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## THE UNITED NATIONS CHARTER

**W**E, the peoples of the United Nations, determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind, and to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small, and

To establish conditions under which justice and respect for the obligations arising from treaties and other sources of international law can be maintained, and

To promote social progress and better standards of life in large freedom,

And for these ends

To practise tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbours, and

To unite our strength to maintain international peace and security,

To ensure, by the acceptance of principles and the institution of methods, that armed force shall not be used, save in the common interest, and

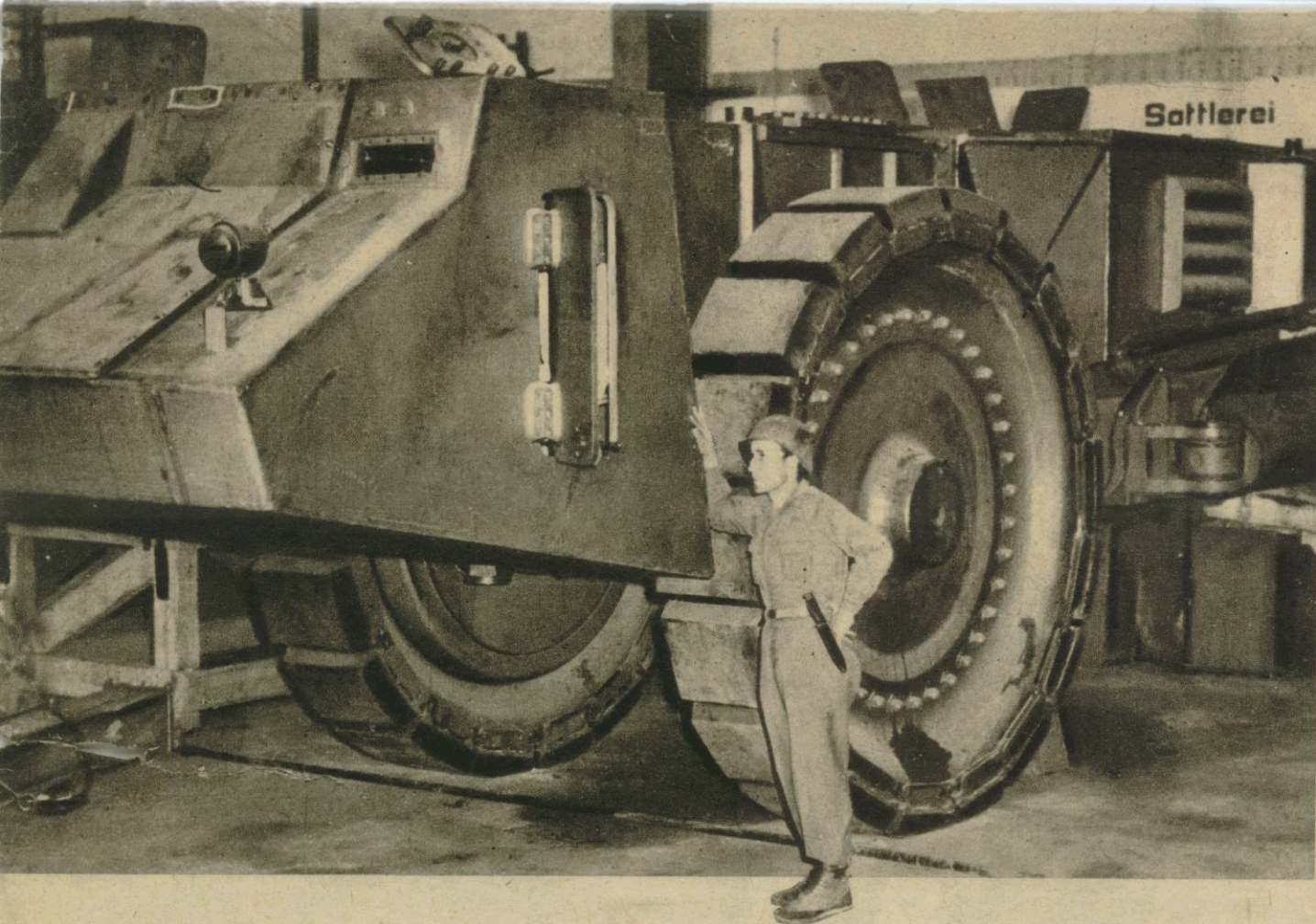
To employ international machinery for the promotion of the economic and social advancement of all peoples,

Have resolved to combine our efforts to accomplish these aims.

Accordingly, our respective Governments, through representatives assembled in the city of San Francisco, who have exhibited their full powers found to be in good and due form, have agreed to the present Charter of the United Nations and do hereby establish an international organisation to be known as the United Nations.

San Francisco  
June 1945





## WE HAVE BEEN WARNED

In the last year of the war the Germans talked threateningly of secret weapons of tremendous power which would turn defeat to victory. We were sceptical, and when V1 and V2 arrived they were neither accurate nor powerful enough to turn the tide. But that was only a curtain-raiser to a full-length programme loaded with menace.

SOLDIER Magazine rarely reprints articles which have appeared elsewhere. The article on this page is an exception. It was written by the Military Correspondent of "The Times" — a newspaper which is not readily available to soldiers in BLA. Its importance is great. Its authenticity is unquestioned.

Left : A super-tank which the Germans were producing at an experimental station. The track wheels are over eight feet high.

# HITLER HAD THESE UP HIS SLEEVE

**T**HE more that is learnt of German preparations and progress with new weapons, the more apparent is it that the Allies ended the war with Germany only just in time.

It may, of course, be said that this was not all luck, because Germany's feverish research for new aggressive inventions starved the forces which had to fight her battles, notably the air and artillery arms, and thus contributed to the Allied victory in the field, the only kind of victory to which there is no reply. Nevertheless the dangers faced, above all by Britain, were many and terrible. I am now learning a great deal about them from men willing to talk, partly from professional pride and partly, let us hope, to prevent further wars.

The British entered Germany with machinery organised to prevent the destruction or concealment of research work or plants of special kinds, and they were more successful than they had dared to hope. First there was an arrangement with the air forces to avoid bombing them. Then special teams went forward on the heels of the fighting troops to take them over. Much was in fact taken intact...

It is convenient to summarise results under seven headings, representing the seven groups of the organisation which did the work. The first of these concerns radio and optical equipment. Here, apart from the general high quality of output, there was only one surprise. That was in the Germans' infra-red photography. Pho-

tographs were taken at remarkable distances. Also in this category comes a fabulous ray which was to deal with tanks. This proved to be only infra-red searchlights to blind tank crews and was used in conjunction with the 88-mm gun. It was more humdrum than the fable, but it was deadly against tanks moving at night, as ours did.

The second category embraces guns. (See page 5 of this issue for details of a carbine which fires round corners.) So much has already been written about long-range guns that no emphasis is required to the enemy's inventive capacity. But there were other unpleasant novelties, such as rocket-assisted shells. At a certain point in the shell's progress the rocket took over and provided further propulsion. Then there was at least a scheme in the pre-development stage to provide the V2 rocket with wings, which had great possibilities.

The third category is chemical warfare. The Germans had a new gas in great quantity with certain qualities more deadly than any yet used. It could have been mastered, but would have given great trouble and caused much loss, especially as anti-gas discipline in England was naturally not as good as at the outset of the war...

In the fourth category, that of air warfare, in addition to their various jet planes the Germans were experimenting with a piloted V1 bomb with a retarded take-off and an obvious increase of accuracy. They had also made considerable progress with controlled projectiles directed either from an aircraft to a ground target or from aircraft to aircraft.

The fifth category covers vehicles. The British did not find much heavy tank industry in their area, but there were a number of half-track models with fantastically low fuel consumption...

### Distance No Object

Lt. Col. John A. Keck, of the US Army, has revealed that German scientists had a scheme for establishing a "space station" 5000 miles above the earth, where gravity no longer operates. From there, by concentrating the sun's rays by huge mirrors on to the earth, they proposed to make the seas boil, reduce forests to charcoal, and wipe out cities in a few seconds.

range of 80 miles and an acoustic head which "listened" for its target. There were controlled torpedoes which would follow a zig-zag course with deadly possibilities against zig-zagging ships... There was a jet-propelled submarine going into production with an underwater speed of 25 knots — a nightmare to deal with — and one in production with a submerged speed of 15 knots. These were made possible by a new fuel, also employed to propel the Me. 163, and to be utilized either as a propellant or an explosive fuel.

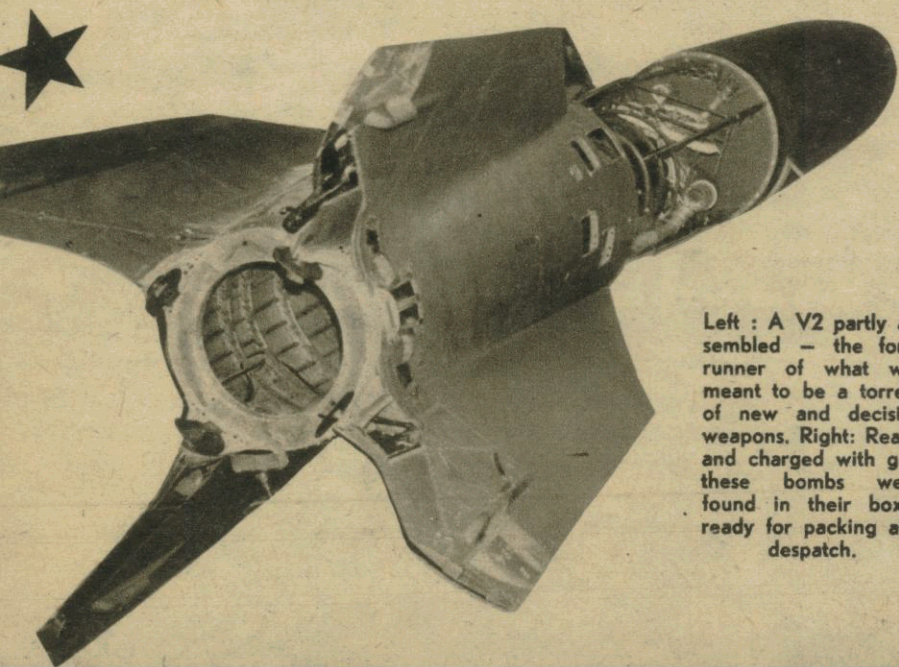
The seventh category, which can be

labelled documentary, includes the records of the Gestapo and the Nazi party. Some illuminating information has been unearthed here. The Gestapo would run a firm, supply it with slave labour, and then dodge income-tax on the profits, which were sometimes enormous.

The British organisation built up to trace all these inventions was aided by the Germans refraining from laying booby traps or carrying out sabotage in their own country. In fact the principal damage was done by "displaced persons" in a state of inebriation after the German collapse.

The inventions mentioned were in all stages from pre-development to full production. When it is realised that full preparation was made by the Germans to carry out all essential production in underground factories totally impervious to bombing, the full extent of the peril becomes apparent. It is not too much to say that the Germans were in the act of switching from one kind of war to another and that many developments of the kind I have already enumerated would have been as deadly as those already disclosed in, for example, the V1 and V2.

Allied bombing had delayed the switch-over and would have hampered development, especially by attacks on communications, but could not have stopped it. Safety in the long-term future will, in my view, depend greatly on German co-operation, and this in turn depends on what sort of Germany we and our Allies fashion in the transition period.



Left : A V2 partly assembled — the forerunner of what was meant to be a torrent of new and decisive weapons. Right: Ready and charged with gas, these bombs were found in their boxes ready for packing and despatch.





# Dogs

## OF WAR

**T**HE man in the German uniform, crouching in the dark bracken, pressed more closely to the wet earth.

Ten yards away the patrol dog sniffed the dawn air inquiringly. The bracken stirred a mere fraction as the man moved, but it was enough for the dog. The 10-yard gap vanished in a second, and before the man could turn or twist the dog was upon him. There was a writhing struggle. Then at a word of command the dog sat quietly waiting. Waiting for the man to move a muscle. Ready to pounce again if there was the slightest movement.

The man in the German uniform loosened the collar of his tunic. It's warm work training dogs, particularly when you have to play the part of victim. However, L/Cpl. Plumridge of the Royal West Kents doesn't mind that. He knows the value of a trained dog. When he was with the 1st Army in Africa he worked for 12 months with Bob, a small setter whose ear is marked with Army number 209, and he'll tell you with pride how Bob won the Dickens Medal, the dog VC, for a night patrol in Italy.

### Two Differences

Yes, dogs have Army numbers, too. In fact everything happens to them which happens to anyone else in the Forces. Like you, they volunteer or get conscripted; like every rookie they have their inoculation, in their case against rabies. There are only two differences. One is that when they perform a task correctly they get rewarded with a piece of meat, which is something my drill instructor never did for me. The other difference is that they don't have a release group number. They just keep on working!

When the dogs specialise they become patrol dogs, messenger dogs, Red Cross dogs and mine detector dogs. Mine dogs have worked through from D-minus 16 to the present, from Normandy to Berlin, and not one dog has been killed. A good dog will get 85 per cent of the mines laid down.

Pick anywhere among the staff of the school and you'll find someone who is keen on dogs. Captain Garle, the Chief Instructor, is a well-known Master of Foxhounds; Bill Adams and Ron Darbyshire, corporals both, who were training guard dogs when I met them, trained greyhounds in peacetime.

### Technical Hitch

Lt. Ladbury, who trains mine dogs, gave me the inside story of a technical hitch at Broadcasting House a couple of years ago. The training school had just been established at Brookman's Park and one dark night a patrol dog treed a BBC engineer for 10 minutes. Since it was the engineer's job to switch on the power the programme stayed off the air for that time.

There is a great demand for ATS who are willing to transfer to the War Dogs Training School. If you are fond of animals and like an open air life, here is an opening you might like to think about. You don't need to have had experience.

But there was one story for which they wouldn't vouch.

It seems that bull terriers don't like rain, and once a sentry working with a white bull terrier on a guard sheltered for a few moments in the sentry box. Then he stepped out to continue his round. But would that bull terrier come? Not likely! It merely set its teeth and growled. And the poor sentry finally went the rounds of the camp while the dog sat, sheltered and comfortable, in the sentry box.

Courtman Davies (Sjt).



Above is a typical war-dog trained at the School. All dogs receive a basic training, and then specialise. There are patrol dogs, guard dogs, messenger dogs and Red Cross dogs.



Being trained to detect mines (above). Dogs can find mines cased in glass or plastic, as well as metal. Below: Captain Garle, the Chief Instructor.



Above: L/Cpl. Plumridge (he looks a very scared German!) finds training hot work. ATS kennelmaids (below) say it is the finest job in the Army.







In this impression of a Normandy beach on D-Day, members of the beach group can be seen organising the traffic and lines of supply.

## The Sign of the Fouled Anchor

**T**HE world at large had to wait a long time before it learned the secret of the men who wore the fouled anchor sign. But it was a story worth waiting for — this story of the beach groups, in which famous infantry regiments, with centuries of fighting tradition behind them, operated with specialist units from the three Services to form and maintain the initial lines of supply from the beaches.

Even to the Army itself the men in khaki, wearing the fouled anchor sign on their arms, have always been something of a mystery. They were on the beaches with the assault troops, and they remained there as reinforcements in men and material flowed through. It was their job to see it flowed through without ceasing. And they did that job, despite the hardships and difficulties.

### Sicily Start

The first group was tried out in the Sicilian landings, but when the time came for the Normandy landings they were a much more complex and complete organisation. They started training more than a year before D-Day, when specialist units of the Army, Navy and RAF, with an infantry battalion, were drawn together to form a complete amphibious formation. They moved from scattered locations all over England to a secret training ground in Scotland. There they learned to find their "sea-legs".

The approximate strength of a beach group is about 3,500. The Royal Naval elements are divided into RN Signals, to maintain com-

munications from the beaches to the ships and home bases, and RN Commandos, responsible for the movement of craft up to the beaches.

The RAF had two functions. It supplied specialist officers spread among the sub-units of a beach group to ensure that the requirements of RAF units, and the provision of air strips, were not overlooked. There was also the balloon section to help protect the beaches from air attack, and also various dumps to be established.

Not the least important parts of the beach groups were the infantry battalions. They were responsible for the movement of stores, vehicles and equipment from the craft to the dumps. It was their duty also to maintain the defence of the entire beach area. Their work in the early stages of the landing was carried out under the most perilous conditions.

### Vital Communications

The Royal Engineers had three units in the group: one for road construction and maintenance, one for the operation of cranes and bulldozers, and another section for port operation.

Communications within the group to the assault formations as they moved up were provided by the Royal Corps of Signals.

The RASC supplied the general

transport companies with fleets of DUKW's in addition to non-amphibious vehicles. They also maintained the Detail Issue Depot for food for all troops, and the Petrol Depot.

The RAMC had field dressing stations on the beaches and were responsible for the Casualty Evacuation centre. CMP's provided the traffic control personnel, while REME had a Beach Recovery Section for the recovery of "drowned" vehicles or repair of damaged ones. The Pioneers were the "maid of all work" companies, assisting on the beach, on road construction and in burial work.

That is the set-up of a beach group: a miniature army complete in itself. In 1943-44 there was a year's intensive training on land and sea in Scotland and off the south coast of England. Every man of every unit was familiar with

every type of craft used and adept at loading and unloading them. They became as familiar with their craft as they were proficient with their rifles, Brens, Stens, grenades, anti-tank weapons and other items of their fighting equipment for the assault.

The story of D-Day has been told in general, but the part the beach group played was not told at the time. They landed with the first waves of the assault troops to fight on the beaches and at the same time open the lines of communica-

tion so that as the other troops landed and moved up they should want for nothing in food and equipment. Nor did they ever lack anything, thanks to the early work of the beach groups. In spite of the difficulties which combined to upset the work of the groups there was never a day in the whole of the time they were operating when stores were not landed.

### Under Heavy Fire

The weather was a bitter enemy in the early days. Men worked for nearly 24 hours a day for weeks on end, snatching a few odd hours to sleep or eat. They were bombed, machine-gunned and shelled continuously until the battle moved beyond them into Caen.

The initial, vital stages of the landing depended on the work of these men wearing the sign of the fouled anchor. Although the front line passed beyond them their importance remained during the period of the build-up before the breakthrough.

### At the Rhine, Too

Such is the story of the back line of the front. The glory of the fighting passed beyond these men, but when their task was finished with the opening of the ports they went forward to take their places in the line among the comrades who had passed through them on the beaches. And when the crossing of the Rhine was achieved, former beach group men were on the banks of the river to control the crossings.





# Carbine Caught Bending

**A** gun that can fire round corners has long been one of the staple jokes of the music-hall comedian, for it is as much in the nature of things for a bullet to travel straight as for an apple to fall to the ground.

Most of the weapons experts have laughed at the suggestion that a bullet could be fired from any weapon other than one with a perfectly straight barrel. But now it has been done. It is possible to fire round corners and hit targets out of sight.

This new weapon which enables the firer to take cover from both fire and view, and still shoot accurately, is the German Machine Carbine MP 44, fitted with a novel curved barrel attachment which swings a bullet through an angle of 32 degrees.

## Bullets From Nowhere

A tank crew can fire it from the inside of the turret on troops intent on close-quarters destruction, the rifleman can lie in a slit-trench and pick off the enemy, his morale strongly reinforced by the knowledge that they can't hit back; he can hide up behind a chimney-stack on a roof and hurry the retreating enemy with a few rapid bursts of "bullets from nowhere"; it can be used in street fighting from the basement or top floor to strike down the enemy in the street outside or the house opposite.

This new "round the corner" weapon was one of Germany's secret firearms destined to hold up the Allied advance, but it was produced too late for general use. There are no instances of its use in any theatre of war against the British or Americans, although there were Russian reports that German tankmen employed it to kill tank-destroying units.

## Timely Capture

A number of these weapons were issued to forward German troops in the death-throes of the Nazi Army, but were captured by the British before they could be brought into action.

They were flown to England and sent to the Ministry of Supply for testing by firearms experts.

Some of the experts simply laughed when they saw the weapon and told the less doubtful that it was too ridiculous to waste time and money testing it — apart from the certainty that the man who fired it would be killed or gravely wounded.

A few days later the gun was taken to a firing range on the outskirts of London, and with it went the wondering experts.

They waited in the firing bay, while a serjeant-major settled himself comfortably behind cover, pulled the carbine into his shoulder, held his breath, closed his left eye, and squeezed the trigger. There was a crack and a small black mark appeared on the target in the butts.

The gun worked. There was no shattering explosion, and the serjeant-major, a grin on his face, was all in one piece.

Since then the "gun that shoots round corners" has been thoroughly tested and proved to be very effective at short ranges up to about 100 yards.

## Simple Explanation

How does it work? The answer is simple, and is contained in two basic features — a small explosive charge which forces the bullet up the straight barrel to the curved attachment, and ten small holes bored into the curved barrel to allow the gases to escape and so reduce the velocity of the bullet as it rotates through the remainder of the barrel.

A periscope sight fitted to the front of the attachment enables the firer to look along the carbine, and out of sight of the enemy, see and engage any target within 32 degrees of his line of sight.

## Special Cartridge

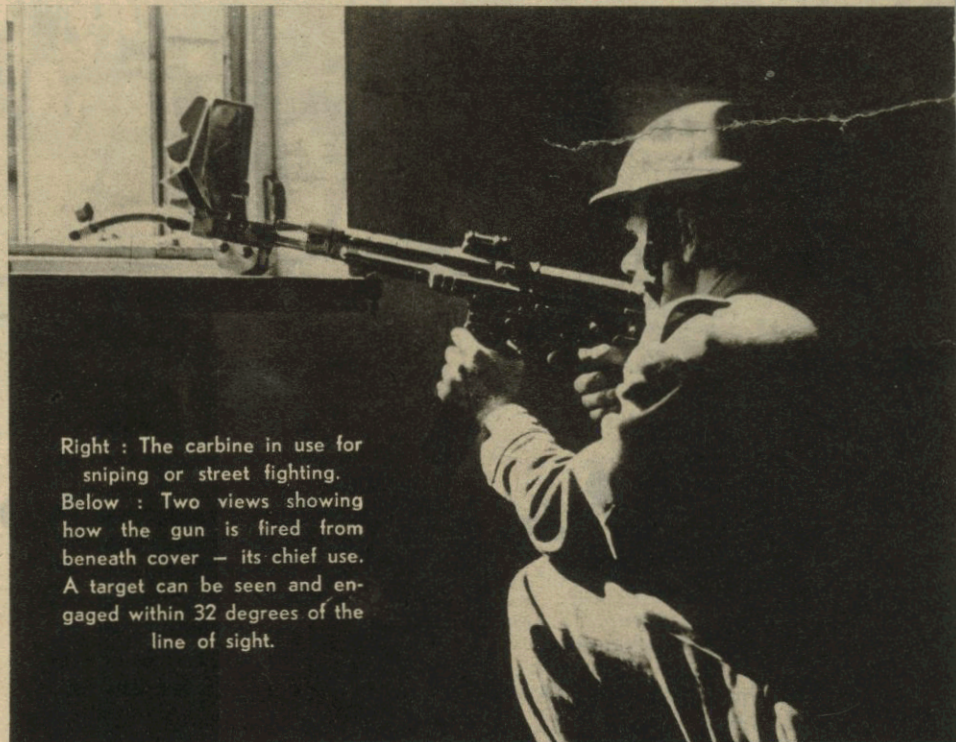
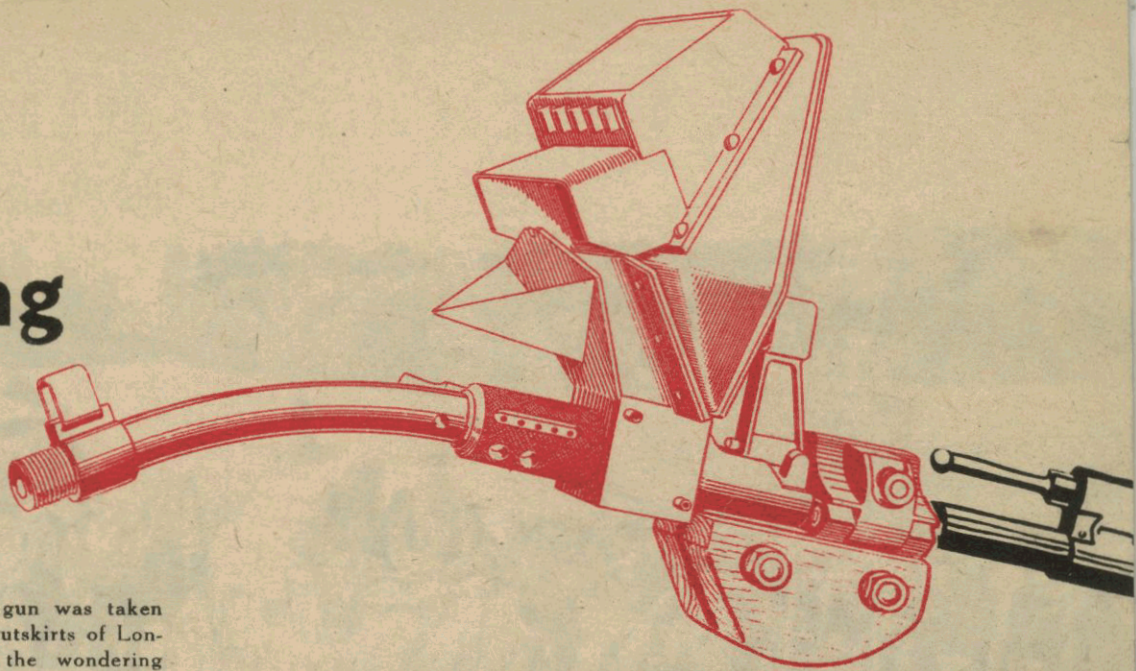
By tilting the carbine on its side it is possible to fire round left and right hand corners if the weapon and the firer are supported by sandbags, but this method of using the weapon is not considered to be entirely successful as the recoil and discomfort of the firer would be likely to affect accuracy. However, in an emergency this could be done, although the original idea of the carbine was to fire from beneath cover.

The carbine itself — the MP 44 — is an improved type of automatic with a rate of fire of 456 r.p.m. It fires a special cartridge 48-mm long, as compared with the standard cartridge 80-mm long used in normal German rifles and machine guns.

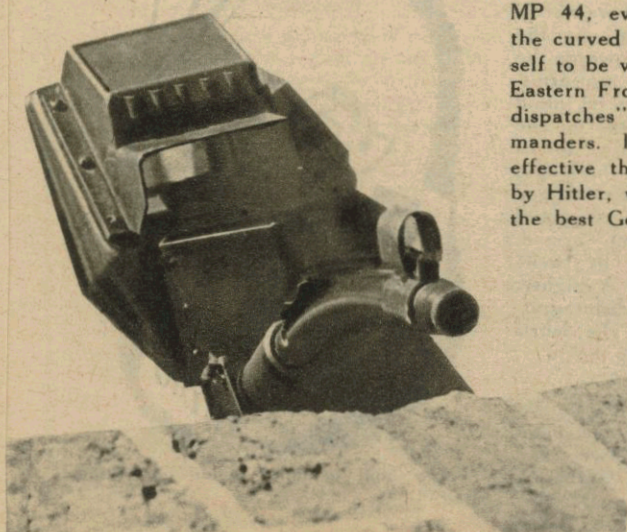
## "Decorated" by Hitler

The Nazis were very proud of their MP 44, even before it was fitted with the curved barrel. The carbine proved itself to be very successful in battle on the Eastern Front, and it was "mentioned in dispatches" by a number of German commanders. It was considered to be so effective that it was officially decorated by Hitler, who had a habit of honouring the best German weapons, with the title "Sturmgewehr" (Assault Rifle).

There remains one more feature to describe. The end of the curved barrel is straight, so that the bullet continues its flight on a straight course when it leaves the barrel. There is no danger of the firer being hit in the back of the neck by his own bullet.



Right : The carbine in use for sniping or street fighting. Below : Two views showing how the gun is fired from beneath cover — its chief use. A target can be seen and engaged within 32 degrees of the line of sight.







The first stage in the Wehrmacht's journey home. German soldiers coming in to surrender in the Hamburg area.

# War- AND PUNISHMENT

IN 1936 we began to watch the German Army marching to war. We sat on comfortable cinema seats and watched it coming towards us, the stiff figures marching obliquely across the screen. There was something obscenely fascinating about the sight. Line after line of pinpricked flares at a Nuremberg rally, the sun shining on black steel helmets in an Austrian town, jackboots below the arrogant upthrust of hard chins, tanktracks rolling on and over the camera, and the dust of turning wheels and thudding feet that drove their way into our consciousness.

Old things. Old nightmares. But they came back to me with a rush this week, for the other day I watched the beginning of the German Army's homeward march.

We were driving up to Osnabruck, Nobby, the storeman, and I. It had been an unpromising day of violent, blustering rainstorms — "Jerry weather," Nobby called it — and the roadway shone with pools of light during those moments when the sun came furtively from behind the clouds. The Ford bounced and splashed its way forward with a great thirst for oil.

## They Had One Face

We passed many of the Germans before the realisation came upon us that they were soldiers, that they were the Wehrmacht straggling home in twos and threes through the rain, or standing motionless beneath the fruit trees lining the roadway, and following us with their eyes as we passed.

I cannot remember their faces. It was as if they all had one face only between them. The features differed, young and old, thin and fat, but a face is not a matter of flesh and bone structure alone, it is the canvas on which a man paints his thoughts and emotions. And because of this it seemed to me as if all these men had but one face between them, and that drawn to a sharp, hungry apex by the jutting peaks of their blue Wehrmacht

caps, the dusty brown skin immobile in the shadow. Occasionally they were grinning, but for me even the grin did not alter the face or the empty eyes.

Just as those faces that had been thrust before us on the screen seven years ago had all seemed as if they had come from the same mould of arrogance and brute determination, so now these faces on the roadway to Osnabruck bore the same stamp of exhaustion, indifference, and the hunger to get home.

## Without Comment

It would have been easy to shout one's ridicule. The contrast is so great. But the interval between the two pictures has had to be so full of bitterness and suffering before the first could find its culmination in the second. The link that held together those steel-helmeted, shouting ranks in the Nuremberg stadium and these grey men trudging through the rain with the dust of fatigue and travel in their eyes has been one forged by us and by our people at home. So much has it meant to us in physical, mental and emotional experience that ridicule would have seemed like the naive cheering of children at a film villain's discomfiture. The situation needed no comment.

We looked at them as we passed, and they turned to look at us as they heard the Ford approach, and stood on the verge to let us pass. And it was not because we were not thinking of them that Nobby and I made no comment. To see the Wehrmacht, the first fragments of it shuffling back like this, back to their broken cities along the broken roads, was something that needed no comment, because it would have been as banal as it would have been horribly true.

## Memories...

Behind those faces was a whole world that was dead. The burning of the books in 1934. The tormenting of Jews. Guernica. The gradual enslavement of Europe. Maidanek, Belsen and Buchenwald. There was Munich and Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella. "There will definitely be no war this year!" Listening to the news in every English home at nine o'clock. There was Dunkirk and the blitz. Singing voices

coming in the camp gate at Lights Out. "When this blinking war is over..."

There was the crossing of the Escaut and the first Dutch farmyard in which we brewed up. The sores on the faces and legs of the little children of Rouen. And the Dakotas going over the Rhine in the March sunlight. There was a whole dead world behind those faces, and they knew it as we. We were watching ghosts by the roadside.

## Greeting the Defeated

It would have been easy to say as we looked at them, "Is this the type of man we fought?" As easy as it would have been wrong. For those early pictures were not fictitious. They were real. The danger was real. And to destroy them we have completed the metamorphosis of a nation.

And in the towns, Ahaus, Bocholt, Rheine, Osnabruck, the living were awaiting the dead. Little knots of women and children, bright coloured pinafores and ash-blond hair, they were waiting in the summer rain to greet the homecoming of the Wehrmacht, standing by the sodden rubble of their homes to clutch at the grey sleeves and ask quick questions, to smile and look away from our Ford as it drove through.

In Osnabruck the rain was slanting down like fine wires in the sunlight, as if it had been made fast to the Dodge trucks that were carrying German soldiers northward. The arms of the women on the kerbs fluttered white splinters towards the green, the blue and the grey uniforms. Again there was the intrusion on my mind of earlier pictures. Thick crowds on the pavement and arms raised again, not in fluttering greeting, but rigid in the stupid Nazi salute, and the soldiers, not ragged and dusty, straggling home in twos and threes, but hundreds of them, armed, helmeted and pushed forward by some furious and dangerous impetus. A mighty, long-drawn out explosion has disintegrated that picture and flung back the debris that is the Wehrmacht coming home.

## Germany Must Work

The Wehrmacht is coming home, coming home, coming home in twos and threes to work. The fields of Germany, shimmering with ripening grain, need

men. The land of Germany is rich and the harvest will need men, men who must forget the feel of a Spandau butt and take the scythe and reins. They are to feed Europe. What they have starved they must now feed. Germany will distribute where for six years it absorbed. The punishment of Germany is work, in its fields and factories.

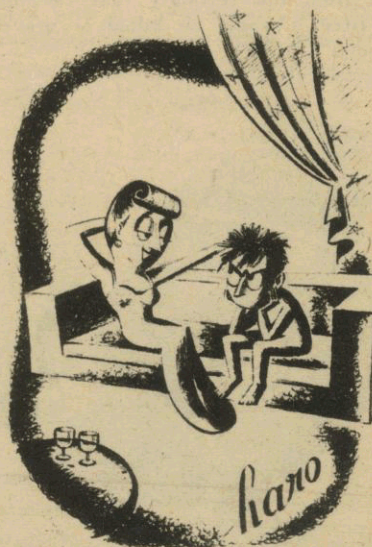
Perhaps that is why Nobby and I felt no desire to ridicule.

## Man In The Background

Outside the tent the sun is shining again and far down at the end of the field a man is working with a scythe, swinging its crescent blade smoothly through the high grass, filling the air with heady scent. He is tall and wears no jackboots. His green breeches end in ugly clogs. His face is hidden in the shadow of his peaked cap, and the edges of his Wehrmacht uniform are yellow and stained. We barely look at him. He works in the background of our thoughts. But he is there, and we know that he is there.

The Wehrmacht is cutting grass in the field where we are harboured.

J. Prebble (Cfn).



"Silly boy, whatever made you think I cared?"



## Mine's Bitter



**F**RED looked solemnly at the three glasses of beer in front of him and screwed his eyes. He took a sip of the first and then paused. Then a sip from the second and from the third. He shook his head a bit as he set down the third glass. Then, with a satisfied grin he turned to Syd:

"Shut yer peepers, Syd," he said, "an' you 'ave a go!"

A month before, in the same room, the director of the largest brewery in Hamburg, famous for hundreds of years for its beers, had faced the same problem. Squadron-Leader Williams, the man in charge of all beer for the BLA, had insisted that the British soldier prefers a beer which is bitter, and which contains a greater proportion of hops than Continental beer.

### The British Brew

The director, whose only concern is with the brewing of a perfect beer, was not convinced. Having been given the materials and supplies for the brewing of a perfect beer, was not convinced. Having been given the materials and supplies for the brewing of beer in the British way, however, he brewed as he had been told. And the result proved very disappointing to his palate. He put down the glass of beer and his doubts showed clearly in his face.

"We have never brewed a beer like this in 500 years," he said.

"Probably not," said Squadron-Leader Williams, "but I'm convinced that the British soldier is going to like it. What's more, I'll prove it!"

Intent, then, on supplying to the troops the beer they really liked, NAAFI invited Soldier's representative to choose a couple of beer drinkers who could give an opinion. On that opinion would depend the type of beer to be brewed for all soldiers in BLA.

### Expert Opinion

Out of a pretty wide circle of candidates, Pte. Fred Jackson and Pte. Syd Bird got the job. They've been drinking beer for some 25 years and by now they've got a rather shrewd idea of what they like.

It was now Syd's turn. He tried the three glasses before him carefully. He paused for a moment, and then pushing forward the middle glass with decision announced his verdict.

"That's it!" he said firmly. "That's the best beer there by a long chalk."

Squadron-Leader Williams looked at Fred.

"I agree," said Fred, "you can tell it right off. It's real beer, the sort you used to get."

The director shrugged his shoulders, and the man in charge of BLA beer looked pleased.

C. D.

# Sapper Sea-Dogs

**A** weather-beaten naval officer stopped and stared as four little ships steamed alongside the entrance to the King George V Dock at Southampton in the early morning haze of a late April day last year. In all his 20 years service with all types of vessels he had never seen anything like them.

Only 65 feet long and eight feet wide, each tiny craft carried a large single funnel rising from the centre of the deck. Settled low down in the water, they looked like barges of some description, or tugs of a type he had never come across. There was no storage space, but forward of the funnel was a kind of utility quarter-deck from where the Masters of the craft were issuing orders to unseen men below.

The naval officer scratched his head, shrugged his shoulders, and went on his way debating the sanity of Admiralty officials who allowed such peculiar monstrosities to put to sea.

### First "Pre-Fabs"

These tiny craft were some of the Tid Tugs — Tid being an abbreviation for the word "Tiddley," by which they were described when plans were laid down in 1942 for building 200 small tugs able to navigate narrow and shallow waterways and assemble invasion barges in British ports.

They were the first pre-fabricated ships of their kind. Steel sections were turned out at factories all over the country and collected at Thorne in Yorkshire where they were welded together, and fitted with 200 h.p. engines driven by a coal-fired boiler. The bunker capacity was only four-and-a-half tons, and the storage space was so limited that only one day's rations could be carried for the crew of five. In the diminutive galley there was room for only one cook to prepare meals on a coal stove.

Originally it was intended that the Tid Tugs should be used only in sheltered waters and ports, so they were given a shallow draught of six feet. Their subsequent performances went beyond all expectations.

### "Hard astern, Corporal"

Their crews were not, as one might expect, tough naval ratings or merchant seamen, but soldiers — men of the Royal Engineers Inland Water Transport Com-

panies, whose previous experience of the sea in many cases was a trip on a pleasure steamer from Southsea to the Isle of Wight. Their uniforms were the drab, dowdy khaki denims and the Army issue canvas shoes.

The Master of each boat was a Serjeant, the Mate a Corporal, the Engineer a Lance-Cpl, and the fireman and deck hand both Privates.

A short-time before D-Day the officers and men of the IWT Companies, who had already formed a great attachment for their diminutive little craft, were convinced that they could do more than the work allotted them by the authorities, and eventually permission was granted for a convoy of four Tids to test their sea-worthiness by sailing from the west coast of Scotland, through the Caledonian Canal, and down the east coasts of Scotland and England into Southampton.

Captain D. T. Scanes, RE was appointed Officer Commanding the voyage, and on 19 March the four Tids cast off from the lighter jetty at Cairn Ryan, intending to reach Greenock that evening. But the weather intervened and the flotilla was forced to turn back.

The ships were weather-bound by a westerly squall and heavy rain on the next day, but on 21 March the Tids completed the first leg to Greenock.

### They Could Take It

At eight o'clock on 25 March the Tids left Greenock and reached the lock leading to the Crinan Canal that evening. The canal was specially opened the next day — a Sunday — to allow the Tids on to Oban, and by 27 March the flotilla had reached Fort William. From Fort William to Fort Augustus and on to Inverness was an uneventful part of the voyage, but the crews had a stormy voyage to Buckie. From there they steamed to Peterhead, where for five days the ships lay idle, unable to venture out in a SE gale with heavy rain. They got away again on 6 April, rode a heavy swell to Aberdeen, and from there went to Montrose.

Of the voyage from Aberdeen to Montrose Capt Scanes praises the performance of the Tids in his log by saying, "There was a terrific sea and a short swell. The way the Tids took it was marvellous. It must have been undoubtedly the severest test any Tids have ever been put through, and I am certain the designer and builders

never dreamed that they'd be called on to face up to such conditions. They pitched, rolled, pounded, shook, and shivered. They did just everything a ship can do, and were in a constant cloud of spray and flying sea. Not a square inch of them, on deck or down below was dry, and ten minutes on the bridge drenched a man to the skin. On several occasions we had seas break right over and go down the stokehold... seas frequently got into the engine room. My own cabin was afloat, the water just pouring in where the steering gear runs. But we're beginning to know the Tids now, and feel that we can have faith in them a bit, which we none of us had earlier on... I was sore all over... about a third of the crews have been out all day with sea-sickness, but there hasn't been a single word of complaint or any moaning of any kind."

### Well-Earned Leave

At Gravesend Capt Scanes learned that the Tids were urgently needed at Southampton and he received orders to get them there as soon as possible after the crews had been given a week-end leave. As most of the crews lived in or near London the Tids steamed on up the Thames and docked at Surrey Commercial Docks for two days.

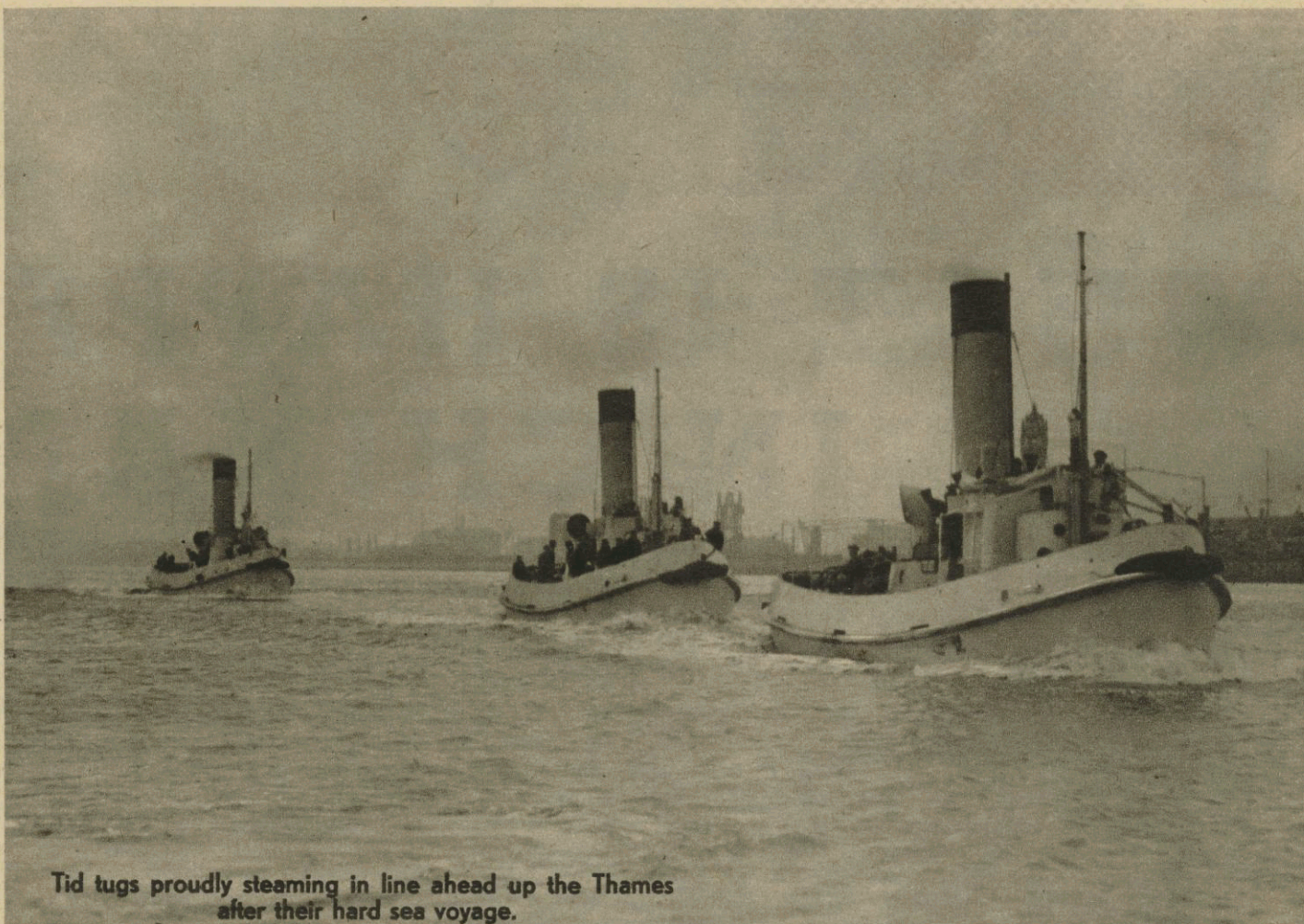
"With the exception of a few Scots nearly all the Tid crews were away on leave almost before the tugs were tied up," says Capt Scanes' log. "The grinning faces of the Tid crews and their delightful blase air of superiority over all other forms of Sapper life were good to see!"

At Tilbury the Tids joined a Naval convoy bound for Dover and after 24 hours rest set off under naval escort for Southampton, more than 120 miles away.

### Triumphant Conclusion

On this last leg of the 1,000 miles voyage, the Tids each towed a PBR (Power Barge Ramp) at a steady four knots through the Channel, and early on 28 April steamed into Southampton, bringing to an end an adventurous and arduous 40 days test which had proved beyond all doubt that the Tid could take all the punishment that normal seas could give, and that the Sapper crews of the Inland Water Transport Companies were worthy seamen, well-fitted to deal with the tasks which the invasion six weeks later called upon them to perform.

E. J. Grove (Lieut.)



Tid tugs proudly steaming in line ahead up the Thames after their hard sea voyage.





# WHAT IS HAPPENING IN CHINA?

It was the first-started war and the first-forgotten war. It was a war which opened savagely. The sack of Nanking was the first horror story of the decade. The Japanese were exploiting a new formula of terror and ruin. Swiftly the nerves and arteries of China — a country bigger than all Europe — were numbed and paralysed by the invader.

Then it became a stagnant war, a war of blockade, of guerrilla fighting and murderous reprisals. As years went by, and the Western

Hemisphere was immersed in its biggest war yet, the struggle in China came to look suspiciously like a "phony" war. With something of a shock the world began to read reports that the Chinese, split into two political camps, were so busy keeping an eye on each other that they could not spare the arms and men to fight the Japanese.

It was a bigger shock when the world woke up one day to the knowledge that China, after years of blockade and defeat, had been cut

in two by Japanese armies, and that American airmen had been forced to evacuate the flying fields which they had laid down against Japan.

Here was a nation with 10 times the population of Britain which, in eight years of war, had been bisected by the enemy, drained of materials, deprived of almost all its great ports, blockaded in the Pacific Ocean, cut off from its Burma supply road. How could such a power continue to exist as any ally of the

United Nations, or for that matter how could such a power continue to exist?

It was an ugly picture. Of course there were bright features. Wasn't the Ledo Road about to be opened, to carry on the work of the Burma Road? Were not American fliers performing prodigies by flying jeeps into China over the Himalayan "Hump"? Wasn't there talk, even, of a great oil pipe-line over the Himalayas — a sort of Pluto which, instead of trailing over the ocean bed would climb round the peaks of snow-capped mountains? And were not Chinese troops doing a first-class job in Burma, in co-oper-

ation with the Allies? But by and large it remained an ugly picture. It was hard for a thoughtful Westerner to understand how the Chinese had continued to "take it", even allowing that they were a nation schooled for centuries to be strong in adversity. The grim truth remained that 1944 — the year when the invasion of Europe brought fresh hope to the Western world — was China's blackest year. In the face of defeat, disappointment and disillusion, many times repeated, a less proud people, under a less proud generalissimo than Marshal Chiang Kai-Shek, might well have come to an arrangement with the invader. Had the Chinese succumbed to Japanese blandishments, how many years might they have added to the Second World War, how many more campaigns would have had to be fought?

## The Spider's Web

The "Incident" began with a skirmish at the Marco Polo bridge at Peiping. Already the Japanese had swallowed Manchuria, and the digestive pains were dying down. In the first 18 months, from 7 July 1937, they overran most of the eastern coastal areas of China, captured the principal cities and drove along the main lines of communication. It is probable that they could have taken any single objective they cared; they might have unseated the Chinese Central Government. But even had they destroyed the Central Government it is doubtful — such was China's spirit of resistance — whether they could have brought opposition to an end. And Japan didn't want to squander the resources which she was storing up for use against Britain and America. Using such slogans as "The Fight Against Communism" she sought to set the supporters of the Central Government (the Kuomintang) against the Communists, whose influence in China, particularly in the Northern Provinces, had long been increasing. Internal strife, unhappily, was ready enough to break out without the Japanese fomenting it, and China, freed of immediate physical peril, fell to quarrelling.

By 1944 the situation in China had deteriorated to this: the united front between the Kuomintang and the Communists — the front which sustained Free China against the first onslaught, enabled her to organise the transfer of the coastal factories and universities into the interior, and to move her capital to Chungking on the Upper Yangtse — existed only in theory. The Communist provinces were all but blockaded; any signs of Communist sympathy in Kuomintang China were heavily suppressed. Meanwhile the economic situation had grown worse, war production had slackened and inflation had reduced the value of the Chinese dollar from 17 to the £ to over 1,000 to the £. All this tended to corrode morale.

It was in this atmosphere that the Japanese launched their offensive in early 1944. The offensive had three main aims. First, to establish overland communications between Japanese troops in North and Central China and those in Indo-China, Siam and Malaya. Second, to eliminate the American airfields in south and south-eastern China which were an embarrassment to the Japanese garrisons and a potent threat to Tokyo. Third, a forlorn hope, perhaps, to destroy the Chinese Central Government.

## Danger Brings Unity

In these offensives the Japanese did not meet any very powerful resistance. Changsha and Hengyang were bitterly defended, but for the most part the Japanese were able to advance rapidly along the lines of communication and a good many Chinese troops vanished into thin air. By the end of 1944, therefore, the Japanese

had gained their first two objectives; even though with the American landings in the Philippines and elsewhere the effect of eliminating the American airfields was largely cancelled.

Once again the active threat to the Central Government served to unify the Chinese. Criticism was not still, rather did it explode; yet the Government did not fall. The Kuomintang, after an angry meeting of the People's Political Council, reopened overtures with the Communists. Simultaneously the Government itself was overhauled: the much-criticised Ministers of Finance and War were removed. American aid was called in to step up war production and a War Production Board was formed.

## Able Ministers

At the beginning of 1945, then, the position was this: the Japanese held the overland communications running down from Central China through Changsha, Hengyang, Kweilin, Liuchow, Nanning and on into Indo-China. American airfields at three of these cities had been lost. It was still possible, however, to raid Japan from bases in Free China — not to mention from the Pacific islands. Politically the Chinese Government was presenting a better face to the world than for some years, though no one could pretend that the alliance was a happy one. In key positions were such men of character and ability as Dr. T.V. Soong, Foreign Minister, Dr. Wong Wen-hao, Minister of Economics and chairman of the War Production Board, and General Chen Cheng, Minister of War. The long-suffering Chinese troops were being better fed and housed and some of the worst abuses of the conscription system were being remedied.

What is the position today? Recent weeks have seen much military progress by the Chinese. The Japanese at one time made a further drive in the direction of Northern Szechuan (north of Chungking), but recently it appears that they have been withdrawing with a view to consolidating in North and Central China. The American air bases at Nanning and Liuchow are again in Allied hands. It is possible that the Japanese will withdraw still further up the railway to Changsha and Hankow. At all events the road-rail route to Indo-China is cut again. And Chinese troops have entered Foochow, the deep-water port opposite the northern tip of Formosa. These developments undoubtedly spring from the increased strength of the Chinese forces which, with Allied training and equipment, have been mobilised in South China. General Joseph Stilwell left more than a fighting tradition — he left Chinese troops trained and tried in modern warfare.

## Ledo Road Cleared

It may be that soon the Japanese communications will be cut between Hankow and Canton, putting the Japanese back where they were in early 1944, except that their position elsewhere in the Pacific theatre will be very much worse.

In this picture looms increasingly the Ledo Road (also known as the Stilwell Road) which follows the old tea and spice trail Asiatic merchants have used since the days of Marco Polo. It was in January of this year that troops of 36 Division and Chinese troops under SEAC were able to link with Chinese troops from China to clear the Ledo Road. On 23 January Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten sent this signal home: "The first part of the orders I received at Quebec has been carried out. The land route to China is open."

Along the Ledo Road today lorries in convoys six miles long are streaming into China with supplies, and are not returning. They are not returning because China's original fleet of 15,000 lorries on the Burma Road had dwindled, through wear, accident and "cannibalisation" to 5,000 working vehicles. The present traffic over the Ledo Road is as much an importation of lorries as of supplies. (Incidentally, one-way traffic means far fewer accidents!)

(Continued on Page 10.)





# What Is Happening in China ?

(Continued from Page 9.)

Simultaneously, over the Himalayas arrives 40,000 tons monthly by air — more than the Burma Road carried in its early days. And slowly creeps forward perhaps the biggest "weapon" of all — the oil pipe-line which is being cut by Chinese labourers, under American engineers, through an "impossible" landscape, and which will eventually pump petrol from Calcutta through Burma and over the Himalayas to the rear military bases in China, like a tube through which reviving plasma is fed to a prostrate body.

**Jap's Gloomy Future**

With the re-commissioning of Rangoon, in Allied hands again, the original lost leg of the Burma Road, to which the Ledo Road is a tributary, will again be open to carry the caravans of war. How the China "Incident" will end

nobody can foresee. It does not follow that the forces of Japan in China will give up even if their home islands are overrun, but inevitably the Japanese garrisons are going to find the future increasingly tough, as re-armed and re-trained divisions are formed against them. And always China remains fundamentally united in her determination to throw out the Japanese, even in those areas nominally under Japanese control. If an Allied landing were to take place on the coast of China, or if Allied columns drove through from the interior, there is no doubt of the reception they would receive. It is worth remembering, finally, that many of our soldiers, sailors and civilians owe their lives to the efforts of Chinese who assisted them to escape from Japanese prison camps and to pass through hundreds of miles of enemy-held territory to freedom.

E. S. TURNER (Lieut.)



Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek making a fighting speech.

## LITTLE MAN

CHINA — the China you see along the Burma Road — is a land of contrasts. One moment you are watching a poor farmer turn his mile-high land with a primitive wooden plough drawn by bullocks; then a stylish American car dashes by and covers you with dust; a hundred horses, heavily-laden, pass in convoy a foot from a 4,000 feet precipice; another convoy, of 20 coolies, walks by in "Chinese file" bound for a market town five, may be 50, miles away.

It doesn't matter how early you start in the morning, the Burma Road (or Stillwell Highway) is awake. A peasant needs to work all his waking hours to scratch a living from the inhospitable soil. You find ploughed land and paddy-fields in odd places, frequently on hillsides 7,000 or 8,000 feet up, and the farmer will be using the irrigation methods his forbears used perhaps thousands of years before him. The land is ploughed or planted in terraces falling over the mountainside, and the water, from a diverted stream or spring, flows continuously from top terrace to the bottom. In valleys, 10 or a dozen farmers draw their irrigation water from a common lake.

Chinese villages seem well-ordered places run rather on Soviet Russian lines of

communal farming. A cluster of 100 houses is surrounded by 300 or 400 acres and the land is divided up with a precision that would delight a mathematician. Villages are sometimes 50 to 100 miles apart, but at times half a dozen occur in the same valley; then they're called a town. And a town, in China as elsewhere, is a place to which the roads lead. It attracts anybody who's got anything to sell.

### Their Home the Road

The farmer sends his surplus stuff in panniers slung over horses. Sunburnt, wind-beaten coolies, wearing halters that make them human "beasts of burden", carry packs scores of miles from town to town. Few walk barefoot, though a rope footpiece gives little protection against the rough road surface. Many women and children of five or six years old walk the Burma Road too. The open road is their home, the starlit sky their only roof. But they are always cheerful.

Like as not, in twenty places along the road you will see some massive sows being driven to town with large litters in attendance. How a piglet survives such miles you don't know. But there is no doubt about China's predilection for pork: wasn't it a Chinaman who discovered the properties of roast sucking-pig? Outside the smallest house you will see a pig or two fattening up.

Every now and then you will overtake a convoy of 10 to 15 bullock wagons, all fitted with rubber tyres. Where did the

## THE BLOODY ISLAND

AFTER 11 weeks of the bitterest fighting in the Pacific war the newest United States Army — the 10th — has won Okinawa, the biggest island in the Ryuku archipelago and less than 400 miles from the nearest Japanese home island.

It was a battle-baptism of almost unequalled fury. But as a result of the victory the Japanese have lost the last rampart in the outer defences of the homeland — and the most vital. For the Allies it is a superb base from which to clip Japan's military tentacles and to invade Japan itself.

Okinawa is about half-way between Formosa and Japan proper, only 325 miles from Kyushu, southernmost Japanese home island. It stands on the shipping routes from Japan to Formosa, southern China, Indo-China and Malaya, and it has a naval base. Its five airfields will put Allied bombers within 500 miles of Formosa, the China coast and a large part of the Kyushu industrial region. Only 750 miles — which is Liberator range — separate it from places like Osaka, Kobe and the naval base of Kure.

### Pacific's Biggest

The landing was the biggest amphibious operation of the Pacific war. It took place on 1 April in ideal weather, and with all the polish acquired by Pacific practice. For days previously British and American naval units and aircraft had battered at airfields on and within range of the island.

# - AND THIS IS THE SAME WAR

tyres come from? I can't speak Chinese, so couldn't find out.

Curious thing about the Chinese kerbside market, in any town along the Burma road, is that no one seems to buy anything. Everybody is there to sell. Old women dressed in the Government-issue blue cloth that everyone wears sit patiently by their wicker-basket stalls, waiting to sell bananas or peanuts. Probably they end the day exchanging goods with each other. But in the bigger towns, like Kunming, they know all about fountain pens for instance. Side-street shops have well-known makes of fountain-pens for 15,000 to 50,000 Chinese dollars — say £75 to £225. That is, if you changed your rupees or US dollars at the official rate of 16 Chinese dollars to the rupee. You probably won't; you'll get 150 or 155 for a rupee from the first person you meet, as everybody else does.

### All Paper Money

Worst feature of Chinese dollars is their bulk. You need four pockets full to buy a meal. It's all paper money. Though your dollar bill is marked "Ten Customs Gold Units" it is, in fact, worth 200 dollars. When you pay your bill, you peel off these notes with the nonchalance of a millionaire — and wonder whether you tipped the waiter enough with 500 dollars.

Food is good, whether you want a beef steak or a pukka Chinese meal. At a popular Kunming restaurant we had:

Thick Chicken, Ham and Egg Soup  
Beef and Onions and Tomatoes  
Sweet and Sour Pork  
Chicken and Walnuts  
Pork and Mushrooms

and all for 4,568 dollars for four, in China's eighth year of war. Then we came out of the restaurant and had our shoes cleaned for 50 dollars. It seemed cheap enough.

Reg. CUDLIPP (Lieut.)

with the result that the Japanese commander was unable to get a reconnaissance plane into the air to find out what was happening. In consequence the landing itself was almost unopposed, and in two days the Americans had cut right across the island, sealing off the southern third from the north.

The troops which turned north made steady progress, and in 19 days had reached the northern tip. In the south it was a very different story. The bulk of the 100,000 odd men the Japanese had on the island had massed there to defend the five main airfields. Defence lines built into the hill masses were hard to overcome.

In the air the Japs threw in all they had — bombers, fighter-bombers, fighters and even obsolete aircraft. They also produced their new rocket-bomb guided by suicide pilots on to the decks of ships. Some American destroyers and a number of smaller craft were sunk, but the cost to the Jap air force was terrific. Daily numbers of planes brought down reached 100 and 150.

The Jap fleet came out to hearten the garrison, but turned tail after losing its 45,000-ton battleship Yamato.

### Clawing Forward

Progress on land was slow. Army and Marine batteries, battleships and cruisers put up the heaviest bombardments ever used to support amphibious troops, yet the Japs counter-attacked time after time and American progress was measured in hundreds of yards.

At the height of the battle, Lt. Gen. Simon Buckner, commander of the US 10th Army, who was afterwards killed visiting the front line, said: "The Japanese positions are as strongly defended as any I have ever seen. Our men have to use the blowtorch and corkscrew to oust the defenders. We shall probably have a good many casualties — but the Japs will have total casualties".

This was a true prophecy. The great proportion of the Japanese garrison (more than 100,000) was either killed or committed suicide. Comparatively few prisoners were taken. American casualties, though much lower, also showed a higher proportion of killed to wounded than in most battles.

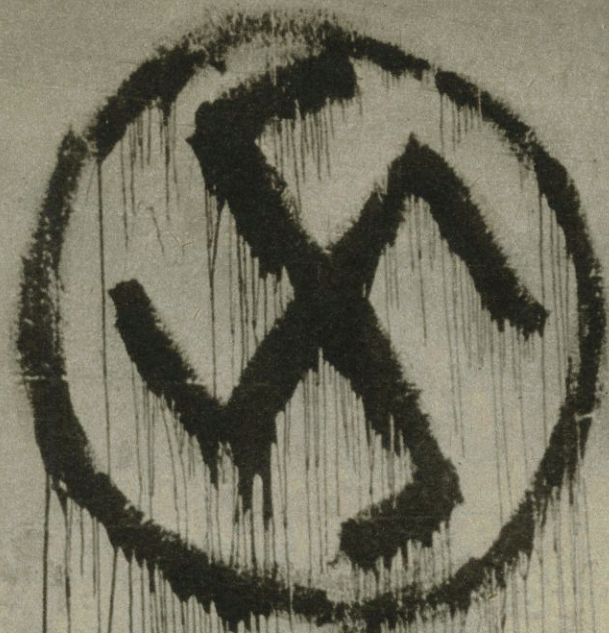


THIS is what war in the Pacific means. The ship is the aircraft carrier "Franklin" after a Japanese attack. In the top picture she appears just ready to capsize, as a stream of burning petrol flows out.

Below the cruiser "Santa Fe" sheers off, and on the carrier members of the skeleton crew await assignment to fire-fighting posts. "Franklin" was not lost. She got home under her own steam after an epic sailing.







Patriots tarred the houses of suspected collaborators with the swastika. In revenge the Germans tarred hundreds of houses with the same sign. But it doesn't worry these old ladies now.

# Liberation Comes to the Channel Isles

FROM the air the Channel Islands, with their neat farms and glass-houses, and rock-strewn coasts smoothed with long stretches of silver sand, appear much the same as they did when English holiday makers swarmed on them in summers before the war. It is when you look more closely that you find the ugly signs of war — miles of barbed wire, minefields, trenches, gun emplacements, huge concrete structures underground, road blocks and glider traps, and swastikas painted on hundred of houses. And, of course, you quickly sense that the people still feel the effects of their five years in prison.

The people want to talk — about the occupation, the war, England, anything — and to taste their freedom; and they want to get on with reconstruction, with their potato and tomato and fruit growing and cattle breeding. Figures show what a big job reconstruction will be. Jersey before the war sent to England 30,000 tons of tomatoes and 60,000 tons of potatoes, and exported some 500 head of pedigree cattle. More than 130,000 tourists visited the island in a season. Guernsey exported 30,000 tons of tomatoes and some 600 tons of eating grapes.

## Cattle Not Spoiled

Rumours have been spread that the famous Jersey herds have been spoiled by crossing with French cattle brought in by the Germans. I was assured this is untrue. Mr. Douglas De La Haye, who is one of the biggest cattle breeders in the island, explained the position. "Our stock is as pure as ever — and has, in fact, improved", he told me. "We were forced to slaughter some cattle and, naturally, we gave up the inferior beasts. We've actually increased our herds slightly because we have done no exporting. The difficulty is the shortage of young cows, which should be sold for ex-

port before they are six years old. It will take us about 18 months before we can get back to our pre-war export position".

Mr. De La Haye is a typical Jersey farmer — small, wiry, weather-



beaten and shrewd. He grinned as he pointed out a field of flourishing potato plants and told me how he'd hoodwinked the Germans. "I hid my seed potatoes in the parish church", he explained. "The Germans kept searching but they never tumbled to my trick. When we secretly planted the potatoes they had shoots on them a foot long.

We were liberated before the Germans found them". He told me that, with this year's crop and some extra seed potatoes from England, the island will be exporting tons of potatoes next May.

## 12 Acres of Glass

Although Jersey tomato growers have been hard hit they can get back to full production next spring if they can get anthracite, manure, paint, putty, twine and labour — so said Mr. P. G. Wakeham, one of the big growers on the island. "I have three nurseries with a total of 12 acres of glass and 70 boilers", he explained. "Normally I grow about 250,000 tomato plants but to-day I have not more than 100,000. Crops are six months late because of the coal famine. But we can export a limited quantity of tomatoes this year if shipping and packing containers are available".

Despite being put in a Gestapo gaol for "sabotage", Mr. Wakeham rigged up a miniature crystal wireless set — which he kept hidden in a boot. He hooked it up with a telephone handpiece, and sat at his window, watching German soldiers digging defence works while he listened in to the BBC.

Mrs. Wakeham, a tall and pretty blonde Englishwoman, showed me samples of beetroot tea, acorn and bean coffee, potato flour and other substitutes the islanders used. "Our children were forced to learn German at school", she said, "but most of them, like my son, who is 13, only remember a couple of swear words. I think the dirtiest trick the

Germans played was when they asked a lot of little children to put up their hands if they wanted chocolate. Of course, every child did, and a photographer took a picture to show the kiddies giving the Nazi salute".

While much farm land has been spoiled by elaborate concrete works — I saw massive underground structures going down 60 feet — my impression was that farmers and growers in the islands will make a rapid recovery and by next year their produce should be pouring into England as of old.

In Guernsey, Mr. D. H. Blackburn, manager of a big tomato-growing concern, told me that there is an ample supply of seed for tomatoes. "We've been forced to grow all kinds of vegetables — beans, peas, carrots, beets, sweet corn, potatoes, onions, cauliflowers, cabbages — and they have impoverished the soil", he said. "We need fertilisers. We must also have coal

to heat the glasshouses and to steam sterilise the soil. We're growing only a quarter of the normal crop of tomatoes but if we can get supplies we'll be in full production next spring".

## Nazi Louts Fled

Mr. E. H. Ogier, a Guernsey fruit grower, is grey haired and only about five feet tall, but he's tough, as a couple of hefty Nazi louts found out when they broke into his glass-houses to steal grapes. They fled from the fierce little man. "We haven't much fruit this year but we can send some tons of choice figs, grapes and peaches", Mr. Ogier informed me. "Next year, of course, you should get the full crop". Then I saw Mr. Walter England, a quiet but resolute character, foreman of a nursery of 15 acres of glasshouses. Before the war he had a staff of 130 and produced about 700 tons of tomatoes; to-day he has 40 men and is producing 70 tons. "We've

had to use cold houses because we lack fuel", he explained. "So we get only four pounds of tomatoes a plant; in the hot houses we get double that. If we can get the coal we'll be able to send a full crop to England in the spring and summer next year".

## Tourist Problem

The Channel Isles present in miniature the problem which faces all the war-torn world: how to secure supplies of materials and equipment to get back to normal production.

The tourist trade raises another supply problem. The Germans took over every hotel except two in Jersey — the Ommaroo and the British — and one in Guernsey — the Royal. They robbed all hotels and most boarding houses of furniture and furnishings, chinaware, glassware, cutlery, linen and so on. They broke walls and doors and stole fittings.

(Continued on Page 14.)



Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wakeham of Jersey sit by a glasshouse which is collapsing because of lack of repair materials. They used to grow 250,000 tomato plants a year.

Bill Carre, one of Guernsey's skilful gardeners, thins out a vine which yields 3-cwt. of choice eating grapes a year.



Mrs. de la Haye and her two daughters kept their pedigree herd of Jerseys throughout the occupation, despite repeated German attempts to seize them.







Mr. Ogier of Guernsey grows figs, and found them very useful during the food shortage. He attacked and routed two Germans who tried to steal his fruit.

## CHANNEL ISLES

(Continued from Page 13.)

Mr. A. H. Cabeldu, owner of Fort D'Auvergne Hotel, Jersey, told me: "They used our place as an officers' club and although they altered it structurally, stole furniture and furnishings and left us with only 18 cups and saucers out of hundreds, we could cope with a limited number of guests this year; we certainly should be able to open fully next season".

An Englishman, Mr. C. H. Sanders, manager of the Ommaroo Hotel, said that the Germans going on leave used to stagger off loaded up with loot from hotels. "We hid most of our sheets and linen, crockery and other stuff", stated Mr. Sanders, "but we lost a lot. The hotels and boarding houses will have to get supplies from England, then we shall be able to cope with visitors as in pre-war days".

### Fishermen Gave Up

Most of the holiday facilities will be functioning again by next year. The Jersey Swimming Pool, for instance, could cope with a big number of bathers now. Fishing, too, is recovering, but more boats are wanted. Under the Germans fishermen couldn't go out more than two miles, had to leave a £15 deposit and yield up 60 per cent of their catch. If they fled to England they forfeited all their property and their families were left penniless. So, naturally, they gave up fishing.

Thousands of people have already booked to return to the islands by air. Mr. Gilbert O. Waters, general manager of the airline to the islands, has been released from the Navy to reorganise the service. "We're all ready to fly in more than 38,000 a year to the islands, which was our pre-war total", he stated.

War has given rise to a political movement in Jersey — the Jersey Democratic Movement, headed by Mr. H. J. Baal. It seeks to replace the present system of Government which consists of 12 jurats,

elected for life, 12 rectors, members of the States because of their office, and 17 deputies elected every three years. In place of these the Movement wants an all-elected assembly, one deputy for every 1,500 of population. This would give 17 deputies for St. Helier — where more than half the population resides — and 17 for the country districts. At the moment the town has eight representatives against 33 for the country.

These figures were given me by Mr. Baal, who said the Movement also wanted unemployment insurance, old age pensions, health and other social insurance, none of which exists to-day in Jersey. "We only want what England has", he said. "At present, wages are so low that many poor workers cannot afford to buy the food Britain is sending us and the States have got to subsidise it. The electoral system is such that no working man stands a chance to become a deputy, still less a jurat. We want to change that and divorce the legislature from the judicature. We want, in short, a democracy in Jersey".

The Germans objected to the Movement and demanded a list of the members and their addresses. This was refused and the Movement closed down, but opened again under the guise of spiritualists.

### Germans Outwitted

"We got an ouija board and a planchette for our meetings", explained Miss Ivy Vaughan, a member of the committee, "and we agreed on a good ghost story to tell in case the Germans raided us, but they never found us out".

The "democrats" have drawn up a petition to present to the King. They are asking for an investigation of the island's Government and a new, democratic constitution.

There are difficult times ahead for the islanders before they restore their towns and villages, seashores and farms, to their pre-war state, but with help from England and co-operation among themselves, they should be flourishing again next year.

C. D.



## Exercise "Bathtent"

A bath is a place for washing, according to the dictionary. Upon further investigation you will find there are many kinds of baths; hot baths and cold baths, shower baths, foot baths and hip baths. A more extensive study of the art of bathing brings you to the simple, elementary fact that to have a bath you turn on a tap and out comes the water, hot or cold as you might wish.

However, a bath according to the Army is a very different thing. It is a matter of considerable planning. It is a combined operation.

The Pioneers run a bath. It is incorporated with the laundry business.

They advertise this in the local rag as "Bagwash Laundry. Manglin' Dun. Four Marks a Bundle." The apparatus is a perfect creation of the Heath Robinson imagination. To see the smoke worming its way out of the crazy biscuit-tin chimney over the boiler is a sight to hearten the unhappiest and most miserable of soldiers. Constant hot water is their boast. The only snag is, that it is not running!

Somewhat gingerly you slither across an ocean of mud, which is a field when it does not rain. Their contraption is coily hidden away in the corner of the field. Can you have a bath?

"Yes. Carry on, old man."

Now it takes a little while to piece things together. You dive into the bath tent with high hopes of carrying on. But you come out again rather foolishly. There's no tap on the bath.

### Remarkable Plug

Nobody seems to worry about you, except yourself. The old mangle nearby is turning merrily, and in general Bagwash Laundry seems a going concern. You pause for a few mental deductions. Now the water does not run to the bath, and it is obvious also that the bath does not go to the water. That mountain to Mahomet theory doesn't work out. Therefore you run the water to the bath. Good!

So you begin to run the water from the boiler to the bucket, and run the bucket from the boiler to the bath. The

first bucket is wasted because you forget to put in the plug. Now the plug to this hole is worthy of note. It is a dual-purpose plug. It is one of those gadgets you stick in a barrel after you have tapped it, only of a larger variety. It is a quaint shape, but there is a reason for this which you learn about later.

### Watch Your Step

The bath is of the best metal. Stick the plug in first, clear out any frogs and insects it may contain, and you are then ready for Phase One — the filling. This is done in a series of sloshy trips between the boiler and the bath tent. If you didn't need a bath before you started, you certainly need one when you've finished.

Phase Two of the operation is undressing in about a square foot of mud. This should be done without getting the clothes dirty, but it invariably is not. However, constant practice brings some improvement.

Phase Three, the final one apart from the act of washing, is getting into the bath. This may appear simple, but don't let appearances deceive you or you might end up underneath the bath instead of inside it. It is essential that you should put the right foot on the right spot in the bath, as it is of a rocking type. If you put a foot wrong the least thing you're likely to do is to tip the whole thing up, which means you must start the operation again. By a certain amount of tactical shifting of position I got the balancing point and sat down. The first thing that strikes you, on doing so, is the plug. It is a safety device, like the Plimsoll line on a ship. It prevents you putting too much weight at one end of the bath, and so tipping it dangerously. It is painfully effective.

Eventually I got settled, only to find I had left the soap in the mud. I stretched out my hand, the bath tilted, slithered off its wooden supports, and deposited me in the waste pit below.

There certainly is more to an Army bath than just turning on the tap. And there is more to it than meets the eye. Had I known there was a waste pit below I should never have courted the danger, and would have been quite content to have a desert bath in a mess tin. It's safer.

by  
**DAVID CURNOCK**  
(L/Cpl.)  
illustrated by  
**ERIC EARNSHAW**  
(Cpl.)



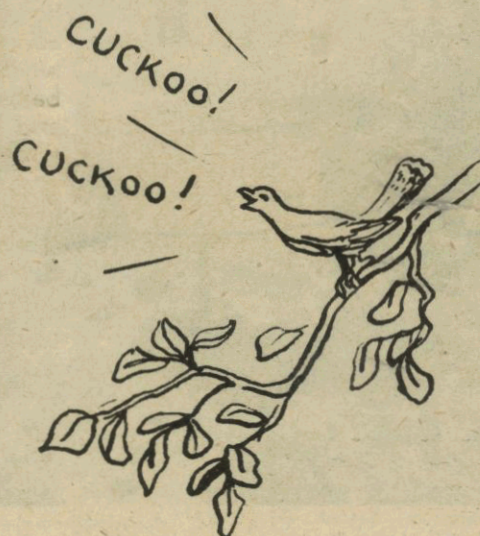




"... a joli Italian straw at 1500 francs..."

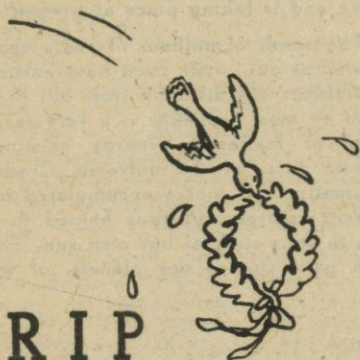


"Ach, those German hats!"



"...while this is called 'Fascination'. Chic, hein? 1,850 francs..."

# The Hats that Bloom/ in Brussels <sup>now</sup> tra la!



RIP



Hausfrau of Rethem in a Berlin creation.

**W**HEN other clothes were rationed and hard to get, Belgian women found an outlet for their passion for dress in hat styles that are still making British troops gasp at their extravagance.

A **SOLDIER** staff writer and photographer called in at an average Belgian hat shop, the Maison Coucke of Rue des Pierres, Bruges, and took a look at some of the current models, worn for them by Mme. Rose Coucke, wife of the proprietor, and pretty shop assistant Laury Verfaillie.

Maurice Coucke, the *patron*, looked on with a grin while the two women crowed with delight over the hats.

"They are all modelled on Paris hats", he said. "During the occupation we had to smuggle the fashion books in from France and keep Paris models out of the windows or the Germans would have been angry.

"The Germans thought all fashions should be born in Berlin! Ach — those Berlin hats! For a German woman a hat is just a piece of material with no shape. *Ce n'est pas convenable!*"

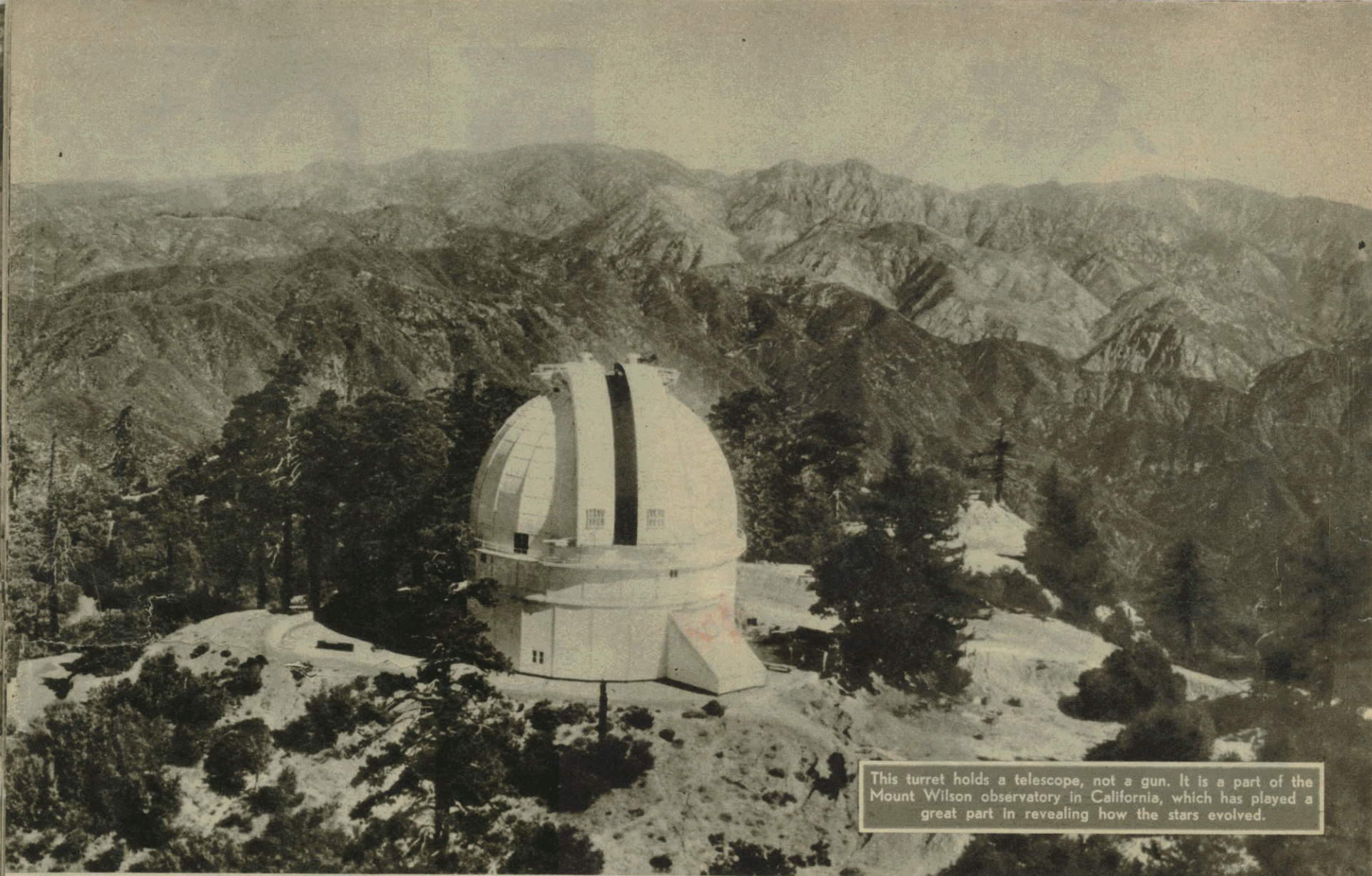


"This, Monsieur, is the 'Botanical Garden' and costs 2,000 francs..."



"This simple little turban of a square of pure silk is so good market — only 975 francs."





This turret holds a telescope, not a gun. It is a part of the Mount Wilson observatory in California, which has played a great part in revealing how the stars evolved.

## EVOLUTION - II

Mr. Ashley G. Lowndes, MA, FZS, continuing his series of articles on Evolution, describes here more fully what the term means. He shows that it applies not only to life but also to non-living matter, and that the biologist is not the only scientist concerned with it.

common characteristics. For instance, all four have a hairy skin, and in all cases the female parent feeds her young at the breast with milk. Hens and crocodiles, on the other hand, do not feed their young on milk nor is their skin covered with hair.

Men, apes, cows and rats owe their common characteristics to the fact that if their origin or ancestry could be traced back far enough it would be found that they were all derived from the same common stock.

This is, of course, the theory of evolution, and it simply implies that man has gradually arrived at his present stage towards perfection, rather than that he was created perfect and has been going back ever since.

It was, then, Charles Darwin who first forced the theory of evolution on the minds of men, and this was in itself a very great contribution and one for which his name will always remain famous and justly so. Darwin's real contribution from the scientific side remains, however, the Theory of Natural Selection.

### A Wrong Notion

At this stage a word of caution is necessary. One great disadvantage is derived from the study of evolution through the works of such men as Charles Darwin, for those who, like him, really gave their minds to the subject for the first time, thought of evolution in terms of animals and plants only. In other words it is safe to say that, with a few notable exceptions, evolution has been regarded as almost exclusively a biological process; that is, a process which can be applied to living things only.

The study of living things is, of course, biology, and the mistake mentioned above has had a most disastrous effect on the study of biology itself.

One of the notable exceptions, or one of those who never fell into this error,

was Herbert Spencer who died in the year 1903.

To Herbert Spencer, as well as to Erasmus Darwin who died in 1802, evolution was the gradual process by which everything in the universe was derived, while Charles Darwin was concerned with the development or origin of living things only.

### Cosmic Evolution

At the present time it is usual to describe evolution under two separate headings. The origin and development of such things as the stars and planets is usually designated cosmic or inorganic evolution, while the gradual development of living things is described as organic evolution.

In point of fact, since there is now no hard and fast distinction between the living and non-living, the separation of cosmic evolution from organic evolution is hardly scientific, but there is no serious objection to sticking to these two terms provided we do not try to explain cosmic evolution in terms which can only be applied to organic evolution.

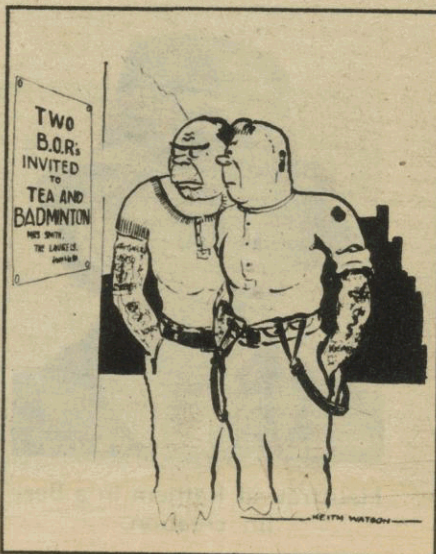
At the present time our leading astronomers such as Sir James Jeans frequently use such expressions as "The evolution of the stars", "The evolution of the planets", or "The evolution of the earth's atmosphere". On the other hand Dr. Julian Huxley has published a book under the title of "Evolution" (1942) and Professor J.B.S. Haldane has written a book called "The Causes of Evolution" (1932). Both of these books are exclusively biological. No wonder, therefore, that so much confusion exists. Men like Herbert Spencer were always most careful to describe the processes dealing with the origin or development of animals and plants as organic evolution, and had their example been followed much misunderstanding might have been avoided.

There is really only one process which

can legitimately come under the heading of evolution, and that is the process of gradual development in general. If biologists wish to select one small part of the process and deal with it exclusively as a biological process, then they should state clearly that they are dealing with organic evolution only.

Let us then accept, even if only for the sake of argument, that evolution has taken place and is taking place at present.

Thousands of millions of years ago we, as well as our earth, must have existed in something very different from our present form — most probably as a very rarefied form of matter or energy existing in remote parts of the universe. Gradually the matter and energy accumulated round certain centres and thus helped to give rise to stars such as our own sun. This in turn gave rise to our planets, of which



the earth is one. Then gradually in the course of time our seas and atmosphere were formed and became suitable for supporting life as we understand it.

Then, and then only, could life have begun to exist.

When life had once started, and hosts of individuals all of the same kind existed, then, and then only, could competition between individuals occur.

Obviously natural selection, or the struggle for existence, are terms for processes which could hardly be applied to stars or planets. Yet the process of evolution must have been going on for millions of years before life began to exist, and the appearance of life was an incident in it. This being so we need hardly spend more time in discussion of natural selection as one of the primary causes of evolution, nor could it even have been one of the primary causes even of organic evolution itself.

### Darwin Vindicated

Charles Darwin himself put forward the theory of natural selection as one of the primary causes, if not as the primary cause itself, of what is now regarded as organic evolution. Hence it would appear that he was wrong, though most of the error was due to Darwin's followers rather than to the scientist himself.

It would, however, be quite untrue to imply that the theory of natural selection is now discredited. It should certainly be discredited as a primary cause, but within recent years the whole theory has been carefully treated from a mathematical point of view. Now, relieved of much of its top-hamper and treated on a sound scientific and mathematical basis the theory holds a stronger position than it ever held before.

Working within the process of organic evolution, and not treated as a primary cause, natural selection is probably the strongest of all the influences guiding the ultimate stages of organic evolution; though how it does so is beyond the scope of this article.

The scientist, like everyone else, is entitled to his own personal thought and faith, but he is only acting as a true scientist so long as he is trying to explain those things which he can touch and see, either with or without his scientific instruments, in terms of those laws with which science is familiar.

### Newton's Great Law

Too often the scientist is all too ready to deny the existence of a thing merely because he cannot explain it. This, however, is hardly the real scientific attitude, and betrays a refusal to face a problem squarely. The scientist, if he is to be true to his calling, must therefore seek to explain the great process of evolution in terms of the accepted laws of physics and chemistry.

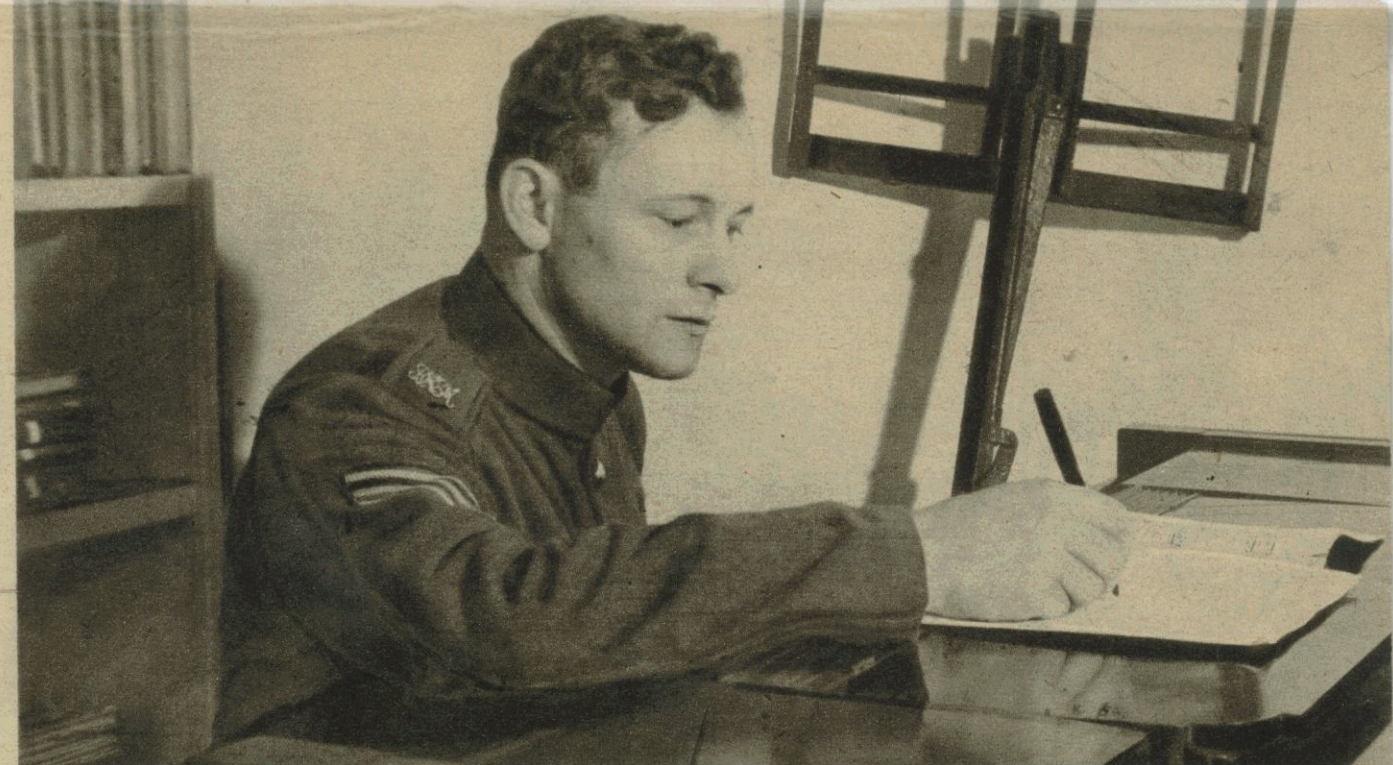
Even those scientists (which includes, of course, astronomers) who accept the theory of evolution are by no means agreed about the course which evolution has taken. In other words, the origin of the universe, quite apart from the origin of matter and energy, is a very difficult and intricate problem and one on which there is a very great diversity of opinion.

Yet in spite of differences, everyone seems agreed on one point — that the clue may be found in one great law, and one only. That is the Law of Gravitation first put forward by Sir Isaac Newton.

In the year 1692, according to Sir James Jeans, Newton applied the Law of Gravitation to account for the origin of the universe, at any rate in outline, and so far as I am aware no theory to account for it has been put forward since which is not based upon Newton's great law.

Since, then, the Law of Gravitation is universally regarded as the starting point of the theory of cosmic evolution, it is only reasonable to regard it as the logical starting point, or rather the primary cause of organic evolution.

Ashley G. Lowndes



Sjt. Spooner was second in War Office music examination last year and headed the harmonic section.

## He Wrote a March

THE ATS now have a regimental march which has been selected, from a number of compositions, by Her Majesty the Queen.

The composer of this new march is Sjt. Edwin George Spooner, ARCM, a 31-years-old student at the Royal Military College of Music, one-time band boy in the Royal Fusiliers, regular soldier and Dunkirk survivor.

The march was one of five compositions which the Director of the Royal Military School of Music presented to Her Majesty for consideration. The school band went to Buckingham Palace recently and played the marches to the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth, the Princess Royal and high-ranking ATS officers, and Her Majesty selected Sjt. Spooner's composition. The Queen congratulated Sjt. Spooner, who, incidentally, played the French horn in the Military School band.

He has been a student at the Royal

Military School of Music for the past three years, has passed his final examinations and expects to be promoted bandmaster and posted to a unit very shortly.

This is his first composition to be published, and it also wins a special prize given by the School Director.

Sjt. Spooner is a tall, fair-haired young man who looks more like an athlete than a musician. He joined the Army as a band boy with the 2nd Bn. Royal Fusiliers, in 1930. He served in India, and a few weeks after the outbreak of war went to France as a stretcherbearer. He was evacuated from Dunkirk on board a minesweeper, and soon after arriving in England was transferred to the Royal Fusiliers Depot Band as a sergeant bandman.

"When I am not reading books on music, my favourite hobby is making toys for my three-year-old daughter Ann," said Sjt. Spooner to SOLDIER.

He likes the Army, and intends to make it his career.



## But Can You Write a Book?

# £1,500 if you can

A book contest for writers of talent, known and unknown, in the Services is being organised by the firm of George Harrap & Co. Ltd., of High Holborn, London, together with the T.Y. Crowell Co. of New York and the Columbia film company.

What they want is a book more than 50,000 words long. A prize of £1,500 will be paid for the best, plus £500 for an option on the film rights, on which a decision will be made within 30 days of publication. There will also be special royalties, and if the book is really successful it might bring about £25,000 to the author.

If the winning book is non-fiction and is unsuitable for filming the organisers reserve the right to reduce the first prize to £1,000. If no entry is judged worthy of the first prize the prize money will be used to found a United Services Book Fellowship, and will be divided into prizes of £250 each for the writers of the most promising material submitted.

The contest will be held this year, closing date 30 June 1946; and next year, closing date 30 June, 1947.

Mr. Walter G. Harrap, one of the sponsors of the contest.







# YOU, TOO, CAN BE A FARMER



PEN air life in the Army makes many soldiers wish to carry on in the open air when they get back to Civvy Street. It happened after the last war. It is happening again.

Let's be blunt and make it clear at the start that agriculture is not an easy job, nor one in which profits come quickly and simply.

There is a tendency to think that anybody can do farm, or market garden work, or look after pigs, goats or poultry. I have sometimes thought that this is even the opinion of the Ministry of Labour!

To be a success as a farmer, smallholder or market gardener a man must first be able and willing to work, not for an eight-hour day and a six-and-a-half hour week, but for an 80-hour week, if need be, and in all weathers.

Secondly, he must be mentally alert and able to take advantage of circumstances. Farming may seem a leisurely occupation when you see a farmer leaning over a gate

apparently doing nothing but admire his pea field, but the probability is that he is very keenly considering the state of the crop, the number of pickers he can get, how quickly he can transport the peas to market, and whether it will pay best to have as many as possible picked the next day, or whether he dare leave them another three days in the hope of prices going up at the week-end.

## Know Your Market

A man in any line of agriculture, and particularly the man in a small way, must know all about his markets and how best to take advantage of them. He must be able to make quick decisions; for sometimes it is not a question of hanging on for the greatest profit, but of deciding when to scrap a crop at the smallest loss.

All this will seem like putting the traitor before the tractor, talking about selling before describing how to start the job. But before he starts anything a man must look ahead, not for one season but for several. Most farmers plan in four-year cycles, or courses, at least. Thus a man should consider carefully what is his ultimate aim, what he is going to produce, what he can sell.

## Learning Means Working

There are so many sides to land work that very few men know without experience which side they are likely to prefer. However, I think that no experience in agriculture is ever wasted, and if a man has the time and opportunity it is undoubtedly good to spend a year each on two or three different farms, so that he will find the type of work and life for which he feels best suited. For in this industry which demands such long hours and steady concentration a man must be fond of his job or, sooner or later, it will go stale on him. His job must, in fact, be his enjoyment and his hobby.

I remember in 1920 at the house where I lodged there was a demobilised soldier who had been fortunate enough to get his tuition paid for under some scheme or other, and he was with a bigish, very good farmer with a pedigree milking herd. I was working as a teamman and had to leave the house at five o'clock in the morning, but this man said he was not going to work for a farmer who was being paid to teach him, so he got up at nine o'clock, strolled to the farm about ten, came back for a mid-day dinner, and was at his lodgings again for an early tea so as to get away to the little market town five miles away for the evening. I left that district before he did and I never heard of him again, but I have no doubt that he never got on as a farmer.

Anybody taking advantage of the Ministry of Agriculture scheme for training ex-Servicemen should put in all the time he can to learn all he can.

"A farmer," I once heard it declared, "is a working man." And that is true. Farming means working, and learning means working. The only way to learn is to work. So that's another thing clear, I hope.

## Success Story

For the man with very little money market gardening and poultry undoubtedly offer the best beginnings. Here is a brief outline of the life of a very great friend of mine. He had the big advantage of early experience, for he was the son of

a market gardener, but when he was young times were bad and up to the age of 21 all that he ever got for himself for working all the hours possible was two shillings a week. Out of this, and by a little trading, he managed to save his fare to America and bought his ticket before he announced to the incredulous people at home that he was going.

In the States he got work with a glass-house firm, specialists in carnation growing. After 18 months came a much better job in charge of a new market gardening and glasshouse business in Arkansas. Then came 1914 and he threw up his job and paid his fare home to join the King's Own. In 1919 he was free again, with a very small gratuity, which he put into poultry. Seven years later he had done so well that he was able to sell out and take a farm, where he began in a small way with a herd of nondescript cows, the best he could afford. He retained some poultry and also kept pigs. Again he did well, this time chiefly from his pigs.

Five years later he felt ready to try for his real ambition, to gather a pedigree herd. Again he had a sale, moved to a better district, rented 190 acres, and bought a few of the best Ayrshires he could afford. Again he succeeded and 10 years later he had a large attested herd that anyone might have been proud to own.

## Advice for Smallholders

I give this to show what can be done by steady endeavour and faith, and to offset to some extent the impression that may have been given by the earlier part of this article. Unfortunately there are many less happy tales of other men who started after the 1914-18 war. In one county where I lived, out of 47 ex-Servicemen who took smallholdings I believe that only one remains as tenant, most of the others having had to give up. Many of these failures were, however, due to unsuitable land.

Each holding was four acres. It is possible to make a good living off that acreage, in certain ways. It can be done by market gardening, but the land was too heavy and any market garden crops that could be grown came late and missed all the profitable markets. Four acres will make a good poultry or pig farm, but here again the land and situation were unsuitable without proper buildings, and all the men were undercapitalised and so one by one they gave up the struggle and went elsewhere. Which brings us to our point that after a man has learned enough to feel able to start on his own, he must look round with great care to see that he starts on the right type of land in as good a place as he can.

There is a saying among agriculturists that on the best land the farm buildings are always poor, but where the land is poor the buildings are usually good. The

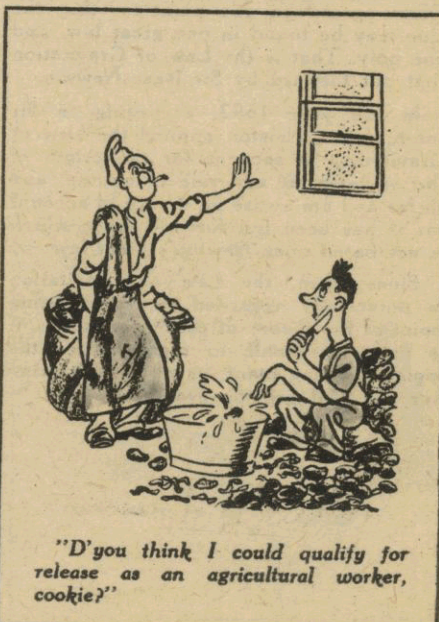
explanation is that the landlord has no difficulty in letting the good land — it lets itself. But on the bad land he has to attract tenants, and so is forced to put up good buildings as bait. Poor land is never cheap, whatever the rent may be. It always pays to get the best land one can afford; and it must be near a market.

## How Much Capital?

"How much initial capital is required?" is a question that is always put, and one which I would rather not answer with a round figure, especially at present when costs of all sorts are controlled or else inflated. If the chance came to get a good place near good markets at a reasonable rent a man might be a fool not to take the opportunity even though he might have very little cash in hand. Obviously on such a place he should be able to start making a profit quite soon and so pay off any debt reasonably quickly and get more money for development. On a poorer place he would want more cash in hand to start with.

Before the war many men were told that they would be foolish to begin as farmers with less than £1,000, but many have started with much less. Here let me advise the reading of "The Farming Ladder" by George Henderson, published in 1944. It gives a detailed account of 20 years farming begun with £150 capital. For anyone interested in starting with poultry or in general farming the book is very instructive; market gardening is not touched.

In market gardening a man may start with very little capital indeed, but it is essential to have learnt the job well first. A man without capital has to succeed from the first, and to do that he must know his job.



"D'you think I could qualify for release as an agricultural worker, cookie?"

# FARMER

The question of how much is needed to begin leads to the question of what profits may be expected. I do not agree with the author of "The Farming Ladder" that the returns from agriculture generally compare with those from any other business. Fortunes have been made, are being made, and will be made, but it is truer to say that returns generally are not as high as in other businesses where the turnover can be so much speeded up. The growth of crops, the breeding of cattle or poultry cannot possibly be speeded past certain limits, whereas in the motor car industry, for instance, there would seem to be almost unlimited scope for increased and speedier production. But the profits from agriculture can be very satisfactory, so that anyone with a liking for the life need not worry.

## Windfalls

I remember a man near Manchester showing me a very small plot, about the size of a suburban villa garden, from which he said he had made £400 out of radishes alone. Another farmer in South Wales made £100 off an acre of kale leaves which had sprouted again after he had cut and fed the real crop to his cattle. The leaves were nailed by the purchaser to London and were sold as spring cabbages! In the early years of the war a smallholder told me the weight of onions that he had off an acre and I calculated that he must have got well over £1,000 for them. Yes, these surprising things happen even in agriculture. But usually returns are modest and steady rather than spectacular.

Finally: the question of health. I don't believe in settling disabled soldiers on the land, unless some sound and regular financial help is guaranteed. Agricultural work, I repeat, is heavy and exacting, and must be carried on in all weathers. A man starting on his own cannot easily take time off when he is feeling out of sorts. Stock must have attention every day, and crops will soon go wrong if left. Therefore the man in charge should be fit, robust.

## Partners? No

Nor do I favour partnership farming, though the Hendersons have made it work. More often it is not a good method. So many decisions have to be made on cropping, harvesting and marketing, decisions which may be upset by the weather or other events, that when there is a partnership dissatisfaction grows quicker than weeds. If a man starts on his own, then he can blame only himself — and, of course, the weather! Conversely, if things go right, he can take all the praise and profit.

And now to the part I like best to write: if you have the right stuff in you,

then there is no life out of which it is possible to get more satisfaction. That is more important than the biggest profits. On the land you help with the creation either of stock or crops, and it is a rule of life that creation gives a happiness different from any other. Then, too, though the hours are sometimes hard and wearying, there are times when life on the land gives space for pleasant leisure impossible in cities.

For a farmer, also, life is cheaper than for other people. If times go bad and profits fall, then he can live for long on what he himself produces. He is much farther away from the ultimate worry of complete failure that sometimes faces the unfortunates in other industries.

So there it is, work on the land, the good and the bad of it. And to any man who tackles it when the job of war is done, good digging!

Crichton Porteous.

## Louise

"Que voulez-vous, messieurs?" "Deux Exports, please." That was Louise... Yes, very pretty knees, The neatest knees I've seen since knees came back.

I like that motif of red, yellow, black Which makes her skirt a little bit less spartan.

Her low-hung blouse is an astounding tartan,

Saucily illegitimate... to keep The wanton eye at bay, she pins a jeep — A jewelled jeep with a star-spangled hood —

Smack in the middle, where it does most good.

Observe the lifting of her two pink heels On shoes which look like chocks from lorry wheels.

Observe her now, as she comes up to me, Bearing twin amber liquids, liquidly. She says she's only twenty; I don't doubt her.

There is a pleased and peach-fed look about her. Observe her nose — it has amusing habits. Tease her: the tip will wiggle like a rabbit's.

I ask you next to look into her eye. It is not bold nor noticeably shy. Aloofly brilliant, like the tropic star. Gaze in its deeps, but do not gaze too far —

Her husband's watching from behind the bar.

E. S. T.

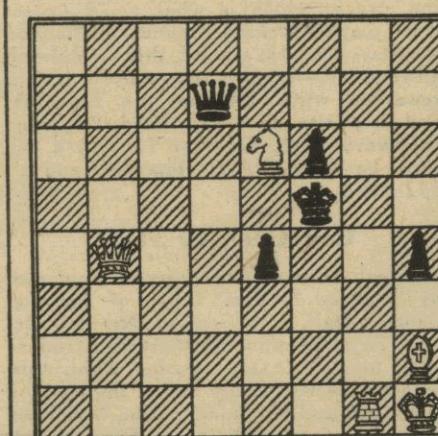
## How Much Do You Know?

1. Which film star is being built up as a "wolverine"? (a) a gambling hell; (b) a Chinese secret society; (c) a female ape; (d) half of a device for putting coal on the fire.
2. Which country has resumed work on building which is destined to be the highest in the world? (a) a kind of cuckoo found in New England; (b) a man whose wife is deceiving him; (c) a device for getting stones out of horses' hooves; (d) a fainting fit.
3. What's the name of Eire's new £10,000-a-year President? (a) "The hour when death is like a light and blood is like a rose." (b) "The moan of doves in immemorial elms, And murmurings of innumerable bees."
4. "Give it to John and me, because we're different to the others." Any grammatical errors? (a) building bridges; (b) developing greyhound racing; (c) saying, of his recruits, "I don't know if they'll frighten the enemy, but by God, they frighten me!" (d) suppressing a Chinese revolt in 1901.
5. Which of these names is an "intruder"? Chrysler, Dodge, Studebaker, Lincoln, Hotchkiss, Stutz, Pontiac, Chevrolet, Buick?
6. Who said, "I have supped full of horrors"? (a) taking silk; (b) taking umbrage?
7. What do these notices mean: "Rauchen Verboten"; "Ingang Vrij Laten"; "Ne pas Se Pencher Au Dehors"? (a) ten-point Garamond; (b) six-point Baskerville; (c) eight-point Cheltenham. Which?
8. General Wade is best known for: (a) a gambling hell; (b) a Chinese secret society; (c) a female ape; (d) half of a device for putting coal on the fire.
9. What is meant by (a) taking silk; (b) taking umbrage?
10. Who was killed on Lake Windermere while travelling at 100 mph in a motor launch?
11. If you heard there was a tong in the house next door, which would you expect to find: (a) a gambling hell; (b) a Chinese secret society; (c) a female ape; (d) half of a device for putting coal on the fire.
12. Which of these authors are, or were, men, and which women: (a) A.S.M. Hutchinson; (b) Evelyn Waugh; (c) A.S.M. Hutchinson; (d) George Preedy?
13. Who wrote these famous lines: (a) "The hour when death is like a light and blood is like a rose." (b) "The moan of doves in immemorial elms, And murmurings of innumerable bees."
14. A cuckold is (a) a kind of cuckoo found in New England; (b) a man whose wife is deceiving him; (c) a device for getting stones out of horses' hooves; (d) a fainting fit.
15. Which newspaper or magazine proprietors do you associate with (a) Picture Post; (b) The Observer; (c) The Daily Telegraph; (d) The Daily Express?
16. Any printers present? The lines you are reading are set in: (a) ten-point Garamond; (b) six-point Baskerville; (c) eight-point Cheltenham. Which?

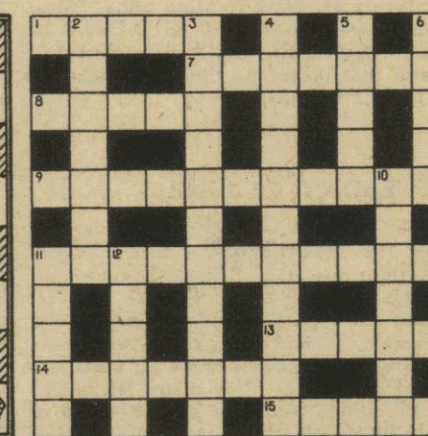
(Answers on Page 23.)

## CHESS AND CROSSWORD

CLUES ACROSS. — 1. If may yawn at the entrance to ex-enemy territory in Africa. — 7. Rene (ATS) becomes dead serious. — 8. This last-war raider, though finished off by Australia, is now in British hands. — 9. The "Scottish Rifles". — 11. "Herb-potters" (anag.). — 13. He may have attained his majority without putting up a crown. — 14. All play and no pay for him. — 15. Troops are often told to do it right ahead.



White to move and mate in two.



(Solution on Page 23.)



# Bill Bowes Says...

THE present series of England v Australia matches could best be described as "Ersatz Tests". They are not the real thing, but are a most commendable effort to give the British public a chance of seeing some competitive cricket and at the same time raise money for a deserving charity.

That they are popular can be seen by a glimpse at the attendance figures for the two matches that have now been played. Seventy thousand people saw the match at Lord's in which Australia forced a last minute victory, and some 50,000 saw the match at Sheffield which was won by England by the narrow margin of 41 runs after being sent in to bat on a rain-affected wicket.

## Selectors' Difficulties

It would be foolish to pretend that either side is fielding the best teams possible, yet, considering the difficulties of our selectors, with Hardstaff, Ames and Compton unavailable and so many players with League appointments, England has fielded a well-balanced eleven. My chief criticism would be that instead of playing Denis Brooke, the Northampton batsman who was showing such form pre-war as to be considered for big cricket, Lt. Col. E.R.T. Holmes should be preferred in his place, while Brooke attended at the Sheffield ground as twelfth man.

So far as England is concerned nothing that we didn't know before the

war has come to light, unless it is that Robertson, always a class player, is definitely a man of Test Match temperament, and that George Pope is probably the best all-rounder in England.

With the Australians, however, it is different. They are a team of players (captained by Lindsay Hassett whom we all know) who have all done well in State cricket in Australia. It is a great opportunity for giving them experience of English wickets and finding those who are suitable for the real Test Match visits to this country in future years.

Whittington, Cheetham and Williams are the only players of 30 years of age, and we must consider every member of the side as making a claim for recognition. Sismey has proved himself a fine wicket-keeper and has much of the Oldfield stamp about him. He can play some fine innings too. Miller is considered by the England players, after his century at Lord's, to be a batsman of Test quality, and when his bowling is considered too he is, in my opinion, a certainty to represent Australia as an all-rounder.

Another certainty on his present showing is Pepper, a right arm "googly" bowler and a very forceful type of batsman. He was the man who hit the England bowling about at Lord's to give Australia a victory, and in the England first innings at Sheffield bowled magnificently.

*Bill Bowes*



Lt. Col. G. O. Allen (Sir Pelham Warner's XI) scoring a boundary off the bowling of Major G. Evans, of the Second Army team, in the match at Lord's. Lt. Col. Allen scored 93. The match was drawn.

## PAUL IRWIN'S DIARY



Paul Irwin (Sjt) has an informal interview with the Rev. J. W. J. Steele, Hampshire fast bowler, who captained the Second Army XI. Lt.-Col. Steele served in France early in the war, and was afterwards in Tunisia.

### MONDAY, 25 JUNE:

Along to Lord's, where Second Army cricket team has a muscle-loosening spell in the nets. They begin a two-day game against Sir "Plum" Warner's XI on Wednesday, but they look badly out of shape — cricket shape, that is. It couldn't be any other way. Lt. Col. the Rev. J. W. J. Steele, who captains the side, tells me all his players are from fighting units. "Most of them went to France on D-Day," he says. "They've plugged on into Germany — and that meant no time for cricket in the last 12 months."



### TUESDAY, 26 JUNE:

Talk with promoter Jack Solomons about the Jack London - Bruce Woodcock fight for the British heavyweight title. He needs £25,000 to make the Tottenham show pay a dividend on 17 July. A gamble — and the gamble will come off. Box-office records show all seats under £3 have gone. Not many left at £3 and £5 either. Solomons pays £14,000 of a £25,000 gate in entertainment tax; boxers split about £5,000. So the promoter must sell out to show a profit.

Query — Can Woodcock give 3-st. and

a beating to 31-year-old Jack London? Experts say he can, via his short punching.

### WEDNESDAY, 27 JUNE:

Back to Lord's. Grey clouds scudding as Second Army field against Warner's. "Gubby" Allen and Bill Edrich open to Evans and Macindoe. Not much menace in the attack, which is what you'd expect from players lacking practice. Mallett on for Macindoe. He's good, this ex-Dulwich all-rounder — bowls aggressively and is rewarded when Christie, the Transvaal and S. Africa Test man, holds a smart backward catch. One for 77. Not a bad start, but Second Army hits back and it's 132 for 5.

### Gen. Dempsey There

Lunch time sees both teams welcomed by Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of Imperial General Staff, with General Dempsey, Second Army commander, there to introduce each man. A heart-warming sight, this, with the Second Army flag at the pavilion masthead and the band of the Middlesex Regt. playing away near The Tavern. Back to cricket: Errol Holmes and J.G.W. Davies recover the game for Sir Pelham Warner's XI. A century stand in 90 minu-

tes, each hitting a six — Davies' bang on the pavilion steps. Declaration at 327 for eight; Mallett best bowler (3 for 93). Second Army lose quick wickets, only A. W. Allen looking happy against Pepper's spinners. Four men out for 107 at close of play, which isn't so hot.

### THURSDAY, 28 JUNE:

Rain, lots of rain. Lord's washed out. Second Army browned off at the loss of a day's play. Then General Dempsey lightens the gloom. He is giving an extra day's leave tomorrow to get in another match with a Warner-raised eleven.



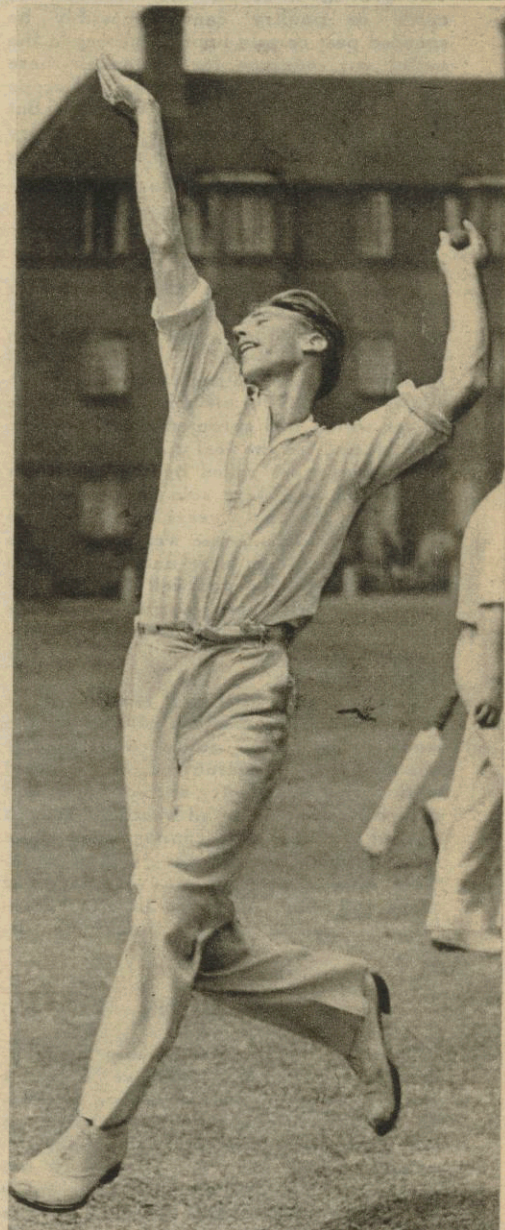
### FRIDAY, 29 JUNE:

Poor light, drizzle and a wet ball. Yet Lord's is not a dull place with Warner's XI scoring 270 for 3 declared and Second Army raising 247 for 8. P.G.T. Kingsley, the fluent-stroked Oxford and Middlesex batsman made 100 not out. M.M. Walford hits 63 and Leslie Compton caps class wicketkeeping with a forthright 53. Earlier, auburn-headed Cadet L.R. White, tipped as future England stock, cuts well to make 132. Add 97 from Allen, and the game goes down as a good one.

### SATURDAY, 30 JUNE:

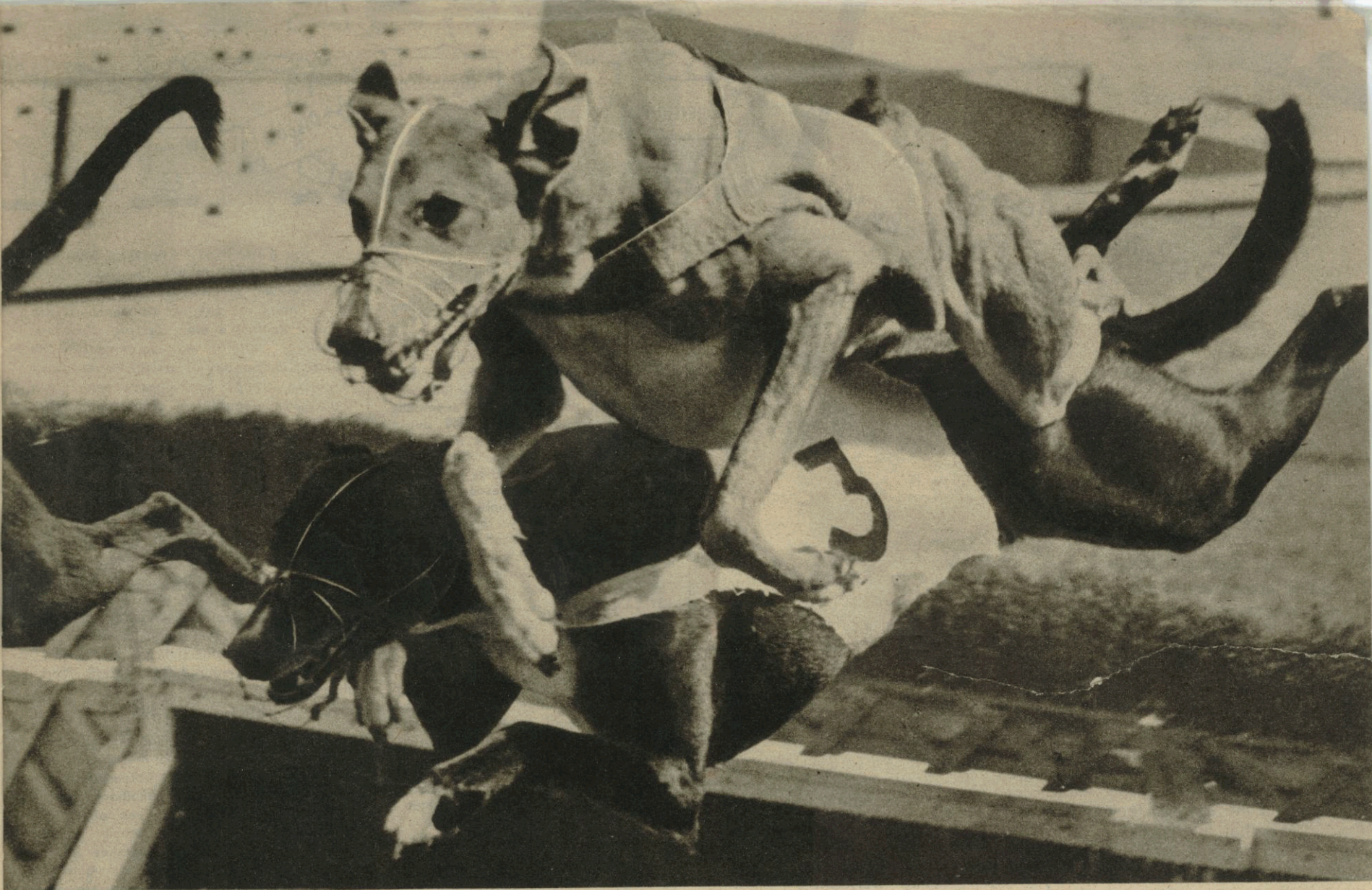
Where to go? Lord's, Wimbledon, White City Stadium or Albert Hall — all of them staging top-ranking sport. Try Wimbledon first. Here S/Ldr. Danny Maskell, one-time ball-boy, makes lawn tennis history. He is first pro. ever to play at Wimbledon in a competition. Queen Mary and the Duchess of Kent see the play on No. 1 Court. Maskell disappoints against Bob Harmon, ranked seventh in the States, loses 6-3, 2-6, 6-3. British Empire thus loses to the Americans by four matches to one.

Off to White City, where I'm one of 58,000 who see Ballyhennessy Seal win the Greyhound Derby in 29.56 seconds for Mrs. Frances Stowe. Dog was bought for £700. Trainer Stanley Martin now estimates him to be worth about £20,000 — that is, in the Mick the Miller class. Money will come in stud fees.



Gunner H. Voce, younger brother of Bill Voce (Notts) was in Sir Pelham Warner's team at Lord's. Here he is seen practising at the nets before the match.





## Greatest Dog Picture Ever

**F**ORTY-YEAR old Jimmy Watkins has shot more dogs than any man in the world — with a camera. Ace photographer on the Wembley Stadium staff, he has over 10,000 pictures in his filing cabinet.

A long line of classic winners, world's record-breakers and up-and-coming performers have been his split-second subjects. No dog ever comes to the Wembley kennels without Jimmy Watkins being on hand to click his camera shutter and rush a print around to the London newspapers.

Yet Jimmy Watkins doesn't stop to think when asked to pick his best-ever picture. He knows that the finest photograph he has ever taken — "and probably the finest I'll ever take" — was secured one morning during a hurdles trial.

"Perhaps I was lucky," is the Watkins verdict. "Anyway, I happened to be at the first hurdle when one dog jumped over another's back. I knew at the time I should have a good picture, but it wasn't until the negative was developed that I realised just what a good picture it was."

And the names of the greyhounds? Here Jimmy Watkins scratches his head and grins ruefully. You see, he still has the picture — you can see it here for yourself — but he has completely forgotten the names of the dogs.



"Break in new bats gently..."

Look  
After  
That  
Kit!

Sport means relaxation. Relaxation from such Army headaches as "Care and Maintenance." Or does it?

What about some care and maintenance on that sports equipment?

Who, me? Yes, you!

Why? Because if you don't you may not get any more. Sports equipment doesn't grow on trees.

So take a deep breath and read on:

**FOOTBALLS** : Only reclaimed rubber can be used in making football bladders. Treat them kindly. Press out the case fully before inserting the bladder, to

prevent "trapping". In cold weather warm and "knead" the bladder with your hands before inflation.

Far too many such casualties occur through careless inflation. Make quite sure the bladder is not twisted inside the case. The best way to do this is to shake the ball vigorously after inserting the bladder; then partly inflate, and once more shake the ball after allowing the air to escape. Only when it is certain that the bladder is not twisted should the ball be inflated fully.

The outer casing should be dried naturally after use (not near a fire) and greased with dubbin. The same goes for water polo balls.

**FOOTBALL BOOTS** : Dubbin them well before use. To stop mud clinging, blacklead the soles. Dry them naturally in air, never before a fire.

**CRICKET BATS** : Lightly oil them, once a month, using an oily

swab (unboiled linseed oil) and wipe clean the next morning. DON'T oil the splice. Keep upright after oiling. Never let the bat stand in an oil bath. Break in new bats gently with an old ball after several oilings. "Breaking in" means hardening the face of the bat by gentle use. It is an essential process if the bat is to have a useful life.

**CRICKET BALLS** : Don't dry them by the fire. Greasing isn't really necessary; in any case it should be done sparingly. Deer's grease is best; failing that, dubbin.

**CRICKET NETS** : These must be put away perfectly dry, and away from rats and mice. This applies equally to canvas screens, football and hockey goal nets, tennis nets.

**TENNIS RACQUETS** : Keep in an even temperature, and always in presses. Used racquets, when put away for a time, should have a little

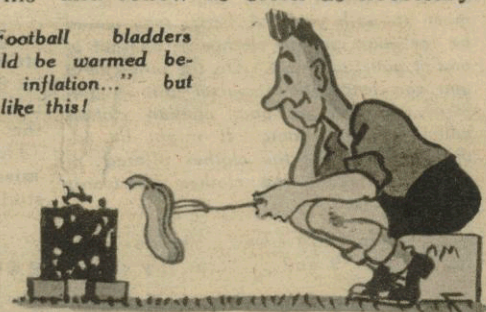
gut reviver brushed on them. Dry gut immediately by gentle rubbing with a cloth. Never let gut stay wet.

**TENNIS BALLS** : Don't dry them by the fire. Clean with soap and warm water.

**TENNIS NETS** : Slacken them off after play, and especially after rain.

**HOCKEY STICKS** : Little oiling is needed — only a smear of linseed oil. Don't put them away wet. The head of a hockey stick is usually ash, for which beeswax is a good preservative. A substitute for that is brown boot polish. Use on the face of the stick **before** use and renew as often as necessary.

"Football bladders should be warmed before inflation..." but not like this!





## PAGE 23 SOLD



# BORNEO LANDING FIRST PICTURES

Another step towards Tokyo has been taken by the Allies in the Pacific by the Landing of Australian troops on Borneo. Here are seen first photographs. (1) Smoke from the inshore bombardment of Labuan obscures the coast line as transports go in with assault troops. (2) Gunners come ashore from an LCI. (3) Split-second firing by 25-pounders revealed in this night picture showing three simultaneous gunflashes. (4) One fewer Japanese to hold up the advance as a tough Aussie, rifle and bayonet in hand, enters a Labuan estate. (5) Signallers laden like pack-mules can still smile as they stumble ashore.

# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

