

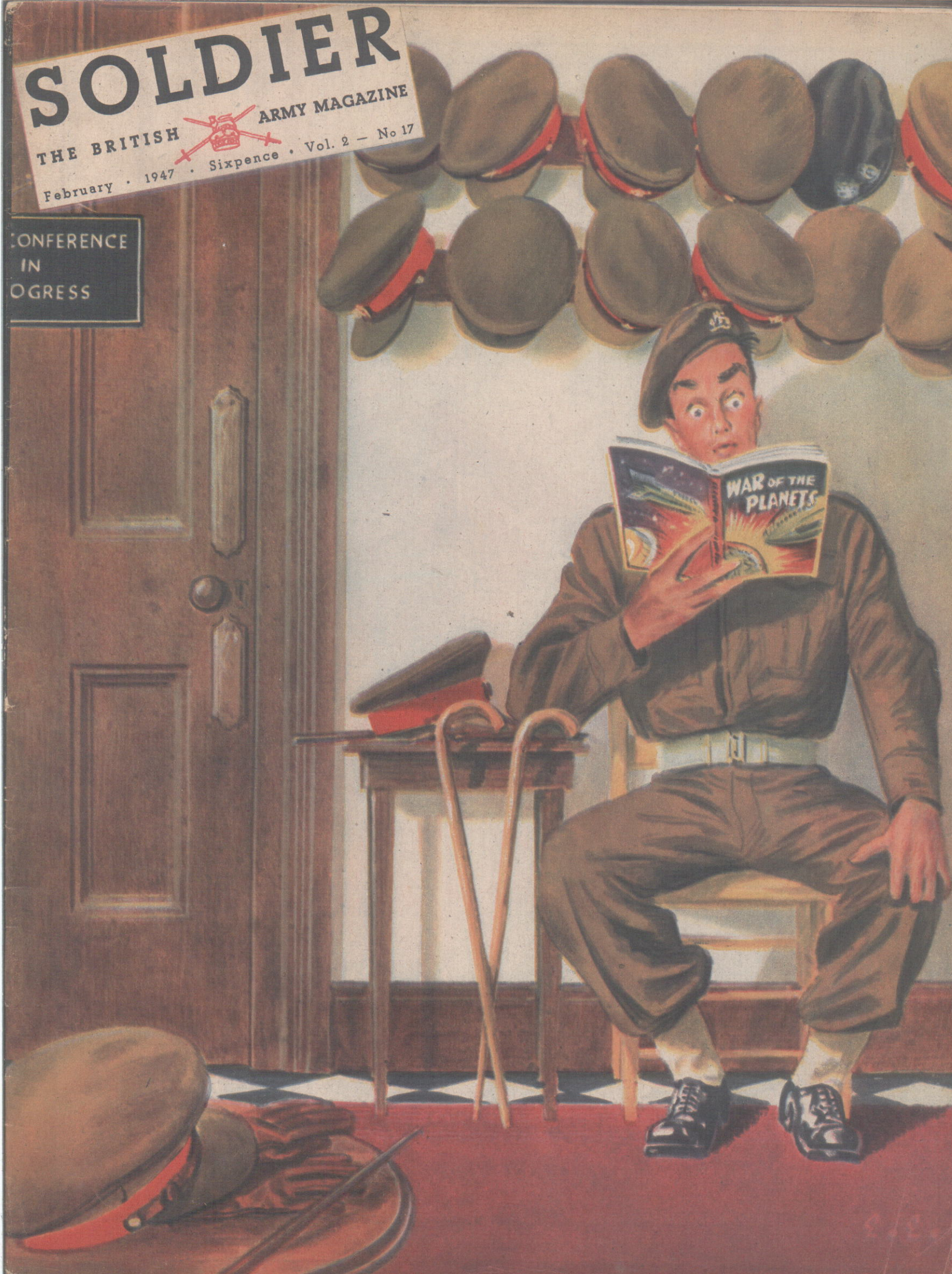
SOLDIER

ARMY MAGAZINE

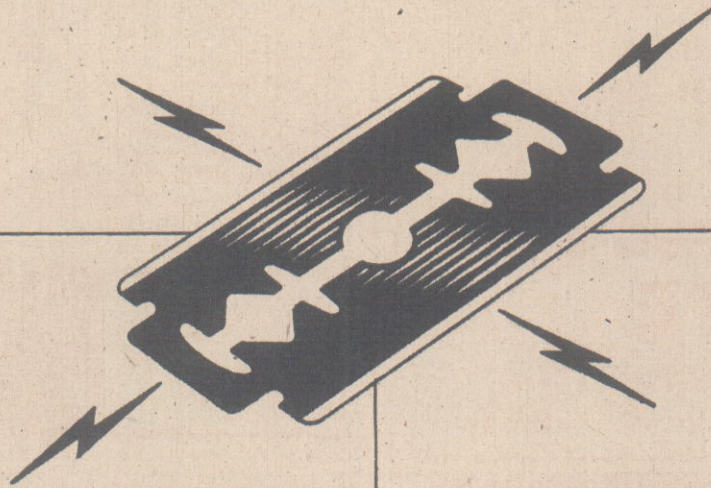
THE BRITISH

February . 1947 . Sixpence . Vol. 2 - No 17

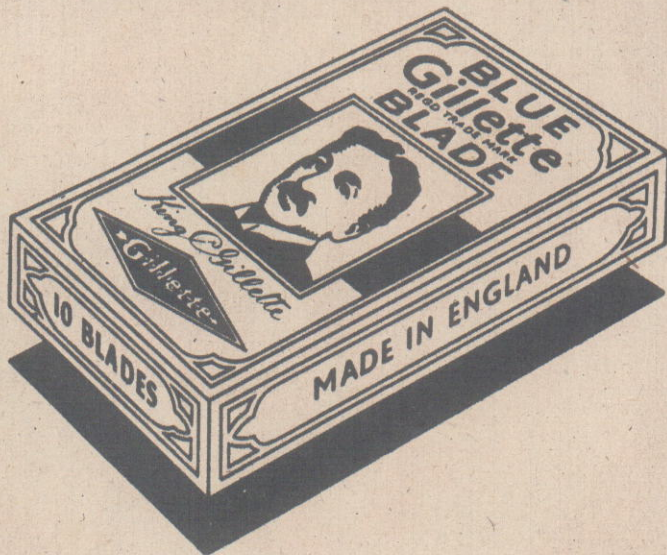
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2/6 FOR 10 INCL. TAX



Made of the finest steel, tempered electrically to take the hardest, sharpest cutting edges science has yet achieved. The edges themselves, shaped in three facets, forming supporting shoulders for extra strength and longer life. Uniformity ensured by testing at every stage of production. You may ignore such technicalities, but not the quicker, smoother, more refreshing shaves Gillette blades give you.

***'Good Mornings'
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"My Target's lots of Certificates before April"

"Why April? Because after March 31st you won't be able to buy the present kind any more. Mind you, the new Savings Certificates, starting in April, will have their good points too, but they're not going to yield quite the same profit on my



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while the buying's extra good!"

For your own sake **SAVE**

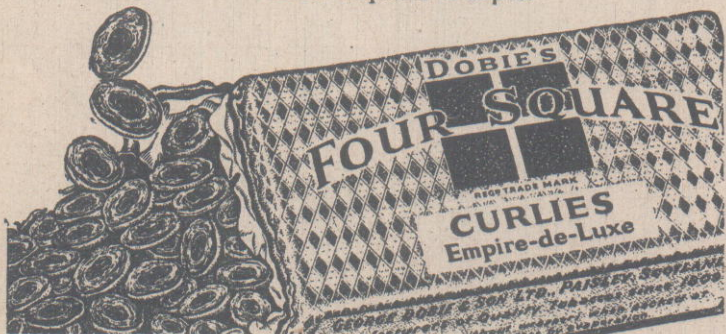
Buy Savings Certificates NOW!

ASK YOUR UNIT SAVINGS OFFICER ABOUT IT

THERE ARE SIX **FOUR SQUARE TOBACCOS**

**-EACH A BALANCED BLEND
OF VINTAGE LEAF**

The tobacco illustrated is Four Square "Purple"—a tobacco with a fine flavour and aroma, and as cool and slow-burning as only "curlies" can be. Ask for 'Four Square Purple.'



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



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



811 B

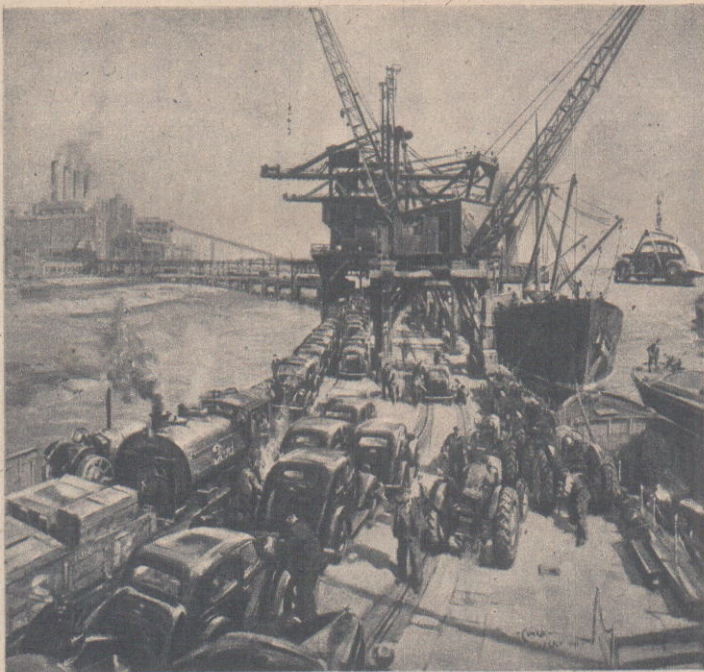
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MAXIMUM PRICES:— Bottles 25/9; Half-bottles 13/6.
as fixed by The Scotch Whisky Association



14 Miles from Charing Cross

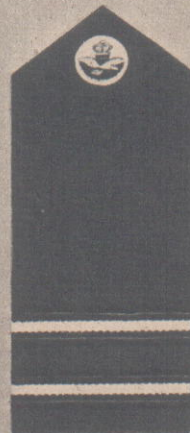
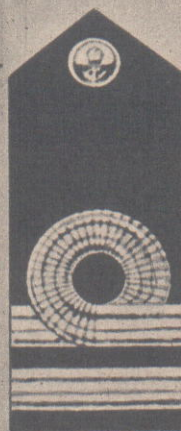
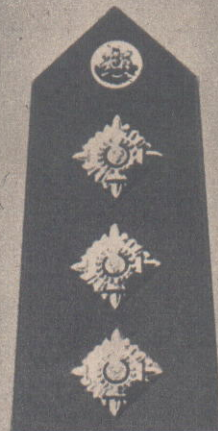
... is Dagenham. Do you realise the immensity of what is being done down there? The Ford factories are a town in themselves, over 14,000 people work there every day, the whole scene is a mass of Ford vehicles awaiting despatch and shipment. Alongside, is Ford's own wharf where ocean-going ships are loaded with Ford vehicles entirely. The biggest unloader in Europe is on that wharf. And everything, from the first casting to the last spray of paint, is done to British design, by British work-people, under British management. All this is going on—only half-an-hour on the underground from Charing Cross.

Ford

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FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM



uniforms



THE GENERAL *(who relieved Tobruk)* TACKLES COAL



Pictured during the North African campaign: General Sir Reade Godwin-Austen. Today he commands an army of 100,000 miners.

THE JOB

GENERAL Godwin-Austen is now GOC, South-Western Division, National Coal Board. He controls more than 300 pits.

He receives general instructions from the National Coal Board (chairman, Lord Hyndley) and is responsible for their execution in his Division.

Assisting him are experts in Colliery Management, Production, Labour and Welfare, Marketing and Finance. His job is to co-ordinate their work and smooth out difficulties. Also, he must keep in touch with the other seven divisional chairmen, in order to pool ideas on improving welfare, freeing "bottlenecks," and so on.

It is a job requiring a knowledge of high-level administration. It does not matter that a chairman is ignorant of mining technique, any more than it matters that the Postmaster-General may not know how to mend a telephone.

At the same time, it won't be long before a man with General Godwin-Austen's enquiring mind is descending the pits to see things for himself.

When it comes to consulting his fellow chairmen, General Godwin-Austen will find another general in the same job — Major-General Sir Noel Holmes, who was War Office Director of Movements. The others include an admiral, an ex-trade union official, an ex-Food Minister, an ex-fuel controller and an ex-Air Ministry director.

THE frosty, black night hung over the Welsh hills, as black as the faces of the men coming from the night shift. As they walked they sang and their pit lamps bobbed up and down like a chain of glow-worms. Eagerly they crowded into the floodlit yard of Penallta Colliery and joined the men of the day shift, whose faces in contrast looked ghostly white.

The miners had come to meet the General.

A few weeks previously they had been told of the appointment of General Sir Reade Godwin-Austen, KCSI, CB, OBE, MC, as chairman of the South-Western Division of the National Coal Board. And promptly, as a body, they had passed a motion of no confidence in his appointment.

What, they asked themselves, had possessed the Labour Government to bring home from India a general and put him in the coal-mining industry? What would it lead to? It would mean staff cars, they told one another, and pick and shovel drill and forming fours round the pit head; it would probably mean colliery managers reporting with the words: "Seven hundred miners on parade, 66 absentees, 40 sick, otherwise correct — sir." A general as chairman...

Miners are proud men. They don't like "interlopers" in their industry. But these Welsh miners were not too proud to have second thoughts. They decided on a more generous course. They would give the general a chance.

At that moment General Sir Reade Godwin-Austen was driving over the Welsh hills in a large car. As they waited they wondered what manner of man it could be who was being entrusted to such a post.

THE General had risen early. At four o'clock the night porter of the Angel Hotel, Cardiff, had tapped at his bedroom door with a cup of tea, expecting to get a grumpy reception at such an hour. But he was given a cheery "Good morning"; the General was already shaving. A lifetime of soldiering had made the new chairman an early riser. It was a career which had started in the

year 1909 when a rather shy second-lieutenant reported to the 2nd. Bn. South Wales Borderers. Although not a Welshman (the Godwin-Austens have lived at Shalford, Surrey, for 400 years) he was not unknown. His father had commanded the depot and various uncles had served in the regiment.

When war was declared in 1914 it was decided to form a new battalion — the 5th. — and Lieut. Godwin-Austen was posted to it. He arrived to find himself the only officer. The others had been sent to the wrong camp. True, a second officer did appear but he went sick, leaving the future general in charge of 800 men, aided by a CSM who had been discharged from the Army as a corporal in 1898. He appointed himself commanding officer, adjutant and quartermaster all rolled into one and when the full complement of officers arrived a few days later he had the battalion organised and every man a job.

His ability to organise brought him onto the staff of 30 Brigade, and later as DA and QMG he found himself in Gallipoli and Mesopotamia with 13th. Division. He was still on staff duties when the war ended. But the War Office had not overlooked his skill at administration and he found himself at the Staff College. Later he wrote a book "The Staff and the Staff College" which received wide publicity in the Press. The War Office sent for him and as a captain brevet-major he found himself working on officer cadet organisation, and later he was sent to Sandhurst to command a company of cadets. His rank was an unusual one. He was captain-brevet-major-brevet-lieutenant-colonel.

Thereafter he served in Hong Kong, Cairo and the War Office; and then he took over command of the 2nd Bn. Duke of Cornwall's

Continuing THE GENERAL TACKLES COAL

Light Infantry. The only connection he had with Cornwall was that now extinct bird, the Cornish Chough, which figured in the Godwin-Austen Coat of Arms. But to this day he looks back fondly on the two years he spent with what he calls "my beloved Cornwall's."

When Munich came Colonel Godwin-Austen was in command of Catterick Camp. Trouble had arisen in Palestine and he was sent out as a brigadier during the Arab rebellion. In May 1939 he took over command of the 8th. Division from General Montgomery, the present CIGS. When war came the Division was dispersed and the General went to special duties in Egypt before returning to command Palestine. Later he was rushed to British Somaliland to take charge, but was forced to evacuate his troops. He refused to pull down the flag over British headquarters and asked the captain of the Australian cruiser *Hobart* to shoot it down. From the bridge of the ship he saw building and flag fall in a pile of smoke, and prayed for the day when he

would be able to return to recover that flag.

Later the Captain of the *Hobart* was surprised to receive a package. It contained a Union Jack nearly torn to threads. It was from General Godwin-Austen. As commander of the 12th. East African Division he had thrown the Italians out of Somaliland and his men had found the flag in the cellar of a house. The flag is now in an Australian museum.

After commanding our troops in Abyssinia the General took over 13th. Corps in the Desert. His job was to relieve the badly pressed garrison in Tobruk. He planned and directed the drive and afterwards dictated this typical message to General Auchinleck: "Tobruk is as relieved as I am."

Now the War Office wanted the General as Director of Research and Tactical Investigation. He mastered the job and soon found himself Vice QMG. He was sent to India as Quarter-Master General and in December 1945 was made Principal Administration Officer, responsible for all supplies to our forces in SE Asia.

A few months ago a message reached him that he was wanted for a big administrative post in Britain. It was a job, he was told, of great public interest. He returned to London and was informed he had been chosen as chairman of the South-Western Division of the Coal Board. What did it mean? he asked. It involved taking over the supervision of 309 collieries employing 100,000 men. It was a command equal to an Army. And what an Army! Miners are forever on active service, fighting a losing battle in adverse conditions to meet the ever-growing demand for coal. Now, with nationalisation, a man with a genius for administration and experience of dealing with

The Press "splashed" the hostile reaction by the Welsh miners to the General's appointment. But the miners thought again...



One object in nationalising the mines was to make up-to-date machinery available for the toiler at the coal face. To hasten that day is the General's job. Below: The General at his desk.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR READE GODWIN-AUSTEN, whose appointment as chairman of the Coal Board's South-West Division was criticised by miners, arrived at Hurn Airport last night, from India. He said: "I have no mining experience. I am looking forward to this opportunity of doing anything I can for everybody."—Daily Express picture.

MINERS: WE DON'T WANT THE GENERAL

'No confidence' in Board chiefs

From TREVOR EVANS

MINERS' leaders in South Wales asked yesterday for the removal of Lieut.-General Sir Reade Godwin-Austen and Mr. G. E. Aeron-Thomas, chairman and vice-chairman of the National Coal Board's south-western division.

The men, they say, have "no confidence" in them due to take over the Wales

Miners reject general as boss

'No confidence'

From Daily Mail Correspondent
CARDIFF, Tuesday.

SOUTH Wales miners today passed a vote of "no confidence" in their new regional coal chiefs, a soldier, the other a former owner.

large numbers of men in all conditions was urgently needed as Chairman.

The General protested that he knew nothing about the industry. True, an uncle, Sir Henry Austen, the geologist, had studied the coal seam from the continent to Southern England and had foretold the possibility of working coal in Kent. But that was where his family connection with coal ended. The National Coal Board in London pressed him, and he accepted. He returned to India to clear up his work there and in December landed from a plane in England to be met by reporters. The miners had objected to his appointment. What had the General to say?

What could the General say? He was 58, he was due to retire after a lifetime of service to the country. He had visions of a small house on his estate (he is unmarried) but the call had come to this new command. He had given his pledge and foregone his release leave — the last time he had leave was in 1941 — and remembering the Coal Board's appeal he knew he could not back out because of the miners' objection. He must win over those miners. He told the reporters he was going to carry on and would be glad to listen to the advice of everyone associated with the industry.

He arrived in Cardiff, entered his headquarters in Bute Dock and took the lift to the first floor. He was no longer in uniform but his office, with the desk in the corner and the large table set for board meetings, had the air of a military HQ. Instead of maps of battlefields there are charts of the collieries on the wall and production figures from the mines stretching from Som-

SOLDIER to Soldier

A cartoon in a magazine recently showed a city office in which three idle fellows — obviously ex-Servicemen! — were engaged, respectively, in playing darts, performing a last-minute shave in a mirror propped against a typewriter, and conducting a brew-up on a gas-ring (bottles of milk and bags of tea being kept in a filing cabinet). To the horrified manager surveying this scene from the door, an executive explained: "We found it easier to adapt the office to the ex-Serviceman."

That drawing amusingly underlines a widely held belief in Civvy Street that men in the Army learn habits of sloth, and spend their time completely cushioned against reality. "Get cracking! You're not in the Army now!" is an attitude found in foremen and even (deplorably enough) in wives. The soldier on release may find it rather galling. He doesn't expect to float through life on the strength of what he did at Ala-

mein or Caen, but he does resent the implication that he spent his time in well-fed idleness.

It's much harder to shoot a line in Civvy Street these days than it was in the spring of 1945. Point out to your neighbour in the pub that it requires a certain amount of administrative skill to switch a division over-night across the Apennines, or even to run a camp for Displaced Persons, and the

answer comes: "Bah! That sort of thing's easy in the Services. You just issue orders and people have to obey them. You can't get along in Civvy Street like that."

Of course, you could explain that no general, serjeant-major or lance-corporal would ever get anywhere if he simply opened his mouth and said, "Do this, or else — —." You could talk about personality and leadership, but you would be lucky if you found an audience to listen to you.

This is not written to antagonise soldier and civilian. Only by personal example, and not by argument, can the more perverse delusions of Civvy Street be dispelled. And there are still civilians to be found who recognise the virtues to be found in men from the Services. Among these are loyalty, self-respect, cheerfulness and — one of the rarer qualities of today — politeness.

erset to Wales. Waiting for him was a staff of experts, but he asked for an officer from his old regiment to be appointed as a personal aide. When that appointment is made the aide will be a stranger to the general. He does not believe in placing friends or relatives on his staff.

So, on the day that the mines were nationalised, he arrived at Penallta Colliery to meet those miners who had objected to him. They stood aside as he walked slowly through their ranks and there were some ribald remarks as he mounted the

dais. But directly he started to speak there was a hush. Where was this Blimp, this Army type from India with the parade-ground ways? Standing before them was a shortish man with grey hair and a closely cropped moustache, a friendly voice and a broad grin. They felt the warmth of his personality on this frosty morning and his cheerfulness. For Sir Reade is essentially cheerful. His sense of humour is explosive and invigorates those in his presence. As a subaltern his turns in the camp concerts brought applause from his soldier audiences. Today

that ability to make men happy is as strong as ever. When he had finished the miners applauded him, and they were pleased when he joined them for a cup of tea in the canteen.

Three hours later he was on his way to Duffryn Rhondda for a second ceremony. He turned to me and said: "Did you notice the day shift this morning? Every man had shaved, which is a damned good effort for men who are about to spend seven hours underground."

We stopped and I followed him into the office to meet the pit production committee. Their spokesman was frank. He said: "We did not like the idea of having a General as chairman. But we have talked it over and we will do all we can to help you."

To the hundreds of miners outside the General said: "Give me your confidence until I have won it." Then he listened intently to the other speakers as they described those days that they hoped were now passed. He walked over to the schoolchildren who had sung a welcome to him and thanked them, and he entered the canteen where the miners had erected a notice: "Compliments of the season and a welcome to our new chairman."

When he drove away from the cheering miners he knew that he had won them over. On the way back to Cardiff he thought of the vast social and mechanical improvements which he hopes to see introduced. But as a QMG he learned one thing. Never promise a man something until you can give it to him. He is liable to expect it next day.

In the main office in Bute Dock I was warming myself in front of the fire when a clerk entered. To me he said: "Funny thing about this General is that he is quite different from what we expected. He is just as charming to the office boy as he is to any bigwig from London."

PETER LAWRENCE.

Pithead at Duffryn Rhondda: the General told the miners, "Give me your confidence until I have won it."



Uncounted billions of propaganda leaflets were flung at each other by Allies and Axis in World War Two. Those launched by Dr. Goebbels were really not so clever; the British soldier laughed them off and fought harder than ever.

THE

If you remember, we started the leaflet raids on a large scale as soon as war broke out. Night after night the RAF were out over enemy territory dropping not bombs but millions of pieces of paper.

There was always a lot of security about the messages they contained—why, no one knew. They contained nothing sensational—just simple, straightforward messages to the Germans stating our side of the argument. It is doubtful whether these messages had any lasting effect in face of the promise by the Germans that the war was going to be over within a few months.

There was a story about a member of a bomber's crew who had the job of feeding out these leaflets in a steady stream. One night he broke the monotony by letting go a consignment still done up in its packing. Afterwards he was told, "You are careless. You might have killed someone."

When the Germans started their advance into France and the Low Countries they produced some leaflets bearing the lines "The French have let you down." For the French some more were produced blaming the "let-down" on the British; and suggesting that British troops in the back areas were having a high old time with the *poilus'* wives.

From then on leaflets were dropped on England—most of them rather poor productions both in contents and paper. After the Dieppe raid, however, the Germans became more ambitious and distributed pictures of the tanks we left behind and various shots of prisoners being marched off. The captions said: "British Invasion of the Continent." This line fell flat because from the moment the raid started the BBC had informed listeners at home and in France that this was no invasion attempt—merely a large-scale raid.

After the real invasion had been going on for some time the Germans produced a newspaper called "The Other Side" which they dropped on England. It ran only to two issues. One issue said:

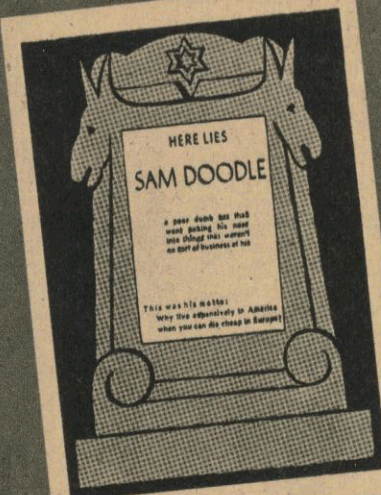
"Never in this world will we Germans lay down our arms. Didn't the full stop at the frontier of Germany give you an idea how long the war will go on? Your military experts are talking about advances in feet and inches. Get out your foot-rules and check the distances to Berlin. You will see that it will take you 18, 19 or 20 years to get there."

The Germans, it has been said, are a nation without any sense of humour, but the following "box" from the front page of "The Other Side" is worth recording.

LEAFLET WAR



The bright boys in the Wilhelmstrasse were very proud of this one.



Gravestone for a GI (design by Goebbels). Inscription: "Here lies Sam Doodle, a poor dumb ass that went poking his nose into things that weren't no sort of business of his. Why live expensively in America when you can die cheap in Europe?"

"George came home to Hackney a hero from Holland. He had one leg, one arm and one eye left. 'Is the house okey?' he asked his wife as she met him at the station."

"Yes George, our house is still all right. And George went home and his wife looked after him lovingly. But that night a flying bomb shattered George's house. When they dug him out they found him as chirpy and cheerful as ever."

"My poor darling" said his wife. "You've already lost one arm, one leg and one eye and now our home has gone."

"Nuts!" said George. "They're minor details. It's the main thing that counts... That is we get Danzig for the Poles."

The material which provided Goebbels with his Number One Leaflet came from London. Early in the war when the Tommy-gun first made its appearance as the machine-carbine of the British Army Winston Churchill was shown one. With the usual interest which the Premier took in our latest weapons he handled it and posed for a photographer. Glee-fully the Germans reproduced the picture with the heading "WANTED for incitement to MURDER."

In Italy the Germans produced, for the benefit of American troops, a pamphlet which described in flowery phraseology a Christmas party given to POW's in Rome. It quoted troops as saying, "It's a knockout! It's a wow" and "Well, I am jiggered" (rather

than "I'm jiggered"). Someone should have told Goebbels that "Gee-whiz" found its way into the mortuary of American slang in the late twenties. Nor was spelling the Germans' strong point.

Paraphrasing, it is worth noting that the Japanese also slipped up when they tried to use English slang and idiom. A pamphlet for Allied troops in Malaya advised them to go home "by look or crook." They had the right spelling, even if they had the wrong idea, when they urged British troops to "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and co-operate with the Nippon Army." But Japanese leaflets make another story.

A leaflet which the Germans hoped would help their cause was one giving easy lessons in how to report sick, how to work up the symptoms of jaundice, nervous troubles, inflammation of the eye, slight affection of the stomach, temporary paralysis and sore throat (only for those who still had their tonsils). These practices were "recommended to those who think they need a thorough recovery from the hardships of war in pleasant surroundings with affectionate treatment and good food." It has been said that the instructions contained in this leaflet were "borrowed" from a similar one we dropped on the Germans. The Germans produced propaganda leaflets until nearly the end of the war. There is one

Churchill
has attacked
Heidelberg

This is our
answer!

This came over with the bombs. But Churchill had the last word in the argument.

ON THE RUN!

The "impregnable" Maginot Line has been smashed through in a width of 100 km! It wasn't this leaflet which drove the BEF from France, but thousands of French soldiers lie beneath the ruins. The German break-through renders the remaining fortifications useless.

The french army is on the run!
You must fill the gap and you can only do it with your own boots.
Is it worth
Is it possih

You are taken for mugs!

Due to your Government's suicidal policy you are now facing an overwhelming attack delivered by the best equipped army and air force in the world. The German army proved itself in Poland and in Norway where all resistance was smashed after a matter of weeks.

"Pack up! Get back home!" urged this 1940 sheet. But the "mugs" came back... inferior equipment and leadership which Norway had you are asked to face fear-ful blows which the German army is here and when it likes.

is the initiative!

and does not support you. of a war which can only and the destruction of and does not wish to British Government. you down! not continue



Above: The GI is supposed to be looking at his future likeness in the mirror. But the face in the mirror is that of the German of today. Below: The old, old angle. Goebbels played many variations on this theme of civvy-worker-getting-fresh-with-soldier's-wife.

Tail-gunner's view of a leaflet raid. This target (at Pak Nem Phau, in Burma) had previously been plastered with high explosive and incendiary bombs.

Continuing THE LEAFLET WAR

"Nine days that shook the world" were the days before Rundstedt's Ardennes offensive was stopped. (The leaflet on the right is an English translation).

which they would hardly like to contemplate today. It shows an American looking into a mirror. The image he sees is supposed to be himself in later life — a face heavy with lines and the corners of the mouth turned down, the left shoulder resting on a crutch, a picture of the average German of today.

British leaflets were more of the red-hot news type. When the Germans were in a spot—latterly they were nearly always in a spot—leaflets pointing out their predicament and urging surrender as the only alternative were rained down on them. Mixed with these were safe-conduct passes of two varieties for individuals and units. They were often gratefully received, and gratefully used.

During the "invasion period" when troops and Home Guard threw up hurried defences on Britain's coast and apparatus was prepared for converting the sea's edge into a holocaust of flame, vast propaganda of England's "fiery defences" swept the Continent. This was no doubt helped by the leaflets printed in German, Dutch and French which were dropped by the million on Occupied Europe. These extracts demonstrate an ironic sense of humour.

Do you think we shall ever get to England? Do you think we shall ever get back from England?

Why is the Führer not coming with us?

What is the charge for swimming lessons? Is our boat capsizing — sinking — burning — blowing up? Where is our fleet — our air force?

What is that strong smell of petroleum? What is setting the sea on fire?

Does not the captain burn beautifully?

Karl — Willi — Fritz — Johann — Abraham — is incinerated? — drowned? — sliced up by the propellers?

When is the next invasion due to take place?

The leaflet ended with a note that conversational manuals in English would be distributed free to each invader by the British authorities on arrival at the pri-

soner-of-war camp in England.

When we invaded Europe messages saying "You are surrounded!", "The Allies are closing in on each side!" and "Your only escape route is the sea" were printed in bold type and fired by shell or dropped from the air on the hard-pressed enemy in isolated pockets. The Germans holding the front line were told repeatedly that their Eastern armies were falling back and there was no stopping the Allies reaching Berlin. Day after day of this paper war undermined the resistance even of hardened SS men.

Simultaneously pamphlets addressed to the foreign slave workers in Germany were being showered down. These unhappy people were urged to quit the towns, "lose their way" and find themselves casual employment in farms (farmers were not averse to "black market" labour), thus depleting the war factories. Those who could not do so were urged to make themselves a nuisance by holding out for better living conditions, medical care, home leave, Sundays off, adequate raid shelters, time for meals, better rations and so on. The final appeal ran:

Organise action, cells! Slow down production! Resist all exploitation by organised passive resistance! Collaborate with anti-Nazi Germans! Start black-lists of Nazis and quislings! Spread the truth of German defeats on all fronts! Listen to Allied news broadcasts! Obey the instructions of the Supreme Command of the Allies!

Our leaflets were printed both in the field and in England. One plant which turned out leaflets until after VE-Day was that of the Luton News. They also produced airborne newspapers, the object of which was to give the German troops the hard truth about the military and general situation on the war and home fronts. One of them was called *Nachrichten für die Truppe* (news for the troops). Its print started at 200,000 copies daily and rose to 800,000 and eventually 1,000,000. The copies were packed in special bombs which exploded 1000 feet



"Four-front war" is the heading of this map, produced before D-Day.

In English, French and German and with a little pep-talk in German on the back, this safe-conduct for surrendering prisoners paid dividends.

ES WAR ZU VIEL



Das Gesicht der deutschen Armee 1918



Das Gesicht der deutschen Armee 1943

One of the most interesting Allied leaflets was in pamphlet form; alternate photographs showed comparable scenes of World Wars I and II. British tanks in 1917 and the 1940's, smashed German planes of both wars, prisoners of 1918 and 1943. The theme was "different war, different men, different material—but the same end."

from the ground, each bomb holding 10,000 copies.

The block-making, setting, printing and despatching of this newspaper had to be carried out without any information reaching people outside the Luton News office. One evening in the local inn a soldier on leave from BLA had with him a copy of *Nachrichten*. To his friends he described how the Germans came over the British lines carrying copies saying, "Look, this paper promises us safe conduct. Is it not our own newspaper? We shall be out of the war. There is good food waiting for us as prisoners."

The soldier continued, "This is a newspaper the Germans produce for their own troops. Why can't the British do the same?" In the pub was a machine minder from the Luton News. He longed to say, "For months I have been spending my days and nights watching that paper pour out of the presses," but he had to keep silent.

After the Allies had entered Germany a new paper, *Shael*, which contained instructions for German civilians, DP's and POW's, was printed in the same office, and *Nachrichten* was printed by the Sun Engraving Company until its last issue on VE-Day. *Shael* was printed in English, French, German, Polish and Russian and its circulation rose to the million mark. It ceased in July 1945, when occupation newspapers were started in Germany. In addition to these newspapers the Luton printers ran off some 1,200,000,000 leaflets and set type for newspapers for the French, Dutch and other occupied countries. These extra newspapers were printed by other firms.

Of all the leaflets which we produced perhaps the most interesting was one in booklet form illustrated on this page.

The German soldier who picked it up could visualise in a flash that his army was heading for the same defeat as befell the army in which his father served. And that was what we wanted him to visualise.

PETER LAWRENCE.

Printed in England, "SHAEF" was a daily, airborne newspaper in four languages and carried official instructions to DP's as well as news. This issue contained standstill instructions to foreign workers and advice on how to cooperate with Allied authorities.

S.H.A.E.F.
Supreme Headquarters
DAS TÄGLICHE ORGAN DES
Allied Expeditionary Force
ALLIIERTEN OBERKOMMANDOS
FALLSCHIRM-AUSGABE
3. MAI 1945
NUMMER 22

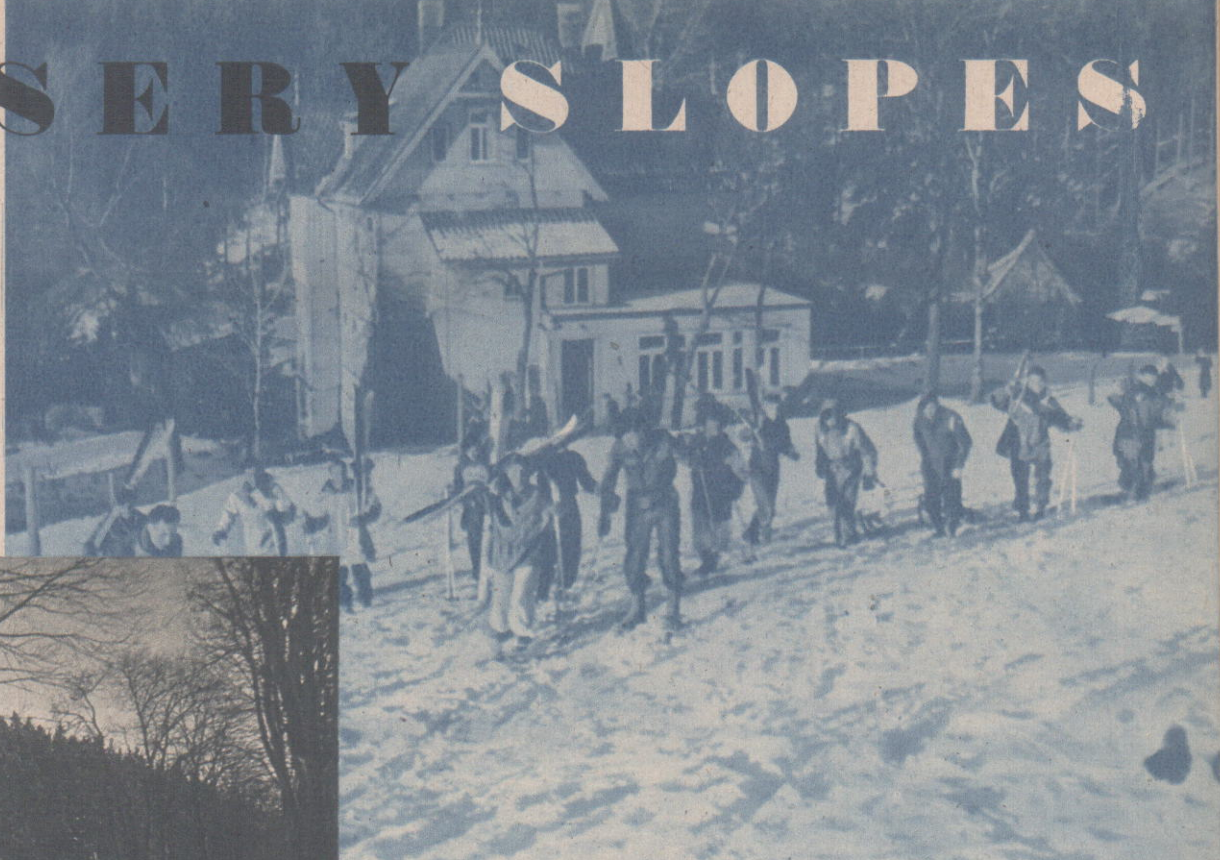
BERLIN FÄLLT!
BESATZUNG MACHT
EISENHOWER ÜBER
HITLERS ENDE
MARSHALL STALIN gab einen Befehl
Berlin in russischen Hände
satzung der Reichs-
In dem Tages-
„Die Bes-
unter

NACHRICHTEN FÜR DIE TRUPPE
Luftlandetruppen
durchgeschossen
Nr. 156, Dienstag,
19. September 1944

NACHRICHTEN FÜR DIE TRUPPE
Einbruch an drei Abschnitten
Weitere Rheinbrücken
werden
Nr. 231, Sonntag,
3. Dezember 1944
PAGE 11

NURSERY SLOPES

In the snows of the magnificent Harz Mountains British soldiers and their families are enjoying the kind of holiday which costs £75 a head in Switzerland



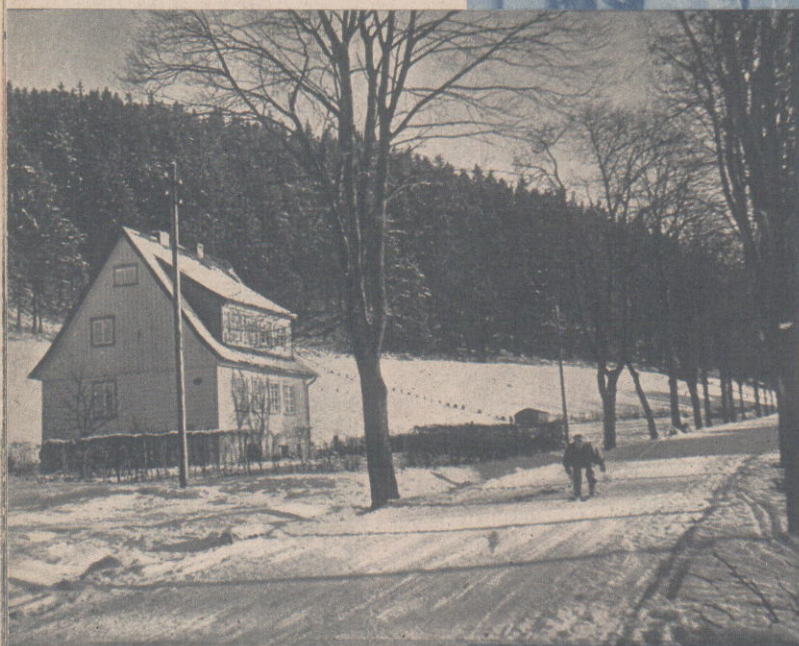
Party setting out: they don't know how many muscles they have now, but they will when they come back.

SKI-ING? You can learn it in a 72-hour leave," says George Watson, the sergeant-major of BAOR's Winter Sports Centre at Altenau in the Harz Mountains. "All you've got to do is to 'have a go'."

This is all very assuring until you ask another camp staff man if he's "had a go" and he says, "What, with me in 47 Group?"

But by the time you come out of the equipment store toggled up with skis, ski boots, scarf, wind jacket and mittens, and looking like someone on the front page of a Thomas Cook winter sports brochure, you are ready for anything. You fasten your feet to the skis, grasp the two sticks firmly and remember with confidence all the coordination exercises you learned in Army PT. Anyway, there are 170 others like you.

Outside on the nursery slopes the little Altenau children are floating around gracefully like angels in a white cloud. "Kids' stuff," you say as you take your first step up the slope. After the same "angels" have picked you out of the snow a dozen times you realise that they are the only childish thing about a nursery slope. Eventually looking like a polar bear you reach the top to meet one of the camp's German ski instructors. As you straighten up to greet him you unfortunately point your skis down the slopes. The next moment as you speed downwards you realise that skiing is just a matter of closing your eyes and letting gravity do the rest. The trees start rushing up the slopes towards you and you put your bottom into the snow and brake hard. It is unorthodox but efficient. By the end of the morning you have learned all the rules about using



This is a good way to get to the local if you're experienced; if not, it's quicker to walk.

"She'll be coming round the mountain..." or so she thought.

Skis at the equipment room look tame enough — but they're devils when they're roused.



your ankles and keeping your knees together but somehow your bottom still seems to do the most work.

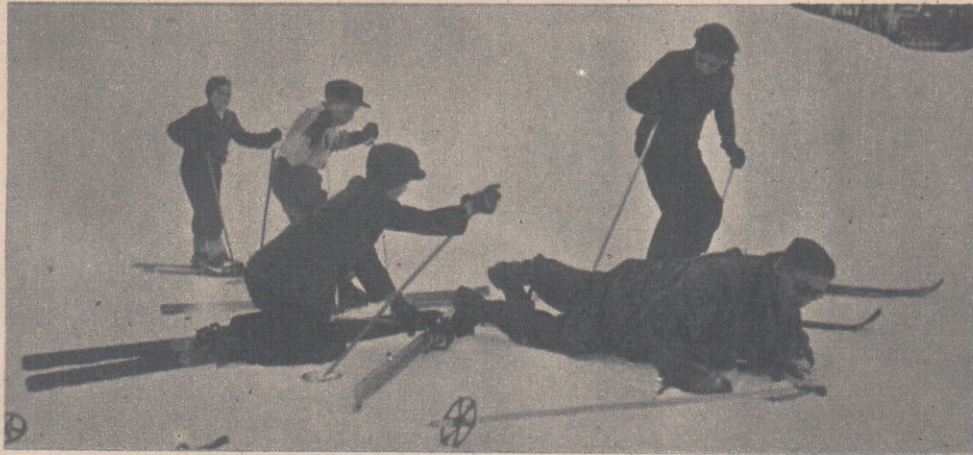
At lunch you listen to the old hands who have been skiing around the nearby 981ft. ski slope and keep quiet. In the afternoon you go down the slopes resting your stomach on a toboggan to even things up a bit.

With sunset you pack up and go down to the camp café in the village of Altenau which is said to be bewitched by little old women on broomsticks who live on the Brocken mountainside above it. Outside you hear the jingle of horse-sleigh bells and you tumble out of the café to get a lift back to the camp.

As you ride along you see the moon touch up the nursery slopes into soft and gentle moulds, "Just like cushions," you say, forgetting your aches, and by the time your leave is over you even like them and have decided to come back.

Or you may decide to return in the summer for the riding, shooting and swimming; there's fun all the year round at Altenau.

You can hire a horse-sleigh very cheaply and jingle your way through the Christmas card country.



Above: "Kids' stuff, these nursery slopes." Below: At the top of the nursery slopes. There are longer-runs when you are proficient.



Above: Strange how men will go gathering bruises when there are sights like this to see. Below: "And so we say farewell..."



TIES

WITH spring coming in a few weeks, the men's shops of London are experiencing an increase in the stream of customers with an "I-am-a-civilian-but-I-don't-feel-it" look asking for regimental ties.

For a regimental tie, in addition to its sentimental association, the chance that it may attract the attention of somebody else who knows old Soandso, and its merit in brightening the old suit you haven't got coupons to replace, is the one tie a wife with a critical eye for ties knows she can never make her husband forswear, however much she and his fastidious tailor may shudder at its gaudy stripes. Most of the would-be buyers of regimental ties are going to be disappointed. At the big tailors', like Simpson's of Piccadilly (where SOLDIER's artist studied ties from life) and in the smaller shops which specialise in regimental and club ties, the answer generally is "Sorry, sir, but they're not in stock at the moment."

A big firm of tie-manufacturers, whom SOLDIER rang up, said: "We could sell at least five times as many regimental ties as we are allowed to make and please don't print the name of the firm because otherwise we shall be swamped with people who want to buy them from us. They manage to track us down somehow, even now, and we can only tell them we only sell wholesale quantities."

This firm makes something like 10,000 to 15,000 different kinds of club, school, university and regimental ties, which means some pretty intricate filing work to keep the different patterns sorted out. They also sell the squares of tie material which are popular as scarves, only not just now because each square contains material for four ties and they would rather have four customers happily wearing regimental ties than one wearing a regimental scarf.

Demand for regimental ties has shot up since release started, as it did after 1918, but later on it will fall back to a steady peace-time level.

Both manufacturers and the more exclusive retailers will

tell you with regret that there is nothing to prevent anybody making, selling or wearing your regimental tie. Tie patterns with only stripes of colour cannot be copyrighted, but if your regiment decides to have some "novelty" in its tie — like the regimental goat or a picture of the depot orderly room — then the "novelty" may be copyrighted.

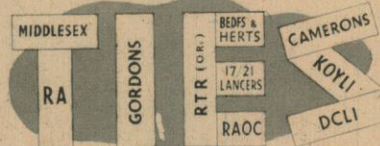
The only way to keep the ordinary regimental tie to yourself is to arrange with some retailer to have it manufactured exclusively for him and that he shall sell it only to members of the regiment.

The vast number of organisations that have their own ties makes finding a new regimental pattern a bit of a headache. As it is, you may accost someone whose neckwear is identical with your own to have him tell you with indignation that it is the exclusive pattern of the Old Narkovians or the Hogsnotton Bank Clerks' Hockey Club and that you, who went through hell and blanco for the honour of wearing it, are an impostor.

Regiments sometimes complicate matters by changing their patterns or colours, leaving the tailors with stocks of obsolete ties, and others help to cause confusion and swell the pattern-book by having different ties for each battalion or one for officers and one for men.

Sometimes members of a regimental OCA meet and discover with surprise that their regimental ties look quite different. Usually the reason is that some colours show up in one shade on silk or some other fine material and in another shade on a rougher stuff.

Ties are not the only adornments to be made in regimental colours. Before the war regimental links were getting popular, though some sartorial purists thought they were not quite the thing. Knitted scarves and sports clothes of various kinds often bore regimental colours. Even regimental braces were on sale and not just a figment of a gag-writer's imagination, and at least one firm of tailors occasionally received orders for dressing-gowns in regimental stripes.



This key identifies the ties used in the heading to this story.

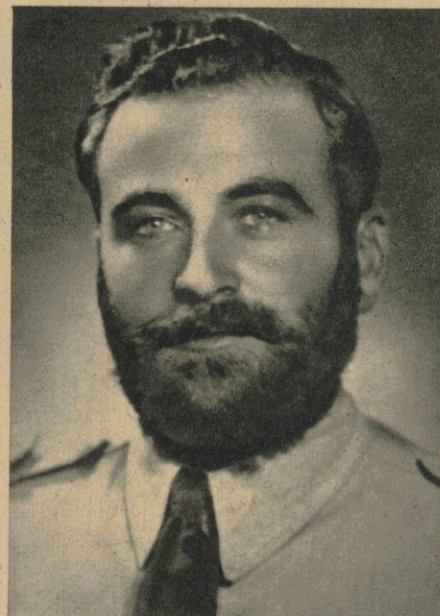
MAN WITH A VOICE

IT is a good many years since Albert Burgess left the Manchester Regiment to go and settle as a civilian in the Channel Island of Alderney (population 1000), but the voice with which he once bawled across barrack-squares is still in good trim. For Albert is the only town crier in the Channel Islands.

To him, all announcements are "publications". If you want a publication announced all round the island (three miles by one and a half) it will cost you four shillings. For St. Anne's only, 2s. 6d. And the bell with which Albert will draw attention to your publication is used by courtesy of the Wehrmacht—it is a big brass one they left behind when they surrendered.

Albert is a man of many jobs. Besides being town crier, he is Alderney's grave-digger, sexton, mole-catcher, rabbit-catcher and bell-ringer.

During the occupation, a German serjeant went mad, dashed into the church, cut the action of the organ and then went outside and shot himself. Now the organ has been repaired and Albert has added another to his list of jobs—that of organ-blower.



Sgt. Peter Hull, DCLI, keeps up the tradition of the bearded Pioneer serjeant.

MAN WITH A BEARD

ALTHOUGH under King's Regulations a soldier is not allowed to sport a beard there is an old tradition that the pioneer platoon serjeant in an Infantry battalion can go unshaven.

The chopper and the beard are part of ceremonial parades, says legend. And Sgt. Peter Hull, pioneer serjeant of the 2nd Bn. Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, which fought in North Africa and Italy, and is now stationed in Greece, keeps up the tradition.

MAN WITH A JOB TO OFFER

WHEN RQMS. William A. Ree, Grenadier Guards, left the Army after 21 years, he looked round for a job and found one — finding jobs for other ex-Servicemen. He was appointed one of nearly 50 professional "job-finders" employed by the National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen.

Mr. Ree and his colleagues now find jobs for all ex-Servicemen, regulars or not. In the first nine months of 1946 they found employment for 38,143 men.

Their services are free both to the men and the employers. When Mr. Ree is approached for a job, all he asks is that the applicant shall produce at least a "Good" discharge. Then he gets down to brass tacks. He told SOLDIER that employers are very willing to help.

"They know we only recommend men of a good type," he said. "For men without a trade, £4 10s. to £5 is the average starting wage and some of them feel a draught after Service pay; but for tradesmen, like mechanics and RASC clerks, wages are higher."

Sometimes he sees tragedy in his office. Recently one of his

callers was a 6ft.3ins.Scots.Guardsman who had been blinded in Italy; through the good work of St. Dunstan's, however, this man knew a trade — he had learned to manipulate a five-line telephone switchboard with 50 extensions. Another day a man walked into his office and silently laid a letter on Mr. Ree's desk; in the letter the man's wife explained that he had been badly shell-shocked and the state of his nerves was such that he would not be able to speak for about half an hour, when he would have got used to the environment. Mr. Ree was able to find him a job at £5 a week.

Sometimes there is a touch of humour in the work. Brawny men have been known to hold up both healthy fists when he has mentioned the possibility of a post as a "single-handed-butler."



The new Master Gunner of St. James's Park, Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, a former Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

MAN WITH A TITLE

THE office of Master-Gunner of St. James's Park, in which F.M. Lord Alanbrooke has just succeeded F.M. Lord Milne, is one of the oldest appointments in the British Army.

Although today the Master Gunner's duties are in effect those of a Colonel of a Regiment and the appointment is honorary, he is in fact the descendant of the Master Gunner of England, whose office is recorded in 1263. His duties, in those days, were to inspect the ordnance and stores kept in peace-time in the Royal castles, under the care of the Master Gunners of the day.

In war he supervised the equipment of a train of artillery and was artillery adviser in the field. There was a Master Gunner of England at Crecy (1346), the siege of Calais (1376) and Flodden (1513) and his pay was the royal sum of two shillings a day which he boosted by certain perquisites.

In the days of the Stuarts his pay rose to £190 a year and a Royal Warrant laid down that he was to "profess and teach his Art to Our Under Gunners in the exercise of shooting of Great Ordnance, Mortar Peeces, etc., in

such Publique Place or Places as by the Master of Our Ordnance shall be allotted and appointed for the Purpose and therein to Exercise them once a month in Winter and twice every month in Summer."

Later he was expected to superintend the firing of salutes on ceremonial occasions. Towards the end of the 17th. century his main duties were taken over by the Master General of the Ordnance, and when the Royal Artillery was formed in 1716 his title was changed to "Master Gunner of Whitehall and St. James's Park." Eighty years later "Whitehall" was dropped from his title and from then on the appointment was always filled by a distinguished General Officer of the Royal Artillery.

Pay stayed low and it was only 4s. 6d. a day when the office became honorary in 1914 on the death of Lord Roberts, who had held it for ten years.

MAN WITH A MEMORY

CAPT. Donald Kingsford, Middlesex Regiment, grew so fond of his comrades in the early days of the war that the 36 members of his old platoon are to benefit under his will.

Capt. Kingsford, who was 31, lived at Hambledon, Surrey, and before that at St. John's Wood Park. He was killed last summer when he fell from the battlements of Ross Castle, Lake Killarney.

He left £25,654 and, after various specific bequests, five hundredths of the residue is to be divided among the following who, the will says, were members of No. 6 Platoon, 2/7th Battalion, Middlesex Regiment, in 1940: Sgts. Parker and Sherringham, Cpl. Alderman, L/Cpls. Bignell, King and Jarrett, Ptes. May (Arthur), Wade, Pool, Wilkinson, Rosenberg, Hollingsworth, Brown, Newman, Simmons, Fitzpatrick, Olliffe, Woodbridge, Newing, Moore, Turner, May (William), Burton, Munro, Connor, Hinde, Yeatman, Dollin, Bannon, Pearce, Edington, Tourlami, Tripp, Norval, Bourne and Hughes.

The work of tracing the 36 members of Capt. Kingsford's platoon is now going on.

MAN WITH AN AMBITION

ONE morning early in 1945, the Camp Serjeant-Major, a Scots Guard and a strict disciplinarian, marched into a barrack-room in the Grenadier Barracks in Brussels for his daily inspection and halted in the doorway with his eyes popping.

There, between the beds was a solitary soldier—dancing. He was wearing a pair of PT shorts, a khaki shirt, Army socks and pink satin dancing pumps and was sweating freely. The Serjeant-Major recovered quickly and made his inspection. As he closed the door he barked: "Be careful you don't catch cold, my lad."

But the dancer, Corporal John Marshall, had been dancing too long for that. An accountant before the war, dancing in his spare time, he decided that dancing was to be his career after the war. For a while his ambition was pigeon-holed, as he guarded docks with the Hampshire Regiment, but later he transferred to the RAOC and then he set about post-war planning.

In barracks in Britain, tents in France and Belgium, billets in Germany and in fields and gardens when nothing else was available, he spent all his spare time training.

Then came release, and an interview with the director and ballerina of the International Ballet Company in his home town, Bournemouth, got him free tuition in London. Six weeks later he was appearing with the company in Manchester and has since appeared continuously, still in minor roles but getting experience.

Besides his dancing, he had one other claim to fame among his comrades in the BAOR Ordnance Directorate, where he was a shorthand-typist. They claimed he was faster and more accurate on a typewriter than any other man in the British Army.



Corporal John Marshall spent his spare time in the Army dancing. Now his hobby has become his career.

Small Talk

OVER 1500 recipients of the DSO, MC, DSM and MM are still waiting to receive their medals, although in some cases the awards were gazetted six years ago. Reason: Medal making (like medal winning) is a highly skilled process.

Nobody loves the taste of chlorinated water. The US Army is experimenting with a new method of water purification for individuals. Triglycerine hydropenoxide is the stuff used. Tablets are said to melt quickly, to be usable in a wider range of conditions and to have a less unpleasant taste and smell than chlorine.

An ex-paratrooper of Port Chester, New York — by name Thomas Thomas — leaped in pyjamas from the second storey bedroom of his house, landed

unhurt on the pavement. He said: "I could swear I heard the serjeant shout 'Jump!'"

* * *
"Cri de coeur in a recent issue of the Catterick Express was



from an ATS girl who objected to orderly serjeants flashing torches and calling "Break it up" when she was saying good-night to the boy-friend. "What do they think we are — children?" she asked.

M I S C E L L A N Y



British flame-thrower in action: it makes a beautiful and a savage picture—if you are in a position to admire it. Flame was a weapon before gun powder was invented.

ONCE IT WAS GREEK FIRE

NEXT to the bayonet, which is merely a scientific version of the first pointed stick, the modern weapon with the longest history is the flame-thrower.

It was the secret weapon of the ancient Greeks, and they kept its secret for 400 years, warding off with its aid many a sea attack on Constantinople.

"Greek Fire," as it was known, is believed to have been invented by an architect who lived in Syria. Its first use was at sea, where big copper tubes were built on to Greek ships and the fire was blown through them on to the enemy's vessels, presumably by bellows or similar means.

On land, soldiers were equipped with copper tubes for the same purpose, but it was also produced in phials or pots which were shot at the enemy tied to arrows or bolts, and in sieges it was poured from walls or launched in red-hot balls of stone or iron.

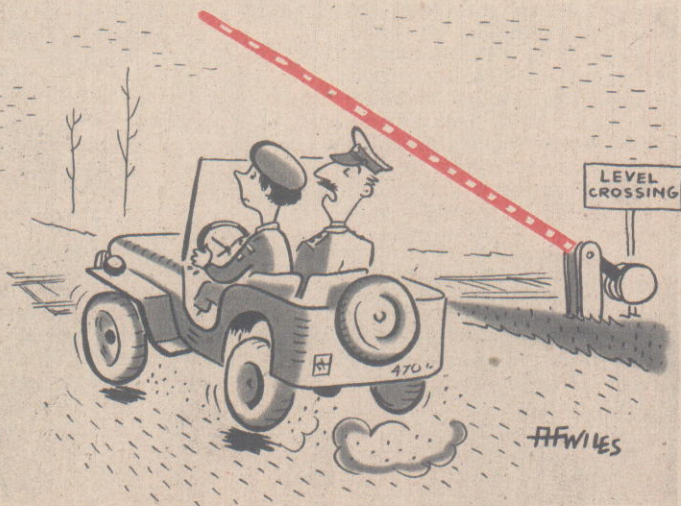
Whatever it was made of—whether pitch, resin, petroleum or naphtha—it was pretty fiery stuff and water was not much use for putting it out. It is reported that a mixture of human urine or vinegar with sand was sometimes effective; ships were hung with vinegar-soaked cloth to ward off its effects, and warlike machines, such as catapults, were covered with boiled horse or bullock skins.

Alexander the Great is believed to have used Greek fire in a large-scale booby trap when he was fighting the Indians. He is said to have made hollow brass and iron elephants, filled with naphtha and mounted on iron wheels. They were pushed into battle and when the Indians' real elephants attacked them they were fired and got red hot, so that the Indian elephants were badly burned and panicked. Some accounts say he had as many as 24,000 of these elephants with 50,000 mechanics to look after them.

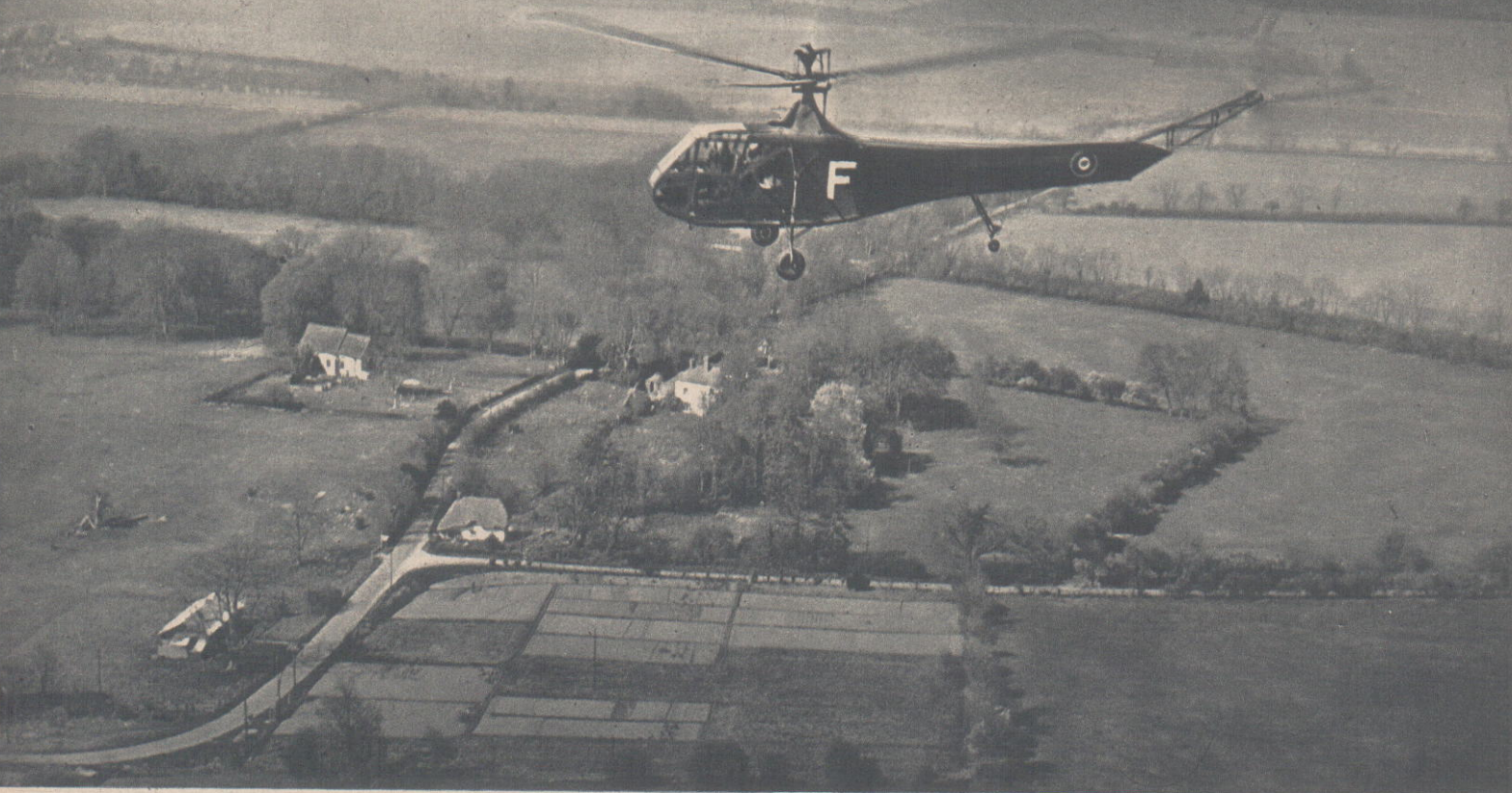
Similar to Alexander's idea was that of Prester John, the Tartar Prince. Hollow figures of copper filled with some combustible substance were set on horses, each having a man mounted behind with bellows to stir up the fire. When he went into action, the mounted images, with fires well stoked up, went for the Mongols, burning up both horses and men. What happened to the horses that carried the fiery figures is not reported.

Greek fire was used right up to the 14th century when gun-powder displaced it, and Richard I is said to have equipped his ships with windmills which threw Greek fire against the Saracens. Nearly 200 years later, a surgeon in the court of Edward III recommended the following recipe for inextinguishable Greek fire: "Take of sulphur vivum 1 lb, of colofony (rosin) 1 lb of pitch used for naval purposes 1 quarter, of . . . oppoanax 1 quarter, of pigeons' dung well dried, 1 quarter; let all the before-mentioned be well pulverized and then resolve them in turpentine water or oil of sulphur vivum aforesaid, and then put them all together in a strong glass vessel, the mouth of which should be well closed, and put that vessel for 15 days in a hot oven; afterwards distil the whole in a distilling vessel, in the manner of spirit of wine, and keep it for use. This may be thrown by a bow, a cross-bow or carried by any bird. It will burn and inflame whatsoever it hath touched in the place where it shall fall, whether on land or water, for a certainty."

Flame as a weapon made its twentieth century come-back when the Germans used it in the Bois d'Avocourt, near Verdun on February 26, 1915. We retaliated with flame-throwers on the Somme and at Zeebrugge. The American Expeditionary Force kept to high explosives.



"That reminds me—get your hair cut."



The eyes of the guns: a helicopter makes a fine observation post, and is not so easily strafed as you might think.

GUNNERS ARE FLYING HELICOPTERS

OF all the odd jobs that come the way of the Royal Artillery, one of the most unexpected is the very latest—that of training to fly helicopters and making tactical tests with them.

The story goes back nearly ten years, when the first letter appeared in a file labelled "Helicopters" at the War Office and the Army began to take an interest in their military possibilities.

But progress was slow in those days of stringent economy and when war broke out the file had to go into a pigeon-hole while, by agreement, the USA took over Britain's helicopter knowledge and experts for development during the war.

Meanwhile, early in the struggle Royal Artillery officers, under the wing of the RAF, learned to fly small fixed-wing aircraft for Air OP work and they carried out their job successfully on many fronts. Then in 1945 they formed a helicopter Air OP squadron, but release and the end of Lease-Lend cut its life short. Now the helicopter file is busily circulating again in the War Office and a flight of RA officers of 657 Air OP squadron are learning to fly helicopters.

The hold-up in helicopter development in Britain during the war has meant that there are now no British helicopters in production, though some firms are turning out prototypes. So the Gunners are being trained to fly Hoverfly Mark II, an American Sikorsky machine known in the States as the R 6. Training is arranged in cooperation with the Ministry of Supply, and the RAF

and is carried out at the Airborne Forces Experimental Establishment at Beaulieu, Hampshire, by a Rotary Wing Flight, a joint Army-RAF unit in which the Army is responsible for administration and the RAF for ground-crews.

The Gunner officers, all of them experienced pilots in fixed wing aircraft with a joy-stick to point the nose up or down and a rudder for steering, now have to master a machine in which a stick similar to the joy-stick can send it forwards, backwards or sideways, a second control "yaws" the machine and a third one sends it up or down.

With its ability to stay still in the air at any height and then to fly off in any direction and to take off and land without an airfield, the helicopter is expected to have a lot of uses for the Army. For Air OP work it can be used as a movable "height" staying in one place like the "blimp" of World War One without being tied to the ground, cruising around like the fixed-wing Air OP of World War II or following a moving target, such as a tank column, at the appropriate speed.

Hovering over the ground at any height, it can be used for reconnaissance by Sappers investigating constructed and natural obstacles to an advance, for reconnaissance of "going" and other survey work and for nosing out enemy concentrations.

A commander could direct a tank battle from a helicopter, watching the enemy movements from a few hundred feet above his own lines without getting into range of enemy AA fire. Over lightly held territory, like much of the Jap-held jungle in Burma, the helicopter could take liberties behind the enemy front-line, but it would not be safe for it to hover over an area where fairly heavy AA fire might be expected. Its ability to shoot off in any direction and to climb and fall vertically would give it a good chance of dodging hostile fighters.

Its ability to land and take off without a prepared airfield or even to hover a few feet above the ground to embark or disembark passengers or freight would make it invaluable for landing men and material in difficult country and evacuating casualties, for supplying men and

material by night to the sort of resistance movement there was in France in World War II and for all kinds of communications work.

There are two versions of helicopter—the "aerial jeep" for light jobs and the transport version which has not yet anything like the capacity of a Dakota. The helicopter is still in an early stage of its development and its controls demand a lot of concentration by the pilot, so no startling developments are expected yet. But when the RA officers who are training become proficient, they will return to their station, take over four Hoverfly machines and begin tactical tests in which both the War Office and the Air Ministry will have a voice.

RICHARD ELLEY.

If the pilot wants a cup of coffee, all he has to do is to drop down to the NAAFI van, and stretch out his hand.



THE ARMY MAKES A FILM



It looks like a good story. Airborne film actors share joke with Director Lapresle and Lieut-Col. Tresawna.

DIRECTOR Robert Lapresle held a little coloured disc to his eye and waited for the sun to shine again on Aldershot. A group of soldiers-turned-actors watched the sky too, though less patiently.

"I reckon these film people are sun worshippers," said an Airborne private.

Director Lapresle (11 years in Hollywood) wished he could have brought the Californian sun to England. Otherwise, the shooting of the film "The Reason Why" for the British Army was easy. The men to play the crowd scenes were there. The PT experts who were to star in the film needed no coaxing, no rehearsing. They had been doing these exercises for years.

"The Reason Why" is a 50-minute film about fitness training.

It explains why you do PT in the Army and how it has moulded men for duties in all theatres and for civilian life. The finished version will contain scenes shot in England, Rhine Army and the Middle East. If you want to know exactly who is making the film, the answer is: Verity Films, in association with the Army Kinema Corporation, on behalf of the War Office.

When Director Lapresle judged the light through his disc to be strong enough his cameramen, Leo Rogers and Alec Sheridan, got into focus while the assistant director, Beresford Gregory, whipped the "stars" into action. By which time, of course, the sun had gone in again. But that, Lapresle pointed out, is film-making. Patience, sir, just ruddy patience.

Forecasts Weather

"We could film without the sun," he said, "but it would all come out flat. The men doing exercises would not be able to show off their muscles. In sunlight shadows are thrown which make them stand out." Years of experience have made him an expert meteorologist. He will casually tell you that the sun will shine in fifteen minutes.

War Office supervisor on the job was Lieut-Col. J. A. Tresawna DSO of the DCLI, fitness training instructor at Sandhurst and formerly of Paderborn, who helped to write the script. He chose the actors from the Airborne holding unit at Aldershot.

A few days after shooting at Aldershot, the film-makers packed their bags and unpacked them again in the little town of Neuhaus, Germany. Once again the director surveyed the sun, and then called, "Okay, roll them." Six men and a corporal stood rigidly to attention, bayonets glistening in the wintry light. It was all over in five minutes. The guard of the 1st Royal Norfolks had been filmed, and the German spectators dispersed, little the wiser. But Colonel Tresawna was pleased. He wanted a "shot" of the changing of the guard at Kaserne Barracks, Neuhaus, because, according to the script, "the British soldier is doing a policeman's job in many parts of the world."



Above: Jumping from a jeep at 35 mph — S/Sjt. D. Roberts and Sjt. B. Thomas say there is nothing in it.

Below: Waiting for the sun which will bring out the ripple of muscles; in other words, Scene No. 121 of Job No. FG 479.





Going down... This is Pte. J. Williams doing parachute training at Neuhaus.

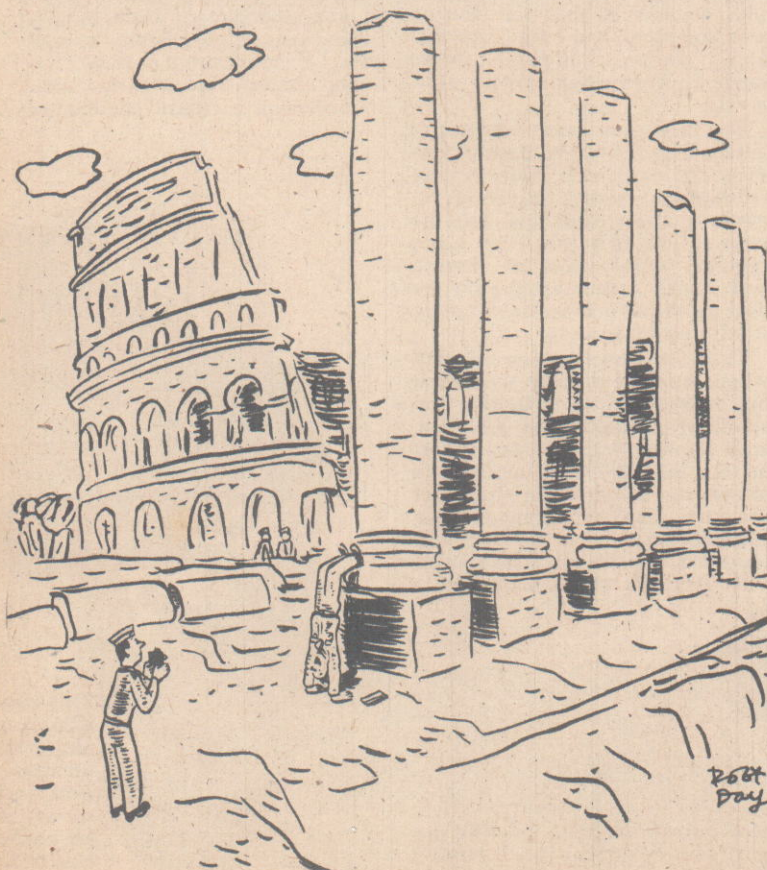
At the Rhine Army Physical and Recreational Training School cameraman Leo Rogers got some fine shots of students doing acrobatics. It may not be quite your cup of tea being told "PT this morning will include jumping from a jeep speeding at 35 mph."

But they do it at Neuhaus. S/Sjt-instructor D. Roberts of Chester and Sjt-instructor B. Thomas from Birmingham specially performed this feat for SOLDIER cameraman. Said Sjt. Thomas afterwards, "We have done this act hundreds of times. There is nothing in it."

AMERICA'S WAR:

The Editors of *The New Yorker*, America's wittiest magazine, recently published in volume form the best of the humorous drawings published by them during World War Two. The Editor of SOLDIER selects the two drawings below as being, in his opinion, the best of *The New Yorker's* collection.

Permission *The New Yorker* Copyright The F-R Publishing Corporation.



"Well, back to the old drawing-board."

CUT TO:

81 C.S.: The Trench. Officer comes into frame, offers a hand and hauls the man out. The officer makes a beckoning gesture and doubles out of frame. The man grins, jams on his tin-hat and follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOC. DAY TRAINING CENTRE, BAOR

82 L.S. (High angle from tower). Confidence area. Squad in action. Camera pans quickly from one obstacle to another. (Four or five obstacles).

CUT TO:

83 C.S.: (Low angle). Men jumping from high obstacle, towards camera.

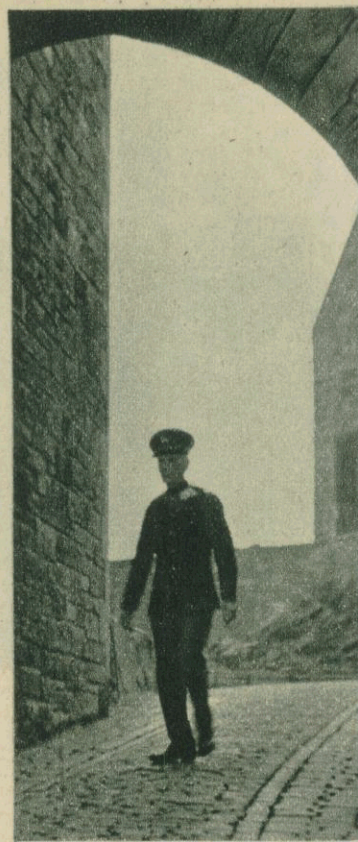
COMMENTATOR: "At that time, all our training was in preparation for a certain Day. At last the Day came. . .
(A burst of gunfire).

CRASH WIPE TO:

STOCK (P.R.) D-DAY MONTAGE

- (a) Assault troops landing from LCI's.
- (b) Landing field guns from LCI's.
- (c) Manhandling guns.
- (d) Infantry attacking beaches.

A page from the script of "The Reason Why". The film jargon largely explains itself.



Through the ancient castle arches comes Robert Thomson to do his good deed for the day.



"I wouldn't care to fire this one," says Robert. The citizens wouldn't like it much, either.

HIGH up on Half Moon Battery in Edinburgh Castle Robert Thomson polished his four 25-pounders.

It was nearly mid-day and in an hour's time he would push one of them forward until its gleaming white barrel was protruding through the thick, crenellated stonework, load a blank into the breech, connect the lanyard to the nearby clock, and stand back to wait for the gun to recoil in a cloud of white smoke.

And far below the people of Edinburgh would look at their watches and say, "There goes the One O'clock Gun."

For 85 years the people have set their watches by that gun—except during the war years. Robert started on the job in 1927 and the present guns, with their glittering white barrels, green paintwork and polished brass, arrived last November. Before that there were 18-pounders, and before they came in 1923 there was a battery of muzzle-loading 32-pounders.

19 For Eisenhower

From time to time, when foreign ships come into port or VIP's arrive, a truckload of soldiers drive up Edinburgh's castle hill to fire a salute. (The last distinguished visitor was General Eisenhower. Nineteen explosions echoed over the city and then the troops drove away again.) Robert Thomson, it seemed, never fired any of the guns. Not even the One O'clock Gun, which is automatically fired—by a clock. Robert's main job, besides polishing, was to see that it went off on the dot of one. Never a second afterwards. Never a second before. Thousands of people had climbed the steep hill before me to ask How It All Happened. And so Robert was not very perturbed when I stepped over the length of chain which divides Half Moon Battery (War Dept.) from the rest of the Castle (Office of Works).

Normally in the winter-time 63-year-old Robert wears blue

battledress. Today he was wearing his full uniform as he took me over to the One O'clock Gun and opened the door which houses the electric clock.

"A few minutes before one I load the gun and connect the lanyard to the large weight which slides down into this circular chamber. At one o'clock this small weight alongside it drops, and releases a catch which in turn releases the larger weight. That one is heavy enough to give the lanyard a good tug and off goes the gun."

It seemed fairly straightforward. "How do you know if the clock is correct?" I asked.

Robert disappeared into the stone building which acts as his armoury and came out with the piece of three-ply on which he had mapped out the checking system. In one corner was a picture of a clock. "That," said Robert, "represents the clock at the Royal Observatory in Blackford Hill. That clock is always correct. From it runs a cable to the telephone exchange in Edinburgh and then it goes underground to the test board at the post office. From there it goes overhead to Nelson's Column and on to Mr. Ritchie, the clock-maker, in Leith Street. Mr. Ritchie has a clock from which cables go out to clocks at Register House (the Somerset House of Scotland), Waverley Station booking hall, the City Chambers, the British Linen Bank at St. Andrew's, and a clock in his workshop. Meanwhile the main cable continues to the main

A 25-pounder is fired daily from the walls of Edinburgh Castle so that citizens may check their clocks. It's all part of the Army service...

ONE O'CLOCK GUN

hall in the post office, the instrument room at the GPO, a clock in Edinburgh University and eventually ends up with this clock on Half Moon Battery. All these are electric clocks and are controlled by the clock at the Observatory."

Robert paused to allow it all to sink in. I said I was a bit hazy about Nelson's Column.

Robert led me to the opening in the wall through which the One O'clock Gun barks. Below us lay Edinburgh and in the distance was a mound. From its summit rose a column, and in the morning haze I could just make out a post with a cross bar rising from the top.

Here the gun has just fired. An electric device jerks the wire lanyard at the appointed second.

"It signals to shipping, you know," said Robert. "Naturally they wouldn't hear my gun firing, so at five to one a ball is raised part way up that mast. At two minutes to one it is placed under the cross bar. At one o'clock the electric clock makes it drop."

"At precisely the moment your gun fires?" I asked.

"Except in the summer when my gun fires at Double Summer Time. Shipping, you see, always follows Greenwich time, so the ball has to follow suit."

Then I asked Robert: "How do you know your clock is correct? I make it two minutes fast."

Robert eyed my watch with

slight disgust and opened the front of the clock case again. He pointed to a little instrument not unlike the speedometer on a car. He pressed a button and a hand darted back and forwards across the dial.

"This," said Robert, "is a galvanometer which records any breaks in the electric current passing through the wire linking all the clocks. Certain clocks automatically break the current at given times each minute for a period of two seconds. If you watch the second hand on this clock you will see that when it reaches the eighth second past the minute the galvanometer hand stops until the second hand

reaches the tenth second."

I watched the second hand closely. Directly it reached the eighth second the needle on the dial stopped for two seconds. When the clock reached the 23rd second the small needle stopped again. That, said Robert, was the Nelson's Column clock breaking the circuit. At the 33rd second the needle stopped again for two seconds. The clock in the post office hall had cut into the circuit. At the 43rd second the University clock did the same thing, and on the 58th second the Observatory master clock broke the circuit.

"And if your clock is wrong?"

"I phone Mr. Ritchie and if he has time to correct it he does. If not, the gun is not fired. That does not often happen." As he said this, Robert patted the One O'clock Gun.

"Have you always worked alone?" I asked. "Until about a week ago when they sent me Mr. Page. He will take over when my time is up," said Robert.

Mr. Page was busy polishing one of the guns in the saluting battery. Not new to him is 25-pounder maintenance, for he has just completed 27 years in the RA. Unlike Edinburgh-born Robert Thomson, ex-QMS. L. Page is an Englishman, was born at Norwich and has four brothers in the Royal Norfolk Regt. He spent most of the war in Jamaica—the sort of place where one could soldier on for ever, he says.

As Robert walked down the hill with me to Mr. Ritchie's shop he talked about his life in the Army—he has been to India, France (wounded in the first war), Salonika, Egypt, Malta, South Ireland, and twice to the Sudan. He looks on the One O'clock Gun as being some link with the Army which he cherishes. During the war, when the battery was silent, he worked as

a messenger at Scottish Command HQ.

He spoke of the times when the gun has not fired. They have been few. Once in November 1937 water got into the well in which the heavy weight drops and the clock became splashed and put out of action.

We were now inside Mr. Ritchie's shop, and the proprietor himself showed us the master clock with which he checks the other electric clocks in the city.

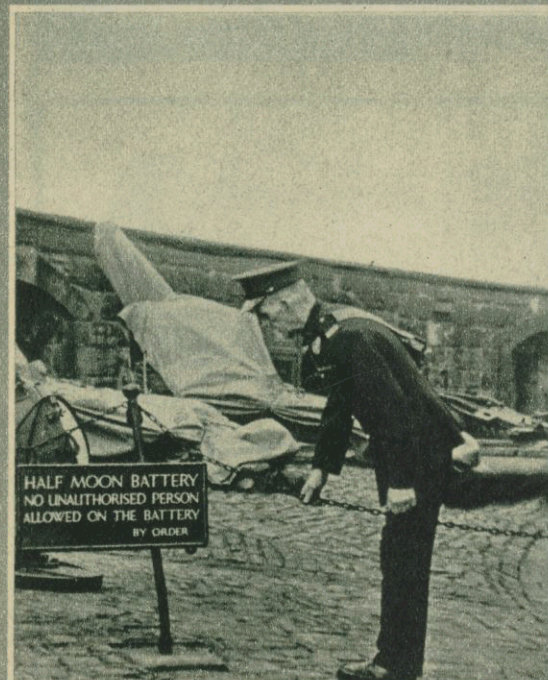
"How did it all start?" said Mr. Ritchie. "Well, a Scotsman went to Paris, found they had a gun there fired daily by the effect of the sun's rays on glass, and wanted to start it here. We couldn't use the sun so we had a cable laid on from the Observatory clock to the Castle. That was in 1861. I myself have been here 60 years. We manage to keep these clocks pretty accurate, don't we?" He smiled at Robert, and added, "One year the old gun fired every day. That was a record."

"That Blooming Gun!"

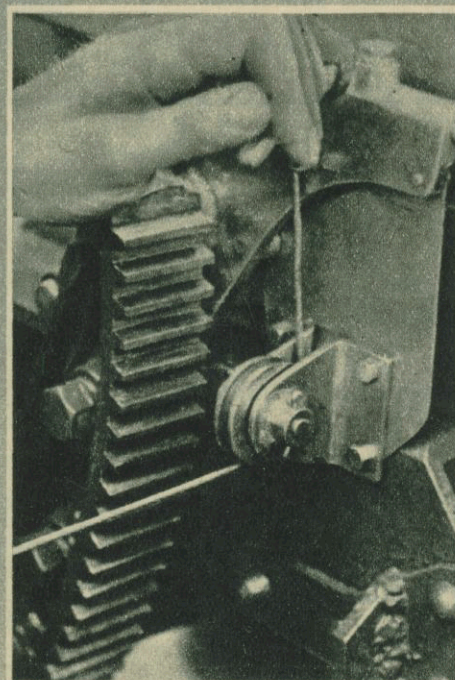
I watched Robert walk up the hill to the castle to fire the gun for the last time. On the next day he was retiring, and Page would carry on alone. It was nearly one, and that meant lunch. I opened the door of the inn and the sound of merry voices met me as I entered. "Can you hear the One O'clock Gun above this noise?" I asked. The barman nodded. They say you can hear it 20 miles away—with a favourable wind.

At last it came—a crash across the skies that echoed over this old city. The conversation died out momentarily while everyone glanced at their watches, and the only person visibly affected was a girl who had been sitting on a stool at the bar. She very nearly capsized. "Och!" she said, "that blooming gun will be the death of me!" PETER LAWRENCE.

Robert Thomson crosses the chain which divides War Department from Office of Works.



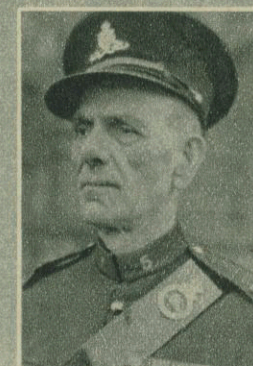
This is the wire lanyard which runs to the control clock. A falling weight gives it the operative jerk.



Over the sentry's head the gun fires. Even a sentry may check his watch.



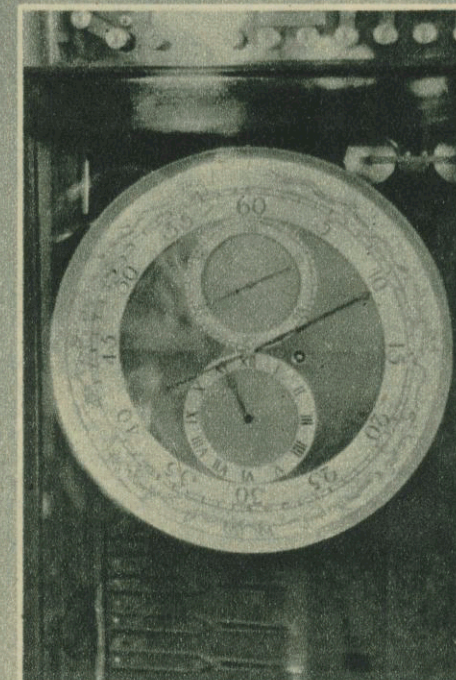
Robert Thomson has fired the gun for the last time. He is a veteran of many campaigns.



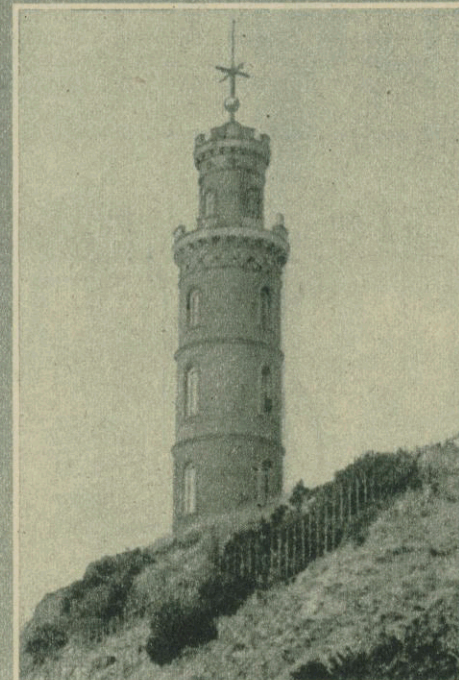
Ex-QMS. Page fires the gun now. He ought to know his job—he has been 27 years in the RA.



On this dial Mr. Ritchie can check all the principal clocks in Edinburgh, including the gun clock.



Ships crews can't always hear the gun. At five to one they can see the ball climbing this mast. At one it drops.



Like an electronic brain, the 2nd Echelon of a field force records and remembers everything — about YOU. It knows where you are, what you can do, and when you go out.

There are six 2nd Echelons still flourishing today.

2ND ECHELON

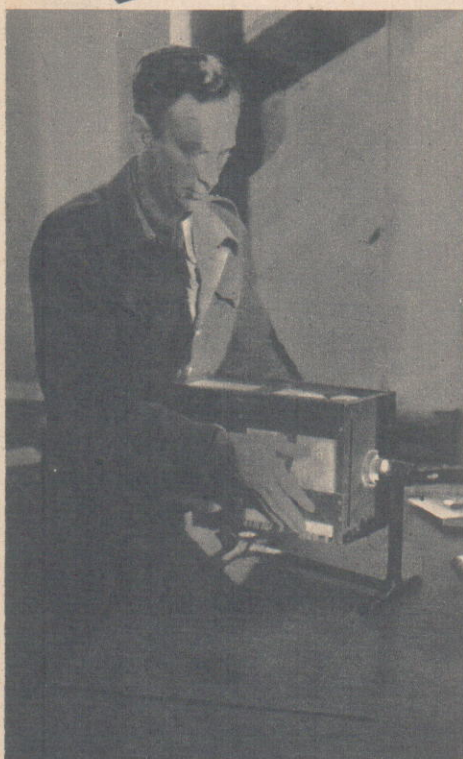
YOU can't run an army without paper (it's been tried!) and you can't expect a unit in the field to cope with all its paper and still get on with its job.

That is the reason for a GHQ 2nd Echelon.

An 02E (it stands for Officer in charge, GHQ 2nd Echelon, but is used as a familiar way of referring to his organisation) is a war-time measure which relieves orderly rooms of a whole lot of paper work, except filling in "casualty" returns. From those "casualty" returns, which may record anything about Pte. Smith from his qualifying for proficiency pay to his death in action, 02E will compile Part II Orders, which make the event "official", and do all the rest of the form-filling.

It will make the necessary alterations to records of service, inform everybody who needs to know of the difference in the manpower situation created by Pte. Smith's "casualty", send a reinforcement with the right qualifications to replace him if necessary. It will keep itself informed of Pte. Smith's whereabouts in case someone of his qualifications is needed and, in its base area, it will look after his precious documents, which might get lost in battle if they were with his unit.

All this work is being done today by GHQ 2nd Echelons in BAOR, CMF, BTA, MELF, SEALF and India, aided here and there by advanced 02E's like the one in Athens or the liaison unit in Japan, which pass the necessary papers back to main 02E's at command GHQ's. This story describes the work of a typical GHQ 2nd Echelon — the one in Germany.



When your release group comes up, you stay in 2nd Echelon's files. Every one of these cards represents a soldier who is now in civvies.

The Findex machine can solve such conundrums as "How many A1 staff-serjeants of E3 educational standard are there in Group 51?"

Below: Pte. Rosa Brown from Aberdeen is one of dozens of ATS clerks who spend their days sorting through files and records at 2nd Echelon.



A French-speaking chief clerk, of more than average intelligence, was urgently required by the British Military Mission in Paris recently. Rhine Army's GHQ 2nd Echelon was ordered to produce the man — as a conjuror produces a rabbit from a top-hat.

Within an hour the right man was found and an urgent telegram was on its way to his unit.

The YMCA found it impossible to supply gift parcels to a number of men who had already paid for them. They knew only the men's surnames, and in a few cases the initials; how could they return the money? GHQ 2nd Echelon traced 12 of the 20 men. The others could not be pinned down to a unit because the information was too scanty.

An Infantry Division was being disbanded and 2nd Echelon's Selection experts interviewed every man available for posting to make sure that manpower was not wasted. Two qualified dispensers were found serving as private soldiers. They were posted to the RAMC and two more square pegs were fitted into square holes.

These three stories are examples of the work that goes on behind the scenes of the British Army of the Rhine at GHQ 2nd Echelon. Every day 2nd Echelon grapples with the problems of release, manpower, marriage, post-

ings and movements of drafts; and provides statistics for historical research and future planning.

The officers and men who make up GHQ 2nd Echelon — at the moment there are over 2000 of them — have often been unkindly spoken of as "D-Day Dodgers" and "The Chairborne Div." Unkindly, because many of them who labour at desks over "casualty" returns wear wound stripes earned in some of the most desperate battles of the War. Others are there because their administrative abilities demand it.

The history of GHQ 2nd Echelon, BAOR goes back only as far as 9 August 1943 when 12 officers and half a dozen clerks set up house in Cadogan Square, London as a cadre to train men for the gigantic task of documenting the whole of 21st Army Group for the coming invasion. Only when the stairways of the house they occupied began to be used as filing cupboards did they move to more spacious



quarters in a row of houses in Bayswater. Twenty officers and 200 clerks on 1 Jan 1944 took over all the personal documents of every officer and man destined for the Continent.

When the invasion was launched GHQ 2nd Echelon sent three advanced sections overseas, one with HQ 2nd British Army, the second with HQ 1st Canadian Army, and the third with Main HQ 21st Army Group. These formed the close link between the fighting forces and the RHU's that had been landed with the assault troops on the Normandy beaches. Speed in getting replacements into the fighting line was of first importance. Rear GHQ 2nd Echelon kept up an even flow of reinforcements to the RHU's and never did they fail the men up in front. Dead and wounded men had to be replaced with men of similar technical qualifications and as far as possible a Scot was sent to a Scottish regiment, a Welshman to a Welsh regiment and so on. Wounded men returning from hospital fit for action had to be sent to the unit they had left unless operational commitments interfered. That was one of F.M. Montgomery's orders, and as a result the morale of units and divisions was kept very high.

All other casualties were recorded by 2nd Echelon clerks — promotions, alterations in pay and allowances, awards, and so on. They also collated unit war diaries written in the field, and informed relatives of battle casualties.

In May 1945 the whole of GHQ 2nd Echelon moved to a near-skyscraper in Brussels, and in July of this year took over the former Panzer Grenadiers' Barracks at Rahlstedt on the outskirts of Hamburg, which until the end of the war was used as a military hospital.

I called on the Army's "Back-room Boys" in their red-brick barracks recently and asked to see my record card. Within three minutes a clerk in the Location Card Index room of the Production of Information Section drew a little green card from a tray containing thousands of others and thrust it under my nose. I looked up a couple of friends; found that the Smiths are the largest "family" in both the effective and non-effective departments, and that a Mr. Zybach, late of the RASC, was the only one of his name who served in BAOR.

It is here in a huge, concrete-floored room that casualties reported from units and published by 2nd Echelon as Part II Orders are recorded on the green cards. On one side of the room dozens of tables are loaded with trays of cards belonging to all men still in the Army. On the other side are the green cards, in similar boxes, of officers and men placed on the non-effective list because of release, discharge, illness, desertion, and drafting. All told just over 2,500,000 officers and men have passed through BAOR since Invasion Day. With the run-down clerks are becoming scarce, and German girls and men are being taught how to make correct entries on the green cards.

The Production of Information Branch also deals, among other things, with records of civilians employed in the British Zone with BAOR, and awards of medals. Shortly after the Defence Medal was issued the clerks were checking the eligibility of more than 3000 applicants a week.

In a little room no bigger than the kitchen of a pre-fab I found Pte. William Robson, DLI, operating the Findex — which can produce the total of men in any given category. Place the rods in the correct holes of record cards and you can find those who are A 1 staff-serjeants in release group 51 with an E3 Educational standard. Other combinations can be solved just as easily, and the use of this machine greatly assists the task of re-allocating employment and posting.

Another branch deals with discipline and pay, approval of marriages, registration of births and other matters affecting a soldier's more private life in the Army.

Before I left I asked a question which I thought would stump 2nd Echelon. "How much paper do you use a week?" I asked. The answer came back within five minutes.

"We use 220,000 sheets of foolscap. Each sheet measures 13 ins, so what we use in a week would stretch for 45.1 miles — from London to about Horsham on the Brighton road. We use 3500 stencils, 200 pencils and have 360 typewriters, 30 duplicators in operation the whole time, and..."

If you're not used to GHQ 2nd Echelon the welter of facts and figures leaves you a bit dizzy!

E. J. GROVE.

SOLDIER Bookshelf

PASS THE PORT TO YOUR LEFT, SIR!

YOU probably know that salutes in the Services were designed to show trust — the hand or weapon is held so that it cannot be used for offensive or defensive purposes. But you probably didn't know that the salutes with more modern weapons were continuations of the same custom. That is why, according to Group-Captain A. H. Stradling in "Customs of the Services" (Gale and Polden, 5s) tanks dip their guns earthwards in salute and aircraft in a fly-past dive towards the earth at the saluting base to put themselves in range of ground defences.

This book is full of advice for the newly-commissioned officer. Its scope ranges from the serious business of man-management to the deadly serious business of leaving the right number of visiting cards on brother-officers and their wives when joining a new station.

On mess etiquette, Group-Captain Stradling advises: "Never drink more than one sherry or other short drink before a meal,

you will spoil your palate." He says it is a fallacy that a breach of the rule forbidding the mention of a lady's name at mess table can be wiped out by ordering a round of drinks.

He emphasises the necessity



for the ceremonial passing of the port to the left (though without saying why); nor does he explain why the president must be the last to leave the dining room. He says it is not a precaution to safeguard the mess silver.

Group-Captain Stradling also answers those embarrassing questions about what to do when the National Anthem is played, even covering such contingencies as: "If passing a wireless shop demonstrating a set to a customer and the National Anthem is played an officer would not salute."

THE OTHER WAR

WHEN an army's main equipment includes broomsticks (for use against parachutists with "bombs tied to their feet") a miracle is needed to sustain it. How this miracle occurred to the 10th (Torbay) Battalion Devonshire Home Guard is told in "On Guard" (Torquay Times and Devonshire Press Ltd) by G. H. Lidstone and others who guided the Battalion from scratch. "Even walking-sticks were difficult to obtain as weapons," says the author. At one post the list of weapons for "immediate use" in invasion included: a police truncheon, lead piping plus string, a rifle with ten rounds of ammunition (doubtful fit), and two Indian clubs.

However, the battalion ignored the rude comments of scribes upon its early efforts, and in fact many recruits did their work light-heartedly, as in the case of the man who reported for duty with silk pyjamas.

And here is a little incident which, if unimportant, causes Cpl. J. Powell of B4 Platoon to caution, "Don't follow the leader". During an exercise his party was rushing towards Petitor Tip in a final charge, when the sergeant in charge shouted "Follow me!" and misjudged the distance. Writes the corporal: "Don't follow me", in a rapidly diminishing voice, was the last we heard of him as he disappeared towards the junk at the bottom".

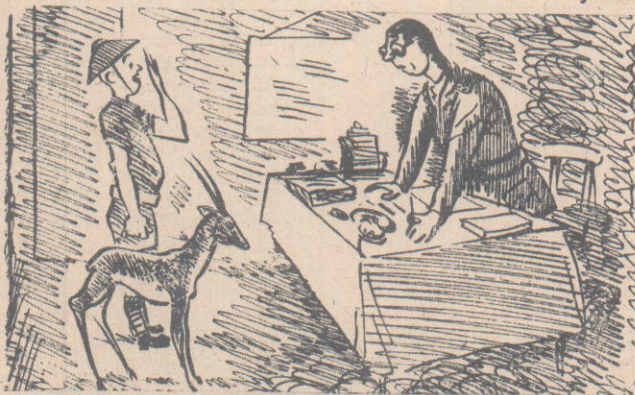
BOOK OF DESTRUCTION

THE story of the scheme for making the Ford works at Dagenham useless in case of capture would fill a book. It did. During the war "operation orders" issued to the staff were in such detail that they had to be published in book form. The tale is told in "Ford at War" by Hilary St. George Saunders.

Every soldier knows the snub-nosed Ford vehicles used on every front. Few know the other activities at Ford's — by-products from the blast furnace were turned into runways for 56 airfields;

the U-boat menace was beaten by a farm tractor being produced every 17.6 minutes at peak, and by 1943 Ford were making 75,000 V8 engines a year for such 'unorthodox' roles as operating fire pumps or working the flails of mine-destroying tanks.

But the most amazing story is how Ford, handed a blue-print and given the freedom of the Rolls-Royce factory, adapted mass-production methods to build Rolls-Royce Merlin aircraft engines, normally built with loving care by Rolls-Royce craftsmen.



"Second Echelon sent it up this morning, sir." — A war-time "crack" from Jambo, troops' magazine in East Africa.



Lieut-Colonel F. S. Chapman DSO. Before the war he ranged the world from Tibet to the Arctic (Note the white Polar medal ribbon). For one year he was a school-master at Gordonstoun, Morayshire.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL Frederick Spencer Chapman, DSO and Bar, was already something of a legendary figure before World War Two. He had been with Gino Watkins on two Arctic expeditions, was a member of a Himalayan expedition, travelled to Lhasa, the holy city of Tibet, and made the first ascent of Chomolhari, a 24,000 foot peak.

But these experiences, which are recorded in four books, are tame compared with the hardships and adventures of Col. Chapman's 42 months organising guerilla activity in Japanese-occupied Malaya.

In that time he lived like a native among Chinese and aborigines, constantly changing his hiding place and moving from province to province. Many of his companions were captured and beheaded; Chapman himself fell into hostile hands three times and suffered pneumonia, black-water fever and malaria.

A Cameron Highlander, trained for Commando work in Europe, Col. Chapman by August 1941 was training British and Austral-

ian troops in Commando tactics in Singapore and studying guerilla warfare in the Malay States, but it was not until the war with Japan had started that the authorities allowed some Chinese and Malays to be given brief instruction at the Commando School before Singapore fell.

The Chinese, the most politically conscious of the Malayan communities, were the nucleus of a guerilla force that grew to

THE MAN WHO WAS WORTH A DIVISION

"In the last five years I have seen many reports of Commandos, Chindits, Force 136 and similar organisations and thought I had become fairly inured to them. But this story is greater than anything I have ever seen. I doubt whether his (Colonel Chapman's) record can be equalled. He did more single-handed than a whole division of the British Army could have achieved." — Admiral Viscount Mountbatten.

3500, with an equal number of reserves; a force which Admiral Mountbatten has said would have been the greatest help to our forces in carrying out Operation Zipper, the operation that would have cleared Malaya if the atom-bomb had not done its stuff first.

As soon as the Japs began to pour into Northern Malaya, Col. Chapman went on a four-day reconnaissance behind their lines and came back convinced there was a future for his scheme. The Japanese were a sitting target, they marched down the roads with the carelessness of a football crowd, quite oblivious of any movements by the natives. Overtaken by a company of Jap cyclists, he put his hands up to hide his face and the enemy soldiers, thinking he was saluting them, waved cheerfully and pedalled on.

Back at his HQ, he managed to get his plans approved, but he had less than a week to place his parties, each four or five strong, across an area in the mountains where the main roads converge and within striking distance of the only two railways, which run down the sides of the peninsula's mountain range. The area was a bottleneck, about 50 miles wide, through which all Japanese forces from either coast must pass and which provided good hide-outs in the virgin jungle which covered the mountain slopes.

The operation had bad luck from the start. Supplies were

short and there was only one wireless set available, and when Chapman had sent out his units, he went down with malaria before he could set off to join them. A sympathetic MO let him away before he had recovered — on the impossible condition that he would not go into the jungle — but owing to the delay he found an all-important bridge had been blown and he could not reach Tanjong Malim, where he had planned to have his headquarters and meet some of his parties, without going across mountain and jungle.

He and his party set out to cover the extra 16 miles and it took them 12 days. Rain poured on them 20 hours a day; they had to hack their way through jungle, covered sometimes with 40 to 50 leeches. Food ran short and for the last six days they were rationed to two spoonfuls of oatmeal a day.

Because of the delay, the friends he was to meet had decided plans had gone wrong and tried to make Singapore; he heard later they were captured and those who tried to escape were beheaded. Besides the men, supplies had disappeared, looted by natives. But Chapman and his two assistants, a Sapper regular and a planter who was a jungle expert, were not put off. They appealed to the Malays to return the explosives at least and got some of them back. Chinese gave them food for a fortnight.

The 14 days that food held out were a bad time for the Japs. Chapman's party, disguised as Indians, their faces darkened with potassium permanganate, iodine, coffee and lamp-black and moving only at night, blew up seven trains and 40 trucks, cut the railways in 60 places, destroyed several bridges, tore down 500 telephone lines and killed between 500 and 1500 Japs by their activities. More, they tied down 2000 Japanese troops who were looking for what they believed was a party of 200 Australian soldiers. Sometimes they ran into the Japs who were hunting for them; the three "Indians" would then obey the Japanese order to cover their faces and bow low to the Sons of Heaven, an order for which they were more than grateful.

They had several narrow escapes. Once while they were laying a small charge on a single-track railway which ran through a swamp they were disturbed by the sudden appearance

of a troop train, with a searchlight on the front of the engine. They raced away on the sleepers, with the train rapidly overtaking them.

When the ray of the searchlight was just about to catch them, there was nothing for it but to jump in the swamp, but at that moment their charge went off, the train blew up with a deafening explosion and bits of train and Jap showered through the air. In the pandemonium that followed, Chapman and his men got away unseen.

"Working" on trucks was just as tricky as blowing up railways. The party chose points where the road ran through a cutting with high banks on each side, so that vehicles would have difficulty in turning and they would drop home-made bombs of bamboo sticks filled with gelignite from the top of the bank on to the leading truck before racing off into the jungle. On one occasion Jap survivors blazed away into the darkness with machine-guns and mortars for several hours. "They made a quite frightening noise," says Col. Chapman.

At the end of the fortnight, which could not have yielded better results, explosives were

running low, enemy reinforcements had been brought up, hundreds of innocent natives were being butchered as reprisals and Col. Chapman did not want to wear his luck thin, so he decided to find new pastures.

Crossing back over the range which had held him up earlier, Chapman took his party along the main road this time, sleeping in the best room of a main road guest house on the justified theory that the last place the Japs would look for 200 Australians would be there.

Hearing of the fall of Singapore, they decided, with a party of five who had been operating elsewhere, to get away to India by the west coast and, so confident were they, to ride across Malaya by bicycle. This meant riding through the town of Kuala Kubu where the Jap garrison had a road barrier with a brilliant arc-light on the road. They decided to "shoot the rapids" in two parties of four. Chapman led the first party, which got by, although shots were fired at it. The rest were caught and one of them was beheaded.

While he was waiting for the second party, Chapman came across a Chinese who had been

trained in Singapore and who was head of the local guerillas; they had plenty of arms and food and Chapman jumped at the chance of staying with them. From then on he moved from guerilla camp to guerilla camp, training and organising the men. Each camp comprised 90 men and 10 girls, with a military leader, a political leader and a propaganda leader. There was strict discipline and the women looked after cooking, sewing and nursing and carried loads of 60 lbs. or 70 lbs. when camps were moved.

From time to time Chapman went off among the Sakais, aborigines of magnificent physique who always gave him a welcome at the risk of their lives. They were skilled hunters who could kill a squirrel with a blow-pipe at 30 yards.

There was a price on his head, but only once was he betrayed — by a Chinese rubber contractor who offered him a car lift when he was sick. They ran into a trap and three of Chapman's comrades were killed, but Chapman and another Chinese shot their way out, slightly wounded.

His second escape was from Chinese bandits who decided to

hold him for ransom; he got away by poisoning the sentry with a lethal dose he carried in case of emergency. His last escape was when he was caught by Japs; he told them a story which they believed, of having been cut off, living with Sakais and being glad to be back among civilised people at last. They gave him a meal and did not search him, which was lucky because he was carrying some incriminating papers. When their camp was asleep, he built a dummy figure under his blankets, then slipped into a river, swam to the other side and got away.

In April 1945 he met men of Force 136 on the west coast and once again he was able to contact GHQ in Kandy by radio and in May he was in Ceylon, but immediately he volunteered to go back to Malaya. He was parachuted into Pahang after the surrender and took over from a Japanese officer who indignantly protested that he expected an Admiral at least. Chapman took charge of civil affairs while his Chinese guerillas kept order until British troops arrived. And so, at a desk, ended one of the toughest and most adventurous individual stories of the war.

"Once, while they were laying a small charge on a single-track railway which ran through a swamp they were disturbed by the sudden appearance of a troop train... There was nothing for it but to jump in the swamp, and at that moment the charge went off..."



An "Intellectual" Jumps...

WHILE Colonel Chapman was operating as a one-man division against the Japanese in Malaya, another British explorer, Major Tom Harrisson, was enlisting ex-headhunters (armed, like some of Chapman's guerillas, with blow-pipes) against the Japanese in Sarawak and Borneo.

(Harrisson was better-known before the war as the director of the research organisation "Mass Observation" and as a contributor to the New Statesman. Probably a large proportion of his readers think of him as a Bloomsbury "intellectual" rather than a guerilla agent of great resource and courage.)

Major Harrisson was parachuted into the jungle in the closing stages of the war. With him went a New Zealand officer and six Australian NCO's. Two other British majors — Toby Carter, an oil surveyor, and Bill Sochon, of HM Prison Service — were parachuted to the aid of Harrisson. Three separate commands

were set up covering most of Sarawak, Brunei and a large part of Dutch Borneo. Response of the pagan tribes was so overwhelmingly enthusiastic that within three months it was possible to supply by air and to organise thousands of native guerillas.

An airfield was built over the Dutch border and an elaborate system of dropping supplies in marked zones over an area of 50,000 square miles was developed. Until the Allied landing in June 1945 they were able to broadcast intelligence daily without the Japs being aware of our presence.

On "D-Day" they synchronised attacks from the rear with an Allied landing and in consequence killed a larger number of the enemy than the very much greater regular force operating in Western Borneo. Ex-headhunter tribesmen proved splendid soldiers, singly or in small groups, and often relied with deadly effect on their poisoned darts.



Almighty God,
whose Glory and Power
has enabled the London Scottish Regiment
to do Great Deeds in days past
We beseech Thee to let Thy Blessing
rest on these Colours which
we are now receiving
May all they stand for in Righteousness
Truth and Goodwill
be Fulfilled.
Amen.



The Colour Party of the 1st Bn. London Scottish — including two Military Medallists — arrives for the laying up ceremony.

INTO SAFE KEEPING

IN a quiet voice the padre recited the prayer and took the Colours from the two officers. They watched him place them carefully into position on either side of the altar, paused and then backed slowly away. The Regiment's most cherished possession, the Colours, were in safe keeping. So they will remain until the 1st Bn. the London Scottish Regiment is reborn in the new Territorial Army.

It was a simple ceremony and one not without a pang of sadness. No battalion can pass into suspended animation without causing distress to the hundreds of men who fought in its ranks; many Territorial units have suffered that fate during the last year. Soon battalions of the Regular Army will find themselves performing similar ceremonies when they become "ghosts" in the Army's reorganisation.

Battalion's Casualties

The 1st London Scottish, which fought in Sicily and Italy lost 200 killed and 500 wounded. And when the Colour party — it consisted of men who are now released from the Army — arrived at the ceremony they had to attend the service at the Imperial Institute because their regimental church became a casualty, too.

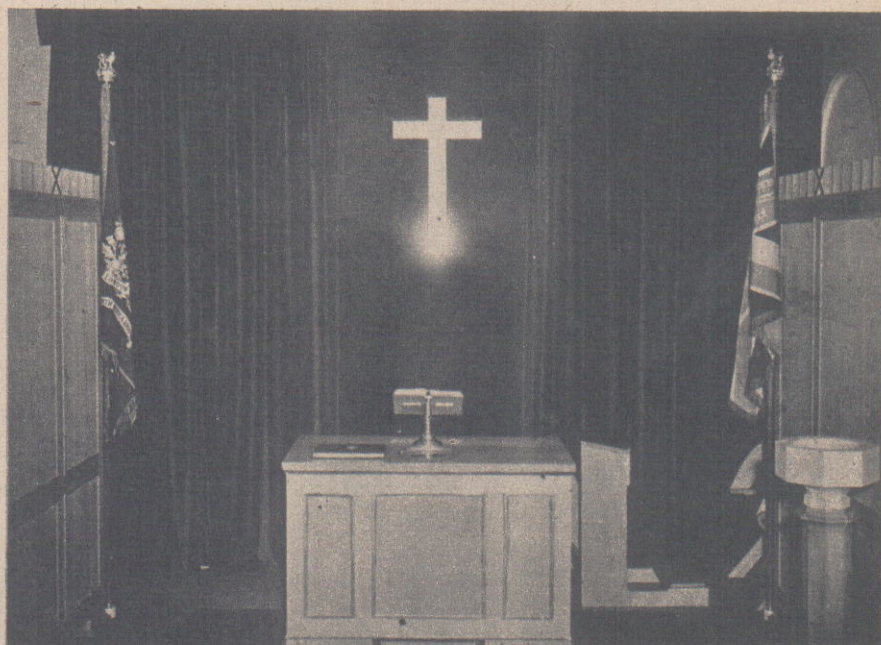
St. Columba's Church of Scotland, in Pont Street, London, was bombed. The Rev. Dr. R. F. V. Scott, former Padre of the Regiment, gave up his house in order that a room could be converted into a chapel, but the large church attendances necessitated a larger hall being used for services. Hence the Imperial Institute.

Large as the hall was, it was not large enough to seat all the men and women who arrived at the main service. For the London Scottish has spread its tentacles during the war. From the high standard of the men who formed its rank and file, it supplied over 600 officers to various units early in the war.

As the Padre said in his sermon: "We do not forget that in other regiments there are men who once served in the London Scottish. In fact, there is not a battalion or a battlefield that has not seen service from a London Scotsman, and these men have never forgotten their parent regiment."



Former Padre of the Regiment, Dr. R. F. V. Scott, receives the Colours at the altar. The battalion was "suspended" in Italy in December.



Into safe keeping ... The Colours will be carried proudly through the streets again when the Battalion is reborn.

THE PIPER IN THE CASTLE

IF you play the bagpipes and are a prospective pipe-major, then you will meet Willie Ross.

You will already have heard of him for he is one of the greatest authorities on piping. To that clan of musicians to whom piping is the Art, Pipe-Major Ross is the Piper.

Although he runs the School of Piping for potential pipe-majors, William Ross, MBE, is a civilian. Do not think that he has never soldiered. Far from it. He joined the Scots Guards in 1895 and saw 39 years service. He started at the bottom and by hard work climbed the steep route until he became the king of pipers. It is ap-

propriate that today he lives in a castle on top of a hill. Edinburgh Castle would not be Edinburgh Castle without its pipe-major.

Many students have climbed that hill to receive instruction under Ross. The instruction is just as hard as climbing the hill, for the Piper is a stickler for con-

In a private suite of Edinburgh's ancient fortress lives Pipe-Major Willie Ross; renowned among pipers throughout the world. During the war he taught Scot, Sassenach, Canadian and Pole the riddle of the pipes.

centration and work. Inside the music room, its walls covered with pictures of past pupils and events, they learn to play the instrument as only Willie Ross can teach it. The old castle walls echo to the notes of Highland music.

When his day is over he crosses the court-yard and enters

the arched doorway that leads to his private quarters. Inside is a modern flat where he lives with his daughter and grandchildren. His daughter is an accomplished pianist — she won the highest award in the Mod when only 15 — and he likes her to play Highland music after dinner.

What is the secret of the pipes? One must have the gift, says Pipe-Major Ross. "I started at eight at my home at Glenstrath-Farrar. My father taught me. I never thought that one day I would make records, broadcast and teach thousands of people including Royalty to play. I have trained 1000 civilians and soldiers since the start of the war, including 300 Canadians. I even trained a band of Polish troops. They were very keen."

Loaned to the Army

Since he retired from the Army — he was in both the South African War and World War One — Ross has been a member of the Piobaireachd (Piping Society). He is on loan from them to the Army to train potential pipe-majors. He takes them when they have received their basic training, and when he has finished with them they go before a passing-out board. During the war he took 12 men for a month's course at a time, most of them old-timers back for a refresher. His peacetime tuition consists of six men on a six months' course.

Retiring? Never think about it, says the Piper. For 44 years he has been a pipe-major and for 24 he has lived in the Castle.

"My daughter, who was born in the Tower of London and christened in the Guards Chapel, was married in St. Margaret's Chapel in this castle. Her husband, Major Baston, is with REME in Cairo. I have lived here so long I begin to feel I own it."

We were walking carefully between the thick stone walls which seemed to close in on us on this dark night (it is the Pipe-Major's custom to escort visitors to the gate after dark because of the lack of lighting) and when we neared the sentry on the drawbridge he stopped and gazed out over the twinkling lights of Edinburgh far below. For a moment the pale moonlight broke through the clouds and he looked up at the old, grey stonework and said with a chuckle, "The other evening I was standing here with a friend and I said jokingly 'I think I will sell this place one day.' For a moment he thought I was serious. Good night."

ERIC DUNSTER.

PAGE 27

Forty-four years a Pipe-Major, Willie Ross (who joined the Scots Guards in 1895) offers sage advice to a new pupil. — Photograph: F. D. O'Neill.



"TIGER" SHOOT

AT THE SCHOOLBOYS EXHIBITION

The machine which blows a "raspberry" and the anti-tank gun which fires airgun pellets were leading attractions in Westminster's Central Hall

Right: The white arrow points to the Tiger tank which is "potted" as it travels across a miniature landscape.

Below: If you can recognise the aeroplane in the opening at left, you put the plug in the appropriate socket. If you are wrong the machine makes a rude noise.



THOUSANDS of schoolboys crowded into the Central Hall, Westminster, to see their own Exhibition — the showplace which gave the answer to the problem: What shall I be when I grow up? And it was only proper that the Army should occupy two of the stands.

From the mass of scrambling youthful humanity — adults found it less painful to stand well back — it seemed as though the young idea looked favourably on the Army as a career.

The gun was the main attraction. It was a 75-mm. anti-tanker which they could sight on a "Tiger tank" moving over the rough ground of a landscape, and then "fire". An electrical device signified a kill. There were many kills. It was easy. So that was what the old man was always boasting about ...

The other stand dealt with the apprentices' schools. An officer, corporal and soldier were kept busy explaining to eager ears the possibilities of becoming tradesmen. The lads weighed each sentence in their minds. The need for highly skilled mechanics resulting from the vast development of mechanisation since 1939 meant more and more men were undergoing apprenticeships at the Army's expense. Boys were admitted by examination twice yearly, and these exams were held at recruiting offices and consisted of papers in maths, English and general knowledge.

Candidates, said the officer, had to be medically fit, at least 4ft. 7 inches in height and not less than 5 stone 4 lbs. The

successful ones were enlisted in the General Service Corps for three years training and then could join their corps in which they served a minimum of eight years with the Colours and four on the reserve.

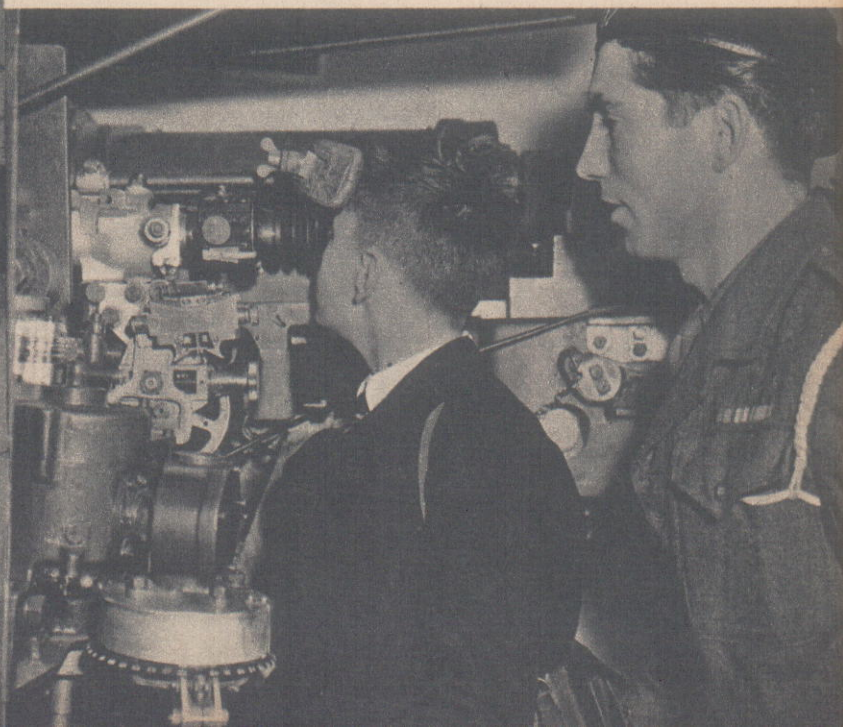
But the youth of today has a practical mind. What, they asked, was the pay? Pay, they were told, started the day they joined a school — 1s. 6d. a day for the first year, 2s. for the second, 2s. 6d. for the third. Eight weeks leave a year — a month in the summer and a fortnight at Christmas and Easter, with free travel warrants and allowances in lieu of rations.

Competing with the Army were the Navy and the RAF. And competing with all three were fascinating displays showing everything from the birth of the *Daily Mail* to the intricate workings of the driver's cabin in a tube train.



Above: Two budding apprentices examine a tank model. Just like the real thing, only cleaner.

Right: This is the other end of the Tiger shoot. Instructor is Sgt. Scoones, Tank Gunnery School, Lulworth, Dorset.



SOLDIER HUMOUR

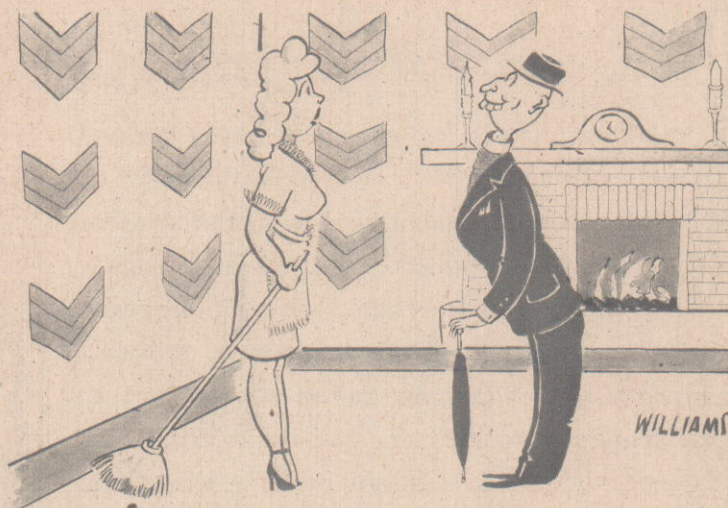
A Guardsman, a Gunner and a Signaller have contributed to this page. What about it — Sappers, Craftsmen and Privates?



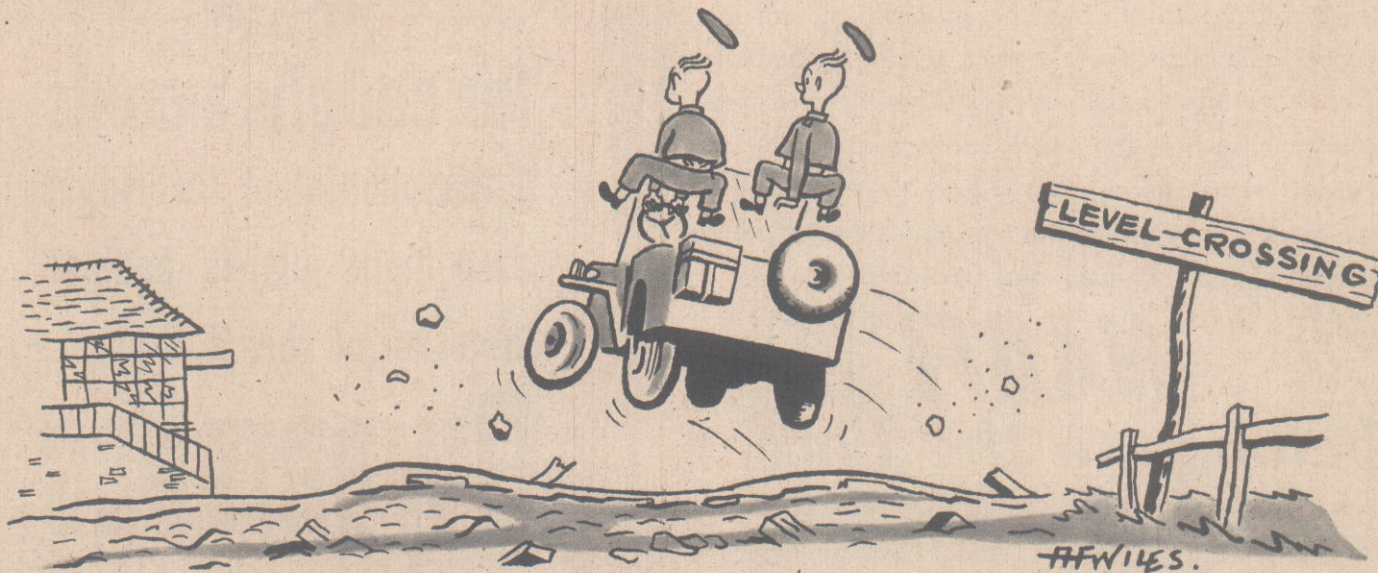
"Hup... two... three... four... five... Down!"



Acknowledgements: Welfare Review, Vienna.



"And what is your husband in the Army, Mrs Philpott?"





If you had been a Soldier in 1854

You might have served in the Crimea, facing not only the hazards of war, but death by sheer starvation or exposure. More soldiers died through lack of proper food and shelter than from bullets. This was largely due to the failure of the supply system, but conditions were worsened by the absence of a canteen service, or even of organized sutlers. Levantine traders who set up their booths along the road from Balaklava to Sebastopol sold goods of indifferent quality at prices which only the wealthy could afford. It is recorded that these traders sold water at eight shillings a bucket.

Public indignation at these conditions resulted in many reforms in the Army, and several canteen systems were tried and discarded, but the problem of bringing necessities and comforts to men serving at home or abroad was not finally solved until 1921, when Naafi was established as the official canteen service for the Forces, buying goods at wholesale prices, selling at competitive retail prices, and returning all profits to the Forces in rebate, discount and amenities.

NAAFI belongs to the Forces

Naafi still needs female staff for canteens at Home. Write to: Staff Manager, Naafi, Ruxley Towers, Claygate, Esher, Surrey, England.

YOU CAN'T BEAT a Hot Drink and 2 'ASPRO' TABLETS



for
Colds' Flu
Rheumatic
Pain
Neuralgia
etc.

With a cup of tea or similar hot drink—that's the most popular way of taking 'ASPRO'. It's simple, direct and ready-to-hand. In a few minutes the uneasy, groggy symptoms of the cold or 'flu attack begin to disappear—the process of getting ill is reversed; the process of getting well begins. 'ASPRO' is effective because it is simple—just as Nature itself is simple. 'ASPRO' and Nature are allies; the two work in harmony to give quick results—to defeat winter ills—colds, 'flu, rheumatic and neuralgic pain. So why let these troubles get a hold.

USE 'ASPRO' AT FIRST SIGNS COLDS YIELD TO 'ASPRO'

Dear Sirs, Twickenham, Middlesex.
I feel I must write how pleased I am with the results of the box of 'ASPRO' tablets which I purchased on the 14th last. My husband and little girl had each contracted a cold, which readily yielded to the 'ASPRO' treatment. I shall be most happy to recommend them to all my friends.
I am, yours faithfully, M. J. (Mrs.).

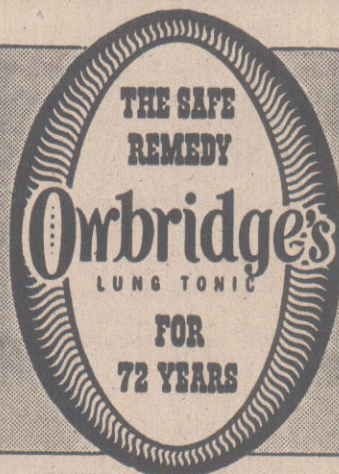
'FLU ATTACK AVERTED

Dear Sir, Letchworth, Herts.
Monday I had an awful ache feeling all over me as if I had got the 'flu coming. My coughing was terrible all day. When I got home at 5.30 I had a hot drink, took two 'ASPROS'. When I got up this morning I was feeling absolutely fit.
I am, yours truly, W. DEVEREUX.

NO 'ASPRO'
SHORTAGE
NOW
'ASPRO'
is readily
available to
meet all your
needs

OBTAINABLE
FROM YOUR
N.A.A.F.I.
CANTEEN

Made by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks

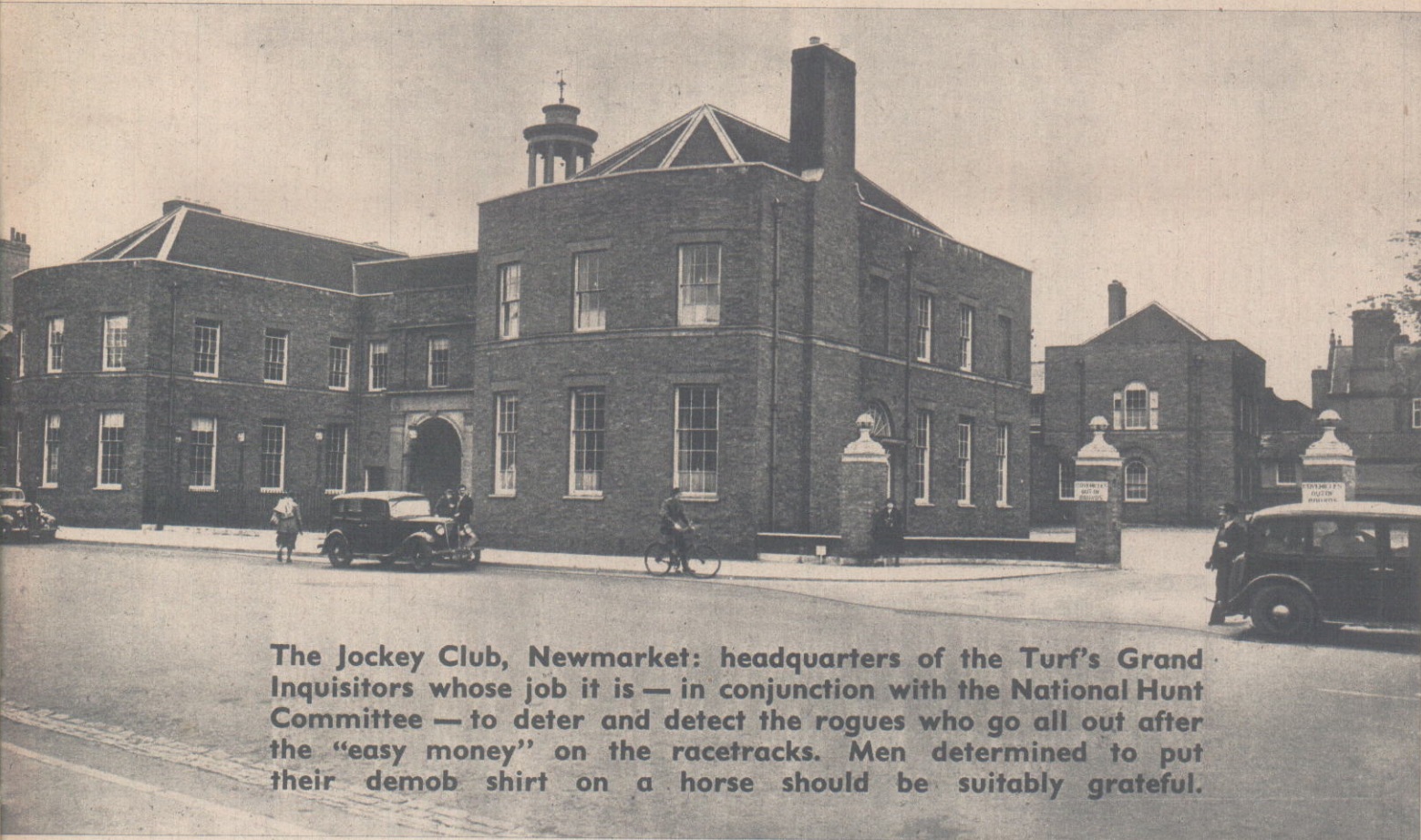


for coughs & colds

A teaspoonful of Owbridge's
each night guards against
infection of throat & chest.

OWBRIDGE'S

PRICE 1/3 inc. purchase tax



The Jockey Club, Newmarket: headquarters of the Turf's Grand Inquisitors whose job it is — in conjunction with the National Hunt Committee — to deter and detect the rogues who go all out after the "easy money" on the racetracks. Men determined to put their demob shirt on a horse should be suitably grateful.

"WARNED OFF"

"**W**ARNED off Newmarket Heath" is a phrase as ominous in Turf circles as it is rare. It is the heaviest sentence of the Jockey Club, and in some cases can be a life sentence. It means that a man may no longer appear on any racecourse or have any connection with racing.

Cautions, fines and suspensions are fairly general in the course of a year's racing, but it is unusual if the "Warned Off" notice appears more than once a year.

The Jockey Club is one of the most autocratic bodies in the world.

The membership is a conservative 60, its Stewards are an exclusive three. Unlike the Football Association, the Jockey Club does not bind those who serve the sport by preliminary agreement. A footballer signs on the dotted line and agrees to be penalised for any ill he may do. Not so a jockey or trainer or owner of racehorses.

Nevertheless, the Jockey Club Stewards have extremely wide powers, ranging as they do from cutting off a man from his livelihood to inflicting fines up to £100, suspending or withdrawing licences. The Club runs its own newspaper, *The Racing Calendar*, and it is here that notices of findings appear.

The Stewards, who serve for three years, are at present Lord Willoughby de Broke, the Earl of Rosebery and the Duke of Norfolk. Lord Willoughby de Broke is Senior this year and will resign in April. Lord Rosebery becomes Senior in 1947 and the Duke of Norfolk in 1948, and so on. The Secretary is Mr.

Francis Weatherby, with offices at 15 Cavendish Square, London. It is a remarkable chain of service that a Weatherby has been Secretary since the inception of the Jockey Club somewhere about 1780.

There is a working agreement with 11 other countries, so that a jockey, owner, trainer or follower "Warned off Newmarket Heath" is equally unacceptable on the dirt track of America's Belmont Park, the fashionable



The Racing Calendar.

19

[REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.]

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1947.

No. II.

Telegraphic address—
RACING CALENDAR, WESDO, LONDON.

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December 15 (Monday)	Carlisle (3)	267			
December 16 (Tuesday)	Carlisle (3)	267			
December 17 (Wednesday)	Carlisle (3)	267			
December 18 (Thursday)	Carlisle (3)	267			
December 19 (Friday)	Carlisle (3)	267			
December 20 (Saturday)	Carlisle (3)	267			
December 21 (Sunday)	Carlisle (3)	267			
December 22 (Monday)	Carlisle (3)	267			
December 23 (Tuesday)	Carlisle (3)	267			
December 24 (Wednesday)	Carlisle (3)	267			
December 25 (Thursday)	Carlisle (3)	267			
December 26 (Friday)	Carlisle (3)	267			
December 27 (Saturday)	Carlisle (3)	267			
December 28 (Sunday)	Carlisle (3)	267			
December 29 (Monday)	Carlisle (3)	267			
December 30 (Tuesday)	Carlisle (3)	267			
December 31 (Wednesday)	Carlisle (3)	267			

The Jockey Club publishes its own newspaper — *The Racing Calendar*, price 2s 6d. It contains race entries, rules and advertisements of stallions. The publishers will send you lists of winners as far back as 1709.

HAYDOCK PARK JANUARY MEETING

(see p. 38).

FRIDAY SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—The Stewards asked [redacted] to explain why he was late weighing out, and cautioned him to be more careful in future.

WHITE LODGE HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—The Stewards [redacted] into the running of [redacted] having [redacted]

"Part Two Orders" for the racing world: a typical caution notice from *The Racing Calendar*.

"WARNED OFF"

(Continued from page 31)

racing clubs of Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, the courses of Cairo and India, the betting enclosures of Melbourne or Longchamps. Or the Curragh and Ayr, for that matter.

Command is handed down by the Panjandrums of Newmarket to Stewards of the various courses who create local by-laws and enforce the rules of the Jockey Club to suit local conditions. There are also paid Secretaries of the Stewards who travel from meeting to meeting, stipendiaries if you like, and watch for a variety of irregularities. Unaccountable running of a horse—considerably faster or slower than form would indicate—bumping and boring and swerving during a race, disorderly behaviour of members of the public, betting disputes between layer and backer all these matters may be reported to the local Stewards.

It may be done by the travelling secretaries or by Tattersalls Committee, which comprises representatives of the public, book-makers and so on. In the official phraseology the Stewards may then "take cognisance." Minor offences such as these are settled there and then. Maybe a book-maker or a backer is suspended for the rest of the meeting, perhaps a trainer, jockey or owner is suspended. If, however, the offence is serious it is referred to the Jockey Club itself and the Stewards adjudicate upon it at Newmarket. They may dismiss it summarily, or impose a small fine or suspension; or they may take a really serious view and heads may fall.

Famous names have appeared on the front page of the *Racing Calendar*. When the American

jockeys, Tod Sloan and the Reiff brothers, arrived on these shores and taught us how to ride with their new-style jockeyship—the "Monkey Crouch" that put them up on the horses' necks and so redistributed the weight carried—betting coups were the order of the day, and it was not long before the riders were in trouble.

They decided that they were going to have a share of the pickings when they knew a certain horse was going to win and it was not long before Warning Off notices were appearing thick and fast. There was the celebrated case, too, in which Bob Sievier, the last of the real Bohemians, figured, but the outstanding sensation was when the Prince of Wales, one of the Hanoverian Georges, was "Warned Off" after a card table dispute. Marie Lloyd's husband, jockey Bernard Dillon, came under the ban too.

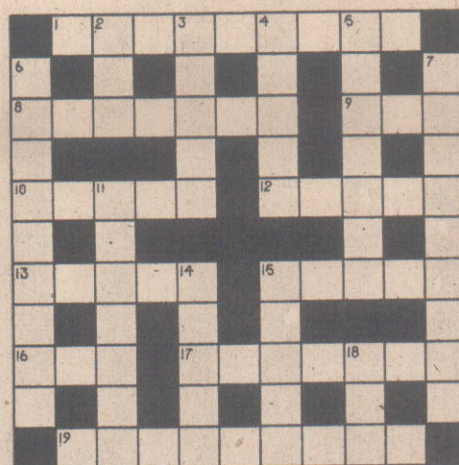
Never before in the history of the sport has there been such a careful watch for irregularities as there has been during this 1946-47 year. There is so much luxury money about these days, and Tote and normal betting have been on such a scale that the Stewards feel that temptations to those "in the know" are greater than ever. As, of course they are. As a precaution, even where crookedness has not been suspected, whole batches of trainers, jockeys and sometimes owners have been brought before the local stewards at recent meetings and warned of the retribution which would follow any dubious practices.

Equally strong measures are taken by the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee, who are responsible for keeping crookedness out of the winter's steeple-chasing and hurdle racing. Their authority is wide, their eyes are open and their right arm is strong.



T.D. GRACE

CROSSWORD



ACROSS:

1. It sounds as though Terence is a Conservative.
8. French word to a saintly Cornish town.
9. A lump this will do if you don't want to pay instalments.
10. "O! Nor II" says the star.
12. You can put your watch or a bullet up

this or pour tea down it.

13. The parson's tenth.
15. 13 is paid to help this work.
16. And not.
17. Ointment.
19. "I made mite", (anag.).

DOWN:

2. To have to this one's words is humiliating.
3. Hoarse blackbird.
4. Trials of the Ashes.
5. and 18. "Rend no pest." (anag.).
6. I tell the insect I am wine.
7. That messy—makes precious stones.
11. Meanwhile.
14. Dodge.
15. Looks as though this singer might laugh a lot.
18. See 5.

(Answers on Page 35)

How Much Do You Know?



1. A knot of this type is associated with an English county. Which?
2. A reporter who wrote "The cot was gifted to the hospital by Mr. J. Higgins" would almost certainly be (a) an Irishman; (b) a Welshman; (c) an American; (d) a Scotsman. Which?
3. Chungking is no longer the capital of China. Name the new capital.
4. Which of these statements is (or are) false:
You can't be an orphan unless both your parents are dead.
Stalin does not speak English.
The Goose Girl belongs to Göttingen.
"Boffin" is RAF slang for a scientist.
5. Drew Pearson is (a) hero of a comic strip; (b) an American columnist; (c) a publisher; (d) an American executioner. Which?
6. If you are a pedant you are (a) the small hand of a grandfather clock; (b) a species of pig; (c) a kerbside merchant; (d) a finicky man of learning. Which?
7. There was a lot of fuss about it at the time: which was the newspaper which Professor Harold Laski unsuccessfully sued for libel?
8. The Falkland Islands—a British Dependency—have

long been claimed by another country. Which?

9. All of these devices, except one, have been invented and used in the past. Can you spot the fictitious entry?
A wheeled stool for dipping nagging wives in a pond.
A scraper for scraping the fur off a heavy drinker's tongue.
A back-scratcher for those unable, or unwilling, to bathe often.
A mechanical stomach to predigest food for the toothless.
10. Can you suggest the origin of the phrase "to go bald-headed after" something?
11. Who was the only player to do the "hat trick" twice in a Test Match?
12. The South Wales Borderers, the Gloucestershire Regiment, the Dorsetshire Regiment, the East Lancashire Regiment, the Lancashire Fusiliers and the Lincolnshire Regiment all have a common item in their badges. What is it?
13. "Utilise a minimum of saponaceous detergents." Say that more simply.
14. "Nothing is worth striving for. We start from nothing and we go back to nothing." This is an example of (a) hedonism; (b) nihilism; (c) horripilation; (d) joie de vivre. Which?
15. Name of author, please:
"Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator."

(Answers on Page 35)

Ready February 27th

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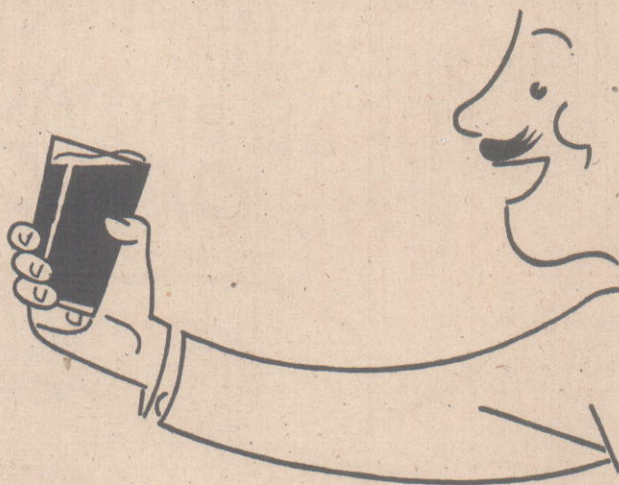
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TRY THIS—IT'S GOOD!



Gaze fixedly at a point midway between the man and the glass of Guinness. Then move the picture close to your face, and the man will appear to drink the Guinness. After that, go and have one yourself...

You feel you've had
something worth drinking when
you've had a GUINNESS

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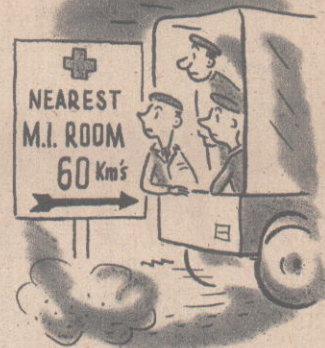
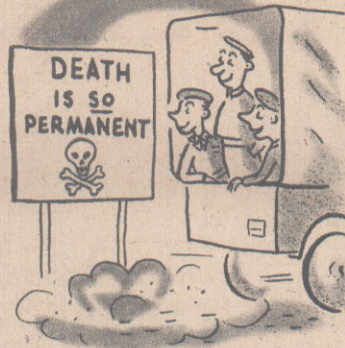
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GRATUITIES For Regulars

A NUMBER of regular soldiers whose term of engagement does not entitle them to a pension have written to **SOLDIER** asking about the benefits notified in the booklet "Army: the modern career."

Others are not clear about the scheme by which a volunteer can take a three or four year engagement and receive £25 on signing and £25 for each year.

Details of the benefits for soldiers serving ten or more years (they were the subject of a letter in **SOLDIER** November, and the Editor has received a mass of correspondence since) are given in the 'White Paper, "Post-war code of pay . . . gratuities for members of the Forces" (Cmd. 6715) of December 1945. In this it was pointed out that under existing regulations soldiers on regular engagements received £1 for each full year of active list service, and in the future it was intended to introduce a new scheme whereby regulars received gratuities on completion normally of not less than ten years' service. The new rates are: after ten years — £50; for each subsequent year — £25;

subject to a maximum total of £200.

This scheme applies to all regular other ranks serving at the date of the announcement (19 Dec 1945) but is subject to the following: only service rendered after the date of the announcement will earn gratuity, but unbroken qualifying service rendered before that date will be taken into account.

It might well be presumed that the amount of £50 for ten years' service is worked on the basis of £5 a year. This is not so. It is worked on the basis of £10 a year after the fifth year. The following examples will help you to work out the scheme as it affects you.

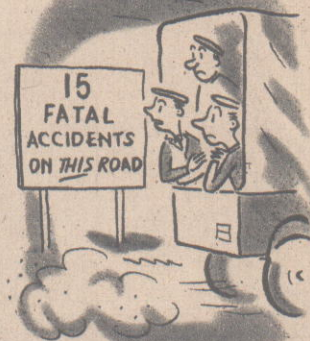
Private Johnson joined the Army on a 12-year engagement on 19 December 1936. On the day the new scheme started he had completed nine years' unbroken service. For his tenth

year (because of his unbroken service) he started benefitting from the scheme and could chalk up £10. For each of his last two years he gets £25. Total: £60.

Private Tomkins completed seven years on 19 December 1945, and when he is discharged after ten years' service will get £30. Of course, everyone's Army career did not start from the 19 December of any particular year. It has not yet been decided what benefit will be given for a portion of a year.

Those to whom the old scheme will be more beneficial will have the right to be dealt with under that scheme.

One thing more. Please do not ask **SOLDIER** to work out the scheme as it affects you individually. We get more pay queries than we have time to deal with as it is, and many of these could be worked out by your unit pay clerk. Ask him first.



The Sex War

To the Editor of **SOLDIER**:

SINCE I have been abroad I have been surprised at the attitude shown to English girls by our troops. Let me give one example.

The other evening my girl friend and I went to a YMCA for a cup of tea. A group of soldiers came and sat at the next table and promptly started passing remarks such as "Pity the Yanks aren't here" and "Give us the Frauleins" in loud voices.

Surely you boys are not developing a guilt complex? If that is what it is let me put your minds at rest as I can safely say on behalf of most of us girls that we do not object to this fruffling. It's understandable in most cases with English girls so few and far between.

I for one sympathise, but please don't start feeling ashamed and throwing horrid remarks around. — Pte. Edna Robson, Stars in Battledress ("Night Must Fall" Company) 51 HQ CSEU.

* **SOLDIER** has studied the sex war in the Services, as revealed in the postbag since Issue No. 1, with mild exasperation. Few

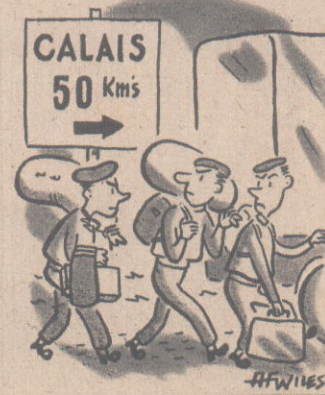
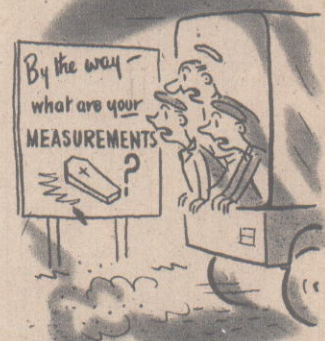
correspondents are as tolerant as Private Robson. Men allege that the women's services consist of "stuck-up" good timers. Women's services counter-claim that men are rude, contemptuous and prefer the company of foreign women.

SOLDIER suspects that the "stuck-up" charge often boils down to the fact that a couple of girls have declined to be picked up after being whistled at across the street, and regards this as inadequate grounds for saying "We are through with British girls. Give us a Greek, a Belgian or a Hottentot."

On the other hand **SOLDIER** sympathises with units which have issued formal dance invitations to women's units and have been left high and dry, for no apparently good reason. Women are free agents and may go out with whom they please; but being in "short supply" they have a responsibility not to cause unnecessary heart-burning.

SOLDIER's considered view is that it is time everyone grew up.

SOLDIER regrets that the grave fuel shortage in the British Zone of Germany caused delays in publishing and distributing the January issue.



Answers

(from Page 32)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. Staffordshire. 2. A Scotsman ("Gifted" is used for "Given" or "Donated" by many Scots). 3. Nanking. 4. First statement is false; you can be an orphan with only one parent dead. 5. An American columnist. 6. A finicky man of learning. 7. The Newark Advertiser. 8. Argentine. 9. A mechanical stomach. 10. Lord Granby, charging into the Battle of Warburg, lost his wig but plunged on bald-headed, smiting right and left. 11. T. J. Matthews, for Australia v. South Africa at Manchester in 1912. 12. A sphinx. 13. Use less soap. 14. Nihilism. 15. Shakespeare.

CROSSWORD

- ACROSS: 1. Territory. 8. Motives. 9. Sum. 10. Orion. 12. Spout. 13. Tithe. 15. Godly. 16. Nor. 17. Unguent. 19. Immediate.
- DOWN: 2. Eat. 3. Raven. 4. Tests. 5. and 18. Representative. 6. Important. 7. Amethysts. 11. Interim. 14. Elude. 15. Gigli. 18. See 5.



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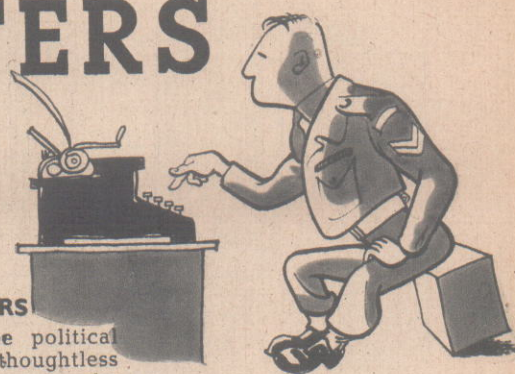
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PAGE 36

LETTERS



NEWSPAPERS

There appears to be political discrimination or thoughtless management with regard to the supply of newspapers in BAOR. As a supporter of the Left, I would like to see fair allocation of the papers with Left-wing affiliations. For a month I have been responsible for collecting and allocating newspapers to various sub-sections of this unit. I have about 40 newspapers a day passing through my hands. On alternate days there are as many as three copies of provincial papers like the *Yorkshire Post* but only once have I seen the *Daily Worker* — Tpr. M. Cohn, 911 Mil Gov Det.

★ Newspapers are supplied to BAOR by War Office on a fixed percentage of their home sales, with the exception of *The Times*, for which an extra allocation was asked in BAOR. Here are the figures: *Times*, 5400; *Telegraph*, 3472; *Graphic*, 3926; *Mail*, 7835; *Mirror*, 9759; *Chronicle*, 6500; *Express*, 14,222; *Herald*, 8306; *Worker*, 480; major provincial papers, 1000 each. Sunday papers: *Dispatch*, 3990; *News of the World*, 17,608; *Observer*, 868; *People*, 13,382; *Express*, 6260; *Times*, 1408; *Graphic*, 3134; *Chronicle*, 3696; *Pictorial*, 7354; *Reynolds*, 1702; *Empire News*, 5398.

With 462,000 copies of the UK press being handled each week in BAOR, it would be impossible to supply a particular paper to any individual, and the system evolved is by far the fairest. If a soldier especially wants a certain paper he can order it direct from the publishers.

● Many letters have to be answered privately as there is not space to deal with them in **SOLDIER**. This makes it essential that a man's full address should be given.

Several letters containing private replies have been returned to **SOLDIER** because the addresses were inadequate.

Letters unauthenticated by a name and address are never published: Names will be kept out if the request is made, but preference will be given to those letters which the writers are prepared to sign publicly.

PRIVILEGE LEAVE

(1) Is it correct that men in BAOR will be eligible for 19 days privilege leave every six months and that those eligible for leave before 1 July will get 19 days leave at the end of 128 days instead of six months?

(2) If so, can men eligible for leave be compelled to wait six months instead of 128 days?

(3) Can a soldier just back from leave be made to wait seven months instead of six for his next leave? — "L/Cpl W. CRMP.

As I returned from leave on 22 August I do not appear to be eligible for further leave until 22 February. Is it correct that as part of my A/S Group is being released in March I will not be eligible for any more? — Sgmn. D. G. Pen-gelly, 2 Squadron, 12 L of C Signals Regt.

★ The entitlement of privilege leave for all ranks is 38 days within any one

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period of 12 months. This may be taken in two periods each of 19 days subject to the following conditions:

(1) The 12 monthly period for the purpose of privilege leave will commence on the first day of the first 19 days leave.

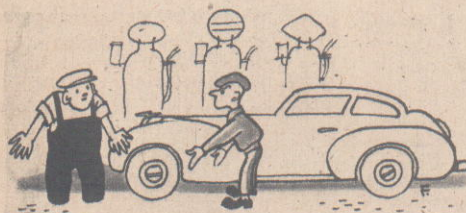
(2) The minimum interval between any two periods of leave will be four calendar months provided (a) a vacancy exists, and (b) if the military necessity exists and the soldier can be released to proceed on leave at the minimum interval of four months.

(3) If the second period of 19 days leave is taken four months from the first period, the next subsequent 19 days will be correspondingly retarded to eight months.

(4) Personnel electing a period of 19 days leave must have a period of six weeks useful service to serve as from the date of return from leave prior to demobilisation.

BORROWING A CAR

I am able to borrow a German car for as long as I like. Can I put it on the road and obtain a ration of petrol



for it? — Pte. T. Goff, RAMC, 6th Iserlohn Mil. Hospital.

★ It is possible that there will be a scheme for the purchase of German cars by sterling cheque. Such cars would be licenced and entitled to a petrol ration. But this is only a possibility. There would be no petrol ration for borrowed cars.

SALUTES IN MUFTI

Please settle this argument. One party says you salute an officer because he wears the King's uniform, and if he is seen with his "pips" covered up or improperly dressed he is not entitled to be saluted. The other party says you salute the officer because he holds the King's commission, and if he is recognised in any dress he is entitled to a salute. — Sgt. W. J. Cartwright, 80 Graves Con. Unit, British Troops Low Countries.

★ King's Regulations: "Warrant officers, NCO's and men will salute all commissioned officers whom they know to be such, whether in uniform or not..."

HAPPY FAMILY

I am sending you a photograph of my happy and contented family taken in our home in BAOR. We spent our first Christmas together since 1940. I hope this letter will let some of the people who will be coming out here know that it is far better than it is painted by the few discontented families who have returned to Britain. — Mrs. C. Rogerson, Flat A, 65 Hohenzollernring Bahrenfeld, Hamburg.



CINEMA SEATS

Everyone knows that AKC (Army Kinenta Corporation) is an entirely civilian organisation depending on box office takings to keep its cinemas open. That is understood, but by what right does it reserve the best seats for officers and those many bodies of officer status? I have never heard of Gaumont-British or Odeon Cinemas reserving their best seats for bank managers or road foremen.

I would also respectfully request that each AKC-run cinema be supplied with a dictionary because on the average three very bad spelling mistakes are made each week on screen announcements or posters.

However, thank you AKC for some very excellent films. — Cpl. C. R. Lowman, 63 HQ CCG.

★ AKC reply: "Policy for reservation of seats was laid down in GRO 2004 of 1946. This GRO has since been cancelled by GRO 2972 of 1946, paragraph 3 of which clearly allows anyone to reserve seats in static cinemas either at the box office or by telephone. AKC representatives have been advised accordingly.

"In most cases, the spelling mistakes are probably due to local printers with insufficient knowledge of English.

However, we shall send out a dictionary just in case!

"Thank you for the bouquet — AKC will continue to show the best possible films to patrons wherever they are; and that includes the small and isolated units as well as the big garrisons."

ADMISSION PRICES

It's about time we stopped paying 2s. and 3s. for a reasonable seat in a theatre to see variety, a play or even perhaps an opera. Opera is certainly worth three bob to me personally, but I emphatically disagree with having to pay two bob for German variety, especially as the artists are paid in marks. Why don't we pay German money for all-German shows? — Tpr. Baldwin, A Sqdn., Inns of Court Regt.

Since the recent change in management in the Bad Salzungen Garrison Theatre there has been a substantial increase in the charge of admission. The serving soldier's rates of pay do not permit him paying this increased price.

It is felt that the profits of the theatre would hardly be affected if the Services were granted cut rates of admission as in English theatres and cinemas during the war. — L/Cpl. H. Clarke, 120 Provost Coy.

★ It is not peacetime policy to provide free entertainment for the Services. A small grant is made by the Treasury for Service "live" entertainment, but NAAFI profits, which were liberally used in wartime to finance ENSA, have dwindled with the run-down of the Army. Board, lodging, transport and salaries have to be found for artists who can be induced to go abroad (they now demand full commercial salary). Admission charges, it is claimed, are reasonable in these circumstances.

Admission money paid in BAFSV for German shows is not profit because, to quote Rhine Army Welfare HQ: "Although the artists are paid in marks, a sterling charge for the equivalent value is raised and has to be met out of the net entertainment assets. As German shows play mostly smaller stands, the box office takings are low and do not cover the charges raised."

(More Letters on Page 38)

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MORE LETTERS

ATS LEAVE

We shall have completed two years' overseas service in May. Will we then be entitled to Python or Lilop leave? — **Ptes. Walmsley and Sargent, ATS, GHQ, 2nd Echelon.**

★ At the end of your two-year tour overseas, you will be repatriated and get the normal disembarkation leave. You may then volunteer for further overseas service if you wish.

LEAVE IN GERMANY

I feel many would welcome the opportunity to spend leave in Germany if suitable centres could be opened. I suggest leave centres at Dusseldorf and Hamburg. Also could not our American Allies be approached with



the suggestion of a combined Anglo-American leave centre in Munich? — **Gnr. H. James, 217/55 A/T Regt RA.**

★ There are Leave Centres in Germany — Mohne See, Winterburg, Bad Harzburg, Altenau, Scharbeutz, Berlin. It is hoped to add Dusseldorf to the list. Hamburg must be ruled out because of the housing crisis. It is intended to exchange facilities for leave with the Americans.

POPSKI'S ARMY

In your issue for December you claim to have first broken the story of Popski's Private Army on May 11, 1946.

It is quite true that national newspapers were "falling over each other" to tell the story a month or so ago.

It is also a fact that I first told the whole story in a fullpage feature in the *Sunday Pictorial* on April 29, 1945, thus scooping *SOLDIER* by more than a year. In fairness to me, if not to Fleet Street, I ask you to give publicity to this fact. — **Bill Roland, Evening Standard, London.**

★ *SOLDIER* congratulates Mr. Roland on being first with the Popski

story, but to say that we claimed to have broken the story is not quite correct. We said that it "appeared in *SOLDIER* on 11 May 1946." Our article, in fact, quoted Hansard on Popski, whose adventures—thanks in part to Mr. Roland—were by no means unknown. The recent scramble by the national newspapers is therefore all the more remarkable.

NO MISPRINT

In "It was a tough year in sport" (*SOLDIER* Dec.) Archie Quick said: "McGibbon got a goal for Southampton against Chelsea in four-and-three-fifths seconds." Being a Southampton fan I gave this paragraph prominent notice in the barrack-room but was met with hostile criticism such as, "It's a misprint; it's impossible."

Could you confirm the time and give full details, thereby enabling me to crow from the housetops and convert the disbelievers. — **Cpl. D. J. Dunlavey, 25 (Munster) Br. Mil. Hospital.**

★ Archie Quick replies: "Cpl. Dunlavey may safely crow from the rooftops. The referee, Mr. G. V. Searle, uses a special watch for timing football, boxing and swimming. McGibbon tore down the field after he had kicked off to his inside forward, received the ball two yards outside the penalty area and scored with a first-time shot. The Dell pitch is 110 yards long, so McGibbon was 55 yards from the Chelsea goal-line as he kicked off. The penalty area is 18 yards deep so he was 20 yards from the goal-line when he scored. He covered 35 yards in $4\frac{3}{5}$ secs which is equal to $13\frac{1}{4}$ secs for the 100 yards—not at all fast, says Searle."

"P.S. To L/Cpl. J. Dixon, 5 RIDG and Spr. G. Dunkley, 153 Rly. Op. Coy: You are quite right. Sayani and not Langton Abbot won the Cambridgeshire. Wallowing in a mass of statistics, I plead forgiveness."

FOUR STRIPES

Some time ago you stated, when referring to the ranks of the Household Cavalry (the Royal Horse Guards), that four stripes reversed and a crown, worn at the base of the sleeve, was the badge of a squadron quarter-master corporal of horse. In *SOLDIER* (November) you say the same indicates a drum major.

Here are the ranks and methods of address to NCO's of the Royal Horse Guards:

Two stripes and a crown—I/cpl or

RELEASE GROUPS

Latest release group dates announced by War Office are: Group 48 from 27 March to 27 April; Group 49 from 28 April to 24 May; Group 50 from 25 May to 8 July.

* These dates are in conformity with the general forecast made by the Minister of Labour on 6 Nov 1946.

full cpl; three stripes and a crown—cpl of horse; four stripes and crown worn at base of sleeve—squadron quarter-master corporal; crown and laurels—corporal major; coat of arms—regtl. corporal major; both of these latter are worn at the base of the sleeve. — **Tpr. R. D. Owen, Royal Horse Guards.**

You say in reply to Cpl. G. C. Balmain (*SOLDIER* November) that a "gentleman with a crown and four stripes reversed at base of sleeve" is a drum major. Surely the drum major wears a drum over his stripes?

The gentleman who wears four stripes and a crown—in the place where stripes are usually worn—is the native Regimental Sergeant-Major of the Royal West African Frontier Force. During the late war the normal WO I badge has superseded the original one in the majority of the RWAFF regiments. — **CSM (ex-RWAFF).**

EX-POW

I went to France in April 1940, was taken prisoner the following June, was released April 1945 and returned to England the same month. I returned to BAOR January 1946, and now that I have my family with me I am considering soldiering for a few more years.

If I do will I be entitled when I am discharged to 56 days' leave with pay and ration allowance; one day's leave for every day spent overseas with pay and ration allowance, and will my wife get her weekly allowance for the same length of time? — **"Ex-POW", 1st KOYLI.**

★ A soldier who is released or discharged during the currency of the release scheme will receive the appropriate benefits. After the end of the scheme he will receive benefits on the scale then current—28 days' leave, civilian clothing or cash in lieu. Family allowances are payable for as long as you are in receipt of pay from Army funds.

SEVEN YEARS

I am a regular of seven years with the Colours and five with the reserve. I enlisted 7 Sept 1940 and joined for service 19 Oct 1940. When does my service finish—on 7 Sept 1947 or 19 Oct 1947, and do I receive the same gratuity and post-war credits as a conscripted man? — **Tpr. E. C. Bradley, Admin. Sqdn, RAC Trg. Centre, Celle.**

★ Your colour service will expire on 6 Sept 1947.

Regulars are entitled to war gratuity and post-war credits under the same conditions as conscripts. War gratuity is calculated on paid colour service between 3 Sept 1939 and 15 August 1946, subject to a minimum period of six months reckonable service. Post-war credits are awarded at the rate of 6d a day in respect of paid colour service rendered between 1 January 1942 and 30 June 1946.

SOLDIER

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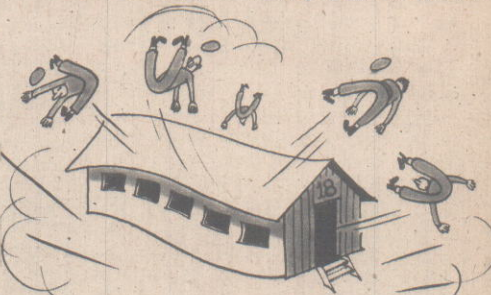
CLOTHING COUPONS

Some months ago I read in a newspaper that regular soldiers were to receive an issue of clothing coupons. Can you please say when this is to be made? — **Cpl. J. Macfarlane, HQ CCG.**

★ Board of Trade say that the allowance is a probability, but the final decision on the number of coupons has not yet been taken.

PRIVATE WAR

Please stop a private war in barrack-room 18. Was 1st Airborne Division's liberation of Norway down in records



as an operation? If so, are those who took part entitled to a medal ribbon? — **Pte. A. Newton, 1st Bn, Border Regt., CMF.**

★ No, the liberation of Norway is not mentioned as an operation in the ACI governing the issue of the 1939-45 Star, but a list of special operations qualifying those who took part for the Star is to be published in a new ACI shortly.

NOT ROYAL

In "The Battle of the Admin Box" (*SOLDIER*, December) you referred to the Royal West Yorks. As an old West Yorkshireman I must point out that we have never been known as Royal, and we are very proud of the title West Yorkshire Regiment (Prince of Wales's Own).

However, I thoroughly enjoyed the extracts from the "Campaign in Burma." — **An Old West Yorks.**

★ Inadvertently the reviewer allowed a slip in Frank Owen's book to appear in *SOLDIER*.

THANKS

To my mind *SOLDIER* improves month by month and shows great efficiency on the part of all who have their little bit to do in making it such entertaining reading. — **RQMS. F. W. Wells, Leicestershire Regt., 1 LAU CCG, Minden.**

Two Minute Sermon

St. Paul tells us about "forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before — on towards our High Calling."

The ability to forget can be a great blessing as well as a great drawback. To remember everything in the past can hinder our progress in the future. We do need to forget much of the past — "the mill will never grind with water that is past." The mill of life must keep grinding, progress in life must keep on, and so let us not forget that memories

may be beautiful and sometimes helpful but they do not provide the motive power for the future. Having learnt by our mistakes let us reach forth unto those things which are before.

We may remember our loved ones, but remembering them press on to better and nobler things for their sake.

Much of 1946 has been good, much bad — let us take the good, forget the bad and build up to nobler things and a nobler world and with St. Paul press towards the High Calling of God.

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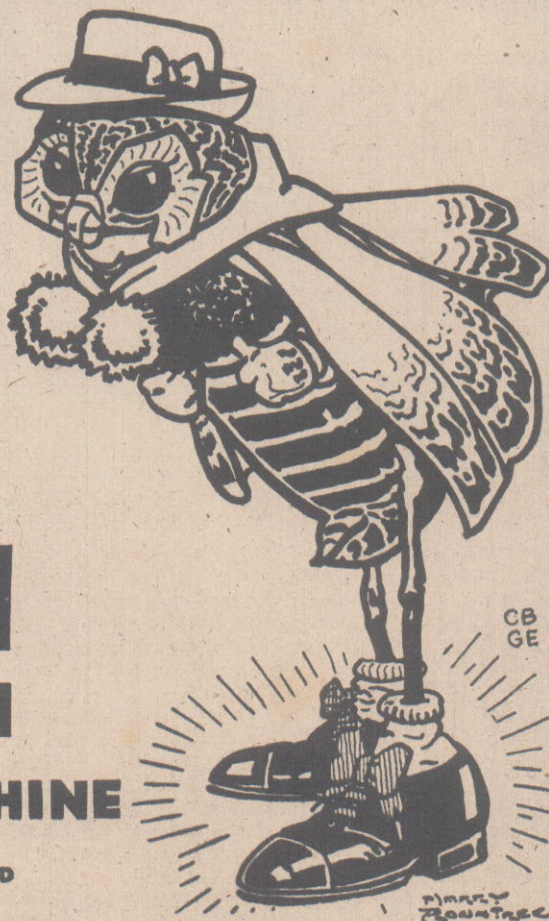
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