

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



ARMY MAGAZINE

June 1947

Sixpence

Vol. 3 - No 4

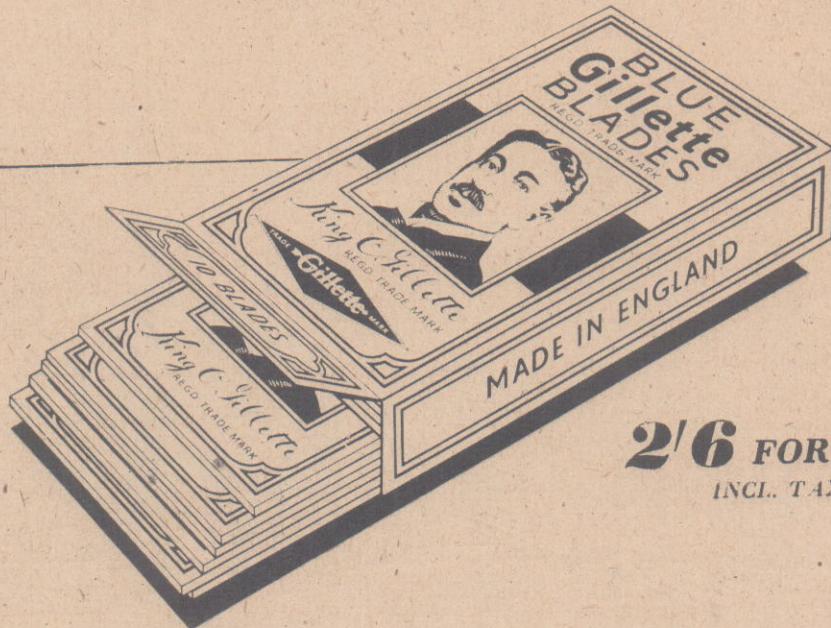
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Olympia Tournament: See Page 14

David Knight

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"Can you see a stretch of open road?"

"No!"

"—with a low hedge and green fields rolling away on either side—and just down there on the left a nice little creeper-covered pub with a sign outside which says 'The Nag's Head'?"

"What exactly are you driving at?"

"The Nag's Head, old boy, but only in my mind's eye."

"You're in a Rolls-Royce, I suppose."

"On the contrary, I'm on a motor-bike. But, boy oh boy, what a machine."

"You must be counting on a pretty hefty gratuity."

"I'm counting on netting the same as you. But there is a thing called a Post Office

Savings Bank, and I find it a lot easier having my money regularly put there by somebody else than throwing it down the drain myself."

"I doubt if I should."

"What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over, old man."

*See your UNIT SAVINGS OFFICER
about it NOW!*

"BRYLCREEM

By Jove!..some
chaps are lucky!"



And men in B.A.O.R. are luckier than most fellows because supplies of Brylcreem for B.A.O.R. are still getting priority through N.A.A.F.I., Y.M.C.A., etc. But even this concession cannot satisfy the demand for Brylcreem so, when you get a bottle, please use it sparingly



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If you had been a Soldier in Flanders in 1702

You would have lived hard—bread your only daily ration—meat twice a week if you were lucky, and the cost of it, and of your clothing, stopped from your pay; other necessities being obtained from a dubious company of camp followers—sutlers—who grew fat by selling inferior goods at extortionate prices.

You might have met Kit Ross, a renowned sutleress, who stole pigs and poultry to sell to the troops, turning her wagon into a "wet canteen" in the evenings, and doing her own "chucking out" to the accompaniment of the foulest language.

It was because of the policy of graft and exploitation practised by private traders against the soldier, that the Service authorities devised the constitution and system of control of Naafi, their object being to ensure that no private individual should benefit from the soldier's trade, and that all profits should be returned to the Forces either in cash rebates, discounts or amenities.

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Naafi still needs female staff for canteens at Home. Write to: Staff Manager, Naafi, Ruxley Towers, Claygate, Esher, Surrey, England



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Years ago busy wheels bumped over the bridge at Lavamund between Austria and Jugo-Slavia. Now the barriers are seldom raised and the patrol pump is rusting with disuse

GUARDING TITO'S BORDER

THROUGH the open window Lance-Corporal G. Turbott watches the sentry at the barrier below. The afternoon sun catches the miniature bugle in the man's cap badge and throws his shadow across the dusty road from which the heat rises in shimmering waves. Sometimes when it gets too hot the sentry moves back into the shade of the sentry-box but at all times he can see the little stone bridge to his right and the alarm gong to his front.

The lance-corporal walks out on to the little balcony of his wood-built guard-room. The hilly countryside is peaceful except for the singing of the birds in the woods, the rush of water below the bridge and the steady tramp of Marshal Tito's grey-clad soldier at the far barrier.

It was like this yesterday, the day before and it will be the same tomorrow. Nothing very much happens at the Lavamund frontier post, the official control point for traffic passing between Austria and Jugo-Slavia. Years ago much traffic must have passed over the bridge. Today the barrier is seldom raised and the petrol pump below the guard hut is going rusty with disuse.

In the months that the 2nd Battalion Somerset Light Infantry have manned the post they have seen one British officer cross into Jugo-Slavia. He was from War Crimes Investigation and carried

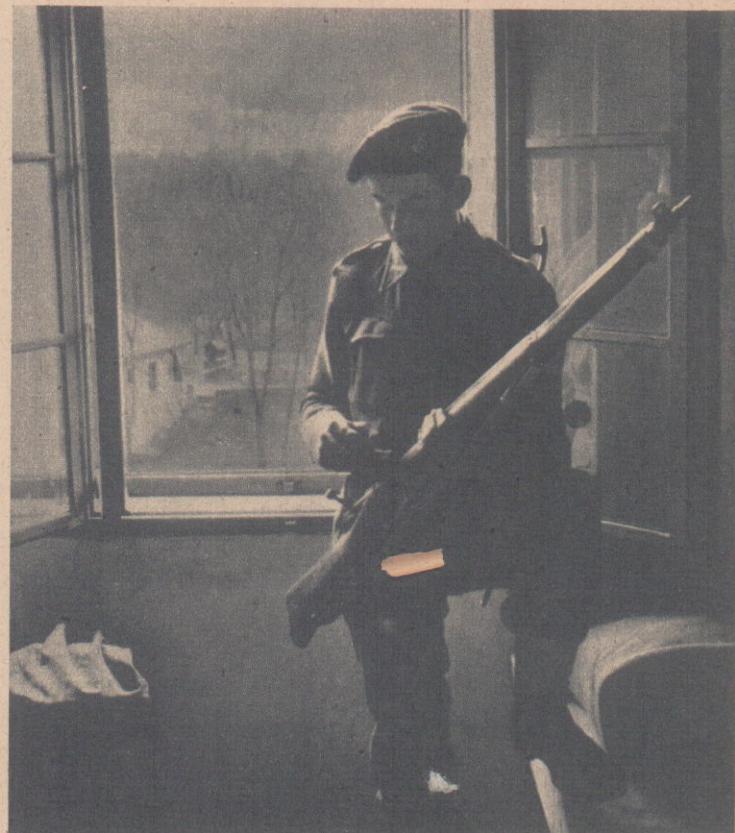
an international pass. A few days later he was followed by a lorry carrying war criminals. The British escort jumped off at the bridge and a Jugo-Slav escort mounted on the other side. The barrier was lowered and the countryside was peaceful again. Apart from that nothing happens to unite the soldiers of two nations carrying out their police duties. Not a word of greeting is exchanged and to cross the bridge means inviting detention for hours, maybe weeks.

Once, it is said, a British soldier from a previous unit went walking in his sleep. He got to the end of the bridge and the grey-clad soldiers woke him up and returned him five hours later. But on another occasion five British soldiers who accidentally strayed over the border spent five months imprisoned in Jugo-Slavia. When arrested they were wearing khaki drill, and they were still wearing it when they were released. During their arrest

A "flag patrol" of the Somersets files through an Austrian village, with interpreter in attendance. These patrols are on constant look-out for any illegal activities.



● **SOLDIER** sent staff writer PETER LAWRENCE and photographer DESMOND O'NEILL to report on what the British soldier is doing in the outposts of British occupation in Europe. Here is the story of a frontier post on the wild mountain border between Austria and Jugo-Slavia. On succeeding pages is a description of the soldier's life in the restless territory of Trieste



Cleaning his rifle in his sleeping quarters overlooking the boundary is Private W. Emery. Through the window can be seen the Jugoslav sentry-box.

questions were asked in the British Parliament and two Notes were sent to Jugo-Slavia.

Of the Somerset platoon only the Commander, Lieut. L. A. Wills, can claim to have visited the other side, and then only his toes were in Jugo-Slavia. One morning the Jugo-Slav sentry was seen waving a letter. Mr. Wills went over to receive it. It was from the management of the electrical power station at Dravograd a few miles inside the Jugo-Slavia border asking for a meeting with officials of the Lavamund dam in Austria. The flooded river Drau which runs from Austria to Belgrade was proving troublesome. Curiously enough, Austria controls the water supply for the power station in Jugo-Slavia, and the power station supplies the

electric power in Lavamund. Marshal Tito can put that part of Austria into darkness and in return Austria can cut off the water for Jugo-Slavia. Neither side ever does, but Lieut. Wills takes no chances. His men have paraffin lamps handy.

The next day the conference took place on the bridge. Tito's soldier stood listening at one end, and our own Field Security men at the other. Agreement was reached, the parties went their ways and the stone bridge again became no-man's-land.

The Somerset sentry rarely patrols up and down, and the Jugo-Slav sentinel rarely stands still. He walks from his green sentry-box with its blue, white and red stripes and scarlet star to the guard house and back, his

Continuing GUARDING TITO'S BORDER

rifle slung. While our own men wear battle-dress with blanched belts and gaiters, their men wear a variety of dress, with grey predominating. Today the sentinel has a khaki side-hat and brown belt. Sometimes he wears a fur collar to his coat.

L/Cpl. Turbutt is 20 and most of the men with him are about that age. They joined the battalion in Greece and find it all very different from their ITC days at Colchester: guard duties for 24 hours, a day off and then a 12-hour guard. On their free day there are the usual fatigues like chopping wood, and there is the cleaning-up process for the next guard mounting.

When the fatigues are over the men walk in the wooded hills up to a distance of three miles, careful not to go over the frontier, which in many places is an imaginary line. In the lonely farmsteads they are welcomed and return with gifts of eggs which they hand in to the platoon's ACC cook who, with the help of an Austrian woman, produces the daily menu. On Fridays a truck comes from battalion headquarters at Volkermarkt, nearly 20 miles away, with rations and cigarettes and periodically a car from company headquarters at the village of Bleiburg brings mail. Letters from home take six days, and the men see few newspapers apart from *Union Jack*.

L/Cpl. Turbutt re-enters the hut and sits at the table. He looks at the list of men who will go out on tonight's patrol. They will go for a way along the frontier on the look-out for smugglers who choose isolated spots of these Karawanken Mountain foothills to bring contraband goods from Jugo-Slavia. These goods are usually cigarettes bought for about three pence for 20, and sold in Austria for ten shillings, a profit of about 4000 per cent. Sometimes they come across patrols of the Field Security Service who keep a day and night watch and often they see Jugo-Slav patrols across the frontier.

There is a footstep now on the steps leading to the hut. Perhaps it is L/Cpl. Roberts back from dinner. No, it is the gendarme, one of the Austrian policemen who patrol the frontier villages. He often comes in to see Turbutt for although they do not speak each other's tongue they get on well together. They express with their hands what they cannot convey with their lips as men of all nationalities do on such occasions, and when he understands the young Austrian's face breaks into a smile and he nods vigorously. They exchange cigarettes and when they are not talking they watch the children from the nearby houses play in the road, or the old dog roll in the dust. Turbutt would like to tell him about his home at Stoke



Friendly smiles for the sentry come from peasant children who live in the house in background. Just round the corner (right) is the dividing bridge. While sentry's attention is diverted, an illegal entrant sneaks in behind his back.

Newington and the factory where he made optical lenses before his call-up, but they are difficult subjects to convey with your hands alone. Never mind, says Turbutt, we get along very well.

Back at battalion headquarters there is activity. The Field Security men have brought in a "catch" — five people whom they caught crossing into Austria during the night. They are five rather pathetic individuals — a sad-faced German welder, a timid Jugo-Slav and his German-born wife and their two children. The

Interpreter Edward Bezdek, who spent 16 years in London, interrogates a German who has crossed from Jugo-Slavia.

woman wears an ill-fitting black coat and a hat made from string. The German is lame and drags himself along with the aid of a heavy stick.

They are taken inside the headquarters and their guard, a soldier armed with a Sten gives a helping hand with the battered suitcase tied with cord. Ted, the interpreter, asks them a few questions. Actually the interpreter's name is Edward Bezdek and he is an Austrian. But he spent 16 years in London as an electrician and he speaks with a

slight Cockney accent. To the whole battalion he is Ted.

The German tells Ted that he wants to get back to his birthplace, Emden. He did not like it in Jugo-Slavia where food was short and their main ration was 12 lbs. of a type of Indian corn per month.

Outside the truck is waiting and off they go to a camp.

At Bleiburg, where the streets are narrow and each house has an individual look of its own and the old Schloss on the hill has remained unchanged for centur-

Wind and weather have lashed the temporary graves of these German soldiers killed by Jugo-Slav partisans.





The frontier is unmarked. But Sjt. J. Garratt, leading this patrol, knows just where the imaginary line runs.

ies, the troops live in a brewery. They like to climb to the top gallery and watch the yeast slide down the chutes and the Austrians work the machinery on the ground floor. But this afternoon there are not many troops about. A patrol under Lieut. A. Butler is in the outlying villages, tramping in the sunlight. The troops call it the Flag Patrol because it shows the people that the Somersets are about. Its real purpose is to smell out activities of the Osvobodilna Fronta, an illegal political party which is believed

to have membership among ten per cent of the inhabitants. They hold meetings at St. Stefan, St. Michael, Iesenkappel and other hamlets when they can, which is not very often because the Somersets are alert. The patrol takes with it Johnny, "A" Company's interpreter and he asks to see the passes of the people in the countryside. For in the frontier zone, a six-mile deep belt on the Austrian side of the border, entry and exit for civilians is forbidden, and every resident must have a pass.

British patrols fan out while persons are being interrogated, the more readily to prevent a breakaway. Here "Johnny," the interpreter, and Lieut. A. Butler check papers of two women who live in the border zone.



English governess to an Austrian count, Miss Marguerite Nunn has lived in Austria 35 years. Here she chats to Lieut. R. Milward.

The people of the villages stand aside as the patrol goes by and the children come out to wave. The countryside is mostly ploughland and here and there are crude graves of German soldiers who died at the hands of Jugo-Slav partisans in the final stages of the war. Rough wooden crosses, some leaning at acute angles and rusty pitted German helmets are all that mark the graves.

In a side street of Bleiburg is a double-fronted house and in the porch Miss Marguerite Nunn,

aged 71, sits sunning herself before she goes in to tea. Miss Nunn of Hertfordshire, has lived in Austria for 35 years and came to teach English to the children of Count Thurn who lives in the old Schloss on the hill. During the war she had a limited number of pupils from the village and the local chemist came to her and said, "Miss Nunn, technically we are enemies but don't let that worry you. If you want any help come to me." After the war the chemist came to congratulate her on winning, and with the arrival of British troops her pupils jumped to 48, all young girls. "So you want to learn English?" she said to them, and as an afterthought added, "I suppose you want to know how to say 'chocolate' in English."

On Sundays the Somersets officers call on Miss Nunn for tea. They have all signed the autograph album which lies on the table below the picture of the King. It contains the signatures of all the British officers who have visited her since the war, including the reconnaissance lieutenant who was the first man to enter the village.

From Bleiburg the dusty road leads to Kostunik where the Somersets have another frontier post. Since this is not an official crossing-point the barrier is never raised and the 300-yard stretch of road to the Jugo-Slav frontier post is already grown with weeds. The Jugo-Slav sentry is a minute figure among a cluster of houses. He stands beneath a flag post from which flies a faded flag, and half way between him and the Somerset sentry is a brook which marks the boundary. The British troops have a lone house in which to live and a wooden guard hut on which someone has nailed a horseshoe and painted the words "Good Luck." The nearest building on the Austrian side is one-and-a-half miles away. In this lonely spot Sjt. J. Garratt is in charge. Today he is out along the frontier with six men, on the look-out for smugglers.

Despite their isolation his men like it there. They have a football and when the sun goes down can have a game on their improvised pitch. Away to their right is a wooded hill and on the far side stands another Somerset post at Rauniak. In summer-time it moves up to the frontier a mile and a half away. In winter the snow prevents much activity. Behind them the giant Petzen, the highest point in the mountain range, stands capped with snow.

Soon it will be supper-time and at Lavamund L/Cpl. Turbott walks down into the dusty road. The sun has dropped and the sentry has already put on his overcoat. In a house away to the left Pte. W. Emery cleans his rifle for guard. Before long darkness will be on them and sentries will be doubled. The chorus of the birds will die down and the only noise will be the rushing of the water under the bridge and the steady tramp of Tito's sentinel.



When the Governor of Trieste is appointed by the United Nations he will decide, within 90 days, whether British troops are to remain in the ancient, quarrelsome city on the Adriatic

TRIESTE:



Street scene in Trieste: city of sun and shadow.



Trieste today is a Free Territory, not for the first time. It has been controlled by Italians, Austrians, French, Venetians, Barbarians, Franks, Byzantines, Ostrogoths and a dozen others. The Morgan Line runs along the hills in the background.

H O W L O N G ?

TROOPS standing in the hot streets of Trieste are asking, "What's the betting on a long stay here?"

Just now there is no one who can tell them. The man with authority to dispose of the Occupation forces has yet

A Venezia Giulia State policeman checks visitors at Military Government HQ.

to be appointed. When he is, and if he uses that authority the British soldier will lose one of the best overseas stations.

For compared to Berlin, or Hamburg or Vienna, Trieste is the city of plenty. The cafes overflow with food and the shops with clothing. Italian industry, never geared to the war effort to the same extent as British industry, continues to turn out household furnishings, women's clothing and all types of ornamental gifts. Apart from damaged houses on the outskirts Trieste knows no bomb damage and to its people austerity is a strange word.

You can compare Trieste to Brussels for its abundance of postwar goods, only its streets see hotter sunshine and its prices are cheaper.

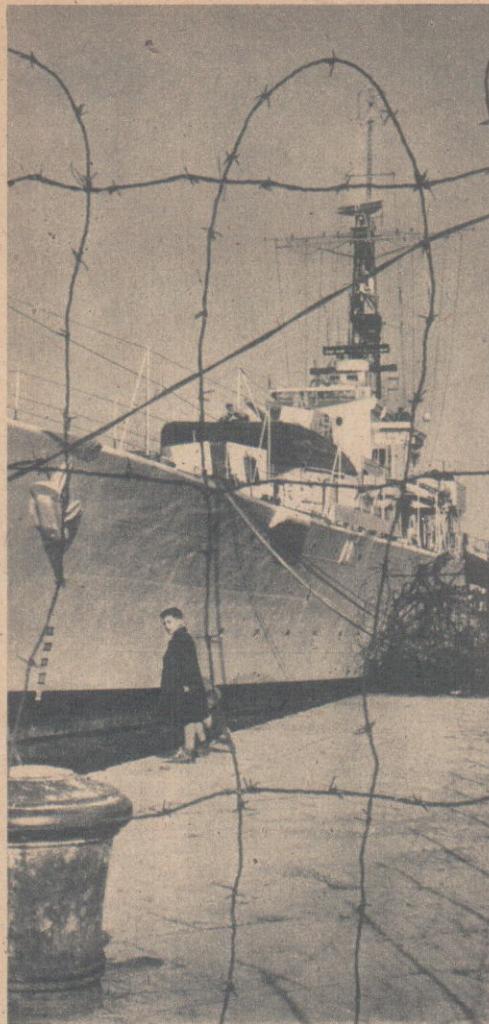
Trieste waits for "R" Day and then for "G" Day. The "R" stands for ratification of the Italian Peace Treaty (Britain has already ratified it) and the "G" for governor. Ninety days after "R" Day the Allies must be out of Italy, but 5000 British, 5000 American and 5000 Jugo-Slav troops must remain in the new Free State until at least 90 days after "G" Day. If by then the new Governor decides he can manage without them, they have 45 days in which to go.

It is doubtful whether the political situation will permit such an easy solution. Despite its sunshine and its abundances the city is politically divided as if by a knife.

The dispute between the Italians and Slovenes can be traced back to the days immediately after the first World War when Venezia Giulia went to Italy and not to the newly formed Jugo-Slavia. Today Marshal Tito is to gain part of this strip of land which divides Jugo-Slavia from the northern Adriatic, but he does not conceal his disappointment at not getting Trieste city as well. The Italians, meanwhile, bemoan the loss to themselves. There have been demonstrations and clashes between the Slovene peasants, whom the Italians call "Communists" and the Italian population whom in turn the Slovenes call "Fascists," and no doubt there will be clashes again.

A country where every village cottage is liable to have hammers and sickles, red stars and anti-Italian slogans painted on the walls overnight, washed off by order of the Military Government the next day, and put back again before another night is through, is bound to give political trouble. Usually, of course, it is proved that the individual cottage owners are not responsible for the hammers and sickles, the red stars or the rudery.





In Trieste harbour lies HMS *Venus*. Big ships can dock in the city's heart.

The Governor of Trieste will be appointed by the Security Council of the United Nations. According to the Statute of Trieste he must not be a Jugoslav or an Italian. It is probable that he will be a Scandinavian, the citizen of some country which has no direct interest in Trieste. Whoever he is, he will require to be a man of patience and firmness. Under him will serve the Venezia Giulia State Police whose uniform — particularly the helmet — is reminiscent of that worn by the London police. The men themselves are trained on Metropolitan police lines.

From the moment Britain took over Trieste and Tito's men withdrew over the Morgan Line, it has been our policy to use our troops as little as possible in dealing with civilian disturbances. The new police force, recruited from both Italians and Slovines for this purpose, is 5357 strong and has 25 British and American officers. Over our men the police have no jurisdiction except in emergency when they can arrest to prevent crime. By day they are armed with truncheons, except for the static guards who carry pistols. After dark American carbines and .45 pistols are issued.

This means that the role of the soldier is almost entirely that of garrisoning the Morgan Line, and



Scene without which no Continental city is complete: the black market.



The lure of small ships . . . and smaller ships. Trieste has a colourful waterfront.



Cold beer and hot sun: Trieste provides both.

presumably he will carry on the same work along the new frontier after "R" Day. At present the Morgan Line is imaginary, marked only by road blocks. Occasionally Tito's patrols come over and have to be warned back, and the odd shot which his men have fired has been returned, but generally life is peaceful enough.

For some time married families have been coming out; there are now 120 British and 145 American households. One advantage of being a housewife in Trieste — as compared with Germany or Austria — is that you can go shopping further afield than the NAAFI. The American housewife says it is not much different from home. The English housewife, with a wistful eye on the clothing shops, says it is like being in another world.

The rate of exchange favours the occupying forces, but even so the cost of living rises as the rate is altered. Recently the lira jumped from 900 to 1600 to the £. But so did the shop prices, and the soldier finds himself not very much better off.

Climatically, few will quarrel with Trieste. True, in winter comes the Bora — that infamous icy gale which reaches such speeds that it has been known to overturn trams; but the cold spell is short-lived. The summer heat soon descends on Trieste and in Mediterranean style the

Hammers and sickles have a habit of growing in the wrong places at night. Inset: street sign without words.



OVER

TRIESTE *Continued*

shops close from one till three o'clock.

When the troops leave Italy Trieste will have its own Army radio station. Arrangements are being made to rush out London newspapers to arrive 48 hours after publication, and a local daily news-sheet will be issued by Welfare. There are two Army cinemas, and one of them can be used for staging plays.

In the Verdi Theatre symphony concerts and opera are given. The most expensive seats are five shillings. This is a reasonable amount when it is realised that in such places as Milan Italian music-lovers are paying £15 a seat for similar concerts.

Shortly two bathing clubs — the Blue Lagoon, a natural pool for men and an officers' pool

about four miles along the coast from Trieste — will be opened. A sailing club, a tennis club, squash and badminton courts and a horse-riding club are also there. English magazines can be bought at the Newspaper Shop, which also runs an information desk and library. In the baths troops can get showers or hot baths free, and other services include hairdressing, manicure, pedicure, laundry, pressing and a shoe-shine. In the evening the soldier can dance at the Army's Palais de Dance, or go to some of the clubs.

Altogether, life can be very pleasant in this sun-baked city. Said Brigadier Malcome Erskine, DSO, commanding the 24th Guards Brigade: "This station reminds me of Alexandria."



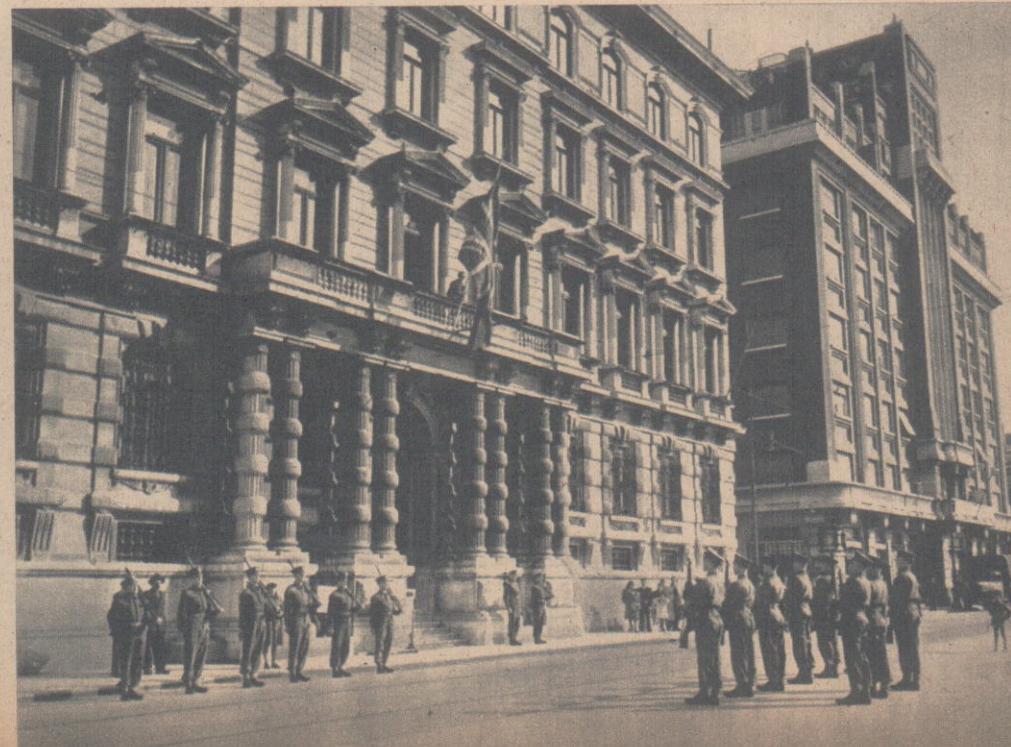
Trieste has its alleys of ill repute. This one is OFF LIMITS.

Signor Simeoni's Two Types (with Italy Star) urge the soldier not to go home without buying silk stockings.



*...if this little soldier
is very busy to carry
some silk stockings
for you, and then
he'll come back.*

The guard is changed outside Guards Brigade HQ. Skirl of the Scots Guards' pipes is heard daily in Trieste.



The map shows how the Morgan Line bisects the Free Territory. This is the line which the Jugo-Slavs at present may not cross.

SOLDIER to Soldier

"IT may seem a trivial point to raise in an atomic age, but I should like to know why it is not compulsory for all ranks of all three Armed Services to learn how to swim."

Thus Peter Fleming, soldier, explorer and author, in *The Spectator*. His assumption is that any future war will involve moving soldiers by sea. In today's Services, he estimates, "leaving out the vast number of men who can just but only just swim, something like 20 or 30 per cent have never swum a stroke in their lives."

He quotes the cruel dilemma of a commander in Jap-occupied territory who was faced with a wide river to cross, and an unusable raft. Of his 15 men only ten could swim. Was he to order the ten to cross and thus probably save two-thirds of his party, or to order the ten to ferry the non-swimmers across on Mae Wests and then come back for the equipment—with Japs likely to arrive at any second? What the swimmers thought about the non-swimmers on this occasion can be imagined.

Now King's Regulations say that "swimming will be taught at all stations where facilities exist," and goes on to explain how; and an Army Council Instruction authorises expenditure, in certain cases, at public baths. However, it is no secret that hundreds of thousands of men have passed through the Army in the past six or seven years without learning how to swim. This was not altogether surprising and not entirely scandalous when there were so many other things to learn. Now, with a soldier's period of service continually shortening, it is going to be harder than ever to make every soldier a swimmer.

But should this be an exclusive Army responsibility? Ought not swimming to be taught at school, if a man has not enough initiative and self-esteem to teach himself?

But if a man is still a non-swimmer when he is called up, the Army—and that means his unit—ought to make strenuous efforts to teach him; though the sensible man will learn without being ordered.

*

WHEN the Airborne went back to Arnhem, when the Highlanders went back to St. Valery, when the Commandos went back to Bruneval there was wide interest in the Press on both sides of the Channel. That was as it should be.

But unmarked and unrecorded are a series of lesser ceremonies in which the British soldier is honoured on the battlefields of the Continent. A typical example—taken at random—was at Lockeren, in Belgium where men of the Cheshire Regiment attended a ceremony to commemo-



The coast of Holland is out of sight: Driver "X"—an "extreme passion-ate" case—is on his way to Scotland. His father is dangerously ill.

DRIVER "X" FLIES HOME

A harassed man talking to a desk sergeant at a Scottish police station... An Army signaller tapping out a teleprint message... a soldier boarding a British European Airways Dakota at Hamburg airport...

These three incidents had a link, a strong link in the process by which the Army overseas speeds home men whose presence will comfort a sick or dying relative.

Let us follow the case of Driver "X", a Scottish soldier stationed in Hamburg. Late at night, his father was taken ill and by morning it seemed to the doctor that his hours were numbered. Driver "X" was his favourite son. Driver "X" was in BAOR and normally it would take at least 48 hours travelling time to make the long journey back to the little house in a Stirling back street.

And that was where the policeman came in. A relative went to the police and told them of the family's difficulties. Swiftly the police acted. A quick check

showed that the doctor thought it advisable Driver "X" should come home.

A message giving the man's particulars was flashed to the War Office and from there was relayed to BAOR and on to the man's commanding officer. A copy went to Captain Paddy McCann, the air booking officer at Hamburg, who arranged the priority on which Driver "X" would travel.

Meanwhile, Driver "X" had seen his commanding officer, been given leave passes, money and ration cards. Within an hour he was on his way to the Air Booking Centre where he reported to Capt. McCann and was given an air movement order. Forty-five minutes later he was on his way to the airport along with the eight other passengers travelling that day.

His way through Customs Con-

rate the town's liberation. The programme in these cases follows a familiar pattern: the Old Contemptibles of the town turn out, and with them march the Underground; the flags of both countries are flown, the anthems of both countries are played; there is a service; there is a banquet or *vin d'honneur*; there is a dance; and the invited soldiers of Great Britain are guests in the homes of the men and women they freed. In this way two days can do more to establish friendships between nations than twenty years of conducted tours.

It is a matter of pride for the peoples of these westward-looking lands—from the Pyrenees to the North Cape—to maintain the graves of the British dead. At their own expense they erect headstones, and it matters not that the names are mis-spelled, for loyalty has nothing to do with letters.

It is for us in turn to honour those who honour our dead.

trol was made easy; in any case he had only his small kit.

Through the Customs, Driver "X" went to a waiting-room where he was given a cup of tea and allowed to buy a packet of cigarettes, in itself a human touch in these days of strictly rationed supplies.

Then with the loud-hailer calling "All passengers for UK aboard," Driver "X" ran to the tarmac where the silver-glittering Dakota squatted in the afternoon sun. A steward showed him to his place, told him how to adjust his safety belt and urged him to relax. "You'll soon be home lad," he said. A light flashed in the cabin, the note of the engines deepened to a basso profundo and the tarmac slipped swiftly away. In a few minutes the flat German countryside, with its checker-board of fields and houses, lay several thousand feet below.

An hour or so out, the steward brought tea and a luncheon basket into which the now-hungry soldier dipped avidly. Fed, warm, relaxed, he nodded gently to sleep and did not wake up until the aircraft landed at Northolt.

There, officials who were as anxious as he that he should catch the night train to Scotland, passed him swiftly through Customs, currency control and the other formalities.

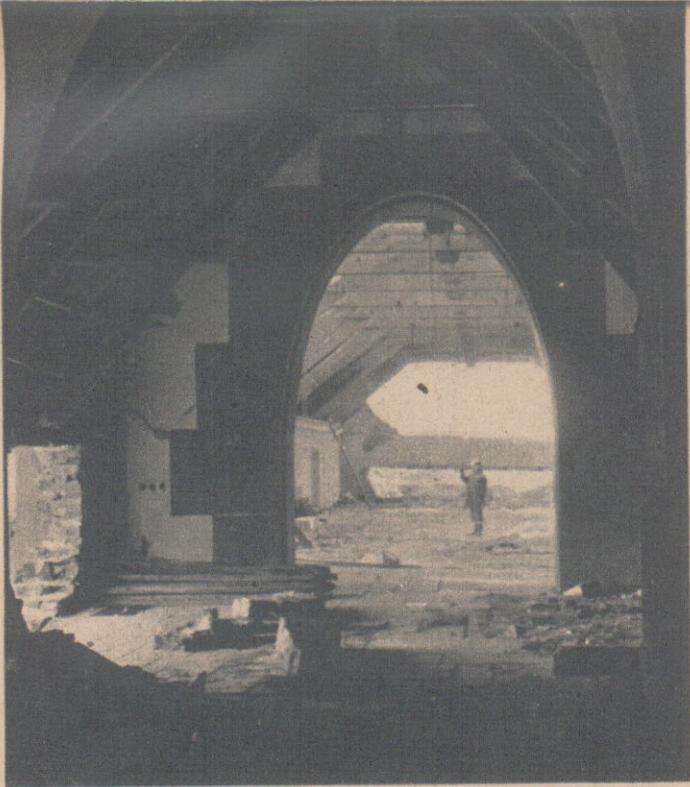
Outside, an Airways bus was waiting and within three hours and forty-five minutes of leaving Hamburg, Driver "X" was on his way to the station and the night train which would get him to his home.

DAVID BEYNON.

*** In almost all Army theatres a soldier of whatever rank can qualify for a flight home if compassionate grounds are strong enough. In emergency, a man in the Middle East is only two days from home. Much depends on the merits of the individual case (all applications are subject to a quick, behind-the-scenes check), and also on flying facilities and conditions; but if a private soldier has a higher priority than a general, the private soldier gets the seat on the plane.

Compassionate cases receive VIP treatment: the unit speeds the paper work and the man at the counter of the air booking office asks no questions.





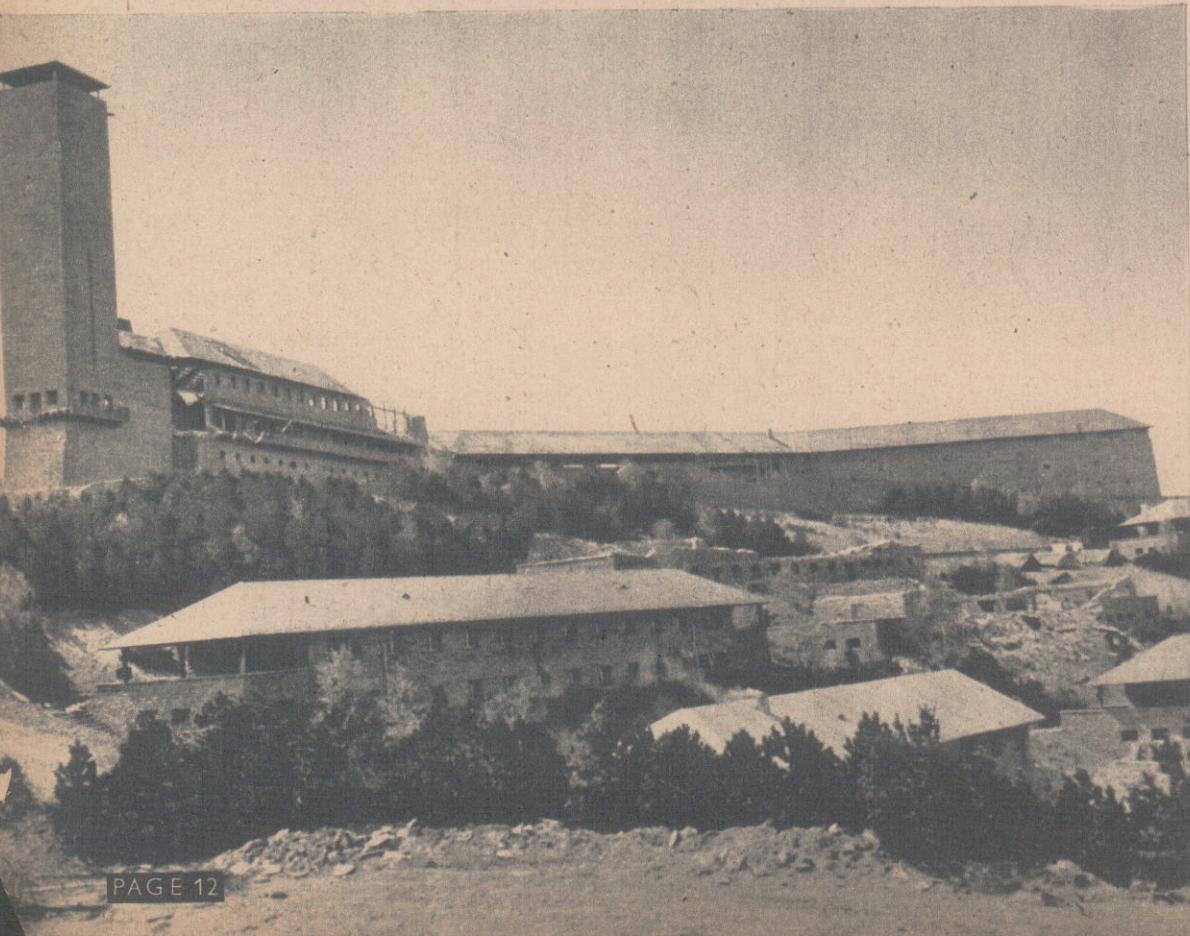
Chapel for the worship of Hitler, looking from the altar. Right: the giant torch-bearer of Vogelsang.



At Vogelsang, in the Rhineland hills—now a battle school for British troops—was written one of the most blasphemous chapters in the Nazi New Order. Here future world leaders were “married” before a Hitler altar and fathered children they never saw again

VOGELSANG: THE BLACK SHRINE OF ADOLF HITLER

These shattered buildings—they were strafed by the Americans—are a monument to an infamous experiment: the breeding of nameless children by the élite of the Third Reich.



OVER some 50 square miles of the Rhineland to the south of Cologne, British troops stage exercises on full battle scale where until 1944 future SS leaders were trained “to rule the world”.

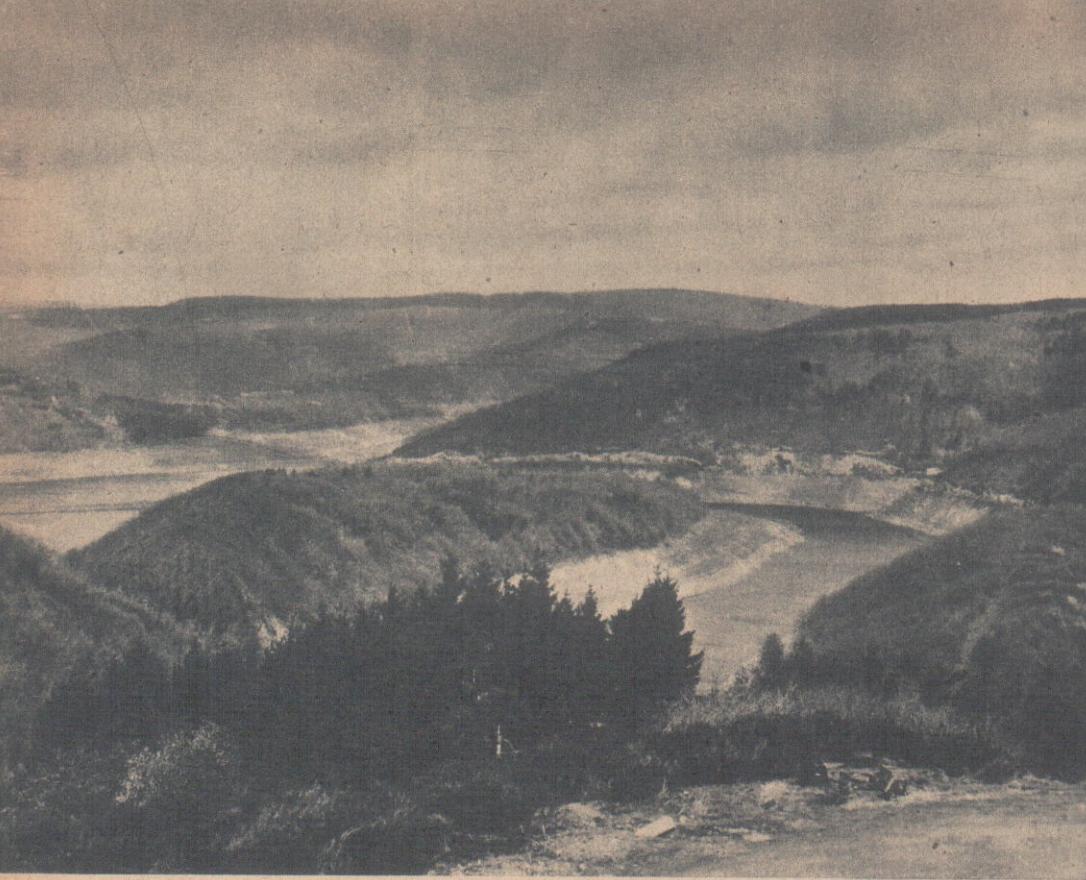
The claim was Hitler's. Today, Vogelsang is a collection of bombed and shattered buildings and the men who were to carry out his orders are either dead or in prison camps.

You get to Vogelsang through some of the most beautiful country in Germany. The road winds steadily into the hills until at last, with the whole panorama of the Rhineland lying on either side, you reach the training centre. On a spur of the hills stand pretentious ferro-concrete buildings in the Nazi style of architecture. Shattered as they are, these relics of an infamous interlude still dominate the countryside.

Below the tall tower which points to the sky, and overlooking a man-made lake through which flow the Rivers Roer and Urft, is a giant statue of a naked man carrying a torch. Faintly discernible is the inscription: “Your are the torchbearers of the Nation. You are bearing the light of the spirit. Go forward in the struggle . . .”

The words “Adolf Hitler” ended the inscription but they have been deleted by Lieut-Col. W. Y. K. Blair Oliphant, who now commands the training centre.

Yet behind all the fine statuary, the massive walls and sweeping vistas there is plenty of evidence that Vogelsang as a piece of construction was just as tawdry and gimcrack as the rest of



Vogelsang lies in some of the loveliest scenery of the Rhineland. In this land of legend its name may live to be the most evil legend of all.

Nazidom: Those walls are just rubble-filled concrete, faced with stone. As Lieut-Col. Blair Oliphant puts it: "All the work was cheap and nasty. The contractor was on a good thing and robbed the Reich pretty successfully."

What then was the purpose of Vogelsang? Intelligence have been piecing together its history.

From the evidence it is clear that Vogelsang was a shrine for the adoration of Adolf Hitler as though he was a god. It was a deliberate return to the worst spiritual excesses of the Roman Empire, when the blood-stained Caligula sought to make the world fall down and worship him.

And with this exercise in wickedness went an organised plan to produce "ideal" children for the State. Vogelsang was, in effect, a human stud farm.

To this camp came specially chosen youths, usually of about 20, who fulfilled exacting physical standards. They had to conform to the Nazi ideal of the blond Aryan. Their task was to learn how to force the Nazi creed on future generations and how to rule the world for the Greater Germany.

On arrival at Vogelsang each youth renounced Christianity at a service in the Adolf Hitler chapel. Here, even today amid the rubbish which litters the floor one can see a huge swastika.

Girls, conforming to the blonde, master-race type as laid down in Rosenberg's hideous philosophy came to the camp to have babies for the fatherland. They chose from among the students the man whom they wished to father the child. Everything was provided and the "marriages" were blessed at a special service in the chapel.

At the end of the "course" the expectant mother could either go

home or stay at the camp hospital where she enjoyed every luxury. The father had no further responsibility. He had fulfilled his duty to the Reich. He had given a child to the nation.

Today the training centre for the men who were to shackle the world for the next thousand years is a training centre for the British soldier. The ruins stand as a potent reminder of the things he and his comrades fought against.

Here Lieut-Col. Blair Oliphant, eight officers and about 100 men of all arms act as range wardens for the brigades which come in on a three-weeks course. Every kind of training except anti-aircraft practice is carried out.

The valley below the chapel is an anti-tank range. The village in which the staff used to live is used for training in street fighting. The rolling fields are ideal for tank exercises. As well as the many tactical schemes, the troops get individual training, artillery practice, mortar-ranging and machine-gun firing.

The troops live hard. Six major units, totalling 3000 men, can be trained. Of that number 2000 live in tented camps, the remaining 1000 being housed in barracks.

Last winter, a great deal of necessary reconstruction was carried out by the staff and German Labour Service men. Today there are excellent dining rooms, a concert hall and other facilities for the troops.

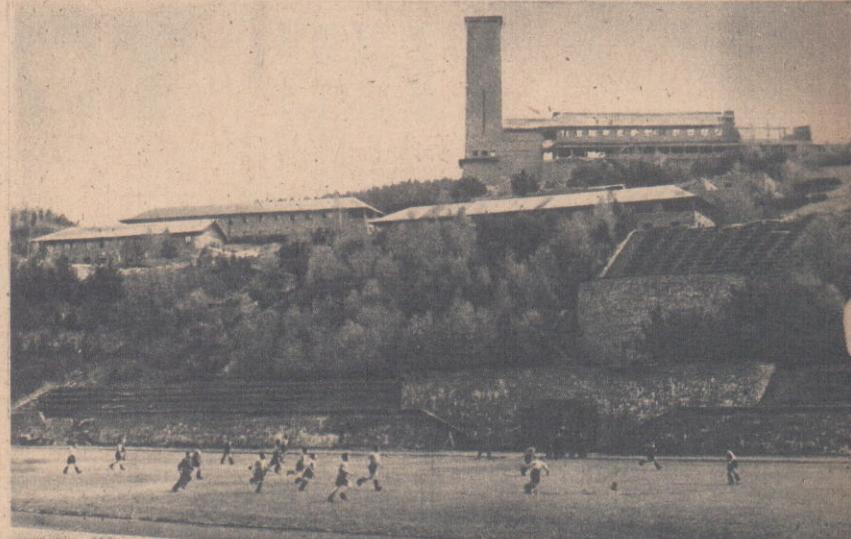
The surrounding countryside offers plenty of fishing and shooting. In addition a certain amount of farming is still carried on, and the North German Sheep Control has big flocks in the area.

But over it all broods the ugliness that was Nazidom.

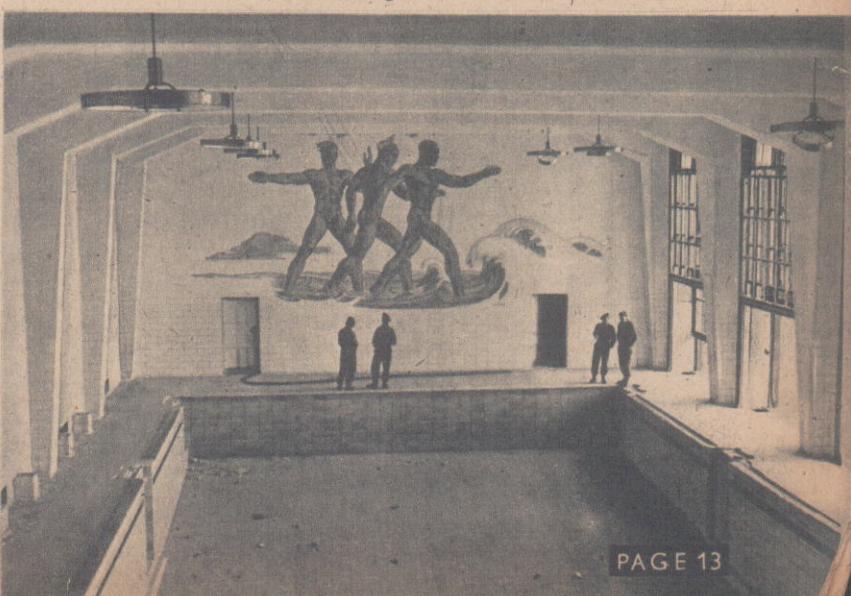
JOHN HUGHES.

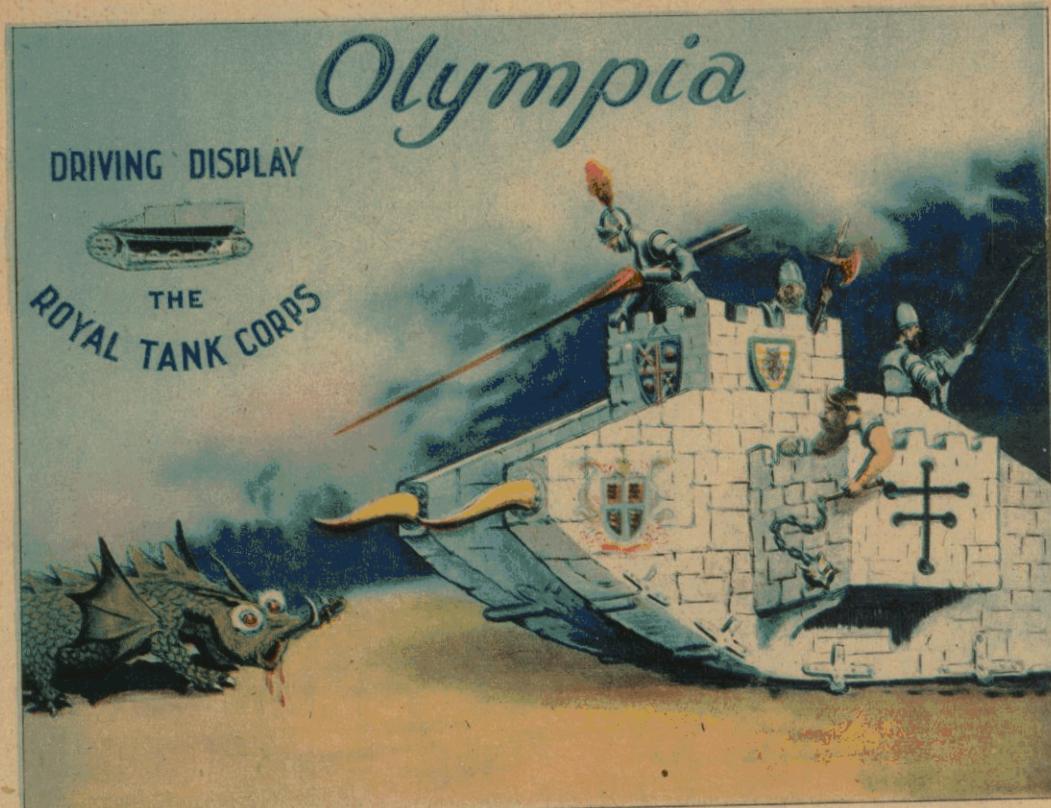


Lieut-Col. W. Y. K. Blair Oliphant commands the British Army training centre at Vogelsang.

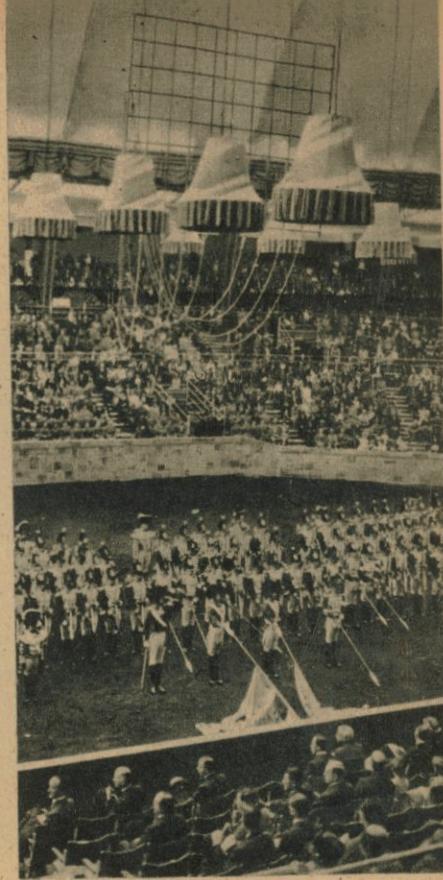


Above: British troops play football on the field once reserved for world conquerors only. Note the open-air amphitheatre. Below: portentous murals in the swimming bath built for Hitler's chosen.





This outbreak of whimsy, helped to advertise the Royal Tournament in 1929.



1931, and all dressed up: the 2nd Gloucestershires.

THE TOURNAMENT

Inscription on this 1920 poster reads: "The First Guards (now the Grenadier Guards) 1793."



OLYMPIA MAY 20th TO JUNE 5th 1920
TWICE DAILY AT 2.30 & 8.0 PM.



PROCEEDS DEVOTED TO SERVICES' CHARITIES
TWICE DAILY 2.30 & 8.0 PM.

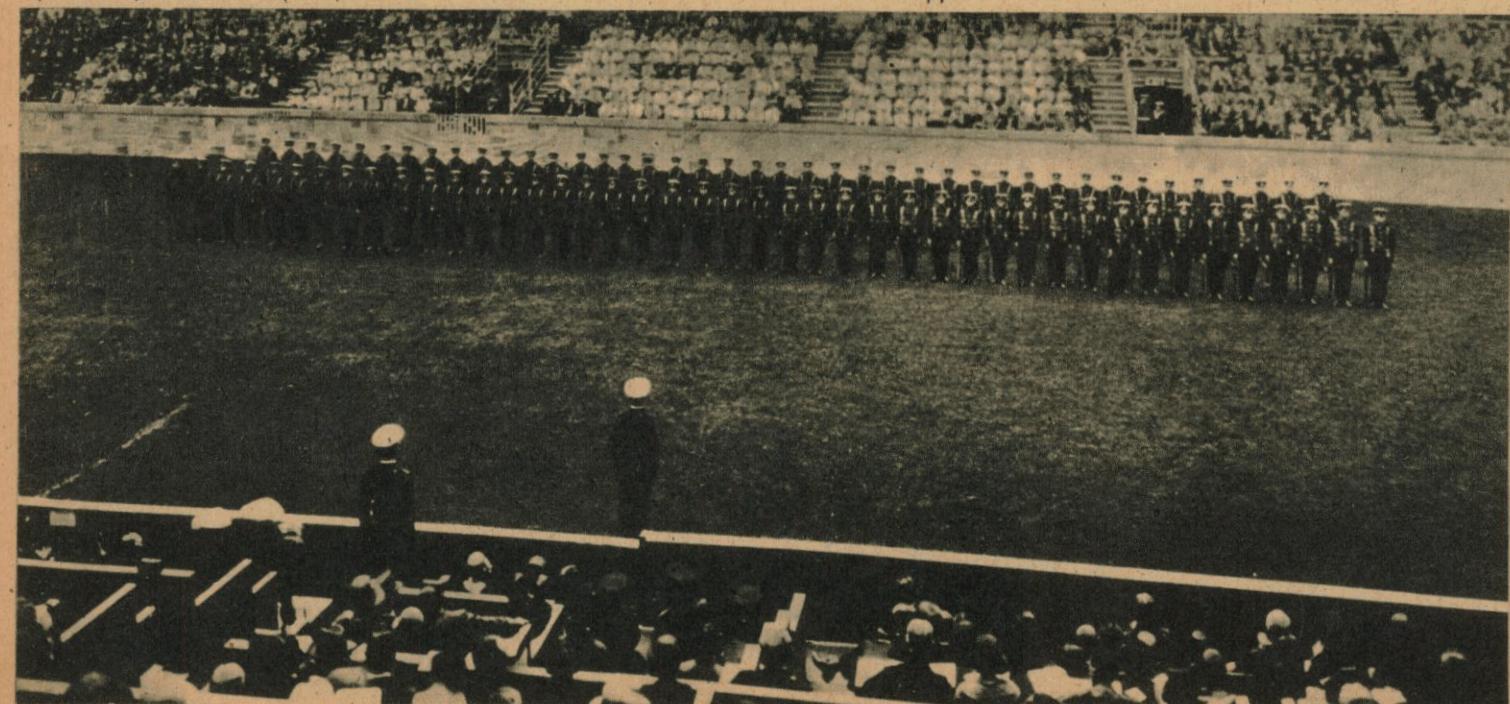


Over the top ... any horse which did this well enough and often enough qualified for retirement on the Royal estates.

IS BACK

For the first time since 1939 the Royal Tournament is being revived at Olympia. Riding this year in the equestrian events are thirteen soldiers of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, only three of whom are regulars

Hold the edge of a ruler against the heads or feet of the King's Squad, Royal Marines (1939). You won't find much deviation.



THE Royal Tournament, started 67 years ago as a military display on Wimbledon Common to "amuse the troops and provide a counter-attraction to the lure of London's West-end," opens at Olympia on 12 June for the first time since 1939.

This twentieth century version of the medieval tilting jousts is largely a mechanised affair. The tournament will include trick motor-cycle rides, RASC driving displays, Naval field gun demonstrations, a Commando cliff raid and a musical drive by the Royal Horse Artillery.

Before the war it was the Cavalry regiments with their musical rides who stole the limelight (the Life Guards began the tradition in 1882), but lack of skilled riders and horses prevents them entering this year. Instead the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, who now control all riding instruction in the Army, enter for the first time with a trick riding display.

For three hours a week for five months the RAVC team, who will be dressed as cowboys in the show, have been in practice. Coached by riding instructor Lieut. W. H. Cliff, who has spent 30 years in the

OVER



Is this allegory—or did something like this once happen in the annals of the 17/21 Lancers?

Continuing THE TOURNAMENT IS BACK

Army and arranged eight Royal Tournament shows, the team of 13 will include only three regulars, the rest being recruits trained at the RAVC depot. They were selected from the Depot's 30 best riders. All are volunteers.

Of the horses, only one — Kestrel — has been in a show of this kind before. Fifteen horses were chosen out of 200.

Not until four days before the opening date will mustering and co-ordination of the different contingents be held at Olympia.

All staging and execution is carried out on a voluntary system. If this year's show is as good as the Tournament's peak year of 1929, there will be some £27,000 for Service charities. Altogether the 56 Royal Tournaments so far held have pulled in £500,000 for the three Services.

Mr. Winston Churchill personally did much to revive the Tournament after the First World War. Incidentally, it was one of the Kaiser's regrets that he was never able to stage an equivalent tournament in Berlin.

In past times old war-horses which had distinguished themselves at Olympia were sent to end their days on the Royal Estate at Sandringham in pensioned ease. This was a request of the late Queen Alexandra.



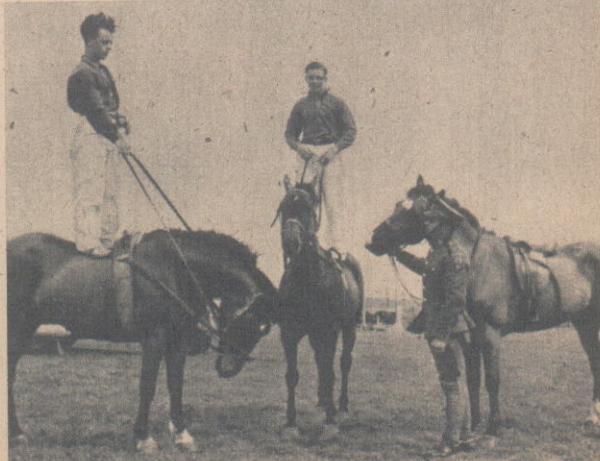
Through the "croquet hoop": RAVC men rehearse for 1947's Tournament at Melton Mowbray.



Above: This will look even more dashing when the rider is dressed in cowboy chaps and a five-gallon hat. Below: Usually there's a lot more flame, but a stiff wind kept blowing it out.



Of course, if a man will kip down in the open he must expect to find himself in the middle of a rodeo. Join' the Army—and train for the circus! All the RAVC men at Olympia will be volunteers.



DACOITS!

IN Burma, where banditry is an industry as traditional as it is in the Balkans, British troops are fighting an old and notorious foe: the dacoit.

Dacoity was never completely stamped out before World War Two and it became, in some ways, a patriotic pastime during the Japanese occupation. When the country was liberated, dacoits kept their taste for the old trade and political dissension inside the country probably added to their incentive and their numbers.

At the end of last year, one British and one Burmese battalion were continuously fighting the dacoits and another British battalion has been added to the force since. Ten other battalions of the Burma Army contribute companies from time to time.

These men known as "Operation Flushforce," are faced with the traditional crimes which horrified their Victorian predecessors and (much watered-down) provided material for a good many "penny dreadful" stories.

Recently they had news of a type of dacoit who caused a great sensation in the Victorian era — the female of the species (see cutting on this page).

When Rajputs stormed Kyaingon, in Central Burma, recently

there were 200 dacoits there: nine of them were killed and eleven captured, but the rest got away under this woman's command, taking nine cartloads of wounded with them. The Rajputs lost two killed and three wounded in the attack. Getting into a village soon after this gang had raided it, the Rajputs found four corpses so mutilated that they could not be identified; the victims had been tortured for information.

Home-made pipe-guns used to be popular with the dacoits, along with any better weapons they could find; now the debris of the Burma battlefields has provided them with plenty of modern weapons. They began using motor-cars in the 1920's, in a jungle imitation of the Chicago gangster of the same era, and it is probable that the post-war gangs have been able to fit themselves out with abandoned Japanese vehicles.

Again, like the old Chicago gangster, the Burmese dacoits are known to have run a "protection racket" demanding bribes to refrain from attacking particular villages. Headmen who refused to pay were ruthlessly killed and sometimes their wives and children were killed first, to add a sting to their own deaths.

Village headmen have been known to take up dacoity to cover up embezzlement of public funds or to replace them.

For cold-blooded evil dacoits take a lot of beating. One of their playful habits at one time, was to soak their victims in kerosene and threaten to light it if they did not talk; sometimes they did light it, too. More often, killing for the dacoit is merely a way of making his approach to loot easier and to eliminate someone who might talk. Often the dacoit takes only money and jewellery, because money cannot

dacoit, n. Member of Indian or Burmese armed robber band. [f. Hind. *dakait* f. *daka* gang-robbery] dacoity, n. (Act of) gang-robbery. [f. Hind. *dakaiti* as prec.]

The dictionary doesn't tell you much about dacoits. They are bandits who operate the rackets of the West with the cruelty of the East.

BURMA STAR

DACOIT CHIEFS FIGHT FOR VIRAGO'S FAVOURS

FROM A MILITARY OBSERVER

Rangoon, Tuesday.

Reports of a virago on horseback, said to be the paramour of all known dacoit leaders, have been received from "Operation Flushforce" which is launching attacks against lawlessness in Central Burma. Two Dacoit leaders have already been murdered in fights for her favours.

Rajputs stormed Kyaingon, south of Pyinmana, where some

The Army newspaper *Burma Star* recently carried this report of a dacoit warrior-woman whose bravery was as unfettered as her morals.

be identified and jewellery can be broken up and made unidentifiable. But he is equally likely to drive off all the cattle in the area or to take anything else he thinks he can get away with.

Some of the dacoit crimes on the Burma Police records include: crucifying a man before shooting him;

cutting pieces out of an Indian's thigh night and morning for three days and frying them, then killing him; binding a man to the ground and charging over him on horseback; setting fire to a house containing a small child.

Dacoits recently have made a set at Government vehicles and anyone connected with the Government. Village headmen

who have opposed the dacoits have been murdered and their heads exhibited as a threat to others. In some areas dacoits have terrorised villagers to such an extent that they will cultivate only the fields nearest their villages — a serious thing in view of the food situation in South-East Asia.

When the authorities send expeditions against dacoits, it is often more like a military operation than a police raid, which is one reason troops are used for the job. The gangsters are likely to settle themselves strongly behind a stockade and to put up a fierce resistance. And if they are driven out of their defences, they still have a good chance of escape in the wildernesses of Burma, which they know intimately.





NOT very long ago almost an entire page of the *Daily Mirror* was taken up to describe how Army Cadet-Sergeant Leonard Holmes hitch-hiked from Fawley (Hampshire) to Perth in Scotland and back — a matter of 1500 miles — in three days of gales, blizzards and floods.

It was an astonishing feat. Nobody need dispute that.

Cadet Holmes was sent on this exercise by the CO of 9th Cadet Battalion, Royal Hampshire Regiment, with only four sandwiches, no money and orders not to use public conveyances or Army transport. He was to regard Britain as under occupation, and to rely for food, lodging and lifts on the "friendly population."

To prove that he had reached Perth, Cadet Holmes had to obtain a signature from Perth Police Station, which turned out to be one of the most difficult parts of the trip.

This is not the first time that newspaper readers have been given a glimpse of one of the

Army's less orthodox forms of training. Every now and again a small paragraph announces that Miss Brightsea of 1947 or the Coal Queen of Durham was visited by three soldiers who had travelled 500 miles to obtain her autograph; sometimes the "victim" is a well-known newspaper columnist; sometimes it is the oldest inhabitant of Ashby-de-la-Zouche; or the only Pole living in Llandudno. The assignments are devised so that soldiers are required to use not merely their personal charm at the roadside, but their intelligence and initiative in tracing individuals on scanty information.

Today exercises of this type are frequently undertaken by Royal Marine Commandos — the

Study the faces of these Commandos, photographed just before D-Day: you see toughness, determination, ruthlessness. But it wasn't enough to be tough. These men were taught how to live and move by bluff, and the unorthodox methods by which they were trained are not to die out.

LIVE-ON-YOUR-WITS TRAINING GOES ON

only Commandos now in existence. In so doing they are continuing the practice of the early World War Two Commandos.

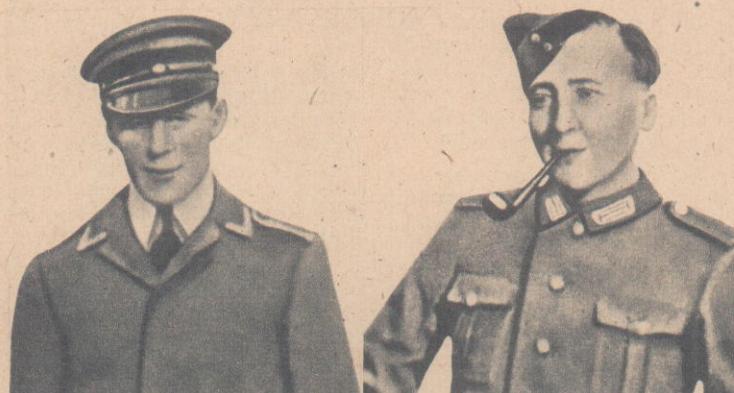
In those post-Dunkirk days it was obvious that men who were to carry out daring operations in enemy-held lands must be trained to live on their wits. Once the idea of initiative training was born, all over Britain foodless and penniless soldiers were sent out, individually and in small parties, on difficult and sometimes ludicrous-seeming errands. Not only were they under orders to get from A to B in the shortest space of time, but they were instructed to spy on our defences, glean information from civilians and fool officialdom, including the Army. Their exploits were soon the talk of the countryside. You had only to leave your car unattended for a moment (it was said) and it would be gone. Your only back-garden chicken was bound to end up as Sunday dinner for a Commando.

In fact, none of the things Commandos did in their own country was so very shocking. Officially they were not supposed to steal cars, but if in order to get their destination they did come across a car which had not been immobilised, well, the

owner was breaking the law as much as they were in borrowing it. And usually those cars were military ones. At times too, they did go after chickens — or more usually eggs — but that was after three or four days wandering the countryside without food, and those eggs disappeared from the larger farms where the loss fell less heavily on the owner.

Two Commandos felt very pleased with themselves after spending an afternoon and evening in Troon, Scotland, dressed in *Luftwaffe* and *Wehrmacht* uniform and passing themselves off as Americans. They even persuaded sentries outside Army stores to tell them what they were guarding. Because the *Luftwaffe* uniform had a collar and tie the wearer was even addressed as "sir."

The *Wehrmacht* man, L/Cpl. A. W. K. Phillott, said: "We went into an ice skating rink where there were a lot of Canadians. One of them came up to me and said, 'If you had a gold bar on your collar you would be a corporal in the German Army. Did you know that?' It never occurred to him that without the bar the uniform might be that of a German private! In the end it was



Dressed in German Air Force and German Army uniforms, these Commandos spent an afternoon and evening among wartime troops in Troon, Scotland before they were challenged. Because he wore a collar and tie the *Luftwaffe* impostor (left) was even addressed as "sir." The art of "getting away with it" was all part of the Commandos' training.

two RAF lads who sent for the Military Police."

Phillott was later sent with a comrade to test the security of another Commando unit. Brazenly they arrived one evening in brand-new battledress and explained to the RSM that they had been posted from a unit in the South of England. The RSM calmly told them to spend the night in the orderly room as they were short of accommodation. They spent most of the night examining files. The next day the Adjutant expressed surprise that they had not been posted to the Commando depot and arranged for them to go there. In the meantime they were paid, given travelling allowance and told to sleep that night in the intelligence office (once more the files were searched). Phillott said: "The great laugh came when we went in front of the MO. He said, 'You chaps won't recognise yourselves after six months in the Commandos.'"

They left next day with a warrant to the depot—and reported back to their own unit. Within a few hours security measures were tightened up in all adjacent units.

But that was just small stuff. Big-scale operations were held in which individual Commandos were at the mercy of the police, Home Guard and civilian. They were enemies in their own country and because of their tough reputation they received little less mercy than a German parachutist would have done.

Phillott was umpire to a party of three men who had to cover 100 miles in three nights, starting from Tenby. The whole of Wales was on the lookout and as they carried no money and very little food most doors were locked at night and most chicken runs guarded.

The first time they were spotted was before dawn and they escaped capture only by moving silently up a river bed. They got into wild country away from the towns and tried to get food and drink from isolated farms. Whenever they got near to one dogs howled and they had to make wide detours. At last they were successful and were enjoying a hot cup of tea when it was noticed that the son of the house had disappeared. He had gone on horseback to rally the Home Guard mobile force and the Commandos took to their heels. They were not followed and soon discovered why. They were heading into swampy country where superstition said the bogs were bottomless. The fugitives got through, only to run into more Home Guards, and a hue and cry arose. The four men dived into a river and swam to the far bank. The Home Guard tested the temperature of the water and thought better of it. Says Phillott: "They tried everything in their power to persuade us to go back. They called out 'Come and have a drink, man' and offered us hot meals, but we gave them the V-sign and went on."

After a ride hidden in the back of a lorry, one of the party was captured by a railway worker

but the others escaped the tightly closing net until they had nearly reached their destination. In the dark they were challenged by a policeman. At it happened he did not realise they were the Commandos but unfortunately they took to their heels and ran straight into a pile of barbed wiring he had dragged across the road. Before they could extricate themselves he was on them. They were seven miles from their destination.

All through the war, and after, the initiative tests went on. Here is a detailed description of a typical exploit carried out by three men of HQ 1st Commando Brigade just after the war ended. Stationed at East Grinstead, Sussex, they had to deliver a letter to a honeymoon couple in Cornwall, and test the security of military installations on the way. They were allowed to take £2 each but no food. Periodically they had to report back by postcard.

The best way, they decided, was to go to London and get a lift from Covent Garden. Here is the rest of the story told by ex-Sjt. D. H. Williams:

"Sitting on top of a lorry of flowers and oranges we got as far as Slough. An American took us to Reading and then we got a lift in a fast American Red Cross car to Bristol. The driver was a blonde who bought us our tea on the way. We got lifts in different lorries from there to Bridgwater and Taunton where we slept the night in a hostel. The next day we got a lift from a farmer towing a bull in a trailer as far as Exeter. Now the difficulty about hitch-hiking is that you get dropped in the centre of a town and then have to walk to the outskirts before you can get a lift to another place.

When we got to Okehampton (the lorry which carried us had a bed in the back so we travelled well) we had to find out if the Artillery school was still there and what was going on. We got all the information from an unsuspecting policeman who thought we were being posted there. We hitch-hiked to Launceston and were walking across Bodmin Moor when we were picked up by a couple on holiday. They had had lunch in town so they gave us the sandwiches they had brought. From Truro we got lifts from a Land girl and various farmers to Penzance. Farmers are the worst drivers I know. They have ancient cars held together by string and usually like to show you how much they can get out of the old girl."

"We got to Penzance to find all the hotels full and so went into a pub and spun the yarn that we were on pass and wanted a bed. We got it—free. One thing we had learned was that two men always get a lift easier than three so we split up after that. We had taken two days to do the journey and decided we would spend a couple of days in Penzance. Our honeymoon couple were staying at Camborne but when we arrived they had



"...and I suppose your OC would like my telephone number as well?"

How would you like to tackle the job of getting the signatures of Miss Brightsea, the policeman in Wick High Street and William Hickey of the *Daily Express*—against a four-day time-limit and with only two shillings in your pocket? Royal Marines Commandos go in for this kind of exercise today; one of them recently had to spend a night in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's.

returned to London. We started back towards Bideford, in the vicinity of which we had to get information about the frogmen training. Near Holdsworthy we got into conversation with a retired brigadier who kept us half an hour while he gave us his views of the Government and then we got a lift with a man who strangely enough was going to the desired HQ to see his daughter, a Wren. We had already told him we were going to report there so he seemed rather surprised when we did not go in with him. How were we to get secret information from this highly secret HQ? We bluffed in a big way. My companion was a Marine and so he pretended to be a serjeant by wearing my Dennison smock which carried three stripes. We got friendly with a petty officer in a local pub who, hearing we were on pass, invited us to stay in the serjeants' mess. We did and got the information we wanted, although poor old Wright (my colleague) had to live in my jacket. There would have been a stink if his real rank had been found out.

"We would have flown back to London but there was no flying from the local 'drome, so we got a lift in a police van full

of uniforms. As the driver was showing a friend the coast of North Devon we had a conducted tour, with beer tasting at odd pubs. That night we got to Bath where we slept on the floor of the pavilion. There had been a dance that night and the place was full of spilt beer and fag ends. The next day it rained and we did not have much luck with lifts but eventually got back to London.

"Now about our honeymoon couple: We traced them to Shephard's Bush. We were both looking a little dirty and we rang the front door bell wondering what reception we would get, for they had no idea of our scheme. The bride came to the door. She had just had a bath and was wearing a silk dressing gown. We handed her the letter and she let us in to have tea.

"Afterwards we stopped a lorry bearing the name of a London firm (always a safe bet) and were transplanted to the centre of London. We reported to our unit by phone. They seemed pleased and said we were to come back on Monday. We spent the week-end in town and hitch-hiked back, having travelled 600 miles. Our sole travelling expense had been a three-half-penny bus fare in London."

ERIC DUNSTER.

The Visitors

As the crack Orient Express wound through the twisting, pine-lined valleys of the Sudetenland — where in 1938 Hitler lashed up all the trouble he could to give him the excuse to march on Prague — a party of British soldiers and ATS girls looked through the carriage windows at their first sight of Czechoslovakia.

They were guests of the Czechoslovakian Legion, a counterpart of the British Legion, which has been rebuilt by the thousands of Czechs who flew with the RAF and fought with the Czech Independent Armoured Brigade.

By inviting British Servicemen and women to take their leave in Czechoslovakia the Czechs feel they are repaying a little of the hospitality they enjoyed in the black years in Britain.

For these visitors from the British Zone of Germany the journey to Prague had begun three days before. Their journey was not over when the train pulled in to Prague, for they were to be the guests of the people of Teplice Sanov, in the Sudetenland hills.

It was at Teplice Sanov that they experienced at first-hand the homely generosity and kindness of the Czechs. Everywhere they went folk smiled at them or waved a greeting, or ran across the road to shake hands and ask, "Do you come from Liverpool? I was there during the war."

Not once but many times a soldier would be stopped in the street by a girl who said, "It's good to see a British soldier again. Do come and meet my husband and have tea with us." They were the English and Scots wives who married Czech airmen and soldiers, and who have been living in the Sudetenland since their menfolk returned home.

And the men who fought the war from Britain as exiles are almost embarrassing in their anxiety to help. Given half a chance they will lead you into a cafe and talk about Britain and the British people over a cup of coffee and a plateful of wonderful cream cakes. Then they will take you home for a meal of roast pork, roast potatoes, sauerkraut



Near Teplice Sanov — where British soldiers were guests of the Czechs — is the ancient Castle Strekov, in which Wagner composed Tannhauser.



Corporal Rosalind Rosser admires a china shepherdess in a Czech factory.



In Prague two Czech soldiers stand on watch over a plaque which marks where a patriot died during the three-day revolution before the city's liberation.

The Residents

IN the Czech capital the sight of a British soldier is not the novelty it is in the country towns.

Here are stationed men who wear on their shoulders a white lion on a background of the Czechoslovakian national flag. They are the members of No. 22 Liaison Headquarters, the unit which has linked the British and Czechoslovakian forces since the beginning of the war.

In July 1945 the Czech Independent Armoured Brigade Group — which had played a distinguished part in the North-West European campaigns — moved into Prague along with No. 22 HQ. When the Czech Brigade Group was absorbed into the new Czech Army the Liaison Headquarters remained. Its jobs were to arrange the purchase of British arms and equipment by the Czech Army, to assist in the training of Czech officers and NCOs by sending them on courses to England, and to arrange lectures by British experts to Czech cadres.

In working hours the men of the Liaison Headquarters are kept pretty busy. Most of their time is spent on administrative duties as



Brig. G. L. Prendergast DSO, ex-Long Range Desert Group.

troops will have left, to the regret both of the troops and the hundreds of Czech friends they have made. Some of the troops have found wives, too — one officer recently married a Czech countess.

The men — there are only 20 of them — live in their own large house with hot and cold water in every bedroom. Many have learned to speak Czech well enough to hold an intelligent conversation when they go to dances, visit cafes or meet their girl friends, whom they are allowed to invite to their canteen three nights a week. They are provided with Czech ration cards to enable them to buy food in local hotels and restaurants, but because they receive no special allowances and prices are high they are not able to do this very often. Their NAAFI rations and food come by road from Vienna.

clerks, batmen-drivers, mechanics and cooks.

The Commanding Officer is Brigadier G. L. Prendergast, DSO, of the Royal Tank Regt., who

went through the war (and his was a very hazardous war) without a scratch, only to break his leg last winter skiing. The Brigadier was second-in-command of the Long Range Desert Group in the Middle East when they were formed in 1940 and commanded them from August 1941 until they broke up in 1943.

Several of the men fought with the Czech Independent Armoured Brigade Group, and Signaller P. Hilton wears the Czech gallantry medal ribbon on his chest.

Sgt. Fred Cooke, who claims to have travelled through 18 different countries in the war, says of his stay in Prague: "It has been one of the best billets in the Army".

There are seven other British soldiers doing duty in Czechoslovakia — a sergeant and six drivers on the staff of the British Military Attaché.

Sergeant Hugh Blair, Chief Clerk to the Attaché, went to Prague straight from England and hopes to stay there until his release number comes up. In the same office sits Miss Gwendolyn Boston, of Northallerton, who joined the ATS in 1938, and served in Cairo, Bari, Rome and Milan.

Among the civilian Chancery Guards, whose job is to sort mail, act as messengers and guard the entrance to the Embassy, are seven ex-Servicemen, four of them former Guardsmen.

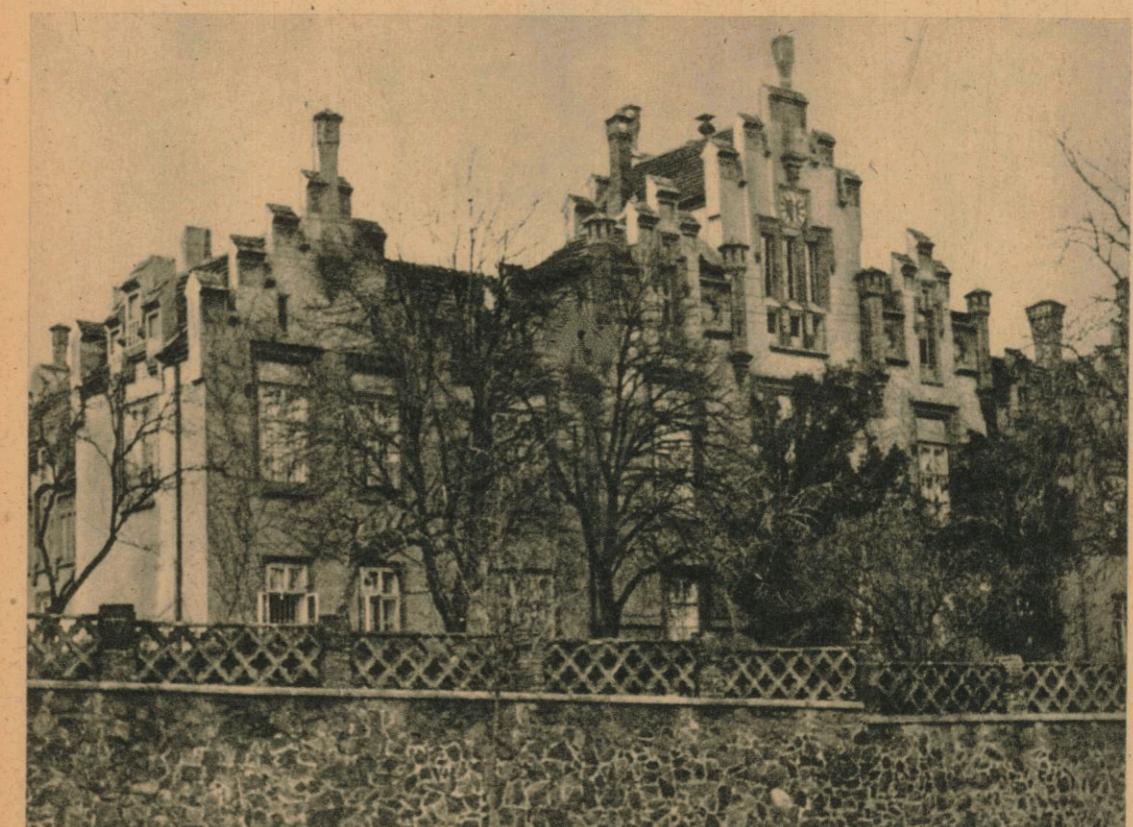
E. J. GROVE.



"This is probably the best billet in the British Army," says Private William Vickers, stationed in Prague. He fought with the Czech Independent Armoured Brigade.



Under the Czech national flag outside the British HQ, Driver Albert Wright, the CO's driver, chats to a Czech policeman.



This old mansion, once a Nazi headquarters, then a Russian hospital, now houses No. 22 Liaison Headquarters.



On behalf of SOLDIER ex-Corporal Eric Earnshaw took his sketch-book to Victoria Station. He found (above) a bevy of girls from the Control Commission for Germany, whose shoulder-titles announce their jobs to the world at large. Below: it's all part of the Guards' service — a corporal helps a soldier's family to the Dover train.



if they were old in years they nevertheless had plenty of spirit, and one of the early Victoria Station RTO's, refusing to succumb to his chronic gout, directed his operations from an armchair placed on a platform trolley and pulled by a willing but perspiring female porter.

Victoria was busy from the beginning of the war until the eva-

Since the Boer War it has been the job of the Brigade of Guards (who are stationed in London) to provide RTO's for the Capital's big rail termini. A typical set-up is that at Victoria. Diversion of BAOR leave men to King's Cross and Liverpool Street and the more recent shut-down of the French Medoc route may have simplified life a little for the staff, but still a vast variety of people in a vast variety of uniforms come to the RTO with their troubles

Abright cadet at OCTU who was asked what he wanted to be when he got his commission, said, "The RTO at Victoria Station," and was promptly sent back to his unit in disgrace.

So the story goes. But if our cadet had the idea that an RTO's job was a cushy one he was wrong.

Many people get the wrong ideas about RTO's, for instance the MP who asked Mr. Bellenger last month whether London's RTO's were strictly necessary. Mr. Bellenger said they had dealt with a million inquiries in the first quarter of this year, and he

thought this was sufficient justification for them.

Take a look at the work of the RTO and his staff at Victoria Station, London. A recent census taken over a period of 48 hours showed they had handled 3724 counter inquiries, 791 telephone calls, 44 duty drafts, nine special trains and 697 passengers in transit.

On 23 August 1939 the London RTO's were called for duty. They assembled — a group of elderly Guards officers "ripe in age and experience", as one of them has since put it. Guards officers, because it has been the doubtful prerogative of the Brigade of Guards to be RTO's of London termini since the Boer War. But

RTO

VICTORIA



Soldiers will confront them with such problems as: "My wife has run away with the two kids while I've been away. What can I do about it?"

One night a dark-haired girl came in speaking a language no one knew and looking very worried. Soon it was found that she spoke a little Italian and Sjt. Freedman, nipped round to a little Italian cafe and brought back the proprietor's daughter. Between them they discovered that the girl was a Jugoslav who had married a British soldier who had died in Greece. She had applied to come to England, had landed that afternoon, had no friends or relations and nowhere to go. It was half-past ten at night. Sjt. Freedman took a deep breath and got on to the Home Office. A tired official told him it wasn't their pigeon and passed him on to the Foreign Office. The Foreign Office handed him over to the Ministry of Health who switched him back to the Home Office again. Deadlock. But within half an hour of her arrival Sjt. Freedman had chased up a welfare society who took the girl into their care.

Even match-making is not beyond the scope of the RTO's staff. One day a letter arrived from a sergeant in the CMF. When he was waiting at Victoria to go back from leave he had spotted



"And you won't look at any other girls/men, will you?"

an ATS Provost and fallen in love with her but had been too scared to ask her name. Please could they help to put him in touch with her? Obliging Sjt. Freedman traced who was on duty that night, picked out the best-looking girl, and hopefully put her in touch with the CMF sergeant.

One of the pleasures of an RTO's job is that you meet people from nearly every country and every walk of life. Through the barriers of Victoria pass soldiers from Generals down to squaddies, civilians bearing on their shoulder tabs nearly every combination of the alphabet, Cabinet Ministers, Foreign statesmen, German Generals under escort, Italian wives not under escort, children being sent out to visit their soldier fathers, and even on one occasion a group of sad-looking Russians en route for Moscow and a treason sentence.

A piece of very free verse on the wall of the RTO's office says:

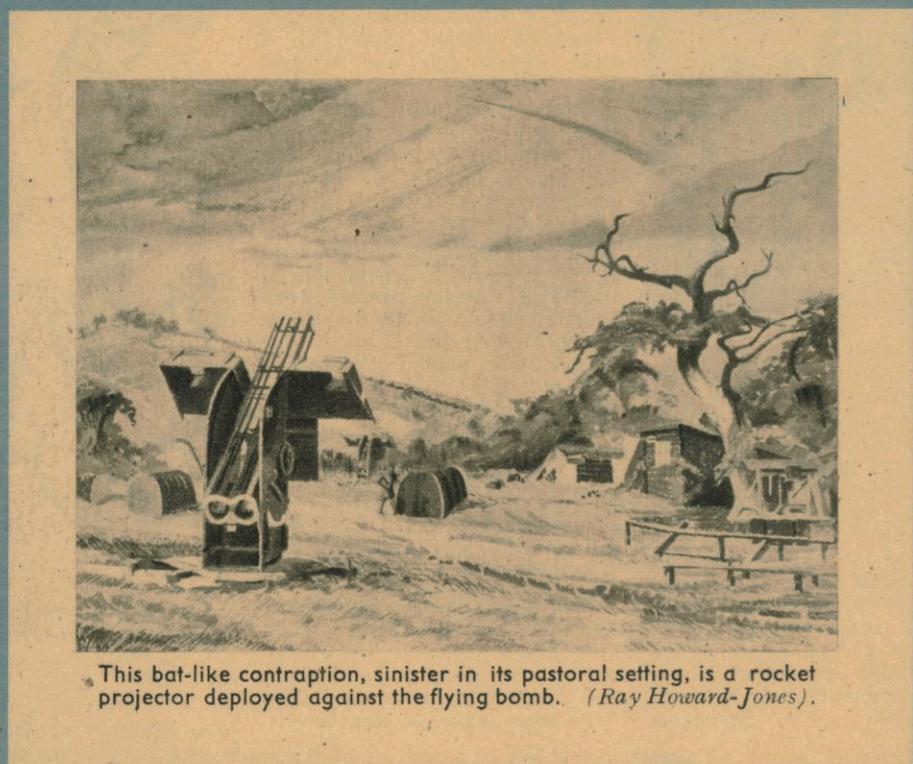
*Imagine the tact required to deal with brigadiers
Of tender years
Who
Take a low view
Of the prospect of a seat, in
the corridor, on some lance-corporal's knee,
Between London and Dundee...*

But it can be a job with some compensations, as shown by a letter received from a former Canadian RTO who wrote that he had been pulled up at home for speeding. When the traffic cop was about to hand him a ticket he suddenly stopped and said, "Why, you were the RTO at Victoria, weren't you?" and tore up the ticket. In a job that gets more kicks than thanks, it's nice to be recognised.

WARREN SMITH.



GUNNERS' GALLERY



This bat-like contraption, sinister in its pastoral setting, is a rocket projector deployed against the flying bomb. (Ray Howard-Jones).



Serving the last gun at Gazala.

THIS picture reconstructs a gallant last stand in the Western Desert. A head-on tank attack is being repulsed by guns of 31/58 Battery. Over the radio 7 Brigade HQ hears a commentary: "Number One, fire! Masters, the Troop Commander, has run across to Number Four. Number Two Gun is out—direct hit. Number Three Gun is silent, so is Number Four. No, they aren't. Masters and a sergeant—I can't see who it is—are serving Number Three. It's Sjt. Simmington. Now they are running across to Number Four. They are loading, sighting and firing both guns, running from one to the other. Simmington's down. Now Masters is down... he's heaving himself up. He's saying something. He's down again. "D" Troop is out."

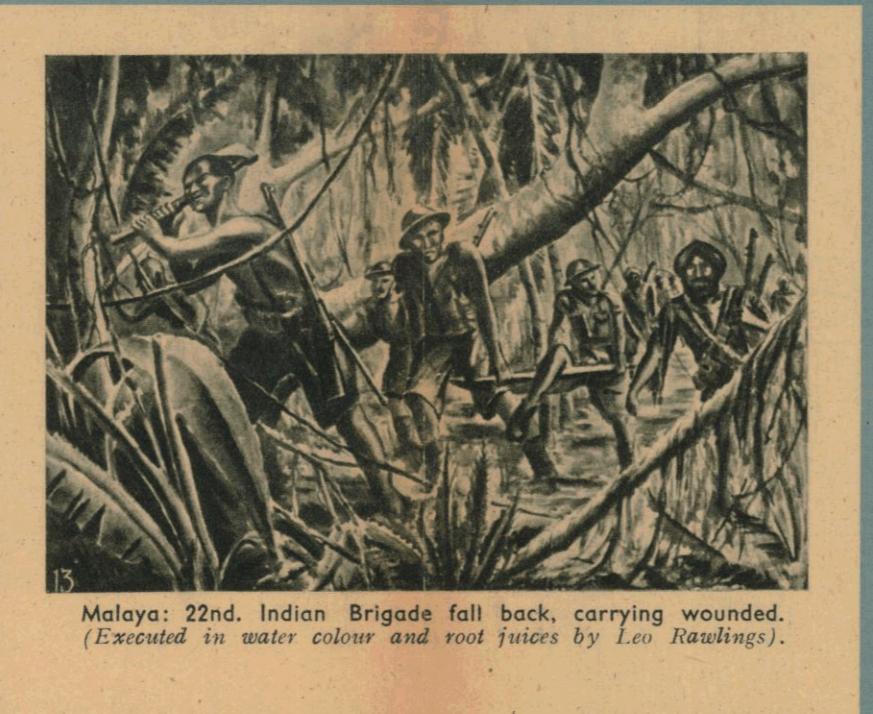
Masters, shot through both legs, later said to his men: "Gout's troublesome today." (Charles Payne).

PICTURES by soldiers of nearly every rank in the Army—serjeant-majors, brigadiers and field-marshals excepted—stood side by side recently in the ballroom of the Artillery Barracks, Woolwich. The best will be selected for publication in the Royal Artillery War Commemoration Book 1939—1945.

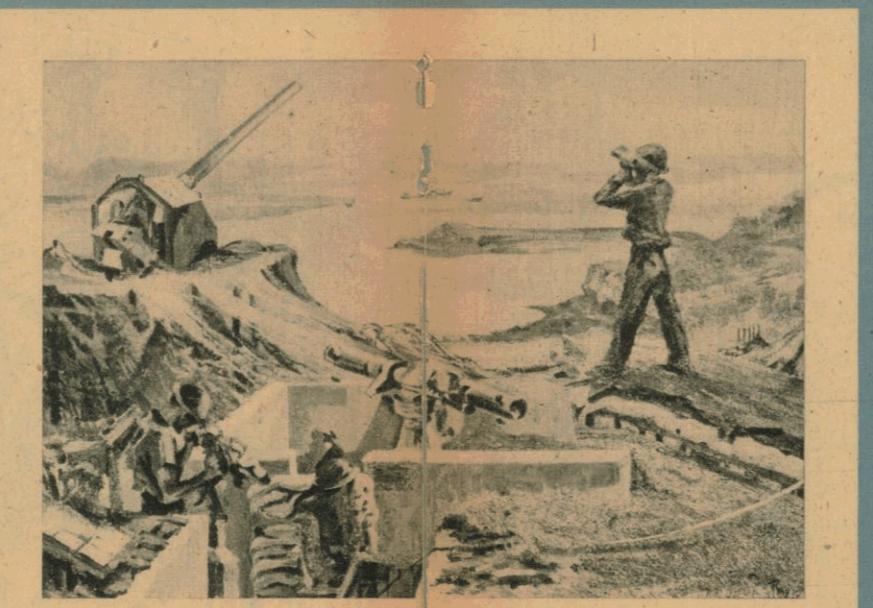
It was right that a high proportion of the pictures should show guns, gunners and gunsites. Among the oil paintings, watercolours and black-and-whites were subjects executed by prisoners-of-war in freak media such as white and red clay and root juices. There were humorous entries, too, including sketches by Sjt. F. Joss ("Denim" of the *London Star*).

The general who exhibited was Major-General H. J. Parham. His twelve pencil sketches showed scenes at Caen, in Holland, and on the Rhine. There were six pictures by an ATS girl, depicting gunsite types.

Two of the artists were listed as killed in action: Captain Tom van Oss and Captain Charles Fisher.



13 Malaya: 22nd. Indian Brigade fall back, carrying wounded. (Executed in water colour and root juices by Leo Rawlings).



Spotter on a 4.5 Ack-ack site keeps look-out as convoy gathers. (Ray Howard Jones).



British Infantry advance through burning Ipoh (Malaya). (Clay and ink drawing by Leo Rawlings).

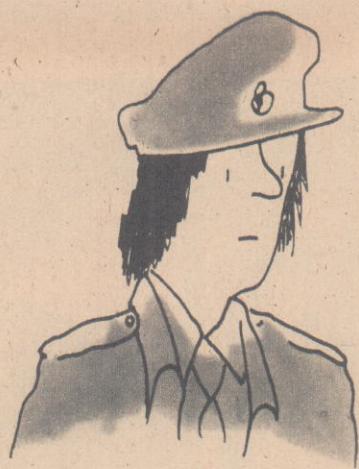


Building a bridge on Siam's Railway of Death.

THIS picture by a former British prisoner of the Japanese shows captives toiling to complete a bridge to the order of engineers of the Japanese Army, on the notorious Siam railway which cost uncounted thousands of lives. Seen in the picture is the derrick used for driving piles into the river bed. It took 200 prisoners to hoist the weights which were allowed to fall on each pile. The lower part of the building is an old bridge used for elephant traffic. (Charles Thrale).



Man-Eaters.



Hair two inches
above the collar.



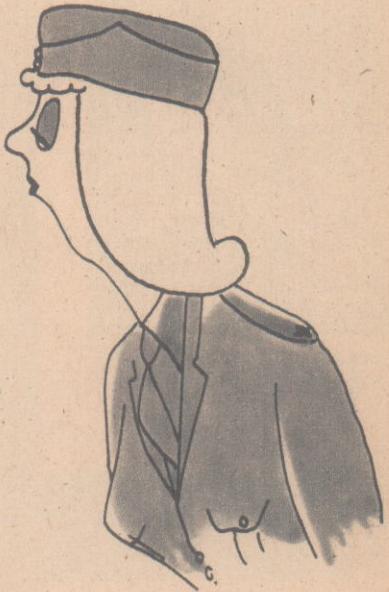
... and six inches
below the collar.



Drivers.

A.T.S. Types -

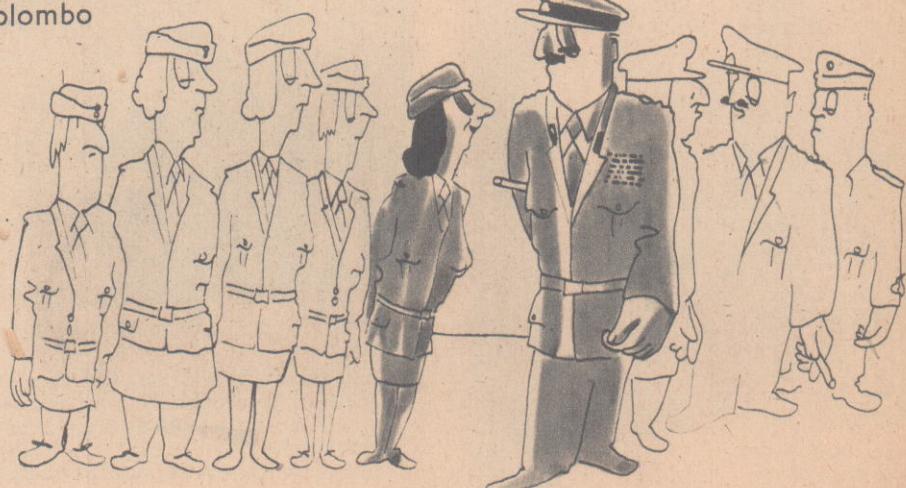
by
Phelix-



"Daddy's a colonel".



Night before the dance.



Friendly type.

One of two civilian members of a War Office committee to advise regiments who are setting up museums is a clergyman who was never in the Army

ONE of Britain's best-informed authorities on Army uniforms has never been in the Army.

He is the Rev. Percy Sumner, who at 73 has just resigned from the living of Vicar of St. Luke's Church, Reading, to spend a busy retirement writing, drawing and collecting material on his pet subject.

"The nearest I ever got to the Army was during the first World War," he says. "I was a curate in Norwood and used to take services at a large auxiliary hospital, standing on the second step of the stairs to give the address. There is no military tradition in my family, either; my father told me that a relative once was an ensign but as he was the first man killed when his regiment got to India that was the end of that."

All the same, Mr. Sumner has given a good deal of help to the Army. In 1935, when regimental museums were being formed, he was one of the only two civilians to join a War Office committee dealing with uniforms.

"I spent my summer holidays touring the country, spending about three days at different regimental depots, helping them with their museums. Of course, I added to my own collection at the same time."

Other marks of the eminence Mr. Sumner has achieved are his Fellowships of the Society of Antiquaries and of the Royal Historical Society and a long list of contributions on military dress to the Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research. ("I've written 214 in the last 20 years and I'm still going strong.")

He has his own particular period on which most of his energy is concentrated: "I reign supreme in the second half of the 17th century and the whole of the eighteenth century," he says. "I don't think there is anybody ploughing the same furrow. I also take anything up to 1914.

Asked to identify a uniform, Mr. Sumner will probably be able to do so from memory, but a reference to his collection will clinch the matter.

THE VICAR KNOWS THE ANSWER

but I'm not interested in battle-dress."

Mr. Sumner's adventures in the history of military dress started with a colour-plate in the Christmas number of the *Boy's Own Paper* in 1890. "It showed the cavalry regiments of the British Army," he recalls, "and I thought 'What beautiful chaps they are!' Then there was a spate of coloured military toy books by a man called Richard Simkin and I eagerly collected those."

The military uniforms brought some colour into what was then a fairly drab life. Sidestepping the family plan that he should go to Oxford and prepare for ordination, on the grounds that he had had enough of school, Mr. Sumner, at 17, became a clerk in

the accounts department of an insurance office ("The experience was very useful to me in keeping parish accounts"). It was not until he was 36 that he went to Oxford and was ordained.

Meanwhile his hobby was returning dividends. At 21 he got a reader's ticket to the British Museum and skimped his meals to put in as many hours as he could there — always, of course, on the

same subject, and the same year started writing articles for the *Volunteer Service Magazine*. Then he began a long connection with a children's magazine called *Bubbles*, published by Dr. Barnardo's, for which he did two coloured plates a month, mostly on military uniforms. ("They were well paid — 15s each — and in those days you could get a good pair of trousers for 10s 6d or a silk hat or a pair of boots for 15s.")

By 1900 he was taking tracings from paintings in Windsor Castle of the Army in 1751 and 1852 ("They wouldn't let you do that now; at the same time I came across some of Queen Victoria's private photographs and was allowed to copy those of her guards").

Last year he did one of his biggest jobs at Windsor Castle: he sorted out the Cumberland papers. "I was taken into the Round Tower and shown 82 large cases containing 31,000 documents, the papers of the Duke of Cumberland," he reports. "I went through the lot and got some good material, too." In support of this he will show you notes on some previously unknown facts about the battle of Almanza — some of many he has added to the history books.

Mr. Sumner has parted with a good deal of his collection to a younger enthusiast, but his albums and the rows of manuscript books, starting at 1660, on the shelves that line one wall of his study, combined with his quick-

reference memory, can provide a ready answer to nearly anything you want to know about sword-hilts, shakos, tunics, breeches or accoutrements up to 1914.

Among the letters on his desk is the evidence that his retirement will be an active one. There is correspondence with a firm of publishers about a book he is preparing on the military drawings in the Royal collection at Windsor Castle; a letter from the United States military attaché thanks him for information and sketches on the probable standards carried by the soldiers in Virginia in the early 17th century; another letter, thanking him for information, asks: "Can you please tell me which of the 98th regiments had blue facings?"

Mr. Sumner has helped with dressing the Aldershot Tattoo ("A friend of mine was asked to do some sketches and I helped him.") and the Royal Tournament at Olympia ("They wanted sketches for a detachment of the 93rd Highlanders in the Indian Mutiny and I had got the information from an officer who served with that regiment in the Mutiny.") But he won't have anything to do with film companies.

"They're terrible people," he says. "They're so careless about details. A friend of mine saw a film about Wellington at Waterloo and wrote to the film company to say the cavalry uniforms were not correct. They just replied that all their uniforms were designed by their own artists. Hopeless!"



Shakos or sword-hilts, packs or epaulettes, they are all noted with care for detail in Mr. Sumner's albums.





In this studio artists specialise in "exploded views", cut-away diagrams and three-dimensional projections. Any ack-ack gunner will recognise the exhibit beside the vacant chair.



If you think that inside every high-windowed studio in Chelsea is a corduroyed Bohemian painting triple-breasted women with writhing wire-worms for hair you are wrong.

Over the busy King's Road is an even busier studio in which scores of artists sit sketching painstakingly from "life" such improbable objects as gun breeches and the insides of oil pumps.

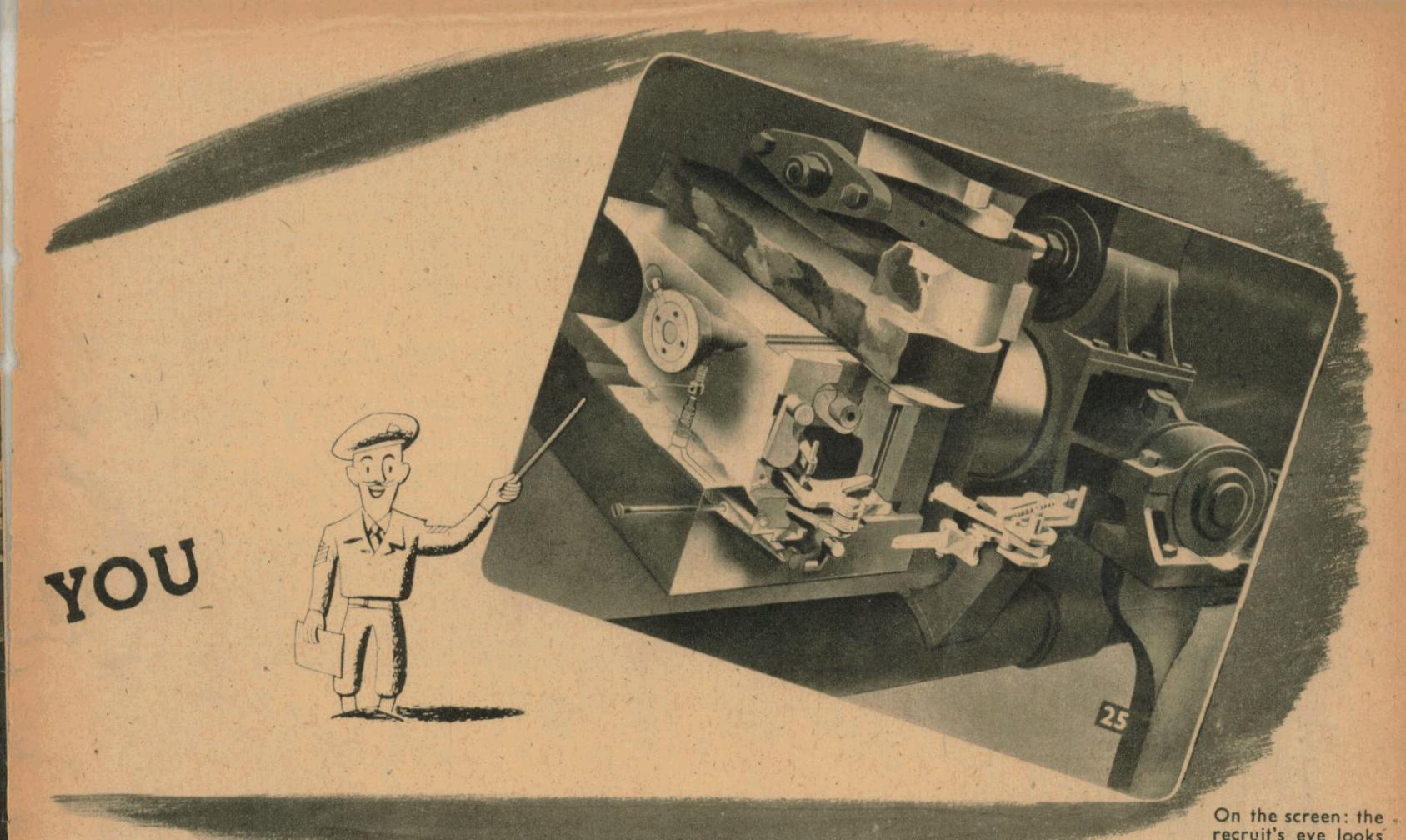
They are engaged — these painstaking artists — in making film strips to teach the British soldier his job in the shortest time and with the minimum of mental wear and tear.

At some time in their Army careers most soldiers will have seen a film strip. It is a series of pictures on a given theme, projected one frame at a time and in logical sequence, so that an instructor can comment on each

Today, with one hundred experts, he has produced over 360 film strips for the Services — from the tank recognition series which was rushed through just after D-Day to smarten up identification in the difficult Bocage country, to the present-day strips on domestic science for the ATS.

A SOLDIER writer who visited the studio saw a very familiar "model" posed in front of one of the artists — the breech block of

Artist Douglas Beaumont puts the finishing touches to a frame showing the operation of the 3.7 breech, demonstrated by Major G. Jacobson, Inspector of Gunnery.



To speed up the training of the British soldier, the Army is resorting more and more to the film strip — and Industry is following in the Army's wake

the 3.7 anti-aircraft gun. Hundreds of thousands of gunners in the past ten years have had to learn the hard way the processes of cocking, firing and withdrawing — processes which take place invisibly inside the solid block of steel. The artist was busy making the block transparent. He had first gone over it until he knew every millimetre of its surface, every secret of its action. Then he went into a huddle with an Inspector of Gunnery from the School of Anti-Aircraft Gunnery at Manorbier, who told him the points which the Army wanted explaining to the recruit. Next he got busy with pen and brush. On a complicated project like this, an infinity of work can go into the preparation of one frame especially when it involves cut-away or "exploded" views, or three-dimensional projection. The single frame which is projected on to the wall of the training hut may have involved an artist's montage of several layers of transparent and opaque paper, each carrying its contribution of lever and plunger.

Since film strips can be projected on to any white surface, hospital patients can be entertained by pictures on the ceiling while they lie in bed. A book can be projected, page by page, on the ceiling.

Another striking illustration of the uses of film strips was when an engineering job was carried out recently in South Africa with the aid of film strips instead of blue prints. A previous undertaking had required the presence of 25 technical experts. This time there were no experts and the job took a shorter time.

ERNEST TURNER.



Photographing the completed frames: Captain J. Ronca and cameraman Dennis Marney and Stanley Froude. Below: meanwhile a film strip on nutrition is being prepared for an ATS course in domestic science. Junior Commander J. Burton advises artist Joy Foster.



MONSIEUR DUPONT

GEORGES Dupont is as common a name in France and Belgium as John Smith in England, but the 1st Battalion The Cheshire Regt. were sorry that they did not hear of the death of M. Georges Dupont of Audregnies, Belgium, until it was too late to send representatives to his funeral.

For this M. Dupont had done their battalion a great service in World War One. As the 1st Cheshires retreated in front of the German advance in 1914, their miniature colour was left behind at Audregnies, in the church, cared for by Father Soudan, the *curé*.

When the Germans began searching the place for raw materials for munitions, the *curé* approached the Communal Secretary (roughly the equivalent of a town clerk) who was M. Dupont. Together, M. and Mme. Dupont sealed the colour in a metal pipe and had it bricked into the wall of a garret at the girls' school (of which Mme. Dupont was head). And though

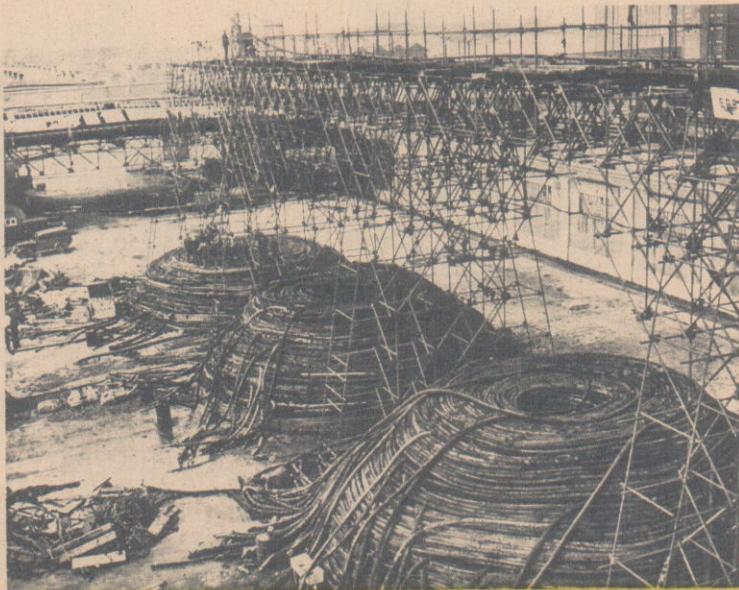
the Germans heard about the colour and looked for it, they never found it.

The 1st Cheshires were near Audregnies again soon after the recapture of Mons in 1918 and though few of the original battalion were left, they knew the story of the colour. Two officers went to see the *curé* who took them to M. and Mme. Dupont. The school was in ruins, but they got picks and shovels and dug through the debris until they found the colour, safe and snug in its container.

Shortly afterwards a deputation from the Cheshires waited on M. and Mme. Dupont and the *curé* and presented them each with a silver rose-bowl.



The cricketer of Fayid: not only the sun but the sand gets in his eyes.



In SOLDIER for October 1946 Richard Elley described the start of the operations to recover "Pluto"—the Pipe-Line-Under-The-Ocean which fuelled Montgomery's armies. This picture shows three of the enormous coils so far recovered. One hundred miles of line have been lifted; 300 remain.

ASK THE BRIGADIER

Tired of retirement after a few months, Brigadier W. A. L. James, DSO and Bar, has started a new service for people who are in difficulties about finding for themselves.

It is called International Service (WFI) and the WFI stands for "We Fix It", a catch-phrase in Brigadier James's headquarters during the highlights of his career as a brigade commander, when he took the surrender of Gondar, slowed the Japanese advance up the Kabaw Valley ("The unhealthiest place in the world") and helped administer the thwack which caused the Japanese to turn tail at Ukkhrul.

International Service keeps an index of over 60 people, all but two of them women, who are its part-time employees. They all have leisure in which they want to earn money. At the request of International Service they will undertake house-cleaning, literary research or child-minding, they will act as guides or escorts, hire cars, arrange flowers, advise on house-decorating—or any other odd job.

Some time back the cooks walked out of a women's services canteen, the same day lunch and dinner were cooked by Mrs. James (who helps her husband in the enterprise) and one assistant, and International Service kept meals going until new cooks were engaged. Another day an unemployed actress agreed to become a charwoman to help out a customer—and got a very good testimonial, too.

"Besides people in London who want our help," says Brigadier James, "we cater for people from overseas, foreigners and people back from the Empire who don't know their way about. We fix them up with ration-books, hotel accommodation, cars, anything they need."

MISCELLANY

DESERT STATUE

WHO is the cricketer? He is one of many statued sportsmen who embellish the Great Bitter Lake Stadium, built just inside the main entrance to General Dempsey's temporary headquarters at Fayid, in the Suez Canal Zone.

Middle East troops "evicted" from Cairo's Garden City, are settling down in the sands of the desert and making the best of it. Luckily the Bitter Lakes are not without their lidos. More cafes and changing rooms are being built on the shores, and special pleasure beaches are planned for children and convalescents.

It's too soon to claim that the desert is blossoming like a rose; but quick-flowering and quick-maturing shrubs are already rooting in the mud and in no time there will be formal gardens.

SMALL TALK

MRS. Edith Kirby, hat-seller, of Margate writes to the *Sunday Express*: "When the Royal Army Pay Corps were here these men had the largest heads we have ever met. Most of their head sizes were from seven to seven-and-five-eighths."

Perhaps some of the New Army at Catterick don't like their address. Anyway, the editor of the *Catterick Express* offers two guineas for the best suggestion for a new name for Catterick Camp.

JEEPS AGAIN

THE ex-Service jeep has become the subject of a minor industry within the British motor-trade and is helping, in a small way, to feed car-starved Britain. It has even achieved the eminence of a section to itself in the "Used Car Market" of the trade press.

Most of the jeeps advertised have been bought by garages straight from Government sales, but some have already passed through the hands of speculators or adventurous motorists who found they did not much care for jeeps once the novelty had worn off.

For its size, the ordinary jeep without a trailer is not very economical to run in Britain; it is taxed at 16 hp and does little more than 20 miles to the gallon. But any sort of car will sell just now and several motor firms are advertising for jeeps. Unlike many foreign cars, the jeep does not seem to be short of spare parts and typical prices quoted are 26s for a set of gaskets and £8 10s for a new hood.

With an overhaul, new batter-

ies and a new coat of paint, naked jeeps are advertised at between £150 and £250, according to mileage, and £300 with trailers. Bigger prices are asked for those with new bodies or extra pieces added to the ordinary body.

An ex-RE officer, Major L. E. C. Hall, who runs a garage business in Balham, is producing a luxury jeep with a "utility" body, based on ideas he got while driving jeeps in North-West Europe during the war. He extends the chassis by 18 inches, to take a longer body with ash framework, birch panelling, a rubber-mounted roof and sliding windows. It takes four or five people, or the back seat can be taken out to give more luggage space. The complete job sells for £550.

SOLDIER BOOKSHELF

BELSEN: A REMINDER

If a book on Belsen were published every year it would not be too often.

Derrick Sington's "Belsen Uncovered" (Duckworth 8s 6d) is an eye-witness story by a British officer who entered the camp in a loud-hailer car on its liberation. It is a straightforward story of how the British soldier cleaned up this abomination of corruption, murder, cannibalism, fornication, sadism and plague; an abomination in which, incredibly, courage and integrity occasionally flourished.

One of Sington's NCO's is named as Serjeant C. He had the right idea. It was when the unashamed Kramer was showing the British round the camp:

Sjt. C. came over to me.

"Why shouldn't Kramer carry one of these people away?" he asked.

I looked at Kramer.

"Pick up that man and take him to hospital!"

Kramer flushed, threw back his head, and stepped a pace back. He still felt himself "the commandant of the camp."

"Pick up that man!" I covered him with my revolver. Kramer came forward and stooped. I pushed my revolver into his back. He hoisted the body over his shoulder and ambled away."

The administration of the camp, says the author, was calculated to cause mass demoralisation not only in the social but in the political sense. "...An illiterate, insensitive and characterless

Polish woman would be made overseer of a hut full of Czech women, many of them girls of breeding and education. She would become a by-word for corruption, subservience to the SS and brutality. And the word 'Polish' would be associated in their minds with this tormentor... But the commonest type of disciplinary office-holders in the camps were the professional criminals... in almost every case German thieves, murderers or prostitutes..."

There was a colour code in Belsen: Red badge: — political prisoner; green — professional criminal; blue — emigrant; lilac — religious objector; pink — homosexual; black — workshy. Thus was humanity codified under the Nazi New Order.

Quoted in this book is a description of life at Belsen by a German, Rudolf Kustermeier, a former inmate who was appointed editor of *Die Welt*. Just before the British arrived there was, a kind of wild gaiety. "Two bands played dance music all day long while two thousand men were dragging corpses to the burial-pits... the SS men and Capos clubbed and lashed the stumbling prisoners to the melodies of Lehár and Johann Strauss."

SWASHBUCKLERS IN THE AEGEAN

THE year 1940... "The era of the swashbuckling adventurer and the licensed privateer was at hand again, and as the glad tidings spread round, the spiritual descendants of Hawkins, of Peterborough and of Drake swallowed a last double whisky in their messes and took the train for London. They carried with them in their luggage mysterious rope ladders, alpenstocks, home-made bombs and magnetic devices, which they proposed to attach to the sides of enemy ships..."

Thus author John Lodwick, who tells in "The Filibusters" (Methuen 12s. 6d) how the Special Boat Service was formed and how its members, landing behind the enemy lines by submarine, surface craft, canoe and parachute, harried the Axis in the Eastern Mediterranean.

Among the ranks of the SBS was one of the war's greatest characters and heroes, Major Anders Lassen, VC and triple MC (whose adventures were described in SOLDIER 8 December 1945).

To pick out one adventure from another is invidious. Here's one taken at random. It concerns a certain "vague" officer named David Clark on a raid on the island of Simi.

...David Clark found his way to a German billet, and pushed the door open gently with his foot. The Germans were playing cards. David spoke their language.

"It would all be so much easier if you would just raise your hands," he said."

The Germans do not appear to have agreed with him. An *unter-offizier* put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a Luger. First he shot out the lights, then he shot at David Clark. This bullet struck David's carbine and wrecked it. David and Millar withdrew and threw grenades through the window into the room until all noise had ceased. There were about ten men in the room.

"Such a tiring walk back," was David's comment. "People would keep on firing at us."

The author himself, captured in a raid on Crete, escaped in Serbia. It took him 134 days to return to his unit. "Ah, you're back," said Jellicoe, the SBS Commander, "Damned slow about it, weren't you?" That was the way they worked in the SBS.



Flashback to April 1945: Under the contemptuous eyes of British soldiers the well-fed SS women dispose of some of the 10,000 unburied dead found at Belsen Camp.

HORSE-DOCTOR LOOKS BACK

A general who liked firing difficult questions at young officers was inspecting a cavalry unit early in the century when he suddenly turned to a subaltern and asked "What does the farrier carry in his wallet?"

The young officer said he did not know, so the General told him: "A bottle of beer." Sure enough, there was a bottle of beer inside it, ready for use immediately the parade was dismissed.

This story is told in "A Centaur Looks Back," by Lieut-Col. V. C. Leckie, DSO, (Hodder and Stoughton 9s 6d) which is a series of reminiscences of a career in the Royal Army Veterinary Corps. It is not a book about the Corps, in fact the author devotes more space to the animals he killed by way of sport than to those he cured in the line of duty, but, passing briefly over the World War One years, it talks of the "good old days" of soldiering as retired officers of today remember them.

Lieut-Col. Leckie, while station-

ed at Aldershot, once got into trouble through the keenness of his Farrier-Major. The Principal Veterinary Officer was to inspect the sick horses of his unit and the Farrier-Major decided that there were too many sick horses that did not look really sick. So he brightened up the parade by putting some neat white linen bandages on some of them. Stopping in front of a bandaged horse, the PVO asked what was wrong with it; Leckie examined a list he was carrying and gave the PVO details of a disability in a part that was not bandaged. Thereafter the PVO ordered the removal of every bandage he saw and each time found there was nothing abnormal underneath. Leckie was a very chastened veterinary officer when the PVO had finished with him.

BLUE TYPES

It is a bad principle that blue is blue and brown is brown and never the twain shall meet. SOLDIER therefore welcomes "Slipstream" (Eyre and Spottiswoode 10s 6d), which is an anthology of stories and articles from the Royal Air Force Journal (proceeds to the RAF Benevolent Fund).

It is a disappointment that Squadron-Leader David Langdon (who co-edits the book with Squadron-Leader R. Raymond) did not include some of his drawings, but he writes with the humorist's perception of things.

Then the book is a store of

information on such subjects as Servicing Commandos, how to sink U-boats from the air, and T. E. Lawrence's life in the RAF. There are, of course, plenty of those "types": the West Indian airman who had never seen snow, the "dim" canteen girl with a tragic history, the Belgian "met." officer with first-hand knowledge of German atrocities. And, inevitably, there is an ingenious article on "Slanguage" which will be useful for refreshing the memory in the days when "prang" seems to convey only the noise an empty saucepan makes when it falls off the gas-stove.

HERE was something odd about that figure in battledress as it moved down the line of closely packed stretcher cases in the casualty tent. It looked like a medical orderly but was different somehow. And then as it moved into the light of the hurricane lamp, one man lifted himself up and whispered. "Gor Blimey! It's a woman."

The place was a Casualty Clearing Station on the bloody Anzio Beachhead. The woman was a sister in the Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service.

It is not an easy abbreviation — QAIMNS, not so simple to say as ATS, WAAF, WREN, nor as well-known. Mostly men met the QA's only when they were in trouble, when they were sick, wounded, dying.

The QA's went everywhere. They slipped over to France quietly with the first troops of the BEF, and came back with them via Dunkirk. They nursed in Greece and in the evacuation through Crete. They nursed in tents in the Desert and on the "Old Tobruk Warrior" that sailed its uneasy way from Alexandria to Tobruk. They nursed in Nissen huts in Iceland, where "it was not unusual to see icicles a yard long hanging from the roofs," and in Chinese junk boats and "Basha" huts made from bamboo strips and thatched dried leaves in Burma. They nursed on Wingate's expedition and in captivity in Japanese POW camps. They were on bomb-happy Malta, on the beaches of Salerno, in the fields of Normandy and in the stench of Belsen.

In a gloomy-looking cupboard at the QA headquarters at War Office, there is a small dog-eared file. In it is a bundle of letters written by QA's from all parts of the world telling a tale of great courage, discipline and devotion

Knocking in their own tent pegs on the Normandy beachhead: Sisters Morrison and Bjorkman. They were there on D-plus-seven.



Filed — but not forgotten — in the records of the War Office are these tales, printed for the first time, of the courage and devotion shown by —

THE RED-CAPES

This military hospital in North Africa was finely designed, finely equipped; but the QA's did not always find a station like that...

to duty. Turning over the pages you read:

Singapore, February 1942. "... Our barracks hospital was immediately above the docks on a hill. The fighting line was daily growing nearer. So near, one could hear rifle shots in the lull of the deafening roar of shelling and gunfire. The wards were quickly filled to overflowing as one after another the hospitals were hit. We had many shell-shocked patients, who were, I think, the most pathetic of all. When the din had worked up to a crescendo of shells whining overhead, bombs bursting and our own AA guns banging away, one found them in all sorts of odd corners and it was difficult to prevent them rushing out into the open. In spite of it all they tried to reassure us as we worked, saying, 'That one can't hit us now, Matron,' or inviting us to get down under their beds to take cover . . ."

Walcheren, November 1944. (A report from a QA at a Belgian CCS). "... A large number of casualties were brought straight in from the beaches to us. The wards looked something like a battle-field, equipment, arms and ammunition of every description strewn all over the place, beds everywhere, clothes piled high. Patients with burns increased by leaps and bounds. We had always to be in attendance, moving them first one way then another, half an inch at a time, bathing their eyes, soaking their hands, making them

Inspiration of the oldest of the Women's Services — the Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service — was Florence Nightingale, who nursed the Army in the Crimean War. The QAIMNS was founded in its present form in 1902 and has served the British Army ever since both in peace and war.

During World War Two the QAIMNS, with which were incorporated the QAIMNS Reserve and the Territorial Force Nursing Service, served overseas with the Army from Iceland to the Pacific.

They are still serving today wherever the Army is stationed, not only in modern base hospitals but in the tented stations of Burma. Once abroad the QAIMNS are liable to nurse not only soldiers but the victims of any local disaster which may occur.

play imaginary pianos to help the poor remains of their fingers from getting stiff, even holding their cigarettes for them while they smoked. Not knowing what they looked like themselves, they would scrutinize each other and say, 'I don't look as bad as he does, Sister?' One searched wildly for a reply . . ."

This letter from a Sister left to nurse some hundred wounded German POW's during the evacuation from Greece reveals resigned exasperation: "Tuesday 22nd. Well! that's the limit — they now take away the British guards and here I am alone on the top of the Olympus with three tiny little Greek guards who are scared stiff. The patients think we are all going and beg me to stay and look after them, promising visits to Vienna and trips to Berlin. What an awful thought! . . ."

Besides nursing the QA's are responsible for the training of medical orderlies. This letter from a QA teaching natives in a Somaliland hospital shows just what this can involve. ". . . One day I was giving a lecture on diseases of the kidney. I had just pointed out that sometimes it was advisable and necessary to remove the diseased kidney when Pte. John Muya, a giant of about 6ft. 3ins., put up his hand

and said 'If my kidney had to be removed, would I still be a man and have a baby?'

The QA's had their own casualties of killed and wounded, and many who spent indescribable years in Jap camps. One of these was a Sister whose ship was hit during the evacuation from Singapore. She managed to reach an island and was taken off again in another ship. This too was hit, but she got away on a raft. Here is what she writes:

"We managed to pick up a small raft, then came across some other people with a raft and we joined together. In the end there were 16 of us holding on to the rafts, including six children. We lost one or two the next morning, they just could not hold on despite our efforts to bring them back. Sister . . . died that afternoon, having been most terribly brave. Two more women drifted away that afternoon. What with the tropical sun beating on us and at other times terrible storms, no food and water, it was not very pleasant and also no signs of being picked up. On the second day the children went mad, and we had a difficult time with them — lost them all. That night I found myself alone with another woman, a Mrs. Barnett, so we got rid of one raft and just had the small one. We could see small islands





You may see more of the "pin-up" sister (left). She is wearing the regular medal of the QAIMNS. Above: a truckload of QA's photographed just after landing in Normandy to establish the first base hospital.

in the distance so next day we tried with our hands to paddle towards them, but the current was against us and we just seemed to go round in a circle. That afternoon Mrs. Barnett went off the raft taking my life-belt with her, so I was left alone... On the fourth evening I was picked up by a Jap cruiser."

These letters were just five out of some hundred in that file. The Principal Matron who showed me them had been in the QAIMNS for 23 years and had spent four years in a Jap prison camp. She said to me: "There never has been any question of the QA's volunteering to go abroad. Like the Army they were sent abroad, and once abroad anything was likely to happen. 'Universal Aunts' is a better name for us. We seemed to have nursed anyone, at any time, at any place."

Perhaps the most touching tribute to the Sisters came from a Belsen Camp survivor. A few weeks after the camp was liberated he wrote from hospital:

"... Now the greatest and most noble work of our English liberators came. We were all evacuated into hospital, first the children and women, and then

the men. We have now clean beds, and good food, and treated with so much kindness by our English sister. I came to Sister Russell's ward, and I wish to express my most heartfelt thankfulness and deepest feeling for her. She was our mother and never too tired to help us. Now she is leaving. I will never forget Sister Russell, and will remember always what she has done for us, representing the worthy, noble, and gallant English." It was signed "Willy Lubba." A German anti-Nazi, he had fought against Franco in Spain and later had spent six years in three different German concentration camps. That letter was also in the file.

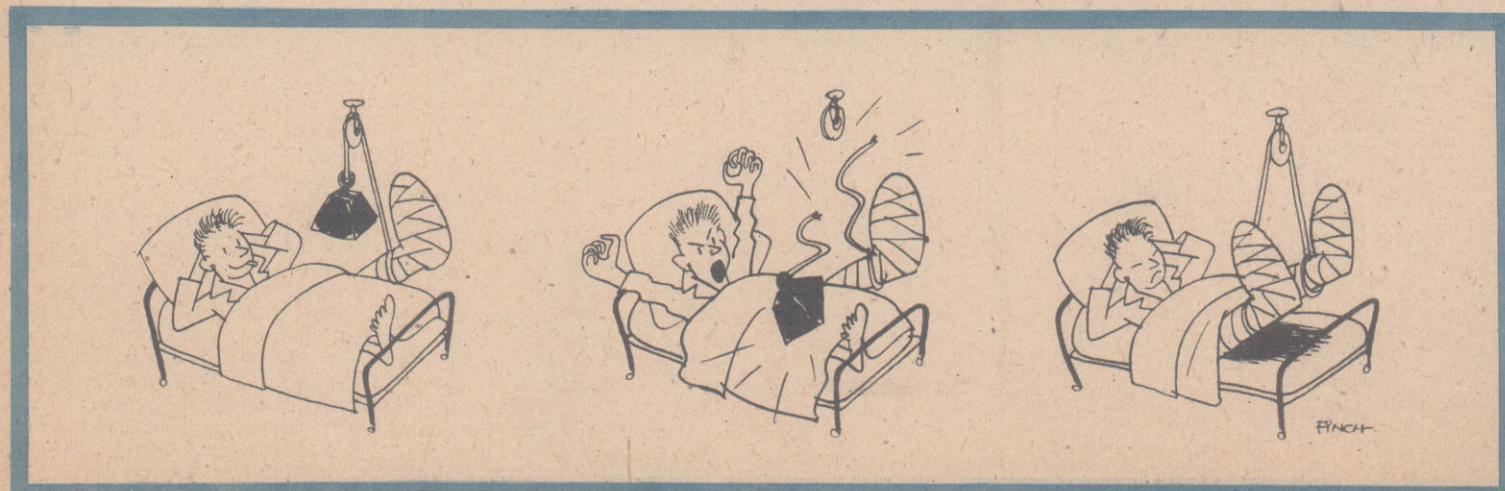
When I handed the batch of letters back to the Principal Matron, she looked at them and said: "The QA's have a history that really goes back to Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War. She was the first Army Nursing Sister." She sighed and said, "One day I must get down to writing a history of the QA's of this last war."

One day she will. When she has time.

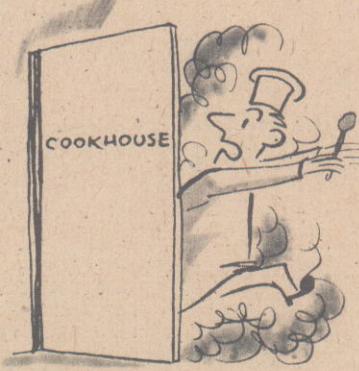
JACK PARKER.



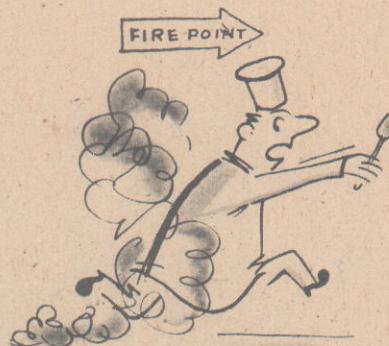
In action: a QA walks beside the patient on the stretcher as RAMC men carry him to the field operating theatre.



SOLDIER HUMOUR



SOLDIER will welcome humorous sketches for this page. Soldiers in all commands are invited to compete. And all drawings published will be paid for.





What, no more red uniforms for the British soldier? These Grand Old Men of Chelsea could afford to smile at Mr. Bellenger's ruling. (You're right — you saw these three in *SOLDIER*'s Christmas number; but photographer Desmond O'Neill insisted on going back with colour film.)

Woods near Hanover (Sjt. J. Ferguson).

Lights of Brussels (Capt. G. C. Waters).



QUIET PAGE



To the Artists Rifles—once a volunteer regiment of painters, musicians and actors—goes the honour of forming the only Special Air Service unit in the new Territorial Army

THE

SAS

ARE TERRITORIALS NOW

ONE warm afternoon in 1859 a young art student, Edward Stirling, was busy sketching the delicate curves of his lady model on canvas when another kind of inspiration came to him. He decided he and his fellow artists ought to form a regiment.

Volunteer armies were the vogue at the time. Only a small regular army was maintained by Britain. Suddenly the country awoke to find itself with a war in the Crimea and a mutiny in India. Also, relationships with the French were somewhat strained. A sudden wave of patriotism resulted in voluntary corps springing up in different districts and between men of different professions. What more suitable, thought Stirling, than a Corps of Artists?

And so the life-class of Carey's School of Art discussed the project in his studio and on 10 May 1860 119 men were enrolled as the first volunteers of the 38th

Middlesex (Artists) Rifle Volunteers, later to become the Artists Rifles. Membership was confined to painters, sculptors, engravers, musicians, architects and actors, each paying an entrance fee of 10s. 6d. and an annual subscription of £1 1s.

The CO and other officers were appointed by popular vote and their commissions were approved by the Queen. Rules were drawn up and officers and NCO's were empowered to inflict fines for indiscipline. For example, "pointing a rifle, loaded or unloaded, at any person without orders" cost £1. "Discharging a rifle accidentally" or "shooting out of turn without leave when engaged in ball practice" cost 2s. 6d. For "hitting the dummy target on the range" the fine was 6d. The records of the regiment show that no fines were ever inflicted.

Starting a 100-mile hike: men of the Eighth Army's Special Air Service, having lost their vehicles by enemy strafing, set out undiscouraged on foot.



Built for offence: one of the raiding jeeps used by the Special Air Service in the Western Desert. The men wore Arab head-dress.



In 1863 an Act of Parliament was passed which placed the volunteer army under the British Army, and from that moment the Government gave each unit 30s. for each man who passed the annual efficiency test. This sum was spent on uniforms and so any volunteer who failed to prove himself "efficient" was called upon to compensate his commanding officer with the 30s., in order that his uniform might be paid for.

When they were 21 years old the Artists Rifles had eight companies. Usually they were given names like the Painters' Company or the Architects' Company. In 1889 the Prince of Wales opened the present headquarters in Duke's Road, Euston Road.

In World War One the 1st Battalion served in France, a second battalion was formed as an officers' training unit and a third was engaged on normal recruit training. Some 15,000 men served in the corps, 2000 were



Regimental badge: Mars and Minerva

TERRITORIALS-

A lady with her own ideas on recruiting part-time soldiers is Mrs. Emma Elizabeth Cope of Finchampstead Place, Berkshire. She believes that a revival of the old Militia would produce more and better recruits, and she has written to SOLDIER to say so.

Mrs. Cope, who is now 87, was the daughter of Major W. R. M. Thoys, who served in the Royal Berkshire Militia up to 1873. As a girl, she wrote a history of the Regiment and published it privately, out of her dress allowance of £100 a year.

"Men will join the regiment their fathers and grandfathers served in, when they have no interest in a Territorial regiment," she says. "If the Militia is revived you will get recruits in different numbers and of a different style from the Territorials."

OR MILITIA?

killed, and 1900 received decorations.

When World War Two came along the Artists Rifles became an OCTU. Thousands of Britain's young leaders were trained by its instructors, but the badge showing the heads of Mars (God of War) and Minerva (Goddess of Wisdom) was rarely seen outside its walls.

From now on that badge should be seen a good deal in London. The corps has just been formed into the 21st Special Air Service Battalion Army Air Corps (Artists Rifles). Not only will it be the only SAS unit in the Territorial Army, it will be the only one in existence.

The SAS was formed in the Middle East in 1941 to raid and collect information behind the enemy lines. Sometimes it moved by land with the Long Range Desert Group, or by sea or air. The members were trained parachutists, and specialists in most forms of warfare. They were equipped with specially armoured jeeps mounting a barrage of machine-guns and with special types of radio.

In 1944 a second battalion was used in Europe where it operated with the cloak-and-dagger boys and the Maquis. Probably no unit in the Army asked for and received greater variety of equipment. Not only were the latest weapons issued to the SAS before they went to any other unit, but from France came strange requests for such things as women's footwear which at first mystified the War Office. It was soon realised that the Maquis contained women soldiers who, in order to carry out their work, needed new shoes to replace their old ones—and shoes were very difficult to get in France. The SAS had promised to supply them. From shoes the indents spread to women's

The Royal Berkshire Militia became the 3rd Battalion, The Berkshire Regiment (now the Royal Berkshire Regiment) in 1881 and had to drop the "Royal" from its name, to its great indignation. It had been recognised as a Militia Regiment from 1640 and for years was embodied whenever there was a war. It was a tradition that the Regiment volunteered on parade for foreign service when war broke out.

Mrs. Cope believes that, in view of its long history of service, the Royal Berkshire Militia should have special consideration and that its badge should be revived. She has one of the original copies of the badge, which was designed and made in Corfu, when the Regiment was serving there at the time of the Crimean war, and is willing to lend it to the War Office to be copied.



Author of the "Eva Braun" play:
Lieut.-Col. A. R. Rawlinson.
(Sketch by a German POW.)

The Play Monty Saw...

YOU probably heard about the "Eva Braun" play which caused something of a flutter in London's theatreland recently.

"Birthmark" was about an English household preparing to welcome the German wife of the son of the family, who was killed in Germany. The girl arrives. She is a "prickly" type, fiercely proud of her infant son. Unluckily for her, the household contains a former officer who had worked in a special unit in Berlin. He has strong reasons to suspect that the woman is Eva Braun. And the son? Well, there's a sporting chance of him being Adolf junior.

Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery went along to see this play and was introduced to the ex-War Office author — Lieut.-Col. A. R. Rawlinson, who was GSO 1 on the General Staff (Intelligence), where he earned the OBE and the American Legion of Merit.

Critics were friendly to Colonel Rawlinson's play. Some of them thought they

were being asked to accept a pretty tall plot but they were pleased at the way the colonel sewed up the ends.

This is not Colonel Rawlinson's first play, but it is one of his most piquant. His previous ones include "This Desirable Residence," "Chain Male" and "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." He is a well-known figure in the British film industry. Among his screen-plays are "Leap Year" (Tom Walls), "Jew Suss" (Conrad Veidt) and Hitchcock's "The Man Who Knew Too Much." At present another of his films — "The Milk-White Unicorn" — is in production. Margaret Lockwood appears in it.

In World War One Lieut.-Col. Rawlinson had a regular commission in the Queen's Royal Regiment, later going to General Staff (Intelligence) at the War Office, where he was to pick up the threads again 20 years later.

...The Film you should see

ADVISING you which films to see is not SOLDIER's normal province, but you could do worse than see an infuriating film called "The Beginning or the End." It deals with the birth of the atom bomb.

The film has some of the most exciting shots any producer could hope for — notably of the building of the first plutonium pile, of the test explosion in the New Mexico desert and the wrecking of Hiroshima. There is enough there to keep the imagination buzzing for a good 48 hours. Excellent, too, are some of the scenes showing the building of the fabulous plant in Tennessee. An executive complains that there isn't a factory in America big enough to build some part or other. The general says, "Build one." It is that kind of picture.

But Hollywood could not stop there. The hero had to put his hand inside the bomb the night before Hiroshima and get fatal burns. The hero's best friend could not break the news to the hero's wife without first taking her along to an enormous statue of Lincoln, which oddly enough was free of spectators. There her dead husband comes back for a few seconds and fades away again. It is that kind of picture, too.

The football season is ending with the limelight upon Stanley Matthews again. He is the idol of the crowds—but not necessarily of his brother professionals

The Riddle of Stanley Matthews

To earn a three-column heading for yourself on the front page of a Sunday newspaper and a two-column heading on the back page, you have to do something fairly sensational as a rule.

Stanley Matthews earned that headline space the other day just for telling why he was changing his club.

Stanley Matthews has never failed to be news. He is the greatest box-office attraction football has had. Yet in the inner circles of Soccer he has never been popular. Critics have said that Stanley spoils team work.

Never was there a more misunderstood man. Strangely enough, it was the British Public, rather than his colleagues, who realised his great usefulness to his side. Could it be jealousy? I think not. Just sheer inability to recognise the unique.

Let us examine the Great Matthews Mystery.

I have met him over a wide range of years, and have never found him anything but a decent, modest, everyday sort of chap only too pleased to hide himself. When I think of some of his

fellows with only a ha'porth of his skill I begin to wonder.

Very naturally, in a team game like Soccer, colleagues are apt to resent limelight being focussed on one out of eleven. Equally naturally, they say: "What good would he be without the other ten of us?", forgetting all the time the superlative skill that projects him ahead of them.

I have spoken to the left full backs of Scotland, Wales and Ireland of the last dozen years; I have chatted with the Continental backs who have pitted their wits against him, and everyone has shown a greater sense of Stanley's worth than the English Selectors who have dropped him at intermittent intervals this season.

What these defenders say is that Matthews takes the ball right up to them, "shows" it to them, whips it away as they flounder in confusion, and then neatly centres the ball to Lawton's or somebody else's head.

Secret of Matthews' success: first-time ball-control.



Matthews will probably be the wealthiest professional to retire from football. He has a hotel in Blackpool.

That has always been my impression too.

There never was a man with such complete ball control—and here I must stress *first-time* ball control. Years of practice, allied to natural ability, gave him that. Tantalisingly he dribbles up under the very nose of a distracted rival before he flicks the ball away to the left with the outside of his boot.

Controversy has always blazed up around him. Say to some greybeard that Stanley got a Football Association presentation for exceeding Eddie Hapgood's number of International appearances, and they will instantly talk about Billy Meredith and Bob Crompton and say that their records were put up in peace-time; that Stan got his awards in war-time. Was that his fault?

I maintain that the worth of a footballer is reflected in his popularity with the crowd—the paying customers—and you have only to announce that Matthews is playing to ensure a thousand or two on the gate. Rightly he still remains the idol of the Potteries. When there was an earlier suggestion that he was going to be transferred there was a town meeting and protests were sent to the directors. Stanley stayed. And I am prepared to wager that they wouldn't have done that for Arnold Bennett in the Five Towns.

Yet all the way through his brilliant career I have been told the off-record stories of how he doesn't mix. There is the story, for instance, of Horatio Carter saying that Stanley's idiosyncrasies played him out of England's team for many years. There is the tale that Lawton cannot tumble to Matthews' moves. That

his wing play is the doom of right halves' hopes.

It is no secret that Carter doesn't like playing with Matthews. That is shown by Carter being in the England side versus France, and Stanley playing in the Inter-League game in Dublin; and, on the other hand, by Carter being out of the Great Britain team and Matthews in. Tommy Lawton remarked to me after the Inter-League game at Everton that he would prefer Tom Finney on the right wing because he knew what was going to happen. The only man who doesn't complain, it seems to me, is honest-to-goodness Billy Wright, who just gets on with the job and manages to make a success of himself and Matthews.

Truth to tell, Stanley is a law unto himself and his brother professionals will not admit it. Financially, he can afford to be. With the possible exception of Lawton, Matthews will go out of football one day—and he has told me he will do that as soon as he feels he is on the slide—the richest professional ever. He has bought himself a profitable hotel in Blackpool, he makes £20 a week from newspaper articles, he has his pay and his bonuses. Is he worrying?

It is very certain that whatever Colonel Parkinson, Blackpool's millionaire enthusiast, pays for him he will be worth it because of the increased gates he will pull into the Bloomfield Road enclosure, as he did in war-time.

Yet such is human nature he will leave Victoria Ground, Stoke, unsung, possibly unregretted, for I know that officials there still think that he is an obstacle to a forward line's rapid progress. I don't.

ARCHIE QUICK.

A LANCE-CORPORAL LOOKS BACK

YOU feel blue today. You sit in the office alone, on a Sunday Duty, and you look out at the grey sky and your spirits are as cheerless as the weather. Today is dull. Today is empty and desolate and you know nothing of the future.

All right—take refuge in the past. Remember the lines of Moore:

*"I love not the indelicate present
And the Future's unknown to our
quest.
Today is the life of the peasant.
But the past is a haven of rest.
The things of the past are the
best."*

So remember the things of the past. Remember the good things. Maybe you will see them against a background of darkness and desolation, but the contrast will enhance their magic. The background will be the wrecked towns and villages of Africa and Europe. Remember the children's school in Sousse with the middle blown out of it, exposing the interiors of the classrooms with the forms and the blackboards still there, and the brightly coloured pictures hanging at crazy angles on the walls. And outside in the dusty street the paper is still strewn over the roadway and sidewalks. Exercise books, history lessons, and photographs of classes with the children dressed in their best clothes, smiling self-consciously at the camera, but proud and very happy. Where were those children when the bombs fell or when the shells came screaming in from the sea? How many are happy today? How many are alive?

Remember the dead you saw, and the living mourning the dead amidst the ruins of their homes. These are things you will always remember because these were your fellow men. Not Frenchmen or Dutchmen or German or English. Don't hang tags onto the victims of tragedy. These are your brothers and sisters, members of the human race. Their sickness is yours also; their misfortunes are your misfortunes.

But most of all, because today is so grey, remember the good things. The sunsets in the Mediterranean as you sailed East from Gibraltar, when the wake stretched out behind the ship in a dancing trail of dark blue and gold. Remember coming through the

Straits under cover of darkness and seeing the myriad lights of Tangier glittering away to the south, and then the hills behind Oran where later you pitched horse-shoes with the gentleman from Missouri and played baseball with the outfit from Texas. Remember standing in the olive grove near M'Saken and watching the planes and the gliders going overhead in the gathering dusk, heading for the first big Airborne operation, in Sicily, and you keeping your fingers crossed for those guys up aloft.

Remember Gabrielle in Tunis, the girl with the delicate pale skin, black hair and eyes, and the voice of an angel. You would sit at the table in the open-air café in the Belvedere Park and wait for Gabrielle to appear and sing with the orchestra. You thought it charming and quaint to sit in the languorous warmth of a North African summer evening and listen to Gabrielle singing of "A White Christmas." And when she had finished her songs she would come over and sit at your table and talk to you in her fascinating mixture of French, Italian and English.

It was difficult to say goodbye to Paulette in Algeria. It was even more difficult to say goodbye to Gabrielle. That was more than three years ago and you wonder what they look like today. Perhaps they are married and have families. Perhaps they are both fat and unshapely now, with their good figures gone the way all good figures go in that part of the world. But today you remember them as you saw them last, and you will always remember them that way—and they were beautiful.

Remember the dust and then the rain in Normandy, the savagery of the Caen bombing and the human wreckage that came stumbling out of the Falaise pocket. Remember the slap-happy chase across France and Belgium after the break-through. With your idealistic dreams of genuine international understanding you don't particularly like this intense "national" spirit, but even so you were very moved and very thrilled from the moment of crossing the Belgian frontier by the huge banners of red, black and gold floating from the windows. You were thrilled by the singing of the people, by the happiness in their faces, by the tumultuous reception you had in Tournai and Douai and Ath, and all the way into Brussels itself, where the climax was reached and

you ran right into a city gone crazy with delight.

You came across this again later—eight months later—when you drove from the airfield at Gardmoen and came, just before midnight, although it was not yet really dark, down into Oslo. The black, red and gold of Belgium had given place to the red, white and blue of Norway, and the daylight in Brussels had become dusk in Oslo. But those were only surface differences. Here was the same enthusiasm and the same happiness, the same cheering and laughter and dancing and singing, and the same spirit of love for one's country.

Look out of the window again now and see the rain on the roadway, and the dark gloomy clouds hanging low over the hills around Hohenlimburg, and then think of the fragrant midsummer night of 1945 when there was no darkness and you danced and dined in a garden down by the shores of Oslo fjord. That was the night on which you first heard the famous toast: "Din Skaal, Min Skaal, Alle vakte pikers Skaal" (which roughly means "Your health, my health, the health of all the pretty girls"). You will see that garden long after other memories have gone. The half-light through the early morning hours, the lights of the bonfires circling the shores of the fjord, the occasional electric train passing among the trees near the top of the hill, going south towards the Swedish frontier. You remember the girl at that party who had just arrived from Stockholm after five years of exile.

Not a beautiful girl, at any ordinary time, but beautiful that night by reason of her own happiness and the magic of midsummer.

Above all, you remember the first time you went into Oslo and the journey on the train back to Bekkelaget when a little girl of perhaps seven or eight attached herself to you. A poor little girl, judging by the clothes she wore and her shabby shoes. She took you back to Bekkelaget and got off the train with you and walked down to the gates of the camp. And there she did something you will never forget. She fumbled through her pockets in a desperate effort to find a gift she could give to you. She had almost nothing. Eventually she produced a scrap of serviette

Gabrielle in Tunis and Helga in Oslo... it is pleasant to think about them again on a wet Sunday in Germany, says Lance-Corporal W. S. Buckley

paper with the Norwegian flag in one corner, and a black silken tassel from the cap of a student. Then you bent down and she kissed you and put her gifts into your hands and went away. You never saw her again although you looked often. And if you saw her today you wouldn't recognize her. But amongst the souvenirs you have accumulated there is nothing of more value



Back to the days of glory:
the liberation of Brussels.

than that scrap of paper and the black silken tassel.

You remember the night you went to the theatre with Helga and then returned to the flat on the north side of Oslo, and of switching on the radio and hearing Mr. Attlee announcing the capitulation of the Japanese and the final ending of the war. And you drank a toast with Helga and said, "To no more war!" and you believed it then but today you are not so sure.

All right, then, these are a few of the things you have thought about during the past hour and now it is time for tea. Maybe you won't see the coming of the Brotherhood of Man, and maybe your children and your children's children won't see it either, but it will come one day. Maybe most of us will have been blown off the face of the earth before it comes but the survivors will finally get together and build a decent world out of the pieces. And this world of today—this stupid, muddleheaded, cold and hungry chaotic world of today will be but a grotesque chapter in the history books of the future. Roll on, Utopia.

L/Cpl. W. S. BUCKLEY
HQ 1 British Corps Dist.

WINE and FLOWERS

Wine: White wine to be drunk from tall glasses, red wine from short glasses.

Flowers: To be unwrapped in the hall. Never presented with the paper round them. In presenting flowers, hold the stalks downwards.

These instructions for German artillery officer cadets are quoted in Milton Shulman's "Defeat in the West."

The date of the instructions? April, 1943.

How Much Do You Know?

1. The letter on the right is distinguished from the letter on the left by small embellishments which are called (a) cupidors; (b) serifs; (c) caryatids; (d) architraves. Which?

2. What kind of currency is expressed thus: £E1000?

3. Can you think of a British Member of Parliament whose surname begins with Z?

4. Are the names of these film actors correctly spelled:

Stuart Granger;

James Stewart.

5. Find the false statement here:

A Bugatti is an Italian race car.

Laurel is thin, Hardy is fat.

Sexton Blake stories still come out.

GI stands for Government Issue.

6. Soldiers in the Far East will know that this native is playing a game of (a) pelota; (b) chin lon; (c)



rickshawman's rugger. Which?

7. Which of these does the King own?:

All the land around Britain between high and low water mark;

All golden eagles accidentally shot;

All mines of gold and silver;

All salt processed from sea lochs.

8. Where would you expect to find these lines inscribed:

"... Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to
breath free;
The wretched refuse of your teeming
shore;

Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

9. What is the name of the volcano which was causing all the excitement in Iceland recently?

10. Farmer Giles' grey mare had a rendezvous with a stallion on January 1. When will Farmer Giles look for a foal — early in October, November, December or next January?

11. Which of these is an intruder: Rhyl, Brighton, Blackpool, Skegness, Dunoon, Bognor, Llandrindod?

EE

12. Ralph Ingersoll is noted for (a) making watches; (b) attacking Field-Marshal Montgomery's generalship; (c) inventing a loading line for ships; (d) discovering Jane Russell. Which?

13. Can you identify an item of sports equipment from this description: it is not more than 38 inches in length and not wider than four-and-a-quarter inches at the widest part.

14. RAC can stand for Royal Armoured Corps and Royal Automobile Club. What other initials also stand for a fighting formation and a motoring organisation?

15. Daphne Slater has recently been in the news. She is (a) the youngest girl to play Juliet at Stratford; (b) a Canadian skating star;

(c) the wife of Frank Sinatra;

(d) a WAAF who was parachuted to the Maquis.

Which?

16. You know what the King's colour of your regiment is like. What are the King's racing colours?

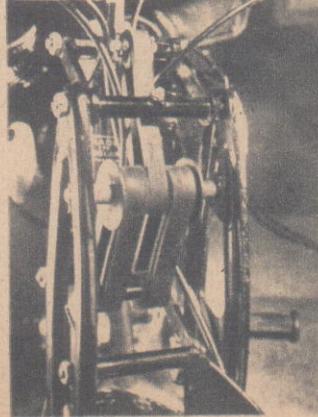
17. The British Army recently handed over administration of the Dodecanese Islands to Greece. Who controlled them before the war?

18. Lord Louis Mountbatten is the new Viceroy of India. What is his wife's title?

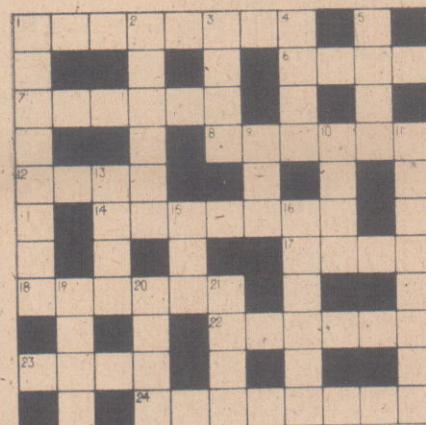
19. How good a detective are you? Mr. X was puzzled to find one day on the stone terrace of his house six small pieces of coal and a clay pipe in a puddle of water. Can you suggest what had been going on?

20. What does this picture show?

(Answers on Page 43)



CROSSWORD



Down:

1. A man and a letter in deed.
2. Threelfold.
3. Sometimes giddy.
4. One of Nature's "up-and-downers".
5. Seems to be a delightfulful song.
6. A water-reptile.
7. When this is ready it's off the peg.
11. "Dig to dry", says the unclean animal (two words).
13. The bird for a joke.
15. Cyclist's footprint?
16. Wandering.
19. Border on.
20. Put out.
21. Maul about a chemical.

(Answers on Page 43)

That World Army

IN SOLDIER for April 1947 appeared an article: "Where's that International Army?" This pointed out that UNO's military staff committee had been sitting for over a year trying to find a formula for a world force against aggressors, and that no report had yet been issued.

The report was issued last month, and many readers will have seen references to it in the Press for May 4-5. Here is a summary for those who missed it:

The report contained 41 articles, of which 25 were unanimously agreed and 11 had the approval of four of five of the big powers (Britain, America, Russia, China, France). Articles approved cover the purposes of UNO forces, their general composition, methods of supply and strategic direction and command.

Four main disagreements were referred to the Security Council. Of these only one was thought likely to prevent the military staffs going on to their next stage — deciding the size of the forces to be at UNO's disposal, and negotiating with individual members for contributions. This bone of contention is whether contributions from individual powers should be "comparable," or equal in strength and composition (the Russian view). Taken literally, the Soviet view means that if, for instance, a contributing power had no aircraft carriers, there could be no aircraft carriers in the Council's naval forces.

The second disagreement is on whether contributed forces should be stationed within a country's boundaries, or in any territories or waters to which she has access. Russia favours the first course, Britain and America the second.

Next, British and American delegates want a general guarantee about bases incorporated in all agreements negotiated with UNO's members. Russia disagrees, saying bases are not mentioned in the UN Charter.

Finally, Russia wants a time limit imposed for the withdrawal of forces after the completion of a mission. The other four think this impracticable.

* Clearly, there is a long row to hoe before the International Army makes its debut. And it is worth remembering that world forces, once established, can be employed only if there is unanimity among the Great Powers.

INSUBORDINATION

LIET-COL. Charles Frank Byers is Liberal Member of Parliament for Dorset North.

Captain Frederick John Bellenger is Labour Member of Parliament for Bassetlaw. He is also Secretary of State for War.

In the recent debate on the National Service Bill there was a lot of argument about training notices. Mr Bellenger said:

"I am surprised that an hon. Gentleman like the hon. Member for Northern Dorset who has held the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Army does not know how the men are warned to attend a parade for an evening drill or a weekend camp."

To this Lieut-Col. Byers retorted: "I am surprised at this insubordination on the part of a relatively junior officer."

The House had a good laugh, Mr. Bellenger grinned and Lieut-Col. Byers went home happy. It's not every day you can use your rank over the War Minister.

You'd think
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He's a nice fellow really. But girls take good care to keep out of his way. They just can't forgive a man for being guilty of Oral Offence.

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"I secured the position with Messrs. All the positions you have introduced me to have been reputable firms and carried a good salary besides commission." G.W.P.

"This is to confirm my appointment with Messrs. May I thank you for the introductions that enabled me to secure the post." A.H.M.

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- (b) Sales Management
- (c) Export

(Cross out two)

Name

Address

112 A

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EDGE



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SHAVES

Ever-Ready **CORRUXX** **Blades**
THEY'RE HOLLOW GROUND — THEY LAST LONGER !

The Widow's Curse

OFFICERS IN 12 MONTHS

Yes, in certain cases, says Mr. Bellenger

CAN a potential officer be chosen from the ranks, trained and commissioned all in the 12 months laid down by the new National Service Bill?

Or will all men wishing to become officers have to sign for a longer period?

Or will all officers in the New Army be regulars?

These are questions about which there is much controversy. Some light was shed on them in the recent Commons debate on the National Service Bill. It is doubtful whether all MP's who discussed the commissioning of officers knew that ACI 184 of March 1947 had cancelled the earlier rule which said that commissions would go only to potential officers willing to serve a year after commissioning.

It was Mr. Kenneth Pickthorn (Cambridge University) who raised the problem. He said it was most important that those most fit to become officers should be earmarked at the earliest possible stage for training. It was equally important, however, that the type of boy of 18 or 19 most likely to make a good officer should not be given an extra-late start in his civilian career because he had enough initiative to make an officer.

There was an obvious temptation for the Army, having spent a lot of money making a conscript an officer, to get some of the money back by keeping him in the Services longer than a private or a lance-corporal.

At present young men in some

Answers

(from Page 40)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. Serfs, 2. Egyptian pounds, 3. Mr. K. Zilliarius (Gateshead), 4. It should be Stewart Granger, 5. A Bugatti is a French race car, 6. Chin Ion, 7. All the land between high and low water; all mines of gold and silver, 8. On the Statue of Liberty, New York harbour, 9. Mount Hekla, 10. Early in December, 11. Llandrindod is not a seaside town, 12. Attacking Monty's generalship, 13. A cricket bat, 14. AA: anti-aircraft and Automobile Association, 15. Youngest Juliet, 16. Black velvet cap, gold fringe, purple gold braid and scarlet sleeves, 17. Italy, 18. Vicereine, 19. A snowman has just melted, 20. Front suspension of new Enfield light-weight motor cycle, as shown at British Industries Fair.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: — 1. Distract, 6. Idle, 7. Motion, 8. Teemed, 12. Nell, 14. Aerated, 17. Rent, 18. Dakota, 22. Leaned, 23. Fuss, 24. Tempting.

DOWN: — 1. Demanded, 2. Triple, 3. Aunt, 4. Tide, 5. Glee, 9. Eft, 10. Made, 11. Dirty dog, 13. Lark, 15. Rut, 16. Errant, 19. Abut, 20. Oust, 21. Alum.

regiments were told that they had little hope of a commission unless they stayed for two years continual service; in other regiments, for five. This was going to discourage men from becoming officers, and would mean that our Reserve would have fewer trained officers than it ought to have.

There was the further objection that if young men contemplating a commission were uncertain whether they would be in for one year or five, it would be impossible for registrars of colleges and universities to make up their lists, or to administer a fair proportion between school and ex-service entries.

Mr. Bellenger, War Minister, said:

"I say quite frankly that in certain arms of the Service it will not be possible for National Service men within 12 months' whole-time training to get the necessary qualifications and standard which are desirable... we shall give every facility and opportunity to all the National Service men within the period of their whole-time training... or if not within that whole-time training period, immediately after it, when they go on to the reserve, or later on, the opportunity of getting a commission. It must be evident... that we cannot hope to carry the National Service intakes, which will be considerable, with only regular officers to officer them. We must look for a certain number of National Service men to provide the officers for the National Service army; otherwise we simply shall not have the numbers."

The Regular Army needed every officer it could get to look after itself. That was why Sandhurst was now pushing men through an intensive 18 months course.

"A certain proportion of National Service men within the whole-time period will be able to get commissions, and, obviously, it will have to be left to the different Services to lay down the standards and qualifications before they can get their commissions. The man who might be able to get such a commission within the whole-time period would then follow into his reserve service with his commission."

It would be impossible to lay down precisely how many would get their commissions in the

whole-time period or immediately afterwards.

"In the technical branches they would not get their commissions in 12 months, whether in the Navy, Army or Air Force. However, I hope the Committee will be satisfied that we are going to make provision on that point."

Mr. Oliver Stanley (Bristol, West) said he wanted the House to be shown the regulations under which National Service men could qualify for commissions.

"We on this side attach the greatest importance to making sure that there are provisions which enable the bright young man to get his commission either during the year or shortly afterwards, and to move on to his part-time service as an officer, thereby providing some of the officers for the Territorials. I do not believe the Territorials will get their junior officers by any other way."

Mr. A. V. Alexander, Minister of Defence, said he hoped to be able to ensure that commissioning of candidates under the National Service Bill would be carried out under regulations to be laid before Parliament.

In the same Commons debate Mr. Rhys Davies (Westhoughton) sought to obtain exemption from conscription for "the only son of a widow living with and supporting his mother."

He said this concession was made in France and other conscript countries. He quoted from a ballad of the time of Henry V:

"Go cruit me Cheshire and Lancashire,
And Derby hills that are so free;
No married man or widow's son,
No widow's curse shall go with me."

"I am fortified in my argument also," said Mr. Davies, "because this matter has been debated for centuries when Governments have been recruiting men for the Forces. They have always been afraid to recruit the only son of the widow because the Bible told them that a curse would come upon them if they did so."

Mr. George Isaacs, Minister of Labour, decided to risk the widow's curse. Financial help, he said, would be given in any cases of hardship.

Lieut-Col. W.M.F. Vane (Westmorland) speaking as the only son of a widow, said: "I am sure that we have not the least desire to be considered as a privileged class." Challenged by another member, he said: "... My mother was most anxious that I should join the Regular Army, and it took all my efforts to avoid it."

Mr. Rhys Davies lost his motion.

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LETTERS

"STRANGE REQUEST"

Your editorial comments to the letter, "Strange Request", in **SOLDIER** for April seem to me to be remarkably presumptuous. Up till now I have always considered your magazine to be unbiased, especially from the humanitarian outlook. Is it, then, not feasible to imagine that certain types of soldiers, experienced in travel, are bound eventually to judge mankind as a whole, irrespective of the racial myths which were largely responsible for most of us having to don khaki? I can honestly appreciate, all things considered, including the present deplorable state of our own country, prone before the almighty god whom men call "riches", the man who looks to Germany as a last chance to help to convert a shattered people to Christianity (in the moral sense) and hope against hope that the result will be as a faint spark in the darkness of distrust, conceit and so called commercialism of this mad atom age, even though this man realises that materially he will lose. Which is the better? Smug satisfaction, security and comfort; or moral happiness in the face of material adversity?

Perhaps your correspondent's views are not high-minded—but that is no excuse for your unpremeditated outburst, which obviously reeks of unbalanced bias. Personally, I am a Federalist and to me this sort of thing, stressing of racialism, spells the end of our civilisation, which would, perhaps be the easiest if not the best

solution of the present world problems. — **WO1 T. L. Green, RAEC, 4 Inf. Bde, BAOR** (Copy to: Federal Union, Victor Gollancz, The Editor, *Contemporary Review*, BFN Padre.)

★ The original letter asked, "Please settle an argument: Is it possible for an English soldier to become a naturalised German, and if so, how?" Our reply was, "SOLDIER trusts that this is an argument and nothing more. At present no one can become a German. When a German government is formed and recognised, application would have to be made to it. Presumably residential and other qualifications would have to be fulfilled."

SOLDIER's reply was not "unpremeditated."

PUPPY LOVE?

I wish you had printed in your blackest type the sentence: "The soldier who, over-susceptible to a friendly atmosphere abroad, goes into marriage in a sort of romantic mist is taking on a risky proposition indeed." ("A Greek Wife Moves In"— **SOLDIER**, May.)

The British Zone is full of young soldiers full of puppy love and self-pity, grumbling because they cannot get married to some fraulein at a week's notice. I do not say all these mixed marriages will fail, but I hate to see fellows taking on what may well be a life-time of worry before they are old enough to know their own minds. Just because they are in a strange land with time on their hands they dramatise their feelings towards girls they would not look at twice in England. — **R. J. B. (name and address supplied)**

BRIGADIER'S MONOCLE

May I make an observation about the caption under Brigadier Fergusson's picture: "He had a monocle parachuted to him in the jungle" (**SOLDIER** Bookshelf, March).

As a SEAC reporter, I interviewed Fergusson when writing up his Brigade and he was quite clear on the fact that, although he had a monocle parachuted to him in the jungle, he objected to this

ACTING RANK

FROM 1 July the time which an NCO has to spend in an acting rank before becoming war-substantive is to be doubled. This ends the war-time system of quick promotions.

The old and the new times are as follows:

Paid Acting Rank	War substantive rank after	
	Present rules	New rules
Corporal	3 months	6 months
Sergeant	6 months	12 months
C/sjt or equiv. and WO III	6 months	12 months
WO class II	9 months	18 months
WO class I	12 months	24 months

(One month will be reckoned as 30 days)

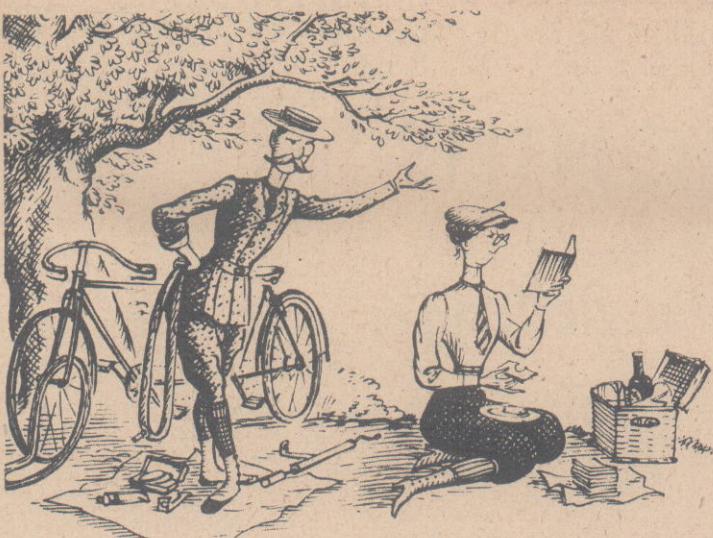
All WO's and NCO's holding acting ranks on 1 July will be allowed to count the period served in that rank before the date as double. This means an acting sergeant who has held that rank for two months will become a war-substantive sergeant after eight more months. As in the past all approved periods of acting rank held by a man will count towards the total needed for war-substantive.

These rules apply to ATS.



short, unqualified reference, because it implied that a monocle was parachuted to him by itself; and this, of course, as you can appreciate, could cause a lot of amusement.

In fact, as I gathered from his staff at the time, a monocle was parachuted to him on more than one occasion when



Daisy, Daisy, give me a sandwich, do!
Don't be lazy, give me a Guinness, too!
For lunch isn't lunch without it,
So hurry up about it!
It's nice to drink
And it's nice to think
That a Guinness is good for you!



**You'll feel better when
you've had a GUINNESS.**

G.E.1341.E

Gunners' Abrasions . . .

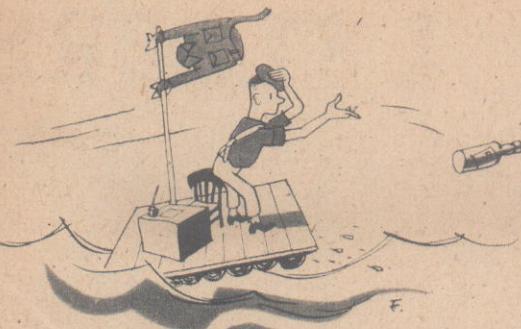
You would be interested in some of the letters we receive from Service men and women praising Germolene.

Here is a Gunner writing for himself and his mates—just "to show my appreciation of Germolene, which is so marvellously quick in healing the cuts and abrasions which one suffers whilst doing maintenance work on the guns. We are a small detachment here, and we all club together and buy a large tin of Germolene between us. It certainly is an excellent dressing. We have never had any serious case of blood poisoning, thanks to its rapid healing properties."

IF YOU HAVE SKIN TROUBLE
THERE'S ALWAYS

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he had either lost or broken a glass, but it was parachuted from the ration plane, alongside the rations, which is quite a different thing. But for the fact that it happens to be the ever ridiculed eyeglass, and that he was a brigadier, the "operation" might never have been noticed. Knowing what the Chindits had to put up with, the breakage of monocles and spectacles, if any, could not be considered unusual. If Brigadier Fergusson had had a pair of spectacles dropped with the rations by parachute, nobody would have considered it amusing. From what little I knew of this man he was not one to gain publicity and was genuinely peeved at such cheap journalism, whence this story originated.

Please do not think that I label you in the cheap journalism category because I admire your journal immensely. The story started a long time ago; and of course, once started, is, I suppose, bound to become legend. — **Ex-SEAC** (name and address supplied).

21 YEARS WITHOUT LEAVE

I can just pip Lieut. A. E. Brittain's record of serving 18 years with one battalion and 19 years without taking leave.

Here's my claim: 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ years with the 2nd Bn The Duke of Wellington's Regiment; 21 $\frac{1}{4}$ years without taking leave.

On 24 May 47 I shall have completed 25 years service (boy's service nil). Out

of this only 15 months have been spent in England. This period includes 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ months depot training.

**Cpl. F. Newton,
HQ Pln. D Coy.,
HQ BAOR.**

★ Longest period with one battalion so far is claimed by Capt. C. W. Smart — 23 years seven months (see *SOLDIER* April). Cpl. Newton holds the longest-without-leave title to date.

WITH THE DUKE

In your article on "The firm which joined up" (*SOLDIER* April) you mention the discovery of the surveys made by the Duke of Westminster's armoured cars in the desert in 1917 and how accurate they were found to be. Thanks for the compliment! I was one of the surveyors in question, attached from the Cheshire Yeomanry to No. 2 Light Car Patrol. The surveys were made in early 1916, from Jarabub to Farafra via Siwa Oasis.

As a boy of 17 in the Senussi campaign I am probably one of the few "spare bobs" left of that campaign to serve six years in this. — **Capt. J. E. Gosling, RASC, 3 Base Petroleum Installation, Hamburg.**

CLOTHING COUPONS

I read the announcement in *SOLDIER* about the issue of coupons to regulars, but I can find no information about the date of issue. — **Cpl. F. D. Rentos, 247 Provost Company, BAOR.**

★ The announcement was made in Parliament (*Hansard* March 13). Further details will be made known later.

(More Letters on Page 46)

A DESERTER WRITES...

ORDINARILY we ignore anonymous letters.

We break this rule in the case of an unsigned letter from a deserter in Germany. He is an Irishman. His story is that when the war started he joined the Irish Army, thinking Ireland would come in. Becoming disillusioned, he deserted and joined the British Army, volunteering for overseas. On his 14 days leave he took a chance and slipped home to Ireland to see his mother. Returning, he was arrested by Irish MP's, court-martialled and sentenced to 96 days detention as a deserter from the Irish Army.

When released he could not get his discharge so deserted again, changed his name and joined the RAF, volunteering for air crew duties. He is still serving in Germany, and has signed on for an extra period.

"I want to give myself up," he tells *SOLDIER*, "but first I would like to know if I could be granted the King's Pardon." He asks for advice in the pages of *SOLDIER*.

This man's big mistake was that on release he did not seek to rejoin his former British Army unit, but joined the RAF. (He also put himself in the wrong a second time with the Irish Army).

SOLDIER, obviously, cannot predict what view a court-martial might take in this rather unusual case. Assuming this man's story is true, it is possible — and this is only *SOLDIER*'s opinion — that he might be found absent only from the period when he again entered Britain or Northern Ireland to the day he joined the RAF. A court-martial convicting on such a charge might well take into favourable account the man's subsequent service in the Forces and deal with him lightly; much more lightly than it would deal with a man who had been living for years on the black market.

SOLDIER, however, is not a tribunal. To this man and to any other deserters who may contemplate writing to *SOLDIER*, we can only advise: give yourself up, tell the full story and rely on the court-martial to give you a just deal.

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Common Prelim. E.J.E.B.	Production Engineering	Weights and Measures Inspectors
Concrete and Structural Engineering	Pumps and Pumping Machinery	Welding
Draughtsmanship, All Branches.		Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony
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MORE LETTERS

APPROVAL

I read the article in SOLDIER (April 1947) about the new webbing equipment and kit bag. My friends and I are very glad to see that some improvement is being made at long last on the old webbing stuff. I suppose there are a few die-hards who object to this change, but I can assure you that ninety per cent of the Army, particularly the Infantry, will welcome it with open arms.

Could you please tell me how long it will be before we are issued with the new equipment? — **Pte. R. Smith, 5 Div.**

★ Sorry, we can't give any date. It depends how fast the old webbing is used up.

PIE IN THE SKY

A grouse about SOLDIER: it is obvious that you are out more to sell the New Army than to comment on it. Mr. Bellenger's Buttons, the new kitbag, water-bottle and webbing — but not yet! SOLDIER is full of such Pie in the Sky. — **Rtn. C. A. Smith, 2nd Rifle Brigade.**

★ We're not out to sell anything, except, SOLDIER. If the pie's in the sky we say so; we don't promise it tomorrow. And what's the harm in looking at the sky now and again?

MILITARY MEDAL

In SOLDIER for March you say that winners of the MM in World War Two are awarded £20. What is the authority for this? I was awarded the medal in World War One and I can't understand why there should be a distinction in monetary grants between soldiers holding the same award. — **SSM. P. A. Matthews MM, School of Signals, Catterick.**

On enquiring at my battery office I was told there is no grant for the MM. Can you quote the ACI? — **Gnr. J. C. Thompson MM, 3rd. Medium Regt. RA, BAOR.**

★ Announcement of the new monetary awards for the MM and DCM is contained in Hansard, 27 February 1945. This statement also revises the scale of grants for other military awards to make them the same in all three Services. No ACI has yet been issued, but a White Paper giving military authority is to be published.

The number of MM's awarded in World War One was about 40,000; in World War Two about 8000.

HIRING BLUES

Is it possible to hire a suit of blues through the Army or other organisations in England, as I am getting married this year and would like a suit for this occasion? I understand that the women's Services can hire wedding dresses. Is there not a scheme whereby men can hire clothing? — **Pte. P. Carey, The Royal Sussex Regt., 2 Leave Centre, BAOR.**

TWO QUESTIONS

Can a soldier who has had his age and service group raised on account of detention regain his old group? I say he



can if he serves six clear months without a charge.

What is the regulation about the length of hair a soldier is allowed on the top of his head? — **Cfn. J. J. Mahoney, REME 1 Bn. Cheshire.**

★ (1) Time spent on desertion, absence, detention and imprisonment is not reckoned for service and no provision is made for restoring the former age group.

(2) King's Regulations (para. 1003) state: "The hair of the head will be kept short. The chin and underlip will be shaved. Whiskers, if worn, will be of moderate length."

GOING OUT SOON

I am leaving the Army in June. I joined June, 1935, for 12 years. How do I come off under this £10-a-year regular soldier's gratuity you wrote about recently? Where can I find full details? Also, do I get my discharge papers in June or do I wait until General Demobilisation? — **Cpl. A. W. Steel, 174th. Workshops and Park Sqdn, RE.**

★ As far as we can work it out you should get £25 each for your eleventh and twelfth years. Full details are published in the White Paper, "Post-war code of pay..." (Cmd. 6715)

December 1945, paras. 33, 34 and 53. If you are actually being discharged as a regular soldier you will receive your discharge papers (B 108) at the time. If, however, you are merely being released under the Age and Service Group system you will receive your release documents, and your discharge papers will not follow until General Demobilisation.

THE STUDENT

I am in Group 60 and want to return to my college to complete a scholarship course. Can I get a Class B release? I have been told that only men up to group 55 are eligible. — **Rfn. G. Greed, Rifle Bde Band, BAOR.**

★ Students under group 62 are now considered for Class B release. You should apply again.

ON RESERVE

As a Section B Reservist I realise I am liable to recall to the Colours, but have I any legal obligations to report for training, camps and so on? — **R. A. Coles, Culford Road, London N1.**

★ Yes, if ordered to by your officer ifc records. But there is no need for you to report anywhere until you are so instructed.

INDIA ASKS...

Can I get a transfer to the RAF? I am not a regular soldier but would be prepared to sign on for a regular engagement in the RAF. Before my call up I was in the ATC. — **Pte. A. Bellmann, Bedfis and Harts, Meerut, India.**

★ You can apply to be considered for a transfer subject to ACI 469/46.

AIR GUNS

Can you tell me the regulations on the importation of air guns into the United Kingdom? — **L/Cpl. J. Sheedy, 194 Provost Coy (Ports), CRMP.**

★ Neither a licence nor a firearms certificate is required for importing air guns. You will, of course, have to pay Customs duty. Full details ACI 901/46.

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

June



1947

Editor:

c/o AWS 3, The War Office, 60 Eaton Square, London SW 1. (Tel: SLOane 9600 ext 556)

Subscriptions and circulation:

OC, No 1 BANU, BAOR. (Tel: Hamburg 34 44 81)

Advertisements:

30 Fleet Street, London EC 4. (Tel: Central 2786-7-8)



HERE'S JOE

"Why don't you write something about Joe Hitchcock, the darts captain of the St. Dunstan Four?" wrote in SOLDIER reader Pte. Reg. Fordham, 30 Field Bakery, RASC, after reading the story of Jim Pike (SOLDIER March 1947). "If you look up the records you will find Joe beat Jim twice over 1001, best two out of three games and the St. Dunstan Four have raised more money in the last three years than the News of the World have raised in the war."

Well, Reg, your request is granted. SOLDIER's photographer took this picture of Joe Hitchcock playing at a St. Dunstan charity match at the Thornhill Arms, Caledonian Road.

Joe has been playing darts since he was 13 and now at 33 he is Britain's No. 1 dart player. "There is not another player capable of such consistently good play," says The Dart magazine. Playing in a recent 3001 individual match, he won the game in 35 throws, scoring 16 "tons" (seven consecutive) and one 140.

Joe says: "Playing darts is just a matter of confidence. You look at the number you want until it grows bigger and bigger and then you tell yourself 'You can't miss it'."

The St. Dunstan Four, formed by Harry Allen of the Lincoln Arms 18 months ago (not three years ago), have raised the astonishing total of over £13,000 — about £175 a week — and all from collections and raffles held around the bars.

Two Minute Sermon

The cost of living is very expensive. Cigarettes are now 3s 4d for 20, tobacco 4s 6d an ounce—and so it goes on. We get weary of paying so much to live; at least that is what we feel sometimes.

There used to be a song called: "the best things in life are free..." It was just a song but when you begin to think about it you realise how true it is. The things in life which really are life—the important and essential things, the really best things are free. They come each day, each month and

each year for nothing and it is because they are free and come without our asking that we forget their existence.

How much do we have to pay, for instance, for our health, our strength and the beauty of the world we live in, our friends, our home and the people who love us? All these things are yours and mine for nothing, and they are God's gift to us to use. Have we learned to use them to the best of our ability—and to appreciate them? If we haven't we should try.

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SOLDIER

THE BRITISH



ARMY MAGAZINE



James Mason
Is too well-known to waste space on.
But his leading lady, Kathleen Ryan,
Is worth casting an eye on.