

SOLDIER

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SMOKES

As from Monday next, 23 July, soldiers in these parts will get 15 fewer cigarettes a week on the NAAFI ration; that is, 60 instead of 75. The free issue of 50 a week will continue as heretofore.

Reasons ?

NAAFI is moving into Burma in a big way and needs to build up stocks for the boys there; and Lease-Lend smokes (14% of what we've had so far) are finished.

These are the facts; they will be fully understood.

SOLDIER Magazine, on behalf of its readers, makes it clear to all concerned that this cut is accepted with something more than good grace. No grouses at all come from BLA on this score.

SOLDIER goes further and says, "If, 14th Army, you want anything which we have here and you have not got — take it with our good wishes. Here we have finished our fighting — in the sense that we aren't squeezing the trigger any more. You are still at it. Some of us have brothers and sons with you. Some of us may even be joining you. All of us think of you, and in the way that only soldiers can. What is ours, chums, is yours."

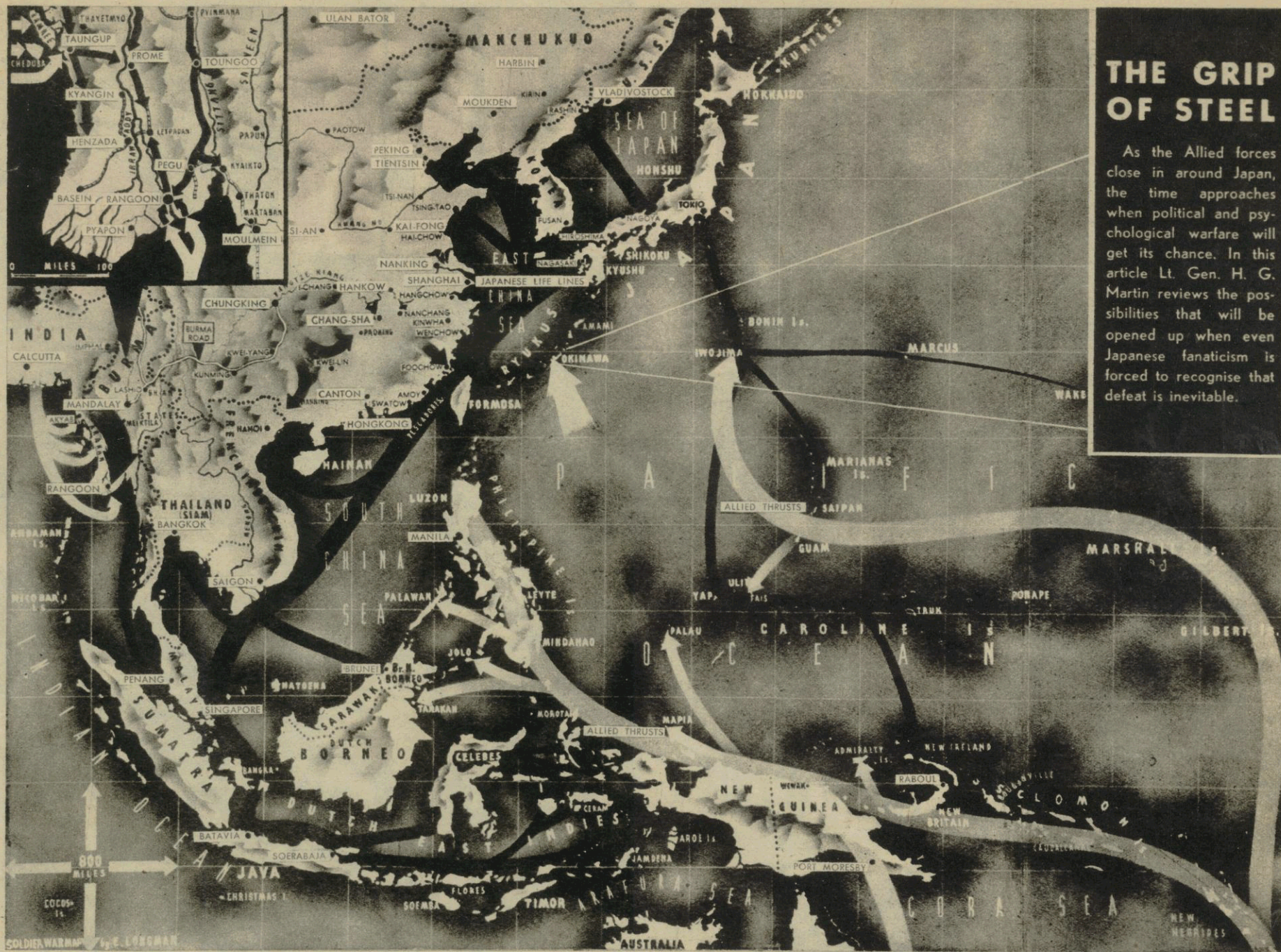
**An American
Tribute to the
British O.R.**

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SOLDIER AND FAMILY

Field-Marshal Alexander with his wife and son,
during a short visit to England.



THE GRIP OF STEEL

As the Allied forces close in around Japan, the time approaches when political and psychological warfare will get its chance. In this article Lt. Gen. H. G. Martin reviews the possibilities that will be opened up when even Japanese fanaticism is forced to recognise that defeat is inevitable.

The huge distances of the Pacific are no longer a shield behind which the Japanese may mock the Allies. The home islands are closely invested, and the scattered garrisons are either making, or preparing to make, their last stands. This map shows how the flexible Allied thrusts, supported by immense resources in machine and man-power, have torn Japan's defensive front wide open, and enabled the Allies to dictate the strategy on which the war is being fought.

HOW THE JAP WAR MAY END

by Lt. Gen. H. G. Martin, CB, DSO

THE military situation of Japan is desperate. The Japanese Navy has been beaten. The air force is in decline. Only the army remains extremely formidable, but even the army — by spreading itself far and wide across East Asia — has dissipated much of its strength. Above all, the initiative rests wholly with the Allies.

When they are ready, General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz — joint commanders-in-chief of the US Pacific Command — may either invade Japan itself or land in force on the China coast, or else do both, according to the decision of the Joint Chiefs of Staff back in Washington. Meanwhile the Allied fleets and air forces in the Central Pacific will continue to blast the industries, airfields and communications of Japan and Korea with an ever-growing weight of air bombardment, and to destroy Japanese shipping by mine, bomb, shell and torpedo; operations in which the British Pacific Fleet is already playing its part — with British air forces in all likelihood soon to follow. Nor is this all: away to the south, in SEAC and the South-West Pacific, British and Australian forces are converging — to cut off great Japanese armies and to reopen the Malacca Straits.

For their part, the Japanese can do little to affect the course of these events. True, they can try, in face of immense difficulties, to withdraw their outlying forces from their farthest conquests — in order to concentrate these forces in defence of their "inner zone" of Japan and the adjacent mainland. But, for the

rest, they must just sit down and "take it."

What, then, is the Japanese attitude of mind to all this? In their own view, we must always remember, the Japanese are a chosen people, dedicated to the service of the Emperor, whom they worship unquestioningly as the Son of Heaven. The Americans are now close enough to Japan to pick up the radio programmes meant only for home consumption. In these, there is no talk whatever of surrender. Rather are the Japanese taught to believe that their land is under attack by an enemy capable of the most unspeakable barbarities; in such circumstances, death in defence of Emperor and country is a duty glorious as it is welcome. When the invader lands, so the people are told, they must build in his path a wall of their own bodies, just as their forefathers once built a human wall to stay the Mongol invader. Every Japanese knows that story — how, after the Mongols had withdrawn to their ships, weary with killing, the Divine Wind blew — and the enemies of Japan were scattered.

As long as this spirit persists, so long will the Allies look in vain for wholesale surrender to end the fighting either inside Japan or out of it. In the latter stages of the war in Germany, German soldiers in their thousands surrendered on their own initiative. Not so the Japanese. With them, the decision to quit must come from above. Meanwhile, obedient

to orders, the vast majority, not only of the Japanese armed forces but also of the Japanese people, will fight to the death. General Blamey, commander-in-chief of the Australian and Dutch forces in the South-West Pacific, has said, "When you engage a European army and break up its organisation, you have won. But when you fight the Japanese, every man becomes a combat unit on his own and continues to fight. There is no end to such fighting until we have killed them all off."

Killed them all off — yes, but unfortunately that is a bigish order. There are four million soldiers, actual or potential, in Japan today, and three million more overseas; while altogether the Japanese people number nearly 100 millions — more than twice the 45 millions of Great Britain. What, then, is the alternative to slaughter on this scale? The answer seems to be this: for the Japanese people reprieve may come either through their Government or directly from their Emperor.

For their part, the Allies have made their position perfectly clear. They mean to finish once and for all with Japanese aggression. Any other course would be criminal folly. Therefore they demand unconditional surrender. Moreover, they will require Japan to disgorge all her conquests, including Korea.

All this is eminently just. None the less it adds up to a pretty stiff price for any Japanese Government to pay. It is

by no means certain that any Government could or would pay it. If, however, a Government could be found which would pay and look pleasant, then that should end the war everywhere. The Emperor, advised by his Cabinet, would issue a rescript that all resistance must cease. There would be all the difference in the world between a surrender ordered in this manner from above and a surrender which must begin from below.

If on the other hand a Japanese Government could not screw its courage to the sticking point, there would still be the Emperor himself. He is a fairly enlightened man, who has seen something of the world; he cannot wish to watch his people utterly destroyed. If, therefore, in course of time he should find an opportunity to act, he might be inclined to take it.

What it comes to is this, then. The Japanese have lost the war. The Allies have still to win it — to win it, that is, by a clean-cut decision as opposed to a gigantic process of mopping-up, as long-drawn-out as bloody. To this end, the Allies are preparing everywhere — from SEAC to the Pacific — to redouble their blows and so to break once and for all the will to resist of the Emperor and his Government. It is for the Emperor to give the word that would end the fighting everywhere.

H. G. Martin

Lt. Gen. Martin is Military Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" and is now writing also for SOLDIER.

Field-Marshal Montgomery in his study at Schloss Ostenwalde.

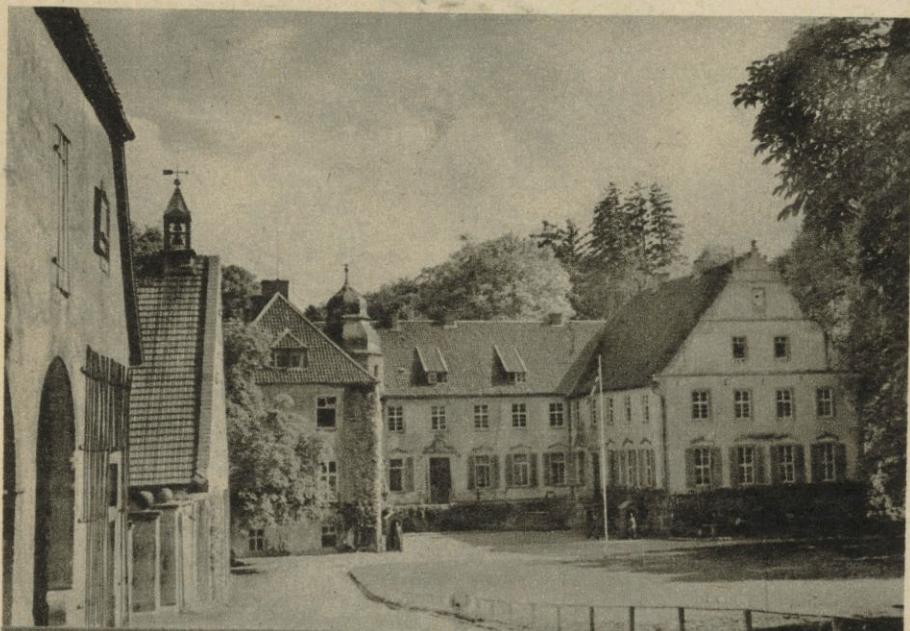


THE CHIEF'S NEW H. Q.

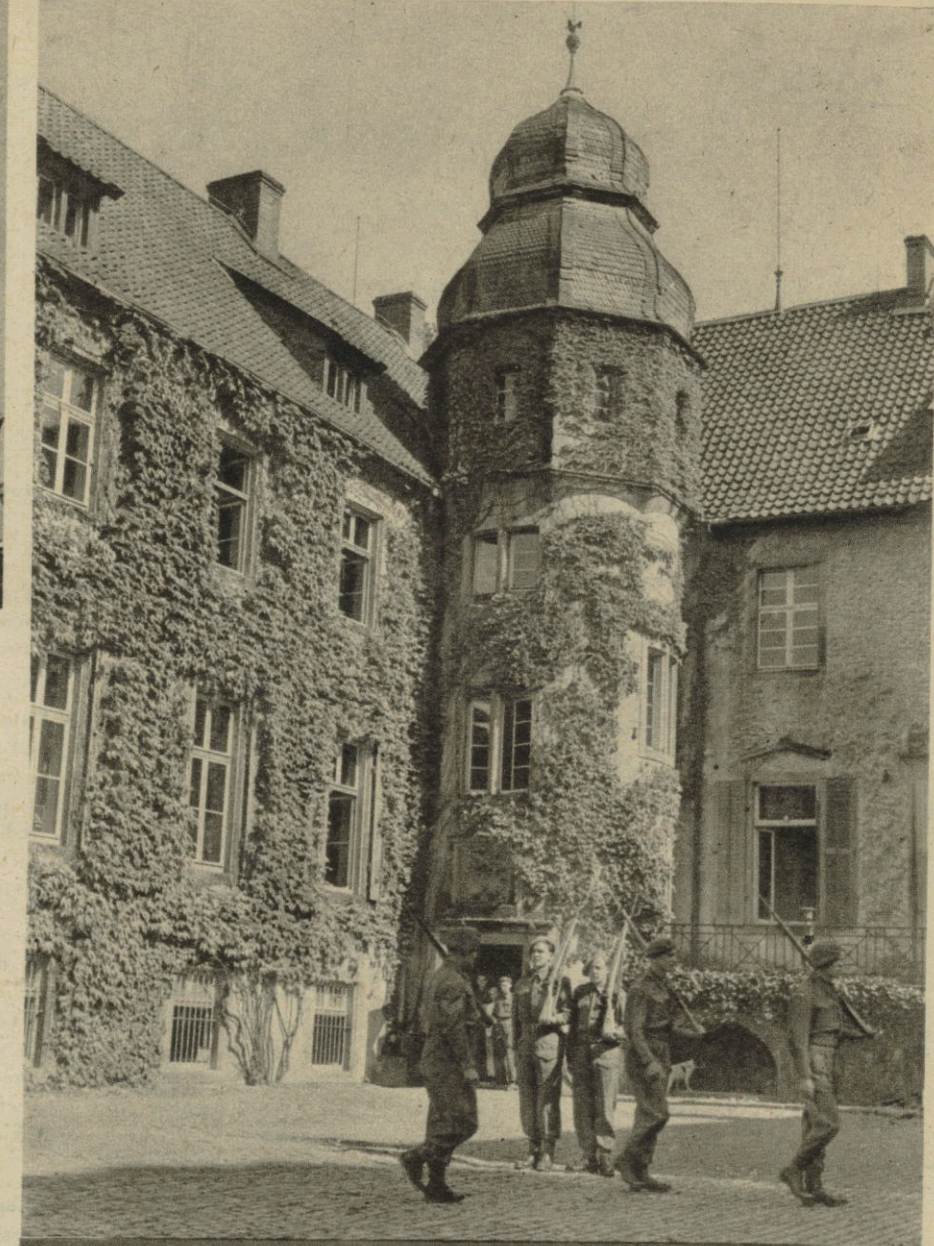
HALF-WAY between Osnabruck and Hanover there lies the sleepy little town of Lubbecke — the chosen headquarters of the British Control Commission for Occupied Germany, and a new "capital" for Field-Marshal Montgomery. Before the war Lubbecke was a favourite spot for German tourists.

Records show that this quiet, old-world town was well Nazified, and the centre of a region devoted to the leadership of Hitler. The town itself is almost untouched by war, except for damage caused by three bombs which landed there when the RAF were visiting the district.

Field-Marshal Montgomery has taken over the Schloss Ostenwalde. It was the home of a German baron, and is a building well fitted to represent the reality of British rule in Germany. It is spacious without ostentation; solid, but not oppressively so. The pictures on this page show you what it is like, outside and in.



This view of the Schloss shows that, apart from some typically German features, it is not unlike a large English country house.



The changing of the guard outside the Schloss. The guard commander is Sjt. Donald Trengrove, of Plymouth.



The entrance hall. Plenty of room, but not too big for the domestic touch.

NON-FRATERNISATION : Latest

This is the text of Letter No. 3 by the Commander-in-Chief on non-fraternisation:

To all members of the British Forces in Germany —

GREAT progress has been made in the de-Nazification of the British Zone and in removing Nazis from all responsibility in German life. Further, the Germans have shown themselves willing to obey my orders and to co-operate to the reconstruction of their country on non-Nazi lines.

I have already modified my orders about non-fraternisation and allowed you to speak and play with little children.

I now consider it desirable and timely to permit a further modification of these rules. You may now engage in conversation with adult Germans in the streets and in public places.

You will not for the present enter the homes and houses of the Germans nor permit them to enter any of the premises you are using except for duty or work.

I know the non-fraternisation policy has been a strain upon many of you who have to live and work in close contact with Germans, and I appreciate the loyal way in which you have honoured it.

(Signed) **B. L. MONTGOMERY, Field-Marshal.**

An American Salutes the British O.R.

IT has been given me to know you in some 22 countries throughout the world in the present conflict. You can take blame without complaint. It is hard for you to receive praise. But before departure may a stranger among you say a word which is in his heart.

FOR years in desolate outposts, won at fearful cost, you have maintained and guarded lines of communication, enduring heat, tedium, hazard, loneliness and separation from home, with a patience which has been unequalled.

YOU have campaigned in jungles not only with a savage enemy, but with foes as formidable, malaria, dysentery, vermin, monsoons, trackless forests, mountains and cruel streams.

YOU have companied with death and disease, with the terror by night and the arrow that flieth by day, nor lost that grim ironic humour which has fortified your own soul and steadied your friends.

YOU have brothered strange tribes of many colours, learned their speech, taught them health, how to soldier and to work, to honour the King and to do their just share to rid the world of an evil thing.

YOU have laboured and fought in alien lands, surrounded by every type of confusion and temptation and have kept your head.

YOU have borne overseas service longer than the soldier of any other army. Through years when the face and form of wife and child or sweetheart were hard to keep before the eye of memory, when letters were difficult to write because all that could be said had so often been written, you remained steadfast.

YOU have known disaster, have lost with honour, your faith undimmed in eventual victory.

YOU have known staggering success without the lifting of an eyebrow.

YOU will be the despair of those who too easily plan a new heaven and a new earth, for you will keep what the world sometimes calls stolidity, but which is an inner core of healthy scepticism and sanity.

YOU profess little knowledge of history, but your roots go deep into a land which, for a millenium, has blessed the earth by her slow and steady march towards freedom and light. You are radical in speech, but slow to give up tested ways. Those in great haste will despair of you.

YOU will also disappoint the fears of many who have heard you, in all your dialects, criticise the standing order with a fierce zeal for justice and reform. You will strive for a larger life, but you will not wreck the good to achieve a theoretical better. Your humour, your scepticism and your patience will save you from the nostrum of the quack.

IN great cathedrals, in shabby chapels, in field services in the open, in palm leaf shacks, with your body steaming in the heat, in churches of your own building, I have seen you, shy of speaking of your faith, wash your spirit clean in old hymns and ancestral prayers, renewing the springs of inner life. You and your Sovereign are still Defenders of the Faith.

THE women of your land have shared your uniform, your perils and your work. They have never failed in a dangerous moment, nor have they missed their portion of the soldiers' noiseless pain in long years of waiting.

TO you, Tommy Atkins, my hat is off in a sincere salute. You have what it takes. You are a stout fellow.

Faithfully yours,

George Stewart.

Dublin, New Hampshire.

Cairo, June 1945.



A young Burmese girl, having her legs treated for burns, shares a joke with the MO. Tana, the nurse, stands by.



HERE "M.O." MEANS "MIRACLE OFFICER"

Orderly Fred Wing firmly applies ointment, in spite of ear-piercing protest.



THE Burmese outdoor patients would come to the British Medical Dressing Station about one o'clock, said the CO. At any rate, they had come every day so far since the unit had been in the Irrawaddy region.

While we were waiting, we might care to see a little boy admitted the previous night. His mother had thrown a live cartridge into the fire accidentally and he had been badly burnt in the blow-out. The youngster, his body covered with bandages, lay groaning on a bed. His mother, herself burnt, watched him anxiously.

"How is he today?" the CO asked the mother, through Tana the nurse. Tana is an attractive Burmese girl of 24 who speaks good English and volunteered to serve in the hospital when British troops liberated the area.

The Family Comes Too

"Much easier, thank you, sir," said the mother. Tana explained that the poor woman thought the British doctors had performed a miracle. They warned her that the child was so ill that he would probably die within an hour or two of admission to MDS. But he was still alive 36 hours later and may now recover.

In the ward were other Burmese, not all of them patients. It seems that if you're sick in Burma, you take your family along to hospital — perhaps half-a-dozen relatives. They stay near till you are well again. Family ties are very strong.

"You should have been here a week or

two ago," said the CO. "We had arranged to fly a woman in an L-5 aircraft to a hospital some way back. But her husband and child insisted on going with her; there were floods of tears and we couldn't part them. We could put only one passenger in the aircraft, so we had to get another plane. We put the patient in one, and her husband and child in the other. The planes took off together and flew to the hospital side by side, so that husband and wife could see each other all the time."

Fred Is Proud

Some of the patients had been hurt during the fighting for their village; others were receiving medical attention for the first time in their lives. Skin trouble is rife in Central Burma — a legacy, in part, of soapless years under the Japs.

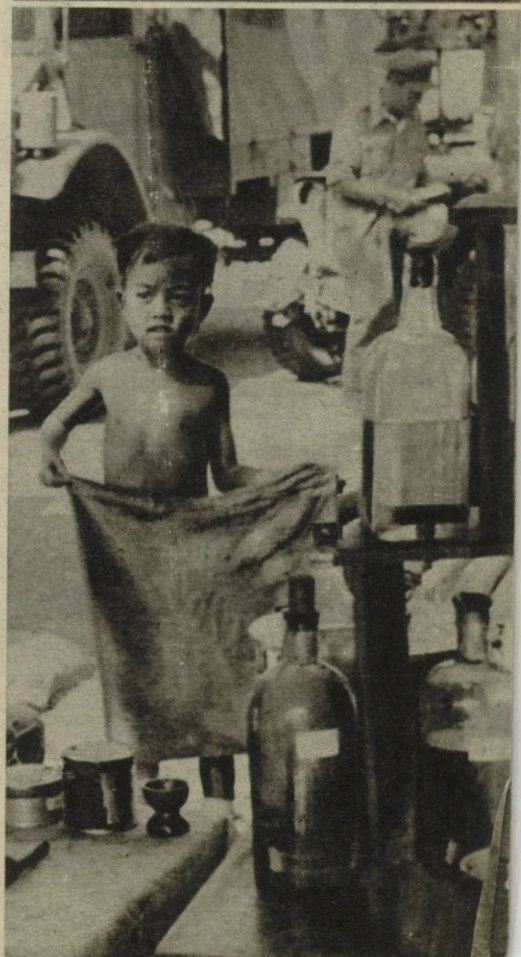
Tana, a mother herself, brought her baby to be treated. So did many other mothers. One had a tiny child of two months, whom she confidently handed over to the care of Medical Orderly Fred Wing. Fred, an East Londoner, is married, with a child, and he handled the youngster with skill and understanding.

"The kid's improving every day," said Fred proudly. "She seems to know we're doing her good — she doesn't cry half as much now as when she came first."

So the sick parade went on all afternoon. Burmese cured by British medical men spread news of the "miracles" and their friends attended for treatment. This is happening wherever the Allied armies go in Burma; it never happened under Jap rule.

Reg. Cudlipp (Lieut.)

This small patient takes a poor view of the camera. His expression says: "It's outrageous!"





PBR "Valkerie" Comes Home

PB.R. "Valkerie" was home. As she threaded her way past scores of barges, tugs and cargo steamers, and slid into position alongside the landing stage of London's famous Surrey Docks, the ships already moored there sent out a clamorous welcome, sounding the "V-Sign" in Morse until the whole basin echoed with the three short and one long siren blasts.

As "Valkerie" was made fast, her sister ships hove in sight and skilfully manoeuvred their way into the dock, their 200 hp. engines whining in protest as their skippers twisted and turned them through the densely packed waterway.

These Power Barge Ramps, converted flat-bottom barges that used to ply their trade from Wapping, Tilbury, Bermondsey and Billingsgate, were returning from war service in Europe — battle-scarred veterans of the D-Day landings on the Normandy beachheads, proudly flying the flag of the Inland Water Transport section of the Royal Engineers.

Their Sapper crews, bronzed young men clad in denims and PT shoes, waved

to the dockers who cheered them from the dockside, and pointed to their battle honours roughly chalked up on the matchboard facing of the chart-room — "Arromanches — Caen — Ostend — Ghent — Nijmegen — Rotterdam — The Rhine Crossing."

Those names will live in the memory of the British people for centuries to come as the stepping stones to the defeat of Nazi Germany, but only the official archives and those who saw the PBR's at work will recall how the crews of these squat, ugly barges toiled day and night at Arromanches and Port-en-Bessin, landing ton after ton of ammunition and food supplies. They will tell how they took vast stocks of food to the starving Dutch; how they discharged valuable cargoes from steamers in the battered ports of Caen, Boulogne, Antwerp, and Rotterdam, and how they helped the infantry to cross the Rhine in the last phase of the war.

The story of the PBR's takes us back to 1941 and switches us from London to Stalingrad, then to France and the Low Countries, and finally back to the ports of Britain. It is a story of bluff and courage that fits into the complicated pattern of war as a small piece of wood fits into a jigsaw puzzle.

Just over four years ago Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, then Third Sea Lord, sat on the edge of a table in a room at the Admiralty and spoke to the members of London's Association of Lightermen — the barge-owners and professional rivermen who between them owned 7,500 engineless barges.

They Didn't Argue

"I'm going to ask you to make a big sacrifice," said Sir Bruce, and pulled deeply on his pipe before he flung his bombshell. "I want 1200 of your best and biggest barges, and I want you to start at once converting them at your yards." At that time London's barges were already overworked, loading and unloading war material and food supplies from steamers as they docked at London, but the owners didn't bother to argue. The job had to be done, and they were the men to do it. Immediately they decided on the number of barges each owner should supply, arranged for their assembly and prepared their yards for the conversions.

It took three months for the barges to be gathered up and distributed to the yards, and another three before each craft was fitted out with a hinged ramp and a wheel-house. The Admiralty took them over and they disappeared from London and found new berths in the south-coast ports from where in a few months they were to perform their first and highly important task.

The spotlight moves to Russia. The Red Army had beaten back the Nazi hordes at Stalingrad, and in the early summer of 1943 were pushing the hard-pressed Ger-

mans to the west. The Germans badly needed reinforcements to hold the Red offensive, and back in France, Belgium, Holland and Denmark were a score of German divisions and masses of war material manning the Atlantic Wall.

In London at that time the armchair and street corner strategists were chalking up the demand, "We Want A Second Front. Strike Now".

The Feint

Britain was not quite ready, but something had to be done to prevent the Nazis sending their western-based divisions to stem the Russian surge forward. It was imperative that they should be kept in the West, or they might turn the tide of battle in the East. So Britain did the only thing she could — she fooled the enemy and led her to believe that invasion was imminent.

The PBR's were part of this great act of bluff. Back in Berlin the German High Command received reports from reconnaissance pilots that invasion barges were being massed in the chief Channel ports. They were constantly moved up and down the Channel, and along the East coast. One morning they were at Southampton, and next day another convoy would appear off the Isle of Wight. At the same time other barges massed off Dover and Hastings, and in the mouth of the Thames. In the early morning haze of a late summer day British warships and hundreds of invasion barges steamed up the Channel, apparently heading for the coast of France. Nazi reconnaissance pilots flashed back the information to headquarters.

The "invasion" didn't materialise, but the Germans were worried. Could they afford to deplete the West Wall defences to strengthen their Eastern armies and hold the Russians while the growing might of Britain and America just 20 miles across the water was poised for invasion? It was a huge problem, and once again the Germans guessed wrongly. They kept their divisions in the West and the Russians pressed on and drew nearer to the Germans' eastern border.

Engines Installed

The PBR's were part of Britain's "Invasion Fleet" which scared the enemy and forced him to make a wrong decision, which once made could not be rescinded. By the time the Germans had realised their mistake it was too late — there really was the danger of invasion. In the meantime the Army was preparing. An integral part of their plan was the provision of barges and trained crews to dump supplies on the landing beaches where only shallow-draught vessels could do the job.

The barges were handed over by the Admiralty, and the Royal Engineers transformed them into craft that moved under their own power by fitting two

100 hp. Chrysler engines in the massive holds.

Training centres were set up at Surrey Docks, at Hull, and in Northern Ireland. Volunteers were called for and men who before the war had worked on the rivers, and amateur yachtsmen came forward in their hundreds. A retired Lieutenant Commander, whose services were no longer required by the Royal Navy, joined the Royal Engineers and donned the uniform of a sapper. Miners, bricklayers, a farmer, a butcher, a carpenter, and a bank manager who had some knowledge of small craft transferred from other arms of the Service to the Inland Water Transport Section and went through a three months intensive course.

Crews Learnt to Swim

The instructors were civilians — London's master lightermen, versed in all the intricate aspects of small craft sailing. They taught the men how to tie knots, to handle ropes, effect repairs, load and unload barges, horse towage, navigation and compass work. Many who were unable to swim were taught in three weeks by "Bill" Woodward Fisher, a master lighterman who has spent all his life on the Thames and holds the Royal Humane Society's medal for life saving. "Bill" also won the Doggett "Coat and Badge" river race from London Bridge to Chelsea in 1911.

His method of teaching men to swim was novel, but 70 per cent successful. "Get a man used to breathing correctly in water and he can nearly swim," says Bill. "I used to make them breathe under water first, and then make them dive to the bottom of the bath and pick up rubber bricks. When they did that they could swim under water, and it was easy to get them to swim on top."

By the end of 1943 the barges and trained men were ready for anything. Two thousand IWT men had been trained to handle the barges as well as professional rivermen, and another link in the chain of supply required to arm and feed the invasion forces had been forged.

Just before D-Day scores of barges

belonging to No. 951 and No. 965 Coys, IWT, put in at Bembridge in the Isle of Wight and waited while ammunition was piled into their 200-ton capacity holds.

On 5 June they received orders to sail for Normandy, and chugging through the Channel at a steady five knots, with a cruiser escort for protection, they headed for France. They sighted Arromanches in the early hours of D-Day. The assault troops had already landed, and the beaches were being shelled and mortared. A strong-point here and there held out and poured bursts of automatic fire at the unloading craft and the men racing up the wide stretch of sand. The barges drove straight for the shore and grounded, the ramps were lowered and the stores were dumped in huge piles on the beach. The barges floated on the next tide. Some went back to England to pick up ammunition and food; others unloaded the supply ships already in the Bay. For days these Sappers worked like men possessed, driving to and fro from ship to beach and back, ensuring the delivery of the tools for the men ahead to do the job.

Many Were Seaisick

During the great storm they were pitched and tossed in gigantic seas. The men were bruised by the severe buffeting their tiny flat-bottom barges received, and many fell sick. But there was a job to do and they carried on loading and unloading, ship to beach, until Mulberry had been erected and stores were driven ashore from the landing stage.

From Arromanches the barges went to Caen where the docks had been so badly shattered that cargo ships were unable to land their own stores. From Caen to Boulogne, to Ostend, to Antwerp and Rotterdam the PBRs delivered arms, ammunition and food to the armies, and landed huge stocks of food for the starving Dutch.

As the Allies reached the Rhine, the "barges" of the IWT were sent forward to "recce" that great water barrier and take over all the German barges that had been captured and damaged. A few days after the crossing of the Rhine the PBRs

were ferrying stores across day after day until they were needed no more.

Some are still working in French, Belgian, and Dutch ports and rivers. Others are being assembled in Holland for their return to England and re-conversion into peace-time barges when they will be handed back to their civilian owners.

Home Waters Again

The first convoy of 25 PBRs came back from Terneuzen at the mouth of the Scheldt. They sailed all night on courses plotted by their Serjeant "Skippers", the engines operated by two Sappers assisted by a Sapper deck-hand. With their crew of four they sailed proudly into Quebec Dock escorted by the river tug "Hero", on board which were some of the civilian owners who had taught the men of the IWT their jobs.

As they nosed their way through Tilbury Reach, sailing in line astern, the "Hero" drew alongside the leading barge and hailed the Serjeant in charge.

"Glad to see you back," shouted Mr. Charles Braithwaite, a master lighterman and past president of the Association of Lightermen who was instructor-in-chief at the Surrey Docks training centre.

"Glad to be back too," cried the Serjeant. "Had a lovely trip. Glorious weather and the sea was so smooth you could skate on it."

"Hero" chugged on, greeting each barge in turn until the last three barges, lashed together side by side came into view. The centre barge "Vindictive", had sprung a leak during the night and for an hour her crew pumped gallons and gallons of sea water out of her. The flotilla Commander, Lieutenant E. Cooper, ordered two other barges to assist her and the three came home, arm-in-arm as it were, riding through the dock entrance with inches to spare on either side.

"Grand Little Craft"

"Vindictive's" skipper, Sjt. George Bennett, a 23-years-old Irishman from Belfast, raised a cup of scalding tea and drank to "London". "Shure, but its foine to be back again — even in London. We've had a grand time and Oi've enjoyed every minute of it — but give me Oireland for the best land of the lot."

He patted the wheelhouse affectionately. "She's bin a grand little craft, and if ever Oi hear anyone say a word against 'em, Oi'll make 'em eat their words". He spat viciously over the side, took a long draught of tea, ran his fingers through his hair, and grinned.

The Serjeant, with all his crew and the crews of the other PBRs, had operated the Rhino ferries from D-Day and were transferred to the barges when they were no longer required for unloading stores

on the beaches. They went on to Caen, Ostend, Ghent, Antwerp, and Rotterdam, and ferried men and ammunition across the Rhine.

More than half the crews were Irish or Scots. There was Sapper John McCarthy, an engineer from Dublin who tended the engines on "Vindictive", as proud of the barge as his Serjeant and just as aggressively minded if anyone dares to criticise the PBRs.

But perhaps the happiest man was Serjeant Fred Smith, of Bermondsey, the skipper of "Viking" to whom the journey back was a real home-coming.

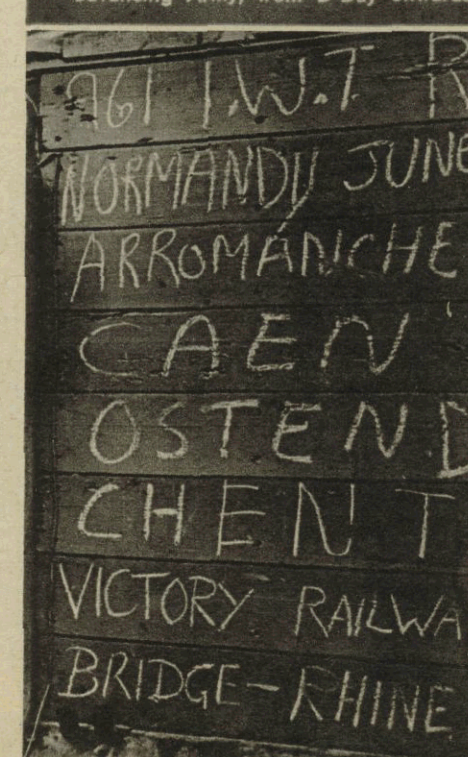
His Back Garden

"See over there?" he said, pointing a grimy finger across the dock. "That's where I live. Mum don't know I'm coming — I didn't seem to have time to let her know. But blimey, won't she be pleased!" He pressed the control button to set the port engine in motion, and brought the barge up against the landing quay. "Cor, it makes you feel funny, somehow. I used to work on the Thames and I reckon this is my back garden all right."

The steamers hooted out their welcome. Fred stopped talking, gazed around him, sniffed the air, and let out a sigh. "Yus, this is really home at last," he said, and disappeared below to collect his kit.

E. J. Grove (Lt.)

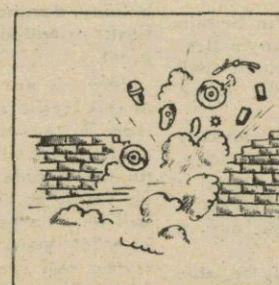
These names record how "Valkerie" and her sisters supplied the sea flank of the advancing Army, from D-Day onwards.



Sapper John McCarthy of "Vindictive" comes from Dublin. He operated Rhino ferries from D-Day onwards, and landed food and ammunition at Belgian and Dutch ports.



DISPATCH

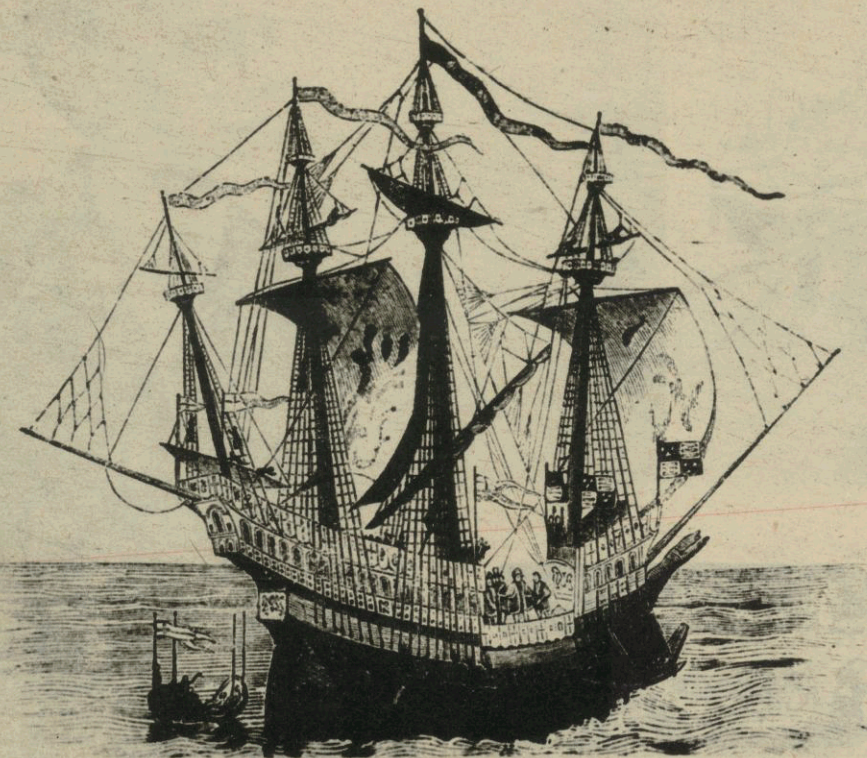


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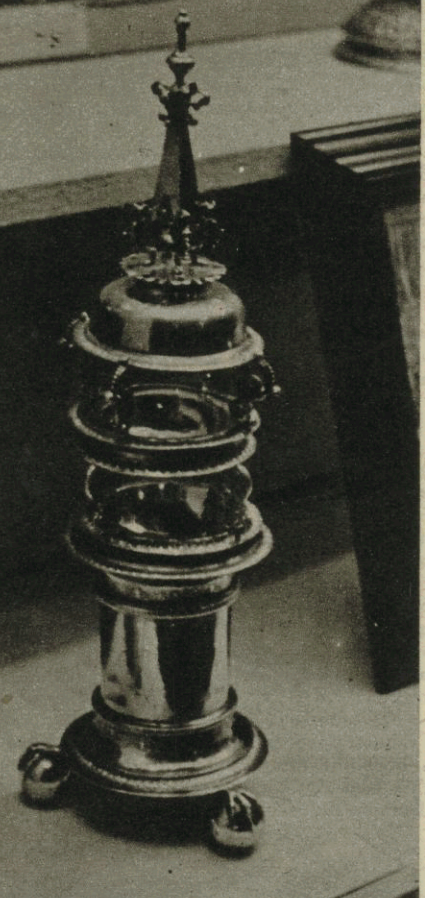


HIGHER AUTHORITY

WE CAN DO IT AGAIN!



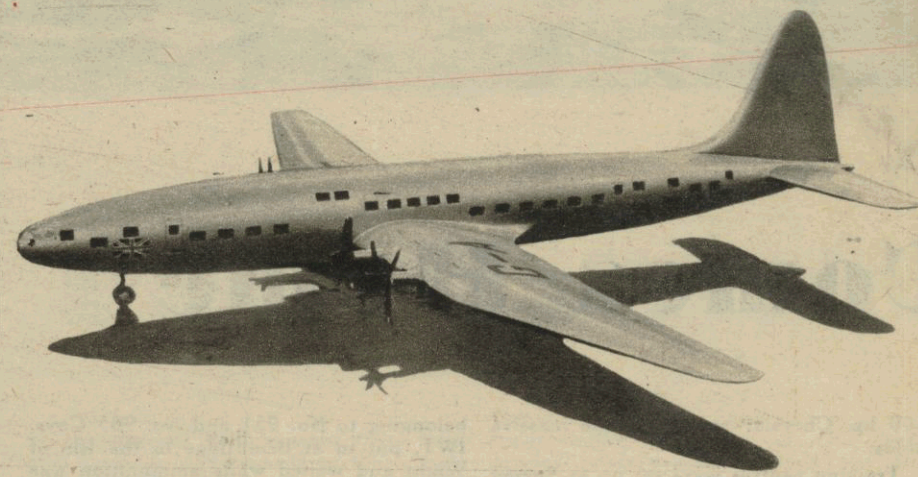
It is a far cry from the King Harry, 16th-century warship (above) to the huge Brabazon air-liner, a model of which is seen on the right. But they are firmly linked in the tradition of quality and inventiveness for which British productions have always been world-famous.



Above: London silversmiths wrought this two-tier, silver-gilt salt cellar in 1614. Much earlier the monks of Lesnes Abbey, near Erith, Kent, produced the gorgeously decorated missal seen below.



Two great tasks which will confront post-war Britain are the recovery of her export trade and the improvement of her standard of living. On these pages are some glimpses of the past and future which should give us confidence that we have the power, resource and inherited tradition which will put these objectives within our grasp.



THE fingers of British craftsmen are getting busy again in their six-years-interrupted arts of peace. Periodically for the last 1200 years they have had to break off from the work they really like doing to fight and to make weapons for fighting, but each time they have returned to their jobs and shown that the interruption has not cost them their pre-eminence.

We can do it again. Masterpieces of English workmanship that were turned out by craftsmen of the disturbed Middle Ages have just been brought out of their war-time hiding places and are back on show at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Long Bows and Candlesticks

Britain was fighting long and bitter wars through the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries when most of these treasures were created. The same hands that devised cunningly secure suits of armour and the best types of long bows were also busy with delicately fine filigree work and rich chasing on silver candle-sticks and elaborately tall salt cellars.

They were painting pictures and making fine religious carvings in wood and ivory. Musicians were laying the foundations of music as it is known in Europe to-day.

And a few hours after this silent evidence of the long leadership of British craftsmanship was displayed to the world, Britain sold her first post-war motor car abroad, details of her new, large air-liner with the comfort of a ship were published, and it was stated that there were hopes of a sister-liner to the war-winning Cunard Queens — the Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth.

The British craftsman had begun to do it again.

Small Cars, Giant Planes

The first motor-car to be exported was a 10 hp Austin saloon — and it has just arrived in New York. Mr. E. L. Payton, chairman of the Austin Motor Car Company, said that Mr. J. L. Green, American distributor of Austin cars in New York, recently flew to London, and the car was a result of his negotiations with the firm.

"The United States is the first country we are exporting to at the moment as it has the best shipping facilities at the moment," said Mr. Payton.

Mr. Green had said that he wanted all the British small cars he could get. During the war Americans had come to appreciate the quality and economy of the British 8 and 10 hp vehicles, a few of which were in service in the US.

Austins argue that it is not generally realised that Americans do 90% of their motoring in a 25-mile radius of their homes and that British cars would serve excellently in the great cities.

Mr. Green's comment before he left was, "I anticipate an immediate and growing demand once my countrymen see and appreciate the excellence of Britain's production."

Which is an encouraging tribute from a land that so long has regarded itself as the leader in car production.

It Has A Bar

The largest plane to be built in Britain is the Bristol Aeroplane Company's Brabazon I — a 110-ton liner which will carry 72 passengers for 3,000 miles. Work on it has begun.

A full-scale wooden model is already well under way at Filton. In the long, slim fuselage it is claimed that there is everything a passenger would find in a ship except a promenade deck and a swimming bath.

On short trips the plane will be able to carry 224 passengers. In size it is a real sky-liner.

The wings stretch 230 ft from tip to

tip. The fuselage is nearly as long as three cricket pitches. The two outer wheels are 90ft. apart. There are two-and-a-half stories in the plane, and the lounge in the centre of the top deck is 30 feet long.

On the 12-hour Atlantic crossing the 36 passengers will use armchair seats by day and berths like railway sleepers at night. A small bar is placed just forward of the main lounge and the captain of the aircraft has a cabin to himself.

The plane will fly at a height of 25,000 feet, but the fuselage is sealed and air-conditioned and passengers will be just as comfortable at that height as they are on the ground.

Brabazon I will roar above the Atlantic winds at an average speed of 250 miles an hour.

So the British craftsman who has done so much to span the stormy Atlantic with ships and cables now does his share in making yet another link.

Shipbuilder's Challenge

The Atlantic Ocean has been one of the world's race-tracks for the last 150 years, but the most important event will be staged immediately the war is over, and the result will decide whether aeroplanes or steamships are going to be the biggest money-makers.

So impressive is the appearance of giant sky-liners like Brabazon I that the average man finds it easy to say: "Of course everyone will fly after the war."

But the artists in steel who build British ships are not so sure. They think they have a good deal left to say and to do.

People who have fought in the Mediterranean campaigns and the Far East know what a difference air travel makes in trips from London to Cairo, Algiers or Calcutta. No one is going to go the long way round if he can fly to his business or holiday destination in the Near and Far East, provided that the cost is not too great.

Experts are reckoning that the cream of this traffic and of that to the Continent from Britain will be carried by air. They are still not sure whether the large Continental holiday crowds will want to pay air fares, or even whether the air routes will be able to carry them. But as it will be a few years before Continental holiday traffic can reach anything like pre-war levels this problem can be left for a while.

But British ship-builders and shipping companies believe that the liner will still



The "Great Eastern" was the marvel of her time, and although she did not make many voyages her construction gave a tremendous impetus to the development of the steamship, and silenced a host of critics who said "It can't be done." The picture by the side of it anticipates the liner of the future, of nearly half-a-million horsepower, travelling at nearly 50 miles per hour, with no funnels to break its streamline.

make the most money even on the Atlantic.

Ships like the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth can do the trip to New York in four days, and with the two first sister Queens working together (the Queen Elizabeth has never done a peacetime run) it will be possible to spend a week's holiday in New York within a fortnight's annual vacation. The original plans were to offer such a trip for £50. Fares will probably be higher after the war because of the new value of the £.

Queen Mary — in 1905

But there exist plans for even larger liners than these.

British ship designers look a long way ahead. When the record-breaker Mauretania was built in 1905 the company's designers made new calculations. Then they reported to their directors:

"That is the fastest economic ship we can build of that size. The Mauretania will do about 27 knots (later she did much more). It is no use trying to build a faster vessel unless the extra speed is worth while, say 33 knots. To do that you will need a ship of about 80,000 tons, or more than twice the size of the Mauretania."

They were told to go ahead and the first blueprints were made for the Queen Mary.

Through the long years while the Mauretania was holding the Atlantic Blue Riband for Britain, they were making more calculations and testing models. When the time came more than 20 years later for an order for the new ship to be given, they were ready with a drawing for every plate and knew where every one of the millions of rivets had to go.

They are nearly in that position again today, though naturally each ship-building and ship-owning company is keeping its plans for the future very secret at the moment.

Streamline Wonder

Yet, two years before the war, a paper was read to the Institute of Marine Engineers on the "Transatlantic liner of the future" by two scientists who suggested that 400,000 shaft horse power should be used to drive the liner at a speed of 37 knots (46 land miles an hour). This is twice the power of the Queen Mary's engines. They suggested that the liner

should be 1,350 ft. long — 350 ft. more than the Queen Mary — and should be completely streamlined. It would have no funnels to break the streamline.

At the other end of the shipping scale there is a scheme which the war interrupted of carrying people across the Atlantic in a floating "Corner House".

It was proposed to alter an ordinary-type ocean liner so that it would carry the maximum number of people in plain, simple, yet comfortable cabins. All meals would be supplied on the cafeteria principle. They would be provided by some large shore catering form, and if you didn't eat you wouldn't pay.

Labour and operating costs were to be cut so low that it was estimated you could sail to New York in this fashion for £10.

But travel by road, air or sea is only one of hundreds of problems concerning the British craftsman.

Life and work in the countryside will be very different in 1950 from 1935. The new life of electricity is being carried to house and farm and country workshop by the long lines of pylons and cables that cross our fields.

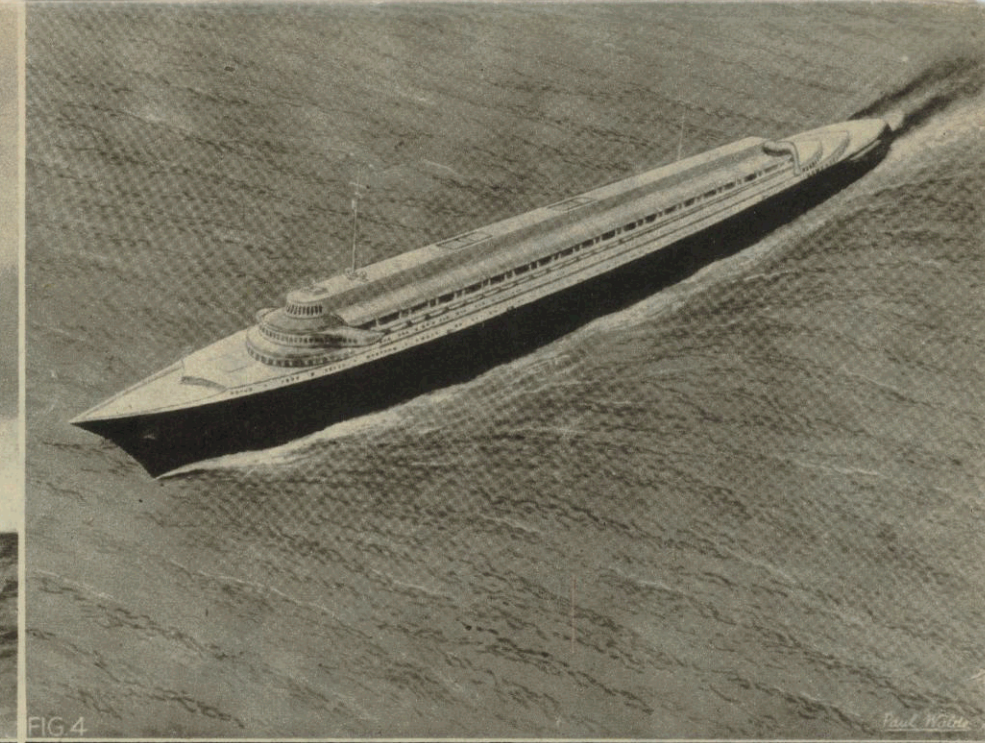
Villages Want Volts

More and more electricity is being used on the farm. Farmers who use electric milking machines are no longer looked upon as freaks. The first people who discovered that the playing of cheery dance tunes of the "sweet" type by radios in the shippon caused contentment to cows are no longer laughed at. Instead their former critics are beginning to remember that in the "good old days" a good voice was considered to be quite an asset to a dairymaid.

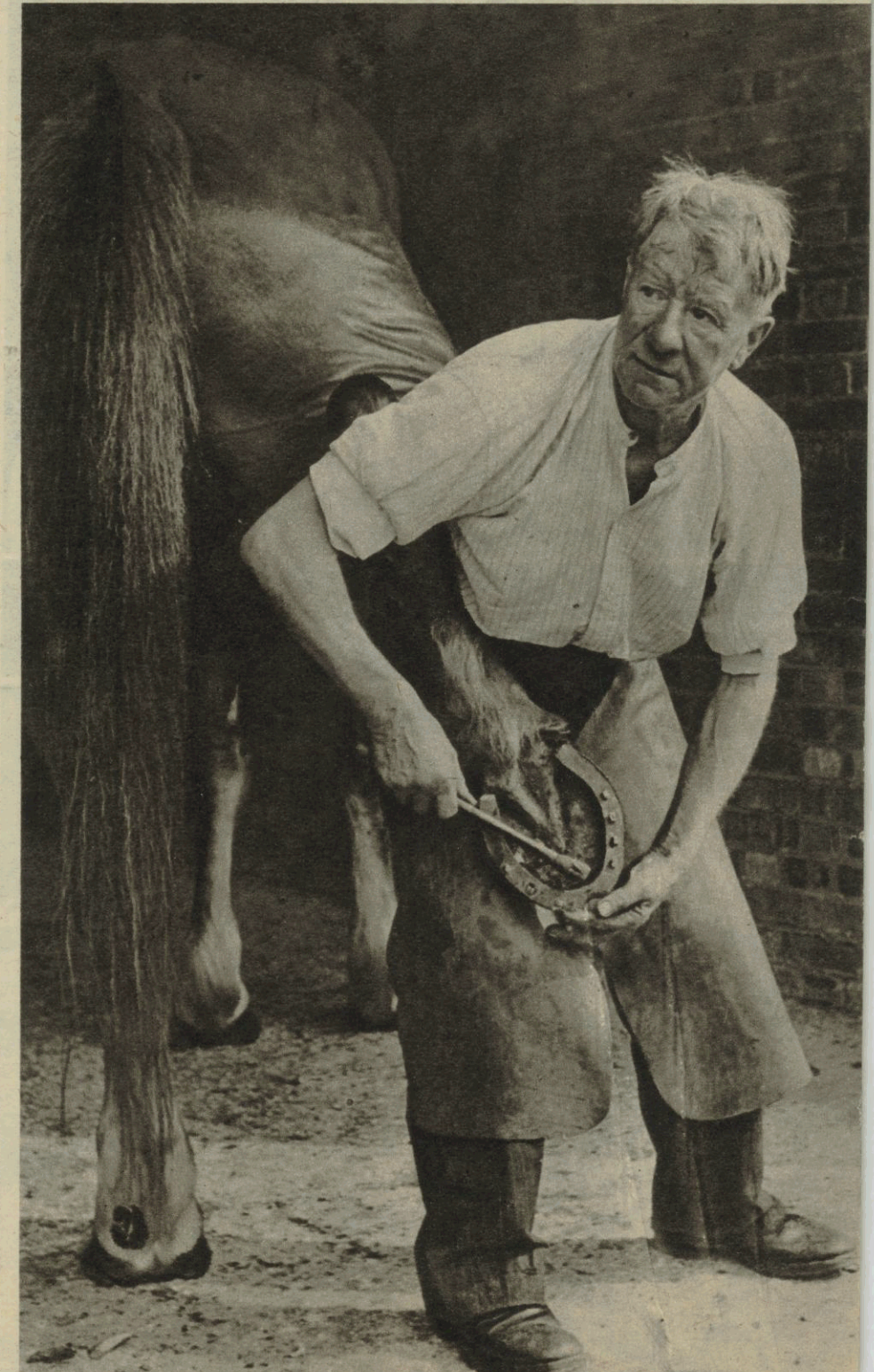
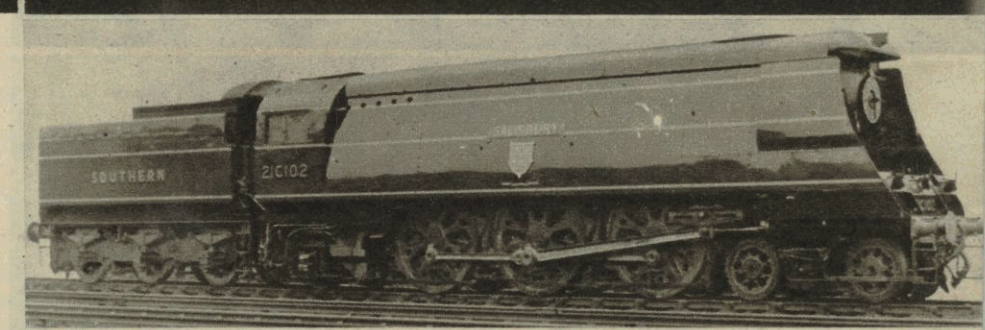
More and more housewives in the country are looking forward to the day when British factories will be turning out mass-produced electric cookers and refrigerators so that in their cottage homes they can have as much mechanical domestic help as any townswoman.

In the factories plans are being got down from the shelves to which they were banished when war broke out for the mass production, and consequent cheapening, of things like refrigerators, which before the war were firmly fixed in the luxury and not the necessity class.

(Continued on Page 10.)

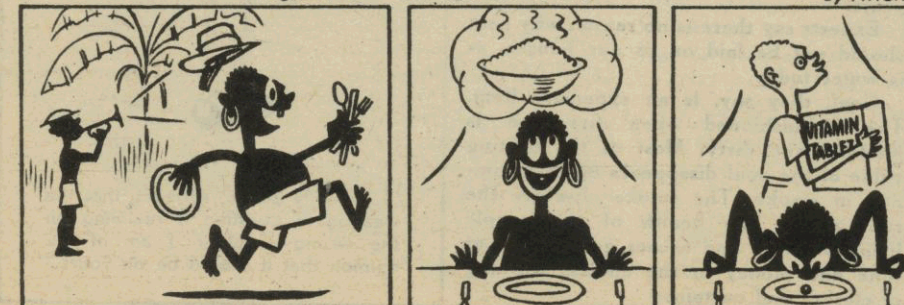


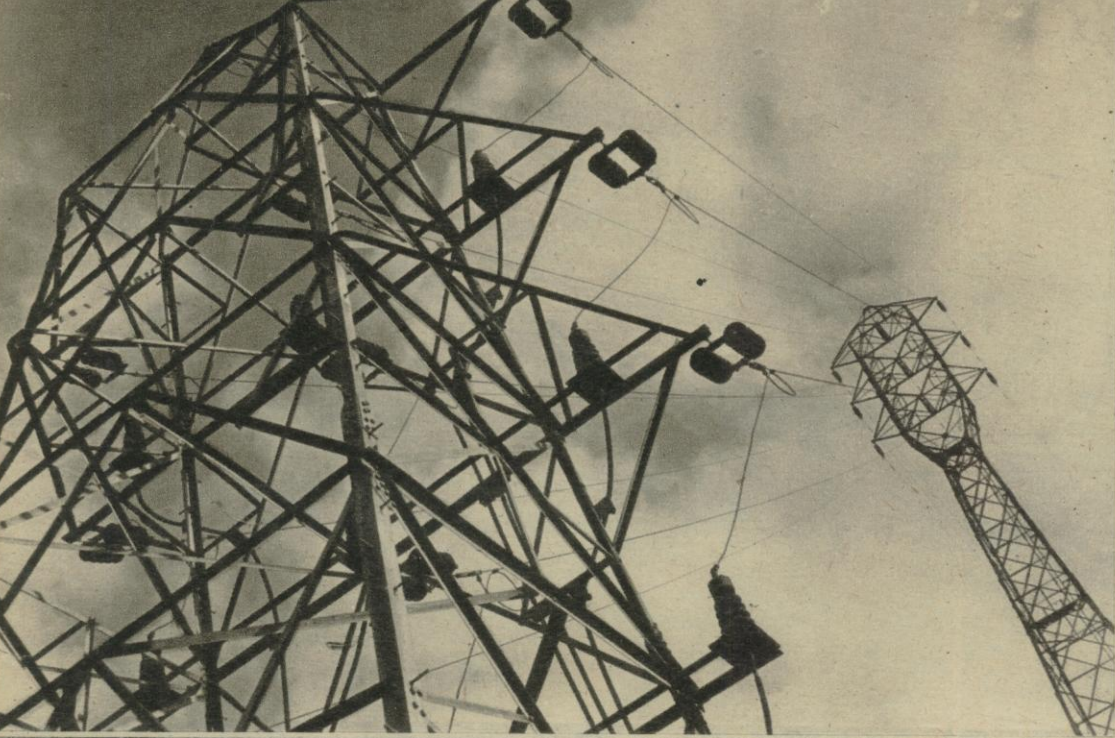
Below: The Salisbury, a passenger and heavy goods locomotive being built for the Southern Railway; and the village blacksmith, who will soon be getting electricity to help him with most of his jobs.



INTRODUCING KID OGO...

by FINCH





Above : The network of lines over the countryside, carrying electricity to the remotest villages, has made the pylon a familiar feature of the landscape. It brings the boon of easily-tapped power to such craftsmen as Hugh Baxter (top right) the blacksmith of Star Cross, Holbeach, Lincs, who now has an electric welder, drill and bellows.



We can do it again!

(Continued from Page Nine.)

Men as well as women are realising how important are these things. Houses and furnishings are no longer regarded as being entirely an affair for women. One of the fiercest letter controversies in a national daily newspaper recently was caused by an American soldier who wrote saying that electric washing machines were in almost every American home.

He was answered by another GI who said that was not true. Immediately there was a deluge of letters demanding to know the facts, and if America or any other country was very much better equipped in these or other domestic machines what was the reason.

The newspaper promised to find out for certain. So far it has not apparently been able to do so but the letters still keep on rolling in from British soldiers on the Continent reminding it that the subject has not been forgotten.

These are healthy signs.

The Blacksmith Cheers

But the village blacksmith and a host of other rural tradesmen who at one time seemed to have passed the period of their greatest usefulness are finding that cheap power tapped easily from the cables above their heads is opening up new vistas.

Rural industries are being modernised. There is scope again for the craftsman here.

The full effect of electricity on the disposition of industry and the lives of the people of Britain has not yet been seen.

It was coal and the steam engine which decided that our large towns should be built where they are to-day. But it is no longer necessary that a new factory should be established within easy reach of a coalfield so that expenses can be cut down.

A factory today can be set in the middle of a field or on the top of a hill, so far as the question of cheap power is concerned. The ideal of town planners who want to restrict the size of any new town in Britain to 250,000 will greatly be helped by the use of electricity.

New Ways With Coal

The craftsman will have his great chance with housing in Britain in the next few years.

Experts say there is no reason why heat should not be laid on to our houses, as is water today.

Coal, they say, is an expensive item. The old-fashioned open fire-place is wasteful and dirty. Most of the heating value of the coal disappears up the chimney in smoke. The smoke obscures the sun, affects the health of the people living below it and causes great waste of time and money in the endless washing of clothes and curtains.

Because British people are conservative in house fashions they know that many people will continue to demand the cheery appearance of an open fire.

But they say that if coal is processed at a central depot (i.e. if tars and valuable by-products are removed and used for other purposes) a good smokeless fuel can be produced.

Electric power stations today use coal to make steam to drive dynamos and then condense the hot steam back into water to be boiled up again. The steam has lost a good deal of its powers of expansion and therefore is comparatively useless for driving more engines.

Television for All

But it still has its heat and it is suggested that steam from power stations and other places could be laid on to each house in pipes.

In the main each room in a house would be warmed by this central laid-on heating. Smokeless fuel from the coal-processing stations would be used to provide a bright, cheerful but healthy open fire for those who want them.

Then there are radio sets and television. It is planned that television will be available to all soon after the war. But television sets have been expensive. The craftsman will have to set to work to design cheap, efficient sets and methods of mass-producing them so that they are within the reach of all.

We have done it before.

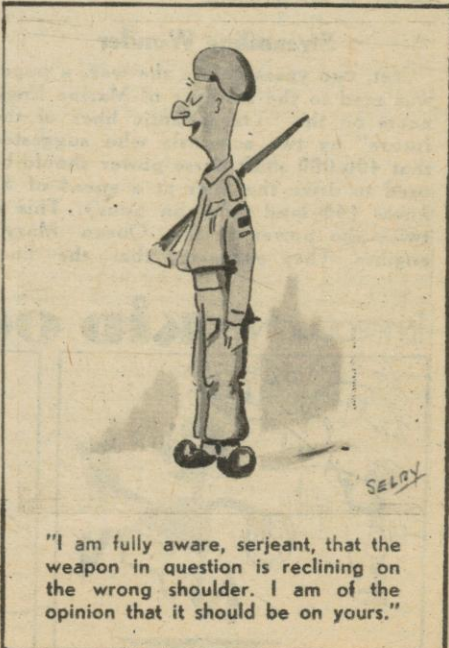
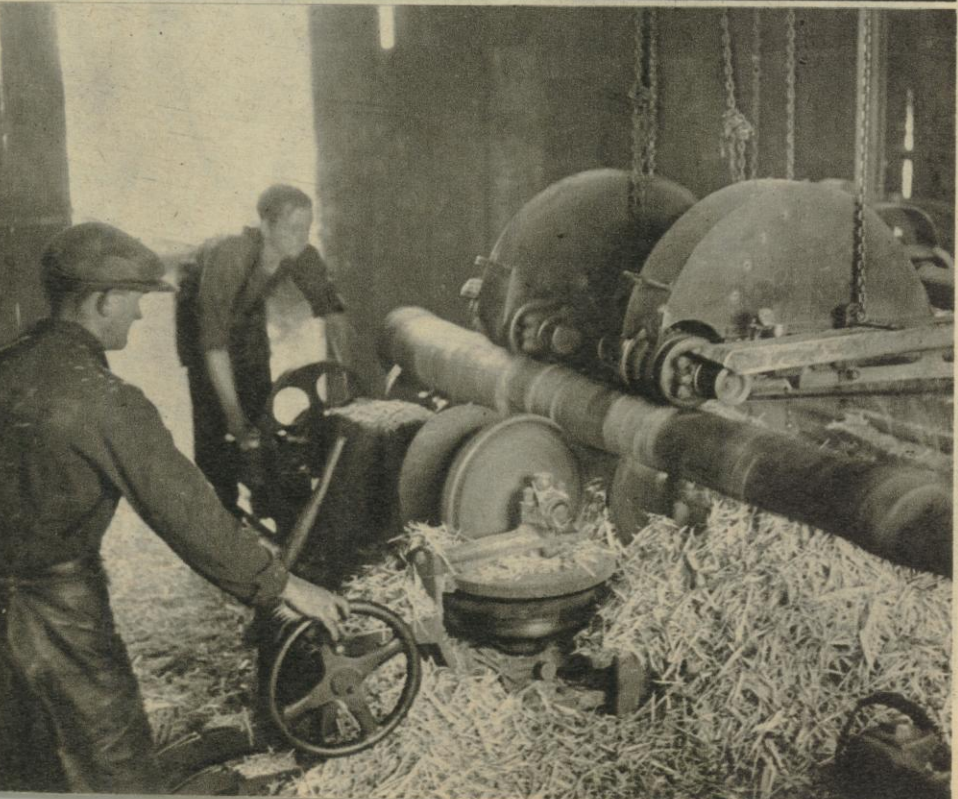
We can do it again.

We have made a start.

J. Hallows (Sjt).



The rural industrial revolution of to-day in full swing. Above : cans travelling on an electrically driven belt are filled with potatoes by a team of women. Below : electrically driven machines in a country timber works, trimming tree-trunks for telegraph poles.



"I am fully aware, serjeant, that the weapon in question is reclining on the wrong shoulder. I am of the opinion that it should be on yours."

Is your old News-Sheet
among these...

They Brought You News in the Heat of Battle

THE "cease fire" has sounded on another front... The formation news-sheet has gone into honourable retirement.

Long before D-Day, Colonel A.C.T. White, V.C., formerly Chief Education Officer in NW-Europe, had his corps of experts installed at Army, Corps and Divisional headquarters. They went out along with you on exercises in a 15-cwt truck labelled EDUCATION OFFICE which looked out of place in a column of invasion equipment. You'd give it a quick once over as you were moving along the line and you'd say to your mate, "What the hell!" and your mate would reply, as like as not, "Bit of bull, eh?"

Staffs of several news-sheets, comprising a captain, a serjeant and a private, landed on D-Day. "The Triangle" (3rd Div.) made its appearance on D plus 3. By the time we'd broken out of our Normandy bridgehead there were more than 20 news-sheets, and the total rose to 35 before the Rhine was crossed.

The show must go on — and the rag must come out, in snow, sleet and hail. It came out in tents, in cowsheds and in open fields. It came out when the stencils were so damp that they broke on the rollers and the weary business of typing had to be gone through again.

It meant turning out anything from 2000 to 4000 copies on days when the ink was too cold to run and the paper so wet that it churned through the Gestetner six sheets at a time.

Most of the sheets had some distinctive feature of their own. The Sixth Airborne effort, "Pegasus Goes To It", went over big largely on account of a cartoon feature by one "Natty".

The 51st Highland Division's "Piobaireachd" (Yes, Smudger, it is a bit of a mouthful) made a feature of guest writers: James Bridie, John Lehmann, George Blake, Stan Matthews, Tommy Walker, Harry Gordon.

"Spearhead" (1st Corps) struck a more serious note than most of them. Its daily editorial feature very often provided the topic for worthwhile discussion.

In the matter of reproduction "The News Guardian" (Guards Armoured Div.), "Globe Trotter" (5th Div.) and "Second Army Troops News" were among the top-notchers.

The 15th Scottish "Tam o' Shanter" plugged sport for all it was worth... and so was typically Scottish.

Below is the inside story of the "Bull's Head" (79th Armoured Division), told by a member of its staff and common in most of its details to Divisional news-sheets on every fighting front.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE serjeant grabbed the Bren and pushed me aside, as the Jerry planes were sighted. "I'll handle this", he said. "You turn that duplicator. Those papers must catch the DR's". That seemed a fine start for this article, the story of how "The Bull's Head" was produced. But though this incident occurred, it suggests we were ever in the thick of action, scarcely an accurate picture. So let's open with a scene nearer the normal run of events.

SCENE ONE

The curtain rises on a rain-soaked meadow. The lorries are tucked under the dripping hedges. Mud and frustration cover the land.

I am typing on the tailboard of a 15-cwt, the wind freezing my liver and the rain drizzling down my neck. The captain looks at his watch. "Damn that radio," he says. "It would crack up at a time like this. Better see if you can't get something from the Signals boys".

The Signals radio is jammed with static, through which comes a voice, faint as a sigh and as far away as England. We catch a few words. "That's not going to help much" says the AEC serjeant.

"But we've got to get the news from somewhere. The paper must come out".

And as we struggle back to the lorry, there comes to me a vision of the bad old Fleet Street days, when I wept into my beer at the Bodega over the hardships of a journalist's life. I must have been anticipating then. For this is the craziest journalism ever attempted by man.

SCENE TWO

All is ready. The stencil's on the duplicator. The paper is ranged in neat white stacks. "Right", says the serjeant. "Let her roll".

I turn the handle. Out comes a hopeless black smear. "Sally", the duplicator, temperamental as a Brussels blonde, is up to her tricks.

The captain says a naughty word. "Type another stencil," he commands me, "and run it off on the clerk's machine. And you, serjeant, get that duplicator working properly... or else."

I run the paper off, while the captain is on his knees on the grass, wrapping them up like mad. And as the shades of evening fall I catch a glimpse of the serjeant, a forlorn figure, still sitting in the mud, with spare parts of "Sally" grouped all round him.

SCENE THREE

It is 9 p.m. We are waiting for Mr. Churchill's speech. We switch on. A voice comes through the ether, strong and clear as a bell. "Hullo Able Roger. Hullo Able Roger. Report my signals. Report my signals. Over".

The serjeant listens to this for ten minutes. Poor Mr. Churchill isn't even in the running. Then he claps on his beret with a grim look. "Where are you going?" I ask him. "I am going", he says deliberately, "to acknowledge that b---s signals".

The General Came

I could tell you of the mistakes we made. We once had the Russians "hammering at the gates of Moscow". I could tell you of the praises we earned, of our delight when first we saw "Right to the latest Bull's Head", tacked on to a Divisional war map, of our modest blushes when the general came to "pay his respects" to the paper.

We captured no pillboxes when we were down the line. We brought in no strings of Germans at the point of an empty revolver. But if we brought a gleam of interest to a fatigued soul, if we raised a grin on a tired face, why then, our work was done.



"Oi, you haven't got the result of the three-thirty in here!"

... "Banners" of the BLA?



A workman prepares a template for fitting glass to windows of the Lords' Chamber, used by the House of Commons since the 1941 blitz.



Above: The wall between the House of Commons Chamber and the division lobby being demolished. The Speaker's chair used to be in front of the archway seen at the top left hand.

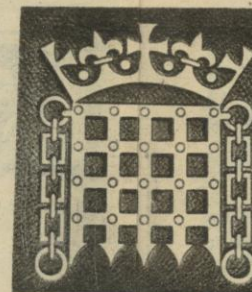
Below: Workmen preparing staging for the Royal thrones which will be used on August 1, when the new Parliament meets.

Right: Big Ben, which was undamaged, overlooks the wrecked Chamber.



THE HOUSE PREPARES FOR ITS D-DAY

DID you know that there was a battery of loudspeakers in the Houses of Parliament to enable all speeches to be heard clearly — and that they cannot be switched off? Or that there is a post office concealed in the building from which you can (if you are lucky) send a card post-marked "House of Commons"? If you didn't, accompany **NORMAN MEARES (Sjt)** on a tour of the Palace of Westminster as it looks in the hands of the builders and decorators who are getting it ready to welcome the new Parliament.



The crest of the Palace of Westminster.

IMAGINE the chaos of scenery, props and dust-covers over seats in a theatre three weeks before a play is due to open. That confusion is nothing to the disorder of the Houses of Parliament now awaiting an even bigger show, but without anyone able to say who are to be the stars, or even the chorus.

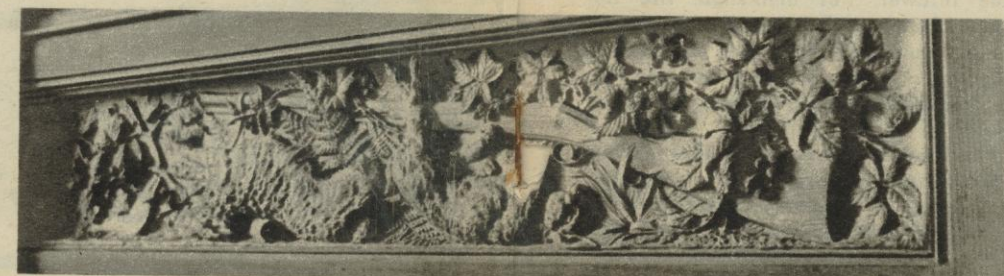
Until the election returns are complete nobody knows who will sit on the carmine seats of the House of Lords Chamber now used by the Commons, whose own green-seated Chamber was blitzed on 10 May, 1941. But the house is being prepared against the return of its masters, whoever those masters may be.

Skeleton of Parliament

In the eastern wing, within the shadow of Big Ben's tower, which rises against London's shifting cloudscape, demolition parties have been knocking into dust and rubble the ruins of the old Commons Chamber. It was dramatic to look down from the higher roof levels of the administrative offices surrounding Star Court upon this skeleton of Parliament. From there one could trace the details of that historic spot where the Parliament of a free people, tense with excitement, awaited the declaration of war on Hitler's Germany.

There a battered arch in the eastern wall showed where the space behind the Speaker's chair once stood as the "wings" of history's stage. Through that door Mr. Chamberlain, preceded by Mr. Arthur Greenwood (then acting leader of the Labour opposition) and Sir Archibald Sinclair, who was leader of the Liberal Party, entered on the night of 2 September 1939, to give the Members of Parliament some hint of the tremendous scope and gravity of the problems ahead.

Noise and bustle of the builders will not intrude upon the august meetings of the



Wood carving in the MP's dining room.

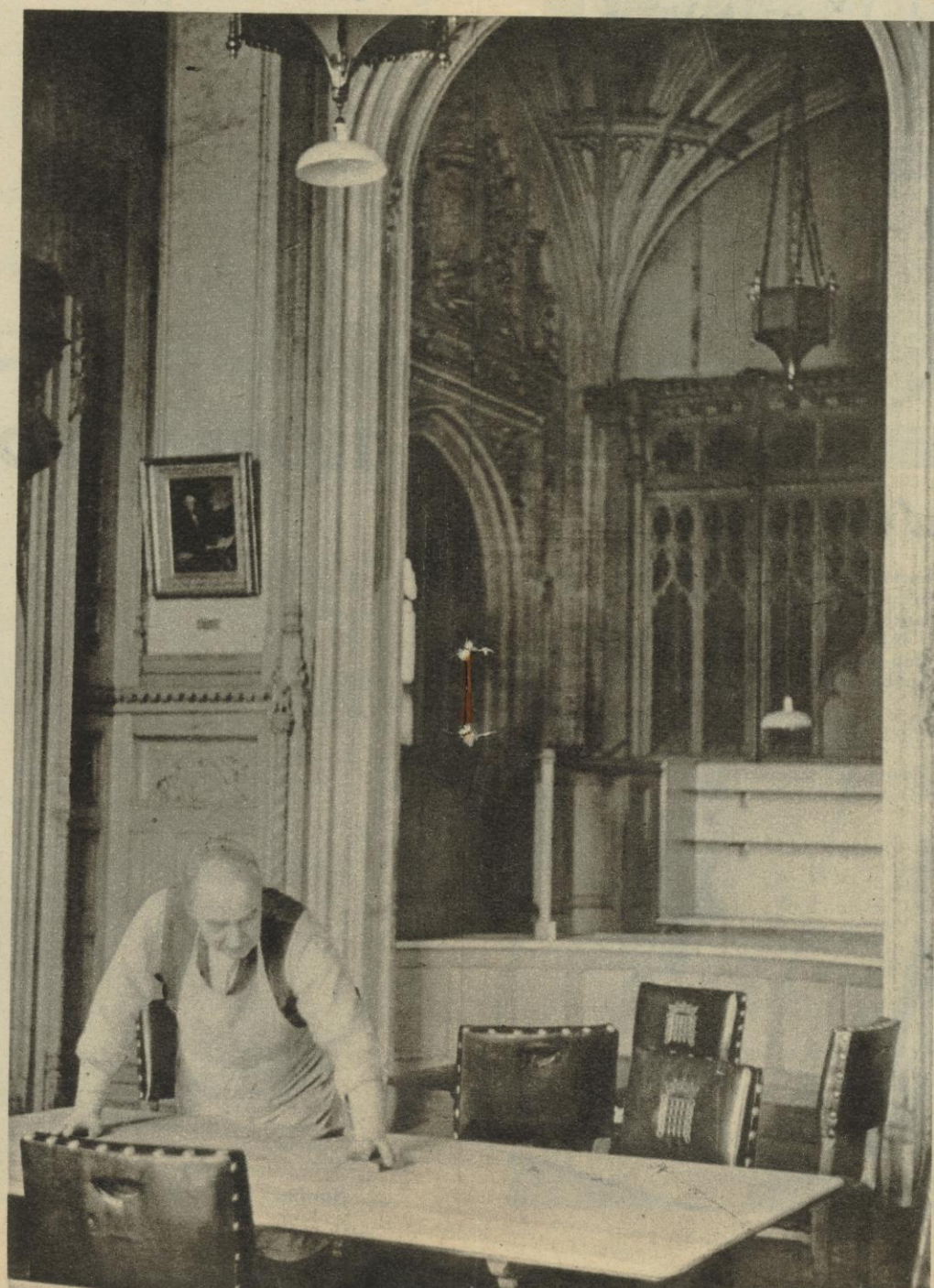
nation's legislators when they assemble on 1 August. Administrative staffs who, until now, have been working close to the bombed Chamber have been moved into other parts of the Parliament buildings. Until a new Chamber arises from the ruins of the old there is going to be a lot of congestion at Westminster.

At present there are half a dozen different plans of improvement and alteration being carried on. Telephone engineers are laying thousands of feet of new cable, to cope with the invasion of staffs from the area now bricked off for demolition. In the Central Lobby the concealed Gothic post office, where knowing visitors send off letters for the sake of the "House of Commons" postmark, has a new counter.

Most spectacular is the work in progress

in the House of Lords Chamber for the Royal opening of Parliament. On the first day of the new Parliament the Peers will use their own Chamber for the traditional pageantry when the King and Queen attend the beginning of the new session. Carpenters were erecting the staging for the Royal thrones and workmen were fitting stained glass to the windows which had previously been boarded so that meetings of the House could continue during the blackout. Men were making templates of the Gothic tracery of the window spaces, and experts sat on the seats of the mighty to study patterns of coloured glass being tried out.

Then there were the workmen who bundled the long, red leather benches into the centre to permit work on the box



IN the spring of 1941 a German bomb reduced the Chamber of the House of Commons to a ruin, and the Members of that assembly have ever since shared the accommodation of the House of Lords. It will be some years before the Commons return to their old home, but in this article you can read how the work of rebuilding and restoration is going forward. It also tells you about some of the improvements and alterations which are always being made during a recess, when the absence of Members gives the builders a clear run.

in which foreign d'plomats will be placed for the Royal opening of Parliament. This revealed one little-known device that may have had its effect on Parliamentary speech — rows of concealed loudspeakers. These are so placed that the voice of a distant political opponent reaches an Hon. Member from between his boots.

A careful examination of these instruments revealed no gadget for switching off a speech that has taxed the patience of a back-bencher beyond endurance. His only democratic way of escape is to make his bob to the Speaker and disappear through that same door which leads the industrious to work in the library and the thirsty to the ever-open bar. Certainly the effect of the microphones strung down the centre of the Chamber and the batteries of loudspeakers is to increase the value of the conversational tone of addressing the House, and to out-date impassioned rhetoric.

No Place for Middlemen

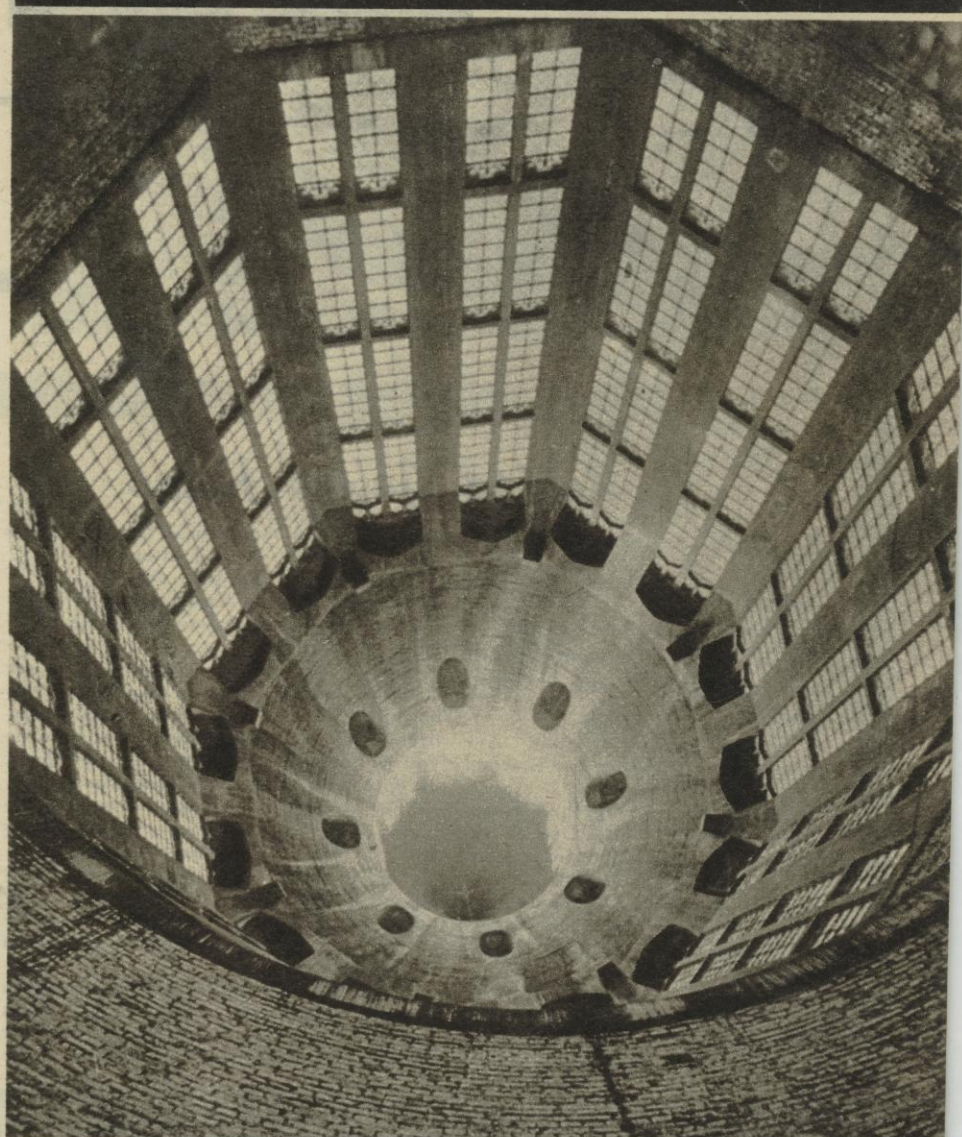
Changes in the physical construction of the House or in its equipment are always studied by MP's with the greatest suspicion, for if this country can boast an unwritten Constitution there is no gain-saying that these solid stones and furnishings are monuments of our constitutional practices. The very shape of the House of Commons perpetuates the two-party system, so that you must stand clearly either "for the Government" or "agin' the Government." There is not the facility for adroitly changing sides inconspicuously that you find in semi-circular Continental chambers. In our Commons there is nothing for it but to "cross the floor of the House."

Along the corridors in that vast Parliamentary hinterland so seldom explored by the public there is more physical evidence of the human side of the constitutional working of Parliament. Apart from the many committee rooms, used not only for the official committees of the House but also for unofficial "ginger groups" formed to press some particular case — apart from these are the smokers' rooms, bars and dining rooms where politicians can exchange their views on Bills before Parliament, arrange opposition to unpalatable clauses, or rally support for essential legislation.

Now it is more than a month since last the cry of policemen rang through the corridors, "Who goes home?" If you see a policeman now he will probably be looking thoughtful — wondering how long it will take him to recognise the face of every new MP.



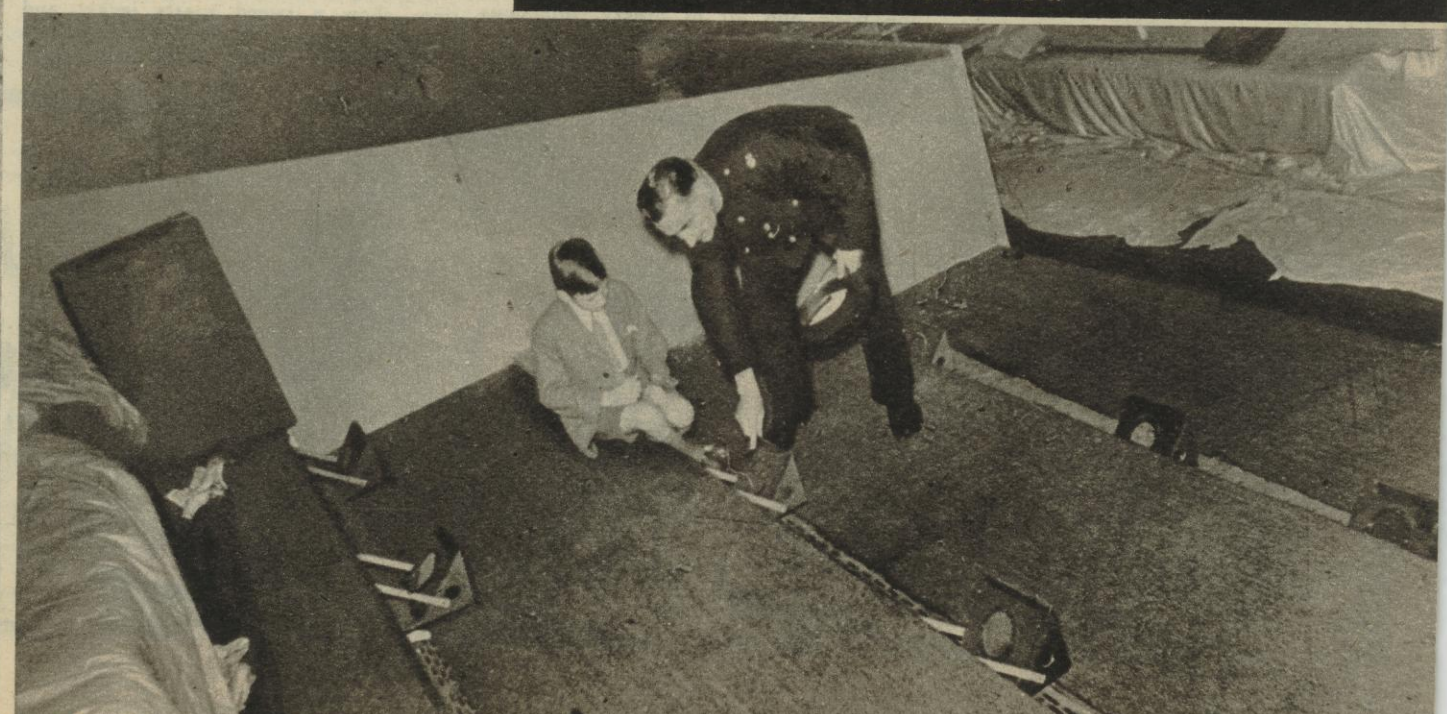
Looking over the Thames from the Houses of Parliament towards Westminster Bridge and the County Hall.



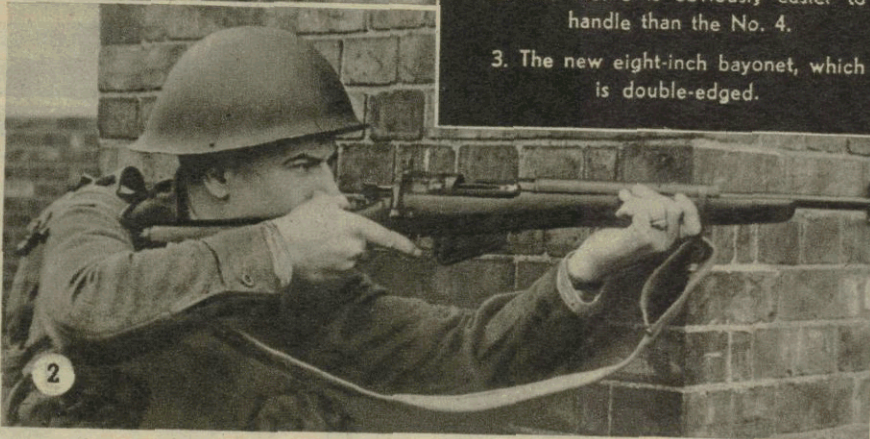
Does it make you dizzy? The picture above shows the interior of the lantern tower directly over the Central Lobby — the hub of the Parliamentary world.

Below: The Custodian of the Palace of Westminster shows a young visitor the loudspeakers which are usually concealed by benches.

Left: Mr. E. B. New, veteran worker in Parliamentary buildings, prepares the tables for the return of MP's.



For Those Going East



A new lightweight rifle, which can also be used as a light mortar, hurling grenades a distance of 250 yards, is in full production and will soon become a general issue to troops serving in SEAC.

This rifle — the No. 5 — weighs only 7 lbs., or 2 lbs. lighter than the No. 4,

and is much easier to handle. The need for a lighter rifle became apparent two years ago when jungle troops in Burma found the No. 4 too heavy and slow to bring to the shoulder quickly, and airborne men expressed a wish for something easier to handle but just as effective.

So the firearms experts experimented with the No. 4. They cut six inches off the barrel, machined off the side of the butt, and inserted a rubber pad for the shoulder.

Bayonet Will Open Tins

Shortening the barrel would normally increase the flash, but this is overcome by a flash eliminator which reduces it on the new rifle to less than that on the No. 4.

The maximum effective range is only 1000 yards, but as Far East warfare is nearly all close-range work this is not considered a disadvantage. The bolt action and magazine of the

No. 5 are identical with those of the No. 4.

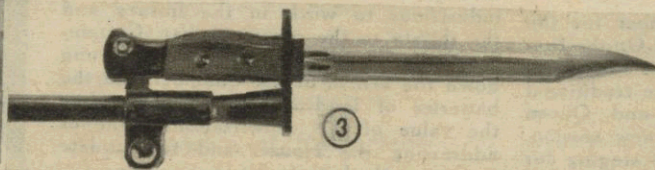
A new eight-inch steel blade bayonet replaces the "spike". The designers realised that in addition to killing the Jap the bayonet would also be used for cutting through undergrowth, opening tins, and other non-lethal purposes. It has a cutting edge on both sides of the blade.

Mortar Attachments

When used in the light mortar role the launcher is attached to the flash eliminator and a mortar sight is fastened just above the breech. A second rubber pad is slipped over the butt, and within less than a minute the rifle is converted into a grenade thrower. For high-angle fire the butt is placed on the ground. If low-angle fire is required the firer uses the weapon from the shoulder, and can shoot up to 10 grenades without suffering any discomfort.

The grenades include a hollow charge anti-tank grenade capable of penetrating four inches of armour. It is fuzed to explode on direct impact or "graze" and has no safety-pin, the fuze arming as the grenade is fired. It weighs 1 lb 4 1/2 ozs.

The new cleaning compact is similar to a two-ounce tobacco tin. The bottom is made in three compartments for the pull-through, flannellette and oil bottle, and the lid contains a frame for the gauze and a clip to hold a cleaning brush.



If You're Going Home

WHAT happens first when a soldier from BLA comes back to Britain for release? To find out, a SOLDIER staff writer went to meet one of the demob. ships from Ostend.

Exactly an hour and five minutes after the ship had touched the side of Dover dock her passengers were entering their sleeping quarters at No. 3 Disembarkation Camp Unit, Moore Barracks, Folkestone. A hot meal was ready for them, prepared by cooks who knew well in advance how many men were coming, and exactly when.

After their meal all had a quick kit check, and then handed their arms and surplus kit to the Quartermaster. The following are some

useful tips you should bear in mind at the Quartermaster's — and after:

Tip. 1. See that your AF. H 1157 is up-to-date. If you haven't got some of the items listed on it you are liable to be charged for them.

Tip. 2. Before leaving your unit see that the articles you are allowed to take out of the Army (underwear, boots, battle-dress etc.) are in good condition, because you will not be allowed to exchange them, except under emergency conditions.

Tip. 3. Don't try Belgian francs in the phone kiosk — they tangle up the works and you don't get through anyway.

Tip. 4. The regulations say you must be released from the centre nearest your home, and you will only waste time at the Disembarkation camp if you try to wangle somewhere else.

"And then," said Major Alexander, the second-in-command, "we suffer from people who try to bring home more kit than they are entitled to. We try to be

helpful, but there are limits. One chap brought back a baby grand piano in two packing cases."

The camp has its own cinema. There is a welfare centre with reading rooms, writing-room, billiards-room, barber's shop, table-tennis, draughts, cards, crib boards, library and information centre.

Not all those coming through No. 3 DCU are happy about it. One grey-haired staff-sergeant explained their point of view. "I'm over 50 and I've no job to go back to," he said. "I'm a widower and I've no home, either. Now I've got to leave all the friends I've made in the Army and I don't know what I'm going back to. I know I'm too old for active service, but there are plenty of jobs I could do in the Army — in transit camps and that sort of thing. I'd much rather stay in."

The camp has now passed its "teething" stage. "It's all working so smoothly now," said Major Alexander, "that we feel we can cope with anything."

Finally, here is Tip. No. 5. Change all your foreign money before you get on the boat. You can't change it in England.



YOU have heard a lot about the civilian outfit you will get on release, the 40 different fittings and wide variety of styles. Perhaps some of you have been a little sceptical about them, and expect to be handed a typical set of reach-me-downs.

If so, these illustrations, issued by the Ministry of Supply, should help to dispel your fears.

It's true we may not all possess either the slim, wiry figures of the models or the poise and air of breezy, infectious self-confidence which they express in every line and feature. But the pictures do give

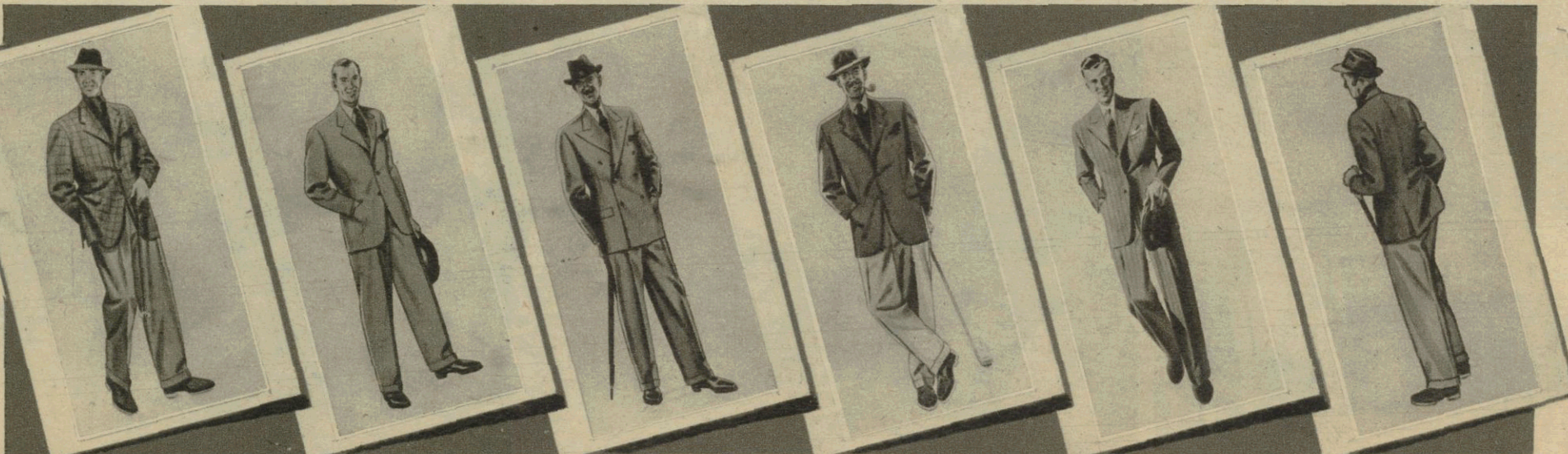
a good idea of what you will be able to get when you come out.

Reading from left to right the illustrations show a tweed sports jacket and flannel trousers; single-breasted lounge suit; double-breasted lounge suit; semi-

When You're Out

hacking style jacket, front view; single-breasted lounge suit; semi-hacking style jacket, rear view.

N.B. Shooting-stick, foulard scarf, golf club and the "handsome men are slightly sun-bronzed" look are NOT issue.





The 10 ATS demonstrators who will answer all queries on pre-fab houses in BLA. Left to right : Cpl. E. Manning, Cpl. E. Pearce, Pte M. I. Jones, Pte. M. Bamber, Pte. K. W. Page, Pte. R. A. Hallas, Cpl. B. A. Challinor, Cpl. M. Mason, Cpl. N. J. Barrington, Pte. Z. Lavers.

BRINGING YOU THE PRE-FABS

THIRTY hand-picked ATS, most of whom fought against V-bombs and Nazi raiders, are out to convert the British soldier in BLA, Italy, CMF, SEAC, and Burma to the idea that not only are temporary pre-fabricated houses necessary but the types that are being built in Britain are very good ones.

In their charge are specimen pre-fabs for erection at transit camps or leave centres or wherever the authorities on the spot decide that the greatest number of men will be able to see them. The girls' job is to show off the points of the houses and answer questions.

All Volunteers

Four parties of girls are signed up for BLA, three for Italy, two for MEF and three for India and SEAC. They have all volunteered and have all been through a five-days course of instruction at the Ministry of Works.

Everyone is heart-whole. Only girls with no attachments were considered for this job of demonstrating, so there is no danger of any of them becoming over-enthusiastic through being desperately keen to have any sort of a home so long as they can call it their own.

The girls scored point one as soon as they arrived at a site at Crayford, just outside London, where about 50 prefabs are being put up. These are of similar type to those which are being sent overseas, the Arcon, a steel-framed house made by one of the largest firms of steel-window-frame manufacturers.

Not Next Christmas

Outside one newly-painted door a large furniture van was drawn up. Pte. V. R. Plume, one of the girls who is going to MEF, pointed to it. "That is the answer to most of the critics," she said. "Those people are moving in today. These houses are ready today — not next Christmas or the Christmas after that."

Just next door, already moved in and working hard with curtains and furniture, was Mrs. J. MacLay, the pretty, dark-haired wife of a man wounded in Italy who is just waiting for his release. The day before, Mrs. MacLay had brought her three-years-old son Ian, two-years-old Janet and her furniture from a small flat to the pre-fab.

There was no mistaking the glow of real pride and enthusiasm on Mrs. MacLay's face. "It's wonderful," was her judgment. "The kitchen is marvellous. Work will be cut to a minimum. The children love the idea of having a garden to play in even though it is so terribly rough at the moment."

Ian Likes Them

"I know the outside is not too much to look at, but when we get some trees in and some roses up the side and a decent garden even the outside can be made to look pleasant."

Ian even left his important business in the garden to show "the ladies" round his new home. I asked him how he liked it and he said :

"I'm not going back to live in a flat."

Which seemed to be point two.

Round the rest of the site, some 30 or more houses were in various stages of erection. As the girls had already been lectured on construction and had seen other houses, they plunged into these as experts.

The Arcon house-wall is packed with glass-fibre and is claimed to be almost fireproof. Its insulation properties against heat and noise are claimed to be better than those of an 11-inch brick wall. (The architects are waiting with interest for reports from CMF and SEAC as to how cool the houses are in really hot climates).

Model Kitchen

The girls picked up pieces of wall, measured cupboard space, inspected electric-boilers, gas cookers, refrigerators and fires. I asked Corporal M. Mason, of the BLA contingent, for her candid opinion. This is what she said :

"There is as much space in these houses as the average small council house and more than in many flats."

"The kitchen is better than anything we have ever seen in any house of reasonable price. There is so much cupboard space in these houses that a small family can get along quite comfortably with the absolute minimum of furniture. I would set up house in one to-morrow."

Won't Be Eyesores

Surely, I suggested, the corrugated exterior, flat roof and box-like shape put people off. But they said "No".

"We do not say that these places are beautiful from the outside," said Corporal I. M. Taylor, SEAC-bound. "They are not, but if people will do things with their gardens they need not be eyesores."

All the points seemed to be going their way so I sought expert help from Capt F. H. P. Morris, Director of Temporary Housing at the Ministry of Works. He is a man of few illusions about Britain's housing problems, and he said :

"No-one claims that temporary pre-fabricated houses are the complete answer. They have to be designed so that they can be mass-produced. We want them quickly. They have to be built in various ways — steel frames, wood frames, so that existing factories which are being released from war-work can start work now on making parts for houses."

Hot-Air Ducts

"There is a central fire place which heats the water as well as heating the air in hot-air ducts that warm the bedrooms. The doors can be opened and people can have the friendly glow of an open fire. They can be closed when the family goes to bed and the fire will still be in, and the house and water will be warm when they get up."

"When 145,000 of these have been built to ease the emergency, the programme for permanent pre-fabricated houses should be in full swing. These are designed to last longer and will look more like the conventional British home from the outside, but they cannot be better inside than these temporaries."

Reasonable Rents

The houses, which cost round about £800 each, are being rented by the Government to local authorities for £23 10s a year for erection in towns and £21-10s-0 in the country. Local authorities are being recommended to let them at rents of between 10s. and 12s. a week.

The question of rates is not finally decided, but it is hoped soon to announce details of a uniform scheme of rating. In all, rent, rates, water and electricity should cost about 17/6 a week.

1

Trees help to soften the first bareness of the exterior. Next year, say the tenants, there will be roses round the doors.



2

First picture of the built-in refrigerator, which is a more exciting event to British housewives than the first models of Paris hats.



3

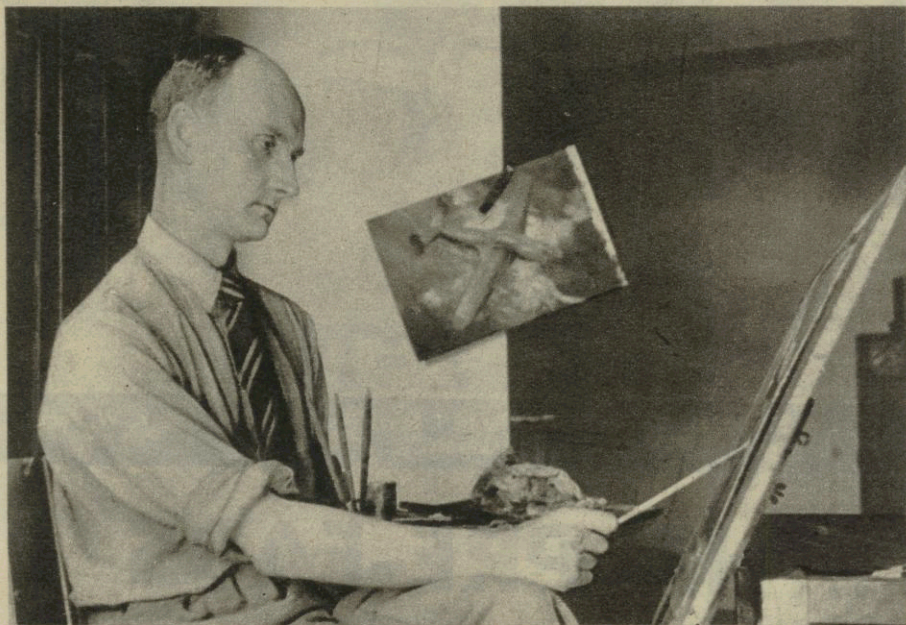
A corner in a bedroom of a house that had been tenanted for one day. There is provision for hanging Academy bargains, but most people so far prefer the simple bare walls.



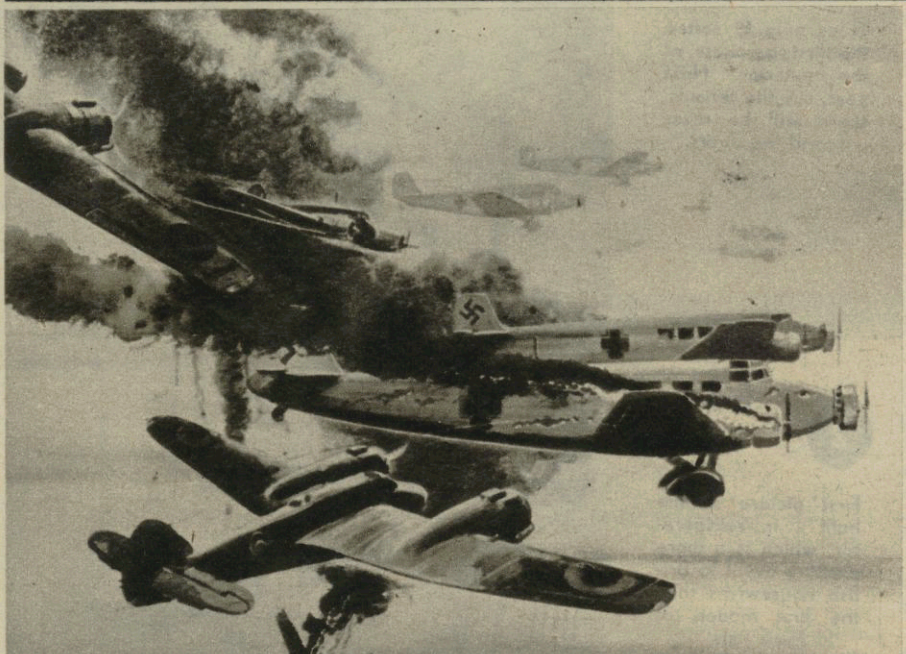
4

Argument No. 1 for pre-fabs. People are moving in to-day and not next Christmas.

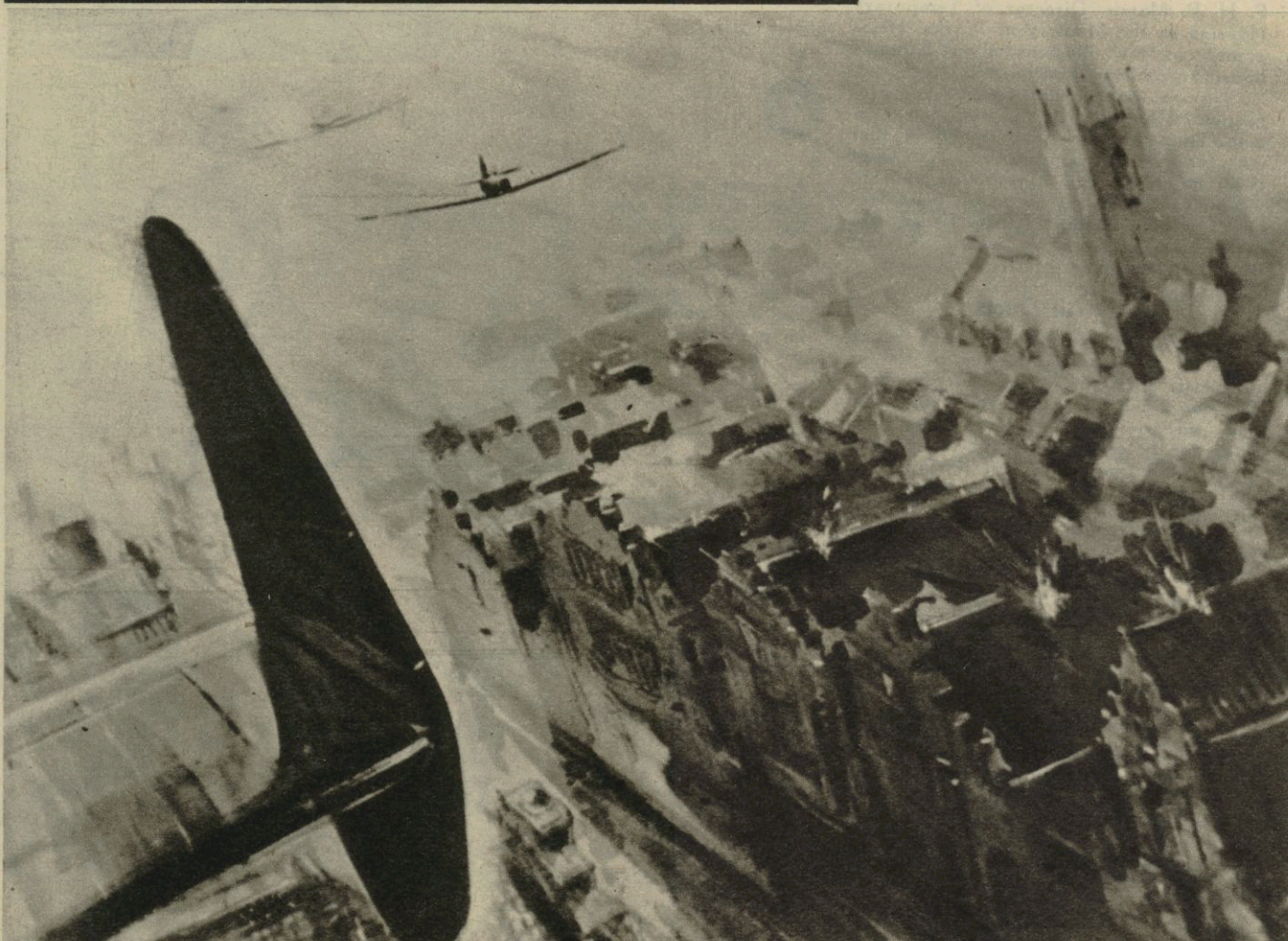




Mr. F.D. Blake at work in his studio at Tooting Bec. Before the war he was a draughtsman in a firm of interior decorators.



IMAGINATION: RAF Beaufighters shoot down JU 52 troop-carrying aircraft on their way across the Mediterranean to Tunisia. Such pictures as this, although based on facts, must necessarily be drawn from the imagination of the artist.



CENSORED: Lancasters bombing Augsburg. Only the tail portion of these aircraft was passed by the censor — as they were then listed as "secret". Shells from enemy pursuit fighters can be seen hitting their own houses.

Field-Marshal of Tooting Bec

WHEN Frederick Donald Blake agreed to produce war maps two evenings a week for a London newspaper he found it a remunerative business. His maps were "slick" — you could see at a glance just how the war was going. But he never imagined when he took the job that he would have to command on paper the movements of entire armies across half the world. He never guessed that soon he would be shooting down, again on paper, a dozen Messerschmitts a day.

Yet he did — and the story of how he and many like him fought battles on land and sea and in the air from a London studio reveals how the imagination of the commercial artist was joined in war to the detailed technical knowledge of the engineer and designer.

When the war started this tall, lean man with the irrepressible itch to set ideas to paper volunteered for the Navy. They turned him down — for nothing worse than a hammer toe! Lacking a full-time uniform he joined Civil Defence, became a senior street warden. Later, when manpower was at a premium, he was called for the Army. At almost the last moment he was claimed by the Ministry of Information, who wanted him to start work on a series of illustrated posters for foreign propaganda.

Private War

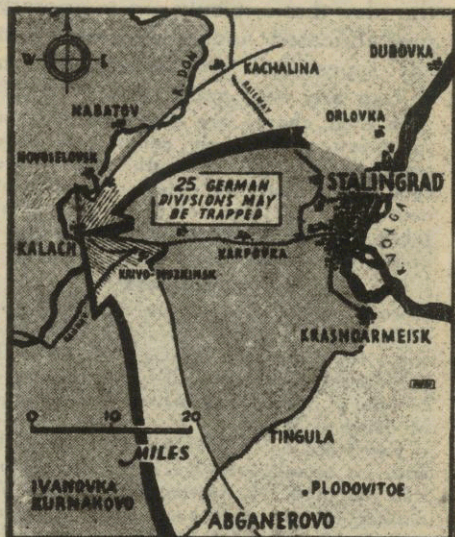
From then on he began his own "private war on a drawing board." He worked in a small studio half-way between Balham and Tooting Bec. When a daily newspaper asked him to draw their war maps he took the job. Leaving a day's work behind him at the Ministry of Information he went to Fleet Street to work again, sometimes till midnight.

It wasn't long before this artist who specialised in map design and pictorial presentation of map-relief found out that following the course of a full-scale battle taking place hundreds of miles away was no easy business.

"I used to go in at about five o'clock," he says, "sit down and start drawing a rough. By 8.30 I might have finished it — complete with marker arrows showing the disposition of Allied and enemy troops. Five minutes later a new communique would come in, and the whole thing

would have to be scrapped. Midnight was near deadline. If anything else came in after that it was a matter of quick alteration and a prayer for the best."

Drawing a map from information given in a brief war communique wasn't easy either. "When we heard that the Russians had trapped the Germans at Stalingrad," he says, "we could find no map which listed all the names given out by the Russians in their report. The information itself was, to me, extremely vague. All I knew was that somewhere and somehow the Russians had done the trick. Hoping for the best I drew what I imagined had happened."



Germans encircled at Stalingrad — a map correctly drawn on brief information.

Imagination was necessarily the basis of many war pictures produced by artists for the general public, but it had to be tempered with hard fact in technicalities. Today schoolboys as well as airmen can tell you the difference between the Lancaster and Halifax bombers — every drawing of an aircraft had to be carefully "vetted" for the smallest mistake in construction. When some of the first Lancasters bombed the German diesel engine works at Augsburg Mr. Donald Blake was asked to draw an "epic" of the raid. (An epic is the type of picture you see here). Although commissioned to do the job he was told that as the Lancaster was still on the "secret list", the censor would not allow him to show one in his picture. "So they told me to draw a flight of Lancasters bombing Augsburg," he says, "but without showing any of them. I had to think hard about that. In the end I decided to suggest the Lancasters by drawing a part of a tail unit."

Lethal Pencil

Censorship of new devices used in war was always a difficulty which came before the war artist. When British commandos raided a small island off the coast of Norway they used the first landing barges then known in our military equipment.

"The trouble was that I had never seen a landing craft of any type," says Mr. Blake, "and no one would breathe a word about them. It was just another case of imagination. In complete ignorance I drew what now looks rather like a cross between an early type of coracle and a Thames punt."

When the Nazis were hard pressed in Tunisia they sent large formations of troop-carrying aircraft across the Mediterranean. RAF Beaufighters caught many of these JU 52's and shot them down by the dozen. Mr. Blake, at home in his studio in Tooting, shot down some more with his pencil and brush.

Throughout the war years there were many incidents of universal interest which

Illustrating a world war is not so easy as it looks. The official war artist, the flying camera and the special correspondent cannot be everywhere at the same time — yet the unrecorded incidents of battle can still be shown faithfully through the technical skill and imagination of the artist. Here is the story of a man who waged his own private war on a drawing board, and found his strongest opponent in war-time censorship.

only the imagination of the artist could interpret. The official photographer and the flying camera cannot be everywhere. When a British bomber crashed in flames in the English Channel the pilot and his rear gunner managed to leap clear and inflate their dinghy. Shortly afterwards a German patrol boat came up and took them prisoner. The gunner was badly wounded. The RAF pilot turned the tables by grasping one of the Germans' guns, and thus in turn became the captor. He forced them into his dinghy, managed to find a pot of paint with which to mark an RAF roundel on the boat, and finally towed his enemy rescuers to a British port. This "epic" was duly recorded by Mr. Blake.

12 Years Hard Work

Yet another triumph recorded hundreds of miles from the scene of action was the feat of a British submarine in torpedoing an enemy floating dock — the first time that such a thing had been done. The dock was being towed by a number of small tugs only a mile off the Italian coast. After sinking the dock the submarine successfully eluded the escorting enemy destroyers. Says Mr. Blake: "I had to think up that floating dock. As it is now at the bottom of the sea it seems fairly safe that no one will point out where I may have been wrong."

Nearly all the "epics" produced by Mr. Blake were done for the "War Artists and Illustrators Ltd." — a wartime firm which was formed by a small number of artists to act as an agency for their combined work. It is said that their initial capital was so small that at the inaugurating cocktail party most of their funds were poured into thirsty pressmen and the artists themselves. Today the concern is so large that the London offices have had to find room for an advertising department which meets the demands of commercial interests.

The training of Mr. Blake as an artist took 12 years — two years full time at the Camberwell School of Arts and Crafts, and ten years of evening classes. Today, as the 1945 President of the London Sketch Club, he has exhibited at the Royal Academy, and has also shown at the RBA, ROI, and RI, as well as at

The pictures on these two pages are reproduced by permission of "War Artists and Illustrators, Ltd.". The map is reproduced by courtesy of the "Daily Express".



"Don't you think, Sergeant, that as Private Jones is being released next week we can bear his harmless jokes with a little more tolerance?"

provincial galleries. He admits that in mapdrawing he probably does his best work, but he has produced work for the Ministry of War Transport, the National Savings Committee, the "Sphere" magazine and the De Havilland and Handley Page aircraft firms.

Drawing is really a passion with this man who, in his spare time, spends hours listening to the symphonies of Grieg and Beethoven. As a freelance he works as it suits him — often all night to finish a rush job. Even on holiday he takes canvas and oils with him. Today he spends much of his time designing the interiors of the air liners of tomorrow.

But the drawing of war "epics" is not over for Mr. Blake, a man who doesn't care if the fighting men of this war like to call him a "chairborne commando". "I don't mind a bit," he says, "because they're right about it. But don't call me one of the best war artists, because I'm really only one of many others in the same line."

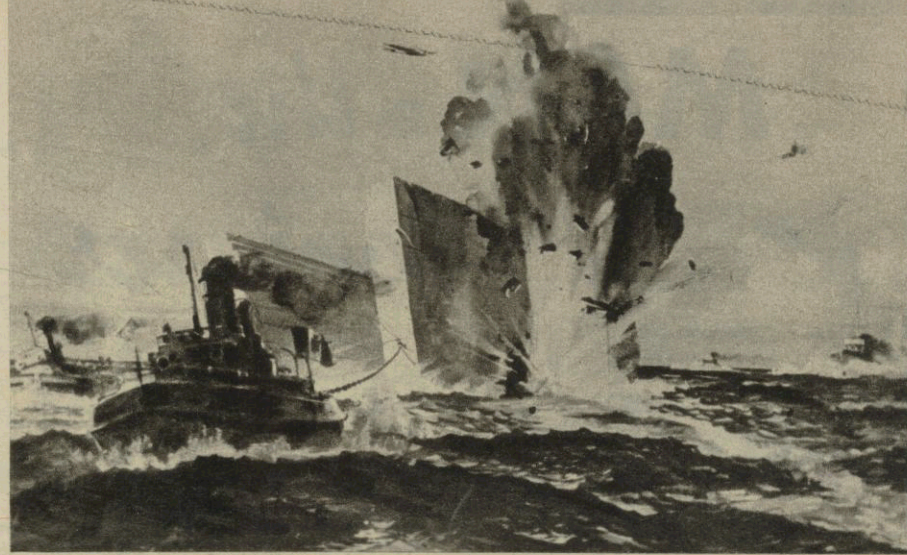
No Near Misses

He is still drawing war pictures in his flat in Tooting — pictures of a war which is being fought 7000 miles away. Japanese submarines, fighter planes and warships are being reduced to scrap on his drawing board as surely as they are upon the waters of the Pacific or in the skies above Burma.

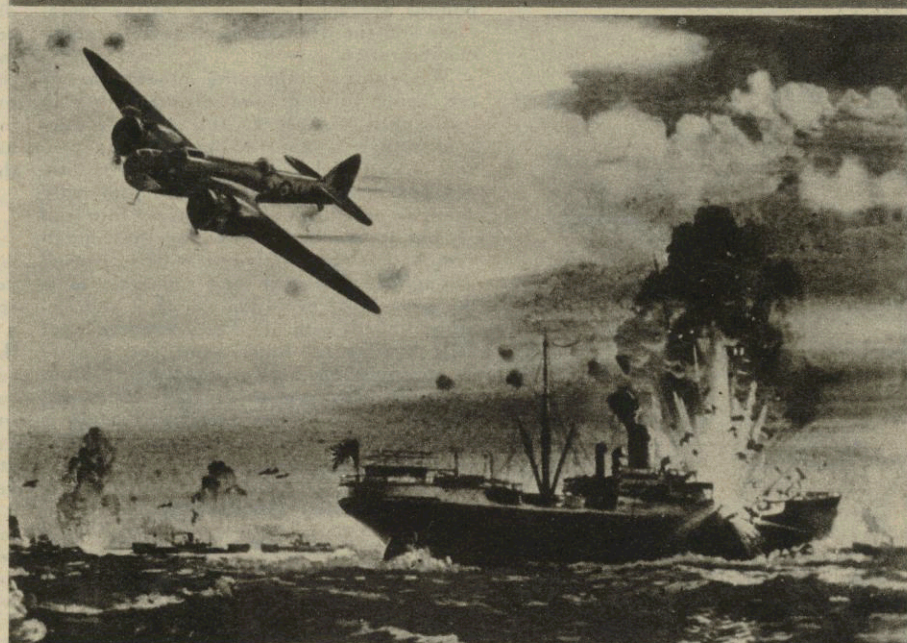
"As a war artist you must remember one thing," he says, "you must never lose a battle. Every bomb must hit a bull's-eye."

Tonight, perhaps, Mr. Blake will move an army corps in Burma. His battles, though fought on paper, have brought to Britain the truly epic story of the fighting men of his country.

R. B.



GUESS-WORK: This floating dock, towed by Italian tugs and escorted by enemy destroyers and aircraft, was torpedoed by a British submarine and sunk. The submarine escaped successfully. This picture was based on eye-witness accounts and guess-work. The camera was absent. The war artist has to fill the gap to illustrate the story for the public.

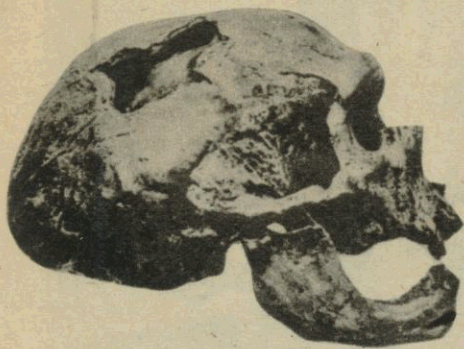


THE BOMB THAT NEVER MISSES: RAF Blenheims attack a Japanese supply convoy in the Far East. A report of the action said: "A bomb hit the ship just forward of the bridge." Bombs dropped by war artists invariably hit their targets.



DRAWING THE UNKNOWN: When British troops (Commandos) raided a small island off the coast of Norway, they used the first landing barges. They were "top secret". No information was supplied. The artist had to improvise.

MAN - the Conjuror



Skull of Neanderthal man, who lived at the same time as the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros.

CAN we — or cannot we — see evolution taking place?

If it is a case of cosmic evolution — that is, the evolution of non-living things — we can state quite definitely that it is conclusive and beyond dispute. You can see evolution taking place any day you like, and require little apparatus beyond a few photographic plates. If these are kept in a darkroom, but at the same time brought near such substances as many of the compounds of uranium or thorium, the plates are affected. What is happening is that the uranium compounds are spontaneously emitting radiations and the uranium itself is undergoing disintegration.

While this is happening, other elements are being formed, and disintegrating in turn, until we get as the final product lead, which is not radioactive. The process is extremely slow — in 3000 million years a given weight of uranium only changes one-third of its substance into lead — but it can be watched by the human eye. And as radio-activity is widely diffused throughout the earth and universe, so is the process of evolution which is indissolubly linked with it. The very rocks of "the everlasting hills," and the granite in our buildings, are in fact melting and changing into something quite different, though the complete cycle of change is far too slow to be measured by a thousand years of human life.

Goes Backwards

When we ask ourselves whether we can or can not see organic evolution, that is, the evolution of living things, taking place we find great difficulties.

The answer is "No." We cannot see organic evolution in progress, but the reason is not very difficult to find. Cosmic evolution is a very slow but a continuous process. It is one which is never reversed, while Organic Evolution is by no means directly continuous, and on occasions it would certainly appear to be reversible. A simple instance will, I think, make this clear.

An ounce of uranium slowly but continuously loses weight. But a growing child gains weight.

A child at birth usually weighs about 7-lb, and no one would deny the fact that provided the child remains healthy at the end of a year it will weigh about three times as much. If, however, we were to weigh the child daily during that year we should certainly not find a regular daily increase. As a matter of fact a child practically always loses weight for the first three days after birth and

even after the tenth day it usually weighs slightly less than it did at birth. Clearly, then, there is no regular increase in weight.

Similarly, in one species of plant such as the common buttercup, a collector with only a small knowledge of botany should be able to find at least six different types or species growing in his district. If a number of each type were collected, among them we should find individual flowers which differed from the rest — that is, misfits. These would probably be new species in the making, but even so every fresh plant normally has to arise from one single seed and thus start all over again.

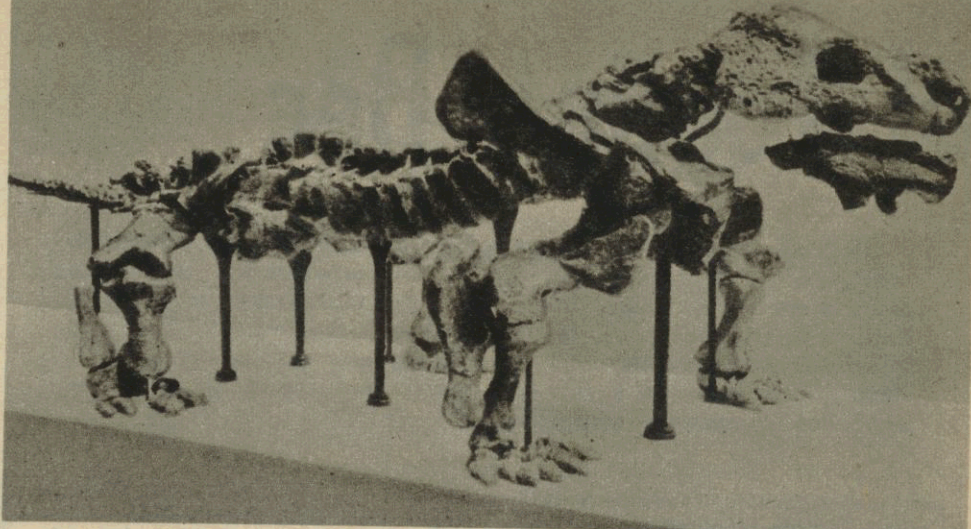
Short-Circuiting Nature

Among animals, as among plants, it is hardly ever possible to watch the divergence or gradual development of new species, but it is often possible to take a large number of animals and place them in some sort of natural sequence, such as in order of complexity of structure. This the scientist does very frequently and he is thus often able to draw some far-reaching and pretty accurate conclusions about the course of development.

By substituting intelligent crossing and mating for the blind operations of Nature, man has been able to produce many new species of both plants and animals within a reasonable time. Thus man like a conjuror has been able to produce all the different varieties of pigeons, such as the tumbler or fantail, or the pouter or carrier. He has produced all the various breeds of dogs and other domestic animals. Again, in the plant kingdom the most effective method of getting rid of many of the various types of diseases is to breed a race or strain — an intermediate species — which is immune from a particular disease. Wheat "rust" was eliminated in that way.

The scientist sees in this production of new strains a step in the progress of evolution, and he recognises that what may take Nature hundreds of thousands of years to perform may in certain cases be done by man in a comparatively short time. And it is not only evidence in favour of the theory of evolution but also gives us a glimpse of how, in its later stages, evolution may be caused.

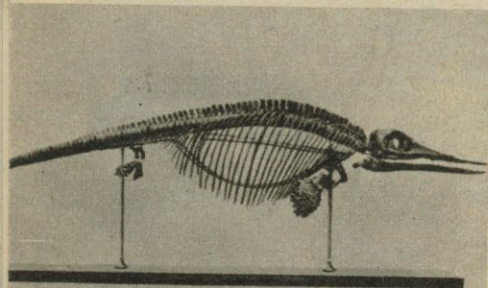
Ashley G. Lowndes, MA. FZS.



Above are two strange characters in the pageant of evolution: the skeleton (top) of a three-eyed vegetarian reptile. Below it, Polacanthus Foxi grunts "Where's that tank!"



The giant reindeer, seen above, looks a harmless fellow. But prehistoric man hadn't to wait until dark for his nightmares when he met Ceratosaurus (below) on the rampage.



The fossilised skeleton, 13 feet long, of a water reptile, found in a bed of clay at Peterborough. Half-fish, half-crocodile.



The slowness of evolution. These ancient fossils, a soapberry twig (above) from Colorado, and a feathery palm (below) from Bournemouth, are very similar to the existing species, though thousands of years separate them.



"No, I don't need any postcards, but I'll take a couple of airgraphs if you have them."

FARMERS' NEWS - BY CODE



A WAAF meteorologist releasing a balloon to find the strength and direction of the wind.

B RITISH farmers got their weather forecasts by secret code during the last two years of the war.

Because European weather passes from west to east, all public weather forecasting was stopped as soon as war broke out. For the first two summers, farmers like the rest of the public managed without them. In consequence their harvesting, particularly of hay and corn, was affected. They found that reliance on traditional weather signs did not bring very high dividends.

In August 1942 a scheme was devised to give them a special weather information service without leakage to the enemy.

Bush Telegraph

Codes solved the problem. Every afternoon from June to November the meteorological staffs of the Air Ministry worked out forecasts for farmers in each district of Britain. These were telephoned to the Ministry of Agriculture in such strange commands as "Sell cow" or "Buy horse."

At the Ministry of Agriculture a special staff took down the code instructions and changed them into another code. The instructions were then re-telephoned to county war agricultural committees. So an original forecast of "Frost expected to-night in Kent," which was first coded as

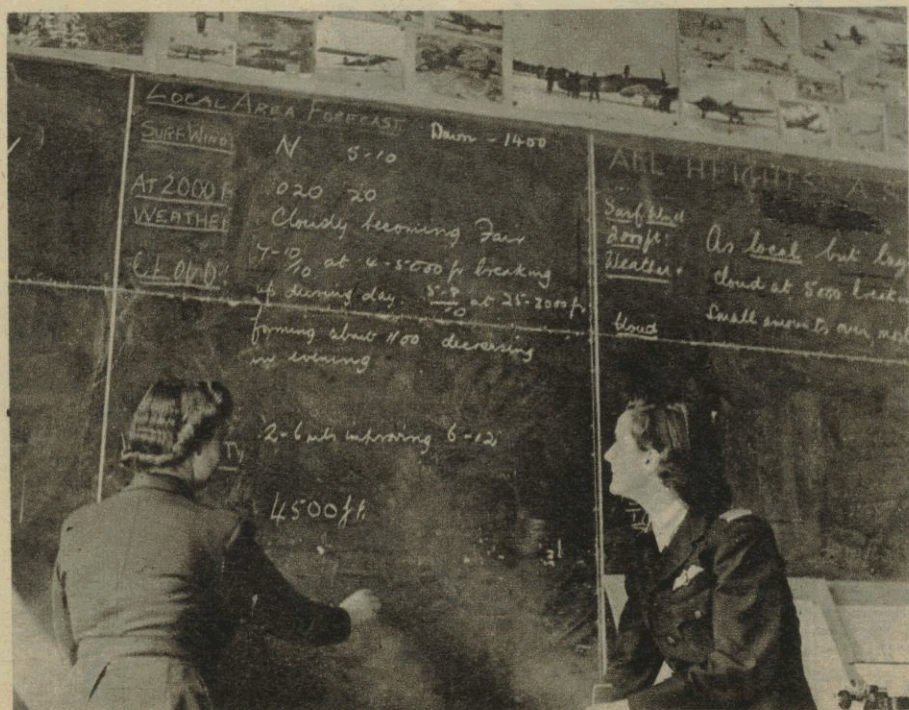
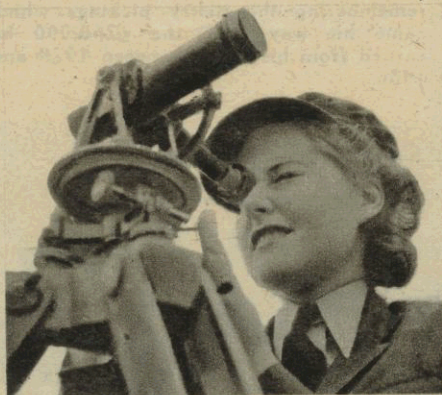
Right: Following the course of a "met" balloon with a theodolite. Below: Checking up local weather conditions, which were as important to farmers as to pilots.

"Buy horse," was passed on as an order to "Hire Jeep".

The county war committees had been supplied with a code book but they were not allowed to broadcast the weather forecast in clear. Some of them devised still stranger codes and sent them to picked people who in turn passed them on to the farmers concerned by word of mouth. Others merely adopted the pose of local weather experts and distributed the information in a series of hints.

Every afternoon through the summers of 1943 and 1944, the patient staffs at the Ministry of Agriculture sat at the telephones repeating crazy-sounding instructions to the 62 county committees. But it meant that thousands of fields of hay and corn were saved from rain, orchards could be protected from frost, and valuable food added to the country's war-time store.

Now the BBC is giving its daily forecasts in detail and the great trade in "jeeps" and "prams" is ended.



In a previous issue of SOLDIER, Scottish readers were promised a picture which would remind them of home. Here it is — Ballachulish Ferry, Argyll, from the south.

How Much do you Know?

1. The Prime Minister's town house is No. 10 Downing Street. What's the name of his country house?
2. "She's my Lily of Laguna..." Where's Laguna?
3. If you went into the Carlton Club which would you expect to find :
(a) Artists, poets and musicians ;
(b) Only men with £5000 a year or over ;
(c) True-Blue Conservatives ;
(d) Civil Servants exclusively.
4. With which countries do you associate these dances : (a) jig ; (b) tango ; (c) fandango ; (d) gavotte ; (e) strathspey ?
5. Translate into American : (a) petrol ; (b) typist ; (c) braces ; (d)

chips (potatoes) ; (e) bonnet (of car) ; (f) dickey seat.

6. Name (a) an island noted for tweed ; (b) an island noted for cigars ; (c) an island noted for rum.

7. Identify :
(a) the land flowing with milk and honey ;
(b) the Land of Nod ;
(c) the Land of the Rising Sun.

8. Give three meanings of "Paddy."

9. Who is in charge of the strategic air bombing of Japan ?

10. Whose idea of Paradise was :
"...a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
A flask of wine, a book of verse, and
thou?"

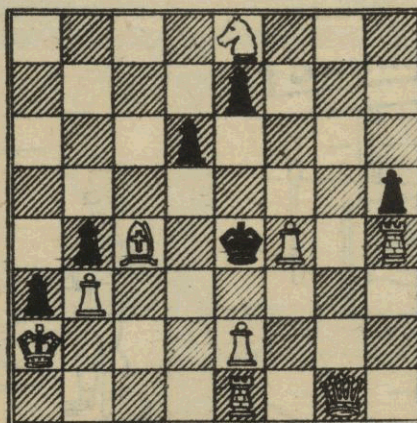
(Answers on Page 22.)

CHESS AND CROSSWORD

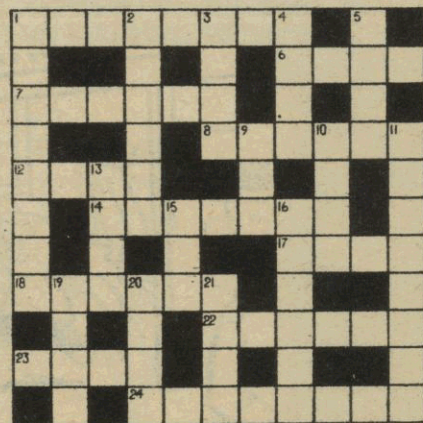
CLUES ACROSS : 1. Bomber with, and of, perhaps, a lock. 6. B.L.A. might like this German port ! 7. Descriptive of an offensive, perhaps, after the 10th wicket has fallen. 8. Amongst other things, an RE might give us papers. 12. Stone-wearer. 14. Wild weather for the RAF Fighter Command. 17. 9th Army may have been near this old place. 18. He is in the middle of a plan, but leaves me to finish it. 22. Of malice aforethought. 23. By-passed by Allies in the West. 24. Cross of Gallic liberty.

CLUES DOWN : 1. Fiers (though in the

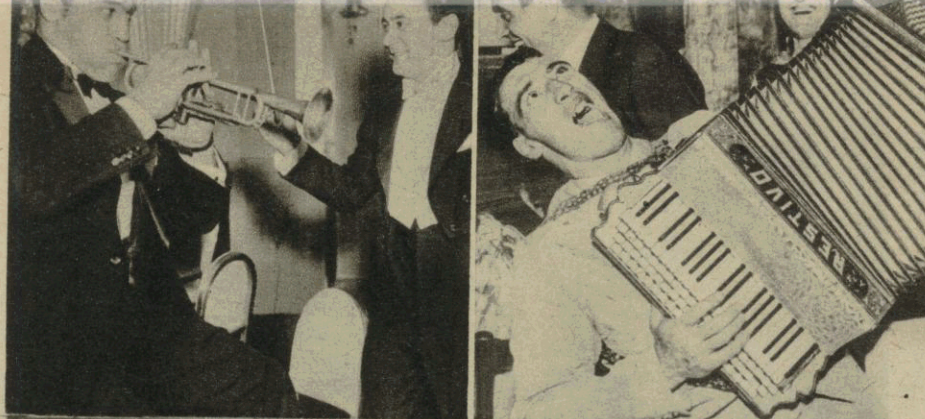
Somme district) seems also to be where poppies grow ! 2. Sounds like a cavalry theatrical company. 3. They may be found in the left side. 4. The little captain gives a little leap. 5. Engineers and me combine to make another unit. 9. A pilot of 14, maybe. 10. Sympathy. 11. Musical (?) invitation to put on a leg show ! 13. Irritating form of chit. 15. We were told to keep her. 16. She may be a star, but she's all set to be upset. 19. Your pal, lucky chap, has much change. 20. No major, though he may wear a crown. 21. Where to get some water at Crewe.



White to move and mate in two.



Solution on Page 22.



In his palmy days: Left — Carnera gives a cornet a test to destruction at a New-York night-club before the war. Right — the serenade that brought the balcony down. He celebrates his knock-out of Jack Sharkey in the heavyweight championship.

SPORT with PAUL IRWIN (Sjt) *Carnera Again*

PRIMO Carnera, variously reported from time to time as (a) killed when fighting for the Italian Partisans, (b) executed by the Germans, and (c) a man broken in health and finances, has turned up again as large as — well, as large as Primo Carnera.

The Army found the Ambling Alp. He was discovered, all six feet seven inches of him, living in his native Seguals. He is doing very nicely, thank you, although he hasn't got much of the £250,000 he earned when clouting his way to the world's heavy-weight title.

Advices are that the years haven't altered Primo. There is still the same toothy grin, his lips curled back over red and swollen gums. Still that slightly dented Roman nose. And his feet? Well,

they haven't shrunk a bit. Neither has his waistline.

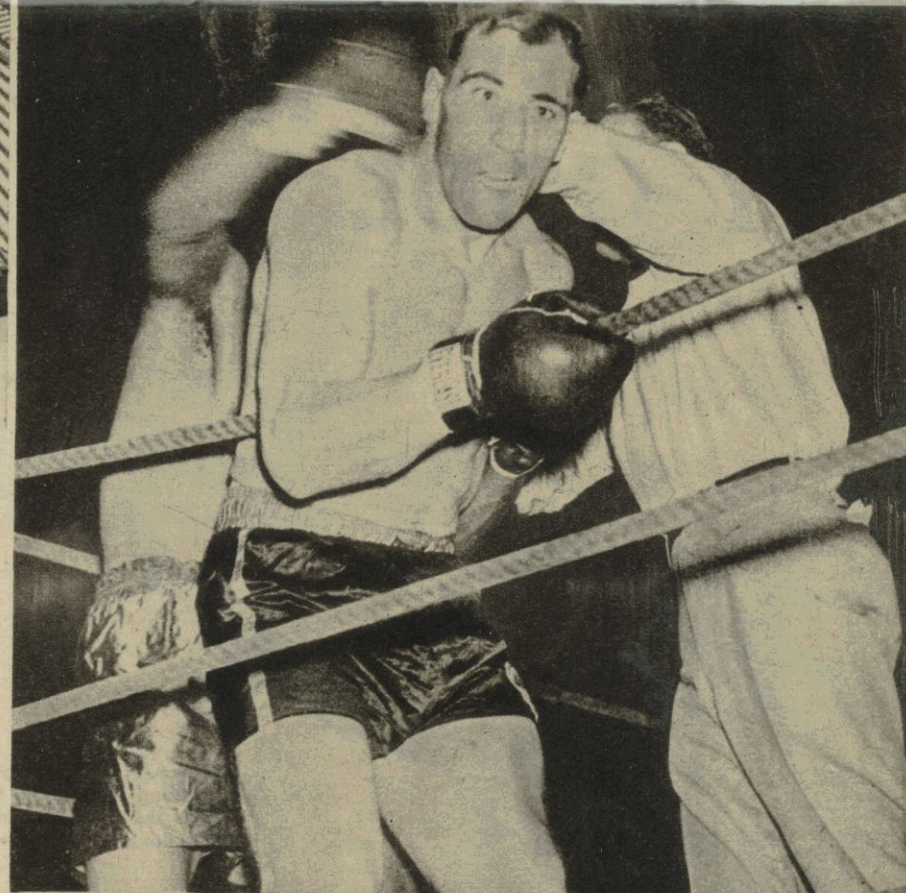
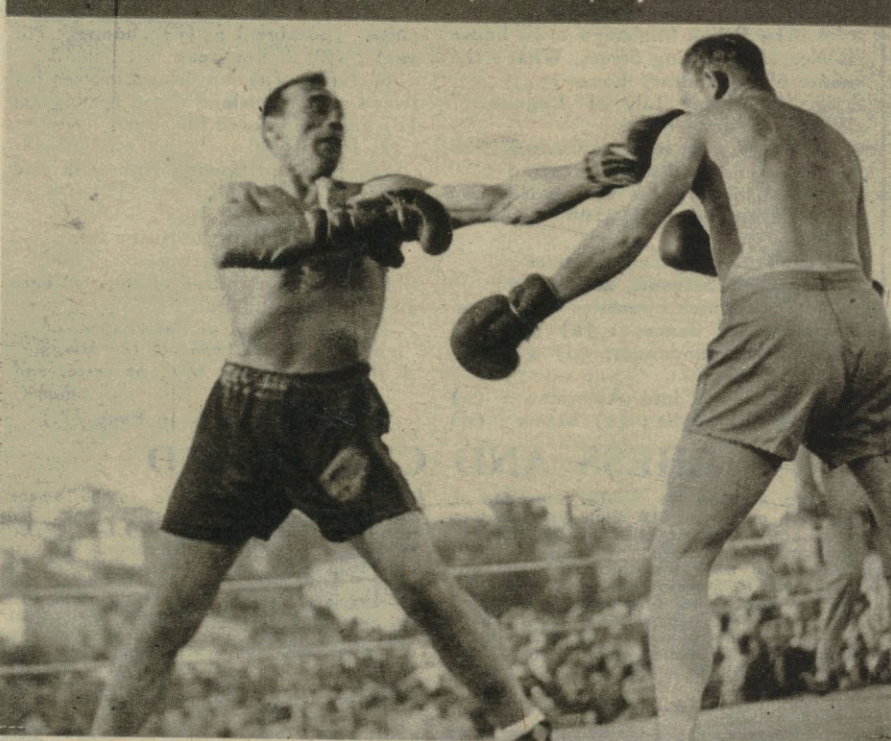
He coyly confesses to the ripe old age of 36, although the record books have him down as 40.

This is a matter for argument. Not so his weight. Primo stepped on the scales to tip the beam at 17st. 2 1/2 lb., which is just about the poundage at which he won the world's title from Jack Sharkey via a knock-out in six rounds.

Still A Good Left

Now Carnera wants to come back to boxing. This would be a very poor sort of joke but for the fact, the inescapable fact, that there are a lot worse fighters in circulation today. He certainly isn't likely to get very far — not with a dusky gentleman named Joe Louis still around — but he could probably get far enough to refurnish his bank balance.

Carnera launches a typical straight left in his exhibition bout with Sjt. Homer Blevins, American professional, at Gorizia, Italy.



"Where am I?" — Carnera's career was not all roses. In a fight with Leroy Haynes during which this picture was taken he took a long count and finally retired with a paralysed leg.

He didn't look too bad, anyway, when going through the motions at an Army boxing show in Gorizia. They put him into a three-round exhibition with Sjt. Homer Blevins, an American infantry squad leader, and he showed that he still possesses a good left hand.

Here are Peter Wilson's comments on the bout: "Primo moved spryly on the violin cases he uses as boxing boots. He was fast enough and flung plenty of left hand blows, but hardly ever employed his right except to shake hands. The best right hander came from Blevins — a punch straight to Carnera's nose."

And that, as it comes to this reporter's ears, sounds like Primo Carnera as we knew him from the start. He never did have much of a right hand. It was one of his chief failings. Another was his inability to count. I say that advisedly, remembering the paltry pickings which came his way from the £250,000 he earned from his fights between 1929 and 1936.

Yet, at the end of it all, he was left with a certain philosophy. "I began as a mosaic worker, where I earned little," he once told me in that curious mixture of Italian and American which passed for his English. "Well, I had a good time — and still had a bit of money left."

Wants Another Chance

Only one thing worries him, as it has worried many better ex-champions. He thinks he can still climb into the ring and win fights — if only the promoters would give him the chance.

Well, the chance isn't likely to come from England. Why? Because the Boxing Board refused to let him come back in 1938 until he could pass a specialist's examination. Primo was licked by the stethoscope that time.

It isn't likely that he can beat it today. After all, he is seven years older — and seven years is a boxing lifetime.

Carnera, the man-mountain, as he is today. He still dwarfs anybody of average height.



F/O S. Pettiford follows through after lashing out at a ball from Capt. G. R. Langdale in the Army v. RAAF match at Lord's. The RAAF won.

Lords

CAN Bill Bowes come back to Test cricket? Yes, he can — but not yet.

Fifteen thousand were at Lord's to see the Yorkshire fast bowler return to the game's headquarters via Italian and German prison camps. He sent down 20 overs for the Army and took two RAAF wickets for 70 runs, but the connoisseurs knew they weren't seeing the real Bill Bowes.

His bowling was never much above medium pace. The old speed and fire were missing. Yet he showed clearly enough that he will again enter the England argument once his speed and his stamina

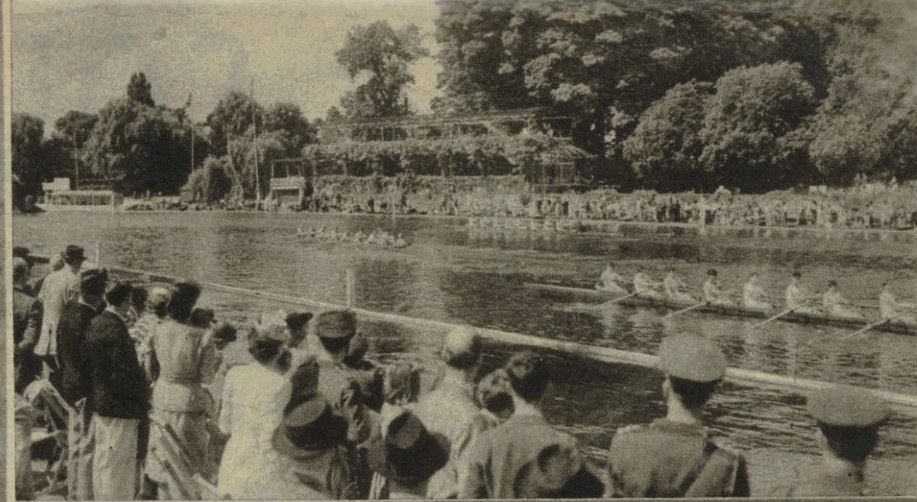
have returned. He was hit a bit by H. S. Craig, the Australian left-hander, but had a post-lunch over or two when he produced the unplayable ball.

Ascot

FIFTY thousand at Ascot when Lord Rosebery's Ocean Swell added the Gold Cup to last season's Derby and Jockey Club Cup successes. A carbon copy of the Derby, with Tehran again in second place.

The win puts Ocean Swell in the six-figure class. Yet it's a bet that Lord Rosebery is not interested in any bid for his colt.

In the Royal Hunt Cup, Battle Hymn went faultlessly from the gate and romped home to the cheers of the bookmakers at 20-1 in the betting.



The river and the weather were at their best for these racing eights to show their form before the crowd at the first post-war Henley Regatta.

Henley

FIRST Henley Royal Regatta since the war was only a one-day affair. Never mind, the crowds lined the booms of the shortened course as thickly as in peace days and the enclosures were packed.

It was the old crowd, but with a difference. Gone were the champagne lunches of happier days. It was a bully-beef-and-spam Henley, plus a bottle of beer — if the landlord of the "local" really knew you well.

Richest pickings were made by the boathouse proprietors. They could ask any price for a punt or skiff and be certain of getting it.

Best race of the day was the Danesfield Cup semi-final between the sweet-moving Royal Australian Air Force "A"

crew and Magdalen College. It looked a certainty for the Oxford crew until the Australians spurred 100 yards from home and won a thrill-packed duel by three feet.

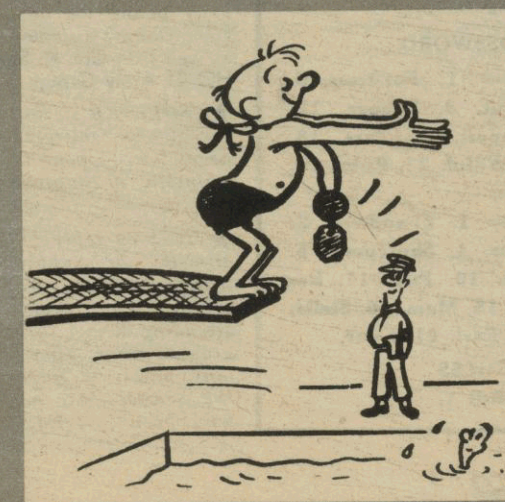
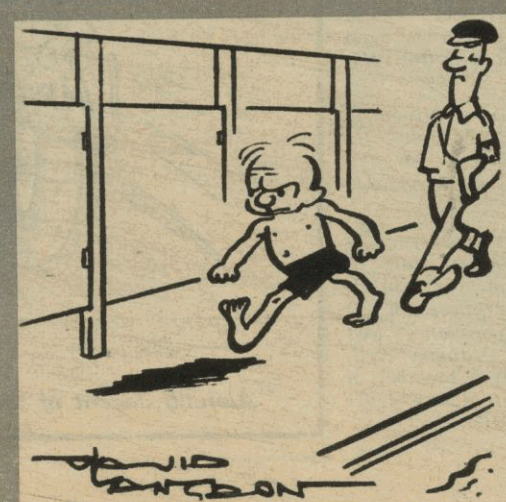
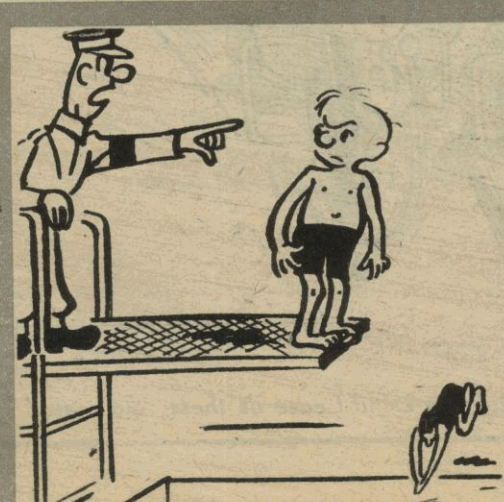
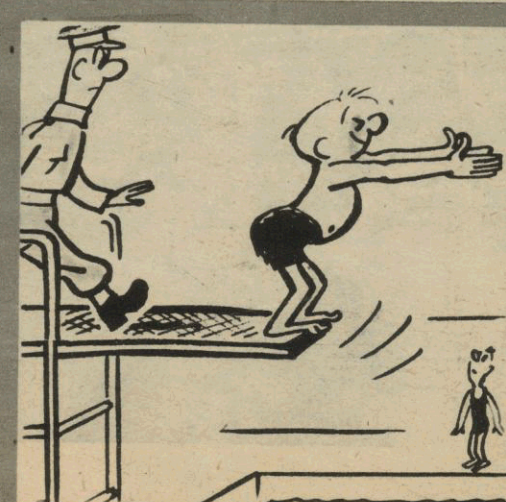
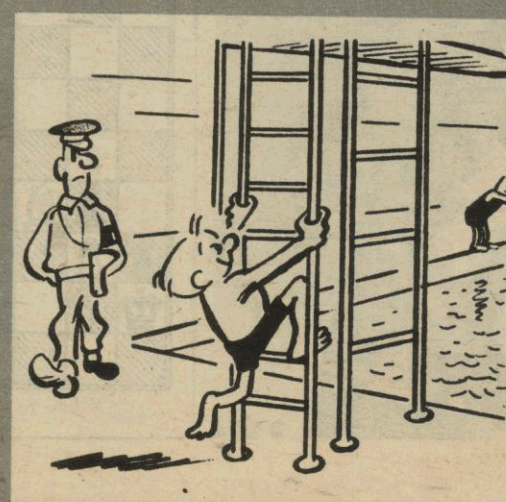
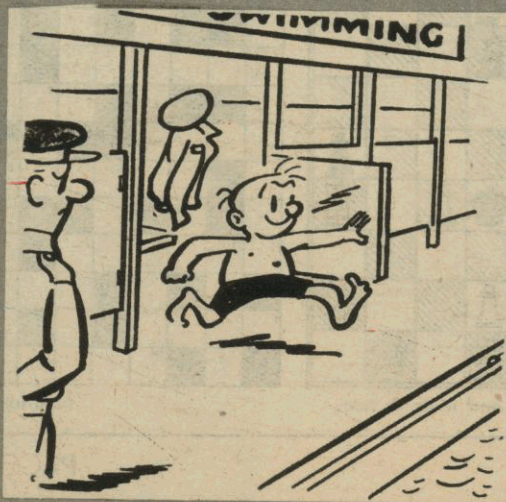
That race probably lost the final for the Australians. They simply couldn't answer the challenge of Imperial College when they went out again. Imperial quickened the rate of striking 200 yards from the finishing post — and that was that.

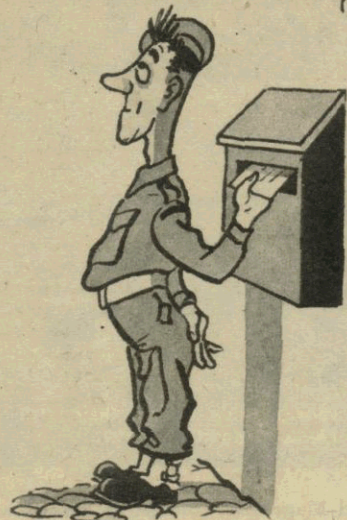
Imperial's Good Day

A good day for Imperial. It was their first Henley victory in an eight-oared race and followed on their tie with Gladstone RC in the Rideway Head of the River test earlier in the year.

So Henley, kept alive by the schools since 1939, is back with us again. It should stay that way, with a full programme — and all the old glory — next season.

Finish of the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, with Col. Whitney's "Battle Hymn" well ahead of the rest of the field.





To SOLDIER

★ What's on your mind? Write to SOLDIER about it — but keep it short and to the point. THESE ARE YOUR PAGES.

Youngest Reader?

I always send my copy of SOLDIER home after reading it, and it is much appreciated by the folks at home. But I was surprised, on going home on leave, to find that one of the keenest "readers" was my small son, Howard, aged one year nine months. He really settles down to the job, and peruses it from cover to cover, with a running commentary going on all the time. It's the only book or magazine he doesn't tear to pieces, and we're hoping it will help him to learn to read in earnest.

Enclosed are some photographs of him "on the job" which you may like to publish, as I don't think SOLDIER can have a younger "fan". — Sjt. W. H. Pearson, R. A.



Atrocious Manners

I was very glad to see someone protesting in SOLDIER No. 10 at the nuisance of people leaving the theatre just before the performance ends. It shows atrocious manners for three reasons:

- (1) It is unfair to the rest of the audience;
- (2) It is grossly rude to the performers;
- (3) It is disrespectful, even though unintentionally, to the King: the National Anthem is not something to be dodged, it is something for all to join in proudly.

What do these people in such a hurry do with the two minutes they save? And even if they must leave (to catch transport, for example) why must they make such a noise? It's hard to walk quietly in Army boots, but a lot of fellows don't even try. — Pte Ian MacPherson, Pioneer Corps.

Old Stuff

I sat next to two WAAF's in a canteen, and overheard one saying that she had visited the site of the Battle of Waterloo. Asked how she enjoyed it, she said, "Oh, I was disappointed. I thought it happened in this war — in 1940." — "No Hard Feelings," 17 RSD.

We Want Wales!

We were so pleased to read the letter of Alastair Gunn (SOLDIER No. 8). Yes, why can't we — the proud Welsh — have some pictures of our beautiful country in SOLDIER? What about the Vale of Clwyd, the



"...some pictures of our beautiful country..."

Swallow Falls at Bettys-y-Coed or the Devil's Bridge at Aberystwyth? Please don't forget — there are thousands of "Taffys" in B.L.A. — "Three Taffys," 239 Coy, Pioneer Corps.

★ The artist who illustrated this letter has been severely reprimanded. We hope to placate Welshmen with a photograph in due course. Meanwhile, there is a photograph for Scotsmen on Page 19. — Ed., SOLDIER.

Those "Civilians"

The article on Lend-Lease in SOLDIER No. 9 interested me a great deal, was very informative. I would like to see some more of the same kind. I am in favour of the Kitchen Club. Also I would like to see some more articles on housing, furniture and modern art in everyday things.

Why not a page for Service talent — I mean writers, and cartoonists — and leave it for the readers to judge the quality?

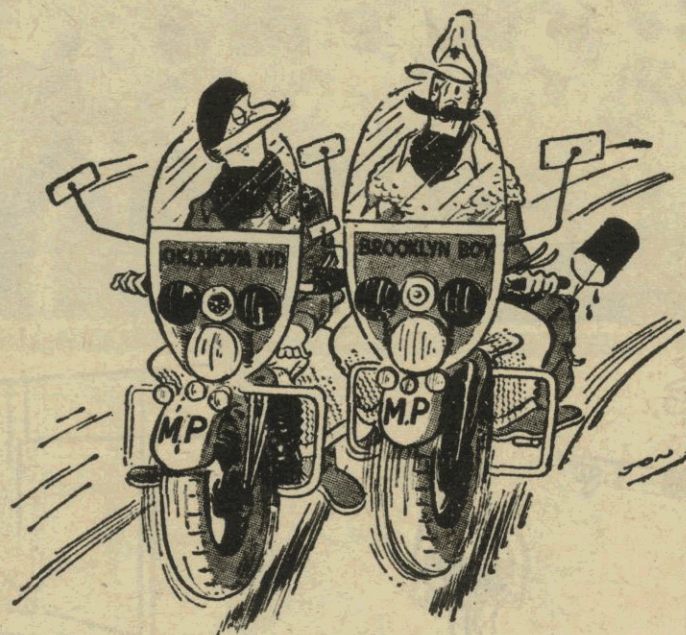
Now for a moan. Since when have unaccompanied Belgian civilians been admitted to ENSA shows? I'm referring to the first night of "Meet The Navy" in Brussels, when I saw lots of civilians driving up and walking in quite alone. They had tickets, but how did they get them? The queue of Service people waiting was about 300 yards long and it was obvious at ten past seven that they couldn't get in. Ticket holders were still arriving in their hundreds, or so it seemed. Yet it was seventhirty before the queue was told "House Full." Doesn't a soldier appreciate a first night as well? — Cpl. K. Sparke Rep Q (M) IWT, HQ 21 Army Group.

★ SOLDIER's writers and cartoonists are almost entirely Service people. Its pages are open to anybody who can maintain, or improve upon the standards set.

★ ENSA's reply: "Tickets are issued to Ministry of Supply personnel, staff of British Embassy or personnel of canteen services, to whom the concession of attending ENSA theatre performances was granted some time ago. Ordinary civilians, unless accompanied by a member of the Services, are not admitted and never have been". — Ed., SOLDIER.

THE TWO TYPES

BY JON



"Awfully decent of the Yanks to Lend-Lease us these, old man."

"That's just what I've always said!"



Right: "Hm! This is news to me. I'll have to ask dad why he didn't mention it."



Extra Leave?

Why cannot a soldier due for privilege leave and also for release either (a) have his leave and report to a demobilisation centre or (b) have it added to his discharge leave? — Sjt. C. J. Reeve, 121 HAA Regt. RA.

Is It Foreign Service?

Do RAMC trooping duties — from period of embarkation in England to disembarkation in England — count as foreign service? — Spr. B. McEvoy, 965 INT Coy, RE.

★ For staff serving in hospital ships and carriers, duties count as foreign service from date of posting to date of posting away. — Ed., SOLDIER.

Send SOLDIER home!

When you've read this copy of SOLDIER roll it up and send it to the folks at home: see BACK PAGE.

Forces' Stamp Exchange

In 1942 I founded the Forces Stamp Exchange Club and up to May 1944 it had an ever-increasing membership, but the invasion temporarily suspended our activities. As a result many members are probably wondering what has happened to the club. The reopening date is dependent upon my release from the Forces, and I am Group 25. Agents and correspondents have been found in France, Belgium, Holland, Australasia, South Africa, Middle East and Kenya, and plans are going forward in other countries; so the club should be international when it reopens. The registered address of the club is still BM/YECB, London W.C.1. — Cpl. W. G. Dagwell, 742 Coy, RASC (Arty).

No Orchids

Our womenfolk back home deserve our sympathy for the weary hours they have to stand in queues. Or so I thought until I read that women in Edinburgh had queued overnight to buy a hundred pairs of those wedge-shaped shoes which are considered so smart (though not by me) over here on the Continent. — "Sceptical Fusilier," (name and address supplied).

Ice The Beer!

Part of Germany's punishment ought to be this: force her to hand over enough privately-owned refrigerators to enable the troops in every canteen to enjoy iced beer for the period of the occupation.

This would be a very trifling sacrifice on the part of the Germans (and a few small sacrifices wouldn't hurt them); it would give enormous pleasure to tens of thousands of soldiers. — "Corporal X," 113 Transit Camp.

Irish

In your feature "How Much Do You Know?" (SOLDIER No. 10) you ask "What's the name of Eire's new £10,000-a-year President?" and then you give the answer as "Sean O'Kelly." What about Mr. de Valera? When did he resign? Have I been missing something? — Gnr. R. Cope, RA.

★ Mr. Sean O'Kelly is President of Eire (his predecessor was Mr. Douglas Hyde). Mr. de Valera is Prime Minister of Eire — and incidentally his salary is one-quarter of the President's. — Ed., SOLDIER.

Reason For Those Hats

You say (SOLDIER No. 10) that British troops "gasp at the extravagance" of Brussels women's hats.

Is B.L.A. Low-Brow?

In SOLDIER No. 9 under the heading "Small Talk" the tour of the Old Vic Company in B.L.A. was called "a brave attempt to



"appreciation of art... in the Officers' Mess..."

present Shakespeare to the troops". The writer also said, "One wonders just how high-brow the Army is becoming". This same amazement was displayed at the success of orchestral concerts in Italy, and, I understand, on similar occasions during the last war. One is tempted to wonder if, indeed, the Army was ever wholly low-brow. Are there people who think that appreciation of art is found only in Civvy Street, or perhaps only in "the Mess"? There must be thousands of us over here who have been starved of such things for years — music, drama, ballet, painting. Now that the opportunity has arisen, let's have plenty of them. — L/Bdr. J. M. Oliphant, 4th Survey Regt., RA.

Grants for Officers

(1) I was commissioned in the field, before which my mother was receiving a dependants allowance of £1-0-9 a week. Now of course it has stopped. Is there any grant I can obtain as an officer to help out at home?

(2) My release group is 34. I am only 23 years old and think I would rather have a couple more years in the Army. If I stay on can I stay as an officer and what rank will I hold? — Lieutenant, MC.

★ (1) There is no official allowance for an officer's mother, but application can be made to the War Service Grants Committee, Lytham-St-Annes, Lancs, on a form obtained from Bn HQ or O i/c Army Pay Office.

Displaced Person

SHE sits there, in a glass vivarium,
Outside the Ciné de la Comédie,
Which pays her some no doubt ignoble sum
For taking tribute from the bourgeoisie,
On whom she smiles, a shade elusively,
Past signs which offer many-tongued advice,
To wit: Niet Rookten, Enfants Non Admis,
See Belsen Burn and Allied Troops Half-Price.
Her eyes are olives, and her darker sheen
Is Greek, conceivably, or Damascene —
Some land where eyebrows grow, and are not pencilled.
See Belsen Burn... there is an ageless charm
In the mere movement of her copper arm —
An arm on which there are five numbers stencilled.
E. S. T.

(2) Para 326 of "Release From the Army, 1945" states that those who do not wish to be released when eligible may continue to serve provided their services can be used by the Army. Your CO may recommend to the confirming authority your retention after obtaining your signed statement that you fully understand (a) that you will be liable to serve until general demobilisation is ordered, and (b) that you will be subject to normal rules on transfer, posting, promotion, pay, etc. Para 327 points out that the Army Council may order the release of any individual if his services are no longer required. You will be liable to retain your present rank of Lieut. i/c: — your War Substantive rank.

RADIO

AEPF Goes...

CRITICISED by its American audience because it sounded too British and by its British audience because it sounded too American, the AEPF programme of the BBC closes on 28 July, having done a hard job well.

Its task — set by the Supreme Commander — was not only to provide the best entertainment programme from American, Canadian and British sources but to give the fighting men the broad view of the battle — an invaluable stimulus to those engaged in bitter, almost static, warfare when others were exploiting a breakthrough. Well done, AEPF — and sorry to see you go!

What Now?

The BBC programme to replace AEPF as a "parent" service on 29 July in the British Zone will be BBC Programme "B", largely light items. Although designed for the Home audience it will contain many features of equal interest to occupation troops.

On 29 July it is hoped that another station, B.L.A. 2 (274 metres), will supplement B.L.A. 1 (455 metres) in the Ruhr area where reception of B.L.A. 1 is often affected by weather.

As from 29 July the AWS British Forces Network in Germany will have to provide a 17-hours-a-day service (0700 hrs — 2400 hrs) for the occupation Zone — with the help of re-broadcasts of BBC programmes (particularly Programme "B"), special Army-produced transcriptions, gramophone record shows and broadcasts from the new Hamburg studios. The task is being keenly tackled by the Army's own broadcasting men.

One headache to be overcome is the often indifferent reception of BBC stations for re-broadcast purposes — especially at night.

Good luck BFN — we look to you!
"OPEN MIKE".

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THE TEXT

"In that day shall this song be sung
In the land of Judah. We have a
strong city; salvation will God appoint
for walls and bulwarks.

Open ye the gates, that the righteous
nation which keepeth the truth may
enter in.

Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for
in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting
strength."

(Isaiah 26: verses 1, 2, 4)

Answers

(from Page 19.)

(HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?)

1. Chequers. 2. Town in Canary Isles. 3. True-Blue Conservatives.
4. (a) Ireland; (b) Argentine; (c) Spain; (d) France; (e) Scotland.
5. (a) gasoline; (b) stenographer; (c) suspenders; (d) French fried; (e) hood; (f) rumble seat. 6. (a) Harris; (b) Cuba; (c) Jamaica. 7. (a) Canaan; (b) Sleep; (c) Japan.
8. Irishman; rice in the husk; a fit of temper. 9. General Carl Spaatz.
10. Omar Khayyam (as translated by Edward Fitzgerald).

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: — 1. For-tress. 6. Kiel. 7. All-out. 8. Sapper. 12. Drip. 14. Tempest. 17. Tyre. 18. Sc-he-me. 22. Wilful. 23. Ruhr. 24. Lorraine.

DOWN: — 1. Fl-and-ers. 2. Troupe. 3. Efts. 4. Skip(per). 5. REME. 9. Ace. 10. Pity. 11. Reveille. 13. Itch. 15. Mum. 16. Stella. 19. Chum. 20. Earl. 21. Ewer.

CHESS

Key-move: R-R 1.

SOLDIER

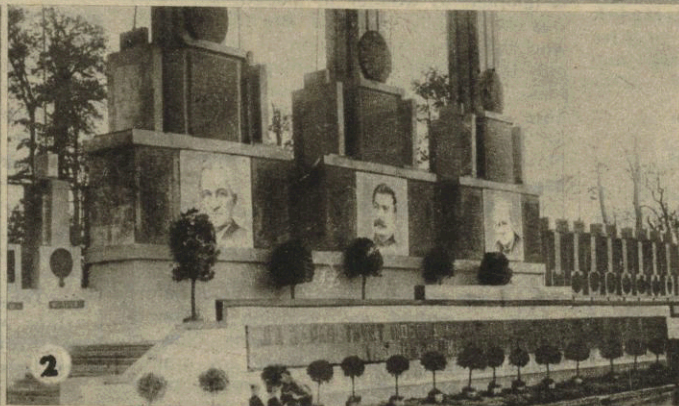
THE BRITISH  ARMY MAGAZINE

BERLIN:

We're in!



We have now formally occupied our sector of Berlin. In picture (1) the Canadian Composite Battle Pipe Band marches down the Charlottenburger Chaussee, with the German Victory Memorial towering behind. (2) The reviewing stand set up for the Allied parade in Unter den Linden.



(3) Field-Marshal Montgomery with the two Russian generals whom he decorated in Berlin. On his left is Marshal Zhukov, who received the GCB, and on his right Marshal Rokossovsky, with the cross of the KCB. (4) Field-Marshal Montgomery with the Russian generals inspects the Grenadiers' Guard of Honour. (5) British soldiers talking to a Russian, helped by a Polish interpreter.

ROLL IT UP
AND
SEND IT HOME



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