

MAY 26 1945
FORTNIGHTLY
VOL. 1 - N° 7

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



2 fr. (BELG)

IN FRANCE : 2 FR. 50

IN HOLLAND : 13 CENTS

IN GERMANY : 50 PFGS.

NO HANDSHAKE FOR THE GENERAL

Colonel - General Heinz Guderian, German panzer expert and former Chief of Staff, requires some help; he is labouring under a grave misapprehension.

He said, when captured, "A soldier after a battle feels at home with other soldiers. It is like a football match when you shake hands and wish each other luck."

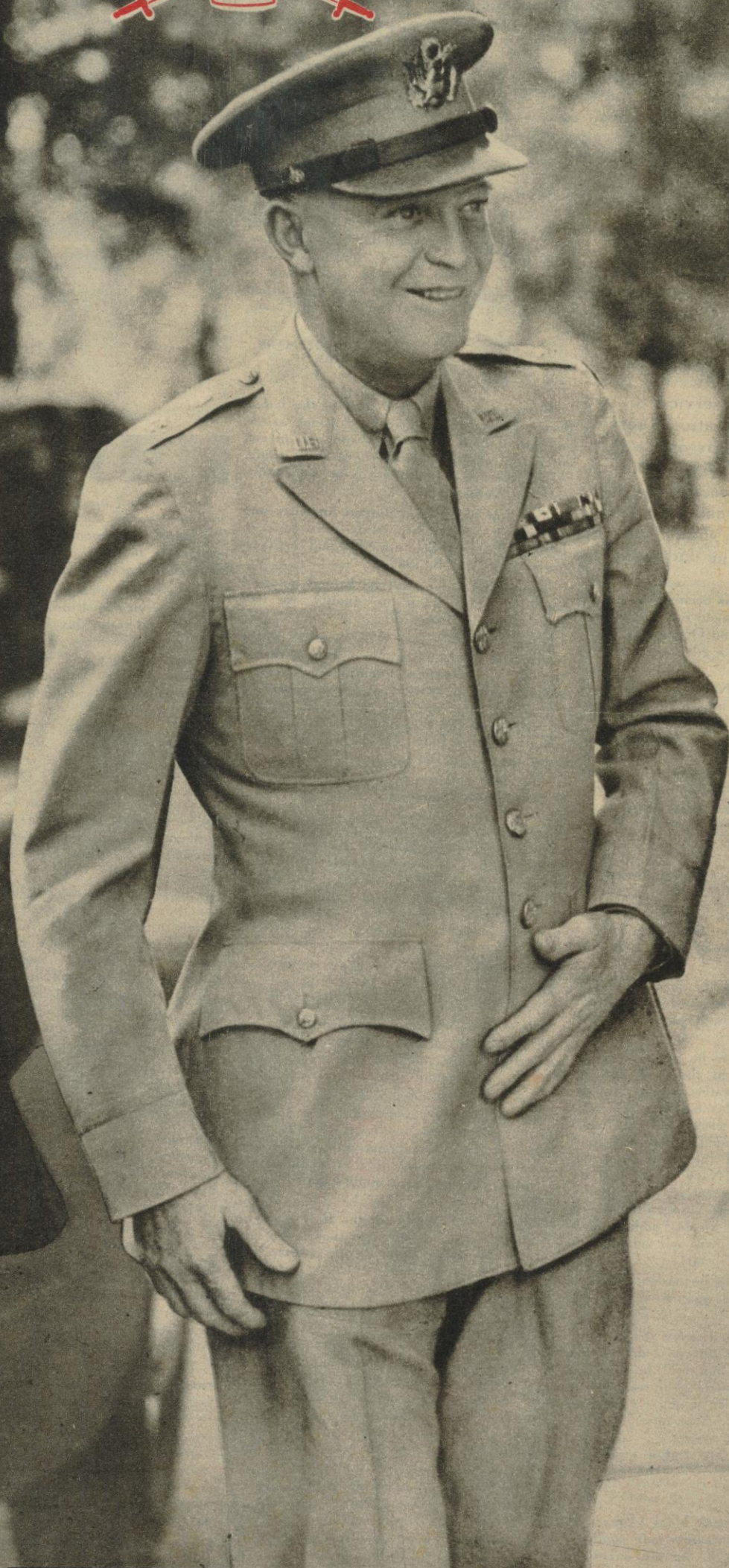
Now football is a game the British know more about than anyone else — more especially Colonel-General Guderian; and, on results, we can also claim to know more about wars and how to win them.

We are thus in a unique position to disabuse the Colonel-General and put him on the right (thinking) lines.

We tell him: this war against him and his kind has not been a game or a match, nor will there be any handshaking.

Our ravaged cities, our dead and our maimed do not allow us to think of this war as anything but a foul horror for which Germany is responsible.

Our handshakes, Colonel-General, are reserved for our friends and Allies; not for criminals.



His order was: "In no circumstances will Allied troops salute German officers or officials."

RELEASE PLANS
See Back Cover



SEVEN NEW RIBBONS:

What they look like, and who will wear them

SIX new campaign Stars and a new Defence Medal have been created to commemorate the feats of arms and the endurance of our forces by sea, land, and air and of our Merchant Navy. The ribbons of all have been designed by the King and the colours are appropriate to the type of service they commemorate.

Mr. Winston Churchill announcing this to the House of Commons added: "They will also mark the service of those who have gone out or go out in the future to finish the war against the Japanese."

The ribbons are now being woven and issue will begin very soon. The Stars and medal have not yet been struck.

Changes have been made in the qualifications for two existing awards. The 1939-43 Star (dark blue, light blue and red) has had its currency prolonged to May 8, 1945, and will be known as the 1939-45 Star. The question of the possible prolongation to the end of active hostilities in the Pacific will be considered. Qualification is six months operational service or two months air crew operational service in any theatre. Holders of the Africa Star can gain the new Star on completion of the necessary service. The requirement that the Africa Star and this Star should not be awarded to the same individual is now withdrawn.

A clasp to this Star has been instituted for air crews of fighters engaged in the Battle of Britain between July 1 and October 31, 1940. This will be denoted by a gilt rose when the ribbon alone is worn.

For the Africa Star Naval and Merchant Navy service anywhere at sea in the Mediterranean between June 10, 1940 and May 12, 1943 will now qualify. Clasp and silver rose emblem for North Africa previously awarded with 1939-43 Star in the Navy, the Air Force and the Merchant Navy for specified service in the African Campaign after October 23, 1942 will now be transferred to the Africa Star.

ATLANTIC STAR

Six months in the Atlantic.

Ribbon: blue, white and sea green shaded and watered as symbol of service in the Battle of the Atlantic.

This is intended primarily for convoys and their escorts and anti-submarine forces as well as for fast merchant ships that sail alone.

The Atlantic Star is to be granted for six months service afloat in the Navy in the Atlantic and Home waters since September 3, 1939 and until May 8, 1945. Convoys to North Russia and service in the South Atlantic will be included. The Merchant Navy will be awarded the Star under the same conditions as the Navy except that six months service anywhere at sea will qualify provided that one or more voyages have been made in the prescribed area. Fishing crews working near the coast will not qualify but will receive the 1939-45 star.

The 1939-45 Star must be earned before a candidate can begin to qualify for the Atlantic Star.

A candidate who qualifies for the Atlantic Star and the Air Crew Europe Star and the France and Germany Star will be awarded only the Star first earned. A clasp will be awarded denoting service which would have qualified for the second Star earned.

AIR CREW EUROPE STAR

Two months' "ops" from U.K.

Ribbon: light blue with black edges with narrow yellow stripe on either side symbolic of continuous service of the air forces by night and day.

This is intended as an award for operational flying from U. K. bases over Europe

between September 3, 1939 to June 5, 1944. Time qualification will be two month's service in an air crew. The 1939-45 Star must be earned before a candidate can begin to qualify for the Air Crew Europe Star. A silver rose will be worn on the ribbon to denote service which would have also earned the Atlantic or France and Germany Stars.

FRANCE & GERMANY STAR

D-Day to VE-Day

Ribbon: red, white and blue of the Union Jack. Five vertical stripes of equal width, one in blue at either edge and one in red at centre, two intervening stripes being white. These colours are also a symbol of France and the Netherlands.

This Star has been instituted for entry into operational service on land from June 6, 1944 in France, Belgium, Holland or Germany until May 8, 1945.

The 1939-45 Star must be earned before a candidate can begin to qualify for the France and Germany Star.

Naval and Merchant Navy service in the North Sea, English Channel or Bay of Biscay will be a qualification providing such service was directly in support of land operations. Naval and Merchant Navy service in support of operations in the South of France will qualify for the Italy Star as will air sorties from the Mediterranean over Europe.

This Star will not be awarded in addition to the Atlantic Star or the Air Crew Europe Star. If a candidate should qualify for these three Stars, or two of them, the Star first earned will be awarded. If the France and Germany Star is awarded under these conditions a clasp will be awarded for service which would qualify for the Atlantic Star. A silver rose emblem will be worn to denote the award of this clasp.

ITALY STAR

Pantellaria to the Surrender

Ribbon: Italian colours, green, white and red. Five vertical stripes of equal width, one in red at either side and one green at centre, two intervening stripes being white.

This is for operational service on land in Sicily or in Italy at any time from the capture of Pantellaria on June 11, 1943 until May 8, 1945. Operational service at various times in other parts of the Mediterranean Theatre will also be a qualification.

The 1939-45 Star must be earned before candidates can qualify for the Italy Star; but the Star will be awarded to those who have earned it whatever other campaign Stars may be granted in addition.

PACIFIC STAR

Dec. 8, 1941 "until further notice"

Ribbon: dark green with red edges and with central yellow stripe. There are two other narrow stripes, one dark blue and the other light blue. The green and yellow are for the forests and beaches of the Pacific and the red and blue for the Army, Naval and Air Forces.

This Star is for entry into operational service in the Pacific Theatre from December 8, 1941 until further notice.

A candidate who qualifies for both the Pacific and the Burma Star will be awarded only the Star first earned, but will wear a silver rose to denote the other qualifying service.



BURMA STAR

Service in Burma, Bengal, Assam

Ribbon: dark blue with a central red stripe and two orange stripes. The red stands for the British Commonwealth Forces and the orange for the sun. These are placed on a contrasting background of dark blue.

The qualifying area for land operations will be service in Burma. In addition, service on land from May 1, 1942-December 31, 1943 in the provinces of Bengal and Assam, and from January 1, 1944 until further notice in those parts of Bengal or Assam east of the Brahmaputra will qualify.

DEFENCE MEDAL

3 years in non-operational areas

Ribbon: centre of ribbon is flame-coloured and the edges are green. These are the symbols of enemy attacks on our green and pleasant land. Two black stripes represent the black-out.

This will be granted (a) for service in non-operational areas subjected to air attack or closely threatened (b) for non-operational service with the Forces overseas from, or outside, the country of residence, (c) for civil defence or other specified civilian service in military operational areas and (d) for civil defence service in non-operational areas subjected to air attack or closely threatened.

The time qualification will be three years for (a), (c) and (d) except for Mine and Bomb Disposal Units of the Forces for which the period will be three months. For (b) the time qualification will be one year.

Service by U. K. Forces in West Africa, Palestine, Paiforce or India will be a qualification. Home Guards will qualify if they have three years service between June 1940 until their stand-down in November 1944.

In the case of persons in operational service on May 8, 1945, the Italy and France and Germany Stars will be granted by virtue of entry into a theatre of operations, and the prior six of two month's service requirement will not apply. A similar waiving of the prior service requirement will extend to the Atlantic and Air Crew Europe Stars.

The scheme will permit one individual to wear five of the eight campaign Star ribbons and the Defence Medal ribbon. No one will be awarded more than one clasp to any campaign Star and no one will be able to wear more than one emblem on any one of the Star ribbons when the ribbon only is worn.

Women will be included in the medal awards when they are in the same position as men.

Mr. Churchill told the House of Commons that the limit of the human breast introduced precautionary ideas, but he thought there would be a United Nations medal at the end of the war.

OUTSIDE BROADCAST

AS dusk began to settle over the Canadian front in Holland, one evening during the first week in April, an armoured car rolled to within 500 yards of positions held by German paratroopers. The enemy opened up with mortar fire but the armoured car held its course. Then it stopped and went into action. It was a clear night, sound carried well and, above the crackle of enemy fire, the 2nd Canadian Amplifier Unit under the command of Capt. G. B. Janisse, began to broadcast to the enemy.

A mortar shell dropped 50 yards away, but the broadcast continued. Psychological warfare began to work on the paratroopers. That night ten deserters crossed the lines and surrendered to the Canadians, and 27 more gave themselves up to the civilians in a town they were supposed to be defending. All claimed to have listened to the broadcast and were "talked" into giving themselves up.

Next evening the Amplifier unit went into action again. This time they were in full view of the enemy — 350 yards away — and, seeing the broadcasting van moving into position the Germans laid in quite a stonk. For five minutes hell poured down on the unit and there wasn't anything they could do but sit tight and sweat it out. When the stonk was lifted the unit went "on the air" and eight more Wehrmacht Willies were convinced.

Again the next night the broadcasters put in an appearance, and again the Germans tried to "blow them off the air." But once more the broadcast had its effect and 36 prisoners came in. The next time the unit went into action Capt. Janisse crossed up the opposition by changing position and, although they were in full view of the Germans, not a shot was fired at them. Again their efforts were rewarded, as 16 prisoners walked in to give themselves up after the broadcast.

The 2nd Canadian Amplifier Unit was officially credited with taking a total of 97 prisoners.

P. S. And they never fired a shot.

from "Maple Leaf".



The Burning of Belsen

THE HORROR-CAMP OF BELSEN HAS GONE.

Just thirty-five days after the first British troops arrived the hundred-and-eleventh and last hut was ceremoniously burned this week.

The men and women who had worked among death and pestilence to rescue those of Belsen's victims who could still be rescued gathered round the hut as their commander, Col. H. W. L. Bird, told them they were to see a symbol of the final destruction of the bestial creed of Nazi Germany.

"The British flag has never stood for cruelty or bestiality," he said. "That is why it has never flown over Belsen camp. It is going to fly in a few minutes."

As Col. Bird finished speaking, a guard of honour of Royal Artillery Serjeants fired a volley in salute to Belsen's dead and the Union Jack was broken on the flagstaff, not yet fit to be moved.

Simultaneously flame-throwers from two Wasps of the 4th Wiltshires, fired by officers who had worked at the camp since its liberation, were directed at the hut and at the giant German flag and picture of Hitler that stood in front of it.

A cheer went up from watching troops and from former inmates of Belsen who had come to watch the ceremony. In ten minutes only smoking, stinking rubble and the mounds covering mass graves remained to show where 50,000 men and women had suffered the vilest cruelties civilised men have inflicted on their fellows.

They Still Suffer

But the story of Belsen is not closed.

A mile away, in the former S.S. barracks and Wehrmacht A.F.V. training school, four hospitals contain 13,000 of Belsen's victims who are not yet fit to be moved.

Altogether 28,900 men, women and children were evacuated from Belsen camp after the British arrived. An additional 23,000 who had died in the camp were buried by S.S. and other German prisoners of war, supervised by British troops.

Of those evacuated to hospital, more than 2,000 have died. The death rate has been greatly reduced since April 30, when 548 died, but 65 deaths in a day is the lowest figure yet reached.

In the transit camps to which the relatively fit were evacuated, good food and treatment have produced miraculous changes. The first 500 fit persons started home to Western Europe on 17 May; a few days later another 7,000 were able to leave for Eastern Europe. The last 6,400 fit will be evacuated soon.



1. Last sentinel : an M. P. watches the final flames at Belsen.
2. Wasp flame-thrower begins attack on the last hut.
3. A general view of the smouldering ash heap that was Belsen.
4. A victim watches the closing act.
5. The Union Jack flying over the camp, symbol of the 35-day purge.



These Cleaned It Up

SOLDIER is happy to pay tribute to the men and women of the British Army and of voluntary organisations who went into the disease and corruption of Belsen to save 27,000 lives.

First to arrive was Brigadier Glyn Hughes, DDMS, 2nd Army, and the first unit was an anti-tank battery of 63 A/Tk Regt, RA, which reached the camp on 15 April.

On 17 April came 32 CCS and the following day 113 LAA Regt., RA, HQ, 10 Garrison and 224 Military Government Detachment.

HQ 10 Garrison was in control until 30 April when 102 Control Section took over.

Other Army units which worked in the camp were:—
35 CCS; 11 Lt Field Ambulance; 163 Field Ambulance; 30 and 76 Field Hygiene Sections; 7 Mobile Bacteriological Laboratory; 9 (British) General Hospital; 102 and 104 Mobile Laundry and Bath Units; Mobile Bath sections of 11th Armoured, 15th Scottish and 6th Airborne Divisions; Camp DADOS Dump; Camp Laundry; 1575 (Light) and 1576 (Heavy) Arty Platoons, RASC; 166 DID; 224, 618 and 904 Mil Gov Detachments; HQ, Mil Gov (SMGO); DP Assembly Team; 3 Mil Gov ID; 113 REME Workshops; Fire and Water Gp HQ; 14 Amplifier Unit; JAG War Crimes Commission. Also working at the camp were British Red Cross Sections 100, 103, 104, 105, 113 and 114, the Swiss Red Cross Mission, British Medical Students and the American Field Service.





"Deck operating company boarding a steamer to unload."

The Clerk Who Went To War

In a hundred years from now the story of the war will be told by the paintings of Edward Ardizzone, the City clerk who turned war artist.

Back in 1926 when the General Strike was filling the country with disorders a thin little man with a bowler hat and pince-nez walked to the office of a cable company where he was a clerk. There he had worked for seven years. Looking at him you would have glimpsed the incarnation of the white collar man whose drab life imprinted itself on his thin figure and pinched face.

But one day something happened: the clerk, Mr. Edward Ardizzone, inherited £500. On that day he went to the office and told them he was not returning the next day, threw away the bowler and the pince-nez and decided to follow his secret ambition. He became an artist.

He also got married on the strength of the legacy.

His Friends Doubted

People who knew Edward Ardizzone, the clerk, wondered whether the legacy had unbalanced him. He was such a nice little man. So quiet. So hard working. And now he had become an artist.

They did not know the years of hard work that lay ahead before he could win recognition. Sometimes, particularly when the legacy had gone — and that was all too soon — he wondered whether he had been wise in throwing that bowler hat away, and then it was that he turned to his wife and she gave him the courage to go on.

In the early thirties his family increased by one — a daughter, and as soon as she could understand he told her stories and drew pictures to illustrate them. They were a success with his



"General Staff ..."

daughter so he showed them to a publisher; they were accepted and he felt that the shadow of clerkdom had gone for ever.

In 1938 he was beginning to be well-known. Ardizzone was one of the artists people were talking about. His technique was good and he had a sense of humour that was all his own. But he was one of the people who did not agree there would be "no war this year..." He joined the Territorials and when Mr. Chamberlain came to the microphone and declared war he became Gunner Ardizzone. Before many months his Commanding Officer told him, "Some people at the War Office want to see you." The people were the War Artists Committee. He went to the War Office as a gunner and he left with a commission to paint the war.

France, 1940.

They sent him to France and it was there he decided that there was only one way to do his job properly. He felt he had to know what went on inside the soldier's mind, so he went into the line and when the Germans made their breakthrough he went up into battle. He also retreated with the Army and he recalls a remark a young soldier made: "The Germans have done too well. They're working so fast they must be mucking up their time-table."

Back in England he settled down to turn the pages of notes and sketches into drawings and when that was finished he drew London under fire. When the battle of Britain was won he took ship for Africa. He turned up in Cairo, that cosmopolitan capital of Egypt, and for a time his artist's eye became enamoured of the glimpse of East meeting West, the shiny American cars skidding past donkey carts laden with the wives of the driver, the turbanned and fezzed Arabs sucking their hookahs, and mingling in this pattern always the figure of the British soldier. But he soon tired of the Cairo scene and he thumbed a lift to the Western Desert and the Eighth Army.

He Sketched in Battle

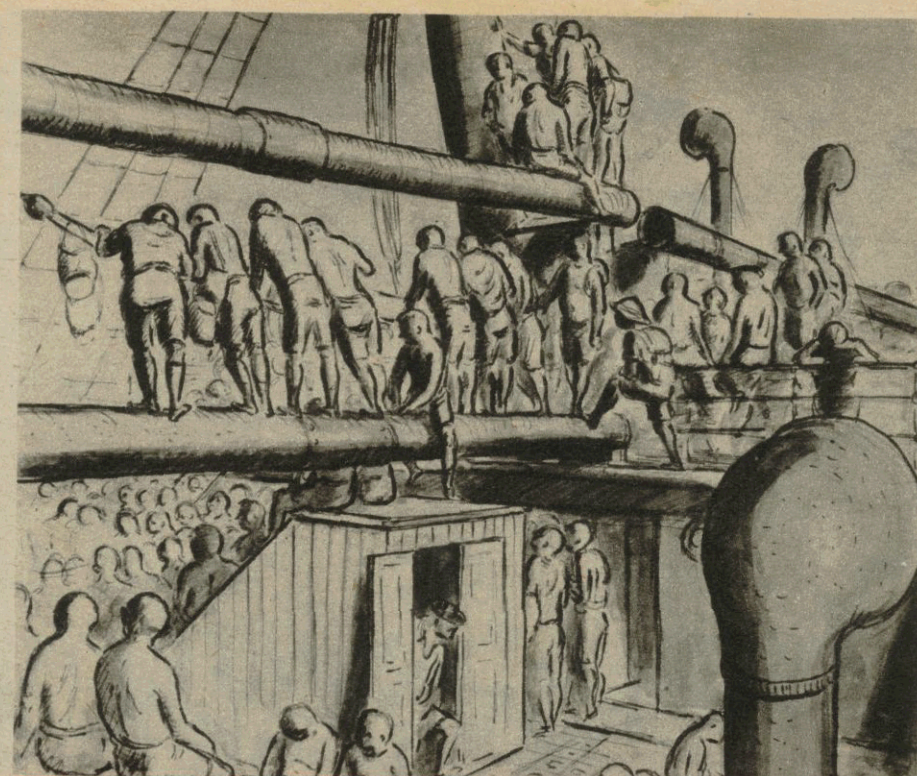
No one at Eighth Army Headquarters knew quite what to do with a war artist. Did he want to go around on conducted tours with the war correspondents? No. He didn't. Once again he wished to be part of the picture rather than an onlooker. On the eve of Alamein he rolled up at the battalion HQ of the 2nd Rifle Brigade. They accepted their strange visitor and took him into battle. He believes that it was "just a piece of luck" that he became involved in what Field-Marshal Montgomery afterwards described as "one of the finest actions of the war". One company of the 2nd R.B.'s, the anti-tank company, was cut off and then proceeded to knock-out 52 enemy tanks. They won a VC and a few other decorations. The R.B.'s transport officer said in the midst of battle: "Why don't you get out, Ardizzone? I'm sending some vehicles back. You haven't any reason to stay here anyway." Ardizzone thought otherwise. He wanted to experience all that the soldier went through and in the hurly-burly of battle he made little sketches and notes. Later he made these impressions into finished compositions and they tell you more of Alamein than written reports or photographs: the enormous desolation of the desert, the weird pattern in the sand and camel scrub cut by the tanks, the sullen heat of the day and the soldiers almost lost in the vastness of the scene.

And what did Ardizzone remember when it was all over? The anxiety in men's faces before the battle began. Their conquest of fear during it and their understatement when it was over.

You can see in his paintings his understanding of and sympathy with the soldier's lot. There's that one of the Sappers digging graves for their fallen comrades. Beside a gaping grave a soldier is resting and drinking a mug of tea and you feel the closeness of death to the soldier; that it is part of his daily life. Then there is that painting of a Padre visiting a casualty clearing station searching for comforting words which somehow won't come because they seem inadequate and superfluous.



"The Girl in Black : Doll's Cabaret."



"Troops in the rigging."

AFTER THE GUNS... THE CUCKOO

A soldier's mind is very resilient. It has to be.

Beside the Rhine, as the war swept to its finish, we had lived on an emotional wave. We had cheered when the beams picked up the Jerries that came over at night. We hadn't cheered like that for a long time. British soldiers rarely cheer, except cynically.

I suppose it was what they call élan.

We crossed the river and harboured in the low Westphalian fields. There was little now but routine. But a soldier's mind is very resilient. It has to be. They took us out from the dust and the smell of formaldehyde and the sound of the pile-driver on the bridge, and we stayed in this field where we heard only the cuckoo and, on one night, a nightingale.

At first it was rather strange to find that they were finishing the war without us. But we got used to it. While we were here we read about Belsen and Buchenwald, and we woke up to the fact that we were living among Germans.

"Unknown Pilate"

The Airborne had landed in the fields we occupied. Go up the road and you see the gliders on either side, their noses broken and the perspex chipped away. They lie in tragicomic positions, tails flung joyously in the air, or one wing extended in a last jibe at the Nazi salute.

They didn't all come down so. In the wheat field near us a glider had come down in flames and burnt a black crucifix among the green stems. The Germans buried the pilot beneath a crude cross that said "Unknown Airborne Pilate". One of the first things the boys from B Troop did was give it a new cross and correct the spelling.

The Clerk Who Went to War (continued from Page 4)

When the war in Africa was won he joined the Army invading Sicily. He landed on D-Day from an assault craft and there, against a background of vine-groves, mountains and winding Sicilian roads he set to work again. From Sicily he moved on with the Army to Italy.

"I liked working in Italy most of all," he says. He likes to draw women and in Italy he was able to bring them into his pictures. In Italy too there was the beauty of the countryside and the small towns and villages.

Perhaps Ardizzone will be remembered most of all for his sense of humour. Self-important and pompous people he tears to pieces. Mark his picture of a certain type of Staff Officer.

He is a little ashamed that he did not land with the assault forces in Normandy on D-Day. "I didn't manage to get over until D+10," he says. But he has made up for the early actions he missed. During the break-through in Germany he was up in the forward areas day after day.

Some of us have made little crosses and rings from the perspex, made them for the children we left in Holland or the people at home. "That's from a plane that landed across the Rhine". Something tangible, because memories pass too quickly. We would have made pipe stems from the perspex too, had we not found a ruined pipe factory up toward Rees.

So it goes on, writing letters, reading, getting up, going to bed, with a job to do now and then. Now it's "All I want to know is when I'm going to get my ticket." Chappie says "Ticket? You watch them poison darts!" He says you can go for miles in the jungle without knowing that you've been carrying a little Jap on your pack, complete with poison dart.

What was it like after the Great War, daddy? Well, son, we lay about in the sun and got brown, got

How does the British soldier feel in Germany? This is a personal story by a man in the ranks of what life is like in the Westphalian fields now that the tumult and the firing has died.

browned off. We went swimming. We played solo and we said "This sort of life will do me until I'm demobbed."

The roads are full of vehicles going east. Their drivers talk about Bremen, Hamburg and Osnabruck ("He asked for eggs and the old so-and-so brought out a basket with ninety in it!"). The dust from German towns and German roads covers us, rises from our battle dresses in clouds as we slap them. We've been here long enough to see the green corn grow up from our ankles to beyond our waists.

Once a tank he was in had the nearest miss from a bazooka a self-respecting tank likes to have.

There are no reproductions here of his work in France, Holland and Germany for the reason that Ardizzone spends his time during a campaign getting the raw material for his compositions. Now that the fighting is over he will find a quiet billet somewhere and set to work.

So he wants the peaceful life, just like the soldiers he draws, but his friends would not be surprised to hear in a few months time that Ardizzone, sketch book in hand, was somewhere in Burma. And if anyone looks over his shoulder and asks who he is drawing he will give the answer he invariably gives to that question: "I don't draw portraits." In a way, though, he does: he draws the man few people know as well as he — the BRITISH SOLDIER.

The Russians, the Poles, the Dutch and the Italians work on the roads and grin up at you as your vehicles pass. The Russians are proud of their camp. They've built an open-air theatre there, with a view of the Kremlin at the back. They've hung portraits of Lenin and Stalin over the entrance. They sing in the evening. They sing as they march in fours. As you pass they rise and salute you, whoever you may be.

The driver from Brigade says that the woman who owns the house in which he and his mates live won't let them alone. All day long she walks round the house peering in at the windows, watching them. She opened the lid of the cesspool and stirred it up so that it took them a long time to get the smell out of the house. She tells her neighbours that the British burnt her furniture, burnt her books and her clothes. ("If she's not careful someone'll burn her!") Her husband was an officer in the SS, and the Nazis used her house as an HQ.

The Welshmen Sang

Last night five Welshmen got into the old hall, into the part where the ceiling isn't down, and while one played the piano the others sang. I never thought I'd see Germans dancing in the ruins of their town, but while the old folk listened curiously to the Welshmen, five little girls danced a little folk dance outside the hall, like a Highland reel, and sang their own music.

Perhaps they dance in the villages round Weimar, near the slope of Buchenwald. But I doubt it.

So many men all over Europe now, waiting like us. Waiting in fields, in villages, and in cities. For all of it we feel good, because when you've just helped to win a war you can't help feeling good.

War correspondents can report this war, but none of them will feel or describe that sense of personal achievement and satisfaction, of relief, which we feel.

It Means All This

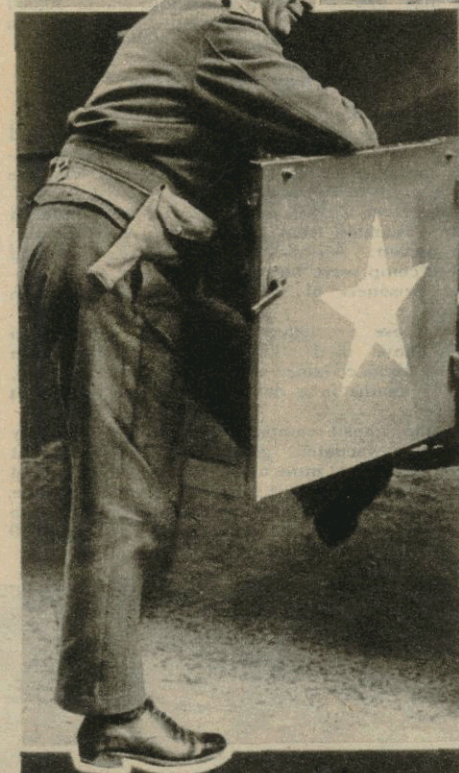
You've got to be called up, get your first pair of ammunition boots, wear your gaiters the wrong way. You've got to have your first leave. You've got to get tired, physically and mentally exhausted, browned off, drunk, angry. You've got to come all the way across Northwest Europe on your feet, or in the back of a three-tonner, or in the turret of a tank. You've got to go weeks without any mail, get drawn last in the leave ballot, find your billets in a hole or in a pig-sty where the original occupants resent you more than you do them. You've got to be pegged, go to Brussels, get lost in an RHU. You've got to be flung into a new unit and find how hard it is to lose old friends and make new ones. You've got to be posted near home, or 500 miles from it, or 5000. You've got to know what it's like to find someone from your own town, your own street, and smoke the dog-end of a Woodbine with them. You've got to have moments of hating everything in khaki. You've got to drink hot sweet tea, eat biscuits and bully, or eat nothing at all. Have people you thought more immortal than yourself killed, and find yourself still alive. You've got to be scared.

You've got to get left in a field like this, miles from anywhere, certainly miles from Bermondsey or Lime Street Station.

Then you know how good it is to feel that the war is over.

A soldier's mind is very resilient. It has to be.

J. PREBBLE (CFN).



EDWARD ARDIZZONE

British war artist, on his way to join the 6th Airborne Division when they were crossing the Elbe. SOLDIER Staff Writer

WARWICK CHARLTON

tells you something of the man and his work, examples of which are shown on this page.



The "handful of Royal guards" which developed into the Regular Army are shown in this diorama, in the Royal United Services Museum, London, of the meeting between Henry VIII of England and Francis I, King of France, in June, 1520.

Again and Again, It was -

THE REGIMENT!

THE story of the British Army is a surprising one. For the British people have never really wished to possess an Army. They have never kept a great Army for offence like the Germans in our own age or the French in the past, for since the Middle Ages they have not been interested in Continental conquest. Nor have they, like the Russians, maintained a powerful Army for defence, because they have never needed one to defend their shores.

England is a Sea Power, whose wealth and strength reside in seaborne trade and whose protection has always been the strip of salt water round her shores. It remained so even in 1940, for the Battle of Britain, though fought by aircraft, was primarily a maritime battle. It decided that the English Channel should remain a moat.

Moreover, in the past the British people were jealous of the very idea of an Army. Before they learnt to bear the yoke of a police force and a bureaucracy, they regarded an Army as a possible instrument of tyranny. It was not till the latter part of the 17th century that they consented to have one at all, and then only because they found that their ability to defend the cause of religious, commercial and civil liberty on the Continent of Europe against a great military dictator was hopelessly prejudiced by their lack of military force.

Steps to Blenheim

Without an Army they could not mobilise that grand alliance of threatened nations against lawless oppression which has always been the first care of British policy in days when a would-be world conqueror was bidding for supreme hegemony. To reduce the swollen power of Louis XIV of France the British in the days of William III and Marlborough increased their regular Army from a handful of Royal guards to a force which could hold its own against the best professional troops in Europe. At Blenheim in 1704 that Army surprised the world.

When war was over, the British did their best to get rid of this Army. But, though in their abstract passion for liberty and their very concrete passion for low taxes, they reduced it to a fraction of its former self, a long series of Continental Wars against Monarchical, Revolutionary and Napoleonic France prevented them from ever completely getting rid of it. By the time those wars ended in the great victory of Waterloo, the Army had become an established British institution. It continued to live through the epoch of peace and retrenchment that followed almost on its volition. It was never an inherent part of the country like the Navy, but something peculiar and apart. During the Victorian era a private soldier, except when the drums sounded to War, was almost a pariah to his countrymen, and an officer,

By Arthur Bryant
the well-known historian

who was careful never to wear uniform outside barracks, something of a joke. Everyone recalls Kipling's poem about the unfortunate Tommy Atkins who went into a public-house to buy a glass of beer.

Yet the curious fact remains that the British Army, starved by the taxpayer and ignored by the public, preserved an astonishing efficiency. In 1914, when a major European war broke out after nearly a century's peace, the British Army, for all its tenuous size, was described by the German General Staff as "a thing apart — perfect." By its unassuming efficiency and sacrifice it saved the French Army from disaster at Mons and Ypres and so averted an earlier 1940.

In those opening battles of the last War, while the rest of England hastily buckled on its armour, the Regular British Army in the flawless performance of its duty almost ceased to exist, and in A. E. Housman's words:

"Saved the sum of things for pay."
It was poor pay at that!
What was its secret? The answer can be given. I think, in a single word — pride. It did not fight for con-

quest, nor had it any of the national popularity and prestige of the Royal Navy. It lived on its Regimental spirit. Recruited mainly from the gutter and the ale-house, it succeeded in evoking in its members — humble and unlettered Britons — an immense and sustaining pride, not in the Army as such or even in the branch of the Army in which they served, but in the local or, as it were, family unit — the Regiment. The repositories of the Regiment's identity were its officers, who, often generation after generation, returned to serve in the same unit, and its NCO's, who spent their whole manhood under its proud Colours.

Sir John Moore

Whenever the Regiment has been neglected or sacrificed on the altar of paper uniformity or efficiency, the British Army has been in danger. Yet, such has been the strength of the Regimental tradition and its power of evoking affection, that again and again the Regiment — and the Army with it — has triumphed over seemingly insuperable obstacles and handicaps.

There is another thread — and one of pure gold — running through the story of the British Army. Like the more famous one associated with the Navy, it derives from a great fighter who loved his fellow men and saw the best in them. His name was not Nelson but Sir John Moore. Moore's contribution to the British Army was not only that matchless Light Infantry who have ever since enshrined his tactical training, but the belief that the perfect soldier can only be made by evoking all that is finest in man — physical, mental and spiritual. It was Moore's glory that he turned his back on the ramrod and cat-o'-nine-tails Prussian ideal of discipline that was making automata of our fighting men and substituted in its place a system of discipline based on humane treatment and personal pride.

Whenever the British Army has departed in spirit from Moore's principle it has declined; whenever it has approximated most nearly to it, it has triumphed. And when a British Army, better trained than any in history, went forward to victory at Falaie and on the Maas, there went with it the phantom of the great soldier who died at Corunna, but, being dead, yet speaketh.

BURMA SKETCH-BOOK

A good idea of the kind of country through which the Chindwin expedition fought their pioneering way is given by these pages from the sketch-book of 14237694 Gnr. J. Fenton.



Convoy on the Leda Road.



36 Div. Occupy Pinwe.



Transporting Stores across the Irrawaddy.

Chindit Chapter

THE Japs are now being driven out of Burma. Trained and well-equipped divisions are hitting them harder than they have ever been hit in this theatre. The Fourteenth Army knows the jungle.

But all its jungle-fighting technique is based on the first lessons learned by the late General Wingate's first Burma expedition across the River Chindwin in February 1943. The Japs were then sweeping on India. No one knew quite how far they had reached, yet the first steps to drive them back were being taken.

Colonel Bernard Fergusson of the Black Watch has now published the first accurate account of that great adventure. "Beyond The Chindwin" (Collins, 10/6). It tells simply how a small band of "gallant gentlemen" cut through the jungle a thousand miles behind the Jap lines, destroying and harrying. It is an odyssey that reaches the sublime heights of Captain Scott's last Antarctic expedition.

This is Colonel Fergusson's account of the crossing of the river Shweli when his column was withdrawn.



WE marched east, along the northern edge of the jungle. Open land pasture, with coarse grass on which water buffalo were grazing, stretched on our left hand towards the Shweli. A couple of miles brought us to a marshy patch marked on the map as a *chaung* (Burmese for stream). Here we watered our one remaining animal, the chestnut charger. While we were so engaged, out of the jungle came Sergeant Gunn and five men of Tommy Roberts' support group, looking entirely at ease and under control. (These men had been separated from the column for some time).

Gunn was a young lad who had started the expedition as a lance-corporal and had shown himself to be so good that I had advanced him first to corporal and then to lance-sergeant — both times replacing a man who had failed under the more rigorous conditions of the field.

Doomed Party

He told Tommy that he had become separated from Denny Sharp's party with the rest, and had joined up with a body of British troops with a wireless set and two or three officers, who were setting out for India.

"But I didn't think it was a healthy sort of party, sir — not according to my idea," he said.

"Why? What was wrong?" said Tommy.

"Well, they'd plenty of food, sir — five times as much as us, I reckon; not that they'd give us any," said Gunn. "But what they hadn't got was water discipline. Would you believe it, sir, they had a pull from their water-bottles just whenever they felt like it, and nobody checked them. And the few that didn't, well, the others were offering them two packets of biscuits for a couple of mouthfuls of water. So I said to the lads, 'Come on boys, this lot's doomed'; and we reckoned we'd go to India on our own. I've got a map and compass and I reckoned we could find a boat all right if we looked long enough." I have often taken a chance of promot-

An adventure of one of General Wingate's columns in Burma, in 1943, told by Colonel B. E. Fergusson, its leader.

ing a man out of his turn, and I have sometimes been disappointed in him; but it would take a good many disappointments to counter-balance the satisfaction which I felt when I heard this from a lad

who cannot have been more than 22, and who was younger than most of the men he was commanding and over whom he had such influence. The jungle is a place and an atmosphere where, quite illogically, you tend to feel a safety in numbers; but here was a chap who realised that a few stout hearts will fare better by themselves than among a number who show signs of going craven...

The next few miles of jungle were exceedingly thick and although we left the stagnant water at four in the afternoon, it was eleven next morning before we had covered the eight miles which I considered would bring us to the next point in the Shweli which I wanted to try. (Admittedly we spent the hours of darkness sleeping; the moon didn't rise till about 3 a.m. and we were sadly in need of sleep). At about ten, I reckoned we were within striking distance of the river and I sent out two patrols to find it.

Boats Were Found

The first, under Gerry Roberts, I sent along a track which we had stumbled on half an hour before and which looked as if it led somewhere... Gerry was back about noon. He brought with him two frightened Burmese whom he wanted to shoot. He had found the river by following the track but on his way back he found these two lighting a fire on the path; and, mindful of the signal fires at Tigyaing, he had assumed that they intended to disclose our position. Questioned, the two Burmese not only ceased to look frightened; they even laughed and explained that there were so many wild elephants about that they were in the habit of lighting fires on the tracks to keep them away from the villages; elephants dislike the smell of burning, even when the fire has been two or three days extinct. It was such a tall story and their manner of telling it so obviously spontaneous, that we felt it to be genuine and acquitted them of the charge brought against them... John Fraser came to me with an idea that they had put forward. They each owned a boat capable of carrying four men each. We wanted the best boats, they had them. There were no Japs in their village, but there were some in both villages on the other side. Just opposite where the track by which we bivouacked came out on the river there was an island which could be reached by wading. If we liked to be there soon after dark, they would meet us with their boats and would land us on the far bank of the Shweli midway between the two Jap-held villages, one mile from each. They realised that we might not trust them; and they therefore suggested that one should be held as hostage while the other went off and brought the two boats...

On The Island

At five o'clock we despatched the man entrusted with the task of collecting the boats... Before he left, he talked to his colleague with John Fraser as chaperon, and arranged that we should leave our present location as soon as it got dark and meet him at the head of the island... My total strength at this moment was a hundred and twenty including nine officers.

At seven o'clock we started to move. The relief was tremendous; the waiting had been intolerable. Silently we marched for half a mile along the track and tiptoed down the bank on to the sand; I was leading with Tommy Roberts, Duncan and John bringing up the rear.

(Continued on Page 8.)

I had not realised how far we would have to march up the island and I had ordered a rear position to be manned and held on the river bank opposite to the island in case we were caught out in the middle of the river...

The boats were there all right, but they were much smaller than we had hoped — mere dugout canoes. Two men with their packs were the most that could be carried, and even that freight was precarious. The night was pitch black and the water swirled most horribly past; I had had no idea the current was so strong. The sandbank on which we were, at the extreme north end of the island, was steep too, and the scour of the water close under it very powerful.

Tommy Roberts and several of his support men had already crossed; Denny Sharp had constituted himself the embarkation officer and was directing the men how to sit on the bottom of the boat with their packs on the floor in front of them. It was a nervous business for the boat rolled with the slightest movement and the freeboard was negligible. The boatmen handled them superbly, but the moment when the bow was allowed to pay off from the bank by letting the stream flow inshore of it was terrifying every time; for the boat heeled over, water sometimes came over the gunwale, and unless the passengers sat still the worst would happen...

Crisis

Each trip took ten minutes, each boat two men. I worked out the sum and reckoned we should all be across by 3 a.m. barring accidents. I took Peter Dorans and went across on the next boat enjoying it not at all. The worst of the stream was at the embarkation point; the boatmen paddled furiously across the river allowing the current to help them all it would by keeping the canoe at an angle; and soon we were in slack water. He had asked John in Burmese to explain to the troops that they should get out and wade once they were in shallow water; and we still appeared to be in mid-river when he anchored the boat with his paddle and motioned us over the side. However it proved to be not more than two feet deep and we soon found ourselves on dry sand among 15 or 20 wet and waiting soldiers.

"Why the hell are you hanging about here?" I asked.

"Captain Roberts is trying to find a way off the sand," someone answered also in a whisper. "This isn't the far bank at all, it's another sandbank."

I went up the bank to look for Tommy and found him with disturbing news. He had been nearly half a mile up the sandbank to find a place where one could wade ashore, but there was none. It was desperately deep and the current as bad as where we had embarked. He was certain of treachery and so was I. These boatmen had marooned us on an island in the middle of the river, just as the captain described in Maurois' *Disraeli* had marooned a shipload of Jews whom he was deporting in the middle of the English Channel, on a sandbank which was covered at high water. I went back to the northern end where I had come ashore and sent a man across with an urgent message for John Fraser to come and interpret.

Man-Eating Current

When John had learned what was wrong he got hold of the next boatman returning and asked him to show us the way across. He stripped and plunged off the northern end of the sandbank, followed by Tommy and another man. We waited for ten minutes and the boatman came back. Somewhere out there in the darkness, presumably Tommy had got ashore.

"All right," I said. "Let him go on with the ferrying. I'll go over."

I took with me Denny Sharp who had handed over his embarkation duties to Duncan, Peter Dorans and two more men; it was not until I reached the other side that I found that Abdul — wounded weak, weeping Abdul — had attached himself to me and crossed as well.

There was no other word for it but "nightmare". The roaring of the waters, the blackness of the night, the occasional sucking of a quicksand were bad enough, but the current was devilish. At its deepest I suppose it was about four feet six or a little more: I am over six feet one, and it was more than breast high on me. The current must have been four to five knots. It sought to scoop the feet from under you and at the same time thrust powerfully at your chest.

The only method of progress was to lean against the current, to attempt to keep an intermittent footing, to maintain your angle against the stream and kick off the ground whenever your foot touched it. It once you lost your vertical position you knew as a black certainty that you would disappear down the bank for ever.

Ten Foot Bank

It was not until almost within reach of the bank that the river shallowed to a couple of feet and even then it was all one could do to make one's way upstream against it. Although the crossing cannot have been more than 70 or 80 yards, one finished at least 40 yards farther downstream than the point of the sandbank.

Tommy's voice hailed me from the bank as I arrived, breathless and exhausted, bidding me work my way upstream. Five yards brought one to a place where one could clamber up the bank with the help of the branch of a tree which hung low over the river. The bank itself was about ten feet high. I scrambled up and found myself on the road.

When I had got my breath back I began making calculations. The crossing was feasible but some of the smaller men would find it difficult. The boats would not finish ferrying on to the sandbank till 3 a.m. and it would be light before six. It might be possible to divert the boats after that hour to bringing over the smaller men but the vast majority must wade it. I told Denny Sharp that, as soon as he felt strong enough to do so, he must go back over and order everybody to start bar the very small men, whom we could bring over in the boats later.

He went; and a few minutes later a long line of men began to arrive. We directed them upstream as Tommy had done for me and hauled the weaker ones up the bank at the one place where it was possible. As they arrived, we sorted them out into platoons and posted them on the road within two or three hundred yards of the crossing place in case of interruption by enemy patrols.

End of the Charger

Several times we heard cries for help as some unlucky chap lost his footing and went helplessly downstream; I fear that it happened to four or five in all. In the inky blackness there was nothing one could do to help. Some parties tried to hold hands all the way over but it was impossible to maintain one's grip. Once during the night the solitary charger arrived under the bank; how it got there heaven knows and I never found out; we tried desperately to get it up the bank but failed; and at last with a sort of whimper it gave up the struggle, lay down in the water and in an instant had disappeared downstream.

About half the column was across when a mile or so to the northward we saw the headlights of three lorries approaching. It seemed as though they were coming along the river-bank. I sent a runner to Tommy but Tommy had already seen them; so had the people on the sandbank, so the crossing ceased. The stops on the road were ready to engage them and some men had the pins out of

their grenades, when we saw the lorries halt and their lights illumine the shrubs by the roadside, while they backed and went forward again in the act of turning round. Then to our boundless relief we saw them going off again the way they had come.

Somebody came across about three in the morning with the catastrophic news that the boats had gone; the accident we had been dreading all night had happened and a nervous man had capsized the boat, which had gone off downstream. He himself had managed to reach the sandbank but of the boat and boatman there was no sign.

15 Minutes to Decide

The other boatman had to be forcibly restrained from going off to look for him, of which the effect was to reduce the number of passengers a trip since he had to be escorted on the return journey. When at last he had delivered the ultimate man on the sandbank he gave us the slip; and now at four in the morning we were left without boats. Big men and little men alike must cross to the bank or stay where they were.

Some willingly, if not happily, came across at once and joined us, but some turned back and some would not start at all. Several officers went back again to persuade them to try but what with hunger and cold and several hours of waiting on that grim sandbank and hearing the cries of the occasional lost man, their nerve had been undermined. Everybody was weak from lack of food and morale depends more upon food than on anything else. I sent across a message to say I could give them only fifteen minutes more and then I was setting out due east.

John Fraser made a last attempt to rally them and got them all started but unfortunately he himself lost his footing and was swept away downstream choking and helpless. Luckily for him the moon was now up and it was possible to see him; and he was rescued though not without much difficulty. But for the others this was the last straw and they turned back to the sandbank.

I had to make the decision. Another hour and a quarter remained till dawn when the Japanese patrols would renew their vigilance. I could stay and wait till dawn, take a chance on being interrupted, and search up and down stream for more boats.

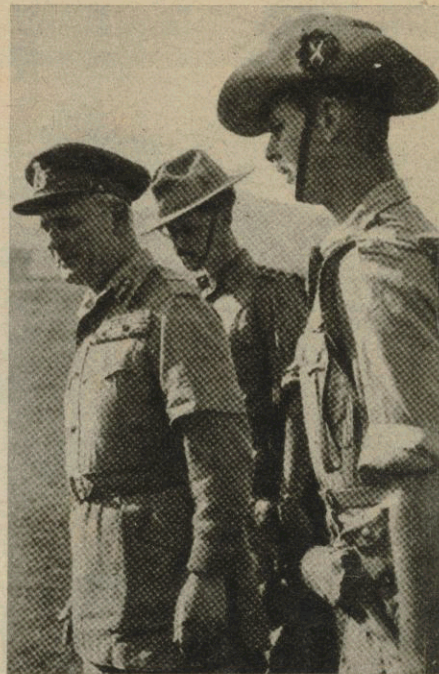
There was no bamboo or other material suitable for the quick construction of a raft. There was no rope. The likelihood of being able to do more at dawn than I could now was remote. If I stayed I would fling away the chances of those who had put their trust in Providence and come out safely for the sake of those who had not the faith to do so. The wounded were all across and some of the Gurkhas, the smallest men of all. The salvation of those who remained on the sandbank was in their own hands.

I made the decision to come away. I have it on my conscience for as long as I live; but I stand by that decision and believe it to have been the correct one. Those who may think otherwise may well be right. Some of my officers volunteered to stay but I refused them permission to do so.

We marched for an hour and then in a bamboo thicket high on the hill we risked a fire. We were paralysed with cold and had nothing dry but our weapons, ammunition and such other articles as we had been able to hold above our heads. We brewed some tea and had an hour's sleep; during which time two men from the sandbank joined us. They had screwed up their courage and done it but they had failed to induce anyone else to share their venture. They had had some difficulty in finding our track but had eventually done so.

Before pushing on, we counted heads. Our strength was reduced to nine officers and 65 men; in other words 46 men had either been drowned or left on the sandbank. Of these the latter were certainly in the vast majority.

The crossing of the Shweli River will haunt me all my life and to my mind the decision which fell on me there was as cruel as any which could fall on the shoulders of a junior commander.



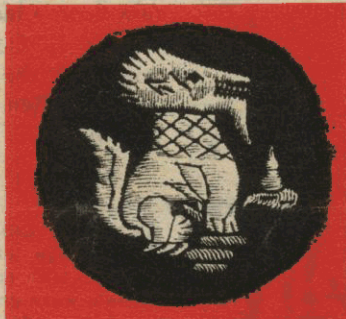
Field-Marshal Lord Wavell (left) with Colonel Fergusson. Lord Wavell authorised the Chindwin expedition.



A decidedly informal picture of Colonel Fergusson after many weeks campaigning behind the Japanese lines.



A mid-day halt in the bamboo jungle by some of the men who crossed the dangerous Shweli river.



"Oh, Miss, do you fly?"

"OH, Miss, how often have you jumped?" and "Oh Miss, do you fly?" sound funny questions to ask ATS, and so they would be except for the fact that the girls at Allied Airborne HQ — four of them are pictured here — are the only ATS who wear the spectacular shield shaped Airborne shoulder badge.

This consists of the words "Allied Airborne" in gold letters on a black background at the top, a large silver figure "1" and two gold wings on a powder blue background, and beneath them two crossed swords in silver on a maroon background.

The girls shown wearing it are cipher and switchboard operators, and like all the people concerned with Airborne ops they work under a pretty heavy veil of secrecy.

Held Up Queue

CSM Meaker, who comes from Dulwich, and is in charge of the Orderly Room, says that the Airborne flash causes a sensation wherever the girls go. An Allied ATS Corporal, walking into a canteen, held up a long queue while the tea-makers behind the counter came round to examine her badge. Now the ATS try to sit in buses and trains with their unadorned arm on view.

Despite their modesty (and their keenness on security) they have the important job of maintaining communications between English and American units at home and overseas, and most secret messages and dispatches pass through their hands. The responsibility of their job is great, particularly just before a big operation like Arnhem or Bastogne, when the traffic on the lines is heavy.

Radiant Smiles

But to return to Company Serjeant-Major M. Meaker. She has been in the ATS for five years, and she was posted to this Airborne job last September.

"We are particularly proud of the work we have to do because it is for the Airborne boys," she said.

CSM Meaker wears the ribbon of the

BEM, and says: "I won it for being a good girl and working hard."

There is something about working at Airborne Headquarters, perhaps it is the fast tempo of the work, which gives the girls there a radiant smile and an obvious zest for life. Serjeant-Major Meaker, for instance, has been married for 14 years — "my husband has just come home from the Royal Air Force in India..." — but she looks as youthful as any of the young women under her charge. "It's my job to keep discipline and so on," she says, "but that isn't very difficult when everyone is so keen on their job."

Work with WAC's

The ATS we picture here — Pte. Margaret Pennington, who comes from Cumberland; Pte. Ivy Percival of Lambeth; Pte. Diana Bramble of Chelmsford; and Corporal Bates of Birmingham — are typical examples of the girls who wear the Airborne flash. They share their duties as switchboard operators with American WAC's, and work in six shifts to man (or is it woman?) the switchboard night and day. During the day a serjeant, two supervisors and 16 operators are on duty — two operators on each shift being on cross-channel lines communicating with Airborne units over here.

Much time, money, travelling and correspondence is saved when an officer uses this switchboard to hold a conference of up to ten people from different parts of the country. He contacts the operator and she switches him and all the other members of the conference on to the same line so that they can all talk together as if they were sitting in the same room.

The ATS find the American WAC's very easy to get on with, and they share their off-duty time together. An American ceremony in which the ATS take part out of courtesy is the Retreat Parade, when flags are struck at five o'clock and ordinary daily routine work ceases.

Behind Locked Doors

One of the most important jobs is that of the British Code Room, where an ATS Officer and NCO cipher operators, all of whom are specially selected, run a 24-hour cipher service. This work is secret and is done behind locked doors. No one may enter without special permission and before the door is unlocked the credentials of the person wishing to enter, no matter who it is, must first be presented through a sliding panel.

Anyway, although we shan't know much about the details of their work until the war is well and truly over, they must be doing their stuff because the American Signals Colonel is full of praise for them and the work they are doing.



Ptes. Margaret Pennington, Ivy Percival, Diana Bramble and Cpl. Bates, some of the few ATS who wear the "Allied Airborne" shoulder badge.

"Yes, 1st Stop India!"

PEA-GREEN snakes, inch-long mosquitoes, and tropical temperatures hold no terrors for Miss Nanette Dickenson, young Red Cross worker who has volunteered to go Far Eastwards to Burma and beyond.

Nan, an attractive brunette, is no stay-at-home. Like lots of other girls she saw the worst of the London blitz while serving with Civil Defence units. Joining a CD unit on the first day of the war she soon rose to be a driving instructor for the LCC, and drove her ambulance through the blitz to rescue victims of innumerable "incidents."

In October 1944 she volunteered for service overseas with the Red Cross. At first officials refused her transfer, turned her down, told her she would have to wait. She lingered, a trifle impatiently, until March this year, when she got what she wanted — permission to go with other women welfare workers to where the need is probably greatest, and where few Englishwomen have been since the Japs pushed up Burma to the Indian frontier. "But it's Burma we're thinking about," says Nan, "though the first stop will

definitely be India. We hope to get through to where the fighting men are, sooner or later."

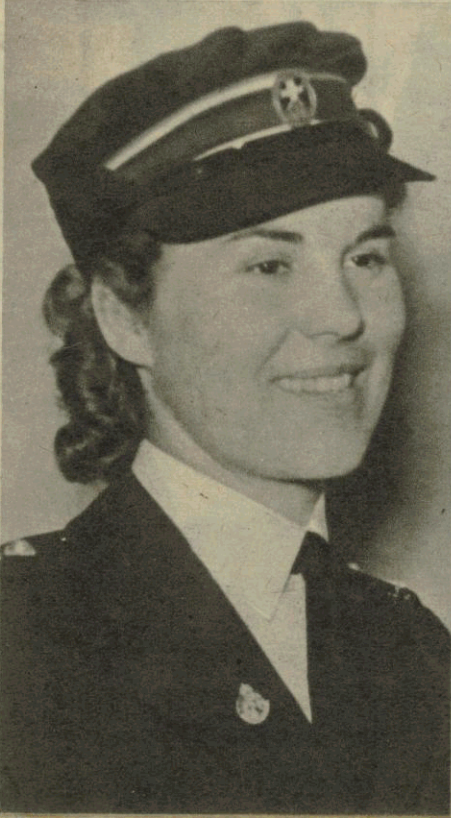
Send-Off Party

Miss Dickenson is not the only woman anxious to take charm and efficiency to the 14th Army. Many have answered the appeal made by troops in the Far Eastern theatre for more welfare workers. More than 50 of these were recently entertained to tea by Lady Leese, wife of General Oliver Leese (commander of the 11th Army Group in Burma) at the Dorchester Hotel, London, before their departure.

The girls heard something of what to expect, from Lord and Lady Wavell who were also present, and in general they impressed the distinguished visitors with their eagerness. Lady Leese, in a short speech, thanked them for what they were going to do for troops in the East. Lord Munster, returned eye-witness of troops' welfare conditions in Far Eastern war theatres, gave them the final fillip. He told them: "There is a great need for you in India. Try to convince others of this need. We wish you all success."

Twenty-year-old Miss Margaret Findlay, a FANY going to India (you see her picture here) was at one time working with the Polish army. Now she will work with the 14th.

Below (left); Miss Nanette Dickenson drove through blitz, now off to Far East. (Centre); Misses Mary Greene, J. Taylor, C. Booth and Ross-Gardner at the farewell (or rather au revoir) party. (Right); Miss Margaret Findlay, who will drive a mobile canteen.





The crowd thronging Whitehall greets Mr. Churchill on VE-Day as he goes to the Houses of Parliament after broadcasting the announcement of victory.



The Family Rejoices

HERE, then, are the moments that will live. Five years and eight months of the European war had ended in Victory. And the people of Britain went into the streets to celebrate. It was a family affair.

They walked in their thousands towards Whitehall and Buckingham Palace. One report states that there were 300,000 people round the Palace all night long.

They walked up Whitehall, pausing on their way to glance down modest little Downing Street, and then they stopped outside the Ministry of Health where there was a balcony bedecked with flags. They called for "Winnie" and he came, and he spoke to them informally, perhaps because he was so conscious that he was part of them and they of him. "This is your victory. God bless you." When he had said those few words he led them in the singing of "Land of Hope and Glory."

Wherever he travelled they welcomed him and cheered him. This was the British people thanking their war leader.

But the Victory crowd in the capital of the Empire was a family crowd, and it was for the family which represents them all that they reserved all those pent-up emotions of years. And our Royal Family went out into the sun-bathed streets to share in the joy of victory with their people. Down to the East End they went; down where the bombs had fallen thickest; down where the proud in heart lived. They got out of their car and they walked among their friends; the wives and the husbands, the little children, the soldiers on leave, and they talked to them and they laughed with them.

Maybe the greatest thing of all was the absence of pomp and ceremony — just a policeman here and there who laughed and said, "Move over a little, please." And some of the great British family moved over, and their Queen moved on and mingled with them.

The Royal Family and the people had a very happy day.

Steady There, Donald...



Above, you see Donald Duck and Joe Carioca in their new role of lady-killers. Below, Donald demonstrates South American rhythm, and the flying donkey takes a bite at a bandana.

Disney Aids Victory Club

THE CLUB

THE Victory (Ex-Services) Association propose to build a club in London with:—

300 bedrooms for ex-Servicemen, and 100 for ex-Servicewomen.

A first-class restaurant at popular prices.

Employment, welfare and advice bureaux (in co-operation with the British Legion).

Club rooms, reading rooms, writing rooms, library.

Bars and lounges.

Facilities for Old Comrades' Associations reunions.

The club will be open to ex-Servicemen and women of the United Nations irrespective of rank, race or religion.

THE MONEY

FIELD-MARSHAL Sir Philip Chetwode, KCB, DSO, is president of the Victory (Ex-Services) Association, and the officers and Council include Service Chiefs, Empire High Commissioners and public figures such as Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lord Nuffield, Sir Walter Citrine, Lady Tedder and Sir Ian Fraser.

About 80 money-raising committees have been formed by industrial groups.

TWO hundred repatriated prisoners of war were in the audience at the London New Gallery cinema for the European premiere of "The Three Caballeros," Walt Disney's latest full-length colour film.

The premiere was in aid of the £1,000,000 Victory (Ex-Services) Fund to build a club in London for ex-Servicemen and women, and among those present were Queen Wilhelmina, Lady Wavell, Lady Margaret Alexander (wife of Field-Marshal Alexander) and Lady Freyberg (wife of General Freyberg, VC).

Two things stand out in your mind after you have seen the film, which marks Disney's 25th birthday in film-production.

Camera Magic

The first is that the new Disney technique, which enables cartoon characters to mix and dance with flesh and blood performers in either drawn or natural settings, is going to make the producers of lavish musicals feel rather shaken. Disney has developed the technique quite a long way before showing it to the public, but there is still room for development and the day may come when three

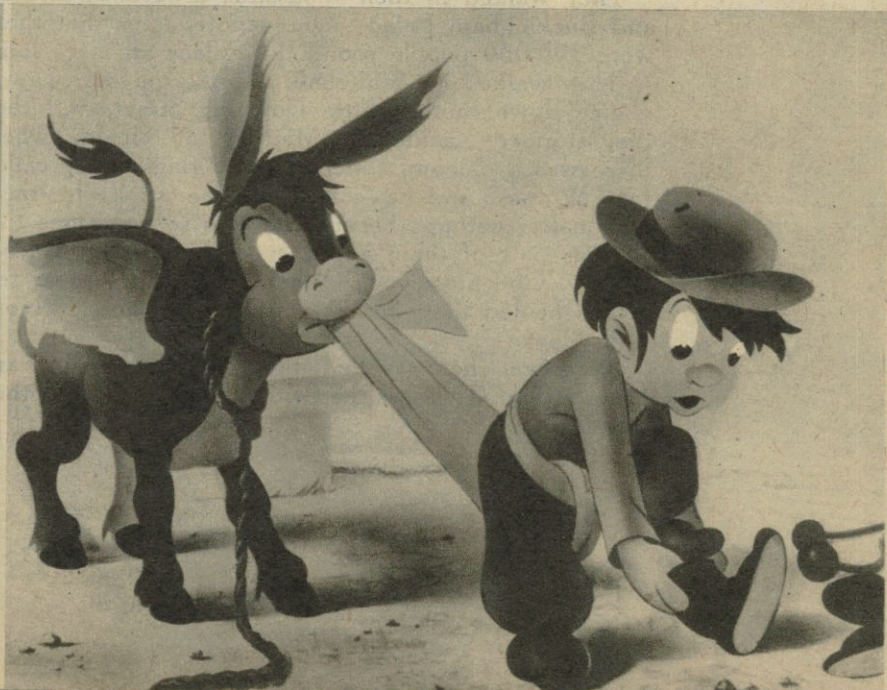
hundred girls and a bathing pool will give way to one girl and an animator's paint.

The other thing you will remember is Donald Duck as a wolf in duck's clothing. His childish delight in simple things has given way to eager appreciation of feminine lines, and his squawking temper is transmuted into impassioned attempts to reach and ingratiate himself with Aurora Miranda (sister of Carmen), Carmen Molinda and Dora Luz.

Blissfully he plays blind-man's buff with bathing beauties, dances the samba with that ulterior-motive look in his eye, and gets himself kissed. It may be you won't like him so well in his new role.

Donald's fellow Caballeros are his old sparring partner, Joe Carioca the parrot, and a new arrival, Panchito the Mexican rooster. Also in the cast are an amusing penguin who doesn't like the cold, a flying donkey and another of those magnificent Disney trains.

Apart from Donald's amorous adventures most of the incidents in the film are orthodox Disney, and there are several sequences reminiscent of "Fantasia."



The Captain Kills The Tiger



HE was the most extraordinary tiger I have ever known and, during the two years that I knew him, he provided more thrills and excitement, as well as blank days, than any other dozen tigers that I have met put together. He was known by the local villagers as the *Pugla Sher* or mad tiger on account of his untigerly habits, and he was at one time treated rather as a joke — until his ever-increasing raids on the local cattle made him a nuisance.

My introduction to him was startling enough. It was while on a shoot in the Central Provinces during the Christmas holidays of 1936. On Christmas Eve we were beating a small hill for jungle fowl and pea fowl with the possibility of putting up a barking deer or wild pig. Accompanied by a villager who was carrying my heavy rifle, I was standing on the far bank (to the beat) of a steeply-banked nullah when, about midway through the beat, we heard a deafening roar *behind us*. Turning round we saw a large tiger standing about five yards away, looking very annoyed and telling us in no uncertain language that he did not like the look of us.

Immediate Action

Within an infinitesimal part of a second I decided what course to take, and my companion was no whit slower in making up his mind. Simultaneously we jumped down the bank of the nullah into a pool of shallow water where I hastily exchanged my shot gun for the rifle and prepared to do battle. But no tiger appeared over the bank above us, and we later found that, after routing us, he had gone off in the opposite direction.

Three days later he killed one of my buffalo baits and lay up in an adjacent patch of thick bamboo jungle. On three consecutive days we beat this jungle, and in a different direction each time, but on each occasion the tiger broke back through the beaters. A normal tiger, if he escapes alive in a beat, usually puts many miles between himself and the scene of the disturbance, but not so our *Pugla Sher*. As he was reported to be still in the same patch of jungle on the fourth day I decided to have a really "super" beat.

Hideous Din

Instead of the usual 80 to 100 beaters, whose only means of making a noise were the use of their vocal chords and hitting of axe handles against tree trunks, I had over 250 men. Musical instruments, more raucous than melodious, were borrowed; everybody with a gun was invited to attend and was issued with a liberal supply of blank cartridges; empty tins were requisitioned and, lastly, all the crackers or "marriage bombs" that were available were purchased.

The beat started, and everybody did his stuff with a will. The banging of the guns and crackers sounded like a miniature battle, while the blaring of the trumpets and crashing of tins and drums made hideous the peaceful calm of the jungle. "No tiger," thought I, "can face this pandemonium," and it seemed as if

I was right as presently a large tiger walked into view across a small clearing about 100 yards to my front and disappeared into the dry bed of a small nullah not much bigger than a ditch. The beat came on, but not another trace of the tiger.

Too Enthusiastic

The beaters eventually appeared, and heading straight for where the tiger had disappeared was a gentleman blowing a long brass trumpet. As he reached the nullah there was a roar from the tiger who charged straight towards him. The trumpet merchant fell flat on his back, a last piercing shriek came from the trumpet, and the tiger seemed to bound straight over the man and back through the line of beaters. It took us over an hour to bring the trumpeter back to normal and convince him that he was untouched.

Over broken periods I had various other dealings with the *Pugla Sher* but only once did I get a shot at him and that was a hasty "snap" when he charged me in thick jungle while I was following the "drag" of a wild boar he had killed. I missed, but the shot had the effect of turning him.

He Died Game

The local villagers had numerous tales to tell about our friend; that he had been seen wandering across open paddy fields in broad daylight on more than one occasion and that he was found one hot afternoon asleep by the village well. He had attacked and killed one of two bullocks yoked to a cart and, not being able to drag it away, had sat down and had a feed off his victim. Its petrified companion had to watch the performance but was allowed to go unscathed.

Like most other tigers, he eventually made his big mistake by lying-up in a patch of very light jungle after killing a buffalo bait. This was almost exactly two years after my first encounter with him. It seemed incredible that a tiger after being made wise by so many attempts on his life should lie up in such open jungle; but the first shouts of the beaters brought forth answering roars telling us that he was in the beat right enough. He died game, as befitting a good tiger. After trying to pull down two of the "stops" from their perches in trees, he came past my position at a lumbering gallop. My first shot took him in the shoulder and knocked him over, but he was up again in an instant and, seeing me, charged but dropped dead to a second shot in the chest.

Although only nine feet, five inches in length he was a very bulky and massive animal and his measurements of 60 inches round the chest and 36 inches round the head compare favourably with "record" measurements.

L. A. Craven (Capt.)

Captain Craven with the massive body of *Pugla Sher* immediately after the kill. Note the tiger's enormous shoulders and haunches. Behind, typical tiger country in the Central Provinces.

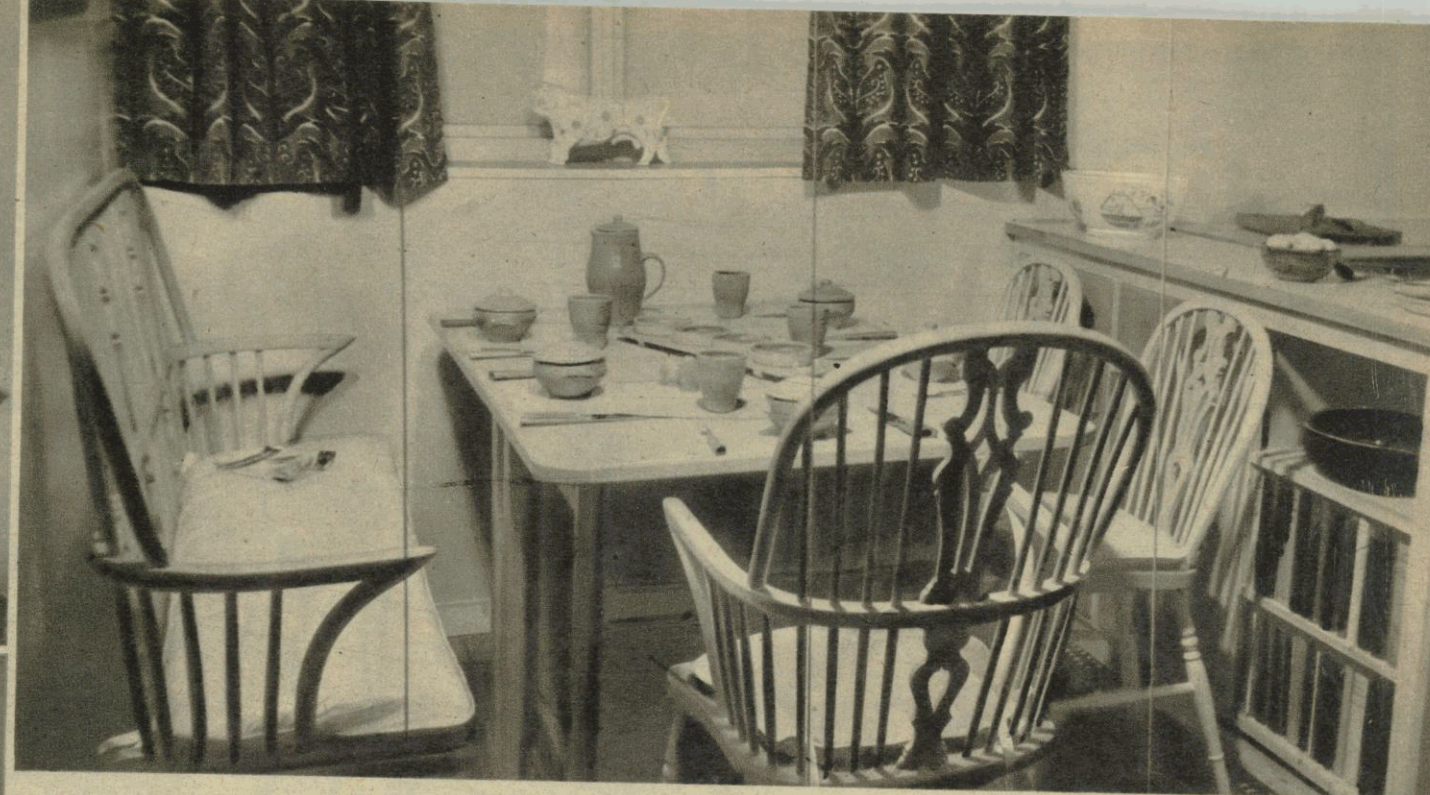


(Above) Beaters weaving through the jungle to "flush" the tiger. There's safety in numbers. (Below) His cattle killing career ended, the tiger who was not easily frightened is majestic even in death.





SOLDIER'S homespun philosopher
John Hallows (Sjt)
took Smudger (Pte)
to see...



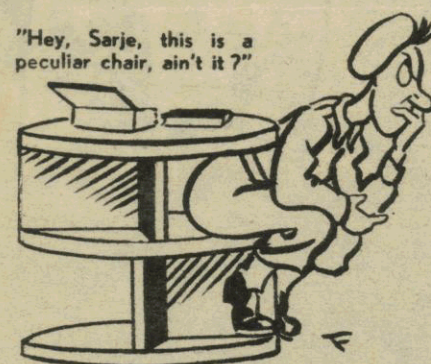
Homes They Plan for To-Morrow

It was Smudger himself who suggested going to the show. (You know Smudger, the odd-ish character who wanders through Friell's cartoons. He's a typical PBI gentleman who has treasured a pair of khaki shorts from the time he was in Africa even through his wanderings in Belgium and Germany, and the last man in the Army you would accuse of being a highbrow).

Smudger's home leave began just after the VE-Day celebrations, and he had worked through his saga of "Caen to the Elbe" and had become involved over his fifth pint with a crowd of people he called "they".

"They" apparently were the people who did things but who did not understand the workings of the mind of the

"Hey, Sarje, this is a peculiar chair, ain't it?"



average soldier — and that meant Smudger.

"They are going to make us live in tin huts," he said. "I can see that houses will have to be mass-produced, but I don't see why they have got to look like demolished Orderly Rooms. They are going to keep on making utility furniture — horrible stuff. Why can't we all choose what we want as we used to?"

So I said there was an exhibition on (or exposition if you speak French) at the National Gallery. In it "they" (who included all kinds of experts) had set out to show what could be done with the inside of pre-fabricated houses in the way of furniture and fittings.

And Smudger said: "Let's go, then," adding as is the habit of Smudgers: "I am no artist and I'm no expert on furniture, but I know what I like."

The next morning we were there and inside (again as is the habit of Smudgers taken away from their preferred surroundings) he became very quiet and properly behaved.

Good Design Pays

"Now before we start," I said, "Let's get things straight. More people than you are concerned about the effects of mass-produced houses on the minds and lives of the people who will live in them."

"It is claimed that the evil effects of standardised houses can only be avoided if the brightest and most varied things are put inside them. Our export trade too is based on a sound home market, and only if people in Britain will buy and use the best designed goods will the manufac-

turers be able to make sufficient of them to sell cheaply to foreign countries.

"A new National Council of Industrial Design has been formed by the Board of Trade and is to work with manufacturers to see that only well-designed goods are put on the market. If they can help to break people of their passionate tastes for Victorian bedsteads and picture-frames, and start new likings for simple, beautiful things, then not only will our houses be pleasanter to live in but the country will make more money."

Smudger said, "Oh Yeah?"

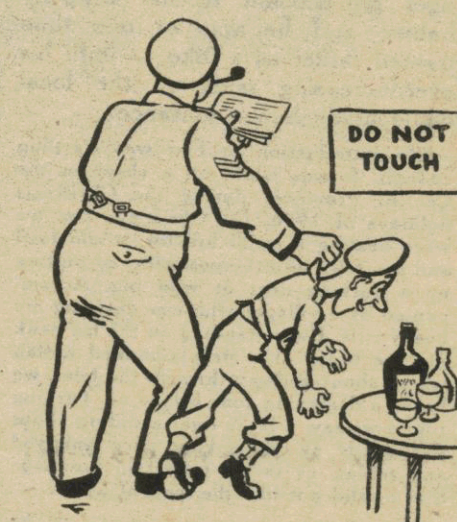
Spot of Compression

So we turned to display No. 1, described as a "problem in compression" — or the Bachelor Bed-sitting-room.

It was a good job. Within about 10 feet by eight feet there was a divan with a brightly coloured cretonne cover which made it into a settee by day: a vermilion long-back easy chair, built like a ham-mock; tiny, slim writing bureau; neat table with whisky bottle (empty) and glasses, and a gas-fire with an oven at the top which did not look like a kitchen range.

Smudger liked that. "There you are," he said. "Cosier than a tent. You can sleep, eat and work there, and you can entertain your friends — though you wouldn't want too many there at once."

Next was a family sitting-room designed to suit the many sides of family and so-



"Can't you read, Private?"

cial life and, of course, to have the right amount of space, light and warmth. "Furniture, books, pictures, flowering plants and above all colour, will reflect the owner's tastes," said the catalogue.

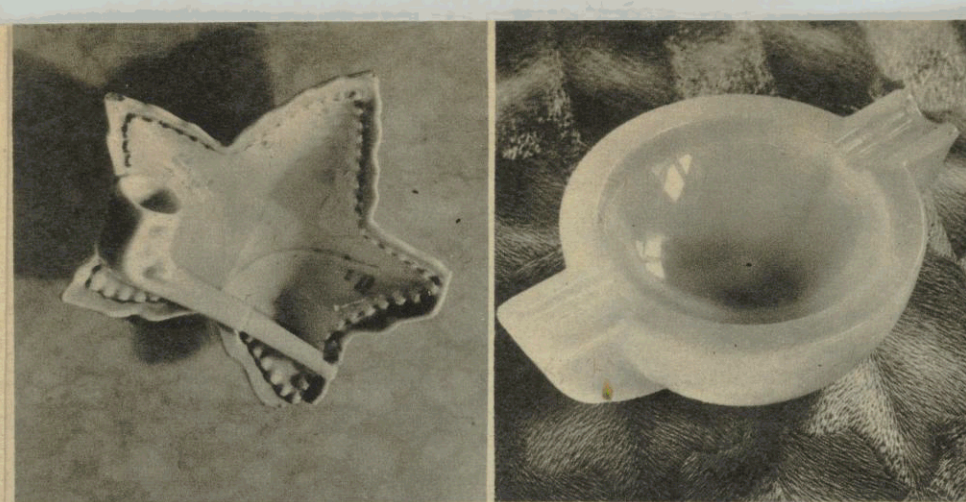
Smudger took it all in in silence. "I'd like to be buying my first furniture all over again with the missus," he said. He reeled off the items: "Continuous burning coal fire with underfloor air control and sunken ashpit for weekly cleaning, built-in book shelves, winged easy chair, low tea table in natural waxed oak, long stool for pot plants, reeded silver cigarette box."

"But a bit above the average pocket," I suggested. Smudger replied: "No. Could

KITCHEN (left). This gas kitchen cuts down the housewife's work to a minimum. Notice the smooth, easily cleaned surfaces, and such careful details as the refrigerator (right of photograph) separated from the stove by the whole length of the kitchen; the recesses for towel rail and tray rack; and the water-heater above the stainless steel sink. Other refinements include an extractor fan for carrying off fumes, and a garbage chute built into the centre set of cupboards.

FIRE (right). Continuous burning stove which uses coal, coke or anthracite.

WASH BASIN (right). Made from Perspex sheet and steel tube.



Bad Ashtray

Good Ashtray

a couple furnish two living-rooms and a kitchen on £200 in this way? That's what a lot of us will be working on, what with credits and a gratuity. I should say 'Yes, particularly if they decide on this standard and buy what they can afford at the beginning and keep on buying after they are married. It's saving up to build a home bit by bit that makes you fond of it."

I could add nothing to that. Smudger was plainly converted.

Most attractive to me and nearly so to Smudger was the kitchen dining-room (shown at the top of page 14) designed for a house in which meals are eaten as well as being cooked in the kitchen. It was a small alcove separated from the rest of the kitchen by a serving-counter — just the thing for a pre-fabricated house. Smudger said "Coo," and if I could possibly have joined him in such an unphilosophical remark I would have done so.

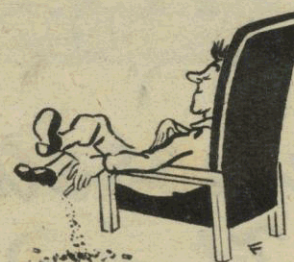
It's Not Expensive

If the kitchen fittings in pre-fabricated houses are anything like what has been claimed for them, furniture in these modern styles will make them very cosy. If that sounds too much to swallow Smudger and I can but ask you to look at the picture. The people who put this show together swear that they have used nothing outside the scope of a modest purse.

Both gas and electric kitchens were dreams, though a couple of men could not properly appreciate them. Only a woman with experience of days of depressing labour in a old-style place could do justice in describing them.

"Mrs. Smudger would like that gas kit-

chen," said my companion. "Fancy lying in bed and switching on the electric toaster and heater which will not burn the bread or boil over, and then snatching another five minutes — having a first breakfast in bed and then going downstairs and turning on the hot water tap and getting hot water straight away. No waiting and no fire to make. Makes you think..."



No Ashtray

He went even further: "Don't think I'd mind washing up in that — might even do a spot of potato-peeling fatigue." "What about 'they' now?" I asked him. "They seem to have done this show very well." Smudger frankly agreed. "I have no grumble with the folk that make decent things like these," he went on, "But we want to make certain that 'they' make enough of these things and put 'em on sale in the shops."

We went off to the Children's Room.

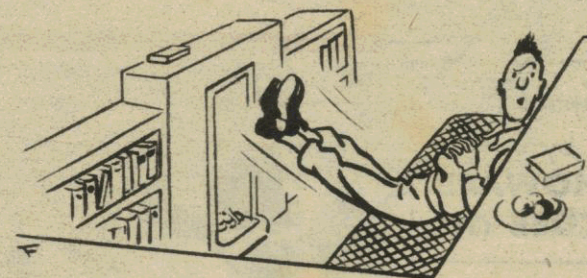
The beds in this nursery room were bunks with rails and a real ladder, as though they were in the cabin of a liner. There were nursery chairs and table, washable floor coverings and rugs. The lower part of the wall was covered with a plastic panel on which a thousand grubby hand-prints would leave no permanent stain. Even the curtains were designed by one Jake Nicholson, aged seven.

It was bright and cheerful and gay. Smudger and I leaned over the rail, and I think his thoughts ran on the same road as mine. We were peopling the nursery with young inhabitants.

This simple show had converted us.

A vision of a new Britain with sprawling suburbs of factory-made metal and fabric houses is not too bright a picture, from the outside. But if all the interiors of those standardised houses are as comfortable and as beautiful as this exhibition shows they can be made, then there is nothing to fear either for the men and women who will live in them or for the children that will be born in them.

"Why couldn't they bring the mantelpiece a bit nearer?"



At The Sign of the Old "SWAN"

At the sign of the old "Swan", Minster Lovell, in the valley of the Windrush, one of the most charming of all the villages that lie close to that winding stream. It stands in the heart of an agricultural district on the south-eastern fringe of the Cotswolds. The architecture of its cottages which flank each side of a single street is more varied than in most Cotswold villages, for thatch and half-timbering as well as stone lend variety to its appearance.

J. Dixon-Scott.

DO YOU KNOW?

1. How many is DCCCLXXVI?
2. A puncheon is (a) part of the tackle of a sailing ship; (b) a liquor measure; (c) a kind of sheep; (d) an Elizabethan verse-form. Which?
3. When it is noon at Greenwich what time is it in New York: (a) 0704 hours (b) 1904 hours (c) 0300 hours (d) the same time. Which?
4. What is (a) a cartographer (b) a choreographer (c) a lexicographer?
5. In what newspapers do these features appear (a) Don Iddon's Diary (b) "Sitting on the Fence" (c) Live Letters (d) Dogberry?
6. In France and Belgium you have seen these words over shop windows: (a) Nettoyage à sec; (b) agence hippique; (c) crémèrie; (d) quincaille-

rie. What trades do they represent?

7. How many Kings of England have been called (a) George (b) James (c) Charles (d) Edward (e) William?

8. Gray, in his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," wrote:
(a) The weary ploughman homeward plods his way.
(b) The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.
(c) Weary, the ploughman homeward plods his way.
(d) The homeward ploughman weary plods his way.
(e) The weary ploughman plods his homeward way.

9. In olden days, the cry "Gardio-loo!" meant that you had to:
(a) watch out for thrown refuse;
(b) surrender your arms and ammunition;
(c) bring out your dead;
(d) kiss the nearest girl. Which?

Answers on Page 18.

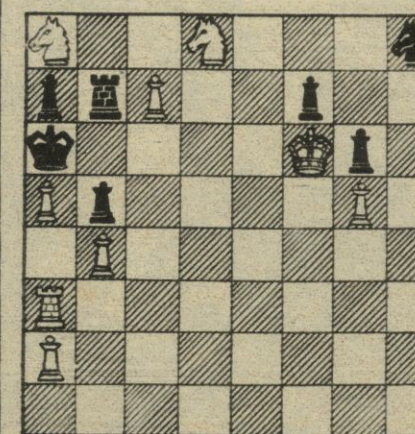
CHESS AND CROSSWORD

CLUES ACROSS.

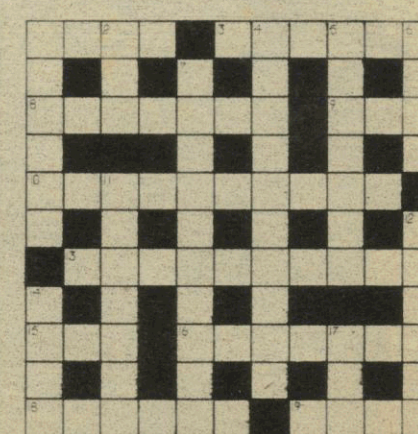
1. Zebrugge has a famous one. — 3. Definitely descriptive of the Nazis' hopes. — 8. No tiger may be found in the Philippines, for example. — 9. Puts a finish to playful endeavour. — 10. Scrounge. — but in official manner 1 — 13. The 42nd. — in the 51st (two words). — 15. Liable to give the physical training chaps a start. 16. It's especially affected by gunfire. 18. How one would describe the Staff? — 19. Turn the traps round to get a gun.

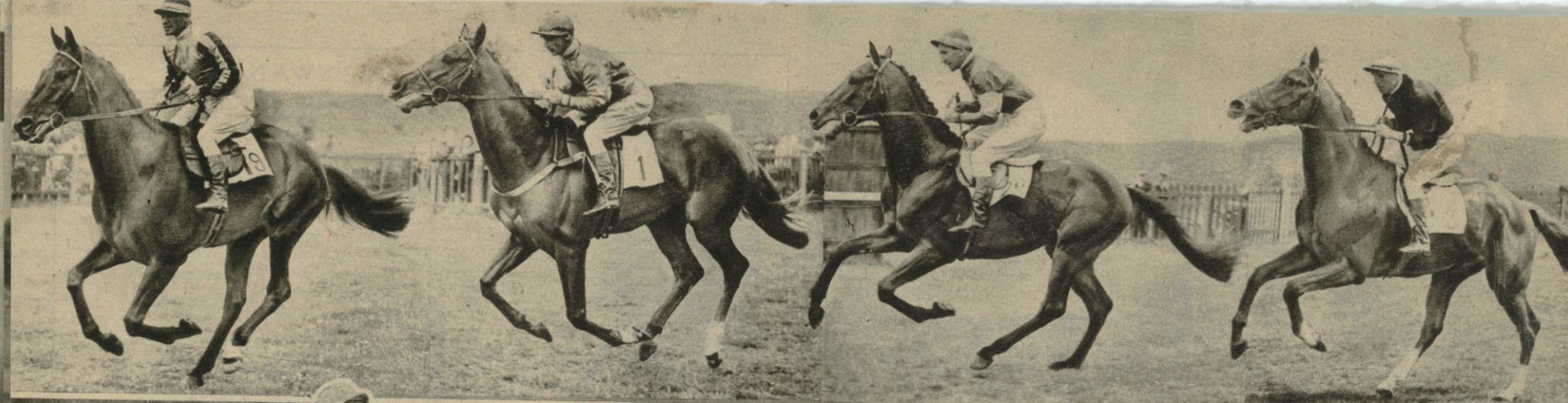
CLUES DOWN.

1. The geographical source of all the trouble. — 2. We want the ear of that same 51st. — 4. No weapon for modern fighting. — 5. It may be the big idea to do this often "generally" speaking. — 6. Alias Hun. — 7. Said by some to be responsible for this war. — 11. Pre-1939 recruits. — 12. Any old road in France will do here. — 14. Badge of the "Queen's". — 17. Tank track?



White to move and mate in two.





Chamossaire, current top favourite for the Derby, is seen on the left, with Lowrey up, being led out for a gallop. The string above is led by Sir Eric Ohlson's Dante (Nevett up), followed by Court Martial, owned by Lord Astor and ridden here by G. Richards, Miss Dorothy Paget's Sun Storm (Carey up), and Lord Derby's High Peak, with H. Wragg in the saddle.



Chamossaire For The Derby

A colleague of mine, who takes little or no interest in horse racing, was in a train some weeks ago when Prince ("I've-gotta-horse") Monolulu, complete with feathers, entered and sat opposite.

"Here, soldier, I'll give you the winner of the Derby," said Monolulu and wrote down the name Chamossaire. My friend expressed his thanks, passed the tip on, and it's doubtful if he will do anything more about it.

But other people besides Monolulu fancy Sqn-Leader Stanhope Joel's Chamossaire to win the Victory Derby at Newmarket on June 9. In fact, £45,000 went on him in one night at the Victoria Club and from being 40-1 in the 2,000 Guineas, when he finished fourth, and then 100-9 for the Derby, he fell to 8-1 and didn't stop at that.

You know the old axiom: "Fourth in the Guineas, first in the Derby" — well, that may hold good this time.

The 2,000 Guineas was looked forward to as a guide to the Derby; instead it left a lot of queries. Some of you heard the exciting broadcast when Lord Astor's Court Martial beat the favourite, Dante, by a neck, and Royal Charger came in third.

Billy Nevett, Dante's jockey, said an injury to the left eye of Sir Eric Ohlson's

colt cost him the race and pointed out that Dante, drawn on the extreme right, kept turning his head at the critical stage to see what it had to beat.

Cliff Richards, who rode Court Martial, claimed that the first two would again beat all those that finished behind them.

That's where some critics differ. They say Dante is another Tetratema, brilliant up to a mile, and that Court Martial is a son of Fair Trial, who never begot a stayer (what about High Chancellor?) and that this pair would have been overhauled eventually by Chamossaire, who, like High Peak, is just the horse for the Derby's 1 1/2 miles.

Chamossaire, who was certainly travelling faster than any other at the finish of the 2,000 Guineas, is by Precipitation, a great stayer.

Lady Derby's High Peak gave a poor show in the 2,000 Guineas. It finished eighth but Harry Wragg did not press him when he realised that he was being outpaced by Court Martial.

What of Miss D. Paget's Sun Storm? Well, he upset himself, and probably some of the others, by his tantrums at the starting gate and worked up a lather. He should be renamed Brain Storm, suggested the wags.

If you listen to all the tipsters you will find the voting goes like this: Chamossaire 1, High Peak 2, Sun Storm 3, Dante 4, Court Martial 5.

Wickets For Ellis

ONE warm morning this month Flying Officer R. S. Ellis climbed out of a Lancaster direct from "ops", collected his cricket gear, and made his way to Lord's. By 1500 hours that day he had taken eight for 21 with his left-arm slows for the RAAF against a British Empire XI led by Ray Smith, of Essex.

Although the 13,000 shirt-sleeved spectators sweltered in 84 degrees in the shade, this 27-year-old South Australian, who topped the RAAF bowling averages in the big matches last season, kept pegging away with an easy action and wonderfully accurate length and in one spell of 25 balls dismissed Halliday, Crabtree, Collinson, Sunnucks and Felton without having a run hit off him. The Empire were dismissed for a mere 118 and the RAAF replied with 189 for 7.

Australia's future Test prospects are

very bright, for Ellis is only one of many talented players in the two Australian teams in Britain, the RAAF and the Imperial Forces XI.

You've heard of young Flying Officer Bob Christofani, of St. George, NSW. He hit the headlines several times last season. He bowls a varied mixture of right-arm spinners, including some fast ones. Sometimes he can be expensive, but his seven for 39 against the RAF team of county players at Lord's told of his possibilities.

J. A. Workman, of Port Adelaide, has been called another Woodfull, which means he is determined, reliable, and hard to dislodge.

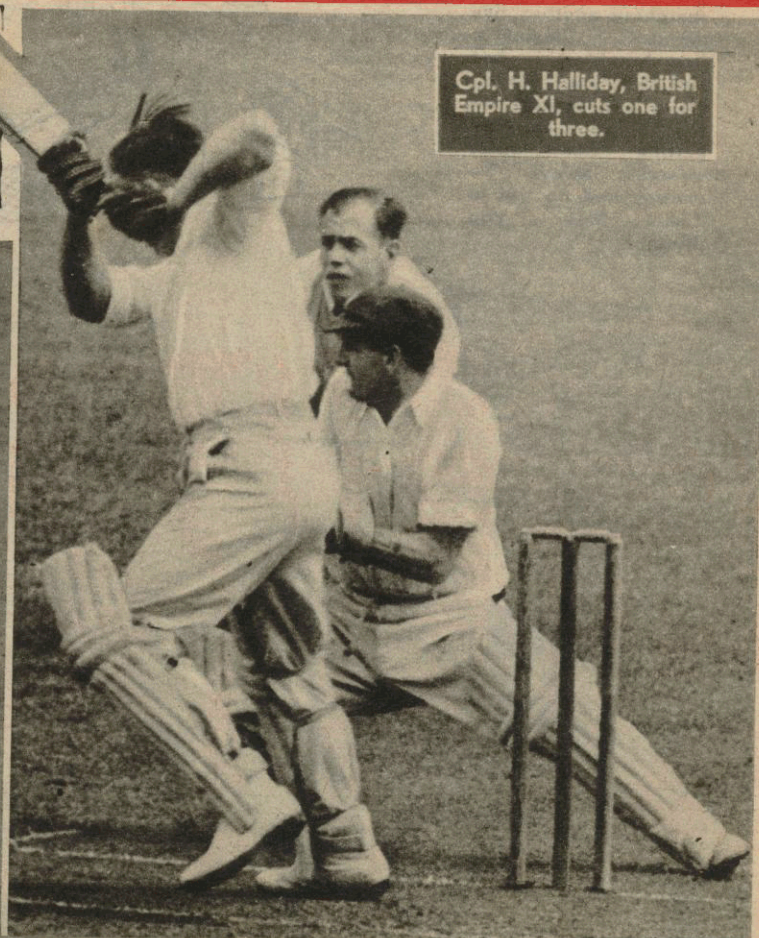
F/O Ross Stanford, DFC., of South Australia, who once scored over 400 in a school game, is another very useful bat, and also from South Australia is R. G. Williams, a good all-rounder. Williams was shot down in Libya and spent nearly four years in a German prison camp. He kept fit by felling trees and now he is felling stumps with his express deliveries.

Sport
by
**HOWARD
COBB (SJT)**

Cpl. H. Halliday, British Empire XI, cuts one for three.



Flt/Sgt. J. Workman, RAAF, missed in the slips in the RAAF v British Empire XI match at Lords.



MARIE WILSON



VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

Ancient Greeks could keep their chin up
Somehow, without Helen's pin-up.
Knights of France, turned troubadour,
Sang l'amour... without Lamour.
Wood-cuts signed "With love from Mabel"
Found no place on Cromwell's table.
Did the Guard at Waterloo
Ogle postcards?... Why should you?

All that heavy-lidded languor
Fills me with a gentle anguor.
Me, the sight of curves and cleavage

Causes naught but groans and grievage,
Fills my heart with far from tender
Feelings for the female gender.
All this photogenic flesh,
Legs encased in sable mesh,
Pretty bits of high-relief
Lashed up in a handkerchief,
Leave me bored and malcontent.
Do I hear polite dissent?
Never mind, lad... roll in clover.
You stop here and I'll turn over.

E.S.T.

LINK-UP

with British Army
Newspapers Everywhere

grumbling, they feel just as much at home as the men of the Eighth Army did in the Desert. — J. Deane Potter.

MID-EAST MAIL

Palestine

Mediterranean Fleet

ROYAL Engineer officers in the Lebanon have their own yacht club, whose members hope to have no fewer than 15 craft sailing in the Mediterranean by the end of June.

These will include 14 cat boats, three 17 ft bilgeboard scows, a 15 ft dingy and four rowing boats.

The Club was started in the autumn of 1944, when a few Sapper officers, having salvaged and reconditioned a ship's lifeboat, fitted it with a gaff sail, set forth from St. George's Bay and sailed south towards Saida. But not without some trepidation, because the salvaged hulk, as was seen later, was largely held together by paint.

A considerable amount of assistance and encouragement has been received from Brigadier Luby, DSO, MC, a keen yachtsman. Being a Royal Club, it is entitled to fly the blue ensign, and when this is dipped to craft of the Royal Navy, their flag must also be dipped in return.

An ambition of the club is to have a caique built to sail to Cyprus and other islands in the Mediterranean.

WEEKLY COMMENTARY

India

Burma No Menagerie

I have been watching our armies fighting in Burma ever since the Japs attacked over three years ago, and I can tell you that this is an army which is completely junglewise. For instance, they know that snakes do not bite you as soon as you go off the path, nor panthers jump at you. Wild animals can hear you a long time before you hear them, and before you arrive they have gone. Few men in the Fourteenth Army have ever seen a wild animal bigger than a tree rat, although there is the occasional snake; but I have never heard of one case of a Fourteenth Army man being bitten by a snake.

The British, probably the most adaptable race in the world, are now pretty comfortable in the jungle and paddy fields. In fact, although they never cease

"You won't disillusion me," she said. "I've had five husbands, 14 children, and it's NOT dead."

"O.K.," I said, "It's not dead." I bent down and lifted the eyelids of the animal.

Straightening up I said in the voice of a small boy divulging the location of a bird's nest, "It's dead."

"If I were you," I went on, "I'd run home and fetch another bullock. This one is blocking the advance to Burma."

Polish for Smith?

Mail Orderly, at mail call: "Letter for Cdadwinskiendnozly."

Voice from rear: "What initial?"



Persia and Iraq Command

Glad Farewell

To "Trunk Call" (may its quality remain) A former Paicman sends salaams again—Farewell! Entrancing land of Rafidain!

Farewell, dry land of temperature intense, Whose climate's rigours made me hie me thence.

Khalass Command controlled by common-sense!

Adieu to bhisties, dhobies, atta, ghee — A thought for mugs out on the L of C; A tribute due, too, to the AEC...

Farewell, agals and kerchiefs rightly worn, Farewell, the land where Abraham was born.

Adieu, dull desert's dehydrated dawn!

From Karind, Penjwin, Beirut, Tehran high.

From far-flung fields of fuel I faint must fly. Flow on, twin fertile rivers, or we die!

Such memories of friendship have I left, Of topee, chagul, ground-sheet now bereft, Thy servant hath been duly MEF'd.

To keep in touch may I a favour seek?

Pray send me "Trunk Call" ev'ry wayward week.

The best of luck to all! —

(signed) ESSOBLIQUE.

THE TWO TYPES

BY JON



"Bet this will shake him!"

QUIZ-

★ Here is SOLDIER's sixth series of Questions and Answers on the Services' release schema:

Q. Does a man released under Class B have to accept the wages offered him by the firm for which he is to work?

A. He will get the wages appropriate to his trade.

Q. Does a man released in Class B have to start work before the end of his 21 days leave?

A. No.

Q. How are married women placed in Age and Service Groups?

A. In the same way as any other women. They claim release priority from whatever group they are in.

Q. Has a man a right to return to the Army after he has been released in Class B?

A. No, he has no right to return but he could apply to do so.

Q. If my clothes have been lost during the war by enemy action, can I get any additional coupons?

A. You can apply to Customs and Excise on form CRSCI.

Q. Does the scheme affect an alien who enlisted in the Pioneer Corps in the UK?

A. For release he is treated as British but he must carry out instructions for Aliens as laid down in ACI 1459/44 and any further instructions that may be issued.

Q. Will soldiers who did not receive all the disembarkation leave due to them on return from the Middle East, before going to France, get this leave or pay in lieu at a later date?

A. No.

Q. What rank will a non-Regular NCO retain if he signs a regular engagement now?

A. If in the same Corps, his War Substantive rank. If in a different Corps it will depend on his qualification for that Corps. Rank in the post-war Army will depend on establishments existing at that time.

Q. Can an Auxiliary released under the married clause be "directed" after release by the Ministry of Labour?

A. No.

Q. Will a man released under Class B and directed to work away from his home be given financial help to enable him to have his wife and family with him?

A. This will depend on the Ministry of Labour, who will do their best to place him near his home.

Q. Who issues coupons to cover the clothing allowance to the ATS, and when are they issued?

A. The Military Dispersal Units, in the final stages of release.

Q. Before the war many tradesmen had to provide their own tools. Who will provide the tools for a man released in Class B?

A. This depends on the normal arrangements in the particular trade — but the matter is under consideration.

- ON WHO GOES OUT?

UNION JACK

Italy

Tyrant's Last Thoughts

CARDINAL Ildefonso Schuster, of Milan, to-day reconstructed to me (writes Cecil Sprigge) a private conversation he had with Mussolini immediately before the ex-Duce's flight from the city...

"He was utterly depressed. I said 'Mussolini, repent your sins and prepare for the bad days which have been sent by God as an opportunity for expiation.'"

"Follow Napoleon's example. Pius VII used his offices for Napoleon. Pius XII will endeavour to mitigate your lot."

"Mussolini then spoke admiringly about the British and observed that the Germans had sacrificed 15,000,000 lives."

Asked if he considered Mussolini penitent, the Cardinal said: "It was not a penitent's condition. He was too dejected and far from religious relief. It might have been possible to work on him, but time was lacking." The Cardinal, however, recommended meditation.

jambo

East Africa

Wishful Thinker

I had rounded a bend when I espied a bullock cart in the centre of the lane about 30 yards ahead. An old woman was standing by the bullock, which was lying down in the shafts. She was swearing all known and unknown dialects. On reaching the cart I looked at the bullock and said with an air of authority: "It's dead."

"It has never done this before," she said.

"Done what?" I asked.

"Conked out like this," she replied.

"Maybe it's got sunstroke," I suggested.

I am still trying to translate her answer. Then she said: "He's not got sunstroke. He's just plumb lazy."

"I don't want to disillusion you," I said, "But the animal is definitely dead. In other words, it's had it."

Answers

(from Page 15)

DO YOU KNOW?

1. 376. 2. A liquor measure. 3. 0704 hours. 4. (a) a map-maker; (b) designer of ballet; (c) dictionary-maker. 5. (a) Daily Mail (b) Sunday Express (c) Daily Mirror (d) News-Chronicle. 6. (a) dry-cleaning; (b) racing agent (bookie); (c) dairy; (d) ironmongery. 7. (a) six; (b) two; (c) two; (d) eight; (e) four. 8. The ploughman homeward plods his weary way. 9. Watch out for thrown refuse.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS:— 1. Mole. 3. Ebbing. 8. Negrito. 9. Set. 10. Commander. 13. Black Watch. 15. A.P.T.(s). 16. Ear-drum. 18. Brassy. 19. Sten(nets).

DOWN:— 1. Munich. 2. Lug. 4. Broadsword. 5. Inspect. 6. Goth. 7. Financiers. 11. Militia. 12. Chemin. 14. Lamb. 17. Rut.

CHESS

Key-move: P-B 8 becomes Rook.

7 SOLDIER



● Write to **SOLDIER** about it. But remember two things: Give us your name, rank and number. Keep it short and snappy!

staff of **SOLDIER** comments on this letter: "What is the objection to troops having bread if it is operationally possible for them to have it?" — Ed., **SOLDIER**.

More Forgotten Men

"Driver, RASC" (name and address supplied): Reading "Capt. RASC's" little grouse (**SOLDIER** No. 4) I wondered if he has ever remembered the army of reservists who came up for two months service in June and August of '39. They've been a hell of a long two months, but we are on the same "demob" scale as anyone else, and no old "tenners" chucked in.

Maybe the captain will come down from his elevation if he really desires his pretty Territorial efficiency medal and make himself and your suffering readers happy.

Is It Too Late?

"RIFLEMAN", London Irish Rifles: "Capt. RASC" (**SOLDIER** No. 4) expresses the long-hidden feelings of thousands of TA men. It is to be hoped that the High Authority who decreed that the TA insignia should NOT be worn now regret their decision. The TA battalions, admittedly aided in early days by a



"It is to be hoped that High Authority now regret their decision."

percentage of Regular personnel, have achieved much in this war, in all theatres. In my own regiment the "army class" men soon became intensely proud of the fact that they were members of a TA battalion. We were proud of them, too. We were fortunate inasmuch as we were allowed to retain our regimental individuality and title — which was not the case with many other famous regiments of the TA.

Too Rosy a Picture?

Pte. J.E. Dolphin, RAMC, 10 Field Dressing Station, BLA: I feel that your article "New Cities Will Rise" (**SOLDIER** No. 4) presents a very rosy picture — much too rosy.

It is stated that the fine plans which are illustrated across the top of the page must go

through. The author cannot be unaware that if the present progress and policies continue no such thing is at all likely. The outlook is a good deal blacker than he would have us believe.

The first essential in replanning cities and building homes is to acquire the land. One would have thought that this was a problem to be treated with a certain amount of urgency. Yet after the Uthwatt Committee presented its report two years elapsed before the Town and Country Planning Bill was issued (and this after the Lord Mayors of many cities, including Portsmouth, had complained of the failure of the Government to take decisions). Even then the Bill did not include the most important recommendations of the committee. The schemes of local authorities were confined to rebuilding blitzed districts only, so that wide and imaginative planning was more or less ruled out. The Government offered local authorities little hope of much financial assistance.

It is estimated that at least 4,000,000 new houses will be required after the war. We have been promised 100,000 in the first year, and 200,000 during the second. Some of us are going to be quite old men and women before we get a home.

I hope you will continue to publish articles on post-war problems; but in addition to presenting plans and ideas might it not be more helpful to suggest how they may be put into effect, and how we may ensure that they are? Perhaps I ask too much.

★ The writer of the article stated: "The making of schemes for Utopias is more simple than the practical arrangements for their fulfillment". He outlined many of the difficulties, which, he said, constituted "a teaser of enormous magnitude". Was this being rosy? — Ed., **SOLDIER**.

Black-List Them

Pte. L. Lewin, 111 British General Hospital, BLA: Before the war a lot of people invested in a house of their own and as we all know these houses began to fall into bits in no time. Who was to blame? Most people say the builder. He was to a certain extent, but what was the building inspector doing? His job, as I understand it, was to see the house built from the foundations to the roof. Now I have worked on these houses, and I have



"...what was the building inspector doing?"

seen what has been passed by our friend the inspector. In future, if we want decent houses we must have inspectors who know the job inside out, and who know inferior materials when they see them. I think myself the reports of these men should be thoroughly examined by the authorities and action taken if needed. If a house is built with third-class bricks on the outside walls — hundreds of houses have been put up in this way — the builder should be reported and black-listed.

Better Books Wanted

Tpr. C. Cross, 111 Transit Camp: Many suggestions have been made for amenities for the Army of Occupation in Europe. To my mind the most important is to build up first-class libraries. The normal boxes of books that one finds in a unit HQ and even the so-called libraries at the Educational Centres are inadequate.

It is essential that we have all the latest publications, both fiction and non-fiction, not necessarily the latest Ruby M. Ayres or crime book, but we do want the latest books by Cronin and Priestley, the latest travel books, political books, books of reference, in fact the books one would expect to find at one's own public library.

A central library is needed whereby branch libraries set up in various towns and villages can be fed. Books should be bought by a selection committee and the cost borne by the public, NAAFI and all municipal boroughs and county councils in Britain. All the public and county library committees owe us this. Our families are contributing to the upkeep of these libraries by way of rates.

Many people are under the impression that the Service man will read anything and have taken this opportunity of getting rid of the rubbish they have been hoarding for years.

PASTE THIS ON YOUR RADIO!

★ Note changed wave-length of BLA 3.

AEFP	514 m.	(583 kc/s)
BLA 2	274 m.	(1095 kc/s)
BLA 3	223 m.	(1339 kc/s)
BLA 4	213 m.	(1402 kc/s)
AEFP (short wave)	48.78 m.	(6.15 mc/s)
	or 40.98 m.	(7.32 mc/s)

It may seem ungrateful to the people who have contributed to the book scheme in all good faith, but judging from the books I have seen recently we would be better off without them.

Do Uniforms Help?

Cpl. A.E. Usher, Suffolk Regt., attached Civil Affairs: What do you think of this extract (quoted below) from the Scottish "Weekly News"?

Some of these essential war-workers think we lads of the Services delight in walking around in our so-called "fancy uniforms". This man has a home to go to after his day's work which should compensate him for the lack of the "fair sex". As for girls going for our uniforms, I disagree with him. If he thinks he could get a girl if he were in uniform I am willing to take my chances in his place.

Now for our opinion of your magazine. In our small detachment we all look forward to the next edition with eagerness. It's a grand effort...



Extract reads:

Girls, you make me sick the way you carry on with these foreign Service-men.

No longer are you content to go out with Jimmy, who works in the grocer's, or with Tom in the Shipyard. I wonder why?

Is it because we're just civilians or just plain Scots?

You are marrying Canadians, Americans, Poles, and even English by the thousands, with never a thought to the harm this could mean for Scotland.

You may as well admit this uniform business has gone to your heads; it doesn't give us poor fellows a look in. I know plenty of girls who have a different date for every night in the week.

Never mind, we'll get our own back some day. There'll not always be so many handsome uniforms to pick from.

You'll know then how we felt, rushing home after a hard day to go out and wait half an hour for a girl who had no intention of keeping the date. — "Shipyard Jack."

LINES...

Why doesn't the Chancellor of the Exchequer tax Britain's millions of aspirin addicts? Here in Belgium aspirin is taxed heavily. — Cpl. J. Shaw, REME.

I agree with Pte. Wallace (**SOLDIER** No. 5) that the Pioneers should now become the "Royal Pioneer Corps". Not only have they repaired roads, built airfields and bridges and so on, but they put down the biggest smoke screen in history to protect their comrades crossing the Rhine. — L/Cpl. C. Matthews, 806 Smoke Coy. (SM), Pioneer Corps.

If mud-slinging must be done, then for heaven's sake sling it in the right direction — Germany and Japan. Leave the Service Woman alone. Try to do as good a job of work as she is doing. — Sgt. C. V. Norris, 961 Pioneer & Civil Labour Unit.

Can You Help?

The Editor of **SOLDIER** has been asked to pass on the following appeals:

From 956376 Bdr. J. D. Squires, 29th Bty., 19th Field Regt. R. A., MEF: for a photograph of the grave of his brother P/O B.W.B. Squires, killed in August 1941 and, according to enemy reports, buried at or near to Den Heider, Holland.

From 14295032 Pte. D. Burgess, Def. Pln, 2nd Para. Bde. HQ. CMF: for a photograph of the grave of 14772816 Pte. G. Burgess, Monmouthshire Rgt., "believed buried near Arden or Ouden."

You have defeated the German Army. Now it's your job to see that Germany is permanently disarmed. Collect and hand in captured small arms, ammunition, grenades or mines. If you don't it may cost you your life when the Germans have recovered from the first shock of defeat.

How to get **SOLDIER** regularly

SOLDIER is sold at 2 francs (Belgian) per copy. It may be ordered in bulk by Unit PRI's on a three- or six-month subscription, payment being made in British Postal Order or by cheque on a UK bank. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "Command Paymaster" and made payable to "British Army Newspaper Unit". An order form is given below. Subscription rates are:

1 copy for next 6 issues (6 copies)	1/4d
2 copies > > > (12 > >)	2/8d
3 > > > > (18 > >)	4/-
6 > > > > > (36 > >)	8/-
12 > > > > > > (72 > >)	16/-
24 > > > > > > > (144 > >)	32/-

Note: (1) Stamps cannot be accepted. (2) "BANU" cannot undertake to post copies of "Soldier" to other than B.L.A. personnel. (3) Back numbers are not available.

ORDER FORM

To:—"SOLDIER", No. 1, British Army Newspaper Unit, BLA.

Please supply.....copies of.....issues to
(Block Capitals)

beginning with your next issue.

Enclosed please find Postal Order/Cheque for

Signed

Rank Unit



Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour, whose job it is to "unwind" the man-power which has been keyed up so tightly to meet the needs of the fighting Services.



General Sir Ronald Adam says the keynote of the release scheme is fairness.

Releases Will Start on June 18

PLANs are ready to start releases from the Forces on June 18, and about 750,000 are expected to be back in civilian life by the end of this year. Conscription of women for the ATS, the WAAF, and the WRNS is ended, and men over 30 will not be called up unless the Japanese prove tougher than we expect.

Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour, has given the House of Commons first details of the Government plans for the re-allocation of labour while the war with Japan is going on. This is what he said: —

The Army

Releases will start June 18, and will proceed by release groups over fortnightly periods.

Every arrangement has been made to enable men from all theatres of war, including Burma, in the first release group to start being released on this date. That was an attempt to ensure that in spite of the long distance they were away they would not be handicapped.

Between June 18 and the end of August, Groups 1 to 11 would be released.

(Another Government speaker, Mr. M.S. McCordale, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Labour, said later in the debate that the figure of 750,000 might, so far as the Army was concerned, bring the releases up to the middle of the 20's in the Group scheme).

Navy and RAF

Releases of both men and women start on June 18. The release from the different Services would differ, and that was due to the fact that in the Far Eastern war the Navy and the Royal Air Force had special responsibilities and technical commitments.

Class B

About 60,000, mainly building workers, will be released by the end of the year. Class B releases were based on a proportion of 10 % of Class A. Over and above the num-

bers allocated to building, 50 % of the difference would be underground miners.

All Class B men will have to remain in the jobs given to them or go back to the Army.

Mr. Bevin said he could not give an accurate figure of the number of men to be released because he did not know how many would volunteer to remain in the Services. A good many would volunteer.

The best forecast he could make was that up to the end of the year, they hoped to release something like 750,000. This included both Class A and Class B. Most of the 750,000 would be from the Army.

Men released in Class A would have a minimum of 56 days release leave and they would not be subsequently withdrawn from whatever job they found. It did not mean that the men had to float about during the eight weeks. Although they would not be entitled to unemployment pay if they had not a job to go back to (in the eight weeks) the services of the Department to get them into a job immediately were available, and they would be welcomed at the Employment Exchanges or the Resettlement Offices.

If they went into work and drew wages, they would still draw their 56 days leave pay.

Call-Up Goes On

With regard to Bevin boys as they were called, the ballot had been suspended and he hoped it would not be necessary to operate it again. In the call-up they were going to allow boys still to opt for the mines. There had been 20,000 Bevin boys who had gone into the mines apart from those who had opted, and they had made it possible to upgrade 11,000 miners to the coal-face.

With regard to call-up for the Forces, the first object was to release older men with long service and replace men coming out under Class B and safeguarding the numbers released under Class A. In the White Paper he laid the ages down as 18 to 27, but recently he amended the age to 30.

Three hundred and eighty Resettlement Offices were being established in the main towns and cities. Over 5,000,000 copies of the booklet on Resettlement would have been distributed to the Forces in a few days time. Fifteen specially trained officers had been sent to all the main theatres of war to answer and discuss questions.

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL EXPLAINS

THIS is what General Sir Ronald Adam, Bt., CB, DSO, OBE, Adjutant-General to the Forces and the Army's spokesman, had to say about the release scheme:

"We are still fighting a very difficult war a long way off, and large forces are required in Germany.

"So we have called this — not 'demobilisation', but a release period for re-allocation of man-power between the Services and industry. We have tried to produce a scheme that is fair between man and man, and simple.

"The release of each group will be spread over a fortnight. Every man, wherever he is serving, as far as possible will be released during that fortnight — whether he comes from Burma or is in England.

"There are three classes of release. The first is on the basis of age and length of service; the second consists of skilled men who are wanted in industry; and the third is compassionate release.

"The men serving overseas are the problem. They have a long way to come and transport will be difficult. It is important to ensure that the soldier has faith in the scheme".