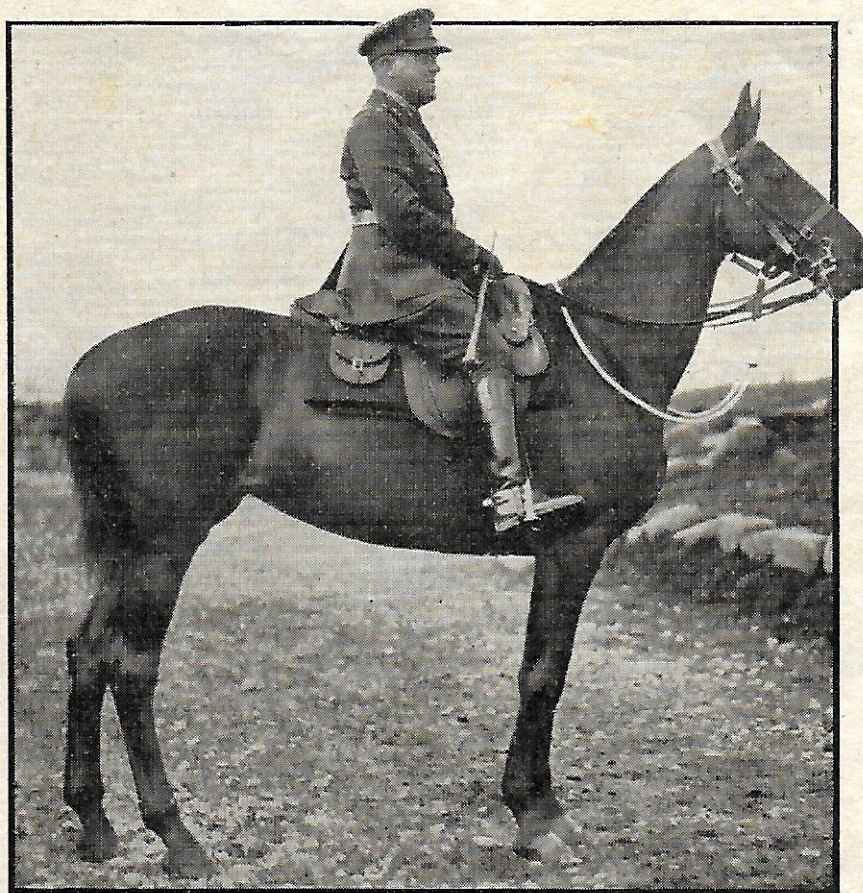


Escape from France of a "Gunner" Whose Name is Famous



Now in uniform again: Mr. Plumb as a Gunner officer in the last war.

"Dr." Plumb of the Pipes

Threatened St. Claude
—Family's Rush
Across France—They
Call Him Doctor

IT cost Mr. Leslie Plumb, whose name is on the pipes, £180 to get home to England from St. Claude, in the French Jura mountains, the pipe-turning capital of the world, when the Germans, last June, had outflanked the Maginot Line and rushed, with unresisted force, southwards to absorb all mid and southern France. It took him and his Swiss wife and their little boy and sweetly pretty baby daughter nearly six weeks to do what normally should have been a three days' trip at most. All their furniture was left behind, may by now be in use by some local Frenchman; and it was an adventurous journey, for they had to drive in their car for weeks on roads massed with refugees and ragged, leaderless French soldiery through a South of France that was becoming hourly more over-run by Nazis, more hostile and more dangerous. "What I was afraid of," said Mr. Plumb to TOBACCO, "was that I might be caught and interned, and my wife and family find themselves at the mercy of the German troops."

They Stuck It Out

The Nazis were only 30 miles from St. Claude when they decided to get out, at all costs, which was a big decision to make in these anxious

moments; especially seeing that Mr. Plumb's home had been in this boldly beautiful town of the mountains for nearly 20 years. He was one of the managers of the factory there of the Maréchal Ruchon firm, of Homerton, in East London. His colleague, Mr. J. W. Cole, with his wife and two children, left on a momentous Monday, in the same little party of English people, which consisted of ten altogether, in three cars. They had stuck it out for as long as seemed wise: the banks had all gone from St. Claude on the Saturday. This was the weekend of June 15-17.

The Duke of Windsor's Flight

Mr. Plumb ("Dr." to his intimates—though he's a chartered accountant—whence the title on the pipe boxes) doesn't care even now to talk too much about the long, anxious hours of the journey. They slept wherever they could get in: food was poor and dear: and there was always the uncertainty about where the enemy would be in the morning. While they were still in France, though, their French francs were good tender.

It was of no use, they heard, to make for Bordeaux, which they intended to do: though the Government of M. Reynaud was there, it might be leaving

at any moment: it might be going to Perpignan, the Pyrenean town at the south-western corner of France, which is the gateway to Spain.

To Perpignan therefore they went, and were there at the same time as the Duke of Windsor and his suite, fleeing from the Riviera. With difficulty they got across the frontier, at length, and were in Spain. The Spanish were definitely inimical. To them, these were more French people running away from what the victorious Dictator Franco represented. In the streets the Spanish populace would gather and jeer at them entering the country. Their French money was now of very little use to them: but they did manage to buy petrol to carry them on. "On one day," Mr. Plumb said, "it cost me the equivalent of £18 to fill up."

The Swastika in Spain

They made for Lisbon; and the Portuguese they found completely different: friendly to the English, and helpful; but the troubles of those weeks had had their effect on the leader of the little expedition, and he was a sick man, running a nasty temperature, when they at last embarked on what must have been a nightmare

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"Dr." Plumb's**Adventure****In Uniform Again***(Continued from page 33)*

"Dr." Leslie Plumb, a chartered accountant and, from this week, in uniform again in the Army Pay Corps, is a director of the Maréchal Ruchon pipe-making firm, associated with Oppenheimers. He is at the back in the party photographed during the flight, with (left) his Swiss wife and their two children.

voyage across a Bay of Biscay where they had to zigzag constantly in case of U-boats, so that it took them six days to make Liverpool.

"We should never have got out," said Mr. Plumb, "if we had not got into touch with a Perpignan journalist who, during the Spanish civil war, had helped Spaniards in flight to get across into France. He pleaded with a Spanish official he knew to let us through, as a return favour to him. My little boy and girl, and the other children, were found, one day, picking up and playing with cartridges, relics of the civil war. The depression of the French soldiers we saw at the frontier towns was great. 'It is finished for us!' they said, with a shrug of the shoulders. 'When you get to England

TWENTY

THIS is a story of the figure 20, and the death of Mr. Donald Jones, at the age of 60—three twenties.

When Mr. Jones was 20 he entered his father's retail tobacconist's business in Cotham-street, St. Helens. On the death of his father, Mr. Jones took sole control of the business—on September 20, 1930.

Mr. Jones was born on September 20, 1880, and died on September 20, 1940.

His only daughter was born on September 20, 1910, and it was when she was 20 that she also joined the business.

THERE'S FOOD IN TOBACCO!

IT is hoped in Madras to get from tobacco seeds commercial quantities of an oil that would be suitable not only for use in paints and soaps and as hair oil, but also for animal and human consumption. The Madras Director of Agriculture is interested in the project.

An acre crop of Virginia tobacco yields about 200 pounds of seed, and the seed contains something like 30 per cent. of oil. It has been freed from any pungent odour; and the present aim is to ensure that it is free, for these purposes, from nicotine.

Extraction of oil would not affect the income from the leaf for which the crop is primarily grown.

think of us—as we shall be thinking of you."

Another Spanish officer they interviewed sat at a desk behind which hung a German and an Italian flag. Mr. Plumb was sick, and Mr. Cole, who speaks Spanish, put that forward as a reason for staying a night or two in the town "as a matter of humanity."

"Humanity!" exclaimed the officer; "we let you stay one night. That is humanity. We cannot let your friend stop longer without a doctor's certificate." But that would have meant that his wife and family would have had to go on, and they would have been separated. At this time Mr. Plumb was so ill that he could scarcely start his car. They had to go on, however.

Oddly enough, Belgian soldiers were being used by the French authorities, still in power in the south of France, to police the towns. The whole journey was a confusion.

In the Horse Artillery

Mr. Plumb is a Hampshire man, whose father was in business in London when, as a boy, he decided to be an accountant. His studies interrupted by the last war, he went, as many young City men did, into the H.A.C., which was used as a pool for officers.

Cuba Seeks Wartime Prosperity*From Jorge Posse*

HAVANA

THE National Tobacco Commission's report on exports of Havana leaf and manufactured tobacco, just out, shows that cigar exports were down on the year ended last August by 14,594,340 units as compared with those of the previous year. The totals were roughly 17 millions and 32 millions respectively. The value was down from 3,000,000 dollars to 1,500,000 dollars.

It is with a view to doing something to restore the prosperity of Cuba that the manganese deposits of the island are to be exploited. M. Eduardo Montolieu, Secretary to the Treasury, speaking to Rotarians here, said that the abundance of the mineral in Cuba's soil, her proximity to world markets, and her location in the protective strip of fortifications to be built by the United States, led him to predict that manganese, with her other minerals, would soon place Cuba in her rightful position as one of the world's greatest mining countries. Wartime prices for manganese in particular would help the country in its return to prosperity.

The National Tobacco Commission, at a luncheon, has handed a diploma to M. Fernando Palicio and M. Gabriel Piedra for their valuable work as delegates of the Union of Manufacturers of Cigars and Cigarettes and the Tobacco Growers' and Dealers' Association.

He learned gunnery on the Corps' parade-ground in the City, and horsemanship at the famous R.H.A. barracks at St. John's Wood. Commissioned, he was sent to the Nottinghamshire Royal Horse Artillery; and he served with them in "Mesopotamia."

Back to the Army Again

The Maréchal Ruchon factory at St. Claude, one of the oldest and largest in that traditional home of skilled workers in wood, employed 300 people, all French; and one of the prizes the Germans got when it had to be abandoned to them was a stock of something near a million pipe-blocks. St. Claude being now in unoccupied (Vichy Government) France, no one knows to what extent this stock has been despoiled.

Now the name Plumb, well-known in every country in the world that has appreciated the merits of an English-made half-crown pipe, is the name of an officer in the Paymaster's Department of His Majesty's Army. "A man of my years," he complained, "isn't wanted nowadays for anything but jobs like that. I suppose they thought as I'm an accountant..." He would rather, assuredly, be galloping at the head of a battery: but he weighs 12 stone 8 pounds today, and is 51.

Postscript by the "little boy" John Plumb. Our father never fully recovered from his illness in Spain & he died as a consequence a year later in 1941. In 1953 our war widowed mother Idda died from cancer aged 46.