

SOLDIER

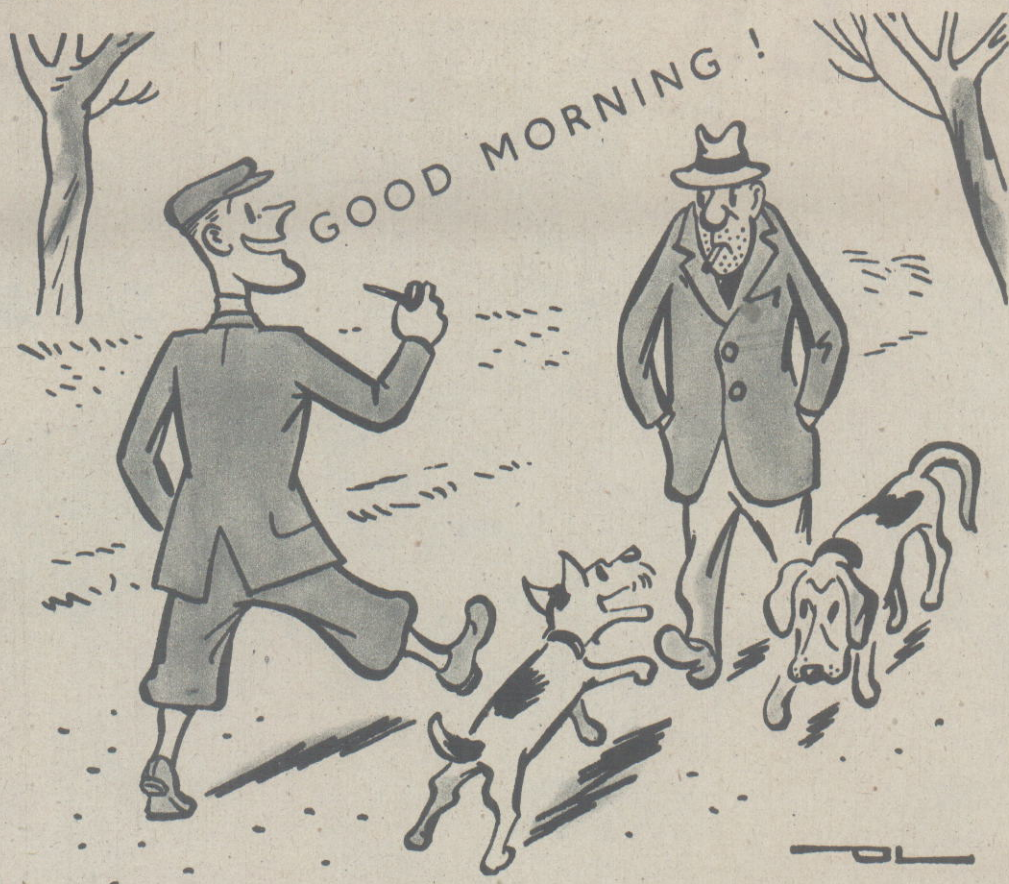
THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE
September 1946 Monthly Vol. 2 - No 12

SIXPENCE



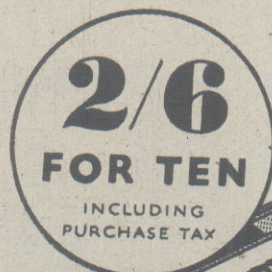
MEN OF MUSCLE.

Man in red track suit of an Army athlete is Capt. H. W. Harbin APTC, who dropped with 6th Airborne on D-Day. He is a regular, and has held Army jumping and vaulting championships. Man in white is SMI. F. H. Bennett APTC, senior Warrant Officer at the APTC School. An old 16/5th Lancer, with 20 years service, he has trained hundreds of officers. Recently Serjeant-Major Bennett skippered an Army PT team for television (Pages 10 and 11)



***'Good Mornings'
begin with
Gillette***

You feel like a man who's got infinite leisure with
blades that make shaving a positive pleasure!

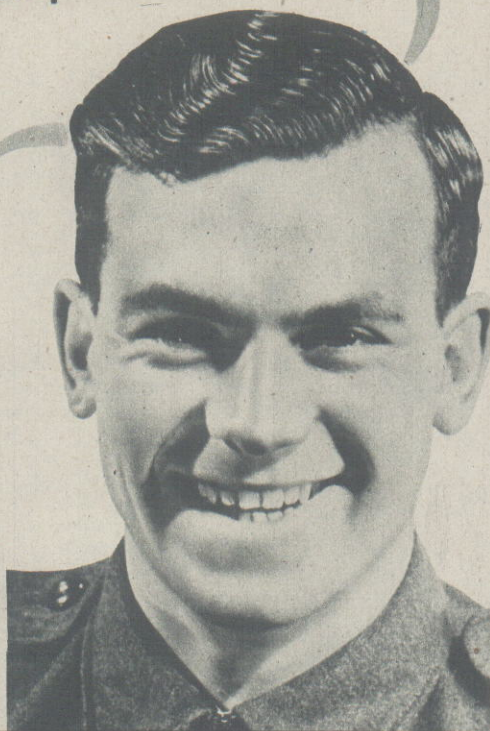


"BRYLCREEM

By Jove!..some
chaps are lucky!"



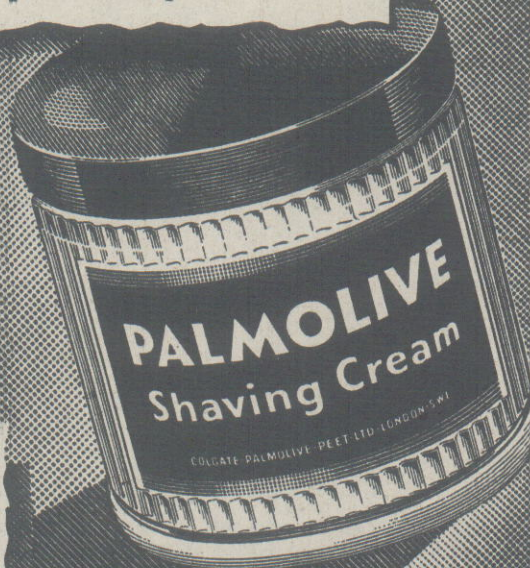
And men in B.A.O.R. are luckier than most fellows because supplies of Brylcreem for B.A.O.R. are still getting priority through N.A.A.F.I., Y.M.C.A., etc. But even this concession cannot satisfy the demand for Brylcreem so, when you get a bottle, please use it sparingly.



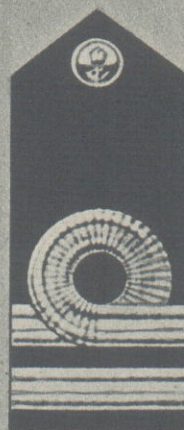
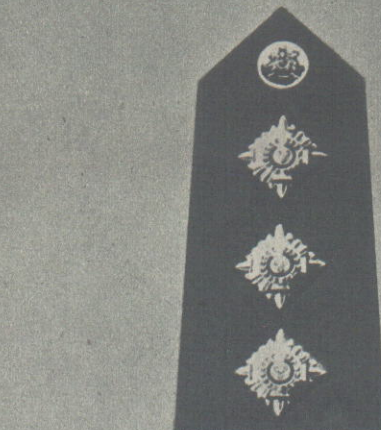
811 B

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., Honeypot Lane, Stanmore, Middlesex.

MILLIONS of RAZORS
make hay of
BILLIONS of BRISTLES
per day



thanks to this
SOFTENING
SMOOTHING
SOOTHING
LATHER



Simpson
PICCADILLY

uniforms

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PAGE 3

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BREWERS' SOCIETY



HAND AND FLOWER

THIS device, in its original heraldic form, shows a fleur-de-lys. As an inn-sign, the flower is sometimes a rose, our national emblem and "queen of flowers", or a marigold, symbol of the sun. The name was often adopted by ale-houses in the vicinity of old gardens such as those near Kensington and Chelsea. It is pleasant to reflect that the inn, like the rose and marigold, has sprung from English soil, and will flourish and give pleasure in the days to come.

Engraving specially designed by John Farleigh

Till Daddy comes home -



WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap is protecting her skin, washing germs away and keeping her in the pink of health just as it has done for Daddy since he was a little boy.

Even now, when there is so little soap to be had, mothers still insist on Wright's, the family soap.

The best is good enough for *his* family. And the best does not mean the most expensive — it means, simply . . .



WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

IDEAL FOR TOILET AND NURSERY



For
Smartness
on all occasions -



NUGGET

The polish of Supreme quality

In Black, Brown & Dark Brown

One of the greatest espionage tricks of the war was hatched behind the walls of Hamburg's Klopstock Pension.

SPY SCHOOL

ON the corner of Klopstockstrasse and Alsterufer, within a stone's throw of Hamburg's famous Alster, stands an imposing four-storey boarding-house called "Klopstock Pension".

Severely damaged by bomb-blast during heavy RAF raids in 1943, Klopstock Pension today is just an ordinary guest-house accommodating 50 of Hamburg's bombed-out citizens. As in hundreds of other buildings in the city, the plaster is falling off the walls, a hole in the roof lets in the rain, nearly all the windows are smashed, and the cellar entrances are boarded up.

It was here in the earlier days of the war that the Nazis had one of their most highly organised and successful Espionage Schools, where scores of young German men and women were trained as spies. So secretly was the Spy School administered that none of the boarders suspected its existence—not even the owners, Herr and Frau Georg Gut who came from America in 1938 and bought the house. They still live there, and were dumbfounded when SOLDIER told them of the building's war history.

"Lots and Lots of Dots"

It was from Klopstock Pension in early 1940 that there came the first clue that led to the breaking down of a brilliant German method of transmitting secret messages to agents abroad and for getting back information to Germany.

A young agent of America's Federal Bureau of Investigation, smuggled into Germany for counter-espionage work, became a student at the Spy School. On the last day of his course the instructor, Dr. Hugo Sebold, told him that communication between Nazi agents and Germany would be improved shortly and to "watch out for dots . . . lots and lots of dots!"

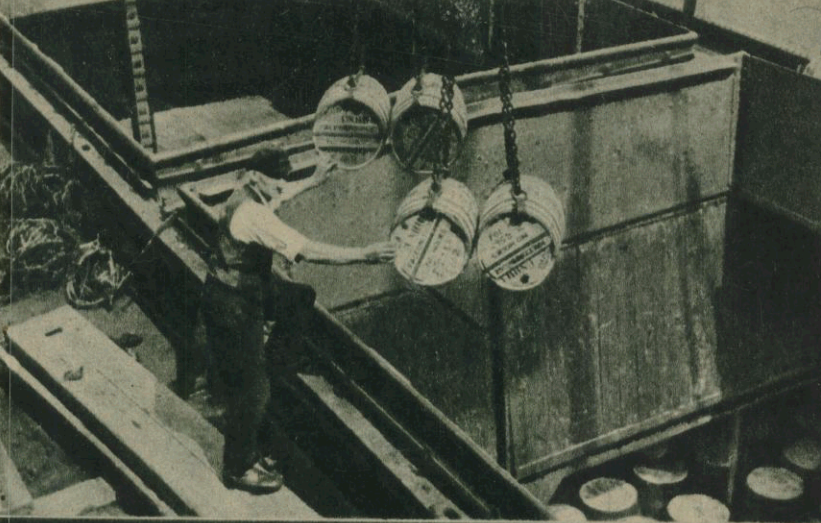
The FBI man reported this to New York, and within a few months Germany's new system of passing spy messages was defeated. A foreign agent was arrested and during examination of his letters light was reflected from a full-stop. Magnified 200 times, it proved to be a minute film of a full-size, type-written message prepared in Germany and sent to American agents. The Nazis had perfected a photographic process to reduce an ordinary message typed on to a square piece of paper to the size of a full-stop. By using collodion and a special emulsion the miniature message was inserted in the space created by the full-stop, the fibres of the paper were replaced and the spy message looked like any full stop on this page.

As a result of this discovery hundreds of Nazi agents were arrested all over the world.

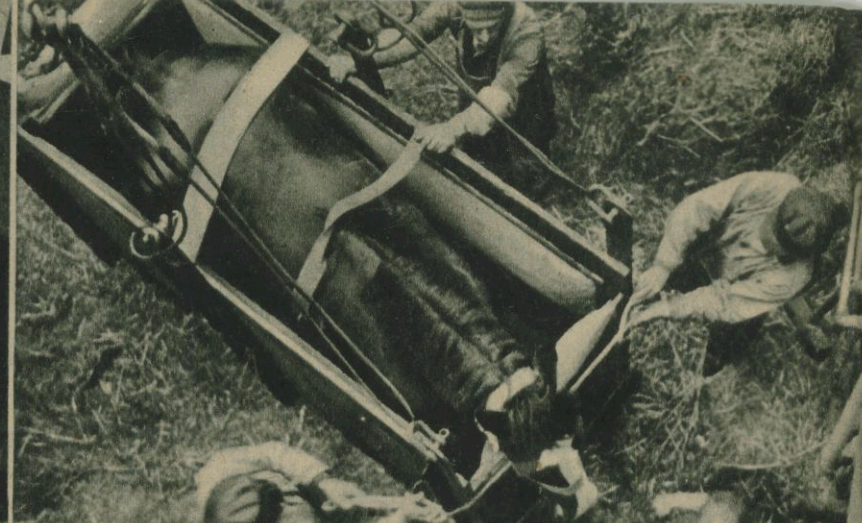
The transmission of secret messages disguised as full-stops on typewritten documents was the Spy School's craftiest ruse. A dot like that at the point of this arrow was actually a microfilm of a secret order containing 50 or more words.

Later, an ironic discovery was made. The Germans had not invented this microfilm process — they had merely borrowed the idea from a copy of Harper's Magazine published two or three generations ago — and adapted it for espionage purposes. E. J. G.

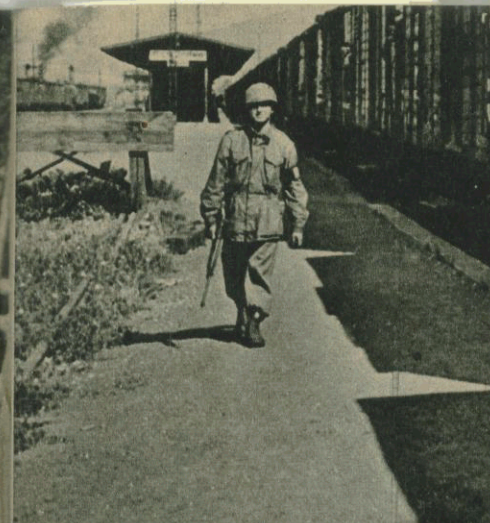
Not even the owners—Herr and Frau Georg Gut—knew what went on in their boarding-house.



From the ship's hold at Hamburg come crates and barrels labelled "UNRRA - Czechoslovakia".



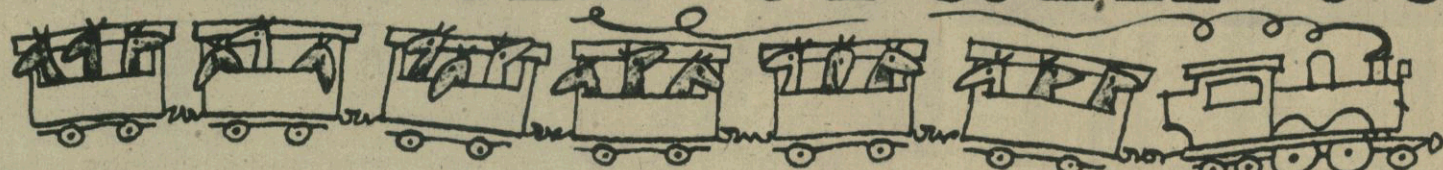
Down in the ship's hold the horse - an English horse - is locked into its box ready to be hoisted aloft.



Armed GI's patrol all halts in the US Zone.



UNRRA train to



THE signal was handed to the Port Controller of the UNRRA mission in Hamburg. Its message ran like this: "SS North Down scheduled load at Goole 28th June . . . ETA Hamburg about 30th June. Approximately 268 head horses. SS Woodlark scheduled load London 30th June. ETA Hamburg 1st July . . . 370 Hampshire Ewes, 30 Rams. Feed for 14 days on board each ship. Arrange rail shipment and attendants. Destination Czechoslovakia . . . UNRRA . . ."

The men at Hamburg's dockside prepared for another quick transfer from ship to train. The teams of Royal Engineers who supervise dock work at Hamburg, knew what an UNRRA shipment meant in work.

Each train which leaves the Hamburg dock sidings carries an average weight of 600 tons of supplies, and these trains pull out about five times a week, often more frequently. And the

same thing is happening in Bremen, in Rotterdam, in Trieste, and in Constanza on the Black Sea. Czechoslovakia's position in Europe and the shortage of rolling-stock present a great transport problem both to UNRRA and to the Czech Government. Cargo unloading at the dockside of either Hamburg, Bremen, or Trieste is still three weeks away from the Czechoslovakian consumer. But it is hoped that by the end of October, 489 goods waggons and 60 locomotives, purchased by UNRRA in Britain,

will be taking supplies into Czechoslovakia.

Goods move to Czechoslovakia in a steady stream from the north and south, by train mainly, but also by barge along the rivers and by road. A trickle of emergency supplies goes through by air.

From the time it began operations in Czechoslovakia to the end of July UNRRA delivered a million metric tons of foodstuffs, textiles, footwear, medical supplies, transport equipment, raw materials, and equipment for agricultural and industrial rehabilitation, including livestock.

Trains which have left Hamburg have had some queer experiences before crossing the Sudeten frontier into Czechoslovakia. Supplies have gone astray, although the percentage of losses is only three per cent. None the less when you take

a trainload of foodstuff and other valuable equipment through present-day Germany you just can't expect to get away without losses. There were tales of robberies in the night, and other dramatic incidents, despite a fairly strong Czech military guard. So when the cameraman and I travelled down with an UNRRA train from Hamburg's dock side we carried a heavy iron crowbar as well as our camera equipment and typewriter.

But it was a quiet journey through the British and American Zones.

Our train carried a cargo of 268 horses. Big husky ones from the farmlands of Britain, which were being sent to Czechoslovakia to pull the plough for some Bohemian farmer, instead of plodding along the furrow of the rolling Yorkshire earth. We saw them drawn out of the hold of

Prague

SS Woodlark, and taken through the dispatch shed into the waiting freight waggons.

When they were loaded eight to a truck, Royal Engineers and Czech guards were there to supervise the loading, for the Czechs take over as soon as UNRRA supplies are disembarked. Papers were checked and the horses watered and fed.

By morning of the second day the slow-chugging freight train had reached a point far south in the British Zone. "No incidents so far" reported the Czech guards, who were busy checking the waggons as we waited for a change of locomotive at a small country junction. This changing business is a normal procedure with the Reichsbahn service. Locomotives were changed eight times before the final one pulled us into Plana, near Prague.

The first sign of the American administration came from a GI at Bebia who was strolling up and down this rail junction with a rifle slung over his shoulder. Armed rail guards patrol all the main US zone junctions - "Just to make sure" as one GI said.

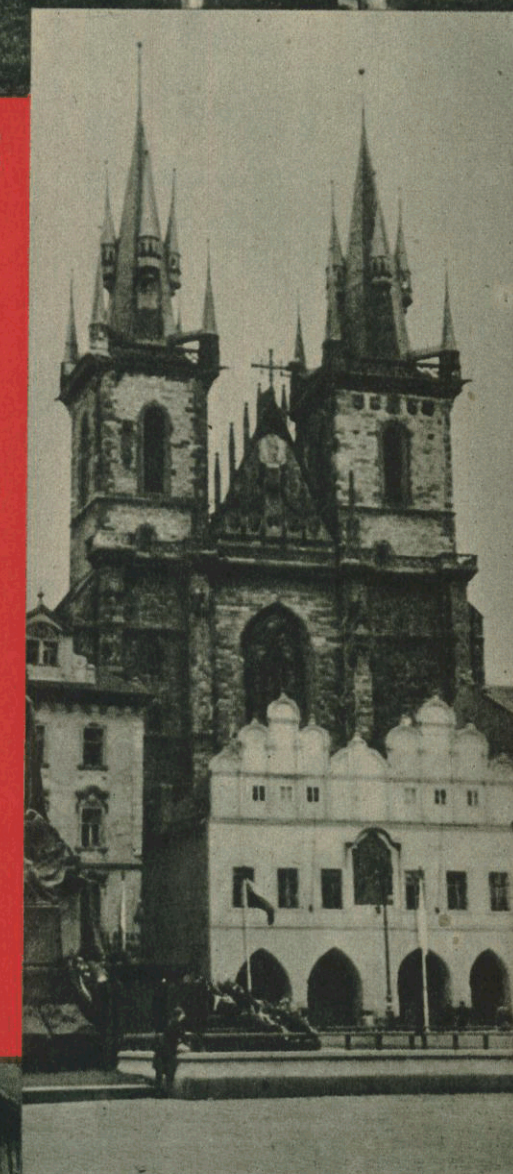
That stay at Bebia was a long one. The horses were watered for the first time since they had left Hamburg.

Morning of the third day found us deep into the American Zone. We had fringed the Russian-occupied territory, almost all the way down, and as the train ploughed slowly through the picturesque little Bavarian stations, we noticed lines of refugees standing on the platforms. At Gemunden, not far from the now (CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)

Where would you like to go - from Prague?

Behind an Arab-type building stands Prague's baroque cathedral.

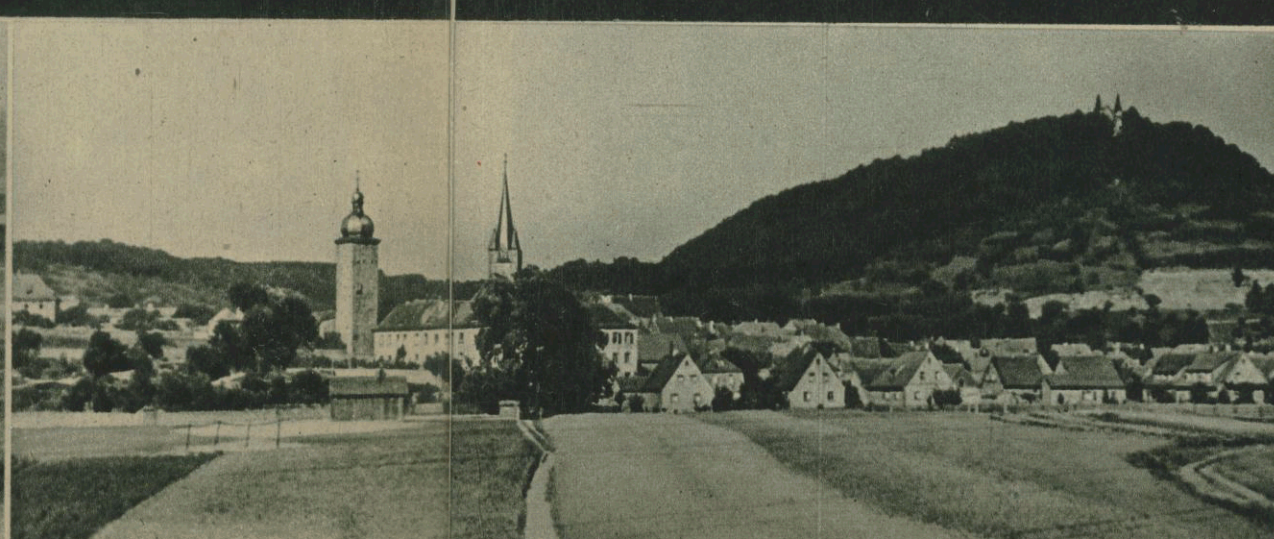
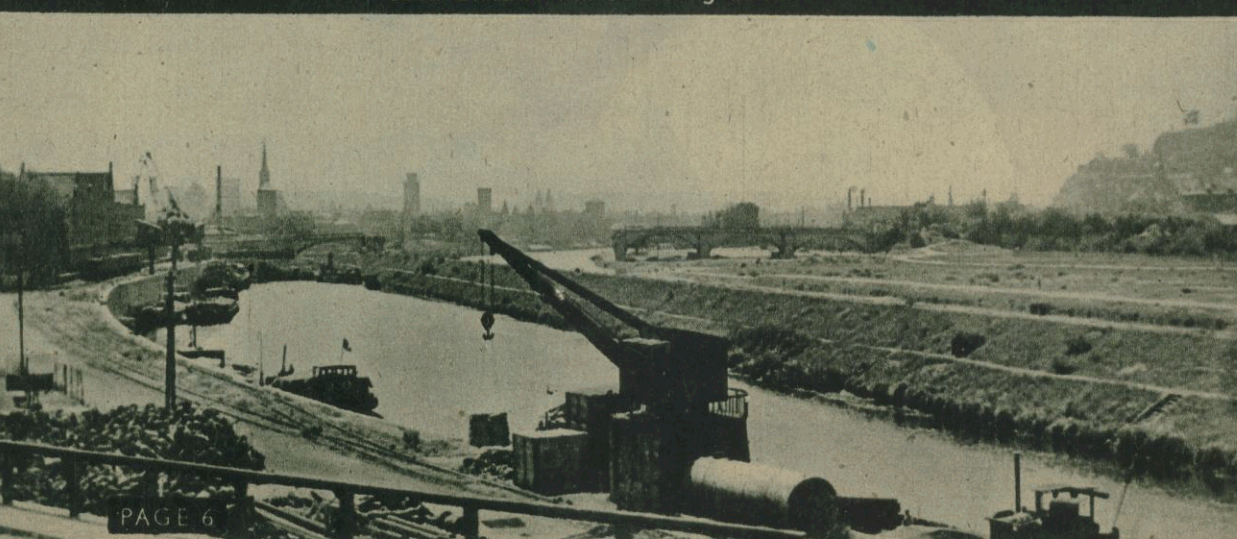
These steps pass the British Embassy and lead to the castle of President Benes.

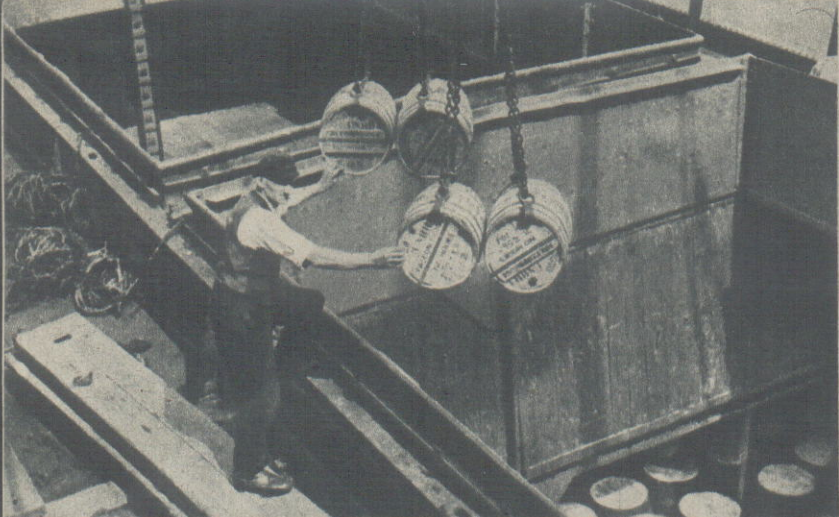


From Hamburg's docks go thousands of tons of UNRRA supplies weekly to the Czechs. Soon UNRRA will be closing down.

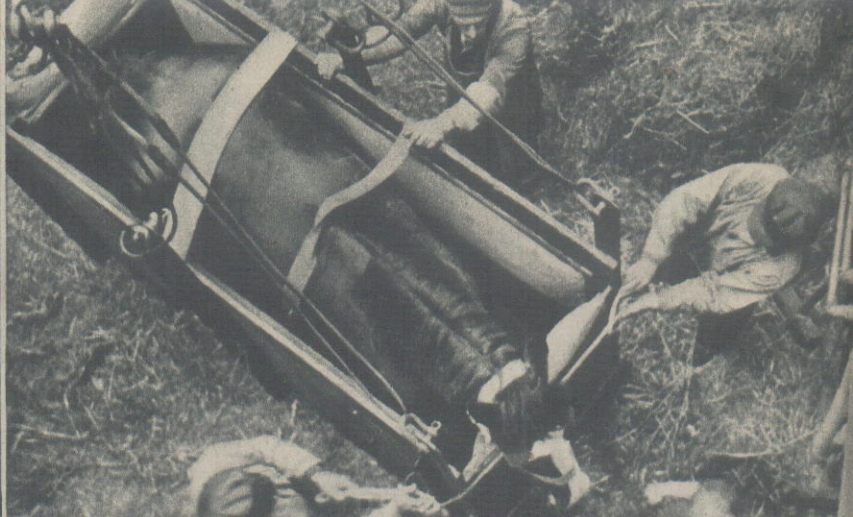
In the Bavarian fields

the harvest was ripening. And the towns were whole.





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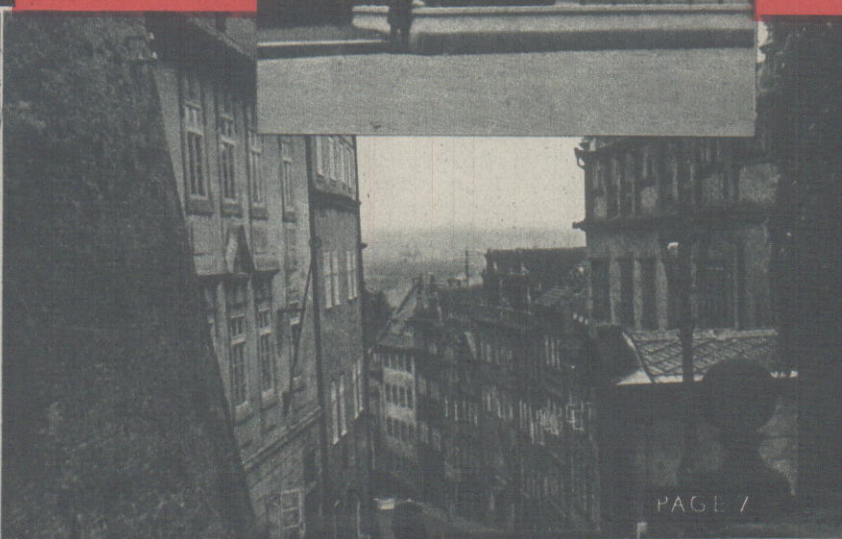
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Continuing UNRRA train to PRAGUE

semi-destroyed University city of Wurzburg, we found a trainload of refugees in the sidings. They were Sudeten Germans who had been evicted from their western Czechoslovakian homes and are to be absorbed into the western zones of Germany.

Questions which are now old familiar tunes were flung at us. "Are these German horses being transported to Czechoslovakia?" asked one German porter. We could see now how rumours start.

The second watering place for the horses was at Lichtenfels, not very far from the Czech frontier. Another long stay... another loco change. And time to taste Bavarian beer.

It was the fourth day of our journey. The horses were as weary as we were. The Czech guards just smiled and said, "This is quite a quick trip. Some journeys take as long as ten days, if we meet difficulties."

In the hot early morning sun we waited at the frontier-post town of Schirnding, where the German railways officials hand over to the Czech. No German locomotives are allowed beyond this point.

Came the US frontier control post, where the GI's keep a keen check on all trans-frontier traffic. The American guard told me an average of six or seven trains pass through each day with Czech supplies.

"No trouble", he added, "apart from stray people trying to snoop illegally across the frontier zone." We noticed a couple of German "snoopers" poking their noses through the guard-room's cell bars.

The first big Czech town was Eger, known to the Czechs as Cheb. In Eger's busy marshalling yards stood many trains marked with the now familiar sign: "UNRRA - CZECHOSLOVAKIA." Some had come from Bremen, others from the barge route, via Frankfurt.

17 Too Many

A consignment of breeding cattle arrived in the sidings one day to restore denuded farms in Czechoslovakia. In America 403 beasts had been loaded on the ship; the bill of lading said so, and the bill of lading is always right. But 421 head of cattle arrived in Czechoslovakia, and three times the station-master and his staff took a re-count before they discovered 17 calves had been born on the trip.

And in Prague you can see the fruits of these UNRRA trains. There are shop windows decorated with a large white paint sign: "UNRRA GOODS"; delivery trucks in the streets marked "Dodala UNRRA" — delivered by UNRRA. And you can soon sense the deep appreciation of the Czech people for UNRRA's help in contributing to this gallant little country's recovery in the middle of a ravaged Europe.

GEOFFREY GOODMAN.
(Photographs: C. Jacobsen)



The end of the journey: UNRRA goods on display in a Prague shop.

SOLDIER to Soldier

Under the heading "The Army Of Today Is NOT All Right" a six-months soldier has been getting it off his chest in a Sunday newspaper.

He says he and his comrades have a feeling of futility, because if there is a "next war" it will be fought with atom bombs and rockets, and the Army is back in the Bren gun and mortar epoch.

Whether or not one thinks the Army's job should be to prepare for the "next war", the fact remains that the Army's main task today is cleaning up after the late war. We're not proposing to use atom bombs in Germany, Austria or Italy; though in the first country at least the Army will be busy for a good time to come. Nor are we using atom bombs in Palestine; but the troops out there are certainly equipped with Bren guns. And so long as the Army's main job in the world is one of policing, Bren guns are unlikely to go out of fashion.

Next comes the complaint that "far too many recruits find themselves in branches like the Infantry, where they are taught nothing that will be of any use in civilian life." Why not include the technical arms too? A knowledge of the workings of the anti-aircraft predictor and an ability to recognise 50 different types of aircraft are a fat lot of good to anybody in Civvy Street. But then the Army isn't primarily a training for Civvy Street. It's a training in a vast variety of roles for a vast number of likely and unlikely eventualities. In a sensible world you wouldn't need an Army of such scope and dimensions. Given the kind of world we've got, we do need it — every branch of it; including the

branches which are researching into new weapons, how to handle them, and how to neutralise them.

Infantry, of course, was "finished" after World War One. And the "next war" was going to be fought with gas and bacteria. Yet, oddly enough, quite a number of Infantrymen were usefully employed in World War Two.

The third complaint is a queer one. It is that the young Infantry soldier, re-emerging into Civvy Street, will find that his brain is stunted, that he "will be unable to think or to concentrate as clearly as he had been able to do formerly." This is said to be because the exhausting physical programme exhausts his brain as well, and he doesn't have enough spare time to keep his mind in working order.

This reads perilously like the moan of somebody who can't take it. The argument that hard physical training numbs or "stunts" the brain won't stand up. Try to get a doctor — even a civilian doctor — to endorse that one. The plain truth is that many a man never begins to use his brain until he gets into the Army. The Army has made men who "couldn't do arithmetic" into experts on the slide rule. It has made men who were electrically ignorant into radar technicians. It has made men who "couldn't speak in public" into accomplished lecturers. The modern Infantryman is required to have an impressive knowledge of the arts and sciences of war. An Infantryman trained to think will live longer than an Infantryman who doesn't think. And an Infantryman with an agile brain will have a better chance when he returns to Civvy Street.



All together: Sholto Douglas, McNarney, Koenig, Sokolovsky.

The Big Four, meeting in the American Sector of Berlin, take it in turn to be chairman. And the nation which is in the chair has to cook the meals.

BEHIND the closed doors of the Allied Control Authority building in the American Sector of Berlin—doors that are watched and guarded by armed GI's—the Big Four meet every ten days to discuss the problem of Germany.

If you could enter the building when a meeting is in progress you would find long tables at which sit the four military chiefs doing the double work of Military Governor and political head of their particular Zone—Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Sholto Douglas; General Joseph T. McNarney (USA); Marshal of the Soviet Union Vasily Sokolovsky; and Lieut-General Pierre Koenig (France). With them are their deputy governors, and, behind, advisers on technical matters, interpreters, public relations officers and shorthand writers.

As you listened to the Lawmakers—and everything that is said has to be translated into two languages—and watched the technical advisers now and again lean forward and whisper into the ear of their chiefs, you would soon realise that a law, while easy enough to break, is not so easy to make.

A Law Is Made

Suppose that a member of the Political Division of the Control Commission has information that a number of bookshops have books glorifying the Nazi creed. He goes to his chief and it is agreed that a law on the confiscation of Nazi literature should be drafted. When the principles of the law have been agreed the Chief of the Division meets his opposite members of the US, Russian and French Commissions, the four chiefs forming the Directorate concerned.

Usually one Directorate alone is not in a position to settle the matter. Possibly the Finance and Internal Affairs Directorates may have to be consulted, and any suggestions or amendments are incorporated. The plan then goes to the Co-ordinating Committee. This body consists of the deputy Military Governors, who meet in the Allied Control Authority building, but more often than the Control Council. Should they not agree to some of the points they return it for further drafting. If they approve they send it to the Legal Directorate for it to be correctly worded.

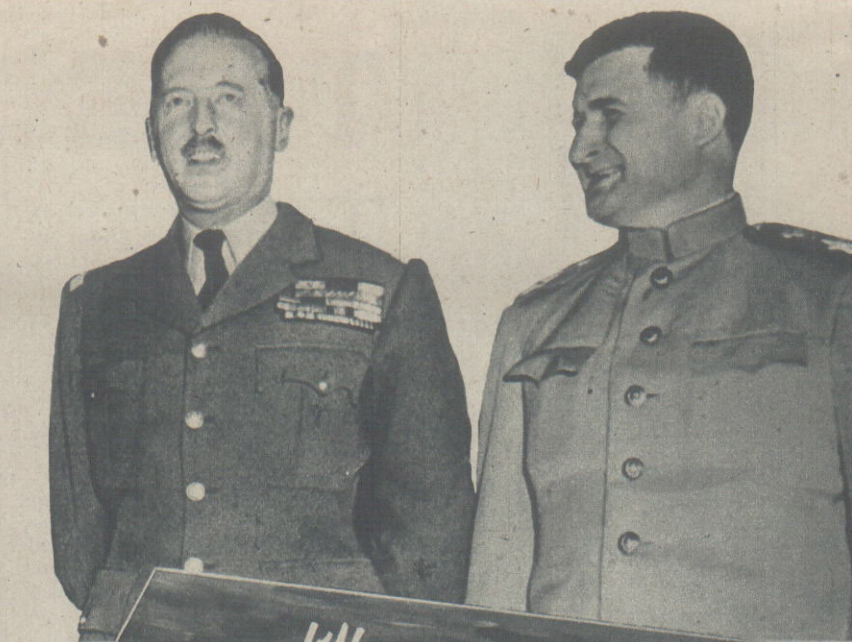
By the time the Committee sit again the paper is before them. They study it for loopholes, for any variations of meaning caused by different translations, and if they consider it satisfactory they submit it to the Allied Control Council for approval and signature. It is then the law.

In any discussion, if the Co-ordinating Committee feel there is some debatable point which the Military Governors themselves should decide, then they pass it to the Control Council who make any final decision.

Lawmaking is only part of the Big Four's job. Policy on food, political parties, religion, duties of occupation troops, the regulating and levelling of industries and many other matters are all thrashed out. Should any one Military Governor be absent, his deputy takes his place.

The four nations take it in turn to do "Duty Company". If, for example, it is Russia's turn then for a month Marshal Sokolovsky will preside and be responsible for procedure. He must ensure that everyone has an opportunity to express his views and that the agenda is followed.

After a meeting, which may last one hour, or five or six, the Council retire to an ante-room



When the
BIG FOUR
meet

where a snack supper is served, and their staffs of interpreters and shorthand writers to a hall where there is a buffet. Again, according to which country is doing the month's "duty turn", so the dishes vary.

While the meal is in progress the Public Relations officers draw up their communique in Russian, French, English and German. They all agree on the exact wording, and before it is issued it is

taken in to the Big Four for sanction.

Perhaps the most important but least realised fact about the Allied Control Council is that there is no one man at the head to make a swaying decision. In the Control Council the Big Four are all of equal standing. When a knotty problem crops up they have to thrash it out until they themselves find the answer.

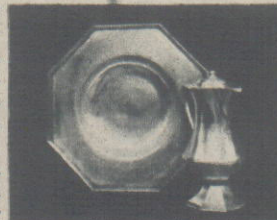
PETER LAWRENCE.

27 GRAVES IN NORWAY

THE confused fighting on the Norwegian coast in May 1940 put a heavy tax on the Independent Companies—later to be called Commandos. These men had been destined to hold a line at Bodo to receive the Scots Guards retiring in a series of bounds from Mo. They were to have been reinforced by the Irish Guards and the South Wales Borderers from Narvik, but disaster at sea cut this aid to a trickle. The troops at Bodo were then organised into a battalion and fought courageously their foredoomed battle against the enemy intent on reaching Narvik.

The bodies of 27 British soldiers who fell in this area were buried by the good townsfolk of Saltdalen in their churchyard. In May 1945, during the peace celebrations, the pastor gathered the townsfolk round the flower-decorated graves and held a service in honour of the British dead. And it was decided to erect a memorial.

One of the 27 was a young RE. officer, George Venables Llewellyn, of 2nd Independent Company, who was shot in a machine-gun ambush. Now his parents, Sir Charles and Lady Venables Llewellyn, in token of gratitude to the people of Saltdalen, have presented to the church a silver font dish and ewer, as used in Norwegian baptisms. Made by J. Wippell and Co., church furnishers, the cleanly designed vessels bear the inscription in English and Norwegian:



"To the Glory of God.
"In memory of 27 British soldiers who fell in battle in May 1940, whose bodies lie in this churchyard, and with deep gratitude to the Pastor and Parishioners of Saltdalen for their respect and charity, these vessels are dedicated to their church by the family of George Venables Llewellyn, Lieut. Royal Engineers, of Llydsinam, Breconshire, killed near Pothus 26 May 1940."

THE ARMY IS

TRYING to keep cool in the sweltering heat of the sun, the shirt-sleeved technicians lined the rope and watched the 12 figures in white vests and trousers glide over the "horse" and perform gymnastic feats with the ease of men long used to such things.

There was one man only for whom the Army's PT experts were putting on the perfect show, and he stood behind a rather odd-shaped box on wheels. By keeping his eye to the viewer he ensured that the unseen audience did not miss a single act in this demonstration by the Army School of Physical Training over the BBC's television service.

In a small room in Alexandra Palace the producer watched the small silvery screen across which the white-clad figures floated silently. He could see the spectacle as it was being seen that very moment by television viewers in the London area, and he listened — as they listened — to the quiet, detailed commentary by Captain B. M. Consitt, Master of Arms at the School. On the screen the PT instructors in quick succession vaulted ten feet in the air to clear the man kneeling on the "horse" — the last one making a fitting climax by diving through a paper covered hoop — and the SMI dashed forward and sprang to attention in front of the camera. As his team fell in quickly at his side the eye of the camera travelled along the neat line and slowly faded out to the sound of music.

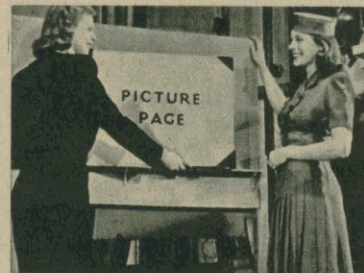
SMI. F. H. Bennett walked into the changing room and placed his head under the cold tap.

Rubbing himself vigorously with the towel, he turned and greeted his team as they came in. He had a special word for QMSI. P. Cooper, the man with the most difficult job — the paper hoop act following the "dive and cut through from a running forward somersault" to give it its full title. It sounds complicated and is, but when QMSI. Cooper does it, it looks the easiest thing in the world.

A crack Army team of "acrobats" recently went along to London's Alexandra Palace to be televised. This article tells you how they fared, and what it is like inside the television studios.

"Good show!" he said to CSMI. W. Wives. Wives had injured his knee at a rehearsal, but was determined not to let the show down on the day. He didn't.

They changed, trooped out into the sunlight again, climbed into



It takes two pretty girls to turn over the caption book.

the waiting coach and were off back to Aldershot. Inside the Palace the BBC producers were busy on the next part of the television programme.

It is a strange world there — a mixture of theatre, film set, and radio studio, with something of the advantages and disadvantages of all three.

There is no such thing as making a recording in the television world. There can be no cutting or re-shooting of scenes. If anything goes wrong it is just too bad. Perhaps it is that knowledge of not being able to turn back the pages — as the soldier knows that once the battle has started there is no going back — that makes television for those who take part something requiring even more concentration than film work or radio. You go on the air to that unseen audience not only as a voice but as a personality. No longer can the man being interviewed read his talk into the microphone. He must learn it by heart and look as though he is making it informally.

"One minute to go."

"Stand by."

There is a sudden silence, just as if some important personage had entered the room, and the announcer — that tall, slim girl who has been standing unconcerned while arc lights were focussed on her — watches the green light go on and springs to life. As she announces the programme she reaches over and turns the pages of a large book facing the camera — the Iron Man this camera is called, because unlike the others it does not move. On the far side of the window near the ceiling the producer gazes at the three screens. One of them reproduces the picture from the Iron Man and shows the girl and her book of captions. The next one shows the first actor waiting in front of his camera — the preview scene. The third shows the final picture as seen by the television viewers. Quietly he gives his instructions to the vision-mixer — the man who fades out one camera and fades in another. Then he speaks to the sound-mixer — who does the same with the microphones — and the show is on its way. No turning back now.

Along the internal communication the producer's words reach the cameramen. The dollyman pushes the truck on which the camera is mounted and the actor appears to move up towards the screen. Meanwhile a third camera is focussing on the next act in another corner of the studio.

The producer, like the commander of a division, is thinking ahead all the time. Usually his eyes are on the preview screen making sure that all is ready for the switchover. The lights must be right, and no shadow from the "mike" on the sound boom must show on the background scenery. On the floor below the programme editor is arranging the people whose turn it is to appear next.

TELEVISED

Let us take a look at them. There are Jock McGlynn and Jock McCourt, two musicians who have toured Burma. Mrs. Bates, one of Piccadilly's most famous flower girls, sits down behind her huge basket. Squadron-Leader Willock, winner of the King's Prize at Bisley, takes up his firing position on the floor. Viscount, the dog which can count and answer questions by barking, is put in its show stand. Lieut. Clifton James, Monty's double, gets ready to give that imitation of the famous salute.

I asked James what it was like being in front of the camera. He thought for a minute and said: "I supposed that being an actor I would find it easier than some people, but it is a queer sensation. It is rather like being at the photographers. The only real difference is that you don't see the result. It is not even like being photographed for a newsreel where you can go to the pictures afterwards and see yourself."

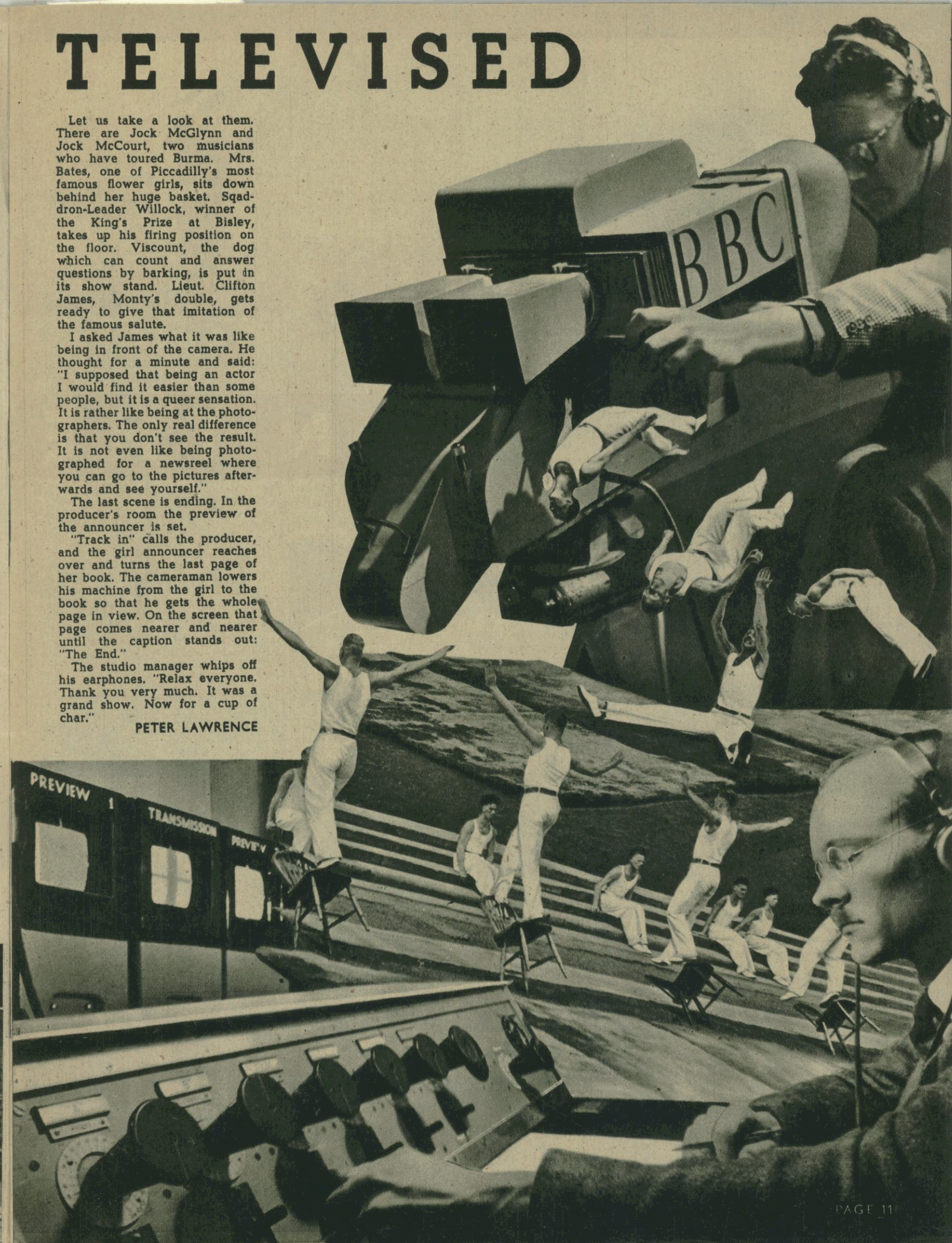
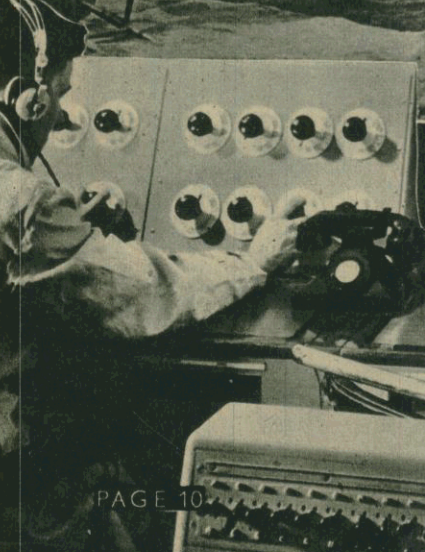
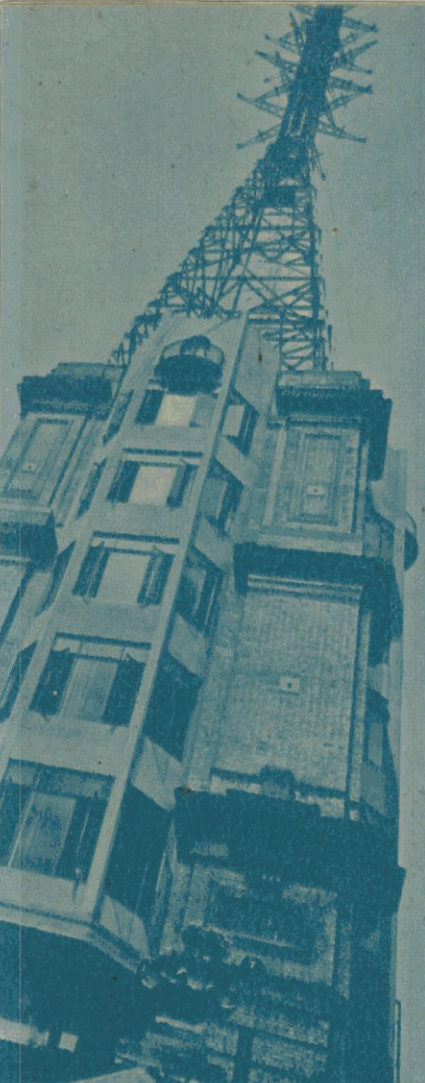
The last scene is ending. In the producer's room the preview of the announcer is set.

"Track in" calls the producer, and the girl announcer reaches over and turns the last page of her book. The cameraman lowers his machine from the girl to the book so that he gets the whole page in view. On the screen that page comes nearer and nearer until the caption stands out: "The End."

The studio manager whips off his earphones. "Relax everyone. Thank you very much. It was a grand show. Now for a cup of char."

PETER LAWRENCE

Pictures around these pages show (top left) the transmitting aerials at Alexandra Palace; (bottom left) the man who mixes the sound; (bottom right) the man who blends one scene into another—with three screens to show him what is happening; (top right) a television camera. The athletes are members of the Army Physical Training Corps.

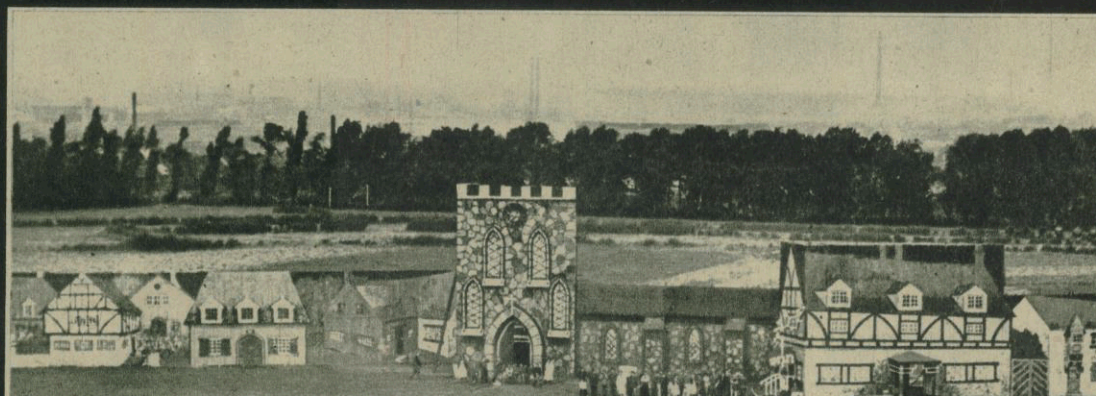




TATTOO IN THE RUHR

Drum-Major K. Parfitt leads massed British, Belgian and Polish bands into the arena.

Below: There are 30 DR's on these four motorcycles and they were all in one piece at the end of their act.



Above: An English village of German timber was the background to the tattoo; its own background was the ruin of Dortmund.

Left: By dancing a minuet, three pretty ladies persuade three highwaymen to return their jewels.

Below: Some of the men who gave colour to the display—Capt. K. Ashton and his battery of searchlights.



Above: Three Sapper serjeants prepare the Verrey light maroon which opened the show.

Below: ATS girls went surf-riding behind a jeep to give glamour to the show.



AS the searchlights dimmed a huge white cross rose slowly from behind the little village church. The massed bands in the arena below sounded the first notes of the famous hymn and the vast audience began to sing "Abide With Me" to bring to a close 1st Corps Searchlight Tattoo — the most spectacular and colourful Army display held in Germany since the end of the war.

The setting was the Dortmund race-course where a model English village made of wood stood incongruously amid the skeleton shapes of devastated factories and houses which rise in mute appeal all around.

It was pre-war Aldershot all over again, with something added and something taken away. No Aldershot Tattoo was so cleverly improvised nor has it ever contained such a richness of colour as when searchlights which had been used operationally in the crossing of the Rhine played their beams of blue, red, green and amber on to the already flood-lit arena.

Yet there was no display of purely military might to impress the German civilians who were allowed to see the Tattoo. There were no tanks, no guns, no off-stage sounds of booming cannons.

As the Tattoo opened by the firing of ten Verrey Lights in five different colours, massed bands from British, Polish and Belgian units swung into view playing popular tunes, and led community singing.

Suddenly the arena was plunged into darkness. The searchlights flashed on and there in front of us were 500 men in red and white PT kit forming 1st Corps formation sign — a white spearhead in a red diamond. Their exercises with silver-painted clubs were brilliantly executed with a grace and ease that drew rounds of applause.

The lights dimmed again and into the arena swept twelve jeeps, cunningly lit, which began

to weave intricate figures to the music, a feat calling for superb driving skill and perfect timing.

Next on the scene were dancers from Poland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Scotland who performed their national dances to folk music from their own lands. Then soldiers of the Belgian Division fought and killed the Dragon in a weird version of St. George's conquest over the monster.

The lights snapped off and then swept the arena again to show a horse-drawn coach driven at full gallop and being chased by four highwaymen — serjeants of the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards — who overhauled the coach and robbed the women occupants of their jewellery. The coloured searchlights played on the scene as the 17th Century Ladies (in real life ATS Sjs. M. L. Lowndes and June Duncliffe, and L/Cpl S. Allenden) stepped bravely from the coach and began to dance a delightful minuet so appealingly that the hearts of the highwaymen were softened and they returned the jewels.

Royal Signal "Don R's" took their bow in a demonstration of hard and thrilling riding. They formed a pyramid of 30 men mounted on four motorcycles; leaped off raised platforms high into the air and came down with a sickening crash, but still riding; rode back to front, sideways, without holding the bars, and in almost every conceivable position.

A skirl of pipes and the tapping of drums heralded the 1st Corps pipers' bands led by three

drum-majors twirling their maces in bewildering circles while the pipers and drummers wheeled in and out, their kilts and sporrans swaying as they marched.

In quick succession there followed the Race of Boasting Gentlemen, a moonlight steeplechase, performed by officers of the Royal Horse Guards dressed in white night-shirts as they raced their mounts round the arena, and ten minutes of concentrated fun involving the long arm of the CMP and a crazy 15-cwt truck with elliptical wheels.

For a moment the arena darkened, and then was bathed in gay lights as the choir of 100 men from 53rd Welsh Division, led by Rev. E. Bennett Rees, MC, took the stage and sang some of their national songs as only the Welsh can sing them.

A pause... a blaze of light and there was an English village on a Saturday afternoon. On the village green "white flannelled fools" were playing cricket, the local yokels yarned and quaffed their pints outside the village hostelry, and as a farm cart slowly trundled home boys and girls appeared in the streets and danced to a brass band.

From the distance came the first notes of "Abide With Me."

AND the work behind the Tattoo? Until the last few days of preparation there had been a tangle of problems for the Producer, Major L. S. White of 715 Labour Coy, Pioneer Corps. Sports Master at Cranleigh in Surrey before the war, he had had some experience of Army



spectacle, having taken part in the Aldershot Tattoo and in several Royal Tournaments. At Dortmund he took charge of 2500 performers. He designed all the costumes, using his memory of pre-war displays and books to assist him. He arranged for the "props" to be provided from local salvage — the crazy 15-cwt. came off a scrap heap, the wood for the village from German forests, and a hundred and one other things from the ruins of the Ruhr's cities.

When it was first decided to hold the Tattoo at the beginning of the year Dortmund Race-course was something like a ploughed field, and the enclosed stand was rickety and let the rain in. Men of 229 Field Coy, RE., working under Sjs. H. Cadamy and Gwynne Rees soon put that right. They gathered turf from nearby fields, levelled the ground with a bulldozer and laid 5000 square yards of grass in a month. They shored up the stand and put in hundreds of panes of glass. They erected the model village — and it blew down in the high winds. They put it up again and buried the "rakers" in deep concrete.

In charge of the searchlights was Capt. Kenneth Ashton, of 69 Field Regt. RA. Without him and his men who manipulated the lights the Tattoo would have lost a lot of its splendour.

"CANNIBALISED" CLUB

RIPPED by a RAF "block-buster" in November 1943, Berlin's Summit House — which was opened last month as a NAAFI Club by Marshal of the RAF Sir Sholto Douglas — presented a giant rebuilding puzzle. The problem was solved by the Army's time-honoured device of "cannibalising"; pillars and flooring were "borrowed" from Hitler's Chancellery, Goering's Air Ministry, Gestapo HQ, the Kroll Opera House, and Ribbentrop's home. Heating and kitchen equipment came from former German officers' messes and other build-



Out of the ruins of Berlin NAAFI built Summit House for British troops.

ings. In all, 60 per cent of materials necessary for rebuilding came from Berlin.

The large portrait of the King was painted in 1944 — specially for NAAFI in Berlin!

Amenities of Summit House include: 27 bathrooms, massage and sun-ray rooms, an "Olde Englishe" beer tavern, a concert and dance hall, a restaurant and roof terrace.

The New JERBOA

A memorial built by the conquered to the conquerors — such is the new permanent plaque marking the end of the Desert Rats' El Alamein—Berlin axis, nearing completion at the beginning of the great motor road leading from Berlin to the west.

German workmen have built the memorial under the direction of the Royal Engineers. The new structure bears the inscription: "From El Alamein to Berlin, via Africa, Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. 7th Armoured Division, 1939 to 1945."



VON ALTEN'S INN

IF you wander down High Street, Chatham, the street that runs parallel to the Medway, you will see a brand-new sign swaying gently in the breeze. And, if you know Chatham fairly well, you will stop, scratch your head and say, "I'm sure that pub wasn't called the Von Alten Inn when I was here last." You will be right. It wasn't.

Chatham's Alton Inn, one of the oldest in the town, has just had its name changed back to that of a German general — the name under which it was opened by a one-armed soldier who served at Waterloo. Von Alten, too, fought at Waterloo. He was probably the only German general ever to command a British division. He little realised in his early days in the Hanoverian Foot Guards — he was born in Hanover in 1764, a member of an ancient Protestant family — that one day he would receive British rates of pay and command British troops. And give

his name to a public house in England.

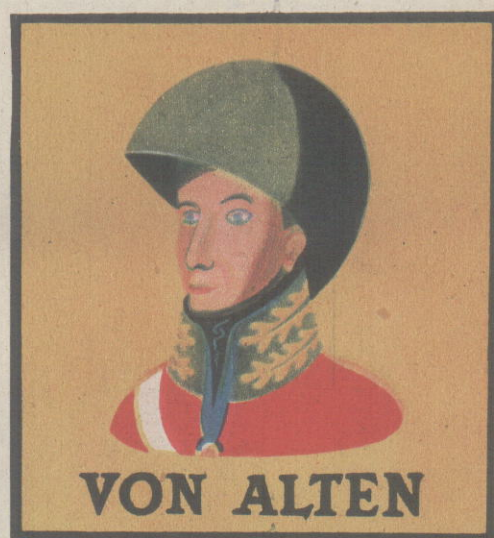
When he reached the rank of captain he found himself serving in the Flanders campaigns of 1793-4-5 under the Duke of York and, the history books say, he showed genius as an Infantry commander in charge of posts on the Lys between Poperinghe and Wervicq. In 1893 the Hanoverian Army was disbanded, and von Alten quitted his country and enrolled himself in the force then being collected at Lymington, Hants. It was embodied in the British Army under the title of the King's German Legion. Von Alten became a Light Infantryman, commanding the Light battalions of the Legion, and found himself in the expeditions to Hanover (1805) and Copenhagen (1807).

Soon he was under Sir John Moore in the Swedish and Walcheren expeditions. He survived the Peninsula where he was a brigade commander at the battle of Albuera. In 1812, when Wellington was preparing his final stroke, von Alten was placed at the head of the Light Division which consisted of the 43rd, 52nd and 95th Rifles and

some Portuguese troops. The first two regiments are today the 1st and 2nd battalions of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry. He fought in actions at Vittoria, Nivelle, Nive, Orthez and Toulouse.

At Waterloo he commanded Wellington's Third Division at Quatre Bras and was severely wounded. Maybe the soldier who later returned to pub-keeping at Chatham lost his arm at his general's side. History does not relate the details, but it is not difficult to picture the veteran of the campaign telling the "locals" all about it in the long, narrow bar of the Von Alten.

Gradually the von was dropped from the Alten and forgotten like the name of the soldier-landlord. By common usage the Alten became Alton, a name that travelled round the world because the inn has always been a sailors' tavern. It has changed hands various times and today the landlord is ex-Petty-Officer George



This the sign that hangs outside the Von Alten Inn at Chatham. Von Alten was probably the only German General to command a British Division.

Denyer who, at 56, has been Mine Host for 13 years.

What happened to the von Alten? He recovered from his wounds, was made a count and, when the King's German Legion was disbanded in 1816, commanded a contingent of the reorganised Hanoverian Army of occupation in France. He died in a little town in the Tyrol in 1840, a Field Marshal in the Hanoverian Army, a Major-General in the British — forgotten until a few months ago when Violet Rutter, an artist, found him in a group of Wellington and his generals in the National Portrait Gallery and thence designed the sign which Whitbreads have hung outside the re-christened Von Alten.

Dangerous Dream

STRANGE tale told in *Pegasus*, the lively Airborne magazine, by Lieut-Col. Martin Lindsay, DSO, MP, about the early parachute training days at Ringway:

"We had begun to drop in sticks of six; and it was accepted that No. 6 was in the most dangerous position, as he was likely to be dropped beyond the limits of the DZ. One of the NCO instructors said: 'I dreamt last night that I was detailed No. 6, dropped

into the pond and drowned.' That same afternoon he was detailed No. 6. Another NCO offered to change places, but the man refused. After the drop we found him dead — in the pond. It was only two or three feet deep, and I do not think he need have died. In fact, I believe he was so convinced by his dream that he was dropping to his death that he passed out when he saw that he was coming down into the water."

M I S C E



Wait for it

BACK in 1902, QMS Field-Work Instructor, 17110 C. Croucher, Royal Engineers, was discharged from the Army on pension.

His CO recommended him for the Meritorious Service Medal. A few weeks ago, aged 83 and 44 years retired, ex-QMS Croucher received his MSM at a parade of Sappers at Aldershot.

Reason for the delay is that there is a long waiting list for the MSM.

Plenty of WOs and Serjeants qualify but the MSM carries an annuity of £10 with it and a specific sum is set aside each year to cover the annuity. When the number of MSMs uses up the entire sum, other candidates have to wait for "vacancies".

Small Talk



to tell him of the position in order to correct his aim.

A young German husband asked the Town Major of Bentheim to intervene in a husband-wife-lodger triangle and was recommended to try using his own brawny fist. A month later a basket of plums arrived at the TM's office with a note that the suggestion had been tried and found efficient.

Parliament recently voted £10 to the Army, to make good the difference between £11,056,771 and £11,056,761, an "excess on the grants for Army Services". Explained Mr. F. J. Bellenger, Financial Secretary to the War Office: "This is merely a book-keeping technicality."

Recently-published history of a Home Guard battalion tells of a volunteer who —

Wrote to the War Office that his CO was "dictatorial, dogmatic, an easy subject to sycophants and lacking in self-control";



HISTORY — for want of a better word — was made recently when two ATS sub-alterns fired guns in a 21-gun royal salute at Stirling Castle.

Pte. Gilbert Stanley, Leicestershire Regt., who fought in Norway, was one of the first British soldiers to lose his sight in World War Two. He is now a telephonist at Market Harborough, and takes telegrams on a Braille shorthand typewriter. And he plays darts — making a first throw, and then getting someone

DATE LINES

A war correspondent — R. W. Thompson, of the *Sunday Times* — lets a little light into the "date line" racket as practised by some of his less conscientious colleagues in North-West Europe, in his recently published "Men Under Fire". A "date line" is a line such as "Berlin, Monday" which appears at the head of a story; not to be confused with the vastly more important "by-line" just above it.

Writes Thompson (an ex-Intelligence Corps captain): "Date lines were a racket. Brussels was 'The Western Front' when our armies were across the Maas and fighting in the Reichswald Forest. You could — and people did — get the hand-out of a battle like Kervenheim back in Brussels and pretend you were in the thick of it. If a man had been at or near a certain point and something happened there within, say, ninety-six hours he would 'date line' as if he were there at the actual time of the reported event.

"When I read glowing accounts of battle in the papers I was at first as astounded as the troops. The public loved it, I suppose, but often it was not true. The chap hadn't been there. Usually he didn't say he had, but skilfully gave the impression by using bits of 'descriptive colour' from previous experience.

"All this was nauseating to troops, and it was more nauseating to the war correspondents who strove to do an honest job forward."

Thompson is at pains to point out that the big difference between being a war correspondent and an Infantryman was that if you were a war correspondent you could drive back to Brussels when you felt like it, or even get a lift to England for a couple of days on a Mitchell.

Another difference, of course, is that an Infantryman didn't get three guineas a day expenses and his salary paid into the bank.

ROMMEL'S TESTIMONIAL

FOR the reconnaissance, as indeed for every desert reconnaissance, only captured English trucks are to be employed, since German trucks stick in the sand too often."

That direction appeared in an Afrika Korps Reconnaissance Order of 15 December 1941. It was Rommel's tribute to the British "sand tyre", with flexible tread and operated at low pressure, which gave Eighth Army vehicles their envied mobility in the desert.

Also produced by British manufacturers during the war were: the "RF", or Run-Flat tyre, which would run for 50 miles after being struck by a bullet; the "RFE", which was solid and would last for 14,500 miles on an AFV; the "swamp tyre", which allowed light-weight cars to get through the jungles and swamps of the Far East; and an aircraft tyre which, on touching the ground, would immediately discharge the static electricity accumulated by a plane in flight.

Crossed his name off the duty-list for the next guard when spoken to about going on patrol without his rifle;

When summoned before his CO wrote: "I regret I will be unable to attend as requested. My wife is confined to bed and I am unable to give any date for a future meeting. Please do not address me as a volunteer in future."

A sub-district sector HQ, London District HQ and the War Office were involved before he was discharged, "his services being no longer required".

A Gunner, Capt. J. W. Snow, MP, has earned the acclamation of the House of Commons. As Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, he has to present at the

Table the King's reply to addresses sent by the Commons to His Majesty. This task involves a long walk backwards from the

Table to the Bar of the House. Scorning a straight seam running along the floor the length of his course, which weaker predecessors have used as a guide, Capt. Snow keeps his head up, fixes his eye on the Speaker's chair, takes a back-bearing from that and marches confidently backwards.

Young ex-officers are anxious to wear bowler hats to show that they are ex-officers, says Professor T. H. Pear, Manchester University's Professor of Psychology. As a result manufacturers are "running round in circles" to find shellac to make the hats.





The generals met at Camberley last month to discuss, in addition to strategy, the New Army proposals of the C.I.G.S.

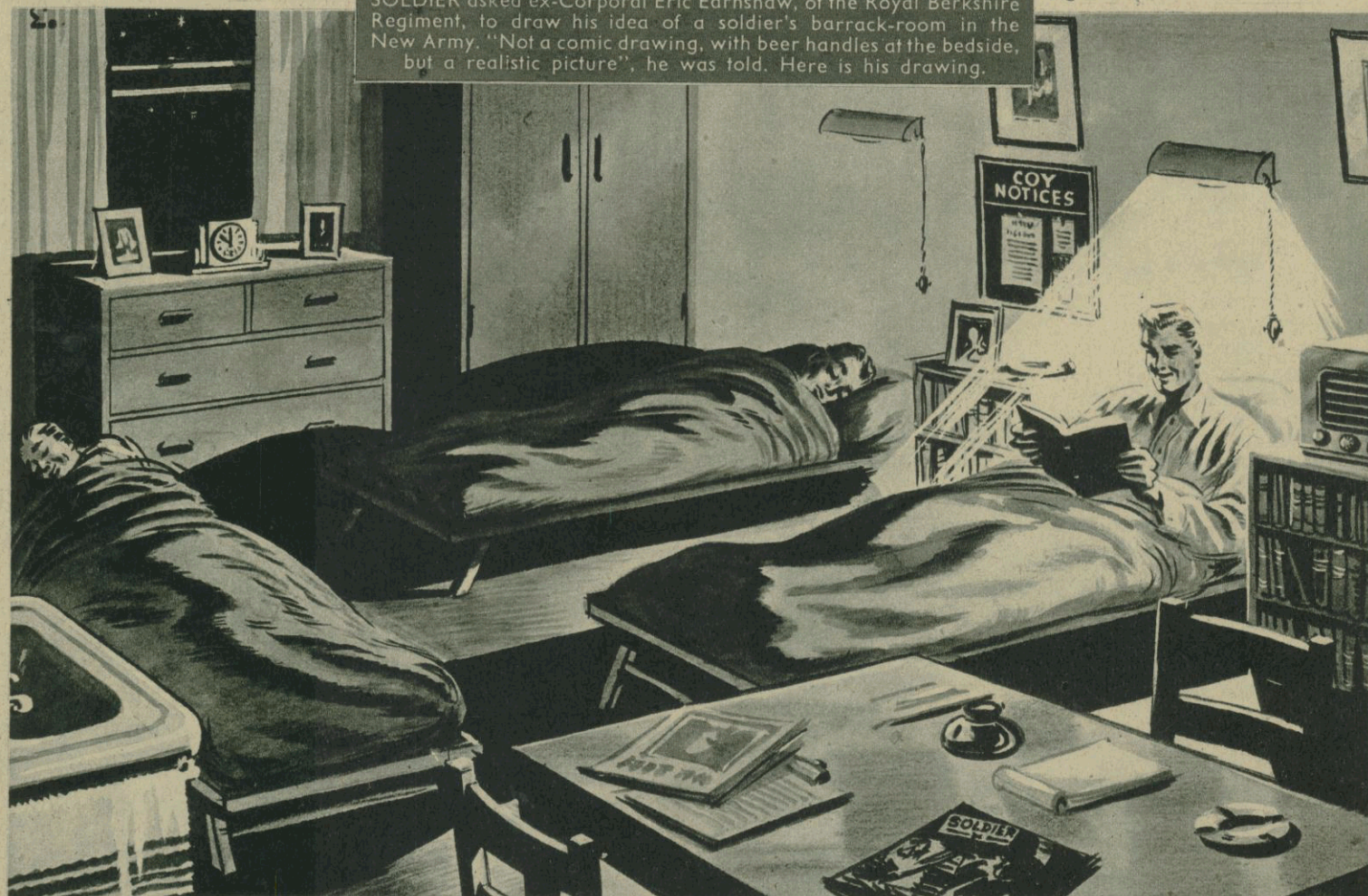
WHAT "MONTY" URGED:

- Bedrooms and sitting-rooms instead of barrack-rooms.
 - Messing equal in standard to that of a good civilian restaurant.
 - Abolition of "lights out", tattoo roll-calls, short passes, minor parades. ("Why shouldn't a soldier read in bed if he wants to?")
 - Off-duty relaxation of "segregation" rule. ("Why can't a serjeant walk down the road with a private?")
 - A general education similar to that available for the civilian; technical education linked to a generous resettlement scheme, for officers and men.
- Field-Marshal Montgomery later said: "I do not regard the provision of a standard of living when off duty comparable with that of a civilian as 'pampering' the Army. The conditions of modern training and battle practice are anything but 'soft' and there will be plenty of this, but there is no reason whatsoever

why we should not produce a soldier who is trained to the last degree to withstand great hardships but who is also provided with reasonable comforts and amenities when he is off duty." "Monty" said he wanted the 150,000 young men committed annually to the Army's charge to return to civil life trained in character, body and skill, proud to have belonged to a "first-class show".

On training, he said that the Army needed a minimum of 500,000 acres. Thousands of lives had been lost in World War Two because there had not been the space earlier to teach co-operation of all arms in battle and to practice tactical operations adequately on unit level. Germany would be the training ground of the Regular Army for a long time to come. There was no intention of training British troops in the Dominions.

SOLDIER asked ex-Corporal Eric Earnshaw, of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, to draw his idea of a soldier's barrack-room in the New Army. "Not a comic drawing, with beer handles at the bedside, but a realistic picture", he was told. Here is his drawing.



THE NEW "Monty's" Speech Was No.1 Barrack-Room Topic

FEW pronouncements on the New Army have created such a talking-point for troops and civilians — and such a topic for cartoonists — as Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery's recent speech to newspaper editors, foreshadowing the abolition of petty restrictions on the man in the ranks.

What the generals think of the proposals "Monty" will have heard at the great muster of generals last month at Camberley.

"As soon as I have had the benefit of their (the generals') views, reforms of this character will be introduced very swiftly indeed", he promised.

The Field-Marshal grouped his proposed reforms into three classes: first, those, such as the removal of minor restrictions, unnecessary parades and so on, which had no financial implications; second, long-term projects, such as provision of modern equipment for single and married soldiers, which "obviously require large expenditure and large quantities of labour and materials"; third, short-term projects similar in character to those in the second — "for example, progressive improvements in various amenities, but which

must also depend to some degree on finance, labour and materials. Reforms of this nature will be introduced just as soon as it is possible to provide for them. In this connection it must be realised that no spending department can reasonably expect the Treasury to give them a blank cheque."

Asked whether he expected any opposition to the proposals, on other than financial grounds, "Monty" said: "I have no reason to suppose that there would be any objections in principle from any quarter to these reforms. I should like to take this opportunity of pointing out that I am now a member of the War Office Staff and to dispose of the idea that there is anything like a tug-of-war between me and any part of the War Office Staff — whether military or civil. In the War Office we are all one big team. In my view the War Office achieved magnificent results during the late war and has never received the credit which is its rightful due."

ARMY

Reading in Bed

"Why," asks Field-Marshal MONTGOMERY, "should not the soldier read in bed if he wants to? I always do." An admirable instance of the goose pleading sauce equality for the gander. But in this case the goose had his own sleeping apartment. Or was it a caravan? And has the C.I.G.S. considered the full implications? One spouse reading in bed while the other desired the light out has never been listed as a cause for divorce or even judicial separation, but who doubts it as a frequent cause for marital unpleasantness? "Monty's" project would seem to involve as a corollary his further plan for supplanting the barrack room by bedrooms. Otherwise pity the poor n.c.o. called upon to adjudicate between would-be sleeper and unsated reader.

Newspaper columnists were fairly reserved on the subject of Monty's proposals, though the *Sunday Times* (above) had one pertinent comment.

But letter-to-the-editor writers came out in full strength to have their say—

PRIVATES' LIVES

To the Editor of The Daily Telegraph
Sir—Lord Montgomery's somewhat drastic ideas of reform will no doubt create widespread interest and comment.
As an old soldier, however, I suggest that practically all the so-called petty restrictions, including roll-call and "lights out," played an invaluable part in the training of the millions of raw recruits who were transformed into superb armies in both wars.
If "Monty's" ideas take definite shape we may expect the future Pte. Smith to explain his late appearance on, or entire absence from, first parade (assuming that such irritant by informing his company officer that he was reading a particularly interesting book and did not get to sleep until 4 a.m.).
He will probably call in the room corporal to confirm his statement and wind up by asking his C.O. if he would care to borrow the book.
Yours faithfully,
Aldershot. V. L. McGRATH.

PRIVATES' LIVES

From Maj.-Gen. Sir FREDERICK ROBB,
To the Editor of The Daily Telegraph
Sir—As long as 35 years ago type plans of a new barrack reached the Chief Engineer at Aldershot, in which the windows were so spaced which the rooms could, if necessary, be adapted to cubicles.
The rumour that all barrack-rooms were to be so converted spread like wildfire throughout the Command and the rank and file soon made it known, through the recognised means of communication, that they were opposed to the change, as it would "destroy the camaraderie of the barrack-room."
Possibly in 35 years there has been a change of view. Yours, &c.,
Bicester. F. S. ROBB.

To the Editor of The Daily Telegraph
Sir—When Tommy Atkins gets his private bedroom, will the bluejacket get his single cabin?
Oxon. Yours, &c.,
F. S. R.



MR. PUNCH'S DREAM
"And what time would you like to revise this morning?"
(In grateful recognition of the proposals made by the C.I.G.S. for the army of to-morrow.)

Punch



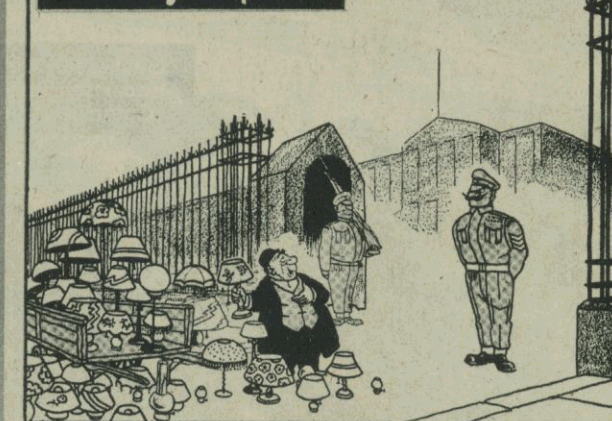
Evening Standard

Daily Express



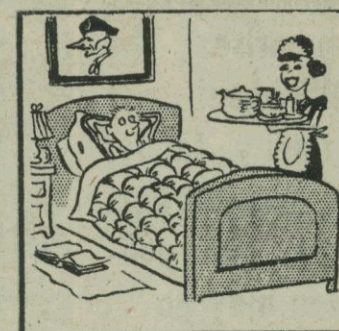
"Montgomery says you can read in bed—so READ!"

Sunday Express



"Let the troops read in bed," says Montgomery. "Then they'll be needing a few bedside lamps," say I."

Not since bread-rationing was introduced has the professional humorists such an opportunity as Monty's proposals gave them. Even the housing situation and the squatters went out of the limelight.



"This is the Army, Mr. Brown."



"Say, Sir, just look at picture No. 1."

News-Chronicle

Daily Worker



"Reading in bed's all right but I don't like the look of this, Capt!"

The Schmidts and the Mullers are taking a cautious interest in politics again. This article summarises the political set-up in Germany today, and tells just how far a German politician may go...

This Month



A crowd of 80,000 stood to hear Dr. Schumacher, Social Democrat leader, in Hamburg. Note British officers at right.



The Zonal Advisory Council can make suggestions to the Allied Control Council.



Round a bare table after the Zonal Council ends leaders hold informal talk.



Lieut-Gen. Sir Brian Robertson talks to two Communist leaders.

THIS month Germans in the British Zone go to the poll. As a result of the crosses which they will put on the ballot papers, councils of their own choice will replace those set up under Military Government supervision last autumn.

Thus is being carried out one stage of the new phase to which Marshal of the RAF Sir Sholto Douglas referred when, addressing the Zonal Advisory Council in May, he said: "The characteristic feature of this new phase is the transfer of responsibility for administration to German organisations to the maximum extent compatible with present circumstances."

Slowly the German people are taking an interest in politics. For the first time for years they are putting their heads together and setting their brains to function. Under the Nazis they did not have to think. The Nazis did it for them. Today the opportunity has come for them to take part—in a small way—in the running of their country.

Four Main Parties

There are four main parties in the British Zone and a host of smaller ones. Despite that, the man in the *strasse* is not easily enrolled. He comes, he listens and he walks away at the end. Control Commission experts and newspaper political writers estimate that political parties do not command the full support of more than 40 per cent of the population. The people have not forgotten the mushroom growth of parties after World War One, and how one of them eventually rose to a startling height.

What are the parties today? The four main ones, given in what is believed to be the order of their sizes, are:

- Social Democratic Party (SPD);
- Christian Democratic Union (CDU);
- Communist (KPD);
- Free Democratic (FDP).

Briefly their aims are:
SPD: pure democratic Socialism;
CDU: towards Conservatism, with plans for limited land reform;
KPD: Communism;
FDP: pseudo-Liberalism, but essentially capitalistic.
Generally speaking they all have democratic aims even if they are not quite sure what democracy is.

With the exception of the CDU, the parties had either been in existence before the rise of Hitler, or developed from the mass of parties which sprang into being after World War One. With the end of the war last year they saw in the arrival of the British an opportunity to revive political freedom. Parties were permitted to start in each Kreis (geographically an area smaller than our average county), of which there are 160 in the British Zone.

In all cases the leaders were carefully vetted by the Control Commission, and given a large degree of freedom, with the proviso that all members must be over 21 years of age and that no direct attack on officials or policy of the British administration is permitted. They were allotted the use of printing equipment and an allocation of newsprint for producing their

The Germans

VOTE



'What do the expressions indicate? This audience is listening to a Communist speaker.

own newspapers, and two cars per Kreis party.

Public meetings cannot be held without official permission, but parties are now allowed to hold members' meetings without authority. They are also allowed to organise youth movements, but political teaching or discussion in these is not permitted.

Having got going on the Kreis level, the main parties have organised themselves in Regierungs-Bezirks, areas larger than our normal county, and in Regions, of which there are four in the Zone besides Hamburg and Bremen. Early this year the four parties were recognised as having reached Zonal level. The leaders are Schumacher (SPD), Heile (FDP) and Adenauer (CDU), the former Burgomaster of Cologne. The Communists have no one leader in the British Zone as yet.

The parties exist in the other Zones with the exception of the SPD, which is not recognised in

Russian-controlled Germany, and it is expected that it will not be long before they are promoted to national level.

Already the SPD have held a congress attended by representatives from the British, American and French Zones, and the FDP have held a congress of members of the four Zones. The Christian Democrats are due to hold a meeting in the Russian Zone this summer. A four-Zonal meeting for the Communists has not yet been approved.

But a build-up is being made to give the Germans a chance to become politically minded and one day to take over and run a new Reichstag. Already there exists the Zonal Advisory Council where party leaders and advisers meet and discuss proposals which are submitted to the Allied Control Council, although, as yet, they hold no executive authority. In addition there are Local Government Councils where representatives of the parties legislate, subject always, of course, to the approval of the Control Commission.

One by one the Military Government-sponsored newspapers are dying and there now remain only four of these papers in the British Zone, licences having been granted to individual groups of Germans to produce papers. Most of these licences are held by representatives of political parties, an exception being *Die Zeit*, a Zonal independent weekly. These newspapers are all local and, owing to the newsprint shortage, have limited circulations. The most popular paper in Hamburg is the SPD's *Hamburger Echo*, which sells 160,000 copies. All



The Reichstag isn't ready for the Germans, and the Germans aren't ready for the Reichstag.

papers are submitted to post-publication censorship. They are permitted full liberty in criticising one another and the objects of each other's parties.

The British Zonal newspaper is *Die Welt*, a bi-weekly which sells 250,000 copies.

Slowly but surely the German of today is realising that free political thought and expression can exist throughout his homeland. True, he realises that if he tried to organise an illegal meeting, such as a hunger march or "Hands-off-the-Ruhr" demonstration, he would find the Control Commission first dissuading him, and if that were unsuccessful, taking stronger action. So far no such incidents have arisen, apart from one demonstration by some 4,000 people against the Hamburg administration.

One political problem arising at the moment is the move to unite Communists and Social Democrats which, while successful in the Russian Zone, is not proving popular in Western Germany.

ERIC DUNSTER.

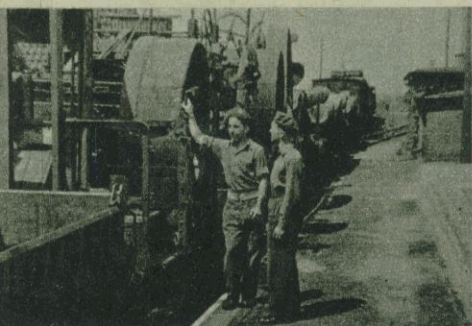


Pre-1914 Democrat leader, Friedrich Naumann, "listens in" at a session of Free Democrat leaders.

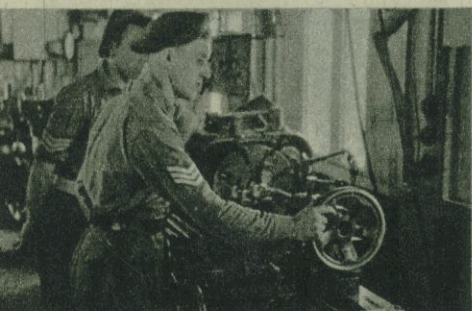
L/Cpl. Tomlins, a fireman with the LMS before the war, now an Army engine driver, pauses in his inspection. DMR stands for Detmold Military Railway.



"The Sapper" — British austerity locomotive — is pride of 153 Railway Operating Coy.



Sjt. W. Cooper (left) and Sjt. F. Redsdale inspect farm equipment bound for U.S. Zone. Below: Sjt. Redsdale at the turning machine.



*Under the Eye of Sappers
Rhine Army men ace —*

TRAINING TO RUN

THE German passenger train drew up to a smooth halt opposite the hundreds of German civilians lining the platform at Detmold. A grinning face, sweat-streaked and grimy, peered out of the fireman's cabin, winked at the Stationmaster — a Sapper Serjeant — and yelled, "Dead on time again, S'arnt."

It was the 2.18, one of the German passenger and goods trains which daily operate between Herford and Altenbeken on the railway now known as the BAOR Training Railway. Here, every six weeks, 70 Royal Engineers are trained to become drivers, firemen, shunters, signalmen, brake-men, engine-repairers, traffic controllers, foremen, and even stationmasters.

Early in May Control Commission took over the 20 miles of single-track branch railway which winds through the rich agricultural area from Rhine Army's former headquarters town to the

village of Altenbeken just south of Himmighausen. It was handed over to the Army for use by 153 Railway Operating Coy with the twofold object of training young soldiers in rail operation and to give a final brushing-up to the pre-war railway worker who is returning to that work.

The Company of Royal Engineers, including men who have built and operated railways throughout the war in Persia, Africa, Italy, France, Germany, Belgium and Holland, and who are the few remaining experts left thanks to the "run-down", began where the Germans left off. The service was slow and unreliable, the engines needed repairing, and the administration was poor. Today the Sappers have so improved the service that even the German civilians are profuse in their praise.

The experiment of training Sappers on an actual railway where all duties except labouring are performed by trainees under the instruction of qualified Royal Engineers has been tremendously

successful. It must be one of the few instances of soldiers training and carrying out a vital operation at the same time.

Each week these Sappers operate more than 70 passenger train services. Each day the line is open for 21 hours. Over 6,000 tons of freight—machinery, agricultural produce, timber and other goods—are transported daily by Royal Engineers from Herford and handed over to German drivers and firemen at Altenbeken.

When I visited Detmold recently my first introduction to the railway was a huge sign hanging over the main entrance to the station, reading: "Detmold Military Railway. Royal Engineers." It is an impressive sign, and an unusual one; but the work that men of 153 Railway Operating Coy are doing is impressive and unusual too.

In a tiny concrete office behind a clump of trees I found Sapper T. Gorton, a dark-haired boy from Northern England. He was learning to be a Traffic Controller, and as he sat there, calmly checking the places his trains had reached, and passing signals to stations along the line, one could imagine him doing the same thing very efficiently back in England.

On the platform, shepherding the impatient German civilians into some semblance of order, the Stationmaster, Sjt. Thomas Mackie, of Aberdeen, wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "Got to keep your eye on these

people. They're all so blethering anxious to get on the train," he said.

The crowd of Germans surged forward again as the train drew nearer.

"Didna' I tell ye ta stop shoving?" roared the Serjeant—and the rabble fell back and became a respectful, orderly crowd.

This happens every time a train stops at Detmold, but the three Serjeant-stationmasters are well prepared. "They're learning slowly to wait for it," said Sjt. Mackie, "and several times lately I have been told how much better we are running this railway than the Germans ever did."

Drawn up in one of the sidings a few hundred yards from the main station are a number of railway coaches which serve as mobile workshops. Here Sapper Francis McTaggart, a Bathgate man who landed with an Inland Water Transport Coy of the Royal Engineers on D-plus-12, was putting the final touches to a new bolt needed for one of the German locomotives. Beside him

were other Sappers, many of them railway employees in England with the main line companies before the war, who are "getting their hand in" again. One of them was Sapper Fred Dudley, who before the war served for 18 years on the LNER as a fitter at Doncaster.

In the Loco Shed, or the "Roundhouse", as it is known to all railway men, Sjt. Fred Redsdale was instructing would-be train drivers and firemen. Since the beginning of May, 40 Sappers have been through his hands and have gone back to their units well able to help in the operation of German railways when they are required.

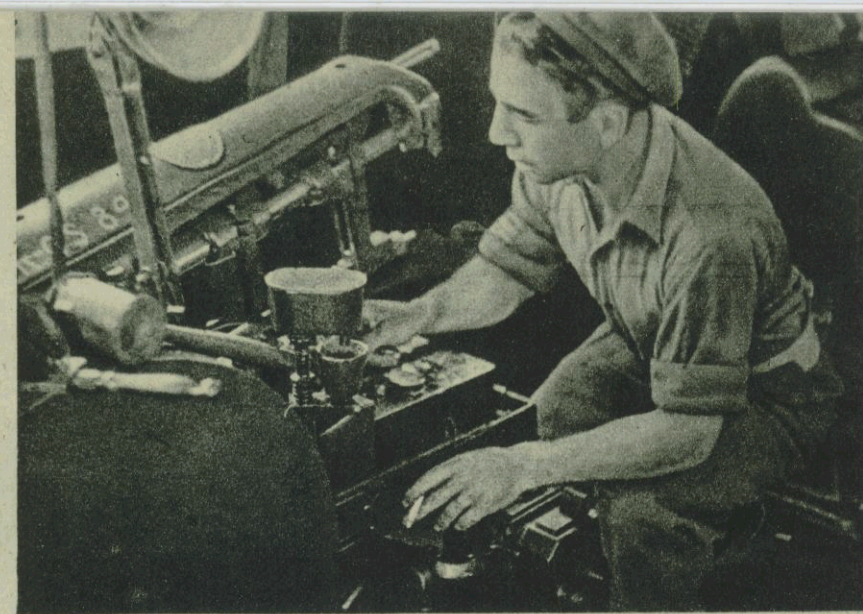
Shed foreman is Sjt. Walter Cooper, a fireman at Monument Lane, Birmingham on the LMS Railway before the war. He has deferred for a year to teach young soldiers the train trade. Shed Superintendent is Capt. T. W. Moore, who worked on the staff of the Argentine Railways before the war.

The Company also teaches the methods of civilian and military signalling, and all other trades connected with the traffic operation of railways. For their first three weeks at the Training School at Lage, a few miles from Detmold, students learn the theory of railway operation. The rest of the course is practical.

When the Sapper railmen leave Lage for the Detmold Railway they live on the job for the re-

mainder of their course—in prefabricated billets made from railway coaches in one of the sidings, and pass out after taking both a theoretical and practical examination.

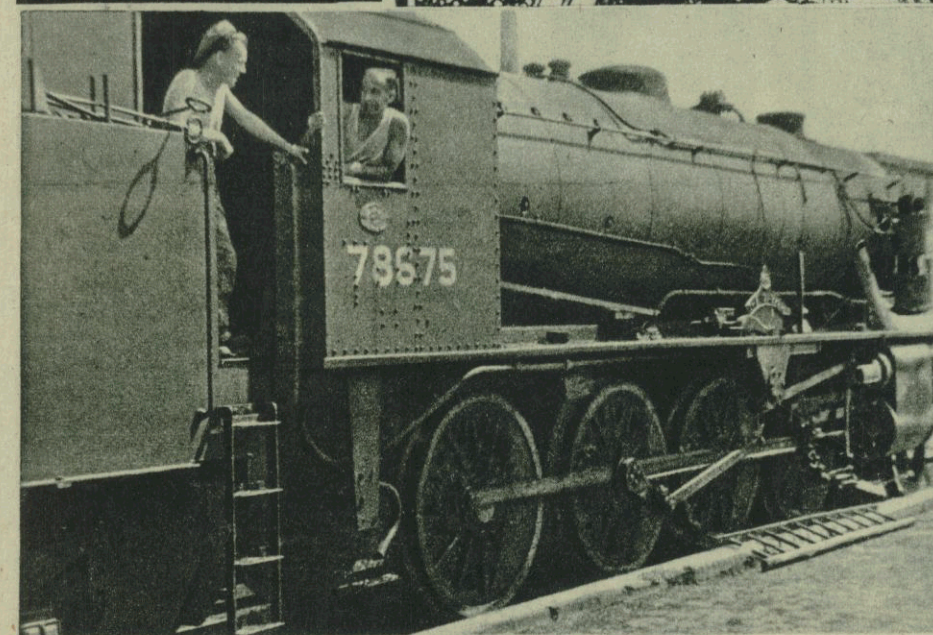
In the near future Sappers will be trained on the line to solve problems likely to be met in the field. For some of its length the branch line between Herford and Altenbeken can be laid with a double track, and this work is expected to begin in a few weeks so that first-class training can be given in plate-laying and double-line staff operating. Alongside the line runs the River Werre, which will provide wet gaps for bridging exercises. Later, exercises involving repairs after demolitions and bombing damage will be carried out. E. J. GROVE



Sjt. Walter Cooper, shed foreman on the Detmold Military Railway repairs an engine part in the mobile workshops.

TRAINS

Right: an artist's drawing of the countryside traversed by the Rhine Army's training railway. Below: a learner driver and a learner fireman take a breath of air as they pull into Detmold.



If you could have shut your eyes and mind to the stark, jagged ruins ringing the Horner Rennbahn at Wandsbek, you might have imagined yourself at an English race-track . . . instead of at Hamburg District's Horse Show on Bank Holiday Monday.

A senior officer, happy as a boy playing on Margate sands, blew his whistle to signal the end of a round of Musical Chairs and roared with laughter when one of the riders missed his seat by several feet and sprawled on the turf.

A diminutive Naval officer tapping his riding boots with a switch, waved encouragement to a WAAF as she prepared to jump the first fence, and in the far corner a brigadier and a private—both expert horsemen—exchanged opinions on the capabilities of a skittish grey mare. An ENSA girl whose first attempt to ride a horse a month before had ended in an undignified position on the ground was concentrating on advice being given her by a hard-bitten cavalry officer.

Away to the right the punters lined up to place their bets at the Tote counter, and the drivers of the three-tonners converted into horse boxes argued the merits of their charges.

Riders came from military and CCG units throughout the British Zone. Many were highly skilled, putting through their paces the former *Wehrmacht* horses allotted to their units for recreation and training; others were novices who knew little more about a horse than that one end kicks and the other bites. There were soldiers, sailors, airmen, Mil Gov clerks and Polish riders from No 1 Remount Depot giving to the British troops who crowded the enclosures an exhibition of horsemanship in every way equal to that at gymkhanas in England before the war.

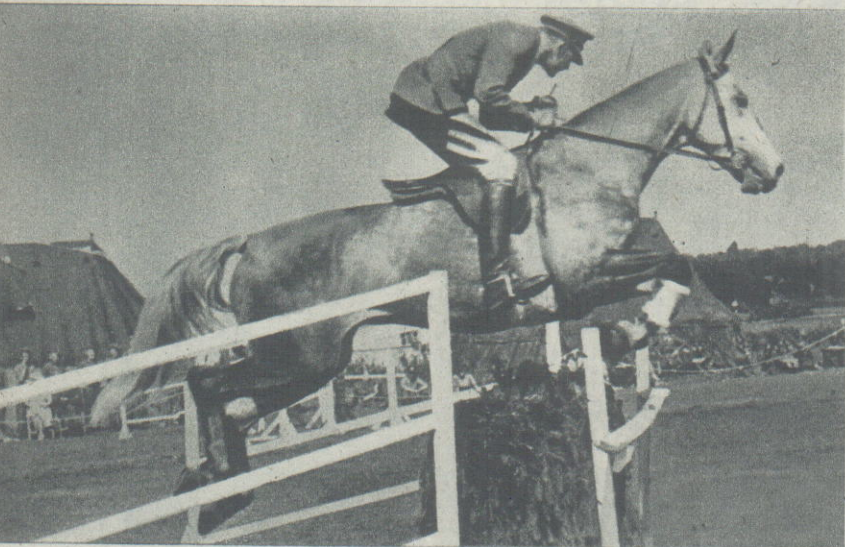


Serjeant in the ascendant: an instant after this picture was taken, however, the top bar of the fence was down; and that costs four points.

Gymkhana in Germany



Even the horses got a kick out of Musical Chairs.



Meerschaum, with Lieut-Col. Archer-Shee of 5th Guards Brigade up, clears a hedge. Right: BSM. Ford and Sjt. Rainbow, of the Royal Horse Artillery, won first prize for best turn-out in "pairs and carriage".



With the almost legendary instrument for digging stones out of horses' hooves, Trooper Durkin, Royal Scots Greys, attends to a client.



Signalman Wiles

SIGNALMAN A. F. Wiles, who drew the sketches on this page, is a 20-year-old Rhine Army soldier who started his career as an artist by selling two "funny drawings" to Mickey Mouse comic at the age of 12.

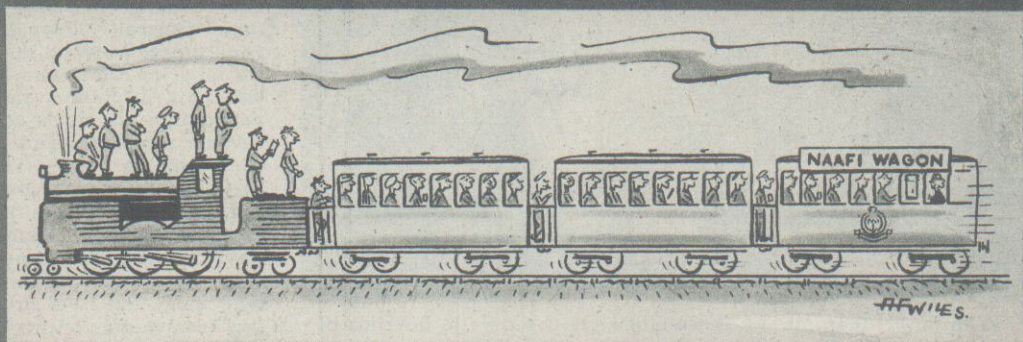
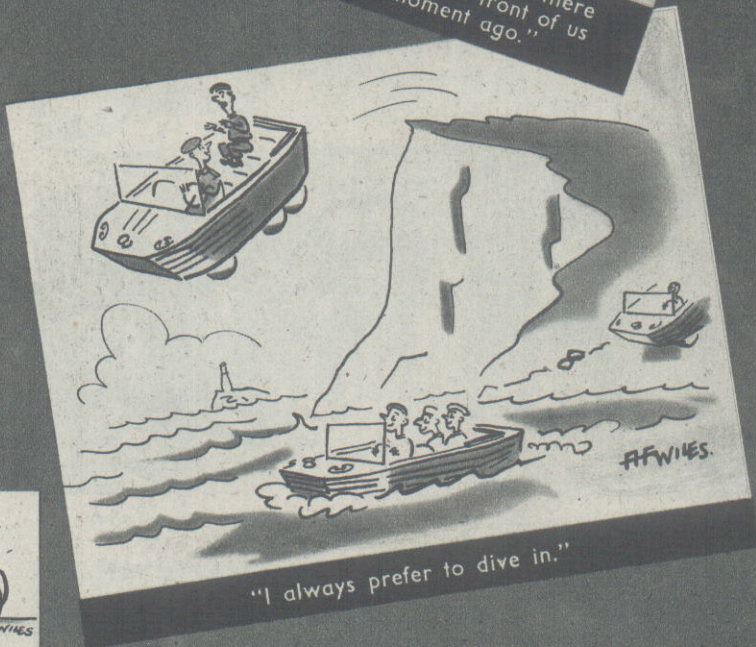
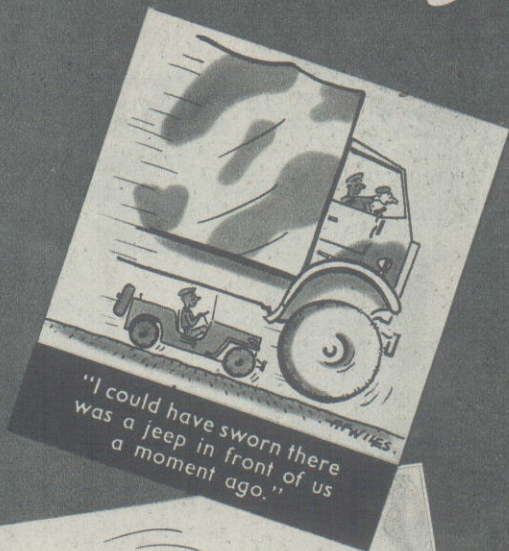
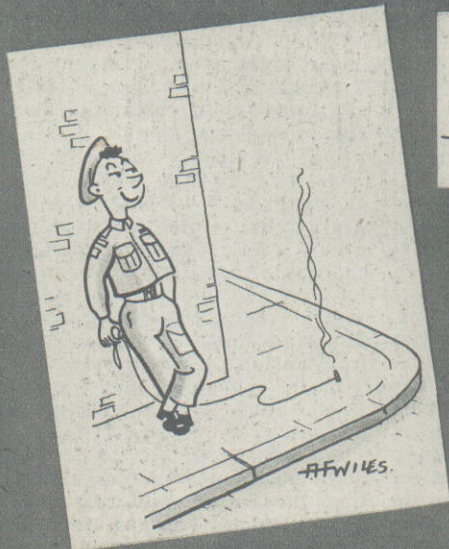
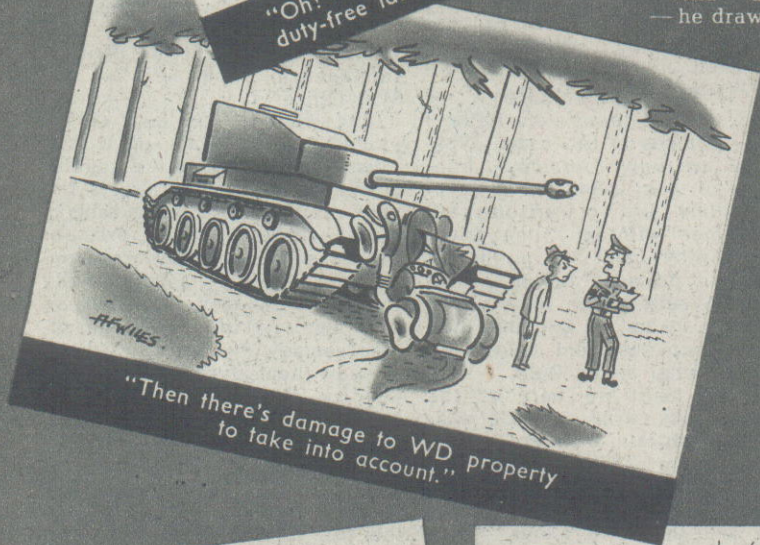
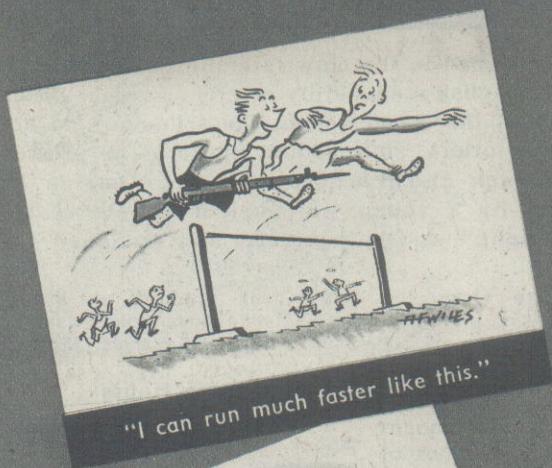
For the next few years—to offset this early success—he collected rejection slips. Then he landed a drawing with *Blighty* and followed with several in *Punch*—and *Punch's* standards are high. He was just beginning to feel confident when his call-up came. But when, BAOR-bound, he arrived at Calais the first thing he saw was a copy of *SOLDIER*—and he decided to try this new market.

Signalman Wiles hopes that humorous drawings will bring him his bread and butter some day. During his Army service in England he turned out posters for his unit and art edited the unit magazine. Since he has been in BAOR—with 52nd (Lowland) Division Signal Regiment—he has changed his trade to that of a draughtsman. His original application for "anything in the drawing line" earned him a job as a radio operator.

His Group Number is 65. And—as a matter of curiosity—he draws with his left hand.

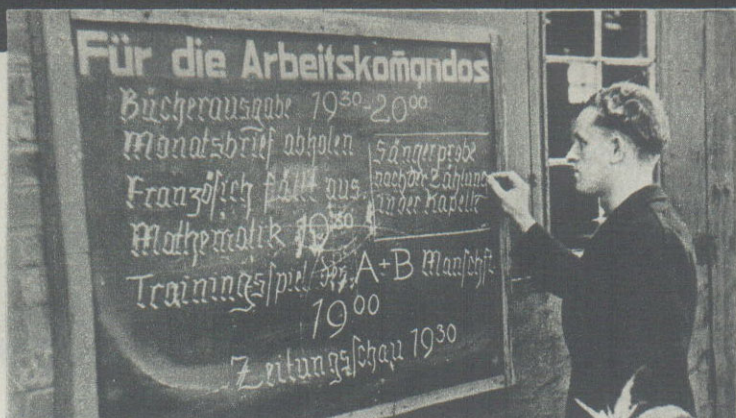


-His Page



Over 300,000 Germans are held in prisoner-of-war camps in Britain. Most of them are guarded by men of the Pioneer Corps. Described here is a typical "stalag" in the English countryside.

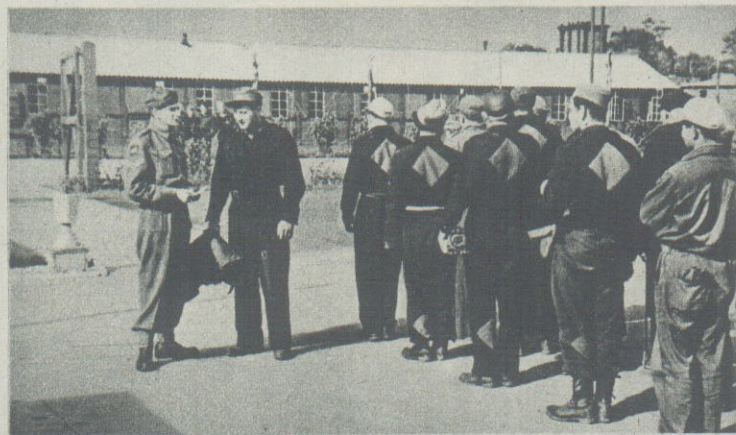
SUSSEX STALAG



This prisoner chalks up a list of the evenings' activities, which include issue of books and French and mathematics lessons.



Sgt. L. Curtis, Royal Fusiliers, is camp interpreter. He was a prisoner-of-war himself.



Corporal K. Lewis checks in a party of prisoners returning from work in the fields.



With their token money, these Germans are able to buy tins of coffee in the canteen. But they can't send it home.

THE blue-eyed man in the clown's motley ambled along the rolling English road, hardly receiving a glance from the driver of the bread van or the schoolgirl on her bicycle. He was a forlorn, soft-padding figure as he pressed on between the high green hedges. Soon he came to an entrance guarded by a young white-belted private of the Pioneers. "All right," said the private, and motioned the "trusty" inside.

That was more than the guard did for me; he went through my credentials very thoroughly before allowing me into this prisoner-of-war camp for men of the *Wehrmacht* and *Luftwaffe*, in the heart of Sussex.

The camp is close to the little town of Billingshurst. When the trains are quiet at the railway station you can hear the sound of German bugles coming down the hill.

Once it was a camp for Italians. You can see their traces in the Rest Room murals—Italians were always good at murals. One painting is a triumph of wishful thinking: it shows a handsome Italian prisoner talking simultaneously on the telephone to a saucy-looking ATS girl, a saucy-looking Land Girl, a saucy-looking nurse and an even saucier-looking nymph reclining in a sea-shell.

The Geneva Life

For a while there were Italians and Germans in the camp. Now there are only Germans—hundreds of them living the Geneva-controlled life of prisoners-of-war; men with only one grievance: Why can't we go home? And it's no good telling a man that he eats better in a clean, well-run camp in England than in a damp basement below the rubbish-heap of the Ruhr.

These men are part of the 300,000-plus army of Germans all over Britain who are driven daily from their camps and hostels to work in the fields, to repair bomb damage and to free the sea shores of mines. They are a familiar sight in the English country-side; so—in some areas—are their chalked slogans "Send Us Home!"

There were no signs of slogans near the Billingshurst camp. I watched the lorries bringing the prisoners back in the late afternoon. Behind the high wire lay their German "township". The *Lagerführer* watched them arrive. He is an ex-RSM. who is responsible for discipline and for investigating his men's complaints.

What privileges and amenities do prisoners get? They may write (postage free) two letters and four postcards a month, to anywhere except Japan. They may receive as many letters from abroad as people care to send them, but from Britain they may receive only letters from near relatives and pre-war friends.

Only near relatives in Britain may send them parcels. Prisoners may not send parcels to Germany.

Union Hours

The men are paid in token money for all hours worked—and they work British union hours. Farmers pay the normal union rates, the balance going to the Government. The average week's wage of a prisoner is about six shillings.

In all there are four scales of rations: non-working, working, heavy worker's supplement and harvest supplement. The last was introduced to improve the mid-day haversack meal for those working long harvest hours.

The men have band instruments, a variety of stage "props", facilities to print a camp news-sheet, and cinema shows—sometimes with German-speaking films.

Political re-education of prisoners is the task of the Political Intelligence Department of the War Office.

And what do the men of the Pioneer Corps think of it all? "Just another job" is the general attitude. Sometimes there is the mild excitement of being sent as escort with a "difficult" prisoner or an escaper (escapes are astonishingly few). Occasionally there is a handcuff job. Some of the men guarding prisoner-of-war camps have been prisoners of war themselves in Germany. One of these is Staff-Serjeant L. Curtis, Royal Fusiliers, who acts as interpreter. He finds no irony in the reversal of roles. When you ask him how the life of these Germans compares with the life he led in captivity he will tell you that our lads were more loyal to each other, and incidentally, were much better conspirators. And that the Germans are getting better food.

On one side of the wire are men with an Age and Service Group to look forward to; there are no release groups yet on the other side. Very occasionally there is a repatriation. For those left behind there are regular meals, regular working hours. For some there is regular news from home; for others, none.

In the evenings they gossip, sing, attend classes, organise concerts, drink their week's ration of half a pint of beer or peg out on the endless clothes lines those scarecrow long white pants which Germans love to wear even in an English heat-wave.

ERNEST TURNER.

Right: Outside his office the *Lagerführer* watches the prisoners return from the fields.

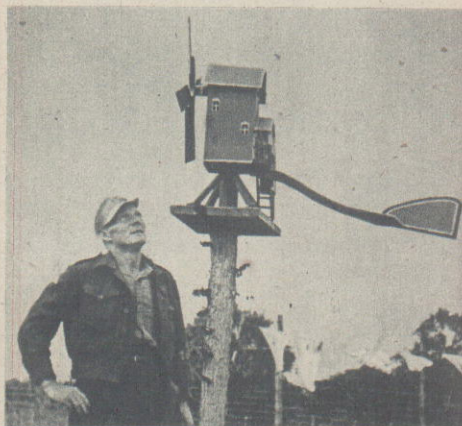
CAMP LEADER OFFICE LAGERFÜHRER Schreibstube



Pets are eagerly sought after. This kitten is being nursed by one of the German camp police.



"... Be manly and be strong" says this notice on the wall of the prisoners' chapel.



Built by one of the prisoners was this revolving windmill outside one of the huts.



This soldier spent the evening washing his not-so-smalls. Long pants are favoured even in summer time.



BUCCANEERS

PETER Baker, ex-Phantom, gives no other name than "The Buccaneers" to the small reconnaissance and intelligence unit of which he writes in "Confession of Faith" (Falcon Press 7s 6d).

The author regretfully says the War Office insisted on suppressing some of the unit's best stories, but in his adventures from D-Day to the day he was taken prisoner, six months before the German surrender, Peter Baker seems to have spent much of his time slipping through the German lines to stimulate partisan activities.

If there is nothing very new in "Confession of Faith", there are several incidents that make good reading. Two of them were caused by the gift of a luxurious limousine to Baker from the Belgian Underground Army. It first caused embarrassment when it was being driven to the headquarters of the Guards Armoured Division.

Spotting its magnificence, and that it was being driven by an officer while another sat in the shadows at the back, some soldiers cried, "It's Monty!" and the rest of the trip was made along roads lined with cheering troops.

A few days later the princely car, Baker's horn-rimmed glasses and a slight facial resemblance caused him to be mistaken for Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands.

There was also the encounter with a type that intelligence officers know only too well, the "phoney" resistance leader. Cold-shouldered by everybody else, he refused to be brushed off by Baker's unit and followed them

everywhere, except where there was any chance of danger, flaunting an ancient and enormous pistol. Finally the French police abated the nuisance by imprisoning him—for carrying arms, at a time when almost every man in the area was carrying a weapon of some sort.

ONLY FOR THE FIT

A little while ago SOLDIER printed an article by Lieut-Col. T. A. Lowe on the three-acre fruit farm on which he has grown for marketing nearly every kind of fruit

that can be grown in Britain. Now the full story of his venture, humorously told, appears in "Fruit Farm in England" (Rock-liff 5s 6d).

On Page One Lieut-Col. Lowe warns: "... country life without good health and the same standard of physical fitness demanded by the Services, may lead to torment and agony. It takes three months of graduated labour to toughen a young man or woman to land work, 10 to 14 months to break in a man of 40, and between the ages of 50 and 55 it is impossible for men of sedentary habits to undertake work on the land at all."

He warns, too: "... the change from the atmosphere of battle, murder and sudden death is not accomplished quickly even with the least sensitive, though it can be hastened in the country rather than the town always provided the interest is there."

SOLDIER Bookshelf

TILLY

OF all the memories of battle that linger, among the most cherished are those of the pets who brought something of affection and innocence into a world that was brutal and unreal.

Such a memory is the story of Tilly, told by Richard McMillan in "Miracle Before Berlin" (Jarrolds 15s) a war correspondent's account of the campaign from Normandy to the Baltic.

Tilly got her name from Tilly-sur-Seuilles, where McMillan found her—a shivering imitation fox-terrier puppy with a white star gleaming on her black forehead.

She soon learned about jeeps and the best hours of her life were spent on her master's knees, driving through the Normandy country-side.

She was killed when, running from the roar of British artillery, she went under the track of a Sherman rumbling into action at Caen.



"Don't forget, old man—I've been away five years."
—From "Call Me Mister," reviewed on this page.

NONSENSE

DENNIS ROOKE was one of hundreds who decided to write a book on his release leave. It is called "Call Me Mister" (Heinemann 6s) and is "published without the authority of the Admiralty, the War Office, the Air Ministry and the Merchant Navy Board." It is a nonsense book, written not only for those emerging from the Forces into Civvy Street, but for "those who are (a) willing to understand them, (b) prepared to sympathise with them, (c) disposed to send

them acceptable gifts, (d) glad to gloat over the fact that they are not in the same boat themselves, and (e) agog to give Major D'Egville's drawings a more finished appearance with the aid of coloured crayons." The author modestly claims that it is the funniest book since the first Punic War.

The first chapter stresses the importance of not getting involved in a court of enquiry when one's age group nears; the last chapter promises—falsely, as it turns out—to tell readers how to readjust themselves to women.

The author is now with Control Commission of Germany.

"Only a scratch"

may turn to something worse



Cleanse it and

close it quickly with MILTON

Two Minute Sermon

Fear is a paralysing thing, and we are cursed by it. It is the main menace to the future of the world. There can be no true peace, no real progress, no abiding security until we have got rid of it.

Men are afraid to do the right thing for fear of what others may say. They are afraid to say the right word for fear of the disapproval of others. They do as others do because they are afraid to tread the unpopular path.

What we lack is character. We have plenty of ability but ability without character is a very dangerous thing. What

we need more than anything else at this hour is something that will reinforce character, and that something can only be religious faith.

Trust in God can conquer fear, kindness can vanquish hatred, and love, true love can drive the poison out of the life of man. If love is in your heart you will fear nobody and nothing—except dishonour.

Listen to what St. John says in his first Epistle: "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love."

HISTORY UNDER THE HAMMER

HISTORY was on sale in London — history of the war just over and of wars of long ago. In a room in Hanover Square, just off Oxford Circus, the auctioneer peered down at the gathering through his horn-rimmed glasses and said: "Lot 171. E flat clarinet. Now, what am I bid?"

One by one the band instruments, the dress cords, the leopard skins passed into the hands of the onlookers, who periodically flicked their catalogues to catch the auctioneer's eye.

"Now what about this drum — a fine old chap. He's been beaten all across North Africa and the underbelly of Europe." The auctioneer's "stooge" gave the drum a mighty bang and all eyes turned towards it. As the deep vibrating notes faded away out into the traffic of Hanover Square the bidders read the lettering on the front: "The 7th Haytor Battalion, The Devonshire Regt."

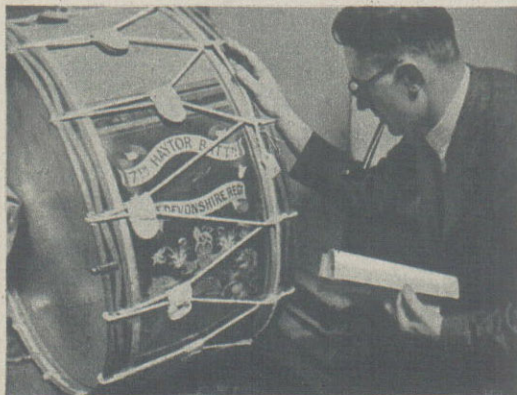
In Dunkirk Year

It was in Dunkirk Year that Lieut-Col. F. S. C. Hawkins, CO of the 7th Devons, formed the band and drums when the battalion was stationed at Hawkhurst.

In the months to follow Retreat was beaten and concerts given throughout the towns of Sussex and Kent. Musicians from the latest call-up and musicians who had returned in the little ships from Dunkirk fell in step with this drum. The band led marching feet in the streets of Wentworth Woodhouse, in the lanes of Chalfont St. Giles, on the tarmac square of Roman Way Camp, Colchester — wherever the regiment was stationed. And then it went home. Home to Devonshire, to a little place called Chagford.

While the band played to the local villagers the men of the battalion kitted-up and in February 1942 went overseas to join 9th Corps, 1st Army. The band went too. They had to, for the bandmen were expert anti-tank gunners. In the final battle for Tunis they manned the six-pounders, and shortly afterwards

This drum sounded in Algiers, Rome, Trieste, Athens during World War Two.



Drums of the Devons... Victoria Crosses won by heroes of earlier wars... historic medals... these were sold by auction recently in London.

found themselves playing in the Victory parade inside the city.

They played from Algiers to Tunis and even staged their own concert party, the Tank Busters. In July 1944 they moved to Italy and performed at Naples, Rome and Florence. Last year the big drum was beaten at the International Tattoo at Trieste, and again in Athens. The end came in February last when the band was disbanded, and the instruments sent home to be sold.

"Who said five pounds? Five-five, five-ten." The bidding rose. "Going at seven pounds. Gone". Bit by bit history was sold. Two pairs of cymbals made £8 10s., a pile of music £5, a leopard skin £6. Two side drums were bought for presentation to

Exeter Cathedral. Altogether over £400 was made.

Who bought the big drum for £77? The 9th Middlesex Cadets, who purchased most of the instruments. Anytime now a small boy in khaki will be hoisting it into position. He will be beating history.

OUT into Oxford Circus and down Argyle Street. In a dimly lit room an auctioneer was selling medals — war medals of long ago.

What is the value of a VC? It depends on who won it. There were two on sale. Major Frederick Elton, 55th Regt. (Border), according to the citation of 1855, gave encouragement to his men when in command of a night working party "under dreadful fire" by going into the open and working with pick and shovel. In the same lot as his VC were his Crimea with two bars, Turkish Crimea, Legion of Honour and Order of the Medjidie. The lot fetched £145.

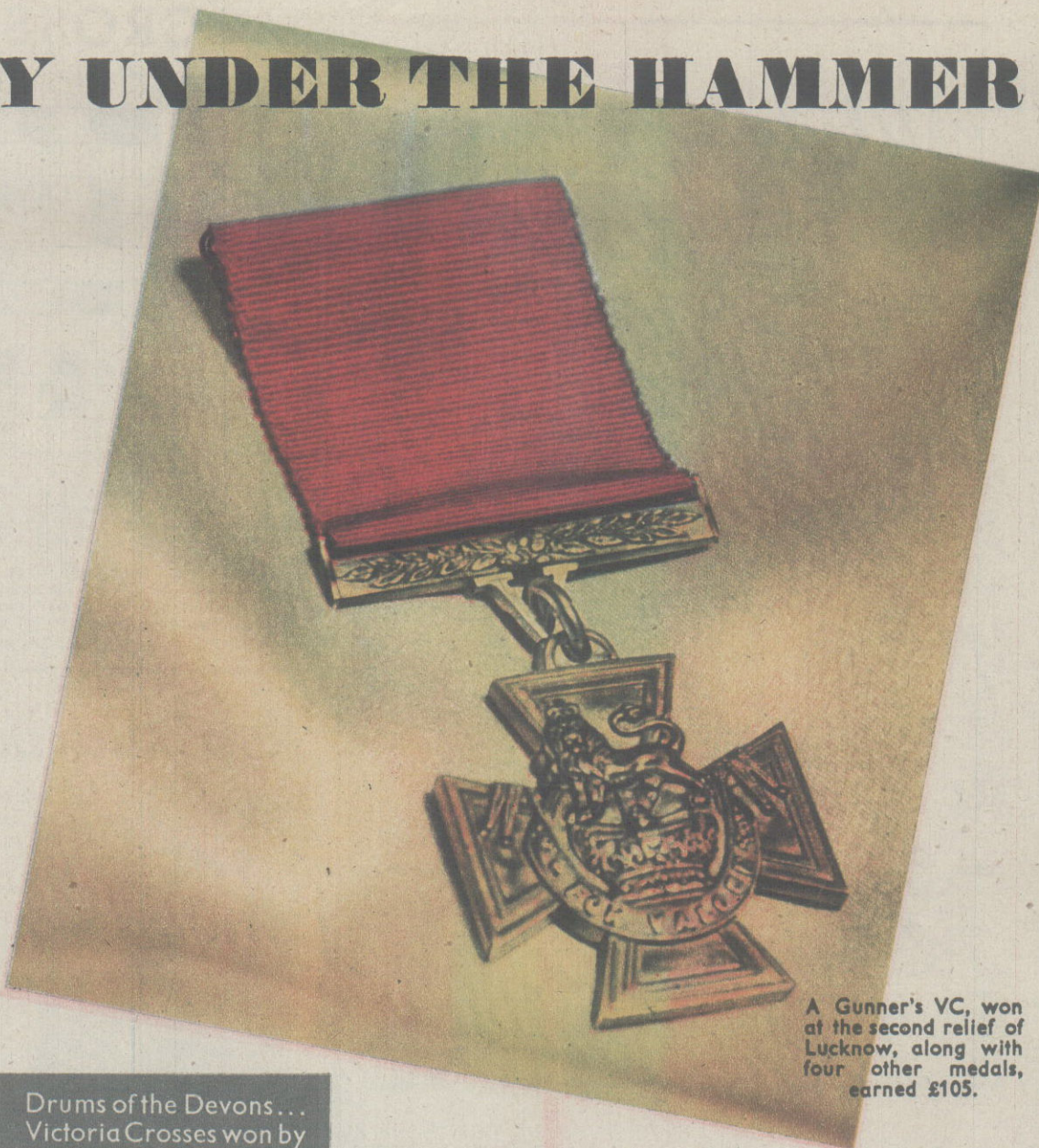
The other VC was won by Gunner and Roughrider Edward Jennings of the Bengal Horse Artillery, who with four others won the award when working the guns at the second relief of Lucknow, in 1857. History relates

that after his Army career Jennings was a corporation street labourer at Shields. With four other medals, a photograph of himself and his pension certificate, this lot made £105.

The most interesting medal was won by an officer of the Notts and Derby Regiment — Sir William Howe de Lancey, KCB. He got the Gold Peninsular Cross for Corunna, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onoro, Badajoz with five clasps and the gold badge and star of a KCB. De Lancey was a major at 21 and later Quarter-Master General. He had retired when the escape of Napoleon from Elba brought him back to the battlefield. It was while at Waterloo that he was hit by a spent cannon ball when talking to Wellington who is reputed to have said, "Never mind", but afterwards added, "Poor fellow, we had known each other since we were boys, but I had no time to be sorry then." De Lancey was carried in a blanket to a hut where he was nursed by a sorrowing wife, but died ten days later. His decorations sold for £560.

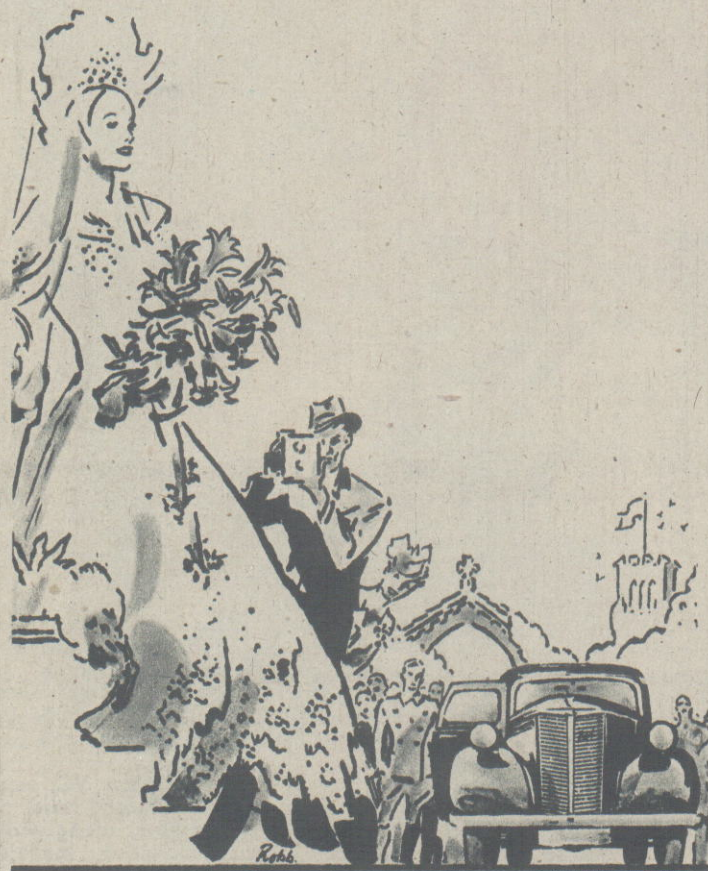
And the collectors walked out into sunlit Oxford Circus, carrying history in their pockets.

ERIC DUNSTER.



A Gunner's VC, won at the second relief of Lucknow, along with four other medals, earned £105.

Wedding Ahead!



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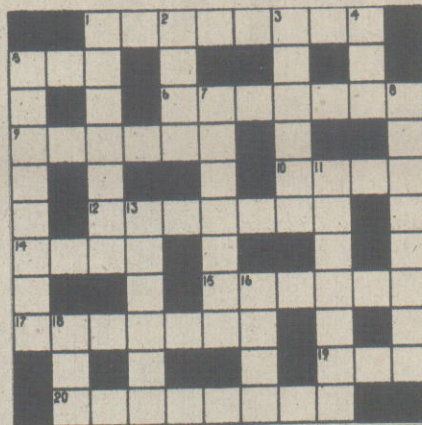
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CROSSWORD



DOWN:

1. A famous "gap".
2. Island to suit, maybe.
3. Where the Devons may come from.
4. Joshua's female father!
5. Paratrooper (two words).
7. Annie is, in this way, completely idiotic.
8. Pre-Boer-War battle.
11. Gas a rabbit not far from "20 Across"?
13. His job is to smooth things out.

ACROSS: 1. The number of an army once called "forgotten". — 5. The Horse Gunners. — 6. No doubt the troops in this landing would have liked to get at the ale there! — 9. Reinforcements, including the R.A.F. — 10. Aged expelive perhaps. 12. — Mrs. Italy. — 14. Change course. — 15. The NC of NCO, in short. — 17. Classical swimmer who might be learned. — 19. She links Diana and Nancy. — 20. Scene of the landing.

16. Where there was a spot of bother with the French Fleet.
18. One makes, not marks, time here.

(Solutions on Page 35)

How Much Do You Know?



an entomologist; (c) a philologist; (d) a philatelist. Which?

7. Where would you hope to find Auchenshuggle?
8. One of these is not a bird: the great-crested grebe; the greater gasbill; the merganser; the bobolink. Which?
9. Which towns suggest to you: (a) the heart of a candle; (b) the Resurrection; (c) the English pound?
10. Leon Goossens is (a) leading authority on ballet; (b) mayor of Chicago; (c) an Argentine tennis player; (d) a famous oboist. Which?
11. How many Five Year Plans has Russia embarked upon?
12. If you drank of the waters of Lethe you could except (a) that everything you touched would turn to gold; (b) that you would grow to a gigantic size; (c) that you would become immortal; (d) that you would lose your memory. Which?
13. You probably know Dichlorodiphenyl trichloroethane by an easier name. What is it?
14. What is the name of the Hollywood organisation which censors films?
15. What was the word used at Nuremburg to describe racial extermination?

(Answers on Page 35)

HAVE YOU ever met a King's Corporal? No, but you've probably met somebody who says he has met one.

According to Major T. J. Edwards, MBE, writing in the authoritative Army Quarterly, there is not, and never has been, such a rank. Below is an abridgement of Major Edwards' article. He explains that "King's Corporal" embraces equally the kindred expressions of "King's Serjeant", "Queen's Corporal" and "Queen's Serjeant".

* * *

Major Edwards starts by quoting Hansard for October 1944:



The Great "KING'S CORPORAL"

Mr. Wootton-Davies asked the Secretary of State for War the total number of King's Corporals; how many have been created during the present war; what are the rules and conditions governing the rank, together with the award and privileges; and whether he can give a list of such King's Corporals, together with the reasons for the appointment in each case.

Sir J. Grigg: Extensive investigations have failed to disclose any factual basis for the suggestion made from time to time that there is, or has been within living memory, any such rank as King's Corporal.

Major Edwards writes: This reply must have caused the eyebrows of many service and ex-service people to shoot up in surprise, for anyone with the briefest contact with Army life knows full well that such a rank has existed, or did exist, for many years; or has it?

In the early days of the Great War of 1914-18, the Transport Serjeant, and old Regular reservist, of a new Army (Kitchener) Service Bn. at Fovant, Salisbury Plain, was noticed wearing a coat-of-arms, very much resembling the present rank and badge of a Warrant Officer Class 1, just above his three stripes. On being asked the reason for this he replied that

he was a King's Serjeant, having been promoted in the field in South Africa and that was the badge officially approved for that rank. Moreover, he asserted that being a King's Serjeant he could not be reduced from that rank

without the King's approval. The matter was taken up with Brigade HQ etc., the reply came back that the serjeant's story was a fable, that he must take down the coat-of-arms badge forthwith and down it came.

In 1921 the same question arose officially at the War Office, and, with the aid of the then librarian, the late Mr. Huddleston, we carried out an extensive search into every likely regulation, warrant, letter etc. etc. in an effort to dis-

cover an official basis for this somewhat common belief. We drew a blank.

The matter came to life again in 1935, when a question appeared in the "Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research" asking for details of the rank and the distinguishing badge worn by King's Corporals. In 1936 in the Spring number of that journal the following appeared, quoting from the "Naval and Military Record" of a few years previously:

"There was an official suggestion in 1901 to the effect that soldiers who had distinguished

themselves in war-time but were unsuited to be NCO's in peace-time, should be given some mark of distinction on the right arm, preferably an embroidered band, carrying with it a step in rank whilst actually on active service,

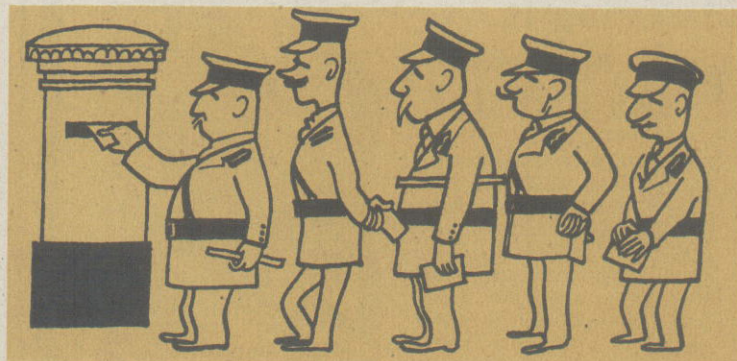
with additional pay, and a donation of £10 at the end of it. Some members of the War Office Committee who sat to consider the proposal objected to the monetary grant, urging that such was derogatory to the soldier, but one

of them pointed out that 'Lord Roberts had not hesitated to accept £100,000, so I cannot see why a soldier should object to receive £10.' The idea, however, was not adopted, though some men were specially promoted in the field in the later stages of the Boer War, and were generally known as 'Kitchener's Serjeants.'

Although the expression "Kitchener's Serjeant" was new to us, it does seem to contain the germ of the idea from which sprang that of "King's Serjeants". Regimental histories, usually a fruitful field for information of this kind, were searched but without

no instance has any man been officially described as a "King's Corporal". Articles appeared in the Provincial Press on the subject, and the writers described their interviews with some relative or friend of a "King's Corporal". It seems rather odd that so many "brothers, sons, cousins twice removed" type of relative could always be found to make a definite assertion regarding a King's Corporal, but none that was actually produced in flesh.

There is the picturesque story of the CO who reduced a "King's Corporal" in rank, upon which the soldier bet him five pounds



positive result. General Sir Francis Davies, the author of the standard work on the Serjeant-Major, was consulted, but he confessed that he had never heard of the alleged rank, although he joined the Grenadier Guards in 1884.

Great prominence was given in the Press to the above-mentioned Question and Answer in the House which soon brought a crop of letters from generals, colonels etc. expressing the utmost surprise that the Secretary of State for War had never heard of the rank of "King's Corporal". To support their statements they quoted "known" cases in which they were concerned in some way. We have followed up these cases with the appropriate Record Offices and ascertained that in

that he would regain his stripes within a fortnight, and won his bet. This one was impossible to verify because no regiment, unit, details of the NCO or place where it occurred were mentioned. To sum up, according to our researches there has never been any mention of the rank of "King's Corporal", or similar rank, in the King's Regulations or Royal Warrant for Pay, neither has any Record Office to whom we have referred cases for verification traced in any soldier's official documents a reference to the supposed rank.

It's a pity to debunk such a pretty myth, but until it gets clothed in a little more substance it will have to continue in company with other myths such as the Loch Ness Monster.





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"Heading Tennis" for Arsenal players, Ted Drake instructing.



Ex-Squadron-Leader Tom Whittaker, MBE, gives a pep talk. He is now Arsenal's assistant manager.

WHITHER Arsenal? The Highbury Red and Whites, standing for all that is best in professional football, are at the crossroads. World War II hit them hard. Their stands are not flat like those of Birmingham City and Plymouth Argyle, but the North London ground has done a full-time job of work under NFS and ARP, and only just now has it come back to its football owners. And the ground is about the only thing Manager George Allison can be certain of.

Gone is the day when mighty Arsenal can field a reserve team of Internationals. No longer can they be reasonably sure of winning either Cup or League, or both, as in the halcyon days of the Middle Thirties. Last season was a straw in the wind. It saw Arsenal struggling to maintain a central place in the League.

There is a small matter of £160,000 debt in bank overdraft and mortgages. There is the disappearance from the active scene of International stalwarts who were the keystones on which Arsenal built their House of Success. Eddie Hapgood, for instance, is now manager of Blackburn Rovers, and the swarthy left back's shrewd calls of advice on the field will be missed by the team he skippered so long and so well. Missing, too, is the racing right wing figure of Alf Kirchen.

Slashing, dashing Ted Drake, whose thrusts down the centre disconcerted League and Continental opposition alike, is now on the staff. This big-hearted, broad-shouldered Hampshire Hog never spared himself on the field of battle and is now suffering for it with a spinal injury that also prevents his playing cricket and golf. With him behind the scenes

is another England man, Jack Crayston, serving his apprenticeship in the office so that one day he may become a manager. Both were RAF officers. Versatile Leslie Jones, Welsh International,



Reporting for training, a new player, ex-Squadron-Leader Ian McPherson, DFC and Bar, is greeted by George Allison.

has gone to Swansea Town as a coach. Two other Welsh Internationals will be missing from the team sheets. Horace Cumner is now with Notts County, and Barnes, retired through injury, is a regular soldier.

As if these were not hard enough to replace, there is also the disturbing fact that all the other stars who made Arsenal a power in the land before the war, are six years older. The



Pre-war 'keeper Swindin shows he still has a good reach.



Newcomer Paddy Sloan, Irish international forward.



Bernard Joy, English international centre-half.



Reg Lewis, centre-forward from BAOR.



Flash-back to 1941 when Denis Compton (left) and Kirchen (right) gave the Preston goalie an anxious moment during the blitz Cup Final.



Cliff Bastin is in the veteran class now, but in great form.

ARSENAL AT THE CROSSROADS

team have grown old together, and players like Male and Bastin are in the veteran stage. And Denis Compton is Australia-bound.

But the club has assets which may outweigh all I have said. When I spoke to him on Reunion Day, Mr. Allison seemed a little doubtful of the future. He was probably thinking of the first team places he has to fill to bring the side to First Division standard, of the possibility of non-success, of the heavy financial millstone, of the tremendous competition there is bound to be to keep out of the last two places now that relegation and promotion have returned ... and of the great days of the past. But, as one who has not been inside the palatial portals of Highbury since 1938-39 season (remember there was only one match in the 1939-40 season — on fateful 2 Sept 1939), I sensed that indefinable something that I have always associated with Arsenal — a spirit possessed by no other club. The first thing you see when you pass through the main doors is a bronze bust of the late Herbert Chapman, the man who engendered that spirit, the sage, bow-legged little Yorkshireman who laid his spell upon me when I first met him 20 years ago, and who, as the greatest football manager of them all, hypnotised players in the same way. That spirit still exists. I felt it in the dressing rooms when the players reported back.

More than anything else that

club enthusiasm — club patriotism, if you like — will assuredly drive Arsenal to success.

Why do you suppose ex-Squadron-Leader Tom Whittaker, MBE, is assistant manager instead of manager of another club? Why was Drake so anxious to stay with Arsenal now his playing days are over? Why does Bernard Joy, a Fleet Street journalist now instead of a schoolmaster, want to play Saturday matches instead of report them? Why did men like Hapgood never change their club? Why did James and Jack and Buchan stay on until the end of their careers? Why have no stars been transferred from Arsenal?

BAOR "demobees", Reg Lewis and Leslie Compton, will, with Welshman Bryn Jones and Scott, form the backbone of the new Arsenal, and great things are expected of three forward line captures. Ex-Squadron-Leader Ian McPherson, DFC and Bar, comes from Notts County with a reputation and is freely tipped for a Scottish Cap this season. Paddy Sloan, an Irish International from Tranmere Rovers, and Cyril Grant, from Lincoln City, are two new centre-forwards.

Another asset — an intangible one — is the continued goodwill of the North London public — or rather those who are not Spurs

fans! There is undoubtedly considerable public sympathy with the club, and its players' war record bears comparison with that of any other sporting organisation in the country. In all, 42 out of a strength of 44 went into uniform. Bastin's extreme deafness forced him into munitions, and Collett was a key worker as an engineer.

Most clubs have been presented with a housing problem now that

players are back looking for lodgings, but Arsenal landladies have rallied round, and only a few married men are not yet settled. There are other minor problems like bringing players back to routine training after Service PT, which football trainers say exercises the wrong muscles and is not suitable for football. Yet some of the football I have seen served up in the

Army has been 90 minutes of full-blooded excitement with players' stamina unimpaired. Also, Arsenal will no longer be able to employ ground boys who served the dual purpose of weed extracting and of providing Arsenal with embryonic talent. They will be conscripts now.

But these are only small headaches. The one real thing that matters is that if Arsenal strike a bad patch right away (and they may well do so with six of their



By Archie Quick.

first nine matches away from home) they may find considerable difficulty in retrieving the situation. They are no longer in a position to go into the transfer market with £12,000 cheques. As Mr. Allison said to me: "I feel like a greyhound in a trap that won't open, watching the hares go past."

The Stadium, once so gaily painted red and white, where they once staged a film murder, is a little dowdy after its long years of disuse, but a Ministry of Works licence to spend £7,000 has been obtained, and the shelters and blast walls that made the ground one of London's biggest Civil Defence centres are down. The pitch that staged 256 matches in the first year of war before a veto went on has been completely re-seeded and looks in fine condition. The hospital and dressing rooms are on the old grandiose scale.

So here's to Arsenal, if only for what they have done to raise the standard of professional football; if only for the gratitude a multitude of clubs should bear them for attracting the crowds and breaking the ground records. I think they will pull through. So, really, does Mr. Allison. Listen to what he says: "I have a great deal of confidence that the spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm which has been responsible for our great past will again demonstrate itself after a lapse of seven years from competitive football."

CALL OF ADVENTURE

I want to spend my release leave outside UK. Can I attempt some scheme such as working on a ship and thereby travelling abroad? For instance, working or paying my passage to America or Australia, waiting there awhile and then embarking to some other destination. — "Roamsick", Royal Signals.

★ Sorry to damp your spirit of adventure, but there are Board of Trade restrictions on that form of travel. For one thing, you would only be able to do a round trip and already there are more seamen than ships. — Ed., SOLDIER.



THE NEW DEAL

Can you tell me why the Army artificers do not come off well in the new wage scheme? Surely no man will apprentice himself for three, four or five years only to find that his "enlistment pal" who took a week's sanitary course is two stars ahead of him—i.e. a vehicle mech. class 111 is a first-class driver but a one-star private, while a first-class driver is a three-star private. — "W/S", 538 Coy RASC.

★ After two years a vehicle mech. who is a Group A tradesman becomes

two-star. On the other hand a first class driver with three stars must have at least two-and-a-half years service and be fully efficient as a fighting soldier. — Ed., SOLDIER.

Can a soldier lower than AI in medical category also qualify for three, instead of two, stars? Or does his medical category hinder him from getting his third star? — L/Cpl. Prentice, 13 T Force Det.

★ Medical category does not debar anyone from becoming a three-star soldier. — Ed., SOLDIER.

What amuses me is that the New Deal places me under the rather inappropriate heading of a one-star soldier, which in itself is ridiculous, and certainly gives no credit for the four years I had the misfortune to spend in the Far East. — Fus. W. E. Allen, 1st RWF.

PULPIT CANDIDATES

My attention has been drawn to the article "From Parade Ground to Pulpit" in your issue of 22 June '46. Apart from a number of statements in the article which



are attributed to me and which do not at all reflect my views on this important subject, it contains two statements which I feel bound to correct immediately.

1. It is not true that Capt. Crookshank "conducted 150 interviews to get the layman's angle on the kind of material which is being offered for ecclesiastical commissions."

2. It is not the case that every ex-service man who passes a selection centre is eligible for a grant under the Ministry of Labour's Further Education and Training Scheme. This scheme, generally speaking, is only available to those whose education has been interrupted or postponed by the war. — (Rev) K. M. Carey, secretary, Church Assembly, Central Advisory Council of Training for the Ministry.

WHITE LANYARDS

Are any Infantry battalions, or Airborne, Commando and special units, allowed to wear white lanyards on their left shoulder? — Pte. J. Carpenter, Y Mess, 1 Corps HQ.

★ Officially no, but certain units do so as a distinguishing sign. — Ed., SOLDIER.

RASC v. INFANTRY

In the year 1944 did the total number of men in the RASC

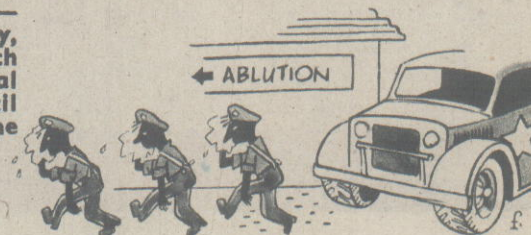
exceed that of the combined totals of the entire Infantry regiments of the British Army and, if so, by how much? — Dvr. E. Penkey, Military Isolation Hospital, Aldershot.

★ No. The percentage of Infantry was greater than that of the RASC. For security reasons we cannot give you exact figures. — Ed., SOLDIER.

TOO MUCH SOAP?

Your correspondents with too much soap (July SOLDIER) should spend a short time in a village where the canteen-shop opens once a week and soap is sold out in a very short time. — Tpr. G. Eaton, Inns of Court Regt.

Your three drivers might realise that the majority of troops are not stationed in Hamburg, but in small towns and villages where soap is rationed to one bar a fortnight per man, and where one is extremely lucky if one can get an odd bar from visiting canteens to eke out this pittance. — Tprs. R. A. Bird, J. C. Soanes, 1st Royal Dragoons.



Ask your three driver correspondents to drive a tank transporter and maintain it, and then see how much soap they have to spare. — Dvrs. J. A. Ellis, N. G. Reynolds, J. Blake, S. E. Vaughan, J. Evans, A. Welton, 545 Coy, RASC Tank Transporter.

GERMAN WIVES QUIZ

This questionnaire summarises queries raised by different correspondents.

Is a marriage between a British soldier and a German girl performed in Germany legal in Britain?

Yes, provided the soldier was free to marry, and the marriage was carried out according to German law or under Sec. 22 of the Foreign Marriage Act, 1892.

If a soldier in BAOR wishes to marry a German girl, what steps can he take?

The whole matter of British troops marrying Alien women is at present under review and instructions will be issued shortly.

Can a soldier serving in BAOR send his German wife home before his release?

No. Repatriation of dependents is allowed only when the soldier is due for release or is transferred to another Command.

How can he get his German wife sent to Britain?

He must apply first to his CO. Applications are referred to the War Office, who make preliminary inquiries into the accommodation available for the wife. When the Command receives the "all clear" from Whitehall, plans are made to move the wife through normal Army transport channels, and the War Office is notified of time and place of arrival. This information is passed to the husband, in case he is in a position to meet his wife at the port of disembarkation, or in London.

Can a soldier serving in BAOR send his German fiancée home on an visit, with a view to marriage in England, either on his next leave, or on his release?

Not while he is on ordinary entitlement leave. On his release, the soldier must first fill in a statutory declaration, certifying that he is free to marry, will marry the girl within two months of her arrival in Britain, can provide her with a home and will bear all the expenses of the journey. The fiancée must then submit this declaration to the Passport Control Office in Lübeck when applying for a visa for admission to Britain.

Can a British ex-soldier get his fiancée over from Germany to Britain with a view to marriage?

See previous answer.

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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 Balaclava 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.

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Naafi still needs female staff for canteens at Home.
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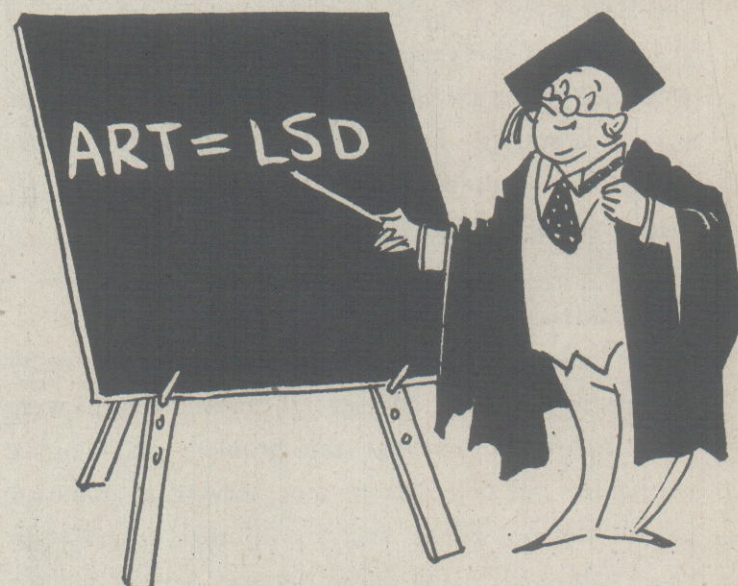


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MORE LETTERS

FORGOTTEN MEN

From May '45 until February '46 there was stationed in and around Wilhelmshaven a certain RA. (AA) Bde—a brigade of forgotten men. After Operation Silver the Press reported that the Navy had maintained constant vigil over the remains of the Nazi Fleet. In your July issue Geoffrey Goodman writes that Canadians were there, working with the Navy, but again no mention of British Army units.

My brigade took the crews off the *Prinz Eugen* and *Nürnberg*, sorted out the Nazi elements, and



had the unpleasant job of guarding these gentry. We handled the disembarkation of thousands of Germans, ran patrols, house-to-house checks, kept law and order before the civil police was organised, guarded docks, torpedo stores, bridges, railways and ships. We made that early morning swoop that started Operation Silver.

Only in the New Year did the Canadians take over patrols. — Sjt. C. J. Stuart, HQ, 30 Corps District.

NOT CANADIAN

I would like to point out that the 40 mm. Bofors crew illustrated in "Farewell, Johnny Canuck" (SOLDIER, July) were not Canadian, but members of 119 LAA. Regt. which was in 15th Scottish Div. The serjeant seen actually firing the gun was a personal friend. At that particular stage... we were fighting alongside the Canadians. Perhaps that is why the crew were described as being "Canadians". — Sjt. N. Cunningham, 5/2nd LAA. Regt, RA.

★ The picture was supplied from Canadian sources. — Ed., SOLDIER.

IMPERIAL CLUBS

I should like to point out that "The Boys" of 120 (GHQ) Provost Company are under a complete misapprehension about their right to enter the NAAFI Imperial Club, Bad Salzuffen (SOLDIER 22 June).

NAAFI Imperial Clubs are entirely private clubs run by NAAFI for NAAFI staff, and people from outside can only enter on invitation by a member. The Victory Night dance was exactly the same as any other function, and was not "free for all". Consequently the doorkeeper had every right to turn away uninvited persons.

This was fully explained to the CMP men concerned by the secretary of the club at a special interview arranged after their letter was published, and the writers agreed that there had

been a misunderstanding on their part. — Major G. G. Turnbull, for Lieut.-Col., PRO, HQ NAAFI, Western Europe.

CLANG!

In the Quiz in SOLDIER of July you ask: "What is the only word in the English language which contains all five vowels in their correct order in the alphabet?" You give the answer "Facetious". What about "Abstemious"? — Sjt. R. Johnson, MT Bn, 4 Trg Bde, RASC.

CLANG! CLANG!

On three occasions you have referred to the mascot of the Welch Regiment as being the mascot of the Royal Welch Fusiliers. Both regiments have a goat, but it is the Welch Regiment's goat which is always shown. Our regiment... would like to see the name of the regiment mentioned when its mascot is illustrated. — Pte. A. G. Rees, 4th Welch Regt.

CHEERFUL PRISONERS

I have been reading your article, "The Film Job You Never Hear About" (SOLDIER, July), and of the difficulty the producer found



when trying to make the soldier-actors down-hearted when they played the parts of POW's.

I was a prisoner for five years and during that time no one in the camp was down-hearted. The Germans wondered why we sang so much. I do not agree that our prisoners in films should be made to look down-hearted. — Pte. A. Owens, 2nd Northamptonshires.

RELEASE GROUPS

LATEST information on release groups (officers and men): Group 40 to be completed by 5 Oct 46; Group 41 from 6 Oct to 19 Oct 46; Groups 42 and 43 from 20 Oct to 18 Nov 46; Groups 44 and 45 from 19 Nov to 22 Dec 46; Group 46 from 23 Dec 46 to a date to be announced later.

This programme does not apply to Medical Officers, Dental Officers or RAVC officers other than QM's.

Release of ATS. (all ranks) and VAD's will continue as follows:

Group 52 to be completed by 15 Oct 46; Group 53 from 16 Oct to 18 Nov 46; Group 54 from 19 Nov to 15 Dec 46; Group 55 from 16 Dec to 31 Dec 46.

*** The Government has given an undertaking that all men serving at 31 December 1946 (except those serving voluntary engagements for fixed periods) will be released under the existing Age and Service scheme. All such men will be released before the end of 1948, and before any of the men called up in 1947.



WOUNDED?

While serving in the Home Guard I was wounded by a fellow member while on look-out duty. Am I entitled to wear a wound stripe? — PB, 504 Coy. RASC.

★ Sorry, even if he wasn't your best friend, you can hardly put it down to "enemy action". — Ed., SOLDIER.

Answers

(from Page 28)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. Joan Fontaine. Her sister is Olivia de Havilland.
2. Belshazzar, King of Babylon.
3. Victrola is American for gramophone.
4. Seven times.
5. Walter Savage Landor.
6. An entomologist.
7. It is a suburb of Glasgow.
8. The greater gasbill.
9. (a) Wick; (b) Gravesend; (c) Stirling.
10. A famous oboist.
11. She is working on her fourth.
12. You would lose your memory.
13. DDT (insecticide).
14. The Hays Office.
15. Genocide.

CROSSWORD

- ACROSS: — 1. Fourteen. 5. RHA. 6. S-ale-rno. 9. D-RAF-ts. 10. Egad. 12. Signora. 14. Veer. 15. Non-com. 17. Leander. 19. Nan. 20. Normandy.
- DOWN: — 1. Falaise. 2. Uist. 3. Exeter. 4. Nun. 5. Red Devil. 7. Asinine. 8. Omdurman. 11. Gas-cony. 13. Ironer. 16. Oran. 18. Eon.

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TEN shillings per head each month for every officer and man in Rhine Army is the target of the new National Savings Campaign launched to coincide with the introduction of vouchers.

This is the Army's share of the Government plan to raise £520,000,000 in the year ending 31 March next.

What have the Forces saved already? For the six months ending 30 September 1946 the three Services totalled £236,000; whereas for the six months ending 30 September 1945 they saved £11,500,000. The total from 1940 to mid-1946 was well over £62,000,000.

At the beginning of 1940 only 700 Forces' Savings Groups existed. Now, despite release, there are over 24,000.

In BAOR plans have been made for savings to be collected in four ways: by deductions of pay for deposit in the Post Office Savings Bank; by purchase of National Savings Certificates; casual remittances in multiples of one shilling from pay accounts; and purchase of certificates from credit balances.

Officers can buy certificates or Defence Bonds through bankers' order forms.



SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

September

1946

Produced in Germany by:

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SOLDIER

THE BRITISH  ARMY MAGAZINE



The wheel of the waggon is broken —
any volunteers to help RHONDA FLEMING?

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