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SOLDIER

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"The old man speaks..."

SOLDIER Cover Picture



The veteran military pensioner seen talking to two Guardsmen in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, is James Ellaway, aged 88. He joined the Army when he was 18 and fought in the Afghanistan Campaign of 1878, the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 and the Nile Expedition of 1884, sent to relieve General Gordon.

After leaving the Army he re-joined in 1900 for the Boer War, but was not allowed to go overseas.

In 1915 he volunteered again, and went to Egypt, Palestine and India.

The regiments he has served in include the 66 Foot (now Berkshires), 49 Foot, 19 Hussars, 7 Dragoon Guards, Camel Corps, Gloucesters and Rifle Brigade.

He holds the Afghanistan Medal and Bar, Roberts Star, Egyptian Medal and Bar, Victory Medal, General Service Medal, Coronation Medal and Khedive Star.

(Photograph: M. Berman, Sjt.)

BAOR OFFICERS' RELEASE

THE following are the groups of officers of the British Army of the Rhine whom Field-Marshal Montgomery has decided (up to 5 Oct.) to retain beyond the normal time for release:

RA, A & S Gps 21-23; Inf, A & S Gps 20-23; RAC, A & S Gp 23; RE (except Svy, Postal and Movement Control) A & S Gps 17-23; RE (Transportation), A & S Gps 15-23; RE (Svy), A & S Gps 19-22; RAOC, A & S Gps 15-23; Pioneer Corps (Labour), A & S Gps 21-23; all those serving with MPSC, A & S Gps 17-23; all those serving with CMP, A & S Gps 21-23; Volunteers for service with Mil. Gov. under ACI 173/45, A & S Gps 15-20; all those serving with Mil. Gov./Control Commission, A & S Gps 21-23.

The period of retention will vary and, it is stated, cannot yet be decided. BAOR Headquarters states also that it is likely to be essential to apply the "military necessity" clause to groups later than 24 and to different arms. Retention applies not only to officers serving in a unit of a particular arm, but to those extra-regimentally employed — for instance, those holding staff appointments.

General Speed-Up

A general statement on release from the Forces has been made by Mr. George Isaacs, the Minister of Labour. There is to be an overall speed-up within the framework of the original Age and Service scheme, and the scope of release under Class B — keymen — is to be widened.

This is Mr Isaacs' provisional estimate of Army releases between January and June next year: JANUARY, Group 24; FEBRUARY, 25; MARCH, 26; APRIL, 27; MAY and JUNE, 28 to 31 inclusive.

By the end of this year more than 1,500,000 men and women will have been released from the Forces. By June 1946, 3,000,000 will be out, according to the official estimate.

LETTERS

UNLUCKY HORSES

There's one thing in Germany that arouses sympathy in every British soldier. That is the poor state of the horses used in lieu of motor transport.

Can't the Military Government officials educate the Jerries in the humane treatment of these animals? We know they can't afford to give them the correct food, but I hope we can stop them using maimed animals, overloaded wagons, and brutal treatment. — Pte. E. Turner, att. HQ Coy, 2nd Bn Essex Regt.

AN EX-ARMY TIE?

Many of my friends now released say that of the civvie kit issued to them the tie is the worst feature. Having seen several, I agree. They are too gaudy and not of very good quality.

Is it not possible to give us our regimental ties? If it is argued by Ordnance that this would involve too many different patterns, it could at least be done with the Gunners and the various Corps.

But why not an "ex-Army" tie? Many of us would prefer to wear this distinguishing sign rather than one of the many badges which ex-service folk now carry in their buttonholes to show they've done their bit. — Sjt. W. W. Gregory RA, 39 RHU.

MARRYING A BELGIAN

I am shortly to be married to a Belgian girl. How do I transport our home to England?

We already have a fair amount of furniture which has been given us as wedding presents by the girl's family. Is it permissible and possible to get this furniture to England? I realise the difficulties of transport. I am due for release in four or five months. — CQMS G. Theobald, HQ 701 Coy RASC (Stat. Maint).

★ Your wife must get an export licence from the Belgian Export Office, 69 Rue de la Loi, Brussels. You must obtain from HM Customs and Excise Form 104 on which you declare that the goods are your personal effects. Then apply to any shipping agency in Belgium. They will charge you approximately 70s. per ton. Insurance 2 per cent. — Ed., SOLDIER.

RESPIRATORS

Now that the fighting has finished, would it not be possible to withdraw from all ranks respirators, gas capes and all the other paraphernalia connected with gas warfare as well as steel helmets? This equipment is just lying about unused.

Surely the steel — and possibly the rubber — could be salvaged and used again for something constructive. — Bdr. E. W. Suttle, 31 RHU.

★ The withdrawal of personal anti-gas equipment is recognised as being necessary now that operations have ceased. But in a peace-time Army it is necessary that a certain scale of these stores should be held by every unit for training and it is the work involved in the assessing of these scales that is holding up the withdrawal of the majority of anti-gas equipment. Steel helmets are a normal part of the soldier's peace-time equipment and it is not likely that they will be withdrawn. Ed., SOLDIER.

BOUQUET FOR ENSA

L/Bdr. J. Simmons, in his letter about ENSA performers (SOLDIER No 15), asks, "Who do they think they are?" and "What do they think we are?"

Do not be so severe, chum, on these gallant performers who help to enliven our leisure time.

"They think they are" performers of ordinary calibre, in many cases hard done by for applause.

All they ask is your approval and not your money. "They think we are" an extremely critical audience — but the best in the world withal.

Why do com-pères say, "How about a big hand" in introducing an act? To give the trouper encouragement to produce his or her best.

Have you ever got up to sing or perform for the boys, L/Bdr. Simmons? If you have, you will know how encouraging it is to hear "Good old Simmo!" before you start. — Bdr. E. W. Stubberfield, 2 S/L Bty, RA.

"MORE MILLY"

Cpl. Adamson in his letter "Milly" (SOLDIER No 15) has not realised that English humour is based on contrasts.

NAAFI/ENSA's purpose is to entertain, and they have certainly done so, even way back in Normandy. — Spr. R. H. Wilson, 50 RHU.

"NEST EGG"

I am contemplating completing my 21 years. Am I entitled to war gratuities, 6d. per day "nest egg", and the 56 days leave plus one day for each month spent overseas in this war? — Sjt. R. J. Williams, No 1 SES, att RS Coy., 14 AOD.

★ The War Office says: — "If this soldier re-engages he will not be deprived of his war gratuity or post-war credits of 6d. a day, but it has not yet been decided when these will be paid in such cases. No decision has yet been given regarding leave for a soldier still with the Colours." — Ed., SOLDIER.

(More Letters on Page 23)

Snapshot (5) on JOBS

AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE

SO great has been the "back to the land" drive in wartime Britain that interest in agriculture has been widespread, and many Servicemen may feel they would like to make farming, of one sort or another, their future career. Although opportunities for skilled and unskilled workers on the land exist, prospects for those contemplating purchase of farms or land in Britain are not particularly good for those without much capital.

VACANCIES

It must be realised that although vacancies exist in the agricultural and horticultural fields there is a considerable gap between owner and labourer which is filled by a relatively small number of people. If your position requires that you should not be the farmer who owns or rents his land, or the labourer who does the "horse-work", there will be few posts available of intermediate status. It is therefore essential that before taking the first step you should decide whether you wish to "own or rent your own farm", work as "a scientific farmer, adviser or inspector", or as a "skilled labourer".

QUALIFICATIONS

For practical work on the land a love of the country and a real desire for farming are essential. Good health and ability to handle men are also necessary, and for those who aspire to farming in the Dominions some knowledge of carpentry, milking, tractor driving and horsemanship will prove useful. For inspectorial and advisory work practical experience and high educational qualifications must be obtained, and School Certificate standard is often required at first. Under Ministry of Agriculture regulations for ex-Service trainees, however, specific qualifications are unnecessary.

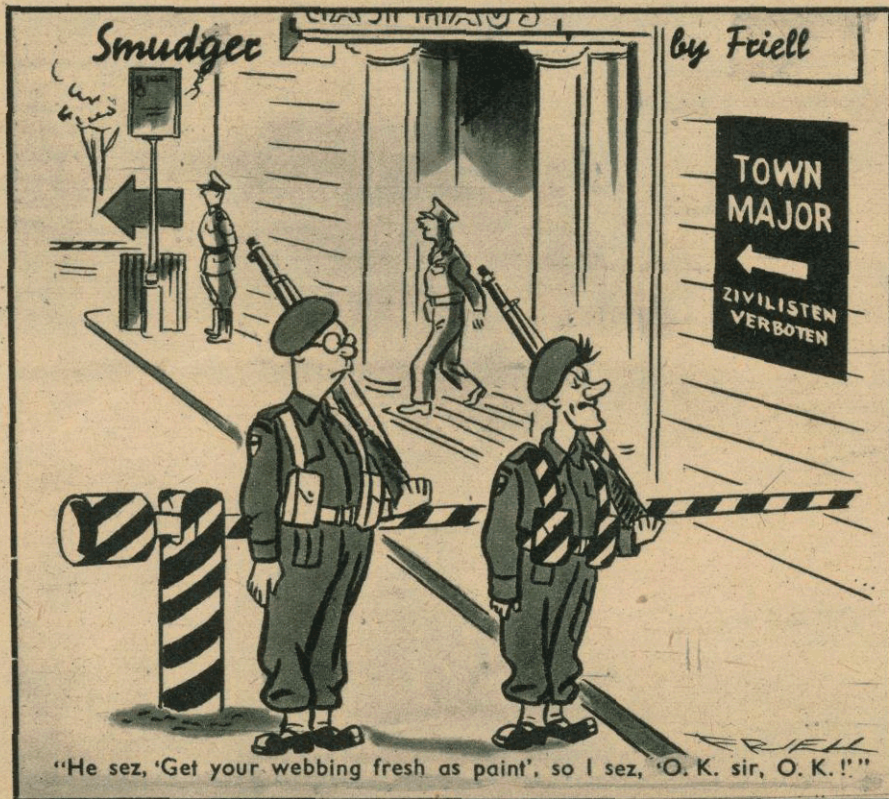
TRAINING

Training for ex-Servicemen is already organised by the Ministry of Agriculture in co-operation with the War Agricultural Executive Committee. Those wishing to take advantage of the scheme should apply to the Ministry of Agriculture at 55 Whitehall, London, SW. 1, for full particulars, and after demobilisation should report to their local Ministry of Labour and apply for a training course. If accepted provisionally you will be sent for interviewing to a Selection Board, who may pass you on to either a training farm, a farming institute or technical college. Courses on farms usually last about a year, during which time you will receive pay and allowance and travelling expenses as laid down in the scheme. After training the Ministry of Labour will do all its power to find you a suitable job.

PROSPECTS

Salaries for farm managers or bailiffs in England and Wales range from £250 per year upwards, while dairy managers may get £200 to £500 or more. Government Assistant Land Commissioners and Livestock Officers may get £325-£525 and £500-£1,100 per annum respectively. Semi-skilled horticultural workers get a minimum 70/- per week.

Prospective farmer-owners may apply to such firms as the Agricultural Corporation, Ltd., or the Scottish Agricultural Securities Corporation, which are empowered to advance loans for the purchase of agricultural land.



"He sez, 'Get your webbing fresh as paint', so I sez, 'O. K. sir, O. K.!'"



Last month Archbishop Damaskinos visited Britain to discuss Greek problems with Cabinet Ministers. In this picture he is seen with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher. With them is Col. McCaskie (Liaison Officer to the Regent), the Bishop of Edessa, M. Agnides (Greek Ambassador to Britain) and Comd. Boudaris, the Regent's Aide-de-Camp.

GREECE LOOKS TO HIM

ARCHBISHOP Damaskinos, Regent of Greece, was born on 3 March, 1891, in the mountain village of Dorvitsa. While he was still young, his parents moved to the Thessalian town of Carditsa, and there he spent his schooldays until old enough to go to the University of Athens. He graduated in theology with first-class honours, and, as soon as he left the University, served in the Balkan wars of 1912-13. Afterwards, he returned to Athens to take a further degree in law.

Swift Promotion

In 1917 he formally entered the church, and was appointed to be Archimandrite of Athens. This appointment only lasted for a few months, and, later in the same year, he went to the Monastery of Penteli, which he reorganised. In the following year the government, impressed by the organising ability he had already shown, entrusted him with the task of drawing up a charter of the autonomous community of Mount Athos. From that time until his appointment in 1922 as Bishop of Corinth, his efforts were devoted to raising the general standard of the Greek clergy.

In 1928 a very severe earthquake almost completely destroyed Corinth and its surrounding villages. Damaskinos put himself at the head of the relief workers, and, by his efforts, was able to do much to relieve the suffering. Later in the year he went to America to collect funds for the reconstruction of the city.

Banishment

By 1938 his power in Greece was assured, and, when the Archbishop of Athens, Chrysostom, died, Damaskinos was elected to the holy seat despite bitter opposition from the dictatorial government of General Metaxas. The government were not, however, prepared to let the matter rest, and, by certain dubious means, succeeded in nullifying the election. The Archbishop was banished to a monastery on the island of Salamis, where he remained until the Nazi overthrow of Greece in 1941, when he was invited to return to the Archiepiscopal throne.

With his return to Athens came an epic struggle to administer mercy and preserve Greek integrity despite the efforts of the Nazis. In the winter of

1941-42, when thousands were dying, and the Red Cross had not yet reached Greece, the Archbishop set up an organisation to run kitchens and clinics, and to care for the children and Allied prisoners on Greek soil.

Defied Germans

In 1943 he formed a committee of 48 high officials to protest against the taking of hostages, suggesting that it should itself be taken hostage if the Nazis really felt it necessary to take any. He also set up an underground movement to give shelter to British officers on secret missions, Greek partisans, and escaped POW's, and was a guiding mind behind a strike which compelled the Germans to repeal their mobilisation order forcing the male population of Greece to work for the Germans.

Archbishop Damaskinos retained the power which he had built up for himself during the war, and when, last December, it became necessary to appoint a Regent of Greece, Damaskinos received the office with the full agreement of all Greek political parties.



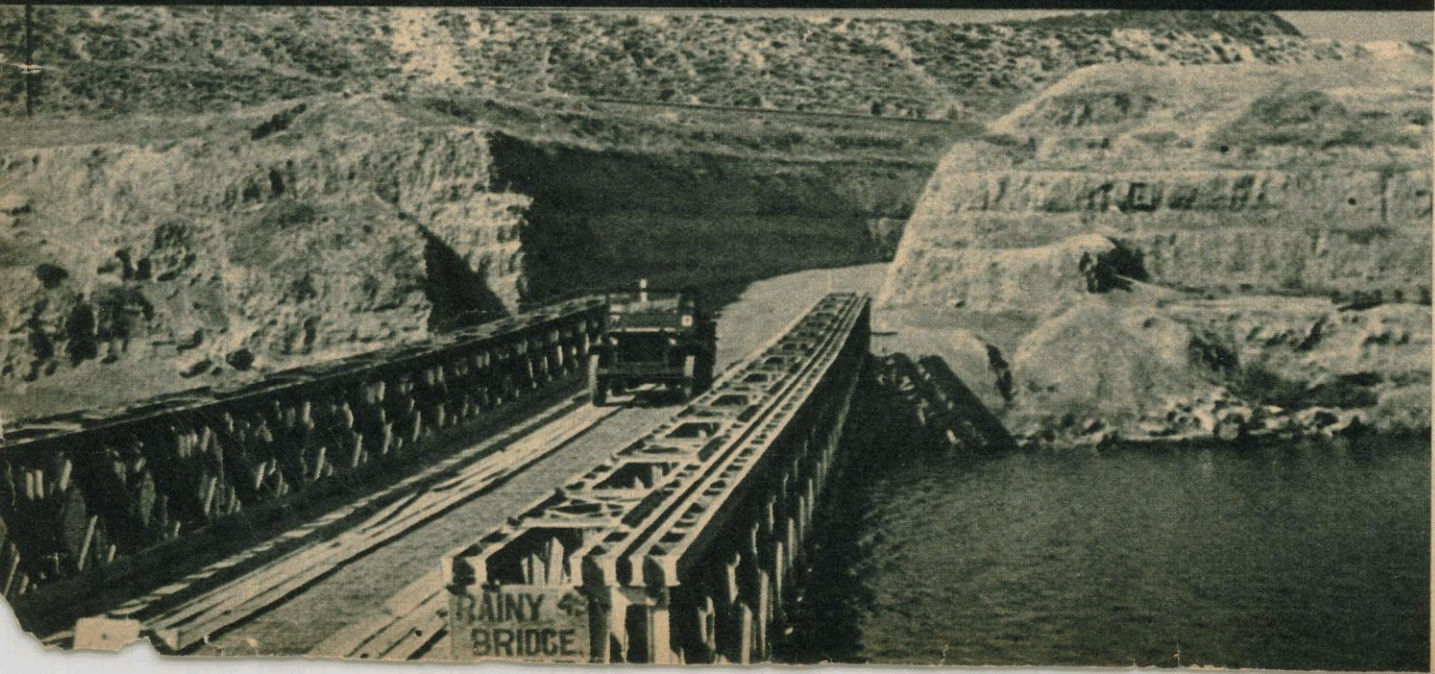
THE FOOD COMES IN

Here is corn being unloaded from a Liberty ship at Patras, to go straight into a nearby flour-mill. For those living in or near large seaports the food situation is not critical, and the winter is faced without misgiving.



TRANSPORT IS THE TROUBLE

Journeys are slow over war-ruined roads. Above: a gap in the Athens — Patras road being repaired. Below: Bailey Bridge spans the Corinth Canal in the place of one destroyed.



WHAT IS IT LIKE INSIDE GREECE TODAY? WHAT MARKS HAVE THE WAR LEFT ON IT? HERE ARE SOME OF THE ANSWERS TO THESE AND SIMILAR QUESTIONS.

ATHENS is probably better supplied with food than any other city in Europe today. True, it is expensive for those who are still being paid without regard to the depreciation of the drachma, but food is expensive everywhere. For the visitor who receives 2,000 drachmae to the pound sterling it is astonishing to sit down to meals at very reasonable prices in any one of a dozen *tavernas*, to consume food such as no London restaurant has been able to serve for years, and reflect that ships are travelling from all over the world to bring relief to Greece!

Spectre Behind Athens

There is no evidence of hunger among even the poorest people. The markets are chock full of food and only sugar is in short supply. Nor is there any lack of consumer goods in the shops. You may buy a good suit for less than it would cost in England if you had the coupons. If you have a car — and many Athenians have cars — you may buy as much petrol as you like.

On the other hand you hear the most harrowing tales of the dire need among villagers in the mountains, of the terrible prospect confronting the country people this coming winter unless adequate supplies can be got through to them in the next three months.

That the people of Athens will survive there seems no doubt — provided the country can have time to build something like stability so that trade revives and money circulates. It was to find out what went on in the rest of the country that I set out by jeep early one morning for Corinth and Patras, and before I had gone 100 miles



BUT IN THE COUNTRY Life is hard and primitive. These women are hauling water up the mountainside from a spring to a village which has, perhaps, been gutted by war, or where feuds are still smouldering. They face a grim prospect before spring comes again.

REPORT ON GREECE

by
J. Murray-Smith (F/Lt.)

I knew what was the principal trouble with Greece. Her roads, as roads, have ceased to exist. Her meagre railway system has been destroyed. The vital Corinth canal, blocked at both ends by the Germans, may not be open again to shipping for years.

My companions on this journey were two officials of UNRRA, both Americans, each with a long record of social service. One, a former professor at the Robert College in Istanbul and a flier in World War 1, is the regional director in the district of Greece of which Yannina is the centre; the other, a former official of OPA in the US, is now a distribution officer with headquarters in Preveza, across the Gulf of Corinth from Patras.

UNRRA's Mission

Make no mistake about UNRRA. It has been much criticised, often destructively and sometimes foolishly. But the best way to assess the value of any organisation is to study the men who work in it. I have talked with the two men I refer to for hours on end day after day. It is difficult to conceive of two men better equipped in experience and drive for the tasks they have to fulfil. And that task is no easy one — no less than to help save countless thousands of people in the mountainous regions of this country from untold suffering and death. I was on my way to visit those regions where whole villages have been burned and people live in improvised shacks without clothing or enough food to sustain life.

Meanwhile our journey to Patras, a mere 160 miles, took nearly all day at an average speed of 20 m. p. h. Heavy trucks can make little more than half that speed, and yet this road,

on which every bridge has been wrecked and whose surface is a mass of potholes, is one of the better routes in Greece.

Wheels Are Turning

In Patras the regional director of UNRRA is an Englishman who served in both wars, Lt. Col. S. H. La Fontaine, DSO, MC. He also wore the MBE (Civil) awarded for his work between the wars as a provincial commissioner in Kenya. Col. La Fontaine spoke of the achievements of UNRRA in the Patras area, of the mills that were turning again, of the ships putting into the port with urgently needed supplies, and then sent me off to visit clinics where people were queueing up for the first medical treatment that had been available to them for a very long time.

In one clinic I found an English girl, a State Registered Nurse working for the "Save the Children" Fund, cheerfully dealing with case after case of scabies, impetigo and other infections. At the same time she was supervising the work of a Greek nursing sister of whose competence she spoke highly.

"This isn't the last word in clinics," said the English sister, "but it isn't bad. We must establish places which the Greeks themselves will be able to carry on with when we have gone."

I went also to a foundling home and was shocked at the number of young babies who have been abandoned in Patras in recent weeks. There were 14 in one ward, all under two months, and these were in the care of an American nurse who was also instructing young Greek women so that they can later continue unaided.

From here I went down to the dockside where a Liberty ship flying the Greek flag was tied up. She had been

handed over by the United States to the Greek Government and had arrived the day before from New Orleans with a cargo of corn. Between 2,000 and 3,000 tons were already unloaded and some of it was going straight into a flour mill a few hundred yards away.

The next stage of our journey lay across the Gulf of Corinth, a 12-hour trip north-west to the island of Levkas and through its canal to Preveza. We went on board a small vessel overnight, watched our jeeps lashed down and slept fitfully in the open on the unyielding hatch cover.

River Boat's Adventures

At dawn the ship put out for her placid little voyage over a part of the Ionian Sea, so tightly girt with islands that it is almost land-locked. Never have I seen water so smooth — which was just as well, for we were aboard a vessel that began its career as a river boat on the Danube. Her captain told the story. The Germans brought her to Greek waters by way of the Black Sea and the Bosphorus, disguised as a hospital ship and with her guns concealed. She was used by the Germans to reinforce and supply their island garrisons during the occupation, but when the rot set in she was filled with enemy troops on their way from Piraeus to Salonika.

For some reason she put into Volos and came under the guns of a shore battery abandoned by the Germans and seized by ELAS troops, who opened fire. It appears that the gun crews on board were killed and in the confusion the ship ran aground and was promptly boarded. That was the end of her career in German hands and when ELAS handed over their arms and equipment after "The Trouble" the

vessel also was placed at the disposal of the Greek Government.

She took us to Preveza very smoothly and in her hold was 350 tons of corn which was soon being unloaded. One of my UNRRA friends stood by on the dockside and the prefect of Preveza was there, too.

The little town was brightly lit with electricity in the evening and the townsfolk, all neatly dressed, were strolling by the harbour taking the air. There was a sense of excitement about which could be felt, and the reason was not far to seek. Preveza was waiting for the broadcast result of the British General Election, and when it came through the only loudspeaker in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6





The Crop

In most European countries this year's crops have been badly affected by rain. In Greece, lack of it has been the trouble. This stunted corn-cob spells famine to the two old farmers (left) and their neighbours.

The Village

An 80-year-old priest (below) points to the ruins of his home burned by the Germans. He now lives with ten others in a tiny shack. Greece has a tremendous job of rebuilding, and little to do it with.

The People

In Patras an English nursing sister (bottom right) tends sick children. Malnutrition and overcrowding have resulted in a heavy increase in skin diseases and other infections. Clinics like this do invaluable work.

Report on Greece CONTINUED

town, outside a large cafe, there was an outburst of hand-clapping for some moments. Then the people of Preveza went quietly home to bed.

The following day I had an experience which I shall not erase from my mind for a long time. We drove up into the mountains for 30 miles over a road which, for Greece, was tolerably good. At least the trip took only two hours. And then, turning a bend, we came upon a group of old men who looked just like the characters in that famous French film "Hostages."

The Silent Children

These were the elders of a village far up in the mountains that is completely inaccessible to wheeled traffic, a survival of the days when the people made their homes in the most remote spots as a form of protection against invaders. And the old men had come down to meet a truck bringing clothing to replace the rags which covered their bodies. Dozens of children came hurrying down the precipitous mountainside from their unseen village and, unlike any other children, they were completely, uncannily silent. Although they hopped and scampered from crag to crag they uttered no shrill cries, they had no laughter. They only came to stare and stare.

While the old men were waiting for the truck to arrive — and it came punctually a few minutes later — some of them mournfully plucked a handful of the withered corn that grew in a tiny field and shook their heads. There has been no rain in this part of Greece since February and the harvest is a complete failure. But for outside help these people would starve.

Rags and Tatters

While the warm clothing, some of it battledress dyed blue and the rest garments given by people in America, was being handed over to the "committee" my UNRRA friends and I climbed the mountainside laboriously for half-an-hour to the mysterious village, and as we approached it there seemed nothing amiss. Only, as we came nearer, we saw that the sturdy stone cottages were empty skeletons, devoid of roofs and furniture, and the people's homes were makeshift shacks amid the ruins.

This was but one of hundreds of such villages that were systematically sacked and looted by the Germans either in reprisal or in an effort to suppress resistance. Without homes, without clothing — many of the women

wore dresses so patched that they seemed like walking rag carpets — and without food these Greek villagers must surely have plumbed the depths of human existence. Yet, incredibly, they were smiling and cheerful and offered us their utmost in hospitality — fresh, sparkling water from the spring. They had nothing else to offer, but when a little girl came back with a handful of a herb like thyme, which may well have taken her hours to collect, her mother offered it to me.

Back in Athens, to the bright lights and the comfort, I asked a prominent citizen if he could explain the contrast between the capital and the countryside. He was frank. Speaking in perfect English he gave a rapid picture of the problems confronting the country and the measures being adopted to deal with them. He spoke warmly of the work of UNRRA and expressed his profound gratitude for the aid that is pouring into Greece. "Without this aid," he said, "We could never rebuild. As it is, we are getting on with the task."

British Troops Are Friends

He explained that the first and most difficult problem was to unite the country once more. The German technique of occupation had been to divide Greece into provinces, and some districts were still unwilling to trade even in their own country. "Naturally," he said, "the difficulty is to arrive at fixed and stable price levels. But I think we are doing it. Prices are not rising — they are falling."

I asked about the British forces in Greece.

"No one in any country wants to see his land occupied by a foreign army," he said gravely, "but the presence of the British troops in Greece is a tremendous factor. Greeks regard British soldiers as their friends, and, looking at them, have confidence. Yes, we need your troops here for the time being."

"Believe me," he concluded, "there is a revival of spirit and feeling in the country. The people can see what they are working for and confidence is slowly but surely returning. Give us a few more months and we will have turned the corner. Only let us get through next winter, let us have some bridges rebuilt and a few railways running, let us have the trucks to move the goods and stimulate trade. Then I am confident that you will see the difference in Greece. We are a nation of workers, and we will work."



"If e'er my son follow the war,
tell him it is a school, where
all the principles tending to
honour are taught, if truly fol-
lowed."

Massinger.

"Nothing has ever been made
until the soldier has made safe
the field where the building
shall be built, and the soldier is
the scaffolding until it has been
built, and the soldier gets no
reward but honour."

"Crisis in Heaven": Linklater.



In the concluding part of his essay Field-Marshal Lord Wavell, Viceroy of India, shows how the spirit of the British soldier helps to make him a good citizen.

HOWEVER good and well-trained a man may be as an individual, he is not a good soldier till he has become absorbed into the corporate life of his unit and has been entirely imbued with its traditions.

I almost headed this section "The Soldier as Family Man", since to the good soldier the team to which he belongs is his family during his service. I have lately re-read a novel by C. S. Forester, "Death to the French", a tale of the adventures of a British rifleman, cut off from his battalion during the retreat to Torres Vedras. Rifleman Dodd is a fine individual soldier, but all his skill and hardihood are directed to one end, to rejoin his battalion and to become again one of his military family.

Morale is Spirit

"Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow." So spoke that old rascal Falstaff. His words were merely to mask one of his usual ramps, but they contain the truth; the spirit of the soldier is the ultimate factor of success in war.

That spirit, which we call morale, is a collective rather than an individual quality. What makes the spirit and how far we can cultivate it is a subject on which many volumes have been written. Much is said nowadays of the necessity that the soldier should be convinced of the justice of his cause; and he certainly cannot escape propaganda. Yet many battles and campaigns have been won by men who had little idea of why they were fighting, and, perhaps, cared less.

It is, I think, arguable that soldiers often fight well because they have a good leader than because they have a good cause. I am sure that they fight best of all when they are part of a good unit, and feel it. No body of men should in theory have had a more inspiring

cause than the Crusaders, yet the Crusaders were by no means always successful nor did they always fight well. Did the Frenchmen of the Revolutionary Wars fight better in the first ardent impulse of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, than under the Empire and the aegis of their great leader Napoleon? It is questionable. Ney, whom most people would rate as a rough, unthinking hothead of a soldier, wrote thus: "Our soldiers ought to be instructed about the course of each war. It is only when aggression is legitimate that one can expect prodigies of valour. An unjust war is utterly repugnant to the French character."

Why They Won

Did Ney manage to persuade himself and his men that the Russian campaign of 1812 was legitimate aggression? If so, they knew something that has puzzled many students of history. Did Cromwell's Ironsides win victories because "they knew what they were fighting for, and loved what they knew", or because they were better drilled, better disciplined and had a more trustworthy leader than their opponents? Does the Russian soldier of today fight more gallantly than in 1812 or 1914? I doubt it; he has always been a fine fighting man under whatever political system he fought, as that curious character but great leader, Suvorov, always insisted so vehemently.

The "Birkenhead"

Whatever may inspire morale, it is an essential element of any military force. It is the inward spiritual side of discipline. It can be seen in such incidents as the sinking of the "Birkenhead", when the soldiers on board stood in order on the deck, while the women and children were put in the few boats available, and the ship sank under them.

"The men of the tattered battalion which fights till it dies" must be inspired by an inward discipline, as were the troops on the beach at Dunkirk, and on many another stricken field, where men have held on against hopeless odds, not because of individual bravery but by the strength of their collective discipline and morale. Good team work and morale is now more than ever required when units fight over wide, open spaces



"The Army has for the first time become truly a national possession."

Regiment Is The Family

by Field-Marshal Lord Wavell

and not in close order when one individual can control them.

Although it is true that a high state of morale may attach itself for a time to a large formation, such as, for instance, the Light Division in the Peninsula or the Eighth Army in Africa, it depends, in the British Army at least, mainly on the regimental system. It has seemed to me that during this war some of our high military authorities have forgotten or ignored this fact. Our regimental system has been broken up and disregarded too often, many times unnecessarily. An entirely exaggerated idea of security has too often been allowed to prevent individual units being named and their exploits told when they occur.

Better Results

I have never believed in the formation of Commandos, picked from a number of units. I believe that a complete living unit, taken and trained for the special work required, with the elimination, if necessary, of the weaker men, would produce better results. This is, I know, controversial, but I believe that all regimental officers — the backbone of any army — will support this contention. I hope that it will not be forgotten when our military system receives its post-war overhaul and repair, or perhaps entire reconstruction. A wider link than the present regimental system may be desirable but if we wish to maintain the true spirit of the British soldier we must continue to build on the old traditions and the old loyalties.

Towering Figure

I have read much military history. There arise in my mind the images of some of those warriors who have won immortal fame during the ages of human conflict — Xenophon's Ten Thousand, the Roman legionaries who conquered the world of their day, the Mongol raiders of Genghis Khan or Tamerlane, Napoleon's "Old Moustaches", the Russian soldiers of Suvorov's astonishing Swiss campaign, the man of Gettysburg or of the Wilderness before Richmond, the valiant warriors of India, the grim but formidable Boches. But above them all towers the homely but indomitable figure of the British soldier, the finest all-round fighting man the world has seen; who has won so many battles that he never doubts of victory; who has suffered so many defeats and disasters on the way to victory that he is never greatly depressed by defeat; whose humorous endurance of time and chance lasts always to the end.

The British soldier has, too, a quality of tolerance which extends even to the mistakes of his superiors. He will not

easily withdraw confidence from his leaders, even if they fail to win success. A blessing on the British fighting man, on his endurance, courage, and good humour.

The British standing Army is nearly 300 years old. For the first two-and-a-half centuries of its existence, or more, it has been treated with contempt dislike and neglect by the people it served, even in the periods when it was saving their existence or protecting their trade and building the Empire. There was in the minds of the ordinary God-fearing citizen no such thing as a good soldier; to have a member who had "gone for a soldier" was for many families a crowning disgrace. Yet the Army lived on. It established the finest traditions, the most illustrious history, and above all the closest relations between officer and man that any fighting force has had.

Saved the Nation

Now we have reached the end of another prolonged war in which the Army has again saved the nation. In this great struggle I believe that the Army has for the first time become truly a national possession, a national inheritance; and I trust that it will remain as such after the war. Our Army of today is simply the ordinary citizen in battledress.

A very large proportion of those citizens who have served in this war have reached a standard of physical fitness they have not known before, and could not easily have acquired in civil life. But it is the inward qualities that count. It seems to me that the best qualities of a good soldier spring from the sense of true comradeship, which is the supreme gift of the military life as a whole and of a good unit in particular. Self-sacrifice, loyalty to a cause and friends, staunchness and endurance in hardship and danger: these are fostered by military training and comradeship. They will be required in the hard, testing days of peace as well as in war. I trust that after the war the good soldier and the good citizen will be one.

Story to Remember

I will conclude this very inadequate essay on a great subject with a story I have always appreciated. The old Duke of York (Commander-in-Chief, 1798—1809), "The Soldier's Friend," once found his footman turning a poor woman from the door. "Only an old soldier's wife," was the explanation. "And, pray," said the Duke, "what else is Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York?" I hope that story will be remembered in days to come whenever old soldiers and old soldiers' wives require help.

THE WESSEX



Above: Troops embarking in assault boats to make the first crossing of the Seine at Vernon on the evening of 25 August, 1944. Speed and surprise made the crossing successful and led to liberation for millions. Below: Cleves was the scene of violent street fighting, during which Hampshire anti-tank gunners acted as Infantrymen and a Wiltshires platoon captured 8 officers and 170 men. Here troops are hunting snipers, with Churchills rolling up to give supporting fire.



FROM THE QUIET OF THE WEST - COUNTRYSIDE, FROM ANCIENT CITIES AND SEAPORTS, THE MEN OF THE 43 DIVISION CAME TOGETHER TO DO BATTLE. BEHIND THEM WAS THE GREAT FIGHTING TRADITION OF THE OLD KINGDOM OF WESSEX, AND THEY TRAINED FOR WAR UNDER AN ANCIENT BATTLE - EMBLEM, THE WYVERN, THE GOLDEN DRAGON OF THE WEST, THE STANDARD OF HAROLD AT HASTINGS AND THE KINGS OF WESSEX AFTER HIM.

LANDING during the week-end 24-26 June after five days tossing in the big gale in Seine Bay, the Infantry of the 43rd were in the line within 48 hours and the Artillery firing within 24 hours. Their battle story opened in an orchard, a lane and a farm building south of Cheux. The 5 Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry were in the line for the first time. They had only just taken over, their PIAT's were still unloaded and 6-pounders unready for action.

Unheralded, six Panthers rumbled round the corner of the lane 100 yards from Coy HQ, and were engaged with rifles and grenades. A sergeant ran back and grabbed a PIAT. He went into action single-handed and hit his Panther at 100 yards. Though fired at point-blank by the tank's machine-gun and slightly wounded he scored again at 60 yards, closed to 15 yards and got a knock-out with his third bomb.

Then there was One

A captain stalked a second Panther through the orchard, crept up behind it to within 10 yards and "killed" the enemy with one bomb. Two men firing a 6-pounder at 400 yards blew up three more Panthers.

The one remaining Panther limped away badly mauled. It was a great start.

Mouen, short of the Odon river, was captured by 1 Worcestershires. Fanatical snipers lay in the corn and allowed the attack to pass over them before rising on their knees to shoot from behind.

Model Attack

During the preliminaries to the river crossing two men of a REME recovery crew showed the Germans how to trace a fault in the ignition system of a Panther tank found abandoned but otherwise undamaged. The German crew, though the REME boys did not know it at the time, watched the recovery men start the tank engines from their hiding place under the straw of the farmyard. That was the first Panther tank to fall into our hands complete.

The fight for Hill 112 and the ridge of high ground lying between the rivers Odon and Orne was 43 Division's first major battle. From the moment that the Dorsets stormed into Etterville in a model dawn attack these West-countrymen were ceaselessly engaged throughout those hot July days in some of the bitterest fighting of the Normandy campaign.

Hampshires got into Maltot and through, only to be repelled by a fierce armoured counter-attack. Gunners gave the Infantry remarkable support, and three 25-pounder regiments fired no fewer than 43,000 rounds in one day. A footing was gained on the cold, bare ridge, and from that moment it was desperate battle. The Germans

WARRIORS

43 Division made a start in France by disposing of five Panther tanks out of six against heavy odds. It was a fitting introduction to a fine fighting record.

threw in everything, but were held and no German helmet came over the top of Hill 112 again.

"Whoever holds Mont Pincon holds Normandy," said a French general. 43 Division held this vital 1200-ft hill-top after a desperate fight which opened on 5 August and continued for nearly three days. In blazing hot weather the Infantry were pinned for hours on end on the lower slopes by vicious machine-guns enfilading them from the wooded hillside. The 4 and 5 Bns. Wiltshire Regt and the 4 Somerset formed the brigade assault, with 7 Hampshires putting in a fine diversionary attack down the road to Roucamps.

Rose in Buttonhole

On the afternoon of the second day the Colonel of the 5 Wiltshires saw that his men were pinned by heavy fire at the approaches of the bridge leading to the vital La Varniere crossroads. Progress seemed impossible. Yet this vicious defence had to be broken. "I've never been more frightened in my life," were the last words that Lt. Col. J. H. C. Pearson spoke to his signals officer before striding forward alone — his customary red rose in his buttonhole and walking stick in hand — towards the bridge crossing. As he crossed over the bridge, urging his men onward with his stick, he fell dead, shot by a sniper in the trees.

Capt. T. H. Pearce, the adjutant, making a quick and simple plan, got across with the remnants of the battalion. They plunged on and gained the essential crossroads. That was the turning point in the battle for Mont Pincon. The 5 Wiltshires consolidated there. The 4 Wiltshires passed through them and gained the summit.

With the loss of Mont Pincon the Germans' strongest bastion had fallen. Trying to pull back they were harried by the Division and on 14 August the Falaise Gap was closed and the destruction of an army in progress.

Dash to the Seine

On the evening of 25 August the Wiltshires and the Somersets who had won Mont Pincon were forcing the first British crossing of the Seine, at Vernon. To reach the river the whole of 43 Division moved over 120 miles in less than two days, and launched the assault within two hours of arrival in the concentration area. The assault brigade travelled the last 90 miles in DUKW's, straight from Arromanches, which were to carry them into the river assault.

It was a perilous night, but the footing was held and throughout the night troops were ferried across by RE's.

At dawn Infantry were also crossing on the demolished road bridge, but it was not until late in the afternoon that the stubborn German machine-gunners were silenced and RE sappers, shot up all day as they tried to bridge the river, got their real chance. They took it and the Seine was bridged, transports crossing that evening.

Relief at Arnhem

Worcestershires met a grim counter-attack on the main road up through the wooded hillside, but the enemy effort to throw us back across the Seine was too late. Over that first Seine bridge and through the bridgehead poured a mass of 30 Corps armour which did not stop until Brussels and Antwerp were reached and north-eastern France and much of Belgium liberated.

The Division crossed the Seine on 25 August. A month later to the day it was crossing another river several

hundred miles north-east — the Lek at Arnhem.

The first attempt to make contact with the Airborne and supply them was made on the evening of 22 September, five days after the first Airborne landings. Men of the DCLI rode tanks of the 47 Dragoon Guards, which crashed through 10 miles of enemy-held fenland and reached the banks of the Lek only to see the supply effort founder at the river crossing. A whole brigade attempted to fight its way north with supplies the next day. Grim battle was joined near Elst, with Tiger and Panther tanks and 88-mm guns attacking viciously from front and flanks. Late in the day only were the supplies brought to the river bank, where Polish Airborne troops helped to get part of them across the river.

The establishment of a bridgehead over the fast river, with the enemy holding complete observation from the high ground beyond, and bad roads in rear, was an impossible military operation.

There remained only one task — to withdraw the Airborne force.

In darkness some 250 men of 4 Dorsets were ferried over the Lek by RE's. Those who landed fought throughout the next day to take the weight off the flank of the Airborne pocket. The battalion commander, Lt. Col. G. Tilly, missing as a result of the action, led his men up the slope shouting, "There they are. Get 'em with the bayonet".

During darkness on 26 September over 2,300 men were brought across the river, including a small number of the Dorsets. But of the 250 men of the battalion who gained the precious elbow room for the Airborne, few knew of the withdrawal that night. They fought on to die or be taken prisoner — a Colonel, nine other officers and 151 men.

Cut Escape Route

The Dutch winter, the Reichswald mud of October (when by intensive patrolling the 43rd gathered much vital information for the coming February offensive), the grim Geilenkirchen attack — the first British offensive inside Germany — and the snow and slush of the Roer salient will live permanently in the memory of those who took part. On 18 November the Division drove left-handed round Geilenkirchen to cut the Germans' main escape route by the evening. The next day the Americans entered the town itself. And when the Division returned to the same area in January the Germans scuttled back across the Roer.

Street Fighting

Next came the offensive towards the Rhine. After a daring midnight penetration into Cleve on 9 February a pitched battle broke out in the streets of that bomb-shattered town on the morning of the 10th. A whole brigade had leagured in the city overnight, and German SP guns and tanks tried hard to smash the column, but came off second best.

Penetrating round the north side of the Reichswald Forest a company of the Somersets pulled off a daring 2,000-yard night infiltration in the village of Horstmannshof to surprise the enemy. There a burly Panzer Grenadier declared on capture that "it was absolutely ridiculous for the British to be there as there were 4,000 German Infantry and Tiger tanks just down the road."

The high ground, a series of three hill features flanking the Cleve-Goch road, was a vital objective. German shelling and mortaring were the heaviest ever. Counter-attacks came and were repelled by Infantry who held their fire and then mowed the Germans down. The break came on the sixth day. One brigade took 1,000 prisoners

in 24 hours and won the vital escarpment. Goch lay wide open to attack 1,000 yards below.

There was nothing to equal the intensity of the Cleve-Goch fighting east of the Rhine. In the Rees bridgehead, at Megchelen, on the Emmerich autobahn, and in Millingen, SS men tried hard to hold, and shot their comrades trying to surrender. But Hampshires and Dorsets were in break-out mood as they crossed the rivers Aa and IJssel, where a platoon of the Hampshires under fire rushed a bridge crossing, the platoon commander cutting the demolition fuse wires, and routed the Germans out of the houses on the far side.

Night Detour

8 Armoured tanks — infantry of the 43rd thought the world of them — now carried the break-out force due north, into Holland again. With the Zutphen-Hengelo canal strongly held and bridges blown, a long night detour over an appalling sandy track in a downpour was the prelude to a triumphant entry into the big Dutch industrial town of Hengelo on 3 April against light opposition. The Dorsets who gained neighbouring Borne were immediately given the freedom of the town. The battalion commander was driven in triumph round the town on a funeral hearse, the only vehicle remaining with four wheels!

The chase was now on, and continued until Bremen was reached. Coming up fast round the right flank 43 Division moved through the residential quarter to clear the big Burger Park. "Hyde Park Corner" was a Somerset victory

and the clearing of the Park area began. 27 April was a "red-letter" day for Major B. G. P. Pope of the Wiltshires. Leading his company at night through the Park he first unearthed Gen. Silber, the Area Commander, and six hours later, single-handed, took the surrender of Lt. Gen. Fritz Becker himself.

Last "Secret Weapon"

The general presented his luxurious radio to his captor, which had been his only source of news since the RAF had cut his last telephone line two days earlier. Next morning the radio was tuned in to the German news bulletin, and the announcer was heard to state, "Lt. Gen. Becker, the heroic defender of Bremen, is still holding out."

Then the 43rd pushed north towards the Cuxhaven peninsula, meeting the last "secret weapon" — sea mines planted under the road surface.

Corps Commander's Praise

Dorset infantry of the 43rd were just out of contact when the German surrender came on the 21 Army Group front, and were visited by a party of war correspondents, early on the morning of 5 May, who wished to interview "the most forward troops of the British Second Army." Be that as it may. But when Lt. Gen. Horrocks, 30 Corps Commander, spoke a little later to the men of the 43rd and informed them that they "had done more than their share of the fighting," it was felt that his statement was justified.

B. H. R. CULLIN (Capt.)

Another scene during the mopping-up of Cleves. Stiff resistance, including SP guns and tanks, was met in this town, which barred the way to the Rhine, but 43 Division dealt with it successfully and rapidly.



Every ex-Serviceman with a skilled trade in his hands, and an end of blind-alley jobs — that is the aim of the Government Training Scheme.

PASSPORT TO INDUSTRY



THE Government plan to train ex-Servicemen for permanent resettlement in industry has accelerated enormously since the end of the war in the Far East. Fifty per cent of the men now serving in the Forces, if they face the facts, must readily admit that initial or advanced training is necessary before they can feel confident that industry will accept them as craftsmen.

Thousands have no trade at all. Others have been out of touch so long that new developments in machinery and practice will by now have sent them back to the apprenticeship level. Because of this the Government has set up, and is still expanding, a vast chain of training centres throughout the country. Any unskilled Serviceman can apply for and will get a free training course after release in whatever trade he chooses, provided he is found suitable.

To bring you the facts a SOLDIER staff writer spent a day at one of these training centres, in this case one near Croydon, Surrey.

Is Your Job Here?

Normally dealing with 500 trainees (by 1946 it will accommodate up to 700), this centre is now giving full-length courses in house construction, brick-laying, plastering, house painting, plumbing, wood machining, welding, machine operation, tailoring, hairdressing and draughtsmanship. Later on there will be courses in watch and clock repairing, neon-sign making, and slating and tiling. In charge of the students are 25 fully qualified instructors. Every one of them is a craftsman.

What happens when you leave the Army and apply for a training course? "If found suitable, and if living in this part of the country," says the Manager, "you will be sent here. You will then be interviewed and judged by our staff as to whether there is any chance of your making a success of the trade you have chosen. If you try we will do anything for you. If you work hard — the courses are intensive — you have every chance of leaving the centre a qualified craftsman."

Ninety per cent of the students here are ex-Servicemen. There are only nine women, but it is expected that many ATS girls will arrive later for courses in tailoring or hairdressing. If you are disabled through your war service you can still get a course, and those with artificial limbs receive extra privileges. A doctor visits the centre twice weekly to see how you are getting on, but in

the first instance you must satisfy him that the course you have chosen will not produce harmful effects on your old wounds.

No Long Journeys

With few exceptions students live locally, or within easy reach of the centre. When unable to live at home the Lodging Officer finds accommodation. Every month it is his responsibility to inspect lodgings for cleanliness, and to investigate any complaints. Should a student have to travel more than two miles daily to and from the centre his expenses will be paid for him under the Government allowances scheme.

Because training is "intensive" — no leave is given during a course unless it lasts longer than nine months — working hours are short. You "clock in" at 8 a.m. in the morning and "clock out" at 4.30 p.m. in the afternoon, with a half day on Saturday. Mid-morning and afternoon you can buy a cup of tea brought round to your work bench, and it costs you one penny.

For lunch you get only half an hour, but your dinner is piping hot and waiting for you at the centre's own canteen. To pay for this five shillings a week is stopped from your pay. Where a centre does not provide a canteen you will get the money in your pay packet.

Courses Are Thorough

How long do courses last? Normally about 26 weeks, in some cases nine or twelve months. If you take a long course you will be allowed a "long week end" at three-monthly intervals. On other occasions you will only get a day off if you are in serious trouble, and you will be paid while away. Unpaid time off may be given if you can produce a reasonable excuse.

Courses themselves cover so many different trades that it is obviously impossible for a single centre to deal with all of them. You may be sent to a technical college, or some other institution, but in general the centres together provide for all types of work. Here nearly all the courses are connected with the building trade. This is a short outline of some of them: —

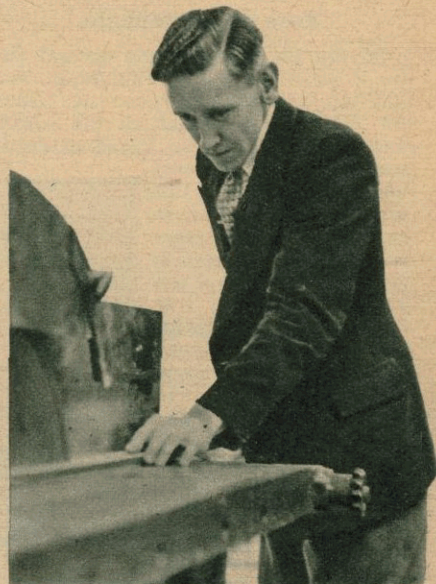
BRICKLAYING

Duration of course — 26 weeks, and you will work in and out of doors. You will be placed in a class with 15 others under an instructor, who will teach you to lay foundations, build walls, chimneys, fireplaces and so on. Outside you will help to build a complete house, which, when finished, will be pulled down again. In cold weather, which so often holds up work in the building trade through freezing of materials, you will be able to carry on your course in a specially heated section, thus ensuring that no time is wasted.

CARPENTRY

Duration — 26 weeks. Here you will have a 15-minute blackboard lecture every day in addition to your practical work. You will get a full hour's lecture once a week on Saturday. When making window frames and doors you will have a complete miniature house on which to work. At the bench you will make your own tool box, simple furniture (later used in your centre and others), and small bed-tables which are sent to military hospitals. The work you will do will be of instructional value. When you have completed your course you will be presented with a complete tool kit free, which you will be allowed to take away to your new job.

cubicles. When advanced you will do plastering on the walls of a full-scale house.



Student in the wood machinists' shop. Every safeguard is taken to preserve health and prevent accidents.

WOOD MACHINISTS

Here there are only eight men to each instructor, as much of the machinery used can be dangerous when handled by beginners. Circular saws and high-speed cutting machines will give you an up-to-date knowledge of the modern saw-mill. To safeguard you the saw-mill is fitted with a dust extraction plant, is specially heated and is sound-proofed from the rest of the building.

Monthly Test

The courses are run on a series of progressive exercises. At the end of each four-week period you will be given a "centre test". Should you happen to be backward you will receive extra attention from your instructor, and if still not proficient at the end of your course, provided you are trying, you will be allowed to carry on for a few more weeks. Should you pick up your trade easily you will not be held back by less progressive students. Everyone is treated as an individual.

The instructors themselves, although technically Civil Servants, are all craftsmen from high positions in industry. Many of them have more than 20 years' experience, and today there is an instructors' school at Letchworth.

Pay and Allowances

Earn-While-You-Learn is the core of the Government's plan for paying you while training for a job. If living at home you will get £3 a week (women 47s.), and allowances where they apply. If living away from home you will get free lodgings and 35s. a week and allowances. If you are married you will get a further 10s. a week, or 10s. for any other adult dependant, and 5s. a week in respect of your first child under 16 years of age. If you live away from home but continue to maintain your former home you will receive a further 24s. 6d. a week. On top of this you will receive travelling expenses when necessary (over two miles).

HOUSE PAINTING

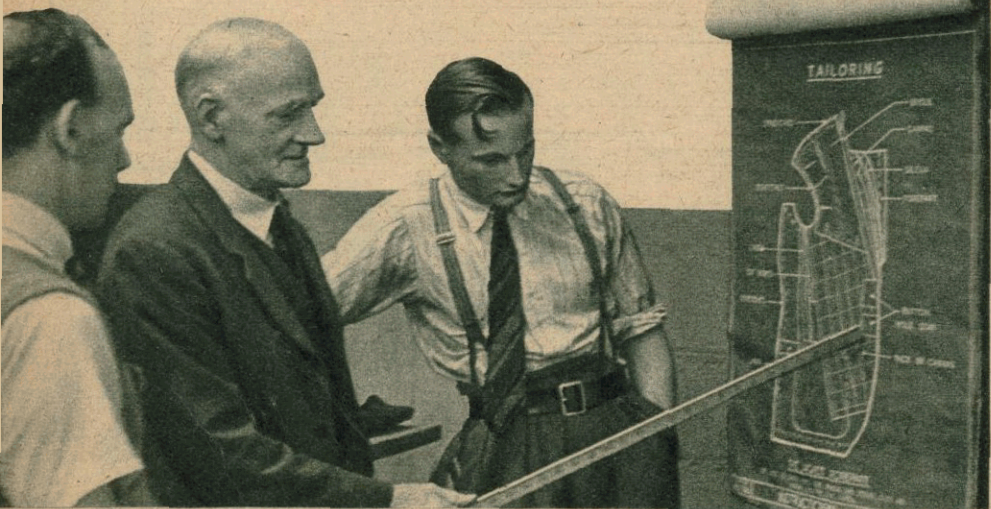
Duration — 26 weeks. Here there are six practice cubicles in which you will do every kind of wall painting and whitewashing. Decorative work and paper-hanging is included. Equipment is provided for spray-painting.

PLUMBING

Beginners start on sheet lead work. Later you will be able to learn how to install and fit up a complete bathroom, lavatory, kitchen and scullery. In small cubicles you will learn how to fit gas pipes and "lay on" hot and cold water pipes.

PLASTERERS

Here again you will learn how to do the job in a number of small training



Practical work in the courses is combined with theory. Here, in the tailoring shop, an instructor gives a fault-finding lecture with the aid of a detailed chart.



Using a spray-gun on the house painting course. Both modern and traditional methods are taught.

Job Will Be Waiting

During the last four weeks of your course you will be interviewed by the Placing Officer, who will ask you in which part of the country you would like to work. At the end of your course he will have your job ready for you, and you can start at once. Trainees usually get a week-end holiday before starting their new job. If you don't like the job, or have other objections, the Placing Officer may get you another one. There is no question of rigid "direction"

Once you have started work in your new job you will still continue your training under your employer, who is first "approved" by the centre. Your employer agrees to continue your training for a further 14 months. During the first eight weeks he will pay you 85 per cent of the district union rate, but for the next 26 weeks he will increase your pay to 90 per cent. During the next 26 weeks he pays you 95 per cent of the union rate, and finally passes you over to the full rates as a fully qualified craftsman. In this way you will receive in all about 20 months training with pay — with a job at the end of it.

You Have Only To Ask

This is the outline of the Government plan to help you to help yourself. No great publicity has been given to these training centres yet, and even the manager and instructors would not allow us to use their names or personal records.

But when you leave the Army you have only to ask. You will find that the Government has kept its promise.

ROBERT BLAKE (S/Sjt.)

TAILORING

Although cloth is sometimes hard to obtain at present, the students get all the experience necessary to turn out a good job. They start by learning to sew various types of seams, pockets and other details; they finish by making a complete suit.



CARPENTRY

Sixteen students to one instructor is the ratio on the carpentry course, which is conducted in a big, well-equipped workshop. It lasts 26 weeks, and simple furniture is made as well as general house fittings. Note the scale model house roof.



BRICKLAYING

This fine fireplace was built by two ex-Servicemen, P.H. Moreton (Army) and H. A. Butcher (Navy), after 18 weeks training. During the course the student helps to build a complete house which, when finished, is pulled down again for another group to start building.



"Now do you get the idea, Cartwright?"

The Days

THE FIRST BRITISH TRIAL OF WAR CRIMINALS IS DRAWING TO ITS END AT LUNEBURG. NO CASE IN ALL OUR LEGAL ANNALS HAS BEEN WATCHED SO CLOSELY BY THE WORLD. REPORTERS FROM NEARLY EVERY NATION ARE RECORDING THE SCENE FROM HOUR TO HOUR IN EVERY LANGUAGE UNDER THE SUN.

HERE SGT. COURTMAN DAVIES, SOLDIER REPORTER, AND CPL. ERIC EARNshaw, STAFF ARTIST, DESCRIBE FOR YOU THE SETTING AND SOME OF THE PERSONALITIES OF THIS GRIM AND HISTORIC EVENT.

BELSEN

ON 15 April word was received by 8 Corps that ahead of them lay a prison camp where there was an outbreak of typhus. The German authorities wished to surrender it under the white flag.

Among the first to enter were Brig. Glynn Hughes, Lt-Col. Michie, Col. Blackie and Capt. Williams. The conditions they found defy description. Ten thousand unburied dead lay where they had fallen. There was no sanitation whatsoever, and the only water festered in a black and stagnant pit. Dysentery, typhus and every conceivable disease of corruption and malnutrition were everywhere. Despite the efforts of Brig. Hughes and Col. Bluett, ADMS 11 Armd. Div., another 13,000 died in camp before they could be evacuated.

To prevent the victims escaping into the countryside and spreading plague, 800 Wehrmacht remained to guard the camp. They were returned to their own lines under the white flag agreement. They disclaimed all knowledge of the conditions, "but", said one witness, "the stench of the camp alone — it could be smelt a mile off — should have been sufficient to give them an idea".

Josef Kramer and the remaining officials were arrested by Lt-Col. Taylor of 63 A/T Regt., who became the first British Camp Commandant.

At Belsen the expectation of life was 3 months. "You could tell almost to a day", said Col. Blackie, "how long the poor wretches had been there. Those nearing the end were living skeletons. The scene was more terrible than civilised imagination can grasp".

Of Judgment

THE red brick Court House at Luneburg in which the first of the War Crime Trials is being held looks, inside, exactly like a film set. It was originally a gymnasium. The batteries of lights; the screen at the back of the court on which the Army Film Unit's record of Belsen was projected during the opening days of the trial; the cluster of wiring and loud-speakers; the rows of Press benches, where the journalists of England and America are mingled with the journalists of Russia, Yugoslavia and almost every other nation — all these give an impression of a Hollywood set.

The newly-built, drab-grey sections for prosecution and defence, above all the great dock itself with its neat, numbered spaces for the prisoners and their CMP guards, contrive to make this trial the most amazing court martial the army has seen. For it is finally a court martial, with Major-General H.P.M. Berney-Ficklin as President of the Court. The uniform of the army is everywhere. Counsel for prosecution, for defence; interpreters, guards: everywhere is khaki. And always, in the well of the court, is a witness, quietly, steadily setting out the evidence against all those who are now little more than numbered tunics in which a quiet body sits, waiting.

CMPs' Scrutiny

Each morning, by 09.25 hours, everyone in court is seated. Two CMP's enter the dock and make the quick but efficient search demanded; almost immediately the prisoners file in and take their seats.

Between them, at regular intervals, sit the Redcaps, ATS Provost guarding the women. They are responsible for them from the moment they have collected them from Luneburg gaol each morning until they have handed them back to the German civil authorities each evening. At half past nine, on a command from the loudspeaker, the court rises as the President enters together with the Deputy Judge Advocate General, Mr. C. L. Stirling, the latter wearing the wig and robes of his profession.

The President commands the court to sit, and the new witness is sworn in. Behind the President the official observers of Allied Nations lean forward intently.

On the first day of the trial, the accused were tense and serious. Now they are gaining confidence. It is as if they were engaged in a battle with Death. Some of them have not yet been picked out by any witness, or named. Those who are named go tense as their accuser gives evidence. They listen carefully, and then when the evidence is finished they sigh with relief, as

though they had expected much worse.

Odd statements are flung in by the witnesses, statements which in themselves point to crime after crime. For instance... "There was another occasion when the selection was being made for the gas chamber. Two girls chosen to die flung themselves out of the window and fell in the courtyard. I saw Irma Grese walk across to them and shoot each of them twice as they lay there..." Two more alleged murders to be marked against blonde-haired, pretty Irma Grese. But they are not counted. There are too many murders, too many beatings, for a few more to count.

Kramer Smiles

And all the time, Number One, Josef Kramer, one-time Commandant of Belsen, sits in the corner of the dock. He smiles to himself, he listens carefully to the evidence; he scrapes his chin and his nose with the side of his thumb, pensively.

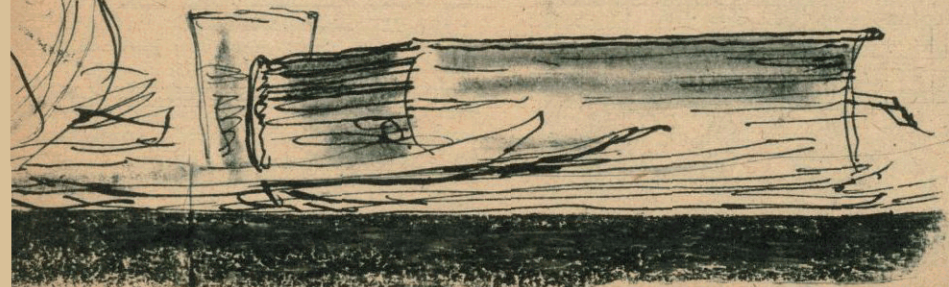
The evidence itself comes slowly, since it must be translated into both English and German. Occasionally there is a surprise witness, as the other day when Doctor Sigismund Charles Bendel arrived from Paris and proffered his story. He gave terrible details of the gas chambers and the incinerators, and drew a ghastly picture of an inferno where sub-human creatures dragged corpses to the blazing pits which could burn to ash a thousand bodies every hour. And for every hour of the day and night that went on. Harold le Drullenac, the only British subject found among the survivors at Belsen, has spoken of his nine days there. His normal weight of 13 stone was reduced to seven.

There is little emotion left, now, in the voices of the witnesses. They have repeated so often these statements about death, these stories of artificial insemination, of obscene operations, of patients in hospital who instead of receiving glucose injections were injected instead with lysol and petrol and died in agony within a few minutes.

To Their Cells

It is five o'clock, and soon the court will rise until to-morrow. Outside the Germans are gathering, until almost a thousand of them line the street and the square before the Court House. When the armoured truck and the TCV's, which transport the prisoners back to their cells, roll past, there is not a sound. There is no cheering, no booing. When the convoy has gone away, the crowd breaks up, as quietly as ever. But about that crowd, possessed as they are with a deep curiosity and a silent contempt for the accused, there is an atmosphere almost as powerful as that in the Court House itself when yet another quiet voice takes up the tale, and a once pretty girl now turned into a mature and broken woman says, in a voice dry and void of emotion... "At that time I had the feeling that I should have to march along in columns of five until the end of my life."

LEFT: Kramer leans over to consult his defending counsel.



BRITAIN'S OTHER ARMIES

NO. 3



CANADA

FOR a century or two before Income Tax and the scandalous duty on whisky, choleric old gentlemen in London clubs found material in the Colonies for grousing as they sipped their port to spite their gout.

In particular, colonial defence was one of their pet themes. Britain's soldiers were scattered all over the world. With transport what it was, it took months and sometimes years to replace a battalion overseas and

refit it for further service. A tour of foreign service might last 20 years or more.

But it was not the lack of a Python scheme that worried the old gentlemen. It was the fact that the Mother Country always footed the bill.

In particular their wrath was directed towards North America. There the colonists were obviously in need of protection — they had Indians and Frenchmen to fight — but though England kept troops in North America from the end of the 17th century, no amount of per-

suation could make the colonists pay for their own protection.

When, after the fall of Quebec, the whole of North America was ours, it was decided to keep a permanent garrison of 10,000 troops there and that their expenses should be partly met by the colonists. But attempts to get money out of the settlers were futile and after a few years they had to be dropped.

After the secession of the United States, a strong garrison had to be kept in Canada to protect the loyal colonies from those below the 49th parallel. But now the Canadians were contributing to their own protection with a usable militia and when the war with the United States broke out in 1812 they made an appreciable contribution towards repelling the invaders, though the regular troops still did most of the fighting and England still paid the bill.

Canada developed her own responsible government and, to the intense annoyance of the old gentlemen in London, insisted on making money out of the troops sent for her protection by charging duties on supplies sent to Canada to maintain them.

Wine Tax Off

In 1850, the Earl of Elgin, who was Governor-General, succeeded in getting the Canadians to raise the most objectionable of all duties, that on wines imported for the officers' messes, and he wrote to London: "It is gratifying to reflect that henceforward the Gentlemen of H.M.'s Army will be able to drink confusion to the Governor-General and his administration in untaxed liquor."

In 1870 British protection was withdrawn from Canada and the old gentlemen at home began to take a more friendly interest in the three-year-old Dominion now that she stood on her own feet. Canada owed a lot to the Army by now for protection and for population, since many time-expired veterans who had served in the country settled there.

When war broke out against Russia, hundreds of Canadians volunteered to make up a contingent to fight in the Crimea. But Canada did not offer to pay their expenses and London turned its nose up at the offer. At the time of the Indian Mutiny, Canada did raise a regiment, the 100th Prince of Wales Royal Canadian Regiment, to fight for Queen and Empire, but it never reached India and served instead in Gibraltar and Malta. For Kitchener's campaign in the Sudan, the War Office accepted only one colonial offer — that of New South Wales — because the others, including Canada's, did not include an offer to pay expenses, but a number of French-Canadian voyageurs — watermen from Canada's lakes and rivers — did invaluable work in running the British L of C on the Nile.

Fought the Boers

Canadian troops fought their first overseas campaign in the South African war, when 3000 volunteers went to the Cape. Like their comrades from Australia and New Zealand, they understood the problems of fighting in the wide open spaces and were quick with answers to the Boers guerrilla tactics, so that they could teach the British regular something, as he fought a type of warfare new in his experience.

By now Canada had a small permanent force as a nucleus for wartime expansion by volunteer militiamen, and in December 1914 her first troops were fighting in France. In September 1915 the 1st Canadian Corps came into existence and by the middle of 1916 had four divisions and the artillery of a fifth in its ranks. At Vimy, the next year, the Corps fought for the first time with all its divisions and in an historic engagement demonstrated the possibility of breaking through a fortified position.

When Poland was invaded in 1939, Canada had a cadre of 4,500 permanent force men on whom she was able to mobilise two divisions immediately with her militia and other volunteers.

The first Canadians landed in Britain in 1939 and they were the start of a steady stream of men from the Dominion. In the tragic months of 1940, the Canadians had a series of frustrations. One party embarked for Norway, only to be disembarked before sailing. Twice Canadians embarked to go to help the men, who were retreating to Dunkirk. After Dunkirk Canadians actually got across the Channel and moved forward



(Imperial War Museum)
Canadians helped to win the other war, too, from 1914 onwards. Here is a company of them in the bitterly-contested Ploegsteert (Plugstreet) Wood in March, 1916.



(Imperial War Museum)
The war of trenches, dug-outs and stalemate: Canadians on the Western Front in October, 1916, come out of a shelter for a brew-up (above). Later, at Vimy, they demonstrated that the deadlock of static trench warfare and "impregnable" positions could be broken.

Below: Armistice Day, 1918. The Canadians marching through Mons, of immortal memory, headed by a pipe band. Twenty-seven years later they marched in the same way through Berlin.



by rain, but the situation was so bad that it was decided it was no use sending them into battle and their trains were sent back to their disembarkation ports.

Back in England, the 1st Canadian Division was virtually the only fully-organised and equipped formation, and it became the counter-attack force for the expected German invasion. In the summer and autumn of 1940 the 2nd Canadian Division landed in Britain and gradually the First Canadian Army — with the first Canadian Army headquarters in history — was built up.

Battle of Britain

Meanwhile, Canadian soldiers were helping the islanders to win the Battle of Britain. They manned AA guns, built airfields and military roads and coast defences, repaired bomb-damaged telephone and telegraph lines; their engineers worked on hydro-electric schemes vital to war production and helped revive the Cornish tin-mining industry.

Up in Scotland companies of the Canadian Forestry Corps, each comprising lumberjacks for felling trees and lumbermills for dealing with them, were turning forests into fully-trimmed boards at a rate that made each company equivalent to a 6,000-ton ship bringing timber regularly across the Atlantic.

But the fighting men were bored with training and itching to get some action. They made up five-sixths of the force in the bloody, magnificent Dieppe raid, but it was not until the invasion of Sicily that Canadians saw fighting on a major scale.

From Sicily's D-Day until March this year the 1st Canadian Corps fought in Italy. Then they were switched to NW Europe to join their comrades of the 2nd Corps who had fought from the Normandy beach-head along the Channel coast. VE-Day saw the whole Canadian First Army — three Infantry divisions, two armoured divisions and two armoured brigades, with all their ancillary troops — united triumphantly in Holland.

At the Outposts

Canada concentrated the strength of her army in the European war, but 1,700 of her soldiers went to Hong Kong and fought the Japs in 1941, while other units have been stationed at other overseas points; a contingent helped the Americans reoccupy Kiska and Canadian engineers assisted in strengthening the fortifications of Gibraltar.

Burly Canadians of British stock arrived in Britain filled with curiosity about the country from which their fathers had come. Many of them had relatives in Britain with whom their families had kept up desultory correspondence and as soon as leave-passes were issued Canadians clambered into trains to go and look up their relatives.

Thus it came about that Canadians, more than any other overseas troops in this country, were received into British homes. Because of this and because they saw and admired Britain in her hardest and most glorious days they are taking home a warm understanding of the Mother Country — and 31,000 British brides.

Their French-Canadian comrades, devout Roman Catholics and hard-working descendants of hard-working settlers, are mostly farmers in civil life. Though they are French-speaking, their ties with metropolitan France are few and mainly on an academic level. Their loyalty to the British Crown is unstinted.

Overseas Volunteers

Independent by nature, they form a turbulent element in Canadian politics and it was partly due to their influence that Canada did not have conscription for overseas service until late in the war — though, as it turned out, conscription was not needed earlier since three-quarters of Canada's soldiers volunteered to serve overseas.

Altogether about 300,000 Canadian soldiers served outside the Dominion in the war and more than 80,000 of them were casualties, including 21,000 dead.

And if the ghosts of the old gentlemen in the London clubs have been peeping over the shoulders of their successors to read the newspapers, they will have to admit that Canada has amply repaid the cost of her protection — even that iniquitous duty on the officers' wines.

RICHARD ELLEY (Capt.)

Canadian soldiers did much specialised work during the war, as well as fighting. They felled timber, helped to build roads and aerodromes, and repaired communications. Here is a lumberman from Manitoba "topping" a hundred-foot pine in the Reichswald forest after its capture.



Five-sixths of the force which raided Dieppe in 1942 were Canadians. On 3 September last year they entered the town again, as victors. The picture shows the 2 Canadian Division marching into the town, where the salute was taken by Gen. Crerar and Lt.-Gen. Charles Foulkes, GOC of 1 Canadian Corps.



It was Canadians who took the surrender of the German forces in the Netherlands on 5 May last. Here is the historic scene. Lt.-Gen. Foulkes is facing General Blaskovich across the table. On his right, nearest the camera, is Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands.





Dance, Girl - Dance

There is no place for the stately, formal dances of yesterday's ballroom in today's dance-hall. Yet the dancers are taking it just as seriously as their grandparents did.

FAIR weather or foul — war or no war — the itch to dance has been uncontrollable and inexplicable. Some buried instinct has decreed that when rhythm beats legs must move. In every land the urge to dance is still powerful, and in many instances remains an integral part of the lowest and highest forms of social life.

The dance, in all its forms, is truly international. Unnoticed it has crept across the entire world, knowing no frontiers and retaining few characteristics. Through the medium of the dance the rituals of the West Indies have found a home in London, and the monotonous stamping of the Zulus has penetrated to the dance halls of New York. Jive, jitterbug or swing — the dance goes on, and though the patrons

of the ballet may frown upon less decorous forms of heelkicking, the basis of all dancing is that unexplainable beat in the blood, the purely physical urge to identify ourselves with time and movement.

The oldest of all dances, the ritual dance, is that type which, through the actions of the dancers themselves, tells a story or expresses an emotion. These dances are so old and so varied, for they were performed centuries ago in Greece and Rome, that no one can remember their unrecorded actions. It is only from the 16th and 17th centuries that we can get reliable information on popular dances, such as the "gavotte" and the "minuet," two court dances which were sometimes enlivened by the partners kissing during phases of their performance.

Spain, long renowned for the

"fiesta," found its most accomplished dancers in the city of Cadiz. From here came the "tango," the "fandango" and other dances which found their origin in those of the gypsies, coloured perhaps by Moorish influence. The Spanish "tango," unlike the dance we know today, was performed solo by a woman. The modern tango originated in Argentina, and travelled eastwards.

Gipsy Abandon

The Spanish gypsies, whose dances were guarded jealously from outsiders, performed their rites with a sinuous grace and serpentine movement. Their dances told local tales, mocked and poked fun at local inhabitants, and publicised local scandal. They danced with the utmost abandon, accompanied by much shouting and finger-snapping.

The "fandango" has an unusual history. Reports of it reached the Pope, who was told that it was debased and unfit for public exhibition. Accordingly he directed that those who danced the "fandango" should be excommunicated from the Church of Rome. To this ruling there came many objections, and the Pope agreed to have the dance judged by a select council, when a final decision would be made. During the exhibition the judges themselves became so attracted and impressed by the dance that they finally joined in, and the "fandango" was cleared of all charges of indecency.

The "bolero," another Spanish dance, was devised by a man named Carezo, a famous dancer of the 18th century. The "jota," a more lively dance, was





FOLK DANCERS OF DAGHESTAN IN THE CAUCASUS.



MEMBERS OF THE BALLETS JOOS IN "PANDORA".

by far the most exhausting of all, for it was full of vigorous movement exhibiting youthful vitality and boy-and-girl courtship. The main characteristic of Spanish dancing is an abrupt stop, which occurs after a series of whirlwind turns.

Oriental dances are primarily dance-poems which tell some legend or express a wish. Arab slave girls, who were the chief performers in the East, set the characteristic of all Eastern dances, which is to reveal physical charms. They danced for their masters, and it was their triumph to exhibit personal attractions and charms to the best of their ability. The "tummy-shaking" type of dance, another characteristic Eastern performance, brought uproar from spectators and shocked contemporary standards when first publicly presented in New York. Such dances were considered indecent, their true origin and meaning having been overlooked.

In direct contrast to the sensuous dancing of the Arab girl is the Bedouin "gun-dance" — a mad, riotous ceremony which is marked by the wholesale firing of rifles and shot-guns amid the general uproar.

Nearly all European countries had, and still have, their own dances which vary from each other only in presentation. In Russia they danced the "Czardas" and the "Mazurka," while a favourite was the "Cossack dance." In Poland they had a dance known as the "Obertass," in Hungary the "Szolo." Germany is the home of the waltz, while in Serbia they danced the "Kolo." In Bavaria the "Schuhplatteltanz" ex-

pressed Tyrolean grace, accompanied by the music of zithers. In this dance the female partner is twirled around until the skirts billow out into waving whirls of colour.

Scotland is not the only land with a sword dance. It is danced in Turkey, the dancers using long scimitars. During the dance these dangerous-looking swords are whirled at amazing speed, and only the skilful escape mutilation.

Geisha Girls

In Japan the dance is mainly a matter of suggestion rather than vigorous movement. Jap "geisha" girls have a fan dance (not the fan dance we know!) which consists of rapid movements of a small fan before the face and other parts of the body. In Bali the hands and fingers play an important part in "putting across" highly developed dance-legends. Throughout the islands of the Pacific the "hula-hula" is well known, but its message is primitive, and was originally part of such ceremonies as marriage and courtship.

England is said to be credited with few dances, but among them there is the sailor's hornpipe and types of Morris dancing. Ireland and Scotland have several types of "fling" and "reel" and "jig."

From 1914 onwards dancing among civilised peoples rapidly "westernised." Such dances as the "Turkey Trot," the "Bunny Hug" and the "Grizzly Bear" came over from America. The "Boston Dip" and "Hesitation Waltz" found their way to this country. The "Big Apple,"

forerunner of jitterbug, came from a small Negro village in America.

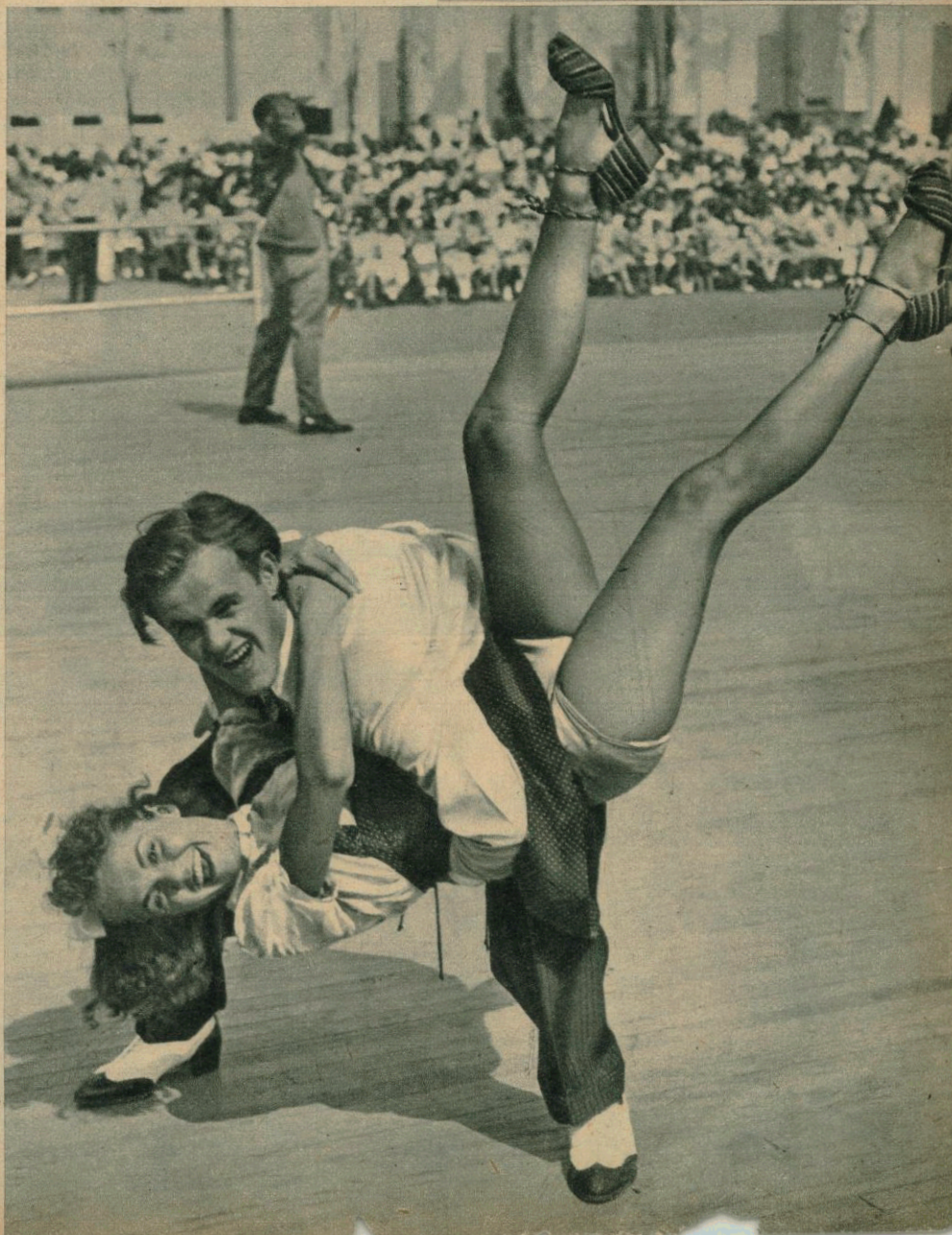
The end of a war is generally the signal for new and extensive experiments in arts and fashions. After the 1914—18 war jazz came into its own and has held undisputed sway, in the form of one kind of syncopation or another, ever since. The modern version of the waltz has been gaining in popularity, though it seems little likely to make a return to the position of queen of ballroom dances which it once held. The gap between ballroom and dance-hall is that between one age and another.

Post-war developments will, therefore, present an interesting study. Will the mood turn to "hot" or "sweet"? Shall we see an extension of those clubs of adolescents specialising in "jive" and "jam sessions," or will they prove to have been a brief, exotic importation from across the Atlantic, a phenomenon expressive of the strained nerves and hectic atmosphere of wartime? No one can tell, yet.



Noelle de Mosa, young Dutch dancer, does a spectacular leap in "Pandora".

A Zulu war dance (below) is largely a matter of stamping and waving. Jitterbugs in New York (right) are less restrained. They need acres of floor for their antics.





ON 12 September Admiral Mountbatten, Supreme Allied Commander, SE Asia, received in Singapore the formal surrender of all Japanese forces in his command. It was the end of a campaign in which the Japs lost six times as many troops as the Allies.

On that day in the middle of September the Allied fleet was once more riding in Singapore harbour. It would have been there in any case, about that time: back, after three-and-a-half years. And with the Fleet would have been men who, in the Supremo's words, "chased the Jap out of Burma," and were on the point of continuing the chase into Malaya.

The surrender meant the return of one-and-a-half million square miles of

territory and the liberation of 128,000,000 people.

Admiral Mountbatten was accompanied by General William Slim, "Uncle Bill" Slim of the 14th Army, and now C-in-C Allied Land Forces, SE Asia.

Model Invasion

The pattern for the invasion of Singapore was the same as that followed in earlier months on the long journey from Akyab to Rangoon. Our troops landed at five points and began occupying the familiar strategic areas — the docks, the airfields and the famous causeway, where the last battle of the Malaya campaign was fought in 1942.

A swarm of ICI's were used to put

ashore troops at the various landing points, just as had been planned if there had been no surrender. The return to Singapore was made by British, Indian and Gurkha troops of the 5th Indian Division, assembled in a convoy which came prepared for fighting but found a peaceful landing.

The landing went ahead as the military operation which had been planned, except that there was no opposition. The first H-hour troops found the Japanese general commanding the area waiting at the dockside.

Instead of a battle our men found streets lined with welcoming, cheering people. Fleet Air Arm planes from carriers out in the bay flew overhead. When the city was occupied it was

found to be virtually undamaged. Lights and lifts were working and most of the big buildings were ready for reoccupation.

Japs Just Missed It

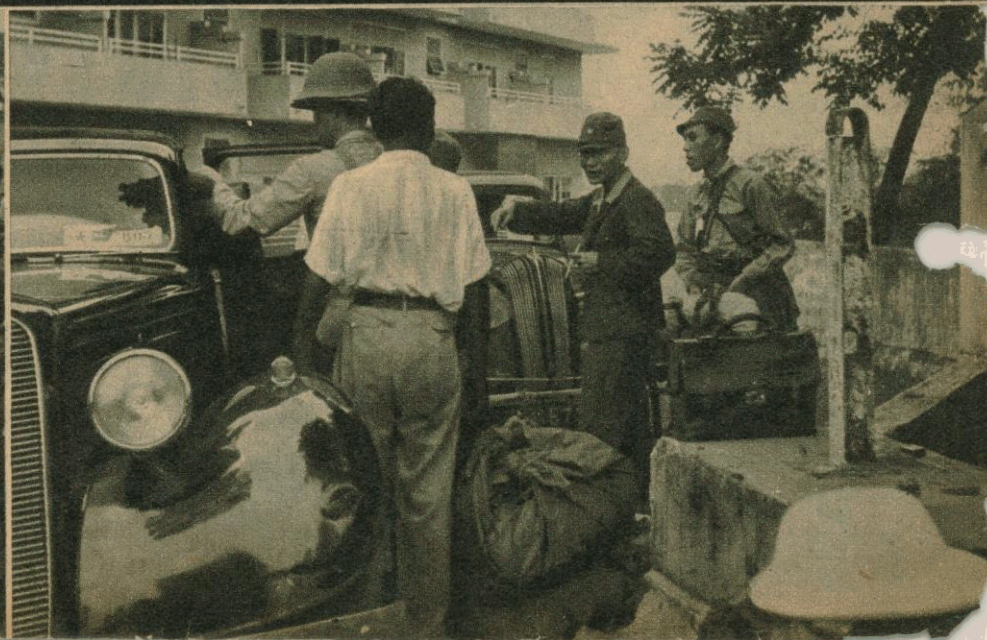
This occupation took place four days before the planned D-day for the invasion of Singapore. The planning of the operation began many months previously in India and for the first time in the history of the Command, "it would have been an operation short of nothing."

After he had seen the Jap defences Lord Louis said that had there been opposition "we should have been through them just as fast as we have landed without opposition."



Above: British civilian internees, painfully thin but cheerful, line up for a double ration of boiled rice and greens. Below: The crowd watches Indian soldiers moving out of the municipal building after searching it.

Mr. H. J. P. Donaldson (above) showing the primitive conditions in which internees lived. Below: Master-race bundled out. Jap officers moving their kit from Cathay Building, their luxurious headquarters.



Papers Up!!



THIS is the call which, to the men of No. 1 NDU (Newspaper Distributing Unit), means "on parade" at 10 p.m. every night. Twenty-six men and two NCO's — the "night shift" — begin working at 11.30 p.m. and finish at 4 a.m. In four hours they can sort, pack, tie and dispatch more than 123,000 newspapers for free issue to troops of the BAOR.

MORE than three million newspapers leave Fleet Street for the Continent every month. Tens of thousands are flown daily by Stirling bombers and delivered to the Army Post Office. More surprising still is the fact that each paper must be handled separately and packed into a special bundle before it leaves London. No. 1 Newspaper Distributing Unit is probably the first and last unit in the British Army to do this type of work.

Invasion Priority

Weeks before D-day the Army Welfare branch of Headquarters 21st Army Group decided that free newspapers for invasion troops would be an essential priority. A plan was drawn up, a special unit recruited and trained to handle newspapers at high speed, and transport arranged with the RAF. On D-day plus one the first consignment of papers left Southampton docks by sea for the invasion beach-heads. Transport by air had to wait, for our fighters were still choking the French air strips. Yet within a week a regular air service was in operation. Nearly 50,000 papers left for the Continent daily.

Towards the end of the summer of 1944 No. 1 Newspaper Distributing Unit left Southampton for its new base in Swindon, Wiltshire. Here the unit was close to half a dozen of the largest airfields in Britain which dealt with overseas freight cargoes. Dakota aircraft took newspapers to France and Belgium and on the return trip brought wounded to hospitals in Britain. Nothing stopped the service but bad weather when aircraft were unable to take off. Today your newspapers are delivered and packed in London only five minutes from the printing presses. They are then taken to Rivenhall in Essex, loaded on to Stirling bombers and flown to France, Belgium, Germany and elsewhere.

Three-second Knot

First OC of the new unit was Major A. F. Anderson, an officer of the Gordon Highlanders who had many years of newspaper experience. His task was to train 30 men to pack newspapers in the shortest possible time. To do this he took them to the London headquarters of W. H. Smith and Sons, one of the world's largest newsagents. Here experienced packers taught the men how to tie a special knot in three seconds — and a knot which held tight. Today a fast packer in No. 1 NDU can handle four or five packs of newspapers every minute.

The routine to pack 123,000 papers in four-and-a-half-hours — a routine worked out to the finest degree — needs good eyesight and nimble hands. Fleet Street vans first deliver the papers between 10.15 and 11.30 at night. The large bundles, some of them containing between 15 to 30 quires each, are unpacked and taken to long benches where a team of six men begin to "turn" them. (All newspapers are packed in quires of 26 copies, each quire in the opposite direction to the next to make counting easy.) Every quire has to be turned so that all the cut edges face the same way. Later they can be handled at top speed by the packers.

At about 11.30 p.m. seven teams — three men to each — start their night's work. Before them, on long tables, the papers are stacked. All the big national papers are represented. One man in each team, known as the "picker", walks swiftly up and down the tables taking one copy of each paper from the top of each pile. They are then folded, 10 papers to a pack, and tied into neat bundles by two other men. Later they are stacked again, placed into GPO mail bags — 28 packs to each bag — tied again and labelled. To do this about 300 lbs of string are used every week.

In this manner the newspapers are rapidly sorted and tied up. Each pack contains a full variety of papers, the number of copies of each paper being determined in proportion to its circulation.

Although the national papers satisfy the majority of troops in the

BAOR some regional papers are sent to satisfy special demands.

Men from more than 15 different regiments work together as packing teams — ex-paratroopers injured during the landings in Sicily and France, Pioneers nearing their release, others who have seen active service in all parts of the world.

The Chief's Special

One soldier in the BAOR who always gets his paper is Field-Marshal Montgomery. He has a special copy of "The Times", and eight packs of papers for his staff. This special bag is handed to the pilot, who personally delivers it to the APO representative waiting at the airfield. The rest of the papers — 470 bags — are delivered in several ways. In some instances they have been dropped by parachute. Weight of the daily consignment is more than 8,000 lbs — on Sunday 12,000 lbs.

The officer commanding the unit today is Captain E. L. L. Forwood, RA, who joined the unit at Swindon and was formerly an Entertainments Officer with 21st Army Group. He says: "Our job is not an exciting one, and night work like this can be very monotonous. We do feel, however, that at this end we are doing something worth while, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that through us a great Army is getting its newspapers with a minimum of delay. Since the unit was formed we have never 'missed the boat' — only bad weather can stop us."

Although large numbers of papers are delivered every day to units of the BAOR in France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Norway, there may be instances when a unit does not receive its full quota. This is because some units have a "priority" — transit camps and other units which have no fixed establishment may expand overnight. In addition there have been urgent calls for papers from areas where POW's have been released, and from certain hospitals and other units.

The bill for all these newspapers?

Up to now it has been £100,000 a year — paid by NAAFI.



Papers being loaded on to the Stirling bomber (above). Lorries have a two-hour run from packing depot to airfield, and breakfast for loading party is 4 a.m.



Above: Packing in progress — four-and-a-half hours work against the clock every night. Below: Capt. E. L. L. Forwood, OC of 1 NDU, indicates to senior NCO, S/Sgt. J. Proud, a pile of 30,000 papers for checking.



Joe Davis — champion of them all.

There's Action in Snooker



A dapper, roly-poly fellow named Joe Davis is giving the Billiards Association chiefs a first-class headache. You see, they are wanting to revive the United Kingdom professional billiards championship at a time when no one eligible to play for the title can begin to give Joe Davis a game.

It would be different if Walter Lindrum, who is the world's best billiards player, were available, but he isn't. Apart from the fact that Lindrum happens to be 12,000 miles away, he is an Australian—and this is the United Kingdom title we are talking about.

Needs a Tonic

So the destination of the championship is a certainty from the start. It isn't exactly a thought to send the customers rushing to the box-office, nor is it one to inspire any of the professionals other than Joe Davis.

Billiards is a dying game, anyhow. It needs something more than a one-man personality to revive the patient, but exactly the medicine to work the cure is unknown at this moment.

For proof, look around Blighty. Go into any club or public billiards hall and what will you find? You know the answer. Apart from a die-hard here and there, it is snooker—not billiards—you see played on every table.

Yes, billiards has gone out of fashion. No one wants it any more. The average player, meaning you and me and the other fellow who thinks he is doing pretty well to run up a break of a dozen points, gets more of a kick out of snooker. It is a jollier sort of game. There's more action to it. And, as important, there's a lot more luck.

Why Snooker is Popular

Billiards is too coldly scientific. It needs to be played well to be thoroughly enjoyed. Certainly there is nothing so depressing to watch as a couple of novices going through the motions, nor is there any game so depressing to play badly.

It's different with snooker. Anything can happen, and usually does. The indifferent performer gets into difficulties, and out of them; he has an easy red or two, flukes a couple of colours, and there he is with an 18 break to his credit. His self-esteem has been done

a lot of good. An 18 break! That's not bad, says he.

Yet this same player would probably go dithering around for weeks without getting anywhere near an 18 break, which isn't so much, if he were concentrating on billiards. So he plumps for the easier game.

Thus it is that we have seen a vast new public for snooker. And the professionals have been quick to notice the fact. They have, most of them, concentrated on the 22-ball game, and have reached the point where it doesn't really matter very much whether Joe Davis is out on his own at the more scientific business of billiards.

Australian Rival

Not that Davis is any man's mug at snooker. Far from it. He happens to be the best in the world today, although the margin of his superiority is not so marked as it is in billiards. Given a little luck—and even the top-ranking performers expect it—one of Joe's rivals might beat him over a match series.

Indeed, Horace Lindrum, nephew of Australia's wonderful Walter, is being freely tipped to give the champion a shaking this season. Personally, I won't

a lot more—to him. Anyway, he says that, were he to lose or break it, he would be searching many seasons to find another suiting him so well. With this in mind, the cue is as much a part of Joe's everyday life as his hat. "There's just a chance I might forget my hat," he once confessed, "but I'd never forget my billiards cue."

Uses Left Eye

The Chesterfield star has run up more than 100 three-figure snooker breaks, and an imposing list of "thousands" at billiards, with this 7s. 6d. cue. I get a mind picture of him as he crouches over it with his one-eyed stance. Yes, he sights the cue-ball right along the cue with his left eye. There's a reason for it. The right isn't quite so needle-sharp as it might be.

Curiously, Joe's brother, Fred Davis, who is also a class professional, isn't quite so good as most when it comes to spotting the ball with his naked eye. He has had to take to glasses; has been wearing them for some years, in fact.

He had difficulty in lining up his shots when he first took to spectacles, finding that he was peering over the



Horace Lindrum, Australian challenger for snooker honours, looks casual enough in this camera shot. Yet when down to business he has run up an unofficial world's break of 141 points.

table he had installed in his London home. "If I got out of touch," he said, "it would take me weeks to discover my form again. So I find it easier to keep in trim with a long session of practice every day."

I don't think he ever really cared for snooker, although never going so far as hawk-nosed Melbourne Inman to call it "This Chinese game." He liked the cold science of billiards, showing superb touch and judgment of angles.

As I say, Inman is another who prefers billiards to snooker. In his time he was a master of the all-round game, preferring to go out for the crowd-pleasing and artistically satisfying shot, rather than the series of close cannons by which Walter Lindrum and Joe Davis made themselves champions. He is a natural player who took to the game easily in spite of the fact that he didn't see a billiards table until he was 17 years of age.

"Mel" was one of the crowd magnets at famous Thurston's Hall, tucked away there in a corner of Leicester Square. A bomb put Thurston's out of business in a big way. I don't know if it will ever come back again, though there are hopes that the history-steeped old building will again house big billiards and snooker.

Whatever happens, it is pretty safe to say that snooker, not billiards, will pull in the real money. Sports followers will be wanting to know if Horace Lindrum, Fred Davis and the rest can take the crown from Joe Davis, the Wizard of Pot.

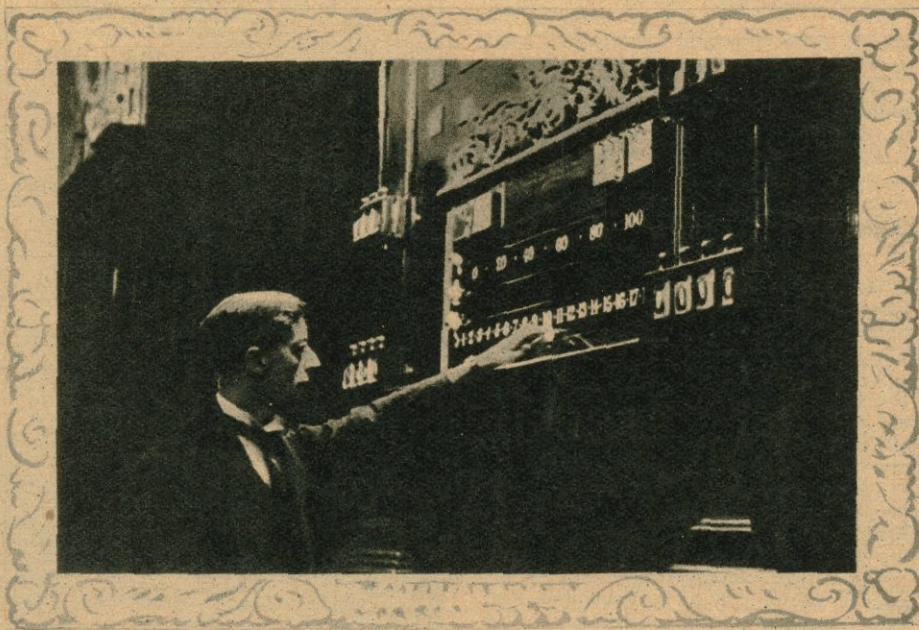
Nice Work

Lindrum looks the most likely man, especially when you remember that he has an unofficial world's record of 141, or three more points than the official figure down to the name of Joe Davis. He did the job in Manchester in 1937, getting 12 reds, 12 blacks, three reds, three blues and all the colours.

If the Australian can approach this form consistently, Joe Davis is set for defeat. Yet I still have my money on the Englishman. As I say, he is a great match-player, one who has the secret of stopping the other fellow from break-building.

This secret, plus his own skill in potting, should keep him in his rightful position—bang on top of the snooker world.

Paul Tavin (Sgt.)



Only two sounds in a world of silence: the click-click of billiards balls and the voice of the marker intoning the scores like a high priest. Such was Thurston's in the days when Charles Chambers, in his winged collar and white gloves, presided over the scoreboard.

have that. Why? Because the Sydney-born player is about the best ever in an exhibition game, but I don't think he comes near to Joe Davis in a match.

First, Joe is a Chesterfield man, and Chesterfield breeds dour, hard-headed fellows. They're fighters. And Davis is in the tradition for all his smiling urbanity. He is the perfect match player; shrewd, cool, a perfect strategist, and a player with the ability to "come up from behind," to borrow a racing term.

Good Investment

What's more, he does it all with a billiards cue which he bought for 7s 6d. He found it while strolling into a public saloon for a casual game. "I just took it from the rack, found it suited me ideally, and put down three half-crowns to make it my own," Joe once told me. "It isn't much to look at. The average clubman would put it right back and pick a more ornate-looking cue, but it's worth a lot of money to me."

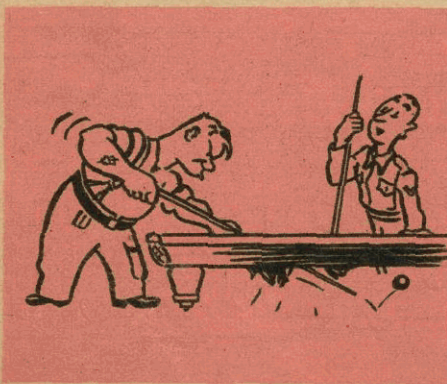
As a fact, the champion has the cue insured for £100, although it is worth

top of them as he bent to make a shot. This affected his play for a long time.

Then he sat down to work out the problem. Could he manage to invent a pair of spectacles which would give him perfect vision at the billiards table? Yes, he could; and he did. Next thing, Fred Davis was right back into form via glasses which automatically adjusted themselves to any position of the head by means of hinges. Since then he has come along brilliantly.

Service in the Army has interfered with Fred Davis's professional career, as has been the way for quite a lot of us, but he showed in a recent exhibition against brother Joe that he'll be a snooker threat when he can get back into practice.

Practice means everything. While things look ridiculously easy when the professional goes into a match, the customers don't remember—or never really knew—how much time is given to trying out new shots. Why, the late Tom Newman used to put in anything from two to three hours a day on the



Cuemanship



CUEMANSHIP: Thurston's was always crowded when Melbourne Inman met Tom Reece in one of their famous battles — a battle of billiards and back-answers. And here is a flashback of Inman beginning a break in the famous old hall which is now out of commission owing to air raid damage.



The late Tom Newman (right) and Walter Lindrum, the world's greatest billiards artist, string for break at the start of a fortnight's match. Newman was a protégé of John Roberts, the old champion, and held the British title on many occasions.



Two likely snooker challengers are spectacled Fred Davis, brother of the title-holder, and Herbert Holt, the Blackpool representative. Now in the Army, Fred Davis has already this season beaten his famous brother in a handicap exhibition match.

How Much Do You Know?

(1) The word "after-math" is often used to mean "consequence". Really "after-math" means one of the following ... but which? (a) a small sketch after a play; (b) grass which grows after hay has been mown; (c) a reflection after the act.



(2) These got slightly damaged but perhaps you can piece them together. What were they, anyhow?

(3) The Allies' first raid on Berlin using 3,000 lb bombs was originally planned for: 1919, 1939, 1941, 1943.

(4) Dicken's "Martin Chuzzlewit" features a well known character Mark Tapley, noteworthy because he was: (a) an invincibly cheery person; (b) the first Black-Marketeer; (c) the last drill sergeant to be fair to his squad.

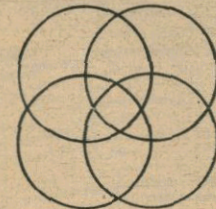
(5) The gentleman here is operating which of the following: (a) searchlight; (b) a cinema projector; (c) stage spot.



(6) You started talking about it right away, so you ought to remember this one! When was the Beve-

ridge Report first published ... which year?

(7) Take the word melliferous. It means: (a) sweet as honey; (b) semi-metallic; (c) producing darkness; (d) yielding honey. Which?



(8) A curved triangle, we'll suppose, is any space bounded by three curved lines in the same way that a real triangle is any space

bounded by three straight lines. How many different curved triangles can you find in these interlocking circles?

(9) If you were driving along 250 Down and suddenly



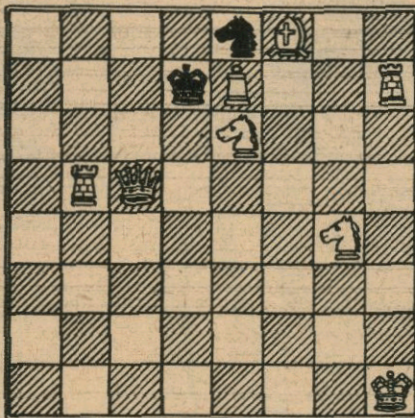
found yourself looking at this scene, you'd be a trifle surprised. But would you recognise the spot to which you'd been miraculously transported? Where is it?

(10) Here's a quick one! How many times does the letter "f" (capital or small) occur in the following sentence? "The Federal Fuses are the result of scientific investigation combined with the fruits of long experience."

(11) Dvr. Edwards drove from A to B at an average speed of 30 miles per hour, and on the return journey his average speed was 40 miles per hour. What was his average speed for the double trip, that is there and back?

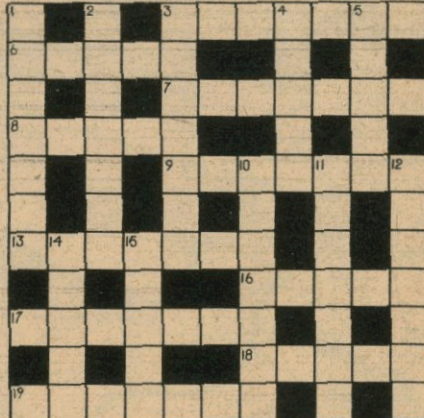
(12) What is the opposite of zenith?

CHESS AND CROSSWORD



White to move and mate in two.

ACROSS. — 3. His first two letters are usually enough for him. — 6. Blue marine? — 7. Did she lead the R.A.C. a dance? — 8. S.E.A.C. headwear of high note, it seems. — 9. Once Connaught, still London. — 13. There's iron in this French water. — 16. It's dismal to "deducate", to coin a word. — 17. Put a small squad through its paces for a shoot? Almost, apparently. — 18. Cut off and cut in. — 19. One may be told to pass them on to the Marines.



DOWN. — 1. Suitable machine for the cavalry of the air? — 2. Useful thing for the canteen manager to have when the beer's running out! — 3. The Highlander who arrived first. — 4. Implore a horse to come in first, being in debt? — 5. This duck would not be of much use in amphibious operations. — 10. Almost unnecessary sewers. — 11. No leech gets into this military formation. — 12. How a "3 Down" may treat bread? — 14. Lifeless, as in a Berliner today. — 15. May be given as a command or a reward.



HAMBURG HOTSPOT

by Friell

Hamburg's Crusader Club open seven nights a week, two shows a night, ORs only. Outside - dark and wet. Inside - a lovely fog, lights and music. On the stage Continental Cabaret. On tap beer. The beer is beautiful, the clowns comic, the girls glamorous. 1,200 British soldiers can't all be wrong. Sit up and drink up.

The lights go out. The girls are gone, all gone. Someone sings "I'm a little on the lonely side", Who isn't? Ten o'clock, the hot-spot is cold. The liberty lories are waiting. Heigh ho, it was good while it lasted!

MORE LETTERS

THANKS TO USA

I was wounded in Germany, and operated on at No 108 (US) Evacuation Hospital. But for their promptness I might have lost my life. I should like to write an appreciation to the staff. Could you give me their address? — Gnr. B. Richards, No 5 Con. Depot (British).

★ The American Red Cross in London says: Address your letter to "Officer Commanding No 108 (US) Evacuation Hospital c/o United States Army." We are not sure if this unit is still in the ETO or back in the USA. — Ed., SOLDIER.

MOBILE CANTEENS

Recently a YMCA mobile canteen stopped near our unit but on going up to it we were told it served RA only. Are not these canteens meant to serve any member of the Forces? — Pte. H. Wilkinson, 168 Coy, Pioneer Corps.

★ YMCA tell us mobile canteens will serve any member of the Forces, irrespective of unit, with tea and available snacks. Each canteen also has a limited supply of cigarettes and other commodities, to which units in the area the canteen serves are given priority. — Ed., SOLDIER.

CONTROL JOBS

I am in an early group and shall soon be leaving the Army. As I am an old soldier and there is nothing for me to go home to in England, I should like to get a job out here in a civilian capacity if possible. How do I go about this? — Pte. T. Jenkins, 5/1st Fire Brigade, Fire Fighting Coy.

★ There are many jobs available in the Control Commission. They are described in a pamphlet entitled "Control Service for Germany", obtainable from your nearest Control Commission HQ. It is notified in BAOR order 103 of 7 Sept. 1945. — Ed., SOLDIER.

"HAMBURG RADIO"

Because of technical difficulties Hamburg Radio Programme does not appear as an insert with this issue. Alternative arrangements are being made.

PRIVILEGE LEAVE

An ACI states that future privilege leave to the UK is reckoned from the date of the previous leave. I was wounded in March just before becoming due for privilege leave. At the end of May I received nine days' hospital leave plus VE leave of two days. The ACI ruling means that I lose the period between March and May when my next privilege leave is reckoned. In effect this is to hold their wounds against the wounded. — Sgmn. J. Kerr, 16 Bty., 7 Fd. Regt. RA.

★ Para 16 of the Leave Manual states: — "Officers or other ranks on return from sick

leave will take their place on the leave roster in the same relative position as that occupied by them at the date on which they ceased to be eligible for privilege leave." A large number of ACIs were cancelled when the Leave Manual was issued. — Ed., SOLDIER.

POST-WAR CREDITS

1. My seven years with the colours finished December 1939, but I am still serving. Do I consider my reserve done? 2. Our post-war credits started January 1941, so what does a regular draw as gratuity between 1932 and January 1941? — Cpl. R. Wright, 968 Port Maint. Coy. RE. c/o 1044 Port Optg Coy. RE.

★ 1. Yes. 2. Post-war credits were given from 1 January 1942. They are quite distinct from war gratuity which is given for all reckonable service with the Colours from 3 September 1939. If you are a War Substantive Corporal, or have held the paid rank for 6 months at the time of your release, your gratuity will be 12/- for each month's reckonable service. — Ed., SOLDIER.

HE WANTS TO COOK

I should like more details of the training scheme for cooks mentioned in "Job Snapshot" (SOLDIER No 13). I am not content to wait until I am released before starting to think about my future occupation. How can my



"I am keenly interested in the training scheme for cooks".

name be entered for this training scheme or, better still, can I apply to a firm for a vacancy now? Can you give me names and addresses of such firms? — Cpl. F. Jones, ACC, 'C' Coy., 4 Bn. Welch Regt.

★ You could write to the Staff Managers of (a) The Aerated Bread Company Ltd., 17 Camden Rd., London, NW 1, and (b) J. Lyons & Co. Ltd., Cadby Hall, Kensington, London, W 14. They may be able to give you some advice. To take advantage of the Government Training Scheme you should wait until you are released, and then report to your local Labour Exchange, stating that you wish to attend a training course in catering or cooking, or whatever it may be. If suitable you will be accepted and sent to a training centre.

For particulars of advanced training and examinations in cookery, write to the City and Guilds of London Institute, Dept. of Technology, 31, Brechin Place, South Kensington, London, SW 7. — Ed., SOLDIER.

GRATUITIES

1. Am I entitled to any gratuity from the AFS for the period I served in it as a full-time member? How do I apply for it and how much will I get? 2. I enlisted in March 1940. When does the Forces



gratuity commence from? What total amount of gratuity and post-war credits are due to me if I am released from the Forces in December 1945? — Pte. Sadler, 68 First Class Fire Brigade, 111 Fire-Fighting Company.

★ 1. A scale of gratuities has been approved for whole time service in the AFS of at least six months' duration. Application need not be made, but any change in address should be notified to the local authority. 2. Service for gratuity in your case reckons from date of enlistment. Gratuity for a private is 10/- for each month's reckonable colour service. Post-war credits are 6d. a day for each day's paid service from 1 Jan 1942. — Ed., SOLDIER.

HOW TO LAY BRICKS

In your article "The Guards are Housebuilding" (SOLDIER No 15) you mention that there are experts among them. They must have been asleep when the chimney in the picture was built.

No decent bricklayer puts a closure between two stretchers. (A closure is a



"... there are experts among them".

quarter-length piece of brick, and a stretcher is a brick laid in a wall lengthwise.) The correct way is to cut a piece off each stretcher and insert a header (half-brick). — Gnr. F. Lugo, G Sub Unit, 31 RHU.

SOME MORE POSERS

1. On release from the Army now, will a regular soldier be entitled to receive both war gratuity and normal peacetime discharge gratuity under Articles 1056-1059 of the Pay Warrant?

2. Will Article 1060 apply in respect of war service? 3. On release soldiers will be granted 56 days' leave plus additional leave in respect of overseas service. Will war gratuity be issuable in respect of this period of leave, in addition to normal pay and ration allowance? 4. Is it correct to assume that a regular soldier will not receive reserve pay until the completion of his release leave? 5. If a regular soldier re-engages in the service what is the procedure concerning grant of leave with pay? Will he be granted this leave, or the money in lieu? — Sjt. G. W. Simpson, 225 Works Section RE, BAOR.

★ 1. Yes. 2. No. 3. No. 4. Correct. Nor will he get it during overseas service leave. 5. No decision yet given. — Ed., SOLDIER.

Answers

(from Page 21)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. (b); 2. Hand wash-basins; 3. 1919; 4. (a); 5. (a); 6. 1942; 7. (d); 8. 20; 9. Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire; 10. Six; 11. 34 2/7 m. p., h.; 12. Nadir.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 3. C. O.-lonel. 6. Ultra (marine). 7. (waltzing) Matilda. 8. Top-ee. 9. Rangers. 13. G-iron-de. 16. D-rear. 17. Ten-drill(l). 18. E-lop-e. 19. Stories.

DOWN: 1. Mustang. 2. Stopper. 3. Came-ron. 4. O-win-g. 5. Eider. 10. Needles(s). 11. Echelon. 12. Shorten. 14. Inert. 15. Order.

CHESS

Key-move: Q-R 5.

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TWO-MINUTE SERMON

Somebody once wrote: "Do little things as though they were great things, and you will live to do great things as though they were little things."

How much truth that remark contains! For most of us it is "the trivial round, the common task" which make up our days. And it must be so for most of us. There are not enough of the great tasks to go round. We cannot all be flying to conferences of the Big Three. We cannot all make speeches in the House of Commons. We cannot all shape the destinies of men and of nations at the stroke of a pen. Perhaps it is as well that we cannot.

It is to the little things of ordinary life, therefore, that we are called to bring the spirit of greatness. A famous Bishop said: "God does not want us to do extraordinary

things. He wants us to do ordinary things extraordinarily well."

Remember that Christ's public Ministry occupied only three years. For the other 30 years he was not addressing large crowds, or catching the public eye. He was carrying out all the simple duties of ordinary life, in His case as a carpenter. The 30 hidden years of little things were the preparation for three years the world has never forgotten. Those three years still influence countless lives today.

What a much happier place the world would be if everyone brought to the little job the spirit of the big job! Let us remember the verse we have so often sung:

"The trivial round, the common task, Will furnish all we need to ask; Room to deny ourselves — a road To lead us daily nearer God."

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH  ARMY MAGAZINE



Who is this demure young stager?
She's a would-be serjeant-major.
One of Ack-Ack's martial daughters...
Age: just nineteen-and-three-quarters.
Paterson's the name (to you —
Elsie; and a nice name, too).
Home: at Huntly. Do you pine
For her number? It's two-nine-
Six-four-one-three. Halt, there! OI!
That is not her phone, old boy.



ROLL IT UP
AND
SEND IT HOME



NAME

ADDRESS

As SOLDIER
weighs more than
two ounces, a
penny stamp
must be affixed
here.