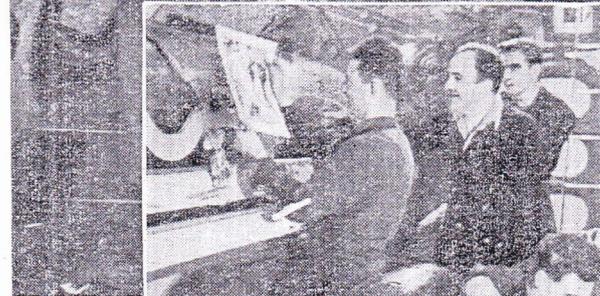


R to the BOTTOM of the SEA



An swoop on a was taken in the n drive the sub-meriners otographer—no-off with it!

FRONT JOLBOYS

nd had been ill her friends had r to retire. uld not. "I can- naps down," she aretaker. Mr. E. aid: "She had y sense of duty. ing to see her in an hour after with a crowd of her il their problems always listened."

"Good Morning" fans at the business end of the boat—where the torpedoes are stored.

"COME AND GET IT—"

Raiding Coxswain S. Stopford, of Tactician for the daily issue of "Good Morning." One member from each mess goes to collect one issue each morning.

The Coxswain is the most envied man in the submarine—he knows what Jane is going to do next!



THE most remarkable and most widely circulated newspaper in the world dies quietly today.

It is called "Good Morning." You have probably never heard of it.

Yet for nearly three years it has been tumbling off London presses, hurtling by plane to the farthest corners of the earth to be opened eagerly, fresh every morning, **ONLY BENEATH THE SEA!**

Born with a struggle, produced by half a dozen men under conditions of sworn secrecy, it has been the daily newspaper of the Submarine Branch, Royal Navy.

For 924 days—seven days a week—it has appeared, battle or calm, crisp and new at breakfast-time in every mess in every British submarine on operations.

Fathoms deep in mid-Atlantic... weeks at sea in mid-Pacific... every morning at breakfast—there it was, a *Daily Mirror* tribute to the men beneath the sea. It was never seen on a news-stand.

How could it happen—a newspaper every morning in mid-ocean? Like this. It was obviously impossible to send it out daily. So it was dispatched from the printers in batches of twenty-eight days' issues at a time.

A whole month's newspapers, with six copies of every day's paper for every British submarine—parcelled up and sent to the Admiralty—then quickly labelled for individual boats and rushed to the G.P.O.

Whisked off by air all over the world to the bases for which the ships beneath the sea were making—Gibraltar, Malta, Colombo, Fremantle...

As the submarines glided in the parcels were rushed from the plane—eagerly loaded, safely stowed.

Then, daily at sea as the dawn watch ended, the coxswain took six copies of the day's paper and distributed them around the messes. No issue was dated. Every one was numbered.

... was not red-hot news. A murder in Piccadilly the night before has little glamour for a sweating seaman forty fathoms deep in the Atlantic, with a formation of Heinkels in the air above.

It was what the submariners wanted—news from their own homes—intimately, exclusively for them. A picture of Bill's new baby that he'd never seen; a word about how old Charlie's tomatoes were doing; a photo taken at Edna's wedding...

Full-page pin-ups followed, and the old familiar cartoon strips—the adventures of Jane were frequently seen under the sea in advance of their appearance in this country.

The Coxswain's Luck

So eagerly was the paper looked forward to each day—many Commanders have said that the boys would sooner have missed the daily lot than "Good Morning"—that it became tantalising to have the next day's issue on board without knowing what was in it.

Especially when Jane was in a particularly piquant predicament. The coxswain was the most envied man on the boat in those days.

He had all the copies locked away, and it was said that... but he always hotly denied it.

It was also rumoured that certain submarine commandos, on similar occasions, had nonchalantly suggested to the coxswain that it might be a good idea to run a mid-day edition "instead of tomorrow—just for this once..."

There was one grave occasion when the order was relaxed.

The submarine had been hit by a depth charge. Noiselessly, like an autumn leaf floating to earth in a blanket of mist, the grey shape sank to the sea-bed. The engines were dead. There was only quiet, and that high-

Submariners had own daily paper

Battle or calm it arrived with breakfast

Depth-charged—they read about home

pitched singing in the ears that rose as the boat went slowly down.

Inside the submarine there was the strange, tense atmosphere of men perhaps about to die, slowly, quietly and alone.

Then the coxswain came round. With him he had a large parcel. One by one he peeled them off—tomorrow... and tomorrow and tomorrow. The tomorrows they did not expect to see.

Three weeks of daily newspapers, all at once. It was a gesture. There was no point in wasting them...

Eagerly they raced through Jane—three weeks ahead of London.

There was a picture of old Jack's wife and kids in the garden at home—"Where's old Jack?" "Tell old Jack there's a picture of his Missus..." No—don't tell old Jack..."

Cheer for Engineers

Then suddenly, the sound of an engine throbbing. The engineers had won. There was a cheer.

And was the coxswain embarrassed! They had to go without their newspapers for the rest of the trip.

The first issue of "Good Morning" rolled off the presses on the first day of May, 1943—exactly seven months after the idea had first been conceived.

Those were seven fighting months. First the Admiralty turned the idea down—said it was impossible.

Weeks... arguing... months... reasoning—then, at last, in February, 1943, Admiral Sir Max Horton, at that time Admiral (Submarines), gave his blessing. Rear-Admiral C. B. Barry, his successor, carried on the good-will.

So it began. Your newspaper men gathered in Room 504 of the *Daily Mirror* building.

From the word go, working sometimes night and day under prodigious difficulties, they produced twenty-eight issues of a four-page newspaper, *Daily Mirror* size, in two months.

For six months they worked without knowing how the paper was being received. It contained no clue to its origin except its similarity in make-up to the *Daily Mirror*, and the strips—Jane, Buck Ryan, and the rest.

Then there began what was probably the closest friendship ever known between a publication and its readers. Letters flooded in, thanking, congratulating, just chatting.

"Good Morning" asked the submariners if they wanted anything. All manner of things were requested. Games, musical instruments, books, gold badges and Service bars—even a stuffed tiger!

The biggest of the requests resulted in an institution every British submariner knows and remembers with gratitude—the Good Evening Club.

It was—and still is—a super canteen in Dunoon. In the early days of "Good Morning" the originator of the paper was up at the great submarine base finding what the seamen needed most.

A canteen was the thing. So the Good Evening Club was opened by "Good Morning." Easy chairs, books, radios, a piano—dances, a bar—most of the things a tired submariner could wish for—right on his doorstep as he stepped out from under the sea for a breathing space from war.

And fifty Hercules bicycles, too, which could be borrowed by the day... There was a laundry service, as well, but that's another story...

Every time a submariner had a wedding or a christening or a party—"Good Morning" was invited. More than 1,000 families were visited.

All the families photographed were sent a print of the photograph and a copy of the paper in which it appeared.

Heroes' Thanks

The reporters—there were only two—became best man and godfather, time after time. And every time submariners were in London they used to drop in for a chat and a pint round the corner—and to say "Thank you."

Commander Hunt, of the Ulloa, and Commander Bennington, of Tally Ho—the two most decorated men in the submarine service, with three D.S.O.s and three D.S.C.s apiece—came up several times to congratulate "Good Morning."

It was unique while it lasted. Submarines at sea will still be getting their copies daily for little over a month. But today the last batches leave the printers.

"Good Morning" says goodbye. P.S.—Although "Good Morning" is saying good-bye it may just be my revival. The title is copyrighted and some day it might appear again, this time for all to see. You never know.