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EVIL IS BARED

It is no part of SOLDIER Magazine's job to dwell unnecessarily upon atrocities. The man at the sharp end of the battle sees enough in one day to fill his belly with the horror and beastliness of war, and does not therefore require this journal to underline it.

But the human race has, in the last two weeks, been confronted with the ultimate in man's inhumanity to man.

The concentration camps at Belsen, Ohrdruf, Nordhausen and Buchenwald have been uncovered by the Allied Armies.

What was there perpetrated by the Germans reaches such depths of foulness, degradation, misery and bestiality, that none may close his eyes nor look the other way.

On page 6 of this issue is printed the story; this is the evidence.

If any man fighting in this war in British uniform still wonders whether he is on the side of good against evil, this must convince him; for here Evil is bared.

Let us never forget it.

WHEN YOU MEET
IVAN...
PAGES 8 AND 9

THE CAGE AND THE KEEPER

BIA
EDITION



Pocket Battle

WITH the German refusal to surrender, the war in Europe has developed into the creation of large enemy pockets each usually containing 'fortresses'.

In the East, three vast pockets resulted from Russian left hooks: Latvia, East Prussia and Pomerania.

In the West, the Ruhr pocket followed upon the double envelopment by the Americans of Field Marshal Model's Army Group and a second German pocket has now been eliminated in the Harz mountains. Western Holland, with its integral fortresses, has now become a pocket detached from the remainder of the German Army.

We may perceive the creation of three major pockets further. As the Russians join the Americans on the Elbe South-West of Berlin a Northerly pocket will be created between the Oder and the Elbe which will include the important Baltic ports and the landward approaches to Denmark. South of this the Protectorate of Czechoslovakia will be cut off. Already to the South-East Marshal Malinovsky's forces have driven into Brno while General Patton's Army has entered Czechoslovakia from the West.

THE NAZI LEGEND

In this way Bohemia, the remaining industrial area for the German war effort, will become the central enemy pocket. South again, the shape of a third, and the most important, pocket may already be discerned. American and French forces are already on the upper waters of the Danube while in the East Marshal Tolbukhin is driving up the Danube valley. When these forces meet, not only will Bohemia be cut off to the North, but to the South the enemy will retire into the fortress he has already prepared in the Bavarian Alps.

To this, it is reported, the German High Command has already repaired and, as the seat of government, by virtue of the orders issuing from it to the other pockets to continue resistance, the Bavarian redoubt will naturally become the most important of the pockets which will remain to be cleaned up.

The purpose of the Redoubt is clear enough. It is not merely to continue resistance long after it has ceased to make military sense, but to create the Nazi legend that Germany never suffered defeat: a mixture of self-preservation, mystical claptrap and sheer bloodmindedness.

Meanwhile, far away to the North, one offensive weapon remains to the enemy: his U-boats. From his Norwegian bases he can still attack our lifelines, and though he can no longer harass England with his V-weapons, his submarines are still operating off our coasts. Moreover, by holding Western Holland and the North German ports as fortresses he can impose upon our land forces in North-West Europe a long feedpipe in the hope that we will overstrain our maintenance.

A WASTE LAND

It is a dog-in-the-manger strategy, yet so long as he is determined not to pack in, it is difficult to imagine what else he can attempt. He holds on in the hope that the allies will fall out.

The German Army is being chopped in pieces, the German Air Force is no longer capable of many sorties, Germany itself is becoming a waste land, but the German High Command goes on playing for time: to postpone its own destruction, even if the whole of Germany is brought to ruins by the delay.

LAYBACK.

The Germans must be taught that war doesn't pay. They must learn the hard way. If you're friendly they'll think you're soft — Don't fraternise.

Smudger

by Friell



"A bottle of vodka and we're all ready for the link-up!"

On the Beat

If you want to play the violin — ask a policeman.

At least, ask Pte. A. L. Samuels, Corps of Military Police. This "walking military encyclopedia" on the staff of a B.L.A. information post toured for five seasons before the war with the late Sir Henry Wood. He also played his way round the world with his own orchestra on a luxury liner.

He is a violinist and composer. On duty he has a ready answer for a thousand and one military questions. Off duty he can make a violin talk.

Pte. Samuels joined the Military Police from the Hampshire Regt.

Arrangements have been made for him to give lessons on music at a Y.M.C.A. centre.

Drive Away On Leave Plan

SERVICEMEN who own cars or motor cycles can now drive away on the first day of their leave.

A new scheme enables officers and men expecting short leave to obtain car permits and petrol coupons before arrival in Britain, thus avoiding much waste of time.

Special forms, obtainable from units, must be signed by applicants who wish to nominate a friend or relative to draw permits and petrol coupons for them in their absence. Other conditions remain unaltered. Servicemen's nominees, must produce the nomination form completed, the registration book of the vehicle, and a current insurance certificate.

All permits, which are valid immediately, expire one day after the end of leave date. Petrol coupons are issued to cover 300 miles, based accordingly on vehicle h. p.

Permits and coupons can be obtained from any recruiting centre or local Territorial Association office in any part of the United Kingdom.

The scheme applies only to officers and men serving in France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg or Germany. Regulations for other war theatres remain unaltered.

YOU MAY INVITE YOUR GENERAL TO TEA HERE

If you are an ATS private and you want to have tea with your brigadier uncle;

If you are a lieutenant and you want to dance with your ATS corporal fiancée;

If you are a gunner and you want to take out to supper the Nursing officer who cheered your convalescence;

If you are a major and you want to have a drink with your last-war batman;

If you are any of these; the question arises: where to go?

Well, if you are in Brussels the question need not arise any more; for in the heart of the city a luxurious club has just been set apart as a meeting-place for officers and other ranks. The B.L.A. theatre is the first to be chosen for this experiment, which is beginning to prove deservedly popular. (At least one father - and - son reunion has been staged in the club already). Determined to do the job wholeheartedly, the Army even decided to lay on a band and a dance floor.

Rules Are Simple

The Marlborough Club (named after Mr Churchill's famous ancestor) is being run by NAAFI in surroundings which strike a new "high" in a city already famous for its Forces' clubs. It can stand comparison with almost any fashionable club in any of the world's capitals.

The club is open to British officers and other ranks (both men and women), and the rules are simple. It is laid down that no officers may go there without being accompanied by other ranks, and no other ranks without being accompanied by officers. No civilians are admitted.

The main part of the club consists of a lounge with tables and dance floor. (the orchestra, by the way, plays morning, afternoon and evening) with a white-grilled dining room opening off it. At one end is a bar, backed by a large mural of a medieval feasting scene. There are two more memorable murals in the club by the same artist. On the upper floor are quiet rooms for reading and relaxation. Different rooms are named after such notable victories of the Duke of Marlborough as Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet.

Disabled to Get Jobs

THE nightmare of unemployment for badly wounded ex-Servicemen has been swept aside by the formation in London of a Government-subsidised Corporation to train the men for suitable occupations and find them "sheltered" jobs.

The new Company will be known as the Disabled Persons' Employment Corporation Ltd., and is the first of a number that will be set up.

This new venture, which will also apply to ex-Servicemen of the 1914-18 War and to civilians, will either set up "colonies" where severely disabled men will be trained for an occupation within their capabilities and be given "sheltered" employment, or they will be trained at Government Centres and then found jobs. In both cases a Government subsidy will be made.

A SOLDIER representative was told by a Ministry of Labour and National Service official that the scheme would come into operation as soon as possible. "We shall not wait for the Cease Fire before training and finding jobs for those already severely disabled."

"No dividend will be paid by the Corporation if it shows a profit, but all monies will go back to the company. A deficit will be met by the Government. There will be no 'guinea pig' directors."

V-Weapon Savings

MULBERRY HARBOURS, rocket-firing planes and trucks, amphibious weasels, DUKWS and Bailey bridges — all weapons to beat the Hun. And now — Savings.

Major J. H. Schooling has arrived to launch a savings campaign. To SOLDIER he said:

"I have come here to help soldiers to save. As men leave the Army they will come up against hard facts. They will realise all the responsibilities they have to shoulder alone. Wise men will start saving now for the day they return to Civvy Street.

"All money needlessly spent in theatre of war could be put to far better use when the troops are demobbed.

Your Nest Egg

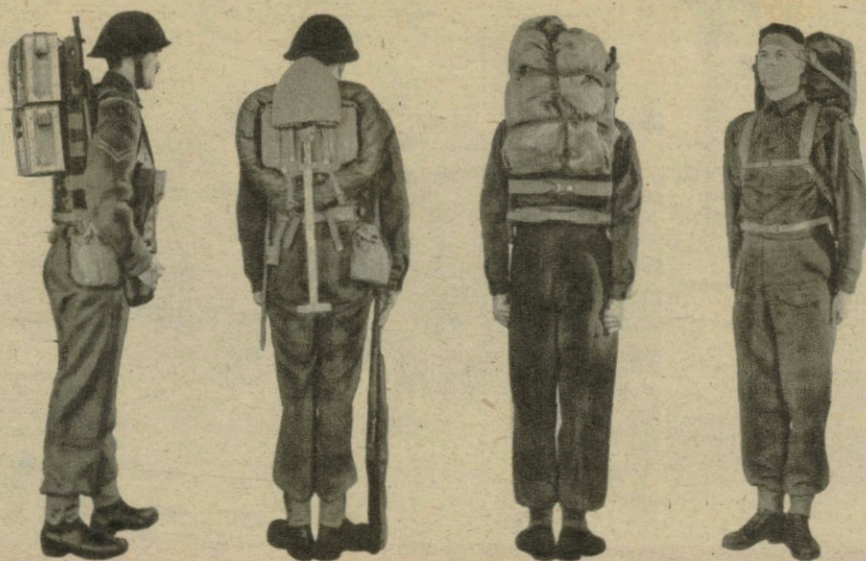
"It's our money and no one can order us how to spend it. But which of us won't need every penny we can raise when we begin the big job of home-life reconstruction?"

"We should take stock now of all the things we shall want to buy when we get back to Civvy Street. Whether it be for that new bedroom suite, radio, or even Master Johnny's bicycle, the nest egg started now will come in mighty handy."

The several methods of saving available in B.L.A. include:

Regular allotments or casual remittances from pay which are paid into Post Office Savings Accounts at home; savings certificates bought through pay account and certificates bought outright for cash in this theatre.

"There is no difficulty in drawing upon savings if the need should suddenly arise," declared the expert.



Spring Outfit

THE soldier's load has been lightened by the introduction of a new set of web equipment on which War Office experts have been working for many months.

Weighing appreciably less than the 1937 equipment, the latest type — known as the 1944 pattern — will become a general issue in all theatres as present stocks wear out.

There are two main features in this new light-weight equipment — a fourpoint brace attachment on to a three-piece waistbelt, and an extremely light alloy water-bottle and cup combined.

All buckles and clips are made of the same special light alloy which has been treated to prevent "shine", and "Double-D Bars" prevent any loosening, and at the same time considerably ease dismantling.

Olive-drab-green in colour, the equipment is in a new fine weave, and men who have worn it in trials describe it as "the most comfortable" they have ever put on.

Strap For Rifle

The three-piece waistbelt incorporates a series of metal-ringed holes — known officially as "grummets" — on which all kinds of things can be hung instead of being placed in the pouches or haversack. On the right-hand front piece is a quick release web strap for securing the rifle when it is necessary to have both hands free.

Another important feature you will appreciate is the new haversack made in three separate compartments. The main compartment is lined at the back on the inside with an oil-bound waterproof material, and the addition of a large pocket on each side enables the mess tin and rations to be taken out without disturbing the contents of the rest of the pack.

Two straps fixed to the base of the haversack secure the groundsheet and blanket, and two other straps on the front are used for holding the pick and shovel in position.

The basic pouches are slightly larger than the '37 type, and have alternative fastenings to allow the carriage of bulky articles. To the left pouch is attached a second frog for carrying the bayonet when the machete is worn on the belt. The pouches are slightly raised to clear the groin and do away with that uncomfortable and sometimes painful feeling of being kicked in a vital spot! A small waist-strap passes through the upper part of the pouches so that they are unable to slip forward.

Wider Braces

The braces are a complete unit, and can be attached at four places on the rear of the waistbelt to allow the belt to be worn loosely while there is not the slightest tendency for the belt to "ride up" in the front. They also permit the waistbelt to be worn unbuckled. The two outside straps join the belt just in rear of the pouches, while the two centre straps support the back of the belt. The width of the braces where they go over the shoulder is three inches instead of the present two inches.

Better Balance

A War Office official who has been engaged on the designing of this and other new types of equipment and clothing, told **SOLDIER**: "We have realised the necessity of reducing the weight of every possible item, and have worked to that end all the time. There are only a very few items issued to the soldier which have not been changed and lightened.

"The main features of the new equipment are an alteration in the balance and carriage, and the decrease in weight due to the use of the new fine webbing and light alloys. In spite of the fact that the '44 equipment has larger pouches and a double capacity haversack, it is still lighter than the '37.

BREW-UP HELMET

THE new steel helmet is roughly the same weight as the present "round" tin hat. It is similar to the American helmet, but with a sloping back to prevent water dripping down the neck.

It is also a multi-purpose headgear. A press-button fastener in the centre allows the liner to be removed and the outside casing can then be used for carrying water, washing out your "small", or "brewing up" a cup of tea!

The longer rear portion provides greater protection for the back of the neck, and the shorter brim allows better vision.

QUART GOES WITH YOU

THE new water-bottle and cup are the chief pride of the designers. Weighing only eight-and-a-half ounces, both the bottle and cup are seamless.

The bottle has a special stainless-steel screw stopper to allow sterilised water to wash the lip of the bottle and prevent the danger of infection. It carries one quart, and the cup, into which the bottle fits when not in use, holds a pint. A wide mouth enables the inspecting officer to see if the inside of the bottle is clean.

Bottle and cup are carried in a wide-flap web container hooked on to the waistbelt grummets.

Field Marshal LORD WAVELL Writes : ABOUT THE INFANTRY

"MY attention was lately called by a distinguished officer to the fact that, whereas in official correspondence and in the Press it is the practice always to use initial capital letters in referring to other arms of the service—e.g., Royal Armoured Corps, Royal Artillery &c.—the infantry often suffered the indignity of a small 'i'...

"I had not, I admit, noticed the small 'i' myself, nor would it have greatly worried me if I had. But I do feel strongly that the Infantry arm (with a capital 'I') does not receive either the respect or the treatment to which its import-

ance and its exploits entitle it..."

"All battles and all wars are won in the end by the Infantryman... the Infantryman always bears the brunt. His casualties are heavier, he suffers greater extremes of discomfort and fatigue than the other arms.

"The art of the Infantryman is less stereotyped and far harder to acquire in modern war... The Infantryman has to use initiative and intelligence in almost every step he moves, every action he takes on the battlefield."

"Yet the Infantry in peace or war

receives the lowest rates of pay, the drabest uniforms... most important of all it ranks lowest in the public estimation and prestige. This is all wrong and should be set right..."

"I believe that what the Infantry would appreciate more than anything is some outward and visible symbol... What it should be I leave to others — a rampant lion, crossed bayonets, a distinctive piping?"

"Let us always write Infantry with a capital 'I' and think of them with the deep admiration they deserve. And let us Infantrymen wear our battle-dress like our rue, with a difference; and throw a chest

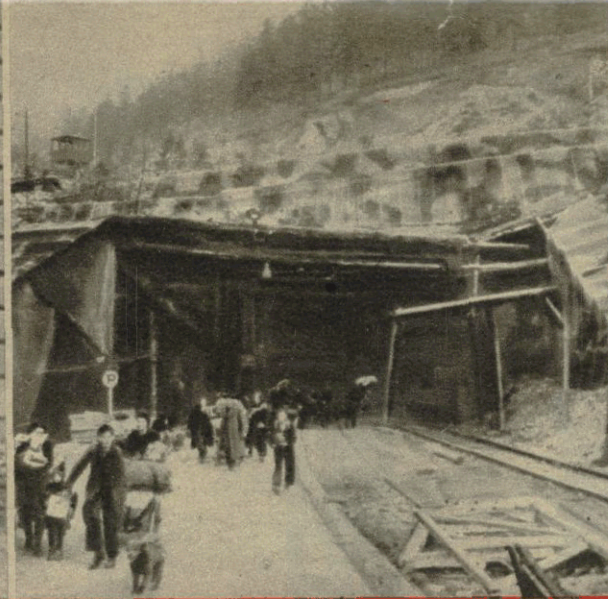
in it, for we are the men who win battles and wars."

FIELD Marshal Viscount Wavell, Viceroy of India since June 1943, is an "all-round man", a soldier fond of poetry, and above all an Infantryman. Commissioned at the age of 18 in the Black Watch, he went to South Africa in 1901, was decorated with the Queen's Medal and four clasps, and then saw service on the North-West Frontier of India. He fought in the trenches in the Great War and lost an eye in the Battle of Loos in 1916 when he won the Military Cross. In 1940 he was C-in-C Middle East, drove the Italians from Abyssinia and East Africa, and swept them out of Egypt and beyond Cyrenaica into Tripolitania in a little over three months.

Lord Wavell has a son serving in the Black Watch, and three daughters.



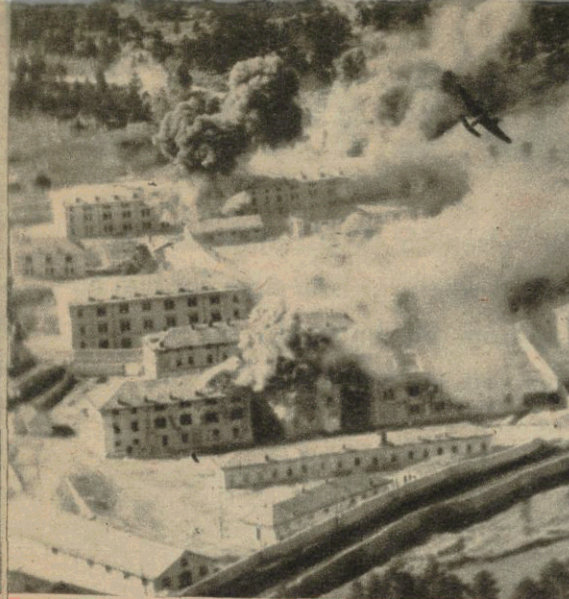
BEHIND THE KITCHEN STOVE : A British Infantryman faced with Spandau and heavy shell fire in the shattered town of Bocholt crouches behind a stove which has cooked its last dinner.



HELL GATES : The town of Kleinbodungen housed one of the biggest V-2 assembly plants in Germany. Here refugees are seen coming out of the tunnel entrance of the factory.



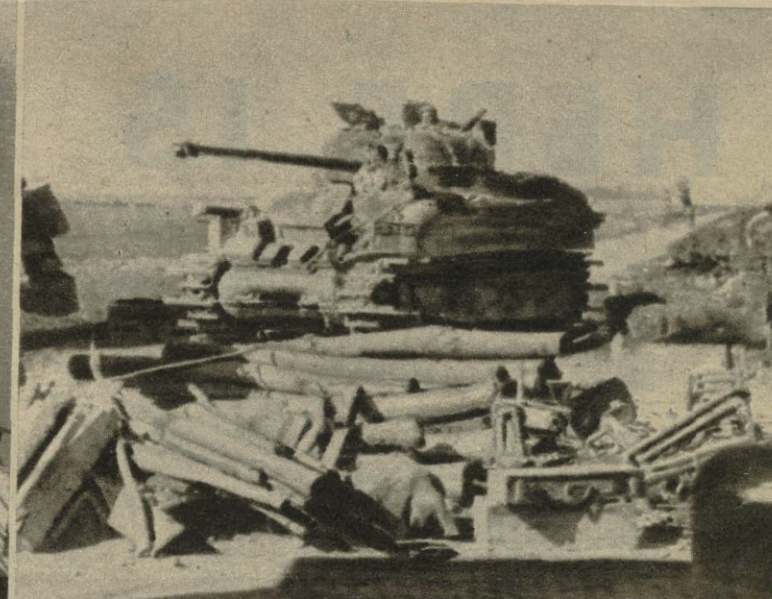
IT'S THE "EIGHTH" : British troops and armour of the Eighth Army cross a Bailey Bridge over the River Santerno during the advance in the Adriatic sector.



STOPPING A ROCKET : SAAF Beaufighters of the Balkan Air Force supporting the Yugoslav National Army of Liberation scored 84 hits with rockets on an enemy barracks near Trieste.



DIZZY PATH : This is the sole link between the north and south sections of the demolished Ava Bridge, once one of the world's biggest, and the only road-rail bridge over the Irrawaddy.



MOVING UP : British tanks advancing in support of Infantry while securing a bridgehead over the River Reno, during the Eighth Army's Adriatic offensive.

A TANK CHARGE IN THE DARK

A 15-mile tank charge at night, without lights, along hostile roads in an effort to snatch bridges over the Ems River and the Dortmund-Ems Canal brought out all the dash and offensive spirit of men of the Welsh and Scots Guards. The bridges were blown in their faces... but other units were able to cross next day.

"We were told to go and we went — very fast," said an officer of the Welsh Guards No. 2 Squadron. On the tanks rode men of the Scots Guards Right Flank Company. The column shot up and swept from the road scores of laden enemy vehicles, motor cycles and carts. The burned shells of vehicles along the road next morning showed that it was no ordinary convoy which had passed that night.

The leading tank ran into the back of two S.P. guns — one a captured Sherman — which were also moving towards Lingen. Seventeen-pounder shells put paid to these. Said the gunner of the leading tank: "I could see only a blur of a target through my sights, but I let them have all we had."

These S.P. 's blocked the road and the column was halted in a sudden blaze of bazooka and Spandau fire. The two leading tanks were disabled.

A German motorcyclist raced past and threw a bomb on to one of the tanks. The crew were blinded by smoke and fumes but their machine gunner squared the account with a sharp burst. The night was lit by red tracer from British and German machine guns and the explosions of 75 millimetre and bazooka shells. Resistance was broken in a short but violent battle.

On to Sudtholne, a village on the west bank of the Ems opposite Lingen. Two sections of Infantry raced across the bridge. Then, when the tracks of the first tank were only three yards away, it was blown by the Nazis on the far bank. Water, thrown high in the air, poured into the tank. At once the Germans sent a hail of Spandau and 20 millimetre fire across the River. The leading tank was hit and ditched. The second tank was hit twice but reached cover. The

Infantry sections, cut off and under heavy fire, swam back, not without loss, to dig in on the near side and hold the bridge approaches until relieved later in the morning.

PADRE RUNS INTO TRAP

THE jeep was ambushed near Osnabruck. In it was Senior Brigade Chaplain and R.C. Chaplain to the 1st Commando Brigade, the Rev. Terence Quinlan RN, of Clapham Park, London. In no time the tyres were shot away, and the padre and his driver baled out into a ditch. There the padre was hit in the back of his leg.

"There was a house by the road," said the Padre, "so I made a dash for it, and found the door locked. I hammered on the door with my stick and a woman opened it. She looked alarmed, but I limped in and then called to my driver to join me. We went into the basement where my driver began to dress my wound. About 15 Germans came in. They let my driver finish, and then told us to get outside. I noticed a row of the German field gray hats poking up from behind a hedge opposite."

"They led us across country. There were at least 100 of them, a straggling, disorderly crowd. I told them they were surrounded and might as well give up. Some were muttering and appeared quite willing, but two NCO's ordered them on. They told me their officers had left them the day before."

"My leg began to bleed again, so an escort of two Germans were left to guard us. We entered Osnabruck. I asked the escort if there were a church nearby. He pointed to one and I sat on the steps to rest my leg. Immediately a large crowd of foreign workers gathered round attracted by British soldiers with green berets. I asked one to fetch a priest, which he did, and the priest offered me the hospitality of his house."

"He gave us lunch — my escort as well, all sitting at the same table — and told me he could be shot for harbouring British soldiers."

"I then turned to the two German soldiers and asked them 'Are we with you, or you with us?' and they replied 'With you'. They threw away their ammunition and rifles and became our prisoners."

"It was not long before we met the Commandos and handed over our captives."

THE N.C.O.'S FROM WALES

TWO corporals of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers acting as platoon officers and a fusilier doing the job of platoon sergeant led their men in a successful assault against German paratroopers and then

SO swift was the drive into Germany that there was not time to tell — or even to gather — more than a fraction of the stories of bravery and resource which broke the Wehrmacht east of the Rhine. On this page is a round-up of stories by Military Observers about the exploits of many different arms; not only of the spearhead troops but of the men whose enterprise behind the lines sustains the armoured columns on the last strenuous lap.

captured two important bridges over a canal leading to Bocholt. For three days and nights they rallied their platoons.

Twenty-year-old Corporal R. Collins, of Mold, Flintshire found himself in charge of D Company's 17 Platoon when his sergeant was killed.

"For 24 hours we held our position near Dingden, then advanced to a factory on a canal outside Bocholt. The platoon mustered inside a room opposite the railway bridge. Taking flying leaps out of the window on to the bridge we dashed across it, cleared several bombed factories, and then doubled 150 yards in one minute to another road bridge which we secured intact. One of the lads running over the railway bridge slipped between the sleepers into a gaping hole and hung by his equipment over the water. It was quite amusing!"

Cpl. S. Brown (22), of Dudley, led 18 Platoon. Meeting the Volksturm for the first time they found these "last ditchers" rather mild scrappers after the fanatical paratroopers. The corporal's platoon was "shot over" the canal by Bren gunners sited on the rooftops of factories.

BATTLE FOR AUTOBAHN

THE "Battle for the Autobahn" won't quickly be forgotten by men of the Somerset Light Infantry. This unfinished highway ran across the line of our advance east, and was one of the main enemy defence zones in the Rees bridgehead. The Germans had dug deep trench systems in front of and behind the autobahn, and manned them with the toughest paratroopers they could find.

A company of the Somersets under Major L. Roberts, of Wolverhampton attack-

ed this line in the face of fire from heavy guns and mortars. It was a long, sticky job. A second company attacked near by, with tank support.

A hundred yards up the road stood the heavily built supporting arches of what was to be the autobahn fly-over bridge. With the German trenches only some 60 yards away Cpl. A. Comm, of Hedge-mead, Bath, crawled through heavy cross fire up the side of the road with his section to gain the cover of the bridge. There, with the enemy trenches immediately on his left, he engaged the Germans. The enemy threw the heaviest fire back at his section. But Cpl. Comm's daring attack had already partly outflanked their position. Forced at last into surrender, some 30 Germans came out of the trench system, leaving a number of machine guns and ample stocks of ammunition. Compelling other enemy paratroopers to abandon the trench system the Somersets gained a small village just 100 yards up the road by darkness.

The men who won the autobahn battle advanced a few hundred yards only, after hours of fighting. But they had broken one of the main cores of resistance on this front.

'RECCE' CUT UP ROUGH

BLAZING about him with a double-barrelled sporting rifle, a Reconnaissance captain with the 53rd Welsh Division bowled over several Huns counter-attacking to recapture their lost 88mm gun.

Major R. T. Williams, of Porthcawl, was leading a column towards the village of Overdrinkle. Eighty yards from the cross-roads he saw suspicious movement.

"I made my driver accelerate as fast as he could. The others took up firing positions. Passing through the cross-roads, head and shoulders sticking out of the turret, I saw an 88 mm gun in front and rushed it."

"The sentry ran when I sent two rounds from my revolver at him and, emptying the rest at the gun crew on the other side of the road, I saw their hind ends disappearing through the hedge."

"On our right about 200 paratroopers were dug in, covering the junction from another angle. A section shot them up from the rear. For a time there was a mix-up. Our job was to make contact and not engage. My anti-tank officer covered our exit. We brought back with us 40 prisoners, left 20 dead and a number wounded. We suffered five minor casualties."

The anti-tank officer, Capt. J. H. Pitts, of Ebbw Vale, was in a ditch near his guns. He had a double-barrelled sporting gun with him and when a counter attack was launched he got in some good shooting, playing ninetails with his attackers. One of his rounds went through a barn in which two Germans held one of the squadron's despatch riders. Doubling for safety, the Germans let the Don R. escape.

THE DARK

TANK 'FREES' P.O.W. CAMP

CAPT. J. W. GRAY, of Aberdeen, commanding a unit with 11th Armoured Division, heard that there was a prisoner-of-war camp at Nienburg, and set off to find it. Going through the town was like liberating a town in France or Belgium, for there were hundreds of foreign workers wandering about.

The camp looked just like the Red Cross posters. Captain Gray and his driver, Tpr. A. Henshaw, of Salford were carried round shoulder high by the prisoners, some of whom had been there since 1939.

Capt. Gray found there a man whom he had known as a bar-tender at Le Touquet. A French officer who for months had been making elaborate plans to escape carried his plans into execution that morning only to walk straight into some British tanks. Realising that he need not bother any more, he personally conducted the unit round the camp.

Before they left the flags of Great Britain, France, Belgium and Yugoslavia were unfurled — all the flags having been made by the men unknown to the guards.

Capt. Gray was for over two years stage manager and actor at the Old Vic.

FIRST PHONE OVER RHINE

IT was the agility of a 21-year old Commando Signals lieutenant which gave the 1st Commando Brigade a telephone line across the Rhine a few hours after the Wesel assault — first line in that sector. He was Lt. Thomas J. Christie, of Forres, Morayshire.

The Germans had demolished the viaduct and railway bridge over the Rhine, blowing several spans of the bridge and leaving them awash.

Dressed in a pair of trousers and a shirt, Lt. Christie, followed by some of his linesmen, picked a way over the broken girders in two hours.

"We backed our jeep up the viaduct to the first demolition. The cable was round a reel at the back of the jeep. I began to climb, my men paying out the line to me. Sometimes I was high in the air climbing over the girders, and then had to make my way down to the river level. The hardest task was to keep the line out of the water, as there was a terrific pull on it. Up to that time there was no pontoon bridge over the Rhine and they had not started ferrying people over."

SERGEANT IN THE SAPPERS

A Sappers sergeant distinguished himself in the forcing of the Dortmund-Ems Canal. He was Sgt. F. A. Newbury, of Burton-on-Trent. For 15 minutes he lodged himself in the wreckage of a blown bridge high over the Canal, his battle-dress bulging with high explosives, while bullets spattered the girders around him and mortars cascaded the water below him and the soil on either side. Sgt. Newbury's job was to wreck the bridge still further in order that reconstruction could begin.

"He showed amazing self-control," said Major D. Williams, the Company Commander. "He is largely responsible for getting the tanks through to the infantry."

It was night time when Sgt. Newbury crawled carefully out over the girders, glistening in "Monty's moonlight". When he got to the point for lodging his charges, the enemy opened up with every weapon. But throughout the sergeant carried on, fixing his charges, leading out the wires that would later detonate them. He didn't leave until ordered to do so by his Platoon Commander.

GIRLS KEEP THE SECRETS

NOW we meet the "back-room girls" — an ATS Signal Company who keep Field Marshal Montgomery's advancing armies in constant touch with Army Group Rear Headquarters. Working with the Royal Corps of Signals in Belgium they man switchboards and teleprinters, cipher and decipher secret messages 24 hours a day. In charge of the switchboard operators is Subaltern Anne Montgomery, of Shrewsbury, a distant relative of the Field Marshal. Before joining the ATS she was a private secretary. As Assistant Signalmaster, Western Command, she was one of the first signal officers in England to receive news of the Allied landings in France. Her one ambition — "to go to Germany". It's the same with all the girls there.



The "switchboard twins", Ptes Lillie and Betty Burt (seen here) joined the ATS together three years ago when they were students. Except for one short break they have been working together ever since — always on the same switchboard and the same shift.

Twenty-two-year old Subaltern Margaret Kirtley, Assistant Signalmaster, from Roker, Sunderland, deals with top priority messages. She personally supervises their progress and sees that they are "cleared" in 15 minutes from the time of receipt. Teleprinter operators whose accuracy and speed ensure that correct messages get through quickly include girls from all parts of Britain.

ENTER THE GENERAL...

reconnaissance units probing miles ahead of the main troops is one of the RASC's biggest headaches.

A stroke of luck befell Sgt. A. Irvine, of Edinburgh, charged with the job of supplying fuel to 11th Armoured Division headquarters. Daily he had to go back with two lorries to an RASC petrol point. He and his storeman, Tpr. H. Cohen, of Manor Park, London, have kept the headquarters supplied since the division landed in Normandy.

Recently Sgt. Irvine with a column of trucks set off with 5,000 gallons of petrol and oil, not knowing where they would find the division, for every day it was advancing fast. The roads were choked, and twice Sgt. Irvine tried to pull out and get ahead, and twice he was pushed back into the column by the military police. He was trying it for a third time when outriders announced the approach of a high-ranking officer who stopped his Staff car and got out to see what the trouble was. It was Lt.-General Sir Miles Dempsey, the Army Commander. The sergeant explained that he had petrol for the divisional headquarters and the armoured cars. General Dempsey, realising the urgency of the job, gave him priority to overtake the almost static column. He moved his own Staff car off the road to allow the fuel lorries through.

FUSILIERS RUN RANCH

WAITING for the Rhine crossing, patrols of a Royal Scots Fusiliers battalion went out for "cattle information." They

BRINGING UP THE PETROL

had to centralise all stray and deserted livestock into a three-mile area. Crawling often to the water's edge, trying to "shoo" the cattle in the desired direction, they found it "worse than a night patrol through a minefield." The animals, with German perverseness, often strayed too near the enemy's fire. Wandering about in the artificial fog they were a menace if they strayed on to minefields.

These men of the battalion's support company performed surgical operations on squealing pigs, delivered many calves into the world — and the battle, and milked in a day hundreds of cattle.

Sgt. W. D. Hoynes, of West Kilbride, "ranch overseer," rode among his charges each day, mounted on a fine horse.

GUARDS AS GUARDIANS

IT'S no fun running a prisoner-of-war cage in the wake of the spearheads. BSM Robert Foreman, of Bradford is chief assistant to the officer in charge of a cage run by the Guards Armoured Division. He and his staff must handle not only the streams of surrendered Nazi toughs, but also the Allied soldiers who have escaped from prisoner-of-war camps; and of course the Poles, Yugoslavs, French, Belgians, Czechs and Russians, the "displaced persons" who turn up in twos and threes lugging bundles of their poor belongings.

On top of these come the labourers who have escaped from Nazi war factories, and Russian girls, ex-slaves from farms and factories. One of them still carried her balalaika.

Said BSM Foreman: "Our division hasn't had any of this 'motoring to Berlin' stuff. They had to fight tough parachute troops every inch."

Death of a Soldier

WHERE does the battlefield end in this war? It is everywhere. There is no end to the battlefield until the last shot is fired. This war is being fought in Europe with guns and tanks and planes. It is being fought with the brains of great leaders.

Among the soldiers who have died in this war there is one I want to speak about. He was an American soldier and to me, as a British soldier, he was a comrade in arms.

He loved the things most soldiers love: he loved his home, his fireside, his wife and his children. He loved life. He had a great zest for living. Most of all he loved humanity.

When I lost my rifle on the beaches of Dunkirk and I returned to England, which then stood alone against the Germans, he sent me arms because he believed that right must triumph against wrong. He had great faith and he gave me some of that too.

Perhaps that was his greatest gift of all.

When German U-boats hemmed our island in and tried to starve us into surrender he sent us food.

He gave and did not count the cost. His own people knew that, for the story of this American soldier began before this war.

He began life with the things many

of us spend our time striving to win: wealth and influence. But he had a mission in life and he dedicated himself to it. He was going to fight so that his own people and the world had freedom from fear, from want, and from disease, and the freedom of religious worship.

He was the champion of the common man of all lands. In peace and in war he acted for justice and liberty.

So long as he believed that he was doing his duty nothing made him turn from his course. He had many enemies. They attacked him with every means in their power, but this American soldier was a man of great vision. He foresaw peril and like the good soldier he was prepared to meet it.

He never knew defeat. His great faith never faltered even when all seemed lost.

Now he has died — on duty. His wife said: "I am sorry for the world which has lost by his death."

And so we have, but he has left us much. His example and his spirit live on.

Very humbly I salute my comrade, the American soldier Franklin D. Roosevelt, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Armed Forces.

"X".

HERE IS THE EVIDENCE

On the left is the Monster of Belsen, S. S. Commander Josef Kramer. This well-fed sadist knows that whatever is in store for him he will not have the flesh slowly cut from his bones by the knife of starvation — the fate of the victims you see below.



THERE is no propaganda like the truth. And the truth about the German concentration camp, long suspected but never fully credited, proves to be worse than anything we, of the civilised nations, ever dreamt of.

Now it is made clear to us, beyond a shadow of doubt, what we have been fighting against. Here is the fate that would have been ours also had our spirits failed or our purpose swerved; if we had been a nation small in numbers or a great nation small in heart.

Here is the evidence.

The Senior Medical Officer of the Second Army, a grey-haired brigadier with a lifetime's experience, visited the concentration camp of Belsen immediately after it had been captured, and here, in his own words, is the almost unbelievable story.

"I am told," he said, "that 30,000 prisoners died in the camp in the last few months. I can well believe that figure."

"It is the most horrible, frightful place I have ever seen."

"I went into the camp with anti-tank gunners, and while questioning the S.S. Commander, an enormous man with heavy features and a cruel face, shots were fired inside the camp. We went outside and saw twenty dead and dying prisoners near a potato patch. More were being shot by German guards as they were stealing potatoes."

"We saw compounds filled with dead and dying — dying in mass in front of our eyes."

"There was one crematorium, but the Germans did not use it because they could not cope with the number of deaths. We saw enormous covered death-pits. One which was uncovered contained a great pile of blackened and naked bodies. There were several piles of unclothed dead."

"There was typhus in every compound, but typhus caused far fewer deaths than starvation. There may now be about 1,000 cases of the original 1,800, for it is on the wane."

"People were lying dead in gutters outside huts, to which they had gone to rest more comfortably, and died as they lay."

He paused before continuing his

statement and then went on, "I cannot vouch for this, but prison doctors told me that there had been cannibalism. Prisoners were so far gone that they took out and ate the hearts and kidneys of people who had died."

"Food was distributed by block leaders who were also prisoners. They were supposed to organise things and get dustbins and food from the cookhouse to the compound. Those who were too weak to move had no food and died... a large number of prisoners must die before we can prevent it."

"When the camp was liberated it was found that there had been no water for days. I saw men and women standing na-

ked in the open trying to get themselves clean with cupfuls of water from ponds and ditches, and the dregs of coffee cups."

Thousands of Germans taken prisoner by the Allies have been taken to the camp and shown the dreadful conditions and the horrors perpetrated by their own countryfolk. People from local towns have also been made to go round the camp and witness the savagery of which they were the willing accomplices.

A full photographic record has been made for evidence against war criminals, and for the purpose of warning future generations.

The S.S. Commander is under close arrest, and German prisoners and guards are being made to clear up the camp, which will then be evacuated and destroyed.



Letter From a Soldier

THIS is a tale of one night's fighting in Germany by Cpl. Harold A. Bibby, HLI. He writes:

Dear Bob,

I got back from my three weeks' junior commanders' course at 53 Div. School, and next day I went into battle back in command of No 1 section (our old section) with "Mac" as my 2 i/c.

The battle was pretty fierce — tanks and Churchill flame-throwers. As it grew dark the heavens were lit by the lurid glow from the liquid fire. Wherever there are tanks on flat open ground there's bags of shelling, as you know.

Well, between dropping into shell holes, waiting, then driving on again, we eventually reached our objective. "Open Order" takes some controlling in the dark, and the section leader has to be a bully. However, I kicked a few behinds in craters quite cheerfully and so kept the line steady and moving.

Our objective was an X track crossing the main road to... (censor) and we dug in. We (10 platoon) of "Baker" on the left and "Able" on the right. And so, astride the main highway to... (censor) we endured for another 24 hours until the Welsh relieved us. And it was there that I got a burst of Spandau bullets through the thigh (at 2am). The Spandau was on our side of the road a bare 40 yards away, and every moment in the slits brought a burst of fire.

"Pretty Potent Mixture"

Well, our SP's took on all comers and the duel went on till dawn. Add to this moaning minnies — our 4.2 mortars, our 25-pounders, Jerry's panzerfaust, our rockets, Jerry's bombers and then, as dawn broke, our Typhoons doing close support with rockets — and you've got the mixing of a pretty potent mixture of sudden death. By this time, we had got our slits six feet down with a fire step. We had rations with us (2 men packs) and with the aid of our tommy cookers we brewed up a few times, polished off our corned beef and biscuits. The tins were useful... afterwards we sloshed them over the side.

I dug another hole about three feet deep in the bottom of my slit trench (you can guess what for), and then filled it up again. We had no overcoats with us, and it started to rain. We began to shiver and my wound was growing rather painful. Then we were told that the Welsh were relieving us.

Well Bob, we marched back about five kilos. We got a hot meal and our overcoats, and slept luxuriously until 0800 hrs next morning.

I forgot to tell you that Sjt.... died in my arms during the attack. He got a burst of Spandau in the right breast. Spud from Liverpool copped it with a shell splinter. I had been with Spud for years. It was quite a blow.

Well Bob, how I do go on and on and on...

Harold.

PASSED
TO YOU



Using Their Loaf...

REMEMBER those early days out here when there were "dog biscuits" for nearly every meal? Remember, too, the first arrival of white bread — and the cheers as the first piece was raffled?

The bakers — real "dough boys" — have followed you across Europe. Consider the case of the 89th Field Bakery (Mobile) RASC, whose ovens rolled out bread during heavy shelling at Nijmegen — the bakehouse a converted cattle market recently evacuated by the Germans. Says their CO: "We moved in at 1530 and began baking at 1930. The men slept little as Jerry mobile guns were active. The roof of our temporary bakery consisted of large panes of glass so we had to carry on with hardly any lighting — it was mostly candle-power. Quite often anti-personnel bombs dropping near would cause glass to fall on the men — and the bread. It was no fun. Still we worked on and not a loaf was lost."

"Mangled" Pies

There's plenty of occasion for resource. Last Christmas they decided to make the boys some good old English mince pies. Mincemeat was prepared but then came the problem... how to roll the pastry? Someone had an idea. In a nearby Belgian monastery they found a washing mangle. It weighed about 17 cwt. While the oldest soldier turned the handle his comrades produced the goods. Not quite Mother's way, but in 48 hours they had made over 74,000 pies.

Formerly a semi-static bakery in Iceland, the 89th arrived in this theatre early in July. They were the first to operate in Belgium and baked for three weeks in Brussels. Their boast — in 37 days of January they produced 1,025,080 lbs of bread.

ALLIED PATROL. Adaptability of training methods is being proved in current fighting in Germany. This picture shows a street patrol being carried out by British troops of the 6th Guards Tank Brigade in conjunction with elements of the American 17th Airborne Division in the city of Munster.

TIPS TAKEN

Above: troops of 2 New Zealand Division storm a stop bank over the River Senio in Italy using kapok bridging as scaling ladder. This division under General Freyberg crossed the river between Fusignano and San Severo and advanced 1000 yards beyond.

Left: The extremes of camouflaging care were taken in concealing the "Adlerhorst" (Eagle's nest), Hitler's former headquarters located west of Bad Nauheim. Here you see a forest road camouflaged with scrim strips.





Radiating assurance of victory is Lieut. I. Pirozhkov, a Russian tank commander who has destroyed numerous panzers.

This Tune Links Us

ONE of the things that the British soldier will have in common with his Russian ally when they meet is a song.

The popular "Cavalry Patrol, or Song of the Steppes," which is being played by the dance bands at home and whistled in the barracks and most of the streets is a version of an official Red Army marching song, "The Cavalry of the Steppes". It was arranged by Sir Granville Bantock, Emeritus Professor of Music of Birmingham University.

The English words are similar in feeling to the Russian. They run: — "Comrades, we're riding afar and awide to lone endeavour. Valiant our hearts to win the guerdon, Brothers brave and loyal no stress can sever. Heedless of danger we gallop o'er the plains unending. Come life or death our foes defying. Gladly giving all our land defending ..."

He Likes Sentiment

The Russian soldier in many ways has similar musical taste to the British soldier. He prefers a song that is sentimental in spirit, slightly melancholy and sometimes downright mournful in tune.

There are 68 songs in the official Red Army Songbook but only about 22 of these were written after the outbreak of this war. Some of the songs are popular numbers from Soviet sound-films, others are arias from Soviet operas. Four songs popular with the Russian Army that have been published in Britain are "Land of Freedom", "Cossack Song", "Song of the

Soviet Airmen" and "Guerillas and Heroes".

Because so many of Ivan's songs are sentimental, the head of the Fine Arts Commission of the Council of People's Commissars in July, 1942 in Moscow, is reported to have questioned the desirability of cultivating such sentiment, when he spoke to a meeting of Soviet composers. His opinion was that there were too few songs of hatred about a ruthless enemy.

But apparently this was no official statement of policy, for the Soviet Government acknowledged the importance of lyrical songs even in war by giving prizes of 100,000 and 50,000 roubles respectively to the Soviet poet Isakovsky, author of many ballads set to music for Red Army use, and to the composer Zakharov who wrote the music for several of Isakovsky's poems.

Rocket Ballad

Isakovsky wrote the ballad "Katiusha" which became so great a favourite with Red Army men that when they were equipped with rocket guns they christened them "Katiusha". Katiusha of course was a lady who was eager to send a message to her lover at the front to cheer him up. The song goes: —

Apple-trees and pear-trees were in blossom,
On the river mist began to fall,
On the shore the village girl Katiusha,
Looked down from the towering cliff.
She stood there and soon she fell to singing,

Singing of the eagle of the steppes,
Singing of the one for whom she cared,
Of the one whose letter she had kept.
Oh my song, I wish to send it flying,
Flying on the rays of the bright sun,
Let my song fly to him at the border,
Let Katiusha's message cheer him up.

When you meet
Ivan Ivanovitch say :

"ЗДОРОВО ДРУГ!"

PRONOUNCED : " ZDOROVO DROOG ! "

Which Means

"Hello Chum!"

IVAN IVANOVITCH has been a mystery man too long. For almost 20 years the world outside of Russia peeped at and pondered over the enigma of the Red Army. It discovered nothing. Ivan the Inscrutable remained Ivan the Mysterious.

However much he may have been misunderstood in the past, Ivan, the Red Army soldier, is no longer an obscure figure. He stands alone, a clear-cut character among the world's fighting men. Who is he and where does he come from? What is he like when you get to know him?

Ivan himself, as a private soldier or "krasnoarmeets", is much like any other soldier. He likes his beer, which contains a 15 per cent alcohol kick. He likes his smoke, issued in the form of loose tobacco which would choke anyone but a Red Army man. He has that familiar grouse on the subject of spit-and-polish. He has, in fact, very little but his national characteristics to distinguish him from the British Tommy or the American G. I.

At 18 Ivan is conscripted into the Soviet armed forces. If quick-witted he is soon singled out for advance technical training. In military schools where he can learn anything from tank mechanics to bridge-building his progress decides his future life in the army. Nothing is barred to him. He can become a general on personal merit alone.

Initial training given to Ivan covers practically everything. He has plenty of "square-bashing". When this is over he goes through battle courses, listens to first-hand accounts and experiences from Soviet veterans, is shown a series of battle training films. After each training period the tactical mistakes are pointed out and he is invited to make suggestions for improving present methods. Ivan is always treated as a potential commander.

The Red Army has no OCTU as we know it. Ivan cannot apply for a commission. He is invariably nominated by his commanding officer, and once accepted cannot refuse. Red Army commanders can promote private soldiers to commissioned rank on the field if cited for outstanding service or bravery.

What Does He Eat?

What does Ivan get from his cook-house? In the field — a lot of bread and a thick stew known as "borscht". He has his own variation of tinned meat — which he deems as inescapable as we deem "bully", or as the American regards his "K" ration. In the field Ivan is never without his own brand of tea — made Russian fashion. He consumes large quantities of "sitro" — a type of mineral water.

What Does He Wear?

Ivan, who has to endure hot summers and bitterly cold winters, is a quartermaster's nightmare. In warm weather he wears "sapogi", or soft leather boots, in which he carries his knife, fork and spoon in a special pocket let into the boot itself. In winter these boots are changed

for boots of felt. His uniform is slightly greener in shade than our khaki. His tunic buttons to the throat, and his shirt is collarless. He wears a forage cap at all times, despising his steel helmet which his officers are continually urging him to use. When winter comes most of these articles are handed in. In their place he draws white winter clothing, which he wears above his normal uniform. His rank, worn on the epaulette, is denoted in a similar fashion to ours — one stripe for lance-corporal, three for sergeant. Officers wear silver stars.

His Pay

On pay-day, which comes once a month, Ivan gets little actual cash. In London he would be broke in a day. It is impossible to say exactly



The Russians, traditionally, know how to enjoy themselves under any circumstances. Here a Kiev theatre group are seen entertaining an enthusiastic audience of tankmen during a lull in action. "Hey! That's our gun, chum."

how much he really does get, or to compare his standards with ours. Red Army men are paid according to their individual needs — there is no basic scale for all. A single man gets less than a married man, and man with a family in Moscow gets more than a man with a family living in the remoter provinces. Pay is calculated on dependants' needs and the cost of living in the area where the soldier is serving.

Although Ivan's pay is small by our standards he has many facilities. Travel is free. Entertainment is free. Everything he requires is either free or at greatly reduced rates.

Leave

What leave does he get? In the first two years of the war he got none. Today he gets comparatively little. It takes anything from a week to a fortnight, in some cases, to send a Red Army man back to his home — even by fast express. To compensate for this, rest camps and leave centres are set up in all major towns and cities. Unfortunately the Germans have left little behind them. Usually the Red Army soldier must entertain himself as far as possible. This he does admirably. Russians are fond of community singing — every regiment has its own sing-song.

Ivan is helped by the Russian version of ENSA. Top ranking Soviet stars travel almost to the front lines. There they erect stages in the forests. Given the lead Ivan will join in with enthusiasm.

Games

Off duty Ivan indulges in a variety of "muscle-making" sports. He is essentially "tough" in his games. He will swim rivers holding a rifle in one hand and a grenade in the other, fully clothed in his uniform, just for the fun of it. He finishes off with a fast game of "volleyball" — his favourite recreation. Back in the base areas Ivan will probably play his national game — a cross between bowls and skittles.

Ivan's "Naafi"

To get his "sitro" and necessities Ivan goes to his own regimental canteen. Something like Naafi, it supplies all goods at reduced rates, and nearly all front lines are serviced by mobile "shops". Soviet girls bring up his tobacco and other requirements. If they can't get to the

front line by driving they get down, fill knapsacks with supplies, and hike to where the troops are fighting. The Red Army soldier is never isolated when in the line. Workers' delegations from all parts of the Soviet Union travel hundreds of miles to contact their local men. They bring with them innumerable parcels from home, messages from wives and children, letters, books, anything which helps to make a personal contact between the soldier and those at home.

Education

The Red Army has its own education scheme. Only a small percentage of Russian soldiers are now illiterate, and these have their letters written for them and their newspapers read to them by special officers and NCO's. In place of ABCA and our Army Education Corps Ivan gets to know something of world events through lectures and films which are sent from unit to unit. In the front line all lectures and speeches, whether originating from unit commanders or generals of armies, last for a maximum of 15 minutes. That is the rule and it is never broken — on the theory that fighting men require as much rest as possible.

In rear areas Ivan can get all his grouses off his chest in public. "Red Army Houses", set up in back areas, supply lectures and films to which he is invited. Afterwards he has the floor to himself. Question are asked and answers given. Nothing is taboo at these informal meetings. Ivan can talk politics or anything else which he cares to discuss. Post-war aims of the Soviet Union and the soldier are by far the most popular subjects.

His Main Interest

Ivan, then, is an important person in a nation of a hundred and ninety millions. Behind him he has the official and unofficial backing of every Soviet citizen, and leading personalities follow him wherever he may be found.

Yet — Ivan is still essentially Russian. His humour is not our humour. His viewpoint is more serious than ours, and he takes his war as he finds it. He will go singing into battle and, if he returns, will sing on the way out. Alternatively his manner is almost grave — thoughtful. He has seen what the Germans have done to his home and his friends, and his main interest still lies in killing the enemy.

Ivan Ivanovitch has been no laggard in the fighting of this war.

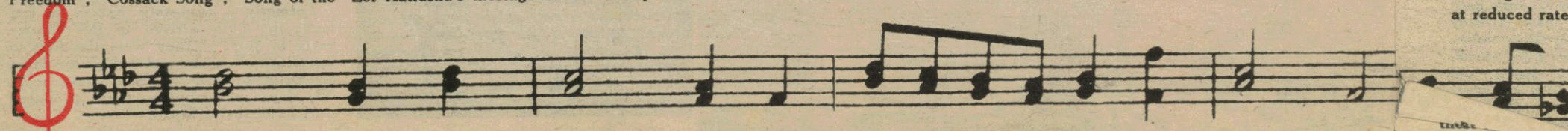
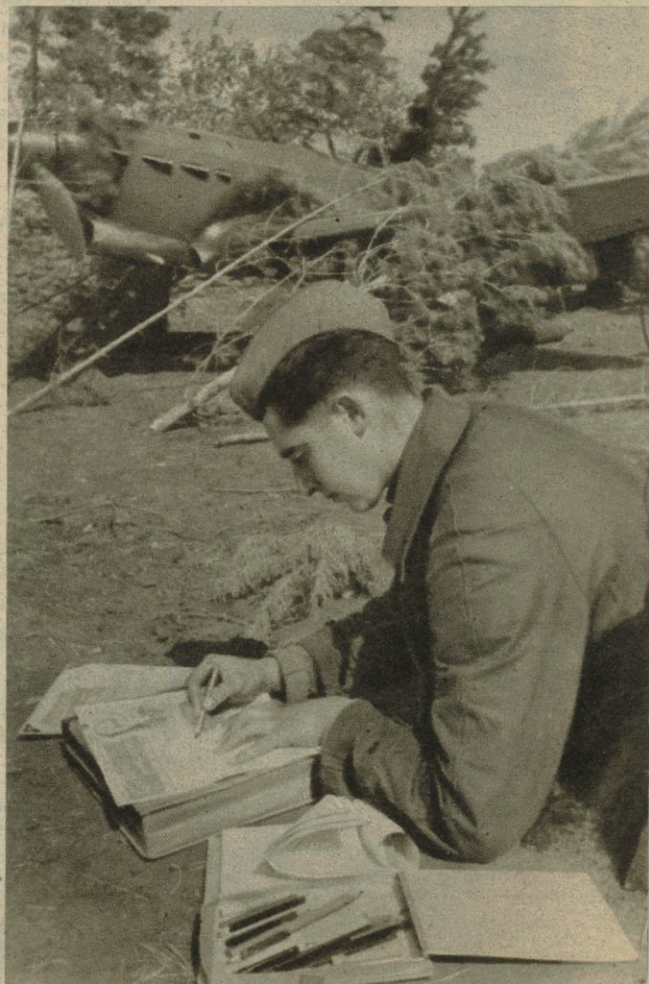
We, too, join in saluting him.

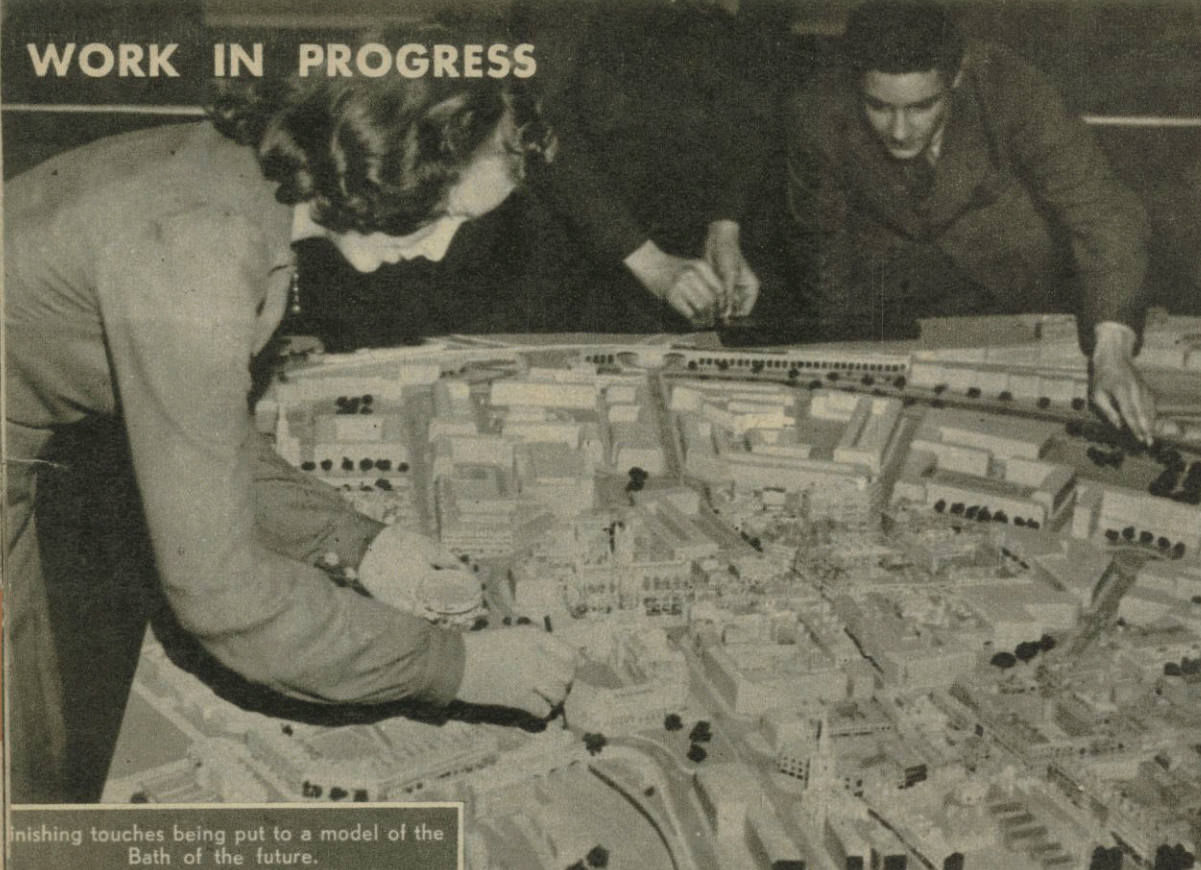
THESE ARE THE RANKS and their British equivalents

			
MARSHAL	ARMY GENERAL	COL-GENERAL	LT-GENERAL
			
MAJ-GENERAL	COLONEL	LT-COLONEL	MAJOR
			
CAPTAIN	SENIOR LIEUT.	LIEUTENANT	2nd Lieut.
			
JUNIOR LT.	CHIEF SJT.	SENIOR SJT.	SERJEANT
W. O.	Sjt-Major	Staff Sjt.	
			
JUNIOR SJT.	CORPORAL	LANCE-CPL.	RED ARMY MAN
W. O.			Private

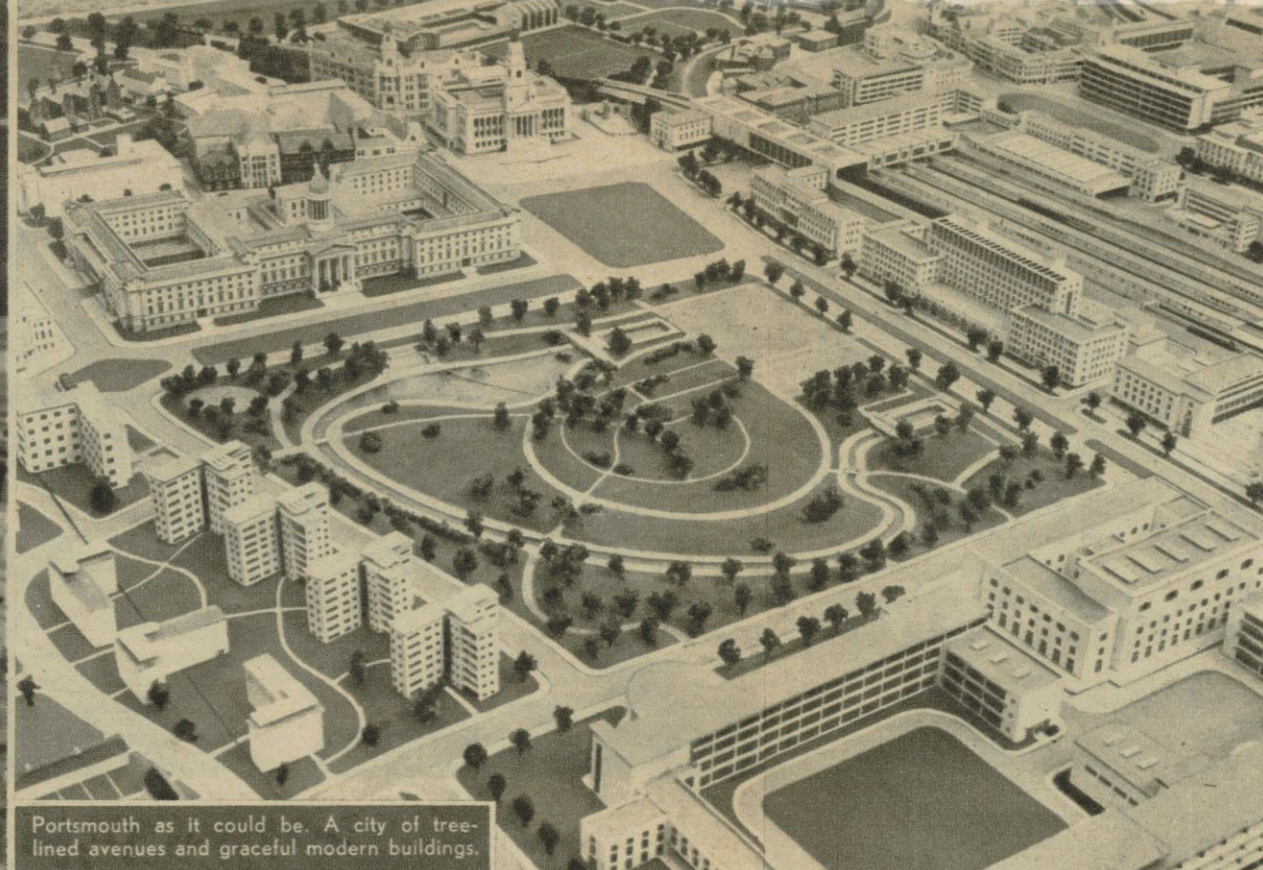
HIS FRONT LINE PAPER

IVAN gets his news indirectly through the Soviet army paper "Red Star". This is published mainly for officers and base troops, and contains "heavy" matter of technical and tactical interest. Each division has its own newspaper serviced with news from Moscow, which is produced by self-contained printing units in mobile sections. Additionally every regiment produces its own "news sheet" in the area in which it is operating. The Russian equivalent of our Public Relations officers and NCO's write up accounts of actions fought by the unit, citations of bravery concerning local soldiers, and unit gossip.





Finishing touches being put to a model of the Bath of the future.



Portsmouth as it could be. A city of tree-lined avenues and graceful modern buildings.



FOURTH
IN SERIES

NEW CITIES WILL RISE

Planner: *Sir Patrick Abercrombie*

SIR PATRICK ABERCROMBIE is Professor of Town Planning at London University: he is also Planner No. 1 for Mr W. S. Morrison, the Minister of Town and Country Planning. His advice will probably shape many of our cities, certainly London, for many years to come.

Town Planning is a comparatively modern science, which explains why most people have only the vaguest ideas of what it is all about.

It began with Mr. Ebenezer Howard in 1900. This gentleman wrote a book on the planning of new towns which he very aptly titled "Tomorrow" and its immediate result was the creation of two Garden Cities, first Letchworth, then Welwyn. Gradually the local Authorities began to realise that these were the ideal living schemes for the future and the most go-ahead universities (notably Liverpool) appointed lecturers and later Professors to train students in this important new science.

The essence of planning is the arrangement of living space for a community. A new town must make the best use of the area at its disposal; it must have communications, but not dangerous roads running slap through its centre. It must have its club rooms, public halls and gardens, but not interleafed hotch-potch with shops and factories; yet each must be within easy reach of the other.

Master-Key

In the past the Government has said that planning of this sort was a matter primarily for the Local

Authorities. Now, for the first time, the Ministry of Town and Country Planning — itself a very new creation — has gone to the leading expert of the day and said, "Produce a plan for the re-designing of Greater London and, armed with this master-key, we will discuss the details with the Boroughs and the Town Councils."

Since there are no fewer than 143 of these bodies in Greater London the need for this co-ordination is clear.

Self-Contained Units

Professor Abercrombie has not only reported on all these, but has advised the creation of some eight or ten brand-new satellite towns. It is a vast conception, only now ready for publication after nearly three years of concentrated work.

To enjoy the full amenities of life, says Professor Abercrombie, a community should not consist of a unit larger than 10,000 people. Each new town will be designed to accommodate that number and will have its own schools, public rooms, welfare and shopping centres.

Each will have its own lung or open space, where there will be trees, flowers and playing grounds for children. Each will be within easy reach of London itself, but not intersected by the great arterial roads and railways of the city.

All Right on Paper...

Large areas of the suburbs have been blitzed, and centres of population shifted willy-nilly. Rebuilding is a No. 1 Priority. If this is done in a haphazard way the greatest opportunity of all time will be lost. Hence the Government's decision to go direct to Professor Abercrombie.

This, the master plan, is the first stage. The making of schemes for Utopias is more simple than the practical arrangements for their fulfilment. Immediately the project is completed on paper, a thousand fresh considerations arise. To take a hypothetical case, a plan for a town may suggest an open space where there is now a telephone exchange, a block of residential flats with accompanying gardens may be scheduled in an area belonging to a factory owner — very likely the bombed-out site of his old works.

Clash of Interests

The telephone people may not care to shift, the factory owner may say he has always had his factory just there, it is his property and he is engaged to re-employ his old staff, many of them now in the Army. Before the work can go ahead all such problems must be straightened out. The governing factor is of course, finance. Displaced owners must be compensated and the ratepayer, out of whose pocket the price will ultimately come, must be satisfied that he is getting value for money. Before the war many, in fact most authorities, knowing that they depended upon the electorate for their jobs, were timid and cautious when costly schemes were suggested.

Now, with most of the demolition already accomplished, a strong line is essential. In many centres, for example Bath and Plymouth, the plans have already been formulated by Professor Abercrombie. There the authorities have gone ahead, architects' plans have been drawn and large scale models constructed — generally by the City Engineers — so that a public exhibition can be held and the ra-

tepayer can see what sort of tune he is going to have to pay for.

From Plan to Practice

Ultimately, the decision must lie with the man who is going to foot the bill, for if ratepayers feel that the price is completely beyond their pockets, they will either vote against the Council responsible for the scheme, or move into a different area, thereby creating a new problem. To spread the very heavy cost of these plans evenly and to be just in compensating the displaced property owners (many of whom are small people with perhaps a life's savings in a little shop) is a task of enormous magnitude.

These then, are the steps in the re-planning of our great cities.

ONE

The town planner prepares the master scheme for re-grouping, transposing and re-creating the area in which the generations of the future will live. His foresight, his wisdom and his experience are the first essentials.

TWO

The paper stage. Agreement must be reached with every interest involved. The plan must have the approval both of the Ministry and of the Local Authority. It must have the support of the taxpayer. Just compensation for all those, be they great or small, who are to be displaced, must be arranged.

THREE

The architect's job. Working from the town planners' decisions, the architect must prepare and submit designs for the new main buildings. The plans must be approved by the authorities. They must show the public, in drawings and models, what they are going to get for their money. The builders and contractors who are going to do the practical work submit their estimates, the commissions are given out. Any changes or adjustments must be made now or it will be too late, for this is the final theoretical stage.

FOUR

The actual work of rebuilding begins. In London, Plymouth and Bath, Professor Abercrombie has been responsible for Stage One of this gigantic task. His is the master mind which has already planned these cities of the future.

Reward Not Cash —

What are the rewards of all this infinite skill and knowledge? Compared with the salary earned by film stars they seem preposterously tiny. The rate for Town Planning is laid down. Two hundred and fifty pounds for a scheme involving 500 acres. Around £1,333 for a town of 5,000 acres. Perhaps £3,000 for the whole of Greater London.

To this must be added any salary which the planner may earn as a lecturer or adviser elsewhere; in Professor Abercrombie's case less than £1,000 a year as Professor at London University.

An architect's fee is 6% of the contract cost of the building, which may be abated in the case of very large jobs. It must be remembered, too, that architects and planners have to employ considerable and very skilled staffs of assistants.

— But Honour

The main reward of all this toil is honour.

Professor Abercrombie's knighthood, conferred on January 1 this year, is both a Royal and an official acknowledgement of the great services he has given and is giving to the country.

The fulfilment of all these fine schemes is a matter which affects us all, as citizens, as voters, as tax and rate payers. But it is Professor Abercrombie who, in the words of Mr W. S. Morrison, "is providing for an evolutionary programme of orderly progressive development for the next 50 years."

If slums are to be abolished, if our children are to grow up in healthy surroundings, equipped with good schools, proper welfare centres and all the amenities and fine things the future should hold for them, then the plans of Professor Abercrombie and his like must go through. It is worth the careful attention of every one of us.

P.Y.C.

BIOGRAPHY

CALLED "Pat" by his students, Leslie Patrick Abercrombie has the thoughtful, concentrated air of the professor of fiction. He is very shortsighted, wears thick lenses, has been described as "Puck with a monocle". He is 66, looks rather less. Dresses quietly with no great attention to fashion, generally chalk-stripe suit, battered polka dot bow-tie.

Wonderful Memory

Non-smoker, but likes a glass of beer for lunch and a little wine for dinner. Personally rescued six bottles from his office, damaged in recent blitz.

Undoubtedly one of the great brains of his age, he has a complete grasp of detail and a phenomenal memory for important if seemingly minor trifles.

Starts the day at seven, does long hours, but describes himself as "a leisurely worker", probably because he is a good conversationalist and likes to discuss his interests and his problems at length.

His relaxations are music and the theatre but he also enjoys pottering in out-of-the-way antique shops, collecting bargains in period furniture, a subject on which he is an authority.

Planned Coalfields

Educated at Uppingham, one of the senior public schools, he became Professor of Civic Design at Liverpool University in 1915 and Professor of Town Planning at University College, London in 1935. In 1913

won an international competition for replanning Dublin, and has been working in that city (off and on) ever since.

Other major works include the planning of East Suffolk, Sheffield District and Cumberland, Bath and Bristol, Plymouth, Doncaster, the East Kent coalfield, Caernarvonshire, North Riding and Stratford-on-Avon. He has also written on the Preservation of Rural England.

Now completing work on Hull and Greater London.

Knighthood by the King in the New Year's List of this year.

Soldiers Are Interested

Despite every call on his energy he has found time to visit the Middle East to talk to troops. Returned early April deeply impressed not only with the interest shown in his job but in the intelligence of the men to whom he lectured. The latter, he frankly admits, surprised him.

He has a house in Berkshire but prefers to spend his free moments in his cottage in Anglesey, a bungalow of his own design, where, he says, "I find time for most forms of recreation — with the exception of athletics."

A recent widower — his wife died three years ago — he has two children. His son Neil has been trained as an architect, but is now a Major in the Intelligence Corps, serving in Australia after a spell in Italy.

His daughter, Deborah, is with the W.A.A.F., still in England.



The blitz, for all its devastation, cleared the

by
**Warwick
Charlton**

The Corporal MARCHED To Freedom



THE whole world lay outside the barbed wire of Stalag xx B in Marienburg, East Prussia.

Five times in five years the Corporal tried to escape. Five times the Germans caught him. On the fifth occasion they took him in front of the Commandant of Stalag xx B.

"Why don't you try and be sensible?" said the German, leaning his portly frame across his desk and trying to look friendly. "You'll never get far — you know that. You'd better give me your parole as an Englishman."

"As an Englishman I can't" said the Corporal.

"Take him away," ordered the German and they took him away. They took him away and they kicked in his ribs. They kicked them in and they left them to heal as best they could.

Six Men Stayed

The Corporal suffered the pain and willed himself to get well again, because he was going to escape once more.

He waited, and then on 23 January 1945, Stalag xxB in Marienburg, East Prussia was evacuated.

A German guard said that the Russians were advancing and that the encirclement of Elbing was threatened.

The ten thousand British in the camp were paraded and marched away. But six men managed to stay behind. One of them was the Corporal. The six had a little water and one Red Cross parcel each. They hid under the planked wooden floor of their barracks. The hole in the floor was about one foot six deep and ten yards wide. They had two blankets and two worn greatcoats between them. It was winter and it was cold. The bottom planks pressed against their noses.

After an hour the Corporal heard the sound of German footsteps. S.S. troops were making an organised search and the Corporal held his breath as the S.S. men passed over his head.

Under the Floor

He lay quiet after that, wondering if this stillness was like death. The next sounds he heard came from a party of German civilians, three children among them. They had a dog and it started to whimper and scratch over the planks and the Corporal sweated, but then the children became irritated with the dog's whining and dragged it away.

The following day shooting started and

the Corporal knew that the Russian advance guards had made contact with the Germans dug-in round the camp at Marienburg. By midday the entire orchestra of war was let loose. This went on all afternoon and then died down. That evening the Corporal edged out of his hiding-place for a look-round: there was a German battery four yards from where he and his comrades lay hidden.

Another day went by and they fed on their ration of a biscuit a day and a piece of chocolate. The Corporal felt for his water-bottle and found it had frozen-up. He turned over and thawed it out with the warmth of his belly.

Dreamed of Water

Four days had gone since first the six men had crawled underneath the barrack floor and in the blackness of the fourth Night, the Corporal led his companions under the floor of a barracks 50 yards away. They could see a red glare flickering in the heavens as the outskirts of Marienburg went up in flames.

They tried to reckon how long it was since they had first hidden. Four days. Then it was Friday. On the Saturday the Corporal heard the crunch, crunch, in the snow of a German fighting patrol creeping past. Towards Saturday evening he heard Soviet tanks roaring away to Derschau and Danzig in their rush for the coast. He reached for his water-bottle and it was terribly light. He had no water and his companions had none either and for two days they knew the agony of thirst. Sometimes the Corporal dozed off and then he had dreams of running water. On the sixth day they decided to come out of hiding and make tea with boiled snow, and while they were doing this a German battery from across the river put two shells near them.

They looked through the barbed wire and saw parties of Russian soldiers passing in horse-drawn sledges and the Corporal whistled to a Russian soldier and for the last time in five years he cut the wire.

The Russian took the six men over to his Captain. It was painful to walk because they were half-frozen with cold. The Captain thawed them out over his camp fire. The Corporal

stood over the fire in his shirt and trousers and tried to let the idea of freedom possess his mind. He looked at his boots and wriggled his toes as they warmed up. He wished he had some socks.

The Russian Captain did not speak English so the six men gestured and explained their situation. He seemed to understand, but he had fighting to do. The six men separated and began to walk in the direction of the port of Odesa.

As the Corporal tramped along the Polish road he wondered how far he had to go. He reckoned it out in his mind. It was just over 1,200 miles. He quickened his pace.

Thick snow lay over the countryside like a vast shroud. There was something proud in the bearing of this thin, bearded human being walking to freedom just as there was at the time when he had refused to give his word of honour to the German Commandant that he would not escape.

Living Rough

He walked and walked until he seemed to lose all sense of feeling and time. Sometimes he slept in ditches or the ruins of a farmhouse and then, when the sun threw its chill winter light on the countryside, he marched along the roads again.

He did not know then that he was going to travel for 42 days before he reached Odesa and the ship for home. He did not know that of the 1,000 miles of his journey over 600 miles were to be on foot, but had he known his resolution would not have faltered.

The Corporal nursed his little packet of food, eating carefully, never losing a crumb. When the morning came, when he had no food left to eat, he pushed aching feet even faster along the road, until the pain from them seemed greater to him than his hunger.

Before the day ended he met a Pole and, haltingly, in the language he had learned in the prison camp for such a day as this he told the Pole of his predicament.

Polish Comrade

The Pole took the Corporal to his farmhouse and there he shared his crusts of bread and soup. This Pole was like all Poles the Corporal met. Perhaps they were all symbolised by the Polish station-master of Milau.

The station master treated the Corporal with the courtesy, kindness and generosity which is almost all the Germans have not taken from Poland. He shared his meagre food with the Corporal and the bare comforts of his home. He said to the Corpo-

ral: "We are ever thankful to your nation. You came to war because of us. You fought for us. There is nothing we will not do for you that is within our powers. Many of us have lost everything in this war but we still have our dignity and our self-respect."

Shot the Bicycle

The Corporal did not know how many days lived and died when he reached the outskirts of Warsaw. He could have cried there for it was outside Warsaw that he heard 10,000 Polish people were dead — from typhus.

It was near Warsaw too that laughter shook his weary frame. A Russian soldier came cycling inexpertly along the road and fell off and remounted twice, but the third time was too much for him. He unslung his tommy gun and fired it off at the fallen bike.

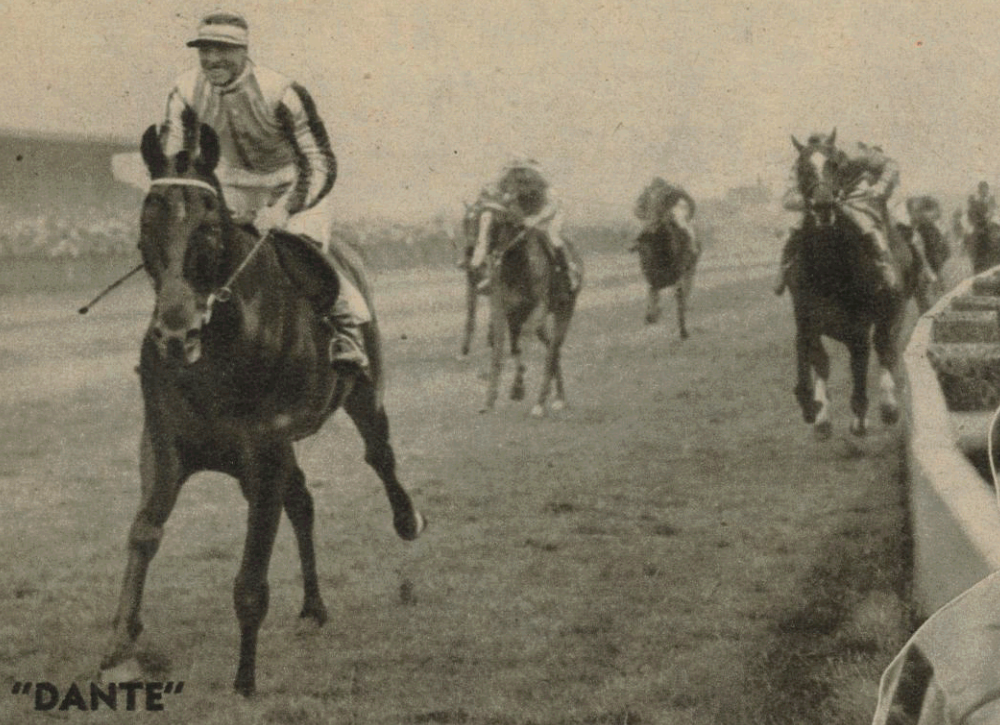
He had walked some 600 miles when he began to get lifts and when at last, after 42 days he came near to the port of Odesa, he was like a runner at the end of a gruelling marathon. His body seemed to refuse the gigantic effort of will which ordered it ever faster and onwards. He came to little groups of men who had come similar roads. They were his countrymen. They did not talk much. They were very tired. They were bearded and ragged. Some of them sat by the side of the road and with pieces of rag they made a Union Jack and nailed it to a long stick.

"Let's march in," said one of them.

Behind the Flag

The little groups of weary men coagulated together. They remembered something learned in England many years ago and they formed into threes. The Corporal heard an order shouted by a cracked voice. He smiled and he felt his heart thumping. Looking over the heads of the men in front of him he saw the Union Jack stirring in a morning breeze. He put his shoulders back. They all did. They marched in step. And that is how the British prisoners of war marched into the port of Odesa where they caught a ship for England.





"DANTE"

Fastest Horse?

FIRM favourite for the Classic Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket on May 9, Dante is already — two months before the Classic of Classics — heading the betting lists for the Derby on June 9. If form is an accurate guide, then Dante should give "Billy" Nevett, his jockey, his second successive Derby win.

He has a fine record which he capped by winning the Rosebery Stakes at Stockton in very easy fashion four lengths ahead of Gaekwar's Pride, but critics suggest that he may not be able to stay the gruelling mile-and-a-half Derby course. His time for the Rosebery Stakes was 1 min. 43 3/5 secs — approximately 35 m. p. h.

Dante has not been severely tested in any race yet. The Guineas should give an indication of his staying power.

A brown colt by Nearco out of Rosy Legend, Dante is said to need only to canter to beat any other horse at his Middleham quarters.

The Owner

Sir Eric Ohlson, Bt., of Belvedere, Scarborough, Yorks, one of

the youngest racehorse owners, is 30, and last year was placed eighth in the list of winning owners with seven successes. He is also a successful breeder and trainer. His colours are white with blue striped sleeves and blue-hooped cap.

The Trainer

Son of the famous Matthew Dobson Peacock, the present trainer, "Matt" Peacock, is the best-known trainer in the North, and his Middleham stables have produced many celebrated winners, including Merry Matthews, which won the Newmarket St. Leger in 1937, and Owenstown, winner of the Ulster Derby and the Irish St. Leger in 1937.

The Jockey

"Billy" Nevett was second to Gordon Richards in the winning list of jockeys in 1944, with 37 winners. Last year he won the Derby on Ocean Swell for Lord Rosebery. He is convinced that Dante will be able to last the distance and win the 1945 Derby.



JOCKEY

"Billy" Nevett hopes to ride another Derby winner this year. He believes Dante will be

able to stay the course and beat all comers.



TRAINER



OWNER

CALL-OVER

At the latest "call-over" Dante remained favourite at 15 to 2, while High Peak, another horse to watch and worth backing, improved to 100 to 9.

Here is the full list of latest prices:—

Dante	15 to 2
High Peak	100 to 9
Sunstorm	100 to 9
Paper Weight	100 to 6
Fordham	20 to 1
Vicinity	20 to 1
Chamossaire	22 to 1
Manuchehr.	25 to 1
Court Martial	25 to 1
Blue Water.	33 to 1
Fairwell	40 to 1
Concentration	40 to 1

Fastest Dog?

A new champion among greyhounds, Burhill Moon, left all other dogs standing when he won the Spring Cup Stakes at the White City by the amazing distance of six lengths over a 550 yards course in 30.81 secs.

This was his greatest performance, and his victory over the favourite, Model Dasher, was scored entirely on merit against the cream of long-distance performers. He was not expected to hold Model Dasher, perhaps the best long-distance dog until Burhill Moon made him look like a second-rater. Model Dasher has the reputation of being an extremely fine finisher, but at no time in the race did he look like causing the new champion any uneasiness.

Owned by Mrs. J. F. Carns and trained by Sidney Orton, Burhill Moon is the son of Bay Moon and Mona Mac. He has scored many successes as a middle distance runner, and this was his first really important race over 550 yards.

Great Promise

This three-year-old champion will probably now concentrate on the longer distances, and enthusiasts are anxious to see him perform on a 700 yards course. If his convincing trouncing of a number of long-distance specialists in the Spring Cup event is any guide, he should become the greatest long distance performer we have seen for some years.

Second dog in the race was Duffy's Arrival of Coventry, while Model Dasher was a further length behind.

Burhill Moon's time of 30.81 seconds for the course represents a speed in miles per hour of 36.5.



"BURHILL MOON"

It's Spring



"Lambkins, while their mothers feed,
Skip across the flowery mead."

again in RHYMELAND

VICTORY spring has come crazily to Rhymeland.

Temperatures of nearly 80 degrees in the shade and record hours of sunshine have followed the coldest winter spell for 50 years, and farmers and gardeners, after a long hold-up now cannot keep pace with the weather. May-flowering tulips are in full bloom. The amazing patterns of crocuses in the woods have been followed by shimmering carpets of bluebells.

Rhymeland — if you live in the south of England — is part of the north country: if you live in the

real north it is in the Midlands.

It is a magic pocket of land lying between the smoke-capped regions of Manchester and Warrington in Lancashire, and the quaint but industry-marred Cheshire town of Northwich.

Somehow time has stood still there for more than 100 years. The houses and the signposts, the churches and the taverns have been touched by the hand of the poet and have resisted the grosser marks of this century's progress.

The touch of the poet is visible everywhere...

All his life Rowland Warbuton, Squire of Arley Hall, which lies close to the village of Great Budworth, had been an active man, a typical old English Squire. Then his sight began to fail him.

It was not easy for him to settle down philosophically because he had been so active a man; but with days and years of darkness before him he began to while away his time writing verses.

He wrote of his tenants, his land, his horses and his hounds, and as he thought his rhymes were good he planted them where all could see. To-day all over his estate there is evidence of his work.

The golden light from the low-hung spring sun came almost horizontally up the hilly street of Great Budworth in the recent warm days to illuminate one of the windows in the Norman church tower on which there is this neighbourly message:

"While Budworth bells are ringing free,

May each bell the echo
be
Of joy and mirth at
Marbury."

— Marbury being a neighbouring village without a church of its own which enjoys the song of Budworth's magnificent peal of eight bells across the mile stretch of Marbury Mere, one of Cheshire's large lakes.

The Squire was fond of mixing moralities and sound advice in his musings. At the foot of the hill on which the village stands is a spring where even now some of the villagers draw their drinking water. As the passer-by drinks, a tablet behind its iron spout offers this benison:—

"Blessings in never-ending love

Are on us poured from heaven above.

This running stream, with ceaseless flow

Springs from the bounteous earth below,

Alike in all His goodness shown,

Whom Heaven and Earth hath made our own."

High and plainly marked on a row of cottages standing on the main road to Warrington is this injunction:—

"Take thy calling thankfulle,
Love thy neighbour neighbourlie,
Shun the path to beggarie."

Close to Arley Hall itself are a number of signposts written with traditional care against trespassers. For example:—

"No cartway save on sufferance here.
For horse and foot, the road is clear,
To Lymm, High Legh, Hoo Green and Mere."

His horses, too, were subjects for rhymes. Some of the epitaphs he had carved on their gravestones in the park are now undecipherable, but one that can be made out runs:—

"Goldmine the name my favourite chestnut bore,

Once good as gold but current now no more.
What of her work and beauty now remains?
The gold dust only which this grave contains."

Rowley built the church at Warbuton, another village near his home, and it is said that he declared its £40,000 cost came from the proceeds of his game. His great desire was that the peal of bells at this church should equal those at the older Great Budworth church. When Warbuton church was completed he invited the captain and the team of ringers from Great Budworth to "ring a change" at Warbuton. When they had finished he asked their expert opinion — were the new bells the equal of the older peal?

The candid leader from the old church said frankly, "Not at all", but the old man's only complaint was "Dear, dear, what a pity! What a pity!" And no one heard him refer to the subject again.

J. H.



"Ain't Spring wonderful, sarge!"



Are you on the beam?

DAY by day as we drive deeper into Germany it becomes harder to keep in touch with your favourite radio programmes.

The AEF on 514 metres (1095 kc/s) beamed on NW Europe has a tremendous ground range — as far reaching as BBC engineers know how — but it fades away as the advance continues. Army Welfare Service operated transmitters are on the spot to pick up the programme and rebroadcast it — again on medium wave — to troops beyond comfortable listening distance of AEF direct.

Don't give up

As they are small stations with a limited coverage it may well be that on some occasions you are not within range of one of the BLA stations either. Don't give up, though, because if you have a short wave band on your set you should still be able to pick up AEF — it's a little bit more difficult, the tuning is more critical and you really need to know your way around the dial — but it's possible.

If you are listening between 0830 and 1030 DBST tune to 48.78 metres (6.15 mc/s). If between 1045 and 2315 DBST tune to 40.98 metres (7.32 mc/s). Former is on the 49 metre band and latter on 41 metre band.

The further you get away from Britain the better the short wave signal is likely to be.

It is well worth your while to make a daily check of BLA station wavelengths — like you, these stations are on the move and you may well find yourself inside their coverage again.

IN BRIEF

- 1 — Tune to AEF 514 m. (583 kc/s)
- 2 — Tune to BLA 2 274 m. (1095 kc/s)
- 3 — Tune to BLA 3 219 m. (1366 kc/s)
- 4 — Tune to BLA 4 213 m. (1402 kc/s)
- 5 — Tune to AEF 48.78 m. (6.15 mc/s)
or 40.98 m. (7.32 mc/s)

Doing the Other Man's Job

WIGS, costumes, props and theatre by kind permission of the Fuhrer...

It doesn't sound very theatrical but that is how Headquarters, Royal Artillery, 53rd Division stage their entertainments. Somehow or other a few of the staff have found time to produce plays. Their playhouse? Simple. Anywhere in Germany. The nearer to Berlin the better.

Their first presentation "Forty Eight Hours" — a tale of intrigue and beautiful spies against the background of short leave in Brussels — was written by Lieut. E. Monier Williams, a Staff Officer. It played to over 2,000 of the Division. Lieut Monier Williams is now busy on the script of "No War-Kids for Miss Standish", a satire. The plot is a secret but deals with the Liberation of Paris.

One of the most enthusiastic members is Gunner Peter Pilkington — in pre-war days Peter Storme. After a year at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art he played with the Manchester and Southport Repertory companies and later was a student at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. Peter, now working in the Entertainments Office, is writing a play himself.

Remember London, Coventry, Bristol, Plymouth. The Germans were in their heyday then. And they loved it. Don't forget. Leave 'em alone. Don't fraternise.

STAGE

IT was one of those Prussian castles where the Princess, instead of offering the Allies tea, asks them for coffee. Sjt. R. Jess thought it would be an ideal spot to billet his Stars in Battle-dress. "There's nobody here except the Princess, myself and five servants," said Prince Schaumburg-Lippe, of Steinhude Meer. "And we haven't any weapons."

The Prince was ill informed about the contents of his castle. There were two German officers in one room. They surrendered to one of their own Lugers. There was a loaded revolver in a chest in the hall. There were also plenty of rifles, but only sporting rifles, of course. The Stars in Battle-dress handed the German officers into custody, and then decided to find a billet elsewhere. It was really not the sort of place to spend a restful night.

This party of Army entertainers followed closely on the paratroopers and airborne troops. Indeed, they were in Osnabruck before the sky men arrived. The column to which they were attached lost a Don R. to snipers.

At one halt Gnr. L. Reed heard from a farmer that two enemy fliers had come down on the farm, had burned their uniforms and papers and were hoping to pass as farm workers. He went after them with a tommy gun, captured them and handed them over to the military police.

Sjt. Jess also believes in mixing business with pleasure. He captured the Gauleiter of the Celle district, probably the least popular man for miles around.



In one of her pensive moods again — Linda Darnell.

FILMS

Anticipating your tastes, **SOLDIER** awards stars of merit to the following films now being shown by Army Cinema Service:

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK ***
(American; Joan Fontaine).
Historical romance in colour...

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO **
(American; Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines).

One of Preston Sturges' domestic comedies with some new experiments in film technique.

JANIE *
(American; Joyce Reynolds, Edward Arnold).

A comedy about young America.

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON ***
(American; Anne Sheridan, Dennis Morgan).

A straight musical, good entertainment with some good old-time tunes.

A bit on the long side.

FIDDLERS THREE
(British; Tommy Trinder, Frances Day).

An ancient Roman farce, with music.

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (reissue) ***

(American; Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur).

American domestic comedy, as good as ever.

Small Talk

What's metonymy? It's the practice of calling a thing or a person by its outward distinguishing mark. The film world is doing it now. To "The Profile" (John Barrymore) are now added "The Beard" (Monty Woolley), "The Chest" (Carole Landis), and "The Look" (Lauren Bacall). There are several candidates for "The Body".

Nobody can remember just what happened in London last Armistice Day. There are hardly any photographs, no official records. Film producer David Rawnsley came up against this snag when preparing "Rake's Progress". That gives him a free hand!

First British brass band to tour NW Europe will be Foden's. They are coming in a bus they have built themselves. En route they will wear ENSA uniform; at their concerts blue and gold.

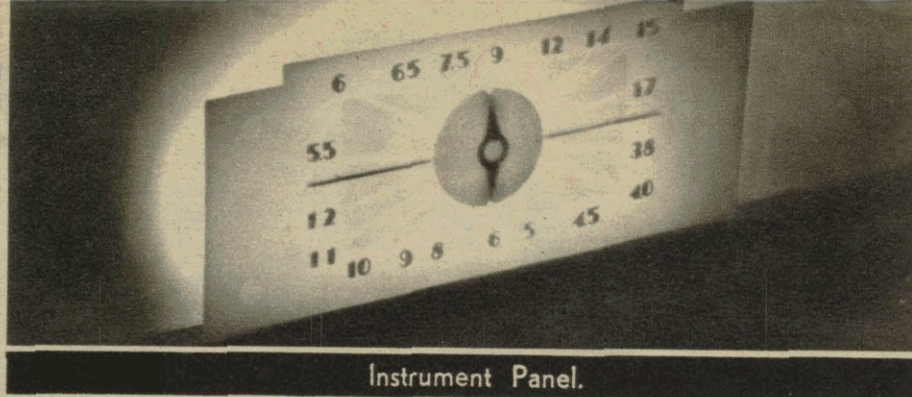
Band leader Eric Winstone, now over here, has a special work for dance orchestras which he will not allow to be played until "all organised resistance by the enemy is finished".

Not satisfied with the Shakespeare dialogue in "Henry V", an American producer (says film critic Ernest Betts) has ordered: "Tell the producers to send me over a silent version of Henry. We'll think up another story for it here".

Agatha Christie's play "Ten Little Niggers" became "Ten Little Indians" in America — and "Ten Little Coloured Boys" in India!



Plastic reading-lamp in harmony with luxurious surroundings.



Instrument Panel.



Latest kind of lunch box is transparent. It's made of cellulose acetate.

PLASTICS

A new industry that may change our lives

TRANSSPARENT walls of "plexiglas", bricks of translucent crystal, delicate panels of infinite variety and colour for interior furnishings — these will be the materials with which the architect of to-morrow will construct homes.

Plastic construction is no longer a chemist's dream. Commercial back-room boys of large industrial projects have extracted the mystery from natural resins and acetates. They have opened a new world of colour and design unsurpassed in a century of steel production. Research in them is advancing rapidly, forming the framework of a great industry in which you may wish to find a place after the war.

But — there's a catch. Publicity in this fascinating subject of plastics, in the bright designs for post-war cars and homes incorporating plastic materials, has exceeded the limitations of the industry. New designs in plastics are being made, and will be made after the war. The industry, comparatively new, will absorb many workers, skilled and semi-skilled. But the story of jobs for all in a rapidly expanding industry with unlimited prospects needs considerable revision in the light of existing facts.

Hundreds of Servicemen are interested in plastics either from the point of view of spare time hobbies or as an industry which they hope will give them post-war employment. Mr. Alan Percival, secretary of the Institute of the Plastics Industry, which has already set up plans for training ex-Servicemen, receives dozens of letters from soldiers and airmen serving in overseas war theatres. All of them ask for details of how to enter the plastics industry.

Gradual Expansion

Mr. Percival says: "It is rather unfortunate that the idea has spread that anyone can enter the plastics field after the war regardless of qualifications, or that scope is unlimited. Expansion will be only

gradual. To-day probably fewer than 40,000 men are employed in the industry. The present number of vacancies is as low as 750.

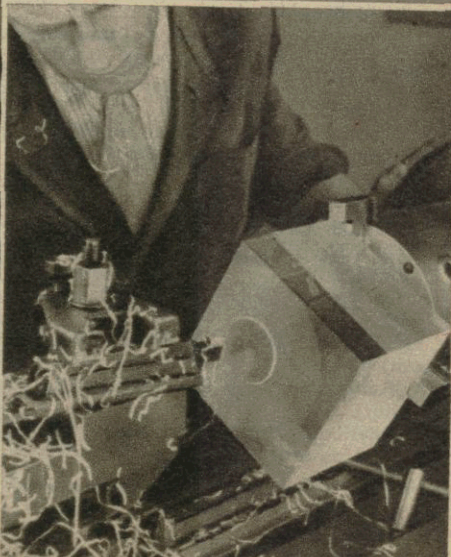
In a few weeks' time a booklet will be published giving full details of what the plastics industry does, and what it requires. Servicemen will be able to see this booklet through the A.E.C.

Getting a Start

How can Servicemen wishing to take up this type of work get started? Mr. Percival has something to say on this, too. "The best thing," he says, "would be to take a course on plastics. There are reduced fees for Servicemen, and there is instruction in nearly all branches of the industry".

The plastics industry is really a combination of several. Moulding, fabricating and laminating are allied processes in which men will be required in varying numbers. The Joint Executive Committee for Education and Training of plastic workers points out that to make one plastic ash-tray would cost anything up to £500. To make a million the cost would be negligible — once the machinery and materials had been acquired. When designs are complete and moulds are prepared, two or three men alone could turn out tens of thousands of plastic articles simply by operating machines. "But," says a report, "the industry can use draughtsmen and highly skilled tool-room operatives, foremen and charge hands, and if an Army fitter came along we could train him in time to know enough about the specialised qualities of plastics to enable him to find employment in the industry." Vacancies, adds the report, would still be limited.

You see (left) a ball being turned from a block of acrylic resin and (right) super-streamlined suitcases of laminated material with moulded handles.



POST-WAR PREVIEW

BBETTER home listening, with such a variety of subjects as would suit all tastes, is promised by the B.B.C. after the war.

Sir Noel Ashridge, deputy Director-General of the British Broadcasting Corporation, announced this recently to members of the Radio Industries Club of Wales and Monmouthshire; but he warned listeners that it would take time.

Home Service and General Forces programmes are to be replaced by three main programmes, the names of which have not yet been decided, but which will give complete coverage of every aspect of daily life.

The crofter living in the Outer Hebrides and the more isolated parts of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and agricultural communities living well off the beaten track, especially in the North of Scotland, will be able to read their morning paper soon after breakfast time if newspaper distributor's peacetime plans come to fruition.

Benefiting by methods used by military authorities in various theatres of war to bring relief to ambushed troops, partisans in occupied countries, and civil populations cut off from their normal supplies, the newspaper trade is contemplating dropping parcels of the "mornings" by parachute at centres where long transport delays are common.

Science, medicine and industry will play a greater part than ever before in the activities of British universities, according to their peace plans.

At Cambridge University, for instance, a professorship of electrical engineering is being established, there is to be a research unit in applied psychology and a new research fellowship in certain natural sciences.

Colour is to be No. 1 feature of at least one seaside resort's post-war plans to attract visitors.

Torquay's Town Council, Hotels' Association and Chamber of Trade are considering jointly an all-embracing colour scheme, probably based on the familiar chocolate and yellow of the G.W.R. trains, for buses, taxis, lamp-posts, railings; and they hope that builders of houses will fall into line as far as possible.

The most modern tinplate works in the world are to be erected at Llanelly and Port Talbot, S. Wales. £150,000 is to be spent on modern plant, and there will be employment for 26,000 men at the two works.

IT'S HAPPENING NOW

TO re-establish solicitors and articulated clerks in civil life after service in the Forces, provincial law societies are collaborating with the central Law Society in London in a national scheme.

Five thousand solicitors and two thousand clerks serving in all theatres of war will receive details of the scheme. A central register will be set up of those who wish to apply for legal appointments or partnerships.

The register will be localised in order that candidates may be put in touch with prospective appointments.

Luton, hat making centre, has decided on a practical war memorial to its townsmen who lost their lives on active service.

The town is to spend up to £250,000 on the construction of a hundred or more houses for disabled ex-Servicemen.

Shopkeepers in a number of Lincolnshire market towns have started "get-together" talks with local farmers, with a view to securing greater co-operation between the town consumer and the country producer.

South Africa and Australia are sending Britain this year between them 7,200 tons of wine, sweet and dry, but sweet predominating. The public will benefit from the first consignment this month. Prices are 12/6d for two-thirds of a quart (sweet) and 8/6d for a similar quantity of the dry wine.

A cadet corps for boys who wish to become policemen is an idea with which the Home Office are toying. The youths would be taken into a force at 17 or 18 years of age for routine clerical duties, and receive police training in regular daily periods. At 20 they would be sworn-in as constables.

Children's boots and shoes are to be made of better leather. The Government is releasing for the purpose stocks of leather hitherto used exclusively for Services footwear.

And — women will be able to buy high-heeled shoes again soon.

Ten million gallons of Scotch whisky are to be distilled this year — that's sixty million bottles — and exports are to be restricted.



HEART OF ENGLAND

Situated in the centre of rich agricultural country close to the eastern border of Shropshire, Claverley, with its half-timbered houses and inns is typical of the peace and isolation of this part of England in wartime. The old church is of Norman foundation and among the memorials within is one to a native, Sir Robert Brooke who, in 1558, was the first Speaker to represent the City of London in the Commons. J. Dixon Scott.



QUIET PAGE

So This Is WATERLOO

IT is the smallest and most crowded cinema I have seen. It is built on a world-famous spot. And all day and every day it shows the same 20-minute film — a high-pressure reconstruction of the Battle of Waterloo. BLA men love to go there to escape from the war!

The film talks in French, while captions in Flemish and English race one another like terriers across the screen. To compress into this compass the events of four famous days, starting with the Duchess of Richmond's Ball (Remember your Byron — "There was a sound of revelry by night...") and finishing with the overthrow of Napoleon, was no mean feat.

Napoleon's idea of finding whether the English were there was (according to the caption) to "fire a few volleys" into the far distance. A pretty ground burst near his feet told him. That English caption writer, by the way, lets the side down; his spelling, to use his own word, is pretty "afwul". And his idea of translating "Ils marchent sur notre flanc" is "They walk upon our flank". What a walk it was!

Ney's charges are vigorous, if sketchy. To see a real cavalry shambles go to M. Dumoulin's justly celebrated "Panorama of the Battle of Waterloo" over the road. After that you can always look at the battlefield itself... T.

1. The inquest on John MacTavish was held at Glasgow yesterday, and a verdict of "Death by misadventure" was returned. Anything wrong with that statement?
2. Who is (a) Viceroy of India, (b) Governor-General of Australia (c) Governor-General of Canada?
3. Who is the only Communist MP in the House of Commons? What is his constituency?
4. Any spelling mistakes here: Britannia; responsible; Berchtesgarden; independant?
5. Can you name a titled comedian?
6. One of these is an "intruder": Rembrandt; Velasquez; Van Dyck; Pythagoras; Gainsborough. Which?
7. Sir John Boyd Orr is (a) founder of the YMCA (b) Britain's biggest film magnate (c) Governor of Bengal (d) an expert on diet. Which?
8. "Between you and I, it is quite a unique phenomena." How many grammatical errors in that sentence?
9. What are the modern names of (a) Constantinople (b) St Petersburg?
10. What are (a) "The Emerald Isle" (b) "The Eternal City"? Who were (c) "The Merry Monarch" (d) "The Iron Chancellor"?
11. Where are (a) Princes Street (b) Birdcage Walk (c) Sauchiehall Street (d)

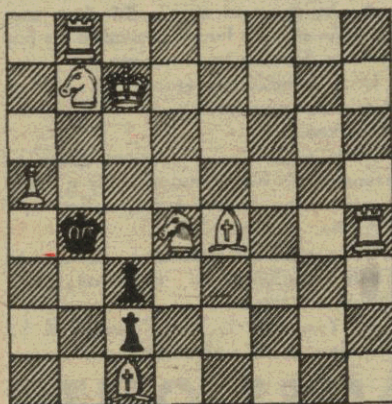
CHESS AND CROSSWORD

CLUES ACROSS

2. They may be preceded by a lance. — 6. Not now seen in wagon lines. — 7. Target for many a night and day. — 9. General Simpson gives us these. — 12. Wearies. — 13. She should be familiar to S.E.A.C. troops. — 14. Airborne "man at the wheel" (two words). — 17. Did Alexander's men find this river a bore? — 19. Skillfully as it is, and outstandingly when not. — 21. The swank of the flank. — 23. One-time anti-invasion weapon I — 24. I may be found in the goal. — 25. Jumpers for troop carriers?

CLUES DOWN

1. Swings the lead. — 2. Found in one of those bottlenecks we read about? — 3. He has to come down to earth for a fight. — 4. The final state of Remagen bridge. — 5. Such service does not count towards pension I — 8. Sued differently. — 10. Old armour. — 11. Gives shelter to a soldier who is on the go. — 15. Frozen dice. — 16. Old soldiers knew it as "Mesopotamia". — 18. Certainly a cool fighter I — 20. Their lines are always straight. — 22. She's part of our unpaid army.



White to move and mate in two.

How Much Do You Know?

Wall Street (e) Lime Street (f) Champs Elysées?

12. Which famous poet summed up the cinema in these lines:

"And here be merry murderings, and steeds with fiery hooves, And furious hordes with guns and swords, and clamberings over rooves, And horrid tumblings down from Heaven, and flights with wheels and wings, And always one weak virgin who is chased through all these things."

13. You are sailing down the Rhine. Is the Left Bank on your port side?

14. The Premier of Great Britain live at 10 Downing Street; the President of USA at the White House; where does Joseph Stalin live?

15. You have seen these words on shop fronts in France and Belgium: boulangerie; teinturerie; pompes funèbres; épicerie. What do they mean?

16. Who holds the world's motor car speed record?

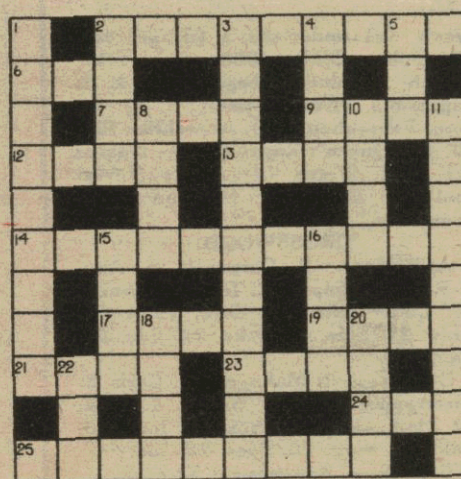
17. One of the most famous dates in the history of the world was 1789. What happened then?

18. Is it safe to drink water at 20 degrees Fahrenheit?

19. What is a lamprey?

20. How many regiments of the British Army can you identify from these nicknames: (a) Mutton Lancers (b) Tin Bellies (c) Forty Twas (d) Leatherhats (e) Cattle Reeves (f) Knife and Forks?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 18.



Parable of St. Paul's

BECAUSE there was no choir that night in St. Paul's Cathedral, the organist was telling the congregation that they would have to do their own singing and suggested a short practice before the service began.

"Never mind if you have not a very good voice," he told them. "Let it go as loud as you dare. Almost any sound gives a beautiful effect in this building..." He held up his hand, sang the first line of a hymn ending on a high note and

"Alleluia... alleluia... alleluia... alleluia..."

The ten notes of the phrase of music spiralled their way to the top of the great dome; echo following echo; one note trying to catch another with the last high note tailing always behind; endlessly repeating themselves but never catching themselves until they disappeared into the Spring sky.

It was the famous St. Paul's echo. A few yards from where he stood was the record carved in stone of the men who have been Bishops of London, beginning with Saxon names like Beowulf. Upwards through the roof of this and the other buildings that have stood on this spot many millions of words in Saxon, Norman French and the rolling periods of eighteenth century English have echoed on their way. They have gone? Who knows where? And they have had what effects?

The late Sir Oliver Lodge, after listening to the sounds leaping upwards through the Dome of St. Paul's told me: "No one knows what is the ultimate destination of those words. We physicists can show that it is impossible to destroy matter. I do not see why one should be able to destroy sound or light."

"Between the tiny atoms that form every substance there is a nothingness which we have agreed to call ether. We are only conscious of anything that happens because we are sensitive to disturbances or waves in this ether. For instance, we feel warm because the heat of the sun has caused waves in the ether to which our nerves are sensitive. So with light and so with electricity. Radio waves were always in the world but it took us many thousands of years before we developed apparatus sensitive to them."

He went on to develop his theory that perhaps man's personality existed in waves in the ether and that when he died he "changed his wavelength". So he argued that the appearance in this world of spirits was discernible by such people as were sensitive to them.

In endless variety this theme that no one knows the final result of any sound made or word spoken or action taken has appealed to the brains of philosophical men. Few people in the western world would go so far as the Buddhists, who argue that in the end all action is dangerous and should be avoided. The least important action, they argue, is like the throwing of a stone into a silent pool. It will cause circular waves of events that will go on like the waves caused by the stone until they break against the sides of the pond or the end of the world.

So perfection can only be achieved by doing nothing.

It is however permissible to consider this question. Has this or any other war depended on the action at a given moment of any one unknown man?

If so any one of us may have been the single deciding factor in the war.

And equally so any one of us may have been the deciding factor in making war possible and may, if we are not careful, repeat that achievement.

John Hallows (Sjt).



LINK-UP

jambo

East Africa.

BREADWINNER

"TO Mr. the Chief of the "British Military Mission of Liaison". Mr. the Chief,

I have very modestly the honour to send you this letter. As you perhaps know, I am a young Malagasay, Sir. Last year I was a pupil in the 3rd form of the Gallieni's High School, but according to the law of the age limit, I was availed from this lyceum; therefore, being not able to continue my studies, I write this to you for asking you, if you please, a work among His Majesty's Forces of Madagascar. I relate also to you, Sir, that I am the only begotten son of my parents who are poor, and it is especially for this reason that I must work to help them in the life's impediments. If you give me a place, Sir, I want to be a translator, because I hope that it is a work in which I am able enough; and if you accept my request, Sir, I wish a place in the mission of Tananarive, because I have a poor grandfather to breed, but if there is no work here it is you who know what is to be done and I agree all your conditions. In waiting for your answer, I am very thankful of you, Sir, to agree all my most anticipated thanks.

Your low servant, — "

VICTORY

India

THE GANG'S ALL HERE

THE Burmese have not yet returned to Akyab... everywhere one sees the trade mark of that great man — the British Other Rank. His cheerful cracks and sprawling hand greet one from a dozen whitened walls. "Get up those stairs!" shouts a straggling line in chalk on a warehouse ruin in Strand Road.

Many a rough billet on the quayside has been given a new touch of homeliness by these sign-writer chatterboxes. "Akyab Hotel (Prop. J. Morris), Watney's Ales, Agent for Cook's Tours — bring your own pot, breakfast and char-wallah", says one inscription. And another: "Joe's Dive — the Brum lads were here." Again: "We three", "This is it", "Gone for lunch".

On many of the walls are inscriptions in Japanese characters. There are drawings too — kimono girls with their halos of black hair, smiling desirably

with British Army Newspapers Everywhere

alongside the rude, homely, English of the warriors of the West who have replaced their artists. The rack and ruin of war lie everywhere. The remains of a Jap bomber rusts in the water close to the main wharf; bright green fuselage and red propellers are of the same gay varnish we saw on the Jap toys which used to be sold in England.

But Akyab will rise again; its pulse beats stronger every day.

"Co-prosperity" has gone; prosperity is coming back.

aim

Middle East

SILENT LIPS

THE difficulty of taking Japanese prisoners is well known. They normally prefer to be killed or kill themselves rather than be captured. The Intelligence Staffs of formations greedily await the arrival of a prisoner, even half dead, in our prisoner of war cages. In the Arakan recently, a Gurkha patrol came upon three Japs peacefully fishing. There was no British officer present, and it was only a matter of seconds before the three Japs' heads were whipped off from their bodies and arranged tastefully in their own fishing baskets, and presented in this state to the divisional commander who happened to be at brigade headquarters. The neatness, workmanship and artistic effect turned aside the General's wrath, but the Intelligence Staff remained hungry.

SEAC

South-East Asia Command

JUNGLE PUPS

PET dogs there are in thousands. No Burmese puppy, no pi-dog, however mangy, will starve as long as the British army is in Burma. Indian army officers have brought dachshunds, bull terriers and spaniels with them. Lt. Gen. Sun Li-jen, commanding the Chinese First Army, has an Alsatian named Mogaung, and no fewer than six puppies, named Myitkyina, Bhamo, Namkam, and so on, after various scenes of Chinese military prowess. Lt. Gen. Sir Montague Stopford, commanding the 33rd Indian Corps, contents himself with a flock of ducks, which moves whenever his headquarters moves.

Answers

(From page 17.)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. No coroners' inquests are held in Scotland. 2. (a) Lord Wavell (b) Duke of Gloucester (c) Earl of Athlone. 3. Mr William Gallacher, (West Fife). 4. All are wrong: correct spellings — Britannia, responsible, Berchtesgaden, independent. 5. Sir Harry Lauder. 6. Pythagoras (philosopher). 7. An expert on diet. 8. "I" should be "me"; there is no such thing as "rather unique" — a thing is unique or it is not; phenomena is plural — phenomenon is singular. 9. (a) Istanbul (b) Leningrad. 10. (a) Ireland (b) Rome (c) Charles II (d) Bismarck. 11. (a) Edinburgh (b) London (c) Glasgow (d) New York (e) Liverpool (f) Paris. 12. Rudyard Kipling. 13. Yes. 14. The Kremlin, Moscow. 15. (a) bakery (b)

dyer's (c) undertaker's (d) grocery. 16. John Cobb (368 mph). 17. French Revolution began. 18. It is impossible (freezing-point is 32 degrees Fahrenheit). 19. An eel-like fish. 20. (a) Queen's Royal (b) Life Guards (c) Black Watch (d) King's (Liverpool) (e) Border (f) Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS:— 2. Corporals. 6. Ago. 7. Ruhr. 9. Imps. 12. Irks. 13. Anna. 14. Glider pilot. 17. Ebro. 19. (not) Abye. 21. Side. 23. Pike. 24. Ego. 25. Kangaroos.

DOWN:— 1. Malingers. 2. Cork. 3. Paratrooper. 4. Ruin. 5. Lip. 8. Used. 10. Mail. 11. Sentry-box. 15. Iced. 16. Irak. 18. Berg. 20. Bees. 22. Ida. CHESS:— Key-move: Kt-Kt 3.

UNION JACK

Italy

SORT THIS OUT

WHEN two soldiers in German uniform joined a queue of Polish troops entering a cinema in an Eighth Army town the other night, something was bound to happen. The Polish entertainments officer was not prepared for the Alice in Wonderland situation which did ensue.

"Who are you?", he challenged. In Polish they replied: "We are Poles and deserters from the German army".

"What are you doing here?" asked the officer.

"Oh, it's all right, sir, we are from the prison camp and we came with him," they replied, indicating the nearest Polish soldier.

Turning to the Pole, the officer asked: "Is that true?" But the Polish soldier shook his head apologetically and began speaking in German, a language which the Polish officer recognised but did not understand.

The two Poles in German uniform explained: "He is our guard but doesn't understand Polish. He can speak only German."

The bewildered Polish officer could not stand any more. He detained the trio, called in the military police and an interpreter.

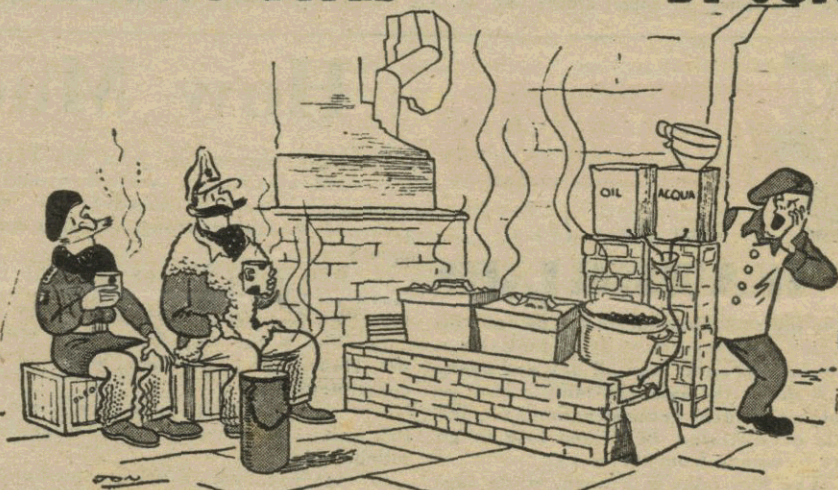
This was the story. The two men, natives of German occupied Poland, had been conscripted into the German army and sent to the Italian front. When they learned that Poles were fighting in the Eighth Army they planned to escape and join their fellow countrymen. They reached the Allied lines safely and volunteered to join the Polish Army. They were then taken to a P.O.W. camp, where, after their identity had been established, they were allowed out under supervision.

They continued to wear their German uniforms pending the arrival of battledress and enlistment instructions.

Their guard for the visit to the cinema was a Pole who had lived in part of Silesia where only German was taught in the schools. He was also a conscript in the German Army but deserted six months ago.

THE TWO TYPES

BY JON



"Look out, sir, 'ere comes the Orderly Sarn't!"

QUIZ-

★ Here is the fourth of SOLDIER'S series of Questions and Answers on the Services release scheme.

Q. Are married women likely to be released as Class B?

A. If they are nominated they may be released if they so wish.

Q. If I am injured during my release leave, can I claim a pension from the Army?

A. You can apply, but it depends entirely on the circumstances.

Q. Is a man returning to U.K. for release entitled to disembarkation leave as well as release leave?

A. No. (See Leave Manual 1943, para. 33).

Q. Will married women in the Nursing Services be released in the same way as ATS?

A. Yes, but under direct control of DGAMS, War Office.

Q. Is previous service in an Allied army reckonable?

A. No.

Q. How do I get chocolate, razor blades and cigarettes during my release leave?

A. You will be able to purchase eight weeks' supply of cigarettes at

privilege prices and two weeks' supply of sweets before you leave the Dispersal Unit. For the rest of your leave you will have a civilian ration card.

Q. Is an officer holding a regular commission eligible for release in his age and service group?

A. No.

Q. If due for Class A release, can I volunteer to serve on for a stated period, e.g. six months or 12 months?

A. No. You must volunteer to serve until general demobilisation is ordered.

Q. Is service as a civilian with the WD before being commissioned reckonable?

A. No.

Q. When does a regular soldier, released in Class A, start to draw his Reserve pay?

A. At the end of his 56 days and overseas service leave, provided he has Reserve Service to complete.

Q. Is a repatriate entitled to an issue of civilian clothes?

A. Yes.

Q. Is any release priority given to persons who were studying for a trade or profession before being called up?

A. No.

Q. Is there a Government Scheme to enable students to continue their studies on release?

A. Yes, one is being prepared by the Ministry of Labour.

- ON WHO GOES OUT?



To SOLDIER

★ What's on your mind?
Write to SOLDIER about
it — but keep it short and
to the point.
THIS IS YOUR PAGE.

1941. Had I not been considered "efficient" enough to be vested with a Sam Browne today, I should proudly be wearing the 12 years Territorial "efficiency" medal. My elevation cost me that.

To Drive It Home

Pte. Henry Reynold, 27 Canadian Forestry Coy : I suggest that we hang out in public places in all occupied German cities, towns and villages photographs of German war crimes.

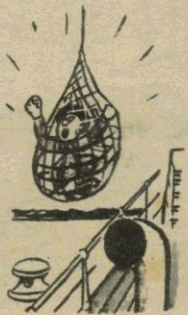
That would (1) make the Germans realise what they have done and come to the proper conclusions; (2) help Allied soldiers to understand why they are warned against fraternisation.

Service Stripes Again

L/Cpl N. H. Sanders, 71 Coy Pioneer Corps, BLA : For a man who thinks there is too much of "this outward show," to the extent that he (personally) does not wear service stripes, Pte J. Brand (SOLDIER No. 2) seems to be at great pains to let us know that he at any rate is a very, very old soldier. Apparently he resents men wearing service stripes, and doesn't wear them himself, because outwardly this puts him upon the same level as others who, in his opinion, haven't done as much as he.

Maybe he would like a special type of stripe issued to men like himself who have something to brag about. He agrees that most of us were called up whether we liked it or not; does he not also that most of us were shipped abroad whether we liked it or not? Those who have been on home service longer than others have been lucky, so that according to J. Brand one has something to brag about for having been unlucky.

I wonder whether he thinks that anyone who does anything different from him has "a particular sort of mentality"? I do not ask that he wear service stripes (he will probably have enough in medals to show, anyway) but I cannot see why he should object to others doing so.



"...shipped abroad whether we liked it or not..."

No Statues

SSM C. Burrough, 2 Information Control Unit, BLA : I note that Tpr G. R. Foxwell (SOLDIER No. 2) suggests a memorial "of one sort or another" to the British Public who have ably supported us through the war. I suggest that any such memorial takes the form of a free hospital or some other institution of equal importance to the welfare of the people, not one of those statues which become an eyesore to future generations.



"I fail to see any honour... in the term 'Mac-Gurkhas'."

Incidentally (ref. SOLDIER No. 2, Page 2) as a mere Sassenach I fail to see any honour conferred on Gurkhas by the term "Mac-Gurkhas."

Let's Film British Life

Cfn. Douglas Day, H.Q., CREME, BLA : It was good to read Col. Heathcott's tribute to our American comrades (SOLDIER No. 1). It is simple commonsense that without the Americans we should never be where we are now. None the less, may I protest at the Americanization of British popular culture? When I was on leave in the UK I saw that excellent English film "Western Approaches", a film of the Atlantic convoys, brilliantly shot out on the ocean, with genuine British salty sons of the sea as its non-professional (but highly successful) actors, and a simple, credible and thrilling tale to urge it forward. Technically it was superb; a development of the famous British documentaries which put our films on the map.

Now I want to suggest that British film producers, instead of imitating the Americans, make more films along these lines. Lt Moxon, in his letter to the "Eighth Army News" which you publish, repudiates a suggestion that after the war we shall depend upon America to regain our economic health; but our film industry, at any rate, seems petrified in the face of American competition. American films are perhaps what the American public want, and some of them are good enough to be shown in our country; but many of them are quite meaningless to English audiences unacquainted with American domestic procedure, and others are simply naive. There would certainly be a vast public for good quality adult-minded films about the Britain we all know. Why must British producers, with their eye on the American market, bore us with their ersatz Americanisms?

The Americans are vital, earnest, resourceful and splendidly sure of themselves, and this self-assurance bubbles over into their films, their music and their oratory (which is pre-Dickensian). Are we to be borne away on the flood? Or shall we show our Yankee friends that we too have the capacity to turn out modern art and entertainment?

Bouquet

L/Cpl. L. C. Hulley, 703 HQ CMP (VP) Coy : Veteran actor Sir Cedric Hardwicke, playing to an audience of BLA troops in "Yellow Sands," remarked in his curtain speech that never before had he played to a more appreciative audience. Sir Cedric, we believe, is not one to prattle-prattle. His words are authentic, of that we can be assured. We in the Forces certainly enjoy a good "meaty" play, well acted; and as a member of that audience I can well understand why the dramatic accomplishments of one of England's greatest actors earned for him a knighthood.

We are indeed grateful for the services of the many artists who have come forward to provide us with entertainment of a reasonably high standard; though the absence from ENSA pro-



"The critical faculties of soldiers are perhaps too severe for many artists to face."

THANKS CANUCK

FITTING indeed it is that Canadian troops are given tasks aimed at bringing relief to the people of Britain who have felt the torment of war more than five years. Aside from the British people themselves, no one knows more of the suffering on this island home front than the Canadian soldier. His knowledge of the stout-hearted way in which the Briton has stood up against bombs, shells and rockets is first hand. He has gained strength, from their example, admired their bravery.

And despite their troubles, the little people of the little isle have gone out of their way to be hospitable and friendly to Canadian soldiers... and it has not been unappreciated. Differences in customs, in accent, in approach to problems have been overcome in a compromise prompted by common interest and ideals. Many Canadians suddenly discovered that Britain was more than an Oxford accent, a monocle and an umbrella. And what they discovered was good.

When Canadian troops captured the German guns, an editorial writer in a London evening newspaper said, "Once again Britain acknowledges a debt of gratitude to the Canadians."

To the Canadians, it's a pleasure.

J. D. M.
in "Maple Leaf"

grammes of many whom we feel sure could with but little inconvenience have appeared is noticeable. The critical faculties of soldiers are perhaps too severe for many artists to face. If this is the reason for their non-appearance I can but refer them to a verse quoted by Field Marshal Montgomery himself, in the early days of the invasion of Europe :

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dare not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

"What, No Blondes?"

Pte. A. Z. Nicholl, 483 (M) HAA Bty., RA: "What made me feel rather peeved in your SOLDIER No. 2 was your query: 'Are there no blonde beauties in the ATS?' Next time you go searching for beautiful ATS you ought to visit the Ack-Ack girls. You might be surprised at what you find.

Below is Pte. Nicholl's photograph. — Ed., SOLDIER.



His Favourite Pin-Up

Pte W. Wallis, RASC : The excellent photograph of the Devon village (SOLDIER No. 3) is the only kind of "pin up" I want to see. The excuse for the other kind of "pin up" is "Let the boys see what they're fighting for." Well, I'm fighting to save Devon first and Hollywood only incidentally.

After a good, clean fight you can shake hands with your opponent. This hasn't been a good, clean fight — not on the German side. You can't shake hands with a Hun. Don't fraternise.

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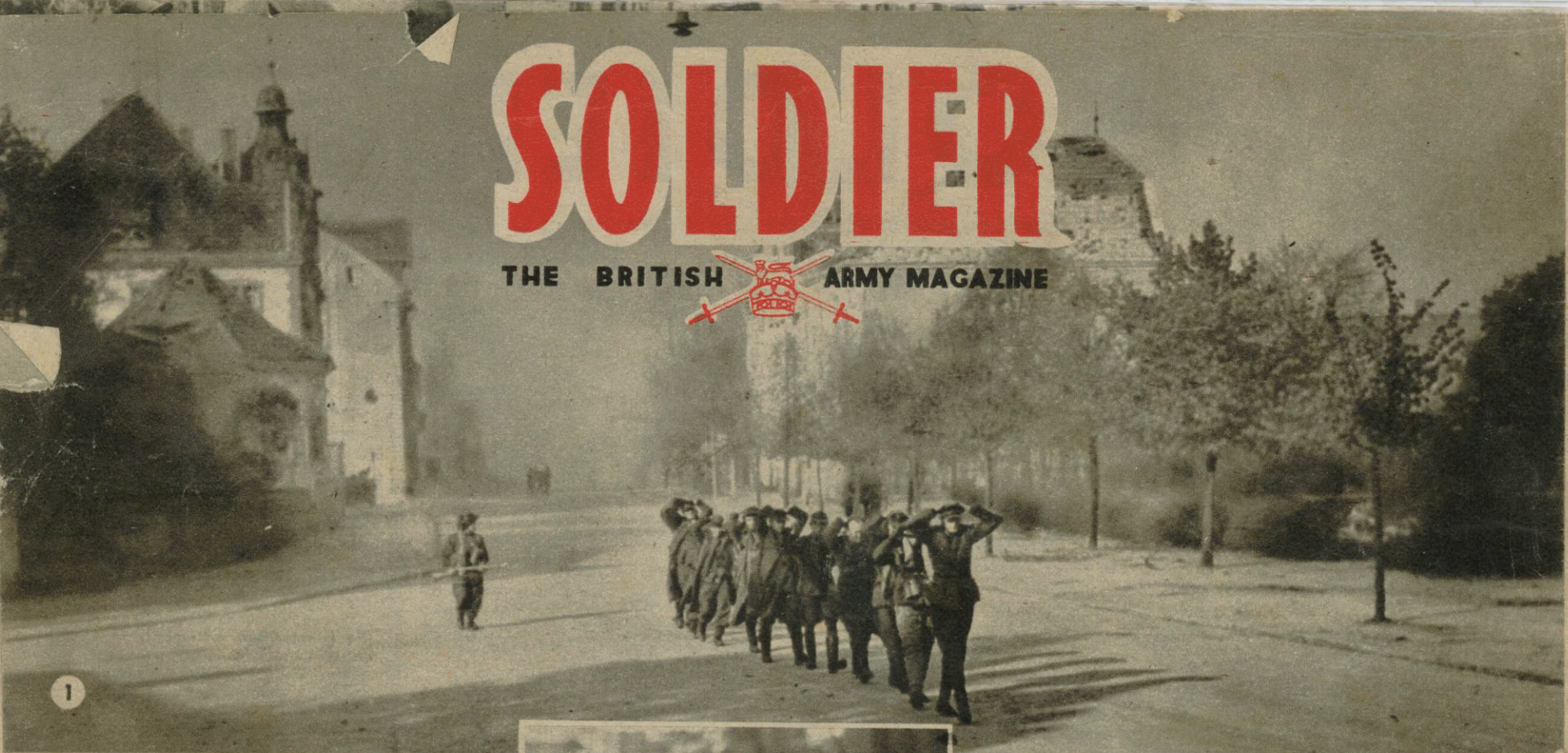
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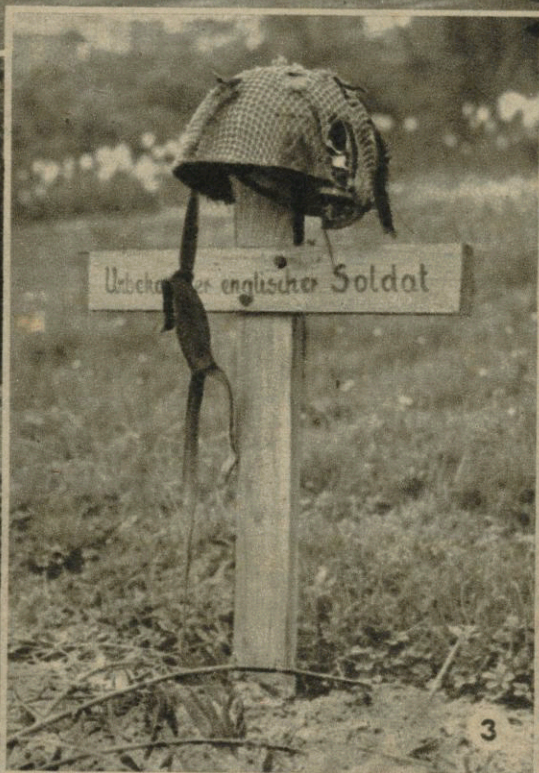
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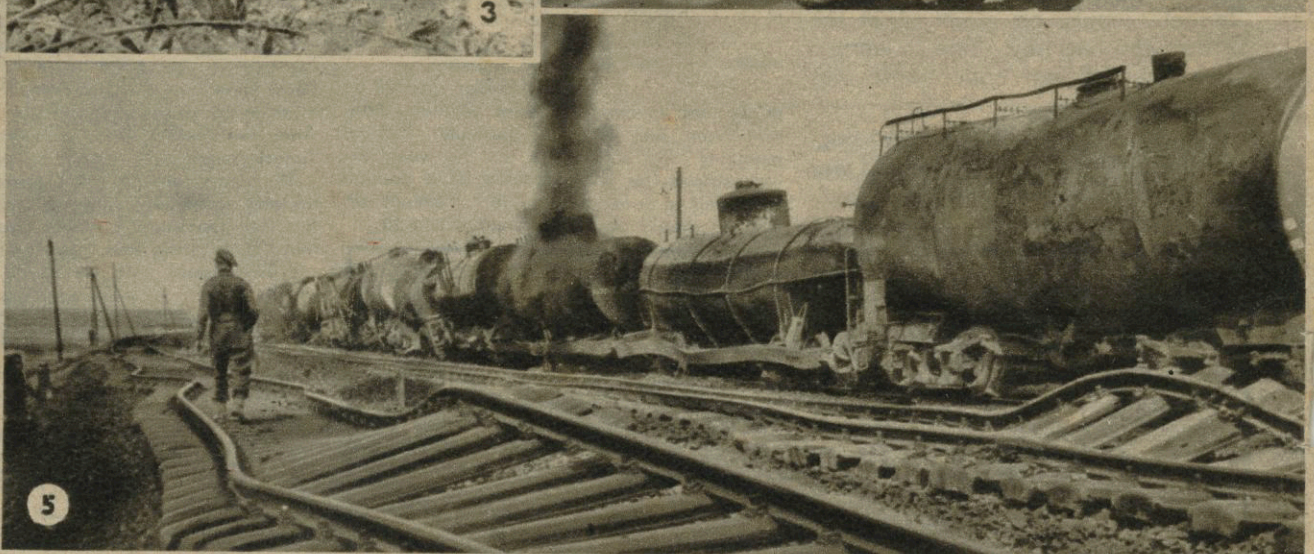


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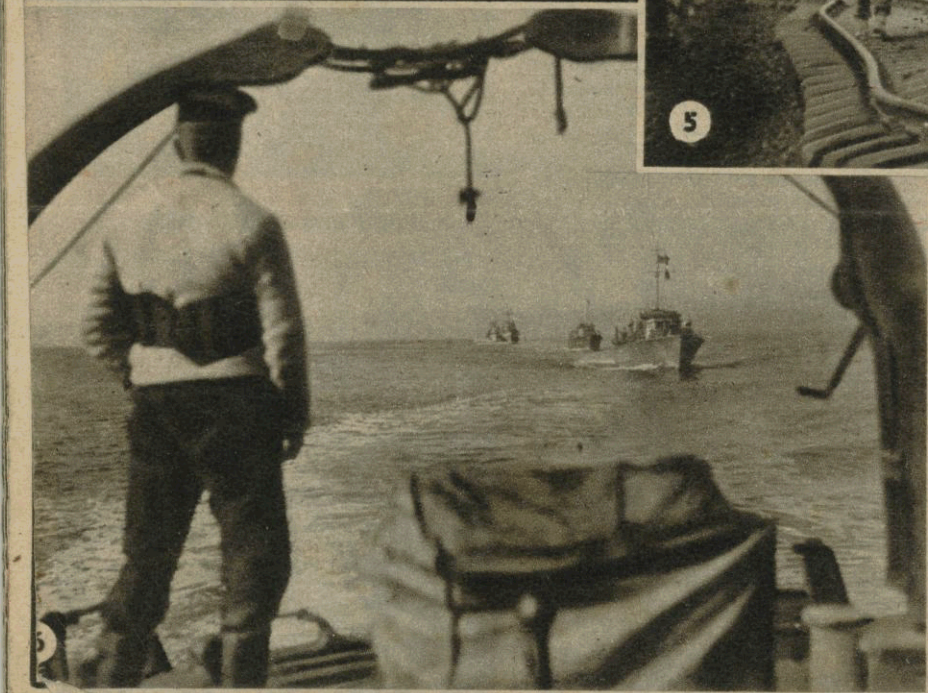


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1. SUNSET AT UELZEN as a single British Infantryman marches his file of prisoners down the main street. 15th Scottish Division cleared this town after days of stiff street fighting. — 2. The "Ironsides" — Field-Marshal Montgomery talks to Maj.-Gen. L.G. Whistler, Commander of 3rd Infantry Division — nicknamed by the Chief when he commanded the Division in 1940. — 3. The grave of a hero of Arnhem, now in British hands. — 4. Royal Scots Fusiliers bring in German Marine Commandos by Bren carrier at Verdun. — 5. RAF job well done — a German oil train still burning when British troops entered Siederdorf. — 6. Britain's smallest minesweepers swept the port of Ravenna, on the Adriatic coast after it had fallen to the 8th Army.



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The Last Word

JUST a man at a mike — the sort of picture you have seen many times, on many occasions. But he's got a special message ; it's Mr. R. G. Casey, Empire statesman and Governor of Bengal. He's just arrived at Mandalay after the city has fallen, and with General Slim, Commander of the 14th Army, has come to tell the men of English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish regiments — and the soldiers of the State he governs — what the Empire owes them.

For the B.B.C. man he's telling the folks at home what a giant task was theirs, and he's not forgetting the part many of you fellows in BLA played in the early days of the Burmese advance to rid that country of the menace of the little Yellow Man.



SOLDIER

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