

SOLDIER

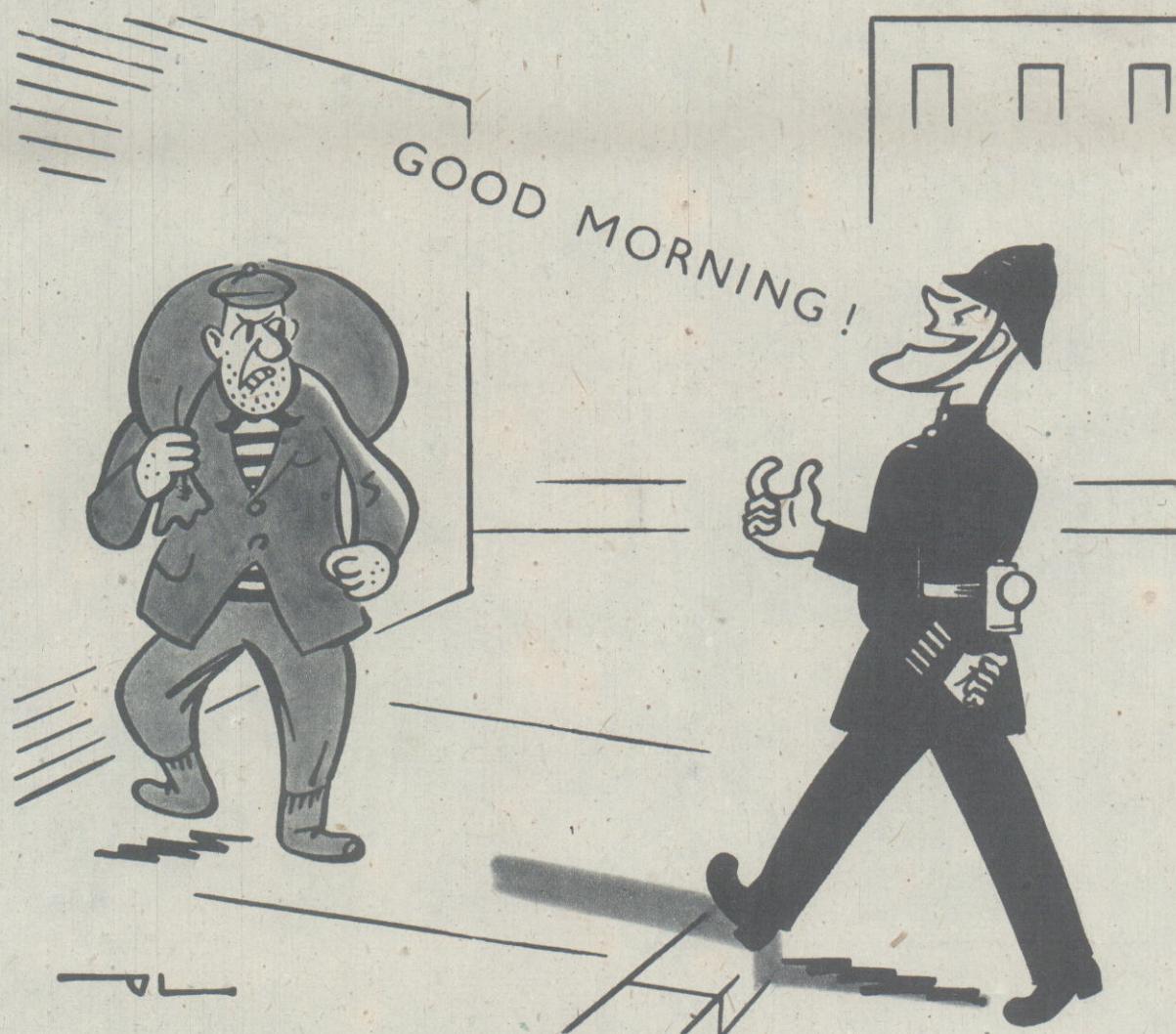
THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

November 1946 Monthly Vol. 2 - No. 14



SIXPENCE

TIERGARTEN, BERLIN: A Russian interpreter points out the sights. Note the French tricolour on the monument built to celebrate a German victory over the French.



‘Good Mornings’ begin with Gillette

Sykes hoped to sneak home with his big bag of
booty, but Bob—a Gillette man—was early on duty!

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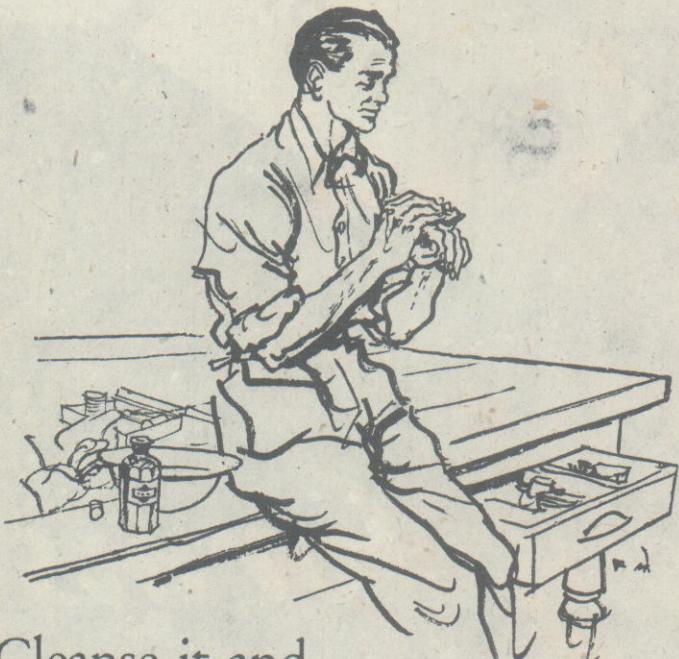
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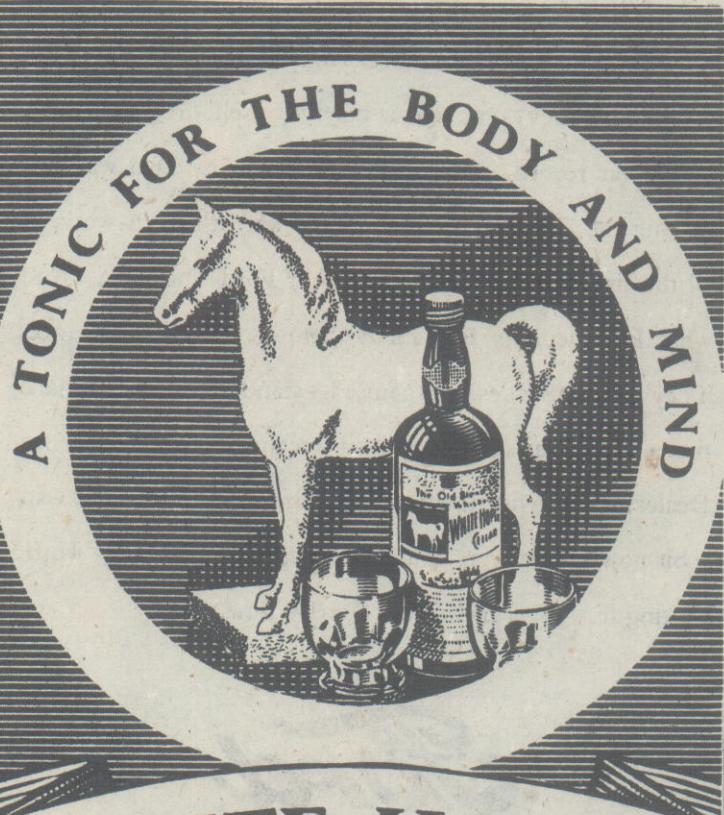
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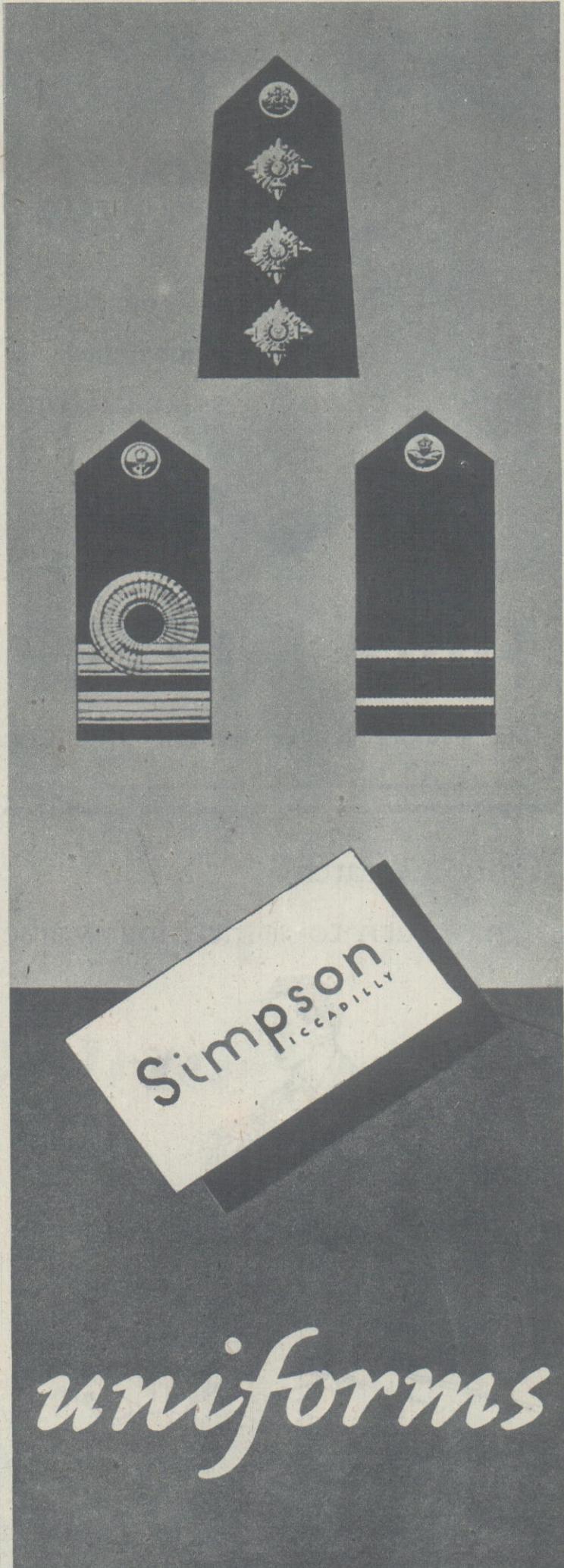
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"The right, title, privilege, honour and distinction" of marching through a town with bayonets fixed, colours flying and band playing is conferred on a unit with the Freedom of a town. Or is it?

TO dispel illusions: The Honorary Freedom of a city conferred on a regiment does not mean that members of the regiment get free beer or cinema tickets or immunity from arrest or rate-collectors.

What it does mean is that the city has conferred on the regiment the highest honour that a city or borough can bestow on anyone under the terms of local government Acts which allow Councils to admit to Honorary Freedom persons of distinction or persons who have rendered eminent service to the borough.

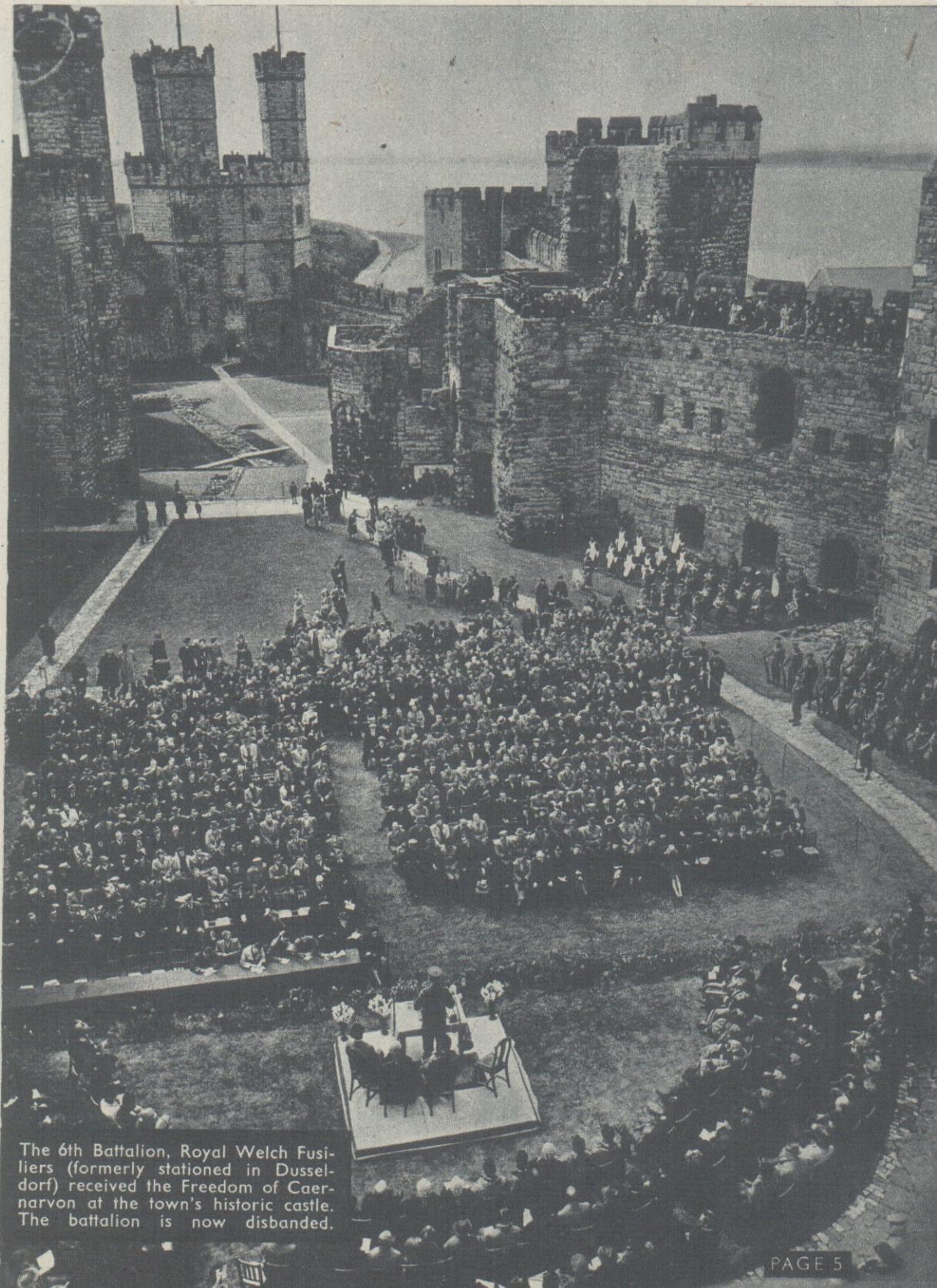
Whether or not the Honorary Freedom entitles a regiment to march through the town which has honoured it with band playing, flags flying and bayonets fixed is a question to which nobody seems able to give a definite answer; not even custom gives a firm ruling.

A Reprimand

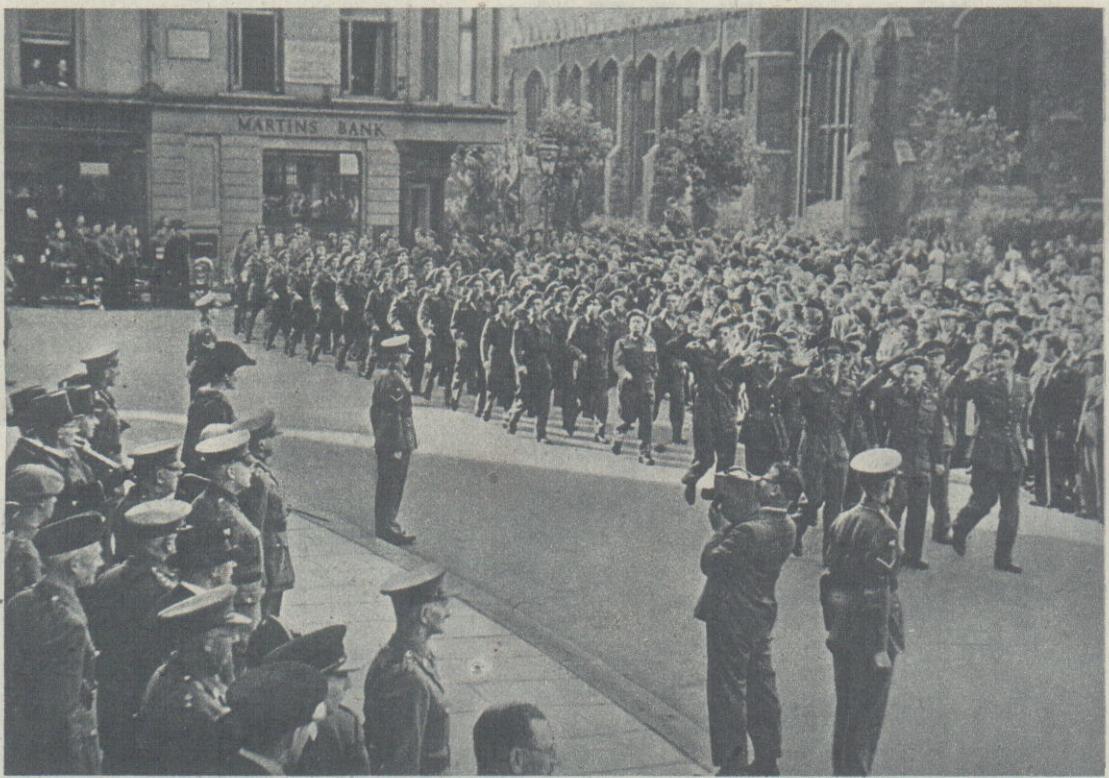
Certain units may march through the City of London in this way and probably this privilege originated in the 17th century when the Lord Mayor's permission was obtained to recruit in the City and recruiting was done by marching through with flags flying, drums beating and bayonets fixed to attract attention. But London, where the Lord Mayor takes precedence over everyone except the Sovereign in his own City limits, is different. In 1769 a Guards detachment marched through the City without getting permission and the Lord Mayor protested; the Secretary-at-War promised it should not happen again and that the officer responsible "shall have my opinion." There is no record of any other town ever having protested over an incident which must have happened many times, nor of any apologies.

Some local government authorities believe they have the right to grant this privilege, however. The Town Clerk of Bodmin, which gave its Freedom to the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, says: "It is generally considered that the granting of such

This Freedom



The 6th Battalion, Royal Welch Fusiliers (formerly stationed in Dusseldorf) received the Freedom of Caernarvon at the town's historic castle. The battalion is now disbanded.



They spent three and a half years in Jap prisons together. Now the Cambridgeshires march past the Mayor of their county town, which has honoured them.



The Mayor of Cambridge (Councillor Lady Bragg) talks to a World War One veteran of the Cambridgeshires. On the left is Major-Gen. R. M. Luckock.



"Mons was no picnic, but I shouldn't have liked to be in your shoes at Singapore." Mr. C. A. Jackson, 71, holder of three World War One medals, and Sjt. L. J. Gilbey, DCM, who lost his arm at Singapore.



Left: The colour party stands at ease and listens to speeches from the Guildhall balcony. Right: While the Mayor speaks, the Colonel of the Cambridgeshires (Major-Gen. R. M. Luckock) waits to express the Regiment's thanks. Next to him is the regimental padre and nearest the camera a veteran of the Volunteer days, wearing his Lieutenant-Colonel's insignia on his sleeves.



This Freedom

(Continued from page 5)

an honour entitles the Regiment to march through the town with bayonets fixed."

A similar opinion is maintained by the action of the City and County of Lichfield, which granted the 10th Replacement Depot, US Army, the "right, title, privilege, honour and distinction" of marching through the city with bands playing, colours flying and bayonets fixed; by the actions of Colchester and Winchester which gave the same prerogative, with the omission of the words "right" and "title" to the Essex Regiment and Hampshire Regiment respectively. In neither of these cases, however, is the word "Freedom" mentioned in connection with the ceremony.

On the other hand, Cambridge recently granted the Honorary Freedom to the Cambridgeshire Regiment without any mention of rights of that kind, the Town Clerk's comment being: "Who is to stop the King's men from marching through the town with bayonets fixed? Our policemen?"

Council's Protest

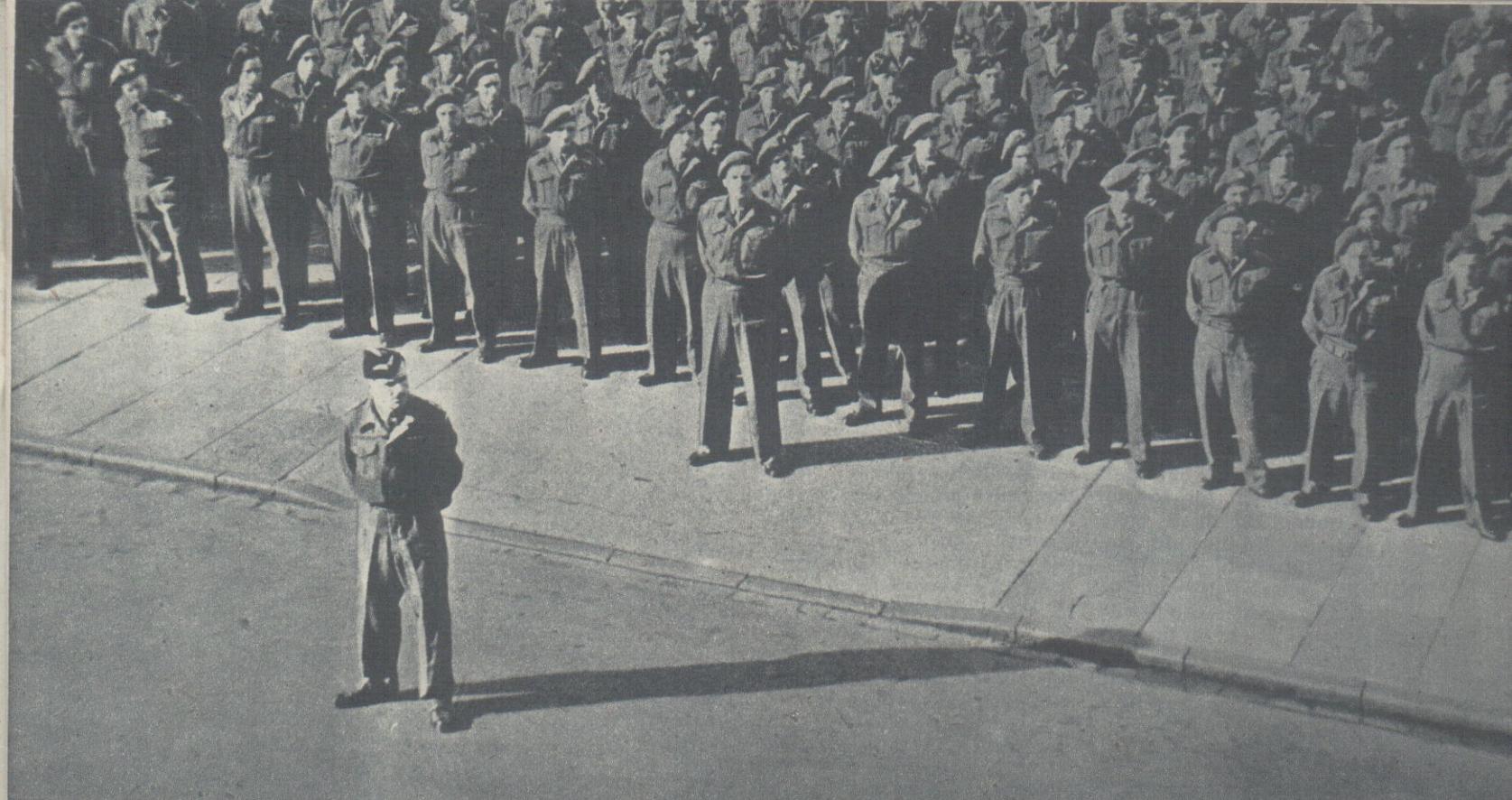
Legal or customary, unofficial or unprecedented, once a municipality considers it has given a regiment the right to march through its streets with bayonets fixed, it likes to see the regiment doing it. When the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, who had accepted the honour from their home town, marched through the town without bayonets fixed, the council immediately sent a protest, with a request that they should take advantage of their privilege in future, which should serve as a warning to CO's that the honour is not lightly given.

The significance of the honour is that it establishes or strengthens one of those nebulous bonds, like affiliations between ships and regiments, which sometimes, especially in war, suddenly become surprisingly concrete. Many soldiers and sailors have benefited materially from the fact that towns have "adopted" their units.

The actual ceremony of the bestowal makes a big day for both town and regiment. The Lord Lieutenant and Deputy-Lieutenants turn out in khaki with their shiny badges of rank. The Town Clerk puts on wig and gown. Aldermen don their best red robes and cocked hats. The Town Serjeant, the Mace Bearer and other municipal flunkies become resplendent in blue and red and gold with medals shining on their breasts.

In the Council chamber there is scurrying and some heartburning as the ladies invited to the ceremony sort themselves out into those who are to sit in the gallery and the privileged few who will sit in the main body of the hall.

When the Council is settled in and the Mayor has taken his (or her) seat, flanked by the Lord Lieutenant and the Colonel of the Regiment, the Town Clerk reads



The Mayor is handing the Colonel of the Regiment a silver casket containing the sealed resolution of the Council conferring the Freedom. All eyes are on the balcony.

the motion to confer the honour. It is proposed and seconded by senior members of the Council and duly carried unanimously. If it is a Freedom, the Colonel of the Regiment signs the Roll of Freemen and the special meeting of the Council is over.

Meanwhile, outside on the town square a colour-party of the regiment is forming up, backed by representatives of the battalions, ex-Servicemen with medals on their jackets, Home Guards and members of affiliated units of the Army Cadet Force. The town band and any available regimental bands are in attendance.

The Mayor or the Colonel of the Regiment reads the resolution that has just been passed by the Council; the Mayor hands the Colonel a casket containing the Deed of Freedom; there are speeches emphasising the links between the town and the regiment; perhaps there is a hymn and a blessing by the Bishop of the Diocese or the regimental chaplain; then bayonets are fixed, a band strikes up and the regiment marches past the Mayor.

When the Cambridgeshire Regiment received the Honorary Freedom of Cambridge, circumstances had shorn the ceremony of some of its trappings, but on the human side there was nothing lacking.

The Cambridgeshires are Territorials with a history that starts in 1702, and though they are officially part of the Corps of the Suffolk Regiment they like to emphasise that they are really independent and one of the oldest Territorial regiments. There were two battalions of them when World War Two broke out and they both went to Singapore where they were the last to cease fire. Then for three and a half years

they were in the bag, working on the notorious Siam railway. Only half of them came home. Today the regiment is "in suspended animation", waiting for the Territorial Army to take its new shape.

With the regiment having no official activities to keep its demobilised men together and with those still mobilised scattered among other units, it was not easy for the Cambridgeshires to put up a big show. But somehow Cambridgeshires, some in, some out of uniform, turned up in strength. They were headed by a line of past commanders of the regiment that went almost unbroken back to the day in 1908 when the Cambridgeshires ceased to be Volunteers and became Territorials.

Up on the tower of Great St. Mary's, overlooking the Guildhall, flew the flag the Cambridgeshires carried in battle at Singapore and kept concealed by a hundred devices from their Jap captors for three and a half years.

For the hundreds of Cambridge folk who lined the square, the parade was a family affair. It did not matter that it lacked the precision of Wellington Barracks. It was the men they were honouring and the men who were their pride. And as they marched past to the drums and bugles of the cadets — the serving Cambridgeshires a little raggedly, for they had had no chance to rehearse; the older veterans stiffly, some on crutches, some trying to swing artificial arms; the cadets with the springiness of youth — a young DAPM who had brought along Military Policemen for the ceremony, suddenly said in a loud voice: "I'm a Cambridgeshire, too. I was with them in Singapore and the bag."

RICHARD ELEY.

SOLDIER to Soldier

Gerald Kersh, ex-Guardsman author of "They Die With Their Boots Clean," has been writing about spit and polish. Says Mr. Kersh, that graduate of Pirbright Camp:

"A soldier should keep himself and his hut clean because he prefers to be that way, and not because a general is going to pay him a visit.

"The soldier who scrubs his hands and tidies his bed-area in anticipation of an inspection is no better than a woman who wears clean underclothes in case she happens to be knocked down by a car in the street and examined by a strange doctor."

The facts about spit and polish have seldom been put more fairly (or more piquantly). The trouble is that every man before entering the Army has heard tales of spit and polish being carried to lunatic extremes. He enters the Army vowing that if anyone gets landed with the job of washing coal it won't be him. Unfortunately it is then fatally easy to adopt the view that all spit and polish is a bind and a bore. A man who would not fail to point out to his wife that she had not polished the doorbell decides that polishing of cap badges is criminal folly.

There are RSM's who, in talkative mood, will declare that particularly is this tendency noticeable — in this highly scientific New Army — among specialists; not all specialists, but those who think they are doing the Army a favour by wearing its uniform. "Of course, I'm not really a soldier, I'm a radar expert. Why should I cut my hair?" or "The Army hires me to use a slide rule. What does it matter if my trousers are baggy?" And so on. Spit and polish, they will say, is all right for the Guards — They Die With Their Boots Clean, and all that. Jolly good show. But try to smarten up your errant expert and the next thing that happens is a letter in a newspaper complaining about spit and polish.

The writer of these lines once had to polish a rusted shovel as a penance; he is the last man to advocate spit and polish as a religion. But he subscribes to the view that if a man is in the Army he is a soldier, and that there's no virtue in going about, as it were, with a placard stating "Any resemblance between me and a real soldier is purely coincidental." But there is virtue — and pride — to be gained by trying to look the part.

SOLDIER goes to the House of Commons to hear the new War Minister answering a broadside of questions on topics ranging from court-martial procedure to brushless shaving cream.

Dr. Comyns: To ask the Secretary of State for War, when he intends to re-introduce the pre-war custom of allowing a Regular soldier to purchase his discharge, should he wish to break his term of service.

Mr. Hurd: To ask the Secretary of State for War, if he will arrange for a supply of brushless shaving cream to be made available, through NAAFI canteens, to British troops serving on the Continent.

ON the Order Paper of Parliament for 15 October 1946 there were 62 questions like these for the Secretary of State for War. SOLDIER decided it would be a good day to sit in the public gallery and listen to the exchanges between MP's avid for information on the Army and Mr. Fred Bellenger, recently appointed War Minister.

Mr. Bellenger, aged 52, but alert and showing no signs of grey, sat waiting on the Government Front Bench beside Mr. Attlee; but unlike Mr. Att-

lee he did not have his feet on the rail opposite. In Mr. Bellenger's lap was a big sheaf of papers which he studied through glasses. Directly in front of him stood the Secretary for Scotland, who was being pressed to do something about the state of the roads on the Isle of Lewis. It was Mr. Bellenger's turn next.

At length the Speaker called "Twelve". That was the signal for Mr. Bellenger to rise and answer Question Twelve (to save time the questions are not read out). He laid his sheaf of papers on the dispatch box be-

side the great gilt mace, and began to tell Squadron-Leader Sir Gifford Fox how many buildings in Palestine were partly held by the military. The next question caused a certain amount of merriment. A member wanted to know why there was a discrepancy in the rates of pay as between officers in the Royal Army Veterinary Corps and the Royal Army Medical Corps. One MP suggested that the veterinary's job was more difficult than that of the doctor because he got much less help from his patients. Mr. Bellenger said that, lacking practical experience of this matter, he had to be advised by those who knew.

Some would say there was a certain irony in the sight of Mr. Bellenger standing at the dispatch box answering MP's questions. For long he had been one of the most persistent questioners on Army affairs (not only in Parliament, but in a

column which he ran in a Sunday newspaper). Questions tabled by Mr. Bellenger had caused many an urgent red-backed minute to be sent out by the then Secretary for War to different heads in the War Office, demanding information and demanding it quickly. And the War Office chiefs had to telephone and cable half way across the world, if need be, to find the answers. Today the big bundle of papers held by Mr. Bellenger contained the answers to the red-backed minutes which he himself had sent out to the War Office chiefs.

But it was not in a mood of irony that the Prime Minister gave Mr. Bellenger the War Ministry. Mr. Attlee chose him because he wanted a man knowledgeable in Service matters, attuned to the ideas of the New Army, a round-the-clock worker, a man who liked, whenever possible, to see things for himself, a man who could master a brief quickly and not be tempted to bluff in the face of a question to which he didn't know the answer. And inevitably a Minister gets plenty of those. Nobody expects a Minister to carry the answer to everything in his head; but all expect him

62 Questions for Mr. Bellenger



"Any complaints?" Mr. Bellenger, as Financial Secretary to the War Office, visited BAOR and Austria recently. Here he is talking to soldiers in a YMCA canteen in Vienna.

and his staff to be able to dig out the needed information in quick time.

This day the questions for Mr. Bellenger covered just about as wide a field as they could. They ranged from "Why can't we read the reports of the courts of inquiry which preceded the court-martial of the men of the 13th Parachute Battalion?" to "How many tons of redundant ammunition have been destroyed since January 1946?" and "When are pyjamas and handkerchiefs going to be issued to men in BAOR?" Questions which crop up in SOLDIER's post-bag figured largely in Mr. Bellenger's list: demands for omnibuses to carry leave troops in greater comfort; suggestions that civilian suits be issued instead of the proposed walking-out dress; and, of course, "What is going to be done with NAAFI profits?" The cases of individual soldiers held the attention of the House for a few moments in turn — an RAMC serjeant in MEF, an unnamed 19-year-old soldier in the 7th Indian Division, SEAC.

Mr. Bellenger bobbed busily up and down. Sometimes the seat of his trousers hardly touched the red plush bench before he was up again, answering a supplementary question.

He announced the decision (already widely reported) to set up a committee to consider whether there should be a right of appeal from a court-martial; he regretted that in view of the present requirements of the Army



The War Minister at his desk: in front of him is Hansard's report of the previous day's events in Parliament.

he could not allow regular soldiers to buy themselves out; he assured Mr. Hurd that there was no scarcity of brushless shaving cream in BAOR; he said that the three Service Departments and the Board of Trade were already in a huddle on the question of issuing pyjamas and handkerchiefs to troops, and that he could not treat BAOR as a special case in advance of their decision; he regretted that he could not provide motor omnibuses to augment leave vehicles, and said he would be very surprised to hear of soldiers refusing to go on leave merely because they had to travel on hard seats; he explained that the proposed post-war dress had been designed for use on duty, as well as for walking out; and he said that NAAFI profits would be disposed of by grants to Service benevolent and welfare funds and by meeting the cost of Services entertainment.

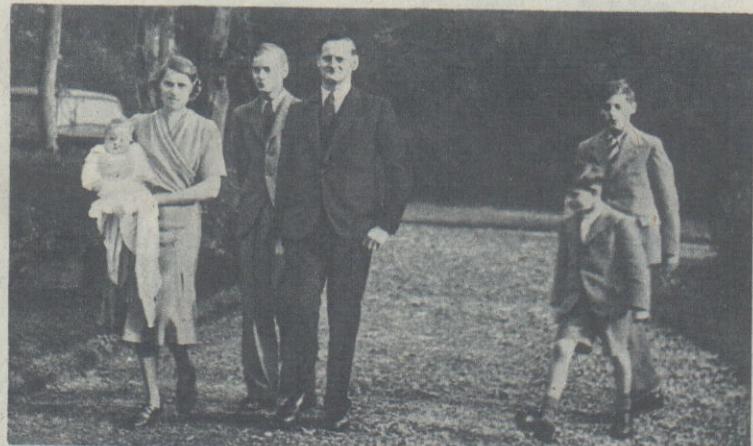
Mr. Bellenger kept on even-temperedly, making no attempt to score debating points. His manner is precise, earnest; but he doesn't mind a joke against himself. At one point he seemed taken rather by surprise when, after he had explained that Combined Services Entertainment was "providing live entertainment in place of that provided by ENSA", the House chose to interpret this as meaning that what ENSA had been sending

round was dead meat. Mr. Bellenger joined in the laugh, but declined to be drawn into defining "live". Most of Mr. Bellenger's replies had to be read. But frequently he threw in a reference to his own experiences in one World War or the other, or to the trips which he made to BAOR as Financial Secretary to the War Office. It was in the latter job that he first learned to exercise his wits at Question Time.

Mr. Bellenger did not answer all his 62 questions orally. The House devotes an hour to questions, and only a fraction of the total are tackled, no matter how hard the Speaker tries to discourage "supplementarys". On this occasion Mr. Bellenger answered 33 questions in about half an hour. To the rest he gave written answers.

Anyone who steps into the job of War Minister takes on a man-size job. A fierce light beats upon the Army these days. It was Mr. Bellenger's luck, or ill-luck, to find on his accession that his plate was heaped with bones of contention. He didn't expect to find himself the hero of the House. He just slogged into the job. And, of course, answering questions is only a small part of a Minister's job; it just happens to be that part of his job which propels him most often into the limelight.

ERNEST TURNER.



The War Minister and his family walking in the garden of their home at Horley, Surrey. Mr. Bellenger spends week nights in a flat in London.



Even a War Minister has to relax some time: a Bellenger family group.



"We're calling this 'Operation Operation'."

Young Men of the Mountains

In the high snows of the Gross Glockner, Austria's famous peak, the British Army trains soldiers in the arts of mountain warfare.



The leader crosses a rift choked with frozen snow. One of the lessons taught at the school is how to rescue climbers who have been trapped in crevices.

Last man going up... If the rope stops moving for more than a few seconds it freezes to the ice face. This student is making use of his ice pick to provide footholds.

BACK in the Italian campaign—in the winters of 1943 and 1944—British Army commanders found themselves faced with adapting their units to fight in European winter conditions over mountainous country—a far call from manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain, or the battles of North Africa.

Though the Army was in no way equipped or trained for such conditions, it fought bitterly against skilled mountain troops of the German Army.

Then the war ended. But the military chiefs in Whitehall were paying attention to reports received during the past two winters of war in the mountains. They set about planning to ensure that the lessons learned the hard way in the mountain snows should not be forgotten.

Last May the first War Office Mountain Training School in

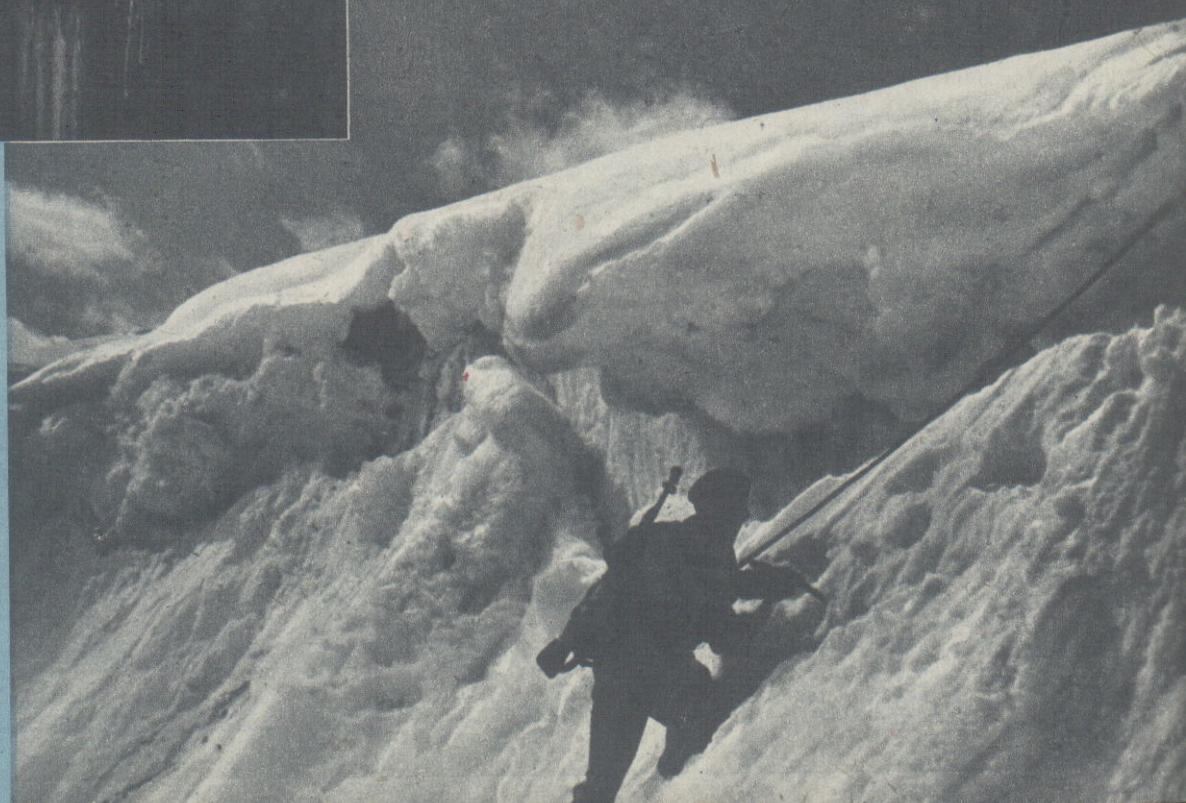
Europe was opened by British Troops, Austria at Glockner House, in the shadow of Austria's highest mountain, Gross Glockner.

A SOLDIER representative recently visited the school. He writes:

From the valley of the Lienz we turned off up a private road by picturesque Heiligenblut to rise steeply until a bend revealed Glockner House, a former mountain hotel and now Base Headquarters for the School. Below lay the vast glacier—hundreds of thousands of tons of solid ice of an unknown depth—behind which towered the 12,600-feet Gross Glockner, over three times



A student crosses a ravine—all you need is strong rope and a strong stomach.



On right: This view of a man being hauled safely from a deep fissure in the glacier face was taken by a photographer who was himself suspended in mid-air 30 feet below the surface. Man in the picture is Cpl. R. Letts, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

the height of the highest mountain in Britain. In this setting the three-week mountain courses were due to continue until the end of October, when snow would block the road and the School would be transferred to Mallnitz, about 40 miles distant.

The Mule's Stomach

The following morning we were on Grossen Burgstall, a mountain several miles from HQ. Students were learning to scale sheer rock faces with heavy loads of ammunition and light artillery by using ropes and pulleys. Up the winding path we went, followed by some of the school's 18 pack mules laden with rations and equipment. The students are all taught mule management, but it takes considerable study before men learn the more intimate details.

We saw armed patrols cross bridges of snow which had formed across the fissures in the glaciers. There was to be a special demonstration showing how to rescue men from such fissures; but not until we were over 11,000 feet up did we halt at a giant break in the ice-face.

Here a "victim"—a corporal—was lowered some 50 feet into a rift, and two students "on patrol" hauled him out by a clever system of ropes. It was so cold that the ropes, cutting into the crevice face, froze solid. We had to wait until the patrol had hacked them free.

Ski Battle

Later we made our way to a point of vantage to see students engage in a mock battle between British and "enemy" ski patrols. Whipping down from above a precipice, almost invisible in their white camouflage suits, the "enemy" patrol put in a "Chinese" attack to draw the British fire, and then the remainder opened up with live tommy-gun fire.

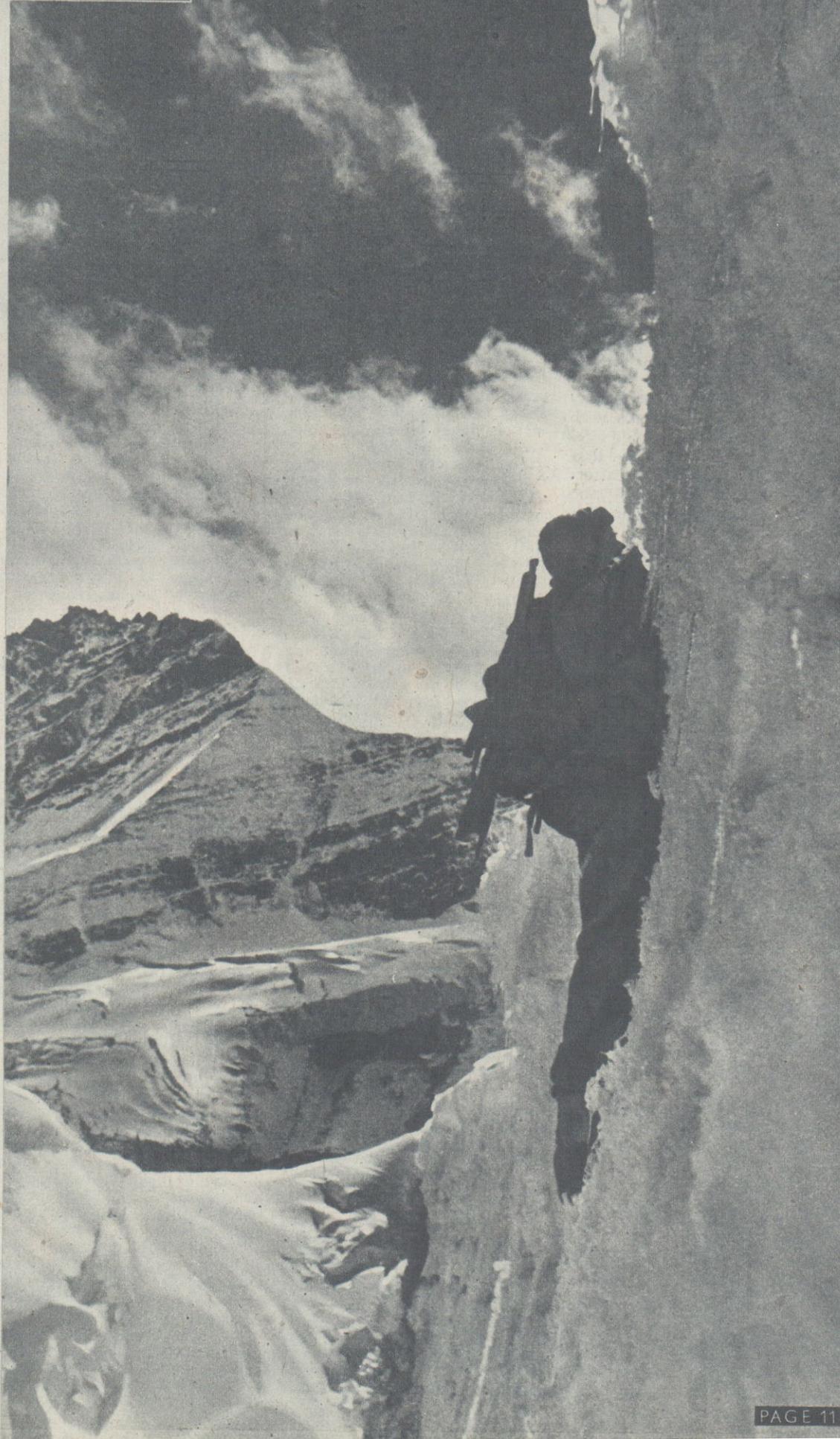
The "enemy" travelled over a mile while the slow-plodding patrol covered only a hundred yards.

We spent the night in the Oberwalder Hut, sleeping under 12 blankets, while the violent wind whistled through the iron chains which anchor the building to the mountain side.

The only casualties the school has had have been minor ones. Some of the students felt sick at the beginning, but, says the Commandant, it was their own fault for smoking too many cigarettes. They came a bit dubious but they went away bursting with fitness.

So far students have come from BAOR and CMF. Soon they may come from elsewhere.

GEORGE ROCKEY.



They got too little of the credit for victory —

THE MAPMAKERS



PATROLS crawling across "no man's land" edged as near as they could to the German defences and then placed tiny reflectors on the ground. Each reflector was composed of seven prisms which returned light from any angle along the exact path by which it came. A torch would then be shone on to the reflectors in such a way that the light was invisible to the Germans but was capable of locating the special reflectors at distances up to 6000 yards.

Thus were the German defences mapped at night under the very eyes of the German sentries. It was just another of the tasks undertaken by Army survey units whose job it was to put battlefields on paper. For D-Day they prepared over 120,000,000 maps which, if stacked, would have made a pile 12 miles high.

These operations were controlled by a Central Directorate of Military Survey at the War Office. This organisation was expanded from its pre-war size by over 200 per cent and every theatre had its own source of maps. Sometimes the survey units had an international flavour about them, with Frenchmen, South Africans, Americans, Indians and British working side by side. And often, too, the War Office was able to help the RAF in map-making.

The Drunken Sailor

For the North African landings 15,000,000 maps were wanted. About 9,500,000 were supplied by the directorate in England. The rest came from America, but the maps were the same in sizes, scales and detail.

It was not always easy getting data on out-of-the-way spots. A badly needed map wanted for the Allied landing on Madagascar was copied from an original found on a drunken French sailor in Capetown.

The mapping of Japanese-occupied territory presented a special problem. Towards the end of the war a new technique of radar-controlled air survey was developed which enabled maps to be made from air photographs without any preliminary survey of the ground.

Here is a section of a large scale (1:12,500) map showing how meticulously the French coastline was mapped for D-Day. It reveals ramps, hedgehogs, tetrahedra and assorted novelties designed to prevent a seaborne landing at Ouistreham.

Field survey units and mobile map-printing presses supplied front-line troops with up-to-the-minute information and gave RA survey sections co-ordinates on which to base their surveys for gun positions and targets. One map reproduction factory was built in the jungle of Ceylon after a site had been cleared by use of elephants. In this tropical monsoon climate 65 men worked 12-hour shifts with every third period a 16-hour shift, to produce 8,000,000 coloured impression maps monthly.

In the Western Desert one mobile map-production unit serving with advanced corps headquarters averaged 5,000 maps a day during the retreat from Benghazi. It moved back during the day and printed at night. The unit had two captured German ambulances which were used as drawing offices. But there was only one set of wheels. As they retreated one vehicle would be sent back 25 miles, jacked up and the wheels sent back to the other one. This was done all the way to Cairo, where the police were puzzled by the sudden appearance of a wheelless ambulance jacked up in the main thoroughfare.

One of the vehicles ended its career wheel-less in a depot where it remained for a long time because no one could move it.

Mobile printing lorries were used in every theatre from France to Burma. In New Delhi a unit worked at full pressure in a shade temperature of 126 degrees. So hot was it that they had to put isinglass in the water to make it wet their photographic plates.

Germans Used Them

After Dunkirk the Directorate of Military Survey did more mapping of France than French surveyors had done in the preceding 20 years. Our maps became renowned throughout the world for their accuracy, and the Germans were often glad to use them in preference to their own when they could get hold of them.

Their reliance on our accuracy was so complete that when a Western Desert map specially prepared for the enemy was "captured" at Alamein a complete German armoured brigade became bogged down in soft sand by following its directions.

The War Office has its own cartographic production unit. Said Lieut-Col. Dowson of the Survey Department: "We have made geological maps, town maps, special beach maps for the landing in Normandy showing gradients on the beaches, and maps showing what kind of going might be expected in parts of the Western Desert. We have one of the best map libraries in the world dating back to the Crimean War.

"We have had a good deal of work from Ordnance Survey and at the start of the war we absorbed many tradesmen and qualified surveyors from civil trades."

Copying of maps involves a great amount of photographic work, much of which had to be done by soldiers who were ignorant of the finer points. Mr. Brian Smith, of the Ministry of Supply, succeeded in making

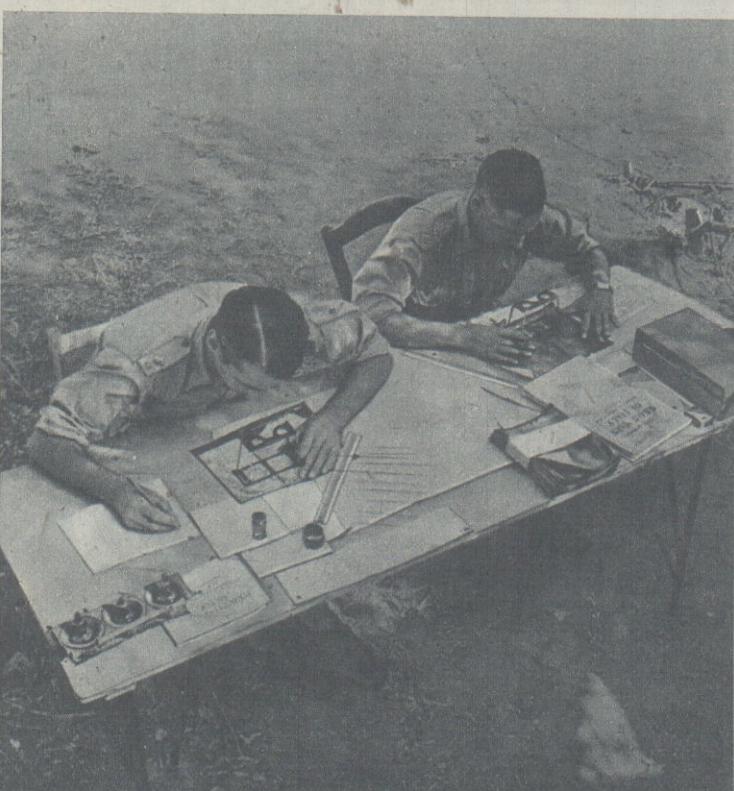


Mobile printing presses served in almost all theatres of World War Two. Each was a self-supporting printer's shop, capable of turning out a first-class job.

automatic developers and printers in which correct exposures and development times were determined and measured mechanically. To speed the actual copying soldiers built a giant developer capable of dealing with rolls of film 26 inches wide and 50 yards long at a rate of eight feet a minute.

The actual printing of maps may involve the use of ten different colours in order that features shall stand out. Each of these colours must be drawn out separately on a different sheet of non-distorting material so that there is ten times as much work as might at first appear. When the drawings are complete they are photographed by giant cameras, transferred to printing cylinders which overprint in different coloured inks. The finished map which helped you to victory in the desert, Europe or the Far East represented the combined service of surveyors, intelligence services, air-photographers, computers, designers, copiers and printers.

S. E. WEBSTER.



Stereoscopic scrutiny of aerial photographs produced up-to-the-minute data for survey units to incorporate in their operational maps.



THE pictures on these pages, and the colour photograph of the Tiergarten, Berlin on the front cover, were taken by SOLDIER's Staff-Sergeant F. D. O'Neill.

S/Sgt. O'Neill, working for the Army Film and Photographic Unit, landed on D-Day with the assault troops of 3rd Infantry Division.

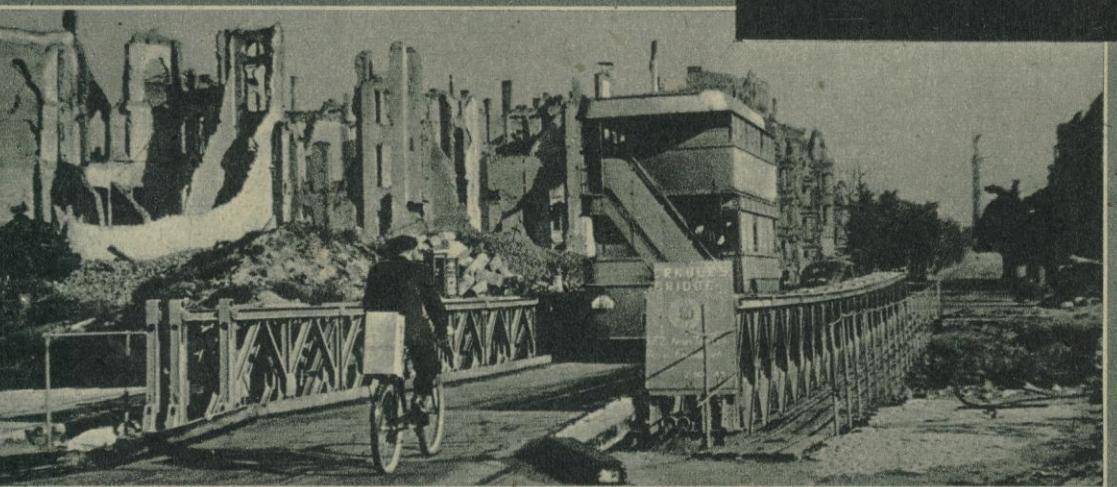
The colour picture on the right shows the weed-grown hollow which is pointed out to thousands of troops as the spot where Adolf Hitler and Eva Braun supposedly met their death, in the Chancellery grounds.

Always on guard before the Russian War Memorial is a Red Army sentry.

1941
1945



Herkules Bridge leads to the heart of a once-Capital City.



BERLIN



Above: Headless statue, broken gun, discredited memorial. Below: "Debris Away! Reconstruct! The FDGB, Champion of Reconstruction!"



ALBUM



Below (left): Memorial of the Desert Rats. Right: Feeding the camels in the zoo gardens where SS troops, driven from the Chancellery, made a last stand.



Away from it all: Berliners make for the country on a Sunday afternoon.

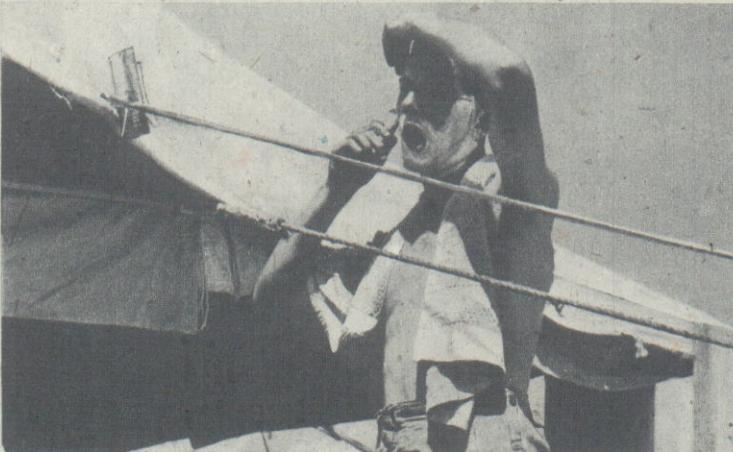


Right: German women cleaning bricks in the Russian Sector. Below: This woman's ribs were crushed by a cable which snapped as a wall was being winched down.





Typical British soldier in Palestine: Corporal Jack Cudd.

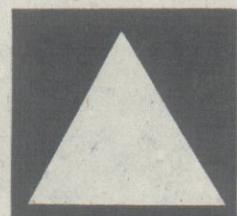


1 Corporal Jack Cudd, here seen taking his six a.m. shave, will tell you that he commands the best section in the British Army, though he is more likely to tell his section the opposite. They are 18-and 19-year-olds, already seasoned to the suns of Palestine. Corporal Cudd, who comes from Ealing, Middlesex, was an instrument-maker before he joined the 1st Battalion The Loyals. He fought in Italy and has shared in many Palestine operations, rounding up terrorists and dispersing rioters. At Tel-Aviv his battalion arrested gangsters suspected of blowing up the King David Hotel.



3 Corporal Cudd leads out his patrol, after a lift by truck to his starting-point. His route lies through Jewish settlements and Arab villages. His job: looking for trouble. More specifically, that means looking for illegal military training by civilians, persons carrying arms without permission, and any suspiciously large bodies of people moving across country. Along the dusty roads, beside the orange groves, they swing. The road carries queer anachronistic traffic: camels and Chryslers, donkeys and Dodges. One moment the scene is like a Bible picture; the next it is raucous Twentieth Century.

A day in the life of Corporal Cudd



The flash of 1st Infantry Division.



2 The time for PT in Palestine is before breakfast. For many of these soldiers Palestine is their first overseas station. They are the new blood in the famous First Division, Britain's senior Infantry division which fought in the BEF, in North Africa, at Anzio and in the Gothic Line. Upon these men, working with seasoned regulars, falls the responsibility for keeping order in Palestine. The eyes of a critical world are on them. They don't enjoy searching settlements and raking in farmyards for arms, but they do the job with tact and thoroughness.



4 Corporal Cudd's patrol arrive at the Jewish settlement of Karkur. Pleasant white bungalows overlook the fields in which Jews, mostly refugees from Europe, work lightly clad among the crops. The women, their skins free of make-up and coarsened by exposure, wear shorts or slacks. Their hair is tied back and they look workmanlike. Corporal Cudd checks the identity of one or two persons—including the farmer in this picture—and the patrol move back to the road where waiting trucks carry them on another lap of their journey.



5 Corporal Cudd leads his patrol through Kafr Quari, a small Arab village which gave us a good deal of trouble in the 1936 rebellion, but which today is peaceable enough. The arrival of the patrol breaks the monotony for the children of the village, to say nothing of the elders. Perspiration is now beginning to soak through the khaki drill of the Infantrymen. "Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun..." But there is a respite ahead. The patrol will shortly have a chance to practise their Arabic for "please" and "thank you."



7 But there's a minor military operation ahead. Corporal Cudd's patrol has to check a rumour that illegal military training is going on in the hills. The sun is almost overhead. The "training ground" is reached, the section opens out and, with Tommy guns ready, sweeps the hillside. But it is just another false alarm. The white-rock hills are devoid of life. The morning's work of the patrol is done. There are plenty of mornings like this—routine stuff, with never a word spoken in anger. But there is no guarantee that tomorrow's patrol will be a quiet one.



9 Haifa—one of the biggest towns in Palestine—has many goods which you can't buy in Britain. Its continental-type cafes are fine places to sit on a hot day, to watch the world go by. These cafes play a big part in the daily life of Jew and Arab, and the British soldier picked up the cafe habit as easily as he did in Cairo or Brussels. But Corporal Cudd keeps a watchful eye on the clock. At six o'clock he has to march his section to take over a road block, for another spell of searching, checking, interrogating.



6 The Arab headman comes out of his house and invites Corporal Cudd and his patrol to take coffee with him. Arabs are the most hospitable people in the world, and this Mukhtar sees no reason why he should be the exception. The British soldier, quick to pick up local customs, and knowing that to an Arab drinking of coffee symbolises the whole principle of friendship, solemnly drinks thimblefuls of coffee in Lilliputian cups. It's a change from the NAAFI cup of char, anyway, and as a hot weather stimulant it probably has its virtues.



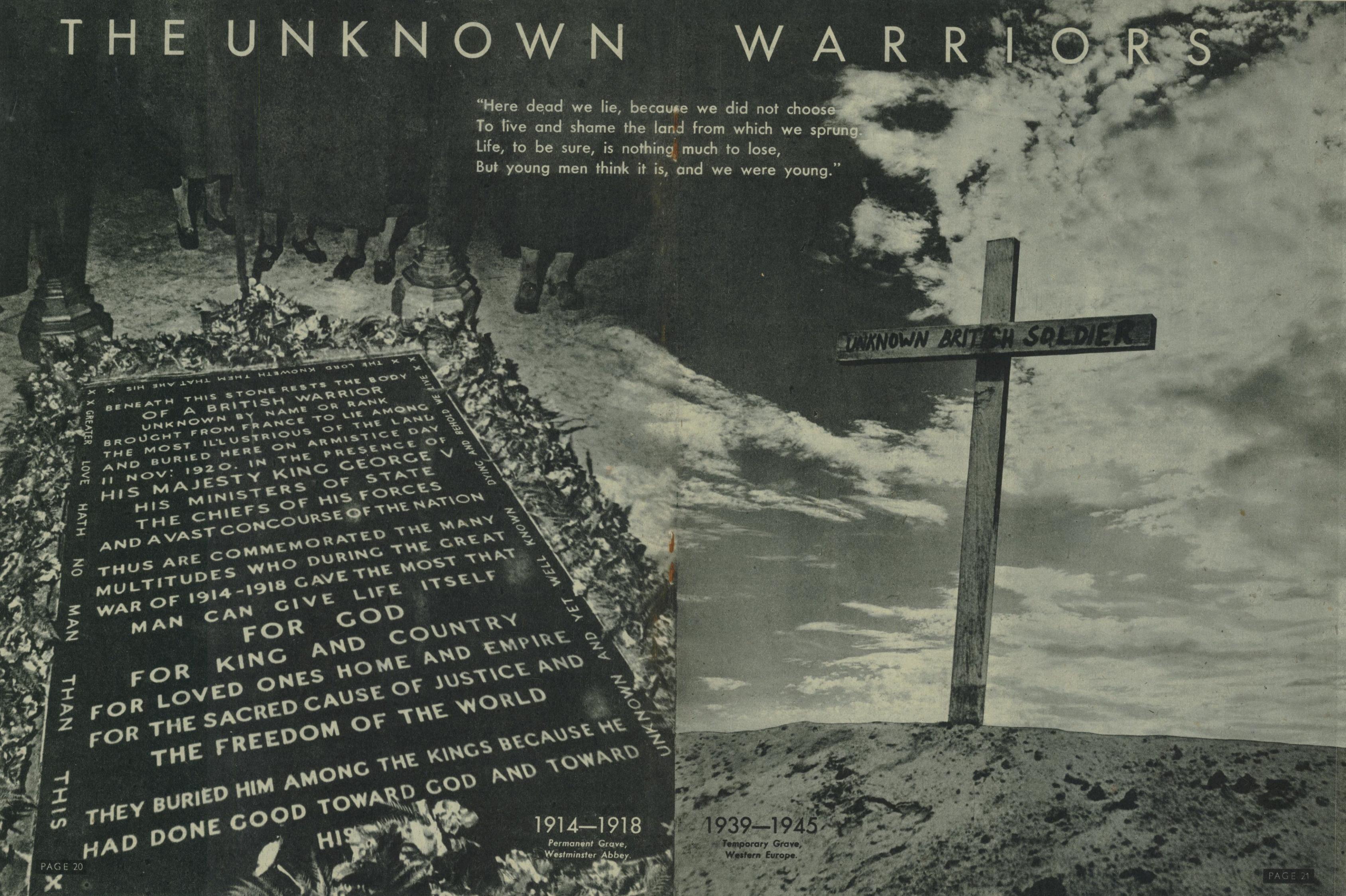
8 With a number of fellow "Loyals" and Airborne men Corporal Cudd decides to spend his afternoon off in Haifa. He carries his rifle with him. Even off duty the British soldier must be fully armed. This has been the rule since British officers were kidnapped as hostages for condemned terrorists. Outside a shop is a sign inviting soldiers to have their voices recorded and the records sent home. ("Hello, Mum! I am here in Haifa and hope you can hear what I am saying. I am all right. Don't worry about what you read in the newspapers . . .")

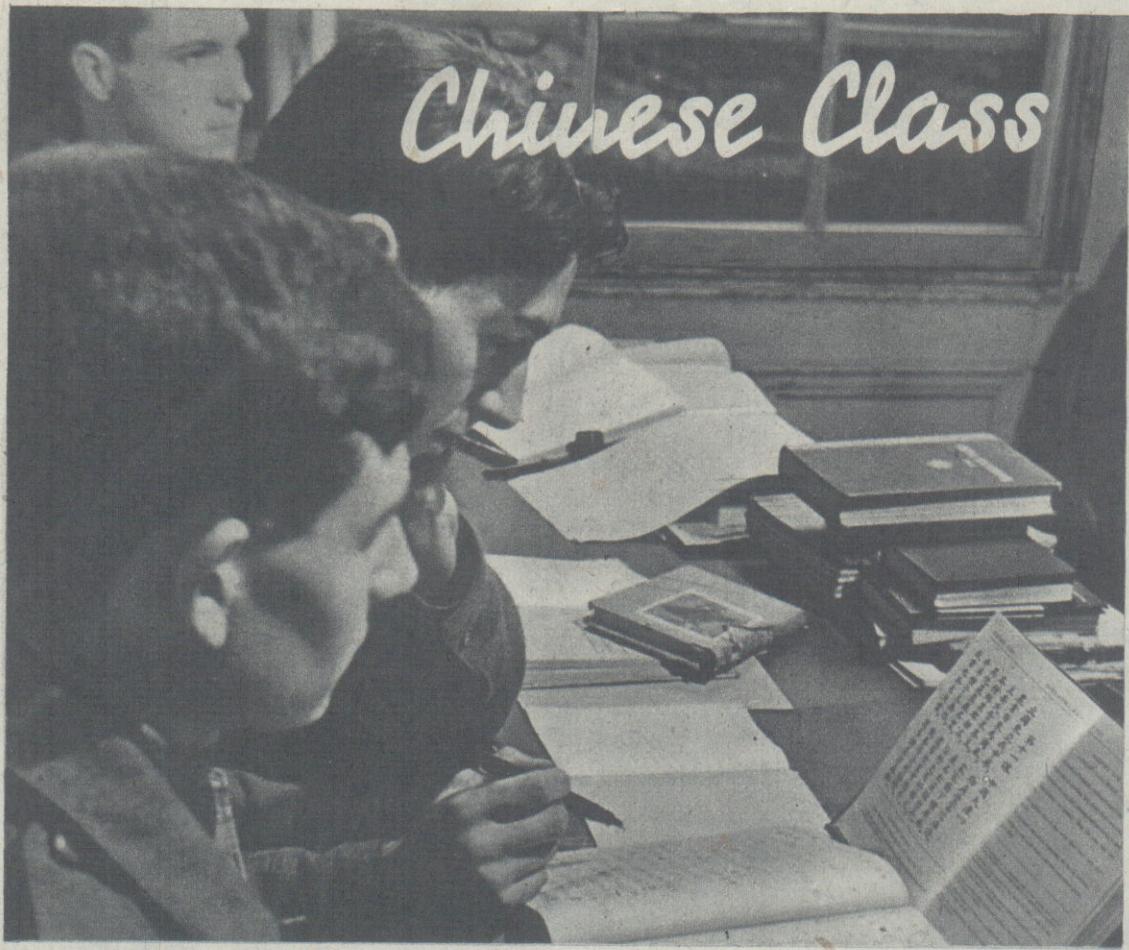


10 As the light begins to fade, Corporal Cudd's section start work again on the busy Haifa—Jaffa road. Four carriers and an armoured car draw up on each side, barriers are erected and enough room is left for one vehicle to pass. Occasionally a heavy lorry tries to run the gauntlet with weapons and explosives. Corporal Cudd has learned diplomacy, and check-ups are carried out without unpleasantness. A sunset of gold and crimson has died away before the sound of the relief party is heard coming down the road. Corporal Cudd's day is over.

THE UNKNOWN WARRIORS

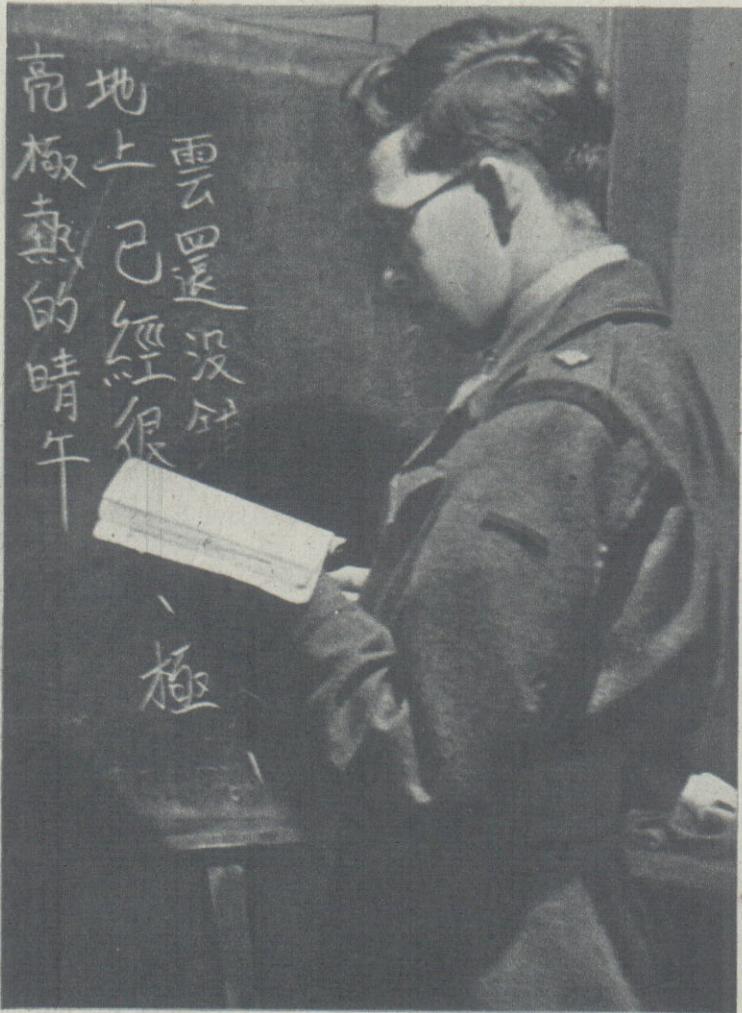
"Here dead we lie, because we did not choose
To live and shame the land from which we sprung.
Life, to be sure, is nothing much to lose,
But young men think it is, and we were young."





Above: Pte. H. L. Pierce (nearest camera) becomes a railway booking clerk at Hankow and Pte. L. Pratt a would-be traveller — a practical language exercise.

Below: The characters on the blackboard describe the weather in Peking, says this student. We take his word for it.



School-time for Soldiers —

peacetime Army certain picked officers only will undergo special courses at the University, as before the war, for certain intelligence appointments.

The Service instructors are nearly all ex-students. For Chinese the senior is 22-year-old Lieut. H. F. Simon, Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, who took a Chinese course as a civilian in 1942. Later he joined the Army and as a newly commissioned officer was suddenly sent for from his ITC at Colchester to instruct.

"We first teach the students the general outline of Chinese," he said. "Then they learn Mandarin, which is the national language. It has three dialects — Cantonese, Hokkien and Hakka. The last two are used in Malaya. They concentrate on the pronunciation during the first month, the Chinese characters during the next three, and after six months they know about 500 characters and can conduct simple conversation. They start to read Confucius and study newspaper and book styles, and then they get problems set them.

"For example, one student is a general who wants to know the situation from a Chinese guide. Another student has to interrogate and interpret over a telephone and I listen in over an extension. Afterwards they all contribute to the 'inquest.'

"They also get instruction in the customs, history, geography and political background of China."

Dream Chinese

The students have found that Chinese has few common roots with European languages, and the written style is very different from the spoken style. But slowly they grasp it, and they find that it grows on them until they think Chinese and dream Chinese. Said Pte. N. D. Lawson: "I knew nothing about the language before I came here. Gradually I am seeing daylight. We hope it will prove helpful in civilian life."

And Japanese? This is taught in the School of Oriental Studies building itself. I talked to Mr. F. J. Daniels, the senior lecturer in Japanese at the University, who lived in Japan for 13 years. He has under him both Service and native instructors and all pupils are trained up to a standard where they can interpret conversation and translate normal Japanese documents.

Some of Mr. Daniels' students hope to stay on in the Army and a number will put in for the Foreign Office.

Students never learn both Japanese and Chinese.

ERIC DUNSTER.

BEHIND London's only skyscraper, the University building in Malet Street with its top ten floors permanently closed, is a row of private houses.

Enter the third one and on the second floor you will find half a dozen soldiers talking to one another in a strange tongue. By a blackboard stands a lieutenant and after a while he interrupts with the words, "Not quite the right pronunciation, Mr. Pierce."

What is the language? Chinese. What are they discussing? Mr. Pierce (all students, regardless of rank, are addressed as Mister) is a booking clerk at Hankow. Mr. Pratt, his next-door neighbour, is a would-be traveller who is trying to discover (a) the train timings to Shanghai; (b) how much it will cost him first-class.

Mr. Pierce doesn't look much like a Chinese railway clerk and Mr. Pratt is in no hurry to get to Shanghai. They are both private soldiers in the Army and their main concern is in April coming round. For in April they will have completed their 18 months course in Chinese and will soon be on their way to the Far East.

And they will be the last students of the Services Unit Language Training run by the Far East Department of the London University School of Oriental and African Studies.

During the war some hundreds of Service pupils were taught Chinese and Japanese. Today the need is decreasing. For the

— and the children of Soldiers

RECENTLY 69 women called for an interview at a branch of the War Office in Eaton Square, London. Later it was announced that 30 of them had been chosen as Army schoolmistresses.

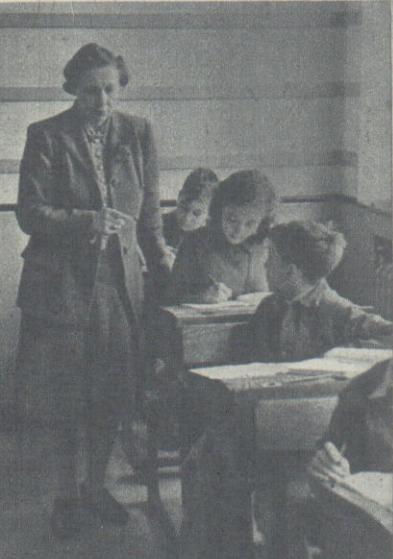
Soon they will be joining the band of women who journey to all corners of the earth to teach the children of soldiers.

The Queen's Army Schoolmistresses — to give them their full title — were formed in 1852, and are only slightly junior to the Corps of Army Schoolmasters, who in 1920 were absorbed into the newly-formed Army Educational Corps.

They were fine-looking gentlemen, were those Army schoolmasters. At one time they wore cloaks, frock coats, patrol jackets, twisted gilt shoulder knots, sashes and swords, and caps bearing a crown worked in threads of gold. Later the swords were withdrawn, thus removing any temptation to use the scabbards as rulers or the drawn swords as pointers.

The Queen's Schoolmistresses, on the other hand, have never been dressed in gold braid or smart tunics. As they are civilians the Army pays them but does not clothe them. They do, however, get living quarters, and if they teach for 21 years they receive a pension. A modified pension is given for 18 years service.

Once they had to be the children of soldiers. That rule does not apply today, although the Army feels that it is an advantage to



The Queen's Army Schoolmistress goes wherever the Army sends her. She wears no uniform.

These children at an Aldershot school are from Army families. Behind is the Queen's Army Schoolmistress.



Army Schoolmistress

a teacher if she has been brought up in the atmosphere of Army life and is used to travelling round the world.

At one time, too, they had to be student-pupils in Army schools and undergo training at the Model School at Aldershot. They were then graded as first or second-class schoolmistresses, with pensions based on these grades. They got a penny a day for each year as third-class teachers. When they became first-class the amount rose to threepence a day.

Today their pay is based on the Burnham scale, with an addition to compensate for travelling. But one old-time rule is still in existence. They may not marry anyone below the rank of sergeant without being called upon to resign.

The Model School has disappeared and the Queen's Army Schoolmistress must now be a qualified teacher. She may find herself instructing at one of the seven Army schools on Salisbury Plain, one of the five at Aldershot or Catterick, or at the schools at Lichfield or Chepstow, or she may be one of the few women teachers at the Duke of York's at Dover or the Queen Victoria's at Dunblane, Stirling. About half of them, however, serve with the Army overseas.

Queen's Army Schoolmistresses are to be found in India, North Africa, Italy, Bermuda, Gibraltar, Malta and Burma. Some were "imprisoned" on Malta during the siege and did such good work that they were commended by the GOC and three of them were awarded the MBE.

In the war of the Far East one teacher is said to have hitch-hiked from Japanese-invaded Burma to India, where she immediately resumed her work.

Another was not so lucky. She was captured in Hong-Kong and spent four years as a prisoner of war.

Today an Army teacher is on the way to Greece to start an Army school there.

In their 21 years service — they usually retire at 50 — Army

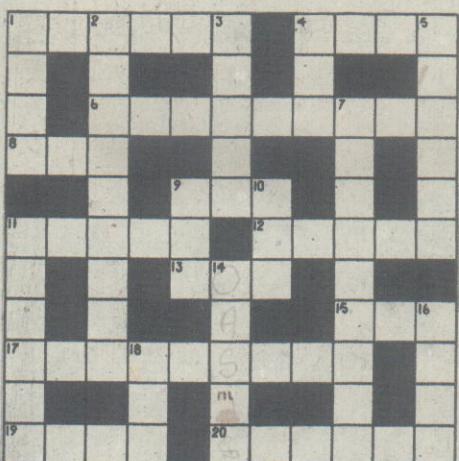
schoolmistresses have ample opportunity to see the world or most of it. The only place they do not go to is BAOR. Education of the Army's children is being taken care of by the Control Commission who appoint their own teachers.

PETER LAWRENCE



There were Army Schoolmasters once. They had a fine uniform, and at one time carried swords. But there was a temptation to use the swords as pointers...

CROSSWORD



ACROSS: 1. Post — or outpost? — 4. Coarse association with file. — 6. May be seen around Chelsea way. — 8. You'll get the bird either way here. — 9. Certainly no dishonourable unit of the Army. — 11. Bird at which to take a pot-shot. — 12. Broadside, in a sense. — 13. Ex-enemy, who, suffering a reverse, becomes a POW! — 15. Strange, surely, that the General's personal assistant might be a cad? — 17. "Army tapes" (anag.). — 19. Racket in a tank landing-craft? — 20. Remained unmoved.

DOWN:

- How to handle arms for inspection.
- Promotion for a subaltern.
- Opera for a Scot.
- In charge of military traffic in Oporto?
- Sounds as if the CO is right at the heart of things.
- Part of the MEF (two words).
- He begins to cut.
- The "redcaps".
- Papers for an RE.
- "How green is my desert" — just here.
- Producer of many a "writing on the wall"!
- Troops do it up after an operation.

(Solution on Page 35)

How Much Do You Know?

1. Who was the mysterious criminal who was missing after the Battle of Sidney Street and who was never found?

2. What is a maiden horse?

3. What should a football weigh?

4. One of these societies is fictitious—which?

The James Mason Fan Club;

The Decimal Association;

The Anti-Insurance League;

The Apostleship of the Sea.

5. Why is a steeplechase so called?

6. Which birthday did Princess Margaret celebrate this year?

7. A noisy old car is sometimes nicknamed Boanerges. Where does this name come from?

8. Name of author, please:

*The Devil, having nothing else to do,
Went off to tempt My Lady Poltagrue.*

*My Lady, tempted by a private whim,
To his extreme annoyance, tempted him.*

9. From which well-known songs do these extracts come:

(a) We've broad beans and onions;
(b) Have a banana.

10. With what do you associate the following books:
(a) Ruff; (b) Bradshaw;
(c) Wisden; (d) Baedeker?

11. If you had a bottle of mucilage, would you:
(a) drink it;
(b) spread it on your salad;
(c) stick labels on a trunk with it;
(d) lubricate pistons with it?

12. What does the Tass Agency do?

13. Is the Vulgate (a) the proletariat; (b) an historic building; (c) a version of the Bible; (d) a collection of stories?

14. What is (a) a maelstrom; (b) marram; (c) a marlinspike; (d) a marabou?

15. If you wore stripes like this on your uniform you would be:

- A Yugo-Slav Field-Marshall;
- An Odeon commissionaire;
- A Bolivian midshipman;
- A West Point cadet.

Which?

(Answers on Page 35)



SOLDIERS ON STAMPS

WHICH was the first country to put a soldier on a stamp? Philatelists would be hard pressed to find the answer. Certainly the practice grew popular in the wars of the Twentieth Century — as the opposite page will show.

Nearly all combatant countries of World War Two paid postal tribute to their troops with one notable exception — Great Britain. Here is one position the British Infantryman has not yet been able to capture.

Let us see what the other Allies did. Australia had a member of the AIF on an issue of 1940, and South Africa showed marching infantry, signallers and tank-men. France, even between the wars, had several issues showing *poilus* — one with a background of Strasbourg Cathedral, one showing a tunnelling engineer and one with a soldier on guard in a trench. French Colonial troops later appeared on a variety of stamps, and the Belgian Congo featured an Askari.

Polish forces operating from Britain had stamps showing a Bren gunner, a Valentine tank, anti-tank gunners, troops at Narvik and troops on the Tobruk road. The Dutch found space for an infantryman. America celebrated one of her bloodier victories.

ries by a reproduction of a photograph showing the Stars and Stripes being hoisted on Iwo Jima. Russia went into the business in a big way: she depicted ski troops, charging cavalrymen, infantry in the assault, anti-tank gunners, grenade-throwers, machine-gunners, mortarmen and artillery.

The Germans were not to be outdone. They put their best artists and engravers on the job, and paid colourful tribute to (among others) infantrymen, machine-gunners, field gunners, flak gunners, railway gunners, motor-cycle patrols, signallers, grenade-throwers, parachute troops, light and heavy tank-men and ski patrols.

Postscript: Yes, the British Infantryman did succeed in getting his head on a stamp after all. You can find him, with a Frenchman and an American as comrades, on a Tunis issue of 1943. (See opposite page, right of centre.)

(Stamps reproduced on opposite page by courtesy of William Fraser (Stamps) Ltd. and W. D. Peverett and Co.)

GUARANTEED FORGERIES

REPRODUCED here are specimens of "German" stamps forged by the Americans during World War Two. Stamps thus printed were used by "underground" operators for mailing propaganda to the Germans.

It was feared that suspicion would be caused if secret agents bought bulk supplies of stamps for such purposes from German post offices. The safer method was to smuggle forged issues into Germany by devious channels. In some cases the stamps were placed on letters which were actually mailed to their destinations. In other cases the stamps were "postmarked" by the agent and slipped in individual letter boxes. Whichever method was adopted, the recipient had something to worry about.



Similar large-scale forging of stamps was carried out in World War One, when "fakes" of the then current German, Bavarian and Austrian stamps were printed in England.

The stamps showing the skull of Hitler resting on an array of crosses were meant, not for postal purposes, but for sticking on walls, letter-boxes and so on, to undermine civilian morale.

It is probable that forged stamps of this type will prove to be very scarce. Anyone collecting them in Germany was liable to have his motives misunderstood by the Gestapo.

A number of stamp forgeries of World War Two were presented to the late President Roosevelt, and were included in his famous collection when it was auctioned recently by the firm of H. R. Harmer in New York.





SOLDIER Revisits

The Pied Piper's Town



Dionne's-outdone: This Hamelin memorial honours a woman who is said to have had seven children at a birth.



Left: The People's Car came to Hamelin — but the Union Jack preceded it. Right: It's not rats that are worrying Hamelin at the moment — judging by this notice — but voles.



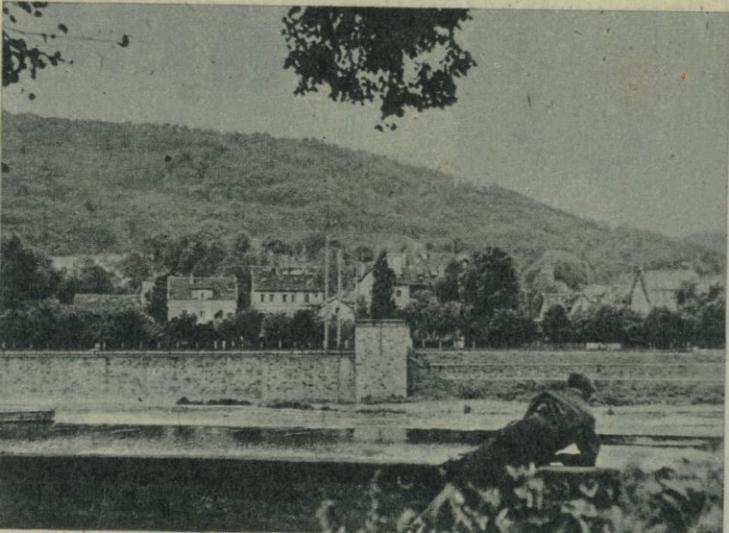
*"Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover City;
The River Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied..."*

If Robert Browning, who wrote that as introduction to his famous "Pied Piper" poem, had been writing for a guide-book, he might have added: Pop. 27,800; has many stately homes of the Renaissance period.

But the visitor to Hamelin is usually more interested in the Pied Piper story and he can hear all about it from Hamelin's citizens. They will point out Koppelberg Hill, into which the children are supposed to have disappeared on (if Browning was right) 22 July 1376.

Unlike the visitors of Browning's day, today's rubbernecks cannot enjoy the sight of the ancient Rathaus, nor of its famous clock that showed the Piper with his followings of children and rats alternately every half hour. The Gestapo blew the place up before the Allies reached Hamelin and the famous clock is just a mass of scrap-iron. The statue showing the crippled boy and the burgomaster's daughter who were the only children left in the town still stands.

Perhaps to compensate for the Pied Piper's depredations, the mothers of Hamelin are pretty fertile, judging from the number of children in the city today, and this theory is borne out by a statue to a lady who out-Dionned Dionne some 300 years ago by giving birth to seven children at once.



Is this the hill where the children vanished? In the foreground runs the "River Weser, deep and wide."

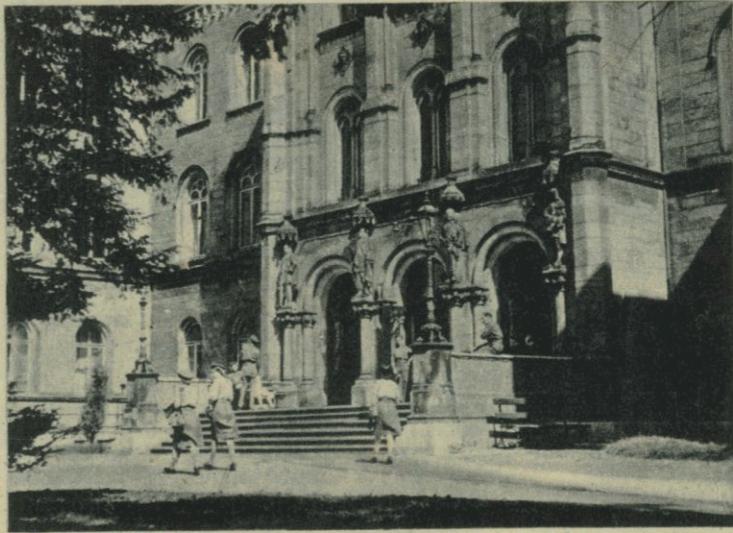


No lack of children in the old town today — but would a piper find a following?



Survival of the finest: old-world houses which escaped the blows of war.

The Goose Girl's Town



Students outside the Auditorium of the College of the Rhine Army at Göttingen. George II of England, Elector of Hanover, founded the university.



"Every man has RSM's food," says Sjt. Ben Dyne, here seen decorating fancy cakes.



Captain K. Clark, of Liverpool, instructs pupils of the engineering class in roof construction.



Drinking a toast to the Goose Girl — but the Goose Girl looks a bit out of it.



Left: "Combined Ops" in the woodwork room: QMS. W. Rossiter and SBA. J. S. Welch (RN). Right: Captain W. Lunning and Sjt. C. Medlock demonstrating in the chemistry laboratory.

GOTTINGEN has settled down again to the quiet life that is proper to Germany's third university town. Even if the students from Britain's three fighting services, are older and more sober than the stiff-backed young bucks of pre-war days, their interests and demands on the town are much the same.

They, too, like walking in the neighbourhood and week-end trips to the nearby Harz Mountains; they, too, browse in the book and art shops, following the example of such earlier graduates as Bismarck, Lord Haldane and the poets Coleridge and Longfellow.

But the fencing hall where Bismarck earned his sword-cuts is now a theatre, and it is no longer a rule of the students' club that no freshman shall buy a glass of beer until he has kissed the statue of the Goose Girl in the town square, though today's students sometimes drink a toast to her.

In their quarters, where the Rhine Army College kitchen, now run by the Army Catering Corps, claims that every man gets RSM's food, the students have all the usual university activities.

Their university, founded by George II of England, Elector of Hanover, has a proud tradition and a record of independence. Professors and students joined together in 1834 in political disturbances and in 1837 seven professors were expelled for their opposition to the revocation of the liberal constitution of Hanover; these incidents reduced the nominal roll but raised the prestige of the university.

The men of the Glider Pilot Regiment who leaped from their machines to fight as Infantrymen in Sicily, Normandy, at Arnhem and the Rhine crossing are giving each other close support in the assault on Civvy Street.

The regiment has always been something of a family affair. In its early days officers' wives began to write to the wives of the men their husbands commanded and the friendships thus formed tightened the unity of this highly specialised body. That family unity has been carried on now that many of the regiment have been released. The Glider Pilots' Appointments Board, composed of officers and men of the regiment, sits twice a month to help former comrades get the jobs they deserve.

Despite its late formation the regiment saw a good deal of action. Two Glider Pilot squadrons accompanied 1st Airborne Division to North Africa in 1943. On arrival they found no airfields, no gliders, and were given



Brigadier Chatterton and his committee interview an applicant for help. He may want capital to open a fish-and-chip shop, to buy a car so that he can become a commercial traveller, or to tide him over while he learns a job.

operations opened a new phase in military history.

On the morning of D-Day some of the first to land in France were glider pilots. Of the 1200 glider

contained some of the best young men the country could produce led the former regimental commander, Brigadier George Chatterton, DSO, to set up his appointments board.

"Our appointments board consists of myself and various officers and NCOs of the regiment—many of them still serving," he told *SOLDIER*. "We have been sitting twice monthly since January to give help, advice and financial backing to those men who need it. Our 'Bridge the

try to let you have the money.

S/Sgt. D. E. Norris, of Fulham, had been wounded at Arnhem and taken prisoner. He suffered a disability in one leg and had been offered a job as commercial traveller provided that he had his own car, but cars were expensive and he needed a loan to enable him to buy one.

Careful enquiry by the board showed that the prospective job offered better opportunities than his present one as a furniture salesman and his request for £100 was granted.

He was followed by a very worried young man who wanted a job. He didn't quite know what kind, though.

Had he had a job since his release? Yes. A man offered him £4 15s a week but it had turned out to be only £2 15s when he took it, so he had given it up again.

Would he like to go abroad?

Yes. He thought so. He'd been very unsettled since he got back from India.

Had he any special interest?

Well, he was rather keen on photography.

After discussing his case the board decided that he must come back and see them again. "The difficulty is that you must be specific," Brigadier Chatterton told him. "If you know what you want we can help you get it."

The next two men were both dissatisfied with their jobs, and wanted a change. One had been reinstated in his pre-war job at an increased wage but could not settle down to office work again, and the other had broken a long apprenticeship to join the Army and did not feel prospects were good enough to justify returning to it. Both were told: "We'll try to find you something better; but please don't leave your present job until you have one to go to."

The board then turned, a trifle ruefully, to consider how the funds would be affected by their morning's work.

"You see we are helping," said Brigadier Chatterton. "We're handing out all there is in the kitty to get these chaps started because now's the time it's needed. We stuck together in war and are going to stick together in peace."

S. E. WEBSTER.

ASSAULT ON CIVVY STREET

— by the Glider Pilots

six weeks to prepare for a landing on Sicily. Then American Waco gliders arrived in crates. Although none of the men had ever before constructed a glider they assembled 52 in ten days and flew them to practice flying strips.

Meanwhile other glider pilots undertook an unescorted flight across the Bay of Biscay in towed Horsas, completing the 1200 mile journey from England to Morocco without a single mishap. When the Sicily landing took place the success of the Airborne

pilots who accompanied the Airborne forces to Arnhem only 450 returned home. At the Rhine crossing despite smoke and heavy mist, 60 per cent of the gliders landed on their objectives and their pilots fought beside men of the 6th Airlanding Brigade and the paratroops in an action that was successful within two hours.

That fine war record and the knowledge that the regiment

100 per cent membership, by mess dances, gifts, and contributions from sergeants' messes; but if necessary we can also appeal for assistance to the Airborne Forces Security Fund which is part of a wider organisation."

S/Sgt. P. Hobbs, DFM, was probably the second man to land in France when he touched down at D minus seven hours. He had been a member of the first glider pilot squadron formed in January 1942, and had fought in Sicily, North Africa, at Arnhem and the Rhine crossing. Now he wanted capital to start a fried fish shop and he had everything worked out to the last detail.

"I've got an option on a shop in Finchley," he told the board, "and there's a strong Jewish element there so there should be plenty of demand for fish. Besides that there are luxury flats being built and I've arranged to supply the tenants. There's no other for one-and-a-half miles. I've got a licence and the chief Food Enforcement Officer approves. I've interviewed the local council and seen the press, who are giving me a write up. There's a friend of the family who knows all about it. He's coming in on a fifty-fifty basis to give me the benefit of his experience and we're putting two delivery vans on the route." Hobbs told the Board that he wanted £200 for the venture and thought he could start repayments within six months.

Brigadier Chatterton: Well, we'll

They Gave Her a Cow

Men who joined the Airborne Forces were each given a card to send home. It said: "If you or your family are ever in trouble apply to the Airborne Forces Security Fund."

By this means parachutists and glider men knew that although they were joining a new arm of the Services which had no long-established and wealthy regimental association, if anything happened to them help for their families would be forthcoming.

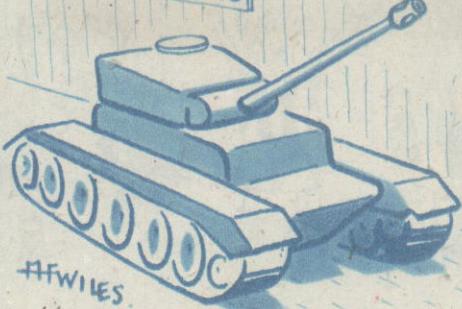
The fund has helped over 22,000 cases, has paid out £63,000. Many odd cases have come its way. Once a next-of-kin lost her only means of income — a cow. A new one was provided.

Capt. Anthony Bousfield, MC, is manager of the Security Fund at Greenwich House, 10 Newgate St., London, where Brig. James Hill, DSO, MC, and Maj. Charles Strafford edit the Airborne journal *Pegasus*.



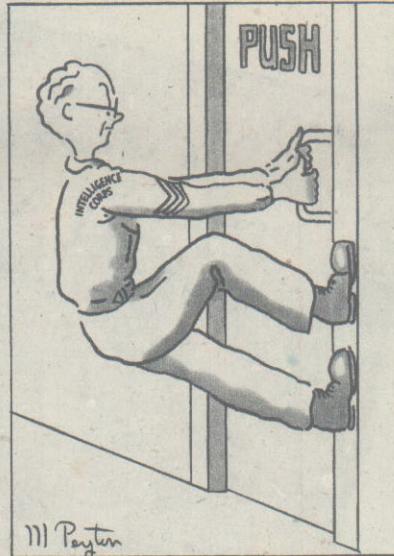
Brigadier Hill and Major Strafford.

POSITIVELY
NO
SMOKING

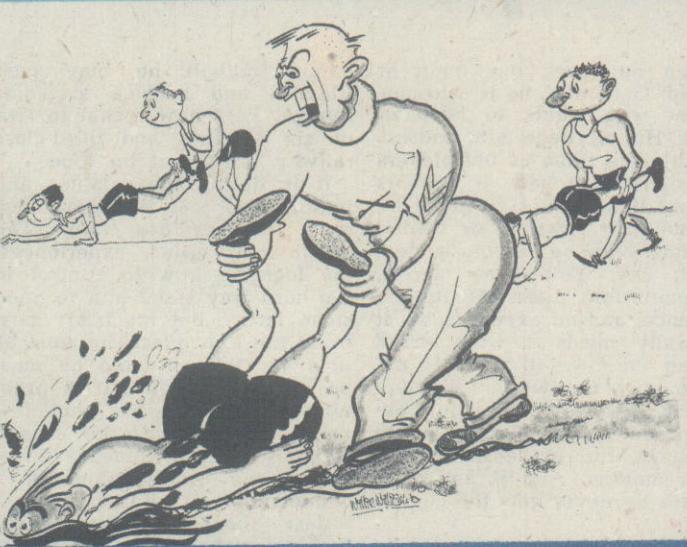


BAOR Humour

A Signalman, a Trooper and a Fusilier are among the contributors to this page. Have you sent in your drawing?



III Parrot



"Now come along, Private Mole, stop digging for worms!"



"I will . . . I won't . . . I will . . ."



"Ask Higgins, sir — he never complains."



Why Become A Referee?

"...and another thing, the ball must be COMPLETELY over the line before a goal can be awarded..." A Sapper is one of the students taking notes at the training school run by the London Referees' Society. It takes about ten years for a referee to work up to Class I status — and hundreds fall by the wayside.

STRIVING for unpopularity! There is only one section of the community with that ambition — the much-maligned, misunderstood, light-under-a-bushel sportsman — the soccer referee.

While the limelight shines on the Mathews and the Lawtons, while football stars threaten strikes, the one cog in the sports machinery which never breaks down is the referee who, Saturday fine or Saturday wet, turns out and takes the boos of the crowd, and, if legend be true, sometimes ends his day in a rural horse-trough.

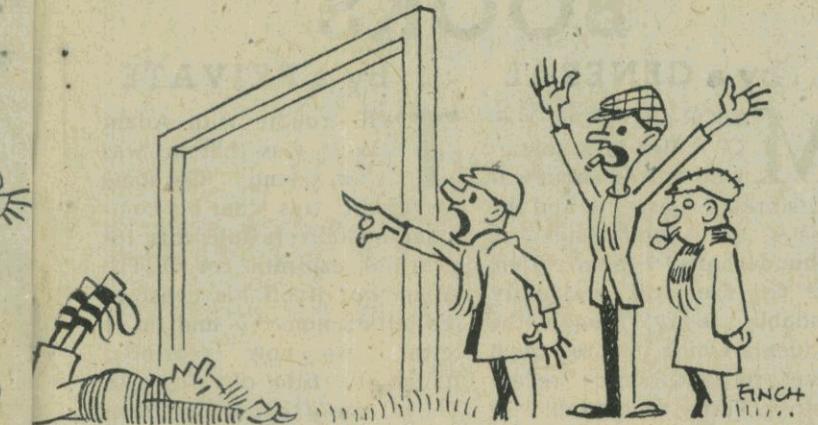
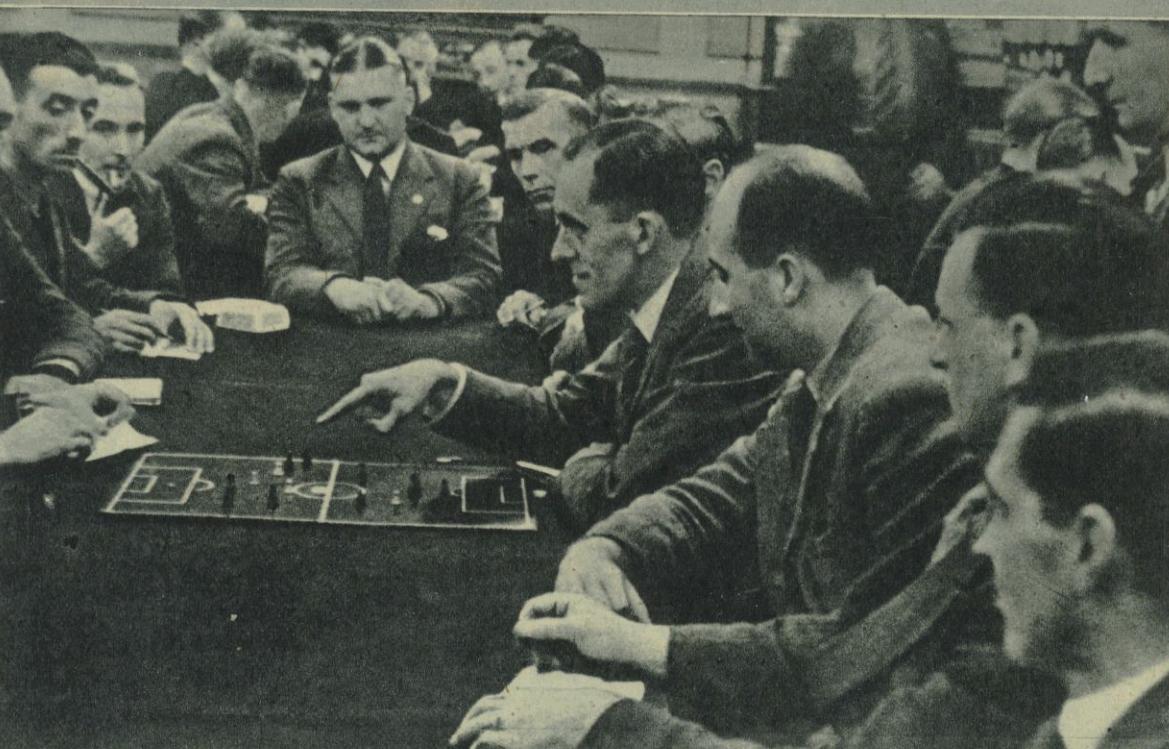
If, after ten years hard labour, you are a top-class referee, your reward is four guineas a game, plus third-class railway fare; and if, after ten years, you are that good, you are naturally unbiased. And an unbiased referee is liable to get more kicks than ha'pence from the home crowd.

Let us trace the life of our Cup Final referee from the moment he strays from the path of normality and decides to become a football official for a pastime. He writes to his county association and acquaints them of his decision. And straightaway, mark you, he is five shillings out of pocket. That is the required fee. I know, because I paid it once in West Africa, took my examination and failed lamentably.

Now senior referees have a paternal instinct and take great care of their young. So immediately a novice puts his chin out they shepherd him into a school of training at some centre convenient to his home and coach him in the laws of the game; advise him how to avoid the snags when he comes before an Examination Board. But the ex-

amination turns out to be a straightforward one with no catch questions, and generally the candidate, fortified by the knowledge he has gleaned from his good friends at the training centre, finds himself a fully-fledged Class III, invested with the power and glory of controlling minor matches. He can wear a referee's badge now too.

The crowd's traditional advice to the referee — "Get yourself a pair of glasses!" (which he may not wear, anyway) — is usually inspired by a misconception over when a man is offside. Here Mr. Victor Rae, League referee and London Referees' Society secretary, stresses that offside is decided by the position of the players at the moment the ball is passed — not at the moment it is received.



Asks ARCHIE QUICK

man for the senior amateur leagues; but only the reserve sections of combinations like the Isthmian. More years of patience and resolve, and then into the senior sections with perhaps refereeing jobs in the reserve section at the enormous salary of ten shillings (plus fares but no meals). Senior section engagements bolster the exchequer to the unprecedented extent of twenty shillings for the referee and ten for the linesman. And

it is during these minor and junior days that the good and great referees are born. The rough-and-tumble experiences, the learning how to control in the hard way stand him in good stead later. But his heart must be in the right place, he must be able to "take it" and he must be really ambitious. It is probably because of this that few ex-professionals make good referees. They are unable to get on in the ground floor in a "minor football" frame of mind.

Just about now the swans become sorted from the geese. The good, bad and indifferent are noted by the powers that be, and a man of promise begins getting appointments as lines-

to be just where he started when he set out on his sporting adventure.

I have heard it said that a referee has reached the dizzy heights of League duty by influence. I have never yet heard of one remaining on the list for the same reason. Performance counts; club reports do the rest.

Should it come to you to be selected as Cup Final Referee at Wembley, and that is the ultimate goal of every referee, your fee is ten guineas, but you can forego that if you would rather have a gold medal suitably inscribed. Semi-finals bring you half that amount; the Amateur Final three guineas.

Money? Bah!

But there never was a referee of my acquaintance who cared a fig for the fee. Quite candidly I have never understood why referees become referees any more than I can understand why goalkeepers are born. But there it is, and my hat comes off to a grand bunch of sportsmen. Their ranks are depleted through the war — the Isthmian League alone lost 31 of its 50 referees of 1939 — and I feel that the public should bear with the newcomers who are filling the gaps to their best ability.

Now that our referee is on the verge of fame he can apply to the reserve professional leagues like the Central and Football Combination and ask for linesman appointments. When he gets these, and not before, he is eligible to act as linesman at first-team matches in the Football League's four divisions. The fee? Guinea for reserve games and two guineas for first-team matches; if and when the Football League deign to give him a job as referee he gets four guineas per match, third-class fare and a guinea a night if kept away from home. Now he has won fame, if not fortune.

Fortunately the Football Association have under consideration a scheme for a Central School of Refereeing, probably in London, from which experts will go out to lecture in an effort to raise the standard. Moreover, it is possible that the Referees' Association for the first time will soon have a delegate on the Football Association Council.

And so the mantle of the legendary figures of the dim past — Major Mandarin, Hamlett, John Lewis and Howcroft — passed down through the great referees of not so long ago — Crewe, Fogg and Baker — to the good ones of the present — Barrick, Ford, Searle, Gibbs and Wiltshire — waits to be donned by those novices studying industriously in their branch classrooms and poring over the "homework" questions set them.



Offside problem again. Knotty points have to be thrashed out on the blackboard as well as on a miniature field. Here the secretary of the school is "breaking down" a disputed move. There are some "fans" who would like to hold an inquest of this kind every time the referee blows his whistle.



Man with 100,000 critics — Referee W. E. Wood tosses up at the start of an England-Scotland match at Wembley (skippers are M. Busby, Scotland and S. Cullis, England). Referee's fee for this little job will be in the neighbourhood of ten guineas, but he will earn them — and he may have to cover twelve miles to do so.

BOOKS

... by a GENERAL

... by a PRIVATE

MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. C. Fuller is a soldier who writes about war in its broadest aspects, and the essays he republishes in "Thunderbolts" (*Skeffington*, 12s 6d) are still eminently readable today, though the incidents which inspired them have receded into recent history. Partly accountable for this, also, are General Fuller's punchy style, energetic imagination, palatable erudition and glittering humour.

His topics range from criticism of the 1943-45 Italian campaign to whole-hearted condemnation of our bombing policy over Germany on the grounds that its widespread destruction would impede the creation of a peaceful life; from Napoleon and Clausewitz to our soldiers of tomorrow ("the aristocrats of their age," he thinks); and from military mechanisation 2000 years ago to the next war.

Barrage of Sound

It is on the "next war" that his sense of humour shows up best. This war, he thinks, may be waged with sounds calculated to produce psychological effects — to frighten or encourage, like drum-beats — and physiological effects — to cause fainting, mental confusion or sleepiness, like a lullaby.

"Then," he says, "the cannon and the tank will disappear... and bands armed with musical instruments instead of lethal weapons will engage one another on the battlefields and great oratorios will be played as well as sonatas, symphonies, solos,

THE trouble with Adam West was that he was "too young." "Get some service in" was what his commanding officers told this 18-year-old aspirant for OCTU. Adam got it off his chest in his letters home — and those letters are now reprinted under the title of "Just As They Came" (Longmans, Green 6s).

Adam's eagerness was his undoing. One of his worst moments

f.



was when he was stripped of his corporal's stripes. The crime? Dirty hands. After that he asked to be taken off the potential officers list. His OC refused. And told him to get some service in.

One letter which Adam wrote does not appear in the book. He wrote it from custody, just before being awarded seven days CB for a not really heinous crime. A captain asked him to come for a walk, and then produced Adam's "depressing" letter to his mother (letters from custody were censored). Did he really want to send the letter home? He could send it if he wanted, but the captain advised destroying it, as the incident was not going to mean any setback to Adam's army career. Adam, being a sensible youth, tore up the letter.

Adam's talents were required in the early days to design tattoo patterns for his comrades, to write letters for those who couldn't write, and — on one notable occasion — to fix up an immersion heater in a Martello tower. Most of the book tells of the day-to-day triumphs and disappointments of a duty corporal or billiards orderly or whatever Adam happened to be at the time. He had his fill of "schemes" — the sort of thing where an officer suddenly says: "Here is a man with 25 years of service who is No. 1 on the mortar. He has fought well in the past, but is visibly trembling and neurotically unfit. What would you do?" Adam's solution was more sympathetic than that of one of his comrades, who said: "Shoot him."

It only remains to add that Adam eventually reached his OCTU and was commissioned into the Parachute Regiment.

"air cut-you!"

BARBERS, I always thought, were a queer breed with many strange rituals — a race to be avoided as much as any other tribe whose custom it is to breathe down the neck or into the ear.

But the war changed all that and I have since been forced frequently to seek their company.

It was at a training centre that I was first paraded through the streets for shearing. We all expected to meet with a few shocks during the first weeks in the Army, but I do think someone might have given warning of what we were in for when they brought the shower to a halt outside a boarded shop labelled "Regimental Barber." Only when we were confronted with the emergence from the inner clippings room of the first shorn and sheepish victims, hurriedly clapping SD caps over stark bristle crops, were we struck by the full horror of this new military outrage against personal dignity.

The rude cleaving of the clippers — with never a pause for directions — the beer-stained breath blowing away the chaff and the motley of men's hairs swept into a miniature mountain is a memory which inspires a shudder to this day.

A Rude Shock

We got used to it. By the time we had graduated to the MT course, it was quite clear that we must put out of our minds any idea of avoiding a rendezvous with the barber.

But there was still room for surprises. After I had had three prods in one week, I was astonished to see the CSM entering the cinema, one evening, with the local barber's daughter hanging on his arm. The disillusion occasioned by the discovery that his

prods might have been prompted not so much by military zeal as a desire to keep his girl's father fully occupied was a blow from which I have never fully recovered.

There was an engaging individual in Brussels, who charged five francs for the cut and 15 extra for a shake over the cranium with a mysterious, aromatic, unlabelled bottle which came out of the cupboard.

Then came the meticulous bloke in the NAAFI at Krefeld, who insisted upon wrapping half a yard of toilet paper round your neck "to keep away the germs," and that mournful old man in a YMCA whose intermittent sniffing did nothing to allay the alarm with which his customers regarded the pendant dewdrop on the end of his long nose.

Finally, my greatest surprise was on discovering that the man with whom I shared a room, during the first two months in Germany, was a real, live gentlemen's hairdresser from Simpsons in Piccadilly.

This fellow managed to conceal his identity for a long time since everybody, quite naturally, took him for a soldier. He gave himself away during the period when everyone was concentrating on winning a camera, gold wrist-watch, or some such souvenir with which to prove to himself that he had not fought in vain. Our hairdresser rushed in the room one morning holding aloft a bottle: "Look!" he cried, triumphantly, "Eau de Cologne! Now I can give a real friction!"

D. J. WRAY.

duets, concertos and jazzy interludes, larded with catcalls. Then victory will depend on allegro, allegretto, adagio, rondo, minuetto and scherzo. Sentries will be crooned to sleep, whole armies will be set bottom-wagging, generals will be thrown into trances and their staffs rendered dotty. Armour will disappear and be replaced by wax. Finally wars will be won by trombones, bassoons, fifes, flageolets, saxophones, drums, cornets, penny whistles, ukuleles and Jews' harps..."



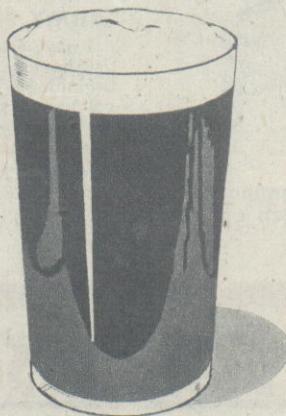
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He who takes what isn't his'n,
When he's caught should go to pris'n.
Since to Goodness he's no claim,
Mine's the Guinness, his the blame.

G.E.1289.Q



If you had been a soldier in 1899

The Boer War would have found you enduring constant hardships and fatigue in the vast South African veldt, where military gains against a brave and wily opponent were often small and costly.

If your regiment was a client of the Canteen and Mess Co-operative Society, founded in 1894 by a group of army officers, your troopship would have carried canteen goods for distribution to the unit in the field. Later, at the request of General Roberts, this service was extended to the whole of his army, until the final link-up with Sir Redvers Buller's force, when the South African Garrison Institutes took over the Society's work.

Thus, for the first time, the British army had its own small but efficient canteen service as part of its military organisation, providing comforts and necessities to the campaigning soldier at prices he could afford. The experiment had proved itself, the stage was set for the development of the co-operative idea into the organisation which, over twenty years later, was to be known as the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes.

NAAFI

The official canteen organisation for H.M. Forces in War and Peace
Naafi still needs female staff for canteens at Home. Write to: Staff Manager, Naafi, Ruxley Towers, Claygate, Esher, Surrey, England

Last of the Gratuities

The following statement on post-war credits and gratuities for all soldiers (including regulars) was made by the War Minister in the House of Commons:—

War gratuities of serving members of the Forces will shortly be released for payment. As previously announced, service in the Forces after 15 August 1946 does not reckon for war gratuity, and arrangements have been made to assess the war gratuity earned by all members of the Forces up to that date, with a view to an early payment.

The war gratuity will be paid as at present by means of a credit opened in the individual's name in the Post Office savings bank and, as despatch of the bank books will be spread over a period of months, it has been decided that the credit will be opened in each case from a common date, 31 October 1946, and interest will accrue as from that date.

The work of assessment and issue will take a considerable time; issues of the savings bank books are not expected to begin before December 1946 or to be completed before June 1947; but in cases where the book has not been sent before the date of release or discharge, arrangements will be made for its despatch within 57 days of that date.

The work will be carried out under a regular programme as rapidly as possible; special issues out of turn cannot be arranged.

The special Service post-war credits in respect of service in the ranks after 1 January 1942 (6d. a day for men and 4d. for women) will be paid at the same time and in the same manner as the war gratuities. Detailed official instructions will be circulated by the Service departments to each Service.

I wish to appeal on behalf of the Government to all members of the Forces who receive this money to delay spending it as long as they possibly can. They will best help their country and themselves by leaving it deposited with the Post Office savings bank until they need it for setting themselves up in civil life or for other really necessary expenditure.

CHRISTMAS LEAVE

In our calculations, except in isolated instances, no men serving in BAOR will be on UK privilege leave during November or December this year. Ain't no one going home for Christmas? — Coy. Office Staff (address supplied). ★ See letter below.—Ed., SOLDIER.

one year, with a minimum period of four months between leaves.

If a man took 19 days leave for the first time in August 1946 he would be allowed two periods of 19 days during the next twelve months.

He may choose:

1. To take his first 19 days leave in December, four months after his August leave. (He will, of course, only be able to take it as early as this if a vacancy can be found from his unit allotment.) He will not be eligible again before August 1947.
2. To wait until January, February, March or April for his leave. He will still be eligible again in September.

The number of vacancies which can be allotted is now sufficient to cover leave twice a year for every man. A unit should allot those vacancies to meet the wishes of individuals, on the assumption that some will want their next leave after a four months interval, others will want it every six months, others will want to defer. They cannot all take it after the earliest admissible interval, as shipping vacancies will not be sufficient. Vacancies are being issued in November and December as usual. Who they will be allotted to depends on the rosters maintained within units and on applications submitted by individuals.

BUYING A CAR?

It is rumoured that soldiers may legitimately be able to buy cars over here some time in the future.

If this happens, what would be the approximate cost of shipping and duty to take a car costing, say, £100 to the United Kingdom, and who would do the shipping? — L/Cpl. A. Bosomworth, 14/20 King's Hussars.

★ Arrangements are now being made to enable servicemen to purchase Volkswagen in Germany. The numbers will be limited. It will not be possible to export them to the UK. — Ed., SOLDIER.

SPARKS OR FLAGS?

To settle a never-ending argument in this unit, would you please say what is the official trade badge of a driver-operator, RA. One of our drivers is wearing the badge showing sparks emitting from a clenched hand, which I maintain is the badge of a wireless mechanic. — Gnr. Tamsett, 3 CIC.

★ There is at present no special badge authorised for wear by driver-operators, RA. It is normal for the ordinary signaller's badge (crossed flags) to be worn. — Ed., SOLDIER.

STEP-CHILD

When I am released I want to marry a woman whose husband was killed at Stalingrad. She has a child by him. Will she be able to bring that child to Britain? — Pte. (name and address supplied).

★ Yes, the child can go to the UK on the authority of the Home Office. Application must be made, in the first instance, to the Passport Control Officer, CCG., Lubbecke.

ON ARSENAL

I would like to challenge Archie Quick's statement in his article "Arsenal at the Crossroads" (SOLDIER Sept.) that only one game took place at Highbury in the 1939-40 season.

The match played on 2 Sept. was the second, not the first, the Arsenal having recorded a home win in a mid-week fixture against Blackburn Rovers on 30 August. — L/Cpl. C. F. Lamberth,

5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.

★ Archie Quick says: "Quite right. I overlooked the mid-week game on 30 August." — Ed., SOLDIER

WHO ARE THEY?

In the face of such distinguished authority as you have quoted in "The Great King's Corporal Myth" (SOLDIER, Sept.) one cannot but believe that rank to be a product of wishful thinking. But who are the gentlemen who sport (1) two stripes and a crown and (2) four stripes and a crown? — Cpl. G. C. Balmain, 12 L of C Signals.

★ (1) Corporal of the Household Cavalry; (2) with stripes reversed at base of sleeve: drum-major. — Ed., SOLDIER.

MAKING THEM DANCE

The ATS get a lot of cracks thrown at them but here is one job of good work they are doing. We have just had a fresh lot of men stationed in our camp and we wondered why they were not coming to our club dances. We discovered that most of them did not know how to dance or had forgotten, having been fighting so long, so now the girls teach any fellow who wants to learn.

We hold lessons twice weekly, and really the girls don't mind having their toes trodden on while they are doing this good work. Our dances are now "just the job" and I think it is a fine example of how the Services make the best of it out here. — Pte. I. Harrison, 3 Coy., ATS Signals, att. 1st KOYLI.

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LETTERS



MEDALS FOR BOTH

I have heard that officers may now wear the Territorial Efficiency Medal. I had thought this was a medal for Other Ranks only. — "Curious" (name and address supplied).

★ Originally qualification for this medal was 12 years service by an Other Rank, war service counting double. Officers had to complete 20 years service to gain the Territorial Decoration, for which again war service counted double. Now officers and men have been placed on the same footing. Wearing of this medal is thus a distinction for all those who were "in before 3 September 1939." It does not matter whether a soldier in the Territorial Army obtained an emergency commission during the war, provided his war and peace-time service total 12 years, and he was serving on 2 Sept. 1939, he can claim the medal. When an officer achieves the Territorial Decoration, the TEM must come down. — Ed., SOLDIER.

MORE GUNNERS

Would you help me in trying to convince a friend that there were more Royal Artillerymen than Pioneers in the Army during 1945? — S. Prescott, 90 Holden Road, Leigh, Lancashire.

★ Gunnery by far outnumbered Pioneers in 1945. — Ed., SOLDIER.

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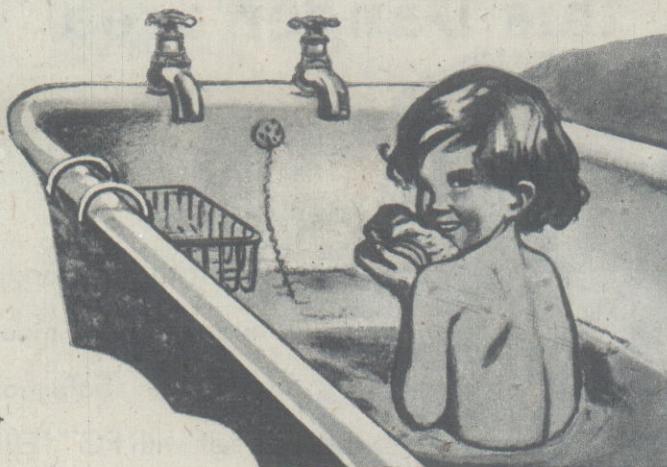
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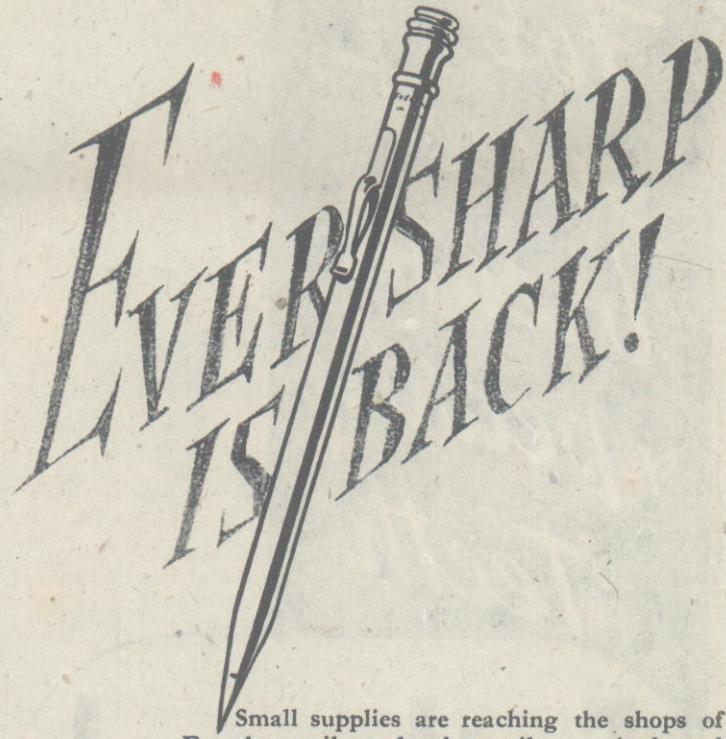
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