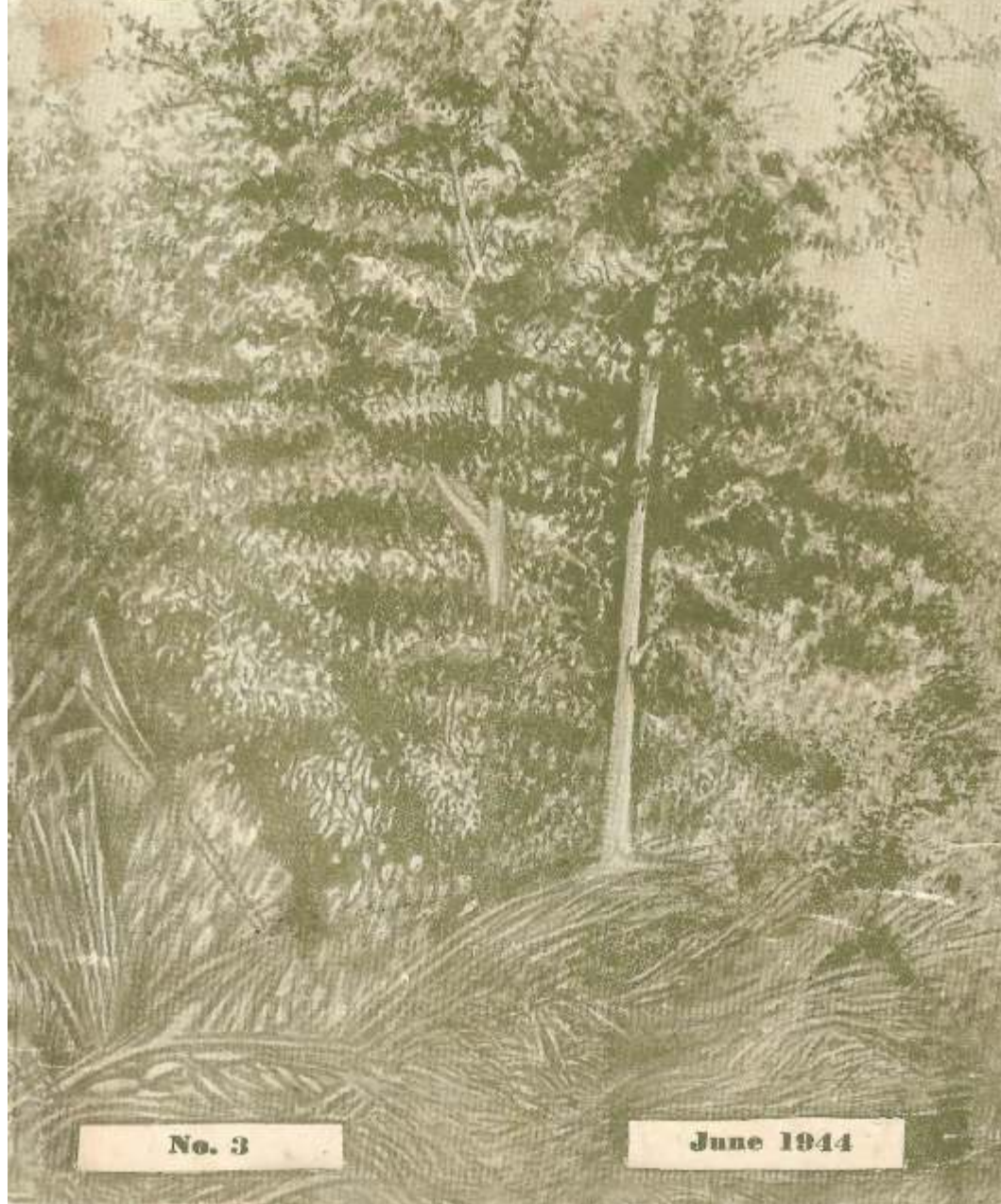


Magazine of 3rd S. S. Brigade

# **the JUNGLE BOOK**



**No. 3**

**June 1944**

# THE JUNGLE BOOK

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

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AWKWARD SITUATION

*"Pup-Please Miss! Sarge will be anxious!"*  
*(Wot would you do, chums?)*



# EDITORIAL

## So you *will* talk . . .



THIS magazine most people will think the best of the lot so far. Of that I have no doubt. Why? Because it is bigger, better, brighter, breezier—and contains a mmhoo picture or two.

The question is why is it better? And the answer, quick as a flash, straight out between the teeth, is because you have at last begun to support it.

For many weeks now we have banged and thumped the hard S.S. skulls to make you talk, and only now are we getting the answers in the shape of nice juicy suggestions, and nice fruity contributions.

Smiles, our staff artist, of course, has been straining at the bit for quite a while. A South African by birth, there are not many places in the big wide world he hasn't visited. Now regardless of cost, I say regardless, and once more regardless to the gesticulating Finance Managers, we've let him have his fling. But we want more contributions from the artists in the Brigade. Smiles in the course of his T.S.M. duties with 68 can't do everything.

The fact is we still need more contributions, particularly from 67

and 69. Come, come, my little waifs in the wilderness! Don't be afraid! Drop me a line! (You don't even need a blood-stained stamp, you know.)

And what of the future? Better still. Commando Notes will be introduced next issue, and if they are poor—well, they will be written by each Commando, so you know where the blame lies!

What we would like to know, however, is what you want to know in the way of sport. Do you want anything? My own view is that you would like it in two parts—one, old memories revived, and two, the sport of the parish, our own sporting events in other words. Write us and let us know. Munro is patiently waiting. And don't mind your language; his own is pretty bad at the moment!

The Mastersinger, the Post Corporal, the Padres, George, aided by new stalwarts in the shape of the Sweeper, Canopus, Ecks, Takke, and Leonard Street (THE JUNGLE Book's big attraction for your wives

*(Continued on page 5)*



OUR storeman was talking to a bloke off a mine-sweeper the other day—Nobby Clark by name (the bloke I mean). He used to be on a corvette, and he told me they had a really nifty way of catching Nazi subs. When a sub was located, the corvette steamed round in a circle, spraying the sea with green paint. It worked like this, said Nobby: When the sub found everything quiet on top, it started to come up to periscope depth and got its periscope fouled with the green paint. Well, the Jerry thought he was still under water and kept rising—what? shoot him before he could dive! Nothing so crude! The boys just let him keep rising and shot him down with the ack-ack guns at 400 feet!

Now here's a little rhyme you haven't heard—"There was a young lady from Cosham, who took out her false teeth to wash 'em "

—censored? Well—we'll have to stick to nursery rhymes, so we've put in a few at the end of this section.

By the way, this Nobby is a bit of a lad. The skipper was giving him a blast one day and said "Clark, sometimes I think you don't know the difference between a brunette and a corvette." "No sir," says Nobby, "I've only been on a corvette, I wouldn't know!"

Did you hear about the two drunks who were mucking about with a flashlight, flashing it on and off? One of the drunks flashed the light on the ceiling and said "I betcha can't climb 'at beam?" "Nope," said his chum, "you aint foolin' me with your bloody silly tricks, you'll wait 'till I'm at the top and then switch the light off."

It was so hot here last summer, we're told, that even the mangoes got prickly heat and had to be dusted with baby powder before



*Ingenuous Woodpeckers*



## THE JUNGLE BOOK

picking off the tree, but that's nothing much. A prospector in Death Valley, California, saw a dog chasing a jack rabbit during a "cool" spell (they can't move when it's hot) and, said he, "May all my children be left-handed bus drivers if I lie—they was both of 'em walking!"

Be that as it may. It's queer about animals, some animals do the darndest things at times, such as the woodpeckers that used to be found electrocuted in a certain road where there were high-tension cables. They couldn't make it out, until one fellow figured it was suicide! The wood-

peckers got to work on the hard-wood cable poles, and after a hard day's work, found out their mistake and flew up against the cables out of sheer humili-

liation. There was a fellow in New England, who was a red-headed woodpecker hammering hell out of a granite rock—this was in bitter cold weather, mind you. He thought the bird was crazy, until he got up a bit closer, and dog-gone! what do you think he saw? Why, the old man wood-



"Custom House" Harry

pecker was knocking out a shower of sparks with his beak, while his missus hopped nimbly spark to spark and kept her feet warm!

### Editorial

(Continued from page 3)

and sweethearts), will carry on as regular features, although space will gradually be restricted to make snappier reading.

What we aim at, you see, is to produce a magazine that all ranks will enjoy, all ranks AND their folks at home. Don't forget them! This magazine sent regularly will be more eagerly sought after than any other paper, because it is a magazine about YOU. Not just a monotonous record of your doings, but, we hope, a record of your own thoughts and feelings through the lips of the Brigade Bards. The magazine, if it hasn't been before, is now SECURE. A one-anna

stamp will send it back to the old country. Ah, yes, when you are an old man, a S.E.A. campaign ribbon with a Burma bar on your bosom, and an old matchet cut on your shin, think with what pride you will show your grandchildren "this slim volume".

But, although I repeat myself, the one thing which has encouraged me in my lonely vigil has been the increased interest shown by you, the third JUNGLE BOOK's readers. Even this present editorial achieves its present low standard because at last you said "O.K., Ed., I'll talk."

Keep on talking, boys: talk big: talk loud: and above all talk fast!

# THE JUNGLE BOOK

Now—there's married harmony for you.

Advice to a soldier in the 8th Army: "Please help to keep up the morale of the civvies by writing home more often!"

Talking about the 8th Army—here's an Italian *communiqué* on the fighting in Libya last year: "A bitter encounter developed last night in the Derna sector. One of our fighting patrols attacked an enemy dispatch rider and forced him to dismount. After heavy and prolonged fighting, both his tyres were punctured. The front wheel was destroyed and it is considered probable that the rear

wheel may have been captured or put out of action. The handlebars are in our hands, but possession of the frame is being bitterly contested."



"Dead Centre" Barmaid

An old maid went to buy a Pekinese. The Salesman picked up a couple of good specimens and said "Now, here's a good bitch at £2-10-0, or this one, a real bargain at the same price, or that bitch over there at 3 quid." Seeing the lady's shocked expression he asked "Haven't you heard the term 'bitch' before, madam?" "Yes, indeed!" she snapped, "but I've never heard it applied to a dog before!"

1. A tough guy from dahn "Custom Hahse"

Met a striped animile in the grass  
Not likin' its fyce  
He took it on twice  
But the animile weren't in his class.

2. A barmaid called Geraldine Jopp  
Was upholstered too much at the topp,

When she drew off a pint  
She got all behindt.

Because she had to get "dead centre" to make sure the glass was full (that was the gist of the last line before censoring.—Ed.)

3. A Dutchman called "Peter Retief"  
Was sent home on seven days' lief.  
He staggered back pizst,  
With Field-Marshal Lizst,  
And a bottle of Schnapps up his alief.



A Dutchman called "Pieter Retief"



# HOME THOUGHTS

## from ABROAD

*By the Post Corporal*

ONE of the most fascinating debates that has ever occurred in the House of Lords happened some two months ago, but news of it did not filter through our signal wires until yesterday, owing to the fact that a dead Indian had fallen on the line as it passed the slight depression outside the Adjutant's office.

### *Bishops Ballyhoo* *Bombing*

The fun all started when Bishop Bell of Chichester asked that the block-busting bombing of Germany be stopped, presumably because he considered that the blowing of the German populace into pieces occurred as frequently as the blowing of military objectives. So far just a low humming sound from the back—then the old Scotsman, Cosmo Lang, Ex-Archbish of Canterbury, shoved his face in where only Angel Bell had not feared to tread, requesting that the RAF should lay off the ancient monuments and *objets d'arts*. "Rome," he declared, "Rome is an eternal city." "Infernal"

came the echo from the door. Then the fun started. Like angry wolves clamouring to pull down, and devour, two old and sickly oxen, their Lordships leaped in to attack the Bishops Bell and Lang. Our Lord Chancellor friend, ex-Chamberlainite Simple Simon, described it as "pestilential heresy"—what do you know? Lord Latham, punctuating his speech with many loud booming thumps on his portly chest, which put even the dropping of four-thousand pounders in the shade, brought a flush to poor Chichester's cheeks, and caused a white impassive blanket to drop over the tight-lipped face of Mathieson Lang's big brother, Cosmo. "You skunk" one might imagine His Lordship muttering. "You unutterable yellow-bellied skunk." Lusty Latham, however, was nothing daunted. "Your recent speech, Chich," he cried, "has been right up Goebbel's street. That little runt has plastered it all over the German yellow press. It has moreover upset the good old British Public, and the Forces are quite demoralised." (We lay 50 to 1 bar 0 that 90 per cent. of the Forces didn't bother one tit nor one



tattle about it.) Then very wisely their Lordships eased off poor Chichester, who had dissolved into a flood of holy tears. Ah, but Cosmo, dour Scot that he is, did not mind the attackers. As they turned on him with an even more savage fury, he simply took a greater grip on his sceptre. "My son," cried Lusty, "is worth a helluva lot more to me than a censor-cut-it-out Roman building." "Do you mean to say, Cosmo," trumpeted Lord Trenchard, who is said to have the loudest and most penetrating voice in all the world (excepting in America); indeed when the sirens in Surrey broke down—but that's beside the point. "Do you mean to say, you fat old slug," boomed Trenchcoat, "that you want a new set of rules and regs. issued to the RAF, for Archbishop or no Archbishop, you're a — optimist. They have got more than enough already." "Food for Goebbel's guns" piped up Lord Winster, that irritating getter-up of blokes' backs, "and bad for the morale." But Cosmo only snarled back at them. Good old Cosmo, even when he's wrong he sticks to his guns. It's the same spirit which made his other brother, Marshall, rise right to the top of the Presbyterian Church! He didn't, even smile sweetly when Jewboy Lord Samuel tried to help him out, despite another broadside or two from Lusty. No, Cosmo just drew his mouth down, and solemnly damned the lot of them. What a great old country is ours! And what good blokes old Chich and Cozzy are! After all as Wins-

ton's own order says "every practical step should be taken, consistent with the necessity of war, to avoid and prevent needless destruction", it is just as well to keep everybody in mind of it by occasional happy little arguments such as the one recorded. The tragedy of it all lies in Bishop Bell's appeal against the killing of German civilians. Of course it is wrong, Chich, but then according to your Christian standards, so is the killing of German soldiers. I haven't heard you protest against that!

### *Peter Panned*

And so newly married Peter of Yugoslavia is newly married. What I mean to say is that when a short while ago he visited Cairo it didn't seem like he'd ever get married, such was the loving "care" his supporters afforded him. I don't know, mind you. I'm no great brain. And I haven't got a red-haired lover in the Serbian court (or is that another country?) but this is what I think. There are two parties in Yugoslavia, the ducks and the drakes, the aristocracy and the people. Colonel Draja the-fellow-with-the-funny-name leads the ducks, Tito the drakes. The ducks of course say they are fighting for their king, the drakes for their country—and Peter being a good lad has said he wants the drakes to win. No wonder then that he was a virtual prisoner while in Egypt, for all the refugee Government

(Continued on page 23)



*Hon. 17th Day of Auspicious Month of May . . .*

OH, this so wearyful war! To-day I giving thanks to so honourable and estimable ancestors for peaceful evenings, when up coming Lieut. Myasaki and saying in irritable tones to me "Private Matsumoto, lazy pig! Shameful one! Always you sleeping when Hon. duty calls! Go unto the uttermost limits of the clearing and looking for signs of enemy." So I going unto uttermost limits of clearing and sitting here on this spots to observe so detestable enemy, same -being vile Commandos, according to Hon. intelligence report. Vile Commandos are number of strange-like criminals, Lieut. Myasaki say, wearing on piglike heads foolish little green hats. They crawl about on the ground like fat slug, say my Hon. Lieut., or jump about on ropes like monkey people. My cousin, however, very fine Hon. Sergeant, he fight Commandos before, and he say Commandos very big killing men. Hon. Sergeant Cousin's Hon. spectacles shot off Hon. nose by small insignificant Commando. How I hate vile

Commandos! They do not even fight ju-jitsu clean but have very many breakages of the rules. . . .

Well, I sitting very quiet like mouse for considerable times, meditating on Hon. Thusness of Things and Rightfulness of Divine Nippon Mission to civilising barbarous world. All the time seeing not any signs of enemy, only hearing sweetful singing of bird in branches topside. My fears soon fly far off. Presently, rice ball from previous meal passing through Hon. Intestines and engendering rumblings and inward distressfulness. I therefore saying to self "Takehiko Matsumoto, pretty soon you committing shameful blunders in so necessary pants if not carefulls." Therefore I considering situations from all angles and arriving at foregone conclusions. So I departing to banks of Hon. chaung and preparing for necessary disposal of inward distress causing wastefulness.

Well, I squatting in propitious places according to planes, soul being flowing over topside with Hon.

*(Continued on page 28)*



# The Padres' Column

"PILATE wrote a title, and put it on the Cross." Do you know what it was? It was this: "Jesus of Nazareth. King of the Jews." Now as he knew very well that it was the Jews who had condemned Jesus to die, it seems likely that this was written by Pilate in a spirit of mockery. Yes, it might read, "Pilate mockingly wrote a title, and put it on the Cross—Jesus of Nazareth. King of the Jewboys."

At one time or other in a man's life, he is honest with reality, and faces up to the major problems of life, those sinister elemental problems it is not nice to brood about. At such a time Christ comes in for consideration. He considers of course a lot of other things as well, does this anxious man, in his attempt to find an answer. He may imagine Science answers all problems. He may fancy Nature. He may simply shrug his shoulders, and fall back on the excitement

of living, finding there a refuge from all his fears of failure and extinction. Or he may as so many do merely seek comfort in the shelter of a wife and home. But, to be fair and reasonable, he must consider Christ. And if, and when, he does, he must write a title, and put it on His Cross before he can move on.

What then is the title that you have written? Is it one in mockery like that of Pilate "Jesus of Nazareth. King of the Jewboys?" Or written with indifference "Jesus. What does it matter anyway?" Or in disgust "Jesus the Nazarene. Son of God my foot." Or an angry "King Jesus indeed. A Liar and a Deceiver." Or a disappointed "Jesus the Visionary. The religion which does not work." Or a philosophic "Jesus the Carpenter. A good man and a true, but a dead man of course." Or in a spirit of despair "Jesus the Christ. Would I could believe in Him."

Out here where the sun is as a burning fire, and melts down the fine edge of our minds, it is difficult to turn our thoughts to these things. We are lost in an apparently impenetrable darkness. Because we may not live tomorrow, we only live today!

Through the blanket of the dark comes the voice of Christ, however, reading the title which God has placed on the Cross, "I am the Light of the World; whosoever believeth in Me shall never abide in darkness."

There is peace for the soul in that title, and hope, and comfort, and courage, and the love of a Father-God. It is the final word.

# THEOBOLD AND HIS GOLDEN EGGS

by PIZI



"DID I ever tell ye aboot Angus M'Lean's parrot, Theobold?" asked Jock, as he laid three large double whiskies on the bar before the three thirsty commercial travellers. "Angus M'Lean ye won't mind fer he left Scotland forty year ago, but Theobold ye must hiv heard on. He's worl'd famous in Glesca!"

Angus ye ken went tae Australasia fer tae make his fortune looin' fer gold. The odd thing wis he appeared tae hiv fund hit, tae. But then his mither wis a Meikle frae Mussleburgh they said, an' whit they East Coasters cannae find's no' warth lookin' fer!

There wis fower ither propectusors near ol' Angus' shanty. Bill Clarke, NOT called Nobby, a guy cried Taffy Williams, George Thingmybob, an' Ginger Harrowes. Ginger is a Glesca boy, used tae play fer the Polmadie Chasers Fitba' Club, an' he telt me this tale, fer he pops in here near every nicht; on the booze permanent he is.

The country these laddies wis warkin' wis cried the Stoneybroke Range, an' it wis a guidlike name tae, fer Bill, an' Taffy, an' George, an' Ginger must hiv near broke a' the stanes in it, lookin' fer gold. Yet they couldnae get a drop. Not a bluidy drop. (Same again? O.K.) They used tae sit aroon' an' grummle, did Bill an' Taffy an' George an' Ginger, fer lack o' somethin' better tae dae, an' they used tae grummle quite a bit at ol' Angus. He'd been there lang since syne, ye ken. The fower boys gi'ed him a veesit when they first arrived, but he'd not been verra friendly-like. Uncompromising sort o' bloke, he wis. An' Theobold—weel, he didnae help matters at a'. Wondering whether ol' Angus might not hiv a bottle up the lum, Ginger sterted playin' up tae the parrot, an' he verra nearly lost the end aff his finger as a result. So efter they got Ginger hurriedly awa', they decided tae leave Angus alone. He just worshipped that parrot, ye see, did the ol' man.

An' then one day they foond ol' Angus deid—lyin' in his bed wi'



his white hair sprawled ower his face, an' a wee picture postcard o' Dunoon clenchit in his haun'. But it wis whit wis written there that mattered. 'There's gold in Theobold's cage. Treat him well, an' he'll tell ye whaur the rest is.' Taffy hid the pan at the fit o' Theo's cage oot in nae time. Three nuggets lay in there amang the dirt. Yeller they wis, yellor like golden honey. 'An' tae think,' says Taffy, 'that that there bluidy ol' parrot kens whaur the Klondyke is.' It took a bit o' explainin' tae George on coorse, just whit it a' meant, fer George is no' yin o' they bright young professors, but in the end even George ketched on. Ol' Angus hid yin o' the biggest finds o' the century it appeared, an' if only Theobold cid be made tae speak it wis a' theirs.

They lookit at His Highness then wi' new interest. He wis a scraggy ol' fella, wi' a red beak, an' bowly legs, an' a motheaten green waistcoat. But he hid a guid tongue in his heid, an' a verra knowin' look in his wee black een. He stared back wi' great curiosity at the fower blokes below him, an' then started stickin' his tongue oot at Ginger.

Ginger, if whit he says is correct, took this verra well. In fact he went an' brocht the ol' blighter a drink o' water. 'Thirsty Theobold' he says in a smarmy silly sort o' voice, 'drink up wee wateries.' But instead o' drinkin' up the 'wee wateries' ol' Theobold hid anither stab at bitin' off Ginger's finger. 'The — ol' —'

screamed Ginger. 'I'll — well wring his — old neck!' 'Don't be a fool' roars Bill Clarke, wrestlin' the hatchet outa Ginger's haun. 'Drop that axe, Ginger. Whit on God's earth are you doing? Don't you know that parrot's worth a million to us? We've got to look efter it as if it were a ruddy princess.' Theobold clingin' on at the top o' his cage sterted tae laugh.

Weel, he hid it a' his ain way efter that, hid Theobold. The boys installed him in a new cage an' fed him up like a turkey cock. They used tae nurse him in shifts, tae, as if he wis the Prime Mee-nister hisself. 'Whaur is the gold, the gold, the gold?' they wid cry, but a' that Theobold ever said wis 'You — off' or 'Awa' an' — yourself.' Ah, weel, mony's the time in the next month that they sighed an' wished ol' Angus hid been a bit mair trustin'. 'We'd hiv lookit efter Theobold a' richt' said Ginger, but the silence which followed seemed tae cast some doot on that remark. At last George, who up tae date hid hung back an' said he hated the sight o' Theobold, an' cid hiv chokit him, began tae try his luck. He sterted tae fuss aboot ol' Theobold as if he wis his invilid mither. 'Pretty Polly' he said until Ginger cid stand no mair, an' said he wis awa' oot tae be sick. George, hoever, didnae weaken, but fussed aboot giving Theobold something tae eat, an' some mair nice new fresh water. I must say the ol' bird was a bit put oot by this. He sat watchin' George wi' a dazed sorta look, the

while he shuffled uneasily aboot on his perch. It wis obvious tae everybody, said Ginger jealously shoving his head in the window, that the parrot liked George least o' the lot. George, however, persisted, an' then when he started scratchin' Theobold's heid, the ol' bird suddenly came oot o' his trance an' took the top joint off George's finger.

'Think whit yer doin', ye loon' cried Ginger, delighted at the result. 'Just becos' you goes pokin' yer big horny finger into the nice wee parrot's cage, yous get wild when he bites you. Why, I'd do the same masel'. 'I'd like ye tae try' says George, glarin' balefully at Theobold from the chair intae which Bill an' Taffy hid dragged him. The ol' bird wis hingin' upside doony this time, wi' his blinkin' heid screwed richt side up watchin' them a' wi' his mooth open. Bill Clarke in a stupid sorta high-pitchit voice, keepin' weel outa the way, hooever, sterted tryin' fer tae smooth him doon. 'Pretty Polly' he says, 'Pretty Polly, Pretty Polly. Whaur's the pretty gold?' For a moment the old cuss hung there a second longer, an' then gettin' fed up I suppose, he sterted tae speak. 'Git t' hell' he says, 'Git t' hell, Git t' hell.' An' then he whistled shrilly, which took Bill mair by surprise than the cussin'.

Weel, fellas, things went on frae bad tae worse. A new complication arose. Distrust set in. Ginger caught Taffy Williams at two o'clock one mornin' wi' his heid under Theobold's cage-cover try-

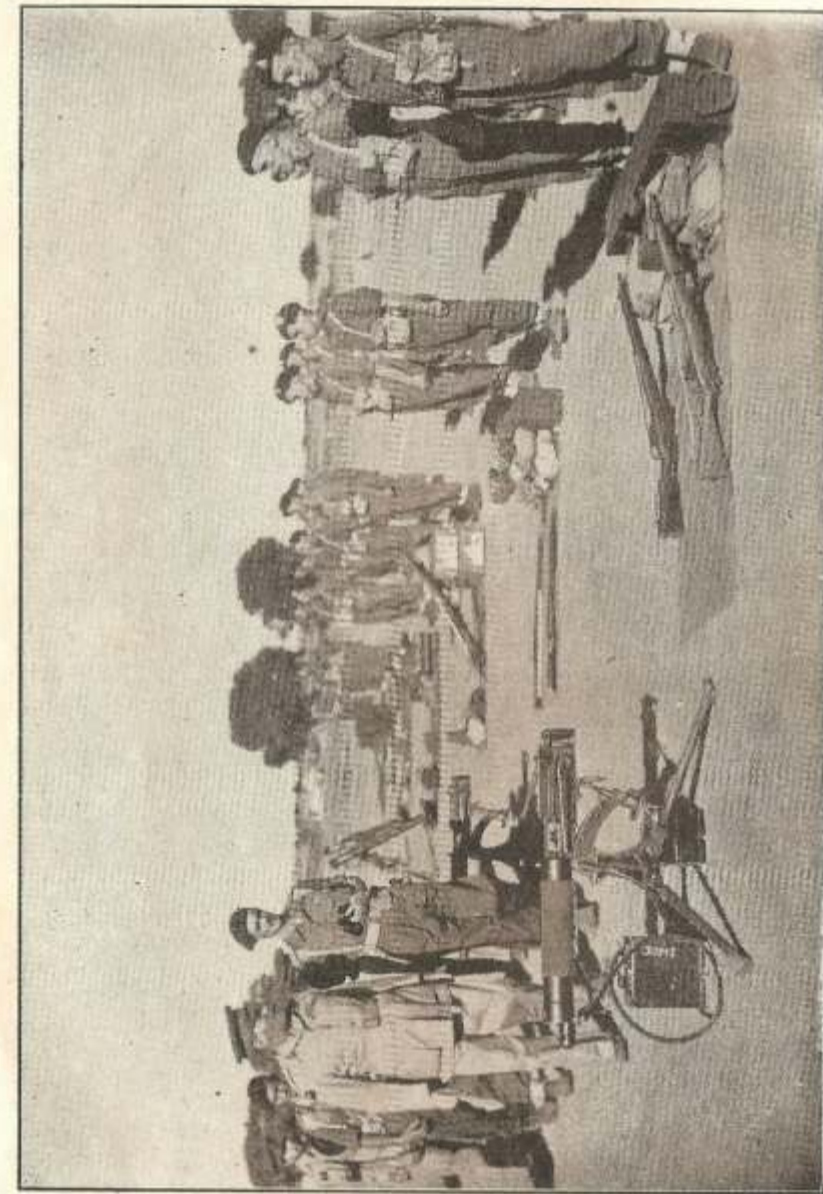
in' tae probe the secret outa him, on the sly like. As Ginger hid got oot o' bed specially fer this verra purpose there is one helluva row then. It lasted tae mornin' as a matter o' fact. Efter this they a' began tae sleep wi' yin eye upon their neighbour, an' yin ear upon Theobold. It affected their health, tae; they became so jumpy that every time Theobold whistled a shudder passed through their bodics. At last things bein' desperate, they ca'ed a meeting, a Sunday nicht it were. 'The question iss' said Taffy grimly through the noise, for Theobold was talkin' awa' tae hissel'. 'The question is who is going tae do the work while who is goin' tae wait for him to be speakin'.' Weel, I ask you, gents, human nature being whit it is, d'ye think ony o' them wid leave that parrot fer a moment fer tae gang tae work? Not likely. An' yet if they didnae work they were like tae starve.

It wis Ginger who settled this question strangely enough. He volunteered tae gang oot an' work just fer the joy o' gettin' awa' frae Theobold. A Scotsman nicht hae distrusted Ginger on coorse. But Bill, an' George, an' Taffy took a chance. They left *Ginger* tae watch ower Theobold, an' they a' went aff tae work theirselves.

They began tae work on Monday, an' by Tuesday Ginger wis in Sydney. They never saw him nor Theobold again, fer he brocht him back richt here tae Glesca. He slaved fer that parrot

(Continued on page 28)





*C-in-C. inspecting the Special Service Brigade.*



*C-in-C. being introduced to officers of Special Service Brigade.*



*"An infamous Headquarters in the Arakan!"*

*Reading from Left to Right :—*

*Standing—*

*Capt. K. M. Pammenter, 15/19 K.H., Maj. D. B. Drysdale,  
R.M., Brig. W. I. Nonwoker, Maj. R. A. Pigot, R.M.,  
Capt. S. S. Richardson, R.M.*

*Sitting—*

*Capt. V. H. Mills, Essex, Capt. C. C. Scarth, R.M.,  
Lieut. P. S. Baxter, R.M., Lieut. D. E. Chilverd, R.M.*





### Whit Donnered Loon Wid Cry "Retreat"

Whit donnered loon wid cry "Retreat"  
 Tae Scotland's sodgers, heroes a' ?  
 We'll scatter, maybe, ower the heather,  
 But never at that coward's ca'.

We'll bend oor brogues upan the hill,  
 An' taigle roon<sup>1</sup> about a bittie,  
 But wha wid say we did retreat—  
 That word for Scotsmen isnae pretty !

We'll live on drammach, and on spirits,<sup>2</sup>  
 Clappermaclaws,<sup>3</sup> but sodgers still,  
 The while oor chieftains at the buskin<sup>4</sup>  
 Wark awa' wi' richt guid will.

We'll skulk aboot the netherlaws,<sup>5</sup>  
 Herts adirlin', ca'in' canny—<sup>6</sup>  
 An' then when the fiery cross comes roon',  
 We'll up an' gie them a dunch,<sup>7</sup> ma mannie !

Wi' bagpipes skirlin', an' drums forbye,  
 We'll draw oor claymores, hug oor targes,<sup>8</sup>  
 An' then, wi' the time o' waitin' ower,  
 We'll show them hoo a Scotsman charges.

Whit donnered loon wid cry "Retreat"  
 Tae Scotland's sodgers, heroes born ?  
 Aye, a guid strateegic withdrawal the day  
 Is a rantin' victory the morn !

JOCK.

(<sup>1</sup>wander; <sup>2</sup>porridge and water; <sup>3</sup>ragamuffins; <sup>4</sup>planning of the campaign; <sup>5</sup>low-lying hills; <sup>6</sup>thumping, going carefully; <sup>7</sup>blow and <sup>8</sup>shields.—Translations by Editor.)

THE JUNGLE BOOK

**Little Poems—3**

*Yesterday I was on Ben Doran  
With a gold sun in the sky;  
Waist deep in the clouds I stood,  
And a hawk went swift by.*

*Waist deep in the clouds I stood,  
And neck deep in my dreams—  
O Ben Doran is a magic mountain,  
Far more than what it seems.*

*Yesterday I was on Ben Doran.  
The warring world had gone.  
It was the soft voice of Ben Doran  
Encouraged me go on.*

F. C. R.

**Come and Join Us**

*I fell on my back  
After word from the quack  
That my trouble was too hot to handle;  
So to the old C.C.S.  
I went (feigning distress)—  
And now for a small spot of scandal.*

*Life is just fine,  
You lie in till nine,  
Then to show that you're terribly brave,  
You get up for khana  
Then, with a banana,  
You turn in once more, for a shave.*

*I sure recommend  
(If you've nothing to spend)  
That you stay here as long as you can,  
Make friends with the germs  
(Whatever their terms)  
For the charpoy's a joy,  
The nurses—Oh boy!  
And one hundred per cent is the scran!*



**The Swallow**

*The Swallow is a graceful bird;  
He visits us from Spain,  
And, when the end of Summer comes,  
He flies back home again.  
Now on his way back home one day  
He met a (censored) hawk,  
Who pulled all his (censored) feathers out,  
And said "Now you (censored)—walk!"*

B.

**"Climbit"**

*Now although we're quite humble  
We find time to grumble,  
As we labour out here in the sun;  
For its all sweat, sweat, sweat,  
Till we're just dripping wet;  
What an effort to labour or run!*

*From the stroke of Réveillé  
Forward we sally,  
Snorting and breathing out fire;  
Around the Char Wallah  
Gallons of tea we swallow,  
Then, Oh, How we start to perspire!*

*Oh, it's all prickly heat, .  
Or a boil on the seat,  
For our blood is like mud in a sewer;  
We're just like bad meat,  
Though still stood on our feet,  
Instead of being wrapped round a skewer.*

THE JUNGLE BOOK

*How we gnash our teeth;  
It's with sighs of relief  
That we find time to rest in the shade;  
And we think about ice,  
Oh wouldn't it be nice—  
Just a big glass of cool lemonade.*

*It's not easy to please  
At a hundred degrees  
With your temper all ruffled and frayed :  
At your chum then you'll grumble,  
And away he will stumble—  
You'd have knocked off his head if he'd stayed.*

*Then there's tins of corned beef  
To wreck you to grief,  
There's such an abundant supply;  
And we really regret it,  
Those at home cannot get it,  
And send us roast pork in reply.*

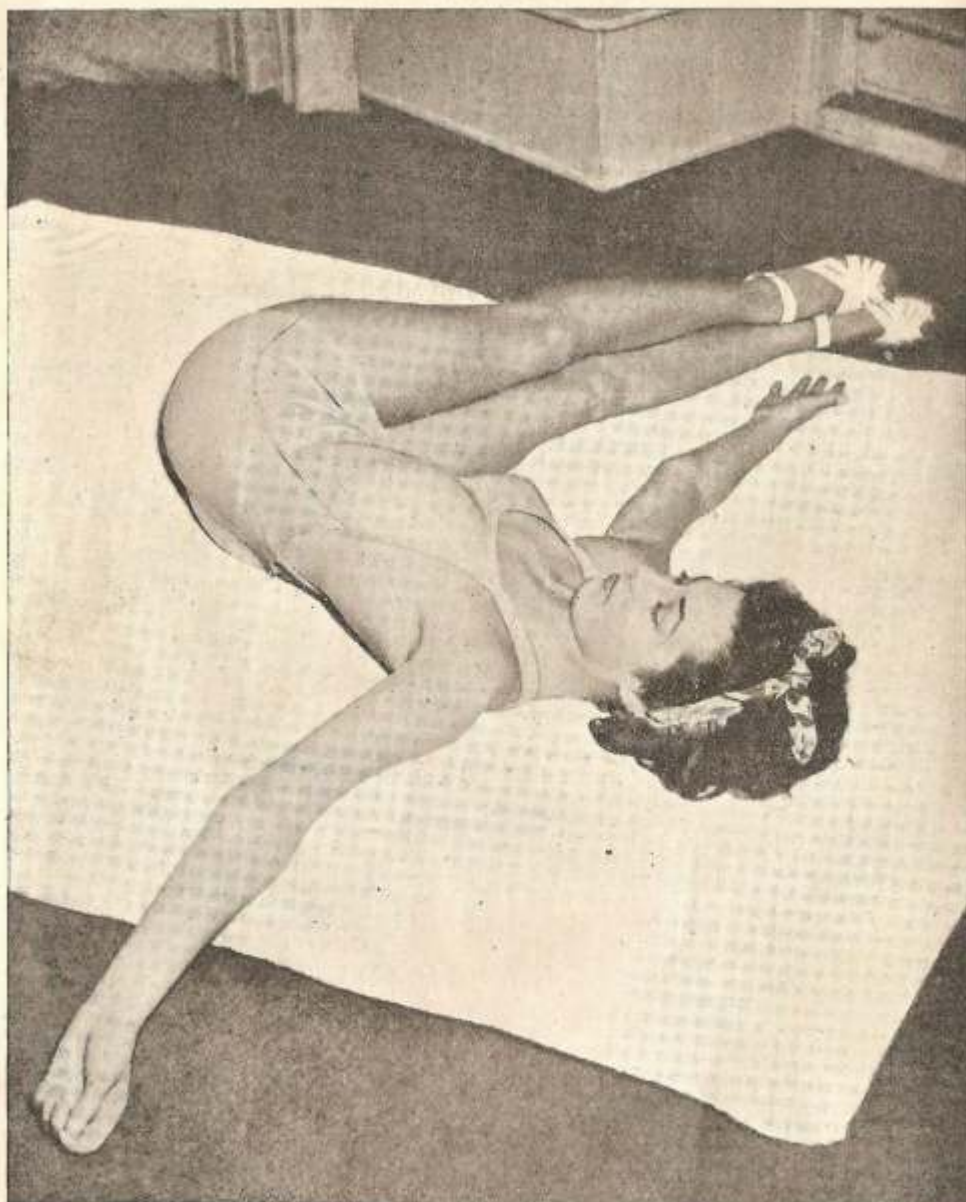
*Furthermore there are pests,  
Which crawl up your vests,  
Causing lumps to appear on your skin,  
And you lay in at nights  
Scratch away at your bites,  
And don't give a damn then who'll win.*

*They say Hell is warm.  
If so I'll reform  
And leave all my sins here to totter;  
For one Hell will do,  
Without visiting two,  
And the other Hell cannot be hotter !*

*So stick it then, chum,  
And don't look so glum;  
The whole world notes your endeavour;  
Give all you've got,  
Until the last shot,  
Cheer up, pal, it can't last for ever.*

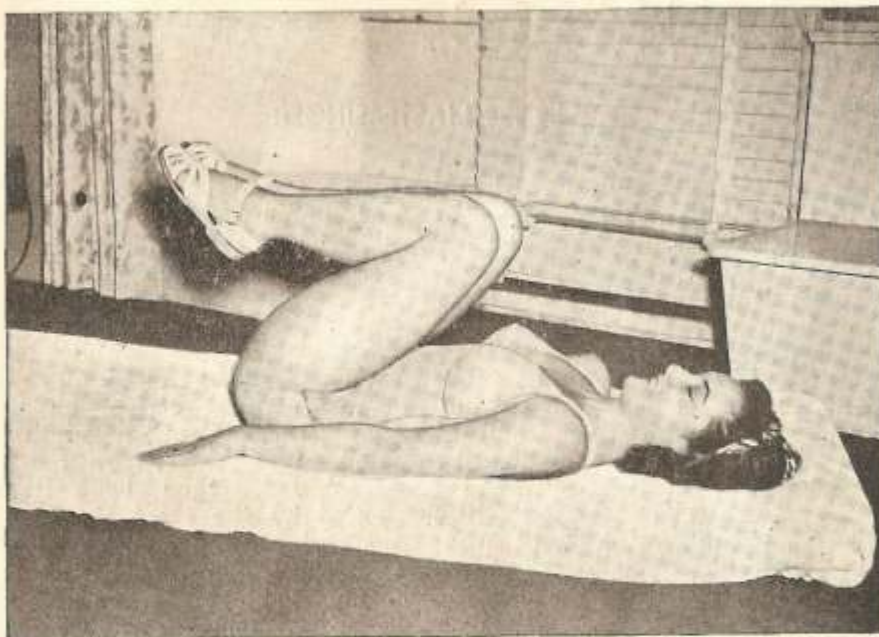
R. F. R.





ALMA CARROLL

*Alternative position.*



ALMA CARROLL

*She feels like a Commando. Any offers?*



# BALLET

## AND ITS

# MUSIC

by the MASTERSINGER

**E**VERYONE must have heard Ballet music at one time or other, but not everyone has actually seen Ballet performed. Ballet is in fact the blending of music and dancing on the stage in such a way as to convey an idea or a story without words. The whole success or failure of a Ballet depends upon the delicate balance of those elements composing it: the music, the decor, or dressing and scenery designs, the story, that is the literary or dramatic part, and the choreography, or movements and actions of the dancers.

When a composer writes a piece of music, he usually has some inspiration or other. The art of Ballet, then, is the enacting by the dancers of the composer's mental picture. There are two ways in which this may be done, particularly as it affects the music. First, it may be taken as a mere rhythmic accompaniment to the dancers, like ball-room music, or as partner to the dancing, equal in importance both in mood and in movement.

The first type, the older idea, has produced, and continues to produce, much that is admirable. The music of Tchaikovsky and Debussy is typical of what I mean. *Le Lac des Cygnes*, *Casse Noisette*, *L'Après Midi d'une Faune*, and *Le Sacre du Printemps*, each a perfect piece of work, all come springing into my mind. One thinks, too, of Saint-Saens' *La Cygne* (The Swan) danced by the great Pavlova as the Dying Swan Ballet. Also in this school, however, is much that is unplayable today. The works of such composers as Pugno and Minkus are quite unworthy of the tremendous attention that was paid to them by dancers, choreographers, and the intelligent public.

Fokine, a choreographer of the twenties, and Isodore Duncan of the same period, by proving that it was possible to dance to the classics, did much to enhance the reputation of the second conception of Ballet music. Ballets such as Chopin's *Les Sylphides*,

Brahms' Chorea to his Fourth Symphony, Les Presages to the well-loved Tchaikovsky Fifth, to quote a few, prove how right they were. Largely as a result of their efforts the great living composers are co-operating with Ballet to form dramas of dancing previously undreamed of in any school of Ballet. From Russia comes the music of Rimsky-Korsakov, Tchérepnin, Borodin, Prokofiev, and Stravinsky of Fantasia fame. From France, such music as that of Auric and Milhaud; while in England we have Vaughan Williams, William Walton, Constance Lambert, Bax and Bliss. Sir Thomas Beecham is owed a terrific debt by inducing the king of the Imperial Russian Ballet, Diaghileff, to bring his famed team of choreographers, dancers, and musicians across the channel.

This is an enlightened age, and one thing which these troubled

years have brought is a new interest in Ballet, partly through the medium of the screen, more largely, however, through the efforts of such brilliant companies as Sadlers Wells with Frederick Ashton, Robert Helpmann, and Margot Fontyn; Ballet Jooss with Kurt of that name as the lead; and others like the International Ballet, the Anglo-Polish, and Lydia Kyasht's promising young company.

Ballet in my opinion is on the brink of great things. Its public, although still limited, is proportionately greatly increased. People are more and more finding it a new and exciting art, whose value as an uplifting form of entertainment and as an escape from the sordidness of life is probably unique, embracing as it does the music of great masters, and the grace of great dancers, with the glamour of the theatre.

### Home Thoughts from Abroad

(Continued from page 8)

minions there are ducks. With Tito just across "Our Sea" they were bound to watch 'im like 'awks. I must say I like Peter, and I think he will make a good king. He has said he wants to lead the Serbian people. It is up to them to return the compliment once their country is free.

#### *Sandy Heed*

So the old Scottish Golf Champion has passed on to the

Paradise Club on his 75th year. Sandy has always been a bit of a wonder. Even in this year of his death he could still smite a lusty ball down the fairway. He holed out from the tee on nineteen occasions—surely an unbeatable record. The first bloke to win the Open with a rubber-cored ball, I still think of him as hacking all sorts of curious objects round the old course at St. Andrews. Skin balls, wooden balls, stone balls, and of course on Fridays fish balls.





## REPLIES TO YOUR LIVE LETTERS

**Have you a good cure for prickly heat? If not, can I be sent home with it?**

—DICK, 94

We have several cures for prickly heat. But none of them work. If it is any comfort to you, however, all the nabobs have acute prickly heat. But, then, the only exercise they ever take is scratching. Apart, of course, from jumping to conclusions.

**To settle a fierce argument, can you tell us what corned beef really consists of and what its proper consistency should be?**

—FOUR SGTS, 68

Corned beef, sometimes known as pressed beef, is made by a very special process. It is rather dull we gather. Just a lot of dreary and unwilling bulls being pushed through a gigantic spray. Consistency should be as for wet sawdust. The colour varies according to the diet and temperament of the bull. The last consignment we had was milk white and cornflower blue. The official explanation offered was that

Ferdinand had got mixed up in the assembly line. But we think it was an Achnacarry instructor.

**Reference Bagpipes. WHY?**

—SASSENACH, 66

Bagpipes, we gather, were originally jammed into the mouths of hayseed Highlanders by their womenfolk to prevent them making even ruder noises, and biting their nails. In the old days they were much quieter owing to the amount of porridge that used to accumulate in the bag and reeds.

**Do we have to open a Second Front with Japan? Or just cut open the one he's got?**

—CURIOUS BOOT, 69

A tiny little Japanese woman who was a Zero pilot back before the war told us that when she first went on parade at Hitsinabasi Air Training Centre she was told to look to her front. Her daughter, now a personal sniper to the Emperor, frequently gets told the same thing. We don't know what this means. But it may answer your question, Curious Boot. . . .

# THESE ARE . . .



# . . . OUR PEOPLE

by LEONARD STREET

I VISITED the canteen of 66 one evening recently. It was a long, low, whitewashed, stone building, somewhat dimly but very pleasantly lit. There were plenty of tables and comfortable chairs, and, for not many pice, you could get a glass of fresh lemon and a bun. All the usual things were on sale of course, but I mention the fresh lemon and the bun because I had these myself. They were good too.

The men were seated around the tables in small groups, talking. The canteen was, as service canteens go, quiet—due no doubt to the strenuous exercise 66 had just completed. Outside the red sun was sinking behind the palm trees and the lights of the rickshaws flitted dimly by like will-o'-the-wisps as the coolies plied their usual busy trade. Introducing myself, I got talking to quite a few of the lads. I had two questions for them. What was your job before the war? And what job do you hope to get after it is over? They

were all delighted to talk about home, and I found no signs of pessimism. These were men who would make a show whatever deal was waiting for them. Private George Smith, for example, a single man, aged 35, born in Sunderland, had quite a lot to say for himself.

"I worked in an Underground Ammo Dump which won't be necessary after the war, but despite that I am quite confident I can make a living. I did odd jobs all over England and Wales after I left the mines in Sunderland. If a man's got a pair of hands you see, he need never want. I must say, however, I don't think much of the future of the miners." A couple of Welsh miners sitting by nodded their heads. "As for this talk that the women will keep us chaps out of jobs when we get back, that's so much bull. A woman's place is in the home when times are normal. If she won't stay there there will probably be a revolution. I know if I ever marry there certainly will



be in my house." Private Ivor Smith, 25, single, from Ebbw Vale, then spoke up. "My own job was professional Rugby so I don't think I have much to fear from the women. But whether I go back to the game when I am demobbed is doubtful. I am getting too old. The men who are going to be best off are those with written agreements. My own brother, for instance, before he was called up in 1939 was working in Ebbw Vale Steelworks as a crane driver. He got a written agreement that when he was demobbed he would get his job with his promotion carried on. In 1943 he was discharged on medical grounds. He got his job back, and, after a week, his promotion to foreman into the bargain. That's what I call a square deal."

"Ah, but wait a minute," said red-faced, quick-witted Cpl. Botfield, a young married man of 24 from West Bromwich.

"What's going to happen if you've nothing in writing? And what's going to happen if they've trained up a youngster, or a woman, who can do the job as well as you? Do you think you'll get the job back then? Not likely. I worked in a bottle factory in Oldbury, Worcestershire. We supplied bottles for H. P., Worcester, and the other sauces. Jam bottles, whisky bottles, milk bottles, every kind of bottle except beer bottles. My job was to control the spread of the glass, you might say, and produce good shaped bottles—or get no ruddy money. Now my job has been taken over by somebody else, and all the sorting of the

bottles is done by women. There's no law been passed yet as I know to clear these people out after the war, and being a non-union job, there's nothing you can do about it. If you strike you're finished. Being a Commando of course might help for when I showed my boss the combined Ops. badge he gave me half a quid. First bonus I ever had!"

"Do you think skilled men will lose their touch after five years of war?" I asked. "I won't," said big L/Cpl. A. Logan, County Policeman from Largs. "In fact mine should have improved." The general opinion here was, however, that a craftsman never forgets, and can fit himself into new variations of the same job quite readily. "There's one thing," said young 22-year-old Pte. Robert Burns Millar, Galashiels, "I don't want to go back to my old job at all. I was a wool sorter in Gala, a puller, pulling out the different grades of wool after it had been softened in the roller machines and the sweating houses. Sending these bales all over the world makes me want to follow. Australia is a big wool country, and Capetown a very big centre; lovely wool, too. I feel like pushing off there, although maybe I'll change my mind again when I see Gala Water." Time, however, was up and the fighting men of 66, who have done such a fine job in other theatres of war already, swallowed a last nimbo pani, and rode off in state in their rickshaws. I feeling rather sentimental preferred to walk.



**T**HIS is about cobras. Not the sort that are carried round in baskets gnashing their gums and nattering about the old-age pension, but the young and vigorous ones which lie in wait for the unwary, toothsome traveller.

The ordinary Indian cobra may be found almost anywhere. And it may be of almost any colour—probably taking on some of the characteristics of its background. It seems to be fond of human beings and will often take up its dwelling amongst them. It usually chooses to live in rubble, or crevices in walls—but it may have a fondness for bashas.

The cobra, when disturbed, usually prefers to snake off rather than stand up and talk back to you. If, however, you are very close it will erect itself. The head, with its characteristic extended hood, will sway to and fro, ready to strike. As much as a third of its body may be off the

ground, the rest coiled like a steel spring. There is only one thing to do then. And it's difficult. **KEEP STILL.** If you do not move at all, the head will drop and the cobra glide away.

At any rate, the adult snake will. If you meet a young or adolescent cobra you may not be so lucky. Even the smallest, 8 to 10 inches, are dangerous. And extremely bad tempered. They mellow somewhat with age.

The hood is the most obvious identification mark of the cobra. It is dilated when the creature is disturbed and has a distinctive spectacle-like mark on the back. Ask it to keep still while you go round and have a look. If you are identifying a dead snake you can spot the cobra by his two or three bands of nearly black belly scales under, and below, the neck. Don't ask me how to distinguish the neck.



Some other useful things to know about the cobra—in populated areas it is happiest at night; it moves fast by land and in the water; it has a very loud, penetrating hiss; and although its eyesight is excellent, it is deaf.

You may wonder how snake charmers overcome this deafness. Do they fit their pets with tiny earphones, you ask. The answer is that the snake is fascinated not by the music but by the movement of the pipe. It is the slow

rhythmic swaying of the charmer's home-grown flute that produces the same movement in the reptile. Only Scotsmen will wonder why it wouldn't, anyway, react to the music.

If you doubt these statements I advise you to paste adhesive tape over your favourite cobra's eyes, play him a Bing Crosby record, and watch reactions.

Next month we'll introduce you to the viper. (No Izzy, NOT vindscreen viper.)

### Private Matsumoto's Diary

(Continued from page 9)

Righteousness and Strength that coming only to Children of Divine Nippon People such as I—when something wet pressing Hon. backside and blowing snortfully like Steam-engines up Hon. Fundamental Orifice! Bushido! I leaping like so startled Jack Rabbits and depositing self in painful thornbush in foregrounds. Oh! Spirit of Hon. Ancestors in so doing I bumping so vicious Bees Nest in bush! They giving me Hon. Hell like Billy Oh! Your tellings me! Oh Heaven born, why sending this miserable persons to die in so barbarous Burma.

Oh, vile Tojo. I putting Hon. foot in face if I seeing you now.

Vile thoughts thusly filling mind, this person leaping in chaung and submerging unto limits of probiscus for considerable passage of time. Now what thinking you is insidious cause of trouble? Pretty soon I finding out. It is nought but so tameful old water buffalo who upsetting me. And he heaping insults on Hon. head by coming in chaung for dip besides so crestfallen Takehiko Matsumoto.

This ending diary until swellings subsiding next month.

TAKKE

### Theobald and his Golden Eggs

(Continued from page 13)

fer years, did Ginger; spent near a' his money gettin' hit guid grub, an' keepin' hit warm, but wid it tell whaur ol' Angus' gold mine wis? Not a word! Last winter—ye'll mind there wis a lot o' flu' about—Theobald caught a cold an' died. Ginger's been drinkin' heavy ever since, but he's enjoyin' life

in a way he hasn't done for years.

The funny thing is, I hiv a cousin in the Stoneybroke country masel', an' he says ol' Angus M'Lean bocht these three gold nuggets offa him at the bank. Uncommon fond he was of Theobald, wis ol' Angus. Uncommon fond an' devoted. Whit'll ye hiv?"

"ANYWAY," said the Very Junior Subaltern, "I could find nothing wrong with his turnout at all." He was rather shaken, the V.J.S. He had just inspected the guard and found the Perfect Soldier.

The Very Senior Subaltern was scornful. "I could have found something wrong with him I bet," he declared loudly.

The General, who was sitting nearby, lifted one eyebrow and eye until they peered over the top of his *Times of India*. "It's quite possible the man was perfect," he said. "Of course, sir," said the V.S.S. hastily.

"Why, I remember," continued the General ruminatively, "I remember . . . it was the socks that did it really . . ."

"Did what, sir?" asked the V.S.S. and the V.J.S. together, politely.

"Well . . ." said the General. "We'd love to hear, sir" said the V.J.S. and V.S.S. in chorus. They heard . . .

It was a very pussers guard mounting parade. The Adjutant was liverish, the Orderly Officer was very keen, and the R.S.M. had a hangover. They were all out for blood. A trinity of hawklike angels. They overlooked nothing. Extra guards and drills fell like monsoon rains.

One man did not have his safety catch applied. Another had a wad of chewing gum attached to one of his back teeth. Yet another had a copy of "Frenchy Frolics" inside his battledress.

But an incredible thing happened. Two there were without fault or stain. They gleamed where they should have gleamed. They shone where they should have shone. They were creased where they should have been creased. They were perfect. It was unnatural—and the Adjutant, the Orderly Officer, and the R.S.M. all felt the challenge. For ten minutes they tried to find something wrong with those two. They examined the equipment minutely; stripped the rifles down to a collection of nuts and bolts—even looked behind the men's ears to see if they had washed.

Without result. With tears in his eyes the Adjutant confessed himself beaten. As a last resort, "Sergeant Major," he said, "fetch

## YOU MAY GET PROMOTION

by BILL ROSS

the C.O."

Eventually the C.O. came. He looked at the perfect pair and his brow was black. "Take off your boots" he barked.

Two pairs of snowy white gaiter were reverently laid aside. Neat reef knots were undone and gleaming boots removed. There was a deathly silence. "AH!" bellowed the C.O. and leapt forward. One man had a hole, a tiny hole, but still a hole, over his left big toe.

But the other . . . His socks were clean, and delicately perfumed. The heels were beautifully darned, denoting a salvage conscious mind. He removed his

(Continued on page 34)



# ON THE ROAD TO FREEDOM...



*This month we again bring you a story of an escape to Freedom. The escape of a man now serving with the Brigade. His name is . . . Jan . . .*

**I**T was bitterly cold. Peter and I had been lying huddled together for over three hours. It was impossible to sleep, though we were tired beyond measure. We just tried to get a little warmth each from the other. We were so wet and cold. We had not felt hunger for a long time now.

There was a heavy drizzle and the mist was thick. It was very quiet. Only the drips from the eaves seemed loud in our ears. The rest was silence . . . silence which had been our cloak for days . . . which had brought us so far

and would take us farther . . . silence which was fleetingly broken by urgent hurried whispers directing us on the road to Freedom. These whispers, and occasional brief messages, were our signposts, anonymous signposts.

Peter lay very still. I saw him smile slightly and knew of what he was thinking. Of what we were both thinking. I had a sudden vivid picture of him running swiftly across a green field to gather up a small red ball which, with the athlete's sureness, he had flung to the wicket-keeper whilst I tried, vainly, to reach the crease.

Afterwards we had laughed about the funny English game of cricket. But we had liked England and had planned to go back again, some day. Now we were going back. Not to the England of cricket and holidays, but a grim, wartime England, which to us, and to others, stood for Freedom.

Our little country had been smothered. Nazis, Schupos, Grune Polizei, Wehrmacht, Gauleiters, all the paraphernalia of Germanism had destroyed our life in just a day and a night. The roar of Nazi propaganda was trying to drown the dictates of our conscience.

I remembered that dreadful night when for endless hours we had driven our field guns to new positions. The horses, stinking, sweating, straining, could finally go no more. "They're finished," Peter had said. "Perhaps we are too. But those cricketers will welcome another game!" Our captain had heard us, "You must be out of training for cricket" he had said. "Maybe you should practice it again . . . go tomorrow."

Now we were lying in a smelly outhouse somewhere South of Saint Prieux.

There was a sound of clogs, the echoes clattering hollowly against the walls. Lamplight, a lamp swinging as a half-seen figure crossed the yard, stooping as men do when they resent the weather. We heard the latch click as the house door closed after him. So

this was the man who would guide us across the Pyrénées. This was the obscure French peasant who, time after time, made that perilous crossing. Who was always ready to go again because . . . he, too, wished to be free.

There was a sudden rumble of motor cycles. The first streaks of dawn seemed to be trying to assert themselves, to push back the mist. The grumble grew to a roar; to a crescendo. It burst into the yard, splintering into grey steel-helmeted things. A door gave beneath blows. Glass clattered. Voices stabbed at each other. Then a gun cut the grey drizzle with its staccato finality. It was an automatic and repeated itself in short, deliberate bursts, to the end of the magazine. It did this twice. Then, like a film being turned backwards, the helmets returned to their machines, roared out again into the mists from which they had come.

The man lay on the floor of the kitchen. The homely red tiles were redder where he lay. He was still alive. "Mangez et partez vite" he coughed. Then he was dead. Upstairs, his wife. The agony on her face showed what she had known before she died. Their daughter sprawled across the bedroom floor, just another monument to Nazi war. The two small children against the wall. With innocence they had wondered what was happening. They were about three, or four. That was not even bestiality; that was fear.

*(Continued on page 39)*





*CONTRIBUTIONS* are becoming more plentiful. Particularly those without name and address, so that we cannot return them. With this in view, we start this column. Here, at the sign of the Three-legged Chair (the Adm. Officer won't play for some reason!) are to be found the unsuccessful candidates. The rest are either successful, or being "sat on" a bit longer. Turn on your little pocket 38s then, and listen—

**THE INCIDENT**—J. M. H. "The Doc says drop your trousers, show me your tongue, there's nothing wrong, and what's your complaint, all in one breath..." The Doc, however, isn't the only one in a hurry. A good idea is to get hold of a plot first, and then take your time writing about it.

**EGYPT**—BARNES. Not just clever enough, but come again.

**COVER DESIGNS**—SGT. FRIEND and MNE. MOULD. By this time you know the standard required. The ideas were good, but the craftsmanship not so. Thanks a million!

**ON BOARD A TROOPSHIP**—ANON. No title, no name, just a sinister dark figure slipping quietly through the door at night, and dropping a little ghostly packet at our feet. "In a mere flickover the faces and voices around us have merged phantom-wise into phantasmagoria..." Are you by any chance the skeleton in my cupboard? Or are you just wet? Seriously, I think you

could write a good thriller. Why don't you try?

**ODDS AND ENDS**—WIMPY. Below the standard of your other efforts, some of which I believe have been published. This is NOT good. Give us more of your short stories.

**EVOLUTION OF CHEMICAL WARFARE**—PICK. A bit too technical. The table on page 129 was very interesting. What about the life story of Dolly Dyes? Your "Potholing" is more our level, Pickywicky.

**MY ENGLAND**—BEAUDIEU. My heavens! Mon Dieu! I do not expect to find you here! O la, la, you wrote this during a wet landing, no? Or in a republic house, yes? Listen, fella, the Liffey may be in *your* England, but, if we were to print that, Ken Trevor's boys would be all over us.

That's all today. Thanks for the tin of bullybeef, Unknown Admirer!

Hasta banana,  
FREDDY.

# HOME TOWN

## BRUM

By A. L. M.

**T**HIS is addressed chiefly to Brummies, for Birmingham, second biggest city in England, is far from being of universal interest. It is filled with so many people, however, that it cannot but engender an atmosphere all its own; and the atmosphere of Birmingham (I speak not of the gaseous content of the air) is a happy-go-lucky quick-firing industrious one. Being my own city, of course, I love it. I love it from Cadbury's Garden City, where the roses smell of chocolate, to the smelting works and foundries, where your lunch smells of coal dust and white-hot iron.

Built on the southern edge of the Black Country, parts of Brum have risen above worked-out coal mines. There is no mining now, but what other city in the Empire turns out so many manufactured metal goods? Tin trays, tacks, toys, trinkets—and now tanks!

What is the population of Birmingham? I don't know, but it must have been doubled in these

years of war, so great has been the influx of Americans. There's a buzz going around that Corporation Street has been renamed Fifth Avenue! Do you remember the Odeon, the West End, the Futurist, and the Scala? They are all filled with the smoke of American Club and Lucky Strike cigarettes now. I do not begrudge all this to our allies of course. They will probably be preoccupied in quite a different way by this time—in France.

Towering like some giant medieval castle over all other buildings in Broad Street stands the new Civic Hall. It dwarfs even that older favourite, the Memorial Hall. There are some fine buildings in Brum, old and new, but when the war is over no doubt they will find some bad ones to pull down, and some good ones to raise up. Perhaps some of our favourite haunts will disappear then!

Thinking on these lines what would I not give for a pint of beer



## THE JUNGLE BOOK

in the right kind of feminine society at the "Granville", or for an evening at the "Palais de Danse", or the "West End"! Aha! Or how would you like to go next Sunday morning to the Smethurst "Rink", or to the Edgbaston "Tower" to see Micky Woods tie Black Butch in knots, and then throw him for six? Then of course you could nip along to the "Five Ways" for a quick one, and tell the barmaid the most incredible stories about your adventures against the Japs. Ah, there would be no ants in your pants, nor flies in your eyes, in the "Tower".

There are lots of good ways of spending Sunday in Brum. You can climb Lickey Hills, or have an easy stroll through Sutton Park with a girl on your arm. I suppose when all is said and done that that is what we are all really fighting for—the right to do what we like on a Sunday in our home town.

Among the unending views of Birmingham which pass through my mind's eye, one picture recurs more frequently than the rest. That is—a church, St. Peter's, standing on the top of a hill, surrounded by fresh fields and green woods, a monarch on a throne. A little stream runs quietly through the grounds of St. Peter's, bringing with it a gentle benison of sacred water-music. Twice a year the people of Harborne hold a garden fête there, and the Vicar allows dancing on the lawn. It is hard to believe, watching this scene, that one is only four miles from England's biggest industrial centre.

I could go on writing about Brum for ever, I'm afraid: Brum, the British city furthest from the sea; Brum, the city whose people are fighting hard in the factories for the day when they can welcome back once again their fathers, husbands, sons, and lovers to the old happy-go-lucky busy days of peace.

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### You May Get Promotion

(Continued from page 29)

socks that they might be more closely examined, and it was seen that on each scrubbed toe nail was enamelled a tiny Globe and Laurel.

"Bless my soul" said the C.O.

"Good gracious me" said the Adjutant.

"Goddam" said the Orderly Officer.

"2:-xx14-75xx7X" said the R.S.M.

"Well by Jove, sir," said the V.J.S. and the V.S.S. "Who was this paragon?"

"Modesty," said the General, blushing, "forbids me to tell you."

# SEEING STARS



*by Canopus*

**E**ACH month I hope to introduce you to one of the major constellations, or planets; but first let us consider just what these constellations and planets are, and gain some idea of their magnitude. The sun is only one of the many stars in our solar system, and a very small one at that. It appears large to us only because in astronomical distances it is very close to us.

The sun is some 1,250,000 times the size of the earth and some 90 million miles away from us. Many visible stars are 200 "light years" away from us, a "light year" being some 6 billion miles, so that if one of these distant stars disintegrated today its absence would not be noticed on the earth for 200 years. The planets are, like the earth, bodies revolving around the sun, being in

actual fact much closer and smaller than the stars. They may be distinguished from the stars by the fact that they shine with a steady light, whilst the stars "twinkle". Stars are "fixed" and maintain the same relation to each other, whilst the planets appear to move across the sky passing through various constellations. The moon is not a star, but a small planet which circles round the earth in the same way the earth circles the sun. So much for our own stellar system which consists of the myriads of stars we can see with the naked eye and many more too distant to see. If you can realize that this stellar system is only one of some 100 million systems making up the galactic system you will gain some idea of the vastness of what we call the universe. Next month I shall describe "Scorpio".



# RED WINS...

by BEAUDIEU

**"PUT** your sleeves down!" Now, I am really of a very docile nature, being in the Commandos, but there is always one moment in a man's life when his back suddenly arches like that of an irate Tom. It wasn't the words used exactly—I admit right away that I was in the wrong, and should have had them down, but it was the way he laid stress on the word P-U-T, and the way he hesitated just before producing in the most distorted and vulgar drawl the word "Sow-djer!"

I was in the act of purchasing a mango—luscious fruit! I had previously decided to pay three annas for it, take it with me into the pictures and there consume it at my leisure; but—as the unexpected appearance of the enemy on the horizon to a Commander in the field changes his whole *plan de campagne*, so now I hastily reviewed the situation.

I sized him up out of the corner of my eye. He was 5 feet 8 inches or so, stocky but weak in the chest. His feet stuck out too far, his eyes were just a little too watery and, anyway, he was only a Lancejack. No, his chances were definitely small. I planned. I began to haggle about the price of the mango. I judged that this would be aggravating, and further I received considerable moral support in that the mango became personal property for two annas. Come to think of it, I believe the shopkeeper scented danger, and was glad to be rid of me.

"Put damn y'r sleeves—or d'ja wanta gor'n'a charge!"

I decided to be diplomatic in the true sense. Holding the fruit in my left hand, I swivelled round slowly on one heel, raised myself to my full height, and my eyebrows to his and emitted a dignified "Yes hyphen Corporal!"

He was obviously nonplussed, and retreated to a respectable distance to contemplate his quarry.

I could have gone into the pictures there and then, but I decided to call his bluff, and promptly began to peel and eat my mango in the middle of the street. I saw his eyes narrowing, and I closed mine in ecstasy. Here I made a blunder, for when I opened them again, my mango half eaten, I found myself confronted by three of them, and one of the newcomers not only possessed most disturbingly pugilistic features but he supported two well-balanced stripes. This was more serious and for a brief moment I considered that discretion might, after all, be the better part of valour. I wasn't given an option. The two stripes were already under my nose, and a very sarcastic voice was enquiring how long it was going to take me to comply with previously-made requests. My mouth was full. I could not answer. I doubt really whether I was expected to, for he followed it up immediately with: **"PUT DOWN THOSE SLEEVES INSTANTLY!"** shouted in such a way that it attracted considerably outside attention. I thought fast. I was temporarily cornered. I kept up the chewing on a now imaginary mouthful as if I was trying to speak, and looked round everywhere for some form of support. My brain seemed to clog. I do not say I was panic-struck, but the whole situation looked decidedly sticky for the moment. But, as always, it is at the most critical stage of the encounter that *L'idée pour la victoire* confronts you. I acted. Thrusting the half-eaten, juicy mango into his hands, I exclaimed: "Frightfully sorry, Corporal, but do me the favour, hold this a minute and I'll put them down faster than two puffs at a V." At the same

time I strolled back to the shop, obtained some water, washed my hands and my mouth, dried them on my handkerchief and then, with perfect composure, rolled down my sleeves, and buttoned the cuffs.

So it happened—like the explosion of a bangalore at close range. He lost his temper. The mango flew. The blood rushed to his face. He thundered towards me, reminding me of a tiger tank which once came hurtling out of control down the sides of a N.A. wadi—it missed me by about ten feet. This missile in the form of a human torpedo (red band = H.E.) missed me by about ten millimetres. My footwork was well timed. It looked as if a battle royal were coming on. I realized that, to win, I must play for time and for position. The other two had already closed in. At all costs I must try again to get them talking and arguing. I would be able to manage the three, but it would take time; besides it was almost eight-thirty and my pals were waiting for me (if only they were here!)—and as if in answer to my prayer, one of them suddenly appeared round the corner.

"Hey, Dicky!—are you or aren't you coming?—what the hell are you up to, anyway!—"

"Just rolling my sleeves down—I won't be a minute—care to help me?" Bill was a good soldier. When in danger you can always rely on him. He saw the whole thing in a nutshell.

I had been trying—honestly I had—to avoid any form of brute force. After all these boys have a job to do—unpleasant as it is—and I *did* have my sleeves up after Mozzy Precautions Time; but the way it looked to Bill I might have been in the middle of a cruel assault. He asked no questions. Three swift paces forward, two well-timed left hooks and there formed itself upon the ground a heap of twisted arms and legs and bits of red rag—the remains of two Lancejacks. The two-striper hearing the unexpected bangs, looked away—I was unable to resist myself, and so he joined his pals!

I took Bill's arm and swiftly piloted him by a round-about way back to the front of the pictures. We said nothing at all. We picked up Jack and Butch and went in. We saw the pictures. We enjoyed the pictures. We came out of the pictures at peace with the world. Then suddenly above the pleasant chatter of the crowd we heard familiar voices. Others of our comrades were about to suffer.

"Put down your sleeves, soldier, put down your sleeves there!"—I sighed, and rubbing my knuckles thought of the Chinese proverb which says: " . . . Who strikes the first blow admits the weakness of his argument. . . ." Still it does come in handy sometimes. Bill walked into the night past the the red caps with an innocent smile upon his face . . . but as for me, I climbed a wall!





# POTHOLING

by PICK

**D**O you know what potholing is? No, I thought not.

Put briefly it is climbing down, instead of the more usual sport of climbing up, mountains.

Potholes, like the "Marble Steps" pothole, are nothing more than holes in the ground, but as they are natural holes, and not artificial, they are usually extremely interesting to explore.

There are many potholes like the one I have named in the foothills of the Pennine Chain, which constitutes the western limit of Yorkshire, some of them descending to great depths.

It was a glorious summer day when I descended the "Marble Steps". We were a dozen strong, including our guide, who incidentally was the only one amongst the party who had any previous experience of potholing. I wouldn't recommend that, however, and that's a point!

We possessed for illumination one electric torch and eleven wax candles. Armed with these we commenced, rather gingerly perhaps, our famous venture. With a stout rope lashed securely round a pinnacle at the top, we slithered down what is known as a chimney, a narrow crevice in the rock,

using feet and backs to steady our descent. This took us to a narrow ledge where we forsook the rope for a rope ladder slung obliquely across a massive rocky bowl. Our guide descended first and fixed the bottom of the ladder which made the job fairly easy. In practice, however, to descend down that resilient stairway with nothing but a tiny gleam of light coming from our guide's torch somewhere below was as a cake-walk is to a Scotsman on a Saturday night.

Disaster very nearly overtook me when I was about half-way down. The ladder had somehow contrived to get itself twisted, and in a very unsportsmanlike manner just as I was gaining confidence decided to right itself. Being jerked suddenly from in front of the ladder to behind it while hanging in an inky black void is not exactly everybody's idea of a W.V.S. party; consequently, operations were held up while the "Commando" got himself and his heart back into normal position.

However, we all reached the bottom safely enough and having lit my candle with the rest, I started poking importantly around among the small rocks which littered the whole place. This was brought to a sudden end by an alarmed shout from our guide who came stumbling over to where I was. "Hmm, you again" he said, catching sight of me in the beam of his torch. He did not waste any more words, however, but picking up a stone, tossed it into the darkness. After an eternity we heard

a faint but distinct splash far below. "Twenty-seven seconds" he snapped, waving the illuminated dial of his watch before my nose.

Now I am not prepared to calculate how deep that hole was, but the guide's little exhibition was quite impressive. After that, instead of being the tough boy, who dashed around as if potholing was as easy as picking gooseberries out of a little girl's basket, I settled down to be quite a learner.

Still using our ladder we descended on the far side of this middle floor. Caverns and caves abounded. It was like fairyland. Food for nerve, and limb and mind.

Eventually reaching a point where another ten feet or so saw our descent at an end, we had to resort to a belly crawl along a low narrow tunnel lined by the slimiest slime I have ever seen. Not that it mattered much now for we were

already in a pretty horrible state. And that's another point.

But this time it was well worth it, for we came out into a tremendous cavern, where a shaft of hallowed light poured through a narrow crack, which led right back up to the surface of the earth. We were now two hundred feet down, having completed our descent in excellent time, only as the guide said, "If the Commando had had his way, we would all have got down much quicker—as for me, I am a married man."

There are many more interesting potholes in the same district. The "Gaping Ghyll" and the "Alum" pothole and others. The entry to the former is actually made in a chair and winch right through the centre of a bubbling stream.

Quite a lot of folks like climbing up mountains. Personally, climbing down potholes is right up my street.

### On the Road to Freedom

(Continued from page 31)

Peter left a note on the kitchen table. "We could not prevent this, but we will avenge it. Our country suffers also." Underneath we signed two imaginary names; and an address "Somewhere on the road to Freedom." We could not tell who would find it—but either way it would serve a purpose.

The dawn was struggling into a sitting position and rubbing its eyes. But there was still a thick mist. We pushed on into it as fast as we could. We would have

to do it without our guide. But we would do it . . .

\* \* \* \*

Jan is with us now. Peter recently escaped from a Spanish internment camp. There are many more Jans and Peters. They have come, and are now coming, from every country of Europe. Each has a story, and each story is just another ember in that burning hatred of the Fascist which has drawn them from all corners of the earth to where men are fighting still for Freedom.



# THE TALE OF CORPORAL STUBBS

BY L/CPL.  
C.A. PRITCHARD



ONE evening I am engaged on that menial task known as spud bashing. Seeing as I am so engaged, it most likely seems strange that a passing Stripey says to me, "Wot's the difference with them spuds tonight, matey?" Stripeys always call you matey when you're spud bashing and they haven't detailed you. Makes it look as if they'd never list you for such a job. But as I am saying, a Stripey says "What's the difference with them spuds tonight, matey, that makes you look so happy and all's right with the world like?" and I says back "Sarge—this is nay bother at all, this is one of those things that makes a soldier's life one big round of pleasure!" That's what I says and this is why.

We've got a Corporal. Stubbs is his name and a more flannelling, ignorant, two timing, double crossing, two hooked monstrosity I've never seen.

Well, me and Corporal Stubbs don't hit it off. We do not see eye to eye over anything. He does not have his knife into me, oh no—

knives are too small for him—he has all the G1098 bayonets and matchets he can lay his thieving hands on right in the middle of my spinal column.

Anyway, I am out one night doing nothing in particular except forgetting Stubbs and anything to do with him, when I picks up a "Waaf" and a very nice bit of "Waaf" at that. Being a fast worker where such things are concerned I takes her to the pictures and makes a date for the following Friday which is last night and which is the first time I have any of the old folding money.

Being off colour a bit and not so smart as usual I starts to shoot a line or two about this "Waaf" and the date on Friday to some of the boys and the buzz must get around to the great Stubbs himself because on Friday, as sure as eggs is powdered, I finds myself on spud bashing, us being Duty Section, which is something I do not think of in time.

Like a drowning man clutching at a straw I decides to appeal to what little heart old Stubbs might

have and says to him, in my best standing to attention and paying all due respects voice, "Corporal Stubbs, owing to the fact that I have a very pressing and heavy date outside Joe's Café at 7 o'clock with a most charming little 'Waaf' what I meets last Monday, I would esteem it a great and kindly action on your part if you could see your way clear to take me off spud bashing tonight and put me on when we are duty next."

I might just as well say it to my bloomin' tin hat because he says that not only doesn't he see his way clear to do what I asks but he'll see that I am on spuds for the next week if I'm not over at the galley immediately, if not sooner.

Shouldering my load of cares I wishes Stubbs in flaming hell and moves off at a steady stagger to the galley and sits myself down, surrounded by bags of stinking spuds and with murder in my heart.

I am peeling spuds for about three-quarters of an hour when who comes along but my China Seranny Dawkes out of "B" Troop. "Hullo," he says "thought you had a date with a prize bit of Waafeminity?" This isn't exactly a bright remark on Seranny's part and I boils over more than somewhat.

I will not offend your ears with the first part of my answering oration, it being mostly concerned with the family tree, or lack of it, of the Stubbs tribe, but Seranny

hooks on in the end that Stubbs has detailed me for spud bashing so as I miss my date.

"Getting even with that two timing eruption is dead easy," says Seranny. "I'm on spuds tomorrow, so if you do mine tomorrow and I finish off yours tonight we'll be square, and if you shake it up a bit and look slippy you'll catch up your date, you've got twenty minutes to do it in!"

These words are hardly out of his mouth when Seranny is kissed on both cheeks, has my knife, clasp, in his hand and is sitting among the spuds and I am leaping off into the middle distance like an Itie in full retreat.

In two shakes of the old ducks rudder I am washed, shaved, changed, and on my way to my idea of heaven. Nearing Joe's Café where I am to meet my newest I slows down, so as to regain my equilibrium for the opening remarks, and who do I see bowling along in front of me but the one and only Corporal Stubbs himself!

Now I figures that it isn't exactly coincidence that Corporal Stubbs is approaching Joe's Café at the same time as my date, and him having put me on spuds as well. Everything adds up to a dirty bit of double crossing it seems to me. So I says to myself Dear Mr. Stubbs if you think you're going to muscle in on my date by getting me out of the way spud peeling you've got another think coming; in fact you're going to get the biggest shock of your



double crossing life. Which he did.

I hangs back a bit watching events, awaiting the best time to strike and watches the dear Corporal go up to my "Waaf" and speak to her, when suddenly, from nowhere, out steps the biggest R.A.F. Stripey I've ever seen in my sweet life and, without so much as by your leave, he ups and proceeds to fill my beloved Corporal's lamps in something

cruel and, having flaked him out very nicely, takes the "Waaf" by the arm and walks her off.

Thinking discretion the better part of valour I makes an orderly withdrawal to the "Ducks and Drakes" and celebrates my narrow escape in no uncertain manner, even having a pint for old Stinker Stubbs himself.

Yes, spud bashing is a very pleasant task indeed tonight—very pleasant.

## WIT AND WISDOM

*If the man who turnip cries  
Cry not when his father dies,  
'Tis a proof that he had rather,  
Have a turnip than his father.*

*The man that hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves by thumps upon your back  
How he esteems your merit,  
Is such a friend, that one had need  
Be very much his friends indeed  
To pardon or to bear it.*  
(Couper)

*'Tis well to be merry and wise,  
'Tis well to be honest and true;  
'Tis well to be off with the old love  
Before you are on with the new.*  
(Maturin)

*Most friendship is feigning,  
Most loving mere folly;  
Then heigh-ho the holly,  
This life is most jolly.*  
(Shakespeare)

*They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod  
They go to church on Sunday;  
And many are afraid of God—  
But more of Mrs. Grundy.*  
(Fredrick Locker)

*Large knowledge void of peace and rest,  
And wealth with pining care possess—  
These by my fertile lands are meant,  
That little field is called Content.*  
(Robert Trowbridge)

*Manlike it is to fall into sin,  
Fiendlike it is to dwell therein,  
Christlike it is for sin to grieve,  
God-like it is all sin to leave.*  
(Von Logau)

*Though the mills of God grind slowly,  
Yet they grind exceeding small;  
Though with patience He stands waiting,  
With exactness grinds He all.*  
(Von Logau)

*Better through life bare-footed press  
Than in a pinching shoe;  
Better no house or home possess  
Than have a bad wife too.*  
(Sa'di)

*'Tis hard indeed to make a pother  
That Eve poor Adam overthrew,  
For what he did to please the mother  
We daily for the daughters do.*  
(Besser)