

SOLDIER

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IT'S ALL IN AN MP's DAY

(See Pages 14-16)

Leaves from Monty's

Diary

HISTORIC extracts from Field-Marshal Montgomery's personal war diary have been published under the heading of "Ten Chapters" (Hutchinson 5s).

The chief contributor is Mr. Winston Churchill, who wrote an appropriate entry each time he visited "Monty." One of them is reproduced here.

Also reproduced are the signatures of General Eisenhower and his three C-in-C's — Ramsay, Montgomery and Leigh-Mallory. Of these only Montgomery is now alive; the other two were killed in air accidents in Western Europe.

The third illustration shows the signatures of the German delegates at Lüneburg: General-Admiral von Friedeburg; General Kinsel; Rear-Admiral Wagner; Major Friede.

Chapter VIII

The British Army has reached the Rhine on a broad front, & with its Allies from America & its Canadian brothers will presently pass this obstacle as it has so many others. Such are the rewards which fall to the brave when led with unwavering unwavering energy & unequalled skill.

7945 1945 Lüneburg. Thursday March 6

The armed forces of the Allies landed in France on 6 June 1944. The HQ of the Supreme Comd and his C-in-C were at Portsmouth. Supreme Comd. Naval C-in-C Army C-in-C Air C-in-C

Tactical Air Forces

The initial operations were very successful and a good lodgement area was soon got.

Dwight D. Eisenhower
B. F. Ramsay
B. L. Montgomery
T. Leigh-Hallay
A. L. G. A. D. Birmingham

German Officers sent to my HQ by Field Marshal Kessel to discuss surrender. Place: LUNEBURG. Date: 3 May 1945

Gen. de L. G. G. General de Gaulle
L. A. G. General de Gaulle
J. W. Major N. G.
Terms signed at 1830 hrs on 4 May 1945.

The NEW SOLDIER

THIS is the last fortnightly issue of SOLDIER.

The first monthly SOLDIER — extended to 40 pages in a slightly reduced and more convenient format — will appear during the first week of July.

The decision to discontinue fortnightly publication was taken with regret. It was rendered necessary by the increasing scarcity, through the run-down in BAOR and other theatres, of men with the requisite editorial and technical skill.

The steps which have now been taken will ensure that the new SOLDIER maintains the standards hitherto set. Its policy will be unchanged. It will still be printed in Germany; and in colour.

To make sure that you get your copy of the monthly SOLDIER you are urged to fill in the order form on Page 23.

The price of the new SOLDIER is one mark, or its equivalent. Existing subscriptions will be continued on that basis.

NEW LEAVE — in Brief

NEW MEDALS — in Brief

NEW leave plans — described as a "half-way house" between wartime leave and the leave which will be granted when normal peacetime conditions return — have been announced by Mr. Jack Lawson, War Minister. The aim is to bring leave granted in BAOR, Austria, and North Italy in line with that granted in Britain.

Details are: United Kingdom — 30 days a year, taken in three periods of ten days. BAOR, France, Austria, North Italy (north of Apennines) — 38 days a year, taken in two periods; eligibility after four months continuous service overseas, or four months from last privilege leave or LIOP, provided a man has six weeks useful service to come back to. Southern Italy, Malta, Gibraltar, MEF (including Greece), East Africa — 30 days once during the overseas tour; eligibility after 12 months service overseas, provided a man has not less than four months useful service to come back to.

Troops in France, Austria and Northern Italy will be eligible for LIOP on same terms as apply in BAOR: 42 days as against 61 days for troops in other theatres. Embarkation leave will be seven days for BAOR and CMF and 14 days for other overseas theatres, except when a man is posted overseas after just completing an overseas tour. In this case he will get, as at present, six weeks leave in this country.

These new leave provisions come into effect on 1 July 1946. During the period July to September inclusive the Python tour will be reduced to three years, nine months in BAOR, Austria and North Italy, as compared with four years. During the same period the Far East Python tour will be three years in the Far East, and three years, six months in remaining theatres.

TWO new medals for World War Two were announced in the House of Commons.

One is the War Medal 1939—45 (red, white and blue), for all who had 28 days service, operational or non-operational, in the Armed Forces (not Home Guard or Civil Defence) or 28 days at sea in the Merchant Navy before 2 September 1945. It is awarded in addition to the campaign stars and the Defence Medal. The bronze oak leaf for a mention in despatches will be worn on this ribbon. A man whose qualifying period for this medal was cut short by



The War Medal has a narrow central red stripe, with a narrow white stripe on each side, broad red stripes at either edge, and two intervening stripes of blue.

death, wounds, capture or the end of the war is still eligible.

The second medal is the India Service Medal (light and dark blue ribbon) for men of Indian units, except Defence Medallists, for three years non-operational service to 2 September 1945.

Time qualification for the France and Germany, Pacific, Burma and Italy Stars is now one day — that is, for a landing or a drop. For sea service the six months limit stays except in the case of the France and Germany Star, where one day's support of land operations qualifies.

Ribbons of the new medals are being woven and will be issued as soon as possible. Medals will not be ready for some time.

Fifty Tons of Money for BAOR

FIFTY tons of new money are on their way to BAOR. This represents 50,000,000 pieces of paper — the new official British Armed Forces Special Vouchers (BAFSV).

From 1 August 1946 these vouchers will be BAOR's new money. You will be paid with them. In service canteens, gift shops, post offices, clubs and cinemas, you will hand over not marks, francs, guilders, but BAFSV. It will no longer be marks and pfennigs but shillings and pence, for the BAFSV will be issued in sterling denominations of £1, 10s., 5s., 2s. 6d., 1s., 6d., and 3d. For small change there will be plastic tokens of pennies and halfpennies.

As a protection against possible attempts at forgery the paper notes have been skilfully and intricately designed and are printed on special paper. The £1 and 10s. notes have a metal thread running through them like Bank of England notes.

The reason for the introduction of the new currency is to counteract racketeering and "flogging" — the illegal sale of canteen goods, food and cigarettes, for continental money. Racketeers and "floggers," large and small, in the BAOR, Control Commission, and other attached bodies, working their many ingenious rackets, have cost Britain many millions of pounds.

Issue of the new currency with the strict regulations attached to it should clean up a lot of the "dirty" money that is around. Although arrangements have been made for the exchange of BAFSV money into local currency for buying from other than official sources, re-exchange from continental money into sterling or BAFSV will not be permitted except in very special circumstances and then only through British Army Cashiers. BAFSV money alone will be exchanged for sterling when men go to UK from BAOR.

For the Army Paymasters the scheme will mean a lot of extra work. For Britain it will mean a lot of money saved.

Normandy Pilgrimage



In the Airborne Cemetery at Ranville Pte Raymond Johnston finds the grave of his friend Pte W. Frith, beside whom he fought with 12 Parachute Battalion.

'Les Airborne' Go Back

THE motorbus pulled up to a jolting halt outside the Mairie, and men wearing red berets stepped down on to the roadway. The 600 villagers, old men wearing Great War medals, mothers with babies in their arms, and scores of voluble *gamins* surged forward, cheering excitedly and striving to be the first to shake their visitors by the hand and kiss them resoundingly on both cheeks.

The men with red berets were a few of the past and present members of the famous Sixth Airborne Division who, two years before almost to the day, had led the assault on Hitler's fortress by jumping over the West Wall. They had returned, this time by cross-Channel steamer and motorbus, to the village of Ranville, a tiny hamlet in the Calvados region of Normandy, scene of their first desperate battles against the German defenders, and the first village to be liberated in the invasion. They had come to pay homage to their comrades buried in the Airborne Cemetery at Ranville, and to relive those days in June, 1944 when they set the seal on the victory of the Allied Forces.

A Fair on the Green

Leading the party was Brigadier James Hill, DSO, MC, who commanded the 3rd Parachute Brigade, and the 34 other members were officers and privates who landed in Normandy by parachute and glider. During their brief three days stay at Ranville they were the guests of the villagers, many of whom had vivid memories of the men who had returned, and the deeds they had performed to free Normandy and France from the grip of a ruthless oppressor. The welcome these airborne men received could only be compared to the joy and heartfelt thankfulness with which they were met on D-Day two years ago. For days before the return of "Les Airborne" — as men of Sixth Airborne are still known all over France — the village had prepared for their reception. The streets were festooned with garlands of flowers, houses were decorated with flags of the Allied nations, mothers bought their children red, white, and blue rosettes, and a fair was arranged on the village green. Every home was an open house where the wine and cider had been conserved for weeks. For the men of Sixth Airborne only the best was good enough.

So anxious were the villagers of Ranville to have the honour of looking after these heroes that the operation of arranging their billeting lasted for two hours. But, at last, it was over, and in twos and threes, many of them arm-in-arm with people they had known in 1944, the airborne men walked down the roads and lanes they had known so well in battle, to the homes of their hosts.

It was twilight, the same kind of light when he first landed by glider in Normandy in the early hours of D-Day, when Major John Howard, DSO, knocked on the door of the Cafe de Benouville, a roadside estaminet close to the Caen Canal Bridge.

M. Gondrée, the inn-keeper, opened the door — and remained rooted to the spot, his face blank with astonishment. "It's the Major — the Major. He's come back," he shouted. Madame Gondrée appeared as though from nowhere and flung her arms round the Major's neck and wept, while her husband shook his hand again and again.

A smile and a gift

Almost exactly two years ago Major Howard, then commanding the *coup-de-main* force of the 2nd Bn (52nd) Oxf and Bucks, landed by glider in the corner of the field which joins the Canal Bridge, and within a few minutes had wiped out the German garrison and secured the bridge. At the same time M. Gondrée and his family, who were probably the first to see the British parachutists that night, were set free. On that night Major Howard and his men had arrived with blackened faces, firing Tommy Guns and intent on vengeance which had been piling up for years. Now the Major was back, in civilian clothes, a smile on his face, and in his hand a pound of coffee.

The Gondrées and Major Howard talked of a lot of things. Of Lieut Brotheridge, one of the Major's officers who was killed within two minutes of landing, while leading an attack across the Bridge — the first man to be killed in the invasion. Of the delirious welcome M. Gondrée gave the British airborne men at 1 a.m. on 6 June, 1944 and of the 90 bottles of champagne he opened to celebrate the invasion. Of the battles that followed the original landing when German counter-attacks strove to drive back the "Red Devils"; and of the Canal Bridge which by command of the French Government has been re-named "Pegasus Bridge" in honour of the men of the Sixth Airborne Division who lost their lives in its capture. They spoke, too, of Captain D. J. Wood, another of Major Howard's officers who was wounded after 25 minutes fighting at the bridge after training for two and a half years for that particular operation.

Still Clearing the Mines

Next morning the airborne men toured the battlefields. Brigadier Hill and men of the 3rd Parachute Brigade journeyed to Merville, where two years before the most brilliant airborne operation of the war was carried out, when a battery of German coastal guns was wiped out in savage fighting. German prisoners are still clearing away the mines from the fields surrounding the devastated German battery, and bodies of airborne men, their red berets lying by their side, are still being recovered.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



In this tree in an orchard a mile outside Ranville L/Cpl. Samuel Kennedy broke his fall two years ago. Then, death was at every turn. Now, a man can roam the countryside unafraid and thankful.



Glider troops landed here, on top of the German gun emplacement captured 200 Germans, after a desperate fight. Now airborne - of the "Inviolable" West Wall.



at Merville, and killed or men return to the spot, part



M. Gondrée, first man in France to be liberated on D-Day, raises a glass to the men who took Pegasus Bridge by assault. Two years ago Major John Howard, DSO (centre) and Captain David Wood arrived black-faced with Sten guns spitting.



Above: The village children give a vociferous welcome to Pte. H. Johnston (left) and L/Cpl. Kennedy at the local school. Below: Times and clothes change, but 6th Airborne's Divisional HQ is still heavily sandbagged. Revisiting it are Capt. Peter Dixon (left), the Rev. George Hales MC, and Major Charles Stafford (right).

Continuing 'Les Airborne' Go Back

L/Cpl Louis Reynolds, of George Street, Manchester, one of the RAMC men who landed near the dropping zone and joined up with the rest of 9th Parachute Bn, mounted the hillock in which the guns were built and gazed out over the fields below. "How we did it remains a mystery," he said. "Eight hundred were to have landed, but more than 600 were blown off course and dropped miles away. But we captured the guns—and lost 80 men out of 150. It all looks so calm and peaceful now, but two years ago it was like a charnel house."

Rev. George Hales, MC, now Vicar of Netheravon, Wiltshire, and two years ago Senior Chaplain to Sixth Airborne Division, went with Capt. Peter Dixon, RE officer attached to Divisional HQ, to the Chateau du Heaume which served as Divisional HQ for several days before being moved to a stone quarry in a quiet country lane outside Ranville. There were still signs of bitter fighting—rusty steel helmets and Bren Gun cases, lengths of signal wire still hanging from the top of the hastily improvised dug-out, pieces of torn and burned metal that was once a German light tank.

Back to the Orchard

Just outside Ranville is an orchard where Pte Samuel Kennedy, then only 19,

parachuted to earth soon after midnight on 6 June and crashed through an apple tree. He spent several hours re-visiting the trenches in which he had fought, and stood in the ditch running alongside the road from where he killed his first German with a burst of Bren. "I never expected to see this place again," he said, "and the more I think about it, the more amazed I am to think I came through it." Kennedy, whose father is a Squadron-Leader in the RAF in Palestine, was wounded at Troarn in the later fighting.

Major J. Watson, who won the MC, went with L/Cpl Ernest Unwin to the Tile works and saw again the fold in the ground from where they fired mortar shells on to German positions at Escoville, and Major F. R. Hynes, accompanied by his Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. R. J. Carson, who led the 1st Bn, RUR Glider troops, went back to Breville, a little village three miles from Ranville where the local grocery stores still display photographs of men of the Sixth Airborne Division who fought and died in Normandy.

Trooper Charles Baker, a Dagenham youth of 20, who landed at Pegasus Bridge with C Coy, 7 Parachute Battalion, went alone to the war-torn fields of Benouville, and to Le Mesnil Cross-roads, known as "Hell Fire Triangle"

to all the airborne men who fought there. It was down "Hell Fire Road" which leads to Ranville that Baker lost his best friend, and where he killed several Germans in a hand-to-hand skirmish.

In a nearby field Major Charles Strafford inspected the trench where he produced the first copy of the Divisional daily newspaper which he and the Padre delivered to hard-pressed troops by bicycle.

Finishing the Job

Pte Baker recalled how he remonstrated with a Frenchman who was still erecting anti-glider posts two days after the landing. The Frenchman explained that the Germans had paid him to do the job and he thought he ought to finish it. He was soon disillusioned.

Major Charles Kent, who landed by glider in charge of light Tetrarch tanks of the Armoured Recce Regt, will never forget how he dived underneath his tank when "stonked" by mortars, and saw an elderly French peasant, wheeling a bicycle, peer incredulously underneath the skirting board, and turn up his nose in disgust. "Made me feel quite ashamed," said Major Kent.

A 7 Parachute Battalion man will always remember how he sat talking to

a dead German in a slit trench all night, under the impression that he was a comrade, and Major Howard will be very old before he forgets how, at the height of battle when his unit was being forced back, one of his men went into the village church at Gonnerville and played a popular dance tune on the organ "just to cheer us all up."

The next day, the second anniversary of D-Day, these men of Sixth Airborne Division who led the vanguard of victory went to Mass in the ancient Norman church at Ranville to offer thanks for peace, and attended a service in the Airborne Cemetery just behind the church where 2,277 British soldiers are buried. As they stood with bowed heads before the memorial erected to those who fell, the Padre pronounced a blessing, and two officers laid wreaths at the foot of the monument. The villagers of Ranville, lining the earth between the long rows of white crosses marking each grave, stood in silence while two French children placed another wreath on the memorial, and offered prayers for the dead.

As the coach rounded the corner on the road to Dieppe the village waved a final goodbye, and shouted "Au Revoir". At the cross-roads which commemorates the liberation of Ranville at 2.30 a.m. on the morning of 6 June, 1944. It was a

public holiday and people had travelled from Caen, Troarn, Rouen, and as far away as Paris to swell the gathering of 600 villagers of Ranville and to pay tribute to Sixth Airborne Division.

Toasting the Living

The Vin d'honneur in the well-kept grounds of the local estaminet was as impressive as it was sincere, and the whole village flocked to the gardens to toast the health of the living, and to thank them for their part in the liberation of their homesteads.

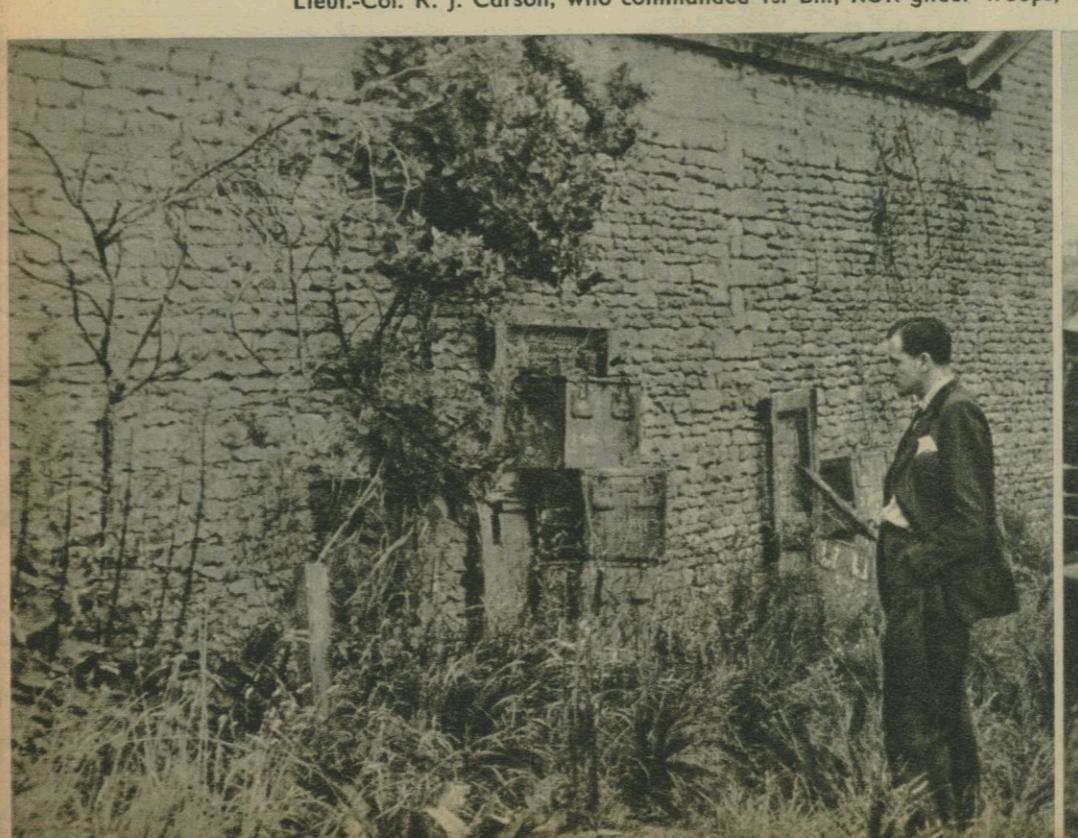
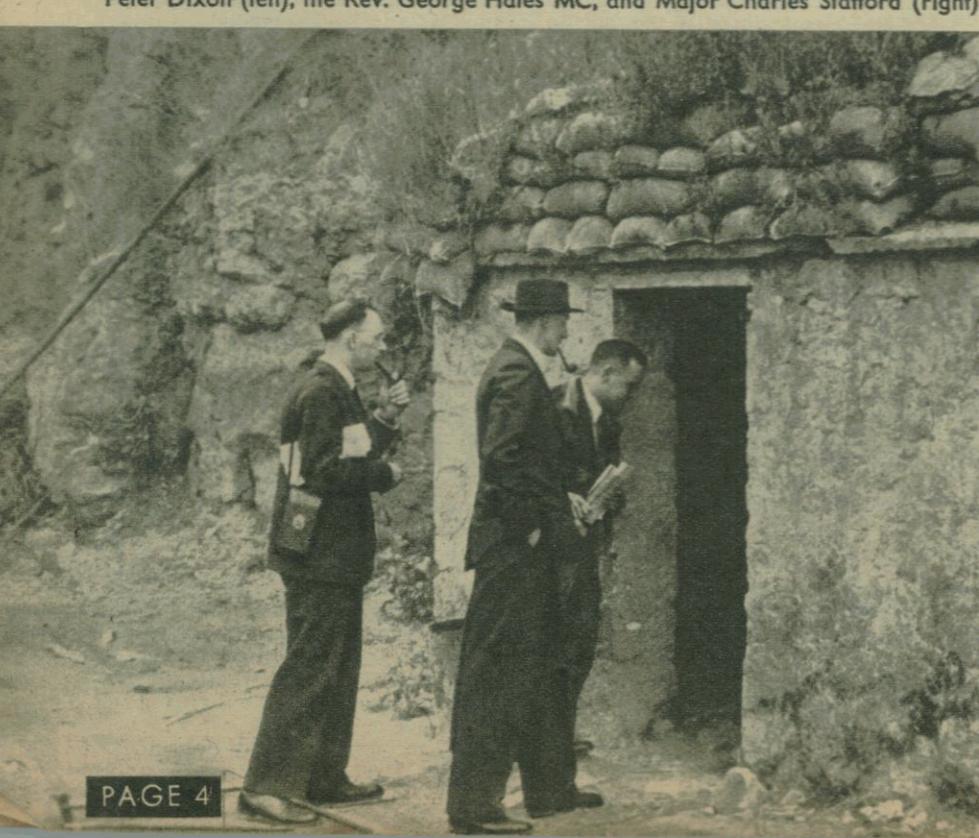
Early next morning there were affectionate farewells as the party boarded the grey motorbus for the return journey. The Comtesse was there to see us off, and in a pretty little speech thanked us for our visit and told us to come again next year. M. Gondrée shook the major's hand until the major thought it would fall off, and Pte Baker became embarrassingly entangled with an elderly French mother who persisted in kissing him goodbye.

As the coach rounded the corner on the road to Dieppe the village waved a final goodbye, and shouted "Au Revoir". At the cross-roads a little boy on his way to school raised his cap, kissed his hand, and shouted, "Vive Les Airborne."

E. J. GROVE (CAPT.)



In the "Place de la Libération" the village of Ranville decided to hold a fête in honour of the airborne returning.



HOLLAND

"So this is England..." Grain was scarce in Holland, but now this horse is learning to like barley.



Above: "Let me see these Friesians..." One of the greys from the neighbouring stables out for a morning romp. Below: Each of the horses is stamped on the hoof with his Army number; and each horse has his own history sheet.



Grooming — for stardom.



ROOKIES! I love em!" leers the old-sweat sergeant of the comic papers. Well, there's a place in the Midlands of England where hard-faced NCO's fondle recruits as if they were blue-eyed babies.

I watched them doing it the other day at the Royal Army Veterinary Corps Depot at Welby Camp, Melton Mowbray. You see, it's the Army way of handling horses, particularly when they have "no previous military experience" like the 30 Friesian Blacks which have been presented to the Household Cavalry by the Netherlands Government as a token of gratitude for liberation.

As an RAVC officer remarked: "Animals can be trained by kindness and by reward and punishment, but although the first method takes longer it is the better, and the only one used in the Army."

The Friesians arrived at Welby Camp via Harwich and they spent their first few hours in the Army in much the same way as a human "rookie." Most of the horses were numbered on arrival, but they were all given new

Army numbers which have been stamped on their front hooves, and a description of each horse was entered into the history sheet with particulars of distinctive markings.

The Friesians, like all other horses coming here from abroad, have to spend a few weeks in the isolation stables. Here they are kept in strict quarantine, and there is no physical contact between them, although they are allowed out collectively for training during the day. Horses like company, and in order that they can see their neighbours the top half of the stable door is left open.

The Glanders Test

Soon after "documentation" each Friesian is subjected to the "mallein test" which readily determines whether a horse has glanders, a disease which has been stamped out in England but

sent these HORSES



is still prevalent on the Continent.

Great care is taken to avoid the spread of infectious diseases. Each horse is issued with its own rug marked with the number of the owner's box. Every box is disinfected by the stable-hands regularly, and each horse has its own brushes, comb, sponge, cloth and feed tins (all numbered). Yes, and its own drinking trough, for although the communal trough may look very matey and picturesque it is a carrier of glanders.

The Friesians are in perfect condition. Standing about 16 to 17 "hands" high they are big strapping horses with heavy bodies, "clean" legs and sleek shiny skins. They look strong, and they need to be, because the combined weight of a Guardsman and his equipment is in the neighbourhood of 22 stones.

Fed regularly four times a day the Friesians have an uncanny sense of time. If the grub is a few minutes late in coming up they poke their heads out of their boxes and neigh stridently.

The Friesians are docile, and have all

been "broken in" before leaving Holland, but as they are equestrian "rookies" they have to undergo special training at the depot.

The men who put them through their paces, getting them used to the saddle and soothing them when they shy at unusual noises are nearly all ex-stable boys, jockeys and apprentices in civilian life. Some have ridden winners in big races. They have all been brought up to love horses, and the horses know it. There is no battle training here, but as the Friesians

will have to become accustomed to London traffic in preparation for the great day when they do "guard" duty in London they get plenty of training in road and traffic work.

Getting them ready for parade is a specialised job. The tails of the Friesian Blacks are cut straight across at the ends not like the Arab horses whose tails droop down fanwise in silky splendour. But when the Friesians come out of their boxes to do collective training (still at a distance from each other) they look as smart and as confident as they

will when they take their places outside Whitehall.

There is a "sick parade" for horses in the "sick lines" at the other end of the camp and serious cases are despatched to the hospital. Conditions in the hospital lines are as comfortable as possible and trained veterinary surgeons (officers of the Corps) are at hand.

Gifts for the Princesses

In the camp are two Arab chestnuts, a personal gift to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret from the Emir of Transjordan. Also in quarantine are two fine iron greys, a present to the King from the Netherlands Government.

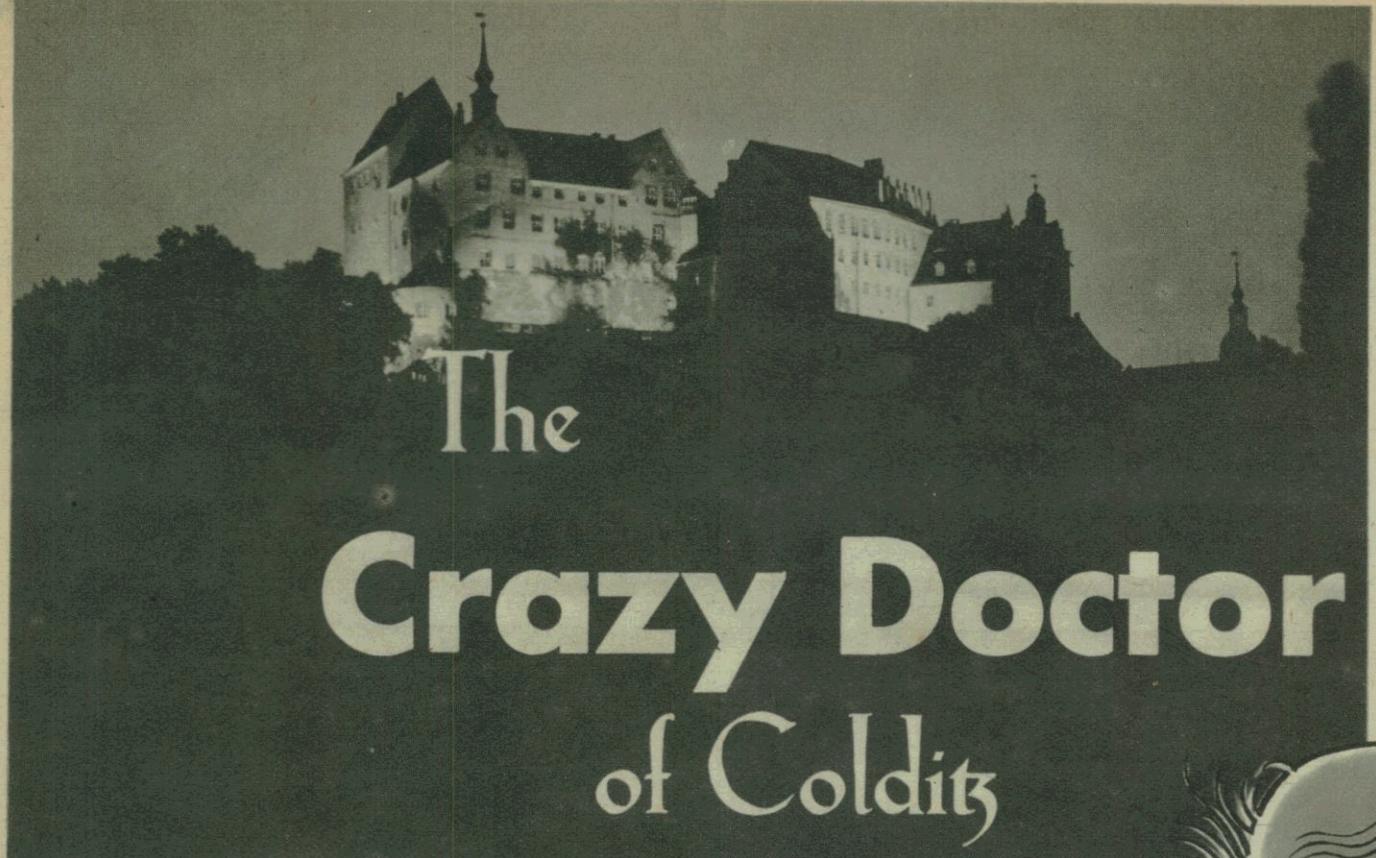
Unlike the Friesians and the majority of the horse population of the camp the Arab chestnuts and the iron greys are not stamped with an Army number. Neither is "Rommel", Field Marshal Montgomery's proud stallion, now awaiting posting instructions at the Remount Depot.

C. S.



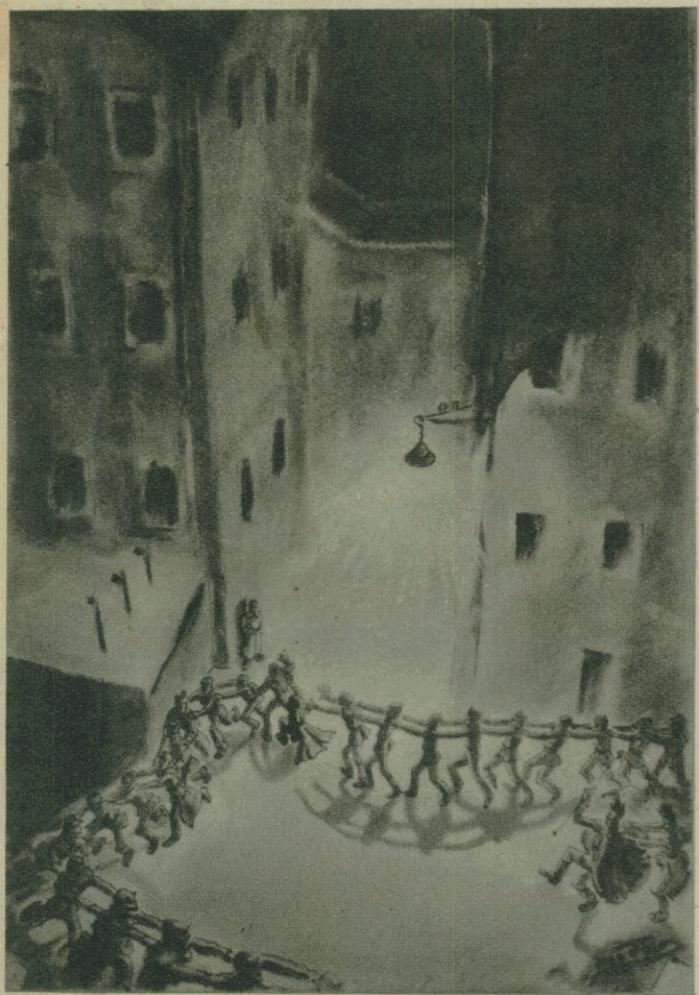
Above: "And as I was saying to that grey mare..." The new arrivals have the tops of their boxes open, for companionship. Below: "Ride 'em but don't race 'em". The sergeant gives his instructions on morning parade.





The Crazy Doctor of Colditz

Colditz, the hill-top camp (above), was once a hunting lodge of Augustus the Strong, later a lunatic asylum. During the war it housed "difficult" officer-prisoners. Below (left): New Year's Eve in Colditz, a drawing by Lieut. J. F. Watton, the Border Regt. (from "The Illustrated London News"). Right: Prisoners on the march—a sketch by Lieut. B. Cerisier, of the French Army.



"Train Jumpers"—a fine action drawing by Lieut. J. F. Watton, from the POW book "Detour," by courtesy of "Illustrated London News." This method of escape was for the hardest—and called for split-second timing.



The officer had the presence of mind to give him an empty packet.

Stolen Stethoscope

After three-quarters of an hour the doctor ran out of adjectives, but not out of breath. He had examined thirty people, threatened to have them locked up for a week, or court-martialled. Finally he stormed out saying he would report the whole lot to the Commandant.

When he had gone there was consternation. Why? Because someone had stolen the doctor's stethoscope.

And then the whole story came out. The doctor wasn't a German doctor at all, but a British prisoner working off an elaborate legpull. A Polish doctor-prisoner had lent him the stethoscope to lend verisimilitude to the impersonation. It was imperative that the stethoscope should be recovered intact. And recovered it was—but only in the nick of time.

It was by crazy "rags" like this that the inmates of Colditz (which, by the way, was once a lunatic asylum) kept themselves from going crazy. The perpetrator of the hoax has lived to tell the story in "Detour" (The Falcon Press 12s 6d), a collection of articles and drawings by prisoners of Oflag IVc, edited by Lieut. J. E. R. Wood MC, Royal Canadian Engineers.

The "prominent" of Colditz—men held with an eye to ransom or high-level exchange of hostages—included relatives of the King and Queen, of Field-Marshal Alexander and the late Viceroy (Lord Linlithgow); Capt Earl Haig, Lieut. John Winant Jr and Wing-Commander Douglas Bader. To Colditz came unhappy General Bor with a cluster of generals from Warsaw, after the ill-fated insurrection. Miscellaneous arrivals included secret agents who had been parachuted into enemy territory and "cloak and dagger" boys captured while co-operating with underground movements. One unorthodox fighter was Lieut-Col. David Stirling of the Long Range Desert Group, who showed his versatility by reorganising the camp's very necessary black market on a more equitable basis.

Small wonder that with this array of restive and unscrupulous talent the Germans took no chances. There were more guards than prisoners at Colditz. And the castle was set on a hill, floodlit at night.

In the building where the traitor William Joyce qualified for his noose British radio experts are showing a German staff purged of Nazis how to run a broadcasting network.

2LO TAKES OVER

THE man who in the early nineteen-twenties helped put the BBC on the air from one room in Marconi House, London, has arrived in Hamburg to take over control of Nordwestdeutscher Rundfunk, which operates from the Radio Hamburg studios. He is Mr. Rex Palmer, the first director of 2 LO, and later international recording manager for His Master's Voice.

As Controller his main task is to build up a Home Service for the German people in the British Zone, and to train the German staff to develop a programme service of the best quality.

"The staff working here during the war and for some years before it were Nazis and have been removed," said Mr. Palmer. "As a result most of the men and women who have replaced them are not yet so experienced in broadcasting technique. Although we let them run their own show, a number of British officers and warrant officers are here to supervise, and that system will go on until the time comes to hand over what we hope will be a self-contained German broadcasting service."

Because of the gradual release of the English staff there may be a few vacancies for people with broadcasting experience who can speak fluent German. These vacancies will be filled either from the Army or civilian sources in Britain. Those selected will not have to broadcast, because all announcing is done by Germans, with the exception of the lessons in English which are relayed from London.

Transmission is also being made from Cologne, and a studio is being started in Berlin.

"We shall not actually broadcast from Berlin," said Mr. Palmer. "We shall record local programmes and transmit them from Hamburg and Cologne. The Berlin radio is entirely Russian-controlled."

Like Savoy Hill

Mr. Palmer served in the Royal Engineers and the Royal Flying Corps in 1914-1918 and was called up in the RAFVR in September 1939, having volunteered at the time of Munich. He has only recently been released. During the war he was engaged on research in connection with airborne radar installations.

"Working in this building has much in common with my days at Savoy Hill with the BBC," he went on. "Those were pioneering days in British broadcasting, and in many ways these are pioneering days for the radio of the new Germany."

The Nazis banned broadcasting of music by Jewish composers. Here is Radio Hamburg's scores catalogue, with "Jew" scrawled across it.

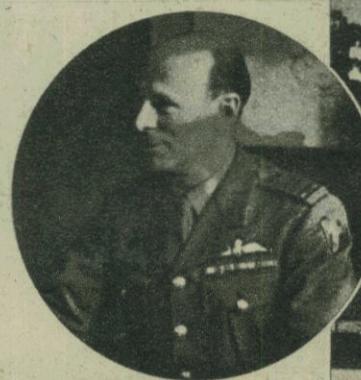
"Magnificent work has already been done here by the officers and men who got things going after the station was taken over by BAOR about a year ago."

Radio Hamburg is a station with a history. It was the home of Lord Haw-Haw, although today there is no one left who was on the staff in the days when he entered his small studio, flung himself in his chair, brushed his hand across his scarred cheek, and started his "This is Jairmany calling..." But they still prize the recording of his last broadcast when, his breath heavy with alcohol, he spluttered his way through a nonsensical news bulletin. There are stories told, too, of his hurried retreat to the emergency studio in the deep shelter in the grounds outside the main building when the sirens wailed, and how he tried to soothe the nerves of panicking Germans with the news: "I have it on good authority that this raid is not for Hamburg." This announcement was usually followed by a series of deafening bangs in the centre of the city, and the people cultivated the view that the traitor Englishman must have an exaggerated sense of humour.

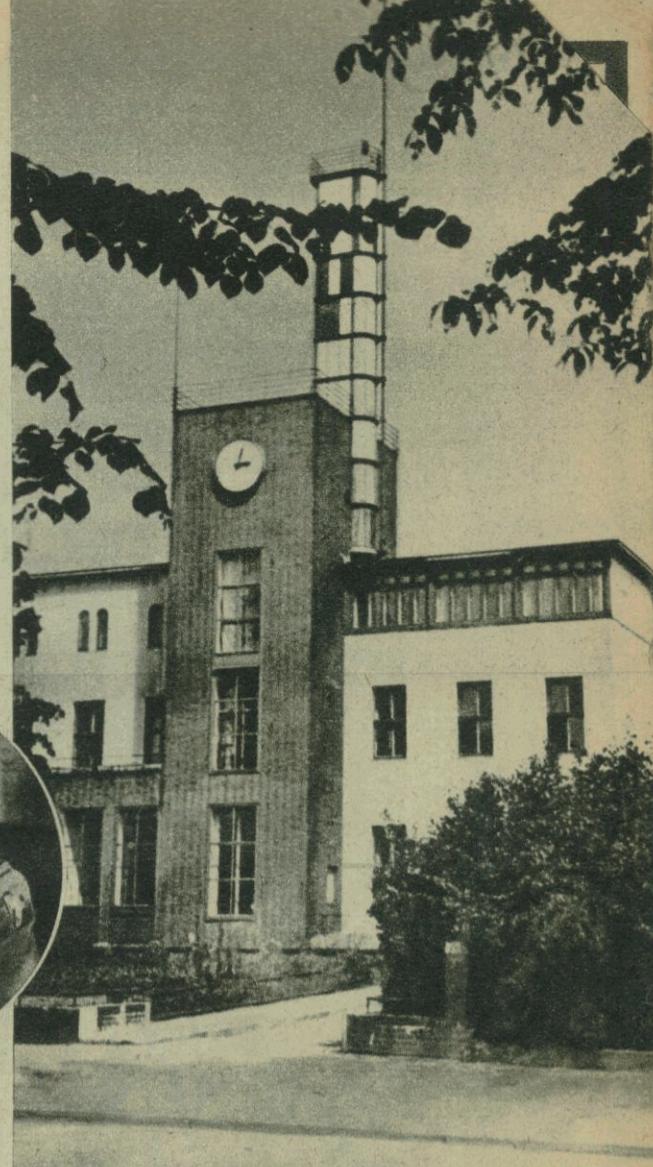
Vanishing Floor

The North-West German Radio is, of course, entirely for the Germans. All programmes for our own troops go out over the British Forces Network which has no connection with the Hamburg and Cologne stations. The Radio Hamburg building is probably the most modern and the least damaged in the city. Of its seven sound-proof studios, Number One is a hall of luxury. The stage has ample room for the station's symphony orchestra which at times is augmented to 110 players. There are both church and cinema organs. Round the walls are built galleries in front of which steel shutters can slide silently into place, thus altering the acoustics of the room. When a small dance orchestra is playing large curtains sweep across the studio and unnecessary echo is cut out. The architects not only gave the place a dance floor, but arranged it so that on the touch of a lever one half sinks out of sight. No one seems to know why.

In the control room I sat in the producer's chair and watched the orchestra through the glass panel.



In the circle: Rex Palmer, new Controller of Radio Hamburg. Right: The modern radio HQ which contains seven studios.



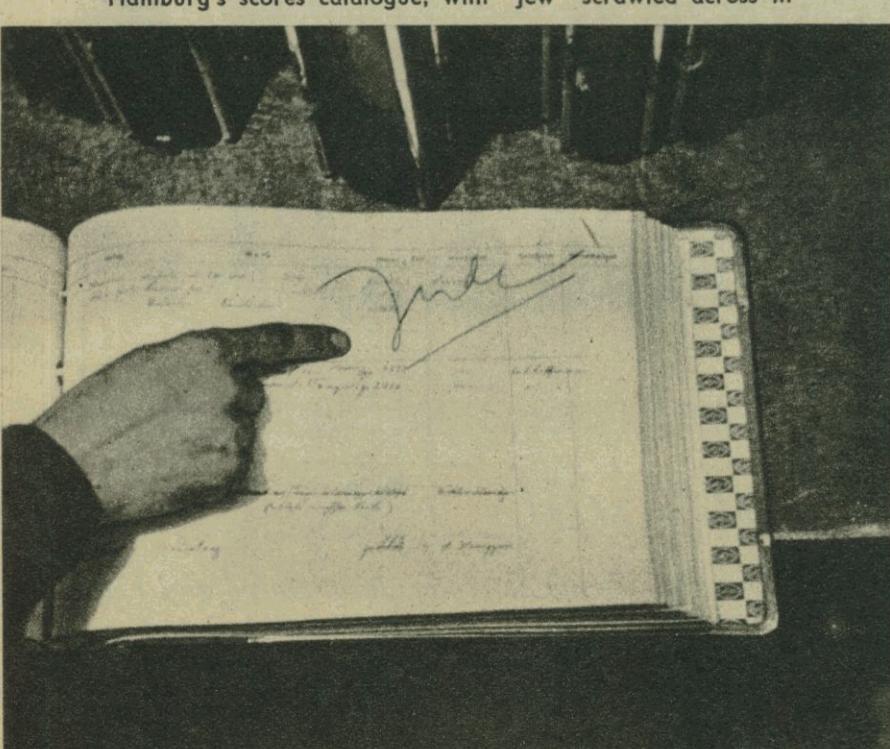
The table in front of me consisted of switches, dials and knobs reminiscent of an airplane cockpit. These are worked by the tone master. If the violins are being drowned by the trumpets he remedies the fault by turning a knob. If the soprano is reaching a note which is likely to set everyone's teeth on edge (to say nothing of blowing the valves in the basement) he can tone her down without embarrassing the lady. The tone master is both engineer and expert musician for he must be able to follow the score closely.

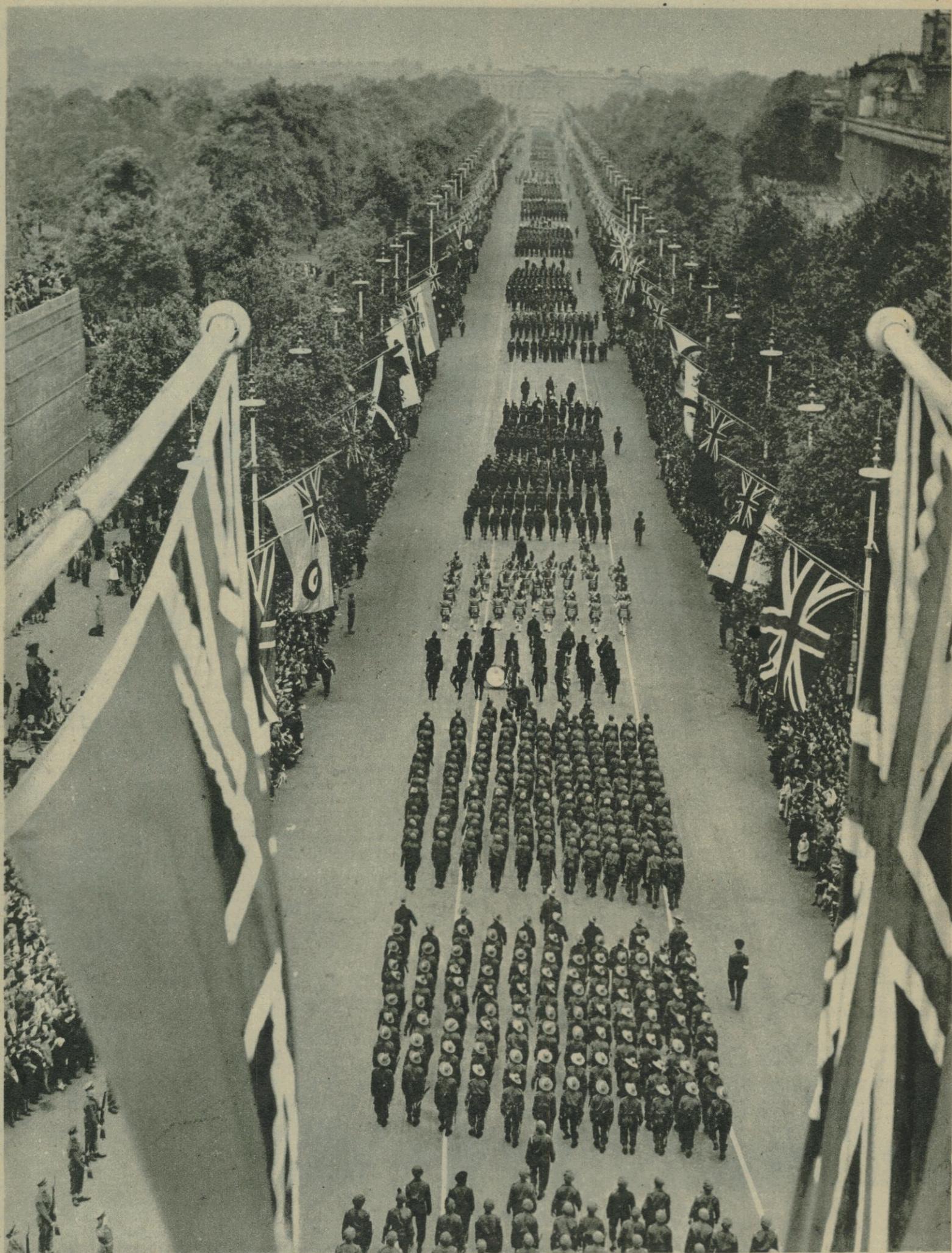
The music lover would find his dream land in the libraries where 30,000 records and 20,000 musical scores are kept. They have everything from high opera down to effects discs. I picked out a record. It said "Wind howling round barn." The next one was marked "One hen clucking." I turned it over and found two hens clucking. The Nazi regime has left its mark in the thick catalogue in which are listed the works of great composers. On the pages dedicated to Offenbach, Mendelssohn, and other Jewish composers are scribbled the word "Jude." All their works were burned, but after the surrender the members of the symphony orchestra produced the scores. They had buried their own copies in their gardens until the day of musical freedom arrived.

Faking the Tape

The most interesting room is that in which the recordings are done on magnetised tape. This tape runs through three machines, the first of which removes any trace of a previous recording. The second one imprints the sound waves direct from the microphone. The third relays the recording to a loudspeaker. A yard of tape covers a second of sound, and has the advantage of never wearing out. The success of a recording depends on a good electricity supply, which in Hamburg is apt to fluctuate. Recently a recording was made of George Welden conducting the Radio Hamburg Symphony Orchestra in Elgar's Enigma Variations. During the concert, a public one, the electricity supply gave out for one minute. The recording was due to go on the air to the Germans next day and it was impossible to get the orchestra to go through the piece again. A hunt was made through old tapes and one was found carrying the same orchestra playing the same music, only under the baton of the German conductor, Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt. From this the missing minute was cut and transferred to the new recording. No one noticed the difference when it went on the air.

The German radio station employs about 400 Germans. The programmes they put out are similar to those from the BBC — variety, concerts, church services, news, plays and talks for schools, for farmers, for gardeners. They even have their own radio doctor. The most popular are the Saturday night cabaret, the children's hour, and the dance music session when the public are allowed into the studio to dance.





S Parade Postscript *S*

London's Victory Parade was a challenge to the Special Correspondents, the ace descriptive writers . . . They dusted off their superlatives and for once they had space in which to let themselves go.

But the finest and sincerest contribution in print to Victory Day came from an anonymous reader of "The Daily Herald." Choosing to remember the Fallen rather than the Living, he (or she) wrote, simply and movingly, the verse which appears here:

*God keep you, Jack, Harry and Len!
You fought for Christ's kingdom, and then . . .
There's no more to your story
Save the power, and the glory,
For ever and ever. Amen.*

SOLDIER MISCELLANY

THE STRANGE CASE OF JOHAN

THE neighbours stared when Johan Heinrich Karl Woesthoff was demobilised from the wars and returned to his home in 44 Heinrichstrasse, Lehe, in the port of Wesermünde, not far from Cuxhaven. Johan came back wearing a British battle dress, with his belt scrubbed white in the Mediterranean style, his brasses brightly polished and on his breast the African Star and 1939-45 Star.

He was also the first British soldier to be demobilised in Germany.

The neighbours had not seen Johan for twelve years. Until 1934 he had been just an ordinary tough little German merchant seaman, very quiet in his manner (even the tattoo marks on his arm are in miniature) but he didn't like Hitler. He did not say very much about it. Most of the people in Heinrichstrasse seemed very struck with the new Nazi Party. Johan said he thought there would be trouble if things went on as they were doing. The neighbours looked at him suspiciously; the police made a few inquiries ostentatiously.

Then Johan vanished.

It was not healthy to ask too many questions then about people who vanished. After all, Johan MIGHT have gone back to sea. Heinrichstrasse shrugged its shoulders, went on with its work and when it met Mrs. Johan never mentioned her husband.

But Johan was not in a concentration camp. He made his way (it is easy for a merchant seaman of



Johan Woesthoff, first British soldier to be released in Germany.

experience to do that) as far as Spain where he joined the International Brigade, that mixture of idealists and adventurers from all over the world that gathered to fight for the Republican Spanish Government against the rebellion of Franco. Johan learned to manage a rifle again. He was then 44 years old and it was a long time since he had done any military service.

Johan and his pals of the International Brigade marched over Spain where the bloody struggle raged: Madrid and its long siege, Cordoba, fighting all the time against Franco's Moors and Mussolini's legions. Harried from the skies by Hitler's Condor air bandits, the men who destroyed Guernica as practice for their work in Poland, Russia and the Low Countries.

Franco won the war. Johan and his pals slipped over to North Africa. But they could not escape the Fascist net and they were marched straight into a French concentration camp. Luck still held. It was not one of the most brutal and Johan stayed in comparative health for more than three years.

Outside, the last war began and the Fascist combine enjoyed its early triumphs. Johan heard a little from the guards of what was going on. But mostly he thought of his home and his son and daughter.

Release Group One

1942—and the Allied landing in North Africa. Johan broke away from the camp. He contacted the British Army; discovered to his delight that the fight against Fascism was not yet lost and joined an Alien Pioneer Company. Then he got a chance to serve with an RASC small boat company, part of the Army's "Navy." He served in the invasion of Sicily and later on the coast of Italy.

The war ended. Johan was told that he was in Release Group 1. He should have been home almost a year ago but he was in Italy and his home was in

Germany in the American enclave of Bremen. He was a problem again.

Finally the difficulties were sorted out. He was sent home on compassionate leave. He found more sadness.

His little daughter had died soon after he left home 12 years ago. His son had been conscripted into the German Army three years ago as a lad of 16 in a labour company. He had been taken prisoner by the Russians but had escaped and had got safely home. Johan's wife was desperately ill (tuberculosis).

Through Army Welfare at Cuxhaven Johan made arrangements to have her sent to Switzerland in the hope of saving her life. As for himself he was told that he could stay at home until he was formally released from the Army. He could keep his battle-dress, his Army boots, his shirts and socks. He was measured for a civilian suit and this is being made in England and will be sent to him. Now Pte Johan is facing the problem of all ex-soldiers... "What am I going to do in Civvy Street?"

"I am still on my release leave," he said, "and so I am still a British soldier. I draw Army rations for myself and my wife and the good food has done much to help her to get back her strength. She is out of bed to-day for the first time for a long while.

"When my leave is over I become a German civilian again, and I think I shall have to go on to German rations. I shall have to find a job. Wesermünde has been damaged during the raids and many of the men lost their lives in the war. But it is cleaner and healthier now that the Nazi grip has been loosened.

"First I must look after my wife and see that she gets back on the way to health and then... perhaps I go back to sea. I do not know. I am 56 but I am a long way from being finished..."

AND THE STRANGE CASE OF JOSEPH

IN a house in the North Rhine village of Siegburg-Muhldorf sits a man with a Guards haircut, wearing a grey chalk-striped suit. On his desk stands a faded photograph of himself in the uniform of the Grenadier Guards. Beside it is a photograph of his son in the uniform of the Luftwaffe.

The man in the grey suit has an English name—Joseph Gardner. His job is a German one—that of Amtsdirector, administering the lives of 18,000 Germans.

What nationality is Joseph Gardner? Control Commission experts are trying to puzzle it out. Born at Brighton in 1888, Gardner joined the Coldstream Guards in World War One, fought in France, rose to the rank of QMS. During the occupation of the Rhineland he was posted as instructor to a college for the rehabilitation of British soldiers shortly to be demobilised. In Coblenz he met the German woman who is now his wife. She opened a school, with Gardner as sports master. A son, Charlie, was born.

Gardner ignored the Nazis. In 1939, however, they told his wife she must get her husband to adopt German nationality or give up teaching Germans. Under threat of losing his livelihood and home Gardner took consular advice and applied to become a German subject. In September 1939 he found that his application had been neither accepted nor refused. During the war he was called upon to register, and was passed fit to fight as necessary. He remained, however, outside the Volkssturm. Allied bombs wrecked his home. Charlie was called for training as a pilot. Then the war ended.

When the Americans arrived they were puzzled about Gardner's nationality, but made him Burgo-master of Siegburg-Muhldorf. When the British arrived

MORE ARMY "AGONY"

REPORTER

Aged 30, ex-Major and willing to forget it, seeks post with good prospects for reliable worker; five years' experience weeklies with large lineage

TWO ex-Army Captains, 28, laughed through war. Their qualifications nil, seek highly paid job together; mix well, talk on all subjects; go anywhere.—Write Box K.1335. The Times F.C.

Being alone, James H. 17. T F. LIEUT. BARLOW, Veterinary Officer in the Boer War, will communicate with J. R. Falkner, 338a, Point-road, Durban, South Africa; he will be paid the amount due for the loss of his camera.

W. MARTIN.—The KIN of ADA MARTIN

Typing. Box 601. DEMOBILIZED officer—moderately intelligent—fairly industrious, somewhat educated, seeks position combining min. effort with maximum pay. Write BM XYZM, W.C. WOMAN aged 30, exp. of market research.

they were equally puzzled, but made him Amtsdirector, in charge of seven burgomasters. There he remains, carrying on the job with zeal and efficiency.

* * * *

THE IMAGINATIVE WAR OFFICE

BUT, on reflection, the most unexpected and imaginative effort of the War Office has been to provide a real live artist's model to pose in the nude for the mixed students...

From an article by Charles Graves in "The Sphere," on the Army's Formation College at Luton Hoo, Hertfordshire.

* * * *

THE QUEST OF GILBERT GORDON



ANY man who can entertain will hand his name into Company Office by 1600 hours.

It seems a queer way of getting up an entertainment, but often it works. Many amateurs, pitch-forked into the limelight by a zealous Entertainment Officer, have lived to be grateful rather than otherwise. The important thing is not to get a swollen head, for half the Press to-day is busy pointing out (not without truth) that what

seemed funny in the Army is not necessarily funny enough to earn £20 a week in Civvy Street. Or even £5 a week.

One company in Rhine Army which started from scratch with hitherto unknown talent were the Little Theatre Players in Brussels. In 14 months they pro-



Eileen Lovie, ATS/EFI, is looking forward to her film test.

duced 13 plays, ranging from Shaw's "St. Joan" to Rattigan's "Flare Path." Recently they have had to close down owing to releases and the run-down of troops, but Brussels' loss is Germany's gain. The man who was organiser and leader of the club is touring the British Zone to start Little Theatres in various centres. He is Gilbert Gordon, programmes chief for YMCA in Western Europe. By starting Little Theatres in such places as Berlin, Hamburg, Bad Salzungen and Lüneburg he hopes to be able to repeat the success of Brussels. Gordon was released from the Army to carry out his present work with YMCA.

The Little Theatre in Brussels was started by Dorothy Innes, a London actress, and when she left it fell to Gordon to take over leadership. It was the policy of both to train the members to as high a standard as possible. Brussels was lucky in having plenty of ATS to draw upon. On this page you see a picture of one of them—22-years-old Private Eileen Lovie, of ATS/EFI, who is being considered for the Army artistes pool, and who has been promised a film test.

Parade Ground to Pulpit

Private Jones and Brigadier Smith, if they aspire to be clergymen, must go before the Church's selection board run on WOSB lines (minus the psychiatrist). This is no spiritual assault course; rather is it a friendly, painless attempt to find the men who are best suited to be ministers.

EVERY week some 30 ex-Servicemen entrain to sleepy Wheatley in Oxfordshire and climb the road winding into the blue mists of the Chilterns to Cuddesdon, home of the Church of England's selection centre for candidates for the ministry. For when a serving man is recommended by his padre or chaplain as a potential "dog-collared" officer he has to attend the church equivalent of an Army WOSB. Some of them are ex-Army officers, but Service rank makes no difference to the treatment of the candidates.

Built in 1854 as a result of an Act of Parliament which admitted dissenters to the universities, Cuddesdon College has extensive lecture and common rooms, library accommodation, long rambling passages lit with embrasured windows, and in the college grounds horse chestnut trees blossom on the daisy-studded lawn on a canvas of rolling Oxfordshire landscape. Just the setting for study and quietude.

Each candidate receives a white tab bearing his name. Whereas candidates at an Army WOSB are known by numbers to avoid any suggestion of prejudice in selection, the Church of England selectors want to know every candidate intimately and want the candidates to know one another. It makes for a real friendly atmosphere, and helps candidates get rid of the strain and tenseness which comes from feeling they are being watched.

On his first evening each man gives a two-minute talk on what he has been doing during the war. To listen to these halting stories delivered without embroidery of any kind is a revelation. The candidates are not milk-and-water stuff. Some have been adrift in an open boat for days on end, some footslogged from El Alamein to Berlin. There are snipers, Infantry men, Intelligence officers, men who organised and fought with the guerrillas, men who stole stealthily along enemy beaches at dead of night on Commando raids, men who flew with the few ... Any Monday night at Cuddesdon you can meet these men and listen to their stories.

By Tuesday morning the ecclesiastical staff at the college have posted up the fatigue roster, and although it appears with duties listed in the Army manner ex-Service candidates must feel a bit surprised to note that they are described as "esquires". That title includes privates and brigadiers.

Meals are eaten communally with members of the selection committee seated between candidates. To ensure that everybody gets to know everybody else candidates change places at every meal. Food is good, plain and plentiful, and each man pays for his board and keep for the four days.

Probing His Personality

The man who ended his war service with three pips or a crown might be expected to show impatience at the various interviews, informal meetings and study groups designed to find out something about his suitability for a church "commission." But the church is not concerned with leadership alone. It must know if the candidate is spiritually fitted to wear the white starched collar back to front. It must know if the candidate's personality is such that it will attract a congregation or whether it will repel by authoritarian tendencies. It has to know if the candidate has applied for the cloth for ulterior reasons.

Now if the Army wanted to know if a man was applying for a commission for an "easy life" or for higher pay it would employ a charming gentleman with expert knowledge of the human mind — the "trick cyclist." The church doesn't.

"God knows more than any psychiatrist," youthful Rev. K. M. Carey, General Secretary of the Central Advisory Council for Training for the Ministry, assured me as he ended an interview with a Fourteenth Army "veteran" of the Akyab operations.

"Unlike the Army we start out with the intention of making friends with every candidate. For instance, we don't pay much attention to the way a man eats. If he persists in shovelling peas into his mouth with a knife we would tell him in a brotherly

way that it just isn't done, but it wouldn't go against the man. The selection centre here is not a religious concentration camp nor a spiritual assault course. The difference between an Army WOSB and this centre is that WOSB leaves out God. We don't."

"We look for leadership, but we take into account the pastoral side, a candidate's friendliness, his capacity to be human and get on with people of all types. The men's military records are considered, but we don't bother much whether they have been commissioned or not for we are well aware that many men remained in the ranks through no fault of their own.

"We want the men to do what God wants them to, with their lives. We make suggestions to help candidates and try to make them realise that we are all brothers here."

Four clergymen interview the candidates and at each session there is one layman selector. The other week Captain Harry Crookshank, Postmaster-General in the Coalition Government, conducted 150 interviews to get the layman's angle on the kind of material which is being offered for ecclesiastical commissions.

Candidates are expected to be up to matriculation standard as a bare educational minimum, but if it is felt that they are able to absorb further studies even though they are minus matriculation, then they are still eligible for selection, although it means six months swotting for them at Hawarden in Cheshire while their fellow candidates get on with the real job at a university or a theological training college.

"Hard Up" Can Be Helped

No man is turned down for lack of money. Apart from the Archbishop of Canterbury's fund for training chosen candidates, every ex-Serviceman who passes Cuddesdon is eligible for grants under the Ministry of Labour's Further Education and Training Scheme.

It is difficult to arrive at figures showing what percentage of men pass through Cuddesdon to the church training colleges. It varies with each session, but generally speaking the odds are no more than two-to-one against. Hundreds of ex-Servicemen have already begun swotting at training colleges and the universities. One ex-Army man was

52 years of age. He got through. So did two or three Servicemen who were blinded in the battles for the liberation of Europe.

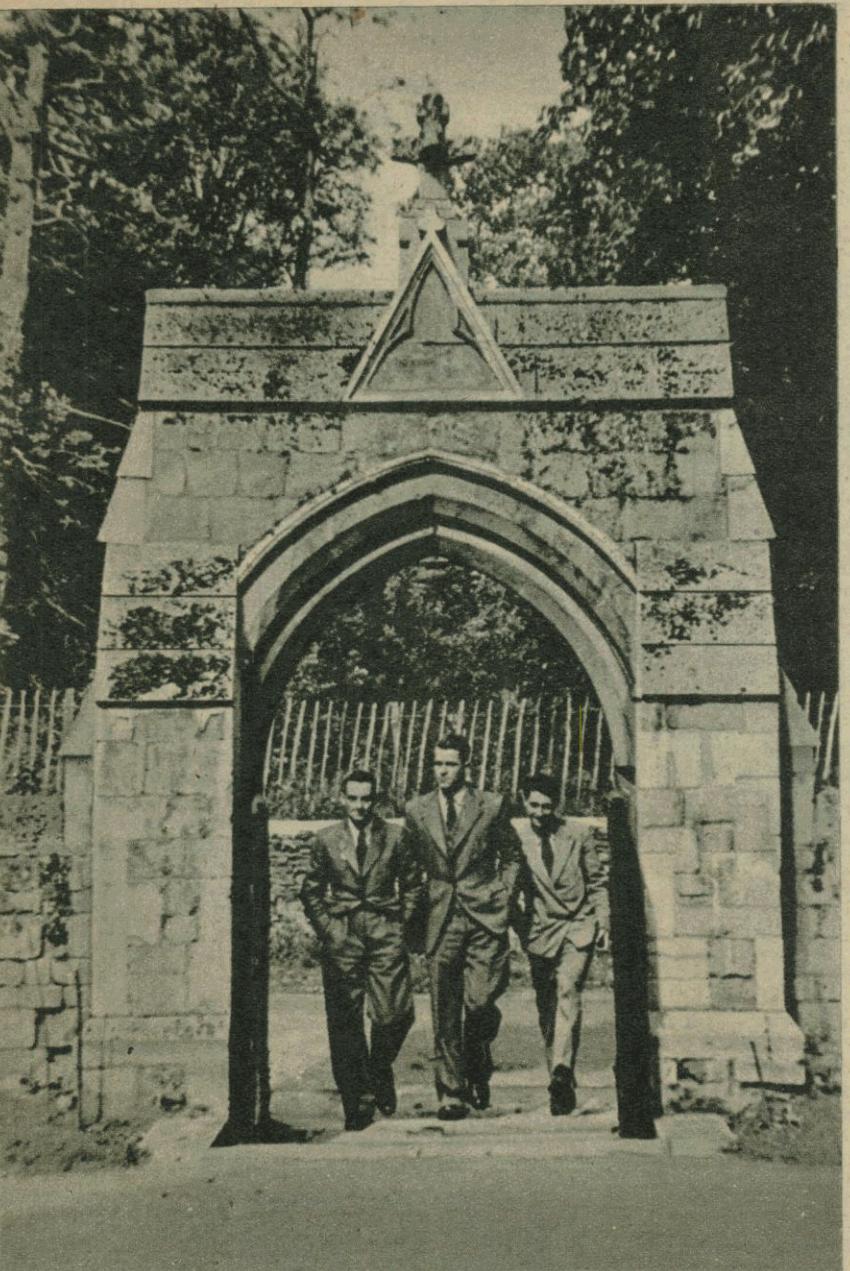
Those who fail to satisfy the selectors at Cuddesdon are not thrown out into the world without an attempt to use their gifts for the church. They are interviewed again and the clergy at Cuddesdon help them to choose posts with the Church Army, the Mission to Seamen, or missionary work abroad. Sometimes they are advised to go back to their homes and take an active interest in the administration of the church locally, as churchwardens or sidesmen. The advice is almost always taken.

Man Who Changed His Mind

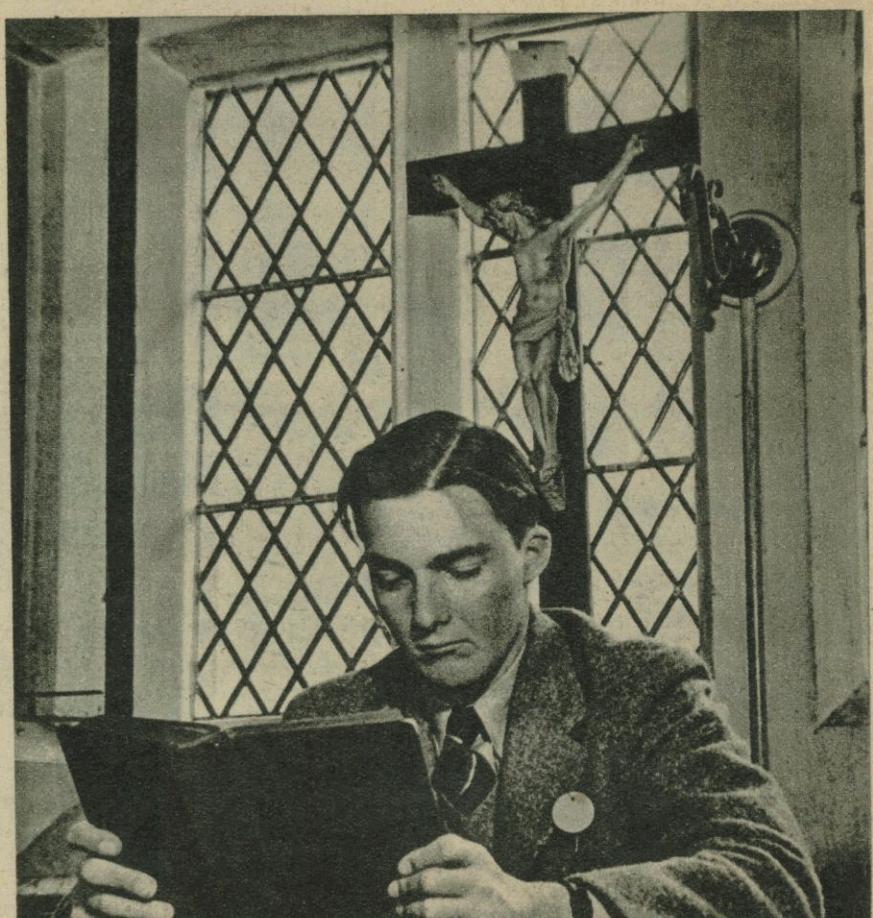
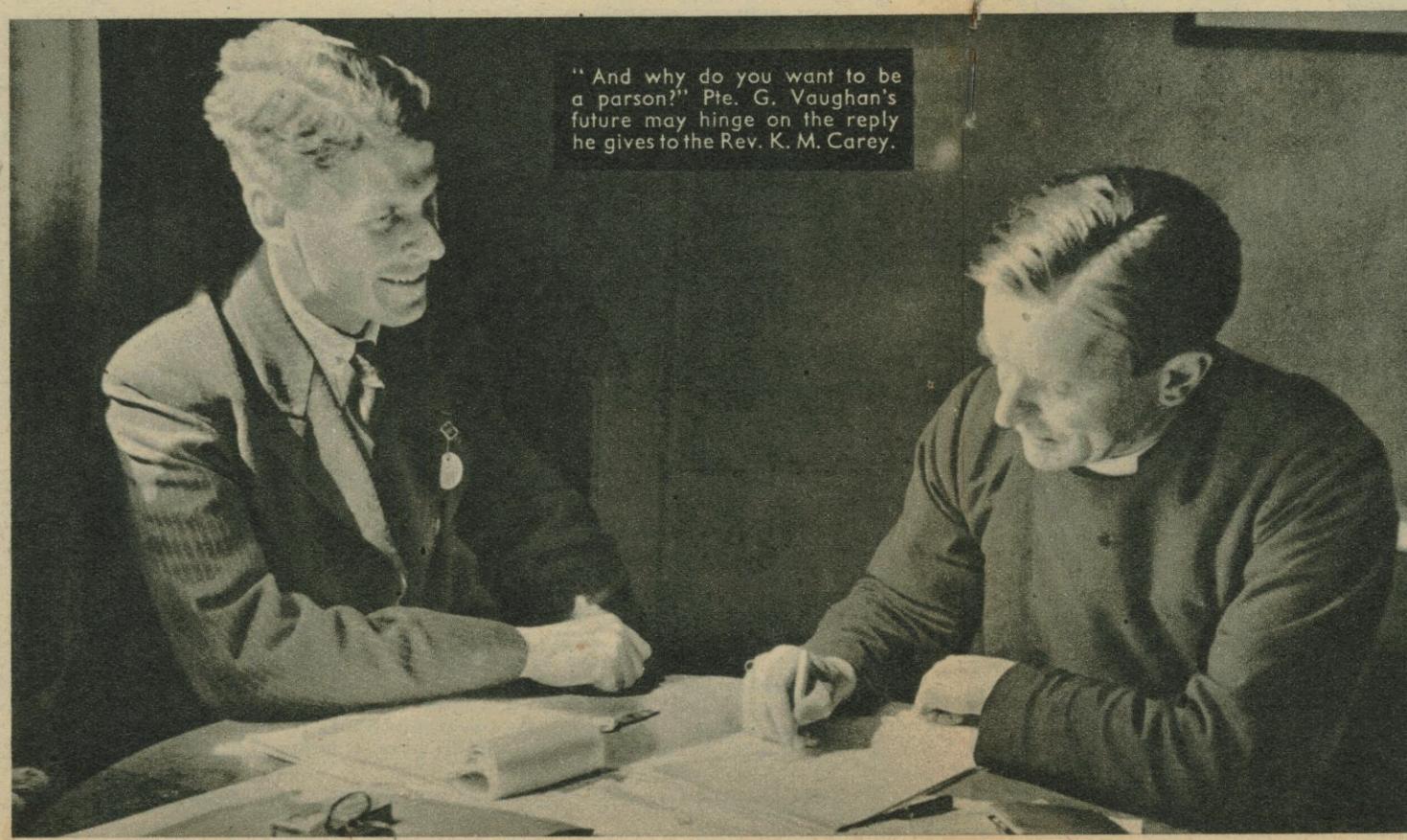
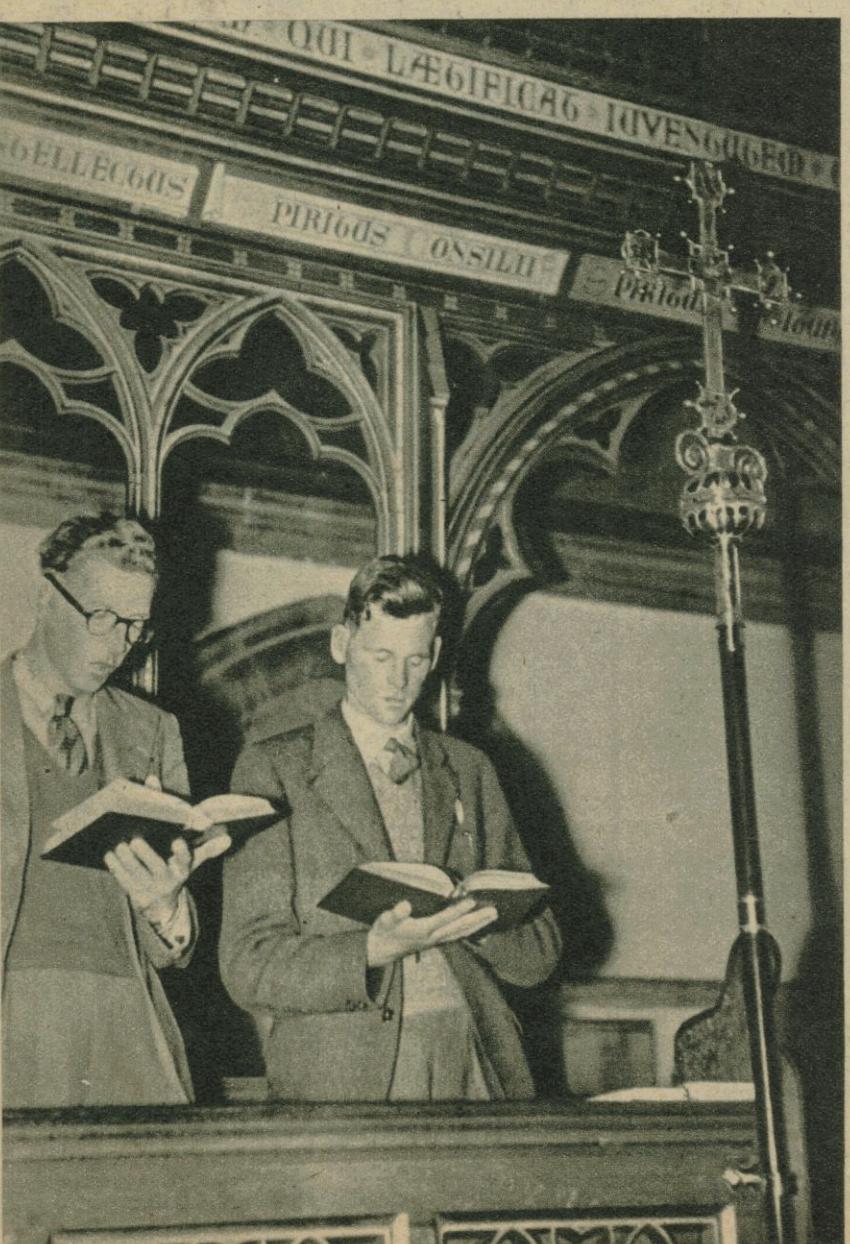
Occasionally a man gets to Cuddesdon and decides long before the selection officials have considered his case that he is not cut out for the cloth after all. A trade union organiser with Army experience made that decision. He is going back to trade unionism with a determination to introduce Christian ideas into negotiations between employers and employed.

For those who decide on an ecclesiastical career the financial prospects are poor. It means up to five years at a university or a training college with very little pocket money and continuous cramming. Leaving college, the prospective parson eventually becomes a deacon, the lowest "rank" in the hierarchy, roughly equivalent to a one-pip subaltern. As a curate he gets about £5 a week and he has to pay rent and keep himself and his family on what is left. Later he may become a vicar with a house provided, but even then his stipend would be no more than £350 to £400 a year. His chances of reaching "brasshat" rank in the church are almost nil. He faces a life of hard work and disappointments. But he will see life at close quarters. He will baptise, marry and consign to dust. He will mourn with the sorrowful and rejoice with the jubilant; and if he is the right type he will find his fulfilment that way.

R. C. SCOTT (Sjt.)



Above: Gateway to a new world. It leads to Cuddesdon College, and perhaps a life in Holy Orders. Below: During the four-day "trial" candidates attend four services daily. Left: Cpl. J. McCrory, RASC; right: Marine John Martin.



L/Cpl. Frank Deakin fought with the Green Howards in Burma, was wounded at Akyab. Here he arms himself for the evening discussion.



Above: Two ex-Servicemen browse in the fine old library at Cuddesdon College. Below: A free-for-all discussion led by the Dean of Bristol, a one-time Assistant Chaplain-General (at table, centre).



On the table in front of Capt. A. Taylor, DAPM, in his Berlin office are machine-guns parts recovered from the city's underworld. Capt. Taylor was formerly with Scotland Yard.



THE ARMY 'YARD'

ONE dull winter day late in 1939 a man in a dark raincoat and felt hat stepped ashore in France. The name on his papers was Hatherill. It conveyed little to the lance-corporal who held the car door open for him. The name was just a name to most of the people to whom he spoke as he toured various units. Today he is one of Scotland Yard's Big Five. He is also one of the Yard's greatest linguists.

Chief Inspector Hatherill visited the BEF at the express wish of the War Office to investigate the increase in crime. Most of the crimes were not serious, but it was felt that too often guilty men were going free.

The Inspector conferred with the Military Police, said little and returned to the Yard. A few months later a major and 18 warrant officers and NCOs joined the BEF. The officer was Superintendent Campion, Chief of the Yard's Record Office, and his men all came from the Yard. They were the first section of the Special Investigation Branch formed by the War Office on the strength of Hatherill's report.

Fought as Infantry

During that period of bitter fighting which started so suddenly on the morning of 10 May, and did not end until the last man had waded out from the beaches, the section fought as Infantry. It was during this time that the newly formed Branch suffered a sad loss. Campion was killed by machine-guns bullets from a German plane. Not only was he a great personality and one of the brains of Scotland Yard, but during the short time the section had been with the BEF he had built it up into a fine organisation for dealing with crime in the field. His active service police experience, invaluable to the Branch, was lost.

After Dunkirk each Command in Britain had SIB men attached. In an Army formed of men drawn hurriedly from all walks of civilian life, as well as Allied troops brought back in the evacuation, the detectives were able to relieve the civil force of much of its work of checking crimes by men of all nations. In civilian clothes they hunted round the back streets and the clubs of London and other cities looking for — and netting — deserters.

Checked on Atrocities

With the approach of D-Day the Army's force of detectives was mobilised for the invasion. The first force went ashore a few days after the first wave had landed. Before their small ship had touched the beach a Naval launch was coming out to meet them. They were needed urgently to investigate a case of alleged robbery with violence.

(Continued on opposite Page)

In a panel behind the stove the SIB serjeants find penicillin, morphine, drugs...

IT'S ALL IN AN MP'S DAY



(Continued from opposite Page)

Body that Vanished. Two men were returning from a walk across country when they came upon trails of blood. These led behind a hedge where they found the body of a girl. The men went to the village for aid and when they returned the body had gone. The SIB arrived and a search began. Within a few hours the trail led to a well some way off. At the bottom they found the body. Despite extensive inquiries the murderer was never found.

Serjeant's Gaol Break

Paris was a busy place for the section stationed there. Fighting the black market and trying to locate some of the 38,000 U.S. and 17,000 British deserters was a full-time job. Some of these were running cigarettes over the border from Belgium, and one gang in particular was high on the priority list of "wanted" bands. Eventually a serjeant-major of the SIB dressed up as a private and did a "break" from Lille gaol. By this means he escaped with another man who led him to the gang, and he took part in a black market run across the frontier. Needless to say, it was their last trip.

With the advance into Germany new problems cropped up. Large factories of arms and MT parts had to be guarded against the inroads of German civilians and DPs. In addition, Germans were found to be manufacturing deadly wood alcohol from which released Allied prisoners of war were dying. The SIB roped in hundreds of guilty people.

The end of the war did not mean peace for the Branch. The fighting might end but the black market went on. One of the busiest sections was Section 89 in Berlin. It had perhaps the most interesting work of all, for it co-operated closely with the American Army CID and the police of the Russian and French forces. In addition, all the German police had to be overhauled, for the CID side was non-existent.

This meant liaison work with Berlin's police HQ in the Russian sector. The Section was fully occupied at the Potsdam conference in preventing leakage of information from the closely guarded meetings.

Penicillin Raid

What are the section's usual cases? They vary, but pilfering and black market take up most of their time. Often they are simple to solve. Sometimes the inquiries last several days and nights. Let us take one case.

From a certain source comes information that during a conversation overheard in a cafe penicillin was mentioned. Now penicillin fetches fabulous prices in the black market because of its rapid treatment of VD.

The SIB work fast. Cafes are visited and the people whose conversation was overheard are traced. Altogether ten people are involved. They live in the British and American sectors. One night eight flying squad cars carrying British and American investigators set out on a raid.

Two serjeants pull up outside a block of flats and climb to the third floor. They tap on the door and a woman opens it. Her husband is sitting by the stove. For some time the serjeants talk to them and then they make a search of the rooms. In a cupboard they find a phial of penicillin. They take it and the couple back to HQ. Meanwhile the other SIB men have also been successful in their search. They have found hoards of cocaine and morphine.

The two serjeants examine their phials of penicillin. They notice two small punctures in the end. A hypodermic needle has been used to draw out the contents. What, then is the stuff inside? A chemist examines it. He says it is a mixture of curare powder and certain baby foods.

Back go our two serjeants to the house. They hunt round until behind the stove one of them finds two loose bricks in the wall. He places his hand in the cavity, and out come bottles of genuine penicillin, morphine tablets and a host of other drugs.

Anti-smuggling patrol: a police launch on the Elbe.



RIVER RAID

Sugar Under The Bunk

"SOMETHING going on, port side, sir."

The serjeant in the wheelhouse throttled down and the Military Police launch John Chesney swung over towards the large vessel in the dry dock. Below the great framework of the berth was a tug and the crew's rations were being hoisted aboard from a barge.

It was a normal daily scene in Hamburg's docks, but the boat section of 194 Provost Company (Ports), carrying out one of their 60 river patrols a week, decided that it was worth investigating. As the launch, pitching slightly in the choppy water, made for the tug, the second police vessel which had been following in its wake closed in.

Almost before the visiting boats had bumped the barge, the police had leaped into it and clambered onto the tug. Sacks of potatoes and a packing case of tinned foods stood on the deck. The Germans produced the consignment note.

"Find the crew to whom these belong," he called. Two sailors, grimy with coal dust, were produced. Their papers were examined and with their booties they were transferred to one of the police launches. The Redcaps with drew and the two Little vessels, their bows rising out of the water, quickly disappeared into the afternoon drizzle for the Provost Company's landing stage.

No. 194 is the only Provost Company in Germany which has no one below the rank of serjeant. It is known in fact as the Serjeants' Company. Because of the highly responsible work of guarding the wired-in dock area—the perimeter wire runs for 11½ miles—patrolling berths and warehouses and stamping out sabotage and pilfering of food-stuffs for Rhine Army and UNRRA, the men had to be specially trained in centres like Glasgow and Southampton to get inside knowledge of dock work.

The company was formed in October, 1944, and in November went to Boulogne. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)

With 3600 ships and 2000 barges registered in Hamburg Port, the MP's checking on black market gangs have a full-time job.



RIVER RAID

Continued

logne where detachments were sent to Ostend and later Calais. The first APM was Major G. P. O'Donovan, MC, Gloucestershire Regt. Last year he handed over command to his brother, Major R. A. O'Donovan, MC, The King's Regt.

Astride a torpedo

It was in February, 1945 that the company's detachment distinguished itself after 15 MTB's blew up in Ostend Harbour. One NCO, Sjt. G. Carley, sat astride a torpedo for two hours playing a fire extinguisher on it to keep it cool. In the meantime, Sjt. L. Norris was lowered down the side of the quay, hacked his way through the side of a craft and rescued two men. Altogether over 100 sailors and marines were killed that day. For his work Sjt. Norris was mentioned in despatches.

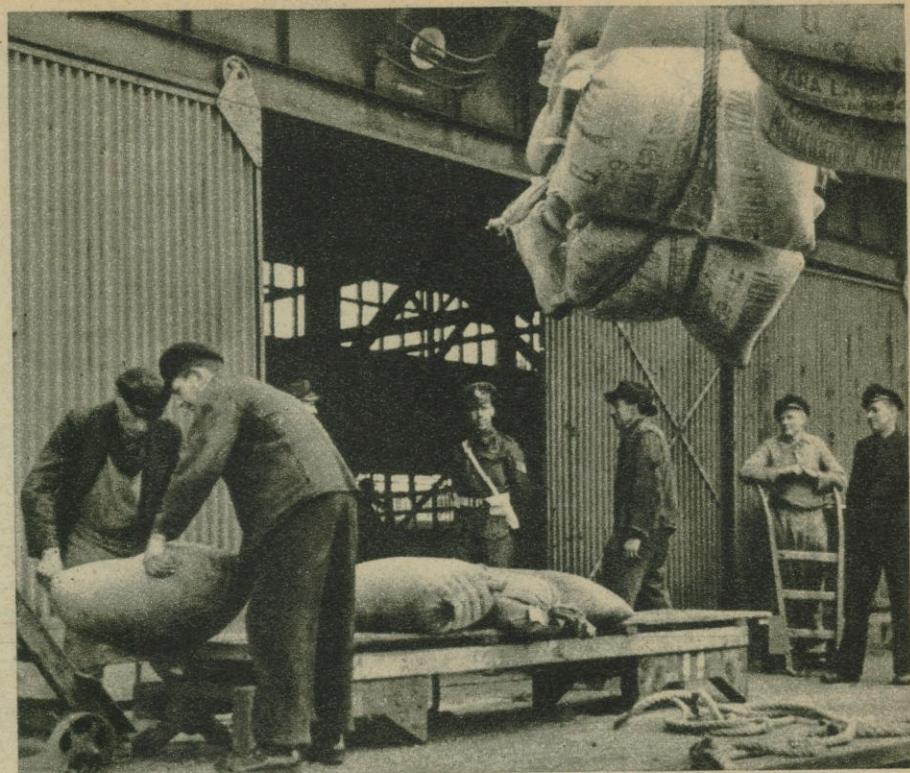
It is not easy work seeing the supplies through the marshalling yards. Almost every sack or packing case unloaded has to be watched against pilfering. Sometimes goods are damaged accidentally, and sometimes they are not. The dockers use metal hooks with which they handle the containers,

and too often these hooks perforate a tin of milk or biscuits. If a docker is found with food on him he is taken to the information post. Sometimes the evidence has gone—he has eaten it.

At the information post he is interrogated and the stolen property confiscated. He is taken to the German police HQ nearby, where a civilian policeman signs for him and the stolen goods. In most cases the culprit is kept in custody until he appears before a Military Government court. With hundreds of people arrested a week the courts have a busy time. In the first few days of April 280 Germans were convicted for coal stealing.

By this means quantities of stores intended for Rhine Army and UNRRA are recovered. In one month recently twelve tons of coal, 90,000 cigarettes, seven tons of potatoes, one ton of oats, and 103 lbs of coffee were taken from Germans trying to get past dock patrols. Usually these goods are taken out in small quantities by individuals, but sometimes gangs are at work. Often the police have to give chase through the vast warehouses or marshalling yards and occasionally have to open fire.

PETER LAWRENCE (Capt.)



Flour is unloaded. It's an innocent enough scene—and the MP is there to see that it stays innocent.



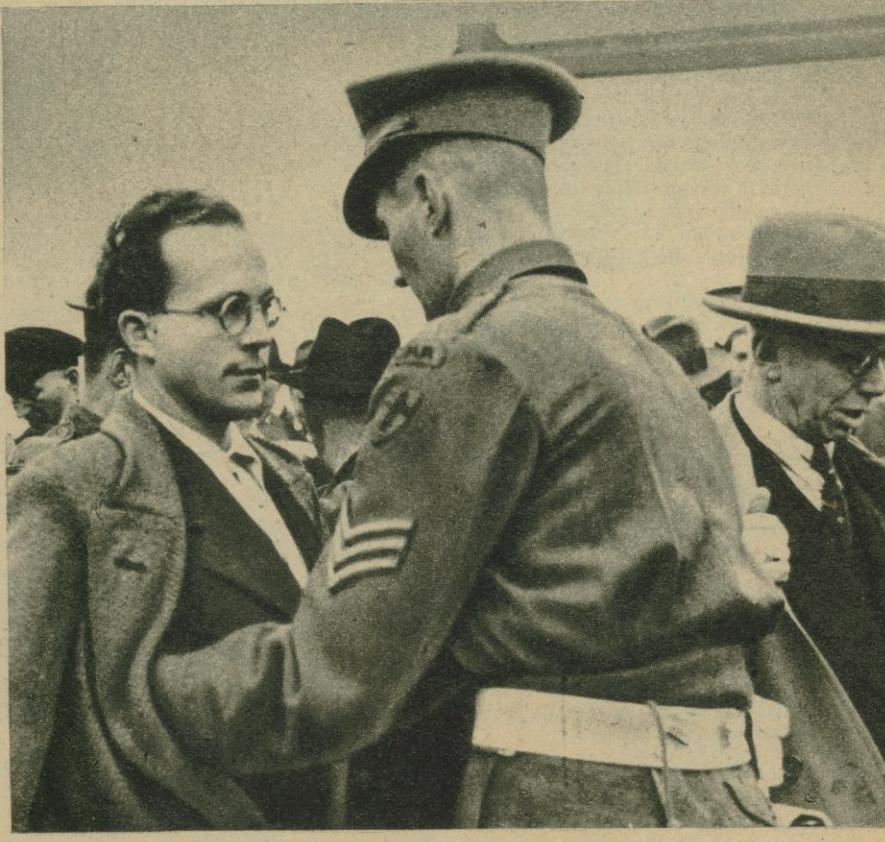
Every evening the dockers are searched as they leave the port. Here the first men are coming ashore at Hafenthor.



"Just a few of my private papers..." But nothing's private to a docker in Hamburg these days.



These two dockers are taken aboard a police launch. The Redcaps want to know more about the goods in their possession.



It takes two hours to check up on the dockers going home—but it's a scrutiny that pays for itself.



A Bedouin sheikh entertains the patrolling legionary over a charcoal fire in his tent at Hadeitha.



Old and new meet in the wide open spaces: a Glubb patrolman chats with a tractor driver.



Field cookery: coffee is brewed up at a remote police outpost.



The Bedouin enjoy a cigarette; the visitor's Virginian for preference. If not, they roll their own from camel dung.



Eyes of the desert: an Arab lance-corporal on patrol.



The visitors stir the fire as coffee is prepared. Cushions are provided by the Bedouin host for the patrolmen's comfort.

Out With "GLUBB'S GIRLS"

FOR four days (writes Army photographer A. F. Kersting), I have been one of "Glubb's* Girls," as the desert patrols of the Arab Legion are popularly called from their picturesque robes and habit of wearing their hair in long curls.

Their "beat" is the wilderness of Eastern Transjordan: their mission to build up a picture of what the roving Bedouin are up to. The population is almost exclusively Bedouin and these Arab soldiers themselves are recruited from the Bedouin; in no other way could the Government get reliable news of the nomads. The camel patrols are based on remote out-posts.

I set out, with two companions, Suliman and Talyhan, from Mowaqr, a police post 20 miles south-east of Amman. We rode south to the Jebel el Swaqa district, turned, and got back to our base at the end of four days.

Overwhelming hospitality awaited us wherever we called. The Bedouin welcomes the stranger into his tent without question as to who he is, where he has come from, where he is going, or what he is doing. The traveller has arrived: the traveller needs refreshment — that is all the Bedouin host needs to know. I was obviously an English Serviceman but my arrival on a camel, wearing the clothes of the country, never once occasioned the slightest sign of surprise. They were just glad to see me — at least they said so very convincingly — pressed me to stay, urged me to stay longer when I said I had to go.

The routine never varied. The moment we arrived coffee was prepared, the fatted sheep killed in honour of the guest. While womenfolk prepared the meal we chatted and drank coffee with our hosts. Dinner served, we squatted round the huge dish and fell to — with our hands. Nobly dominating the dish, right in the middle, was the animal's head. As my host came across a particularly choice bit of meat he threw it over towards me. Sheep's meat, thin

Arab bread, dates from Iraq, sweet jam from Amman, and butter made by the Bedouin from sheep's milk made up the menu. At the end of the meal one of my hosts poured water over his guests hands. At night the greatest concern for my comfort was shown. Was I comfortable? Was I warm? Had I enough covering? The Bedouin keep their head-dress on even while sleeping, but I found it more comfortable to take mine off.

Once during our roamings we came across a herd of female camels with their young. Straight away the herdsman as he caught sight of us approaching, went round his herd milking and offered us a draught of milk, similar in taste to cow's milk, but not so creamy.

Do not get the impression from what I have said that the patrol is merely one long social round. It certainly involves a number of visits, but they are calls with a purpose. Information from the Bedouin which is invaluable and could not be gained in any other way is gathered at every stage. The picture builds up; gradually a complete survey of the life of the desert is compiled. The proof of the value of the patrols is in the transformation which has come over Transjordan in the last 25 years. After the last war the country was still wild; incessant feuds and sporadic wars in miniature were a commonplace. Today it is a land of peace. For this the Arab Legion is entirely responsible. Every young Bedouin has his share of the fiery desert characteristics. To carry a rifle and ammunition gives him a feeling of pride, almost a boyish satisfaction. The Legion is his outlet; here are his arms and equipment, provided by the Government, and with them a sense of duty, pride in a job well done with results that he can see for himself.

Once the man with a rifle of his own was very likely to be "agin the Government," but now he is on the side of law and order.

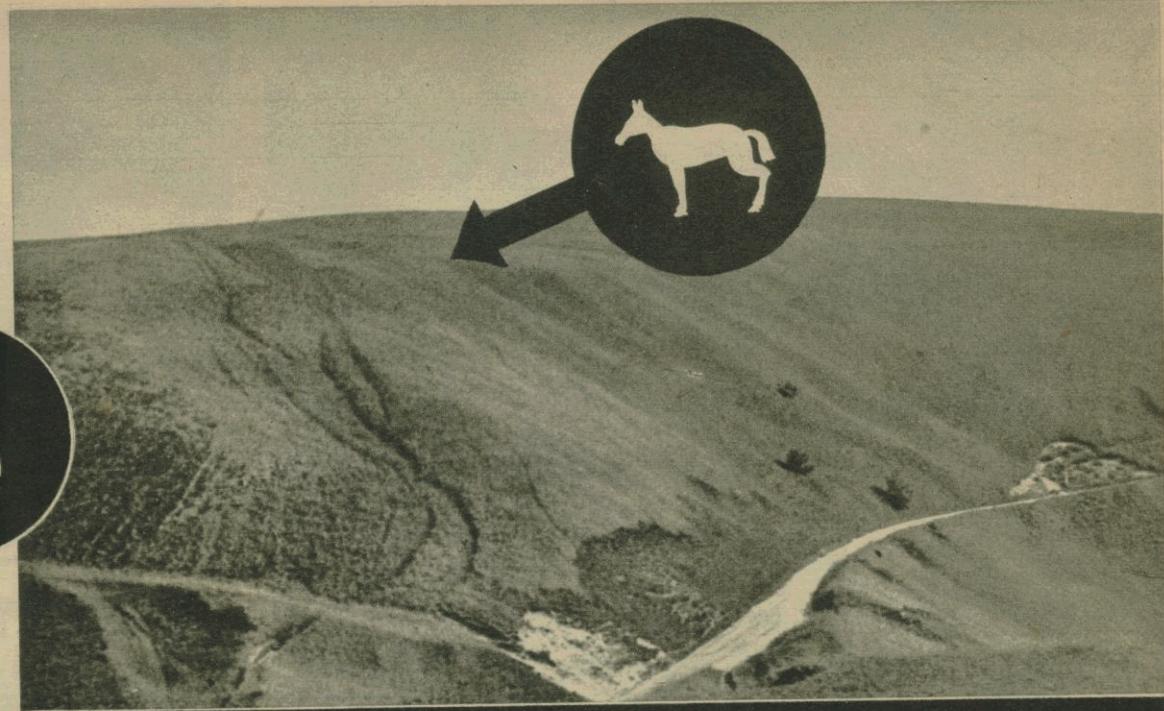
* Brigadier John Bagot Glubb (Glubb Pasha) is Commander of the Arab Legion.



Far from the desert sands: Arab Legionaries in Britain for the Victory Parade present a standard to the Household Cavalry, with whom they relieved the British garrison at Habbaniya in 1941, and the besieged Embassy at Bagdad.

LOST:

One white Horse



When war came the famous White Horse of Uffington, Berkshire—in common with other White Horses cut in England's chalk hills—had to be concealed from enemy aircraft. Now there is an agitation for the White Horse to be uncovered. Picture shows Uffington's White Horse Hill.

IT all started with a letter I saw in "The Times". "Sir", it began, "may I put forward a plea that one of the most noble of England's ancient monuments, the White Horse of Uffington, cut in the chalk on the Berkshire Downs, be restored to us? At the beginning of the war it was covered with wire netting and turf over, lest it should be used as a landmark by German aircraft. There is now no need for this concealment, but although the war ended a year ago the White Horse still languishes in exile under an unnatural covering of turf..."

It was the word "exile" that touched me. Then, later, when I read that the Ministry of Works had been approached about removing the camouflage and had referred the matter to "the appropriate department", I became quite indignant. "Bottlenecks", I thought. Why shouldn't the sleepy village of Uffington with its 400 inhabitants and five pubs have its horse back? You can't just go and bury a 374ft horse under the turf and forget about it. Besides there was King Alfred to consider. He had had the thing made in AD. 871, at considerable inconvenience.

Apart from that, there might be a very human story behind the missing horse, I thought. In that village there might be a little old man who had spent his whole life looking after the horse-trimming of the edges, polishing the chalk, taking the weeds out of the tail. What had happened to him? And what about the camouflage? It was an idea, I went down to investigate.

The local train rocked gently into the quiet little Uffington Station. I woke up and got out. There was a platform with a sort of shed and a chocolate machine on it.

"Can you tell me the way to the White Horse?" I asked the stationmaster.

"Well, if it wasn't now you was asking you wouldn't want to know, would you?" said he.

This was a bit difficult.

"I mean, you would have seen it out of the train, wouldn't you?" he said.

"Yes, I suppose I would", I said, though I felt a bit of a liar really as I would defy anybody to stay awake

in that train. He was very helpful though, told me how to get there and how to pass three pubs on the way. "They'll know all about the old White Horse at the old White Horse", he said to make things quite plain. I went on to the White Horse Inn.

"Gran" was behind the bar. Eighty-five years old she was. I ordered a pint, and began to "pump" her about the White Horse on the hill. Who put up the camouflage and looked after it — the Army? When did she think it was going to be uncovered? Was there a little old man in the village who looked after it before the war? She just grinned at me toothily, not saying a word. I began to get suspicious. I shouted and every time I opened my mouth she started filling my glass up again. She was stone deaf, I found, and I suppose she thought I was asking for more beer all the time. I gave up asking questions.

I was feeling pretty desperate

when some of the "locals" came in. They knew all about the White Horse, in fact they knew about three chalk White Horses. After that I was prepared for anything.

"Naw", they said, "the Army hadn't covered the Horse council 'ad done that. Naw, nobody looked after it now, nor before the war neither, expect three chaps that went up there once a year to trim 'im up a bit like — scouring the Horse' that was

called. Mind you, it were a rare sight before the war. Eighteen picnic parties could sit on its head quite comfily like."

Suddenly "Gran" wheezed out: "White Horse, eh? Nasty thing, that. Frightening. More like a snake than a horse, I say. Haven't been near it for 14 years, not going to neither. Nasty thing. Frightening." She finished up with a high toothy cackle.

But the "locals" weren't finished yet. "Is it sightseeing you be after?" they asked. I said it was. Anyway, it was easier than explaining. "Well, why don't 'e go and see Wayland Smith's Cave? That be a thing now. Magic. You take a horse up to the Cave, leave sixpence on the stone there, turn your back on the cave and when you turn round again, there be your horse shod. Or why not go and see the Blowing Stone only a little old stone with a hole in it. Just like a syreen it be. King Alfred used to blow in it to call his men to-

gether in the Vale. They do say, too, that there be a tree on the hill that comes down the hill every night at midnight to water itself."

I was getting a bit mixed up, so I just nodded my head each time. But they were relentless. One went on, "Corse you know this be Tom Brown's village? You've read the book of 'Tom Brown's Schooldays' 'aven't 'e?' I looked around. All looked as if they had, so I said "Yes." He went on. "Corse, I haven't read it myself, my daughter 'as though. Still I knows a song about Tom Brown." He sang it. It was called "Tom Brown's Daughter has a Wooden Leg," and it was very saucy. Behind the bar "Gran" let out a cackle. I gave her a suspicious look.

Still, I was determined to see the White Horse, so when the pub closed I started off. Halfway up the hill I met a small boy and asked him to show me where the Horse was, as I couldn't see it anywhere. We spent half an hour looking for it, then suddenly I tripped over something in the grass and barked my shin. It was a wooden staple holding down a large strand of wire hidden amongst the grass. It was the Horse. I dug up two huge chunks of turf and struck chalk. Then tracing my way along the staples until I found the part where the tail met the rump, I sat down and examined my shin-bone. I agreed with the writer of that letter to "The Times" the sooner they uncovered the Horse the better.

I must have sat there for quite a long while for I suddenly realised I had a quarter of an hour to catch the next train. I rushed for the village station. I was too late. There were two and a half hours before the next one was due. Behind me I could have sworn I heard a horse laugh.

C. W. SMITH (Capt.)

The stake and the wire running through the long grass are the only indications that the great White Horse of King Alfred lies below.

The sign still points to White Horse Hill. In pre-war days eighteen picnic parties could sit down on the head of the horse.



The GREY Berets

The future of the famous grey berets of the 1st Royal Dragoons is in the balance. Although the King and Field-Marshal Montgomery have expressed approval of the beret it was never officially "legitimatised."

At present officers and warrant officers in Germany continue to wear the grey beret, the remainder a black beret with a grey oval flash under the badge.

HOW was it that the 1st Royal Dragoons, which served with the Royal Armoured Corps from 1941 onwards, came to adopt their own headgear? Colonel A. H. Pepys, DSO, who commanded the regiment until recently, told me the story.

"It all started at Abbassia," Col. Pepys explained. "We were in the Cairo area doing mechanised training, and the CO at the time, Colonel R. F. Heyworth, thought we should have our own beret in order that men of the 1st Royal Dragoons could be recognised more easily. Grey was finally chosen because it was a neutral colour — black, red and other colours being already in use — and it was also thought that grey would tone with the surroundings.

"An order was placed with a native tailor at a shop in a Cairo bazaar and he provided the material. It is often said that captured enemy blankets were used to make the first batch of berets, but I think it unlikely owing to the unsuitability of blankets. The berets were paid for out of regimental funds and they were worn right through the desert campaigns until our return to England in January 1944. All ranks wore the grey beret but replacements were paid for owing to the expense of the arrangement."

The Kaiser's Collection

"Yes," he said, "certainly we received permission to wear them, although it was probably a verbal one. On our return to England Field-Marshal Montgomery tried to get them legitimatised. We were always known as the 'Grey Berets' and they were extremely popular with officers and men of the regiment."

The King is Colonel-in-Chief of the 1st Royal Dragoons and the Honorary Colonel is Brig.-General Sir Ernest Makins, KBE, CB, DSO. Before the 1914-18 war the Kaiser was titular head of the regiment. A painting of him in full regimental dress was hung in the officers' mess when the regiment were at Shornecliffe.

The ex-Kaiser was a keen collector of regimental mementoes — items pertaining to uniforms, badges and so forth, and many of them were exhibited at a Berlin War Museum. During the Russian advance on Berlin the Nazi authorities moved the museum to the south of the capital and the regiment are now trying to get in touch with the Russian authorities to arrange for the collection to be brought back to this country.

Cavalry in Mountains

Colonel Pepys, who lost a leg at El Alamein, sketched the history of the Dragoons in the Second World War.

The regiment went with their horses to Palestine in 1938, accompanied by the Royal Scots Greys, to take part in operations against Arab rebels. They were in action in the hills on several occasions with great success, and Major-General Montgomery, as he then was, is said to have changed his view of the use of horse cavalry in mountainous country as a result of the campaign. In December 1940 the 1st Royal Dragoons joined Major-General Montgomery's Sixth Division at Haifa and later moved to Abbassia to be mechanised as an armoured car regiment. One squadron under Major R. A. Hermon moved to Syria to take part in the operations against the Vichy French and the remainder of the regiment followed them before the Syrian campaign finished.

Returning to the Western Desert the regiment served with General Sir Claud Auchinleck and were the first troops into Benghazi on Christmas Day 1941, beating the war correspondents by a short head. Christmas dinner consisted of spaghetti and cheese washed down with "wines" and water.

Colonel Heyworth was killed near Benghazi 28 December and Colonel R. C. Joy took over the regiment which was destined to play an important part at El Alamein. Before the battle was settled two squadrons of the 1st Royal Dragoons were sent racing through the enemy lines, right under the noses of 88s, destroying a large number of enemy vehicles and, in the words of Col. Pepys, "creating a great deal of alarm and despondency among the Hun." Lt. Col. R. Heathcoat-Amory, MC, commanded one squadron and the other was led by Major the Hon. J. Hamilton-Russell, MC, who was killed later in Sicily. Col. Pepys had been appointed to the command of the Royals in September 1942, and

when he was severely wounded in the El Alamein battle Lt. Col. H. W. Lloyd became the commanding officer.

Sicily and Normandy

The 1st Royal Dragoons went with the Eighth Army into Tunisia and after the last Axis troops had been rounded up in North Africa one squadron took part in the landings in Sicily. For the assault on the Italian mainland the whole regiment went into action, but in December 1943 they were withdrawn and sent back to England to be re-equipped for the invasion of Normandy.

Landing in Normandy in July 1944 as part of the 12th Corps under General Ritchie, with whom they had served in the desert campaigns of the Eighth Army, the regiment took part in the break-through to the Dutch and Belgian borders, and during the Battle of Arnhem were given the job of keeping open the vital roads around Nijmegen. The regiment spent the winter at Boxmeer watching a sector of the Maas opposite Eindhoven. Then came the Battle of the Rhine and the Dragoons controlled traffic on the far bank of the Rhine, probably the first time in modern warfare that an armoured car regiment was chosen for such a role. Small parties were sent over with the first assault waves and casualties were extremely light.

To get up with the rest of the troops at Minden the Dragoons made a tremendous drive of 200 miles in a day and a half through peaceful farming country where sleepy-looking peasants carried on in the fields as if they were unaware that anything had happened since 1939. Not since the record run from Aleppo to Sidi Rezegh to join the Eighth Army, when they averaged 160 miles a day, had the 1st Royal Dragoons moved so fast.

For the Elbe crossing the regiment were given the same job that they did at the Rhine. This was carried out with great success and then came orders to drive through to the Baltic between Lübeck and Wismar. It was an extraordinary experience.

Hung Shorts Out

"The Huns were motoring south, finished with the war, although the cease-fire had not been proclaimed," said Col. Pepys. "They offered no resistance and the majority had already abandoned their arms. They were flying shirts, pants, anything that was white, from their tanks and armoured cars, and they seemed in a devil of a hurry to get away from the Russians. Those that weren't already without arms were disarmed and told to continue their journey south. The number of prisoners taken, if it could be called taking prisoners, was fantastic. One squadron alone accounted for something like 15,000 Huns."

"On the way through to Lübeck we met thousands of Allied prisoners-of-war who had been set free by their German guards and they were half-crazed with excitement when they saw us."

Reaching Lübeck the 1st Royal Dragoons concentrated for the drive into Denmark to supervise the surrender of the German armies there, and on 7 May they motored from Lübeck through Kiel and Flensburg to Odense in Denmark, a distance of about 185 miles, in one day. They were given a tremendous reception by the Danes.

"Apart from a few British troops who had been flown into the country we were the first British troops in Denmark," said Col. Pepys.

"The Danes were mad with joy. They smothered our armoured cars with flowers and gifts of wine and food. It was like a fantastic film carnival."

General Annoyed

General Lindeman, Commander of the German troops in Denmark, was responsible for arranging the surrender. He was given almost a free hand until the arrangements were complete, and then, according to instructions, the 1st Royal Dragoons swooped on his HQ and arrested him.

Col. Pepys laughed. "Never has a Hun General been so indignant," he said. "He fumed and remonstrated and eventually handcuffs were used to get him away. He was loathed and feared in Denmark and when the people saw us taking him to the Danish authorities in Copenhagen there was great excitement."

R. C.



Above: The Royal Dragoons crossing the bridge over the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal on their memorable "drive" into Denmark on 8 May 1945. Below: The people of Denmark, like the other liberated peoples of Europe, had their biggest thrill for four years when British armour arrived.





15,000 dogs... and 30,000,000 punters

Photo-finish: "Dead heat" was the judges' verdict. One dog has his paw in front of the white line, but their noses are level.

THEY tell a story in awed whispers at Wembley of a private soldier who presented himself at the greyhound stadium offices one night and asked the management to look after his £327 winnings. Next meeting he handed in £200 and yet another £100 at a third. Fourth time he appeared the meeting was abandoned through fog, and Wembley officials fell to ques-

Introducing SOLDIER's new Sports Writer, Archie Quick of Fleet Street. For 20 years before the War he covered sport for national newspapers.

Archie Quick was an RASC WO 1 in Norway, HQ 5 Corps and in Africa. He was personal SSM to Field-Marshal Auchinleck (who recommended him for his MBE) and Montgomery and to Generals F. E. W. Simpson, now Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, A. A. B. Dowler, H. R. Kerr, G. W. R. Templer, J. A. H. Gammell and others.



The dog which became a legend: Mick the Miller. The Miller's progeny were disappointing.

tioning Tommy Atkins about his abnormal luck.

Private "X" staggered his listeners by telling them that he had on each occasion backed on the traps forecast shown on his railway ticket number! And to bring this anecdote to its amazing conclusion, the soldier's ticket that foggy night of no racing was "0000"!

Don't think it is always like that in this fevered sport of greyhound racing. Of course, there was the man who won a £25 Forecast on a two shillings dividend, and the other who drew a £90 double for a similar expenditure, but these instances are isolated enough for me to cite them. Bookmakers are invariably rich men.

The Tote obviates the one-way traffic of the pound sterling from punter to layer, for only a statutory six per cent is deducted by the management; the rest goes back to the punters. It is a fairer redistribution of wealth than you saw at Epsom when Airborne won the Derby.

Where The Money Goes

Take my word for it, dog-time is booming. Crowd attendances are reaching new peaks, betting is rocketing, more and more dogs are going into training. The demand and supply are there. The public smacks it down, and

doesn't care who picks it up. These are inflation days, gratuity days, money-to-spend days and nowhere and nothing to spend it on. But who am I to issue words of warning?

For your statistical edification, 30 million people a year are attending the "dogs" on the 78 tracks—14 of them in the London district—that race under the National Greyhound Racing Society.

There are nearly 200 tracks up and down the country, counting the unlicensed ones. Attendances soar to as much as 75,000 at the White City

on a Derby Night. And it is my guess that nearly £250,000 passes through the Tote on such an occasion. Annual Tote takings are about £100,000,000. An average night at Wembley must result in a £120,000 turnover. But remember the public get 94% back. Additionally, there is the money laid with the bookmakers and off the track, which you can estimate at another £50,000,000 annually.

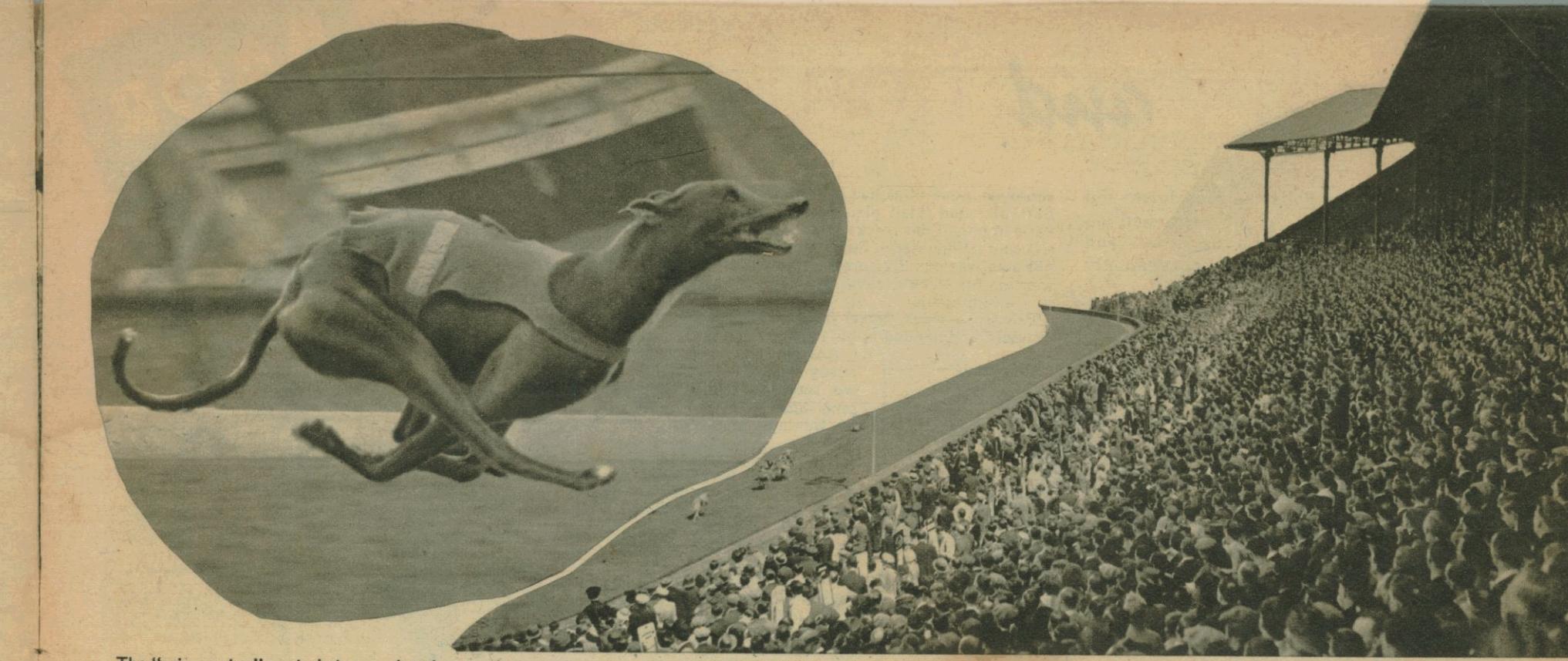
There are 15,000 dogs in training, so you can discount the recent story that they were eating 90 tons of fresh meat daily. Work out for yourselves what an appetite that would mean. Important too, is the employment the sport brings to thousands of people. True, most of it is casual labour—but employment nevertheless. On the big tracks 400 to 500 persons are working the Tote alone, and the total payroll is in the neighbourhood of 1,000 per track.

Under Guard

Now let's look at the remarkable precautions that are taken to combat crookedness. Believe me, at Wembley for example, the public's interest could not be better protected. It is a big asset here that the kennels are on the track's doorstep. Dogs cannot possibly be got at in transit. Ninety minutes before a meeting they are transferred from the model residential kennels to



Fastest-ever greyhound: Bah's Choice is the only dog to have covered a 525-yard track in less than 29 seconds. He was timed at 28.99 seconds in a solo unofficial run.



The "scissor-step": a study in speed, style—and expression.

[A big "gate": 30,000,000 people attend the 78 licensed greyhound tracks in Britain annually.

post-war world, I am sad to say, it is not the dog but his time that matters.

Old Records Stand

Times are surprising, however. I have before me a list showing the fastest times over certain distances on National Greyhound Racing Club courses, and it is something of a shock that of the 31 distance records quoted no fewer than 17 were set up before the war, some as far back as 1932. Which only goes to prove my contention that the quality is not greatly improved.

Breeding and blood will always count, naturally. I noticed at Wembley the other night the same sire, Briar Wood, produced three winners. Prices, too, are reaching new highs. An untried puppy that has never seen a racecourse has recently fetched £2,000 on the strength of his strain, and wins in first-class company sent classic entrant Magic Bohemian from the £50 class to the £2,000. I saw this dog being groomed in Trainer Leslie Reynolds' kennels at Wembley. How these four-legged aristocrats are pampered! Two miles walk at 7 a.m., food at nine, three miles at ten o'clock, afternoons in the paddocks, "big" meal at 4 p.m., constant attention. So highly strung are these

pedigree racers that their diet and training have to be minutely varied according to their whims and constitutions. They have their operating theatres and isolation wards; they even have their teeth cleaned regularly!

But they genuinely enjoy racing. It is ingrained in them. The mechanical hare is unnecessary in many cases. They tear round the track in the neighbourhood of 40 miles per hour for the pure joy of racing. And old-timers say that the crafty "Miller" knew all the bumping and boring tricks and the other ruses of a professional jockey. He was indeed a freak, and the queer thing is that he never produced any outstanding progeny. Nevertheless, he put the "dogs" on the sporting map, and you can now see him in all his sagacious beauty and styled in the art of the taxidermist at Kensington Museum.

Four Years of Life

Servicemen and those recently released are clamouring to become owners. Some have already had successes on the track, but there are still dozens seeking advice on ownership from the authorities. My advice to them is to gang warily and obtain first-class counsel only. The big prizes are for the

few, and ownership generally is more sentimental than profitable. The initial outlay is heavy, upkeep equally so, and the probability of obtaining an outstanding youngster slight. The animals reach and pass their peak in their fourth year and they are not allowed to run until they are 15 months old.

When the many tracks came into being the managements desired a central control. So the National Greyhound Racing Society was born. It is, in effect, the Jockey Club of greyhound racing; it deals with all matters of policy and control. The racing side, the rules and the protection of the sport are handled by the NGR Club. Such a thoroughly organised machine has been established with the co-operation of the track owners that the public does get a fair crack of the whip when it goes greyhound racing. There was a dope scare 'way back last Christmas, but the managements have brought into being a trickproof security system carried out by men who know their job; men who come among you in the betting rings and who unostentatiously supervise the dogs at all times before they reach the traps.

Noteworthy is the record of three Wembley officials. Col. Middleton Perry,

CBE, the Veterinary Surgeon, has examined every dog that has gone on to the Wembley track since the Stadium was opened to the sport in 1927. Capt. Arthur Brice has been Director of Racing there over the same period and has never missed a meeting. Mr. Joe Palmer—also well-known in the boxing world—has been timekeeper continuously and was not once marked absent until last year. A remarkable triple record of service over 19 years.

For your information, the classic events are the Derby, St. Leger, Oaks, Scurry Gold Cup, Laurels, Gold Collar, Cesarewitch, and Grand National.

Television?

And what of the future? One can visualise the day when the photo-finish, now installed at the White City but shortly coming into universal use, will be enlarged and simultaneously reproduced on screens erected at the four corners of a track; when the public will be able to sit in luxurious stadium restaurants and watch all races from start to finish by television. "Greyhcing" already caters for the comfort of its patrons in a manner Soccer clubs have never attempted. What greater possibilities there are in the years to come!

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

- If an American visitor to your house offered to fix the faucet, what would he mean?
- Which ancient Greek hero killed the Minotaur?
- Which Persian province has been in the news, and what is its capital?
- What's going to happen on Bikini Atoll?
- This verse by Humbert Wolfe contains an example of off-rhyme. What's another word for the same thing?
*The City Financier
Walks in the gardens,
Stiffly, because of
His pride and his burdens.*
- Where in Italy are (a) St. Peter's; (b) Piazza di San Marco; (c) The Leaning Tower; (d) La Scala Opera House?
- If your wife spent her time eating chocolate liqueurs in her bath she would be (a) an ossuary; (b) a voluptuary; (c) an odalisque; (d) a hamadryad. Which?
- Which film actresses have played (a) Madame Curie; (b) Marie Antoinette; (c) Amy Johnson; (d) Queen Christina of Sweden; (e) Jane Eyre?
- Virginals are (a) a church service; (b) love children;

(c) an Elizabethan form of darts; (d) spinets. Which?

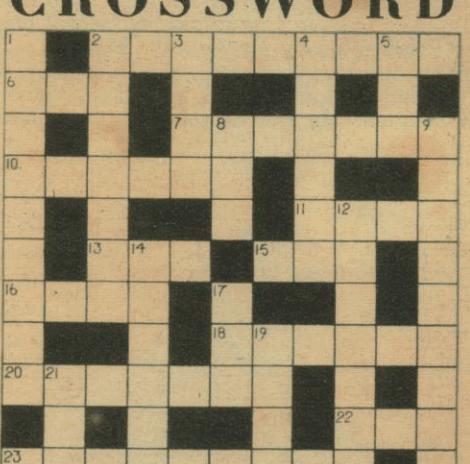
13. If you were adipose you would be (a) tipsy; (b) lazy; (c) stout; (d) murderous; (e) lousy. Which?

14. The most criticised job in the British Government—Minister of Food—has been held successively by a peer, a knight and a mister. Names, please!

15. Who is this jockey and what was his mount in this year's Derby?

(Answers on Page 23)

CROSSWORD



CROSSWORD: 2. Old battle which had a "spirited" opening. 6. Little Henry needs a yard for rope. 7. Long, bony, toady style. 10. Chased by the Army of No. 18 from "Down." 11. General Bradley's Christian name. 13. The end of Colonel Blimp. 15. She's partly a midget, partly a giant and this island is partly rational. 18. See "10 Across" and "2 Down." 20. Ypres was a famous example of one. 22. Return journey for the railwaymen? 23. Where you may get a short deal!

DOWN: 1. Angelic nickname for a cavalry regiment. 2. The starting point of a great offensive. 3. Suitable hands for employment by the "Devil's Own"? 4. State in which you'll find your ego. 5. The Desert variety had many dealings with "10." 8. Word in a million. 9. As a regiment, may be East or West, or just itself. 12. In this the quarry is human. 14. Jolly member of HM Forces. 15. RAF information. 19. Partly ditched. 21. This tool breaks the law. (Solutions on Page 23)



Felix and Louis

IN our unit were Felix the Frenchman and Louis the Belgian. One of them had no real business being with us at all, and the other was dumped on us and conveniently forgotten.

Felix was a grizzled old Breton with a grey walrus moustache and a knack for "fixing" things. He could fix a broken field-telephone, a bad-tempered carburetor, an ill-erected tent, and find a bottle of cognac when there was none to be had. We called him Felix the Fixer after his habit of looking at something with a scornful dourness and grunting what sounded like "Je fixe".

Felix just appeared within our midst. And from the day he appeared we found ourselves with a civilian pay-roll. He had a wife and family, but no one knew where, and they didn't seem to worry him much because he rarely went home, preferring to share one of our 14-lb tents. Needless to say, he had fixed himself up with a better bed than the other occupants.

I got the impression that he was thoroughly enjoying the war. I should hate to think that he had been a "fixer" for some little German unit before we arrived on the scene.

On to Brussels

Inevitably, we didn't stay in Normandy. The forward troops pushed on and we, as base troops, tagged on behind, finishing up in Brussels. And Felix tagged on to us. By this time he was very proudly wearing a battle-dress with a greasy old FS cap. And, later, we were vexed to find that he was able to effect a change of clothing at the QM's far more easily than we could. Felix's fixing knew no limits.

After we had been in Brussels a few weeks, the CO was surprised by a formal visit from Felix, and yet further surprised by his request for a week's leave. He wanted to see his family in Paris, which was the first we had heard of their whereabouts. The CO looked puzzled and said there was nothing stopping him going to see his family, gently reminding him that he had not enlisted in the British Army. But Felix wasn't satisfied with that. He wanted a Pass, a proper Pass. So to humour him the CO gave him a Pass, and asked him if he had enough money for the train fare.

A train, Felix pointed out, was out of the question. He had, he said, no business at all to be in Belgium. He had no passport, no visas. That

shook us; none of us had given it a thought before. But Felix had it all planned. He would travel to Paris in one of our trucks journeying that way. The CO said he doubted if Felix could get back, but the old man was equally sure that he could. So off he went on his week's leave, and none of us expected to see him again.

Exactly a week later, Felix reported back in Brussels, and handed in his Pass to the guard-room.

And he stayed with us busily "fixing things" until we returned home, dropping him off with plenty of wavings at Calais . . .

LOUIS the Belge would have been a rum character whatever his nationality. He was a huge, cumbersome man of indefinite age with a face like Victor McLaglen's. He belonged to the Belgian Brigade, and was attached to us, together with his three-ton truck, for some sort of instruction. He was the fiercest driver we'd ever met; he never bothered to watch the road, his battered and grinning face sticking out of the side of the cab at all the passing girls.

Louis, also, was married, and he had a home in Ghent — at least, that's where he always got his passes to. And Louis was as unpunctual as Felix was punctual. Not once did Louis ever return to duty on time.

His case was far different, of course. He was officially attached to us from the Belgians — though no one quite knew why he had brought the truck with him — and we'd had a disturbing little note from the Belgian HQ to the effect that Louis was a bad lot all round and would we please exercise some discipline with him.

After the CO tried that, he began to understand why the Belgians never bothered us about Louis's return. They probably thought the loss of the truck was worth while, and we began to look at our gain in a different light.

There was only one thing Louis was really good at, and that was lifting things. He could lift anything and had muscles like a professional weightlifter.

One thing we all noticed was that he made no attempt to learn English, a somewhat unusual thing with Belgians, who are often proud of their flair for quickly picking up our tongue.

One weekend, Louis asked for another pass. The CO was doubtful and, to the best of his linguistic ability, gave him a lecture on returning on time. He gave him the pass and emphasised that he must return by Monday noon. But Louis did not return until mid-day on Tuesday. He was promptly charged and came before the CO. On such an occasion we were wont to get a interpreter. It eased matters all round, especially for the CO.

Lundi and Mardi

Why did Louis not return on Monday, the CO demanded.

Because, explained Louis, the CO himself had said Tuesday. Much argument followed, with Louis grinning like mad at everyone in the room. In his bull-like voice and with plenty of gesturing he insisted that the CO had expressly said he was to return on Mardi. That was quite right, said the CO, exhausted and thankful, but the interpreter had to upset him again by tactfully explaining that Mardi was Tuesday and Lundi was Monday. Louis grinned broader than ever and nearly rubbed his hands.

The CO pounced on the pass, now little more than an oily scrap, and pointed out that no matter what he had said verbally, it plainly stated Monday on the pass.

Louis spread his hands. How was a poor ignorant Belgian to know? He spoke and read no English.

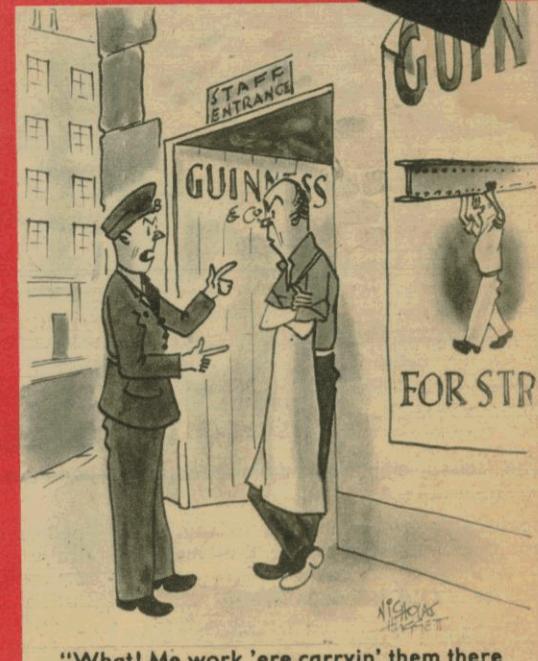
So the case was dismissed, and as far as I can remember, no one ever bothered to charge Louis for anything after that.

We discovered later that he had a long and unserved prison sentence hanging over him, imposed on him by the French for desertion from the Foreign Legion in 1939.

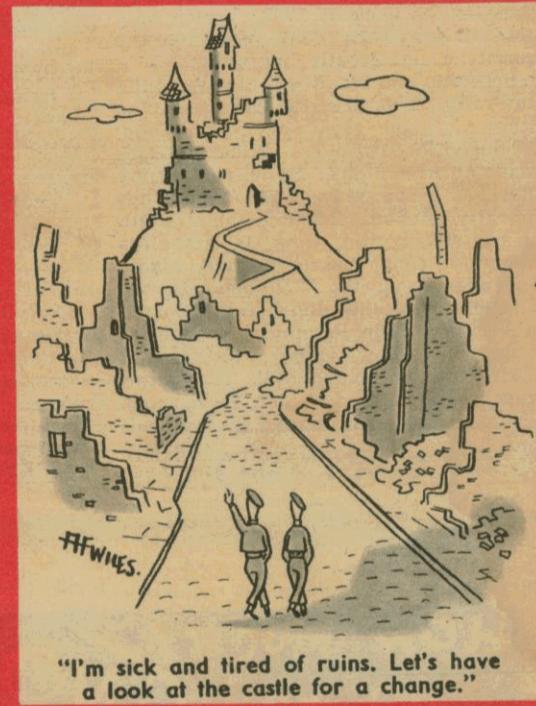
Every single man in the unit liked Louis. He was one of the happiest men I've met.

R. H. MARTIN (Pte.)

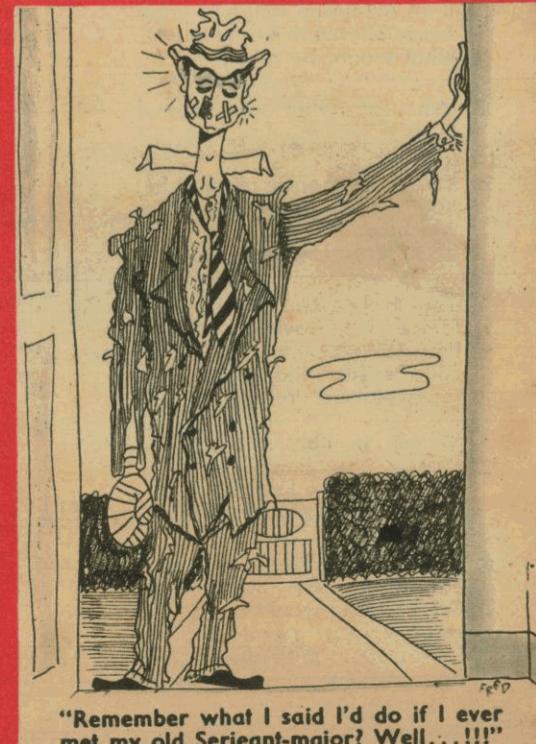
**BAOR
WRITERS
AND
ARTISTS**



"What! Me work 'ere carryin' them there girders abaht!"



"I'm sick and tired of ruins. Let's have a look at the castle for a change."



"Remember what I said I'd do if I ever met my old Serjeant-major? Well . . . !!!"



LETTERS

THE GOOSE-STEP

I was lucky enough to see the Victory March in London. What surprised me—and a lot of the people near me—was to see certain Allied troops performing the goose-step.

This essentially ugly step we have come to associate, perhaps wrongly, exclusively with Prussian militarism. Certainly, the sight of troops goose-stepping past the Cenotaph emphasises for me in a most ironic way the feeling of relief at what we have been spared; a thing which we all take too much for granted. — Pte. T. Jackson, RASC.

THE CENOTAPH

The present Cenotaph in Whitehall was not erected when the 1919 Victory Parade took place, despite the evidence of your photograph (SOLDIER Vol. 2 No. 6). A temporary wooden reproduction from Sir Edward Lutyens' design for the memorial was on the site in time for the V-Day march. The permanent memorial was unveiled by HM King George V some months later. — Cpl. V. S. Goslin, 8 ICU.

MINES? NO.

I joined the Regular Army at the age of 17 in 1942, signing for a period "7 and 5." I am now 21 and married and wish to return to the mines. Can I possibly put forward my case for release to coal mining, if necessary for my last years of service? — Pte. (name supplied), 1st Battalion KOYLI.

★ There is no provision for the release of regular soldiers to the mines. If you are a fit man you will have to serve your colour service. — Ed., SOLDIER.

FREE TO ALL

Can a goalkeeper of the opposition side score from a penalty kick against his opponents? — Gnr. J. Ward, Camp A, F Group, HQ, BAOR.

★ Yes. Any member of the team can take the penalty kick. — Ed., SOLDIER.

REMISSION OF SENTENCE

If a soldier was sentenced to 12 months detention on 26 April 1945, and released after serving three months, would the remaining nine months be remitted and washed out after 26 April 1946 or could they be held over for a period of two years? If so is it possible for them to be remitted after a period of service maintained with a good record? Meanwhile detention counts as lost service and therefore the age group goes up. Is there no way of regaining this time? — Pte. J. R. Swift, A Coy, 5 DCLI.

★ There is no hard and fast ruling. Remission of suspended sentence rests entirely with the reviewing authority (The GOC of the command) who would normally review the case six months after release. If he is convinced that the offender has really mended his ways the sentence may be remitted, but he may equally put the matter off until eligibility is more certain. In any case the time spent in detention cannot be regained for release purposes. — Ed., SOLDIER.

SIGNING-ON

If only the powers that be would realize that one of the reasons why the recruiting campaigns are not meeting with much success is because our wives and families can't join us out here yet. Many wives have had five or six years' separation, and the mere mention of their husbands signing-on for a regular engagement creates chaos with marital relationships. — Sjt. RAF. (name and address supplied.)

V-NIGHT 1946

On V-night 8 June, a small party of us went to the Imperial Club NAAFI, HQ. BAOR, GHQ. Troops. We had been informed that there was a "do" on and that no invitations were necessary. So, we went along hoping to spend a pleasant evening, after having been retained for duty all day, whilst others had a holiday.

We were able to get some beer, but upon asking for something more suitable for celebrating, were informed that we were at the wrong end of the bar—a mere distance of six foot or so.

When we wanted to go to the dance, a civilian female curtly refused us admission on the grounds of our not possessing a ticket. Considering that this was done before German staff, and the manner in which it was done was far from polite, we consider it a disgusting show on the part of NAAFI. — "The Boys," 120 (GHQ) Provost Company, CMP.

SHOCK FOR THE ARYANS

A golden, jewelled casket, said to be valued at £50,000 which Hitler ordered specially for the display of locks of hair taken from the exhumed bodies of Henry the Lion and his English wife Mathilda, is being shown in London at the "Germany under control exhibition." Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony in the 12th century, was responsible for the occupation and colonisation by Germans of the thinly populated Slav territories east of the Elbe.

Those were the days when German claims to Lebensraum did not take the form of violent conquest. Nevertheless, the Nazis saw in Henry the Lion a symbol of their own ideas of eastern expansion.

In opening the tombs, the racial purists received a setback. Mathilda, daughter of Henry II of England, had been a woman of abnormal height—well over six feet. Henry on the other hand, had been only five feet three inches tall, and his hair was very dark. This obstacle was overcome by the simple process of having the hair bleached.

The casket containing the hair was then put on show in Brunswick Cathedral, where it remained until the cathedral was re-consecrated to Christian worship after the Allied occupation.

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"Salt, mustard, vinegar"

AM I A FOOTMAN?

I was orderly serjeant at the very much talked of Marlborough Club in Hamburg, and during the evening, a WAAF corporal on entering the club, in answer to my courteous good evening, said, "Hello George," in a very sarcastic way.

Is the orderly serjeant of the week a footman, or is he a serjeant in the British Army? If he is the former, why does he wear Army uniform? If he is the latter, why don't junior NCOs of the women's services respect his seniority? As a point of interest, while I was on duty only four male ORs entered the club. — Sjt. W. Holloway, 55 BSD, RASC.

BARRED FROM DANCE

The other evening I decided to go to a dance run by a local unit. On reaching the dance hall, however, I was told "Sorry, Serjeant, but this is a unit dance only and I'm afraid we can't admit you."

While I was still outside the door up walked a number of male German civilians who were promptly admitted. Something seems terribly out of order that these people should be given preference to an evening's entertainment over men of a victorious army doing occupational duties. Maybe these civilians did work for the unit during the day, but does that warrant priority over an English soldier? — Sjt. L. Greenwood, 239 Field Park Coy, RE.

THANK YOU FOR SONNET

Thank you for the "Sonnet from Luneburg Heath" (SOLDIER May 11), which we have pinned, in my office, to the wall for all to see. — A. R. Gray, BZPCA Osnabruckerstrasse 32, Lubbecke.

WHO ARE GENTLEMEN.

Are the Royal Engineers entitled to be addressed as "Gentlemen of the Royal Engineers" or is "Gentlemen"



applicable only to the Royal Artillery? — Cpl. R. Buckley, MC, Schleswig, 54 Movement Control.

★ No regiment is entitled to this form of address. There is, however, a famous story

about a Colonel of the Life Guards addressing a mixed parade as "Gentlemen of the Life Guards and men of other regiments." — Ed., SOLDIER.

COMBATANT MEDAL

I have been a mobile canteen driver in Europe since July 1944, and came from Normandy to Germany with 49 Division. Many times I have been under fire, and before joining NAAFI was in England in the Fire Service.

Why should I not be entitled to the same ribbons as "Footslogger"? I am no doubt old enough to be his father, and have a family in England who are proud of their "old Pop" who could have stayed with them, but thought he would rather be with the lads who fought for Old England. "Footslogger" has a swelled head. — Dvr. L. J. Pick, Mobile 709, 669 NAAFI.

The NAAFI Buffet cars now attached to leave trains on the Flensburg—Cuxhaven run were designed by L/Sjt. A. J. Withy of Directorate of Transportation BAOR. Lt. Hill RASC/EFI who was credited with the design in SOLDIER Vol 2 No 7 was responsible for advice on special fittings.

ANSWERS

(From Page 21)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

- To repair the tap.
- A white whale in the novel of the same name by Herman Melville.
- Greece (Allied Mission For Overseeing Greek Elections).
- Executioners.
- (a) Rome; (b) Venice; (c) Pisa; (d) Milan.
- A voluntary (pleasure-seeker).
- Theseus.
- Azerbaijan; Tabriz.
- American-controlled atom bomb tests.
- Assonance.
- Greer Garson; (b) Norma Shearer; (c) Anna Neagle; (d) Greta Garbo; (e) Joan Fontaine.
- Spinetts.
- Stout.
- Lord Woolton, Sir Ben Smith, John Strachey.
- Michael Beary; Massif.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS:— 2. A-gin-court. 6. Hal(yard). 7. Liberty(boat). 10. Rommel. 11. Omar. 13. Imp. 15. (m)Ena(ce). 16. (rat)Iona(l). 18. Eighth. 20. Salient. 22. N.U.R. (run). 23. Aldershot.

DOWN:— 1. Cherubims. 2. Alamein. 3. Idle. 4. Or-ego-n. 5. Rat. 8. Ill. 9. Yorkshire. 12. Man-hunt. 14. Marine. 17. Gen. 19. Itch. 21. Awl.

SOLDIER

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