SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

Feb. 2 · 1946 · Fortnightly · Vol. 1 — No 25

50 pfg.

IN FRANCE: 6 FR.
IN HOLLAND: 13 CENTS
IN BELGIUM: 2 FR.
IN DENMARK: 30 ORE.

THE ROYAL POSTILLIONS

(See page 6)

SSAFA

SSAFA (the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association) has a 60 years' record of service in war and peace, to the families of the men who have fought for our country.

During the war just concluded its work has greatly expanded. Its voluntary workers numbered 10,000 in 1939; in 1945 there were 29,000.

Up to August 1945 168,000 members of the Services had made use of SSAFA, and new enquiries are being received at the rate of 1,500 a week.

During the war SSAFA opened a married families club and 15 emergency children's homes; and in 1945 it issued clothing to families at the rate of 80,000 per month.

This increased service means increased expenditure; it rose from £90,000 in 1940 to £450,000 in 1944, and it is still rising. There is now an urgent need for funds.

I ask those whom SSAFA has helped in the past to give something so that it may help others.

I ask those who have been fortunate, and have not had to call on SSAFA for help, to give something to that it may help those who have been less fortunate.

SSAFA is appealing now to the RHINE ARMY for contributions to its funds. This appeal has my heartfelt support; and with your help it will be a success.

B. L. Montgomery
Field-Marshal.
Commander-in-Chief.

The form given below may be used by any individual or any unit wishing to contribute to the funds of SSAFA.

Cheques or postal orders should be sent, with the form, to SSAFA Appeal Dept., 90 Regent St., London, W. 1.

I/We enclose a donation of £ : :
This money to be earmarked for use in the County of .....
.....
Rank, Name and Number .....
.....
Unit .....
Postal Address .....
.....

RELEASE FIGURES

THE following figures of releases and discharges from the Forces from 18 June to 31 December 1945 were given in the House of Commons by Mr. George Isaacs (Minister of Labour).

Service	Class A	Class B and other Releases & Discharges	Total
Men			
Royal Navy ...	170,800†	30,700†	201,500†
Army	661,152	174,806	835,958
Royal Air Force	253,201	49,755	302,956
Total	1,084,100†	255,300†	1,340,400†
Women			
Royal Navy ...	24,200†	3,373	27,600
Army	67,714	13,608	81,322
Royal Air Force	52,752	9,677	62,429
Total	144,700†	26,658	171,400†
Total Men and Women			
Royal Navy ...	195,000†	34,100†	229,100†
Army	728,866	188,414	917,280
Royal Air Force	305,953	59,432	365,385
Total	1,229,800†	281,900†	1,511,800†

† Approximate figures

Releases and Discharges during December 1945

Service	Class A	Class B and other Releases & Discharges	Total
Men			
Royal Navy ...	45,732	5,135	50,867
Army	208,322	36,668	244,990
Royal Air Force	54,412	9,852	64,264
Total	308,466	51,655	360,121
Women			
Royal Navy ...	4,547	339	4,886
Army	7,291	2,275	9,566
Royal Air Force	6,960	725	7,685
Total	18,798	3,339	22,137
Total Men and Women			
Royal Navy ...	50,279	5,474	55,753
Army	215,613	38,943	254,556
Royal Air Force	61,372	10,577	71,949
Total	327,264	54,994	382,258

A Soldier's Bookshelf

OUT OF THE BAG

HOW did the Brigadiers and Generals fare when they went into the bag? The answer, and it is a splendidly tough one, is in Brig. Hargest's account of his adventures—"Farewell Campo 12" (Michael Joseph 10s 6d). Captured in the unlucky desert battle of late '41, after helping his men fight to the last gun against hopeless odds, he was switched by submarine (after a brief glimpse of Rommel) to Benghazi, then to Greece and finally to captivity in Italy.

Campo 12, the castle in which he and many other senior officers were imprisoned, might have been a fairly tolerable residence if they had taken it easy. But not a bit of it. Before Hargest arrived, escape plans were well in hand and it was not long before General O'Connor of 13 Corps was doing 30 days for his share in the first attempt.

After that the movement went, literally, underground. The big shots tunnelled their way into a disused chapel, thence down to the living rock and so beyond the fortress walls and away. It was a twelve month task. Of the gallant party, which included the great veteran Carton de Wiart, only Hargest succeeded in reaching England, but the story gains in drama as the central figures diminish.

There is no polish to this straightforward account of adventure, but by the dignity and simplicity of its telling the spell is cast to the end.

If you heard recently from the BBC a dull, pedestrian version of this tale, don't be put off—the Brigadier can convey in an unvarnished line the thrill which a dozen actors failed to raise: the genuine thrill which only a true story of high courage and unflinching guts can bring.

** Brigadier James Hargest, CBE, DSO, MC, MP was born in 1891, educated in New Zealand. He fought through World War One with great distinction, finishing as Lt-Col. Followed a period as a sheep farmer; then he was back again with the NZEF in 1940, commanding 5th Inf Bde. He earned two bars to his DSO and a CBE. After his escape from captivity (described above) he acted as observer with 50th Div. He was killed in Normandy on 12 December ,1944.

THAT WORLD ARMY

"YOU cannot have a World Army and Air Force without a World State on which to base them and a World Navy to convoy and support them," writes Brigadier E. C. Anstey in "Peace In Our Time" (Frederick Muller 3s 6d). The author discusses the case for and against an international army, with a clear military insight into the difficulties involved. "Permanent international forces", he says, "are for the distant future. For the present and for some time to come we must rely on the temporary international forces represented by the Allied Armies of Occupation. By the time the reduction of those forces can be entertained we shall know certain vital factors in the problem . . . we shall have seen whether Europe escapes the chaotic anarchy which the appalling destruction of war can produce . . ."

In a final summing-up, Brigadier Anstey writes: ". . . No international force, however self-sacrificing its members may be to the international idea, can be successful if it follows a false doctrine and bases its plans on false information."

** Brigadier E. C. Anstey DSO was CSO to the Armaments Sub-Commission of the Inter-Allied Commission of Control in Germany from 1920—22. He retired from the Army in 1935, served as PAD Officer to London District 1938—40. He is now a military correspondent. Other works: "The Vanishing Yacht," "The Mystery of the Blue Inn."

DUNKIRK—IN DETAIL

IF you were at Dunkirk and you can remember the name of the vessel which rescued you, look for it in the engrossing "Appendix B" to A. D. Divine's "Dunkirk" (Faber 15s.) This is a proud index, listing as it does Navy destroyers with redoubtable names like Intrepid and Vanquisher, mines weepers like Grace Fields and Brighton Belle, MTB's which were mere numbers, Dutch skoots, Belgian trawlers, flare-burning drifters, hospital ships and the infinity of small craft with names like Dinky, Ma Joie, Desiree and Mutt (those little ships which picked up between 80,000 and 90,000 of the 337,000 men saved in Operation Dynamo). And in this roll of honour a humble asterisk indicates those vessels which paid the penalty of their temerity.

Mr Divine's book is one of the first detailed histories of Dunkirk. It is packed with facts, names, interviews, survivors' stories. It also contains a list of those who were honoured for their share in the evacuation. But Mr Divine readily admits that "the full histroy of Dunkirk will never be told. The material of naval history lies in the reports of captains and masters, in the records of navigators and the staffs of engine rooms . . ." many of which were lost in "the rich turmoil of the times." Nevertheless his book is a praiseworthy attempt to keep the records straight. Dunkirk will become a legend; and here are the facts to inspire and substantiate the legend.

** Cape Town-born A.D. Divine worked on the "Cape Times," came to England in 1930. He was one of the yachtsmen who helped in the Dunkirk evacuation, was wounded and awarded the DSM. The rest of the war he was a naval correspondent for Kemsley Newspapers.

£80 For An Idea

CAPTAIN Bertrand Stewart, a London lawyer, was killed in the Battle of the Aisne in 1914. But he left behind an idea—an idea to encourage other people's ideas.

He directed in his will that a capital sum should be set aside to provide a prize for the best paper on some military subject the study or discussion of which would tend to increase the efficiency of the British Army as a fighting force.

This contest was suspended in 1940 and is now being revived—with a prize of £80.

The Army Council has set the subject, which is:

"Our history shows that whereas in war the nation is prepared to give full support to its armed forces, in peace the tendency is for the Army to be neglected and, if not to fall into disrepute, at least to be regarded without popularity or enthusiasm.

"Bearing in mind the need for economy in manpower and money, discuss ways in which youconsider some improvement could be achieved in the attitude of the general public towards the Army in peace."

Judges in this contest are appointed by the Army Council, in consultation with the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty and the Air Council. The Editor of the "Army Quarterly," in which the winning entry will be published, is also a judge.

The contest is open to any officers, other ranks or ratings who are serving, or who have served, in any of the three fighting services of the United Kingdom, the Dominions, India or the Crown Colonies.

The closing day for the competition is 24 June 1946, by which date essays should reach: The Editor, the Army Quarterly, Axtell House, Warwick Street, Regent Street, London, W. 1. DO NOT SEND ENTRIES TO "SOLDIER."

Conditions: no essays to be longer than 10,000 words; they must be typewritten and submitted in quadruplicate; authorship to be strictly anonymous—each competitor must adopt a motto and enclose with his essay a sealed envelope with his motto typed on the outside and his name and address inside; title and page of any published or unpublished work referred to or quoted must be given; the judges may withold the prize if the standard of entries is not high enough, or divide it; result to be announced in the "Army Quarterly" of October 1946.

Snapshot (10) on JOBS

TRAINING FOR BUSINESS

EX-SERVICEMEN and women will be eligible for three months' general business training followed by a specialised course lasting from three months to two years under a new Ministry of Labour scheme beginning in April. The syllabus, which includes all aspects of business, is intended for those whose careers were delayed or interrupted at an early stage.

Training colleges will be established in the provinces. Business men will tell students of the practical problems they will face, and after the general course those selected will undertake more specialised instruction. Throughout their training they will be regarded as holding responsible positions, and completion of the course should fit them to take the posts that they would have reached but for the war. Part-time courses may also be taken.

PROSPECTS

Full details of the scheme are published in leaflet No. 188 issued by the Ministry of Labour. Employment is not guaranteed, but it is hoped that the majority of trainees will get jobs at £400 a year or more. Those not employed by the firms with which they train will be interviewed by the Local Appointments Officers of the Ministry of Labour. Grants of up to £160 per annum for a single man with an additional £110 for a wife and £40 for each child will be available for students if they can prove financial necessity. No account will be taken of personal disability pay, war gratuities, or payments made by employers to give trainees a suitable living standard.

HOW TO APPLY

Applicants should have been educated to School Certificate Standard and have completed one year's service. They must also prove that war service prevented them training for a career or (b) their business career was interrupted before the age of 21, or before the completion of two years, whichever is more favourable to them, or (c) owing to war service they are medically unfit to return to their pre-war occupation. If eligible, they will be interviewed before acceptance. In exceptional cases some of these conditions may be waived. British subjects have precedence.

Serving soldiers whose release date has been announced may obtain application form E.D.761 from their regimental office. It is also available from offices of Regional Appointments, Resettlement Advice, or Ministry of Labour. The completed form should be addressed to the office of Regional Appointments or Ministry of Labour nearest to the home of the sender. Those without permanent address should send it to "The Ministry of Labour Appointments Office (A.10), St. James's Square, London S.W. 1

Colour photograph of Royal Postillion on cover was taken by F.D.O'Neill (Sjt.)

What UNO Means to YOU

CIVILISATION'S signpost has two arms. One points the way to chaos and disaster; the other leads to a new world order of freedom and justice for all nations and all men of every colour, race, and creed.

Which road will mankind take?

At this most fateful moment in history, the representatives of 51 nations are gathered together at the General Assembly of the United Nations Organisation at Westminster to decide. If they succeed in reaching agreement on the terms of the United Nations Charter, a new era of peace and progress will be opened. If they fail, then all else fails.

Yet, in spite of the tremendous problems that confront it, UNO's task is simple. It is to interpret the Common Man's desire for peace, and social and economic justice. Two world wars in 25 years have retarded the progress of civilisation. A third might well mean the end of our world and all its peoples. There is no room or time for sentimental idealism. The peoples of the earth are earnest in their desire for a new world and their approach to the problems is realistic and controlled by the sober truth that this is our last chance. Nations and individuals must learn to give and take for the common good. "Spheres of influence" and national frontiers are out of date and out of keeping with the mood of the Common Man.

As set out in the United Nations Charter, agreed upon at the San Francisco Conference last June, UNO has three chief objectives — the establishment of an international armed force to prevent aggression, or to crush it speedily should it arise; the promotion of a higher standard of living, full employment and better conditions of economic and social progress and development; and the setting up of a new code of international morals to ensure that nations live together in peace and as good neighbours.

These are the things we all want and must demand as our right. All men of every nation must give their active support to ensure that they receive their Bill of Rights, and that UNO is firmly rooted in the authority of the people, for without it this new League of Nations cannot function.

UNO can mean security from war, from fear and greed, want and misery. It needs the personal efforts of each one of us to guarantee its success.

Consider the prize and count the cost of failure.

Which road shall we take?

U. K.

RUSSIA

USA

FRANCE

SECURITY COUNCIL STATESMEN

The "Big Five" Allies will have permanent seats on the Security Council, and six other nations, chosen by election, will have temporary seats. Representatives of the permanent members are Mr. Ernest Bevin (UK), M. Vishinsky (Russia), Mr. Stettinius (USA), M. Vincent-Auriol (France) and Dr. Wellington Koo (China). The countries holding temporary seats are Australia, Brazil, Egypt, Mexico, the Netherlands and Poland.

Below: First meeting of the Security Council at Church House, Westminster, on 17 January.

CHINA

A SECURITY FORCE FOR PEACE?

by Lt. Gen. H. G. MARTIN, C.B., D.S.O.

ON 17th January the Security Council of the United Nations held its first meeting. The Council's main job is to restrain those who would break the peace. To this end it is empowered to act —even to wage war—on behalf of the United Nations, whose 51 members pledge themselves to place military contingents at its disposal and to carry out its decisions.

To advise it on military matters and to control the contingents placed at its disposal, the Council is given a Military Staff Committee, which is to consist of the Chiefs of Staff of the five permanent members of the Council or their representatives These five permanent members are: Great Britain, the USA, France, China and Russia.

Great Britain and the USA have each already nominated three representatives to the Military Staff Committee, who will thus represent thereon their three Chiefs of Staff, Naval, Army and Air. France, China and Russia have still to make their nominations.

Broadly, the Military Staff Committee will have four main tasks: first, it will advise the Council on the military contingents which each member of the United Nations should place at the Council's disposal: secondly, it will draw up plans for the employment of these forces and for their command: thirdly, on behalf of the Council, it will prepare and issue broad, strategic directives to these forces: and, finally, it will investigate the thorny problems of limitation of national armaments — other than those placed at the Council's disposal — and ultimately perhaps of national disarmament. Let us look briefly at each of these tasks in turn.

Affects Post-War Army

First, as to the military contributions from member nations: these, of course, will be the subject of agreements between the Security Council and the national governments — agreements which will not be binding until the governments have ratified them. In passing we may note here that until the British Government knows its precise liabilities in this matter of contributions to the Security Council, it will be unable finally to determine the size and composition of the post-war Army; so it is likely to leave unanswered meanwhile questions concerning the release of higher age groups and the continuance of compulsory service generally.

Military contributions are to be in two categories: the one will comprise air contingents — to be held immediately available: the other, contingents from the armed forces generally — to be held at such notice as conditions may decide. In addition, member states are pledged to give the Security Council help of all sorts, such as the use of roads, railways, ports and airfields, for the concentration and deployment of its forces.

The first question about these contingents which we have to answer concerns their basic organisation. Will the Security Council, as has been suggested, create its own international force in which all national contributions will be absorbed? Or, alternatively, will each member's contribution remain part of its own national forces?

Long-Term Project

As to that, the conception of an international police force is an attractive one; it was the ideal so strenuously upheld by the late Lord Davies, with whose name it is associated. There would be many difficulties to be overcome, however, before a denationalised force could be created. Indeed, it will be hard enough to create an international Civil Service — purged of all national affiliations — which the United Nations will demand. The recruitment and training of an international corps of officers and of an international rank and file — with the added problems of language, promotion, command, standardisation of armaments, peacetime location and the provision of internationalised bases — would obviously be much more difficult.

The conclusion is, then, that an international force is a long-term project which must wait until the United Nations have grown more internationally minded than they are today. With the passage of time, it may well be possible to make a beginning by internationalising the air contingents — the contingents, that is, which have to be held at the Council's immediate disposal. Meanwhile, we shall have to rest content with national contingents which, though earmarked specifically for the Council's purpose, will yet remain part and parcel of their own national forces.

Working on a national basis, then, how can the Military Staff Committee simplify this business of contingents? The answer, I suggest, is this: by making all possible use of the regional arrangements authorised — indeed, encouraged — by the United Nations Charter. Let us see how this theory works out.

Obviously, it is the member nations directly concerned with a particular region who will be most interested to preserve peace throughout that region and who may thus be expected to work most wholeheartedly for the cause. I suggest, therefore, that the Military Staff Committee is likely to approach its task something like this: first, it will survey the globe and divide it up into convenient military regions; secondly, it will make an estimate of the Security Council's military requirements — an estimate in the form of regional security pools; thirdly, it will group the United Nations according to the region or regions with which they are directly concerned — many of them, of course, it will place in more than one regional group; and, finally, it will assign to each nation the contribution it must make to the security pool or pools of its appropriate region or regions.

As to the shape of the regions, I make the following, wholly tentative, suggestions: —

1. North America, the North Atlantic, Western Europe.
2. Eastern Europe, Russia in Asia.
3. The Mediterranean, the Near and Middle East, North Africa.
4. Central and South Africa.
5. India, Central and South-East Asia.
6. The South-West Pacific.
7. South America.
8. East Asia, the Central & North Pacific, North America.

Concerted Action

In certain regions there already exists regional machinery designed for defence purposes. In Washington, for instance, there is a branch of our own Chiefs of Staff Committee, which sits periodically with the US Joint Chiefs of Staff to consider problems of common interest — the two bodies then constituting the Anglo-American Combined Chiefs of Staff. Here, then we have ready to hand the machinery for joint action by the USA and the Commonwealth in those regions where the interests of both are involved. Similarly, in Australia there has been set up a Chiefs of Staff Committee — another projection, as it were, of our own Chiefs of Staff Committee in London — which, with representatives from New Zealand and India already handles the problems of regional security in the South-West Pacific.

Regional groups of this sort are voluntary associations, which have already studied their own security problems. They are well fitted, therefore, to reach agreed solutions to these problems — particularly to the thorny problem of command — and thus to relieve the Military Staff Committee of some of its most thankless tasks. True, regional agencies cannot relieve the Security Council of its responsibilities. The Council must still stipulate with every member nation for its individual contribution to security, and must still authorise in advance every exercise of military force — other than an act of self-defence. For the rest, however, the more use the Security Council can make of existing regional agencies, the simpler will be its tasks.

In the great majority of regions, however, no super-national agency yet exists; in these, the Security Council will have to create them. This it is empowered to do by Article 47.4 of the Charter, which authorises the Military Staff Committee to establish regional sub-committees: these sub-committees, of course, would co-opt the staff representatives of regional powers not already represented on them.

We have arrived, then, at a world divided into regions, each with its pool of security troops and each with its regional agency. In each, the regional agency will appoint a supreme regional commander with, under him, commanders-in-chief of the sea, land and air forces in the regional pool. The supreme commander will take his orders from the Military Staff Committee — through the regional agency.

Aircraft At Alert

The plans for each region will deal with the action both of the air contingent which will be held immediately available, and of the composite force which will be slower into the field. The regional air contingent will have permanent air bases allotted to it in the region, preferably on a national basis. Indeed, the simple truth is this: the more completely national contingents of all sorts can be kept separate, working immediately under their own national commanders, and entrusted with their own national tasks, the more smoothly is the international machinery likely to work.

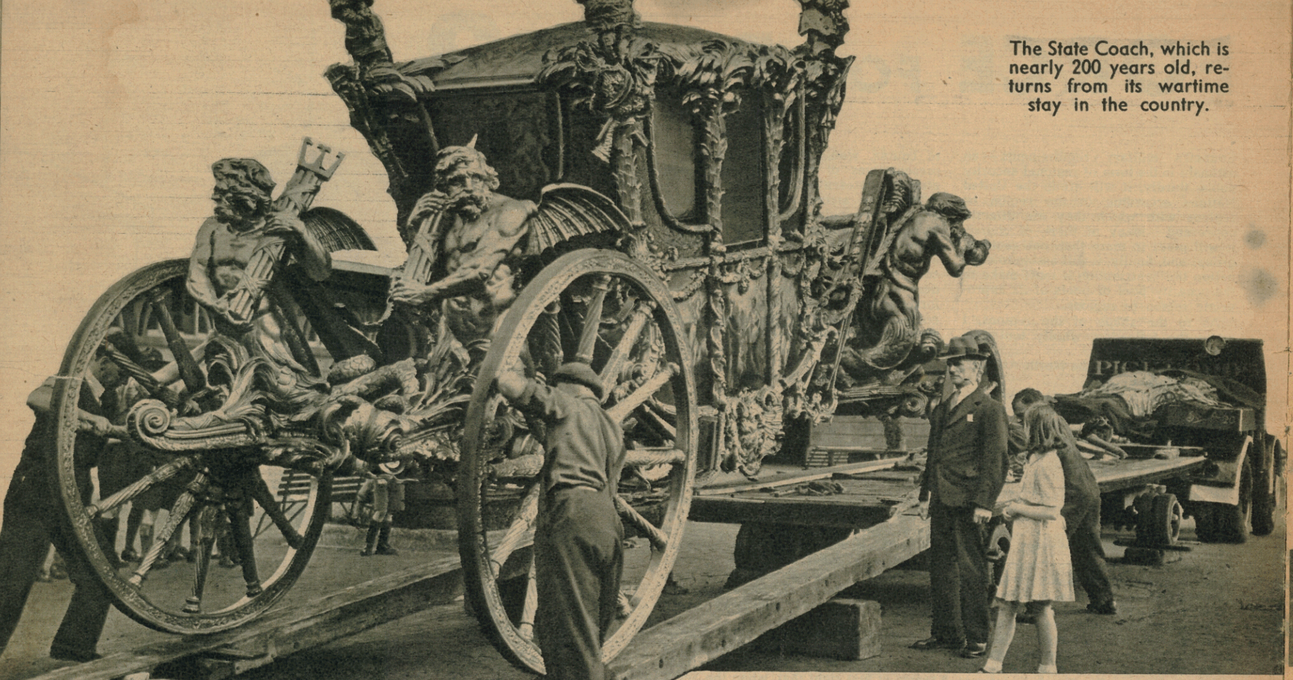
So much, then, for the system of command: there remains the final question of the limitation of national armaments. It seems at first sight that, when the Security Council has agreed with the members of the United Nations on their contributions of international security, and when it has perfected its own machinery for the enforcement of peace, then the nations themselves can have no further excuse whatever to retain any armaments at all — beyond, of course, their contributions aforesaid. Unfortunately, there is this flaw in the argument. The right of veto of the five Great Powers will preclude the Security Council from taking enforcement action against any one of them. Indeed, the whole structure of United Nations security is designed to protect the nations against breaches of the peace by the minor powers only — with whom I include the former enemies; whereas history tells us that it is the Great Powers who have caused world wars. Against that danger, the only protection which the United Nations have to offer is the force of public opinion — fully aired in Assembly and Council. Public opinion is certainly a potent force. When it has proved its potency to be equal to the coercing of Great Powers, then indeed the nations may disarm with thankful hearts. Meanwhile, who shall blame the nations who still look to their own defence?

Lt. Gen. Martin, one of Britain's most distinguished military correspondents, has contributed several articles to SOLDIER on fighting matters. The views he expresses are his own.

SECURITY FORCE SOLDIER

An International Security Force would be able to command the cream of the weapons and equipment used by all armies during the war. Soldiers of the Force might in time wear a distinctive uniform derived from various national styles and use, for example, American carbines and helmets, British boots, Russian tanks, American jeeps and similar battle-proved equipment.

SOLDIER artist's suggestions show (right) an International infantryman and (left) an officer and other ranks in their walking-out dress—as they might appear.



The State Coach, which is nearly 200 years old, returns from its wartime stay in the country.

Windsor Greys at morning exercise in the yard of the Royal Mews; "Snow White" and "Snowball" leading.

PALACE PREPARES FOR PAGEANTRY

Mr. Frederick McIlveen, the Head Coachman, inspects the Irish State Coach.

THE Royal Mews, Buckingham Palace, is getting ready for the splendour of peacetime pageantry again.

The State Coach has returned from its secret wartime domicile, and seven of the famous Windsor Greys, the proud, sure-footed horses that pull it, are back in their stalls after their evacuation to the country away from bomb-blitzed London. The harness and saddlery, preserved for six years beneath a protective covering of grease, have been cleaned and polished, and the priceless museum pieces have been dusted and are once again on view to the public.

But, more important still, because the general man-power shortage and the dearth of men with experience of horses has hit the Royal Household doubly hard, many of the members of the Royal Mews who joined the Forces at the beginning of the war have come back to take up their former occupations — postillions, coachmen, stable-helpers, and out-riders. More men will be appointed to the establishment in the near future. By the summer the Royal stables will contain its full complement of 32 horses, but many months will pass before all the problems connected with labour-shortage are solved.

When SOLDIER visited the Royal Mews, which lies tucked away, surrounded by four grey walls off Buckingham Palace Road, three postillions, the men who ride astride the Windsor Greys when the State Coach is used for the State Opening of Parliament, were putting the finishing touches to some of the harness which is now being cleaned in readiness for the ceremonial occasions of 1946. All three had been postillions before the outbreak of war and had served in the Army before their original appointments to the Royal Mews.

Fought At Alamein

One of them, Alexander Weddle, a "Desert Rat", fought with the 5th RHA in the 7th Armoured Division from El Alamein to Berlin by way of Tunis, Salerno, and the Arromanches beaches. As a BSM he took part in the Berlin Victory Parade in the Unter Den Linden. Postillion Weddle served in the RHA from 1927 to 1933 and joined the establishment of the Royal Mews as a stable-helper in 1934. Later he was placed in charge of the King's shooting ponies when the Royal Family went on shooting expeditions at Balmoral and Sandringham, and in addition was responsible for the welfare of "George", Princess Elizabeth's Shetland pony. He returned to the Royal Mews for training as a postillion and at the Coronation of King George VI acted as a footman, walking beside the Windsor Greys. When war broke out, Weddle rejoined the RHA and went to France as a sjt. gunner. He was wounded in the arm by a shell splinter in the withdrawal to Dunkirk, and in 1942 went to North Africa. He spent a month in hospital at Sirte after being hit by a machine-gun bullet from a Messerschmitt but rejoined the 5th RHA in time to accompany them into Tunis. By way of Salerno Weddle, now a BSM, went to Italy and returned to England in January, 1944. On D plus 3 he landed at Arromanches, and during the subsequent fighting was mentioned in despatches.

On his release last August Postillion Weddle rejoined the Royal Household and was placed in charge of "Zetland" and "Ploughman", two of the carriage horses. House-hunting presented no problems, for Postillion Weddle lives in comfortable married quarters at the Mews with his wife and four-years-old daughter.

Gunner and Chindit

James Parkes, who acted as a postillion at the Jubilee of the late King George V and at the State openings of Parliament before the war, was released from the Army in October, 1944 when the Royal Household applied for his return owing to the severe shortage of staff. He served with the 53rd A/Tk Brigade in France in 1940 and was later transferred to 173 Field Regt, RA. His particular cares at the Mews are "Snow White" and "Snowball", two of the Windsor Greys.

The third postillion to return from the Army is Arthur Priest, one of General Wingate's Chindits. "I was almost born on a horse," says Priest. "My father was a contractor and he used horses a lot. I could ride when I was little more than a babe-in-arms." Priest joined the Royal Mews in 1935 as a stable-hand, and was promoted Postillion in 1939. In 1940 he went to France with the 53rd Field Regt, RA, and after Dunkirk was posted to India to rejoin his old regiment, the 8th Field Regt, RA with which he had served in India from 1930 to 1933. With the 60th Field Regt he took part in

CONTINUED OVERLEAF.

Left: Mr. Edwin Burkitt, the Carriage Overseer, polishing the State Coach. It takes a week to clean thoroughly, and is kept in a temperature of 60 degrees F. to prevent the paint-work stripping.

Right: The Head Coachman enjoys a joke with postillions Weddle (left) Priest and Parkes, who have re-joined the Royal Household after war service.

Saddle presented to King Edward VII by Col. William Cody ("Buffalo Bill") being arranged by State Harness Cleaner H. Croft for final inspection after cleaning.

Above: In the coach-house. Glass Coach used at Royal weddings is flanked by Irish State Coach (nearest camera) and King Edward VII's State Landau.

Below: Coachman J. H. Clarke has served for 39 years in the Royal Household and knows all there is to know about cleaning harness.

Palace Prepares for Pageantry

CONTINUED

Wingate's second Chindit expedition, and assisted in the capture of Kohima in July, 1944. He returned to England on leave towards the end of 1944, fell ill and spent several months in hospital before his release last month.

Exercised With Bugles

It did not take these three men long to settle down again to the routine of the Royal Mews, for the King's Household is organised with a military precision not unlike that of the RHA in the days when horses were the Army's chief method of transport.

Every morning at 6.30 half the horses in the Royal Stables are taken into the Riding School, a long tan-floored building, 75 yards long and 35 yards wide where they are exercised and trained to become accustomed to the noise and distractions of a ceremonial drive through London. Overhead, on long wire strands hang gaily coloured flags and bunting which are swung to and fro. The stable-hands blow bugles, beat drums, and wave handkerchiefs in front of the horses as they canter round the arena, while others throw newspaper, one of the most terrifying experiences for horses, on to the floor. After 90 minutes of this exercise and training they are taken back to their stalls and rubbed down by the grooms, and at 8.30 the remaining horses are taken through their paces.

Later in the day the horses are taken out for additional training in Rotten Row, or, harnessed to a brougham or another Royal carriage, are sent through the streets of London, sometimes on official journeys for the King's Messengers, to become used to the roar of traffic and the press of lunch-hour crowds.

Periodically, while the horses are resting in their stalls, a large radiogram is taken into the stables, records of military bands playing stirring marches are switched on and the volume control is turned to its fullest extent. By this means the young horse gradually becomes used to military music.

In The Stables

The stables which house the King's horses were designed in 1824 by Nash. The straw in each stall is replaced every day and water is constantly available in special troughs in each manger, supplied from a main tank. These troughs can be turned over if the water is fouled and refill automatically. On one side are stabled the Windsor Greys, whose average age is between 10 and 12 years. Their names are painted in gold and green on boards above each stall. There was one absentee. "Angela," the famous 27-years-old Windsor Grey (she, with "Snowball" and "Lilian", are among the best-tempered of the Royal horses) was in the "sick bay" suffering from a cold. The seven Greys now in residence at the Mews will be joined shortly by two others bearing famous names — "Alanbrooke" and "Wavell", while two new bays, named after Field Marshal Montgomery and Field Marshal Alexander, will be tethered in stalls on the opposite side.

Tending to "Grey Friar", another of the Greys, was Herbert Wood, formerly an apprentice-jockey, who is proud of the fact that twice he has ridden winners against the champion jockey, Gordon Richards. His first victory was at Bath when he rode "Sidley Dee", and his second at Gatwick when he beat Gordon on "Mother's Darling." Wood, who joined the Royal Mews early in 1939, has just been released from the Army after serving with the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.

"One day I hope to become a postillion," Wood told me. "I've been fond of horses all my life and these" — he indicated the occupants of the Royal Stables — "are the best I have seen."

I wondered how the horses keep their feet on slippery road surfaces, and found the answer in the forge in another part of the Mews where the farrier, a former sjt-major in the RHA, who won the DCM and bar in the Great War, was shoeing one of the Greys. He is William Robson, aged 58, whose son, a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy is still serving. His chief task is to ensure that all the horses are correctly shod at all times, and particularly on ceremonial occasions, when a badly-fitted shoe might have serious results. In addition he is the "doctor" who cures the ailments to which all horses are susceptible, and performs minor operations when they become necessary. For this purpose he has a special pharmacy filled with drugs and cures.

On the opposite side of the large quadrangle, where the horses are trotted and inspected before they leave on State drives, the Royal Mews carriage overseer, Mr. Edwin Burkitt, was cleaning the Royal State Coach with the help of his assistant, Mr. Harry Absalom. Before the war Mr. Burkitt had four assistants. Now the work has to be done by himself and Mr. Absalom.

"Takes a week for us to clean properly," said Mr. Burkitt, as he wiped a wash leather over one of the two gilded figures at the front of the coach. "Soap and water is all that has been used to clean it ever since it was built in 1761," he added. The famous State Coach, judged by its cleanliness and the remarkable state of preservation of the emblematic paintings, might have been built last week.

Four-ton State Coach

Mr. Burkitt has a great affection for the State Coach, and as he eyed it up and down, searching for an elusive speck of dust on its shining panels, he told me some of its historical associations. "It cost nearly £8,000, even in 1761," he said, "and it needs eight horses to pull it because it weighs four tons. It has been used by all Sovereigns since George IV at their Coronations, and at the State Openings of Parliament."

"See these paintings" — he pointed to the beautifully painted panels. "Those were the work of the famous Italian artist Cypriani."

The front panel depicts Victory presenting a garland of laurel to Britannia, who is seated on a Throne holding a Staff of Liberty in her hand, and attended by Religion, Justice, Wisdom, Valour, Fortitude, Commerce and Plenty. The painting on the right hand door shows Industry and Ingenuity giving a Cornucopia to the Genius of England. The left hand door bears a painting showing Mars, Minerva, and Mercury supporting the Imperial Crown of Great Britain. The coach, the framework of which consists of eight palm trees supporting the roof, is 24 feet long, 8 feet 3 inches wide, and 13 feet high.

"We have to be very careful of the State Coach and the other famous coaches in the Mews," said Mr. Burkitt. "An even temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit has to be kept up in the coach houses to prevent the paint work stripping."

Link With Queen Victoria

"Come and look at some of the other coaches," he invited, and led me into a coach house where the famous Irish State Coach, built in 1852 and purchased by Queen Victoria at the Dublin Exhibition of that year, stands. This coach was used by Queen Victoria to open Parliament during the years of her widowhood, and is now used for State Levees. In the same coach house stand the Glass State Coach which carried Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles, the Duke and Duchess of York (the present King and Queen), the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at their weddings; the State Road Landau, which was especially built for King Edward VII and was first used for his visit to London the day after his Coronation; the Barouche used by Her Majesty when the King goes to the Trooping of the Colour; and the Road Landau used by Queen Victoria. Many of the coaches were sent away to the safety of secret country residences during the war.

In the State Harness Room, Mr. H. Croft and his assistant Mr. H. Clarke, who has been on the establishment for 37 years, were polishing the red morocco leather harness worn by the Greys when drawing the State Coach. Each set of harness weighs one cwt; the head harness, ornamented with gilt coats of arms, weighs 27 lbs. Here also are the black leather and silver-crested harness worn by the black and cream horses in Queen Victoria's reign.

The Saddle Room, which contains the military saddlery used by the King and members of the Royal Family, is the special care of the head-groom, who claims the distinction of having served the Royal Household on the establishment of the Mews for 45 years. He is Mr. W. Bacon, who joined the Royal Mews in 1900 as a stable-boy and worked his way up to his present responsible position by way of outrider, escort man, groom and coachman. As a groom he went with King George V to the Delhi Durbar of 1911—12 and brought back the famous black charger "Delhi".

Museum of Saddlery

The Royal Mews also boasts one of the most fascinating museums for its size in the country, and it is here that equipment used by the Kings and Queens of England are preserved. Along one side of the room, enclosed in a glass case, are a saddle ridden by King William IV, a side-saddle and crimson and gold saddle-cloth used by Queen Victoria, and scores of other pieces of horse furniture. There is an elaborate Mexican saddle presented to King Edward VIII, when Prince of Wales, by the famous Colonel Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill", and a riding switch used by Queen Victoria in 1833 when a child, with a sunshade fitting. On a separate stand is the saddle-cloth used by Crown Prince Frederick of Germany at Queen Victoria's Jubilee. It is here that the gold spurs of the State Trumpeters, last used at the Proclamation of King George V's Accession to the Throne, are also exhibited.

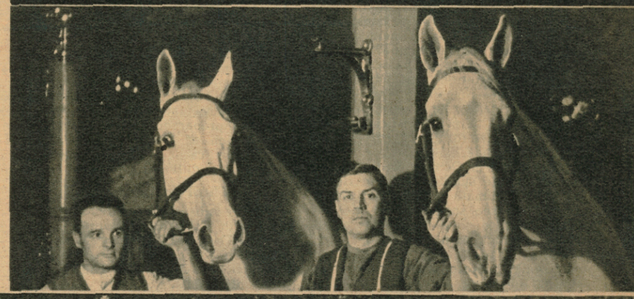
Responsibility for the smooth organisation of the stables rests in the very capable hands of the Superintendent of the Mews, Major G. Hopkins, MC, late of the RHA, whose duties are closely coordinated with those of the head coachman, Mr. Frederick McIlveen. Mr. McIlveen joined the Royal Mews as a stable helper in 1907 and was Queen Mary's Carriage Groom.

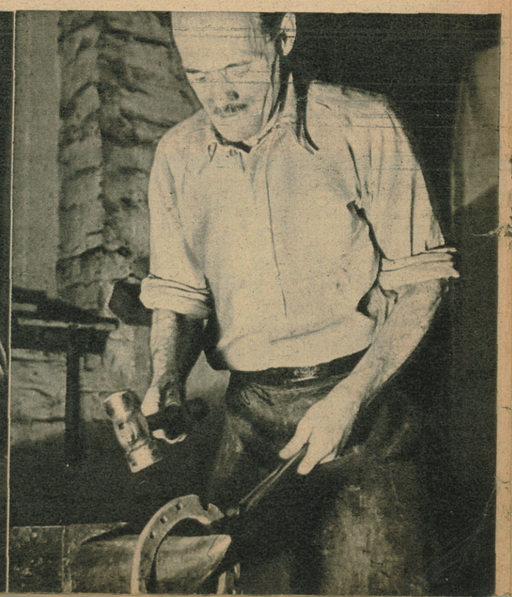
It is in the Superintendent's Office at the entrance to the Royal Mews, that the orders issued by the Crown Equerry are carried out, and a complete record is kept of the movement each day of all carriages. Major Hopkins assistant, Mr. Frederick Wylde, is another Horse Gunner, having joined the RHA at the age of 16 in 1902. After two years as a constable in the Ipswich Borough Police Force Mr. Wylde joined the Royal Mews in 1912.

E. J. GROVE (Capt.)

Above: Dusting the museum pieces. Queen Victoria's riding switch-sunshade is in the glass case.

Below: Windsor Greys "Snow White" and "Grey Friar" with their attendants ex-Gunner James Parkes (left) and R. Short (ex-Sjt, R Sigs) right.





Extreme left: Cleaning a set of Windsor Greys harness takes the two State Harness Cleaners three hours.

Centre: Farrier Robson shapes a shoe for one of the Royal horses—it must fit perfectly.

Right: The King and Queen driving to open Parliament in the State Coach in 1938. This magnificent spectacle is the climax of a routine carried out with military precision and efficiency at the Royal stables.

HONG KONG MEDLEY

Hong Kong holiday feature is the Lion Dance, Chinese equivalent of the Highland reel. In spite of cumbrous mask it is a very swift number.

TEN days in a recently liberated city are not enough to warrant any blanket pronouncements, and the following observations on Hong Kong are presented solely for what they are worth. The trip we were on was a special RAF survey flight, and the "passengers" were a party of staff officers from 117 Wing, led by S/Ldr. Desmond Firth, whose job it was to have a look at the China routes in connection with the passenger and freight services that Transport Command is building up. We were flying in a Halifax because the RAF wanted to make up its mind whether it would take the responsibility of putting down four-engined planes regularly on to that small, awkward airfield at Kai Tak on the mainland opposite Hong Kong.

In that sense it was a test flight. The plane banked abruptly, sharply, after a last full circle of the field. The side of a hill rushed past the starboard portholes, very close. Then under us was the brow of a cliff, closer still. The plane dipped, rather sickeningly, and, so to say, climbed down this cliff, then flattened out and touched down, gently enough. After that, it bumped and roared over the strip, veered unhappily to port, righted and stopped. Tom Coomber, the Wing's signals wallah, opened the top hatch, looked out and said, "We only used half their mucking strip, anyway." That wasn't strictly true, although there was some to spare.

Sunshine and Laughter

But the decision went against four-engined planes. The element of risk is considered too great, now that it is peace and the safety of passengers has growing importance. And when Hong Kong becomes a main airways centre, as it must, land planes will probably operate from a giant airfield in the New Territories for which surveys are now being made.

Hong Kong in October was a classic medley of the sublime and the ridiculous. The climate was certainly sublime. The sea sparkled and the sky didn't seem to go in for clouds at all. The sun struck with a sharp heat, but, because of the breeze from the sea, you walked gratefully on the sunny side of the street.

Sublime, too, was the sense of rebirth. This island, ruled just now by the Royal Navy, was shedding the years of hunger, neglect, looting and cruelty. Streets that had been bare and shabby in September were all colour now. The trams were running; bright banners hung from every building.

Above all, there were the crowds. So many grinning children pursuing you with newspapers to sell or fireworks to throw. So many street traders selling so many colourful items of loot. And so many laughing, svelte-gowned girls. The Chinese share with the Parisiennes that gift of style which the gods haven't ladled out too lavishly to the world's womanhood. The plain, straight gowns, slit high up the thigh, had real glamour, whether they were of sheer, white silk, or of a sparkling blue, or the drab black of the coolie girls. Desmond Firth remarked that he found it all very stimulating to the libido.

Shops that had been empty were now filled with the goods that had been hidden away during the occupation. The Chinese seem to have done a slick job of the caching. The shops had everything, but at prices dictated by the difficult currency position.

Liquor—at a Price

In other words, quite ridiculous. To choose a readily appreciated example: the liquor shops have heart-stirring displays of Scotch, real brandy, Chartreuse, Crême de Menthe, Benedictine; even Pernod. The Scotch is £7 10 s. a bottle; Irish or Australian whisky £4; Pernod and most of the liqueurs around £7. Servicemen studied the windows with bulging eyes and tried, unsuccessfully, to bargain with the shopkeepers. During the time I was in Hong Kong I did not see one bottle sold by these shops.

British rule in Hong Kong has two legacies. One, that will live, is the really great work that has been done in developing the island. The myriad bays and hills of Hong Kong are linked by an interlocking spiral staircase of first-class roads, every yard of which represents an engineering feat. The other legacy, that must die (or else . . .), is the unpreparedness that brought the humiliation of 1941. Vividly remembered are casual remarks made by two widely different people . . .

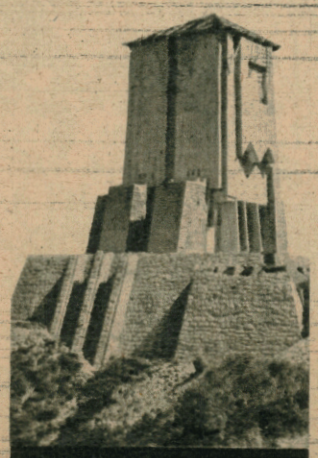
The Fort on the Hill

On the hill above Stanley Bay is the Fort with its strongly built gun positions. The guns faced out to sea, though in the end it was on the shoreward slopes of Stanley Hill that the remnants of Britain's Army were fought to defeat during that black Christmas of only four years ago. The pre-war Army quarters up there are still fairly intact. Most impressive. There is an imposing officers' mess, and all round it the "barracks" . . . separate villas for married officers, and something like a mansion for the commander. And the first remark I remember was made, as we drove away, by Turnbull, the CO of No. 1 Commando, who had taken me up there.

"You can understand," he said casually, "that unless a man was exceptionally level-headed, he would begin to think he was a tin god, away up there, ruling over a show under those conditions."

The other remark came from Harry Ching, who edits the "South China Daily News"; "I'm expecting to hear a big bang one morning, and that will be the end of the war memorial the Japs built above Hong Kong. But some bright souls say it should be left untouched as a healthy reminder to the Hong Kong British that they were once kicked out of the joint in three weeks."

ANTHONY CLARKSON
(Lieut. RNVR)



Jap war memorial. Its fate is in doubt.

Now you know why it's called a "junk". The lady in charge, tending her favourite aspidistra, is reputed to be the richest woman in Hong Kong.

No fuss or frills about this six-inch ordnance on a Hong Kong merchantman. They are meant to terrorise stray pirates. Anybody got a bag of nails?

"DESERT VICTORY"

The New Army Game

"DESERT VICTORY" is a new game invented by a soldier for soldiers. It is a game with a wide variety of appeal to those with an hour to spare in pursuit of its fascinating route from Alexandria to Tripoli, and (as outlined on the next page) can be adapted by formations and units for the other equally famous battle-marches. It is also a game which can be given a twist to point the value of good training, to emphasise correct procedure in administrative matters, and a score of other ways to assist the training of recruits in the New Army.

With this aim in view, the inventor, Lieutenant Colonel J. H. A. L. Drew, has offered "Desert Victory" to the War Office whose experts in training are considering the uses to which the principle can be applied. Already the Army Educational authorities are preparing a game based on the rules of "Desert Victory" to show the faults and good points in delivering lectures.

Based on Experience

The game was invented by Lt.-Col. Drew in 1942 when he was commanding the Light Repair Workshop, REME, 22 Armoured Brigade with the 8th Army, and was the outcome of his own experiences in desert warfare. He designed the first route on the back of an old map, and his men made the tanks and dice with which the game is played.

"I introduced it at first to relieve the long hours of boredom with which the men were inflicted" Lt.-Col. Drew told an Army reporter. "It became so popular that we had to construct another for the Officers' Mess. Both Officers and men not only got real enjoyment out of it, but they learned a certain amount of admin and tactics too. Many's the shilling I've lost because I landed on a square saying I'd 'leaguered too soon'."

Recently on his return to England on leave Lt.-Col. Drew brought "Desert Victory" back with him, and on board ship it proved to be as popular as it had been in the desert. Released prisoners of war from Japan found it particularly interesting. When he reached London Lt.-Col. Drew took his game to the War Office, and his suggestion that it might prove useful for the training of the Future Army was enthusiastically taken up.

"If the game becomes widely popular and is put on the market I want the proceeds to be given to a services charitable organisation, to the Red Cross, St. Dunstan's or movements that assist servicemen's widows and children" says Lt.-Col. Drew, who has now returned to the Middle East where he is in command of No. 4 Base Workships, REME.

How to Play

One of the most attractive features of "Desert Victory" is that it can be played by as many as 20 persons at the same time or as few as two. The course is laid out in the shape of a horse-shoe and divided into 138 squares. Certain squares contain penalties for incorrect action and others rewards for doing the right thing. If 20 persons are playing, four teams are represented by four sets of five tanks and pyramids each bearing corresponding numbers indicating the owner of each tank and his turn to move. In the case of "Desert Victory" these tanks and pyramids are cut from wood and painted in four separate colours. Four dice are used in turn by each player until square 118 (Marble Arch) is reached, when only one dice is thrown.

THE RULES

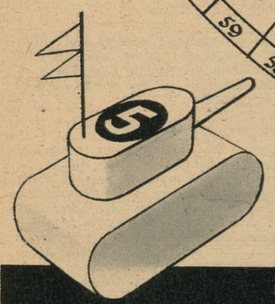
1. Each player uses four dice until reaching Marble Arch when only one dice is thrown.
2. If 20 players are competing, four tanks out of five of the same colour must get home to win. With 16 players, three tanks out of four must pass the last square, and with eight players two tanks out of two must reach Tripoli to win.
3. Never throw until the player before you has moved his tank.
4. Make sure the player has no penalty when he throws. Tanks on a square carrying a penalty will be turned the reverse way until the next turn when the tank is placed the correct way.

Continued from page 11.

"DESERT VICTORY"

The New Army Game

No.	Square
1	**ALEXANDRIA.**
2	REME base workshop.
3	Await mov order. Miss one throw.
4	CCS.
5	Demolition squad.
6	**El Alamein.** Good shooting. Go up four.
7	Wounded. Return to CCS.
8	Mines. Miss one throw.
9	Ambulance.
10	Nursing sister.
11	**Mersa Matruh.** Direct hit on enemy tk. Go up four.
12	Abandoned enemy tk. Send for demolition squad.
13	CCS. Call up amb.
14	Tk trap. Go back four.
15	Transporter.
16	**Charing Cross.** Wounded. Go back to CCS.
17	LAD.
18	Doctor.
19	Padre.
20	Soft sand. One dice next throw.
21	**Sidi Barrani.** Wiped out A tk nest. Go up three.
22	Wounded. No first fd dressing. Go back to CCS.
23	Opened turret too soon. Miss one throw.
24	Forward maintenance centre.
25	Call up nursing sister. Blood donor.
26	**Buq-Buq.** No mosquito ointment. Miss one throw.
27	Bomb Disposal Squad.
28	Shot down dive bomber. Go up six.
29	Tank recovery point.
30	Res rations eaten too soon. Go back to fwd maint centre.
31	**Hell Fire.** UXB. Send for BD squad.
32	Wounded. Send for doctor and blood donor.
33	Firing too soon. Enemy not in range. Miss one throw.
34	Infantry.
35	**Bardia.** Secured direct hit. Go up three.
36	Recovery.
37	CCS. Call up padre.
38	Broken bogie. Send for rec. Return to tk rec pt.
39	Lorry load of enemy troops sighted. Call up inf.
40	Track shot off. Call up rec and go back to LAD.
41	**Gambut.** Tk trap. Miss one throw.
42	Enemy sighted in str. Call up nearest front and rear tk.
43	Artillery.
44	Wounded. Return to CCS.
45	Signals.
46	**Sidi Rizegh.** Enemy in retreat. One extra throw.
47	Slit trenches.
48	Lost. Bad navigation. Miss one throw.
49	CCS.
50	Recovery.
51	**El Gubi.** Very poor dispersal. Miss one throw.
52	Slukaed. Go back to slit trench.
53	REME wksp.
54	Wounded. No first fd dressing. Return to CCS.
55	Wireless out of order. Go back to signals.
56	**El Adem.** Good hull down posn. Go up six.
57	Cooling system overheated. One dice next throw.
58	Italian general surrenders. Take him back to El Adem.
59	Stuka sqn sighted. Go to AA bty.
60	Breach block jammed. Go back to REME wksp.
61	Despatch rider.
62	**Tobruk.** Enemy taken by surprise. Go up six.
63	Navy.
64	Taken prisoner. Throw odd number to escape.
65	AA battery.
66	Sprocket damaged. Send for rec. Return to REME wksp.
67	**Acroma.** Refuel. Miss one dice next throw.
68	CCS.
69	Paratroops.
70	Commandos.
71	Urgent dispatch. Call up DR.
72	Attack shore blys. Call up Navy.
73	Drove enemy into mined. **Knightsbridge.** Wounded. Return to CCS.
74	Royal Engineers.
75	Hy rains and deep mud. Miss one throw.
76	Surrounded. Throw one extra dice.
77	Destroyed MG nest. Throw even number to break through.
78	Enemy artil poorly def. Call up prompts. **Bir Hacheim.**
79	Mines and barbed wire. Call up RE.
80	Turned too sturdily. Stand back. Miss one throw.
81	R.A.F.
82	**Gazala.** Coastal arty silenced. Call up cdos.
83	Anti-tank battery.
84	Awaiting spares. Throw odd number to proceed.
85	Petrol point.
86	Ground strafing. Call up R.A.F.
87	**Tmimi.** Knocked out. Return to base.
88	On fire. Call nearest front and rear tk. Go back three.
89	CCS.
90	Enemy tks advancing abreast. Call up A tk bty.
91	Tk tptr.
92	**Mechili.** Enemy falling back. Go up three.
93	No pet. Go back to pet pt.
94	Poor cam. One dice next throw.
95	Good maint. Extra dice.
96	Tk trap. Send for tk tptr.
97	**Msus.** Leager for night too soon. Miss one throw.
98	Ambulance.
99	Ammunition dump.
100	Enemy in retreat. One extra dice.
101	Wounded. Call amb and return to CCS.
102	**Benghazi.** Direct hit on enemy. Go up two.
103	REME wksp.
104	Good navigation. One extra dice.
105	Nursing sister.
106	Out of amn. Return to amn dump.
107	**Agedabia.** One dice next throw. Enemy strongly entrenched.
108	Captured. Throw even number to escape.
109	Oil pressure very low. Return to REME wksp.
110	Bde HQ.
111	Faulty map reading. Miss one throw.
112	**Agheila.** Go up four. Nazi general surrenders.
113	CCS. Call up nursing sister.
114	Sand storm. One dice next throw.
115	Return for conference to Bde HQ.
116	Supply dump.
117	**Marble Arch.** Ran into how bty. Miss one throw.
118	Bren carriers.
119	Wounded. Go back to CCS.
120	R.A.F.
121	AA battery.
122	**Sirte.** POL required. Go back to pet pt.
123	Received two direct 88 mm hits. Return to REME base wksp.
124	Enemy inf sighted. Call up Bren carriers.
125	Demolition squad.
126	LAD and tk rec pt.
127	**Wadi Zemzem.** Hy air raid. Call up R.A.F. and AA bty.
128	EME.
129	Ordnance field park.
130	Supply dump.
131	Bde HQ adv Marble Arch. No penalty.
132	**Misurta.** Enemy disabled tks. Send for demolition squad.
133	Power traverse jammed. Send for EME.
134	Forgot rations. Go back to sup dump.
135	Advancing. Move up Ord Fd Pk.
136	Periscope smashed. Return to LAD and tk rec pt.
137	**TRIPOLI.**
138	



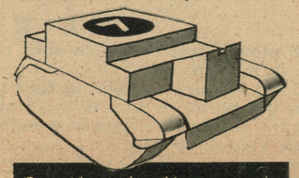
Model tanks play a big part in the game, and add greatly to its realism.

"DESERT VICTORY" could just as easily be entitled "European Victory." It can be played from Brighton to Berlin, from Arromanches to Hamburg, or over whatever sticky route your unit followed from D-Day to VE-Day.

*

You can make up your own obstacles to suit the particular hazards your unit encountered. The main ones would probably be the river and canal crossings. Here are a few miscellaneous suggestions, upon which you can probably improve:

"Dykes Blown: Retire Six Positions."
"Canal Bridgehead Captured: Extra Dice."
"Buzz-Bomb on Cookhouse: Lose Two Turns."
"Calvados Casualty: Back to RAP."
"ME Shot Down: Extra Throw."
"Jeep Whipped in Brussels: Back to Base."
"Mentioned in Dispatches: Go up Six."
"Autobahn Intact: Go up Three."



Pyramids, numbered to correspond with his tanks, are held by each player.

"Convoy Ditched: Lose Two Turns."
"General Captured: Extra Throw."

There is a chance, too, to incorporate your special unit jokes: but beware of libel!

*

Do not—unless there are only two of you and you are adept with pins—try to play the game on these pages of SOLDIER. It is a community game, and you should give yourself plenty of elbow-room.

The board on which the game is to be played ought to be about eight feet long by about four feet wide. For convenience, it should be made in three or four sections, fitting neatly together.

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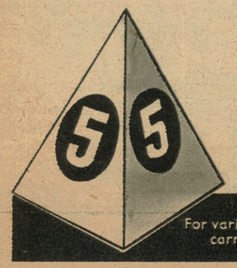
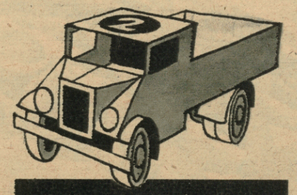


For variety, you can introduce Bren carriers or armoured cars.

If you have an expert with a paint brush, he could paint the necessary design and directions on a prepared wood surface. Another good idea is to have the design neatly executed on some such surface as canvas or linoleum, which can be unrolled and pinned down on trestle tables or some other suitable support as required.



MT offers wide scope for ingenuity in a game of this type.

The making of the models should present no difficulty. You can elect for tanks, Bren carriers, armoured fighting vehicles of other types, or—if handymen and tools are lacking—you can use ordinary counters.

*

The pyramids, for which any equivalent can be devised, are numbered to correspond with the tanks, and serve as a check on the owners of the tanks.

*

So go to it! This is "Snakes and Ladders" grown up—and you'll find it a much more stimulating and satisfying game.

BRITAIN'S OTHER ARMIES — NO. 5

"SPRINGBOK SAGA"

BOER WAR

Methuen's Infantry storming a kopje during the S. African War (1899—1902). The Boers showed immense skill in using natural defences.

BRITISH soldiers who were to fight side by side with men of the Union Defence Forces in the early African campaigns of the war had already acquired a high opinion of South Africa before ever they met the UDF. The great welcome that the citizens of Capetown and Durban gave to troops on the round voyage to Egypt made them vow that South Africa and its inhabitants were the best things they had come across during their service.

In Egypt they met the UDF for the first time: tall, fair giants in the briefest of shorts, with tiny topees, bush-shirts — still a novelty to British troops in 1940 — brown boots and with orange tabs on their shoulders. They were as friendly and companionable as their kinsfolk in the Union.

The UDF came of a fighting stock. Their ancestors were the old British and Dutch pioneers of the South African territories, who fought sporadically against native tribes from the late 16th century until nearly the end of last century. About the middle 1800's another struggle was superimposed—that between British and Dutch, which gave birth to regiments which still feature in the UDF's order of battle, and some of which are fewer than 10 years from their centenary.

The high standard of South African soldiering revealed itself to the world in the Boer War (1899—1902). While the British fought well in the more or less orthodox organisation laid down by their command, the Boers upset military textbooks by the success of their unconventional tactics.

They were the complete volunteers in warfare. In their ultra-democratic army men made their own mobilisation, leave and even provisioning arrangements. They had no regimental organisation; their entire force was virtually a single unit, mainly cavalry but with strong infantry and artillery components.

WORLD WAR I

Relaxation after battle. Soldiers of the South African Scottish clean up after the historic attack on Delville Wood.

Tradition of Enterprise

Their success, in spite of this loose control, confirmed South Africa's tradition of enterprise in the use of volunteer forces.

The UDF as it is today was formed in 1912, a year after South Africa was consolidated into a Union, from regiments which had previously belonged to the respective provinces. A small permanent force was set up, supported by an Active Citizen Force of men undertaking voluntary training for four years or more. In the 1914—18 war the UDF put into the field an army which fought successful actions in both German East and German West Africa. In East Africa the GOC was General Jan Smuts, who had become a general on the Boer side as a young man in the war at the turn of the century, and had already made his mark as a lawyer and politician. In 1922 the South African Air Force was formed as a part of the UDF, and today the SAAF and the South African Naval Forces are still part of the UDF and come under the control of the Chief of General Staff.

In May 1940 South Africa began full mobilisation. Under the terms of the Union's Defence Act the UDF could only be employed in South Africa, and to secure the majority that brought South Africa into the war General Smuts gave an undertaking that he did not intend to send South African forces overseas.

But, in order that there might be agreement on the principle of sending forces north to meet the enemy in Africa, he introduced a voluntary "All Africa" oath by which those members of the UDF who cared to might undertake service outside the Union, but in Africa. They wore orange tabs on their shoulder straps to indicate that they had taken the oath, and that tab became the corps sign of all South African expeditionary forces.

Abyssinian Triumph

The first units of orange-tabbed men went into East Africa in May 1940 and in December they fought their first action at El Wak, on the border of Kenya and Italian Somaliland. 1 South African Division played a conspicuous part in liquidating the Italians in East Africa, marched in triumph into Addis Ababa and fought against the Duke of Aosta's last stand at Amba Alagi.

An illustration of the South African genius for improvisation comes from the early days of this campaign. A SAAF crew flew an ancient transport plane on a daily run which entailed crossing a strip of enemy-held territory on which was a small Italian fort. The crew's temper became very much frayed by rifle and machine-gun fire sent up at them from the fort each day. So they obtained a 44-gallon petrol drum, filled it with explosives and any old iron they could find, including an old sewing machine, put a fuse in it and pushed it through the door of their plane next time they went over the fort.

The Italian garrison never fired at them again.

From East Africa 1 SA Division moved up to the Western Desert where it was joined by 2 SA Division. They built themselves a high reputation in the fluctuating desert war. The UDF suffered its biggest reverse in June 1942 when 2 SA Division was garrisoning Tobruk at its fall; Rommel took about 11,000 South African prisoners. 1 SA Division and elements of the 2nd stopped in the line until El Alamein, when they had an important share in the break-in.

With Africa completely cleaned up General Smuts persuaded the South African Parliament to agree to another voluntary oath, the General Service oath, to be taken by members of the UDF who were prepared to serve anywhere in the world, thus releasing him from his undertaking not to send troops out of Africa. The men who took this oath were distinguished by the letter "V" at the end of their regimental numbers. The first to go overseas were part of the force retained for home defence, who took part in forestalling the Japanese by the occupation of Madagascar.

Their First Tanks

From October 1942 until May 1944 South Africa had no forces of her own in the line. Returned front-line troops in the Union, together with men who had not yet left the country, were being formed into 6 South African Armoured Division. They were sent to Middle East for training early in 1943, but it was not until nearly a year later that they went into battle, in Italy.

In armour the South Africans were in their element. They are steeped in cavalry tradition — especially the rural population — and they have a strong mechanical bent.

6 SA Armoured Division went into action first with the Eighth Army and later with the 5th, and they had several spells as spearhead of the advance through Italy.

Interchanged With Guards

They had under command a Brigade of Guards and built up with them a strong *ésprit-de-corps* that had its roots in a peacetime arrangement with the Guards for the interchange of officers and other ranks for training. The UDF's role in that arrangement helped greatly in building its efficiency and regimental pride.

Some of the South African officers who had seconded to units in CMF travelled with them to join BLA and one Division — the 5th — took 47 South African officers with it to North-West Europe. There was a sprinkling of South Africans all over BLA, totalling about 300 and including most of the 80 who seconded to the Royal Marines as artillery and Commando officers, and aircrews seconded to the RAF who flew with 2 TAF.

Women Too

During the war the UDF recruited a total strength of about 150,000, a good figure considering that the total white population of South Africa is only 2,250,000 and that a strong section is opposed to war service. About 40,000 of the UDF were members of SAAF and 7,000 of the South African Naval Forces. In addition, about 10,000 women volunteered as Army or Air Force auxiliaries, and soldiers who served in Middle East remember them as decorative as well as useful additions to the Cairo wartime scene.

Today nearly all the members of the UDF who were not prepared to take the "All Africa" oath have faded out of the Force, so that even in the Union you rarely meet a South African soldier who is not wearing the orange tabs. And there are very few who did not also take the second oath: "Anywhere in the world."

RICHARD ELLEY (Capt.)

South African armour did magnificent work from Abyssinia to Italy.

Transvaal Regiment marches triumphantly through Addis Ababa. UDF troops took a prominent part in the Abyssinian campaign.

WORLD WAR II

Desert sun and heat did not worry soldiers of the UDF, used to the open spaces and high temperatures of the Dark Continent. A patrol of them is seen training their sights on an enemy patrol just across the sandhills.

Two S. African corporals celebrate their arrival in an Italian forward area with a smoke.

These engineers were members of a unit which repaired a valuable Italian harbour. Cruiser in background was wrecked by SAAF bombs.

Mopping-up after the capture of Sollum. S. African soldiers have this type of warfare in their blood, a legacy of pioneer days.

Testing officer observes how an OCTU candidate shapes when interviewing another on a set "personal problem"—a very important part of an officer's work.

How the WOSB works

Above: Individual tests of nerve and good judgment are made by setting candidates to tackle a quite formidable obstacle by themselves.

Below: Personality and organising ability are among the qualities which emerge in timed group tasks with limited material.

"This Is Our Point of View" – The Board

IN early days the only way to get a commission in the Army was to buy it. There was quite a pretty theory behind this. If an officer could afford to pay for his commission and had private means, then he would not be bothered with any mercenary thoughts and would be able to devote all his time to the Art of Soldiering. In more recent years a commission was based on the result of an interview.

In this war, however, when the Army was seriously short of officers the wastage at OCTU was far too large. It was obvious, therefore, that the right kind of material was not being sent there. Selection by interview, with the best will in the world, was bound up by the interviewing officers' personal views and prejudices. Something had to be done.

If anyone is asked what are the qualities required in an officer, the usual reply is "Leadership." Try to analyse leadership. Compare the real leaders you know. What have they in common? It is often difficult to find something. Yet if they are good leaders, they probably have enthusiasm, mental alertness, decisiveness and sense of humour; and they accept responsibility; all of which count.

Test of Action

The new War Office Selection Boards set out to give a candidate a chance to show by his actions what he could do. They did not rely on what a man said he could do or, for that matter, what the interviewing officer thought he could do: he had to do it. A commercial traveller has to sell something. He is used to interviewing people. It was easy for him by the old method, for he was perfectly at home. Even so a garage foreman, used to handling men, was probably a better leader.

First it was decided that officers must be more intelligent than the average man they would be commanding. Intelligence is not knowledge. The knowledge of soldiering is taught at OCTU, if the candidate has sufficient intelligence to absorb such knowledge quickly.

There was no time to dally. The candidate was given an intelligence test. He was also given some written tests to see what his real interests were. Then he was given a series of group tests to see how he would respond to the unexpected. War has plenty of unexpected situations. How did other people react to him when he was just one of a party? If there is a party in peacetime to go to the races, the members of the party usually sort themselves out. Someone arranges something, and is in fact the organising member. Someone will advise you what to back. You may, of course, prefer to lose your money on your own selection. There are probably members of the party who, estimable though they be, are just nonentities. They do not carry any weight in the decisions reached. Even if they offer an opinion their views are just ignored. Their personality lacks all dominance.

Man With A Plan

In these new tests the observing officer is watching all these points to see just how much sway any member has on the rest of the group. The tests themselves don't really matter a lot, the important point is that the group have to do something, and to do it a plan must be made. To the testing officer it is more important to see whose views are accepted rather than whose ideas are the soundest.

Sometimes a group gets exasperated, so do officers. It is then that the testing officer can see who it is that smoothes over the difficulties and finds some solution.

There is also a psychiatrist on the WOSB. Though these specialists are usually associated with people going downhill, they also have considerable experience of men who are trying to climb the slope. That is where they are able to help Selection Boards.

Modesty Not A Drawback

The great advantage of a War Office Selection Board is that everybody has a fair chance. Furthermore the final decision does not rest on the opinion of one man alone. The quiet man who does not like to talk about himself gets his chance. He may still be quiet outside yet carry some persuasiveness and force of character.

War Office Selection Boards have come to stay. The Civil Service are now using these methods adapted for their own requirements. Many industrial firms are using them to fit their returning staff into their organisations. They realise that examinations don't tell the whole of the story, and knowledge without the power to put such knowledge is often valueless.

J. J. R. TRETHOWAN (Major).

"This Is What It Feels Like" – the Candidate

HOW does it feel to go through a WOSB?

This is the process at one War Office Selection Board comfortably housed in an old hotel in pleasant country to the south of London.

The candidates receive their instructions to report at 1000 hours on X-day with a certain amount of kit, including PT shoes and shorts.

They are met by a pleasant-faced young man wearing other rank's uniform, no badges of rank but a brassard with the title "Senior cadet." His is a real welcome. He is only 23, but before his Army career began had already made something of a name for himself on the London stage. As it happens he has been through the whole business himself but his commission is temporarily held up because an old illness has returned.

The "Senior cadet" knows all the ropes, has real charm of manner and it is his first job to see that newcomers are put at their ease. Beds are found. There are small rooms in the buildings around the main hotel which can accomodate two or three cadets, bathrooms and plenty of space.

Starts Like Parlour Game

The cadets walk round, smoke a cigarette and then are handed over to a staff-serjeant who puts them through their first paces. It may easily be that the first test surprises most of them. They are given a sheet of paper and told that boards on which one word is printed will be shown to them for five seconds. They will then have ten seconds in which to write down what mental image or picture came into their mind when they saw the word.

At this school and with this class the first trial word was "Beer."

Then came the test words "Garden", "Flowers", "Father", "Mother", "Action", "Strain", "Pleasure", "Disappointment."

As one board succeeded another and the ideas flew through the minds of the cadets the pens flew faster.

Next test was a straight intelligence test.

There were some 50 questions on the paper. Many of the tests were mathematical in type. Each question took just a little more brain power than the one before. At the top of the first page they began to be really stiff. Those at the end were sticky. This, for example, was one question about three from the end:

16(S); 19(N); 22(T); 56(F); 86 (?)

The problem was to find the letter that should be written in the bracket following the letters 86 that would bring the final section into line with the other four. The paper, remember, is designed to test intelligence and not mathematical ability or experience.

(Answer is given lower down)

Chance for Imaginative

Another apparently mysterious psychological test was the Picture Test. Here the candidates were ushered into a room containing a magic lantern and a screen.

The lights were lowered, a picture was flashed on to the screen and the test was explained.

The cadets must look at the picture for three minutes and imagine a story in which the people in the pictures were characters. The story should explain how the characters got into the situation portrayed and what happened to end the incident.

The first demonstration picture showed a small boy leaning with his chin on his hands examining rather sadly a violin resting on the table with two strings and the bow broken.

The person conducting the test suggested this as a possible answer:

The boy was playing cricket in the garden when he hit a ball through a window. In consequence his father confined him to his bedroom for the rest of the afternoon. Restless, the boy went into a lumber room and found an old family violin. He played with it until he broke the bow and two of the strings. This is his problem as shown on the picture on the screen: "Shall he confess to his father or hide the violin away in the hope that no-one will find it for some time?"

Answer: He confesses and is forgiven.

After the demonstration came the real pictures—good obvious opportunities for writing real life dramas around them.

Now the purpose of all these apparently inconsequential tests is to discover exactly what sort of a person the cadet is.

It is impossible to bluff on them. It is impossible to learn fixed answers and to cheat.

Knowing a little about some of the theories on which the psychologists work, I tried to bluff when I ran through the tests with the staff-serjeant. The answers to the first word-picture test have to be written so fast that one becomes slightly hypnotised. Hypnotised at least in the sense that the creative part of one's mind comes from out one's own control.

Words follow each other in such a way that mind and memory switch rapidly from each corner of the world of imagination to another. For example "Father" would follow "Grief" and "Good" would follow "Father". (This is not an actual order but explains the idea.)

I found some incident in my own childhood came to the top of my mind, but resisting the impulse to stick that incident on the paper, I made a vague first answer and then followed with the second picture that came into my head.

At the end of the test I was rather crestfallen when the expert said: "Of course where people are quick-witted enough to bluff and try to dodge a question it is quite easy to spot it. Then note is taken of which questions they have dodged and just as good a psychological picture can be built up from the questions they dodge as from those they answer."

No-one, it is believed, has ever got 100 per cent answers to the Intelligence paper. That can be understood when the answer to the question quoted above is given as

16(S); 19(N); 22(T); 56(F); 86(E)

for the obvious (?) reason that the letters within the brackets are the initial letters of the numbers when written out (e. g. sixteen begins with S, nineteen with N and so on).

Psychological Second Sight

The WOSB experts argue that by the time a cadet reaches them, he has passed through most ordinary tests. They want to find out he is the sort of man who can stand up to strain in battle or the loneliness of command in a far country. They want, if they can, to be able to forecast what would happen to a cadet if he should chance to find himself in a delicate position in a desert action.

WOSB does not claim that its tests are perfect. It does claim that experience has shown that these psychological tests give as good a picture of a man's mind as would be gained in five months of clinical examination.

There is no dodging. After the demonstration of the magic lantern and the test in story writing the demonstrator absentmindedly revealed that he was a keen cricketer who was hoping to get away early to play that night—which might have explained why he had chosen the story that he did to fit the picture of the child with the violin.

But there is no need for nerves.

The people who study the answers that cadets write are experts who have much to do with all kinds of men. As a cadet has been watched carefully before he goes to WOSB he has nothing to be afraid of.

No Shame In Failure

Men who write too facile answers may show themselves to be the over-nervous, highly sensitive type who may do well in art or commerce but who might give way psychologically under the strain of years of hard fighting.

There is no shame in that.

We are all built differently and the demands of war and the Army and of peace and art and industry are very different. But these tests, far-reaching as they are, do show why some of the men we have all known as being apparently good people in every respect have been rejected by WOSB.

Naturally the answers of a young man of 21 not long in the Army will differ from those of a man of 28 who has had some little time to look round the world, and the answers of a cadet who is but two years from a public school or straight from a university will be different from those of a boy who worked in a factory from the age of 14 until he joined the Army.

Yet those differences matter nothing.

The tests are designed to show the essential man and everyone's real nature shines through the answers.

There is no need for fear and no need for nerves.

But even if a cadet is nervous, that fact will be plain to the examiners together with the reason for it.

Psychological strength is much, but not all that is required of a prospective officer.

A good deal of time is taken up with tests in the open air, done in groups in which a candidate's initiative and capability of command are plainly shown.

A group will be taken to a high structure of iron bars, shaped like three letter H's joined together: HHH. They must climb from the ground on to the cross bar running through the uprights and get ALL of themselves to the far side.

There is an obstacle course that can be negotiated only by a group of active men acting in concert.

In these outdoor tests the first analysis of the psychiatric experts is usually found to be proven.

And though officers are not expected to be orators they are expected to be able to give orders as orders should be given, and they will have to address the men under their command.

"Gentlemen—"

So each cadet is given a chance of showing how good he is as a public speaker. In some WOSB's cadets are allowed to choose their own subjects for a two-minute speech to the others who are going through the tests with them, or they draw for subjects.

Again, simple direct speaking and simple clear thinking will pull almost anyone through.

There are talks with members of the Selection Board on all kinds of subjects during the two or three days of the tests. Possibly the cadet may have to meet the psychiatrist—not because there is doubt of his sanity but because the psychiatrist may feel that a point requires clearing up or the cadet has not done himself quite justice.

Finally there is an appearance before the whole Board.

When at the end of it all a cadet finds that he has been recommended for his commission he can feel fairly sure that he has been through an exacting test. Perhaps more important still, the men who come under his command can be sure that here is an officer who is capable of doing the things that will be demanded of him.

J. HALLOWS (Capt.)

You Can't Bluff Them

Geoffrey Bell a film director of the Shell film unit, which was asked by the Ministry of Information to make a film about WOSB's, decided that he would discover for himself what it was like to be a WOSB candidate before he started shooting.

So he put on denims and went through WOSB as one of a group of would-be officers. Only the President of the Selection Board knew that he was not a genuine candidate.

Bell was passed for a commission by all the testing officers, but the psychiatrist was puzzled and called in a second opinion.

The second psychiatrist agreed with the findings of the first, and together they confided in the President: they had smelt a rat, they said. Their findings showed that Bell, in spite of outward appearance, was not really keen on taking a commission.

Questioning after a test. Every reaction is noted and counts in the final decision on a candiate's suitability or otherwise.

Meet the "Haybrook Circus"

Rudolf Haybrook with his five Belgian girl helpers and the NAAFI manageress during work at the Cafe Blighty, Brussels. The girl painters are (left to right) Suzanne de Kersgieter, Simone Dehaise, Madeleine Fonteyne, Christiane Faglin and Suzanne Vandroogenbroeck.

THE "Haybrook Circus" has arrived in Germany. Never heard of them, you say? Well, I think you will find them interesting people, for their job is to boost up the char and wad that you buy at the NAAFI canteen.

The "Haybrook Circus" is a nickname for the NAAFI Mobile Mural Painting Team, an overpowering title for a small group of artists who during recent months have been transforming NAAFI canteens in Belgium into places where you can eat in surroundings which are gay, colourful, humorous and artistically satisfying.

The ringmaster of the circus is Mr. Rudolf Haybrook. He is an artist, sandy-bearded, a man who talks with great zest to as many people as he can get hold of and drinks other people's champagne with an easy dash and elegance. His work shows that he is a fine artist with enthusiasm, humour and vision, whose *forte* is painting on walls.

A Ghost Walks

A story he tells will perhaps give you a picture of him. Four years ago he was on a lecture tour in America representing the London Fire Brigade, with whom he worked as a fireman during the 'blitz.' He was walking down a street in Omaha, Nebraska, one night when a dear but tough old lady of 60, wearing what might pass in the dark as a 10-gallon hat, staggered out of a saloon and smiled benignly at the night sky. Suddenly she spotted Rudolf passing by, let out a shriek, clapped a hand to her forehead and yelled: "Hell, Custer, I thought you was dead!"

But enough. Rudolf the ringmaster is already cracking his whip to introduce the members of his troupe. They enter the arena: — five young and very charming Belgian girls, all art students from Brussels or Bruges Academies. Their names are Madeleine Fonteyne, Simone Dehaise, Suzanne de Kersgieter, Suzanne Vandroogenbroeck and Christiane Faglin.

Simone Dehaise with one of the murals at the Cafe Anglais, Ostend.

Galaxy of Talent

Madeleine, aged 20, is a book illustrator and daughter of the Director of the Bruges Academy; Simone is a grand-daughter of sculptor Henri Pickery; Suzanne de Kersgieter is a specialist in models for lacemaking and handricrafts; Suzanne Vandroogenbroeck, aged 19, is the daughter of the Flemish landscape painter Clement Vandroogenbroeck; Christiane is a fashion designer.

These girls certainly know how to work. At the Vauxhall Club, Brussels, they painted five panels 18 ft. by 14 ft. reproductions of the work of Peter Breughel, in a little over a week, working 12 hours a day. The only time they stopped during this period was when Mr. Churchill passed by on his recent visit to Brussels. They went out to cheer him. "After all," as Madeleine said, "my great-grandmother never stopped talking about the time when she saw Napoleon. I want to be able to tell my grandchildren how I saw Churchill."

Nervous Moment

A short, humorous fellow has entered now. He is a Belgian named Eugene Hendrickx. He looks inoffensive enough, but not so long ago there was a price of 20,000 marks on his head, for during the German occupation he worked as a saboteur. At one time he was given 120 lbs. of PA. 2 dynamite to hide. He moulded it into a statue and set it up quite openly on a table in his studio. One day the Gestapo paid him a surprise visit. They started questioning him across the table and as they talked they idly flicked the ash of their cigarettes around the statue. Eugene sat and sweated, expecting them to stub out their cigarettes arrogantly on the dynamite. But nothing happened, and the Germans did not get the dynamite, except later on in a different form. Nowadays Eugene gets all the excitement he needs clambering among the scaffolding erected to paint the ceilings.

Last member of the team is a quiet fellow, an Englishman named Harry Hopkins. He came out of the Army two years ago and is the cartoonist of the team. You can see some of his work in the Itma Room at the Café Blighty Brussels.

Started At Ostend

Now something about their work. It started last July in Ostend at the Café Anglais. Here Haybrook, inspired by scenes described in a book written by a famous Chinese storyteller, drew designs with German pastels of fat, grotesque, rollicking Chinese having high jinks with luscious Chinese ladies. There was so much life, colour and movement in these pictures that troops began to rub their eyes, sit up and ask questions. Few thought that Rudolf was an Englishman and the conversation generally started like this: "Er — Excusez — moi M'ieu — Pouvez vous me dire — er — Qu'est-ce que — er — Why don't these — speak English." The beard and moustache would listen quietly, saying nothing until the questioner had got himself completely stuck, then turning round would say: "What you mean, chum, is this —" and proceed amiably to answer his question. Once one questioner asked him the meaning of a large blue bird in one of his pictures. He replied that it was associated with the white cliffs of Dover — as suggested to him by something the orchestra was playing.

Improved on Breughel

From Ostend the team went to Bruges where they completed a large mural with Spanish dancers as the central figures. They then moved to the Vauxhall Club for their most ambitious work so far. Here five paintings by Peter Breughel previously referred to were reproduced: "Hunters In The Snow," "Return of the Cattle," "Peasant Wedding," "The Fall of Icarus," and "Peasants' Dance." If you look carefully at "Peasant Wedding" you will see a piece of Haybrook's fun. In this picture two peasants are carrying a large tray of food around to the guests at a wedding. While Rudolf was painting this he overheard two serjeants talking at their meal. One said: "Chum, could I do with a nice poached egg now." So Rudolf obliged by painting a really beautiful poached egg on one of the plates on the peasant's tray.

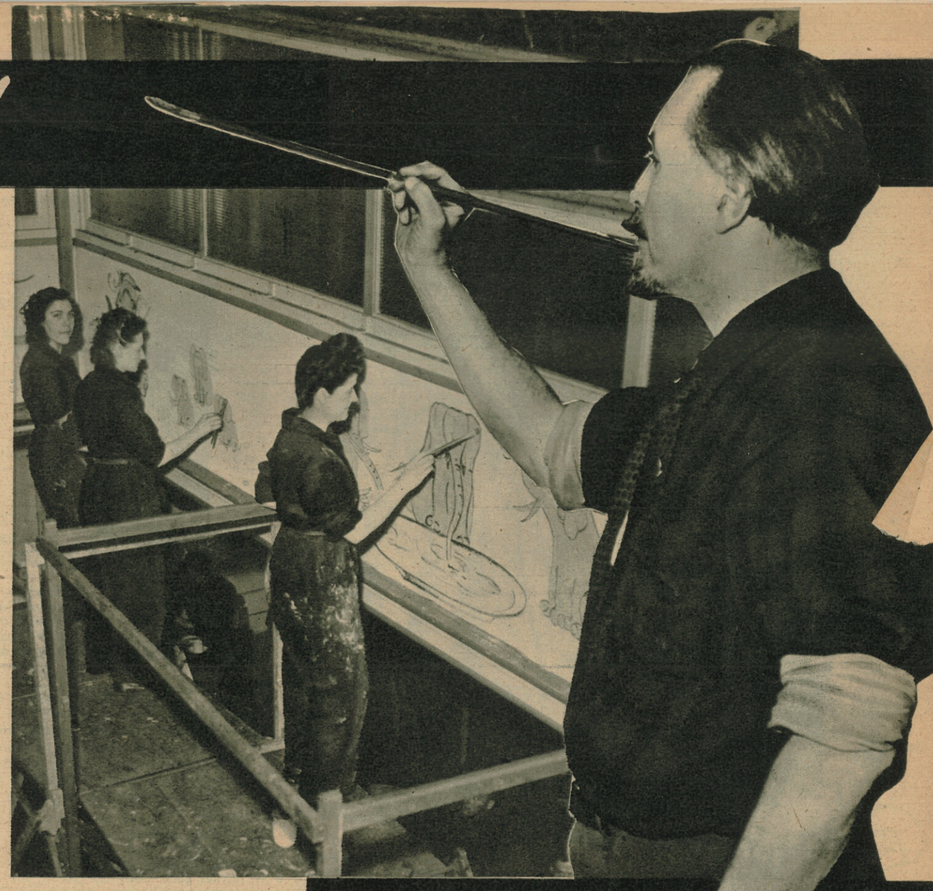
The Café Blighty at Brussels is another example of their work. This comprises three large rooms which were painted in just over eight days. The second room, which is called the Jungle Restaurant, shows delightful pictures of red elephants having fun. But the Haybrook touch is here again, for tucked right away in a corner almost out of sight is a tiny black elephant with his trunk up winking at you as if to say, "You can't keep me out."

Soldier Helpers

But Rudolf's main work has only just begun. He has been commissioned to paint in Germany more than thirty O.R.'s Clubs and garrison canteens. His chief problem is to find new teams of artists. His Belgian girls have been left back to paint in Belgium, but he hopes that with the co-operation of Army authorities he will be able to get further artists from the ranks. Under his guidance they will certainly get excellent training and will be doing a good job of work. In Brussels two soldiers, ex-coachpainters, came to work for him. After a few weeks tuition they rapidly became really good mural artists.

There is plenty of work to be done, but Haybrook has the talent and the enthusiasm to tackle the job, and as for his reward — well, he looks at it like this: one day two soldiers came up to him and asked if they might photograph his work. He turned to them and said: "They are not my pictures chum. They are yours."

C. W. SMITH (Lt).



Above: Teamwork in progress at the Cafe Blighty. Christiane (nearest camera) and the two Suzannes are decorating the gallery with a strip of comic elephants.

Below: This Spanish fantasia is at the Cafe Flanders, Bruges.

GOODBYE TO ALL THIS

from Paul Irwin

Bobby Locke, the S.African champion, is likely to make a big impact on British golf when he plays in the forthcoming Open Championship.

SOLDIER's sports commentator has just been released from the Army. He summons up here some memories of a vivid experience.

BY the time this offering receives its first baptism of canteen tea and I know not what other—and stronger—brews, your correspondent will have collected a natty line in Civvy Street suiting and bid a fond, if not exactly reluctant, farewell to Army life.

Well, it was good while it lasted. I say this as I go about the business of sorting over a kitbag brimming with memories. Sit down, chum, and let's have a good old natter as, one by one, the pictures come before my mind's eye.

What's this? A bundle of Army newspaper clippings from Italy, Tripoli, Egypt, the Levant, India and points even farther East. They tell part of the story of this old historian of the trivial, as he travelled the sportsways in search of material.

The Cairo clippings are bulky. Small wonder, since it was from that fascinating city of sunlight, smells and what have you, that I sat behind a typewriter for more than two years and hammered out a daily piece for Army readers in the Middle East.

A lot of wordage, with a corresponding amount of memories to match. Memories of thin-thatched Leslie Manfield bullocking his way against a barrier of South African forwards. Yes, the same Leslie Manfield who was the big figure at Cardiff Arms Park when the local Rugby club, and later a full Welsh international fifteen, gave the Kiwis such a testing.

Again, there's the 40-yard drop-kick by Tommy Kemp, the England stand-off half, to win a thrill-packed game at the Cairo Alamein Club . . . The immaculate hooking of Dilorenzo, that old warhorse from Bradford Northern's League side . . . A Springbok pack, led by the dark-haired Kenyon, trampling over every one until they met a New Zealand line-up able to match them in the scrums and lick them for speed and dash outside.

Egyptian Flyers

Switch to Soccer. I can see the slim, saturnine Abdel Kerim Sakr and the dusky Mohamed el Guindy, two of Egypt's outstanding forwards, proving that Blighty has no monopoly on world-beating footballers.

Believe me, these boys are good. So good that David Steele, the Huddersfield manager, and shrewd Willie Birrell, now in charge at Chelsea, have heard about them — and are interested in them. You may expect any day to hear that Guindy, a 6ft. lin. Sudanese, has signed forms for one of them and will be footing it in England next season.

If he makes the trip, and the project turns on whether or not he passes an examination in the Egyptian Merchant Navy, you will see one of the finest ball players in circulation. He began Soccer as a winger on the advice of Jock McRae, former Manchester United and Clyde half-back, but switched later to inside right.

Guindy is good, very good. His Egyptian international team-mate, Abdel Kerim Sakr, is a shade better. "I put him in the £15,000 class," said Jimmy Blair, the Blackpool forward, after playing against the Farouk Sports Club star a season ago.

From this you may think I was mesmerised by the Egyptians and never had an eye for any of the home-produced performers. Not so. Out and away the best forward I have seen in the war years is Trooper Tommy Finney, the Preston North End outside right.

Matthews' Rival

I have said before, and shall keep right on saying, that Finney can do most things we all thought the close copyright of quicksilver Stanley Matthews. What's more, he does them a lot faster than the Stoke City wizard, while he has one thing absent from the Matthews repertoire — ability to shoot and get goals. When he does return to the Preston team after Army discharge, look for him to gain a full international cap very quickly.

Others I noted were Ron Phipps, a Tottenham-born centre in whom I have interested Arsenal; Nicholls, a youngster from the Wolverhampton player-factory that was formerly managed by Major Frank Buckley; and Andy McLaren, the stocky little Scottish forward you may have seen forming Preston's right wing with Finney in an early War Cup Final.

These up-and-comers, plus Jesse Pye, Billy Wright, the immaculate Mitchell of Birmingham, Merrick, Barrass and a few more, all go to prove that there is nothing wrong with our football that cannot be cured by time and training.

And now look at cricket. Away out in the Middle East, where "Rain stopped play" is a remark unknown to the enthusiasts, we saw plenty of youngsters set inevitably for the game's highest honours.

Their names? I'll tell you. First, we have rolling, strolling Jim Laker, an off-break bowler with a beautifully high action and an impeccable length. He's a Yorkshireman — straight from Saltaire — and about him is that unruffled temperament which is part and parcel of his county.

Yorkshire came out strongly. Anyway, I can name Ron Aspinall, a 6ft 2 in. fast bowler, Dick Horsfall, tipped by Fred Root for stardom when still a schoolboy, and Jackie Weatherill, a batsman possessing a lovely off-drive, as three more possibles for the team captained by Brian Sellars.

Big, blond Dick Horsfall, who missed being a Lancashire man by about a couple of feet — his house is that much on the Yorkshire side of the boundary at Todmorden — may prove the pick of them all. A strange character, in that he seemed at times to get himself out through sheer boredom. Yet, on occasion, he would bat as if his life depended on staying in.

Sublime Confidence

And he has confidence. Why, in unit games under the broiling Middle East sun he would stroll to the crease with his bat under one arm and a water bottle under the other. Very solemnly he'd put the bottle behind the wicket. You see, he knew he would be there a long time — and it was thirsty work!

Golf? Here, the outstanding performer I saw in the Services was Bobby Locke, the South African champion. Without any practice, coming straight as he did from his bomber squadron, he could crack the Gezira Club record by a couple of strokes.

Watch him in the forthcoming British Open championship at St. Andrews.

On the track, the best bet was Littler, a half-miler with the speed and judgment necessary to set new times for the Egyptian marks. I say he is the best bet with one reservation. There was — and is — Denis Shore, the South African expert, to consider.

Although 30 years old, this likeable Springbok is still in world class. He thrice equalled the world's sprint record of 9.4 seconds set by Jesse Owen and Frank Wykoff, doing the trick while training as a pilot with the South African Air Force, and took the 100 yards, furlong and quarter-mile when out in the international team match in Cairo in 1944.

So it goes. There are memories of sport back home these last nine months . . . Stan Cullis trying so desperately hard to make a come-back on his return from service in Italy — with the crowd jeering him . . . Keith Miller flashing up centuries for the Australians . . . Chunky Eric Boon flinging his fists in an attempt to show he has not faded entirely from the boxing scene . . . Solid Bruce Woodcock proving he has a grand punch, but needing so badly to learn how to cover up . . . Ernie Roderick's careful ringcraft to win the middle-weight battle against Vince Hawkins. . . . The Russian Dynamos bringing back a flash of the old glory to Soccer.

Tactless Warbler

And the more personal recollections? Those breath-taking sunsets in the Western Desert before they picked me up by the scruff of my Army-barbered neck and dumped me behind a typewriter . . . The concert on the trooper going out the long-way-round to war. And, in the middle of the submarine belt, a boy getting up to sing, of all things, "The Loss of the Titanic." The laugh of the evening came when, as he warbled mistakenly that "fifty thousand lives were lost," a voice yelled, "Blimey! they must have sunk the whole ruddy convoy."

What else? Square-bashing at Tidworth's Assaye Barracks, and the sight of the most majestic mover I've seen anywhere in 22 years of watching men of muscle go through the motions. He was the drill serjeant-major, a magnificent beast who did the slow march like a Pavlova — and knew it. "Look at me, *look* at me," he would say. "I'm beautiful, yes *beautiful*.

The roar of the crowd. The whiplash of a two-pounder. The clatter of a typewriter. And the rattling jingle of tank tracks. Laughter and the other thing, all mixed incredibly.

And now it's all over. Well, I may hand in my kit, but, praise be, I still keep my memories. So will you.

Stan Cullis (right) England captain at a Wembley International. Scots captain is M. Busby.

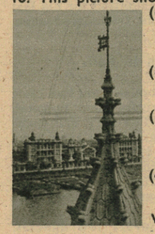
Ernie Roderick (right) winning the middle-weight championship against Vince Hawkins at the Albert Hall last May.

Star batsman P/O Keith Miller hitting out for the Australians in the "little Test" at Lords.

"I can't do *everything*. I've only got one pair of feet."

How Much Do You Know?

1. "Ally Pally." Is it—
   (a) Pidgin English for "Let's all be friends";
   (b) The name of a racing tipster;
   (c) The Alexandra Palace;
   (d) A disreputable street in Cairo.
2. If a mulatto is the child of a negro and a white, and a quadroon is the child of a mulatto and a white, what is the child of a quadroon and a white?
3. Any mis-spellings here: Atlee; Trueman; Ghandi, Acquitania?
4. Lavender Hill is—
   (a) a street in London;
   (b) a fashionable suburb of Shanghai;
   (c) the name of a Victorian actress;
   (d) the name of the US President's estate.
   Which?
5. Any mistakes in this quotation:
   "In Xanadu did Genghis Khan
   A stately pleasure-dome decree,
   Where Alph, the sunless river, ran
   Through meadows measureless to man
   Down to a sacred sea."
6. Who was the MP who recently drove to Parliament in a car he had manufactured himself? And which MP recently went to a Royal banquet in a lounge suit?
7. What are: Heath Row; Willow Run?
8. If your wife told you she had spent the afternoon practising natation, you might reasonably make one of these comments:
   (a) "What, sing with a voice like yours?"
   (b) "I'll see my lawyer about a divorce."
   (c) "Now we'll be able to have something besides Spam and chips."
   (d) "Did you swallow much water?"
9. The American Army had their Nissen-type hut too. What did they call it?
10. Which animal was the original teddy bear?
11. What's Pinchbeck. Is it—
    (a) a drug suitable for doping greyhounds;
    (b) a town in Surrey;
    (c) an alloy once used for cheap jewellery;
    (d) a miserly character in Dickens?
12. Which humorous artists do you associate with (a) Jane; (b) the "Little Man"; (c) Colonel Blimp?
13. This picture shows:

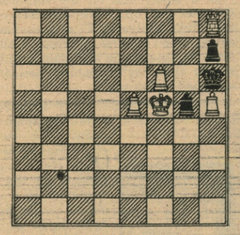


(a) a view from the Wenceslas Palace at Prague;
(b) a view from Leningrad University;
(c) a view from the Houses of Parliament, Westminster
(d) a view from Notre Dame, Paris.
Which?

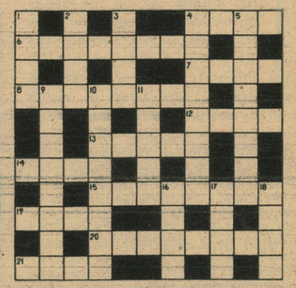
(Answers on Page 23)

KID OGO . . .

CHESS AND CROSSWORD



White to move and mate in two.



ACROSS. — 4. Creeky fellow. — 6. Much used for "lines of communication" between troops and families. — 7. R.A.S.C. curves. — 8. French cavalryman. — 12. "Jerry" in R.A.F. parlance. — 13. One of the "blues" — but no cavalryman. — 14. Key for the Central Libya Expeditionary Force? — 15. Such service is foreign to us. — 19. Part of the magpie ring. — 20. Where one might expect a Northumberland Fusilier to come from.— 21. Network.

DOWN. — 1. Seen in mortal combat. — 2. The late Grese. — 3. Weapon seen by the troops in Malaya, perhaps. — 4. Exclusively cavalry dishes?—5. "Journey's End", perhaps, when on leave from B.A.O.R. — 9. Corner in Kent in the late war; in Ypres in the one before. — 10. Sounds as if this Highlander might take a long view of things. — 11. Dodge the column? — 16. Feels remorse in the streets of Paris? — 17. Arnhem was certainly one.— 8. Graf strafed by the Navy.

(Solutions on Page 23)

Four Beds and a Cradle

THEY brought her in on a stretcher, at three o'clock in the morning.

"We couldn't wait," said the driver. "There wasn't time to take her to a German hospital. So here she is."

We placed her in the empty bed. There were three other beds. First bed, left-hand corner, contained the Italian. He was wounded in the buttock, and was behaving very badly. He kept shouting "Mama-mia," in a high-pitched voice. In the third bed, right-hand corner, was Menze. He was 19, and wounded in the chest; he was gasping for breath, but made no complaint. He was tough. He had been in the Hitler Youth movement, and he didn't care.

Lipeck the Pole lay in the corner bed, near the doorway. He was an abdomen. Captain Mack said he wouldn't live. Looking at Lipeck, with his ashen face and sunken cheeks, fighting for his last breath, it was obvious. I wondered when.

Brothers In Pain

It was a small room, in what had once been a German prison camp hospital. The place was full of ex-POW's, Frenchmen, Poles and others. In the room next to ours they were operating. They had been operating all day, on civilians as well as soldiers. They were tired. In about another hour they would be going to bed.

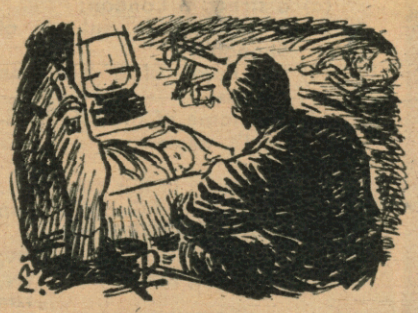
Adele cried out every few minutes. I gave her morphia, and tried to make her comfortable. I suppose I should have felt really sorry for her. But I had got used to the cries of people in pain. And Lipeck the Pole was dying.

The night crept on. Captain Mack came in. He spoke reassuringly in fluent German to Adele, who took no notice, but only cried.

"It won't be long now," said Captain Mack, and it wasn't.

"There's nothing ugly about childbirth," said Captain Mack. "It's quite a beautiful operation."

We swabbed the child with cotton wool and showed it to Adele. She smiled and fell asleep. The boys in the theatre made a little cradle out of a cardboard box, and some cotton wool. We placed the baby in the cradle and



put it on the window ledge. Then they went on operating for another hour.

Se here I was, with four beds and a cradle. But I was too tired even to be surprised. It was all part of the crazy war. The Italian was still grumbling, Adele was sleeping, Menze was gasping rhythmically, like a steam engine, and Lipeck was no longer conscious. That was at half-past four. At five o'clock the boys packed in. They went to bed, the generator was turned off, there was no more electric light. I lit the hurricane lamps, and carried on. It was very quiet. The Italian wouldn't sleep. Menze was gasping and gasping. There was nothing further I could do for Lipeck, except administer oxygen. Now and then I tiptoed over to the cradle on the window-ledge, just to make sure that the baby was breathing. Of course, I was a fool. I was used to heavy cases, but not used to nursing babies.

Five o'clock. The Italian was having blood transfusions, and he was restless. His bottles needed changing, and his needle came out. And he wouldn't keep quiet.

Before the Fall

I picked up Menze's documents. There were his membership cards of youth movements and children's clubs. He was only 19 now. There were many photographs of him as he had been before he joined the German Army Standing with his mother in the garden; swimming in a pool in the forest; posing proudly with his girl at the entrance to a field; marching with his youth battalion, swinging proudly down the road.

The night seemed very long. Menze was still gasping and blowing like a steam engine. Lipeck would not last another hour. Adele was still sleeping. The baby was quiet.

And then, at six o'clock, relief came. Soldiers came clumping up the stairs, and the ambulance driver said that they had come to take Adele away to a civilian hospital. We had them out in a jiffy, and that was that. Their places were empty, and they might never have been there. It might have been nothing but a dream.

I changed the Italian's menu, and put him on glucose. I made Menze comfortable, and dashed my face with cold water, to keep my eyes awake. I stopped Lipeck's oxygen, because he no longer needed it. I went over to the window and drew the curtains.

Dawn was coming faintly over the mountains, and the first birds were twittering in the trees.

LESLIE G. JONES (Pte.)

Quiet Oasis

THE village lay on the banks of the Maas, a scant few kilos from Venrai. According to the map there was a convent not far from the water's edge, unscreened by trees, at the head of rising ground, and well to the flank of the line of fire — an ideal OP.

This OP, it turned out, stood at the last bend of the street, which faced directly across the Maas where in better times the ferry had plied. A way was found through a small iron gate at the back of the convent. This gave on to a path that led through what must once have been a quiet haven of close-clipped lawns and hedges, but now was a litter of shell and mortar holes, sodden equipment and rusting ammunition.

Ruin and Sacrilege

Inside the convent the wreck of war was all too evident: a kitchen with fruit and pickling jars smashed and strewn all over the floor, an overturned cooker, shelves and cupboards cleared with a rifle butt, and legs torn from a chair for fuel. Each room and cell was the same. Papers and books, Bibles and rosaries had been trampled and kicked in the rooms, overflowing even into the passages.

In a small cell on the top floor the OP was set up, while the driver ops. installed their W/T sets in another across the narrow corridor, all this after pulling aside the robes and vestments that lay crumbled beneath the smashed window.

When the shoot was finished, the driver ops. packed their equipment and went. The two OP men looked through the pile of photos tossed on the floor, pictures of a grave-faced nun, perhaps the late occupant of the cell, several groups of nuns, a few groups of children.

Then they too left. On the way down was a door slowly swinging in the draught from a broken window. As it swung back, disclosing the room, the two men halted.

Here was no wreck of cell or library, no looted quiet room or office, but a tiny chapel. Both men doffed their caps and quietly entered, almost doubting their own eyes.

The wooden floor was highly polished, spotlessly clean, and unmarked by studs or hobs. On either side of the aisle stood five or six small pews, dust-free, shiny, and with hymnals and Bibles in place. On the little litany desk a closed Bible lay ready to hand.

The linen on the altar was freshly laundered, dazzling white. The Crucifix and its flanking candlesticks gleamed in the rays of the westering sun with a quiet sheen which spoke of constant loving care.

The Chord

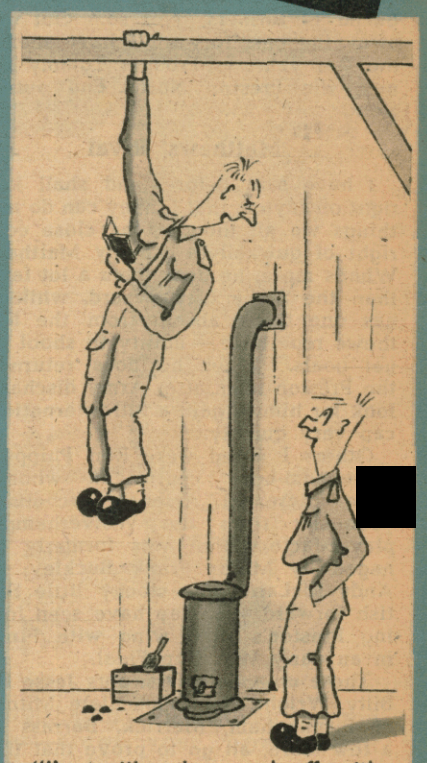
At the opposite end of this chapel was a tiny harmonium, its keyboard uncovered, an open hymnbook on the music stand. Quietly one of the soldiers pumped with his foot, and then pressed the opening chord of the hymn. Very softly and very sweetly the organ gave voice, almost as if afraid to disturb such peace. Reverently the two left the chapel.

Who tended this tiny chapel, bringing fresh linen to its altar and cleaning its candlesticks and Crucifix? Who kept its fine woodwork and flooring so faithfully? Why, when the whole of the rest of the convent lay so mercilessly sacked, did this tiny chapel remain untouched?

Whatever the answer, the two men who were privileged to see it have a memory they will long remember of a quiet oasis standing untouched in the grim wrack of war.

J. MEASURES (BSM)

BAOR WRITERS AND ARTISTS



"I'm getting browned off with this hangin' around waiting for demob!"

"And was my face RED!"

My number's up? — Don't be silly. I'm 29 group!!

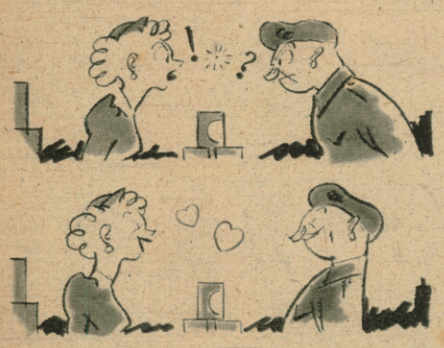
LETTERS

MINORITY TARGET

The unfortunate NAAFI girls are always a target for the grousers who push and struggle to be first in the NAAFI queue. I was, however, very glad to note that the NAAFI girl who wrote to SOLDIER does realise that the majority of us do appreciate their six years of magnificent effort, and that those who do not are a small minority to whom little attention should be paid. **— 14671178 Pte. F. J. C. Saunders, 4 Bn The Welch Regt.**

YOUR "BLESSINGS"

All NAAFI and other Welfare organisations are well-organised and have been well appreciated. The fighting soldier, who saw them at rare intervals only, appreciated and understood them far better than those who were lucky enough to be in close touch with canteens during the whole of their service.



To the moaners and grousers I say "Count your blessings!" **— A. G. Hayden (late Black Watch) 2, Lawn Terrace, Blythe St. Birmingham**

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

When the emergency road bridge across the Rhine at Wesel is opened it will be the only one unaffected by ice or flooding until the Cologne bridge is finished. But it is only an emergency bridge, and if traffic lights and spacing instructions are ignored, then THE BRIDGE MAY COLLAPSE!

DESIRE FOR BETTER LIVING

A few days ago I visited a little English church here on the continent. It was Sunday morning and with the exception of the Padre I was the only one present, consequently no service was held. It is with concern and regret that I have to say that after more than an hour of conversation with the Padre I turned away from the Church somewhat disappointed and depressed.

I came away with not too sanguine hopes for the future of the Church. The Padre seemed to talk of everything except those spiritual things which are so vital in the life of a soldier who has to live every day in an environment which is not exactly a heavenly paradise.

The fundamental wants of humanity are often unconscious, but I believe that within the hearts of men there is a desire for a better way of living, for higher ideals and greater principles. **— 14216729 Pte. F. Bayliss, Education Centre, 15 BAD, RAOC.**

MEDICAL TREATMENT

I have heard that, after the final medical examination preceding release, you cannot be compelled to carry out duties that necessitate any risk to life or likely to injure your normal health. If, after you have been passed fit, you are injured in any way or your health is affected through duties, is the Army still responsible? **— Pte. N. Grimes, 318 Coy RASC ATC, Wksps Platoon.**

★ *Yes, the Army is responsible for any injuries which you may incur during the course of duty up to the day of discharge. After that you may continue to receive medical treatment from the Army until such time as you cease to be on full pay. — Ed., SOLDIER.*

FIRST DOODLE-BUG

To settle an argument, when did flying bombs (V.1's) first land in the British Isles in strength? **— Rfn. D. Main, HQ Coy, QM, 9 Cameronians, (SR).**

★ *The first V. 1 fell on 13 June 1944. By 17 June they were falling on London in strength. — Ed., SOLDIER.*

TAX ON RELEASE PAY

Is leave pay, during release leave, subject to unearned income tax deduction, if a soldier returns to civil employment before his leave ends? **— Dvr. F. Downing, 64 Road Construction Coy, RE.**

★ *No. Leave pay during release leave is rated as "earned income." Whether or not you will pay any tax on this depends upon what allowances you receive from the revenue authorities, e. g. for a wife, children etc. In many cases this is not taxable at all. — Ed., SOLDIER.*

"FROZEN" PAY

During the past six years I have served with both the Army and the National Fire Service. Consequently I am entitled to a war gratuity from both the War Office and the Home. 1. Will they be sent to me separately or as a joint account? 2. If a pay anniversary date occurrs during release leave, is a soldier granted this increase of pay for the remainder of his leave? **— Dvr. F. Downing, 64 Road Construction Coy, RE.**

★ *1. War gratuity in respect of Army Service only will be deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank in the soldier's name by the Regimental paymaster. The Home Office will issue any gratuity due in respect of NFS service. 2. When a pay anniversary date occurs during release leave the soldier's pay is not increased. The rate of pay remains "frozen" for the period of release leave. – Ed., SOLDIER.*

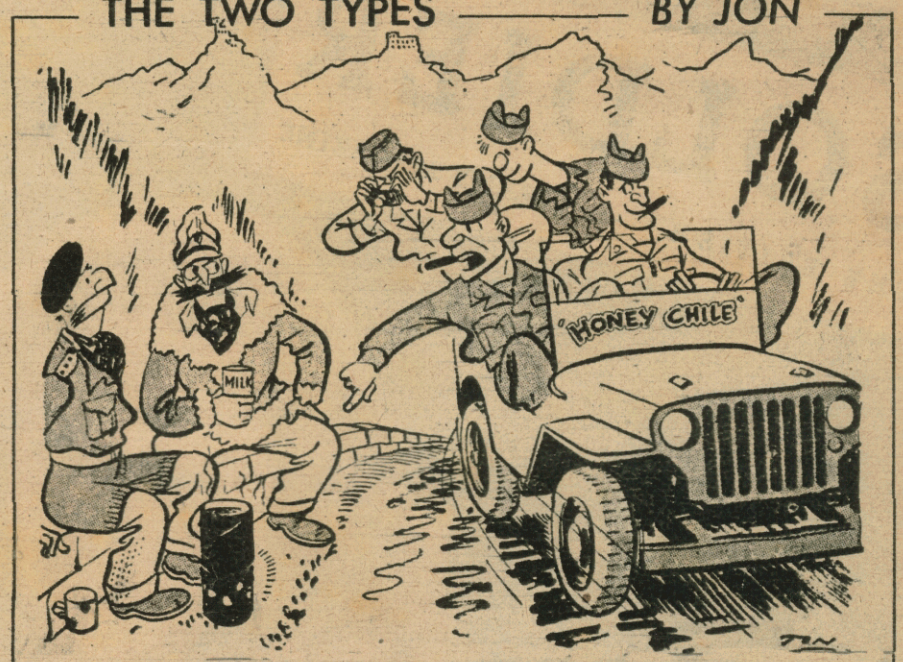
PHYSIOTHERAPY

I am rather interested in physiotherapy — or should I say massage? — and all that concerns it. Could you please give me some information on this particular job, as I should like to become a certified masseur. **— Cpl. D. M. Condack, 208 Fd Coy, RE.**

★ *To take up physiotherapy as a career a good general education is necessary, and candidates should have passed School Certificate or an equivalent examination. It is also necessary that health be perfect, especially as regards the hands. The minimum height for men is 5 ft. 6 in. Students are not accepted under 18 years of age and are not advised to begin over 30 as the retirement age is usually about 55. A physiotherapist should take an interest in people and have a cheerful personality and ability to concentrate. The qualifying course (which is taken at a hospital) lasts from two to two and a-half years and may be extended to three. Students must pass an exam in Massage and Medical Gymnastics, and also in Electro-therapy. The fees vary from 50 to 90 guineas for a full course. The courses are not likely to be curtailed for ex-Service students.*

Prospects are good, as there is a shortage of trained physiotherapists. Salaries start at £200 per annum and rise to £350. If you become a teacher it can rise to £500, and another course is to set up in private practice. The Ministry of Labour do not run a vocational training course in this subject. For any other information you require consult No. 31 in the series of booklets issued by the Ministry of Labour on post-war careers. It is called "Medical and Auxiliary Services." — Ed., SOLDIER.

THE TWO TYPES — BY JON



"Say, do youse guys actually drink that stuff?"

THE KING'S ENGLISH

The letter by Major B. E. Sykes asks that British Forces Network announcers should speak the King's English "without an American, Canadian or—for that matter—a Cockney or Glaswegian accent".

It would appear necessary to correct what is clearly a misunderstanding. The Canadian voices on BFN are there for the specific purpose of bringing the voice of home to the Canadian occupation forces which are part of the BFN audience. American voices are heard in American transcriptions which bring to Rhine Army listeners the best American radio entertainment.

The occasional local accent to be detected in BFN announcers is not considered sufficiently strong to offend. Indeed, the warmth of a local accent is considered by many to bring a refreshing note to the world of radio voices where the King's English (or what is popularly interpreted as the King's English) is cultivated to the degree where the sense of the words spoken is obscured by the vocal virtuosity of the reader. **— Lt-Col. J. B. Cameron, AWS (Broadcasting), HQ BAOR.**

BORN 1678

In SOLDIER of 8 December you state what you say are the six oldest Infantry regiments of the British Army. May I point out that the Royal Scots Fusiliers were raised in 1678 and are thus the fourth oldest. They take their number from the time they were first brought on the English establishment in 1688. They are thus the 21st Foot. **— "Grey Breek" (name and address supplied).**

The girl on the back cover is Jeanne Crain, one of 20th Century Fox's rising stars.

Answers

(from Page 21)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. The Alexandra Palace. 2. Octoroon. 3. All wrong: Attlee; Truman; Gandhi; Aquitania. 4. A street in London. 5. Should be "Kubla Khan," "sacred river," "caverus measureless," "sunless sea." 6. Mr. Denis Kendall, MP for Grantham; Mr. Aneurin Bevan. 7. London's new Airport; Ford's biggest aircraft plant turned car plant. 8. "Did you swallow much water?" 9. Quonset hut. 10. Koala. 11. An alloy. 12. (a) Pett; (b) Strube; (c) Low. 13. A view from the Houses of Parliament, Westminster.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: — 4. Cove. 6. Airgraph. 7. Arcs. 8. Chasseur. 12. Goon. 13. Azure. 14. Clef. 15. Overseas. 19. Pier. 20. Tyneside. 21. Mesh.

DOWN: — 1. Talc. 2. Irma. 3. Kris. 4. Chargers. 5. Victoria. 9. Hell-fire. 10. Seaforth. 11. Elude. 16. Rues. 17. Epic. 18. Spee.

CHESS

Key-move: PxP en passant.

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TWO-MINUTE SERMON

"Here is a gun, shoot the RSM," I said to Bill Brown. He shrank from the proffered weapon, and told me not to be — stupid. "But," I insisted, "You always said that one day you would shoot him". He grinned sheepishly, "You know I didn't mean it".

I had to agree for I know the Bill Browns — and they are legion! The bloodthirsty threat is "not meant". The sexual term used to garnish their speech is "not meant". The lurid tales if amorous encounters, retailed with details for the benefit of the younger, inexperienced soldiers are "not meant". The Name of God used wantonly, the memory of Christ soiled in speech — all not meant.

I ask myself "Do these Bill Browns mean anything they say?"

We have got rid of Hitler, who never meant anything he said. We look for a world built upon mutual trust, and straightforward dealing, so that our children and our children's children may live with a light in their eye that we never had, an unclouded horizon that as yet we have not seen, and in a trustful security that is completely out of the political world's experience to date.

But how can these things be if no man's word is his bond, if he never means what he says, and vocal flourishes are his sole achievement in a language that was meant to be the means of lucid intercourse between men?

Is not the time ripe for a clean up of thought and language so that our "Yea" be "Yea" and our "Nay" be "Nay"?

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

It's a long ladder, Miss Crain

(See page 23)

ROLL IT UP AND SEND IT HOME

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