

SOLDIER

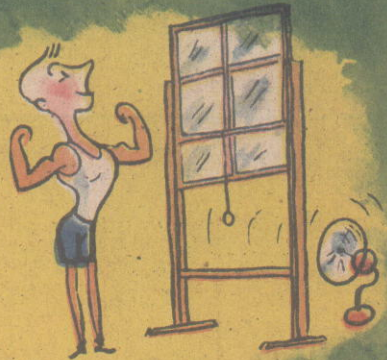
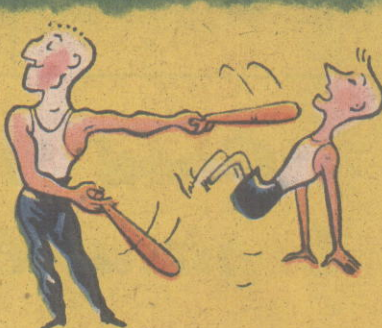
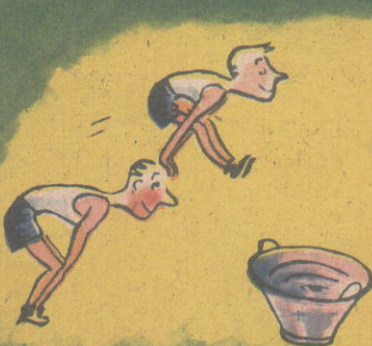
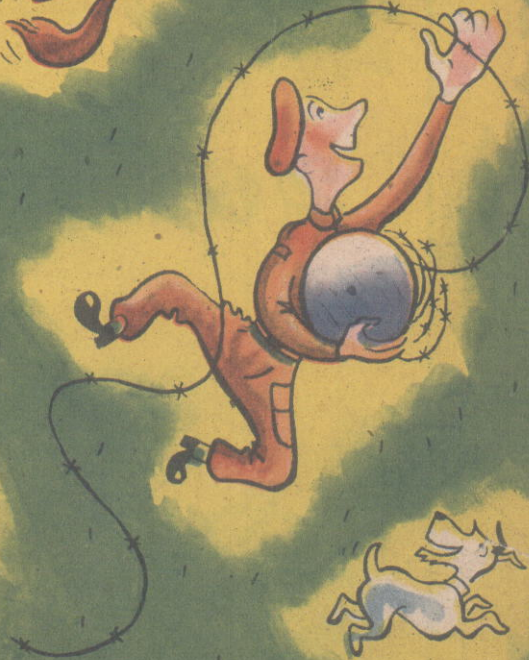
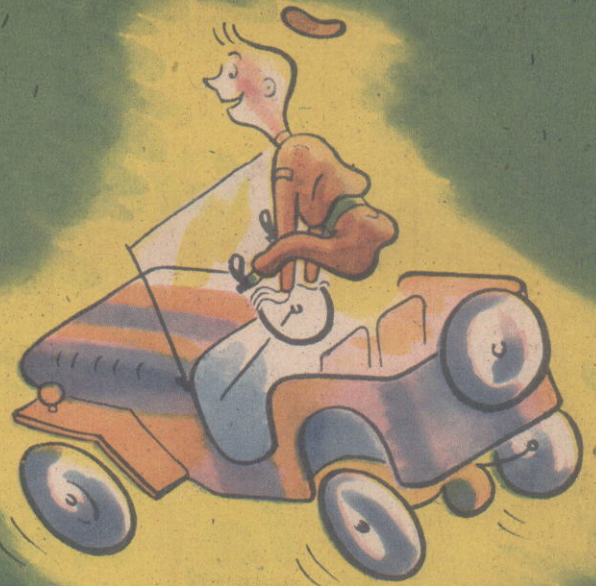
THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

April

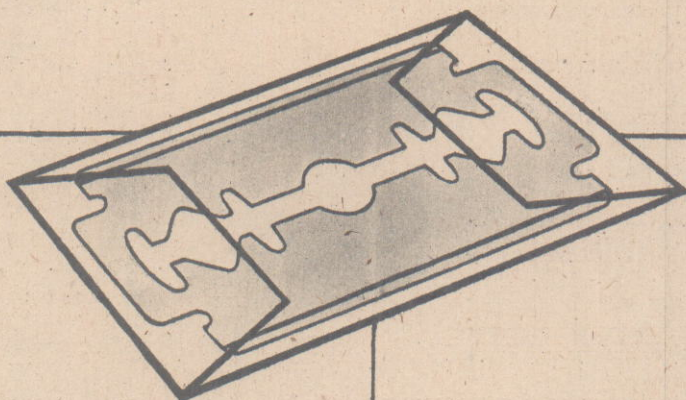
1947

Sixpence

Vol. 3 — No 2



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each blade
in its wrapper!***



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Every blade reaches you untouched and undamaged, its superb cutting edges sharper even than a surgeon's scalpel. Every edge buttressed by supporting shoulders for extra strength and longer life. Tested at every stage of production to ensure complete uniformity. Gillette blades, embodying these and other improvements, still set the pace for quicker, smoother, more refreshing shaves!

***'Good Mornings'
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10/-

Price down to 10/-
Limit up to 1000

10/-

A ten shilling note now buys a National Savings Certificate — and each person may hold up to 1000 of these new certificates in addition to holdings of all previous issues. Each certificate increases to 13/- in ten years, an increase of 30% free of tax.

THE *new* SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

See your Unit Savings Officer about it now!

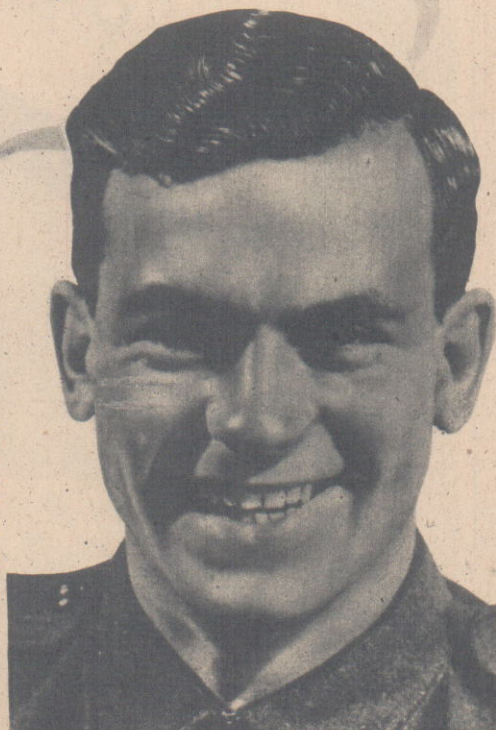
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Issued by The National Savings Committee

"BRYLCREEM
By Jove!..some
chaps are lucky!"

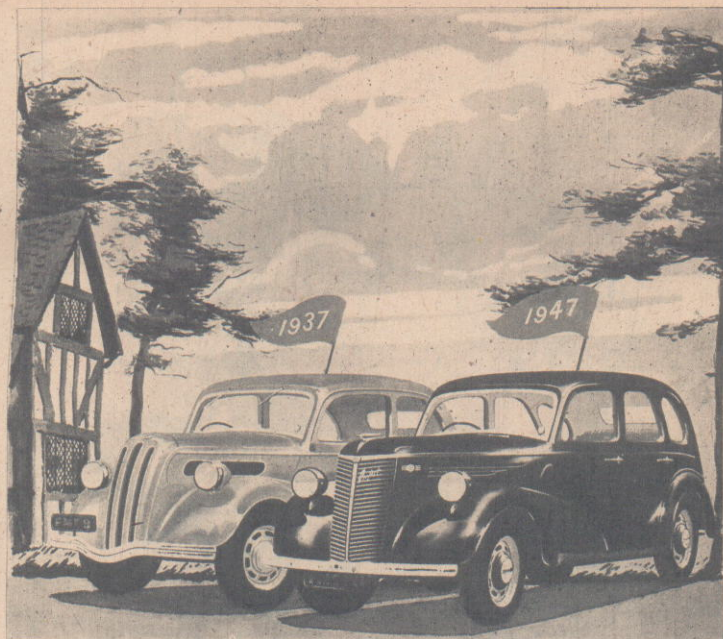


And men in B.A.O.R. are luckier than most fellows because supplies of Brylcreem for B.A.O.R. are still getting priority through N.A.A.F.I., Y.M.C.A., etc. But even this concession cannot satisfy the demand for Brylcreem so, when you get a bottle, please use it sparingly



811 B

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Said the Old Ford to the New Ford

"I've done over 100,000 miles," said the 1937 model,
"And I'm still in fine fettle."

"Well," said the new car respectfully, "I hope I look as spry and handsome when I'm your age."

"You will," replied the Old 'Un. "Every Ford does. A Ford's made to take hard knocks, as our boys found out when they drove the fighting Fords and Fordsons during the war. And a Ford is easy to handle — even to-day there's nothing stiff about my responses. And on all the roads of Britain you'll find service engineers to keep you fit."

"My!" said the new Ford. "No wonder we Fords have a high opinion of ourselves — we're worth waiting for."

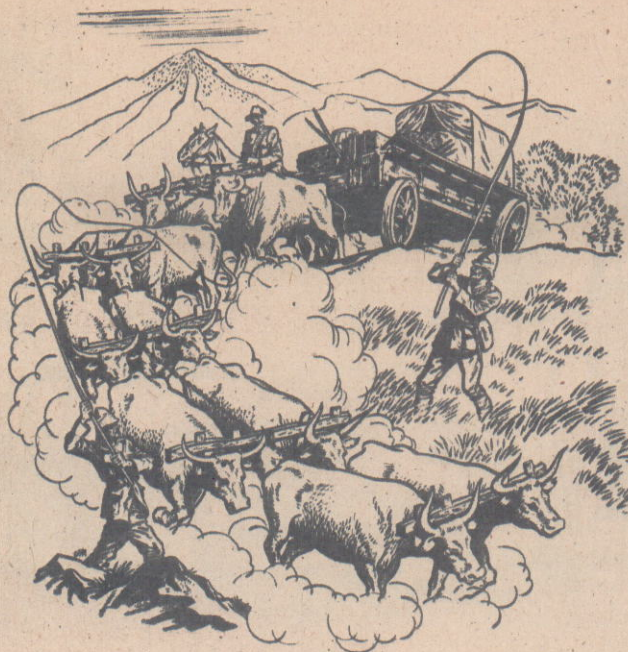
Down at Dagenham we're trying hard to have your new Ford ready for when you come back home.

Ford

CONSTANT IN PERFORMANCE



FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM



If you had been a soldier in 1899

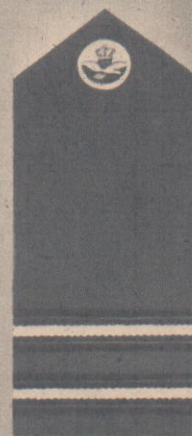
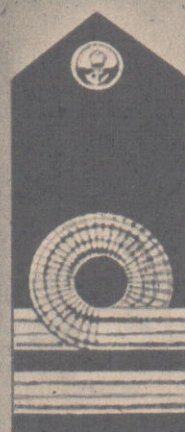
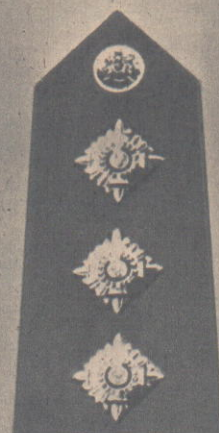
The Boer War would have found you enduring constant hardships and fatigue in the vast South African veldt, where military gains against a brave and wily opponent were often small and costly.

If your regiment was a client of the Canteen and Mess Co-operative Society, founded in 1894 by a group of army officers, your troopship would have carried canteen goods for distribution to the unit in the field. Later, at the request of General Roberts, this service was extended to the whole of his army, until the final link-up with Sir Redvers Buller's force, when the South African Garrison Institutes took over the Society's work.

Thus, for the first time, the British army had its own small but efficient canteen service as part of its military organisation, providing comforts and necessities to the campaigning soldier at prices he could afford. The experiment had proved itself, the stage was set for the development of the co-operative idea into the organisation which, over twenty years later, was to be known as the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes.

NAAFI

The official canteen organisation for H.M. Forces in War and Peace
Naafi still needs female staff for canteens at Home. Write to: Staff Manager, Naafi, Ruxley Towers, Claygate, Esher, Surrey, England



uniforms



This is the question which readers of SOLDIER have been asking:

Where's that -

INTERNATIONAL ARMY?

WHEN UNO was born, an idea which caught the imagination of millions was the proposal for an international armed force to strike down aggressors. For years this had been a dream of idealists. Suddenly it had become an item on the world's agenda.

What has happened to the plan for an international security force since then?

Many SOLDIER readers have wondered.

It is fair to say that only the most persistent reader of the less popular newspapers could have gleaned more than a dozen lines of information in the past twelve months about the progress towards an international force.

Well, what has been happening?

At the outset the Security Council, under the Charter of the United Nations, was given the services of a Military Staff Committee, composed of the Chiefs of Staff of Britain, America, Russia, China, and France. The members were told to discuss ways and means of organising an international security force.

In February of this year the Security Council reminded the military staffs that they had been on the job for over a year and urged that a report should be issued by 13 April. This "hastener" was sent at the instance of Great Britain, Russia and Poland abstained from voting.

The military staffs sit in secret, changing their chairman every month. Whether China's General Ho Ying Chen sees eye to eye with America's General Kenney, or whether Britain's Admiral Sir Henry Ruthven Moore is on back-slapping terms with Russia's General Vafilliev we do not know.

It was left to Member of Parliament, Flt-Lieut. F. Beswick, Labour member for Uxbridge, to try to extract a few further details recently in the House of Commons. He discovered that Britain has 17 officers on the Military Staff Committee.

Then Flt-Lieut. Beswick wanted to know the military staff committee's present terms of reference; in other words, the job they were doing.

The answer showed that they were working to the original terms of reference, which were: (a) to advise the Security Council

on military requirements for maintaining international peace and security, and in particular the prevention and suppression of aggression; (b) to prepare plans for the application of armed force; (c) to make recommendations to the Council for the employment and command, including the designation, of commanders or forces placed at its disposal; (d) to exercise strategic direction of such armed forces; and (e) to establish regional military staff committees where necessary.

It is not difficult to see how a committee of inter-service chiefs speaking four different languages could easily spend a year discussing a revolutionary programme like that. But the public has no inkling of the progress reached. The last announcement from the Military Staff Committee (up to the time of SOLDIER going to press) was that they were "continuing the study of the principles affecting the overall strength of the armed forces to be at the disposal of the Security Council."

Some of the problems which would have to be tackled by the Military Staff Committee were discussed in SOLDIER on 2 February 1946 by Lieut-Gen. H. C. Martin, the well-known military critic. It is not hard for the

ordinary man to guess what these problems are. For instance:

On whose territory is an international force to be based?

Will it consist of one closely-knit force, or a loose federation of forces scattered in different countries?

Are all nations to provide forces in proportion to their population strengths?

From which country will the Commander-in-Chief be drawn?

Will soldiers, in swearing loyalty to an international force, forswear loyalty to their own nations? Will they be called into action, if need be, against their own countrymen?

It may be that the plan, when it is produced, will have to be pigeon-holed until there is a lessening of suspicion between

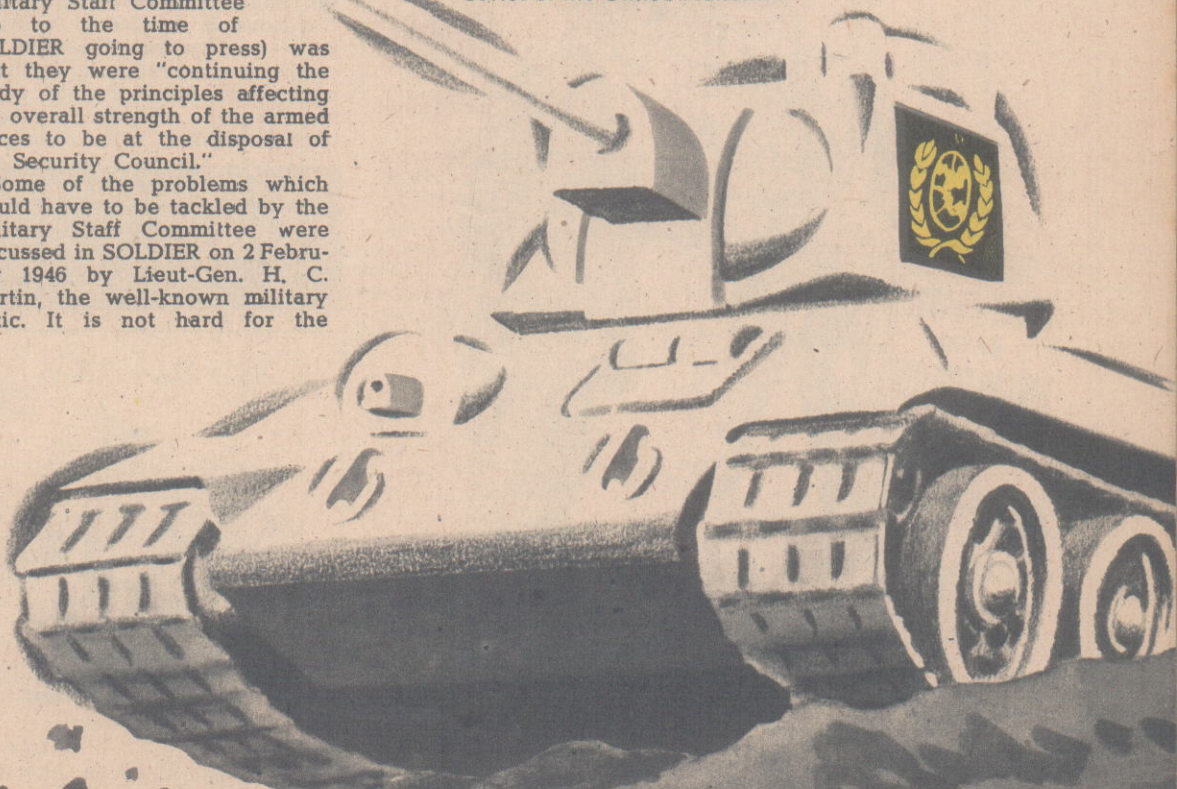
the Big Powers, or until the world has been disarmed to a point at which no existing army could seriously challenge an international force.

Britain, certainly, has much to gain by the setting up of an international army. Such a body, if authorised by UNO to enforce a settlement in, say, Palestine would not have improper motives imputed to it by all and sundry; and a heavy load would be removed from Great Britain's overweighted shoulders.

Artist's idea of things to come: a tank of the International Army bearing the device of the United Nations.



Britain's 17 representatives on UNO's Military Staff Committee include Admiral Sir Henry Ruthven Moore (right), delegation chief; and Lieut-Gen. Sir Edwin Morris.



PROMOTED FROM BRITAIN'S SECOND LINE OF DEFENCE TO A FIRST-LINE ROLE "IN JOINT HARNESS WITH THE REGULAR ARMY," THE TERRITORIAL ARMY FIGHTS FOR ITS PLACE IN A BRITAIN STARVED OF THE THREE M's — MEN, MONEY AND MATERIALS

And here's the answer to a more immediate question —

NEXT month sees the reopening of recruiting for Britain's Volunteer Army — the Army which, under one name or another, has seen the country through many an ugly patch.

The rebirth is not an easy one. Labour pains are acute. Let no-one envy Major-General E. C. Mansergh (ex-Burma and Indonesia) the job of midwife.

It took two world wars—as the Secretary for War said recently—to shatter the original conception of the Territorial Army as a second line of defence. Now its training and organisation will be such that it will run "parallel and in joint harness with the active Regular Army." To enable it to do so it will have a longer tail.

The Territorial Army will contain three elements: an increased permanent staff, composed of regulars responsible for training and organisation; then the volunteers—"the backbone", says Mr. Bellenger; and the National Service (or conscript) element, who will probably not be pulled in until 1950.

Next month recruiting will begin for all ranks, including officers and key technicians. Camps on a limited scale will be

run this year; next year all units will go to camp.

No shortage of officers is expected; in fact it is possible that anti-aircraft units will find themselves over-supplied with ex-officers, not all of whom can receive commissions. In the attack units ex-ATS will be volunteering, arguing with proper pride "Once a gunner, always a gunner."

The Territorial Army which existed in 1939 (heavily swollen during that grim summer) merged itself into Britain's five million-strong wartime Army. Its soldiers took down the "T's" which were their special distinction. They fought side by side with conscripts, regulars and post-September volunteers, and many were the barrack-room arguments about who were the real soldiers.

Since 1945 the Territorial batta-

lion and batteries have been disbanding and going into suspended animation. Now, slowly, they are coming to life again reshuffled, under "new management", sometimes under new names, to train in many cases on new weapons developed in the stress of World War Two.

So far the county territorial associations, which take a fatherly interest in local units, and which normally include military, educational and industrial delegates have hardly begun to stir out from hibernation. It is almost certain that a wider array of interest will be represented in future. Nevertheless, in many areas commanding officers and adjutants are getting on with the preliminary tasks—taking over the great gaunt drill halls which served a score of uses during the war, and reclaiming their dwelling properties (not without vigorous opposition).

How do employers view the rebirth of the Territorial Army? Before the war some firms gave their men holidays with pay, some holidays without pay, and some no holidays at all. The other day Mr. Bellenger was asked in the Commons if he would consult with the Minister of Labour to compel employers to give their workers in the TA eight days for camp in addition to their normal holidays. Mr. Bellenger

WHERE'S THAT TERRITORIAL ARMY?

said that neither he nor Mr. Isaacs had the power to coerce employers, but he felt sure that they would be alive to the national interest.

Many of the details of the new Territorial Army have still to be thrashed out, but here are the facts which have been announced so far:

CONDITIONS

Members who have had no previous Army experience must do 40 training periods of at least an hour each year; officers and trained men need do only 30. Every volunteer will have to put in at least eight days at the annual camps, 15 if possible, and fire his annual course.

At camps and other periods of training over 48 hours he will be paid at normal Army rates. For periods under 48 but over two hours, he will receive a Training Expense Allowance at these rates: officers, 1s 6d an hour (daily maximum 9s); sergeants and above 1s 3d (7s 6d); corporals 1s (6s); others 9d (4s 6d).

In a full training year the volunteer (other than in the anti-aircraft arm) may earn a bounty of £8, made up of £5 for com-

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—NOVEMBER 11, 1914.



"A GLORIOUS EXAMPLE."

ABLE-BODIED CIVILIAN (to Territorial). "THAT OUGHT TO GIVE YOU A GOOD LEAD, MATE."
TERRITORIAL. "YES—AND I MEAN TO TAKE IT! WHAT ABOUT YOU?"

Fine scrapping qualities of the Territorial units in 1914 inspired the *Punch* cartoon on left. Below: was this Territorial joke (1915) the origin of the saying, "Thank God for a Navy!"?
(Both drawings reproduced by kind permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.)



A VERISIMILITUDE

First Territorial: Well, what do you think of our manoeuvres, Bill?
Second Territorial (hitherto unacquainted with field-days): Thank 'Evin we've got a Navy!"



T.A. Married Quarters (Evictions)

77. Mr. Pritt asked the Secretary of State for War whether he is aware that the Territorial Army and Air Force Association of the County of London is attempting to evict a number of its residential tenants in Hammersmith; whether he will take steps to postpone these attempts during the present housing shortage; and whether he will, in any case, prevent the agents of the Association from threatening to evict tenants without legal proceedings.

Mr. Bellenger: Certain married quarters have been let by Territorial and Auxiliary Forces Associations to civilians on an agreement which included a clause that the quarters were to be vacated when required for the Territorial Army. These quarters are now required for housing permanent staff of the Territorial Army who are being posted and for whom accommodation must be found, and notice may therefore be given to the occupants in accordance with the terms of the agreement. In the event of their failing to vacate by the date specified in the notice, legal proceedings may be taken.

One of the houses in Hammersmith which were the subject of the question in *Hansard* (right). There have been several such questions. The Territorial Army doesn't like serving eviction notices, but it has to live somewhere too.

The arrow points to the "T" on the gun-layers' shoulder. This distinguishing sign came down when the war began.

pleting compulsory training periods, £2 for 40 voluntary periods and £1 if he passes the tests of skill or satisfies his CO. he has reached the required standard.

In the anti-aircraft arm the payments are £5 for completing compulsory periods, £3 for 40 voluntary periods, and passing tests, and £2 for 40 voluntary drills without passing the tests.

Grants of immediate commissions are restricted to officers who hold or have held RARO,

TA, TARO or emergency commissions and who have served on the active list at any time since 1939. RARO commissions and substantive ranks held by virtue of them will become dormant when holders are commissioned into the TA. Officers holding supplementary reserve commission will be transferred, to the RARO, and other commissions, except existing TA commissions, will be relinquished.

Commissions are open to ex-regular other ranks but they will be required to attend a special OCTU course.

The initial engagement for the normal volunteer will be four years.

EQUIPMENT

The new Territorial Army will be the best equipped volunteer army in Britain's history. The days of wooden machine-guns and pieces of tubing to represent mortars are over. All arms will train on the real thing.

The scale of issue will not be as complete as in the Regular Army—in some cases half scale, and in others a quarter. But it should be enough to train a company or battery on tactical work while the other companies or batteries are on technical training or drill.

AA units are to get 3.7's, Bofors, predictors and radar; armoured units are to have tanks, armoured scout cars, the latest radio equipment and transport; REME will get up-to-date workshops and tanks, tractors, 5.5's 25-pounders, 3.7's, ambulances, radar and radio on which to learn technical repair work. There will be up-to-date Ordnance units—even port operating companies—and Infantry are to have not only personal weapons, but carriers, mortars, radio, anti-tank guns and transport on which to train their support technicians.

The new branch of the TA—

Airborne—will have full parachute equipment, including sleeping bags, lifebelts, ropes, Denison smocks, knee-caps—everything down to flare sea markers.

Personal equipment will include everything the Regular soldier gets except vests and underpants, though the scale will be slightly reduced—one pair of boots instead of two, and one battledress. There will be an issue of three pairs of socks and an initial issue of two towels. ATS will receive normal kit except underwear.

TRAINING

TRAINING programmes are to be left for commanding officers to arrange, with the aid of full sets of pamphlets on tactical and weapon training. This will let them adjust the programmes to the men of mixed experience under them.

As the main object is to bring all men in Infantry battalions up to the standard of Army recruits who have completed their Corps training, units will probably segregate the men of no previous experience into special platoons, where they will undergo primary training on weapons. For the ex-soldier the training will consist mainly of refresher work, advanced handling and platoon exercises.

Regular warrant officers and NCO's are to be lent to the Territorial Army as instructors. They will assist in both administration and training.

Two of the big features of the TA are range work and the annual camps. Here more advanced tactical training on company, battalion and possibly brigade scale will be carried out and on these schemes the efficiency of the volunteer army will be tested.

Men who have served in one Corps of the Army may join a different arm in the TA if they

wish, provided there are vacancies and they come up to standard. So an ex-RAOC man will be able to become a tank driver, or a Sapper, or join REME if he feels the urge. There will be one exception: volunteers for parachute duties in the Airborne Division will consist of ex-parachute trained troops only. It is expected that they will make practice drops from balloons and aircraft at the annual camps.

There will be no glider-borne Infantry in the TA, but support arms will be trained to move by Horsas and there will be an extensive land-borne element—heavier transport and guns—in which there may be room for volunteers who have not been members of Airborne units before.

Wherever there are Airborne, there will also be Infantry units, and other arms will have headquarters at convenient points throughout the country.

In London there are 73 units, over 50 of them Lieut.-colonels' commands, and they cover every arm of the TA. The man who wants to join the RASC may find that even if there is not one down the street, there will be one not many streets away.

ERIC DUNSTER.

SOLDIER'S SPRING COVER

— was designed by one of "Monty's New Army", 20-year-old Signalman A. F. Wiles, of 2nd. Inf. Div. Signal Regt, BAOR. Wiles's style combines a youthful exuberance with a sureness of touch rarely found in an artist of his years. His irrepressible young soldiers are already familiar to readers of *SOLDIER*, and are no strangers to readers of *Punch*.



The 1939 spirit: "'Arf a Mo, Adolf!' is the caption to this picture in 'The Citizen Soldier' (Hutchinson.)

THE STATIONMASTER

PROBABLY you have often wondered about Karl Straeter, the Stationsmaster of Hamm during the war and the most-bombed man in Germany.

Years ago, when the BBC announcer recorded with monotonous regularity that "a large force of heavy bombers attacked targets in the Ruhr and dropped bombs on the marshalling yards at Hamm" I thought I'd like to meet him (although I didn't know his name then).

I found him several weeks ago, living in a two-roomed flat at 87 Grundstrasse, Hamm, with his white-haired wife.

Karl Straeter is retired now—he was pensioned off with a monthly sum of 550 marks a year ago. A bluff, chubby, quick-to-smile and slow-moving man, Karl Straeter is like all good railwaymen the world over—he thinks there is only one job worth doing and that is helping to run railways. Ever since he first joined the German railways as a boy over 50 years ago he has talked, dreamed, and lived for his job. Now at the age of 67 he is unable to enjoy reading the dozens of books on railways that he put on one side for his retirement, unable to play with the models of trains and goods yards he made with his own hands over the past 20 years. They went up in flames when the last of the three homes he lived in at Hamm was destroyed by RAF bombs.

It was just because Karl Straeter was keenly interested in his

job that he was sent to Hamm from Duisburg early in 1940. Hamm has always been one of the Ruhr's chief rail communications centres, and the Nazis wanted a good man there when the expected air-attacks came.

When Straeter arrived Hamm goods yard, the largest in Europe, had already assumed increased importance as the centre through which all heavy war material and weapons passed to the German Armies in France, Belgium and Holland. Later, when Hitler attacked Russia, its strategic importance was further heightened, for from Hamm went vast quantities of war material and food to sustain the German Armies fighting on the Russian Front.

Straeter was given the job of keeping Hamm marshalling yards in operation at all costs and he did so against terrific odds until Hamm was finally pounded into a mass of rubble and twisted steel by RAF and American "heavies" just before the end of the war.

The first raids on Hamm to-



Karl Straeter, whose job it was to repair Hamm Marshalling yards as fast as the RAF ploughed them up, is today pensioned off. But he still goes along to shake his head at the ruins.

Above: Straeter (left) with his successor.

wards the end of 1940 were, by comparison with the attacks made in 1944, small and ineffective. "But they didn't seem ineffective at the time", says Straeter. "The first time the RAF came over and dropped bombs they blew up a few railway lines and damaged a couple of trains, but it didn't take many hours to put

the damage right. Your bombers kept coming very regularly after that and almost always dropped a few bombs on the yards, but compared with the 'catastrophe' raids in 1944 they were just a nuisance. A few hours after each of those raids we had the lines working again."

Then on 25 March 1944 a sus-

OF HAMM

tained attack by heavy bombers wiped out the passenger station which runs alongside the marshalling yards and part of the yards themselves was seriously damaged. All tracks going east were blocked, signal houses were destroyed and there was no communication by rail with Bielefeld or Münster. The raid began at 1130 hours, and it says much for the organising ability of Straeter that by the evening he had a single-line service running in and out of Hamm. From that day the yards were subjected to some of the heaviest attacks of the war and when the Americans entered the city there was not one line intact and traffic was at a standstill. Straeter had fought against overwhelming odds and had lost.

Yet, in spite of the scores of attacks that were made on the marshalling yards Karl Straeter was uninjured (unless you count the time when he was blown down an embankment by the blast of a nearby bomb and broke the little finger of his right hand). He had many narrow escapes. On 30 May 1944 he was in one of the engine sheds when a heavy attack began. Bombs fell all round him. Several times he was hurled off his feet and he was prepared to be blown to bits when a train carrying workers out of the

danger area approached. "It was travelling at about 20 miles an hour, but I flung myself on to one of the steps and hung on, until I was out of range of the bombs." Another time he took shelter in a one-man concrete box above ground while bombs crashed down on the lines. "When I got out there were craters every few yards except in a circle about 50 yards from my shelter. I don't think I was meant to die that way."

Straeter spends his time now reading books on railways borrowed from his friends. Occasionally he walks down to the marshalling yards to chat with the new Stationmaster, Heinrich Decker and some of the men who were at the yards with him during the war. "But he's always so sad when he comes back," says Eliza, his wife. "I think it upsets him to see the damage and it makes him think of all the old friends who lost their lives in the raids."

Yet today more than 40 per cent of the tracks are in working order again and carrying coal and food to distant parts of the British Zone. Before the war Hamm Marshalling yards handled 1200 wagons a day, had the best telephone system in the world (you could pick up the receiver at the Stationmaster's Office and



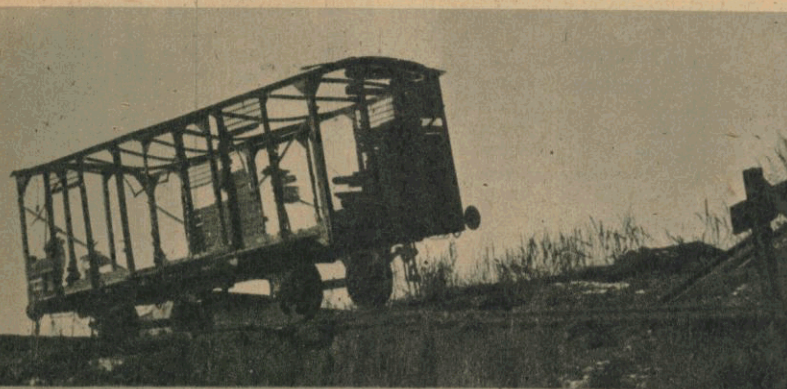
"Once upon a time there were 400 separate tracks..." Straeter tells his bomb story.

speak to Vienna or any European capital after a one-minute delay), and used 400 separate tracks.

The work of reconstruction will take several years before Hamm will be able to deal with the traffic on a pre-war scale. "Old men don't have much ambition," Straeter told me, "but before I die I want to see the goods trains shunting in and out of the yards,

filled with food and coal for all parts of Germany and carrying the products of industry to far away places where they need it most. I want to see all the lines re-laid, the signal boxes rebuilt, the trains coming in and going out, and Hamm once more the supply centre for Germany. Then I shan't mind dying."

E. J. GROVE.



Above: Relics of the last great strife. The earlier damage was easier to repair.

From this building, the only office left standing in Hamm's Marshalling yards, Stationmaster Straeter directed operations during the war.



In here you could sit and say, "Dot vos a bompf!" But raids often caught Straeter in the open.



Arms for the Western Front, arms for the Eastern Front — they were bombed impartially by the RAF at Hamm. Today 40 per cent of the tracks are working again.



HARRIS ON HAMM

"Throughout 1940 and the first half of 1941 attacks continued to be made on the marshalling yard at Hamm, which never was and never could be a bottleneck in the German railway system; there are far too many marshalling yards in the Ruhr area for any practicable attack on them to have any decisive or lasting effect on the running of the railways, and this fact was to be fully appreciated in the successful attack on communications which eventually brought the German war machine to a stop. As it was, it is very doubtful if our attacks in 1940 had any appreciable effect, even for a few hours, on the efficiency even of the one marshalling yard at Hamm." — Marshal of the RAF Sir Arthur "Bomber" Harris, in "Bomber Offensive."



"Where's that man who owes the Army £1 4s. 2d.?" Pte. A. Dawson ploughs through the "release aftermath" section.

£115,000,000 TO SPEND

SOLDIER VISITS THE ROYAL ARMY PAY CORPS



Scrap of paper in the hands of Chief Cashier Captain W. P. Tullett is a cheque for £2,798 15s. 2d. for something or other.



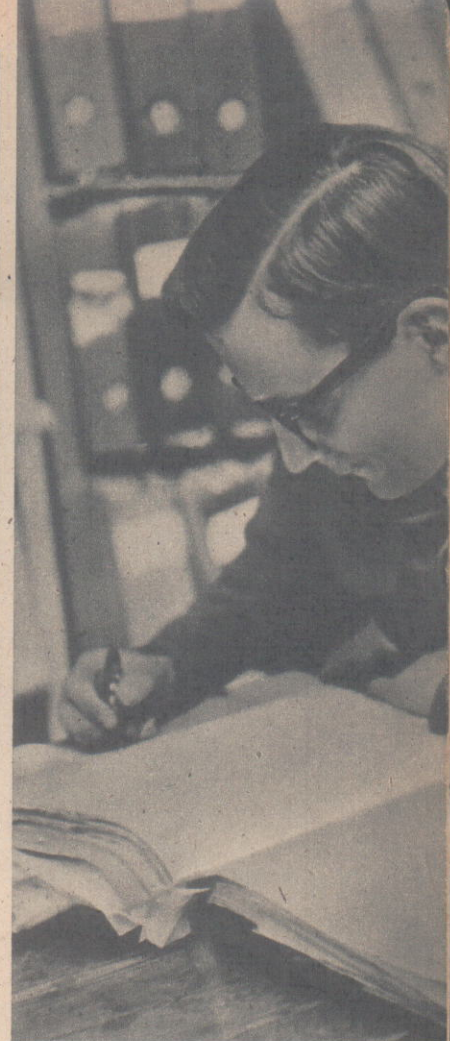
Their service totals 94 years: Left — Serjeant-major E. A. W. "Shiner" Wright (32 years); Major A. D. D'Allenger (37 years); SSM. W. K. Buxton (25 years).



SOLDIER's photographer went round distracting the ATS from their columns of figures: Left — Pte. Rita Walsh (sister of the Manchester City footballer and Irish International), Serjeant Florence Proctor and Serjeant Irene Parish.

A.F.O. 1856	NAME		BANK		NATIONAL No.	INITIALS	P.N.O. 8742	VISCONT'S SUBNAME MONTGOMERY of ALAMEIN G.C. D.S.O. K.C.G.
	LLOYDS		COX + KINGS					
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							Booklet forward from A.F.O. 1400 No.	

"Monty's" pay sheet is here like everyone else's. Checking the Field-Marshal's account (right) is Lieut. T. Newham.



"**M**AKE your accounts as intricate as you can, and, if possible, unintelligible to any one but yourself; lest, in case you should be taken prisoner, your papers might give information to the enemy," wrote a 17th. century wit in sarcastic advice to paymasters of the British Army.

Visit any one of the 23 regimental and corps pay offices in Britain today and you will find they have little time for that sort of trick; any one of them may deal with 100,000 or more soldiers' and soldiers' dependents' accounts.

Or go to the vast Officers' Accounts office in Manchester, where 2000 workers look after the accounts of all the officers in the Army. In any of them, simplicity is the battle-cry; the Royal Army Pay Corps, in war-time, is only about 1.5 percent of the British Army, and it has no time for mumbo-jumbo complications in its books and forms. Somehow or other it has to get through £115,000,000 in the coming year: that is the Army's latest pay estimate—a modest one by war-time standards.

From the acquittance roll the soldier signs in the field to the detailed account of his earnings and withdrawals in the pay office is a long story of smoothly-working machinery. His own officer must hand him the money—that is a tradition of the British Army, not shared by the other Services. The rule is maintained so that the officer, by this personal contact over the pay table, can check whether a man is satisfied that he

is getting what he is entitled to and can go ahead immediately to right any wrong.

A soldier's CO. knows what to pay him by the record in his pay-book and the CO. draws the money from a field cashier, in a mobile formation, or an area cashier in a static formation. The acquittance roll goes back to the cashier and from him, through a command clearing house, back to the regimental pay office where the clerks adjust the debit side of the soldier's account from it and the credit side from "Part II Orders." The regimental pay office will also pay out the soldier's dependents through the Post Office.

All this sounds simple enough, but in practice there are plenty of complications. In Normandy, cashiers of the RAPC waded ashore on D-plus-4 carrying large sums in French francs. These francs had been prepared with the utmost secrecy—news that they were being prepared might have given away to the enemy a hint of the imminence of the landings and of where they were to be. They were crated at the Bank of England and RAPC men went along to waterproof the crates; the waterproofing material was sticky stuff and soon the soldiers found themselves covered



Royal Army Pay Corps conference: Brigadier A. A. Cockburn invites his majors to table their awkward problems once a week.



FLASHBACK Pictures: Shortly before D-Day the Pay Corps called in all personal cash from the Normandy assault troops, and issued foreign currency. These pictures show (left) a soldier of 3rd Infantry Division and (above) the Airborne troops who made the first landings receiving their French francs.

with it. They thought it a great joke, but the stuff was poisonous and some of them suffered ill-effects.

Money is heavy and bulky stuff to handle, a point not everyone with a slim wallet appreciates, and it had to be taken across the Channel in the same way as other stores. It was "phased in" by the ton and carried in convoys of 10 or 15 lorries. Besides what the cashiers carried, £20,000,000 was dumped on D-plus-12 for a start; in it was £210,000 in silver: weight, 27 tons. There were also 33 tons of francs transported by the RAPC for the Americans. Each type of currency had its security code-name: French francs were "Wild dogs," German marks were "Tom cats" and Dutch guilders "Lilith".

Storing the vast quantities of



The man responsible for paying out £115,000,000—Major-General R.G. Stanham, Paymaster-in-Chief.

currency was a big problem and in the Normandy beach-head the RAPC took over the Douvres radar station, at the end of the dogged German resistance, and there, in deep vaults surrounded by minefields, dumped £30,000,000 in currency. Moving it in safety was also a big job — once the RAPC sent a consignment of 2,000,000 francs from Brussels to Paris.

During the war the RAPC dealt with every type of currency — more than a hundred at one time. In Abyssinia it had specially-minted Maria Teresa dollars, because the Ethiopians will deal in no other cash. Its cashiers had always to be on the look-out for useless money; among the Tunisian, Algerian and Moroccan francs they handled in North Africa, for instance, they found and rejected many that had been printed by the Germans and were worthless.

Some cashiers had odd experiences. One handled £20,000,000 during the war in 40 different currencies; he travelled over 60,000 miles on duty, including a parachute visit to German-occupied Yugoslavia. On the island of Cös, a cashier buried his money and signalled its location in cypher to Middle East before being captured. In Crete a number of cashiers were captured but the RAPC lost no money. A perfectly ordinary experience was that of the field cashier attached to 53rd Division who, from June 1944 to VE-Day, issued £1,860,158 in four currencies.

A group of cashiers with a much-travelled job were the "ferry cashiers," whose mission was to take money from Britain to commands in the field. One of them was travelling to North Africa on an American ship with £68,000 when he was asked by

the ship's commander. "What happens to the money if you and I get parted?"

"I mustn't get separated from the money," said the cashier. "It's my job to look after it."

"Well, look here," said the American, "just in case of accidents I'll give you a cheque for the amount. How much?"

So he gave the cashier a cheque for the dollar equivalent of £68,000 and shortly afterwards the ship was torpedoed and the money was sunk with it. The cashier escaped and duly presented his cheque for £68,000 in dollars to his office in London. However, the value of the money had not been lost — only the paper on which it was printed — and there was no need for the cheque to be honoured, even had such unofficial compensation been acceptable.

When the BEF was evacuated from France in 1940, the RAPC had accounts with a number of French banks. This money was written off, as it was expected that the Germans would have taken it, but when France was liberated most of it was still intact in the banks, so the Army got a windfall.

The RAPC collected all the currency of the German forces when they surrendered and it was handed over to the Control Commission; they also gave a receipt to every prisoner of war for money taken from him on capture, so that the prisoners could reclaim it from their burgo-masters when they got home. In the field they kept accounts of the earnings of prisoners of war, who received small payments in the form of issues from NAAFI.

In SEAC the RAPC handled £375,000,000 of hard cash in currency without losing a cent. It

was in Malayan, Hong-Kong, Burmese, Netherlands East Indies and Siamese currencies, much of it manufactured in the Indian mints. The cashiers, many of whom received their cash by parachute drop, often took it out to units by mule and disappeared into the jungle for days, but always turned up in the right place. They had carefully planned orders to destroy currency if they were in danger of being overrun by Japs and to get some evidence that it had been destroyed; consequently, no currency ever fell into Jap hands from that source and every cent destroyed was replaced by the Indian Government.

Before the fall of Rangoon and while operations were still going on, the RAPC carried out a job that means a lot of work at the best of times — it changed the whole money of Burma, civilian and military, from Indian to Burmese currency, and the job was done by the ordinary cashiers.

On the Japanese surrender in Siam, Pay Corps cashiers, RAPWI (Repatriated Prisoners of War and Internees) teams and a staff paymaster took over Japanese loot. Anything that could not be returned to its rightful owner went into the Army's kitty. The staff paymaster (a Lieutenant-Colonel) had the thrill of his life when he interviewed the Japanese Field-Marshal Count Terauchi and gave his strict orders to one of that exalted rank. He left Siam with a magnificent Japanese sword as a souvenir.

RICHARD LASCELLES.

Postscript: The Pay Corps soldier who had the most exciting job of the war — though it was nothing to do with handling cash — was Lieut. Clifton James, better known as "Monty's Double".

"**M**ILKING these Austrian cows is a hard job," said the Corporal. In the stone-floored cowshed at the BTA Farm School at Spittal he was labouring at the udder of one of the heavy-boned, overgrown pedigree Austrian herd. There were 30 of them, patiently waiting.

"You get more milk in half the time from an English cow," went on the Corporal. "It takes four or five of these to fill a pail."

It wasn't that the Austrian cows did not get enough food — on the contrary, they ate twice as much as their English sisters. But the Austrians try to economise by breeding an all-purpose cow, for milk, breeding, meat and sometimes even to work in harness. British stockbreeders, on the other hand, develop specialised types, cows for milk and breeding chiefly, bullocks for meat.

The Corporal knew most of his farming-lore before he came to Austria; he had learnt it on his father's farm in Yorkshire. He was due to be released in May and had come to the BTA Farm School for a refresher course in December. Then he had been asked to stay on as an instructor. His unit, a Field Company, RE, had agreed.

"It suited me very well," he said. "Giving lessons on the practical side of farming to fellows who come here to start from scratch, I remember a lot of things I thought I had forgotten."

When he opened the Army College, Central Mediterranean of which the Farm School is part,

Even an old hand can lose his touch on the udder after five years' war service. Austrian cows are hard to milk, give good practice to students.



"Easy with that clutch. Now turn round and see how the plough's doing, you can't leave it to look after itself, you know." Latest farm equipment is available for students at the Austrian Farm School.

The Army's AUSTRIAN FARM

Lieut-Gen. Sir James Steele, C-in-C, said: "We must always be looking for new methods of approach in our education and our training. Education should be linked with reality. A great deal of training is not realistic."

Not only can soldiers who were once farmers or farm workers learn and re-learn from the month's course, but those who hardly know bullocks from heifers can discover whether they really want to take it up as a life job when they are released. At least it will save some from a false start.

The Farm School occupies the buildings and land of a model farm run before the war by the Austrian State Agricultural Ministry to try out new methods of farming and to train young farmers, and is equipped with the latest devices Austria can produce.

The farm house itself, a solid, three-story building, accommodates instructors and students as well as their lecture and study rooms.

Both staff and students have a long and hard day. Not only must they cram basic instruction in every branch of modern farming into one month, but they must keep up the strict routine of the farm chores. With a herd of Austrian cows, two or three pedigree Jersey, pigs, sheep, poultry and horses there is plenty to be looked after.

The students learn about the chemistry of soil, artificial manuring, crop rotation, plant diseases, methods of ploughing, sowing, harvesting and storage; they have explained to them the most modern methods of dairy, poultry and stock farming. And on top of all this the instructors find time to deal with the business side of farming.

GEORGE BRUCE.



Above: The Army may have given up horses for the petrol engine, but the farmer still needs them, so: "Now this shoe is beginning to wear thin..." Below: You can't just shove a horse into the nearest garage to be cleaned; would-be farmers must learn to use brush and curry-comb.



THINGS YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE UNLESS WE TOLD YOU...

...About the old-time Russian soldiers... Recruits to the Imperial Guard were drilled with naked backs, so that the instructors could see their muscles ripple in unison... Troops sent to rescue a party of officers whose boat upset in the river Neva were told especially to rescue officers of the Guard; those who couldn't answer "Yes" when they were asked if they belonged to the Guard were allowed to sink... Ordered to water a parade-ground before a review at St. Petersburg, a fatigue-party carried on through a heavy shower of rain... Despite repeated orders from his Empress, a soldier on guard at St. Petersburg refused to move as flood-water rose to his shoulders, maintaining only his corporal could relieve him; the corporal got there just in time... A sentry on duty in the burning Winter Palace refused to leave his post, asked an escaping priest, "Give me your blessing," and stayed to die in the flames.

GERMANY

THE SHRIKES OF EICHSTATT

WHEN the British captives in a prisoner-of-war camp in Bavaria told the German guards that they would like permission to climb a tree now and again, the guards were suspicious.

Even when they were assured that the men with tree-climbing ambitions were merely enthusiastic bird-watchers, they were still vaguely suspicious. So an armed sentry would stand by while a captive shinned up his chosen tree to erect a nesting box.

There was no cunning plot to escape. It was just that the bird-watching bug had bitten these

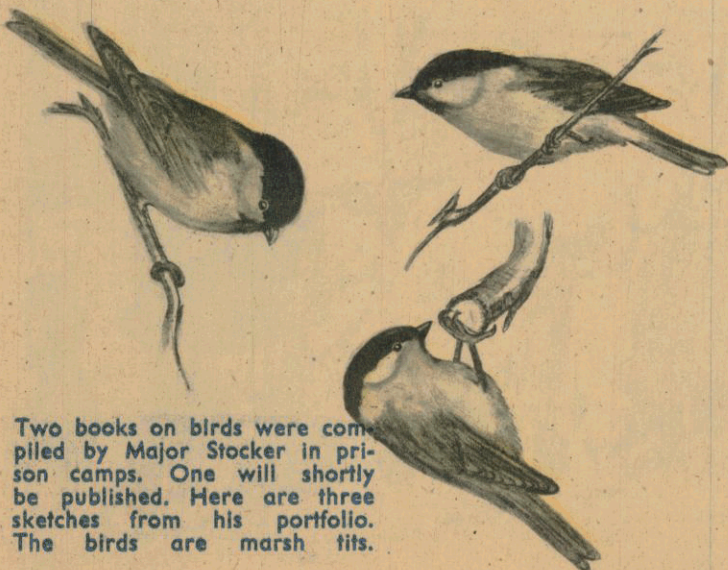


Bird watcher behind barbed wire: Major Peter Stocker, Rifle Brigade.

officers. They spent all their time sketching, keeping logs, trapping and ringing birds, making nesting boxes out of Red Cross tins and packing cases. Even the inordinate interest some prisoners took in the barbed wire round the camp had no sinister significance; they were watching the red-backed shrike (the butcher bird) impaling its victims on the barbs.

One of these ardent ornithologists was Major Peter Stocker, of the Rifle Brigade. He came out of captivity with two volumes of sketches in his knapsack—volumes which narrowly escaped destruction, along with their wearer, from aerial machine-gunning on the road to liberation. Now one of these books is in the hands of a publisher, and is expected out this year.

The camps in which Major Stocker was confined were at Laufen, Eichstatt and Munich. He remembers Eichstatt, not because it was a monotonous dump, but because it was situated in excellent shrike country. All the nests established in the camp were well documented, and the nestlings checked and docketed as comprehensively as the human inmates of the camp.



Two books on birds were compiled by Major Stocker in prison camps. One will shortly be published. Here are three sketches from his portfolio. The birds are marsh tits.

WORLD

AMERICA

ALL THIS — AND MORE

AMERICA may be well ahead in the manufacture of atom bombs, but the US. Recruiting Service is still conducting a high-pressure drive for Infantrymen (spelled with a capital "I"). Here is an extract from a full-colour recruiting advertisement in *Collier's*:

"People used to picture the Infantryman as a foot soldier plodding through a sea of mud. Today he is far from that. Today he is the most versatile soldier on earth.

"You see him now parachuting from an airplane... hitting the ground fighting. He charges down snowy slopes on skis. He scales lofty mountain peaks with full pack. He floats to earth in gliders. He storms beaches from landing-craft and assault boats. He races across country in speedy armored vehicles, combat cars and jeeps. He's a one-man battery, firing rockets from bazookas and recoil-less rifles. He demolishes machine-gun nests with flame throwers. He does all this — and more.

"As outstanding as his wartime record is the Infantryman's long history of service to the nation in peacetime. In times of disaster — flood, fire, hurricane — it is usually the Infantryman who brings relief, food, supplies to aid stricken citizens.

"Constant research is being devoted to developing new forms of equipment... new vehicles... new techniques of operation to keep the Infantry steadily on the road to greater effectiveness.

"It's an exciting, adventurous, out-of-doors life. It may mean traveling abroad, seeing foreign lands, representing Uncle Sam in occupied countries. At home or abroad, it means an interesting, well-paid career that holds the high respect of your fellow citizens."

Another US recruiting advertisement states that 60 American generals rose from the ranks.

MALAYA

TREASURE-HUNT

WITH the Japs getting nearer in 1942, Brigadier Robert Moir, Commander of the Federated Malay States Volunteer Forces, put his valuables and his wife's jewels into a cash box and buried them under a hedge near his headquarters at Tanglin, two miles outside Singapore and now the headquarters of South-East Asia Land Forces.

When he was captured Brigadier Moir took with him, hidden, a sketch-map showing where his treasure was buried. He was held for a while at Changi, and while he was there smuggled the map in a match-box to his wife, who was imprisoned in Changi jail.

Brigadier Moir was removed to Formosa and then Manchuria and

was flown home when he was released. Mrs. Moir, however, was liberated in Malaya and set off with some police officers to search for the jewels, but without any luck. Several other treasure-hunters were unsuccessful.

Brigadier Moir decided to ask the Army to help. Sapper John Leary of 54 Field Company, RE, of the 2nd. Division — the famous Crosskeys Division — got to work with a mine-detector. His first "ping" resulted in a metal pipe being uncovered; the second produced rusty nails. The third was successful, and diggers fetched up a rusty cash-box with Mrs. Moir's jewels, her husband's medals and gold cigarette case and other valuables.

CHANNEL ISLES

NEW CROSSES

GERMAN casualties buried in Germany had black and white Maltese crosses bearing a swastika on their graves; in Britain they were given the regulation plain white crosses — identical with the ones given to our own men.

But there was one place in Britain where enemy dead were given the crosses of their own country. During the five-year occupation of Jersey 224 Germans were buried there. The crosses have now been changed for British ones.

MISCELLANY

GREAT BRITAIN (1)

SUSPENDED ANIMATION?

SIR John Hammerton's *The War Illustrated* is due to close down this month, after conscientiously covering its second world war. Many people took *The War Illustrated* through both wars, and rightly treasure their copies; which doesn't mean that they are anxious to start collecting it again in 20 years time.

The magazine was launched by Sir John Hammerton in 1914 and covered the Kaiser's war. Bound volumes of the 1914-19 issues still beguile the time of patients in doctors' waiting rooms. In 1939 the magazine was revived; when the first issue came out British troops were arriving in France and General Sir Edmund Ironside was CIGS. The first number contained an article entitled: "Will Hitler Try To Bombard London?" From the "phony war" period *The War Illustrated* went on to record all phases of the war in popular but unsensational style. Paper shortage forced it to turn from a weekly into a fortnightly. Since VJ-Day it has been catching up on arrears. With the last issue will go a family roll of honour with places for pasting photographs of men who died on active service.

GREAT BRITAIN (2)

JACK - IN - THE - ARMY

THREE times Mr. Thomas William Cox indulged in the luxury of buying himself out of the Army — a luxury which is forbidden at present. Then he joined up a fourth time and won the MC.

Now, at the age of 65, Mr. Cox has retired from the London Underground's Lifts and Escalators Department, where he was in charge of pumps.

As a lad of 16 in the Royal Fusiliers Militia in 1898 Cox was



Three times he bought himself out of the Army: Mr. Thomas Cox.

one of 80,000 who marched past Queen Victoria on Salisbury Plain. A year later he bought himself out and found a job with a Hanworth gunpowder factory painting canisters. Then the South African War broke out and he joined the Royal Dragoons. In 1902 he paid his £18 and was out again. Came a spell of brick-laying and in 1907 he was in once more — the Royal Fusiliers Special Reserve, this time. But by 1909 he had again purchased his discharge and joined the old District Railway at Earl's Court.

In 1914 he joined the Royal Inniskillings. He was commissioned in the field and won the MC at Cambrai. But in 1920 when he finally left the Army he decided to stick to one job — and did.

Small Talk

IN his will, the late Mr. Alfred Bennett, of Maidstone, said he hoped that the fact that he was employed by HM. Government at the War Office, London, "could reasonably be considered evidence of my sanity of mind and soundness of judgment".

In Forst, Germany, an indomitable carrier-pigeon turned up with a three-year-old message from a Nazi Infantry detachment: "We are cut off by the enemy in southern Italy and no hope is left of breaking through."

In Munich, an American officer's wife arrived at her husband's house, deposited her two



children and left, saying: "Now you take care of them for a few years."

In London, film-star Robert Taylor reported that when he visited St. James's Palace with

BURMA



In some Army theatres hitch-hiking is strictly a matter for private enterprise. You get a lift how and when you can. In other theatres hitch-hiking has been put on an organised basis; witness this picture from Burma.

AUSTRIA

NAAFI RUNS A PALACE



Gambolling cupids are an amusing feature of NAAFI's Kinsky Palace in Vienna.

NAAFI's greatest treasure-house is its Kinsky Palace Club in Vienna, built by one of the officers of the army of Prince Eugene of Savoy after he had fought his way into Austria in 1713.

The Russians held the palace when Vienna was first occupied after World War Two and they used it as a warehouse. Intricate diplomacy on the part of Capt. Alec Wright, RASC, the club's military manager who had stayed there as a guest before the war, got it for NAAFI.

Under Capt. Wright's supervision, a complete company of RE. lorries spent three days clearing the rubble from the palace's 90 rooms. Art treasures of all sorts came to light, including a gold cup from a lavatory cistern, priceless carpets and 18th. century clocks from the cellars. Precious inlaid chests, Louis XV writing tables and tapestried chairs were cleaned up; giant chandeliers of Venetian glass were made to sparkle again. From under the dust and debris appeared paintings worth a fortune.

In three weeks the club was open to officers and in the 18 months it has now been going it has been used for a good many "quadripartite" parties. The Austrian authorities have said "Thanks" to the club for the way in which Austrian treasures have been preserved by the British staff; the inventory of the club's contents fills 90 closely-typed sheets.

JUDO GIRLS

"HOBBIES: knitting and jiu-jitsu."

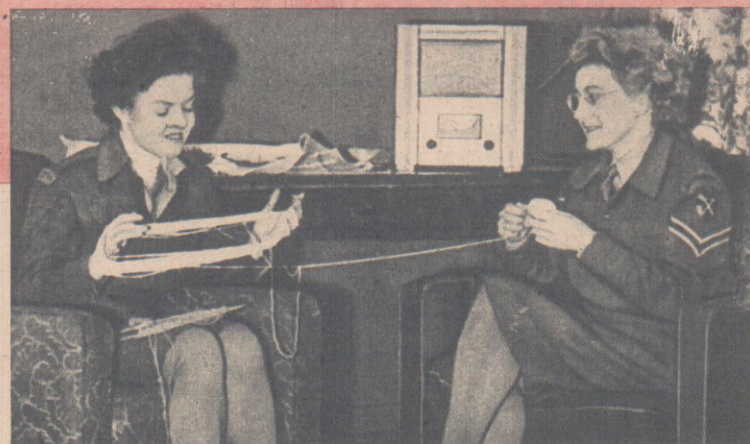
It sounds a bit improbable — until you meet ATS Private Doris Dodge, who with equal ease will knit you a pullover or, placing her toe in your abdomen, throw you in an aerial somersault to the deck, in best jiu-jitsu manner. Cagney couldn't do it any better.

Doris is one of several ATS girls learning jiu-jitsu in Hamburg under the expert guidance of Eugen Hoelzel, one of the first Germans to win the famous Black Belt which denotes a champion of the so-called "gentle art"

of judo. (Judo is jiu-jitsu practised in tournaments and is what boxing is to mere fighting.) Twice a week she and two friends, who also work as clerks at GHQ 2nd Echelon, learn their tricks from Hoelzel. And they learn the hard

way, too, for before they are allowed to practise on each other and on soldier pupils they must experience the effect a successful judo throw has on an adversary.

First they learn how to fall without hurting themselves, and then graduate to the various holds and throws employed in the sport — the hip-throw, stranglehold and break, foot-throw and shoulder roll and a score of other useful tricks worth knowing. In three months they expect to become so proficient that they should be able to "judo" their way out of any trouble, even against aggressors much heavier and stronger than Doris, who



Tamely holding the wool in this domesticated picture is Private Doris Dodge who, in the photograph at the top of this page, has just thrown the Black Belt judo ace over her shoulder.

just tips the scales at 7 st. 5 lbs., and her friend Joan Hercombe, 2 lbs. heavier and an inch shorter.

What made Doris and her friends take up judo? "Well," says Doris, "I thought I was getting rusty sitting down all day at a desk, and decided I should have more exercise. Then, one night while I was 'limbering-up' in the gym Herr Hoelzel suggested we might learn a few holds and breaks to help us if ever we found ourselves in a tight corner. We got so interested that I intend to learn all I can about it."

Eugen Hoelzel is an inoffensive, unassuming little man who wears thick-glass spectacles and a perpetual smile. He learned judo quite by accident when he was 13. His schoolmates used to taunt him and beat him up because he was physically small and weak. Then one day Eugen picked up a jiu-jitsu manual from a bookstall. He studied it in the secrecy of his bedroom and experimented with the methods laid down until his tormentors learned to respect and fear him. Today he is probably the only German officially

authorised by the British Army to throw soldiers and ATS girls about — and to receive a monthly salary for doing it!

"Briefly, judo is a highly-skilled art designed to defeat an aggressor by utilising his strength instead of your own," says Hoelzel. "It requires a fair degree of intelligence to learn and an ability to control your temper even if you are hurt. But once you have learned the fundamental principles you begin to feel exhilarated physically and mentally."

Hoelzel hopes to train a team of soldiers to compete against a London team of judo experts — and expects his team to win. "Lack of size and strength are no bar to learning judo," says Hoelzel. "Just look at these girls. At first glance they seem so fragile that they couldn't even 'knock the skin off a rice pudding', as you English say. But I would guarantee that within a short time they will be able to defeat any but the most powerful attack."

Doris, who likes knitting and ballroom dancing, blushed with embarrassment.



Something unpleasant is about to happen to the gumen-pig on the right, but he rather looks as if he is expecting it. Cpl. Joan Hercombe is coached by Eugen Hoelzel.

Troopship Types



"Men? I hate 'em."

Phelix is the name used by an artist on the staff of Radio SEAC. He is chiefly noted for his acid studies of Man at the Microphone. The long trail to Ceylon has given Phelix plenty of opportunity to study the effect of troopship life on otherwise normal people. Here are a few characteristic sketches from his notebook.



Tombola winner.



Phelix

Casanova.

by Phelix



Newshawk.



"Dear Gert, I pick up my pen..."



"I'll have to ask me Mum."



Fresh-air fiend.



Gamblers.

THE FIRM WHICH JOINED UP

IN World War Two the Army achieved a better reputation than ever before for putting square pegs into square holes and never can it have had better-fitting pegs than Nos. 1 and 5 Boring Sections, Royal Engineers.

For these two sections consisted almost entirely of members of the same firm, who went from civilian clothes into khaki in their own works and served together in France, in Asia Minor, across North Africa, in Sicily and up the "leg" of Italy, doing the job they did together as civilians.

The germ of the idea which led to their formation was born in World War One. Then Capt. George Stow (OBE, two Mentions), an expert in water engineering, was adjutant to the CRE of Plumer's 2nd. Army while the Water Supply Officer was a peacetime railway engineer who frequently needed to consult him.

At Munich time, when war was obviously coming, ex-Capt. George Stow, managing director of George Stow and Co., Ltd., water engineers, remembered his square-peg-in-round-hole experience and decided it wouldn't happen again if he could help it. The Army was going to have the hole; he had the peg to fit it and he was going to put it in.

So, after consultation with his sons, executives of the firm, he wrote to the War Office and offered to form a water supply unit, pointing out that with reservists and likely volunteers among the employees, and his sons who held RE commissions in the Territorial

Army, the firm could form at least the nucleus of a unit.

The War Office was delighted with the idea and the firm went ahead and formed its unit. On 1 September 1939, No. 1 Boring Section mobilised in the firm's works, using the office as an orderly room. The War Office had not been able to obtain authority for the technical equipment, so the firm provided it without authority and the cost was repaid later.

After six weeks of learning to be soldiers at the R. Berks. Depot at Reading, the Section was shipped to France. With their four "rigs", mobile boring machines each manned by a sub-section, they made bore-holes totalling a mile and a half in depth in France before two-thirds of them left via Dunkirk and the remainder through St. Nazaire. They lost all their equipment and had 13 casualties.

Back in England, they split the experienced men into two sections, with new recruits, and to No. 1 Section was added No. 5 Section (2, 3 and 4 had meanwhile

been formed elsewhere). No. 1 Section retained its commander, Capt. (later Major) Raymond Stow and Capt. Harry Stow, who had been his second-in-command, took charge of No. 5 Section. Of the 98 men in each section, the skilled men were from Stow's. By August 1940 they were equipped, the firm providing the technical equipment again and the Army

The Under-Secretary of State for War,
War Department,
Whitehall.

Sir,

WATER SUPPLY IN WAR.

We are experts in Well Boring and Water Supply Works and we are the largest firm in the Country specialising in this work in which our staff and men are particularly skilled and which requires many years of training.

We are anxious to offer our assistance to the War Department in the event of hostilities.

- (1). Some of our men are reservists and many of the others would volunteer and we beg to suggest that they would form a very valuable nucleus for efficient Water Supply Sections or Companies.

Note the date. This letter from George Stow and Co., of Slough led to the formation of No. 1 Boring Section well before war broke out.

giving them priority on military equipment. After some jobs in Britain No. 5 Section went to Middle East at the end of 1940 and No. 1 Section early in 1941.

There No. 1 Section went into the Western Desert and shared the triumphs and hardships of Wavell and Auchinleck until Eighth Army was driven back to Alamein, when No. 5 Section, which had been operating in the rest of Middle East, changed places with them. No. 5 Section went through to Tunis with Eighth Army, Capt. Harry Stow collecting an MC on the way when they were working on the New Zealanders' "left hooks", miles inland in the seemingly waterless desert.

No. 1 Section landed in Sicily on D-plus-5 and No. 5 Section at Salerno on D-plus-1. Then, No. 1 with 8th Army and No. 5 with 5th Army, they ran parallel courses up the length of Italy until the end of the campaign.

Today, as they work on water supply for the new homes and industries of Britain, the men of the two sections swap yarns about adventures in "George Stow and Co.'s Own", as they called them-

selves. When the veterans of No. 1 Section recall how they were mauled at Knightsbridge and Bir Hakim, No. 5 counter with the story of Lawrence's well. This well, in Transjordan, was mentioned by T. E. Lawrence, who captured a German well-borer who had been attached to the Turks; he had bored the well and Lawrence had profited by it, but in the interval between the wars the well had been silted up and lost. The RE offered a job for the duration to anyone who could find it and an elderly Arab at once dug a few feet down in a wadi and found the top of the borehole, which No. 5 Section got back into working order. The Arab was given a job as watchman and took a new wife to celebrate.

No. 1 Section will recall how two of its sub-sections went out with the Long Range Desert Group to make bore-holes at remote spots like Jarabub, and No. 5 Section will describe how they entered Naples to find the residents drinking from sewers and puddles because the Germans had wrecked the town's water supplies before leaving; they will then go

into technical detail about the bore-holes they found in refrigeration plants, breweries, laundries and banks, that surprised even the local authorities.

It was when they had got a supply going in Naples that Capt. Harry Stow realised he had made a mistake. He had put water-taps three-feet apart instead of about five feet, as after-event wisdom indicated, with the result that when Italian crowds, bearing anything from small bottles to bath-tubs, rushed up in a mass like the exodus from a cup final, there was no room to form queues with an "up" and a "down" way for each tap.

There was pushing and shoving, bottle-breaking and hair-pulling and there were one or two free fights, but the Section, with the firm but gentle use of rifle-butts, managed to stave off any serious disorder. Then an Italian official arrived and offered to restore order. His help was declined, but he pulled out a revolver and loosed off a few rounds into the air. The crowd was a little startled by the first shot, but after that took no notice of him. So he snatched a bottle from the nearest pretty girl, elbowed his way to the taps to fill it and then walked off arm-in-arm with the girl.

No. 1 Section can reply to this that they were the first people to get the Benghazi water supply going, for the use of Eighth Army, but they handed over the more menial, non-operational task of providing the normal town supply to a following unit that was not accustomed to working so far forward. No. 5 Section might reply to this with a boast about the 600-foot bore they once made and about the member of the unit who fell ill in Syria and when he recovered hitch-hiked 2000 miles to rejoin the unit in the Western Desert.

And so the stories go on. No. 1 checked up surveys made by the

Duke of Westminster's armoured cars deep in the desert in 1917 and found them amazingly accurate; No. 5 was sent to a site where, they were told, there must be water because there had once been a large Roman town there, to find that the only water supply the Romans had had was by rain-water catchment, now useless. No. 1 Section had a very stiff time in the "boxes" that were formed during the retreat to Alamein; No. 5 Section took over a reservoir in Italy that had been mined by the Germans with 30 prepared charges which did not go off owing to a damp fuse.

In all their desert campaigning, speed was the essential. Frequently, no sooner had they bored a well and set up a water-point than they would hand it over to someone else to operate and go off to establish another one. In good conditions, a boring section could drill a ten-inch borehole to about 200 feet, instal a deep well pump and set up a complete water-point in 24 hours. Just before the Tripoli breakthrough, No. 5 Section drilled eight boreholes in ten days near Sirte, supplying 6000 gallons an hour. The nearest other source was 300 miles away, in Benghazi, and from these eight water-holes Eighth Army was able to build up its water reserves for the march on Tripoli.

Not all the Stow men stayed with the sections throughout the war. Some, because of their skill and experience, went to other units; some were killed, some taken prisoners, some wounded. But all the survivors attended a dinner given by the firm in the Slough Drill Hall, to keep a date made seven years before; then, at a send-off dinner to the original No. 1 Section, before it went to France, Mr. George Stow promised them a reunion dinner when the war was over. He kept the promise.

RICHARD ELLY.

Even if they did work together in Civvy Street, men of the well-boring sections were soldiers, too, as this parade of No. 5 Section in the Middle East shows.



Left: Ex-Cpl. C. K. Smith, who served in No. 1 Section as a fitter, working on a power winch. Right: Capt. A. J. Barnes, in civilian life agent to George Stow and Co., inspects a "gusher."



Drilling for water in a Transjordan wadi — a wartime picture. Desert dust or English earth, it's all the same to the firm from Slough.



The two OC's, Capt. Harry Stow, MC (left), and Major Raymond Stow (centre), with their father, Capt. George Stow, OBE.



We don't know the Egyptian for "Blimey, just the job!" but that's what the man on the right is saying, inspired by the sight of a coil of old rope or a cracked sheet of perspex. Below: portrait of a man buying up the British Army.



Below: a tangle of anchors the Navy doesn't want. Scraped and painted, one of these will look well on the bows of the old felucca — if it doesn't sink the felucca



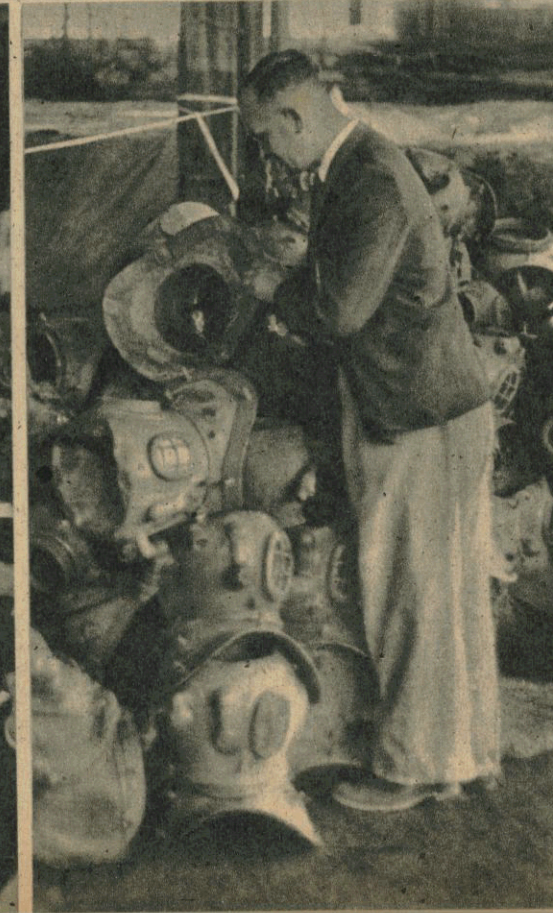
It isn't every day an Army leaves Egypt. This crowd of buyers on the Alexandria waterfront became so excited at the bargains on view that the auctioneer, early in the afternoon, had to call the whole thing off and shoo everybody away.

THE ARMY HOLDS A JUMBLE SALE

Somebody has bought Lot 50, and with any luck it will be resold once or twice before somebody finds a use for it.

Notice the man with the white cross-strap behind the rostrum. The British MP keeps order everywhere — even at jumble sales.

H'm... these would make fine hanging baskets, or goldfish bowls, or coal scuttles, or something. Or would they?



The British Army sells off... Moving from the Nile Delta meant shedding thousands of tons of surplus stores accumulated in years of peace and war. The Egyptians — keen bargain-hunters — scrambled to buy anything from a mobile generator to a handful of ball bearings

IN an open-sided shed on the waterfront at Alexandria, hundreds of chattering Egyptians gathered about a man standing on a platform, with two British Military Policemen behind him. About them on every side lay enormous piles of assorted ex-Army equipment, carefully signboarded in English and Arabic.

A Middle East Army jumble sale was in its third day and tarbooshed Egyptian buyers, accompanied by their workmen and mechanics in night-shirt-like galabiehs, had come to haggle and join in the fun.

For months the equipment, asbestos sheets, motor pumps, old rope, clothing, pieces of piping, anchors, even diving helmets, everything that a modern Army leaves behind when it moves, had been piling up in Alexandria as it had all over the Middle East. Now the auctioneer was going to sell it off, on behalf of the British Government.

The surplus, salvage and junk had been carefully sorted into lots, and *galfirs* (watchmen) posted over them to see that the piles did not mysteriously decrease in size. Buyers wandered around inspecting, calculating the potential profit to be made on the different lots, their satellites keeping up a stream of comment and advice.

One party paused near a pile of electric motors which featured in the auctioneer's list as "disposal" rather than "salvage"; the *galfir's* eye fixed sternly on them as they discussed probable retail prices, because in Egypt almost anything smaller than the Pyramids can disappear from almost anywhere. Another group stopped to consider the possible use to which mine-training equipment could be put; the dealer replied in dignified and judicial monosyllables as his henchmen expressed their opinions, then suddenly disagreed with something that had been said and, with a noise like an hen-house when a dog intrudes, voices rose suddenly and there was a great waving of hands which died away as they moved on to the next exhibit.

A speculator's eye gleamed as he spied a heap of anchors, not because he was an enthusiastic waterman but at the thought of the middleman's profit he might be able to extort. And so it went on, as eyes wandered over generator-motors and identity discs, curved sheets of perspex and fire buckets.

The real fun started with the bidding. Prices went up in guinea steps, the odd shillings going into the pocket of the auctioneer's cashier immediately the deal was made. Bidding was in Arabic, but the *une fois, deux fois, trois fois* in French. Excitement ran high for, to the Egyptian, an auction is as good as a gamble, any day. Perhaps that was why the conditions

of the sale stipulated: "Neither the vendors nor the auctioneer will be responsible for any accident or damage to life or limb which may occur prior to or during the progress of the sale..."

A dozen languages could be heard in the throng; every type of Egyptian was there — Bedouin and city dealers, Armenians and Greeks, Copts and Nubians, Cypriots and Italians, Jews and Turks. The tassels of their *tarbooshes* waved as they talked and gesticulated and their coloured scarves, warding off the cold winds from the harbour, struck an incongruous note.

The Egyptian, whatever his race of origin, is a notoriously avid businessman and here, for a few pounds, a small dealer could pull off a bid, pay five percent to the cashier and resell on the strength of his receipt. Demand on re-sale was good, because ex-British Army equipment is far more highly valued than locally-made products.

Bidders, anxious to buy, signalled frantically; others waved laconically, if they were more interested in rocketing the prices for the discomfort of a rival than in buying for themselves.

Then, early in the afternoon, the bidding and squabbling became too frantic even for the hardened auctioneer and he packed up, while the crowd faded away with exhausted patience and some with exhausted pockets. Only the *galfirs* remained; if the lots were left to themselves the workmen would see that they melted. In one day £20,000 worth of goods, in 70 lots, had been sold.

Twenty-four hours later the waggons began to roll out, loaded high with the spoils of the auction.

In the shops and warehouses of Alexandria the dealers got busy. Lots were split up; the highest re-sale price of each item was assessed and anything from one to three hundred percent added, to give ample scope for the haggling over cups of Turkish coffee that makes an Egyptian business deal a social occasion.

But there was a touch of regret about these transactions. "George" was leaving, the British soldier who had spent so lavishly in the shops and places of entertainment for so long and out of whose needs so many Egyptians had made a living. These were the last pickings from the British Army; there would be no more bargains.

THE MAN WHO EARNED £2000 IN THE GUARD-ROOM

WAY back in 1940 Gunner Hammond Innes sat scribbling on bits of paper. Most of this scribbling he did on a trestle table in a crowded Nissen hut and his colleagues waiting to go on guard had to content themselves with any available space left in order to write to their wives. For Hammond had pride of place. He was writing a novel.

It suited the others well. The man who had the unpopular turn from two to four o'clock would always find Hammond willing to swap. It allowed him a clear few hours in the early part of the night to write away in the light of the hurricane lamp. Then he would thrust the paper into an envelope addressed to Mrs. Hammond Innes and off would go the Innes Despatches to be typed.

For two months the flickering light shone on the industrious gunner, impervious to the chatter that went on around him. Then one evening Hammond was not so keen on swapping his sentry-go for the unpopular turn. His novel was finished.

Most of the men had forgotten about it when the field telephone gave its spluttering ring. It was the duty of the air sentry to take down messages and he heard the voice of the clerk at regimental headquarters.

"Gunner Innes? Yes, we have a man of that name. He's what?"



Sale of film rights of this book brought one-time Gunner Innes a sum "equivalent to the reward of ten years' toil" in his pre-war job.

... Oh, very well. I'll tell him. Is that all?"

The sentry poked his head round the door. "Say, bombardier. How much is 10,000 dollars in real cash?"

"About £2000, I suppose," said the NCO.

"There's a message at HQ. for Innes from an agent in London to say the *Saturday Evening Post* have bought his serial rights for 10,000 dollars. Blimey! £2000 for that bit of scribbling each night and I get 4s. 6d. a day. Daft, I call it, I see I shall have to go back to night school."

Most of his companions were rather dazed by the news but to Hammond it was just part of his job. "Attack Alarm" was not his first book but probably his best at that time. Like most authors he looked upon his first three or four as the medium for developing his individual technique.

As a schoolboy he had always wanted to write and the idea of following his father into a bank did not appeal.

It was 1931 when he left Cranbrook School and there was a slump on. Try as he might he could find no opening in journalism, so he became a teacher for a brief period and then found a job in a small publishing house. In 1932 he joined the staff of the *Financial News*. Two years later his first book was published, bringing him a few pounds. There followed four more books but it was "Wreckers Must Breathe", which proved his first real success.

Britain went to war and Hammond became Gunner Innes. He saw the Battle of Britain from Kenley aerodrome; after that he was commissioned and joined the Eighth Army as a captain. He went to Sicily, was evacuated to hospital and joined the staff of *Union Jack* which was printing in five different centres in Italy. What with covering the invasion of Southern France, editing the Florence edition, crime reporting in Rome and Naples and acting as administration officer Major Innes (as he became) found little time for writing novels.

Before he was released last year he decided to abandon journalism and become a full-time author. It was a gamble; but he was 33 and it was now or never. His publishers gave him a small retaining fee and he wrote his first post-war book, "Dead and Alive" while still in Italy. It has been serialised recently in *Union Jack*.

He returned to England and at the beginning of last year wrote "The Lonely Skier", the story of how a group of people are isolated in a snowbound hut in the Alps when they go to search for gold lost in transit from France to Germany. A few months later film rights were sold to Gainsborough. The film unit has already been to the Haute Savoie to get the location shots for Producer Dave ("Desert Victory") Macdonald and Aubrey Baring, associate producer for Sydney Box.

How much does Hammond get out of it? A sum equivalent to the reward of 10 years' toil in his old job. As usual in the film world, the author's title has been changed. "Snowbound" will be released in August.

Hammond meanwhile lives with his wife, ex-actress Dorothy Innes who at one time organised and ran the Brussels Do-as-you-Please Club for troops, at Aldbourne, near Marlborough, Wilts. He writes away all day and has completed "Maddon's Rock," a special version of which is being serialised by the BBC. In June he goes to Norway with the backing of Gainsborough Pictures to produce a story set against the background of the fjords.

Maybe one day he will write a book about a gunner scribbling away in the light of a hurricane lamp in a Nissen hut and of a surprise call over the field telephone.

PETER LAWRENCE.

A Tale of



The other gunners wrote letters home; Hammond Innes wrote a novel. Today he is in the front rank of thriller writers.

Two Gunners



The Cockney batman in "Hungry Hill", Patrick Parsons (Patrick Holt), was a lieutenant-colonel in the Andaman Islands.

THE COLONEL WHO BECAME A BATMAN

WHEN Patrick Parsons left the Bluecoat School it was thought he would become an Army officer. His father, who died when Pat was four, had been Inspector General of the Indian Police and there was a cadetship going at Sandhurst. But he wanted to become an actor.

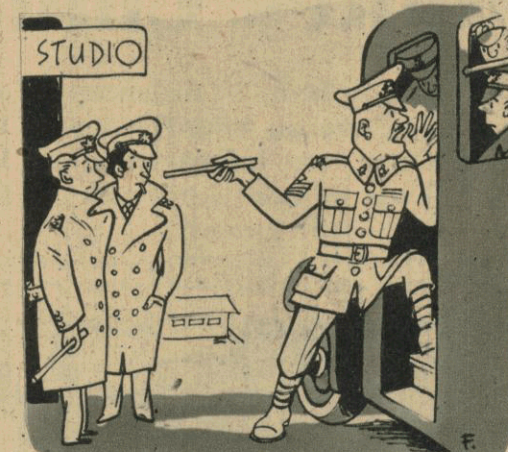
Now it is not as easy as all that, as he soon found. He decided he would see a little of the world and spent three years in India where he worked for a firm of rice millers.

On his return he did fatigues—he stoked boilers and swept floors in the East End in order to learn Cockney. In his spare time he took part in amateur dramatics.

Then opportunity came in the shape of a job with the Hull Repertory Company and soon he played small parts in British films.

He played in a film about Sandhurst—"Sword of Honour" and thus the man who refused a cadetship found himself playing the part of a cadet. Some real cadets arrived and Patrick will never forget that moment. With other actors he waited outside the studio for them to climb out of

their coach. The first person to descend was a 6ft. 6 ins. Guards staff-serjeant who took one look at the reception committee and then poked his head back inside the coach. In a voice that could be heard far afield he said, "Gentlemen, when you get on the stage and see a lot of officers of various ranks, do not salute them. They are only bloody actors."



"Don't salute them—they are only bloody actors!"

Parsons was playing in the stage production "Once a Crook" when he joined the RA in 1940. He soon found himself a real-life cadet—not at Sandhurst but at Aldershot. He went out to India where he served with the 1st Punjab Regiment, did staff duties in Bombay and other centres and ended up a lieutenant-colonel in the Andaman Islands. During his Army career he had little time for acting, apart from appearing in two BESA shows in Calcutta.

A year ago he was back in Britain wondering how he was to catch up after over five years away from the professional stage. He walked into an agent's office the same day and a scout from the Rank organisation offered him a contract on the spot.

Still in the uniform of a half-colonel he was asked to play the part of a Cockney batman in "Hungry Hill." Following this he played in "The Crowthers of Bankdam" and then came his first big feature part in "The October Man." He is now busy in "When the Bow Breaks" with Patricia Roc.

You will not see the name Patrick Parsons in the cast. He always acts under his stage name of Patrick Holt.

How Much Do You Know?



1. In this picture you see:—
(a) Air hostesses of British Overseas Airways;
(b) Legal advisers of SSAFA;
(c) German policewomen;
(d) American Red Cross relief workers.

2. When Britain took over German New Guinea in 1914 the natives were told: "Now you give three feller cheers, belong new feller master. No more 'Um Kaiser—God Save 'Um

King." What kind of language is that?

3. What is signified by a light shining in the tower above Big Ben?

4. Translate into its usual form:

"Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific. How can I fathom thy nature specific?"

5. One of these statements is wrong—which?
Cabinet Ministers are not allowed to write for the Press.
Lunatics are not allowed to vote.
Children are not allowed to see "H" (Horror) films.
Divorcees are not allowed to work for the BBC.

6. "Good-bye" is a contraction of a longer phrase. What is it?

7. Can an RSM. win the Military Cross?

8. You've heard of Mrs. Miniver. What is miniver?

9. "Scribe to an architectural feature" might suggest Clark Gable. Which film stars do these suggest:

Policeman to a field-marshal.
Stuart king to a worker in stone.
Thrush to a fairy king.

10. Which of these is out of place: Camembert; Gruyere; Dunlop; Cheddar; Stilton; Gorgonzola; Parmesan; Minestrone.

11. Which well-known generals are today (a) Governor-General of Canada; (b) head of the British Council; (c) appointed to run the "Tote"?

12. How many years has *Punch* been running—approximately 50, 100, 150, 200?

(Answers on Page 35)



Ex-Private Audrey Capon (left) puts covers on what is believed to be the hottest chutney made in Britain.

The Colonel Makes Chutney

And helping him, in his moated manor in Surrey, are an Infantryman of World War One, two Infantrymen of World War Two — and a former ATS girl.

Colonel French (ex-RAMC, World War One) fills the chutney jars. Scoop, funnel and wheeled containers were designed by himself.



Chutney isn't all the story. This is testing time in the cider barn. Left to right: Foreman H. P. Welton, the Colonel, Henry Pescud and Edmund Lewis.

FOR two or three centuries the "peppery Colonel Chutney" has been a stand-by joke for humorists and comedians too lazy to think up anything more original. It is with a sense of striking a blow at those who still inflict it on the public that **SOLDIER** reports that the maker of Britain's hottest chutney is a Colonel who is as unlike the Colonel of the joke as Hedy Lamarr to Mrs. Mopp.

He is Lieut-Col. Herbert French, CVO, CBE, a doctor by profession who received his rank while serving as a consultant with the RAMC in World War One.

The chutney is his Newdigate Peppery Chutney, so hot that it makes your withered tongue creep out of its own accord to seek cold water. So unlike the Colonel of the joke is Colonel French that he does not much care for it himself.

"Only about one person in 250 likes the peppery chutney," he told me. "Most of those are people who have been eating strong curries for years and once they taste the peppery chutney they never want any other kind. But I also make a mild sultana chutney and most people like to mix the two to their own taste."

The story of the chutneys starts with crab apples. When Colonel

French retired from his London practice in 1928 to the manor of Cudworth, at Newdigate, scores of crab-apples were going to waste in the grounds.

"The school-children wouldn't bother to pick them up," he said, "and having a Scottish mother I hated the thought of them being wasted."

So he found some sacks, filled them with crab-apples and, over a primus-stove in stables that were built with English oak from broken-up ships some 650 years ago, experimented with making crab-apple jelly.

But making crab-apple jelly left over crab-apple pulp, skins and cores. The skins he fed to his pigs and the cores to his pheasants. The pulp he used up by making chutney. When war broke out in 1939, the insides of the stables had been rearranged and equipped with gadgets of Colonel French's own design for

making and potting his products on minor mass-production lines. From the stables came a steady output of the crab-apple jelly and two chutneys, of mustard relish, bullace (a small plum) jam and mint, thyme, sage, blackberry and quince jellies. Across the stable-yard, in another great barn lined with rows of port-pipes, home-brewed cider from boiled apple-juice was being made.

A world-famous luxury food-store took up his products, other people heard of them and orders came piling in. Though still a Guy's Hospital consultant, Colonel French today is generally to be found in a white apron mixing and potting his chutney.

Rationing meant cutting out all but the chutneys and cider, but trade in both these lines was good enough to take the whole output.

Today chutney and cider production are full swing, with ten people working on them. Colonel French's foreman, Mr. H.P. Welton, was a regular soldier in the Royal Scots Fusiliers and fought as a reservist with



Cudworth Manor

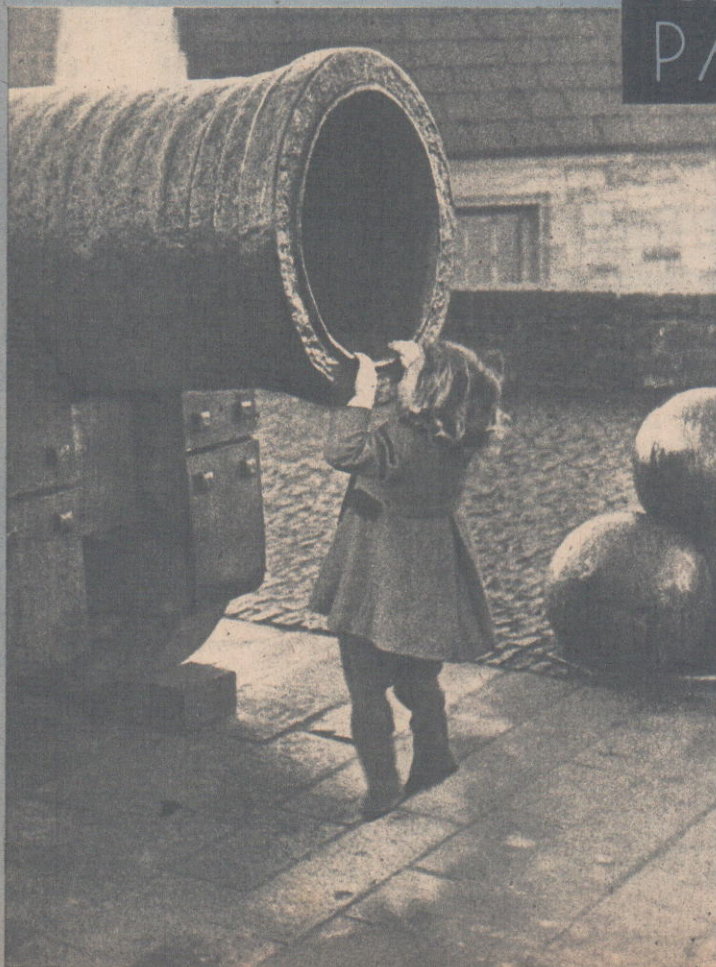
the Old Contemptibles; under him are ex-Corporal Edmund Lewis, who fought in the Middle East and Italy with the 5th. Bn. Queen's Own Royal West Kents, ex-LAC Henry Pescud, who transferred from the Cameronians to the RAF Regiment, and ex-Private Audrey Capon, ATS, who served in Army ration stores during the war.

"We are making three tons of chutney a week," Colonel French said "and we can't fill our orders. We should make more if only we could get the bottles and cartons for packing it. But we still can't get the materials for the bullace jam, the mustard relish and the jellies."



Stratford: Though the Bard claimed — and rightly — that his verse was his monument, Posterity raised this memorial theatre to him on the banks of his native Avon.

Edinburgh: the picture to which anyone can write his own caption.



QUIET PAGE

Chiddingstone, Kent: The name of this quaint corner is — incredibly enough — Leicester Square.



1 by a Field Marshal

FIELD-MARSHAL Viscount Montgomery's "personal story" of the conquest of Germany — "Normandy to the Baltic" (Hutchinson 25s.) — is personal in the sense that Monty wrote it himself; in all other respects it is one of the most impersonal books about the war.

It is no more — and no less — than a very clear and orderly account of the invasion of Europe; tucked into each cover is a wad of admirably lucid maps. Yet bare as the narrative is, it is not sterile; it is too obviously the work of someone with a strong mind and a dislike of trivialities.

Here and there are revealing quotations from German Staff orders seized or intercepted. D-Day was 6 June, 1944; and Hitler ordered that all Allied troops were to be swept into the Channel by nightfall of 6 June! It is clear that the German field commanders suffered severely from Hitler's higher directives; some of them remonstrated with von Kluge, who shrugged and said, "It is a Führerbefehl" (Hitler order). Von Kluge committed suicide.

It is well-known that Field-Marshal Montgomery and General Eisenhower differed on the policy to be followed after the Seine crossing. Uncritically, Montgomery sets out Eisenhower's plan for a slow broad-front advance, and his own case for a quick "powerful full-blooded thrust" across the Rhine either through Belgium north of the Ruhr into the North German plains, or by Metz and the Saar into Central Germany. "The Supreme Commander eventually

decided on the broad-front policy" is all Montgomery says. No ammunition for gossip-mongers there.

Strategists (and the public) will long argue whether Eisenhower chose the right course. It is worth noting that Monty's Chief of Staff, General de Guingand (whose book is also reviewed here) sided with Eisenhower. He says: "I feel that even if we had been able to get a sizeable force across the Rhine into Germany in the autumn, the Germans, after a period of crisis, would have produced sufficient troops to strangle its effectiveness." Also, he asks, what would have been the reaction of Eisenhower's commanders and troops who would have been "grounded" in order to sustain such a push — especially if the push had failed?

Monty's MGA — Major-General Sir Miles Graham, in charge of Administration, 21 Army Group — has also entered this controversy. In *The Times* he has said that, administratively, Monty's push would have been feasible. On the tactical and political issue, he declines to comment. Postscript: There is one personal touch in Field-Marshal Montgomery's book — the foreword where he quotes a "very charming" letter, the writer of which is one of the few people who would be likely to address the Field-Marshal as "Dear Monty". The signature to the letter is "Ike".

Reproduced from Monty's book is the signal which ended it all. It is signed by Brigadier R. F. K. Belchem, BGS, 21 Army Group.

FROM : KEMPER MAIN :
DATE-TIME : 04.10.50
TO : FOR ACTION : FIRST CDN ARMY : SECOND BRIT ARMY :
L of C : CHQ AA TFS : 79 ARMD DIV :
KEMPER BEAR :
FOR INFO : SECOND TAF : KEMPER TAG : 22 LIAISON HQ :

GO 4/1A URGENT. All offensive ops will cease from receipt this signal. orders will be given to all tps to cease fire 0800 hrs tomorrow Saturday 5 May. Full terms of local German surrender arranged today for 21 ARMY CP fronts follow. emphasise these provisions apply solely to 21 ARMY CP fronts and are for the moment excl of DUNKERK. axc

IN CIPHER if liable to interception
BGS
BGS

Copy to: All Branches HQ 21 Army Group
War Diary (2)

BOOKS

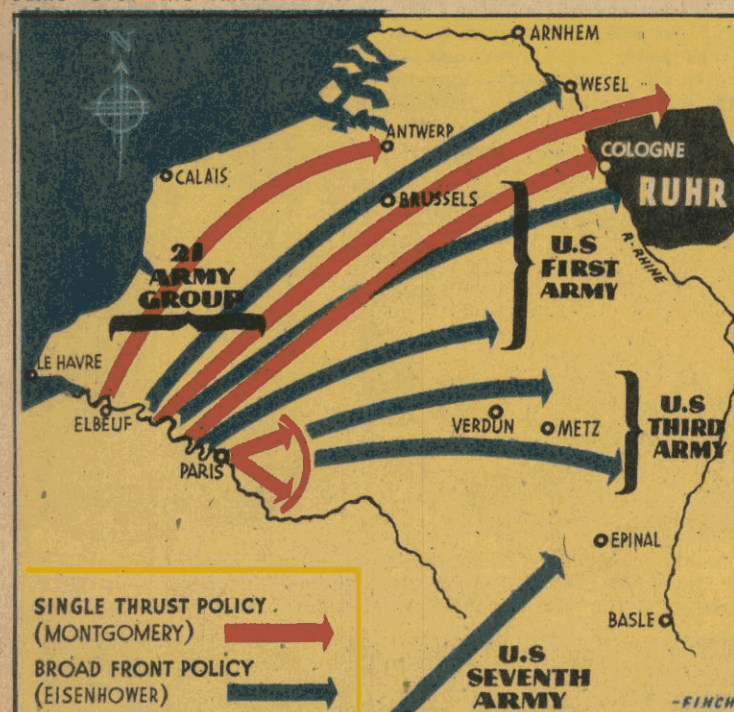


2 by a General

FREED at last from his own ruling, "The Chief of Staff should keep in the background and get on with his work," Major-General Sir Francis de Guingand, Chief of Staff to FM. Montgomery both in Eighth Army and 21 Army Group, has recorded his story of the war in "Operation Victory" (Hodder and Stoughton, 25s).

It is a personal account of what happened in high places when the fate of armies was being decided, disposing by straightforward narrative of unbalanced stories which alleged strained relations between war leaders, particularly Montgomery and his associates, demolishing with fact the ill-informed but much-publicised criticism the American Ralph Ingersoll levelled at Montgomery's handling of the situation in Normandy; and relating how high-level planners faced difficulties in the field.

The picture on the left, taken just before the Rhine crossing, shows General de Guingand on one of the few occasions when he was photographed with his Chief. Below is a map, adapted from FM. Montgomery's book, illustrating the problem which will long be debated by history: would a quick thrust from the Seine over the Rhine in 1944 have ended the war earlier?



4 by an ATS Corporal

A MODEST little book which won't tell you anything you shouldn't know is "This Was The ATS," by Corporal Ada Cavadini (Dorothy Crisp Ltd. 6s 6d). As far as SOLDIER knows, it is the first book written by an ATS girl. That is why it is reviewed in such distinguished company. "I am a 21-year-old Londoner, dark, olive-skinned and have hazel eyes," says Corporal Cavadini. She tells, naively, a straightforward story of her life in the ATS; of the Canadian soldiers who whistled after her and tried to carry her bag; of the ever-present peril of putting on weight; of waiting to use the iron; and wondering whether her stocking seams were straight. Perhaps you didn't know that ATS wear blue-and-white striped pyjamas? Or that they put on their ties without undoing the knot? Well, you do now. Corporal Cavadini should have told us rather more about some of her companions, such as the Jamaican girls who were given electric radiators to comfort them in the English climate, or the girl from the Salvation Army, or 18-year-old "Ack-Ack" who couldn't stand the noise of a gunsite.

Lack of sophistication is not a thing to reproach anyone with; but it tends to make flat reading at times. Who is going to write a lively, cheeky book about the ATS?

"Freddie" de Guingand began the war as Military Assistant to Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, then Secretary of State for War, and describes the events that led to Hore-Belisha's resignation: "Strong pressure must have been brought on the Prime Minister. Hore-Belisha could not have been considered the right man by the other Ministers in the War Cabinet. Further, there must have been those at the War Office who wished for his removal, and had not been backward in making known their views. The turn of events was a bitter blow to my chief, for he had a very genuine love of the Army. What I disliked was the scheming that went on, and how capital for bringing about his downfall was made from his very genuine efforts to help Gort."

From the War Office, de Guingand went to the Planning branch in the Middle East, where he became involved in the Greek campaign, which militarily he disliked from the start. "If Greece had asked for assistance, then we were in honour bound to do our best, but I contend we mislaid her as to our ability to help. We led her to believe that this help would be effective. The grounds for arriving at this view appeared extremely scanty. And the result was that we lost many lives, all our valuable equipment, and jeopardised our whole position in the Middle East. We brought about disaster in the Western Desert and threw away a chance of clearing up as far as Tripoli. Whether the politician forced the soldier's hand I do not know."

Next, de Guingand, to his surprise, was appointed Director of Military Intelligence, Middle East, and then Brigadier, General Staff, to Eighth Army, at that time back at Alamein and personally commanded by General Auchinleck. When de Guingand went to the desert, Auchinleck was thinking of returning to Cairo to resume his work as Commander-in-Chief and, considering the appointment of a new commander for Eighth Army, asked de Guingand whom he would nominate if he had the choice. De Guingand's reply

was: "I am sure you want a new man altogether, someone who hasn't any sand in his hair. The only ones I knew in the old days who very obviously had the necessary qualifications were Montgomery and Slim."

These two, de Guingand believes, stand out as really good field commanders, but he doubts whether the others, with the exception of Alexander, will be remembered by the next generation.

When Montgomery reached Eighth Army, he told de Guingand: "I will be making some changes shortly. If you happen to be one of them I will see that you get something good." That was the last de Guingand heard of the subject; he had found his niche in the Army and the two remained together until the end of the war.

One of the reasons for their success was that they were in complete agreement on the relative spheres of a commander and his chief of staff. Montgomery always worked the chief of staff system: he dealt with de Guingand on all matters and gave him power to make decisions in Montgomery's name, laying down the broad policy and knowing that de Guingand knew his views on most subjects.

Practising what he later preached, de Guingand took detail and other work off Montgomery's shoulders. "There must be complete mutual confidence and trust between the C-in-C and his Chief of Staff," he writes. "In their discussions no subject should be banned and the Chief of Staff must at all times be open and frank. Unpleasant facts must never be hidden from the Chief, although there are right and wrong times to present them."

"I don't think I remember having had one 'row' with my Chief," says de Guingand. "There was often a lot of smoothing out to be done when my Chief had been on the warpath or explanation in more silky phrases after a 'Monty-gram' had gone forth. A 'Monty-gram' was the name given to a signal written by Montgomery himself when he was making his views 'quite clear — with no room for doubt!'

"I very soon learnt how to get what I wanted and even on occasion to make him change his mind. One had to wait for the right mood; it was no good tackling him with anyone else there... It has often been said that Montgomery never issued paper or read documents. This, of course, is not strictly true... He did read papers, but I reduced these to the very minimum and normally had the meat produced out of them. As a general rule, however, we conducted all our business verbally."

De Guingand tells how at Sousse (Tunisia) the ADC's laid on a carefully prepared plot, in which a sweet young French woman came up to present the General with a bouquet of flowers at a ceremony and said: "Will you kiss me?" The Army Commander recoiled slightly, but rebounded to deliver a sharp peck on the lady's blushing cheek.



"Perhaps you didn't know that ATS wore blue-and-white striped pyjamas?"

3 by a Captain

IN "The Grenadier Guards 1939-1945" (Gale & Polden) Capt. Nigel Nicolson, MBE tells of the exploits of the regiment's six battalions in the BEF, Tunisia, Italy and North-West Europe.

Occasionally in the impersonal narrative you get glimpses of the men — "Lieut. C. O. M. Wills... rushed forward, shouting and even finding time to blow his hunting horn, knocked out three machine-guns almost single-handed and was continuing along the ridge to deal with a fourth when a bullet killed him outright."

Or glimpses of the fighting conditions like the 3rd Battalion's bogged-up positions in the Italian mountains, Autumn 1944: "The rain filled their trenches, and a trench was the only place where a man could find shelter

from shell-fire. He was permanently soaked to the skin and permanently in danger. He spent his day among shattered trees, hundreds of water-logged shell-holes, the unburied corpses of American and German soldiers, sopping blankets and rusted ration tins."

There is a ludicrous touch in this story of the break-through into Germany: "In one village a German colonel was found on his front lawn, and lost no time in explaining how delighted he was to meet the Brigade of Guards again, since he had stayed with the Coldstream in 1911."

But the book mainly confines itself to history. In it the Grenadier will see his own pictures behind the narrative.

THE ARMY'S IDEAL HOME

THE ARMY IS SHOWING THE WORLD THE SORT OF ACCOMMODATION IT HOPES TO HAVE ONE DAY—WHEN BUILDING AND FURNISHING MATERIALS ARE AVAILABLE. NOT TOMORROW PERHAPS, BUT THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW



Above: The soldier of the future retires: note the rug, reading-lamp, bedside cabinet and well-stuffed pillows. Below: He has this steel cupboard all to himself. There is plenty of space for mufti as well as battle-dress.

THE Army has taken space in the first post-war Ideal Homes exhibition run by the *Daily Mail* at Olympia. The exhibit is the outcome of the ideas given the War Office by privates, NCO's and officers who were consulted by the Quartermaster-General's department. (See *SOLDIER* October 1946 — "Four Girls and a Brigadier.")

Star feature is the specimen bedroom for four men, which may come into being when the 20-bed barrack-rooms are abolished. The beds are wider and more comfortable, with a small table and reading-lamp, a shelf and a rug by their sides. Other items are a large mirror, a table, four chairs and a ceiling lamp.

Most interesting innovation is a steel cupboard, one for each man, with hooks to hold civilian suits as well as battledress, and shelves for suitcase, kitbag, webbing, shirts, underclothes, shaving gear and other personal possessions; and — a notable point — a concealed, dustproof rifle-holder. All the furniture is painted light grey and the room derives cheerful colour from the most startling of all innovations, curtains, and other "soft furnishings".

Soldiers at the Central Ordnance Depot, Feltham, and REME men at Ashford built the exhibits and eight men produced the bedroom, which took five days to be installed and painted at Olympia.

Reaction to the new barrack-room among the visitors was interesting. One hardened squad-basher gazed at it open-mouthed and said, "I don't believe it!" Some old ladies who had never seen inside a barrack-room were surprised to find it was "so nice." But most people said, "About time, too."

Other sections of the War Office exhibit show the development of barracks from Wellington Barracks, built in 1831, 40 years after barracks were first introduced, to the Sandhurst Block of 1939. Research for this part was done by Junior Commander Terry Ainsworth, ATS, who amassed 100,000 words on the subject to get the details straight.



Above: There's plenty of room in the future barrack-room and a large table for letter-writing and games. Below: In its own compartment the rifle is sheltered from dust and can be locked up.





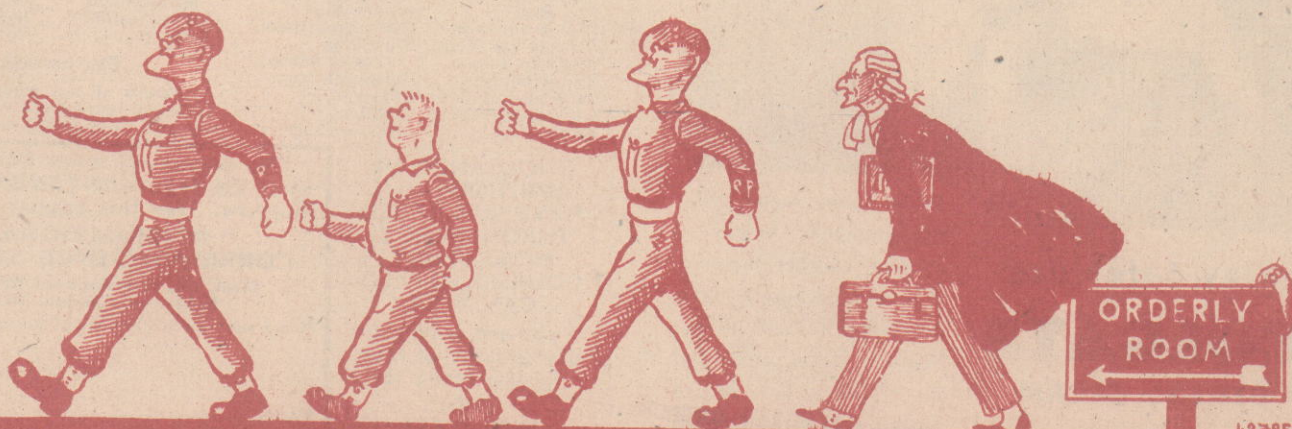
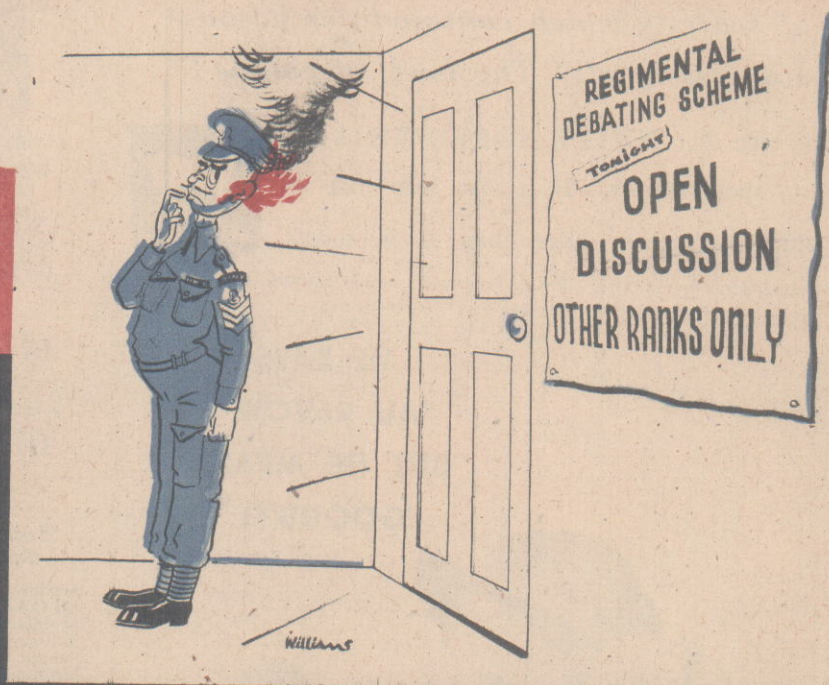
"Can you fellows keep a Top Secret?"

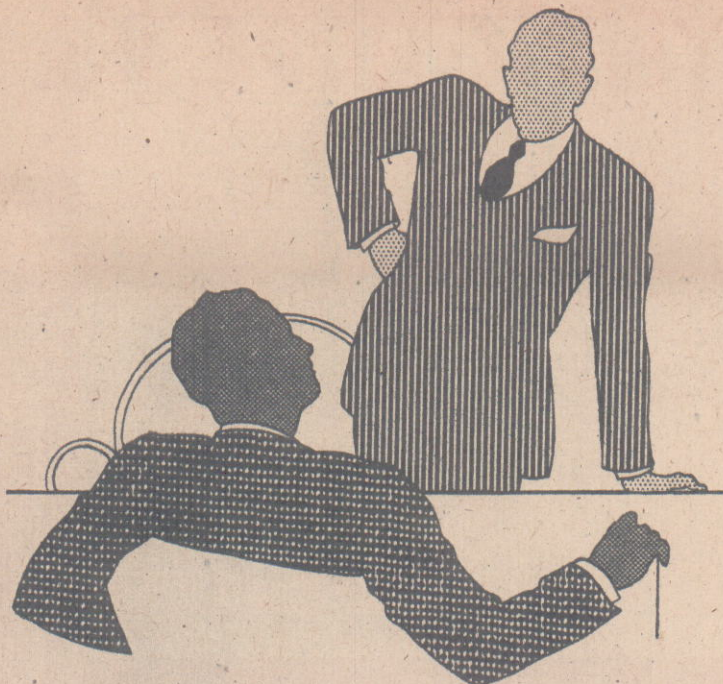
SOLDIER HUMOUR

Readers in all commands are invited to contribute to this page.



"My feet hurt something terrible, sir."





"Scarcity, did you say! And in times of scarcity which commodities become scarcest of all! The best, of course!"

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HE SAYS
"AU REVOIR"
BUT HE MEANS
"GOODBYE"



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DESERT RAT IS OLYMPIC HOPE No. 1

TO escape, badly burned, from a blazing tank; to be invalided out of the Army; to win back to health; and then to become an international sporting champion — that is the record of an ex-Desert Rat, Reg Harris, cycling champion of Great Britain and one of the few Englishmen today who keep consistently in the front line of sport.

Harris is the greatest sprint cyclist in the world. Even the most cycle-minded Continentals admit that.

An enthusiastic racer before the War, Harris, told to take it easy when he left the Army, decided to resume riding just for the fun of it. But the old itch for speed could not be denied, and it wasn't long before he was back on a racing bike, and winning races. From local successes he progressed to national honours. Head and shoulders above his contemporaries in this country, Harris turned his attention to the Continent, home of the world's best cyclists, and in the one short season of 1946 this Manchester Wheeler met and beat every crack amateur rider in France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Switzerland.

Tempting offers to turn professional poured in on him; he could have earned £5000 a year, which would have left him a good margin despite the heavy cost of travelling to as many as three countries in a week. But Harris turned a deaf ear to them all. Reason? He wants first to win an Olympic title for Britain in 1948; and it will be a surprise if he doesn't.

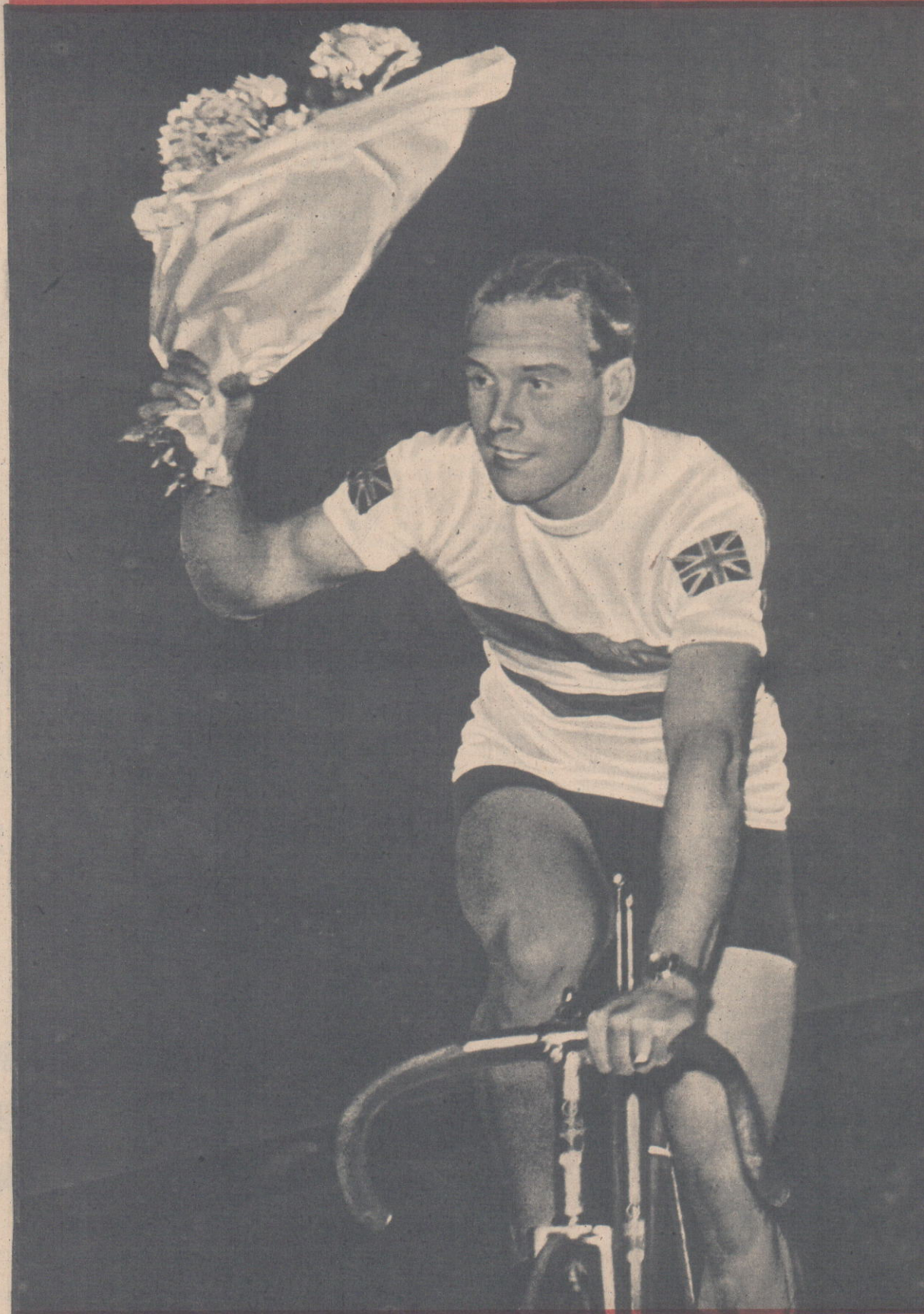
What does he look like? Normally dressed, he is just an ordinary man-in-the-street, medium height, fair complexion, ginger hair, and perpetually raised eyebrows that give him a constantly surprised look. But when he is stripped for the track you see an enormously deep chest and great thigh muscles that mean power on the pedals.

Harris first came into the international limelight in 1939 when he just scraped into the British team that contested the world's championships at Milan. Our other sprinters were the current national champion Bill Maxfield — later to pilot an RAF bomber and lose his life out over the Atlantic — and Dave Ricketts. The trio arrived in Italy at the end of August. British officials decided that the gathering war clouds looked too ominous, and, remembering 1914, when a British team was trapped in Denmark in similar circumstances, they hastened home. The amateur sprint was the only title decided and the rest of the series was cancelled.

For some years after that Harris was much too busy to worry about cycling, but soon

Inexplicably beaten in the world cycling championship last year, Reg Harris from Manchester is Britain's whitest hope in any field of sport for 1947 and 1948

By Archie Quick



The deep chest and the great thigh muscles are the mark of the cycling champion — yet Harris was invalided out of the Army after being badly burned in a brewed-up tank. He received the flowers after a victory in Paris.

Continuing OLYMPIC HOPE No. 1

after he got his ticket he won the 1000 yards championship of 1944 on his home track at Fallowfield, Manchester, the 440 yards at Herne Hill and the five miles at Slough. A new star had risen. Still only 25 years old in 1945, Harris again collected the two short distance titles, and, with international events revived, won eleven races against crack foreign competition. His four and a half years Army service—two and a half in the Middle East—didn't seem to have retarded him much, and his war injuries bothered him not at all, although doctors occasionally tut-tutted over his heart action. But his heart stands up to a 220 yards, finishing dash in 12 seconds which means 37½ mph.

And so he came to 1946, with the world's championships due to be held at Zurich, on the trickiest track in Europe. From the start of the season his objective had been to capture the rainbow-banded jersey which is the sole prerogative of the world's champion. He trained as he had never trained before. All through the season he won race after race. His job as an export manager to a cycle manufacturer took him abroad extensively, and he was able to pit himself against all the foreign national champions. And he proved that he could beat them every time, though they changed their tactics as often as they could.

Not since the days of the great Bill Bailey—four times world champion—had we turned out such a rider. British hopes were high indeed. Harris on the eve of the championships was quietly confident. He knew he was a better man than any gathered at Zurich. And yet he lost. He won his preliminary heats easily enough, and then came up against the Dutchman Bijster in the finals. During the year Harris had beaten Bijster on the four occasions they had met; he knew exactly what the Dutchman could do. Bijster took an early lead, but with 200 metres to go Harris was overhauling him. Then suddenly Harris stopped overtaking. Bijster held his own, began pulling ahead and it was all over.

People had gambled on Harris. The hush as he was seen to falter was broken only by the swish of tyres on concrete, and then came a terrific roar of amazement as

Bijster crossed the line. What was wrong? In the riders' cabins afterwards Harris couldn't explain it. An error of judgment? A sudden failing of strength? An excess of confidence? Harris had no excuses to make. Just: "I was beaten, that's all. I'll try again next year."

But he didn't wait until 1947 to prove that after all he was still the best sprinter in Europe. He finished the 1946 season by defeating all opposition, including the supreme Swiss champion Oscar Plattner. Riding at the final meeting at Herne Hill, Harris encountered the French champion Sensever and the Danish champion Schandorff, and a determined Mancunian showed the British public an electrifying last furlong in 12 seconds to beat the Dane and then pulled out a final 220 yards against Sensever in 11.8 seconds—nearly 40 miles per hour.

Finishing the season abroad, Harris again beat Plattner on his home track—the Zurich one—and such is Harris's personal popularity overseas that the Swiss crowd nearly rioted when in one heat they thought their own Plattner had fouled Harris. What might have been a serious situation was averted by Harris's waving to the crowd to attract their attention and then going over to shake hands with his rival.

For the first time a cyclist figured in the *News of the World* annual sportsmen's ranking list when Harris was placed seventh. Since Christmas, Harris has been taking things easily and his first ride of 1947 was fixed for the Easter meeting at Herne Hill when he was down to oppose Pauwels of Belgium and his old rival Bijster. Will it be another all-Harris season, home and abroad? I think so. The young Manchester lad has wintered well. He cycles for pleasure and leads a quiet steady life with his only vice an occasional pipe of tobacco.

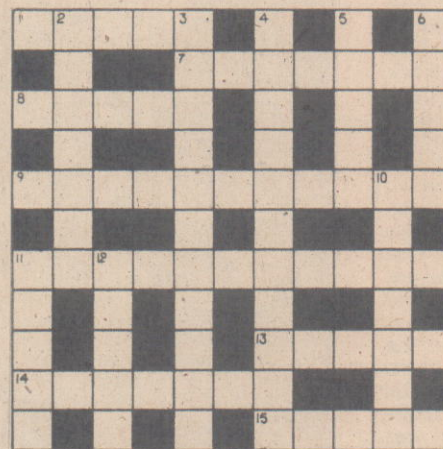
Harris will ride and race this Spring, and in late July the World Championships will be staged. Reg means to win that coveted rainbow-hued jersey this time.

And then to 1948... and maybe the decoration of the Five Rings of an Olympic Champion. No other Britisher has a greater chance in any field of sport.



An Olympic hope in action. When he really gets going only a very fast camera will catch more than a blur where Harris's legs are.

CROSSWORD



13. Picking this is not money for old rope, exactly.
14. Coach.
15. Fables.

DOWN:

2. Sometimes known as The Old Man Himself (two words).
3. To give this sort of hiding may be friendly.
4. The bright school-boy; he has to be the last part to be the whole (three words).
5. Rot! Nonsense! Dirty water!
6. Something to the good.
10. There's nothing like it.
11. Like old iron.
12. The sheep that went off on its own.

ACROSS:

1. A prophet in a Roman Catholic for a memento.
7. Beginnings end in short drinks.
8. You can make this stuff in Len.
9. Key to happiness.
11. Lend in spent after the Sapper gives a gaudy effect.

(Answers on Page 35)



AFWILES

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beard
again!*



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Blades**

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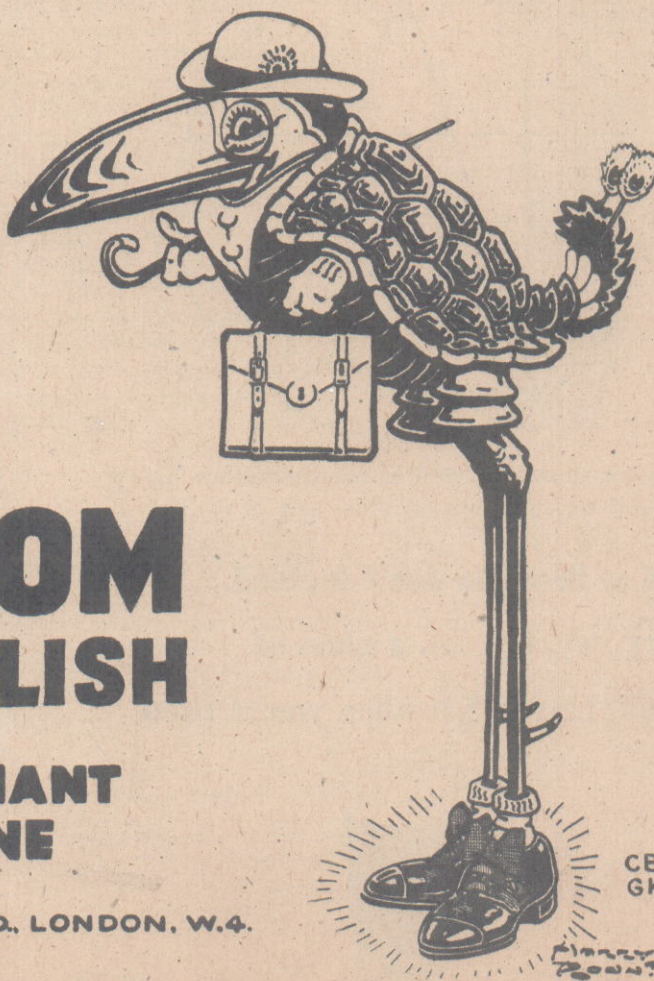
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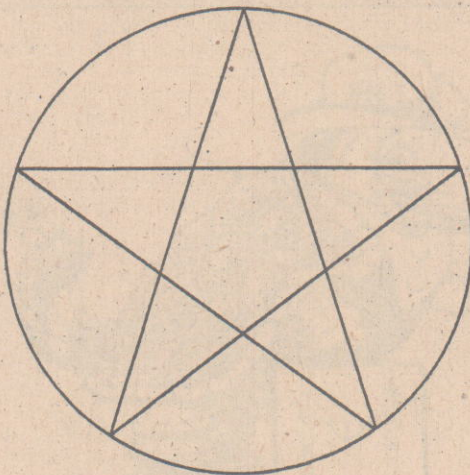
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without crossing over any other part of the line ?

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try, try, try . . . a glass of
GUINNESS when you're tired



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HUMBLE EDUCATION—NO BAR

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The new Course is far more than a course of study. It would more properly be called a "Course of Income." From the very earliest lessons it must be producing saleable work and actually introducing the writer to his market. It is the intention that the fees for the Course shall be paid for by accepted contributions as far as possible, and special arrangements are available for those of limited means whose ability justifies them "working their passage" to success.

HOW TOO APPLY

All who feel that they can be helped by this Course, as described, and who feel their talent justifies the effort, are requested to apply for details of the new plan of writing to sell. Those who start now will have every opportunity to appear in print this year, if they have the necessary drive and ambition. The book, "The Prospects for Authorship," is sent under plain sealed cover without obligation. (Stamp for reply postage appreciated.) Write to:—

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London W.C.2.

MR. BELLENGER'S BUTTONS

— and the new kitbag, water-bottle and webbing.

SOLDIER editorial staff sat round a table and gazed at a button. It lay there shining and obviously delighted with the admiration it attracted.

It looked a very new button which had received a lot of spit and polish from an energetic recruit. But it was not new and it had never endured a button stick, brush or polish. It was at least six months old, yet it still retained the gleam it had first shown to the world on leaving the factory.

It was, in fact, one of Mr. Bellenger's buttons, one of the unpolishable buttons which he

described last month to the House of Commons. His actual words were: "It is going to be a highly polished button, but it will not need polishing."

Because they are made of anodized aluminium these brass-coloured buttons will retain that high, scintillating polish from the day they are sewn on a greatcoat long after the greatcoat has fallen off the buttons from old age.

But do not expect them to be issued next week. Buttons, un-

polishable, will not appear on parade until after our existing stocks of buttons, polishable, have been used up.

What goes for buttons goes for other things as well. Light-weight webbing — so light that you will hardly know you are wearing it — was also announced by Mr. Bellenger. But it is not for immediate issue.

This webbing will be treated so that it will not lose its shade, and in addition it will be given a water-repellent dressing. Anti-moisture treatment is not permanent; periodically it will require renewing. The special renovator used for this purpose has the dual effect of cleaning the equipment and retaining the colour. The dark metal fittings, however, will remain dark and must not be polished.

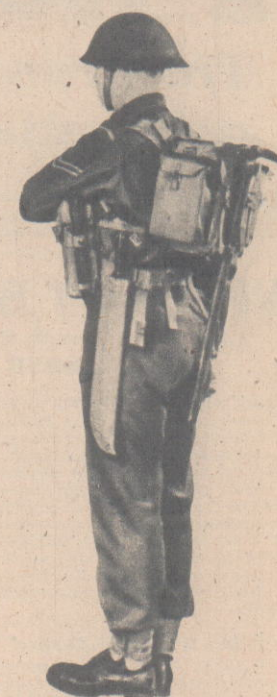
Pouches have quick-release fasteners and special loops for use as an alternative method of carrying the bayonet. The big pack is replaced by a rucksack with exterior pockets. The small pack (seen in picture on right) has additional straps for carrying a bedding roll and pick or shovel. The aluminium water-bottle has a screw top that cannot rust and the base fits into a cup. There is no cork or string to worry about and should you dent the bottle it still remains serviceable.

Anything you want from your kitbag is sure to be at the bottom. The Army is to introduce a new type shaped like the air travel bag. It has two strong carrying handles and a zip-fastener running across the top. At the bottom are special pockets to hold small articles.

Like the web equipment this kitbag will not be issued for some time because large stocks of the existing pattern have to be used up.



Everything but the kitchen stove. ... a flashback to Burma. True, an Infantryman did not go into battle like that. Below: In fighting order, tomorrow's Infantryman, wearing the new light-weight web equipment. Rifle is slung over right shoulder and secured to belt.



Here is the zippered kitbag, light, sturdy, roomy—and pocketed. Above: the new water-bottle, which has neither cork nor string. The cup fits on the base.

Answers

(from Pages 23 and 32)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. German policewomen. 2. Pidgin English. 3. It means the House of Commons is sitting. 4. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are!" 5. Divorcees are not allowed to work for the BBC. 6. God be with you. 7. Yes. 8. A kind of fur. 9. Robert Montgomery; James Mason; Merle Oberon. 10. Minestrone (a soup). 11. (a) Field Marshal Viscount Alexander; (b) Sir Ronald Adam; (c) General Dempsey. 12. 100.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1. Relic. 7. Origins. 8. Linen. 9. Contentment. 11. Resplendent. 13. Oakum. 14. Trainer. 15. Myths.

DOWN: 2. Evil one. 3. Concealment. 4. First in form. 5. Bilge. 6. Asset. 10. Nonsuch. 11. Rusty. 12. Stray.

ANY ADVANCE ON 23½?

WHEN Lieut. (QM) A. E. Brittain claimed in **SOLDIER** for January that he held the records for length of service with one battalion (18 years) and the longest period without taking leave (19 years) he started something.

Since then old sweats in many units have been looking up their own records and proud claims of long service have been piling up on the Editor's desk, although only one man can so far claim to equal the no-leave record.

Last month Pte. "Battler" Bennett claimed 22 years three months with the 2nd. Devonst; and Lieut. R. W. Abendroth 22 years with the 1st. East Lancs. But neither of them could confess to

having gone without leave for so long as Quartermaster Brittain.

This month three more claims have arrived — two of them from India.

Captain (QM) C. W. Smart, MBE, has served with the 1st. Bn. Somerset Light Infantry for 23 years seven months. Of that period 20 years seven months have been spent overseas, for the battalion embarked for foreign parts in September 1926.

He did, however, take six months leave in 1934.

Sgt. E. Cotton, also of the 1st. Somersets, has served with the battalion for 19 years, all of which have been spent overseas, and during that time he has not taken any leave.

With a slightly pensive note they both add: "It is regretted we cannot compete with Mr. Brittain's moustache."

And from BAOR comes the claim of Sgt. T. Yardley to have served 19 years six months with the 2nd. Bn. Grenadier Guards.

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TOOTHACHE
RHEUMATIC
PAINS
etc.**

RESERVE

I am a regular about to go on reserve. What reserve will it be, what are the obligations and what is the pay? — "Interested".

★ From Colour service you go on to Section B Royal Army Reserve on the day following completion of release and overseas leave. There you remain until you have completed your 12-years engagement.

As a B reservist you are liable for annual training under section 11 Reserve Forces Act 1882. While the proclamation calling up reservists in 1939 is still in force you are liable to be recalled to the Colours at any time during the emergency. You are also liable to be recalled to the Colours by proclamation in the event of further mobilisation.

You will be issued with reserve pay—9d. a day, payments being made quarterly in arrears. This issue is made subject to the receipt of a quarterly life certificate, and provided that you are resident in Britain.

IN, OUT, IN

I enlisted for six and six in 1937, was taken prisoner in 1941 and through illness in camp was graded B1 on release from the Army to reserve. Last year I was medically discharged from the reserve and after further examination was found A1 and rejoined for a period of five and seven.

If I complete 12 years with the Colours will I be able to count my service (1937-46) towards a pension? — Bdr. J. V. Powell, 3rd Regt. RHA

★ You will qualify for a pension after 22 years, in which period you can include your service before your discharge in 1946.

NO LEAVE IF VITAL

On 11 June 1947 I shall have completed three years in BAOR. At this time I shall be due for release. If I am deferred will I be eligible for Python or Lilop? — Sgmn. F. Waldron, 67 Wing Signal Troop, 84 GCC/70, RAF, BAFO.

★ If you are deferred as operationally vital you will not qualify for Python leave simply because you are vital. If before your release group is finished you become no longer operationally vital, you can be sent home on Python leave until the last day of your group and then be released, thus gaining extra leave.

GERMAN CARS

I have read many letters in SOLDIER on buying German civilian cars and motor-cycles and I can find no clear information on how one can obtain one legally.

The Volkswagen is on the market but the people who can afford it are hardly those who want it. I would not want it if I had a jeep or staff car.

I have my family with me and the transport situation is difficult. I managed to get a German motor-cycle at my previous station from a Polish soldier, but when I wrote to Mil Gov asking for the necessary papers to put it on the road I was told that GRO 1237/45 forbade the purchase of almost everything from Germans.

Although it is of German make and I presume a German owned it at some time, I did not buy it from a German, — "Nix Benzine."

★ GRO 2276/46 forbids the purchase in Germany of any transport

LETTERS

vehicle, including bicycles or mechanical transport tools or components. Even though you bought a German motor-cycle from a Polish soldier, it was originally bought from a German.

Volkswagen are the only vehicles which may be purchased by individuals in Germany. Full details have been issued to your unit.

ON THE AUTOBAHN

I was interested in the letter from a happy housewife in BAOR. Do not think I grudge families their privileges, which include being able to ride round in Volkswagen and other cars while we chaps on pass must walk. But I do feel more of them might give us a lift when they see us trying to hitch-hike. — Tpr. G. Brewer, 105 Rft. Group.

LONG AND SHORT

Some of the regular "old sweats" in this unit claim that the Army does not want a man to do a long term of service. They say that is the reason why attractive offers are made to men to do short-term engagements, and also why the regular, who gives the best years of his life, gets a raw deal.

I disagree by saying that the regulars get a good pension and the "short-termers" much less in comparison. — L/Bdr. A. F. Jones, 142/72 Bty. RHQ.

★ Look at it this way. After 22 years a private will get a pension of about 26s. 4d. a week, a sergeant 34s., depending on how long he held the rank. Suppose that sergeant goes on pension at 40 and lives until he is 70. He will have drawn over £2,600 by way of pension. Suppose he had remained a civilian. To have bought



"Suppose a sergeant goes on pension at 40 . . ."

an annuity of 34s. a week at the age of 40 he would have had to put away (at interest) over £1 a week for 22 years.

The short-service engagements were introduced to attract men who feel they do not want to serve for a long period. There are bonuses in lieu of pension.

VOICE FROM CIVVY STREET

I have been back a year in civilian life. What have I found?

It was easy so long as one was content to go with the crowd. But when one made an honest endeavour to "get on", to make up for the many years' leeway, to do something out of the ordinary, the fight was hard.

The spirit which abounded between one another in the Forces—the spirit that made a mug of tea into a "sup all round", that filled one with enthusiasm to finish the job, whatever its discomforts, and help along a pal—vanishes

overnight in Civvy Street. Now the team is broken, and each withdraws into his own little hemisphere, caring not at all for his neighbour, and his neighbour caring not for him. That, I really think, is the greatest disappointment—having seen to what heights the friendliness of man can ascend in difficulty, and to see to what depths it has descended in an era of outward peace.

Faith in one's comrades was never higher than in the years of struggle. Personally, my faith in my fellow men, in spite of my determination of a year ago, could be little lower than at this moment. I am not going to apportion the blame, but I would urge that the petty strifes that beset us be submerged, as in the war years, until we have made the ship ship-shape once again.

It is with pride that I remember my Army service. Some of those habits of

correct, but Section 162 (1) Army Act 1881 provides also "that Court (civil) shall, in awarding punishment, have regard to the military punishment he may have already undergone."

(2) But it must be understood that a man cannot be tried for the same offence twice—first by a civil court and then by a military court. Section 162 (6) Army Act 1881—"Where a person subject to military law has been acquitted or convicted of an offence by a competent civil court, he shall not be liable to be tried in respect of that offence under the Act."

(3) The only reason (1) must operate is that civil law remains supreme and that a person subject to military law is not thereby exempted from civilian law. — A. Ellis, Civilian Clerk, HQ, AA Command.

★ It all adds up to this—where a man has been tried by a civil court he is not liable to be tried under the Army Act for the same offence. But he can be tried by Court martial and then by a civilian court, in which case the court will give consideration to the military punishment the man has already undergone.

SWEETS

I get tired of receiving the same kind of sweet ration all the time. Why can't men in Home commands be issued with a ration card like civilians, so that they could choose their own sweets in the shops? — Pte. John Granger, RASC.

★ Even civilians are often unable to buy the kind of sweets they want. Additional snags are these: units and formations are still moving about and the readjustment of supplies to civilian shops would be too slow to enable all men to get their entitlement; NAAFI receives maximum proportion of the lines most popular with the Services thanks to a special Ministry of Food dispensation, whereas civilian traders must take what they're given; with personal points coupons, soldiers would forfeit their entitlement if it was not purchased in the specified period; Service funds (including those of messes) benefit to the tune of £125,000 per annum in rebate and discount on sweets bought by NAAFI. For these and other reasons the proposal is not considered practicable.

LEAVE SMOKES

How many cigarettes is one allowed to take home on a 19-days leave? When leave from BAOR was only 11 days we could take 200 cigarettes. — Gnr. J. B. Hudson, 25th Field Regt. RA.

★ At present a soldier may take only 200 cigarettes into Britain free of duty,

although he may take more than that with him if he is willing to pay customs duty.

It is hoped that negotiations now going on between the War Office and the Customs and Excise will result in an increase in the duty-free amount.

LEAVE ROUTE

Scottish leave-bound men going via Hook-Harwich are among the last to reach their homes, and they are not helped by the fact that rarely does their train from Harwich reach Liverpool Street in time for them to catch the early morning trains going North.

At one time there was a special train for them which got to Edinburgh at 1815 hours. Because it was taken off we often don't reach that city until 2300 hours. It would seem a new leave route policy is somewhat overdue. — "DW", 6th Inf. Bde.

★ The special train to Edinburgh was taken off because the number of men travelling North became insufficient to justify it.

MAPLE LEAF

I was with the North Irish Horse during the war and we relieved some Canadians cut off by Jerry. In gratitude we were awarded a replica of the Maple Leaf to be worn on the sleeve of every man.

Now I have left that regiment am I permitted to wear it, and if so, on what medal ribbon? — Tpr. B. Rose, Royal Scots Greys.

★ You are not allowed to wear it. The Canadian Army did issue the emblem to certain British troops, but the practice was discontinued when it was ascertained that such troops could not wear it when in uniform. The Maple Leaf is worn on the ribbon of

THE GOAT AND THE LEEK



ST. DAVID'S DAY in the 1st. Bn. Royal Welsh Fusiliers at Gevelsberg, in the Ruhr, had all its traditional ceremonies. At Reveille drummers, visited the officers' rooms to pin leeks in the officers' caps. At dinner-time Billy the goat, accompanied by the goat-major, the drum-major and a drummer, and ushered into the men's dining-room with a roll of drums, watched the ceremony of eating the leek, when the youngest Fusilier stood with one foot on the table to eat a raw leek and drink a toast to St. David.



COUPONS AT LAST

Each year regular soldiers will receive 30 clothing coupons. The present "coupon year" started on 1 October last.

For this year only each regular will get five coupons for each year he served between 1941 and 1946 inclusive.

the Canadian Volunteer Service Medal to denote the award of a clasp for a minimum of 60 days outside Canada. You get British campaign stars to prove you have been overseas.

VISITING US ZONE

Is it possible for me to visit my sister living in the U.S. Zone of Germany? — L/Cpl. E. Blake, REME, 7th Armoured Bde.

★ Leave to the U.S. Zone can be granted only on extreme compassionate grounds. Members of British forces are not allowed to sleep in German houses and so any soldier going into that Zone would have to be attached to a nearby unit. Applications on compassionate grounds must be made through your unit.

BRITISH

An argument has arisen here over the nationality of a German girl after her marriage to a British soldier. — S/Sgt. T. L. Day, 23 Heavy Workshop Coy., REME.

★ A German girl is a British subject once she has married a British soldier.

(More Letters on Page 38)



"...caring not at all for his neighbour, and his neighbour caring not for him."

years I have kept with me, for I still "spit and polish" my shoes, and realise that a couple of hands in one's overcoat pocket do not look quite so well as a couple of arms swinging by the side. I have, with difficulty, managed to keep in contact with some of my old pals, and keep an active interest in my Old Comrades Association; although it is surprising how few of your old comrades you ever see at its functions (possibly because in my case it is a Corps Association and men were so widely scattered in war time). But there is always the chance that you might see "old so-and-so".

In spite of what I've said it's a fine country to come back to, with all its difficulties and shortcomings; but do bring a bit of that comradeship along with you, and give it out when you get here. — Eric P. Reed, late 72 SIS, CRMP, BAOR.

TRIED TWICE

In a recent letter a soldier asked: "Can a man be tried for the same offence twice—by a military court and then by a civil court?"

"Yes, if it is an offence against civil law", was your reply.

I feel this reply is not full enough, and might be easily misunderstood.

(1) First your answer was partly

Two Minute Sermon

We have had our share of war and hatred, hunger and cold, and we are sick to death of it. Sick to death of living among ruins which just go on being ruins, the same old heaps of rubble day after day. Sick to death of promises which are never kept and hopes which are never fulfilled.

But Easter, with its warm winds and the hope of summer is upon us. What does Easter really mean? It means that God isn't beaten yet. The soldiers have spat upon Him. The priests and the politicians

and the company promoters have forged their lies against Him. The common people have played into their hands by howling "Crucify Him" as they were bidden. But God isn't beaten yet. Get that into your heads.

Stop complaining about how bad the world is. Stop trying to fit yourself into that badness as if there were nothing else left. Then get your coat off and tackle the rubble.

God is alive, even among the ruins. Get busy and see how true it is.

MORE LETTERS

LÜNEBURG FOR EVER

I have read of a plan to turn Brecknockshire—the Switzerland of Wales—into a military training area. Would it not be a better idea to include a condition in the Peace Treaty whereby the vast area of Lüneburg Heath in Germany is always available to the British Army for training? After all, in the past we have used Egypt and other places. — **Cpl. P. Buxbaum, 821 CCG.**

★ *Points to remember: one, the other signatories to the Peace Treaty might have something to say about this; two, training abroad—even across the North Sea—would be far more expensive and would tie up shipping.*

CHANGING JOB

I was released last June under Class B to take up my previous job in agriculture. My release group is 50. When this group is out am I free to take up other employment?

Do I receive any reserve pay by being relegated to Class WTA reserve as stated on my discharge papers? I am not a Territorial. — **J. Sorrenson, Old Farm Hall, Sunk Island, Ottringham, Hull, Yorkshire.**

★ *All men in agriculture between the ages 18—50 are controlled by the Ministry of Labour and this applies to men released under Class B. If you want to change your job when your group is out you will have to apply for permission from your nearest Ministry of Labour office.*

Class WTA reserve is just the name given to the section of the reserve to which you were graded on your release. It carries no reserve pay.

DESERTERS

There are many soldiers like myself who were absent for a short period and yet received a stiff sentence. For example, I was absent for a fortnight but got four years penal servitude, lost all gratuity and also my group number. Is there any chance of our cases receiving sympathetic treatment in view of the reasonable treatment now

given to deserters of long standing? — **L/Cpl. (address supplied).**

★ *Cases of absence must be considered individually. Official view is that soldiers who absented themselves from the front to avoid special action against the enemy, making it necessary for other men to be detailed in their places, or who left their posts, thus endangering the lives of their comrades and jeopardising an action, should receive different treatment from that given in the simpler cases of men absenting themselves while not under active service conditions.*

However, a more lenient policy was introduced in November, 1945, with the result that suspension and remission of sentences are taking place almost every day throughout the Army. There are now also review boards, composed of officers, who are at present visiting all prisons and detention barracks reviewing the cases of soldiers serving their sentences and making recommendations.

SERVICE FROM 18

I began boy's service at 15 and joined the Colours at 18. Later an order came out under which the joining age was cut to 17½, and we were paid as men from that date. From which age do I count my Colour service? — **Cpl. R. Sansom, REME att. No 1 MTS. Depot, 15 ABOD.**

★ *We have a number of letters on this subject. The order you mentioned was SAO 63/39 which gave the minimum age for enlistment of men as 17½, and further provided that boys (other than apprentices) would get men's pay from that date. But their service still reckons from the date they reach 18.*

INTO ARMOUR

Can you tell me what men will be taken into the armoured divisions in the new Territorial Army? Will it only be men who served their duration of emergency period in the RAC or will less fortunate people like myself—who were put in other arms against their wishes—be allowed to join? — **L/Cpl. A. C. Purdom, 174 W/S Park Coy.**

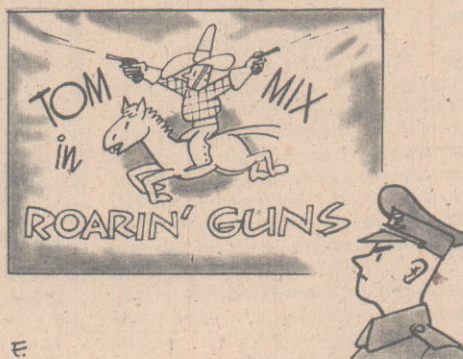
★ *Voluntary enlistment in the T.A. allows a man to select the arm he wishes. Provided there are vacancies in the armoured units and that you attain the necessary standards there is no reason why you should not be accepted for armour.*

OLD FILMS

The following films have been shown locally recently: "The Wizard of Oz", "Tonight and Every Night", "Cover Girl" and "National Velvet". Why are so many antiquated pictures still touring Rhine Army? — **Spr. J. Scott, Herford.**

★ *Army Kinema Corporation say: You are probably referring to films shown by an AKC repertory cinema. There are several of these in BAOR, and they show older films for troops who have not seen them, or want to see them again.*

Enough new films are normally sent to Rhine Army to ensure that



"first run" cinemas show two programmes of new films each week. We say "normally" because exceptional conditions sometimes interfere with local routine, with the result that old-timers are brought out. When this happens every effort is made to explain the reasons through the local unit press or BFN.

RELEASE LEAVE

Does a soldier on release receive a day's extra pay and allowance for every month served in BAOR, or are we now considered to be a home station? I thought maybe this concession had been ended since gratuities and post-war credits were discontinued. — **Cpl. R. Pither, 93 DRASC, Hamburg.**

★ *Under Release Regulations 1945 men who have served not less than six months overseas since 3 September 1939 receive a further period of leave on the scale of one day for each month's service overseas. This is still in operation.*

NO STARS FOR MEDAL

Is a man with the Military Medal automatically classified as a three-star-soldier under the new pay code? I have had 3½ years service and am still classified as a one-star-soldier. — **Pte. W. Walker, MM, HQ, No 3 Lumber Group.**

★ *No. A decoration does not entitle you to three stars. You still have to pass the test.*

SOLDIER

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RELEASE LATEST

Between April and September 214,000 men and 15,270 women will be released from the Army.

MEN: April: Part 48 group and part 49, 34,900; May: part 49 part 51, 46,700; June: part 51, part 53, 44,600; July: part 53, part 55, 31,900; August: part 55, part 57, 28,400; September: part 57, and 58, 27,500.

WOMEN: April: part 57, part 59, 2500; May: part 59, part 61, 2590; June: part 61, part 62, 2500; July: part 62, part 63, 2590; August: part 63, part 64, 2590; September: part 64, part 65, 2500.

During period October to December inclusive group 59 to part 61 (men) and part 65 to 67 (women) will be released.

The Government's aim is to release this year all men called up before 1 January 1944, but the compulsory deferment of release of individuals will continue to be necessary.

BEYOND RECALL

After a man has completed his release leave is he still tied to the Army in any way? I am thinking of joining the Fleet Air Arm as a regular at the end of my leave. Would I be able to do this, and if there was another emergency after I had joined would I be liable to recall to the Army? — **L/Cpl. J. M. Barnes, Royal Signals, DIC, 74 HQ, CCG.**

★ *When you are released from the Army you are relegated to a section of the reserve until discharged at the end of the present emergency. So long as you are not a regular soldier with a definite period to serve under section B of the reserve you can, after your leave, apply to join as a regular with another Service. If accepted you will be discharged from the liability of recall into the Army if there is another emergency.*

STRANGE REQUEST

Please settle an argument: Is it possible for an English soldier to become a naturalised German, and if so, how? — **Pte. J. Baker, RAMC, 25 British Military Hospital.**

★ *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.*

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London, N.14.
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Yours gratefully,
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THE BRITISH  ARMY MAGAZINE

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But can they all
Prop up a wall
In such a charming way?