

# SOLDIER

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An Ackerman print of a horseman of the 2nd (Royal North British) Dragoons — the Scots Greys  
By arrangement with the Parker Gallery.  
(See Page 36)



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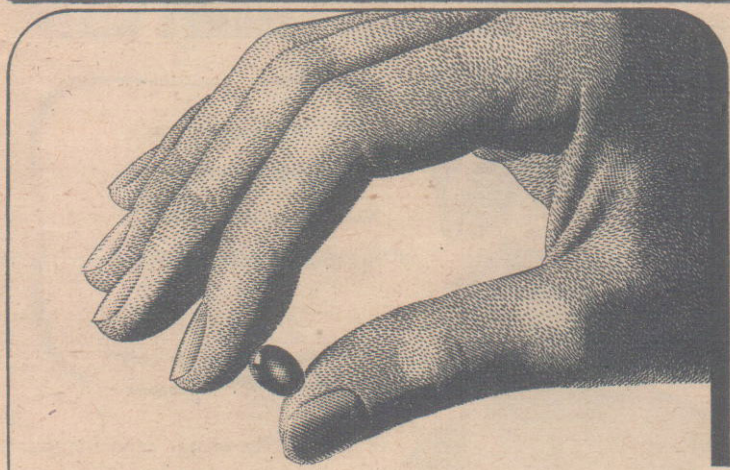
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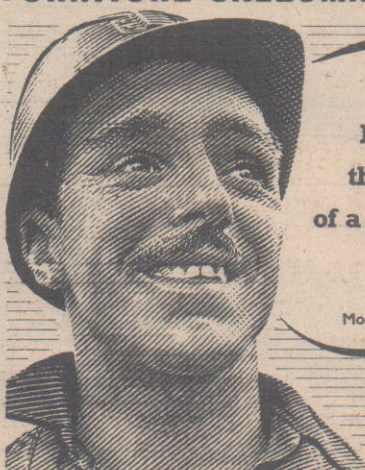
# begin with



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*John J. Thomas*  
Morrison Busty Colliery, Co. Durham

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"They're a bunch of right guys" was the verdict of a GI on the four British soldiers who went on a vehicle course with the American Army in Germany. Club hostesses, juke boxes, bowling alleys, baseball — these were some of the novelties. So was a five-thirty reveille



**F**our men in battle-dress marched into the room where the Stars and Stripes stood beside a polished desk. A thick-set, grey-haired officer with silver eagles on his shoulders stood up to greet them; then he waved his hand, and all five sat down with a collective thump.

It was another group of British "enlisted men" reporting to the Commandant of the US Army Ordnance School at Eschwege, a few kilometres west of the Russian Zone of Germany, deep in the heart of the rolling hills, knife-sharp valleys and sixteenth-century towns of the old Reich's Hessen provinces.

Drawn from the RASC, the RE and a Parachute Battalion, they had not been too sure of what lay before them. They had been told that they would report for a 13-week course on basic maintenance of vehicles which are largely common to both the British and American Armies. They would come back as driver-mechanics able to deal, in their units, with those problems which every driver meets.

Now this was it. This was the American Army. They had passed

the white-capped policemen at the gates of the big, white-painted barracks, with its green-grassed parade ground, its sharply crackling flag, its rows of private cars, its loud-speaker-borne marching tunes, its huge announcements about the number of days since the camp had any men sick.

The man behind the desk lit a cigarette and through a blue haze of smoke said, "British soldiers have a very good reputation here. Don't let it down. Work like hell

and you can play like hell, except you won't have much time to play."

Out the men marched and the four British students of the American Army's European Command Ordnance School were ready to live, work, eat, sleep and play alongside some 300 American troops attending the course.

The four men, Sapper A. C. Moore, Driver L. Adams, Trooper W. J. Wilson and Driver F. J. Davis, were shown to their quarters by an NCO who, on the way across the barrack square, gave them a running commentary on the location of the camp cinema, the Recreation Centre, the Post Exchange (NAAFI's equivalent), the workshops and the classrooms. He also told them that they would get a ration of 240 cigarettes a week, 20 bars of chocolate, all the soap they could buy and an unlimited supply of "coke" (a soft drink). Sapper Moore, a wise-cracking Cockney,

# Four

# Britons

# Among

# The

# GI's

OVER

(Photographs by Desmond O'Neill.)



The Commandant, Colonel M. A. Quinto, welcomes the British "enlisted men." Left to right: Driver L. Adams, Driver F. J. Davis, Sapper A. C. Moore and Trooper W. J. Wilson.



# FOUR BRITONS AMONG THE G. I.'s (Continued)

grinned cheerfully and held out the two dollars 10 cents he had drawn as his seven-day allowance. The NCO grinned back and said, "You'll get by all right."

The four men already liked Eschwege. Everybody had been helpful and the commonest phrase they had heard was, "You're welcome." Even the quartermaster said it when he gave them two blankets, two sheets, a pillow case and working clothes. Driver Davis, struggling up the stairs to his quarters, muttered wonderingly, "They are all so polite, it's right out of this world."

But in the morning, at 0530 hours, he wasn't sure. A burly serjeant shone a torch in his face and cried, "On your feet." The barrack-room was filled with the surly noises of men roughly awakened from sleep. Trooper Wilson could not believe it. "Does the American Army always get up this early?" he asked a GI. "Sure," answered the American, "Every goddam morning, six days a week."

After an enormous breakfast, collected cafeteria fashion in a spotless mess hall decorated with divisional signs, the four men fell

in with Class 57 and marched off to the lecture-room where a group of NCO instructors under Lieut. Bruce McCracken was waiting for them.

Briefly the American officer told them what they would be doing in the next 13 weeks. Basically they would be taught everything there was to know about the three main types of trucks used by the American Army, how to carry out repairs and what to look for should the vehicles go wrong.

"It's going to be hard work and you'll be kept busy all day long," he added. "We work on this course from eight in the morning until five in the evening."

The NCO's took over and the four men settled down to listen. At first it was hard to understand the American technical vocabulary but the instructors were patient and explained each term as it cropped up. As the long morning wore on, the four British soldiers began to wonder whether there would be a canteen break. There was not.

At 11.45 the class fell out for dinner, another huge meal of pork chops, vegetables, salad, a sweet and as much coffee as they wanted. There was no tea. The mess serjeant apologised for the deficiency.

Then Moore and Davis made for the Recreation Centre where all the

camp's welfare facilities were housed. There they found a snack bar complete with a news stand which carried all the latest and most up-to-date American magazines; a skittle alley (which the Americans called a bowling alley), a room with three billiards tables, a table tennis room and a huge library.

"It's all yours," said the American Special Service (Welfare) corporal who was showing them around. "If there's anything you want just come to the office and we'll try and fix you up."

After the afternoon's work the American troops went off for drill and the four British soldiers cleaned themselves up to go later in the evening to the Cossacks Retreat, a club for men in Eschwege.

There was a knock on the door and a huge coloured soldier, a wide grin splitting his chocolate face, walked in and said, "My name is Bailey. Would you English boys like to learn 'craps'?"

Wilson looked at the other three and then asked, "Craps? What is that?" The American stuck his hand into his pocket and pulled out two dice which, with a deft flick of his wrist, he pitched on to the floor. "Oh!" said Adams, "dice." The negro grinned hugely. "That's right boy, dice."

In the next hour the four were

introduced to the mystery of "craps" by Benjamin Bailey and his pal Bill Randin, all teeth and Southern drawl.

This off-time lesson over, the Britons joined their American pals and walked down to the Cossacks Retreat. It had everything: a six-piece orchestra, a dance floor, quiet rooms, billiards... and three charming American women. Georgia-born, blonde Pats Buckley came over and said, "Come on in, it's nice of you to come." Brunette Peggy McKee took one of the Britons by the arm and led him away

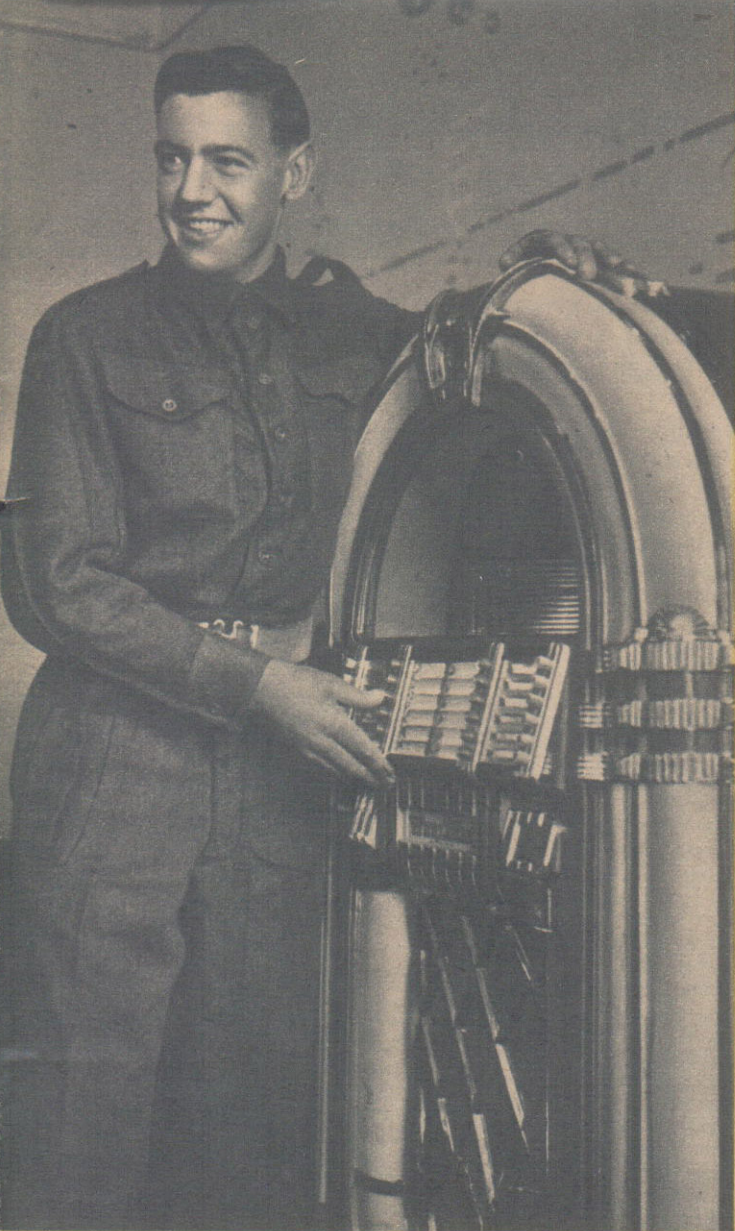


Informal session: Corporal G. Hartley demonstrates the American rifle.

In the workshops Serjeant Johnson, US Army (note Instructor's nameplate) demonstrates a cutaway model to Sapper Moore and Privates R. Hardin and C. Price. Below: Serjeant C. A. Smith brings a screwdriver to the aid of Sapper Moore as he works on a relay from a truck.







No, this is not an international "incident"—just a baseball lesson by Lieuts. B. MacMillan and O. Johnson (catcher). Below: Trooper Wilson buys his week's ration of 240 cigarettes in the "PX." Alternatively he can draw 50 cigars.



come here made our men change their minds about Englishmen. They have made friends by the hundred for your country."

Then he went on to tell the story of a Sapper who for 13 weeks running was graded the school's smartest soldier. "He was wonderful," said the Colonel.

Lieut. McCracken said the standard among the British students who had passed through the school was remarkably high. "Only one man has ever got less than a 90 per cent marking at the proficiency examination at the end of the course," he said. "I should guess that the average was about 92 per cent."

Major Bruce Montgomery, the Director of Training, endorsed the lieutenant's opinion. "They're good guys... mighty good guys," he said.

And the men themselves? Listen to Sapper Moore: "I have learned a lot here. Their maintenance is stream-lined and you get the same sort of training that a big firm gives. It's business-like and up-to-date and you get every tool you want for every job."

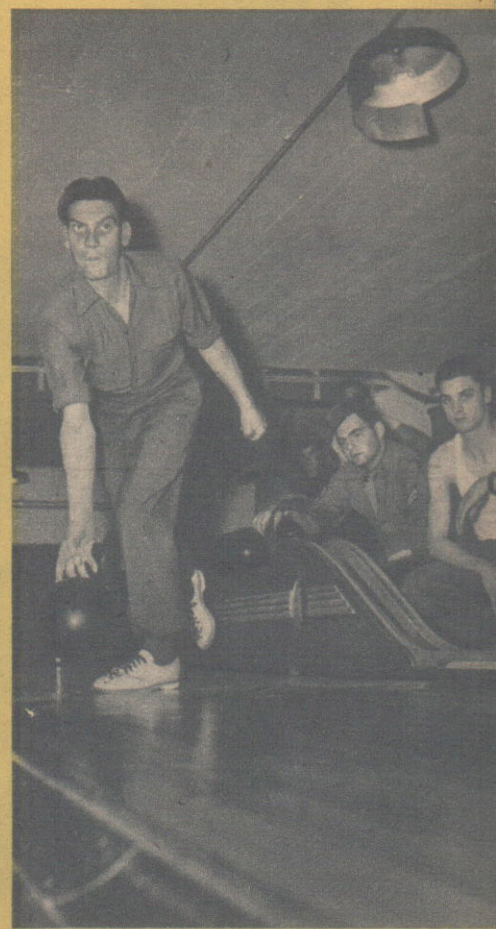
Finally what does GI Joe think? Private Alvin Hardison said, "They're a grand bunch of fellas." To which Cpl. Oscar Kevenvitch added, "They're a bunch of right guys."

JOHN HUGHES

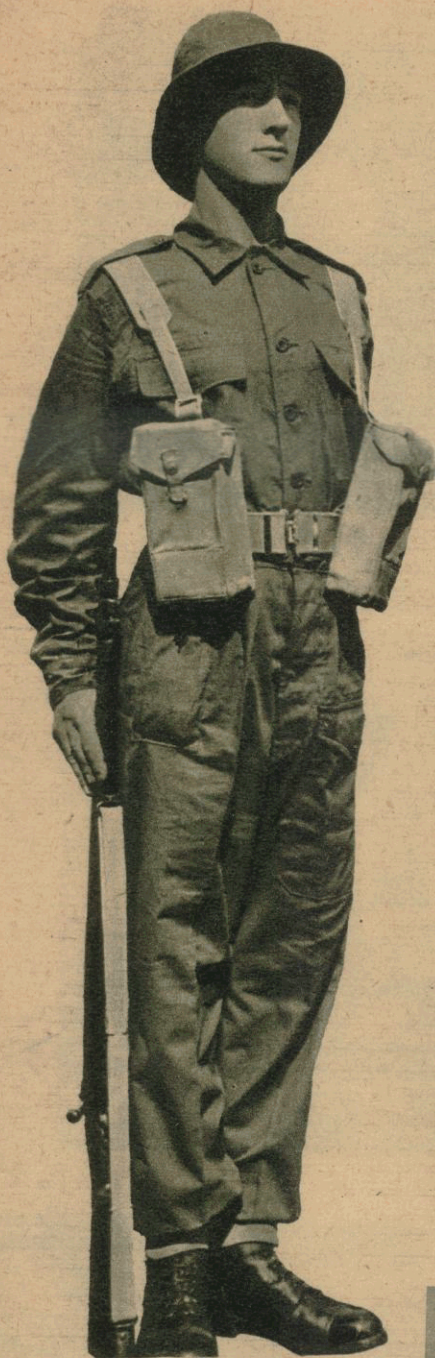
Left (above): So this is a juke box... Says Driver Adams, "Leave me alone and I'll play for hours."

Right: The boys had seen many a stream-lined bowling alley on the films; here was a chance to try their skill on a real one.

Below: In the Cossacks Retreat two of the boys got together over the inevitable "coke" with two pretty hostesses. "Coke" is drunk straight from the bottle.







In forest sweeps which are in the tradition of the Red Indian wars, and in surprise landings from the sea on the pattern of World War Two, the Army fights its latest campaign: in Malaya

## NO PUSH-BUTTON WAR

**T**HE campaign against Chinese guerillas in Malaya is the answer to those who said that the day of the Infantryman was over.

This is a campaign in which there are no sprawling cities, war factories or marshalling yards to pound, and in which an atom bomb would be the most inefficient weapon of all. You can't bring peace to Malaya by pushing a button. And the enemy knows it.

Some of the descriptions of operations in Malaya read more like accounts of fighting in the Indian wars in North America. For example, on the Sembrong River in Johore, men of the Devons, moving stealthily through the forest, shot up two canoes manned by bandits, then seized the enemy's camp. "The camp was deserted, but the cooking pots were hot," said the cabled message.

Having seized the camp, the Devons took an old-fashioned course with it: they burned it down.

That is the kind of war which goes on in Malaya. Four-fifths of the country is dense forest. The roads, like jungle roads anywhere, lend themselves to ambush. Attackers move in bands big enough to overpower small police posts and lightly defended estate headquarters, but small enough to elude easily any pitched-battle with regular forces. The threat of the guerillas has sprung from their mobility and elusiveness rather than

their numbers. And when it comes to fighting an opponent who may or may not be in uniform, and who may or may not be an "innocent" peasant, the British soldier is at a disadvantage for, notoriously, "all Chinese look alike".

Moreover, the task of routing the bandits has been made vastly more difficult because local inhabitants have been terrorised into concealing information about the enemy. Nor can the bandits be readily cornered and driven into the sea. Their natural line of retreat is across the wild Siamese border.

The guerillas are a section of the Chinese community, Communist-aided and inspired. They include thugs ready to serve under any banner as a cloak for dacoity and murder. The guerillas aim to break white supremacy; and they are prepared to fight not only whites but their fellow Chinese, Malays and Indians.

The battle against them is being waged by British regiments

which include (at the time of writing) the Devons, the KOYLI, the Seaforths and the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers; they are about to be reinforced by the 4th Hussars and the 2nd Guards Brigade. Also engaged are several battalions of the jungle-wise Gurkhas, a valuable legacy from the continent of India, and battalions of the Malay Regiment (which, as Lieut-Gen. A. E. Percival has testified, distinguished itself in fighting the Japanese on Singapore Island).

It is not, of course, an all-Army show. Troops are working in co-operation with police forces of steadily increasing strength (reinforcements include veterans of the Palestine Police). The RAF have been spotting and strafing jungle hideouts, and Naval contingents have been landing men for surprise onslaughts.

It is the old story: the more action, the more the troops like it. And up goes morale.

## EAST OF SUEZ

**"A**s rare as a Guardsman in India" they used to say.

For Guards units never went to India, though individual Guardsmen might go on staff jobs or attachments. The Guards, as their role as Household troops required, usually remain near the Sovereign.

In the early 1900's, however, when the axe was falling on the Army, Guards battalions did get to Egypt and Egypt became their farthest eastern station. Only the abnormal could take them East of Suez.

The abnormal cropped up in 1927. There was civil war in China and a Nationalist Army, under General Chiang Kai-shek was making good progress towards Shanghai, where Britain had a considerable interest in the International Settlement. The Nationalists did not like foreigners.

Shanghai's international settlement was an awkward place to defend; there were not enough troops in the Far East to do the job. So Britain decided to send a Division.

The 2nd Coldstreams formed part of a brigade that reached Shanghai (the same battalion is now going to Malaya); the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards stopped in Hong-Kong.

The 2nd Coldstreams spent nearly 18 months in Shanghai and their show of strength averted serious trouble.

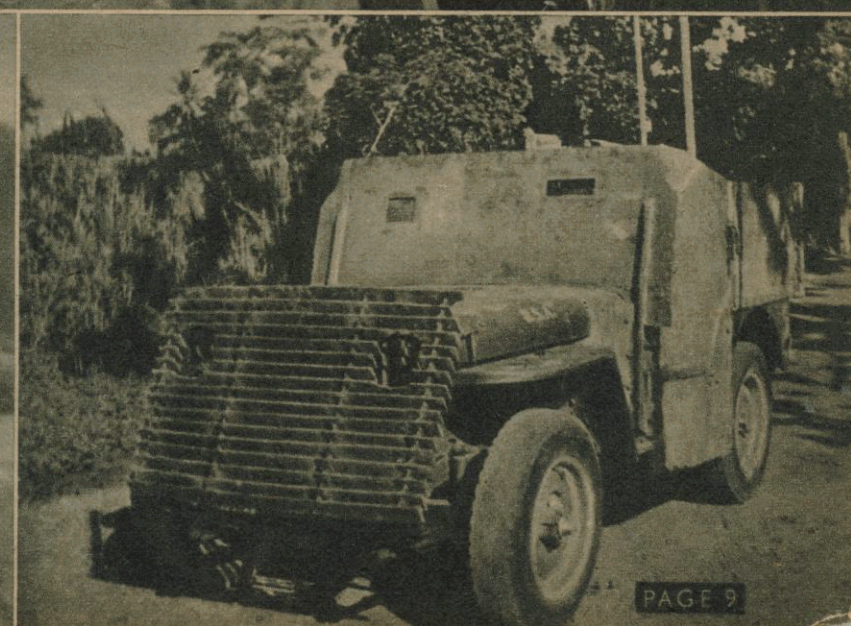
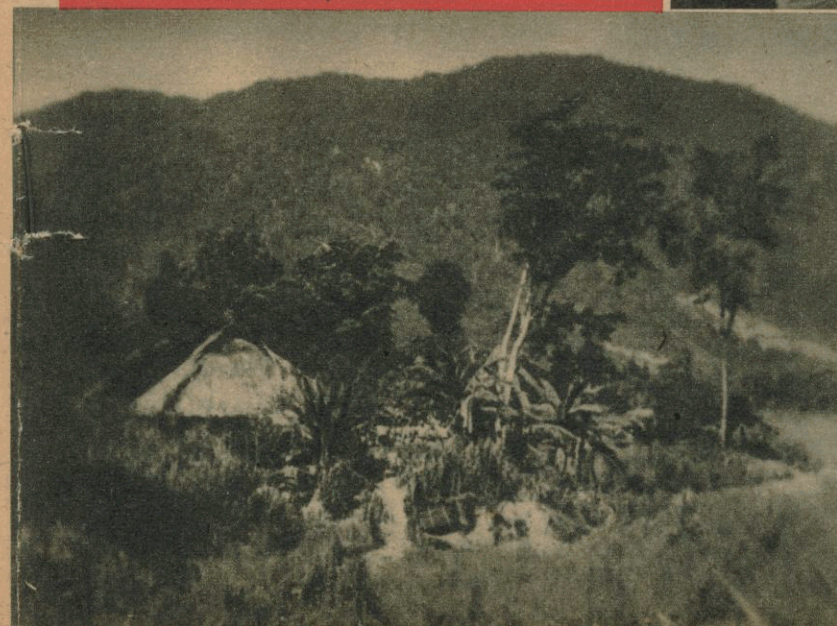
Equipped with jungle kit (left, above) the 2nd Guards Brigade (including 2nd Coldstreams, 2nd Scots, 3rd Grenadiers) are on their way to Malaya. Holidaymakers and relatives surged round the Coldstreamers at Waterloo (below). It took the *Sunday Pictorial* to discover that the films they will see en voyage include *Something In The Wind*, *A Matter of Life and Death*, *Brute Force*, *Pursued* and *The Corpse Came COD*.



## IN MALAYA

**P**ICTURES above and right show emergency measures taken by rubber planters who at any moment are liable to be attacked by thugs out of the encompassing jungle. European and native workers on the Dublin Estate, Kedah State (the largest American plantation) banded themselves into a "Home Guard" and practised sniping and forest tactics. Estates have token forces of soldiers of the Malay Regiment.

Below, left is a typical guerilla hideout in the Ipoh jungle. The adjoining picture shows a jeep which has been converted by a British officer into an armoured car for patrol work in Perak.





The Army harvests a wheat crop grown on soil which the farmers rated infertile. This farm is near the Larkhill ranges.



## THE ARMY SHOWS

**F**OR over thirty years there was a stretch of land on Salisbury Plain which remained untilled.

"The ground was poor — too much chalk, no fences, no water, no building. No farmer would tackle it. But in 1941, when the Army began to work it, it produced a wonderful barley crop — the best in Wiltshire."

This tribute came from one of the wealthiest farmers in Wiltshire, genial Bert Chivers. Here, at last, was the "land-grabbing" Army, so often accused of ruin-

Some critics accuse the Army of wasting land, . . but on Salisbury Plain soldiers have grown magnificent crops on soil which the Wiltshire farmers scorned

ing good farm areas, actually getting credit for putting derelict land in good heart. Now that land has been handed back to farmers; only time will show whether they can maintain the Army's standard.

In Wiltshire they say that much of the Army's success has been due to Major James Mayhew, of the Wiltshire Regiment, a Hampshire farmer himself and Agricultural Officer of Southern

Command. He is an adept at producing good results from poor types of soil.

As SOLDIER journeyed with him over the rolling Wiltshire Downs, past artillery ranges and rich bright squares of golden corn, past training tanks and threshing machines, Major Mayhew talked of the agricultural scheme which was born in 1941.

The object was to make the Army as nearly self-supporting

as possible. It was a tall order. Much of the land was derelict, overgrown with scrub. And the scheme had to pay its way; the Treasury, which supplied the initial money, would share any profits.

Units were encouraged to work the land within their own lines. For the larger areas, where there was no regular unit labour, over 500 soldier-gardeners — category men in the Royal Pioneer Corps — and many hundreds of civilian gardeners were employed under the Command Agricultural Officers and their small staffs, all of whose salaries came out of the profits of the scheme, as did the cost of equipment and seed.



Private Arthur Richardson, of Brentford, pilots a Trusty tractor which was bought out of the unit's end-of-year bonus. Right: Major James Mayhew, Southern Command's Agricultural Officer, examines Army-grown barley which fetched 110s a sack. (Maximum price allowed is 120s.)



## THE FARMERS HOW — and makes £539,000 Profit

The year 1943 saw a record output of more than 37,000 tons of food. In the Salisbury Plain district, a 1200-acre "wilderness" of derelict land produced 1000 fat sheep, 1300 tons of potatoes, 1800 sacks of wheat, 2800 sacks of barley, 1100 sacks of oats, 250 tons of hay and 500 tons of straw.

In seven years the men of Home Forces have grown for themselves some 70,000 tons of potatoes and a similar amount of fresh vegetables. In hard cash, the scheme has shown a profit of £539,000. The Treasury's cut has been over a quarter of a million, and the remainder has gone back to the units according to their

productivity and effort.

These results represent a saving for the nation's larder — not increased rations for the troops. Units growing green vegetables and potatoes, for instance, underdraw their allotment of rations. Barley, wheat and oats are sold in the public markets.

By the end of last year, with the handing back of land, the Army's agricultural acreage had fallen to 3000. But with the need for food still great, it was decided to carry on for another three years. The profit target has been set at £70,000 for 1948.

Southern Command's contribut-

ion has been to increase their agricultural area from 762 acres to 1727, and today they can claim to be the largest growers of potatoes in the South of England. Their soldier-gardeners have long since been released, but with the encouragement of Lieut-General Sir John Harding, officers and men are digging in their spare time. Civilian labour helps out. To ease lack of manures Major Mayhew is composting with sewage sludge.

One resourceful unit is the lonely range detachment of gunners at Greenlands Farm near Larkhill. Under Major Tom Horton DSO, MC, DSC this small

unit has developed land which once ranked as the poorest on the Larkhill ranges. It has also built a well equipped greenhouse from odd scraps of material from the gunranges.

Last year's "bonus" — in one year it came to £300 — has been "ploughed back" in the form of agricultural tools and a handy little Trusty Tractor for ploughing; an earlier bonus became bicycles for the troops. The unit has just won the Mitchell-Hill Cup for 1948 for the best-kept garden in Southern Command and is strongly in the running for the UK Trophy of the same name.

This is the Army's own harvester, operated by a civilian. Major James Mayhew carries out an inspection.



In this fine old walled garden—largest in Wiltshire—the Army grows all kinds of fruit. The house to which the garden belongs is a RAMC vaccine laboratory.



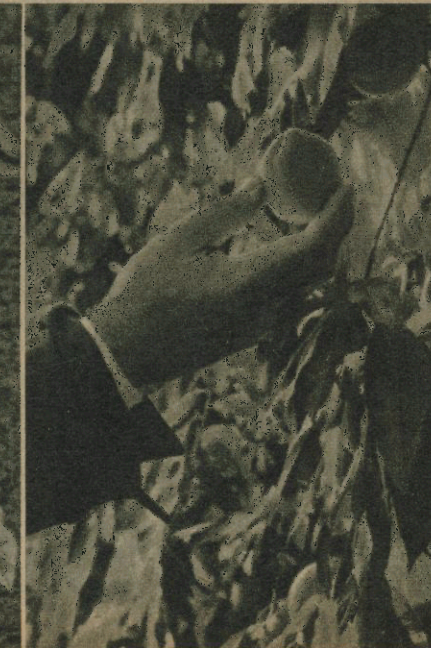
Close-up of a cabbage, grown by the Army for the Army.



Private enterprise: tobacco plants yield "good chewing tobacco."



Peaches from the walled garden find their way to NAAFI.



So do these grapes grown in the Army's own hothouses.





# EIGHT MINUTES TO LOAD A SUNDERLAND



As soon as the Sunderland had taxied to rest the Army barge was alongside.

British soldiers loading Sunderland flying boats on the Elbe for the Berlin supply run have set up a record which is unlikely to be broken

**I**N the winter of 1946 Driver Kenneth Lee flew over Wales in a Dakota dropping food parcels to snow-trapped villagers.

During a coal strike he rolled up his sleeves and loaded coal on to railway wagons. Later he slung sides of beef into waiting lorries at Smithfield.

For the past three months, with comrades who have shared similar experiences, he has been loading food with all the skill and speed of a man well-trained into RAF Sunderland flying boats which took off every day from the broad waters of the River Elbe in Hamburg for beleaguered Berlin.

Driver Lee was serving in a new Army unit which was set up for the air lift: the Rear Air Service Organisation. In Hamburg it was made up chiefly of men from 749 Air Despatch Company RASC and airborne soldiers from 63 Air Despatch Company.

It's no easy job tossing 70-80 lb parcels from a small barge into a seaplane when both are pitching and rolling in rough, rainy weather. The men worked in teams of four, including the corporal in charge, and added zest to their task by trying to set up new records. The record for loading a seaplane from the time it touches down until it is airborne again is just eight minutes; it was set up by Cpl. J. Steer and his team.

"That time will probably never be beaten," SOLDIER was told by a RASO officer. "I've rarely seen soldiers work so hard or with so much enthusiasm, even during the war. It shows that given a job where he can see something for his efforts the present day young soldier can keep pace with the old-timers."

Before each plane landed a wireless message was flashed to the RAF Operations room, and carried by runner to the stand-by loading party. Within a minute the loaded barge was on its way to the buoy where the seaplane was to tie up.

Loading a plane does not mean just slinging parcels inside until it is full. The corporal in charge and the engineer of the RAF



crew had to spread the load according to a manifest which said so many pounds would go into the bows, so much aft, the rest in the galley, the ward-room and the bomb room.

Loading went on all day, from the early hours when the roar of a Sunderland's engines gave Hamburg its reveille until late at night when the barges were loaded for next morning's first take-off.

Sometimes special loads came to Hamburg by rail and then five DUKW's from Rhine Army's Amphibious Training School at Eckernforde (SOLDIER, August) carried the parcels direct from train to plane.

Now and again, when there was room, the RAF took one or two soldiers to Berlin and back to let them see what happened on the Havel Lake.

Record-breaking team: Cpl. J. Steer, Dvr. L. Arms, Dvr. G. Topliss, Dvr. K. Lee. The "meat and gravy" came from Mexico.

Reward for a hard worker: Dvr. J. Spring in the pilot's cabin, setting off on his first flight—to Berlin.



## SOLDIER to Soldier

**I**N Palestine there was an Army rule that Irgun and the Stern Gang were never to be referred to as terrorists.

Call a man a terrorist, and people begin to think he is a bigger menace than he is; so does the "terrorist" himself.

What's in a name? Evidently quite a lot. The powers-that-be believed so when they decided that "conscripts" should be described as National Servicemen. Call a man a conscript, it was argued, and you make him look upon himself as something that the press-gang dragged in. Call him a National Serviceman, and he may recognise himself for what he is: a man helping to tide his country over a sticky period.

Now there is a suggestion that another name might be found for fatigues. Sir William Rycroft is quoted as saying, "Fatigues? What are fatigues? We were never allowed to mention the word in the 11th Hussars." Perhaps the Hussars thought that a man detailed to a "fatigue" would feel tired before he started; or perhaps — which is more likely — they felt that a job which was necessary for the wellbeing of the unit ought not to be described in a contemptuous term.

It is notorious that a man who will moan at being detailed to pick up bits of rubbish from the unit lines will tidy his own front garden without regarding himself as a victim of oppression. Yet unit pride ought to be at least as strong as house pride.

**O**nce again, in Malaya this time, the British soldier by a grim irony finds himself fighting an enemy who is armed with the weapons the Allies distributed with a liberal hand to resistance movements during the war.

This explains why some military critics are urging that in another war it would be a mistake to arm brave but unpredictable minorities on such a generous scale.

But tough minorities have a knack of finding weapons. Where there's a call for a gun there's a gun-runner. To have starved the "underground" movements — which tied down scores of Axis divisions — would have prolonged the war and cost us thousands more lives. Those lives saved must be weighed against the cost of the post-war mopping up.

**R**egimental rivalry swells up in most unlikely surroundings.

In London's Marlborough Street Police Court a barrow boy said: "Don't forget I fought with the Inniskillings — the best lot in the Army, they were."

The Magistrate, Mr. Daniel Hopkin, sat up.

"Have you come here to start an argument?" he asked. "The East Yorks were the best and don't you forget it."





Before World War Two locomotives were named after regiments at elaborate ceremonies, complete with guard of honour and regimental band.

# THE RAILWAYS HONOUR THE ARMY

**L**AST month Field-Marshal Montgomery had an engagement at Euston Station: to name a locomotive.

His duty consisted in lowering a peltet in regimental colours from the nameplate of *Patriot* Class locomotive Number 5506, to reveal that its name was now *The Royal Pioneer Corps*.

This was a proud moment for the Corps' Colonel-Commandant, Major-General A. L. I. Friend, and indeed for every man of the Royal Pioneers. And a very proud moment in particular for the man nominated to stand on the footplate, 29-year-old Edward Tassiker, a Pioneer himself during the war who was a prisoner for five and a half years and annoyed the Germans by escaping seven times. Once, he and another escaper were disguised as women and were "picked up" by two German soldiers who discovered their sex when the party was at its height.

Naming ceremonies like this were more frequent and elaborate

Major-General Sir Cecil Pereira, then Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, at the naming of the *Coldstreamer* at King's Cross in 1939.



The railways of Britain have paid tribute to the Army by naming locomotives after regiments, generals, battles and VC's

before World War Two. Now locomotives can only be polished and produced for ceremonies when the traffic managers, hard-pressed for stock, can spare them.

In the same way, locomotives used to be on show at local stations on regimental "days"; recently the Midland Region's *East Yorkshire Regiment* had 3000 visitors at Blackburn when the regiment was given the Freedom of the town. The railways do their best, but work must come first.

The railways also do their best to keep the locomotives up to date: a little while ago Midland Region had to provide new nameplates for *The Leicestershire Regiment* when the regiment achieved the dignity of "Royal" before its name.

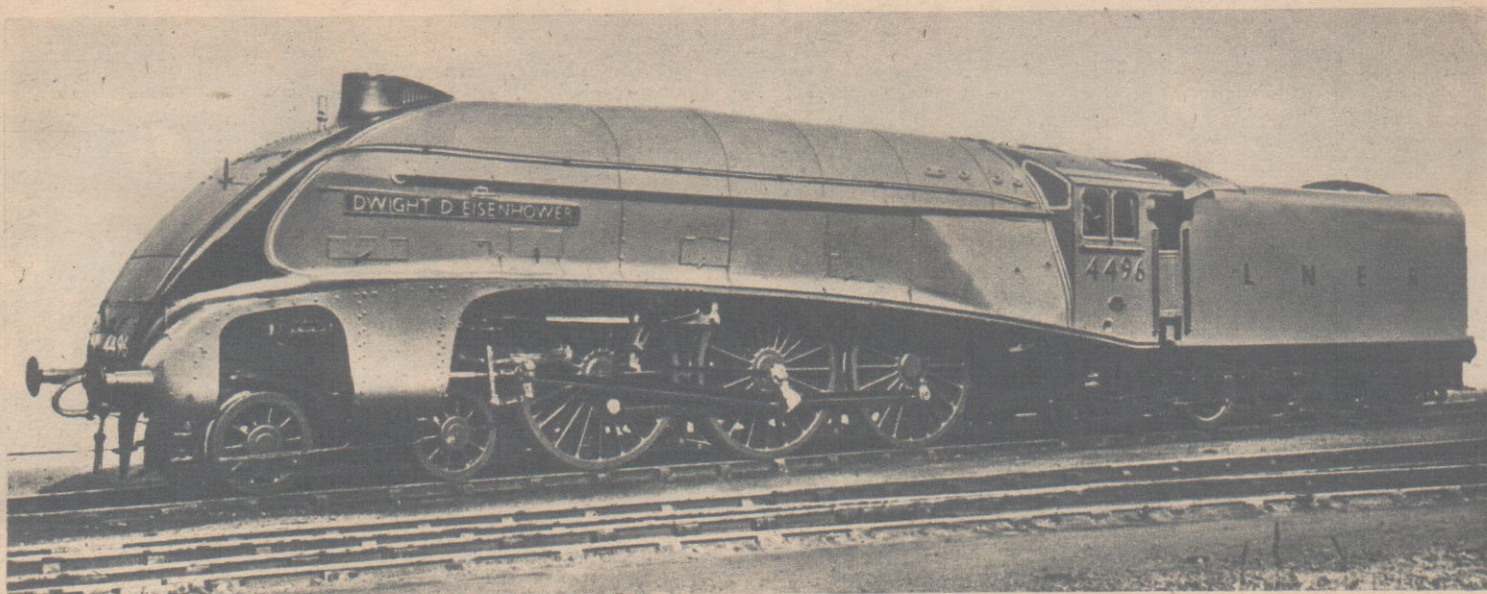
No. 5506 has joined quite a number of locomotives with military associations, for the Midland Region (and before it the London Midland and Scottish Railway) has been more generous with military names than the others.

Out of the 52 *Patriot* Class engines, 36 have been christened, nine of them into the Army. Besides the *Royal Pioneer Corps* and the *Royal Leicestershire Regiment* there are the *Royal Signals*, *Royal Army Ordnance Corps*, *Royal Tank Corps*, *Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment*, *Home Guard*, *Private E. Sykes, VC*, and *Private W. Wood, VC*. Ex-Private Wood was awarded the Victoria Cross when he was serving with the *Royal Northumberland Fusiliers* in 1918 and he is now an engine-driver on the Midland Region. Sometimes his duties take him on to the footplate of the locomotive named after him.

The *Patriots* are 4-6-0 locos (which, for the uninitiated, means they have four wheels in front of the driving wheels, six driving wheels, and no trailing wheels behind the driving wheels) and were built from 1930 to 1934. More of them may yet be named; No. 5506 has been running without a name since 1932. Like most of the British Railways engines that are named, they haul crack passenger-trains.

In the old LMS's biggest class, No. 5, only four of nearly 700 locomotives are named; all after Scots regiments. They are the





Lanarkshire Yeomanry, Ayrshire Yeomanry, Glasgow Highlander and Glasgow Yeomanry.

In the Royal Scot class of 71 locomotives, first produced in 1927 and the pride of the old LMS, all but four (the Royal Air Force, Girl Guide, Boy Scout and British Legion) have soldierly names. They include Guards, Scottish, Irish, Welsh and English regiments, and Londoners like the Honourable Artillery Company, Civil Service Rifleman, and London Rifle Brigade. There are also a Royal Army Service Corps, Royal Artillery and Old Contemptibles.

In the same class is The Green Howards which is roughly duplicated on the old LNER by The Green Howard, Alexandra, Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment. The LNER's Green Howard was named in 1938 to commemorate the 250th birthday of the regiment and has a plaque to say so in the cab.

The Coldstream Guards are also twice honoured by a Coldstream Guardsman in the LMS Patriot class and by a Coldstreamer in the LNER's Green Arrow class; and there is a Gordon Highlander in both the LMS Patriot and the LNER D40 classes.

There is also a Cameronian on each of the two lines, but

while the one on the LMS is named after the soldier, the one on the LNER is named after a race-horse.

The LNER was a sporting railway and regiments had as rivals for nameplate honours not only racehorses but hunts (which have a class to themselves) and football teams. In the Sandringham class (4-6-0) the Lincolnshire Regiment, Suffolk Regiment and Essex Regiment rub shoulders with Arsenal, Sheffield Wednesday, Tottenham Hotspur and so on.

Not all names with military associations have been lasting on the LNER. The J36 class had more than 100 locomotives with names taken from World War One. But they were put on only with transfer instead of the more usual metal plates with raised letters, and when the engines were repainted the names were not put on again. Now only four J36's have names — Arras, Albert, Maude and Ypres. Those that were lost (by repainting or when the engines were broken up) included Byng, Somme, Haig, Gough, Joffre and Mons. They were names which were earned on active service: the J36 class belonged to the old North British group and the locomotives were sent over to France during World War One.

In 1945 the LNER changed the name of this A4 class locomotive from *Golden Shuttle* to *Dwight D. Eisenhower*.

Ypres, Mons, Somme and Marne are also to be found in the LNER's Director class which belonged to the Great Central Railway. The North British and Great Central became parts of the LNER group after World War One, but in spite of the duplication, the old names were kept.

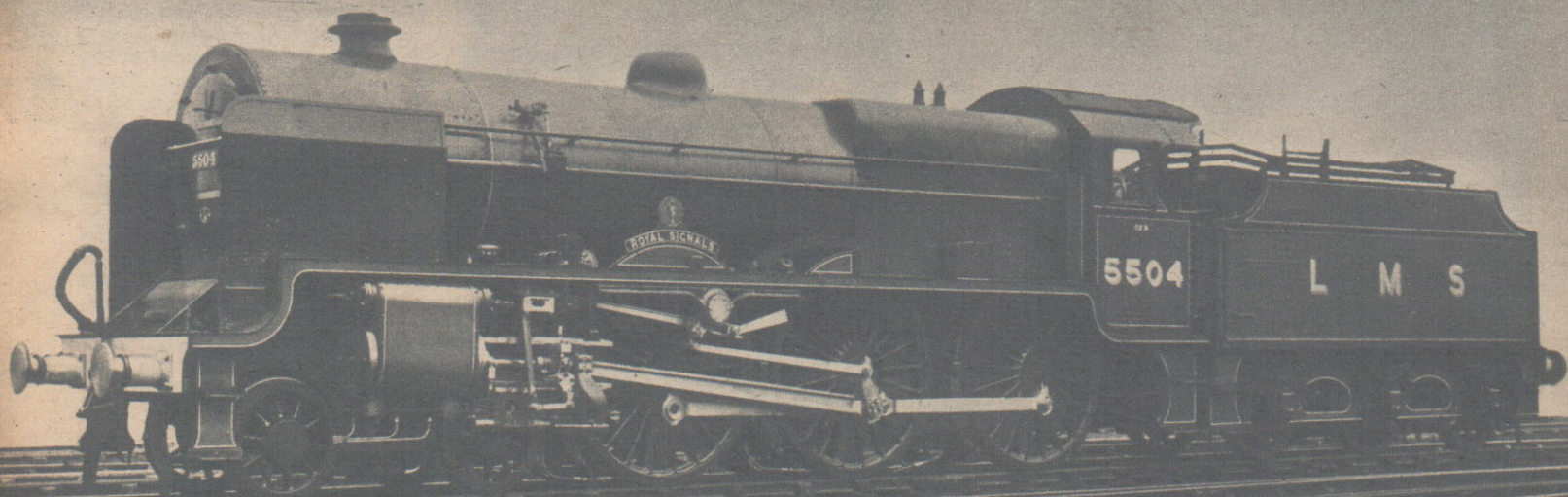
Another World War One memorial is the Valour, which was dedicated to the memory of employees of the Great Central killed in World War One and which gave its name to a class of locomotives built between 1917 and 1920.

In the LNER's Green Arrow class (2-6-2 and weighing 145 tons) built from 1936 to 1944, only seven of the 184 locomotives were named. Besides the Coldstreamer and Green Howard mentioned above, there are The Snapper, named after the East Yorkshire Regiment, and the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.

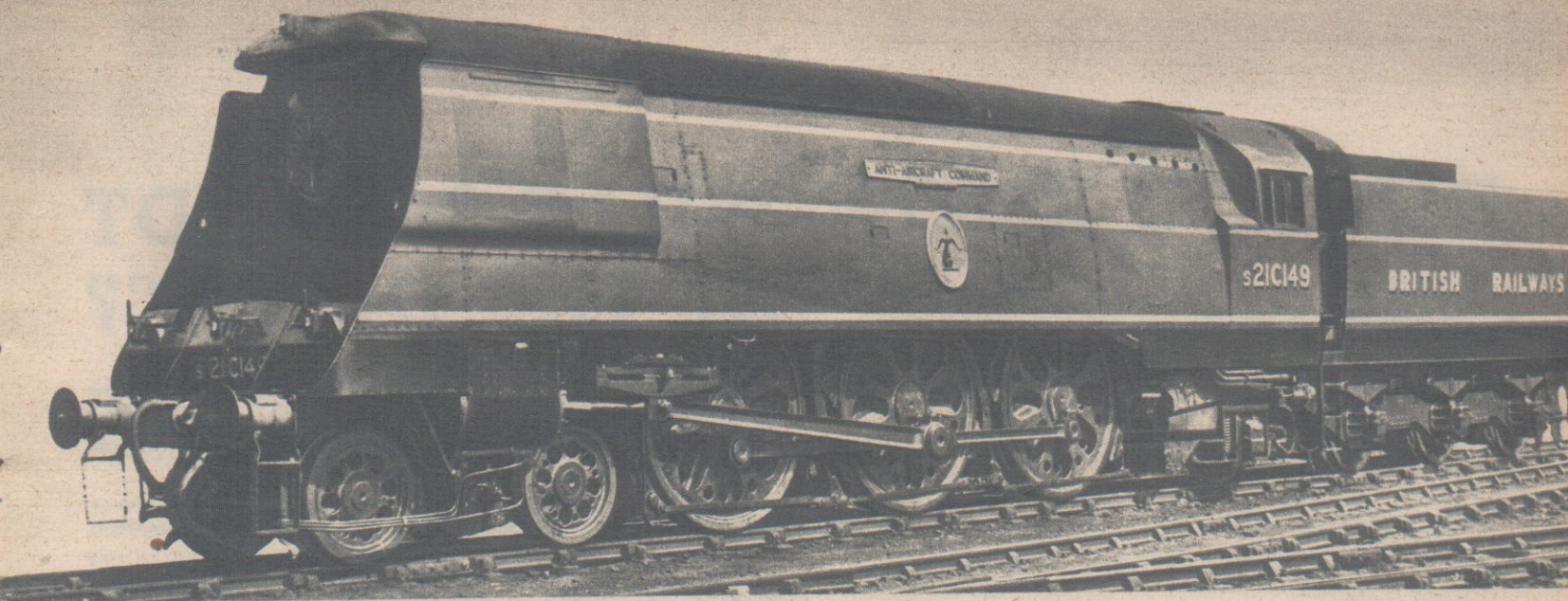
Royal Signals is one of the Midland Region's three-cylinder 4-6-0 Patriot class locomotives, nine of which have Army names.



Three styles in military nameplates, all on the Midland Region.







On the Southern Region (formerly the Southern Railway) the Royal Navy has a good show in the *Lord Nelson* class (with Admirals' names) and so has the Royal Air Force in the streamlined *Battle of Britain* class. But, the Army has to be content with a couple of names, both in the *Battle of Britain* class: *Anti-Aircraft Command* and *Sir Frederick Pile* (after AA Command's war-time commander).

The Western Region (once the Great Western Railway) is not much addicted to soldierly names, either. The only two it can muster are the *Somerset Light Infantry* and the *South Wales Borderers*, both *Castle* class locos.

Among the Army's own locomotives, the collector of military names is on a sure thing. On the Longmoor Military Railway, in Hampshire, every locomotive, down to the tiniest diesel, is named either after a soldier or after a place where soldiers, and particularly Sappers, were active in World War Two.

There are two 2-10-0 locos called *Gordon* and *Kitchener* respectively, 2-8-0's called *Sir Guy Williams* (after a Chief Engineer) and *Sir Donald McMullen* (after a Director of Transportation).

In the 0-6-0 class there are *Spyck*, *Constantine*, *Brussels*, *Ahwaz*, *Foggia*, *Julluneur*, *Lisieux*, *Rennes*, *Matruh*, *Soligno*, *Insein* and *Manipur Road*.

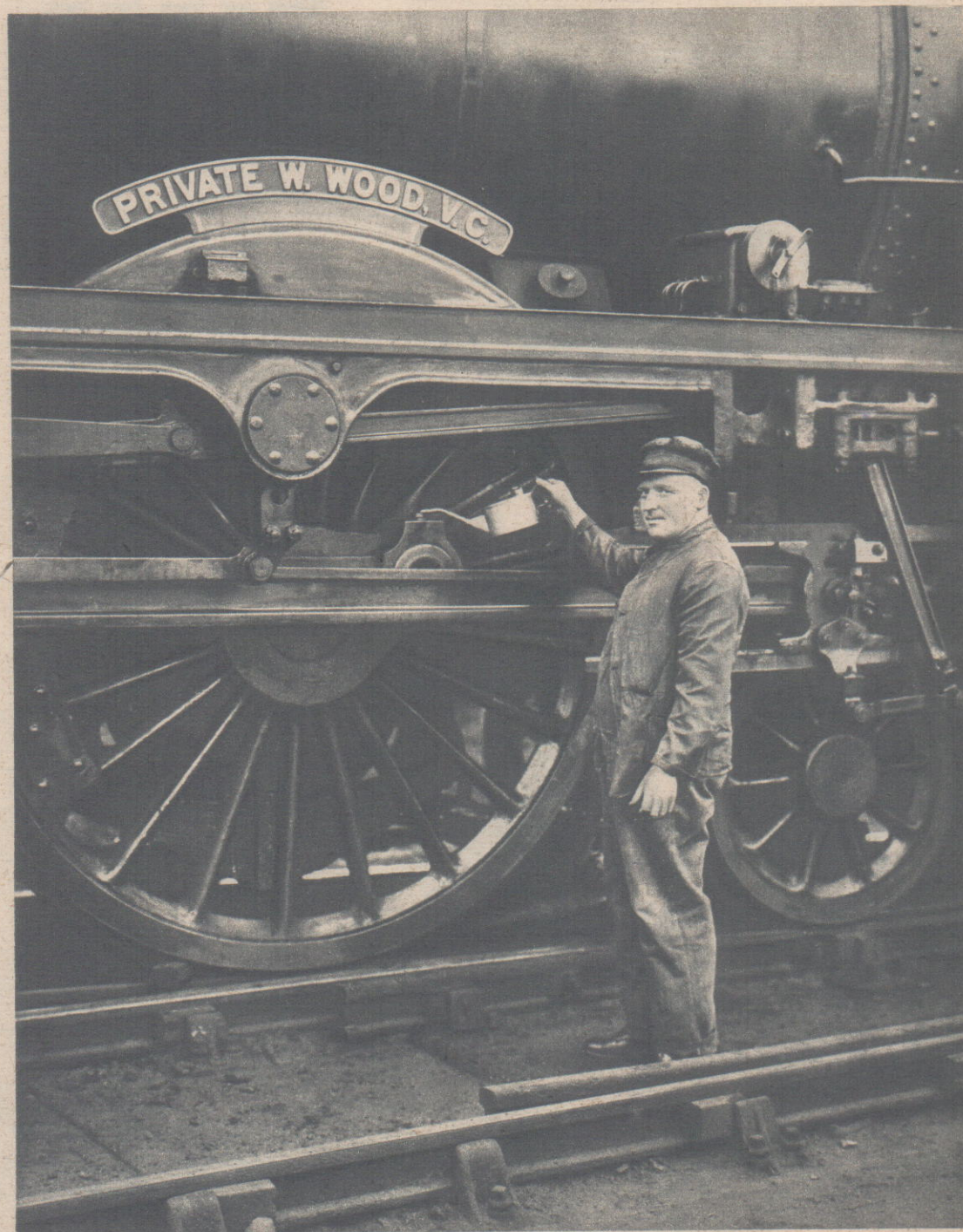
Two American 2-8-0's, presented to the Military Railway by the American transportation organisation over here for World War Two, are named after two American transportation officers, *Major-General Carl R. Gray, Junior*, and *Major-General Frank S. Ross*.

Longmoor's fleet of diesel locomotives (and Longmoor seems to be the only railway that names its diesels) consists of two 650 hp called *Tobruk* and *Algiers*, two 350 hp called *Bari* and *Chittagong*, one 150 hp called *Basra* and one 48 hp called *Caen*.

It seems that if you gathered together all Britain's locomotives with Army associations you could get not only a fair-sized (though ill-balanced) Army but enough commanders to last it a century and enough battles to keep it occupied that long as well.

Above: *Anti-Aircraft Command* is one of Southern Region's latest *Battle of Britain* class locomotives; another is *Sir Frederick Pile*, named after AA Command's war-time chief.

Below: Oiling the locomotive named after him is Driver W. Wood, VC, who earned his decoration in World War One. He sometimes drives his namesake.





# THE AFRIKA KORPS GOES HOME

## DID YOU KNOW WILLY SCHMIDT IN THE DESERT?

**T**HE Afrika Korps is home, all but the last stragglers.

Under the lightest of British Army escorts, these men of Rommel's crack desert force which fell to the Eighth Army have been conducted back to their ruined homeland. Those whose homes were in Berlin discovered that the last lap of the journey was not to be so easy.

A SOLDIER representative — Lieut KENNETH MORGAN — travelled with one of the home-bound drafts from Fayid in Egypt to Munster Lager, the dispersal centre in the British Zone of Germany. Here is his story

**I**T ought to have been a surprising thing, but somehow it wasn't: the house of the British Commander-in-Chief in the Canal Zone of Egypt was guarded by a German prisoner-of-war piquet.

This showed, if anything could, how the German prisoners in the Middle East had grown to be trusted by their captors.

These men in the peaked desert caps had come to Egypt by way of Norway, France, Russia and North Africa. Captured, they had faced, as they thought, a useless, endless existence behind barbed wire, guarded by British machine-guns.

LAST GLIMPSE of the promised land they saw only as captives: men of the Afrika Korps sail from Port Said.

But the British had put them on their honour, offered them work to prevent their brains and hands rotting from idleness. In steadily increasing numbers, they had accepted.

In the main they were employed in their own callings; the German doctors went to work in hospitals, the plumbers and electricians did a useful job for the Royal Engineers, and the truck-drivers were wanted everywhere.

All the work they did was paid for, and they had canteens, camp cinemas, and a lido beach by the side of the Suez Canal. For all this, it was not to be wondered at that, under the hot desert sun, they still sighed for the woods near Hanover or the mountains of the Tyrol.

For months past, however, they had been going home — 25,000 left in the first six months of the year. By October there would be none left. First they were called forward, like the British soldiers due for release, to a transit camp at Fayid, near the Middle East's General Headquarters, for release documentation. It was there that the writer joined Draft 52.

From Fayid the draft went to Port Said to board the *Empire Pride*, a vessel which had been carrying British troops a few months previously. Conditions aboard her were exactly the same for German prisoners as they had been for our men.

During the voyage and the rail journey across Europe which followed most of the organisation was done by the prisoners. They had their own Discipline and Messing Officers, their own RSM — who, by the way, had a voice of the pattern approved for issue to RSM's — and their own NCO's, cooks, butchers, bakers, and orderlies. This system was applied on all drafts and worked most efficiently.

Ironically, the trip took the prisoners through Trieste, the port from which some of them had set sail in their smart German uniforms five or six years ago. At first glimpse Europe looked prosperous enough — there was even the New Look. Then, from the Free Territory, the men went by slow, climbing train through





the land of their former Allies. For the men who came from the Alpine villages this was an advance glimpse of home.

At Tarvisio, on the Italo-Austrian frontier, came the first of many pathetic incidents, which were to become commonplace in the days following. In the cold dark of the Alpine night the train drew up to be checked by the Frontier Police, and as it did so an Italian girl climbed on board and asked permission to search among the prisoners. Five years ago she had bade farewell to her German corporal as he entrained for Africa. She had heard nothing from him since and from the start of Middle East repatriation this year she had waited patiently for each train to inquire whether any of the men knew Willy Schmidt. Looking for a man with a name like Bill Smith among 25,000 soldiers would have seemed funny had it not been pathetic. From that stage of the journey on there were many inquiries for lost husbands, sons, and fathers.

Early in the morning the train reached Villach in Carinthia, and the British draft left to go to their own release by another route. Thenceforward the prisoners-of-war had no guard except for the train conducting warrant officer, RSM G. V. Shepard, RA, his serjeant, and the writer. Escorts would have been superfluous; with home in sight after years of waiting these men had no wish to give trouble.

By dawn the train was descending through country familiar to many of them — a countryside where every villager put down his hay fork or left the dog to look after the sheep while he waved to the train. Legs dangling from the doors of the freight wagons in which they rode, the prisoners waved back, some of them flinging cigarettes to the workers as they passed.

Occasionally the train would halt for engine changes or to take on water, and then the men

would climb down for the thrill of treading once more on home ground, or running like children a little way up the sides of the hills. The driver had only to blow his whistle and the prisoners

would dash in from all directions to scramble aboard.

At these halts, the villagers gathered armful upon armful of the gay flowers for which the Austrian valleys are famed and hung them all over the wagons. After three stops, the train looked like something out of a Cornish floral carnival; or, as a German officer who knew his Shakespeare put it: "Like Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane."

Shortly after leaving Traunstein in the dusk the train ran parallel with a secluded "Lovers' Lane." As it passed them, couples disengaged themselves from the business in hand to wave or call to the returning prisoners. At one point an American top-serjeant, seeing the waving prisoners, withdrew his arm from the waist of the fraulein he was escorting to call a cheerful "Glad to see y' back, boys" in the accents of the Deep South.

Astonishingly, he was rewarded by a full-throated cheer from the prisoners. Their attitude seemed to be: He's a soldier and we were once. He's got a girl and we shall have one soon.

At Nuremberg the following morning flaxen-haired children

ran from all sides to help the men wash their mess tins and cutlery, anxious to know what it felt like to be once again in Germany, and, inevitably, to ask: "Did you know a man called so-and-so while you were in Africa?"

Dandling the babies on their knees, giving pieces of Egyptian soap (a precious thing in Germany today) to the older boys and girls, the homecomers tried to cope with all these questions. A few of them found time to remember that it was here that justice overtook the top Nazis.

Some men were greeted by their own families in scenes of tears and near-hysteria. But the train had to get on, and after 12 hours it reached Munster Lager, near Hanover. Here the homecomers were taken over by Capt J. Tyndall of the Border Regt, OC Repatriation Wing of No 1 POW Transit Camp.

By the following morning documentation was going on apace and the men had received their payment of 40 marks. Hitherto they had also been paid their Middle East credits, some men pocketing as much as six or seven hundred marks (with the mark's value at 1/6), and in con-



## THEIR OWN OLYMPIC

**A** week-end before the repatriation ship pulled out of Benghazi Harbour, the home-bound prisoners-of-war ran their own version of the Olympic Games.

From Tobruk, Derna, and the remoter parts of Cyrenaica behind the mountain passes, where they served in transport companies, messes, and workshops, the men flocked in to their own all-German *sporttreffen*.

There were German judges, German announcers, a vast German audience, and a large sprinkling of British supporters who paid to watch.

One of the biggest-ever sports meetings for prisoners in the Middle East, it was a happy send-off for many of them who left four days later on the 12-day journey back to Cuxhaven and home.

Three hundred and fifty competitors entered for the German events and British troops took part in several special events. Local tradesmen presented more than £100 worth of the prizes. By now some of the handsome silver cups and medallions are adorning family mantelselves in Germany.

Those whose ship had not yet come in were not wasting their time, while awaiting repatriation. The Benghazi prisoners ran four bands of their own, turning with ease from dance music to the classics, playing in NAAFI clubs, hostels, unit canteens and officers' messes. The Benghazi Prisoners Theatre Group was able to present a full-scale variety show, complete with professional wire-walker.



## AFRIKA KORPS GOES HOME

(continued)

sequence prices in the camp's vicinity had been rising rapidly. To combat this minor inflation, it had been decided to pay the men their overseas credits when they reached their home towns.

Some — a sad minority — had no trains to catch. They had to stay awaiting news from the German Red Cross Society's ticker tape from Hamburg of the whereabouts of their long-lost families. If the families could be traced these men would know where they were in a few hours, but many families in the end-of-war chaos had vanished as if they had never been.

Other ex-prisoners left behind went to swell the 600 waiting — not very patiently — for signs of a gap in the Iron Curtain, a gap through which they might reach their Berlin homes.

Since this article was written prisoners have been allowed to pass to Berlin.

This, then, was the end of the trail for the men of the Afrika Korps. For most of them the real difficulties of life — difficulties of existence on low rations, difficulties of finding work — were just beginning.

*Tailpiece:* Mr. Ashley Dukes, the playwright, after watching a trainload of the Afrika Korps passing through Austria, wrote to tell *The Times* about the slogans on the coaches. These included: *A kiss to every maid; Girls, beware our fire; We are brown — are you as brown as we are?; To hell with the world, we give not a damn for it; and (alongside a caricature of a Middle East staff officer) I will see what I can do for you — The Colonel.*

At the wash-and-brush-up halts in Germany children came from far and wide to greet the returned Afrika Korps, to help them wash, to clean their mess tins.



# IT WAS A LONG TASK — AND WAS WELL DONE

**R**EPATRIATION of the last German prisoners from the Middle East ends one headache for the Army — the job of looking after them. It starts another headache — the job of finding someone else to do the work for which the prisoners volunteered.

German prisoners were encamped throughout the world. From Australia to the West Indies the Army has been steadily shipping them home. These were the peak holdings for the following countries:

Britain 404,377; Middle East 103,084; Gibraltar 448; East Africa 130; Canada 33,816; North Africa 56,021; Australia 1631; Jamaica 545; North-West Europe 194,773.

Britain's prisoners-of-war included almost every nationality, from Arab to Chinese. There were 150,000 Italian prisoners in Britain, and large numbers more in Middle East, East Africa, North Africa, Sudan, India and Australia. There were some 21,000 Austrians.

About 730,000 Japanese surrendered after Hiroshima. These and the earlier captives — comparatively few in number — have all been sent home.

The last German prisoners left Britain for home several weeks ago. The Army had been escorting them back for two years. Now the 188 camps which housed them stand empty or are

used for other purposes, and for 1500 British officers and 9000 men (most of them Pioneers) a long job of work is over. It was a job well done.

The German prisoners sent home included over 46,000 sick, 15,000 "economic" prisoners (wanted for work in the Ruhr mines and other industries), nearly 19,000 "specials" (including men who won reparation through acts of gallantry) and 19,600 compassionate cases. Remaining in Britain are over 25,000 who have been released to civilian status in order to work, a few awaiting civilian status to marry British girls, a few who are awaiting passage to Spain and the Argentine, a small number who escaped and are still at large, and about 30 in prison.

As early as 1940 re-education of prisoners was attempted, but it fell through when many of the Germans were shipped to Canada. Not until November 1944 was the scheme re-started in earnest. Under the POW Division of the Foreign Office began an experiment which had never before been tried with the prisoners of any nation. At first there were expected setbacks. As British instructors (later they numbered 250) set out to talk to the Germans and win over other lecturers from their own ranks, there was trouble among the die-hard prisoners. Voluntary German lecturers were beaten up, especially by the "blacks."

The "blacks" were the hard-boiled Nazis, most of whom were placed in a special camp at Watten near Wick in the North of Scotland. With them progress was slow; any who revised their outlook went off to the camps holding the "greys" (men of no political sympathies) and the "whites" (the anti-Nazis). By last February Watten was closed, and the remaining 581 hard cases were shipped to a camp in Germany.

As re-education made progress it was apparent that the German-held prisoners in this country were better informed than the Germans in their own country. Some 90 per cent of the prisoners took part in educational studies. They built exhibitions in their camps, the subjects varying from corn-growing in Britain to the exploitation of Europe under the Nazis. Some 150 information centres were set up and a weekly publication was started

which had a 110,000 circulation. A daily news-sheet was published in most camps and from the start was never censored. Often it would contain articles critical of everything British but usually the next issue would contain a reply pointing out the other side of the argument, voluntarily written by another prisoner. In this way the idea of free expression was encouraged.

Camp parliaments came into being, conducted entirely by the prisoners. To help broaden their minds still further parties were sent to meetings of local councils. Films, both commercial and documentary, were shown in the camps. Some 150,000 selected books, many of them from Switzerland, were distributed, and lecturers from Switzerland and Holland came to give talks. From England the re-education system spread to the Middle East. The French Government sent observers to study it.

Of all languages taught English was the most popular and attracted 50,000 students, many of them later taking stiff examinations in it. To aid them "English For All" was published by the Foreign Office fortnightly.

Four thousand selected men were sent to the special school at Wilton Park, Buckinghamshire, where six-weeks courses were run. A special camp was opened at Saffron Walden (later moved to Cambridge) for Nazi youths who, it was felt, were sound at heart even if their heads were full of Hitler's doctrines. To show that he trusted them, the Commandant removed the wire at a time when it was still up round other camps.

In the task of regeneration the British soldier played his part. His bearing and discipline, and the lack of bullying by NCO's were something of an eye-opener. The prisoners learned more of the British way of life when they went to work outside the camps (75 per cent worked on farms, 17 per cent for the Ministry of Works, two per cent for the Ministry of Transport and one per cent for the Ministry of Fuel). They saw how helpful and tolerant were the British police. Then the ban on fraternisation was lifted and they were allowed into British homes, and saw the son or daughter of the house standing up to the father in friendly argument, the sort of thing which is not encouraged in a highly disciplined German household.

Only time will show to what extent the men who were prisoners in Britain have genuinely assimilated our ideals, and whether they can persuade their fellow countrymen that our way of life is worth a trial.



Eaton Square, London:  
home of Prime Ministers...  
and billet of private soldiers.

# THE ARMY PULLS OUT OF BELGRAVIA

SOLDIER finds a story on its own doorstep: the story of the Army units occupying the homes of dukes and dowagers in once-fashionable Belgravia. The Army has begun evacuating these town mansions



**E**ATON Square, Westminster, from which the British Army has begun an orderly withdrawal, has always been a stronghold of respectability. So far as SOLDIER can discover, only one resident of Eaton Square has been hanged. That man was Ribbentrop.

Ribbentrop was a snob, though that is not why they hanged him. When he started his political career in London he could see no better place for a home than Eaton Square, in that distinguished part of London called Belgravia (after Belgrave Square). If the Square was good enough for a succession of Prime Ministers, it was good enough for him.

It was in fact, from a future Prime Minister — Mr. Neville Chamberlain — that Ribbentrop leased his home: No 37. Chamberlain had no love for Ribbentrop, and in a letter to a friend mentioning his new tenant he said the situation was "amusing, considering my affection for Germans in general and R. in particular."

There is a photograph of Ribbentrop being ushered, obsequiously, from No 37 Eaton Square into a waiting limousine. A flunkie holds an umbrella over the future Ambassador's head for the three yards walk, even though it does not appear to be raining.

Today Ribbentrop's old house is the Dominican Embassy. But next door — and how this would have distressed Herr Ribbentrop! — is now a serjeant's mess. Further down the Square Ribbentrop would have a bigger shock coming to him: one of the once-lordly dwellings has become a rest centre for the homeless. Prams are parked on the pavement and children float sticks on the puddles in the roadway.

In requisitioned houses higher up the Square, separated here and there by private homes, are the directorates of Army Education and Army Welfare (including SOLDIER's office), and the headquarters of the Chaplain-General and the Provost-Marshal; all living in what an unkind writer in the *Daily Express* once described as an "Army slum". Some of the mansions the Army took over early in the war are joined by the convenient practice of "mouse-holing" from house to house, thus effecting a saving in doormen.

The interiors are monastically bare; only the elaborate cornices give a hint of bygone splendours.

Probably nowhere in England could one find such piquant social contrasts as in Eaton Square. At one house there was the spectacle of soldiers whistling cheerfully from the window as a NAAFI girl arrived with the rations; at a neighbouring house a footman descended the steps and whistled austere for a taxi. The Army put up no curtains; what they did was there for all to see. The old residents lived a mysterious life of their own behind closely drawn curtains. Most of them remained anonymous, without even a nameplate on the door; though in a terrace largely tenanted by men of the War Office Signals Regiment there was still to be seen the nameplate of the Duke of Devonshire.

The two worlds had few contacts, and such as there were turned out to be chilly ones; as when a staff captain's telephone would ring and a dowager would complain that an Army truck was spoiling her view of the green trees. Sometimes the Army would enjoy a quiet smile; for example, when a Society joker caused an impressive succession of cars to call at one of the private

houses for a fictitious wedding.

In the nineteen-thirties titles were ten a penny in Eaton Square. A typical year was 1934, when the Square contained 18 lords, 15 ladies, eleven baronets, six knights, four "right honourables" and four "honourables." Thus, out of 118 houses, no fewer than 58 had titled tenants. The Square was a dormitory for the House of Commons as well as the House of Lords — 14 MP's had their town houses there.

The 18 peers included eight earls, among them the Earls of Stair, Rosslyn, Dalhousie, Bessborough, Stanhope and Kenmore. Notable politicians, besides Mr. Chamberlain, were Earl Baldwin, Lord Halifax, Sir Thomas Inskip (first Minister for Co-Ordination of Defence) and Col. Walter Elliot. Mr. Chamberlain could have formed a Tory Cabinet without going outside Eaton Square.

In 1939 the names of the Eaton Square residents still read like a summary of *Debrett*, but the war thinned them out swiftly and drastically. No. 24 became a L. of C. headquarters for the unfortunate Norway expedition. Unit followed unit in the cold grey houses; new flashes appeared on the transport, then vanished as suddenly.

Those residents who stayed on through the Army invasion had



No. 37 Eaton Square, now the Dominican Legation, was once the home of Ribbentrop, who leased it from Mr. Neville Chamberlain. Next door to it is the serjeants' mess of the War Office Signals Regiment.

OVER

THURSDAY  
FIELD-DRY

**MONTY IS IN HAMBURG,  
100,000 GERMANS FLEE**

Baltic front is cracking Thousands more  
busmen out

A study in news values: 1945 — and the British  
Army earns the front-page lead; 1948 (below)  
— the Army has the front-page lead again.

FINAL NIGHT EXTRA

ATS and soldiers are to move into Richmond Park luxury camp which held Olympic Games Teams

**ARMY RELEASE 45 HOUSES**

**Mr. SIMPSON MARRIES IN LONDON**

IN SECRET



## BELGRAVIA (Continued)

to get used to some rude shocks, quite apart from the bomb which fell on the trench shelters in the Square and killed the Mayor of Westminster, and the bomb which damaged St. Peter's Church. The drill sergeant's voice was heard in the land and soldiers carried out weapon training on the private plot in the centre of the square. In later days, from an open window would come the strains of swing music as a band rehearsed in the offices of Combined Services Entertainment. The doorman here would admit, one moment, a general, the next a pair of theatrical sisters, identically dressed; then would come a couple of majors, a busload of Veterans of Variety, an artist with a joke for SOLDIER, a man to mend the locks and Miss Paul-ette Goddard.

The chances were that Miss Goddard would be on her way to do a recording in the Army Broadcasting studio. Not all the activities of Army Broadcasting were carried on behind the grey walls, however. Soldiers learning how to operate radio services overseas would wander out into the square with a microphone on a long flex and buttonhole passers-by—preferably pretty girls—with a request to say a few words. The results were recorded in a studio, but never went any further.

Thousands of soldiers during the war were able to give fashionable Eaton Square as their temporary address. There was a St. Columba hostel there, and Lord Nuffield still has an officers' club in the Square. The Belgians had (and still have) a foothold too—remember the letter in last month's SOLDIER from a Belgian in the Congo who had pleasant memories of "Shake-hand Square"? But if Belgium had her soldiers in Eaton Square, Holland was represented by her Queen.

Now the Army is gradually withdrawing, much to the satisfaction of those who are shocked at the thought of girls in khaki pounding typewriters in rooms where daughters of dukes held coming-of-age parties, and clerks sorting files in aristocratic bath-rooms. But the captains who have to light their own fires on winter mornings, and the colonels who have to descend the area steps past the coal cellars to reach a below-stairs canteen are not conscious of living in extravagant state.

A private company is taking over many of the vacated houses—not necessarily those vacated by the Army—and converting them into flats. There are few persons today who can maintain an entire house in Eaton Square in the style intended a hundred years ago. The old residents gain what comfort they may from the thought that the prices charged for the new flats will tend to make the Square exclusive again.

Who knows—the butlers may yet come back!

JOHN LENNOX



The tune from the Desert is a favourite with British troops in Germany. Lale Andersen leads the singing at a "get-together" with men of the 1st RTR at Detmold.

**I**F British and American composers failed to ring the bell in World War Two with any song to rival *Tipperary* and *Pack Up Your Troubles* for durability, latest news from Charing Cross Road suggests that two Germans managed it.

They were Hans Leip and Norbert Schultze, who produced *Lilli Marlene*, theme song of Rommel's Afrika Korps and, by adoption, Eighth Army.

Lilli's legitimate career in Britain started in 1944 when Mr. J. J. Phillips, general manager of the Peter Maurice Music Company, Limited, dropped in for a quick one at a public house near his home in Buckinghamshire.

Also in the bar, knocking back English beer with gusto after Egyptian *Stella* and Italian *vino*,

was a group of Eighth Army men. In due course the beer led to singing and inevitably the song turned to *Lilli Marlene*.

It was a new one on Mr. Phillips, who was professionally quick to recognise its merits. From the Eighth Army men he heard something of Lilli's story, and more: he persuaded them to part with a captured German record of Lale Andersen singing it. That record still exists in the offices of the Peter Maurice Company, rather cracked, now, but still a good record.

There was, of course, no means of making any arrangements with the song's German publishers, so the firm got into touch with the Custodian of Enemy Property, who gave them a licence to publish the song. One of Peter Maurice's arrangers took the song down from the record and an experienced lyricist, Tommie Connor, wrote a set of English words, keeping as near as possible to the original, but bearing in mind the BBC's susceptibilities (the German version is said to be a "little naughty").

One of the first people in Britain to sing *Lilli Marlene* on a stage was Anne Shelton, who made a record of the song which has sold 100,000 copies. Another fine recording, with a background of marching feet, was made by

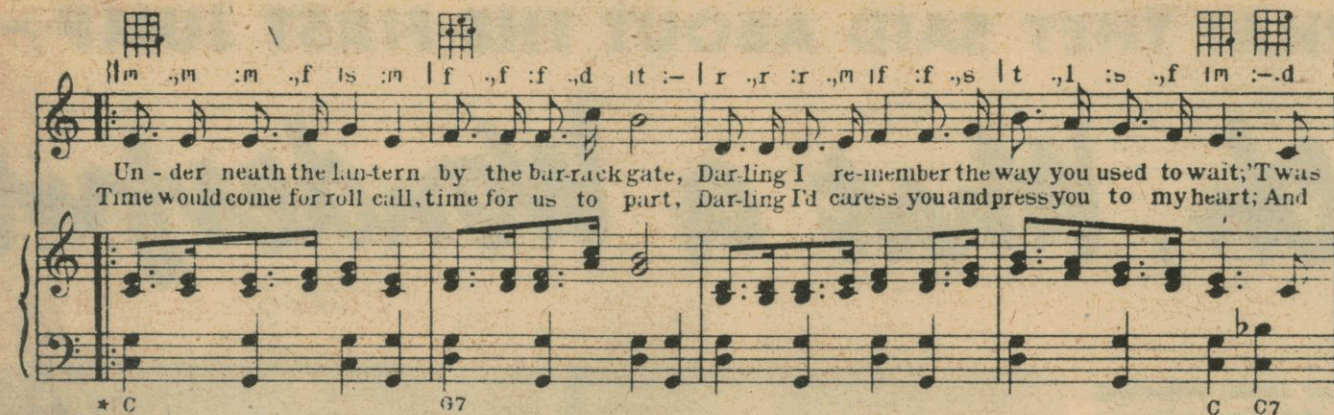
Geraldo and his orchestra in 1944 and last year Chappie D'Amato made a third. Demand for all three records is still steady.

At the time of writing, 644,762 copies of the music have been sold by Peter Maurice—a figure which makes Charing Cross Road think nostalgically back to the good old days before 1939 when there were fewer songs and fewer publishers, when sheet music was cheaper and a good Number One song was pretty sure of selling 750,000 copies. Figures like that are rare now, but *Lilli*, still selling a steady 200 copies a week, is likely to get there and, in time, beyond.

The song was used in Anna Neagle's film "The Courtneys of Curzon Street," in honour of which Peter Maurice brought out a special film edition with Anna Neagle's photograph on the cover. That sort of thing stimulates a song's sales, but Peter Maurice says that *Lilli* did not need any stimulant.

*Lilli* has appeared in a number of other films, including one popular short by the Crown Film Unit which showed the song being played to the Germans by the Psychological Warfare people, with a new set of words forecasting the doom of the Third Reich. Each time a film company asks to use *Lilli* in a picture, the firm of Peter Maurice have to write to the Custodians of Enemy Property in all the Allied countries where the film is likely to be shown to get their permission. It all takes time.

In her small way, *Lilli* is earning dollars for Britain. In the war days, GI's in Britain besieged the music shops for copies of the music and for records. Then Peter Maurice's "link" in America set out to publish the firm's version there, but about



By permission of the Peter Maurice Music Co. Ltd.

## MARLENE: THE POST-WAR STORY

When Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery received the Freedom of Blackpool the crowd—invariably—sang *Lilli Marlene*. The song the Eighth Army captured is going from strength to strength—and the Custodian of Enemy Property collects the royalties

the same time another firm put out a different version, with the result that neither did notably well. The consequence is that Peter Maurice get a steady stream of letters from ex-GI's ordering copies of the music or records which, they say, they must have as souvenirs.

Royalties for the German authors and their publishers are paid into the office of the Custodian of Enemy Property, who will not say how much they total. Whether the Germans will get any of the money depends on the terms of the German peace treaty when it is signed. Meanwhile, it is reported that Norbert Schultze, who wrote the music, has had £1250 from the Nazis and nothing from any other country.

*Lilli Marlene* was recorded in 1938 by Lale Andersen, a little-known German cabaret singer. The words were rather slushy—a soldier recalling from a distance his meetings with his sweetheart "Underneath the lantern, by the barrack gate."

The tune, on the other hand, was one of the small number that can genuinely be described as haunting, with a simple melody and a deep deliberate beat—a first-rate marching song. But *Lilli* in those days was not much of a success.

In 1941, when Rommel's Afrika Korps was gathering in Libya, the Germans directed to it a special radio programme from Belgrade. The German story is that two soldiers, serving in Belgrade at the time, were asked into the radio station from the street and invited to go through a pile of gramophone records to pick a signature tune for the Afrika Korps programme. They chose Lale's record of *Lilli Marlene* and thus set the ball rolling.

*Lilli* was soon the established girl-friend of the Afrika Korps, but Eighth Army's wireless sets were equally within range of

Belgrade and soon British soldiers found themselves whistling the song as they drove their trucks, shaved and cleaned their rifles, or humming it soundlessly as they trudged on patrol. It is that sort of tune. In the back areas, others picked it up from Germans in the prisoner-of-war cages. Soon, Eighth Army men were gathering round their wireless sets regularly each evening as the Afrika Korps programme came on the air.

Radio Marmarica, the British station which also broadcast to the Afrika Korps (using for the purpose a valve which had been made in Germany and specially ordered by a neutral firm) was quick to cash in on the tune's popularity, rivaling Belgrade and causing confusion among the German soldiers by also using it as a signature tune.

By the time Tripoli fell, almost everybody in Eighth Army was whistling *Lilli Marlene*. In Sordi's bar, where Eighth Army's officers were permitted to drink sickly Italian liqueurs, an Italian band was astonished to find that the new customers were requesting the same tune that the *Wehrmacht* officers had stiffly ordered a few days before. Demand was such that the band eventually scheduled itself to play *Lilli Marlene* every half-hour. The Italians themselves didn't seem very partial to it; it reminded them too much of the Germans and anyway didn't compare with *La donna e mobile*.

Publishing a reader's letter asking for the words of the song, the *Tripoli Times* in 1943 received a stodgy translation from the German, a version said to have been heard over the BBC, one from an ENSA girl who said she had been singing it to Eighth Army units, and one or two unpublishable ones.

By this time *Lilli Marlene* was getting a fair amount of publicity

and, apparently jealous of her success, an American correspondent with the American troops in French North Africa sent his paper a story that the song now sweeping the troops on the south Mediterranean seaboard was one about "Dirty Gertie from Bizerte, Miss Latrine of nineteen-thirty."

The American Army newspaper *Stars and Stripes* took the matter up, but none of its readers seemed to have heard either words or music of *Dirty Gertie*. *Lilli* remained without a rival, though the French song "*J'Attendrai*" was still popular, as it had been since 1940 and was to remain.

*Lilli* travelled over to Italy and stayed there with the British and American troops for the rest of the war. From Italy came one of the bitterest of the many parodies of *Lilli Marlene*. With one word altered, to spare *SOLDIER*'s blushes, this is how it went:

When the war is over, you'll know we've done our bit,  
Plodding over mountains through the mud and grit.  
We had no airborne soldiers here,  
To fight our battles from the rear.  
We are the D-Day Dodgers,  
Just back from Italy.

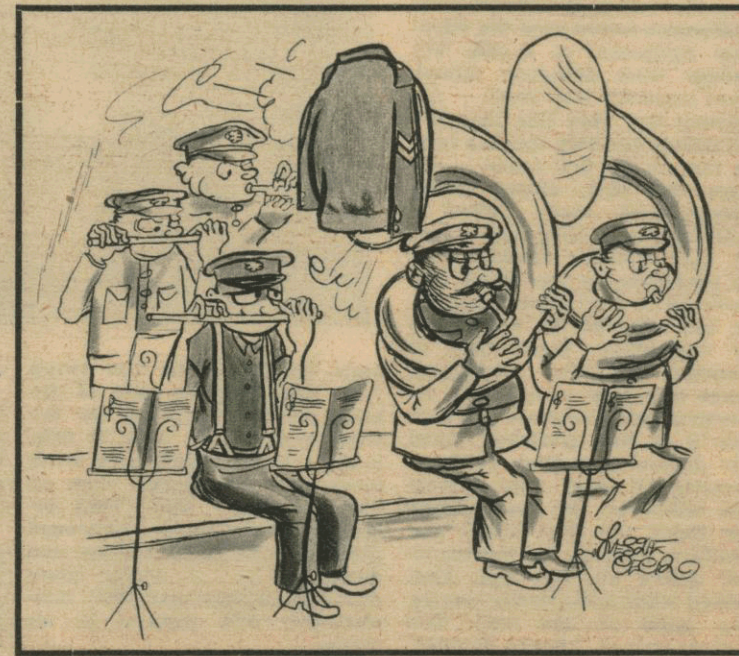
Meanwhile, in her native land *Lilli* had become a hit and Nazi

artists were depicting her as a sleazy-looking blonde stropping her backbone against a lamp-post outside a dreary-looking barracks. She did not look the sort of girl to be seen out with.

*Lilli*'s success turned Lale Andersen into a star, and her husky voice became known all over the Reich. But at the height of her success, she was shown round a ghetto the Nazis had dealt with in their usual way and was indiscreet enough to say she didn't like what she saw. The result was an early retirement to an island in the North Sea.

In the winter of 1945 she appeared in Hamburg, showing signs that the war had not treated her gently, and sang *Lilli Marlene* for the occupation troops. Latest news is that she is to record the song for a well-known gramophone company.

The Germans do not seem to have shown any astonishment at British soldiers adopting the Afrika Korps song. But they were thoroughly surprised when they heard British soldiers cheerfully chanting *Wir Fahren Gegen England* (We're Marching Against England).





## WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT THE FIRST JUMP —

# "Oh, What a Wonderful

"I looked down, reflecting that this was certainly the second greatest thrill in a man's life." — Captain M. A. Lindsay, quoted in the official booklet "By Air To Battle."

"WHEN an enthusiastic horseman said that there was no delight on earth like that which is to be found on horseback there were neither aircraft nor parachutes. If a canter on a good horse is a wonderful sensation, it is one that cannot be compared with that of soaring into the air with the terrific but controlled power of an aircraft.

"Greater than either, however, is the almost superhuman sensation of the parachute jump. It alone compresses into the space of seconds feelings of concentrated energy, tenseness and abandon; it alone demands a continual and unconditional readiness to risk one's life. Therefore, the parachutist experiences the most exalted feelings of which human beings are capable, namely that of victory over one's self. For us parachutists, the words of the poet, who said that unless you stake your life you will never win it, are no empty phrase." — General-leutnant Bruno Brauer, one-time commander of a German parachute regiment.

"I am not going to pretend that I found this first jump of mine — or rather the moment of waiting for it — just a piece of cake. To look at it with complete indifference would need the emotional equipment of a cod. My feelings were definitely mixed. Great curiosity was there — excitement too, very like that you feel before you step into the boxing ring for the first round — but under the skin, almost under consciousness, there lurked a small demon of misgiving. I had the most absolute confidence in the parachute, in the plane, and above all in my cheerful instructor, but will and the reason are not everything. Some kind of irrational defence mechanism comes into play — a purely instinctive sort of reaction — I suppose it is that wretched gland that doctors say tries at these moments to flood your system with adrenalin. But the antidote was there, too. The bright and minatory eyes of the instructor and, above all, the drill. That blessed word drill. Firmly you fix your mind on the drill. The moment arrives. "Action Station!"



The crucial moment... when the static line rips open the pack of the parachute.

roars the instructor. You swing your legs over the side of the hole, sit right forward on the edge, hollow your back to help to clear the parachute pack, press down with the hands, eyes on the instructor. "Go!" Feet together to the centre, backward push with the hands and out and down you go." — Major Lewis Hastings, author and BBC commentator, who jumped in his sixties.

"I was desperately anxious to know whether the carefree disregard of danger with which youth is so frequently inspired had matured into an equally resolute purposefulness in middle age..."

"To my eternal relief, mind had gained sufficient mastery over matter to make my reluctant and personally highly valued body throw itself into space with what seemed to me to be a very in-

adequate means of support. Rock had told me that jumping from a balloon was exactly like committing suicide with a strong possibility — which you seriously doubted — that your attempt might fail. Evidently in my case the attempt hadn't failed, for here was no gentle floating down to earth but a horrid violent rush which a strange feeling in my stomach assured me was no ordinary matter. Suddenly I realis-

## A SOLDIER SYMPOSIUM

# Feeling!"

ed that someone was shouting at me. I opened my eyes and found myself rapidly approaching the ground but with the parachute now apparently performing the function for which it was intended...

"What is there to say? I can only endorse the conclusion so admirably expressed by Sophocles when he said: 'One must learn by doing the thing, for though you think you know it, you have no certainty until you try.'" — Group-Captain Maurice Newnham (who trained 60,000 parachutists) in "Prelude to Glory."

"FOR 32 seconds my whole trust had been reposed in God, but for five seconds, until my parachute opened, my confidence was transferred to a WAAF parachute packer." — An unknown padre, quoted in Maurice Newnham's "Prelude to Glory."

"AN extraordinary and elating sense of freedom came over me, and with it a mood of almost divine detachment from time and space." — Julian Amery (who was dropped in Albania) in "Sons of the Eagle."

"YOU'VE done it! You've done it!" "You actually made a parachute jump! You're a 'cold jug'! 'And, as after that first hesitant high dive of bygone years, there is a feeling of great exhilaration and accomplishment. You have found you can do it. A strong sense of personal power surges through your whole system; you are fired with youthful enthusiasm, and you shout across to Buck who is on his feet unscrambling himself from his harness, 'Hey, Buck! It's fun! Let's do it some more!' — A. D. Rathbone (US), in "He's In The Paratroops Now."

"OH, what a wonderful feeling! My heart was singing. I felt cleansed, as if the grime of years had been swept away, leaving my soul with a pure and completely unearthly feeling." — R. W. R. in "The Goose Girl" (College of the Rhine Army).

"IT is enough to say that the first parachute descent is always the best, because there is usually no difficulty in keying yourself up to get out of the plane. Only when you have experienced those few awful seconds before the parachute opens do you really know what parachuting means. When at last you have completed the gentle thrill of your feathery descent and

felt the final bounce as you hit the ground, you are filled with supreme confidence. If you could then go straight up again, you would jump without a single qualm. But given time to think, your thoughts gradually go back to those few terrible seconds in the slipstream. For the only difficult part of a parachute jump is getting out of the hole. All sensible instincts revolt against it. It is stupid. It is against human nature. But you go on doing it just to prove to yourself that you can.

"There is no great danger in parachuting and I often wonder whether it is really worth the extra pay..." — Capt Roy Farran, in "Winged Dagger."

"THE silence crashed round in a rolling vision of earth and sky, while the body of the Halifax loomed enormous over me..."

"I read a book once, called *Sweet Death*. Death, it explained, is only painful to those who watch it. Once the mind is resigned to the idea, dying becomes something of a pleasure. I thought it was nonsense. Now I changed my mind — dying must be very similar to jumping. On the edge of the hole, faced with the inevitability of the jump, the mind takes a resolution over the body bigger than any human instinct. The body is no longer of any concern. I actually did not mind whether the parachute opened or not, as I pushed myself out into space.

"And a strange pleasure arises from this total unconcern, this total victory of the mind over the body.

"During the descent, however, this feeling recedes and the body takes over again, making you preciously aware of the beat of life. And you are left a little weak and warm with inner satisfaction." — Annie-Marie Walters (a woman agent who parachuted to the Maquis) in "Moondrop To Gascony."

"THE balloon drops are the worst. You fall 150 to 200 feet before your chute is properly open, and your stomach turns over inside you. When you jump from an aircraft you sail out sitting on the slipstream and you don't know anything until you realise that the parachute is open above you and the aircraft is miles away." — Flight-Serjeant George Eccles, veteran instructor, quoted in RAF Review.

Right: indoor practice. "Feet and knees together", says RAF instructor Sgt. A. Summers to Cpl. S. Johnson.



Left: Correct exit position. Sgt. T. Toogood appears determined not to look at the ground.

## Jumping in Germany

IN case anyone had the idea that only Territorials practise parachute jumps nowadays, here is evidence to the contrary.

SOLDIER found men of 4/6th Parachute Regiment jumping in the Schleswig area of Germany. They included veterans who had jumped operationally in Sicily and Normandy, at Arnhem and on the Rhine. Others were youngsters with not more than 18 months service. The man to make the first post-war descent in Germany was Lieut. M. McGuire.

First stick of men leave the Dakota.

Happy landings: these were the first men to jump over Germany since the war.







"Then the vanguard of girls would start spilling, breathless, into the command post, to man the instruments — if man is the right word..."

# THE COMMAND POST



THE local council, egged on by the local paper, had grown very cross about the gunsite. During the war it had been "our battery"; now it was "that eyesore."

At long last the council was having its way. The gunsite was being turned into a public park again. A bulldozer was stopping up the ugly cavities from which the guns had long ago been ripped. Now the command post itself was threatened.

A pity about that command post... Perhaps it was silly to grow sentimental about an ugly inverted box of concrete, half buried in the ground, and smelling of cats. But it had its memories...

Once upon a time the command post had been little more than a single low-roofed chamber, in which two ATS girls and a young gunner officer had spent the long night watches in an almost domestic intimacy. The officer was not allowed to leave the command post, but he could sleep. The girls were not allowed to leave, to take off their head phones or to sleep; but they might chatter, read, write or knit.

The first GPO (Gun Position Officer) grew tired of sleeping in his clothes on a camp bed, so he devised a drill which never reached the textbooks. When it was time for him to retire he ordered "Eyes front, please" and the two girls dutifully looked at the wall while he removed his upper garments. Then, when he was under the blankets, came the order "Carry on, please." It was as simple and correct as that.

But that was in the very early days. Soon they began to partition the command post, to erect extensions, additional stairs, escape windows, stand-easy rooms; until the whole place was like a Chinese puzzle. Then the GPO slept in a separate room, with a door which said "Knock and Wait," and the telephonists were able to read each other the titbits from their boy friends' letters without fear of a mocking snort from under the blankets in the corner.

Those were the idle nights, when the officer's sleep would be broken only by an occasional feminine cry of "Hostile approaching." (Usually "hostile" referred to an enemy plane, but there were times when it was used to announce the presence on the gun park of a colonel or a brigadier). By the time the GPO had flung on his clothes the hostile (if an aeroplane) had usually been identified friendly; so back he would go to bed again. Sometimes that happened six times in a night; sometimes six weeks went by without an alarm. Occasionally the officer would be called suddenly to the phone; it might be an important message or it might mean that the new brigadier was timing



"It tasted like sheepdip, but there are worse things to drink than sheepdip at three in the morning."

how long his gunsite officers took to answer.

There were nights when the GPO had his revenge, when the hostile would prove to be a real hostile. Then it was his duty, and pleasure, to bring everyone else out of bed. With an undisguised glee he would ring the alarm, raising a banshee wail in a score of huts. After two minutes he would start ringing the bell again. Then the vanguard of girls would start spilling, breathless, into the command post to man the instruments — if man is the right word. Pyjama collars would show beneath their battle-dress blouses, pink ankles would protrude from hastily donned slacks. And in the girls' hair would be a profusion of brass and steel — the price paid at night for beauty by day. Their faces would be glistening with preservative, their cheeks unnaturally (or rather naturally) pale. Some would feel embarrassed at being seen with unpowdered noses and unlipsticked lips, but after a few turn-outs they got used to the idea.

All except Private Smart. One night she took four minutes to reach her handwheel on the

plotter. When she arrived her hair was sleekly combed. The GPO glared at her. An ATS officer whose hair was like a last year's bird's nest hissed quietly in her ear. Private Smart's blushes made up for the absence of rouge. After that she took care to turn up tousled like everyone else.

On these occasions the command post's resident telephonists would come into their own. Meticulously made up for the night shift — though ordinarily there was no one to see them from midnight till dawn — they flaunted heartlessly in front of their pale-faced sisters.

Sometimes the guns fired. That gave everyone's morale a lift, even the girl whose fate it was to be hit by a blackout board at the first bang. Upstairs the girl spotters had the light of battle in their eyes and the scent of cordite in their hair. But usually nothing came in range, or the RAF spoiled the shoot. Often the camp turned out merely to practise silent drill on our own aircraft. Afterwards came the best part: buckets of cocoa would be sent up from the cookhouse. It tasted like sheepdip but there

are worse things to drink than sheepdip at three in the morning.

Sometimes, before the final stand-down, the ATS would be sent into one of the stand-easy rooms where they would sing, as likely as not, racy versions of "We are the girls of the Artill-er-ee." An ATS officer, frowning, would go to speak to them. Shortly afterwards they would be heard singing a hymn.

"Amazing the muck women put on their faces at night," the Battery Commander would say after stand-down. "And the iron-mongery they stick in their hair. ... Can't think why any man would want to marry after seeing them all like this."

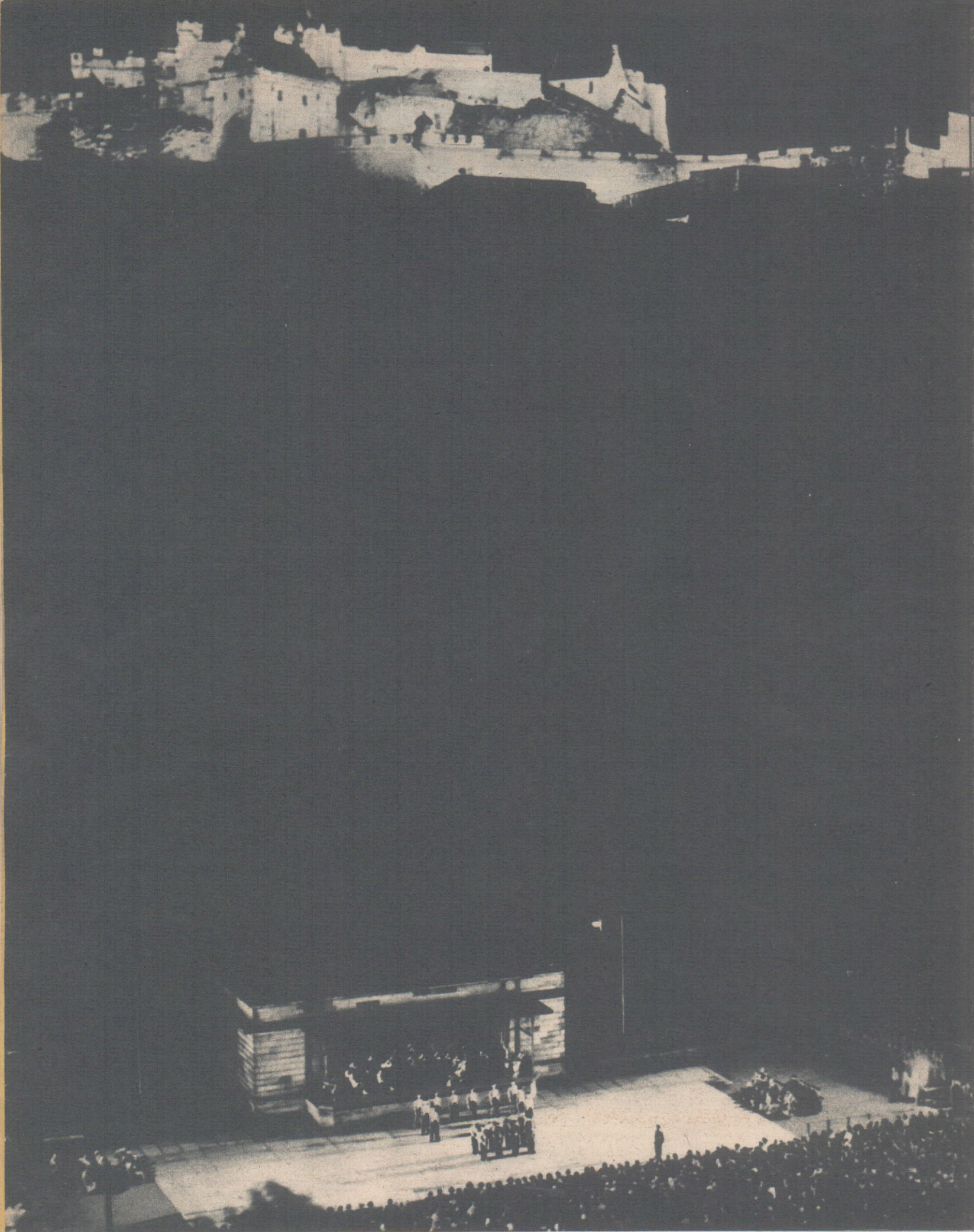
"The things we suffer for England," the Battery Captain would say, unoriginally.

But next day the camp would ring with the news of another engagement. Bombardier Jones, the GPO Ack, undaunted by the sight of Private Jackson in curling pins, had pledged his troth.

Yet to look at it now you would not think the Command Post had ever been a forcing-house of romance.

ERNEST TURNER





## CASTLE IN THE AIR

High on its unseen rock, floodlit Edinburgh Castle seems to swim in the night above Princes Gardens where soldiers of Scottish Command stage a military display for Edinburgh's International Festival of Music and Drama. Drummers and pipers also contributed to the Music and the Drama as they performed under searchlights on the Castle Esplanade. (Photograph: *The Scotsman*).

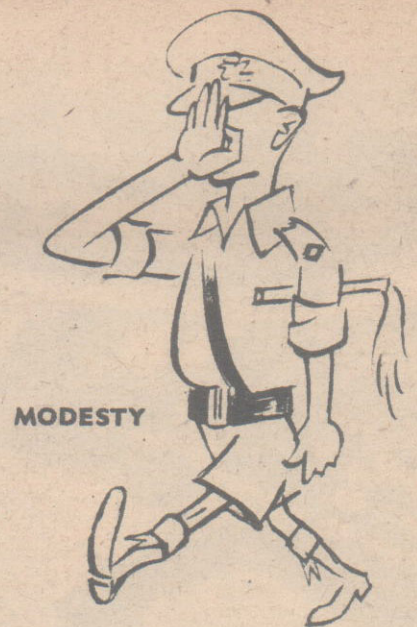




SEMAPHORE



RAISED ELBOW



MODESTY

# **"HUP, TWO THREE DOWN!"**

BY

*Frank Finch*



PAIN IN THE NECK



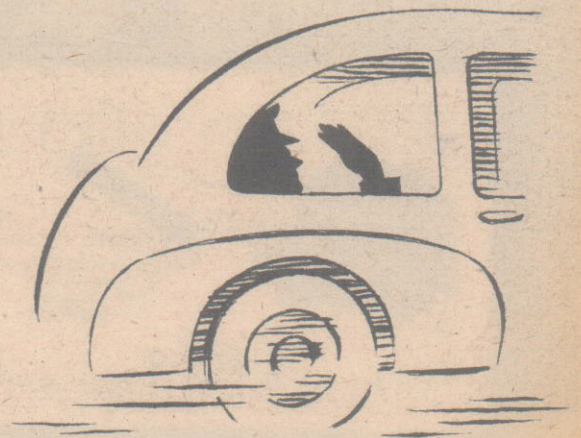
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PEEK-A-BOO

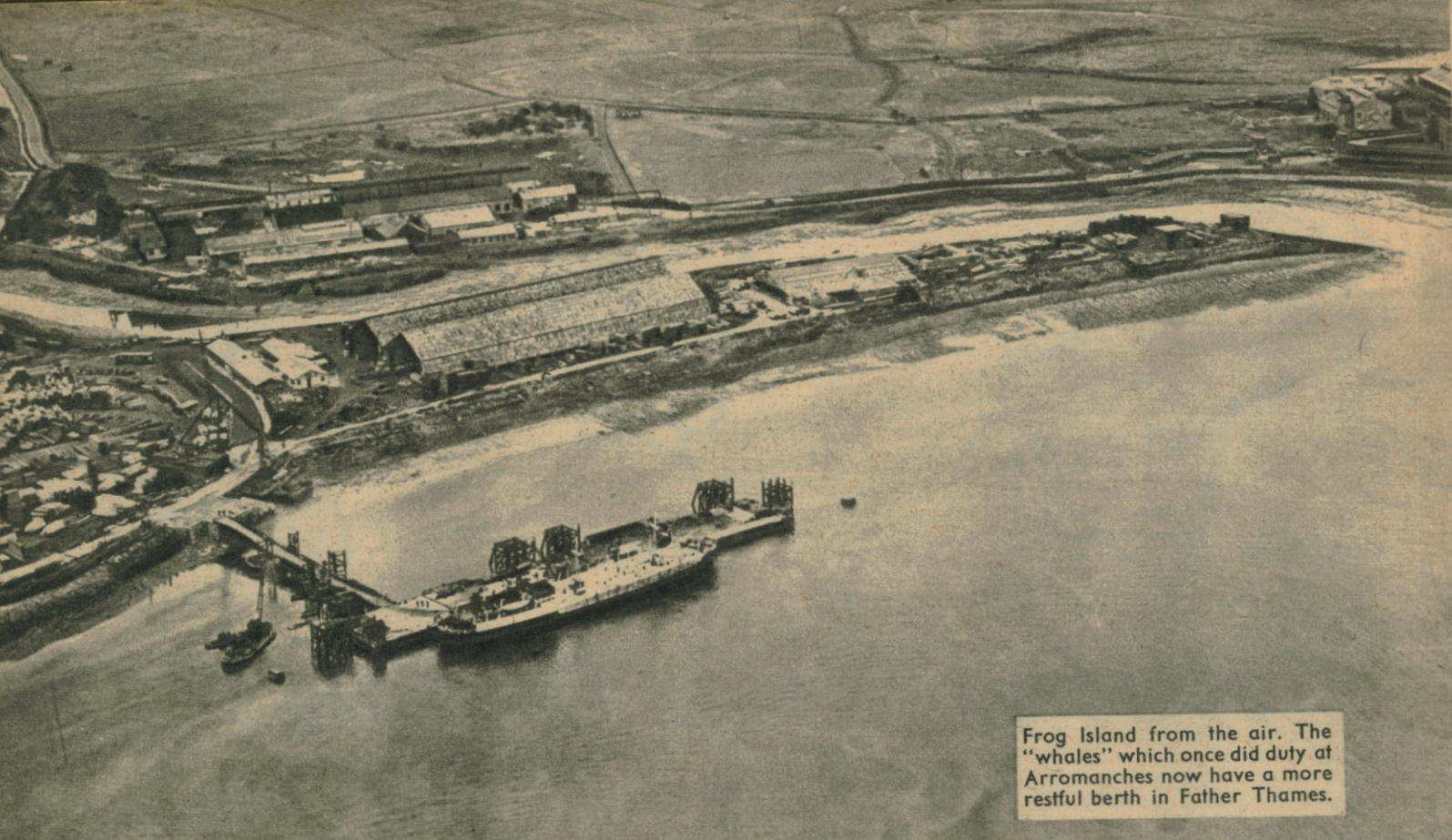


COMPOUND INTEREST



VIP

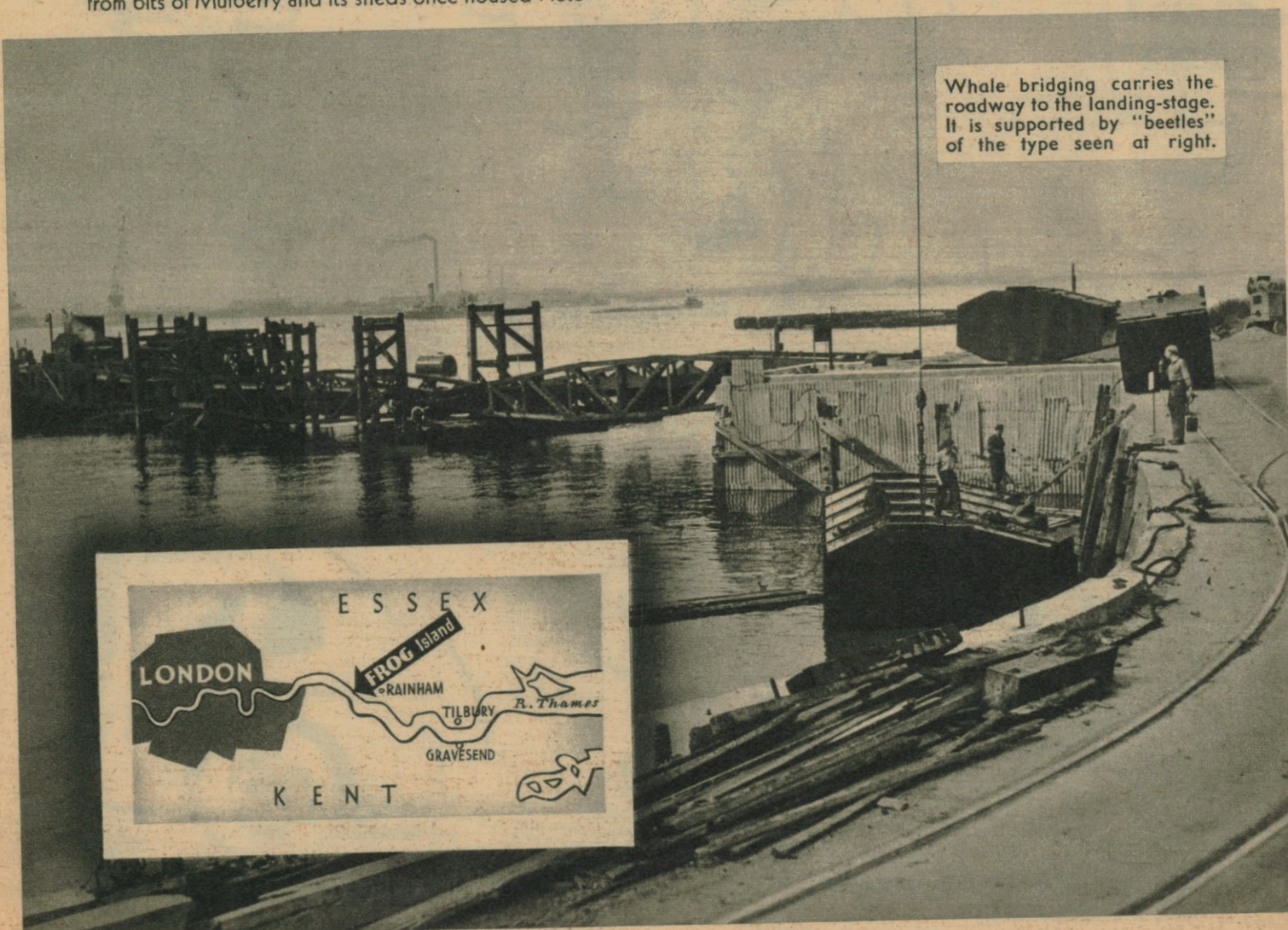




Frog Island from the air. The "whales" which once did duty at Arromanches now have a more restful berth in Father Thames.

The address sounds like a joke — Frog Island, Mudland, Rainham — but this Thames "island" has made engineering history. Its landing-stage is made from bits of Mulberry and its sheds once housed Pluto

## BEACH-HEAD



Whale bridging carries the roadway to the landing-stage. It is supported by "beetles" of the type seen at right.



Finnish timber is unloaded at Frog Island from the 2700-ton *Springtide*. The Mulberry sections will be concreted over.

## ON FROG ISLAND

**T**WO sections of Mulberry Harbour, once used for importing British troops rapidly into Hitler's Europe, are now helping to import sorely-needed foreign timber rapidly into Britain.

Their new site has not the pleasant-sounding name of Arromanches, where they were operated before: it is called Frog Island, Mudland, and it is at Rainham, in Essex.

On Frog Island (which ceased to be an island three or four centuries ago) the Phoenix Timber Company, Ltd. has wharfs and a depot. Because of the gently-shelving Thames beach, timber-ships could not come alongside to unload, so they went on up the river to the Surrey Commercial Docks and discharged into barges, which took the cargo back to Frog Island — a slow and costly business.

So the Phoenix Company bought two pieces of history: Mulberry floating pier-heads — whales to the technical — Nos. 401 and 416. One of them had been the first to be linked with the Normandy coast after the storm which interfered with invasion schedules and 7000 vehicles passed over it into the bridgehead in 24 hours. The other had carried a shore-to-ship ramp for ambulances at Arromanches.

They were towed to Frog Island, where they rested against wooden "dolphins" (skeleton towers rising from the river-bed) to stop them drifting on-shore, and were anchored to the shore to stop them drifting out into the stream. Then a roadway to the

shore was erected on 240 feet of floating whale bridging, specially designed for Mulberry, which also saw service at Arromanches.

The "spuds," steel towers which could be lowered from the pier-heads to the bottom, were taken out and so was any other surplus equipment, until the whales drew only two feet of water instead of three feet nine inches. Rails were laid for self-propelled cranes and an office-hut was set up.

Under the eye of Mr. V. Serry, the Phoenix Company's engineer, who had as one of his consultants Major J. H. R. Haswell, an ex-Sapper who helped to originate Mulberry, the installation was finished in four months and two days. On the third day of the fifth month the *SS Springtide*, 2700 tons, with 2000 tons of timber straight from Finland, came alongside, to be tied to anchored buoys above and below the whales, so that they should not take her full weight.

Steam cranes unloaded the cargo either straight on to lorries or on to ex-RAF and American Air Force trailer trolleys. These were towed to Frog Island's stock-piles, some of which are housed in a giant double shed of an acre and a half, the frame of which was originally built to house another Normandy novelty: Pluto, the undersea pipe-line. In four and a half days the *Springtide*

was cleared of her 732 standards of timber.

Along Thames-side and in the timber-trade the "beach-head" was a sensation. Never before had Mulberry been put to such a striking use in Britain. True, there had been a BAOR leave port of Mulberry at Hull, but this had been dismantled.

Frog Island now had a floating landing-stage 407 feet long and 60 feet wide which would take ships up to 4000 tons without their touching bottom or up to 7000 tons if they received support on the silt at low tide. It could cope with two ships a month.

There was still work to be done. The two pier-heads are several feet apart, joined by a temporary metal bridge; that gap is to be covered. The whole steel top of the two pier-heads is to be concreted over, to preserve it and to give lorry-tyres a better grip in wet weather.

Four diesel-engines and generators, taken out of the pier-heads in the lightening process, are to be used to build a power-plant which will supply half the electricity needed on Frog Island.

Mudland's Mulberry will do more for Britain's reconstruction than cut costs and speed deliveries for the Phoenix Company and its customers: the Board of Trade has asked the firm to unload other people's cargoes there too.

**Footnote:** Another section of Mulberry, consisting of a bridge span and a ramp float, has turned up at Preston, Lancashire, where it is used to ease the shipping of heavy vehicles to Larne.

## Shedeed The Chef

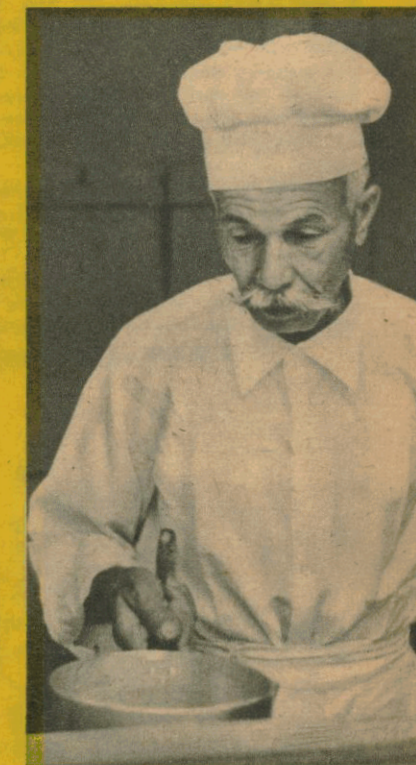
**A** year before World War One broke out, a young Egyptian named Shedeed Essawy Abdu Semanid got a job as a cook-boy with a battalion of the Scots Guards, then stationed in Cairo. He helped to make rations edible throughout the war that followed and saw the Turkish surrender in the Canal Zone.

Now, with 35 years' service behind him, he can look back on cooking for —

The Royal Horse Artillery  
9th Lancers  
3rd Hussars  
8th Hussars  
11th Hussars  
15/19th Hussars  
Australian Light Horse  
Several Yeomanry Regiments  
Royal Tank Regiment  
Royal Artillery  
Grenadier Guards  
Welsh Guards  
Manchester Regiment  
Royal Army Service Corps  
Royal Air Force.

One of his big thrills came when he was serving with the Welsh Guards. He went to Britain and spent a year at Windsor with them. In World War Two he ended his wanderings at Alamein, then went back to continue his service at base.

Today Shedeed whose home is at Heliopolis, is still cooking for the Army — in service with the family of Colonel W. S. Sharpe, Deputy Director of Hygiene at GHQ, Middle East Land Forces.



Man of many regiments: Shedeed Essawy Abdu Semanid.



## My Strangest Experience in the Army

Last month **SOLDIER** published the ten prize-winning entries in its competition. Here is another selection of entries for which the writers will receive a guinea each



Flowers for the driver. See "The Serjeant made a speech."

## THE SERJEANT MADE A SPEECH

A party of us took a turbine rotor from Berlin to the power station at Graz, in Styria, in April 1946. As we got near to the power station, I was surprised to see a lot of decorations, including Austrian and Styrian flags on the main gate and on nearby houses.

Hundreds of Austrians were standing about, many of them in their colourful national costume, and I was asked to stop the lorry with the rotor a little way from the power station.

Then, to our amusement, a band formed up in front of the lorry, and the power-station employees fell in at the rear while their wives and children lined the roadside.

The band struck up and, amid music and cheers, the procession moved into the power-station yard where the head of the Austrian local government, directors and trade union leaders and two press representatives were waiting.

After introductions I was seated in the centre of the assembly, as the guest of honour. Austrian girls in national costume presented big bunches of flowers to the drivers and myself, and large glasses of wine. A director made a speech, thanking the Military Government and ourselves for our help to the power station. Then, to my horror, I was called on to reply to the speech.

I did some rapid thinking, had another large glass of wine, mounted the rostrum and did my best with a very red face. To my further embarrassment, I finished amid cheers and clapping.

The band played the British and Austrian national anthems and then we all retired to a *gasthaus*, where excellent food, and wine were waiting. A few days later we saw our pictures in the local paper.

**S/Sjt. C. T. Dean, No. 1 EPBP Sqn, KE, BAOR.**

## THE COOK'S SECRET

What a glorious feed my mate and I had in our French civilian billet after a tiring BEF scheme in March 1940!

Surrounded by the admiring French family, we tucked into roast chicken, omelettes, chips, salad, sauce, wine and hot coffee, chatting and answering their questions as best we could.

At last, well filled and with cigarettes alight, we were resting contentedly when Papa asked, "Monsieur, may I borrow your revolver tomorrow? I wish to shoot our dog, it went mad this afternoon."

He was puzzled when I told him we could not shoot anything or anyone until the war really started, so I went on to ask more details. It was a sad business: the dog had frothed at the mouth, growing wilder each moment until its chain had snapped and *Voilà!* he had leapt into the fowl run and killed the cockerel we had just eaten for our supper, and in fact his teeth marks were still visible on the neck portion we had not bothered to eat.

I believe they are still trying to find out what my mate meant with his strangled yell of "Crikey. MO, Jildi!" as we stamped out of the room.

Down the road we went like a couple of greyhounds, with visions of barking that night. However, in two days the MO's remedy had convinced us that we were out of danger of rabies, but likely to die of malnutrition.

We obtained absolute *bona fide* griff about the burial place of that dog before we dared take supper at the billet again. You never know what they use in Continental cooking.

**C. H. Bugg, HQ Central Inspectorate, REME, BAOR.**



## MASSACRE AT LAHORE

We were 50 NCO's and men, the rear party of a Black Watch battalion, travelling from Peshawar to Karachi during the evacuation of India. The Sikhs were fleeing to Bombay and our train was packed with them. Behind us was a club called the Frontier Inn, at which the manager had had his head cut off and his family had been raped and murdered; that had been 500 yards from our barracks, but 50 men could do nothing against the tremendous odds.

At Lahore the train stopped and all around us were bodies, some naked, some clothed, of men and women, all mutilated and nearly all dead. The Sikhs panicked when they saw this, and instead of stopping in the train they dashed on to the station and tried to cut their way out with sword and knife.

The most amazing sight I saw there was two small boys, not more than five or six years old, fighting each other. I saw one lift a stone and smash in the other's skull, killing him instantly.

**Bandsman H. C. Burton,  
1st Seaforth Highlanders, Singapore.**

## DEAD STOPPAGE

It was about 0200 hours when we got to Western Valley and we worked hard for an hour to get the gun ready for action and the ammunition and stores stacked away, so that we could get some sleep before the inevitable dawn fire orders.

When they came and the tannoy said "Number one gun ranging," Serjeant Jones gave the order and Porky, our No. 2, pulled the firing lanyard. Nothing happened. He pulled it again, and again nothing happened.

We changed the cartridge and tried again. Still the gun would not fire. We changed the firing-pin, then the complete firing mechanism. It made no difference. The gun just would not fire.

Then one of the gun wheels started to sink. The ground just gave way under it. We pulled the gun out of the pit and discovered that the gun-pit was directly over some sort of cellar. We widened the hole, and I went down with a torch—and found two dead men. They had evidently taken shelter there from a bombardment and a shell had hit the door of the cellar, burying them.

We pulled the two bodies out and our padre gave them a decent burial on the hillside. And then came the queer part: after the burial, our gun fired perfectly and we even got off the dud cartridge and shell we had discarded that morning. There was no more trouble for the rest of the time we were in that position.

**Sjt. S. P. Meaney, MPSC, 57 MP and DB, Egypt.**



## MUKHTAR FROM NEW YORK

When the 6th Battalion, Grenadier Guards, was stationed in Syria in 1942, my friend and I decided to climb Mount Hermon. We went by truck, over rough tracks, as far as possible and then started up. When we reached the snow-line, we decided to have lunch, but suddenly an old Syrian appeared and repeated "Americano,Americano", beckoning us to follow him.

Eventually we reached a typical mountain village and our guide left us standing in the village street, surrounded by barking dogs and dirty children. He came back accompanied by a black-bearded, white-robed mukhtar (chief).

The chief approached and shook hands, saying in perfect English, "How are you? I am pleased to meet you."

He took us to his house, where he apologised for the lack of furniture and seated us on cushions, eastern style, then told us his story.

As a lad he had worked his passage from Beirut to America, learning to speak English. He had fought in France with the American forces in World War One and had then become a New York policeman. He substantiated this by showing us his photograph in an old New York *Police Gazette*.

Later on he came back to Syria on leave and stayed there, becoming chief of his village.

He gave us an excellent meal and we talked until it was time to leave. Then his son took us through the foothills back to the main track.

**WO II. L. Burrell, 1st Bn, Grenadier Guards, MELF.**

## ALL WAS REVEALED

I was lucky enough, as a prisoner-of-war in Germany in 1945, to be one of five in my working party who were allowed to go and have a shower and get their clothes fumigated at a de-louser a mile from the camp.

When we got there, the Russian attendant relieved us of all our clothing, except boots, and put them in racks in a big steam oven. We then got into the shower and started to remove a month's accumulation of dirt.

A few minutes later the air-raid siren sounded and very shortly we heard the drone of bombers' engines. The German sentry told us to carry on with our shower and he continued practising the goose-step in the dressing-room.

He was soon interrupted by the explosion of a stick of bombs which shook the walls and smashed every window in the building. Speechless with terror, our sentry signalled us out of the shower and pointed in the direction of the air raid shelter, a hundred yards down the road.

Hurriedly jumping into boots, and having nothing else available for collection, we streaked for the shelter. When we got to the entrance we saw its seating accommodation was taken up by about 70 German women, so we stood sheepishly by the door.

The German sentry then announced his arrival with a series of terrific pushes and five weak, scrawny and very blushing young Englishmen found themselves the object of much amusement.

When the laughter had died down a little, about ten minutes later, a couple of the *Fraus* surrendered scarves and shawls with which to conceal our manliness.

**Sgt. H. Edge, Border Regiment,  
Mons Officer Cadet School, Aldershot.**

## WOOL GATHERERS

Hitch-hiking from Salisbury to London, my friend and I were lucky enough to get a lift on a lorry carrying loose wool in big sacks.

As it was cold and we had some distance to go, we decided to get inside the sacks and there, after a few hours, we fell asleep.

The next thing I remember is the sensation of falling through space and when I got out of the sack I found myself in a big tank affair with hundreds of sacks like the one I was in. The tank was deep and I shouted for quite a while before a workman heard.

You should have seen the look on that man's face when I told him my friend was still down there somewhere. It took us ten minutes to find him and he was still asleep. Being tired and a heavy sleeper he had thought the bumping about was just a nightmare.

Afterwards we got it all sorted out. The lorry driver thought we had dropped off the lorry and went on his way to Manchester. At the mills the sacks were picked up by small cranes and dropped into the tank for sorting. Luckily the tank was pretty full; if it had been empty we might have been hurt.

From the wool factory we went into Manchester where, to crown our bad luck, we were picked up by the Military Police and charged with being outside the hundred-mile radius from our camp. Nobody believed our story.

**Pte. D. Hughes, 2nd Bn.,  
The Parachute Regt., BAOR.**

## The Bad Old Days

### A SHOCK FOR PRIVATE DRAPER

**I**F there had been a competition for "My Strangest Experience In The Army" in the last years of the eighteenth century, one Private Draper would have been well in the running for a prize.

Private Draper was serving in Quebec under Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria.

The Prince was a harsh disciplinarian, even for those days, and when grumbling soldiers began to desert he punished those he could catch with the utmost severity. After one deserter had been ordered 999 lashes (the maximum allowed by law) a group of soldiers plotted to kidnap and kill the Prince. Their secret was not well kept, and the ringleaders were seized. One of them, Private Draper, was sentenced to be hanged.

When the day of execution came, a grim procession marched two miles to the gallows. Prince Edward was in front; at the rear, wearing grave clothes, marched Private Draper, his

coffin preceding him. Beside him the regimental band played dirges.

At the gallows the Prince solemnly addressed him in front of the regiment:

"Draper, you have now reached that awful moment when a few moments would carry you into the presence of the Supreme Being. As the son of your Sovereign whose greatest prerogative is the dispensation of mercy, I feel myself fortunately able to do that which, as your Colonel, the indispensable laws of military discipline rendered it impossible for me to think."

And Private Draper was pardoned.

\* \* \*

**A**nother sensational last-minute reprieve was that of Private Bryan Sheridan who was found guilty of desertion in 1778. Every regiment in a great militia camp was formed up to see the execution and was treated to the following procession:—

Ten Pioneers

Major on horseback

Grenadier Company

Provost on horseback

Chaplain on horseback

Prisoner

Six men appointed to shoot him

Cart to receive the body

Colonel

The Royal Irish Regiment forming a hollow square with the drums (muffled) and fifes playing the 'Dead March in Saul' in the centre.

Adjutant

\* \* \*

**N**ot so lucky was a Marine sentenced to death in 1771, whose CO was a Colonel Campbell of Glenlyon, grandson of the man who commanded the soldiers at the massacre of Glencoe. Colonel Campbell received the man's reprieve but was ordered to keep the news to himself to the last moment, to give the rest of the unit a lesson.

Campbell intended that the Marine should not hear of the reprieve until he was on his knees, with a cap over his eyes, all ready to receive the volley. Preparations went ahead and the firing party were told their signal to fire would be the waving of a white handkerchief.

As the chaplain finished praying, the firing squad fixed their eyes on Campbell, who put his

hand in his pocket to pull out the reprieve. But a white handkerchief came out first, the firing party took it as their signal and the Marine was killed.

Campbell clasped his hand to his forehead and cried "The curse of God and the curse of Glencoe is here! I am an unfortunate and ruined man." He was so affected that soon afterwards he retired from the service.

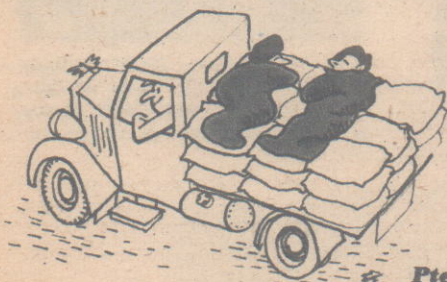
\* \* \*

**O**ther soldiers literally dived with death.

It was the custom, in the late 17th and early 18th centuries, that where several men had been condemned they should throw the dice and the man who threw lowest should hang; the rest would be reprieved. It wasn't a bad system for those days;

there was always a shortage of soldiers and the men who were reprieved by the dice had had a good fright and were unlikely to offend again.

One Marine was unlucky this way at Gibraltar in 1704. He and a Dutchman dived for the privilege of living. The Dutchman threw ten; the Marine nine.





# All the Fun of

## CATTERICK FAIR

**O**NCE a year the soldiers of Catterick create 'Appy 'Ampstead on the bleak Yorkshire moors. Their fair is the biggest military fair in Britain; it is driven by electricity and Major-General R. T. O. Cary.

This year the Fair, which lasted for a week, opened literally with a bang.

After General Cary had made a short speech from the central stand his wife pressed a plunger and a pile of ammonal exploded in a black cloud on the hillside behind the Peronne sports field. Immediately the roundabouts burst into music, the electric signs lit up and scores of voices began to cry "Roll up, Roll up". Seventy-five of the 79 stalls were built, equipped and run by soldiers.

For 30 men two months of work was over. They were the men of the Catterick Fair Platoon, who built a large corrugated fence round the sports field and erected the enclosures and grandstand in

Illuminated letters seven feet high on the hillside beckoned the customers to Catterick's military fair, where gaiety helped to raise funds for more gaiety

which the Royal Signals motorcycle display team and Catterick Service girls gave demonstrations.

Almost every unit in the camp ran stalls. No. 1 Training Regiment Royal Signals had a robot which gave sage advice (originating from a lance-corporal with earphone and microphones in a nearby tent). No. 5 Training Regiment offered a static jeep with a form of aperture sight fixed to the steering wheel; "drivers" had to keep a moving light within the sight, and when a red lamp came on they had to pull up in 30 yards within five seconds. The 12th Royal Lancers ran a model race-course, complete with tote, and the 14/20th Hussars had families queueing for their haunted house. There were more queues at the marquee where the

Signals Theatre Club ran an old-time melodrama — "The Squire's Revenge" — written and produced by General Cary. The audience were free to hiss and boo to their hearts' content.

Fusilier J. Murphy spent his week wearing a gaily coloured top hat which visitors pelted with hard-thrown balls. Garrison-Sergeant Major S. A. Thompson was in mortar board and gown, presiding over (among other things) "What The Butler Saw." After the GOC had been round, there was some talk of re-christening this attraction "What The General Saw." SQMS. S. Kendrick, in Chelsea Hospital red, gave diverting lessons in bath-chair drill. And, of course, there was L/Cpl. "Painter" Edwards, whose week was spent being ducked in a large tank of water.

One of the feats of the week was that of a ten-year-old boy who visited the stall of the 8th Tank Regiment and won

five bottles of beer, much to the delight of his father.

Not the least attractive part of this soldier's fair was the lighting — thousands of coloured bulbs and many electric signs which flickered on and off with pre-war abandon. From a distance the sky over the camp was aglow, and on the hillside between Swaledale and Wensleydale letters seven feet tall spelt out in bright lights the words *Catterick Fair*.

The aim of it all? To swell welfare and entertainment funds. In Catterick gaiety goes to create gaiety.

Join the RASC—and be a barrow boy.



They can do anything to you in the Army, including turning you into a cowboy. But it's all in a Good Cause...



Left: Catterick's GOC, Major-General R. T. O. Cary, takes a turn in the ice-cream stall. Above: a handsome line in "barkers."



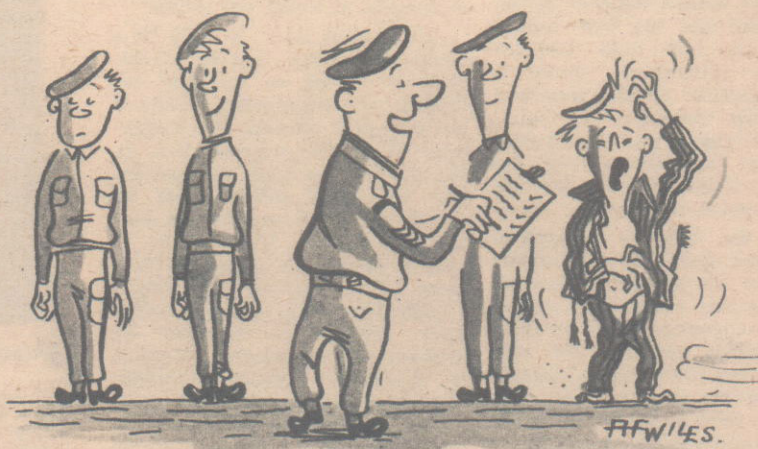


# SOLDIER

## *Humour*



"Perkins—PERKINS 353—"



"—oh, there you are!"



"All clear, ref—carry on!"



"Well, what the devil do *you* want?"



# The Man Who Cut Off Mr. Churchill

**W**HEN Lord Wavell was commanding in Palestine in 1937—38, he had on his staff two officers in whom he recognised an original, unorthodox outlook on soldiering and whose names he pigeon-holed for use should he ever command an army at war. Their names were Orde Wingate and Dudley Clarke.

Lord Wavell reveals this in a foreword to "Seven Assignments" (Jonathan Cape, 12s 6d) which is Brigadier Clarke's account of his activities in the early part of World War Two.

In those times, when the Army was still improvising, Clarke a Gunner, was a free-lance Staff officer. He began the war at the War Office and his first assignment took him into General Wavell's sphere, to make a reconnaissance of the overland route from Mombasa to Cairo, through Uganda and the Sudan, a Middle East life-line for the day the Mediterranean and the Red Sea might be closed.

From the heat of equatorial Africa and Egypt, in five weeks he was in the snows of Norway on the second assignment, still a free-lance, taking charge of rifles for guerillas, carrying out liaison with the Norwegians, lending a hand where he could and then taking a vital message, over the crowded and much-Stuka-ed roads to the sea and then by air to the War Office.

Communications between London and Norway were bad. "Somebody will have to go and get the troops out of Aandalsnes before it's too late. And you seem to be the only one who knows his way around there", said General Ironside, then CIGS, thumping Clarke on the chest.

So, running the gauntlet of German fighters, Clarke went back on Assignment Three to make perilous contact with General Paget, to go with him to break

the news to General Ruge (the gallant Norwegian commander-in-chief), to look to the safety of diplomats, to bring out codes.

Assignment Four, to help in a desperate attempt to keep a foothold in Calais as the BEF retreated, was superseded, before it got properly started, by Assignment Five. This required that he should look as little as possible like an Army officer, that he should go to an anonymous neutral country to make plans in case it should be invaded. Here were all the thriller ingredients: a plane landing at an unobtrusive spot, conferences reached by underground passages, meetings in museums, luggage prepared against search by an enemy agent.

Back in London, Sir John Dill was now Chief of the Imperial General Staff and Clarke's sixth assignment was as the CIGS's Military Assistant during the Dunkirk days. It was then that Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke was in the Prime Minister's room, small fry among generals, admirals and statesmen, when Mr. Churchill spoke to Lord Gort on the cross-Channel telephone. The Prime Minister was saying "I am going to fly with the CIGS to..." when

"On a quick impulse I put out my hand and switched off the call and the Prime Minister looked up with a gesture of surprise. 'Please, Sir', I



Brigadier Dudley Clarke: his eighth assignment is still secret.

said quite severely, 'it is not safe to speak of these plans on the telephone.' For a second Mr. Churchill regarded me as though he could not conceive what I was doing in this distinguished gathering, and then the enormity of the action swept over me. But General Dill came to my rescue and very soon Lord Gort was through again. 'There's somebody here who tells me I musn't say what I was going to say,' the Prime Minister grumbled with just the sign of a twinkle; and the conversation continued on a more discreet plane."

In that conversation Mr. Churchill ordered the Commander-in-Chief to embark British and French in equal proportions, rounding off with a quotation from the *Horatian Ode* of Andrew Marvell:

"Remember the old words ...  
'He nothing common did or mean,  
'Upon that memorable scene ..."

Next day the War Office was invaded by commanders and Staff officers who had been taken off the beaches during the night and had come to bring in reports or to get fresh instructions, disdainful of spruce figures fresh from London beds and surprised that General Dill (who had been missing a good deal of sleep) was not already at his desk. They forgot that

"to the Chiefs of Staff Dunkirk was already beginning to enter the realms of the past, and now their main preoccupation had to be with the future. This faced the personal staff with a most unenviable task in trying with the utmost tact to steer away battle-stained Generals who felt it their first duty to describe in person to the CIGS what had been happening on the other side of the Channel the day before ..."

Only one exception was made to the rule. The previous night General Dill had ordered that First Corps should stay to the

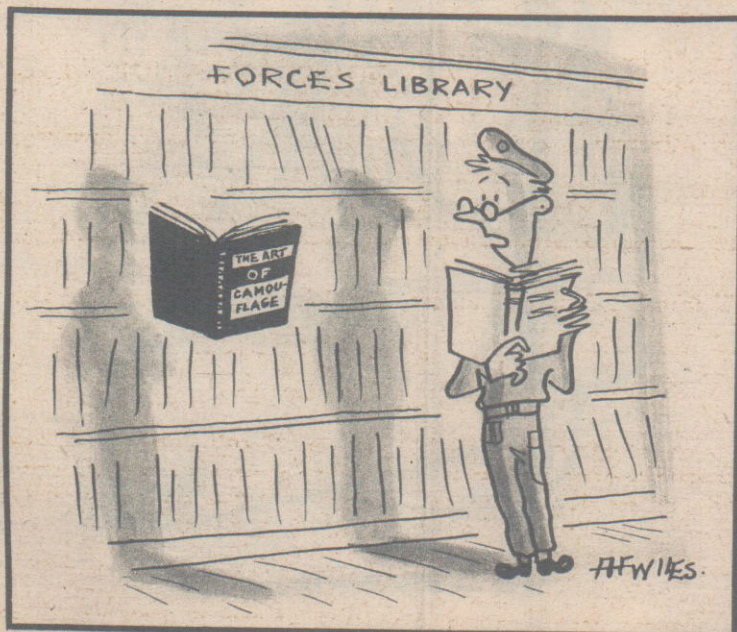
end. Then, in answer to Mr. Churchill, who had noticed that he had turned pale, the CIGS said, "My son is with First Corps." Now Major-General Montgomery, commander of Third Division, appeared and when the position was tactfully explained, he said he had only come to bring news of the General's son. That morning the CIGS went to meet the Chiefs of Staff with a heart lightened at least of one anxiety.

Dunkirk was barely over when Dudley Clarke hit on the idea of the new Commandos, put it up to General Dill and was given the job of organising them as his seventh assignment. One of his helpers was David Niven, the film actor. Clarke stayed on this assignment longer, organising in great secrecy at meetings of a bogus Charity Commission in a Mayfair house. (See *SOLDIER* 4 August, 1945).

Clarke went himself on the first Commando raid, saw the great Combined Operations grow up from the Commando nucleus, inaugurated the first airborne Commando, forerunner of Britain's Airborne Army.

Then he was off to Middle East again, to an eighth assignment which cannot yet be written about. But Lord Wavell in his foreword drops a hint as to what it was:

"I can only say that I have always believed in doing everything possible in war to mystify and mislead one's opponent, and that I was right in judging that this was work for which Dudley Clarke's originality, ingenuity and somewhat impish sense of humour qualified him admirably."





## AFTERMATH (AMERICAN)

CAPTAIN Peter Olden of the United States Army, lay re-veiling in a hot bath in the Hotel Scribe, Paris. Nothing remarkable in that, except that the American Army were still two or three days from Paris, which was in the last stages of German occupation.

It was Captain Olden's peculiar role in the war to reach the objective ahead of the main forces. In this case he had another incentive: he wanted to be the first American to buy his wife a Paris dress on the day of liberation.

Such is the promising start of Hans Habe's novel "Aftermath" (Harrap 10s 6d). The main setting of the story is Germany under the American occupation. Olden's military problems turn out to be as nothing compared with his personal ones. He is a naturalised American of German origin who has been fighting against his former country. What he cannot fight against is Maria, the German girl he wanted to marry in the days of old. Olden's American wife is cold and preoccupied with social schemes; Maria is — as the French say — *sympatique*. The outcome can be guessed from the fact that "Aftermath" is being advertised as the story which annoyed a million American women. (The author, by the way, is a Hungarian).

Olden's story is woven in with that of another American officer, John Stroud, whose affections and chivalry are successfully besieged by a Polish Displaced

## AND NOW, IKE...

GENERAL Eisenhower's war story, "Crusade in Europe," will be published in America in the late Autumn. It will be eagerly searched for ammunition by the pro-Montgomery and pro-Bradley factions. Probably it will be a less controversial book, however, than the diary already published by Eisenhower's aide, Captain Butcher; or than General Patton's diary, which has just been issued in this country.

The first volume of Mr. Churchill's war memoirs, "The Gathering Storm," will be published in Britain on 4 October, and the ex-Premier is hard at work on the remaining volumes.

As yet there is no sign of a book from Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander.

Person, a determined young woman who fought in the sewers of Warsaw. He faces substantially the same problem as Olden, but he solves it differently. In Army time he is commander of an experimental prisoner-of-war camp, in which the democratic ideal receives some violent setbacks.

Those familiar with the background of occupation in the British Zone will find much to interest them in the American background. The minority who have personal problems like those of Messrs. Olden and Stroud may or may not find the right answer in this book.

## WHY 'BROWNE OFF'?

HOW did the expression "browne off" originate?

It was used by the RAF in India and at Aden as far back as 1931 and 1932, says Eric Partridge in "Words At War, Words At Peace" (Muller 7s 6d). World War Two gave it universal currency. The term derives, says Mr. Partridge, not from the sun-browne hills or sun-scorched parade-grounds of the East, but from cookery; in short, from those mishaps jocularly known as burnt sacrifices.

The trouble with books of Service slang — and already several have been inspired by World War Two — is that they tend to feature slang nobody has ever heard of, or slang which is already out of date. Mr. Partridge's book largely escapes these faults. Though there are curious omissions. Why did not Mr. Partridge treat us to a disquisition on the word which is nowadays politely abbreviated as "bull"?

Mr. Partridge notes how words borrowed from the Hindustani have passed into disuse, or tend to be derided. "Only two such words are now at all commonly used: *chit* and *wallah*: and even of these two, the latter is fast losing ground. Both have been current for something like a century."

Blighty, another word which has passed into disuse, also came from the East, says Mr. Partridge; namely from the Urdu *bilqati* and

the Arabic *wilayati*, "governmental"; hence the British Government, hence England or Britain.

World War One produced several corruptions from the French like *napoo* (from *il n'y en a plus* — there isn't any more) and *san fairy ann* (from *ça ne fait rien* — it doesn't matter). Doubtless there would have been more of these in World War Two if British soldiers had had longer contacts with the French. As it was, they have had to be content with bringing home from Egypt *bint* (a woman), *shutti* (a look round) and *maleesh* (it doesn't matter). These will probably soon die out.

No adaptations seem to have been made from the German. Instead Rhine Army troops have given us a slightly cynical abbreviation of one of our own words: *frat*.

## 230 GRAVES TO CUXHAVEN

CAPTAIN Jocelyn Pereira (son of the Guards general who is pictured on page 13) has written a new kind of battalion history: a personal account which livens the dry bones of what would otherwise be a formal battalion history.

He calls it "A Distant Drum" (Gale and Polden 21s).

The battalion concerned is the 5th Coldstream Guards, which fought as Infantry in the Guards Armoured Division from Normandy to Cuxhaven. For more than nine months the battalion had a steady programme of fighting, lost 230 killed and added a Victoria Cross to its laurels.

All this Captain Pereira describes from the view-point of the battalion intelligence officer, which was his role, pausing occasionally to discuss his feelings and sometimes to generalise, for instance on how to cope with the IO's head-ache, prisoners:

The first-step is to start shouting and gesticulating, preferably in German; this impresses the prisoners with the fact that you intend to do something about them. Next seize hold of the first three you can get and line them up in the direction you want them eventually all to go; finally pick out a non-commissioned officer and murmur some parrot phrase about forming up the remainder to him. You then have to move hurriedly on in case he asks a question and discovers you can't really speak German at all...

or on the odds against survival:

A platoon commander would on the average see about two months of war before being hit, a company commander somewhat longer, though

less than three. It was about an even-money chance on survival for a Guardsman and about two to one against for an officer. And if you were hit the chances of living then amounted to about three to one.

The VC was won by Captain Ian Liddell, who ran openly on to a bridge in daylight under heavy German fire, to disconnect the wiring of demolition charges before his company attacked. Captain Pereira writes simply:

I thought: "Hardly anyone would believe it possible to get away with a thing like that, and yet that is really the reason why it succeeded." It seemed extraordinary how Ian had survived the attack. It was a unique feat and it won him the VC, but before he ever knew this he had been killed in a battle a few weeks later.

His conclusion is brief. After describing how the battalion took the surrender of the 7th Parachute Division which it had fought at Venray and Wesel and half-way across Germany, he ends:

I sat down on a lovely sunny evening to write the last edition of the Battalion news-sheet, feeling that I should like to say something wise and Olympian about the Battalion, but it proved too difficult and I abandoned the idea. I think now that I was right; after all, "War is only an incident in the history of the Coldstream Guards" — but, my, what an incident.

## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES ★ FOR THE ★ FORCES



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## BAOR NEWS

★ BAOR troops and their families will shortly be able to get a complete BIRO service at all CVWW bookshops and Malcolm Clubs in their zone. Look out for details next month.

★ The following CVWW bookshops in BAOR are supplied entirely by the SCBD: — BAD OEYNHAUSEN (YWCA), BUNDE (YMCA), DORTMUND (YMCA), DUSSELDORF (Church Army), HANNOVER (YMCA), ISERLOHN (YMCA), KIEL (YMCA), LUNEBURG (YMCA), NEUMUNSTER (Church Army), and NORDERNEY (Church Army). Order your requirements from these shops or direct from Kean Street.



# THE GREYS



SOLDIER's cover, showing the uniform of the Royal Scots Greys when they were known as the North British Dragoons, makes a piquant contrast to these pictures which show them in less colourful attire in the wars of the twentieth century.

In World War Two the tanks of the Royal Scots Greys rolled through the hills of Syria, over the Desert from Alamein, through Italy and finally into North-West Germany.

But you can't keep the Royal Scots Greys away from their horses. The Germans saw them riding in the dashing style of old at the big tattoo in Berlin in 1947.



Above: Royal Scots Greys of World War One water their horses at Brimeux (Northern France) in 1918. Below: Royal Scots Greys tank crew of World War Two patrol the streets of Wismar (Mecklenburg) in their advance through Germany in 1945.



## How Much Do You Know?

1. Peers and lunatics are together barred from one important privilege in the British Isles. What privilege?

2. Can you name a four-letter American state containing three vowels?

3. Why are the Russians proud of Alexander Yakovlev? If you don't know, look carefully at this name and guess.

4. True or false:

(a) On certain roads in America it is an offence to drive slowly;

(b) Britain is the only country in which vehicles keep to the left;

(c) Many French villages have a trough across the road at each end to make cars go slowly.

5. Name of author, please:

...The good old rule  
Sufficeth them, the simple  
plan

That they should take who  
have the power,  
And they should keep who  
can.

6. What do the Americans celebrate on the Fourth of July? And the French on the Fourteenth of July?

7. Here are the names of three well-known authors with certain letters missing. Can you identify them?

\*\*\*\*  
S\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*rn\*\*d

\*\*\*\*\*ey  
\*\*ugh\*\*  
\*h\*\*

8. This picture shows an Airborne recruit pole-squatting. The man who made pole-squatting famous was Simeon Stylites, Ferdinand the Foul, Titus Oates, Jerome K. Jerome— who?

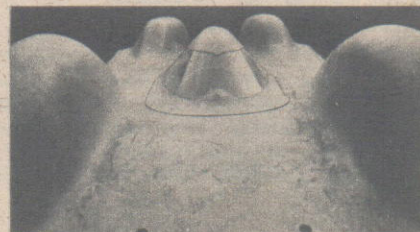


9. The lettering on the glass door of a shop reads correctly when viewed from the street. How does it appear when seen in a mirror in the shop, which reflects it from a mirror which reflects it from another mirror? Correctly or reversed?

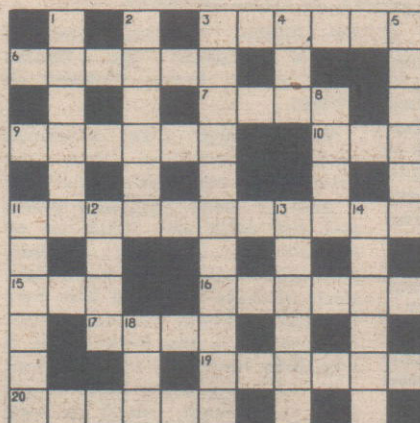
10. If on a ten-day holiday you drank twice as much beer each day as you drank the day before, and if you drank a gallon on the tenth day, on what day would you have drunk half a gallon?

11. What does this picture show?

(Answers on Page 46)



## CROSSWORD



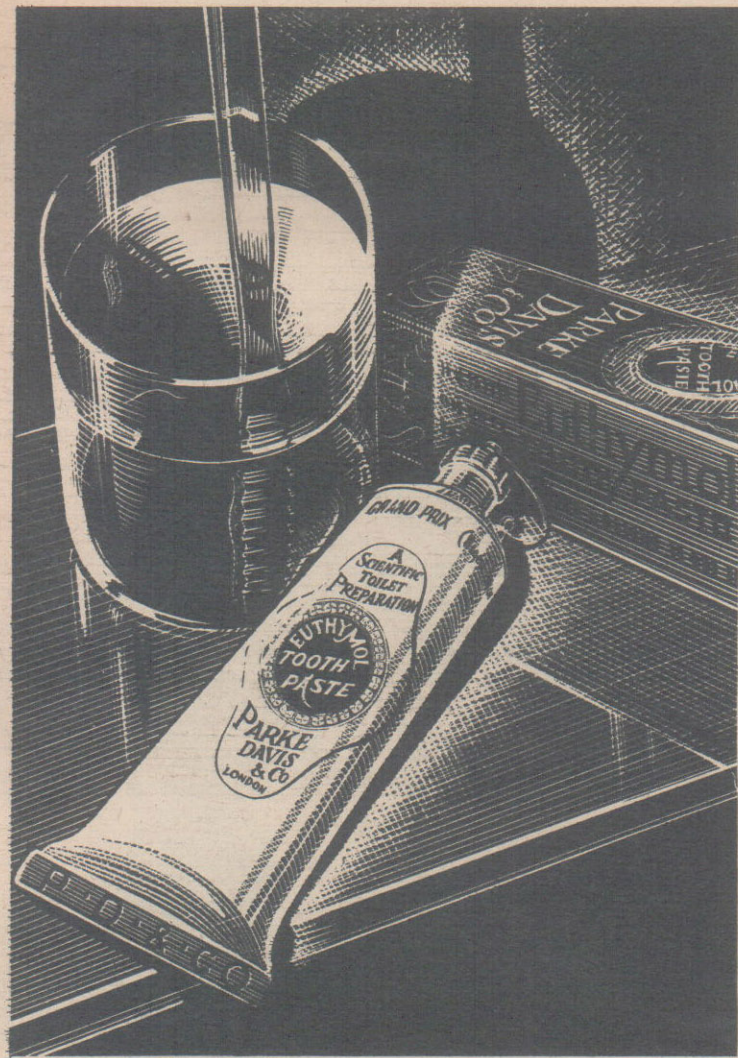
the alchemist back. 17. Indian lady. 19. Lively spirit. 20. In direct descent.

**DOWN:** 1. Canonised drops from the sky? 2. Dancing jacket. 3. "Trail or tire." (anag. — advice to this kind of rifleman?) 4. Scots associate him with a but. 5. A careless listener might think he means "It is the way in." 8. Stepped. 11. An eel-man produces a glossy surface. 12. A crucifix reversed. 13. Go in two directions to get to the end of a restriction on property. 14. RAF armament? 18. Always be your this.

**ACROSS:** 3. Turn these to reverse the situation. 6. Oarsman's gesture to a pet? 7. Declaim. 9. You can this along the roads in the first part. 10. Nonsense! 11. "Don't heed Fay!" (anag., four words.) 15. Sounds like a try. 16. The apparatus to answer

(Answers on Page 46)





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Left: Caber airborne. George Clark won with this throw at Inveraray. Above: R. Shaw competing at Aboyne.

## TOSSING

**T**HE Highland Games season, just ended, saw Sassenachs being mystified as usual by unaccountable sports which flourish north of Clyde and Forth.

Notable among these is the sport of tossing the caber.

It is an almost exclusively Scottish pastime, though in the 16th century casting the bar, which was roughly the same thing, was popular in England. The only other country where cabers are tossed is America, where athletes do it at Caledonian games; but true Scots repudiate the Scottish-American version.

The caber (the Gaelic word *cabar*, for pole or beam) is a heavy tree-trunk and it has no fixed length or weight. Generally it is 16 to 20 feet long, but is sometimes brought on to the sports field much heavier than a man could throw and sawn to suit the contestants. At other times cabers of different sizes are produced and each competitor takes his choice.

Track attendants stand the caber up perpendicularly, with the heavy end at the top. The competitor then puts a foot against it, grasps it with both hands, feels that it is properly balanced and gives the assistants the word to let go.

His next job is to lift it. Some-

## THE CABER

You don't have to throw it far, but you do have to throw it straight

times the caber is too heavy for the entrant and anyone who can't lift it is out of the contest; if only one man can lift the caber, he is the winner and he doesn't even have to toss it. In 51st (Highland) Division's games in Germany just after the war, the four competitors agreed that the caber was too heavy (it took four German assistants to carry it) so two feet were lopped off. Having lifted the caber from the ground, the competitor then has to get his hands underneath the lower end. If he does not rupture himself, knock himself out by letting the caber fall against his head, let it slip from his hands or stagger about until the caber falls, he can then start getting ready to toss it.

He raises the caber until the lower end is nearly level with his elbows. Then he moves forward a few yards, working up speed until, if he is pretty good, he is going at a smart run.

As he starts, he lets the caber move forward away from his shoulder and begin to fall. Having reached top speed, he throws the end he has in his hands upwards, with all his strength.

If the caber has received its rightful start in life, the heavy end will hit the ground and the light end will carry on upwards until the pole is perpendicular and then fall forward, so that the caber lies in a straight line with the man who tossed it, the heavy end towards him.

The old Highland tradition is that the winner is the man who tosses the caber with the easiest and best style and whose caber falls straightest. How far he tosses it does not matter, which is why it is legitimate for the caber-tossers to have cabers of different weights. All the same, it is proudly recalled that champion caber-tossers of the 1880-95 era, E. W. Currie, William Perrie and Dr. C. Ross, made throws of 40 and 42 feet.

In the Scottish-American version every competitor uses the same caber. The winner is judged by the distance from his feet that the light end hits the ground. To the Scotsman, this is like judging whisky by how quickly it makes you drunk.

**BOB O'BRIEN**

*Note: Anyone thinking of becoming a professional caber tosser is warned that the prize money after a successful tour of all the Highland Games is unlikely to exceed £50. The professionals usually have other sports to fall back on.*



## SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

1945: There is chaos behind the Germans' eastern front. The Russians sweep on. Fleeing over this bridge which the Germans blew up at Tangemunde, on the Elbe, come the Displaced Persons—French, Belgians, Dutch, Poles, all the slaves of the Third Reich.



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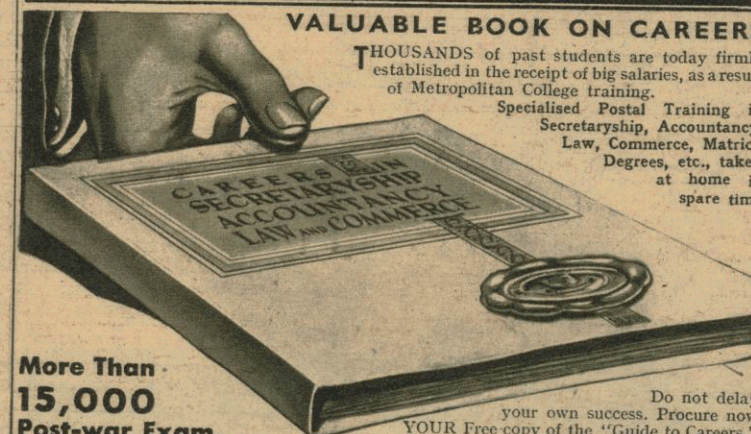


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Toxophilite aiming.

They're not quite up to Ivanhoe standard yet, but give them time, give them time . . .

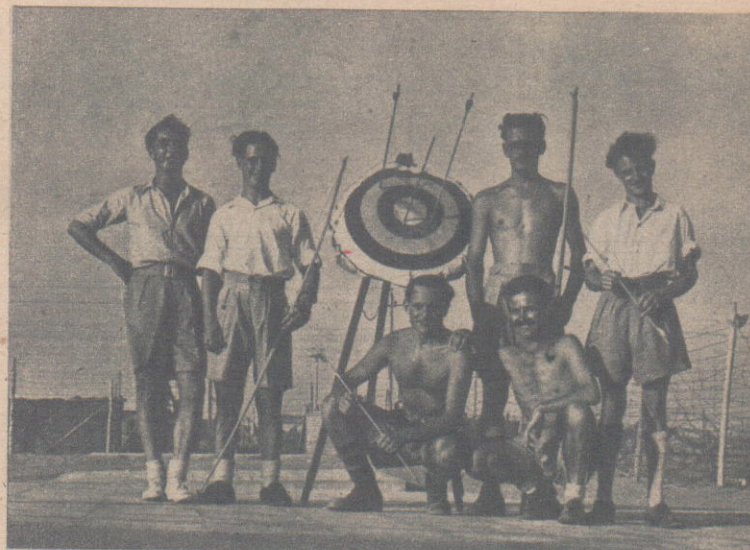
## BOWMEN (IN EGYPT)

**A**RCHERY is a sport more often associated with village greens and shady oaks than barbed wire and the "desert's dusty face". Yet it is in Egypt that archery is becoming popular with British troops. (After all, the first British soldiers in Palestine used bows and arrows.)

The initial fillip was given when NAAFI imported archery gear from Britain.

Archery as a sport, played under Royal Toxophilite Society rules, has little in common with the "bows and arrows" of childhood days. It calls for a masterly combination of hand, eye, and brain to loose off an "end" of arrows (three) and bank on getting three "golds" ("Bulls" to the rifleman).

The Serjeants' Mess of the Royal Engineers Detachment at



With one "gold" . . . the archery team of the Serjeants' Mess, Royal Engineers Detachment, Fayid North.

Fayid North — near to the Army's desert headquarters — was one of the first groups to start its own archery club.

First the serjeants bought a bow and a couple of arrows as a joke. — Soon, however, they became infected with "toxophilitis" and invested in targets, armshields, finger-tip protectors and the rest of the paraphernalia.

Before long the unit's Officers'

Mess caught it too. Inter-mess competitions were arranged, and instead of devoting their afternoons to what is known in the Middle East as "Egyptian PT" — that is, sleeping — officers and serjeants went out in the mid-day sun for target practice.

A full-sized bow is six feet in length, arrows are 28 inches, and the "pull" needed varies from 35 to 65 pounds according to the strength of the bow. Normal tournament range is 100 yards.

The serjeants make up in enthusiasm what they lack in experience; and they talk of the relative merits of "self lances" and "yew-backed yews" as they do of Thompsons' and Stens.

## OARSWOMEN (IN GERMANY)

A spell of stationary rowing is good practice for those aspiring to row on Hamburg's Alster

**T**HE girl in brief blue shorts, rolled down socks and white sweater pulled hard at the oar. Overside the lake's placid surface frothed creamily as the blade bit deeply and curved through the water.

But the girl remained where she was; not an inch had she gained. Other girls, in a cluster of long legs and shorts, giggled and urged her to try again.

SQMS Gwen Briggs was rowing on land, seated in a mock-up racing shell let into the terrace of Hamburg's Allied Services

Sailing and Rowing Club, and learning that there was more to being a good oarswoman than just pulling a blade through water.

When, attracted by the racing shells, white-sailed yachts and self-important motor boats which dot the Alster, she went along to the club, Gwen confessed to Major J. P. Colgan, the secretary, and to instructors, Sjt. B. L. Blackham, Leading Seaman P. Tarabella and Mr. T. Carter, of the British Civil Police, that she didn't know one end of a boat from the other.

"Don't worry," said Major Colgan, "we prefer it that way." He went on to tell of the Sapper who joined the club last year and in five months won the 1000-metre championship before going on release.

So the dozen or so other girls from Second Echelon who had turned up too took heart and decided to become oarswomen.

The first hours of instruction raised blisters on the palms of hands unaccustomed to handling heavy oars and brought aches to forgotten muscles but the girls agreed the new sport was worth it. If only the traffic on the lake did not have such a disconcerting habit of getting in the way . . .

Left: a dry land try-out, for benefit of the girls of Second Echelon: Below: the galley slaves of 1948.





# STOP COLDS QUICKLY

with this simple 'Two-Way' Treatment



## 1 GARGLE FREQUENTLY WITH T.C.P.

to tackle the infection in the throat and nose—clear the head, relieve throat soreness.

## 2 TAKE SMALL DOSES OF T.C.P.

to help the system to throw out the Cold toxins (poisons) that cause feverishness and headache.

**O**BVIOUSLY, if you feel a Cold coming on, the first place to tackle it is where the germs lodge and multiply—in the nose and throat membranes. But don't forget that the general symptoms of a heavy Cold—feverishness and headache—are due to toxins (poisons) escaping from the nose and throat into the system. So, to make reasonably certain of stopping a Cold quickly, you need to tackle it internally, as well as by gargling.

That's just what the T.C.P. "Two-Way" Treatment enables you to do. For T.C.P. is a really safe antiseptic that you can use as

a gargle and take internally as well. And it's the internal antiseptic action of T.C.P. that gives your system just the help needed to throw off the Cold toxins, before they can get a hold.

Now you can see why this new treatment is so effective. Nine times out of ten, if you start the treatment early enough, it will stop a Cold completely, overnight.

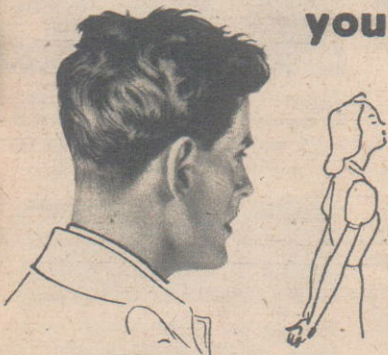
# T.C.P.

Regd.

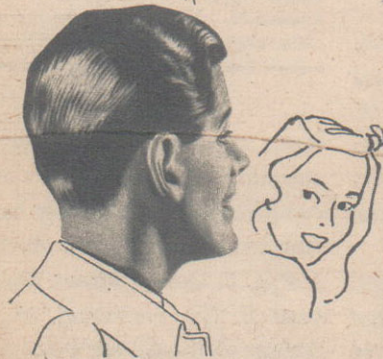
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## Look what happens when you end Dry Scalp!



Two pictures of the same chap? Nonsense, she's not dumb enough to believe that! Just look at that Dry Scalp on the left! An untidy, lifeless head of hair, if ever there was one. There's dandruff showing at the parting, and quite a few bits on his tunic, too. His scalp is certainly short of natural oils.



Yes, it's the same fellow all right, but what a different girl! He's lost Dry Scalp and dandruff. Thanks to 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic his hair looks healthy, glossy, and well dressed. Someone's given him the tip—a gentle massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every day, using only a little because a little goes a long way.

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<b>3 IS YOUR MENTAL ORGANISATION FIRST-CLASS?</b> DO YOU HAVE a 100% perfect memory? Are you always "mentally alert"? Can you plan and organise? Can you write and talk convincingly? Can you conduct interviews?	<b>4 ARE THERE MENTAL WEAKNESSES?</b> DOES YOUR mind wander? Do you lack mental energy? Do you put off important decisions? Are you overlooked in the race for promotion? Do you day-dream? Do you require a mental tonic?

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# FALLING HAIR

## Some of the Causes of this Alarming Hair Trouble, and Methods of Treatment

WHEN the hair falls out easily while it is being brushed and combed, the trouble can be traced to ill-nourished roots, causing weakness of the hair sheaths, and weak attachment to the papilla or hair "mother" on which the hair is formed, and from which it grows. A further consequence is an abnormal state of the oil glands, causing the hair to become either too greasy or too dry; too greasy if there is excessive flow of the oil which lubricates the hair, too dry if the flow is insufficient.

Still further ill-results are the formation of dandruff,

greasy or dry as the case may be. When greasy, the dandruff may cover the scalp like a skull-cap, seal up the pores, choke the hair sheaths, and by its back pressure within the hair sheaths further interfere with the nutrition of the hair, and also disturb the supply of colouring matter distributed by the roots.

And then, if no steps are taken to halt the deterioration of the hair structures, a serious loss of hair all over the scalp is a likely consequence.

Yet the hair roots are extra-



The "Mother" or True Root

ordinarily vital, and as long as they remain alive, the prospect of improvement is favourable provided that skilful treatment is adopted.

Such treatment will both stimulate the flow of natural nutrition and supplement it. It will also correct the various defects that have resulted from the lack of such nutrition and any other causes.

These facts about the hair, and many others, are revealed in a book entitled "How to Treat Hair Troubles", by Mr. Arthur J. Pye, the Consulting Hair Specialist of Blackpool.

This book and other literature, and particulars of the treatments required to combat the different



Thinning at the crown should on no account be neglected, for the first tiny patch will soon spread across the scalp in an ever widening circle.



Right and left of the forehead are other danger points, where thinning often commences, the receding of the hair often being so gradual that it is not noticed until there has been a considerable loss of hair.

types of hair trouble, can be obtained by readers who complete the form below (or a copy) and send it to Mr. Arthur J. Pye, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool S. 25, enclosing 3d. in stamps towards the cost.

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To **ARTHUR J. PYE, 5 Queen Street, Blackpool, S. 25.**

Please send me your book and other literature, and particulars of treatments supplied for different types of hair trouble. I enclose 3d. in stamps towards the cost.

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(Block letters)

ADDRESS.....  
(Block letters)

Soldier, October 1948.



# FILMS



Surgical team: Lieutenant Lana Turner and Colonel Clark Gable.

## THROUGH ANZIO WITH LANA TURNER

**R**EMEMBER the story of the Eighth Army surgeon who operated under bombardment on the Anzio beach-head (SOLDIER, August)?

Well, here's Major (later Colonel) Clark Gable doing just the same thing for the American forces in "Homecoming," with Lieutenant Lana Turner to help and distract him.

This is believed to be the first of a batch of Hollywood war films. Let it be said at once that "Homecoming" is a big improvement on that embarrassing pre-war film in which Gable earned the VC. It is — happily — not in the tradition of Errol Flynn liberating Burma.

The difficulty is to swallow the idea of Gable as a fashionable and prosperous surgeon. It is easier, oddly enough, to accept Lieutenant Lana as a surgeon's mate. Lana's performance has shaken up the critics, one of whom mentioned that "Miss Turner's gifts in the field of acting have hitherto been largely confined to filling sweaters."

The two start by bickering on board the convoy which is taking them to the Mediterranean. Gable has joined up because it was the smart thing to do; Lana, a widow, because she has a child of six and she wants him to grow up to be twelve. Lana has ideals.

Every filmgoer knows that a couple who start by bickering at each other are going to get emotionally involved pretty soon. It happens at Anzio, under the stress of operating 16 hours a day. Rashly Gable says, "Don't you think we could dispense with this 'major' business?" Gable's first name is Ulysses, and a girl can't call a man that. So Lana addresses him as "Useless," which is the name she has been calling him in her mind. Huddling together under the bombardment does the rest.

Gable, alas, is married — to charming Anne Baxter. He writes

her sentimental letters and mentions his "difficult" nurse. His wife draws the conclusion that every wife draws when her husband mentions another woman more than once. Then Gable makes it worse by saying that he and Lana are only "pals." So there it is — the old triangular tug-of-war, but sensitively handled by three persons who strive hard to do the right thing.

In the winter of 1944 Gable, now infected by Lana's ideals, is stationed at Bastogne, which the audience knows — but Gable doesn't — is going to be key-point in Rundstedt's Ardennes push. Lana is posted to a casual nurses pool; nobody says so, but she was probably posted for being a disturbing influence. When the push comes Gable is on leave in Paris, where — who'd have guessed it? — he tumbles across Lana again. Together they dash back by jeep to try to locate the unit and find themselves among enemy tanks. To cut it short, Lana is wounded and dies in Belgium, Gable is wounded and goes home. Eventually he tells all to Anne Baxter, who, luckily, is as tolerant as she is beautiful. The difference between the films and real life is that in real life it is rare for the Other Woman to be so conveniently killed off.

The women film critics (of whom there are legion) seem to have enjoyed this picture more than the male critics. Curious, because the women critics are usually less sentimental than the men.

## Coming Your Way

The following films will be shown shortly at Army Kinema Corporation cinemas:

### OLIVER TWIST

In America some people said Fagin made this film anti-Semitic, but most audiences, like Oliver, asked for more. Made by the "Great Expectations" backroom team and starring Robert Newton, Alec Guinness, Kay Walsh, Francis L. Sullivan and Henry Stephenson.

### BOND STREET

Four stories in one, with murder and blackmail sandwiched between romance and humour, all from London's most expensive shopping area. With Jean Kent, Roland Young, Kathleen Harrison, Derek Farr, Hazel Court, Ronald Howard.

### UNEASY TERMS

Peter Cheyney's private detective, Slim Callaghan, the man who is always meeting lovelies and treating them rough, is played by Michael Rennie in the first Cheyney film. Lovelies: Moira Lister, Faith Brook, Joy Shelton.

### TAKE MY LIFE

Another British thriller. An opera star throws a bottle of scent at her husband and as a result has to get him off a murder charge. With Hugh Williams, Greta Gynt, Marius Goring and Francis L. Sullivan playing another prosecuting counsel.

### OUT OF THE BLUE

Life among the artists in New York's Chelsea — Greenwich Village. A girl who throws fainted and a female drunk keep passing out and being deposited on other people's steps by men who think they have murdered them. George Brent, Virginia Mayo, Ann Dvorak and Carole Landis, all very light-hearted.

### T-MEN

Tough guys of the United States Treasury set out to unmask counterfeiters. Semi-documentary with Dennis O'Keefe, Mary Meade, Wally Ford.

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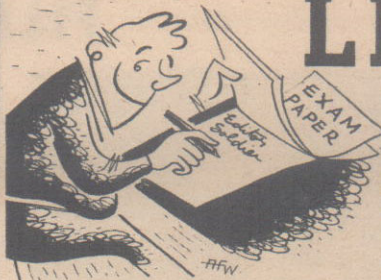
Dear Sirs, I felt I must write you in praise of 'ASPRO'. I had a shocking cold this morning and took three 'ASPRO' and by 3 p.m. my cold was nearly gone. Yours faithfully, J. V. E. Mitcham.

### PAINS IN HEAD OVERCOME

Dear Sir, I suffer from severe pains in the head and sleeplessness. 'ASPRO' soothed the pain in the head and gave me sound sleep. I'll never be without 'ASPRO' and will recommend it to all sufferers. Sincerely yours, P. A. WILLIAMS.

17 Durban Street, Worcester, South Africa.

# LETTERS



● **SOLDIER** welcomes letters. There is not space, however, to print every letter of interest received; all correspondents must therefore give their full names and addresses. Answers cannot be sent to collective addresses.

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

● Please do not ask for information which you can get in your own orderly room or from your own officer, thus saving time and postage.

## "TRAMPS IN KHAKI"

I agree with the writer of the letter published under this heading in your last issue.

Myself, I am sorry to see civilians doing jobs like delivering coal while wearing ancient suits of battledress. These suits may have been legitimately acquired, but it is an unpleasant sight to see a man walking down the street wearing a revoltingly dirty battledress topped by, say, a dirty grey hat, or even by no hat at all. No one can pretend that this enhances the prestige of the King's uniform. It would have been better if all battledress issued or sold for civilian wear had been dyed. — **ex-Cpl. John Sims**, King's Road, London SW 1.

## "FORT APACHE"

I was quite amused at some of the comments in the August **SOLDIER** by one of your correspondents who saw the film "Fort Apache." However, I think a little explanation is needed.

First of all, your writer seemed quite amazed that a sergeant called the assembly (of officers) to attention when the CO came in. It is a custom, in fact, a standing order in the US Army that the first man, be he only a private, to see an officer enter a room will call the assembly to attention; the only proviso is that the officer entering the room has to be of higher rank than any of the officers present.

May I congratulate you on such a good magazine. The American Army has not a magazine like this, although you have probably heard of **YANK**, a very good weekly which, unfortunately, was discontinued at the end of the shooting war. — **Pfc. Robert W. Carr**, 15th Chemical Base Depot, US Army.

★ **SOLDIER**, too, regretted the close-down of **YANK**. It was a full-blooded, vigorous magazine, read by many British soldiers.

## NO CONSCRIPTION

Ex-pupils of this school tell me that conscription is not valid in BAOR. Those who are of call-up age are now in the Control Commission as TC 3's. Can you clarify? — **L. E. Ironside**, Prince Rupert School, Wilhelms-haven.

★ Ministry of Labour say that a young man in Germany under the CCG Families Scheme will not be called up under the National Service Act as long as he remains abroad, but he will be liable for service on return to the United Kingdom if at any time men of his age class are called up.

Note: A TC 3 is a Temporary Clerk, grade 3.

## AGE POSER

When I joined the Army on a regular engagement two years ago I gave my age as 17½, when in fact I was only 16½. If I apply to buy my discharge and this is granted would I be subject to call-up as my real age would only be 18½? — **"Sapper"**, No. 2 Field Ambulance, British Military Hospital, Salonika, Greece.

★ Technically, yes. But as you have served two years it is unlikely you would be called upon to serve again.

## GUNNER'S PRIVILEGE

There are, no doubt, many serving and ex-NCO's who have been told at some time or other that "It's a good thing for you that you have your jacket on". Some of them, in particular Gunners, may be interested to learn that, according to a tale recently told to me, they were not always so well-protected. It seems that in the days of muzzle-loading field-pieces it was the duty of the NCO i/c gun to swab out what burning or smouldering powder was left after the gun had fired. The gunner who laid the next charge inspected the gun before doing so and if he found any burning powder he was then entitled to strike the NCO. He probably took full advantage of this privilege.

This anecdote may be stale bread to you but to many it might provide a new and interesting sidelight on the Army of the past. — **J. S. Hay**, ex-S/Sgt. **RAMC**, Tamale, British West Africa.

★ **SOLDIER** accepts this stale bread with a pinch of salt.

## FORMER SERVICE

I enlisted in the North Staffords when nearly 15. My service, including man's service and reserve, ended in 1931. The next year I re-enlisted in the Sherwood Foresters and am going on for 22 years. Why does my former service not count towards pension and release? If it did I would have been due out in July, but the Records Office say my service ends in 1954. — **Bandman V. M. E. Jennings**, Sherwood Foresters.

★ An engagement from which a soldier has been discharged can in no way count towards completion of a fresh engagement. But your former Colour service will count towards pension.

## AFTER 18 YEARS

I am on a 21-year engagement. Before the war it was possible to end an engagement after 18 years and take a modified pension. This was cancelled during the war but apparently it is now allowed and my application has been granted; but to my surprise I am told that I forfeit my civilian suit and all leave including 65 days overseas leave and do not even get a warrant home. — **S/Sgt V. J. Scarratt**, Tactical Wing, REME Training Centre, Arborfield.

★ The privilege of discharge after 18 years with modified pension was withdrawn in 1939 and has no counterpart in post-war pension regulations. However, a soldier who re-engaged to complete 21 years before the new pension code came into force is regarded as having a reserved right to old code terms, and if he is allowed to buy his discharge he will be awarded a modified pension if he has 18 years service, of which



at least ten have been Colour service. Under the buying-out scheme a soldier who has served 16 years or more does not have to pay anything, but he is not entitled to terminal leave, free issue of clothing or cash grant in lieu or cost of travel home. However, a cash grant in lieu of overseas service leave is allowed if discharge takes place before 1 January 1949.

### ANY CHANGE?

A soldier joins the Army in 1936, is released in 1946, re-enlists the same year to complete 12 years service, extends to 22 years and on top of that signs on a short-service engagement to run from his 22 years engagement. Is he eligible for a gratuity, and if so, can he use this for buying himself out? He has already had a war gratuity. — Sjt T. E. Emery, RAEC, Whitburn, County Durham.

★ He is eligible for a new code gratuity. This may be used to offset purchase money if he is allowed to buy his discharge.

### FIRST RHINE ARMY

I was very interested in the feature "They Served In Both Rhine Armies" (SOLDIER, August). I, too, was in Wiesbaden with GHQ up to the time of the evacuation, and I do not understand the statement attributed to Major S. C. Cheshire that there was no cinema for the troops. There was, in fact, quite a good one run by NAAFI at the Walhalla in Langgasse. Again, there was an excellent little paper called the *Cologne Post and Wiesbaden Times*, published on Sundays and Wednesdays. The Sunday edition carried all the results of football matches played on the previous day. I still have a copy of the final edition of this paper dated 3 November 1929. I can certainly confirm Major Cheshire's statement about the freezing of the Rhine in 1928-29. The river was ice to a depth of 40 inches—a remarkable circumstance on a river so fast-flowing as the Rhine. — G. P. Walsh, 11 Norfolk, Road, Brighton.

### WEST AFRICA TOUR

Does Python apply in this theatre? If so, when do I become eligible? I disembarked in February 1946, was granted six weeks recuperative leave in Britain from December 1947 and started my second tour in March this year. — C/Sjt. O. Rice, 4th Bn Nigeria Regt, West Africa.

★ The special West African tour arrangements are (a) a normal tour of 18 months; (b) a voluntary second 18 months after six weeks recuperative leave in Britain.

The only time Python rules apply to West Africa is when a man serves one tour only before returning to Britain for a short time before going on to the Far East or elsewhere. He is then allowed to count his 18 months in West Africa towards his Python or post-war overseas tour.

### NO REFUSAL

I have served for three-and-a-half years in BAOR and am due for PYTHON. Can I refuse it? — Pte. J. Scruton, 430 HQ CCG (BE) BAOR.

★ No. You may apply to defer PYTHON but deferment is given only in special circumstances.

### MESS SENIORITY

If a WO1 who is the senior member of a unit leaves the Army and returns nearly 12 months later in his old rank, is he entitled to the seniority of the mess by virtue of the fact that he was promoted before the other members? I maintain that he loses it if he leaves the Army despite the fact that before his release he had nearly two years seniority over the others. Surely if he leaves the Army he starts at the bottom of the list on his return? — Sjt. H., BAOR.

★ A warrant officer who re-enlists within 12 months of his release, and is regranted his former rank, reckons his seniority from the original date of promotion less the period he spent away from the Colours.

(Turn to Page 46)

## 42 YEARS

SOLDIER's feature — "They Served In Both Rhine Armies" — in the August issue has aroused much interest among veterans of both occupation forces.

A notable record is that of Major W. S. Hooker, now Senior Magistrate of Schleswig-Holstein, with headquarters at Kiel. In 1919-20 he was in the Cologne area as second-in-command of a battalion of the Queen's Royal Regiment.



Major W. S. Hooker.

When he retired in 1946 he had been commissioned in that regiment for 38 years. Including his time in what were then the Charterhouse Cadets and later on the Regular Army Reserve, he had worn the badge of the regiment for 42 years.

Major Hooker considers that his experience in the two Occupations has been of great help to him in deciding the varied cases he has to handle today; even though the roles of the two occupying forces were different (after World War One it was not a question of governing Germany), Major Hooker thinks that in both Occupations the Germans' strong sense of civic discipline has made our task easier than it might have been. He quotes the case of the German boy who, when reprimanded by his father in 1919 for watching the British guard-mounting rather than that of the German Army, said, "But they won, father."

See also letter — "First Rhine Army."

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# MORE LETTERS

## FROM INDIA

I have spent over 18 years in India and would have settled there afterwards but for partition of the country. While there I married and luckily had my family with me in quarters most of my married life.

In England I have no home of my own and am due to complete my regular engagement next year.

(1) Does the Army assist Regulars in obtaining accommodation in Council flats or prefabs on completion of long-term engagements? How long would I have to wait for accommodation and would I get any priority?

(2) How long, after my discharge, is my family allowed to remain in a families' hostel or married quarters?

(3) I have re-engaged for three years under the short-service scheme. Can I, instead, repay the £25 and finish at the end of my regular engagement? — **BSM W. E. A. Bunce, 49 A/Tk Regt.**

★ (1) Allocation of civilian housing is entirely the responsibility of local authorities, who have their own points schemes to determine priority. No special priority is given to Regulars with long service. ACI 649/46 tells Regulars how to apply to have their names put on housing lists. Time of waiting varies from district to district.

(2) A family may not remain in a hostel or married quarters after the end of release or demobilisation leave.

(3) Decision not to re-enlist on supplemental service will involve handing back £25 plus £8 in lieu of civilian clothing. If the decision is made, application should be made at once to cancel the undertaking.

## TWO SHILLING MEAL

Recently I spent short leave at the leave centre at Bad Harzburg. On arrival we were charged 2s each for dinner, as we were not on the ration strength until next day. This is the first time I have ever been asked to pay for Army rations — and 2s is more than half the daily ration allowance. — **Sgt. L. W. Yeowell, GHQ 2nd Echelon BAOR.**

★ The Leave Centre say: A man may draw only one ration each day, wherever he may be. If he arrives without BAOR Form 250, no rations can be drawn for him; and if the form is not made out for the day of arrival he cannot be taken on to ration strength until the day shown on the form.

It is probable that the men in question were "in ration" with their own units on the day they arrived. The

food for their meal was bought from NAAFI and sold to them at the rates laid down in leave regulations for casual meals. It was not rations.

## SUNK AT SEA

When I was in the RAF the ship on which I was going overseas was sunk in the Atlantic by enemy action. Does this entitle me to the Atlantic Star? — **J. C. Polson, Worcester Rd., Blackpool.**

★ The Air Ministry say that the Star is granted only to RAF men who had six months service afloat with the Navy — as on aircraft carriers — or as the staff of troopships in the Atlantic and Home waters, and that they must first have qualified for the 1939-45 Star by six months previous service in operational areas. Passengers do not qualify.

## TERRITORIAL CLASP

I joined the Territorial Army in March 1937, was called up in 1939 and served until February 1948, my release leave expiring in June. I have been awarded the Territorial Efficiency Medal, but am told that there is another decoration for 18 years service. If so, am I entitled to this, and to whom do I apply? — **Mr. C. Cholerton, Hitchin, Herts.**

★ When the Efficiency Medal has been awarded for an initial period of 12 years, a clasp may be awarded for each additional period of six years, provided there has been no break in service. Claim should be made to Record Office.

## MONTY'S MEDALS

You said in your August issue that Field-Marshal Montgomery does not wear the ribbon of the Defence Medal. Why is this? — **Sgt. L. Benjamin, 15 Trg. Bn. RASC, Blandford.**

★ Presumably because he did not serve long enough in Britain or in any non-operational area overseas.

## NO MEDALS

When I wore my new medals at a dance recently, I was told I was improperly dressed and made to take them down. Is this right? — **L/Cpl. G. Boyd, Permanent Staff, 50 RHU, BAOR.**

★ A war-time order lays down that

## RELEASE SLOW-DOWN

As SOLDIER went to press the announcement was made in Parliament (15 September) by Mr. Herbert Morrison, deputising for the Premier, of the three-months slow-down in release for National Servicemen.

The state of the world, he said, had made some change of plan inevitable in the planned and orderly demobilisation which had been in progress since mid-1945. As a precautionary measure the Government had, therefore, decided that all National Servicemen due for release in the next few months, who had not left their units for release by 14 Sept., would be retained for three months beyond the dates on which they would otherwise have been released.

By no other method could the Armed Forces meet the commitments they now have; in this way alone could the loss of trained men be halted.

Release under Class B and on compassionate grounds would not be affected. The position would be kept under constant review in the light of the international situation.

As a result of this action the strength of the Forces at the end of the year would be increased by about 80,000.

The Government greatly regretted this step; but it was made plain in the White Paper on Call Up to the Forces in 1947 and 1948 that unforeseen circumstances might lead to a revision of the rate of release.

there is no occasion on which a serving soldier is entitled to wear medals. This has not yet been revoked.

## TWIN BROTHER

I am a Regular in the Coldstream Guards and I have a twin brother who is a Regular in the Royal Norfolk Regiment in Germany. Can I apply for his transfer to my regiment? — **"Trained Soldier," Guards Depot, Caterham.**

★ No. Transfers are not permitted when brothers are serving in different countries.

## FIVE ALLS

An interesting addition to your collection of military inn signs (SOLD-



IER, September) would be "The Five Alls." There are, I believe, several versions of this sign, but the usual one shows a soldier ("I fight for all"), a preacher ("I pray for all"), a monarch ("I rule all"), a lawyer ("I plead for all") and a taxpayer ("I pay for all"). — **"Five Pints," Beckenham, Kent.**

★ Illustration shows "Five Alls" sign at Chippenham, Wilts.

## CAP BADGE

My regiment is the Black Watch but I have been transferred to the HLI. Can I wear my Black Watch cap badge when off duty? — **Pte. T. J. Hickman, 2nd Inf Bde HQ, Greece.**

★ No, you must wear the Highland Light Infantry badge while you remain with them. After the end of the present state of emergency you have the right to return to the Black Watch but you cannot wear their badge until you are posted back.

## LOST SERVICE

Some while ago I signed away my rank of w/s/serjeant at my own request. Do I automatically become w/s/serjeant again now that I am holding three stripes or must I wait for 12 months? — **"Puzzled," 50 RHU.**

★ As it appears from the documents in your case that reversion was not in the Army's interests, previous service does not count towards the qualifying period required for the grant of war-substantive rank.

## NO COMPENSATION

I was allotted Age and Service Group Number 74c, and was due for release in May-June 1948. On 3 May a signal reached my unit at Kiel authorising my immediate release; it turned out that my real Group Number was 66c, and that my earlier boy's service had been overlooked. Can I claim compensation for having served longer than my time? — **J. Poulton, 8 Millet Road, Charlemont Estate, West Bromwich, Staffs.**

★ No. A wrong release classification is regarded as one of the liabilities of the service. All soldiers have the opportunity to learn their true release groups while serving.

## INTO RAF

I am a conscript. Before I was called up I was employed by Airways Training Ltd., British Overseas Airways Corporation, and naturally I wished to go into the RAF, but because of my Junior Training Corps experience I was put in the Army.

Is there any way in which I can obtain a transfer to the RAF with a view to taking an emergency commission in air crew? — **Pte. A. Russell, 2nd Bn. Queen's Royal Regt.**

★ SOLDIER is informed that transfers from Army to RAF can only be allowed when a soldier has served in the Air Training Corps.

## RAF TOO

Men called up for the Army after 1 January next will have to serve in the TA when they are released. Is there a similar scheme for airmen? — **Charles Irvine, Maple Grove, South Ealing.**

★ Yes. Airmen called up after that date will have a similar reserve liability when they complete their active service.

## LAST SIX MONTHS

I hear that Regulars nearing the end of their pensionable service are entitled to spend their last six months in Britain. — **Sgt. E. Fearson, 4th Nigeria Regiment, Enugu, West Africa.**

★ That is the intention, but the manpower situation does not allow this to be done at present.

## NO BANDMASTERS

In your August "How Much Do You Know?" feature, Question 12 (inviting readers to spot the errors in a sentence) there is a further error not mentioned by you. The bands of the five regiments of the Brigade of Guards do not have bandmasters, but Directors of Music. — **Capt. C. H. G. Dees, Zone HQ, BTA.**

## LIEUT VALLE

In the Sports article on page 39 of the September issue of SOLDIER you publish a picture captioned "Lieut. P. H. Valle." I would like to point out that the photograph is, in fact, of Sgt. D. C. Pugh, who I believe is in the APTC. — **Sgt. K. S. Evison, RAEC, HQ Eastern Command.**

★ To Sgt. Evison and others who pointed out this unfortunate error, SOLDIER's thanks. To



Lieut. Valle and Sgt. Pugh, SOLDIER's sincere apologies. Picture herewith shows Lieut. Valle.

## Answers

(from Page 36)

### HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

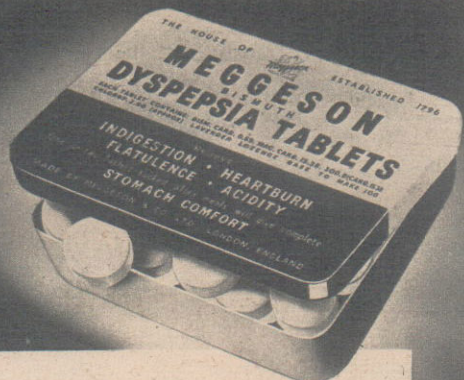
1. Voting. 2. Iowa. 3. Inventor of the Yak fighter. 4. (a) True; (b) false; (c) true. 5. Wordsworth ("Rob Roy's Grave"). 6. Independence; Fall of the Bastille. 7. Peter Cheyney, Somerset Maugham, Bernard Shaw. 8. Simeon Stylites. 9. Correctly. 10. The ninth day. 11. New Mercedes-Benz found at Stuttgart at end of war.

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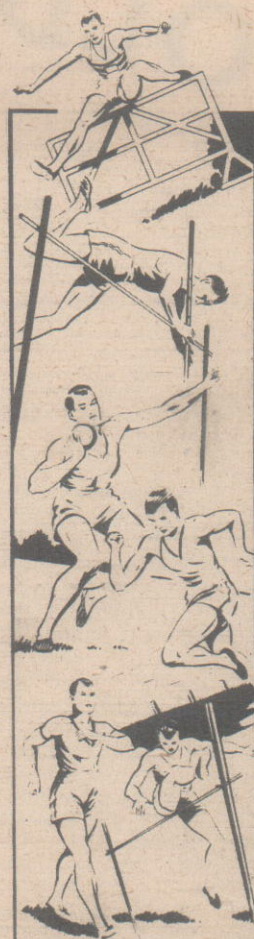
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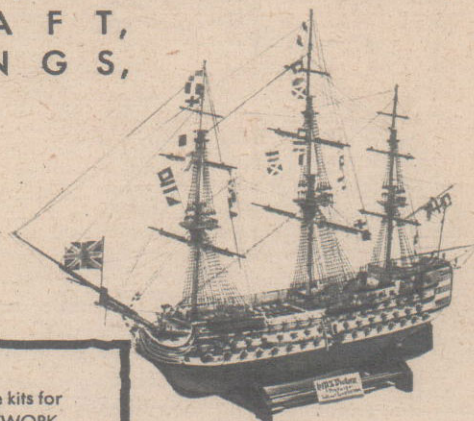
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Likes engraving June Haver.  
The Thing-under her hand  
Is something he doesn't understand.

— Twentieth Century Fox

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