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SOLDIER

THE BRITISH



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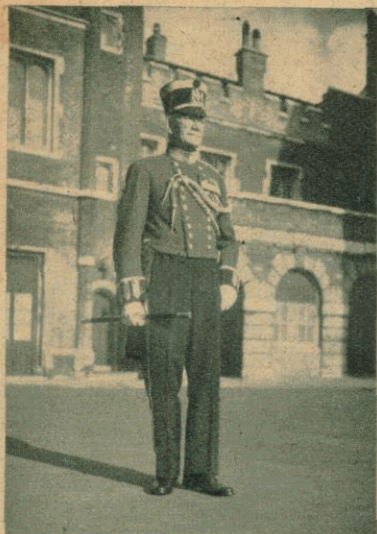


George Price,
King's Marshalman

(See page 2)

SOLDIER

Cover Picture



GEORGE PRICE, who won his DCM at Magersfontein and is now almost 73 years old, is eagerly waiting for the day when he will be recalled to duty. This hardy veteran, drill sergeant in the Coldstream Guards during the Boer War and RSM of the training battalion of the Irish Guards from 1914 until 1918, is now the senior member of an ancient part of the Royal Household known as the King's Marshalsmen. This body was disbanded during the war, but will certainly be re-formed soon, and Mr. Price is going back to the lifetime appointment given him by Queen Victoria.

Few people know of the existence of the King's Marshalsmen, and many of those who do have the false impression that they were formed to protect the spotless white breeches of the Household troops from the mud which certain evilly-disposed people might throw at them. In fact they were originally under-officers of the Knight Marshal, a now extinct Court dignitary.

Guard the Palace

Under the Ordinances issued by Henry VIII at Eltham their chief business was to protect the Marshalsea debtors' prison, and they also went before the King in procession, clearing the way. By 1785 their duties had been considerably extended. They stood guard all day at the Palace gate, and during Parliamentary sessions at the door of the House of Lords, to prevent "gate crashing". Their present-day duties are not so different. One Marshalman mounts daily at Buckingham Palace (or, rather, will do so when they are re-formed) at the same time as the Guard, though not on their parade. He stays there until 4 p. m., or, if the House of Lords is sitting, he and one of his colleagues stand at the Peer's entrance until the session is over.

Oldest Living DCM?

There are six Marshalmen on the Royal establishment. Mr. Price and his colleagues have their quarters in St. James's Palace and, have a salary of £124 a year. They are recruited chiefly from ex-Guardsmen and usually have a distinguished military career behind them. Mr. Price is no exception. He believes he is the oldest living holder of the DCM, and in the 1914-18 war, as RSM of the Irish Guards training battalion, 368 officers and 9,237 Guardsmen passed through his hands. "They were the grandest lot of fellows I ever met," he says. "Among them was the future Field-Marshal Alexander. It was obvious then that he would go a long way."

When the Marshalmen were temporarily disbanded Mr. Price went home to Brentwood in Essex and acted as depot superintendent of the Brentwood Civil Defence Unit. His own house was blitzed.

A. C. S. WALEY (Lieut.)

LETTERS

TELL HIM, SOMEBODY

There's something rancid in the state of man when a continent goes over on to the tobacco standard. Over here cigarettes are worth more than money or food. Yet — and this baffles me — I've never met anyone who could tell me what satisfaction he gets out of smoking. I can understand Chinese smoking opium, Burmese chewing betel, even Scots drinking whisky. They get a "kick" out of it. What "kick" is there in smoking tobacco? Alternatively, does it soothe the nerves? Even supposing it does, why should a man's nerves need soothing 30 or 40 times a day? Mine don't. When I read letters from fellows saying that they "absolutely need" 30 or 40 a day, I begin to despair of the human race. Will somebody enlighten me what it's all about?

Please don't give my name and address — I don't want letters from 50,000 soldiers asking for my free issue. — **"Puzzled."**

"CLEM" (ALIAS "URGI")

The sign of "Clem" is well-known over here. My friends swear it is a recognised divisional or formation sign. I say not. Please enlighten us. — **Gnr. R.B. Appleton, 12 LAA Regt.**

★ Known otherwise as "Mr Chad" or "Clem", this much-discussed doodle is "Urgi" to 20 Troop Carrying Company RASC. For them at least he IS a recognised unit sign, peering over the tailboards of their vehicles. "Urgi", doodled by Cpl Dawes of the unit, was quickly accepted as the official unit sign and became familiar to many who took part in last Autumn's advance — for 20 Troop Carrying Company claim to have provided transport for all BLA formations (except 49 Div) from Villers Bocage to Nijmegen. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

DOES IT COUNT?

I was released from my unit at Gibraltar to serve in the Merchant Navy for 12 months as a fireman. If this counts as service towards release I am in Group 20. If not, I am in Group 26. Can you tell me which is correct? — **Gnr. A. Beesley, 241/61 Super Heavy Regt RA.**

★ You should apply to your OC to initiate a claim for you to be released in Group 20. This claim is referred to in ACI 5/11 of 1945. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

"SMART AND SOLDIERLY"

A message from HQ BAOR has told us we are now "Ambassadors of Europe" and should wear the King's uniform in a smart and soldierly manner. We find it impossible to do this because our Quartermaster is unable to issue us with replacements for our battledress, which has become very untidy. He says

we are only entitled to one battledress on active service and that DADOS will not supply him with new issues.

We believe the main supply is being transferred to Belgian and French soldiers. — **"Driver RASC" (name and address supplied).**

★ The authorised scale of battledress is two suits (GRO 1468/45). There is a shortage of battledresses due to (a) world-wide scarcity of textiles, and (b) the manufacture of civilian clothes for soldiers on release. British soldiers receive priority in supply of battledresses. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

UP FOR THIRD TIME

I first joined the RASC in Nov. 1931 and was discharged at my own request to the Reserve in July 1935, having completed three years, 241 days service. In Feb. 1939 I rejoined the Army, this time in the RA, not disclosing my previous service until 1941, when I was put on a charge and admonished by my CO for concealing it. I was transferred to the RE in April 1942 as a tradesman, and in October 1943 I was awarded my eight years service pay, so now have roughly 10 years service to my credit.

I should like to know: 1. Can I re-enlist for service with the Occupation Army in Germany? 2. Does my previous service count towards a pension? 3. What periods of service can I re-enlist on — three, five, six or eight years? — **Spr. G. Speight, 43 Mech Egt (Tn) Pln, RE.**

★ 1. If you are under 30 you can apply through your CO to re-enlist. If you are over 30 your CO may sanction a special application to be forwarded to higher authority. Full details of re-enlistment are given in ACI 1435 of 1942. No guarantee would be given of posting to any particular station or country. 2. On the information you have given the answer is: Yes. But check your record with Article 1104 of the Royal Warrant for Pay. 3. Enlistment would be for a normal engagement of seven years with the Colours and five with the Reserve. Again see ACI 1435 of 1942. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

THE FIRST

Which Infantry regiment is the First of Foot? — **Pte. C. Mylon, att. 5 KOSB.**

★ The Royal Scots (see Page 7 this issue). — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

NOT TAXED

Is the release gratuity liable to Income Tax, and if so under what Schedule? — **Cpl. F. Bennett, 294 Fd Coy RE.**

★ The gratuity is not liable to Income Tax. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

(More Letters on Page 23)

Snapshot (6)

on

JOBS

JOINING THE POLICE

SERVICEMEN who feel they would make efficient policemen after their release will be glad to know that there are a large number of vacancies not only in the Metropolitan Police Force but in the various County Forces throughout the UK. In all there are about 200 police forces in Great Britain, 49 of which are in Scotland. Largest of them is that which serves Greater London. It consists of 20,000 officers under the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis.

QUALIFICATIONS

You must produce evidence of good character, must be at least 5 ft 8 ins tall, and should be able to pass a stiff physical examination by a police doctor. Age limits are 20 to 30 years, except that in Scotland ex-Servicemen may be considered up to 35 years. You must be of British nationality and should possess a good standard of education, and unless you hold a School Certificate, a 1st Class Army Certificate or some similar qualification you will have to pass an entrance test. Driving, radio and photographic experience will be useful.

TRAINING

After acceptance you will spend three months at a training school, when you will receive pay and in some cases free accommodation. Instruction is given in self-defence, first-aid, traffic control and general police duties. After passing, you will be posted as a constable to a station where you will work with an experienced officer, and for two years you will be on probation. You will have to pass examinations and may have to spend short periods attached to special branches to further your experience.

PROSPECTS

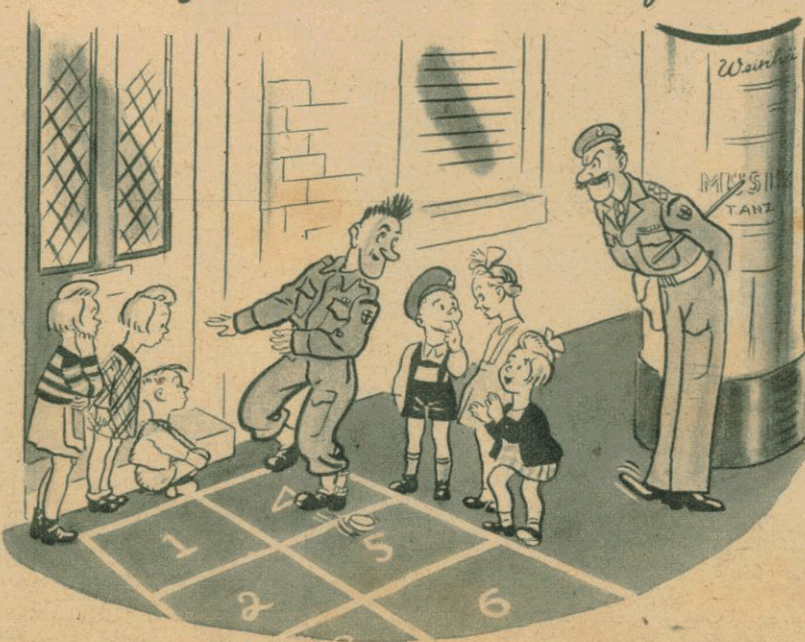
After four years as a constable you may sit for an examination for promotion to sergeant. This test includes such subjects as Criminal Law, Evidence and Procedure, General Statutes, Regulations and Orders, Local Regulations and Bye-Laws, Principles of Local Government and general educational subjects. There is a further qualifying examination for promotion to inspector. All promotion depends on vacancies.

As a constable — and there is no other way of entry — you will start at £4 10s. a week, rising to £5 17s. in ten years. Sergeants receive from £6 8s. to £7 3s., while inspectors vary from £310.. to £375 a year. Superintendents are normally paid from £430 to £600 a year. In the London districts rates are slightly higher. In addition to your pay you will receive either free quarters for yourself and family or rent allowance. Uniforms are free and there is a boot allowance of 2s. a week.

Towards your pension you will have to contribute five per cent of your pay, and after 25 years you can retire for life on a pension equal to half your pay, after 30 years on two-thirds pay. If you resign you will get back all the money you paid in, and if forced to retire on medical grounds you will get either a pension or gratuity according to your rank and service.

Smudger

By Friell



"Just re-educating the Kinder, sir..."



Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, talking to Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery and Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander at the recent conference of Army chiefs held at the Staff College, Camberley, to discuss the shape of our future Army.

BRITAIN'S NEW ARMY

The War is won, the fighting over, and the Army of today is coming home. What of the Army of tomorrow — the forces that will play their part in controlling the world and guarding against the possibility of future aggression? The nation wants to know how Britain's New Army will be organised, and how strong it will be, and particularly do thousands of men now serving in the Forces want to know what prospects the Army of the future has to offer.

Army technicians of the future: cadets investigate the mysteries of the field telephone.

Their Two-Year Task

Will the post-war soldier receive better pay and allowances for his wife and children? What will be the new conditions of service at home and abroad? How will the soldier be dressed? Will conscription be continued, and if so how long will a conscript serve?

These and other pertinent questions are contained in scores of letters that reach SOLDIER every week from men anxious to make the Army their career if the conditions are made attractive enough. The answers cannot yet be given, but the blue-prints of the new Army are rapidly nearing completion, and an official statement on the reforms that will be introduced will be made very shortly.

For the past two years a number of War Office experts, comprising the Army Post-War Problems Committee, have been studying, in the light of war-time experiences, the future organisation of the Army and the conditions under which the post-war soldier will train and live. Each and every War Office

Branch has investigated the possibilities for improvement, and from the information obtained there has been laid the foundation on which the New Army will be built. The questions of pay and allowances, pensions, terms of service and recruitment have been considered, and a Post-War Dress Committee has for many months been collecting suggestions from the troops themselves on the type of clothing the soldier of tomorrow will wear. Experts have devoted several years to the problem of providing the best equipment and arms for the peace-time Army. The future of the Territorial Army Associations, the periods of service for officers and men, educational training, and the possibility of retaining the Auxiliary Territorial Service as a regular formation have all been under review.

The War Minister, Mr. J. J. Lawson, MP, has flown to the Far East and talked with men from many units to obtain at first-hand the troops' opinions on how the Army could be improved.

Conscription

The major issue on which the final plans for the development of the Army will depend is conscription. Will a new National Service Act be introduced at the end of the present emergency to continue universal conscription? Mr. Ernest Bevin, then Minister of Labour and National Service and now Foreign Secretary, told the Labour Party Conference last May that he advocated military training on the basis of universal service. The present Government, containing as it does a large proportion of men who fought throughout the war in the armed forces — some of them as other ranks — is likely to assist in the introduction of a number of sweeping reforms. When the decisions are announced in the near future it is expected that better conditions than have ever prevailed before will be offered to men who want to make the Army their career.

SEE PAGES 4-6





Standing: grasp grenade firmly



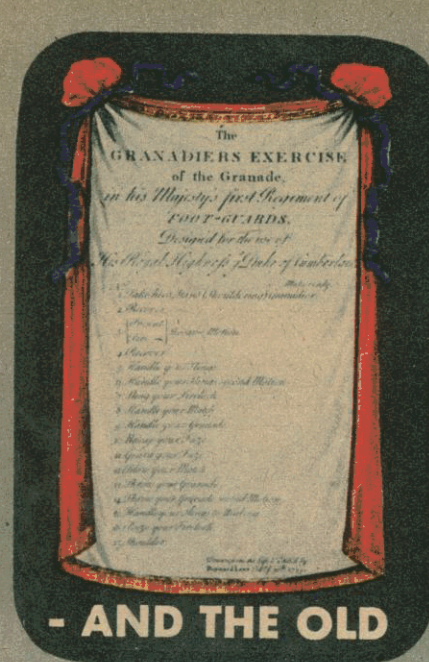
Pull grenade away from pin



Prepare to throw

THE MODERN WAY -

Memories of training days will be awakened by these pictures of a demonstration by an instructor of how to throw a live grenade. It is still one of the first things the recruit learns, giving him early confidence in a valuable weapon.



- AND THE OLD



Handle your match



Handle your grenade



Uncap your fuze

Britain's New Army BEST ONLY IS GOOD

AT the end of the greatest human conflict in history, the British Army is one of the finest in the world. It must remain so if the security of the nation is to be preserved and if Britain is to play a major role in a United Nations plan to control the world and prevent a Third World War more terrible than the last.

The British Army must never again decline in strength and in armaments as it did after World War One. Never again must the nation undergo the humiliating experiences that befell it in the years between the wars because the armed forces necessary to back foreign policies were lacking.

Long View Needed

The tasks of restoring law and order to a war-ravaged Europe, and the resettlement of our possessions overrun by the Japanese in the Far East will require very considerable forces in the immediate future. Our long-term commitments — home defence, the protection of our Empire and many interests scattered throughout the world — and our role as one of the Big Five Powers will demand a strong Army for years to come. The Atom Bomb may eventually render ground defences useless and an Army as we know it today obsolete. But that time is the long way off, and even so the antidote to this new method of warfare may be discovered by then.

It is certain that, for some years at least, a permanent Army, highly efficient, well-trained and provided with the best weapons and equipment that can be produced, will be required. More than this, the Army of the future, if it is to be completely effective, must offer conditions of service, pay and allowances, and amenities attractive enough to make the Army a real career for the most intelligent and ambitious men.

The Big Question

Many of the reforms to be introduced will necessarily depend on whether conscription is to be continued or not. The objections to compulsory military service are based on two main grounds, both of them reasonable. The first is that as individuals we have a deep-rooted and natural distaste for direction and enforced service of any kind liable to constitute any interference with our traditional liberties. The second is the economic argument that a national scheme would be far too costly to maintain, and that young men would be taken away from industry at a time when industry itself could ill afford to lose them.

On the other hand, universal service — and if conscription is continued in peace as in war it must apply to every man, irrespective of position and profession, with no suggestion of preference — would provide the nation with

a large reserve of trained men who could be called upon should the necessity arise. Possession of a large potential armed force would lend more weight to the attitude and contentions of our diplomatic representatives at the world's conference tables, and individually those who undergo a period of rigorous training would reap the benefit of physical and mental stimulation at



Kneeling: forefinger through ring



Lever across palm



Balance is everything

an unwieldy and excessively expensive Army. Even if the strength of the Regular Army abroad was limited to eight or nine divisions, there would be a large reserve of trained men, and men under training, in the National Service Army.

To protect the home island against invasion a number of divisions, always kept at full war establishment and ready at a moment's notice, could be based in the United Kingdom.

Training Grounds Overseas?

If the Regular Army is stationed overseas, the immense problem of finding training grounds suitable for a modern Army would, to a great extent, be solved. The deserts of North Africa, and the large areas of sparsely populated lands of the Dominions offer more scope than the overcrowded, highly industrialised British Isles where training on a large scale is well nigh impossible.

Garrison amenities too must be improved, and more and better marriage quarters provided, for there is nothing more likely to make a man discontented than a bad station in unpleasant climates. The length of unbroken service abroad is another matter that will have to be decided. A maximum period of three to four years would, it seems, meet with general approbation.

Conditions of service, pay and allowances and amenities must be such that the Army is able to offer a promising career to the best types of men. As a profession the Army of the future must provide opportunities leading to positions of responsibility, increased scope and interests. Living conditions must be raised to a level equal to those enjoyed by the civilian, and promotion should be obtained by ability and not solely by seniority. There must be a good supply of first-class officer material, and the conscript who wants to make the Army his profession must have just as good an opportunity as the recruit officers from the public schools.

In the Ranks First

The war-time method of selecting officers and NCOs has been outstandingly successful, and the experiment, brought into operation by the Army Council in 1939, of passing all potential officers through the ranks and selecting officer material from the ranks, has paid such large dividends that in my view it should be retained. A period of at least six months should be laid down for every officer candidate to serve in the ranks and thus fully understand the men he will eventually control, and assist him in being able to see the ORs' point of view in the settlement of justified complaints. By this method of selection every man, whether he be a General's son with a university education, or a bricklayer's lad educated at a council school, is

ENOUGH

given an equal opportunity to secure promotion.

Blocked promotion for officers, a source of complaint in the old Regular Army, could be overcome by the allocation of a considerable number of short-service commissions, carrying with them on retirement a generous gratuity. Short-term periods of service, of varying lengths from three to 10 years, might also be introduced for the ranks, and in their case the gratuities must also be sufficient to assist them materially in taking up a new profession in civil life. Short service commissions for specialists, such as doctors and mechanical experts, who would not otherwise be in the Army, might also be introduced.

The careful selection of men for specialist jobs should be continued and improved upon in peace, so that the right man is given the right job and ability is not wasted.

Improved Education

In both the Regular and National Service Armies, education must play an important part in training both the officer and the private soldier. General education must be given to fit the Serviceman for a good situation in civilian life on his retirement.

Officers and men could be released for short periods at intervals during their term of service, and particularly towards the end of their time in the Army, so that they could actually do the job they propose to take up after they leave the Forces.

The last six months of service could be spent in the United Kingdom to assist this suggested scheme, and Government Departments and civilian firms, acting under the direction of the Ministry of Labour, could be called in to provide additional facilities.

If the best education is to be given, qualified instructors must be used to pass it on to the soldier, and in these circumstances the Army Educational Corps should remain a closed shop to all but the most competent teachers, whose duties would include the important task of keeping the soldier in touch with the civilian world.

In the case of the National Service Army, it might not be possible to devote so much time to education, for military training must come first. However, it should be possible for the majority of conscripts to be withdrawn from all minor duties to devote most of their time in the last month to education. At home, the civil authorities might very well provide assistance in the shape of special evening classes. To further the scheme, both the Regular and the conscript should be given every opportunity of mixing with civilians, socially and in their official capacities.

Co-operation with the Navy and the Royal Air Force must also be organised to help weld together the three Services, and assist each to understand

the other. In wartime, co-operation between the three Forces was one of the essential factors for victory. In peacetime it will be no less important.

Rises in Pay

If the scheme suggested in this article is to be completely successful, the pay of the Regular Army must necessarily be higher than that of the National Service Army. After all, the conscript is serving for a short time only which will not seriously interfere with his civilian career, and a fair amount of that time will be spent at home. But in both cases, pay and allowances must conform to a vastly improved standard. What the new rates of pay will be is not yet known, but it is the avowed



intention of the present governing political party to bring about equality between the wages of the civilian and the earnings of the Serviceman.

In particular, allowances to wives and children must be raised to provide the Serviceman's family with assured financial security, including all the benefits envisaged under the new social security plans. A War Office Committee is at the moment giving urgent consideration to this problem, and a statement may be expected shortly.

The chief worry of the OR in the pre-war Army was the continuity of employment after leaving the Armed Forces. He would be a great deal happier if, in future, efforts were intensified to secure good prospects for ex-Servicemen, especially the older soldier, by the allocation of a larger quota of Government and semi-official posts. The years of service in the Forces in these cases should also be allowed to count towards pensions paid by the Government departments. Promotion, or rather the lack of it, has always been one of the Regular soldier's grounds for complaint. To ensure more rapid promotion he might be allowed to sign on for terms of service as low as three years, with the option of continuing for further periods if desired.

Smarter Dress

The question of dress is one that has been considered by a special War Office Committee for several years. Certain modifications in battle-dress and equipment, and the provision of a new and attractive walking-out dress may very likely be introduced in the very near future.

Turning again to the Conscript Army it is envisaged that even low medical grade men will be employed on duties

suitable for their physical condition, such as ambulance work and certain office employment. The first six months of service could be spent at establishments in the British Isles where primary and corps training would be taught, after which, if they were required, conscripts could be posted to the Army of Occupation in Germany to complete their training, or be utilised as reserves for the home divisions of the Regular Army in case of emergency.

The new National Service Act is likely to contain a clause making all conscripts eligible for overseas service in such stations.

The National Service Army, I feel, should include a proportion of Regular Army officers and NCOs, whose experience would be invaluable in administering training, and a large percentage of the short-service commissioned officers to form an additional link between the two forces. By this means also, promotion among young officers would be facilitated.

Consideration must also be given to the formation of a National Service Army Reserve. A conscript would go on to reserve for a period of say five years, and he could attend "Refresher Courses" at Centres established in the country districts or at the Regular Army home division stations. The duration of these courses should be at least three weeks, if they are to serve their purpose, and arrangements must be made to ensure that civilian employers give their blessing to such a scheme.

Some system of voluntary training must also be decided, and the retention of the Territorial Army will probably meet this need.

ATS and Home Guard

The future of the ATS is also being considered. During the war the ATS performed many remarkable feats of skill and endurance, and in certain administrative and technical posts they have been unsurpassed. They might very well be retained as a regular force, carrying out certain specialist duties with trained officers filling staff appointments.

For the older men, it is thought that an organisation based on the Home Guard would fill the bill by providing week-end and evening training, while the young boys up to the age of 18 would have the Cadet organisations to meet their need.

It is well to bear in mind, however, that the scope of the reforms suggested here will depend to a very large extent on the economic policies of the country, and the Treasury will play an important part in the subsequent changes. It would be unwise to expect too lavish a scheme in the immediate future.

If what has been written here forms the main-plank of the New Army, many sacrifices, both national and individual, will be demanded, but if we are not to shirk our obligations those sacrifices must be made with a good heart. The price is likely to be heavy, but if it means the safety of the country and the Empire it will not be excessive.



Guard your fuze



Blow your match



Throw your grenade



BRITAIN'S NEW ARMY

Future Leaders Go Through the Mill

IT is revealing no secret to say that one of the chief essentials of a strong Britain, able to take its rightful place at the head of the leading nations, is a strong post-war Army—an Army fully trained in all the varied aspects of warfare and led by officers and NCOs who from the very beginning of their military careers are taught initiative, self-confidence and the art of leadership.

Some of the future leaders of Britain's post-war Army are now being trained at four Infantry Training Battalions (Young Soldiers)—one in Inverness, a second in Belfast, a third in Markeaton, Derbyshire, and a fourth at North Frith Barracks, Blackdown, near Aldershot.

Training for Responsibility

Here, volunteers who have not yet reached the age of 18, and boys under the age of 19 compulsorily called up, who have shown exceptional promise at their Primary Training Centres and are marked down as potential officers, are learning to become leaders while being taught the skilled use of all infantry weapons. They are being built up, physically and mentally, to equip them for greater responsibilities in the future.

These Training Battalions are one of the main feeding grounds for potential officers and NCOs, and their complement is made up of young lads selected for their high standard of intelligence and potential qualities of initiative. The majority of the recruits are youths of 17 who volunteer for the Army at the Recruiting Offices either for the du-

ration of the emergency, or on a regular engagement. Before being finally selected for entry to the Training Battalion they sit for an examination which ensures conformity to a certain minimum standard of education, and must be medically A1. Combined with a system of "weeding out" those who are not considered suitable at the end of eight weeks' training, this careful selection procedure ensures that training is not held up by the duller element.

Specialised Course

These lads have several advantages over the normal intakes of Army Class recruits. In the first place they undergo a course of 26 weeks' intensive primary and corps training without a break, except for two periods of leave in the 13th and 24th weeks. There are no fatigues except those demanded by training, a permanent staff of orderlies carrying out the day-to-day duties to enable the course to proceed without destroying the progression of training. From the very first day of their entry into the Battalion the young soldiers are given the most careful supervision. Extra food and an additional half-pint of milk a day helps to build up the youngsters, whose youthful appetites during six years of war-time rationing have not always been satisfied, and the volunteer can choose his own regiment when he "signs on" at the Recruiting Office. They wear a special badge of crossed swords superimposed with a General Staff crown, while underneath are the four emblems of the Rose, Thistle, Leek and Shamrock.

No Distinctions

At North Frith Barracks, Blackdown, headquarters of No 29 Infantry Training Battalion, six companies, totalling more than 1,000 recruits, are fully trained every six months. Usually more than 25 per cent successfully pass their War Office Selection Board tests, and after returning to the Battalion to complete their Corps training are sent to Pre-OCTU and finally become commissioned officers. Those who fail the WOSB examinations are sent to the regiments of their choice, 25 per cent being posted as potential NCOs.

All recruits have the same opportunities. The son of the baronet, educated at Harrow, students at England's famous public schools, bank clerks and junior draughtsmen sleep in the same barrack

room and train with the milk-round boys, the newspaper vendors, window cleaners and plumbers' mates. They receive exactly the same training, and ability and intelligence are the only yard-sticks by which a recruit's qualifications for future promotion are measured.

At least one of the recruits is already a hardened war veteran—and he not yet 18. Before volunteering for the Army he served with the Merchant Navy for two years, and on D-Day was aboard an assault landing craft, helping to land the assault troops on the Normandy beaches. He was constantly under heavy shell and mortar fire, but until D plus 70 this boy played a man's part in landing both troops and supplies in France. His father and brother are both Company Serjeant Majors in the Royal Berkshire Regiment, six other brothers are in the services, and a sister is serving in the ATS. While this boy sweeps the floor of his barrack room in the morning period before first parade, the baronet's son, who volunteered while studying at one of our best known public schools, cleans the windows and dusts the awkward corners behind the long line of beds.

His Ambition

Many volunteers and a large number of specially selected Army Class recruits of this Battalion have already signed on for their "seven and five".

Pte Charles Bennett, not yet 18, whose parents live at Riddell Street, Camberwell, is one of these. His ambition is to join the Seaforth Highlanders, the regiment he chose when volunteering, and to become an NCO. "Already I've put on 6lbs in weight, and I feel twice as fit as before I joined up", he says. "I want to make the Army my career, and I know I'm going to like it."

The energy these lads put into their training is tremendous. They are remarkably adept at learning the intricacies of the weapons they are taught to use, and absorb even the most minute details of their training. To see a section of these lads, their faces and hands blackened with the thick mud of a nearby puddle, steel helmets and equipment carefully camouflaged, as they set off on the difficult and hazardous assault course just outside the camp, is to see a performance of physical endurance, sheer "guts" and accurate shooting of which many war-hardened men would be justly proud.

Soon after his entry into the Battalion the recruit is toughened by progressive PT and assault course training until he is able to march 10 miles in two hours wearing full equipment. Under the experienced instruction of their officers and NCOs the boys develop a sharpened sense of fieldcraft and concealment, their tactical knowledge improves rapidly, and on the battle-inoculation course they receive their first taste of what it is like to be close to real live bullets and mortar bombs. Games and competitions increase the spirit of comradeship and sportsmanship, and at least once a week each lad fires on the open ranges. Before the end of the course he is classified—and very rarely does any boy score less than a First Class, while several are already "Marksmen".

Learn to Reason

During the training, the recruit's power of reasoning is developed and his outlook broadened by a series of carefully organised educational classes and lectures on ABCA and British Way and Purpose. Training films and discussions, security lectures, Brains Trusts and instruction in citizenship all go to form a foundation which will stand the lad in good stead when he is posted away. As the course progresses, recruits are "promoted" to temporary Platoon Commander or Platoon Serjeant for the day, the office being indicated by a coloured band worn on the arm or attached to the pocket of their denims. Their authority for that one day is rarely questioned by their fellow recruits.

Towards the end of the course the recruits are taught how to look after themselves in conditions approximating as closely as possible to active service in the field. For seven days they bivouac in the surrounding countryside, and fend for themselves. They learn how to cook in their mess-tins, and are taught the principles of field hygiene sanitation. They go out on night patrol, learning how to move silently and swiftly through the darkness towards an "enemy" post.

Fit for Anything

Instruction in the use of enemy weapons, gas training, map reading and field engineering are included in the training syllabus specially laid down by the War Office, and when the course is completed every boy is thoroughly qualified to take his place in a platoon, and physically fit for any strenuous experience he may be called upon to undergo.

That every soldier carries a Field Marshal's baton in his knapsack is open to a certain amount of scepticism, but there is no denying that the youngsters now being trained at these Young Soldiers' Battalions are given every opportunity to prepare for the most responsible positions, and undoubtedly a number are already on the way to becoming the leaders of Britain's future Army.

E. J. GROVE (Capt.)





No, the helmet isn't an antique, but it is valuable to Mr. C. C. P. Lawson. He wore it while in the Westminster Dragoons in the 1914-18 war.

HERE ARMIES OF THE PAST PARADE

SOME Americans wanted recently to know how the Pennsylvania Volunteers were dressed at the time of the rising of the Red Indian chief Pontiac way back in 1760. They searched far and wide. No one could say with any certainty whether their coats were of blue or green. Their enquiries reached London.

The question was posed in a Hollywood studio; the answer came from a Chelsea studio. A film company wanted to dress their cast correctly for a historical colour film and it was to an Englishman that they had to come for their information.

Lifetime of Research

Mr. Cecil C. P. Lawson is a military painter. He finds it necessary to know all about his subjects to paint his battle scenes with accuracy. He has spent a lifetime on research. He ascertained not only how the soldiers of the old armies were uniformed and equipped but how they lived, ate and behaved. He can tell you the details to the last button.

(Talking of buttons, it seems that the bigger the man the more polishing he had to do. The number of buttons increased with the size of the garment.)

And so it was that Mr. Lawson was commissioned to prepare over 100 coloured sketches of the American 18th century militiamen who put down the Redskin rebellion. Further, he has been able to provide scores of pages of notes on the habits and customs of the volunteer force.

Mr. Lawson's studio is nothing like the usual conception of a Chelsea artist's den. It is a museum which spreads all over the house. Oils and watercolours, old prints, aquatints and sketches, centuries-old pistols and swords cover the walls in the basement

sitting room, up the staircases, along passages and in the upper rooms.

Bookcases and cupboards are lined with works on military subjects. If you are curious to know how the first King's Own Militia Battalion were clothed, Mr. Lawson will produce an original coat from out of his sideboard cupboard. If he shows you an old black shako and says, "The Yorkshire Militia riflemen used those hats as rifle-rests", it was so. He will prove it by showing you an old painting. "Not that the hats were made so tall specifically for that purpose", he will add. "Soldiers were always good at improvising. They give recruits on the range a sandbag these days".

Survived the Blitz

Mr. Lawson apologises that his collection is not fully displayed and takes sheaves of prints from out of drawers. "When the London bombings started, my wife and I went around whipping all the prints out of their frames", he explains. "We thought it would be somewhat dangerous to have so much glass about the rooms". Many of the more valuable ones were evacuated.

Then there are some 60 black volumes of notes. On blitz nights — and days — they were all carried down to the garden Anderson. "You think more of them than you do of your life", said his wife. "They are my life", was Mr.

Lawson's retort. Those pages of jottings and diagrams contain the results of researches which began in 1904 and which have been made not only in this country but in many parts of Europe.

Just as the Americans had to come to England for authentic information about their older armies, so Mr. Lawson has found on the Continent much valuable data about Britain's fighting forces quite unknown over here.

"I discovered in Belgium a series of drawings of all the regiments of the Duke of York's Army of 1793", he says. "An artist sat in the window of his house in Bruges and sketched the soldiers as they marched through the town. Every regiment is identified and the date of their arrival given."

The National Library in Paris has volumes of drawings of all the Colours captured by the armies of Louis XIV and Louis XV in the William III and Marlborough Campaigns. Gaps in British military records regarding the regimental colours carried in those wars were filled in from this knowledge. They were identified by the actions at which they were captured and the coats of arms and crests of colonels emblazoned on them.

Diaries and letters are another useful source of information. They give a period picture of the service life of officers and men far more colourful than the often distorted facts published in histories.

When George Washington was Colonel of the Virginia Regiment—Colonial troops under British control before the American War of Independence — he was continually trying to improve the conditions of the private soldier.

He wrote to Robert Dinwiddie, Governor, in March, 1754: "We daily experience the great necessity for Cloathing the Men, as we find a generality of those, who are to be Enlisted, are of those loose, Idle Persons, that are quite destitute of House, and Home, and, I may truly say, many of those of Cloathes; which last, renders them very incapable of the necessary Service, as they must inevitably be expos'd to inclement weather in their Marches, etc., and can expect no other, than to encounter almost every difficulty, that's incident to a Soldier's Life."

Kettles were U/S

After writing of their lack of shoes, stockings, and "not a few that have Scarce a Coat to their backs", Colonel Washington suggested that "Every Man of them, for their own Credits sake, is willing to be Cloathed at their own Expense", adding, "They are perpetually teasing me to have it done." Soldier's pay was eightpence a day then. Shortly afterwards twopence a day was "stopt to reimburse the Expense" of supplying them with "Cloathes."

In December 1755 the Colonel was complaining that "We suffer greatly for want of kettles: those sent . . . being tin, are of short duration. We shall also, in a little time, suffer as much for the want of Cloathing". Some supplies had apparently been received but they were "disappointed off" them.

By next spring the clothing position had become acute. There were none in stores and "Some men, who have been enlisted these two months, to whom we could give nothing but a blanket, shoes, and shirt, are justly dissatisfied

at having twopence a day stopped from them". While in the December, Washington wrote: "The delay of the Soldiers' Cloathes occasions unaccountable murmurs and complaints and I am very much afraid we shall have few men left, if they arrive not in a week or two. Your Honor would be astonished to see the naked condition of the poor wretches, and how they possibly can subsist, much less work, in such severe weather."

Weapons also were apparently scarce.

A DRO for the same regiment calls for "... Tomorrow one Subaltern, one Sergeant, one Corporal, one Drummer, and 25 Private Men, for the Guard. The Recruits to be completely armed, so far as they will go."

In the records of the armies of other days can be found the nucleus of many of the principles of training and fighting, inventions and weapons, used in the modern Army.

Musketry training manuals of the 1700's go through drill movements much as they do now. The first "lorried" Infantry were rushed up to the battlefield in horse-drawn carts.

Troops sat back-to-back down the centre seat of a cart like a jaunting car. NCO's stood, one at either end.

The original self-propelled gun was probably the cumbersome timber affair built around a horse that had only the hooves showing. A soldier with his "mortar" perched on the top. Royal Horse Artillery fired rockets for the first time at the Battle of Leipzig.

Famous Battles

Mr. Lawson has painted many famous battles for British regiments, among them Walcourt, first action of the Regular British Army on the Continent, and Schellenburg, showing the Bedfords 16th Foot; Talavera for the Scots Guards; and the Grenadier Guards serving with the British Fleet in Charles II's time.

Mr. Lawson studied in Paris and exhibited regularly at the Salon from 1904 to 1929. His work was interrupted by service with the Westminster Dragoons in the last war. This time he worked as a cable censor. His "History of the Uniforms of the British Army", two volumes of which were published before it was curtailed by paper shortage, contains some 330 illustrations.

Keep the Regiment

Small wonder that Mr. Lawson figures backstage at Aldershot Tattoos advising the wardrobe masters how to dress their players.

"Keep the regimental tradition" is the pleading of this student of military history. "When specialised troops, such as commandos or paratroopers, are needed, assign the task to one regiment and train them for it. Men work harder and fight better if they have got a grand old tradition behind them to uphold."

FOOTNOTE: To settle the age-old argument of messes and canteens, the oldest regiment in the British Army is the Royal Scots. It was raised in 1633 by order of Charles I by Sir John Hepburn from the remnants of his own and other Scottish regiments serving in Sweden. It has a consecutive regimental history, since it came under British pay in that year.

J. W. SHAW (Capt.)

A Chelsea studio is a treasure-house of ancient military dress and customs. To ensure that his battle scenes are accurate, Mr Cecil C. P. Lawson, military painter, has spent a lifetime studying the histories of armies and regiments... He can tell you the details down to the last button.

TURNED FALAISE POCKET



Below: Armour passing through the ruins of Udem in the Reichswald. 11 Arm'd Div took part in the later stages of the fighting here.



Above: A Comet tank of the Division carrying Infantry on the final thrust to Lubeck, where between 70,000 and 80,000 prisoners were taken.

The secrets of 11 Arm'd Div's success were excellent leadership, high morale, a great fighting capacity, and last, but not least, a first-rate internal organisation which controlled the rapid and flexible teamwork needed in a varied, fast-moving force.

"BULLS again", said an officer recruited to the POW cage on one occasion. "We have met them everywhere. It is the British Army sign, is it not?"

An unsolicited testimonial, but perhaps a not unnatural mistake. The 11 Armoured Division's centre line stretched from Normandy to the Danish border, and for all but a fraction of that distance they blazed the trail for themselves. The story of the journey takes in many of the major episodes of the Second Army's campaign in North-west Europe; and those who made it under the command of Maj.-Gen. G. P. B. Roberts, CB, DSO, MC, frequently found themselves making history.

Lull Before Storm

The Division landed in Normandy a week after D-Day and then concentrated for nearly a fortnight before being called into action. Second Army was then still straining at the perimeter of the Normandy beachhead. The German divisions were as yet strong in tanks and high in morale. And thus the push by 15 Scottish, which gained the villages of St. Mauvieu and Cheux, and the subsequent advance of 11 Armoured's 29th Armoured Bde, commanded by Brig. C. B. Harvey, DSO, down to and across the Odon bridge and on towards the exposed ridge of Hill 112 were hotly contested the whole way.

The tanks reached Hill 112 and drove the enemy off it; but they could not hold it themselves. Continual pressure and violent counter-attacks on the flanks of the wedge were only repelled by the combined efforts of 159 Infantry Bde, 4 Arm'd Bde and the Arm'd Recce Regt (2 Northants Yeomanry). The Gunners lent valiant support. For two days the battle raged until at length the order was given to withdraw. Some ground had been gained, and much experience.

If the first battle was in many ways the hardest, the second was fought on the grandest scale. This was the tank encounter on the open plains east of Caen on 18-20 July. The armour moved forward—preceded by a huge air bombardment and a barrage of 600 guns—against the powerful defensive positions of 21 Panzer and 12 SS Panzer divisions. Although at a disadvantage due to the greater range and penetration of the German guns, and lacking the expected support on the flanks due to fearful congestion on the roads and bridges behind, 29 Arm'd Bde pressed on all day over the dusty cornfields.

That day alone the Division lost 115 tanks, a record that few would care to emulate, but that did not prevent a renewal of the action the following day. Torrential rain on the 20th finally brought to a close a battle which tied up a formidable proportion of the German armour and made possible the great achievements that were shortly to end the beachhead phase altogether.

The Division's next attack was put in west of Caumont on the extreme right flank of the Second Army. It was their first experience of fighting in the Bocage country and the whole Division moved as two more or less identical brigade groups commanded respectively

by Brig. Harvey and Brig. Churcher, DSO, of 159 Inf Bde.

Of the fighting that followed it is difficult to provide a coherent description. It coincided with the spectacular break-out of the Americans on the right and the formation of the now historic Falaise Pocket. Within a fortnight the 11th had fought its way against fierce delaying opposition, and many mines and demolitions, along the entire length of the Pocket, squeezing out the unwilling Wehrmacht into the chaos and disaster that awaited it.

The turning point of the battle was undoubtedly the discovery and exploitation of a weakly-held boundary between two German divisions, which led to the seizure of an undefended bridge over the Souleuvre river by a troop of 2 Household Cavalry. 29 Arm'd Bde poured over and up the steep wooded ridge beyond to capture Le Beny Bocage, and, pushing on into the outskirts of Vire, the Division gained a lead which it never afterwards lost. German hopes of containing the push and cutting off the Americans at Avranches were ended by the repulse, mainly by 185 Bde of 3 British Inf Div, of a heavy counterattack by 10 SS Panzer division. They had no option but to retreat.

Typically, General Roberts took little credit to himself for the coup on the Souleuvre. Approaching him that evening one of his officers congratulated him on the day's performance. "Why, sir", said this officer, sweeping his hand in the approximate direction of the famous bridge, "two men and a boy could have held you up there." "Yes, Joe", replied the General, "but they didn't have the boy."

At this time the Division came under command of General Horrocks, of 30 Corps, a great enthusiast in the ungentle art of pursuit, and the sweeping-up of the Falaise Pocket continued. Through Vassy and Fiers, Putanges and Briouze the advance went on, against spasmodic resistance and many mines. The Sappers proved their worth a hundred times. At Argentan a final junction with the Americans was made. The Falaise Pocket was all but closed.

Skirting the holocaust at Chambois, the two brigades pushed on to Gacé and Exmés, with the armoured cars of the Inns of Court scouting far ahead and to the flanks. The 4 Bn KSLI and 3 Bn RTR cleared resistance at Gacé; the 2 Fife and Forfar reached L'Aigle with 3 Monmouths. And there the Division halted for a few days' well-earned rest while the remainder of 30 Corps swept the remnants of the demoralised German army across the Seine.

The next commitment was not long in coming — to break out of 43 Div's bridgehead at Vernon. With 8 Arm'd Bde under command, the Division crossed the Seine to take up the pursuit against what was known to be only a moderate force. The armour led the way and two days of steady progress against diminishing opposition brought 29 Arm'd Bde to Marseilles-en-Beauvais, and 8 Arm'd Bde to Beauvais itself, where, their task accomplished, they were to make way for the Guards Arm'd Div.

That night, however, 11 Armoured beat the gun. The decision was General

INSIDE OUT



One of the Division's Comets on the move up to the Weser bridgehead, where stiff opposition was met from the Luftwaffe and SS troops.



Horrocks; 25 miles from Amiens and the Somme, and with the enemy visibly failing, he determined to risk a night advance to push home the advantage already gained. "It's moonlight tonight!" was his famous and universally-quoted phrase. But the General was wrong: it was not, repeat NOT, moonlight that night. The weather did its usual worst, and the great march was accomplished in pouring rain.

None the less, all went well. True, there were occasional skirmishes, and one part of the immensely long column missed the route for a time; frequent blocks occurred, and many a weary driver "dropped off" to be rudely awakened with a mile-long gap in front of him. That the columns kept going as they did was in no small part due to the work of the Divisional Provost, who, driving in jeeps behind the leading tanks, thoughtfully lighted the route for those behind.

Antwerp and Arnhem

But the real secret of success was the achievement of complete surprise. The enemy was not expecting us, and frequently failed to realise who was who in the darkness. Dawn found 3 Tanks on the outskirts of Amiens, and in the column that stretched behind them was an odd mixture of friend and clueless foe. Div HQ fought a sharp but successful action with a Field Bakery and a distinctly confused Mk. IV tank before getting into harbour, and the experience was one of many. The Division was in Amiens before breakfast, 3 Tanks to capture the Somme bridges and the Fife and Forfar to collect General Eberbach, Commander of the 7th Army, and part of his staff. The operation was a triumphant one.

After Amiens the enemy offered serious resistance nowhere. The Division plunged on to capture the first

lying-bomb sites and liberated a host of towns. The pursuit, so grimly described in the military pamphlets, had become a marathon carnival, a triumphal progress in top gear and an inordinate amount of dust. The Division covered 340 miles in a little over six days, and the last 90 miles in 26 hours. The total fighting distance from Caumont was nearly 600 miles, a tremendous achievement of men and machines alike, not least of Div RASC who ensured the petrol supplies. Finally Antwerp was seized, an event of critical military importance which was perhaps the Division's highest achievement.

The First VC

At Arnhem the Division played a subordinate but important role, covering the right flank of the great advance on the Eindhoven-Nijmegen road. It included a hard-fought night crossing of the Wilhelmina Canal by 1 Herefords and 2 Fife & Forfars. To the south again, fierce fighting developed in the marshy ground north of Overloon and here it was that Sgt. Eardley of the KSLI gained fame as the Division's first VC. In the clearing of the Maas pocket 159 Bde became the first troops in history ever to try crossing the watery peat bog of the "Peel". The Sappers built seven bridges in five miles.

The winter wore to a close. 4 Arm'd Bde had now replaced 29 Arm'd Bde who had retired to Belgium to re-equip with Comets. In March the Division took part in the Reichswald battle, and helped to thrust the German parachutists back across the Rhine at Wesel. Then it went back to Louvain, to pick up 29 Arm'd Bde once more, and get the first real rest of the campaign.

A fortnight later the Division crossed the Rhine and advanced against tip-and-run opposition across the dreary fields and through the white-flagged villages of the Westphalian Plain. But the towering heights of the Teutoburger Wald were hotly defended, and it was here that Cpl. Chapman gained the Division's second VC. Checked at one point, the Division succeeded on the right, and the 15/19 Hussars charged

their tanks up through a pass and reached the top, where 23 Hussars and 8 Rifle Bde fought until evening to secure it.

The Weser was another hot spot, and on crossing it the woods on the east bank were cleared with the assistance of 1 Commando Bde, now under command. The next waterline, the Aller, was also strongly defended. Both the Commandos and 1 Cheshires (who had now replaced 3 Mons) had an unpleasant time, but performed great execution. The far bank was eventually secured, and the Division turned north again towards the insignificant village of Belsen. The consequences which followed the Division's entry to the camp are now known to the world.

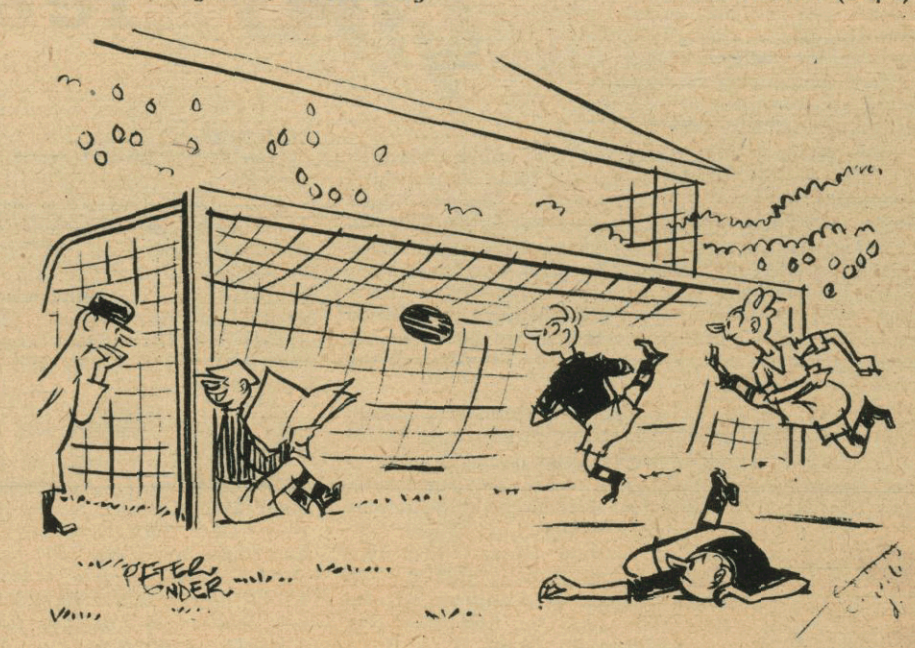
Pushing on, 29 Arm'd Bde became the first British troops to reach the Elbe. A week later, breaking out from 15 Scottish bridgehead, the Hamburg—

Lubeck autobahn was reached in two days, and an exhilarating dash was made into Lubeck, which on capitulation yielded between 70,000 and 80,000 prisoners, including 27 generals. The complete surrender of Germany came quietly a few days later.

To end the story: at Flensburg 159 Bde had the pleasure of taking into custody the Doenitz Government and the heads of the Service departments still in residence, not to mention Alfred Rosenberg, William Joyce and many other villainous characters.

Units of the Division not mentioned in the text include 151 Fd Regt RA; 13 RHA; 75 A/Tk Regt; 58 LAA Regt; 2 Northumberland Fusiliers (MG Coy); 13 and 612 Fd Sqns RE; 147 Fd Pk Sqn RE; 270 Fwd Del Sqn; 171, 173, 174 Coys RASC; 18 Lt Fd Amb; 179 Fd Amb; 7 FDS; 11 Arm'd Div Sigs.

P. L. HEATH (Capt.)



"Hey! Hey! They had to take me back into my old job whether they liked it or not."



ATS go to college

WHEN Subaltern Agnes Fielding Murray Tabuteau and nine other ATS officers arrived at Sandhurst Wing of Camberley Staff College on 18 October they became the pioneers of the Army's first co-educational experiment in staff training.

These 10 ATS officers are also the first women ever to receive training in staff duties at Britain's most famous military establishment, and when the course is concluded they will be posted as staff officers with the rank of Junior Commander to fill appointments at the War Office and Command Headquarters. Later, some may be sent abroad to work on the staffs of headquarters in the Armies of occupation either in Germany or the Far East.

Year's Training

Pending a Cabinet decision on the retention of the ATS as a regular peacetime formation, the ATS officers will serve on the staff for 12 months. If the ATS become an integral part of the Regular Armed Forces they will be given the opportunity of accepting regular commissions.

The decision of the War Office to include ATS in future Staff College courses was brought about largely by economy considerations which caused the

ATS Staff School at Bagshot to be disbanded early in September of this year.

The first ATS Staff School was established in 1942 at Nawarthe Castle, and early in 1943 moved to Holloway College at Egham in Surrey.

The Sandhurst Wing of the Staff College, where these ATS officers will now be trained, was the original Junior Staff School, Oxford, which trained second-grade staff officers for static formations and line of communication headquarters. In 1942 the Junior Staff School moved to Camberley and became part of the Staff College. Camberley Staff College has had a remarkable and somewhat chequered career.

It dates back to 1799, when Colonel le Marchand, a Channel Islander, who previously had commanded the 7th Hussars, was appointed Commandant of the new Staff College set up at High Wycombe to train officers for staff employment. In spite of a great deal of criticism from senior Army officials the School soon proved to be a success, especially when a staff of qualified instructors and lecturers on military affairs was elected in 1800. At first, the 26 students, drawn from nearly all the Regiments of the British Army, were under a severe handicap because the chief lecturer, General Jarry, could speak only in fluent French!

In 1801 the Royal Warrant inaugurating the College was published, and a set of regulations was drawn up by Colonel le Marchand. In those early days the qualifications necessary to admit an officer to the Staff College were that he should be "well-grounded in the knowledge of discipline, and the interior economy of a troop or company; he should understand French; and should be the master of the first four rules of arithmetic". The entry fee was 30 guineas a year, the average student remaining at Staff College for two years.

Victorian Joke

In 1862, the Staff College was removed to Camberley and accommodated in a new building built by a Mr. Myers of London, who, the cynics jibed, had "appropriately built Colney Hatch, Netley Hospital, and Broadmoor!"

Shortly afterwards a national campaign sponsored by one of the leading London newspapers claimed that the Staff College was training the wrong type of officer, and called for an investigation. One correspondent alleged that officers went to Staff College for one of three reasons, or a combination of them, in the following order: — 1, to escape service in India; 2, to get married; 3, if married, to have two years' rest!

As a result of a Government inquiry in 1868 a new set of regulations governing entry to the College, and a wider and more beneficial curriculum were decided upon.

Today, Camberley Staff College is recognised as one of the leading military academies in the world, producing highly-trained officers fitted for the most responsible staff appointments.

SANDHURST

Subaltern Tabuteau at her desk looks pleased to be one of the first ATS officers chosen to take a course at the Staff College — an event unique in the Army's history. The course will extend over 14 weeks, during which time the girls will study in the same classes as the men students, and receive the same training in all but matters of military tactics and RT procedure. During these periods the ATS officers will devote their studies to Army welfare and education. The appointments they are intended to fill will require a wide knowledge of administration



SOMEONE or other, a Frenchman anyway, once said: "The English take two things for granted — their wives and bad food." The matrimonial slur may be debated, but there is general agreement on the food situation. Before we can take a pride in our national catering a great deal of training will be necessary. Cooks must become "good food conscious". To this end the ACC headquarters at Aldershot is devoting much of its peacetime thought and energy.

Cooks go to school



teens and boarding houses." He is then eligible to take the City and Guilds 151 Examination in cookery.

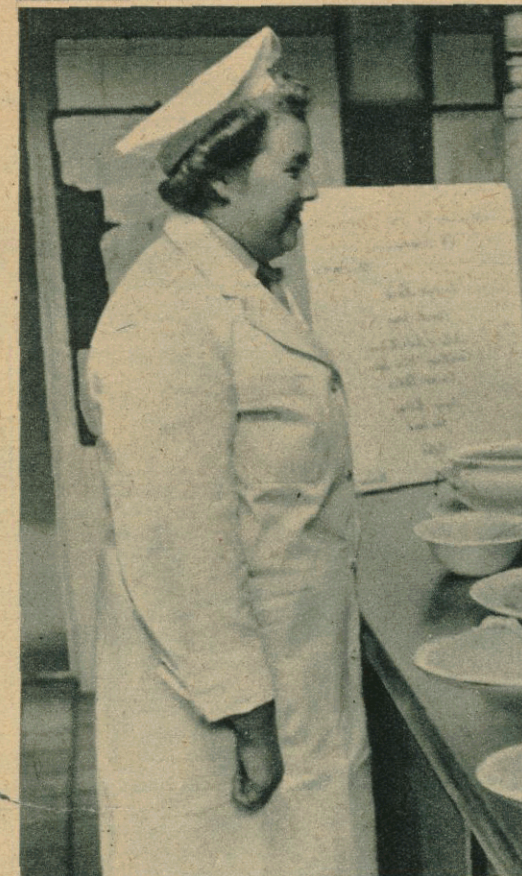
The examination, which is conducted by experts of the cookery world, consists of a

test meal. The menu is given out, the candidate writes down a list of necessary ingredients, and then goes to the kitchen where he is supplied with all the items on his list. He is given seven hours in which to complete his task, finally serving the courses in their correct order and at correct intervals. A typical menu is three simple dishes and coffee.

If the candidate has served for three years as a tradesman cook, or has passed 151 Examination, he can take a more advanced refresher course of 14 days and enter the City and Guilds 152 Examination. This demands a very high standard, and ensures the holder a good job in civil life.

Hotel Plan

The Hotels and Restaurants Association of Great Britain is also busy with a scheme to help ex-Servicemen who wish to enter other branches of the hotel industry. The trainee will be able to take a year's course at some reputable hotel, with pay of £2 a week if he lives in or £3 10s. if he lives out. If he has then proved apt, he will be given a certificate of progress and, if a vacancy exists, may be taken on the hotel's permanent staff.



ALDERSHOT

Right: Dr. Edith Summerskill, MP, and Major-General the Lord Burnham, CB, DSO, MC, the Army's Director of Public Relations, pause at the cold buffet while inspecting the School of Cookery at Aldershot. All the food seen was cooked by students who, it would appear, will have no difficulty in passing their examinations.

Left: The course is open to ATS as well as soldier cooks. The lady is QMSI May Linstead, who recently passed her exam, and has now been appointed to a catering job carrying a salary of £600 a year.



THE ATS are going home. The girls who manned predictors, plotted the courses of aircraft, drove heavy lorries through the winter nights and worked long hours as signallers, clerks and orderlies are on their way back to Civvy Street.

After years in the Forces many of these girls will find that civilian life in 1945 is a long, uphill road, hemmed in on either side by walls of rules and regulations, rationing and shortages. To help them on their journey back Eastern Command has established a School for Wives, where ATS girls who have been married during the war, are to be married or hope soon to become engaged, are being shown the way to avoid the many pitfalls that immediate post-war life conceals, and to meet the day-to-day problems of the modern housewife.

Officially known as the Eastern Command Homecraft Centre, the school is a large, three-storey house at Colchester, where a professional domestic science

instructress, Mrs. D. MacIntyre, teaches ATS students the principles of good housekeeping. She is herself a married woman with two children and is fully qualified to instruct girls who will shortly be housewives for the first time. Her assistant is Sgt. Mary Flint, BEM, who studied domestic science before she joined the ATS four years ago. The Centre instructs 12 ATS every fortnight, and the course has



Girls learn to housekeep

been carefully planned to include as many as possible of the duties of a housewife. It is so popular that there is a long waiting list for admission.

The course begins by teaching the girls how to clean a house methodically and efficiently. "For instance," says Mrs. MacIntyre, "you must take care to sweep out a room thoroughly before attempting to do any dusting; otherwise you might just as well not do any work at all. Corners must not be forgotten and door ledges must be cleaned to prevent the dust there being blown into the room after you've cleaned it."

Queue Up, Fellows

Next on the programme is cookery, the favourite subject. Many of the girls have rarely cooked a meal before going to the Centre, but by the time they leave they have been taught how to prepare and bake buns, jam tarts, pastry, a wide variety of cheese dishes, cook a three-course luncheon and finally how to cater for an invalid. They are shown how to use the meagre fat ration to the best advantage, and learn the importance of conserving vitamins and choosing the best cuts of meat.

During the course two girls are selected each day to buy the rations required for two persons, and cook three meals a day with them. These have to

be of a high standard because Mrs. MacIntyre and Sgt. Flint eat them! The girls also get an insight into the complexities of the points system.

Civilian lecturers from the Essex Technical College at Colchester teach the girls the fundamentals of building construction, and how to make a home look attractive inside and out. The course even covers such operations as repairing fuses and switches, fitting panes of glass into window-frames, and painting the walls and surrounds of a room to freshen it up in spring.

One of the most interesting parts of the course is when the girls visit a local maternity hospital and clinic, and receive instruction from doctors and nurses in babycraft.

Other things they learn are how to bottle fruit, to make a bed so that the blankets do not fall on the floor in the middle of the night, how to arrange flowers in a vase, and how to use a sewing-machine.

What do the girls themselves think of it? That may be summed up in a sentence by Pte. Dorothy Bennett, of Redcar, who, found washing the plates, pushed back her hair with a wet hand and remarked, "Aye, I'm getting tuned up for the time when I have to do this in my own home. I've learned a lot since I've been here, and it will help me later on."

COLCHESTER

Pte. Marion Spicer, who is engaged to an Able Seaman, stitches a frayed cuff at the Eastern Command Homecraft Centre. Great stress is laid on economical management in view of stringent post-war conditions. Lectures on the problems encountered in budgeting of incomes are followed by practical demonstrations of the most efficient way to wash clothes, conserve soap and remove stains from garments before they are placed in the wash-tub. The art of hanging laundry on the line so that it neither shrinks nor stretches during drying, and the best way to iron and fold clothes is also taught.



End of the U-boat Pens

MORE than 200 German bombs fired simultaneously by Sappers of 224 Field Company in the greatest single demolition arising out of the war reduced to ruins the 155,000 cubic yards of reinforced concrete contained in one of Germany's largest submarine pens at Finkenwärder, Hamburg.

The destruction of these installations, carried out in accordance with the Allied policy of neutralising Germany's war potential, was highly successful. Despite the large amount of explosive used the RE's did their job with such skill that nearby houses were untouched. Onlookers a thousand yards away across the Elbe saw flame burst a hundred feet into the air. Then, with a

SAPPERS TACKLE THEIR BIGGEST DEMOLITION

mighty rumbling which lasted for several seconds, the 15-foot thick walls of the pens folded outwards and the roof collapsed.

Experts doubted at first whether the U-boat bunkers could be destroyed in one explosion. The vast structural strength of the pens called for heavy charges, but it was essential that neighbouring factories and barracks should not be damaged.

The RE's of 224 Field Company who did the job have a long and successful operational record behind them. Major H. E. A. Donnelly, MC, formed the unit three-and-a-half years ago from a nucleus of 150 young soldiers, and has commanded it ever since. Landing in Normandy

on D+14, the Company was well forward throughout the campaign and took part in the bridging of the Maas, Rhine, Lippe, Ems, Weser and Elbe rivers, winning one DSO, five MCs, four MMs, one DCM, one BEM, and one Croix de Guerre. Since VE-Day they have carried out 72 major and 91 minor demolitions, earning a reputation for "keeping blast done up in a handkerchief".

They worked on the pens for several weeks preparing cavities in the walls to take the 250 Kg. German bombs used in the final explosion. Fortunately all the interior walls save one were hollow and could be filled with bombs. The Sappers bored holes at four-foot intervals along the 368-foot length of the remaining wall, and charge-layer Serjeant R. A. Wardell packed these with explosive.

Additional holes were sunk deep into the foundations of the moles on which the walls rested and mines inserted in them. Here the preparatory work was done with special 75-lb. "Beehive" charges. These devices control and direct the blast of explosive to such an extent that they will bore a neat hole of uniform diameter through eight feet of reinforced concrete. They consist of two concentric 80° cones of mild steel filled with a special charge. These are placed on the surface of the concrete. When the detonator in the top is exploded the blast travels downwards through the "Beehive" and is "focussed" by the lower cone, coming to a

point at "the minimum critical distance." It then continues in a closely concentrated pencil of flame. So slight is the disturbance in other directions that the molten metal from the shattered "Beehive" collects in a large globule at the bottom of the hole.

QMSI J. Knight, a War Office explosives expert, explained that these directive charges saved an enormous amount of labour. "If we had used ordinary drilling methods to make the holes for our charges we should have had to stop work every time we struck the steel strengthening bars," he said, "but 'Beehives' go through steel and concrete alike."

"Hayricks" Too

Besides "Beehives" the Sappers have cutting charges known as "Hayricks", working on the same principle but shaped so that they can be placed side by side to slice through concrete in a straight line.

Major Donnelly himself pressed the button firing the charges that destroyed the pens. "I'm due to be released in a few weeks," he said, "and this may be my last big demolition. Anyway, it isn't everyone who has the chance to do £2,500,000 worth of damage in one second."

When the dust and gases from the explosion had cleared jubilant Sappers rushed to inspect the havoc they had wrought. All pronounced themselves fully satisfied and one man chalked on the wrecked entrance the mystic sign of "Clem" with the words "Alles kaputt". Nobody contradicted him.

S. E. WEBSTER (Lieut.)

THEY COST £ 2,500,000

THESE giant "air-raid shelters for U-boats" were built as part of the Nazis' all-out submarine campaign. Measuring 145 yards by 170, they cost the Third Reich some £2,500,000.

From Autumn 1940 until Spring 1944 hundreds of workmen toiled in prolonged shifts, and concrete mixers churned night and day. At the peak period 1,700 men were employed. Countless miles of steel bracing were interwoven and bolted together to form the stiffening for the 15-foot concrete walls; and sliding steel doors 18 inches thick sealed the entrances.

Each of the five compartments contained ample berthing facilities for two 1,600-ton U-boats or six 230-ton boats. Once inside with the sliding doors closed on them, the undersea raiders could refit in safety, aided by the elaborate equipment of the pens, which included travelling cranes in each bay, two floating docks, and oxygen-producing apparatus for filling the oxygen containers of the U-boats. The pens were steam-heated and air-conditioned.

Assembled U-boats, Too.

Although originally intended solely for refitting, one of the floating docks was ultimately used for assembly of pre-fabricated sections of 230-ton U-boats, owing to the severe battering received by the open-air building yards.

The pre-fabricated sections, complete in every detail — even electrical wiring was included and only required connecting up with that of the next section — were made in widely separated factories throughout the Reich and transported by barges to Hamburg. By this means a submarine could be assembled in 70 days and 12 days later would be ready to sail on its first trial.

In April of this year the RAF made a daylight raid on the pens, scoring six direct hits with 10-ton bombs. These penetrated the 12-foot roof and sank two 500-ton U-boats which were dry-docked in No 5 enclosure.

When the Allied armies approached Hamburg the Nazis sank the remaining floating-dock and scuttled one 500-ton boat and four 230-tonners in pen No 3. The water was so deep that these could only be seen at low tide.

BEFORE — AND AFTER

(1) Already weakened by preliminary charges, the five-bay U-boat pens at Finkenwärder, near Hamburg, await final disruption by 32 tons of high explosives.

(2) Flashback: three U-boats seen in one of the bays — a picture taken before RAF 10-ton bombs crashed through the "bombproof" roof in April, 1945. Note servicing galleries, and recesses for stores.

(3) After the RAF bombing: the shattered floating dock (of which one upright is seen left) contained two U-boats, one here seen lying on top of the other. Today the roof lies on top of both.

(4) How the big explosion appeared in its early stages to spectators on the opposite side of the River Elbe, 1,000 yards away.

(5) End of the Third Reich's greatest air-raid shelter. Seagulls, survivors of the blast, search for dead fish in the waters lapping the colossal ruins.

(6) The destruction viewed from the roof of the pens.

(7) This picture shows a typical section of the 12-foot roof.

Explosion photographs by Hamburg Press Sub-Section and APFU.



THE story of El Alamein begins in the midsummer of 1942, for it was on 13 June of that year that the Panzer divisions of Rommel's Afrika Korps broke from the British armoured brigades holding them at Knightsbridge. Turning south, then south-east past Bir Hacheim and east again, they raced for the outer perimeters of Tobruk.

General Ritchie, commanding the Eighth Army, was faced with a critical situation. On 15 June, his hand forced by the movement of the enemy, he gave the order to withdraw to the Sollum-Capuzzo frontier, and at the same time endeavoured to help the South Africans at Gazala to fight their way out of the fast-closing German ring. Yes, the ring was closing. For nine long, interminable days we had been fighting a losing battle in the dust storms of the Cauldron and along the

tracks leading to the Trigh Capuzzo. Rommel was still something of a desert genius to us then. The South Africans were pouring into Tobruk from Gazala, and the Gunners were digging in as the first German shells burst erratically along the skyline in black puffs of sand and smoke. It was the same story, and we had learned it by heart. Rommel was about to play the identical game of desert leapfrog along the coastal

strip which only two years previously had taken us to Agheila. Tobruk would be his first objective. Everyone seemed to know that Tobruk was in its last days. It was certainly in no shape to withstand another siege.

Indeed our own shape was not much better. Our men were scattered across 20 miles of desert and we had linked our few remaining tanks to those of other units. Our transport, already on its way out, had been told to evacuate Tobruk while time still remained. Even my tank commander had lost the shreds of his temper. He had been fighting for more than a week. I watched him as he leaned out of the turret, his face grey, coated with dust and dirt, spitting a mouthful of sand and saliva in a neat arc. He began to shout. "Get moving! There's a bloody retreat on", he said.

Sandblast

The drive which followed lasted for nearly six hours and I could see little but the blurred outline of the tank in front of me. Beside me the gunner was asleep, snoring loudly. Everyone was sleeping — even the commander. It was rough going here, and the sand poured in through the visor in a solid stream falling between the open neck of my shirt and down to my stomach. Goggles were useless. So thick was the sand that it took only a minute for hard, gritty layers to form over the eyelashes and only by continually wiping the eyes was it possible to see anything. It was also necessary to eat small fragments of biscuit, for by so doing I was able to prevent the sand

from gumming my tongue to the dry roof of my mouth, and it stimulated a flow of saliva which in turn helped to alleviate thirst. Water had not been scarce, but it was still precious.

End—and Beginning

We arrived at Alamein one evening after a day's drive through the loose, shifting sands which had been swirling waist-high across the surface of the desert. There was nothing to see which might have indicated that we had reached the end of our journey. Alamein, a point on the railway line some 70 miles from Alexandria, lay well to the north. Here at the southern tip the line was almost deserted. A few Sappers were laying mines among the straggling wires which wandered aimlessly across patches of sand and rock. There was nothing else—nothing but a broad, flat stretch of desert about three or four miles long which lost itself among a series of gullies and miniature peaks. Still further south we could see the fantastic architecture of the Quattara Depression, the mysterious and impenetrable "sea of sand" into which no army would dare to enter. Three years before, in 1939, we had sent an expedition into these dry, heat-driven sands in an effort to find some track which would have shortened the route to the Delta. It had not been successful. It now formed a perfect barrier against which the Germans would be powerless.

The situation was still gloomy, for the Germans, tired as they must have been themselves, were determined to give us no rest. Major Coulson, our commander, had done what he could

Three years ago, one of the decisive battles of the world was being fought by the 8th Army. Tank driver Robert Blake (S/Sgt.) describes here how the attack was mounted, as seen by the man at the "sharp end".

and had told us that the worst was over, that we would retreat no further. "The Germans are still trying", he said, "and they will attempt to break through the minefields. If they do we shall have to stop them. We have got to resist to the end — to the last tank, the last shell and the last man. It is possible, of course, that we may have to withdraw again, even to the streets of Cairo". He walked back to his tank, his head high, a map case tucked under his arm. How tired he must have been! Seven tanks had been shot from under him since Knightsbridge. He was respected by all of us.

Tight Corner

By this time we had been fighting for so long that the days meant nothing to us. Was it a week, a month or a year? The brigade group was so small that a single regiment might have smashed us, and only our continual movement prevented this from happening. In a sense we were being squeezed tighter and tighter by the Germans against the deep ravines and towering, slippery-sided sand hills of the Depression, and on one occasion the entire group was forced to the precipitous edge of a gigantic wadi. Descent was impossible. Lorries, guns, tanks — everything we possessed scampered in confusion in its own dust storm along the edges of the ravine. German shells whined overhead and buried themselves in the opposite cliff-

hitting back. We all knew that in our own squadron we had five machines unable to fire their guns. One of them carried a split barrel where an 88 had sheared it three weeks before and the crew complained bitterly that they were able to do nothing but draw the enemy's fire upon themselves and their comrades. The commander, armed only with machine-guns himself, explained that to demonstrate before the enemy was in itself an aggressive action. Every tank which could move was ordered in. It was during one of these armoured displays that we lost the finest tank and tank crew that we had ever had. Some of the bodies were brought back. We buried them on top of a hill.

It was obvious that the Germans had overreached themselves, and we began to find time for the ordinary affairs of living. Most important of all, we were able to sleep. Gradually we took stock of ourselves, of the men and machines we had lost. Great holes still gaped in armour plate. My gunner had been killed a week previously, for a shell had cut through the steel immediately in front of his face like a knife through cheese.

By now more news was coming through. We heard that a new general was taking over—a general called Montgomery. No one cared. Two years of desert fighting, of victories and defeats, had been brought to nothing. It was a discontented army; it was not a frightened one. We had learned to

a misty cloud of fine grit that settles everywhere. They learned the hard way, but they learned well.

Into our camp one day there came a visitor from Cairo. He was a Belgian officer, a tall grey-haired man who brought with him a simple request. He wanted to fight the Germans. He wanted to join one of our tank crews. Anything would do, he said. Rather incongruously he became a gunner. He took his orders from our NCO's. He lived as we lived and spoke as we spoke and in time he became one of us. He was among a great company of friends, for all around us were British, Indians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, French and Greeks. It was the most cosmopolitan army on earth.

There came another visitor—Winston Churchill from England. I saw him, 30 yards away, with his overalls and coloured sunshade and big cigar, walking across to the tanks. It was a crowning moment. We saw in him, perhaps sentimentally, all for which we had been fighting—our homes, our families, the things we had almost forgotten.

"Shufti Tank"

General Montgomery was still something of a stranger to us, for he had come, straight from England, to an army jealous of its reputation. His headquarters by the sea were protected by a single squadron of tanks and in one of them he had removed most of the guns and inserted a map table. Wooden guns were later substituted. It was known as the "shufti tank", for its purpose was to carry the Army Commander to the front from where he could see the situation for himself. The tank in question flew Monty's own pennant, and it is to our shame that one among us eventually took it and sent it home, where today it is still preserved. We saw a good deal of Monty during the next few weeks. He would come down from his headquarters dressed in khaki slacks and grey pullover and wearing the black beret of the Tank Regiment, looking for tea for the ritual of "elevenses". His methods were not "brass-hat", and sometimes we forgot that he was the Army Commander and we were his soldiers. He brought his weekly cigarette issue and shared them among us. He was a "soldier's general".

Attack

On 9 October bombers of the RAF began the first softening-up process behind the Axis lines, and by 23 October the army was ready for the word go. A great host had been assembled in the desert. Montgomery had planned the offensive over many weeks, and on a sultry October evening the battle started.

The barrage began at 9.30 — to the second. Hundreds of guns were firing salvos into the night air and the surrounding desert became a thundering arena of sound, the sky alight with the fires of hell. Almost two miles away I could feel the ground quivering and shaking. Somewhere, in brilliant moonlight, the battle had begun. The entire line was on the move. Monty had kept his word and we were going back. It had been a great day. It would be a day we would always remember.

At 10 pm that night the Infantry attacked, smashing a hole through the Axis defences for the following armour. In the south more armoured units pushed through and beyond the German lines. Other formations of armour began to move northward. On the 24th the battle was in full swing, and on the 25th there was a grim struggle for Kidney Ridge. On the 26th Kidney Hill was ours. By 3 November, after some bitter fighting along the coastal sector, the Axis forces broke and began to retreat hurriedly to the west. The Eighth Army was on its way back.

Whether we liked it or not we had been left behind, 20 miles away. There came back along the road a vast human tide — prisoners driving their



That was not him. He had himself named a new tank to be built before the battle.

Rommel's message: "The DEUTSCHE AFRIKA KORPS was 8th Army has failed. The first tank has passed its full fury of the PANZER ARMY — 5 km. Now it must to work again to prepare for its day."

Training, then marching by night it patrolled the packing information about the day it killed & injured.

EYE-WITNESS

THE film "Desert Victory" was the first successful documentary of the war. Unlike films which preceded and followed it, it was not planned months ahead, as you may gather from (above) the facsimile of a page from the notebook in which "Desert Victory" was born.

These notes formed part of the basic script, and they were written in the village of Giovanni Berta, Cyrenaica, while the 11 Hussars were still prodding at the retreating Germans and Italians along the road to Benghazi after Alamein had been fought and won.

When the notes were complete they were read over to the then G1(1) 8th Army, revised and put into more detailed script form; then the idea was submitted to Field-Marshal Montgomery.

He approved it and sent the OC, Army Film Unit, 8th Army, back to England by air to get the film under way.

Tailpiece. The author of the script did not see the film in its completed form for nearly a year, and only then when it had trickled through to Baghdad, and was shown, in the desert, to as many of 5 Ind Div as could crowd around the portable screen.

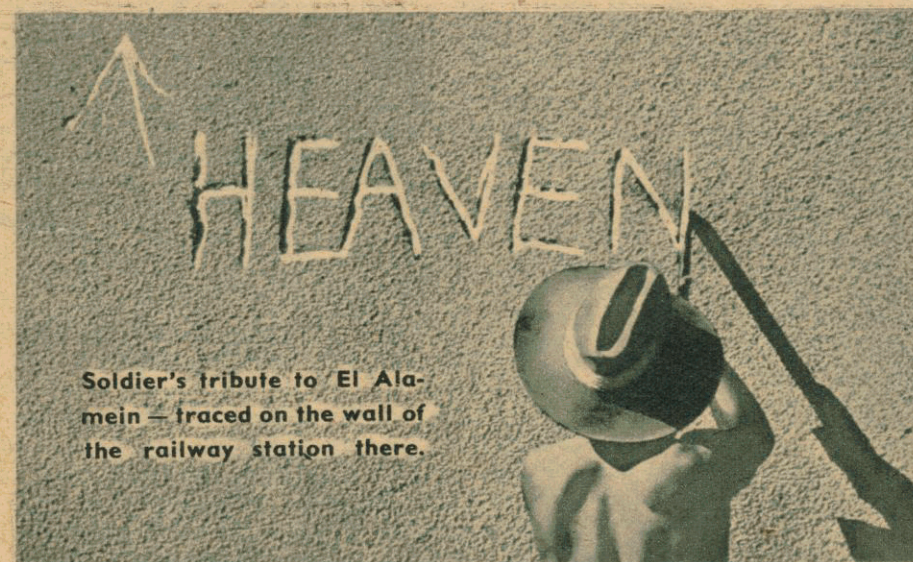
own vehicles into captivity, an unending stream of ambulances, some of them dripping blood on to the dusty road. It had been the first time during the war that a British Army had had enough of the right sort of equipment.

Repayment

So it was that we came to El Alamein, a quietly dismal spot, deserted except for the minefields and wire entanglements on which the unburied corpses of Englishmen and Germans alike lay, blackened in the desert sun. Here was a graveyard where even ghosts might be afraid to walk.

A few of us, perhaps 30 or 40 men, stood watching the sun as it went down in a great flame behind the horizon, casting shadows along the shell-marked road flanked by white dunes down to the edges of the Mediterranean. There was no more to say. The debt was paid.

ALAMEIN



Soldier's tribute to El Alamein — traced on the wall of the railway station there.

23 OCTOBER 1942

sides. At the last moment the Axis tanks withdrew.

It was our best friends, the Gunners, who found the task before them almost impossible. Never long in the same position, they had to limber up and move out, sometimes within minutes. In the soft sands at the approaches to the Depression they found it impossible to do so. At night the Shermans and Grants unhitched their towing chains and hauled the 25 pdrs. to harder ground, the Gunners riding sleepily behind the turrets of the tanks with great streams of track-thrown sand sweeping over them until they became unrecognisable.

Adding to the general feeling of disaster was the fact that numbers of our tanks were no longer capable of

face the facts. We thought then that in another month Rommel would drive the entire Eighth Army clean out of Egypt.

New Life

Life at Alamein can only be described as patchy. There were days of excitement and there were weeks of inactivity. Things were beginning to settle, and most reassuring of all was the new life swarming into the desert behind the line. There were new arrivals every week. There were more men and guns than ever before. The Highland Division came up and began to learn, slowly and painfully, the routine of desert ways. They made their camps among the boulders and by the sand dunes where every day the wind blows



FLOATING BUNGALOWS



THE Admiralty has begun its greatest-ever bargain sale. Nearly 10,000 boats are to be sold to the taxpayer in the next three years for use as floating homes, yachts large or small, and for fishing.

The first handful of boats now on show at Poole, Dorset, are motor torpedo boats and gunboats which cost round about £75,000 to build and are being sold as they lie for £130 to £220. But if a former millionaire's super-luxury diesel yacht for a world cruise, or a 110-ft motor boat for comfortably following the south-coast regattas, or an ex-naval whale-boat for dab fishing in your favourite mud-creek is more to your taste—then these will come.

Dreams — and Reality

The Royal Navy is getting rid of all the small boats it does not want, and already a flood of enquiries from soldiers all over the world has reached the Admiralty Small Craft Disposals Pool at Fairmile, Cobham, in Surrey about the smaller types of craft.

These men are all dreaming one of two dreams. Either they want a largish ex-naval boat to use as a floating home—permanent or holiday—or they are sailing crazy and see the only chance of getting a boat quickly is to get one from the Admiralty.

There are practical points and snags in both these dreams.

Many men believe they can get round the housing shortage by living afloat. They can. But before building too much on this hope they should examine the position carefully. It was with this type of dream in mind that I made an

examination of the boats now offered for sale at Poole.

They are all comfortably settled in the mud in one of the corners of 100-odd square miles of backwaters around Poole harbour—40 or 50 of them 63ft and 70ft motor-torpedo boats and gunboats, built by famous makers—Vospers Power Boats, Samuel White, or Camper and Nicholson's.

They show signs of hard wear. Paintwork is salt-stained, radio masts are at all angles. The guns have been taken away. The three 1,200 h. p. petrol engines which drove the boats at 40 land-miles an hour over the Channel waves have also gone. Some of the boats have apparently been laid up for some time. Some are dirty inside; others are clean, obviously well-cared for by a "ship's husband" type of officer.

Double-skinned, built of mahogany with galley-stoves still in place, miniature wash-basins, lavatories—what can be done with them in peace?

Expert Opinion

Many people believe a good deal can be done with them. Every hour a new batch of prospective buyers travels down from Poole to inspect them. I went over the boats with one man, a boat-builder himself, who had come down to mark one out for a friend who proposed to use it as a houseboat.

"This fellow wants to take one round to the Hamble River and live in the crew's quarters while he converts the boat into a floating house", he said, adding, "I have been building these things during the war and I know most of the snags".

"Frankly, I think the prospect of converting one of these things into a houseboat would frighten a landsman. But in fact it is not so terrible."

"The obvious snags are that most of the hull is designed to be used as an engine room and for tank space. But as soon as the Government release the timber, a carpenter could very quickly take away the aft hatch-cover and raise the decks so that an admirable family living-room could be provided below.

Are You A Handyman?

"In each type of craft there is a small wardroom with a berth, table and lavatory and other cabins with berths for five or six people."

"If a man can do most of the work himself these boats are a proposition but if he has to get professional help, I do not fancy them. It would cost another £200 to make them habitable for a family.

"Then it is a term of the contract that the new owner removes his boat within 14 days. Small petrol motors, which will drive the generators, are left in all of them, but some have no means of

propulsion of their own and others have a pair of Ford V 8 engines which would drive them slowly.

"But the hulls are designed to be driven at speed and would be almost hopelessly unhandy with these small engines. I am afraid they will all have to be towed away.

"For my friend's purpose one of these boats will be perfect. But for people who live a distance away, I do not think they are very practicable."

Gives Them 10 Years

Another of the visitors was a retired business man who had no family of his own and said he was spending his money for the benefit of his nieces and nephews. He said, "I give these boats 10 years of life, and they are not a proposition to me. Later on they will have for sale some 110-ft long round-hulled craft. These will be more expensive in first cost but eventually I think I will get a couple of sizable floating homes quite cheaply out of them."

Then there are the men who want boats to sail—either as family week-end cruisers or as cruisers-cum-houseboats.

There will not be many boats suitable for the "stick and string" brigade, or, in other words, those people who detest engines and insist on sailing at all costs. There is very little chance of being able to buy a hull which can be metamorphosed into a snappy Bermudian-rigged cabin-cruiser.

But there will be any number of duty-boats and harbour craft, fitted with reasonably economical petrol engines which can be quickly transformed into week-end cruisers.

JOHN HALLOWS (Sjt.)

The Army's ace spotting plane may also be the ideal civilian air-car.

Credit for helping to knock out a large number of German guns, for bringing back innumerable photographs of enemy positions invaluable to field commanders, and for transporting "priority" wounded to hospital must undoubtedly go to the smallest military aircraft of this war—the British Army's AOP, known commercially as the Auster III.

This "flying flea" of a plane, so small it could play hide-and-seek in the clouds all day with enemy fighters, is one of the nearest things yet to the ideal runabout of the skies for civilian use. It covers almost 20 miles to one gallon of petrol, takes off in 68 yards, and lands like a feather at only 29 mph. Without refuelling you can fly the Auster for 300 miles.

Five Chevrons

From the beginning of the war this tiny aircraft was doing odd jobs for the Army, a record which culminated in the Auster III becoming the best known AOP (Air Observation Post), to artillerymen in the Eighth Army in Africa and Italy.

The set-up was simple and effective. The AOP Squadron in the field came under the operational control of the Army, and the artillery officer aloft in his "Grasshopper" was in touch with his guns by radio. In spite of what has been said about small, slow aircraft being difficult targets for 350 mph fighters, the job was not without danger—for the Auster was unarmed.

Up for a Fortnight

Enclosed by transparent plastic "plexiglas" the AOP officer had a clear view on all sides, not only necessary for efficient "spotting", but for keeping a constant look-out for hedge-hopping enemy intruders.

High praise was given to this aircraft by scores of Army pilots — so much so that the machine was thoroughly tested by experts looking for the ideal post-war plane suitable for comparatively inex-



Clean, simple lines and a high viewpoint for the pilot distinguish the Auster.

FLYING RUNABOUT

perienced pilots unable to afford or maintain a larger and more powerful machine. The Auster passed its tests—and set up a new world's record for unbroken flight.

The previous world's record for non-stop flight for light aircraft was 218 hours and 43 minutes. The Auster, flown by two brothers, Hunter and Humphrey Moody, stayed airborne for a period of 14 days, 7 hours and 46 minutes, and came down only to avoid a violent thunderstorm. At the end of the flight, although the plane was still running perfectly, the two pilots were unable to stand up for several minutes.

Lofty Ceiling

In the time the pilots were in the air they covered 27,000 miles, but never went more than 30 miles from their home airfield. In addition to this record, it is believed that the same Auster can claim the world's light aircraft altitude record: it reached a height of 24,300 feet.

How long it will be before the "Army's Own" aeroplane will be available for civilian use cannot be estimated yet—but throughout the war thousands of British and Allied troops have seen

it skimming across desert tracks or hedge-hopping the fields of the Continent. It may be only a few years from now when they will see it once more, piloted not by an artillery officer but by the man who lives next door.



Inside the cabin. Plenty of room, tandem seats for sociability, and a fully-equipped instrument panel, including blind flying instruments.



OUR JAP-HELD

MEN COME HOME



THOUSANDS of British prisoners of war from the Far East are now reaching home. Many, like those who saw their mates dying "on that blasted railway" from Bangkok to Siam on which they worked, never expected to see Britain again. Among these are survivors of the 1 and 2 Territorial Battalions of the Cambridgeshire Regiment, and of a score of other regiments, now home in towns and villages that for years have existed only in their dreams.

"Corfu's" Happy Cargo

There were more than 90 Cambridgeshire Regiment men in the "Corfu", the first repatriation ship to dock. Two former Commanding Officers of the Regiment, Col. M. C. Clayton and Lt-Col. F. N. Drake Digby, went out in a launch and circled round the ship. More than 20 regiments were represented among the happy passengers, including 180 officers and men of the Norfolks.

As they came up Southampton Water, liners nearly blew their heads of steam off in welcome, the "Queen Mary's" siren dominating all. On the quay were the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton in their robes, and War Office representatives led by General Sir Ronald Adam, the Adjutant-General,

First greeting to England as the liner docks. Dozens of faces but only one expression on them — delight.



Pte. James Rowlings, now aged 42, was a Territorial. In 1942 he was sent to the Far East. Now he has returned—



Nothing will keep a soldier's head inside a railway carriage if he wants to look out. Hats are waved perilously in greeting to all and sundry as the train speeds to its destination.



—and after landing takes some refreshment brought round by Miss Elizabeth Balfour (Hampshire), British Red Cross.



Then a quick trip to Cambridge and journey's end. "I haven't changed much, have I?" he asks his wife, while daughter Marjorie looks as if all her dreams have come true at once.



Above: Pte. W. Gray, of Huntly, and his famous duck "Donald" from Thailand. Preserved from Japanese hot-pots, Donald's gratitude expressed itself in the shape of 163 eggs.

Left: The kilts, worn all through captivity, stuck it as well as their owners—a tribute to Scottish grit and Scottish weaving alike.

later seen coming down the gangway carrying someone's kit-bag.

The band of 60 Rifles played continuously and there were cheers and laughs when it broke into "You'd Be Far Better Off In A Home," and all the other old songs of war and peace, sung by soldiers and their fathers and sons for years.

All the way from the docks through flag-decorated, bomb-damaged Southampton to the reception camp the men were cheered by thousands lining the pavements. This camp on Southampton Common has made much history. Men went to it from the Boer War, came home there from the 1914 affair, assembled for D-day, and now it was filled with these "lost" men from the "blasted railway". They said it was the finest camp they had seen.

Films and Grapefruit

In 48 hours men had been "processed"—medical inspection, clothing, ration cards and money issued—and were on their way home. Between the routine work there were concerts and film-shows, and in the NAAFI the sort of things long dreamed of—grapefruit, oranges, chocolate, eggs and bacon.

Then the last train journey to Home Town, and the end of a dream come true.

R. FOSTER (Lt.)

Leaving the dock. Handkerchiefs wave, hands are clasped for a moment before the lorry gets up speed.



Pay parade without a queue. "You sign your name there", Pte. A. Borratt is told as he collects the cash before leaving for Great Yarmouth.



Above: A pipe with a history. It was made from the shaft of a hoe used on the "blasted railway" from Bangkok to Siam, on which great numbers of prisoners were employed, many of whom died.



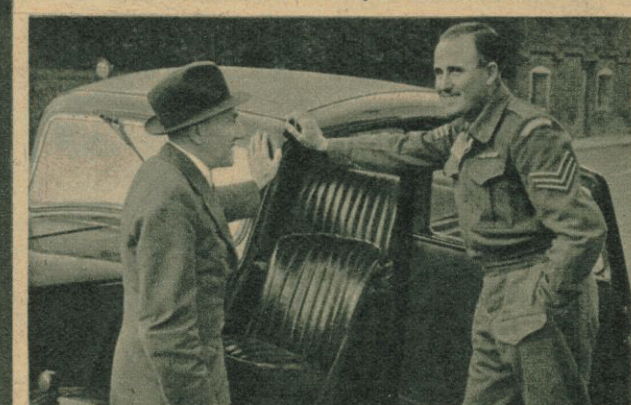
Right: Final kitting-up at the reception camp on Southampton Common, through which the soldiers of three wars have passed on their way overseas and back home again.



CSM James Kitson, MM, and his wife greet their son Ron. Both father and son served in the Cambridgeshire Regt.



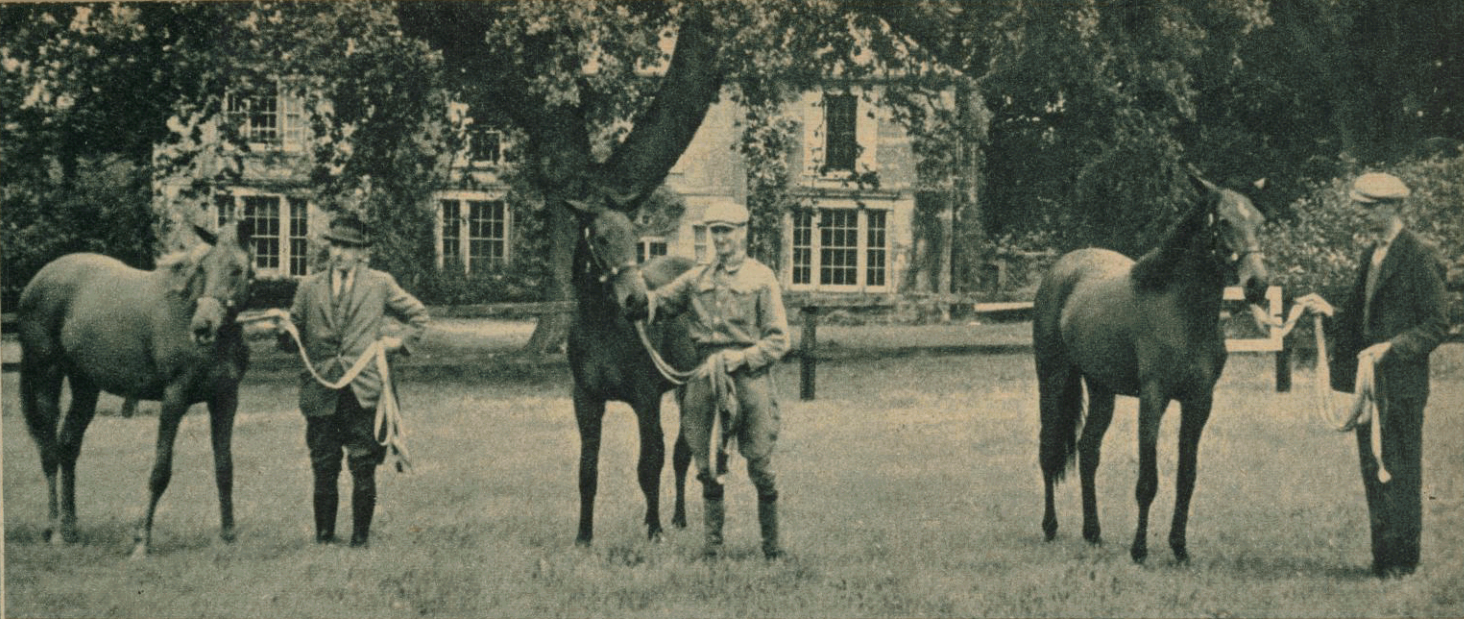
All the clothing Sgt. Kitson had while working on the Bangkok-Siam railway—a loincloth.



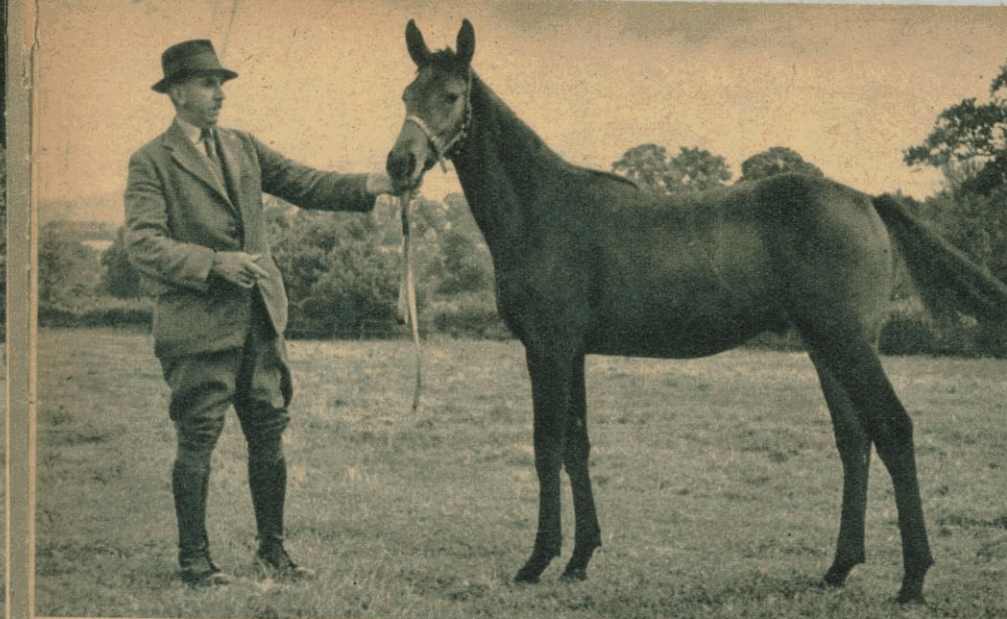
Among those who greeted Sgt. Kitson most heartily was his pre-war employer, Mr. Leslie Ridgdon, who brought a "bouquet" from the firm in the form of a cheque.



Mr. Peter Burrell, Director of the National Stud, makes the rounds of the Giltown farm. He has been with the Stud for 17 years and learned bloodstock breeding under his predecessor, the late Sir Harry Greer.



£43,000 The best-bred colts and fillies of the Stud are leased to the King for the test of racing. Above are three of the selected yearling fillies, valued at about £43,000, standing in front of Sandley House. They will go for training to Fred Darling at Beckhampton, and if successful will return to the Stud at the end of their Turf careers.



Will he win the 1948 Derby? That is the question they are asking at Giltown about this bay colt foal by Big Game out of Clarence. With him is Charlie Brown, veteran head groom.

BLOOD Will Sell

TWO of your racehorses are strongly fancied to win the Derby in 1947 and 1948. Yes, I mean your racehorses—yours, mine, and the 45 million other people's who form the population of Great Britain.

How is this? Here's the answer: these horses, one a chestnut colt by the 1939 Classic winner, Blue Peter, and the other a bay colt-foal sired by Big Game, are the property of the Government-run National Stud farm at Gillingham, Dorset.

And the National Stud lives up to its name. It belongs to the nation. Each year its trading accounts are presented to Parliament, and it is controlled from Whitehall through the Ministry of Agriculture.

Good Investment

It is an experiment in nationalisation which has been in operation for nearly 30 years. A very successful experiment, since it has come through lean periods to show a profit of £130,000.

Not only that, the thoroughbred stock has brought more than £500,000 when sent to the sales ring. Colts and fillies have gone out from the stud to all parts of the world, magnificent advertisements for the quality of British blood and British breeding—the best in the world.

Figures also show that, since 1921, horses bred by the National Stud have won £315,000 in stakes from 605 races. Look at some of them. There is the flying Myrobella, the grey which finished her racing career with only one defeat and £16,000 in prize-money. Or

there are Big Game and Sun Chariot, a grand pair which helped to make the King our leading owner in 1941 and 1942.

So the list grows. Chamoissaire, winner of this season's St. Leger, came from the National Stud. Caretta, one of the four winners of the Queen Mary Stakes, now back at the stud where they were bred, is another. And there are more to come, especially those colts by Blue Peter and Big Game—the colts set to try to win the Classics of 1947 and 1948.

Started in 1916

Let's trace the history of the stud now directed by Mr. Peter Burrell, an expert whose long-term policy is likely to produce the greatest thoroughbred centre in the world.

A start was made in 1916 when the late Lord Wavertree, then Col. Hall-Walker, gave his Tully House estate, at Tully, Co. Kildare, to the nation. It was the ideal stud farm. Under the direction of Sir Harry Greer, owner of the famous sire Gallinole and Classic-winner Slieve Gallion, it became a sound success.

Only four per cent of the horses bred ever win races, a fact painfully evident to most punters. Yet the Kildare stud could show 76.6 per cent success from its stock. A brilliant record which Mr. Peter Burrell, with the National Stud for 17 years and its director since the death of Sir Harry, has maintained.

In 1943 the stud was moved from Eire to Giltown, about three miles from the Dorset border village of Gillingham. There couldn't be a better spot anywhere in England. The 360-acre estate, bought by the Government for £16,500

after negotiation with the executors of the late Lord Furness, is set high up on two limestone ridges which run from the Mendips to the Dorset downs. Lime means bone—the sort of bone which has made the British thoroughbred first in the world.

There, in the rich pastures, graze the brood mares which have produced, and will again produce, stock of the highest class. When I went around the Giltown stud with Mr. Burrell, his black retriever obediently at heel, I saw such famous dams as Myrobella, Rusk, Sword Knot, Mystery Ship, Clarence, Sun Blind, Break of Day and Sun Chariot, of the swishing tail.

Sun Chariot's Son

Winner of the 1,000 Guineas, Oaks and St. Leger in 1942, Sun Chariot's first foal is a lovely chestnut colt by Derby-winning Blue Peter—the colt so strongly fancied for the 1947 Classics. Like five other yearlings, he has been leased to the King and sent to be schooled in riding at Fred Darling's stables at Beckhampton.

Now, Sun Chariot is in foal to Big Game, and the National Stud awaits an experiment in line breeding which should produce a really great racehorse. "Yes, it's all gamble," said Mr. Burrell, "but, if it doesn't sound too Irish, it is a gamble with the dice loaded. The blood is there, you know."

I said that six yearlings have been leased to the King. This is the system worked by the National Stud today. The best bred fillies, which are the life-blood of the stud, and selected colts are put to the one authentic test. This is the test of racing. Thus it is that the pick of the yearlings are sent to Beck-

hampton, later to run in the Royal purple, scarlet and gold. If they fulfil requirements, they return at the end of their Turf careers to the enrichment of the National Stud.

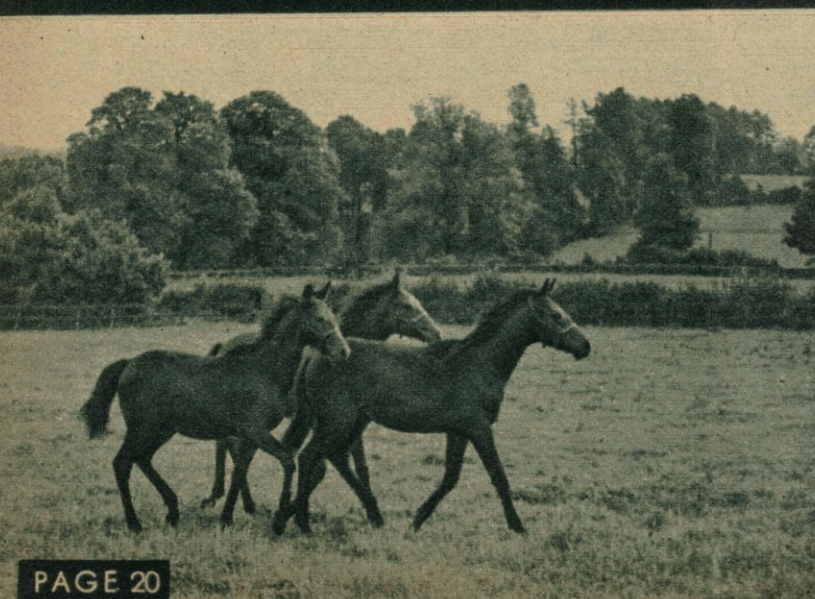
This year, three fillies and three colts have been selected to enter the King's stable. Here is the list: Myrobella, filly by Mieux; Clarence, filly by Hyperion—a full sister, this one, of Sun Chariot—Thrust, filly by Big Game; Sun Chariot, colt by Blue Peter; Snowberry, colt by Bois Roussel (half-brother of Chamoissaire); and Caretta, colt by Big Game.

All have been valued at £80,000. It is probably a modest estimate, since an unofficial opinion given me is that the Blue Peter—Sun Chariot colt might well have been a £20,000 proposition if put into the Newmarket yearling sales. Not only that. The half-brother of the Big Game—Caretta colt made £10,000 when up for auction last year, and with the



"The superimposed 'L' represents an aggregate of six months in the Lancashire Agricultural Shows."

Here are some of the sedate brood mares who have a fine record of racing victories behind them. Myrobella, the flying grey, and Classic-winning Sun Chariot, two of the most celebrated mares in the world, graze side by side with Sun Blind, which was sired by Lord Derby's Hyperion.



by Paul Jewin (Sgt.)

enormous jump in prices caused by the war's end this sum could have been doubled without much difficulty.

While the colts had been broken ready for riding by Mr. Burrell and 65-year-old Charlie Brown, his head stud groom, and sent off to Beckhampton, the fillies were still in the Giltown paddocks when I was there the other day. They are a lovely-looking lot, with Sun Chariot's full sister the best of them to my non-expert eye. This one is a chestnut; quiet, almost lazy while old Pat Murphy, groom at Giltown since the time of Lord Furness, brushes her down, but a swift mover out there in the Paddock.

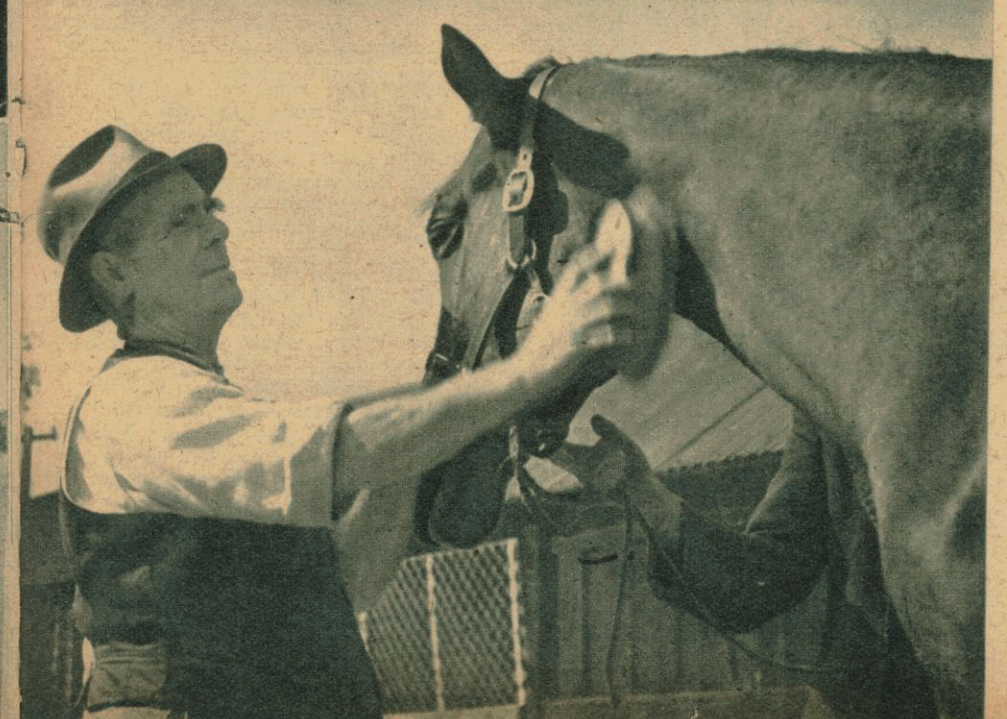
As impressive as anything is this quiet, unsuspicious air of all the stock. Reason? It shows the skill and kindness with which they are treated by all the staff, pared down from 42 to 15 by calls on manpower.

Man of Stories

Charlie Brown is ranked as one of the best stud grooms in the country. He has lived all his years with horses and can tell stories of such grand performers as Gainsborough, famous classic winner and outstanding sire.

Yet I do hazard the guess that the stud hopes are centred on the colts by Blue Peter—Sun Chariot and Big Game—Caretta, with the feeling that Clarence filly, sired by Lord Derby's Hyperion, another Derby winner, may be a "hot pot" for the Oaks and 1,000 Guineas.

Pat Murphy, who was a groom at Giltown in the time of Lord Furness, brushes down a docile filly, Sun Chariot's full sister and a very promising mover.



Yet there is one more thoroughbred at Giltown which may become the champion of champions. He is a colt-foal, born on 11 February in one of the tarred wooden barns which have withstood the wind and weather for the last 60 years.

This potential world-beater is a bay sired by Big Game out of Clarence. He runs his paddock quite unconscious of his destiny. With three more colts and six fillies, he will form the 1946 yearlings, and is certain to be one of the number chosen to race for the King.

"He is the nearest thing to perfection we have ever bred," is Mr. Burrell's verdict. "He has exceptional muscle development and his physical conformation cannot be faulted—by us, at any rate."

Blue Blood

Certainly the little fellow lives up to his labelling. He steps around like the great son of a great sire, pointing his hoofs and carrying his head a fraction better than the rest. There is a minority opinion that he is a little "set", but the stud director doesn't mind. If such is the case it means that the foal will not grow too big.

What next? With 21 brood mares at stud, including the maiden Pukwana, which was bought for 4,000 guineas a year ago, it is certain that Peter Burrell's long-term breeding policy will reap rich dividends for the National Stud.

Blood and breeding right down the line. And blood will tell. What is more, it will also sell. That fact stands out when considering the Giltown stud as a national asset, one of the very best among the State's trading activities to date.

How Much Do You Know?

(1) You have often read of kanakas. They are, as you know, natives of . . . where? (c) No fins at all, but webbed feet. Which?



(2) This pigeon has been decorated for gallantry with the Animals' VC — otherwise known as the . . . ?

(3) How many noughts in a trillion? (4) Which of the following games is "an intruder"? Faro; Pelota; Baccarat; Poker; Nap.

(5) Two of these are misquoted. Which? (a) "Come the four corners of the world in arms, And we shall shock them." (b) "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air." (c) "To be or not to be? Such is the question."

(6) Only one of these statements is true—which? (a) Ilex is an animal. (b) The Jacobites wanted Mary Queen of Scots to be Queen. (c) The House of Keys is the Jersey Parliament. (d) The Stool of Repentance was a stool on which persons guilty of moral lapses sat in Scots churches.

(7) You've seen this man before—where? (8) Three familiar titles—can you place them in order of rank? Viscount; Baron; Earl.

(9) The offer has, of course: (a) No feet at all, but webbed fins. (b) No webs at all, but finned feet. (c) 1883; (d) 1902?

(10) A substance which takes up moisture from the air is said to be deliquescent. What is the word that describes the reversal of this process? (11) Architecture with too florid a decoration is known as rococo; rococo; rococo. Well, how DO you spell the word?

(12) A person who hates mankind is called a misanthrope, but haters of womenkind are known as . . . ? (13) Which word in the English language means an enclosure, to thump, is a measure of weight and worth a quid?

(14) The picture shows: (a) A scene from the film "The Sign of the Cross"; (b) Syrians mounting guard in traditional costume; (c) Special anti-locust squads in California; (d) Japanese soldiers at bayonet practice.

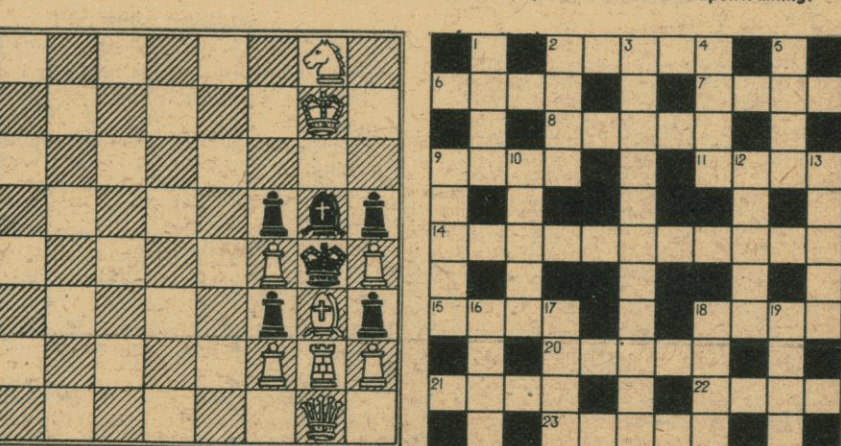
(15) Begum is: (a) an exclamation of astonishment; (b) a powerful adhesive made from beeswax; (c) a god worshipped by the Australian aboriginal natives; (d) a Turkish lady of princess rank. Which?

(16) You all remember the scheme to bore a Channel Tunnel between Dover and Calais. It was rejected by the Government in June 1930, but it had also been proposed and rejected at an earlier stage in our history. Was it (a) 1740; (b) 1816; (c) 1883; (d) 1902?



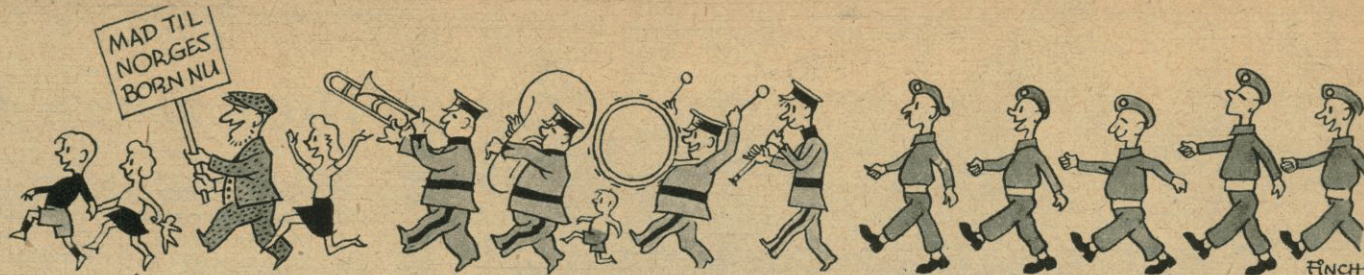
CHESS AND CROSSWORD

ACROSS. — 2. This regiment of foot is the Royal Fusiliers. — 6. She has no opportunity for a periscope. — 7. The pay wallahs might get some fish for a change. — 8. Form of transport in India. — 9. In Czechoslovakia, bo, the Navy is in! — 11. He's obviously a cool fighter. — 14. It should end in a level landing if you watch your step (two words). — 15. This weapon comes in tens. — 18. Good soldiers should march in it. — 20. Descriptive of current equipment (two words). — 21. It seems that Ann will be hungry before long! — 22. Place for a tenantless subaltern. — 23. Laud.



White to move and mate in two. Solutions on Page 23.

BAOR WRITERS AND CARTOONISTS



March of Pomp - and Circumstance

MARCHING through Denmark was an experience that none of us who took part in it will ever forget. We were stationed in a quaint little village called Snoghoj, pronounced "Snowhoj," locally famous for its fine bridge and its proximity to Middelfort, and it was to Middelfort that we went. We lined ourselves up, webbing blanched, boots polished, on a warm threatening afternoon. Inspection over, we drove off in troop transports to the allotted point... and there waiting for us was the band. A civilian band. That shook us, British soldiers marching behind a civilian band...

New to Them

The company officer, known to us as Jake, told us, before we assembled, that we were going to march about Denmark, in our best clothes, in order to raise money for the distressed children of Norway. "Think of it," he said, "you will be marching through villages that have never seen a British soldier."

So we formed up. Our three columns spread out so as to occupy the roadway entirely. No traffic could pass. No traffic had any right to pass.

The crowd gathered, the Band crashed, and off we went. Streams of people followed after us and around us, on both sides of the road. The members of the Band were youths. Hardly one was over the age of 20, but it wasn't a bad Band for all that.

At ten past three it started to rain. It rained quite a bit, but we marched on undismayed, although the rain was in our eyes and little streams of white blanco were running off our belts. A very pretty girl of 17 decided now was the time to bathe

and stripped herself to the waist, running along beside us, waving her blouse in the air. Would that have happened in England? Of course it wouldn't. But people were different here...

So we tramped along behind the civvies, when suddenly we were startled by a series of groaning shrieks, uttered by what must have been the Town Crier. Yes, yes, he was after the money. He carried a placard with the strange inscription, "MAD TIL NORGES BORN NU," lettered in large black and red capitals. Actually there was nothing mad about it, since all it meant, literally, was "Food for the children of Norway, NOW."

Down we went through the High Street and into the Square. And then one of the quaintest of all things happened. Still spread out to occupy the width of the roadway, we were halted in the middle of the Square, right opposite the Middelfort bank. We were stood at ease. But, of course, we couldn't move, and then as if in answer to an unseen signal the population streamed through our ranks, like a multitude of breakers on the sea, surrounding us and isolating us individually, so that we were no longer a platoon but a series of soldiers, each with the Last Order written in his mind, "Do not move."

Dates were Made, Broken

It was fascinating. Here was Civvy Street, in the shape of little infants tugging at our trousers, bending down to examine our anklets, reaching up to the brasses on our belts; here was Civvy Street, in the shape of men, women and children, laughing at us, asking us questions, fingering the cloth of our uniforms and, no doubt, examin-

ing us as critically as any woman in England examines a piece of merchandise in a chain store. And there were, I may add, some very pretty girls... This went on for nearly half an hour. Dates were made, confirmed, and broken, in the ranks. Was it the first time that had ever happened? We didn't know. Quite certainly the company officer didn't know or care. He was standing beside the troop transports, laughing at us.

Everything Laid On

The sun was shining now, and we got the order to embus. We split up into two parties and "did" the surrounding countryside for 12 square miles. Each party had a portion of the Band attached. The technique was simple. The Band went in front, in an open wagon. A hundred yards from the next village the boys pumped and tootled to announce our arrival, the crowds, warned in advance, were assembled to greet us, and the local publican had free beer ready.

This was where we collected our dividends. At every village the people cheered and threw flowers, at every village we climbed down, mingled with the crowd, signed countless autographs (some of the boys signed themselves up as figures of international repute) drank the free beer, accepted the bouquets, waved goodbye, and so on to the next village.

After it was all over we had a party with the Resistance; and then another party with the locals. And it was part of the strange irony of the world that, out of the people's enjoyment and out of our enjoyment, food had been provided for little boys and girls in Norway whom we had not met, but whom we knew were hungry.

L. G. JONES (Pte.)

"REMEMBER?"

THE news is out!
It's Brussels or bust.
Maybe even beyond Brussels.

To his little O Group of drivers and DR's each officer quickly reads orders for the move. The tension can be felt as each driver takes his route card, hastily scanning it for place names.

Yes, straight to Doullens, up through Arras, on to Tournai, then Leuze and finally Brussels. Like slipped greyhounds they race for their vehicles, harboured under trees heavy with leaf. Clambering aboard they answer back the eager questions fired at them.

At the column head the OC stands by his jeep, a jeep with a limp blue flag. Around him the DR's assemble like a restless pack of hounds. One thinks, "Two hundred miles, perhaps more. Two hundred miles in column. What a blinking grind!"

Stronger than Oil

The OC gives a rolling sweep of his hand to the watching, waiting column; the blue flag gently flaps awake as the jeep crawls on to the road. DR's bounce and jolt from verge to road, spreading along the column like sheep-dogs. SP guns heave along rutted verges, lurching on to the dusty dirt road, a road cratered and torn, thick with dust.

The long column picks up speed, steadily rolling along wrecked roads, over wrecked bridges, through wrecked villages, past the wrecked Wehrmacht and over the wrecked hopes — of "unbeatable" Hitler.

Stronger than the column's stench of hot oil rises the stench of Rommel's masterpiece — the Falaise Gap. It is a stench that distracts the mind more than the murderous dust.

Minutes, hours, tick by. Gently undulating country and fewer wrecked roads. Only an occasional field ripped by tank tracks.

More of Hitler's wrecked hopes, a smashed tank, horses by the score, all stiff-legged and bloated, lying in a litter of their smashed wagons, a mighty picture of the RAF's mightier power.

Under the ever-present pall of dust the column streams east. And slowly the sky's rosy streaks change to blue,



darting into their places like whelps to a dam. Steadily the pavé roads stream under the tyres. Brussels is nearing. On the roadside a motionless rear light suddenly swings into the front of the column to guide the way.

Overhead hang blued-out lights. On either side mighty buildings rear in stark silhouette to the blue-black sky; each with its bunting hanging motionless. DR's torches wink the guiding way at crossroads and turns.

Then disappearing blue lights, disappearing Brussels, bikes gently rocking along cobbled roads, hazing rear lights before tired, grit-filled eyes, eyes weary from trying to pierce the still rising, deadly dust.

Break of Day

In a DR's mind runs an incessant chant, "Lord, you made the night too long." And then the first pale streaks of dawn seep across the grey sky, the DR scarcely believing that dawn could at long last come. Seamed, dirty faces, faces with stubbly growths, crack into grins.

In the distance, in the middle of the road, stands the tall, hook-nosed figure of the CO, the man who knows where the column's going, who's been where the column's going. The OC gets his orders, then barks his own. Petrol cookers roar as the cooks pump harder.

A DR rolls out his bed, slackens his boot-tops from pinched shins, and gently dabs his eyes with a cold, tea-soaked hanky. Squatting cross-legged, he eats his breakfast from his mess-tin.

Then glorious bed, a blanket and a groundsheet on soft meadowland. Bed for an hour — then on to gun deployment in advanced positions.

Only an hour — but hell, that's war.

J. MEASURES (BSM)

"Dress — Caps GS, shirt-sleeves, belts and gaiters. Plain enough, ain't it?"

MAC

FRED WILKIN

"Halt! Who goes there: friend or frau?"

"Cor! How did that happen?"

MORE LETTERS

NO OVERCOAT

As, on four occasions, my house was severely damaged by enemy action I have no overcoat. Compensation for lost and damaged articles can be claimed, but as, according to my information, a minimum of three months' notice is required when ordering a coat or overcoat, and I am due for release in November, the possibility of obtaining one before February seems remote. Is there, therefore, any proviso not mentioned in Release Regulations which covers the issue of an overcoat in lieu of a raincoat? — Cpl. H. Clark, 28 Coy, PC.

★ You cannot, on release, be issued with an overcoat in lieu of a raincoat, but after release you will have to collect your civilian clothing coupons at the National Registration Office, plus additional release coupons. You should state your losses there, and subject to investigation you will receive supplementary clothing coupons to enable you to obtain an overcoat. — Ed., SOLDIER.

AIR RIFLE? YES

What are the Customs regulations about carrying arms into the UK? I have a German air-rifle, about .250 calibre, and would like to know if I can take this home with me. It is unrifled and has no breech action. — J. A. G. B. (name and address supplied).

★ You may bring an air-rifle such as you describe into the UK without payment of duty or purchase tax. You should, however, declare it to the Customs Officer on disembarkation. A resident of Northern Ireland should apply to the Superintendent of Police at his home town for a fire-arms permit to carry an air-rifle. It should be remembered that under ACI 1501 of 1944 it is prohibited to have any enemy fire-arms as souvenirs in your possession. — Ed., SOLDIER.

ONE-WAY ONLY

Can members of the RAF who were transferred to the Army during the war now be restored to their former Service? — Dvr. J. C. Corbin, 2 Army Postal Unit, REPS.

★ No. The situation remains exactly as it was. — Ed., SOLDIER.

BROTHER'S RIBBONS

My brother was killed while on operations over Europe in the RAF. Am I allowed to wear his ribbons and, if so, where are they worn? His grave is in France, and I am stationed in Germany. Is it possible for me to see his grave, and how do I go about it? — Pte. M. K. Mason, 53 Coy, PC.

★ You are not allowed to wear your brother's ribbons. If you do not know where the grave is you should write to the Air Ministry (Casualties Branch), Adastral House, London. Permission to see the grave can only be granted by your CO. — Ed., SOLDIER.

BABY LEAVE?

I am an ex-Python detail recently repatriated to England, whence I was posted to BAOR. My leave in England ended on 25 June. I had no leave during my 4½ years overseas, being ineligible for LIAP. When am I next due for leave? Also, my wife is expecting a baby. She is living on her own and is apprehensive

about it. Is it possible for me to get 14 days' leave during the critical period, and how should I go about it? — Pte. J. E. Ludgate, 37 Movement Control, RE.

★ (a) On arrival at your unit your name is added to the bottom of the leave roster and you will go on leave when your turn comes round. It is pointed out that you have received, or should have received, your disembarkation leave.

(b) It may be possible for you to get 14 days' leave if the circumstances are considered to justify it, but there is no hard and fast rule. You should apply for compassionate leave as soon as possible so that a report may be obtained from the Home representative of SSAFA in good time to support the application. You can obtain help or advice from your Unit Welfare Officer or the nearest representative of SSAFA. SSAFA will do all in its power to help you, provided the case is urgent. — Ed., SOLDIER.

GAVE WRONG AGE

I entered the Army on 15 February 1940 in the call-up of the 23-year-old age group—those born in 1917. On being asked my year of birth I said, by mistake, 1918. Although I could produce my birth certificate proving I was born in 1917 I was told later that nothing could be done. In consequence



I am in 27 group, when I should be in 26 group. What can I do? — Pte. E. M., RASC.

★ You should make an application through your OC to records. They will check up, through the Ministry of Labour, the date which you gave on registering. If this tallies with your birth certificate they will assume that a mistake occurred when you joined up, and you will be given the benefit of the doubt—that is, placed in 26 group. — Ed., SOLDIER.

GRATUITIES GO ON

1. Does reckonable service for war gratuity cease on 14 August 45, on the capitulation of Japan? 2. Are the war service increment and the authority to wear war service chevrons affected by the cessation of hostilities? 3. Why does the "Release and Resettlement" pamphlet refer, on page 11, to "approved service," and not "war service," as the basis for post-war credit? — Sjt. C. J. Webb, 876 Mech Eqpt (Tn) Coy, RE.

★ 1. No. Reckonable service for gratuity continues until otherwise stated. 2. War service increment continues until Army Orders state otherwise. War service qualifying towards war service chevrons ceases from 2 Sep 1945. 3. "Approved service" and "war service" have no significance—post-war credit continues until an official date is given for it to be stopped. — Ed., SOLDIER.

HE MAY TRAVEL

I hope to be released early in the New Year, and wish to recommence business in the export trade (woollen

THE TWO TYPES

BY JON



piece goods). This entails making personal contacts in North Africa and France. Will I be allowed to leave UK for such purposes? — Sigm. A. G. Ward, 33 TOS, Berlin Area Sigs.

★ Yes. You should write now to the Department of Overseas Trade, Hawkins House, Dolphin Square, London SW, giving as much information as possible about your business and what you propose to do. — Ed., SOLDIER.

VERSE AND WORSE

"Oeta" and "Unrra" and "Amgot" Are titles which I can explain. The SAQC is no stranger (Though I hope I don't meet him again): In '40 I took a sad tumble For a girl from the AAGB I've danced with the "Qaimns" and the "Fanyss"

And "Ssaafs" no new thing to me. "Civ. Mil." is a strange contradiction In terms, though its functions I know, But the AJDC has me beaten, Can you send me a memo D/O? And further, dear sir, to this query, "Issahs" have me foxed, I confess; In your great Editorial wisdom Enlighten me — DRLS!

Lt. Jack Dane, RE.

★ ISS & AHS stands for Incorporated Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Help Society. It was formed during the Boer Elementary, my dear Watson!



War and exists to give assistance to every Serviceman during and after his service. It functions in co-operation with SSAFA. For further information ask your Welfare Officer. AJDC stands for American Joint Distribution Committee, which is a non-political voluntary agency which has been dealing since 1914 with the problems of relief, reconstruction and displaced persons in Europe. — Ed., SOLDIER.

AIRBORNE: NO MEDAL

1. I served for a year with the "A" Special Service Squadron of the RAC which went out to Sierra Leone for a

year. What medal am I entitled to for that? 2. When I came home I volunteered for the Airborne Light Tank Squadron, which was later converted into the 6th Airborne Armcd Recce Regt, and landed on D-Day by glider. I fought with 6th Airborne from D-Day to Honfleur. I have seen ATS in Berlin wearing the 1939-45 Star and the France-Germany ribbon, yet when I ask for the ribbons at the quartermaster's stores I am told I am not entitled to them. Are the ATS operational, and did an airborne operation class as an operation? Granted, we did not complete six months operational service, but that was no fault of ours. Many other Airborne soldiers also have nothing to prove that they took part in hazardous operations. — L/Cpl. RTR (name and address supplied).

★ 1. For one year's service in West Africa you are entitled to the Defence Medal. 2. No answer can yet be given as a new ruling is awaited in cases like yours. — Ed., SOLDIER.

Answers

(from Page 21)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1, South Sea Islands. 2, The Dickin Medal. 3, 18. 4, All are card games except Pelota. 5, (a) Should be: "Come the THREE corners...", and (c) should be: "To be or not to be? THAT is the question." 6, (d) is true. 7, SOLDIER No. 8 front cover. 8, Earl highest, then Viscount, Baron. 9, (c). 10, Efflorescence. 11, Rococo. 12, Misogynists. 13, Pound. 14, (d). 15, (d). 16, 1883.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: — 2, Third. 6, Peri (scope). 7, R. A. P. C. (carp). 8, Tonga. 9, B.R.N.-o. 11, Berg. 14, First flight. 15, Sten. 18, Step. 20, In use. 21, An-o-n. 22, Lieu (tenant). 23, Extol.

DOWN: — 1, Herr. 2, T-it-o. 3, Inns of Court. 4, Drab. 5, Spur. 9, Bufts. 10, N-or-S.E. 12, Eight. 13, Get-up. 16, Tent. 17, Nine. 18, S(h)ell. 19, Epee.

CHESS

Key-move: Q-K R 1.

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TWO-MINUTE SERMON

Just before the war, the alms boxes in my church were forced open and money stolen. I called in the policeman on the beat who took one look and amazed me by saying, "I know the man who did this job." "How?" I asked. The reply came: "Well, sir, the fellow who does these jobs uses a broken jemmy and he always leaves the same mark."

This is the point. The man was recognised by the mark he left. Now I want to ask you a question. Can people see the marks of Jesus Christ in us? Stop and think for a moment. Consider our un-

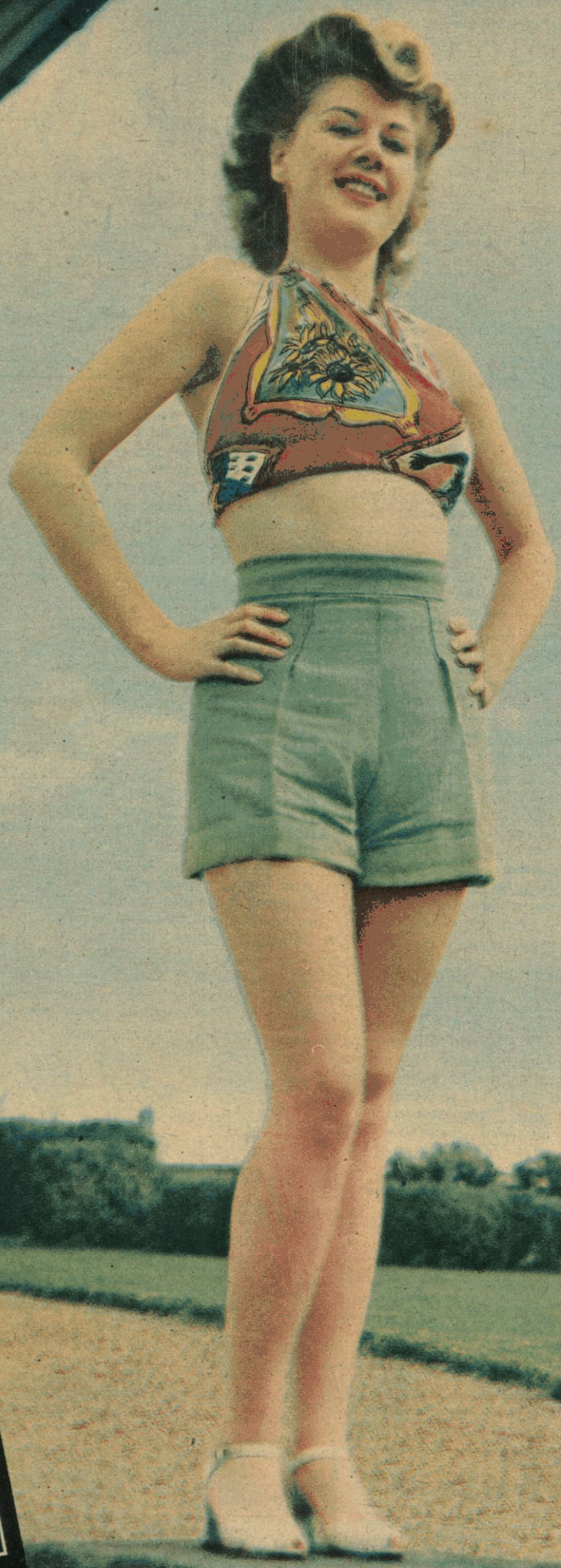
willingness to forgive those who have offended us, our jealousies, our lies, our lack of love, our snobbery, and all those things in our lives which we know deep in our hearts to be wrong.

Are those the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ? Can we be recognised as Christians by the things we do and say?

If the world is to be won for Christ, it can only be done through ordinary people reflecting the life of Our Lord in themselves. Let us see that the marks we leave are those of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



Lady On Leave

Corporal Pam Fisher, ATS, is aged 22. She is neither married nor engaged. Before joining up she was a shorthand typist, but wants to be a model when she leaves the Service. It ought to be easy.

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AND
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