

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

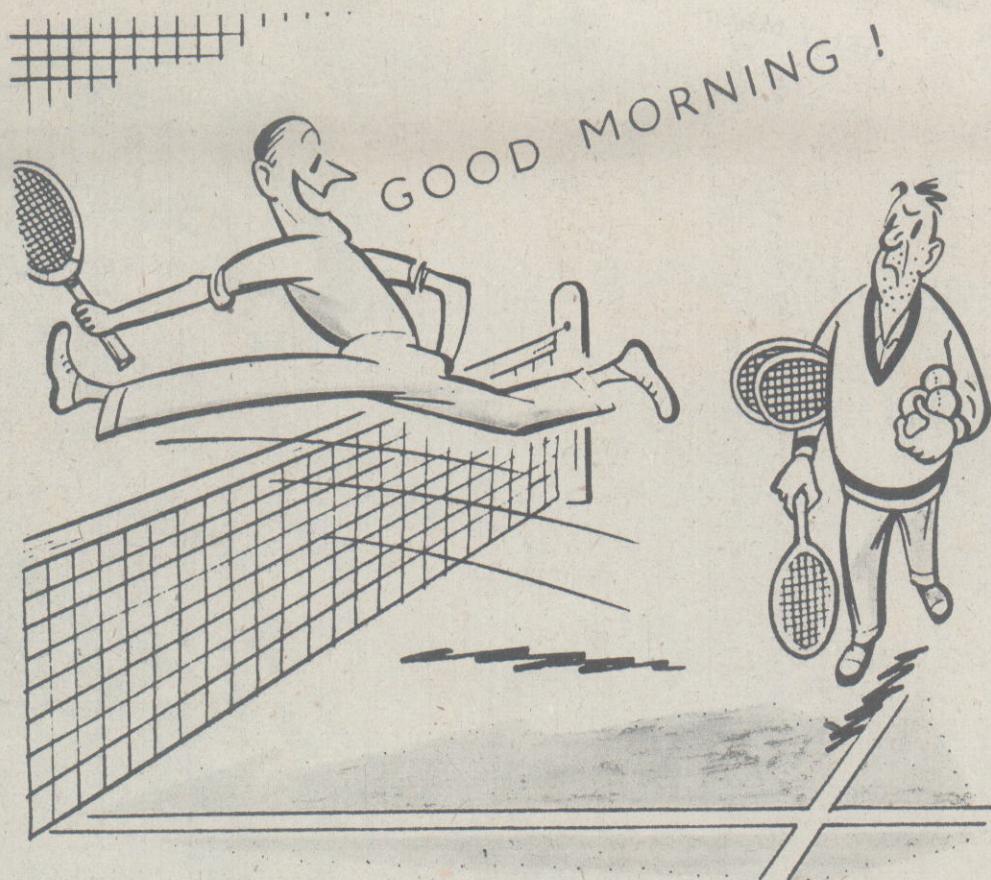


August 1946. Monthly. Vol. 2 - No. 11



SIX PENCE

E. Eames



‘Good Mornings’

begin with

Gillette

Fred's in Wimbledon form—all his drives shave the net—as cleanly and close as his shaves with Gillette

Blue Gillette blades 3d each, including Purchase Tax.



If you had been a Soldier in Flanders in 1702

You would have lived hard—bread your only daily ration—meat twice a week if you were lucky, and the cost of it, and of your clothing, stopped from your pay; other necessities being obtained from a dubious company of camp followers—sutlers—who grew fat by selling inferior goods at extortionate prices.

You might have met Kit Ross, a renowned sutleress, who stole pigs and poultry to sell to the troops, turning her wagon into a "wet canteen" in the evenings, and doing her own "chucking out" to the accompaniment of the foulest language.

It was because of the policy of graft and exploitation practised by private traders against the soldier, that the Service authorities devised the constitution and system of control of Naafi, their object being to ensure that no private individual should benefit from the soldier's trade, and that all profits should be returned to the Forces either in cash rebates, discounts or amenities.

NAAFI *belongs to the Forces*

Naafi still needs female staff for canteens at Home. Write to: Staff Manager, Naafi, Ruxley Towers, Claygate, Esher, Surrey, England

PRINTED FOR THE
BREWERS' SOCIETY



SWAN WITH TWO NECKS

THE origins of inn-names, like the sign boards themselves, are frequently obscured by time. Thus the "two necks" is likely to be a corruption of the "two nicks" which were cut on the swan's beak to denote that it belonged to the Vintners, and not to the King. This sign, which can be seen outside inns all over the country, is still to-day the crest of the Worshipful Company of Vintners. How faithfully the customs of bygone days are reflected in the tradition of the English inn. So will the days in which we live be mirrored on the sign boards of new inns in the new communities now being planned.

Engraving specially designed by John Farleigh

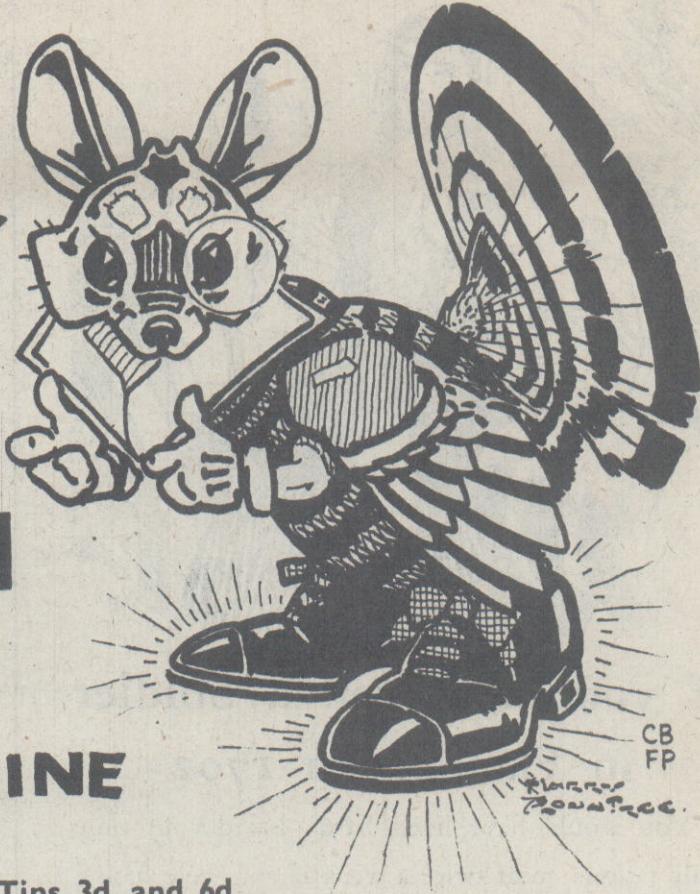
THERE'S
NOTHING
LIKE IT!

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

FOR A
BRILLIANT
SHOE SHINE

Black, Brown & Tonette. Tins 3d. and 6d.

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4.



It's
**BALANCED
BLENDING**
that gives Four Square
its unmatched
coolness and flavour

1-oz. foil
packets
2-oz. & 4-oz.
vacuum tins

FOUR SQUARE

SIX MEDIUM STRENGTH TOBACCOES 2/8 & 3/-

"BRYLCREEM
By Jove!..some
chaps are lucky!"

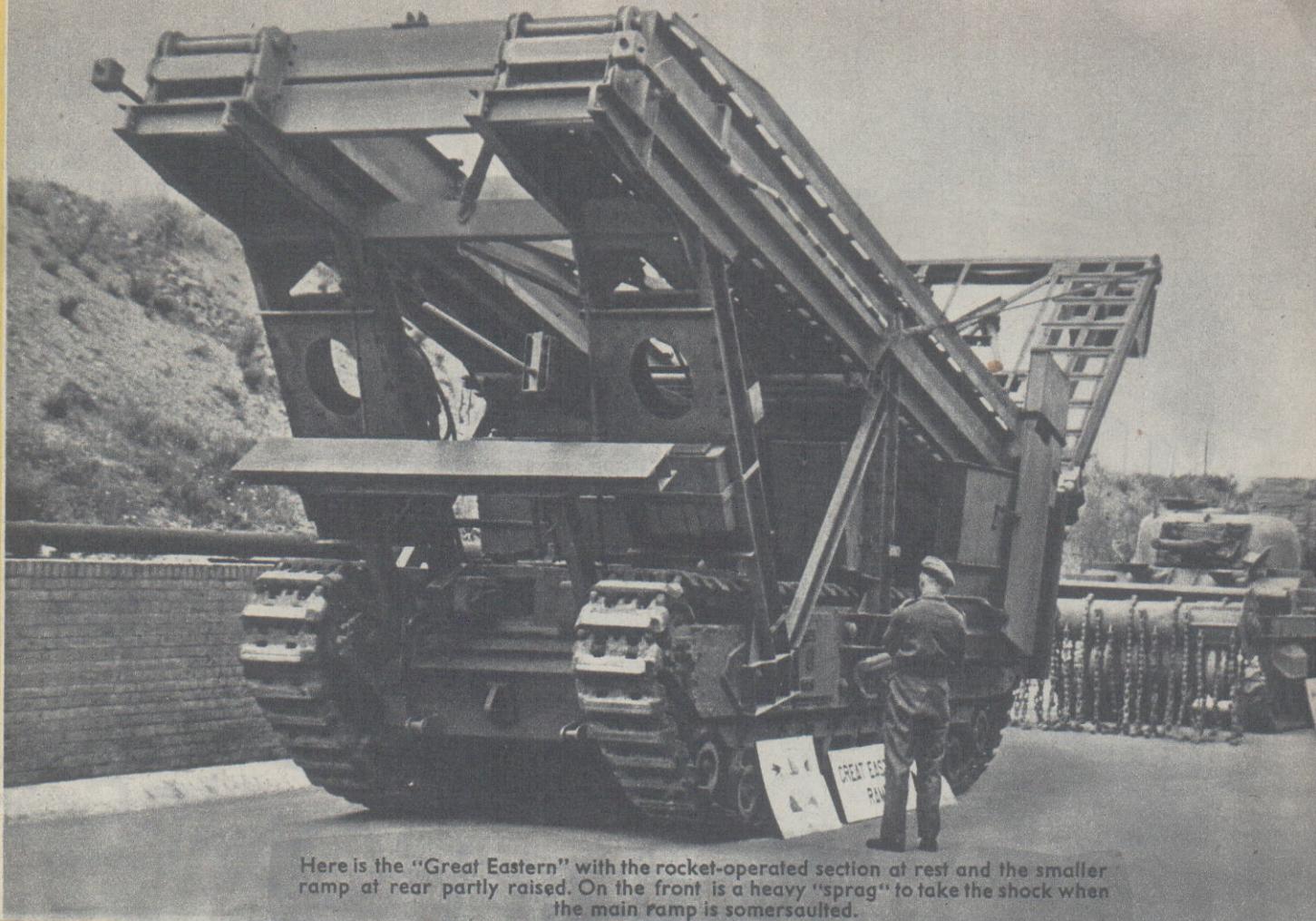


And men in B.A.O.R. are luckier than most fellows because supplies of Brylcreem for B.A.O.R. are still getting priority through N.A.A.F.I., Y.M.C.A., etc. But even this concession cannot satisfy the demand for Brylcreem so, when you get a bottle, please use it sparingly.



811 B

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., Honeypot Lane, Stanmore, Middlesex.



Here is the "Great Eastern" with the rocket-operated section at rest and the smaller ramp at rear partly raised. On the front is a heavy "sprag" to take the shock when the main ramp is somersaulted.

THE GREAT EASTERN RAMP

Newly off the secret list is the extraordinary, track-driven, rocket-operated ramp illustrated on this page. It was devised for bridging small rivers and anti-tank obstacles in the Far East campaign.

SAPPERS rightly thought the Bailey Bridge with its simple Meccano-like principles the last word in military engineering. It certainly revolutionised bridging in the battles of the "soft underbelly" and the campaigns after D-Day.

But something different was required for bridging small rivers and obstacles in the Far East campaign. Had the Japs survived the Burma pasting and the atomic bomb they would have encountered a device to make the quickly-assembled Bailey look as "primitive" as bridging with felled logs — the "Great Eastern Ramp".

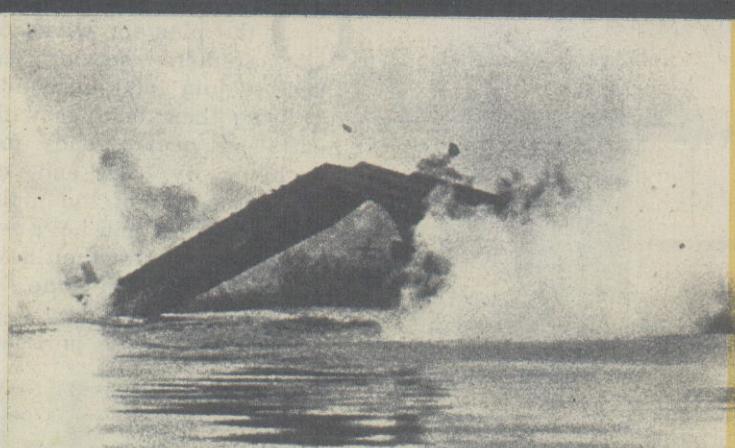
We've had rocket bombs and rocket shells and now we've got rocket bridges. That is what the Great Eastern Ramp is — bridging by rocket propulsion. Details are still rather sketchy, but it works this way.

The Ramp, a gigantic mass of steel panels mounted on a tank chassis, is brought up, glides into the water. The chassis is waterproofed up to seven feet, and

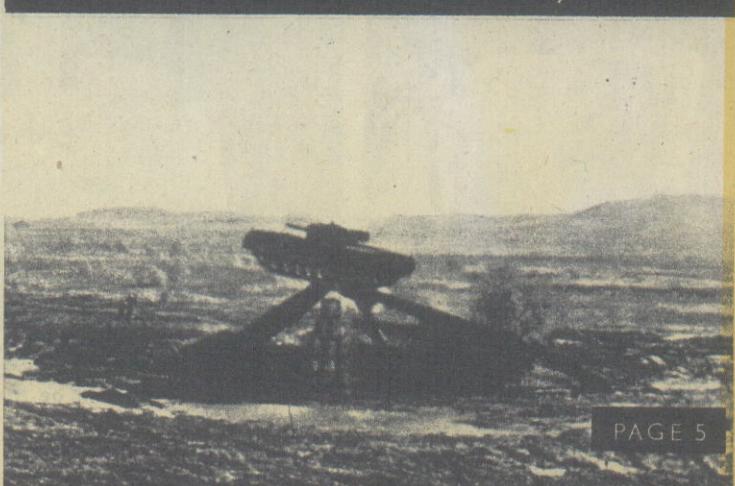
directly it has moved far enough into the river a special "sprag" on the front projects into the bed of the river and helps to take the weight of the steel-hinged ramp which is pivoted on the front. On either side of this ramp are three electrically-fired rockets. When these are released they somersault the upper structure of the 60-ft bridge span over the forward ramp to the far bank. A small ramp is lowered at the rear to link up the near bank and so the bridge is formed.

A crew of three travel in the chassis, and once they have moved into the river it takes a matter of seconds to have the bridge ready. Churchill tanks can glide over to the far bank, for the Great Eastern is able to carry a load of 40 tons. Apart from spanning 60 feet the ramp can surmount a 15-ft wall and almost any type of natural or man-made obstacle. The forward ramp is built at a high angle as the pictures show.

Small numbers of these ramps were being produced just before VJ-Day, but the Great Eastern was never used.



These extracts from a cine film show: (above) the moment just after firing, with the rocket device still belching flame at left; (below) a tank precariously balanced on the ramp which in this instance has been thrown over a dummy wall.





THESE ARE THE HOMES FOR BAOR WIVES

OPERATION "Union" — the plan for wives of soldiers serving in BAOR to join their husbands and bring their families with them — is nearly ready for launching. By the end of August the first of the main body of families will have set sail from Tilbury for their new homes in the British Zone.

When they arrive they will find that the Army has provided

homes which compare very favourably with those in England, and that an advance party of 200 wives has already prepared for their reception and accommodation.

The scheme falls into two main divisions: the provision of permanent homes in flats or houses, for which the bulk of the applications have been made, and temporary accommodation in hostels and flats for families on short visits lasting not more than two months.

Families qualifying for a permanent home will be billeted according to rank of the husband

"Operation Union" will bring families from Britain to this row of houses. In Austria the family reunion scheme was called "Operation Henpeck".

and the size of the family, and the minimum scale of rooms will be: one sitting-room, one dining-room (in exceptional cases these may be combined), bedrooms sufficient for the family, a bathroom and lavatory and a kitchen. In some areas families may have to share kitchens and bathrooms, while the size and type of home will vary according to the district.

Every home will be fitted with sufficient household equipment to meet all the housewife's essential needs. When the private's wife enters her new home she will find a well-equipped kitchen with wash-bowls, dish cloths and tea towels, an adjustable clothes drier, a mincing machine, and a large cupboard for kitchen-ware. Brooms, scrubbing brushes, a dustpan, and mops will be stored in a small box-room. The scale

of crockery, glassware, and cutlery has not yet been finally decided, but it will be liberal enough to ensure that the normal requirements of a family are satisfied.

Shortage of materials, especially linoleum, may result in the floors of some rooms being stained and polished, but normally the dining-room will have a six-foot square carpet on which will stand an oak-veneered extending table. A large sideboard, two armchairs, and four Windsor wooden chairs will tone with the silk-type curtains.

Where three bedrooms are provided, one will have a double or two single beds, a wardrobe, bed-side mats, a table and lamp. The others will be similarly furnished, but with only one single bed in each room. All beds will have linen sheets and woolen blankets, including one complete change of bed linen. The acute shortage of textiles will probably not allow the issue of cushions.

Some items of furniture in the homes will have been made in Germany, others requisitioned or sent over from England.

Rations will be issued from Army sources, and wives and children over 12 will receive $\frac{6}{7}$ ths of the scale for Women's Services abroad, which is slightly higher than the civilian ration scale in Britain. Children between four and 12 will receive $\frac{5}{7}$ ths of this scale and those under four will get $\frac{4}{7}$ ths.

The housewife will be able to supplement her household equipment and purchase a few extra foodstuffs, soft drinks, toilet

requisites, cosmetics, cleaning materials and so on from NAAFI's Family Shops which will be established in the main towns. However, she will be unable to buy clothing for herself, although NAAFI will stock a limited supply of children's wear. To offset this difficulty a wife will be issued with 50 clothing coupons, and children with 25, before they leave Britain so that they will be able to "stock up" before sailing for Germany, or obtain clothing by post after they have arrived.

Terms of eligibility for both officers and men to bring their wives and families to Germany are the same. A man must be entitled in the first instance to draw marriage allowance; he must have 12 months service to complete after the date of his application; and if an Age and Service release soldier must be in group 56 or above. All daughters of any age and sons up to the age of 18 are entitled to make their new homes in Germany.

The problem of providing education for children is one that has worried both the families and the planning authorities, but as the build-up goes on so the standard of education will improve until primary education in the shape of nursery schools and classes will be available for children under five, and for older children there will be arrangements for elementary and secondary education.

Medical attention will be free, except for officers' families, and the services of the RAMC will be assisted by a number of district nurses from SSAFA. A nurse or governess will be allowed to travel with the family on payment of the fare from England.

Wives and children will be allowed to go to all clubs, cinemas, theatres, and cabarets which soldiers are entitled to visit. A scheme for the provision of recreational transport at the rate of 2d a mile for cars and $\frac{3}{4}$ d a mile per head for TCV's is being considered.

For short-term visits accommodation will be found in hostels or groups of houses organised on the hotel system with central

HOMES AT HOME

In view of the housing shortage at home many families may have difficulty in retaining possession of their houses when they come to live in Germany. In certain cases local authorities are empowered to requisition vacant, unfurnished houses, and families should seek professional advice before joining their husbands in BAOR.

However, one local authority — Pontypridd (Glam.) Council — has already assured the wife of a BAOR soldier that she will retain for 12 months the tenancy of the home she vacates on coming to Germany. It is thought that other councils will follow suit.

Soon it will be a feminine face at the window. and the cry "Don't be late for dinner!" will be heard in Beethovenstrasse.



Left: nothing old-fashioned about the bath-tub, which has a hand shower. Above: part of the hostel scheme for Private and Mrs. Smith will be the communal dining room.



This is the chinaware that Private Smith will be washing up.



"Come and get it..." This is where Private Smith will dine with his family.



"Pretty good beds," says this ATS private. They are supplied double or single.



A Memorial in the Making

ABBEY COMMANDO

WESTMINSTER Abbey, resting-place of kings, warriors, poets, prelates and statesmen, is to house a memorial to the men who died in battles fought by Combined Operations in World War Two.

And it may be the last war memorial to be erected in the Abbey, for the grey walls and cloisters are almost filled with marble tablets commemorating the passing of the great during the last thousand years.

Optimists will say that this possible last memorial in the Abbey heralds the coming of the Millennium, a happy augury for UNO...

A sub-committee consisting of representatives of the Commandos, Airborne Forces and Special Air Service, and Submariners have commissioned Gilbert Ledward, RA, famous London sculptor, to set to work on the memorial. The Commandos Old Comrades' Association are paying about £1000 as the cost of their part of the memorial and the Airborne Forces' Security Fund is to launch an appeal for a similar amount. Representatives of a naval ex-Servicemen's association are attending to their side of the project.

Three Figures

Memorials to soldiers and sailors in the Abbey have varied considerably. Typical of the earlier memorial is one erected by "disfellowshipped parents" to an Army officer "who was killed by a cannon-ball while reconnoitring French lines at Ticonderagoe, North America, on 25th July 1759." It is a large square marble slab. The memorial to the men of Combined Operations will be more elaborate.

Chatting to Mr. Gilbert Ledward, I learned that the whole memorial will occupy a bay of the Abbey cloisters. There will be three bronze figures, a paratrooper on the right, a commando in the centre and a submariner on the left, symbolising Combined Operations. The Commando will carry a tommy-gun and the completed memorial will be framed in an architectural setting harmonising with the walls of the cloisters. The three figures will be about five feet high and will rest on a corbel of limestone.

Brigadier P. Young, DSO, MC, a vice-president of the Commandos Old Comrades' Association, was instructed to see the Dean of Westminster when the idea was

first put up. The late Rt Rev. Paul de Labillière was enthusiastic, but when the Dean died the Association were rather worried lest the new Dean, Canon A. C. Don, should reverse his predecessor's decision. They needn't have bothered, for Canon Don is equally co-operative and in due course (Mr. Ledward thinks it will be a year) the memorial will be unveiled.

Gilbert Ledward is famous for his war memorials of the 1914-18 war. In collaboration with H. Charlton Bradshaw, FRIBA, he



The model (CSM. R. B. Ayres), the sculptor (Mr. Gilbert Ledward) and the statue.

designed the Guards Division memorial in the Horse Guards Parade and he has been responsible for other war memorials all over the country. The statues of the King and Queen in the restored cloister of Norwich Cathedral are his work.

Model for the figure of the Commando was dark-haired, reserved young CSM. R. B. Ayres, now released, who joined the Commandos in 1940 and took part in the two raids on the Lofoten Islands, among many other jobs. Says Ayres: "I started off my war service with a trip to the Lofotens and I finished it standing in the nude for several hours a day so that Gilbert Ledward could model my figure in clay. An unusual way to end one's Service career!"

RICHARD BURR

The Commando statue for Westminster Abbey will be inscribed: "To the Glory of God and in memory of all Ranks of the Commandos who fell in the Second World War 1939-1945. 'They performed whatsoever the King commanded.'"

MEDALLISTS' ROW

THREE M. M'S LIVE
SIDE BY SIDE IN AN
ENGLISH VILLAGE

LOOK at the directory of Warwickshire and you will find that Southam has about a thousand inhabitants, a petty sessional court, lends its name to the local rural district council and has a local cement industry.

That's about all. Well, it was about all until recently, before three young men came back from the Army.

Now with three Military Medallists living next door to one another in Leamington Road, Southam has a powerful claim to distinction.

"It's not every village has three blokes with the MM in the same street," they argue. "We ought to call it Medallists' Row or something like that, so that people for all time will remember the boys who brought honour to the village."

And it's quite likely that the local council will agree with them.

Living at 1, Leamington Road is ex-Corporal Leonard Woolley, aged 29, who served with the Lincolnshire Regiment. His six-year-old son is proud of Daddy's signed photograph of "Monty" pinning on his decoration in the field. Woolley won't tell you much about the deed that won him the medal, but the citation recalls how on the night of 18-19 September 1944, in the crossing of the Escaut Canal, "he took charge of the remaining men of his section and led them through a belt of mortar and machine-gun fire to their final objective." Key word is "remaining", for the platoon came under the heaviest fire and suffered severe casualties.

Knock at the door of 3, Leamington Road and you will meet Pte. George Bromwich, aged 33, late of the Worcestershire Regiment; that is, if he is not out with a van working on his new job as a furniture remover. Like Woolley he joined up in 1940. The deed which earned him his MM took place in August 1944 in an attack west of Plessis Grimoult.

A crew of Spandau machine-gunned was hurling lead in an attempt to liquidate Bromwich's company commander. Bromwich dashed forward single-handed, armed only with a rifle, and put paid to the whole crew. Says the citation: "Throughout the action he showed great courage and devotion to duty worthy of the highest praise."



The three medallists—and their three houses in the background. Left: Pte. George Bromwich (Worcestershire Regt.); centre: Sjt. Alan Reading (Parachute Regt.); right: Cpl. Leonard Woolley (Lincolnshire Regt.).

Pay your bob at the village hall for a couple of hours on the dance floor with a local beauty and you will notice ex-Sjt. Allan Reading, aged 24, swinging it on the piano with the "Zither" dance band. He has a shattered hand to remind him of a hot spot near Le Mesnil, but that doesn't prevent him from playing the piano.

He sells fish in his father's shop during the day and lives at 5, Leamington Road. He joined up in 1940 too, was posted to the Parachute Regiment, and dropped into France on D-Day with the 6th Airborne Division. On D-Day-plus-ten, a few hours before his twenty-second birthday, he won his MM.

Sjt. Reading will talk for hours about jive. He chats charmingly to customers who want a nice piece of cod or a pair of kippers,

but talk to him about D-Day-plus-ten and you've had it.

Citations are not written by men who specialise in thrillers so all you will find out is that ex-Sjt. Reading's platoon was attacked continuously for eight hours and that "he showed a complete disregard for his own safety, and his courage and leadership inspired all."

Which is really quite a lot.

Small wonder that the favourite pastime in Southam public houses is coining nice easy-sounding names for Leamington Road for the parish council to choose from if they are agreeable to the change.

They may call it "Medallist Row", "MM Street" or decide to stick to Leamington Road. But it won't alter the fact—it's a street of heroes.

R. C. SCOTT



"Have I been over here too long, or does she look gorgeous to you, too?"



JUST LIKE OLD TIMES

Bisley personalities: Major C. A. Ogden, DLI, oldest range officer, greets Miss Margery Foster, who flew from Kiel to compete.



LOOKING rather sheepish, the Bisley Express (one small engine, two short coaches) pulled out of Brookwood station. The carriages still bore the legend "Careless Talk Costs Lives", and the guard walked down the corridor selling tickets (fourpence-halfpence), and walked back again collecting them.

"Just like the old days" said stiff-capped instructor. The man at the halt, as crowds Score-keeping on the firing of competitors carrying rifles points was shared between sailors and soldiers, and officers of the three Services took it in turns to conduct range duties. Deep down in the butts shirt-sleeved youths from the Guards and Infantry training depots, pasted-up and signalled with professional ease.

For the 77th time the National Rifle Association was holding its annual meeting, but seven years had elapsed since its last full-scale shoot. In the war years, while the Empire marksmen took on more urgent targets, Bisley camp became the home of the Small Arms School from Hythe.

Many of those who attended the Small Arms courses were back again to see the place in its peace-time dress. Camouflage smocks and red and khaki berets intermixed with the padded shooting jackets of the veterans.

They wandered—these ex-pupils—from the Shorts to Running Deer, and from Century to Stickledown, hunting for the spots where they had done JD and VT and taught Rifle Seven (Use of Low Cover) under the eye of a

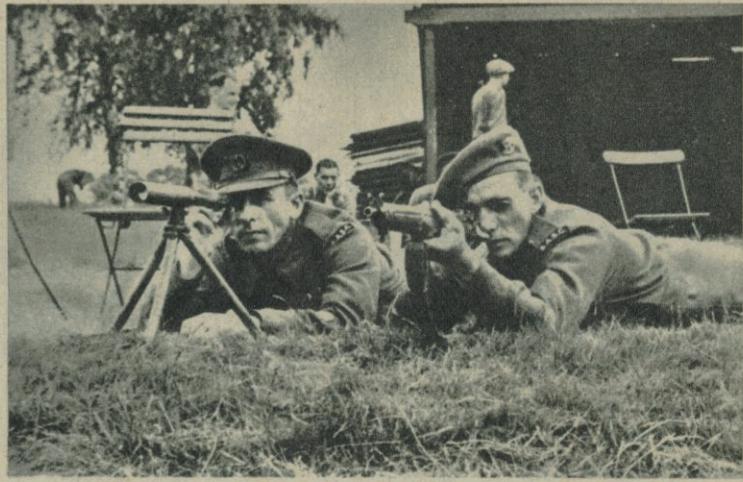
Also there were: The man who knows all there is to know about Bisley—Major C. A. Ogden, Durham Light Infantry, who has been range officer at every meeting since 1910. "It doesn't change much year from year."

The man who knows every inch of the ranges — QMSI. H.

Veteran of the South African War, Mr. J. Johnstone, who has been shooting since 1903, wears his hat trimmed with "four-by-two". He competed for the King's Prize.



Civilians shoot, the Army keeps score: a scene on the 100 yards range in the King's Prize contest.



Crack shots from the Small Arms School: CSM. A. Martin, winner of the Army 100, 1936, spots for QMSI. H. Thwaites, champion pistol shot in Burma before the war.



S/Ldr. C. C. Willott, King's Prize winner, is cheered and "chaired" through the camp.



The position you don't find in the drill book: Lieut-Col. Leigh lies back to take aim in the Match Rifle Cup contest. (Patent applied for).

AT BISLEY

Thwaites, Small Arms School, who trained hundreds of the Army's instructors during the war. "It's like coming back home, and every minute I expect to see a fatigued man rush out with a figure 4a target for aiming off."

The man with the world's record for .22 shooting — CSM. W. Meaker, REME, who was entering the pistol competitions. With a .22 pistol he can land ten shots on a halfpenny at 20 yards. "Conscripting the nation's youth has done a lot for shooting. Some of them are here and are very keen."

One of the conscripted youths — Sjt. G. H. Petherick, a sniper from the Glider Pilot Regt. "My first visit to Bisley. Maybe my last. Thought I'd have a crack at it. Never know your luck."

The woman from Germany — Miss Margery Foster, King's Prize winner, 1930, and close second in 1939. "I have just flown over from Kiel. I did not think I would make it. I'm glad I have. I've been waiting seven years for this."

The flag of the NRA again flies over Bisley. But sometimes, if you listen carefully, you may hear from behind the scrub on Stickledown, "Right, what we are going on with now..."

PETER LAWRENCE





D-DAY MODEL

YOU'VE got to be pretty good at your job to make dioramas for a living. But Mr. Denny C. Stokes — a Welsh Guardsman in World War One and a RAF officer in World War Two — is an old hand at the game. His diorama of D-Day on a Normandy beach-head has just been installed in the Royal United Service Museum in Whitehall.

The diorama depicts the extreme left of the British sector just after dawn on D-Day, looking to seaward and westward from the west side of the Orne.

Out to sea Warspite and Ramillies are pounding the German defences. Nearer in, a rocket-firing ship and special support craft are in action. On the beach there is a litter of landing-craft and in front of it British troops are moving inland while German prisoners are being shepherded to the shore. Where beach and dunes meet, a concrete fort has been put out of action by naval shells and RAF bombs; out of a wood sticks the turret of a chateau that was a landmark to the men on the beaches.

In the foreground, troops with a flame-thrower are clearing up local resistance in ruined buildings; Infantry and Bren sections are pinned down by mortar-fire and are waiting for support

from a Sherman which is coming up. A flail-Sherman is clearing a track through a minefield for a Churchill Armoured Vehicle, RE, which is to demolish a concrete obstruction.

On your right, Commandos are running up to help Infantry hotly

diorama would have been unfinished without them.

There are 830 individual figures in the diorama. Those in the foreground are an inch high, in the centre three-quarters of an inch, and in the background half an inch, to give the right perspective. They have been made of soft metal, sandcast, by Mr.

J. A. Greenwood, who positioned each figure separately before it was painted.

Precision models of tanks, guns and those of the landing-craft that were not made by Mr. Stokes were made by LAC L. Corder, RAF, on similar scales. The base of

the model is timber on which Mr. Stokes put struts of wood as the basis of the contours. Over the wood went heavy but fairly pliable cardboard. Over this went canvas which was given a coating of gum and then paint and sand, granite chips or whatever else was needed to represent the right kind of surface.

Model-making was always a hobby of Mr. Stokes. When he served in the 1914-18 war he helped build fairly elaborate training tables. After the war he became a writer and toured Europe in search of material, at the same time making dioramas of places he liked. His dioramas were seen by a publicity-minded friend who commissioned some for publicity purposes.

Then Mr. Stokes met Mr. Otto Gottstein, a wealthy fur-broker and expert on Egyptian, Babylonian and Napoleonic history who is keen on "visual history". Mr. Gottstein commissioned a series of dioramas of famous battles which he presented to the Royal United Service Museum, where they are on show under the title "The Kings' Armies and their arms through the ages". The Normandy diorama is the latest of the series.

Now Mr. Stokes is at work on one of the Battle of Flers, 1916, in which the first major tank attack was made.

The Normandy diorama took six months to make.

Letters to Liege

IN the last number of SOLDIER a writer told of the lasting friendships established between men and women of the "underground" in Europe and the escaped prisoners of war whom they befriended. There is a good example in Liege. Through the letter-box of Roger Jamblin, at the Rue Sainte Croix, come letters from Lancashire and Lincolnshire, from New York State and the Middle West — even from Australia.

The story begins on the night of 17 November 1943, when an English airman, Warrant Officer Charles John Billows, of Dingle, Liverpool dropped from the skies. One hundred Belgians, under the leadership of a workman, Lucien Theelen, had formed their own resistance group in the Sainte Croix district. Notable members were Maurice Tilman, a 19-year-old student Roger Jamblin, and a cafe proprietor, Lambert Hosdin. Warrant Officer Billows was the first Allied flier to be taken into safety by Lucien Theelen's group. After him came other airmen — all members of bomber crews — until the total reached 82.



engaged with Germans from a wrecked coastal battery. Elsewhere a tank is brewed up, AA guns are ready for action, stretcher-bearers are evacuating wounded, fighters are overhead.

The accuracy of the detail is vouchered for by long and weary research in documents, maps and photographs and information supplied by senior officers. Yet there are one or two deliberate inaccuracies. For instance, among the aircraft on the back and sidescreens are Halifaxes towing Horsa gliders; the planes had finished this job before dawn, but Mr. Stokes included them because they were so much a part of the operation that this

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An identity card, with faked German stamp, as supplied to British airmen by Liege underground. Below: Lucien Theelen.

The Jamblins and their son Roger are the only English-speaking members of the once active band. They treasure a large number of letters of gratitude from former fugitives — and fugitives' wives — for a job well done under peril of death.

Across the road from Lucien Theelen's home is a large building which, during the occupation, was a German police headquarters — less than 20 yards from his home. "It was difficult — mais oui!" he said.

COUPONS FOR THE GROOM

A story told by Tom Driberg MP deserves a wider circulation. It is about the Member of Parliament for Harrow East, who wrote to the Board of Trade complaining that a soldier constituent of his had no civvy clothes in which to get married, and requesting the issue of coupons. In reply the Minister regretted that he could not grant coupons for a suit, but evidently his heart, or his modesty, or his sense of humour was touched — it is not clear which — and he said: "Perhaps the most important feature of this temporary privation... is the fact that pyjamas unfortunately do not form part of the State issue of the military outfit, and as I note that Mr. ... is shortly to be married I am glad to be able to send eight coupons so that he will be at least able to purchase some pyjamas."



HE'LL EAT HIS BOOTS

THE controversy over whether front-line soldiers should wear special badges is not confined to the British Army. Strong views on the subject are held by an ex-company commander in the US Army, who writes in the American "Infantry Journal":

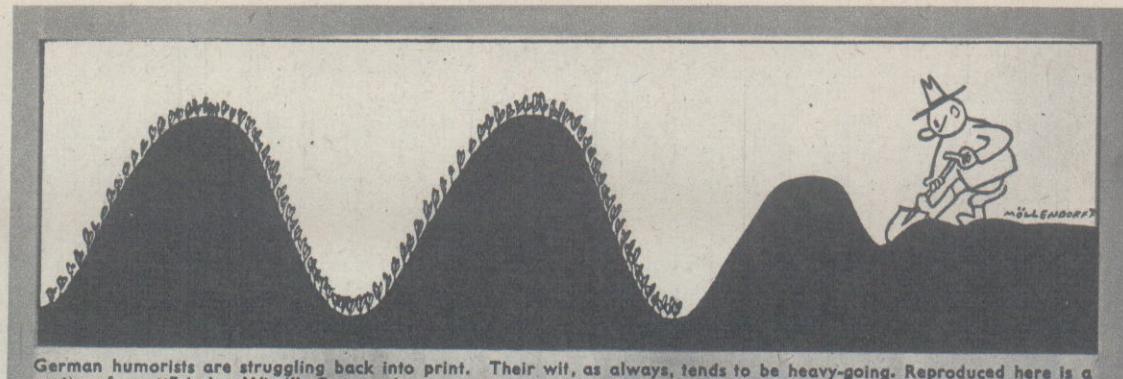
"... the policy during this war seems to have been to spread honours among as many classes of participants as possible rather than to concentrate them on the fighting men.

"Thousands of Army personnel who have never been near a battle have the right to wear more service ribbons, decorations, battle stars and unit combat citations than men who have engaged the enemy in the front line."

On the prestige of the Infantry, the writer says:

"The press, and most of the public, even now think of the Infantry as a mob of high graded morons armed with popguns, and following in the wake of armies to 'mop up snipers' and 'occupy territory', using a primitive means of transportation because they are too cheap and unimportant to deserve better. Many persons have no conception of Infantry units, weapons, equipment, transportation and communications, or of the skills which an Infantryman is expected to acquire.

"I believe that the belated publicity campaign which was finally initiated on behalf of the Infantry actually did more harm than good. What do we read of in typical eulogy of the Infantry? Why, we hear ourselves described as poor, dirty, scared, unglamorous downtrodden beasts of burden, down in the dust and muck. If that's publicity, I'll eat my combat boots, buckles and all!"



German humorists are struggling back into print. Their wit, as always, tends to be heavy-going. Reproduced here is a cartoon from "Frischer Wind", German humorous paper printed in the Russian Sector of Berlin. The idea looks as if it is designed to please the New Management.

Caption reads: GROUND REFORM IN THE WEST: In order not to offend the Junkers, but at the same time to give soil to the newcomers, the surface of the earth will be changed in this manner to satisfy everybody.

"LEAVE DIALOGUE"

PERHAPS the task was too difficult ...

Recently this department invited readers to submit a (printable) reply to a publican who wouldn't supply a soldier on leave with beer unless bottles were produced, and who refused to register him as a customer. Replies containing plenty of righteous indignation were received, but they were scarcely witty or pointed enough to qualify for the prize, which is regretfully withheld.

One entry came from a German resident of Blankenese, whose letter-head bore the word "Oxonian". He wrote: "Although, being a German, I hardly shall be permitted to participate even *hors de concours* in your competition, I cannot refrain from sending in two (undoubtedly printable) replies — i.e. two highly apt quotations:

"1. 'To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer' (Shakespeare, Othello').

"2. 'May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!' (Dickens, Dombey and Son')."

Brand-new Thrill

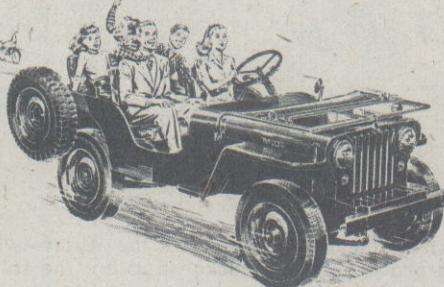
ALL the arts of publicity are being turned in America towards "glamourising" the Jeep. The Willys-Overland Corporation has been buying up space in the shiny magazines to portray jeeps full of those long-stemmed American beauties drinking Coca-cola, or waving in their bathing

roomier vehicle than most of us remember.

The copywriters' claims are enthusiastic: "For a brand new thrill in driving — and the answer to many a transportation problem — drive a Universal 'Jeep'.

"You've never handled a performer like this — versatile 'Jeep' performance ... economical operation ... functional smartness. At the slightest touch on the accelerator, you're away in a hurry, clicking off the miles at speeds up to 60. And if you have mud and sand to get through, or an extra heavy load to haul, shift a lever and set all four wheels pulling with the mighty power of the world-famous Willys-Overland 'Jeep' engine."

To think that once American car manufacturers talked of dumping all surplus jeeps in the ocean, so as not to spoil the peacetime market ...



... Somehow, this jeep seems a roomier vehicle ..."

costumes at the boy friend across the street. Other pictures show jeeps being used in an agricultural role. Somehow, the jeep shown by the artists seems a

Small Talk

STORY of Admiral Viscount Cunningham stopping his staff-car to give a lift to an officer running up a hill to catch a bus drew from an Army subaltern: "If it had been Monty he would have driven slowly alongside you shouting: 'Faster! Faster!'"



"You go — they out of work."

"Go to Hell!" shouted an officer at a court-martial. Court was unmoved. He was demonstrating acoustics in a glass-house mutiny case.

When an ex-Guardsman sued the ATS girl who jilted him for an airman, Judge Clements of Rochester County Court was horrified: "What!" he cried, "she chose the RAF in preference to the Guards!"

A soldier's taxi was held up by a gesticulating Cairo crowd. "Is this another 'Quit Egypt' demonstration?" he asked the driver. "No," said the driver. "They ask you stay. You go — they out of work."

The Nifty Snifters Shifters Cup is awarded by an RE Unit at Chatham for team drinking championships. Ten pints are placed on each side of the table, one in front of each team member. On the word "Go" the first man in each team picks up his pint, downs it and as his empty glass hits the table the second



"What — the RAF in preference to the Guards!"

team-man starts. A serjeants' mess has held the cup against all comers.

An old lady sidled up to Col. Steer Webster, the Mulberry "back-room boy" while he was touring Canada, and whispered "Read St. Luke, Chapter 17, Verse 6." He did and found: "And the Lord said, If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamore tree: Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you."

Sycamore is another name for Mulberry.

New story about 14th Army Commander Bill Slim. During the retreat from Burma he met some dejected looking soldier in a jungle-clearing. "Things might be worse," he told them. "How?" asked a private. "Well, it might rain." A quarter of an hour later it did.



Photograph by S/Sgt. D. O'Neill.

Soldiers at the oars: on the placid waters of the Alster—which once “sprouted” Ack-Ack guns—Rhine Army gunners set out on rowing practice. In the background are the spires of Hamburg, a city with few such landmarks left.

The Pearl of Hamburg

THIRTY miles or so to the north of Germany's greatest port, two streams run inconspicuously into each other. They wander on for a few miles and join forces with a third.

The three of them together, though still skimpy as waterways go, are flattered by geographers into being graded as a river and given the name of Alster.

The Alster grows a little — there are one or two tributaries — before it finally loses itself in the widening Elbe, some 75 miles from the North Sea.

On the high wooded ground between the Alster and the Elbe, just where they meet, a group of fishermen from Lower Saxony formed a colony 1200 or more years ago.

Charlemagne found it, sometime between 805 and 810, and decided it would make an ideal base for the diffusion of Christianity in the pagan North, and here he built fortifications and a city which became known as Hamburg.

Hamburg grew into a great port. Docks and harbours

were built on the Elbe, but the Alster remained Hamburg's own, domestic river. Then somebody dammed the Alster near its mouth and its waters spread into a great lake which was split in two by the gardens that replaced Charlemagne's ramparts and by the famous Lombards Bridge.

Round the Binnen (Inner) Alster's 46 acres of water were built rows of handsome buildings, and round the 400 acres of the Aussen (Outer) Alster grew fashionable suburbs.

The Alster became a favourite playground for Hamburg's citizens. Small sailing boats, rowing boats and shallow-draught screw-steamers plied on it. Businessmen, workers, shopping housewives from the suburbs travelled to the trading centres of the city by water. Hamburg, which has a fair share of canals, vied with Bruges for the nickname “Venice of the North”.

When the drone of British bombers was heard more and more often in the skies over the city, Hamburg felt that the Binnen Alster, in its heart, was too easily recognisable a target. So false streets were built of netting, reed mats and timber and floated on its shining waters. To complete the deception, engineers built a false Lombards Bridge across the Aussen Alster. (SOLDIER 8 Dec 1945.)

But the camouflage did not deceive the cameras of the reconnaissance planes and the Alster's fancy-dress was smashed with the rest of the city. Nor could the Ack-Ack guns which were sited out in the lake affect the issue.

Today — though light railways run to the edge of the Binnen Alster and tip the city's rubble into its margins — the waters of the Alster are among the few glories of Hamburg left to her people. But the pleasure craft which float on the tranquil waters carry British soldiers.



Looking across the Inner Alster, into which rubble is being tipped.

HAVE you ever been to the Island of Sark? We who were there after the German capitulation will never forget it. How we found ourselves in charge of an island, roughly $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles long by $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles broad, with a civilian population of 600, and laws as old as the hills, was quite the most fascinating, and certainly the most unexpected, part of our unexpired Army careers.

When we went in on 1 August, 1945, we found 23 British soldiers and 110 German prisoners of war. Food stocks were severely depleted. Some people were living off potato peelings and the local bramble tea. There was no tobacco, but the islanders had their freedom, and doubtless also, their memories, and threw their houses open to us with one accord. Very shortly we were one big happy family. The past didn't really matter any more.

In Sole Command

Soon after my arrival, I took over from a RAMC corporal, and found myself, medically speaking, in sole local command. And since the Army had temporarily taken over responsibility for the medical services of the island, there was plenty to do. The MI Room became the surgery, whither the usual collection of people came. We had an Army ambulance, and the usual dressings and drugs. We had a Medical Officer who could be sent for in case of emergency, but who lived on Guernsey. In the case of immediate need, there was the German Army doctor, who, although now a prisoner of war, could be called upon for consultation and assistance. Once

How a British Army Private became MEDICINE MAN ON SARK

every week the MO came over from Guernsey and made his inspection. Then he went back and I stayed on, as Medicine Man to the Island of Sark.

Sark was, and is, a sleepy island. It is one of those places where nothing ever appears to happen, but this, of course, is not exactly true. Ask any of the

and could not be reached — could we help? Strictly speaking, it was outside the scope of a MI Room, but we enlisted ten strong German POW's and climbed into the ambulance. The calf entered the world with the aid of rope and sheer force.

The Island of Sark, we discovered, has its own parliament.

island. Tolerated as a temporary and necessary measure were our ambulance, three-ton lorry, jeep and private car.

Discovering these things, and many others equally unexpected and novel to our minds, the twenty Gunners, the two Engineers, the RASC, ACC, and Intelligence men and myself, went

Sark has the smallest harbour in the world. The islanders won't forget the day when a steamroller fell into it.



islanders if they remember the nine-day wonder when the steamroller fell into the harbour. Actually it wasn't a steamroller, but an eight-ton petrol roller, used for re-rolling the harbour hill.

And when it fell with a splash into the smallest harbour in the world, it was a major sensation.

Then there was that dark, cloudy evening when a farmer entered the MI Room, and stated that his cow was in travail and he was having difficulties. The "Vet" was in Guernsey

It is called the Chief Pleas, and consists of 40 tenants of certain properties, the ownership of which automatically gives them the right of admission to the parliament. Each Plea has one vote, and the Chief Pleas, under the leadership of the Dame of Sark, regulates their laws. Some of these are very old. The roads, for instance, are maintained by local labour, and the labour is obtained in a manner once fashionable in our own island.

Each islander is required to give two days' compulsory labour per year towards their maintenance, or else make a payment of money in lieu. There is also the law, broken by the Germans in war, and by us after the liberation, which forbids the employment of mechanically propelled vehicles on the

about our daily tasks. Once, early in the morning, we were called out to a maternity case. Accompanied by the German doctor, who had special permission to attend urgent cases, we succeeded in supervising a happy event — the first baby girl to be born after the liberation. And after that, as you may well imagine, we could do no wrong.

In mid-November 1945, the Island of Sark became responsible for its own medical arrangements. A civilian doctor from England arrived to take over. And on 24 November we had a farewell party, left for Guernsey, packed our bags, and sailed.

But they were happy days.

LESLIE G. JONES

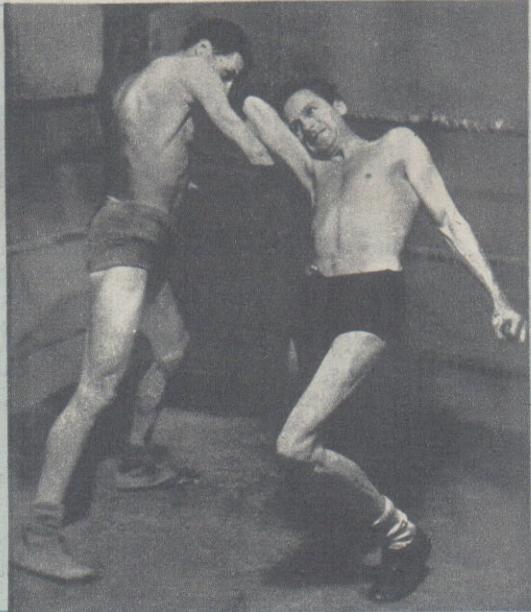
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"So I says to the CO, I says — 'No names, no packdrill.'"



Former Artillery Serjeant Izzy van Dutz can extract a six-inch nail, three parts buried in wood, with his teeth.



Frank Douglas (left), stunt man and jiu-jitsu expert of Hercules Agency, shows actor John McLaren an unarmed combat hold.

TOUGH FOR HIRE

There's big money in being tough—always provided you are tough enough. This article tells how ex-soldiers who are not afraid to take a chance have found their niche in Civvy Street.

FIRST COLOUR PICTURE OF ARMY'S NEW WALKING OUT DRESS

This special SOLDIER colour-photo shows the Army's new "No. 1 Dress" in its full glory for the first time. Left to right: Corporal of the Royal Horse Guards displays the deep chevrons and 3-inch trouser stripe of his regiment; WO 1, showing the WO's silver piping on the arm; the uniform as it will be worn on ceremonial parades, with forage cap and red girdle; the black uniform and green beret of the KRRC



WHEN British film companies want really tough guys — men who can bite the necks of glass bottles, draw out nails with their teeth, jump from an express train or take a sock on the jaw with a sledge-hammer — they ring up the man who introduced unarmed combat to the Commandos in 1940: medium-sized Micky Wood, joint owner with boxer Dave Crowley of the Hercules Agency in Fitzroy Square, London.

Micky can always find them the specialists they want. And usually they are former Commandos.

Look at the dossiers in Micky's office and you will see the names of boxers, wrestlers, stunt men, Houdinis, strong men, ex-RAF pilots, wall of death riders, racing motorists and even men who get parts in films on the strength of their villainous appearance.

He Wrote a Book

Although 48 years old, Micky can dive 40 feet into a tank containing six feet of water — and survive it. He served in World War One as a cavalryman, wrestled up to the outbreak of World War Two and retired as light-weight champion of Britain. His book "Unarmed Combat" was bought up eagerly by Home Guard and general public in 1940. Now he is following it up with "The Answer to Unarmed Combat". Micky spent months lecturing Commandos and American troops before D-Day on the use of jiu-jitsu and wrestling tricks in warfare. The Yanks called his lectures "Murder in Six Lessons."

The Wood-Crowley cellar film agency was licensed recently by the LCC, and ever since the

toughest men in the country have been using it as a base for limbering up for the battles of the screen.

When you see a hammer and tongs free-for-all between stars with the scrap ending in one of the male "pin-ups" catapulting downstairs you will in all probability be looking at one of Micky's boys. They do a lot of "doubling" for stars.

Some time ago when the film "Hue and Cry" was being shot the casting director asked the Hercules Agency for a bunch of rascally-looking toughs who would have disgraced the Devil's Kitchen. Micky had the men they wanted, most of them ex-Servicemen, Commandos and so on. Look out for these boys in the film.

Ex-Sjt. Al Lipman, who worked as a PT instructor with the Commandos, took part in that film. Cast as a black marketeer, he had to allow himself to be beaten up by a hundred schoolboys. Several of Lipman's colleagues were battered rather badly, not the ex-Sjt.

"The boys went for me as if I really was a crook and they didn't know enough about scrapping to pull their punches," he told me. "Fortunately I knew how to protect my body, but I nearly got suffocated in the mêlée. Still, if you're fit you can take anything."

Dave Crowley, who spent three and a half years as a RAF PT instructor and acted as technical adviser for the Grainger-Mills scrap in "Waterloo Road", has signed a contract to fall into Folkestone Harbour in the new ABC film "Temptation Harbour".

Says Clause 51 of the contract: "The artiste realises that the services to be rendered by him under this clause may be of a hazardous nature... the artiste undertakes and agrees that neither he nor his executors or administrators, will make any claim against the Corporation in respect of any loss or injury to property or person including injury resulting in death... and agrees to the payment of twenty pounds for each day his services are used in shooting the film..."

Jumping into a harbour fully clothed and waiting several minutes to be picked up by a motor launch may not sound very risky, but if anything goes wrong twenty pounds isn't much consolation for the widow or dependants. Yet these boys are so fit and confident that they can do the most dangerous stunts and get away unscathed.

Any day you can meet the tallest Englishmen in the world at the Hercules Agency. Goliath Ted Evans of Wren's Avenue, Ashford, Kent, standing seven feet six inches in his socks, gave the Army such a headache when they called him up that he was honourably discharged after only four weeks' training. Ted has been growing four inches every year, is still growing although he is turned 21. He weighs 22 stones, and in order to feed and clothe that colossal frame he is allowed double rations and two books of clothing coupons. Micky says he is going to make a world-beater out of Ted when he stops growing. In the meanwhile Ted is at

hand for any tough guy stuff required by the films.

Harry Brooks, ex-Commando of Hull, and ex-RSM, Johnny Lipman of the APTC who wrestles under the name of Johnny Eager, are two daredevils who have got their names down for "anything and everything".

There's the "Human Ostrich", ex-Pte. Hancock, who eats glass, razor blades, needles and hats. The other day he sawed up a kiddies' fairy cycle and made a meal of that. Now he's sold his body at death to University College for £300.

Jack Fitzgerald, ex-Merchant Navy man, breaks in wild horses, specialises in strong-arm stuff and weightlifting. Jack can crack a bottle of beer by placing it in the crook of his arm and flexing his biceps. He played in French films with Jean Gabin before the war. Another ex-Serviceman, Gordon Allender, London-born stunt motorist, will loop the loop on a motorcycle or overturn a car to order. He has been stunting for 20 years.

The Agency's expert on jiu-jitsu, car stunting and acrobatic stuff is light-weight wrestler Frank Douglas. You can always find him practising a hair-raising stunt with some of the boys—boys like ex-RAF Tony Mancelli and Ronnie Hirst, both well-known wrestlers.

A man who never needs a

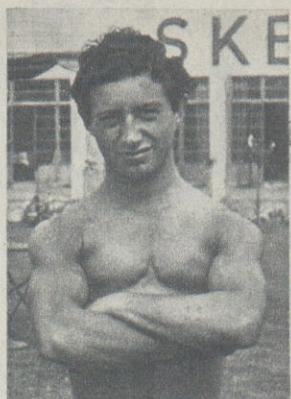
bottle-opener is ex-Artillery Serjeant Izzy van Dutz, heavyweight wrestler. He weighs seventeen stones ten pounds. When he wants a drink he bites off the metal cap from a bottle and if there is no metal cap then he'll chew off the glass neck. I have a souvenir in my pocket—a brand-new sixpence which Izzy bit into a double "S" shape.

Izzy spent most of the war in the desert with the Eighth Army (97 Field Regt.) and helped train Commandos in unarmed combat. While in the Middle East he made mincemeat of the Egyptian champion wrestler George Heddad.

Another ex-Army man who is available for film stunts is ex-Trooper R. Allen, formerly of the 4/7 Dragoon Guards. Since leaving the Services he has trained boxers Ben Valentine, Eric Boon, Jock McAvoy and Harry Davis.

Life in the Forces has toughened up these men who were tough when they put on uniform. They will jump through plate-glass windows or ride horses down cliffs. Don't begin to wonder whether that piston-punch you saw on the films was faked, or whether the dive into the whirlpool was done by a dummy. The odds are that you were watching one of the he-men of the Hercules Agency.

R.C.S.



Ex-Sjt. Al Lipman, cast as a black marketeer, had to allow himself to be beaten up by 100 schoolboys.



Mr. Mills's son Peter displays a beautifully balanced 16th century French matchlock musket. For all its size it can be fired from the shoulder with ease. Right: Dick Turpin's Halt.



"COCK YOUR MUSKETS"

If you visit Dick Turpin's Halt, Mr. Albert Mills's 400-year-old curio shop in London, you will see packed tight on the walls a collection many museums would covet. Here you will find ceremonial axes that have never touched blood, crossbows, spears hollowed out to make deadly blowpipes, be-jewelled dirks with knives and forks attached, tilting lances, duelling pistols, military muskets from the Tower of London, antique grenade-throwers, delicate looking "muff" pistols and crudely fashioned blunderbusses. More than 150 pistols and muskets are in this collection and all are in perfect working order.

It takes three weeks to clean the collection. And if you clean them long enough you begin to hear a ghostly voice:

"Musketeers, have a care to the Exercise, and carry your Arms well... Lay your right hand on your muskets... Poise your muskets... Reft your muskets... Cock your muskets... Guard

your muskets... Present... Fire." And then, more complicated... "Recover your Arms... Half bend your Muskets... Clean your pans... Handle your primers... Prime... Shut your pans... Blow off your loose corns... Handle your Chargers... Open them with your teeth... Charge with



Top: An 18th century "eprouvette" for testing powder. Position of disc after discharge indicated strength of powder. The 1750 sword below has a flintlock pistol in the hilt. Underneath that is a midshipman's dirk and pistol combined. At foot is a Scots dirk which includes a knife and fork. The tiny pistol shown near top is an inch long and fires a small ball pellet.

Powder... Draw forth your Scowlers... Shorten them to an inch... Charge with Bullet... Ram down Powder and Ball... Withdraw your Scowler... Shorten them to a handfull... Return your Scowler... Poise... Shoulder... and Order your Muskets."

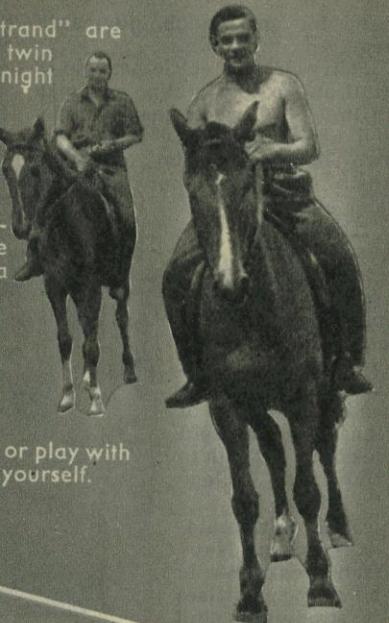


After four weeks the Army discharged Ted Evans, height 7ft 6ins. Reason: just too big.



"Piccadilly" and "Strand" are the names of the twin hotels at the White Knight Rest Camp.

There's horse riding—for anyone who can ride a horse.



You can laze in the beach shelters (left) or play with the medicine ball, if you must exert yourself.



Rest Camp

(Baltic)

YOU don't need to have a broken leg or a broken heart to qualify for a three-day stay at the White Knight Rest Camp at Scharbeutz, beside the Baltic Sea.

The only thing you are expected to rest from is the Army.

There are no parades. You live in a hotel. Somebody cleans your shoes for you. Somebody brings you tea in bed. There are hardly any rules. Indeed, you can spend your three days in bed if you like. But you would be far better advised to spend them on the White Knight's private beach, and eat your meals to music in the gay dining room.

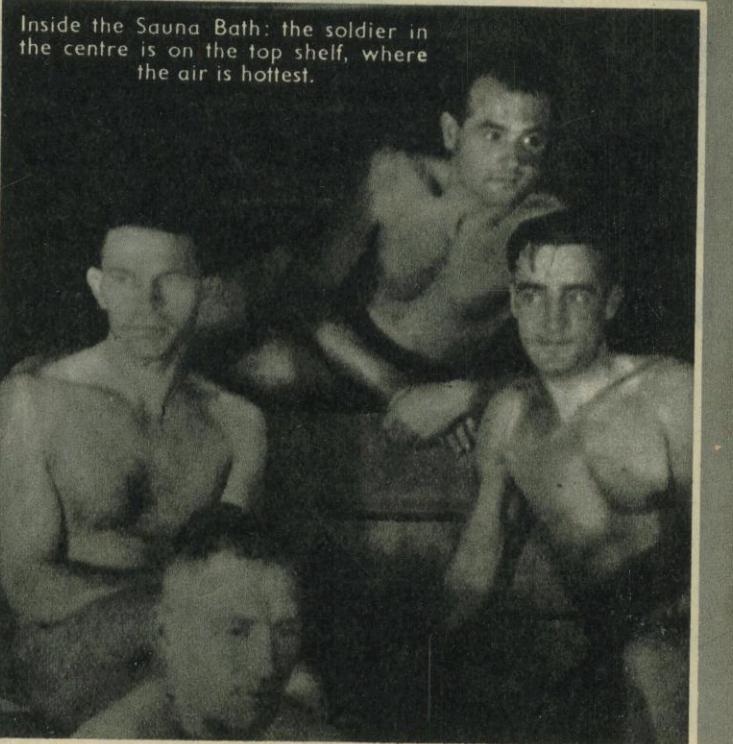
It's a mixed camp, by the way. Those girls playing in swim suits on the sand may be ATS, WRNS, WAAF, NAAFI or ENSA. That man with the tattooed torso may be a private or a sergeant-major. Nobody worries about ranks.

If you're the kind who likes to try anything once, there's a Sauna Bath. This is an old Baltic custom. It is a species of Turkish bath conducted in a log cabin on the beach. You spend 20 minutes on a succession of three shelves, each hotter than the previous one. Then out you go for a quick dip in the sea, returning to the log cabin for an expert massage. This treatment is open to both men and girls.

Out in the blue bay is the hull of the upturned liner *Deutschland*, capsized after a Rocket-Typhoon strafe by the RAF. Little put-put boats will take you for a cruise around the wreck and back. That's about as near as you are likely to get to the green fringed Russian Zone, on the distant arm of the bay.

The Rest Camp has just about every amenity you could expect—from horse-riding to hairdressing, from the "Windmill Theatre" to the services of a professional photographer. The officer in charge is Major J. W. Forde, who also runs the short-leave centre at Kolding, over the Danish border.

The visitors' book at the White Knight is the final revelation. Who would have believed that soldiers could be moved to sit down and compose such flattering tributes to the institution they are resting from—the Army?



Inside the Sauna Bath: the soldier in the centre is on the top shelf, where the air is hottest.



Dive? I don't mind if I do.

NAAFI's triumphal arch. The bicycles are provided.

Rest Camp (Mediterranean)



What, a man after all? The ATS are ready to receive him.

TIME was when the Lone Palm Holiday Camp at Alexandria was just a camp serving men from the MEF who were coming home in search of a bowler hat.

Then NAAFI's Works and Bricks Department started "Butlinising" the Lone Palm.

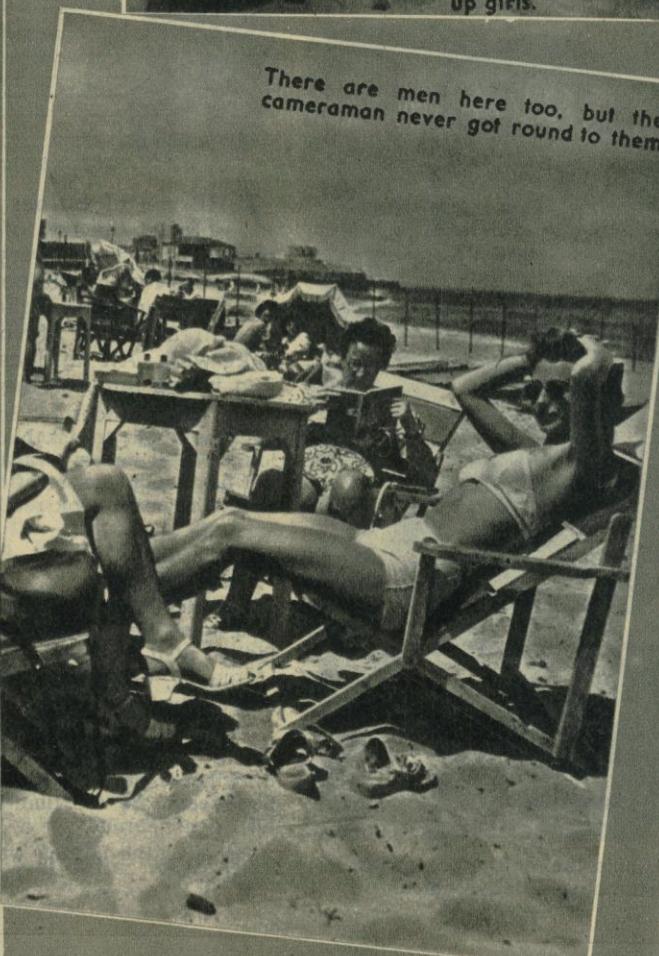
The pub, christened the Royal Oak, has lifelike trees apparently holding up the roof. In fact they are plaster—an idea borrowed from Denham by Mr. William Whitehouse, NAAFI's Middle East Controller. The Pavilion, where guests take tea to Corner House music supplied by a German POW orchestra, has a novel floral ceiling which causes much speculation. The purple blooms which rest on a wide wire mesh are not artificial; they are sprigs of bougainvillea, which keep their colour for months after being cut.

Open to all ranks, officers excepted, the camp offers a friendly free-for-all atmosphere. It has its own private bathing beach, served by camp buses, and the sports include "everything except polo and curling". Meals are served by German POW waiters. There are sheets on the beds, there is sugar in the tea and the beer is cold. And, of course, there's an open-air cinema and theatre.

All this costs the furloughing soldier (or Service girl) three shillings a day for board, lodging and the use of most things from the ocean to a bicycle.



There are men here too, but the cameraman never got round to them



In case anyone cares, this is the Lone Palm after which the camp is named.



BRUSSELS: José, famous Belgian model, comes each day to pose for the soldier artists. In the background Robert Kohler, the studio's instructor, studies a painting brought for his approval.



Gnr. W. L. Doull, of 20th Lt. AA Regt, puts the finishing touches to a toy in the carpentry shop of Hamburg's study centre.



Army Studio

THE petrol burner in the barn roared, and Joe angrily placed the tins of compo in the boiling water. Even in a rest area where everyone else had a soft time, there was no let-up for the platoon cook. And now to cap it all there was the Number One on the Mortar leaning back on the straw and in a dreamy sort of voice saying, "I reckon a cook's life is a cake-walk. All he does is boil the water, chuck in a few tins and in ten minutes the dinner's done."

Joe swore under his breath and wiped the sweat from his brow. He was about to ask Number One why he didn't volunteer for the job when it became vacant, instead of letting someone get detailed, but he thought better of it. Instead, in a rather quiet sort of voice he said, "I'm not a cook really."

"What are you?"
"An artist."
"A what?"

Joe picked up a stone and in a few deft strokes drew the outline of a man's head on the grimy surface of the barn wall. Number One looked at it with amazement.

"Blimy, that's good. Bang on, ain't it, Digger? I didn't know we had a bit of Chelsea here." The men began to crowd round.

"You will make a lot of money at this one day, Joe."

The cook looked at it sadly. "Money? There's no money in drawing or painting today. Besides I haven't been near a studio for five years. By the time this ruddy war ends I shall have forgotten all I ever learned."

He gave the boiling water a stir.



HAMBURG: Above: Life class with a German model. The human body is one of the hardest of all subjects.

Below: A clay bust is the model for this sergeant, studying commercial art.



The painter and his canvas. He gets the colouring and shades in his mind's eye before he finishes his picture.



Pleasant surprise for a small girl: Dvr. A. Lissner, of 15th Coy, RASC Tank Transport, made this Teddy for his niece.

WHEN the war was drawing towards its close the Army thought of Joe and the thousands of other men who possessed some natural gifts for using their hands, and opened up study and welfare centres on the Continent similar to those run in Britain. Today there are about 15 in BAOR, in addition to those run by voluntary organisations. They cater mainly for the more serious artist and painter, for, as the men like Joe will tell you, the cartoonist has always been able to use the back of an old envelope.

What was probably the first centre was opened, not by the Army, but the YMCA. Shortly after the liberation of Brussels they took over some premises the Germans had used as a recreation and handicraft centre and started language and music classes, instruction in carpentry, plastics, and even acting. By far the most popular part was the studio. Here men like Joe would spend the whole of their 48-hour leave from the front painting under the guidance of Robert Kohler, brilliant Belgian artist and ex-partisan. Most evenings José, the 24-year-old Brussels model who sits for Toussaint and other famous Belgian painters — they call her the perfect model — sat for our soldier artists.

Generally speaking, half the student's attending classes in Rhine Army today intend to take up commercial art. The rest draw and paint for a hobby. However gifted they are, they nearly all find the human body the most difficult to draw. And that, says Sergeant F. Carr, fine art instructor at Hamburg's study centre, is why they must use models, both men and women.

He turned over some sketches on his desk. "Unless an artist can get the correct relationship of form, shape and colour he will not click. We do all we can to help the students, but it depends on their natural gifts. If they have no sense of colour we cannot give it to them."

"For some, success comes quickly. For many, it never comes. For all, the beginning is difficult."

PETER LAWRENCE.



"SCARLET OF PIMPERNEL"

THE exhausted crowd of internees staggered through the last patch of jungle and clambered up the single-track railway serving as no-man's-land in the fighting between Allied Forces and the Indonesian extremists.

Leading them, the tall officer with the "Great Britain" flash on his bush-shirt sighed with relief as they dropped to freedom in the Dutch zone.

Seventy people of European descent given up as lost were back from the dead. Beaten, half-starved, ready to collapse, but not one of them harmed by the murderous fire of the Indonesians which shattered the sultry silence of Bandoeng, Java's garden hill-city.

"The Scarlet Pimpernel of Bandoeng" had done it again. "Pimpernel" Captain F. A. Clarke of the Intelligence Corps, the man the Indonesians called "The Snake with the Four Heads", is now on release leave at his home in Carlton Avenue, North Wembley, after perilous months of doing the "impossible" — getting Europeans and Eurasians out of the Indonesian hell-camps.

To the Indonesian fanatics, the crowds of huddled Europeans, old, infirm, helpless women and children whom they had taken captive were representatives of the hated white master-race. It seemed that nothing short of a miracle could have saved those wretched people. But Captain Clarke had other ideas.

One sweltering afternoon a Studebaker saloon driven by a Jap chauffeur glided through the Indonesian quarter. Clarke got out. To the dumbfounded Indonesians he thundered orders for the release of Europeans in the adjacent prison-camp. He carried no arms. Who was this officious sahib? Clarke bullied, threatened, stormed. It was a magnificent performance. Cowering, the Indonesians obeyed him. Trembling internees stumbled through the gates of the compound on their way to freedom, and when they were well away with the "insolent" officer at their head, the guards began to wonder why with all their tommy-guns and grenades they had obeyed an unarmed man whose whiplash tongue could have been silenced for ever with one well-directed round.

It wasn't always as simple as that, and Captain Clarke won't say much about how he managed to save these helpless people from their captors. Details that are available come largely from Dutch sources, but we do know that this extraordinary man with the soft eyes and the iron will successfully "negotiated" the freedom of 201 prisoners from Javanese camps in the space of a few months.

Captain Clarke was a representative of a British firm in Java before the sons of the Son of Heaven ran amok in South-East Asia. He arranged for his Dutch-born wife and his two children to leave for Australia in February 1942 and got out of Java himself a month later. He went on to pick up his family and saw them to safety in sheltered South Africa. Then he sailed for England and volunteered for the Army.

From the Intelligence Corps Depot he went to India and on to Australia to do a specialist job. He arrived at Batavia

Bluffing, storming, threatening, the unarmed white officer demanded that the internees should be freed. And freed they were...

"PIMPERNEL JAVA"

towards the end of 1945 as Political Intelligence Officer to the 37th Brigade, and when he saw the results of Indonesian atrocities on the civilian Dutch population he began to feel that something should be done about it.

He told me: "One day an old friend came and asked me if I would help him locate his 13-year-old son who had disappeared. I asked him how I could help. He suggested that as I was British I might be able to talk with the Indonesian police. I got in touch with the police chief in the area. He was a moderate republican and he brought me grim proof that the boy had died at the hands of the terrorists.

"Some little snippet of information connected with that horrible crime gave me an idea. I saw a chance of getting people away before it was too late. My brigadier ordered me not to interfere. I went ahead. On my first attempt I got three people out with the aid of a Jap chauffeur who stayed with me all the time. Later I was lucky enough to bring out 70 the same day."

Captain Clarke's account gives the bare bones of the story only. From letters I have seen it is clear that the Europeans around Bandoeng looked upon Clarke as a superman who could work miracles where everybody else was impotent. They spoke of him as people spoke of Lawrence. When all hope of getting news of kidnapped relatives had gone they turned to Clarke.

Some of the letters he received from Europeans living south of the railway line are touching in the extreme. He has a letter, too, from the Governor of the Netherlands Indies, Dr. Hubertus van Mook, paying tribute to "Captain Clarke of the 23rd Indian Division for his bravery and initiative in preventing much bloodshed."

But all the letters he received were not congratulatory. There were threats from the Indonesian extremists, warnings of a terrible fate if he persisted in his work. Others, more friendly, warned him of attempts which were being planned on his life. Said one anonymous writer:

"The Indonesian extremists have made plans to murder you if you cross south of the railway line without armed escort of at least four men. They say you have been guilty of infamous conduct in helping the 'enemy' to escape, and they describe you as 'The Snake with the Four Heads'."

Cheated death by bullying

Clarke showed that letter to the local police chief who urged him not to go south that day. Clarke maintained that it was his own funeral. Fortunately it wasn't, for the police chief arranged secretly for four men to follow him into the Indonesian quarter.

On another occasion when he was travelling unarmed as usual with his Jap chauffeur the Indonesians ambushed the car. The streets bristled with natives armed with tommy-guns and rifles. The grinning extremist section leader ordered Clarke out of the car. "We are going to shoot you, Meester Clarke. Please to walk over there."

Captain Clarke admits he was scared. "I knew they meant what they said," he told me. "They bundled me against a hut and I thought 'This is it'. Then it struck me that these fellows were used to being bullied, used to the Jap conquerors' kicks, and I saw a chance. I blustered and raved at them, demanding to see their leader who was expecting me. I stepped up the bullying pressure. 'Take me to your leader,' I roared ... Well, they did, fingering their triggers all the while. The real leader was a moderate, a cultured type, who ordered my release."

On another occasion agreement had been reached between the Indonesians and the Dutch for a relief train carrying medical supplies and food to pass through the Indonesian zone to Bandoeng. But some Dutch troops unaware of the agreement fired on the train. The Indonesians sent for Captain Clarke.

"If you will ride on the front of the engine under the Indonesian flag we will take the train through," they promised. Clarke, realising what a target he would make for both sides, insisted that an Indonesian army leader should sit with him. Orders were given to the Dutch troops not to fire, but it was an anxious moment for Clarke as they rounded the bend under the Dutch fort lest some trigger-happy Netherlander with memories of Indonesian atrocities should let loose a round.

That is about all we can learn at the moment of Clarke's Bandoeng exploits. We may never know all, but 200 rescued Europeans know enough to ensure that when Java is calm again the heroic deeds of this Intelligence Corps officer will be recorded for ever in the history books of the island.

R. C. SCOTT



"The Snake With The Four Heads" was the terrorists' title for Capt. F. A. Clarke, Intelligence Corps.

"THE HARDEST JOB"

AMONG the qualities of the British soldier listed by Field-Marshal Montgomery in his recent speech at London's Guildhall were: gallantry; independence; phlegm; sturdiness; resource; ingenuity; cheerfulness; tolerance; decency; self-reliance; simplicity; kindness; friendliness; staunchness; tenacity; gentleness; calm; resolution; honesty; self-respect; comradeship; and love of children.

Mark especially the quality of tolerance.

Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy, a hard-bitten and much-travelled writer, says in *The Sphere*:

"To be able to face one's foe in the open; to be able to hit back; that is soldiering. To be suddenly belaboured by roughs in the night, to be spat upon and stoned, and to have to keep one's self-respect under orders that prohibit retaliation — that is rather to ask for something in the line of saintliness."

Men of Rhine Army have a big job of policing on their hands. But it is rarely that they come up against active hostility. Bloody-mindedness, occasionally. Partial co-operation, perhaps. The stony glance, yes. But they are not daily spat upon from windows, obstructed by fanatical women, maimed by terrorists, kidnapped.

The Airborne Forces — in Palestine and Indonesia — have been doing a job which, many will say, calls for more self-discipline than leaping from a plane into hostile territory.

It is not only in Palestine and Java that the British soldier is called upon to exercise this highest discipline of all. He faces abuse — and worse — in Trieste, in Italy, in India and in Egypt.

It has all happened before. Amid the upset which follows a great war, with peoples groping for new ways of life, seeking new homes, jockeying for new alliances, bad blood inevitably comes welling up.

It is because of the native friendliness and humanity of the British soldier — to quote Field-Marshal Montgomery again — that he "has always been liked by the inhabitants of so many countries. He has always fitted in with the people and has soon made himself at home with them. Small actions have revealed his fundamental decency and simplicity. The soldier may laugh at the strange ways of the foreigners and he may pretend not to understand them. But he gets along with them; he respects their customs; and his instinctive sympathy makes him the best representative of his country abroad."

Even those who are barracking him now secretly admit his virtues.

Two Minute Sermon

Bread is rationed in England. It was a problem 2000 years ago. Jesus sometimes gave bread to the hungry. He was a working carpenter and earned His bread by the sweat of His brow. When He began His Ministry He was tempted to put material satisfactions first. How could they worship God unless they were fed?

Man cannot live without bread, but this man who had to toil for his daily bread knew that there was within man a capacity for something deeper than bodily needs and He says, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Man cannot be satisfied simply by giving him enough food to eat, enough room to live in, enough work to do. These things are necessary and never more so than today. God knows we need more food and houses — so many are hungry and homeless. But let us not forget that man is a spirit who can understand and respond to truth, beauty and goodness.

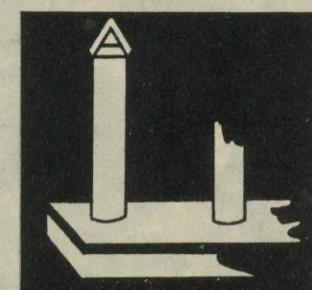
There is a lovely prayer which many offer every day: "Give us this day our daily bread..."; but we ever need to remember: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."



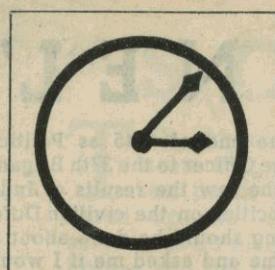
The Censor didn't like Divisional signs, but sometimes he relented. Picture on left shows 15th Scottish Div. troops reaching the Rhine east bank; troops of the Cheshire Regt. below — also on the east bank — had their signs blanked out.



5th Corps entered Norway in 1940—hence the Viking ship. Later they joined First Army.



Cyrenaica District's broken pillars symbolised 'the parts of Libya about Cyrene'. (Acts, ch. 2, v. 10).



37th Ind. Brigade Group had a clock at seven minutes past three, a play on the Brigade number.



1st Armoured Division fought in France in 1940, later against Afrika Korps.



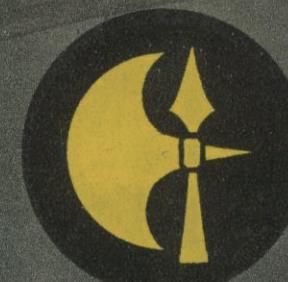
British Troops, Berlin, of course. But do you know the symbolism—encirclement of Europe's black spot?



Supreme Allied Command, S-E Asia. The Allied phoenix rises from the ashes of Japan-held lands.



Allied Land Forces, S-E Asia had nearly everything—Crusader's shield, cross, sword, wings of victory.



78th Infantry Division bore its axe from Algiers to Italy, thence to Austria for the occupation.

BRUSH UP YOUR SIGNS

EVERYBODY is stumped by an Army formation sign sooner or later. Many amateurs, urged on by the collecting instinct, have compiled long illustrated lists for their own amusement. Now Lieut-Col. Howard N. Cole (formerly on the HQ staff of 21 Army Group) has helped on the good work with "Heraldry in War" (Gale and Polden, Aldershot: 12s 6d). He does not claim, however, that his collection of signs of World War Two is complete.

Formation signs, the author reminds us, began in the 1914-18 war. Still remembered by many are the red fox of General Sir Hubert Gough's Fifth Army, the red hand of the 36th (Ulster) Division, and the symbolic broken spur of the 74th Division, which was made up of regiments of dismounted Yeomanry. Among signs surviving into World War Two are the eye of the Guards Division and the "HD" of the 51st (Highland) Division.

Signs were reintroduced in 1940, and instructions were that they should be worn by all ranks of Command Headquarters, Corps, Divisions, Independent Brigade Groups and Independent Infantry Brigades. Commanders chose the designs and notified the War Office.

Their ideas were often "animal" or—for simplicity's sake—"geometrical". After Dunkirk, signs were adopted by Home Commands and Districts.

Among the most ardent collectors of British Army signs were liberated peoples. Brussels was freed in September 1944, and by the end of that month enamelled brooches of 21st Army Group were on sale in the city — a record in speedy merchandising. "Brussels had by that time become very badge conscious," says Lieut-Col. Cole, "and nearly half the girls and children that one saw wore the Divisional signs stitched to the sleeves on their frocks and coats."

"The collecting of brass regimental cap badges as adornments to waistbelts, so treasured by the old soldier of yore, gave way to some extent in the late war to the collection of cloth patches of formations. The modern counterpart of the cavalry trooper's badged belt was undoubtedly the leather jerkin of the ATS girl, the lining of which was covered with badges carefully stitched on in a pattern in patchwork quilt style. This method of collecting badges was also favoured by some ENSA artists, who thus recorded to whom they had given their show."

* The reproductions of signs on these pages are from Lieut-Col. Cole's book. In some cases colours have been added to the black and white originals.



Nigerian units wore the badge of this unlikely-looking fowl—a crown bird.



56th (London) Division had Dick Whittington's cat. They served in Home Forces, Middle East, Italy.



Dodecanese Force's goat was one of the lesser-known animal badges.



116th Ind. Infantry Brigade's trident was familiar in the N.W. Europe campaign.



8th Armoured Division fought in the Middle East, one brigade taking part in the retreat to El Alamein.



11th Corps, part of Home Forces, had a chequered Martello Tower. This Corps did not go overseas.



Faroë Islands Force had one of war's loneliest assignments. Oyster-catcher is Faroes emblem.



81st (West African) Division sent a brigade to help the Chindits. The Division fought in the Arakan.



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OVERLOON

THE Dutch village of Overloon — called the "Caen of Holland" — saw some of the bloodiest fighting in the drive for the Maas. More mines were sown in these quiet Dutch fields than anywhere else on the front.

Now Overloon has opened a war museum in honour of the British Infantryman who brought liberation to Holland.

If you never read about Overloon in the newspapers, or were not in the battle that raged through that tiny Netherlands village, the name probably doesn't mean much to you. Yet, tucked away in a remote part of south-east Holland, miles from a town of any importance, one of the first war museums of World War II has just been opened in that very village.

Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream stops Oral Offence that originates in the mouth.

There in that small peasant and farm setting, where the people are simple, rustic and kindly, where folk talk in terms of butter and eggs, not guns and tanks, where cart ruts take the place of roads and the horse is mechanisation enough, is the Dutch folk's tribute to the men who smashed their way into Hitler's fortress.

The rains have washed out the blood of battle. The winds have swept away the debris. Only the uprooted and stunted trees, the crumbling slit trenches, the odd ruin here and there and the rows of small white crosses tell what has passed that way, until we go inside the museum park.

Two Dutch flags stand over the entrance. There is a rusting German Tiger tank on the left. Over there is a smashed American Sherman, here is a bedraggled-looking mortar and there is an anti-aircraft gun. The museum park is littered with the remains of the battle that swept through Overloon and the pieces of war material gathered from nearby battlefields.

Walking up the path you pass a tall trestle erection, its base hidden from view by the tall thin

trees. This was the observation tower from which men of the 3rd Infantry Division looked out over the enemy positions.

From the top of the tower, which is right in the centre of this former battlefield, you can look across the flat Dutch surroundings, toward the Reichswald Forest and the German border — not nine miles away to the east. You can look at the deserted landscape... deserted of all but memories. A landscape which once possessed neat little churches and farm dwellings.

Two great bombs stand guard at the entrance to the interior museum, which is a squat wooden-concrete building with a red-tiled sloping roof. Inside the porch there is a simple notice: "This war museum was founded in commemoration of the liberation of the Netherlands and was opened on May 25 1946 by the Commander, Major-General L. G. Whistler CB, DSO, Patron of the Museum."

The foundation of the museum is built from the timber that was torn up during the battle in the surrounding woods, and the sloping roof is supported by wooden joists bearing the marks of bullets and shrapnel.

The walls of the four compartments of the building are decorated with swords, statue-symbols and photographs of famous moments of battle; of tanks, guns and famous men; and of blitzed cities.

At one end of the building there is a low trestle table with every form of booby-trap and mine, placed in a natural surround of either sand or grass. And in the same room there are guns of all descriptions. Field transmitters, ammunition and small



The simple symbol which meant a lot. It represents the Dutch underground movement, and the protecting angel.

OVERLOON REMEMBERS

arms and psychological warfare leaflets are arranged in another room.

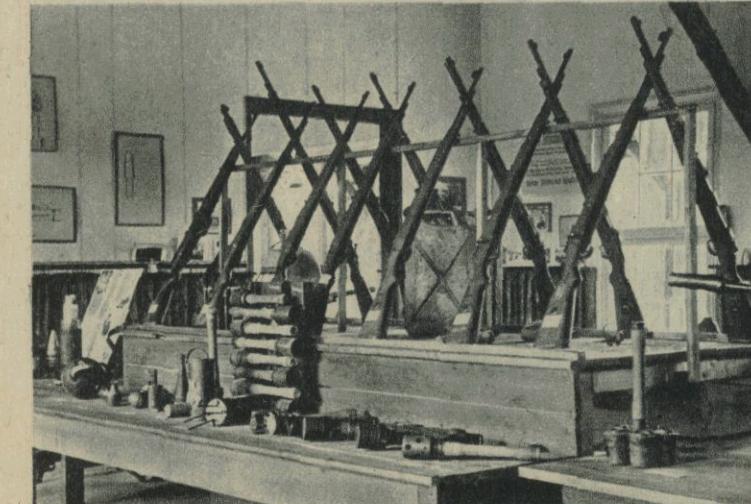
A simple array perhaps, but Holland is very proud of her "Oorlogsmuseum". "We did not want it in an impressive building in the centre of Amsterdam or The Hague, but on the actual scene of battle," said Harry van Daal, secretary of the museum.

Perhaps you might ask: why choose Overloon as the site of Europe's first war museum? Why not Caen, or the region of the Falaise Gap?

Firstly, this is Holland's own initiative. Secondly, in the words of General Brown, commander of the 53rd Welsh Division who represented Maj-Gen. Whistler at the opening ceremony, "I can tell you that the battle for Overloon has been very heavy. At Caen perhaps the casualties were heavier. But in Western Europe



German propaganda pamphlets which misfired. One is headed: "Thirty Days on Leave! Boy, oh boy, wouldn't that be nice!"



Rifles, grenades, booby traps are set out in the museum. And every day the tortured fields yield new exhibits.

The approach to this sector lay through the heavily defended district of Overloon; a sector which, it was later discovered, packed more minefields than any other part of the Western Europe battleground.

Although the actual battle for Overloon did not begin until 12 October the villagers had received orders to evacuate about two weeks beforehand. Some remained behind and they have quite a story to tell.

The fighting was from house to house. A terrific bombardment drove Germans from their cellar hide-outs. Eventually Overloon was liberated and dubbed the "Caen of Holland". Venray could now be tackled, the assault beyond the Maas carried through, and so on to the Rhine and Germany.

Overloon was a gateway to the Reich. The preliminaries to the battles of the Siegfried Line were fought in small places like Overloon. Sergeant George Harold Eardley won the VC in this corner of Holland, when he mopped up three German machine-gun posts, singlehanded, armed only with a Sten and hand grenades.

The 3rd Infantry Division were ordered to clear part of the pocket of resistance which had been left in the bend between the Maas and Venlo and Venray. During the weeks after the German Falaise disaster in August 1944, the liberation armies had swept on, hampered only by problems of supply. The main bases were still back on the Normandy beach-head.

The German Army's first really successful attempt to hold a defence line against the steamroller advance was on the Maas river bend.

For a long time Overloon was

between October 1944 and February 1945. They saw in Overloon, ruined and rustic though it was, something which reminded them of an English rural district with its stone and brick houses, its trim clean gardens and its hospitable folk.

For many men of the 3rd Infantry Division, this corner of Holland will remain as vivid a memory as those experiences on the Norman battlefields.

Prompted by a deep feeling of gratitude the Burgomaster of the district, Den Heer A. Jans, sent a message to the commander of the 3rd Division Maj-Gen. Whistler, and this is what he said:

"Our village was totally destroyed by the bitter fighting and was thoroughly looted by the Germans, so that after their return from the evacuation the inhabitants found nothing but the empty ruins of their houses. Their energy and the will to rebuild, however, is not broken at all.

"Proof of this is that from the midst of the people, who have not even a house fit for a human being to live in, spontaneously arose the plan to honour the British heroes who gave their lives for freedom at Overloon by means of a solemn homage of the whole population. They will always regard the men of your



In the park of Overloon's war museum stands this gun — a plaything for children whose early years were shadowed in death.



The Tiger lies where it crunched to rest. Little did the crew know that their tank would be Exhibit A outside a Dutch museum.

"Only a scratch"
may turn to something worse



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OVERLOON REMEMBERS (Continued)

Division as their special friends."

Secretary of the Museum Association, Harry van Daal, who is "town clerk" of the locality, told me how Overloon had been a centre of a large Dutch resistance movement during the occupation.

The woods close to the battle-field sheltered one of the largest underground movements in Holland. About 400 young students from all districts of the Netherlands gathered in this remote part of eastern Holland. "Overloon had no Quislings," said Harry.

These people of the "onderduikery" (the Dutch equivalent for the underground) lived among the villagers and not one was discovered by the Germans. Telegraph communication was maintained with all parts of Holland and when an impending German raid was notified the men would disappear into the woods.

These people saved many Allied pilots and helped them to cross to Belgium some 70 kilometres away, handing them over to the Belgian resistance movement, the "White Brigade".

Oldest member of the small group of people who remained hidden in a cellar in Overloon,

during the battle, was 74-year-old farmer Wilhelm Crooymans. For 20 days, the old farmer lived in a squalid cellar, underneath an old farmhouse, with his family and two other families. "The happiest moment of our lives was when the Tommies liberated us from that cellar," he said.

Wilhelm Crooymans, like other farmers in the district, had his livestock taken away to Germany. But farmers in other parts of Holland, who were not so impoverished, have pooled help to such hard-hit districts as Overloon.

And to-day in every house in Overloon you will see a common decoration, a number of empty shell cases of varying height, highly polished and ornamented. "They remind us of the past and help us to build the future," the residents will tell you.

That is Overloon. That is the place you will have difficulty in finding on the maps, or in the gazetteers. Perhaps it will not go down with names like Ypres, Verdun or Sedan, but this "Caen of Holland" will have its own little nook in military history... and its people are proud of that distinction. G. G. GOODMAN



"As ye sow, so shall ye reap..." A Dutch soldier stands guard as German POW's search for mines.



Twin Dutch flags fly over the gates to the museum park. The graves of the English dead will never be neglected here.



Rightly popular with all soldiers who have spent short leave in Brussels are the girls of the Princesse de Ligne Organisation. They have in full measure that charm which has filled SOLDIER'S mailbag with letters beginning: "How can I marry a Belgian girl and bring her to England?"

Thanks to The Girls in Blue



NOBODY will ever know just how much of the attraction of Brussels as a leave centre has been due to the girls in the smart blue uniforms who made the soldier welcome at the leave hostels.

The selection board of the Princesse de Ligne's Organisation must be unusually susceptible to charm and good looks, for the girls behind the counters, the girls at the information desks, the girls who wield the teapots and the girls who give sage advice on perfumes in the gift shops have a *chic* and a sparkle rarely found in uniform.

It was in the month following the liberation of Brussels that the Princesse de Ligne Organisation began to take a hand in the welfare of the British soldier on leave. In the various hostels of the Rue de la Loi, at Victory House, University Hostel and Churchill House scores of thousands of British and Allied soldiers have since spent their short leave. The number of cups of tea poured out by the girls in blue and the number of meals served soon ran into seven figures. Incidentally, all the girls are voluntary workers.

Last summer, when prisoners of war were being flown back to Britain, the leave hostels organisation welcomed and looked after 28,500 men to whom Brussels was first glimpse of civilisation, and to whom the Princesse de Ligne's girls were first glimpse of womankind. And a very rewarding first glimpse, too.

Belgium is proud of the Princesse de Ligne Organisation. So is Britain.

Merci, mesdemoiselles!

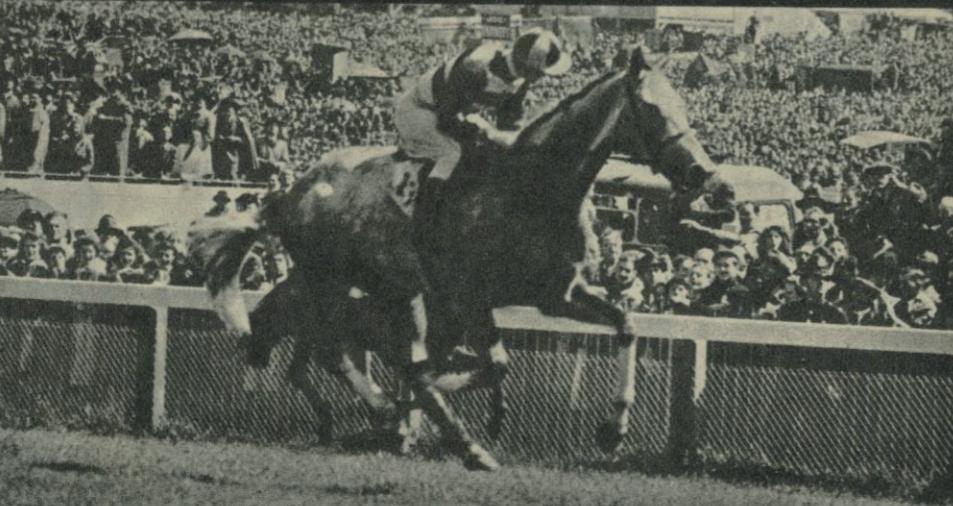


OUR BLOODSTOCK WILL



Ireland for steeple-chasers. Left: Lovely Cottage (seen with P. Petre up) won the Grand National.

Right: Airborne snatches the Derby. Later races have shown that this was no flash in the pan.



IN England, racing—like all other sports—is enjoying one of the biggest booms it has ever known. Everywhere crowds are tremendous, despite catering restrictions and travelling difficulties, and at several courses stands have been closed sometimes hours before the first race.

But British bloodstock at the moment is lacking somewhat both in quality and quantity, particularly in staying power.

Rationing of animal foodstuffs may have something to do with that.

Nevertheless, the thrills have been there and, after all, that is what the crowds want. Take the Derby, for instance, won by outsider Airborne.

In Steve Donoghue's day it was usually the horse with the lead round Tattenham Corner that won—and how Steve was the master at bringing them round that sharp downhill bend! In contrast, this year after Tattenham Corner it was anybody's race.

First it was Khaled, with Peterborough and Edward Tudor well ahead of Gulf Stream. Then Khaled weakened and Edward Tudor went up. In turn, he gave way to Radiotherapy, and Gulf Stream made its effort a quarter-of-mile from home. Gulf

Stream looked a certain winner, but in the last hundred yards up popped Airborne to confound the experts.

This neglected horse, trained by ex-jockey Dick Perryman, ridden by Tommy Lowrey, and owned by plastic-manufacturer Mr. J. E. Ferguson, was nowhere, it seemed, at the corner; but it provided the crowd with the thrills they wanted and a fair amount of pocket money for sentimental Servicemen.

There was quite a lot of money betted on the horse simply because of its "Red Devil" cognomen, but it was still an outsider, of the Signorinetta and Aboyeur class.

Since then Airborne has proved what a fine colt he un-

doubtedly is by winning the Princess of Wales' Stakes over a mile-and-a-half at Newmarket against France's odds-on favourite Priam 11, and justified the old adage that *no bad horse has ever won the Derby*.

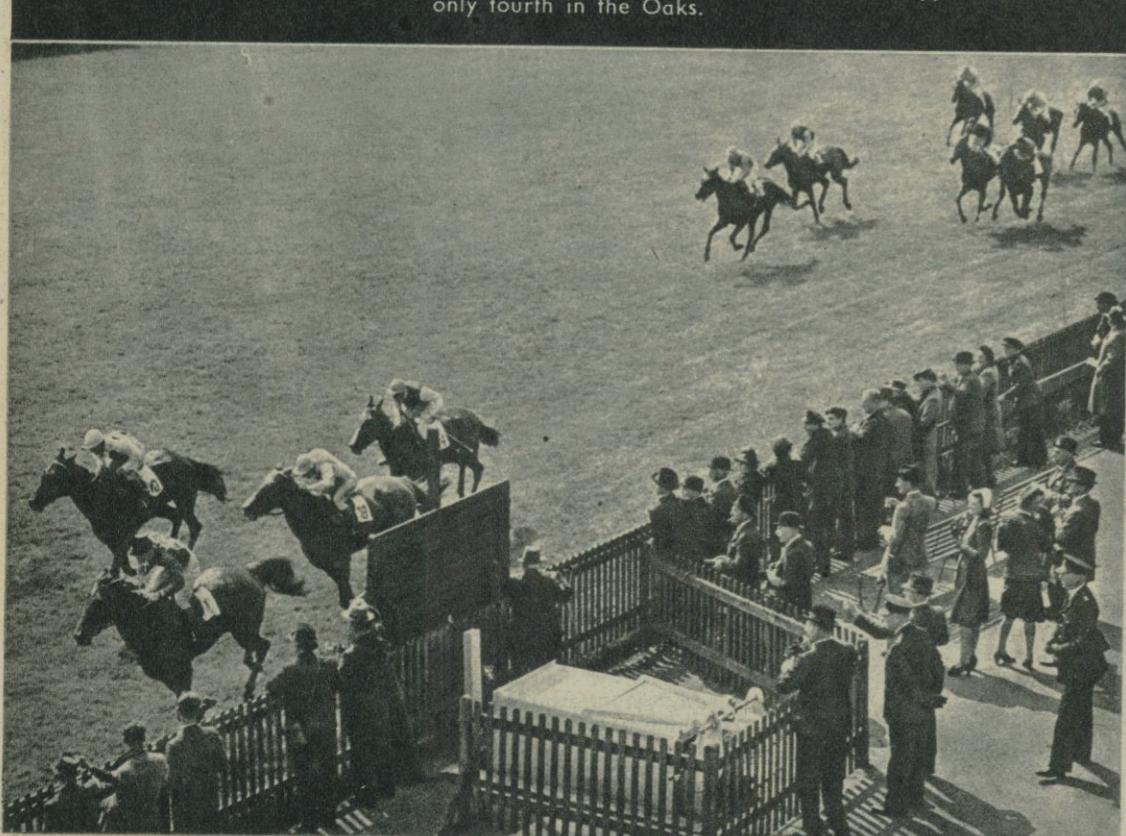
What would have happened to him if the French had sent their champion Nirgal is a matter for conjecture, but the fact is that, although this horse is coming over the Channel for the last remaining classic—the St. Leger—Airborne is a firm favourite at 3-1, and after his two great victories you won't get that price about him on Doncaster's Town Moor on 11 September.

Here he will take on the Oaks winner, Steady Aim, and also Gulf Stream, a horse which has come on quite a bit since his Derby defeat. Incidentally, Steady Aim's time over the Derby Course in the Oaks was, surprising, $3\frac{3}{5}$ ths secs better than Airborne's, and in the St. Leger Airborne must concede the filly five pounds.

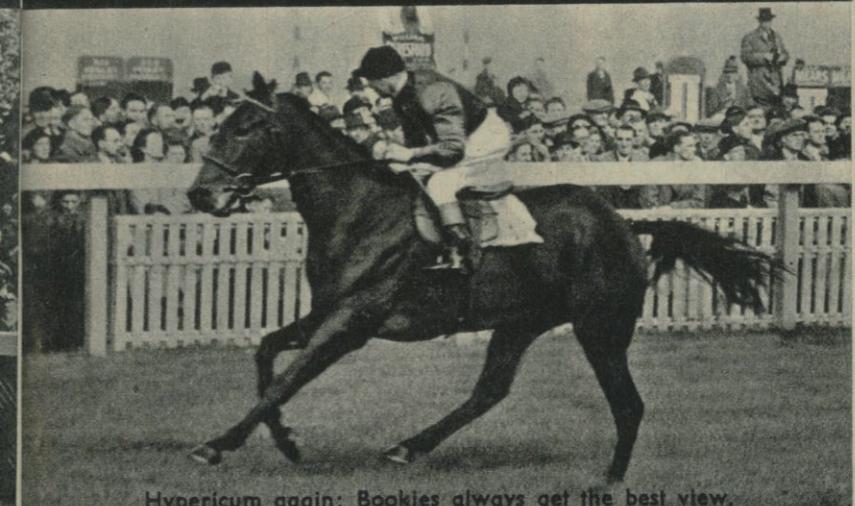
Whether Airborne is comparable to the great Epsom winners of the past remains for history to tell, but it is a matter of great importance to British racing that its sporting owner, Mr. Ferguson, has decided not to follow the policy of his immediate predecessors and retire a Derby winner safely to stud. Instead he will keep the colt in training with the intention next season of racing him for the Ascot Gold Cup—the stayers' championship—and so give British bloodstock a greatly needed fillip. The horse could go now to a £125,000 syndicate, but Mr. Ferguson prefers to try to resist the very definite challenge that France has offered this season—a most laudable decision.

Remember the Gold Cup was won in 1937 by Airborne's sire Precipitation and in 1920 by its grand-sire Buchan. And as we are on staying power, I liked the effort of Hypericum, the King's horse, which won the 1,000 Guineas after bolting and covering the course as a rehearsal!

Hypericum—the King's horse—wins the 1,000 Guineas at Newmarket. But Hypericum ran only fourth in the Oaks.



GET BETTER



Hypericum again: Bookies always get the best view.



Honeyway—one of Britain's outstanding sprinters.

Stakes) and Marsyas 11 (the Queen Alexandra Stakes).

Let me leave this doleful tale of staying degeneration and turn to the highlights of our sprinting power. Here we have two outstanding animals, veritable flying machines, even if they have not been christened "Airborne". Whether they equal the achievements of Mumtaz, Mahal and Epinard and all those great sprinters who have gone before remains to be seen, but their performances to date give every promise.

To continue the Ascot tale of woe, on the last day French-bred and trained horses won no fewer than three of the day's six races. The winners were Sayani (Jersey Stakes), Priam 11 (Hardwicke

The Bug and Honeyway, albeit The Bug is an Irish horse. He is a three-year-old, who, ridden by Charlie Smirke, easily won the valuable Wokingham Stakes by three lengths carrying 8st 7lbs, which is a record for a horse of this youthfulness. This was at Ascot, and later when he clashed with Honeyway at Newmarket in the July Cup (both races are over six furlongs) the rival jockeys had to take the whip before the Irish horse won by three-quarters of a length. Honeyway five years old, was conceding his younger rival 8lbs more than "weight for age"—which supposedly represents an advantage just over one length. What a pity it is that these two did not meet in the Stewards' Cup at Glorious Goodwood. The Bug went back to Ireland after his Newmarket success. If they meet again—this time on equal terms—I should dearly like to be there.

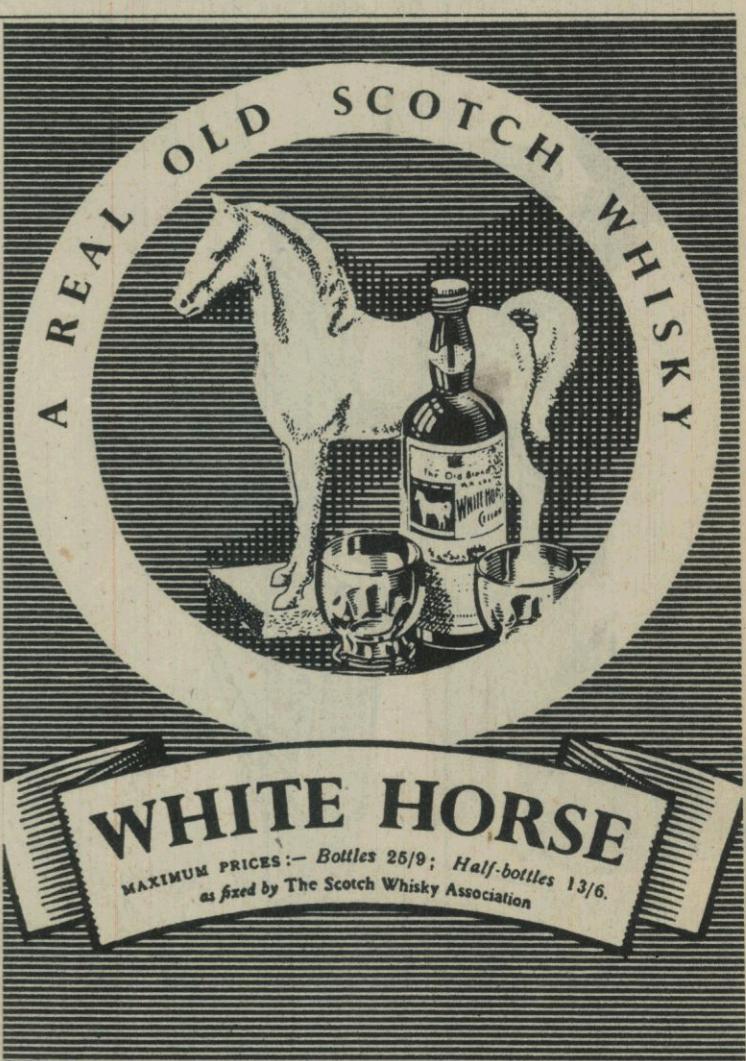
Over in Ireland they breed steeplechasers as prolifically as they do champion greyhounds.

Aintree and Cheltenham were to Ireland what Ascot was to France. Which only goes to prove my pessimistic contention that home racing must be up and doing. Favourite

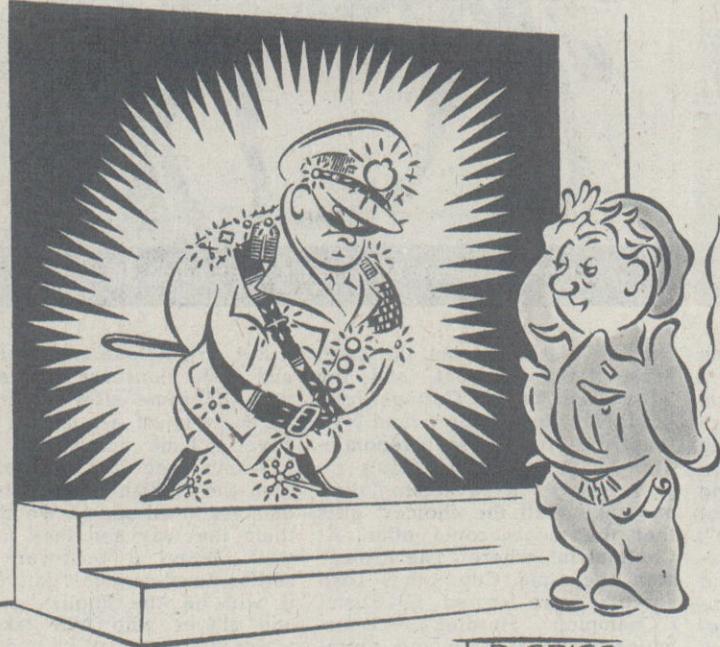
But do not take all this French and Irish "nonsense" to heart. It was the same after World War No 1. It is all a question of recovery. Time and space. There has never been better bloodstock than the English since racing began. As in all sports, we showed them the way and they learned well. When a post-war world settles to the usual gait of life it will be the English sprinter and stayer who will take the major prizes.

ARCHIE QUICK

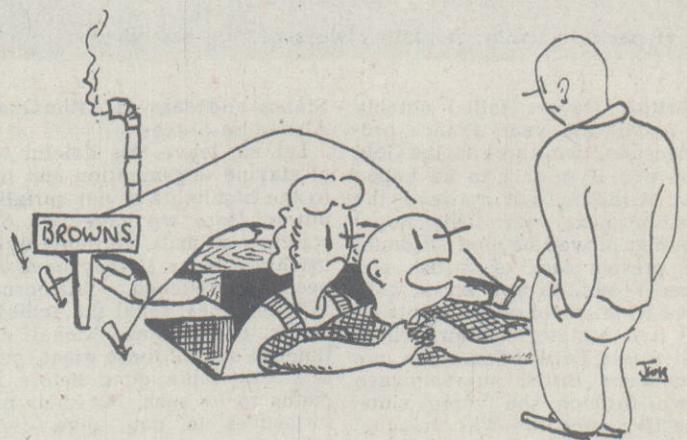
Winner of the Oaks—Steady Aim, which beat Airborne's time over the Derby course.



ILLUSTRATED HUMOUR



"Sorry, sir, I didn't see you!"



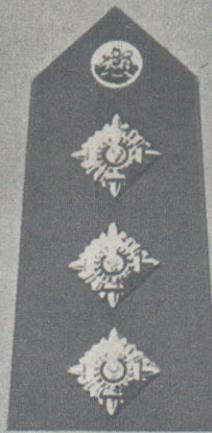
"Maybe it does remind you of Caen, but it's either this or spend the next year sleeping with the father-in-law."



"Look what calling 'im a liar got me!"



"Well, that should get us there without getting caught in the crush."

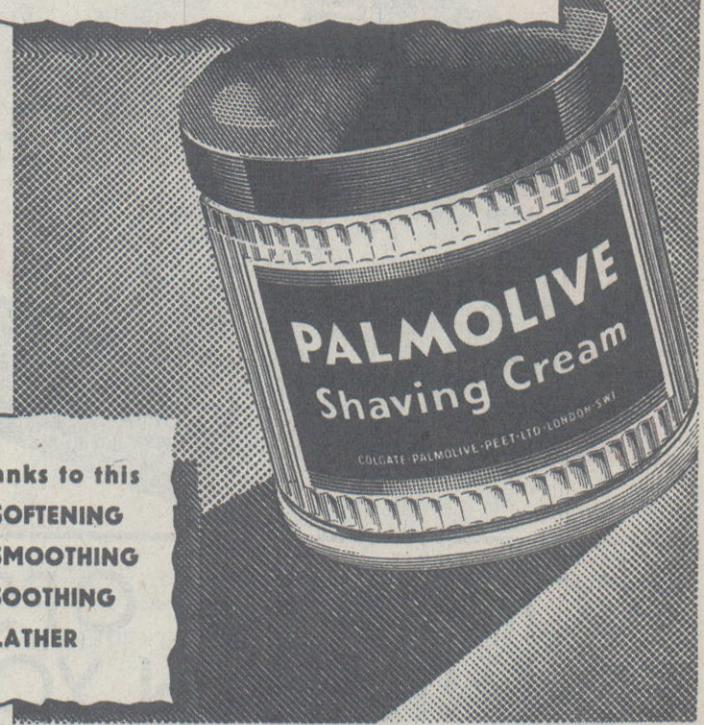


Simpson
PICCADILLY

uniforms

MILLIONS of RAZORS
make hay of
BILLIONS of BRISTLES
per day

thanks to this
SOFTENING
SMOOTHING
SOOTHING
LATHER



This burn was
well treated....

We are continually receiving letters from men overseas and in the services at home pointing out the virtues of Germolene.

A Staff Sergeant in the C.M.F. tells how he used Germolene when he burnt his hand severely, yet, thanks to Germolene "two days later I was able to play the piano, yet prominent scars dispel the theory that the accident might not have been so serious as I estimated. A person concerned in the same accident to a much lesser extent preferred other treatment and still has dressings on the affected part. I reckon on a tin of Germolene as part of my essential kit, especially on mobile 'stunts.' It is fortunate that we are able to buy Germolene via the N.A.A.F.I. on occasions."



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Mrs. James knew nothing of her husband's masquerade as "Monty" till long afterwards. Lieut. James's OC was out of the picture, too.

Lieutenant James Goes Out



Lieut. James's first appearance as "Monty", in an amateur show. He didn't suspect what it would lead to.

"COMBINED OPS" TO ENTERTAIN YOU

WHEN Mr. Glenvil Hall, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, announced that Service departments were to become responsible for their own entertain-



ment after the closing down of ENSA in August, troops overseas began to tremble lest they should become fair game for the amateurs on the harmonica who cause such anguish in the NAAFI bar.

They needn't have worried. It's goodbye to ENSA, but Combined Services Entertainments has taken its bow. The show will go on.

The policy of CSE is twofold: to engage companies of professionals to go overseas with complete shows as they did with ENSA; and to provide a nucleus of professional artists and technicians to take charge of entertainment in the various commands.

CSE works under a combined Army and RAF staff controlled by Col. J. H. Leathers and Wing-Commander H. Hickey at War Office buildings in London's Eaton Square. Every day stars come in to chat with Major Richard Stone, MC, and Squadron-Leader Roy Cowl, who are both well-known to the theatre world.

Several shows have already left for CMF and MEF.

For the British Zone of Germany a Combined Services Entertainment Unit is being established, with HQ in Hamburg containing Army and RAF elements. The set-up includes a production centre in Hamburg and regional organisation, very much on existing ENSA lines and corresponding to the future military districts. This organisation will coordinate the routing of shows and look after the artists.

It will not be an easy task for Welfare Service, working with depleted staffs; but it is confidently expected that the new management will be able to deliver the goods.

Watch for the new CSE badge and give them a fair run.

THE world now knows the story of Lieutenant Clifton James, the 48-year-old Australian who, at a critical period of the war, left his job in the Royal Army Pay Corps to carry out one of the most audacious masquerades ever put over by British Intelligence: the impersonation of General Montgomery in Gibraltar and Algiers, just before D-Day.

SOLDIER's photographs of Lieut. James on this page were taken some months ago, when he was still in the Army; and the interview then obtained could not, for various reasons, be released. The tale has now been widely told, but there are still many to whom these pictures will be of interest.

Lieut. James is by profession an actor. He will find it strange to play once again the roles of fiction after playing a real life character in deadly earnest — or will he? Incidentally, his first

acting role in Civvy Street was to impersonate the Field-Marshal at a pageant in Kent. Soon afterwards he was being interviewed for television.

SOLDIER wishes Lieut. James good luck in his professional career, and hopes his notices will be as good as the ones they will write about him in the history books of tomorrow.

PHONING HOME

"Come in, London" said the operator at Minden Exchange. "Go right ahead, Watford" purred a voice in England; and in Hamburg L/Cpl. "Andy" Wilson, Royal Signals, spoke excitedly into the telephone to his wife in Hertfordshire.

L/Cpl. Wilson was the first BAOR soldier to put through a telephone call under the new scheme for private calls to be

made to Great Britain. At present just over 300 calls a day are being made in BAOR from telephone kiosks in clubs and canteens throughout the British Zone; soon they will be more than doubled when more kiosks and more Cross-Channel circuits become available.

Each call lasts three minutes, and costs 5s. Conversation must be confined to social and domestic matters.

Applications are made between mid-day and 2pm each day for any evening up to four days ahead.

Control is exercised for the entire Zone from Minden, where Royal Signallers and ATS telephone operators sit side by side.



First soldier to phone home — L/Cpl. A. Wilson.

How Much Do You Know?

- One of these statements is false—which?
- Which newspaper has the slogan "For King and Country"? Which represents the co-operative movement? Which has changed its name to "The Daily Graphic"?
- Who is (a) Poet Laureate; (b) Master of the King's Musick?
- Who was the original (a) "It Girl"; (b) "Oomph Girl"?
- In which books do the following appear: (a) Sam Weller; (b) Scarlett O'Hara; (c) Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby; (d) Simon Legree; (e) The Jabberwock?
- The Freedom of London was recently conferred on the three wartime Chiefs of Staff. Who were they?
- If you were given something penniform it would be (a) like a coin; (b) feathery; (c) two-legged; (d) three-legged; (e) four-legged. Which?
- The sextet from "Flora-dora" is well-known from

the first two lines. What are they?

- Who wrote "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"?
- If you played picquet you would use (a) racquet; (b) a padded leather glove; (c) a long-handled mallet; (d) a pack of cards with all below seven missing. Which?
- If you suffered from haemophilia you would be (a) rickety; (b) a martyr to hay fever; (c) an imaginary invalid; (d) unable to stop bleeding if you cut yourself; (e) deaf. Which?
- Keats started an ode with "Thou still unravished bride of quietness...." Whom or what was he addressing?
- This is a picture of the only double VC of the war. What is his name?



(Answers on Page 36)

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WHO ARE GENTLEMEN?
In SOLDIER, 22 June there is a letter entitled "Who Are Gentlemen?" and you state in a footnote that a colonel of the Life Guards is said to have addressed a mixed parade - "Gentlemen of the Life Guards and men of other regiments." In point of fact the remark was made by the Duke of Connaught at Hyde Park: "Gentlemen of the Rifle Brigade and men of other regiments." — E. J. Dawkes, 49 Woodcock Hill, Kenton, Harrow.

When I was first posted to a Signals unit, all the new arrivals, about 200 of us, were marched in front of the RSM.

His first words were: "Now remember you are no longer men of the Army, you are gentlemen of the Royal Corps of Signals." — Sjt. G. A. Haslam, CAFSO Staff, Air HQ (Ops), BAFO.

A TRIP OVERSEAS

During my release leave I wish to take the opportunity to visit either Switzerland, the Riviera or America.

Can you tell me: (1) are there any special facilities either through official channels or tourist agencies for Servicemen, e.g. fare reductions, leave hostels or planned itineraries; (2) is it permissible to travel in uniform? — Lieut. N. Tonks, RASC/EFI, 11 HQ/EFI.

* (1) No. (2) No. You travel as a civilian. — Ed., SOLDIER.

WHEN TO START WORK

I am entitled to four months release leave and my employer demands that I start work after having only three weeks of my leave. If I feel I don't want to start work until

LETTERS

after my four months leave, how do I stand if my employer refuses to give me my job? — Fus. S. Reed, HQ, Brit Tps, Low Countries.

* You must be prepared to start work not later than the ninth Monday after your last day of whole-time service in the Army. After that time you may lose your right to reinstatement. Starting earlier is a matter for arrangement between you and your employer. — Ed., SOLDIER.

WALKING-OUT DRESS

With its ballerina skirt and Ruritania collar the tunic (of the proposed walking-out dress) is an



offence to the eye. And, when in summer the wearer stifles in his thick, lined prison, the necessity for the traditional braces prevents removal of the tunic.

Could the War Office purchase some second-hand American uniforms instead? — Pte. T. Perkins, S and T Directorate, HQ, BAOR.

AN IDEA

Don't you think it would be a good idea for us chaps who come from the Navy and RAF to be allowed to wear a badge to distinguish us from the men who were called straight into the Army? — Dvr. E. Gamble, 38th Fd. Coy, RE.

£500 FOR A MEDAL

THE War Medal — there will be more of these worn than any other — will have on one side the head of the King. On the other . . . well, no one knows yet. If you can think of a good design you should mould it in plaster or similar material and send it to the Mint. You may win £500.

The artist, says the Mint, may adopt such subject or symbol as appears to him most appropriate, and the design should include an inscription, either "1939—1945" or "The War of 1939—1945". Entries must reach the Deputy Master of the Mint, Tower Hill, London, EC 3, by the end of this year. Designs should be six to eight inches in diameter.



The obverse side will be designed by the Mint. Professor Richard Garbe, instructor in sculpture at the Royal College of Arts, who has designed many medals for the Mint, told SOLDIER: "This is very specialised work and anyone going in for it should get any help he can from an art instructor, unless he himself is experienced in such work. Clay is the best material as it is not so likely to break in transit. In days gone by artists were told what design was needed. Today the designing is left to the artist, which is a good idea, encouraging freshness."



NAMING THE WARS

Don't you think it is time we decided what to call the two big wars of the twentieth century? So far I have seen these designations in print:

The 1914—18 war;
the 1939—45 war.

World War One;
World War Two.

The Kaiser's War;
Hitler's War.

The Great War;
the late war.

The Four Years War;
the Six Years War.

Personally, I find "the late war" or "the last war" misleading. Perhaps that is because, for twenty years, I acquired the habit of thinking of "the late war" as the 1914—18 show, and find that habit hard to change.

What do you think? — Ex-Pte. J. Roland, RASC.

* SOLDIER has decided to call them World War One and World War Two.

GRATUITIES



When do gratuities come to an end? — Sjt. W. Kemsley, 52nd A/Tk Regt, RA.

* After 15 August 1946 service will cease to count towards gratuities. — Ed., SOLDIER.

PLANE ARGUMENT

To settle an argument: were Airborne troops landed by plane at Arnhem? My friend says both gliders and planes were used. I say only gliders. — L/Cpl. D. Goodswen, 12th Regional IWT Control Fmn Tpt Div, CCG.

* Parachute troops were dropped from planes and glider troops landed in gliders, but we can find no trace of any soldiers being landed from planes actually touching down. — Ed., SOLDIER.

21 YEARS

If a man signed on to complete 21 years in 1939, can he come out

of the Army with a modified pension when he has served 18 years?

— SSM Maddocks, "B" Squadron 15/19 Kings Royal Hussars MEF.

* No. He must complete his 21-year engagement. The regulation which enabled a soldier to be discharged to a modified pension after 18 years has been in abeyance since 1939. — Ed., SOLDIER.

MISSING SIGN

I saw "Is Your Sign Here?" (SOLDIER 8 June). Can you tell me why Air Formation Signals are never included when the various signs are displayed? Although this sign shows attachment to the RAF, it is definitely an Army sign. — Sgmn. J. G. Smith, 11 Air Formation Signals.

* Sign is illustrated here. — Ed., SOLDIER.



Answers

(from Page 35)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. Beverley Hills is not Mrs. Bogart, but a Hollywood suburb.
2. The Daily Mail, Reynolds' News, The Daily Sketch.
3. (a) John Masefield; (b) Sir Arnold Bax.
4. (a) Clara Bow; (b) Ann Sheridan.
5. (a) The Pickwick Papers; (b) Gone With The Wind; (c) The Water Babies; (d) Uncle Tom's Cabin; (e) Alice Through The Looking Glass.
6. Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham; Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke; Marshal of the RAF Viscount Portal.
7. Feathery.
8. "Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?"
9. Major F. Yeats-Brown.
10. A pack of cards with all below seven missing.
11. Unable to stop bleeding.
12. A Grecian urn.
13. Captain Charles Upham.

SOLDIER

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1946

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CONDITIONS: You must be Medical Category A1., 5 ft. 6 in. or over in height and have normal eyesight (without glasses). Period of service, 2 or 3 years.

THE FACTS

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The Desert Patrol on the watch for hashish smugglers. On this job camels are more suited than are modern trucks.

JOIN THE PALESTINE POLICE FORCE AND HAVE A MAN'S JOB!

(Apply to your Orderly Room for A.C.I. 294/1946)

WHAT TO DO

Ask your Orderly Room to show you A.C.I. 294/1946. Read it carefully and then, if you are eligible, make your application through your Commanding Officer.

N.B. To "Call-ups"—If you are placed in Medical Category A1 you may select the Palestine Police as an alternative to the Armed Forces.

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

~~ARMY MAGAZINE~~



Surname Matthews
Christian Name Pamela
Nationality British
Occupation Film Actress