

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH

ARMY MAGAZINE

March 2, 1946. Fortnightly. Vol. 2 - No. 1

50 pfg.

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



COLDSTREAM CORPORAL: from an old print
(See Page 2)

SOLDIER

Cover Picture



THIS print (from the Lawson Collection) of a corporal of the Coldstream Guards wearing the uniform of 1844 is unusual in that the subject is not an officer; in those days the pictorial record of the rank and file of the Army was sadly neglected. The coat is evolved from the heavy top-coats of Marlborough's day, with flaps which buttoned up French-fashion when on the march. To lighten the weight of this cumbersome garment, the turned-up flaps were replaced by short tails at the back, and a coat emerged similar in principle to the present day dress-coat. During the Crimean War this uniform gave inadequate protection to the stomach and loins. A new jacket was therefore brought out, the tails being replaced by a full-skirted coat derived from the French, and providing ample protection to the vulnerable parts.

This style remained, growing gradually shorter and lighter, until the coming of battle-dress.

FMO

The equipment for a guardsman in marching order consisted of a pack, worn in much the same manner as the modern valise; a water-bottle; a cartridge case, worn in the small of the back; and a pouch containing percussion caps, which was carried on the cross-strap of the equipment. The rifle was a derivation of the old flint lock, muzzle-loading, and was fired by a percussion cap placed on a nipple in front of the hammer.

The Coldstream Guards were formed by Cromwell in 1650 to provide a regiment for his friend, General Monk—a Royalist commander who had placed his services at the disposal of Parliament after the downfall of the Monarchy. When Charles II returned to England to take back the throne the Coldstreams went through a ceremony on Tower Hill of laying down their arms, then taking them up again in the name of the King. Through this they enjoyed the distinction of being the last Parliamentary force to be disbanded, and the first to be raised again in the name of the King.

SOLDIER'S BIRTHDAY

THIS is SOLDIER's first birthday number.

Issue Number One was published in March last year, at a time when Mr. Churchill had already stubbed out his cigar in the Siegfried Line. The Allies were preparing to storm the Rhine.

But, as the first number — bearing a good luck message from Field-Marshal Montgomery — came off the presses in Brussels, V-bombs were still spluttering across the Low Countries.

Though SOLDIER first appeared in Brussels, the idea of the magazine was conceived in Bagdad, by two officers who were engaged in the production of Army newspapers in that area. They prepared the first "dummy" and thereafter sought to "sell" the idea of a British Army magazine which could be published in all theatres of war (hence the comprehensive title SOLDIER). At many an HQ and at many a level the plan was discussed. Eventually it was decided that SOLDIER should be launched for the benefit of the BLA.

Front-Line Outlook

Almost all the staff of SOLDIER had fought in overseas campaigns. Most were ex-newspapermen. What the magazine needed was this combination of professional experience and the fighting man's outlook. Among SOLDIER stalwarts who have now been released were Robert Blake, a tank driver in the stand at El Alamein; Sjt. C. Waterhouse, who took pictures on the Normandy beaches; Monty Berman, war photographer who covered the Middle East, Africa and Europe; and Eric Earnshaw, corporal in the Royal Berkshire Regt., whose sketches in SOLDIER have been both delightful and distinguished.

SOLDIER, it was decided, should be a "house magazine" of the British Army. It would not overlap the existing periodicals published at home; it would portray a soldier's war and those soldierly interests which never seemed to be adequately or accurately covered by the newspapers. It would give the soldier a chance to air his own views.

In those early days distributing SOLDIER was no sinecure. The Circulation Officer, covering hundreds of square miles by truck, had to persuade commanders of rapidly advancing forces to "sign on the dotted line"—and leave the rest to the Army Post Office. It was essential that forward troops should receive SOLDIER as well as the L of C troops. In a very brief space of time SOLDIER was printing the maximum permitted number of copies.

The sixth number was Victory-in-

Europe number—with a special cover in colour as commemoration.

As the German cities fell, officers of Printing and Stationery Service had gone through the ruins looking for undamaged printing presses and stocks of paper. In Hamburg they found one of the biggest and most modern printing plants in Europe. It had been bombed—but the building in Hamburg hadn't—but the workmen were restoring the machinery under the wreckage. Undamaged on the ground floor was a big-capacity rotogravure press which, earlier in the war, had printed copies of Dr. Goebbels' international magazine "Signal"—in colour. The plant was idle, so SOLDIER moved up from Brussels to Hamburg. From then on the magazine appeared regularly with its familiar coloured cover.

SOLDIER, the British Army magazine, was the last of the publications launched by that branch of the War Office which controls Army newspapers and magazines. The on-the-spot unit producing it was the last of the several British Army Newspaper Units which were set up in most theatres of war, recruited largely from ex-newspapermen.

SOLDIER's Sisters

How have the others fared? Many have closed down: "Basrah Times", first Army daily newspaper of the war; "Tripoli Times", which set the standard for many later Army daily papers; "Morning Pioneer", which was published in Madagascar; "Gen", the Middle East fortnightly; and "Jambo", in East Africa, among them.

Those which are still going include "Eighth Army News", which started life in the back of a truck in the Western Desert, and "Crusader", Eighth Army's own weekly, both of which now circulate in Italy and Austria; "Union Jack", which has concentrated its many North African and Italian editions into one Rome and one Athens edition; "SEAC", the South-East Asia Command daily, which has closed down its Calcutta edition and is now published from Singapore; "Trunk Call", which still flourishes in Paiforce; the semi-military "Parade", which is printed in Egypt and Italy; and "World's Press Review".

Don't Try to Bring it Home

THERE'S a "flap" on in the United Kingdom—a flap about firearms which have been smuggled home by soldiers from overseas theatres. These weapons are falling into the hands of criminals. They are also falling into the hands of people who don't know how to handle them. There have been fatal accidents. Innocent people have been killed.

Don't try to bring that souvenir weapon home.

No one may possess firearms in Britain unless he has a certificate to do so. A certificate is granted only if

the police consider possession is necessary and desirable, but a would-be owner who is refused has a right to appeal in court.

By firearms is meant anything that shoots except the smooth-bore gun with a barrel not less than 20 inches in length, and air guns and air pistols. Ammunition includes grenades and all such missiles.

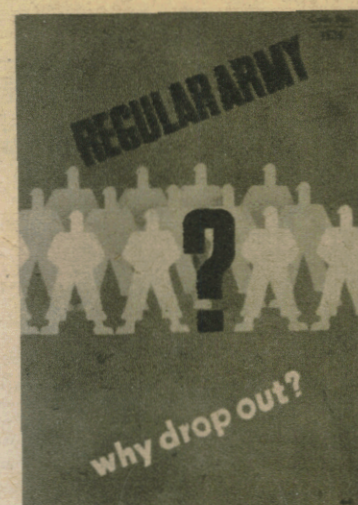
Where no certificate is held, anyone who owns a firearm is liable to prosecution, and the maximum penalty is a fine of £50 or three months' imprisonment, or both. If it is proved that the weapon is intended for use against persons or property the term of imprisonment can be 14 years.

The Home Office has appealed to the British public to surrender all illegal firearms at any police station, and the police have instructions not to prosecute anyone handing in such weapons before 31 March. All Servicemen are asked to co-operate by not bringing these weapons back to the home country from abroad.

Many illicit weapons are held by people who have friends or relatives in the Forces, and who, though they are aware that they have no right to them, are unwilling to risk questions by surrendering them.

If you have any friends or relatives who hold weapons belonging to you, instruct them to hand these in at once to the nearest police station.

Most of the illegally-held arms have found their way into the country since D-Day. Since then all men returning from abroad have been warned of the very strict penalties they may expect if they are caught "gun running." These warnings have resulted in the surrender of many trophies, and Customs examination has also accounted for a few. But weapons are still finding their way into the country.



BRITAIN'S extensive commitments mean that large armed forces must be kept in many parts of the world, and there will be openings for all kinds of specialists and tradesmen at pay comparable with civilian rates.

Benefits include opportunities to learn many trades, holidays with pay, plenty of sport, free accommodation, free clothing, free food, free health services, free education, marriage allowance, pension or gratuity, and resettlement in civilian life after final discharge. There will be good chances of promotion, and it is hoped that overseas service will be reduced to three-and-a-half-year stretches when the redistribution of the Regular Army is completed.

PAY AND ALLOWANCES

The new rates of pay come into force on 1 July 1946. To the basic pay is added proficiency pay rated by the award of stars, and service increments. Full details are contained in War Office pamphlet No. 1546, "The Regular Army", which is being widely distributed to soldiers. Basic pay for a private is 28s. weekly, a three-star private of five years' service gets 52s. 6d., a serjeant 73s. 6d., and a WO 1 non-tradesman of eight years' standing 133s. Marriage allowance for lower ranks is at a flat rate of 35s. (taxable) weekly, 40s. for serjeants, and 45s. for WO 1's. In addition, under the Family Allowances Act, 5s. weekly is allowed for the second and each subsequent child.

TERMS OF SERVICE

Enlistment may be for five years with the colours and seven years on the reserve, or 12 years with the colours and no reserve liability. The soldier will have the opportunity towards the end of his first engagement to re-engage to complete 22 years' service and qualify for a pension. This re-engagement depends upon his "maintaining a high standard of efficiency, bearing and military conduct." After 22 years, continuance of service will be on a year-to-year basis for those below the rank of WO 1.

Those who re-enlist before release will retain their W/S or acting rank for the duration of the emergency, but their peace-time rank will depend on peace-time establishments.

If they have served for 18 months before re-enlisting they will get 28 days' "Re-Engagement Leave" and if they re-enlist before 1 July 1946 they will get 28 days' "End of War Leave" as well. Those re-enlisting within a year of their final release will get their W/S rank back but no extra leave.

WHEN YOU GO OUT

The War Office has announced the following release dates:—

OFFICERS

Group 25 to be completed by 9 April.
.. 26 from 10 April to 5 May.
.. 27 .. 6 May .. 22 May.
.. 28 .. 23 May .. 31 May.
.. 29 .. 1 June .. 8 June.
.. 30 .. 9 June .. 16 June.
.. 31 .. 17 June .. 23 June.
.. 32 24 June to a date to be announced later.

OTHER RANKS

Group 27 to be completed by 20 April.
Group 28 from 21 April to 18 May.
.. 29 .. 19 May .. 1 June.
.. 30 .. 2 June .. 11 June.
.. 31 .. 12 June .. 23 June.
.. 32 .. 24 June to a date to be announced later.

NB.: Release of Dental Officers will continue in accordance with the programme for ORs.

ATS OFFICERS

Group 41 from 1 April to 18 April.
.. 42 .. 19 April .. 10 May.
.. 43 .. 11 May .. 24 May.
.. 44 .. 25 May .. 6 June.
Groups 45 to 49 inclusive from 7 June to 30 June.

ATS OTHER RANKS AND VADS

Group 46 from 1 April to 30 April.
.. 47 .. 1 May .. 31 May.
Groups 48 and 49 from 1 June to 30 June.

NURSING OFFICERS

Group 35 to be completed by 5 April.
.. 36 from 6 April to 16 April.
.. 37 .. 17 April .. 28 April.
.. 38 .. 29 April .. 12 May.
.. 39 .. 13 May .. 25 May.
.. 40 .. 26 May .. 7 June.
.. 41 .. 8 June .. 19 June.
.. 42 .. 20 June .. 30 June.

The above does not apply to the following classes of officers for whom special release instructions will be issued from time to time: Medical Officers (incl. women MO's), Chaplains, Officers of JAG's staff, Veterinary Officers of RAVC.



He Will Be Your New C-in-C

MARSHAL of the Royal Air Force Sir William Sholto Douglas, GCB, MC, DFC, has been appointed to succeed Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein as Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Germany, Military Governor of the British Zone, and British member of the Control Council for Germany. His duties begin when the Field-Marshal leaves Germany to take up his appointment as Chief of the Imperial General Staff as from 26 June 1946.

Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas has had four different Air Commands during the war. In November 1940 he was appointed AOC-in-C of Fighter Command, the then small band of men who won the Battle of Britain, and before he relinquished this he did a great deal to turn this defensive command into an offensive one. In November 1942 he took up the appointment of AOC-in-C in the Middle East, and was responsible for the brilliant support given by the RAF to the advancing Eighth Army.

Immense Command

As Air Commander in the Middle East after the desert campaign was over he had a vast territory under him. This included Syria, Iraq, Egypt, Tripolitania and East Africa. He was also responsible for the RAF operations in the Dodecanese. The Desert Air Force, too, conducted many raids on the Ploesti oilfields, to name one of many targets. In January 1944 Sir Sholto Douglas took over Coastal Command. There he remained until the summer of 1945, when he assumed command of BAFO in Germany. He was promoted to the rank of Marshal of the RAF on 1 January this year.

The new C-in-C began the 1914-18 war as an artilleryman. In 1914 he was an undergraduate at Lincoln College, Oxford, and left his law studies to join the Royal Field Artillery. In December 1914 he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps as an observer. During the years in France he commanded two squadrons, was mentioned in dispatches three times, and won the MC, the DFC and the Croix de Guerre.

Was Test Pilot

When he was demobilised in 1919 he did not resume his legal studies, but, convinced that the future lay in the air, became chief test pilot to the Handley Page aircraft company. He was an instructor at the Imperial Defence College from 1932 until 1935. Then he returned to the Air Ministry, where he was appointed Assistant Chief of the Air Staff in 1938 and Deputy Chief of the Air Staff in 1940 before taking over Fighter Command.

The new Commander has been noted for his informality. It is one of his maxims that the only way a commander can find out what his men are thinking is by going among them and talking to them. When he was in the Middle East he travelled through a vast area making himself known to his men.

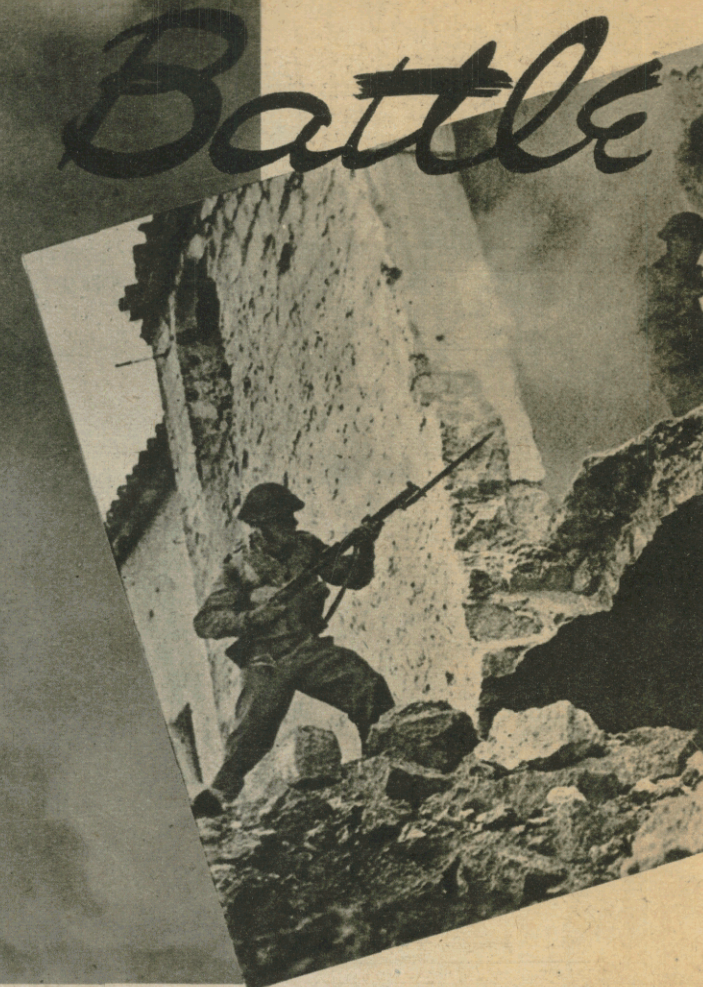
He is a fine athlete and stroked his college boat at Oxford. Now, at the age of 52, he has given up rowing and his favourite sports are swimming and tennis.

To be chosen as successor to so able and renowned a Commander as Field-Marshal Montgomery is one of the greatest compliments that could be paid to any Service chief.

Into Battle

with a

CAMERA



AFPU's studio was the battlefield, and their favourite close-up the bright eyes of danger

IT was not every man's idea of a close-quarter encounter with the Boche to face up to a German who was intent on killing, and calmly film how he set about it.

Sgt. "Flash" Jordan, MM, one of the Army's own newsreelmen, did just that to get what is the battle-cameraman's dream—"shots" of a German being killed.

In a war in which millions of the enemy were slain it would seem a comparatively simple matter. But ask any cameraman. He has not only to be right up, within a few feet of his "target"; the cine-camera has to be properly set, there must be no smoke, dust or foliage to obscure the view, and the light must be right. It is surprising how many Jerries were eliminated in night or dawn attacks!

Sgt. Jordan went into Tunis on the day that it fell, hanging on the back of the turret of an 11 Hussars' armoured car. German and Italian snipers were holding out. There were 200 of them in a block of flats. They fired at the passing car and Jordan was shot in the thigh. The car swung down a side-turning to cover the building.

Grenade Bounced

"Two Germans in a People's Car slunk up behind us," says Sgt. Jordan. "One got out and hurled a hand grenade. It bounced off the side of the car at my feet and exploded in the road beside us. I managed to keep the camera turning and photographed the whole incident. The turret swung round and the gunner gave them a mag of Bren. I filmed that too."

That is a typical happening in the lives of Lt-Col. David Macdonald's boys of the Army Film and Photographic Unit, who went everywhere where there was fighting to be done—dropped with the Airborne troops, raided with the Commandos, went ashore from the leading craft in sea-landings.

Their films and "stills" were flown back to London and within hours were showing on the newsreels and were published in the newspapers. The material they "shot" was collated and a series of great war films were produced. The titles of those films, of which "Desert Victory", "Left of the Line", "True Glory" and "Burma Victory" are outstanding, might well be adopted for the Unit's battle honours.

There was no film unit in the war's early days—just a handful of official

cameramen, who, hampered by lack of transport and equipment, had little chance of securing anything like a full record of the activities of those first days and of the German breakthrough later on. They were seldom "in the picture", had no facilities for going to any particular "trouble-spot", and were generally regarded as rather a nuisance. They were mostly evacuated prior to Dunkirk so that the epic on the beaches was never filmed, except for a few good long shots taken by a newsreel cameraman from a destroyer.

It was on these experiences that a case for an official film unit was argued to the War Office, and towards the end of 1940 the then titled "Army Film Unit" was started—personnel 15, all Army men with experience of film studios or Press photography. They were dispersed to all fronts—to the Middle East, Far East, Gibraltar, Malta—the few staying back in England having probably most of the excitement on Commando raids to such places as Lofoten and Vaagso.

"Desert Victory"

The Unit grew. Within a year the first field force of about 30 cameramen went to join the Eighth Army in the desert. They worked in pairs, one having a cine-camera, the other taking stills, and were attached to a division or corps so that they knew what was happening. They had just about settled down when Rommel put in his Back-to-Alamein offensive.

The Unit had casualties. Sgt. Bill Smith, after being in the desert only 14 days, was captured at Derna while taking pictures for the proposed "Battle before the Battle" film. That film was abandoned by Rommel's check, but with Montgomery's great advance a few months later "Desert Victory" was made. It was the first British picture to counter such German propaganda films as "West Wall" and "Victory in the West". It has been shown in 81 different countries; 15 language versions were made; the value of United

Kingdom contracts totalled £89,000, and Britain's share of the American showings was over £100,000.

Back at HQ, which was now established at Pinewood Studios, the Unit was being built up. More and more men were brought in from Infantry, Tanks and other arms. Another field force was organised to accompany First Army's landings in North Africa.

Grooming the Amateurs

When no more men with experience of cinematography and "still" work were available, keen amateur photographers were recruited. They needed training and a special course was devised. Lectures taught them theory, but each man took hundreds of feet of film before he learned the right and wrong way to take a photograph.

They had their own battle course with obstacles and firecrackers, trainees carrying bricks instead of cameras in their small packs—to save breakages. They went out on schemes. Half, acting as Infantry, were photographed by the remainder. Intensive battle

by
J. W. SHAW (Capt.)

training with the Irish Guards at Lingfield ended their course.

Technicians at HQ designed a special camera, built on battle experience. It was clockwork driven, weighed 14 lbs, and took a 100-ft spool of film, which was used up in about one minute, although the recommended method was to take "shots" in short bursts of about 30 feet each. Three lenses with fixed distances were fitted so that any one could be instantly adjusted.

Apart from the campaign war films, the Unit made a number presenting normal activities of the Army in a way suitable for public presentation, as distinct from training films for military audiences. They included "Tank Battle", "Street Fighting", "Troopship" and "17-Pounder Gun".

Army photographers were used for confidential work, filming the performance of secret weapons, recording the stresses and strains of new apparatus. They worked with scientists trying to find improved accuracy for AA fire. Thousands of negatives were taken of shell bursts in relation to targets to study fusing problems.

What was the best war picture ever taken? The cameramen themselves are too modest to make claims. Any comparison at all is perhaps unfair, but in Buenos Aires they decided that Sgt. Taffy McConville's picture taken in Cassino was the finest and awarded

him a gold medal. It was of four New Zealanders making a house entry in search of snipers.

The American Press gave the honour to Sgt. Jimmy Mapham for a shot he took on D-Day. It was a realistic picture of the Normandy invasion. Men wade ashore from the landing craft. Some pause to give a hand to the wounded. They halt for a moment on dry land to reform and then plunge off inland to route the enemy—a scene of realism emerging from the haze of battle.

Sgt. Des. O'Neill, now a SOLDIER photographer, was also there in the first hour. His were the first D-Day pictures to get back to England. O'Neill went in with the South Lancs in a TLC, getting his initial "shots" of the beaches from his perch beside the poop gun.

His impressions? "Very restricted" says Sgt. O'Neill. "I had my eye glued to the view-finder of the camera, which is pretty limited, and I just waited for the smoke to lift so that I could get decent pictures." He tells of a rather dejected and badly wounded prisoner brought along the beach by two Pioneers. "I went up to take a two-yard shot. He sunk on his knees and burst out crying when I pointed the camera at him. Thought I was going to shoot him, poor chap!"

O'Neill was shot in the arm, was patched up at a dressing station, and went inland about three miles taking pictures with only an effective right hand and the help of his driver. That evening he met a war reporter who promised to get his films back to England. They were the first pictures of the British landing seen in Britain. O'Neill was brought out a few days later and the first film he saw in hospital was his own.

The success of the Unit depended to a great extent on the work of individual cameramen on the various war fronts and their activities are perhaps best told by a few random anecdotes.

Thousands Greeted Them

Sgt. "Binnie" Barnes (these cameramen are only known by their nicknames) was up with the British spearhead pushing the Germans back about 40 miles from Trieste. They were held up at a mined bridge and were uncertain whether it might be blown. Sgt. Barnes with three colleagues in a jeep took a chance. They came to Molfalconi. Thousands of people came out to greet them. A little further up the road they were warned that German fanatics were holding a block, so they returned to Molfalconi where, despite their muddy clothes, the people gave

them the best rooms in an hotel that night.

Among the war souvenirs of Sgt. "Stan" Wootton is a gold diamond and sapphire ring. He was photographing King Farouk on the Maadi golf course outside Cairo. "I saw a poisonous snake going towards the King and struck it with my camera-tripod, killing it. The King came up to me, and, taking off a ring he was wearing, handed it to me, saying, 'You have saved my life.'"

Sgt. "Maxie" Slade made an untimely arrival at Tito's headquarters, parachuting down with the British Mission just before an SS raid in which he was captured with two war correspondents. The Germans wanted to shoot them as spies. For months they were taken to Gestapo headquarters in many countries. They were grilled and suffered long periods of solitary confinement before being taken to Vienna where they established that they were bona fide prisoners of war.

He "Collected" Shells

Another SOLDIER cameraman and "Desert Victory" photographer, Sgt. Monty Berman, made a 1,500-mile trek across the desert of Saudi Arabia to get pictures of the locust-killing drives. Poison was mixed with bran and water, and spread on the sand at breeding grounds. The hoppers, newly-hatched locusts, came up hungrily to eat the bran-pie and died. He got many original pictures of life in Arabia, including an Arab war dance with rifles and drums, performed before the Sheik of Kuwait.

Films lacked realistic sound background, so Captain P. T. Handford took a recording van over to Normandy to get battle noises. He parked his van right up in the front lines and then ran out between 100 and 200 yards of cable with a microphone at the end. Back in the van, he sat at the controls with headphones on, trying to anticipate the more deafening noises from "near ones" and tune down to save his instrument from sound blast. He became so expert that from his listening-post he could not only identify the sounds but could tell the calibre, range and the exact make of weapon that made them.

Back at Pinewood recently he played over a record, made as he lay up near s'Hertogenbosch, and gave a running commentary on the sounds. They are some of the best battle noises ever recorded and have already been used in films. This sound-track will probably provide the effects for many war pictures still to be made.

His nearest shave was from our own troops. Up in a church tower near Douvres he was recording the passing of a Commando convoy attacking a German radar station. He was mistaken for an enemy sniper and had to make a hasty retreat from Bren fire.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)



AFPU men accompanied the early Commando raiders. This incident was photographed on the island of Maaloy, Norway, in December 1941.



When battle ended in victory, AFPU continued to record history. This picture recalls the Big Three conference at Potsdam last July.



Air raids provided a multitude of fantastic patterns for the Army cameraman who was on the spot. This was taken during a raid on Alexandria.



Parisians seek cover when a German sniper opens fire at the Thanksgiving at Notre Dame in August 1944—an AFPU picture.

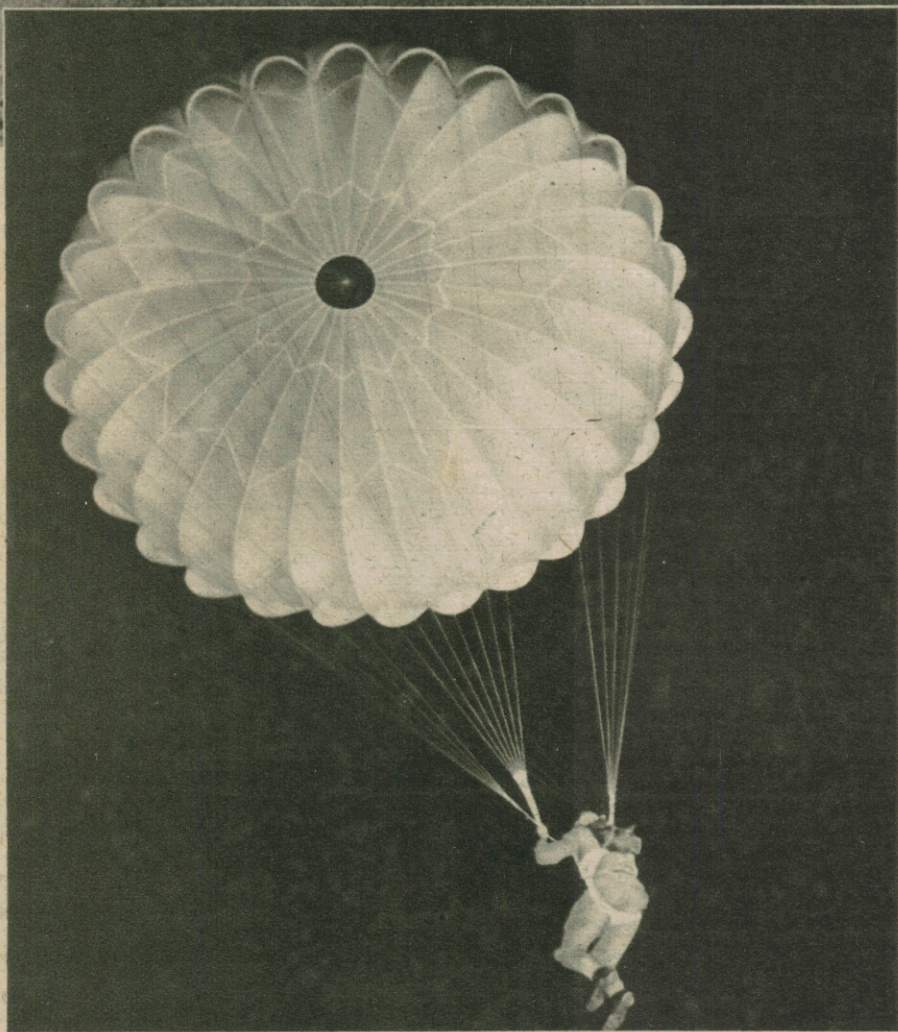
This experimental V. 2 rocket, fired by BAOR specialists at Cuxhaven, took off at enormous speed, but it was not quick enough to beat the battle-sharpened reflexes of an AFPU man.

INTO BATTLE WITH A CAMERA

CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 5



Surrender in the sands. An AFPU man was with the forward troops when these British Infantrymen captured a German tank in the Western Desert.



Sgt. "Mike" Lewis was at Arnhem with Sjts. Dennis Smith and Jock Walker. He dropped with the 2 Bn Parachute Regiment. After trying in vain for two days to reach the advance party holding the bridge in the town he fell back with the main body into the perimeter formed about Oosterbeek.

Village That Dissolved

"What impressed me more than anything else," he says, "was the extraordinary transformation from peace to war in that little Dutch village. My two colleagues and I found billets with a friendly Dutch tobacco manufacturer and his family. Life was perfectly normal on the first day. You could go into the kitchen for water, ask someone for a meal. Then the shooting came nearer. A window pane was broken. A statuette in the front garden was chipped. More panes were knocked out. A burst of fire and the whole window fell in on our plates when we were having a meal. The people in the house went to live in the cellar. It became an adventure to go into the kitchen for water and no longer safe to go out of the door. Each day more

pieces were knocked off the statuette until finally it disappeared and one by one the houses around us crumbled into rubble.

"Our film was soon used up and there were no fresh supplies. We made daily sorties with the still camera, using Stens we picked up to give covering fire for the man taking the pictures."

Sjt. Lewis photographed the parachute drop after the Rhine crossing from the doorway of a plane as the others jumped out, and flew back to England with his pictures. He later returned to Germany and took official films of Belsen which were shown at the Nuremberg trial.

The total operational strength of AFPU in the field at any time was never more than about 200 officers and men, about 80 of them cameramen. Their casualties were proportionately high: 15 killed, 21 wounded, nine taken prisoner. Decorations gained were three MC's, six MM's, five MBE's and one BEM. More than 20 were mentioned in despatches.

Upwards of 137,000 still pictures were taken and approximately 2,500,000 feet of film exposed.

Above: This picture of a parachute descent was taken by one of the Army photographers who often accompanied the advanced striking forces. Below: The Crocodile's bellow, recorded while attacking an enemy-held village in Holland.



Another view of the raid on Vaagso and Maaloy islands in December 1941. It was in operations like these that AFPU cut its teeth and gained valuable experience for the photographing of later battles.





Taking the BITE Out!



WAR DOGS RELEASED UNDER AGE AND SERVICE GROUPS

B RITAIN's war dogs have their own release troubles. If they could talk there would probably be a great deal of grousing about the slow rate of release, for only 40 veterans of the North-West European campaign have been given their discharge. But even the most disgruntled dog will admit that the scheme is fair and just, based as it is on age and length of service where possible, and that the rehabilitation course to fit dogs for civvy street is thorough and calculated to change them from ferocious beasts into house pets.

When a **SOLDIER** staff writer visited the Dogs Demob School—or, as it is officially known, the Army War Dogs Training Centre—at Bad Lippspringe, near Paderborn, there were nearly 400 dogs in various stages of "de-training," while some were still being trained to act as guard dogs at POW camps and important installations in the British Zone.

There is no ban on fraternisation, for several German and a few French dogs picked up during the advance into Germany are training side by side with English Alsatis, Collies and Labradors.

The "de-training" course is conducted by experienced RAVC NCO's under the command of Major G. D. Young, Commandant of the School, and Capt. T. A. Russell. It begins by relaxing the aggressive training and eventually giving the dog only sufficient "peaceful" exercise to keep it in good health and spirits. The dog's meals are restricted to one a day, provided at half-past three every afternoon, and he is fed on a ration of 1½ lbs of meat, 1 lb of biscuits and 4 ozs of vegetables a day. But perhaps the most important part of his course is the "psychological" treatment given by the NCO trainers.

Know Your Dog

"To understand dog psychology is just as important in 'de-training' as it is in teaching a dog to trace mines or attack an enemy soldier," said Cpl. David Cooke, RAVC. "Once you get to know a dog you can do almost anything with it. Only a few people have the art, which involves a great deal of patience, a sense of fair play, and a strict demand for obedience. I always get dogs to do what I want by taking them to a quiet spot and talking to them. It is surprising how they understand. Alsatis in particular are very intelligent—far more so than many human beings."

Cpl. Cooke, who lives at Cheltenham, will be released before many of his dog friends, but he is going back to train Alsatis, his favourites, as his post-war job.

Some of the more ferocious dogs will never become "civilians" again. Their aggressive training is impossible to eradicate. They will spend the rest of their lives in the Army as regular war dogs. Others which will not be demobilised are the expert patrol dogs, trackers which are able to discover

hidden persons by an acute sense of smell, and the best mine-dogs. They will be the nucleus of the Dogs Post-War Army.

The lucky dogs which will eventually be discharged from the Army begin the road back in a portable kennel in which they go by lorry to Antwerp. At Antwerp, where they are cared for by a Dog Holding Section, they take their turn to be shipped to England, where there is a long wait of six months in quarantine at Chilbolton, Hampshire. The owners who loaned them to the War Office are allowed to visit them there.

Invasion Veterans

One man who will be sorry to lose many of his old friends is Captain John Ladbury, a training officer of the War Dogs School, whose home is at Hardy Street, Maidstone. "Many of the dogs which will be going back are those I helped to train, and some were in No. 1 Dog Platoon, RE, which I commanded in the France and Germany campaign," Captain Ladbury told **SOLDIER**. "Their job was to trace hidden mines of the non-metallic type which could not be found by instruments. They were uncanny in their ability, and not one was killed or wounded. My platoon unearthed over 100 mines and must have saved many lives."

Sgt. Ronald Derbyshire, of Stockport, who has been on the staff of the War Dogs School since April 1941, wants to join the Police Force Dog School at Manchester when he goes back to civilian life. "I have trained dogs ever since I was a boy, and I should not like to leave them entirely," he said.

Among the famous war dogs which will become regulars is "Bing," a three-year-old Alsation who parachuted into France on D-Day minus 1 with 6 Airborne Div. "Bing" is a patrol dog who indicated hidden enemies by "freezing" like a pointer. Because he is such an expert at this work "Bing" has been bought from his owner by the Government and is now on the permanent staff of the War Dogs School. Another is "Ricki," a Dandy Dinmont and the smallest dog at the school, who served in No. 3 Dog Platoon, RE, in North-West Europe as a mine detector. "Lassie," a French bitch who responds to commands in both French and English, will also stay in the Army.

E. J. GROVE (Capt.)

Pte. Peggy Kennedy, ATS, a kennel maid at the School, with "Blitz," an Alsation with an excellent war record.

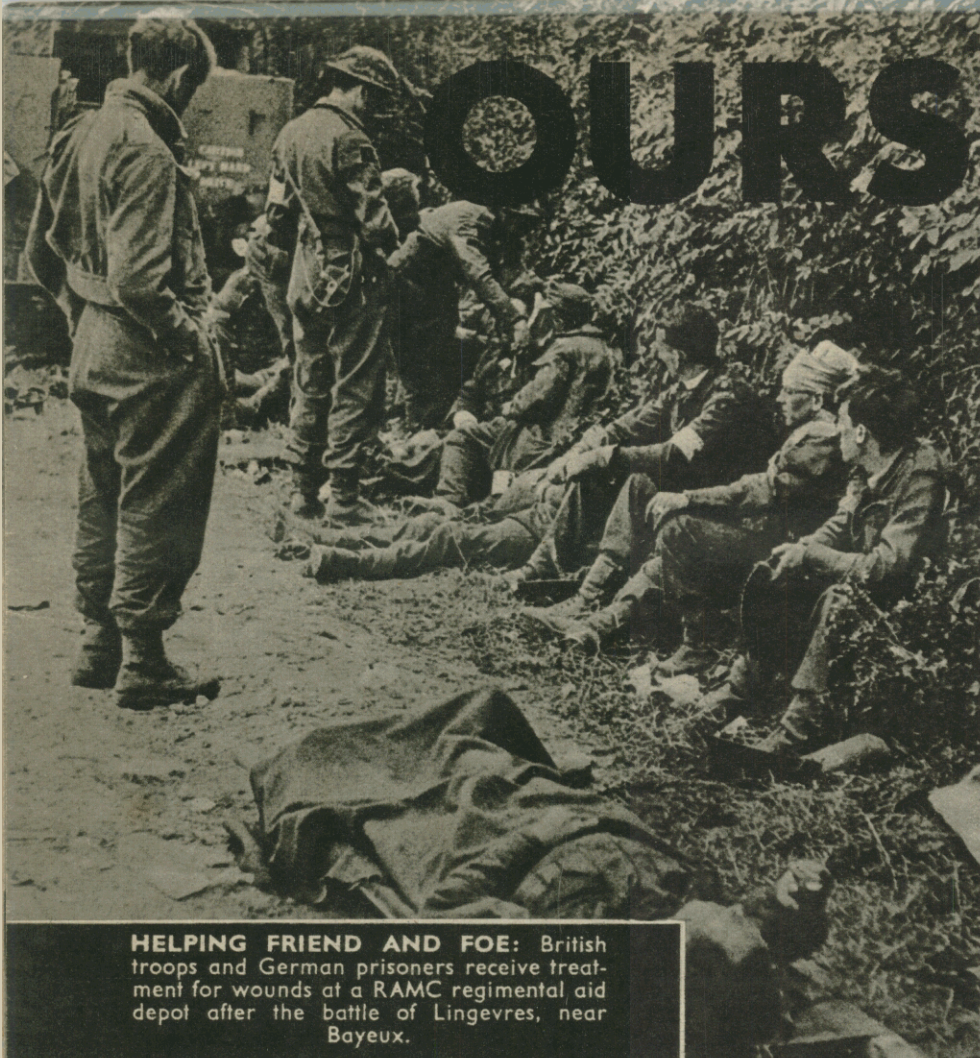


"Blitz," "Revo" and "Texas" (right) turn their backs on war and look forward to that armchair and cushion in civvy street for which they are qualifying at Bad Lippspringe.



Above: "Bing", an airborne war dog, is a regular; hence the superior expression. Cpl. D. E. Spurr, RAVC, shortly to be released, will miss him. Below: "Flash" and "Dan," two Labrador crosses, out for exercise.





HELPING FRIEND AND FOE: British troops and German prisoners receive treatment for wounds at a RAMC regimental aid depot after the battle of Lingevres, near Bayeux.



ADVANCED DRESSING STATION: An injured soldier receives careful attention in a camouflaged station amid the Normandy orchards. Below: Injecting penicillin in a patient in the surgical ward of No. 108 General Hospital.



OURS WAS THE HEALTHIEST ARMY

A Brigadier of the Royal Army Had a Sickness

MODERN warfare in a temperate country has proved a healthy thing, and, in comparison with the Middle East, North African and Far Eastern campaigns, medicine has been content to take a second place to surgery in the North-Western Europe theatre of operations.

The British Liberation Army was far healthier than the armies in the last war.

Nevertheless, the problems presented to the physician (as distinct from the surgeon, whose duties were apart) during the several phases of the campaign were varied and urgent, and in the German phase the unexpected responsibility of dealing with mass starvation among German-controlled people strained both resources and ingenuity.

Four Reasons

My survey as consulting physician to a force of that size must be superficial although extensive, and covers only the 12 months I was there—July 1944 to July 1945.

There were complete medical departments in the large base hospitals, with physicians, dermatologists, psychiatrists, venereologists and neurologists. The field force had experienced physicians in casualty clearing stations and 200-bed hospitals, but they lacked full ancillary services; during battles they co-operated with surgeons, largely in the treatment of chest wounds, while between battles they were very busy treating the sick.

In each quarterly report I have had to repeat, "Sickness rates remain low." From June 1944 until April 1945 they averaged 23.6 per 1,000, which compares with 53.9 per 1,000 for the BEF (1914-18) fighting in the same country. The reason for this very low rate needs

critical examination by hygienists and statisticians, but my own suggestions are:

1. *General Management:* The Force was carefully selected physically and part of it was selected psychiatrically. It was trained to a high pitch of fitness: both men and clothes were kept clean, food was generous in amount and water discipline was good.

2. *Infestation:* In 1914-18 it was said that nearly half the sickness was due to infestation—trench fever and infected skin diseases from the bites of lice and itch-mites. In BLA the louse was virtually abolished by personal hygiene and DDT, and scabies rarely became a problem, as prompt treatment by the regimental medical officer was usually effective.

3. *Changed Conditions:* We were spared long periods of trench warfare, although we had a dusty summer, a wet autumn and a bitter winter.

4. *Good Fortune:* There was no widespread influenza outbreak.

Here are some more comparisons with the BEF. We had four times as much jaundice and twice as much diphtheria; until April 1945, the VD rate was just a little less; our incidence of enteric fever was 1/100th per 1,000, of cerebrospinal meningitis 1/4, and of pneumonia 1/6. We had one death from cerebrospinal meningitis in 35 cases (in the BEF it was 1.17 per cent), pneumonia mortality was one per cent against 12.4 per cent, while we had no deaths from dysentery, against 0.6 per cent.

In Normandy the incidence of diarrhoeal diseases was high and accounted for 31 per cent of medical admissions. It still continued in the winter but was reduced to between 6 and 8 per cent. Its control is still imperfect.

From January to March 1945, 32 per cent of medical admissions were for respiratory diseases. There is a seasonal rise at this time of the year, and living conditions had changed—houses instead of open-air life. In other words, spacing was the only method of control of these droplet-spread diseases under the prevailing conditions, and it was not very effective.



CHILD CASUALTY: Not the first time the RAMC has come to the aid of civilians—in this case a little French girl at St. Croix grand Tonne.

Army Medical Corps Tells Why Rhine Rate Half That of the 1914-18 War

These sickness trends generally showed that much was achieved by fitness and cleanliness, by the eradication of the louse and by the proper treatment of scabies, while good water discipline and inoculations played an important part. Diarrhoeal diseases are but partially controlled and droplet infections are almost uncontrolled.

The following table shows the varying incidence of certain diseases by quarters, expressed as percentages of 50,000 medical admissions:—

DISEASE	July-Sept 1944	Oct-Dec 1944	Jan-Mar 1945
Acute diarrhoea	31	8	6
Respiratory diseases	14	25	32
Infectious diseases	5	8.5	10
Skin diseases	18	15	16
Chronic rheumatism	4	6	3.5
Dyspepsia and ulcer	3	5	4
Jaundice	1.5	3.1	4
Renal diseases	1.5	3	1.5
Malaria	11	2	1
Scabies	1	1	1
Organic nervous diseases	1	1.5	1.5
Cardiovascular diseases	1	1	1

The campaign divided itself into three parts, each with its own problems; in each phase there were variations in the seasons, living conditions and prevalence of communicable disease in the civil population. Finally there were the problems of the civil side when Germany was overrun.

Phase 1: Normandy (June-Aug. 1944): During the beach-head days of dust, flies, mosquitos and improvised accommodation (tents and foxholes) the prevalent disease was diarrhoea; it was christened the "Normandy glide", perhaps from the lessened urgency of its demands on Middle East standards. Many troops had come from malarial parts of Sicily and Italy, and their malarial relapses became a serious problem as manpower was saved. An outbreak of 80 cases of typhoid fever in one small headquarters mess exercised both hygienists and physicians. Droplet infection was negligible and the VD rate low.

Phase 2: The Low Countries (Sept. 1944 to March 1945): A wet autumn, a bitter winter, houses instead of open-air life for most, friendly and populous countries, and endemic diphtheria in the part of Holland then liberated—this was the background. Droplet infection became rife, but this would not have mattered had it been no worse than the colds we all got on going into houses; sore throats were prevalent, and each might be diphtheritic in view of the prevalence of the disease. The negligible VD rate rose briskly, malarial relapses almost disappeared, but dysentery simmered constantly. The anticipated late autumn outbreak of jaundice did not materialise, but the incidence rose steadily.

Phase 3: Germany (April to July 1945): Although the Rhine was crossed in good weather, the later spring and summer were wet; the troops again led a more open-air life. The disease problems were those expected, although dysentery did not become such a big problem as in Normandy and sore throats still were very widespread. The VD rate continued to rise. Our chief worries were from the civilian internees and liberated prisoners of war—typhus, starvation and tuberculosis.

Malaria

About 30 men who had not been in malarious zones contracted malaria in Normandy, and malaria-bearing mosquitos were identified in the Caen sector. This was not our main preoccupation. In the Force there were about 40,000 men who had served in Sicily

and Italy. Many had had previous attacks of malaria and relapses were anticipated; others had been infected late in the previous malaria season and had their "delayed primary attack" in Normandy. About two-thirds of our cases were relapses and one-third were delayed primary attacks.

Before the invasion a rather alarming number of malarial attacks occurred in the training areas in the UK among the ex-CMF contingent. An attempt was made to prevent further relapses by resuming suppressive mepacrine or by giving intensive courses of mepacrine for a week to men in the infected divisions. The effect on the relapse rate was negligible, and our final conclusion was that the only way to cut down the relapse rate of BT malaria was to secure adequate treatment of each patient when he was actually in a relapse. Up to the middle of July 1944, I estimated that there had been between 800 and 1,000 cases in Normandy; from then until the end of September there were a further 1,100 cases (11 per cent of medical admissions). The problem became an urgent one of manpower conservation. At first all cases had to be evacuated to the UK, but from the middle of July the majority were treated in Normandy.

Diarrhoea

Acute diarrhoeal diseases were rife, but were mild by Middle East standards. Infection by the food-poisoning group seemed to be exceptional, and most cases of diarrhoea were dysenteric. Regimental MOs had instructions to treat all possible cases at unit level, so that much manpower was saved. Of those admitted to hospital the average stay was seven days, which reflects the mildness of the infection as compared with the Middle East figure of 17 days. No deaths occurred among Allied troops, but there were several among German prisoners of war treated by their own medical officers.

Can anything be done to prevent this condition, which accounted for nearly one-third of medical admissions in Normandy? In careful studies of isolated outbreaks in UK, many, if not most, have been traced to food-handlers, who were carriers. Scrupulous attention to cookhouse hygiene and camp cleanliness remain the only methods of prevention.

In the autumn of 1944 an epidemic of typhoid fever affected 79 men from one small unit and one of the nursing sisters attending them. The origin of the outbreak remains unsolved. It was,

however, a serious one, as 11 per cent died and complications and recurrences were frequent. The doctors reported: "Despite the fact that all patients had been immunised against the enteric group of organisms—the course of the disease was severe and unmodified." The efficacy of TAB is not in dispute (our typhoid rate was 1/200th that of the BEF 1914-18) but if patients are overwhelmed they will contract the disease, and apparently in an unmodified form. Unfortunately there has been no signal advance in the treatment of this disease.

Diphtheria

Intelligence reports had warned us that diphtheria was endemic in Holland: we were apprehensive, as, apart from possible protection in childhood, neither British nor Canadian members of the Forces had been immunised. When cases started to crop up it became evident that few medical officers had had much experience of diphtheria; owing to widespread immunisation campaigns the disease had become much less common, and clinical opportunities during their student days had been limited. This applied even more so to the Canadians, many of whom had never seen a case. They were soon to become very expert.

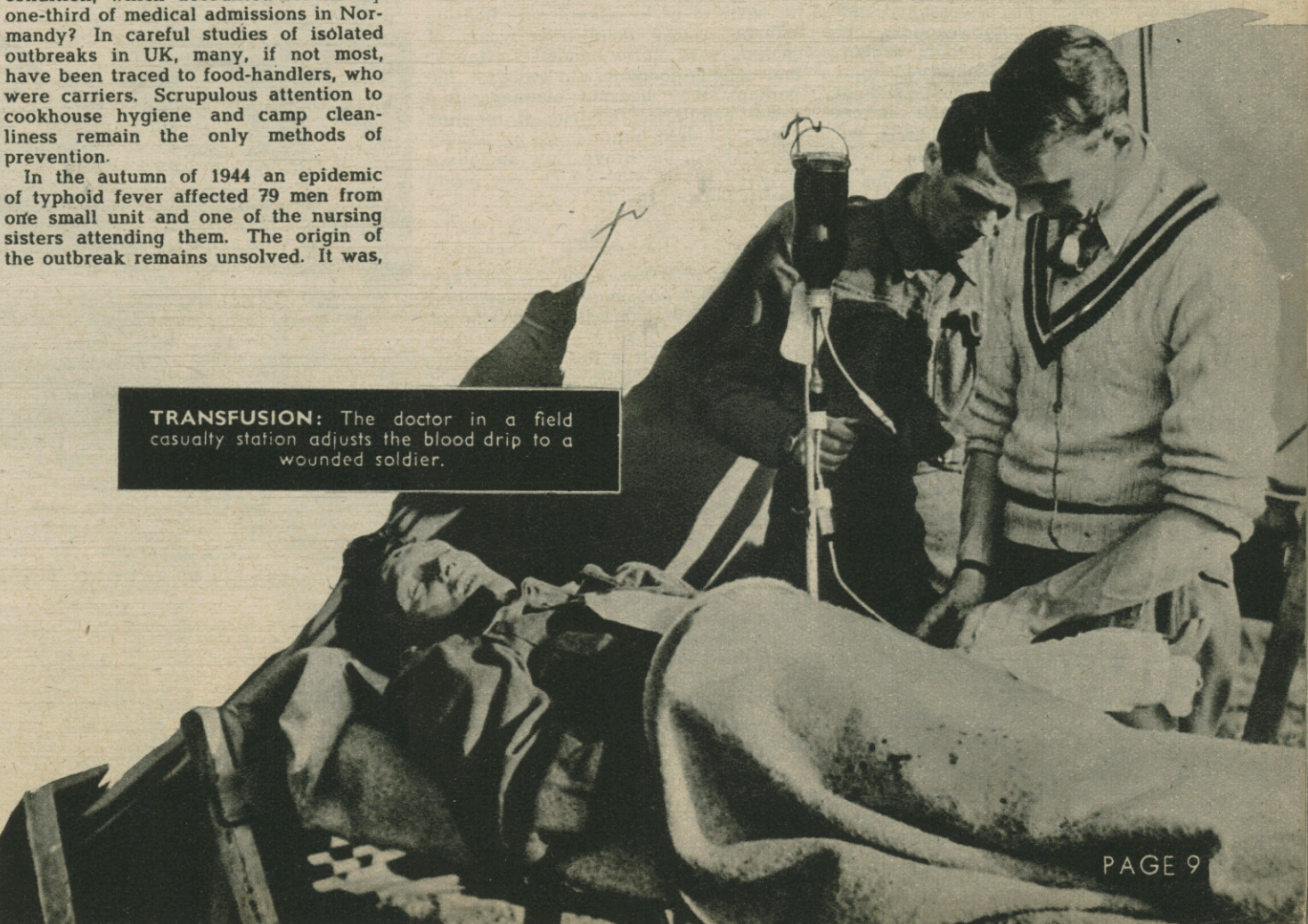
All medical officers were rapidly made diphtheria-minded and were asked to treat all suspicious sore throats at once on a clinical assessment. Very few cases were overlooked, and antitoxin was given very early. Naturally a great deal of it was given unnecessarily; but this did not matter—it was withholding antitoxin that we feared. The results were most creditable. The disease was on the whole mild, and its prompt treat-

FOREWORD BY FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN.

"I should like to take this opportunity to pay a tribute to the great work done by our doctors during the campaign in North-Western Europe. It was often unspectacular work, as may be judged from the constantly recurring reports: 'Sickness rates remain low.' But, as the result of the immense pains taken, our great armies in BLA were far healthier than the armies of the last war; this was achieved in spite of the fact that active large-scale operations continued at a high pitch throughout the campaign, and did not stop during the autumn and winter, when we experienced the worst possible weather conditions. "The doctors of the BLA can be justly proud of the results which they achieved. These results produced a force ready at all times to meet the great calls made on its endurance and physical fitness. Our doctors have in fact played no small part in the achievement of final victory in Europe."

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

CONTINUED
ON PAGE 10



TRANSFUSION: The doctor in a field casualty station adjusts the blood drip to a wounded soldier.

Ours was the Healthiest Army

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9)

ment resulted in an extremely low death rate—six deaths out of 3,000 cases approximately.

Diphtheria is a dangerous disease; few victims are fit for duty under six to eight weeks, and some are off for months with paralysis. The loss of manpower is therefore great. In future campaigns the problem need not arise if all troops are immunised on enlistment.

Typhus

Members of the Allied forces had been protected against typhus by inoculation before D-Day and had had a "booster" early in 1945; lousiness was uncommon, and DDT was available as a dusting powder and in solution for the

impregnation of clothing. Typhus was known to be present in Germany among internees and forced-labour organisations, but it was not encountered in the mass until concentration camps such as Belsen and Sandbostel were uncovered; and Army medical services had to care for thousands of cases. There were some cases of typhus among released prisoners of war, and some of the British troops working in the concentration camps contracted it. Otherwise I am unaware of the occurrence of cases among military personnel. Protection and the anti-louse measures had proved most effective.

The disease as seen among internees, was, on the whole, mild, and it was classical louse-borne typhus; the case mortality cannot be ascertained, as many presumably died of starvation before the rash of typhus came out. After the internees had been deloused with DDT there were very few secondary cases.

In Belsen some British soldiers and medical students developed typhus.

Among 21 such of whom I have notes there were no deaths—all had been inoculated. I have not complete figures for German personnel, but of 25, none of whom had been inoculated, 18 died. The series are not comparable, as there were differences in age, duties, diet and living conditions. That typhus could kill the uninoculated is shown; that it did not kill the inoculated is satisfactory.

Starvation

A number of cases of starvation among prisoners of war were met with, as there had been long periods of undernutrition, and often serious symptoms had been brought on by the forced marches from camp to camp as we advanced. There were few serious cases among British, Canadian and US troops, but very advanced emaciation was seen among other Allied troops, such as Russians and Poles. Our first problem was to try to get the newly released prisoner judiciously fed; serious, and sometimes fatal, vomiting and diarrhoea had resulted from the mistaken kindness of their liberators. Full Army field service rations were ill-tolerated; the secret of this early feeding is a soft,

"pappy" diet. All prisoners fit to travel were flown back to UK. Those unfit were admitted to military hospitals in BLA and rapidly improved on a simple gastric diet.

Penicillin

We had ample supplies of penicillin, and every opportunity was seized of studying its use in medical as opposed to surgical conditions. Penicillin's greatest value to a fighting army was in reducing the time spent in hospital for simple ailments. It reduced the time of treatment for gonorrhoea to 24 hours, and for syphilis to little over a week if treated early in the primary stage. In ulcerative gingivitis its local application seemed to be specific and the penicillin tablet should be the simple answer to this common complaint.

In the serious infections, where our object was to save life and not man-days in hospital, penicillin proved invaluable in certain types of pneumonia.

ERNEST BULMER
(late Brigadier RAMC, Consulting Physician 21 Army Group.)

A DOCTOR SUMS UP

WHAT have you gained from your life in the Army? What have you lost? Every man upon demobilisation thinks back and puts his war years on the scales to take stock of his present position.

A physician, writing in "The Lancet", make this assessment from the professional point of view after six years service.

GAINS

My chief gain from a Service career has been the opportunity to study at close quarters a very large number of my fellow men; men of all types and in all stations of life. In civil life, unless one is very lucky, one meets only a limited selection of men; and one does not actually live among them, nor normally see them closer to, except when they are ill.

In this war I have supped with peers, played cricket with plumbers, and got drunk with professional pianists. I have seen their reactions, not only to illness, but to boredom, danger, discomfort and death; observed their attitude to wine, to women, and to Wagner; and censored their letters containing their intimate thoughts and ambitions.

I think I have learned quite a lot of toleration for their weaknesses, and some understanding of their difficulties. I don't think I should have learned so much about men in six years of civil life. There can be few Service doctors who have not benefited, perhaps unconsciously, from close contact with so many of their countrymen.

Another advantage has been the opportunity to observe how effective, from the patient's point of view, is a large health organisation run without regard to trouble and expense. The ordinary sailor, soldier or airman during the war was far better cared for medically than he ever was in civilian life. Let us not be too hasty in assuming, however, that a State medical service in peace-time would be equally successful. It is almost certain that it would not—at least for a long time. But it has been stimulating and instructive to see a completely organised health service at work; and, if it has taught us little else, it has at least opened our eyes to the deficiencies of our pre-war system, and perhaps given us some ideas about remedying them.

The other lesson most of us who had not much pre-war experience have learned during the war is the immense importance of the patient's mental atti-

tude ... how much ailments are conditioned by psychological factors.

LOSSES

Now for the debit side of the ledger. There are a good many items, but for most doctors in the Services the greatest evil has been boredom, largely due to lack of interesting work. The majority have for long periods had far too little to do, and what work there was has been clinically dull and intellectually uninspiring. And five or six years of boredom is bad for any man, and must go down as a big item on the debit side of the account.

Another item has been the lack of contact with a large part of medical practice—that dealing with women and children and with old people. I have finished the war with an excellent knowledge of, for example, infective hepatitis (jaundice), glandular fever and the rot, but I have almost forgotten which way up a baby is born. It is a large gap, and I hope that the organisers of post-war refresher courses will bear it in mind.

I hope, too, that there may be facilities for some of us to relearn our "bedside manner", sadly rusty after years of dealing with horny-handed "stripeys" and column-dodging "old sweats". But perhaps the "bedside manner", that social emollient, redolent of morning coats and gold hunters, is no longer necessary in the Brave New Socialised Atomic World to which we shall shortly be returning?

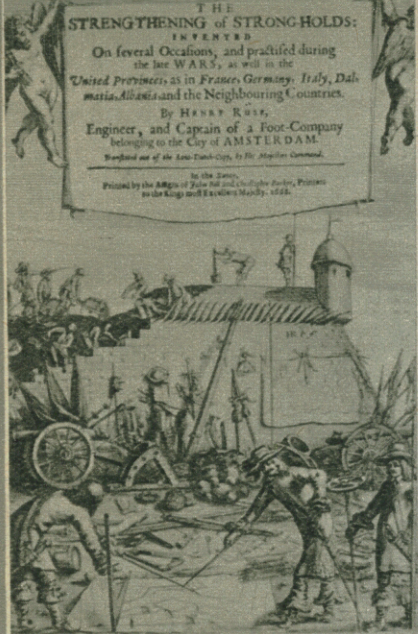
BALANCE

Finally, what has been the gain and loss in what one might call "spiritual values"? Here again it is a matter of individual personality. To some doctors in the Services the last six years have been a period of futility and waste, of frustration in their careers, of intolerable separation from their families; a period lacking those cultural and civilised amenities which made life for them pleasant and attractive. To others they were an opportunity of escape from a humdrum life; a time of comradeship, of gay irresponsibility, of excitement and adventure, may be. For many of us the war has been an interval of curious suspension, when one felt that one was living another life, not one's own, and that when this ended one would resume where one left off in 1939. Such a feeling is entirely illusory. There can be no going back, and all of us, whether we like it or not, have been profoundly affected by our years in uniform. I am an optimist, and believe I may be a better physician because of my experience in a fighting Service. I hope so, anyway.

Condensed from the "Lancet".

Goodbye To
This Patient

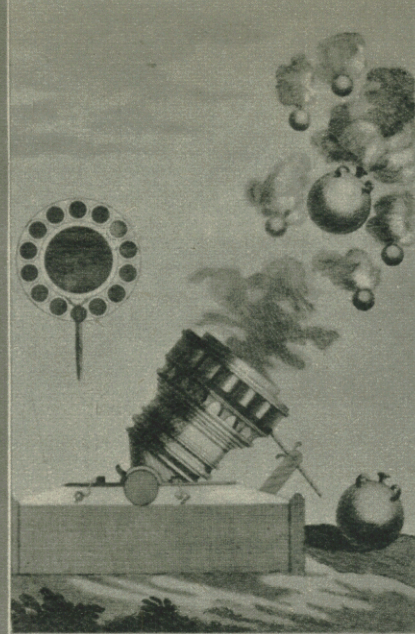




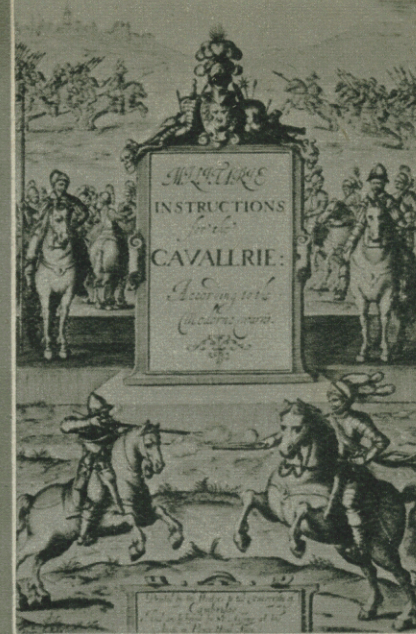
The RE's of 1688 studied this book on the construction of heavy fortifications.



An analysis of Greek battles which was applied in 16th century warfare.



17th century "Chicago piano". Mortar bomb is thrown in for good measure.



Gunpowder was ousting armour when this Cavalry manual was published.

140,000 BOOKS on WAR

WHEN the Duke of York in 1804 established what he called "The Depot of Military Knowledge" he was laying the foundations—although he did not know it—of the present War Office Library.

Today the Library, which is a merger of three separate collections started at different times, contains 140,000 volumes. That figure takes no account of the 20,000 volumes lost in a German air raid. The total is increased at the rate of 2,000 books a year, excluding the constant stream of pamphlets, White Papers and instructions which come in every day from Whitehall and other staff headquarters.

Rare Editions

In the collection are Army Lists dating back to 1740, a set of London Gazettes from 1690, a collection of military records including Horse Guards Circulars and General orders from 1792, and original submission papers to the King for changes in titles of regiments, awards of battle honours and changes in uniform from 1803. It includes sets of military periodicals, both British and foreign, General Orders of early campaigns and books on the art of war written in nearly every European language. Nor is it lacking in German magazines published during the war. These were obtained through Switzerland, and the librarian can show a full range of German propaganda efforts from the elegant "Signal" to the crude "Lustige Blätter".

SOLDIER's representative spent an afternoon browsing in the library, assisted by Mr. A. S. White, the present librarian.

Here is an extract from a handwritten volume entitled "A Copy of Orders Written by Major-General Wolfe", drawn up during the two days prior to the assault on Quebec.

11 September, 1759

"... The men are to be quite silent and when they are about to land must not upon any account to fire out of the boats...

"... Officers of Artillery and Detachments of Gunners are put on board the armed sloops, to regulate their fire, that in the hurry our own troops may not be hurt by our Artillery: Capt. Yorke and the officers will be particularly careful to distinguish the Enemy and to point their fire against them. The Frigates will not fire till broad daylight, so that no mistakes can be made..."

And on the 12th, the day of the landing and Wolfe's last order, written some time before two o'clock in the morning:—

"... The first Body that gets ashore is to march directly to the Enemy and drive them from any little post they may occupy.

Look Before You Shoot

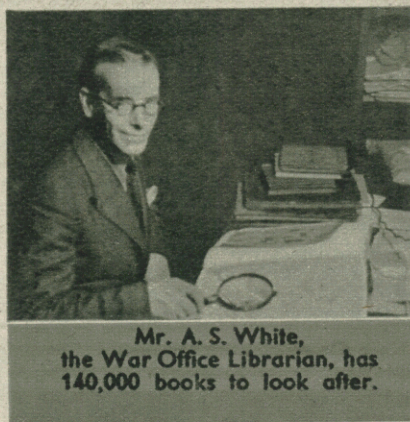
"The officers must be careful that the succeeding Body do not by any mistake fire upon those who go before them.

"The Battalions must form upon the upper ground with expedition, and be ready to charge whatever presents itself.

"When the Artillery and troops are landed, a corps will form to the left to secure the landing place, while the rest march on and endeavour to bring the French and Canadians to battle..."

While on the subject of combined operations, it is interesting to read what Sir John Smythe, Knight, wrote in 1590 about the possibilities of an invasion:—

"... It is further to be noted that a



Mr. A. S. White, the War Office Librarian, has 140,000 books to look after.

puissant and mighty enemy in the time of summer intendeth the invasion of foreign dominions by sea, to the intent to give battle and subdue, doth not always bind himself to land his Army in a haven, but sometimes upon an open coast and shore... so it behoveth all such Princes as doubt the invasion of their dominions by the sea also to have a great regard

to such open and commodious shores as are before mentioned...

New tactics are often to be traced back to some early source. Does this maxim written by a military spokesman in 1591 have any bearing on the desert "box"?

"But if you meet your enemies upon the planes, then must you appoint certain of of your Pikes with Halbards as bits to defend your shot against the charge of horsemen..."

Discipline in the old days was not a thing to be trifled with. Witness these orders written by the Duke of Cumberland between 1744 and 1748:—

"Whatever Soldier is taken plundering Horses or Villages shall be hang'd without remission."

Hanged for "Flogging"

Against the black market:—
"...and if it shall appear that any soldier shall offer to sell any horses, arms, etc., of any Corps in the Army he shall be hang'd."

After route-marches:—
"Upon the arrival of a regiment into a camp, the commanding officers of Corps are to examine into the stragglers and to confine all those who cannot

give a sufficient reason or just pretence for doing in order to have them try'd and punished for the same."

Those woe-sorry days for the soldier who went out of camp without a pass.

"No Trooper, Dragoon, or Foot Soldier, shall go behind the limits of the camp, which is within the limits or distance of the Guard, and all such as shall be found offending therein shall be severely whipt in front of the line."

Ammunition occupied the attention of many an early writer. Here an author of 1573 describes "the first invention and oldest manner of making powder for ordnance":—

Salt peter 1 part
Brimstone 1 part
Coles 1 part

This formula appeared at the back of nearly all military manuals of the period.

Poisoned Arrows

From "Military Collections and Remarks", published during the American War of Independence, comes a recipe for a secret weapon. In all except two known copies this suggestion has been cut out:—

"Dip arrows in a matter of small pox and twang them at the American rebels in order to inoculate them; this would sooner disband these stubborn, ignorant, enthusiastic savages than any other compulsive measure. Such is their dread of that disorder."

And, lastly, from a weapon-training manual published in 1619 (the text of this book was written in English, French, German and Dutch):—

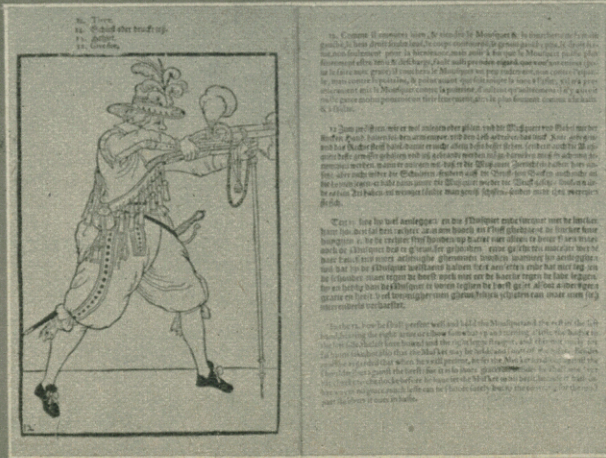
"...he set the Musket hard (not against the shoulder) but against the breast: for it is so more braceful. Besides he shall not lay cheek to the stock before he have set the Musket to his breast because it has other ways no grace, much less can he shoot surely but to the contrary, for the most part slubbers it out in haste."

R. S. GARRETT (Lieut.)

Red Jacket versus clansman — a swordsmanship illustration. The clansman has avoided the lunge by withdrawing his right leg.



How to Aim the Musket, in four languages. The musketeer probably added a fifth as he grappled with his complicated weapon.



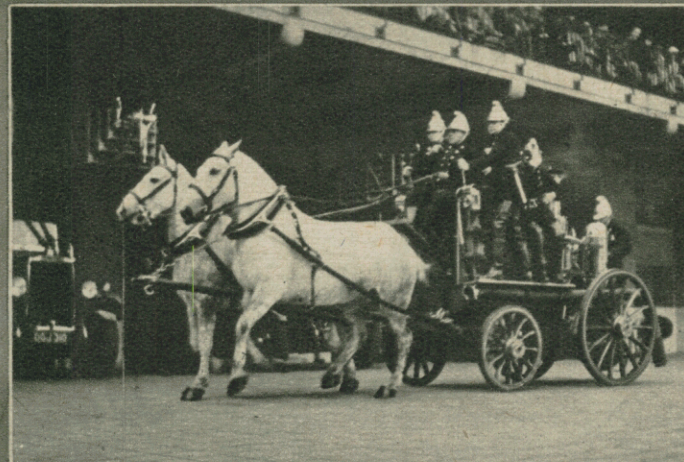
Correct way to engage a Cavalryman with the sabre. The defender is guarding his bridle arm, a very vulnerable point.



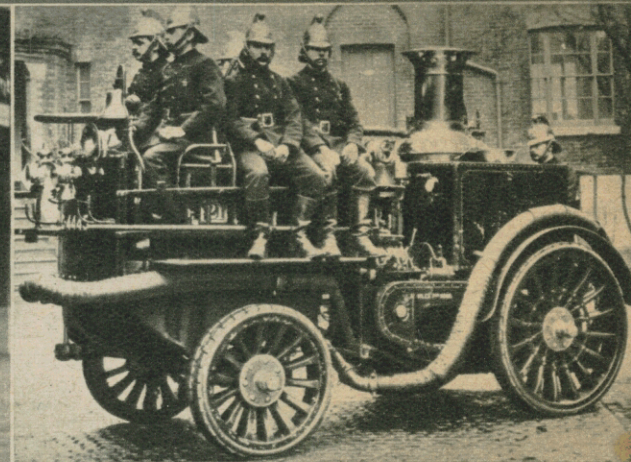
"THE BELLS ARE DOWN!"



This bearded old-timer, who retired in 1885, was one of the original firemen of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.



Greys, automatically released from their stalls when the fire-bell rang, knew their job as well as the men who manned the old steam fire-engines.



The "Fire King", dated 1905, was one of the earliest steam motor engines.

THE yearly loss by fire in the United Kingdom in peace-time averaged 10 million pounds.

This destruction by fire of important commercial undertakings, fine buildings, works of art or irreplaceable records is a dead loss to the wealth of the community, even though individuals may be financially compensated by insurance.

It was only about 100 years ago that public authority began to realise this fact and started to take over from private enterprise the responsibility for extinguishing fires. Today, fire-fighting is much more than haphazardly pouring water on a burning building; it is a highly skilled profession; engineers are constantly introducing more modern appliances, and bye-laws enforce preventive measures to reduce fire risks in public places and factories.

Up to the time of the Great Fire of London in 1666, the best appliances available were the ancient siphos or squirts, similar in design to those discarded by the Romans when they left Britain in AD 410. Regulations in the time of Elizabeth required that a "barrelful of water for quenching fires should be placed before the doors of a building" and that the bellmen, calling the hours at night, should cry: "Take care of your fire and candle, be

charitable to the poor and pray for the dead!"

The Great Fire prompted many ideas and schemes from London's citizens, but they mostly concerned compensation for loss rather than combating fire. People preferred strong insurance companies to strong fire brigades.

The London Court of Common Council met to discuss methods for preventing future disasters and decided that there should, "in each of the four divisions of the City, be kept 800 leathern buckets, 50 ladders from 12 to 40 feet in length, two brazen hand squirts to each parish, 24 pick axe sledges and 40 shod shovels"; and that "men should be provided from the several companies of carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, painters, masons, smiths, plumbers and paviors, who should accompany the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs on all occasions of fire for extinguishing the same."

But nobody seemed to insist on this being carried out, so these pioneer fire-watchers were never properly organised.

And it was not until towards the end of the 17th century that Britain had its first fire brigades. These were independent bodies formed by fire insurance societies. Each insured building had on the outside a "fire-mark", a metal plate bearing the insignia of the company with which it was insured, and it was the responsibility of that company's brigade to save the property. There was keen competition between rival brigades to be the most efficient. It was good advertisement for the company, and history records that rivalry was so intense that differences were frequently settled by fistfights on the spot while fires raged.

Worm-Driven Fire Squirt

Edinburgh, Manchester, Glasgow and Liverpool were the first cities to take over fire-fighting from the private concerns. In London it was 1867 when the Metropolitan Fire Brigade assumed control. Its annual cost of £50,000 was paid for by levying a halfpenny on the rates, and two contributions of £10,000 each by the Government and the insurance companies.

Development of the fire engine dates back to the early 16th century when people depended largely on the Lucars engine, a large worm-driven fire squirt, capacity one barrel of water, mounted on two wheels. This Heath Robinson contraption had a cylinder, filled through a funnel by a long-handled ladle from a vat supplied by persons carrying buckets of water. When filled, a stop-cock under the funnel was closed, and water was ejected by turning the worm to force a piston forward. When empty the process was repeated.

Then followed the first pumps, an early example of which is that made by Keeling of Blackfriars.

This prospectus, dated 1724, extolling

the virtues of a construction operated by lateral lever handles and treadles, claims: "Richard Newsham, of Cloth Fair, London, engineer, makes the most useful, substantial and convenient engines for quenching fires, which carries continual streams with great force. He hath play'd several of them before His Majesty and nobility at St James' with so general an approbation that the largest was at the same time ordered for the use of that Royal Palace. The largest will go through a passage about three feet wide in complete working order, without taking off or putting on anything, and may be worked with 10 men in the said passage... Great attempts have been made to exceed, but none yet could equal this sort; the fifth size of which hath played above the grasshopper upon the Royal Exchange, which is upwards of 55 yards high, and this in the presence of many thousand spectators."

In the early part of the 19th century, firemen used the town water supply by making holes in the roadway sufficiently deep to act as a basin out of which water could be drawn. This not only caused considerable disturbances to the highways, but grit damaged the pump valves.

The first steam fire engines came in 1828, but their use was discouraged because they used too much water. Fire engine trials were held in Hyde Park at the International Exhibition of 1862. One entry was a three-wheeled locomotive, self-propelled and weighing about eight tons. Its claimed speed was 12 miles an hour, and "upon a clear road 18 mph."

Next came steam motor engines. The "Fire King", dated 1905, a solid rubber-tired vehicle, used the same engine to drive pump and road wheels. It carried 80 gallons of reserve water. In the fire station the boiler was constantly heated by coal gas to maintain pressure ready for an instant turn-out.

THE bells are down! There is a call for firemen. Thousands of recruits are needed to bring the peace-time fire brigades of Great Britain up to strength. In a few weeks all men in the war-time organisation, the National Fire Service, will be released if they want to go; many will not be retained because they are below physical requirements.

The Home Office are looking to the Services for replacements. Men who volunteer for the fire service will be released under Class B if accepted. At present recruiting boards are visiting Delhi and Cairo, interviewing candidates. A similar board will shortly be going to BAOR.

For men who prefer a life of action, with excitement and adventure, to work at an office desk, the fire service makes a strong appeal.

Sir Aylmer Firebrace, Chief of the Fire Staff, NFS, who has been a fireman for more than 26 years, and before that was in the Navy for 18½ years, wants to build up the new force from picked men. This is his picture of the ideal fireman.

"He is about 5ft 9ins tall—if he were taller he would not be able to slip in and out of windows. He has a big chest—37ins with 2ins expansion—so that he is a stocky type and as strong as a horse. He is a quick mover. He may not be particularly well-educated, but he knows a good deal more than he can put on paper.

"He has a perfect detailed knowledge of the area surrounding his station, knows every lane, alleyway and court, the position of every hydrant, pond, canal or river where a pump can be set in. He is handy with his axe (but not too handy). His cutaway jobs—his removal of a hearth-stone—are neatly accomplished without doing a shilling's worth of unnecessary damage. He has developed a fine bump of locality for the inside of a building. In darkness, without torch or lamp, he finds his way about, can search a smoke-filled floor, and if there is a body to be found he will be the one to find it; and should the unpleasant task of removing badly burned dead from a building present itself, it will not be he who shirks it.

"He has 'Smoky-Joe' qualities, with lungs and throat of leather, and seems able to breathe in an atmosphere in which ordinary mortals would cough, choke, be sick and have to be conveyed out for a breather. You do not find him using gadgets like a piece of sponge inside his mouth. He will lead men wearing breathing apparatus into a hot,

smoky basement and stay with them, encouraging them to advance into the job, and sticking the heat and smoke better than they will. In short, he has 'guts'.

"He will, almost certainly, be a motor driver, having a perfect road sense and exercising a fine judgment as to whether he can risk crossing against the traffic lights or go the wrong side of an obelisk. He will unerringly divine what the point duty constable wishes him to do. He is a fast driver, but the glamour of weaving through traffic and the thrill of riding with the ringing fire bell alongside do not excite him.

"You will not see him sitting about doing nothing in his station; he is the sort that takes a great pride in his appliance, never ceasing to care for and beautify it. He will be sound in the watchroom, but he may well not like the job or feel at home there; and he will be uneasy as he sees the pump go to a fire without him, instinctively feeling that he may be needed there.

"Being a good fireman, he is also a good salvage man and he has never been known to use an unnecessary gallon of water in putting out a fire. He is a respecter of other people's property—and feelings; he leaves a job tidy, whether it is the home of a miner or millionaire; and he will be seen comforting, when appropriate, what the insurance companies aptly term 'the sufferer'.

"Cheerful, with a strong sense of humour, he keeps the mess alive, and with it all he is quite unconscious that he is anything out of the ordinary."

That is the ideal, experienced fireman, but, as Sir Aylmer pointed out, the qualifications for untrained recruits are not so exacting as that.

Plenty of Chances

"We want good men," said Sir Aylmer, "men who like a disciplined community life in a service of picked men. We particularly want those who hold commissions. Though promotion in the fire service is through the ranks, those men have shown that they must be made of pretty good stuff and will be earmarked for promotion. There will be plenty of opportunities for them, as many of our officers will be retiring on the age limit.

"Firemanship today is a highly skilled profession. We have a college at Salt-dean, near Brighton, for the higher training of officers in the principles of fire-fighting and fire protection, and a grounding is given in building construction, hydraulics, engineering, electricity and other sciences which have application to the profession of fireman.

"Recruits, first of all, go to one of the regional training schools for a two months' course. Then they are posted, as far as possible, to the particular town or part of the country where they wish to serve. A fireman gets a fair amount



Sir Aylmer Firebrace, Chief of the Fire Staff, NFS, wants to build up Britain's post-war fire force from ex-Servicemen.

of leisure time for reading and hobbies, and when he goes out on a job he always knows that he is helping someone in distress. Within two months of leaving the Forces he may be climbing down a ladder rescuing a lady, beautiful or otherwise...

Some of the regional schools are already instructing ex-Servicemen—as yet, only those released in Class A. One school for the South-Eastern Region is at Tandridge, near Oxted, Surrey—a huddled camp where firemen have been trained in war-time and where reinforcements were held ready to give a hand to London and southern towns on heavy blitz nights.

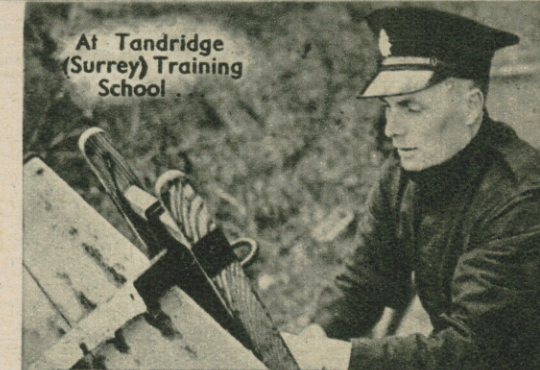
Newcomers are taught to use all types of modern fire-fighting apparatus, drills which make the most thrilling rescue almost a commonplace routine, and how to get right into the seat of a fire instead of playing water aimlessly into a smoking building.

Here are brief details for men wishing to become firemen.

Qualifications: British, physically fit, age 21-31, at least 5ft 7ins, chest measurement 37ins with 2ins expansion, able to pass simple educational and other tests.

Service conditions: Pay £4 8s. weekly (£4 10s for men 23 and over), rising after two years to £4 13s, then annual increments of 3s a week to £5 17s. Leading fireman £5 8s to £6 3s, section leader £6 8s to £7 3s. Free quarters not provided but additional allowance of 10s weekly for married and 5s weekly for single firemen and leading firemen, 15s and 7s 6d respectively for section leaders. Free uniform and medical treatment. Higher posts carry salaries of £650 rising to more than £1,000 a year. Fortnight's annual leave with pay. Pension scheme.

Application should be made through CO, under ACI 1442/45.



At Tandridge (Surrey) Training School

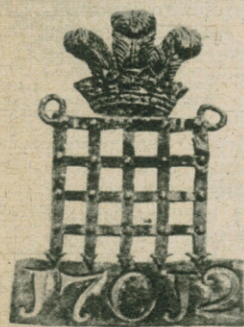


Recruits are taught...



Strenuous hook-ladder drills.

Private fire brigades, operated by insurance companies, could tell by these fire-marks fixed outside buildings whose responsibility it was to put out a fire.

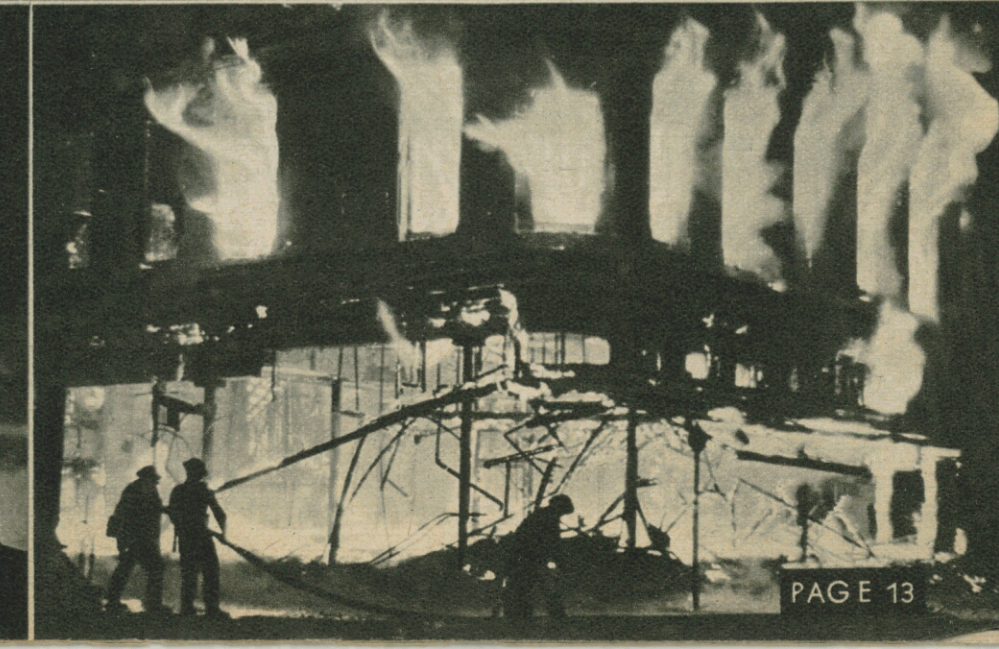
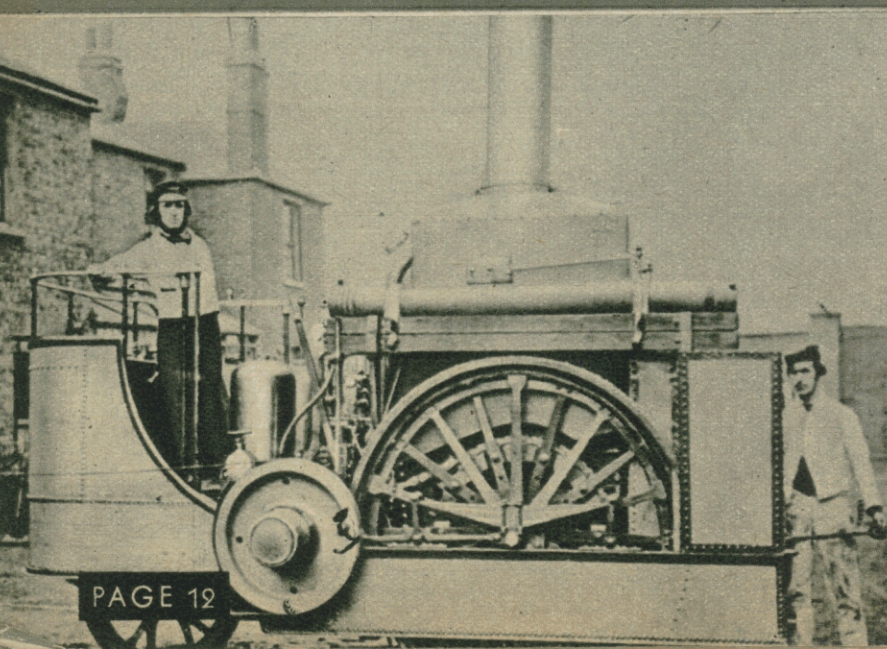


One of the entries in the International Fire Engine Trials in Hyde Park in 1862 was this eight-ton, three-wheeled locomotive.

This 17th century engine was claimed to be "one of the best to quench great fires."

Enemy raiders hurtled down thousands of incendiaries on London. Fires were started...

The bravery of firemen, such as these, saved London from disaster in the eventful days of the blitz.



PADERBORN

BETWEEN Detmold and Paderborn there lies a country of black hills and thick pine forests. This is the western fringe of Weserbergland, the land of hills by the River Weser. In the late fall of 1944, 6 German Panzer Division went into stiff training here for the counter-offensive that was to carry them through the Ardennes. It was an ideal spot.

At least five well-equipped barracks were situated in the area; the rolling, black countryside supplied every conceivable feature for the intensive training of fighting troops. It was long a special training area for Wehrmacht troops and even a few Italian divisions.

It was to Bad Lippspringe that the ludicrous, civilian-clad figure of Mussolini was brought to see the remnants of his Fascist army after the airborne foray that rescued him from Northern Italy.

It was only natural, therefore, that this spot should be chosen as the site for the post-war training schemes of the British Army of the Rhine.

Long before the war ended plans for the training centre had already been drawn up, potential instructors and staff tested and chosen. Only the area itself remained unselected, and when the Americans handed over to us that part of their zone which included Paderborn the plan was put into execution. By June 1945 work was under way to clean, equip and refurnish over 100 square miles for the opening of the BAOR Training Centre.

Engagements Fought Again

The scope of the Centre is comprehensive. It envisages the intelligent application of lessons learned during the war by young men, officers and NCO's whose battle experience has taught them the value of the training they will give to the men of the British Army of Occupation.

To men with six years experience of the Army behind them and prospects of an early release the establishment of a vast training centre may sound an amusing anachronism, but those who will attend the Centre are not men who are sweating out their last two or three months in Germany, but men in high release groups and the newly-recruited reinforcements who will be coming from England in the years to come. Viewed in this light the object of the Centre becomes vital enough.

Men who have been working in the Centre since its inception will tell you that they have not yet seen all there is to see of it, so vast is it, and to a visiting reporter, riding in jeeps and 15-cwts, plunging through thick mud and pine forests, passing quickly from class-room to class-room in three

crowded days, the impressions gained are full enough and can be sketched only in outline. But within that outline is a scheme complex in detail and absorbing in practice, and a long, long way from the days of 1940 when most of us stood in hastily-dug slit trenches in England, with civilian respirators and imaginary rifles, listening to the sergeant as he sat on the lip of the parados.

Infantry Showpiece

The Centre is divided into schools, each with its own programme but each fitting into the whole scheme. Schools of Infantry, Military Police and Intelligence, Administration, Hygiene and Technical Training; wings for Physical and Recreational Training; a School of Offensive Air Support; a War Dogs School; camouflage and target factories; and even a farm, its object once to supply Wehrmacht trainees; a Museum of captured enemy equipment. In Lippstadt is the largest of the sub-establishments, 4 RASC Training Brigade, which, when at full capacity, can cope with nearly 2,000 students.

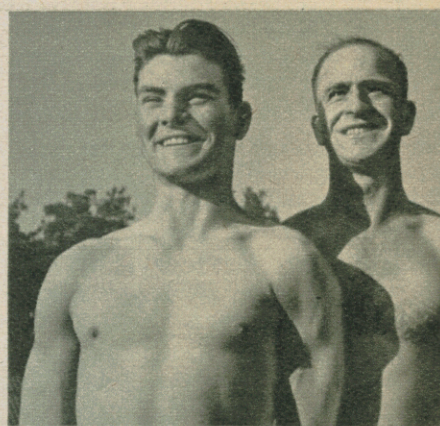
Of all these, the Infantry School is the most elaborate and spectacular. Full use has been made of the equipment and facilities of the previous tenants, but whereas the Germans used the area for training as many as three divisions a time the Training Centre, more exacting in detail, trains its students on the level of company operations only.

Under the control of Lt-Col. D. B. Lang, DSO, MC, CO 5 Camerons in the Highland Div, the Infantry School has a Tactical Wing, Small Arms Wing, a Pioneer Assault Wing, and a demonstration squadron of the Royal Armoured Corps. With its barracks at the



Highlanders rush the brow of a hill on "Aachen" range in a demonstration (see picture below).

base, the pear-shaped area of the School covers approximately 100 square miles. One half of this had been cleared of inhabitants by the Germans for the establishment of Infantry and Artillery firing ranges. This area is still uninhabited. In its centre the village of Haustenbeck is deserted, the walls of its houses ripped by grenade, mortar and small-arms fire. Fourteen other firing ranges are spread over the area, bearing the old familiar names like Ardennes, Caen, Reichswald, Arnhem, Aachen and Mezdion. It was in the range now known as Aachen that the Germans long ago built a section of a fortified line, and trained their troops both in the defence of the Siegfried Line and the attack on



Students of the PT & Recreational School, which puts a fine edge on fitness.

the Maginot. The fortifications remain but it is British troops who "storm" it now.

Surprise Targets

Every aspect of modern warfare finds its reflection in these ranges, where conditions are reproduced with as much realism as possible without the expenditure of life. In the dark upstairs rooms of Haustenbeck are planted grey-clad dummy fighters, so set as to tumble downstairs when hit. In the woods, trenches and fox-holes are mechanically-controlled targets that flash up and down before advancing troops. Canvas tanks roll suddenly across the front of trainees. From their guns are fired those red-tipped wooden bullets we picked up in hundreds in Normandy. And the

RAC squadron, equipped with most types of armoured vehicles, co-operates with the Infantry on the ranges.

There is an Infantry anti-tank range and the Caen Range—this name was chosen because the RAF use it for bombing practice.

The field firing ranges do not offer comfortable firing positions but present the wicked, comfortable ditches and roof-tops which an Infantryman more often than not finds given him. Here is the principle in operation that if you are going to teach a man to shoot it is wisest to reproduce for him the exact conditions under which he will be expected to fight. And if he is a good shot while compressing his body into a shallow rocky hole, or clinging with his toe-

caps to a slippery roof, then he is a good shot. In addition a 102 target classification range (two more than Bisley) is under construction. This range will be used for normal classification and for rifle meetings organised by HQ Rhine Army.

The Infantryman's miniature .22 range is an artist's masterpiece. Based on the old selection of target sheets which used to be draped over a black-board on the square and jabbed at with the sergeant-major's cane, a life-like panorama has been constructed in detail; houses, roadways, woods and villages, across which will run tiny model tanks, and against which will spring up the head and shoulder figures of targets. In all the battle ranges there are no "bulls-eye" targets to be seen. These are rejected with derision. Why teach a man to shoot at a piece of paste-board when his target will be a running or crouching man?

The Last Refinement

Skilled woodworkers and painters produce life-like model villages, and, to give you some idea of their ingen-

von Rundstedt Chose our Training Ground

uity, they are at present working on a street-fighting demonstration model with houses which, as the tactical situation described by the instructor develops, will blow up as under mortar fire!

On certain occasions tours are made of actual battle areas in Europe, such as the Rhine crossing, where officers who took part in the operations reconstruct on the spot the tactics used.

At Bad Lippspringe, by the Centre HQ, is the School of Offensive Air Support, a small but important section with the job of teaching the mechanics of liaison between ground and air troops. This it does by means of mock operations rooms and by the faithful reconstruction of such operations as the Arnhem push.

High in the hills at Bad Driburg, amid a wintry atmosphere of snow and pines, are found the Schools of Hygiene, Administration and Military Intelligence. They are housed in the old Spa buildings and the rusty-coloured healing water bubbles up among green tiles in the NAAFI. Hygiene students are given a two weeks' course in sanitary and water duties, in laboratory and workshops, and in the field.

The task of the School of Adminis-

tration is to instruct, to a unit level, adjutants, company commanders, quartermasters and their staffs. "The motive of this school," I was told, "is not to produce men who can work with elaborate filing systems, but men who can run an office efficiently even though their only filing cabinet may be a five-five box."

To the School of Military Intelligence come officers and men to be trained in Field Security work. They learn German from scratch — a 10-week course, six hours a day, under German tutors.

The equipment of the School of Physical and Recreational Training is improvised from the forests about the school, not because this country is impoverished of gymnastic equipment, but because the men who are trained there must know how to

improvise. They are taught all sports, and, more than that, how to organise sports groups (officers, more often than not, pass out as qualified third-class football referees). With Lt-Col. J. A. Tresawna, DSO, well-known for his work with the desert "Tough Tactics" school, at its head, this school makes every effort to bring its students to an understanding of the motives underlying their training. "We give our men

a legacy of assurance and confidence in the training they receive."

On the staff are men like SSI Powell, of Leeds United and Wales, and SSI Moore of Luton.

Every month at the CMP School there is a regular flow of recruits to replace the demobilisation gaps.

Sportsman's Dream

At Lippstadt, in the grey-stoned buildings of a German AA Barracks, 4 Training Brigade, RASC, under its commandant, Colonel W. J. F. Eassie late DDST of the Second Army, is turning out clerks, cooks, mechanics and supply personnel of every classification. When working to capacity it will be able to absorb 1,943 students.

At the airfield to the east of the training area, where German troop carriers were bogged down before the Ardennes assault, plans are in progress to erect a mammoth sports stadium and grounds.

The BAOR Training Centre aims to provide instruction not only for British troops but for Dutch, Belgian and Danish too. Under its commandant, Brigadier the Hon. H. C. H. T. Cumming-Bruce, DSO, it is developing fast. The names of Senne Lager and Bad Lippspringe will in time replace Aldershot, Catterick and Arborfield in the minds and vocabularies of the future British troops in the occupation of Germany.

JOHN PREBBLE (Sjt.)

A snap shot at a moving target.



Gymnastic maze in a pine copse calls for strength, nerve and initiative.

All the Centre's activities are directed from the HQ located in this unpretentious building.



Bren-gun section takes up position on the "Aachen" range for a street-fighting demonstration.



Above: Model room in the Infantry School. Below: SSI A. Powell (Leeds United & Wales) heads the ball during practice at the APTC School.

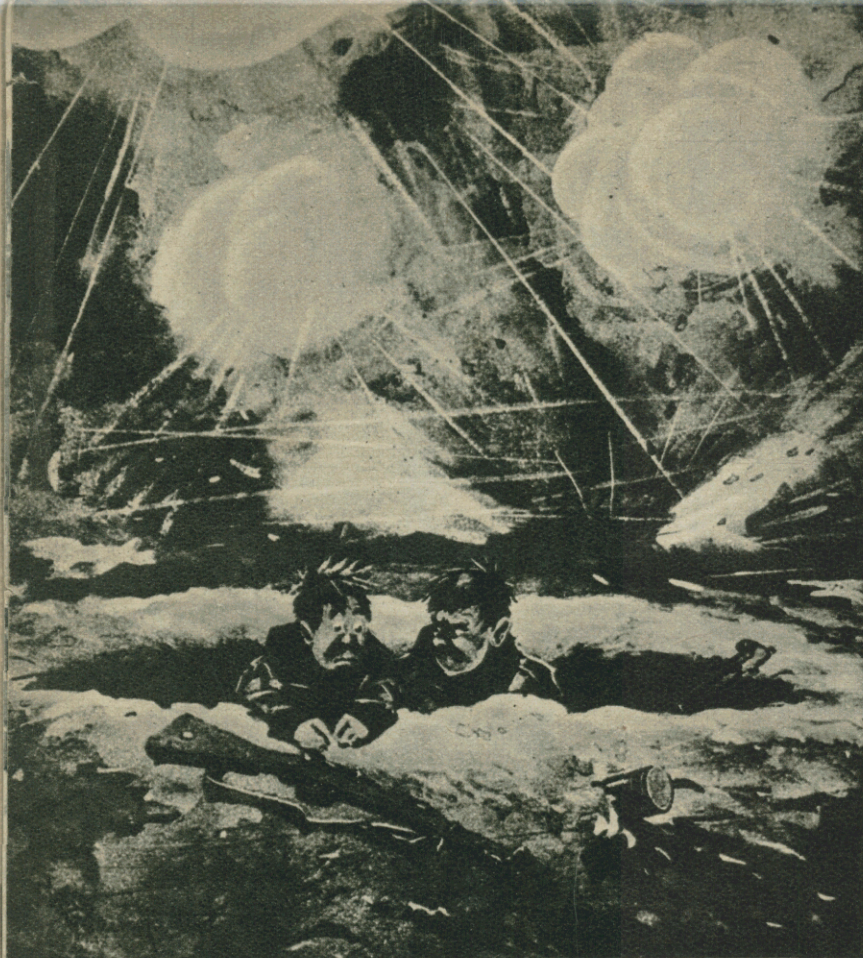


Veterans of 51 Highland Div. are briefed before "going into action." Officers and men of the training staff are all battle-experienced.



A section breaks cover. They have to be alert, for at any moment a target may appear, or a canvas tank firing wooden bullets.





"Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it."



So Obvious.

The Young and Talkative One: "Who made that 'ole?"
The Fed-up One: "Mice."

Bruce Bairnsfather's drawings in the "Bystander" became a national institution during the 1914-18 war. The one entitled "So Obvious" was not so obvious to the Germans, who reprinted it and explained to their readers that the hole was caused, not by mice, but by a shell.

By courtesy of "Punch" come the other two drawings on this page: Below—a celebrated jest by Raven Hill, and beside it, a variation on the theme of man-thrown-from-horse by the tireless Townsend.

C.O. (to delinquent brought up for having a dirty rifle). "Ah! A VERY OLD SOLDIER! I SUPPOSE YOU MADE YOURSELF OUT TO BE YEARS YOUNGER THAN YOU ARE WHEN YOU RE-ENLISTED. WELL, WHAT WERE YOU CHARGED WITH THE LAST TIME YOU WERE BROUGHT UP TO THE GUNNERY-SCHOOL?"
Delinquent (stung to iron). "A VINE A DIRT ROW-AN-ARRER, SIR!"



THE Army picture-joke has come a long way. Once upon a time it was a leisureed, painstaking drawing (usually showing somebody being thrown from a horse) with lots of dialogue beneath it, full of coy asides and explanations, and finishing up with "Collapse of sergeant-major". Today, like all picture jokes, it has been reduced to a quick, crisp sketch with a one-line caption or no caption at all.

This was the way they told a joke in a regimental magazine issued in the North of England in the 1914-18 war (a magazine which liked to head its jokes with gruesome puns like "A RUM (H)UN"):

Sister (hurriedly): Orderly, I want you to give me a sponge bath
Orderly (nervously): Er—

Sister (irritated): Don't stand there staring at me. Give it to me at once.

(It was only when it dawned on her that she meant a bath sponge that she understood the dilemma of the blushing orderly.)

By contrast, take a typical picture-joke of this war: a sketch of a returned soldier and his wife, facing a flight of stairs, with the caption "Not them, dear, those."

The first joke is careful to leave nothing to the imagination; the second leaves nearly everything. The first presents no challenge to the reader's powers of perception; the second flatters him into thinking that he is smart in the uptake. (It has to be admitted that the second joke will probably be unintelligible to the casual reader in 10 years' time.)

Research through the Army jests of the last war finds many a potentially good joke lost under a load of verbiage. Was it that the editor was so determined to parade his own wit, or was he just painfully anxious that no one should miss the point of the joke?

Here is an example of deadliness of dialogue it would be hard to beat. The Orderly Officer has asked a corporal for the name of the sanitary orderly, and the corporal has answered "Higham, sir."

Orderly Officer: Save me from myself! How in the name of all the angelic things on earth can an NCO be an orderly? Disclose the name of the orderly at once!

Chorus of voices: Higham, sir.
Orderly Officer (fast losing all possible chance of entry into the realms above): Enough of this, you howling pack of undisciplined humanity. Bring the orderly to me!

And so on, for as long as the reader can take it.

Not only the manner of explaining jokes, but the very essence of the jokes has changed. The humour of the 1914-18 war was largely trench humour. No cartoon was complete without a large-calibre shell hurtling low over somebody's head, with the conventional "coil of wire" behind it denoting rapid rotation. This unfriendly object would be seen, for instance, parting the hair of a soldier shaving in a trench; needless to say, the caption would be "A Close Shave." Bruce Bairnsfather's Old Bill spent most of his time dodging fourpenny ones, either singly or in bulk, and making appropriate comments.

It is worth noting that the relatively brief explanations under the Bairnsfather drawings were considered most inadequate by the Germans. In a treatise on the British sense of humour they reproduced Bairnsfather's drawing in which one soldier asks another what caused a gaping hole in the wall and is told "Mice", and explained, "It was not mice, of course; it was a shell."

Old Bill was humorous character number one of the First World War. He had all the lugubrious wit of the old sweat. Towards the enemy he maintained a half-affectionate contempt; sardonically he mocked his own higher-ups who were incapable of sending him anything but plum-and-apple jam. He was not easily "scored off", unlike many of his cartoon contemporaries. An Infantryman was usually represented as saying "Wot" whereas an officer was allowed to say "What." There was an unending stream of "dumb sentry" jokes, some of which have survived into the Second World War. These, for instance (shorn of their explanatory clauses):

Halt, who goes there?
Officer of the Day.
Then why are you here in the middle of the night?

Halt, who goes there?
You shut your ——— mouth, or I'll ——— come and knock your ——— head off!

Army

Pass, friend.
Advance and be reconciled.
Advance and recognise yourself.
Advance and give the countersign "Waterloo".

Developing from this was the interrogation of the sentry:

What are your orders?
To walk about in a soldierly manner and to pay contributions to all officers, according to rank.

What are your orders?
Not to wake the orderly sergeant.
Why didn't you challenge me?
I didn't know you was comin'.
Why didn't you challenge me?
Aw, I ken't ye was comin'.

Summing it all up, the sentry of those days was made to soliloquise: Territorial (his first experience as sentry): If anyone comes along I say "Halt, who goes there?" Then he says "Friend" and I say "Pass, friend — all's well." But some silly ass'll say "Enemy" and then I shan't know what to do. Rotten job, I call it.

Sergeants could scarcely hope to be represented in a sympathetic light, such was (and is) the popular tradition that they must be fire-eaters who litter the ground with aspirates. This was how a 1916 sergeant drilled a funeral party:—

"Upon the corpse issuing from the dead 'ouse, mortuary or what not, the 'ole will assume a melingcoly haspect." H. M. Bateman specialised in fiery parade-ground types. Remember his Guardsman who dropped his rifle?

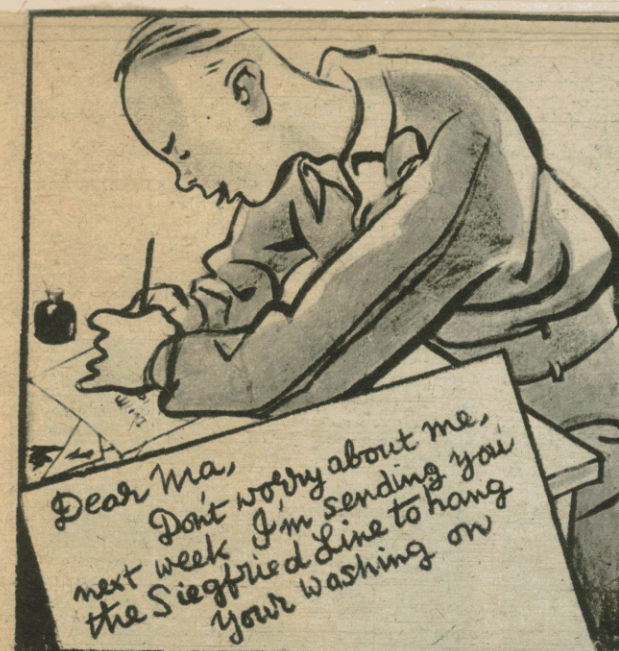
Now and again a soldier was allowed to score off an officer, as in: Well, what are you doing, my man? Swinging the lead, sir.

Oh jolly good work. Keep it up.
The First World War produced a phenomenon known variously as the knut, k—nut and k'nut (which in turn produced a class of witicism like "The knut must be shelled to produce a colonel" and "A knut has position but no magnitude.")

Knuts were very precious, very



Win the War Sergeant. "REMEMBER THE GOLDEN RULE, GENTLEMEN. KEEP A LEG EACH SIDE OF THE HORSE AND YOU CAN'T COME OFF."



Dear Ma,
Don't worry about me,
next week I'm sending you
the Siegfried Line to hang
your washing on

Humorists of the 1939-45 war: St. John Cooper's "Young Bert" cartoon which inspired the Siegfried Line song (courtesy of "Daily Express"); a characteristic Giles (also "Daily Express"); a delightful Fenwick (from "Enter Trubshaw", by courtesy of Messrs Collins); one of Brian Robb's "Little-Known Units", from "Crusader"; and—at the bottom of the page—Jon's Two Types at their most typical.

young officers, monocled and chinless, who went around slapping their puttees with swagger canes and exclaiming "I say, what." They were unfathomably ignorant about everything, but unabashed. They sighed continually for Blighty leave, which they spent piloting bits of fluff into the jolly old Troc. The knut was everybody's target. He was pilloried in "Punch", "Blighty",

Joke

"The Wipers Times" and other trench newspapers; he was burlesqued on the music halls. Probably he attracted far more attention than he merited. In the Second World War the knut—with a few exceptions—seems not to have survived the WOSE's and OCTU's.

What of the humour of the Second World War? There were no trench jokes — or hardly any. Any humour that was to be derived from high explosive in flight was reserved for the home front, and there it took the form not of HE's travelling horizontally with a "coil of wire" but of HE's falling vertically with a sneer on their noses. The war spread itself over four continents, and there was no time for humorists to get into a groove. In the early stages, before Dunkirk, St John Cooper's Young Bert appeared. He was Old Bill's heir, an unbloated youth with all the ambition and insouciance of the militiaman. As the war spread to new theatres, new humorists arose. In North Africa emerged Robb, whose "Little-known units of the Western Desert" and revelations of the rigours of the Cairo campaign delighted the dusty readers of "Crusader". From North Africa, also, sprang the Two Types, perhaps the best-known and best-liked cartoon characters of the war. Jon, their creator, did not launch them till the Italian campaign began. The corduroyed Captains with their religious sentiment for sand, and their devotion to jeeps (with the inevitable brew-can lashed to the back) fought up the length of Italy with unflagging good form.

New modes of warfare presented a



"You know — the things we used to wear in England."



"COME ON — SUPERMEN!"

challenge to the humorist, and the challenge was taken. Paratroopers saw the hazards of their trade mirrored in the work of Major Ian Fenwick (unhappily killed in Normandy). Major Fenwick was already famous for his scorching caricatures of West End warriors and brim-blinded Guardsmen. The West End, incidentally, was well raked by Osbert Lancaster. Both he and Fenwick were masters of the acid caption.

The invasion of Western Europe produced a new soldiers' humorist in Giles, whose sub-men armed with sub-machine guns fought — wisecracking — in and out of gigantic ruins. Always they were dwarfed by giant perspectives, but never did these nightmare backgrounds rob them of their sly, irreverent humour. Fighting troops might not feel flattered by Giles' presentation of them as crafty, leering gnomes, but the spirit of the immortal Infantryman burns in them. Remember the Giles drawing (reproduced in SOLDIER) of the two Desert Rats? One is

Grows Up

saying to the other "I didn't mind Churchill saying it, but the next soldier that says 'Good morning, my DEAR Desert Rat' is going to cop it."

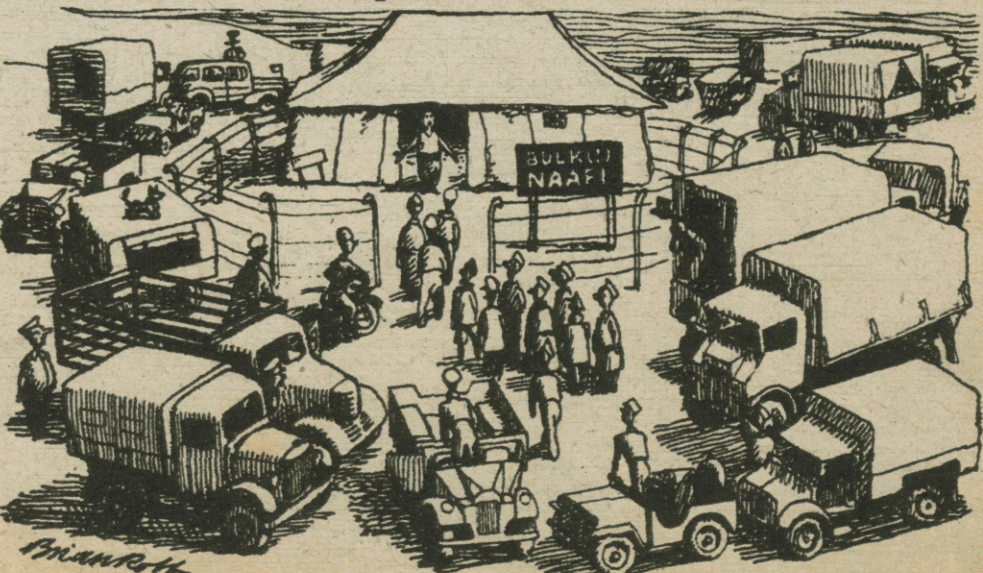
The complaint of always being "scored off" can hardly be made by the soldiers of the Second World War. Rather has it been officers whose foibles — real or imagined — have been portrayed with more enthusiasm than mercy. But the artists of this recent war were rarely content to play "follow my leader." All along it seems that they sought, not to find a conventional butt, but to milk the humour from the unexpected situation — whether it was the Orderly Officer's pre-occupation with pin-ups or the tendency of a driver to drive more slowly as his release group came nearer. And they have amply illustrated the old cliché that "brevity is the soul of wit."

E. S. TURNER (Major)

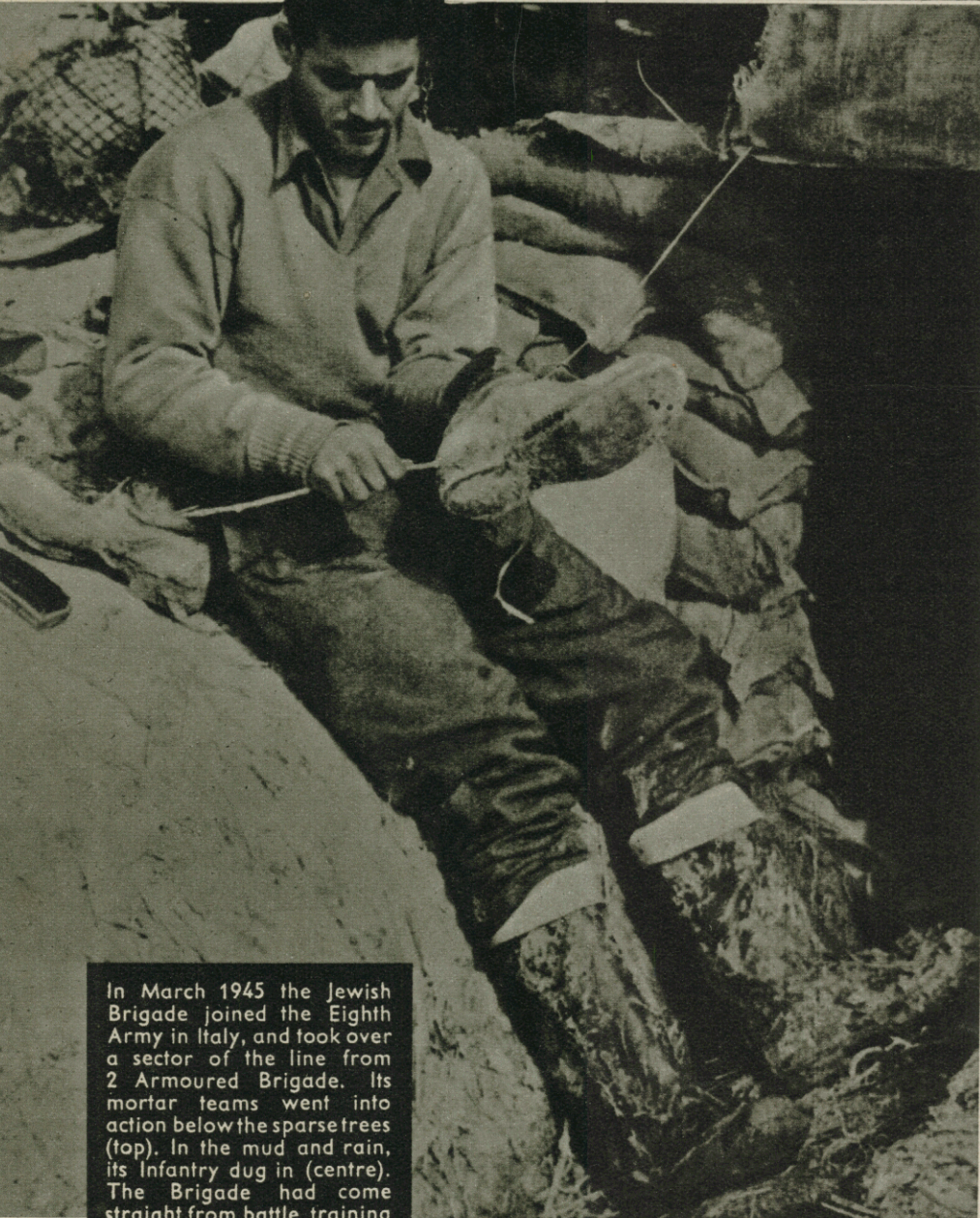


"I am not tarting myself up, as you put it, for my Fanny driver."

Little Known Units of the W.D. by Brian Robb.



THE STAR OF COURAGE



In March 1945 the Jewish Brigade joined the Eighth Army in Italy, and took over a sector of the line from 2 Armoured Brigade. Its mortar teams went into action below the sparse trees (top). In the mud and rain, its Infantry dug in (centre). The Brigade had come straight from battle training in the snow at Fiumicino (below).



The flag of the Jewish Brigade Group had flown on many an honoured battlefield long before Germany collapsed. It had flown in Greece and Crete, where more than 1,500 Palestinians, most of them Jews, had been taken prisoner. It flew in Syria, Eritrea and Libya, and many of the men who served beneath it were numbered among the defenders of Tobruk in 1941.

All Volunteers

Although the Brigade Group was not formed until September 1944, the Star of David, in one form or another, had already been seen



The Brigade Commander, Brig. E. F. Benjamin, a Regular Army officer formerly in the Royal Engineers, watches his troops in training. With him is Lt-Col I. H. Gash, commander of 2 Bn. The Palestine Regiment.

and recognised by men of all free nations. It did not matter that for five years there had been no official recognition of any Jewish unit as a fighting force carrying its own standard. Every Jewish soldier — and they were all volunteers — carried the emblem of his race and creed highly and with honour.

The heart of every Jew the world over had been itself a Jewish Fighting Formation since the day that Adolf Hitler preached blood and tears to his new Germany.

At the beginning of the war, when it was decided to recruit new regiments from Palestine, more than 90% of the able-bodied male population volunteered for service with the British forces. There was nothing new in this Jewish enthusiasm to fight a war side by side with Britain. Only a few hours after the declaration of war the President of the Jewish Agency in Palestine sent a message to the Prime Minister stating that for the duration of the struggle Palestine would give 100% co-operation to the Allies.

The promise was kept. It was kept and held with all the trust and sincerity that had moved thousands of Jews to take up arms with General Allenby in the First World War. It is a significant fact, and one conveniently overlooked by the Nazis, that the first man to receive the Victoria Cross in Allenby's campaign in Palestine was by birth and creed a Jew.

"No 16 Platoon"

It is relevant here to recall something of the Jewish forces in that other war. Perhaps most famous of all the units formed was the Zion Mule Corps which saw service against the Turks. Shortly after the evacuation of Gallipoli this unit was disbanded, but many of its members still cherished the idea of a new "Jewish Legion" to fight with the Allies. One hundred and fifty of these men reached London in December 1915 — officially as British soldiers enlisted in Palestine. Half of them were posted to the 20th London Regiment, where they formed "No. 16 Platoon."

In this platoon no less than 10 dif-

JEWISH BRIGADE GROUP

"It seems to me indeed appropriate that a special unit of the race which has suffered indescribable treatment from the Nazis should be represented in a distinct formation among the forces gathered for their final overthrow..."

— The then Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, September 1944.

ferent languages were spoken, and it is probably the only platoon in the history of the British Army which has been specially mentioned and discussed at a meeting of the Imperial War Cabinet. Subsequently they provided a nucleus of instructors for other Jewish units.

In this war it was decided once again to form a Palestine Regiment, and by 1942 there were nearly 14,000 Jews serving with the British Army in the Middle East. In the previous year, special "shock troops" composed of Arabs and Jews played havoc with Italian transport in Abyssinia, and in 1940, the first real recruiting year, 1,700 Palestinians had joined the Royal Air Force. By 1943 there were 2,400 Palestinian ATS, the bulk of them Jewesses.

"For Final Overthrow"

It was not until September 1944 that Mr. Churchill announced that the Government had decided to raise "a Jewish Brigade Group which will take part in active operations against the enemy." Before this the majority of Jewish units had been employed in "behind-the-line" work — transport, storage and internal security.

The then Prime Minister declared: "It seems to me indeed appropriate that a special unit of the race which has suffered indescribable treatment from the Nazis should be represented in a distinct formation among the forces gathered for their final overthrow."

The Jewish Brigade first organised itself at Burg-al-Arab under the command of Brigadier Ernest Frank Benjamin in October 1944. Brigadier Benjamin, a regular British Army officer — once of the Royal Engineers — had fought in the Madagascar campaign. Under his new command gathered men of 53 different nationalities.

After its preliminary training was over the Brigade Group sailed from Alexandria for Taranto, and later moved to Fiumicino, south of Rome, where battle training was continued. By 3 March 1945 the Group was called to join the Eighth Army, where they took over a sector of the front line from 2 Armoured Brigade.

Hell-cat Fighters

In the fighting which followed the Jewish Brigade found themselves opposed by the German 42 Jaeger Division. Germans taken prisoner, badly frightened by rumours that their Jewish enemies were "fighting like hell-cats" and spared none, amused their captors by explaining their political beliefs, arguing that they were Social Democrats, not Nazis.

Later still the Brigade was in action against the crack German 12 Paratroop Regiment, and in at least one attack forced the Nazis from their positions.

It was on this sector of the Italian front that an event of almost historic significance took place. The Feast of the Passover, ancestral ritual of Jews throughout the world, was celebrated less than a few miles from the bitterest enemies of Jewry mankind has ever produced. Every soldier in the Brigade received his glass of wine, brought from Palestine, and his portion of the traditional "Matsch", the unleavened bread of the Israelites.

Horrors not Ended

By July the Brigade had moved from Austria to Belgium and Holland, and it then split up into various units to carry out such tasks as supervision of German mine-lifting parties, and the training of recruits of the Belgian Army.

For the men of the Jewish Brigade Group the horrors of war have not altogether come to an end. Many of these men had relatives and friends in Germany and Occupied Europe. Many of them, fleeing from the Nazis, had left distinguished positions in German scientific and administrative spheres. Many hope to return.

Some of them have almost forgotten the world in which they once lived and prospered. Today a professor drives an Army lorry, a bacteriologist carries out his duties as a lance-corporal, and a batman in the Brigade was once an archaeologist. To these men the revelation — of what the Nazis did to their kinsfolk means only more suffering. Today the search still

goes on for the tens of thousands of missing Jews who simply "disappeared" in Europe. From the Search Bureau based at Bunde in Germany there come daily fresh stories and new reports — of more murders, more atrocities, more ghastly discoveries which reveal the terrible fate which befell uncounted numbers of Jewish men, women and children under Hitler's "all-Aryan" tyranny.

Although the Jewish Brigade Group was by no means a large fighting force in itself, the fighting spirit of its members remained second to none throughout its brief history.

Each man who served in the Brigade made a personal vow before going into action — that he would never be taken prisoner. That vow was redeemed, not only through the fortitude of the soldiers themselves, but by the magnificent courage and high endeavour of all the Jews who in this war transformed their badge — the Star of David — from an emblem of shame to one of honour.

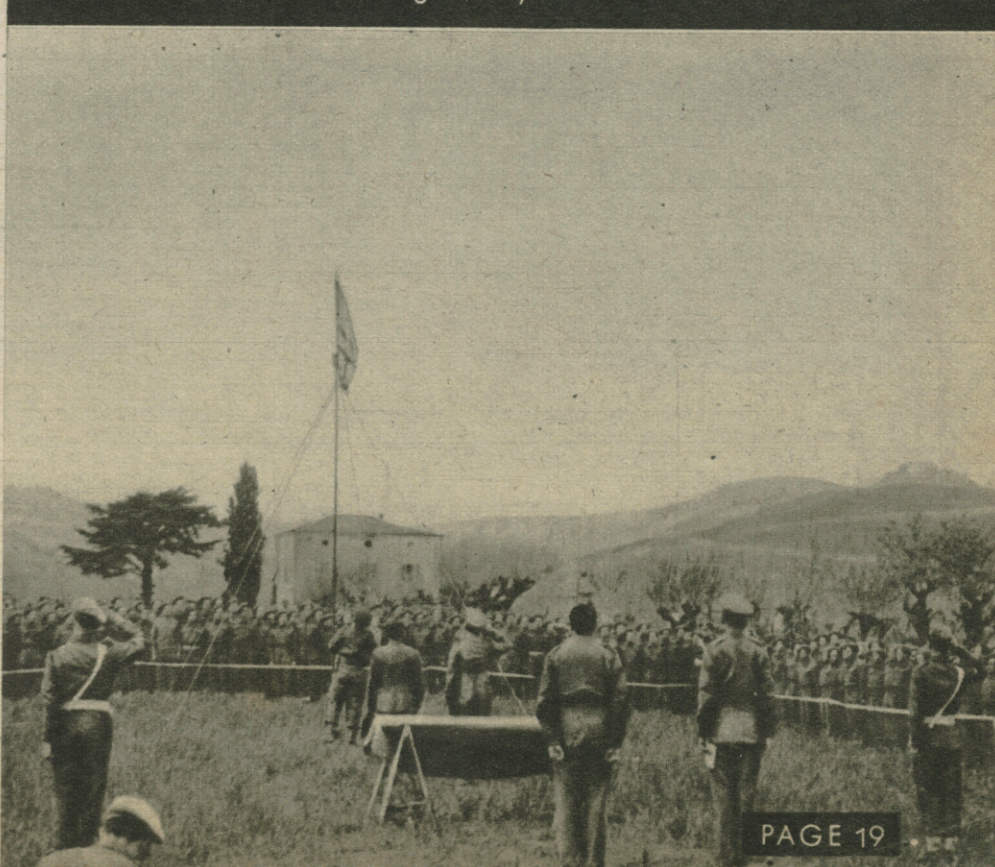
ROBERT BLAKE (S/Sgt.)

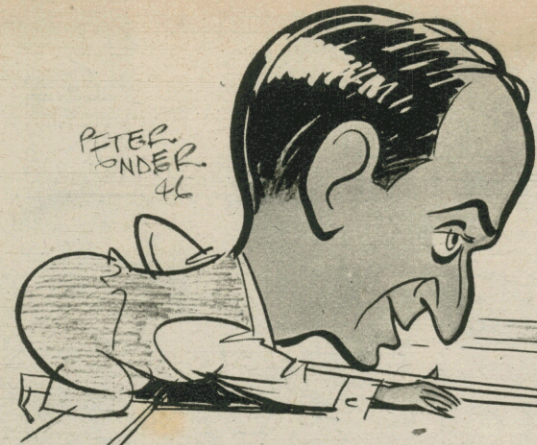


Jews of all European nationalities came to fight in the Brigade. Their enthusiasm and skill made them, like the wireless operator above and the patrol below, cleaning up after a night's work, the equal of any fighting troops in the Eighth Army.



In a bleak Italian valley (below) men of the Jewish Fighting Group stand silently to attention as the blue and white standard of their race is raised above them. To the simple table in the centre of the compound will shortly come Jews, who have distinguished themselves in action, to receive awards for their gallantry.





It may look easy, but

BILLIARDS needs BRAINS

says PAT GARROW

Those who look on billiards as merely a light recreation are doing the game an injustice.



Herbert Beetham of Derby, the runner-up.

I am prepared to stake my NAAFI chocolate ration on my statement that billiards beats snooker hollow when you come down to the cue-tip and discuss the best way of spending an hour beneath the shaded lights of a green cloth table.

Snooker is the easy way out. It is a dodging of the column in the billiards room—a go-sick-and-miss-the-drill-order method of taking your pleasure in the playing parlour. Billiards offers a challenge to the mind over matter. The eye and muscle must be married (to use a popular Army phrase) if the score is to reach double figures.

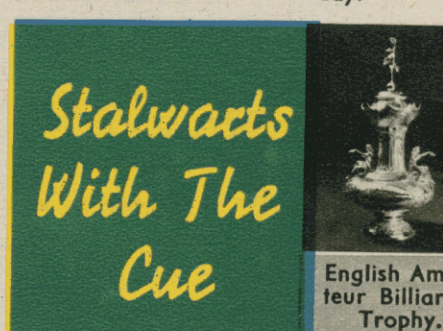
There is nothing in snooker to match the ineffable pleasure of a 15 break in billiards. When you slide the little marker along the 15 places it is done with the satisfying knowledge that the break represents a tricky in-off red, two sweet losers to the middle pockets off the white, two reds potted into the top pockets and an inspirational multi-cushion cannon!

Game for Supermen

Billiards, my friends, has everything. It asks for the steady hand, the sure eye, the nerve of steel and brains; it teaches you to master yourself when the balls do not run for you; to try again when that awkward long in-off wobbles in the jaws of the pocket and does not go down—even when your opponent takes advantage of the leave and compiles a nasty 20 break. The equivalent of a near-knock-out punch in boxing.

Now do you see your billiards player break down and weep when Bitter Adversity nudges his cue at the wrong time or wets the tip?

Left: Scoreboard at the end of first session on the final day.



Of course you don't. You don't get it with the snooker men either, I know, but then their nerves seldom undergo the strain that is so big a factor in the game of billiards. All right, all right, you plebeian potter! You iconoclasts of the pyramid! So you do have a good game; but you never play half the strokes that the billiards man plays. Maybe you can't play them, anyway. I suppose that is why so many of you dodge the billiards column. Too difficult. Oh yes! I've heard you say it, so you stick to a nice easy game like snooker.

All this has been inspired (inspired did you say?) through several visits to billiards rooms, parlours and clubs

London. It was like living in a flash-back to the good old cigar-smoking, starched-front days of the Victorians and the Edwardians to sit in the heavily-carpeted room watching the best cueists from the four corners of England in competition.

Temple of the Cue

It was a fortnight of contrast for me. You got off the Underground at Tottenham Court Road, carved your way through the noisy, bustling crowds, with the roaring overtones of the traffic and the tinkling of the barrel organs, past the sheep-like crowds queueing for dance hall and cinema, then round the corner of Sutton Row

lasted throughout the fortnight of the championships. Those who qualified for the tournament proper were: Mendel Showman, Manchester (the winner); Herbert Beetham, Derby (runner-up); Arthur Spencer, Pontefract (semi-finalist); Frank Edwards, Birmingham (semi-finalist); A. Nolan, Newcastle; A. Ellwood, Blackpool; H. J. Pullman, Exeter; J. Harris, Bristol; and H. F. Smith, London.

It was a triumph for the Cinderella cueist, Mendel Showman, who is 43, a left-hander, married with two children, and in the clothing business making raincoats. No one would have given a snap of the fingers for his chances of winning the title when he started out. Yet, when the final had started, there were strong rumours that he had been backed to win £4,000. Before the war Showman was just a good class local player. He did try for the championship once, he told me, but was thoroughly eliminated in the qualifying stages at Manchester by that great Lancashire champion, M. A. Boggin.

Came the war, and Showman was one of five amateur players in Manchester who formed a team which raised over £7,000 for a "Fags for the Forces" fund. They went all over Lancashire playing club teams, paying their own expenses. Those games gave Showman back his edge and sharpened up his defensive play, one of the main features of his game. So when the Control Council decided to restart the championship this year, Mendel Showman sent in his entry and you know the rest.

Champion and his Rivals

In his first tie he vanquished the 19-year-old Newcastle star left-hander, A. Nolan, who had beaten Willie Swinhoe, former boy champion, in his area ties. Then the London champion, H. F. Smith, of Ilford, went down before his relentless Showman. Showman eliminated him by brilliant stroke play and cunning safety shots. The new champion, incidentally, pots the white and leaves double baulk without changing that rather surprised look he perpetually wears at the table. Smith, of the immaculate shot, was followed by mercurial Arthur Spencer, who had started almost an odds-on favourite.

This 26-year-old Yorkshireman is a great player in the making. He has all the strokes and plays with the minimum of effort. He had only been released five weeks before the championships from the West Yorks Regiment, so had hardly had time to get back to fighting trim. He tried hard to dazzle Showman, but there were times when the ball seemed to roll, like a great boulder to pockets that appeared to have shrunk to the size of a thimble. Then Herbert Beetham, 36-year-old Derbyshire mineral water manufacturer, followed the others in the

(Continued at foot of opposite page)

PLAYERS and spectators who went to the amateur billiards championship at Burroughes and Watts' hall may or may not have noticed a bronze statuette standing on a glass case facing the door to the street. It is the trophy which the Billiards Control Council and Burroughes and Watts have put up jointly for the first amateur who makes a thousand break under match conditions in Britain. The trophy made its appearance just before the war but was more or less forgotten until the 1946 championships came round.

Amateur billiards is one game that has suffered greatly through the war years, many of the young players being in the Services, where the opportunity for the right kind of play was limited. The present official amateur break record is held by the Birmingham ex-riveter, Kingsley Kennerley, who made 549 in the championships in 1937. While still an amateur he made a break of over 1,000 in private practice, but Kennerley has no chance for the trophy now as he is a professional.

Of the star players still in the amateur ranks, the Yorkshireman, Arthur Spencer, is the most likely to achieve the feat. He has made a break of 782 on a private table. He practises assiduously at home and has had valuable tuition from Sydney Smith, the young professional, who lives nearby in Yorkshire. Another possibility is Frank Edwards, the Stourbridge master builder with the gossamer touch. Edwards is 36 and a seasoned match player. He is the best exponent of the drop cannon, which gathers the balls for top-of-the-table play, in the amateur ranks. Like Spencer he is a very fast scorer. Highest break, made in private, is 552. Another of the toppers with the temperament for the big break is J. H. Beetham, finalist in 1936 and 1946. He studies his shots deliberately, going from one side of the table to the other to gauge the angle, before he puts cue to ball. Highest break, made on his own table, is 441. Mendel Showman, the new champion, is more of a match player than a break-builder, and his

best effort is just over 300. There is a young player in Leicester, however, who may beat them all yet. He is Reginald Wright who started playing when he was 12, made his first century when he was 14 "and strung together a break of 525 in private in 1934. Wright is a close cannon expert and he won the first national break competition in 1934 with an effort of 449. The same year he ran up a 340 which included 160 consecutive close cannons. Wright is in his very early thirties and he will be heard of in the championships one of these years. He was eliminated by Beetham in the area ties this year but made a 406 break at his first visit to the table! Then there are trumpets from the tartan lands on behalf of



Herbert Beetham paid his successful rival a high compliment.

Walter Ramage, a 32-year-old Edinburgh butcher. Ramage is in the RASC, in India, and travels 10 miles for a game. He was stationed in the north of England for a while and played Arthur Spencer four times, beating him thrice. Scotland, incidentally, is having a boom in billiards and snooker and various championships have been in full swing at both games since November. They are scheduled to go on until April. They were getting 3,000 crowds in Glasgow for a recent Davis-Lindrum visit.

Scotland was unfortunate during the war years in losing her two best amateur players, James McGhie and Malcolm Smith, who both died of stomach complaints. George McCall, who could make his 100 break at snooker, was killed by a bomb at Wellington Barracks in 1941 while with the Scots Guards. The thousand break by an amateur was not so very far away when the war broke out. Empire champions Marshall (Australia) and Prior (South Africa) were both credited with the performance.



Arthur Spencer, fresh from the Army — "a great player in the making."

Walter Ramage, RASC, of Edinburgh, a Scottish billiards hope, now in India.

Frank Edwards, of Stourbridge, is a master of the drop cannon.

(Continued from Page 20)

final. Showman is not an obvious break-builder but, as Beetham said in his speech after the match, "He's the best stroke player I've ever seen in the championships." Which is saying a lot, for Beetham figured in the final as far back as 1936.

The drama lay in Beetham's frantic efforts to overhaul Showman, who started the final session with some 300 points in hand. But every time the champion made a useful score, Showman would nullify it with a 50 or a 60 break. In the last half-hour it looked as if Showman was going to be a real Cinderella champion. The Press boys were writing their stories hailing him

as the first champion in modern times who had failed to make a century break in the final. Then Showman got down to it and by cool, calculating all-round-the-table billiards strung the cannons, losers (in-offs) and winners (pots) together until he passed the hundred. The cheers and hand-clapping must have been unique for the Burroughes and Watts' hall. Then he bent over the table again and carried on until he reached 210 before failing at a top-of-the-table pot red. It was a real champion's effort. So Mendel Showman went back to Manchester flushed with sweet victory but minus a very well-cut overcoat which somebody had appropriated.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

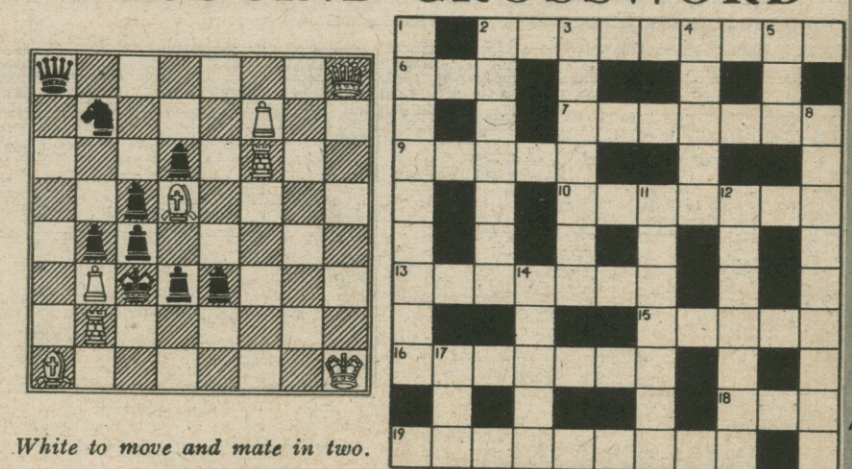
1. If someone gave you a pomade would you (a) peel it; (b) plant it; (c) cook it; (d) give it to the dog; (e) rub it in your hair; (f) immerse it in water and send for the police?
2. How many grooves are there in a 10-inch gramophone record?
3. Cretins are (a) natives of Crete; (b) cotton fabrics; (c) mentally deficient persons. Which?
4. From which famous poem is the play title "Blithe Spirit" derived?
5. Of the following some are knots and some are not. Which are not? (a) Double Flemish loop; (b) Immelmann turn; (c) Carick-bend; (d) Magnus hitch; (e) Technical hitch; (f) Throat seizing; (g) Englishman's tie; (h) Frenchman's creek.
6. With what trades or professions do you associate these localities: (a) Mincing Lane; (b) Smithfield; (c) Billingsgate; (d) Wardour Street; (e) Harley Street; (f) Savile Row; (g) Covent Garden; (h) Hatton Garden; (i) Leadenhall Street; (j) The Temple; (k) Archer Street; (l) Threadneedle Street?
7. What do the following abbreviations represent? (a) LRAM; (b) WAFS; (c) M.Ch.; (d) BOT; (e) ARIBA.
8. Only one of these statements is true. Which? (a) Shakespeare was over 30 before he began to write plays. (b) Wolsey's cardinalship was never confirmed by the Pope. (c) A man can receive an electric shock of a million volts and survive. (e) Hedgehogs lay eggs.
9. This is a picture of (a) a special escape dingy for bomber crews; (b) camouflaged conning-tower of an aircraft-carrying submarine; (c) an experimental troop-landing craft driven by compressed air; (d) a Valentine duplex-drive swimming tank. Which?
10. Who said "God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man ... If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him." And whom was she describing?
11. *Amour propre* refers to (a) true love; (b) self-love; (c) a husband's affection for his wife; (d) love of opera. Which?
12. Who wrote (a) "The Good Companions"; (b) "Journey's End"; (c) "Goodbye to All That"; (d) "The Grapes of Wrath"?
13. Bogskar is (a) a famous beauty spot in Wales; (b) a system of moving buckets used for dumping mining slag; (c) the 1940 winner of the Grand National; (d) an American slang term for the last truck on a freight train. Which?
14. What are the opposites of acophony, sympathy, synonym, and extrovert?
15. Correct the spelling (if necessary) of commémorate, manoeuvre and privilege.

(Answers on Page 23)

KID OGO ...



CHESS AND CROSSWORD



White to move and mate in two.

ACROSS: 2. "No names, no —!" (two words). — 6. The last part of the tattoo. — 7. Where an army has been said to march. — 9. Old Huns. — 10. They change its name. — 13. County regiment whose badge is the Sphinx. — 15. Have a bob's worth in times gone by? — 16. Subject of 13's regimental march. — 18. Colonel's green island! — 19. As a ration, it might be said to be in the bag.

DOWN: 1. How pre-mechanised Cavalry used to charge (three words). — 2. This game is not exclusive to the Sappers. — 3. A monstery of ill-repute. — 4. Dance which comes from Burma. — 5. ... and quite a lot of money, also from Burma, perhaps. — 8. A "leggy" sort of decoration for a Highlander (two words). — 11. The goddess of war. — 12. Gib. (two words). — 14. Fox-hole! — 17. You'll find the Old Comrades' Association in the local!

(Solutions on Page 23)

FIRST amateur billiards championship was held in 1888, H. A. O. Lonsdale beating J. Tither 500—356. A. P. Gaskell beat Lonsdale in 1889 and was declared champion. W. D. Courtney was champion in 1890. About this time a young player — Sidney Fry — who dominated the amateur billiards world for many years, was impressing the clubmen. Fry was champion in 1893, 1896 and 1900, and made a wonderful comeback at the end of the last war and won the title three years running from 1919. He won it again in 1925—32 years after he first won the championship.

Another giant of those days was Major Fleming, champion in 1909 and

runner-up for the three following years. Major Fleming is 83 and still makes an occasional 100 at the RAC Club. These old stars wear well, for W. J. Peall is another of the early champions who continues to play the game although in his 93rd year! Peall was unofficial champion in 1880 and afterwards had a successful professional career.

The following were the champions of modern times: 1926, Joe Earlam; 1927, Laurie Steeples; 1928, Arthur Wardle; 1929, Horace Coles; 1930, Steeples; 1931—32—33—34, Sydney Lee; 1935, Coles; 1936, Joe Thomson; 1937—38—39—40, Kingsley Kennerley.



Horace Coles (left) and the late J. McGhie in the 1935 Empire Amateur championships.

My First Day in the Army

"MY First Day In The Army" was the subject of the competition announced in SOLDIER No. 24. On this page is a selection of the entries. First prize of two guineas goes to Trooper C. E. Clements, of 7 Royal Tank Regt., for the contribution at the head of the page. The writers of the other published entries receive 10s. each.

JAIL BREAK

"You will report to the W—
Drill Hall..."

Outside were two very young smart soldiers, each with a baton, marching up and down in perfect time. They directed me into the guard-room.

It was just at that moment that all the unfortunates in the cells decided they wanted fresh air, and began to break down the doors and make a commotion. Two of them, in stockinged feet, holding their trousers up—and, I may add, with a very lovely haircut each—managed to reach the road and make a run for it, chased by the two guards. The guard commander, having gathered by now what was happening, thrust a baton in my hand and told me, "Stay there, and if any of these ——— try to get out let them have it." There I stood, baton in one hand, case in the other, watching the cells, when suddenly blackness descended over me.

Later I discovered that there were also cells behind me, whence one captive had contrived to escape and sand-bag me.

"You want to keep your eyes open when on duty," said the sergeant when I came to. — Trooper C. E. Clements, B Sqn, 7 Royal Tank Regt.

MOTHS AND CANDLE

A pair of boots and a cap thrown at me in the Quartermaster's store constituted my complete uniform for some days. But in the cap I found a small note, which read, "Good luck to the boy who gets this cap" — and below that was the address of a young (?) lady. This note was quickly passed round to the other occupants of the hut, and before "Lights Out" about twenty letters had been written and despatched in one envelope to the unfortunate young lady. I still await a reply to my effort. — Cpl. A. F. J. Jellis, Transportation Directorate, HQ, BAOR.

That first night my partner in the double-tier bed was in a talkative mood. He started by telling me that he was an undertaker by trade, and the youngest embalmer in England. By 0500 hours (when all the others were snoring) my hair was on end with all his stories of an undertaker's experiences—how he turned the "stiffs" over to ascertain their condition, and so on. That was the only day I was pleased to hear reveille sounded. — Sjt. W. Kelly, C Sqn, Inns of Court Regt., RAC.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

As we sat at the mess table for our first Army breakfast a sergeant-major passed along a sheet of paper for our signatures. I was the last man to sign, and handed the sheet back to him. He scanned the sheet and then bawled, "Thornton, come here!" When I went over he began laying down the law about being in the Army now and cutting out any silly ideas from civvy street. Then he pointed to my signature, "Colonel Thornton", and said he would soon knock that nonsense out of me.



It took more than a few words and the production of my birth certificate before he was convinced that "Colonel" was actually my Christian name.

Needless to say, this name has caused plenty of mirth on subsequent occasions. — Cpl. Colonel Thornton, 43 Port Ord Det, RAOC.

We were lining up at the stores for our clothes. The greatcoat flung to me made me think I had arrived in the bell tent queue by mistake. I wasn't used to this kind of tailoring, and looked round for someone to vent angry feelings on. Of course I knew the ropes, having been in the Army nearly 24 hours, so seeing a man standing watching the proceedings and cunningly noting that he carried no pips or stripes I cried: "What's the idea of this outfit, chum?" I was nearly blown over by the bellow which followed. I missed most of what he said but heard some words that I've never come across before, or since. I gathered, however, that he'd served 11 years in the Guards.

Since that day I've always considered that no RSM should be allowed to stand with his hands behind his back. Still, not many private soldiers can have experienced the ecstasy of calling the RSM "Chum." — Cfn. A. G. Jones, attd. 142 Vehicle Park, RAOC.

EVIL EYE

On my first night there were Freddie, a little chap of about 30, on my left, and "Fatty," a man of around 20 stone, on my right.

After a break in the conversation I asked Freddie a question but received no answer. "You okay, Fred?" I asked. Fred just lay there with his eyes wide open, so up I jumped to see what was wrong. He was breathing normally.

Eventually I discovered that he was asleep with his eyes open. "Very peculiar," I thought. His unseeing eyes were staring directly into mine, and it was a relief when the light went out.

I was awakened by a terrific crash, and saw my fat friend picking himself up from the wreckage of his bed. While a new one was being found I turned over and was again confronted by those eyes. Twice more that night Fatty's bed collapsed, and each time I saw that Freddie was still asleep with his eyes open. I soon moved my bed to a new position. — Cpl F. Browne, 23 L of C Postal Unit, RE.

1 September 1939 ... midnight ... the Duke of York's HQ, Chelsea. We were four gorgeously arrayed young yeomen, breeched and spurred, lacking only horses. We were (whisper it) gas sentries. In our possession was an excellent map, showing gas posts 1, 2, 3 and 4 which we had to find and check. Numbers 1, 2 and 4 we proudly found and expertly checked. Post 3 was more difficult. According to the map it should have been simple. We regarded our lack of success as a joke. But by the time we had walked round four times, shedding at odd places spurs and bandoliers—one daredevil even took off his puttees—our good humour was on the ebb. There were eight barked shins, one sprained ankle and one flat nose gained through walking into iron-work. Also one member was on a charge for telling an RSM to "put that bloody light out".

At 1430 we timidly knocked at a door through which showed a chink of light. Inside were six RE's surrounded by full and empty bottles. Their first Army days were lost in the mists of time. "Post 3, cockers?" they said. "We haven't built it yet." — Sgmn A. A. J. Morris, 8 Armd Bde Signals.

MAIDENS ALL FORLORN

I tossed in bed for the umpteenth time I was shivering from head to toe, and, more as a diversion than anything else, I got out of bed and groped for my greatcoat to throw over my blankets. In the darkness another of the 18 souls in that hut sobbed in sympathy.

My thoughts went back to the "forced march" from the station to the camp in drizzle, and myself wearing high-heeled shoes. Could I have escaped even then?

In the morning we should have to wear our nice new clothes ... I remembered that moment of greatest humility when a woman had thrust a Thing on my damp, uncured locks, grimaced, pulled it off and substituted a similar monstrosity which she had indicated would "do".

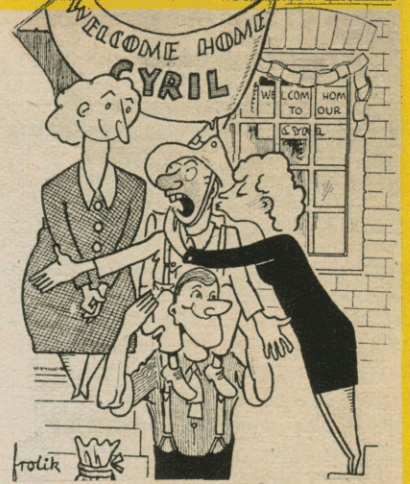
I shuddered and shivered. A voice cried, "Come on, girl, there's a lot to do before breakfast in the Army." — Pte D. A., ATS/EFI, 123 NAAFI/EFI Accounts Branch.

IT'S HAPPENED — ONCE

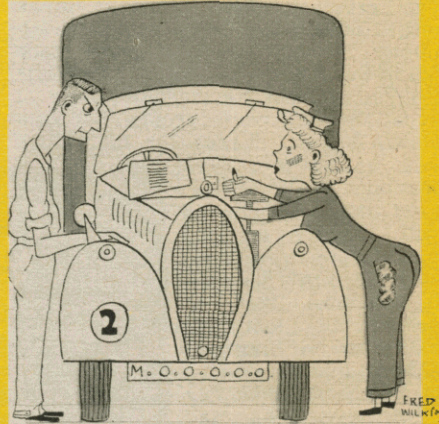
While cleaning a shelf for my kit I slashed open the end of a finger on a NAAFI (believe it or not) razor blade. This necessitated a visit to the CRS. One-and-a-half hours a soldier — and wounded so soon.

But that was nothing ... that evening the sergeant approached me. What was wrong? Where was the raucous, rasping voice, the quivering moustache, the baleful eye? I was addressed in quiet, cultured tones. What did he say?

Oh, he said, "Just sit down and I'll make your bed for you." And blow me down, he did. — L/Sjt H. Haigh, 80/149 LAA Regt RA.



"For the tenth time, I'm NOT Cyril — I just happened to be passing your front door!"

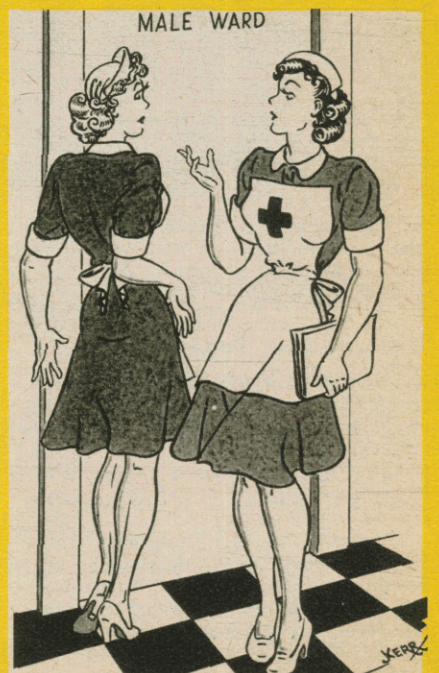


"No, no, Queenie—you use a dipstick, not lipstick!"

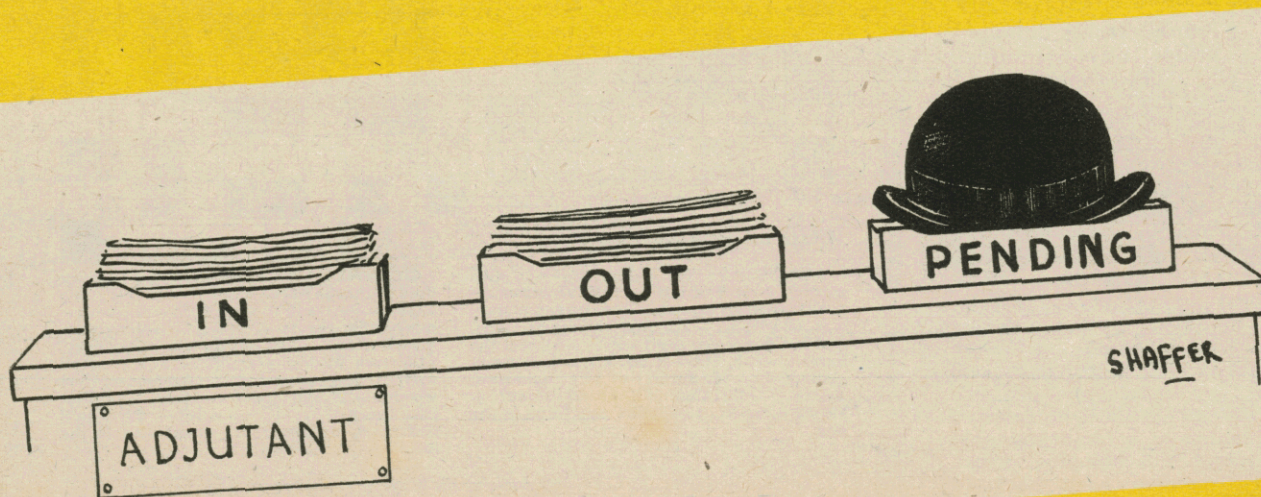


"I always wear them with uniform."

BAOR Writers and Artists



"I've put these cases on the 'danger' list—they are almost well!"



LETTERS

RELEASE HOPES

For all our high hopes and promises of a speed-up in Army demob we now find that Group 27, although a much smaller group than 26, is actually going to take some two weeks longer to complete! Altogether it seems as if the Army is being sacrificed to speed up the other services. Mr. Bevin's release plan has been repeatedly held up as the essence of fairness and equality in regard to age and service, not for one branch of the Services but as a whole. — **Dvr. Mac-kinnon, 231 Inf. Bde. W/S, REME.**

★ No promise has ever been made that age and service groups would be released during periods proportionate to the numbers involved. The successful operation of the Release Scheme necessitates many considerations, including the general manpower situation throughout the world. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

FELL FOR A LINE

While on leave I watched a young officer buying a bedroom suite. I felt like running up to him and shouting "Stop!" He was falling for the salesman's smooth talk, admiring the finish of the furniture, but he did not notice the blisters on the veneer, he did not take out a drawer to examine the joints and notice the cheap plywood used.

A large number of Servicemen and women when demobbed are having to set up a home. Surely some advice by experts could be placed at their disposal? Admittedly the Army Education Scheme helps somewhat in this direction but not enough. Articles in **SOLDIER** would help. — **Pte. A. Simons, 165 Transit Vehicle Park, RAOC.**

HIS LOST TOOLS

During the London blitz my parents evacuated themselves to a safe area. Among the things they had to leave behind were the tools of my trade, which were inevitably lost. As at the time I was serving in Northern Ireland I was unable to do anything about retrieving them. Am I, on release, entitled to make any claim towards the expense of buying replacements? — **Gnr. A. Collingbourne, Q Mov., HQ., L of C.**

★ The Ministry of Labour considers applications from Servicemen for assistance in getting tools to restart in a trade. Circumstances of the loss are taken into account. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

PYJAMAS, PLEASE

There are one or two items left out of the equipment for the New Army which I consider essential. First, pyjamas. There is a popular conception that the British soldier prefers to sleep in his shirt and pants, which is entirely false. As he is issued with two shirts and two pairs of pants only it means that he must sleep in the same clothes he has worn all day. When I had charge of a company I purchased two pairs of pyjamas per man (they were actually shirt and shorts of washable linen) and they were immensely popular.

Secondly, sheets are essential to cleanliness; blankets are neither comfortable nor hygienic and are not changed often enough. The belief that

soldiers are meant to rough it is absurd; it certainly doesn't harden a man for war by sleeping between blankets in his shirt.

Thirdly a pair of shoes would be a great boon.

With these items of improvement I am certain the Army would become even more of an attraction to a young man. — **Major, Regular Soldier (name and address supplied).**

★ The War office has received the suggested inclusion of pyjamas and sheets in a soldier's kit from several quarters and is generally sympathetic; but in view of the textile scarcity in Britain it may be some time yet before the suggestion becomes a fact. MOs on a high level have been pressing for both for a long time. To forestall any suggestion that these could be manufactured for troops in Germany, it must be said that the raw material would have to come from Britain. And if they are necessary in Germany, how much more in the Middle or Far East? — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

"PINK ELEPHANTS"

Is there no method of stopping this madness of "transforming NAAFI canteens in Belgium into places where you can eat in surroundings which are gay, colourful and artistically satisfying" (**SOLDIER** No. 25)? The war has, if anything, stimulated our appetite for beauty and not degraded it to pink elephants. — **"Ex-Art Student" (name and address supplied), 2SL Regt. RA.**

ARMY SLANG

I am compiling a vocabulary of modern English slang with particular reference to new slang words that have been current during the past six years.



I would therefore be grateful to any of your readers who will send me lists of such words with their meaning and, if possible, their origin.

Some current slang words are surprisingly old. For example "griff", meaning news information, comes from the word "griffin", which was used in this sense in "the straight griffin" in the 1850's. "Cheese it" is even more ancient and was current in 1811. I am also informed that "Burma Road", meaning rice pudding, originated many years ago when 1 Bn. Sussex Regiment had to do a forced march from Calcutta to Bombay and rice was the only diet available. — **Lt-Col. P. W. F. Brown, 14 Howley Place, Paddington, London, W. 2.**

£19,350: THANK YOU

I have been so delighted to receive, for the benefit of Earl Haig's 1945 (Silver) Jubilee Remembrance Day Appeal, the magnificent gift of £19,350 17s 7d from members of BAOR, made up as follows:—



"I missed three open goals."

Sale of Poppies £18,583 11s 2d.
Church Collections ... £451 8s 1d.
Regimental and Unit Collections, without Poppies £315 18s 4d.

I very much hope that you may be able to convey our most grateful thanks to all who joined in this most generous and valuable free-will offering. — **Capt. W. G. Willcox, Organising Secy. Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal.**

RESERVE PAY

I am a Regular soldier, having joined the Army in 1936 for seven years Colour service and five on the Reserve. I therefore completed my Colour service in 1943, and still have two years Reserve service to complete. I shall be released shortly. 1. What is the rate of Reserve pay which I shall get after my release? 2. Do I receive the war gratuity and post-war credit when I am released with my A & S Group? 3. Do I receive any other gratuity or sum of money in addition to post-war credit and war gratuity, and if so, how much? — **Gnr. E. Haspell, 'S' Sub-Unit, 33 RHU.**

★ 1. Under existing conditions a Regular soldier who is transferred to Section 'B' of the Army Reserve is entitled to Reserve pay at 9d. per diem. 2. Yes, payment is made under the same conditions as for a non-Regular. 3. Yes. You are entitled to a gratuity in respect of your Regular engagement which amounts to £1 for each year or part of a year of service with the Colours, provided you are not eligible for a Service pension. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

TAILOR-MADE

Before joining the Army I was a garment-cutter, and intend to carry on with it when I get back to civilian life. I should like, however, to take the tailoring course mentioned in a recent issue of **SOLDIER**. Can you give me full details — length of course, facilities, prospects etc. — **Pte. G. Shufflebottom, 4 Engineers Egt. W/S, REME.**

★ The vocational training course is for beginners, and it is therefore doubtful if you

Answers

(From Page 21)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

(1) (e). (2) One. (3) (c). (4) Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark" ("Hail to thee, blithe spirit..."). (5) (b) An aircraft manoeuvre named after a German fighter pilot of the 1914-18 war. (e) made famous by the BBC. (g) novel by Daphne du Maurier. (6) (a) Tea importing. (b) meat trade. (c) fish market. (d) film industry. (e) medical profession. (f) tailoring. (g) flowers and green-groceries. (h) diamonds. (i) shipping export. (j) legal profession. (k) musicians. (l) Stock Exchange. (7) (a) Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music. (b) Women's Auxiliary Fire Service. (c) Master of Surgery. (d) Board of Trade. (e) Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects. (8) (c) Provided the amperage is sufficiently small, high voltage shocks are innocuous. (9) (d). (10) Portia in Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice", describing Monsieur Le Bon. (11) (b). (12) (a) J. B. Priestley. (b) R. C. Sherrif. (c) Robert Graves. (d) John Steinbeck. (13) (c). (14) euphony, antipathy, antonym, introvert. (15) commemorate, manoeuvre, privilege.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS:— 2. Pack drill. 6. Too. 7. Stomach. 9. Goths. 10. Inmates. 13. Lincoln. 15. Enrol. 16. Poacher. 18. CO's. 19. Haversack. DOWN:— 1. At a gallop. 2. Pontoon. 3. Cassino. 4. Rumba. 5. Lac. 8. Hose flash. 11. Minerva. 12. The Rock. 14. Cache. 17. OCA.

CHESS

Key-move: B x P.

are eligible. You should apply to your Labour exchange when you are released. The course itself lasts for 36 weeks, and is followed by 24 weeks with an employer at a standard wage. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

GET YOUR **SOLDIER** REGULARLY

SOLDIER will reach you regularly by post if you fill in the form below. It may be ordered in bulk by Unit PRI's or individuals on a three- or six-month subscription, payment being made by British Postal Order or by cheque on a UK bank. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "Command Cashier" and made payable to "British Army Newspaper Unit". An order form is given below. Subscription rates are:

1 copy for next 6 issues	(6 copies) 1/4d
2 copies " " " "	(12 ") 2/8d
3 " " " "	(18 ") 4/-
6 " " " "	(36 ") 8/-
12 " " " "	(72 ") 16/-
24 " " " "	(144 ") 32/-

Note: (1) Stamps cannot be accepted. (2) BANU cannot undertake to post copies of **SOLDIER** to other than BAOR or ex-BAOR personnel. Ex-personnel should state both the home address to which they wish the copies sent and their former BAOR unit. (3) Back numbers are not available.

To:—**SOLDIER**, No. 1 British Army Newspaper Unit, BAOR.

Please supply _____ copies of _____ issues to (Block Capitals)

beginning with issue No. _____

Enclosed please find Postal Order/Cheque for _____

Rank _____ Unit _____

Signed _____

Two-Minute Sermon

Some time ago I gave my motorcycle a thorough overhaul, and cleaned and painted it. It roared off down the road in great style, but suddenly petered out. It took quite a time to find the trouble. I had painted over the pinhole in the filler cap of the petrol tank—and created a vacuum which stopped the flow of petrol.

Before the war, paint blocked a little tube in the torpedo doors of a submarine going on test. Consequently the engineer thought the outer doors were closed when they were open—and when he opened the inner ones the submarine was filled with water and sank with great loss of life.

There is a parable here: paint is the outward covering that people see. Rightly used it enhances the outlines of an object and pre-

serves them—but when used to cover up it hides weakness or blocks essential outlets, and leads to disaster.

Our outward nature, which we show to the world, is our "paint". Let it be an honest revelation of what we really are and our charm will help to "put across" to people our good qualities. Use our personality as a "cover up" for inward dishonesties—for things we try to hide from the world—and disaster will follow. Many a man has met disaster through trying to hide weaknesses from his wife—or parents or employers.

An honest revelation to them would have helped them to help him. Still more will an honest revelation to God allow Him to help us.

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



Ava Gardner braves the cold
Shyly in her cloth of gold.
Sometimes lilies do look gayer —
Don't they? — with a gilded layer.
Thank you, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

ROLL IT UP
AND
SEND IT HOME



NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

As SOLDIER
weighs more than
two ounces, a
penny stamp must
be affixed here.

SOLDIER (BAOR) is a fortnightly magazine for sale only to members of the British and Allied armed forces in BAOR, produced by the War Office (AWS 3) and HQ British Army of the Rhine (Army Welfare Service). It is printed for HQ British Army of the Rhine in Germany by arrangement with Printing and Stationery Service. Correspondence should be addressed to the Editor and Subscription inquiries to the Administration Officer of SOLDIER, No. 1 BANU, BAOR. Articles, pictures or other material from SOLDIER may be reproduced only by permission of the Editor-in-Chief, SOLDIER, 60 Eaton Square, London SW 1.