

starve." Debating if the six sheep on the distant hill would be good eating mutton. Hoping that someone might accidentally shoot them and bring them home to build up the ration strength. Wondering if the wife received the last batch of stores safely and whether it was too risky to send another one.

Tech. Officers.—Nearly all of them just this side of insanity. Watching vehicles move out each day and muttering little prayers for their safe return. Surrounded, at times, by a mass of magnificent machinery, none of which will function. Muttering in their slumbers the strange language of their kind—"idlers, bogeys, eccentric, escape hatch," etc.

N.C.O.'s.—Hoping the troops will remember who they are because they wear no stripes in the field. **Best story:** The N.C.O. who went round his tents every night and couldn't understand why no one was A.W.L.

Troopers.—A fine body of men—all of them. Wondering what it is all about. Fighting great battles and only knowing that it was all over at last, because the referees had told them. Down in the belly of a tank feeling sea-sick, down on their own bellies feeling home-sick. Disguising their vehicles to look like trees or bushes, and themselves to look like blades of grass; sniffing the air in search of a wet canteen; liking it or just lumping it. **Best story:** The infantryman in support who was suddenly surprised by the enemy with a rifle. "Bang Bang!" said the foe—"You're dead!" "Don't be a damn fool!" said the brave man, "Chung, chung—I'm a tank!"

The Brigadier.—Last in this narrative—but not least. Impossible to get thro' the normal channels, all of which were blocked.

Snapshot: Towering like a colossus—see (cartoon on page 13) on a distant hill—muttering to his staff thro' pipe-clenched teeth. "Umph—ma friends—quite a good show—as far as I can see—fine body of soldiery here; they'll make old Rommel cough. Well, thank ye kindly—farewell!"

—Observer.

ON MANOEUVRES

Reaction to manoeuvres depends entirely upon one's point of view. We have therefore tried to gauge the feelings of those who have recently been working on Field Exercises. This is roughly what we have learned:—Space will permit only the briefest of notes.

Commanding Officers.—Mixed feelings here; very mixed. Torn between a desire to leave the fire in the ante-room and the desire to stay. Thoughts on the possibility of a bridge four in a leaky tent with no lights. The clarion call of duty to get up and lead their men to the heights thro' snow and ice. The noble words "We must get out and rough it" written on their hearts.

Adjutants.—In the words beloved of all soldiery, daily "Making a batch of scones." Carrying the entire weight of the Unit on their shoulders. Wondering how much has been left out of the movement order, now being scrutinised angrily by all officers. In the last hour, before departing to the bivouac area, dictating notes, answering telephones, pressing buzzers, shouting for staff, surrounded by interviewers at one and the same time taking out the last batch of scones.

Squadron Commanders.—Only one thought. Control of a number of tanks, a wireless set to themselves, and an overwhelming desire to see how everything works. Manoeuvres made their appeal to them all. General comment: "We felt like the B.B.C. announcers."

Then, of course, there was the good Squadron Commander, one in every Unit, who was obliged to go over the hills every night after work to find the tank that was lost and get someone to help him to carry it home.

Quartermasters.—A brooding crew; sitting in their tents as the Units moved off each day and thinking—"If it wasn't for me the blighters would

