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SOLDIER

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Fourteenth Army's Sjt. Philip Gray, RASC, of Blackburn, Lancs, spoke for all of us, when he introduced H. M. The King's VJ broadcast.

BAOR
EDITION

Write And Obey...

ANYBODY can write. It's simply a question of putting words in the right order.

Anybody can write poetry, too. It's just a question of cutting up what you have written and making the ends of the lines rhyme.

Or is it?

SOLDIER has been a target for rhymesters ever since the first number came out. Some would-be contributors submit their verses with apologies and blushes. Others indicate that we are pretty lucky to have such works offered us. Sometimes friends of the author submit his handiwork. One reader submitted a poem by his mother in the ATS. In a special class is the Pioneer private who says that his poems are too valuable to entrust by post and we shall have to come and fetch them.

Others ask, "Why doesn't SOLDIER run a Poets' Corner, free to all, and let readers be the judges?"

Now let's clear the air a little. First of all, (as the Brains Trusters say) "it depends what you mean" by poetry.

There is doggerel... which the dictionary calls "trivial, mean, halting or irregular verse." MacGonagall, the Scottish bard, used to write it. It was so bad that it was good. Like this:—

"Oh wonderful city of Glasgow,
with your triple-expansion engines,
At the making of which your workmen
get many singin'..."

Secondly, there is verse, a form of (usually) rhymed composition which says something more effectively than it could have been said in prose. The man in the street says, "It's raining cats and dogs." G. K. Chesterton preferred to say:—

"The cataract of the cliff of Heaven
fell blinding from the brink,
As if it would wash the stars away
as suds go down the sink.

The seven heavens came roaring
down for the throats of hell to drink,
And Noah he cocked his head and said,
'It looks like rain, I think.'

The water has drowned the Matterhorn
as deep as a Mendip mine,
But I don't care where the water gets
if it doesn't get into the wine."

Verse must obey metrical rules, unless the author is exceptionally skilled at breaking them. Some of SOLDIER's contributors are apt to suffer from the same failing as

"... the old man of Japan
Who wrote verses that never would scan.
When they told him 'twas so,
He replied, 'Yes, I know.
But I always like to get as many words
in the last line as I possibly can."

Thirdly, there is poetry, which is defined as "elevated expression of elevated thought or feeling in metrical form." Very little poetry is written. A man may write all his life and achieve only one poem. He is lucky to do that. A whole century may be remembered in the anthologies by a mere handful of poems. There was one soldier who knew just what it meant to write a poem. General Wolfe said he would rather have written Gray's "Elegy" than have captured Quebec.

SOLDIER doesn't publish doggerel, even when it is as bad as MacGonagall's. It is no justification for publishing to say that the theme is a praiseworthy one, or that it is the writer's first attempt; the execution must be praiseworthy too.

SOLDIER is willing to publish verse or poetry, if it fulfils the specification; and as space allows.

LETTERS

STAGE VANITY

By and large, ENSA is doing a good job, but I wish somebody would tell their comperes to desist from trying to "build up" unknown performers with such appeals to the audience as "How about a big hand, folks, for that gallant little trouper, the one and only Fanny Adams."

If an act is good, I'll applaud it, but I refuse to be dragooned into applauding an act before I've seen it. Who do they think they are? What do they think we are? — L/Bdr. J. Simmons, 34 RHU.

MILLY

In common with many other towns in Europe occupied by troops of the BAOR, Tilburg (Holland) offers severely restricted entertainment. The other night I visited the theatre where an ENSA company were performing. Like most ENSA shows I have seen recently, it contained suggestive jokes.

It is bad enough for a male performer to recite his smutty tales, but what about this song—from a woman:

"Now the war is over we'll all have lots of fun,
Enjoy yourself and don't be silly,
Give three knocks, and ask for Milly."

Could you imagine anything worse than implying that a person maintaining fidelity to his wife or girl was just "silly"? A very dangerous song. Why can't ENSA shows be censored for this kind of thing? — Cpl. P. R. Adamson, 164 Railway Operating Coy, RE.

FALSE HOPES

Why are certain newspapers permitted to raise false hopes of early release amongst ourselves and our wives and families? In particular, one paper recently suggested that the early thirties would be released by the end of the year.

If we can't trust the newspapers, whom can we trust? Or is it a device to discredit the new Government in the eyes of the Servicemen? — WO I A. Burton, WO II W. A. Friend, No 4 HQ Mech. Eqp't. Units, RE.

Many thousands of our boys would like to know: why can't something be done about the daily papers at home? Even now I can still see an article from one of them cut out and pinned on the notice board, stating: "Speed-Up In Release: Group 30 Out By New Year." Our papers, I understand, have to be censored by the War Office before going to print. — Pte. R. G. Levy, 48 (Br) Ambulance Train.

★ Many letters have been received on these lines. The Press is free to print what it

pleases. War-time censorship was a Security censorship. Experience shows that the fewer shackles the better. Occasional excesses have to be endured. — Ed., SOLDIER.

WOODEN SEATS

I returned from UK leave by train from Calais to Hamburg. Every carriage had wooden seats, including those for



the officers. They even put some RAF men in a cattle truck at Calais. Yet on the journey up we saw many LMS 3rd class coaches standing on sidings doing nothing. We fought for a better world to live in. Do you think it a better world when we, the men who fought, are treated like this? — Pte. G. Giles, 302 Coy, PC.

★ Almost all third-class carriages on the Continent have wooden seats. The amount of second-class accommodation is very limited. There is a small amount of LMS rolling stock out here, but it is not enough to make up a complete leave train. There are technical reasons why it cannot be mixed with Continental rolling-stock. Use of cattle trucks for leave personnel is most unlikely in the future. — Ed., SOLDIER.

NOT WAR SUBSTANTIVE

If a serjeant was due for release, and he had one month to go before being war substantiated, could he become so while on his eight weeks leave? Secondly, would he receive the gratuity as a serjeant or a corporal? — Cpl. D. Mitchell, HQ, BCC(G).

★ No. It has been ruled that acting rank will not be converted to war substantive rank when the qualifying period is completed after commencement of terminal, release or overseas leave. Similarly, qualifying service for rate of gratuity is calculated up to the day before the leave starts. Previous service in that rank can, of course, be reckoned in the total. — Ed., SOLDIER.

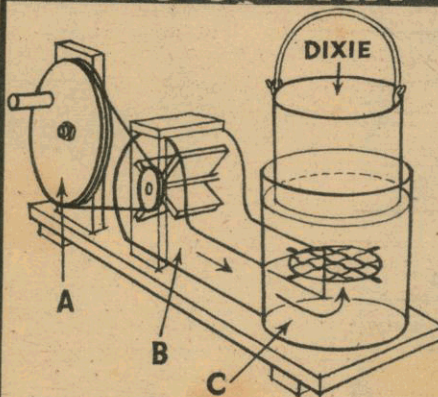
SEVEN PIAT VC's

Can you settle this: the other day I heard it declared that the PIAT tank never been known to pierce tank armour. Is this correct? — Tpr. C. Bell, "B" Sqdn, 22 Dragoons.

★ Instances where the PIAT has pierced tank armour are far too numerous to mention. Seven VC's have been won by men using the PIAT successfully against tanks. — Ed., SOLDIER.

(More Letters on Page 23)

Pronounced "STOO - FAH"



A SOLDIER reader — Sjt. J. Atlee, 51 Coy, RASC, asks how to make a "Stufa," the POW's cooking machine shown in "Kriegs Cameraman," SOLDIER No. 12. An ex-POW replies:

The reason POW's used a Stufa was that it was economical on fuel,

gave a good fire in all weathers, and could be carried about.

The materials required for making it are wood, empty tins, cord, strong wire and plenty of patience.

In effect the "Stufa" is a glorified bellows. It is made of three units: (A) the driving wheel, a big wooden disc turned by hand. This drives by cord a smaller disc connected to a spindle on which are fixed four tin blades or fins. The fins are housed in a casing (B), and as they revolve they send a constant draught to the fire unit (C). This is a large bucket or tin with a grating near its base to hold the fuel and allow ash to fall to the bottom, but the better class "Stufa" has the inside of the bucket packed with a clay ridge to hold the cooking pots.

All you have to do is put in your fuel, light it, turn the handle and in half a minute you have a roaring fire.

Advice to manufacturers: keep some surgical plaster handy when you are cutting the tins, especially if your only tools are a sharpened table knife and a stone hammer.

Snapshot (3)

on

JOBS

CAN YOU TEACH?

First-rate opportunities are now open for men and women in the Forces anxious to make school-teaching their future career. Seventy thousand teachers are needed—and the organisation to train them is already operating under the Emergency Training Scheme set up by the Ministry of Education.

VACANCIES

These 70,000 new teachers are required to make up the deficiency caused by low war-time intakes to the profession. Under the 1944 Education Act the general expansion of the teaching profession is assured, and full allowances are being made for Service people who have been unable to obtain normal qualifications. Broadly speaking, if you qualify under the training scheme you've got a job waiting. Pay is now at the new Burnham salary scale, which is £270 a year rising to £420 for women, and £300 rising to £525 for men.

QUALIFICATIONS

Age limits for those wishing to take advantage of the training scheme are 21 to 35, but suitable candidates will sometimes be accepted outside this group. Recognised certificates and degrees are not required, but a fairly high standard of general education is. The main considerations in selecting candidates are personality and temperamental suitability. Interviews are given in all cases.

TRAINING

As with other Government training schemes all tuition is free, and allowances are made to those under instruction. Courses provide general training for teachers in primary and secondary schools, with special facilities for learning other types of teaching. Facilities are also provided for men to train for Youth Services. The normal course lasts one year, with four weeks holiday, and it is designed for those who have been out of touch to "catch up". Those without means of their own are eligible for free board and lodging while training, and about £2 a week pocket-money is provided.

PROSPECTS

After training, teachers will be employed on an equal footing with those who have done normal training—but their recognition as qualified teachers will only be confirmed after two years satisfactory teaching service instead of after one year as is the case with normally-trained teachers. Opportunities for rising to headships will be equal to those afforded to teachers from normal colleges. Although selected and trained in a rather different way from teachers of the past, the prospective teachers of tomorrow need have no fears concerning their status in the future.

THE TEXT

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.

But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.

For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord. A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways.

(Epistle of James: Chap 1, 5, 6, 7, 8)



**The Rt. Hon. J. J. Lawson MP,
Secretary of State
for War**

The green and black telephone is a special security one, through which all secret and confidential matters are discussed; the red dispatch case marked "S7" contains Cabinet papers; the glass and silver inkstand is part of the War Office silverware and is hundreds of years old. It was sent from the Board of Ordnance when their responsibility for Army organisation was transferred to the War Office in 1855. The book is Dod's Parliamentary Companion which gives details of peers and MP's, Cabinet Ministers and Government departments. The well-worn leather chair in which the War Minister sits is believed to be at least 200 years old.

THE NEW HEADMASTER

THE Rt. Hon. John James Lawson, Labour MP for Chester-le-Street, Co. Durham, since 1919 is today the Secretary of State for War in the Government.

He brings to the War Office in his new position of responsibility for organisation and policy of the British Army, and President of the Army Council, a spirit of deep understanding and knowledge of human emotions and conflicts gained during a lifetime of struggle fighting for the working man, and in particular his fellow workmates — the miners.

One of Nine

Mr. Lawson was born at Whitehaven on 16 October 1881, the son of impoverished parents who had nine children. He went to a National School when he was aged three, a barefooted boy whose only

real meal was on Sundays and whose home was an overcrowded miner's cottage where four slept in a bed. The day after his twelfth birthday he began work at the mines.

He married in 1906 Isabella Scott, a Sunderland servant girl who earned her own living from the age of 14. A year later he joined the Ruskin College correspondence class, and soon afterwards was offered a year's scholarship at Oxford University. He borrowed the £26 necessary to pay for his entrance fee, and in 1907 studied at Oxford for a year, while his wife went back to domestic service to help him financially. A year later he returned to the mines.

During all this time he fought for miners' rights and better conditions. He joined the ILP in 1904 and for some years addressed miners' meet-

ings all over the county of Durham, and acted as the men's spokesman during the many disputes.

In the last war he served as a mule-driver in the Royal Field Artillery, and in his own words, "was called names, red sulphurous names, rude names."

26 Years in Parliament

After his demobilisation in 1919 he contested the Chester-le-Street Division as a Labour candidate, and a satisfying majority sent him to the House of Commons.

In the Labour Government of 1924 Mr. Lawson became Financial Secretary to the War Office, and was Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour from 1929—31 in the second Labour Government.

Since 1930 he has been a member

of the Imperial War Graves Commission.

In 1939 he accepted the post of Deputy Commissioner for Civil Defence in the Northern Region, and in the last election was again returned to Parliament by the Chester-le-Street Division, which he has now represented for 26 years.

At the age of 51 he wrote his first book, "A Man's Life", which is the story of his struggles from a pit-boy to MP. Since then he has written several other books dealing with the mining industry. Today the pitman who sweated and slaved in the bowels of the earth for a near-starvation wage of 30 shillings a week has a £5,000-a-year salary.

His hobbies? Reading the classics, gardening, and tending his pet rabbits.

SEE PAGES 4-7



The War Minister arrives at the main entrance to the War Office (above) and is saluted by Deputy Chief Messenger J. W. Cutting as he steps from the dark blue car which brings him from his London flat.

Making his way to his office on the second floor (left) the War Minister mounts the broad, yellow-and-black-flecked marble stairway.

The day's work begins (below). Mr. J. R. McGregor, Principal Private Secretary, hands the Secretary of State for War official correspondence and reports.

THE NEW

VERY few people who live in Newcastle or Stanley, in the heart of Durham's mining industry, will be able to tell you the way to Woodside, Beamish, in County Durham.

But, if you ask where Jack Lawson lives they will at once direct you to a row of red-brick miners' cottages built on the edge of a high embankment overlooking the beautiful woods, and the long, rolling grasslands which stretch far away and merge into the heather-covered hills. Nearby is a disused coal-mine, now overgrown with foliage and heather, and all around, as you look out from the headland, rise the pit shafts and pyramid-like mounds of earth and coal slack.

Here, in one of the four-roomed miners' homes, lives Jack Lawson, miner and philosopher, author and preacher; here lives the Rt. Hon. John James Lawson, MP, Secretary of State for War, who began work in the mines the day after his twelfth birthday, and who for 20 years toiled and sweated, first as a "trapper" — the boy who opens and shuts the doors for the drivers — and then a putter and hewer at the coal-face.

Pitmen Neighbours

In the village where he and Mrs. Lawson have lived for 24 years they all call him "Jack". His neighbours and friends are the putters and hewers, themselves the sons and grandsons of Durham pitmen; men to whom "the pit" is the very breath of life.

In the week-end after Parliament had gone into recess, the Rt. Hon. J. J. Lawson, MP, Secretary of State for War, left his office in Whitehall and travelled all night on the long journey from London to Beamish to spend a few days, free from official duties, at his cottage where his wife waited to receive him.

On Saturday evening Mrs. Lawson, grey-haired, and wearing an apron (for she had just finished washing-up) opened the door and showed me into the front room — a room crowded with books, hundreds of them; the very same books that the boy Jack Lawson had bought from the second-hand bookstalls in the towns around Bolden Colliery where he worked.

Here were Dickens, Kipling, Shakespeare, Trevelyan, Hardy and Milton, the Stoics and St. Thomas à Kempis, and occupying pride of place, four tattered, dog-eared volumes of Gibbons' "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire", which nearly 50 years ago Jack Lawson bought for half-a-crown. Here were all the books that a tousled-haired boy read by candlelight while the rest of the family were asleep, and which graced the first library he ever had — a rough, wooden orange box covered with brown paper.

Visit to SEAC

On the buff, distempered walls hang photographs of Jack Lawson's family, his daughters and grandchildren, a young brother who was killed in the last war. Over the fireplace is a coloured photograph of his only son, Clive, killed in 1943 at the age of nine, when a long-delayed-action bomb, dropped by German raiders, exploded and brought tragedy to Beamish.

A chiming clock on the mantle-piece, gift of the local miners in appreciation of his work on their behalf, bears an inscription thanking Mr. Lawson for his untiring efforts to improve their conditions of life. Against the wall stands a magnificent glass case, fashioned from seasoned walnut, and beautifully marked, which is Mrs. Lawson's especial pride. It was presented to her by her husband's constituents of Chester-le-Street on the completion of his 26 years as a Member of Parliament for that division.

There was a comfortable, fabric-covered sofa, and two armchairs to match,

HEADMASTER

a much-used writing desk, and several high-backed wooden chairs. The Secretary of State for War came in — a most powerfully built man; light blue eyes; a fighter's face, very determined; broad hands scarred with the tell-tale blue cuts and ridges — miner's hands. "I am going out to the Far East to see the brave lads who have been through hell for us", he said. "I shall speak to as many as I can, and try to answer all the questions they like to fire at me. I will probably talk about demobilisation problems and procedure, but most of all I want to meet those lads, face to face, and thank them for what they have done. After all, I am the War Minister, and I feel that they might appreciate seeing me, and being able to talk to me."

Ack-Ack Daughter

He glanced at the photograph of his youngest daughter, Alma, "a mere slip of a lass who fought in this war on an Ack-Ack site during the German raids on Bristol."

"She amuses me quite a lot sometimes when she talks about war. Do you know she talks as though we fought with bows and arrows in the last war; but I forgive her."

There were pictures of his other two daughters, one married to a Lieutenant now serving in the Far East, and his four grandchildren. "They're a grand lot," he said, "and I count myself a very lucky man indeed."

Down came a few of the books. He opened the worn volumes of "Decline and Fall". Passages which impressed him when he first read them are underlined, and the margins on many pages bear the comments of the boy who was a man before he was 18, pencilled neatly in the once-clear spaces.

His own books? "Oh, I didn't start writing until I was 51. I sent a story to one of the newspapers, and it was published in full. Later a publisher persuaded me to write about a pitman's life, and I set down my own experiences, taking my own life with all its twists and turns as the plot. I find it quite easy. But I was well-grounded. You see, years ago when I was a very young lad, I devoted much of my spare time to reading. When I was just a whipper-snapper I read and recited Shakespeare. I read the Bible, the Psalms, and the Prophets, and memorised the writings of the great masters. They are the books that have influenced me nearly as much as the Methodist Chapel where I used to preach, and still do preach when I get home at week-ends."

"A Good Life"

"A few of the people used to think me a bit 'queer' because I, a pit-boy, read so much, but I was by no means the 'white-haired' boy of the village."

He chuckled deeply, and slapped his knee.

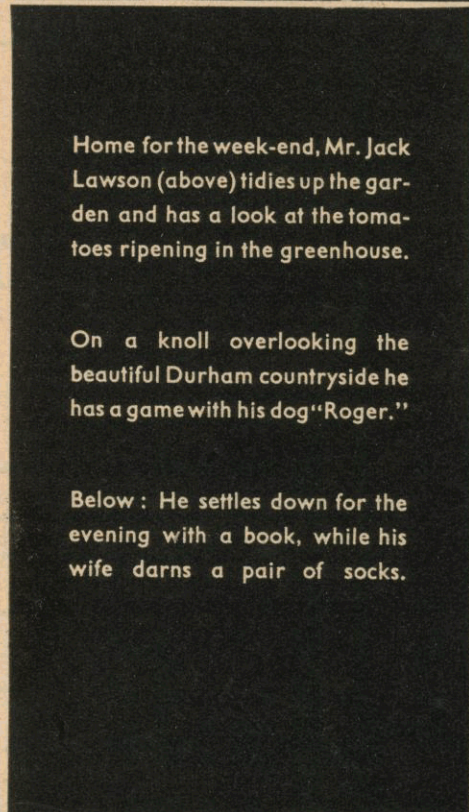
"Those were fine old days as well as bad old days. Why, I've seen two men fight over a matter of principle until they were too exhausted to carry on. Then their friends would take over for them, and stand toe to toe, slogging and smashing at each other until they, too, dropped from sheer fatigue. We were tough in those days."

"At first my book reading gave me a bit of trouble. I was determined that the other lads shouldn't think me a 'Cissy' just because I read books, and I gave them point for point."

"Oh, no, I certainly wasn't a 'Cissy'. Until I grew to the age of better discretion, the gambling school, as well as my books, had its hold on me. Many's the time I've lost all my money on the flick of a coin. Sometimes I won it back, and more besides, only to lose it again."

"It was all very dissatisfying, and I had to make a decision. I chose the books and the influence of the Chapel. "Aye, I've had a good life, a full life,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



Home for the week-end, Mr. Jack Lawson (above) tidies up the garden and has a look at the tomatoes ripening in the greenhouse.

On a knoll overlooking the beautiful Durham countryside he has a game with his dog "Roger."

Below: He settles down for the evening with a book, while his wife darns a pair of socks.





THE NEW HEADMASTER

even if at times I didn't have much money. I wouldn't want to change it one bit if I could live it all over again. The pit was my calling, and I took to it as a duck takes to water. It's a hard life, but a good one, and the miners are the salt of the earth. At 63 I am blessed with all I want. I have a strong body, a bit cut about by the pit, and a clear mind."

Mr. Lawson went to the glass case and brought out a 15th Century Ming bowl, and the figures of a lion and a dog made in China in the 11th Century.

"Why, only two years ago I travelled to China by land and air, some 35,000 miles there and back, and felt as fit as a fiddle. These are centuries old and were given to me by the Governors of two of the Chinese Provinces. My wife treasures them.

In The Garden

"But you don't want to hear all about me. Come and see the garden. It is not in very good shape now because we haven't had much time to spare lately. I do all the heavy digging, and the wife sees to the rest. Really, it's all her work. She is a great, grand little woman."

Huge mounds, several miles away, stood out against the deep red glow of the setting sun, monuments to the men who brought and still bring the black gold from the heart of the earth.

When we returned to the cottage Mrs. Lawson was sitting in an old arm-chair, drawn up against the fireplace in the kitchen, darning a pair of socks for her husband. Jack Lawson put his arms about her shoulders. "She went with me to Oxford and worked as a housemaid so that I could continue my studies at Ruskin College." He showed me round the house. Every morning when at home he takes a cold bath and massages himself with a pair of massage gloves. "That's one of the best aids to health I know, and I owe my health to it. A cold bath, followed by a massage, and I'm fit for anything."

Family Bible

In one corner of the bathroom lay an old sea-chest, a black, iron-bound box used by his father, and his father before him, when they went to sea. From its depths came the old Family Bible, an age-worn book preserved between a cardboard folder. It was published in 1723, and bears the names of Mr. Lawson's ancestors, away back to the early 18th century.

The last 'bus back to Stanley was due very soon. "I'll come with you to the village 'bus stop", said Mr. Lawson.

Next morning as the Rt. Hon. J. J. Lawson, MP, Secretary of State for War, walked through the village towards West Pelton to attend the morning service at the Methodist Chapel, where he often preaches, friends greeted him and passed the time of day.

"Morning, Ed."

"Morning, Jack. Grand morning" — and took up step beside his friend. Near the Chapel, Mr. Alexander Surtees, last-war veteran, who served in India and Burma, waited for his old pal. Jack Lawson stopped and spoke to him about the Far East, gaining some useful information to prepare him for his visit to SEAC, from a man who had been there and knew what it was like.

Together the three old friends mounted the steps and passed through the arched doorway into the Chapel to pay homage to God.

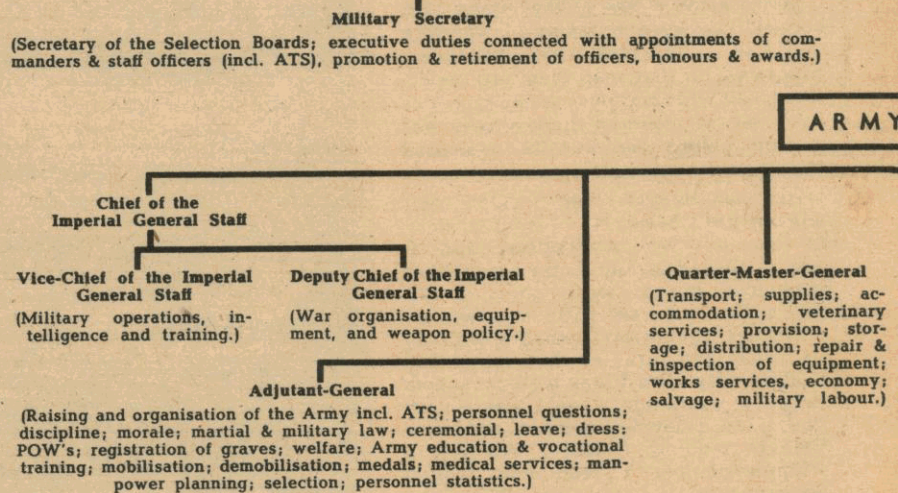
One was Secretary of State for War, a key Minister in His Majesty's Government, author and philosopher, but all three were miners, men of the pit from first to last.

E. J. GROVE (Lieut.)

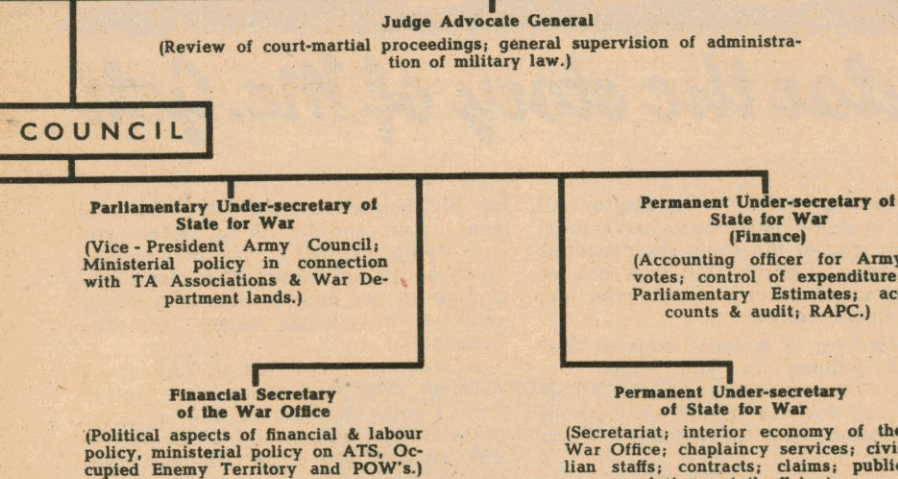


The War Minister takes a look at SOLDIER Magazine.

ORGANISATION OF SECRETARY OF



THE WAR OFFICE STATE FOR WAR



A Page Of History

- 1413. John Louth appointed Clerk of the Ordnance.
- 1414. Nicholas Merbury elected Master of the Ordnance.
- 1704. Army administration reorganised. Henry St. John becomes Secretary-at-War and takes charge of all military matters in the House of Commons.
- 1783. Secretary-at-War made responsible for the financial business of the Army.
- 1794. Rt. Hon. Henry Dundas appointed first Secretary of State for War to control the Standing Army, at a salary of £6,000 a year (reduced in 1831 to £5,000).
- 1801. Direction of Colonial Affairs transferred from Home Office to Secretary of State for War.
- 1854. Outbreak of Crimean War. Separate appointments made for Secretary of State for War, and Colonial Affairs.
- 1855. Duties of Board of Ordnance (earliest administrative military office, located at Tower of London, which supplied both Army and Navy with stores) vested in the Secretary of State for War, thus laying foundations of present War Office.
- Office of Secretary-at-War merged with that of Secretary of State for War.
- 1863. Office of Secretary-at-War abolished by Act of Parliament.
- 1870. Administrative functions of Secretary of State for War, and military control of Commander-in-Chief, brought together in the War Office.
- 1906. War Office departments in Pall Mall, St. James's Square, Horse Guards and Victoria Street moved to the present War Office building in Whitehall.

old—have been allowed to work underground. Referring to

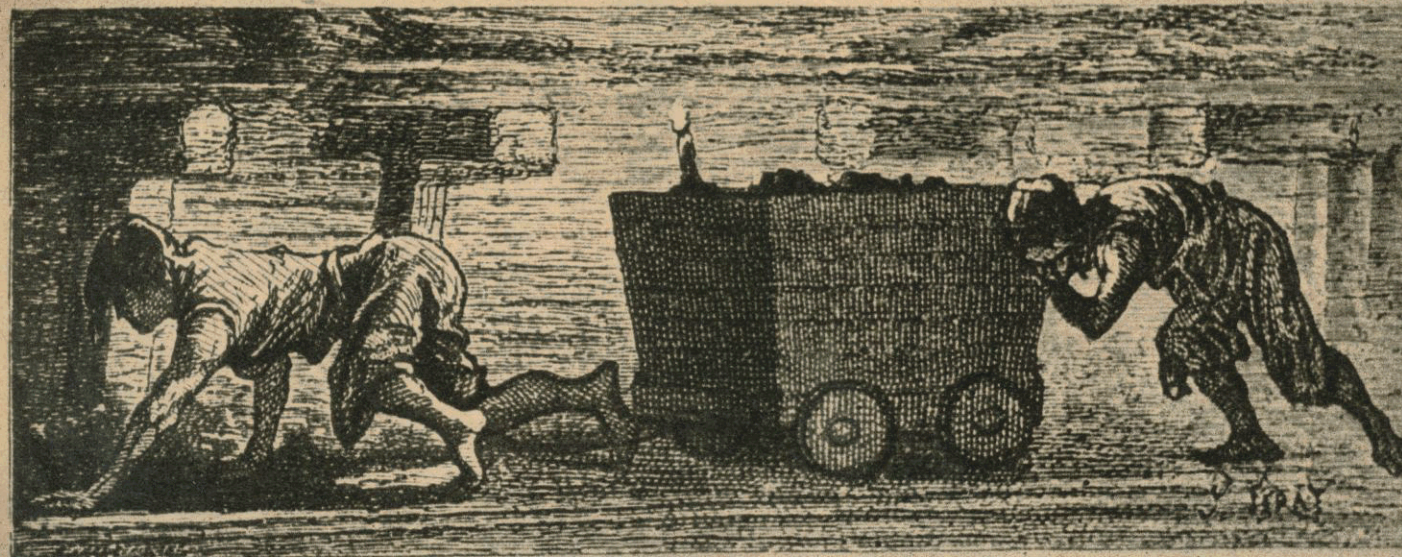


Fig. 41.—Putters or Trolley-boys in England formerly.



the Parliamentary Report of Mr. Tremenheere on the employ-

Yesterday and Today

On a headland within a stone's throw of his miner's home (extreme left) Mr. Lawson points towards Durham's collieries, and tells SOLDIER's staff writer of the conditions that existed in the mines less than 100 years ago.

Boys of 10 or even younger laboured at the coal-face as "putters" (shown in the old engraving above). They were paid less than 1d an hour for a 10 or 12-hour day. Bent double in shallow, wet, ill-ventilated tunnels they gathered up the coal and worked the trolleys. An example of the primitive apparatus then used for lowering miners down the shaft is seen at the top right hand.

Below: Mr. Lawson (centre) goes into the Methodist Chapel at Beamish with two old mining friends.





LAST ^{Operational} FLIGHT

- and in particular the story of Mr. Gell

MANY of the soldiers and airmen who were sent to the war in the Far East went, in the last few months, by air instead of sea. When the aircraft returned they carried men on leave, Python, or due for release.

The passengers you see boarding the Dakota below were en route from England when the atom bombs were dropped, Russia entered the war and Japan surrendered. Their journey was, therefore, to all intents and purposes the last operational flight to the East. You can read in this article what it was like.

GEORGE GELL, aged 39, father of two, looked out of the back of the lorry which bounced along the road to Paddington Station and said: "We've had this."

The other occupants of the lorry agreed, for they too were Burma bound. They had been inoculated to cover what seemed to them every known disease. They had been issued with a set of khaki drill apiece, and they were allowed to carry 35-lbs of other kit.

Before they left for Paddington an officer in Army movements gave them a rough idea of the route their aircraft would take. George Gell was one of the few members of his draft who had never flown before.

"I don't for a moment suggest that it will happen to you," said the officer, "but in case you do suffer from air sickness there are strong brown paper bags provided for each passenger."

"When your plane takes off you will notice that the sound of the engine seems to change; to die down. Don't let that worry you because that is just the pilot altering the pitch

of the propellor, just like changing gear. And another thing, when you are flying at night you may notice some spurts of flame. The plane will not be on fire as one chap thought; it will be the normal flames from the exhaust."

At Taunton there was an RAF coach to meet them and they drove out to the airport. It was raining and the grass looked green and fresh. When they reached the airport their kit was taken off and they were ushered into a room for tea and cakes. Then an RAF officer told them they would be leaving the ground at nine o'clock on the following morning.

Flying Kit

"It will be nine o'clock within a couple of seconds either way," he said, "for we have a reputation on this field for getting our passengers off the ground on time."

Before they were shown to their quarters for the night there was some formality to go through and some flying equipment to draw. George Gell assured a WAAF corporal that he had had all his inoculations; a censor that he was taking no documents out of the country; a customs man that his 35-lbs of kit did not include smuggled goods; and a pay officer that he was not taking away with him more than £10 sterling. The atmosphere he found friendly rather than official. Almost as though they were all really present to see him off and were glad to be there.

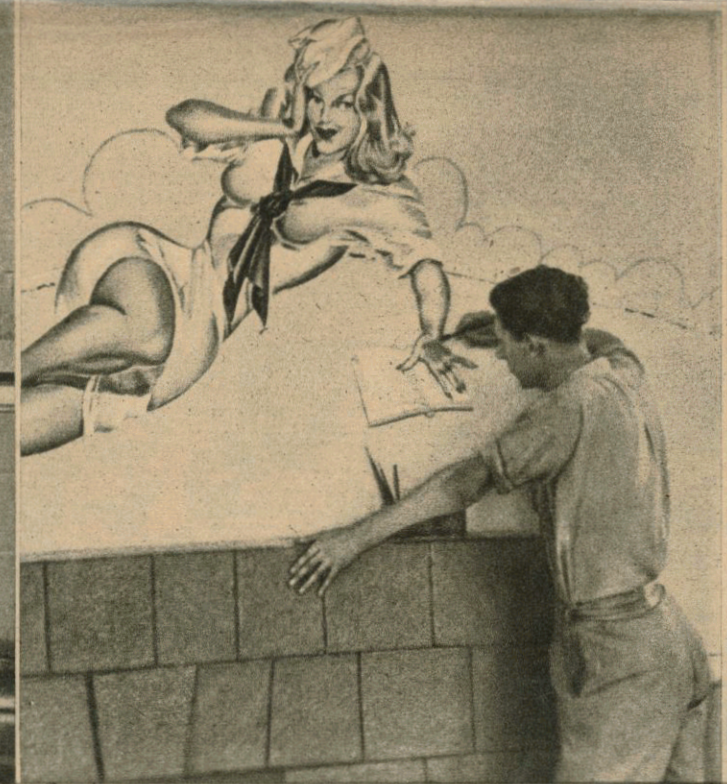
A Letter Home

He was shown to a billet for the night. There was an Ensa show in the camp, but though many of the others went George Gell sat down and wrote a long letter to "The Ridgeway, Wembley..." where his wife would be just about putting the kiddies to bed.

After a breakfast of eggs and bacon and plenty of tea he clambered into the DC 3. The pilot was a young man, but Gell recalled the words of the movements officer. "Some of the pilots look very young, and in fact some of them have only just begun to shave, but for all that they are experienced



Each passenger has to be checked for weight before boarding the plane. No more than 65-lb of baggage may be taken.



Luscious mural at Lydda Transit Camp was painted by LAC A. W. Palmer, of Middlesbrough, Yorks, who has been overseas 3½ years.



Gell has unique experience in Jerusalem. Shoe-shine Arab boy at the YMCA refuses payment!

EAST

pilots. It is on the cards that your pilot has over a thousand hours flying time. Transport Command pilots are handpicked men."

The pilot gave a brief talk before the take-off. "You will fasten your safety belts.... There is a lavatory in the rear of the kite but don't use it unless you have to.... If we fly at over 14,000-ft I will order you to use oxygen (he demonstrated the method of use).... If you want any water there is a tank full.... You will find a book to read under your seat. Look after it because someone else will want it after you.... There is a flying ration for all of you: biscuits, sweets, chewing gum, a fruit bar and some oatmeal.... If there is anything of interest en route the navigator will pass round a note about it."

The pilot and the co-pilot, the wireless operator and the navigator went forward to their places in the nose of the plane. The engines burbled into life. George Gell looked at his watch as he felt the plane leaving the ground. The time was exactly nine o'clock. He looked down at England and he said: "Good-bye for now: I'll be back." When he got used to the sound of the engines he began to take notice of his fellow passengers. The Brigadier sitting opposite, the officers with 14th Army flashes, the Medical Corporal, the parachute officer who looked as though he was fresh from school. He felt in the little bag under his seat and found a book. He settled down to read a murder mystery. For the time he had almost forgotten he was flying.

The DC 3 climbed as it flew over England. When they reached the Channel the navigator came out and told them to put on their Mae Wests. Across France they sped at 180 miles an hour. Gell was beginning to feel restless when a note came round from the pilot: "We will be landing at Istres, Southern

France, in 30 minutes. We will stay there for two hours and you will have some lunch before we take off again for Malta."

Gell fastened his safety belt for the landing. He got out of the plane and lit up a cigarette. Five hours had passed since they had left Taunton. Already he felt the change in climate. He began to look forward to the time when he would change into khaki drill. An RAF truck took them along to the mess. There was no question of rank.

The Brigadier, the Corporal, the Major, in fact all the passengers were treated alike. Some French girls served them. Gell tried out some phrases he had picked up in Brussels.

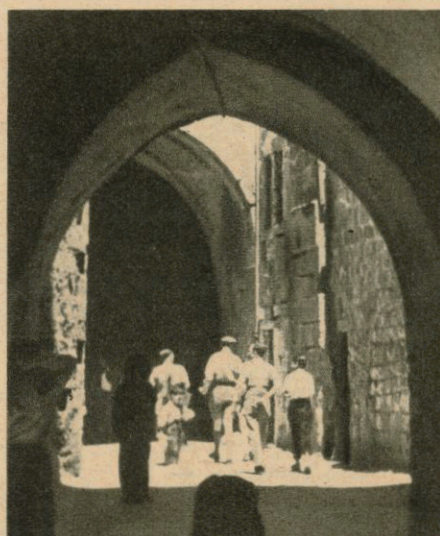
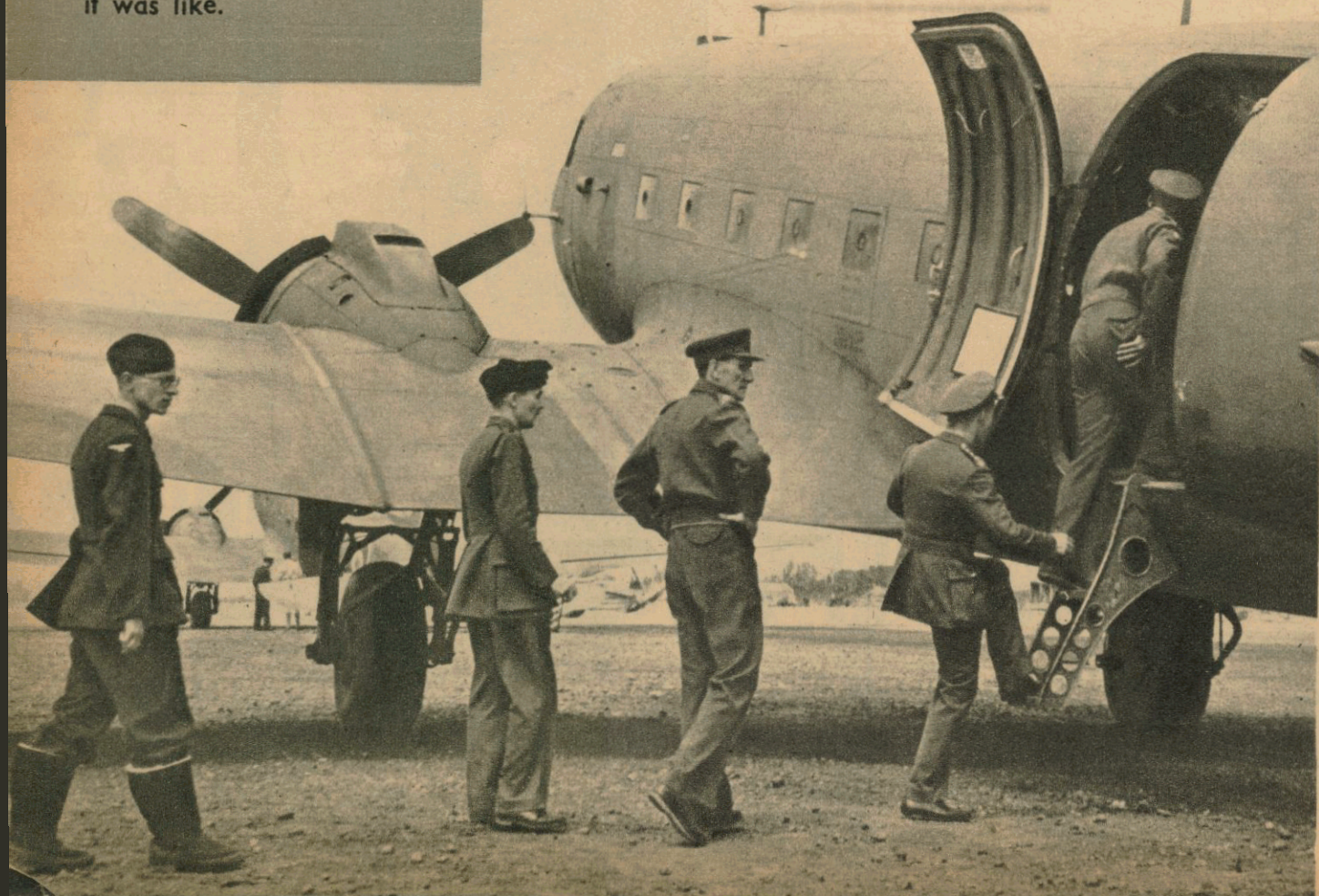
When the plane took off for Malta Gell felt like an old timer. Another five-and-a-half hours flying was ahead of them. Gell settled in his seat and dozed. Now and then he looked out of the window. Presently he saw the lights twinkling from Valetta harbour and he thought they looked like stars on land. They circled round the harbour and

then stooped and touched down. There was a bus waiting and it took them to dinner. He wished it were light so that he could see something of the island which had held out against the enemy at such odds.

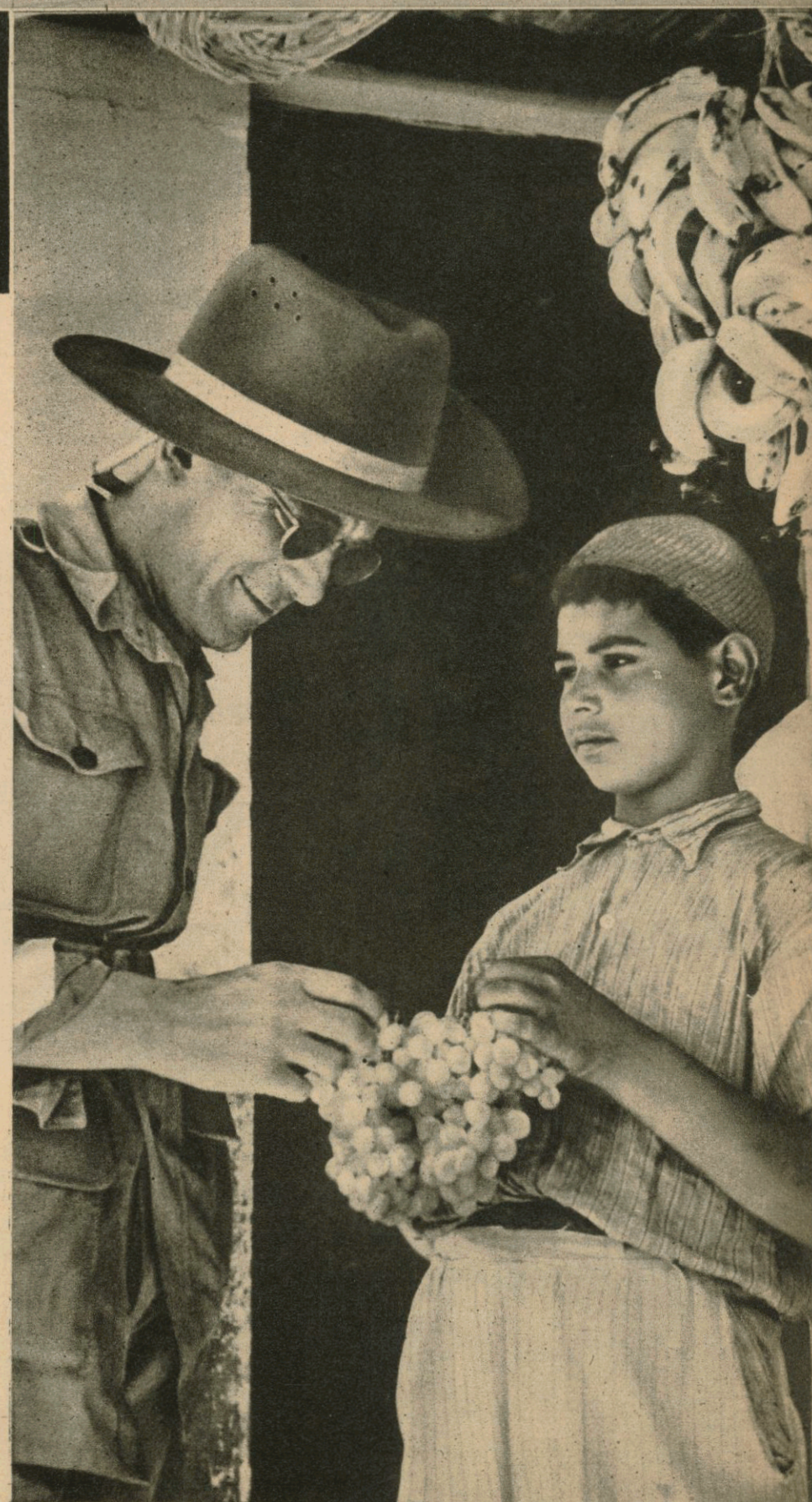
The men at the station wore drill. They were sun-tanned. Gell wished he did not look so white and fresh from home.

Two hours at Malta and they were away again. They took off in the night for Africa. Gell peered out of the window but there was nothing for the eyes to see but a vast well of blackness. An officer sitting next to him who wore the Africa Star and 8 said, "We touch Africa first at Benghazi.... I wish it were daytime. I want to see that desert below. It is not empty to me. The spirit of the men who fought and lived and died

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



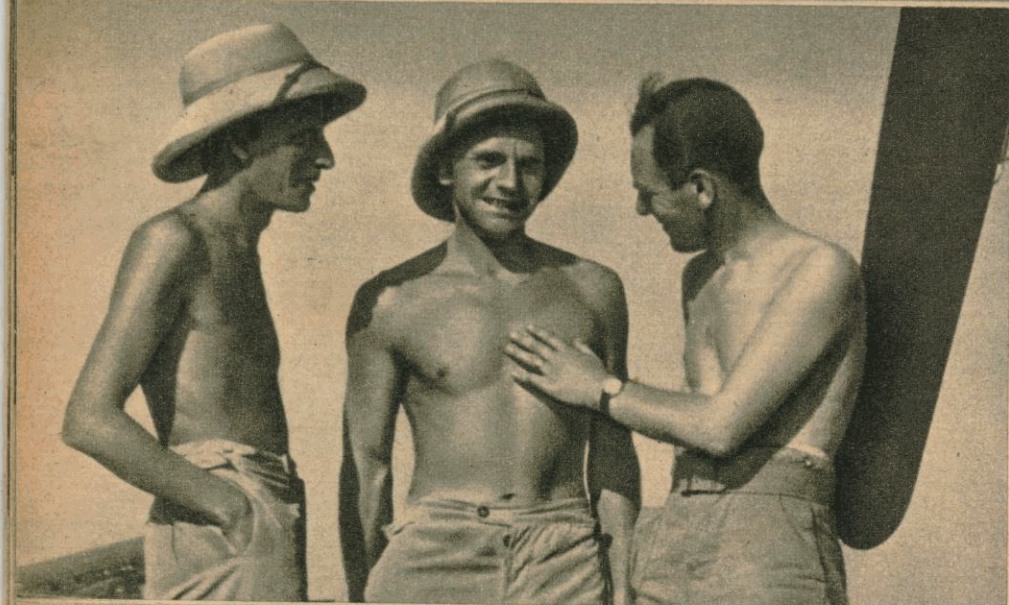
Exploring the Old City of Jerusalem during the two-day stop.



First grapes for five years. Price — sixpence a pound. And just look at all those bananas at threepence a pound.



IT LOOKS LIKE A SNOWFIELD, BUT IT'S 122 IN THE SHADE — TRANSPORT PLANES AT HABBANIYA, IRAQ.



"You'll soon get used to it." At Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf, where the picture above was taken, the humidity was above danger point — but Gell doesn't seem worried.

LAST OPERATIONAL FLIGHT EAST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

there has left something behind. I feel linked with the desert and I think I always will. And yet how I sometimes cursed and hated it when I was there." As they flew on some names came to his lips; names of places: Agheila, Sollum, Hell Fire Pass, Knightsbridge.

When they landed it was early in the morning but still dark. There were Italian waiters to serve them in the mess, and a tired Erk, sleep closing up his eyes, to sell them NAAFI stores. Soon they took off again and followed the Western Desert coastline towards the Suez Canal. A note came round to say they would be landing at Lydda, Palestine, within an hour. They were 10 minutes ahead of schedule.

At Lydda, which lies between Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, they were to stay for two days. Two days in which to get used to the climate and to go sight-

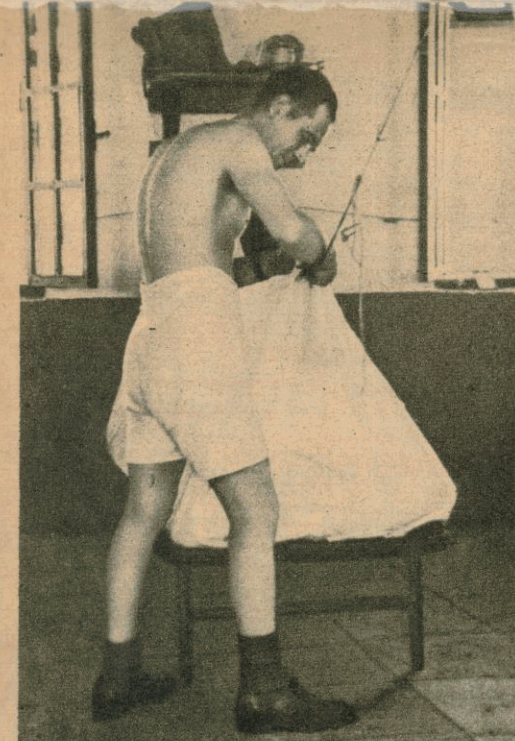
seeing. It was here that Gell changed into drills and it was here that he first began to feel the Middle East sun.

For sixpence he bought two pounds of bananas, and for sixpence a pound of grapes. He had tasted neither for five years.

He put a mosquito net over his bed and found that the shower bath was a good way of cooling down.

The day after they landed he paid five shillings at the guard-room of the camp and bought a return ticket for the 34 mile trip to the Holy City. The winding road to Jerusalem went through countryside which was being reclaimed from desert by afforestation. He noticed some lizards over a foot long basking at the sides of the road. In Jerusalem he felt cool for the first time since they had landed in Palestine. Two small boys offered to be guides. He went to see

The High Priest at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, is used to being interviewed and photographed. He bears himself with dignified calm as Gell questions him.



One of the greatest safeguards against malaria out East is the mosquito net over your bed.

the Wailing Wall and then asked to be shown the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where he was given a fragment of stone which the priest stated came from the tomb of Christ.

Gell posed for a photograph with the black-robed, bearded priest. It was after one o'clock when he made towards the YMCA which he was told was opposite the famous King David Hotel. When he first saw the palace-like building which had a sign saying it was the YMCA he thought he had made a mistake. He soon found, however, that he was welcome. He was served a four course meal for 4/-. Prices are sky-high in Palestine and this was cheap for the country.

After lunch he walked around the forecourt, spoke to some Armenian Boy Scouts, had his shoes blacked, and found to his surprise that the Arab boot black who was employed by the YMCA refused to take any money. This is an

experience he will probably never have again.

Towards the evening he wandered in the town towards the Jewish quarter. His eyes drank in the pageantry of this ancient city. Just before six in the evening he visited the convent of Notre Dame and then, outside the convent, he caught the bus back to camp.

Furnace Heat

When the two days in Palestine were over the plane left Palestine for the next staging point, Habbaniya, in Iraq. It was there that he really began to know about heat — 122 degrees in the shade when they landed. They stayed there the night because a dust storm grounded their aircraft. The temperature fell to 120 degrees. He had little sleep.

In the early hours of the morning he was called to move off once again. The dust storm had cleared.

Following the oil pipeline they flew across the desert waste lands towards the Persian Gulf. They flew at over 7,000 feet but it was still so hot that all took off their sweat-drenched shirts and sat either stripped to the waist or in a vest.

It was just on two in the afternoon when the plane landed on one of the Bahrein islands. It was 110 degrees in the shade. Gell noticed that most of the men working on the station were suffering from prickly heat, but still they did their best to make him and his fellow passengers comfortable.

Six Days From Home

Once more the weather held up their journey and they did not leave Bahrein and its humidity behind them until four in the morning. The last leg of the journey had begun. There was a slight punctuation mark when they landed for some tea and a couple of hours rest in Saudi Arabia and then they flew over the Indian Ocean to Karachi, in India.

They had come some 5,500 miles in the six days since they had left Taunton. Across India lay Burma.

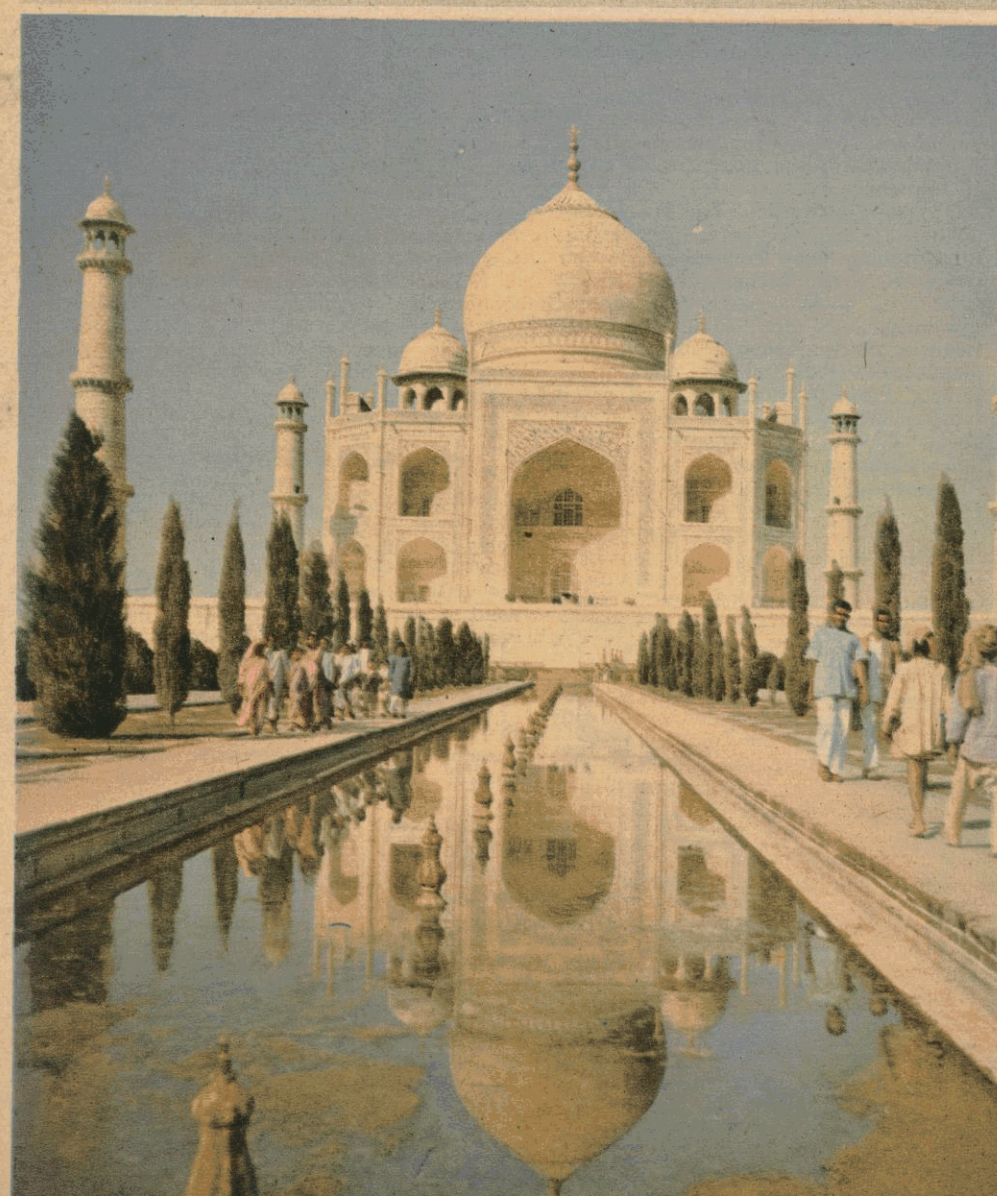
"It's a long way from home," said Gell, "but it doesn't take long by air."

WARWICK CHARLTON (Capt.)



The Wailing Wall at Jerusalem, traditional mourning place of the Jews, was another spot visited by Gell.

The Taj Mahal: Shah Jehan built it in memory of his favourite wife. It kept 20,000 men busy for 20 years.



BAHREIN: 110 degrees in the shade. Just looking at the photograph makes you feel hot.





BATTLE OF ARNHEM: 17 SEPTEMBER TO 25 SEPTEMBER, 1944

A year ago, for those eight days, the men of 1 Airborne Division fought in a grim attempt to force the end of the war by the following Christmas.

The final object was not achieved, but Arnhem was not a failure. The men of 1 Airborne did not fight and die in vain, for it is estimated that the operation was 85 per cent successful.

The eight days' battle was fought to the limit of exhaustion, hunger and thirst. The war ended five months after expectation, but the heroic stand of the Division unquestionably shortened it. They so disrupted the enemy's rear that the main body of the British Second Army swept forward 50 miles to Nijmegen, from where, later, the great Maas-Rhine push was to be mounted. This was the position by 16 September:—

The Germans, thrown back at break-neck speed after the closing of the Falaise Gap in Normandy, had at last got a firm and continuous line in the region of the Escaut-Meuse Canal. The obstacles that lay between us and the

Reich were the much-vaunted Siegfried Line, the Maas and the Rhine.

The Siegfried Line, which extended northwards to Cleves, was to be turned and the great Rhineland rivers crossed in one bold thrust. The Second Army would surge forward and link up with three skyborne forces, set down like stepping stones on the way. The places selected were Eindhoven, an important road junction, 15 miles away; Nijmegen, with its vital bridges over the Waal and Maas, 35 miles beyond; and Arnhem, which has a rail and two road crossings over the Lower Rhine, 60 miles from the starting-point.

A daring plan perhaps, but its designers calculated that the Boche, so dis-

ARNHEM

organised by the airborne landings in his midst, would not be able to halt the main drive, which could be expected to join up with the furthest force in about 48 hours.

Two American airborne divisions — the 82 and 101 — were chosen for the Eindhoven and Nijmegen landings. Britain's 1 Airborne would be put down at Arnhem.

On the Sunday morning of 17 September a year ago, people in Eastern Britain going home from church, housewives at their kitchen doors, Home Guards on their weekly manoeuvres, saw the start of the glorious adventure. Dakotas, Stirlings and Halifaxes; tug-planes with their gliders; the fighter screen. More than 3,000 aircraft of all types made up the great air armada. They came up from 25 airfields, from Lincolnshire southwards.

Operation "Market" was on for 1 Airborne.

Arnhem is a compact town, about two miles across, lying on the northern bank of the Lower Rhine, with a population of 94,000. Behind the town the ground rises steeply, in places up to 250 feet. On the outskirts are big houses in their own grounds amid well-wooded countryside. Beyond are fir plantations, heathland covered with scrub, all offering good approaches.

A main road runs south from the town centre over the principal road bridge. The bridge's northern ramp leads from a small open space lined by buildings and houses. Half a mile to the west another road crosses an old pontoon bridge, the centre section of which is moveable to allow river traffic to pass. Some two miles westward again is a high railway bridge.

Because of heavy flak in the area of the town it was decided to make the landings about eight miles west of Arnhem, to the north of the main Utrecht road.

The strength of 1 Airborne Division was two Parachute Brigades, one Air-landing Brigade and divisional troops

consisting of an Independent Parachute Company, a Reconnaissance Squadron, two Anti-Tank Batteries RA, a Light Regiment RA, Divisional Signals, Provost Company and elements of RASC Supply Company, REME workshops, RAOC and Field Security personnel. Each Parachute Brigade comprised Brigade HQ, three battalions of the Parachute Regiment, a Parachute Squadron RE and Parachute Field Ambulance. The Airlanding Brigade was made up of a battalion from each of KOSB, Border Regiment and South Staffordshire Regiment, with a Field Company RE, Field Ambulance and the men of Glider Pilot Regiment. A Polish Parachute Brigade Group was in support. Altogether nearly 8,000 men went in.

Went Like Clockwork

Because of the shortage of aircraft the whole division could not be put down in one day. It was flown in on three lifts. One Parachute Brigade and the Airlanding Brigade with Div HQ went in on the first day. The other Parachute Brigade and remaining divisional troops went on the second day with the Poles following a day later. The dropping on the first day went extremely well. The Independent Parachute Company leapt some minutes beforehand and set out their ground indicators to mark the dropping and landing zones.

From 1330 onwards they came in. Multi-coloured parachutes like bunches of giant flowers, red, blue, yellow and white, sailed down bringing men and stores. The Brigade battle-cry "Whoa Mahomet", picked up from the Arabs in Tunisia hailing each other and their cattle, rang through the air. Gliders skimmed the tree-tops to make perfect landings. Casualties were negligible.

The Red Devils were in Holland. The Parachute Brigade soon formed up at their rendezvous and set out by three roughly parallel routes towards

the town. Light opposition was encountered at first and then they came up against strong enemy positions and under heavy fire from MGs and mortars. Later armoured cars joined action. On the way a company was dropped off to seize the railway bridge and send a party round to the southern end of the main bridge. Some were on the bridge when the enemy blew it. The Lower Rhine is about 150 yards across at this point and no crossing could be made.

It was getting dark. Instead of encountering only static administration and Ack-Ack troops they were faced, within a few hours of landing, by elements of two German Panzer Divisions which, unknown to us, were refitting in the area to the north of Arnhem. They were moved into the battle fairly early and outweighed the paratroopers who only had 6-pounder anti-tank guns and PIAT's to drive them off.

A Tight Perimeter

At 1945 the first troops reached the northern end of the main bridge — Brigade HQ, remnants of one battalion, REs, Field Ambulance, RASC, and Signals, a total of not more than 600 men. The pontoon bridge had been burned before they reached it.

A column of enemy horsed transport was crossing the main bridge when they got there. A platoon was sent to reach the southern side under its cover. They were seen and had to withdraw after suffering heavy casualties.

A compact defensive perimeter was then formed in the buildings covering the bridge's northern approach.

The two other battalions meanwhile were fighting fiercely on the outskirts of the town but could not break through. The gap in the German defences had been closed. The fighting lasted for two days. They were gradually split up into small groups, suffered grievous casualties and were for the

closely engaged round the perimeter of the dropping zone.

News had been received that the bridgehead party were having a tough time. One of the reinforcing parachute battalions and another from Airlanding Divisions set out to try to relieve them. They were unable to get through and, after considerable fighting in which casualties were high, were forced to withdraw from the town. Tanks and self-propelled guns of the German Panzer Divisions had come up in some force by now and were pressing on all sides.

On the night of Tuesday 19 September it became clear that the original plan could not be implemented. The Polish gliders had come in during the afternoon with fresh supplies. The remnants of the division were scattered over a fairly wide area and were in danger of being broken up into tiny pockets. It was therefore decided to form a small, solid bridgehead about three miles west of Arnhem in the Oosterbeek region. There was no alternative but to leave the men at the main bridgehead to their fate until relief came from the Second Army's advance.

Repeated German attacks were still being held off. Soon after they had settled into their positions on Sunday evening the Germans put in an assault over the bridge. But the Red Devils had the approach well covered with 6-pounder anti-tank guns and PIAT's. The enemy were turned back with heavy losses and a number of their vehicles were set alight. The fires gave an excellent view of the bridge so that any attempt to blow it could be prevented.

By Monday morning they were about 550 strong and still had four 6-pounders and PIAT's. The Germans started the day with a heavy bombardment of artillery and mortars, followed by a determined attack. The shelling caused many casualties and the mortaring cleared the attics, but the general

Nebelwerfers were never silent; phosphorous bombs were used to burn the houses down one by one.

When the fires cooled down the Germans rushed the temporarily vacant buildings. Counter attacks drove them out but it was a costly method of defence. Attacks were intensified on the Wednesday and many key buildings had to be evacuated. The paratroopers withdrew to slits dug in gardens covering a much smaller area.

That night of 20 September there were some 300 wounded huddled in the cellars of a big house. Two medical officers worked in most appalling conditions, dressing wounds, saving lives. The water supply had been cut off days before.

Truce for Wounded

The house caught fire. A truce was called for, to surrender the wounded. The Germans took them to Elizabeth Hospital which they controlled. Under cover of that move enemy Infantry infiltrated into the gardens so that the positions could no longer be held. Withdrawal was made to a large warehouse nearby. That was soon surrounded. Only 100 men were left. They were broken up into small groups and those that escaped decided to hide up with friendly Dutch until the land forces arrived. Many were discovered and taken prisoner. A few survivors of that force got back to England three months later.

In the Oosterbeek perimeter a tremendous battle went on until the following Monday, 25 September. The Germans did not leave them alone for very long. There were incessant mortarings, continual attacks from tanks and SP guns. The British were becoming fairly thin on the ground. All specialist divisional troops were now fighting to make up the strength.

The few anti-tank guns were knocked out. Smaller weapons were not sufficient but despite that they bagged some 25 tanks and SP guns. Slowly

the enemy closed in until the bridgehead occupied little more than 1,000 yards square. Foraging parties got what vegetables they could from the land. Ducks on a pond were shot; so was a goat that ran into a garden. Water was the greatest problem. Efforts were made to bring supplies by air, but the dropping area was now so small that the canisters mostly fell into enemy-occupied territory. The area was constantly pounded by long-range artillery.

By that afternoon, however, some elements of the Dorset Regiment, part of the Second Army, had reached the southern bank of the Rhine. The enemy had the river well covered. Only a few got across.

It was decided to withdraw over the river that night.

The evacuation was made by compass in the darkness. Shells, mortar bombs and MG bullets harassed them all the way. Men lay for hours under that barrage on the mud flats waiting for their turn to be ferried over in a handful of boats brought up by Canadian RE's. Casualties were again heavy. No more than 2,000 got away. The gravely wounded had to be left behind. Enemy casualties were far greater than our own.

German Tribute

German observers wrote: "The British paratroopers fought like lions. They made themselves strong in houses and gardens. Every window became a fire-spitting fortress, every basement a machine-gun nest. Only when the roof crashed in, the tall walls crumbled, and the whole house was about to be devoured by a sheet of flame did they leave these strong-points. They were the most hardy warriors we have met in the whole invasion. They resisted to the end with knives and pistols."

The battleground of the Red Devils at Arnhem remains today almost untouched. Their red berets still lie in the scarred fields. White crosses mark the graves of some 1,100 men who fell. Our friends the Dutch tend them; fresh flowers betoken their gratitude.

In the words of Mr. Winston Churchill, late Prime Minister: "Not in Vain" may be the pride of those who survived and the epitaph of those who fell.

J. W. SHAW (Capt.)

ANNIVERSARY

most part overwhelmed, though just a few who went to ground were sheltered by Dutch people and got back later.

During this time Airlanding Brigade, whose task it was to secure the dropping and landing zones to be used by the subsequent lifts, had met practically no opposition. They captured some prisoners, including a German WAAF. She was a convinced Nazi, surly and suspicious, said one report. She refused to drink a cup of tea offered her until she had seen the brigadier drinking from the same pot, apparently imagining an attempt was being made to poison her.

It was for the greater part a quiet night in this sector though the enemy became very aggressive in the early morning. One company, however, which had been detached to block the Arnhem-Ede road ran into considerable opposition, including armoured cars. One platoon was continuously attacked during the night. An armoured car was brought up and in the glare of its searchlight blazed away with MG and 20-mm cannon.

Bad weather in England delayed the arrival of the second Parachute Brigade. By the time they came in during the afternoon the defenders were

position was unchanged. A further attack across the bridge by armoured cars and half-tracks was equally unsuccessful. The defenders held their fire. Ten were put out of action. Then from the east came tanks and self-propelled guns of the Panzer Divisions. The PIAT's were waiting. Many wrecks were left behind when the others turned tail.

Through the night Infantry tried to infiltrate. Attacks increased in vigour next day. Ammunition was running low. There were no PIAT bombs left so that tanks and SP guns approached to within a few yards of the houses and systematically began to pump shells into them. The six-barrelled





SPECIFICATIONS

- **CHASSIS**

Two cartwheels and axle; single-shaft

- **BODY**

One grocer's sugar-scoop (outsize) with one long, two short handles at back.

- **MOTOR**

Two mule-power.

- **CREW**

One driver; one holder-down (hefty); two lifters-up.

Bulldozer

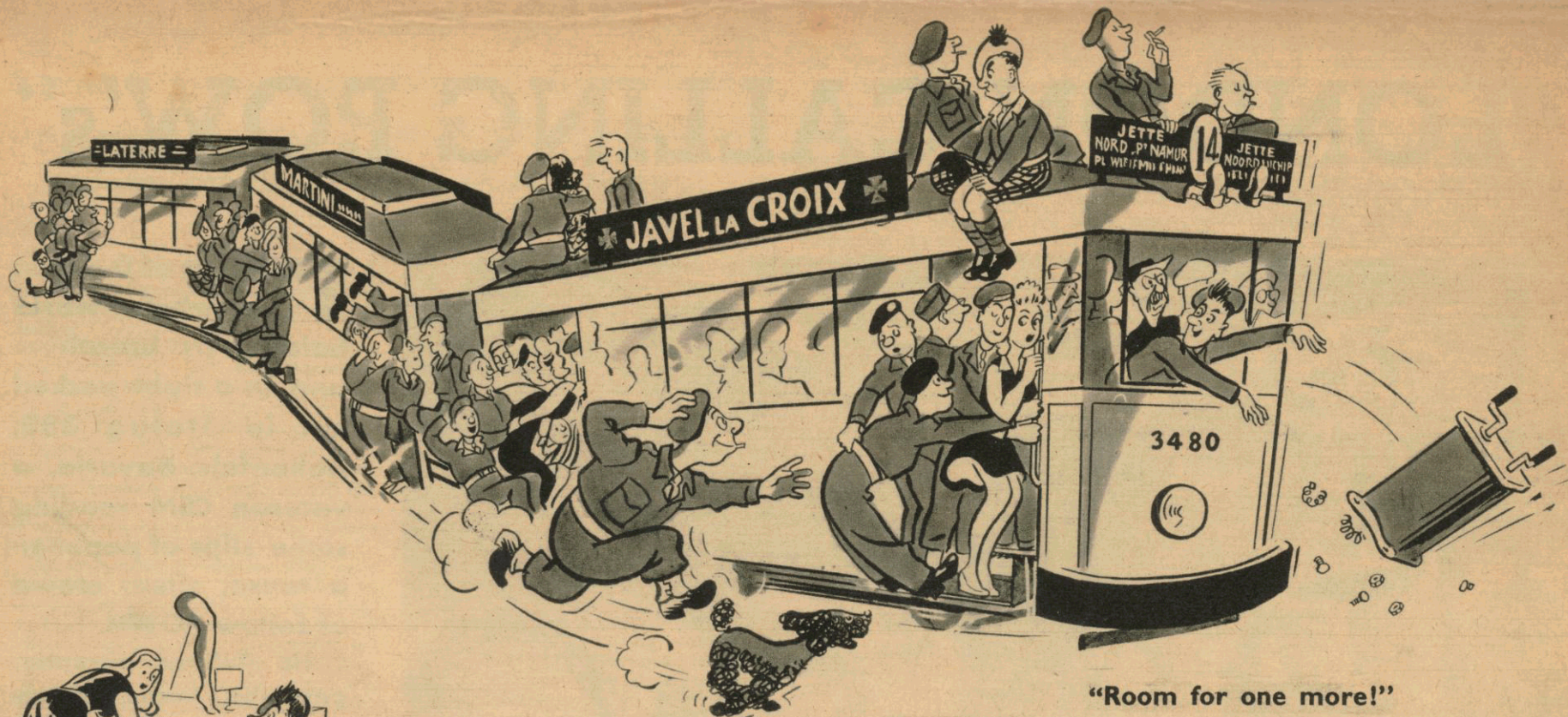
'14-'18 Version

EVERYTHING has to start somewhere. You can't have the streamlined, airflow car without the Tin Lizzie before it, or the farm tractor without its ancestor the simple plough. So with the bulldozer. The demand for something quicker than spades to remove and level earth arose on the Western Front in 1914-18. This was the answer. It was crude but it worked, and the idea led to the modern, diesel-engined giants.

This "scraper" was used by Canadian troops to make a railway cutting at Lapugnoy in 1918. One man put his full weight on the long handle to hold the scraper down while it scooped up the earth. To empty the scoop, three men tipped it up by the handles at the back while the mules dragged it forward.

(PHOTO: Imperial War Museum)



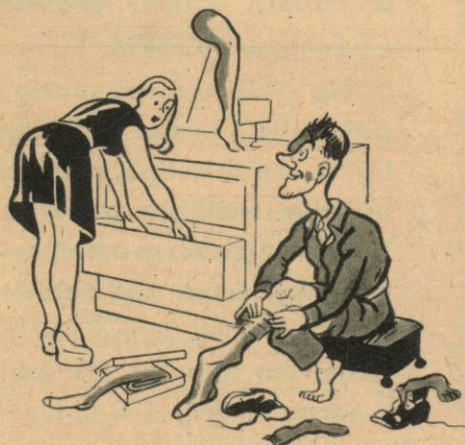


"Room for one more!"

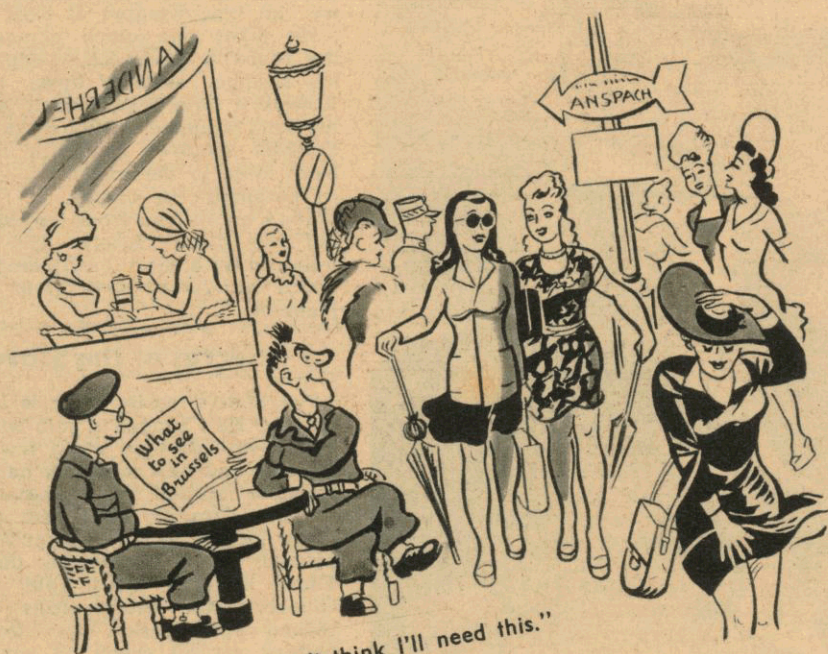
48 HOURS IN BRUSSELS

Smudger goes très gai

by Friell



"My girl friend's just about my size."

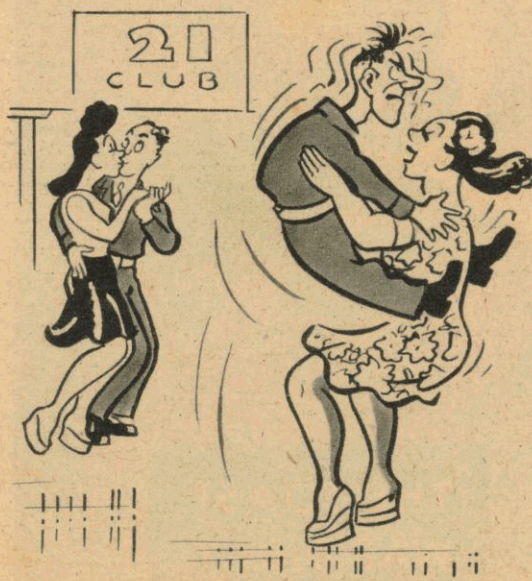


"Here, Hubert, I don't think I'll need this."



"For the fourth time — I wanna char an' a wad — silvooplay!"

"No kiddin, a hundred fags an' a bar of chocolate an' I can get you an atomic bomb!"



"Drat these Americans!"



"LONDON CALLING P.O.W.'s"



THE TOAST WAS D-DAY

THE night of D-day... The whole world holding its breath — and, in a tight-packed hut in Stalag 383, Hohenfels, Bavaria, a veteran CSM reading some slips of paper to a tense, silent crowd of fellow POW's.

He finishes abruptly, puts the flame of his lighter to the slips, stamps out the small blaze on the floor and picks up a battered mug from the table: "Gentlemen, I give you a toast: the lads on the job! A happy landing — God bless 'em."

His audience responds fervently to this heartfelt toast. Then, as the cracked cups and home-made mugs are raised on high, the door opens swiftly and a Hun steps in. "Mr. Moto" we call him, Kingpin of Nazi snoops. He takes one quick glance round the room; a gleam of triumph enters his strange, slanting eyes; he pulls forward a form, stands on it, and with his hand wrapped cautiously in a handkerchief removes an extra light we have fitted in the roof. "Verboten", he croaks. Then he slithers from the hut clutching the globe closely. His exit is followed by a short, bewildered silence which is relieved by a great burst of laughter.

Secret of the Stove

For Moto's master-move is a typical misfire. He's bagged a bulb which will take a few minutes and a few fags to replace, and he's missed a haul which Himmler himself would have hailed. Those slips of paper held the BBC news, picked up on a secret radio and printed on a hand-made duplicator. Those battered mugs hold *verboten* "hooch" from secret stills — and, tucked away inside the stove is a battery set all ready to supply late news when the stalag lights go off. Strange that "hooch" parties could be held in a prison camp. Stranger still that for two-and-a-half years a regular radio news service could be maintained in a Stalag swarming with Nazi snoops.

The story begins in a drum. A valve set purchased piece by piece, from German civilians for English cigarettes, was concealed in a side drum and smuggled into the camp by the first arrival in September 1942. It went into immediate action against the dope-sheets Goebbels printed for prisoners. BBC bulletins were taken down in shorthand, transcribed and distributed to company commanders, who appointed special "confidence men" to read out the news in the 300-odd huts which comprised the camp. Despite all warnings, some fellows would discuss the "griff" in latrines or in bunks at night, with the result that Nazi noses were soon to the ground and hut-to-hut searches were organised. Yet — though with hairbreadth escapes — the set survived. The precious link with home contrived to function, sometimes packed in a cardboard box and shifted from place to place, sometimes stowed beneath the floorboards or buried in the ground.

Resource and ingenuity defeated all the efforts of the Germans to stop wireless activities in a prisoner-of-war camp. Told by Sjt. M. N. McKibbin.

Volunteer counter-snoops kept watch for the searchers, and a "special cigarette fund" was prepared in a case of need. By the time the snoops had done their work, so had the cigarettes. Triumphant Huns carted off the first set to the Commandant's office, but four or five new radios were ready in reserve. They had come "through the wire" via racketeering sentries. A few thousand cigarettes reached the Berlin black market — and the news of Allied victories reached the British POW's.

For 30 months a ceaseless fight went on. Never did the Nazis cease to search, and many were the hauls they made — but they couldn't stop the "daily dose of truth." Frequent searches, sudden swoops and field-glass spotting from watch-towers helped the Huns. Ingenious hide-outs, constant switches and keen co-operation favoured us.

Underground listening chambers were dug by volunteers — one in the "Quiet Room" of the Camp Rover Scouts Crew, another in the potato cellar of the cookhouse. The Scout den hide-out was partly masked by a bookcase and the covering slab was imperceptible, but while probing for escape tunnels Hun searchers chanced upon the chamber. A blow, but not a knock-out. The radio had already been shifted to another hide-out, and a useless set planted in its place. Elsewhere a set was kept in an accordion, the bass notes of which could still be played, a Rugby football hid a smaller set, and a hollowed-out roof beam in another hut survived many a Nazi search.

Jellygraph Was Made

By means of jelly squares and copying ink from indelible pencils a duplicator was made to print the bulletins and facilitate distribution of the news. More than once "confidence men" were caught red-handed with the slips of paper, but there were always duplicates to follow.

Reports reached Nazi higher-ups, and the Commandant was worried. Racketeering sentries were threatened with dire penalties; renewed searches were made for secret sets; more snoops were called in to probe the camp. And still the news service went on.

Two Squareheads entered the hut where a specially valued valve set was in use. Immediately a Briton grabbed for a suitcase, dived between the Huns and vanished through the door. Bellowing fiercely the Huns gave chase. They caught the Briton in the compound and pounced on his case. By the time they discovered it was empty the radio had been whisked through the window to a place of safety.

A German civilian detective fared



"If you don't mind me saying so — Boy, can you pick 'em!"

worse than the snoops. Entering a hut without escort he probed about the room in arrogant silence. "What's a civvy doing in an army joint?" demanded one POW. "No good, anyway. Let's chuck him out", said the others. And out he went on his Nazi neck.

Oddly enough, this outraged sleuth got scant sympathy from the German commandant. The "Englanders" had acted like soldiers, he was told.

Fun with the Gestapo

Next came the Gestapo — a different proposition altogether. So worried was the Commandant by what the POW's might do, or the Gestapo might find, that he warned us in advance that these super-sleuths had full powers to enter military establishments. Perhaps it was he, too, who let it leak out exactly when they might be expected.

At any rate, when they rolled up in cars, whole squads of big, brutal fellows with padded shoulders, green trilbys and flashy shoes, it was no surprise to us. All the surprises were reserved for them.

To begin with, the camp itself, always a quagmire, was on that January day at its muddiest. We were turfed out of our huts to find what shelter we could from the drizzling rain in latrines or wash-houses. And we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly!

For the grim, ghoulish Gestapo boys were funnier than Keystone coppers. They lost their tempers in the knee-deep slush and, while we laughed ourselves sick from a distance, they vented their Hunnish wrath on each other, or on the normal Stalag guards who accompanied them.

The trouble was that their chief ordered them to search beneath the hut floors. Now the huts being raised on piles from the ground, the only way to search between the double floors was to crawl on hands, knees and belly beneath the buildings.

To see a fat-necked, broad-beamed Hun in his Sunday suit crawling under a mud-bogged hut was pleasing. To see him emerge, purple-faced, mud-plastered and hoarse with cursing was better still. But to see one stick his podgy hand between the boards, "find" some discarded razor blades, and, bleeding and squealing like a stuck pig, aim a kick at the nearest Wehrmacht guard, who hadn't even laughed, was worth a Red Cross parcel.

Of course they took their reprisals on the British POW's. Many fellows returned to their huts to find their kits strewn over the floor, their straw palliasses ripped to bits, their photographs and letters kicked about — and their food parcels upside down with condensed milk glueing everything.

The Hot Seat

But in the radio line the Gestapo drew a blank. Even the set they were meant to find — an old two-valve affair, carefully planted in an obviously false-bottomed packing-case armchair — they managed to miss. The POW hut leader, ordered to stop in this hut while the search was on, was turned out of the armchair by the Gestapo director of operations, who plonked his own posterior in the seat while his underlings pulled up the floorboards, dismantled the stove, stripped the 14 beds. Net result of all their *arbeits* was the pilloining of some pepper — *verboten* to POW's as a possible weapon. The radio stayed put under the seat of the mighty.

When the Gestapo gangsters, mud on their clothes, murder in their eyes, finally drove off, the BBC bulletins were brought round as usual. Appended was a footnote from the British camp leader stating drily that to-day's "visitors" had complained bitterly about the foul conditions of the camp. How our hearts bled for them.

But though the Hun Commandant was perhaps gratified that Himmler's hounds had achieved less than the Stalag snoops, he did not rest on his laurels.

A new Security officer was added to the staff, keener, more cunning snoops were spared from outside duties — and a new drive began against the "Voice of Britain". Nor was the Hun without his triumphs.

A certain bombardier, for instance, brought out his valve set one day from its rabbit-hutch hiding place, and settled down snugly on his bunk, earphones on his head.

"Was ist das?" came a guttural voice behind him.

"Sshh!" frowned the bombardier, wagging a finger.

"Was ist das, Engländer?" came the voice a bit louder.

"Shut up, can't you!... I've got London and..."

The bombardier's voice trailed off as the field-grey uniform came into view.

"Well, thank Gawd the buzzard didn't get the other pair of headphones!" was the bombardier's remark as, radio under arm, the Jerry reached the door.

The Hun turned back. "So, my friend! You have still got more forbidden articles, eh?" he said in perfect English, and from a crestfallen bombardier he completed a useful haul.

It was not long before fellows grasped that several of the new snoops had been chosen for their knowledge of English — an accomplishment which at first they tried to conceal. There followed some good clean fun in testing these crafty Nazis. A snoop had to be very poker-faced indeed who could stand a hutful of POW's discussing his horrible appearance, dubious parentage and probable fate without exploding into Hunnish hysterics.

Peculiar Book

A queer experience with an English-speaking snoop befell our particular hut. Unknown even to our neighbours we were, for some time, in possession of a unique set, obtained in a unique manner, which I cannot reveal. An all-electric set, equipped with four miniature valves and a single glass earphone which plugged into the ear, this tiny set was kept in a book, the inner pages of which had been cut out to form a sort of box.

It was operated by Sjt. Bill Spink of the "Phantom" unit, who occupied a top bunk near the hut door. He would sit up on his bunk apparently absorbed in the book on his knees and thanks to a clever arrangement of wires, nothing could be seen connecting him with the radio set.

Occasionally however, quite a bit could be heard until the sergeant manipulated the volume control. Apart from sometimes repeating aloud some parti-

cularly important headline, Bill would take the safe course of listening silently and trusting to memory to give us the correct dope later.

But you can't rely on Huns — not even on their stupidity. In the case of Sjt. Spink's super-set, with its neatly portable hiding place, for instance, Jerry eventually pulled off a coup which admittedly shook us. Bill, having left our hut for a supposedly safe one, enjoyed a few months' listening without any real alarm. When a routine search was made he would just pick up his fake book together with some real ones and walk off to the Stalag school for a little quiet study. Since reading was a common accomplishment among NCO's, Bill's bookishness was not likely to excite comment.

One doleful day then, judge of his surprise — his indignation almost — when, outside listening hours, a Hun walked into the hut, went right up to the home-made bookshelves where a score of books were kept, put his hands straight on to the "radio volume" and walked out smiling.

At the subsequent inquest, mourners could advance no satisfactory explanation for this tragedy. "Huns aren't all so dumb!" was the jury's rider to an open verdict.

Moral Victory

There was another time when a snoop rumbled the camp's best set and carted it victoriously to a certain Hun officer. But now new factors swayed the long-fought fight.

The Hun examined the radio with interest — interest that gave way to horror. The set was a special-type military set. It had come from a Wehrmacht store at Munich. Circumstances pointed strongly to connivance by German officers.

What a disgrace to the Wehrmacht! What a case for the Gestapo! What further scandals might be revealed in a real investigation! And who could feel safe in a thorough SS show-down! Perhaps these were the thoughts that troubled the Hun, these that caused his strange decision.

"Break the valves — and give it back," he ordered the snoop. But the shrug of his shoulders said more than his words.

So the snoop, too, used his loaf. Back in the hut where he had made his haul he put the set carefully on the table. "Seems a pity to smash a thing like this", he said. "You don't happen to have a bottle of anything, do you?" They had. And the radio war was won.



The Guards are Housebuilding



The Army is used to bringing plans down to concrete reality in quick time. Here is Sgt. E. Whyte displaying the lay-out of the new houses at Windsor.



Above: An end wall goes up. It is neat and workmanlike. No jerry-building for the Guards.

Below: The first courses of brickwork being laid. The builders work in pairs, an expert and a learner.



BBRICK-LAYING by numbers is the routine you might expect when hearing that men of the Grenadier Guards stationed at Windsor had begun work on house construction. But if you did you'd be wrong, for the volunteers from the Guards' Training Battalion at Windsor who spend five days a week putting up houses under the guidance of their own instructors are proving they can be as good builders on a housing site as they are soldiers in the field.

Months before the War Office put out its plan to lease serving troops as workers to labour-starved housing projects, Sgt. Eddie Whyte, late of 6 Bn Grenadier Guards, thought up an idea which gave practical help to the local housing committee and trained soldiers awaiting demobilisation for prospective jobs at the same time. Sgt. Whyte, master builder and son of a master builder, took the idea to his officer, Major L. S. Starkey, who approved. In a matter of weeks the foundations of the first "all Army" house had been laid. Today it is almost finished.

Bricks From Salvage

"Foreman" Whyte and his men have taken on no easy task. Most of their supplies are second-hand. Windsor Council provide materials such as plaster and paint, but bricks and timber have to be salvaged from obsolete ARP posts and partly demolished buildings. Steel frameworks are taken from former Nissen huts. With these, and with plenty of enthusiasm and hard work, they are putting up their first house complete with all "modern conveniences".

The scheme to help soldiers to train for jobs in the building trade was originated by Sgt. Eddie Whyte, improved by Major L. S. Starkey, and finally put into operation in conjunction with Windsor Council. Both serjeant and officer knew the building trade backwards — and they had a dozen capable men willing to take jobs as instructors. Volunteers for the "course" were easy to get, for many men with previous experience as brick-layers and plasterers had been out of touch with the trade for years. Here was the chance they wanted — and they got it.

At 0830 every morning except Saturday and Sunday, "Foreman" Whyte and his men parade on to the barrack square, march smartly to the housing

site and begin work. At 1030 they have a "brew" — later a hot dinner is sent down to them from the cook-house. At four in the afternoon the "knock-off" is sounded, and the party marches back again to barracks. "On the site we're builders, and our military ranks are forgotten," says Sgt. Whyte. "Most of us are due for early release any week now, but we're still Guardsmen and still conscious of discipline. You might think you can't mix this type of work with soldiering, but you can. Here we've proved it."

First house to go up under the new scheme, although made from rather unorthodox materials, is as complete as a house can be. Steel-lined with brick-built partitions and chimney stacks, it has two bedrooms, living room, kitchen and bathroom. At the back there is a 120-ft garden. Trenches have been dug for main drainage — gas and electricity will be laid on. All the rooms are so designed that cupboards are flush with the walls, while special recesses have been prepared for gas cooker, stove and kitchen equipment.

Eye to Comfort

"None of your pre-fabs here", commented Sgt. Whyte, "for in summer they're too hot, while in winter you freeze. Now here we've made an air space between the main wall and the inner surface, and on the hottest day it's as cool inside as though air-conditioned. It's not exactly 'roomy' — but it's neat and it's comfortable, and it's what a builder would call 'a good job of work'. That's the main point. The men doing the job are doing it the right way and learning their mistakes at the same time. They work in pairs, one man experienced, the other a learner."

The first house was started on 2 July, and it will be finished in about three weeks' time. When completed the men will carry on with the next house, the foundations of which have already been laid not far away. It is estimated

Finishing touches of cement being put to a chimney. Soon somebody will be enjoying a fire at the other end of it.



Housebuilding

that to finish a house it takes the instructors and trainees about seven or eight weeks, on a five-day-week basis. The men themselves are divided into carpenters, brick-layers, plasterers, labourers, painters, plumbers and electricians. There are instructors for each group.

One of them, 40-year-old Guardsman Albert Pope, a "bricky" since 1919, keeps an eye open and gives advice where it is needed. "They offered me a Class B release," he explained, "but I wouldn't take it. My own job is still safe. Down here I reckon I'm helping where help is needed, for several of the boys have never handled a brick in their lives. By the time we're through they'll be able to get a job for themselves." Sgt. A. Litchfield, an ex-GPO engineer now in charge of the learner-electricians wiring the house, feels much the same way. "I go out of the Guards and back to the GPO in November," he says, "but I'm doing what I can to help the boys now to train for a job."

Parade Once a Week

In all there are nine NCO's working as trainees and four NCO's as instructors. All have had previous experience, and to help the others they often "muck in" with the labouring. To help pay for the upkeep of tools each man gives a penny a week from his Army pay — and they think it cheap at the price! Although the work is carried out in Army time and on Army pay the men still turn out on Saturday morning for CO's parade, and at week-ends may have to do an occasional barrack duty. "But they're not penalised," explained Sgt. Whyte. "A parade once a week reminds everyone that we are soldiers first and builders second. That's the way it is."

100 Volunteers

Some credit for the success of this original scheme, most of which must go to Sgt. Eddie Whyte and Major L. S. Starkey, belongs to another serjeant of the Guards, education organiser Sgt. David Powell, one time solicitor and now brain behind the phenomenal progress made in post-war training at Victoria Barracks, Windsor. He organises and controls courses in subjects ranging from commercial photography to market-gardening, and, helped by the co-operation of his CO, governs a small empire of some half-dozen classrooms and instructional centres.

To get things really going a full

scale parade was held at Windsor, at which every Guardsman filled in a form stating which subject he wished to study — and why. Sgt. Eddie Whyte took over nearly a hundred volunteers for his building course. They are now working in batches of thirty. Six more houses will go up in and around Windsor — Army-built throughout.

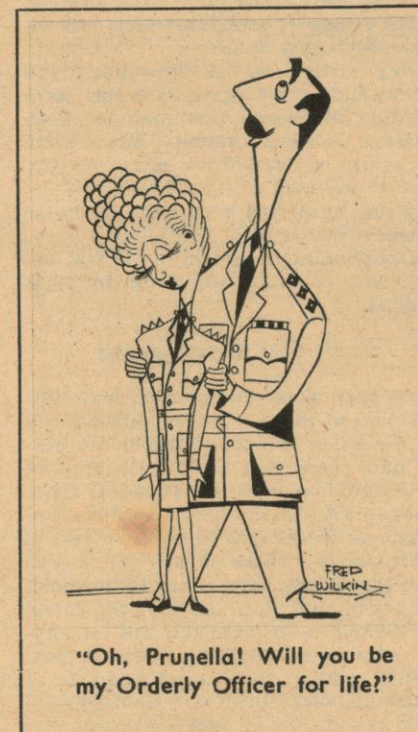
Refused Payment

Last to consider is the ever-recurring charge that the Council is using cheap labour to further its own ends. This is not true. When preliminary discussions were made with the Council, the housing committee offered to pay the men full rates while on the job, and in addition, offered a grant to the battalion. It was refused.

The Grenadier Guards at Windsor are helping themselves to train for the jobs which lie ahead of them. No one doubts the good that will come from their venture.

When the first house is ready an ex-Serviceman and his family will move in. It will make a pleasant change from the one room in which they have been living.

The name-plate might well be the "Grenadier's Own".



"Oh, Prunella! Will you be my Orderly Officer for life?"

A bay window is being made. The construction is partly of wire mesh, which the Guardsman seen here is "peeling over."



This comfortable, four-roomed cottage has little in common with its Nissen hut ancestor except the outline.



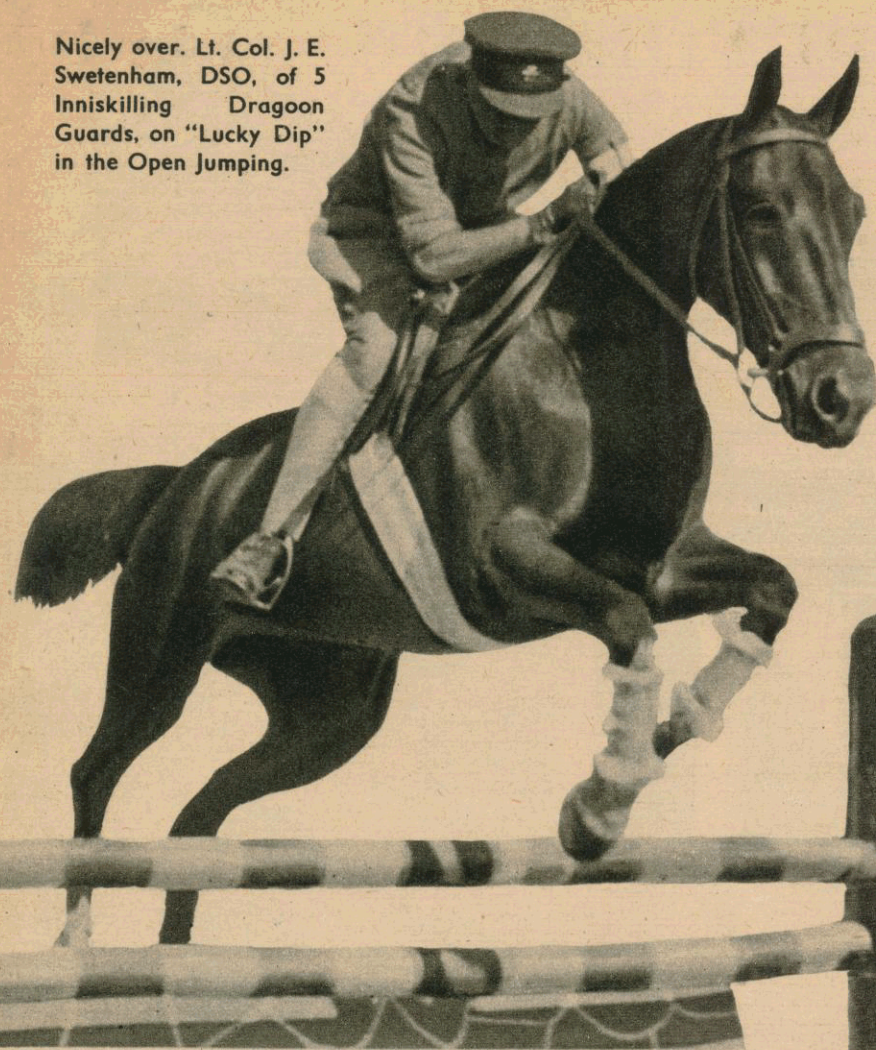
Timber, obtained from salvage, needs much planing and reshaping before it can be used, but it's all good practice.



The soldier-builders are divided into seven groups, each doing a separate job. Above, bricklayers are seen learning to mix cement, and below a professional-looking joint is being made in a lead pipe by a learner under his instructor's guidance.



Nicely over. Lt. Col. J. E. Swetenham, DSO, of 5 Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, on "Lucky Dip" in the Open Jumping.



WAR-HORSE

FLYING chips of turf in the sunshine, a breathless quiet as the chestnut gelding rears high and clears the stone wall jump, and little Critic is round with a clean sheet and no faults. There is a burst of applause from 7,000 people and a tiny girl in a dusty pink frock crows and claps her hands with delight. To her five-year-old way of thinking this horse show and gymkhana is the most exciting thing in the world and she's forgotten the ice cream which is trickling down her wrist.

She hasn't forgotten, for indeed she never knew, that some of these horses have a past which would look queer in any record book. But the story which lies behind the 7 Base Sub Area Horse Show in Nightingale Park, Antwerp, is a fascinating one and it started a long way back in France. It is the story of 'X' and 'Y' detachments of 39 Transport Column, RASC.

When the Allied armies swept up through France from the Falaise Gap to Antwerp they had in their nostrils the stench of a battlefield on which dead horses sprawled in grotesque and stiffened attitudes. But as quickly as 45 Field Hygiene Section were clearing the dead mounts, so the RAVC were collecting the wounded and battle-shocked horses which remained. French horses, hurriedly requisitioned by the Nazis, found themselves once more on the side of the Allies, and along with German horses they, too, began the trek eastwards. And on a bright morning towards the end of November 206 horses arrived in the town of Antwerp from Rouen. They didn't know it at the time, but they were to be one of the answers to the transport problem which was already becoming acute.

They arrived on 28 November, and by the end of the week 75 teams were hauling. Of course this had not been achieved without difficulty, since when the horses arrived there were no supplies of any kind available for them. No provision at all had been made for horse transport in the BLA. One or two horse transport sections existed in the UK, but they were planned for work in other theatres.

Call for Horsemen

Not only were the essential materials lacking, but there were no personnel to use them had they been there. The horses had come east under the care of RAVC personnel in the shape of Capt. Pearson, RAVC, and 51 other ranks. But it isn't an RAVC job to shoe horses, to stable or to groom them. Yet if you have the horses, then it has to be someone's job, and that quickly. So round the various units went the call for anyone who knew anything about horses; anyone who'd been a milkman or a huntsman, who'd been in a stabling yard or a circus, or in fact had ever approached within a few feet of such a queer creature as a horse and survived the experience. As usual, the Army got its men. Some of them were drivers from the CRASC, some were from Pioneer units and had farm experience, and even

the nearest Crane Company supplied its share.

The Belgian association known as the Bond of Nations, an association of transport owners, made every effort to supply the carts and the harness. Capt. Galla, RASC, with one clerk, found himself in charge of the stables and began the immense task of creating a dock transport section which had no war establishment and no existence in theory. Personnel scoured the city for seven-pound jam tins to use as feeding measures, a driver was dispatched on a 70-mile trip to Tournai to collect a handful of horse-shoe nails, as valuable as if they had been of gold, and soon the stables in Asia Dock were working to good effect. By the middle of January they had lifted almost 30,000 tons.

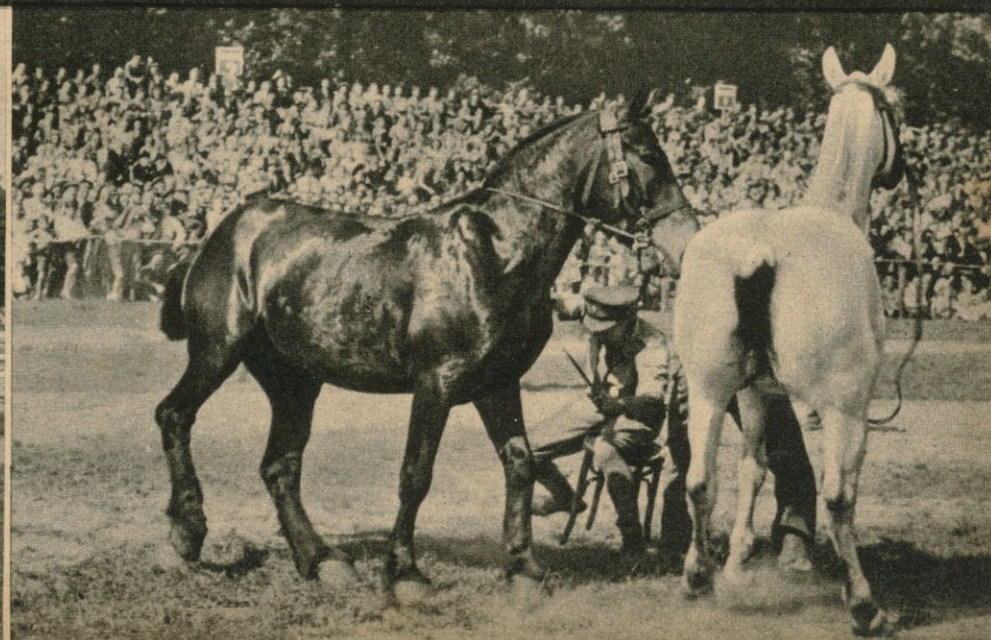
Under Fire

Then, on 19 January, the fortunes of war went against them, a rocket bomb crashed down with dreadful effect on Asia Dock. Fifteen civilians employed there, four soldiers and 39 horses were killed. The stables themselves were completely destroyed. On the following day Major Corry, RASC, took over command. The first task facing the detachment was to cut through the tangled mass of twisted girders with oxy-acetylene burners to free the injured but living horses in order to take stock of the company.

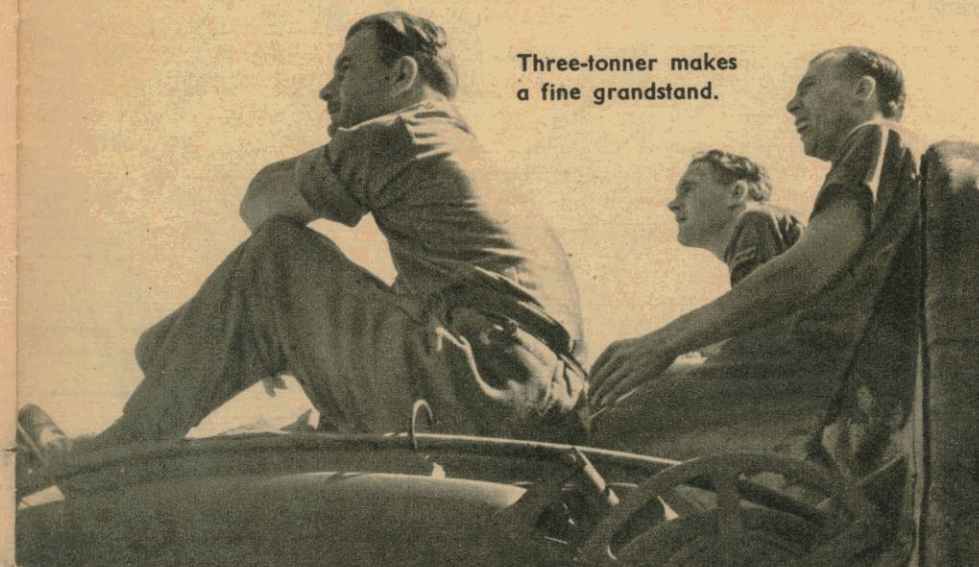
It wasn't the first loss they had suffered. Earlier a handful of horses stabled down at the petrol dump in a stable in charge of L/Cpl. Tommy Moore had been pinned in by fire after two horses had been killed by a rocket which hit and fired the dump. For something like four hours Moore worked to free his frightened horses. The BEM which was awarded him for his action tells its own story.

In February a further 164 horses arrived as reinforcements in the charge of Capt. Owen, RASC, and he, his personnel and his horses were all added to the strength of this detachment which still had no establishment at all. But while it might not exist in theory, 'X' Detachment RASC (Horse Transport) was doing magnificent work in practice. A separate 'Y' Detachment was now operating at Malines and a smaller section was with 15 AOD. The horses, suffering from mange, ringworm and general debility as a relic of the bad conditions which they had lived in before coming to Antwerp were evacuated by Major Jones, RAVC, to No. 5. Veterinary Hospital at the end of February

Musical chairs was a breathless affair. Here Capt. B. Marshall, 5 Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, the winner, is seen just making it.



GYMKHANA



Three-tonner makes a fine grandstand.

and more reinforcements arrived at the beginning of May. From that point onwards a strength of 410 horses was always maintained, and despite the setbacks there has never once occurred a case of a demand for horse transport not being met.

In April horse transport personnel arrived from England to take over the stables, now officially recognised but still without a war establishment. Problems? Yes, there were plenty of problems. Major Corry, the OC, faced one when the entire personnel of his unit, with the exception of Capt. Galla and one clerk, changed overnight. But some of the MT personnel were glad to get back to their jeeps and their Bedford. Horses are queer cattle after all, and you don't learn all about them in a few days. There was the serjeant, for example, who looked at one troubled animal and finally gave his verdict. "She's in foal", he decided. "Get her off to hospital." It was the RAVC who informed him on the telephone some 10 minutes later that "she" was a gelding.

Got Their Cheers

Exactly who decided that the whole thing led up to a Horse Show nobody knows. It really began back in May when there was a stable competition and the best horses were awarded prizes. From it, however, came the Horse Show in August when more than 7,000 people watched a first-class programme. Lt. Col. D. S. Ship, commanding 39 Tpt Col RASC, headed the committee which planned classes and events.

Despite the storm which wrecked the preliminary marquees and flooded the ground two days before the show, everything was in readiness for a nine o'clock start to one of the most colourful days Antwerp has seen. Round the judging arena drove the teams with their curious Continental *plattewagens*,

ideal for the narrow, congested passages and labyrinthine turnings of the dock trafficways. Perhaps the horses had become a little infected with the military spirit. At least Churchill and Stalin, a fine pair of chestnut geldings, having been awarded the third prize, broke into a canter and hurtled along with their 30-ft cart, determined to tackle the hurdle beyond the water-jump. They were restrained with difficulty. Clearly they preferred the jumping contests which might be a little out of their class but which obviously gained the applause of the crowd. However, the crowd gave them their cheers. Indeed, they cheered everything, from the Musical Chairs contest — which Captain Marshall won in jodhpurs and quick time — to the Mounted Pillow Fight.

More Than a Horse Show

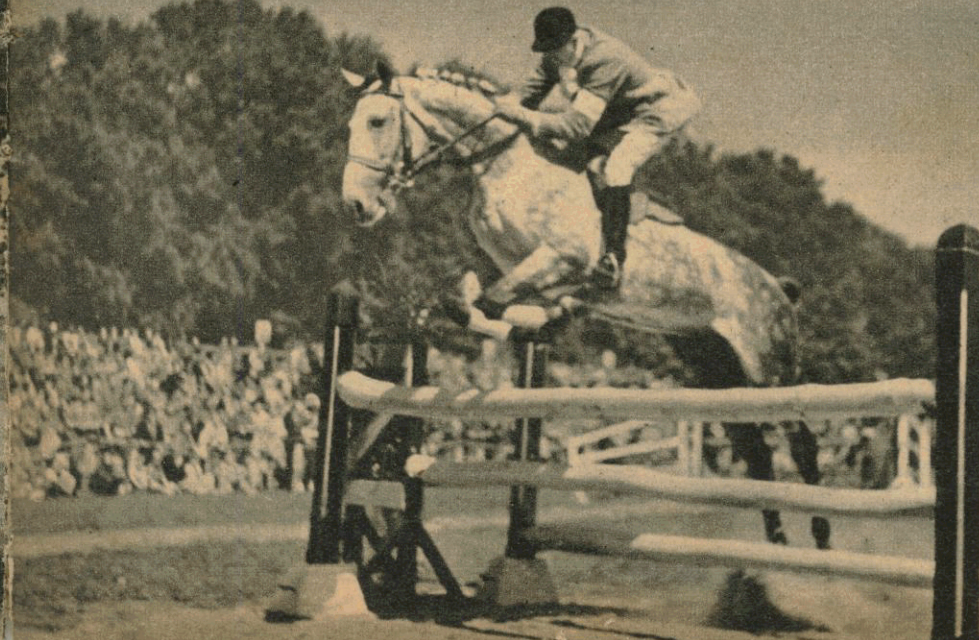
An interlude was provided by the War Dogs Training School, and a tug-of-war, when the team from 29 Tpt Col RASC, having performed an incredible manoeuvre involving a right and left turn and a marching off in two directions at once, went on to beat the HMS Athelstan team in a rugged final.

The standard of jumping was high, particularly among the civilians, though one or two horses disdainfully refused everything except disqualification. It was a glorious holiday, and the cheering crowd enjoyed every moment. Long before seven o'clock the child in dusty pink and her friend (a sun-browned mite in leg-of-mutton scanties) were fast asleep despite the thundering hooves.

But in the minds of Lt. Col. Ship, his officers and his men, there was more to this than a horse show. This was simply another chapter to the story of the part their horses played in keeping the important port of Antwerp moving in the days of the V-blitz.

COURTMAN DAVIES (Sjt)

"Pick those feet up, there!" Mr. G. Vallen on "Vaquelle" in a civilians' event.



DEATH IN THE YARD

Statement by Sjt. Maxwell Gordon, of the SIS.:

I have investigated the death of Pte. Reemers. The deceased was discovered in the yard behind the unit garage and death had resulted from a severe fracture of the skull accompanied by laceration of the brain following heavy blows with a car spanner. It was discovered at 15.25 hrs by Sjt. Radcliff. He states that with Sjt. Westrose and their driver McDonnell they had stopped in this country lane for the inevitable 'brew' of tea. He says that Westrose strolled down the lane towards where the garage is with the intention of 'scrounging' petrol, and after a few minutes he followed. Westrose was not in the yard, and looking in Radcliff discovered the body and gave the alarm. McDonnell says he remained with his vehicle all the time. His evidence is supported by Fraülein Schelme who had met him when she came along the lane. She also remembers passing Radcliff and Westrose near the garage, identifying Westrose because he wore no tunic or

tie but had an Army belt, and Radcliff by his horn-rimmed spectacles. She also saw Hans Gunter, a German youth, in the vicinity of the yard, but Gunter denies any knowledge of the crime.

It is significant that Radcliff, Westrose and McDonnell were in fact deserters on the run and needed petrol if they were to continue their liberty, and it is clear to my mind that either Radcliff or Westrose is the actual murderer, the other most probably being an accessory either before or after the fact. Westrose denies having entered the yard, saying that he had been in conversation with the driver of an American lorry from whom he tried to scrounge petrol. He arrived at the yard entrance just after Radcliff had discovered the body, but did not enter. I pointed out to Westrose that in the small patch of blood by the body was the imprint of an Army boot, but he suggested that this imprint must in fact have been made by Radcliff when discovering the body. Radcliff agrees that this might be so, but in view of the fact that . . .

Radcliff or Westrose? The photographs will tell you which.



Complete the across words: the name of the killer is one of the verticals

CROSSWORD CLUE CHAIN

CLUES

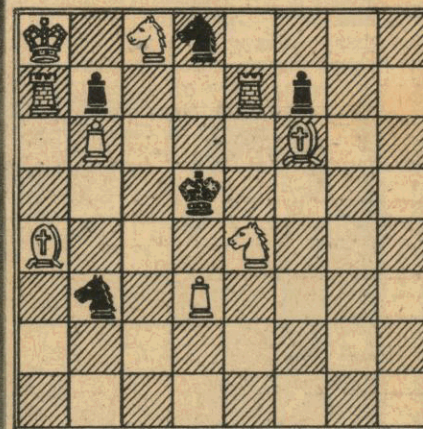
- 1 Prepare the char
- 2 Upper for caps, of course
- 3 Usually to Spring
- 4 Rabbit's short tail
- 5 Pass lightly over
- 6 Abbreviated floor covering
- 7 Just newts
- 8 Tree, fruit or sticky stuff



There are THREE ways of solving this crime problem:

- 1 By the statement and the photograph
- 2 By completing the cross-word chain
- 3 By turning up the solution on page 23.

CHESS AND CROSSWORD



White to move and mate in two.

CLUES ACROSS. — 1. No; hardly the weapon for the marine artillery. — 4. These units have official significance. — 7. Tank seen in the Middle East centuries before this war. — 8. Ruler of a country which may be familiar to the C.M.F. — 10. Its carrier is tracked to exorcising them! (Not very sound, this). — 14. Initialising some Welsh troops short of a swab. — 16. He usually starts on the square, at any rate! — 19. Descriptive of Midian's army. — 21. Instruction to gunners to burn lime for a change! — 22. Rajah's trouble and strife — 23. "Old! Yes" (anag.).

CLUES DOWN. — 1. The R.A. had this troop long before V. 2. — 2. Experts on the pipes. — 3. The sappers start on some old fieldwork. — 4. A hundred and four might be found in this island. — 5. Signaller's girl! — 9. What the cavalry do to their horses prior to exercising them! (Not very sound, this). — 11. And the rest may be found in the "Scarlet Cow". — 12. Form of gun on four legs. — 15. Be they medical or selection, they're none the less theatrical in a sense. — 17. Needle-cases "en suite". — 18. It's 30-50 in Ray being able to recover. — 20. Opening pair nought and five — poor start for this ground!

ANSWERS ON PAGE 23

Knocking the stuffing out of 'em in the pillow fight (above).

Below: This dignified promenade was part of the War Dogs Training School interlude. Notice the dense crowd.



Jacket for Smith

Inearly lost an old friend today. The story's a bit complicated, so I'll begin with the jacket.

It's probably the only battledress blouse in the British Army that fits its wearer (that's me). I became attached to that jacket, as I've said. The jacket and I were just like that. We went on CO's parades together, we mounted guards together and when D-Day came we both went over to France. Many a mile we've done together, me and my battledress.

But fighting's a warm business, even on the coldest day. Off came the jacket and was packed away in my valise (some call it 'big pack'). In this valise it came through Belgium and Holland and then all the way through Germany to — well, to where we are now. As soon as the show finished, out it came, and I ironed it and put on my collar and tie. Very smart, I thought.

Vagabond Trousers

Well, there was a pair of trousers to go with this jacket, but they weren't a bit smart. No creases except where they shouldn't have been, pockets torn, the behind part threadbare and oil and stains all over.

So one day I collected my courage and went on a casting parade with the trousers and this jacket, and blow me if they didn't pass the trousers without a question! Not a word! I soon found out why. You see, I take size fours, and they've only fifteens.

Anyway, I never say die, and soon afterwards they had another casting



parade. This time it's a real peacetime one with the Major and the Captain and the quartermaster-serjeant and his clerk. Anyway, I turned up again.

But would they so much as glance at my trousers? The Major walked up and down the line, picking out fellows here and there, and there was I trying to tear the holes a bit bigger and standing so as the oil stains would show up best. But he didn't so much as stop to look at 'em.

Then the quartermaster said: "That's all the trousers." So I sprang to attention bold as brass and said "Can I go now, because I haven't anything else to cast," (and besides its break-time, but I didn't say that).

Sensation

And the Major looked me up and down, and the Captain and the quartermaster-serjeant and his clerk looked me up and down.

Then the Major said, "Jacket for Smith," — just like that.

"What size?" said the clerk.

"What size?" said the quartermaster-serjeant.

"What size?" said the Captain, and the Major said "What size?" in a voice of thunder.

I didn't say a word.

"What's the matter with you, man?" said the Major. "Don't you want the jacket cast?"

"No, sir."

The Major looked pale, and I think the quartermaster-serjeant fell in a faint.

"Why on earth not?" said the Major, "It's filthy."

Life's Like That

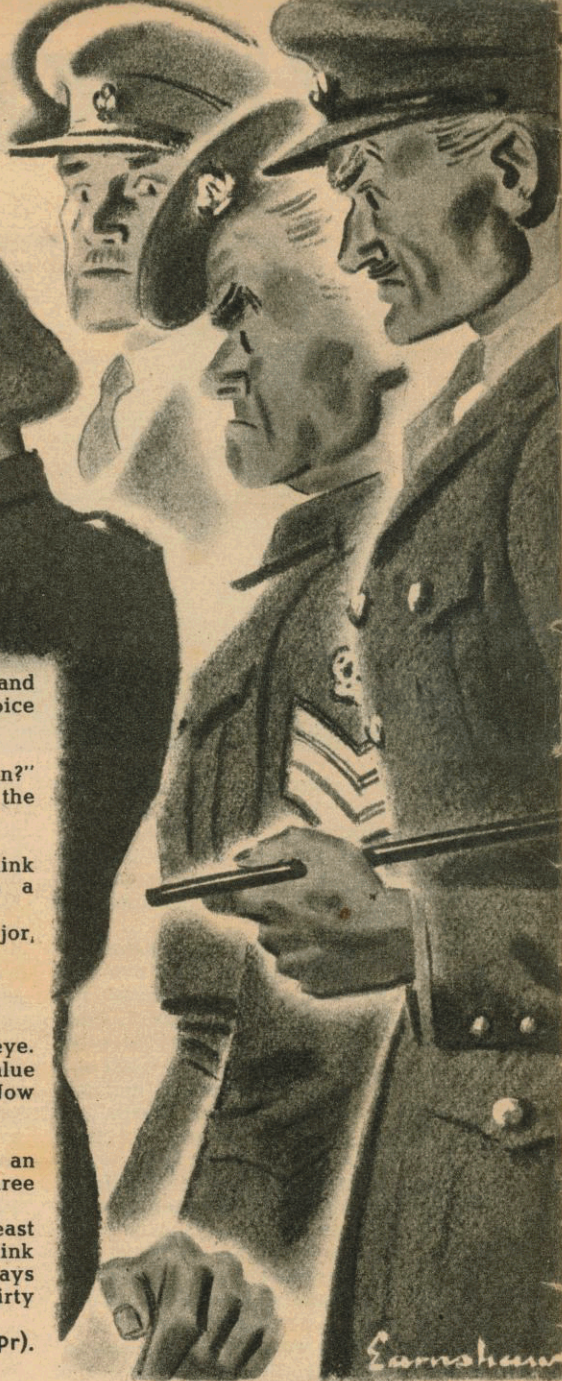
I looked him straight in the eye. "There's a deal of sentimental value attached to that jacket," I said, "Now the trousers, sir..."

Everybody started tittering.

"Silence," shouted the Major like an 88 at close range. "You'll do three extra guards."

So I did my extra guards, or at least one of 'em, because I'm sitting in clink writing this. They gave me seven days for going on guard parade in dirty trousers.

C. S. SHEPHERD (Tpr).



**BAOR
WRITERS
WRITE...**

Sitting On The Step

heavy and a sleepy sensation crawling over me.

I must have been half asleep, because I thought my wife was tickling the back of my neck, a nice little habit of hers I am very partial to. But rousing myself with a start I find that the young giver of biscuit is back and now has his brown little arm round my neck and is bawling "Ullo chum!" into my left ear. I am somewhat disillusioned.

I ask him how he is, seeing that he wants to be friendly. He looks puzzled and says "Comment?", so I say "Comment allez-vous?", and he grins and says "Damn good." Then he tries

climbing on my back, but I can't stand that at all on an afternoon like this. I put him down on the pavement in a very decisive way and tell him to scram. He scrams, but I am rather afraid he will be back. He looks that sort...

I doze again, half-dreaming of all the places I might be in that are better than this place. My own back garden with those lovely red double roses scrambling all over the trellis I built at the end of the lawn. That's a good name for my little bit of grass strip, but we always talk about "sitting out on the lawn". I can smell those roses now — but no, I guess I can't, for it's the usual peculiar smell of Continental

cooking. I am thankful my home cooking doesn't smell that way.

I could be in Brighton, too... it's a rowdy place, but I like it, even when it's boiling hot. It's a darn sight better than sitting on this step with the sweat running down the inside of my khaki.

But what am I talking about? I'm on no step. This is a deck chair on my bit of lawn — there's the smell of those fine roses again, the distant droning of old George's mower a few doors up, the sky very lazy and blue, disturbed only by some large birds flying high and lively. Now I can hear something behind me... a meal in the offing... the chink of crockery, now a regular chop-chopping noise. I know what that is — a salad: a cool, delicious salad. I am very, very fond of my wife's salads... perhaps I'd better go in and...

A Nasty Pain

Again I awaken quickly, this time with quite a jump. I have a nasty pain in the back of my neck, and there is another small brown arm around it. I blink my eyes and gaze into the grinning face of a very tiny girl who has a pimple on her nose and who says, "Hiya, Tommeel!" There is a chop-chopping noise coming from the basement beneath me. It is old man Jones chopping firewood for the cookhouse fire. There's a pie for tea. A nice, big, hot, heavy pie — a sort of "bully" pie.

There's a smell, too, and whatever you say I say it's roses — see?

The tot with the pimple makes a screaming noise and tears off out of sight. The chopping stops, and I get shakily to my feet and go in.

R. H. MARTIN (Pte).

I am facing a little shop. It's called an *epicerie* *cremerie*, and every now and then fat-faced old ladies climb in through its doorway, perspiring and blowing, and then they waddle out again with laden bags and slouch off down the road in their broken old bedroom slippers.

Sparrows Browned-Off

Everyone who passes looks tired and fed-up with the heat, even the dogs who snuffle indifferently along the gutters. The kids are the only ones with any life left in them; nothing stops them tearing along the road, whistling and shouting.

A serious-faced little boy comes up to me and offers me a biscuit, and I accept it with an equally serious face. He goes, and I try to feed the sparrows with his biscuit, but they are too hot and tired to bother with it and remain perched wearily on a ledge above the *epicerie* with a look in their eyes as if they have no more interest in life. I am beginning to feel like those birds myself, my lids getting



MORE SOLDIER LETTERS

HE WANTS CASH

The Government tell us that if we drew all our back pay and gratuities at once it would cause inflation. This sounds ridiculous to me.

The country was spending £14,000,000 per day on the war. Today there is no need to spend this sum, but if they pay us our own money (which we have earned) it will cause inflation! How is a married man with a family going to have a holiday or a rest on the few pounds he gets when he is released? — "Puzzled", 709 Coy, RASC.

DON'T GIVE US "IGLOOS"

I read your article "Bringing You The Pre-Fabs" (SOLDIER No 11). Here are some comments on the corrugated type obtained from tenants. They appeared in my local paper, "The Kentish Mercury".

"I feel that I'm still underneath the church where I used to shelter during raids. There isn't enough air in here for me or my husband, and directly we go outside we're in public."

"Let's hope this is only a temporary home, for we don't want to stay here a day longer than necessary."

"There is no woodwork in which to knock a nail or to fix curtain rods. I had to get a man with a hammer and punch to do that job for me."

"During a heavy shower of rain water came in from around the chimney. I hope something can be done about it before the winter comes."

I agree with the Director of Temporary Housing that Pre-Fabs are necessary to meet the demand, but why were these "Igloos", as they are described, ever put up? It seems your article gives a false impression of what to expect in the way of houses. — LAC E. S. Robinson, 83 Group Control Centre, RAF.

WHY NOT CRETE?

Can you tell me why there was no campaign medal for the Greece and Crete effort? France and Germany was a picnic compared with that lot in 1941. Half of the BAOR have never seen a Stuka on the warpath. — "Ex-Breda Gunner", 45/20 A/Tank Regt.

REGULAR'S RELEASE

I am a regular soldier with roughly 12 months to serve to complete my colour service. Will I be released on the day my colour service expires, as I normally would be in peacetime, or will I have to wait until the next group, after that date, is released?

Also, when general demobilisation comes into force, will the people concerned be granted the same leave with pay as those discharged under Class A release? — Cpl. P. J. Shaw, 31 Armd. Bde. Signals.

★ Being a regular soldier on unexpired colour service you will already have been allotted your correct Age and Service Group, reckoned on date of birth and service since 3 Sep 1939. This Group number will have been given the prefix D. R. to show that you are a regular soldier and ineligible for release until the completion of your colour service. Once that colour service is completed you will

be eligible for release with your group under Class A of the release scheme, with all its normal benefits.

If your Age and Service Group is released before completion of your colour service, you will be released as soon as possible after your colour service is complete.

It is not possible to say what benefits will be issued when general demobilisation is begun. — Ed., SOLDIER.

"TIRED OF TOMMY"

I gather that L/Cpl Dewar ("Tired of Tommy", SOLDIER No 12) is a member of our "Citizen Army" and not one of what he himself terms "a race apart." If this is truly the case why should he, a mere civilian in uniform, decry the age-old title by which an English soldier is known from pole to pole?

As for it smacking of civvies trying to be kind to us, I doubt it, and have never met a "regular sweat" (one of



L/Cpl Dewar's peculiar people) who gave two hoots if civvies were kind or otherwise. — Cpl. D. J. R. Culley, 22 Armd. Bde. Workshops.

"WELCOME HOME"

May I suggest this use for "Welcome Home" funds: if the community is such that it can raise a sufficient sum of money, land could be purchased and houses built on it, rent free, for the exclusive use of totally disabled ex-Servicemen with families. The houses should have the most modern appurtenances, and money should be invested to pay for up-keep, ground rent, and rates. (Local councils and builders could help here, by cutting profits to a minimum.) Finally the organising body would judge claimants' qualifications. This would be a lasting gesture to those who have given so much to their country. — Dvr. R. C. Cutting, 12 L. of C. Signals.

NO SUCH ORDER

Will you please tell me if there is a War Office order to the effect that anyone wounded on this front will not be sent to the Far East? My age is 34—Group 37. I was wounded in the assault on Flushing, and was three months in "dock". — L/Bdr. B. Ridgway, 81 Bty, RA.

★ There is no such order. Consideration might be shown to men who have been wounded a number of times; much depends on release group numbers. There is no hard and fast rule about eligibility for service in the Far East. — Ed., SOLDIER.

PLUS 28 DAYS?

A friend of mine in SEAC expects to be repatriated shortly, but he also expects his arrival in UK to coincide

The Two Types

by Jon



"Anyway they can't whip the tyres off this, old man!"

with his release. Will he therefore lose his 28 days disembarkation leave? — L/Cpl. G. O'Leary, 508 Coy, RASC.

★ If he is repatriated, and on his return his release book has not been completed, he will be sent on his 28 days leave, during which time his papers will be completed and he will later be sent to a holding unit until called for release. If, on his return to the UK, his release papers have already been completed and received, then he will be demobilised — and he will not get the 28 days disembarkation leave. — Ed., SOLDIER.

BRUSSELS HATS

We claim Gnr. Watson's free issue of cigarettes offered in his letter to SOLDIER No 13. His statement that Belgian womenfolk don't wear the "monstrosity hats" pictured in SOLDIER No 10 is laughable. A walk through the Bois de la Cambre down the boulevards towards the centre of the town with a candid camera on any sunny Sunday would produce a far more startling display of photographs than appeared in SOLDIER. — Cpls. S. Mold and J. Pulper, 24 Machinery Spare Parts (Base) Section.

IF HE MISBEHAVES

If a soldier released under Class B is subsequently returned to the Army on grounds of misconduct or inefficiency at the employment to which he has been



directed, how is his release group number affected? — L/Cpl. L. Rushmere, 3 Pln, 556 Coy, RE.

★ If he has passed his release group number he will be released providing his "misconduct" is not actionable under release regulations. It must be remembered that for every two months of release under Class B a man's Age and Service Group number moves backward. If therefore a man in Group II was out under Class B for 12 months and was then returned to the Army, his Group number would then be 17. And if this group had already been released, he would be released. — Ed., SOLDIER.

"THEIR SILENT RADIO"

The letter "Their Silent Radio" (SOLDIER No 13) caused a certain amount of amusement among my comrades and myself. How terrible that those fellows can no longer listen to the now defunct AEPF! How would they feel if they had been over here for nearly 14 months and never heard a radio in their camp or billet area? If they have no further use for their silent radio they could send it here. It would not remain silent for long. — Spr. D. Gould, 51 Mech. Eqpt. Pln., RE.

OUR LINERS

While not intending to promote dissension between ourselves and our American Allies, I think it is high time that the giant ships "Queen Mary" and "Queen Elizabeth" were put to the task of transporting home British personnel who have not enjoyed the amenities of home for several years. — Pte. W. Gill, 68 Constrn Section, R Sigs.

★ These ships were built for the North Atlantic and are not suited for use in the tropics. Also on account of their size they cannot pass through the Suez Canal, nor are there adequate harbour facilities for them in India. — Ed., SOLDIER.

QUEENS

Required to settle a heated argument—the tonnage and lengths of the liners "Queen Elizabeth" and "Queen Mary." — Pte. J. A. Goodridge, 63, 1st Class Fire Bde, 106 Fire Fighting Coy.

★ "Queen Mary": Gross tonnage—81,235, Length—975.2 ft.

"Queen Elizabeth": Gross tonnage—84,000; Length—1,031 ft. — Ed., SOLDIER.

"WE, TOO, BELONG"

Thank you for the very interesting article about the Third British Infantry Division (SOLDIER No 13), but why no mention of the medical formations in the list of units?

All due praise to the rest of the units, but we too belong to the Division. — "Beach to Bremen," 223 Brit. Field Ambulance.

Answers

(from Page 21)

CRIME DOSSIER.

Identification of suspects is easy, the dead man, Hans Gunter and Fraulein Schelme being picked out at once. The three deserters from left to right are McDonnell, Radcliff and Westrose. Clearly, then, Radcliff did NOT leave the imprint of an army boot in the patch of blood when he discovered the body, since he is wearing shoes. Thus, Westrose is the killer since his story of not being in the yard must be false.

Cross-word clues were:

B R E W
C A S E
O D E S
S C U T
S L U R
L I N O
E F T S
L I M E

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: — 1. RA-(on)-pier. 6. OHMS. 7. Crusader. 8. Fuad. 10. Bren gun. 13. Tie. 14. SW(a)B. 16. Recruit. 19. Host. 21. Unlimber. 22. Rani. 23. Yodels.

DOWN: — 1. Rocket. 2. Plumbers. 3. RE-dan. 4. C-orfu (four). 5. Emma. 9. Un-stable. 11. Etc. 12. Gnu. 15. Boards. 17. Etuis. 18. Ra-LL-y. 20. O-V-al.

CHESS

Key move: R—K8.

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