

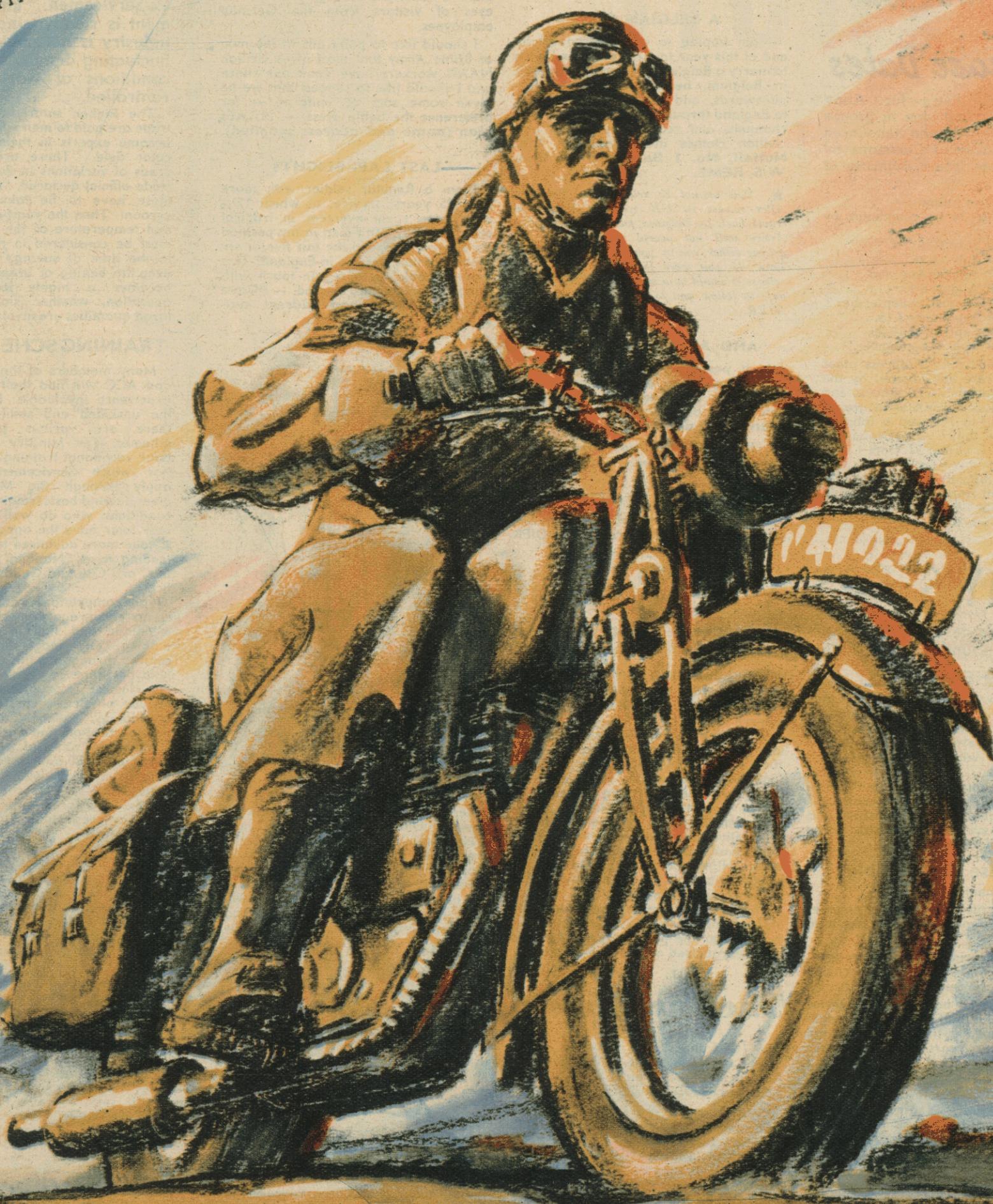
SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

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THE SIGNALS STORY

(See Page 3)

GORDON
HORNER

LETTERS



"Age and Service group?"
 "Thirty-one."
 "Confirmed?"
 "Well, I've been baptised."

Release Dates

RELEASE dates for Army officers and men in groups up to 40 have been announced in the House of Commons by Mr. George Isaacs, Minister of Labour.

They are as follows:—
 Group 32: to be completed by 2 July.
 Group 33: July 3-14.
 Group 34: July 15-25.
 Group 35: July 26-August 5.
 Group 36: August 6-17.
 Group 37: August 18-September 2.
 Group 38: September 3-15.
 Group 39: September 16-26.
 Group 40: from 27 September.

RAMC and RAVC officers other than QMs are not covered by the new programme. ATS officers and other ranks, and VADs in groups up to 52 will be released as follows: Group 50: July 1-31; Group 51: August 1-31; Group 52: from 1 September.

Nursing officers in Group 43 will be released from July 1-August 15 and those in Group 44 from August 16-September 30.

MORE BRASS BANDS

Is there any chance of our seeing more British brass bands in Germany this summer?

The parks and open spaces would be made much pleasanter if we could hear bright music, and little ingenuity would be needed to permit of open-air dancing.

I still believe, too, that the presence of one or two regimental bands would be a very useful piece of "flagflying." — Cfn. F. Cobbe, REME.

A BELGIAN GIRL

I am hoping to be released at the end of this year in Group 46. As I wish to marry a Belgian girl, can I be released in Belgium, be married immediately afterwards, and return with my wife to England through the Army or civilian channels, and receive my papers and civilian clothes in England. — Cfn. Nuttall, No. 1 Base Arm & Gen. W/S, REME.

★ You cannot be released in Belgium. After release in UK you can arrange to travel back to Belgium free to marry. The Army will not accept responsibility for getting either you or your wife back to England. If you were to marry before your release it would be a simpler matter for your wife to follow you to England. — Ed., SOLDIER.

AND AN AUSTRIAN GIRL

Is it possible for me to marry an Austrian girl? If so, what are the formalities to be complied with before you can marry out here? — Pte., RASC. (name and address supplied).

★ No member of the British Army is allowed to marry an Austrian. — Ed., SOLDIER

UNIFORM WANTED

Recently a NAAFI girl was given her chance to say her piece in SOLDIER

Magazine. I am a NAAFI man. May I have a growl.

I served in France before Dunkirk and then in the Middle East, and was recently demobilised in my age and service group.

Now NAAFI have given me a job and I have come out to BAOR to supervise German labour in the big warehouses. I work in plain clothes and, apart from my English accent and a small silver badge in my coat lapel, there is nothing to distinguish me in the eyes of visitors from the German employees.

I should like to point out to the men of Rhine Army that most of us civilian NAAFI workers have done our share and I should like to suggest that we be given some sort of uniform. — for preference the battle dress. — NAAFI Man (name and address supplied).

LAST LAP—BLIGHTY

I am a Regular soldier with more than 25 years' service, of which 12½ have been spent overseas in tropical climates. Why can't men in my position be allowed to spend the last five or six months of their service in England? This would enable us to regain touch with things before being released. — "Cave Cavem" (name and address supplied).



"Right you are — now exhale."

UNITY IN PEACE

May I thank all ranks who replied to my letter in support of forming an association to perpetuate the Anglo-American unity which we knew in SHAEF. Unforeseen difficulties have arisen, which is why I cannot offer at present any concrete proposals to supporters. But a recent development leads me to believe that these difficulties can be overcome, in which case all who have expressed interest will be contacted. — John Harris, ex-Sjt. R. Sigs.

(More Letters on Page 23)

Snapshot (14)

on

JOBS

BAKERY

BAKERY and flour confectionery offer plenty of prospects for ex-Servicemen. Employment is steady, since the industry is not subject to fluctuating demands; and conditions of work are controlled.

The higher salaries in the trade are paid to men who have become experts in their particular field. "There are hundreds of variations in flour," a trade official declared, "and all these have to be taken into account. Then the yeast-content and temperature of the dough must be considered in relation to the time of baking, so that even the baking of bread itself becomes a highly technical operation, whether small or large quantities are involved."

TRAINING SCHEMES

Many members of the RASC and ACC will find their Army experience invaluable; but for the unskilled and semi-skilled there are various training schemes. The Ministry of Labour vocational training course (for which Servicemen may apply through the Ministry) gives a sound basic training, and candidates who do well in this may later have the opportunity to take more advanced training leading to a "National Diploma" or "City and Guilds Certificate."

Trade competitions are organised to encourage confectionery technique and skill in bread-making, and more than 50 centres throughout the country hold part-time or evening bakery classes. The subjects taught include physics, chemistry, micro-biology, commercial practice, decoration and design.

Minimum rates of pay are based on a 48-hour week and vary from £4 7s. weekly for a table hand or confectioner to £4 18s. for a foreman. Holidays with pay are included. In many large concerns there are opportunities to advance from baking to administrative posts which carry substantial salaries. Many bakers who now own their own business started as operatives in the bakery.

ARMY'S £25-A-YEAR PLAN

HERE are details of the short-term engagements for volunteers as announced in the House of Commons this month:—

OTHER RANKS

Men may volunteer for three or four years, receiving at the outset a tax-free bounty of £25, with £25 (also tax-free) for each year of service completed. At the end there will be an £8 grant or a civilian outfit.

Volunteers must fulfil certain requirements of age and medical standards and must qualify for branches and trades in which vacancies exist. There will be 108,000 vacancies.

These are Eligible

Engagement is open to:—

(1) Men still on emergency engagements who have served not less than two years.

(2) Men serving on regular engagements which expire while the scheme is open to recruitment.

(3) Men who have left the Service after regular and war-time engagements, provided they have had not less than two years' service.

The extended service will not count for normal service discharge gratuity or pension. Conditions of service and rates of pay will be the same as for regulars. There will be 28 days' leave at the end of the period of extended service.

Men now on regular engagements are to be given till 31 October to volunteer to extend their contracts. Men who have not yet left the Services, or who, having left, volunteer to rejoin before 1 July 1946, will receive the concession of carrying over "war excesses" of pay, etc., given men now in the Services.

OFFICERS

Non-regular officers now serving, and those already released, may volunteer for a "substantial number" of short-service commissions, under an ACI to be issued soon. Those taking their release after the issue of this ACI will not be eligible.

They are Raising £5,000,000 FOR YOU

WITH the slogan, "A bob a nob from everyone," the recently formed Army Benevolent Fund has just launched a drive in Britain for £5,000,000.

"We shall not rest until the money has come in," said ex-Regular Colonel "Tubby" Turnham, CBE, appeal organiser, to SOLDIER. "But we are the Cinderella of Service Funds, and, although I know we shall raise the money, it will mean a big effort."

Outlining the head office programme, which will synchronise with the final peace celebrations this year, Col. Turnham said the main items were an appeal to the Press from the President, Field-Marshal the Earl of Cavan; a spectacular two-day pageant, "Drums," at the Royal Albert Hall on 8-9 May, at which Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Royal will take the salute (the organiser is Lt.-Col. Douglas Withers, MC, Aldershot Tattoo's production manager for many years); a broadcast appeal by

Field-Marshal Montgomery at 8.25 pm in the Home Service on Sunday, 12 May; and a special Soldiers' Sunday, on which churches of all denominations will set aside the offertory for the Fund.

In addition, lords-lieutenant and civic heads throughout the British Isles have been asked to arrange special events for the Fund. These will include flower shows, dog shows, fairs, carnivals, regattas, sporting events, gymkhana, military parades, concerts, dances, baby shows — "anything," said Col. Turnham, "that will give the people who go there something for their money."

Chairman of the Appeal Committee is General Sir William Platt.

Support of Army units has been promised in all areas where events for the Fund are organised.

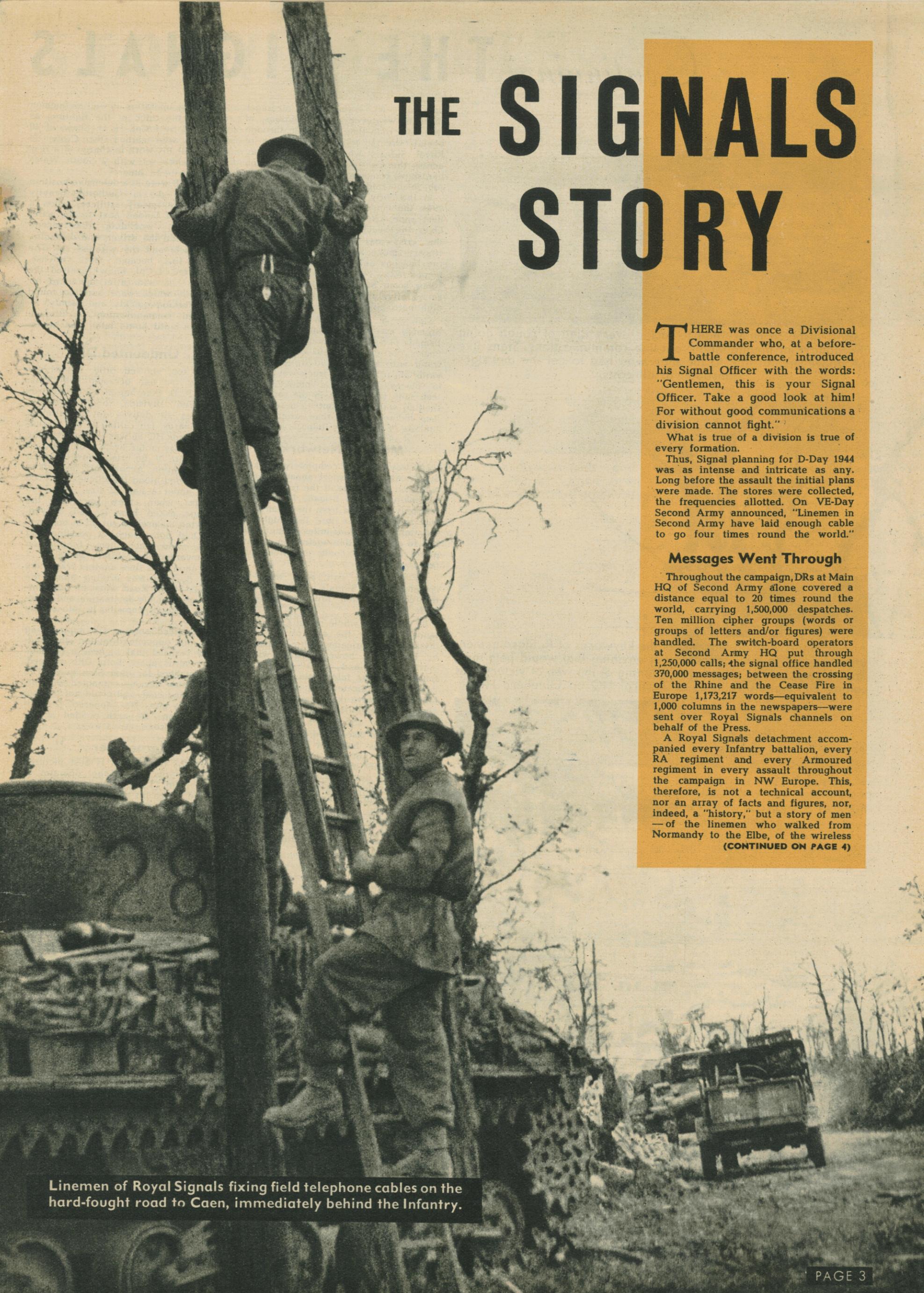
The Army's share of NAAFI's profits — about £2,500,000 — has been allocated to the Fund, so that it has a flying start.

But, as Col. Turnham pointed out, 4,500,000 men and women have been in the Army and future needs are so great that they cannot be gauged. Also, the Fund will seek to raise money from new sources; it will not encroach on sources that have been available in the past to individual corps and regimental associations.

The Fund is your Fund, although it does not deal directly with individuals but acts as a reservoir supplying existing military charities.

"We do not want to take money out of soldiers' pockets," said Col. Turnham, "but soldiers can help and are helping. There is, for instance, a circus of tanks going round Southern Command at the moment. We do want soldiers to organise events which will bring in the public. And, of course, if units overseas, on being disbanded, care to send any funds they have to dispose of, these will be thankfully received and properly applied."

THE SIGNALS STORY



Linemen of Royal Signals fixing field telephone cables on the hard-fought road to Caen, immediately behind the Infantry.

HERE was once a Divisional Commander who, at a before-battle conference, introduced his Signal Officer with the words: "Gentlemen, this is your Signal Officer. Take a good look at him! For without good communications a division cannot fight."

What is true of a division is true of every formation.

Thus, Signal planning for D-Day 1944 was as intense and intricate as any. Long before the assault the initial plans were made. The stores were collected, the frequencies allotted. On VE-Day Second Army announced, "Linemen in Second Army have laid enough cable to go four times round the world."

Messages Went Through

Throughout the campaign, DRs at Main HQ of Second Army alone covered a distance equal to 20 times round the world, carrying 1,500,000 despatches. Ten million cipher groups (words or groups of letters and/or figures) were handled. The switch-board operators at Second Army HQ put through 1,250,000 calls; the signal office handled 370,000 messages; between the crossing of the Rhine and the Cease Fire in Europe 1,173,217 words—equivalent to 1,000 columns in the newspapers—were sent over Royal Signals channels on behalf of the Press.

A Royal Signals detachment accompanied every Infantry battalion, every RA regiment and every Armoured regiment in every assault throughout the campaign in NW Europe. This, therefore, is not a technical account, nor an array of facts and figures, nor, indeed, a "history," but a story of men—of the linemen who walked from Normandy to the Elbe, of the wireless

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

Continuing THE SIGNALS STORY



Signals dispatch riders had to tackle every kind of rough going and danger in maintaining front-line communications. Signs like the above meant little to the man who had to get the messages through at all costs.



Above: Improvisation was one of the keywords of R. Sigs linemen, and they had to take advantage of anything that would help their lines along. Below: Where the spinning of the web of victory was completed. Signals vehicles at Tactical HQ on Lüneberg Heath.



operators who got their messages through whatever the conditions, of DRs who rode time and again through enemy fire. It tells of all ranks of Royal Signals who made their way across the Continent, sharing common hardships, common dangers, doing their job, in the tradition of their Corps.

In the early light of D-Day, 6 June 1944, the landing-craft of the invasion fleet approached the shores of France. Over the beaches the men could see the criss-cross fire of small arms, tracers, smoke, mortar, shells; and over the beaches and in the sea our own bombs fell.

For some Signallers that day was comparatively uneventful, for some a nightmare. Here is an average case.

Cpl. S. A. Edwards, a Londoner, of Bromley Road, N. 18, landed with 185 Brigade (3 British Division) on "Queen" Beach. He dropped into four feet of water with his jeep and trailer. Forty yards ahead of him a truck was blown to pieces, his course blocked. His jeep sank to its axles in the sand and shelling was heavy, but he moved the jeep and reached the road, where eight Junkers 88 were strafing.

Massive Network

His way was now completely blocked by a mass of transport ahead and by mines on either side of the road. When he finally reached Brigade HQ, which was only 400 yards from the enemy, he was told to lay a line that night to 4 Battalion KSLI four miles distant, and had to go into action against an enemy patrol before he could complete his task.

As unit after unit, each with its complement of Signals, came ashore, the communication problems became more intricate.

By D+2, the whole of 1st Corps had landed and by the end of D+3 all divisions and brigades were connected by line. Most, however, were within mortar range, and on D+4 many of them had to be laid again. Within 10 days, so complicated and massive had become the network of lines that it was almost impossible to pick out one from another.

It was soon discovered, however, that the Germans had not had time to destroy the network of underground cables connecting their strongpoints, and for the next few weeks this network provided first-class communications for our fighting troops.

The period between the establishment of the bridgehead and the "break-out" meant for Signals the continual repairing of cut lines, as often as not under heavy fire.

Mending a tank wireless on the Normandy front. In such situations technical skill had to be combined with coolness under fire and the ability to fight back at a moment's notice if the need arose.



Wireless operators as well as linemen were in the thick of the fighting, as instanced by L/Cpl. H. H. Shaw, of 49 Division, who earned the Croix de Guerre for his work in charge of a rear link wireless set with 2 South Wales Borderers on 13 June.

The SWB were in a defensive position near Pont de la Guillette, heavily engaged by enemy artillery, when a mortar shell landed next to the wireless truck, wounding the second operator and the driver, and damaging the vehicle and the wireless set. The mortar fire became more intense. Undeterred, L/Cpl. Shaw repaired the wireless set, with utter disregard for the shells which were bursting round him. Working quickly and calmly, he reopened communication to Brigade HQ. Not until hours later was he relieved.

Undaunted DR

DRs, too, showed little regard for hazards. On one occasion near Vire, Sgmn. P. D. Etherington, of the Guards Armoured Division, had important packages to deliver to 3 Battalion Irish Guards. On calling at the Grenadier Guards HQ he was warned that the noise of his motor cycle would attract enemy fire if he tried thus to reach his destination. Accordingly he walked and crawled along the ditches for 1,500 yards under a hail of fire. The Irish Guards, when they received the package, asked how it had arrived. Believing themselves cut off at the time, they had not thought it possible that a DR could reach them. Etherington was awarded the Military Medal.

At about this time another DR of the same division was driving along the Bayeux—Caen Road when he accidentally overshot his destination and penetrated, without knowing it, into enemy territory.

He noticed another DR approaching from the opposite direction and suddenly realised that he was a German. Sixty yards apart, both DRs stopped. Both grabbed for their Sten guns. The Englishman became entangled with his gloves and coat, and could not quickly get at his gun. Nor, apparently, could the German. So each nodded at the other and drove on his way.

I Remember . . .

Perhaps this period is best pictured in the words of a cipher operator of 49 Division. "I remember," he said, and paused. Then his memories came pouring out disjointedly, yet somehow in a pattern, as memories do — "I remember the field outside St. Gabriel where, under cover of darkness, we 'lifted' new potatoes to relieve the deadly

monotony of M and V and the immense shock we had next morning when we took another look at the scene of the crime and found it strewn with mines.

The foxhole I dug at St Honorine La Chardonne, and how Oliver, who had been in Bayeux all day, and didn't know of the covering of bramble and undergrowth over the trench, heard an approaching shell at three o'clock in the morning and took a flying dive into the trench clad only in a shirt, to his confusion and our delight. And how, after that, the trench was known as 'Olly's Folly.'

Over the Orne the Army fought its way. Again there was a period of laying line, and maintaining it, under devastating conditions. Then came the Falaise Gap. Swiftly the Seine was crossed, Le Havre was captured and the race to Belgium began.

Guards Armoured Divisional Signals crossed the Seine on 28 August and covered 497 miles in nine days. Throughout those days DRs and line parties were returning each evening with prisoners on their pillions and in their jeeps.

Meanwhile, the race across the plains of France and through the Low Countries had so lengthened the lines of communication that the problem of maintaining them was no easy one. The Signals staffs at higher formations, many of them technicians of a high order, were in the same sort of position as the GPO would be if all the communication centres in England suddenly moved, and went on moving each day for several weeks on end. Yet communications never failed. While lines were built, and others restored, wireless carried the traffic.

Spanning the Waal

Rivers, canals and stretches of water have always been the major problem for Signals in the field. In early October, 50 (Northumbrian) Divisional Signals found it necessary to lay a line across the Waal.

The Royal Engineers had warned them that nothing less than a steel hawser would support the strain, for

there was a two-and-a-half knot current across 400 yards of river, which was soon expected to flood to a width of at least 600 yards.

The Commanding Officer accordingly asked the Sappers to anchor three small barges at equal intervals across the river. Next, he, another officer and specially chosen linemen went out in a rowing boat and carefully erected masts and stays in the barges. On the top of each mast was arranged a pulley. On each bank of the river they dug in a stout telegraph pole.

They then set out to lay a line along the top of the masts. On the north bank of the river they stationed a truck, with a full drum of cable in the cable-layer. The services of two Dutchmen and a precarious old motor or boat were exchanged for a meal in the cookhouse.

Fortunately, the Dutch helmsman knew every mood of the river. By steering almost straight upstream the craft moved crabwise across the river. The first anchored barge was 100 yards away. The difficulties of the current and of the tension on the cable were such that they ran a risk of being swept downstream towards the Germans. On their 42nd trip they were successful; and so, slowly, painstakingly, this novel line was laid, marked with streamers of white tape as a protection against low-flying aircraft, and zealously maintained.

Arnhem, greatest exploit of the autumn of 1944, gave Signallers another chance to distinguish themselves.

On the evening of the evacuation of

Training the Germans

ANOTHER important task falling on the broad shoulders of Royal Signals is the training of Germans in the use of British radio and line equipment, which is being used in increasing quantity in the speed-up of communications in the British Zone.

Under the control of Royal Signals officers a number of schools have already trained several hundred German students in the use of the "broad-band" system—by which 200 people can speak at the same time on one cable, each through the medium of a 5 mm-thick wire—in installation, adjustment and servicing of equipment.

All Germans now being trained are former Wehrmacht, Luftwaffe or German Reichspost personnel with knowledge of communications before and during the war, so that after their course they are capable of relieving British soldiers at most communications centres. Eventually, when sufficient have been trained in British methods and the use of British equipment, very few Royal Signals men will be required, and demobilisation will be greatly assisted in many of the technical branches.

reserve DUKW under a hail of fire. Reaching the east bank, it was found impossible to beach the craft. Major Henderson dived into the water, taking the cable with him, swam ashore against a strong current and succeeded in anchoring the cable on the bank.

By this time two assaulting brigades

Navy, "ASSU" (the Air Support Signal Unit), did grand work passing direct to Army and Air HQ the location of forward troops and reports of air activity.

Then there was "Phantom" (the GHQ Liaison Regiment), of whose total Signals made up more than a third. This

At the head of the Corps with 21 Army Group throughout the campaign was Maj.-Gen. C. M. F. White, CB, DSO. No man could better typify, in determination and in vigour, all the qualities which carried the Corps he led to victory.



Checking in after a gruelling trip, the dispatch rider enjoys a brew-up and a smoke. During the campaign in North-West Europe DRs at Second Army Main HQ covered a distance of 20 times round the world and carried a million-and-a-half dispatches.



Liaison between forward troops and aircraft in NW Europe was provided by the Air Support Signal Unit. They had special equipment, such as this half-track, with which to accompany armoured and other leading formations.

had landed on the east side of the river. Despite his exhausted condition Major Henderson personally supervised the laying of field cable from the river to each Brigade HQ, an operation which had to be carried out by night under intense fire. Soon after midnight both brigades were in line communication with Divisional HQ.

Army pilots flew Austers, carrying despatches between divisions and corps. The Army Pigeon Service, too, played an important part despite the modernity of war.

Men of the Signal Parks worked with the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. and kept Signals supplied with all the stores they needed.

Finally there were the ATS, who contributed so much to victory with the manifold work they did. How readily, how willingly they worked in the countless signal offices of Europe!

Above all, perhaps, should be emphasised the versatility of the Corps. The Beach Sub-Area Signal Section, for example, which laid lines in Normandy on D-Day, took cables across the Rhine in Weasels, and was later put in charge of a 10,000-line automatic telephone exchange in the heart of Germany.

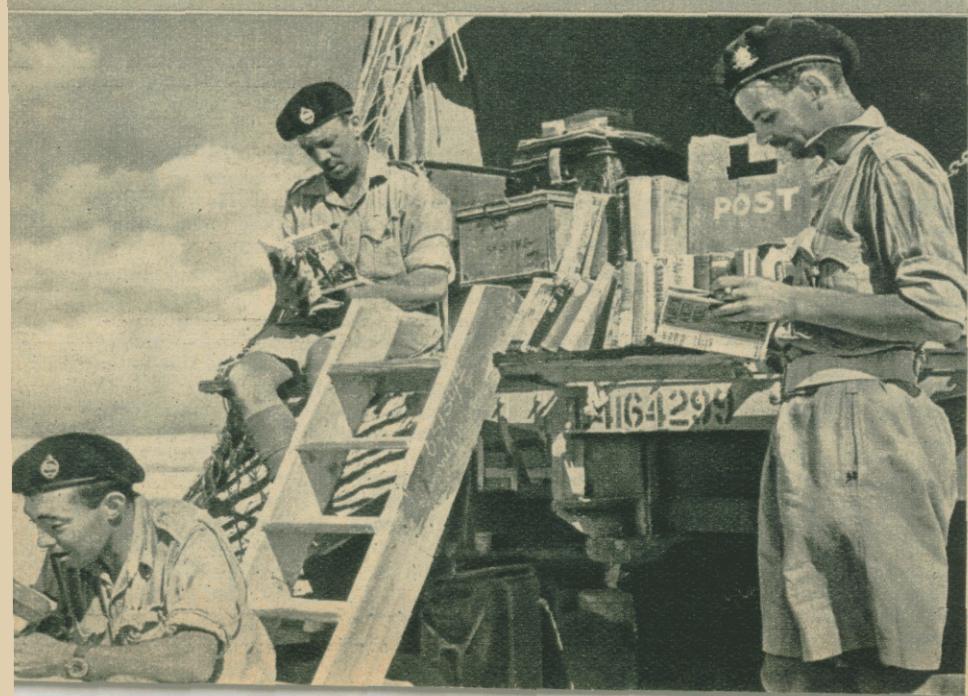
At the head of the Corps with 21 Army Group throughout the campaign was Maj.-Gen. C. M. F. White, CB, DSO. No man could better typify, in determination and in vigour, all the qualities which carried the Corps he led to victory.



A unit library being packed. The wooden case is fitted with shelves so that it can be used as a book-case when it arrives.



Above left: Sorting out books specially ordered by units. They are supplied at wholesale rates and even out-of-print books can be provided. Right: How they used to arrive: corporal librarian helps a soldier to choose a book to his liking from a mobile desert library. Below: A new case of books has arrived and a study circle quickly starts to form around the library lorry.



20,000,000 to one!

Queer stories from the Services Central Book Depot, which handles requests like, "Have you any books on building space rockets?"

THIS story starts with a tale of a 20,000,000-to-one chance that came home.

During the war some 20,000,000 books and magazines were gathered from the homes of people throughout the British Isles and were sent out to men and women in the Forces wherever they were stationed. These books were collected in Book Drives and in individual contributions to the Post Office through the "Books for the Forces" scheme, which came to an end in March.

One day a woman handed one of these books, a novel, into a small village post office in the south-west of England. When it left the woman's hands and, unstamped and unaddressed, was placed into a mailbag, it completely lost its identity. It became one of the 20,000,000 and followed the same routine as the rest.

Its first journey was to the "Bookshop of the Forces," the Services Central Book Depot, London. Here it was sorted out and placed on a library shelf. A few days later a hand reached up, took it from the shelf and placed it into a packing case with 99 other books. The case left the Depot and was put into the hold of a ship. After several weeks at sea, the case was off-loaded and eventually arrived at its destination, a small Army unit in NW India.

Believe It Or Not

The case was opened and the book became "alive" once more. A few days later a soldier glancing through the case stopped as he spotted our book. Something about it seemed familiar. Quickly he picked it up and flicked through the pages. Coming to the fly-leaf he let out a yell. Two words sprang at him from the page, spelling out the words of his name. The book in his hands was his own, given to him by his mother when he was a schoolboy.

This is one of many stories that the staff of the Services Central Book Depot can tell.

Towards the end of the war a dilapidated and dusty Bible reached the Depot from a woman living in the North of England. Inside it was a faded photograph of a soldier in the last war and a note addressed to Field-Marshal Montgomery. The photograph, it turned out, was of the woman's husband, missing in the 1914-18 War; the note bore a tragic request to the Field-Marshal asking him to help her trace her lost husband.

Children were very good at collecting books for the Forces. Two of them from Birmingham, Clive, aged 11, and his sister Deirdre, aged seven, wrote regularly to the Book Depot. At the end of the war Clive asked: "Do you still need books now that our men have beaten Japan? Deirdre and I hope you do because we enjoy getting them. PS: I am showing your letter to our Cub Mistress to help me win a cub collecting badge."

Several books were first editions signed by the authors, among them John Buchan, Galsworthy, Naomi Jacobs. "The Tragedy of Pompey The Great" arrived with an inscription by John Masefield. It read, "To the Women's Social and Political Union Scottish Suffragette Exhibition, April 1910." Then followed a dedication in Spanish which, translated, read, "Looking for my affection, I went through mountains and by river banks, and picked flowers, nor was I afraid of the wild beasts."

Books of historical value were generally sent by the Depot to the British Museum. Thither went 11 volumes of the Encyclopaedia Britannica dated 1780. One book bore the strange title of "The Life of Mr. Cleveland, Natural Son of Oliver Cromwell," a

scurrilous volume on the scandals of the Stuart Court. One bulky parcel contained two bound volumes of the "Antarctic Times."

Bibles and other religious books came into the Depot in their tens of thousands. Some of them, like Sunday School prizes and books such as "Jessica's First Prayer," with faded brown pages, must have parted from their owners with quite a heartache.

The Book Depot can probably claim to have started hundreds of romances. Large numbers of "Love and Romance" magazines were sent in with notes tucked inside saying, "If you are as lonely as I am please write to . . ." and the address would follow. Many girls found the Book Depot a good way of starting a pen-pal friendship.

Know-How Dept.

Books sent out from the Depot went to troops almost all over the world—not only to the large Commands abroad but to places like St. Helena, remote spots in West Africa and the Falkland Islands, where boats docked once every six months. Many books were allocated for special operations. A photographer on SOLDIER staff who went on the Arnhem "drop" remembers receiving one of these parcels. In the nervous hours waiting for this operation he recalls seeing tough paratroopers reading books ironically titled "Murder is Easy" and "Bullets Bite Deep."

One side of the Book Depot service not very well-known to troops might be of great use to them if they cared to use it. This is the second-hand technical book section. At the moment this library in the Depot contains 30,000 books on every conceivable technical subject, some of them out of print and difficult to obtain in the normal way. Individual loans are made to Servicemen who want to study by themselves: a three months' loan from the date of arrival for men at home, four months for men stationed abroad.

Some amusing requests have been sent in during the past for books from this section. One airman wanted to build a space rocket and asked if they had any books on the subject. Another soldier asked for books on psychology so that he could "keep pace with the Padre." A woman from a welfare canteen in Paris wrote in saying, "Please send me some books on Advanced Ballroom Dancing. I am teaching a class the elementary steps I know, but now I am getting into the advanced stage and I can't start unless I get the books." This case was treated as urgent.

Tall Order

A CMF man wrote for a book on building construction—measurements to be in metres, script in Hebrew. Other requests covered subjects like mental nursing, hieroglyphics, practical gas-fitting, butterflies and moths.

The 20,000,000 second-hand books handled by the Services Central Book Depot form only a part of their work. In all they have issued some 60,000,000 books and magazines to the Forces. The bulk of these were new books in specially printed editions for the Services, containing over 600 different titles. The Depot also distribute the War Office Correspondence Courses and the books for the Army Education Corps Libraries. In this latter library the books are right up to date and the subjects vary from "English Porcelain and Pottery" to "Atomic Physics."

The hardworking staff of Services Central Book Depot handle the largest library in the United Kingdom. Their reward can be measured in the 10,000 letters of appreciation sent in from troops all over the world.

SOLDIER MISCELLANY

She Asked To Go To Prague

AT the beginning of this year Subaltern Eva Nyklova, ATS, petite, vivacious, blue-eyed Czechoslovakian girl, laid aside her acquaintance rolls in her Marylebone company office and wrote to the War Office for permission to travel to Prague. Her reason: to go ice-skating. To further enquiries, Subaltern Nyklova explained that the Czech championships were on and she wanted to compete. Had she done so before? Well, yes, in fact she had won the Czech senior championship twice before.

The War Office allowed Subaltern Nyklova to go to Prague, and wished her luck. She won the Czech senior championship again. Then she came back to her acquaintance rolls.

"I cannot remember the time when I did not want to skate," says Subaltern Nyklova. "As a child I was called

'Speed-train'. My father, a Prague seed company director, could not understand it. I was the odd penny. There were no other skaters in the family and no one was interested in it. I found I could skate quite easily without tumbling around like the others."

Eva contested many international

championships. Then came 1939, the time when Hitler was executing figure-of-eights on very thin ice. Eva travelled to London for the world championships, wondering what the future held. The ice broke and her dreams dissolved. Stranded to join the WRENS, but in vain. Then one day, as she took shelter from the weather in a Richmond theatre, she was handed leaflets suggesting that she should join the ATS. She did.

Soon she will be due for release. "I must find out just what four years' absence from the ice have done to my skating," she explains. "I won the Czech championship but I don't really know what I can do until I have trained hard for three months more. I don't want to fade out until I know whether there is a chance that I may win the world championship."



ATS Subaltern Eva Nyklova cuts a pretty figure on the ice. She won the Czech senior championship this year, and is a potential world champion.

Courses for Barmaids

WHEN Cfn. Ted Castle, REME, left the Army recently and became Mr. Ted Castle, landlord of the Dover Castle Hotel in Deptford's Broadway, again, he found, among his other troubles, that he could not get barmaids. So, being still a bit Army-conscious, he decided to run a barmaids' course.

You and I might think that to be a barmaid you need only to be reasonably attractive, to be sympathetic and to be able to draw a pint without too much froth on it. Ted believes otherwise. Anyway he advertised for six girls willing to learn a new trade, offering £3 a week (trained barmaids earn more than that). In six weeks he trained five girls. The sixth had to be RTU'd. "She couldn't think for herself," said Mr. Castle, shaking his head sorrowfully.

Mr. Castle's barmaids must be cheerful, nicely mannered, and have well-

kept hands; very important, that. They must be able to pick up the right glass for the right drink automatically. They must pull beer with that steady downward thrust, so that the beer emerges with just enough head. Pressure varies for half pints, pints, quarts and gallons. They must know the different ways of pouring wines and spirits. They must know how to keep beer in the cellar. "Get a good name for having your beer just right and you're made," says Mr. Castle. (He should know. He has £10,000 waiting to invest in another hotel.)

Mr. Castle holds that a girl will never learn unless her mistakes are pointed out at once. It's the old Army principle. He is willing to teach ATS. "In case they think there's something odd about being a barmaid, I can tell them it is a very respectable, well-thought-of profession," he says. Who will deny it?

Printing Your Pin-Up

SPRING has brought a rush of colour, not only to the countryside, but to the bookstalls of Britain. Many once-monochrome magazines are coming out in rainbow inks.

Quite a few readers have wondered how SOLDIER's colours are produced (some have seen the process in Hamburg). The answer's pretty technical, so take a deep breath.

Work on a full-colour page (ie, a cover) starts 10 days before printing. The originals, which are either coloured pictures or transparencies, are re-photographed four times through filters of different colours. The four plates resulting from this colour separation represent the amounts of yellow, red, blue and black present in the original. Later when these images are printed one on top of the other in appropriate inks the picture will be built again. In theory it is possible to make any colour by a suitable combination of the primaries — red, yellow, blue — but in practice these give a poor black, so black is printed separately. Another snag is that filters yield only a partial separation of the colours, and so each plate must be re-touched later by a skilled artist-artisan. (In the case of an attractive "pin-up" this work would appear to be no hardship.) All four copies of each picture must be exactly the same size, so that they will fit one on top of the other. This needs scrupulous checking.

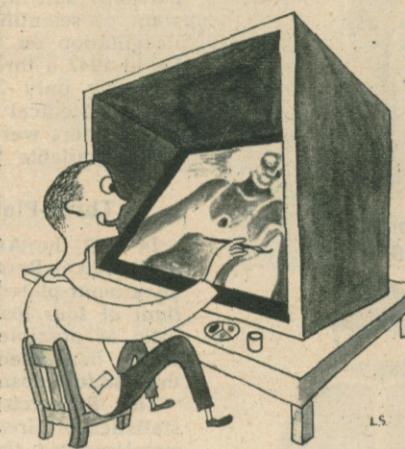
When all the colour pictures for

an issue of SOLDIER have been treated in this way, the yellow copies are etched on one printing cylinder, the red on a second, the blue on a third and the black on a fourth. Each cylinder runs in a bath of coloured ink.

A fifth cylinder prints in black on the reverse side of the paper. (Notice that colour pictures never appear back-to-back. Paper passes in a continuous band over each cylinder in turn and, by means of adjustable intermediate rollers, the red cylinder is made to print its pictures exactly on top of those already printed by the yellow cylinder, and so on, until a fully-coloured picture is built up.

This adjustment may take hours to effect, and during that period all copies printed are used for salvage. When SOLDIER is finally printing the paper passes through the machine at about four miles an hour, travelling over 75 yards and arriving at the last printing cylinder positioned correct to $\frac{1}{5}$ mm.

The accuracy of the tones depends not merely on the man who takes the photograph or executes the painting, but on the craftsman who etches the cylinder to just the right depth, the men who adjust the register and the men who turn on the ink.



Round the Bloody Tower

IT is fashionable to be funny, at the expense of the slogan "Join the Army and see the world." Indian troops now visiting Britain on conducted tours have no cause — or wish — to join in the witticisms, however; they find the slogan even more apt than its originator intended it.

These men, specially chosen by their units, are lodged on arrival in Britain at the Indian Forces Leave Camp at Roehampton. From here they are taken on visits to Windsor Castle, the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's, the Tower, Ford's works at Dagenham, Keston Aircraft Factory, a model farm and many places of amusement. In a fortnight they get a fair idea of how Britain lives.

Their knowledge of English is not great — though it was sufficient in the case of one party to enjoy the usual joke about the Bloody Tower. There was some slight bother in Selfridge's because the Gurkha for "shaving brush" has an ambiguous sound.



On his first visit to Britain, Subadar Major Chanan Singh spends busy days as interpreter to Indian troops going sightseeing. He speaks English fluently, and is never stumped for an apt translation.

The Armour YOU Might Have Worn

MANGANESE STEEL BODY ARMOUR — 1941



The breastplate protected heart and lungs.



Protection for lower back, lungs and spine.

THE 12,000-year-old problem of finding the answer, in the form of personal armour, to weapons of aggression is still no nearer solution than it was in 10,000 BC, when Neolithic Man armed himself with a rough-hewn wooden shield, bound with animal skins, to ward off his opponents' blows. Indeed, with the enormously increased penetrative power of modern firearms, the soldier of today is more defenceless than at any time in history.

Yet the failure to provide every soldier in World War II with his own personal suit of armour was not for want of scientific research or lack of imagination on the part of the Army, for in 1942 a three-piece suit of armour, weighing only 2½ lbs, was designed by the Medical Research Council and large orders were given for suits to be made available for general issue.

Three-Plated Experiment

In 1941 the Army Council instructed the Medical Research Council to make an armour-plated suit within a weight limit of four lbs so as to interfere as little as possible with the freedom of action demanded in modern war, and the comfort desired by the soldier.

The Research Council resurrected statistics of Great War casualties, and supplemented them with examinations of the types of wounds sustained by Dunkirk survivors to discover which parts of the body most required protection. As a result of exhaustive tests the MRC Body Armour, consisting of three 1-mm thick light manganese steel plates, was produced. The breast-plate, measuring 9×8 ins was to protect the heart and lungs; the 14×4 ins back-piece was to cover the lower back and chest and a large portion of the spine; and the third plate, which was 8×6 ins, was to be worn over the upper and central belly. The plates were attached by web-straps and held away from the body by thick rub-

Many old ideas in warfare have been effectively modernised, but personal body armour still presents the military scientists with a headache.



How the third plate of the 1941 armour was attached to protect the lower part of the body.



Worn under equipment the armour was inconspicuous, but field exercises revealed serious drawbacks.

ber padding round the edges. Specimens were sent to all commands at home and abroad for inspection, and within a few weeks initially favourable reports came in to the War Office. In all the tests the suit stood up to a .38 bullet fired at five yards, a .303 bullet at 700 yards, and Tommy Gun single shot at 100 yards, although a burst of Tommy Gun fire at 50 yards split the plates.

First impressions of the new armour-plated suit were extraordinarily optimistic. None the less, scientific experts declared it could save only between two-and-a-half and three per cent casualties, and enthusiasm on the part of both commanders and men suffered an appreciable decline when field exercises were held to test the effect the suit would have on the man who wore it. Although well padded, the suit tended to cut into the soft-skin areas of the body, with the result that violent movement and easy and rapid movement were seriously impaired.

Yet, although the suit weighed only 2½ lbs, it was unpopular among the men who tested it because of its inconvenience. Observation over a long period proved that the soldier does not like to wear anything that tends to increase the weight he has to carry, or discomforts him, while at the same time there was a marked disinclination to take full advantage of protective devices which in any way hindered his freedom to move and to fight. In the Far East, men discarded valuable equipment to allow greater freedom of action, and in all theatres of war large numbers of troops preferred not to wear their steel helmets in action because these were uncomfortable and made them sweat.

Might Increase Danger

One consideration against wearing body armour is that while a bullet might pass through the body, leaving a clean wound, it might mushroom and kill the man inside the suit of armour. Moreover the wearing of the suit caused a man to perspire so profusely that his powers of endurance were greatly affected. The original estimate was now cut to 200,000. Within a few months the orders were completed by large steel firms in the North of England and 79,000 Body Armour suits were issued to the Forces; 15,000 to the Army, and 64,000 to the RAF. Of these, 12,000 were sent to 21 Army Group, and smaller quantities to the Canadian Army, Airborne and SAS troops, and the Polish Para Brigade. The remaining 121,000 were kept in War Office stores.

The Americans experimented with a number of armoured suits, in particular for the crews of high-flying bombers, in which role they were claimed to be a success and to have saved many fliers from "flak" wounds. But the RAF fighter pilots, to whom 64,000 armoured suits were issued, had to contend with armour-piercing bullets and cannon shells, with the result that the saving of casualties was almost negligible.

What happened to the suits of armour made during this war for British troops? They were sold recently as surplus stores. But War Office experts are already experimenting on new types.

E. J. GROVE (Capt.)

"TESTED IN BATTLE"

throughout the Great War, and saved many valuable lives

No. 1. Send Your Soldier a
SAVELYFE
NON-CONDUCTIVE
NON-REBOUND
BODY SHIELD



Front and Back Shields.
Covered Fibre. Weight 4½-lbs.
15½ in. x 12½ in.

No. 2
SAVELYFE
NON-CONDUCTIVE
NON-REBOUND
BODY SHIELD



7 Pieces. Front & Back Fibred.
Cloth Folding.
Folds up neatly into a space of
12½ x 6½ x 3.

"RICOCHET IMPOSSIBLE"

It is made of Non-Magnetic Steel and covered by Compressed Vegetable Fibre, which deadens the shot and will not rebound or ricochet, bullets and shrapnel being held between the Fibre and Steel. Being raised from the body by non-conductive strips, protects from bullet pressure and shock, allowing air-space between body and shield.

"OFFICIALLY TESTED."

Proof against Shrapnel, Revolver Shots, Bayonet or Sword Cuts, Bombs, Grenades, Shell Splinters and Spent Bullets. Vermin proof, rustless, light and comfortable to wear.

BATTLEFIELD EVIDENCE—"LIFE SAVED."

Private _____, East Lancs. Regt., writes: "Your 'Savelyfe' Body Shield saved my life, having prevented pieces of shrapnel from entering my stomach—the shrapnel was 'pocketed' between the Fibre and Steel."

"AN OFFICER'S EXPERT TEST."

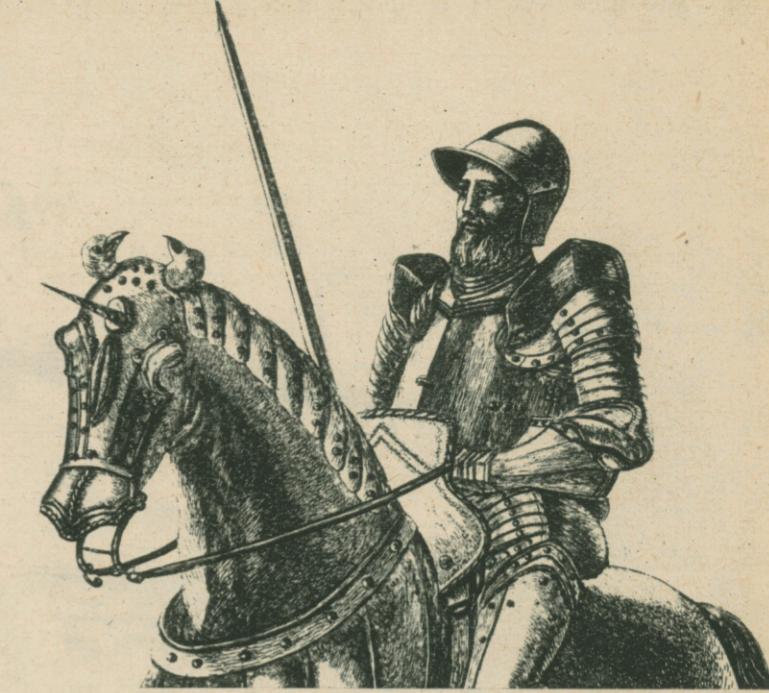
"Astounded at the results—shots will not rebound or ricochet."

CALL AND SEE THEM.

- and the Armour your Ancestors wore



Armour was well on the way out in the 17th century, when this pikeman was representative of the European warrior of the time.



Knight of the reign of Edward III, when mail had been replaced by closely-fitted plate armour.



The 12th century man-at-arms was completely encased in flexible, but extremely heavy, mail, with his horse was also liberally provided.



Sir George Felbridge, a typical 15th century nobleman.



"If we can't persuade Private Wilkins to defer his demob, we'll have to break up the best rummy school in the War Office!"

THE first suits of mail appeared in the 12th century. They were worn up to the end of the 16th century, when bronze, muzzle-loaded artillery, the musket and the pistol were invented, and the strategy of war demanded more and more swift movement.

Immediately after the Norman Conquest of Britain the man-at-arms received a new uniform — a hauberk (or cloak) of double mail made from iron ringlets, a large hood, breeches, stockings and shoes of the same weighty material, and iron-mail gloves. Underneath all this he wore several thicknesses of woollen or cotton coats to deaden the sword and lance strokes of his enemy. In addition, the man of position was clothed in a flowing satin or velvet cloak richly embroidered with armorial bearings.

Wooden Shield

His shield of wood was covered in toughened leather, and bound and strengthened with iron or brass. To protect the head a conical helmet with metal nasals was worn. Helmets with visors did not appear until the middle of the 14th century, when the hauberk was replaced by suits of plate armour. From then until the 16th century the heavily armoured soldier was always at a distinct advantage against a comparatively innocuously-armed attacker.

Yet the soldier of those days had his own peculiar difficulties. In the heat and sweat of battle many a man, weighted down by a magnificent array of ironmongery, fainted from sheer lack of air. Unless attended by a comrade he was liable to die of suffocation.

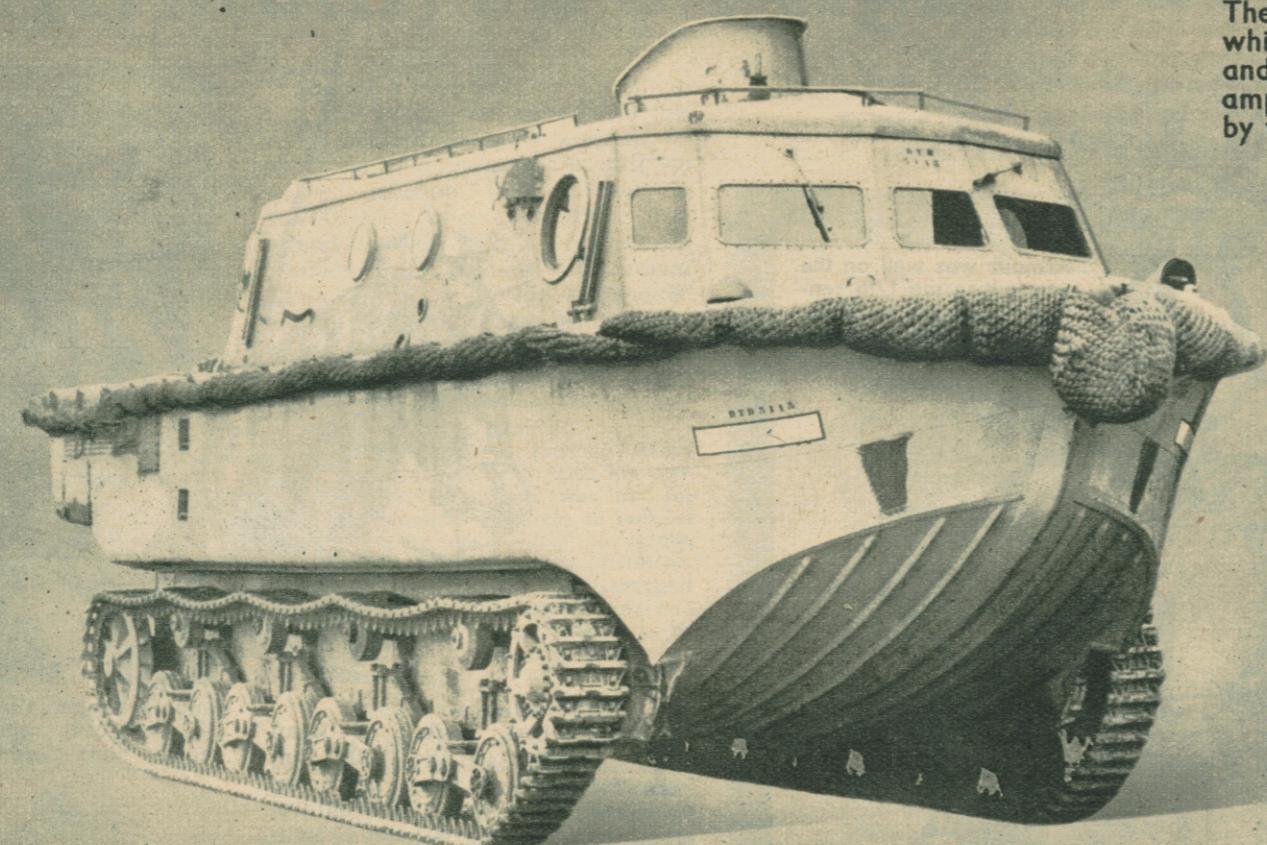
A knight, once unseated from his equally overburdened horse, was quite unable to rise unless assisted, and more often than not fell into enemy hands owing to his inability to remount alone.

Saving the Horse

When riding to war in those days a knight used a hack until battle was imminent to save his armour-mailed war-horse from becoming fatigued too early in the fight. Quite often he was taken by surprise and fell an easy prisoner before he could complete the difficult and lengthy process of getting astride his mount.

Even when captured, however, great steel maces and war hammers had to be employed to prise open the super-armour casings which were made to fit so tightly that it was impossible to insert a thin-bladed dagger into the joints.

Gradually, with the invention of firearms and the improvement of penetrative weapons, armour began to disappear. First the gloves and foot armour vanished, followed by the protective underclothing, until, 100 years later, all that was left of the soldier's former glory was a breastplate and helmet.



The "Land-water" tug, which carried a crew of 20, and, like the British DD amphibian tank, was driven by twin screws when in the water.

WATER AND LAND TUG

The "Landwasserschlepper" was an amphibious tug designed to spend most of its life in the water and to act as a towing medium. It was used by the Germans as a tug with pontoon bridging equipment and was intended for use only in sheltered water, but could also be discharged from a landing craft.

It carried a crew of 20 and was driven by a 300-hp Maybach engine. Some of the vehicles were proof against small-arms fire, and towards the end of the war they were used as ferries with buoyant decks slung between two tugs. The craft was fully tracked, driven by twin screws and steered by twin rudders in the water. The "deck" had a superstructure built on it to enclose the crew compartment, and at the rear was a power-driven bollard winch to take a 1½-inch wire rope, and a towing hook running on a curved track. For towing on land there was a spring-mounted hook. The engine, mounted aft of the centre, was fitted with an inertia starter driven by a handle from the rear of the superstructure, and clutched in by the driver through a control on his left. The vehicle weighed 16 tons.

RAILWAY WRECKER

The "Pimaz 11/1" was the latest German version of a railway destruction plough the Nazis invented to destroy railways in retreat. From December 1942, when the Russians began their general offensive after the siege of Stalingrad, followed by the withdrawals in Italy and Germany itself, the Nazis had plenty of opportunity to test the efficiency of their various rail destruction machines. They regarded their latest device as a destructor *par excellence*.

"Pimaz 11/1" was a simply designed steel plough fitted with loops through

which the first few feet of the rail to be destroyed were inserted. The inner bends of the plough, welded to the outer member, forced the rails inward. Apart from reducing the width between the rails, the plough caused them to "snake," while the bed of the track was severely damaged by the bottom of the plough.

The plough, which in action was attached to a locomotive, could be carried in a three-ton lorry and required only 20 minutes to assemble. In performance the "Pimaz" was more effective than the more cumbersome "Gleiszerstörergerät," which was used in Italy in 1943-4.

ENGINE IN-WHEEL

When this motor cycle was discovered in the Third US Army area, the technical officer blinked to make sure that he was not dreaming, for the power unit, a three-cylinder, air-cooled, petrol-driven rotary engine, was tucked away inside the front wheel. The carburettor, mounted on the left side of the hub, does not revolve with the engine, and is fed with petrol by one of two pipes from the petrol tank, which is in its usual place in front of the saddle.

The motor cycle's chief weaknesses are that the engine is subjected to an unusual amount of road shock, as the tyre forms the only damper and the front wheel hub is so complex, with its several concentric shafts, that it is easily damaged.

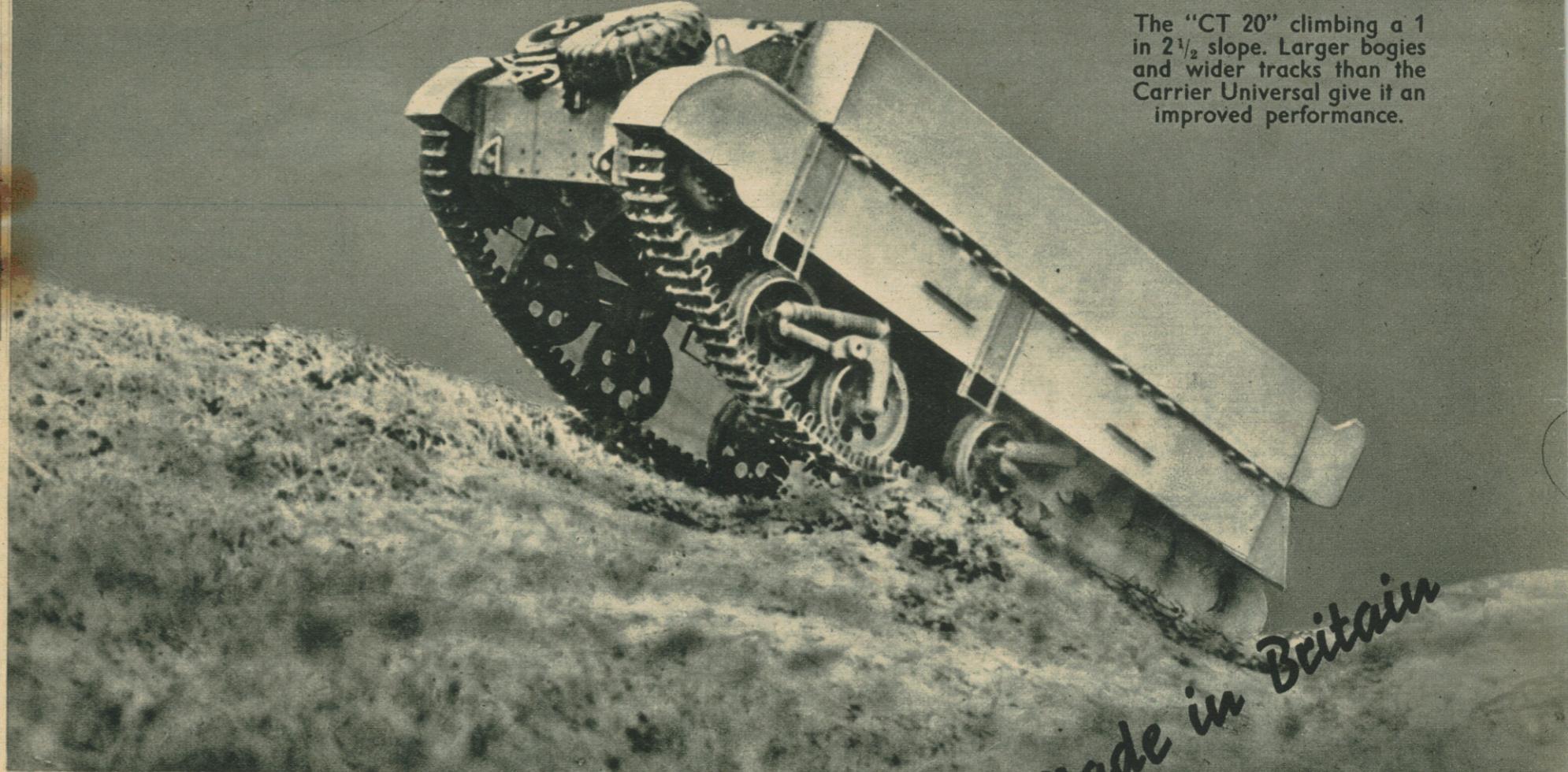
With a heavy engine in front, steering is difficult and the back wheel is inclined to jump easily. But the position of the engine does keep the rider's trousers free from oil and grease!

and points inside the carburettor housing! The points are broken by a cam revolving with the engine, giving an automatic spark advance. The battery is under the rider's seat. Engine lubrication is by oil mixed with the petrol.

But here's no freak: THE ARMY'S NEW CARRIER

Made in Germany

Three Freaks on wheels



The "CT 20" climbing a 1 in 2½ slope. Larger bogies and wider tracks than the Carrier Universal give it an improved performance.

THE Army will soon say goodbye — not without regrets — to its Jack-of-all-work, the Bren Carrier, which has seen service in all theatres of war in the past seven years.

The Carrier Universal, as it is officially known, is being replaced by a new vehicle, the "CT 20," a carrier capable of carrying out all the roles of the Universal, towing the six-pounder anti-tank gun, and lifting up to 11 men in its troop-carrying role.

The new "CT 20" will also be able to accommodate greater quantities of ammunition and equipment, will be more

comfortable for the crew, more heavily armoured, and quickly convertible to any of its nine roles merely by rearrangement of equipment and fittings. It will also be speedier and easier for the driver to handle, thanks to the new type of steering.

The hull is welded steel designed to give maximum protection against mines, and is proof against armour-piercing small arms ammunition. The engine, an American Cadillac, develops 140 hp at 3,600 rpm, and has a two-speed, self-changing gear box. Maximum speed at 3,600 rpm is 31.38 mph against the 29.25 mph of the Universal.

Perfect vision in the lower seating positions for the driver and commander

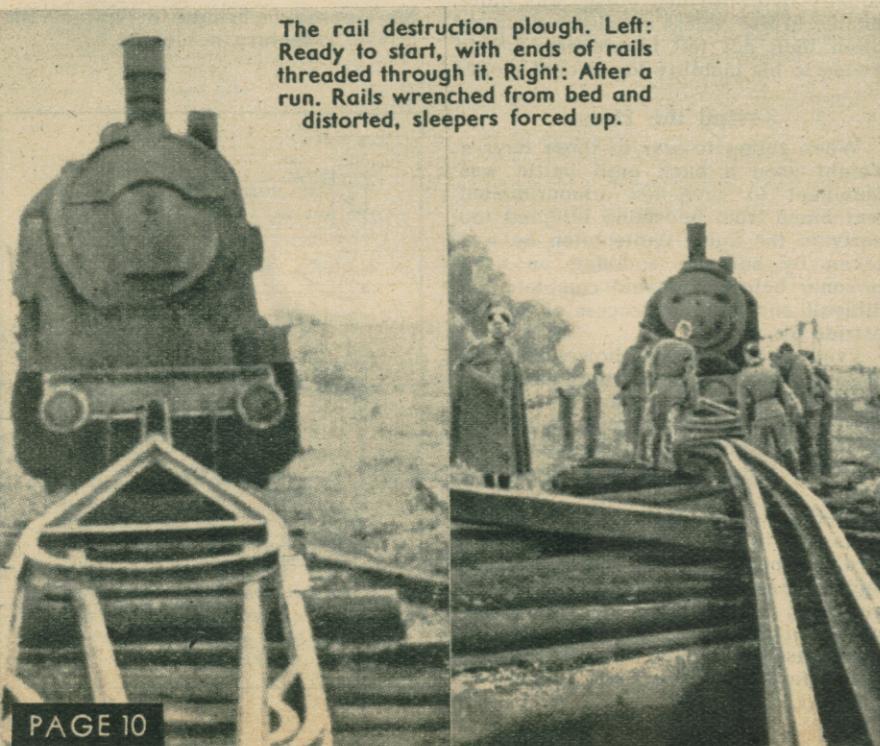
is provided by two episcopes. Normal seating accommodation is for a crew of six, including the driver, with occasional seating for two more.

On the lid of the tool and fittings chest, which runs along the top of the propeller shaft tunnel, is a padded seat for a gunner who, in action, will work with the driver and commander as a team. A bin for maps and papers, the lid of which falls down to form a ledge for writing messages, is built in front of the commander's seat.

The "CT 20" is quickly convertible to any of these nine roles — LMG, Medium Machine Gun, 2-in, 3-in and 4.2-in mortar, anti-tank, 95-mm gun, personnel carrying, and towing.

A feature of the new carrier which has long been required by the crew of the Universal is the provision of a waterproof hood attached to tubular steel hoops. The hood covers the entire crew compartment, and black-out flaps at the ends and sides make it light-tight.

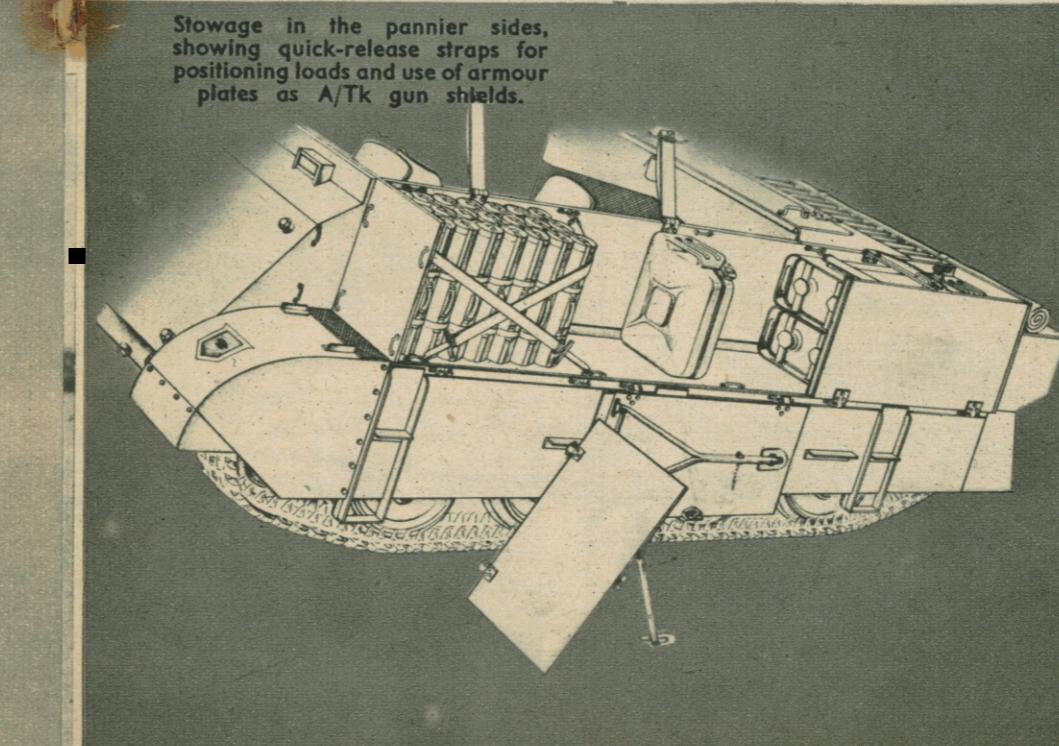
The new "CT 20," whose prototype trials over a long period have proved it to be considerably better than the Universal Carrier in performance, reliability and handling, as well as more protective and able to carry far greater loads, is just one of the new vehicles with which the Army of the future will be provided.



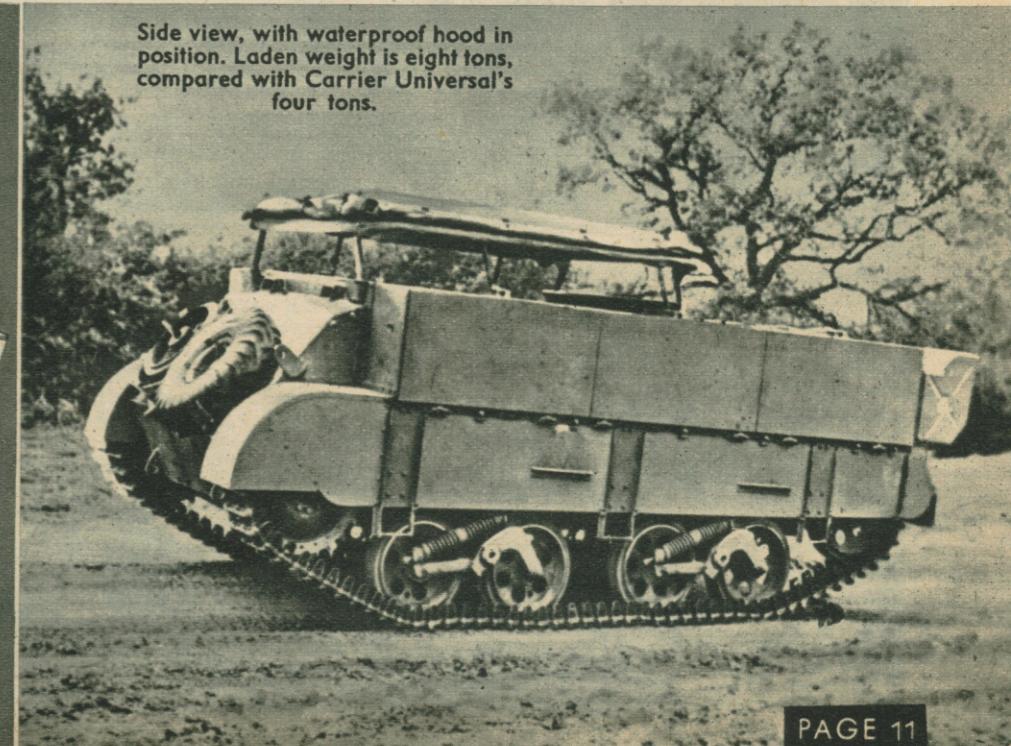
The rail destruction plough. Left: Ready to start, with ends of rails threaded through it. Right: After a run. Rails wrenched from bed and distorted, sleepers forced up.



Aircraft practice applied to the road. This fully-streamlined motor cycle is driven by a radial engine which revolves with the front wheel.



Stowage in the pannier sides, showing quick-release straps for positioning loads and use of armour plates as A/Tk gun shields.



Side view, with waterproof hood in position. Laden weight is eight tons, compared with Carrier Universal's four tons.

Down on RHINE ARMY FARM

THE peace of the countryside was broken only by the sound of the ploughman calling out to his team of horses, and the screech of the birds as they dived to examine the mysteries of the newly-turned earth. The horses jerked their heads, strained at the traces and the plough cut into the ground. It was a scene reminiscent of rural England, yet this countryside, the animals and the machinery were German; only the man was a British soldier. Behind him, half hidden in the wood, could be seen the stately buildings of the once-famous Nazi experimental farm at Ostinghausen, near Soest, 15 miles from the Mohne Dam.

Walk down the avenue between the trees and you come to the gates which carry the notice "Rhine Army School of Agriculture." Go through them and you are in the farmyard itself.

See if You Like It

It might well be called Rhine Army Farmyard, for the workers are all British soldiers. You will see them bringing in the cattle for milking, or exercising one of the bulls, or grooming the horses and cleaning out the pig sties. And if it is evening you are sure to find a few of them sitting on the bridge over the moat of the house, talking over the day's work, and, as is the way with farmers, chewing a piece of straw.

Every month some 80 men attend a four-week course at Haus Dasse, as the farm itself is called. Half of them go to the agricultural wing, the rest to the horticultural side. They consist of officers, NCOs and men of BAOR who are interested in farming or market gardening as a career. Some were already workers on the land before they joined up, and wish to brush up their knowledge. The rest include men who have never been near a farm, but who are anxious to try out the work.

"The results are interesting," said the Commandant, Major C. A. Mackillop,

late of the Hallamshires, who was trained at Reading University. "The experienced students are glad to pool their knowledge, and to learn the theoretical side, which is often new to them. The newcomers to the industry—they consist of clerks, engineers, city workers, in fact, men from all walks of life—all get the opportunity to find out whether or not they will take to the work.

"Sometimes one or two come and tell us at the end of a course that they don't care for it as a career after all. We don't mind that. In fact, we are glad that we have been able to save them the trouble of wasting valuable weeks on a farm in Britain, or investing money in smallholdings as some had planned to do. By far the majority are extremely keen. Provided they show promise they are eligible for further training after their release under the Ministry of Agriculture Vocational Training Scheme. Regardless of their experience, we do all we can in the four weeks to turn them into potential farmers or horticulturalists."

The school was opened in March by Rhine Army in conjunction with the Ministry of Agriculture. The first students arrived to find snow on the ground, but they were far from dismayed. Most of them wished they could stop longer. Take Spr. F. W. O. Hanson, for example.

"I worked on farms in the West Riding for six years before I joined up," he said, "and thought I knew quite a lot when I asked to come on this course. I've found since there was a good deal I didn't know, particularly about feeding, fattening and vetting animals. It puts me on a new level for when I start work again. I only wish I could stay longer."

New Life for Him

Working in the large garden behind the farm house was Gnr. A. W. Field of 127 Regt RA in 51 Div. His home is at Enfield, Middlesex, and before the war he was a booking clerk in a tourist agency.

"After spending so long in the Army I reckoned I couldn't stand the rest of my life in a stuffy office. When I heard about this course it gave me an idea." Carefully he placed some wood-ash round the strawberry plants before

One of the ideas which the students have borrowed from the Germans is the

he went on. "I like market gardening. That's my life from now on."

The students live in the farmhouse. Starting at seven o'clock, they do about a 12-hour day. Their instructors are all experts in their own line of country. Captain C. A. Beckett, Pioneer Corps, who is Second-in-Command, comes from a long line of farmers and was a farm manager in Surrey. Captain J. A. Neate, RASC, of Devizes, Wilts, is an authority on pigs and poultry. In addition a sergeant-major and 10 sergeants teach individual subjects. They have found the 250-acre farm compact and fairly well-equipped, but there is a considerable difference between the German and English methods of growing and rearing livestock. The local pigs, for example—they are Westfalen land-swine, a herd similar to the Large Whites in Britain—had been fed on turnips and chaff. Slowly their menu is being changed to wet foods and meal.

Let the Air In

There was considerable heart-burning on the part of the German farm director and his staff, who are still permitted to live on the premises, when the school went in for the cleanliness and fresh air which are characteristic of English farming ways. Neither cattle nor pigs had been turned out to graze except in the warmest weather. When the instructors started to leave doors and windows open for ventilation, the Germans thought their animals would catch cold and promptly shut them. The cowmaster's idea of clean production was to wipe the udders before milking with a handful of straw from the floor. The cooling system, too, was old-fashioned and consisted of standing the churns in tubs of cold water. In the garden the natives thought the troops unduly energetic when the students went in for double-digging. Before, the surface of the ground had only been scratched.

"But for all that the Germans are good farmers and are fond of their animals," Major Mackillop explained. "We were rather shaken ourselves when we saw a young Friesian bull exercised by the cowmaster's son. He was riding on its back."

One of the ideas which the students have borrowed from the Germans is the

all-straw hen-house. The straw is twined into a rope which is twisted tightly round sticks running between the four corner-posts of the building. Having built one themselves, the students decided to introduce the idea to Britain, for not only is this device economical but it will stand up to all weather. The students have built many things on the farm, from brooders to rabbit pens. The lesson which always causes interest, however, is hedge-laying, still one of the most skilled crafts in the farming world.

"This is just the type of work I wanted," said Bdr. Ling, of Highgate, an advertising clerk. His ambition is to leave the office for the country and to work among pigs and poultry in Hertfordshire.

Working in the warm

sunlight in the vegetable garden was Pte. J. Perrott, Cheshire Regt, a farm worker from Dorset. "I'm going out in the next group, but I wouldn't mind staying on for a couple of months if I could remain here. Unfortunately, as the Commandant has explained

to me, there are such heavy demands for vacancies on future courses it just can't be managed."

In agreement with him was Pte.

H. E. James, RAOC, who is stationed at Neumünster, near Hamburg. A worker in the clothing industry, he expects to go back to that trade until the present restrictions on purchasing feeding stuffs are lifted, when he is going to open a poultry farm at Morley, near Leeds.

"I have always been interested in chickens," he said. "Now I have picked up all the inside knowledge about the different breeds, choosing hens for laying and for the table, and incubation. I reckon there's money to be made from it, although it's hard work."

Captain P. Blamey, who is going to farm near Wadebridge, Cornwall, said, "This is the best month I have had in the Army. I wish the course wasn't going to end so soon."

Supervising the milking in the cowsheds was Sjt. Marshall, Scots Guards, who is an expert dairyman. He starts the students off by introducing them to Sally, the artificial cow. Sally is filled with water, and the troops try to "milk" her.

The Happy Event

"But they don't find it so easy, because milking is quite an art," he explained. "When they have got the hang of it they are given one of our herd of 32 Westfalen. They practise both hand and machine milking, and are responsible for keeping the cowsheds clean and for feeding the animals."

"When a cow calves they are present, and usually the students give the animals nicknames. We have a Lady Lawson, named after Captain Lawson, a Dugdale's Pride, and a Rhodesian Special, because one of our students is going to farm out there."

Inspecting the latest litter of pigs was CSM L. T. Frost, who is in charge of the sergeant instructors. "Yes," he said, "these are good courses, because everyone is learning all the time. Even

the instructors get ideas from the students. I teach pig farming mainly. A more interesting job than most folk think."

"The days when the pig man walked into the sty, gave the animal a kick and threw the food down everywhere are over. The pig farmer of today is a man who understands his animal, knows how to treat it gently and even talks to it, for it soon gets to know the voice of the man who keeps its sty tidy. The pig that doesn't live in awe of human beings and is contented with life is the most profitable animal. It eats better and fattens more quickly."

Getting to know the animals has had its repercussions at Haus Dasse. The

farm has a donkey called Liza which is always a favourite with students. One officer mimicked its braying so realistically that whenever he made the noise Liza would answer and gallop across the field towards him. It became a star turn which was often demonstrated for the amusement of visitors to the school. Early one

morning the officer students were awakened by the braying. They went into the Captain's room to find out why he was putting on his demonstration so early. They found him sitting up in his bed looking puzzled. Outside his window was Liza. She had got her bray in first that day.

Nothing "Off the Ration"

Yes, there are visitors to the farm. They come in quite large numbers at times. Mostly they are troops interested in farming or horticulture, and sometimes they are people who think that a farm must have the odd egg to spare. They are unlucky. Even the students live only on Army rations. All the produce goes to help eke out the Germans' small rations.

But whatever his intention the visitor will find Haus Dasse a place of inspiration. On the farm, with its neat buildings, its fields of straight furrows, its well-dug gardens, and its smart lecture halls and recreation rooms—one of the latter has a life-size reproduction on its walls of Jon's Two Types from *SOLDIER*—the future farmers and market gardeners of Britain are being bred. That the students are keen is shown by the fact that on Sundays—their day off—most of them can be found at work.

Standing on the little bridge which separates the house from the garden was Sjt. H. Nicholson, one of the instructors. "The students have put a lot of work into this place," he said. "They have dug and sown and pruned and experimented in plant grafting. Soon most of them will be going out on release to carry out in Britain and the world what they have been learning here. I only wish they could come back in a few months' time and see the fruits of their labour. For soon this school will be a real show place."

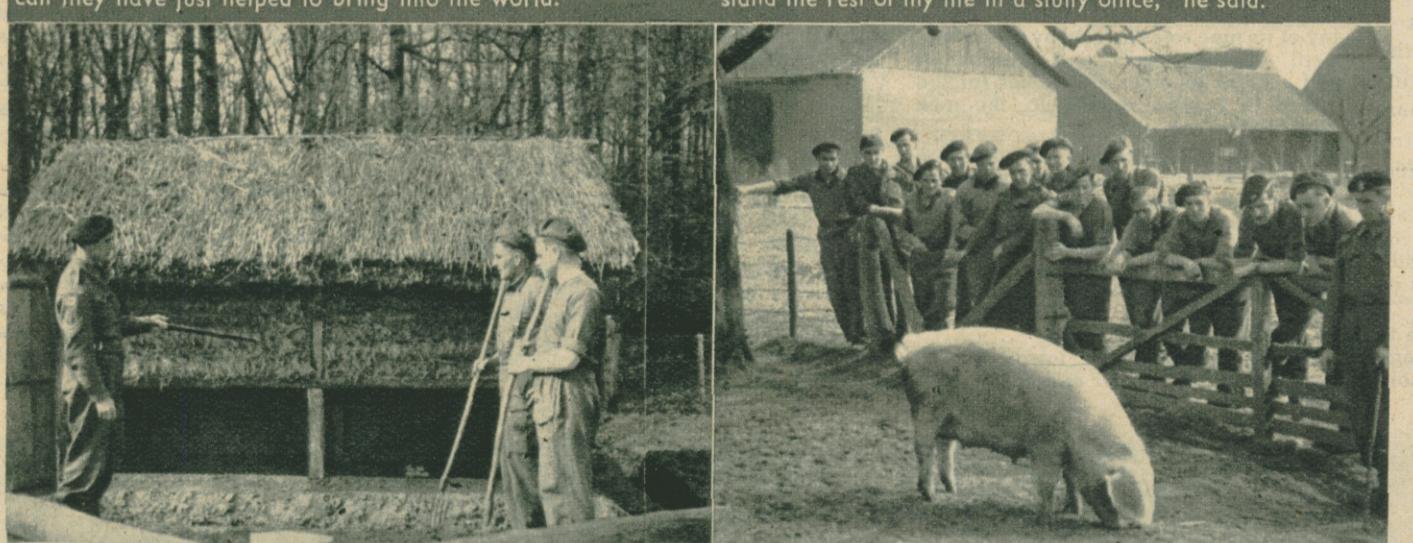
PETER LAWRENCE (Capt.)



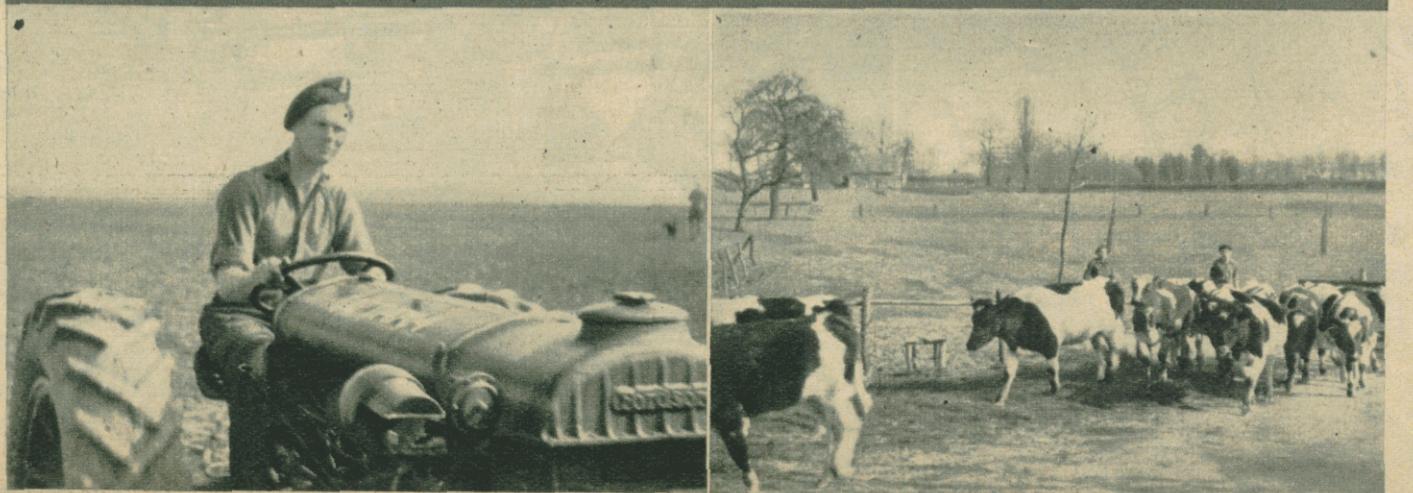
Major Dugdale, Royal Welch Fusiliers, who will farm in South Wales, tries out a German plough.



Four students, with their instructor, Sjt. Marshall, Scots Guards, examine with professional pride a calf they have just helped to bring into the world.



Above: This hen-house of twisted straw was built by students. Below: Tractor ploughing is also included in the course. The farm's 250 acres allow plenty of room for practice.



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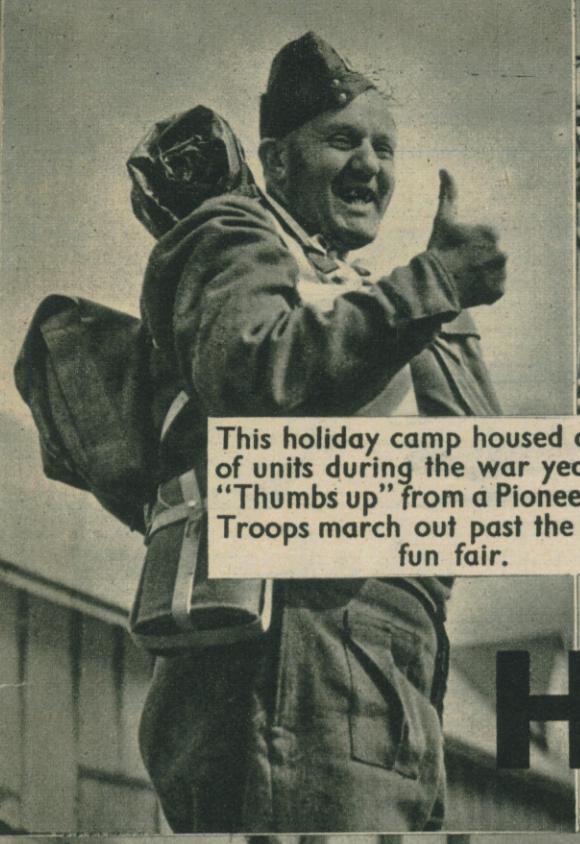
Paternity problem: "Can this be the parent of that?" asks Pte. H. E. James, of Morley, Leeds.



"Come and get it" — and the curly-tailed piglet makes tracks for the dining-trough.



PAGE 13



This holiday camp housed a variety of units during the war years. Left: "Thumbs up" from a Pioneer. Right: Troops march out past the deserted fun fair.



How the Old Camp has Changed!



The girls they left behind them were early holidaymakers at the Clacton camp, as the neon lights went up again after being doused for six years of war.

ONCE upon a time—on 8 April 1946 to be exact—12 men, who had been released from the Army just two days, cheerfully went back to the camp in which they had been serving, and SPENT A HOLIDAY THERE.

There's a catch in this story, of course. The camp to which these apparently crazy people went back was Butlin's Luxury Holiday Camp, Clacton-on-Sea.

Like a lot of other stories, this one started on 3 September 1939. On this date Butlin's Holiday Camp, Clacton-on-Sea, went to war; that is to say, the Army took it over. During the next six years it served as an internment camp, a Pioneer Corps Training Depot, a Light Ack-Ack firing practice camp. Finally it housed 16 Holding Regt. RA. Throughout this time the main building of the camp bore the ironic words "Butlin's Luxury Holiday Camp." In February of this year these words came back to life. Butlin's was free. The Army marched out and civilian workmen stepped in.

Lucky Dozen

But one of the last soldiers to leave—Sjt. Morran of 16 Holding Regt. RA—had an idea. Suggested he, in a polite letter to Butlin's: "Why not re-open Butlin's Holiday Camp with a gesture to the men of the regiment who handed it back to you?"

Publicity-minded Butlin's cottoned on to the idea. Result: 12 men of 16 Holding Regt. whose release coincided with the re-opening of the camp on 6 April were invited to spend a holiday there with their families, Butlin's camp foot-ing the bill. Competition for vacancies was keen. Places picked by ballot resulted in the choice of six gunners and six sergeants with their complement of wives and children.

To any serving soldier who is browned off with living in close contact with hundreds of other men—who one idea of a holiday is to find that elusive

"quiet little cottage on the Cornish Coast"—the idea of going from the regimentation of Army life straight into the apparent "regimentation" of holiday camp life must seem crazy.

A talk with the men who made the experiment proves that the idea, far from being crazy, was highly successful, for the following reasons: (1) the holiday was "buckshee"; (2) with 30,000 people trying to get holidays this year, accommodation-hunting for a release holiday is not easy; (3) it was a novelty seeing the camp in its civvy style.

Novelty proved to be the right word. No quick-change artist worked faster than Butlin's in changing Clacton Camp from battle-dress to sports-coat.

"Redcoats" are Different

Arriving at Clacton Station the men found not "redcaps" waiting to inspect their passes, but "redcoats"—Butlin's entertainment staff—waiting there to welcome them. At the camp entrance polite, blue-coated commissioners, standing where the sentry box used to be, brought out the inevitable "Wot, no Sentry!" In the main hall the orderly room clerk had changed into a blonde receptionist with an at-your-service smile. Down the rows of chalets—the one-time company lines—walked kiddies with their mothers and fathers, not to mention their grown-up sisters. Outside the chalets (painted in cream, blue and orange) hung not drawers, woollen, long, but stockings, silk, long,

Below, left: Soon the diners will come trooping in—not hungry artillerymen but holidaymakers. Right: "Wasn't Daddy lucky to be stationed here?" says Margaret Lockyer to her mother.

and other accoutrements of the civilian, female. On the parade ground, scene of much saluting to the front, young men and women played nimble tennis. In place of the NAAFI counter stood an American cocktail bar. Abolition rooms bore the coy signs "Lads" and "Lasses," and inside, over the wash basins, hung notices reading, "Shoe-Shine-Valet Service... Brightest shoes seen in the camp each week will win a free week's holiday."

It's Irresistible

Reveille, too, was different. No more loud bangings on chalet doors and commands to "get-outa-vit" at 0630. Instead, just before eight, a song gushed over the camp Tannoy:—

"Roll out of bed in the mornin'
With a great big smile and a good
good mornin'

"Get up with a grin
There's a new day that's tumbling in.
Wake with the sun and the rooster,
Cock-a-doodle-do like the rooster
uster."

This was followed by the camp announcer's voice intoning: "Good morning, campers. Come along and join us in another lovely day. Put the sleep out of your eyes and prepare yourself for a day of grand fun."

Night-time, too, was pleasanter. Lying in bed they heard not the accustomed noise of ammunition boots scraping the concrete paths, but the shuffle of civilian shoes, girlish giggles, and soft late-to-bed maiden voices crooning "I'm a little on the lonely side."

One thing, however, they found had not changed—the organised "everything laid on" atmosphere of camp life.

The day was mapped out in time periods almost identical to those in Training Programmes and Battery Orders. Our ex-soldiers' attitude to this was one of indifference. Few of them followed the entertainment organ-

ised by the camp. For instance, "9.45 Keep Fit Classes in Rhythm—assemble in the Ballroom," was too reminiscent of PT; "11.00 Organised stroll—and a drink before lunch" came a little too close to memories of "Route March—Parade outside Battery Office." Consequently most of them amused themselves and their families in their own way.

For, if you want a "bit of hush," as they say in the camp, you can go outside, lie on the sands, walk in the country and be as quiet as you like. If you want the organised hilarity of camp life, then everything is laid on—beauty parades, knobby-knee contests, scavenger hunts, dancing, table tennis tournaments or what you will. A large percentage of campers prefer it this way, answering Radio Butlin's shout of "Hi-de-Hi" with a cheerful "Ho-de-Ho."

Whichever way you wish to spend your holiday the accommodation and food are always there and both are good and cheap.

Golden Voice

The "oldest" inhabitant of the camp is the telephone operator. She is a young, pleasant, auburn-haired girl named Lorraine. For four-and-a-half years during the war she was in the camp as an ATS telephonist. In December 1945 she was released and went on leave. Somehow she couldn't get used to Civvy Street, couldn't settle down, missed "the friendship of Army life." Hearing that Butlin's Camp was to re-open she wrote in offering her services as a telephonist. Taken on promptly, she went back to the same job in the same camp. Only this time she answered the phone coolly with "Good Morning. This is Butlin's Holiday Camp." Lorraine said: "I'm happy here. I like my work and it's just like being in the Army again, plenty of friends and company."

C. W. SMITH (Capt.)

Below, left: The children happily accompany the hostess as they set out from Clacton station to the camp. Right: Revelry by night as the conductor steps up the rhythm and the fun gets faster.



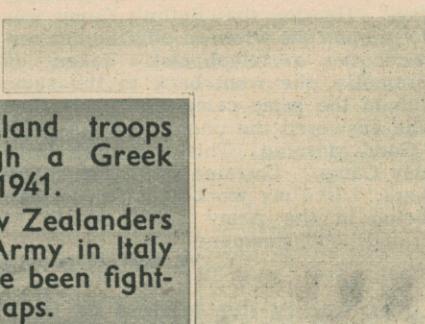
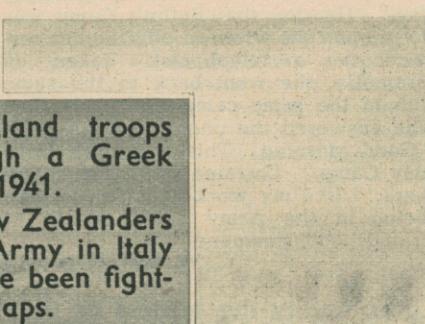
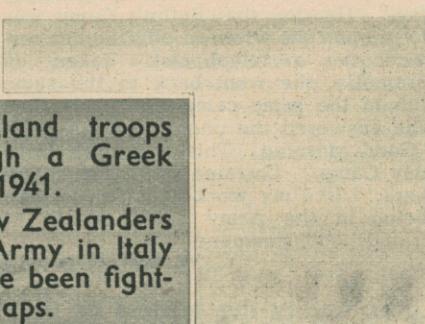
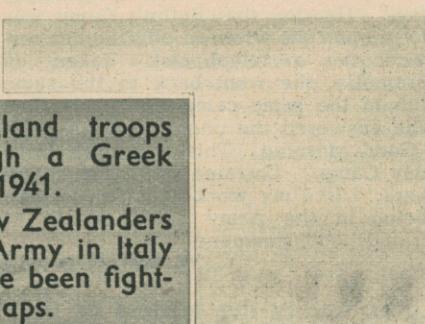
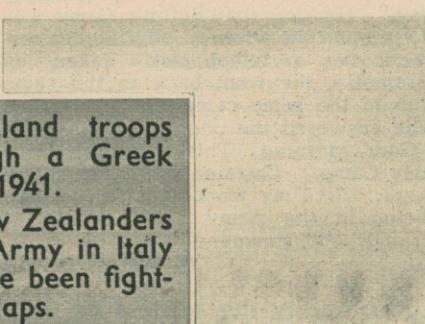
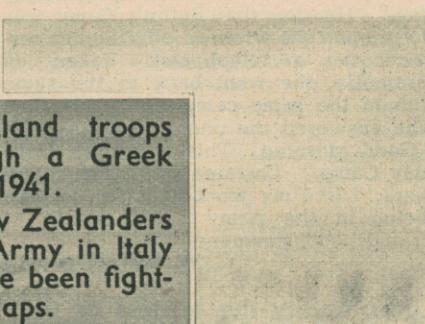
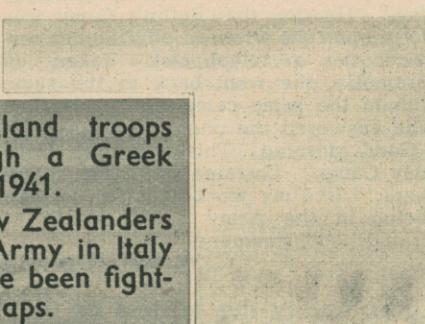
BRITAIN'S OTHER ARMIES No 6 KIWI CAVALCADE



Above: New Zealand Infantry who took part in the first relief of Tobruk. Here they are greeting British tank soldiers from the besieged town. Left: Patrol leader Sjt. Colin Reidpath, of Te Awamutu, a typical New Zealand soldier.



Left: New Zealand troops marching through a Greek town in 1941. Right: These New Zealanders with the Eighth Army in Italy had shortly before been fighting the Japs.



A Camera with the Cadets



High spot of their training, the march-past, finds Cadets fully aware of the dignity and importance of the occasion.



There are plenty of interesting things to watch in the Park, so he has volunteered to watch the drums while his friends go for an ice-cream.



A Guards turn-out is the ambition of 4 Cadet Bn Suffolk Band, whose Drum-Major G. Palmer is seen above, and also below with L/Cpl. J. Sammons and Cadet R. Colson.



Above: Tired cadet has nothing to learn about the old Army custom of hitting the hay.

Below: Contrast from N. Ireland—Pipe-Major Asherhurst and Cadet E. Galbraith, 14.

SOLDIER'S Sjt. D. O'Neill covers with his camera the recent Army Cadet Force Rally which Princess Elizabeth inspected in London.

THESE are the lads who, on joining the Cadet Force, learn self-reliance and practical knowledge against the day when they enter the Services. Their chief is 44-year-old Maj-Gen. R. E. Urquhart, who commanded 1 Airborne Division at Arnhem. He is looking for young and vigorous "veterans" of World War Two to officer his Cadets.

The spirit of these lads is shown by their passion for setting up unofficial travel records. Two boys from Slough, Bucks, hitch-hiked to Gateshead in 55½ hours, spending only eight pence each; two from Gillingham, Kent, travelled to Wetherby, Yorks, and back—467 miles—in 33 hours, spending ninepence each.

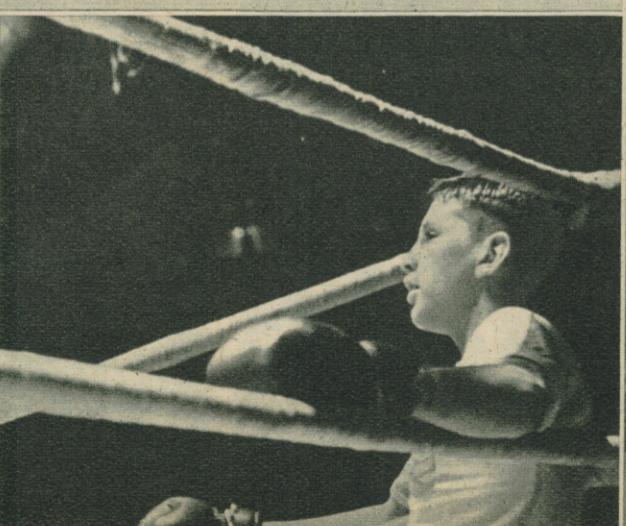


The Big Parade is over, but do these Cadets feel like going to sleep? Not until every minute of the ceremony has been well discussed and judgment passed.



Above: Marching is thirsty work, so the stores include extra milk.

Below: Between-rounds refresher for a competitor in the Cadet boxing trials.





Left: Students make out timetables of work—the first problem in organisation they have to solve.
Right: Schoolmasters of the future, puzzling over a problem, travel over the same path their pupils will tread.

TURNING SOLDIERS INTO TEACHERS

WOULD-BE teachers released from the Forces — some of them with no previous teaching experience — are now flocking to the Ministry of Education Emergency Training Colleges for teachers in Britain, learning to cope with that complex animal, the modern child. "Emergency" is the right word, for the grave scarcity of teachers is being aggravated by the raising of the school-leaving age this spring.

Ministry of Education experts "vet" applicants for the year-long training course at an interview (the interview can be obtained by applying to the Ministry at Belgrave Square, London SW.1). They do not test the candidate for knowledge only; the Serviceman returning to civilian life with an outlook broadened by travel and the comradeship of war, and who is also in many cases accustomed to command, has assets which nowadays are more essential to good teaching than mere book-learning.

Changing their Profession

A typical college is the Working Men's College in Camden Town, London, which is still used as a night school. The majority of the men (this is an all-male college) have been in the Services and, according to the instructors, are extremely keen. One of them, Norman Isaacs, a 28-year-old ex-lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, was invalidated out after being wounded in Italy. Before the war he was an economist for the New Zealand Government, but his father and grandfather were both teachers and he has always wanted to follow them. He says that he (and everyone else) has found the transition difficult. It takes time to return to the habit of study, and work consequently seems very heavy going, especially as

After all the brainwork, a spell in the woodwork class freshens the students up.



a great deal of it is done at home. He specialises in English Literature and Biology, and in spite of the hard work and the short holiday (four weeks a year) he says he is thoroughly enjoying the course.

Another ex-Serviceman is 30-year-old Frank Chappell, who was a corporal in the Royal Corps of Signals. He was captured in Greece in 1941 and spent four years in a prison camp. He, too, has come completely fresh to teaching, as he was working in an insurance firm before the war. To change his profession at his age is a big step, but he has always wanted to teach and is determined to make a success of it.

Another college which has only recently been opened by the Ministry

There is a five-day week with a working total of 48 hours. Students are encouraged to go home on Friday evenings and return fresh to work on Sunday evenings. The yearly four weeks' holiday is split up into a week at Easter, two weeks in the summer and one in the winter.

Successful Teamwork

Quite apart from these activities a great deal of time is spent in the Birmingham schools, where the students can pick up a great many useful tips. The whole idea of the course, as visualised by Mr. Cooksey, is that, far from imagining that their instructors



Miss Elspeth Shoote, art instructress at the Birmingham College, explains a design to a student. She is an ex-WRNS officer and served on the staffs of Lord Louis Mountbatten and the late Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay.

is the City of Birmingham Training College. This is considerably larger and differs from Camden Town in having men and women. There are 100 boarders among the 315 students. The Principal is Mr. H. C. Cooksey who, since the First World War, has schoolmastered all over Britain. He has been sitting on a Ministry of Education Selection Committee and has very clear ideas as to what makes a successful teacher. He is an impressive, genial figure with a great sense of humour and boundless energy.

The course at Birmingham is divided into three parts. Firstly there is the "U" course, which is taken by all the students and consists of an enlargement of their general knowledge. Students also receive instruction in some form of art or craftsmanship. This universal period takes up about half the course. Secondly there is the "T" course. For this each student chooses two subjects in which to specialise. Finally there are Marginal Activities, which include a Debating Society, a Political Society, a Music and Art Club, and a History Circle.

are turning them into teachers like so many sausages, the students should realise they are becoming teachers purely as a result of their own individuality.

The Birmingham College is one of the few "co-educational" ones. The Vice-Principal, Miss Ethel Evans-Rose, has been a headmistress for many years. Both she and Mr. Cooksey agree that the men and women work particularly well together and bring out the best in each other. That this theory works was demonstrated when SOLDIER's staff writer visited the college. The ladies of the cooking class (working in a kitchen so well stocked that it would turn the housewife pea-green with envy) were bemoaning the fact that their broom handles needed readjusting. The brooms were promptly whisked away by a member of the men's woodwork class, all of whom immediately set to work to put things right. This cookery class is a part of the Housecraft course.

Although there are separate common rooms for men and women, it is in the large communal room that most of the students gather in their leisure hours.

The atmosphere of bickering which is usually inseparable from establishments of this kind is absent, and the prevailing atmosphere (as at Camden Town) is one of good fellowship and hard work.

Many students spent a long time in prison camps, where they were, in some cases, able to continue their reading and take examinations by post. One of these is Ronald Nason, who was an observer in the RAF. He was shot down over Germany in May 1942 and was liberated by the paratroop unit to which SOLDIER's staff photographer belonged. Nason recognised him and said, "I was much more pleased to see you last time." Nason was a baker before the war but had always wanted to teach.

Financial Grants

Another ex-prisoner is John Lester, a former captain in the RASC, who spent some time in the Italian mountains in an unsuccessful bid to escape. He is one of the few students who has had previous experience as a teacher but, as he says, he has a lot to catch up with and it means hard work.

There is no examination at the end of the course, but the instructors keep a watchful eye on all the students. An obvious misfit is told kindly but firmly that he would probably be much happier in another profession.

A financial grant is available to each individual according to his needs. Each student should get about £2 a week himself as well as family or dependants' allowances. The Ministry tries to avoid breaking into the home life of ex-Servicemen students. Although many trainees are married and with families, they usually live at home and train at a nearby college. Only rarely has it been necessary to send an ex-Serviceman to train away from home, and then usually because the man has preferred to get going rather than wait for his vacancy.

A. C. S. WALEY (Lieut.)

In the main Common Room at the Birmingham College, which is co-educational.

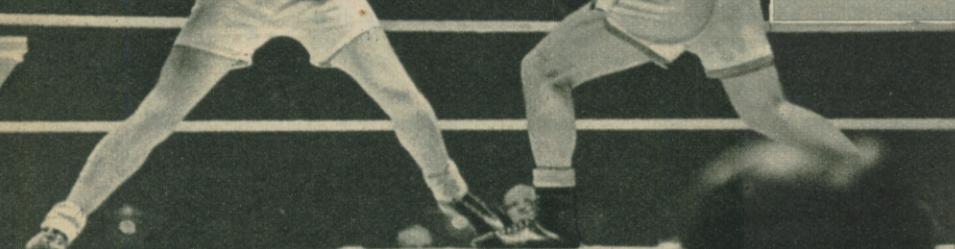


Army Boxers



CSMI Shackleton and members of BAOR team watch a contest. UK won the series but most fights were very close.

Measuring up, Pte. Gough, BAOR, and L/Cpl. Browning, UK, in their bantam-weight fight, won by Browning.



Taylor, the winner, finds Shackleton's jaw just out of his reach in the fifth meeting between the pair — and the first won by Taylor.



Above: "Now when you get in there..." — Sjt. Keating prepares for his heavy-weight fight with Watkins, who won. Below: The trophy they won. CSMI Ryan and Sjt. Instr. J. E. Taylor, the cruiser-weight champion.



HERE is a long and strong boxing tradition in the British Army, from Aldershot to India and Woolwich to Gibraltar, but few contests have been staged on such a scale as the inter-theatre-of-war boxing championship finals at the Empire Pool, Wembley. Here met survivors of hundreds of eliminating bouts in many parts of the world. They represented teams from BAOR, Army in UK and CMF.

Real Fighting

The UK team won rather easily with 14 points, Central Mediterranean were second with six and BAOR third with four. But a bare record of points does not tell the story of the fights, most of which were very close — so much so that return meetings between the same men would probably result in different placings.

Most of the competitors are well-known in boxing clubs at home and many are holders of various Army championships.

After one fight, which had the big house in a roar, even one of the judges, sitting next to me, turned and said, "What a fight! What a fight!" But then you might have made that comment on most of the bouts. You might have thought the competitors were fighting for their lives, or at least for a king-

dom, instead of for one or two more points to go on the big score board. While the critics considered the standard of boxing was below pre-war, the competitors having been engaged for some time with other weapons than gloves, there was no doubt the enthusiasm and the gameness. This is the story of the various weights.

Flyweight: Pte. P. Jones, Army in UK, Royal Welch Fusiliers, beat Pte. Jan Bednarck, BAOR, 1 Polish Armoured Division, on points. Rather bald Pte. Jones, Army Northern Zone champion, had two fights to win the final. In the semi-final he beat Dvr. J. Gallagher, CMF, RASC, who came with a great reputation gained in contests in Italy. He won the Inter-Allied Championship in Rome last year and is the present CMF champion. Jones, tough little Welsh fly-weight, had two hard fights and there was certainly little in it between him and the Polish champion.

Referee Intervenes

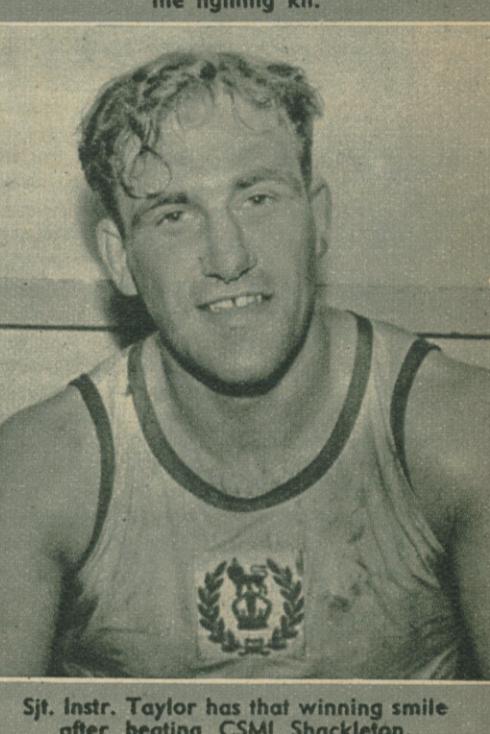
Bantam: L/Cpl. D. Browning, UK, Queen's Royal Regt., beat Pte. A. Gough, BAOR, 6 Bn. HLI, referee intervening in the first round. This was one of the surprises of the night. Browning, a member of the Guildford boxing club, was brought in as a substitute for Cpl. L. Traynor, Green Howards, in a semi-final at Aldershot, when he defeated Cfn. N. Tennett, CMF and REME, a former Scottish District champion. Gough has a good BAOR record, winning the championship there on a first-round knock-out and representing the Command against the Danish Sparta Club in Copenhagen recently. But Browning

Raise the WEMBLEY ROAR



Gen. Sir Ronald Adam presents prize to Sjt. Instr. Watkins, heavy-weight champion. Sjt. C. Keating, whom he beat, is behind.

"They make tough chewing," says BAOR mascot pup after investigating the fighting kit.



Sjt. Instr. Taylor has that winning smile after beating CSMI Shackleton.

Welter: CSMI Johnny Ryan, UK, APTC, beat Sjt. Inst. A. Middleditch, CMF, APTC, on points. The bout of which the judge said "What a fight!" Ryan was an impressive winner, and looked likely to win by a knock-out. Middleditch took a lot of punishment but always fought back.

Their Fifth Encounter

Middle: Sjt. Inst. R. Parker, UK, APTC, beat Sjt. R. Carlans, CMF, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, on points. One of the fights of the night. Parker holds the Home Forces title and is a former Midland Counties Champion, but his win over Carlans was rather against the book of form. Carlans boxed for the Army against the US Forces at the Albert Hall during the war. He has also done a lot of other fighting, from N. Africa to Austria, and was twice wounded.

Light: Sjt. Inst. E. Thompson, UK, APTC, beat Sjt. R. Carlans, CMF, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, on points. One of the fights of the night. Thompson holds the Home Forces title and is a former Midland Counties Champion, but his win over Carlans was rather against the book of form. Carlans boxed for the Army against the US Forces at the Albert Hall during the war. He has also done a lot of other fighting, from N. Africa to Austria, and was twice wounded.

Cruiser: Sjt. Inst. J. E. Taylor, UK, APTC, beat CSMI E. Shackleton, BAOR, APTC, on points. This was the fifth meeting between the pair but the first won by Taylor. It was a gruelling fight. Shackleton, former ABA middle-weight

and present BAOR cruiser-weight champion, found Taylor a little too strong for him on this occasion. Taylor, a former member of the Stepney and St. George's Club, has won several Army Command middle-weight titles.

Heavy: Sjt. Inst. M. Watkins, CMF, APTC, beat Sjt. C. Keating, BAOR, Royal Engineers, on points. This fight gave the crowd plenty to shout about. Keating, six foot five inches and the tallest man in the tournament, seemed to dwarf his opponent, and was urged on by his supporters with the cry, "Go on, you're big enough to eat him." But Watkins not only refused to be intimidated but also declined to sit down between rounds. It was Watkins who carried the fight and scored freely to his opponent's waistline to win a good fight.

It was a good night's sport and the support of several thousand members of the public showed their expectation of good Army fighting. They were not disappointed.

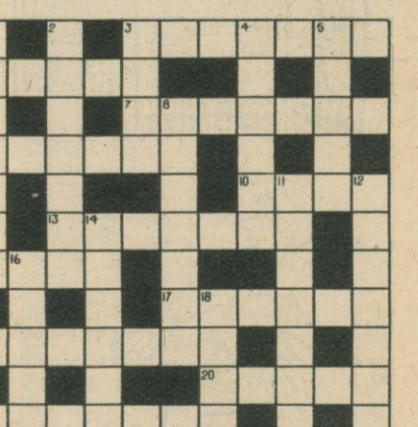
REG. FOSTER (Lieut.)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. Contango is (a) a variation of the Samba; (b) a kangaroo-like mammal found only in Central Australia; (c) a percentage paid by a buyer of stock for postponement of transfer; (d) an automatic cash register. Which?
2. Everybody knows that fear of close confinement is claustrophobia, but what is the name for fear of public places?
3. What are the words to which the clues refer? (a) It's a beast and a shoe; (b) it's a drink and a trap; (c) it's a drink and it's queer; (d) if you drink out of them you don't get into them; (e) you can roast it or score it.
4. Fill in the birds and animals (a) Angora ...; (b) Shetland ...; (c) Airedale ...; (d) Manx ...; (e)
5. What is or was (a) the philosopher's stone; (b) the blarney stone; (c) the toadstone; (d) the king's peg; (e) the king's evil?
6. Three birds to which humans are often likened. They all begin with "c". What are they? (a) Bald as a ...; (b) greedy as a ...; (c) hoarse as a ...;
7. Then be not coy, but use your time; And while ye may, go marry: For having lost but once your prime, You may for ever tarry."
8. True or false? (a) It was once customary to take an emetic after eating mushrooms; (b) the polite way to greet a lady in the Philippines is a gentle tap on the posterior; (c) in 1857 a flying-machine rose to a height of 350 feet and landed safely; (d) William Pitt, the famous statesman, did not learn to talk until he was seven years old; (e) barflies cause severe nervous complaints in animals by settling in their ears and tickling them to the point of madness.
9. What is or was (a) the philosopher's stone; (b) the blarney stone; (c) the toadstone; (d) the king's peg; (e) the king's evil?
10. Three birds to which humans are often likened. They all begin with "c". What are they? (a) Bald as a ...; (b) greedy as a ...; (c) hoarse as a ...;
11. Then be not coy, but use your time; And while ye may, go marry: For having lost but once your prime, You may for ever tarry."
12. This picture shows a well-known film actor being strangled (for publicity purposes only). Can you recognise him? He's the man on the floor.



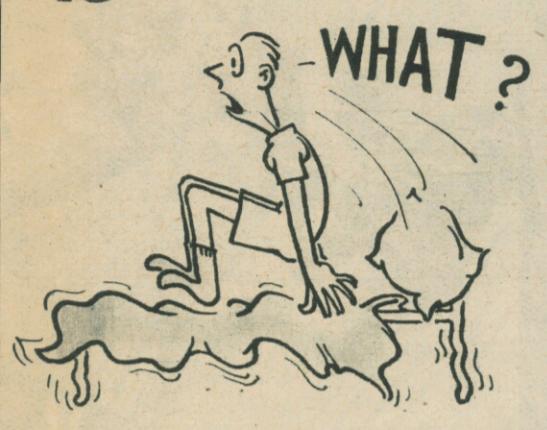
CROSSWORD



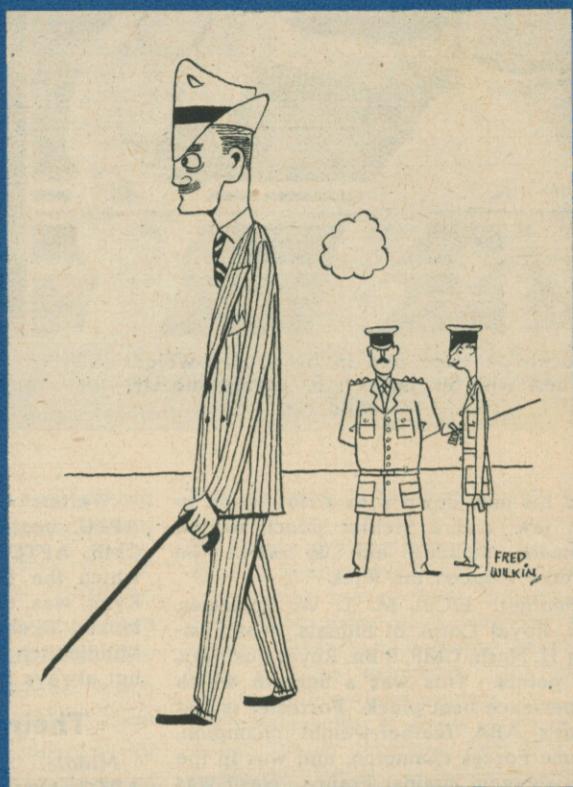
ACROSS: 3. Worn by the Ack-Ack boys in fancy dress? (Very doggy, this!) — 6. It takes rather less than a quart to get the Sappers lit up, apparently. — 7. Recruit! — 9. I am in the hunt for a carriage. — 10. Scot gives us a price. — 13. Where, in Germany, one does not quite get a hangover! — 15. John, of the regimental march of the Borders. — 17. The NCO, in short, shows signs of incipient madness! — 19. Harbour of a GC Island. — 20. Subject with a central margin. — 21. Man of The Buffs or RVK.

DOWN: 1. Familiar veteran! (two words). — 2. Clearly a case for diplomacy. — 3. Step up, but not promotion! — 4. and 14. His regiment is the Somerset Light Infantry (two words). — 5. Runs into. — 8. Presumably the Cavalry now go to a vehicle park for this. — 11. "So clear" (anag.). — 12. This major is uncommissioned. — 16. If you want to dodge the column, the nurse is inside. — 18. A hot explosive.

(Solutions on Page 23)



BAOR Humour





EASTER Monday parade through the streets of Hamburg of the Royal Marines Divisional band. It headed two detachments of 2 Bn Scots and 2 Bn Irish Guards who marched with bayonets fixed. The pipers of the Scots Guards also took part. The white helmets and blue uniforms of the Marines, the precision of the marching Guardsmen made an inspiring picture for the thousands of Germans who watched the salute taken by Brig W.D.C. Greenacre, MVO, DSO, commanding 6 Guards Brigade.

MORE

LETTERS

"FLASHES"

Tpr. K. Fletcher would prohibit the wearing of div signs on battle-dress (SOLDIER Vol 2 No 3). Why? Is he ashamed to wear his? I display the Grenadier Guards designation with the "Ever Open Eye" underneath it and, like many others, I am proud to do so. — L/Sjt. 2 Bn Grenadier Gds.

PALESTINE TODAY

I want to pay tribute to Pte. T. R. Hughes' effort at impartiality in "This is Palestine Today" (SOLDIER Vol 2 No 2). But, as one who was born in Palestine, I deem it my duty to correct some of Pte Hughes' figures and impressions:—

(a) German Jews, according to Pte Hughes, fled chiefly to Palestine, "where the population (presumably the Jewish population) rocketed from 9,000 to 30,000 in a few months." This is a gross error. When the German Jews started to immigrate to Palestine in 1933, they already found there a Jewish community of about 200,000. The modern Jewish colonisation of Palestine had actually begun in the '80s and was sustained by intermittent waves of immigrants from Russia and Poland.

(b) Of the present Jewish population of Palestine, Pte Hughes writes that it is estimated at 400,000. Now, the

Palestine Government's present estimate approaches 550,000, while that of the Jewish Agency for Palestine exceeds 600,000.

(c) Finally, I would like to add that the pictures, as well as the writer's impressions, are far from doing Palestine justice. It is a land which saw the century's outstanding enterprise in agricultural development and soil recovery, in which the most advanced social reforms were and are being experimented in successfully, and to which an old, worn-out people has returned to perform the miracle of national revival, both physically and spiritually. Of all this Pte Hughes appears to have seen nothing. — Sjt A. Eidelnant, 200 Fd Regt RA, Jewish Bde Gp.

DRIVING A BUS

I shall shortly be released in Group 29 and want to become a bus driver. Is there any civilian firm from which one can get the use of a bus? I have nine years' driving experience.—Cpl. B. A. Heath, 6 Railway Telegraph Coy, R. Sigs.

★ LPTB and Southdown Motor Co. both state that you cannot be tested until you have been accepted as a potential driver. LPTB also state that they will not recruit drivers except from their conducting staff. Southdown have a few vacancies for a limited season. Your best course is to apply as soon as you can to the company you wish to work for and ask for a test immediately on your release.—Ed., SOLDIER.

Answers

(From Page 21)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

- (c) A percentage paid by a buyer of stock for postponement of transfer.
2. Agoraphobia.
3. (a) Mule; (b) gin; (c) rum; (d) cups; (e) duck.
4. (a) Angora rabbit; (b) Shetland pony; (c) Airedale terrier; (d) Manx cat; (e) Guinea pig, Guinea fowl; (f) Aylesbury duckling.
5. Senior Commander.
6. (c) The art of reasoning.
7. He has eight half-crowns, four sixpences, and eight shillings.
8. (a) True; (b) false; (c) true; (d) false; (e) false.
9. (a) A legendary stone having the property of transmuting base metals into gold; (b) a stone in the Irish castle of Blarney supposed to confer a cajoling tongue on those who kiss it; (c) a stone, once supposed to be formed in the body of a toad, to which curative properties were attributed; (d) a drink of champagne and brandy; (e) a disease of boils and gland swellings which was thought to be cured by a touch from a king's hand.
10. (a) Coot; (b) cormorant; (c) crow.
11. Robert Herrick.
12. Dick Powell, in the film "Cornered."

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: — 3. Pom-poms. 6. Lit-R. E. 7. Trainee. 9. Cha-i-se. 10. Cost. 13. Hanover. 15. Peel. 17. Non-com(pon) mentis. 19. Valetta. 20. T-hem-e. 21. Kentish.

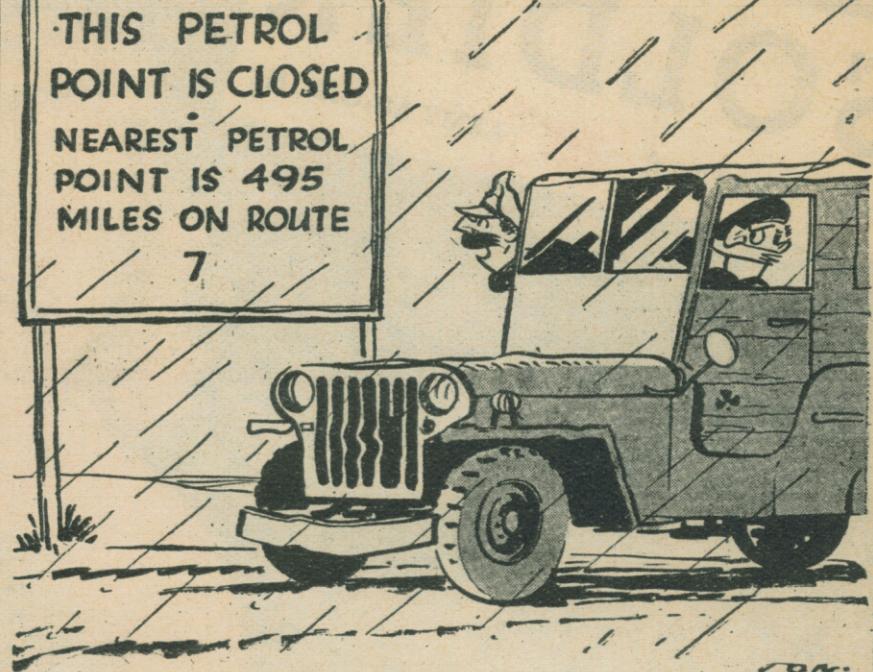
DOWN: — 1. Old chap. 2. Attache. 3. Pets 'rev'. 4. and 14. Prince Albert. 5. Meets. 8. Remount. 11. Oracles. 12. Trumpet(major). 16. E-V. A. D-e. 13. Oath.

THE TWO TYPES

BY JON

THIS PETROL
POINT IS CLOSED
NEAREST PETROL
POINT IS 495
MILES ON ROUTE

7



"Blimey! It's worse than the stretch from Tobruk to Alex."



EASTER scene at the Regent's Park Zoo? No. Mary the elephant is one of the stars of Williams' Circus, performing to British troops and German civilians in Hamburg. With a mallet Mary can tap out any number from one to 20 called by a member of the audience. Mary has been in the Williams circus family for 46 years. Her owner, Harold Williams, is a native of Liverpool. He comes from an ancient circus family, and does a bareback comedy act in the Hamburg show. In Germany during the war he was allowed his freedom but he was not allowed to perform. His four-year-old son is training to be a bareback rider.

ONE IN TEN

Since Wellington College was opened in 1859 it is estimated that one in 10 of its pupils has been killed in action.

Now, to commemorate the 460 Old Wellingtonians killed in the Second World War, an appeal has been launched for funds which will assist the education at Wellington College of sons of Army, Navy and Air Force Officers, with preference to Old Wellingtonians, and of any Old Wellingtonians killed or incapacitated by enemy action. A small portion of the money will be devoted to a memorial.

Cheques should be made payable to the Wellington College War Memorial Fund, crossed Barclay's Bank, and sent to Barclay's Bank, Goslings Branch, Fleet Street, London EC 4.



BRITISH SOLDIER MARRIES LATVIAN GIRL ...

At the Garrison Church, Neumunster, recently, Cpl Ray Leeks, 508 Field Park Coy, RE, whose home is at Barking Tye, Ipswich, was married to Zenta Cimurs, a Latvian girl at present living in Neumunster.

Bride and bridesmaid both wore Latvian national costumes, which they had made themselves.

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