

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

May 1947 Sixpence Vol. 3 - No 3



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**ALL
BUTTONED
UP**



"It's all very well for you."

"What is?"

"Well, for one thing you've got no wife and kids to bother about, and if the old roof leaks you couldn't care less."

"Ah, but one day I reckon to have all that and a mother-in-law, too."

"And when that day dawns, old lad, you'll see what I mean. You'll probably greet it with an outburst of no applause."

"That depends."

"Depends on what?"

"It depends on how many National Savings Certificates I can collect between now and the day I'm booked for Home."

"If I know you, old boy, you're not going to collect many."

"Don't worry! The thing was all buttoned up with the Savings bloke some time ago. And I don't feel the draught at all on pay days."

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No headache under the bonnet

What's under that attractive bonnet? Always an important question — and one that can very often give you a headache when the subject is a pretty face. But you'll find no headaches under the bonnet of a Ford car. There's a scientifically-designed engine under that bonnet — an engine that's been checked and re-checked at every point by a host of Ford inspectors at Dagenham. And the result? A car that climbs hills like a mountain goat, and is as quick off the mark as a Swaddy going on leave. That's to-day's Ford. And by the time you come back to the old Country for good — well — we are working very hard to have your Ford ready for you.

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If you had been
a soldier in 1914

... You would probably be enduring mud, frostbite and vermin in the Flanders trenches, with, as likely as not, no canteens and no small comforts to greet you when you came out of the line.

The urgent need for organised comforts for the "Contemptibles" caused the War Office to call on the Canteen and Mess Co-operative Society — the first of the co-operative canteen organisations — to combine with the best of the commercial contractors and provide an efficient canteen service for the Forces overseas. The resulting Expeditionary Force Canteens, almost identical in function with the Expeditionary Force Institutes organised by Naafi in the recent war — quickly became the universal provider in all theatres of war, establishing thousands of canteens, together with rest-houses, clubs, breweries, mineral water factories, cinemas and theatres.

The success of the venture proved the need for a permanent canteen service, and resulted in the formation of NAAFI in 1921 as the official canteen organisation for H.M. Forces.

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



First post-war commandant of the Imperial Defence College — where the Empire's senior officers are trained for high command — is the man who led the "forgotten" Fourteenth Army to a great triumph of arms: General Sir William Slim. His visiting lecturers include Cabinet Ministers, Chiefs of Staff and Ambassadors

Burma to Belgrave Square

IN a great house overlooking London's once-aristocratic Belgrave Square sits a general, at a massive desk set on a large square of red carpet.

Passers-by rarely glance up at his window; anyone who does has a sporting chance of glimpsing a powerful figure, equally recognisable in battle-dress or lounge suit as General Sir William Slim, one-time scourge of the Jap and today Commandant of the senior school of the British Empire — the Imperial Defence College.

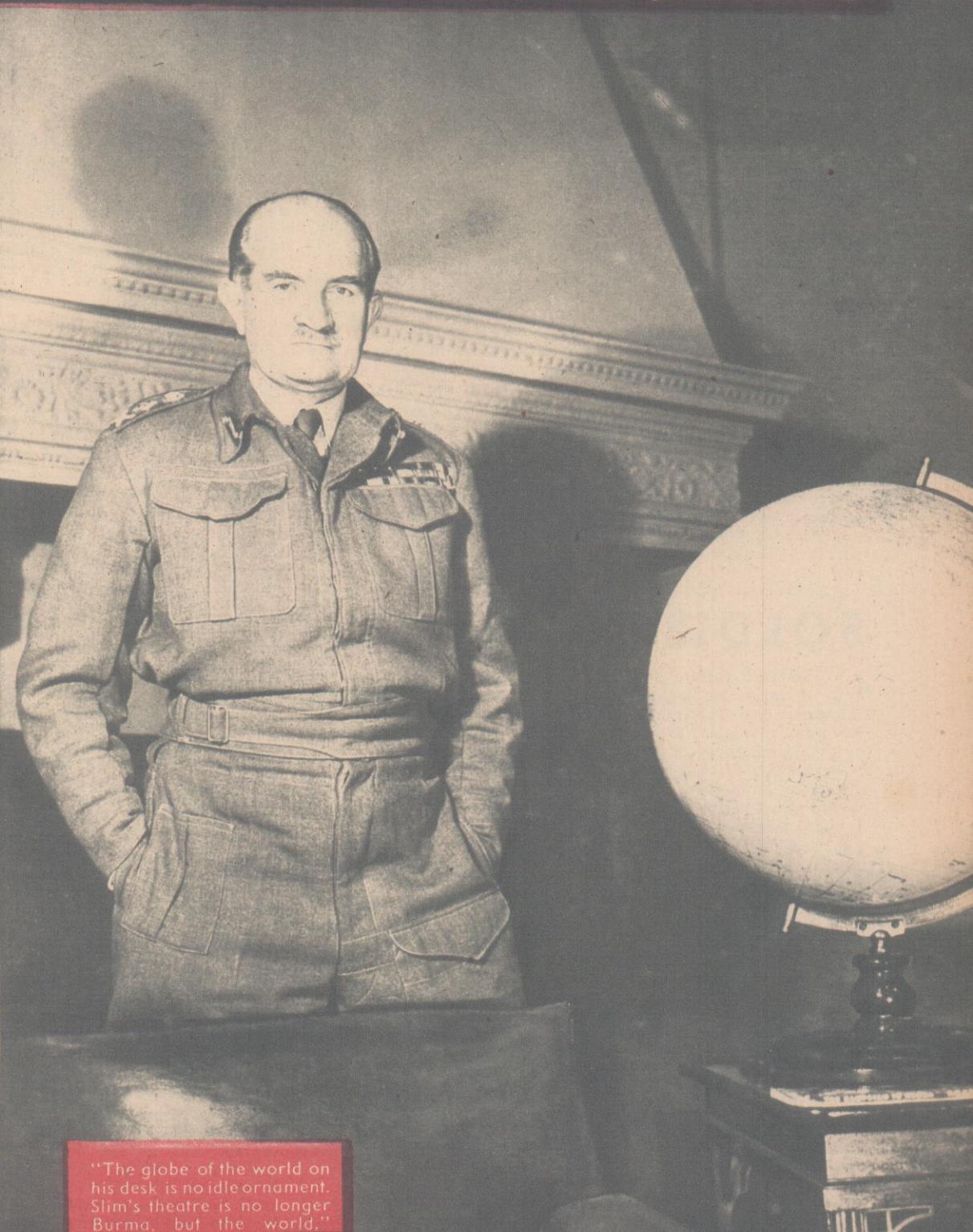
This is the man who once said that the reason he liked to visit his fighting troops in the front line was not to raise their morale, but to raise his own!

Now his chances of such contacts are few. His job is to train very senior officers of Britain and the Commonwealth in the higher strategy. The globe of the world on his desk is no idle ornament. Slim's theatre is no longer Burma, but the world. His students are not only soldiers, but sailors, airmen and civil servants.

Three Services

The college is not a new one. It was started in 1927 and the Navy, Army and RAF take it in turn to provide the commandants. General Slim is the eighth commandant and the third general to hold the post. He is also the first post-war commandant (the college was closed in 1939). To this two-year job he has brought the drive, the imagination and the personality which led the Fourteenth Army through the war's worst campaigning country.

Running the Imperial Defence College is no job for a "dug-out". It was essential to have a man with no shackles on his mind. General Sir Francis de Guingand, Monty's late Chief of Staff, stressed in his "Operation Victory" that before the war the Imperial Defence College was the only establishment for training those earmarked for high command. (Slim himself was once a pupil there). "I very much doubt," says de Guingand, "that the syllabus of the Imperial



"The globe of the world on his desk is no idle ornament. Slim's theatre is no longer Burma, but the world."

Continuing BURMA TO BELGRAVE SQUARE

Defence College before the war was quite what was wanted. I'll wager that now Montgomery is CICS he will ensure that this defect in the training of generals is righted." There's little doubt that these two, the two ablest field commanders of the war (de Guingand's verdict), the two men best able to strip a problem of its "muckage," have already got together over that syllabus...

Today General Slim's 61 pupils — one of whom, by the way, is a policeman — are trained to hold high appointments in the structure of Empire defence in peace and war. They study the place of the United Nations Organisation in the world order, and the responsibilities of the Commonwealth towards it. They debate political, economic, social and industrial problems, new weapons and strategy. Among the visiting lecturers are Cabinet Ministers, Ambassadors, High Commissioners, Chiefs of Services, scientists, industrialists and trade union leaders. The students pay visits to industries at home and study methods of control such as are applied today in Germany and Austria. There are no students below the rank, or equivalent rank, of brigadier. The course lasts a year.

Sometimes Slim misses the troops. But his sturdy figure has been seen of late at soldiers' reunions in London. (He will preside at a re-union of 10,000 ex-14th Army men in the Albert Hall on 2 June). And his voice has been heard from the fireside loudspeaking.



er. It is not necessarily a compliment to a general to say that he is a good man at the microphone; but when Slim broadcasts editors detail somebody to listen, knowing that epigrams and near-epigrams are to be expected.

Seated at his big desk overlooking Belgrave Square he looks the wise, experienced headmaster. When he stands and removes his glasses, he is the general. His short-clipped moustache is greying and his hair is getting scanty. "Worry," he says with a smile.

What is the background of this crack soldier transplanted from Burma to Belgravia? From boyhood he was determined to be a soldier. He became an OTC cadet and was commissioned into the Warwickshire Regiment (Monty's regiment). In 1915 he went to Gallipoli where he was given a regular commission but he was wounded so badly that he was discharged as permanently unfit. Slim was too

keen on the Army to take that for an answer; only he knows just how he got back into uniform. He fought in France and Iraq — where he won the MC — and then went to India where he became a Gurkha.

Slim took to the Gurkhas and the Gurkhas took to him. Years later when he became commander of the Fourteenth Army he picked his orderlies and the guards outside his mess from these little Nepalese soldiers, and the senior of them refused promotion so that he could stay with the General.



Some of General Slim's students. For the first time there are two Indian officers and two Indians of the Indian Civil Service on the course, as well as English officers of the Indian Army.

Before World War Two the General graduated at the Staff College, and later became commandant of the Senior Officers' School near Bombay. In 1939 he was a brigadier and later fought in Eritrea, where he was wounded; in Iraq again; against the Vichy French in Syria — where he won his DSO — and in the Persian operations.

After commanding the 10th Indian Division he was recalled to India to take over the 1st Burma Corps then retreating. The General recalls the day he walked into a broken-down bamboo hut and asked, "Where is my headquarters?" He was told, "This is it." He then asked, "What forces have I got and where are they?"

"They told me," says the General, "I wished they hadn't."

But he did a great job in that retreat. He temporarily stopped the Japanese, giving his own forces invaluable time to prepare the Indian frontier for a stand. He was always with his men and saw them back safely, a coherent and still fighting force.

He was promoted to the command of the 15th Corps and in October 1943 took over the Fourteenth Army. Later one of his staff officers wrote of him: "The burden and responsibility lay on the shoulders of one man. It was a burden few men could have borne, and few indeed retained with the vitality and daring which enabled Slim, when the time came, to launch a campaign the boldness and speed of which startled the world. His victory will live in military history as a pattern. In overwhelming success it compares with Montgomery's advance from Alamein to Tunis."

Once Slim was described as a bulldog. He was angry. "Bulldogs are often damn bad tacticians," he said. Of his tactics he likes to talk, but usually in a self-deprecating style. About the defence of Imphal he says: "I made two mistakes. I didn't fetch the 17th back soon enough from Tiddim and they had to fight.

And I didn't reckon the Japs could supply themselves through the Somra hills tracts. The second was only half a mistake, because they tried it, and they couldn't. So really I made only one-and-a-half mistakes. The Japs made a few more. I won."

The General never underestimated the enemy. Of the Jap he once said: "He is not a man nor is he an animal. He is an insect."

When it was found that of 2000 prisoners only about 300 were able-bodied men — the remainder having been picked up in such a bad state that they could not resist being taken prisoner — he remarked: "The Japanese army is the only army which really does fight to the last man and the last round. When we say we have killed 100,000 Japs we mean it. That is the number of bodies counted on the ground."

Of a staff officer he once told a story: "When two divisions were cut off in the Arakan I suggested to Major General Snelling in charge of Fourteenth Army administration that a case of rum should be dropped with each consignment of stores to speed its picking up on the ground. General Snelling replied that he had already included two cases of rum. After that I left him alone," says General Slim.

Of the Irrawaddy crossing: "This was one of the finest achievements of any army. We crossed it not on bridges or on boats, but on brains, because we cheated the enemy. Our motto has been 'God helps those who help themselves,' and we sometimes add under our breath 'Because, by God, no one else does'."

Of the speed of his army: "There was the race between the troops closing in on Rangoon from the north and those from the south. We made a book on it and I lost a lot of money."

Of complaints that the British women in India were not doing enough for the troops: "The women have done a magnificent job. There are very few of them, but I do not know of a single house that does not entertain

SOLDIER to Soldier

CONSIDER the case of Private X.

He served on a fighting front for a few months before the war ended. The Infantry regiment to which he was posted had a famous name. They were good soldiers in the battle-line and good comrades in peace.

Private X had read somewhere about battalions going into suspended animation, but had never pictured himself one day saying goodbye to his commander, his colours, his camp and — much worse — his comrades.

Private X found himself "on the market." There was no longer room for everybody in Infantry, they told him. The Army, as usual, was being reorganised.

In quick succession Private X pictured himself as a guard at a camp for hopeless Nazis, a filler-in of forms at an equipment depot, the man who looks up trains in the RTO's office and batman to the C-in-C. Was that what they meant by "extra-regimental employment"?

Private X is one of thousands. There will be thousands more, so rapid is the run-down on Infantry battalions. Not so long ago the other arms were being combed to make Infantrymen; now the reverse is happening.

But Private X has this consolation: at least he has been an Infantryman. That's more than many can say, and many would like to say it who won't admit it. The pride and the glory were his; but wars end and men want to go home, and that means that somebody has to count the jerricans.

If he's lucky Private X will get a much more interesting job than that. There are still units which get their share of excitement. There are still units in which a man can learn a wrinkle useful to him in Civvy Street. So, good luck, Private X.



THE STRATEGIST

With a rifle over his shoulder—General Slim at 4 Brigade HQ. Ondaw with Brigadier R. S. McNaught.



THE LEADER

Cheering him are the men he liked to visit "in order that they might raise my morale."

"I Am Against the Legal Minimum Wallah"

Frank Owen who edited SEAC newspaper (and now edits The Daily Mail) wrote this of General Slim in his book "The Campaign in Burma":

"Though his years have been given to the Army, Slim has read widely and written much, for which he claims he was well paid. 'No other reason for writing,' he says. His sympathies are generous but just. 'I am against the legal minimum wallah every time.' He talks vigorously and saltily and with insight into men's motives. Though he induces goodwill and, what is more profound, trust, it is probable that he never unburdened his heart to any man on earth. He believes that the fighting capacity of every unit is based upon the faith of men in their leaders; that discipline begins with the officer and spreads down from him to the soldier; that genuine comradeship in arms is achieved when all ranks do more than is required of them. Slim proves his beliefs by example. The well-being of his troops is his permanent priority."



THE PEACE-MAKER

Slim sits in with Gen. R. A. Wheeler, Admiral Lord Mountbatten, Admiral Sir Arthur Power, Air Chief Marshal Sir Keith Park and Gen. F. A. M. Browning.



THE BROADCASTER

Invited to "say a few words" at Mandalay, the General chose some short, vigorous ones.

troops. But few people have houses in India. My wife with one child lives in a couple of rooms."

Of his Indian troops: "Believe me, and I have fought with them, some of the bravest races in the world aren't white at all." And, again, of courage: "Courage is not merely a virtue; it is the virtue. Without it there are no other virtues."

"I've never met a man with moral courage who wouldn't, when it was really necessary, face bodily danger. Moral courage is a higher and rarer virtue than physical courage."

"Courage is an expendable quality. If there are continuous

calls on our courage we begin to overdraw. If we go on over-drawing we go bankrupt — we break down."

"Complete cowards are almost non-existent."

It was not without wisdom that the Government appointed this man to command the Imperial Defence College. One of very many good reasons was his ability to handle other branches of the Services. "My officers," he once said, "have got to know the air side whether they've got wings on their tunics or not. It's like saying only men with oakleaves in their buttonholes can climb trees."

PETER LAWRENCE.



THE HUSBAND

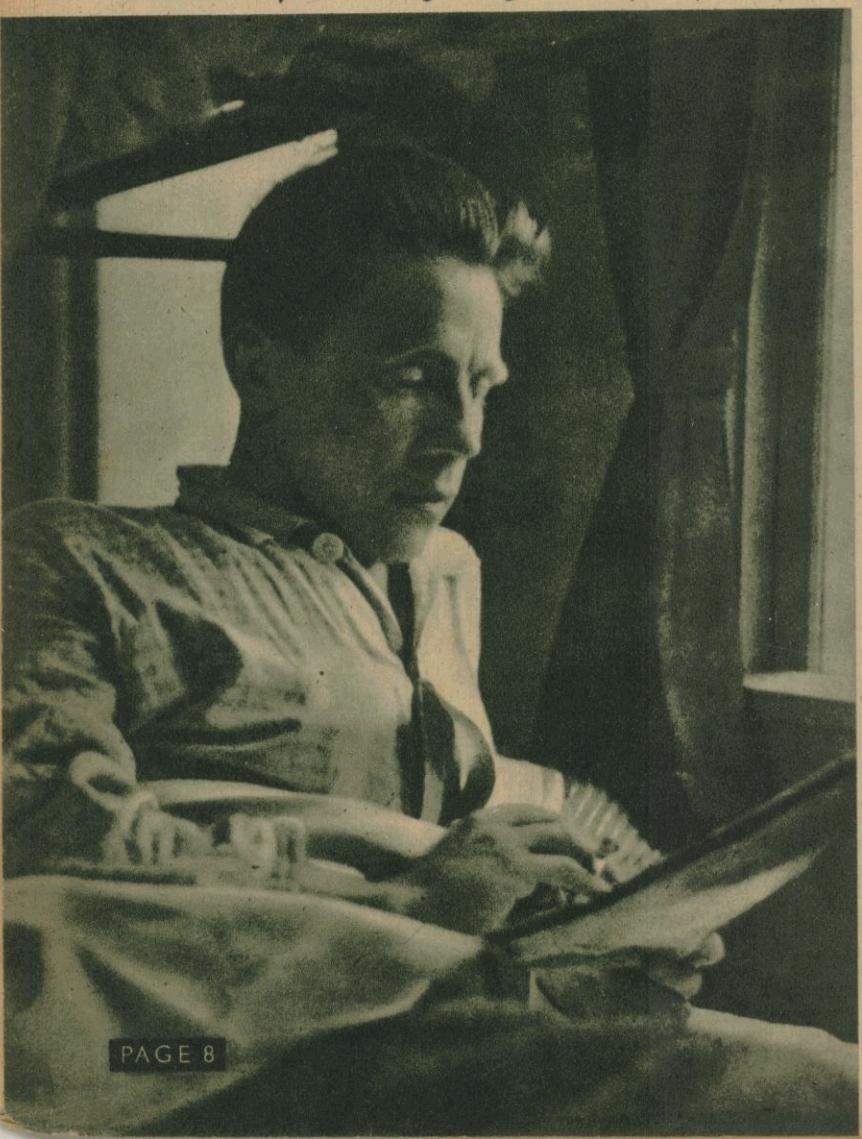
General Slim goes for a stroll with his wife (in Red Cross uniform) — at Imphal. Lady Slim was hospital visitor to the Fourteenth Army.

SOLDIER TAKES
A RIDE ON THE

CHAMPAGNE SPECIAL



Above: Compact and clean is the kitchen on No. 1 British Ambulance Train. Here they prepare five diets for every meal. Below: "This is the best way of travelling through Germany," says this patient.



THEY call it "The Champagne Special." Not that there is any champagne aboard.

It gets its name because it is probably the most luxurious hospital train ever built for the British Army.

To the Director of Medical Services, Rhine Army, Major-General Sir Edward Phillips, and his staff it is officially No. 1 British Ambulance Train.

Recently I spent a couple of days aboard the huge train while it travelled the British Zone picking up men and women due to go into hospital in the United Kingdom. None was seriously sick; the serious cases do not travel by this route.

The train left its base at Osnabrück late at night and made a long swing around the Zone, taking in Wuppertal, Munster, Bad Oeynhausen and Hanover and on to Hamburg where the patients embarked in the hospital ship *El Nil*, which is well known to men who served in the Middle East. Under the command of Major J. Humphreys, a Regular RAMC officer, are another officer, two sisters, a WO. II, a sergeant and 32 men.

The warrant officer and sergeant are regulars; the men are young soldiers. None of them had any knowledge of nursing until they joined the Army; most were factory workers or apprentices but today they are competent, willing RAMC orderlies imbued with the great traditions of their Corps.

The story of the Champagne Special began last June when it was decided to back-load the hospital train then serving BAOR — a cumbersome, badly designed collection of Hungarian and other Central European coaches.

Experts drew up plans for a train that would embody all the experiences gained during the war by the RAMC. The completed plans were sent to a German firm at Dusseldorf and there, under the supervision of British officers, the train took shape.

As the work went on, new ideas were developed and incorporated in the train. Occasionally, bad weather, shortage of materials, difficulties of supply and other causes beyond the control of the builders and their advisers delayed the work.

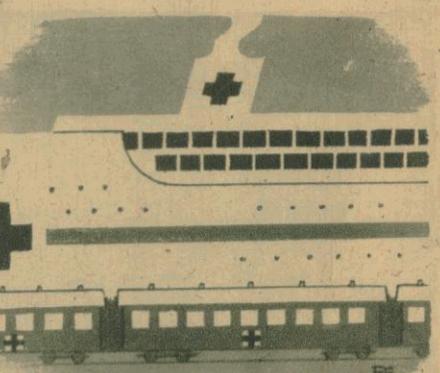
Eventually, the train was ready. Nine of its 16 coaches were wards; two were composite coaches with compartments in which the "walking wounded" could be housed. The others con-

tained the kitchen, stores and staff quarters. Then there was a boiler coach for providing steam for the central heating system.

Altogether the train was 1150 feet long and had accommodation for more than 250 patients. It carried 500 gallons of water for kitchen use and 1350 for the wards.

In each ward and compartment were loud-speakers linked up to the loud-hailer system, so that Major Humphreys could keep in constant touch with the head, the tail and the middle of the long, snaking train.

There was a place for everything and in the kitchen the cooks, remembering the discomforts of the previous gallery, marvelled when they saw



the magnificence which was now theirs.

In a kitchen where five diets have to be prepared for every meal ease of working is the minimum requirement, and there can be few cooks in the British Army who work in better conditions than the corporals on "The Champagne Special."

The wards are masterpieces of comfort. A regular sergeant with 18 years service said it was a pleasure to be sick.

Even so Rhine Army is not satisfied that it has reached the ultimate in hospital trains and the DMS is considering a number of suggestions for improvements.

In the meantime the "Champagne Special" carries on its good work and is remembered with affection by officers and men who travelled to the hospital ship in it.

JOHN HUGHES.

SPECIAL

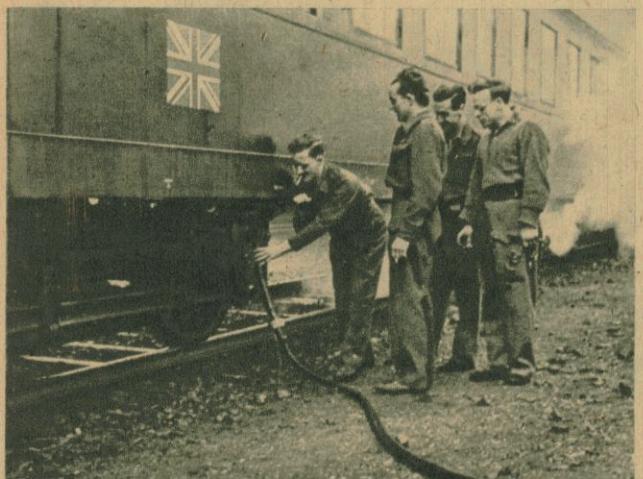
Through the wide doors of the hospital train, Germans carry stretcher cases aboard.



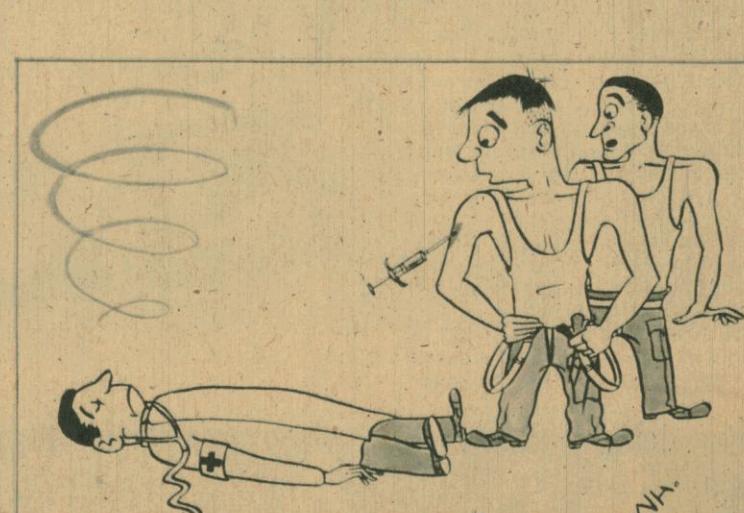
A man at the comptometer checks the patients on board the hospital ship *El Nil*.



"Rations up!" The cry is equally welcome in all wards of the Champagne Special.



The job which always attracts an audience — watering the train.



THE DOGS OF KLAGENFURT

ANY dishonest person bent on breaking into the large Ordnance depot on the outskirts of Klagenfurt is inviting a fate not unlike that of the early Christians in the Roman arena.

Daniel himself would not long survive the jaws of four-footed Harrow and his fellow guards whose motto in canine language might well be: "So you want to pat us? Don't make us laugh." Provided, of course, that Daniel behaved suspiciously. The result is that the Ordnance store is never broken into and every cat in the area emigrated long ago.

Strictly speaking, this dog platoon of three Alsatians, a Collie, a Bull Mastiff and a Labrador should wear the badge of the West Yorkshire Regiment. Their commanding officer, Lieut. J. Riley, his sergeant and 12 handlers all volunteered from the 1st Battalion. It meant a visit to Paderborn, Germany, a short course on how to handle dogs and then a return trip to Austria with the fiercest beasts in the country.

Originally they were called war dogs. Later the name was changed to VP (vulnerable point) dogs. To the animals the work remains unchanged. They have been trained in a way that most people would have thought impossible — to terrify thieves and yet remain perfectly disciplined.

Each animal has two handlers. Every midday they give their charge a pound of meat, a pound of biscuits and some vegetables. Every morning they exercise it and each night by turns they take it on sentry duty. Handlers always stick to their own dogs, and any attempt to handle another handler's animal would meet with little success. The animal knows the hand that feeds it, and distrusts the stranger. Only Corporal E. Aston, who handles the Alsatian Rex, can deal with all the dogs. He has practised with them all in order to take over any animal should both handlers be absent.

Handlers never tease their own dogs. To wear the padded sleeve and encourage your dog to attack would undermine its trust in you. The man who wears that sleeve has a tricky job. He must run with his arm stretched out and must be careful not to fall. The dog goes for the most accessible limb, or if the fugitive is on the ground, for the throat.

Such is the discipline that a dog will stop attacking if ordered to do so unless he is over-

excited, and if his quarry remains perfectly still he will usually sit and watch him, ready to pounce at the slightest move.

When walking at heel their heads must be level with the handler's knee. Instantly they obey the commands "attack," "sit," "down," or "watch him." Usually they obey only commands from their own handlers and if called by a number of handlers will always walk over to their own. The stranger who thinks he can give a dog poisoned meat will be unlucky. Food also must come from their own handlers.

Four of the dogs are English. Two Alsatians, Ivor and Harrow, are German. Before coming to Klagenfurt they were guarding a signal station. One evening Chiang, the Bull Mastiff, was being exercised when a sentry at the gate chatted to the handler. The conversation went something like this.

Sentry: Nice-looking dog that. Doesn't look as if it would hurt a fly.

Handler: It would, you know.

Sentry: Can I stroke it?

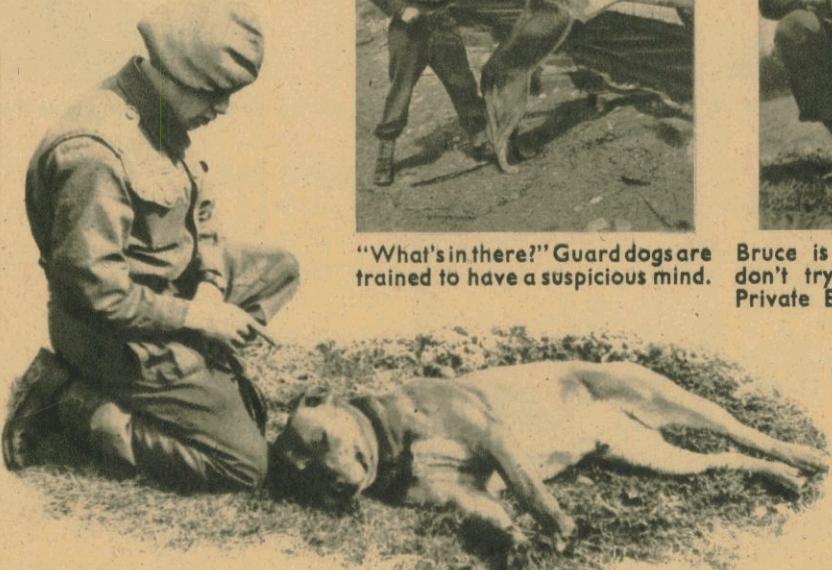
Handler: I would not advise it.

Sentry: Don't be daft. It wouldn't hurt me.

Handler: If you touch it, it will be at your own risk.

Two minutes later the station's medical orderly was busy bandaging the cut hand of a downhearted sentry.

ERIC DUNSTER.



"What's in there?" Guard dogs are trained to have a suspicious mind.

Bruce is the only Collie — but don't try to stroke him. Only Private E. Spinner can do that.



"Lie down!" — and Chiang, the Bull Mastiff, lies down. But only if Private A. Hird tells him.



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PIPES IN VIENNA

Before going into suspended animation the 1st. Battalion The Royal Irish Fusiliers provided the guard at the Schönbrunn Palace, Vienna, headquarters of the Allied Commission for Austria (British Element).

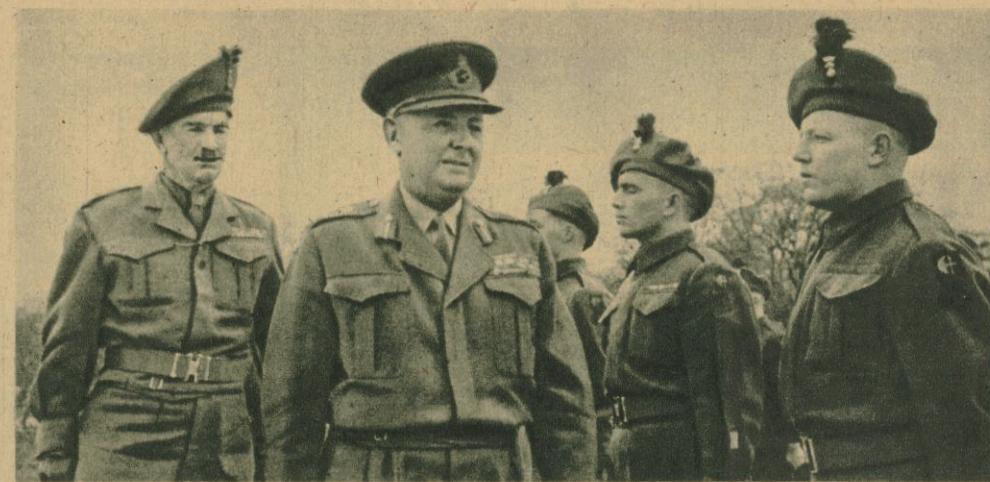
Each morning the kilted pipers under Drum-Major C. Goldrick led the new guard to the gates for the mounting ceremony. The people of the city came out to see ceremony and colour brought back to the old capital.

The pipers led the victory parades in Tunis and Rome when the battalion served with the famous Irish Brigade. Later the regiment manned the frontier posts facing Jugoslavia.

Before the war the battalion were stationed in Guernsey. They went to France leaving their mess silver on the island. The Germans arrived and when the liberation came only part of the silver was recovered.



Daily outside Vienna's Schönbrunn Palace the pipe band of the 1st. Battalion The Royal Irish Fusiliers played a march during the Changing of the Guard. Behind the flagstaff is Monty's tank. Below: Drum-Major C. Goldrick, wearing the flash of the redoubtable 78th Division.



Lieut-Gen. Sir James Steele, Commander-in-Chief and High Commissioner — himself an Irishman — inspects the guard. Accompanying him is Lieut-Col. G. A. French, CO 1st. Battalion.



From inside looking out: two sentries on guard at the Schönbrunn Palace.

IN AUSTRIA'S BRITISH ZONE



Saturday night in the "local". Left to right: the landlord, Greek-born Mrs. Diana Bailey, ex-Sergeant Ronald Bailey, RASC and the landlord's daughter.



It's no new experience to be rationed. But the rations in England are more plentiful than those in Greece.



What, no liquorice allsorts? Mrs Bailey parts with her personal points in the depleted sweet shop.



In Sherborne they boast of their 12th century Abbey—and that's old even to a girl who lived at the foot of the Acropolis.

Daughter of an Athens bank clerk, now bride of a former British sergeant, Diana Bailey (née Manta) settles down in a Dorsetshire town to learn the English way of life



Servicemen's wives arrive at Victoria. Left: Ray Orr, ex-RAF, of County Down, meets his wife, formerly Anni Waldhuber, of Lienz, Austria; right: Gunner Ivor White, of West Wickham, Kent greets his Greek wife from Salonika. Below: Cpl. Gaithra, RASC, of Edinburgh, re-united with the Italian school teacher he married in Rome.



A GREEK WIFE MOVES IN

to her soldier-husband's home

THE boat train carrying fifty Greek-born wives to London is late. At the platform barrier an impatient crowd stands waiting. The ex-soldier husbands have a worried, far-away look in their eyes and are easy to pick out.

With them are friends and again that when I go to talk to parents—mothers waiting for that first look at their daughter-in-law and trying not to look anxious, fathers cracking jokes. "Don't get impatient, son. You'll soon find that when you're by yourself you have money to jingle in your pockets, and when you're with your wife it's always 'Brother, can you spare a dime?'" But nobody takes any notice of father.

Standing well to the fore is a tall elderly man with a bowler hat and a large blue paper rosette in his button-hole, taking no chances of being missed.

The train steams in at last and the crowd creeps slowly down the platform searching the compartments. Suddenly there is a shout and then a whole riot of noise as the wives spot their husbands. Tensed-up emotions melt. There are tears, hugs, kisses, laughter, children's screams, confusion. An old cockney porter finds a baby dumped into his hands; a mother-in-law wildly waving a photograph sees her new daughter. Neither can speak a word of each other's language but they laugh and point at the photograph and argue about carrying the baggage.

In the middle of it all is an excited brown-eyed girl. A few months ago she was Diana Manta, daughter of an Athens bank clerk. Now she is Mrs. Diana Bailey, wife of motor mechanic Ronald Bailey, of Sherborne, Dorset, an ex-RASC sergeant who served in Germany and Greece. Mrs. Bailey is so happy at seeing her husband



Shopping's no fun without a pause for a chat. One of Mrs Bailey's best friends is the daughter of the landlord of the "local."

the holiday the Baileys plan in Greece in 1948. Mrs. Bailey has settled down in England and would probably have settled down just as well in Timbuctoo.

But the Baileys have a problem. They have no home and live at the moment with Mr. Bailey's parents. The parents are very kind and understanding but it is not the same as having their own home. For many months now Mr. Bailey has had his name down for a house but thinks the chance of getting one is very small. Worried, he says: "If I can't get a place after a while, I am going to try to get a job in Greece and settle there."

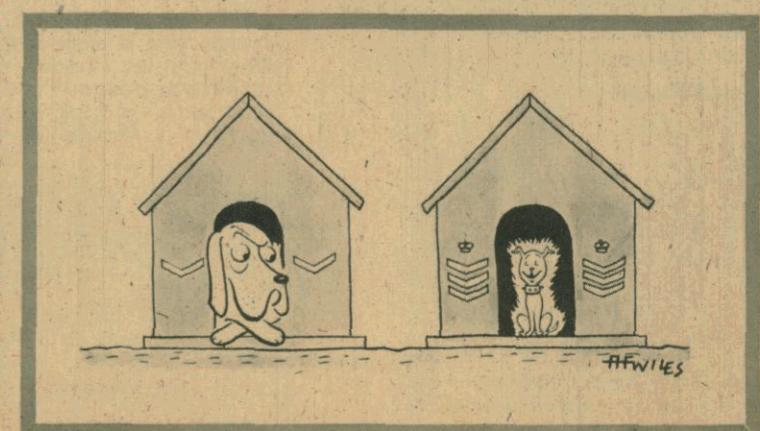
Not all mothers-in-law are willing and happy to have the new daughter in their home. Some refuse to help and even blame the Army for allowing the marriage. In a few cases the initial enquiry about accommodation is the first news the parents receive that their son is married.

But the Baileys, if unfortunate about a house, are lucky in

likeable Cockney with all the tough independence of a Londoner who has lived in the tenebrous all his life. He lives in two small rooms at the top of an ugly grey building right in the centre of a badly blitzed London area. Anna comes from a small Norwegian town set around by beautiful country. They met in Norway, fell in love, decided to get married. Both spoke only a few words of each other's language. Bill tried to give her a picture of the life and the place she was coming to. When she arrived and saw her home she burst out crying. But she had no time to get worried. Bill went to work and she had to get straight down to the job of being a British housewife. With the help of neighbours and friends she soon mastered things, and in a short while she was introducing small touches of Norway into her home and in the meals she cooked.

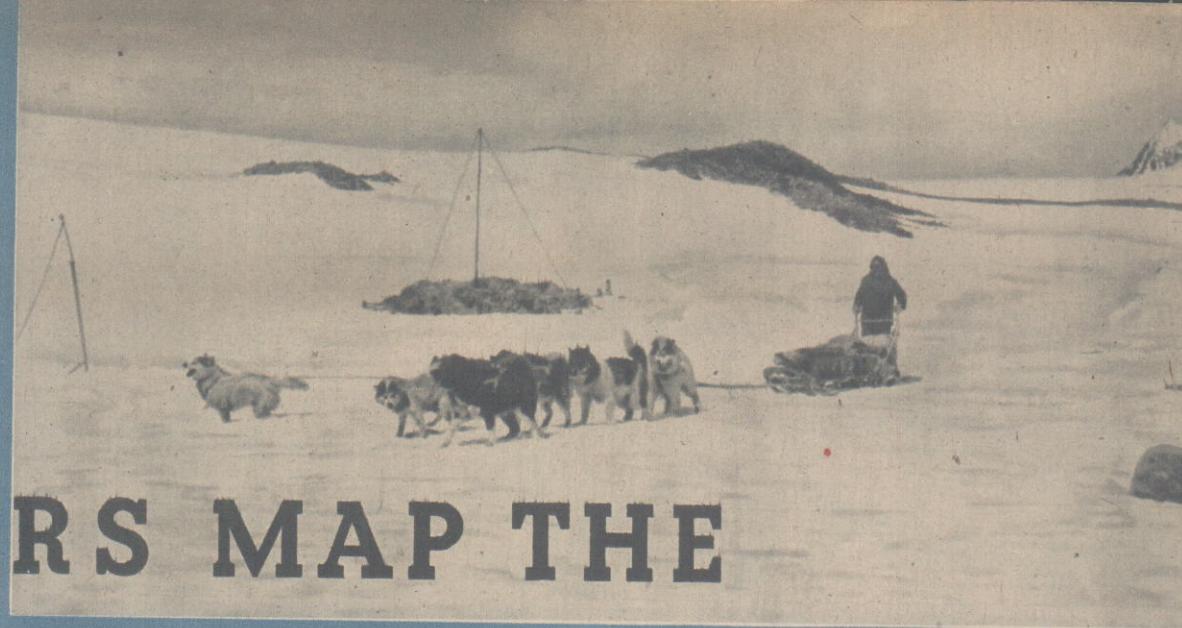
It's too soon to say how the thousands of "mixed" marriages by British soldiers are going to work out. The soldier who, over-susceptible to a friendly atmosphere abroad, goes into marriage in a sort of romantic mist is taking on a risky proposition indeed. It is perhaps not a bad thing that the business of marrying a foreigner is tied up heavily in red tape; at least that gives a man a chance to sort his ideas out. He must have no illusions about the present difficulties of finding and setting up a home; he must be prepared to exercise a vast amount of tact, patience and understanding; and he had better get cracking and learn the girl's language.

WARREN SMITH.



Capt. V. I. Russell, RE, with one of the sledges on which he and the other Sappers go out to make maps of the Antarctic.

Four Army officers are members of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey, the British expedition which is working in the Antarctic, mapping the territory and studying its meteorology and the adaptability of the human body to cold



SAPPERS MAP THE

ANTARCTIC



The Survey has its own laboratory at Hope Bay, Graham Land. It's small, but that makes it easier to heat.



Pretty, one of the sledge dogs of the Survey in Graham Land, recently gave birth to seven healthy pups.

THE four coldest members of the British Army just now are one Signals officer and three RE officers. They are members of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey, which is mapping parts of the Antarctic, collecting geological and biological specimens and doing meteorological work.

The Signals officer is Major K. S. Pierce-Butler, from North Baddesley, Southampton, who has recently taken command of the Survey. He came into the news recently when, as Magistrate of Marguerite Bay, in South-West Graham Land, he wrote a polite official note to the commander of a neighbouring American base asking the exact reason for the flying of an American flag in the territory.

The question of who owns the many different tracts in the Antarctic has not been cleared up, but Major Pierce-Butler and the American have got together and decided that though they have to write stiffly polite notes to each other, the issue is not a personal one.

The other Army officers in the FIDS are Capt. W. N. Croft, Capt. J. R. F. Joyce and Capt. V. I.

Russell, all of the Royal Engineers, who are now being relieved after a long spell in the snow and ice. Their job, SOLDIER was told by a former member of the Survey, was mainly to go out sledging, correcting maps and making new ones and doing meteorological work, in which they are helped by civilians and members of the Royal Navy.

They live in wooden huts, double-lined with aluminium foil to keep the heat in. Their diet is mostly tinned food to which they add some very fine fish, seal steaks and penguin eggs. In their spare time — and there is not much of it — they can enjoy most winter sports, they can stay indoors and get excellent reception of the BBC's programmes or they can read (a relief ship arrives once a year and changes their stock of books).

The Survey started at the end of 1943 when a party commanded by Lt-Commander J. W. S. Marr,



The SS *Fitzroy* took out some of the original Survey party and is still a welcome sight to the men in the lonely bases.

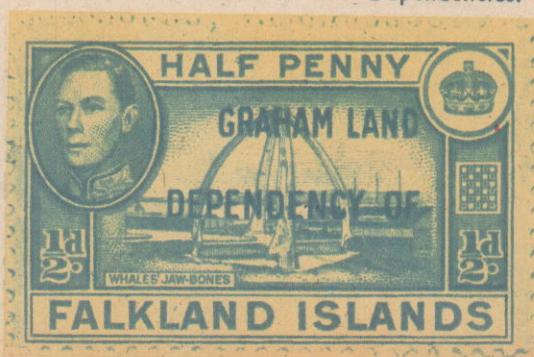
RNVR, who had been with Shackleton in 1922, went to the Antarctic and established bases. Control of the Survey was handed over to the Colonial Office in 1945 but Servicemen, all volunteers, continued to be members of the expedition. The territories of the Falkland Islands Dependencies, over which they operate, include groups of islands in the South Atlantic and part of the mainland of the Antarctic continent.

Seven bases have been established, each with a meteorological station and a post office. The sales of the post office stamps to philatelists have produced nearly enough profit to pay the costs of the expedition.

The Survey is going into the possibilities of weather forecasting in the South Atlantic and is keeping a careful watch on the development and movement of Antarctic depressions. The geological and biological collections are being gathered to help in making a systematic study of the whole Falkland sector of the Antarctic. Another of the expedition's jobs is to study the adaptation of the human body to low temperatures.

Two of the stamps used in the Antarctic post offices which, by their sales to philatelists, have helped pay the cost of FIDS.

Left: The present-day, specially printed stamps give a map of the Falkland Islands Dependencies. Below: Before the special series was designed, the Survey used Falkland Islands stamps with overprints for the various territories of the Dependencies.





"The house" at the Hope Bay Graham Land base, with its front snowed-up. Double aluminium foil linings keep in the heat.

U.S. ASKED TO EXPLAIN FLAG IN ANTARCTIC

BRITISH LETTER TO EXPEDITION LEADER

From Cmdr. FINN RONNE, U.S.N.R.
STONINGTON ISLAND, Marguerite Bay, Antarctica, Monday
(delayed).

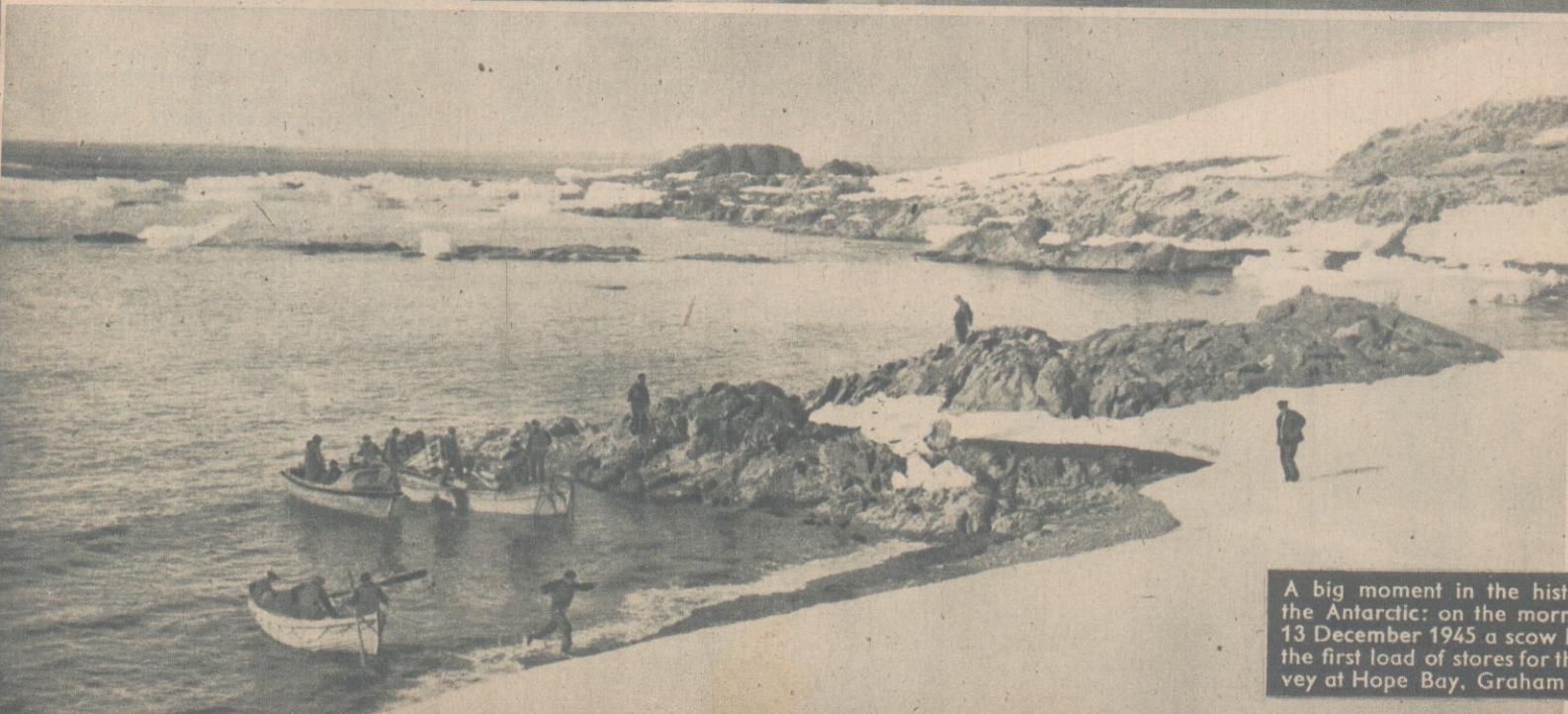
The hitherto academic issue of territorial rights in the Antarctic has materialised here in a dispute over the raising of the United States flag over my Antarctic research expedition main base, less than 200 yards from the long-established British base camp.

On March 13, at 3.30 p.m., the

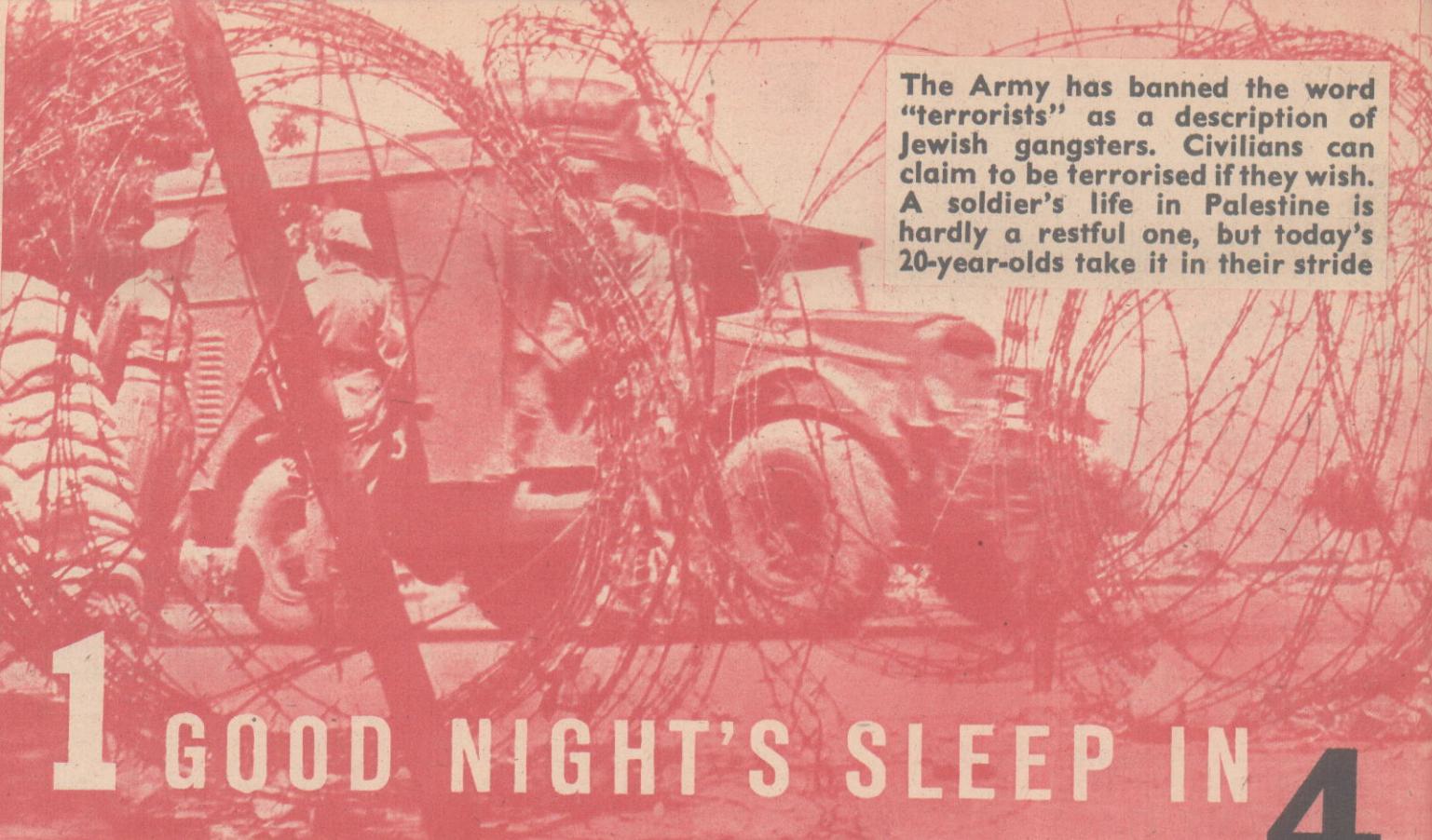
On paper there is some dispute over territorial claims in the Antarctic—but the British and Americans who are working there do not carry it into their personal relations.



When the snow clears at Port Lockroy, the scenery is dark, forbidding rock.



A big moment in the history of the Antarctic: on the morning of 13 December 1945 a scow landed the first load of stores for the Survey at Hope Bay, Graham Land.



The Army has banned the word "terrorists" as a description of Jewish gangsters. Civilians can claim to be terrorised if they wish. A soldier's life in Palestine is hardly a restful one, but today's 20-year-olds take it in their stride

1 GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP IN 4

Palestine check-point: men of Third Division pass an armoured car of the Palestine Police.



Above: two soldiers overhaul the searchlight on the roof of the Public Information Office in Jerusalem. Below: on guard with Bren gun and rifle in the Holy City.

FLASHES of many a proud, war-tested division have been seen in the troubled territory of Palestine. No less proud are the wearers of a flash — a black-handled stiletto on a vermillion background — which was seen on none of the war fronts but today is borne by men who are neither at war nor at peace — the men of Headquarters, British Troops in Palestine and Transjordan.

Side by side with men of famous divisions these troops, under the new GOC, Lieut-Gen. G. H. A. McMillan, face that kind of life which is best described as "periods of prolonged boredom relieved by spells of intense activity."

There are not many war-time soldiers in Palestine today, in relation to the total numbers. The "average soldier" has been in the Army perhaps 18 months and has about as long again to serve. Perhaps because he is

young and resilient, he takes the odd things that are happening all round him very much in his stride.

He is still his country's best ambassador: there was ample proof of that during the recent spell of Statutory Martial Law in parts of Palestine.

I picked at random on three men in one platoon of the South Lancashire Regiment, a private, a NCO and an officer, and asked them their stories.

Private Harold Ashworth from Oldham, for instance, is 19, has served 18 months and is in Group 70. He was a sheet metal worker before being called up, made aircraft parts while the war was on and pots and pans when it ended.

His platoon serjeant, Robert Guyott from Bournemouth, is 21 and has served three-and-a-half years. He completed his six months' recruit training in time for D-Day, was wounded and sent home in August 1944. Rejoining his battalion in Europe in November, he came with them to Egypt. He was a grocery salesman with a chain-shop firm when he was called up.

Commanding the platoon is Lieutenant John Conroy, aged 20, a Blackpool laboratory assistant. With two and a half years' service behind him, he is in Group 65; he joined his battalion in Cairo, but like his men he prefers serving in Palestine.

The duties of these men of 8 Platoon, C Company, are typical of the Infantryman in Pales-

tine. They do 24 hours on guard, with the whole platoon out from dusk to daylight and half the men on at a time in daylight. Then comes a spell of 48 hours on normal administrative and routine jobs — unless anything blows up.

Some troops are doing one night on guard, the second night on stand-by (which means bedding-down fully dressed) and the third on patrol, either from dusk to midnight or midnight to daylight. The fourth night, explosions permitting, they go to bed.

On a check-point, a curfew patrol or any other job, the soldier must be able to recognise seven different kinds of pass and spot forgeries; he must know VIP's by sight. He must be quick with his firearm, but not trigger-happy. At all times he must be armed.

His chances of being killed or injured are small, but they are ever-present: last year more than 40 officers and men were killed, nearly 150 injured; up to the middle of March this year 15 had been killed and 50 injured.

Danger does not worry the troops unduly and the Army has banned the word "terrorist" to describe Jewish gangsters, who terrify only civilians.

The soldier is not much interested in local leave, but he looks forward to LIAP after 12 months overseas. Off duty he catches up on his sleep, swims and plays games when he gets the chance. He may go to a camp cinema, but civilian ones are likely to be out of bounds. He can dance only if the ATS ask him to one of their dances, and they are stationed only in the two main garrisons. Virtually, there is no social contact with the civilian population. His local town is very likely out of bounds, anyway.

GEORGE BISHOP

MISCELLANY



"But if you have the settee there it's going to hide the sideboard there." The captain and the corporal, producer and stage-manager of Bad Oeynhausen's Mercury Theatre, discuss the "props".

GERMANY

Khaki Theatres

SAID the lance-corporal: "I don't agree. I think it should be a quicker bit of business."

Said the captain: "You're wrong. It should go like this," and showed him just how.

The lance-corporal shook his head and laughed at him.

Conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline? Not at all. Just two members arguing out a point in a play for the Rhine Army Theatre Club, one of BAOR's several intimate theatres.

It is an all ranks club run entirely in its members' off-duty hours. Its stage designer, who before joining the club had never been backstage but now talks with all the professional slang of an old stage hand, is a private, Thomas Miller. Its president is Colonel R. P. A. D. Lithgow, OBE.

In its beautifully equipped Kur Theatre, where once the Kaiser used to lie back in his ease listening to the Berlin Opera

Company, the club has put on some 30 plays, two of which were written by members themselves.

Another Bad Oeynhausen club is the Royal Signals "Mercury Theatre". In a small recreation room they have built their own stage and equipment, and not content with the RASC's two plays a month programme, present a new show every week.

Very enterprising is Hamburg's combined CCG and Army "His Majesty's Theatre Club." Their latest effort is "Gerstenberg", a post-war German allegorical play. Produced on the lines of Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" without any scenery, it was not an easy play to put over. It meant two of its members spending many evenings translating the play from the German and rewriting it in an idiomatic English.

BRITAIN

Sons of Their Fathers

SOUDIER welcomes to the Army some sons of famous fathers. Tpr. D. R. Montgomery recently entered Catterick Camp to train for the Royal Armoured Corps, and is able to wear the black beret which his father helped to make so famous.

In the Commons Mr. F. J. Bellenger, the War Minister, revealed that his 18-year-old son had joined up in the regular Army. Said his father: "He will have to meet life in different parts of the world, and when he is sent overseas he will have to meet the temptations which lie in the paths of British soldiers in different parts of the world, which are all too evident to those who go to the Far East and into countries like Germany — devastated countries, where moral values do not seem to prevail any more."

In the same debate Lieut-Colonel Geoffrey Clifton-Brown (Bury St. Edmunds) spoke on discipline and said: "My son went from the ordinary primary training straight up to the RAC training centre, and the difference it made to him in a month, not only physically but mentally and in every other way, was absolutely surprising and made me, as a father, feel I had produced something pretty good."

A former War Minister, Mr. J. J. Lawson, had a daughter in the ATS. He told SOLDIER: "She amuses me quite a lot sometimes when she talks about war. Do you know she talks as though we fought with bows and arrows in the first war, but I forgive her."

THINGS YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE UNLESS WE TOLD YOU

THREE soldiers found guilty of desertion in 1693 threw dice for their lives in St. George's Fields and the one who threw lowest was shot. It was common practice in the Army in those days that when several men were sentenced to death together they should dice and the highest throwers should be reprieved.

NORTH AFRICA

Out of The Blue

TWO familiar, if movable, landmarks have disappeared from the Western Desert: NAAFI has closed down the Two Bees and the Ship Inn, roadhouses that catered for travellers from the Nile Valley along the sun-scorched coast road to Tripoli.

The Two Bees started life at Buq Buq — hence its name — as a simple tent erection in January 1943 and crossed the wire to Capuzzo the following November. The Ship had a longer history: it began life at Sidi Barrani and moved back to Alamein with Eighth Army in 1942 and up again to Mersa Matruh in 1943. The Ship became famous for its nautical atmosphere. On its wicker-panelled walls (made from German flak containers) were white halyard lines and solid brass bulkhead lamps; its decorations included a rum barrel presented by a Norwegian ship's captain, the wheel of a wrecked Italian liner, two port-holes from a Tobruk wreck, a ship's log and a life-belt.

When the long, hot convoys of trucks pulled off the roads into the mine-free staging areas towards sunset, crowds would besiege the roadhouses as soon as bivvies had been set up. There was always tea and a bite to be had: sometimes there was even beer. When the Afrika Korps was on the run, whole divisions would descend on the two roadhouses and in those hectic days they served more than a million and a half meals.

Another North African close-down was recently signalled in ACI's under the intriguing heading: "Establishments cancelled — Physical Exhaustion Centre RAMC."

EGYPT

Hassan Will Miss Us

PICTURE a little man in a turban with a toothbrush moustache, sitting at a cricket match on a roasting Egyptian summer afternoon, pencil and scoresheet in front of him — and there is a picture of Hassan Gamrawi Effendi, the Egyptian who has satisfied the British soldier's craving for sport in the Valley of the Nile for more than 30 years.

In the Egyptian Mail office, where he started in 1910 as a 16-year-old office boy, Hassan has a chair, a desk and a typewriter. His job is to collect material for the sports editor, and since British soldiers have been making the sports news in Egypt for years past, Hassan has woven himself into their affairs and into their hearts. He calls himself a reporter, but a better description would be a one-man sports control board.

The evacuation will hit Egypt's most successful ambassador to the British Army sorely. He has always arranged matches "for the boys" and had very little financial reward. He once arranged 75 rugby, soccer and hockey matches in two days in 1940 and several times since he has nearly touched that figure. During the war, when the Cairo area was full of troops, he rarely laid on fewer than 20 matches in a week.

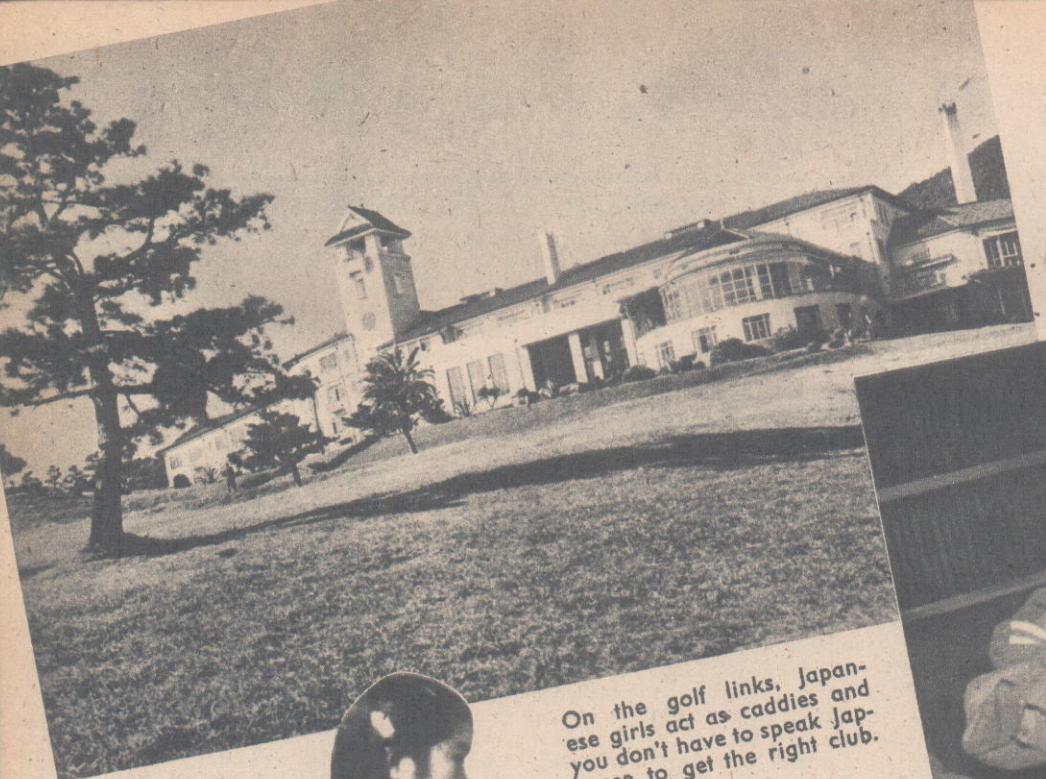
Anglo-Egyptian matches are his speciality. The first match Hassan arranged was between a Cairo sporting club and a cavalry regiment in 1913. The cavalry won by 4-0, but Hassan says it was the best match he ever saw. Players

today aren't what they were 20 years ago, says Hassan: in those days they were stronger, fitter, had more dash, used their heads more intelligently. There are few players today, he thinks, who can stand 90 minutes on an Egyptian sand-pitch.



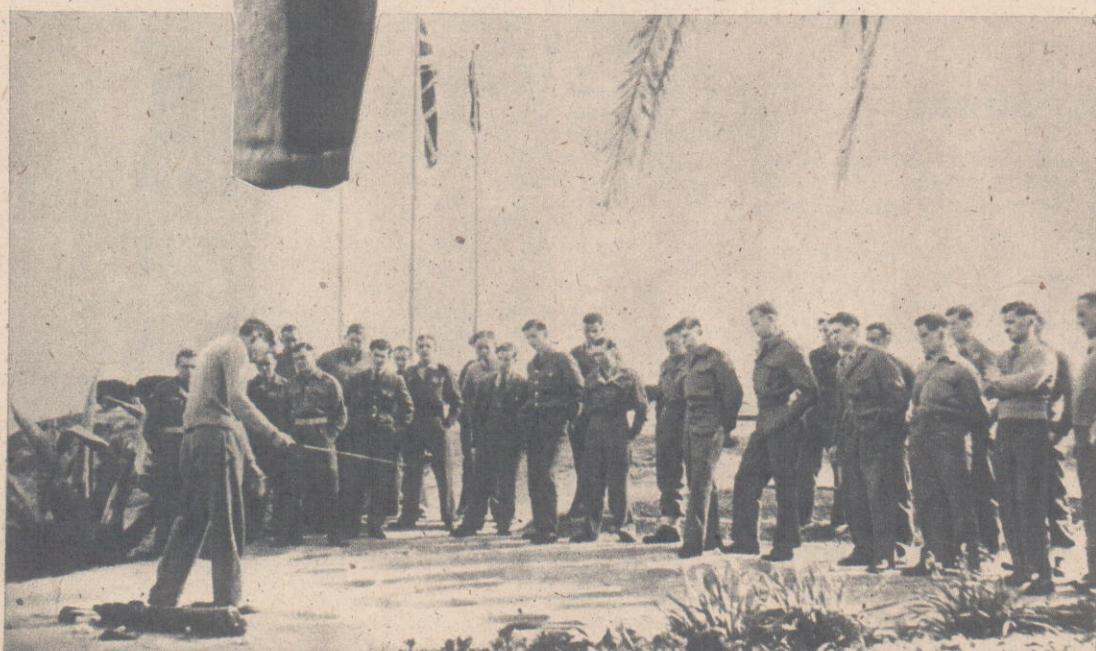
Hassan Gamrawi Effendi, who did something-for-nothing for the British soldier in Egypt.

Intended to accommodate Olympic Games visitors, Japan's luxury Kawana Hotel is now a leave centre for troops of the British Commonwealth Occupation Force. The Hotel buildings (left) stand in their own 500 acres. One of the highlights of their stay there is a Sukiyaki party (below) at which soldiers learn to use chopsticks.



MIND MY CHOPSTICKS!

Soldiers who want to learn to play golf, or those who want a strong opponent, can have the services of Chick Chin, a professional with an international reputation.



TOOPS of the British Commonwealth Occupation Force in Japan now have one of the Far East's most luxurious hotels in which to spend their holidays.

It is the Kawana, which was built at a cost of £200,000 to house distinguished visitors to the Olympic Games.

Its tower and red-tiled roofs dominate a rocky promontory of the Izu Peninsula and from its two dining-rooms—the circular walls of one are all windows—soldiers look out at the cone of Fujiyama, towering over the lesser hills nearer the hotel, or across the Pacific to another volcano, Miharayama on the island of Oshima, from which plumes of smoke occasionally rise.

In the hotel's 500 acres of ground used to be two golf courses; one of them became a vegetable garden during the war, but the other is still in excellent condition and troops on leave can borrow clubs, buy balls and make use of the ser-



There are 12 horses available in the hotel stables and more on the way.



For a quick dip, guests can use the hotel swimming-pool. Seated is Driver D. Thompson, of York. Man emerging is a New Zealander.

vices of Chick Chin, a professional golfer with an international reputation.

Holiday-makers can also go riding — there are 12 horses in the stables with 12 more coming. Grooms are always in attendance. They can play on the tennis and volley-ball courts or swim in the hotel's pool; they can take bus-rides to Ito and Atami, seaside resorts famous for their thermal baths; in summer they can go fishing and sea-bathing; amateur local photographers can find good hunting on the lower slopes of Fujiyama.

The hotel's bedrooms are big and beautifully furnished; 80 per cent of them have their own bathrooms and wash-basins; the building has constant hot water and steam-heating 24 hours a day. There is a big lounge, which looks out over the sea, a library, a 150-seater cinema, a souvenir shop, a barber's shop, a masseur, a two-day laundry service, dark-rooms for amateur photographers and an expert to help with advice, a billiards-room and a table-tennis room with five tables.

One of the highlights of a

stay at the Kawana is a *sukiyaki* party in the hotel's *sukiyaki* house. There ancient, blackened beams bear witness to the popularity of pieces of beef cooked on skewers over a charcoal fire by the guests as they sit round on cushions served by kimono-clad attendants.

Because of the war, Olympic Games visitors never came to Kawana. Instead, it became an American rest centre before it was handed over to BCOF recently.

A SOLDIER correspondent asked some of the guests idling in the vast, two-storey lounge, in front of the fire-place that takes five-foot logs, what they thought about Kawana.

Said an Australian: "If I told my people that I was staying in a hotel like this, they wouldn't believe me."

A New Zealander: "We used to see things like this in the desert, but they were mirages."

And an Englishman, who was playing some of the 500 classical records available on the lounge's gramophone: "So this is Monty's New Army!"

SOLDIER Bookshelf

SKUNKS AND BABOONS

"NEVER get into a spitting match with a skunk."

Major Lewis Hastings, MC, the BBC's wartime commentator, says this is excellent advice. Once he referred on the air to the traitor William Joyce "droning away with the sour pertinacity of a dung beetle". Joyce replied with an onslaught on "the bloodthirsty half-pay dug-out hurling his insults from a Margate boarding-house".

Another time Hastings compared the behaviour of some German soldiers in Poland with that of the African baboon. Hamburg Radio demanded that he should apologise. He did — to the African baboon.

"Schoolboy stuff", says Major Hastings, in his "Dragons Are Extra" (Penguin Books 1s.), "but this sort of thing gave me much needed comic relief in the war situation of 1941".

Major Hastings, a Gunner in World War One, started World War Two also as a Gunner — in Ack-Ack on the South Coast of England. He was seconded to the BBC and made nearly 1000 appearances at the microphone. Among war commentators a ragged crew, he stood out memorably — largely because he was forthright, never pompous, and knew exactly what he wanted to say. He wasn't the kind of commentator who quoted the great bore Clausewitz. So tired was the Major of hearing about Clausewitz that, when

broadcasting direct to the Germans, he invented a German strategist of his own, von Tauchnitz. Back came this reproof from Luxembourg: "Major Hastings quotes von Tauchnitz; he evidently does not understand him".

Far from viewing the war from a Margate boarding-house, the author saw it first-hand in many theatres. But he remembered that older war . . .

"I have unbounded admiration for the Eighth Army of the desert and for the 21st Army Group and for the 14th Army in Burma. What they did and what they endured is beyond praise. But I still hold that in matters of high morale, courage and readiness for sacrifice, the British troops who went up against the Germans on the Somme in July 1916 have never been surpassed."

Montgomery ("direct and uncompromising") he met several times. "One morning at his caravan after the passage of the Seine I opened up with a conventional remark: 'It's very good of you, sir, to give me a few minutes in the middle of the battle. Back came the response like a rifle shot: 'It is'."

Major Hastings' book of reminiscences is not all about the world wars. He has been diamond digger, prospector, big-game hunter and tobacco grower. Not the least virtue of his book — and it has many — is that it costs only a shilling.

THE ST. NAZAIRE RAID

Bluff plays its part in war, no less than planning and administration. In "The Attack on St. Nazaire" (John Murray, 6s.), Commander R. E. D. Ryder, VC, RN, tells how the combined force chose the little harbour of Fowey as their base and then heard there was a spy there.

So tropical kit was issued to suggest that the "10th Anti-Submarine Striking Force" was going abroad, and the night before they sailed the Commando force was smuggled from the *Josephine Charlotte*, a landing craft which was not going on the raid. A few cooks and other supernumeraries were left on board. Their orders: to make themselves as conspicuous as possible. Meanwhile their comrades slipped off in the motor launches escorting the *Campbeltown*.

Later, when the enemy opened up with coastal guns an Aldis lamp was used to give the international signal that ours were friendly ships being fired upon. The guns stopped. By the time they started again *Campbeltown* was near her objective. As planned she crashed into the lock gate.

The book gives a vivid description of the part played by the Commando under Lieut-Col. A. C.

Newman, VC (Essex Regt). The port was more heavily defended than had been expected and many of the men had no alternative but to fight their way through the defences and to make for Spain. Out of 277 soldiers 109 returned to England, the rest being taken prisoner or missing.

What happened? The morning after the raid (28 March, 1942) French dockers went to work. Firing was still in progress and they saw lorryloads of British prisoners coming from the harbour. Meanwhile an inspection party of some 40 officers, including the German admiral in charge of the port, went aboard the *Campbeltown*. Sightseers crowded round the ship. Just before midday — the Admiral had just left — the fuse worked. There was a violent explosion and about 60 officers and 320 men were killed. Later that afternoon there was another explosion. A torpedo had gone up. An hour later another followed. Civilians who ran for an exit were fired upon by sentries. The Germans mistook Todt workers, dressed in khaki, for more Commandos and all night a chaotic battle went on. The casualties were about 300. And the dock was out of action for the rest of the war.

NEW light on the secret manoeuvrings which led to the simultaneous explosion of atomic mines in all three enemy capitals on 22 March 1993 is contained in dispatches in the *London Gazette* of 1 April, 1999.

The dispatches are heavily censored by the Corps of Public Relations, and the name of the high-ranking author is withheld for security (his security) reasons.

Towards the end of 1992," states the author, "the Home Security Wing of the Royal Intelligence Corps noticed an abnormal influx of commercial travellers, refugees and tourists from Petunia, Syringa and Cyclamen, with all three of which countries relations were already becoming strained.

"Methods I cannot reveal, since they are used by the Customs authorities in peace-time, showed that each of these visitors was carrying concealed in luggage or on his or her person either a small piece of mechanism or a small quantity of (censored) at that time the most powerful fission-starter known. Correlation of information showed that material was being systematically imported to build 16 large atomic landmines of a type already pronounced obsolete by our experts at Didcot but, "...anti-fission suits..."



"Special Branch agents discovered that the invaders were reporting to twelve centres located in Kensington, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Sheffield, Edinburgh, Leeds, Derby, Bradford, Aldershot and Catterick. The plan appeared to be to destroy these centres of population and military activity on, or perhaps as, the inauguration of hostilities, the four

a third, hidden under a load of cricket gear ordered by the British Council, was delivered to a warehouse in Pollen, the Cyclaminian capital.

Three hours before the British ultimatum on the import duty on knobs for radio sets was due to expire, all three mines were simultaneously detonated from London, and, says the writer in that phraseology which stamps him as a general officer, "the three capitals were no more. We had their first three wickets



PAGE 20

THE SECRETS OF WORLD WAR THREE

surplus mines being intended either for other areas of London or as spares.

"On one pretext or another, each smuggler was arrested before reaching his or her rendezvous or so we thought. Unfortunately we slipped up in one instance, which accounted for the cataclysm which destroyed so much of the south-eastern district of London when hostilities broke out."

Meanwhile the nation's defence services had swung into operation and the men of the so-called Puff-Pastry Wing of the Army Catering Corps were cooking up what the author reveals for the first time was their real duty.

Under a load of coal, a British atomic mine, powered with the new (censored), was soon lying in a barge moored to a river quay in the heart of the Petunian capital of Stamen; a helicopter with a silenced engine delivered another at the remote hunting-lodge of a British diplomat in Syringa and it was run into the capital, Pistil, by night in a truck and established in the cellar under a helicopter garage;

half of the civilian population to become totally deaf, but effective silencers were fitted to them in the closing stages of the war. At one time enemy propaganda had persuaded a good many people that the zeugma-ray defences would cause loss of virility and barrenness, but events showed that this was not so.

"Against the zeugma-ray walls,

down before they had scored a run, but the south-east London explosion two hours later showed we were not going to get the whole team out for a duck."

In some ill-informed quarters we were accused of starting the war. But the decision to detonate, the writer reveals, was made only after receipt of vital information from MI 5.

How the three enemy countries anticipated the threat of further atom mines being dropped from the air by herding vast numbers of neighbouring neutrals into their threatened territories is a matter of history. As usual we were accused of being sentimentalists. For geographical reasons, no such precautions could be taken by Britain.

After describing the "phony war" which lasted for the next two months, the writer discusses the circumstances leading to the incident which devastated East Anglia in the third month.

"Our zeugma-ray screen round the coasts of the British Isles was entirely effective. The controlled atomic-energy generators produced more power for them than man had ever controlled before; it was unfortunate that

their

humming caused nearly

the catastrophe of 19 June 1993 in East Anglia was due to a curious accident. A young corporal of the Grenadier Guards Battalion of the Women's Regular Army, who was on duty at one of the atomic generators near Yarmouth, found herself sharing watch with a sergeant of a Ray Battalion of the Royal Engineers with whom she had been walking out but with whom she had quarrelled. In the course of their watch they patched up the quarrel and in the overwhelming moment of the embrace which sealed their reconciliation the young lady inadvertently quite literally dropped a spanner into the works.

"This caused a momentary gap in the outer-screen of the zeugma-ray defences and a salvo of V-69 rockets (the type which cruised around the screen until either its fuel ran out, when it crashed in the sea, or its sensitive antennae found a way through the screen) happened to be passing at the time. None can regret more bitterly what followed than the two young people who were inadvertently its cause. It was particularly

type of warfare than the enemy's. Our fighting line consisted of two Infantrymen every quarter of a mile with reserves the same distance behind. The fatal radius of an atomic rifle shell is 200 yards, so closer concentration would, it seemed to us, merely lead to greater casualties. The enemy, on the other hand, stuck to the old fashioned notion of concentrated fire-power, and so, with this great density of bodies, our well-trained marksmen were able to count on killing about a company of the enemy with each well-placed round.

Discussing the part played by the Army, the writer goes on: "When the enemy after a prolonged bombing offensive on the



"...a barge ... moored in the heart of the capital..."

unfortunate that part of the affected area should have been one of the three reserves into which the civilian population was concentrated when the rest of the country was taken over by the armed forces for training purposes.

"In spite of the reconstruction plans now proceeding, the Eastern counties will never regain their former appearance and that broad Norfolk brogue so many of us loved is likely to die out with this generation. However, I am told that the new Cambridge University will be every bit as fine an educational institution as the old one."

The writer then explains why determined attacks were continually made on the enemy's space-ship research establishments. "The zeugma-ray screen could only put a wall round the British Isles; it could not put a roof on. Efforts were made to contrive a 'pointed roof' by slanting the rays inland, so that they would meet, but

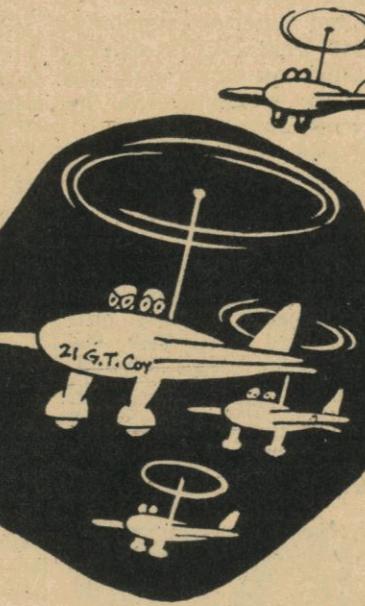
the longest rays we put into the sky were effective only up to about 30 miles — nothing like sufficient to make a pyramid over Britain. Thus there was a danger that space-ships, climbing over the zeugma-ray screen, might swoop down inside it, with disastrous consequences. I should like here to pay tribute to the Commandos of the one-man atomic rocket squadrons who caused so much damage to the space-ship stations; they showed the same splendid courage as their rude forefathers of World War Two in their attacks on the heavy-water installations."

"The effect of the enemy's fire was to make radio-active craters in front of his line, which gave him little advantage because our Infantry found no

territories of North Africa, which were undefended by zeugma-ray screen, occupied them with parachute troops, our Infantry from their bases in East Africa had an opportunity of showing their mettle.

"The most important weapon of the war, there is no doubt, was the old-fashioned .303 rifle firing atomic shells. When I was a young soldier it would have seemed unbelievable that one day a single man standing up with a clumsy, old-fashioned rifle would be able to destroy a vast block of buildings or a concrete fortification. But despite opposition from the hide-bound who whined that the atomic rifle-shell was not so 'humane' as the old bullet, the Army went right ahead.

"Our tactics, evolved on the training grounds of Dartmoor, the Lake District, Salisbury Plain, and other beauty spots, were far more suited to this



Royal Army Air Service Corps

difficulty in moving through them in their 'Betty Grables', as they called their close-fitting anti-fission suits, and over which the helicopters of the Royal Army Air Service Corps could hop lightly when the time came for rear elements to advance."

The writer believes the Infantry will have a major part to play in the next war — for he is sceptical about the ability of the Concord of Nations, on its artificial mid-Atlantic isles, to promote lasting peace.

"Wherever there are areas to be occupied, civilians to control, enemy to expel, there you must have Infantry," he writes. "In World War Three the Infantry were the only real fighting troops. The Artillery, well though it did its job, was really only unskilled, or at best semi-skilled, labour working for the Royal Atomic and Ray Engineers and with the development of close-range bombing by the tele-controlled automata of the RAF its function will die out. The day of the tanks — which the tradition-bound cavalrymen of Whitehall until after hostilities started, insisted must be retained — was soon shown to be over, despite their fission-proof armour, because the enemy had no difficulty in bogging them down by blowing 50-foot deep craters all round them."

Paying tribute to some of the ancillary services, the writer mentions the Long Range Entertainments Group, which successfully moved a company of pierrots from the sands of Margate to the sands of North Africa; No. 4 Himalayan Rest Camp, where thousands of ray-happy troops were nursed back to health in the clean air of Mount Montgomery (formerly Mount Everest); the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, who so readily adapted themselves to caring for mechanical mules; the Antarctic Draft Conducting Unit, charged with the lonely job of piloting Empire reinforcements across Polar wastes; the plucky NCO's of the Hypnotic Warfare Branch, who by a cunning projection of television reduced their opponents to a coma at 200 yards; the Perpetual Motion Wing of the Royal College of Scientists, whose members are believed to have got within measurable distance of a goal unsuccessfully sought for centuries; and the back room boys of the Bacteria Defences, on whose ingenious counter-measures the nation could confidently have relied had we been forced into what the less responsible newspapers persisted in dismissing as "the bug war bogey."

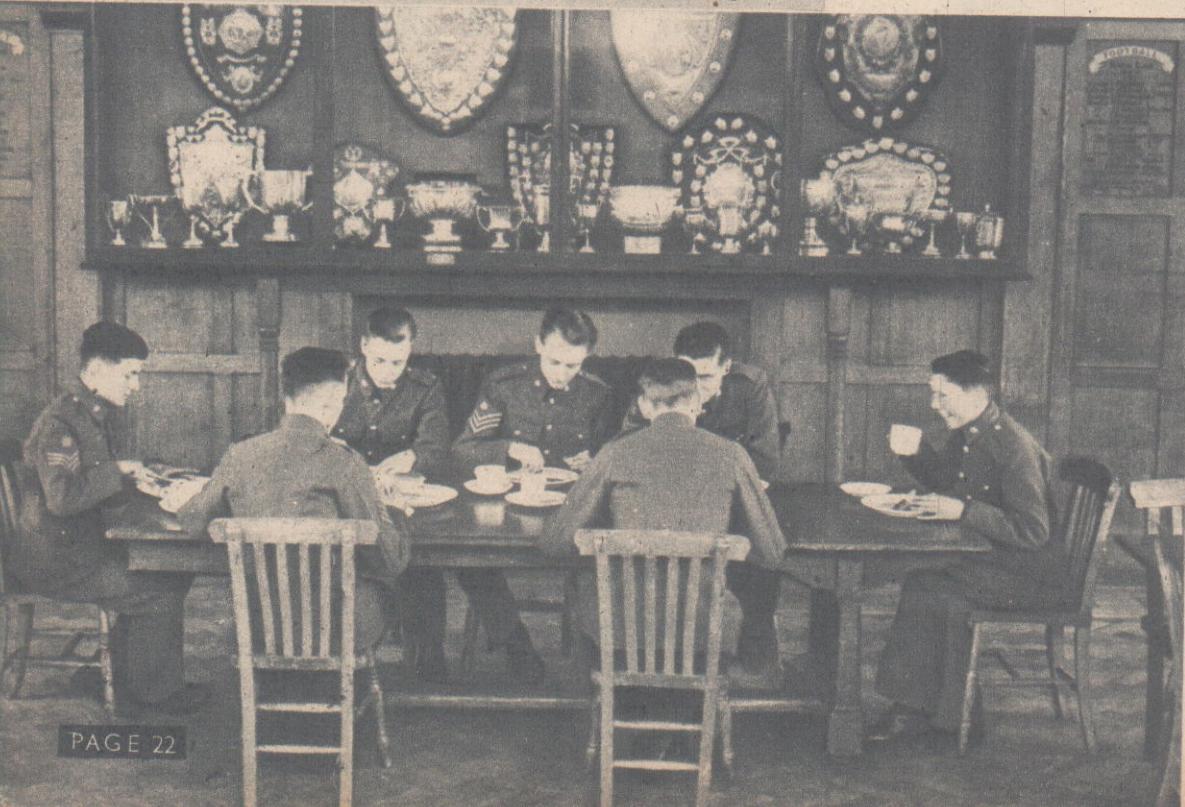
"Against the zeugma-ray walls, piloted and robot aircraft, rockets and shells dashed themselves and fell into the North Sea..."



"Close the disengaged eye, align the top of the foresight in the centre of the aperture..." Boy Owen of the Duke of York's School is coached on the miniature range by CSM. Holsey.



The dining-room is as good as that of any public school and so is the food. Boys in white aprons are dining-room orderlies. Below: The prefects take their tea at their own table at the head of the panelled dining-room. Behind them are the school sporting trophies and on the walls are cricket and football records.



"SONS OF THE BRAVE"

ON the grassy cliff-tops behind Dover Castle stands Britain's most wind-swept school. It is the Army's school for its sons — the Duke of York's Royal Military School — and round its red-brick buildings whistle the cold winds from the North Sea and the capricious Channel gales.

On this Spartan site, soldiers' sons from the age of nine to 18 spend their school-days. They wear military uniform, with their fathers' regimental badges on the breast; their discipline is organised on military lines and their orders are "published" Army fashion; marks towards the House Championship shield are given for drill and interior economy; prefects wear NCO's stripes; the staff is an Army staff and the padre wears a DSO he won in Burma.

The school was founded by Royal Charter in the soft airs of Chelsea, in 1801, with 150 boys and 50 girls and expanded to a total of 1250. In those days 6½d a day was allowed for the rations of each child and the staple drink was small beer. No more girls were admitted after 1840 and branches of the school in Southampton and the Isle of Wight were closed down. The school moved to the vigorous sea-breezes in 1909 and there it has

separate boarding-houses, workshops, gymnasium, swimming-bath and all the other places needed by a modern school.

The buildings and the educational and training programmes have kept up with the times. The school, against a military background, can give a boy a normal academic education of the type he would get in a grammar school, or a secondary education with a technical bias. In addition, he can take his Army certificates.

In the junior school are about 50 boys of nine and ten and the main school has 400, aged from 11 to 15. About 30 boys each year are picked for higher education and stay on until they are 18. Education, board and uniform are free.

About eight in every ten of the boys leaving the school go into the Army. Those who leave at 15 mostly enlist as bandboys or go to Army technical schools. Those who stay until they are 18 may sit for scholarships to Sandhurst.

All the boys are sons of WO's, NCO's and men, or of officers who enlisted as regulars in the ranks before being commissioned. When there are vacancies, preference is given to boys whose fathers were killed in battle. Among the boys now at the school are Thomas Wakenshawe of Newcastle-on-Tyne, son of the VC whose terribly-injured body was found on the gun he had fought until he died, and 13-year-old Arthur Evans of Guildford, son of the late Sjt. Arthur Evans, VC, DCM.

The "Dukies", as the boys are known, are proud of the war record of their old boys. During World War Two, 300 of them served as officers, 108 with field rank. One, Lt-Gen. Sir Archibald Nye, now Governor of Madras, was Vice-CIGS.

A contemporary of Gen. Nye as a "Dukie", Mr. J. McCarthy, recalls that like many of the senior students before 1914, Nye planned to become an Army schoolmaster and when war broke out he became a sergeant in the Corps of Army Schoolmasters, later going to the Infantry.

"In those days," says Mr.

SCHOOL ORDERS (Part 1)

Colonel R. E. Barnwell, C.B.E.,
Commandant, Duke of York's Royal Military School,
Dover, Monday July 15th. 46

Detail for tomorrow:-

C.S.M. 1st duty	C.S.M. Justice
Dining Hall duty	C.S.M. Granger, D.C.M.
Buglers on duty	Boys Edward & Lawrence
Vehicle Maintenance	Task No. 15

591. Choir Outing, 1946

The following have been selected to go on the Choir Outing to Canterbury on Wednesday, July 17th -
C.S.P. Cartwright; S.P. Dunkeld; S.P. Bowler; S.P. Peel;
S.P. Harrington; S.P. Mehlert; H.P. East; Boys I Hancock.

"Dukies" have to read their Orders like any other soldiers. Before Orders were published, a boy sent to Coventry as a punishment would get into further trouble because he would not hear verbal orders.

McCarthy, "the boys who were training to be teachers, the Monitors, used to hold their own courts-martial and punish their own crimes. The most common punishments were "bumps" and "slaps," but in extreme cases a man might be sent to Coventry.

"That was very rare and I only knew it happen once. Being sent to Coventry was a very severe punishment because orders were issued verbally and the man in Coventry wouldn't receive them, so he got into more trouble."

Once a year the school has its Grand Day, when the boys turn out on ceremonial parade before receiving their prizes for the year. On this day the old boys turn up in force and last year Field-Marshal Montgomery, who presented the prizes inspected a parade of scores of old boys who included privates and brigadiers and ex-BSM. A. J. Davis of Dover who left the school to go into the Army 63 years ago.

Hero of the day was 18-year-old Peter Cartwright, chief school prefect, who collected from F.M. Montgomery the Duke of York's Silver Medal for Good Work and

Good Conduct and the Victor Ludorum cup.

Peter, who hopes to go to Sandhurst, is the son of a major in the Royal Scots Fusiliers and has a brother who was commissioned into the same regiment and seconded to the Indian Army.

"I don't think I shall go to the RSF. Two of a family is enough for one regiment," says Peter.

Peter reports that there is not nearly so much student-imposed punishment as there was in Mr. McCarthy's day. The new boy gets from his seniors much the same sort of ragging as he would in any other school, but with a military angle, and instructions to whitewash the Last Post are issued pretty regularly. Which goes to show that boys are boys even when they are in khaki.

The Army's attitude to the boys was summed up by F.M. Montgomery when he said, in his Grand Day speech: "I think that by coming to see you here I can repay something of the debt that I owe to your fathers who fought with me."

THE GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK

FIELD-MARSHAL FREDERICK, Duke of York, C-in-C. of the British Army and second son of George III, was one of the Army's great benefactors.

It was he who abolished the most absurd military dress in Europe and gave the British soldier something to wear that was easy and comfortable. He raised the soldier's pay.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century he was distressed by the large numbers of neglected children who were orphans of soldiers. Mainly through his work the Royal Military Asylum, which later became the Duke of York's School, was founded and he laid the foundation-stone in 1801.

The Duke, "big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing and courageous," was one of the most popular men of his day, generous and never known to break a promise.

Once he quarrelled with a Colonel Lennox and said (as a good many NCO's have said since) that he did not want his rank to protect him. So a duel was arranged to take place on Wimbledon Common. Lennox fired first and his ball grazed the Duke's side-curl; the Duke did not fire and his second reported that he did not intend to fire.

The Duke of York often visited his school and talked of the pupils as "my children." When he died, in 1827, 1000 boys from the school went to his lying-in-state, carrying their standards and led by their band which had muffled drums.



In the handicraft shop an instructor demonstrates "the one and only correct way to use a tenon saw." Note the "Dukie's" web belt and issue braces.



It looks like trigonometry. Like good students anywhere, if they don't quite understand first go, "Dukies" ask for an extra explanation after class.



The bungalow-type dormitories are well spaced-out, have plenty of windows and are brightened by gaily-patterned bedspreads.

Below: Field-Marshal Montgomery inspected the boys at their last Grand Day and said afterwards it was the best parade he had seen since the war.





THEY CALLED HIM UNBALANCED

MAJOR-GENERAL Charles George Gordon was a great soldier and administrator as well as a humanitarian. He first saw active service as a junior officer in the RE in the Crimea and then went to China.

For six years he was stationed at Gravesend. It was a military backwater, and here, in the slums, he began his work among the under-nourished, verminous boys of the back streets. He washed, fed and sheltered them, gave them lessons in his Ragged School, spoke to them of religion and taught them a trade.

In the service of the Khedive of Egypt he went twice to the Sudan and spent his time trying to bring health and hope to the Sudanese. He found himself in conflict with Europeans who were trying to make money out of the country, he fought the Abyssinians and the slave-traders, while in Cairo the usurers to whom the Khedive owed money were fighting him.

Next he went to China and averted a Chinese-Russian war, and in South Africa he made peace with the Zulus.

Finally he went back to the Sudan, a third time, at the request of the British Government, to evacuate the British and the garrison, as the country was in revolt. He was cut off in Khartoum by the Dervish hordes and held out for nine months, then his garrison was overpowered and Gordon was murdered. Two days later a badly-commanded relief expedition sighted the city.

SCHOOLBOYS

THEIR HERO IS

OF all the memorials to great British soldiers, the most appropriate is the Gordon Boys' School at Chobham, in Surrey.

Major-General Charles Gordon, who was murdered at Khartoum in 1885, had given his leisure and his pay to working for his "scuttlers," as he called them—the dead-end kids of his day—and so his memorial took the form of a school for boys who were "necessitous, of sound physique and of good character," to give them practical vocational training.

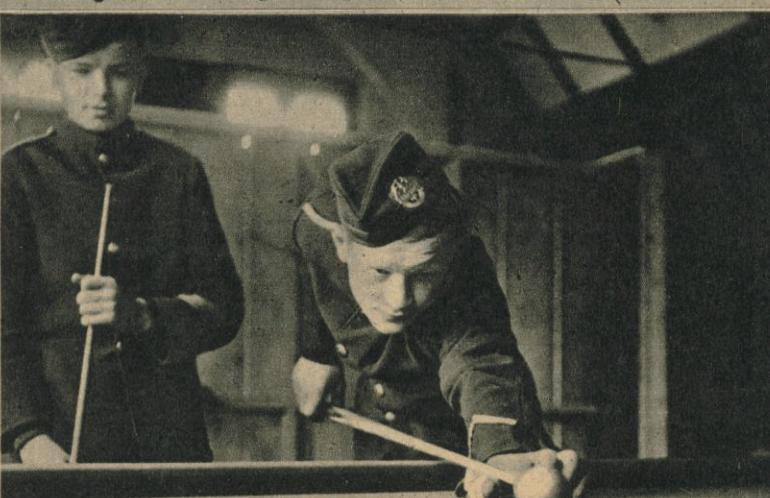
The 240 Gordon boys wear a "B" Company of the 2nd, Cadet Battalion, The Queen's Royal Regiment, and is one of the most efficient companies in the Army Cadet Force. That the boys make smart soldiers was confirmed at an Aldershot War Savings week when, having watched a march-past which included Royal Navy, Brigade of Guards and line units, the District Commander told reporters the smartest man on parade was the Gordon Boys' pipe-major.

And the results they achieve? The boys are free to choose their own careers, but 1800 of them have gone straight into the Army on regular engagements, 800 of them as bandsmen; there are believed to be only two regiments in the British Army which have not had ex-Gordon Boys in their bands. Every six months some of the boys sit in competitive examination for entry to the Army Technical School and the Gordon School has never yet had a failure in the examination. A number of the boys join the Army some time after leaving the school; substantial numbers go into the Royal Navy, Royal Marines or Merchant Navy; fewer join the RAF or the regular Colonial Forces.

This type of training has two advantages: for the boys, it is practical apprentices' training; for the school, which is not very wealthy, it produces all the boys' uniforms and boots, much of their food and workers for the bakery and kitchen. The school also operates its own drainage and sewage farm and its own electricity plant.

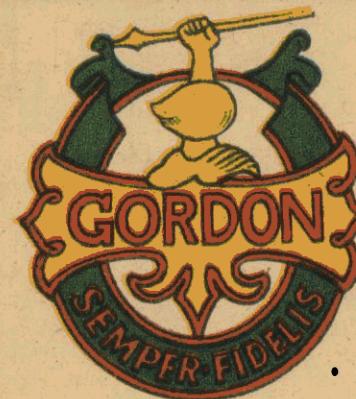
The boys' military training includes firing on a miniature range and work to Certificate "A"; some also take a technical course. The school also forms

There are three billiard tables of different sizes in the billiard-room. Boys start on the smallest, graduate through the second to the full-size table.



IN UNIFORM 2

GORDON



more. The school does not forget them when they leave (normally at about 17, or 17½ if they go into the Forces as men). They go from Chobham with a complete civilian outfit and tools if needed. When necessary, they can receive bursaries for further training. The school sees they have a good place to live gives them an introduction to a local boys' club gives them a grant if their starting wages are not enough for a decent standard of living. And, on leave, they can always find a welcome at Chobham.

Money for all this comes from the earnings of the school's capital and from gifts, many of which are made by units and formations of the Army, ships and stations of the Royal Navy and from the RAF. Fees don't matter; some of the boys' parents help towards their maintenance while they are at Chobham, but the school's main interest is to see the boys get what they need.

In its early days, the school was a place of Spartan living and punishments included spells in cells that are narrower and drearier than those of any Army guardroom. Today the cells are used as an armoury, punishment is more like that of a public school, living conditions are more comfortable and a visitor soon senses that the school is a happy place.

Outside working hours, the boys can spend their time in a big gymnasium in which they have just built themselves a new stage from salvage material, or the swimming bath, the library, the billiard-room, which has three tables, or the canteen where they can have free tea and sandwiches every evening and three free cinema shows a week.

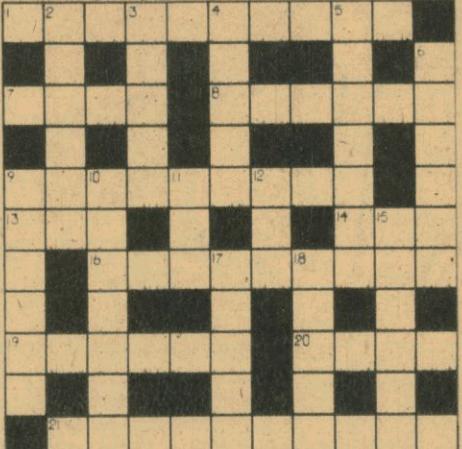
But the memorial Gordon would himself have appreciated is in the happy faces of the boys themselves and in the records of the old boys—the "scuttlers" who made good.

RICHARD ELLEY.

In the Memorial Hall boys examine a sword and a dervish shield. Behind them is a valuable cabinet presented to Gordon by the Emperor of China.



CROSSWORD



DOWN:

- Milder.
- I own a — Scottish island.
- Rude about you, but a compliment to a donkey (two words).
- Go faster than.
- A prospector might do this to his claim, or a housewife to her laundry (two words).
- A triple crown.
- Means "work" to surgeons, and armies.
- Happen to.
- Fall.
- Starts badly, but is altogether genuine.
- Rubbish.
- The lion star.
- Steven for happenings.
- Cheek, courage or what makes your toes waggle.
- Silence! For a game of cards.

(Answers on Page 35)

How Much Do You Know?



- Who is this character and in which comic strip does he appear?
- What does this headline (in the Glasgow Herald) mean:
WOMAN GAOLED FOR RESET.
- Only one of these statements is true: — which?
The Duke of Windsor is a field-marshall;
Frank Owen edits The Daily Herald;
Mr. Attlee is MP for Hoxton;
The Home Secretary appoints the Film Censor.
- Which of these is an "intruder": RENLEAVE, SEWLRROM, SEALF, LIAP, FARLEAF?
- A jeep in Britain is licensed at the rate of 6 hp; 16 hp; 26 hp; 36 hp. Which?
- Which two books by Dickens have recently been filmed in Britain?
- Cumulus is (a) a Stock Exchange term; (b) a type of cloud; (c) a vegetable; (d) a Roman burial-place?
- Who is the Caudillo?
- Can you name the author who popularised "Ruthless Rhymes" like the following:
Which?

(Answers on Page 35)



MOBILE
CINEMA.



H. F. WILES.



SOLDIER HUMOUR

Relax



"He's from the War Office, and wants to know if you get your copies of SOLDIER regularly."





These ancient arches frame Government House at Nicosia, capital of Cyprus and familiar to many British troops in Middle East.

QUIET PAGE

It looks like olde worlde England — but these are up-to-date country cottages on Lord Portal's estate in Free Folk Village, Hampshire. They are not the homes of an artists' colony, or stockbrokers' week-end retreats; they are genuine farm workers' cottages with modern interiors.

At evening on the Mohne See, Germany, with scarcely a breath of wind to ripple the water, the little sailing boats are moored with their canvas up. (Photo by A. Hayward, 7 CCG Cor. Unit.)

COVER SOLDIER

ABOUT midday on 12 March 1945 a grey and battle-filthy Infantryman of the Royal Berkshire Regiment stood on the top of monastery-capped Mandalay Hill looking down at the pagodas of Mandalay.

For the last four days he had fought for that view from the hill, and that morning had helped mop up the last suicide parties of Japs who had held out in the hill's large concrete tunnel and solidly built shrines.

Mandalay meant a lot to him as he stood resting on his rifle watching the first artillery shells attempt to breach the 45ft.-thick walls of mediaeval Fort Dufferin, Mandalay's strong-point, for it meant the climax of a 500-mile fighting march from the Assam-Burma border and another step nearer home. As his tired eyes watched the shell bursts an Army photographer took his picture.

A month later it appeared on the back pages of the press at home then headlining news like "On To Berlin: Non-stop." Below the photograph appeared his name—Pte. A. Brain, Banbury, Oxford—but the picture was there to stand for every fighting man on the then overshadowed Burma Front. Brain's local newspaper reported "Banbury Man in Mandalay," mentioned the school he came from, and said that he had played left-half for Middleton Cheney village football team.

See the right-hand picture above the mantelpiece? It was a great day when a neighbour rushed in at breakfast and cried, "Mrs. Brain, your son's picture's in the paper!"

Then his photograph appeared again, front-paged in *SOLDIER*, which said: "In the midst of our many preoccupations here in BLA, among our thoughts of leave and home and a rest from the wearying struggle, there is space—and a goodly space—for Pte. Brain . . . For him the task is not yet ended."

But there were two people who saw Pte. Brain not as a significant symbol but as a man. They were Pte. Brain's parents. Plump, cheerful Mrs. Brain was making breakfast when a neighbour rushed in shouting. "Mrs. B., your son's picture is in the paper." Mrs. Brain looked at the paper, cried, "Oh, my God, it's our Albert!", shouted for Father and rushed for her spectacles just to make sure.

Albert himself saw his photograph in the Army newspaper SEAC in a page of pictures headed "Fourteenth March Into



Above: Private Albert Brain, of Banbury, resting on Mandalay Hill nearly two years ago, made *SOLDIER*'s cover picture.

Left: And this is Mr. Albert Brain, of Banbury today. He works in a brewery and gets six free pints daily.

Mandalay." On one side was the caption "The General," with a picture of Lieut-General Slim underneath, and on the other side "The Soldier"—Pte. A. Brain, of Banbury, Oxford. But Brain never appeared in the triumphal march through Mandalay's streets, for three days after the picture was taken he went into hospital with bamboo poisoning. Three months later he was fighting again on the Toungoo-Mawchi road, and it was here on 16 August that he learnt the news he had long awaited. "This is it. This is the end of the war," he read in SEAC. "Now the blood can stop and Man return to his home from killing . . ."

Albert has been home for a year now. He slipped back into his home as if he had only been away for an evening down at the local. When he landed in England he telegraphed his parents that he was on his way home. All day they waited and then when it was late in the night and there was no sign of him, they put the door on the latch as they had always done before he went away, left his supper out on the table and went to bed. Some time after midnight Albert came in, dumped his kit down, ate his supper and went quietly up to his room. Next morning his father spotted his kit, rushed upstairs and saw Albert asleep.

The first real night at home he "had a quiet evening with Ma and Pa down at the pub." He took his full leave, "taking a good look around the place and having a drink in the evening," then got a job as a workman with the Corporation. Packing

that up, he found another job in an installation works pulling down machinery, and later took a job in a malt-house of a brewery where he intends to settle. He gets six free pints of beer a day. In September he married a girl named Nelly and he lives with her in her mother's small house. The waiting lists for a house are too long and he doesn't want a pre-fab, so he's happy at the moment to stay where he is.

Albert doesn't talk very much and perhaps he hasn't got a lot to say. On the fighting in Burma and the present conditions at home he makes no comment at all, his lips just come together in a puckered-up smile that says a lot. If you press him for his views on our intended withdrawal from India, he will say that taking our troops away is a mistake, and reckons that the Indians will fight among themselves if given Home Rule—"they're that sort of people." Except for periodic pains behind the eyes—a souvenir from Burma—Albert appears to have put the last six years well behind him. Once more he plays left-half for Middleton Cheney and he has slipped back to his old life in Banbury where he was born and bred and hopes to stay.

But perhaps Albert the Infantryman, the man who once typified the fighting spirit of the Burma soldier, has slipped back too quietly. Maybe the world needs to know more of what he thinks—if he would talk. If it slowed itself down to an Infantryman's pace and reflections it might learn something even from his silences.

JACK PARKER.





Sexlessness was the keynote of the uniforms worn by women's services about 1914. Observe the gaiters. Today's ATS girl (right) smiles. She just can't help it.



THERE'S A NEW ATS UNIFORM ON THE WAY

THE controversy over the ATS uniform is as old as the ATS. Some of its wearers have maintained that it made them feel smart and soldierly; others have complained that it distorted their very creditable figures.

Some men have enthused over its military neatness and said it made their girl-friends look like film-stars; others replied that their girl-friends in uniform looked like overstuffed armchairs and as broad-beamed as a tank-transporter.

Lord Mancroft, in the House of Lords, recently asked: "In the name of common decency, humanity and justice, cannot the ATS have a new uniform?" and added: "The present humiliating combination of sackcloth and sandbag has been designed, I think, by a man who must have been crossed in love when young and was determined to get his

own back on the whole female sex. Unfortunately, the measure of his success is reflected in the recruiting figures."

At the War Office an ATS officer refused to be drawn on the subject, but commented on Lord Mancroft's speech "No one has been so insulting before." Whatever effect the uniform has had on recruiting figures, in the past the ATS has seen no cause to be ashamed of it and proudly illustrated it on at least one recruiting poster.

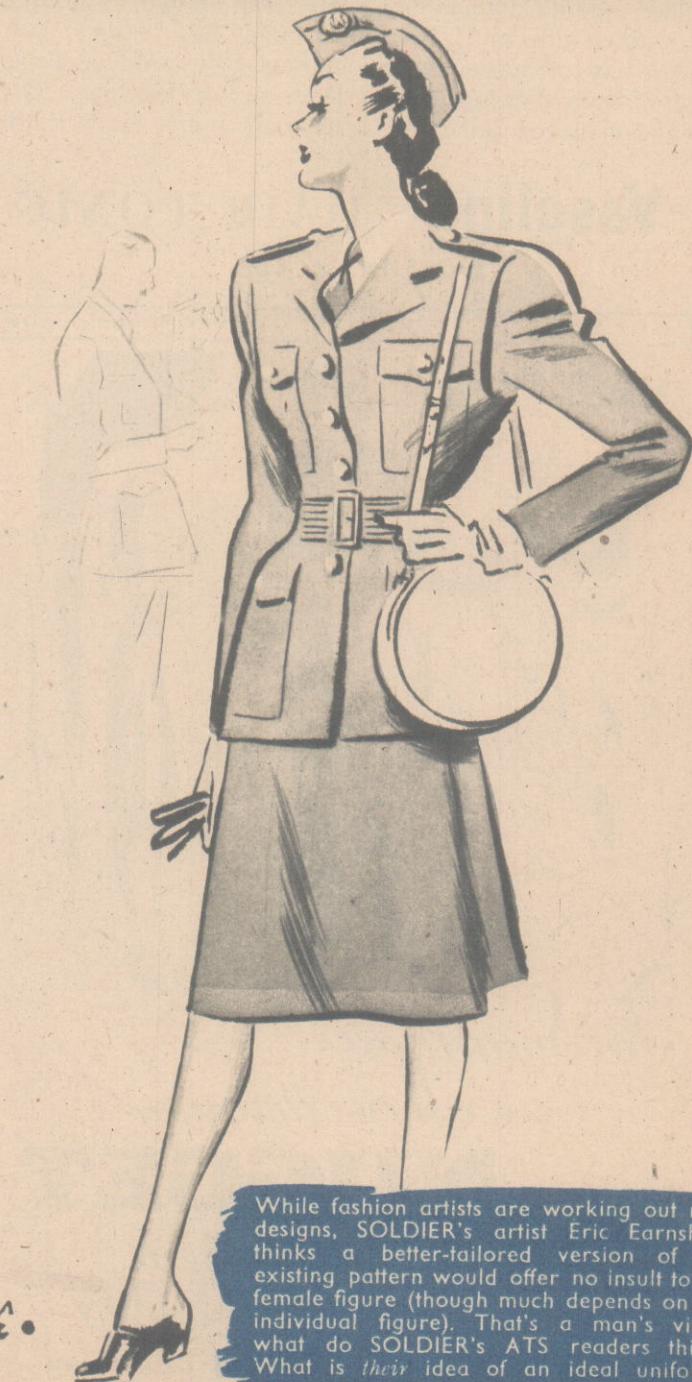
But now steps are to be taken to produce a new uniform for the Service. First, one of London's leading dress designers is to be asked to produce his ideas on the subject. Then girls and junior officers from the different commands will be asked to give their opinions on the designs. For a while they will become temporary members of the Post-War Dress Committee, until the committee decides which design to submit to the Army Council, who in turn will submit it to the King for approval. All this is likely to take months and manufacture of the new uniform and disposal of old stocks will take more months, so it will be quite a while before the new outfit is issued.

Meanwhile, ATS, like male soldiers, have a new incentive to look after their uniforms. Instead of getting everything issued free from stores, they are receiving allowances for the maintenance and replacement of their clothes. On joining, they will get a complete kit and they will immediately start to draw either 2s 3d or 1s 10½d a week; the girls on the lower rate will be those who do most of their work in battledress or overalls of various kinds. Battledress, slacks, overalls, dungarees, leather jerkins and divers' gloves will still be issued free.



Hands-in-pockets sergeant of just-before-the-war. Soon afterwards a high-level decision raised skirts to a higher level.

Women's uniforms had come a long way by 1938. FANY's, seen paraded here, were proud of their leather belts.



While fashion artists are working out new designs, *SOLDIER*'s artist Eric Earnshaw thinks a better-tailored version of the existing pattern would offer no insult to the female figure (though much depends on the individual figure). That's a man's view: what do *SOLDIER*'s ATS readers think? What is their idea of an ideal uniform?



Look what happens— when you end DRY SCALP!

Is it the same man, in these two pictures? Yes! On the left he's got Dry Scalp. How untidy his hair looks. He just can't keep it in place. And it's dry and lifeless, with no gloss on it. Even worse—bits of loose, scaly dandruff keep showing in his hair and on his coat collar, too.

No Dry Scalp on the right, thanks to 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. His hair is healthy, easy to comb. No dandruff. And looks well dressed. You, too, can end Dry Scalp! Just massage gently with this Tonic Dressing every morning. Use sparingly, supply is still short.

TRADE **Vaseline** MARK
BRAND HAIR TONIC
ENDS DRY SCALP

1388F

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on all occasions—

NUGGET

The polish of
Supreme Quality

In Black, Brown & Dark Brown



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SWIFT-SAFE-EFFECTIVE
Say millions—Read these

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8 Whitelocks Yard,

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Dear Sirs, Cambridge.
I feel I must write to thank you for the wonderful results your 'ASPRO' have given to my daughter. She had a headache and was feverish. My wife gave her half a tablet at 4.30 and at 5.30 she was playing. It was wonderful. I have taken them myself for 10 years, also my wife. We are never without them. Yours truly,

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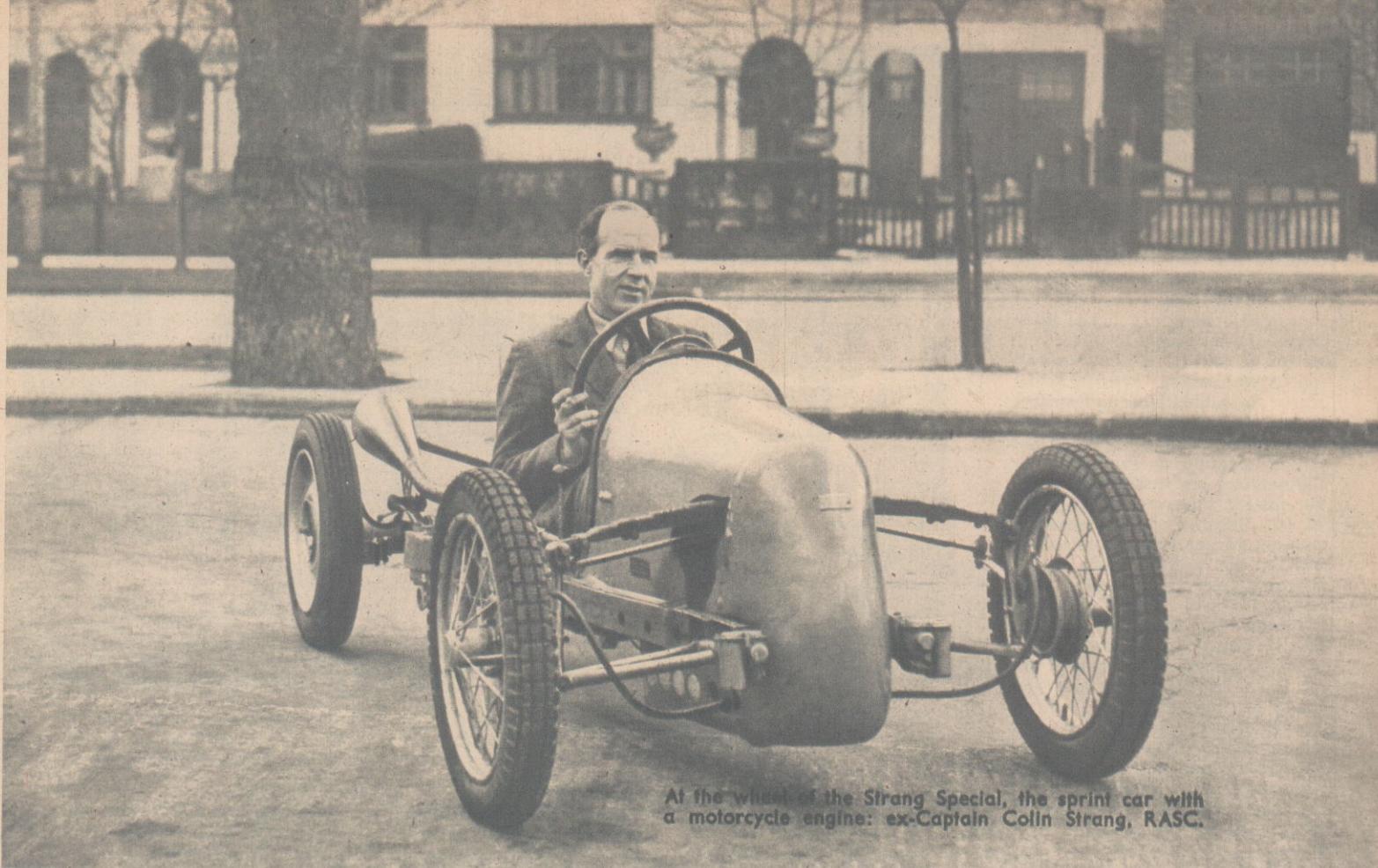
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At the wheel of the Strang Special, the sprint car with a motorcycle engine: ex-Captain Colin Strang, RASC.

DEEP in the Malayan jungle an Army captain had a dream. It was one of those recurring dreams. It persisted even when he had to get out of Singapore pretty quickly, and during an adventurous voyage to Ceylon.

The captain was Colin Strang, of the Royal Army Service Corps, a New Zealander who had indulged in the expensive sport of racing at Brooklands in pre-war days. And his vision was cheap motor racing.

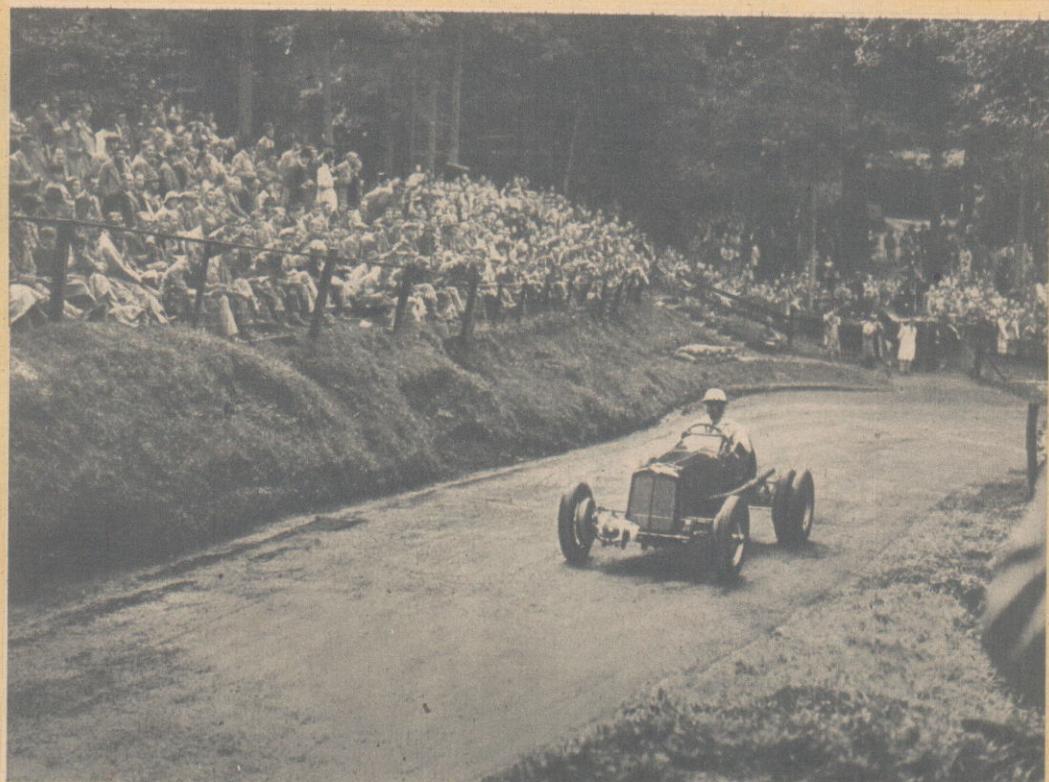
With victory over Japan achieved he returned to England to find that others were of his way of thinking too; and so today we find him, settled comfortably as a business man near Wembley Stadium, a leading competitor in the Royal Automobile Club's half-litre class.

First let me hark further back than Malaya. Captain Strang, a farmer in New Zealand, arrived in England in 1934 and for the five years before the war drove on the Brooklands bowl. When the Munich Crisis came he offered his services and was called up in the Emergency Reserve in 1939. After training on Salisbury Plain, he found himself in Malaya in 1941 with 41 Combined MT Depot and later with an L of C unit on the Siamese border. Then on 15 Feb. 1942 Singapore fell, and Strang, with a second lieutenant and two sergeants escaped from the docks in a native junk boat to Sumatra. By easy stages he got to Java in a cruiser, and later with other troops was carried in a Yangtse River steamer to Colombo, arriving safely only after an encounter with a Japanese submarine. For the rest of the war he trained Tamils in Ceylon.

Back in England as a director of Strangs' Garage, Watford Road, Harrow, he thought again of his idea of cheap motor racing,

THE CAPTAIN BUILDS HIS OWN SPRINT CAR

BY ARCHIE QUICK



FLASHBACK to Shelsley Walsh, British drivers' favourite hill climb: Raymond Mays streaks for the summit in his ERA. The Strang Special will be performing there this year.

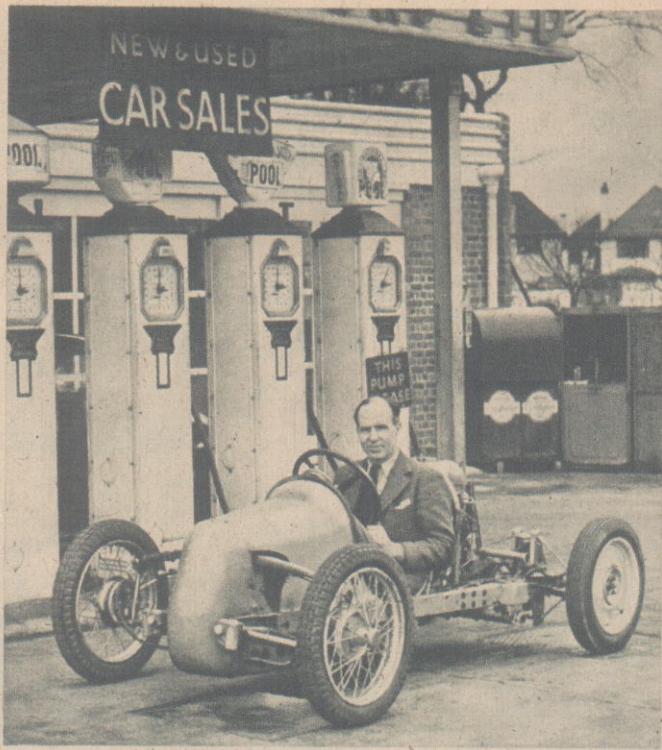
Continuing

THE CAPTAIN BUILDS HIS OWN SPRINT CAR

and was delighted to find that the Royal Automobile Club had instituted a 500 cc class—that is half-litre class—which is known in International circles as the "I" class. At once Strang, his co-director Mr. G. Mullett, and an assistant, Mr. N. Shorrock, began to build the light car with the motorcycle engine you see illustrated here. And in 1946, the season of the "I" Class's inception, it won seven races in seven starts! In hill climbs and sprints it was unbeatable.

At the Vintage Sports Car Club's meeting at Prescott near Cheltenham, for instance, it made the fastest time out of an entry of 90. Because of its ease of manoeuvre and acceleration it waltzed away from large supercharged cars (it is not supercharged itself) and covered a half-mile course of hair-pin bends, twists and turns and a gradient of sometimes one in six in 52.98 seconds—an average speed of approximately 35 miles per hour. On the flat it has achieved 100 miles per hour and yet it is so light that I lifted it by its wheels and so small that you can trail your hand on the ground as you sit in the midget bucket seat.

Known as the "Strang 500," it is 8ft 6ins long overall, and less than 4ft wide. It weighs 5cwt and yet develops 43 horse-power. It was built in four months in the owner's garage "backroom", with plenty of late-night overtime. And it became the pioneer of many, for there are now 67 such "babies" registered in the "I" Class. It does 18 miles to the gallon, but be-



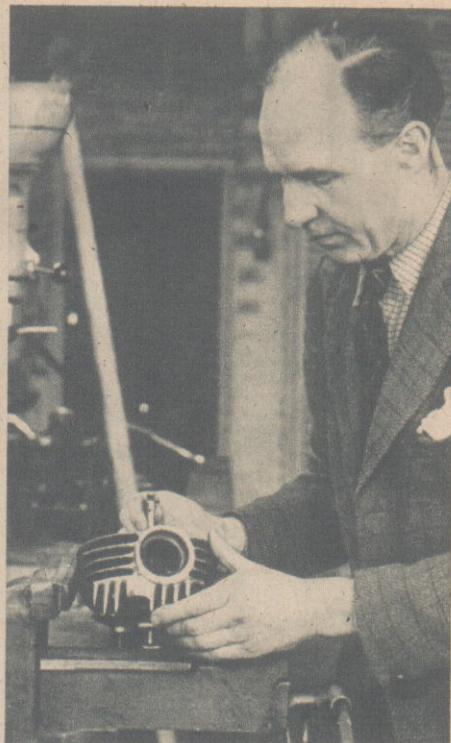
The petrol pumps of Captain Strang's garage serve as a useful measure of the size of the car.

cause of the short courses for which it is used its petrol container is a minute affair containing a concentrated pure wood alcohol fuel known as metanol. The car is chain-driven and has a megaphone exhaust which has to be heard to be believed. And it all works on a motorcycle engine!

Last season the car had a detachable steering column, but a permanent one is now fixed.

Talking technically—for you knowledgeable ones—the car

has an HRD single-cylinder motorcycle engine carried in a substantial cradle at the rear of an old Fiat chassis. Power is transmitted via a motorcycle type four-speed gear box, which, in turn, drives the rear axle through a chain. The frame, steering and front suspension were all taken from the chassis of the Fiat. The steering is in the very nose of the car roughly two and a quarter turns for full lock.



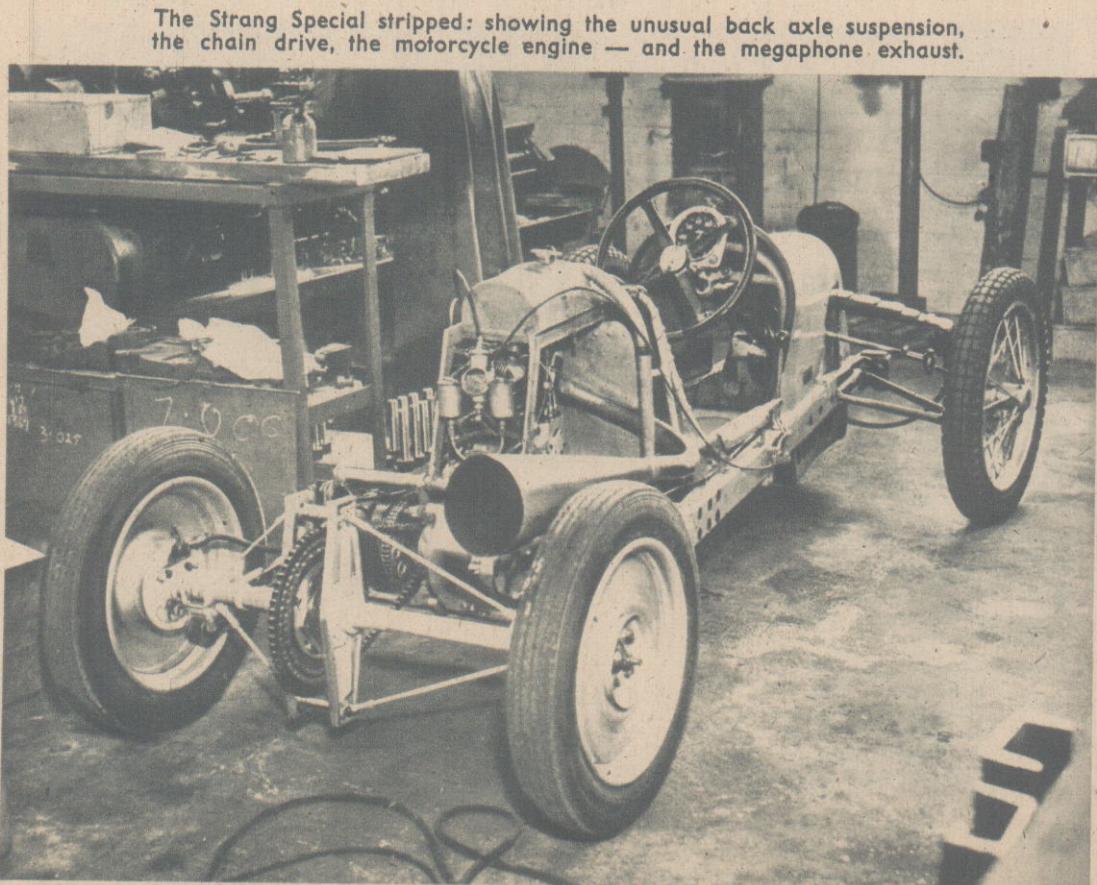
Tuning a sprint car involves long hours in the workshop. The engine is from an HRD single-cylinder motorcycle.

Much ingenuity went into the Strang Special. The road wheels began their life with a Morris Minor but now have new hubs with three fixing studs and new rims to take motorcycle tyres. The detail of the rear axle was particularly difficult to arrange. As it stands now, the driven sprocket is secured to a substantial fabric universal joint.

All four brakes are hydraulically operated from the pedal through a master cylinder in the nose of the chassis. There is an additional control by lever operating the same shoes. Morris Minor brake drums are used for the rear axle and Fiats for the front; the latter are of smaller diameter.

The car has a simple light alloy body designed to give minimum head resistance, with two side ducts carrying air for cooling the cylinder. Additional tubular cross-members stiffen the frame, two of them carrying the complicated but rigid mounting for the engine and its gear box. Two other tubular members follow the body line, one behind the instrument board and the other behind the driving seat, serving in some parts as "rolling" bars. Where the section of metal could not be reduced a number of holes have been drilled to save every ounce of weight, and much intelligent use has been made of light alloys in suitable places.

And so Captain Strang's dreams project themselves to this coming summer season and further triumphs. On those delightful wooded spurs of the Cotswolds where Prescott and Shelsley Walsh Hill Climbs are held, he looks forward to pitting his midget car against those of driving giants like Raymond Mays; and does so with abundant confidence in this child of his construction.

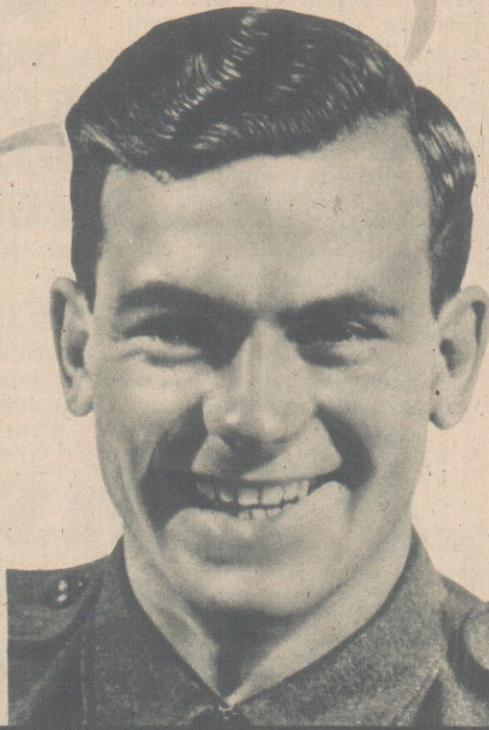


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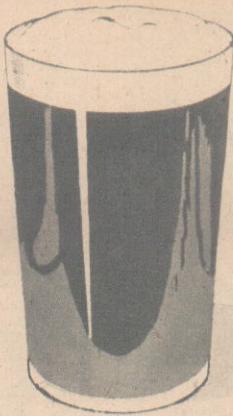
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PAGE 34

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Any Advance On 24 Years? an RSM?

STUNG by a London evening newspaper paragraph suggesting that RSM. Brand of the Royal Military Academy was the Army's senior RSM, REME put forward the claim of its own RSM. William Cook, MBE, MSM: 48 years' service in the King's uniform; 24 years' service as an RSM.

No other contender for the title has since come forward.

Not that RSM. Bill Cook worries much about it. "I don't pay much attention to that sort of thing," he will tell you in his office at the REME Training Centre in Berkshire.

At 61, Bill Cook, well over six feet tall, straight as the Guards-

man he used to be, looks 15 years younger than his age. "I do my physical jerks every morning," he says, "and last year I took part in the REME Corps rifle championship, at Bisley." Shooting has always been one of his best accomplishments: in 1923 he was runner-up for the Rupell Cup and won the RAOC championship.

His first service was as a bugler in the 2nd. Volunteer Battalion of the Wiltshire Regt, from 1899 to 1901.

Then he joined the 3rd. Battalion of the Coldstream Guards and became an RSM. in 1915. In 1919, still as RSM, he transferred to RAOC Headquarters and stayed there until 1931, when he retired, to join the King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard.

When war broke out, RSM. Cook put on the RAOC badge but changed in 1942, when REME was formed. He stays there until June, when his two-year voluntary deferment of release is up and he leaves the Army again.

All Bill Cook has to show for his services in World War Two is a Defence Medal. He already had both the MBE and the Meritorious Service Medal, before



At the age of 61 RSM. William Cook (above) still does physical jerks every morning. He has "fathered" 300,000 soldiers in two world wars. His son is an Ordnance major.



Right: RSM. A. J. Brand reputedly has the most powerful voice in the Army

1939. His earlier service also brought him the World War One Medals, Mention in Despatches, the LSGC Medal, the Coronation Medal and the Jubilee Medal.

"The youngsters coming into the Army today are good stuff so long as you know how to handle them," is Bill Cook's opinion. "It's acknowledged that the old iron discipline could only get the worst out of them. They come here after years in which, perhaps, they had no proper home life, with their fathers overseas and their mothers probably working. What they want is fathering."

And Bill Cook knows all about fathering young soldiers. In World War One, when he moved around a bit, he handled about 200,000 soldiers; in World War Two, when he was more static, he handled about 100,000, and he

was an RSM. when the fathers of some of the lads he trains today were recruits. He has even more intimate experience of fathering soldiers than that: his only son is a major in the RAOC.

When he comes out of the Army in June, he will concentrate his energies on the King's Bodyguard.

RSM. A. T. Brand, MBE, who did not, by the way, himself make any claim to being the senior RSM. is the possessor of the most famous voice in the Army. He is Regimental Serjeant-Major to the new Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst.

Mr. Brand went to the old RMC as a Grenadier Guards CSM. in 1932, and has been RSM. for nine years. During the war alone when Sandhurst became the home of 161 OCTU, over 28,000 learned their drill under his supervision.

Answers

(from Page 25)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

- Eric, in "Just Jake" (Daily Mirror).
- Reset is Scots word for receiving and disposing of stolen goods.
- The Duke of Windsor is a field-marshall.
- SEALF (South-East Asia Land Forces): all the others are abbreviations for leave schemes.
5. 16 h. p. 6. Great Expectations.
- Nicholas Nickleby.
- A type of cloud.
- The "Leader" of Spain; General Franco.
- Capt. Harry Graham.
- (a) Rumanian; (b) Greek.
11. Tropic of Capricorn.
- Linoleum.
- Popsy-wopsy.
14. A war-dog's kit lay-out.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: — 1. Compatriot. 7. Stag. 8. Adhere. 9. Australia. 13 and 14. United. 16. Not now Eve. 19. Meeker. 20 Iona. 21. Perfect ass.

DOWN: — 2. Outrun. 3. Peg it. 4. Tiara. 5. Operate. 6. Betide. 9. Autumn. 10. Sincere. 11. Rot. 12. Leo. 15. Events. 17. Nerve. 18. Whist.

SMALL TALK

DEBATES on the Army give no excuse for using Army expressions in the Commons. When Capt. G. R. Chetwynd (Stockton-on-Tees) asked, "Could we be assured that there are no people sitting on their backsides in the War Office who could be out in the field doing training or actual work?" hon. members

called "Order!" Captain Chetwynd served with the Royal Army Education Corps *

During the Defence debate in the House of Commons, Brigadier Head, MP for Carshalton, suggested that if the Ministry of Defence wanted a badge, like the one F-M. Montgomery introduced at the War Office, the Minister "should have as his emblem a buck passant. . . . for his motto he should have the two simple words *ad hoc*."

Searching a Croydon house for a deserter, a policeman saw a woman sitting up in bed in a peculiar way. Under her, between the springs and the mattress, lying face downwards, was the deserter.

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THE BUTTON

I have read with interest about Mr. Bellenger's "unpolishable" button (SOLDIER, April). I am prepared to believe that it is indeed unpolishable, but as the button is made of aluminium I am wondering:

(1) Does it dent easily? If so, this is going to be a bit of a nuisance.

(2) Does it scratch easily? Aluminium is a soft metal.

Also, what happens on active service? Does the button have to be "blacked out"? — Pte. Hugh McLean, Catterick Camp.

★ The button is not yet out of the experimental stage. Exhaustive tests are being carried out.

LUMP SUM

Can a regular going out on pension commute part of that pension? — Armr.-O.M.S. S.D. Stone, 110 Sub Workshop.

★ The Secretary for War told Parliament recently that a Service pensioner could commute part of his pension for an immediate lump sum, under Article 1174, Pay Warrant 1940, if he could satisfy the Commissioners of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea that it would be "a distinct and permanent advantage" to him to do so. Applications should be addressed to the Commissioners.

MOTOR CYCLES...

I want to get a motor cycle for use in this theatre (BAOR). I hear one can import cars into Germany from England. Does this also apply to motor-cycles? Can one also buy them in Germany? — Sgmn. G. K. Rothwell, No. 1 Special Wireless Regt.

★ The question of both imports from Britain and the purchase in Germany of motor-cycles is under consideration. Details will be issued when available.

... HOME MADE

I own a motor-cycle. It is neither German nor WD. It is a speedway model I have built myself in my spare time, and it has a very special alcohol engine. Can I import it into Britain? — Spr. R. McKee, RE, 26 Squadron Armoured Engineers.

★ The fact that you have built a motor-cycle yourself does not excuse you from customs duty. You would have to obtain an import licence from the Board of Trade. If they grant one,



The Questions You Keep Asking

THESE are some of the more frequent queries in SOLDIER's postbag:

Q. Can a regular soldier buy himself out?

A. No. The pre-war concession which allowed this is suspended, and the Secretary for War has explained that the manpower situation at present is such that he cannot grant the concession again.

Q. When will men who voluntarily deferred until general demobilisation be able to go out?

A. During the latter part of 1948. No officer or man will be retained beyond 31 December 1948. (Statement by War Secretary, 1 April 1947.)

Q. Can a man in BAOR take 19 days leave after four months on the understanding that his next leave will be correspondingly retarded to eight months?

A. Yes. If a vacancy exists and if a man can be released. Nobody can demand to be sent on leave after four months; OC unit decides according to the military necessity at the time. The BAOR leave entitlement to privilege leave is 38 days taken within any one period of 12 months.

Q. What's the address of the National Association for Employment of Regular Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen?

A. The address is 14, Howick Place, London SW1.

your machine is subject to customs and purchase tax unless you can prove that the components are British-made. And the customs men have a pretty good idea whether bits and pieces of motor-cycles are made in Britain or Germany! Your application for an import licence should also include a certificate from your CO. stating that the machine does not include any WD. parts.

TIES

I have been reading your article on regimental ties (SOLDIER February). Where can I get a RE tie and scarf? — L/Cpl. R. E. Walker, 121 BGH.

★ From most men's outfitters, but supplies are short and you also need coupons.

THE KING'S MEDALS

Can you tell me the medal ribbons worn by the King? I am having a portrait painted of him for our Mess. — S/Sgt. F. Lane, 7th Medium Regt., RA.

★ GCB, GCSI, GCMG, GCIE, GCVO, GBE, 1914-15 Star, General Service Medal, Allied Victory Medal with Mention, 1939-45 Star, Africa Star, Italy Star, Defence Medal, War Medal, Queen Victoria Diamond Jubilee, King Edward VII Coronation Medal, King George V Coronation Medal, King George V Jubilee Medal, Saint Vladimir of Russia, Norwegian Military Cross, Greek Gallantry Cross, USA Medal (Operations), French Croix de Guerre.

They are worn in eight rows on Naval uniform, six rows on military. The first Orders are worn in three rows of two ribbons.

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MAIL TO GERMANY

Since I left Germany last October I have been corresponding with my German fiancee through a friend who is still in my old unit in BAOR. I know such a practice is illegal, but the civilian post takes so long. Now a new OC, censoring the unit's outgoing mail, is destroying any letters not written by the men of the unit. My friend has been threatened with disciplinary action if he finds any more of my letters addressed to my fiancee. — J. D., Knutsford, Cheshire.

★ While there is no longer any censorship of military mail, it is an offence to carry or send uncensored mail on behalf of civilians of those countries in which we have occupation forces. Letters to your fiancee MUST go by civilian postal channels, not through a friend in the forces.

PAY GOES ON

Is there a closing date for the scheme under which men on release receive one day's pay for every month served overseas? — Cpl. J. T. Smith, 433 EDD, RAF, BAFO.

★ No, not yet. The scheme still operates.

PALESTINE? YES

I returned to England from India on Python in September 1946 and was posted to Germany in December 1946. Can I now volunteer for MELF (Palestine)? I am a regular with some time to do. — Gnr. C. J. Bamford, 1st Heavy Regt., TA, BAOR.

★ Yes.

VISITING GERMANY

Can a civilian visit Germany? — Ex-Cpl. J. T. Farguhar, 26 Glover Street, Arbroath, Scotland.

★ The only civilians allowed to enter Germany are the wives and families of service personnel joining their husbands under "Operation Union". No other civilian may enter Germany for the time being. Members of voluntary services working for and on behalf of BAOR, are, of course, permitted to enter Germany.

"THE SEX WAR"

I have just come across the letter by Pte. Edna Robson of CSEU ("The Sex War", SOLDIER, February).

As one of the entertainments members of my unit welfare organisation I would like to add my humble tribute to the service girls who will willingly travel 10 or 20 miles in the back of a lorry over icy roads to some strange camp to make someone else's party a success; and if their efforts are fruitless the fault lies 99 per cent of the time with the men who refuse to mix with people who are, after all, their guests — or if they do, will only mix when they have sufficient "Dutch courage" inside them not to worry about their reception. — Sjt. J. H. A. Spier, 431 Equipment Depot, BAFO.



"... men who ... will only mix when they have sufficient Dutch courage inside them ..."

2000 ARMY SCHOOLMASTERS A YEAR

THE House of Commons, which generally finds itself at loggerheads over anything to do with the Army, gave a surprisingly single-minded reception to the new post-war Army Education Scheme and MP's on both sides joined in giving it their blessing and hymning Mr. Bellenger for his share in it.

There were adverse criticisms: that it had taken too long (two years) to introduce; that the men with the best experience had left the Army while it was being chewed over; that it did not go into enough detail; that a similar scheme, planned after World War One, had fallen through because the Army had been "axed". But, generally, MP's thought it a monument to Mr. Bellenger's tenure of office or a solitary star in a dark sky.

The scheme has three objects: to eliminate illiteracy; to train semi-literates; and to give further education facilities as near as possible to those available to civilians.

Illiterates now do a six weeks' course at education centres attached to PTC's, and the War Office says all the illiterates serving in the Army have been rounded up and have had this sort of basic education.

The next stage is compulsory education for everyone, consisting of English, mathe-

matics, history, geography, science, citizenship and current affairs. The last two subjects will take two hours a week of working time during primary training. In the ten-week Corps training period, each man will get four hours' instruction a week and in his unit five hours, at least one of which will be devoted to citizenship and current affairs.

General education will go up to the standard of the Forces Preliminary Examination (normally about 12 months short of matriculation), but citizenship and current affairs courses will go on right through a man's service.

To carry out this scheme, 2000 more other rank schoolmasters are being trained at the Army School of Education, Alton Towers, Staffordshire, this year and, using men of higher education coming into the Service as National Servicemen, the RAEC hopes to turn out 500 schoolmasters every three months. By July the scheme should have reached primary and corps training units, as well as special establishments like training schools and hospitals, and begin to spread to field and working units. For general education there will be one

RAEC other rank unit instructor for 140 men and one RAEC officer for each three major units or 2400 men. Units will still appoint a regimental officer as Unit Education Officer.

The difficulties of providing higher educational facilities, for men who want to study voluntarily after finishing their general education, are immense in an Army which may have a dental centre of three, or a Gunner coast unit divided over three islands or a Provost unit spread over an axis of 150 miles. And so this kind of training will be given at garrison, instead of unit, level so that instructors in the hundred and more subjects it covers can be pooled.

At home the Army will also make use of civilian facilities, like technical and art schools and evening institutes. The Army is to maintain five colleges, run on polytechnic lines, with 105 satellite education centres, which will be visited by Ministry of Education inspectors. The War Office Correspondence courses are to go on.

For the regular soldier, in addition to the normal scheme, there is provision for resettlement training for his return to civilian life. Mr. Bellenger hopes that at least one of the Army's formation colleges will be kept for the benefit of the regular.

STAGE WAR

In February you published a letter from a girl in CSEU complaining about rude remarks from soldiers. I want to complain about the rude remarks made at various CSEU shows.

Last night, for example, I went to a show and there was a crack about frauleins who "must have a man for cigarettes and chocolates." It isn't only childish. It is very bad taste and must be embarrassing for the German guests.

The stars do not like catcalls. But they must learn that other people have feelings, too. — Spr. J. Hunt, 1 Corps Dist.

THE GENTLE DENTIST

I have been inoculated and I am sure our MO. uses a gramophone needle. Funny thing is that when I go to the dentist, and have an injection I don't feel a thing. Why cannot dentists give the annual inoculations? — Pte. J. C. Allen (address supplied).



Man in the cloth peaked cap is Mr. Fred Bellenger, Secretary for War. He dropped in on Rhine Army troops engaged in "Operation Woodpecker" and chatted informally with them.

RED BERET

I read that an American millionaire bought himself an Airborne beret "because he liked the colour", and wore it with sports clothes on board an ocean liner.

Is there no way of stopping people like that? — Ex-Pte. J. Rogers, ex-Airborne.

GREEN BERET

(1) Are all Commando units broken up? (2) If so, are the ex-members still allowed to wear green berets? — Dvr. Andrews, 3 Tp. 210 Fd. Sqn. RE.

★ (1) Yes. (2) No. The only

units allowed green berets are Light Infantry and Rifle regiments.

RELEASE INTO NFS

As a regular with an emergency commission I am entitled to £50 a year rank service and £100 for each year as an officer. Do I get this with a "B" release? If so, what are the ACI's regarding Class "B" release into the NFS? — "Captain" (name and address supplied.)

★ Yes, if you have an entitlement under Art. 634, Pay Warrant, 1940. See ACI 1442/45.

(More Letters on Page 38)

MORE LETTERS

DUTY ON CAMERAS

In SOLDIER for March a reader asked if cameras bought through Welfare and accompanied by the official bill are subject to Customs duty and purchase tax, and you replied: "The Customs assess duty and tax on the amount stated on the bill."

In January 1946 I took to Britain a Voigtländer camera which I had bought from Welfare sources for £3 10s. I produced the receipt at Dover but the Customs officials were not interested. They referred to their own list of values which are determined by the quality of the lens, and charged me £10 13s 4d. purchase tax and £5 4s. Customs duty on their own valuation of £10 8s. for the camera — a total of £15 17s 4d.

Protest was useless, I was given the option of paying or leaving the camera with them.

The only notification I have seen since then is a notice — I think in GRO's — that the rate of purchase tax has been reduced but so far as I know the valuation on which the rate of purchase tax and Customs duty are charged is still left to the Customs. — "Stung", 1 Engineer Training Establishment, BAOR.

Customs authorities, who gave SOLDIER the previous information, now state that agreement was made with NAAFI whereby cameras supplied to troops through Welfare and accompanied by the receipt would be assessed for Customs duty at Welfare price but for purchase tax at current price in Britain. For example, Leicas sold through Welfare for £15 would be subject to Customs duty of 50 per cent of that amount. But a soldier would have to pay purchase tax of thirty-three-and-a-third on the current British price of a Leica, which is £125. Periodically NAAFI supply Customs with a list of cameras being supplied through Welfare. When this happens the Customs authorities in London notify their port officials of the list on form V3318/45, copy of which goes to overseas Navy, Army and RAF headquarters. The last list was sent out in January.

SS STUFF

I was riding on the *stadtbahn* when some Germans entered our reserved compartment. Up jumped a soldier and started to push them off in a brutal fashion. One woman fell onto the platform. I felt rather ashamed as she said: "Tell us to get out by all means, but please do not be so terribly rude." This action by the soldier concerned

was of the standard that we could expect from the Nazis had they won the war. The most suitable answer would be for a German railway official to be stationed in reserved coaches to prevent civilians from entering. — Sjt. M. G. Perkins, MM, GHQ, 2nd Echelon.

LUNCHING OUT

Is there any method of claiming travelling expenses while on duty in BAOR? I spend a large part of my time travelling over the British Zone and



often have to purchase meals at canteens and clubs. — Sjt. K. A. Howard, Selection Team, attached 54 RHU.

★ Whenever a soldier travels on duty in BAOR he should be able to obtain meals without payment. It is the duty of the unit he is visiting to fix up accommodation and feeding, and if the unit is unable to provide either the soldier must be sent to the nearest military transit mess, or to another unit nearby.

ABOUT PYTHON

(1) I shall have completed 19 years man's service on 7 January 1948. In a pamphlet on the new Army I read that a man is allowed to serve his last two years of pensionable service in Britain, but can find no confirmation of this.

(2) I have also heard that all service in any theatre is three years but recently a regimental order has been published stating that the service in BAOR is three years, but that service after 15 November 1946 must be duplicated (i.e. instead of serving three years nine months one must serve seven years six months) before being eligible for Python.

On the three years system I am eligible in January 1948, but if it is three years nine months I will not be eligible until 1949.

I shall have completed 23 years service in July. Of that time I have spent 17 years out of England. — BQMS. C. Anderson, 25th Field Regiment RA.

★ (1) The booklet on the modern Army says that it is intended that regulars

shall spend their last six months in Britain. That is the intention, but this concession cannot be introduced until conditions become more stable and the post-war disposition of the Army is settled.

(2) Up to 31 December 1946 the Python tour in BAOR was three years nine months. From 1 January this year it was reduced to three years in all Commands, but owing to the movement of troops involved, the reduction was not implemented in all cases before the end of March.

For regulars all service in Europe (except Greece, Malta and Gibraltar) up to and including 14 November 1946 will count as full overseas service for non-Python men and will reckon towards the qualifying periods for Python. From 15 November 1946 service in Europe will reckon as half only for the purpose of assessing eligibility for Python.

Your overseas service in Europe is therefore calculated at the full rate from 18 June 1944 when you embarked from Britain, up to 14 November 1946. From that date the balance of your overseas service in Europe reckons as half only when you work out your Python. Provided you remain in Europe you will be eligible for Python repatriation next January.

BACK-BREAKER

Has Cpl. Peter Buxbaum (SOLDIER Letters, March) ever tried to dig-in with one of our two-piece entrenching tools? If not, he should have the opportunity; I am sure he will find the old-fashioned Army shovel far preferable.

He wants us to wear floppy, shapeless fatigue caps like the Yanks. I suggest something like the British ski-cap would be better, though most Scottish units would rather keep their Tam o' Shanters and the Irish their Cobeens.

As for the Sten of any "... floppy, shapeless fatigue caps..."

mark, one of the few things that may be said in its favour is its cheapness. A far better weapon for standardisation in the British and US Armies is the American M3 sub-machine carbine. — Cpl. A. Ashcroft, HQ Coy (BOR), 1st Bn The Black Watch (RHR), BAOR.

SERVICE MEDAL

As a Sapper who joined Bomb Disposal in BLA in 1944 and continued to serve in it until January 1946 am I entitled to the General Service Medal with clasp? — Spr. R. Calvert, 346 Army Tps. Coy, RE.

★ Yes, but your service towards that medal counts from 9 May 1945. Before that date the Defence Medal was given for bomb disposal. A man must serve for six months from VE-Day for the GSM.

CINEMA CHARGES

The general opinion among soldiers in BAOR is that the Army Kinema Corporation is on a good thing and overcharges for its shows. In the two cinemas at Herford, for instance, we have to pay 2s. to see a film very often two years old and a newsreel regularly three to five weeks old. The seats are wooden and the sound is often extremely indistinct.

In the provinces in England one may still obtain a good seat in any cinema for 2s. 3d. to see a double-

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feature programme of new films and an up-to-date newsreel. — Sjt. A. Sagar, 8 Int. Team, BAOR.

★ AKC reply: "The standard of cinema luxury in Germany has always been lower than in England and approximately 90 percent of cinemas in BAOR are equipped with wooden seats. During the recent severe weather delivery of new films was temporarily disrupted and old films had to be routed to fill the gaps. The arrival of new films has since recommenced but until they arrive in sufficient numbers to cater for all the 115 static cinemas AKC control some cinemas will have to screen old films."

"Where it is possible to improve the sound recording action is being taken by competent service engineers, and every cinema has a monthly inspection.

"Only the Capitol Cinema in Herford charges a top price of 2s. and every attempt is made to screen first-class films. The New Cinema is a grade 2 Repertory house which charges 1s 6d and 9d only and screens only old films which most people have missed or would like to see again.

"AKC receives no monies or grants except from admission charges and is a self-supporting organisation. No profits are made. All admission charges are laid down by The War Office."

DICE

In SOLDIER for March I noticed a slight mistake in the drawing of the dice (page 17).

I'm sure every dice player will know that dice are marked to count seven with the top and bottom sides. For example: if the six is on top it would be a one underneath, if a five on top, a two beneath, and so on. So obviously the six and one combination shown by your artist is wrong. I wonder how many of your readers noticed this? Good luck to your paper. — Tom Burgess, 11 CCG Car Unit, "T" Force, 65 HQ Herford.

★ Things we wouldn't know unless you told us!

BRYN JONES

In SOLDIER Quiz (March) you say it is correct that "Arsenal transferred Bryn Jones for £14,000." Bryn Jones is an Arsenal player now and was transferred pre-war from the Wolves to the Arsenal. — Ex-Engineer, Bentley, Doncaster.

★ SOLDIER's quiz compiler slipped. Arsenal did not sell Jones, they bought him.

Two Minute Sermon

Although we cannot always say what we would wish we can think what we like. But like so many things in life this is not strictly true because as a man thinketh so is he, and as we think so do we act. We never say or do anything without thinking although we say: "I did it without thinking". What we really mean is we did not think long enough before we spoke or acted.

All this means that the first

priority in life is correct thinking about ourselves, other people and life.

Everything we read, see and hear has its effect upon our thinking — whether we are young or old. The Bible and particularly the New Testament is the finest book we can read to guide and inspire our thinking, and therefore our acting day by day. Can we try to read just a few verses each day so that God may have an opportunity to speak to us?

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THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



JEAN SIMMONS

We don't know her birthday, her weight or her height,
Or the name of the man she goes out with at night,
Or if it's her left or her right hand she writes with,
(It might be her mother she goes out at nights with).
She's British; she acts as if born to the screen,
And so we have Great Expectations of Jean.