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EAST BANK OF THE RHINE
Infantry section lands at the double.

TWO MESSAGES THAT FORETELL THE END

On Monday, March 26, His Majesty the King sent the following messages :

TO GENERAL EISENHOWER :

The Armies of the Allies are across the River Rhine, a military achievement of incalculable significance to the whole world.

On behalf of all in the British Empire and Commonwealth I would express my gratitude to all those, in all the services, who have won this great and glorious victory.

GEORGE R. I.

TO FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY :

To you personally and to all in 21st Army Group, I send warmest congratulations on the outstanding success of your recent operations. Your triumphant passage of the Rhine into the heart of enemy territory has stirred us all very deeply, and I am more proud than I can say of the gallant part that my sailors, soldiers and airmen have played in it.

GEORGE R. I.

BLA
EDITION

Finding Your Factory Legs Again

To give men leaving the Army a chance to "get their factory legs" again, the Nuffield organisation at Cowley, Oxford is operating an "induction department."

Although men have legal rights of reinstatement and rehabilitation in cases of physical handicap, this, in the view of the Nuffield organisation, will not cover the whole problem of the men who come back with their entire mental make-up changed (writes Alison Settle in "Observer.") They will re-enter industry with an outlook different from that of the civilians with whom they will be working. Discussion groups and educational schemes have fostered in them a hope that the post-war world will represent a tremendous advance on the industrial world which they left a few years earlier.

These men will find factory life monotonous and office conditions lonely after the tempo and companionship of the Forces. They have learnt new crafts and techniques, and will feel frustrated if they are merely put back on their old jobs. In no way can they be considered as the same individuals who left benches and stools to go to war.

Planned for Women.

The Nuffield organisation hopes that ideas may be shared and experience gained. To this end Sir Miles Thomas, the chairman, has circulated a letter to other firms inviting a preliminary exchange of views and plans. An average of fifty letters a day have since come in to Mr Henry Goddard, the Nuffield Welfare and Personnel Manager, from firms as big as the Dunlop Rubber Company down to small individual employers.

The Induction Department was originally formed as a help to women new to industry, but it proved such a success with men and women alike that its potential value in helping to resettle ex-Servicemen in industry was quickly realised.

"All men from the Forces coming to us, whether former engineers or not, must have a special welcome back," says Mr Goddard. "We want them to have at least this induction month in which to test their skill, to get to know us and the facilities we can offer."

"DEMOB" HOSTEL

A hostel, costing £100,000 and intended to accommodate 500 Bevin boys, is to be taken over by the War Office as a forces demobilisation centre at Adwick, near Doncaster.

The Adwick Urban Council applied unsuccessfully to the Ministry of Health to take it over to house homeless local families.

Mr Evelyn Walkden, M. P. for Doncaster, took up the matter with the Ministry of Fuel and has now been informed that the War Office "have acquired the property".

Smudger

by Friell



"This is a fine time to be showing off!"

MacGurkhas

AS a tribute to the Gurkhas, the famous Indian tribesmen, Scottish troops have given them the name of "MacGurkhas", it was stated by Mr Woodburn in the House of Commons. At the same time, the Secretary of State for India stated that he had noted with pleasure the tribute recently paid by General Mark Clark, the American Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies in Italy, to the Indian Divisions serving under his command.

OUR JOB TO SEE THEM ALL HOME

ONE of the big problems now facing Allied armies invading Germany is that of the "displaced persons" — the cold official name for the millions of slave-workers in the Greater Reich.

What happens to these unfortunate Poles, Russians, Czechs, Norwegians, French, Belgians and Dutch, coerced by threat of starvation to themselves or to their families to work for Hitler, when the Allies liberate them? They are the first responsibility of the Military Government officers, assisted by UNRRA teams, who will set up assembly centres. Here the displaced persons will be held until arrangements can be made to route them home to their own countries.

"It is expected," runs an official announcement, "that displaced persons will try to make their way home on their own. Such a move would seriously hamper military operations.

"We must remember the troubles of the people we shall have to control, that they are not herds of animals or so much tonnage of stores, but individuals long separated from their families (longer than most of us) who are dependent on our care till we can move them home."

GEN. PILE TO SPEED HOUSING

GENERAL Sir Frederick Pile, who has been G.O.C.-in-C. Anti-Aircraft Command throughout the war, is now to play a big part in the rebuilding of Britain: he takes up the post of Director-General of the Ministry of Works.

Mr Duncan Sandys, Minister of Works, making this announcement in Parliament, said that the Secretary of State for War, with the full approval of the Prime Minister, had agreed on this appointment in order to expedite the production and erection of houses for the Government plan.

Said Mr Sandys: "General Pile's energy and organising ability are well-known among hon. members, and I personally place very high hopes in this appointment."

He explained that, as the Ministry of Works had largely become a supply ministry, he had decided to reorganise it into four departments. The heads of the four sections, along with the Minister and a Permanent Secretary, would form a Council of Works, materially strengthening the Ministry to meet its increased responsibilities.

ARMY CALLED OUT FOR SHELLS : HE SENT THEM

EARL Lloyd-George of Dwyfor, the man who helped to hammer World War No. 1 to its triumphant end, has died as the Allied armies of World War No. 2 race on to victory.

David Lloyd-George, or "L.I.G." as millions knew him, gave the soldier of the last war what he most wanted — shells. Every nation had miscalculated the supplies of ammunition in what turned out to be a titanic battle of artillery. "This is an engineers' war," declared Lloyd-George, early in 1915, when he called a conference of trades union leaders to urge proposals for a dilution of labour and the admission of women into the war factories. Three months later was formed the Ministry of Munitions; and the Minister was David Lloyd-George. A year later this country had established an ascendancy over Germany in the manufacture of munitions.

Lloyd-George had vigorous views on many aspects of the war.

Fighting Drink

In the early months he asserted that the lure of drink was hampering the country's war effort, that we were fighting Germany, Austria and drink, "and the greatest of these was drink." Eventually the Liquor Control Board was set up.

As a strategist, Lloyd-George was one of the few — and the first — to appreciate the importance of Hindenburg's victories over the Russians at Tannenberg, and that our heaviest attacks ought to be pressed against the Kaiser's junior partner. He and Mr Churchill held the same broad strategical views, but differed in their ad-

vocacy of the best place to attack.

When Lord Kitchener died in 1916 Lloyd-George became War Minister, under Asquith. It was not long before he supplanted Asquith as Prime Minister, and he finished the war holding more personal power — and popularity — than probably any other British Prime Minister had ever enjoyed.

Smuts' Tribute

Of "L.I.G.'s" part in the war, General Smuts has said: "If I am asked to name one man who more than any other was responsible for our victory, I answer unhesitatingly Lloyd-George, and I say this having known Wilson, Clemenceau and Foch, to name only the most outstanding in a throng of great leaders. He was in that war what Winston Churchill is in this."

Before the 1914-1918 war Lloyd-George had carried through an Old Age Pensions Bill, and — after much study of plans for national insurance against sickness and unemployment — his Insurance Bill, probably the most notable of his legislative triumphs.

During the years between wars Lloyd-George gradually slipped into the political shadows, though from time to time he made speeches in the House which showed little diminution of his original fire and personality. And he was always on the side of the underdog. Asked what he thought of Mr Chamberlain's visit to Munich, he replied grimly, "In my day they came to see me."

Lloyd-George was 82. He had been in bad health since early in February.

SOLDIER BATTLE SPOTLIGHT



The biggest squeeze in history

● The great Allied drive across the Rhine has monopolised the headlines — and the imagination. Here, to put the war into perspective, is a wide-lens picture by SOLDIER'S Military Commentator of the multi-front European war as a whole.

THE major Allied victories in this war have sprung usually from a successful defensive battle against a German offensive. From the battle in the late summer of 1942 on the desert ridge at Alam Halfa which created the conditions making possible the victory at Alamein, through a series of campaigns the same pattern emerges. The greatest, because the last, of this series came in the Ardennes at the end of 1944. From the failure of von Rundstedt's December gamble a sweeping Allied offensive developed in February which by mid-March brought the Allies beyond the Rhine.

Stalin's Left Hooks.

Meanwhile the Russian Armies had struck, their task assisted by the battering which Sixth S.S. Panzer Army, the enemy's strategic reserve, had just received in the West and by the deep inroads of the Allied Air Forces into Germany. With a series of massive left hooks which cut off Latvia, East Prussia and Pomerania in turn, the Northern Armies reached the estuary of the Oder at Stettin, while in a wider wheel to the South Marshal Koniev swung his forces through Upper Silesia to bolt them to Marshal Zhukov's left flank and face the enemy on a broad front from the Baltic to the Sudeten mountains on the line of the Oder and Neisse rivers. For over three hundred miles 150 German divisions have been bulldozed back, some cut off, some gutted, all the worse for wear. The enemy has lost his major armament industry in the East; it is his turn now to face a refugee problem of desperate dimensions; and the Red Army is thirty-five miles from Berlin.

To the South-East, Russian forces are threatening the Moravian Gap, the gateway to the Czechoslovakian

arsenal, while, South again, the German offensive towards the Danube has ended in disaster. Marshal Tolbukhin's forces, having smashed eleven German Panzer divisions in Hungary, are now rebounding rapidly towards the Bratislava Gap, the road to Vienna.

Allied air strategy for nearly a year has been directed upon the crippling of German oil production. Every month since April 1944 has seen a steady shrinkage of the enemy's supply of fuel. Now the German Army, the first to be mechanised, cannot meet the price of mechanisation.

Forced by the united efforts of Bomber Command and the American Strategic Air Forces to disperse his industries, the enemy is finding that the increasing disruption of the railways and waterways which tattoo the face of Germany prevents or delays the assembly of armaments manufactured in widespread fragments. The Ruhr itself, however, could not be dispersed and it remained the enemy's primary arsenal and accordingly the principal Allied bombing target. Air power has shown that there is more than one way of outflanking one's enemy.

Fuel is Vital.

Apart from scattered coalfields throughout Germany, the products of which are in the main consumed locally, the enemy depends on the coal exported from the Ruhr to nourish his railways, his smelting, his power. This coal export has been reduced to a trickle, a factor immediately affecting the land battle, for not only does it slow down the moves of reinforcements and supplies but it means that the German Armies in Italy and Scandinavia, forty divisions which would be mighty useful on the two

major fronts today, cannot be moved rapidly to them. Kesselring has arrived from Italy to succeed von Rundstedt; but he cannot bring his divisions with him. Hitler's territorial possessiveness has become an Allied asset. He has too many troops in the wrong place, too few where they are most needed.

The Bridgeheads.

Whilst in the East the Russians are massing before the great rivers, in the West the Allies have already crossed the Rhine in strength. A bridgehead was snatched at Remagen by American First Army; it has become a solid threat. Next, in the full flood of its brilliant offensive South of the Moselle, American Third Army, having subjugated almost a third of the German Army in the West, has now poured across the Rhine above Mainz. Following upon these successes of American Twelfth Army Group, British 21 Army Group in its turn forced a bridgehead over the Rhine North of the Ruhr on 24 March with British Second Army on the left and American Ninth Army on the right. Divisions, British and American, of First Allied Airborne Army were dropped to link with Second Army North of Wesel. The most convincing example of Allied air conquest was the steady stream of 1500 vulnerable aircraft carrying the airborne divisions to battle uninterrupted by a single German fighter.

It is an exciting moment as the military decisions of Yalta become evident and the last great squeeze begins: the biggest pincer movement in history. In the East, the Russians gather their strength for the kill; in the West, where there are fewer enemy divisions, the moat has already been stormed.

LAYBACK.

TALKING ABOUT SMOKE

SOMEONE has described smoking as the peculiar and costly habit of burning fermented leaf under the nose. An amusing definition — and true. But that won't alter the average fighting man's love of his smoke.

It means a lot to him. And he doesn't care either if you say he's a slave to Lady Nicotine. He will probably reply — "What a lady!"

But there is one company of the Pioneer Corps on the Western Front, known to your correspondent, which would give you an unprintable reply if you asked them: "Do you smoke, chum?"

They "smoke" all right, in two different ways. When the history of the tough, versatile Pioneers is written after the war a chapter must be devoted to the smoke-men who operate in the forward areas.

It is not exactly a garden party laying down observation, shelling and aircraft screens. Those who think so should try it some time when Jerry lobbs stuff through it for hours on end. It is a vital job of work to which the fighting man quickly gives credit.

The Company referred to have smoked their way from Sicily into Italy and they were there on the Normandy beaches on D-Day. Now they have moved on in the vanguard into Germany.

Nerve-wracking though their job can be these Pioneers have not lost their sense of humour. Near the Rhine the other day a lance-corporal, a brick setter of Bedfordshire in peace-time, chuckled when a passing infantryman started to sing, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

The Pioneer lit another cigarette — and another generator.

IT'S YOUR WAR...

AUTHORS

Brawn and sinew, besides guts and gumption, are the Gunners' stock in trade. These anti-tank men handle a 17-pdr with ease.

There was traditional British heroism during the crossing of the Rhine — and traditional British humour, too. They seem to go together. No wonder the German thinks you are a formidable, strange mixture.

Your second D-Day on the Continent saw you still able to smile and crack a joke. Again that spirit helped to carry you through.

Whatever hopes Jerry possessed of smashing our leap across his famous river, they were shattered by the pounding dealt by the artillery and the notorious "softening up" process of the R.A.F. The spirits of the assault troops were previously high — these operations put them a high. The river became a ditch.

Wherever I visited "old man blues" had received his marching orders. This isn't propaganda, it's the truth. A "confidence medal" ought to go to a young A. and S. Highlander who, sitting on the side of a dugout in a forest, before the big show, dryly remarked:

"Leave for me at end of month. 'Ope the blinking weather don't change!"

Even the tired Cockney R.A.S.C. driver, who said after a long trip that the dusty roads were like a "blooming London fog", added with a grin, "Yer can't 'ave everything!"

The R.S.M. of a crack 25-pdr regt wasn't without a sense of humour! When his lads lined up for an Army photographer some of them started to adjust their caps and dress.

"Look sharp," he bellowed, "You're not bloody pin-up boys!"

Airborne Thrill

Because hundreds had a surprisingly comfortable crossing on the memorable day let no one get the idea that early crossings were equally simple. They were terrific tests of courage. Some of Jerry's fire in the moonlight did score direct hits, and there were many casualties. True they were lighter than expected, but any assault is no picnic.

A few hours after the Commandos, the 15 and 51 Divisions started to cross the river on the sectors I had toured for three days during the great build-up.

My biggest impression of this tour was the remarkable good humour of these bonny fighters. The spirit of the front-line fellows, waiting, in many cases, for their second D-Day, was as bright as the weather.

Just as the Reichswald Forest must always remind those who fought there of wretched days spent in bloody battling in the cold, rain and seas of mud, so will the crossing of the Rhine recall, in some ways, the sunny days and moonlit nights of that period.

Praise for the R.E. bridge-builders by all arms and services was already high. On the Rhine they were once again quickly off their mark. It was an impressive spectacle to see their calm, smooth efficiency. Shelling held

weather, the picture of a white house and five trees on the farther bank and the happiest-looking soldier I met on the Rhine during this D-Day. He was a R.E. private, of Norwich, who kept up a frequent stormboat service across the river.

"It's just the job," he said with a grin, "Any more for a trip? Back in time for tea!"

Standing on what remained of a blown portion of a bridge on the east bank of the Rhine, and seeing the toiling R.E.s. and the continuous passage of craft across the river, I momentarily found it hard to realise that another barrier of the Reich had been breached... until the sound of our guns brought back the reality of the scene.

The Rhine job obviously gave the R.E.s. the greatest satisfaction of all their feats. It seemed to symbolise the road to final victory and home. They worked with a swing and a grin.

A sergeant carrying an anchor



Every dog with these Sappers has his day. They are mine-detecting on a stretch of railway line. What will the Missus say when you are led out to de-louse the rose-bed in the piping days of peace?

them up for a few hours on the sector I visited but when it had been silenced they went about their business, like the masters they are.

Bridges over numerous rivers and canals on the journey from the Normandy beaches are all monuments to their courage and prowess.

Their Commanding Officer, who won the D.S.O. for the Seine crossing, is not the officer to forget the "count your chickens" proverb.

I commented on the speed with which the work was proceeding and suggested that the bridge might be up in record time. I liked his reply:

"Let's get the bridge up first. Things can happen, you know." He smiled.

A little later a North Country sergeant, helping on the job, mopped his brow, looked at the blue, cloudy sky and said:

"I reckon 'Monty' must have banged the old Weather Clerk on his War Establishment."

My memories of crossing will always conjure up the Riviera-like

THEY WERE THERE

Among the regiments named as taking part in the great Rhine offensive are the following:

The Black Watch, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Highland Light Infantry, The Gordons, Cheshire Regt., 81st Field Artillery, Highland Light Infantry of Canada, Manchester Regt., Royal Scots Fusiliers, Royal Scots, The K.O.S.B., 4th and 5th Royal Tank Regts., Cameron Highlanders, Middlesex Regt., Northumberland Hussars (102nd Anti-Tank Regt.), E. Riding Yeomanry, Westminster Dragoons, The Royals, Royal Berkshire Regt., Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, Worcestershire Regt., Hampshire Regt., Dorset Regt., Wiltshire Regt., and Somerset Light Infantry.

GREAT GUNS!

THE request of a German officer that he might be shown our "automatic field guns" is about the best compliment — though unintended — that we've heard to our hard-hitting 25-pounder batteries! Time and again in North-West Europe these gunners have produced a punch that has sent enemy counter-attacks staggering back without our infantry firing a shot. First to give the 25-pounder crews a big hand for their work have been the infantry themselves. And they should know!

Here is a typical instance of the close support which the 25-pounds give the battalions. The 94th Field Regiment went into action east of the Reichswald Forest at 1,400 yards — shortest range of the campaign — with nothing between them and the enemy infantry! The batteries sent their own gunner patrols out forward "just in case". And "forward" there meant the thickets of Cleve Forest, held in strength when the 94th put their guns down right in front of it.

The F.O.O.'s

The "eyes" of the batteries, to whom must go much of the credit for great shooting, are of course the Forward Observation Officers. It's more than time the grand work of these gunner officers and their wireless operators was brought into the full limelight. "A room with a view", or Observation Post, is of necessity an exposed spot. The O.P. officer and his crew, up with the forward infantry, have to be prepared to fight as infantry in addition to doing their own job of directing the fire of their batteries. Here's an instance, also from the 94th Field Regiment.

Rallied Infantry

Captain A. J. Townsend was the Forward Observation Officer with a company which was twice counter attacked severely during the night while holding an exposed position. The first attack, which came in at midnight, was beaten off with the help of an accurate barrage called down by Captain Townsend. The second attack began at 0645 with tanks. Captain Townsend's O.P. in the top of the Company H.Q. house was hit three times by shells. A forward platoon position was overrun. The Company Commander came into the O.P. to inform Capt. Townsend that the enemy were on the nearby cross roads and that he himself was going to join one of his platoons. He asked Capt. Townsend to run the "telephone battle".

Returning to the house as the counter-attack was beaten off he told Capt. Townsend how he had spotted him walking up the road towards the enemy apparently "bomb happy"!

Yanks in Tarawa

ANOTHER island falls to the Yanks in the Pacific. The Jap Prime Minister talks about the invasion of the main Japanese islands as though it is going to happen any time now.

What has led up to this sort of talk from the Jap Prime Minister? The hard, slogging battles we and the Yanks have fought in the Pacific. It's a difficult war to conjure up, but the Yanks recently produced a 15-minute short in Technicolour called "With the Marines at Tarawa". It is one of the best newsreel pictures of the war. The cameras are on the spot, all the time.

These two pictures give you some idea of what the Yanks have to do to win islands in the Pacific. Tarawa was a tough nut. Most of the Japs had to be killed before the island was taken. A lot of Marines had to die too. Look at the top picture. To the right you see the smoke from heavy supporting naval fire. It's not landing very far away. Meanwhile the men in the centre have stormed and taken a Jap post overlooking the beaches.

The arrows in the bottom picture mark Jap dead. They were forced out of their stronghold, marked with circle, by flame throwers. Those that lived came charging down the bank. The Marines killed them. They killed some of the Marines. But the island was won. Another island nearer Japan.



can top-sergeant on a front where the Allied forces had been fighting side by side. The following conversation ensued.

"Say," asked the American, "how many 'rifles' do your boys have in a battalion?"

"Rifles," said the English sergeant, "why, every man carries one."

"Jeez," exploded his Ally, "you don't mean to tell me everyone has a rifle? Where does he carry the ammunition?"

This was simple. "In his pouches, of course," replied the Guardsman.

The American grew suspicious.

"Say, you don't mean to tell me you carry those big shells in those little pouches, do you?"

It was when the Englishman showed him one of the "shells", a round of .303 ammunition that explanations followed and crisis was averted.

ONE RIFLE PER MAN

TO understand better the humour of this story you have to know two things.

What the British troops call a rifle, the Americans know as a carbine. Yet when the American boys talk about a "rifle" they refer to what the British know as a gun, whether it be a 25-pounder, 5.5 inch or even heavier artillery piece.

A Guards sergeant met an Ameri-

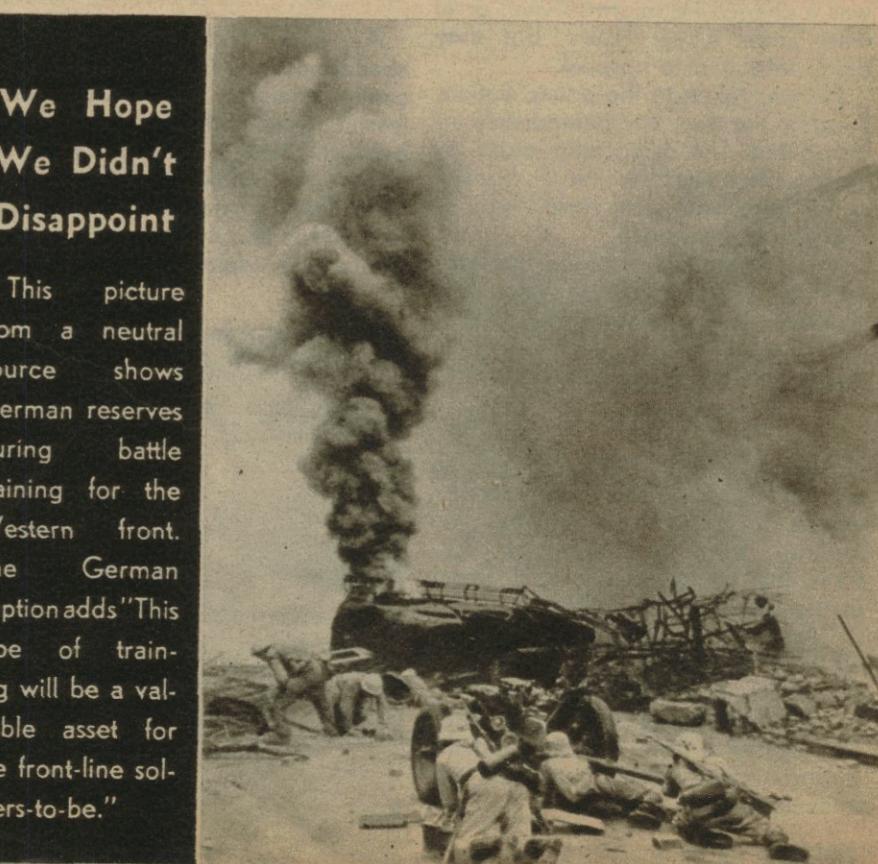
We Hope We Didn't Disappoint

This picture from a neutral source shows German reserves during battle training for the Western front.

These Territorial experts of the 5.5 have blasted Jerry out of their path for several hundreds of miles since last June and they will be there for the final kill.

Why "Biscuit Gunners"? They get the title because their Commanding Officer is head of a well-known biscuit firm. Some of the boys were pre-war employees.

The "B.G.s" have a reputation to keep up. They won the King's Cup open to Field and Medium Territorial units in 1935 and 1937. There was no



Passed to You

SAPPERS in some areas are using bulldozers to assist them in mine-clearing.

On an improvised platform made from Bailey bridging parts, hooked over the blade and suspended about a foot from the ground, lie two men equipped with Polish short-arm mine detectors. The bulldozer blade is lifted just off the ground and the men sweep lanes ahead of the tracks.

When anti-tank mines are detected the bulldozer stops and the mines are removed. Anti-personnel mines which escape the detectors will detonate harmlessly under the bulldozer tracks, the men on the platform being protected by the blade.

Two other sappers follow on foot, walking in the paths cleared by the tracks, and sweep the area between the two paths for anti-tank mines.

After clearing a gap or road in this manner the bulldozer operator drops his blade until the ground carries its full weight, and backs up along the path. The pressure of the blade detonates any Schu-

Almost invisible from the ground, this sniper's post was discovered when British troops entered Saeffeine, Germany.



mines of S-mines that were not detected between the tracks.

When a Boche sentry challenges he doesn't call "Halt", but gives the first part of the password. The person challenged must give the second part. No other questions will be asked. If the first challenge is unanswered the sentry repeats the word once, and if he still receives no answer, he shoots. The sentry is forbidden to enter into conversation.

Respirators are not a substitute for a lack of oxygen, nor do they give protection against carbon monoxide gas. Remember this when entering any pillbox or underground cave you have just captured. After one of these places has been heavily shelled and blasted the supply of oxygen inside may be used up, and the blasting may produce sufficient carbon monoxide to poison a man. Wait until the air clears a bit.

An S. O. S. from a unit cut off by enemy fire in a bridgehead produced medical supplies by air. Flying at tree-top level a fighter-bomber, with fighter escort, brought



QUIZ...

This is the second of "Soldier's" series of questions and answers on release from the service. If you have any more questions, fire them in!

Q. When will my post-war credit be paid?

A. For Class A men (main scheme) as soon as possible after release. For Class B men, at the end of the emergency.

Q. How are prisoners of war affected by the release scheme?

A. If passed medically fit for further service, they come under the scheme and are on the same footing as any other soldier. Time spent as P.O.W. will count as service for purpose of release, and will count as overseas service.

Q. Can a regular soldier who has been granted an emergency commission revert to W.O. or N.C.O. rank?

A. Yes.

Q. If I decide to stay on, when and to whom do I apply?

A. When you hear the announcement that your group is about to be released, apply to your C.O.

Q. What is meant by "military necessity"?

A. That a person is doing an essential job, and no replacement is immediately available.

Q. Can a complete Corps (e.g. Royal Army Pay Corps) be retained under the clause of "military necessity"?

A. No.

Q. What happens to a man in hospital when he is due for Class A. release?

A. When fit, he will be posted to a unit for release; if permanently unfit he will be discharged on medical grounds.

Q. What allowances are payable during release leave?

A. Ration allowance or family lodging allowance (officers) for married personnel. Dependents' allowance and war service grants if these were in issue before release.

Q. Do I lose my reinstatement rights by volunteering to serve on after my turn arrives for Class A release, or if I refuse Class B release?

A. No.

Q. Is a man serving overseas eligible for Class B release?

A. Yes.

...ON WHO GOES OUT

blood plasma, dressings and other urgent medical necessities. Guided by white clothing waved by the troops on the ground they released the supplies, wrapped in blankets, from special containers in the wing tanks.

When walking along a road or sweeping for mines keep a weather eye open for shrapnel and kick it into the ditch. It's better than buying a War Bond because it saves a tyre already in the battle zone, whereas a War Bond only buys one to ship to the front months later.

An American signal section testing its battalion's telephone line the other day came across an American officer with a telephone instrument tapped into the wire. Not recognising him as one of their own officers the signal sergeant questioned him, was told that he was from the unit which was to the right of theirs and was trying to find his position. As he correctly named the unit the sergeant was satisfied and moved on with his section, leaving the lieutenant still listening-in on the wire.

A little while after the line went out of action, and a cut in the wire was found at the exact spot where the officer had been listening-in. A further check revealed that no officers of the unit on the right had been in that vicinity.

You never know what the Boche is up to. Demand to see everybody's identity card!

Searchlights set up so that beams shine just above the height of a man will cause individuals and vehicles to cast shadows which are seen easily. In snowcovered terrain particularly this reduces the probability of surprise by the enemy.

They are encouraging OCTU instructors to use short one-act plays as a method of teaching officers-to-be what's what in warfare. An act presenting a particular problem is played before the cadets, and when

the curtain falls the instructor at once comes forward and says "Now what would YOU do?"

A private recently made good use of his ability to speak German and his knowledge that the Boche has been wearing Allied uniforms. As he was returning from a patrol, two Jerries sprang from concealment and proudly announced that he was their prisoner. In just the right tone of exasperation "Tommy" told his captors in perfect German not to be fools, that they were impeding his mission of scouting the Allied lines. They allowed him to proceed.

He was soon back — with his sergeant. They killed one and captured the other of his would-be captors.

It's as well to treat all bridges you come across as suspects. The Boche has a habit of putting heavy tonnage signs on bridges of light construction.

When our vehicles start to cross such a bridge it collapses and forms a first-rate obstacle. Always check the size of bridge timbers and the way they are fastened together. That will give you an idea if there has been any monkey-business.

Thousands of ack-ack gunners, sailors and airmen are being trained as "foot-sloggers" at the present moment. It is all part of the plan announced by the Government some weeks ago — that an army of a quarter of a million additional men is needed to force our campaigns to a successful conclusion.

In the U. K. 5,000 gunners per month are being converted into infantrymen, and a combined total of 2,400 R. N. and R. A. F. men are "in the same boat".





Talking about MEN

MAN — Yes Sir!

THE fourteen-year-old in the photograph below looks proud and has reason to do so.

His name is Harry Flintoff, and he lives at Kirbymoorside, Yorks. He saw an angry bull attacking a farmer, and without hesitation ran to his assistance.

"I just jumped over the hedge, caught hold of the bull's nose-ring and held it down till we could get help," he said.

That was why Harry was among 300 people decorated at Buckingham Palace recently — the youngest there. He received the Edward Medal in bronze.



PILOT with a PALETTE

Nbetween helping to knock the Luftwaffe out of the sky Flight Lt. Bob Hyndman spent his time indulging in his hobby — painting portraits of his comrades.

When a pilot has done 200 hours operational flying it is time for him to take to the ground and spend six months instructing — teaching others how to kill Germans. But Flight Lt. Hyndman, 28-year-old Canadian from Ottawa, had a surprise awaiting him when he clambered out of his Spitfire after totalling 220 hours flying time against the Germans.

"You're so fond of painting in off-moments that the Canadian Government has decided to commission you to make it a whole-time job for the next six months," he was told.

Now this fighter pilot who was flying over us on D-Day, roaming the skies in search of any of the Luftwaffe bent on attacking us on the ground, is happily engaged in a studio just off Fleet Street painting portraits of the men who flew with him.

What sort of sitters are fighter pilots?

"They're usually in a hell of a hurry," says Hyndman. "Most of them have little time to spare for me because they're usually on leave when they come to have their paintings done. I have to work very fast and on an average I complete a picture in three hours."

When he can be persuaded to talk about operations Hyndman likes to talk about soldiers.

Flash! Flashes

A 14th Army sergeant, writing in a London newspaper at the conclusion of his 28 days' Blighty leave said :



"In a month of travelling in London, Luton, Northampton, Chelmsford and Norfolk, wearing a bush hat, I have not met one person who knew that the bush hat is worn by British soldiers from the Far East. Mostly I was regarded as an undersized Australian.

"No one knows, apparently, what the Fourteenth Army or the Chindit shoulder badge is. No one seems to know who the Chindits are or what they did, beyond a vague memory of General Wingate."

Only recently have these two shoulder badges been seen at all frequently at home — with the arrival of numbers of troops on leave from the Far East. The more familiar is that of the Fourteenth Army, which is a red shield, superimposed with a wide, horizontal black bar bearing Roman numerals XIV in white; under the bar a vertical dagger also in white.

The Chindits' shoulder badge is circular, dark blue and much larger than the average; it bears a large

Burmese griffin and a smaller pagoda (or temple) both in yellow.

"Chindit" is a corruption of the word "Chinthé", the name the Burmese give to the stone griffins which guard their pagodas, and it was adopted by the Long Range Penetration Group — a mixed force of troops and R.A.F. personnel trained in guerrilla and jungle warfare and commanded by the late Major-General Orde Wingate, D.S.O.

This force, of about divisional strength and including English, Welsh, Scots, Irish, Gurkhas, West Africans and Burmese, in 1943 marched 1400 miles over enemy territory in Burma, destroying bridges, sabotaging the main rail route and playing general havoc with the Japanese lines of communication.

Many of the white troops were townsmen whose knowledge of "wild" country was confined to the Surrey woods on a day's outing or a ramble over the Yorkshire moors.

There were critics who said that the expedition achieved very little at high cost, but it is generally agreed that the 1943 "show" paved the way for a second and more elaborate expedition the following year, in which the Royal Air Force and a special U.S. Commando took part.



LIBYAN CARETAKER

WHAT happens in those battle-fields we leave behind us like discarded jerricans? Places in Africa. Places like Cyrene in Libya.

Cyrene, first and greatest of Greek settlements in the region of North Africa, was visited by many of you. SOLDIER's North African correspondent went there and found a solitary Sergeant called Applebaum. He is a Liverpool man and he studied classics at Oxford, and then for some time he was engaged on excavation in England.

Sergeant Applebaum is a round peg in a classically round hole. He is N.C.O. in charge of antiquities for the British Military Administration in Cyrenaica.

Explaining that the time was short to see all of Cyrene, he decided to show our correspondent the Sanctuary of Apollo.

"The city was founded in the 7th century B.C. by Dorian settlers from the Aegean," he said. "Cyrene was built on two hills, separated by that deep wadi, down which was the ceremonial approach to the Sacred Area. The entire sanctuary was built about the sacred spring of Apollo, which rises in a cave. These Roman baths — built by Trajan and restored by Hadrian — must be regarded as an intrusion into the Sacred Area."

But he can tell non-classical stories too. Ask him the one about George Formby's visit — and the "aside" which wasn't meant to be overheard!



"Nah then, nah then, you stay on your own page!"

"We've all got a tremendous admiration for those boys down below us — foot-slogging, fighting it out on the ground. There's nothing, in my opinion, that gives a pilot such a feeling of doing a job worth while as when it's in support of the soldier. On D-Day we were not seen by the men on the beaches but we were doing a job for them all the same. We were at 10,000 feet, on the look-out for German planes, escorting bombers on their way to smash up enemy reinforcements, shooting up enemy transport."

Hyndman has taken easily to painting as a whole-time job, and he points to this as an answer to people who ask, "How will fighter pilots adjust themselves to the unexciting tempo of peaceful occupations?"



L-Cpl. Anne Murphy

They're Proud of This Job

BACK home there are women porters, but we think Russia is the only country where they have a station run entirely by women. This railway station is at Batum, the big Black Sea port, capital of the Adjaristan Autonomous Republic, within the Transcaucasian Republic of Georgia.

The station-mistress at Batum is Vasasi Kebuladze. Young and smart, she wears several Orders presented to her in recognition of her wartime work.

A graduate of the Railway Engineers' Institute at Tbilisi, the capital of Georgia, she is now 29 years old, and has been employed in the transport service for the past eight years.

Her father is an engine-driver and her four sisters also work on the railways. Says the station-mistress of her job: "Railway work isn't easy for women. Everybody here has a family and children to look after. But we all treasure our reputation for efficiency, and our Challenge Banner (awarded for efficiency by the Transcaucasian Railway Line) is the pride of our lives."

The Front Came Near

Nowadays Vasasi feels that station life is just a matter of routine. Hard work, of course, but nothing like 1942, when the front was creeping towards Batum. Then the women's station did not have a single technical breakdown, in spite of the phenomenal traffic they had to handle: evacuees, equipment from "leap frog" factories and farms, and wounded soldiers. On top of everything there were air raids.

When the alerts went they carried the wounded to the shelters. All the staff, from Vasasi to the charwomen, took turns at nursing duty and helped wash the wounded men's clothes during the halt.

At Batum, as at all Soviet railway stations, there are special rooms for mothers and children. Vasasi is particularly proud of the fully equipped kindergarten at her station, with a bedroom for children, a bedroom for mothers, a dining-room and a suite of playrooms.

Cpl. Sally Rogers

THE three A.T.S. girls whose faces you see above were among the most beautiful of a number of Service "lovelies" whose photographs were recently taken in an official series.

Corporal Sally Rogers (centre) many of you know very well — by ear. She is in Army radio and B.L.A. men can hear her every day announcing Army items.

Before she joined the A.T.S. in 1942 she had crammed plenty into her 22 years. Born in London in September 1922, and educated in

Sally is neither married nor engaged, and says she wants to continue her career as an actress.

The rose-like beauty on the left is Lance Corporal Anne Murphy, who is 23 years old and comes from Bury, Lancashire. She was a cashier in a restaurant until she joined the A.T.S. early in 1942. Now she is receptionist at a London District Transit Camp.

Anne became engaged six months ago to Pte. John Donovan of the R.A.M.C., who recently left England on his way to the East.

The third of the trio is Corporal Dela Blake from St. John's Wood, London.

"What! No Blondes!"

Canada, she had crossed the Atlantic 24 times between the ages of three and 12. At 15 she went to Fay Compton's School of Dramatic Art, and the following year joined the Wells Repertory Players and toured in "They Fly By Twilight."

After a time with the Dundee Repertory Theatre — 1939 to 1940 — she spent a year in films. Then came several months singing and dancing with E.N.S.A., and a leading role in Eric Maschwitz's revue "More New Faces." Enrolling in the A.T.S., she was a training N.C.O. for eight months before joining the Central Pool of Artists. Many of you will remember her as Pat in the "Stars in Battledress" production of "Flare Path."

She has brought experience to her job with the Army radio, because she was for some time compère of the B.B.C.'s "Merry-Go-Round" programme.

She joined the A.T.S. three years ago, and is now posted to the London District Theatre Unit where she acts in straight plays to entertain the troops. Dela is engaged to a captain in the R.A.O.C. who is now with the B.L.A., and she hopes soon to have a chance of meeting him when she goes to France and Holland to entertain troops.

A strange thing about these beauties and indeed, most of the available pictures of Service "lovelies" is that almost every one is a brunette.

By contrast, below are three winners of a beauty contest run by the American Army newspaper "Stars and Stripes" for the W.A.C. — the American equivalent of the A.T.S. Two are definitely blondes, and the third is near-blonde.

Are there no blonde beauties in the A.T.S.?



Cpl. Dela Blake

You'll Want Her Houses

OMEBODY has been getting the wrong idea about Miss Elizabeth Denby. What is it all about? Stories have appeared under the heading, "Woman is to build 15,000 Prefab Houses."

Miss Denby, who is in the thirties, fair-haired, smartly dressed, and has a brisk manner, is director of housing to the Hull building firm of Tarran Industries, Ltd. Tarrans are going to make 15,000 houses (pre-fabricated) under a contract from the Ministry of Works.

But Miss Denby is not interested in the prefabricated article.

"I'm nothing to do with temporary houses at all," she says. "My interests are with the permanent housing programme. I believe that when the soldier comes back from the wars he wants something that will last."

Plenty of Sunlight

Miss Denby's interest in housing goes way back — to 1926. There isn't much she doesn't know about her job. Buying and selling property, slum clearance, the Housing Act — "I almost know it by heart."

Now what sort of home is Miss Denby planning for us? It will cost round about £750. It will let in the sun through spacious windows "that open properly," the rooms will be well proportioned, light and sunny, with soundproof, adequately insulated walls. There will be a good heating system. The bathroom and kitchen will be easily accessible. There will be three or four bedrooms.

There will also be a garden.

What about labour-saving gadgets? Miss Denby says: "The important thing is that basic household fittings are sound — if people want to add gadgets and they've the money to spend, we'll leave it to them."

She is planning two separate campaigns, one for houses and the other for flats.

A determined woman is Miss Denby. If there are many more people like her it shouldn't be long after the war before the housing problem becomes a minor instead of a major worry to public and politicians.

WORK IN PROGRESS

Planning a film is like planning a battle; producer is the G.O.C.

MICHAEL Balcon's business is making films. He's been at it for twenty-two years and has produced nearly 300 pictures — a record for any British producer.

Producing a film is vastly more difficult, more important and more complicated than directing one, although, apart from the stars, producer and director often share the credit (or the rockets) for the work. In fact, the producer is the boss, the O.C. of the show, whereas the director stands relatively as the sergeant-major.

Balcon plans, watches and controls the creation of his films at every stage from the first idea put up to him to the final cutting before it reaches the cinema. "Rome Express," "39 Steps," "Yank at Oxford" and one you're sure to have seen, "Next of Kin," were all his.

Making a film is, in little, not unlike running a battle. A good general

plans his campaign in advance, discussing and allotting the relative jobs to be done by tanks, infantry and gunners on the one hand, and the "Q" side on the others. The ultimate responsibility lies with him in his choice of men and their dispositions.

The Treatment.

First, he chooses his subjects; this in conference with his associate producers and directors, that is, his chiefs of staff and corps commanders. Like a general, too, he may be making two films or running two separate battles at the same time.

The choice of story fixed, a writer (or it may be a team of writers) turns in what is called a "treatment". This is the simple story of the plot told without literary adornments (which might fog judgment), and is just a bald description of the happenings in their right sequence. With this fixed and approved, the director is chosen. He is the man who takes charge in the studio itself and supervises the actors, the cameraman and the sound recorders.

The writer now prepares a "first shooting script", the uncut diamond, so to speak, of the final polished version, whilst art directors, research men, musicians and costume experts

go into a huddle on what might be called the "Q" side of the job. Research on a "period" film may take months whilst experts scour the country to find just the right pieces of furniture, the right interiors on which to base their designs or the right stretch of landscape free from telegraph poles or main roads.

At this point, too, the casting director chooses the stars and the principals, the actors for the secondary speaking parts.

In the Moviola.

With the cast, the sets, the script and the team of technicians decided, work begins "on the floor", that is, in the studio itself. Up till now every decision is supervised by the producer, but the director is master of the stage, once the "shooting" begins in real earnest. As each scene or "rush" is photographed and recorded for sound it goes down to be examined by the producer.

The "rushes" are viewed in a miniature cinema on a quarter-size screen, but, since a projector cannot be stopped in full flight, the cutting is done with what is called a "Moviola". This is a complicated instrument with an eye-piece, rather resembling the old "what-the-butler-saw" pier machines, and the operator can halt the run of the film at his leisure and decide just where the excision is best made, or the precise point at which the shot he's examining should be allowed to fade into the next.

The synchronising and "dubbing" (adding in later) of sound recording is another job in which the "Moviola" features.

All used again.

If the "rush" is approved by the producer, the director can go ahead; if not, the scene is shot again. The story is not filmed in its natural sequence. All the scenes, wherever they occur in the story, are filmed on the particular set which may be standing in the studio. After these are completed, the set is broken up and the materials, which are extremely scarce in war-time, are re-used for the building of some other set. Crowds, too, are engaged for the shortest possible time. An "extra", an actor engaged

casually, gets 30s for his day's work (the Film Artists Association, their trades union, fixes the price, which has risen since the war from £1) and all scenes involving large numbers of people are shot out of sequence.

Throughout the filming the "rough cutting" and assembling goes on, but finally the producer plays his most important part. Something like 150,000 feet of film may be shot to produce a film of normal length, say 8,000 ft. When the final assembly begins the picture is nearly one half as long again as it will be when it is shown. The last decisions rest with the producer, who may to reject scenes which have taken cameramen, artists and director weeks to make. An infinite amount of labour may easily go into a scene which is scrapped at the very end just because it shows the action a trifle or lengthens the play beyond its acceptable limits with the trade.

Fatal Sneezes.

What does it all cost? The wastage in every production, in labour and materials is inevitable and enormous (if an "extra" sneezes at the wrong moment a whole scene may have to be re-shot), but it is Balcon's job, both as a creative artist and businessman to watch these things. An average British feature film involves about £100,000, although for "Henry V.", which was in colour and had many leading actors, the bill was five times as much.

Stars don't like divulging their salaries. Two or three British actors earn (on paper) as much as £70,000 a year, which sound staggering until you consider that Income Tax hits them to the tune of 19s 6d in the pound.

A good film camera can be had for a mere £3,000 and raw films sound recording at 1 1/2d per foot, and 3d per foot for photography.

Of one thing you may be sure: if ever you hear a man say "I made that film", he's shooting a line.

No film is the child solely of one man's brain; it is the product of good team work by dozens of highly skilled people taking infinite care over a long period. And Michael Balcon would be the first to admit it.



"MICK"

1 In his 49th year, Michael Balcon, short, dark, thin on top, looks more like a successful City man than a film magnate. He speaks, works, makes decisions (correctly—he seldom changes his mind) at speed. Says his hobby is walking, and certainly walks the legs off everyone in the studio, but reads history on the rare occasions when he relaxes. Prides himself that he is unlike other producers in that he never smokes cigars—prefers cigarettes.

Democratic, easily accessible to any members of his staff, he calls most of them by their Christian names. They refer to him as "Mick". Loudspeaker telephone connects his office with all departments.

Works a seven-day week, but goes home to his country house, Upper Parrock in Sussex (mentioned in *Domesday Book*) to read scripts over the week-end. Married in 1924 to South African girl, Aileen Leatherman, now a Red Cross worker, he has one son at school and a daughter, Jill, who is an announcer on the General Forces Programme B.B.C.

Wears horn-rims, dresses mostly in dark, well-cut suits with Anthony Eden hat. Latest productions are "San Demetrio: London" (of which he is very proud), "Champagne Charlie" and "Fiddlers Three". "Johnny Frenchman", just completed, will be shown shortly. Has had difficulties finding a London home for J. B. Priestley's "They Came to a City".

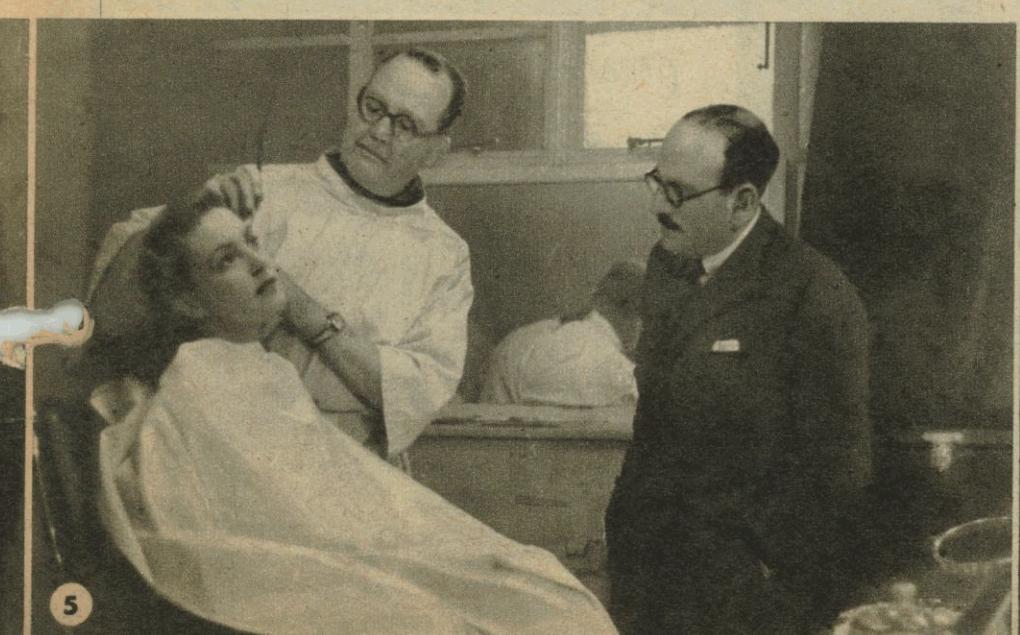
2 THE MOVIEOLA. Balcon looks over the results of the day's work in the machine which enables him to stop the film at any point, for editing.

3 ON THE SET. Michael Balcon discusses a point with his director. They are making an episode from "Dead of Night", an omnibus ghost-thriller. In the foreground is the boom holding the sound microphone. Immediately behind this "set" carpenters and painters were building the scenery for next "shot".

4 THE ART DEPARTMENT. Michael Relph, Art Director, discusses new sets for the ghost stories under construction. First scenes have already been constructed by the carpenters. Balcon is approaching designs for the ones to be taken later on.

5 IN THE MAKE-UP ROOM. Patricia Roc has the final touches added to her complexion (bright orange, for photographic purposes) by Tom Shenton.

6 SCRIPT CONFERENCE. A new film, about prisoners of war, is in early preparation. Balcon discusses the story with script writer Diana Morgan and scenario editor Angus MacPhail. Collaborating with them is Lt. Guy Morgan RNVR (Diana's brother) who has just been repatriated after capture in the Adriatic two years ago. Morgan's bitter experiences will give genuine local colour to the settings.



THE NEWS YOU MISSED...

Heraklion harbour, one of Crete's liberated ports.



The Last Round-Up

THE seizure of Crete in 1941 was a brilliant passage in the Teutonic drama of world domination. It displayed superlatively the Blitzkrieg technique, and provided the classical example of the use of airborne troops.

Well might the Germans exult. Our forces in the island had been swiftly overwhelmed. The Navy had been overleapt, as it seemed, with contempt. Desperately needed warships, which had fought savagely to the end against the dive-bombers, littered the coast. In the eyes of the world the legend of German military infallibility was sealed by the single word "Crete".

That was the situation when we evacuated the island. In the succeeding four years Crete disappeared almost entirely from the news. Battles raged around the Mediterranean coasts, North Africa was wrested from the Hun, Allied armies swept up Italy, the guerrillas took over in Greece. But Crete remained a mystery. Nobody knew what was happening there — or if they did they weren't telling.

Now the curtain has been lifted, to reveal a transformation scene. What remains of the German garrison

is penned within a 40-mile perimeter in the NorthWest tip of the island. It is still heavily armed, but for all the chances it has of offensive action or escape it might as well be on the moon. And, like many other German armies, it awaits its doom in a peninsula.

How has this astonishing change of fortune come about? Not by any spectacular assault or massive air action such as other Mediterranean islands have seen, but the constant pressure of the intensely loyal Cretan population, assisted by British liaison officers who have added new lustre to the Services reputation for grappling effectively with unusual problems.

As in Greece proper, the Cretan guerrillas were under two leaderships, E.O.K. the larger, Nationalist organisation, and E.L.A.S. They were headed by such splendid figures as Petrakogiorgis, pictured here, and Bandouvas, the principal guerrilla leader. Against them the German commanders — Student, Andrae, Brauer and Muller —

fought a losing battle of attrition. Maj.-Gen. Bentah is the last of that illfated line, and his reflections as he watches his soldiers planting their grain and sowing their vegetable gardens must be bitter.

The Germans neglected no means



BANDOUVAS
Guerrilla chief
of the island.

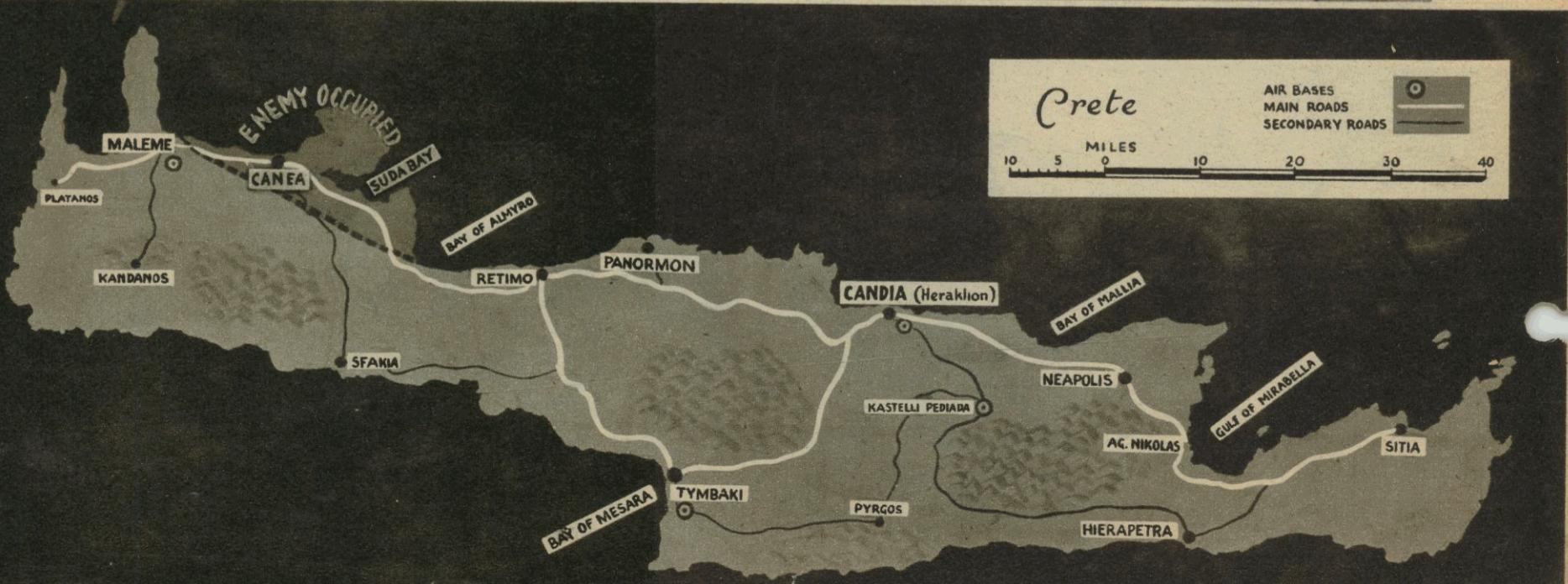
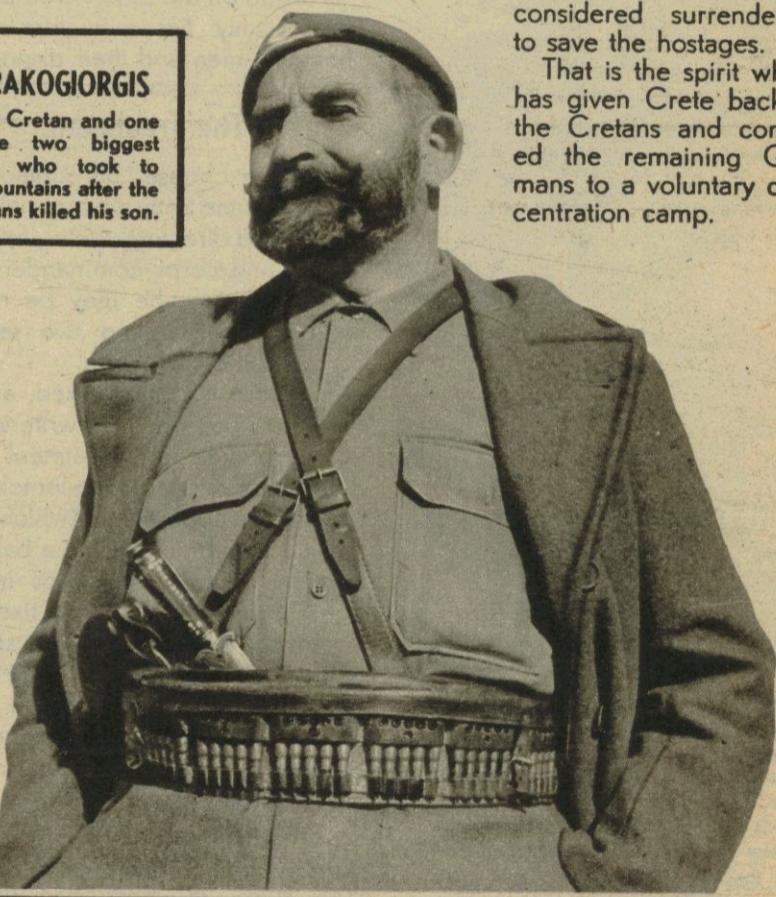
in their efforts to subdue the island. They had a matchless opportunity, for at one time there was one German or Italian to every four of the Cretan population. Setting to work in bad earnest, it is estimated that since the British evacuation they destroyed more than 40 villages and executed nearly 10,000 Cretans. But the spirit of the people was unbroken, and they co-operated enthusiastically with the British liaison officers who from time to time dropped softly out of the night sky by parachute or were landed from Naval motor-launches. The identities of these officers, and the type of work in which they were engaged, must still remain a secret, but it is possible, with some imagination, to build up a picture of their problems.

They tried, for instance, to prevent the Germans from stripping the wrecked cruiser "York", and failed; they were unable to do more than provide arms and food at an early stage when the Cretans were ready to fight, but suspicious because of lack of supplies; they blew up planes and bridges successfully, but then had to suffer the misery of hearing of reprisals taken on helpless villagers.

After one act of sabotage, Muller, then the commandant, killed 52 men and threatened to take another 50 unless the British liaison officers with the saboteurs surrendered. Bandouvas' reply was typical of the whole brave island population. It is said that he made it known that he himself would shoot the British officer if he considered surrendering to save the hostages.

That is the spirit which has given Crete back to the Cretans and confined the remaining Germans to a voluntary concentration camp.

PETRAKOGIORGIS
typical Cretan and one
of the two biggest
chiefs, who took to
the mountains after the
Germans killed his son.



CRETE

A quick verbal poll of a dozen or so people by SOLDIER revealed that nobody knew what had been happening on Crete. Most said, "Why, the Germans are still there, aren't they?" and a few thought it had shared in the liberation of the mainland of Greece. The true story is given here.

Eddie Hapgood Says :

In his book "Football Ambassador" (Sporting Handbooks, 9s 6d) Eddie Hapgood tells how he nearly laid out Mussolini who was a spectator at the Italy v. England Match at Rome in 1933, and also of the "Battle of Highbury" which, he says, is "the dirtiest match I've ever played in". This is how he tells it :

I was playing my first game for England, in Rome, on a sweltering May day in 1933. Apparently, in clearing a particularly heavy attack, I fired the ball into the crowd. Musso, sitting in profile with his chin at the angle favoured by all dictators since Nero, failed to see the ball coming and it crashed against his tightly fitting uniform, just above his lunch. My friend, who told me of this after the match, had quite a lot of difficulty in keeping his face straight. He told me that Musso, when he got his breath back, looked as if he wanted to kill the man who had outraged his dignity. But somebody must have told him to behave himself, for I never heard anything officially. But I often wished it had been something more lethal than a football that I kicked into his lap that afternoon.

Chin Up.

Incidentally, I had the experience of getting even closer to Mussolini on that trip. During one of our sightseeing tours, the whole party was taken to his palatial home on the Palazzia Venezia, and, after a look round, were told we were going to be pho-



tographed with the great man. We massed in the great banqueting hall, and, at last, Mussolini swept in, chin held up at what must have been an uncomfortable angle. He was simply dressed in a black coat and pinstriped trousers, and I was rather gratified to find that I was a couple of inches taller than him! Still in this same grim, fierce mood, he posed with us, and, later, autographed our photos.

An injury to Tom Cooper, the second captain I played under in the England eleven (Roy Goodall was the first), gave me the opportunity of leading England for the first time, against Italy at Highbury on November 14, 1934.

When the England team for this match (billed in Italy as the "most important football match that has been played anywhere in the world since the Great War") was chosen, surprise was occasioned by the inclusion of five Arsenal players : Moss, Copping, Bowden, Bastin and myself. A few days before the match, Tom Cooper dropped out through injury, and George Male was brought in, to make the Highbury contingent six! Meanwhile, several of the newspapers began speculating as to who would captain the side in Cooper's absence, and I was gratified to see my name appear among the "possibles".

Another Shock

But there was to be still another "shock" for the soccer enthusiasts before the team took the field. On the Monday Fred Tilson, the chosen centre-forward, was forced to drop out, and after George Hunt had been invited and had to refuse owing to injury, Ted Drake was notified he would be required... making a grand (from our point of view) total of seven Arsenal players, an all-time record for an England international team!

Then, a few hours before the kick-off time, I was told I

was to captain the side, for the first time, which made me very happy that this great honour should be granted on my home ground. The selected team was : Moss; Male; Hapgood; Britton (Everton); Barker (Derby County); Copping; Matthews (Stoke City); Bowden; Drake; Bastin; Brook (Manchester City). Other Arsenal representatives were Tom Whittaker, in charge of the team, and George Allison, who was giving a running commentary from the stand.

I got a great thrill leading the side on to the familiar field, and, after the National Anthems had been played,

introduced two distinguished visitors, the late H. R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught and Signor Grandi, the Italian Ambassador, to the England team. Then I trotted up to the middle for the spin-up with Monti, the Italian captain, in what turned out to be the dirtiest football match I have ever played in.

Away we went, and, in fifteen minutes had the match (apparently) well won. Inside thirty seconds we should have been one up, but Eric Brook's penalty effort was magnificently saved by Ceresoli, the Italian goalkeeper, and a very good one, too. But Eric made up for that. After nine minutes, he headed a cross from Matthews into the net, and, two minutes later smashed in a second goal from a terrific free kick, taken just outside the penalty area.

Our lads were playing glorious football and the Italians, by this time, were beginning to lose their tempers. Barely had the cheers died down from the 50,000 crowd, than I ran into trouble. The

ball ran into touch on my side of the field, and, to save time, the Italian right-winger threw the ball in. It went high over me, and, as I doubled back to collar it, the right half, without making any effort whatsoever to get the ball, jumped up in front of me and carefully smashed his elbow into my face.

I recovered in the dressing-room, with the faint roar from the crowd greeting our third goal (Drake), ringing in my ears, and old Tom working on my gory face. I asked him if my nose was broken, and he, busily putting felt supports on either side, and strapping plaster on, said it was. As soon as he had finished his ministrations, I jumped up and ran out on to the field again.

There was a regular battle going on, each side being a man short — Monti had also left the field after stubbing his toe and breaking a small bone in his foot. The Italians had gone berserk, and were kicking everybody and everything in sight. My injury had, apparently, started the fracas, and, although our lads were trying to keep their tempers, it's a bit hard to play like a gentleman when somebody closely resembling an enthusiastic member of the Mafia is wiping his studs down your legs, or kicking you up in the air from behind.

Real Charges.

Wilf Copping enjoyed himself that afternoon. For the first time in their lives the Italians were given a sample of real honest shoulder charging, and Wilf's famous double-footed tackle was causing them furiously to think.

The Italians had the better of the second half, and, but for herculean efforts by our defence, might have drawn, or even won, the match. Meazza scored two fine goals in two minutes midway through the half, and only Moss's catlike agility kept him from securing his hat-trick and the



equaliser. And we held out, with the Italians getting wilder and dirtier every minute and the crowd getting more incensed. One of the newspaper men was so disgusted with the display that he signed his story "By our War Correspondent!"

The England dressing-room after the match looked like a casualty clearing station. Eric Brook (who had had his elbow strapped up on the field) and I were packed off to the Royal Northern Hospital for treatment, while Drake, who had been severely buffeted, and once struck in the face, Bastin and Bowden were patients in Tom Whittaker's surgery.

Some months after the Highbury match it was made known that the probable reason for the display of the Italians was that they were under a terrific inducement from Mussolini. Each man had been promised that, if they won, he would get a substantial money award of something like £150, an Alfa-Romeo car, and what was more important to them, exemption from their annual military service.

FREE

Cup Final Tickets

FIVE thousand free tickets for the Chelsea v Millwall South Cup Final at Wembley on April 7 are being distributed by the "Daily Mail" to Servicemen on leave from overseas. This includes the Merchant Navy and U. S. Forces.

The tickets will be handed out on application to H. M. Forces Information Bureau, Trafalgar Square, London, and on the day of the match will be exchanged at Wembley Empire Pool for a 10 s. 6 d. seat, souvenir programme, and a badge.

How are they at Home?



Showgirls of the Windmill, tiny, high-hearted, non-stop revue which carried on when London's shelters were crowded. Its record has no challengers. Now a film has been made of it.

IT is the proud boast of London's tiny Windmill Theatre that alone among London theatres it never shut during the blitz or flying bomb attack. The show went on.

The tableaux vivants were as statuesque undressed, come wind, rain or bombs, the comedians were as witty, whether the engine of the flying bomb cut out or went roaring up Shaftesbury Avenue to spread its destruction elsewhere.

Mr. Victor Saville has made a film about this pocket theatre called "To-Night and Every Night". On this Miss Lejeune, Sunday "Observer" film critic, somewhat cattishly we thought, commented: "Since Victor Saville, the British director of "To-Night and Every Night" has been away from England tonight and every night for the past six years or so, it is not surprising that his impressions of London in wartime are a trifle speculative."

Well, maybe some of the shots make the Windmill Theatre look more like Drury Lane, and maybe the Windmill girls don't live quite up to the standard of luxury set by Rita Hayworth, but we couldn't agree more than we do with James Agate when he said that he had never seen so many beautiful girls at one time with so little on.

Show Without Glamour

MOST of the local newspapers of this country have been having a small moan recently on the subject of the increase in the rates which seems to be common to every town and borough. Qualifying the moan is the recognition that we cannot have an increased amount of social welfare without paying for it, and

that taking it out of the ratepayer is as fair a way as any. However, this does not make the "Final Demand" notices any more welcome nor any easier to meet from pockets that have been pretty thoroughly picked by the Chancellor of the Exchequer anyhow. But, so that the ratepayer may scrape the bottom of the money barrel with a better grace, the National Association of Local Government Officers are running an exhibition telling him where his money goes. After its première at the London County Hall it will go on tour to the stricken areas where the rates are very much higher than they are in London.

Price of Freedom

The cost of all the services which local government does for us averages out at about 3s 5d 1/4 a week, or £ 8.2.3 a year per head. For this we get free schools, free libraries, free hospitals, free maternity and child welfare services, free mental hospitals, free use of roads and bridges, free street lighting (just a glimmer), free use of fire brigades, refuse collectors, baths, parks and police.

If we become blind then we can call on our local council for help. If we find ourselves too poor even to pay rates, then we can call on local poor relief. At the bottom of the National Association's list is a little item labelled "miscellaneous" which reminds us of the days when we used to keep accounts.

Now it has to be agreed that many of these items are not in practice free except to those who have no means whatsoever. Most people pay hospital fees and tip the dustman, but as in most cases the hospital fee doesn't cover the cost any more than the dustman's tip covers

his wages, we are availing ourselves of a communal fund.

The National Association makes some interesting comparisons. For instance, the average weekly rate bill is one shilling less than the average weekly drink bill, which we work out at roughly six half pints of the best bitter, or three glasses with their bottoms just covered with Scotch.

The cost of education, they go on to say, is about £ 20,000,000 less than is spent on dog-racing and football pools. Hospitals spend only about half what the public spends on patent medicines. Parks and playing fields rate £ 1,500,000 less than is spent on lemonade and ginger pop, and the cost to us of the copper on the corner of the street is about the same as of our chocolates and sweets.

All this makes us feel that we must be getting our money's worth, and that next time we get the final red notice we shouldn't create too much, which is of course the purpose of the exhibition.

Immortal Portal

WE have been trying for some time to clarify in our own minds the present position of housing, not being at all sure whether we would have to spend the post-war years in a pressed-steel bungalow, a wooden shack or a real house made of real bricks. After prolonged search for the truth we did not find it in all its naked beauty, but we did a few facts to our store which seem to us to be worth noting down.

First of all, the Government was faced with the problem that, even if it got all the builders out of the Army pronto at the end of the war in the West, it could not produce more than 300,000 houses in the first two years. It had, therefore, to recruit other industries to supplement the building industry, and hence the immortal Portal bungalow. Mr. Willink explained last August that the Portal bungalow was to be made of pressed steel because the Government had to find an industry capable of production on a very large scale and able to rely on a steady supply of materials. It was reckoned at the time that the cost of this steel house would be £ 600, including £ 100 for fittings and £ 100 for transport and erection, and that you could put up ten of these with the labour you would require to put up one ordinary house. Its main disadvantage, apart from its appearance, was that though smaller than an ordinary house it took up more land.

Counting Chickens

In a moment of exuberance, which so many of us shared last autumn when the war seemed to be at an end, the Government felt entitled in Mr. Lyttleton's words, to adopt "a new attitude towards the war", and ordered the jigs and tools for the pressed-steel bungalow before Parliament passed the Bill sanctioning the production of the bungalows. Then came Mr. Sandys' bombshell,

which caused "The Times" to comment: "The retreat from hope aroused last autumn had surprised and bewildered public opinion, because at

no stage in the process of changing their minds have the Government yet summoned up sufficient courage to place the facts fully and bluntly before the nation. The unfortunate fact that houses cannot be produced while the Germans continue to fight cannot be regarded as in any way discreditable; but the piecemeal and somewhat shamefaced way in which the information has been allowed to reach the public can bring credit to no one. It is now known that there will not be sufficient pressed-steel to justify producing the Portal bungalow before 1946."

The new types of pre-fabricated house which are now being produced or are on the stocks are of the Portal type but differ in the materials used.

The Arcon is of corrugated asbestos on a timber frame, the Uniseco of wood-wool slabs, the Tarran of asbestos slabs. Added to these are the Phoenix, made by the makers of the Mulberry harbour, details of which are not yet known. All these come under the heading of temporary houses, and will probably continue to be known as "Portals" though they are a modification of the original Portal.

According to Mr. Sandys these new types will cost very much more than the £ 600 quoted above, and will require more labour to erect. As "The Times" asks, if these new types do not pass the tests of speed, coherence with the permanent building programme, and cheapness, then why carry on with them? "What the nation requires is not promises but a clear and complete statement of the facts", concluded "The Times". We could not agree more.

M. M.



Star of the Windmill film is Rita Hayworth, as the girl who rises to fame despite heart-break and bombs.

Off Parade

PLAYS

THE idea for a play about the Western Desert came to Captain Colin Morris, official observer with the 7th. Armoured Division, at the Badia Cabaret in Cairo.

The idea grew from Tripoli to Tunis and was among the essential stores which Captain Morris took ashore in the Sicily landing on that Mediterranean D-Day. The manuscript for "Desert Rats" was finished at Foggia.

But when the tattered manuscript went round the managers it was met with the well-worn cliché that a war play would never succeed in wartime. It took Mr. Henry Sherek to see that Colin Morris had not only just written a play about the war but that he had written a very good play about the war, and that a very good play will draw an audience anytime. With some alteration to the last act which Colin Morris carried out in Belgium (still with the old Desert Rats — the 7th. Armoured Division) the play was put on for the first time at the Theatre Royal Brighton. It went down well.

Greene Again.

The first act is set in an Italian villa south of Buerat — or what remains of it. The characters are members of a famous squadron of armoured cars sent out on a patrol which is the prelude to the march on Tripoli. In the two succeeding acts we see the patrol shot up, lose all its vehicles and attempt the long walk to Tripoli.

The central and over-riding theme of the play is the desert itself — the desert and the desert rat. As a secondary theme there is the reaction of the two chief characters, Captain Scott and Captain Palmer, to the revelation that the latter has seduced, or been seduced by, the former's wife in Cairo.

The chief part of Captain Scott is toughly played by Richard Greene, who faced a flesh and blood audience after four years in the Lancers and a previous two-and-a-half years in Hollywood. The final scene in the tomb of a holy man outside Tripoli, where he is left with his rival Captain



Two scenes from Colin Morris's "Desert Rats" — a play which may be the "Journey's End" of this war. Above: Captain Davies (Norman Williams) and Trooper Bates (Bill Rowbotham) have just brewed up; in the background Sergeant Hooper sends out a tuning call. Below: "Speak English?" "Nein." "Arabic?" "Nein." "Nothing but bloody German?" Tough old sweat Sergeant Hooper (Lyn Evans) takes a German prisoner at Buerat.

Palmer (played by Manning Whiley), is beautifully done. The rest of the patrol having been put in the bag, he is faced with the choice of leaving Palmer to die of thirst or of taking him with him to contact the infantry as it marches up the coast road to Tripoli. He makes the decision as the pipes of the Highland Division ("The Jocks taking the credit as usual") are heard in the distance.

The rest of the characters are finely drawn. The West-Country Trooper Bates who dies in a slit trench from the bullets of a Messerschmidt brings out that longing for home which typifies the British soldier on overseas service and is finely played by Bill Rowbotham. Lyn Evans' Sergeant Hooper M.M. is a little masterpiece of sergantry and tough humour.

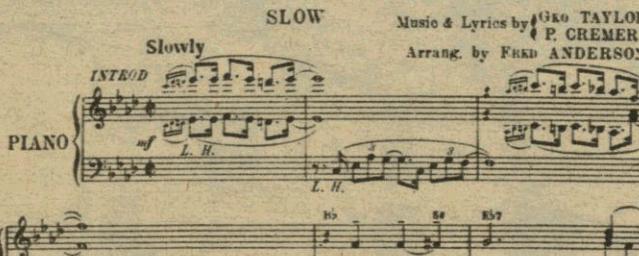
MUSIC

WHEN Sergeant George Taylor, Royal Army Service Corps, left for North-West Europe last August he wrote a song which expresses the sentiments of everyone serving overseas. He called it "When We Next Say Hello" and dedicated it to the girl he left behind.

A record of the song has been made in England and is being sent out to George soon. The singer is Pilot-Officer Harry Orchard, Royal Air Force, also serving in BLA.

Said George: "I have sent a copy of the song to Vera Lynn and told

WHEN WE NEXT SAY HELLO



her that she can have the first chance of singing it if she wishes."

This, by the way, is not George's first effort in the song world. Just before the outbreak of war, he wrote a recruiting song. Entitled "Britain's Call", it was taken up by the Lord Provost of Glasgow who used it to help the city's recruiting drive.

CUT THIS OUT

and keep it by your set

AEFP 0555 hrs to 2305 hrs daily
514 met. (583 kilocycles)

* BLA 2 274 met. (1095 kilocycles)
BLA 3 219 met. (1366 kilocycles)

BLA 4 213 met. (1402 kilocycles)

* BLA stations are operated for troops outside comfortable listening distance of AEFP direct. Try all wavelengths for best reception.

H.Q. Shows How

LIKE the ostrich egg inscribed (for benefit of lesser fowl) "Look on this and then do your best" was the production of "French Without Tears" by the "A.W.S. Players," all of whom were members of 21 Army Group Rear H.Q. For this entertainment set an extraordinarily high standard for other units in BLA to emulate. Proof of its merit was that it played to crowded houses for a week in the face of powerful professional competition.

The generous possibilities of Terence Rattigan's comedy of a French-speaking establishment distracted by the wiles of one far from weak woman — in the days when it was a crime to be "hearty" — were excellently exploited.

Basil Bartlett had a part obviously to his liking, and was agreeably sardonic throughout. His opposite number, John Irvine, turned in a suitably baffled performance as a naval officer out of his depth. The cause of all the trouble was portrayed by Christine Lewins, with a youthful charm and zest. All the minor parts were crisp and competent.

RADIO

"Recorded by Army Radio BLA"

— This brief announcement at the close of an AEF programme on March 19 from the 21 Club, Brussels, marked the beginning of a new soldier activity in BLA — the recording of entertainment programmes by Army Welfare Services, 21 Army Group, in this theatre of operations.

Since this initial programme many more features have been "put in the can" not only for the AEFP but also for broadcast from the Army's own stations BLA2, BLA3 and BLA 4. Programmes recently recorded include extracts from a concert by the Royal Corps of Signals Band, twenty minutes of the dance section of the Royal Signals Band, half an hour of the RCAF "Blackouts" concert party, the RCAF Dance Orchestra and "BLA Varieties". "BLA Varieties" is the title of a new series of programmes which will bring together artists from all the services — and ENSA artists too.

At 2200 hrs on Sunday, 8 April, "Sunday Half Hour" on AEFP and GFP will be a broadcast of a recording taken at the Brussels Central Methodist Church. Throughout the war this church has never closed its doors even though the pastor was imprisoned for six months by the Nazis because of his outspoken views. Services were carried on in his absence by his congregation. The Community Hymn Singing Hour every Sunday evening at this church attracts all ranks, denominations and creeds from every branch of the Services.



"My son's in the Redcaps too!"

Brave New World...



She's swinging on a star line in easy chairs. Curves of steel tube frame are planned for perfect relaxation.

EXIT - BOILER BOGEY

CONSTANT hot water for washing and bathing, no fires to lay and light, cosily warm bedrooms and living-rooms where there's no need to huddle round a fire — and all by putting a coin in a meter.

It's not just a dream, but a project of the Manchester municipal authorities which is being watched closely by local councils in other cities at home.

The Manchester City Fathers, for their post-war housing estate at Wythenshawe, have a scheme for community heating much on the lines of those which have been in use in Russia and Canada for some time.

Ten thousand workers will be able to receive a supply of hot water, just as they do their electricity or gas, from a central power station by mains laid beneath the road surface, with feeders to individual houses. The water will flow through a meter which registers each householder's consumption and then through normal heating pipes and radiators, returning to the central power station to be reheated and thus kept in constant circulation.

While the main purpose of the scheme is house-warming, a community supply of hot water will be available for all household needs twenty-four hours a day — for washing, bathing, heating, airing cupboards. The drudgery of firelighting, raking out and disposing of ashes, and minding the boiler, will be a thing of the past.

ASKING THE MISSUS

ASHFORD, the Kent town where they make railway locomotives and coaches, has a municipal council whose members believe in "asking the missus."

They've invited ten housewives to sit in an advisory capacity with the Council's planning committee, to decide where and how post-war houses should be erected in this area, particularly the prefabricated ones.

The relative merits of gas or electric fittings, labour-saving devices and decorative schemes in these temporary houses will be their special consideration, but their chairwoman says they are watching closely the question of sites for permanent houses. "Rows of identical houses are a blot on the landscape," she declares.

MINERS' IDEAS WIN PRIZES

MINERS working in South and West Yorkshire collieries are receiving prizes of National War Savings certificates for suggestions put forward by them, and adopted, for improving coal production.

The scheme was inaugurated by the Ministry of Fuel and Power, and workers have been encouraged through their pit committees to submit suggestions, both written and

oral, and based on the men's practical experience.

An adjustable derrick for use with conveyors, a new method of withdrawing timber and steel props from old workings, and a new basis of payment for coal face workers, are three suggestions which are being given a trial and for which the individuals responsible have been awarded saving certificates.

HOUSES ON POINTS

ONE great London borough, at least, has decided to allocate all postwar temporary dwellings and permanent houses on points, ex-Servicemen to have priority.

Wembley, go-ahead residential suburb on London's outskirts, has its scheme cut and dried; its council has asked a special post-war Housing Committee to work out details on these lines:

Ex-Servicemen and their families, particularly those whose home has been in the borough for a long time, will benefit by "plus" point "bonuses" entitling them to first priority. There will be "minus" points against aliens of enemy-country origin, and against people seeking accommodation simply because they have sold their houses or are renting them furnished at "Black Market" prices.

Other priorities will be engaged couples, bombed-out families, people who have been on the waiting list a long time, families compelled to leave the district to engage in war work. Individual exceptions will be considered, of course, and a Service man and a Service woman who want to marry and settle down in the borough will follow close in the wake of the Service family man.

If it becomes a question of deciding between two ex-Servicemen with apparently an equal claim to priority consideration, then the number of children, whether any expected, how long married, husband's service abroad, and other considerations will be reviewed.

NO STREET CORNER PROBLEM HERE

Game of darts in progress at The Acorn, Barnet Young People's Club. Selected as a model of its kind by the T.U.C., the Club is open every night, providing games, dancing, music, films, lectures and a free cup of tea and cake. Membership fee is 4d.





ENGLAND'S OLDEST WINDMILL

At Outwood Common, to the south of the North Downs in Surrey, stand two windmills almost side by side. One, a four-sail post mill built in 1665 is still in use. The other, a hexagonal smock mill erected about 200 years later, is now derelict. The post mill is the oldest working windmill in England. There is a tradition that the Great Fire of London was seen from the top of the mill and, again, the glow of London afame was witnessed from the same spot on that last grim night of the year 1940.

J. Dixon-Scott.

QUIET PAGE BOOKS

FIRST book in English to be published in Belgium since the Liberation comes from an Army Group officer now serving in B.L.A. It is "Men Shut Their Doors" by Jaspar Sayer. A war novel (the author served in the Middle East from 1940 to 1943) it tells of a young soldier taken prisoner in 1940, his background and Europe under the war clouds.

The prose is meaty, cut in chunks. Listen to this :

"At the moment when they took him prisoner the light was fading fast. The last of the sun was disappearing over the hill and as he turned, and saw the grey figures approach, it seemed to bounce out of sight like a ball.

"The shattered village was suddenly calm. No noise came from the shell-torn houses except the fall of a brick and the crackle of a fire some distance away. Most of the roofs had been blown in but here and there a house stood erect, straight against the sky, as if still in defiance of the invader.

"Immediately beside him was a truck with

How Much Do You Know?

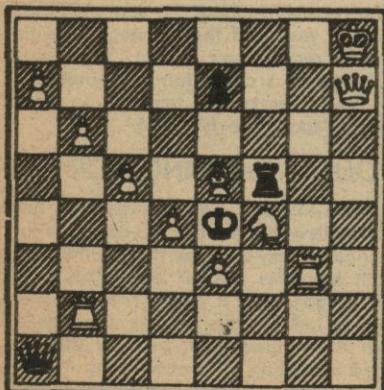
1. In which country can a verdict of "not proven" be returned against an accused person?
2. What kind of poem has fourteen lines?
3. What were Iran, Iraq, Thailand once called?
4. Which of the following is wrongly spelt: Ballistic, harrassing, embarrassing, parallelop-
pen, penicillin?
5. What's the difference between pathos and bathos?
6. Mr. Churchill promised "tears, toil, sweat and blood" — but he put the words in a different order. Which order?
7. How do you say "street" in (a) French, (b) Flemish, (c) German?
8. What kind of aircraft was used by the Germans to rescue Mussolini?
9. What do you call a native of (a) Liverpool (b) Glasgow (c) Manchester?
10. Sir Charles Aubrey Smith is (a) a leading surgeon (b) a British diplomat (c) a deceased Victorian author (d) an actor. Which?
11. What are the "Cocktail Islands" off the coast of Scotland?
12. "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day." Next line, please.
13. Which nation presented the Statue of Liberty to America?
14. Can you name a titled cartoonist? In which well-known periodical does his work appear?

Finally, a different kind of quiz in which you can display your knowledge of British regiments. « The Green Linnets » (Dorsetshire Regt.) were in the news for their gallantry at Arnhem. Well, which regiments have the following nicknames:

- (a) Saucy Pompadours
- (b) Cauliflowers
- (c) Diehards
- (d) Moonrakers
- (e) Linseed Lancers
- (f) Sugar Stick Brigade
- (g) Holy Boys
- (h) Lightning Conductors
- (i) Fore and Afts
- (j) Orange Lilies
- (k) Rusty Buckles
- (l) Cherrypickers.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 18

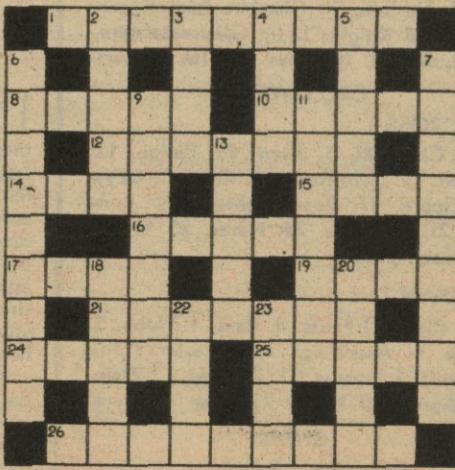
CHESS AND... QUICK CROSSWORD



White to move and mate in two.

CLUES ACROSS : — 1. Premier tank? — 8. May warble while you work. — 10. A regimental distinction. 12. One of the 8th Army's captures. — 14. When following a sub she's hush-hush! — 15. This branch of the Army is 50% rascally! — 16. Don't kill the thin ones. — 17. Dandy fighter in the R. A. F. — 19. The A. T. S. have another letter inside. — 21. Bomb in more than one regimental! — 24. Change of snare for Owen. — 25. Item of a paratrooper's equipment, maybe. — 26. Absolute minimum (two words).

CLUES DOWN : — 2. Line regiment associated with sleepingquarters. — 3. Rajah's trouble and strife in Iran. — 4. Unnautical tramp. — 5. She changes daily. — 6. "Nib's cigar" (anag.). — 7. "Tiger" county. — 9. Eliminating operation? — 11. A red lay, perhaps, but not a Russian song. — 13. I plan to be quite ordinary. — 18. Fail to differ. — 20. For the suspension of Hitler & Co? — 22. Spot in the spy-glass. — 23. Siege in the Middle East, but not in this war.



REVERIE in a SUBURB

TWILIGHT had fallen in one of those London suburbs where an old village tumbles about in graceful confusion on one side of the railway station, and on the other a town-planned stream of flats and houses flows in carefully regulated geometric arcs and circles.

We were admiring the manner in which the rule-of-thumb architects of the old village had thrown up their buildings so that the strong, square tower of the stone church remained the keystone of the pattern, holding all the smaller details in their places.

Then the Wise Friend who was with me said, "I have often wondered why these old places so charm the eye in a way that we do not seem able to achieve nowadays. Look at the curve of that street. It is satisfying to the eye despite the fact that no two buildings come upon it at the same angle."

**

In the dying light we walked back to the modern part of the place.

There was the architect-designed shopping centre, an immaculate circle of grass with rows of shops and stores radiating from it like the spokes of a wheel. It was all too perfect. One could imagine too easily that away behind each compass point there were layers and layers of squares and circles, triangles and ovals, each as neatly dropped in as they had been planned on the architect's drawing board with ruler and compasses. The Wise Friend spoke again :

"I know one of the reasons for the problem. The shapes of our modern estates are planned by men who only see them from above — on the drawing board. I'll wager they look well enough from an aeroplane. But the old builders were only concerned with how things looked from the ground. It's another illustration of how important is the point of view. If you have your feet well rooted on the ground and plan as you build, making each curve and line harmonise with trees and existing shapes, you can add a bit each century and still keep the picture right."

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"Soon enough the people who are living in these new houses will begin to effect small alterations to change their too-smooth appearance and make them more beautiful to the man on the ground."

And being a privileged philosopher he took his point a bit farther.

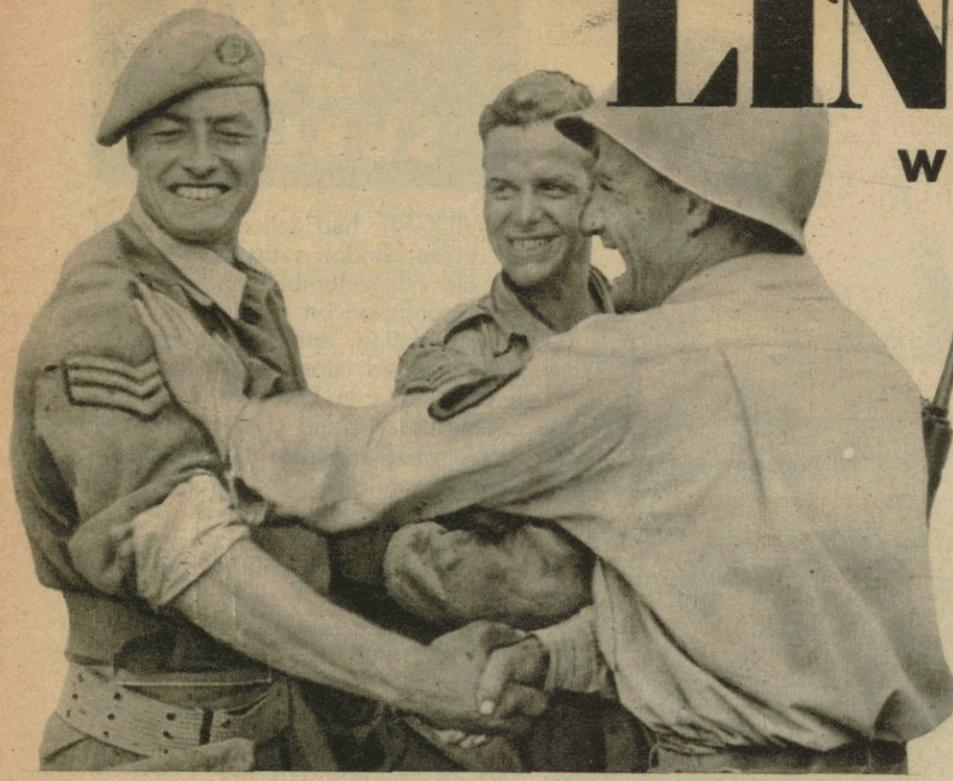
"It often seems to me that many of us make the same sort of mistake in other affairs," he said. "The English political system, for instance, is just such another structure that has grown over the centuries like that village. If anyone tries to draw up a similar system quickly to present to another country it will not be quite so satisfying to the people of that country as ours is to us."

"They, with their feet well on the ground, will see imperfections in its shape. But if the job is done as well as the architects of our new towns are doing theirs, then the people will begin to add a bit here and take away a bit there until the finished article is really to their taste."

J. H.

LINK-UP

WITH BRITISH ARMY
NEWSPAPERS
EVERYWHERE



TRUNK CALL

Persia and Iraq Command

PRIORITY APPOINTMENT

A friend of ours, now serving with the C.M.F., had an invitation to a wedding in Edinburgh forwarded to him via his Leeds address. His reply, painstakingly written by the light of a guttering candle, began as follows: — "On September 3, 1939, representations by the British and French governments on the subject of Germany's reckless territorial depredations in Europe having met with unfavourable response, a state of war was declared to exist." He concluded, "As an indirect consequence of this international manifestation of ill-will I find myself at the present moment in Greece, in khaki, and indignant, and thus can see little hope of being able to attend your daughter's wedding, which took place in Edinburgh two months ago."

AWFUL EXAMPLE

WHEN the G.O.C.-in-C visited the Army Catering Corps exhibition at the Ali Baba restaurant, Baghdad, recently he asked the maker of some particularly delicate and succulent cakes what he was in civilian life. "A concrete maker, sir," replied the soldier. Many officers and N.C.O.s went straight back to their messes with orders for the cook to attend immediately at the Ali Baba and see the right and wrong way of preparing food, and there was a constant stream of visitors round the stands.

An amusing section was the model ration store, side by side with an Awful Example of how rations are sometimes stored. The latter missed nothing, even down to tea-leaves in the sugar and a burning cigarette on the edge of the dirty table. Lady Cornwallis spent a long time watching a cook in spotless white showing how yeast buns are made. The A.C.C. has every reason to be proud of its training.

Answers

(From page 17.)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. Scotland. 2. A. Sonnet. 3. Persia, Mesopotamia, Siem. 4. Harassing. 5. Pathos means a quality exciting sadness; bathos means a fall from sublime to ridiculous.
6. Blood, toil, tears and sweat. 7. (a) Rue (b) Straat (c) Strasse. 8. Fieseler-Storch.
9. (a) Liverpudlian (b) Glaswegian (c) Mancunian. 10. Actor. 11. Rhum, Egg and Muck. 12. "The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea." 13. France. 14. Sir Bernard Partridge; "Punch."

REGIMENTS: (a) Essex. (b) Loyal Regt. (N. Lancs) also known as Lancashire Lads. (c) Middlesex (2nd Bn known as "Pothooks"). (d) Wiltshire (also known as "Splashes"). (e) R.A.M.C. (also known as "Poulter Wallopers"). (f) R.A.O.C.

(g) R. Norfolk. (h) Cheshire (also known as "Red Knights"). (i) Gloucestershire. (j) R. Sussex. (k) Bays (l) 11th Hussars.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS :

1. Churchill. 8. Siren. 10. Badge. 12. Tripoli. 14. (sub) Rosa. 15. R.A.S.C. (ally). 16. Spare. 17. Beau (fighter). 19. A.-n-T.S. 21. Grenade. 24. Nares. 25. Cycle. 26. Very least.

DOWN :

2. (Beds &) Herts. 3. Rani. 4. Hobo. 5. Lydia. 6. Ascribing. 7. Leicester ("The Tigers"). 9. Erasure. 11. Already. 13. Plain. 18. Agree. 20. Necks. 22. Espy. 23. Acre.

CHESS

Key-move: R-K 2.

Gen

Middle East

DANGER : MANTRAP

MISS Molly Friel, a beauty expert, told the Liverpool Soroptimist Club the other day that an Act passed in 1770 to protect men from the "false wiles of women" laid down that if a woman "of any degree seduced or betrayed any man into matrimony" by the use of scents, paint, cosmetic waxes, artificial teeth, Spanish wool, iron stays, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, then the woman incurred the penalty of the law and the marriage was null and void.

That law, she said, has never been repealed. Trouble-makers could still have a good time if they wished to invoke such legislation.

It is criminal to eat sweets and chocolates in a public place, or buy a lobster of shorter length than 8-inches from "beak to tail."

Under an Act of Henry VII, it is unlawful to eat "or be concerned in the making of mince-pies, because it is an abominable and idolatrous thing to do."

SEAC

South-East Asia Command

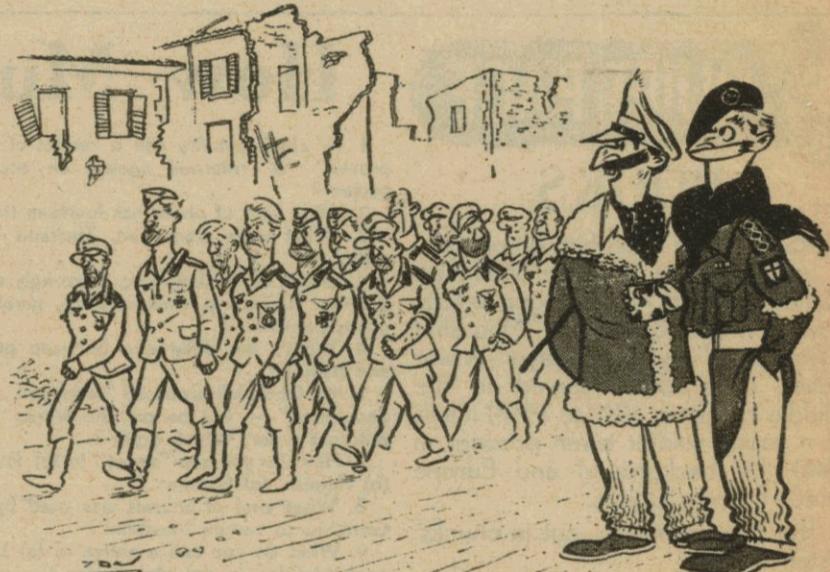
FASHION NOTE

"COLOURS" for killing Japs are awarded in a brigade in Central Burma. The scarves are made from old parachutes. Only men who have actually killed or captured Jap may wear one. Not more than one man per Japanese may claim a scarf. Platoon

THE LONGEST WAY ROUND...

THE British soldier is always on his way home. Whether he is striking across Africa, or up the length of Italy, or through France, Belgium or Holland to Berlin, he is going home. And wherever he is, or whatever he is doing, he will go on being mildly "browned off" until he gets there. He remains a civilian in uniform. The Germans in uniform fall into a pattern. They have the robot look. But the British have variety... The Germans parade like a stiffly working machine. The British may march well and look well, but they are a trifle self-conscious about this. If you have ever stood on the pavement and watched them, you will know what I mean. You get a cheerful sidelong wink from

THE TWO TYPES



"Looks like the same crowd we caught at Mareth".

somebody in the ranks which clearly says "Blimey, what a life!"

The British soldier is a good soldier. But he has no real taste for soldiering. He belongs to a race which has coloured the map red, and all he wants are the green fields of England. I saw him in Africa and Italy as the conqueror, and I have seen him here as the liberator, and in none of these places has he settled heavily and possessively - Illingworth.

commanders, sergeants and section leaders are on the same level as the men.

When their company has bagged 50 Japanese the company commander and his second-in-command may wear one. When the brigade has killed 250,000 Japs, or on Armistice Day, whichever comes last, the brigade commander and his staff may wear coloured neckwear. Only picked-up birds to count.

PIN-UP TRAGEDY

GRAND Old Man of the Burma front is 62-year-old Capt. A. V. Borovsky, an ex-Cossack officer known to everyone in the 14th Army as "The Baron." He is a linguist, and served throughout the last war, the Russian civil war, and the Burma campaign. He has one regret over Burma. Somewhere in the jungle is a collection of photographs of 300 "sweethearts" he has met in 40 years roaming about the Far East.

TOUGH SLEDDING FOR ANN

WHEN film star Ann Sheridan got back to Hollywood after a 60-day tour of the American Army's China-Burma-India theatre circuit she was quoted as saying, "I don't want to go back. It is too rough." She was taken to task for this statement by the editor of an Army newspaper. In reply she was reported as saying, "I'm wondering if your wife or sweetheart or sister has bucket-seated her way 60,000 miles at more than 1,000 miles a day, playing two bad shows, eating 'C' or 'K' rations more often than hot groceries, much of it standing up..."

UNION JACK

Italy

CHILDREN'S PARADISE

THE children of Naples are full of humour. They are intelligent and quick. Even when they are begging or selling or touting they treat you as an equal, and, if you wander in the in-bounds area back streets, you will observe that Italian men and women treat children as equals. They allow them to take part in discussions. They make jokes with them, and all the time the children pour over the streets, and even the raggiest of them has a vitality and enthusiasm for life I've seen nowhere else all down Italy from Forli to Bari.

When, back home, I hear blokes speak harshly of Naples, as many will, I shall agree in many ways, but I shall add a word for the grace of the children, for their eyes, for their easy friendliness and lively sense of fun, and for their bold face on adversity.

To SOLDIER



WE'RE CONQUERORS!

"R.A.C." (name and address supplied) :

New name, please! Just the thing while the Nazis were being chased out of France, Belgium and Holland, the term B.L.A. is now out-of-date. The liberating part of the business, except for the few odd corners still to be tidied up, is over. We're in Holland now. Not as liberators, but as conquerors!

My suggestion : that the B.L.A. be re-named the B.C.A. — the British CONQUERING Army.

The Prime Minister has stated that there will be no room for Germany in the comity of nations until all traces of Nazism and militarism have been extirpated. That's a tough job and we've got to act tough to do it. Rechristen us the B.C.A. and you're starting on the right lines.

No Coddling Wanted

Sgt. Jack Dane, R.E., B.L.A. : "Brave New World," eh? I hope that in prophesying all these fine things for the ex-Service man-to-be SOLDIER will lay proper emphasis on the fact that it is WE who, ultimately, are going to pay for them. We don't want to be like the man who wrote to the Cabinet Minister to say, "I don't think the cost of this should fall on the taxpayer or the ratepayer. The State ought to bear it."

My Army experience is that whereas plenty of soldiers think this or that should be State-controlled, we don't want to

Letters are welcomed by SOLDIER, but we do want to know who writes them. So please don't forget to put in your name, rank and number.

become Civil Servants, which is what most of us look like being if all these prophecies come true.

Many men, like myself, have a good trade at our finger-tips and we're quietly confident of being able to make our way in the post-war world. All we ask is that we're not taxed and regimented out of existence and so forced into the rank and file of those who think the State ought to be mother and father, employer and wet-nurse rolled into one.

Stripes - So What?

Pte. J. Brand : I've been in the Army for over five years. I have served in Africa, Italy and now here in Western Europe. When I first got back to U.K. I noticed a lot of people walking around with red stripes running up their arms. Pardon my ignorance, but I didn't know what they were for. Service stripes, they told me. Then I began to notice that some people wore them, some didn't. I believe that the authorities make the wearing of them optional. Personally I don't wear them. I think there is far too much of this outward show. What do they mean, anyway? Because a man has been in for five years he hasn't necessarily something to brag about. I've known soldiers who have gone through more in a year than some people in five.

Most of us were called up anyway whether we liked it or not, so the place that really decided how many service stripes we are entitled to wear is the Ministry of Labour and National Service.

Does the wearing of service stripes show a particular sort of mentality? Are people who wear them anxious to show THEY are "old sweats"? You've got to sweat before you are one, and before you can do that you've got to do something hot in this war.

Makeshifts

Pte. S. Daintry, R.A.C. : What does SOLDIER think of my chances of getting a decent home for my wife and child after demobilisation? My release group is 38, which means I won't be getting my "civvies" for a long time yet. But when I do I don't want to have to move into something that a local planning committee thought up in its spare time.

Not far from London there is an 'estate' of wooden huts which were built after the last war as temporary homes. People are still living in those huts. Is there any guarantee that if I have to make a home in a temporary prefabricated house, built to last ten years, that I won't have to make it last twenty?

It seems to me that post-war housing is going to be a bigger headache than most people imagine. The prefabricated steel house with its built-in refrigerator, and with its labour saving attractions, may be more than a temporary measure to find homes for returning Servicemen.

Apart from this, there is the question of space, as stated in a British newspaper not long ago. If local authorities are going to erect large numbers of temporary houses, necessarily near to railways and industrial districts, where will they find space for permanent houses? Is there a satisfactory plan, and if so, what is it?

This is what the Government has in store for you : a programme of 220,000 houses completed in the first two years after the defeat of Germany, plus temporary houses, plus repair of war damage (Mr. Willink, Minister of Health, House of Commons, 22 March 1945). Total number of houses needed in the country is 1,125,000.

See also paragraphs on housing under "How Are They At Home?" in this issue of SOLDIER, Page 14. — Ed., SOLDIER.

Family Tribute

Tpr. G.R. Foxwell, R.A.C. : After the last war we heard a great deal about war memorials of one sort and another. No doubt we shall hear more about them after this one.

There's a memorial I should specially like to see in London after this war is over. That is a really impressive one from the Services to the rest of the people of Britain, who have supported us so faithfully, and have also suffered badly from actual enemy attack in air raids. They've gone through a lot, and our successful campaigns wouldn't have been possible if they'd failed us. So what



about it, chaps? Don't you think it's worth a small "sub"? A personal, yet at the same time a public, tribute to the family that has backed us up.

He Is Indignant

L/Bdr. P.S. Wilshire, R.A. : Seldom has an article in the Press raised in me such a feeling of indignation and injustice as that of A/C H. Landauer to the editor of GEN (quoted in SOLDIER No. 1).

The days when classical music was considered as designed solely for the enjoyment of a small group of so-called intelligentsia are happily over, and one has only to note the enormous box-office attraction of our orchestras in recent years to appreciate the present feeling of the general public.

For those who have never learned, or more generally speaking, never tried to understand such music, I hold only sorrow, for I feel they are missing a source of great enjoyment; but to categorise converts as our New World builders is both foolish and snobbish, and "the noisy, easy-going beer-drinkers and football-players" will assuredly have just as much to say on that score.

Unnecessary Supplies?

Pte. J.S. Coventry, 17CPO (Base) B.L.A. : In the first issue of your admirable journal the correspondence page is filled by letters to other Army newspapers. One may assume that you expect to hear from your own readers before publication of the second issue.

I should like to draw attention to a matter of public concern. Authorities on the subject repeatedly say that we cannot help our liberated allies with supplies of food and industrial materials more than we are doing, because of, among other

PROUD CLAIM

"Man of Kent" (name and address supplied) : What is the oldest regiment or corps of the British Army? Can you settle an argument that started in our "Y.M." the other day and looks like going on till the "Cease Fire"?

The Royal Scots are the First Foot and they call them "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard," but when I joined the Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment) we were impressed with the fact that we were formed from the Train Bands of London, that this was a sort of militia-cum police force keeping order in the City, and such good scrappers that we were asked to go to Holland to help them in a fight against the French. Further, that while we were on the Continent the Royal Scots were embodied; that's why we were a year or two behind them in our embodiment, which was in 1572.

One or two in our argument thought the Guards or the Royal Engineers (under another name) were the oldest, but a barrack-room lawyer who was a pre-1914 "Terrier" said we were all wrong — that the Honourable Artillery Company had the privilege. Who's right please, or are we all wrong?



difficulties, lack of shipping space. If this is so, why is shipping space allotted to "liver salts" and other patent medicines which are in rather copious supply in Naafi and other canteens? This incitement to self-diagnosis and treatment casts an unwarranted reflection on the Army health services. Surely the No. 9 is much cheaper and more effective for its purpose than the expensive proprietary articles?

It is also questionable if a purely ornamental item such as metal polish is absolutely necessary in our present circumstances. Could shipping space not be more profitably used?

I shall not discuss blanco, since I accept the explanation, though without much conviction, that its use is beneficial to equipment as well as being profitable to manufacturers.

I hope that these suggestions will be considered in, shall we say, a spirit of Cromwellian austerity, and that you will receive many other communications, probably more valuable, but not less appreciative, than this.

THANKS, YANK

We have a gripe. Why is it that Yanks are always complaining about the poor quality of English ale? Some of them even say they prefer American beer to it. After an impartial study we find that we much prefer English ale to any kind of American beer. One thing about American beer is that it is too gassy, too effervescent. On the other hand English ale has just the right lift. Another thing we like is the variety of ales they have over here. If one doesn't like bitters he can have brown ale or lager, etc. The English seek to please a man's individual taste. This may be incidental, but we don't think there is anything in the States to compare with an accompanying platter of fish and chips to go with one's ale. As far as we're concerned the English have the servicing of a man's alcoholic taste down to a fine art.

SEVEN YANKS.
(in "Yank").

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SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



4

1. OVER THE RHINE. — Infantry moving forward. 2. "BREW UP" for the Prime Minister by Gunner C. Woods and Gunner R. F. Jackson as he watches the Crossing. 3. NO CAKE WALK. — Flying Fortress crashes among enemy positions during US airborne mission. 4. PREPARATIONS were elaborate. A glimpse of pontoons ready for their tremendous task. 5. Some of the mediums that took part in "The Battle of the Rhine."



2 3 5

The Last Word

"Are you trying to make an invalid out of me?" demanded Corporal Harold W. Greatrex, when officials at a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace suggested he might like to use a wheel-chair.

You see him here leaving the investiture with a friend, Miss J. H. Symons.

Corporal Greatrex was awarded the Military Medal for taking his truck into a minefield to put guide-marks for tanks which were being held up. He finished the job, but was blinded and lost his left leg when a mine exploded.

A champion swimmer and water-polo player before the war, he means to take up swimming again at the earliest opportunity.

"Are you trying to make an invalid out of me?"

