dockyard wall,*

*Just like their fa-arvers, doing gosh-all.*

*When they grow up, they'll be dockyard maties too,*

*Just like their fa-arvers, gosh-all to doo.*

**Your magazine is becoming too much like "Bazle", can't you make it a little more refined?**

—“NOBBY”, 94

Gor blimey, they told us last time we were too much like Piddlehinton church magazine. When we stop swinging we'll strike an hilarious clairvoyant—we mean, of course, a happy medium.

**Settle an argument. George. How many kinds of corned beef are there on the market?**

—“ANXIOUS”, 67

You ought to know. You've had 'em all.

**A party went to the beach for a swim the other day. I was a member, and we were amazed to see some beautiful white birds there, but they disappeared into thin air as we came up. What do you think could be the explanation?**

—“NATURE LOVER”, 66

What you saw was a mirage—possibly reflected from Blackpool.

**You seem to have set yourself up as a "Daily Mirror" wise guy, but we think you're pretty weak. Can you answer this? Some of us up here in the jungle keep hearing a bird or animal at night, sounding something like water dripping on a sheet of corrugated iron. What do you know about it?**

—“SCOTTIE, TOM, SPIKE”, 67

Sure, it's the boys back here you've been hearing. They're always dripping about something or other. (Actually, it is a woodpecker pecking wood.)

(Continued on page 18)





by ERIC LANGLEY

IT is a far cry from India to Cottonopolis; but how often in the recent months have the thoughts of Mancunians gone back to that much maligned climate! And let me now, before we go any further, correct the impression that the unenlightened Southerner has of our climate. Although it has been known to rain from time to time in Manchester the vast majority of the raincoats and umbrellas manufactured there go to meet the requirements of the "Sunny South"! But should you happen to visit Manchester on a wettish day there are plenty of attractions to while away your time.

Manchester's pubs are the most hospitable in the world. What memories the mention of "Tommy Ducks" or the "Fatted Cal" conjure up for many of us. Good beer, better company, and more often than not an impromptu concert thrown in. Yes, Manchester understands that a pub should be. And for those who know their way around there are still houses where cheese and biscuits, or even Lancashire hot-pot (not forgetting the red cabbage) can be had "on the house."

If pubs do not appeal to you there is a wealth of other entertainment. Bellevue, combining Zoological Gardens, boxing, speedway, swimming and fireworks and a large fairground, all in one place. Or one can skate at the Ice Palace; watch first-class football at Maine or Warwick Road; see, in the season, cricket at Old Trafford, scene of many Test Match struggles. For the more serious the Halle Orchestra, one of the country's finest, has its permanent home in Manchester. Perhaps the Art Gallery in Mosley Street or the Museum in Oxford Road will attract you. All these places are within a stone's throw, almost, of Piccadilly, heart of Manchester. It is a rather changed Piccadilly since the blitzes but in some respects the Hun was kind to Manchester. Much of the property destroyed in the city area was old and due for demolition: Manchester has quickly cleaned and healed her wounds and will emerge a finer city in post-war days.

A strange sidelight on the bombings was the survival of the "Old Wellington" Inn in the shambles. Hundreds of years old, this pub, with its black and

## MANCHESTER

white timbers, pop-bottle windows, and bulging walls, survived while its new steel and concrete neighbours crashed to the ground.

Few people think of Manchester as a port, but a very important one it is. A strange sight indeed to see destroyers in Manchester! But before the war destroyers came along the Ship Canal to pay an annual visit to us. Here mention must be made of Salford, Manchester's twin city, for in Salford are the docks proper. The canal, by this time, has crossed the great aqueduct, a marvel of engineering skill capable of taking three thousand ton ships—yet built during the reign of Queen Victoria! In those days Manchester was in its prime, growing rapidly from a market town to a mighty city. In those days Market Street, then called Market Hill Lane, was, as its name implies, a market. Mosley Street was a fashionable residential area; and

St. Peter's Church stood on the site of the War Memorial. It was here that the "Battle of Peterloo" was fought.

The sett roads puzzle many visitors used to the concrete slabs of other cities. These granite setts are, however, a necessity to the horse-drawn traffic which forms such a feature of Manchester's streets. A few years ago great wagons laden with bulging cotton bales—in a way which would break an M.T.O.'s heart!—rumbled in an endless procession through the streets behind the glistening shire horses. Now, with the decline of the cotton trade and the advent of cheap motor transport, these magnificent beasts are rapidly disappearing.

Ah well . . . Manchester may be outwardly a grim old city, but underneath her coating of smuts she is as cheerful as most. And if London keeps on thinking tomorrow what Manchester thinks today—she will not go far wrong.

### Contributors please note!

THE EDITOR'S life is being rapidly made shorter (stop cheering!) because of the time he has to spend deciphering pencil manuscripts written on, er—well you know. He is also being driven farther and farther around the bend trying to fit odd shaped drawings into the contours of the magazine.

So will you please follow these points as far as you can under the (usually adverse) circumstances.

Contributions should be typewritten and on ONE side of the paper only.

They should be kept as short as possible.

Drawings should be of a size that can conveniently fit into the page proportions.

Send that favourite photograph of yours along to Rogues' Gallery!

## ROGUES' GALLERY



Who's this? Looks like the bloke who's been supplying Hitler with wolfram! Shucks! No! It's Mona Lisa's brother . . . or . . . why, of course! We should have known! It's "Nobby Atkins" himself. Now who can the photographer be who turns a "doggo" stripey into a buster of female hearts? 'Ertcha!



"Ha ha ha-a-a-a. Betcha don't know what I'm laughing at!" Something pretty good, no doubt, but we can guess it, matey. "Avo Rock" Vickers has had a shave with a razor instead of a blowtorch. Right? Sure, we knew it was.

[Note.—If any of the boys in your Unit can show a worse set of gobs than this lot, just send 'em in, together with full details, to the Editor of this mag.]



That's right, Sheba, swat 'em good and hard. The neck of it! Sitting on a lady's lap without so much as "by your leave" and me with nothing on, too! Leave her chin alone, Vic. Can't you see what he's doing, Jim? Anyway, "Buzz," Dick and Henry are content to sit at her feet with the wog.



Cor starve the crows! Dillinger! The Killer of Red Rock! "So Mountie, you thought you could outwit the Lone Wolf, hey? Heh-heh. I reckon it'd take more'n a posse of 40 men to do that." Yep, it's "Commando Joe" himself—lookin' mighty good too!



### Nostalgia

"Though England's very far away,  
My thoughts are ever there.  
I think of all the things I miss,  
Those things that I hold dear.

I long for things peculiar  
To England's Isle alone.  
For English climate, English scenes,  
No other land can own.

I long to ramble over hills,  
Through meadows fresh and green.  
To see the waving, golden corn,  
With poppies in between.

To wander through a country lane,  
Just as the sun sinks low.  
To breathe rain-sweetened air again,  
Pure air, that I miss so.

I miss that cool and shady tree,  
Beside the rippling stream,  
Where, with a book, and well-smoked  
briar,  
I used to laze and dream.

These things I miss, and many more—  
Yet, do I hope in vain,  
That soon—how soon I'd like to know—  
These will be mine again?

G. T. B.

### The Orderly Sergeant

When they're on parade at nine,  
And they're standing there in line,  
And there's only forty-two there when  
there should be forty-three.  
With a grim determined look, I write  
"one absent" in the book,  
And that clears me. . . .

When I've got them on fatigue,  
And they're planning on intrigue,  
To just break off and have a mug of tea,  
With a look that's stern and dirty,  
I write "ten men, ten thirty"  
And that clears me. . . .

When I'm making out the duties,  
The Lance Corporals get some beauties.  
Why the fuss,  
For there's more of them than us?  
And later when they learn,  
That they've done one out of turn,  
I just cross it off the book,  
And that clears me. . . .

The Lance Corporals do Main Guard,  
Piquet and all that's hard,  
But sometimes these duties fall on me;  
But I fiddle that all right.  
For I sleeps right through the night  
But I'm wide awake next morning,  
And that clears me. . . .



When evening shadows fall,  
The job I like best of all,  
Is marking down the blokes out on the spree.  
If after twelve they're still at large,  
I just slap them on a charge,  
And that clears me!

L. M. G.

### Little Poems—4

You who were my lover know  
That I am still your lover now.  
I told the lark that in the sky,  
And asked from him a melody:  
The timid nightingale as well  
Within the covert of his dell,  
To him I told my secret, too,  
And begged him then to sing for you.

So when you hear these summer days  
The little skylark's hymn of praise?  
And when you see these summer nights  
How much the nightingale delights,  
Remember then what I have said—  
My love, it lives: it is not dead:  
Not ever did: nor ever will:  
O praised be God, I love you still!

R. G.

### Drum Up! Drum Up!

(WITH APOLOGIES TO SIR H. NEWBOLT)

There's a weary Troop on the march  
tonight  
Two miles to go and fifteen done.  
On a jungle track with no end in sight,  
We've tramped all day 'neath a blazing  
sun  
And the thought in each head, is not of  
a bed,  
Or a woman, or the foot that is lame,  
But in every mind there's a thought  
unsaid  
Drum up! Drum up! Let's brew again

Into an ambush the Troop has been led,  
Confusion reigned where the box had  
broke,  
The Bren Gun jammed, and the Captain  
dead,  
All hope of salvation gone up in smoke,  
The enemy thrust at our wilting flanks,  
Soon this Troop would go down in  
fame,  
When the voice of a Private rallied the  
Ranks,  
"Let's drum up this scheme its getting  
tame!"

So all you soldiers, young or old,  
Remember the cry when things go  
wrong,  
Shout it out—both loud and bold,  
Or fit the words to a marching song,  
When cares beset you and trouble is rife,  
Forget old mottoes like "Play the  
Game"—  
Make this your slogan throughout your  
life  
"Get out the char bag, and dip it  
again!"

REG. GRAY  
JOCK SOWERY



Sgt. Taylor, Intelligence, please.



Get ready girls . . . here come the landing craft.



## THESE ARE . . .

Asks the R.A.M.C. what they think of "State Medicine."



## . . . OUR PEOPLE

by LEONARD STREET

I CALLED in the other day at 68's Sick Bay to ask the

R.A.M.C. in the Brigade a few questions. Typical of the rest, I found it a pleasant little white-washed red-roofed building, and was duly impressed by the tidy array of clean bottles, and the white trays of shining instruments. "The best equipment, and the best drugs" was the proud remark. "The folks at home need have no fear that their men will not be looked after. Our greatest enemy is dirt. Wherever we go, be it jungle or plain, there always seems to be bags of dust flying about. We spend most of our time spit-and-polishing." "Well, I guess it is worth it," I said. "The chaps always like to see a clean surgery."

Sitting myself down on an efficient looking airborne-type stretcher, I then proceeded to explain the purpose of my visit. Opposite me, on the wall, was a chart showing all the more horrible parts of a poisonous snake, and beside it another illustrating the life-cycle of the mosquito. These R.A.M.C. certainly meant business. "Listen," I said, "I've come to ask you boys what you think of the Government's proposed State Medical Service. Now, don't be shy." But I needn't have added that.

Big sandheaded Cpl. A. H. Scholey, 24, single, from Rotherham, whose naked torso simply bulged with muscles, got speaking at once. "For two and a half years before the war I worked as a male

## THE THIRD JUNGLE BOOK

nurse in mental institutions, so to a certain extent I feel well entitled to answer this. Under the present National Health System, there are a number of small extra charges which the poor man can't afford. He's got to pay sixpence or a shilling out of his own pocket for a certificate when he's not fit to work. Then it isn't always compulsory to join this system, and as a result of that very often a man's wife or children are made to suffer. If the medical profession were conscripted, and our incomes taxed carefully, and the system were made compulsory for everybody, I'm certain it would be a big improvement."

Another redheaded medical orderly then chirped up, L/Cpl. T. H. Herbert, 25, married, from Llanwrtyd (a good man over a mile, I was told). "I worked as a manservant before the war, and having good money was not on the panel. I always have thought however that State medicine would be a good thing. It gives the lower classes a chance to see the best specialists, for the State specialist will just have to be good. What's more the State will have to increase the number and quality of the hospitals to keep up with the increased service. Another thing of value in a State service would be that it would be possible to have more frequent consulting hours. One doctor in a district cannot consult and look after an emergency case at the same time. Nor need any doctor be overworked in such a system—for they would work to a duty roster. It is unfair to expect an overworked underslept

G.P. to do full justice to his weekly labour, yet this just has to be done under the present system. No, I'm for State medicine."

Pte. C. Scott, 30, married with one child, from Glasgow, then put in a word. For the first two years of the war, this enthusiastic little man was in charge of one-third of the A.R.P. services in the city of Glasgow, and he certainly sounded as if he knew what he was talking about! "I'm a wee bit chary of State control for it is bound to destroy initiative, and when that happens the average standard of work is lowered. I am in favour of partial control, however—for all people under a certain income—basing it on the Glasgow Public Health System, which is the only one as far as I know in Britain supplying a 24 hour a day demand. I want this system because some people haven't sufficient income (or sense) to call in a doctor when required. The system of clinics within this public health system moreover is a very fine one, e.g., maternity work, because the specialists in attendance have more knowledge in their special subject than the average G.P. The G.P. would be as necessary in the State scheme, however, as the specialist, and would have a greater chance of specialising himself if thought suitable. People over the fixed-rate income need not be excluded from the State scheme unless they so desire, and doctors need not accept State jobs. But their fees should be fixed (most fairly by the medical profession itself), or there might be a medical black market. It is up to the State to see that the



salaries they offer their doctors are the more attractive."

Diminutive, but wiry, Pte. J. P. Murphy, 26, single, a Liverpool Irishman, then added himself to the discussion. "How can State medicine improve on the present system? I worked in the Liverpool docks before the war, and we paid a penny in the pound. My dockyard doctor, if I'm injured, and my panel doctor, if I take bad, refers me to the best specialists in the local hospital. What more can a man ask? I don't like the sound of this State medicine. You won't be able to turn round, and tell your doctor that he's an old—, and change to another. You won't be able to pick and choose, and all complaints will have to be in writing."

Sgt. G. Notley, 25, single, of Bristol, a visitor from 66, quiet and courteous, then waxed suddenly eloquent. "Well, I'm definitely

for it! If in the so-called "New Britain" we are to have a healthy and virile race the best medical services possible must be made available to all classes. That something has been wrong is proved by the number of men who are called up suffering from diseases they know nothing about. A State Medical Service will ensure this doesn't happen in the future. If we don't get it, part of our recent sacrifices will have been in vain."

In conclusion, I poked my head into the office to see the medical officers. "What do I think of a State Medical Service?" he said, "Well, Mr. Street, if it's anything like the Army then I say to hell with it!"

My good friend's reply left me with the happy feeling that after all the officers and men of the Royal Army Medical Corps are among the most human of our people.

## GEORGE

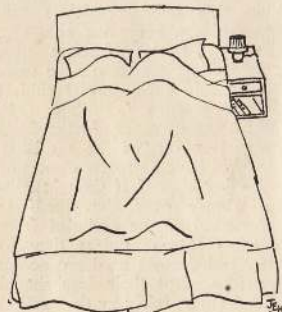
(Continued from page 9)

**What's good for prickly heat?**  
--HEN--, 66

That's easy, Ben, a delicate skin, like ours! Prickly heat thrives on it!

**The last issue of this mag. was a hundred per cent better than the previous two copies. Why don't you keep it that way?**  
--TREE JUNGLE WALLAHS--, 60

Strewth! Smack us in the kisser with a wet whiting! We're not millionaires. The mag. was started from scratch, without much money. Unfortunately, it costs money to have a mag. printed and blocks made from sketches. Then again, if nobody comes up with an article or summat, well, we've just got to fill in the space somehow. If you like the mag, now, try to get a good sale for it and help make it better with every issue.



"Do you know dear . . . I don't think whoever wrote that book had any personal experience. . . ."

# HOW THE MAIL CAME THROUGH

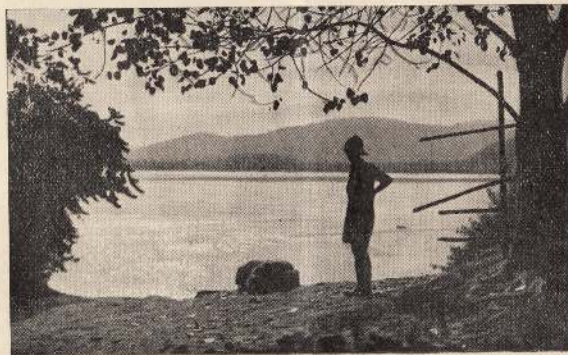
WE were stationed in a small village on a river in the Arakan. From that village to the Field Post Office was a distance of about 2½ miles which had to be undertaken by the best type of boat available.

About 9 a.m., on 3rd April, I made my way to the jetty to see how I could make the journey and found that no transport was available, other than sampan, which means had bored me stiff three or four days beforehand. I noticed a Signals motor boat come into the jetty, but, to my sorrow, I discovered it was not returning to the F.P.O. area until 2 p.m. Just at

that moment my C.O. came on the scene and asked me why I had not gone off for the mail. After I had told him the position, he "persuaded" (by fair means or foul) the N.C.O. in charge of the motor boat to take Gregg, another Post Cpl., and I to the F.P.O.

After disembarking at the recognised place, Gregg and I walked the customary mile to the F.P.O. where 18 sacks of mail awaited Gregg, and I had 20. A truck was obtained to convey the mail to the jetty where we contacted a Movement Control N.C.O., and asked him if he could provide transport for us back to camp. The best he could do for us was a khisti with two wallahs and a chekko for the rudder work.

It was now about 12-30 p.m., and we thought with a stroke of luck we might reach camp shortly after 3 o'clock; that was not to be. We started off with the current against us and after an hour or so we had travelled one mile to the





part of the river where it takes a right angled bend. By this time the wind had risen so now we had to contend with wind and current. After a spell at this bend we realised we were making no headway, so we told the khisti-wallahs to take us to the bank. When we reached the bank Gregg and I disembarked and began pulling the khisti from the edge of the bank by means of a long rope, the wallahs doing their best to prevent its grounding. It was hard going for us as the mud on the bank was knee-deep in parts and we were continually falling either on our faces or on our bottoms.

This continued for about half a mile until we reached a small chaung which I thought would not be any more than waist-deep. I sallied into the water holding on to the rope. I was lucky as I was wearing P.T. shoes so that when I realised that the water was deeper than I had thought, I swam to the other side still holding the rope. Just as I reached the other side I heard a cry of "Help"; on looking round all I could see was a green beret floating in the water and a few seconds later Gregg's head appeared above the water, apparently his boots were weighing rather heavily with him. One of the wallahs jumped out of the boat and assisted him to the bank.

After a short rest, feeling utterly miserable, we continued on our way in the same manner as our khisti-wallahs still could not combat the wind and current. This carried on until we reached the open river. We told the wallahs to take us

across the river so that if necessary we could repeat the procedure. They managed about ten yards, then decided they could do no more and so they dropped anchor. They were prepared to wait until the tide had turned; we were not, as it was approaching dusk and, in addition to feeling miserable, we were feeling as if a good dinner would not be unwelcome, our last meal being at 7-30 a.m. Moreover, we had to remember that "full anti-malarial precautions must always be carried out." We weighed anchor and after much good work on Gregg's part (being a Marine unlike me), we reached the other side of the river. We dropped anchor as we had decided that a swim might ease our feelings. After ten minutes' relaxation we prepared to set off once more.

The wallahs started off, this time at the remarkable speed of about half a mile per hour. I began to wonder what I had ever done to deserve this day's work, for at that rate it would have been after 9 p.m. before we reached camp. Naturally, all the time we had been on the look-out for larger craft going towards camp, but now we had the pleasure of seeing a L.C.(T.) approaching us. Both Gregg and I scrambled to the topmost part of the khisti, shouting and waving our berets. Fortunately, we were spotted and after some manipulation by the burra-khisti-wallah we were able to scramble on board the L.C.(T.), and then had the khisti towed to camp. We arrived in camp about 7-30 p.m. Often I had run down or moaned about conditions

(Continued on page 35)



## The Common Commando

(or Amphibious Tuffus)

by DIK

LAST month we promised you an article on Vipers. But, having now sworn to drink only Nimbopani, our preoccupation with multi-coloured snakes has departed and instead we introduce a new series on Army Animals and Service Serpents.

Our first subject, the Common Commando, may usually be found near the sea. It is quite at home in the water where it puffs and grunts a good deal and occasionally gives vent to a strangled cry something like "Getcha footouta myface."

The Amphibious Tuffus, as the Ancient Romans laughingly called

this engaging creature, is commonly a brown job in European areas. In the East however he takes on an exotic green tinge, with some occasional flesh-coloured areas covered with red spots. The bright green poll, a noticeable characteristic of the European type, is, in India, replaced by a larger brown poll which retains only a band of green. This is known as a Pugri Tropicalis.

Reactions to the Common Commando vary considerably. In the U.K. it is known as a gentle animal only occasionally roused to

(Continued on page 25)



RKO

JOYCE COMPTON

*Eye appeal . . .*



COLUMBIA

IRIS MEREDITH

*. . . so do I!*



# PARTY CONVERSATION

(From a Safe H.Q.)

by BERTIE SMITH

"JACK says that the recent stores fires are the result of certain individuals intent on getting back to England for the second front."

"What are we on for dinner?"  
"Soup, roast duck, roast potatoes, green peas, and pineapple and banana salad."

"Sounds quite filling for a change."

"Is the fly-proof lav. ready yet?"

"Hardly. Difficulties have arisen as to whether the Combined Ops sign should be painted on the top of the lid or underneath."

"Jack says that as they haven't any G 1098 a certain Cdo must be going back to England for the second front."

"I think we should have a darts match—Officers 'B' versus Seniors 'A'."

"These natives like us you know."

"Has anyone heard the news?"  
"Here's the latest from Calcutta—'Mission Successful'."

"Personally I'm quite content to stay here for six months."

"Jack says a certain Cdo is on his way back to England for the second front."

"Don't we ever get anything different for dinner?"

"It's the second time this week we've had duck."

"Are you sure we are drawing our full rations?"

"I think the Japs will get Kohima yet."

"How many S.E.A.C.'s have we had today? Surely there should be sufficient for each of us to have a copy."

"I've never found anything so uncomfortable as a tent to sleep in."

"Jack says that the recent personnel discharged from units are neither unfit nor over age, but have been sent back to England to set up an Adv. H.Q. for the second front."

"The mud around this place is simply appalling, somebody should do something about it."

"There go the lights again. Damn this confounded electric system."

"Try tapping the bulb."

"Don't offer idiotic suggestions."

"Who fired that shot?"

"It wasn't me."

"This duck does taste peculiar."

"My dear fellow, don't complain, after all being on short rations is a cross we all have to bear."



"The only entertainment we get here is splashing the natives as we drive past."

"Jack says that an advanced H.Q. has been set up in England, and that we shall be back there within the next two months for the second front."

"What about a spot of fishing tomorrow?"

"Fishing always brings back unpleasant memories to me. I remember saying last time that if I wasn't so busy I'd take off my tunic and damned well —!"

"Yes, but what stopped you old chap?"

"I absolutely refuse to eat any more of this animal-infested bread."

"Jack says he knows who possesses the three best —!"

"Yes! Go on old man."

"Who are the other two?"

"Jack says that if you get malaria fourteen times, you will be sent back to England in time for the second front."

"I'm looking forward to those 25 bags of mail tomorrow."

"Me too."

"Well, duty tomorrow, another busy day. Good night to you."

"Good night old man."

## The Common Commando

(Continued from page 21)

anger. But in certain European countries, and in Japan, it is looked upon with horror and loathing, not unmixed with a certain fear. Why these reactions are so different there is not here room to explain.

Other characteristics of the Common Commando are its great thirst and capacity for liquid foods, and its enthusiasm for long journeys on its flappers, which are known as *ganneting tentacles*.

These characteristics are all shared by the two subdivisions of the species, namely the *Roilmarinus* and the *Armitipe*. There is little difference between the two types as far as the casual observer is

concerned, although each is inclined to think itself better than the other. Although a certain amount of *Lineshootin'*, as it is called, goes on between them they invariably turn a united front to members of any other species.

In conclusion it may be said that the Common Commando has been found particularly useful in the extermination of various types of vermin, notably the *Wehrmachtus Nazis* (or *Germanicus Horribilis*) and the Common Yellow Slug (or *Japanicus Unmentionabilis*).

Next month: The Lesser Striped Lancejack (or *Harfa Corpralis*).

A NEWSPAPER report says that in a London cinema loudspeakers are being placed all over the auditorium.

In the "Crown" they usually sit just behind us.

TALKING of the "Crown" ... the rumour that white women have been going there lately has been traced to the management who were hoping to build up trade.



“Y’E’LL no ken the crazylike sorta fella Danny M’Gonagle wis whin he wis at the Uny,” said little Jock, spitting on a glass, and putting a shine on it with his apron. “Ye’ll can see him noo in his big Rolls, flash ye ken, drivin’ tae the Western Infirmary, Mister M’Gonagle, the Surgin, black coat an’ pinstrippit troosers an’ a’. Ye’d think he wis a cleric sac holy-wullie he looks—but at the Uny (‘Vaarsity’ the boys ca’ hit noo), at the ‘Vaarsity’ he wis a real Glesca keelie, wis Danny. Took a bit o’ the booze, ye know,” went on Jock, setting the glass, last of its kind, in its appropriate place. “But efter a’ whit student hisnae? An’ ony way a coupla shandies wis enoof tae mak him as drunk as a sojer boy back frae the war. On a Saturday nicht he’d try tae tak the breeks aff the fust hieghlandmun he saw! He wis aye a funny bit boy wis Danny. Usit tae bring bits o’ deid bodies oot o’ the anatomy laboratories, an’ sling ‘em on the counter here—a fin’er, or an ear, or an nose—an’ then he’d lauch fit tae bust.

But Danny wis nae fool. He wis aye a guid scholar, an’ he won the Brunton Gowd Medalion fer Surgery afore he feenished, aye he did. In fact they say he’ll be the next perfessor if he gangs on the way he’s doin’. Whit sobered him up maist o’ a’, on coorse, wis whin he burnd doon the auld Queen’s Theatre in Exchange Square. Ye didnae ken there wis a theater there, did ye noo? Aye, but ye’re just a bit laddie. Ye’re ower young. But there wis, a’ the same—until Danny M’Gonagle got his haun’s

## DANNY and DELYSIA

by

on a lassie they cried Delysia Adams!

Delysia wis a hot tattie an’ nae mistake! She hid legs that the Moderator said a prayer aboot, an’ her curves—weel, ye’re ower young. But tak it frae me, laddie, she wis a smasher; an’ whit’s mair she cid sing an’ dae they monologues, a’ aboot deid lassies risin’ frae their graves, an’ wee lassies havin’ fates wor than death, till the boys wis blowin’ their noses a’ ower the pit. An’, by hokey, the boys wis in the pit a’ richt, AN’ the stalls, AN’ the foteles, AN’ the galleries! Eighty-five per cent. o’ the audience wis boys frae the Uny, they said—an’ they hid tae hiv twa big fat beefy commissionaires fer tae regulate the traffic at the stage doors efter the show. Weel, up tae this time, Danny hid never been much o’ a ladies man, but he got pusht in tae the auld Queen’s one nicht, by mistake like, verra pissed up he wis, an’ hing oot a boax like a cod wi’ his heid ower a fishmonger’s slab.



way fer the *Evenin’ Mirror!* an’ pullin’ her efter him.

Delysia wis no verra pleased, ye micht ken, when she fund oot he wisnae a reporter efter a’, but he wis a nice lookin’ laddie wi’ a broad grin, an’ sae she ca’d him an impident divil, an’ agreed tae hiv a bite wi’ him efter a’. The funny thing wis Danny wrote hit a’ doon the day efter an’ got three guineas frae the *Evenin’ Mirror* fer it, an’ he wrocht it sae favourable-like that Delysia wis tickled tae death, an’ agreed tae gang oot wi’ him next Sunday.

Ah weel, older men than Danny M’Gonagle hid fa’en ier Delysia, an’ when the moon shone doon the hill thro the bonnie birk trees on the Cathkin Braes, Danny fergot hissel, an’ takin’ her intae his arms kissit her until the coos cam hame. At least he kissit her until the next Sunday an’ then he got a clep on the heid, an’ wis paid aff! That wis aye the lassie’s wye, ye ken.

Maist young men wid hiv taken an awfae togs at this, but then Danny wis oot o’ the usual run in young men. He hid spirit, an’ he hid brains. The first he got frae his Irish paw, an’ the second frae his canny Scottish maw. The result wis that he said ‘Damn me, but I’ll no get the push frae a lassie like that fer nothin.’ So he wis hit her a’ the best wi’ her next luv, a big golfin’ body frae Kellermont, an’ then walkit aff as cool as a cucumber. I tell ye Delysia wisnae used tae boys like that, an’ as she watched him go she felt gey queer. . . .

‘Purple Primroses’ (that wis whit the show wis cried) hid

PIZI

But he wisnae sae drucken but he got a guid look at Delysia, an’ efter that he left the bottle alone, an’ joined the boys in the front stalls Fridays an’ Saturdays reglar—fer he warked verra conscienshus like ither days. . . .

Noo, this Delysia Adams didnae hiv long legs fer nothin’, an’ she usit tae bob oot wi’ yin fella efter anither. In fact whit she didnae ken aboot men wisnae warth a penny. It wisnae like Danny, hoover, tae be doonherted by a thing like that. In these days he hid nice curly broon hair, an’ shiny teeth, an’ he soon got weavin’, as they say. ‘You are the man,’ says Delysia hotty-totty-like, ‘who hung out the box last week, and was sick, are you not?’ But Danny wisnae pit aff by that. Jabbin a wee fat fella, who wis Sir Robert something or other in the belly, he took the dame oot in a taxi simply by bawin oot ‘Make way fer the *Evenin’ Mirror!* Make



## THE THIRD JUNGLE BOOK

entered its last glorious week whin suddenly in the personal columns of the *Evenin' Mirror* a maist interestin' para wis intercluded. It said 'My darling, please forgive me. I know now you are the one I really love. Please come back, Saturday night. Delysia.' An' believe me, there wisnae twa lassies cried Delysia in Glesca!

Weel, Saturday nicht's hoose at the auld Queen's wis a crush an' no mistake. The manager I think kent there wis something in the air fer there wis quite a few bobbies bobbin' aboot, an' the twa commissionairies hid a big bashit faced chap as a rainyforcement. Delysia wis real bonnie that nicht, an' the swing of her long legs brocht a lump intae the boys' thrapples—but she lookit real nervy. AN' nae wunner, fer efter the last bucky hid been pushed up whit a crood gaithered backstage. The big gollin' body wis tryin' fer tae force his wye past the chuckers-oot, an' the wee Sir Robert body wis arguin' the toss wi' a big Sir Robert body. Ye've never seen sick a crood. There wis retired Colonels frae Colintraive, an' long haired arty boys frae Ardlui. There wis a priest frae Manchester, an' a wheen jewboys frae Newcastle an' Leeds; meenisters, lawyers, doctors, stock brokers, commercial travellers, professional boxers, all-in-wrastlers—an' a jockey; big business men, wee business men, men frae every part o' the U.K. intercludin' a guid few wha hid flown special like ower frae Paris—gosh, whit a strummach!

Somebody, an' despite whit he says I think it wis Danny, then began the cry 'It's a jape. We've been HAD—an' then a chuckle went thro a winder. They were aff.

In nae time at a' the commissionaires wis flat on the grun, altho not afore big 'bashit-face' hid pit his haun doon the gollin' body's thrapple an' twisted his tonsils, an' then they wis tryin' fer tae push the doors in. They set fire tae the auld Queen's that nicht, did Delysia's auld flames, an' a bonnie fire it wis tae. In the middle o't a', hooever, Danny M'Gonagle walks intae the auditorium where Delysia an' the manager an' the rest wis cryin' their eyes oot on the floor. 'It's that blasted advert in the *Evenin' Mirror* whit's done this' cried somebody. 'Wait till I get the wha pit it in' cries Delysia stampin' her little feet on the grun. But naebody paid any heed, fer at that moment a terrific explosion frae the boilers shook the whole building. 'O Danny, Danny' cries Delysia, seein' him stann there as cool as a cucumber, the only man in the place. 'What will we do? What will we do, Danny?' Danny came ower, an' takin' her by the showders stared fiercely into her face. 'I'll get ye out' he said, 'I've got a car in the lane at the side. It's a pity yer other lovers hivnae got a brain atween them.' 'O Danny' sobs Delysia on his kist (an' this time she wisnae actin'), 'get me oot o' here, an' I'll dae anything ye say.' So he took her oot, an' they got merri. Honest. Weel, whit'll ye hiv?

## The Padres' Column

"CAST your burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee." That is a wonderfully comforting sentence. All the more so when there are so many witnesses. What was it, think you, sustained Peter, big, bluff, energetic tough Peter, to become the meek and sincere minister of God? What supported him, moreover, when his life was in danger, and they led him away to crucify him? Yes, it was the courage of God. And we need that courage, not just for the battlefield, but to help us live the monotonous everyday life we are living most of us now. I had a letter from the Burma front, which said "After our first casualties,

more of us became Christians than you would have ever dreamed!" At first sight, that seemed a very poor effort—only to cast your burden on the Lord when death is staring you in the face! But I don't think so. It is rather evidence of something that is unseen—unseen even to us—that deep in our hearts we know there is a soul, strange and beyond our understanding and craving for power to achieve goodness! Stripped of every superficiality on the field of battle, God is only too happy to find you turning in a last resort to Him. It is much much harder for those who are stuck back in the rear, browned off to the world, to find a faith in the promises of Jesus Christ, however. We very soon find our hearts filled with dirt and despair. Will you cast that burden on the Lord, then? Peter did, and it made all the difference to his happiness during training. Then when he went up into the front, he didn't waver.

### TEN-SECOND TEASERS

1.—Site of ruined city in Turkey; rendered famous by "Iliad" of Homer?

2.—Seaport in England; name of U.S.A. statesman; part of ship?

3.—River in Wales; lake too; supplies Liverpool with water?

4.—Cereal allied to wheat; kind of grass; variety of bread?

5.—Kind of leaf; sort of ware; variety of bath?

6.—Contest; exercise; pageant?

7.—Robber on sea; marauder; one who infringes copyright?

8.—Nothing; nobody; three letters?

9.—Unbending; inflexible; ten letters?

10.—Mentally weak; half-witted; stupid; eight letters?

11.—Writing or speech in praise of person; six letters?

12.—Inclination; slope; gradual descent of ground; nine letters?

(For answers see page 31)

THIS day Hon. Lieut. Myasaki saying unto me "You taking my pants and washing same this instants, or even quicker. Start weaving, thou image of laziness." I thinking "Even so, Hon. Myasaki, this humble person knowing full well it is not disastrous jungle sickness that causing hon. pants to require washing. It is but advent of cursed Commandos in neighbourhoods—they causing Hon. Myasaki great distressfulness." Outwardly, I answering in humble tones and proceeding with pants to chaung. This is most distasteful job, but presently I finishing, and hanging hon. pants up on bush for purpose of dryfulness.

"Now," I meditating, "if damned Commandos attacking this position, what of Hon. Myasaki's pants?" This giving me foods for thought. Therefore, according to hon. training, I treating situation according to hon. military manners, thusly: Hon. Object: To protecting Hon. Myasaki's pants.

Hon. Factors to asserting malignant or benign influence on situation:

1. *Enemies*: So detestable Commandos. Strength: Possibles up to twenty mens. (They being armed with rifles, tommyson auto-

matics guns, pistols and light-automatics.)

2. *Owens Troops*: Hon. I, Strength: One. (Me being armed with one rifles and bayonet.)

*Conclusions*: Situations if attacked not very propitious for this humble person.

3. Disposals of troops:

*Enemies*: Not knowing whereabouts of they.

*Owens Troops*: Beneath biggish bush (with hon. sitting portion on a thorns, but I feeling too lazy to removing) and within 15 yards of Hon. Myasaki's pants. I am long ways from home base.

*Conclusions*: This humble person having to run like anything if attacked.

4. Hon. Morale: *They*:

Not knowing, but not equals to a son of Nippon.

I: Uncertain, like unto parson's egg.

*Conclusions*: Not mattering a damns anyway.

5. Communications: By hon. runner (same being this humble persons).

*Conclusions*: I not wanting to communicating anyways.

6. Food and Water: ONE rice balls this A.M.s. Water, bloody awfuls.



*Conclusions*: This persons inner man's needing additional sustenances pretty soon.

Hon. Courses Open to:

1. *Enemies*: (a) To coming up chaung from south and snatching pants before I fully comprehending. (b) To sneaking up to hill on east side of chaung and filling pants full with holes from close range.

2. *Owens Troops*: (a) I snatching pants and running "like anythings for home base. (b) I snatching pants and jumping in chaung. (c) I snatching sweet fanny adams and saving own skins. (d) I defending pants to last round and last man (same being hon. I).

Hon. Plans:

1. If I seeing enemies first, I taking pants and running for home.

2. If they seeing me first, I having batted anyways.

3. If I getting away and having to leaving pants to enemies, I telling Hon. Lieut. Myasaki I losing same in chaung whiles washing.

4. If enemies filling pants full with holes from distance, I lying low and finally taking same back as hon. evidence of so courageous fight I putting up.

Having prepared self thusly for unpropitious and surpriseful eventualities, I falling fast to sleep, and waking later to finding Hon. Myasaki's pants full with dryfulness. Therefore, taking same, I wending way homside rejoicefully, thanking Hon. Ancestors for guarding this so righteous son of Nippon. This concluding diary for this month.

## SPORTS QUIZ ANSWERS

(See page 5)

- (1) Jim Brady.
- (2) Henry Armstrong.
- (3) Brady v. Paterson (one fight).
- (4) Gordon Richards.
- (5) Blue Peter.
- (6) Portsmouth.
- (7) 1923.
- (8) Cardiff City.
- (9) Queens Park.
- (10) L. Hutton, score 364.
- (11) H. Verity.

## ANSWERS TO TEASERS

(See page 29)

1. Troy: 2. Hull: 3. Vyrnwy: 4. Rye: 5. Silver: 6. Tournament: 7. Pirate: 8. Nix: 9. Inexorable: 10. Imbecile: 11. Eulogy: 12. Declivity.

## NICKNAMES

Here are nicknames, can you tell their proper ones?

- |                 |                  |
|-----------------|------------------|
| (1) Bees.       | (8) Gunners.     |
| (2) Hatters.    | (9) Hammers.     |
| (3) Trotters.   | (10) Lions.      |
| (4) Seasideers. | (11) Lilywhites. |
| (5) Thrustles.  | (12) Fishermen.  |
| (6) Jags.       | (13) Cobblers.   |
| (7) Toffees.    | (14) Rams.       |

(For answers see page 35)





LAST month the main topic was leave and we hope you all enjoyed it. For some, it brings back pleasant memories of previous leaves at home, but a few others remember some queer or riotous leaves abroad. For instance, there was the commando who was flown to Canada by a friend in the air-ferry service. He spent his leave with an uncle who had a pretty big ranch—sheep, fruit, truck gardening and all that kind of stuff. Well, not wanting to waste his time, and knowing a bit about sheep—having bought some lamb chops once—he offered to relieve a shepherd while he went into town for a drink or two. “You gotta be pretty spry on this job, son” said the shepherd before he left—“but I’ll be back afore dark to git them sheep in the pens, don’t worry.” So off went

the shepherd on his way rejoicing, and the commando was left in sole command. Howsoever, the old-timer stopped in town longer than he had intended and came back in the moonlight all het-up with anxiety. What was his astonishment, however, to find all the sheep safely in the pens and a dripping commando (sweat—not the usual drip) grinning from ear to ear. “Well, I’ll be gar-damned!” exclaimed the old man. “How’d you manage that?” “Easy” said Bill, “but I must admit the lambs made me sweat a bit.” “Lambs, what lambs? this ain’t lambin’ season,” snorted the shepherd. “Come and look” said Bill, “there’s nearly a hundred in this pen, count ‘em.” The old-timer took a good look, then turned to Bill. “Feller,” he said slowly, “I’ll tell the world you’re spry, them ‘lambs’ is jack-rabbits.”

BUDGET TROUBLE

PLATONIC

The worst of leave is the way it runs away with money, as Mose Franklyn discovered when he went home for a week’s leave. When the local preacher asked him to subscribe to the organ fund, he felt things were going a bit too far. “Yo’ reverence” he said, “all ah got is debts, debts, debts, ever since ah come on leave.” “Mose” said the preacher, sternly, “yo’all owes de good Lawd plenty.” “Yassuh,” answered Mose quickly, “but de good Lawd don’t press me like ma other creditors does.”

Talking about bills, here’s an unfortunate case—

*An R.Q.M.S. from Manchester,  
met Blondes, Smashing, One,  
Title, Hester,*

*Now it’s Bills, Weekly, Twenty,  
and Kids, R.Q.s, Plenty—*

*He wishes he hadn’t caressed ‘er.*

—And here’s a touching little rhyme that will remind you of home and the joys of home life:

*“Go quietly, and just take a peep  
at our ‘baby,” said Mrs. Joe  
Heep.*

*—An hour went past, and  
his missus at last*

*Found the nipper had sung  
him to sleep.*

That reminds us of the young courting couple who fell out over some trivial matter. The young man had to call on the girl’s father in the course of his business, and was a bit taken aback when the girl herself came to the door. Recovering himself quickly, he put on a very distant manner and asked “Is Mr. Smith in, please?” “No,” she answered with equal politeness, “he’s out at the moment.” Then, as the young man turned to go—“Who shall I say called?” No doubt he had good cause to get a drip on over that remark—but anyway, it’s surprising how one thing leads to another. A simple thing like a kitchen table can lead to a lot of surprising things, I’rinstance—There was a young fellow who landed in a field with only a table-cloth for a parachute. Naturally the local constable wanted to know all about it—where he came from, why the table-cloth, etc., so young



*Baby puts dad to sleep.*

Wilbur started to enlighten the onlookers. “It happened this way,” he said. “The Wright brothers claimed that even a table could be made to fly if you powered

it sufficiently, so we screwed a motor bike engine to the kitchen table and fixed a prop to it." "But what about this yer table-cloth?" interrupted the limb of the law. "I'm coming to that" said Wilbur calmly. "Now, as I was saying, we fitted a prop and put wheels on the table legs, but the power wasn't great enough, and although she went all right on the flat, she wouldn't take off, so we fixed up a small airplane engine and sure enough the table became airborne—" "But wot abaht this yer blinkin' table-cloth and you landin' with it?" persisted the copper. "Don't get excited, I'm leading up to that" said Wilbur. "Well, we cruised about a bit and, as luck would have it, ran into a flock of migrating ducks. The feathers flew all ways and two ducks got wedged in the engine and started cooking. We found a pound of lard and some pepper and salt in the table drawer, so we basted the ducks and when they were nicely browned—" "BUT WOT ABOUT THE RUDDY TABLE-CLOTH?" howled the bluebottle. "Tsk! tsk! constable—please be patient" said Wilbur. "As I was saying, we also found the table-cloth and knives and forks in the drawer, so we laid the table and set about the ducks. I ate so much, I am ashamed to relate, that I belched, and father told me to leave the table. Not thinking where I was, I stepped back and just had time to grab the table-cloth as I fell—and here I am."

## BUS-T.

Sounds a bit screwy to us, but we've got an even screwier yarn for next month. Perhaps some of you London lags (mis-print, should be lads) remember Ike Rosenbloom wot uster run the Quick-slip-on-collar-cum-bow-tie stand down Caledonian Market? The other day he was seen standing at the bus stop. He had a dazed look in his eyes, and was fumbling aimlessly at his pockets. Well, the relieving bus conductor and his driver came up, and asked what was the trouble. "You look as if you'd lost your wallet" says Tom Davies, the conductor. "Oi, oi, I *have* lost mine vallet, Oi, Oi, Oi," moans Ike. "Have you looked in all your pockets?" the driver wants to know. "Yes, yes, I've looked everywhere" says Ike—then adds in a faint voice, "except in my inside vaistcoat pocket." "Well, why don't you look in there?" says Tom in astonishment. "Because—" mutters Ike slowly, "because—If I look in that pocket and it ain't there—I'll—drop—dead!!"

And to round off this month's box, here are three touching little rhymes that will bring tears to your eyes. They concern a couple of army commandos and a Bootneck, and present touching testimony of "Love at first sight," "Vain regrets," and "Reincarnation."

1. "A laddie frae auld glasgie toon  
Wis afeared he was gangin tae  
droom,  
But a mermaid swam by,  
And catchit his eye—  
So he let the air oot and went  
doon."



"Corpse" comes to life.

2. Dai Williams from Bettys-co-ed,  
Was struck by a "corpse" on  
the head.  
But look you whateffer  
The book tells you neffer  
To trust a "dead" Jap till he's  
dead.



Dead Bootneck.

3. A Bootneck from near Ilfracoombe,  
Went down with his ship to his  
doom.  
"But doant 'ee fret sur,"  
"That boy ain't gone fur—"  
"He's thur, side his mates, on  
the boom."

## How the Mail Came Through

(Continued from page 20)

in our camp, but I must say I was really glad to be back there that night. I don't think I even assisted in sorting the mail as there were many willing hands considering this was the first decent mail for six weeks. My toils were not in vain as I was rewarded with quite a number of letters.

M. W. McP., 67

## NICKNAME ANSWERS

(See page 31)

- (1) Brentford.
- (2) Luton.
- (3) Bolton.
- (4) Blackpool.
- (5) West Bromwich Albion.
- (6) Partick Thistle.
- (7) Everton.
- (8) Arsenal.
- (9) West Ham United.
- (10) Millwall.
- (11) Swansea Town.
- (12) Grimsby.
- (13) Northampton.
- (14) Derby City.





**N**O doubt, when the Brigade Commander visited Rear Headquarters, he told you all where we were, and what we had been doing up to that time. Perhaps I can now fill in some of the little gaps.

Life has not been a bed of roses, but it has had its moments. Football has played a large part in passing away our leisure hours, and at one period we very nearly "took the field" with a rugby team. Unfortunately, sufficient players were not forthcoming—perhaps this isn't surprising after we saw Officers and Other Ranks of 69 engaged in a "bloody"—and muddy—battle. However, one day we may be able to muster a team.

Brigade H.Q. football team, comprised of men from Sigs, Engineers, and the remaining portion of H.Q., has been busy collecting wins. In one match against the R.A.F. they won 7-1; against the Officers and S.N.C.O.s on two occasions, they won 7-2 and 6-1 respectively. Capt. C. C. Scarth by the way has scored two goals! Perhaps the Officers and S.N.C.O.s would do well to take a tip from the natives, and play bare footed. The results may then be different!

Entertainment has not been entirely lacking from the variety side either.

Elsie and Doris Waters paid us a visit, and gave a delightful show. Pass the punchbowl!

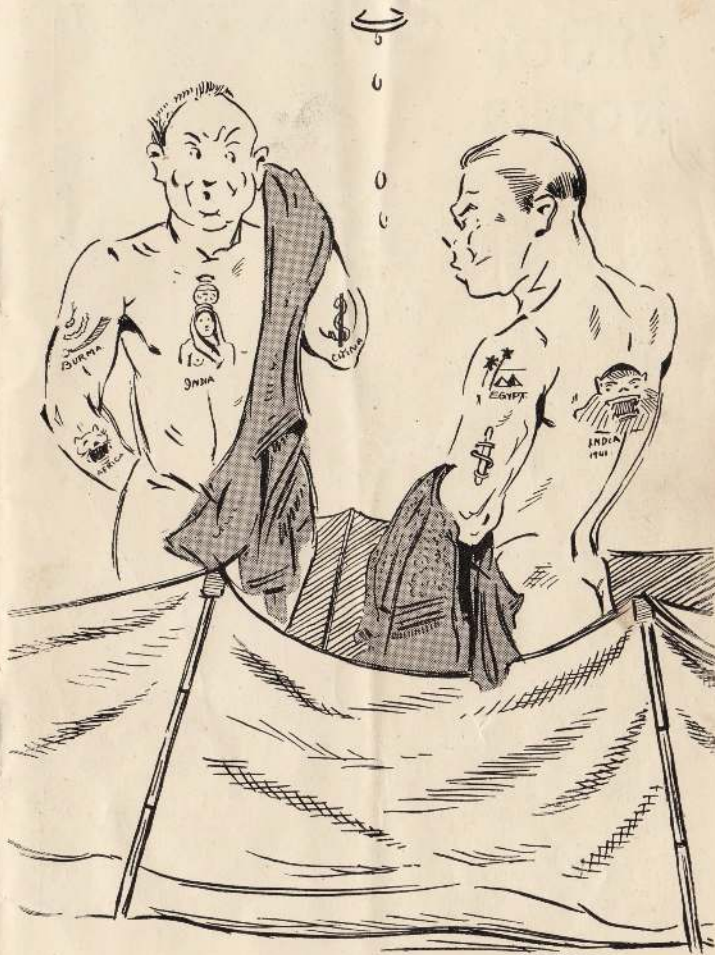
Pictures of a sort are close at hand, and many's the chip that has been spent there. Still, if it hadn't been for this small cinema, life would have been very dull.

It is the usual thing to mention promotions, etc., in this type of article, so we would like to join with you at Rear H.Q. in congratulating C.S.M. Pegler on his well-earned promotion. A bit late, Johnny, but better late than never. And now it's your turn to join with us in congratulations to Sgt. Arthur Leary on his elevation to the "stripes" mess.

We were all very sorry to hear that Capt. Pammenter (Theek Hai) had gone into hospital. Here's wishing you the best from all at H.Q.! May you soon be fit and well again!

Well, I hope that this small contribution will bring us yet another step closer together, and that it will provide a little interest for other readers of the third Jungle Book. Sorry, I can't tell you more!

Cheerio for this month from Advanced Brigade H.Q.



*Memories of the past.*



# TROOP NOTES

## 1 TROOP

**OPINION**—The Brig's speech proved quite entertaining (quite apart from the fact that he suffers from prickly heat!). But I wonder why we all stopped breathing when he mentioned our destination!

**FLASH**—We regret to announce that Mr. Davidson has been admitted to hospital. Rumour has it that he has gone there out of his turn!

**HIGHLIGHT**—Welcome back to T.S.M. Redman. He still looks a trifle pale but a few weeks at "Cocanada Spa" will fix him up again—with prickly heat.

**HATS OFF TO**—Pte. Cross—or rather to the stork. Baby boy born on March 13, 1944. Good luck Crossy and let's hope he hasn't started work before you get home.

**STAGE**—Preparations for the Troop Concert are now in full swing. Judging from the rehearsals it should be pretty original. Your old friend Fitzgerald of "Royal Oak" fame together with Sgt. Payne (Steeple Bumpstead's own) will be there to entertain you. Look out for temperamental J. Sowery who might condescend to perform if his Charpoy Drill is not interfered with.

**TRAVEL**—Leave at last, eh boys—here's fourteen days—go where you like—do what you like—forget you were ever in the army! What price Mr. Morrison's stay at home holidays now!

**SPORT**—Our sojourn in the jungle has justified itself if only because no one in the Troop is "Rusty" in his swimming. Take it like a man Rust. Which reminds me 68 still talk of that boy Roberts with bated breath. The Troop swimming team is now a formidable one especially with our new acquisition L/Cpl. Taylor. Heaven help the Troop that has the audacity to challenge us.



*Some of 1 Troop in the Jungle*

*Back row, left to right:*

*L/Cpl. Gamble, Privates Segger and Peachy.*

*Front row:*

*Privates Sowery and Fitzgerald.*

## 2 TROOP

What with keeping the wheels turning and sharpening the fighting knives there has been no time for social indulgence. Maybe next month will see a wad of maybes and scandal. So look out for the next copy.

## 3 TROOP

**POLITICS**—Our political genius Lance Bombardier Drury is observed to be a regular attendant of the 2130 News Session. He reports that Allied progress on all fronts is satisfactory and meets with his complete approval.

**STALK ACTIVITIES**—Both Cpl. Roberts and Cpl. Edmans have been seen knocking back the odd mug of char—celebrating the arrival of two more reinforcements for the Commando. It is hoped that the offsprings will be earning enough to join the benevolent fund so that their fathers' old age will be a comfortable one.

## THE THIRD JUNGLE BOOK

**SPORT**—Our old rivals 6 Troop played us at soccer the other day. We were leading 1 to 0 but half-way through the ball burst and 6 Troop was saved from inevitable defeat.

## 4 TROOP

**SPORT**—After severe struggles the Troop cricket team made the final of the knock-out competition. Our opponents were the Officers. The Officers' bowling was poor stuff which was hit at will. A good all-round display by Cpl. Kirkham was the one and only redeeming feature of the match.

**STAGE**—The concert put on by 4 Troop a few weeks ago was a splendid performance. I think the turn which made the show a success was the fine display by Mewitt, our budding wrestler, and Sgt. Jackson, the renowned boxer. It seems there was a slight argument between the two contestants as to who would be the most efficient in a rough house. I think Mewitt proved the point although Jackson was a tough proposition. This unique display of Boxer v. Wrestler was a great novelty.

L/Cpl. Lloyd's rendering of Star Dust would have made Bing green with envy, and whimsical Joe Smith and his Gang were good because their jokes were new and well placed. "Pongo" that mad "Tarzan" with his weird yells and body display would have made Dorothy Lamour quake in her shoes. C.S.M.I. Brown's Max Bacon act on the lil Commandments was top notch. Finally, Freddy Whitten tinkled the ivories in his inimitable way—and did that community singing hum! The show ended with a speech by the C.O. who was impressed enough to give us the next morning off.

## 5 TROOP

We don't want every Troop's notes to be one long moan about the country was what the S.E.N.O.C. (Sub. Eds. No. 1 Commando) told us when they were putting us in the picture about the new form of the third J.B. This fairly limits the field for the writer of these notes. However, here goes a few items.

**FLASH**—Sympathy to that certain member of 5 Troop for his recent injury.

We would point out the dangers of surf riding on an improvised board.

**SPORT**—Nothing much to report. The weather has been so hot that few games have been played. Sea bathing has been popular. We are looking forward to the long postponed athletic match with "A" Troop of 68.

**STAGE**—What about 5 Troop's Concert Party getting going? 4 Troop's was excellent. So let us try our hand at it soon.

**LEAVE**—Heard in the black-out "... 72 chips in credit and a fortnight in Bombay to do." Stone me blind. There should be some good stories on this subject soon.

**TRAINING**—5 Troop's Secret Weapon—a horizontal charpoy which is operated from the lying position and well concealed.

## 6 TROOP

Congratulations to L/Sgt. Morris and Cpl. Cook on the birth of a son in each case. All's well.

One of the Troop's proud beasts is "the right man in the right place." An excellent example of this is to be found in No. 2 Cookhouse in the form of Trooper Williams "Royal Armoured Corps" going into the attack on a varied array of cans with the ever popular tin opener.

The fact that Sgt. Westley's wife has moved to a larger house on his promotion to Full Serjt. is now said to deter this worthy N.C.O. from mentioning the imelight of Acting R.S.M. in order to prevent negotiations on the part of his wife with the view to a Castle in England.

## HEADQUARTERS

"Good Old H.Q."

The Brains Department Boo!! Boo!!

Well, I wonder if we can make H.Q. notes, interesting enough for those awful men to buy it; judging from previous sales it has to be mighty interesting before they will forfeit the price



of half a measly cup of char—poor show, chaps. Ah, well, here's hoping sales rise in H.Q. a 100 per cent. on the next issue.

Naturally everyone does more than their share in H.Q. (loud Cat-calls from all Troops) so we don't get a great deal of time to proceed to that glorious holiday resort nearby. (Did I hear someone say it was a . . . awful place?—dear, dear!)

Individually there is not a great deal of news this month, but I feel we cannot let this go by without congratulating Bombardier M. Williams on becoming a Daddy. One look at him makes one wonder how he managed it, but there it is, chaps, a bonny "daughter" arrived and believe me has put new life into his father's many arguments. (Who said Gummer argues?)

Another bright occasion was the return of our distinguished "Snake Charmer" (Sgt. Hustwick) from hospital where I believe from reliable reports from the Padre he had his tonsils out!!!! However, he is now well back on top of his form killing the camp's troublesome reptiles right and left and we feel much safer again.

Pte. Britnell, Allen of the Medical Section, L/Cpl. Smith of the Sigs. Pte. Brown and Gun, Brennan have all returned from hospital during the month and are back at their respective posts again. Oh I mustn't forget L/Cpl. Biddiscombe of the I Section (the perfect gentleman); he also found his way back from hospital . . . by compass route no doubt.

Well, that's about all I can think of for this issue. By the way it's the old Chief Clerk speaking (Brown's the name) and I haven't minded putting these few notes together, but next month let's have a H.Q. article in this magazine—interesting enough to send to the folks at home. So let me have the news from each section—Cheerio for now!

#### H.Q. TROOP

Amid the Bashes and Bananas of this Troop the Jungle has come to stay. Marines Ginger Haynes and "Dagwood"

Hendra returned triumphantly from EXERCISE BANGALORE with a couple of monkeys. The Sick Bay staff, headed by Cpl. Scholey, have attempted to maintain an English atmosphere in the animal world with a couple of lively pups who, I understand, are about as discriminate as the average wog. Perhaps an aspirin would help!

Doc Cookson, also Sick Bay staff, cut a real caper and went to town in a big way at the Mayda Café, BANGALORE, and walked (or jittered) off with a real Silver Cup for jitterbugging. Were those Yanks mad? "Doc" got his name in the paper for this, so that we did get at least one honourable mention in the BANGALORE local mag.

Anyone in the China restaurant one night last week could have heard loud cheers from the dining room mingled with the champing of jaws. The cause of it all was Marine "Zeke" Henderson who, with a dignity of a man very happy (if rather drunk), had ordered chop suey AND chop sticks. The Chinese crowded round and goggled but Anglo-China relations were well established that night.

In an exciting Tonga Race with about 30 tongas, which took place between "The Crown" and H.Q. the other night, L/Cpl. Ted Chitty bounced in "The Winnah" with loud cries of "Tally-ho," only to find his much-driven wog puller had flaked right out. Ted was amazed to see a white-faced wog, and not knowing quite what to do, placed six annas on his eyelids and turned in.

Rathy-Kaly dancing has not, in recent weeks, found favour with everyone who has seen it on the various cinemas in MADRAS, etc., but Marine Tam Cooke has become a passionate devotee, and the effect is very startling. On stand-off moments he can be observed wriggling around and winking his eyes avidly and with obvious pleasure.

The age of chivalry is not dead. Marines Joe Potts and Eric Skinner spent much of their leave organising dances at SECUNDERABAD for the local nurses and other females. The whole affair was a howling success to such an extent that Joe Potts won one of his own prizes.

The long, lean figure of Dick Burrett has become longer and leaner after his frequent visits to a Massage Centre in BOMBAY. What exactly goes on in this centre we are not quite clear about, but I am assured that it is just the place for jungle-weary Marines to go to. . . .

#### "A" TROOP

LEAVE NEWS FLASH—Messrs. Andrew, Gray, and France reced the town of SECUNDERABAD and brought back a fully detailed report. Numbers of "B" Troop members, acting on this information, were soon seen heading west.

Money must have been a bit short in BOMBAY—the blood bank seems to have done a good trade. Several members were observed staggering down the hospital steps, counting out bundles of fifteen chips. It was noticeable that some of those who tried their luck had not even a pint left to sell!

SECRET SERVICE—Our special reporter, snooping around the race track at SECUNDERABAD at 03.00 hours one morning, spotted "Bamboo Shoot" Lucas staggering round and round the track, clutching a half-empty bottle and singing softly to himself, "There's a long long trail awinding." He finally got his head down with the sweepers just before the first race.

"Jed" Allen came back all same Chinese army, sporting a red umbrella and a standing pass to "up-homers" in BOMBAY.

#### "B" TROOP

During recent operations in BANGALORE, "Battling B" suffered minor casualties and withdrew later in the week, owing to shortage of liquid supplies. Old Ben Baxter spent a few days in dock and came out sporting a shiner which he hung on to for the rest of his leave, though it didn't hamper him any. L/Cpl. Rochford managed to get "up-homers." Well, well, we can't all be good looking. "Sabu" Wilkinson spent 14 days of his leave travelling to and from KARACHI, so he only had a few days with his brother, thanks to the Indian railways! I noticed that "B's" attend-

ance at all the films was high, too. Nothing else "in line" I suppose.

To finish off, I'm told the M.P.'s breathed a great sigh of relief when we eventually left. I wonder how many of "Battling B" will go to BANGALORE again for leave?

#### "W" TROOP

"LEAVE LEVITIES"—So that was leave. We who went to BANGALORE can now sanely and soberly (?) look back and hand bouquets and/or brickbats to those who lent added enjoyment to our spell of liberty.

We take off our hats to those who indulged in an orgy of fancy dress buying, and we proudly present the first bouquet to Ralph Haynes for that tasty blue shirt and grey trouser effect. It is rumoured that Mr. Haynes bought more presents for himself than the rest of the Troop did for their pushers. The second bouquet goes to Stanley Ashman for grey trousers, startling white shirt and tartan tie. (Who mentioned the fifth form at St. Joseph's?)

But enough of this hilarity. Let us be serious and ask where Messrs. Carr, Corrigan, Osprey, Jones and Carlill went with the wog that dark night? They didn't. . . . Did they really? The devils. Carr — didn't he give a perfect impression of a clarinet player in Funnell's or doesn't he remember?

We remember, however, the love light in Dalley's eyes as he gazed o'er the milk bar counter, morning in and out. I always said that girls —. Quite! Quite! And don't we remember how Ken Ward was wont to stroll up and down South Parade twenty-five times an evening just to keep his feet in trim.

Fred Jolly came back from SECUNDERABAD looking like a walking art show, with "Pete" Peterson and "Hop-along" Fountain as side shows.

Finally, we have the honour to announce that "W" Troop did NOT bring back a monkey.

#### "X" TROOP

They said it was leave, and so, eventually, it was. But oh, my gawd! The



howls and whines that rent the air when, standing knee-deep in mud (well, our shoes were muddy), we waited for the M. and S. M. train. (That, by the way, is the name bestowed on it by the railway company, we have our own.)

To cut a long story short, after we had taken the splinters from our trousers, and waded through a three-days' collection of "gash," we found ourselves in that Mecca of the boys in India, BANGALORE, and were welcomed with open arms by the Camp Adjutant. He spoke to us in terms vaguely reminiscent of our Achnacarry welcome "Ang your 'at on the antlers in the 'all."

Then came the rush by "herbs," "yobs," corporals and etc., to find the nearest China Eats House. Me, I sneaked into Funnell's, and cultivated the gin and lime habit, lounging back in a wicker chair and calling "bearer" in a toffology voice.

The Chinese restaurants must be well down in their stocks of cutlery, cruets, etc., and also a few menus the boys sent to amaze the folks at home.

Some of us had a bit of sport, purchasing camiknicks and other fancies for the wives and pushers back home. We learnt a bit about lagging with the cross-legged, two-liming merchant wallahs who made us pay three times the price out of our hard-earned mazuma.

"Taxi 265" and "The Coconut Grove" may bring back a few faint recollections to some of the boys. Believe me, fellers, you ain't lived 'till you've tasted the nuts in the "Grove"! They heal even the nuts from Barcelona!

A certain member of "X" Troop had a green beret made to measure because he'd lost his own, somewhere. The durzi had to rip the top off a billiard table to get the material.

Well, we're all home now, and settling down to the old prickly heat again, with a baker's dozen or so of monkeys as a reminder of leave.

#### "Y" TROOP

This bunch of scallywags (commonly known as boys of the "Lazy Y") needs

no introduction, being well known as the matiest crowd of blokes in the command!

To get down to a few of the Troop personalities, we have it on good authority that "Yank" Johnson is firmly convinced he's the only man eligible for fatigues in the Troop, and is shocked when he fails to see his name up for a job. He may then be seen walking away muttering to himself dazedly.

"Basher" Barks is rumoured to have broken his habit of silence, and engaged in an argument on leave. However, this takes some believing.

Young Donald, of the "Wood'n Legge" team, guarded the camp faithfully while his opposite number downed the flowing beer, on leave at BANGALORE. That's why we've been seeing Les and Les of Wood. Poor show, Les. Poor show.

"William-the-Dowse"—the old beer hound—spent his leave crying his eyes out in a Chinese restaurant, because the girl at the cash desk looked like a barmaid he used to know at the old "Spotted Horse" in Wapping.

Sgt. Roberts was seen (this is only hearsay, Robbie!) mixing flour in the back of an Italian bakery at BANGALORE. Shades of Slish.

Horrible rumours drifted back after the leave train had departed: White had cut the guard's throat and hidden himself in the lavatory drainpipe: L/Cpl. Tucker had uncoupled a coach and leered at a bibby in a first class compartment, etc., etc. Luckily, it all turned out to be slightly exaggerated, as most reports are.

Sgts. Staines, Hooper, and 'ard Rock Vickers descended on SECUNDERABAD, and kept the Chinese restaurants working overtime for a couple of weeks. They were in need of a further holiday to recuperate when they returned.

So, this being the first real run ashore for the boys in some months, we hope they all lived up to the good old motto "T.E.W.T." or Total Enjoyment Without Trouble. Or is that too much to expect?



*OWING to the large number of contributions submitted, it has been difficult to find a place for them all, and we find it necessary to reject with thanks a certain proportion of them. Try again: your next effort may be more suitable!*

get a lot of poetry and have to return a lot. Don't be so serious, however. It's only a war, this!

**LAUGH WITH EL MUCK—**  
R. H. M. We liked your idea of how to grow straight bananas—but, all over, this wasn't good enough.

**THE THEATRE AND YOU—**  
K. H. M. Too Highbrow—However, many thanks!

**POEM "HYMN"—RED.**  
"What keeps us from murder? What keeps us from rape? Is it really that bundle of mosaic red tape?" My, ain't you a bad boy! Try "Peg's Paper," Red.

**POEM "HEROES ALL"—**  
K. M. Quit blowing our own trumpet! We know we're good! (You'll bust your beret one of these days, laddie!)

That's all, smugs, this month. Nightie night, sleep tight—

Eddy

**STORY BY P. BENNETT.**  
Contributions not quite suitable in style—Lay your eggs more carefully in the basket next time. Many thanks!

**MY BIGGEST SCOOP—C. L. BAILEY.** Much the same as above—try again but make it longer, Charlie.

**AIR COMMUNIQUE—**  
ATKINS. This had to be shelved as it didn't fit into any particular category. A good effort though.

**POEMS "SECOND FRONT,"**  
etc.—J. K. M. Just not suitable. We



# Test We Forget . . . Peace

(Memories of August 1939)

by L/Cpl. BARNES

I CAN see it now, that barren, lonely windswept heath studded with yellow gorse. I used to lie there after the heat of a summer's day, undisturbed, peaceful in the tranquillity of a perfect English August evening . . . the silence broken only by the silvery tinkle of a lark as it sang winging its way heavenwards, the occasional "pop" of gorse pods as they ripened, burst and scattered their seed far and wide. How pleasant it all seems now! To lie there gazing at the sky and watching the sun lower in the west, lengthening the shadows into twilight.

The gorse pods would still "pop." The assiduous lark would come to earth, trill a few notes and lapse into silence. Then in the fading light the stars would appear, first one, then two and finally countless

thousands; then with the stars would arise fresh sounds—night sounds.

I remember how I used to listen, trying to analyse and decipher each symbol—the scream of the barn owl as it flapped in all its ghostly whiteness over the stubble searching for voles—the thump of rabbits in a nearby warren as they became active in preparation for their nocturnal feeding—the high, almost imperceptible squeaks of the field mouse—and far away the bark of a dog fox calling to its mate.

The dew would drop and I would finally rise wet and cold; the rabbits would scamper erratically to their burrows and I would stroll slowly to my cottage happy and content; little knowing how short-lived my happiness would be; little knowing what fate had in store for me.

THE Rev. Roger Clarke, bearded Brigade Padre, has lately been observed dining frequently in a certain Officers' Mess.

As someone said—a case of the prodigals dining the father.

AFTER prolonged negotiations with Commando Committees the camp dhobi wallah has finally promised to crack no more rocks with shirts.

RUMOUR says that more beer is shortly due. I had six glasses of the last lot. Three going down and three coming up.

REMARK overheard in a dining hall. . . . One fly, hovering over the food, to another fly, "If they don't feed us better than this I'm going back to that R.A.F. station."