

George Douglas Machin

1893 - 1985



George Douglas Machin was born in Stoke Newington in January 1893 and was educated at Owens School.



At the outbreak of the war in 1914 he was employed in the illustrations and Publicity Department of Ovaltine.

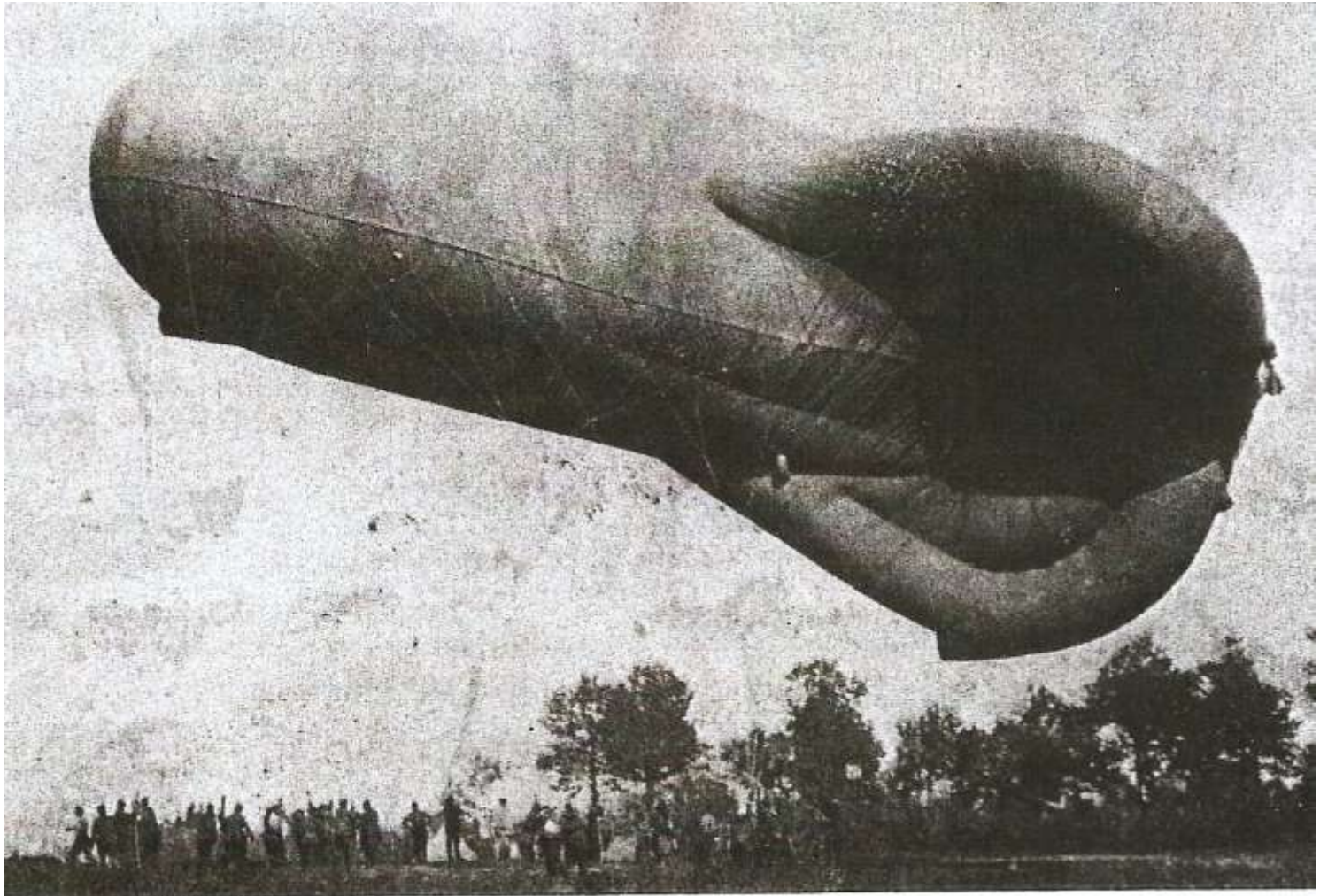


At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in to the Bedfordshire Regiment and in April 1915 he joined the 1st Battalion on Hill 60, just before the Germans launched the famous gas attack on the 22nd.



- “our front lines were little more than sandbagged ditches with corpses protruding here and there, the whole area was invested with rats.....I was on intelligence duties, sketching trenches and sniping, with some inter-lines patrolling.....I continued front line duty until the vile winter of 1915, when a long-deferred leave at last came through”.

Spencer –type balloon of 23 KB Section in Abeele May 1918 when Captain Machin was acting commander









Machin's original recommendation for the Distinguished Flying Cross

- “When heavily shelled and his balloon has been hit he has remained up on several shoots in which he was engaged or to range artillery on to the gun which was shelling him. On two occasions the balloon lost so much gas that it fell fast at the end”.

- “On October 14th 1918, this officer with another was up at a height of over 5000 feet in a balloon when they were attacked and were forced to jump out in their parachutes which collided, and the cords of one got round Lieutenant Machin’s neck. He narrowly escaped strangulation and had a very heavy shock when landing as the parachutes remained locked together”.

- “In spite of these incidents, Lieutenant Machin has always retained his keenness and nerve, and continues to set an excellent example to all Observers in his Wing. Throughout this year Lieutenant Machin has set a fine example to the balloon officers of this Army. In both retirement and advance he has kept his balloons in action and in touch with the R.A”.

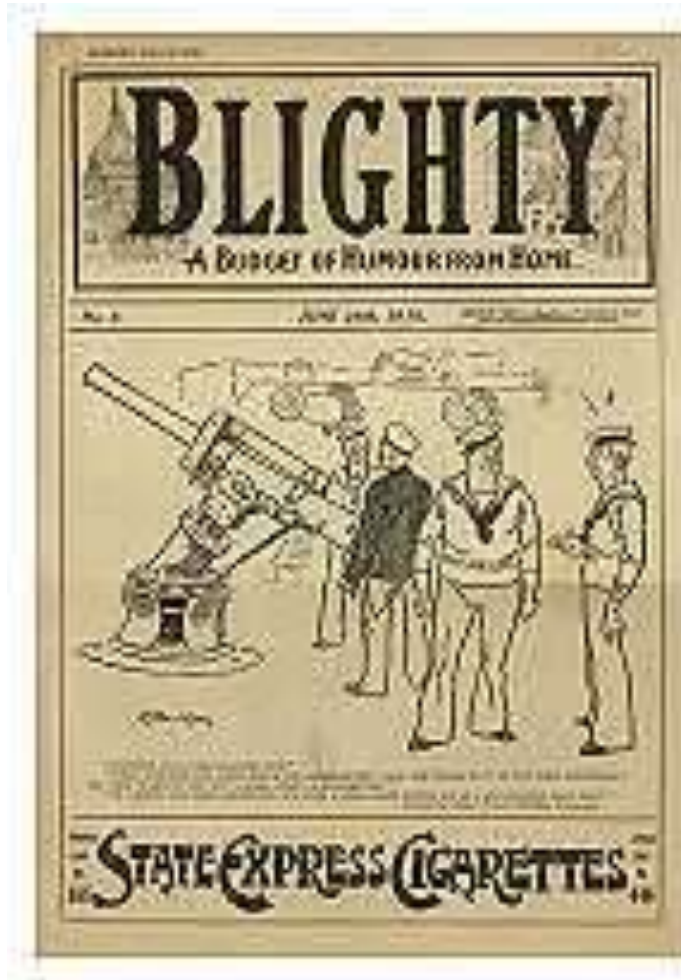
London Gazette 8th February 1919

Lieut. George Douglas Machin.

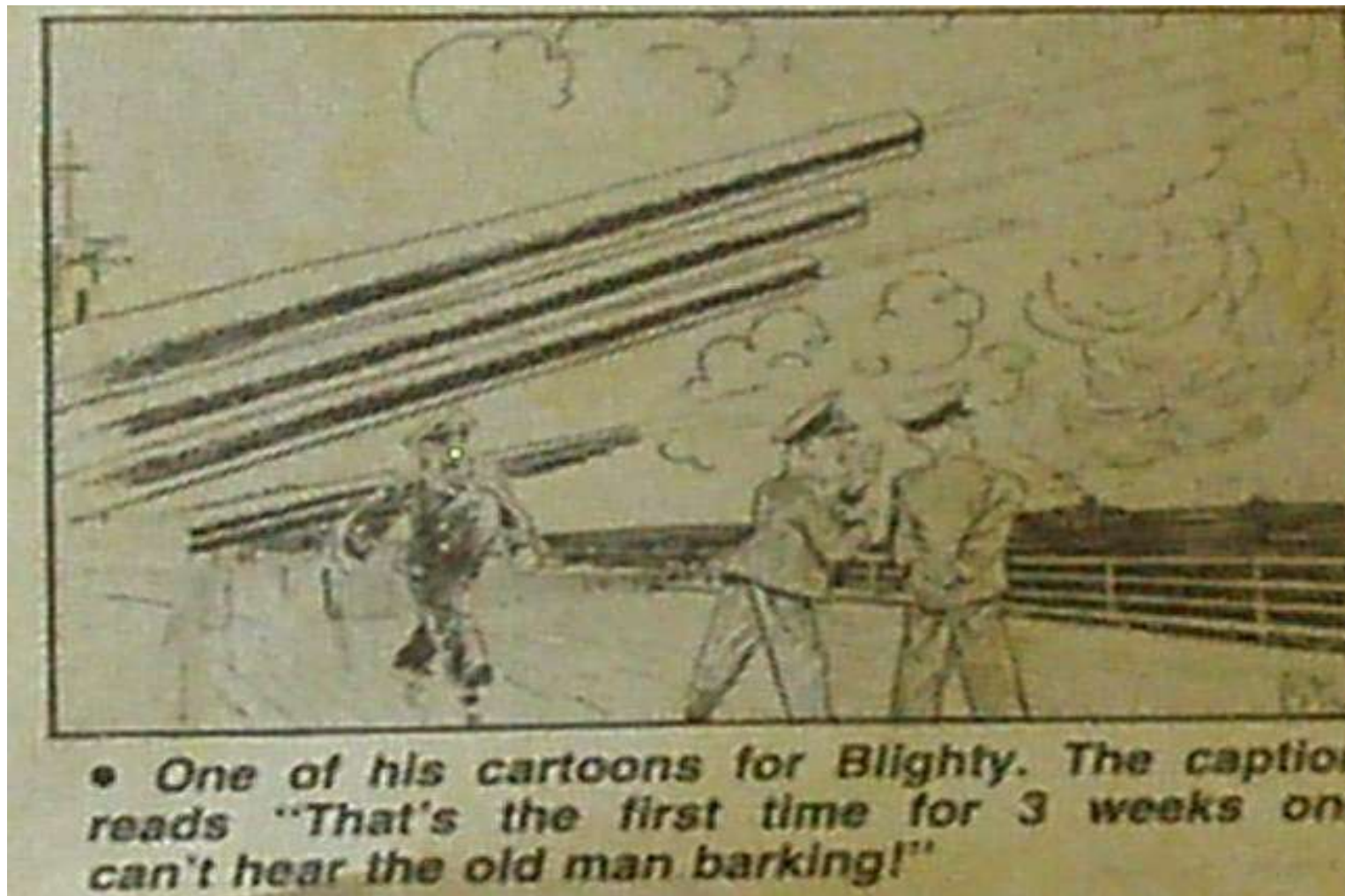
(FRANCE)

This officer sets a fine example of cool courage and devotion to duty to all balloon officers of his section. Subjected to heavy shell fire, with his balloon damaged by same, he has on several occasions remained in the air and continued his observations. Twice his balloon so damaged fell rapidly, landing him on the roof of a house the first time, and on the second occasion in a wood. On another occasion, forced to make a hurried descent, his parachute collided with that of his fellow observer, and he had a heavy shock on landing. Unshaken by such incidents, he retains his keenness and nerve.

During the 1st War he undertook illustration work in
“Blighty”



Blighty Magazine



At the end of hostilities he served on attachment to the Supply and Transport Corps from the Indian Army Reserve of Officers for several years



India Marriages, 1792-1948 for George Douglas Machin

Groom's Name:	George Douglas Machin
Groom's Birth Date:	1893
Groom's Birthplace:	
Groom's Age:	27
Bride's Name:	Olive May Fulker
Bride's Birth Date:	1895
Bride's Birthplace:	
Bride's Age:	25
Marriage Date:	21 Sep 1920
Marriage Place:	Bombay, Bombay, India
Groom's Father's Name:	George Machin
Groom's Mother's Name:	
Bride's Father's Name:	Henry James Fulker
Bride's Mother's Name:	
Groom's Race:	
Groom's Marital Status:	
Groom's Previous Wife's Name:	
Bride's Race:	
Bride's Marital Status:	
Bride's Previous Husband's Name:	
Indexing Project (Batch) Number:	M00211-8
System Origin:	India-EASy
Source Film Number:	523910
Reference Number:	

Wedding Day
21st September 1920
Bombay Cathedral



Bombay Cathedral







He returned to civilian life as a sports cartoonist for the Daily Mirror, he later became a freelance artist, working for many of the big newspapers and magazines, including the Tatler.



LADY IDINA GORDON AND THE HON. JOSSLYN HAY

A snapshot recently taken at a well-known Italian resort. Lady Idina Gordon is the Earl of De la Warr's sister, and the Hon. Josslyn Hay is a son of Lord Kintore and a grandson of the Earl of Erroll. The engagement of Lady Idina Gordon and Mr. Josslyn Hay was announced a short time ago.

GRAND NON-XMAS NUMBER

DEC^R

Gaiety

A MAGAZINE OF HUMOUR

1/-
NET



WILL COOPER

Step into

THE
Boots
CHEMISTS

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD.

FOR
DRUGS
AND
GIFTS

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE

PLAYER'S CIGARETTES.



R.E.
HOLLIDAY.

PLAYER'S CIGARETTES.



H.C. LAIRD.

PLAYER'S CIGARETTES.



J.B. NELSON.

PLAYER'S CIGARETTES.



J. GARRIN.

PLAYER'S CIGARETTES.



A.C.
POWELL.

PLAYER'S CIGARETTES.



A.A. SELLER.

PLAYER'S CIGARETTES.



J.S. SMITH.

PLAYER'S CIGARETTES.



JAMES JOLLING.

PLAYER'S CIGARETTES.



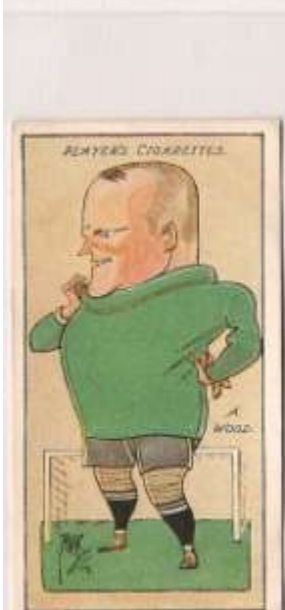
J.B. TUCKER.

PLAYER'S CIGARETTES.



D.K.
TURNBULL.











Eric Brook



Henry Hibbs



Jackie Bray

A series of caricatures by "Mac" (Douglas Machin) were published by Ogdens in 1935. A set of these cards are currently valued by the Cigarette Card Catalogue (2007) at £130. The series included Dai Richards, Alex Stevenson, Dai Richards, Charlie Phillips, David Martin, Albert Geldard, Henry Hibbs, Bob Gurney, George Male, Ray Westwood, Jackie Bray, Eric Brook, Cliff Britton, Wilf Copping, and Eddie Hapgood.



Dai Richards



Alex Stevenson



Eddie Hapgood

Memories — pre return to Services

1939

That Gas Mask — Official Boxtype Civilian issue

War outbreak 1939





"Everybody's" - Front cover - Sep. 23, '39

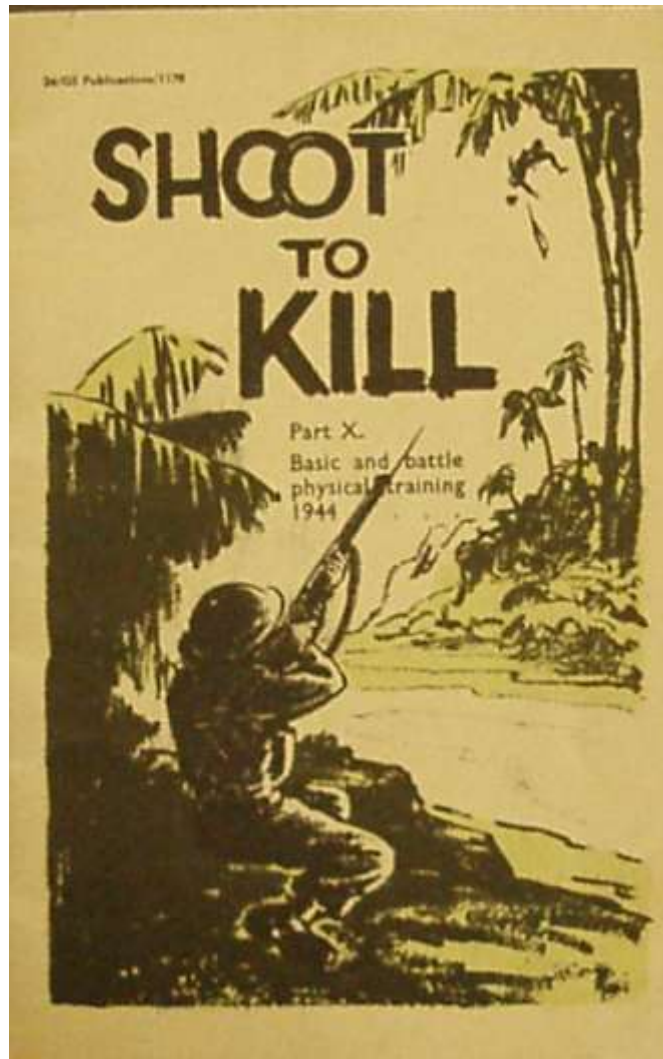
With the outbreak of the 2nd World war he was commissioned in to the Royal Army Service Corps.
He was shipped to the middle east where he was seriously wounded at Tobruk by an exploding shell.



Whilst in hospital suffering from two broken legs he was spotted by Randolph Churchill sketching from his hospital bed, which resulted in it being arranged for him to be transferred G.C.H.Q. at Cairo where he drew illustration for military instruction manuals.



A typical military manual that he worked on.



Standard Two Intermediate

GRIP (Single shoulder lift)

17



(At ease, arms downward, alternate grip)

Releasing left hand grip, raising rifle to right shoulder with right hand. Change hands and repeat exercise, releasing right hand grip.

Notes:

1. The butt of the rifle must be pressed close to the shoulder as in the standing aim position and the elbow raised sideways in line with the shoulder.
2. The opposite arm is raised sideways to help in the maintenance of balance.
3. In the early stages of training men may find it difficult to raise the rifle with one hand only and some help may be necessary from the other hand.



DEXTERITY (Aim and twist)

18

(standing aim)



Transferring right hand to point of balance and left hand to outer hand and twisting the rifle backward through a complete circle.



followed immediately by twisting the rifle forward through a complete circle and resuming the standing aim position.



Section 10

Russian A.F.V. Design

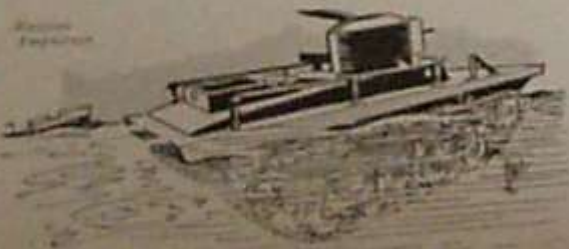
The characteristics of Russian design are more difficult to determine than any other country's because the Russian models, with a few exceptions, are all based on either British Vickers or American Christie Cruiser designs. They are, of course, manufactured in Russia, and they have been modified and improved to meet the demands of modern requirements. In the main these modifications consist of thicker armour plate, heavier armament and larger and more powerful power units. The latest models of Russian tanks all appear to be mass-produced and the principal plates are generally cast. Very little information is available, but the specifications of their vehicles and any details given in the following sections are liable to be corrected.

Another feature which does not simplify the recognition of individual types is that each model appears to have two or three different kinds. This is particularly noticeable in the heavier tanks such as the T35, which may have five, three or even only two turrets.

There are possibly five main features of Russian tanks which are useful guides to recognition:

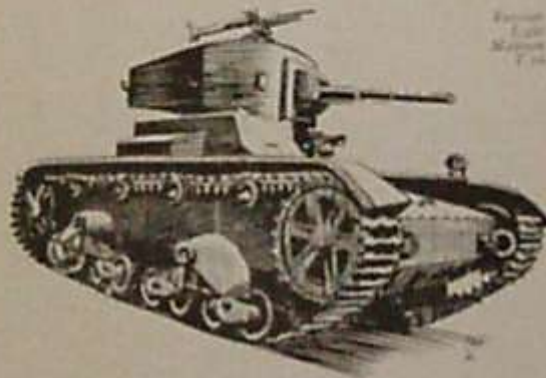
(a) Amphibious light tank T 37, which has tapered floats, screw articulation with horizontal coil spring.

Russian
T 37



(b) T 26, light, medium tank, top-heavy turret with a very pronounced bulge at the back to house a wireless set. Two bogies of four wheels each with large, flat girder bracket attachments.

Russian
Light
Medium
T 26



(c) Turrets are usually oval-shaped and very often have frame aerials.



Russian
Oval Turret

Distinguished Flying Cross,
1914-15 Star.

British War Medal 1914-20

Victory Medal 1914-19.

M.I.D.(R.A.F.).

1939-45 Star.

Africa Star.

Defence and War Medals

Royal Naval Auxiliary Long Service



Singing a Different Tune—By MAC

BERNARD HARPER

likes music—but
rules out JAZZ



2 puts
jazzing
forwards
out of the
picture!



keeps the Home
Fires burning
to the tune
of Pick &
Shovel at
the Mines

FA
Honours



HUGH BILLINGTON
Luton Town's
C.F.W.D.
HATTRICK
EXPERT



is in a factory making
frats for Women's Armies
Fine Finisher & a
Fans' Favourite

HUGH'S GOOD WORK
"GOES TO THEIR HEADS!"

"LOCAL PRODUCT"

L. Cpl. "BILL" FAGAN

LIVERPOOL F.W.D.
who plays lively tunes
on Goal Net Strings is
in the KINGS LIVERPOOLS



Trench
Mortar
Specialist

ARMY
C.F.W.D.



The enemy face
music that's RED HOT
when the red-haired
Swinger's about!

GEO. DAVIES
The "Shakers"
C.F.W.D. is getting
hat tricks too
is in a Shell
Factory

"OUTPUT ALL THE
WEEK—
"INPUT" ON
SATURDAYS!"

Good
on a
Mouth
Organs

PLAYING
IN
BURY'S
ALL
CONQUERING
MARCH!



In Royal Mine Watching service



Captain Machin served in the Royal Naval Mine Watching Service in the early 1950s and remained in what became the Royal Naval Auxiliary Service for 17 years at the Hastings Unit and later in Bexhill.





Quoins, Dallington, Sussex
(Phone Rushlake Green 305)
Architect H. Machin A.F.A.S.
Built by Lion's Green Works 1940



“Pass it man, don’t hang on to it!”



"PASS IT MAN - DON'T HANG ON TO IT!"



"YOU'RE SMITH AIN'T VER IVOT MISSED THE PENALTY-
WELL 'ERE'S Y'BLINKIN' AUTOGRAPH BACK"



"THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM GONE SIR!
NOW YER'LL 'AV TER FINISH THE ROUND
WIV' YER UMBRELLA!"



PRO: "I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. YOUR STANCE
IS ALL WRONG - BUT YOUR FORM'S MARVELLOUS!"
SWEET YOUNG THING: "YES! I DIET!"



"NOW THE LAST THING I WISH
IS ANY UNPLEASANTNESS"
"ANY MORE LAST WISHES?"



A PERFECT CUT-THROUGH!

Remember this we can't last year - too busy changing it ourselves

LEAP YEAR

*Greetings
from Mac
65*

who hopes
you too,
have "come out
all right" in
this passing
year and are
"kicking lively"
for a happy
landing in
1953 !



*Quotations
Dallington
Sunset
Rushlake Green 305
R & London Studio -
Communications when
in town to Capt G.D. Machin D.F.C.
66 Royal Empire Socy WHI 6733*

- Jan 31 Pay Licences
- Mar 22 Gd. Natl.
- April 3 Good Friday
- May 2 Cup Final
- 25 Whit Monday
- June 2 Coronation
- 6 Derby
- 11 1st Test
- 22 Wimbledon
- Aug 3 Bk Holiday
- Dec 25 a Friday

1953

*Advertising letters, drawings (as for London's leading Agencies), Lettering,
Layout, print direction, posters, Editor copies, Cartoons, Sport etc, as for
most London studios covering weeklies (Sunday) Stage, Galleries, Dinner,
MSS, Illustrations, straight & humorous, Signboards etc. Free lower than most*

THE

CHELSEA

F.C. CHRONICLE

Vol. XXXIII
No. 41

Saturday, 26th March, 1938

TWOPENCE
POST FREE 3d.



WHY THE GLOOM?

RIVAL "BLUES" ARE NOW IN "SEASON"



PERCY - LIKE THE IMPERTURABLE GOOD SOLDIER & OTHER HE IS
- DOES HIS
"ANTI-GAS"
"MASH"



AGAINST THE BLEATING OF THE PERFORMERS -
"GREATLY LIKE ONE
WHO WOULD BE SURE
ONE WOULD WIN THE
CUP (at 10.15) at
HALF PAST 11"

IS FIBRED WITH
THAT BOAT RACE
FEELING

IS ALL SET
FOR HIS OWN BATTLE OF THE
"RIVAL BLUES TODAY"
EVERTON & CHELSEA

IS GOING ALL OUT FOR
A CLEAR LEAD AT THE
"BRIDGE"

The Chelsea Football & Athletic Company, Ltd.
MEMBERS OF THE FOOTBALL LEAGUE (First Division).
O O THE LONDON FOOTBALL COMBINATION. O O
Runners-up - FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP 1914-1915.

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME



A trip to Australia in 1978





Joy Laurey Collection

"Could you lend me a hand to pull a few strings.....my Royal Mine Watching Service."



Strange goings on"
in a Doctor Superintendent's
Case Book!

Dr George Thorogood
Paul
Thomend

Dr. Edgar
Bragg
Colin
Buckley

Dallington Amateur Dramatic
present
Jupiter Laughs Society
by A.J. Cronin.

Dr
Richard
Drewitt
Godwin Salt

A Commercial Traveller
Albert
Chiwers

G.M.
Hodges

Lighting &
Effects
E.A.
Wood

Prompter &
sometime Player

Fanny
Leeming
The Matrons
Vivian
Salt.

Jennie

Maidie
Winsman

Mrs Nada
Berman

Producers

Elizabeth
Rignold

Dr Mary
Murray
Mary
Compton

Mrs
Foster
May
Hobden

Gladys
Bragg
Betty
Lord

Dr Paul
Venner
T.M.
Berman

"I want
that
room!"

—and be
sure
she'll
get it
in the end!

Vivian
Salt as the Matron
in "Jupiter Laughs"
A.J. Cronin's Farce



Dr Richard Drewitt
in "Jupiter Laughs" *Darlington Amateur*
Dramatic Socy
Production

Godwin
Salt



Dallington Amateur Dramatic Society present "The Great Day"

Dilys
Butler

Mrs Mumford

Major

Ellis

Mrs Ellis
Vivian
Salt

Geoffrey

Elms Ellis



Betty
Louie

Hon.
Colin
Buddie
Producer

Geoffrey
Salt

Stage
Manager

Mary
Compton

Dr. G.H. Hodges
Sam

Miss Fisher

Victoria Calder

Miss Tomlinson

Mrs Beale

Hazel
Giles



Beryl
Hobden

May
Hobden

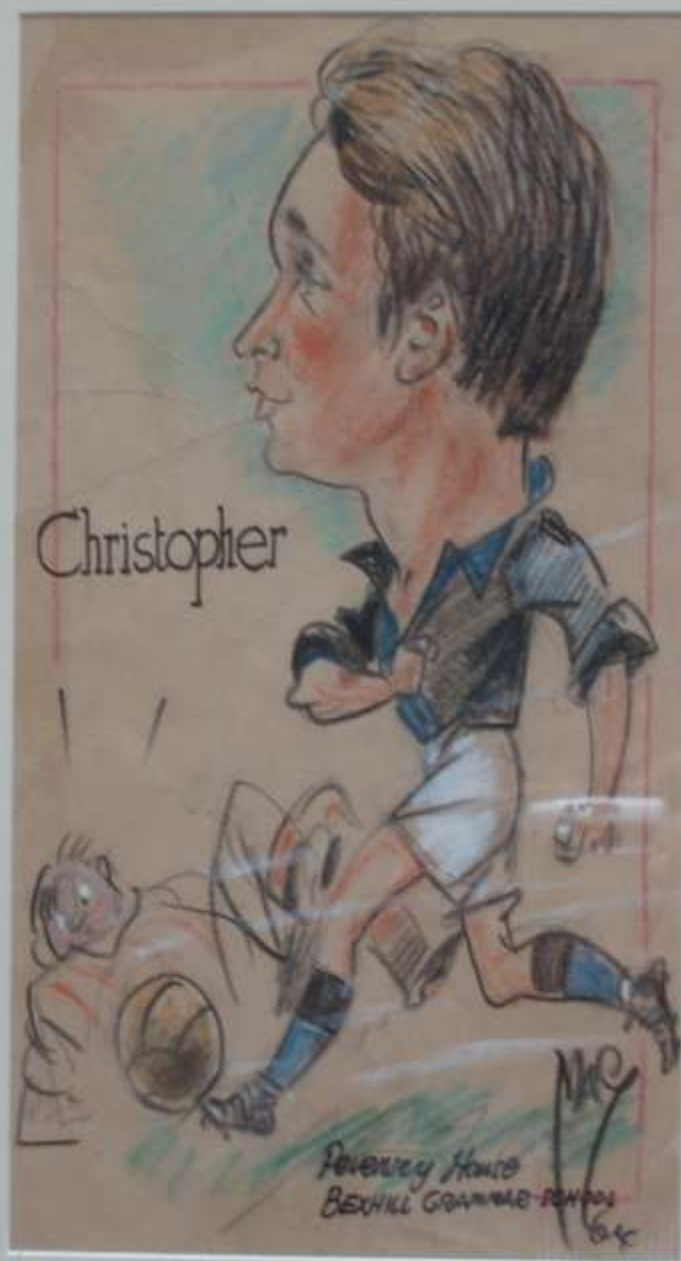
Miss
Allen

Nurse
Evelyn
Sheldon

Elizabeth
Rignold
(late
Producer)

Mrs.
Tracy
Teresa
Hewett

Mrs.
Beale



*Dramatic
Society*



*Godwin
Salt
as Beecham*

*in "The
Chiltern
Hundreds"*

*ME
1/52*



Quoins, Dallington E. Sussex

Olive, Mrs. Machin, Simon, Shishi, The Chickens

Major R F G Shaw TD
4/5 Bn. Royal Sussex T.A. Officer's Guest Night 1964



*Stay Happy!
Christmas!*

*"Muscles! - like knots
in Cotton Sir!"*



STRIKES

*NO SUPPORTS
by the
WORKERS*

*Can you
all spare
a mite for
poor old
Father
Christmas?*



"Now! Quick with that
uppercut Mrs. Naggs!"



"Button off this shirt cut!
Do you want me to get
pneumonia?"





AT LAST!
my
aquarium
specimen
!



"Windy today!" "No! I think it's Thursday"
"So am I-let's get back in, and have a cup of tea"

CYCLONE
ANNO
DOMINI



Sorry we're getting deafer - and,
pro tem, games & dances are OFF!

HAPPY XMAS
ALL YOU YOUNG
FOLK!

MAC "Tabler"
Hastings
Observer etc.
Capt G.D. Machin
DFC (ret)
Quails, Dullington
E. Sussex. E116
Ph 04356305

*Few Lines
in a
hurry*

*Shopping
Xmas!*



PRODUCTION
v.
Suction

INFLATION

from
MAC
80

Capt G.D. Machin D.F.C. (Ret.)
Guinea Dellington, E Sussex
Ph. Rushlake Green 830305

✓ **Mac's Xmas New Year SCARRED**

**eccentric
electric
CUTS**



**HEAT
&
LIGHT
-UP!**



**Hope they'll
Soon be
bashing the COAL face!**

Mac's
Capt. G.D. Machin D.F.C. Quoins Dallington E. Sussex. Pl. Rushlake Green SS0305

Long minutes Rush

WOODS CORNER

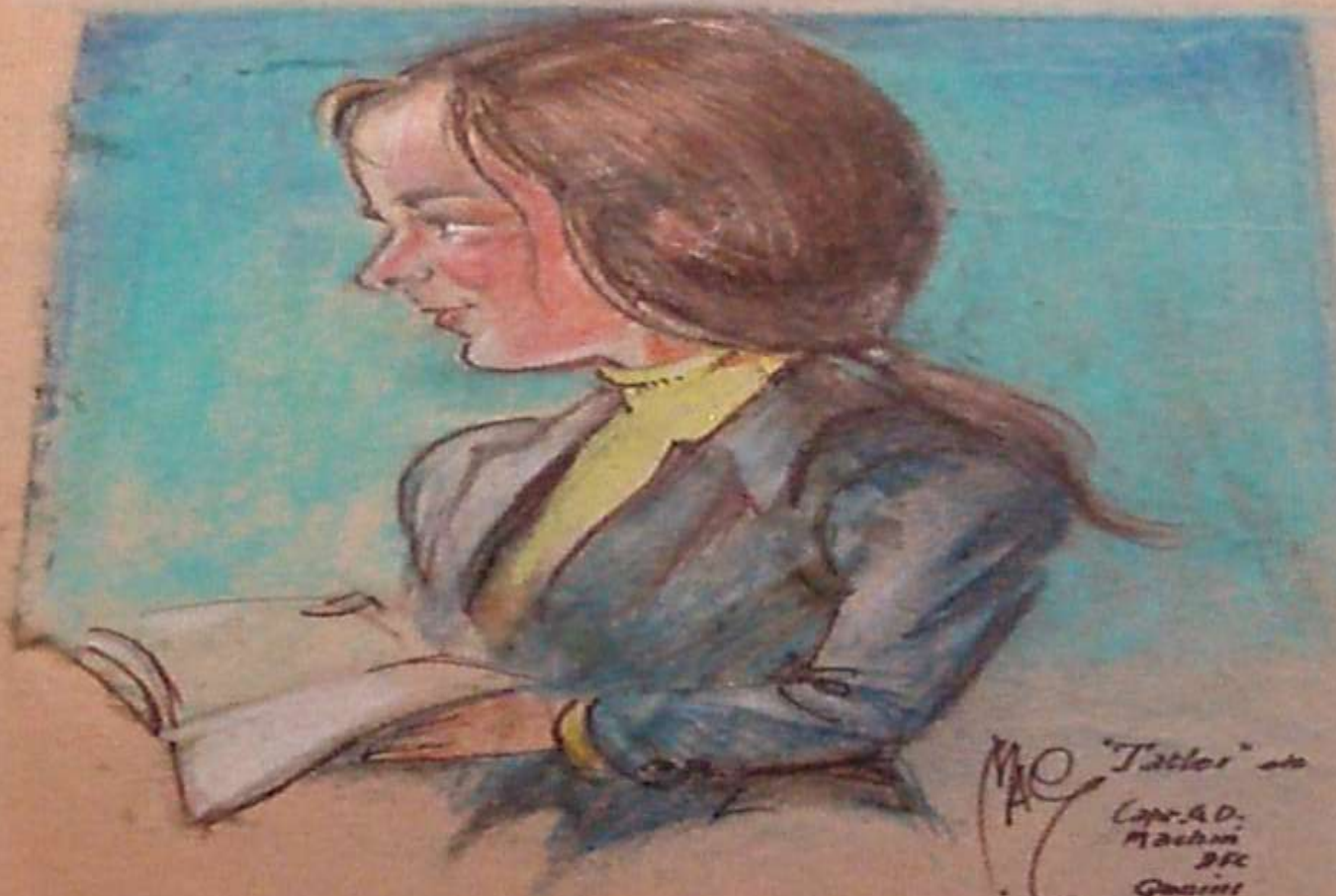


HASTINGS 50th INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS



SOME
Premier Newcomers

WEDDER HALL
(now) Chief Controller
generally offers personal
guidance of 200 to 300



Jane

MAC "Tattler" etc
Capt. A.D.
Machin
DPC
Dartington
Essex

Dartington Fête
1975

"If you can keep your head,"
when all about you



Betty Kipling
WAAF ret'd.

Famed names-Biggin Hill, Stanmore - and all that!



Graham Kipling RN Retd.

— IF you can meet with
Triumph and disaster

HMS Prince of Wales
bombing 1941 —
2 Royal recollections

Air Mail
Flight
Chess
Travel
Enthusiast
etc

del. Capt. G.D. Machin DFC (ret) Queen's Dullington Estate (Berkshire) 1965

He took his pencil and sketchbook on five world tours. The Americans loved him and a sketch he prepared of Robert Kennedy was framed and presented to the senator shortly before his assassination.



At The Swan, Dallington E.SUSSEX

*Times have
altered since
1300 -!*

*but still
The Swan*



*Modern
Miss*



*Modern
Mix*

*Miss
Hopkinson*

"Albion"

*draws big
Congregations*

*with
body-
guard*

*Our sporting
Padre is a
tonic too*

*Dallington
& Brightling
Churches*

*Bustling Rugby
forward & "Terrier"
in his dog*

*Pioneer
of the
gardens*

*ex RAE
& a
York-
shire
Crick-
et fan*



*Former
Land-
lord
A Geo
Crossley*

*Rev.
Ellerby
TD.*



The Hopkinsons



Say it with flowers

At the SWAN Inn
Dallington E.
Doc Winbush

was
in
War
I-



-of the elite & doughty
Machine Gun Corps.

Landed
1890
to
1929

Never
glad
(The
original
lost)



Pa
Finnell I
(dec'd)

Peter
F. ell
Jr.
Local Farmer

Archie
Burnett



One of the longest
regular fellers

Adrian & Fiona



Dene

Roses
Hops
& Willow



Famous
Rose
Horsie
Dallington

Stan, Dick
& Mrs. Wright (Mother)
Gay & Dick's parents

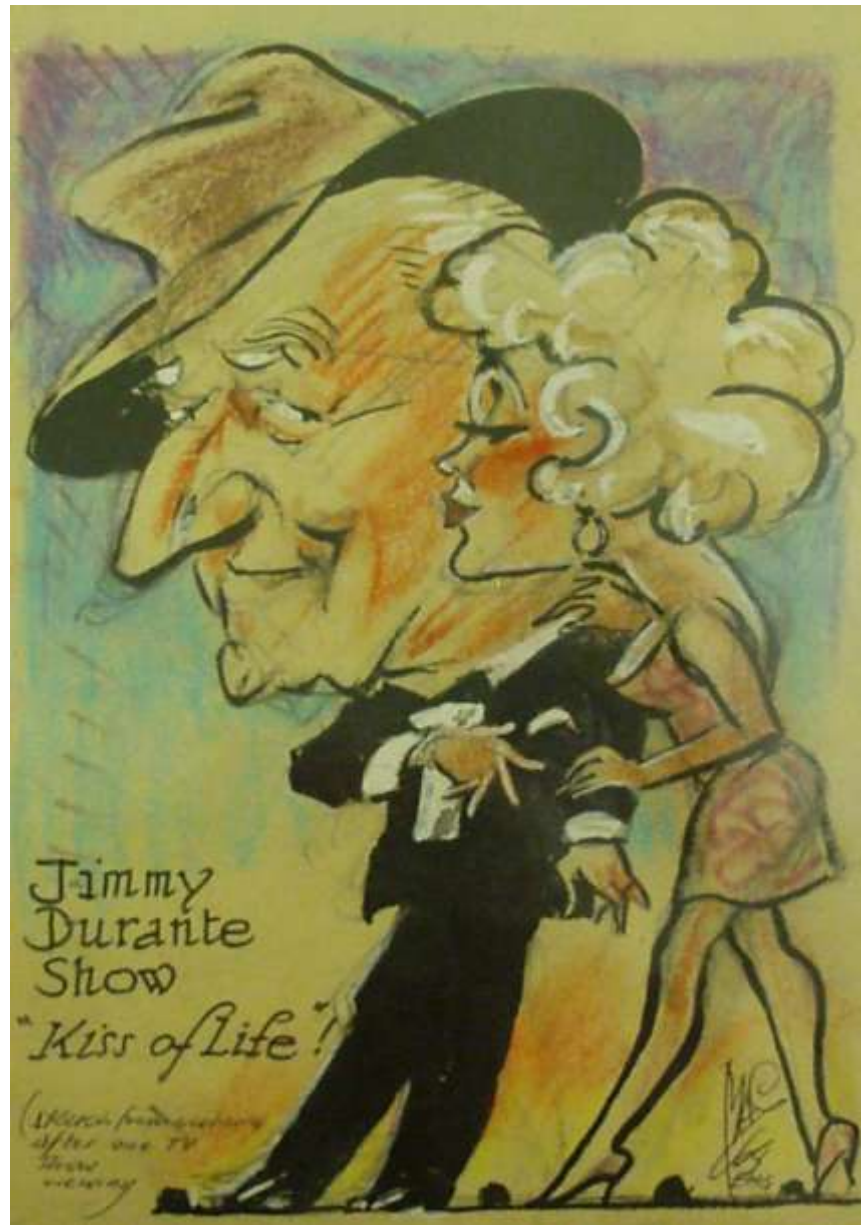
Ben
Thompson
& Butler



Ben I
Thompson
now
almost a
legendary
figure

Tim Jarman, his wife Sue, formerly Machin and niece of Douglas, with their family









of J. WALTER THOMPSON CO

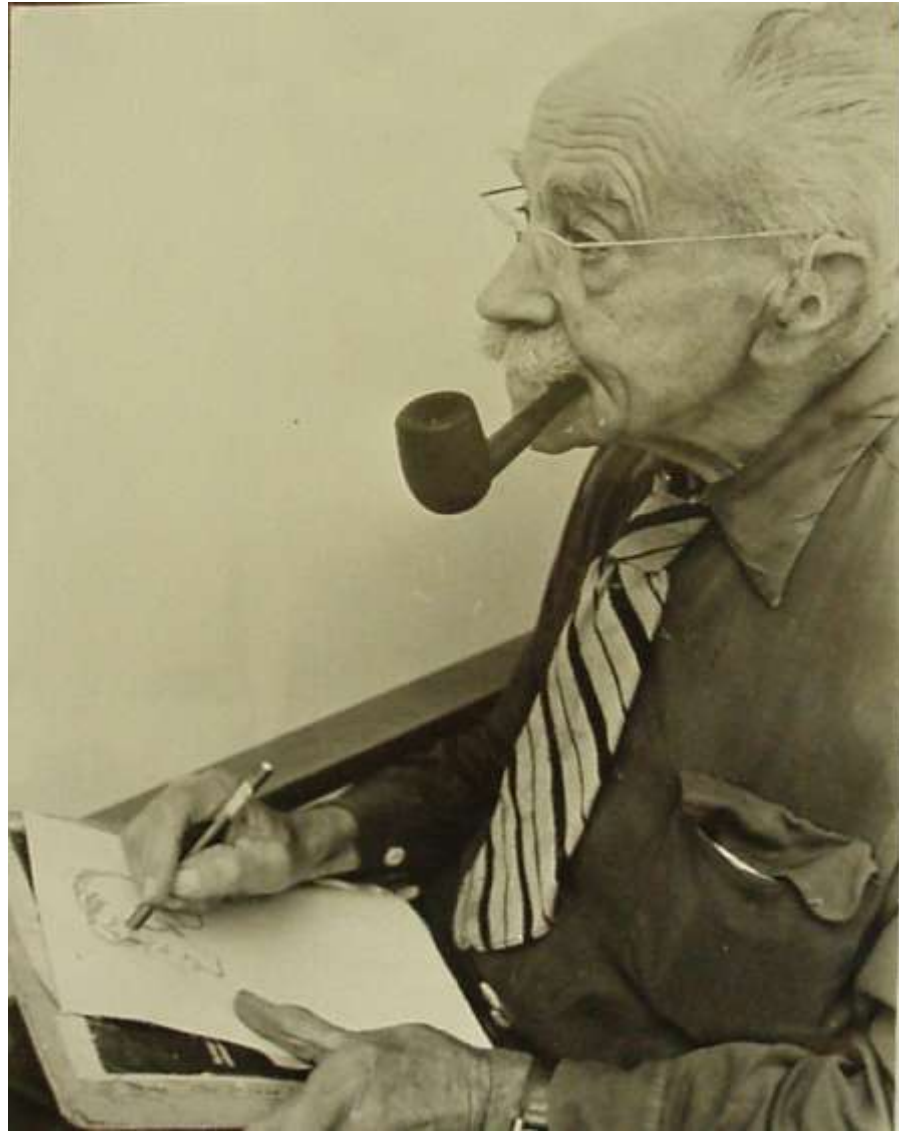
E.A.
Phillips

Production Mgr.

GN
Bassett

Copy



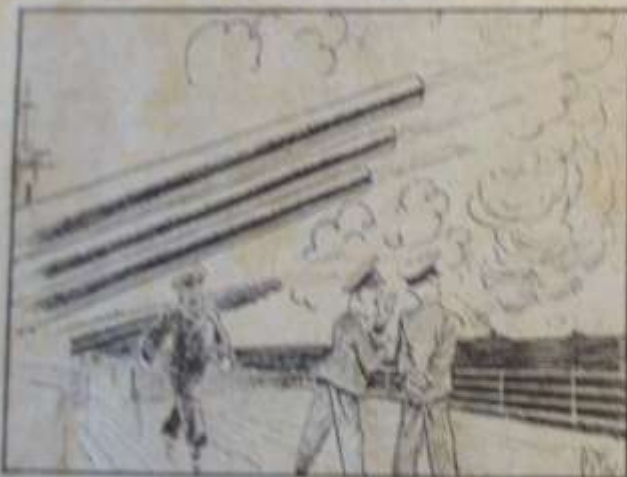


Sussex Express 28th January 1985



Cartoonist who drew on life in the Army

Blighty's Mac signs off



• One of his cartoons for *Blighty*. The caption reads "That's the first time for 3 weeks one can't hear the old man barking!"

CAPTAIN "Mac", the original Fleet Street cartoonist who also drew cartoons for the local sports and chess pages has died in a nursing home aged 92.

George Douglas Machin, who lived at Quoins, Dallington, for 45 years with his wife Olive, was affectionately known in his home village as a charming, if eccentric character.

Residents would see him walking along the road, oblivious to his surroundings, pulling his folio of drawings behind him on wheels, often wearing enormous gumboots.

Captain "Mac" served in the Indian Army, and became freemason in the Royal Masonic Lodge there in 1920.

In the First World War he served as a balloon observer, floating above enemy lines to plot their positions. In the Second World War, he did a series of educational cartoons for the War Office. He was awarded a Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC).



• Each year Captain Mac pictured the players in the chess congress for the *Hastings Observer*.

He was also employed as a camouflage expert by the War Office, and was well-known for his illustrations for "Blighty", the soldiers' newspaper which was distributed in thousands to troops in the trenches.

An old friend, Mrs Joy Stiles, who worked with him on *Blighty* and also lives in Dallington said: "He was a wonderful man, quite impossible, and very eccentric. I don't think we'll see anyone like him again."

Daily Mail in May 2007

Mac, match f

QUESTION I have some cards from 1927 with cigarette drawn by an artist called 'Mac'. Who was he?

CAPTAIN George Machin, who drew caricatures under the name of 'Mac', was a wonderfully eccentric character who could find humour in everything — even his own injuries during two world wars.

He was born in Stoke Newington, London, on January 9, 1893, and educated at Owen's School where he regularly won drawing prizes.

His first cartoon was accepted by Puck in 1916, and he later joined the design team working on the launch of Ovaltine.

In World War I, he served on the Western Front where he experienced the first gas attacks. He was commissioned into the Royal Flying Corps as a balloon observer — floating over enemy lines to sketch their positions.

Many times he came under artillery fire and was fortunate to survive several crash landings. For his 'cool courage and devotion to duty' he was awarded the DFC.

After the war, he joined the Indian Army and, on returning to the UK in 1924, was employed by the Daily Mirror as a sports cartoonist.

Later, as a freelance artist, he worked for many of the big newspapers and magazines. He attended all the major sporting events and met the leading sportsmen and women of the day.

He joined the RASC in World War II and was badly wounded at Tobruk where a bomb threw him several feet into the air.

It was Randolph Churchill who transferred Mac to GHQ in Cairo after finding him sketching in a hospital bed with two broken legs. Mac spent the rest of the war illustrating booklets, pamphlets and other training material.

He remained in the Army as an instructor until 1951 but he hadn't quite finished with service life: he spent 17 years in the Royal Navy Auxiliary Service.

Mac was one of few people to receive medals from all three branches of the Armed Forces. In the meantime he had continued his freelance work and took his sketch-book and pencil on five world tours.

The Americans loved him and a sketch he prepared of Robert Kennedy was framed and presented to the Senator shortly before his assassination.

His last few years were spent at the family home in Dallington, Sussex, where he grew his own fruit, vegetables and tobacco. He continued sketching through to the date of his death in 1989.

Producing cigarette cards was a huge industry between the wars



Each one a winner: Dixie Dean and Jimmy Ruffell by 'Mac' (George Machin), John Player and Sons (September, 1927)



and, in 1927, Mac was commissioned by John Player to produce 50 football caricatures. The set included soccer and rugby players.

He also wrote the text on the back of the cards. A few years later in 1935, he drew the artwork for another set, Football Caricatures, issued by the Liverpool firms of Hignett and Ogden's.

Gordon Housden, The Carlisle Society of Great Britain, Whitechurch, Shropshire.

QUESTION What is the story of FC Sgt Norman Jackson, who won the VC during Operation Schweinfurt?

FURTHER to the earlier answer, Flight Sergeant Norman Jackson was a flight engineer on my squadron during the raid. I met him at Obermaasfeld Hospital but did not immediately recognise him because of his extensive facial burns. Like Jackson, I experienced

the hostility of the German public. On leaving Obermaasfeld Hospital to go to my 'permanent' prison camp at Bankau in Poland we were travelling in a group of four when we had to wait for two hours at Erfurt railway station.

The 'platform' was built on a viaduct 50ft or more high. The German authorities encouraged the populace to mistreat or kill Allied fliers and we found ourselves surrounded by many civilians, egged on by plainclothes Gestapo.

We were within inches of being thrown over the platform and out two Luftwaffe guards were helpless. However, one — a little corporal, was quick-witted enough to push his tommy gun into my hands.

Fortunately the mob, brought up on propaganda that we fliers were gangsters capable of killing our own mothers, melted away. Immediately the Luftwaffe corporal retrieved his tommy gun from me.

He undoubtedly saved all our lives and it was my worst experience of the war. Had we been killed by the mob, the Luftwaffe men would probably have been sent to the Russian Front, but it was still brave of him. I am still in touch with one of the other RAF men, Sgt. Barry Winter of London. In January 1942 the Germans evacuated all Allied

Bibliography & Acknowledgements

- **Kite Balloon Recollection by Captain G D Machin, DFC**
- **Dix Noonan Web Auctioneers (Medal Auctioneers)**
- **The Daily Mail**
- **The Tatler**
- **The London Gazette**
- **The Swan Public House**
- **Church of the Latter Day Saints**
- **Bonham's Auctioneers**

- **My personal thanks go to;-**
 - **Dorothy & Laurie Messer**
 - **John & Tikki Kay**
 - **Edwina & Richard**
 - **Richard Sirley**
 - **Sue and Tim Jarman**
 - **Robin Redmile-Gordon**
 - **Betty Kipling**

Kite Balloon Recollections

Captain G D Machin, DFC

At the age of 21 on the outbreak of WW1, I left my job in the Illustrations and Publicity Department of the 'Ovaltine' Company and, on a Saturday saying nothing to anyone, I walked into the nearest recruiting office to take the King's Shilling — as did so many other youngsters. Lined up on Horse Guards Parade in London, I found myself posted to the Bedfordshire Regiment where I was made a Sergeant within a fortnight. We were put through some tough training, sleeping on bare boards at Dover Court billets, before we joined the crack 1st Battalion in the Ypres salient, just before the first gas attack on April 22, 1915. Our front lines were little more than sandbagged ditches with corpses protruding here and there, and the whole area was infested with large rats. Sleeping quarters were like rabbit burrows in the clay walls due to a lack of timber, and our one water point was covered by Prussian Guard snipers and Jaeger marksmen. I was on intelligence duties, sketching trenches and sniping, with some inter-lines patrolling. Despite artillery ammunition being rationed, and only one machine gun (Cpl Warner, a posthumous VC), we were never short of .303 clips due to the augmented supplies from the USA and during our "mad minutes" (15 rounds in 60 seconds) we managed to hold the enemy. I continued front-line duty until the vile winter of 1915 when a long-deferred leave at last came through and I was able to get home to my parents at Bushey, Herts, on Christmas Eve, loaded down with NAAFI whiskey, Flanders farm butter, cigarettes and tobacco — all of which were in short supply. I managed to stretch my vacation by two extra days and then obtained a lift back to my unit at Lydd in an FE2b 'pusher'. Back in France, the 1st Bedfordshire Regiment moved to the Somme front — quite a welcome relief from

the abysmal conditions in the Ypres salient. Unfortunately, the French passed onto us a personal vermin legacy which started a trench fever epidemic. I was hospitalised at Etaples and sent to England, as my temperature had soared to danger point. After recovery in Lady Onslow's Clandon Park hospital, my posting took me to the 2nd Battalion, stationed at Felixtowe. With the help of General R J Kentish, the famous pioneer of all Army sport, for whom at his battle school in France I had sketched at socials, I was able to transfer to the 8th Officer Cadet Battalion, Lichfield and, after being commissioned, was posted successively to the KSLI and the Royal Hampshire Regiment, thence applying for seconding to the RFC.

23 KB SECTION

Flying had always fascinated me. Graham White used to land opposite my Bushey home, visiting the famous actress, Maxine Elliott, and I could recall the early airships and had sketched for FLIGHT magazine and its rival, the AERO-PLANE. With no interest in, or aptitude for mechanics, motor engines and so on, I was happy to join the more static kite balloon side of the RFC, feeling that my sketching of terrain and hostile enemy emplacements etc could be useful, given scope. Firstly, of course, I had to earn my Observer's single 'wing'.

I was not one of the lucky ones trained at the RFC balloon ground at Roehampton, being transferred from RFC HQ on the Somme back to the dreaded Ypres salient. I had to learn about the hundreds of guys and stays inside and outside the envelope, gas cylinder filling techniques, selection of balloon sites, the mechanics of our Lancia Scammell winch

and company transport (one Bedford lorry, two Crossley tandems and some motor bikes), plus a good deal of map reading and the technicalities in ranging in collaboration with our ing and the technicalities in ranging in collaboration with our artillery batteries. My first KB posting was to 23 Section, operating in the mud and battered terrain of the Ypres salient, and commanded by Captain David 'Solly' Baser, DFC, lent, and commanded by Captain David 'Solly' Baser, DFC, A day before my arrival (September 1, 1916) the famous actor Basil Hallam in the adjoining 3 Section had been killed when his parachute failed to open. Like most other Observers, I packed my own 'chute, placing sheets of paper between the individual folds. Our self-made harness of Willesden canvas, strongly stitched by a corporal fitter, was a waist belt and cross-shoulder pieces attached by trouser buttons!

More quickly than I had expected, I found myself thanking God that the buttons were well stitched on, for during my first observation duty on my second day with the unit I was shot down in flames. I was aloft with a stout Irishman, Lt Daly, when an enemy aircraft dived out of the clouds, his traces almost immediately igniting the gasbag. Daly signalled me out immediately and for the first few hundred feet of my fall I found myself upside down. The 'plop' of the mushrooming pure silk and one's sudden suspension in still air after the shrill howling of the wind through the basket ropes whilst up observing was a pleasant contrast, and the sight of Daly also safely out — both of us well clear of the flaming, plummeting balloon — and the gentle approach to the good earth was an incredible experience. A few minutes after landing we saw the attacking enemy plane try to force down one of our slow two-seaters. A lucky shot by the gunner hit the German pilot in the head and he crashed not too far from our KB site.

In those early days it was the practice for observers to rip up their silk life-saver and later get girl friends to make, from lengths of it, silk gloves — nothing warmer under leather flying gloves — long hose to go under flying boots, plus some 'frills' for themselves! Sometime later 23 Section was taken over by Captain Jimmy Jameson, nephew of the South Africa Boer war Jameson of Raid fame. He was a marvellous character who stuttered a great deal after a 'Shorthorn' crash, which made his humour somehow more pungent. "PPPut TTThat BBBloody light out. It's LLLike the CCCrystal PPPPalace", he'd say as he walked round our billets at dusk checking for any light that might be showing. The story he told of Belgian 'balloonatics' was most remembered. In the early days the Belgians had a team of horses harnessed to a single turn round a drum from which the suspension wire ran up to the balloon. When a speck miles away indicated a Hun plane, there was a colossal flap, a horn blew and, without any warning to the wretched pair in the basket, the rider on the leading horse wiped his mount and the whole outfit up top descended like a stone, with the two observers in a tangled heap!

Another amusing anecdote was recalled by one of our observers, on leave in London during a Gotha raid. Around that time one lone free balloon from Roehampton with a couple of our chaps aboard on a training course happened along, the frightened occupants scared out of their wits, one imagines. "Ah", said one old lady in Regent Street, "Here comes our air force at last — late as usual!"

Reflecting though, in the salient we did have some grim times. Notably I remember my first days in the balloons, sitting up pre-dawn awaiting zero hour for the big Passchendaele and Poelcapelle shambles when, as it always seemed, heavy rain stagnated our 'pushes' in seas of mud. It was however a wonderful sight to see the whole line below us suddenly opening up with colossal barrages preceding the over the top' signals. Due to the shell-pocked muddy terrain around Ypres, our operating area was always restricted and the Scammell winch had to be placed on railway sleepers. The main bugbear wasn't therefore aircraft attack, but daily fire from a long-range railway gun firing a 9.2-inch shell with a lockwork fuse from the blur in the distance which was louthulst Forest. "Clockwork Charlie" we called it, and counted on rails he could run up and down, so that our outter batteries' replies were most difficult. Apart from this our own Corps weren't laising too well with adjoining Corps, so that we had to put up with the devil. We could plainly see the large orange flash as the gun fired and 32 seconds later the shell would explode behind us. The next was usually in

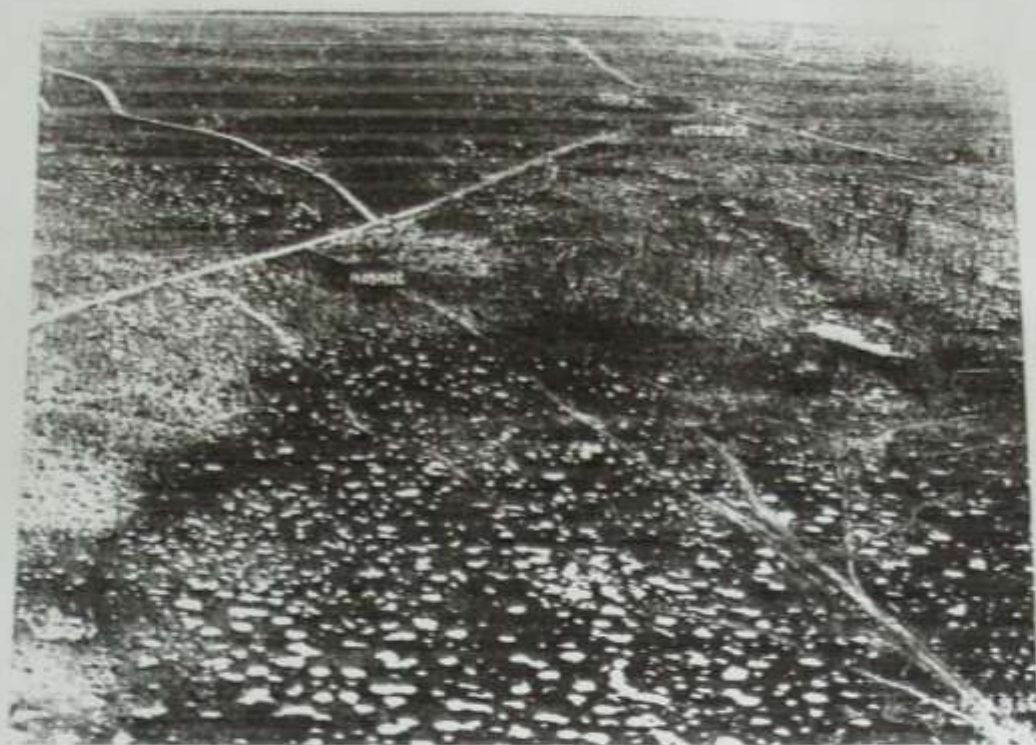


Captain G D Machin, DFC OC 39 KB Section, 1918 (seated), with Lt Kerr (left) and Lt Buckingham, two of his observers. G D Machin, DFC

front and, as we couldn't move too well, we knew where the next would land. The gun was very accurate and enormous chunks of 9-inch shell would wizz by or through us. I had one observer with me wounded and a fragment went between my legs, tearing my flying coat. The fragile envelope was riddled every day and the Caquot would deflate inwards. The wind would then get into the depression and twirl us free from the cable. It was a tricky job staying in the basket and bringing the balloon to earth by valving. Shellfire cut the cable on at least two other occasions, once in a 45 mph snowstorm.

39 SECTION

When I took over command of our companion unit, 39 KB Section, the policy I myself adopted was never to haul down when we were thus shelled. I would try and stick it or obviously the enemy would know he was on target. Our work was, of course, 90% counter-battery 'shoots'. Major Cochran, MC, OC 23 and 39 Sections, and I would visit howitzer observation posts, seeking collaboration on 'shoots' and we would combine with REBs guiding guns onto targets. Enemy targets weren't all that easy to pin down for the terrain below us was nothing but a shell-pocked sea of mud, with here and there the blurred lines of old hedges, stumps and willows marking 'beekes' (drainage ditches) and pinky looking small blobs of rubble that had once been farms. As an all-round press artist, I was able to paint in quite a few landmarks on our balloon map board and this helped myself and my observers considerably. During daily operations we would note originating enemy flashes with our gridded Map 6 glasses — bigger magnification from a swaying basket didn't work due to the difficulty in focussing — and pass them down our telephone line to our chartroom who were in turn on lines to battery HQs. We'd get "Stand by for single rounds or salvos", then, when the shells were on target, our ranging was "So many degrees right or left, or over or short". There'd be great excitement



The infamous Ypres Salient, photographed from a 2 Wing KB, late 1917 and showing typical terrain over which KB observers had to operate.

:R Vann collection

when we'd 'phone down "Target and big explosion" — probably ammunition going up. Mainly our 'shoots' were for 6-inch and 8-inch howitzers, but more exciting was spotting for 12-inch guns, and usually once a day for a marine 15-inch whose exploding shells were like mines going up. One such marine 15-inch was commanded by Major Lloyd George, a brother of the Prime Minister who had sponsored the tremendous quantities of ammunition that became available at that time. I can recall my infantry days on Hill 60 when the popular joke was "Only a field battery behind our front line with a limit of six rounds a day — two in No Man's Land, two duds for the enemy and a couple of shorts in our own lines." Now we'd be ranging 100lb of high explosive onto one pillbox or suspect hostile battery location.

During later operations on the Somme, I was lucky to escape when we were attacked by six Fokkers. My compan-

ion was a man called Gwatkin on his first trip up. I got him safely away but after my exit my 'chute entangled with his and we came down clutching each other, surrounded by the EA all firing at us. Fortunately, some Camek came along and chased off the Huns, bringing one down. When Huns attacked our balloon lines we usually hauled down quickly, but I saved ours on two occasions by keeping aloft. The German machine took the 'easy ones' at the lower level.

All in all, by reason of our static position, I consider we did a good job. In good, cloudless weather visibility was often superb, and we needed it with such a deplorable, indistinct, drab landscape below us. Hauling down at sunset with glowing fires of burning ammunition dumps marking the results of good counter-battery 'shoots' gave us much satisfaction, and we must have erased many, many Hun pillboxes in the final advance to victory.

Dixon Noonan Webb



A fine Great War Balloonatic's D.F.C. group of eight awarded to Captain G. D. Machin, Royal Air Force, late Bedfordshire Regiment and Royal Flying Corps, and afterwards Royal Army Service Corps and Royal Naval Auxiliary Service: gallant service in Kite Balloons aside, during which he had some miraculous escapes, he was severely wounded at Tobruk in 1942 and established himself as the acclaimed cartoonist and illustrator "Mac"

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS, G.V.R., unnamed as issued; BRITISH WAR MEDAL 1914-20 (Lieut. G. D. Machin); VICTORY MEDAL 1914-19; M.I.D., oak leaf (Lieut. G. D. Machin, R.A.F.); 1939-45 STAR; AFRICA STAR; DEFENCE AND WAR MEDALS; ROYAL NAVAL AUXILIARY LONG SERVICE, E.I.R. (G. D. Machin), good very fine (8) £1000-3500



One of approximately 35 Distinguished Flying Crosses awarded to Kite Balloon Officers.

D.F.C. London Gazette 8 February 1919. The original recommendation states:

"When heavily shelled and his balloon has been hit he has remained up on several shoots in which he was engaged or to range artillery on to the gun which was shelling him. On two of these occasions the balloon lost so much gas that it fell fast at the end, and once he landed on the roof of a house, and once in a wood."

On 14 October 1918, this officer with another was up at a height of over 5000 feet in a balloon when they were attacked and forced to jump out in their parachutes which collided, and the cords of one got round Lieutenant Machin's neck. He narrowly escaped strangulation and had a very heavy shock on landing as the parachutes remained locked together.

In spite of these incidents, Lieutenant Machin has always retained his keenness and nerve, and continues to set an excellent example to all Observers in this Wing. Throughout this year, Lieutenant Machin has set a fine example to the Balloon Officers of this Army. In both retirement and advance he has kept his balloons in action and in touch with the R.A."

George Douglas "Mac" Machin was born in Stoke Newington in January 1893, was educated at Owen's School and was working in the Illustrations and Publicity Department of Ovaltine at the outbreak of hostilities in August 1914. Enlisting in the Bedfordshire Regiment, he was appointed Sergeant within a fortnight and, in April 1915, joined the 1st Battalion in the Ypres salient, just before the famous gas attack launched by the Germans on the 22nd of that month. As per his article *Kite Balloon Recollections*, Machin says of this time in the Infantry:

"Our front lines were little more than sandbagged ditches with corpses protruding here and there, and the whole area was infested with large rats. Sleeping quarters were like rabbit burrows in the clay walls due to lack of timber, and our one water point was covered by Prussian Guard snipers and Jaeger marksmen. I was on intelligence duties, sketching trenches and sniping, with some inter-lanes patrolling. Despite artillery ammunition being rationed, and only one machine-gun (Corporal Warner, a posthumous V.C.), we were never short of 303 clips due to the augmented supplies from the U.S.A. and during our "mad minutes" (15 rounds in 60 seconds) we managed to hold the enemy. I continued front line duty until the vile winter of 1915, when a long-deferred leave at last came through."

Machin did in fact return to France after his leave, but was shortly thereafter struck down by trench fever and evacuated to the U.K. as his temperature "soured to danger levels". On recovery, he was assigned to the 8th Officer Cadet Battalion at Lichfield and, after being commissioned, was posted successively to the K.S.L.I. and Hampshire Regiment, at which point he made a successful application to join the Royal Flying Corps. Having then qualified as an Observer (Balloons), he was ordered to France where he joined No. 23 Section in the Ypres salient in early September 1916. Machin continues:

'Like most other Observers, I packed my own 'chute, placing sheets of paper between the individual folds. Our self-made harness of Willesden canvas, strongly stitched by a Corporal fitter, was a waist-belt and cross-shoulder pieces attached by trouser buttons! More quickly than I expected, I found myself thanking God that the buttons were well stitched on, for during my first observation duty on my second day with the unit I was shot down in flames. I was aloft with a stout Irishman, Lieutenant Daly, when an enemy aircraft dived out of the clouds, his tracers almost immediately igniting the gasbag. Daly signalled me out immediately and for the first few hundred feet of my fall I found myself upside down. The 'plop' of the mushrooming pure silk and one's sudden suspension in still air after the shrill howling of the wind through the basket ropes whilst up observing was a pleasant contrast, and the sight of Daly also safely out - both of us well clear of the flaming, plummeting balloon - and the gentle approach to the good earth was an incredible experience. A few minutes after landing we saw the attacking plane try to force down one of our slow two-seaters. A lucky shot by the gunner hit the German pilot in the head and he crashed not too far from our K.B. site.'

But not only enemy aircraft threatened life and limb:

'The main bugbear was daily fire from a long-range railway gun firing 9.2-inch shells with a clockwork fuse from the blur in the distance which was Houthuist Forest. "Clockwork Charlie" we called it, and mounted on rails he could run up and down, so that our counter batteries' replies were most difficult ... We could plainly see the large orange flash as the gun fired and 32 seconds later the shell would explode behind us. The next was usually in front and, as we couldn't move too well, we knew the next would land. The gun was very accurate and enormous chunks of 9-inch shell would whizz by or through us. I had one Observer with me wounded and a fragment went between my legs, tearing my flying coat. The fragile envelope was riddled every day and the Cacoquat would deflate inwards. The wind would then get into the depression and twirl us free from the cable. It was a tricky job staying in the basket and bringing the balloon to earth by valving. Shell fire cut the cable on at least two occasions, once in a 45 m.p.h. snowstorm.'

Machin latterly commanded No. 39 Section, 8th Balloon Company, but not much else changed:

'During the later operations on the Somme, I was lucky to escape when we were attacked by six Fokkers. My companion was a man called Gwatkin on his first trip up. I got him safely away but after my exit my 'chute entangled with his and we came down clutching to each other, surrounded by the enemy aircraft all firing at us. Fortunately, some Camels came along and chased off the Huns, bringing one down.'

Machin was awarded the D.F.C. and mentioned in despatches (*London Gazette* 31 December 1918 refers) and, following the Armistice, transferred to, and served on attachment to the S. & T. Corps from the Indian Army Reserve of Officers for several years. Interestingly, his *MIC* entry is endorsed with assorted issuance instructions from the Army, Air Ministry and Indian Army and, specifically, a separate instruction for his British War Medal to be issued in India, which would account for its lack of 'R.A.F.' after his name; as for the fate of his 1914-15 Star, issued in October 1922, nothing is known, though notes on the relevant *MIC* correspondence page include claims submitted via the G.O.C. of 2nd Brigade, R.A.F. and another via the India Office.

Returning to civilian life as sports cartoonist for the *Daily Mirror*, Machin later became a freelance artist, working for many of the big newspapers and magazines, the latter including *The Tatler*.

But with the renewal of hostilities, he returned to uniform and was commissioned in the Royal Army Service Corps. Embarked for the Middle East, he was severely wounded at Tobruk, a detonating shell throwing him several feet into the air - a few weeks later he was spotted by Randolph Churchill, sketching in a hospital bed with two broken legs; and the Prime Minister's son orchestrated his transfer to G.H.Q. in Cairo. Machin spent the rest of the war illustrating training manuals, and stayed in the army as an instructor until the early 1950s. Somehow, too, he managed to put in 17 years with the Royal Naval Auxiliary Service, adding a Long Service Medal to a combination of Honours & Awards that must surely be quite unique.

Of his latter days, no better summary maybe found than that published in the *Daily Mail* in May 2007:

'Mac was one of few people to receive medals from all three branches of the Armed Forces. In the meantime he had continued his freelance work and took his sketchbook and pencil on five world tours. The Americans loved him and a sketch he prepared of Robert Kennedy was framed and presented to the Senator shortly before his assassination. His last few years were spent at the family home in Dallington, Sussex, where he grew his own fruit, vegetables and tobacco. He continued sketching through to the date of his death in 1985.'

Sold with an original set of John Players' cigarette cards, depicting Football and Rugby stars of the 1920s, as illustrated by "Mac", together with a copy of *Poet's Pie*, by May E. E. Barrow (1st edition, privately published, December 1933), again with illustrations by "Mac"

MAC's characters span 50 years

A man whose caricatures and cartoons have graced the pages of English newspapers for more than 50 years is visiting Seaford.

He is MAC, perhaps less commonly known by his full name — Capt. George Douglas Macdonald, DFC, Rtd.

Between 1924 and 1939 MAC sketched for the Daily Mirror, Evening Standard, Daily Express — in fact his work appeared in most London dailies and sporting publications.

He also illustrated five sets of cigarette cards, mostly depicting famous English sportsmen.

And at 86 he still sketches for a living. He never leaves without a stack of crayons in his pocket.

MAC is staying with the O'Sullivan family in Kelvin Av., Seaford.

He swims most mornings at Seaford beach.

"I always take a mouthful or two of seawater — there's no germs in it..."

That was until he read the report of pollution counts taken around the bay last week.

Of all the people he has sketched, MAC was most impressed by former British Prime Minister Anthony Eden.

Profumo

"Another fellow I predicted would be a Prime Minister was John Profumo."

"He made it in Defence Minister before the Christine Keeler affair," he said.

Another man on MAC's "most admired" list was Vincent Montgomery of Alamein.

"If I had a boy, I would make Monty's memoirs his Bible."

And MAC recalls how the then Field Marshall kept in his caravan a photograph of his German adversary Rommel.

"He kept telling that photograph that he was going to hit Rommel for a six — and he did."

MAC, who fought in two wars and served in the

three armed services, was injured in a shell blast at Tobruk.

He was picked up and taken to hospital by Randolph Churchill, Sir Winston's son.

MAC said anyone interested in knowing about World War II should read "Defeat into Victory," by Sir William Slim, the former Governor-General of Australia.

Above Right: English caricaturist MAC reaches for his crayons to sketch members of the O'Sullivan family at their Seaford home last week.



English Artist Makes Royal Pictures

Capt. G. D. Machin Says it Is in That Respect That a Caricaturist Differs From a Photographer



*Adapting
himself To the
Tempo of
American
Life*

A self-portrait of the caricaturist, Capt. G. D. Machin, "adapting himself" to his career, "in the tempo of American life."

One of the funniest men in the American Royal arena during stock-show week was a peppery little Englishman who worked unobtrusively with his sketch pad and pencil, usually smoking his pipe, while others watched the judging and voted. He was Capt. George Douglas (Mac) Machin, widely known British caricaturist.

On his first trip to the United States and the Heart of America, he expressed his delight at the subjects he found at the American Royal. He particularly favored the well-known hats so much in evidence at the exposition and the kindly smile at which many of them were worn, contrasting them with the more conventional headgear seen everywhere in England. Such individuality as seen here, he says, makes it easier for the caricaturist, when task is able, to do much better, whereas the photographer can only take "yes."

For some 40 of his 45 years, Captain Machin has been engaged in such work, and, during the course of his career he says he has worked on every daily newspaper in the city of London. His sketches also have appeared in many English mag-

azines such as *Spurting Life*, *Cock Month*, *The Sporting Monthly*, *Long Gazette*, *The Argosy*, and many others.

It was in his capacity as *Illustrator* attached to the *Farmer & Stockbreeder*, the long-established British agricultural journal, for which he has sketched prominent figures in the field for some 35 years, that his work came to the favorable attention of Clinton W. Timmons, of Geneva, Ill., when the American judged at Peoria, Scotland. When Captain Machin expressed an interest in visiting the United States and Canada, Mr. Timmons hastened to assure him of the certainty that his visit would be welcomed by such publications as *The Herald Journal*, in which samples of his work have appeared during the past couple of months, convinced now he was on his of his caricatures that were sketched at the Royal—with more yet to come.

Arriving in American shores at the end of July, as he says through the same boat in which the Swedish and Italian ships collected but on a smaller ship, he worked first at the Kew County Fair in northern Illinois, then at the Illinois State Fair, the Indiana State Fair and the Ohio State Fair. He also attended the International Dairy Show at Chicago's McCormick. His future plans include the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto and the International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago, with the possibility of another stop or two before he heads back across the Atlantic.

Captain Machin has had a colorful career and has, as he says, "roughed it a bit." He served in both World Wars and is said to have probably sketched more soldiers than anyone else, serving first in the infantry in World War I, he sketched German prisoners for *Fieldcraft*, and then for the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Air Force. He sketched gaudies and sketched terrain from a balloon high above the Italian Alps during the war. There occurred almost constant bombardment of enemy air attack and one morning had to a fighting evacuation during an attack by some aircraft, an episode which earned for him the Distinguished Flying Cross.

He next joined the Indian Signals and Transport Column, serving in India until 1918, his sketches appearing at the time in such well-known English publications as *The Yorker*, *The Spectator* and others. Since then, he has decided to make caricatures his career, and worked steadily in this field until the outbreak of World War II.

He then was commissioned into the Royal Army Service Corps and sent to the Middle East. Discharged at Tobruk on the

Samples of His Art

north coast of Africa, he produced "directional and morale-increasing cartoons. While smoking and shooting at snoring snoring, he was snatched by a bomb into the wall of a small boat into which he had been projected rather than into the open air. Long hospitalized after that near miss, with both legs in plaster casts, he turned out a great number of sketches used in training before his transfer at the instance of Major Randolph Churchill, to a Cairo hospital, where he continued to work on posters and other literature for military use.

Back in England by 1944, he became staff captain *Illustrator* in the British War Office, producing sketches for lunch-buckets on regulations on seasonal fighting supplies and tackling innumerable other tasks for the army.

After returning to civilian life, he has kept himself busy mostly with free-lance press drawings. Scarcely is there sports and agricultural fields. He has a page in the new *Encyclopedia Britannica* (10th Edition) on "The Development of a Caricaturist." He also serves as official caricaturist of the Conservative party in England.

Known to *Life* magazine, Captain Machin now lives in what he refers to as "a delightful 24-hour corner of money." He is an outdoorsman, a keen outdoors, rambler, and, as all who observed him at the Royal can testify, a heavy pipe smoker.

He enjoys his work and the contacts it produces. However, he approaches the task of caricaturing a woman with a bit of reluctance. Men not only are better subjects, he says, but also usually are more appreciative of the sometimes humorous results. Furthermore, a lady may wear a hat or a bubble which distinguishes her one day, and then come forth the next in something entirely different. This, reluctance to sketch women is translated into concrete terms by his 45 for per sketch as compared with 35 for men.

Captain Machin enjoys his work, and particularly in capturing his first American trip. He likes the easy informality of the Americans, he says, and finds them much more approachable than the average Englishman.

Many more Americans and Canadians as well, will be making the acquaintance of the captain or "Mac" as his caricatures are signed, before he sails for home again on a small ship because he says he likes to feel it roll and pitch, and relishes the sting of sea spray on his face. He is an unusual "shore" and one they will remember.

George Douglas Machin having the last laugh.

