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EXCLUSIVE:
Britain's Frogmen
Pages 10-13

BAOR
EDITION

FROGMEN

THE unsung heroes of this, or any, war outnumber always by many thousands those upon whom the lime-light falls. This is not the fault of anyone in particular—least of all those who are publicly acclaimed and honoured.

It does happen, however, that in this publication of **SOLDIER** Magazine we are able to give pictures (and the unique) of some of those whose des-illiant feats have been achieved and commanded them and not to the D-Day boys whose landings in Normandy could scarcely have been achieved without them. Look at pages 10, 11, 12 and 13, and you will know why the bottom of your landing craft remained intact as you approached the beaches and why the Hun seemed somewhat (to put it mildly) puzzled thereby.

What men!

They say some of them grinned a bit when the photographs of captured Hun frogmen (who tried on a little nonsense at Nijmegen) were splashed in the public prints. Well they might do so. Furthermore, these boys, a couple of days after **SOLDIER** Magazine photographed them, upped sticks and headed for the Far East there to fox the Jap as they had foxed the supermen of the Western Hemisphere. As luck had it, their services were not required. The atomic bomb beat them to it. It is doubtful whether the Frogmen will rejoice about this, or regard it as fun lost. However that may be, **SOLDIER** Magazine takes off its hat (which means also the hats of its readers) and says to them, "Thank you very much, chum — and we mean it!"



If you want a HOUSE...

"How can I get a house?" is the question which keeps popping through **SOLDIER**'S letter-box.

There's one thing you can do towards it. You can obtain from your CO a housing application form which you can send to the Clerk of the Council of the place where you lived before joining up, or of the place in which you are going to work when you are released. But don't apply to more than one council!

You are advised, if possible, to join your family when you are released, even if this means sharing a house with relatives or friends, or living in lodgings. You should do all you can to find accommodation for yourselves. For further information: AC1 859/45.

SOLDIER LETTERS

FACTS OF RELEASE

May I suggest that through an editorial you should press for a weekly authentic statement on demobilisation, to be issued by the Ministry of Labour and covering all three services? It should give details to date of number released under A and B, of groups covered and of civilian trades concerned. It should show age details and number of men still retained in the services, age details of men being called up and of men below 30 who are exempt from call-up because of being key men and not for medical reasons. It might include details of men who have been "demobbed" for two, four or six months and are still unemployed, and the numbers of those demobilised who are undergoing training or education. Many other details may be suggested by other readers, but let us have a full weekly statement. Monday at 10 a. m. would be a welcome time for such a publication. — **Cpl. N. A. Shearer, 9 A A W/S Coy., REME.**

NO DOGS

I read a while back in a Sunday newspaper that all men here were allowed to take or send a dog home, and that CO's of units had been instructed to give all aid they could. But today I heard from a clerk in our office that a new order has been issued forbidding taking dogs into transit camps.

I am expecting leave shortly, and had set my heart on taking my dog with me, to do his six months quarantine by the time my demob. comes round. — **Pte. J. Michael, 155 Coy, Pioneer Corps.**

★ *21 Army Group Routine Order 1516 said: "There is apparently an impression that private pets may now be taken back with personnel returning to UK. No such authority has been given and it is, therefore, stressed that no dogs or cats may be imported into UK without a proper licence from the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. In addition, in accordance with regulations, shipment in Service vessels is at present prohibited."* — **Ed., SOLDIER.**



"I had set my heart on taking my dog with me"

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

Mr. Lowndes, talking of the "slowest clock in the world" (**SOLDIER** No. 12), defies anyone to detect movement in wheel No. 6 and challenges anyone to prove that it is rotating. What would happen if a similar apparatus were made, geared up in the same ratio instead of down, and coupled to wheel No. 6? Would the final spindle of the second clock commence to revolve at 50 revs per second (the original speed of the electric motor)? Would this not prove that wheel No. 6 was moving? Also, would it be possible to stop the electric motor by applying force to turn wheel No. 6 in the reverse direction? — **Cpl. J. E. Claridge, HQ, British Army of the Rhine.**

AGAINST EVOLUTION

You have published articles on "Evolution" by Mr. Ashley G. Lowndes. It would be fair to hear the scientific case against evolution as well. So many glib assertions and sweeping dogmatic statements are made by evolutionists that many people assume it to be both proved and unanswerable.

For a beginning, Mr. Lowndes misstates the theory of Special Creation. It does NOT state that the Creator "left the earth and all it contains to go its own way". Nor does it affirm "the earth was created with everything on it complete."

The only real definition of Special Creation is found in Holy Scripture. There is explained the sustaining as well as creative power of God. As well as beginning, He upholds, preserves, and vivifies. Creation was succeeded by a command to "be fruitful and multiply", and the population of the earth has gone on increasing. All creatures reproduced "after their kind" and have been

doing so ever since. Seagulls produced seagulls then, and Mr. Lowndes in his example does not show that the variation produced in the seagull-kind in the Western Highlands is changing seagulls into something else. Too many scientists confuse variation in reproduction with evolution.

I doubt whether Mr. Lowndes could make a good case for his belief that evolution proves the existence of a Creator. God has been pretty well bowed out of His Creation, and in evolutionary thought His power is needed neither to originate nor evolve the species we see today.

But on scientific grounds alone, the evolutionary case is very thin. That Darwin's idea is "incorrect in almost every word" is but a reminder that evolution is only a constantly changing theory. — **Capt. L. G. White RAMC, 24 Br CCS.**

BACK TO MOTHER?

"Python" suggests sending "C" men here (**SOLDIER** No. 12). I served eleven years in the East, the last two as a graded man, and during that period I saw action and served under conditions about which even A1 men groused. With thousands of other C1 men I have been here for over a year now. Although unfit, we made roads at Arramanches while knee-deep in mud,

guarded prisoners, ate and slept in mud, and while doing an A1 man's job carried on without grouching or moaning about our disabilities. We need men out here, so let "Python" get back to his mother instead of reminding better men of their physical disabilities. — **"Disgusted Old Soldier", (Name and address supplied).**

CAN YOU TASTE IT?

I read about the sampling of German beer by Pte. Jackson and Pte. Bird in "Mine's Bitter" (**SOLDIER** No. 10), and was rather surprised how quickly the best beer was chosen. I was under the impression that all these old beer drinkers had to drink about ten pints before they started tasting it. I can imagine their disappointment on having to make up their minds so quickly. — **L/Cpl. A. F. Bootes, 262 Field Coy, RE.**

IT COUNTS

Is it correct that service with the BEF and BLA does not count as Foreign Service, and therefore does not count towards overseas leave when released? — **L/Cpl. S. M. Watson, Wksp. Platoon, 531 Coy, RASC. (Inf. Bde).**

★ *It is NOT correct. Such service does count towards discharge leave, according to War Office Demob Branch.*

Ed., SOLDIER.

TO BE A FARMER

I have read an article in **SOLDIER** (No. 10) dealing with farming. In it was mentioned a scheme to be adopted by the Ministry of Agriculture for training ex-Servicemen as farmers. I am keen to be able to take advantage of a chance to be trained in agriculture. Could you help me to get details of any such scheme, and how I could apply for training? I am especially interested in the dairy side. — **Cpl. R. Buchanan, 1 SWG.**

★ *A comprehensive scheme for training ex-Servicemen in all kinds of agriculture is already in operation, although "training farms" will not open until October. After demobilisation you should apply to your local Ministry of Labour and National Service office, where, if judged eligible, you will be sent for selection to a branch of the War Agricultural Executive Committee. You will get free travel warrants for the journeys you make to the selection board. You will be "eligible" if you have been "unable to start*

Snapshot (2)

on

JOBS

CAN YOU DRIVE?

Thousands of drivers in the RASC, the RAC, and other mobile units may be wondering whether their driving experience will help them find a job in Civvy Street.

"Driving jobs" divide roughly into coach and bus driving (public transport), lorry driving (commercial transport), and private hire (taxi services). The London Passenger Transport Board says: "Before a man is a driver he serves his time as a conductor. Drivers in London earn about £5 7s weekly, and work a 48-hour week. As yet there is no information about coach drivers. Our coaches may be running again this year, next year, or any year. Applicants for jobs with LPTB should apply to our HQ at Chiswick." By late autumn this year it is hoped that London bus services will be extended, and large numbers of men will be required to operate them. In outlying districts men with heavy driving experience can obtain direct entry as drivers after training at local garages and final testing on "grease pan" standards at Chiswick.

TRUCK DRIVING

Pickfords Ltd, a firm which operates a country-wide fleet of lorries, says: "We usually give preference to ex-Servicemen. Our former employees now in the Services will get first consideration. Our drivers must have held a licence for at least five years, with no record of serious accidents. New drivers are tested by official 'testers' trained by the Ministry of War Transport. Average pay is about £5 a week, with more for drivers of vehicles over six or eight tons. Our rates are union rates. As many of our drivers are absorbed within the firm there are always good chances for promotion to foremen and checkers."

PRIVATE HIRE

If you wish to run your own car service, and assuming you have already purchased your vehicle, you must apply to the Petroleum Board for petrol. The prospects at the moment are not good unless you were in the business before the war. The Board says: "No further allowances are being made to anyone who was not in the business before the war — except in the case of ex-Servicemen sent to us by the Ministry of Labour who can prove that they have no other means of livelihood. These regulations apply only so long as rationing of petrol continues." In order to start in this business you should have a clean driving licence, a vehicle fully insured, and a "hackney carriage licence."

TRAINING

Bus drivers are distributed to various garages where they are trained as "L" drivers, and finally pass a test at the headquarters depot. In specialised commercial driving you may have to start as driver's mate until accustomed to trailer work.

or complete training for a skilled occupation, or if you require training necessary for you to obtain employment of a satisfactory kind suitable to your general capacity." If you have no previous experience you will get a year's training on a farm — free — or you may be sent to a "farm institute". Full details of pay, allowances, clothing, travel, and accommodation can be obtained by writing direct to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries at 55, Whitehall, London, SW. 1. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

THE FIGHTING 49th

POLAR BEAR SIGN
MEANT ICE-COOL
HEADS...



SHELL-FRAGMENTS striking your helmet are no fun soon after a sea-borne landing. The early anxieties of the Normandy toe-hold weren't meant for troops with a touch of the green.

Many men of the 49th (West Riding) Division had seen action in the fateful Norway campaign, and they took up the monumental job in a hurry. They had come from the Arctic monotony of Iceland, these men, and one of the first to know they meant business was "Lord Haw-Haw." He called them "Butcher Bears" early in the campaign.

At the time the 49th were pole-axing Germans at Rauray. It was one of the first determined attacks to hurl the invading army back to the beaches. Tanks and infantry were thrown in. It was now or never for the Wehrmacht, and it failed.

If aggressive defence is butchery, then "Haw-Haw" was right. I prefer to call it "guts". It may depend on which side you're on. But stay with the 49th a short time, and watch men's faces. You will see the look of triumph and achievement that has its origin in work well done.

The Division, which makes its main call on the North-country, had no small part in the Normandy battles. After fighting in the Bocage-country, it launched its first full-scale attack against Fontenay Le Pesnil. Enshrouding mist plus a German smoke screen blotted the battlefield, but a grip was held on the road to Tilly, and Tiger tanks were no barrier for the break-through to the road to Juvigny.

Sore at the loss of Rauray, the Wehrmacht decided to talk back in no uncertain fashion. It cost them 40 tanks and they didn't retrieve Rauray, although many of the Polar Bear units took a lot of punishment.

Prisoners rolled into the cages in the thrust east from the Falaise pocket to the banks of the Seine in a crow-flight advance of 50 miles, and then came Le Havre.

As an Infantryman I like the capture of Le Havre. Big casualty lists make inspiring reading for posterity but a clean quick job is more satisfactory to the man on the spot. You want perfect timing and co-ordination.

Storming the coastal fortress of Le Havre must have given our men in high places a headache. Le Havre was a threatening spear in the side of our pursuit forces. It had to fall.

With armoured support, the 49th had a main role in an attack that history will recognise as a "set-piece". Only

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

LE BENY BOCAGE

The long chase of the 49th began in the wooded country lanes of one of the loveliest parts of Normandy.



FONTENAY-LE-PESNIL Troops of the 49th move up through the shell-torn village after launching their first full-scale attack.



TILLY Firing from a sunken lane on to German-held positions outside the town.

ARNHEM THRUST The 7 Duke of Wellington's Regt going into action with an SP against Dutch SS troops outside Arnhem.



Street fighting in blazing Arnhem among clouds of smoke and falling dust.



Smashing in the door of a house in Arnhem to search for a Nazi sniper who was still firing through the flames.



There was bitter street fighting before the whole of the burning town was in our hands.

The Fighting 49th CONTINUED

36 hours after the assault began, the garrison fell, and out trooped 12,000 prisoners. It takes a top-ranking division to pull off such a feat.

I'm thinking now of Corporal Harper, of the Hallamshires, who won a posthumous VC. It happened on the Belgian canal lines. His battalion was clearing the Depot de Mendicité.

Against the rap of bullets and bursting mortar fire, he led the assault on an enemy throned behind an earthen wall. Later he gave his platoon covering fire single-handed, then reconnoitred a dyke, finding a ford under murderous Spandau fire. He was a brave man.

Have you ever been on the "island" north of Nijmegen? They called it "No Man's Water". No, you didn't like it. Neither did the 49th, but they had to spend four months there, from the end of November until the beginning of April. Day and night patrolling went on under the worst of conditions.

Twice there were short, but fierce, running battles started by the Wehrmacht who gave up after they had been badly mauled.

By blowing the dams in December, the Boche had flooded nearly three-quarters of the island. Then a 'thin coating of ice formed, and the snow fell. With the thaw, each company or platoon occupied a small island, separated from the others by a swirling current of deep floodwater. But aggressive sorties were kept up all the time. The task here was probably the nearest approach in this war to the drudgery of the last. A static role, but this winter bog-down was the northern pivot for the Allied columns knifing into the vitals of Germany.

On clear days, north of the "island," the forward line of the Division could see the fortified citadel of Arnhem. It had won both fame and ill-repute as the battlefield of the First Airborne Division the previous September.

It both menaced and tantalised. The thought of the men was, "I wish to blazes we could get cracking and take the place. Sitting here week in and week out, gives me the willies".

One afternoon the General called a conference and explained a plan, the object of which was the breaking out

of the hated "island" and the capture of Arnhem. I wish you'd been there. Faces bore that rapture of danger, which doesn't make sense to the Civvy.

Tactically, the significance of the fall of Arnhem meant the freedom of 21 Army Group to drive along the real main road to Hamburg.

Searchlights cast an eerie light over that night of the assault. Rocket-firing Typhoons of the West Riding squadron of the RAF joined the artillery barrage, and salvos of ground rockets fired at 350 a time. Sweating gunners on 25-pounders kept up the last ten minutes at five rounds a minute. Buffaloes, manned by the RAC, and stormboats came in to ferry the attackers across the 120-foot span of the fast-flowing Issel.

The Navy joined in, too. In one instance, they disembarked a whole battalion from landing craft in Arnhem itself.

Yes, it was an all-in affair. Nature's perversity and sheer bad luck couldn't be excluded.

Treacherous ground bogged the approaching Buffaloes. Shell fire broke the cables. Wireless contact broke down, and the pontoon bridge floating down the river set out ahead of schedule. It passed a Boche river-bank stronghold only one minute after the place had been wiped out.

But the Germans also had their troubles. A sudden switch in the 49th plan got them guessing and they placed their hardest hitting force in the wrong spot. The speed of the attack confounded them.

Polar Bear infantry surged through the crumbled masonry of the citadel in record time. Canadian armour filled the streets, crossing the Class 40 bridge less than 12 hours after the attack started. The odd sniper was soon settled.

North of Arnhem is Aldershot country. Released from months of waterlogged existence, the 49th raced on to clean up the fugitive dots before them in a plan that followed the pattern of the Prince of Wales feathers. Four times after that came the high order, "Hey, not so fast or so far".

Incidentally, it's significant that three live Polar Bears were found at Arnhem Zoo.

And the 11 Canadian Armoured Regi-



The Kensingtons presented HRH Princess Juliana of the Netherlands with a cheque for £1,100 for the Dutch Red Cross when, with Major-General S. B. Rawlins, she inspected them at Nijmegen.

ment have two Polar Bear divisional signs sewn on their colours. They asked for them after the Arnhem show. The respect was mutual.

What did the Germans think? On that V-day clean-up when nearly 50,000 of them wound their way to the prison cages through the lines of the 49th, the Div. General told a senior German officer: "You must realise that the 49th Division has fought and beaten your divisions in war. You will now do as you are told."

The German officer paused thoughtfully. He pointed to the Polar Bear sign, and said: "Yes, we understand, we know that sign."

During the campaign the Division has been led by Lt. Gen Sir Evelyn H. Barker, KCB, CBE, DSO, MC, Major-General G. H. A. MacMillan, CB, CBE, DSO, MC, and Major-General S. B. Rawlins, CB, CBE, DSO, MC, who was the victor of Arnhem.

And here are the regiments: In the

146th Brigade, are the 1/4 KOYLI, the Hallamshire Bn of the York and Lancasters, and the 4th Lincolns. The 7th Duke of Wellington's Regiment is in the 147th Brigade with the 1st. Leicesters and the 11th Royal Scots Fusiliers. In the early days there were the 70th Brigade, later replaced by the 56th.

The 70th comprised the 10th and 11th Durham Light Infantry and the 1st. Tyneside Scottish. In the 56th Brigade are serving the 2nd Essex, the 2nd Gloucestershires and the 2nd South Wales Borderers. Machine gunners are the Kensingtons.

The Div. has a dashing Recce Regt. The artillery boys are the 143 Field Regt RA, the 69 Field Regt RA, the 89th LAA Regt RA and the Suffolk Yeomanry, who are the anti-tank gunners. The 185 Field Regt RA were with the Polar Bears until they reached Nijmegen, when, just before the assault on Arnhem, they were replaced by the 74th Field Regt. R. D. MARSHALL (Capt.)



NIJMEGEN Gateway to the Rhine brought a return to static warfare of 1914-18. Tired men relax in the streets.



LE HAVRE Was taken after a "clean, quick job" in which the 49th had a "set-piece" to do. These Infantrymen led the way.



Sgt. Sam Corner (left) and Sgt. Eric Hudson sit, smoke and eat among some of the bombs from which they have taken the sting. Both have the BEM.

Sergeant Sam Corner, 44-years-old Liverpool bricklayer, who joined Bomb Disposal in September, 1941 and has served with No 2 Company ever since, has a personal interest in "Satan", an ordinary impact-fuse bomb which failed to explode when it crashed into the garden of a house at Warrener-rd, Battersea and buried itself 20ft under the earth.

He had previously recovered dozens of UXB's, the official designation for unexploded bombs, from various parts of South London, but this was his first really big bomb. "It was an easy job, though", says Sergeant Corner, "because all I had to do was to remove the fuse. It was an 'impact' so there was nothing to worry about."

This attitude is typical of the BD Sappers throughout the Army, and explains why not one man has taken advantage of the offer that if he felt the strain too great he could leave Bomb Disposal after having served six months.

None Backed Out

But Sergeant Corner admits that he was a "little bit scared", once when he went out with his section to deal with a bomb that had landed at an ammunition dump, and again when he tackled his first clockwork long-delay action bomb. "But after you have put a few of them in the bag you don't worry—at least I never did. I was always so darned interested in the bomb itself."

mouth. Shortly after his arrival the German Air Force concentrated on the destruction of the famous city and port. Night after night for more than two months the Bomb Disposal men worked ceaselessly, locating, marking out excavations, digging, and disposing of the bombs that had either failed to go off, or were fitted with clockwork fuses or "booby-trap" anti-handling devices. Several officers and men lost their lives when bombs exploded prematurely, and on one occasion two officers and six men were blown to pieces when a bomb went off just after they had excavated it and were loading it on a lorry.

"First is Worst"

By 21 May Captain Price's men of 152 and 153 Sections had removed and disarmed 374 unexploded bombs, some of them with the assistance of another section of Bomb Disposal men sent to Plymouth for short periods at the peak of the raids. Their bag included one 2,400-lb "heavy", eleven 1000-lb and 150 500-lb bombs, the remainder being the small but very dangerous 100-lb bombs. Of this total 18 bombs were fitted with long-delay fuses, and 20 with anti-handling fuses.

"The first bomb is always the worst", says Captain Price. "My first bomb was a 'delayed-action', but we got away with it, by several hours. Later, after you've taken out a few, you feel easier, but always as you dig down you wonder

precisely on the edge, and leaving only a few feet between the side of the vehicle and a brick wall.

"Bombs were whistling down all around me, so I eased the vehicle through the gap with only inches to spare", says Captain Price. "The smoke was very dense and fires were raging everywhere I looked. I pushed on, peering through the smoke and watching for craters, until I reached the Police Station. A constable told me the bomb was round the corner, so I stopped the car and walked round to where the bomb, which I recognised as a small 100-lb one, was lying in the gutter. Jerry used to fit these with anti-handling fuses, and I was a bit scared, as I pushed the thing with my foot, that it might explode. God was with me that night. The bomb rolled over, and didn't go off, and there I was standing in the middle of the road still in one piece. I felt like tempting Providence that night, picked up the bomb, shoved it in the back of the car and drove off, heading for the disposal dump. As I got into one of the main streets I saw an old woman, staggering along by the blazing buildings, apparently not knowing what she was doing. Jerry planes were overhead and the bombs were crashing down very close to us, so I pulled up and shouted, 'Jump in here, Mother.' The old lady ran across and sat down beside me. She turned round and said, 'Thank you, my prayers have been answered. I

CROYDON INCIDENT 1941—1945



1 Removing the "Woe Waters" bomb at Croydon is a big business. Here is a stage in the excavation work—soil from the shaft being loaded for removal.

"Don't touch it - it might go off" is a rule which should be strictly observed by souvenir hunters. Here are some experiences of the men whose duty it is to break that rule - the Bomb Disposal Companies, RE.

Death Sat on the

of times in the removal and disarming of unexploded bombs. They have worked as deep as 60-feet underground, high up in office buildings, in cemeteries and on railway embankments. No place has proved too inaccessible for them to tackle.

Iron Nerve Needed

It is work which requires determination and cold-blooded courage. They have removed the fuses from every type of enemy bomb, and rendered harmless the most diabolical contrivances in the form of anti-handling fuses and clockwork delayed-action mechanisms liable to set off the charge while being removed. Every time they were called out after a raid death went along with them and sat on the edge of the crater while they laboured.

Sometimes a bomb exploded while they were trying to remove the fuse or empty it of explosive; sometimes a delayed-action bomb went up while it was being taken away on the back of a lorry. Many brave men were killed and hundreds wounded, but throughout the long years of war the Bomb Disposal Sappers fought this menace and finally conquered it.

With such a history it is not surprising that the Sappers of 2 BD Coy have scant respect for the grisliest

legend, and can dismiss superstition with a shrug of the shoulders. The bomb in Woe Waters is just another bomb which must be removed. A shaft 40-ft deep has been dug down, and shored up with stout timber. Special pumps have been installed to drain the bed of the shaft of the 900 gallons of water which invade it every night, and to combat the flow of 150,000 gallons an hour sweeping down from the chalk hills. Every morning for two hours the pumps are in action, sucking out the water, and slowly but surely the Sappers are digging their way through the mud and the chalk to the spot where the bomb has already been located by special instruments.

Next to "Satan"

When they uncover the bomb and bring it to the surface, the Sappers will deal with it in the same way as they have dealt with thousands of other bombs, and when it is disarmed the empty case will join the scores of other dead bombs lying in a forlorn heap back at Company headquarters in Mitcham, awaiting disposal for salvage.

It will occupy a place of honour, in view of the trouble it has caused, next to "Satan", the huge two-ton German bomb recovered by one of the Company's sections in February 1941.

Sergeant Corner has been awarded the British Empire Medal in recognition of his fine record.

His friend, Sergeant Eric Hudson, aged 30, of Low Rd, Conisborough, Doncaster, joined No 2 BD Coy about the same time as Sergeant Corner, and wears the ribbon of the BEM on his battledress as a reward for gallant work. Sergeant Hudson is the man who "steams out" the explosive from the bombs after cutting holes in the main body with a special appliance designed to lessen the danger should an explosion take place. Particularly is he the "Priority Number One Man" when the unearthed bomb is found to possess an anti-handling device — which almost invariably means the explosion of the bomb if it is moved or subjected to great vibration — or when a long-delay fused bomb has to be disposed of.

Plymouth's Ordeal

Capt. Brompton Price is a quiet, unassuming man who wears the George Medal ribbon for gallantry in bomb disposal operation in the West Country, and a wound stripe on his sleeve. He accepted a direct commission into Bomb Disposal in 1940, and in the Spring of 1941 found himself in charge of two sections of No 7 BD Coy at Ply-

Edge of the Crater

what kind of bomb you are going to meet. But there's no point in thinking about it too much, until the bomb is discovered and the earth is scraped away around the fuse to reveal the type. At least we have the consolation of knowing that if the thing does go up it's a quick death — no messing about or being left a cripple for life."

Here in Captain Price's own words is a graphic account of one of the many incidents, in which he was involved while at Plymouth.

The Field of Furniture

Sitting in the Company Office late at night during one of the very heavy German raids on Plymouth in April, 1941, Captain Price received an urgent call to deal with an unexploded bomb that had fallen a few yards from the police station. Jumping into a utility vehicle he always kept within reach in case of such an emergency, Captain Price drove down into a Plymouth brightly lit by flames. As he passed a football ground where thousands of pieces of furniture, placed there by those who had already been bombed out of their homes, were ablaze, lighting up a vast area of the city, Captain Price was halted by a large crater in the centre of the road, a bus perched

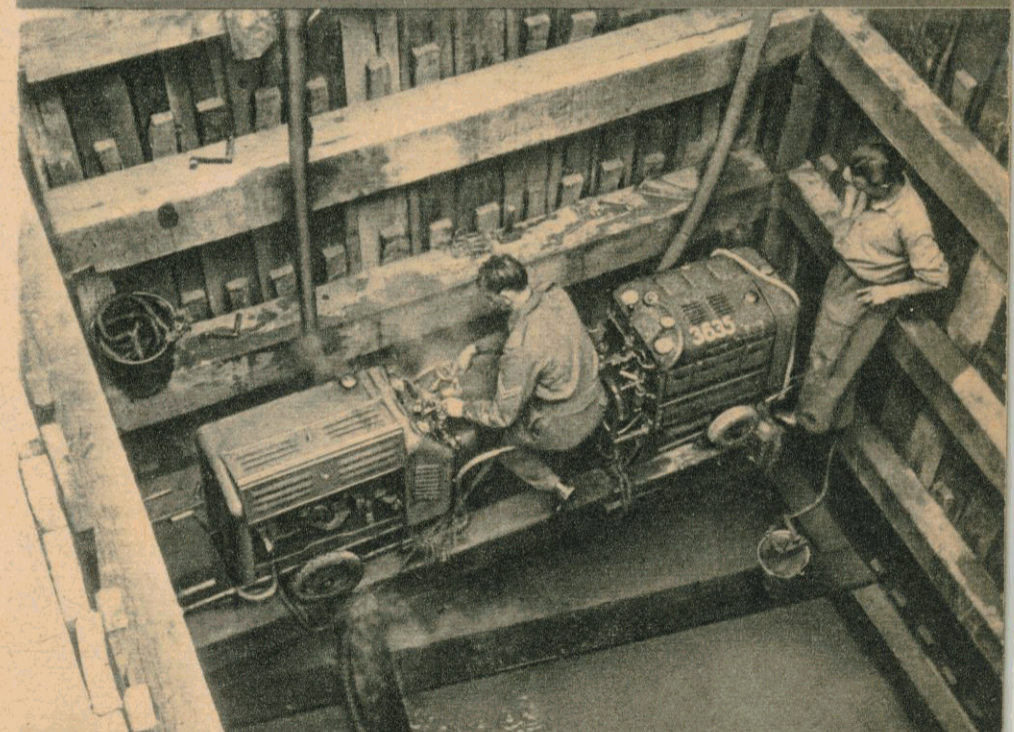
hadn't the nerve to tell her that I had a bomb in the back of the car."

These, then, are some of the men and brave exploits of the Bomb Disposal Companies who during the war disposed of over 45,000 unexploded HE bombs, thousands of our own AA shells which failed to explode, and countless incendiary and other small missiles. Bomb disposal companies have seen service not only in Great Britain, but in all other theatres of war, and some are now in the Far East dealing with unexploded Japanese bombs. Since the early days of 1940, when a pick and shovel and lots of courage were the Sappers' only weapons, secret instruments and contrivances have been invented to combat all known types of fuses and bombs.

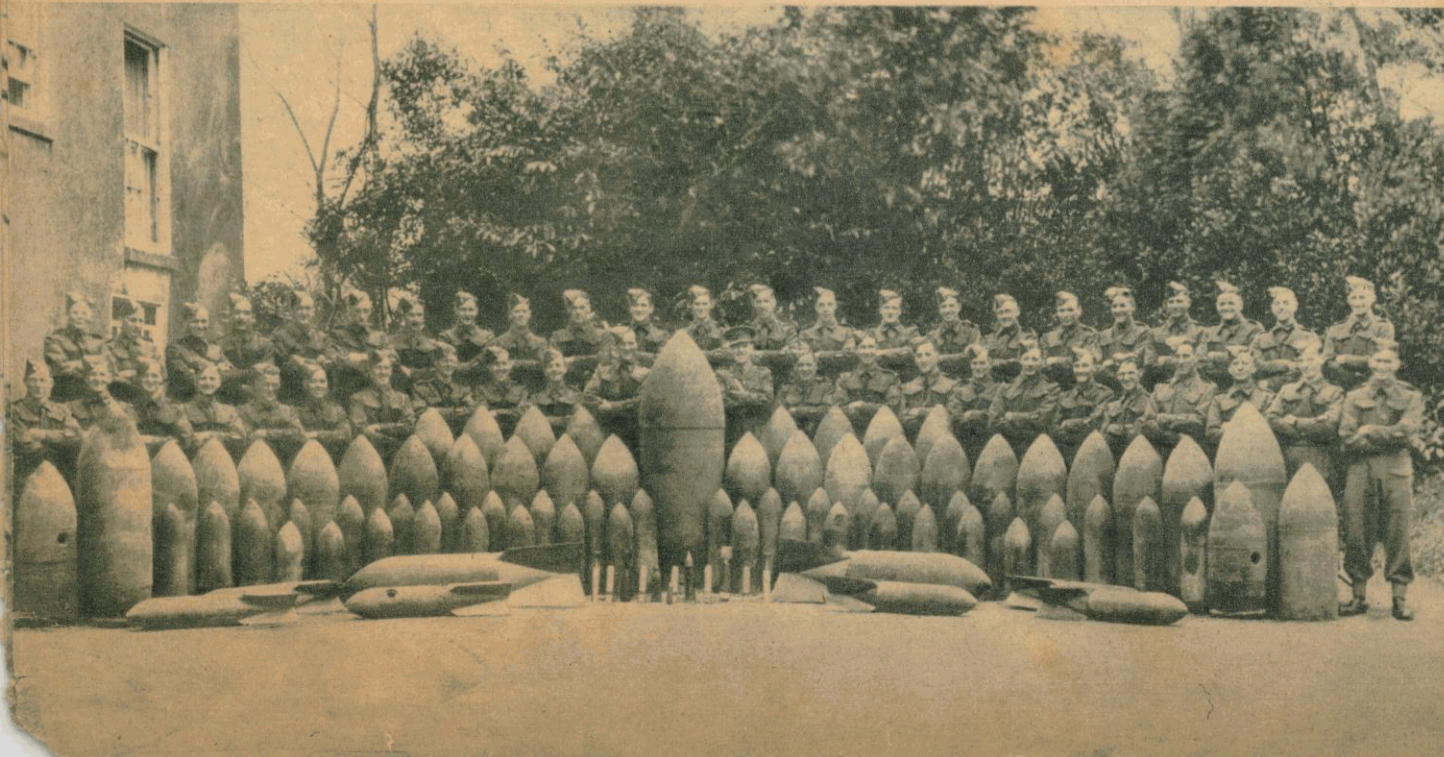
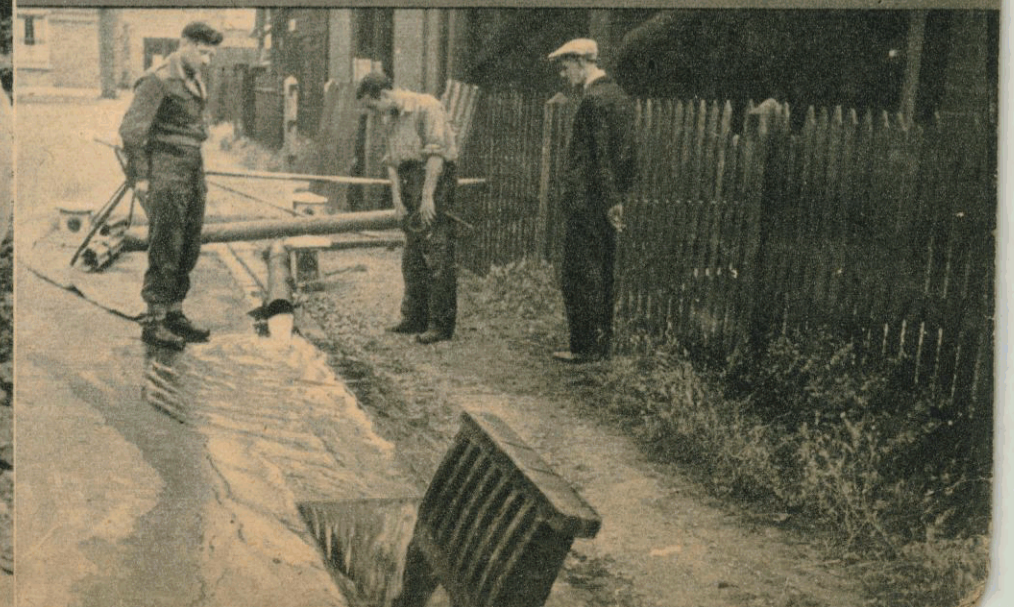
But their work in Britain is not yet over. Every day bombs which fell during the raids and were considered "safe to leave" are being dug up and disarmed. Mines are being cleared from the beaches, and secret booby-traps, intended to hinder the enemy had he decided to invade us, are being rendered harmless. A large number of these mines are buried under sand and fallen rocks. Their detection and removal is a long task, but the work will go on until the last danger is removed from our land.

E. J. GROVE (LIEUT.)

2 High - pressure pumps at work in the Croydon shaft, which has to be elaborately shored. Water flows in from the chalk hills of the district.



3 The end of "Woe Waters." As water is pumped from the shaft it is led by pipes to the gutter outside the wood-yard where the bomb fell in 1941, and disappears down the drain.



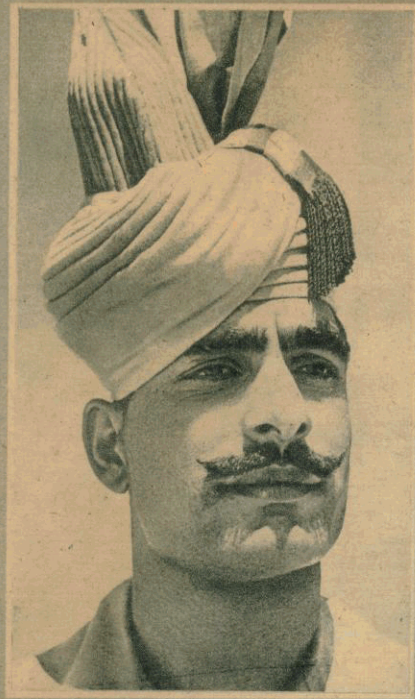
SEVENTY SIX BOMBS HERE

They are one-fifth of the total dealt with by 152 and 153 Sections, 7 Bomb Disposal Coy, RE in two months in the Plymouth area, during the blitz.

CRITICAL MOMENT

The last stage in the excavation of a 2,000-pounder at St. Peter's Avenue, Woodford, Essex. Capt. B. Price, GM, directs operations.





Punjabi MUSSULMAN

These men are enlisted in greater numbers in the India Army than any other class.



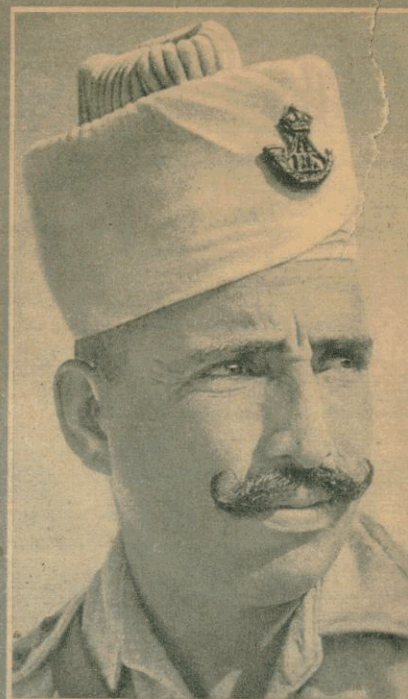
SIKHS

Big strong men whose religion forbids them to cut hair or beard. The only soldiers to go into action without steel helmets.



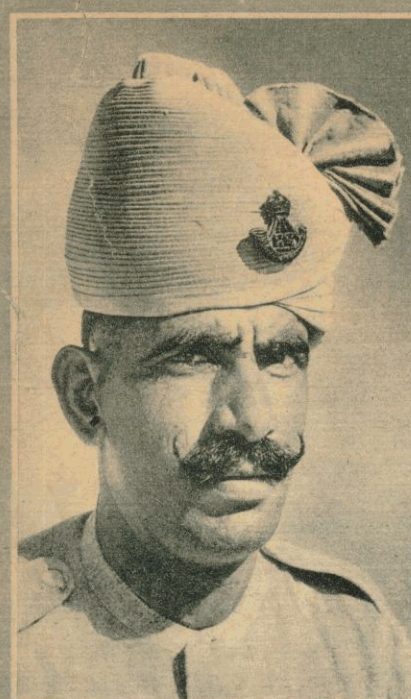
DOGRAS

Stocky tough little Hindus from the Himalayas in the eastern Punjab and south of Kashmir.



JATS

Stolid worthy Hindu farmers from the southern Punjab and the United Provinces.



RAJPUTS

Extremely proud of their heritage as the original warrior caste of India. They come from the Punjab and Rajputana



MAHRATTAS

Dour, unsmiling dark-skinned little men from the Deccan of an ancient fighting race



PATHANS

Wild tribesmen from the North-western frontier. Skilful thieves but loyal and first-class soldiers



GERHALIS

Hindu hillmen from the Himalayas, very like Gurkhas in appearance

Britain's Other Armies

No 2: India

Men of all races and beliefs are learning new ideas and toleration in the Indian Army that is helping them to unity

HER SOLDIERS ARE

INDIA'S fighting men have again shown their greatness in this war. On the battle fronts of the world they have demonstrated again that the men of India can rise above caste and creed to strive together for a common end.

One of the first things an Indian soldier learns when he enlists is that his is not the only religion in the world, and he soon appreciates that the only way the Army can hope to succeed is through co-operation. He learns to tolerate, if he does not learn to understand, the other man's point of view.

He is helped in this respect by the tolerance which is shown his own beliefs. If he is a Mussulman he will want to eat no pork. If he is a Hindu he will refuse to eat the cow, which is sacred to him. So neither pork nor beef is ever seen in Indian Army rations; the men get goat or mutton.

Meat Worries

The Mussulman's meat must come from an animal that has had its throat cut and has bled to death; Hindu meat must be from an animal that has been killed by a single sharp blow. All food must be cooked separately and carried in separate containers. Water for Mussulman and Hindu must come from different taps. A Hindu's cooking must be done by one of his own class.

These demands, all based originally on some sound hygienic or other practical need, are all complied with.

The Indian Army of today began with the watch-keepers employed by the East India Company in the eighteenth century to protect its trading stations. Gradually they evolved into three armies belonging to the great Presidencies of Bombay, Bengal and Madras, into which India was split for administration.

It was Clive who first conceived the idea of organising native battalions with British officers on the lines of European armies, and some of the features he introduced remain today.

Until the Indian Mutiny of 1857, the East India Company administered the armies but after that time control was transferred to the Crown. The three Presidency armies were abolished in 1895 and geographical commands were established. In 1903 Kitchener regrouped and renamed units on an all-India basis, for the first time establishing a real Indian Army.

In 1922 and 1923, the Infantry was reorganised on a regimental basis.

The famous Gurkhas, though an integral part of the Indian Army, are a separate entity. They are not Indians, nor are they subjects of the King-Emperor; they come from the indepen-

A Bren gunner gives covering fire to Sikhs who moved forward through smoke and heavy mortar-fire past Consalvi in Italy with the Eighth Army



UNITING INDIA

dent Kingdom of Nepal, a small state on the northeast frontier of India.

In peacetime, about a third of the Indian Army is on permanent active service on the turbulent North-West Frontier. Often its actions there are only skirmishes with tribesmen, but in major operations such as the Waziristan campaign of 1923-24 and the Mohmand war of 1935, a much higher proportion of the Indian Army is likely to be engaged.

The result is that when a major war breaks out nearly all the Indian Army has some experience of active warfare.

It has been a training ground for commanders such as Gen. Auchinleck, Gen. Bill Slim, 14th Army's commander, and Lt. Gen. Messervy, now commanding the successful 4th Corps in Burma. All of whom are Indian Army officers.

Those Wild Devils

In the 1914-18 war, Indian troops fought in France, Asia Minor, the Middle East and East Africa and, beginning with the Royal Indian Army Service Corps in France in 1940, the Indian Army has seen service in every phase of this war except the SW. Pacific.

In East Africa, two of the Indian Army's most famous Divisions — the 4th and 5th — saw a run of successes that culminated in the surrender of the Duke of Aosta.

From the fall of Sidi Barrani to the Cape Bon debacle there were always Indian troops in North Africa. A token of the respect in which they were held by the Germans is this extract from a captured note written by a German staff officer: "So long as the 7th Armoured Division and the Red Eagle Division (the German name for the 4th Indian Division derived from their Divisional flash, a red eagle in flight) are in the desert we must watch out. They will be the spearhead of any attack — English tankmen supported by those wild Indian devils."

Though it was obliterated almost to a man, the 3rd Indian Motor Brigade stood fast in a magnificent action at Mechili against all Rommel's panzers and enabled the Tobruk garrison to prepare its defences for the siege. Later, the 5th and 10th Indian Divisions played a vital part in stopping Rommel at Alamein.

Three Indian Divisions, the 4th, 8th and 10th, went over to Italy and were

in the front of the three parallel advances up the length of Italy.

In the war against Japan, the Indian Army has played a bigger part than most people realise. It bore its losses in Malaya and ten divisions took part in the Burma fighting. They include the 3rd (the Chindits), the 5th, which added the gruelling monsoon advance down the Tiddim road to the honours it earned in Africa, and the 19th, the famous "Dagger" Division which took Mandalay.

More than seventy per cent. of the troops that thrashed the Japs in Burma are Indian Army.

About a third of an Indian Division consists of British troops — usually a battalion of British troops in a Brigade, as well as a percentage of HQ troops. The arrangement works well. British and Indian Infantry battalions side by side achieve a divisional spirit that for some reason seems to be higher than in other divisions.

In many families, especially of the martial classes, the Army is a traditional career and the young men enlist as soon as they reach manhood.

From these families come many of the Viceroy Comissioned Officers, Risaldars and Jemadars in the Cavalry, and Subedars and Jemadars in the Infantry. These VCOs function as junior commanders in charge of troops and platoons. Grizzled veterans, patriarchal in appearance, become Risaldar-Majors and Subedar-Majors, senior VCOs in their units and the CO's personal contacts with their Indian ranks.

More Indian Officers

Steady progress is being made with a policy of complete Indianisation of the Indian Army. More and more Indians are taking the King's Commission and more than forty per cent. of the Indian Army's officers today are Indians; only the weakness of India's educational system is now holding up the progress of the scheme.

In 1942, for the first time, an Indian holding the King's Commission was appointed to command an active battalion in the field. Since then Brigadier Thimaya has been the first Indian to command a Brigade in the field — in the Arakan; his Brigade was all-Indian, with Indian CO's for the battalions.

Indianisation is helping to bring India's races together, for officers are usually of different races from their men; thus a Sikh officer may command

Punjabi Mussulmans or a Dogra may command Pathans. Then the majority of battalions, in spite of their names, contain mixed races; one might include a company of Punjabi Mussulmans, a company of Sikhs, one of Dogras and one of Jats, though its regimental name might be any one of those.

During this war the Indian Army has carried out one or two social experiments which bode well for the future of India.

It has formed the 1st Chamars (leatherworkers) composed entirely of untouchables from the Punjab.

Another new formation consists of untouchables from the Central Provinces and Bombay. The First Sikh Light Infantry is composed of low-caste Sikhs serving for the first time as fighting men. Bihars, who have not been recruited since the Indian Mutiny of 1857, and aborigines from Central India, who have never been recruited at all, are now fighting.

In all these cases, admission into the ranks of fighting men is a tremendous boost to the self-respect of the people concerned and to their prestige among other races.

RICHARD ELLEY (CAPT.)



MADRASSIS

Dark-skinned Hindus from the south of India whose forebears were the original fighting men of the Indian Army.

Sikhs enter Giovanni Berta, in Libya ready with bayonets to ferret out lurking snipers



GURKHAS

with rifle and bayonet in one hand and deadly kukri in the other, charge in the Western Desert



The Frogman's swimming suit is a second skin of heavy but supple rubber.



And now **OUR FROG MEN!**

B RITAIN'S Frogmen would have been one of the greatest invasion shocks for the Japanese, if they had stayed in the war a few more weeks.

To-day, because the need for secrecy is past, it can be stated that but for the Frogmen, "D" Day might have failed completely. When the might of the German Army was lined behind the Atlantic Wall waiting for the Allies to attack the shores of France, the Frogmen blew a hole in the undersea defences of the wall in five hours.

Swimming silently and safely many feet below the surface, but towing behind them on the surface light pneumatic dinghies containing explosives, the Frogmen tackled the giant obstacles that the Germans thought would tear the bottom out of any landing craft.

Some of these were 10-ft high and contained two tons of angle steel so cunningly constructed in a series of triangles that even a 500-lb depth charge set off right in the middle had no effect on them.

Rightly, the Nazis thought themselves safe behind these obstacles. No Radar, no flame-tanks, no flak-ships, no rocket-planes, none of the new war devices they knew about, would help an invading army past their undersea wall. So they sat behind their machine guns and felt comparatively safe.

3,000 barriers

Yet in five hours before the first landing craft arrived, nearly 3,000 of these obstacles disappeared before the eyes of the Nazis... and they did not know what was happening. All they saw was an explosion, a small column of water, a few bubbles and the tops of their cherished barriers just folded flat and vanished beneath the waves.

Their minefields too (though they could not see this) were also being made harmless by the same Frogmen. These men swam back as silently and secretly as they had come. They knew they must still say nothing about themselves even after Germany gave in, because there were just as many obstacles round the coasts of Japan to be tackled in their turn. They stayed at home building copies of the types of

barriers they knew the Japs were building, and inventing still better ways of destroying them. Americans arrived to learn the new technique.

Now they will not be needed and so one of the Navy's really great secrets can be told.

Perhaps the sternest test of the Frogmen's patience came when the Germans, using a copy of the Italian diving suit, tried to blow up the bridge at Nijmegen. That effort hit the headlines of every newspaper. The Navy knew that its own men were infinitely superior, had trained for years and had done a fine job. But it had to keep silent.

Britain's Frogmen date back to the early days of the war — still another example of how Britons planned for attack when it seemed that they would not be able to defend their own shores.

Second Skin

The undersea army that was foreseen had to be able to stay below for a long time, to carry out destruction work and if necessary to fight underwater. So a new diving suit had to be designed that would act as a second skin.

Men went out along the booms of certain harbours in Britain. They went to work in secret. Even their pals could not be told what they were doing. They called themselves Boom Defence Units and said they were working on routine patrols to make sure no-one could get through the harbour booms.

Suit after suit was tested and discarded until finally the perfect one was made. The frog-like attachment that the men wear on their feet is not a German device nor is it new. It has been used for nearly thirty years in various sub-tropical spots in the world by sportsmen who hunt fish under water.

One of the problems was the breathing apparatus. Finally a streamlined affair was made in which bottles of oxygen and carbon-dioxide-absorbers could be carried without hampering the free movements of the wearer. This contrivance was made so that a man could swim on his chest, on his back, standing up or turning head over heels and still breathe.

Suits were made in quantities for the invasion of France. Men were trained how to use them.

Next came the problem: How have the Germans defended the coasts of France? Thousands of aircraft made low flights across the French coasts when the tide was out. The tops of the undersea barriers were exposed above the water. By taking photographs at extremely low heights and very oblique angles, the RAF provided the Navy with a complete set of pictures of what to expect.

Most formidable of all was the triangulated fence. Models were built in

Britain but 500-lb depth charges had no effect. So a way of blowing the things up with 37 separate charges each was devised. Three charges cut the front away from the supports. The rest caused the triangles to collapse. When the charges went off, the 10-ft high obstruction sank to a tangle of steel rods only eighteen inches high.

Only once have these Frogmen been seen in action by people outside the secret. That was at a London swimming baths when SOLDIER'S photographs were taken.

The men in their suits look like naked men with shiny, thick grey skins, as tough as elephant-hide. The shape of their heads is so clearly defined that they look as if they have no hair. And, in place of their faces, are small circles of thick glass. On their shoulders are stream-lined containers that are in fact the outside lungs that enable them to stay underwater for 90 minutes.

As the tale was told on the side of the swimming baths, the Martian men lumbered awkwardly along the side. They were then told to swim quietly up and down the baths. Like swans they lost their awkwardness as soon as they entered the water and became creatures of infinite grace.

JOHN HALLOWS (Sjt)

HE TOOK THEM

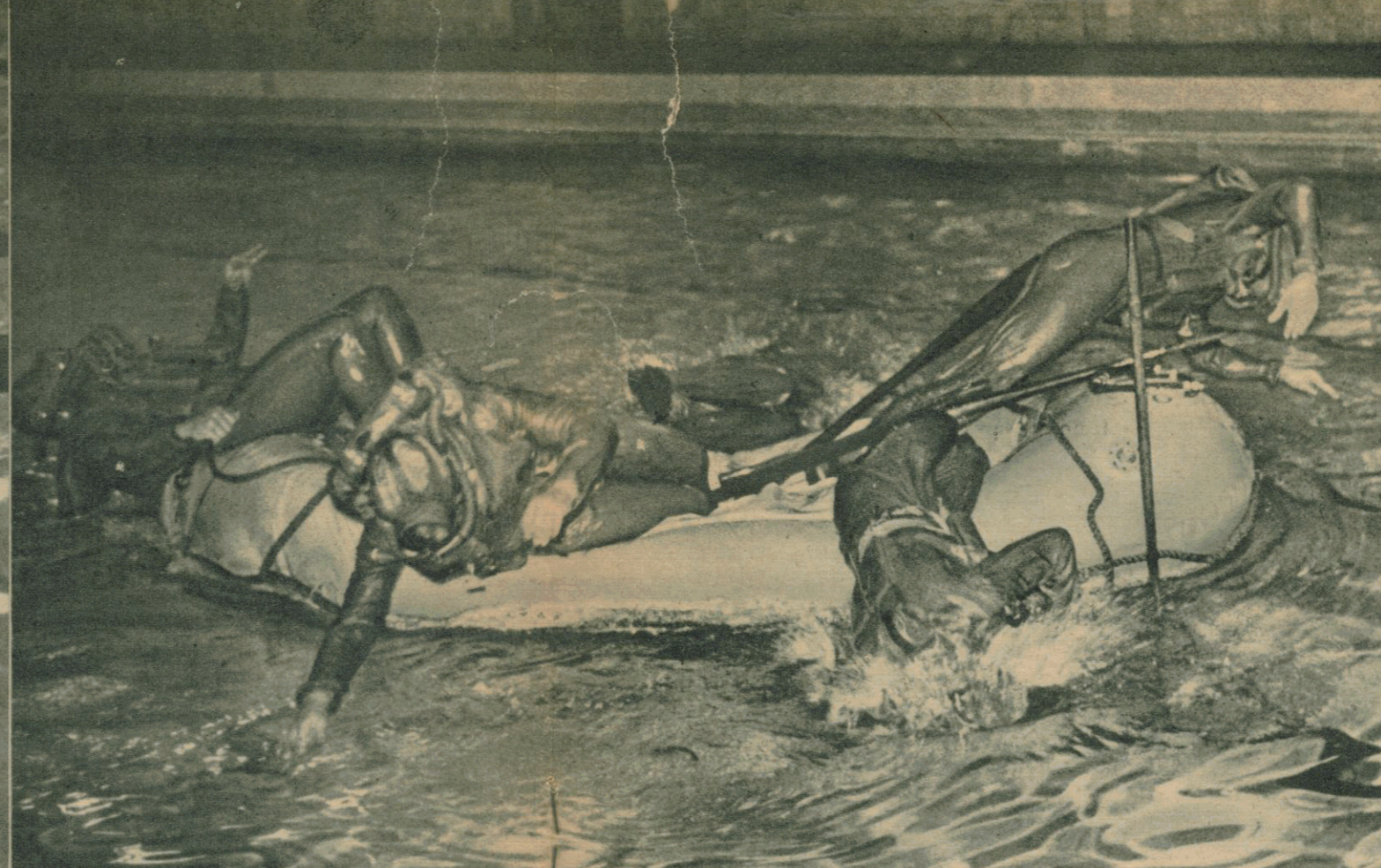


These underwater photographs — first the world has seen of Frogmen in action — were taken by SOLDIER cameraman Sgt. M. Berman, who helped film "Desert Victory", and who has taken war photographs in France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, the Western Desert, Syria, Palestine, Iraq, Iran, Saudi Arabia, the Persian Gulf, India and South Africa

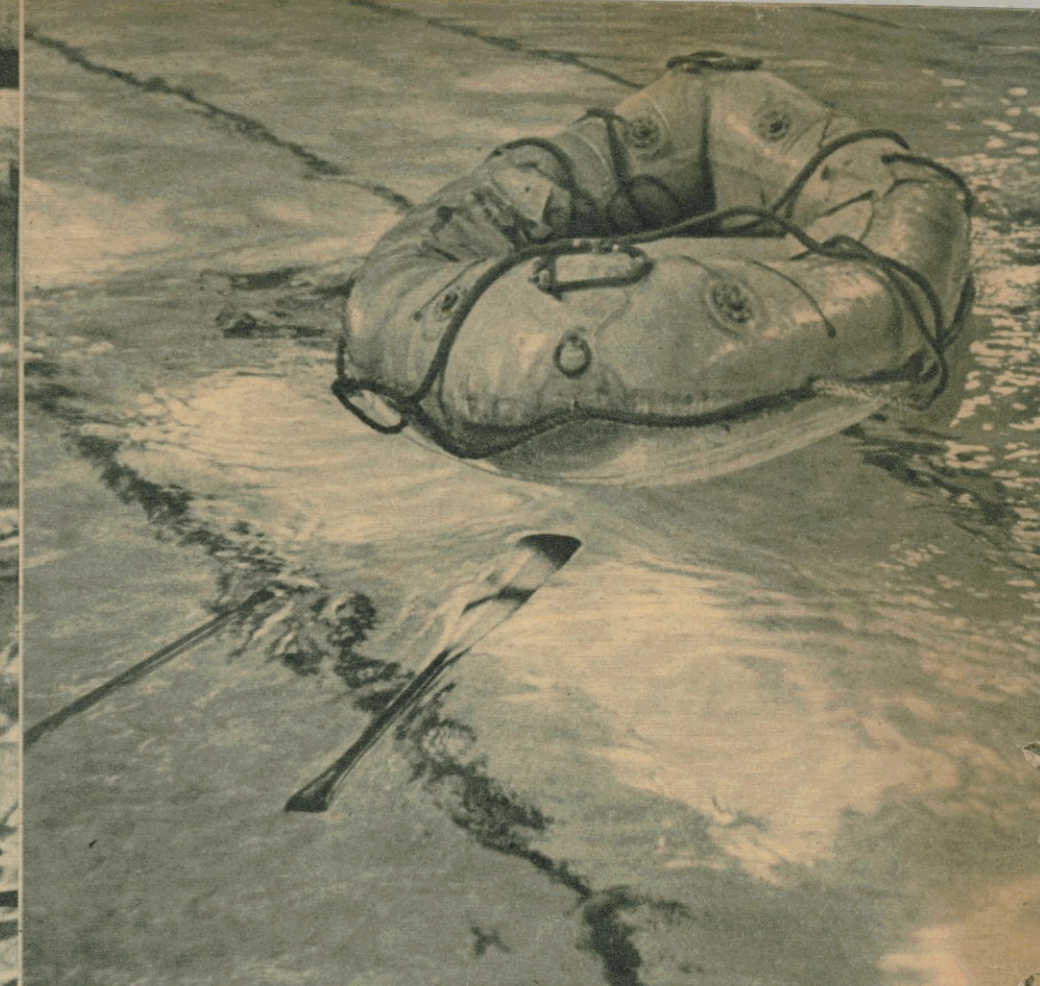




Frogmen set out on a wrecking patrol in an inflated rubber dinghy. Their deadly explosive charges are neatly packed in haversacks on the seats. Their speed is slow but every man keeps careful watch



Crack! The Frogmen are spotted from the shore and are overboard in a flash as a machine-gun opens fire on them. This drill is practised very frequently and they can empty a boat in one-fifth of a second



The mystery of an empty dinghy confronts the enemy. Frogmen's suits are so perfectly balanced with small weights that they can remain safe on the bottom of the sea for half an hour

Frogmen swim underwater in arrow-head formation like a set of snooker balls when they set out to make a moored minefield harmless. However muddy the water they can keep in touch with each other in this way — messages are shouted from man to man with the circular glass face-pieces of their helmets pressed tightly together — and make sure they do not miss a mine. The Frogmen's great puzzle at the moment is to invent a lamp that will enable them to see through mud.

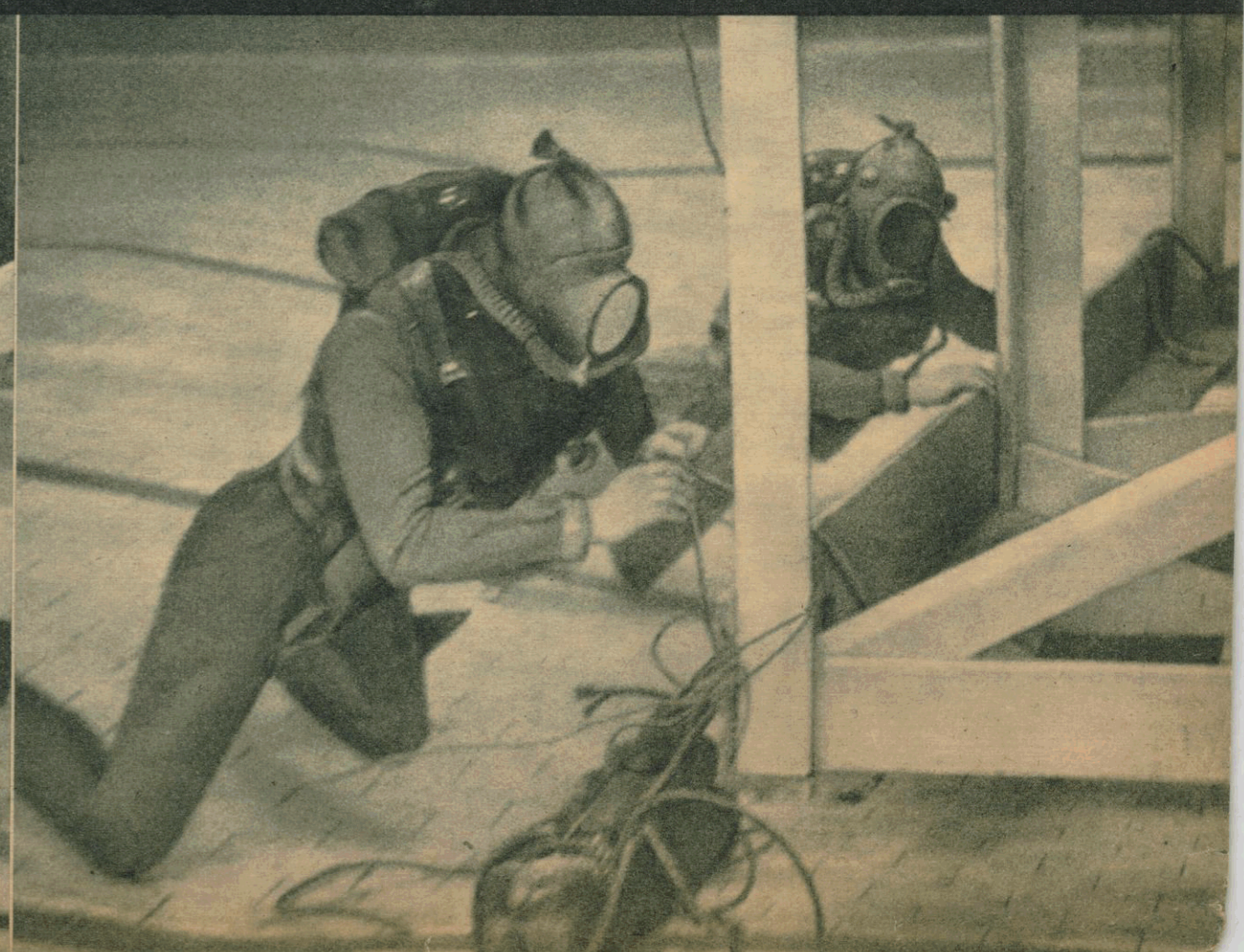
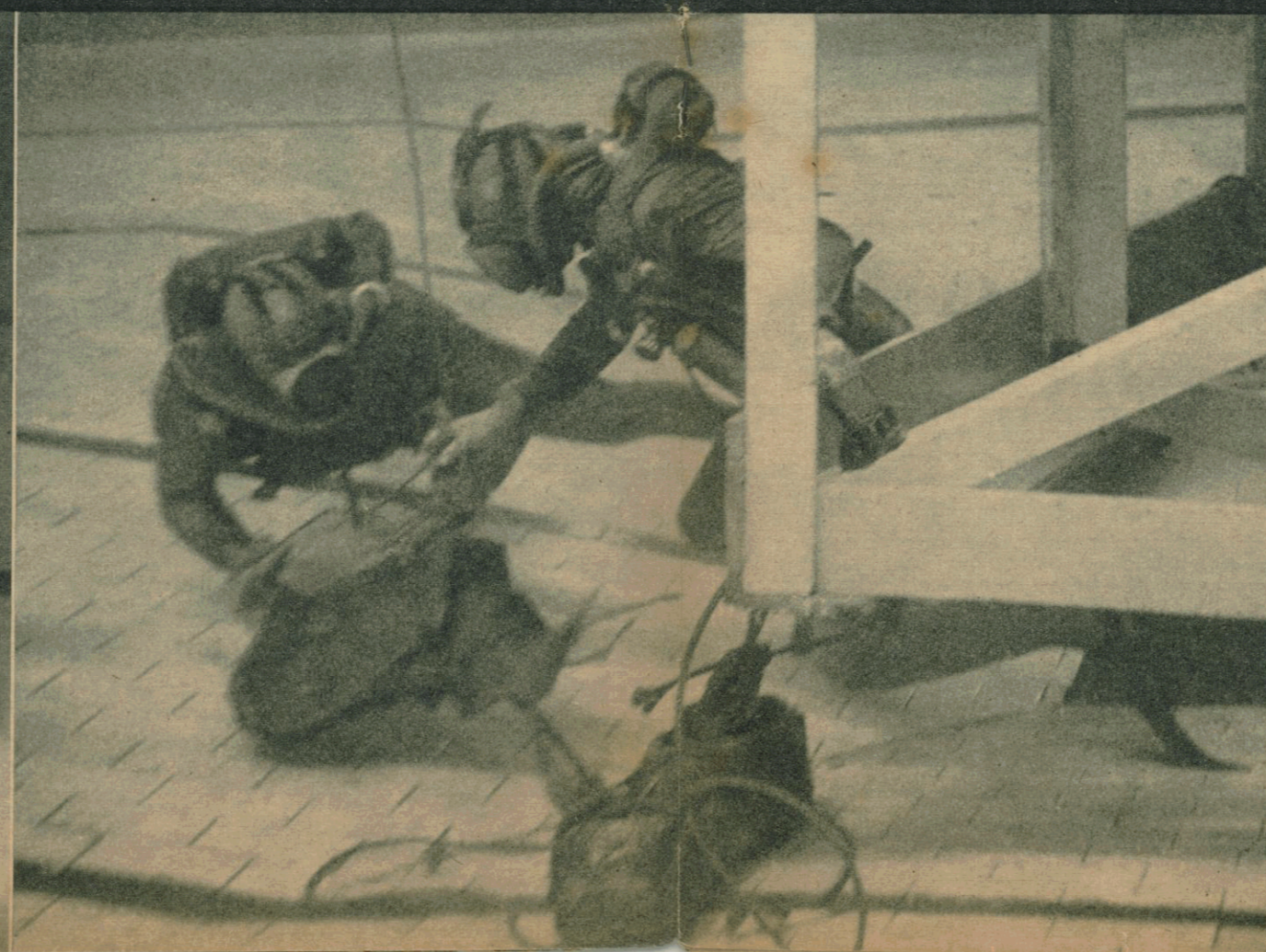
And now - **OUR FROG MEN!**

Because the Japs had no steel to waste they were not able to build powerful underwater obstructions like those of the Atlantic Wall. Instead they used great baulks of teak and packed coral tightly inside. Though these are very dangerous to ships, they are not half so difficult to destroy and the Commander who trained the Frogmen says: "We had all their little secrets taped. I can assure you that our landing craft would have had no trouble in getting to the Japanese shores... no trouble at all."

In a mass attack, Frogmen swim underwater to their target and tow behind them a small rubber boat which follows them on the surface and contains their explosive charges

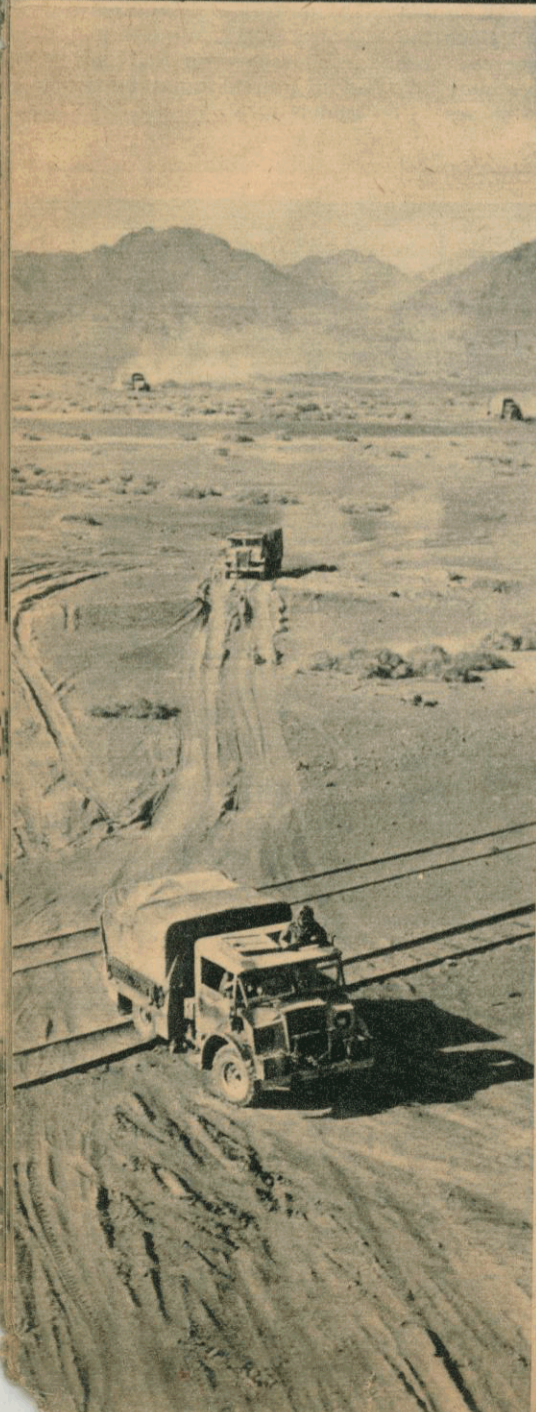
The charges are fixed to the bottom of a copy of a 10-ft high two-ton German underwater obstruction which would tear the bottom out of a liner. These obstructions were so scientifically built that heavy depth charges barely took off the paint

A charge has to be placed at the corner of every triangle in the complicated structure. When the fuses went off the explosives tore the triangle apart and the two tons of steel quietly folded itself up into a tangle of bars only eighteen inches high lying harmlessly at the bottom of the sea





The skies blacken with the pests that leave green farmsteads bare and derelict. (Below) Lorries carried 1,200 tons of poisoned bran through thousands of miles of the Arabian Desert.



WHILE the most savage clash of arms and ideals that history has ever known has been fought on the lands and seas and in the skies in every part of the globe, another war — one that began thousands of years before the birth of Christ — has been waged in the desert and scrub of East Africa.

It is a war that has not yet been won — a struggle that has claimed millions of lives and left millions more ruined.

The enemy is the Locust, a black, green and orange insect barely four inches long, and less than six inches from wing-tip to wing-tip.

For over 5,000 years locust swarms, sometimes so vast and dense that the sky has been blackened, and day has been turned into night, have invaded nearly every country in the world. Wherever they have gone crops ready for harvest have disappeared in a matter of minutes, and starvation and ruin have followed in their wake.

Cyrenaica, scene of the Eighth Army's great battles and once a fertile province of the Roman Empire, was stripped of all its flourishing vineyards. Its magnificent cornfields, which provided food for Rome, were transformed into barren desert, shorn of all vegetation when locust swarms invaded Africa in 125 B.C.

For centuries the ceaseless fight against one of the worst scourges of mankind has been going on all over the world. Tribes who depended on the land for their very existence made vain sacrifices to the gods and tried to "charm away" the evil with superstitious rites. The entrails of goats were mixed with magic powders by African natives and used as medicines to drive away the swarms.

But the locusts continued to swarm and turn rich land into desolate wastes where no man can live.

Then in 1921, a young Russian scientist, Dr B. P. Uvarov, and a South African entomologist named Professor Faure, made a remarkable discovery — an event which proved to be the first



Locusts, changing their skins in their third stage of growth, cling like fruit to the branches of a bush.

The Flying Famine



stepping stone to success in the bitter war against the locust.

They found that the locust led a double-life — in fact he was a Jekyll and Hyde creature.

As Jekyll, the insect lived alone in solitary state and was the harmless grass-green grass-hopper who seemed to spend most of his time making high-pitched chirrups by rubbing his legs together.

Suddenly without any warning, and apparently for no reason, he became Mr. Hyde, the black, green and orange pest which ruined man and destroyed his crops.

The Answer

Scientists and entomologists all over the world were confronted with two problems. Why do harmless grass-hoppers turn into locusts, and where do the locust swarms begin?

They found the answers in the scientific laboratories of England, France, Russia, India and Egypt, and by a small army of Locust Intelligence Officers whose work took them to the swamps of Timbuktu, the deserts of Arabia and the Sahara, and the remote wilds of Madagascar.

An international system was set up, and all observations on the habits of the grass-hopper and the locust were closely studied. Certain conclusions were reached, and gradually the an-

swers which had baffled mankind for centuries began to take shape.

In themselves the answers were simple. Charts which recorded over a number of years the direction of flight of the locust swarms revealed that locust outbreak areas were confined to certain particular spots — in French West Africa, on the Niger near Timbuktu, by the Red Sea, in Arabia, Baluchistan, in Persia, and the Sahara.

Laboratory experiments proved that grass-hoppers crowded together in cages performed a remarkable metamorphosis and were transformed into locusts.

In the outbreak areas this transformation is brought about mainly by the changing climate. Heavy rains fall, rivers overflow their banks and recede. Grass and other vegetation grow and the grass-hoppers move in to a plentiful food supply. Then dry weather sets in and the vegetation dies. The insects are forced into smaller areas and overcrowding results. New hoppers are hatched out in their billions, and they grow up not grass-hoppers like their parents, but into locusts.

They swarm and set out in countless numbers to seek food.

When war broke out plans for an international anti-locust campaign were suspended. The locusts began to breed and swarm unchecked towards Palestine and Egypt, in Central Arabia and

Persia, and the food supply for the armies and the population of the Middle East was in grave danger.

The Army and the RAF, with the world's greatest battles already on their hands, took up the fight to save the critical food shortage for the Allies.

The anti-locust campaign of 1943 and 1944 was the greatest ever organised, and was a real Allied effort. British and Egyptian units worked and lived together, American chemicals were used to destroy the locusts, and Russian and British planes reconnoitred vast areas of land searching out and reporting breeding areas and noting the first signs of swarming.

Poison Bait

Motorised anti-locust units, using both British and American transport, were set up at Bahrain in the Persian Gulf, at Jeddah on the Red Sea, and in Central Arabia. Native scouts penetrated the most inaccessible parts of Arabia, Abyssinia, the wastes of Sudan and Persia, and sent back vital information to the motorised units and the RAF who together spread the poison bait and sprayed the poison dust which paralysed and destroyed billions of locusts.

More than a thousand men of the Middle-East forces took part in the campaign, and Army vehicles carrying British and Allied troops, wearing Arab head-dress to protect them from the blazing sun, covered nearly 3,000,000



miles in the Arabian desert alone. In Arabia 1,200 tons of poison bait was used.

In East Africa, an RAF Anti-Locust Flight was formed to assist the ground troops in combating the menace, and it is to the men who flew the aircraft, spotting locust swarms previously reported by farmers or native scouts, and then spraying the flying hordes with the deadly powder, that a great part of the success of the effort was due.

Spotting locusts from the air is difficult as their natural camouflage protects them. Often the first warning the air crews had of the presence of locusts was when they splattered against the windscreen of the aircraft. Once discovered, the locust swarm was reported to the RAF Field Party who hurried to the pin-pointed area by lorry, and, as darkness fell the swarm was found, settling down for the night before moving off in the early hours of the next morning. The Field Party measured the length and width of the swarm, while back at the airfield planes were being loaded with poison dust. At dawn the Field Party acted as markers, wearing gas-capes and respirators and holding yellow identification boards to guide the planes as they flew only a few feet above the ground spraying the swarm with the yellow poison dust.

Triumph

One of the units which fought the locust menace was the East African Auxiliary Pioneer Corps, made up of natives from scores of East African tribes, and commanded by British officers and NCO's. The natives had a particular interest in the Locust War, for they stood to suffer most if the enemy was not checked. Companies of Pioneers were sent out into the desert near the Abyssinian-Eritrean border, to the northern districts of Kenya, and to the North-west provinces. Their lines of communication stretched for over 100 miles across land that had never borne the track of a vehicle before. The heat was intense, the risks of sickness considerable, and the comforts nil.

Their offensive weapon in this centuries old war was arsenite of soda.

Back at headquarters dozens of native Pioneers prepared the bait. Tons of coffee husks were thrown into huge containers of molasses and mixed with the poison. Placed into non-returnable four-gallon petrol tins, the bait was rushed to the outbreak areas by lorry and dumped in compounds.

In the early hours of the morning before dawn, the Pioneers were at work spreading the bait over large areas of land in the path of the advancing "hopper" locusts, then barely six weeks old and unable to fly.

In their millions the young locusts drove on relentlessly and reached the bait which disappeared as the swarm passed on. But they didn't travel far. Within a few hours every "hopper" that had eaten the bait was dead.



Battle against the flying famine is planned with the care of a battle between armies. The Locust Officer gives last minute orders to his platoon-leaders. (Below) Rapidly growing to full strength, young locusts cover a lorry driver and his truck.

Late in the evening before the sun went down, more bait was spread in front of other hordes. Sometimes the insects "hid-up" for the night in large patches of scrub and among the acacia thorn. But there was no escape for them.

As they rested, the Pioneers laid a circle of poison bait round the hiding place to trap them as they started off on their journey the next morning. If the bait was scarce the scrub was set alight, and millions of locusts were burned to death in this fashion.

These men — many of them natives of the non-belligerent tribes of Baganda in Uganda, of the Wakamba and Kikuyu from Kenya, and the Teso tribe of Tanganyika — saved Kenya from the plague on the very borders of that rich and fertile province. At the conclusion of the campaign General Sir Bernard Paget, then Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Forces, sent his congratulations to the men, British and Allied, who had taken part.

Fight Goes on

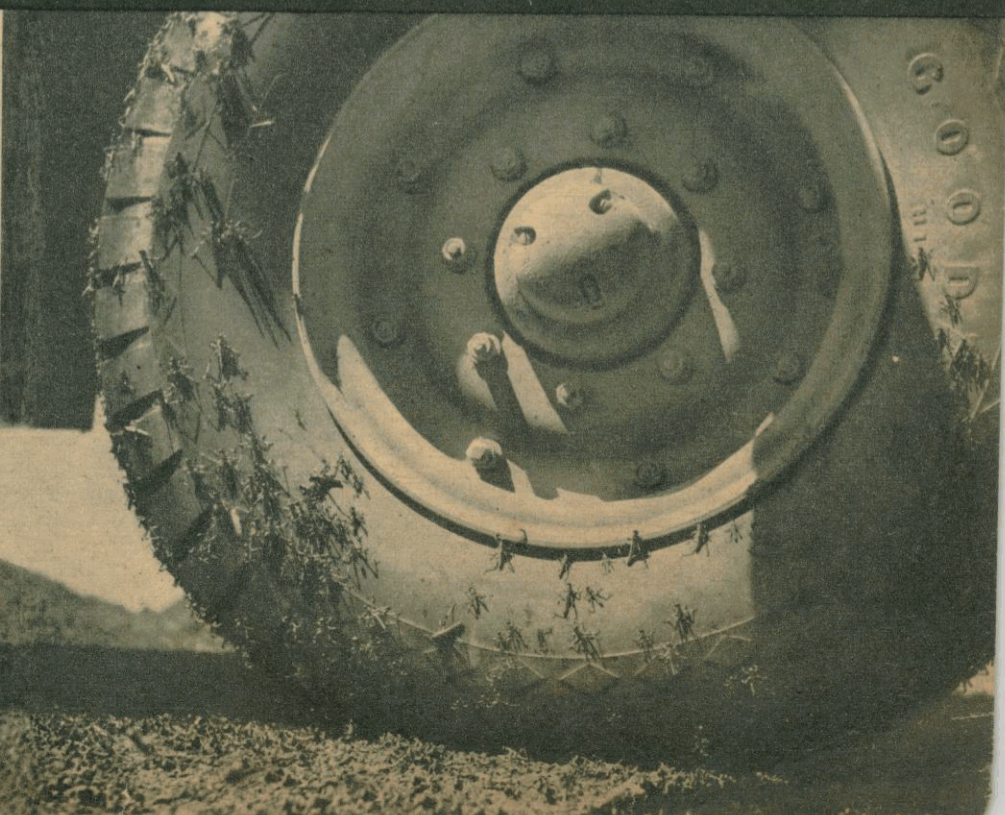
Members of the Anti-Locust Committee are now in London armed with masses of valuable data to assist them in the continuation of their fight against the Locust. Dr. Uvarov, the young Russian scientist who is now a world authority on locusts, says, "We are hoping that we have at last mastered a way in which to deal with the locusts". The Allied campaign of 1943 and 1944 proved the locusts can be eradicated from the face of the earth if operations are organised on a sufficiently large scale.



Arab labourer scatters poisoned food round swarming locusts.



Swarming locusts cover a lorry-wheel, aimlessly diving to destruction, but terrifying because of sheer numbers.





A Golden Welcome for the Soldier

THE big cities and towns are not having it all their own way in the race to provide a satisfactory "Welcome Home" gift to returning men and women from the Services.

The villages — so typical of everything British in their compact communal life — have outstripped many cities in the scale of their drive to say "Thank You" in a practical manner to the men and women who have won the wars in Europe and the Far East.

The smaller towns are running them close.

But in nearly every community in Britain there are hard working committees raising money in all kinds of ways and some of the ways are given in this second survey of how Britain proposes to say "Welcome Home, Soldier" to you.

In some places, money boxes stand on every cottage dining table, in others wealthy business men are giving large donations. In one small community, the tee-totallers had a violent row with the non-abstainers, but the result was a double haul for the "Welcome Home Fund".

These are not charities but wholehearted expressions of gratitude

Leiston, Suffolk

The population of Leiston is only 4,600, yet more than 300 Leiston men and women are to-day serving in the Forces.

And for more than an hour on each one of the dining tables in Leiston's thousand houses, a collecting box has stood each day. Into these boxes, each member of the family has solemnly placed at least one half-penny after every meal as a thanksgiving to the men and women who marched away.

In this way, the people of Leiston have covered the greater part of their progress to the target of £5,000 for a "Welcome Home Fund".

Schoolchildren made the collecting boxes which were placed on the dining tables and have regularly collected and emptied the boxes.

Mold

The village of Mold is in Flintshire — but there are no flinty hearts in Mold when it comes to raising a fund to reward ex-Service men and women.

Many hundreds of pounds have been raised for the thousand-odd Mold villagers who are to-day in the Services.

Mold people decided that house-to-house collections were not good enough, so throughout 1945 every tenth week has been set aside as "Welcome Home Week". Special functions and appeals are arranged every day of these weeks. A magazine is published regularly giving details of the fund's progress and it has been decided that local nurses and Merchant Navy personnel shall benefit from the money raised.

Banks, near Southport

The village of Banks is not a heavy-type entry on even a large-scale map. It is so small that there isn't even a village pub.

Yet the villagers of Banks have raised enough funds to present £30 to all ex-Service men and women on their return home.

Most of the money was raised at the Agricultural Society's Show not long ago and this function caused a local controversy which for a while brought Banks into the national limelight.

Organisers of the show decided to open a bar and they ordered 15,000 bottles of beer, twenty barrels of beer and twenty bottles of spirits. All went smoothly until the tee-total faction in Banks got to hear that their pub-less village was to provide alcoholic refreshments at the show.

They were outraged — and hit on the plan of arranging a counter-attraction at the Methodist School, where a gala took place. Bags of tea and cakes were provided, and just to show their disapproval of strong drink, the tee-totallers got up a procession, headed by a contingent of Rechabites from Liverpool.

Proceeds of both functions — the gala and the Agricultural Show — were devoted to the "Welcome Home Fund".

Llandudno

Now this well-known holiday resort has possibly the most ambitious and practical "Welcome Home" scheme of all. It is nothing less than the erection of a factory where only ex-Service men and women are to be employed.

A public meeting of ratepayers was called and it was decided to give priority to the establishment of this factory, which will ensure that no demobilised person will be faced with workless days and weekly dole.

Llandudno men and women at present in the Forces are being canvassed as to what their prospects of post-service employment are.

Mr. Hugh Stranhope, chairman of the Appeals Committee of the "Welcome Home Fund", outlines the reason behind the decision to erect a factory as follows:

"We could not raise enough money to help every person who might want to set up in business on his own behalf, so we thought the best way would be to provide a business that could take care of them all if necessary."

The scheme also aims to look after the relatives of men who have fallen in battle.

Wimbledon

Here is another London area that has for some years been working on its "Welcome Home" plans.

Alderman T. R. Daniel, the Mayor, launched a Trust Fund of £25,000 to provide grants and loans which will cover almost every contingency. The scheme includes expert advice on setting up home and starting business. Where necessary gifts will be made of crockery and essential household equipment to enable returning ex-Servicemen to get their new homes in order as soon as possible.

"There are all sorts of charities", says Ald. Daniel, "but that is not what the returning ex-Serviceman wants. This is a scheme by which the townspeople say 'thank you' to the people who have won the war for them, in a practical way."

"Free legal advice will be given by the Town Clerk, and local business men will give advice on how to start up in business. Loans will be granted without interest for the purchase of tools with which men can take up their trade again. There is no charity about it. It has been said that the plan is so wide that it will cover more than half the town. So much the better."

Burnham-on-Crouch

People of Burnham-on-Crouch — a town that is as well known to yachtsmen as Newmarket is to the Turf — claim that they originated the "Welcome Home Fund" idea; so their effort is certain to make the headlines.

Nearly three years ago, Mr. V. Petty-grew, who lost his soldier son in France in 1940, launched a fund. To-day that fund is round about the £4,000 mark, and since Burnham-on-Crouch sent 420 men and women to the Forces, you will see that already an appreciable nest-egg has been secured for each returning man and woman.

Every local family has been contributing a penny a week to the fund since its start and the weekly income has reached £30. Relatives of men who fell in the war will benefit equally with returning people from the Forces. One of the most enthusiastic workers for the fund, Mrs. H. Warwick, of the WVS, expressed what all the townspeople were thinking when she said:

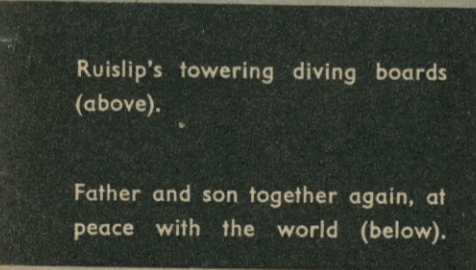
"We who were lucky enough to be left behind thought the least we could do was to give those who went away a big 'Thank you' after the war."

CYRIL JAMES (Capt.)



"Water parks" will play a much larger part in the Londoner's life in the peace. Ruislip Lido, one of the existing two such parks is a cool place in the dog days (left hand, opposite page).

Donkeys ply for hire in the sands (right hand, opposite page).



Ruislip's towering diving boards (above).

Father and son together again, at peace with the world (below).



Report on Everytown

THIS is a report on Everytown, one of those communities which grew and prospered between the wars, representative of your home town and mine — if you live in a small town. This is how it looks to-day.

Everytown in 1939 had a population of 60,000. What it is to-day, no-one is quite sure. There is as yet only an estimate of what the war did to Everytown, of how much was destroyed and how much remains.

Five of its seven churches were burned down. Two streets have completely disappeared. You still get the impression that this small town was at one time a military objective for German bombers.

Everytown — Hometown — is slowly coming back to life. It is beginning to stir itself towards recovery.

In spite of enthusiasm it will be several months before all traces of invasion defences are removed from the streets. Labour is hard to get and easy to lose. Cleaning up in general has started and renovation will follow. Street lighting went back to pre-war standard in June, but it took two months' preparation.

Housing

Surface shelters still stand with their doors locked, waiting for the Home Office order for their removal. Even the air-raid sirens remain. Several weeks ago they were disconnected and put out of action. A month ago, all buildings used by the ARP were returned to their owners.

The ARP department may be finally wound up in six months' time. It must finish the work of de-requisitioning ARP posts, check the claims for Defence Medals and allocate gratuities.

The housing situation was long ago diagnosed as "acute". On the local register there are 1800 applicants. First in priority come the families of Servicemen who lost their homes through

enemy action and then civilians in the same plight. Next come families of Servicemen who need shelter, but whose cases are not labelled "desperate". Then come civilians again and then residents from outside who want to move into Everytown.

The council has ordered 350 temporary pre-fabricated houses, of which 180 have been delivered. The rent will be 12s. exclusive of rates.

Problem of Youth

Five years before the recent order permitting local authority to take unoccupied houses for homeless people, Everytown was taking over empty dwellings. The council secured 500 between 1940 and 1945. Final arrangements have been made for a new council estate of permanent houses. There will be a community centre and a children's play-ground attached.

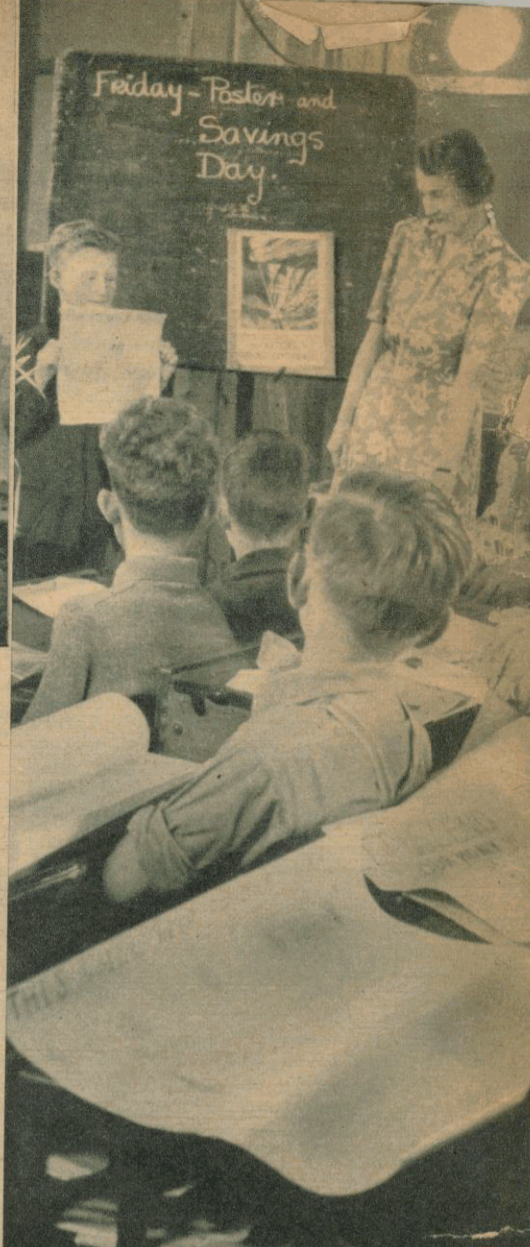
Everytown needs no new schools. Being a newly-built community, it has seven modern schools, two of which provide free medical clinics. There are also two day nurseries and six child welfare centres.

The eternal problem of youth welfare is in Everytown a matter of prime importance. A number of clubs for young people have been started in the last few months, one of which is run entirely by a "parliament" elected by the members. The "government" is changed every six months.

During the war entertainment has consisted only of the cinema and the radio. Local sports clubs found their members vanishing overnight. The municipal tennis courts are overgrown and unusable. But on Bank Holiday, Everytown staged a fair, a horse show and a gymkhana.

Everytown to-day is short of building materials, paint and glass, and short of one thing above all others — men to carry out the plans they have worked so hard to complete.

ROBERT BLAKE (S/Sjt.)



Everytown has many re-building jobs to do. One of them is the parish church (top of page) hit in a daylight raid.

But the schools are modern and good—and Friday is Savings Day (above).

Radio lessons hold children enthralled in modern schools (below).

Temporary answer to housing shortage is temporary pre-fabs. The first are built (foot of page) and are being lived in.



Soviet Amazons

AMONG the smartest soldiers the Red Army has yet brought to Berlin are the Russian girls who do point duty at all the important crossings in the capital. To see them flash the appropriate red or yellow flag as a preliminary indication, to point it across the chest in the direction you are to go, finally to gather both flags neatly in the left hand while they salute you with the right, all this is to see a display of perfect drill; and charming feminine gravity goes with the salute.

The Russians have no women's services like the ATS, the WAAF or the WRNS. A woman of the Soviet who wishes to join the Army may do so, but she joins exactly as a man does and takes her place equally with the men. She may choose the Infantry, or any other branch.

The cine-photographer to the Russians in Berlin is a woman. The fact that she has brown eyes, a cheerful smile and wears an unusual ensemble of army tunic and brown silk skirt doesn't mean that she is any less dashing than her brothers in the game. She somehow slips through the crowd every time and is in the forefront whenever there is action to be filmed.

A quiet little girl... but you risk getting in her way and feel her tread on your toes! A tripod is fairly effective as a weapon!

Perhaps the most curious job, though,



Handling her flags with perfect precision, the girl traffic controller also "salutes each car with charming gravity".

the west are loaded aboard trucks after the most searching examination of their papers and passes. When the examination is concluded and the trucks are full, then Jeanette Habecheva goes along to each truck. She is a charming young girl of 20, and while her official job is that of interpreter and secretary to the camp, her most valuable use lies in the fact that she can glance at a truckload of refugees and immediately spot any Germans aboard.

She goes round the truck like a medieval witch-doctor, smelling out the Germans. Her reputation is known to every one who comes to the camp, and perhaps this brings the fear into the eyes of those who are German.

"You!" cries Jeanette, pointing an accusing finger. And the victim descends, papers are once again examined, and usually under the fierce cross-examination of this Russian amazon the suspect breaks down. Her decision is final, and her reputation is that she has never once been wrong.

Jeanette herself says her instinct for Germans arises from her past. She was 16 when the German Army captured her home in Kiev and dragged her away for forced labour.

When the war in Europe ended, she made her way back as far as Magdeburg when, meeting the Russians, she joined forces and stayed. She isn't married, has never used lip-stick, adores vodka and hadn't previously tasted gin. Now she likes it. I noticed, too, that she wore two wrist watches on her left wrist.

"Why two?" I asked her.

"Because I have two", she said. "What should I do? Leave one in my billet and have it stolen? Dal!" Which is Russian for Yes, and in this case implied sarcasm.

COURTMAN DAVIES (Sjt)

Berlin Girls

GIrls in summer frocks stroll aimlessly along the Unter den Linden. The trees on either side are cut down by shell fire. The Brandenburg Gate, a massive wreck through which cars can still crawl from the British to the Russian Sector, stands scarred and gaunt.

There was a time when the burned-out shell of the Reichstag stood proudly as a symbol among the many Nazi buildings which throng this area. Now the Reichstag is in excellent company.

And then there is the traffic, the constant stream of British Army vehicles, jeeps with the Stars and Stripes, private cars driven furiously by the Russians, horns sounding all the time.

And there is the never-ending stream of German caravans, caravans of hand-drawn carts. A family passed a few moments ago. There were three generations, and their transport consisted of three handcars, a soap box on wheels

A memory of Sally

SALLY was left alongside a shell-pocked track near Wesel. A Moaning Minnie had lifted her up, and flung her aside like a twig. Sally's heart was torn with shrapnel, her back smashed, by that one bomb and its thousand steel splinters.

She came to us when we were at Lowestoft in 1943. She made us smile. She was short and stumpy, with crude, ugly lines, built for rough work and hard handling, not to be easy on the eye. We didn't know whether we liked her at all, she wasn't even British.

The few men who were around weighed her up, doubt in their minds as to whether she was any good. She looked more like a toy than a truck designed for war, with her little wheels, canvas hood with no sides, and flat, squashed-down bonnet.

While officers stood by, hands in their pockets, and buttons glittering in the sinking sun, Sally would roar around the dusty field. She'd turn on a sixpence, reverse at untold speed, accelerate like a bird. And in four-wheel-drive she'd drag herself bodily out of a fallen-in gunpit.

Then "Spartan" came. Exercise "Spartan" with Britain's growing might cut into two, and the two halves flung at each other in mock combat. Tanks, guns, trucks, and the poor old Infantry slugged it out in as near battle conditions as bombed, bleeding England could provide.

Sally took it all, took it and came up for more. Whatever the conditions, whatever the roads or tracks, Sally managed to get through, carrying her little load of men, sometimes dispatches, mock-wounded, or small, urgent supplies.

Then Sally went with all her sisters into temporary retirement. In our long, unit wagonlines, hard by the gun park, they all stood side by side. Proudly she now displayed a mighty white star on her bonnet top, and smaller ones on her tiny sides. From front and rear blazed the brilliant colours and animal design of her formation and unit. The sun shone brilliantly as the unit rolled south, rolled south into the swelling thousands heading for the coast. Sally was now at the head of her own seven-mile column of guns and trucks, a blue flag bravely fluttering from the windscreen frame. Surely this time she would

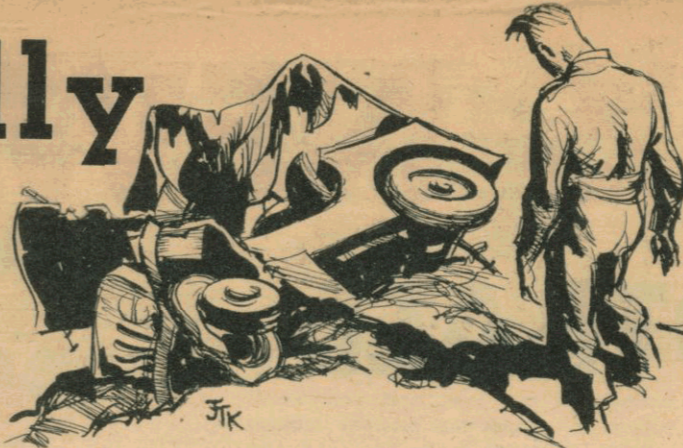


BAOR
Writers

Show
You
Round

Sally

be able to prove herself. But Exercise "Harlequin" fooled the enemy as it did the lads who took part in it. Young Britain looked across the Channel — but that was all they were allowed to do, save for those who sailed towards the French coast and then swung back.



Two months later, in the van of the column heading north, Sally's flag fluttered. Through rain and sleet, over hill and dale, track and road of tough, loveable old Yorkshire, Britain fought Exercise "Blackcock". And Sally blew a gasket, burst a tyre. She bent a track rod, and tore her hood, but still she kept going after quick repairs. Then Sally's bonnet pointed south again, and she raised her pennant in the van once more. Surely this WAS the time.

Sally, with her following guns and trucks was swallowed in the terrific mass of equipment streaming south, just a tiny truck in the tens of thousands. And before the three-tonners were loaded into the barges, Sally was man-handled into the back of one of them and lashed down so that she would not roll or break free. The three-tonner squelched through the surf, up the sand,

and over the wire road. Now Sally was needed. Ramps were slung to the tail of the three-tonner, and Sally came down those ramps like a bird. Could she stand the real graft? If ever a tough little truck were needed, she was needed now! Sally did reconnaissance around Caen. Blast tore her hood clean off, and bent the supporting frame. A sniper's bullet put a hole and a thousand spider's webs in her windscreen. And a jagged piece of shrapnel tore a tyre to the rim. As the gap closed around Falaise, Sally carried the wounded on a temporary frame above the driver. Then came the great day when she crossed the frontier to the holy soil of the unbeatable Reich! Gradually Jerry was squeezed into a shrinking pocket against the Rhine.

Sally was doing over thirty on a bad road. She was in a hurry. But she never got there — the first mission she had failed to fulfil. The last too. The Moaning Minnie hit the dirt round on the off side and Sally went over in a black, shrapnel-filled cloud of dust. The boy who had held her slim grey wheel in his hands crawled back to her. But she was finished, shrapnel through her engine, frame twisted, wheels crumpled. Sally's gone. But not the memory of her on those 12,000 war-scarred miles she did this side the Channel.

J. MEASURES (B.S.M.)

NAZI SHRINE

THE convoy was going for coal, down the Rhine to a colliery across the river at Cologne, a long journey. Before we reached Dusseldorf we were hungry enough, even for haversack rations. We chose the best place we could to pull up, a huge, semi-circular entrance to an elaborate drive.

Our vehicles, Fords, Bedfords, FWD's, canopyless and dusty, turned off the road lazily and strung themselves out along the perimeter of the semi-circle.

"Tea!" said Jimmy, and looked over the side of the truck. To him tea is synonymous with halt. We stood up in the back and spat the dust from our teeth. Then we looked at the location and whistled.

In the centre of the semi-circle stood two huge statues, each a replica of the other, built of coarse cement blocks. They threw long, obscene shadows across our vehicles.

In each a rearing horse rose abruptly from the high pedestals, bridgeless and melodramatically ferocious. Standing by the head of the horse, feet astride and stomach muscles contracted, was the figure of a naked man, hand upraised to grasp the bridle had it been there.

"EH!" said Jimmy, and he looked up at the naked men, his eyes blinking a bit behind the thick lenses of his glasses. Those nude monstrosities seemed to have taken him a little unprepared. Then he looked away.

"Do y'think we could get any hot water here?" he said, and he got down from the truck with a composition tin in his hand. We unrolled our bully sandwiches. The bread was dry and we could have done with some tea. Jimmy looked forlornly at the deserted ruins about us.

Over a hundred pairs of ammunition boots echoed from the broken colonnade, and British voices and British laughter began to whisk through the windows. "I wonder what this place is, then?" said Johnny. Things rarely disturb Johnny from the equanimity of approaching middle-age. I didn't know. Johnny didn't really expect an answer. I walked over and looked down the drive which the statues introduced.

It was flanked with high flagstaves of rusty metal against which the ropes kept up a steady and disconsolate rattling, adding to the general appearance of meretricious decay. At the bottom of the drive was a square, sombre building, its facade almost obscured by a great green German eagle, wings outstretched and a swastika gripped between its talons.

There was a woman standing there in a white apron and headscarf. She saw us staring at her and she turned and went inside. I noticed the civilian suddenly. He was standing in the shadow of the laurel bushes. He was dressed in a long grey raglan and he held a portfolio in his right hand. He was watching the Infantrymen with an expressionless face, and he did not move. His eyes left them for a moment and caught mine. We stared at each other and then he smiled a little cautiously, turned, and went away.

"Bitte?" said a woman's voice behind me. I stepped aside and let her pass. She went down the steps and she did not look at the Infantrymen. Now and then she would stoop and pick up a scrap of charred wood, thrusting it into a string



bag. Nothing seemed important to her at that moment but the collecting of kindling wood. The immensity of this place, its cheap impressiveness and weed-infestation meant nothing.

Once the fountain pool had contained thirty or forty coloured sets, and had played before the lantern-lit dais at its head. The lamps that had lit the jets were now barely awash with green slime, along with respirator canisters of German pattern, and red coffee and beer jugs. The woman dipped long fingers into the water and picked out the jugs one by one until she found one that hadn't been holed and she put this in her bag with the firewood.

I walked back through the gateway to where the lads were eating their sandwiches. They sat on the tailboards and sides of the trucks, the sun shining on their brown necks and glinting on the hairs of their arms. They sat there with that look of critical indifference which a British soldier assumes when he is bored. I felt the same. The place bored me quickly.

There was a small boy playing between the statues. He wore blue trousers and a white shirt that gleamed in the sunlight. Someone had made him a paper dart from the front page of the "Daily Express", still greasy from its contact with corned-beef sandwiches, and he was throwing it into the air so that it spun and curvetted around the tails of those monstrous horses until it plunged sharply to the ground.

My mind groped for words in German. I asked him the name of this place. "Horst Wessel Haus", he said and threw the dart into the air, limping after it as it turned toward the wheels of our truck. Horst Wessel. The Nazi bully and pervers, killed in a drunken brawl over a woman and canonised by the Nazis as a martyr in the sacred crusade against Bolshevism.

For years Nazi banners had flown here in his honour and fountains played in pastel shades. Hundreds of banners. Even the pillars supporting the tramwires could be used as flagstaves. The road from Dusseldorf to Horst Wessel House must have been ablaze with the red, white and black standards of Fascism. Once.

"Start up!" Jimmy was the last to climb into the truck. "Not a drop of hot water," he said, "You'd think that someone would have had some hot water."

I looked back at the colonnade, the weeds and the two great statues. The place was deserted again but for the little lame boy in the blue trousers. He was standing between the statues throwing his paper dart into the air.

The boy stood there in front of the Horst Wessel House, his hands hanging listlessly by his side, waiting for the wind to blow down his paper aeroplane. J. E. PREBBLE (Cfn.)

FRIENDSHIP

MAGDEBURG was a cheerful city during the early part of the war, because though the RAF passed over almost every night on their way to Berlin, they never stopped at Magdeburg.

The people of Magdeburg became careless. One evening when the alert sounded, they didn't even bother to go to their shelters. And a thousand bombers unloaded over Magdeburg.

Magdeburg ceased to live that night. This ghost city of the Reich straddles the Elbe, and there came a day in May 1945 when the Americans and the Russians faced each other across the river. The German army had been squeezed to its death between them, and a bridge was thrown across by the 250th Engineer Combat Bn. One end of that bridge was later manned by the British, the other by the Russians.

Across it meetings took place; handshakes and toasts (in vodka and whisky) helped to give the bridge its name, Friendship Bridge.

But the traffic across Friendship Bridge didn't cease. It was the main



Brigadier Thomas goes to meet Soviet General Andreyev on the bridge.

The bridge is the link with home for people of all nationalities. Smiling crowds wait for lorries at Magdeburg DP Camp.



BRIDGE

crossing thereabouts for Displaced Persons. Russians who had been dragged into Germany by the Nazis began to drift back again by way of Friendship Bridge. French, Belgians, Dutch, Spanish, Swiss and many English prisoners of war who had made their way through the Russian zone collected at the DP Camp on the Russian side of the River and found that Friendship Bridge was the gateway back to Western Europe.

Soviet General Andreyev met Brigadier Thomas, the Deputy Commander of our area, to arrange final details for the passage of our Berlin recce party and for the handing over to the Russians of certain territory more usefully considered part of their zone.

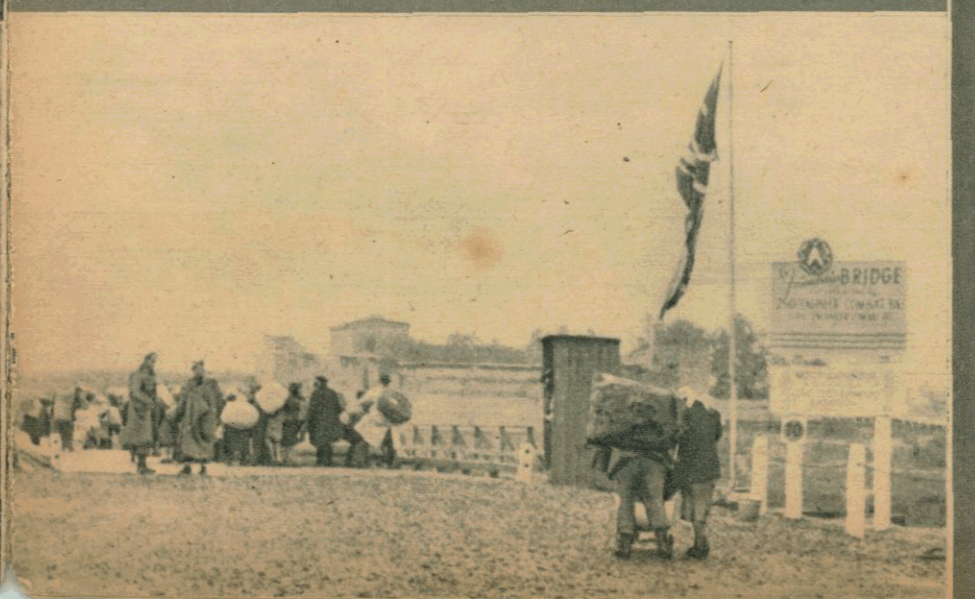
The line of demarcation was to be pushed back from Magdeburg to Helmsdorf.

At eleven the following morning, the recce party passed through on its way to Berlin, every car receiving its salute from the Russian guards. And immediately afterwards the Russian troops began to move across. Friendship Bridge was no longer a dividing point between two armies. C.D.



General Andreyev arrives to take over.

Signs are in two languages but the message is the same — The Bridge of Friendship.



WHO'S NEW? IN FOOTBALL

Although apostles of gloom say few new football stars have come out of the war, big-time clubs are bargaining in the transfer market — and this, with the first peacetime season in six years only a week old.

Money talks as loudly in Soccer as anywhere else. Thus, when League managers are ready to write out cheques for young players who have matured during the war years, it is pretty obvious that the latest crop of performers can't be too bad.

They're not. Investigations show a promising lot of up-and-coming performers. Given the chance, they will develop into top-class players in the boom seasons which are certain to follow the war's end.

Look at some of them. Straightway I think of John Harris, the tousle-headed Scot who captained Chelsea when they won the League South Cup last April. Here's a good 'un, to be

CAMERON BUCHANAN

Signed by Wolves to a five-years' contract at the age of 13 — youngest player ever to join a League club. He's an outside-left and ranked as a future star.

sure. He is on the books of Wolverhampton Wanderers. A ready-made deputy for Stan Cullis, if it weren't for the fact Manager Ted Vizard thinks he has one just as good in Angus McLean.

Now Harris plays in the Cullis manner. He is sound in defence, isn't afraid to come upfield to set his forwards going with long, shrewd, through-passes, and is among the best when the ball is in the air. The same goes for McLean.

So the Wolves have three more than useful centre half-backs at their command. What will the club do? My bet is that they'll agree to let John Harris leave Molineux — at the right price. And it is here that Chelsea enter the argument. They know the worth of the player, having had his services through most of last season, and they reckon he fits their tactical plan.

Chelsea To Bid

Thus it is a fair bet that Willie Birrell, now in charge of the Stamford Bridge club, will make the right sort of bid for John Harris. It will be one around £5,000 which shows clearly enough that at least one star man has been thrown up by the war.

Are there any others? Here's the answer. Harry Hibbs, now the Soccer boss at Walsall, has the most recent tenant of the England goalkeeping position on his books. The boy's name is Bert Williams.

I saw Williams in action against France and was impressed by his clean handling and lengthy left-foot kicking. A grand prospect, yet Harry Hibbs is ready to sell him away to another club.

DITCHBURN

Young goalkeeper on Hotspur's books making a save from Dodds, Scots centre on his international debut at Wembley (left).

DRAKE

Began as a boy-player with Southampton and went to Highbury to win Cup, League and England honours (right).

The "Reserve" price is fixed at £5,000.

You see, the Walsall manager believes he has another 'keeper just as good as Williams in Harold Hinks, whom he discovered with a Castle Bromwich works team. He should know. After all, Hibbs must be near the head of the list when the greatest goalkeepers of all time are under discussion.

No Famine

As a matter of fact, there is no famine in goalkeepers — good ones — just now. Black (Aberdeen) is worth noting. Scotland also have a world-beater in "Boy" Brown, the Queen's Park amateur.

Brown came into international football to make a sound reputation in spite of Scotland's series of wartime thrashings from England. A big, fair-haired fellow, with hands like York hams, he makes high shots look absurdly easy. He is near the Jerry Dawson-Jock Thomson class; he should reach it once he has the knack of dealing with ground shots as skilfully as he handles the ball through the air.

Now for more names. Harry Kinsell, the West Bromwich Albion left-back, has come along to give George Hardwick, the Middlesbrough defender, a run for his England position. An Army representative match thrust Kinsell before the F. A. selectors. They gave him his chance on the recent Swiss tour. He took it like a seasoned performer.

Not that Kinsell will stroll right into England's eleven this season. Far from it. George Hardwick is too good to be displaced so easily. A boy internatio-

Paul Irwin Previews The Stars

nal, he learned much from Eddie Hapgood while partnering the Arsenal star in RAF football. If he can get back to the form which brought him England recognition, he'll make Kinsell wait a bit longer.

Other fine full-backs around and about are Stephen, the Bradford professional, regarded as Scotland's answer to Stanley Matthews, and McPhee, a Falkirk lad who has been guest-playing for Lovell's Athletic. One Soccer expert tells me that McPhee is shaping much like Eddie Hapgood at the time the England ex-captain first footed it for Arsenal. If this be true, the Scots won't have to look far when wanting an international right-back.

Chester Hopeful

Among the half-backs, we have Chisholm (Spurs), Franklin (Stoke City), Brown (Huddersfield), Willie Corbett (Celtic), Thayne (Darlington), Hamlett (Bolton) and Harry Johnston (Blackpool). I would also list Trevor Walters, the Chester City player whom I've never seen put a foot wrong while appearing in a long line of Middle East matches.

Chisholm hasn't had much luck. Brought out of Tottenham schoolboy stuff, he was instantly tipped by Alex James as an England certainty in the making. He was on the fringe of internationals when Spurs won the League South championship, but a troublesome injury set him back a bit last season. He did get going late on and went to Hampden Park as an England reserve.

Meanwhile, the selectors tried Flewin (Portsmouth), Bernard Joy (Arsenal) and Franklin in the job which Cullis did so brilliantly until his Army posting to Italy. None quite filled the bill, which isn't really surprising. There's only one Cullis; no youngster should be judged by that standard.

Scots Discovery

Among the wing half-backs, Blackpool have a sound proposition in Harry Johnston. The Scots also made a discovery when they switched Archie Macaulay, the flame-headed, West Ham forward, to right-half. He's a grand footworker in the Busby-McMullan tradition.

Forward, I can give you Shackleton (Bradford), Stanley Mortensen (Blackpool), Maurice Edelston (Reading), Tommy Woodward and Lofthouse (Bolton), and Bill Rees (Cardiff City). Shackleton missed England selection by a toucher last season. Mortensen did the trick, but lost his place when he looked for goals instead of making 'em for Tommy Lawton. Edelston was quietly effective without setting the grandstands on fire.

In the football I saw, nobody did better than Woodward and Lofthouse. Appearing in the North v South Cup-winners' duel, Woodward gave a right wing showing which made George Hardwick look like a selling-plater. He could wait for the England fullback, slip his tackle, and go on quietly to put across his passes — good passes which always found their man.

Long-striding Lofthouse, a 19-year-

old colliery worker, was nearly as good. This boy knows how to take up the open spaces and can also set his attack moving on either wing. He is my idea of a real centre-forward. We'll be hearing a lot more about him.

Bevin Boy

Another 19-year-old centre is doing well for Cardiff City. He is Bill Rees, a Bevin Boy whom Manager Cyril Spears is grooming for stardom. The Welsh selectors gave him his chance against England last season. A severe test, but Rees shook Franklin and Co. via his tearaway tactics.

There are a lot more good 'uns on hand. I haven't room to list them all, but no article on the stars of the future would be complete without reference to Tommy Finney, the Preston North End winger.

The story of Finney is to be found only by travelling from Lancashire to Switzerland, via Egypt, Italy and Austria. First news came of him when he played for Preston at the age of 17. He was thrust into the League War Cup final against Arsenal, helping the Deepdale club to win the trophy after a drawn game at Wembley Stadium.

Next thing, Finney was in the Army. He joined the Royal Armoured Corps and, after training, was posted overseas. His arrival in the Middle East coincided with the opening of the Egyptian football season. It wasn't long before he was strolling into the Services' full representative eleven to make the outside-right position his own.

Matthews' Successor?

The Egyptian playing style suited this slim, thin-faced, fair-headed youngster. So did the hard, unbaked grounds. His genius — and he has genius — blossomed to the delight of Middle East sports customers. Everybody was saying he was the next best bet to Stanley Matthews.

Finney, at the age of 20, was doing most of the things which were thought the monopoly of Matthews — and a split second faster than the Stoke winger. Not only that. He could do a job not in the repertoire of his famous contemporary, score goals!

This was good, but was it good enough? Egyptians don't play with the "bite" of Blighty-produced footballers; it had to be proved that Finney could repeat his close dribbling and body-swerve on muddy pitches.

The argument ended in Italy. Trooper Tommy Finney, of the 9th Lancers, went to Rome and played alongside Bryn Jones in the CMF team. Here he was in the very best company (Stan Cullis captained a side brimming with class), and still he served the studied, cultured stuff he had shown in Egypt.

He was in Austria at the end of the European war. A long way from Lancaster Gate, headquarters of the Football Association, but he wasn't unknown to the Soccer chiefs. Lacking the services of Matthews for their two-match tour of Switzerland last July, they picked Finney for the trip.

Quicksilver

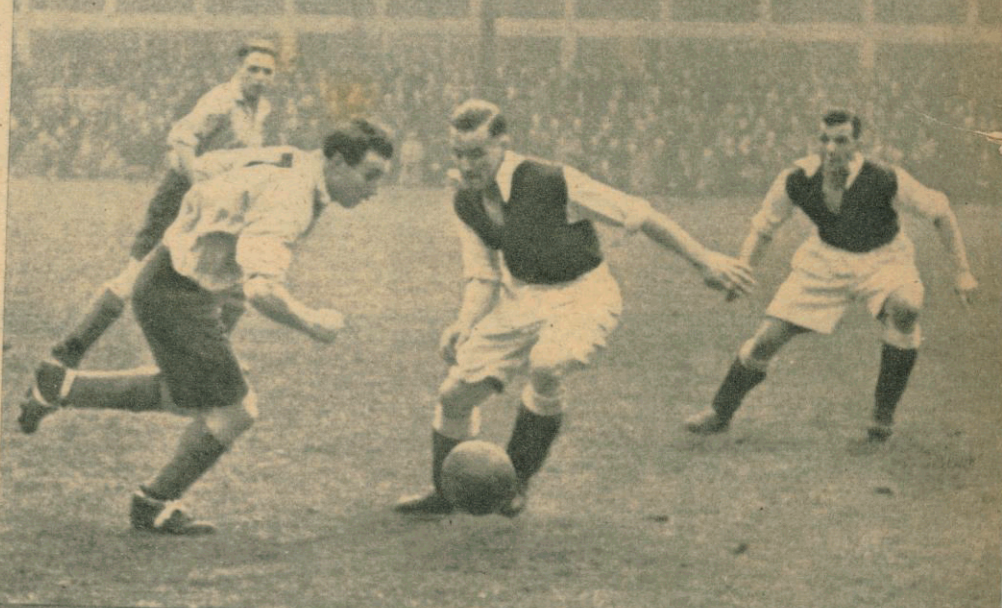
A plane hop from Austria to England, thence to Berne, saw him in form which pleased the critics. That game was lost, but Finney wasn't discarded. He was given Mickie Fenton, the Middlesbrough centre, as his right wing partner at Zurich — and won the match by his quicksilver moves. Indeed, he was so good that they now say he is not merely Matthews' successor, but a dangerous rival to the Stoke Wizard's long-established supremacy.

So it goes. Mark down the names I have given for future watching. There are others. All of them will show that the wartime Soccer crop isn't so poor as some would have it — not by a long way.



CHISHOLM Product of Tottenham schoolboy football, tipped by Alex James to play for England, is here (centre) cutting out a pass in a League South match.

MACAULAY West Ham star (facing camera) was a good inside forward converted into an even better wing half-back by the Scottish selectors.



MATTHEWS Ranked as greatest outside-right of all time, here sets out on a dribble while two opponents try to stop him.

CULLIS England and Wolves centre-half is below a split-second too late to stop Dai Astley, the Welsh centre from getting in his shot. Bertram, England's goalkeeper, makes a despairing dive to save.



CRIME DOSSIER No 1:

New kind of murder puzzle for barrack-room sleuths.

This is the evidence:

Statement by Sjt. Maxwell Gordon, of the S. I. S.:

I have investigated the death by shooting of Cpl. Ronald Timms. The body was discovered by Yvonne Latouche at 1529 hours when she went to the roof after hearing a shot.

She caught a glimpse of Pte. Davidson on the next roof hurrying to the attic window. There was no one else in sight. Davidson admits being on the roof, but produces evidence that he was mending an aerial, had no gun, and was constantly in contact with Pte. Laims who was assisting him.

Laims supports this. Powder marks show that Timms was shot at close range.

Lieut. Simpkins admits threatening Timms in a recent quarrel over the girl Latouche, his civilian typist, but produces an alibi for the period in question. Dvr. Meadows had driven Lieut. Simpkins in car M 151127 to MR 326145 to contact a Major Leepers who failed to arrive. While there was time during the wait for Major Leepers for Lieut. Simpkins to have walked to the scene of the crime and back, Dvr. Meadows testifies that he was himself at the wheel of the car all the time and that Lieut. Simpkins did not leave the rendezvous for the necessary five minutes.

Latouche agrees that she had been engaged to Timms but had recently become friendly with Simpkins. Clearly, either Davidson or Simpkins committed the murder, and in view of the fact that



Solution on Page 23.

Name of the murderer can be found in following ways:

1. The photographs and the S. I. S. statement enable you to break down one of the alibis. WHICH?

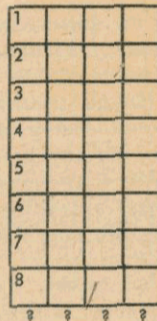
2. If you cannot solve the crime that way, complete the cross-word chain and discover the killer that way.

The name of the murderer is given in one of the down words.

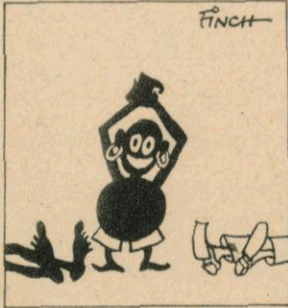
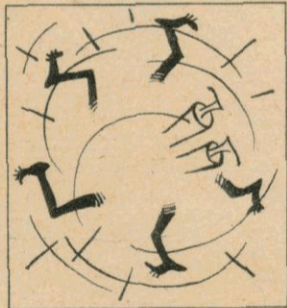
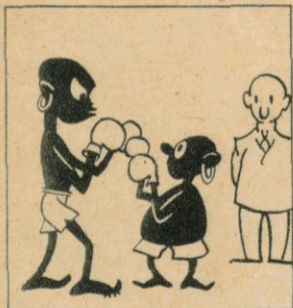
CROSS-WORD CLUE CHAIN

Complete the across words and the name of the killer will be given by one of the down words.

- 1 Is this a record?
- 2 War crimes revolved on this?
- 3 Seduce a piano?
- 4 MP is diabolical.
- 5 This of darkness is Hamilton thriller.
- 6 Roster is broken when throat is this.
- 7 Killer who can plead in this is never hanged.
- 8 Feathered housing problem.



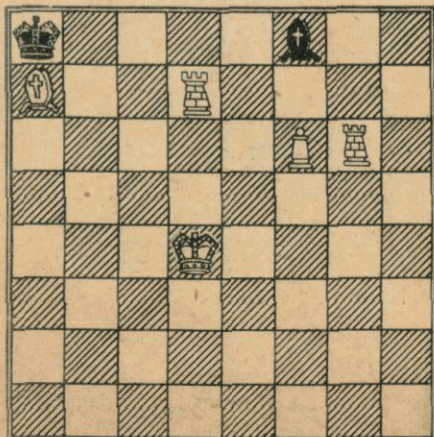
KID OGO ...



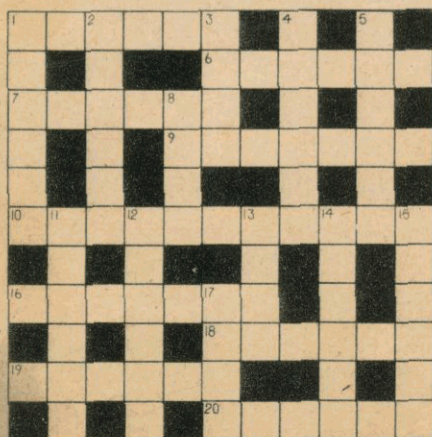
CHESS AND CROSSWORD

CLUES ACROSS. — 1. Famous in Holland, for its "men". — 6. May be seen in a combined op. flash. — 7. "Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?" With a flourish. — 9. Predecessors of the "51st" made a thin one in a famous battle picture (two words). — 10. "The Queen's" (two words). — 16. Cup into which many a mechanised cavalryman would like to put his foot. — 18. What should a sailor do with this? Oh, stow it! — 19. Alias Antwerp. — 20. Used to produce a "masking" effect?

CLUES DOWN. — 1. Ideal defense, it has been said. — 2. Just the drink to produce a canter. — 3. Petty officer. — 4. Passed, all unknowing perhaps, by troops in transit from Sicily to Italy. — 5. What not to do with Jerry. — 8. The language of a neutral. — 11. Fully occupied under canvas? — 12. A nut in command, we hear. — 13. How a Pole may make progress. — 14. Small arm! — 15. Pay the bill for a seat. — 17. One of the United Nations which embodies another.



White to move and mate in three.



Solution on Page 23.

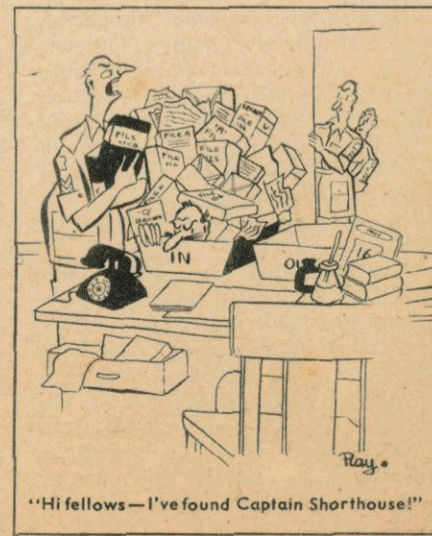
DO YOU REMEMBER?

Here's a new type of Quiz — not "How Much Do You Know?" but "How Much Do You Remember?"

Remember humming "Sonny Boy?" Remember when Carpentier knocked out Beckett, or Pearl White featured in the "Exploits of Elaine?" Forgotten the General Strike or Rudolph Valentino dying? Of course you remember these things, but can you "place" them? Write your guess at the year and then check with the answers on page 23. You score one point if you are right, half a point if you're within a year. Here goes take a look through your memory and stir the dust.

1. What year did the Wembley Exhibition open?
2. When was "Gone With The Wind" first shown in the UK?
3. When was "Tarzan of the Apes" published?
4. When was the Crystal Palace destroyed by fire?
5. When did the R 101 crash at Beauvais?
6. When was the first Wembley Cup Final?
7. When was the naval raid on the Lofoten Islands?
8. When did the 8th Army penetrate the Mareth Line?
9. When were bombs dropped on Buckingham Palace?
10. When did Gladys Cooper first appear on the stage?
11. When was Sir Henry Segrave killed on Lake Windermere?

12. When did Temme swim the English Channel?
13. When was King Tutankhamen's tomb opened?
14. When was the German Reichstag fired?
15. When did Lindbergh fly the Atlantic alone?
16. When was General Sikorski killed in an air crash?
17. When did Thomas Edison die?
18. When was Lawrence of Arabia killed in a motorcycle accident?
19. When was Shaw's play "The Applesauce" first produced?
20. When was Viscount Wavell appointed C-in-C India?



"Hi fellows—I've found Captain Shorthouse!"

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH  ARMY MAGAZINE



Lovely . . . quite lovely, Miss Allyson

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AND
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