

MAY 12 1945
FORTNIGHTLY
VOL. I - N° 5

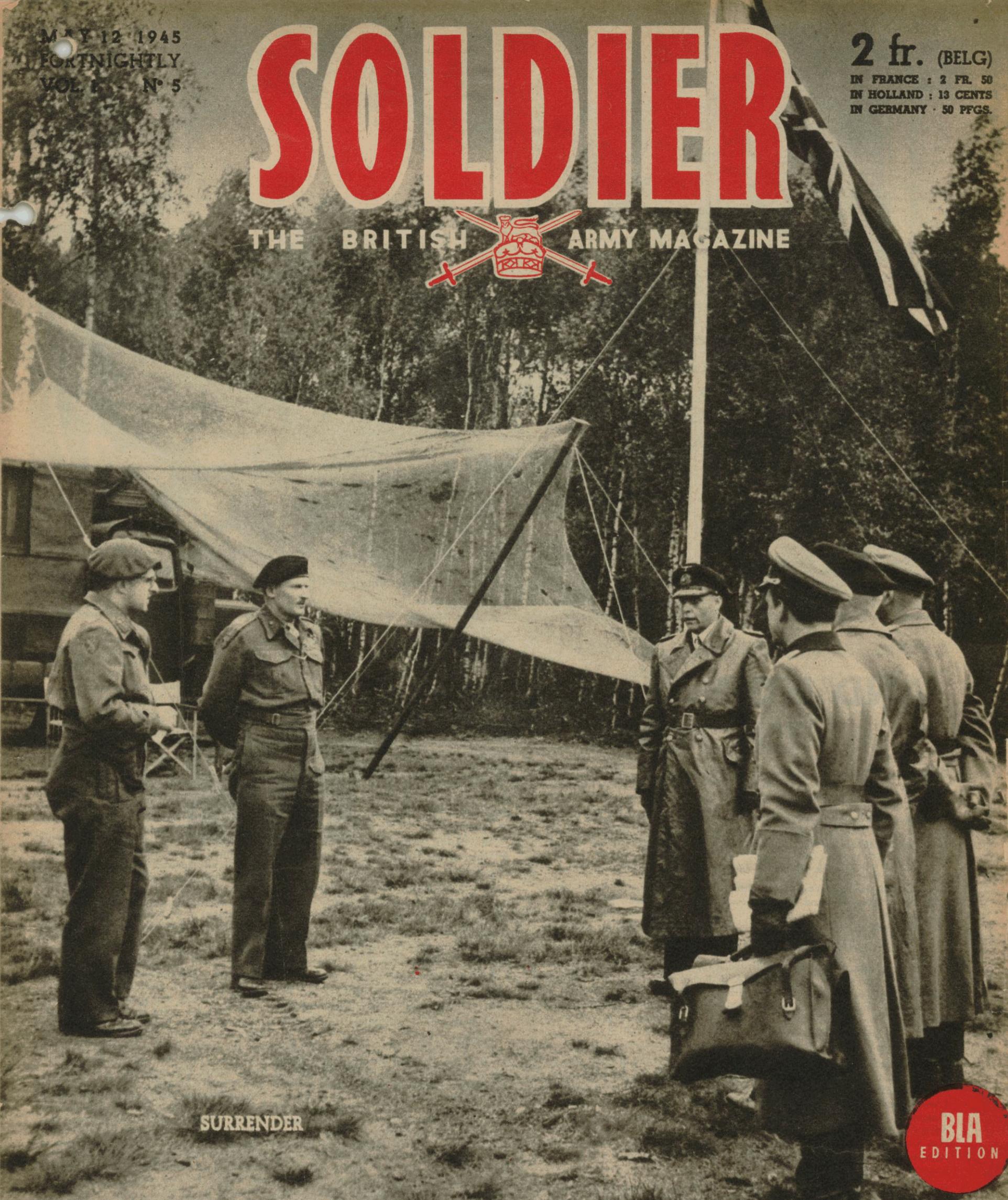
SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



2 fr. (BELG)

IN FRANCE : 2 FR. 50
IN HOLLAND : 13 CENTS
IN GERMANY : 50 PFGS.



SURRENDER

BLA
EDITION

Soldiers in this theatre of war (as in others) have heard a good deal of late about VE Day — a phrase freely understood to mean that the Hun had "had it" at long last.

The public prints have been very full of it all and so have the wireless news broadcasts. Notwithstanding this, men were still fighting and dying and having their limbs torn by enemy gunfire which was as lethal and vicious as ever in the past. This was an excellent — if not the

only — reason for the soldier hereabouts to keep his eye on the ball.

He did, however, on Wednesday, 2 May, permit himself a moment's respite. For on that day he heard that his brothers down south, the Eighth and Fifth Armies under the command of Field-

VE DAY

Marshal Alexander, had beaten the opposition into unconditional surrender, and that around one million Germans were once and for all out of the ring. He heard also that Berlin, the accursed city, had fallen to Russian arms.

The soldier cheered — and went about his business.

He has now heard the "Cease Fire" for BLA. A toast, then, for our arms and our cause! We have seen it through.

My God, What Has Happened?

I MET a rather unusual type the other day, a "thinking Nazi." He was an officer, the son of a paper manufacturer. He was captured while travelling in a magnificent de luxe automobile, whose only drawback was that it was unable to move under its own power owing to lack of fuel. The retreating Germans had fitted a wooden shaft to it, to which two horses were harnessed. The driver with his whip was perched on the radiator. This, however, did not obviate the necessity of having another man at the wheel who drove this last word in German military equipment from behind the driver's back.

Whether it was riding in this singular contraption which inclined the German officer to reflection, or whether it was the disaster which had overtaken his people which made him exercise his brains, I don't know. At any rate at his interrogation and subsequent conversations I had with him this Nazi displayed symptoms of a thinking being.

Russia Was Outgunned

"I cannot make out," he said bitterly, "why you have smashed us. You have seen Germany now and you know that she is a very rich country, and everything she had went to the cause of war and victory. Everybody knows that German technique developed long before the Russian, and is well ahead of it."

I couldn't help smiling as I glanced at his horse-drawn vehicle, this last development of German technique, and he hastened to make himself clearer.

"What I mean is that at the beginning of the war Germany had far more armaments than Russia, more tanks and aircraft."

"True," I admitted.

"And our army knows how to fight. It has proved that on every battlefield ever since 1939."

"Yes," I replied, "Your army has shown what it is capable of."

"Then how is it that you have smashed us on every front? We fight like devils, but it doesn't seem to help us. What's the reason for your strength?"

Pressing his hands to his temples, and rocking from side to side in his chair, he muttered: "What has happened? My God, what has happened? I can't understand it."

Doing The Impossible

It would have been useless to try and explain. True German that he was, he was logical and exact like an adding-machine. But could such a machine understand such things as nobility, self-sacrifice, wrath and hate? Looking at this "thinking Nazi" the reasons for the Red Army's victories were borne in on me once again. The German General Staff is made up of military men in



whom the faculty for logical and accurate thinking is developed to a high degree. Calculating the relative strength of opposing forces on some given sector of the front, say on the borders of East Prussia, they decide: "Here our defences are impregnable. That the Russians can gain success here is incredible." These exact Germans calculate everything with the utmost scrupulousness, but there is something the German adding-machine cannot take into account. It is that the Red Army very often deliberately under-

takes what to the German seems incredible.

I remember a talk I had with the Russian General Garnich at a moment which must have been anything but pleasant to him. The report had come in that the Germans had recaptured a certain important height. The General phoned the commander of the front to inform him of the alarming news. I couldn't hear what the commander replied, but after a brief exchange the look of anxiety vanished from the General's face and he smiled broadly.

"The commander is carrying out a plan," he exclaimed as he replaced the receiver, "which will make the German success insignificant. Like a drop in the ocean."

Art of Surprise

General Garnich unfolded a map and continued: "Here on our little sector we are trying to apply Suvorov's maxim of 'Surprise and Win.' Look here! At this spot we selected for our Infantry the hardest route of advance. This forest is practically impassable. It forms part of the first zone of the Germans' Koenigsberg fortifications. This is the last place the Germans expected to be attacked. But our Infantry arrived here at night, made their way through the forest and suddenly appeared in the Germans' operational rear. Their entire left grouping was thereby jeopardized. That's putting it mildly: the fact is that not a single German got away alive."

I recalled this conversation when Marshal Rokossovsky's troops, coming out of Poland all unexpected to the Germans, swerved suddenly northward and in ten days reached the Baltic coast and completed the encirclement of East Prussia. It is now possible to report a few details of this operation.

"To-day at the borders of the German Reich our front is stronger than in any other winter on the eastern front," Colonel General Reinhardt, Commander of the German Central group of armies wrote in January. Twenty-four days after this confident statement was published, East Prussia was surrounded and cut off. How was it done?

Marshal Rokossovsky was fully aware that in his dash to the sea he would have to surmount seven powerful fortified zones of German defences. After the Russian Infantry and Artillery had broken through the first one, Colonel-General Volsky's armoured troops were thrown into action. Up to the very last minute they had been kept at such a distance from the front that even if the Germans had discovered them they could never have known for certain where they were going to strike. The day before the raid began this mass of tanks, carefully camouflaged and observing the utmost precautions against detection, performed a march of 75 miles to the assembly area, and from there another march of 43 miles to initial positions. The Germans who were later taken prisoner declared that the appearance of our tanks in this area came as a complete surprise to the German staffs.

Soviet Staffs in Peril

Right away the tanks swerved northward towards the sea. To their right lay East Prussia held by immense numbers of enemy troops. To their left lay the rest of Germany with all its reserves. The tanks sped towards the sea between two fires. The Germans resisted with all the means they were capable of at a critical moment. Staffs of the larger Soviet armoured formations were not infrequently in danger of being surrounded, but they did not divert troops from the main forces for their defence, and looked after their own safety with such forces as they had available, while their chiefs radioed the brigades: "Keep on going."

The whole plan was built upon the element of surprise, speed and continuity of movement. It was important not to give the dumbfounded Germans an hour's respite in which to re-align their forces and bring up reserves.

The advance was so vigorous and sweeping that the town of Tannenberg exalted by Hindenburg and Hitler as a symbol of the grandeur of German arms, where Hitler held festivals in honour of German military glory and where Hindenburg himself lies buried, was taken by Russian tank troops almost in their stride.

Eugene Krieger,

"Izvestia" War Correspondent.



A dead German lies on the untended grass of the Zeppelin Stadium at Nuremberg, one-time scene of Nazi Party festivals.



Freed Russian slave workers dance on the roof of Goebbels House at Wurzburg. It was formerly a college for training propagandists.

★ "Our tanks made some advances... meeting stiff opposition." What that phrase meant in terms of men and metal — even in the twilight of the war — is told on this page by a **SOLDIER** Staff writer.

On the opposite page Capt. Warwick Charlton, **SOLDIER** observer, writes from the deathbed of the Third Reich an open letter to a veteran of Africa and Italy.

top of the enemy position. Suddenly there was a flash from the enemy and a shower of sparks from the second-in-command's tank. There followed a heavy stonk from heavy calibre weapons accompanied by clouds of black smoke. A number of shells landed in the same field as the second-in-command's tank. It caught fire. The second-in-command and another officer were killed. The three other members of the crew were unhurt.

All the tanks withdrew into the middle of the field and then the Infantry arrived — the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders — to their debussing point. It was difficult to tell one hedge from another, but they were put down 1000 yards from the enemy objective, on the exact spot which had been agreed upon. It was a pleasant surprise.

With first light the Infantry attack went into the village which the Germans held and only the west portion of the village remained to be mopped up. The tanks remained and waited until dawn. After 20 minutes a tank was hit by an anti-tank gun and it caught fire. Only one shot was fired and the crews waited

for more to come. They experienced that queer feeling of expectancy which only people who are waiting for what may be the end know about. In the tank hit by the first shot all were killed except one. But no more shots were fired and so ended the night.

Here are the words of an officer who took part in the action. He expresses what men would say if they could. He speaks for all the men who have done battle in the 2nd Army. For that matter he speaks for all men who have done battle. He expresses their thoughts because there is obviously something in him of the poet and it is the poets who say things to us.

"So ended a night which will always remain indelibly printed in the minds of those who took part. It is difficult to do justice in words: the sense of nightmare unreality: the feeling of detached horror at the sight of a man being engulfed by flames of a burning tank, watching the fire like a scene at the theatre; the voice of the wireless saying 'Able 16 has been blown to bits' — that's Tom, but one's mind can't take it in.

Tracks in the Dew

"Yet there remains an atmosphere of romance about this operation which its personal tragedies cannot destroy. When, next morning, we saw the track marks of tanks on virgin, dew-laden grass where the trail had been blazed, our feelings were somewhat akin to those of pioneers of old. For a few hours this fresh unscarred countryside was ours; then came trucks and lorries to turn our track marks to dusty, busy highways. And our feelings were of irrational resentment that they should know nothing of how those tracks had been made and those hedges breached during that anxious night."

MEN DON'T TALK OF BATTLE

YOU ask a soldier what he remembers most of the fighting that has brought him up to and across the Elbe and he gropes for words, but sometimes you come across a picture of battle that, in its way, symbolises all the great endeavour that has helped us to smash the Germans.

A successful battle is inclined to be such good news that the bloody sacrifice which made it possible is forgotten except by the men who fought it.

This story is about a regiment of the Royal Armoured Corps, a Flail Squadron of the Dragoons, an assault Squadron of the Royal Engineers, some bulldozer men, and (of course) the Infantry.

Their job was to penetrate at night an enemy anti-tank screen. The going was good and there were no minefields. It was reported that tanks would be able to reach objectives 6000 yards away while the enemy anti-tank gunners would not have sufficient light by which to shoot with accuracy. Searchlights pointed into the sky in the general direction of the objectives. Bofors fired tracers down the axis — one burst every five minutes. Day and night rehearsals had been carried out for the assault.

On the evening of the attack the Regimental Group formed up. Engines off. It was H Hour, a perfect evening. There was a feeling of expectancy. The column of 100 armoured vehicles waited as if on review. They moved off past green and amber lights to the starting point.

The supporting artillery barrage threw up a fog of dust. The dust hid two large bomb craters, ten feet in depth, and the navigators' tank and those of the two reserve navigators became ditched and recovery was impossible until the following day. Two other tanks went into the crater.

At the Crossing

Over the air came a message that the Command vehicle from the Commanding Officer of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders had broken down and no communication between Infantry and tanks was possible. This was later rectified, but to lose all three navigators at once was a great blow. The column became split into individual parties, each led by officers on foot who attempted to pick up landmarks in the thick haze.

The forward tanks collected, and crossed the railway crossing. They were immediately fired upon by enemy armed with bazookas south of the railway. One

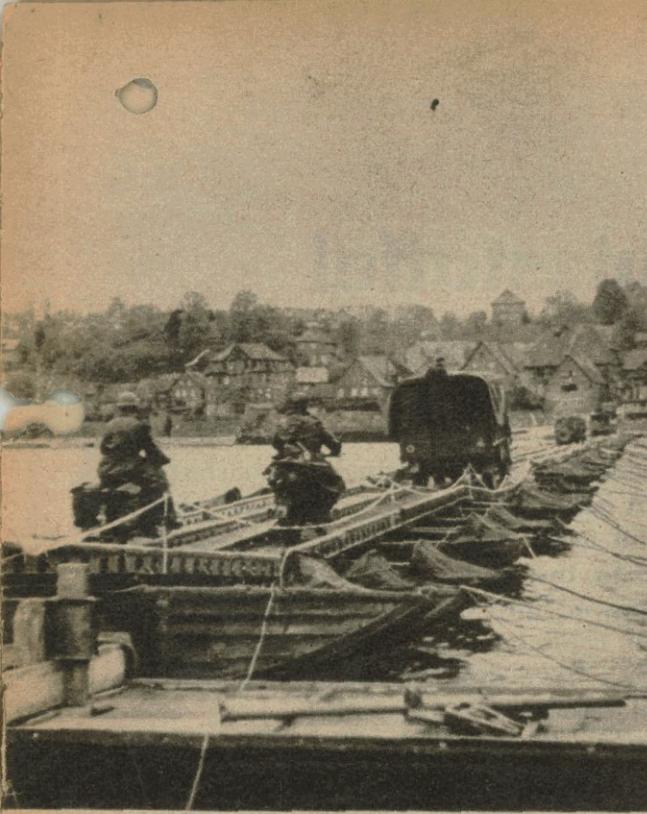
tank was hit. The crew were dazed and deafened, but uninjured. Another tank was hit and the sergeant who commanded it and two members of the crew were killed. Another man received compound fracture of the legs. After confused fighting at the railway crossing no further resistance was encountered. An officer went forward to recce and he was wounded in the foot.

A Shower of Sparks

While coming up the second-in-command crossed the railway and went some distance accompanied only by a bulldozer. He came back. There was a conference and the assault engineers in their armoured vehicles stonked the bazooka party to ensure no interference for the column now crossing the railway. They moved forward firing machine-guns into hedges and into trees at bazooka parties.

At this time no one knew exactly where his troop or squadron was and a good many tank commanders had little idea where they were themselves.

The CO adopted visual signals. The second-in-command, accompanied by tanks, followed a slightly different axis further to the east and reported at three o'clock in the morning that he had passed a hedge into the final field before the objective. In fact he had gone beyond the place decided upon as the debussing place, and this officer headed the party to the



THIS IS THE ELBE : Elements of 6th Airborne Division cross the Elbe on yet another of those bridges (thanks, Sappers !) to finish the fight.



UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT : A British soldier and a German soldier keep their distance outside the local Military Government headquarters.



SOLDIER's cameraman found these two German boys playing at war. The laddie on the right looks as if he might have some ideas.

Letter to a Soldier in Italy ...

Dear Sergeant Sharples,

YOU wrote to ask me what it was like to see the conquest of a nation instead of the liberation.

This is the hardest letter I have ever tried to write. My table is littered with spoilt pieces of paper. I have driven through Germany from the Belgian frontier to across the Elbe and what I and every soldier here have seen may be the end of a nation. The emotional impact of this is something I have never experienced before.

By the time this letter reaches you the Third Reich may no longer exist in fact. The future news of war in Western Europe may be about "pockets" of resistance. You'll notice I quote the "pockets" and I do so because it is an annoying word to the soldier who finds that Germans fight just as desperately in "pockets" as anywhere else. There was an example of this which a tank commander in the 7th Armoured Division told me about.

Some Germans were holding out under cover of a thick stone wall. Tanks blew the wall over on them.

When the battle was over a British tank man said to a German who was still alive, crushed beneath the stone, "What do you think of Germany's chance now?" The dying German turned his head — it was the only part of his body he could move. "Germany will win," he said.

But if I were to tell you only about incidents in battle I would give you a very small part of what the soldier sees and experiences in Germany.

The Slaves

We drove into Germany through a green countryside where the roads are hedged with fruit trees splendid in their Spring bloom and the growing crops are evidence of rich agricultural soil well farmed by millions of slave workers. Today the slave workers have taken to the roads. Most of them, anyway. It is easy to tell the difference between slave workers and Germans. This is not because many slave workers have little signs or national colours pinned on their coats, but because all the Germans are plump and well-fed like the fat pigs you see snouting around farm-yards. Along the road there is also a constant procession of released prisoners of war — many in trucks, some on foot. The other night a group of 30 Russians came to attention and saluted as we dashed past them at 40 miles an hour. They are very military folk indeed. When we had our first brew-up on the road in Germany I called two of them over and gave them some cigarettes. They treated the occasion like a military parade, coming to attention and saluting.

An Empty Landscape

We had driven 50 miles into the Third Reich when we began to realise we were going through an empty country. Here and there we saw farm workers who still tended their soil. They were solitary figures lost on a vast landscape. It was the same in villages and small towns where there were only old men, boys and women. In Germany you see more slave workers and released prisoners of war than Germans. The only Germans you see in bulk are lorry-loads of prisoners looking dazed, dirty and depressed, as do all prisoners of war.

Do you Draw ?

SOLDIER Magazine's job is to record the Army as the soldier sees it, and in doing this we cannot have too much help.

In BLA there are many artists. These will be doing well by all concerned if they will send us their drawings. Really first-rate work in line and wash is required, and if it is used it will be paid for at current rates. Unused drawings will be returned.

Send to SOLDIER Magazine, AWS. 3., War Office, 60 Eaton Square, London S.W.1.

When I was in England I used to hear the AEF radio warn soldiers not to fraternise. I thought that the warning was so insistent that fraternisation was common. But nowhere have I seen our soldiers fraternising. They talk to Germans as if they have to and that is all. They have no desire for contact with Germans. In the forward areas many units have started telling the Germans the truth about themselves on their own accord. They have cut out newspaper pictures of the horror camp at Belsen and stuck them on signboards where all the Germans may see the crimes they have at least condoned.

Into Bremen

I will tell you about Bremen, which is as good an example as any of what the war has brought to Germany. At 10.30 in the morning an armoured car with five military policemen drove into the centre of the rubble heap which was once the third largest port in Germany. They drove up to the Gestapo headquarters, one of the few buildings of which there is something left, and there 500 armed German policemen surrendered. A few minutes later 200 Volksturm did the same. I went into the building. To the north of the town the Germans were

still fighting. An English-speaking German tried to talk to me. "I know England" he said. A British military policeman who wore the Africa Star overheard and said: "That's just what you bloody well don't know". That night I stayed in Bremen. I went to look at the air raid shelters. In one of them Poles, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Belgians, Russians and Germans were crowded together. There was a thick stench in the air. The Germans herded together, jaundiced and frightened. That night a baby was born in the shelter.

I visited our men in the line round Hamburg. Everywhere I went I found them very grim. They do hate the Germans. They have no pity for them.

An intelligence officer told me that the German women are very unhappy about the non-fraternisation order. Some of them would like to speak to our men and others would like to be given the chance to rebuff them. More than anything they are hurt because they are disregarded. They have a sneaking desire to have a pass made at them.

I believe the Germans know in their hearts they are as guilty as sin. Whether the knowledge of their guilt will give them a change of heart is another matter.

When I was about to finish this letter I looked out of my window and in the street, near a broken German 88 mm, I saw three flaxen-haired German children, a pig-tailed little girl and two boys. They were playing at war.

Yours etc.,

WARWICK CHARLTON.

Teach Me The Way

Almighty and All-Present Power,
Short is the prayer I make to Thee:
I do not ask in battle hour
For any shield to cover me.

The vast unalterable way,
From which the stars do not depart,
May not be turned aside to stay
The bullet flying to my heart.

I ask no help to strike my foe,
I seek no petty victory here;
The enemy I hate, I know
To Thee is dear.

But this I pray, be at my side
When death is drawing through the sky :
Almighty Lord, who also died,
Teach me the way that I should die.

Officers of an RCAF squadron found this poem when they were sorting out the kit of one of them who had been killed in a mid-air collision.

He was Flying Officer E.R. Davey of London, Ontario, and the poem was in his own handwriting and bore his signature.



Schutzstaffel

THE SS were officially recognised in 1925. They were Party members, selected for Hitler's personal bodyguard. They were the highest of all the military-political forces which the Nazis used to gain power. Himmler was appointed boss of the SS in 1929. They were only 280 strong.

By 1933 the SS had become a private army. In its ranks were 52,000 of the toughest and most brilliant Germans. Physically they were perfect. Trained to a fine point in warfare, in civil police administration and in political thuggery they represented to the mass of the German people the power of their leaders.

Octopus Growth

At the outbreak of war the SS numbered some 300,000. Himmler was still boss. With methodical efficiency he gained control in every sphere of German life. The SS penetrated into German commerce, German civil administration — even into the German home. Not a town, not a village existed that did not have in its community at least two members of the SS. Like a great octopus it spread its tentacles far and wide, not only throughout Germany, but across the entire world. Himmler's "security sections," composed of trained Fifth Columnists, saboteurs, "tourists" and agents travelled unmolested in every country on which Hitler had designs — and that meant everywhere.

The SS gained much of its notoriety from the gang methods it employed in the early days of the Nazi party. "Protection" was sold to bankers and industrialists. They gave financial support to Hitler. In return they were made "honorary members of the SS" — and escaped the concentration camp. Anti-Nazis who made trouble were quickly broken up by special riot squads. The home front was purged of all dangerous elements. The SS did most of the purging.

Himmler, unsatisfied with limited control, went further. He liquidated a large part of the civil police organisation. Into the gap went the SS — to the unconcerned onlooker just another batch of policemen. This un-

HITLER'S "Last-Ditchers" — the original Brownshirts of 1925 — are still at large. Their chief, Himmler, directs their movements in accordance with prearranged plans from one end of Europe to the other. They may never be caught. Many have disappeared into the sea of humanity now surging into every European capital. Some are already members of the "Werewolves", others have dropped all connection with the Nazis. The change of heart is but temporary.

The SS, or Schutzstaffel, was once the backbone of Nazi Germany. Its members, hand-picked from thousands of volunteers, will remain the potential vanguard of another German "crusade" for the rest of their lives. There is not much we can do about it — except to be constantly on the alert.

concern cost the ordinary German his future freedom. Overnight he became powerless. The result was that Himmler gained control of the civil administration, and of a large part of the army as well.

The SS was eventually divided into two main sections. These comprised the "General SS" (Allgemeine SS), and the militarised "Waffen SS." Both sections wore the Death's Head cap badge. The dreaded black uniform was worn only by the "General SS." From the main Death's Head (Totenkopf Verbande) formations came the volunteers for concentration camp guards. One of these was Josef Kramer, commandant of the Belsen death camp. He was an SS Führer. Before the war the "General SS" numbered some 250,000. With this force behind them the High Command were relieved of all responsibility regarding control of the civilian population.

The "Waffen SS", when next to the Wehrmacht, fought well. They played an important part in the invasion of Poland. Four regiments went into action. The SS also took part in the invasion of France, and later a motorised division — "Das Reich" — took part in the Balkan campaign. SS cavalry and a mountain division were formed later, in addition to several Panzer units. They fought bravely, too, on the Russian front.

SS Doctrine

Any idea of re-educating the SS would be ludicrous. Every man takes his oath of loyalty. It is based on the following pronouncement regarding the principles of the organisation : —

"The selection of the SS is based on the realisation of the value of blood and soil. Every SS man must be deeply imbued with the ideals and qualities of the National Socialist Movement. His training, both mental and physical, is so designed that whether individually or in any group, he can play his part successfully in the struggle for the success of National Socialist philosophy."

That is the basis of the Schutzstaffel, the Protective Squad of the Nazi Party. It was nurtured in blood and brutality, in racial hatreds and intolerance. It was the essence of German power.

While its members live, Nazism will not die.

THE MARK OF THE THUG :

The German love of military gauds can help you to tell which were dyed-in-the-wool Nazi Party members. Shown here are some purely Party emblems and decorations which could be worn with service dress.



BLUTORDEN
(Order of Blood)
Awarded to those who took part in street fighting before 1933.



GOLDENES PARTEIAZEICHEN
(Golden Party Badge)
Worn only by members whose serial number is under 100,000 and who have belonged to the party since its foundation.



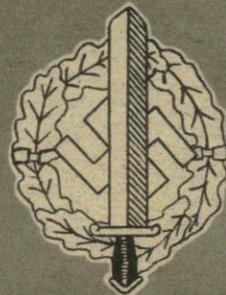
SS. DIENSTAUSZEICHNUNG
(SS Service Badge)
For service in the SS. Black, four years; bronze, eight years; silver, 12 years; gold, 25 years.



COBURGER ABZEICHEN
(Coburg Badge)
Issued to members who were in the march on Coburg in October 1922.



NSDAP. DIENSTAUSZEICHNUNG
(NSDAP. Service Badge)
For faithful service to the Party. Bronze, 10 years; silver, 15 years; gold, 25 years.



S.A. WEHRABZEICHEN
(S.A. Sports Badge)
Awarded to members of the S.A. in bronze, silver or gold for sporting achievements.



GOLDENES FÜHRERSPORTABZEICHEN
(Golden Hitler Youth Leaders' Proficiency Badge)
For exceptional performances by Hitler Youth members.



GOLDENES H.J. ABZEICHEN
(Golden Hitler Youth Badge).



The Village of Hate

MUCH of the German village of Burgsteinfurt still stands, slovenly and squalid in the spring sunshine, but it is a village in which people can live. True, the tobacco factory and the spinning works are silent and there is no employment for what remains of its population of five or six thousand. It lies in pleasant country between Osnabrück and Munster, and though half of the village has been blasted, it escaped much of the desolation which visited those two cities. And it is a queer thing, but you would swear that under the rubble of the ruined half of Burgsteinfurt must lie the bodies of all the bad Germans who ever lived in the place. Because now only the good Germans are left.

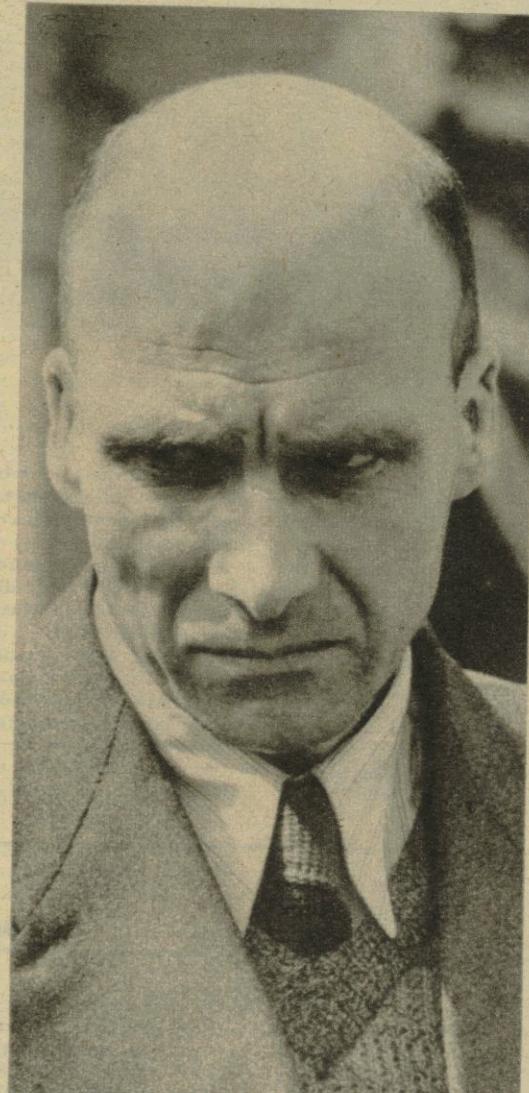
Do they not hate us, because we have smashed their dream of world empire? Quickly, they will assure you that they never dreamed such a dream. That was simply a stupid idea dangled before the nation by the Nazi criminals. As for themselves they quite forgive our Air Force for bombing them out of existence.

After all, the Nazis began it by battering Warsaw and Rotterdam and London. It is only right. It is just. They smile at you, and join the bread queue and patiently await their ration.

A Clever Smile

That German smile is very clever. It is not a shifty smile, nor a cunning smile; it is not for a moment forced or false. But it is confined to the mouth. Never for a moment do you see a pair of smiling eyes. The eyes of the German people are steady and they are clear. And they are unsmiling.

Outside the Military Government building a little knot of German people gathered, clustering round the steps like children, patient and waiting. Inside, the Town Major was giving audience to the Burgomaster. The courteous but very firm voice of the Town Major ceased, and the Dutch interpreter who stood by the desk repeated the speech in German. Doctor Schumann, Burgomaster of Burgsteinfurt, listened carefully. He did not need to, since he speaks English fluently, but it is the rule that the interpreter shall intervene. The interpreter was silent, and Doctor Schumann gave his agreement.



Burgomeister Hidesel, of Schweinfurt, Bavaria, ordered eleven German soldiers to be hanged when they tried to commit suicide. He later killed himself.

Because of the shortage of fats, continued the Town Major, their issue must be restricted. The Burgomaster agreed. There was then the matter of Herr Rotman.

"You will inform Herr Rotman," said the Town Major, "that if he wishes to write letters to me, then he will write them in German. It is of no use writing to me in English when I cannot understand the result."

The Burgomaster bowed gravely.

Look again at Doctor Schumann, this quiet little man with the thin, angular face. The slight, gold-rimmed spectacles perched on his beaky nose; the receding chin, the thinning hair, the quiet, polite voice; all these things paint the picture of a cultured man willing to place his services at the disposal of his fellow men.

There is more in Doctor Schumann than meets the eye. In the first place he is not a doctor of medicine, but a doctor of law. He gained his experience as a lawyer in the United States where mild, quiet men do not survive unless behind the mild exterior is a sharp and acute brain. In 1931 he came to Burgsteinfurt and in 1941, his abilities having impressed the Nazis, he became the leader of a German Military Government detachment in captured Russian territory. In the Caucasus, the Crimea, the Kuban he ruled the captured villages of the Soviet and because of the grim success which followed his rule he found himself, in 1944, the Town Major of Belgrade. It was his task to administer Hitler's justice to the Russians and now, by the fortunes of war, he is himself reduced to the position of the unfortunates who begged for an interview with him in the Russian plains. The mouth of Dr. Schumann may smile, but I venture to think that the soul of Doctor Schumann is wounded.

Accidents?

There are examples everywhere. The German glazier who mended the window by BQMS Conroy's desk in the Military Government building had to remove a broken pane of glass. Instead of working in the office and knocking the fragments on to the pavement, he stood outside and carefully smashed the window into the room, where the pieces fell on the typewriter and BQMS Conroy. A stupid accident, perhaps. The locksmith requisitioned to put a secure lock on the room in which private papers were stored certainly carried out his job. But having securely locked the papers in the room he took away the key and has not been seen since. The door has been broken to get at the papers. The German women walking past Bert Emmings as he stands on duty at the entrance to a Field Dressing Station may do nothing more than murmur "English swine!" under her breath; the German child who threw stones at the ambulance driven by Dvr. Nicholls, or the many who spit behind a soldier when he has passed, may do no harm. But they indicate what is talked of inside the German houses, and they are the only clues to what is hidden behind the unsmiling eyes of the German people.

Courtman Davies (Sjt).



FAR behind where the tide of the Pacific war has receded to the Philippines, to Bonin and Ryukyu Islands, isolated lagoons of Japanese are studded through an island chain extending 2000 miles down into the Southern Pacific. Hundreds of thousands of men are as effectively bottled up in these backwaters as are their Axis partners along the Atlantic coast.

New Guinea, scene of the decisive land battles of the early Pacific War, has three such lagoons, containing one hundred thousand well-equipped and organised enemy troops. Australians closing in through some of the worst fighting country in the world — fever-ridden jungle, crocodile-infested swamps, towering mountain ranges — are now engaged upon the arduous and costly task of liquidating them.

Thirty thousand Japanese have been driven back 60 miles east of Aitape in recent months to where they are preparing to make their last stand around Weewak, one-time major air base on the northern coast of the New Guinea mainland. Forty thousand more lonely souls, with little

thought now for the Greater East Asia dream which brought them down into southern waters, have backed into the north-eastern tip of New Britain around Rabaul, where they hope to stand off the attacking Australians across the narrow neck of the Gazelle peninsula. Nearby, an additional 15,000 on New Ireland wait uneasily for the campaign of extermination to spread to their shores.

The third main pocket of 15,000 are to be found on Bougainville Island, largest of the Solomons group, wherein lies Guadalcanal, a name which epitomises the savage battles which have been waged

render. Death is preferable to the ignominy and shame of imprisonment whereafter every Jap believes he could never return to his homeland.

Reducing pockets of resistance is always a tough job. The additional considerations just cited makes the task in New Guinea even more difficult.

Australia, left with one hundred thousand unwanted guests on her hands when General Mac Arthur broke clear from New Guinea late last year, had to decide what to do with them. She could have left them to go jungle-happy in a couple of years' solitude, and afterwards they could have

in March of that year. Less than 100 escaped to Australia. Practically nothing has since been heard of the fate of the remainder. Most of the few survivors of the Rabaul garrison are engaged in the task of extermination on New Britain.

With these considerations in mind, the Australian Commander-in-Chief, Sir Thomas Blamey, ordered the launching of three separate campaigns to erase the last enemy pockets from Australian mandated territory.

While the Americans carried out their series of amphibious hops over a period of two years, the Australians had borne the brunt of the land fighting in the South West Pacific. Veterans from the Middle East stemmed the Japanese tide in New Guinea in strenuous land fighting, the only answer while the enemy held sway in the air and on the sea.

American Marines at Guadalcanal, Australians in New Guinea — they were the men in the South West Pacific who fought for and won the battle for time which enabled Allied factories to wrest material superiority from the enemy.

The turning point was the decisive battle for Milne Bay.

Soon after their arrival back from the Middle East, units of the 7th Australian Division were sent north to reinforce the small garrisons holding Australia's last toeholds on New Guinea at Port Moresby and Milne Bay. Frustrated by the Coral Sea battle from moving down on Australia from Rabaul in one hop, the Japanese in August 1942 dispatched a force to seize

been evacuated at the order of a vanquished Japanese government. But it was not quite as simple as that.

While the Japanese remained they were a blot on even some of the wildest country in the world. Filthy and insanitary, they spread disease wherever they went. A period of prolonged occupation would have had extremely detrimental effects on the natives in surrounding districts.

In addition, there were few Australians who had forgotten what Japan threatened in 1942... who did not remember how seventeen thousand enemy wiped out the Rabaul garrison of thirteen hundred men

along the rugged archipelago. Australian columns driving inland from the American toehold at Empress Augusta Bay have penetrated sixty miles, crossed a six thousand feet mountain range, and cleared more than a third of the island.

The task of eliminating these trapped enemy troops is as hard as it is unspectacular. They are fresh, well-trained bodies of fighting troops who, although cut off from Japan, have tremendous stores from which to draw... stores accumulated for the invasion of Australia. With their backs to the sea, they are fighting savagely to the death. There is no thought of sur-

by
ROY MACARTNEY
(Major AIF)

been evacuated at the order of a vanquished Japanese government. But it was not quite as simple as that.

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TOBRUK TO WEWAK (Fighting!)

1. WEWAK. Thirty thousand Japanese are between the Australians and the sea, preparing for their last stand.
2. RABAUL. In this corner of New Britain 40,000 Japs are crowded, and the adjoining New Ireland holds 15,000.
3. MILNE BAY. Here, at the most southerly point of New Guinea, the decisive victory of the island war was won.
4. BOUGAINVILLE. More than a third has been cleared. Fifteen thousand Japs await the end.

OUR Army has encountered nothing more grim than the campaigns which have been fought in the jungles of New Guinea.

Some of the men who fought in these New Guinea campaigns had been through Greece and Crete; others fought in the North African desert; others in Syria; some were meeting an enemy for the first time. They proved their superiority over this beast from the Western Pacific, and they will go on proving it until victory brings peace again to the World.

General Sir Thomas Blamey

General, Commander-in-Chief Australian Military Forces.

Milne Bay as a preliminary for a renewed attempt to drive southward. The assault troops who landed were Marines.

A militia brigade took the first shock as, fighting gamely, it fell back to the edge of the airstrip which were the key to the port. Then the recently arrived 18th Brigade, veterans of the siege of Tobruk, launched a savage counter-attack to throw the Japs back into the sea.

Legend Shattered

Hitherto, the enemy had not been defeated on land... had established in Malaya and Java the myth that he was a super fighter in the jungle. In seven days fierce hand to hand fighting in the jungle gloom the 18th Brigade exploded that myth and hurled what was left of the enemy's decimated ranks back into the sea.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of the Milne Bay victory. It struck the

first blow for the restoration of British prestige in the Pacific, showed there was nothing super about the Jap as a jungle fighter, and taught the first jungle lessons that other Allied formations have learnt so well.

War in the jungle is personal. It does not allow of the deployment of large forces, the full use of modern fire-power. It is a deadly, man-to-man duel, with the verdict going to the sturdier, more tenacious and resourceful fighter. But more than even these things, it is a struggle against Nature; against disease ever ready to render a man nothing but a liability to his fellows; against mud and heat, swamp and mountain, demanding physical effort almost beyond human capacity.

Jungle School

Australians learnt how to fight effectively in such conditions. They learnt the hard way through months and years of hard, slogging pursuit of the enemy over hundreds of miles of real "tiger" country.

In the early days, malaria and scrub typhus were the bane of existence in New Guinea, especially the latter dread disease. The development of repellents, use of nets and the taking of commonsense precautions greatly reduced the incidence. Atebrin, a drug similar to quinine, was taken to build up a blood resistance to malaria and, attacking the trouble right at its roots, special hygiene squads destroyed the malaria-carrying mosquito in its breeding grounds.

Publicity methods were used to bring home to newcomers to New Guinea the importance of observing all precautions against disease. Large signs warned of scrub typhus: "One mite, one bite, good night." G.I. Joe adopted a more direct approach to combat the malarial menace.

Adorning the roads around American bases were large hoardings displaying

General Sir Thomas Blamey, Commander in Chief of the Australian Forces, inspecting the men of a cavalry unit in Palestine before they went into the Battle of Alamein.



Look : same men ; different place, chum. They are back from a patrol in the New Guinea jungle.



Recognize the 25-pounder? It's a "Baby" edition, cropped and lightened for jungle work.





BIOGRAPHY

MORTON says of himself. "I believe in laughter". It is literally true; he has an infinite capacity for mirth. Watching him let rip one of his great, jovial shouts of glee it would not be difficult to guess that this short, baldish, carelessly dressed little man was a humorist. Would you go further and put him down as one of the leading wits of the age? Probably not, for no one has any clear idea of what the leading wit of the age should resemble.

At the same time there's a suggestion of Mr. Punch about him; he'd look well in cap and bells.

He's 52. After the orthodox education of the young gentleman of his day (Harrow and Oxford) he joined the Royal Fusiliers as a private soldier in the last war, was commissioned in the Suffolks and finished his soldiering in Intelligence at the War Office. "A fate," he says, "which might befall the best of us."

First literary work, a poem, was published in the "Isis," Oxford's undergraduate magazine. Doesn't remember when his first joke saw print. Started as a journalist (though he says he isn't one) on the "Sunday Express," writing odd verses and doing "feature" reporting. Became "Beachcomber" of the "Daily Express" in 1924.

Historian As Well

Like most humorists Morton has an extremely serious side. He is deeply religious and was received into the Catholic church in 1922 by Fr. Woodlock of Farm St. He is an historian of note, and a novelist of distinction. In fact his formal works sell better, much better, than the collections of his writings from his daily column. In all he's produced nearly 40 books since his first war novel, "The Barber of Putney," published in 1919. Some of these historical studies are standard works, for example "The Dauphin" (about Louis XVII), "The Bastille Falls," and "St. Just."

Two new works are now on the stocks. The first is "The Gascon," an historical novel, and the second — not yet complete — "Brumaire," a study of Napoleon I.

He married in 1927 Mary O'Leary of Waterford. She used to be a doctor but now, she says, "I just practise on my husband."

Lady Cabstanleigh

HER ladyship is one of Beachcomber's most horrific creations. There was never a village fete but Lady Cabstanleigh opened it, never a committee to interfere with lawful occasions but she will be there in full and fatuous strength presiding. You have met her and seen her accepting rural bouquets a hundred times. Yet, like so many of her kind, she's a parvenu. Members who have hunted, man and boy, with the Beachcomber for years will recall that she has a past...

The Empty Cellar

He doesn't like modern wireless, modern houses or modern beer. His own house in Sussex is roofed with Horsham stone. "It's got a cellar below as big as the house itself. I used to fill it with claret before the war, but it's all gone now."

His fan-mail is surprisingly small, most of his correspondents being cranks. Some see him as a sinister Bolshevik menace undermining tradition because he makes fun of it — Narkover conjures these forth — and some as a bigoted reactionary forever seeking to disparage the Left Wing. The truth is that he has strong and not very orthodox views on most political questions.

Lost Opportunity

His favourite anecdote of the moment is of the highbrow photographer who took him all round London, carefully posing him against blitzed ruins, looking sad and studious. All this mystified J. B. considerably until he discovered that he was being mistaken for his namesake, H. V. Morton, to whom he is in no way related. "I've always regretted," he says, "That I disillusioned the fellow. "I might have given him some peculiar and highly important views on the whole subject."

Twenty-one years of Beachcombing have left him remarkably fresh.

"Retire? No, not unless they kick me out. Then I could get down to some real work — or get a job as a film star. Old Gaffer Shirley Temple and I might do well together."

Well, it's an idea worthy of Beachcomber."



Your Old Friend "BEACHCOMBER"

KINGS, Dukes and nobles in days gone by employed jesters to keep them amused. Now the modern prince of jesters works for the public. John Cameron Andrieu Bingham Michael Morton, who is no less a person than "Beachcomber", might well have been one of Shakespeare's senior clowns in another incarnation, but his audience is a million times that of any Elizabethan court fool.

Is he as funny as they? Certainly he is the most successful literary wag in Christendom. He has maintained his cap and bells for 21 years, and his characters have passed into the language. When any particularly absurd news item arises people say, "It sounds as if Beachcomber wrote that one" — a compliment not paid to any other living wit.

Morton inherited the title

"Beachcomber" in 1924, from another illustrious English humorist, D. B. Wyndham Lewis. The two men were and are close friends. Of Lewis, Morton says: "We all crept out from under D. B.'s cloak", a remark originally made about Gogol, the Russian novelist.

It was Lewis who had created the "By the Way" column under the name "Beachcomber" in its present form. Prior to his reign it had been the usual socialite tittle-tattle, full of the smart gossip of the day. Lewis wrote of the doings of Professor Plodsnitch and Farmer Gumble, and left the Dukes to look after themselves. The public soon showed which it preferred.

Triumphant Tour

To celebrate his new job Morton, who had hitherto been a feature writer, a poet and a novelist, went off on a walking tour in the Pyrenees with his friend D. B. "We roared through the place," he says, "Shouting songs, challenges and abuse. In Andorra they still speak of it with awe, amazement and reverence. A great occasion, second only, perhaps, to our famous entry into the pass at..."

"Ah," says his wife, settling quietly to her sewing, "Now the boasting's beginning again."

So in fact began the career of J. B. Morton as England's Jester No. 1, creator of Capt. Foulenough, Dr. Strabismus (Whom God Preserve) of Utrecht, of Mrs. Wretch, of the immortal O. Thake, and of Narkover's illustrious headmaster, Dr. Smart Alllick. They and a dozen others from the same stable have become part of the English scene.

The mantle of Wyndham Lewis was by no means easy to don, for Morton's predecessor had not vanished like Elijah, but removed himself to another place. He is, in fact, still in practice under the pseudonym "Timothy Shy" in still another place. Not only had Morton Gar-gantuan boots to fill, but the previous owner's footprints were, and are, still around.

Recipe With A Snag

To be funny, once, on paper is (comparatively) easy. To be funny once a week is hard work. To be consistently funny six days a week for 21 years, and to remain on the top of one's form, is beyond every contemporary humorist except J. B. Morton.

How is it done? The recipe is amazingly simple, so childish in fact that it is surprising that more have not attempted it. First you have to be J. B. Morton. Then you get up in the morning (not too early)

and think hard. You potter about the house or garden, collecting four or five ideas. Then you write them out in longhand, thus leaving the afternoon free for the composing of historical novels or for the answering of foolish questions.

"I bellow with laughter when I get a good joke," says J. B. "Why shouldn't I? If I don't think what I'm writing is funny, how the devil can I expect anyone else to? Some humorists are miserable fellows, they say, with faces as long as your arm. I don't agree with it — you mustn't take humour seriously, especially when you're working at it — I can't, anyhow. When I'm in form the ideas come in right away, and the characters almost write the stuff for themselves. Half an hour at boiling point will see it through. But it's not always as easy as that."

"If I get tired of a character I drop him in mid-air and hope that another will turn up. I don't deliberately sit down and invent them — they walk into a paragraph and come alive of their own accord, or not, as the case may be."

Mystery of O. Thake

His present favourite, you may recall, is Lord Shortcake ("My old master") who was last heard of indulging in disastrous adventures in the musical world. Mr. Morton thinks he may be able to make further revelations about the career of the amiable but scatterbrained nobleman very shortly.

What of Oswald Thake, that magnificent pre-war figure, whose absent-minded, antediluvian excellence was like a vintage port? "I'm afraid he's rotting in his club somewhere. I may look him up one day. I have to be in the mood for him."

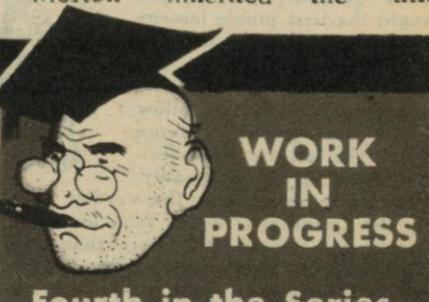
Morton writes his column by hand ("Just lost my fountain-pen, a very grave blow") keeping, in wartime, four or five days ahead of the paper. Curiously, he's never counted the number of words which go to make it, but judges the required quantity by eye. He can't type or dictate; they know his writing by now and set from his manuscript.

Hard Work, Plus...

"I'm not a journalist," he says. "I know nothing about type sizes or anything of that sort. If it's too long they cut a chunk out, or stick another one in from the next lot if it's too short."

Humorous writing, like any other job, is hard work. Like any other creative job it requires gifts, skill, intelligence, and above that the continued taking of infinite pains which is next door to genius. "Describe me to your readers," says Mr. Morton (who stands about five feet four in his socks) "as a rugged Cornish giant. Or if you prefer it, say I'm a retiring and elderly spinster living in quiet solitude in the depths of South Wales. As you please."

P. Y. C.



Prodnose



NICHOLAS BENTLEY

Drew the Pictures

Dr. Strabismus

THE Learned Doctor (Whom God Preserve) was Beachcomber's first character; he remains one of his best. He has invented everything from a mousetrap to a pre-fabricated, introvert, reversible and collapsible bulldozer, and can throw off a device for extracting whelks from the cockades of Sussex cabmen while you wait. His roundabout and back-handed patents are the perfect comment on those genuinely monstrous inventions which are put forward seriously for our betterment. There was never a fatuous or pompous suggestion made in the scientific world which Dr. Strabismus (the name means 'Squint') could not improve by producing something very similar... but with a straw or two in its hair, so that we can keep our perspective in the matter.

BY the WAY by Beachcomber

MANY planners seem to be guided by the principle: find out what people don't want to do, and then make them do it.

But there are other planners who say: find out what people do want to do, and then see that they can't do it spontaneously, and in their own way.

One gentleman, having made the brilliant discovery that people may feel inclined to sing for sheer happiness after the war, wants to plan the singing, to organise and direct it, so that there shall be nothing spontaneous about it. It would be more like a mass filling-up of forms than an expression of care-free joy. This is in line with the idea that because people will want holidays, they must have organised and controlled holidays.

If multitudes of people tolerate further interference with their private lives, it will be their own fault.

Life at Boulton Wynfevers (I)

IT was a prolonged correspondence in a newspaper, entitled "Are the English musical?" which first turned my old master's thoughts in the direction of the violin. "Music's only a knack," he said to Lady Shortcake. "Damn it, I believe I could soon learn to play." On his first visit to London he bought a violin and experimented with it in his library. Next morning he said,

"If you go on making all the wrong noises long enough, the right ones are bound to come in the end. It's a mathematical certainty." "The wrong noises are certainly coming in sufficient numbers," said Lady Shortcake bitterly. "My dear," replied my master, "Nero didn't burn Rome in a day." Lord Shortcake then tried a correspondence course, and at the end of a week Lady Shortcake said, "Any sign of the right noises yet?" "No," said my master gloomily, "there's something wrong with the violin. It sounds hollow to me."

In passing

THE three usual adjectives employed to describe a novel or a Government official, vital, human and dynamic, are fading out. Today I find a lady described as "Balham-born, petite and frank." Then there was the statesman who was called "Tall but friendly."

Smugly



Above is the impressive scene at the enthronement of the new Archbishop. He is sitting on the chair of St. Augustine, in the nave of Canterbury Cathedral. The details of his ceremonial robes can be seen in the picture below.



The robes of the Archbishop

DR. GEOFFREY FISHER was enthroned Archbishop of Canterbury in Canterbury Cathedral on 19 April. Here is the new Primate, with his chaplain, in the vestments worn during the long and colourful service.

Why should even an Archbishop wear such an apparently outlandish garb? A soldier wears uniform designed for his job and to distinguish him from the enemy. In the same way the dustman, the postman, the surgeon and the ticket-collector wear their appointed, recognised form of dress. Many parts of these uniforms may be relics, the primary purpose for which they were created having passed away.

So the parson wears his cassock and surplice, the bishop his cope and mitre. Their robes have no magical meaning, but they proclaim to all the station and duty of their wearer. And they emphasise the fact of the continuity of Christian faith; they are its symbol and the material link with the first Christians. For they are nearly all based on clothing that was everyday wear in the Roman Empire.

Silk and Gold

In the picture the Archbishop is wearing, over all, a gorgeously worked cope. Made of heavy, hand-woven, brocaded silk, it is richly embroidered with gold thread — pure gold wound on a silk core. A cope such as this would take skilled embroidresses at least

nine months to finish, and at today's prices would cost about £500. The cope is the direct descendant of the "Lacerna," worn by the Romans as an overcoat over the toga. It is joined in front by a morse, often of richly jewelled gold, though in this instance it is fairly plain. Beneath the morse is the pectoral cross.

A Work of Art

The garment is the rochet, of fine-quality linen, which is a Bishop's vestment only. Round his neck the Archbishop wears a long, fringed, embroidered scarf, the stole, originally a neckcloth, and under the rochet the purple cassock of heavy, ribbed silk. Around his wrists are ruffs and scarlet wristbands. On his head is the mitre, again a distinctively episcopal vestment. Its earliest illustration is on a coin of Egbert, Archbishop of York, 754-766 A.D.

The chaplain is bearing the — Archiepiscopal Cross, a 19th century copy of a medieval original. This cross is carried by the chaplain in attendance whenever the Archbishop takes part in ceremonial processions.

The robes are a true work of art; they invest the man chosen as head of the Established Church and the Anglican communion with dignity and the feeling of tradition, and give colour and light to the rite of his enthronement.

M. D. Wippell (Cpl).

The denims of the Princess

WHEN the King and Queen visited No. 1 Motor Transport Training Centre, ATS, in the South of England recently, one of the denim-clad girls they saw with her head under the bonnet of an Army truck was Princess Elizabeth, Heir to the Throne.

In a little while she was explaining to the Queen all that she had been learning about motor-cars.

The Princess began her tuition on a 15-cwt. truck on blocks. There she was taught how to change gear and how to use the clutch, accelerator, choke and brakes and the uses of the dials on the dashboard.

Drove Many Vehicles

Her first experience of driving on the road was in a 15-cwt training vehicle. When she had mastered that, she drove an Army staff car and then a heavy field ambulance.

To accustom her to driving in traffic, on Easter Monday she was taken out to drive through the streams of cars, buses and bicycles going to the Ascot race-meeting.

She was also trained in night-driving.

In the class-rooms at the centre she learned the theory of the internal combustion engine and the names of all the parts. For map-reading, she shared a desk and a map with Sgt. Patricia Young of Fleet, Hants., whose husband is in the RHA in Italy.

For workshops training the girls were detailed into "syndicates" of three, in one of which was the Princess.

Dressed like the others in denim overalls, the Princess received practical training in all the dirty jobs of motoring.

Changing a Wheel

She learned to change a wheel, to clean plugs and to grease and maintain a vehicle.

The course was designed for NCO's and the Princess took it as part of her training as an ATS officer. She was described on her papers as:—

Second Subaltern Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Windsor

Age: 18.

Eyes: Blue.

Hair: Brown.

Height: 5 ft. 7 ins.

Quick Learner

"The Princess is an excellent and considerate driver. She drives with thought for others on the road," said the Commandant of the Centre.

"All of us here found her extremely quick to learn — in fact she learned much more quickly than the average run of girls. When she came here she had not driven a car of any kind."

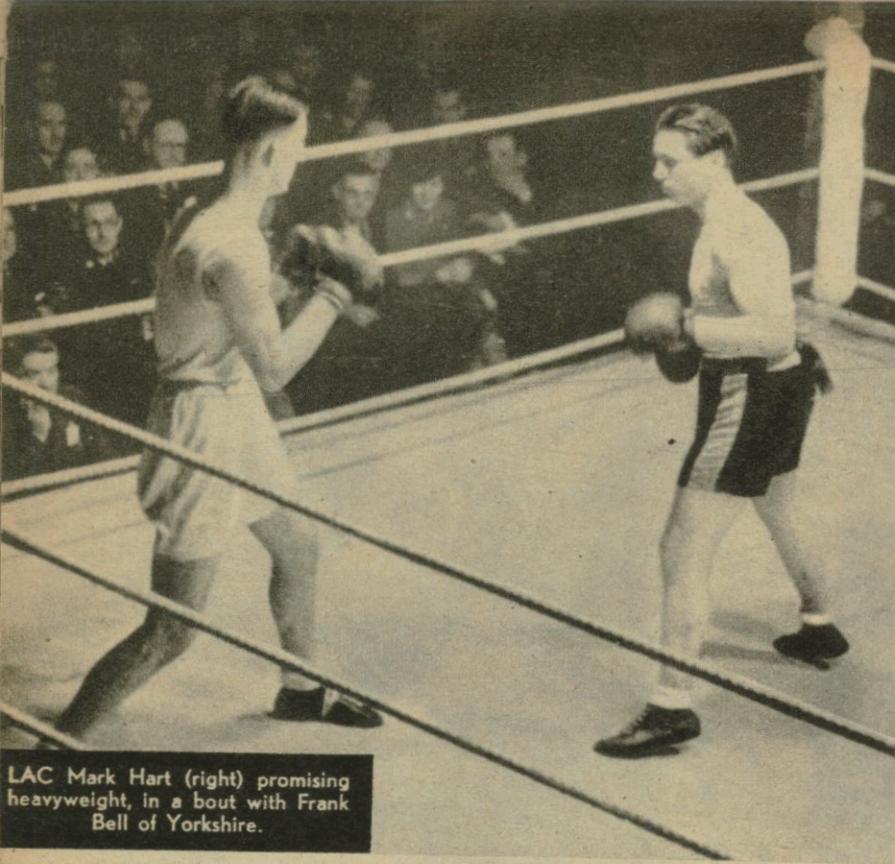
Another officer of the Centre said: "There is no doubt that the Princess has enjoyed every moment here and the other girls have certainly enjoyed having her among them."

And at the end of the course, Princess Elizabeth passed out as a fully qualified and competent driver.

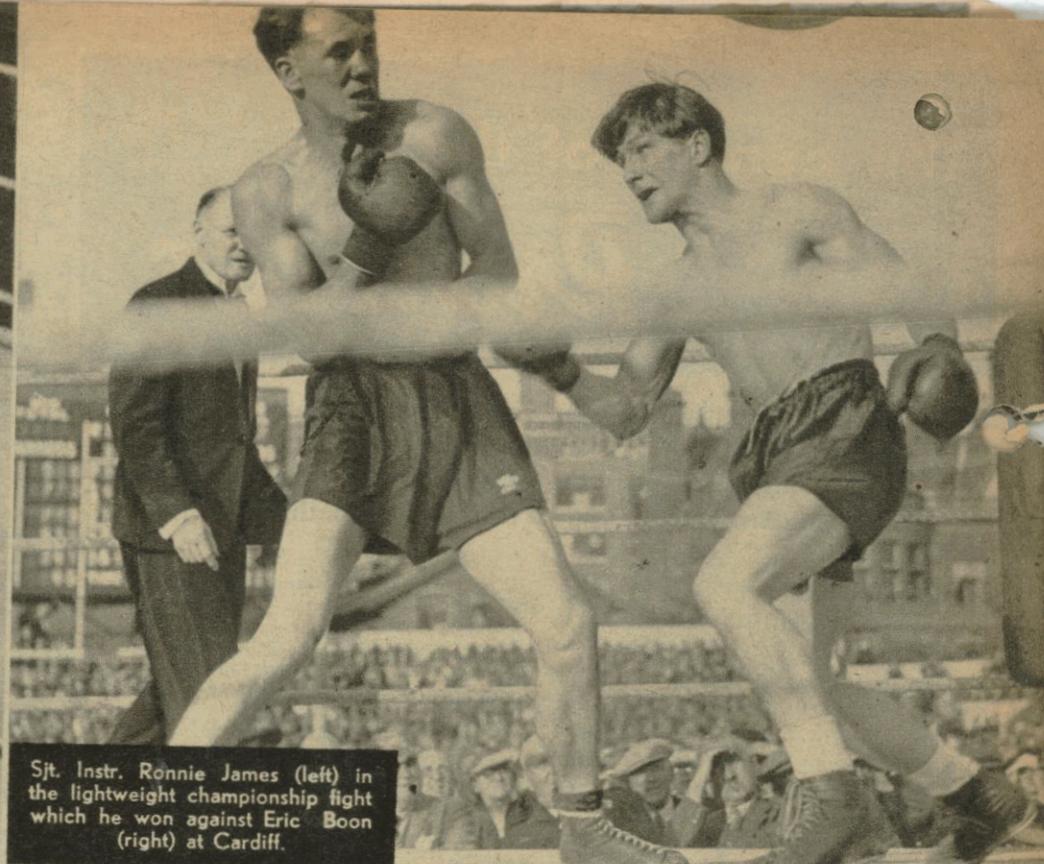


You see Princess Elizabeth (above) smiling as work on an engine is completed; (bottom left) learning to drive an ambulance; and (below) explaining to her mother, the Queen, some maintenance she has been doing.





LAC Mark Hart (right) promising heavyweight, in a bout with Frank Bell of Yorkshire.



Sjt. Instr. Ronnie James (left) in the lightweight championship fight which he won against Eric Boon (right) at Cardiff.

OVER two score amateur and professional boxers

of the Royal Navy, Army and RAF, many of them champions, have given their first BLA show at Ghent. A second show was arranged for Antwerp on Sunday, May 13. Most successful of the team will be chosen for the home show at the Royal Albert Hall, London, on May 30.

These are not just a series of tame exhibitions, but top-line bouts that would pack any hall in Britain.

The professionals include Ronnie James (Swansea), British lightweight champion; Gwyn Williams (Pontycymmer), Welsh welter titleholder; Tom Smith (Sunderland), former Northern feathers champion who went the distance against Nel Tarleton for the British title; and Arthur Danahar (Bethnal Green), who fought for the British light and welter titles.

Canadian Challenger

Danny Webb, the Montreal man-mauler, who deals out terrific punches in the cause of medical science — he says he is boxing only to save enough money to become a doctor — is there, too. The coloured Canadian featherweight has already conquered three of our champions.

Another Canadian professional is included, Lieut. Joe Gagnon, a tough bantam. There is one other officer in the party, Pilot Officer S. Callard, of West Ham, who takes the place of Cpl. Arthur Groves (RAF) of Epsom and Ewell, who was chosen for the trip and afterwards posted overseas.

Bdr. Danny Webb is saving to be a doctor.



Veteran of the amateurs is Sjt. Instr. Harry Butler (APTC), of Coventry: He is Army featherweight champion and won an Empire Games title in Australia in 1938.

L/Sjt. Frank Dolan (Irish Guards) has been Army cruiserweight champion three times. He was wounded in Africa. L/Cpl. A. Tofield (Essex Regt) is better known as Tony Davies, the West Ham lightweight.

Here is the full list of tourists :

Professionals.

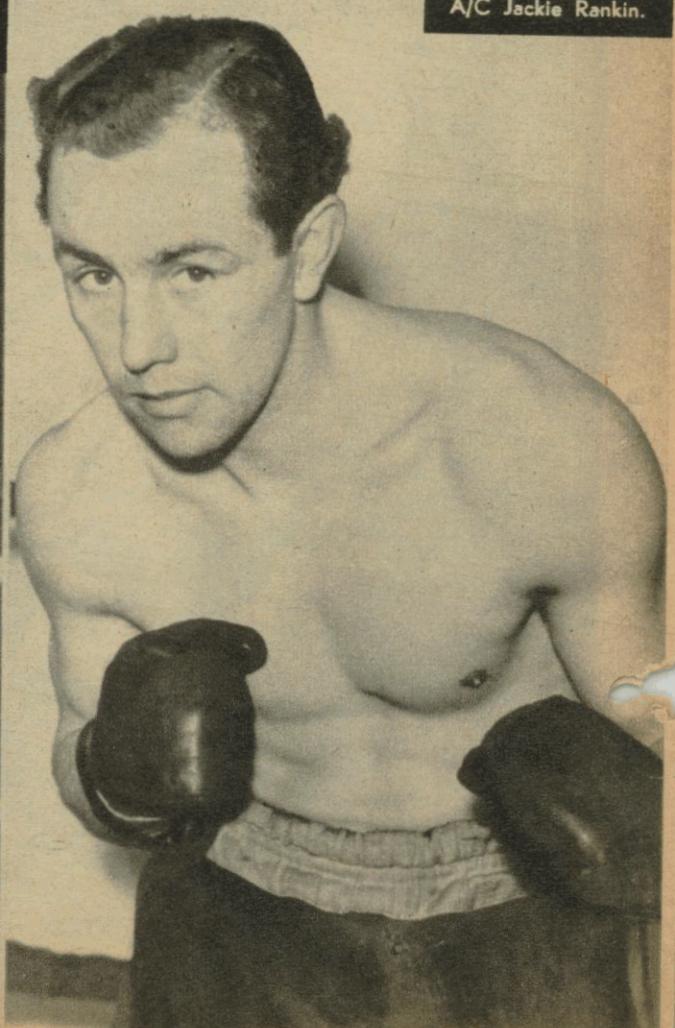
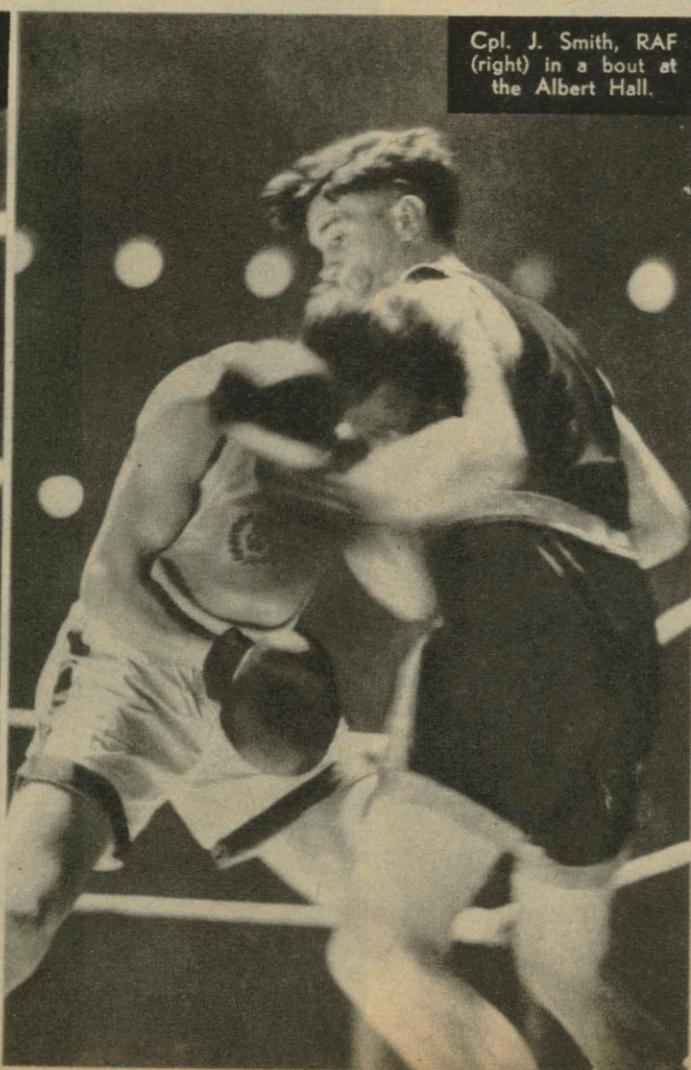
Heavy. — Gnr. Alf Brown (RA, ABA cruiser champion, 1938) of Catford; Sjt. "Jock" Porter (RAF) of Glasgow. **Welter.** — Sjt. Instr. Arthur Danahar (APTC); Sgmn. Ivor Jones (RA, Army champion). **Light.** — Sjt. Instr. Ronnie James (APTC, British champion); Sjt. Instr. Gwyn Williams (RAF); Sjt. Instr. Tom Smith (APTC, Army champion); A/C Jackie Rankin (RAF). **Feather.** — Bdr. Danny Webb (Canadian Army); Petty Officer Ben Duffy (RN). **Bantam.** — Lieut. Joe Gagnon (Canadian Army); Petty Officer Tim Mahoney (RN).

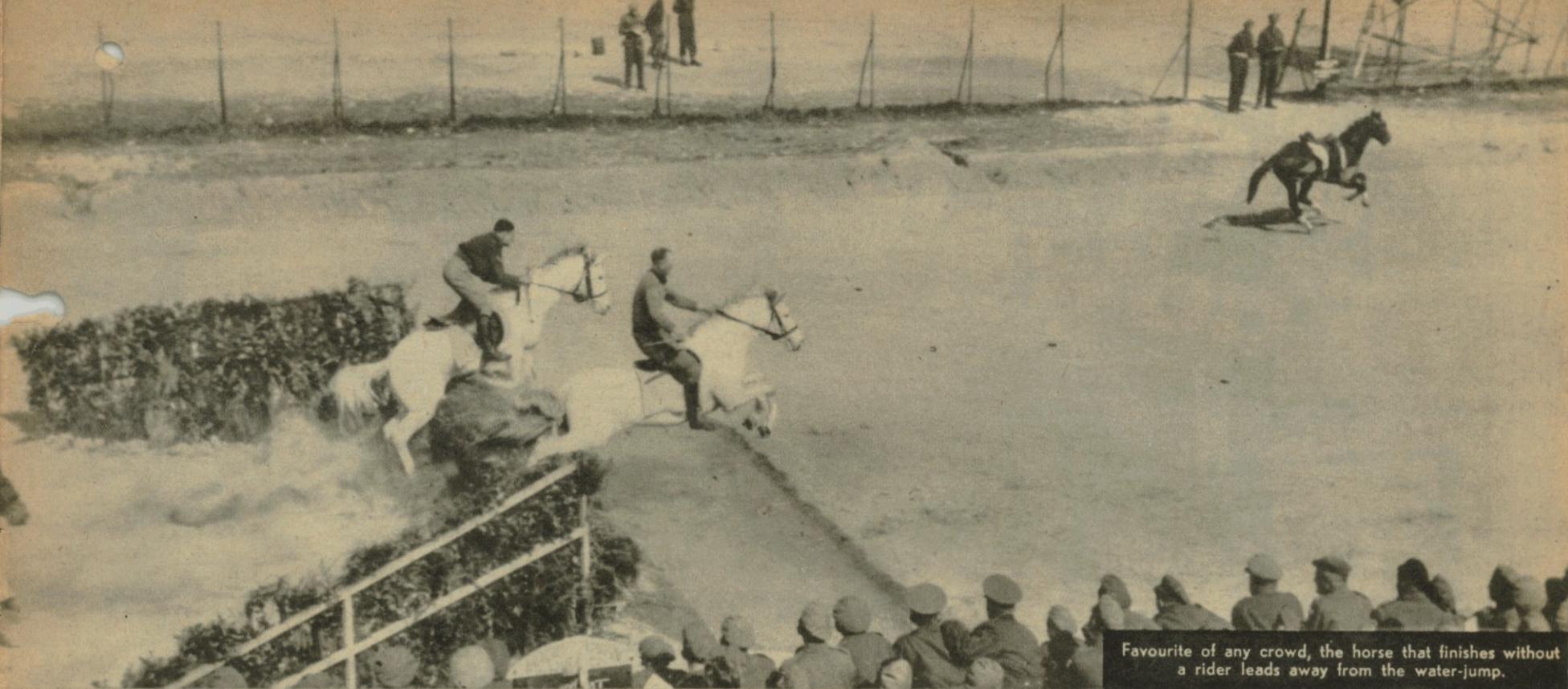
Amateurs.

Cruiser. — LAC Mark Hart (RAF, ABA heavyweight champion); L/Sjt. Frank Dolan (Irish Guards, Army champion); CSMI Ernie Shackleton (APTC, ABA champion); Sjt. Eddie Ridley (RAF); Petty Officer Jack Tansey (RN). CSMI Fowler (APTC). **Middle.** — Gnr. F. Smith (RA, Army champion); Sjt. Instr. R. J. Parker (APTC, 1944 Army champion). **Welter.** — SSI Johnny Ryan (APTC, Army champion); Cpl. Jimmy Smith (RAF); L/Cpl. George McGrath (Middlesex Regt); Sjt. J. Mitchell (RAF). **Light.** — Cpl. Sid Masters (KRRC, Army champion); L/Cpl. A. Tofield (Essex Regt); Officers Cook Jimmy Shord (RN); P/O S. Callard (RAF); LAC Stanley Gossip (RAF); L/Cpl. Wally Thom (Pioneers, Western Command champion). **Feather.** — Sjt. Instr. Harry Butler (APTC, Army champion); Sgmn D.C. Piggott (Army); A/C Carter (RAF); O/S Harry Shord (RN). **Bantam.** — Cpl. L. Traynor (Green Howards); A/C R. Bissell (RAF).

A/C Jackie Rankin.

Cpl. J. Smith, RAF (right) in a bout at the Albert Hall.





Favourite of any crowd, the horse that finishes without a rider leads away from the water-jump.

8th Army Had Own "Kempton Park"

HERE'S no thrill like picking a winner, especially if you're on the spot to see it pass the post. That is one of the delights which the soldier overseas gets resigned to missing until he's home again. But if there's half a chance he'll stage a race with the most unpromising material; a couple of spiders in the bottom of a biscuit-tin perhaps, or some beetles on a table. These are sorry makeshifts, but if the thrill of the racing game is in your blood it's got to find expression somehow.

But just recently, a few miles behind the 8th Army front, the cry of "Three to one the field!" had nothing to do with spiders, tame mice or other low forms of animal life. The gigantic crowd gathered there had come to enjoy themselves at the real thing — a race meeting run on strictly organised lines.

Mules, Too

A tract of ground which quickly became known as "Kempton Park" had been laid out as a proper course, complete with hurdles and water jump. Horses were lent by a veterinary school and, if not quite so fast as Derby pacemakers, were equally well turned out and provided just as thrilling finishes. Two races of the card of eight even gave the Army's pack-carrying mules a chance to show their mettle and amuse the crowd. Of the six other events, four were over varying distances on the flat while the other two included obstacles. The jockeys, recruited from all ranks, rode their flyers in masterly fashion.

Before we forced the Germans out of the area the "Park" may well have served as a proper racecourse, for the remains of what once were well-appointed grand-stands served to give the troops an uninterrupted view of this remarkable afternoon's sport.

Improvisation ran to fastidious details. Behind the stands a roped-off ring made a sizeable paddock and punters had an opportunity to look the horses over before each race. Racecards were consulted with excitement, and the runners were scrutinised as closely as bloodstock at one of the classics back in Britain.

The Tote Took Care...

The jockeys sported all manner of riding garb, from a battledress jacket with breeches and puttees to a very correct outfit complete with high, polished boots, roll-top sweater and jockey cap.

An efficiently constructed totalisator took care of the clients' money, or, if they preferred, one of "The Old Firm" readily obliged — and there is no doubt the bookmakers enjoyed the fun. The tote notice board was a masterpiece of lucid instruction. Among its rules were "1000 lire notes not accepted," "Civilian bets not taken," and, in case there should be any millionaires content to let their cash accumulate, there was the direction, "Winnings must be drawn immediately after each race."

In the waits between races Irish pipe bands played lively tunes, helping to cheer up those who had lost on the previous race, and to encourage timid punters to throw discretion to the winds when the next race went up.

Mobile canteens served refreshments and picnic parties ate their Army rations with a new relish. The whole savoured so much of a Briton's day at the races that the predominance of uniforms only slightly modified the illusion.



Desert Rats' umbrella attracted the unit's punters.



RSM turned bookie has the professional touch.

Charlie Shadwell's Laugh-



SINCE the first comedian gave birth to the idea of pulling the orchestra conductor's leg, the leader of a variety orchestra has been an acting unpaid feed or stooge for any comedian who cared to use him. Charles Murray Winstanley Shadwell of the BBC is no exception.

Most conductors find comedians not very funny, but in this Charlie Shadwell is an exception. His laugh at their jokes has made it, with the possible exception of Dr. Joad's, the most famous giggle in radio. That his stamina is something out of the ordinary is apparent when it is realised that he has averaged seven shows a week with the BBC in the nine years he has been with them.

Was In Last War

Charlie Shadwell is the son of a doctor — his father was killed by a German bomb in October 1940 — who was a talented musician.

But Shadwell père thought sufficiently little of music as a means of earning a living to put his son, after he left St. Peter's School, York, to train for the Merchant Navy on HMS Worcester. Ill-health and the war put an end to young Charlie's nautical career and buffeted him, in the way wars have, into the Army. He served with the West Yorks Regiment until he was invalided out in 1918.

He left the Army as so many did — with neither money nor prospects. He had been able to play the piano since he was six years old. He could play the organ and the violin. So after a short spell at the Ministry of Pensions which convinced him that he was no Civil Servant he took his gifts, and his hopes, to the Royal Academy of Music. But money had to be earned for his studies, and to get this Charlie Shadwell took many one-night dates with the then newfangled jazz bands. They were the sort of bands who plodded through the music at local tennis club socials, church halls or "Masonic," and it is probably this experience which has convinced him that even BBC comedians are funny.



has been associated with music-hall ever since the cat's whisker era.

In the days when he stood in the orchestra pit musicians were not so well-dressed as they are in the almost Savile Row BBC Variety Orchestra, but a certain sub-standard evening dress was laid down for all performers. On one occasion Shadwell had cause to reprimand a bass player who turned up in an old, shabby, sports coat. The bass player returned his conductor's angry reprimand with a glance of contempt, opened a "trap-door" in the back of his bass and drew out an evening dress coat, a dickey, a packet of sandwiches and a bottle of beer.

"Garrison Theatre"

One of Charlie Shadwell's most successful innovations at the BBC was "Garrison Theatre," which was based on the Garrison Theatre over which he presided for a time at Ripon, H.Q. of Northern Command in the last war. There had been a saucy private in the front row who gave the idea for the character made famous by Jack Warner. There had also been a sergeant-major with a sergeant-major

voice who had shouted "Parade : Dismiss!" at the end of the show. This was C.S.M. Filtness, who played the part in the BBC version.

On Liberation Day

That his name is as well-known as that of Sir Thomas Beecham or Sir Adrian Boult is borne out by the reception of BBC's Freddie Cooper in the French town of Ferte Bernard. When the town was liberated, among the crowd which surrounded the BBC car was a woman who shouted out: "I'm Charlie's aunt." Freddie Cooper's natural desire to ask her if she came from Brazil was checked by the thought that her mind might have become unhinged by the bombing from which the place had suffered. But later on, being given a cup of coffee by this woman, he found her astonished that he had not realised that what she meant was Charlie Shadwell's aunt. "After all, there's only one Charlie at the BBC..." Charlie's Aunt was Mrs. Dora Stark, his mother's sister, who had been in France throughout the occupation.

Michael Mason (Capt.).



It Took 20 Years to Write this SHORT STORY

ALL the early-flowering shrubs in the London squares were decked with lacey pink and yellow blossom overnight. People on the buses running past Hyde Park turned from their newspapers in the morning with a catch of the breath that they quickly tried to hide when they saw the fairy rings of brave crocus flowers standing firm in the winter-grimed grass.

I was walking round the garden with my grandfather, absorbing all that Lady Spring had given to the town. Suddenly he laughed, and said: —

"It's a pity we never borrowed one idea from the Chinese — the fashion of ancestor worship. You modern young men have no idea what sort of folks your predecessors really were. Look at me, for example. You never thought I was one of

the most patient men in Britain. This tree here has just reminded me that I waited nearly 20 years for a laugh..."

It was 1925 and Sunday morning in the village inn, and the talk turned to fruit trees. Bill Dickens said:

"Well, I'll tell you one secret. You've always said that Cox's Orange pippins wouldn't grow round here. You're wrong. I've got a tree that will come nicely into bearing this year. You can come and see it if you like."

The tap-room emptied after Bill. He led the way down the path of his long cottage garden and proudly showed them his treasure tucked away among his other trees at the foot of his "land." There, right enough, was one of the cherished trees that had always been too tender to stand our exposed climate.

The experts grunted and nodded in praise of Bill's achievement.

Twenty Years On

The subject was not mentioned again until last year. It was a quieter Sunday morning. Only two or three of that former crowd were in the tap-room. Talk turned again on apples, and Bill repeated his boast. His was the only hand that could nurture those tender trees. The crowd repeated the crocodile walk of 20 years ago down Bill's garden. Now he had two trees replacing the original.

The crowd grunted and nodded in praise.

"Them's the only trees of their kind for a good few miles, I reckon," said Bill. "I allus seemed to be lucky with my fruit."

My grandfather dropped into his native Cheshire tongue as he finished his story.

"When Bill had finished, I butted in with, 'Nay, laad, tha' musna' be too hasty. I reckon my pair are betterer nor thine.'

"Bill looked flabbergasted. 'I never knew that tha' grew these apples. Last time we talked on 'em...'

"Then they all came down the street and up the garden to see my two trees.

"Bill looked hard at 'em. He swallowed and said. 'Tha's fausse, John. How long a' you had these? Tha' never bought 'em, I'll be baan.'

"I had to smile a bit. 'Nay, laad,' I said. 'Tha's just reminded us of the last time we talked about these trees. It were 20 year ago. While you were swanning about your'n you bent down to pick up a stray leaf. While tha' back were turned I whipped out my pocket-knife and took a couple of slips off'n your little tree'."

"That's what I calls patience," said my grandfather.

"But tha' can put that knife back in tha' pocket, lad..."

John Hallows (Sjt).



SURREY LANDSCAPE

Han Common, that lovely stretch of heath and woodland which lies between Richmond and Kingston has had many historic associations in the past. It has been the "battle-ground" of the local Home Guard during this war, which is a reminder of another occasion when, in 1805, the Volunteer Corps trained across the same area for a very similar purpose.

J. Dixon-Scott.

Last Tram, Brussels

A Belgian girl stands lightly on my toes; Her brassy hair is tickling my nose. I like her ear-rings; they are made of lace, Like daisies... With a tolerant grimace She lets her escort kiss her from behind. They don't mind me, and who am I to mind? Beside her sulks an under-sized small brother, REME on one sleeve, COLDSTREAM on the other.

Byron, thou shouldst be living now to see All Belgium's Beauty and her Chivalry Pressed on one tram; thou shouldst be here to smell

Coty and Houbigant, Patou, Chanel. Behold an old man with a beard like Lear's, Behold five WAAF's, one priest, three Grenadiers,

Behold one beldam with an *œil vivace*, Behold a notice: *Cédez votre place* Aux femmes enceintes, ou portant un bébé.

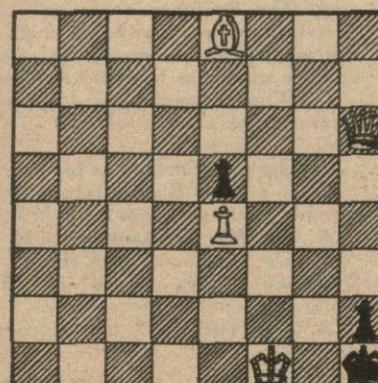
("My dear, how dreadful, what a thing to say!)

Pressed to the back there, friendly but forlorn,

Stands the conductor with his hunting horn. A colonel leaps aboard, with flying hoof;

He laughs, remembers, tries to look aloof. We stop, to let ten men upon the roof.

E. S. T.



White to move and mate in three.

How Much do you Know?

1. What can you measure with (a) a pedometer (b) a chronometer (c) an ammeter (d) a cyclometer (e) an oximeter?
2. Jerome Kern is famous for:
 - sinking the first Japanese submarine;
 - marrying Deanna Durbin;
 - creating the "strip" character Reilly-ffoull;
 - composing the tune "Ol' Man River".
3. "The Hairy Ainu." Is it human, animal or vegetable?
4. Londoners once rioted, shouting, "Give us back our eleven days!" Why?
5. Any mis-spellings here: Arctic; haemorrhage; antirrhinum; Brussels?
6. Who wrote:

"My candle burns at both ends,
It will not last the night,
But ah my foes, and oh my friends,
It gives a lovely light!"
7. In what towns do these clubs play:
 - Glentoran
 - Shamrock Rovers
 - Tranmere Rovers
 - St. Mirren
 - St Johnstone
8. Who were (a) "The Tiger" (b)

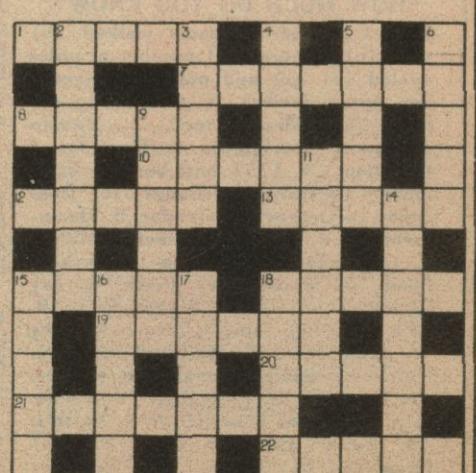
CHESS AND CROSSWORD

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Pilots landing thereon may not always find it comic! — 7. This puts the Germans on the alert. — 8. Town on the Moselle which never gives up? — 10. A weighty sort of affair in France. — 12. Gone of the knees. — 13. Now exchanged by Hussars and others for a helmet. — 15. Go back in the bus? It's false. — 18. "Tabby" lot, these, but not necessarily catty! — 19. A cheap form of thug. — 20. Scene of fighting on the wall in both World Wars. — 21. 1944 gap of fame. — 22. Schickelgruber, shall we say?

CLUES DOWN.

2. Fighter with some fuss. — 3. How to treat an enemy thrust. — 4. It should — and now does — assume a vertical position! — 5. Shell settings. — 6. Extreme mental torture. — 9. Ration carrier of a kind. — 11. Is bound to begin an army roll. — 14. It takes to the water — just like a duck. — 15. East Kents. — 16. American Clark, perhaps, but not the general. — 17. He's a white man, in India. — 18. Supreme Headquarters.



(Answers on Page 18.)

LINK-UP

with British Army
Newspapers Everywhere



PHOENIX

South-East Asia Command

Tea on Tap

"HAVE some char?" A Scot, stripped to the waist, offered me a mug of tea. Tea's the great stimulant of the campaign. Stop for a moment and mugs of scalding, sickly-sweet delicious tea appear miraculously. We drank it as night came down on our outpost. It reminded me of one of those Covered Wagon scenes from the movies. Tank crews settled down to mending tracks and doing other repairs against the morrow. Dumps went on exploding and burning luridly, machine guns rattled. The full moon came up, ruddy with dust and smoke, the tank crews went on tinkering, a fierce small arms battle broke out over to the right. And we slept on the ground.

gen

Middle East

Right Show, But—

I addressed myself to the manager without preamble, telling him who we were, what we had come for, and adding, a trifle whimsically, that he had, of course, received his instructions about it from Drury Lane Theatre.

He appeared to be of the taciturn type; and not receptive to theatrical ideas. In fact, it soon became clear that his heart and soul were wrapped up in his mission of pouring tea. There was a long pause, and I repeated my story, a little slower, and pitched in a slightly lower key.

Answers

(From page 17.)

"HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?"

- (a) number of paces walked (b) time (c) amperes (d) number of miles cycled (e) spit and polish (a legendary Army device).
2. Composing the tune "Ol' Man River".
3. Human (Japanese aborigine).
4. They found that Sept. 3, 1752 had become September 14, through change-over from Julian to Gregorian calendar.
5. Haemorrhage;
6. Edna St. Vincent Millay.
7. (a) Belfast (b) Dublin (c) Birkenhead (d) Paisley (e) Perth.
8. (a) Clemenceau (b) Sir Walter Scott.
9. Law excluding females from inheriting sovereignty.
10. G. K. Chesterton.
11. Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.
12. Dundee.
13. Fujiyama.
14. Parliament of Isle of Man.
15. Woolworth's.
16. Balsa.
17. (a) June 21 (b) December 21.
18. (a) J.B. Priestley

(b) Harriet Beecher-Stowe (c) A.J. Cronin. 19. An alchemist. 20. (a) Royal Scots Greys (b) 1st Royal Dragoons (c) Royal Warwickshire (d) 13/18 Hussars (e) Royal Engineers.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS:— 1. Strip. 7. Achtung. 8. Trier. 10. Gramme. 12. Baggy. 13. Busby. 15. B-og-us. 18. Staff. 19. Apache. 20. Arras. 21. Falaise. 22. Felon.

DOWN:— 2. Torn-ado. 3. Parry. 4. Thumb. 5. Fuses. 6. Agony. 9. Egg-cup. 11. Must-er. 14. Buffalo. 15. Buffs. 16. Gable. 17. Sahib. 18. SHAEF.

CHESS

Key-move: Q-B 4. Then 1. is P x Q. 2. B-R 5. P-B 6. 3. B x P mate.

CRUSADER

Italy

Giacomo The Penman

THE Special Investigation Branch cracked a two-man combine which had manufactured well over a million lire's worth of spurious notes. Up to the present 1,100,000 lire have been recovered by this SIB section — 860 notes 1000 lire denomination and 480 of 500 lire. Many of them were still in uncut sheets of nine. Some remarkably cool coups were brought off by the combine. For instance, in December a stranger walked into a shop at Tolentino and bought 300,000 lire's worth of silk stockings, paying for them with three hundred 1000 lire AMC notes.

Perhaps some feeling that this amount of silk stockings was a bit excessive for anyone other than a modern King Solomon, buying his wives a Christmas present, may have crossed the shopkeeper's mind. Anyhow he sent the money to a bank cashier and it was returned to him — as genuine.

An indication of how profitable the job was can be got when you realise that, over a period of three days, d'Incicco deposited 79,000 lire at the bank. No doubt he would still be doing it if it had not been for a smart job by the SIB, who once more proved that "Crime doesn't pay" — even if you go to college to coin.

The lithographer got ten years penal servitude and d'Incicco went down for a seven year stretch.

VICTORY

Italy

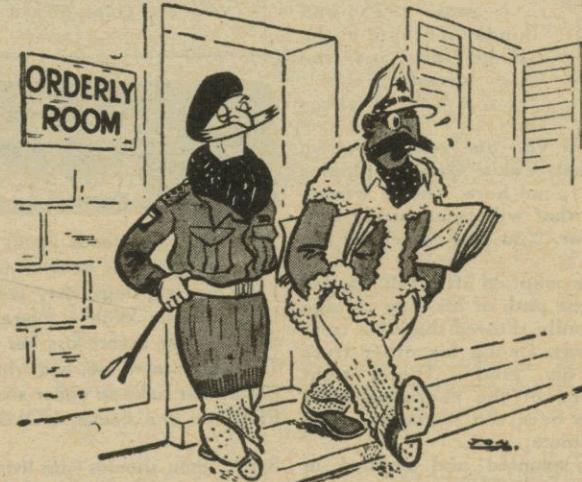
After The Bombardment

DURING the night the town was caught in the terrific bombardment by hundreds of Allied guns. When I reached the Senio to day, Cotignola was an oasis of debris in a desert of mines. As I climbed a foot-wide path through the minefield I saw a refugee blown up a few yards ahead. He lost both his feet. On the far side of the flood-bank I came across a German dug-out. A white flag still fluttered from a pole. Hand-grenades, cartridges, biscuits and a pack of playing cards were strewn about the trench...

A group of children sat together on the rubble of a church. They had lost their parents. I spoke to them but they did not reply. They had long finished crying, and continued to stare. A doctor and nuns were helping. Neither the doctor nor the nuns had slept for two days. Yet they were the only ones with a smile.

THE TWO TYPES

BY JON



"Just my luck at this stage of the war to be made Unit Education Officer, old man."

QUIZ-

★ Have you sent in your release query yet?

This is the fifth in SOLDIER's series of Questions and Answers on the Services release scheme.

Q. Am I issued with coupons as well as civilian clothes?

A. Yes, the normal civilian ration with a possibility of some additional coupons.

Q. Can a married woman be retained under the "military necessity" clause, and if she is so retained will she be released when her husband is released?

A. The "military necessity" clause overrides every priority; in which case she would not necessarily be released at once when her husband is released.

Q. Who is responsible for medical treatment of a man released in Class B?

A. The panel doctor as for civilians.

Q. If a Class B man returns to the colours what rank does he hold?

A. His War Substantive Rank.

Q. Do members of Colonial and Dominion forces loaned to British Units come under the scheme?

A. No. They will be returned to

their Colonial and Dominion Units and come under their own Government's scheme.

Q. Do I still have my reinstatement rights after I have been doing a job to which I was directed on Class B release?

A. Yes. You retain them until the time when you are no longer subject to "direction".

Q. Can I take my 56 days in the Command in which I am serving and then return to the U.K.?

A. No.

Q. If I get discharged on medical grounds before releases commence do I get Class A benefits?

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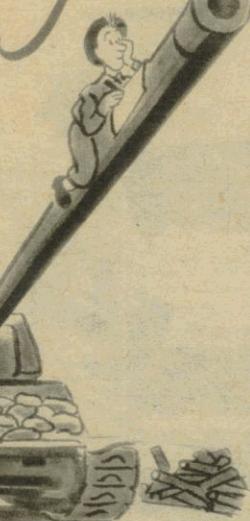
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TO SOLDIER



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

THIS IS YOUR PAGE.

The ATS, I feel, have always been able to hold their own with any feminine society, and this has never been more apparent to me than during the three days I have just spent in Brussels. It was indeed good to see the freshness of the English girl amid the artificiality of her foreign counterparts.

To the suggestion that ATS girls prefer the company of foreigners, I would point out that in Brussels it seems to be the men who have the foreign taste, while most ATS girls are usually to be seen in pairs without male company.

It is most considerate of the gallant "eleven" to condescend to admit that there are a few ATS who have kept their self-respect. Seldom have I seen eleven men together who could by any stretch of imagination afford to cast stones. One or two maybe, but eleven — well I ask you ?

May I add that the standard of smartness attained by the ATS in the BLA, together with their extreme efficiency, could be well held as an example to many men in the Forces. Perhaps that hurts, but then the truth always does.

Chivalry

Bdr. G. I. Jones, RA, 42 RHU : Let me remind our indisposed Sir Galahads at 25 BG Hospital that a decently brought-up man displays chivalry to women through habit and good breeding, irrespective of their shortcomings, which are infinitesimal compared with those of Man.

Our knights say, " You cannot be in bad company for long periods without being polluted yourself." I believe that one good person can keep twelve bad persons straight.

Since September, 1939, I have worked with auxiliaries by the hundred; I have organised games, played cricket, hockey and swum with them. I feel qualified to say, " ATS, you are doing a grand job."

Are we Frightening ?

Ptes. B. Palmer, M. Downs, Pat Talbot, J. Brennan, J. Taylor, M. Mair, I. Timm, E. Percy, Graham, Glover, Bulford and Cpl. Mayer, ATS, BLA : We are ATS serving in a Convalescent Depot and most of us volunteered to leave home and come overseas to do the job we felt vital to the war. We didn't design our uniforms — we had them chosen for us by our Government. Besides, our uniform is not meant to be glamorous but serviceable.



"...freshness of an English girl amid the artificiality of foreigners"

disagree with the reply from eleven men in 25th British General Hospital (SOLDIER No. 3).

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Enclosed please find Postal Order/Cheque for

Signed
Rank Unit

Thanks, Yank

THE first V 2 rocket that was fired against England landed on September 8 last year. But it was not the flight by the USAAF Transport Command brought an almost intact specimen from Sweden, where it had fallen during experiments, and a few hours after its arrival in this country scientists were probing its secrets.

After Sweden had been persuaded to release the rocket it was found that the only machine available that was capable of carrying it was an old Dakota equipped for short flights only. But Lieut.-Col. Keith N. Allen (later killed in action) and his crew set out over the North Sea and occupied Norway, and after a journey full of peril arrived at Stockholm with only a spoonful of petrol left.

The heavy V 2 crates were loaded, leaving just enough room for the crew to squeeze in, and the Dakota started on the return journey. Heavy flak was encountered over the Norwegian coast, but by a miracle of skilful piloting the machine flew through undamaged and landed at a Scottish base with Top Secret No. 1 safely stowed inside it.

When our job is over maybe we shall be able to wear pretty dresses and silly hats but until then we must, unfortunately, continue to frighten the boys. We read your item in a Servicemen's club in Brussels and we asked some of the boys there if we really did frighten them. Their answer was that SOLDIER must be very short of material to publish such bunkum.

Thanks, soldiers, for the insults you have thrown to us, but we can still take it.

Use This Money !

Gunner Captain (name and address supplied) : BLA holders of PRI accounts are finding themselves in many cases almost embarrassed by riches. Much sports, reading and indoor recreational material is being supplied free, and leave centres offer every variety of entertainment free to the troops. The result is that there is almost no outlet for PRI funds.

I suggest that before they accumulate to the extent that they are in danger of appropriation by command auditors a decision be taken at high level as to their deployment for the purpose for which they are primarily intended, the welfare present and future of the soldiers whose spendings have resulted in the building-up of these "frozen assets".

Let every regiment start its own educational fund for the benefit of the children of all ranks. Many do so already but the money devoted to the purpose of education is very



"...almost embarrassed by riches"

concrete facts. White Papers have fluttered out of Whitehall in such abundance as to beat the efforts of the office workers of New York, who made a fine art of showering paper out of their windows on public figures below. A pity no one could arrange for them all to be bundled together about the size of bricks, immersed in glue and left to dry; then there would be enough bricks to remedy our own housing shortage and Europe's as well.

Let us go to our local corporations for the answer. What do they intend to do, if and when the shackles are removed from their hands ? I come from Liverpool, so come on "Pool," don't let me down !

Any Coupons ?

Sgt. H. G. Walther, RA : I feel I must write to you about one thing which I think is every regular soldier's worry. I am a regular with 14 years service, and at the outbreak of war was in the M. E., hence I was unable to get coupons for civvies. I take it that when peace-time soldiering comes back we shall be allowed to wear civvies, under the same pre-war regulations. The query is, if we don't accept the suit the Government are offering us, shall we be issued with enough clothing coupons to rig us out, and when will we get them ?



"If we don't accept the suit the Government offer us..."



Cpl. Wilkinson.

Any challengers of this claim ?

Too Many White Papers

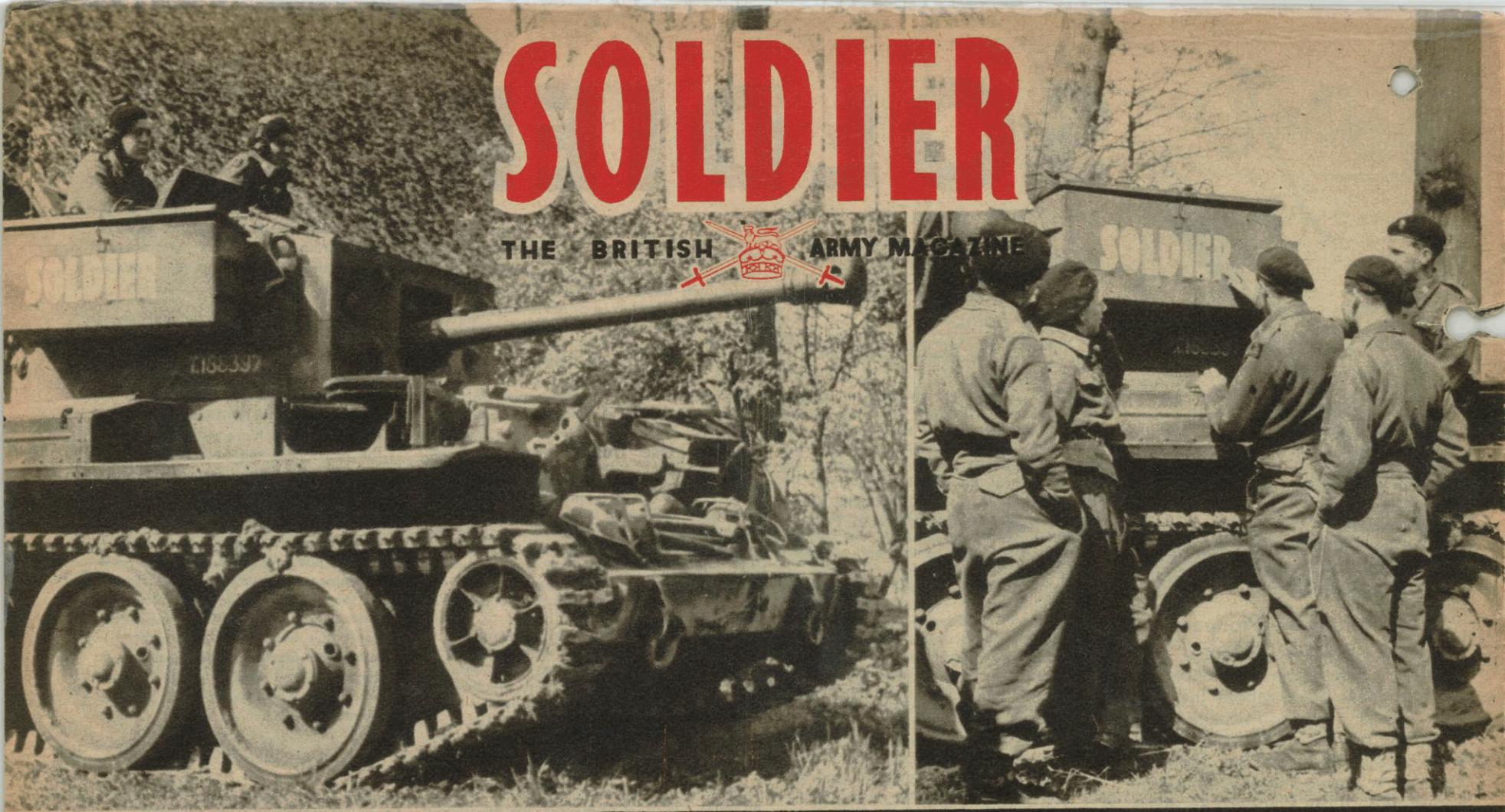
Pte T. Higgins, No. 42 Coy., CMP (TC) BLA : Tpr. S. Daintry, RAC hit the nail right into the Portal (SOLDIER, No. 2). Thousands of us are also asking what are our chances of getting a house. Never forthcoming are

Note: Your query is understood as meaning, "What provision will be made for the serving soldier to obtain civilian clothes if coupons are still required?" 1. Government suits will only be issued to soldiers actually demobilised. Serving soldiers will not get them. 2. No one knows yet how long the clothing coupon system will last. It may last until the war in the Far East is won, or later, or it may not. Nothing is certain at this stage. 3. A demobilisation officer says: "It is impossible to say what will happen. All arrangements made so far are provisional. It is useless trying to find out something which is officially unknown, and which depends entirely on the duration of the national emergency." — Ed., SOLDIER.

Most Germans seem docile. Some are not. Don't leave your own or German ammunition and explosives lying around. In some places stocks have already been buried or hidden. Unless you help, much more will go underground to be used against you later.

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



Five husky young men took a brand new Cromwell tank across the Rhine and began to chase Germans without having time to decide on a name for their battle wagon. They were near Bremen when the first issue of SOLDIER reached them and that made up their minds; a health was drunk in tea and the Cromwell was christened "Soldier".

Here is the newly-christened tank and its crew who belong to C. Squadron, No. 4 Troop, 5 Inniskilling Dragoon Guards of the 7th Armoured Division (the Desert Rats).

The crew are: Tank commander Sjt. A.F.A. Martingale, aged 23, of Warren Rd., East Croydon, Surrey, who is married and father of a three-months-old he has not seen; Trooper J. Barnett, co-driver, aged 20, who lives with his mother in Northumberland Rd., Coventry; Trooper E. Howard, 75-mm. gunner, aged 21, who lives with his father Mr. J. H. Howard, in Norman Rd., Stalybridge, Cheshire; Trooper J. Neave, driver, aged 22, whose father lives in Little Hallam Lane, Ilkeston, Derbyshire; and Trooper J. Weselby, wireless operator, aged 21, whose mother lives at Priory Rd., Gedling, Nottingham.

Their average age is 21 years, four months and 24 days.



The pictures we waited five-and-a-half years for: (Above) Representatives of Admiral Doenitz and Field-Marshal Keitel call at 2nd Army HQ and 21 Army Group HQ to ask for surrender terms. (Above, right) Field-Marshal Montgomery takes a seat at the head of the table to hear the peace overtures. (Below) Well away from the C-in-C's HQ the German delegates confer among the trees.



The Last Word

Stalag

XI B

SIX months ago more than 4,000 British and American prisoners were living in conditions of chaos and apathetic misery in the notorious Stalag XI B at Fallingbostel. There was not enough food to fill their bellies. Four hundred were crowded into each hut intended for 250. They had only one blanket each.

Then RSM. J.C. Lord, Grenadier Guards, regular soldier, ex-Brighton policeman, was captured with the Airborne troops at Arnhem and was sent to the camp. He decided on drastic action.

Every man who could stand was ordered to parade daily for PT. Daily inspections and guard mounting were introduced.

His measures were unpopular at first, but RSM. Lord and a team of Airborne WO's and NCO's, several of them ex-Guardsmen, carried them through. Four thousand men, whose health and morale were at the lowest ebb, found themselves building up their reserves of strength — and of spirit. For many it meant the saving of their health; for some their lives.

When a party of officers led by a Coldstream major approached the newly-liberated camp, they found a faultlessly turned-out guard at the gate. "They could have gone on duty at Buckingham Palace and done credit to their Corps," said the major.

Then RSM. Lord marched up, immaculate and shining, and gave a spectacular salute.

For six months he had worked for this moment. Three times he and his team of WO's and NCO's had refused offers to transfer them to a more comfortable NCO's camp.

As British forces neared Fallingbostel, a large number of prisoners had been marched off eastward. RSM. Lord was on the list — but by hiding under the floor of a hut for five days he managed to stay with his men.

