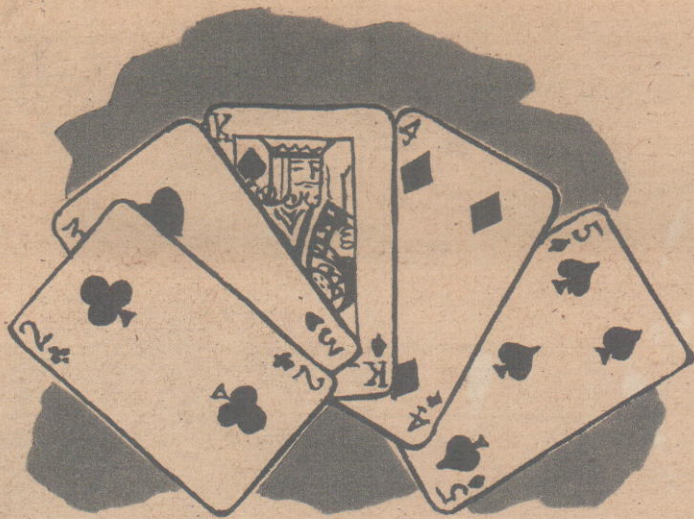


For Berlin Tattoo: Pipe-Major J. Jenkinson, of Fife, who is serving his 16th year in the Army with the 1st Battalion The Black Watch

(Photograph: F. D. O'NEILL)



There's a Ford in your future

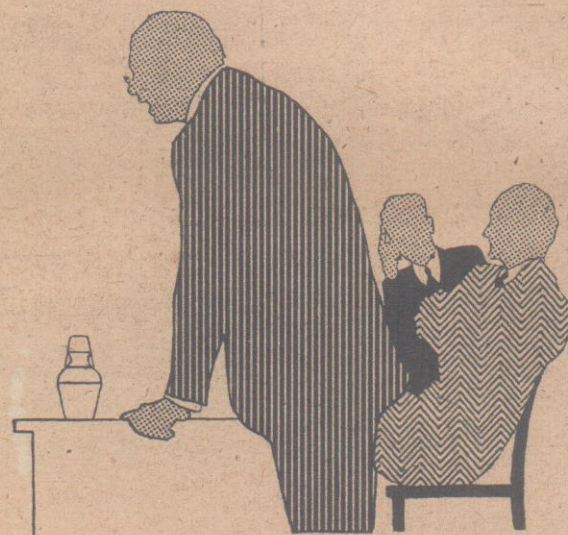
Not to-day — nor next week — but some day certainly. Fortunately for us you have other things on your plate for the time being. That gives us at Dagenham a chance to work our way through what is on our plate — vast piles of export orders and the 'six years' time lag to make good. But the production lines are moving; over a million Fords and Fordsons have already been made in Britain and coming up in the second million, is the car you are dreaming of. By the time you are free to think of a week-end on the river, or a run to the seaside without asking anybody's leave, we hope we'll be ready for you and we're working for it.

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"Of course the best is scarcest! First, there is never enough of it. Second, everybody wants what little there is."



If your White Horse Whisky seems rarer than ever, it is partly because so many people prefer it.

MAXIMUM PRICES:—Bot. 25/9, 1/4-Bot. 13/6 as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association

NO NEED TO GRIEVE



"Can you see a stretch of open road—"

"No!"

"—with a low hedge and green fields rolling away on either side—and just down there on the left a nice little creeper-covered pub with a sign outside which says 'The Nag's Head'?"

"What exactly are you driving at?"

"The Nag's Head, boy, but only in my mind's eye."

"You're in a Rolls-Royce, I suppose."

"On the contrary, I'm on a motor-bike. But, boy oh boy, what a machine."

"You must be counting on a pretty hefty gratuity."

"I'm counting on netting the same as you. But there is a thing called a Post Office

Savings Bank, and I find it a lot easier having my money regularly put there by somebody else than throwing it down the drain myself."

"I doubt if I should."

"What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over, old man."

See your **UNIT SAVINGS OFFICER**
about it **NOW!**

THERE ARE SIX
FOUR SQUARE
TOBACCOS
-EACH A BALANCED BLEND
OF VINTAGE LEAF

The tobacco illustrated is Four Square Original Mixture—cool to smoke, rich in flavour, pleasant in aroma. A tobacco in which the purest Virginia and Oriental tobaccos are blended by hand in the good old fashioned way. Ask for Four Square Blue.



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



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



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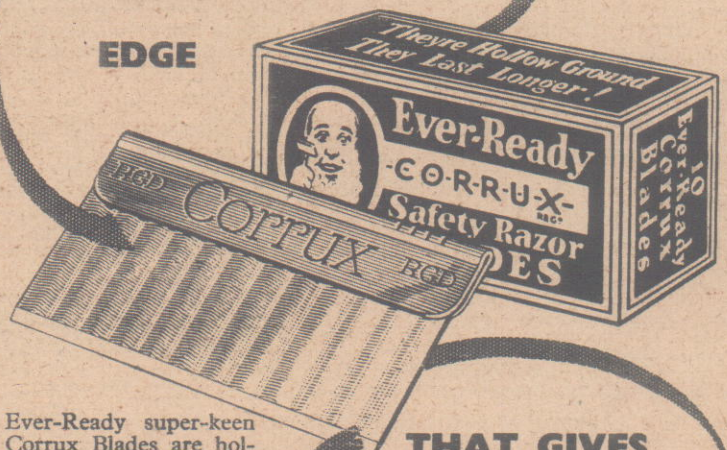
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BEHIND THE
EDGE



Ever-Ready super-keen Corru-X Blades are hollow-ground from specially made surgical steel—steel with enough weight to take a hollow ground edge and hold it longer than ordinary wafer blades. After grinding comes honing and stropping. Each blade is stropped 4840 times.

THAT GIVES
SMOOTHER, EASIER
SHAVES

Ever-Ready CORRU-X Blades
THEY'RE HOLLOW GROUND — THEY LAST LONGER !



CAN YOU DESIGN?

£200 IN PRIZES for a new NAAFI badge



EXCLUSIVE TO THE SERVICES

RULES

1. The design must be capable of reproduction on paper, in wood or metal, or as a stencil.
2. Each entrant may submit up to three designs.
3. Competitors may prepare designs in pencil, crayon, ink or paint.
4. Entries will be judged on the following qualities —
(a) Shape; (b) Colour; (c) the incorporation of the letters NAAFI; (d) motif. As a guide, the shape should be bold, recognisable at some distance, and likely to be easily remembered.
Colour; there is no restriction in the use of colours but entrants will no doubt bear in mind the Navy blue, Army scarlet and Royal Air Force blue as suggesting a suitable colour basis.
NAAFI; the letters NAAFI (without full points) should be incorporated into the design and be immediately readable.
Motif; this should symbolise the NAAFI's service to the Royal Navy, Army and the Royal Air Force.
5. Designs may be of any size, although 12 ins. by 12 ins. is suggested as convenient limit.
6. The Number, Rank, Name and *permanent* address of the competitor must be written on the back of each entry submitted.
7. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence in connection with the competition will be entertained.
8. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.
9. NAAFI does not guarantee to adopt as its official badge the winning design, or any design, submitted in this competition.
10. NAAFI reserves the right to reproduce the designs of all prize winners. Unsuccessful designs will be returned to the entrants.
11. The result of the competition will be announced in this Journal as soon as possible after the closing date.

FIRST PRIZE

£100

SECOND PRIZE

£50

THIRD PRIZE

£25

25 MERIT PRIZES

OF

£1 EACH

Design a new badge for NAAFI and win a prize in this Services-only £200 Competition.

You are familiar with the present symbol (it is shown above) in which you will have spotted the Navy, Army and Air Force elements. NAAFI is looking for a new badge — one which will be suitable to appear outside Clubs and Canteens, to serve as a direction board, and for all similar purposes. The competition is exclusively for all serving Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen, and WRNS, ATS, and WAAF. Entries may also be submitted by men and women of the three Services who will be on demobilisation Release Leave on 31st August, 1947.

THE CLOSING DATE FOR THE COMPETITION IS 31st August, 1947, after which no further entries will be considered.

Entries should be sent to the Public Relations Officer, NAAFI, Ruxley Towers, Claygate, Esher, Surrey.

Entries will be judged by a panel of experts and their decisions will govern the award of the following prizes:—

First Prize	£100
Second Prize	£ 50
Third Prize	£ 25
25 Merit Prizes of £1 each	£ 25
Total	<u>£200</u>

NAAFI

The official canteen organisation for H.M. Forces in war and peace

RUXLEY TOWERS, CLAYGATE, ESHER, SURREY



BAYONET CHARGE



THE MOST DRAMATIC PICTURE OF THE WAR

Never has the camera caught the intimacies of battle so vividly as in this picture of Australian Infantry in a bayonet assault at the Battle of El Alamein.

The photograph — which will prove to be one of the historic photographs of World War Two — was taken from the turret of a tank supporting Infantry of the 9th Australian Division on to Tel el Aisa Ridge, 3000 yards west of El Alamein Station.

Silhouetted against a smoke screen, attacker and defender make a grim frieze. Most of the action occurs on the right. The figure at the extreme edge has his arms raised in surrender; next to him an Infantryman bayonets a man on the ground; the third and fourth men are sparring for the kill; the fifth man has his adversary threshing on the ground.

This is Battle as Hollywood never saw it, as the war photographers never succeeded in picturing it, no matter how closely they followed the battle line.

Often and often there was no engagement to photograph at the end of a bayonet charge, because the sight of determined men with cold steel was sufficient to induce the enemy to surrender. This was one of the exceptions.

El Alamein is usually thought of as an artillery and tank battle. But the Infantryman — who of all arms comes to closest grips with his adversary, who alone sees the whites of the other man's eyes — was there right in the middle of it, proving that the bayonet was not the useless anachronism that the pundits declared it to be.

This photograph only recently came to light. SOLDIER reproduces it by courtesy of the Director of Infantry, in whose *Infantry Bulletin* it first appeared. The figures in the photograph have not been retouched.

PS: Writing on *Infantry tactics of World War Two* in the *American Infantry Journal* for April 1947 Major David E. Milotta, of Fort Benning, Georgia, said:

"We attacked with bayonets fixed but the fighting and the killing was done with tommy-gun fire, rifle fire and hand grenades. I have yet to meet a man who will state that he personally witnessed a bayoneting."

Here's your answer, Major.



The old and the new: from unattractive bungalows such as those built during World War One (left) a few lucky families at Catterick have now moved to newly-built married quarters (right). With Mrs. Cooper is Mrs. G. Newnham and her small son David. They moved in the same day.

The General Drops In To MQ 52

If the Army were able to run up as many houses as it liked there would soon be no scarcity of modern married quarters to replace the out-of-date dwellings in which many soldiers' families live. But the Army's problem is Civvy Street's problem too; the number of married quarters which can be built is limited to a fixed percentage of the civilian target

A large Staff car pulls up in Suvla Lines, a general jumps out and strides along the concrete pathway to the bright green door of the new red-brick building.

Major-General R. T. O. Cary, CBE, DSO, who was in charge of Signals in Middle East and Paiforce and is now Commander of Catterick District, has arrived to pay a call at MQ 52—home of Squadron Serjeant-major and Mrs. E. Cooper.

He has come to take a quick look at the new married quarters the Army is providing in Catterick. Today only five families have moved in, but builders work daily at the rest of the estate which eventually will hold 243 married quarters, part of the 1000 which are being built for the Army in Britain.

The Services have no building priority over civilian needs. Barrack blocks for troops, cook-houses, dining-halls and offices must wait. Only married quarters can be built. Obviously the wives of soldiers must live somewhere and existing married quarters are not only scarce but often old-fashioned and inconvenient.

Because Catterick is now the largest garrison its share is greater than that of any other camp, but even so under the present allocations only a small percentage of regulars can have quarters. It has been worked out that in a company of 100 regular soldiers, all with families, only seven can get new homes. That percentage will not rise until the Ministry of Health can provide more new homes for civilians.



"It's the General at the door..." Major-General R. T. O. Cary, Commander of Catterick District, calls to see how Serjeant-major Cooper and his family are settling in. It's a friendly informal inspection, as the picture on right shows.

And so Mrs. Cooper, as she pours the General a cup of tea, realises how lucky she is. Only a few days before she was living in a "single decker," the bungalow of World War One with two cramped bedrooms, a small living-room containing a large black range standing out into the room, and a tiny scullery with shallow sink. It was due to be pulled down before the war. Hitler stopped that.

In November 1946 the Army and Ministry of Works got down to planning the housing scheme and the schedules and bill of quantities were drawn up at Catterick, HQ. They consist of thick typewritten books detailing the work from the amount of turf to be stripped to providing each front door with "One pair four-inch butts, one night latch, one six-inch bolt, one letter plate and knocker."

On 24 June 1946 the Ministry of Works handed the schedules and bills to a civilian contractor and just under a year later General Cary signed for the first 12 completed. The first couple to receive one were Serjeant and Mrs. G. W. Rylatt who moved in at 24 hours notice with their six-months baby. They had come from a "single decker" and before that had shared an expensive single room with kitchen and bathroom in Richmond.

Houses are allotted on points based on length of service overseas, number of children, length of marriage and any hardship factors. In this case the occupants of the first five were living in bungalows due for scrapping to make way for the rest of the estate.

There are five different War

Office standard designs. Some provide for blocks of three homes, others for detached houses. The houses are of A, B or C type, according to the size of your family. If you have a B type, as occupied by Mrs. Cooper, then you have two bedrooms and pay 15s. 6d. a week rent. If the family is larger and another room is required, a communicating door is opened into a bedroom of the next house, which converts your home into a C type (17s. rent) and next door into an A type (14s.).

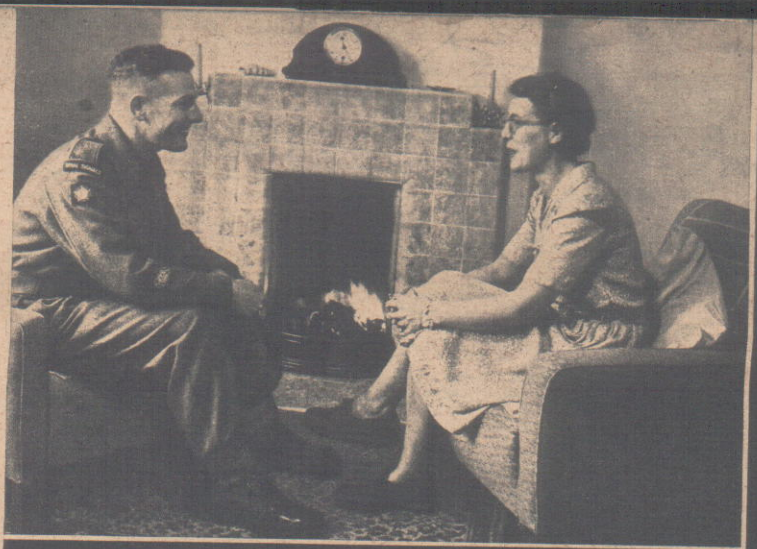
The Army delivers coal for which Mrs. Cooper pays extra, and she also pays three-halfpence per unit for electric light. If families have a long way to move they get "disturbance allowance" of £5. Necessary furniture and bedclothes are provided, and the house has good cupboard space.

Once in four years the Army paints the outside of the quarters, and the inside once in eight. Distempering is done about every two years. Every four months barrack wardens make a "landlord's inspection" and once a month commanding officers of the units in which the husbands serve may send round a note to say they are visiting the premises. The object is not so much to see if the quarters are maintained to standard as to enquire whether wives are satisfied with social services and the NAAFI shop round the corner where they buy groceries and vegetables.

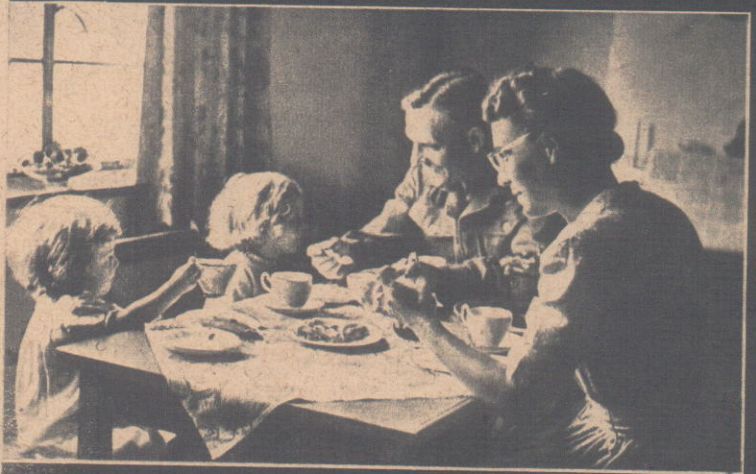
What is Mrs. Cooper's view on the subject?

"These quarters are better than I ever dreamed married quarters could be."

PETER LAWRENCE.



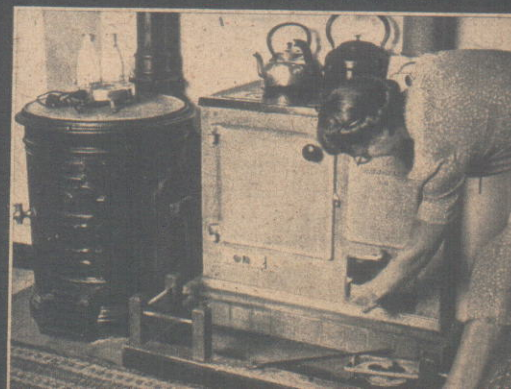
The day's work over... In the sitting room the Army provides the chairs, but not the carpets. Lino is still to be delivered. Below: The Army furnishes the dining-room table and chairs, but not the cutlery or china. At present house-holders provide their own curtains.



Bath time for Christine and Virginia. The bath is boxed in, the bathroom tiled.



In less than a fortnight Serjeant-major Cooper has got the garden ship-shape. He has 16 years service with Royal Signals, has served in India and West Africa. Below: if this fire goes out at four o'clock the water is still hot next morning. An immersion heater is also fitted.



THE British soldier has found a new sport: sailing.

It is a sport which up to now had always seemed out of his reach. But today there are soldier-sailors from the Solent to Suez, from Suez to Singapore.

In home waters sailing is now encouraged by the Army Sailing Association, an offshoot of the Army Sports Control Board. Abroad the sport has been helped on by Welfare, often with the aid of captured enemy material.

One successful sailing group in home waters is that at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, where gunners of 110 Heavy Ack-Ack Regiment and a few RASC men turn out on the River Medina in craft which include two specially built scows, a 12-metre international sharpie (ex-German, allotted by the War Office) and a 12-foot dinghy bought second-hand. Other craft are on the way.

L/Bdr. L. Poulton is the shipwright who spends his winter evenings preparing the craft for the summer. By doing their own repairs the group are able to keep the season's subscription down to five shillings for an officer, two shillings an NCO and one shilling a gunner.

While "at sea" rank presents no problem. Recently a gunner captained a scow with a major-general (a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron) as crew. Their team work was good, say on-lookers.

If proximity to Cowes is any advantage — and the gunners of Parkhurst hope to compete there some day — the group starts with a big advantage over the groups which have been started at Dover, Catterick and Colchester.

Kaiser's Club

Soldiers of the Rhine Army race almost every week in requisitioned yachts on the sheltered waters of the Baltic, off Kiel. Nearly every week a big yacht puts out for a fortnight's sea-going cruise to Denmark, Sweden or Norway. Smaller craft leave for Travemünde, Flensburg and other spots along the Baltic coast.

The Nazis renamed the old Kaiserlicher Yacht Club the Kiel Yacht Club; the British renamed it the British Kiel Yacht Club.

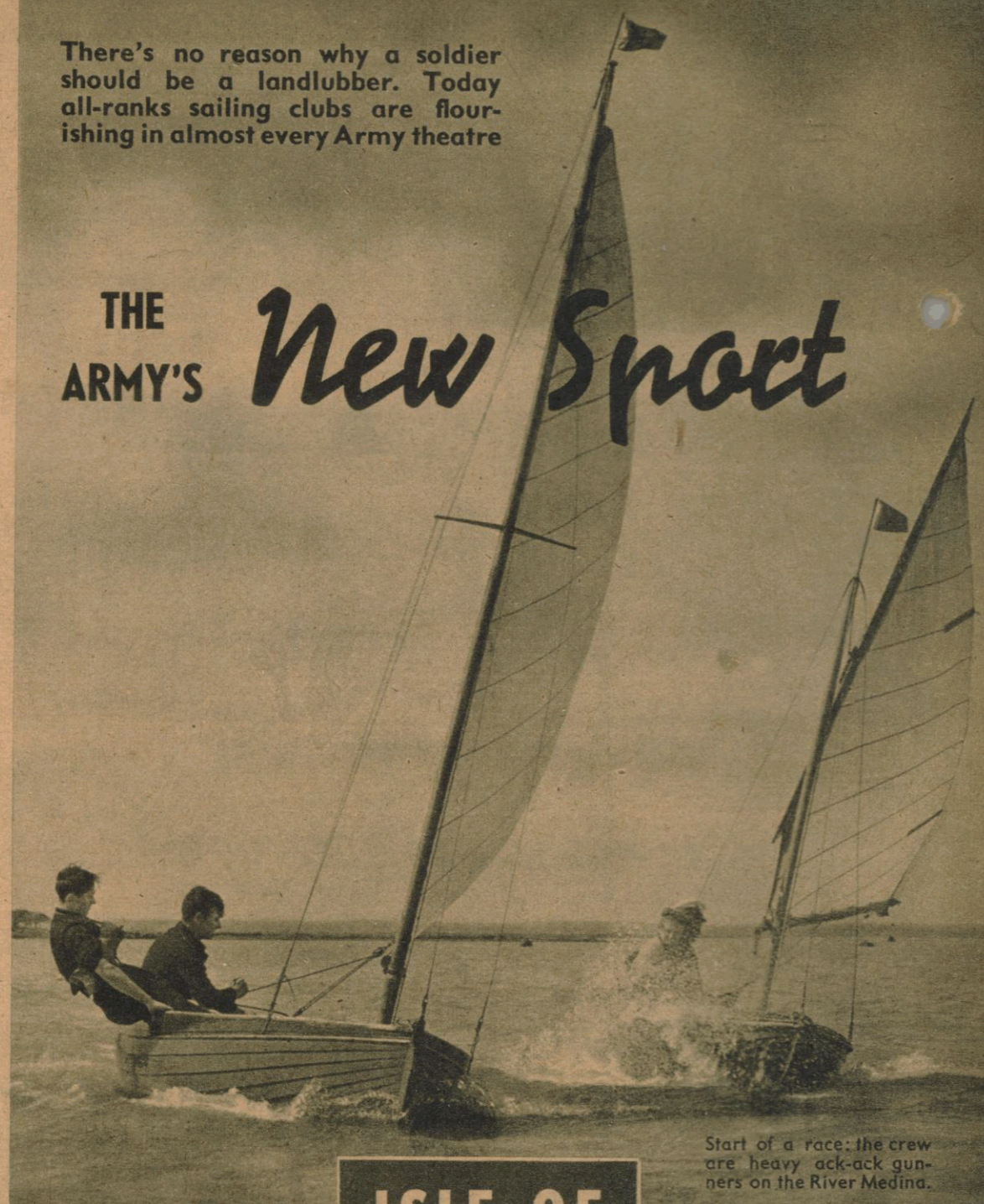
In charge of the club-house is Bombardier Tommy Ryan.

Harbour-Master Erich Natusch teaches British soldiers how to reach and run and tack. Under him are German workmen who maintain the club's 60 yachts.

In the Suez Canal Zone, Army yachtsmen recently held a successful regatta off Fayid. Altogether over 250 yachtsmen (and women) competed in the three-day contest. With three or four races going on simultaneously, some with 20 entrants, the whole bay was alive with sails. Every type of vessel was on view from a ten-foot dinghy to a 16-ton ocean-going ketch. Many other clubs using the Bitter Lakes — including a French sailing club and the Phoenix (RAF) Sailing Club — competed.

There's no reason why a soldier should be a landlubber. Today all-ranks sailing clubs are flourishing in almost every Army theatre

THE ARMY'S *New Sport*



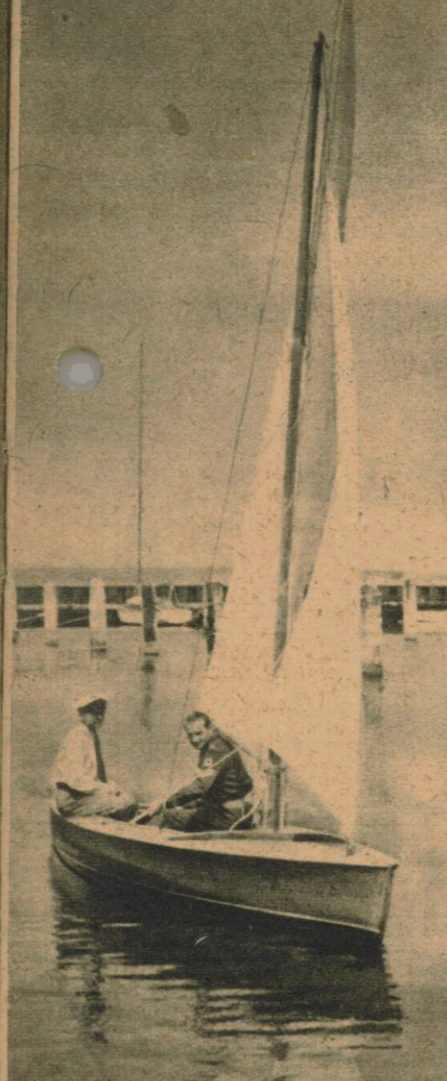
Start of a race: the crew are heavy ack-ack gunners on the River Medina.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Left: soldier-yachtsmen bring their craft ashore. On the masthead flies the device of Anti-Aircraft Command.

Right: lifebelts are worn. These, along with boots, blue battle-dress and sweater are supplied by the Army.

Twenty-eight years a yachtsman, Major L. H. Landon is captain of the Isle of Wight sailing group.



White Sails In The Sunset — or very nearly. In the background is Kiel.

KIEL BAY

Left: Outward bound: soldier-passenger is Bombardier T. Ryan, who looks after the yacht club-house at Kiel.

Right: The sailmender of Kiel. Here the Army has 60 requisitioned yachts.



Above: this proud display was in honour of the Fayid Regatta. Below: no jerseys and battledress are needed on the Bitter Lakes.



Above: successful yachtsmen in the Suez Zone appear to favour the German-style cap. Below: a "National" class competitor in one of the inter-club events.



GREAT BITTER LAKE



SOLDIER to SOLDIER

THERE are not many people who can claim to have been colonels before they were subalterns. One of them is Princess Elizabeth, who at the age of 16 was Colonel of the Grenadier Guards — two years before she became a second subaltern in the ATS (her ATS rank is now Junior Commander).

History tells of young princesses whose early interest in the Army was shown in exacting salutes from perspiring sentries in the palace grounds. In this case History will prefer to record that Elizabeth was the first Princess of England to put on a soldier's denims and execute the Task for Today.

While the Senior Service rightly preens itself on the honour done to it by the Heir Presumptive, the Army — joining heartily in the felicitations — can continue to feel confident that it has a friend at Court.

WHEN the big call-up was on in 1940 and 1941 employers of labour had to master the maddening problem of keeping their works at full production with an ever-changing succession of untrained men and women. Those whom the Services did not take were decimated by sickness, accidents and maternity.

But the problem was overcome; and many a firm may be excused for congratulating itself afterwards in a shiny booklet.

Today the Army deserves at least as much credit as Industry for keeping not only its fighting units but its specialist units efficient in the great run-down. Take the case of No. 1 British Army Newspaper Unit BAOR, which since its formation in February 1945 has had well over 100 men passing through it — and the establishment only just exceeds a dozen. This unit has employed men of 22 different regiments and almost every corps in the Army. There are probably many units which can claim a bigger turnover; but is there any small firm or office in Civvy Street which has had to train and lose men at this rate?

Yet the general idea — and how mistaken! — is that the Army still has too many men for its needs.

THE average soldier, asked to pen a letter for a comrade who cannot write, does so with a good grace and some sense of responsibility. However, there exist cheerful half-wits — like those mentioned in an article "Ten Thousand Tragedies" in the *Army Quarterly* — who, writing to the wife of an illiterate man, think it funny to tell her what a good time her husband has been having with the local girls. As against this, there are probably many cases where a sluggish romance has been stimulated with good results by the proxy letter-writer.

The author of "Ten Thousand Tragedies" — Colonel J. T. Burgess — has an intimate knowledge of Basic Education Centres. He appeals for more toleration and understanding on the part of NCO's and regimental officers towards illiterates. Much of the trouble at a Basic Education Centre arises because men sent there have been unduly "chased" in their early Army days, and their apparent bloodmindedness has usually stemmed from their disability.

Colonel Burgess quotes a thank-you letter received from a man whom the Army taught to write.

"... Under the laborious signature was a postscript which is surely the justification for the Army's efforts to help illiterate men: it read —

"PS. I writ this meself."

AT the time of London's big Victory Parade, the *Daily Herald* printed as the work of "Anon" a five-lined verse of unusual simplicity and sincerity, addressed to the Fallen. The Editor of *SOLDIER*, who reproduced it in these pages, thought it probable that "Anon" in this case cloaked the identity of a well-known writer rather than an unknown one, since the verse had that deceptive simplicity which an amateur can rarely attain.

Shortly afterwards the Editor learned that the verse had been written by James Agate, the critic and diarist of diverse talents, who died recently.

This was the verse:

God keep you, Jack, Harry and Len.
You fought for Christ's kingdom, and then ...
There's no more to your story
Save the power, and the glory,
For ever and ever. Amen.

1 Here is the man with a job of "almost frightening importance" — foreseeing the nature of the "next war" and shaping scientific policy to meet it



Sir Henry Tizard, head of the Defence Research Policy Committee. He was one of the brains behind the Battle of Britain.

No. 1 BOFFIN*

WHAT is needed today is a scientific staff attached to the Chiefs of Staff organisation, that will devote its whole time to the study of the influence of advancing scientific knowledge on the problems of defence."

These words were spoken to a crowded meeting of the Royal United Service Institution in March 1946 by Sir Henry Tizard, the scientist responsible for much of the success of the Battle of Britain.

Almost a year later his words were to come to life. The Defence Research Policy Committee under the Ministry of Defence was formed. Its chairman was Sir Henry Tizard.

"Sir Henry Tizard's job is of almost frightening importance," said one writer at the time.

The job is to foresee what a future war will be like and to think out counter-measures.

What will atomic war be like — a quick fight to the death or a long struggle with years of stress and toil? Can we find a counter weapon to the atom bomb? Will power-guided missiles with atomic warheads take the place of large bombing forces? Are battleships obsolete? Can we improve on the warning system against air attack? How will a future war affect the size, nature and training of our peacetime forces? These are the sort of questions the Defence Committee have to try to answer. Upon their answers depends the future trend of our scientific war research.

Sir Henry Tizard's life shows that he is a man capable of guiding that research.

By the time he was 26 he was a Fellow of Oriel and a most promising young physical chemist. He looked all set for a successful academic career. Then came World War One. Joining the Royal Garrison Artillery in 1914, he was transferred a year later

to flying, testing and experimental work with the Royal Flying Corps.

He found there had been almost no scientific examination of the use of aircraft in war. No one had considered the problems of bombing or methods of navigation. There was not even a rudimentary bomb-sight or a satisfactory air compass. But by the end of the war things had improved, and by then Tizard, still in his early thirties, was Assistant Controller of Experiments and Research to the RAF.

He was then faced with a decision. Should he go back to his academic career or carry on with his study of science in the air? The air won.

Between wars he became Permanent Secretary of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, and later Rector of the Imperial College. From 1933 to 1943 he was chairman of the Aeronautical Research Board. At an early stage he was researching into the radar detection system, the eight-gun fighter and methods of training. He became the only civilian member of the Air Council.

But a major strategic and technical controversy of the war found him on the losing side. He did not believe the war could be won by "strategic" bombing — the strafing by night of German towns. He spent the last three years of the war as President of Magdalen College.

Today he has once more come into public affairs. For many years he has urged that it is not enough for the scientist to supply only what the Services want. The scientist must be at the top level, looking ahead and deciding what the Services need. Now he has the opportunity of putting his ideas into practice.

*"Boffin" — RAF slang for civilian scientist.

And here is the Army's own school which has a new plan for training technical soldiers so that they can talk to the "boffins" in their own language

Training Soldier-Scientists

NO man in uniform ever created a new weapon. Almost all new weapons have been forced down the throat of the conservative military, so we have got to have officer-scientists."

It was an American general who made that statement recently. The latest plan of the United States Army is to pick annually 50 top-rank scientists and engineers from technical schools, commission them after two years with the troops and then send them to technical schools for further training.

How does the British Army plan to keep abreast of these scientific times? SOLDIER found the answer at the Military College of Science at Shrivenham, Wiltshire (which was a "university" for American troops during the latter part of the war).

Today at Shrivenham a new plan for training scientific officers is going ahead, and the effect — to quote Major-General J. D. Shapland, DSO, MC, Commandant of the College — should be to raise the academic and scientific standard of officers several pegs, with repercussions right through the Army.

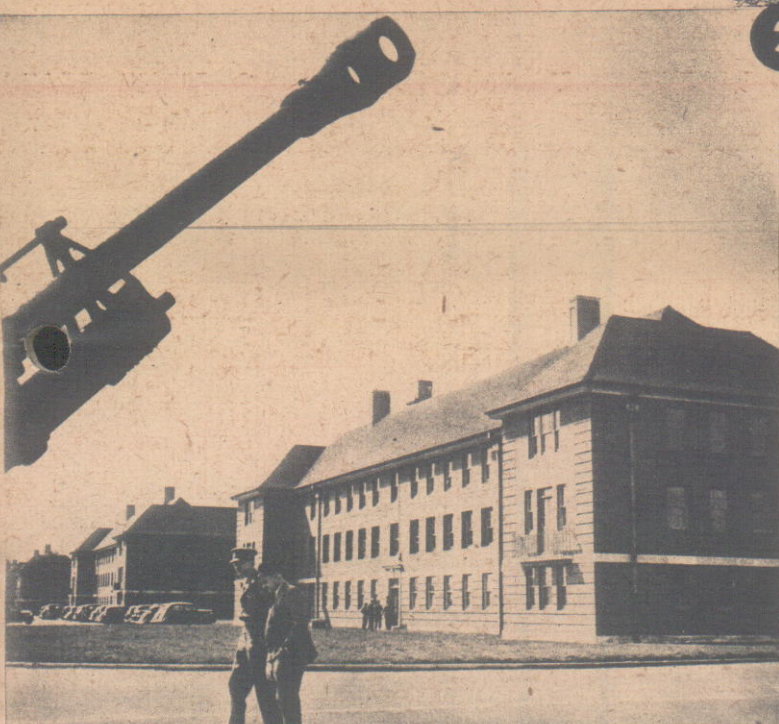
Before the war only about 80 young officers and ten or 15 more experienced officers received scientific instruction each year. The young officers were Gunner,

Sapper or Signals officers who went from the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich to take a degree at Cambridge; the older officers were those who took the Advanced Course at the Military College of Science, then at Woolwich.

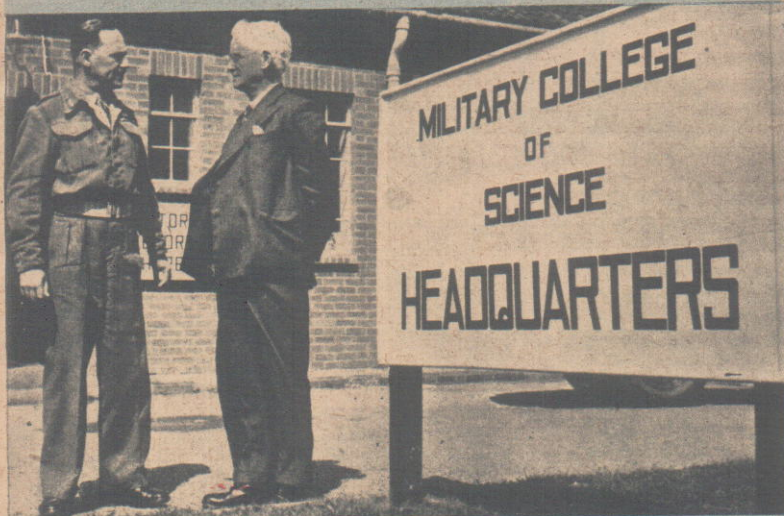
Under the Army's new plan, the Military College of Science will add to the young officers going to Cambridge about 300 a year, who will take an external BSc degree at London University; and instead of ten or 15 older officers, 75 a year will go into training as Technical Staff Officers. Any arm of the Service which can benefit from having thoroughly-trained technical officers will be able to send its representatives.

At the moment the College is going through the teething stage. It has only 155 of the 1000 students it is planned to accommodate eventually and its "ceiling" at present is 400 students — 150 TSO's, 176 young officers and the rest on short arms courses; this temporary "ceiling" should be reached during the next 18 months.

Of the Shrivenham courses,



Shrivenham—present home of the Military College of Science—has been an American forces' "university," a Gunners' OCTU and the home of the Air Defence Brigade which was set up in 1939.

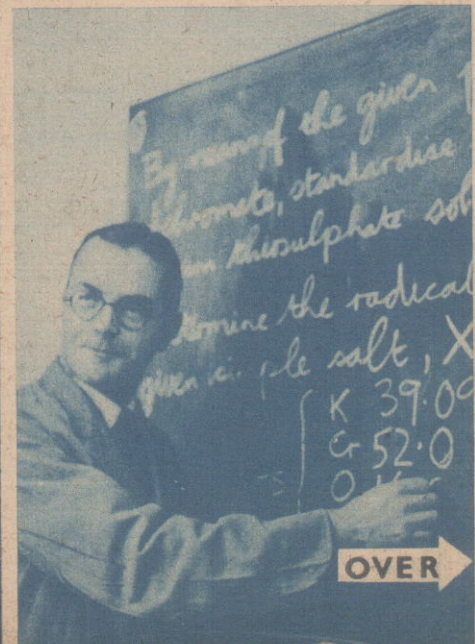
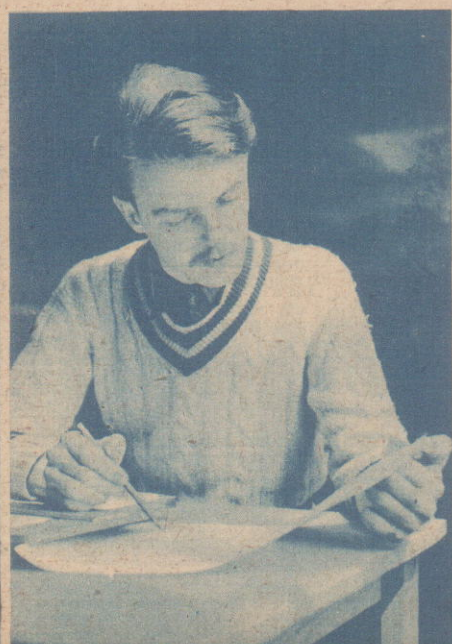


Commandant of the College—Major-General J. D. Shapland, DSO, MC—who was a brigade commander with Second Division in Burma—chats to his Dean, Dr. C. H. Lander, CBE, former Professor of Mechanical Engineering at London University.

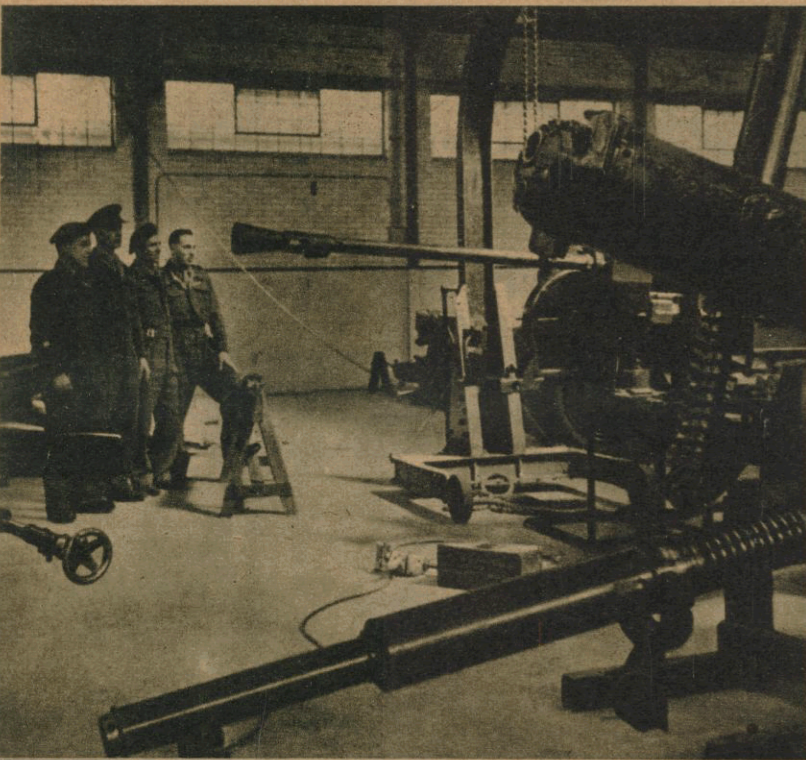
Here a Sapper subaltern (Lieut. C. J. Temmert) is at work on a drawing board—

—here a Gunner major (Major N. H. Wood) conducts an experiment in the laboratory—

—and here Mr. L. A. Wiles, former lecturer at Woolwich, takes a "stinks" class.



OVER



Ready for future students is an impressive display of sectionalised guns and equipment. At the Chobham wing there are enemy fighting vehicles to be studied.

that for TSO's is the most important. In normal times it will have captains and majors as its students, but at present it includes a number of lieutenant-colonels whom war robbed of their opportunity of a similar course.

The student on this course must be a good "user" a man who knows all about the use in the field of the arms and equipment he is going to study. He must also have a liking for and an ability to study scientific subjects — mathematics, physics, chemistry, metallurgy, mechanics, ballistics, mechanical engineering, instrument technology. He will leave Shrivenham with a scientific background which, combined with his military knowledge, will enable him to go into a War Office or military supply establishment and explain to the scientist in his own language what the Army needs and to help him in the design of future weapons; he will also be able to explain to the Army the scientist's and the manufacturer's difficulties in producing what is needed and exactly what a new weapon can be expected to do.

In the first year students acquire a fundamental academic background in the lecture-rooms and laboratories. In the second year they specialise in one of the three main groups of war material — armaments engineering, military vehicle engineering

(which will include softskin vehicles as well as fighting vehicles) and instrument engineering (which includes radar, radio and mechanical and optical instruments).

The Young Officers' Course, which at present is catering for officers, mostly captains and majors, who were not able to go to Cambridge because of the war, will take Sandhurst subalterns, destined for technical and other arms of the Service, and give them a degree course lasting two years, supplementing the numbers of technically-trained officers from Cambridge and increasing the output of young officers with a scientific background.

Don't imagine that the school is interested only in the armaments of the past; there are groups studying atomic energy application, production engineering and lubricants, rocket projectors and guided missiles.

Like any university, the College seeks to attract the best men to its professorial staff and so it is planned that the professors shall have time for private research in its laboratories — an arrangement which can be profitable for the Army as well as the professor. "Without that," says General Shapland, "we should become a mere technical college. This is the Army's university."

WHERE DOES

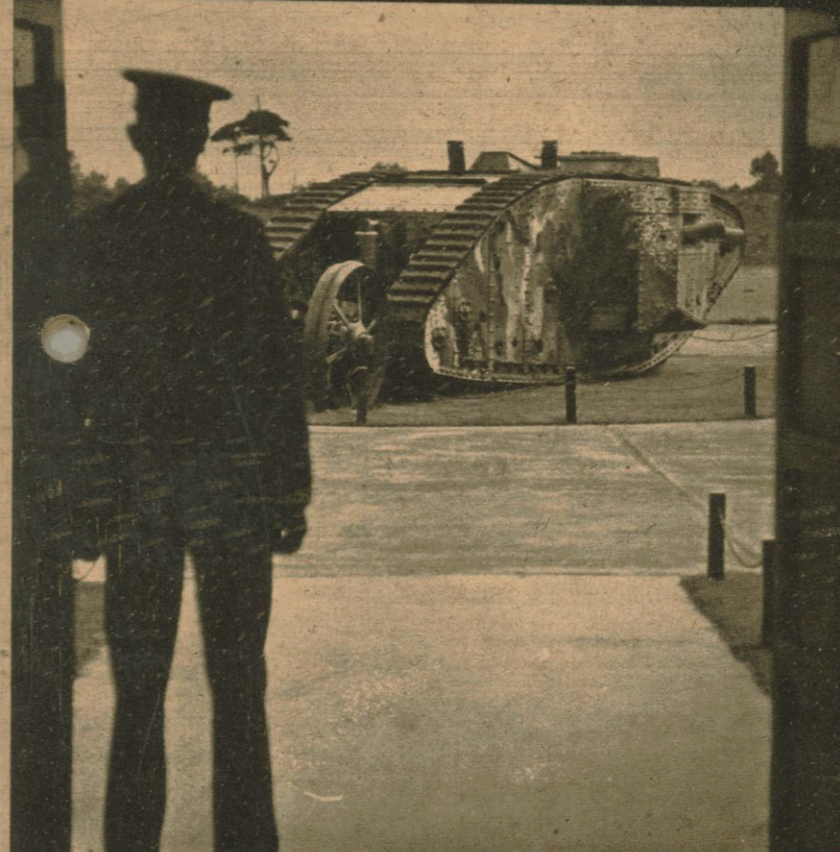
TECHNICAL Staff Officer Major "X" of the Royal Armoured Corps has finished his last day at the Military College of Science and is ready to start his new job.

A thumbnail sketch of him might read like this: "Major X". Aged 28. Matriculated at — School. Served six years apprenticeship at — Engineering Works. Trained at — Technical College, and holds BSc Engineering degree. Joined RAC 1940, served as Technical Adjutant — Bn. in N. Africa and Italy. Joined the Advanced Course at the Military College of Science, Shrivenham, Oct. 1946."

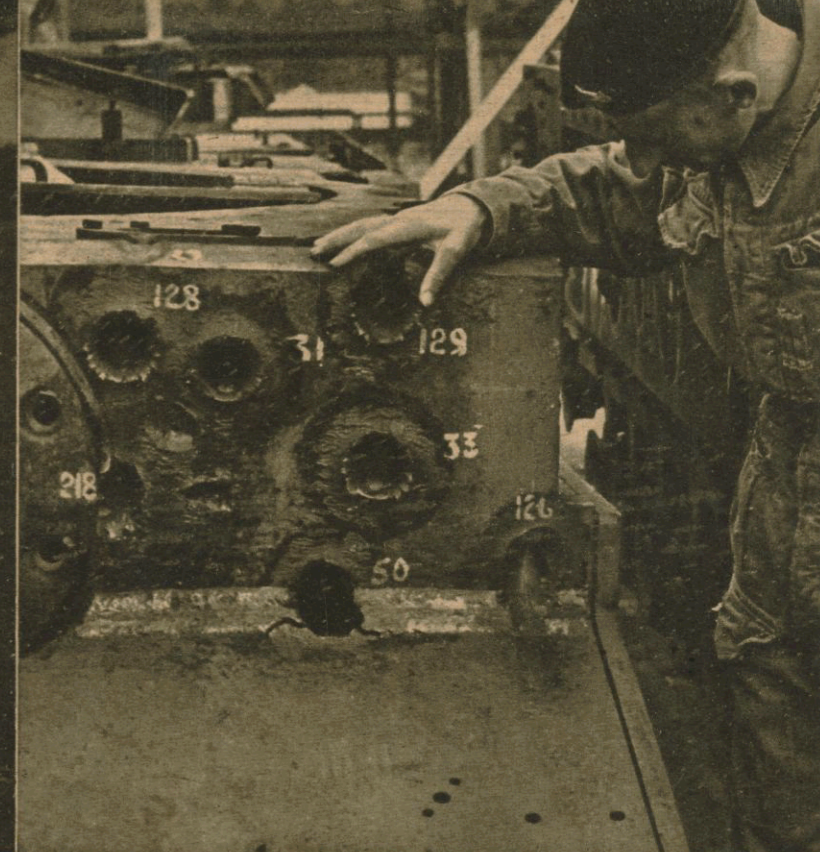
Now, with months of intensive study of the theory, scientific development and production of fighting vehicles to back up his already practical experience of them in the field, he is ready to put his specialised training into use. But what kind of a job will he go to?

To answer this it is necessary to know something of the story of the tank — any tank — from drawing board to service unit.

When Trooper Smith gets a newly designed tank it is all strange and fresh to him, but that tank has already been "alive" for nearly three years. It starts as an idea in the minds of the General Staff who decide they need a new tank to fit a certain tactic-



After World War One you saw tanks like this on many an English village green—till the public decided they were eyesores. They still keep this one as a historical record at Chobham.



Armour-piercing shells were used on this Churchill hull. The holes are numbered for analysis. Below: this little party was staged at Chobham for visiting Russian delegates. Crocodile flame-throwers are assaulting a hill position.

HE GO FROM HERE?

al role. Detailed specifications of its intended armour, armament, speed, weight and so on are drawn up by them and submitted to a chosen designer. Within two months he has outlined a provisional design, but already he sees that some of the specifications cannot be met — in all probability the weight.

So a conference between designer and staff officers is called and compromises made. In another six months preliminary details of the design are fixed and a rough full-scale mock-up of the tank in wood is made. During this time each separate part of the tank — and in modern tanks there are some 8000 parts — is investigated by its particular expert, and their findings coordinated by the designer. This involves scores of skilled draughtsmen and craftsmen working on their drawings and wooden mockup.

A team of "users", the men from the units who will have to fight the tank, is then called in to give their opinion on the mock-up, and give it approval. Nine months later the first prototypes in metal are ready for rigorous testing. They are hit in every direction by anti-tank guns; they are driven over gruelling road and cross-country tests; their guns and controls are tested for accuracy and easy use.

When both War Office and designers are satisfied, release is given for limited production and some 20 tanks are built to be sent to different units to discover what difficulties they have in

handling them. When these snags are recorded and modifications made, the authority for full production is given. By the time the tanks are rolling off the assembly line to the units nearly three years have elapsed since the first idea of the tank was born.

It is into this complex background that the Technical Staff Officer fits. He is an essential link between the soldiers who fight the tank, the designers at their drawing boards and the workers in the factory. He speaks all their "languages".

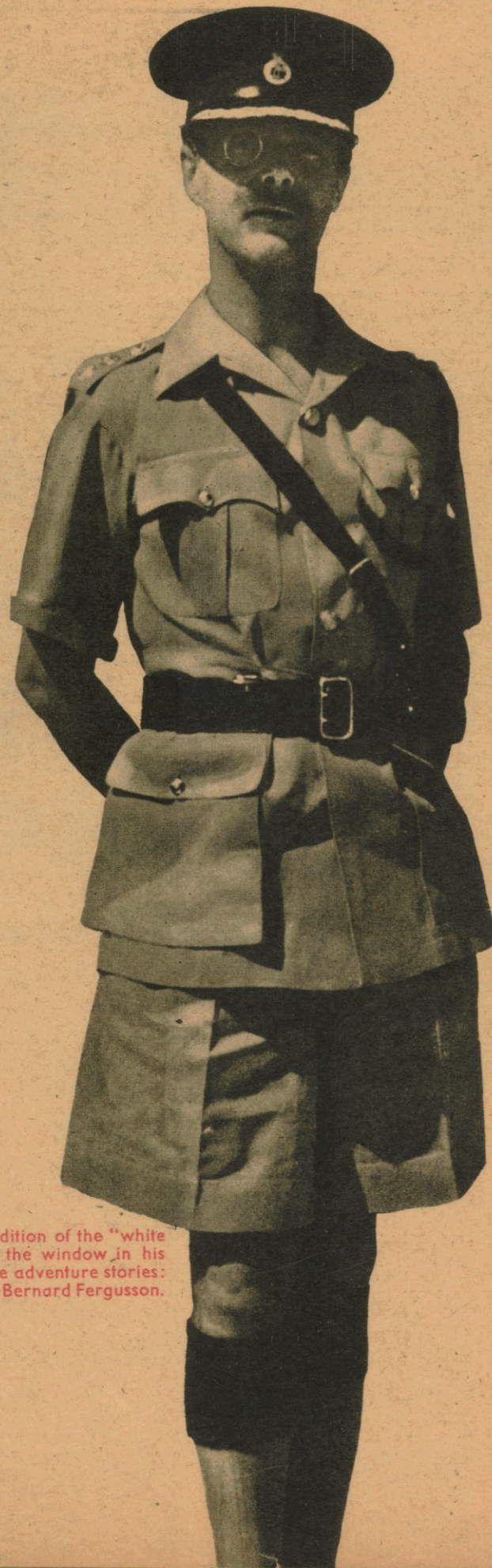
Several jobs are open to a Technical Staff Officer. He may go to the Ministry of Supply and work as a staff officer in the planning and production department, or go on to the designing side probably to specialise in one particular branch, say turret design. He may be attached to the Fighting Vehicle Proving Establishment at Chobham to carry out the expert tests on prototype models and newly designed equipment, or he may go to the Inspectorate of Fighting Vehicles to examine tanks as they are produced.

Under the War Office he may work for an Armaments Directorate and concentrate on research into new designs and devices. He may be posted to a Field Formation as technical adviser, or — like one officer who went on the Canadian "Musk Ox" expedition — be sent to report on a special mission. Finally he may become an instructor himself and teach at an Arms School or at the Military College of Science.



The Fighting Vehicles Wing of the College at Chobham has its own cinema and library of specialist films.

"Chindit" Fergusson tackles



In the tradition of the "white lord with the window in his eye" of the adventure stories: Brigadier Bernard Fergusson.

In Palestine RICHARD ELLEY talked with Brigadier Bernard Fergusson, DSO, the Scots soldier-author who led Chindit columns in the black days in Burma and who now holds a high operational post in the Palestine Police

(Photographs: Sgt. Stuart Shrimpton.)

THE ray of sunshine that came into the room over the waist-high steel balcony shield was reflected in a monocle and glinted on the gold of an ultra-military moustache and curly hair belonging to a tall, slim man perched restlessly on the edge of a table.

The table itself was covered with a big map over which was pinned celluloid, covered with markings in coloured chinagraph pencil. Round the wall were more maps, some of them hidden by curtains.

It was like the war room of a formation in action and in fact it is a war room, although the notice on the outside of the door says "conference room". It is the war room of the Palestine Police, in which their battle for law and order against the Jewish terrorists is planned.

The monocled man who directs operations is more used to the sort of war room you can carry about in a map-case and haversack. Brigadier Bernard Fergusson, DSO, Assistant Inspector-General in charge of operations and training in the Palestine Police, won his reputation as a soldier leading some of Wingate's Chindit columns through Burma, behind the Japanese lines. And just to show that soldiering was not the only thing he was good at, he wrote two of the most readable war books yet published and some very good poetry (some of it in *Punch*).

He was invalided home from India and became Military Director of Combined Operations, but Whitehall bored him and when, after 18 months, he was asked if he would like a two-year attachment to the Palestine Police, he jumped at the chance.

"It started in 1937 and 1938, when I was subaltern in the Black Watch," he told me. "My regiment was stationed in Jeru-

salem and I was Brigade Intelligence Officer, so I had a lot to do with the Palestine Police. In those days we were chasing Arabs, not Jews.

"At that time the British section of the Palestine Police was only 700 strong and everybody you saw in a blue cap was a fluent Arabic speaker, intimate with the customs of the country and familiar with all the local feuds. Every British constable was a guide, philosopher and friend. We hung on their words.

"I made a lot of friends in the force in those days and many of the chaps who were constables then are senior officers now. The present superintendent at Haifa was a serjeant and we had lots of sorties together. And the other night I met an inspector with whom I had smoked a cigarette under a wall when we were hunting two men who had shot a couple of soldiers at Silwan. I was in Palestine two or three times during the war, so I was able to keep up some of my friendships and I came here with a great admiration for this Force."

The British section of the Palestine Police has changed a good deal since Bernard Fergusson was a subaltern. It has expanded from 700 to 5000 and it has kept up with the times. Some of today's recruits are youngsters who choose this way of doing their National Service, but a big proportion are ex-Servicemen who tried civilian life at home and didn't like it.

"I've got one of my own Chindits here," said Brigadier Fergusson, "and there are several

Below are the two last verses of "Return to Burma," quoted from Brigadier Fergusson's "Lowland Soldier" (Collins). The poem is dated December 1944.

But you who fell beside us, pioneers
Shorn of the future—you who chose to be
The hopeless van of the victorious years,
The heralds of the day you could not see:
You we have steered on as a seaman's mark,
Your graves shine forth exulting in the dark,
The leading lights of ultimate victory.

O comrades all, the known and the unknown,
Sleep still at last: your vigil is despatched,
The black defences of the night are down,
The outmost wicket of the day unlatched.
This day beyond your graves our armies reach,
The hosts are come for whom you made the breach;
And now at length the enemy is matched.

"a Man's Job"



Asst. Supt. C. P. Featherstone, ex-Royal Welch Fusiliers, OC Palestine Police Depot (left) watches recruits drilling. Below: Baton drill. The order was "Charge crowd to cafe on corner." Drill is vigorous, bruises often result.



fellows from my own regiment who were out here when I was and have now finished their time. About eight are from my own battalion. We're getting a fair sprinkling of ex-officers, too, and I know at least eight constables with the MC ribbon up. In the last draft of 130 recruits there were eight ex-officers, two from the Royal Navy, two from the RAF and four from the Army. Several of the same draft were ex-Palestine Policemen who resigned last year, tried Civvy Street, didn't like it and came back.

"Everybody starts as a constable and nearly all the senior officers have been right through the ranks. There are only a few phoney chaps like me who come on attachment from the Army straight into bigger jobs. Recruiting is going well and we can pick and choose whom we want and so keep up a high standard."

It is only during his two-months training course at the depot that the recruit is likely to feel that he might just as well have stopped in the Army.

"At that time it's a bit like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire," says Brigadier Fergusson. "It's pretty rigorous training, but when a chap goes on the beat he must be fit and able to use his weapons and he must know a lot about the job."

In his two-months training, the recruit does 40 hours of drill, 60 hours of weapon training, 130 hours of law and general police

duties, 30 hours of Arabic or Hebrew and 20 hours of first-aid. "Once a constable leaves the depot," says Brigadier Fergusson, "we recognise that it's a man's life and though his turn-out and appearance must be as smart as any soldier's, he lives a comparatively unregulated life."

In a rural police station which serves, perhaps, 30 villages, a British constable, who may be only 20 or 22 years old, is a man of great importance. He is invited to all the big weddings and feasts, learns to drink Turkish coffee with the right noises and to eat rice with his fingers. He is always being asked to sort out family troubles or act as a marriage-bureau. Says Brigadier Fergusson, "He's a hell of a chap."

Palestine policemen don't like their lives over-glamorised in newspaper stories. Their time isn't all spent fighting terrorists, as some accounts suggest.

"Terrorism," said Bernard Fergusson, "is a minor thing superimposed on an intense normal policing in a country where crime is common, life is cheap and murders fairly frequent, where there is cattle-stealing, horse-stealing and drug-smuggling. The ordinary basic police work is enormous and it has an enormous fascination in a country where there are so many nationalities."

As for the risk to life and limb, the hackneyed comparison is still good: a man in England is more likely to be killed by a motor-car than a Palestine policeman to be killed on duty in Palestine.



Piloting Brig. Fergusson's personal plane is British Constable Douglas Galloway, for four years a Fleet Air Arm pilot. He gave SOLDIER's writer a welcome lift.

BRIGADIER Fergusson, whose experiences with the Chindits made him air-minded, believes the Palestine Police should develop an air wing. He has bought himself a new Auster aircraft which he is learning to fly. It is normally piloted by British Constables who were Service pilots and is used for police work.

In a 35-minute flight (writes Richard Elley) the plane took me from Jerusalem to the Palestine Police Depot at Jenin, which overlooks the Plain of Armageddon and from which Nazareth is a white smear on the hilltops, 15 miles away.

At this depot about 400 recruits are under training at the same time. It looks much like an Army depot — it used to be an Army camp — except that it is centred in the buildings of an old Turkish station and sunken railway lines run down the parade-ground. Out in the surrounding fields there are weapon-training classes; from over a ridge comes the crack of rifles on the range; in the lecture rooms classes are busy taking their course in law and general police duties.

"They take this business very enthusiastically", said the OC of the depot, Assistant Superintendent C. P. Featherstone, who used to be an officer in the Royal Welch Fusiliers. "I put on cinema shows for the recruits, but they were very sparsely attended and I wondered why. The films were good ones. I was told the recruits were much too busy in the evenings."

In the beer garden, outside the canteen, recruits off-duty sun-bathe in the day-time or have a quiet pint in the evening. Very often they will have a note-book in front of them.

Little more than half an hour's drive away, at Beisan, overlooking the Jordan Valley, is the Force's riding school, where 70 students take a three-months' riding course. It is a shorter course than the Army's, but they learn the military way of riding and how to look after the geldings the Force uses. Recruits who are already experienced horsemen are welcomed at the riding school, but a good many who have never ridden a horse before take the course too.

MIDDLE EAST REPORT
Continued



Sgt. George Wilson on Abu Shams has won a dozen firsts and as many seconds in Palestine gymkhanas. He teaches recruits to jump. Right: B/C Bryan Melton of Newark cleans his saddlery in the sunshine

There's many a worse place to spend a week-end than Fayid, in the Suez Canal Zone, where British soldiers and ATS girls lead a lido life beside the Great Bitter Lake

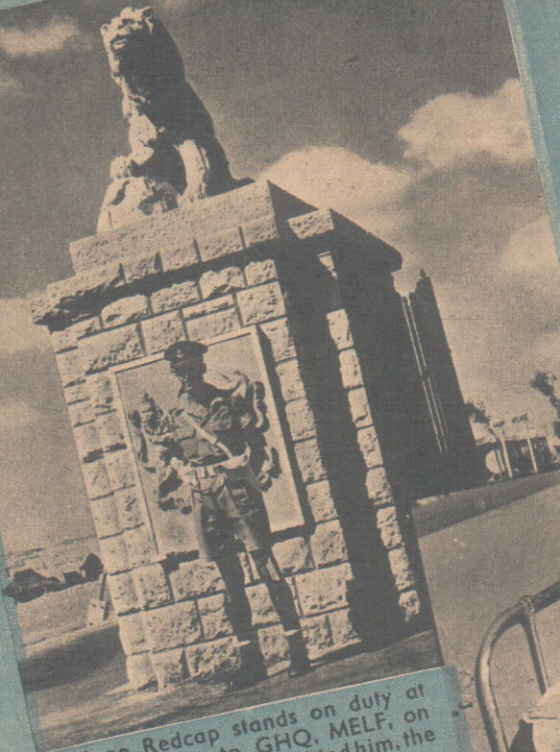
RICHARD ELLEY's Middle East Report will be continued in next month's SOLDIER.

SATURDAY lunch-time: down the double-carriageway, Main Avenue of GHQ, Middle East Land Forces, Fayid, crowded trucks, jeeps and staff-cars, travelling strictly within the 10 mph limit, pass rows of buses loading up to make their daily runs to distant camps and messes.

Out on the main road, they speed up a little, but not too much because the speed limit here is 25 mph and the narrow road is crowded.

Behind them, the long rows of Nissen huts, numbered so neatly on the map but so confusingly if you're walking round looking for a particular one, are deserted except for the wardens, the duty officers, duty clerks and duty drivers. The NAAFI's are closed and the only centre of life in the next 36 hours inside the perimeter will be the stadium, where there will be an athletic meeting, football or cricket, tennis and badminton.

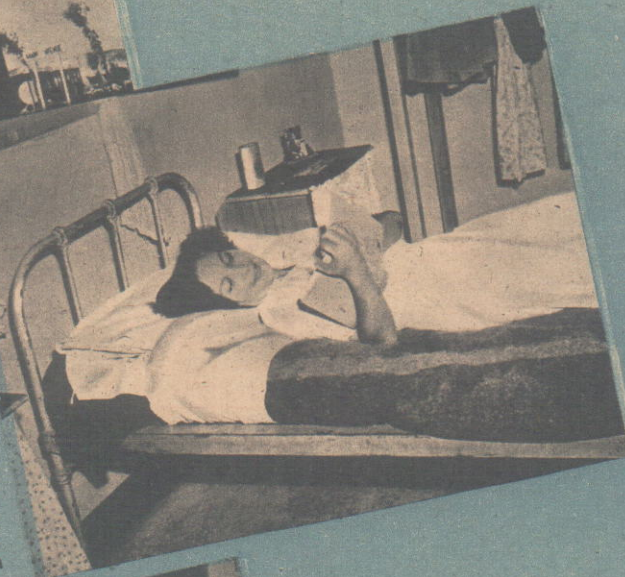
In the tented lines where most of GHQ lives, there is an in-



A lone Redcap stands on duty at the main gate to GHQ, MELF, on Saturday afternoon. Behind him, the Nissen offices are almost empty.

Saturday afternoon, a hundred in the shade ... Pte. Jean Mackenzie of Largs, Scotland, picks bed and a book.

Saturday evening, it's cooler and there's an invitation to supper. Pte. Mackenzie wonders which of her civvy clothes to wear.



Fayid Week-end

(Photographs: Sjt. Desmond Davis)

In, on or by the Great Bitter Lake is the best place to spend a hot Fayid afternoon. On this lido tarbooshed natives will serve tea, lemonade or ice-cream; or, in the evening, beer.





vasion of the *dhobi* shops as soldiers collect clean khaki drill civvy shirts and freshly-pressed flannel trousers to wear over the week-end.

In her barrack-room an ATS girl darns her stocking; in his tent a soldier cobbles at a sock; in the married families' villages a wife complacently shows her husband the hosiery she had plenty of time to mend this morning. The argument in favour of marriage is not lost on either the spinster-ATS or the bachelor-soldier on a half-day in Fayid.

Unlike his predecessor in Cairo, the Fayid soldier is not very keen on sleeping in the afternoons. The country, or rather desert, air of Fayid is more conducive to early nights than the bright lights and noisy gaiety of the Nile city, so Fayid, on a half-day, is busy.

The gently-rocking waters of the Great Bitter Lake are the main attraction. In the spring and summer months their temperature is perfect for the frowstiest bather; the easy-sloping beaches and long jetties make it safe for the most timorous swimmer.

On the sandy shore, bodies are tanned until they look ready for a spread of butter and marmalade. In the buildings of the lidos there are meals, cool drinks and ice-cream for sale; often there is music, sometimes dancing.

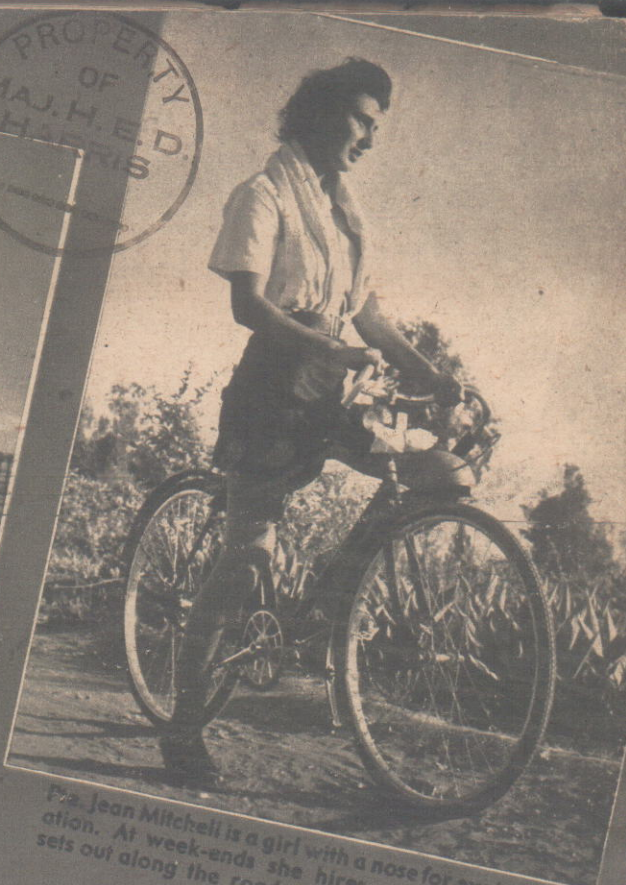
On the flat roads, soldiers and ATS girls, mostly in civilian clothes, explore the Canal area on shiny, sporty hired bicycles, keeping well in to the right as liberty trucks and Welfare buses take others to the more sophisticated amenities of Ismailia.

In the shopping centre, where German prisoners have suspended their building work for a few hours but the Arab labourers work on, other soldiers visit the NAAFI shop that sells almost everything, or the book-seller, the stationer, the photo-

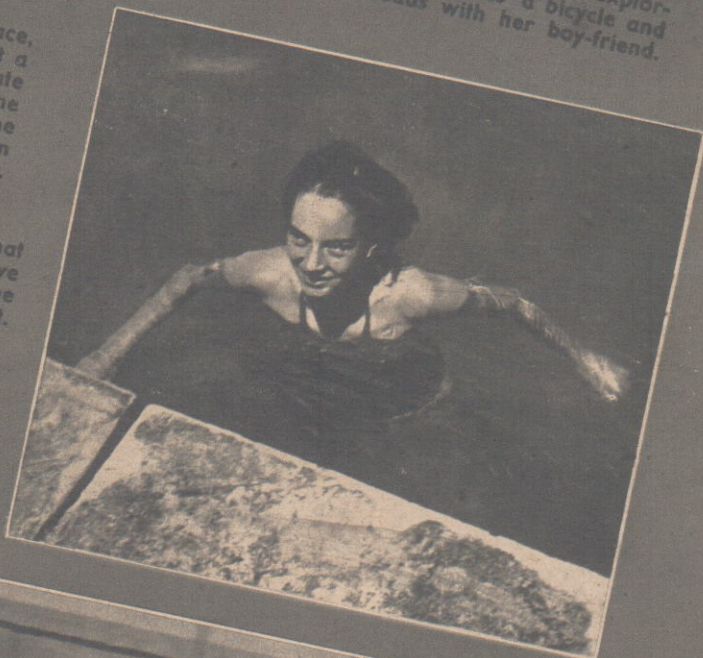
After a dip, you dry your face, sprawl on the sand and get a tan your sister at Margate would envy. Sjt. Katherine Peacock (dark swim-suit) is one of those rare girls who swim without a rubber bathing cap.

In case you don't believe what it says under the picture above (left), this is how Sjt. Katherine Peacock gets her hair wet.

If you want to roller-skate, you've got to learn the hard way. Not even an RSM can look dignified on his first visit to the rink, let alone this corporal.

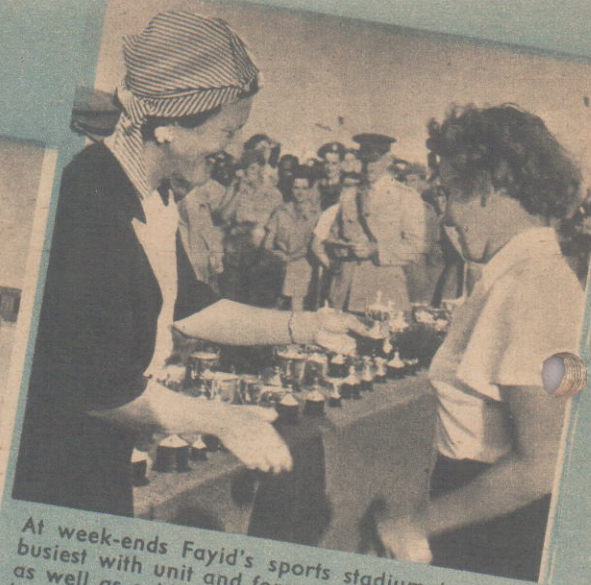
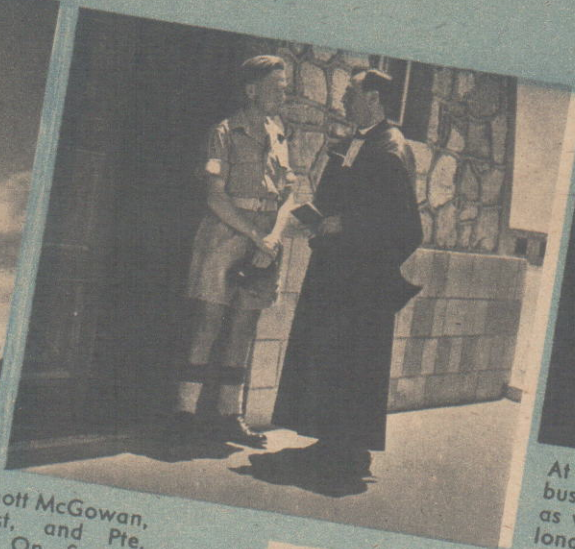


Pte. Jean Mitchell is a girl with a nose for exploration. At week-ends she hires a bicycle and sets out along the roads with her boy-friend.





Left: A Caledonian reunion—Sapper Dermott McGowan, L/Cpl. Margaret Shaw, ATS Provost, and Pte. Gordon Stewart, Black Watch. Right: On Sunday morning, the Rev. T. Hawthorn conducts the service in St. Mark's Methodist and United Board Church.



At week-ends Fayid's sports stadium is at its busiest with unit and formation meetings. ATS as well as soldiers collect trophies. Below: A long pull seems even longer under the Egyptian sun, especially when your feet slip in the sand.

Fayid Week-end

(continued)

grapher, the Indian tailor, or the man who packs parcels to send home.

When night falls, the canteens and clubs are filled. Fayid has no civilian cafes for troops and the clubs provided by Army Welfare, NAAFI and the voluntary organisations take their place; many of them give full restaurant service, besides club amenities, and organise social events.

Long queues form outside the five AKC cinemas in the district; soon, one of them will have been adapted to take "live" shows and CSEU troupes will perform there. At present CSEU can appear only in the camps of units that boast stages.

For the music-loving, there may be a programme of light gramophone music in the Education centre; or it may be a classical programme performed by a German PoW orchestra. Soon, Music for All, which provided good music for all ranks in Cairo, will open its doors in Fayid.

For anyone who has not had enough exercise during the day, a civilian concern has just opened up a roller-skating rink, where there will also be open-air dances. In the cool of the evening, with its bright lights and its long bar, it is soon crowded.

On Sunday mornings and evenings, the street corners are crowded with people who want to hitch-hike to the little churches in the sands, where the padres lead generals and privates, prisoners-of-war and civilians in worship together. After the services, the congregations meet in the canteens that run as annexes to most of the churches, for coffee and cakes. Then Fayid's citizens go back into the open-air, for more exercise.

On Monday morning they will be in their offices, with a new and darker shade of sun-tan on display. But nobody will talk about the sun-tan, for everyone in Fayid has it and it is only the paleface who calls for comment—the new boy, who has just got out of a plane from home.

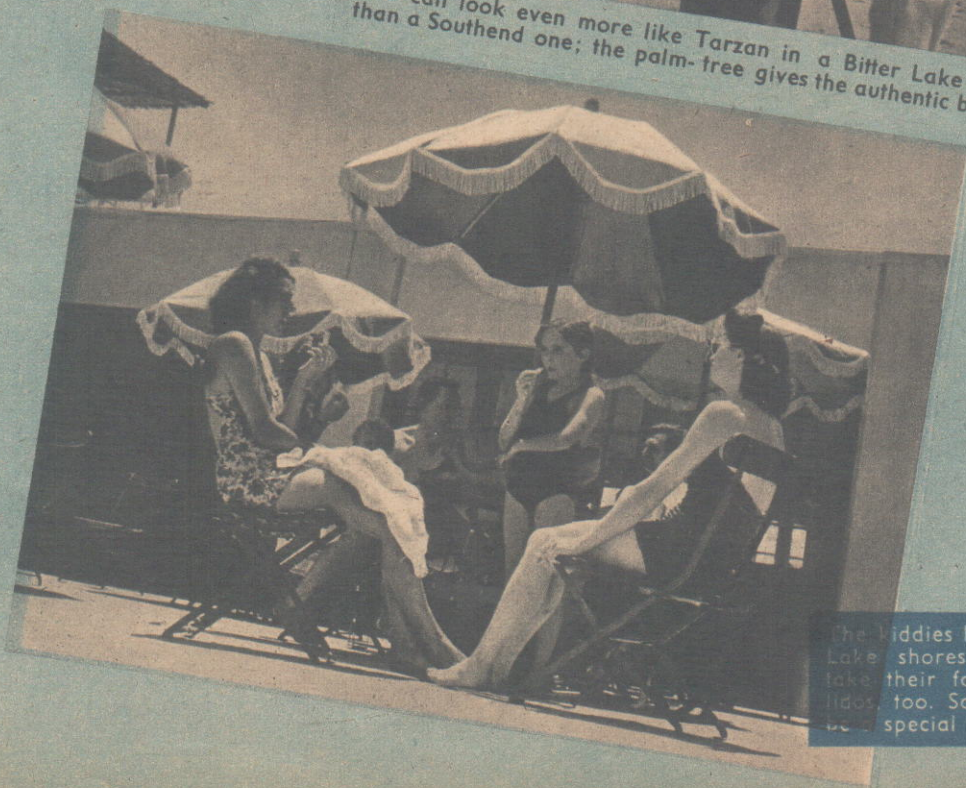


WELFARE
BUS
SERVICE
BUSES
STOP HERE
ON
REQUEST

The Army's buses will carry you anywhere for one piastre (2½d).



You can look even more like Tarzan in a Bitter Lake beach snap than a Southend one; the palm-tree gives the authentic background.



The kiddies love the Bitter Lake shores, so soldiers take their families to the lidos, too. Soon there will be a special families' lido.

They All See Sumo Once

SUMO wrestling, which once drew as many spectators as an English soccer cup-final, is losing its popularity in Japan.

Even the Allied occupation troops have tired of the novelty of Herculean-sized, loin-clothed Japs weighing about 20 stone and over 6 ft. tall trying to toss each other out of the ring.

While the more polished, fast-moving jiu-jitsu form of wrestling still retains a modicum of appeal for the average Japanese, and, incidentally, has quite a few adherents among the occupation forces (see picture below), Sumo once Japan's No. 1 pre-war entertainment has waned with the local advent of faster-paced Western games introduced by the British and American troops.

Japanese youth to-day have succumbed to the appeal of British soccer and American baseball.

But Sumo bouts still go on — and everybody goes to see a demonstration once. The feature of these Goliaths of the mat is their sheer tonnage. As two mountains of flesh entered the arena a Cockney regular soldier blurted out: "Blimey, wot a couple of beer barrels — they must train on the stuff."

But the appearance of a Sumo man is misleading. Rigorous early training — almost from childhood — accounts for an

ungainly physique, but the "beer tummy" has more muscle than fat on it.

Early this year, 21-stone Sumo champ Futabayama, undefeated in 69 contests, wrestled with 25 jiu-jitsu-trained men for two solid hours in Kyoto before he was downed.

Sumo soon becomes tiresome to watch. At the start the contestants squat on the mat and bow to each other. Other Sumoites, clad in purple satin loin clothes, their hair plaited and gathered in a knot like a Bloomsbury charlady's, prance around as a sort of preamble no doubt, to whet the spectators' appetites.

Each contestant paws the floor for a while, as if waiting for the psychological moment to up and grapple his opponent. And when they really get going, what is it? Just a mixture of rigger-cum-catch-as-catch-can stuff.

The bout ends when either man is pushed or thrown out of the ring or when one of them touches the mat with an above-the-knee part of the body.

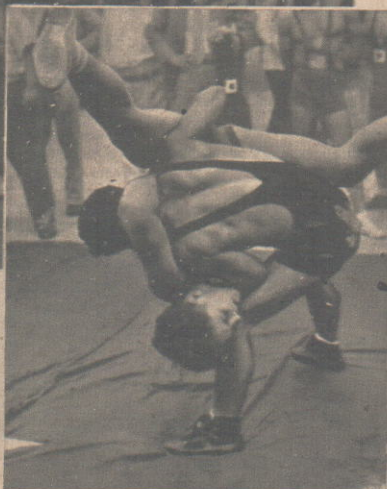
Then there is more obsequious bowing while the referee gabbles out the result.

The actual contest can end in seconds and rarely lasts more than a few minutes.

JOHN MURDOCH.



Two Sumo experts at grips. Don't mistake that for a beer-drinker's belly: it's mostly muscle. Right: Here are two men of the Allied occupation force who seem to have learned a trick or two.



There's a correct angle for wearing even a chef's cap, as these apprentice cooks learn at Aldershot.

Parade of the Boy Cooks

THE Army's "catch 'em young" scheme for apprentice tradesmen has now spread to the Army Catering Corps, with a new course for boys who want to be chefs.

They join between 14½ and 15½ on regular engagements and take a three-year course at the ACC's training centre at Aldershot, where commanding officers, mess orderlies, serjeant cooks and recruits also go for their courses.

Apprentice-cooks are not only taught the Army's way of cooking, they also visit civilian catering establishments, get general education and become efficient soldiers as well as chefs. They are turned out ready to take appointments as NCO's or WO's in the ACC; and the most suitable are well on the road to taking a commission in the ACC.



Mixing a salad — and there are eggs in this one.

Small Talk

THIS had to come... Mrs. P. C. of Kentish Town has written to the *Daily Mirror*: "How can you expect us wives to encourage our men to join the Territorials when girls are allowed to join too?"

*

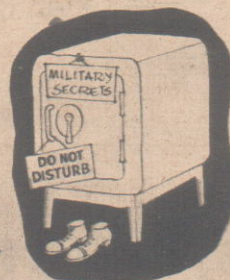
Domingos Costa, employed by Lisbon's Artillery Museum, threw a cigarette end into one of the shell cases which had stood inside the entrance for 20 years. There was an explosion, Costa and two others were killed, three gravely injured.

*

From *Hansard*: Will the Minister (for War) consider changing the term "B category wives," which may give some impression abroad that the War Office is condoning the practice of polygamy?

*

Also from *Hansard*: Col. Gomme-Duncan: Would the right hon gentleman say what is a "full colonel"? Mr. Belenger: Not without notice.



America's Secretary of State, ex-General Marshall, now takes an after-dinner nap in a large air-conditioned safe constructed in the State Department building to house military secrets.

*

Captain Philip Dunne, who served under Major-General Robert Laycock, Chief of Combined Operations, has named a new colt Laycock. It was bred by Bellicose out of Works Wonders.

*

Trieste is proud of its fish and chips shop — so proud that placards like these have been erected to break the news to strangers.



CLEARING UP - No. 1 The coastline in this picture is a part of England lost perhaps for ever. Mines sown in these crumbling cliffs have shifted; to remove them is impossible. Elsewhere strong-nerved Sappers are clearing the last 40 miles of Britain's coast



The moment the Sappers work for: detonation of recovered mines near Weybourne.



BATTLE OF THE BEACHES

THE sea purrs onto the Norfolk shoreline between Cley and Weybourne and softly rolls the rounded stones of its shingle banks. This peaceful-looking beach is as peaceful as a sleeping rattlesnake. Under its shingle lie the remains of 3936 mines. Corroding and growing more sensitive with age, they can scatter a man's limbs across the beach at one false step.

Seven years ago they were part of Britain's front-line defences; today they are a public menace.

In a silent, little-publicised war of their own, the men of the Royal Engineers Bomb Disposal Squadrons are fighting this menace along Britain's southern and eastern coastline. Their war, started three years ago, is today drawing near to its armistice. Of the 2000 miles of coast to be cleared some 40 miles remain, but these 40 miles contain some of the toughest minefields yet.

Surveying the Cley-Weybourne coast for the first time some six months ago, Major W. C. Swinson, GM, OC No. 4 Bomb Disposal Squadron RE, saw it was going to be a tough job. The length of the minefield he knew

was three-and-a-half miles, but there was no trace of wires or pickets on the beach to show just where the mines lay. On a mine-field chart made by the Infantry who had sown the mines in 1940 the mines were clearly shown as red dots on the map, but already Major Swinson had written across its face a note saying: "Original Map . . . DO NOT TRUST AT ALL." For in seven years, moving back the shingle banks of the beach at the rate of eight feet a year, the sea had completely churned up and reshuffled the mines. Some had been swept out to sea, but many still remained, buried deep in the shingle or lying just below the surface.

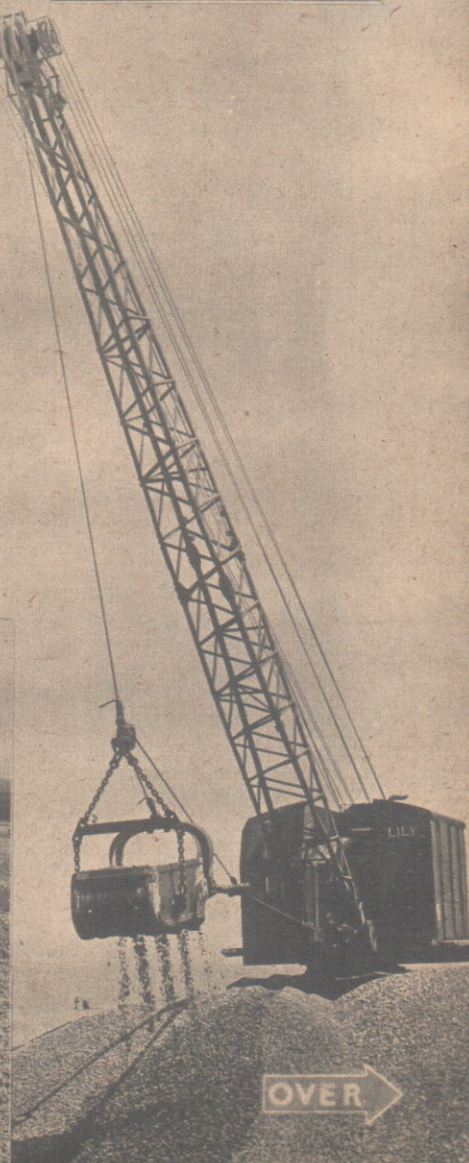
Within a month of his first survey Major Swinson was ready to report his clearance plan. In that time he had gathered every

Today No. 4 Bomb Disposal Squadron RE, with attached German POW's, are making good progress at Weybourne. Most of the top surface of the three-and-a-half mile beach has been swept and bulldozers are already excavating into the rear bank. The minefield looks like a jig-saw puzzle. White tapes zig-zag across the beach showing the path of the clearance; pickets enclosing little red flags which denote a located mine awaiting demolition make odd shapes in the shingle. To get at their work the men have made 5000 yards of temporary road and opened up more than three miles of dykes to draw off the water from marshland

By E. CLEPHAN PALMER

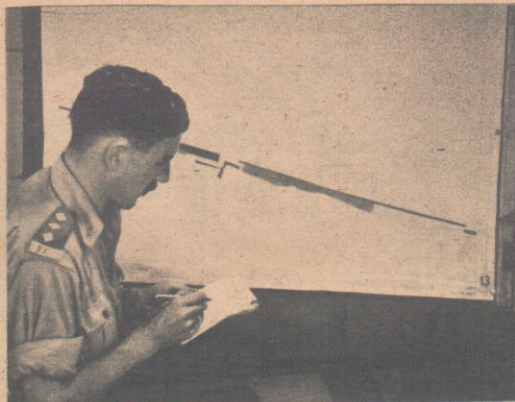
By **L. CLEPHAN PALMER**

It's easy to ask questions like this ... but clearing mined beaches costs lives. The scroll on right lists the casualties sustained by one Bomb Disposal Squadron alone. This Squadron — Number Four — has earned 14 George Medals.





German prisoners help to build a road across the minefield.



The old maps were no use; they had to be marked "Do not trust at all". The captain makes notes from a new one.



BATTLE OF THE BEACHES

(Continued)

lying around the rear of the minefield.

So far they have had no casualties in the Weybourne clearance but the company have suffered heavy losses in the past. Thirty-one men have lost their lives clearing mines and disposing of bombs. "In this job you can't afford to grow careless and ease up," says Major Swinson. "One of my sergeants went on leave. He was a little careless on his first day back. He was blown up in the morning."

Since 1940, the No. 4 Bomb Disposal Squadron have gained 84 decorations or mentions for mine-sweeping and bomb-disposal, 14 of them George Medals. They were responsible, too, for closing the Earith Gap with Neptune tanks in the recent Fen floods.

But it is not the area which has been cleared that gets the publicity. More usually it is the area still wired off and pitted with danger notices, where the occasional jay-walker becomes a casualty. Such an area is Mundesley, a few miles south of Weybourne.

Here is a three-and-a-half mile stretch of coastland that no longer belongs to England. Only rabbits can play with safety on the cliffs of this beach. The mines were laid not on the cliff tops but on the cliff slopes. Landslides and cliff erosion have shifted the entire minefield. To attempt to clear it would not only be highly dangerous but would mean digging up the whole cliff area to the equivalent depth of 40 years cliff erosion, and even then it could not be guaranteed safe.

This area was the subject of a recent question in the House of Commons. The MP for Norfolk North asked the War Minister to arrange for the early removal of

Mr. Bellenger: I do not think that there is so much danger from these mines breaking loose. If they do and we can tackle them, we will; but this particular area, I regret to say, must be fenced off from the public perhaps even permanently, because it is so highly dangerous to anybody who goes there, even including military personnel.

Earl Winterton: Will the right hon. Gentleman give an answer to my question? There is considerable perturbation in some quarters that the Army are being asked, for the sake of holiday makers, to risk their lives, and will the Minister give an assurance that the land at these dangerous places will be fenced off?

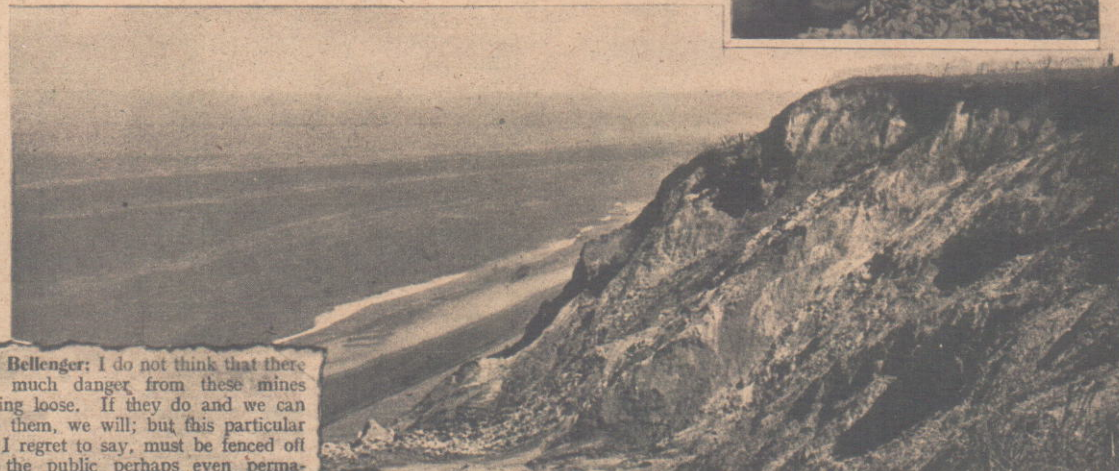
Mr. Bellenger: I have a duty to the public, of course, but I shall certainly not risk unnecessarily the lives of soldiers.

over a thousand mines set in the cliffs between Mundesley and Sidestrand. The cliffs were bristling with sudden death, he said. A man had recently been killed on the spot. Could an assurance be given to holiday-makers that the entire coastline would be made safe?

Mr. Bellenger regretted the death mentioned, but said the area might have to be fenced off to the public even permanently because it was highly dangerous to anyone who went there, even soldiers.

Number 4 Squadron is only one of ten squadrons in England dealing with mines and bombs out of the original 27 squadrons. The high casualty and high award rates bear ample witness to the peril of their work. This is a factor which holiday-makers, impatient at finding a stretch of beach barred to them, often forget.

August 14, 1945 brought no armistice to the men of the Bomb Disposal Squadrons. Their armistice is still to come.



Left: the passage in Hansard containing Mr. Bellenger's refusal to jeopardise soldiers on clearing the cliffs between Mundesley and Sidestrand, Norfolk (seen above).



"Phew! Just look at those two!"

It's hard to believe—but frontier smugglers in the Aachen area seize the tapes which British soldiers have laid down to mark minefields and re-lay them in places more convenient to themselves. That's one of the headaches in the clearing of the Siegfried Line

THE BATTLE OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE 47

IF your job were clearing mines so that the demolition crews might get to work blowing up the Siegfried Line, you wouldn't expect to be bothered by smugglers. But officers and men of BAOR's No. 1 Mine Clearing Office find the "free traders" who infest the Belgian border north and south of Aachen an unmitigated nuisance.

In fact if you ask the OC, Major F. Butcher, what he thinks of the characters who run coffee, sugar, cigarettes and other goods across the frontier in exchange for machine tools, engine parts and cameras, he will use quite harsh words, as the late, great Damon Runyon used to say.

And the cause of it? White tape; yards of white tape, probably miles of tape. What happens is that Major Butcher's officers, NCO's and 11 German Labour Service companies spend days surveying a path through a minefield. Then the smugglers, highly organised and with a first-rate

intelligence service, steal the tape. They use it to mark paths they have cleared themselves through the minefields at a point more convenient for the transport of contraband. And that means extra work for the Mine Clearing Office, extra risk of casualties and eventual delay in completing Operation Tappit by the estimated date laid down by GHQ.

Capt. T. d'Arcy Dakin, who lives, eats and sleeps mines, puts it this way: "These blighters pinch my tape and put me back hours, sometimes days. It's just as difficult going over old ground as it is tracking new minefields, with the added irritation of knowing that you have done it all once before to no purpose."

The closest possible liaison is kept with Frontier Control but the freebooters get away with far more of his tape than Major Butcher likes.

In spite of such difficulties as these, Operation Tappit has gone ahead without undue delay and it is almost certain that Operation Peacock, the code name for the razing of the Siegfried Line, will begin on time.

Some indication of the work involved in Operation Tappit is given by the following figures:

Mines lifted: 1,000,000

Area cleared: 10,000 square miles.

The Labour Service companies who clear the minefields, under

Drawing the "dragons' teeth"... an operation which will go on until the Siegfried Line is dust.

These 11 inch "Moaning Minnies", ready for detonation, are among the many types of explosive that have to be cleared from the Siegfried Line.

On one side danger; on the other safety. A German woman wielding her scythe follows the retreating tapes.



Continuing

THE BATTLE OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE 1947

the direction of Major Butcher, Capt. Dakin and Lieut. Frank Reade have met with remarkably few casualties, though one man died because he disobeyed orders. It is a firm rule that all mines which fail to explode immediately the charge is set must be left for half an hour. Over-anxious to finish for the day he went back to the mine after an interval of only 10 minutes. As he approached it exploded and blew his head off. Such incidents, however, are extremely rare.

Much of the ground has been fought over more than once and it is possible for at least three types of mines to be found in an enclave: German, British and American.

The German mines are usually of the riegel, glass or shrapnel type but occasionally unusual ones turn up. These are lifted with extreme care and dismantled, the information obtained being collated for future reference. At times, too, Dutch mines, captured by the Germans in 1940, have been found but these have presented no difficulties.

I watched a company at work on the outer fringes of the former German defence positions east of Aachen. They swept the area slowly and methodically, one man moving ahead of the main body with a detector. When the field was cleared, the mines were placed in a deep pit and exploded with a roar that echoed over the countryside. Cattle grazing nearby did not lift their heads, and a woman who was reaping in a field at the very edge of the wired-off area carried on with her work as though nothing at all had happened.

"The people here are so used to seeing us at work that it takes a really big explosion, to make them display much interest," Lieut. Reade told me.

Most difficult of the areas to be cleared are sited in woodland. Here, tangled undergrowth, booby traps and a mixture of all types of mines raise problems that call for the utmost ingenuity. But it is the unit's boast that it has never been defeated yet. Normal procedure is to set the undergrowth on fire and then

sweep the field. This rarely fails.

Officers of the unit have been gathering information about the effect of various explosives on the concrete outworks of the Siegfried Line. For miles across country, the "dragons' teeth" of the anti-tank defences scar the landscape. Set in groups of three they present, at first sight, a formidable obstacle, but experi-

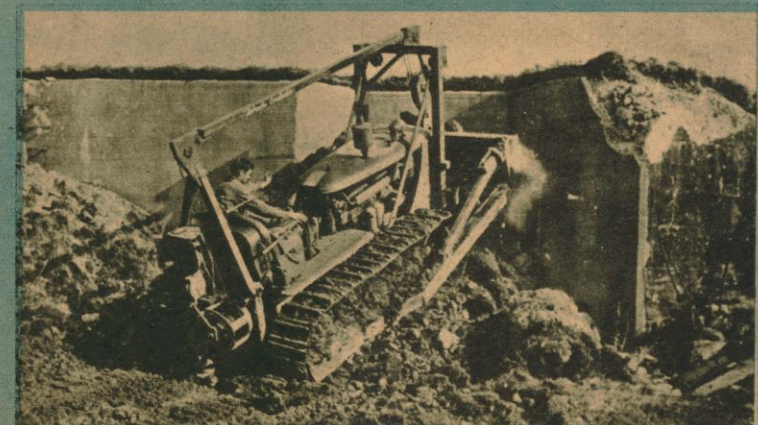
ence has shown that once again the contractors who worked for the Todt organisation which built these and other German defence works were not above making a profit at the expense of the Reich.

The quality of the concrete they employed was not up to specification and experiments have shown that for much of its length the Line would have been of little value. Quite small charges suitably placed on the teeth have blown them to pieces, leaving only the framework standing. Like much else in the Third Reich, great stretches of the Siegfried Line were a shoddy make-believe.

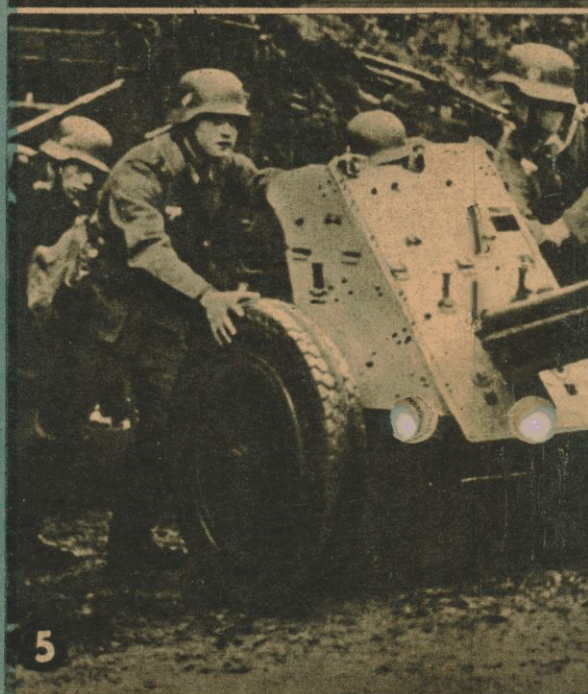
Officers carrying out preliminary surveys for Operation Peacock have constantly come across examples of this kind, confirming a general belief that the Nazis worked a gigantic "racket" on the German nation when vast sums were poured into the building of the Line.

Much of the money must have found its way into the pockets of Party leaders and their hangers-on.

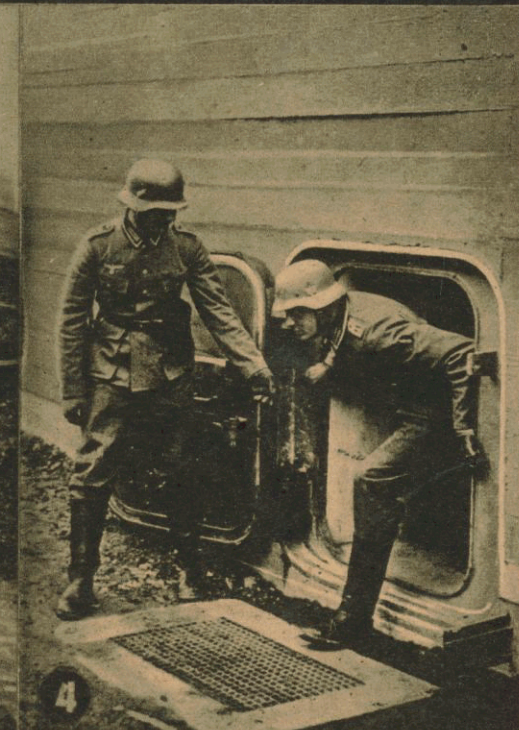
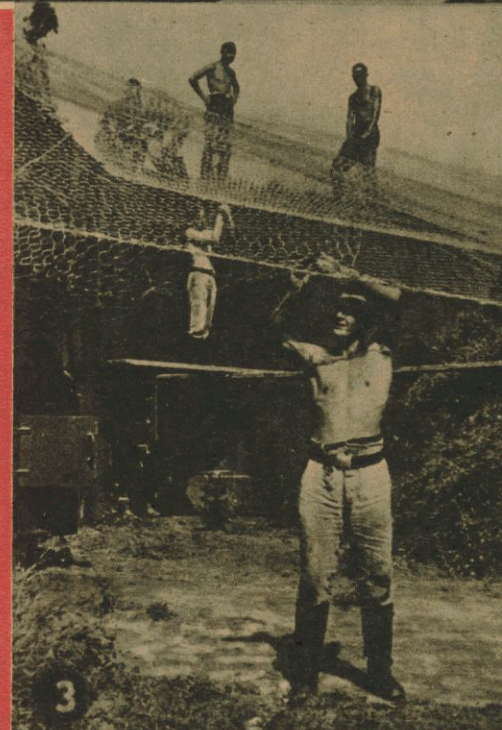
JOHN HUGHES.

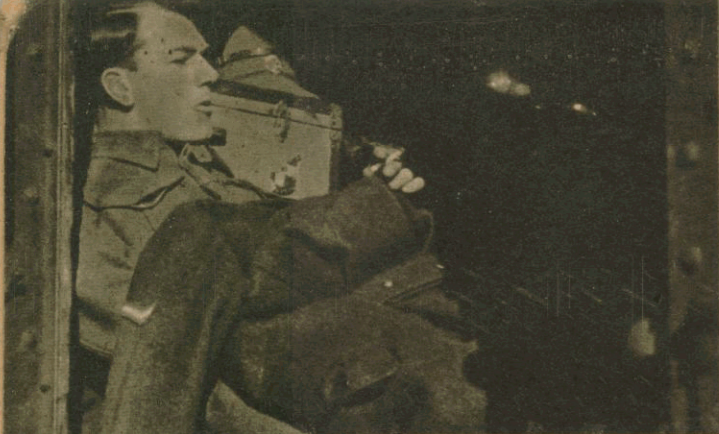


A dragon's tooth is not so difficult to destroy: many of them were shoddy. The explosive applied as in the picture above shatters the concrete from the conical steel framework (See below).



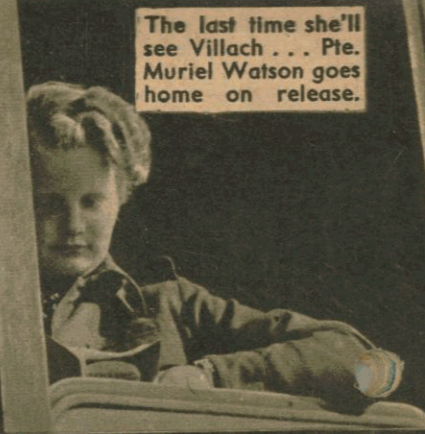
- 1 This June 1939 picture shows a German soldier patrolling Dr. Fritz Todt's "answer to the Maginot Line."
- 2 Munich year: the fortifications are being finished. But a Rhine flood washed out the Germans from Strasbourg to Basle.
- 3 Camouflaging the gun positions. A fortnight after this picture was issued war had begun.
- 4 One of the exits from the Siegfried Line. Note the bomb-proof door.
- 5 Out of its hiding place rolls an anti-tank gun. The innocent looking earth was full of lethal surprises.
- 6 Take post! An air raid alarm causes the Wehrmacht to double. The date? August 1939.



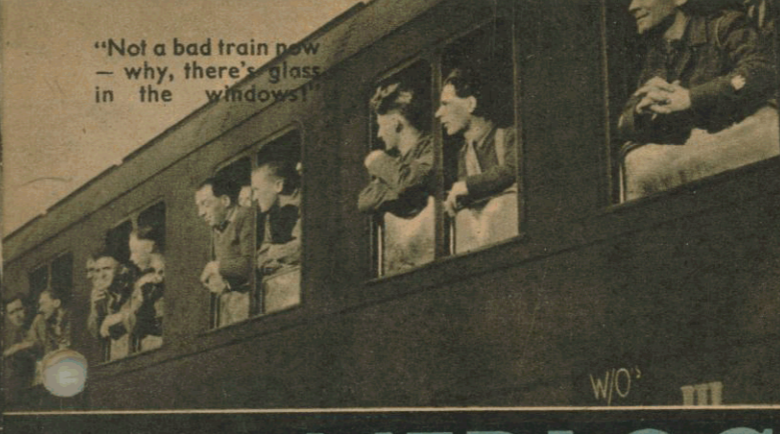


Baggage guard: L/Cpl. J. Summerfield, CRMP kips down for the night. He guarded General von Mackensen in Venice.

Today the Army's rail route to Austria — over which pass not only soldiers but race horses and beauty queens — has a new western terminus. The route is known as the Medloc (Mediterranean Lines of Communication)



The last time she'll see Villach . . . Pte. Muriel Watson goes home on release.



"Not a bad train now — why, there's glass in the windows!"

sealed he found it easier to kip down on a theatrical "prop" basket in the van itself. Summerfield is used to guarding baggage. He was one of the guards of the Nazi General von Mackensen who gave evidence at the Kesselring trial in Venice. Each day Summerfield accompanied the general in a launch on his journey through the canals.

Gazing at the snow-capped mountains was Mr. D. Gaffney. He had not seen snow for a long time. As gardener in charge of the British graves at Anzio he had had nothing but sun all the winter. On Christmas day he sun-bathed.

Gaffney is an ex-soldier. He was at Anzio with the Cheshires, and after his release returned to find the graves of some of his old comrades among those he tended. He married an Italian girl, and after eight months bade farewell to the cemetery to return to Britain.

Bound for Crymlyn Burrows near Swansea to see his brothers who were shortly going abroad was the Rev. J. W. Rees, Chaplain to the Forces. The Padre was ending a long tour abroad himself — four-and-a-half years. He was at one time padre to No. 1 Commando.

The train made the climb to the Rockstein tunnel which burrows through the hills not far from the Great Glockner (12,470 ft.). From complete darkness it emerged to brilliant sunlight again, and 2000 feet below the river wormed its way through the valley. The quaint little wooden houses with the overhanging roofs looked like specks on the carpet of green, and rising above them on the far side were the brown mountains, their summits iced and sparkling in the sunlight.

The train pulled into Salzburg and Austrian spires gave way to German spires. Supper at Traunstein, and then the lights went out as the passengers settled down for the night. At Munich the electric engines yielded to steam, and the journey continued through the dark hours to Karlsruhe, where breakfast was served in the old-world restaurant to the accompaniment of a German orchestra: porridge, sauté spam, grilled bacon, egg, toast and butter. And on the way out those haversack rations — sausage-roll, cheese sandwiches, cake and two sheets of toilet paper (does the Army forget anything?).

Then came the French border and the city of Strasbourg, with Madame offering the *Continental Daily Mail* and *Life*. The rest of the journey was across the flat fields of France, through towns and over rivers famous in two World Wars. And so to Calais.

Few suspected that it was the last time they would make this run by Medloc through France. From August the Medloc route will run from Karlsruhe to Frankfurt, Rotterdam and the Hook of Holland.

Now it's the turn of the Dutch girls to wave.

ERIC DUNSTER.



OC Train for this journey is Major N. T. Lennan MC, the Queen's Royal Regiment.



Rev. J. W. Rees, Padre to No. 1 Commando, is on his way to Wales.



Pamela Bramah, beauty queen, is travelling with a Butlin touring company. Below: Mr. D. Gaffney, ex-Cheshires, returns to England after tending Anzio graves.



HOMeward BOUND — BY MEDLOC

THE nine coaches of the Medloc train pulled out from Villach station carrying a beauty queen, six race horses, a gardener from the War Graves Commission, a Commando padre and 366 troops.

Behind lay Alamein Transit Camp, one of Europe's best-known gathering places (complete with two cinemas) looking suddenly quiet and desolate.

On the train the packs of cards came out, the magazines were opened. Some men were content to do nothing but drowse in the afternoon sunlight, and contemplate the prospect of being home in 48 hours.

The travelling show company, to which the beauty queen belonged, sorted out its scripts and held an inquest on the reception in Austria.

The OC Train worked out his guard roster. Notorious is the Medloc for the things that go in the night. At odd halts strange hands slip slyly through the windows and strange bodies come stealthily into the corridors. The train adjutant prepared a duty roster for the officer (first night) and serjeant-majors (second night) so that some one was always on call.

In the canteen coach they started to make the NAAFI tea.

The Train Conducting Officer, in his private compartment, checked through his lists as he has checked through them daily for two years.

The engine driver got up extra steam for the slope to Spittal, where he and his engine make room for two electric engines which pull the coaches to Munich. At the rear two men from the RAVC kept their eyes on the horses — Golden Boy and Annabella — which had been sold by the Army to individual officers.

In his compartment Serjeant E. Blankley looked out on to the countryside he knows so well. For two years he has travelled the Medloc, as one of the eight or nine NCO's regularly employed on the route. Yet he never wearies of it. There are fresh men on each journey with fresh

stories to tell. Once there were war criminals going to their trials, including generals and admirals — and they carried their own luggage. Sometimes there are deserters. Once he captured seven on one journey, each one armed with two pistols. How can he tell them among so many? Easy, says the serjeant. Each corporal is responsible for the men in his compartment. He would know immediately if there was a stranger among them.

He has seen the trains improve almost out of recognition. In the early days the rain came through the roofs and there was no glass in the windows. It was rough travelling then. "Unholy Medloc," said the wits. Today, according to the serjeant, it is cushy. There are plans for having radio laid on to each carriage. Then it will be cushier still — if you like radio.

In the sick bay Private M. Brown checked through his first-aid kit. For 18 months he has been medical orderly on Medloc. Never a journey passes without someone wanting something, if it is only an aspirin. Often there are hospital cases — usually men going down with malaria — in which case they are dropped off at one of the hospital centres along the line. Once Brown had to set a broken arm. Its owner had put it out of the window for no apparent reason and it had hit something.

Nursing a fat envelope was Corporal C. Hodges of the Essex Regiment. At Alamein Camp he had been called out of the parade and told he was responsible for a sealed truck containing 105 sacks of mails. Two men were picked out to help him keep an eye on the truck at meal halts. Not a difficult job, was the Corporal's opinion. And it meant a special compartment — with priority at meals.

Also with a truck to guard was L/Cpl. J. Summerfield, CRMP. He, too, had been detailed at Alamein. As the truck was not



Karlsruhe, in the American Zone, where British and American leave trains meet.



At the meal halts Pte. R. Anderson, RAVC has to feed his horses as well as himself.



Last scene in Germany: women and children ask for food. Below, left: this German takes the train from Karlsruhe to Pagny, hands over to French driver. Right: a notice at Villach which speaks for itself.



Ugging henpecked husbands to join the Army in order to escape from their wives was only one of the bright recruiting angles adopted in the Good Old Days



Left: Of men like these a famous soldier said: "I don't know whether they'll frighten the enemy, but by God they frighten me!" Right: recruiting poster of today.



"ALL YOU WITH TOO MUCH WIFE."

IN spite of colour-printing, the glamour has gone out of recruiting posters in the last hundred years or so.

Slogans like "Join the Army and See the World" or "A Man's Life" are all very well, but they lack the dash, the verbal colour, ingenuity and persuasion of some of the efforts made to attract young men into the handsome uniforms of the pre-khaki days.

What young man of spirit could resist this appeal:

The Old Saucy Seventh, or Queen's Own Regiment of Light Dragoons, Commanded by that gallant and well-known Hero, Lieut-General Henry Lord Paget.

Young fellows whose hearts beat high to tread the paths of Glory, could not have a better opportunity than now offers. Come forward, then, and Enrol Yourself in a Regiment that stands unrivalled, and where the kind treatment the men ever experience is well known throughout the whole Kingdom.

Each young hero, on being approved, will be allowed the largest bounty by Government.

A few smart lads will be taken at sixteen years of age, 5 feet, 2 inches, but they must be active and well limbed.

Apply to Sergeant Hooper, Nags Head, Norwich.

N. B. This Regiment is mounted on blood Horses, and being lately returned from Spain (1 June, 1814) and the horses young, the men will not be allowed to hunt during the next Season, more than once a week.

God Save the King.

About the same time there was the "better-than-civvy-street" angle which is half-heartedly exploited today:

A Horse! a Horse! My Kingdom for a Horse!

Now my lads for the 14th Light Dragoons or the Duchess of York's Own. All you who are kicking your heels behind a solitary desk with too little wages, and a Pinch-gut Master — all you with too much Wife, or perplexed with obstinate and unfeeling parents, may apply to:

Sergeant Hammond, Rose and Crown, Whitechapel.

Plenty of food and enough punch to float Napoleon was the 14th Light Dragoons' bait to recruits. (Drawing by A. V. Coverley-Price).



You are quartered in the fertile County of Kent, where you have provisions remarkably cheap. Luxurious living to the brave and ambitious mind is but a secondary object, else thousands would repair to the Standard of the gallant 14th, could they obtain the honour of being received. Those of address and education are sure of preferment, your comforts in this Service surpass all clerks and mechanics, an hospitable and capacious bowl of punch that will float or sink the little Corsican Chief.

N. B. Four Farriers are wanted, and a Master for the Band.

Then there was the appeal to the pocket, favoured by the Infantry: —

69th or South Lincolnshire Regiment of Foot, 1811 Commanded by General Cuyler, an officer to whose distinguished merit no language can do justice.

Wanted for this fine Regiment, a few dashing, high-spirited young men, whose hearts beat high to tread the path of glory. Young men of this description know the opportunity offered to them, which may never again occur, of enlisting into one of the finest Regiments in the Service, the 1st Battalion of which (1,300 strong) is most probably at this moment, with others of their most gallant countrymen, laying siege to the Island of Java, in the East Indies, where their prize-money will be almost incalculable. The 1st Battalion was also employed at the reduction of the Island of France (Mauritius), where I had the honour of governing it, and likewise of returning to England with several of the men, who had, by their increase of pay and prize-money, saved enough to purchase their discharge, and provide themselves with a comfortable independence for life in their own country.

Such, my fine fellows, are the advantages of a soldier's life, independent of the honour of serving the King, whose indescribable virtues render him an inestimable blessing to the country. Besides all these advantages, young men shall receive a bounty of sixteen guineas for volunteering into this fine regiment, and may make application to me, Lieutenant G. James, at my quarters next door to the George Inn, High Street, or to either of my serjeants, at my rendezvous, the Flying Horse, Watergate. An early application by young men of any education will ensure immediate promotion.

I trust I need say nothing further to induce you to come forward to tender your services, but if after this any of you should remain in a lethargic state recollect that you are called upon to defend the cause of a lawful sovereign against an inveterate enemy, a common usurper, a Corsican pirate. You will find me, as above stated, ready to receive you with a bottle of wine in one hand and sixteen guineas in the other, and before you join our regiment I intend to treat you with a supper and ball, when you may have the enthusiastic pleasure of dancing with the object of your affection.



PLEASE,
Mr. hunt!



WE thought these pictures would make you look twice.

They have appeared in recent issues of *The Goose Girl*, the magazine in which students at the admirable College of the Rhine Army are encouraged to try their wings.

The first, which is signed by "hunt," has no title, but from a piece of high-pressure prose which accompanies the drawing, it appears to represent "the face of humanity unmasked," as seen by an artist in a state of "excruciating spiritual torment."

The title of the second is "The HUNT is O'er" (alternative title "The Way Ahead.") An editorial note says: "Regular (and hardened) readers of *The Goose Girl* will be insulted by any further simplification of this fantasy."

SOLDIER's Art Director (i.e. the man who chooses the back page pin-up) says he doesn't mind being insulted, and he would like to have both pictures simplified a bit. He's one of those men who hate to think they're missing something.

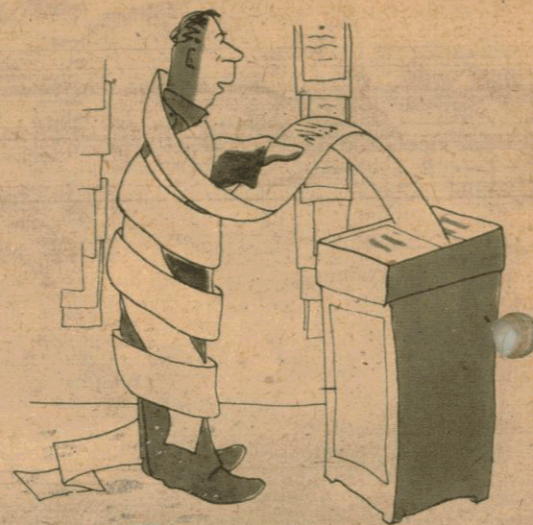
Would anyone at Gottingen like to lighten his darkness?



Radio SEAC is on the air daily from 0600 hours —



— to 2230 hours



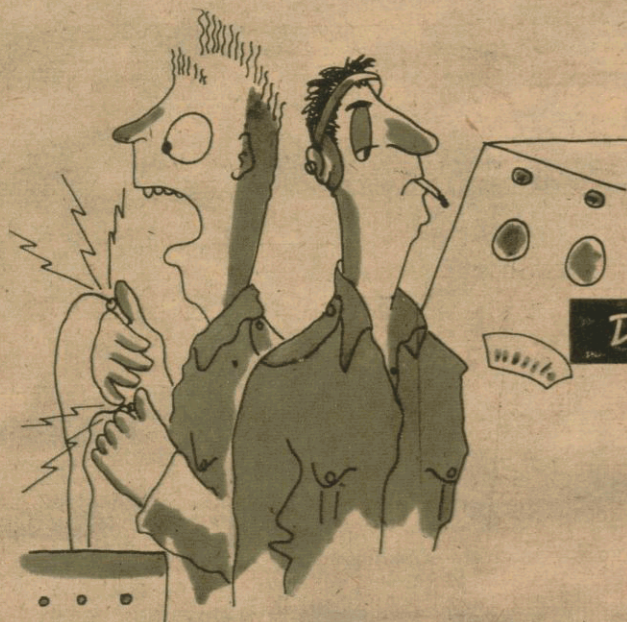
The News Room



Announcers



Fan Mail

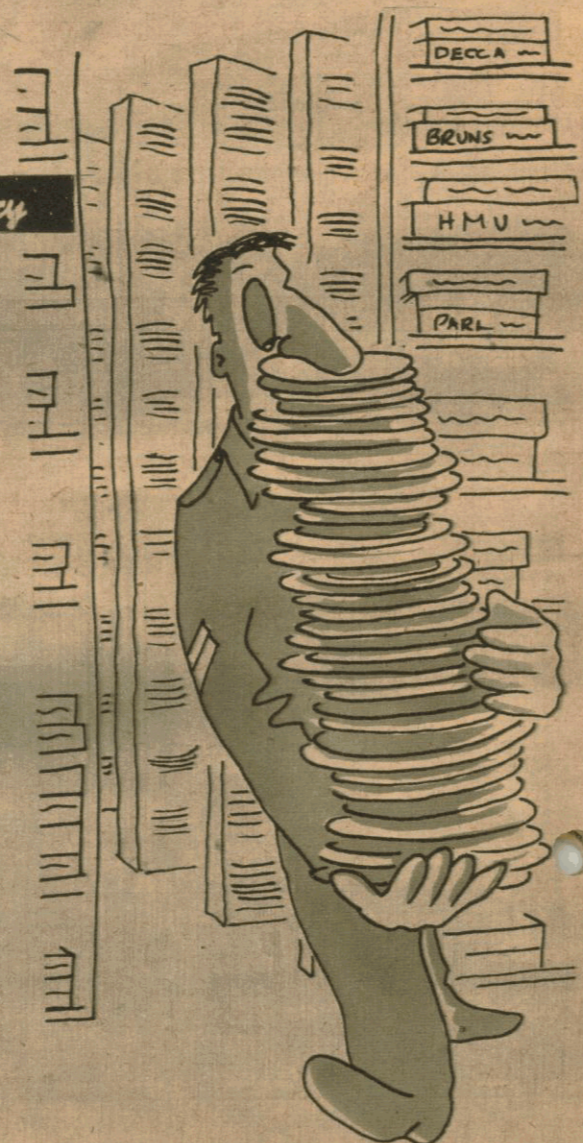


Technicians

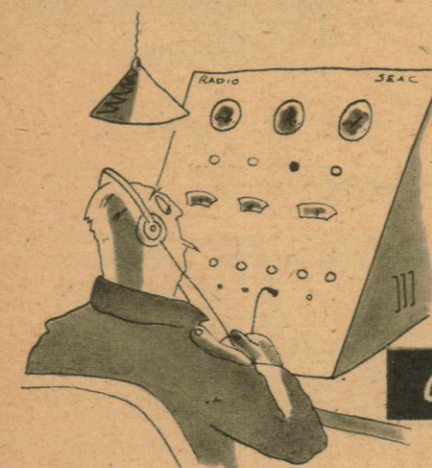
LIFE AT

RADIO SEAC

The Record Library

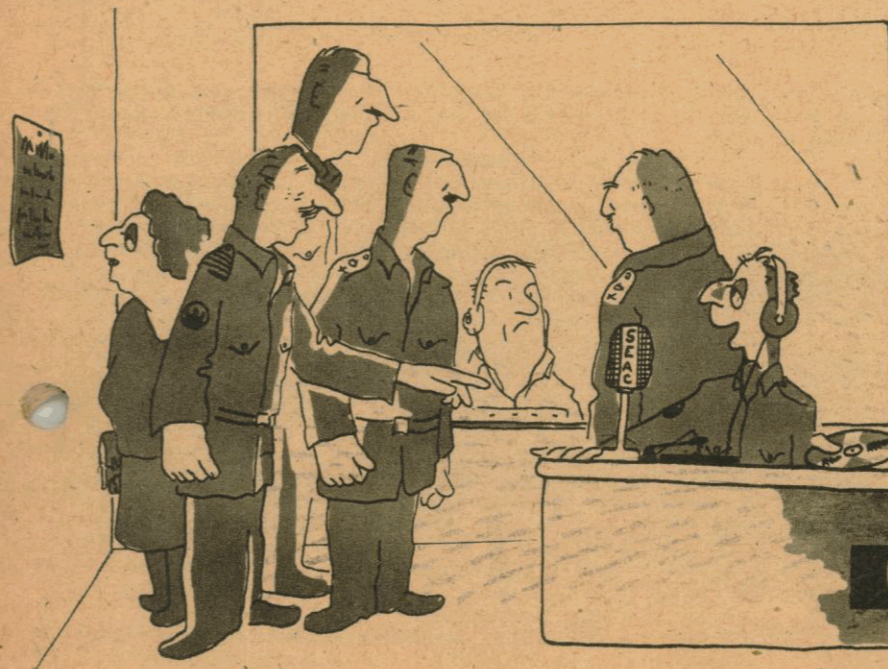


Studio Productions



Controller

by
Phelix
(WHO WORKS THERE)



Visitors

TOWERING over the paddy fields and palm trees of Ceylon rise the giant transmitters of Radio SEAC, the most powerful Forces Broadcasting Station in the world. More than a hundred soldiers, sailors and airmen — and a number of Asiatics — maintain a sixteen-and-a-half hour service of broadcasts daily to the Far East.

Radio SEAC's studios are on one of the main thoroughfares of Colombo. All the apparatus, including the transmitters, was shipped from Britain. Equipment had to be tropicalised, in some cases re-designed.

Since the average age of the NCO's and men is a little over 20, it is not surprising that few of the staff have had previous broadcasting experience. Nevertheless, there are lance-corporals out in Colombo who can, and quite often do, turn out a full-length radio play at two days' notice — and then re-write the first act in the morning if the Station Director feels it needs improvement.

The bulk of the programmes are based on recorded music. Very few top-line bands, singers and variety artists include Colombo in a world tour. But what a lavish library of recordings is owned by Radio SEAC: 55,000 discs, and still going up! It is the largest of its kind, outside London, in the British Empire.

Station policy, as in all Forces broadcasting units, is controlled by the War Office. But the programme staff make it clear to their Service listeners that the real "ownership" of Radio SEAC is vested in the men stationed in the East.

So requests, both popular and classical, take up many hours of broadcasting each week. The average monthly mail bag varies from 7000 to 10,000 letters.

One result of the Chief Engineer's efforts to improve Radio SEAC's reception over an area covering one-third of the globe has been that the other two-thirds appear to have been included in the listening area. Prisoners in an American penitentiary, banana planters in the West Indies, tango-loving South Americans in Rio, fur trappers on the bleak shores of the Hudson Bay, Swedes, Mexicans, New Zealanders, Danes, Zulus, Moors all write to Radio SEAC pleading for programme schedules to ensure that no change of wave-length shall deprive them of their favourite programmes.

Every Sunday night the vast power of the hundred-kilo-watt transmitter is concentrated on a narrow beam, and aimed backward to Great Britain. The time in Ceylon is around midnight, but for families at home it is early Sunday evening, and for two hours they can listen to messages and requests from their relations in the Forces out East, and selections from the best SEAC shows.

1 WIND-UP

END OF A MISSION

The British Military Mission to the Netherlands has finished its two-year assignment. Below: down comes the sign of SHAEF.



THE serjeant-major took down the SHAEF sign — the last in Europe — from over the doorway of a building in The Hague.

A corporal unhooked a sign which read, "British Military Mission to the Netherlands" and put it into the back of a three-tonner along with a miscellaneous collection of office furniture.

Their actions were symbolic of a task that has ended. Two years ago the signs were put up as an indication that Britain was helping an ally to her feet and an army to find its strength again.

Britain has kept the promise she made in the days when the shadow of the invader lay over the flat polders of the Netherlands and the tramp of his patrols filled the nights with dread.

The men who fulfilled that promise — 40 officers and 200 men all specially chosen — have gone, but the goodwill they built up remains.

The smart Dutch soldiers one sees in the training areas, their shining new equipment, their obvious pride in themselves and their service — these things, too, are a sign of the successful completion of a mission.

The task, begun in part by the SHAEF Mission to the Netherlands continued when Major-General J. G. W. Clarke and the 240 Britons established themselves at The Hague in July 1945.

Holland, with eight of her 11 provinces liberated a bare two months, was sick. Large areas of the country were flooded or mined, and starvation threatened the people north of the great rivers. Almost everything of value had been looted or destroyed by the Germans.

There was nothing on which an Army could be built. There was not even tradition. Except for a few days' ineffective fighting in 1940, the Dutch Army had seen no action for more than 100 years.

All but a few of the Regular officers had been prisoners and were out of touch with strategic and tactical developments. Furthermore they were regarded with very little favour by those Dutchmen who had taken part in the Resistance Movement and who formed the bulk of the first post-war units.

On British advice, numbers of young men were sent to the United Kingdom to be trained as officers and NCO's while officers and men from the Mission filled as best they could the gaps until the Dutchmen returned.

Meanwhile Major-General Clarke and later Brigadier H. P. Gardham, when he took over

HOLLAND ROUND-UP

3 PULL-UP

CAMP WITH 250,000 TULIPS



The only "pre-fab" on the Continent used as married quarters. In the background is the light-house of the Hook.

2 MOCK-UP

PREFAB AT THE HOOK

SET amid the Nissen huts of the transit camp at the Hook of Holland is a neat, gaily painted pre-fabricated house, its windows bright with chintz.

Knock at the door of this unexpected Arcon and you will be greeted by Lieut. (QM) Ted Robinson. He and Mrs. Robinson are the only British family living in a "pre-fab" on the Continent.

The Arcon was sent to the Hook more than 12 months ago so that troops passing through might have some idea of what a "pre-fab" looked like.

Lieut. Robinson has developed a garden out of a waste of sand, and he keeps hens at the back.

"The nicest little house in BAOR," says Mrs. Robinson.

command assisted the War Minister in modernising the Dutch Staff.

Previously, the Commander-in-Chief controlled the General Staff, through whom he issued administrative as well as staff orders to the troops under command. There was no Adjutant General's branch, and the Quartermaster General's department was simply a purchasing agency. Recruiting was controlled by the civilian branch.

It was decided to adopt the British system, with some modifications. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands was appointed Inspector-General of the newly constituted Army — an Army which had been built up out of almost nothing. The British Army pay system was introduced, and our selection and training methods were adapted to Dutch needs. British stores and equipment — altogether some £75,000,000 worth

— were poured in and today two complete divisions have been trained.

The 240 British soldiers are proud of what they have done and of the praise they have earned from Prince Bernhard and the Dutch War Ministry. They are proud, too, of the affection which the normally phlegmatic Dutch have showered on them.

Several officers and men have married Dutch girls and others are engaged.

Serjeant-major "Tubby" M. with the Mission since the beginning, said it was the grandest job he had ever had.

A spokesman at the Dutch Ministry of War said:

"The link between our two forces has not altogether been broken since 11 British officers, paid and quartered by the Dutch Army, will remain behind to advise us and help us overcome our growing pains."

ALMOST all Servicemen and women going to and from the Continent now pass through 113 Transit Camp at the Hook of Holland.

Some like the place so much that they write to the Commandant, Lieut-Col. Sir John Maclure, saying they would like to spend a leave there. In the files are letters from released men who have written asking whether it would be possible to spend part of their release leave at the camp.

Says Major Vincent Lucas, the second-in-command, jokingly: "We have had so many requests of the kind, that the Colonel and I think we could open up a holiday camp here after the Army have finished and out-ripped Billy Butlin."

Certainly the staff of 113 Transit Camp have had enough practice. They have been together since January 1944 when as 37 RHU they were formed at Leeds to deal with men repatriated from Libya and Italy. Then in April they moved to Kent and handled thousands of men assembling for the invasion. On D-Day-plus-12 they crossed the Channel and opened for business at La Rosière.

On 6 December 1944, the unit changed its name and location and became 113 Transit Camp at Bourg Leopold, in Belgium, to deal with officers and men going on leave from Second Army. General Dempsey's instructions were that the camp was to be the best that war conditions would permit.

After another move, the unit took over Scharnhorst Barracks at Osnabruck and dealt with 8000 men a day. The railroad, which had remained at Gennep, eventually moved to Osnabruck and once more this was a signal for 113 Transit Camp to hit the trail.

For a time the camp was housed in Rotterdam while the sandy wastes of the Hook were being transformed into a permanent site. Working once again against time, the staff erected a camp capable of dealing with 2500 troops a day.

During the autumn of 1946 between 250,000 and 300,000 tulip bulbs were planted around the camp. This meant covering the sand dunes with many tons of black soil, but this year the camp area was a blaze of colour. As the tulips died off other flowers, all planted during the autumn, bloomed.

At the same time, work went

on to improve the amenities of the camp. Messes were decorated with bright murals; open-air beer gardens were laid down; accommodation was improved again and again.

All this was done not so much for the man going home on leave but for the man returning to duty.

Says the CO: "We all know how a man feels at the end of a leave and we try to cushion the shock by giving him as good a time as possible while he is here waiting for his train."

The decision to make the Hook BAOR's main port has meant a considerable amount of re-organising, and plans have been drawn up on the assumption that British troops and their families will be using the camp for at least 10 years.

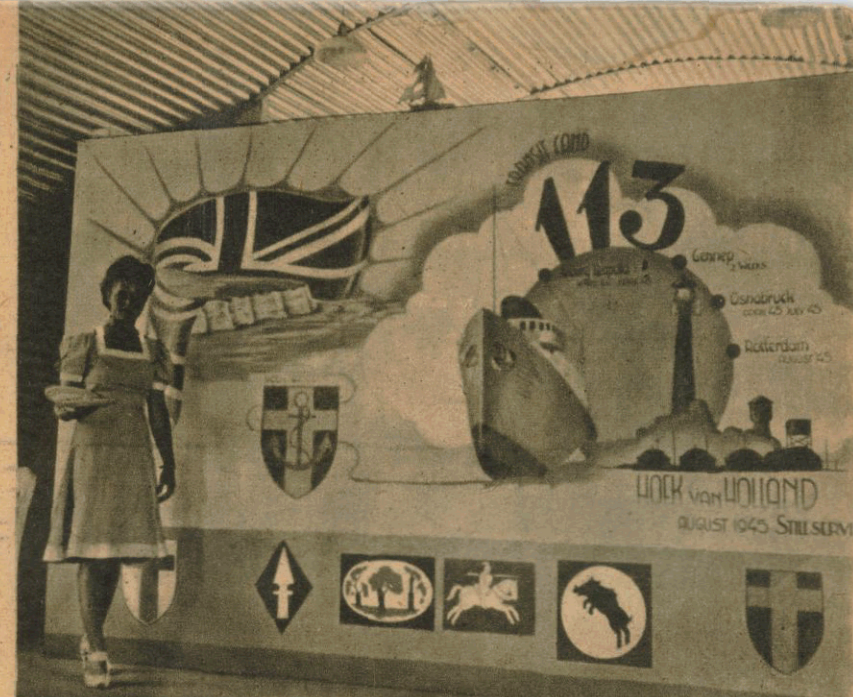
A new landing stage is being built to deal with the re-equipped troops which in future will carry the cross-Channel traffic. Part of the foundations were laid by the Germans when the Hook was a rocket-launching site so that supplies could be landed at all states of the tide. This preliminary work has meant that Sappers will be able to complete the jetty in record time.

For married families there will soon be a bungalow hotel. Children will be looked after by a group of extremely efficient young women while mothers are completing their documentation. Married families, by the way, will probably come over in the *Arnhem*, newest and fastest of the LNER's packets. She has just completed her maiden voyage and is said to be the most luxurious ship of her size built on the Clyde.

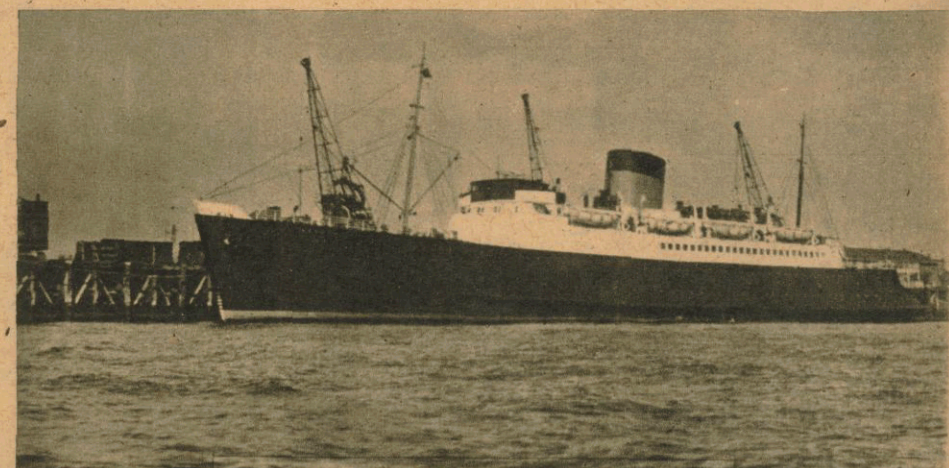
Other problems are the strain on loading facilities with the routing of all BAOR mail through 113 Transit Camp; and the arrival of men from Italy and Austria by the Medloc route.

For some time, too, the port will have to deal with 1000 ex-PoW's returning from England to Germany every other day. They arrive about midnight, are given a meal and entrained for home.

DAVID BEYNON.



This mural shows the many moves of 113 Transit Camp. It first opened up in Europe on D-Day-plus-12.

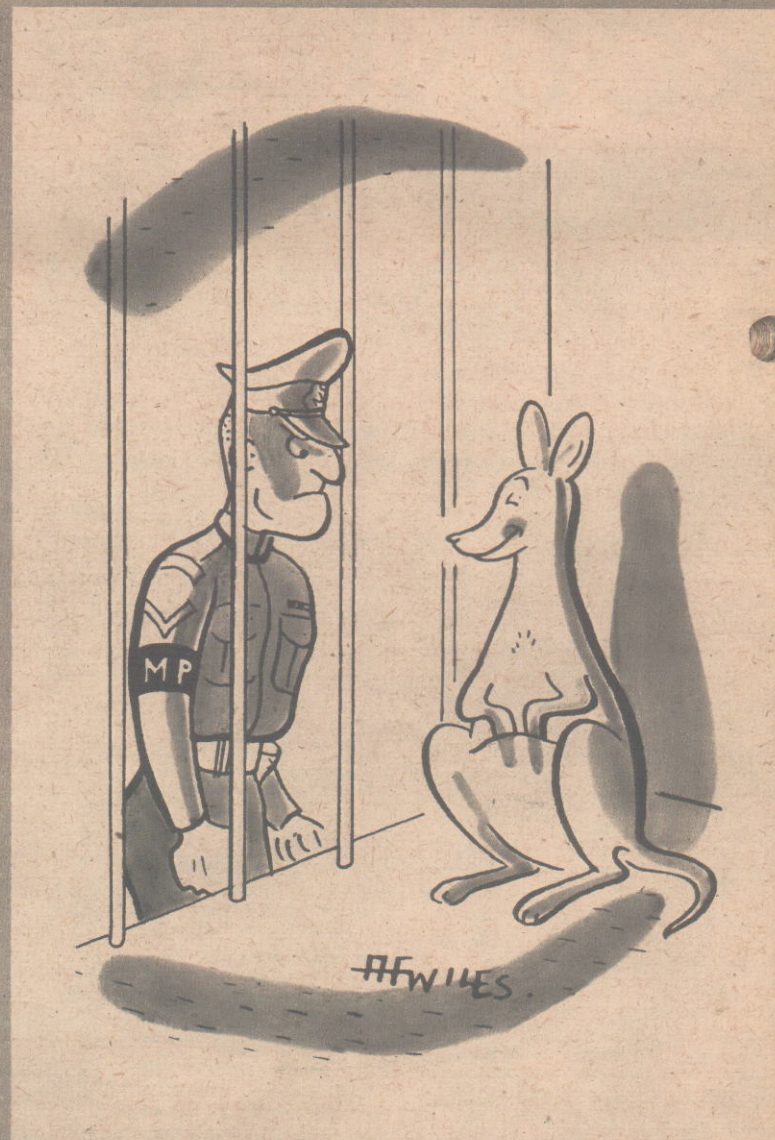
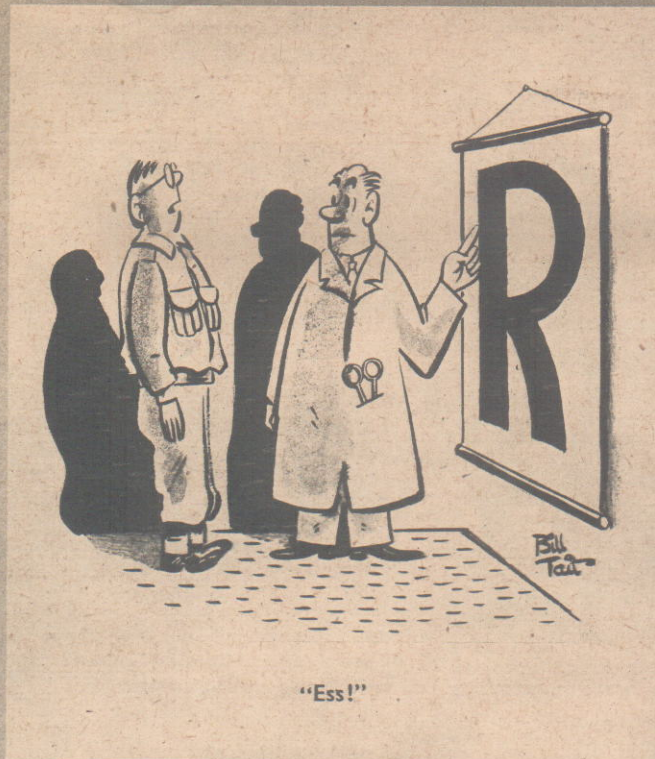


SS Arnhem, the LNER's new North Sea packet, will transport married families.



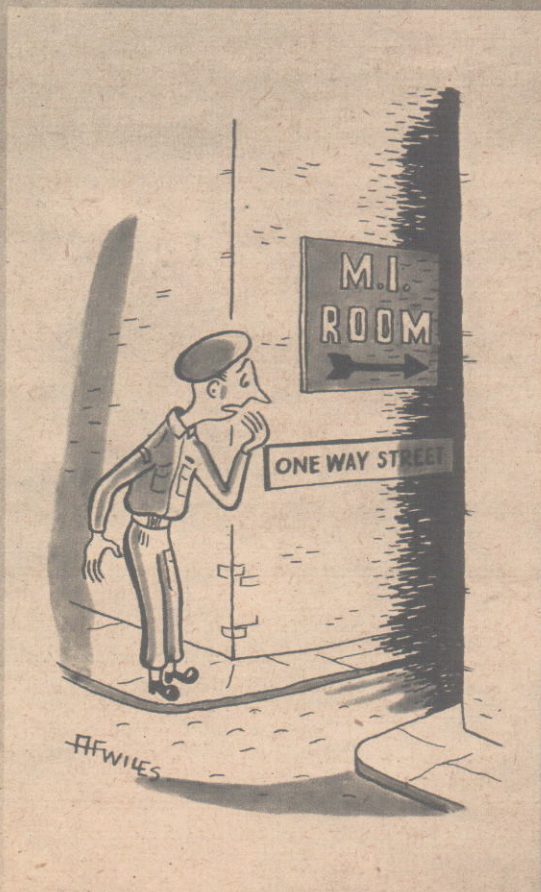
The Germans started work on this quay — to land V1 supplies. Now it is being completed to deal with new troopers.

The painter touches up a sign appropriate to a camp which "says it with flowers."



SOLDIER HUMOUR

Readers in all commands
are invited to contribute
to this page. All drawings
published are paid for



CHEER UP — YOU MIGHT BE ON MARS

This is the first article in a new *SOLDIER* feature: a digest of America's military magazines.

TO all men feeling lonely and far away in their billets in Germany, Italy or Burma: take heart, it might be worse. You might be doing time on Mars.

This possibility is foreseen in an article in the American military magazine *Army Ordnance* entitled "Occupation of Mars?" by Major James R. Randolph.

No writer of science-fiction but a "mathematician of note", Major Randolph seriously discusses the strategic possibilities of landing on Mars and the theories and

"Mars, on the other hand, is a world somewhat like our own but smaller. It almost certainly has mineral sources comparable to those of the earth, so that a human colony, once established there could, in time, build up a civilization comparable to that on earth and become capable of sending rockets back.

"...Rockets capable of going to Mars may come more quickly than we now think possible. And when they come there will be a race to get there first with an adequate expedition. Even with all the technical problems out of the way, it still seems rather appalling to land a small party on Mars with meager resources and no immediate way to come back. Yet mankind has faced such tasks before and has been successful.

"This expedition need not be large, but it should be self-sufficient. It should be chosen, trained, and equipped to establish a permanent colony on Mars and to set up and maintain a radio station capable of communicating with the earth. Thus we will find out what our neighbor world is really like, can keep track of what happens there, and can plan accordingly for future expeditions."

And so, with the gentle murmur of space-ships warming up around our ears, we say Good-bye to this lonely outpost in the sky.

* * *

designs of the space-ships required to get there.

"In World War Two," he writes, "we found it necessary to occupy bases in remote parts of the earth. In World War Three we cannot limit such occupation to the earth alone. We must extend it out into space as far as rockets can go and to our neighbor worlds in space. It is theoretically possible to attack an earth nation from Mars as it is to attack it with satellite rockets from another part of the earth.

"The whole problem of space navigation presupposes the development of a multiple-unit rocket composed of standard-sized rockets, each acting independently and capable of being stacked together to make a rocket of any desired size and speed... When the satellite ship is a reality, the Earth-Mars rocket will be just around the corner.

"If we should include the moon in the discussion, it would look even better than Mars as a base from which to attack the earth. But the moon is an airless, waterless, lifeless world. All materials and supplies, even oxygen, would have to be sent there from the earth and every ton delivered would require more rocket-power than would be needed to send it to Mars. In landing on Mars air resistance can be used as a brake. In landing on the moon, reversed rocket action would have to be used since there is no air.

AFTER that it is pleasant to come down to earth and find there is still someone interested in things of the past — like this letter-writer to *Military Affairs*, for instance:

"I am trying to locate two documents relating to the operations of Benedict Arnold on Lake Champlain. The first is a rough drawing of a boat Arnold planned to build on the Lake, dated Chamble, 1775; the second is an inventory or estimate of supplies for the galley "Washington", drawn up between July and October, 1776. I have searched the obvious governmental repositories without success. Any information would be helpful. — M. V. B."

Well, look, can't you. They must be somewhere around.

HOW an army marches on its stomach — modern version. 1. Hydroponics.

Over in Japan some months ago, Mrs. Douglas MacArthur bent over a gravel bed in the world's largest greenhouse, plucked out a red handful of radishes, and thus declared officially open the first harvest of the American 8th. Army's Hydroponics Farm Project — three tons of radishes.

("Hydroponics" is the art of growing plants without soil, in water impregnated with chemicals.)

"Nothing to distract or interfere with the business in hand."

The project's two farms when in full production are expected to give the hungry GI four servings of fresh salad vegetables a week.

Says the *Quartermaster Review*: "The project, which produces fresh leaf of salad vegetables, uncontaminated by Japanese soil, for American occupation forces in Japan and Korea, has attracted interest from all parts of the world."

2. Food Tasters.

A team of highly qualified human food tasters has been formed by the American Army's Quartermasters Corps, to "determine whether certain food items satisfy military requirements", i.e. what chow the GI likes.

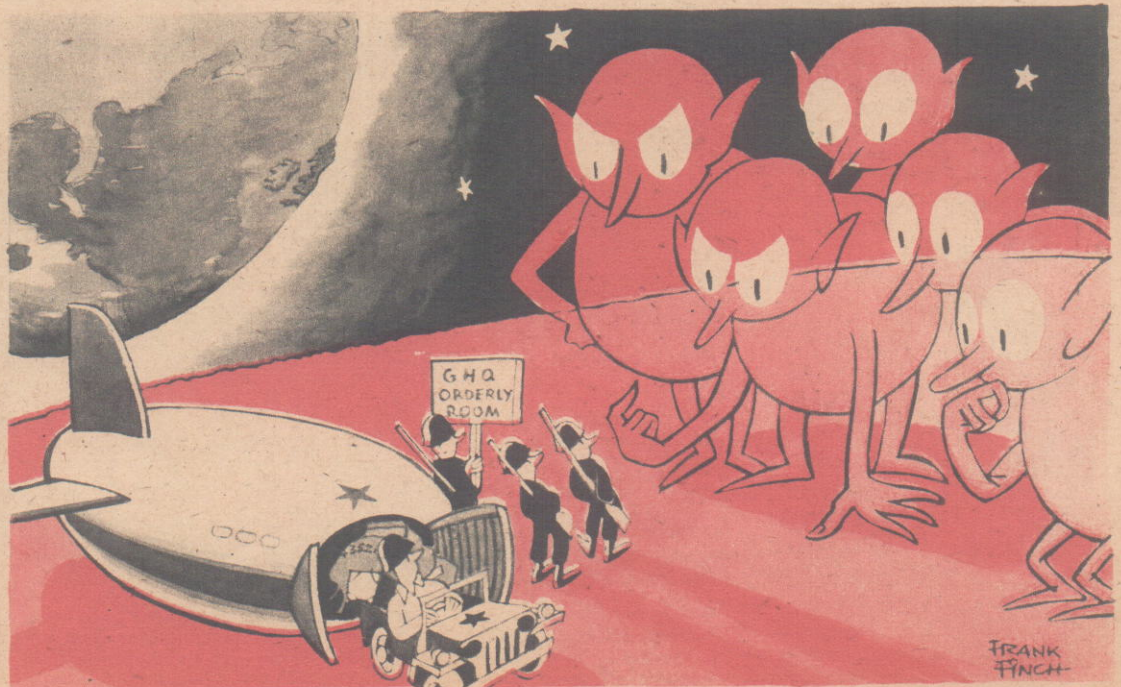
"At the Quartermaster Institute laboratories," reports the *Quartermaster Review*, "the food tasters are not permitted to see one another; they might be influenced

by someone else's facial expression. In a specially arranged laboratory five separate booths have been constructed. Each of the five selected taste-testers is seated at a small shelf-like table, enclosed at front and sides. Food prepared in the laboratory kitchen is passed to each tester on a revolving server; this eliminates even the

most transient peek into the kitchen. The laboratory is air-conditioned so that odors are carried away. Natural colours are frequently altered by the use of coloured light filters which cast a neutral tone over everything. There is nothing to distract or interfere with the business in hand, which is to detect taste differences in food samples."

WARREN SMITH.

"Mars... has air, water and vegetation. It may even have intelligent life not too unlike our own."



FRANK FINCH

"All Change" in the New Territorial Army

East End

TOWER HAMLET ARE GUNNERS

THE East End of London has its own regiment. For generations the men of Wapping, Stepney, the rows of streets leading off Mile End Road and other boroughs lying between the Tower and the Essex border — those tough, quick-witted, cheerful Cockneys whom commanders have found to be among the world's best soldiers — have followed their forefathers into the ranks of the Tower Hamlet.

Now they find themselves in a new role: light ack-ack gunners.

It is said that the East-Enders were with Elizabeth at Tilbury and mention is made of the Tower Hamlet Train Bands in 1643. In 1709 there were two regiments totalling 3000 men and in 1798 they were attached to the Regular Army of the day.

After the Peninsular War they were affiliated to the Rifle Brigade, and when in 1908 the Territorial Army was born they were amalgamated with the Middlesex Regiment, becoming the 17th. City of London Regiment (Poplar and Stepney Rifles).

In World War One the 1st. battalion fought at Loos, the Somme, in the mud of Passchendaele, and marched into Lille in 1918. The 2nd. battalion went to Palestine with 60th. Division, but ended the war on the Western Front.

In the early twenties the regiment reverted to its old name of Tower Hamlet Rifles but in 1938 was formed into a motor battalion. When World War Two broke out the two battalions were formed into the 9th. and 10th. battalions of the Rifle Brigade.

The 9th. shared in the heavy casualties suffered by the 2nd. Armoured Division in the desert in 1941 and soon afterwards found itself merged with the 2nd. Battalion of the Rifle Brigade. The 10th. landed in North Africa with the 6th. Armoured Brigade in November 1942, fought in Tunisia, landed near Naples, saw



West End

KENSINGTONS ARE PHANTOMS

THE Phantoms have reached Kensington. The men who walk into the modern drill hall in Hammersmith Road wear an embroidered "P" on their sleeves. Once inside they train on radios and message forms for their duties as the front-line eyes and ears of corps and army commanders.

The Phantoms—their official title in war was GHQ Liaison Regiment, now changed to GHQ Signal Reporting Unit—operated in advance of the front line and often their work took them behind the enemy.

Many an anxious commander would learn the location of an enemy unit in a message signed "Phantom". It might have come by pigeon, or it might have come by radio code.

Because the new Territorial Army is patterned on the Regular Army some unit had to assume the mantle of Phantom. Favourites for the honour were the Kensingtons, the 13th. London Regiment.

The present Kensingtons were originally the 4th. and 2nd. Middlesex Volunteer Corps. In those

days Government support was not all it might have been and units had to struggle along with little encouragement. The years passed and they continued training with their muzzle-loaders on Streatham Common.

The story is told that it was decided to raise morale by putting the band of the 4th. in a new uniform. The dress selected was a Zouave costume modelled after the style of Louis Napoleon's famous Algerians. When they marched through the London streets the people turned out to roar with laughter at the colour scheme. As a result a more sombre style was chosen.

In 1908 the two battalions formed one regiment under the new Territorial Army and in 1909 — history relates — the ladies of Kensington got together and with their own hands made the regimental colours. Again on the outbreak of war the ladies completed the men's papers so successfully that pay allotments were made to the Kensingtons three weeks earlier than to any other unit in London.

The 1st. Battalion spent Christmas 1914 in the line at Picantin. Later they fought at Neuve Chapelle, the Somme, Arras, Ypres and Cambrai. The second battalion trained in England until 1916, then went to France and later to Salonica and Palestine.

Back in England the regiment returned to one battalion strength. In 1926 their adjutant was Captain W.H.E. Gott, MC, later to become "Straffer" Gott of desert fame. The following year Lieut-Col. Donald Banks, DSO, later to become Sir Donald Banks, first Permanent Under Secretary of State for Air, was appointed CO. In 1928 the band was formed of members of Tate and Lyle's sugar refinery. Nearly always a platoon has been formed of workers at Lyons' Cadby Hall.

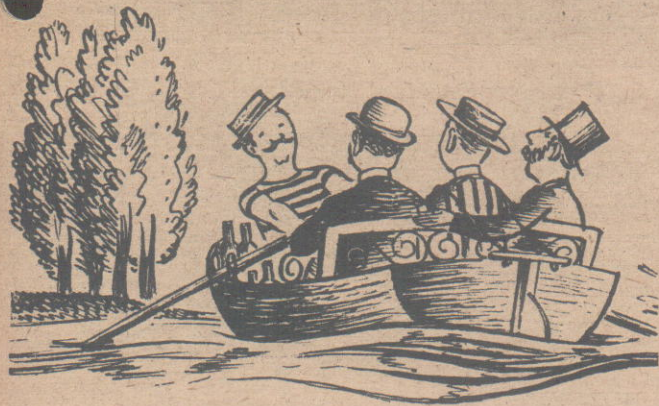
In World War Two the regiment found two machine-gun battalions. The 1st. went to France with Highland Division and lost 200 prisoners at Dunkirk. Later it joined 78th. Division, fought in Sicily, Italy and Austria. The 2nd. became affiliated to the Middlesex and went first to Iceland and then to BLA with 49th. Division.

Today the battalion are settling down to their duties with considerable pride. It is no small honour to be the only Phantom unit in the Territorial Army.



Flashback: Phantom scout car, bearing the Bull of 11 Armoured Division, about to start on a journey. The aerials are a Phantom speciality, enabling the patrol to keep in touch over long distances. Left: a Phantom officer wearing the "P" which used to puzzle the uninitiated.

If ever you go on the river,
By far the best way is to row;
It is good for the legs and the liver,
Lumbago and corns on the toe.



But, if we may further advise you,
Ship Guinness for each of the crew;
The pace that you go will surprise you
For Guinness is Good for You.

G.E.1337.F

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AS. 89

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sustaining, energising and nourishing you.

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On cinders from Vesuvius, on "home-made" tracks in Hanover and Hong Kong Army dispatch riders learned the arts of Speedway. Now they are breaking into the professional game

Anybody can fall off a motor cycle: the secret is knowing how to fall off unhurt.

They Learned Speedway Secrets

THE Army Dispatch Riders of 1939 to 1945 may well dominate the sport of Speedway in 1948.

It was hardly to be foreseen when Army Speedway came to life at such centres as Bari and Hanover that in post-war years the riders who delighted the Services on the packed terraces in sunny Italy and blitzed Germany would one day be the demi-gods of thousands of excited fans at Wembley and Harringay. Yet they have infiltrated to such good purpose that we find the same goggled riders who once wore the uniform of the Royal Signals are now the begrimed and leathered riders skidding around the tracks in London, Eastbourne, Norwich, Bradford and Manchester.

The road to stardom is no easy one. You do not just jump into

a saddle, dash round three laps and sit back and wait for your appearance money. Oh no, there's more in it than that.

The beginner, we will say, politely approaches the Harringay organisation and asks for a test. No application is turned down. At first, perhaps, the tyro is given a provisional six-weeks contract and "farmed out", say to Eastbourne track. It is then purely a matter of performance. Only the former Signaller can carve his future. If his six-weeks trial satisfies he is given a proper contract, varying, of course, with the talent he has shown.

The boys are making the grade, some of them gradually, some of them meteorically. For instance, "Broncho" Wilson, not unknown in Southern Italy, was taken on at Wembley and fell off in most

novice to reserve for the first team. Jackson insists he will be world champion one day. Financially, speedway can be a good thing, despite the expenses. It is estimated that the top speedway men today are pulling in £3500 a year, which is more than most corporals get.

Another who is following in Waterman's footsteps is Joe Bowkis from Wapping. He was at Hanover when speedway originated there but he followed his pre-war trade as mechanic. It was suggested that he might ride a bike as well as repair it and

novice to reserve for the first team.

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One of Wembley's new favourites—"Split" Waterman (left)—graduated on the Vomero track at Naples. He was a REME corporal. With him is "Broncho" Wilson.



SOCCER STARS

SOLDIER has been asked to publish the following Soccer records set up during the last football season:

The 25th Dragoons, stationed in India, played 70 matches, won 56 of them, drew 10 and lost four, scoring 257 goals and having 70 scored against them. (Some FA teams would like a record like that!) They won the Eastern Command Generals Cup, but were knocked out of the All-India Generals Cup in the semi-final, by a Black Watch team which beat them 2-1.

11 Air Formation Signal Regiment, BAOR, collected the BAOR Football Championship and five other honours — First British Corps District Shield, 5 Division Shield, Celle League Shield, 84 Group RAF Knock-Out Cup and the 84 Group RAF "Maitland" (Knock-Out) Cup. They played 33 games during the season, won 29 of them, drew three and lost only one. They scored 151 goals and had 22 scored against them. In proportion, their record is slightly better than that of the 25th Dragoons.



At Harringay is "Nobby" Stock, former staff-serjeant, who rode at Bari, Italy.

in the Army

Joe got round a lap of the cinders without falling off. He had the natural aptitude and what followed was inevitable. Joe was released, went to West Ham, showed the grit that all dispatch riders have, and before very long was reserve for the first team, riding in a battle dress adapted for cinder track racing.

Then there is Nobby Stock from Hackney Wick, who used to tinker about on the track at Dagenham before the war, but who blossomed in the Italian sun at Bari. Now he shines at Harringay.

All over the country the Don R Brigade are making their presence felt, but at the moment the solid body of them are in the Third Division serving their apprenticeship the hard way. Without exception the track managements say that because of their determination to make good, because of their courage,

many of them will get to the top of the pile.

Meanwhile Forces' tracks overseas still flourish, and many a speedway bike has been ingeniously run up from salvage. There are tracks as far apart as Hanover and Hong Kong where men are practising and waiting for the day they can exchange puttees for leathers. Many of them already hold contracts with league clubs and they will come home to swell the number of ex-Servicemen delighting the fans of a sport which — on a League night at Wembley — can draw 85,000 spectators.

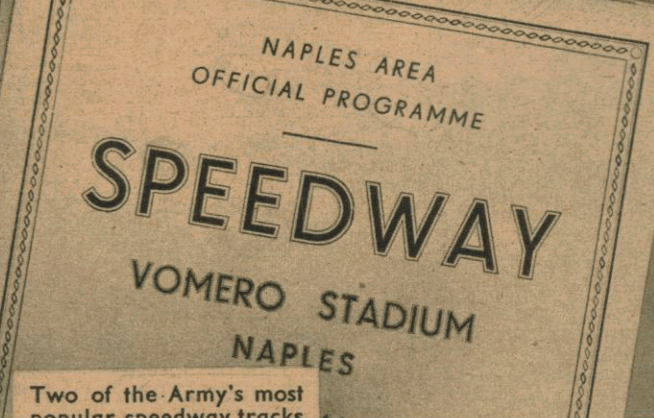
The pioneers of this sport in the Army can be proud of what they started. And the men of REME — without whom the sport might have been still-born — deserve generous praise.

ARCHIE QUICK.

Andy Byford, West Ham, ex-Suffolks corporal was captured at Singapore.



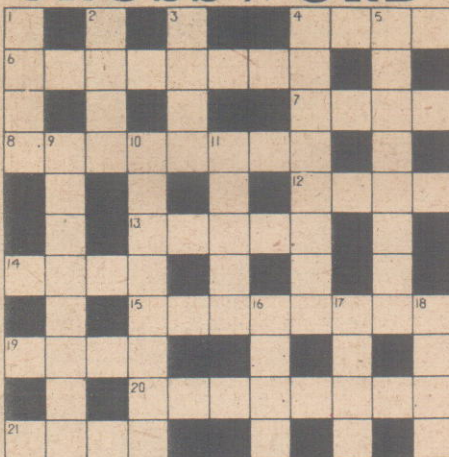
And here's a man who learned at Hamburg: J. Bowkis, ex-Royal Signals.



Two of the Army's most popular speedway tracks in the Mediterranean were at Bari and Naples. Below: Byford in action.



CROSSWORD



ACROSS: 4. Additional in normal social intercourse. 6. "Top siren" (anagram). 7. Death to the fly! 8. Though he starts with a record, he doesn't just repeat his master's voice. 12. End of a Thespian's "rest". 13. So art provides the Sunday dinner. 14. Reme pond. 15. "Slog: Andy" (anagram—two words). There's plenty

of light at this time of year.
19. A grape's mother.
20. Torn to bits.
21. Left-overs, of a sort.

DOWN:

1. Went fast.
2. World War One battle that can be a short Frenchman.
3. Bier gives half a disease.
4. Stated with an up-turned lock in the middle.
5. Not much good to a fish-and-chip shop, especially on Saturdays.
9. Lower.
10. The attitude of the man who couldn't this split.
11. Uncoloured geographical feature.
16. Scottish valley.
17. Little Andrew.
18. Whisky's worse half?

(Answers on Page 43)

How Much Do You Know?

#5 Fifth Avenue

1. What do Americans mean by the device in front of the numeral in this illustration?
2. Can a bull distinguish between a red rag and any other colour of rag?
3. Which firms popularised these slogans: (a) Safety Fast; (b) No Smoking, Not Even—; (c) The Best Car In The World; (d) Worth a Guinea a Box?
4. Mr. Henry R. Luce is a famous publisher. Name two famous weekly periodicals he publishes.
5. Can you name—
(a) a British film actor who has established a "corner" in playing legal characters;
(b) an American actor who has established a "corner" in hotel clerks?
6. A poem by Robert W. Service says that somebody "burned a hole in the Decalogue." Does that mean that he—
(a) set fire to a sacred object in a synagogue; (b) broke most of the Ten Commandments; (c) started a bush fire in Australia; (d) squandered the funds of a bishopric?
7. A famous humorous poet wrote a poem containing such invented words as brillig, toves, borogroves, slithy, mimsy, uffish. What was the name of the poem, and who was the author?
8. One of these is an "inter-lopers"—which? Truman, Roosevelt, Washington, Taft, Lincoln, Willkie.
- 9 Here's a sticky one from the news-sheet of the Home-ward Bound Trooping Depot, Deolali, India:
Each of the five girls in the top form at Beetlewood sent a New Year's card to one of the

- others and received a card from one (but a different one) of the others. Margaret did not send one to Selina or Julia; Hilda did not send one to Nora or Margaret; Selina did not send one to Julia or Nora; Nora did not send one to Margaret or Selina; Julia did not send one to Hilda or Nora. Who sent a card to the girl who sent a card to Selina?
10. In some Oriental courts there was a Master of the Bulbuls. What are Bulbuls?
 11. Any mistakes in this sentence? There seems no reason why UNRRA should not operate in Libya.
 12. What is the name of that very light wood from which Mosquito aircraft were made?
 13. At the Trooping of the Colour Princess Elizabeth appeared as—
(a) Colonel of the Grenadier Guards; (b) Colonel of the Coldstream Guards; (c) Major-General of the Coldstream Guards; (d) Controller of the ATS.
 - Which?
 14. What do they celebrate in France when they celebrate "La Fête de Pâques"?
 15. The animal in this picture is—
(a) an Alaskan snow bison; (b) a yak; (c) a reconstruction of a mastodon; (d) a Lapland elk.
 - Which?



(Answers on Page 43)

SOLDIER Bookshelf

WHAT THE SOLDIERS THOUGHT ABOUT INDIA

WANDERING through the back streets of an Indian town, a British serjeant newly posted to the East saw a sign which gave him something to think about.

It read:

CLINIC FOR CANCER, HYSTERIA AND MADNESS.

But India notoriously gave thousands of Servicemen something to think about. And what some of them said in their letters home is contained in "Journey to Japan" (Big Ben Books 2s 6d).

John Alexander, who edits this symposium, claims:

"It may be that a historian of the future will record with relief that, in these letters from our services in the Far East was found, for the first time, evidence that a considerable body of British citizens wrote freely, objectively, and constructively, uninhibited by careers and stakes in the country, about conditions in India; and that their relatives and friends became interested, in a new and positive way, in the problems of the Far East."

Certainly all shades of outlook are represented in this book... from the airman who sees no hope of solving the Indian problem without mass euthanasia, mass hospitalisation, sterilisation and teaching of birth control to the believers in world brotherhood who sought to study the Indian at first hand, and who attended native language theatres at which "Robert Clive" was hissed by the audience and the "Defenders of Stalingrad" wildly cheered.

One writer claims that in the average British barrack-room you would find—

"the sort of bloke who calls all coloured people 'wogs' whether they are Arabs or Indians or even African soldiers in every part of the world: he shouts at them and threatens them—he always expects to be diddled—he always thinks they are overcharging; then the sort of bloke who hates the fact of being in India, and endeavours to have as little as possible to do with the bearers; then the better types who talk to them and give them things, but get easily bored as soon as the man starts telling them about his home and his people..."

Some of the writers are content to describe objectively the sights they saw. L/Cpl. R. H. Rastwell attended a feast with the Gurkhas. The inaugural ceremony—decapitation of a goat—does not seem to have spoiled his appetite:

"This was a sort of initiating ceremony for young Gurkha soldiers. The goat must be beheaded by a single, clean blow from a *kukri* (the carved knife—razor sharp—that they carry, and often use, to great effect in hand-to-hand fighting). This goat certainly never saw what hit him. It was all over in a second, and the wielder of the knife was acclaimed with great enthusiasm."

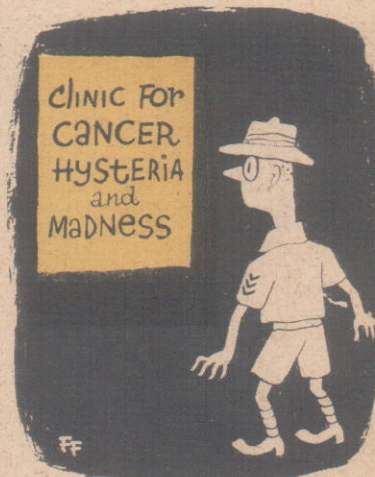
"That was the *aperitif* to the dinner..."

There are excellent vignettes of almost every aspect of Indian life: the beggars; dawn on

Everest; the magic of Darjeeling; the long, stinking rail journeys. One writer says:

"Some day I am going to take you over this country, which is incredibly beautiful, and we shall look at it, and see it as a place where men and women lived their lives, and not as an area to be fought over."

In the book are several short stories of uncommon merit. Lieut.



Paul Hanbury's "Dinner With the Maharajah" reads like Evelyn Waugh. The Army guests, cynically hardened to the crudities of earth plumbing, arrive at a floodlit palace and are led to a place of marble, gilt and water, where they

"flush with joy at all the flushing. The serried ranks of lavatories, basins and bidets, it must be admitted, were rather impressive."

The palace is a nightmare of thousands of multi-coloured electric bulbs, Ming vases, brass spittoons, cinema organ music, ashtrays from Brighton, indelicate friezes and endless mixed drinks. The life and soul of the party is the rajah's brother who greets the guests with "Hullo chaps, whoopee." But the guests never get the multi-course dinner they are hoping for. The maharajah, changing from a white *dhoti* and high-heeled white satin shoes to a brigadier's uniform ("Look! One, two, three and a crown!") chooses instead to sweep the whole assembly to "Joe's," a small and overcrowded American-style night club.

That was fiction—or was it?

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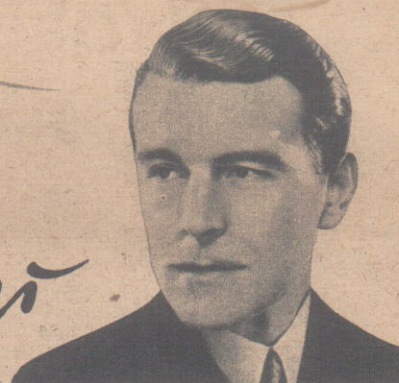
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K. W. (Mrs.).

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"I secured the position with Messrs. All the positions you have introduced me to have been reputable firms and carried a good salary besides commission." G.W.P.

"This is to confirm my appointment with Messrs. May I thank you for the introductions that enabled me to secure the post." A.H.M.

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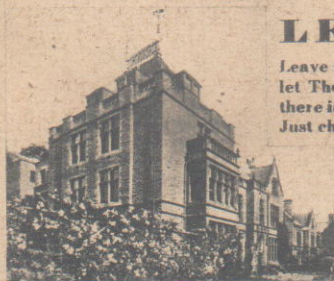
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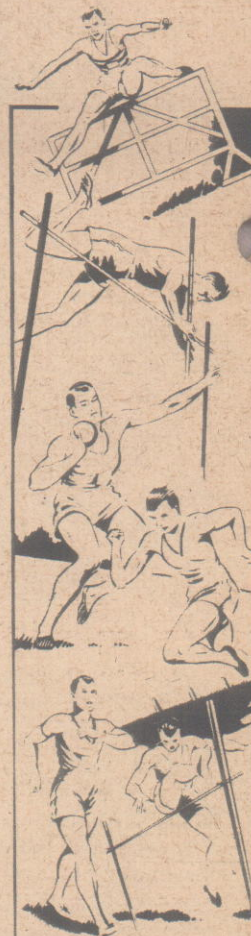
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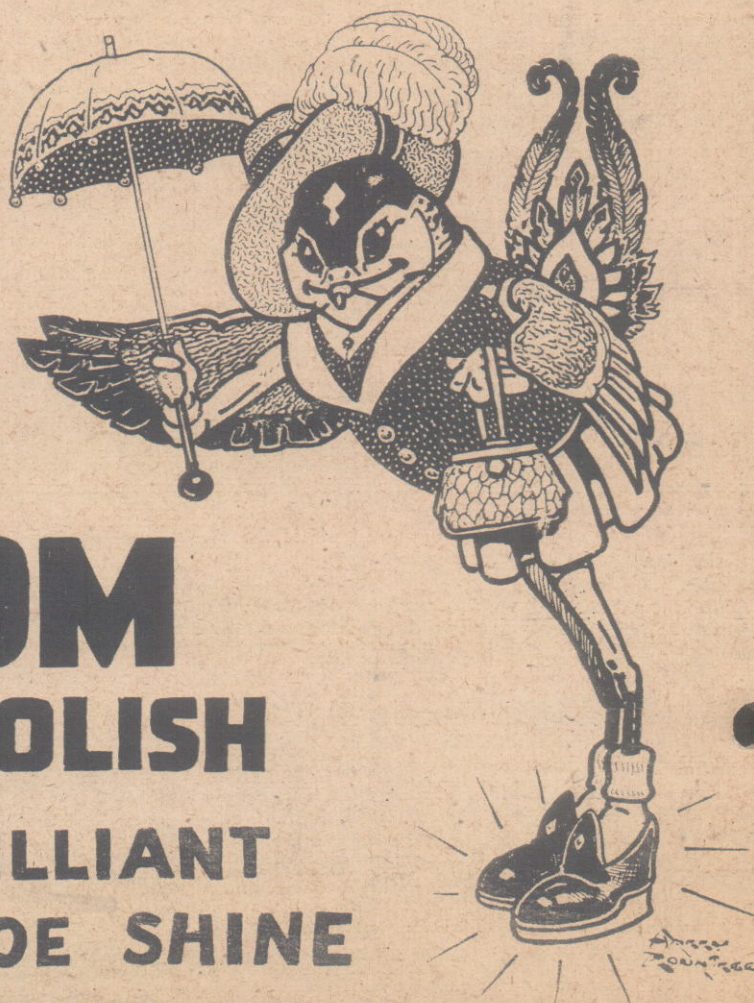
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Left: Celery planters are (l. to r.) F. Cornish (ex-R.T.R.), Brian Prudence (ex-Fleet Air Arm), A. Pendry (ex-East Surreys). Above: Hay-maker is an ex-captain of 4th Hussars, Mr. C. C. Thompson.

A YEAR ON THE FARM

DETERMINED to get that open-air life so many soldiers dream of on demobilisation, the men in these pictures have become students at the Merrist Wood Agricultural School, Worplesdon, Surrey.

It is one of nearly a dozen schools in Britain where men and women leaving the Army have become students of agriculture and commercial horticulture.

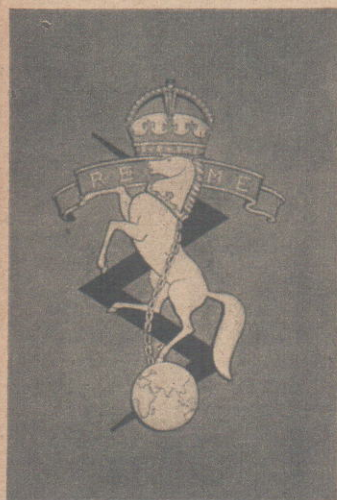
Applications from ex-Service-men for courses are sent by the Ministry of Labour to the War Agricultural Executive Committees and if the soldier has had the necessary year's experience on a farm, he is sent to a school. If not, he is put on a farm for a year and is paid a living allowance according to the size of his family. Training at the school consists of lectures, demonstrations and practical work on the farm.

The main object of the schools is to teach modern farming methods, but they will also give a hand to "graduates" looking for suitable jobs.

Not One Was Good Enough (1) 300 DESIGNS, NO WINNER

THE new REME badge has been approved by the King.

It is not one of the 300 designs submitted from REME units all over the world. Most of these suggestions incorporated some form of engineering tool, stress and strain diagram, recovery vehicle or piece of armament, and the badge-makers reported that they could not make a small badge out of such unwieldy designs.



REME's "horse forcene."

So the REME Dress Committee got together and decided that the design must be either: (a) based on the working tools of the Corps; (b) on conventional military lines; (c) heraldic. They chose heraldic.

Mr. Stephen Gooden, the Royal Academician, was commissioned to produce suitable designs. The description of the one selected is:

"Upon a lightning flash, a horse forcene gorged with a coronet of four fleur-de-lys, a chain reflexed over its back and standing on a globe. Above, a crown upon a scroll bearing the letters REME. Lightning flash, scroll and crown to be gilt; horse and globe to be silver."

(Forcene in heraldry means furious, enraged.)

The horse and chain symbolise power under control, and the lightning flash denotes electrical engineering.

PS. The badge will be worn bright.

Not One Was Good Enough (2) 592 BOOKS, NO WINNER

ALTHOUGH there were 416 entries from Britain and 176 from the United States, no one has won the £1500 prize in the United Services Book Contest organised by Messrs. George G. Harrap of London, the Thomas T. Crowell Company of New York and Columbia Pictures.

Instead the money has been devoted to the United Services Book Fellowship and divided into six awards of £250 to the six authors who submitted the most promising material. The six are:

Major R. E. Scouller, who contributed a documentary work about Burma; Squadron-Leader David Evans (novel); Flight-Lieut. Everard Anson, who wrote a novel about a RAF squadron stationed in Italy; Sjt-Instructor William Howard Jones (novel); and two Americans, Roland Barber and F. A. Nauheim.

The contest was to bring to light literary talent that might be lying dormant in the Allied services as the result of writing careers being interrupted by the war. It had been hoped that a really brilliant work might be forthcoming, but although some of the entries were good not one showed promise of being an outstanding best seller. Many of the manuscripts were about the war; some were historical.

The present paper shortage may mean that even the winners of the £250 awards will never see their works on the book stalls. Meanwhile the judges are going through the entries in the second contest, the closing date for which was 30 June.

It has been claimed by the sponsors that with royalties and film rights a winning book may bring in £20,000 to the author.

Answers

(from Page 40)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. "Number." 2. No. 3. MG Motors; Abdullas; Rolls-Royce; Beecham's Pills. 4. Time and Life. 5. Francis L. Sullivan; Franklin Pangbourn. 6. Broke most of the Ten Commandments. 7. "Jabberwocky" by Lewis Carroll. 8. Willkie was never President. 9. Hilda to Julia; the cards sent were J to S, N to H, H to J, M to N, S to M. 10. Thrushes. 11. No mistakes. 12. Balsa. 13. Colonel of the Grenadier Guards. 14. Easter. 15. A yak.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: — 4. Also. 6. Proteins. 7. Swat. 8. Disciple. 12. Role. 13. Roast. 14. Mere. 15. Long days. 19. Vine. 20. Shredded. 21. Orts.

DOWN: — 1. Sped. 2. Mons. 3. Beri. 4. Asserted. 5. Small fry. 9. Inferior. 10. Careless. 11. Plain. 16. Glen. 17. Andy. 18. Soda.

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LETTERS

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PUPPY LOVE

RJB who airs his views on puppy love (SOLDIER, June) apparently is one of those numerous souls who cannot resist poking into other people's affairs. A man who marries not knowing his own mind deserves no pity. But a mixed marriage between two fully conscious young people stands just as much chance of success as any so-called English marriage. The divorce rates show the pathetic failures perpetrated under the name of marriage during the war years in England where 50 per cent of the girls have no more idea how to be housewives than they had on leaving school. — L/Cpl. R. Ryan, 144 Field Park Sqn, RE.

BICYCLES

How do I get my cycle out from England? — L/Cpl. P. Beaton, 2nd. Fd. Sqn, RE, BAOR.

★ See letter below.

I wonder if your readers are aware that there is nothing to stop a soldier bringing his bicycle back with him when returning from leave. Otherwise he can have it sent by Hogg, Robinson and Capel Cure Ltd, Hamburg.

I consider it would be a boon to the sport if cycling clubs could be established at all garrison stations and serviceable cycles made available on a hire basis. — Sjt. R. Meunier, 81 SIS, BAOR.

FRONTIER FORCE

Can you give me particulars of volunteering for the Royal West African Frontier Force and of rates of pay? I am a regular with five-and-a-half years to serve. — Pte. E. Pearson, The Green Howards.

★ A private soldier cannot volunteer for the Royal West African Frontier Force. Vacancies are open only to NCO's and above. British rates of pay are in operation.

BUYING A COMMISSION

Please settle an argument by stating the date on which the buying of a King's Commission stopped. — Pte. R. Bell, G (Ops and SD), HQ, BAOR.

★ The Royal Warrant abolishing purchase is dated 19 July 1871, and purchase itself ceased on 1 November.

PHANTOM

I would like to correct a wrong impression given by the article on the SAS in SOLDIER for June. You said the SAS "did similar work to the Phantom Regiment, except that the Phantom worked on the home side." In fact Phantom patrols dropped with the SAS in France and Belgium and provided their communications back to England.

There have been parachutists in Phantom ever since and this squadron, the only surviving Phantom unit in the Active Army, has recently obtained permission to have all its officers and 20 per cent of the men trained as parachutists.

Old Phantoms will be interested to know that the 1st Battalion The Kensingtons is reforming as a TA Phantom Regiment and will be glad to hear from them at 190 Hammersmith Road, W6. — Major W. G. Morgan, 3 Indep Sigs Reporting Sqn, BAOR.

★ See also article on Page 36.

FAR EAST VOLUNTEER

I have been in the ATS for five years and have signed on for another two years. I have been serving in the BAOR for the last 15 months and now wish to volunteer for the Far East.

Do I have to serve any special length of time in the BAOR before applying to go anywhere, and do I have to serve any time in Britain before going overseas again? Also in what theatres are ATS now allowed to serve? — Sjt. I. Burgin, ATS, HQ Rhine Army.

★ When you finish your two-year tour in BAOR and have served six months in Britain, you can apply for overseas service providing you still have a reasonable period of service ahead of you. ATS can serve in BAOR, Middle East and Far East. When you volunteer for overseas service there is no guarantee that you will go to the Far East as you cannot volunteer for that theatre alone. Postings of ATS to the Far East depend entirely on requirements.

WASHING SOAP

Why is there a big shortage of soap in Italy? I have to do my personal washing and wash my KD on half a bar of toilet soap a week. We have been told there is no extra soap allowed for washing our KD. — Pte. W. Dallas, The Essex Regt., CMF.

★ Although soap is rationed NAAFI deny that there is a big shortage in Italy. They say that if you apply to your QM stores you can get soap — coarser than toilet — for washing your clothes. It works out at about a tablet a week per man.

EYES FRONT

The attached picture of the Trooping of the Colour appeared in the Daily Mail with a caption which said the officer was caught by the camera while giving the command, "Eyes right." We feel that as the men have already turned their heads to the right and the officer is saluting, his command must be "Eyes front." Can you confirm this and settle a dispute with the boys here whom we can't convince. — Cpl. F. Bramall, Ctn. Wilson, 22 Heavy Workshops Coy, REME.

★ If the officer is giving another "eyes right" he and his men are going to dislocate their necks. Brickbat to the Mail, bouquet to military experts of 22 Heavy Workshops Coy, REME.



Danger of dislocated necks?

MINER-AIRMAN

I was a miner before taking a regular engagement in the RAF. Is it possible for me to be released in order to return to the mines? — **AC S. Lloyd, BAFO, BAOR.**

★ The Air Ministry says there is a scheme whereby regular and non-regular airmen may be released to work underground in the mines. You should apply to your commanding officer.

STILL LIABLE

If a regular soldier gets a Class B Release for joining the Palestine Police, is he, when his contract with that force expires, liable to be recalled to the Army until his colour service expires? Is it correct that all industrial



"For regulars, mining is the only industry now open for Class B release..."

Class B Releases with the exception of coalminers have ceased, and is that the only industry wherein regulars can be released under Class B? — **Cpl. A. Ashcroft, 1 Bn. The Black Watch.**

★ (1) Yes. (2) For regulars, mining is the only industry now open for Class B release, but for non-regulars there are still other industries open. Strictly speaking, a regular does not get a Class B Release, he comes out "under Class B Release arrangements". It is a "paper" difference only.

BOY'S QUERY

I am 16 years of age, and I wish to buy myself out of the Army. Would you please send me particulars? — **Boy G. G.**

★ Buying oneself out is still in abeyance. An enlisted boy can buy his discharge only if he applies within three months of his attestation.

WHY HE SIGNED ON

When I was 16½, I joined as 18. Six years later I transferred to the reserve, was called up for the war and on the assumption that time spent on reserve counted towards pensionable service re-engaged to complete 21 years in November 1945.

Can I now claim a free discharge or buy myself out? If not, what other option can I take? — **"Anxious to know."**

★ No. A regular with unexpired Colour service is retained until it is expired when he is eligible for release with non-regulars according to age and service.

Your pension will be based on total Colour service. The period spent on Section B reserve counts to give you the required total of 21 years service for a pension but is not taken into account for the actual rate of pension.

DOUBLE UP

To settle an argument, does the Rifle Brigade double-past on ceremonial parades or not? — **Rfn. B. Simpson, HQ 1 Corps Dist.**

★ Yes. After the march-past in column, if the inspecting officer is or has been a member of the Rifle Brigade then the return march past in close column is taken at the double. Frequently the double-past has been given to inspecting officers not of the Brigade.

FORE AND AFT

What regiment wears the cap badge at the rear as well as the front of the hat? — **Cpl. R. Isham, Spr. C. Jackson, 563 Field Park Sqn, RE.**

★ The Gloucestershire Regiment. The honour was granted because they fought successfully back to back against Napoleon's men outside Alexandria in 1801.

GOING BACK

Having completed seven years Colour service I am serving an extra three months while waiting to enter a training college. Should there be a delay, can I re-engage during my release leave in the same fank and corps? — **Sgt. I. V. Golby, Command Pay Office, British Forces in France.**

My 12 years service as a regular ends next year. If I go out can I sign on again before my release leave ends and do I get my rank back? I am a substantive corporal, war-substantive WO II. — **"Serjeant-Major."**

★ Once a soldier leaves his unit on release he is not able to rejoin on his current attestation.

A soldier taking his release after 12 years Colour service will be eligible for consideration for re-enlistment on a short-service engagement of three or four years provided the scheme still operates. This short-service engagement is barred to a Section B reservist who, if he wants to serve on, is, advised to defer his release for a year (subject to the normal rules of rank and pay) or to apply for extension of service to 12 years and then go on for a pension.

If accepted for a short-service engagement "Serjeant-Major" would keep his substantive rank but not his war-substantive rank unless a vacancy occurred. He might, of course, be offered a rank lower than WO II for which there was a vacancy.

But he would not get a pension. He could only get this if he signed on for 22 years, during which time he would permanently keep his substantive rank, and retain his war-substantive rank until the peacetime promotion code starts.

RESERVE PAY

I enlisted in April, 1940 for six years with the Colours and six on the reserve. In April, 1946, the completion of my colour service, I was informed I would have to await my A & S Group which was released in June, 1946. From this date I deferred my release for two years.

Having signed on, do I lose my Reserve pay for this period, and do I receive any bounty? — **Sgt. W. Blowers, 598 Coy. RASC.**

★ You lose your reserve pay because by deferring you altered your original contract. You cannot get pay as a serving soldier and reserve pay. You will get bounty for this period, however, at the rate of £1 for each complete year or part of a year served with the Colours since your enlistment.

(More Letters on Page 46)

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MORE LETTERS

DANISH VOLUNTEER

I am a Dane serving voluntarily in the British Army for the duration of the emergency. I know that I cannot become a regular soldier without changing my nationality, but is it possible for me to sign on for a short-service regular commission? If I cannot I consider my OCTU training rather a waste of time and money.

There can be no objection from the Danish Government to my staying in the British Army as I have served my time in the Danish Army. — **Officer Cadet H. R. Holm, RAC OCTU.**

★ Sorry, regulations say that as you are not of British nationality you cannot apply for a short-service commission.

WEARING CIVVIES

Are soldiers in BAOR allowed to wear civilian clothes? — **Bdr. E. Taylor, 4 RHA, BAOR.**

★ It's all in Appendix D to BAOR GRO No. 191 of 23 May 1947. Briefly, you can wear civvies: (a) when off duty for walks starting and ending at your quarters; (b) at BAOR Leave Centres



"You cannot wear civvies on duty..."

within boundaries defined by the local commander; (c) when off duty or on leave in Belgium, Czechoslovakia, France, Norway, The Netherlands, and Denmark. (In Denmark, men below the rank of WO can wear civvies only on privilege leave.)

You cannot wear civvies: (a) on duty; (b) in any mess, office, club, canteen, dining hall or similar establishment; (c) when going to and from any party in quarters; (d) when travelling to and from leave.

You must wear civvies when visiting Sweden, Switzerland, Eire and countries for which a civilian passport and visa are necessary.

Identity documents must be carried when in civilian clothes.

PYTHON

When am I due for Python leave, and may I defer it until I am released? If not, must I apply to my unit for Python, or am I told when I am to be posted home? After Python can I return at once to BAOR? I came to BLA in June 1944, am Group 48 but deferred two years. My wife joined me here last December. — **L/Bdr. G. R. A. Welsh, British Troops, Berlin.**

★ This question affects many troops overseas who have their wives with them. On posting to Britain under Python a man is eligible to disembarkation leave depending on the time spent in Britain during his overseas tour (now three years). It is up to him to claim Python when due. (Regulars, however, including those on short-service engagements, are now called forward automatically when due for repatriation.)

He can apply via normal channels for postponement of Python for a period of six months or leave in lieu of Python (Lilop). Decision rests with HQ of his theatre. Recently the War Office stated that while it did not want to suspend entirely the choice of Lilop or deferment, in view of the shortage of quarters overseas and in order to maintain a reasonable turnover, only strong compassionate cases would be allowed to stay. A soldier's family returns to Britain when he does.

If he volunteers and is accepted for a new overseas tour he can apply for them to join him, but the success of the application depends on married quarters being available.

SEWLROM

I should have been released with Group 27 but DV'd for one year. This is now up and I have signed on for a three-years short-service engagement commencing March, 1947. Am I entitled to SEWLROM? — **Sgt. F. Burton, 37 MSD, RASC.**

★ Provided a short-service engagement of three years has been approved you are entitled to SEWLROM (see ACI 511 of 1946). This leave must be taken before 1 April 1948 and must be attached to a privilege leave. It may not be taken separately.

Two Minute Sermon

I am sure you all know the song: "We don't know where we're going till we're there" — it's a skit on the Army and the Sgt-Major. But like many other skits in life there is a great deal of truth in it.

How many of us really do know where we are going? How many of us really have any plans or purpose in life, any definite direction in which we are going?

A great number of us are super-optimists. We just hope for the best — taking any direction, any turning, any advice

that looks or sounds attractive. If we were suddenly stopped on our journey and asked where we are going — we just couldn't answer.

We have no ideas, no plans, no purpose, no ideals — we don't know where we are going till we're there.

This is a fact, isn't it? We must get a plan into life, a purpose in everything — in other words that God must show us the way to go and what to do. Which, when all that is said and done — is what Christianity is all about.

RENLEAVE

In 1945 I deferred my release for two years. As I was already serving with the Colours I applied for end-of-war leave and this was granted.

Last October I applied to extend my service to complete 12 years. Can I claim 28 days' re-engagement leave? — **Cpl. E. B. Powell, 77 Depot Control Coy RAO, 11 CPU Ord Depot.**

★ Renleave is granted to regular soldiers who extended their service to 12 years on or after 18 June 1945 provided they had at least 12 months to serve from the effective date of their extension.

THE DURATION

I volunteered at the end of 1945 and was attested for the duration of the emergency. I have now been given the Age and Service Group number of 71. Shall I be released with this group? — **Tpr. G. W. Howard, Tottenham.**

★ The emergency is not officially ended. Those of Age and Service Group 71 will be released in the normal way according to Release Regulations.

RAF TRANSFERS

I am a regular soldier with another four years to serve. Can I transfer into the RAF? — **Pte. J. Follows, 126 Transit Camp.**

★ No. The only applications at present allowed are from men who were in the ATC but were directed into the Army, or were compulsorily transferred from the RAF. In neither case can they apply if they have entered into normal Regular Army engagements.

MORALE RAISER

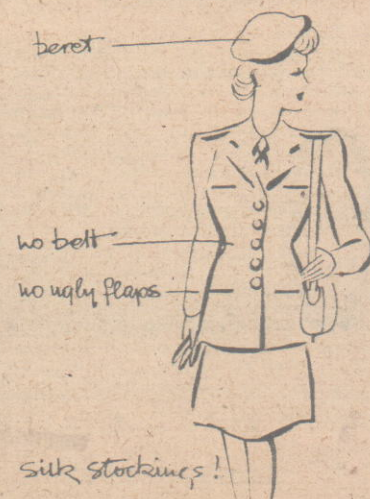
While appreciating Eric Earnshaw's sketch of a "more tailored" ATS uniform (SOLDIER, May), I don't think he realises that it is not a "more" tailored uniform we want but a tailored one.

Any tailoring done to our uniforms has been done by ourselves unless we were lucky enough to be posted to a unit with a unit tailor.

As for the new uniform, most of us, I think, would like a semi-flared skirt — divided-inverted pleat would be less embarrassing for drivers, I think — and a fitted jacket with a half-belt at the back. A long hip-skirt to the jacket — and, please, NO hip pockets, especially not with flaps to them. As for headwear, seeing it has to be worn, berets are in favour.

I hope you will print this letter as I am sure you must realise how much all this means to our morale.

P. S. We would prefer silk stockings to our present "gaiters". — **Dvr. W. Lucas Phillips, ATS, 83 Coy. RASC.**



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BADGES

To assist me in compiling a Record of Service Book for my firm (comprising some 700 ex-Servicemen) can anyone put me in touch with collectors of Army formation badges or the names and addresses of suppliers in BAOR? Badges wanted are BAOR, Brussels Garrison, Hamburg Garrison, BAOR Tank Instruction School and BAOR Infantry Instruction School. — **Major W. Chipchase Dowell, 119 Watford Road, North Wembley, Middlesex.**

LOST STARS

I am a three-star Infantryman. A few months ago I was transferred to the RAC and I am now one-star. I have no trade and my age group is too low for retraining for three-star. Can this back pay be taken from me? — **Tpr. Sturt, 2 RTR.**

★ At present a soldier who is transferred from one arm of the service to another is allowed to retain his existing star assessment for 12 months — although this period is subject to review.

ROSETTES

Can you clarify when rosettes may be worn on medal ribbons? Can a rosette on the 1939-45 Star indicate service at Dunkirk? — **Major W. A. Wood, 138 Bde Signal Sqn.**

★ If a man is eligible both for the Pacific and the Burma stars, he wears the medal ribbon for which he first qualifies and a rosette on this to indicate his award of the other. The gilt rosette on the 1939-45 Star is for air-crew in the Battle of Britain. There is no rosette for the Army.

GUARDING TITO'S BORD

SOLDIER is asked to point out the Osvobodilna Fronta, described as an illegal political party in the article with the above heading in the June issue, is in fact a legal party. It was forbidden to take part in the elections of November 1945 because it refused to abandon frontier revision as part of its campaign. Otherwise it is a legal society and merely has to notify the civil authorities of the date and place of meetings.

Flag-showing patrols are carried out on the Austrian side of the Yugoslav frontier to remind the civilian population that occupation troops are still in the country.

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