

SOLDIER

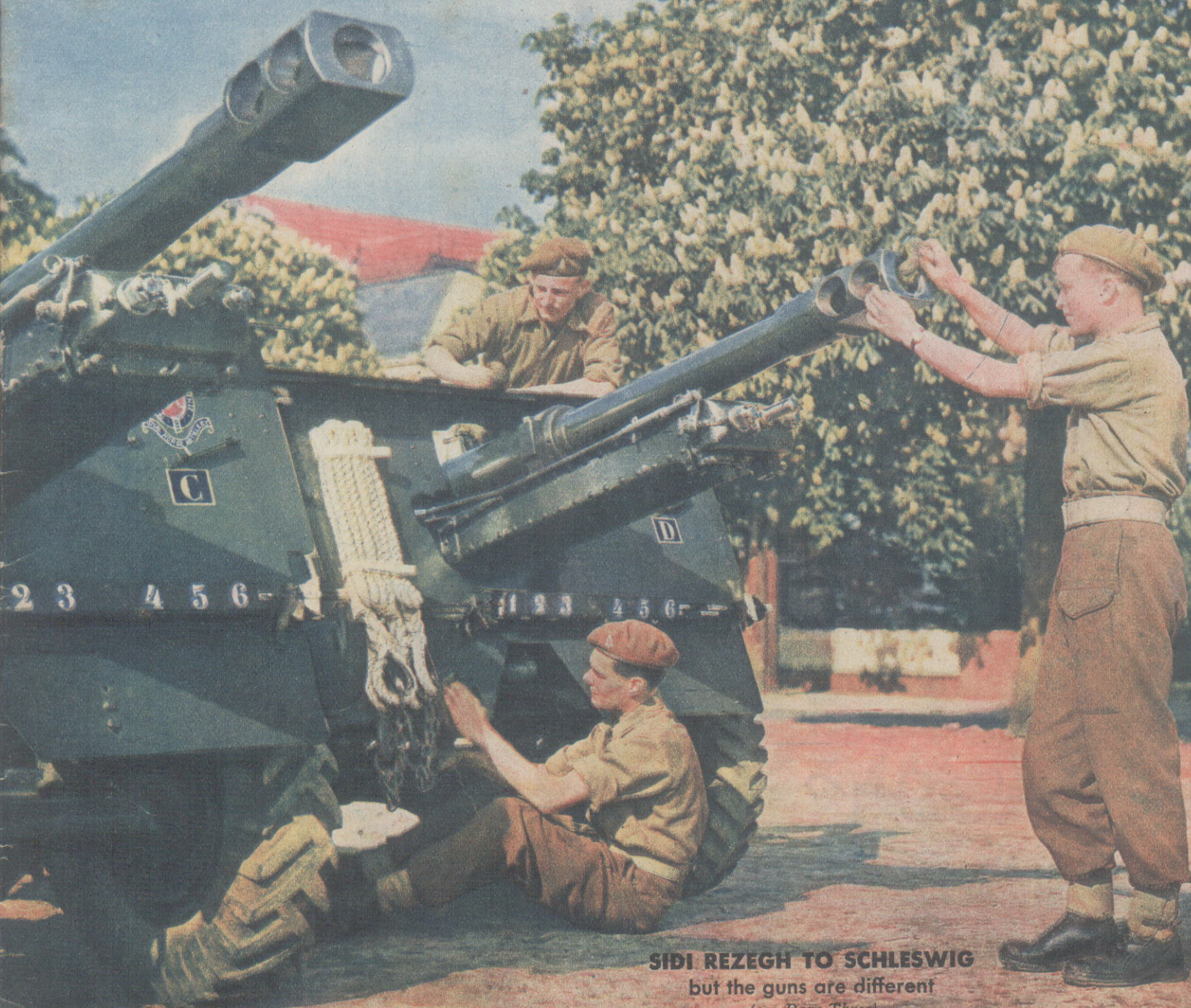
THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

July 1946

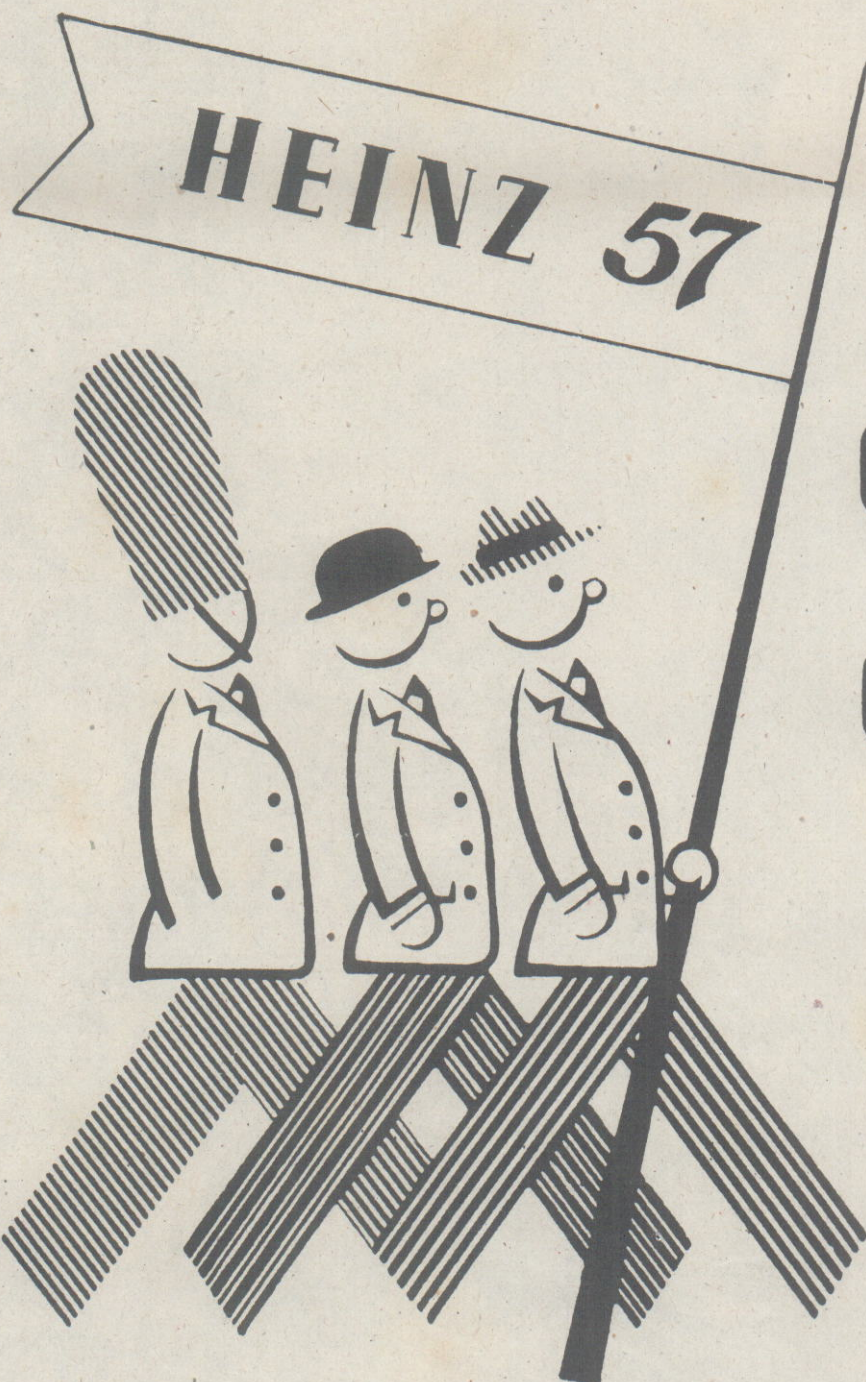
Monthly

Vol. 2 - No 10

IN GERMANY 1 MK.
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(see Page Three)



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SOLDIER

The British Army Magazine
JULY 1946



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The NEW SOLDIER

THIS is the first issue of the new SOLDIER, which will now be published monthly.

The policy of SOLDIER stays the same. Its aim is to keep you informed about what the other man in the Army is doing; to record outstanding Army exploits, enterprises, discoveries; to give you the facts which directly affect you, and for which the home Press cannot always find room; to help you with your problems; and to do all this in a magazine set out as attractively as editorial and technical resources allow.

SOLDIER does not exist to rake over the embers of old battles, or to join in recriminations; but it believes there are still any number of fine stories to be told about World War Two, and will take pride in discovering them and telling them.

It is no part of SOLDIER's plan to work up a nostalgia for Civvy Street. But it will deal with the problems of Civvy Street as they affect the returning Serviceman. And from time to time it will tell of the exploits of returned Servicemen. But SOLDIER's prime interest is with serving soldiers and the jobs they are doing—jobs of a bewildering variety and of first importance, all over the world.

If you have an idea for an article in SOLDIER, write and tell us about it.

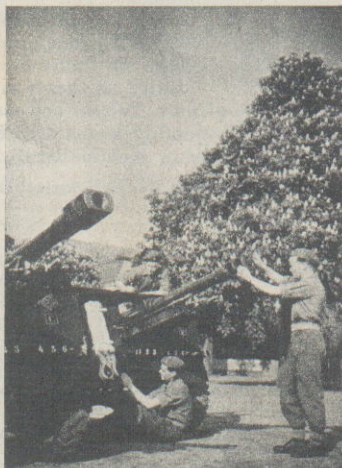
It is *your* magazine.

SOLDIER's COVER PICTURE

THE front page photograph (taken by SOLDIER's staff photographer S/Sgt. D. O'Neill) shows the guns of a troop of the 3rd RHA being cleaned at their station in the Schleswig area. It was with this troop (though not these guns) that a VC was won at Sidi Rezegh in November 1941 by Lieut. G. W. Gunn, MC.

The regiment then had two-pounders, and fought a stirring last man, last gun, last round duel with panzers.

The regiment fought through



Africa, Italy and N-W Europe to Berlin, where they took part in the Victory Parade.

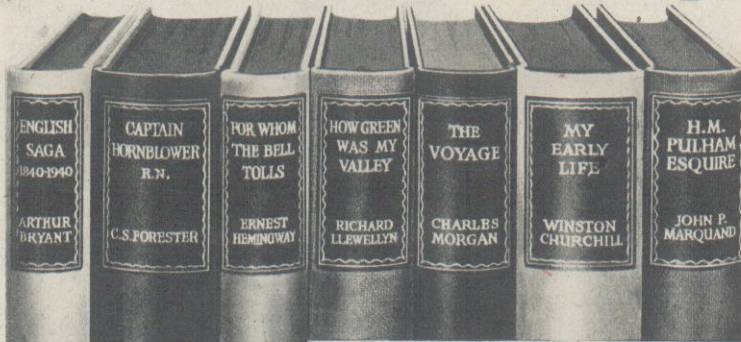


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Between them they have a unique knowledge of current books. They select from the lists of all publishers, and have first call on nearly all the books issued by themselves. Their first of the monthly books was *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Others were *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Captain Hornblower, R.N.*, *Brazilian Adventure*, *How Green Was My Valley* and *For Whom The Bell Tolls*.

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by Winston Churchill

Full-blooded studies of famous and notorious modern figures.

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by André Maurois

Autobiography of famous author and celebrity.

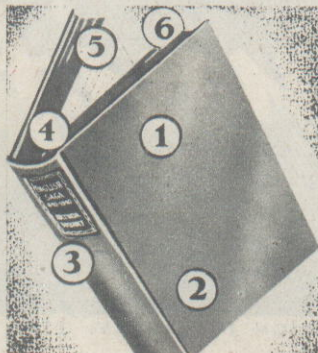
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September:

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Rosamond Lehmann

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October:

THE COMMODORE

C. S. Forester

9/6 3/6

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November:

ELIZABETH AND LEICESTER

Milton Waldman

12/6 3/6

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December:

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Rudyard Kipling

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ADDRESS.....

THE ARMY PAYS A DEBT OF HONOUR

IN the dark years when the war was going badly the British Government made a promise. It said that whoever helped Allied Servicemen to escape from, or evade capture by the enemy, would be rewarded. This promise was broadcast in the BBC overseas programmes, and pamphlets containing it were scattered over enemy territory.

The Germans immediately countered this by declaring that such people would be shot. Yet despite this savage penalty the friends of Britain were many. In the occupied countries of Europe and the Far East people of all classes risked their lives to bring aid to Allied fugitives. Noblemen sheltered desperate men in their palaces, monks concealed them in their monasteries, and peasants went hungry to feed them.

The help given took many forms. Some men needed false papers; others wanted money, food, shelter, maps, civilian clothes, boot repairs, guides, or transport; all these and more were willingly provided.

The helpers were not actuated by hope of gain. No money could compensate them for the risks they ran. They acted as they did because they were generous-hearted, kindly, and brave. Through their agency thousands of Allied soldiers, sailors and airmen were saved from captivity or death and returned to their own forces.

Many of the helpers were executed, or imprisoned and tortured. Many more lost all they possessed through confiscation or reprisal. Yet still the work continued.

That vast debt of gratitude, accumulated through the years of suffering, is now being paid — so far as money and thanks can ever pay it. The British Government has remembered its promise, and in more than a dozen countries throughout Europe and the Far East British officers of the Allied Screening Commission and the Awards Bureaux are penetrating to remote districts, retracing the tracks of the hunted men, seeking out their helpers, and recompensing those who will accept money — for many refuse

all forms of reward save the certificate of thanks which is given to every helper.

100,000 Helpers

The first unit of this type began its work in Italy on 5 June 1944 when, on the day following the occupation of Rome, the Allied Screening Commission was set up on liberated territory.

The initial strength was four officers, all of whom had themselves escaped from enemy hands by the help of civilians. Now that office employs 150 Army personnel with detachments of Naval Officers, WRNS, RAF, WAAF, and more than 100 civilians.

At the end of 1944 other offices were started in Athens, Paris,

and Brussels, and in 1945 further branches were established in Holland, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary and Rumania. Since the end of the Japanese war others have been set up in the Far East.

The task facing the Screening Commission was enormous, for it is estimated that helpers in Europe alone number over 100,000. Lists of these patriots were obtained from successful escapers, evaders, and repatriated prisoners of war; but naturally these men, some of whom had wandered in enemy territory for 18 months and more, could not always remember the names and addresses of all their benefactors.

So radio, press, films, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)



Thousands of British soldiers who escaped from prison camps and lived "on the run" in Europe were sheltered by civilians, for whom detection meant death. The British Government promised that such helpers would be rewarded. Now the Army is keeping that promise.

Above: In rural Italy an ATS Junior Commander officiates at a paying-out ceremony.

Continuing THE ARMY PAYS A DEBT OF HONOUR



Grim is the background to this picture. Husband and eldest son of this Italian peasant were shot because escapers were harboured in her cottage. No money can repay her loss; but from the British Government she receives an award to alleviate her lot.

posters were used in the liberated countries to give wide publicity to the work of the Screening Commission or Awards Bureaux, and enable the helpers to make themselves known.

Investigating Claims

"No claim is ever rejected without the most detailed investigation first being made," declared an officer of the Screening Commission, "and where there is an element of doubt the benefit is always given to the claimant so that no genuine helper shall fail to be rewarded."

Those who gave outstanding help are recommended for decorations, many of which have already been presented. Many will receive the recently struck King's Medal "for courage or for service."

Compensation in money is offered to those who incurred expenses in sheltering escapers or evaders and, in all cases where money was advanced to an escaper, or where an escaper gave a cheque for services he received, the debt is redeemed in full.

Those who were imprisoned or deported because of the help they gave get liberal money grants. The dependants of the many helpers who were executed receive substantial payments, and generous allowances are paid for young children left

orphaned. Finally each helper is presented with a certificate of thanks signed by the Supreme Allied Commander, or his Deputy, in the war theatre concerned.

The Screening Commission and Awards Bureaux work through each country by areas.

Where many helpers live close to one another, a meeting is usually called in the town hall or some suitable place and a public presentation of the certificates is made by a British officer supported by local dignitaries, or, in larger centres, by the general commanding the area.

Wherever possible the British Ambassador officiates at such ceremonies and personally thanks helpers on behalf of the British Government.

The members of the Awards Bureaux tackle their job with infinite patience and good humour. For most of them are escapers or evaders who owe much to the people among whom they work, and have for them a more than ordinary sympathy and esteem. They find their task an inspiring one, for they daily encounter such examples of courage, self-sacrifice, devotion,

and fortitude as would restore the faith of the most hardened cynic.

"Dede" The Patriot

One of the most famous of all the friends of Britain is the young



In Czechoslovakia a British officer (right) makes a speech of thanks and presents certificates to prominent Czech helpers.

Belgian girl Mlle Andrée de Jongh, known to escapers as "Dede," who from 1940 to 1943 organised the "Comet Line" escape route which ran from Brussels via Paris, Bordeaux, Bayonne and the Pyrenees to Spain. She escorted more than 100 Allied escapers or evaders to Spain, and on one operation swam the Bidassoa river on the Franco-Spanish frontier 20 times before delivering her charges safely on the other side. She was arrested in January 1943, removed to a concentration camp in Germany and

condemned to death, but survived and was liberated in May 1945.

On 13 February this year she was received in private audience by His Majesty the King who presented her with the George Medal, and she and her mother were entertained for a week in London as guests of the British Government.

Mlle de Jongh's escape route was only one of many, however. French patriots helped several thousand Allied sailors, soldiers and airmen to escape to Britain — an achievement for which 400 of them paid with their lives — and the Dutch, too, played their part. Members of the Awards Bureaux recently handed to the Burgomaster of Westmaas a large quantity of cigarettes and tobacco, for distribution to the people as a gift from the British Government. This gesture was made in recognition of the gallantry of eight of the local inhabitants who tried to assist the crew of a damaged British bomber to take off again after a forced landing. When the attempt failed they concealed the crew and in the face of death refused to disclose their whereabouts to the Germans. Five of the eight were shot.

The Greek spirit

When the Germans sweeping down through Greece crushed the Greek armies they failed utterly to crush the Greek spirit. Although facing starvation, the Greeks risked the death penalty to throw their scanty rations to Allied war prisoners and helped many of them to escape.

One young woman, a lawyer employed in a bank in Athens, devoted herself to protecting and rescuing all the British evaders she could contact. With indefatigable energy, she found safe hiding-places for them and kept them supplied with food and clothing which she distributed personally. The next step was to get the men away to the Middle East. She and her brother organised a most successful evacuation and the party were able to join our forces out there without mishap.

Later, when engaged on a similar mission, she was captured by the enemy in the company of the evaders she was guiding. She was subjected to the cruellest tortures, but in spite of this not a word passed her lips which could incriminate her collaborators or lead to the discovery of the other evaders. She was finally sentenced to a long term of imprisonment in Italy where, in spite of appalling conditions and solitary confinement, her morale remained magnificent. She was liberated after the Allied occupation of Rome. It is to people like Miss Alexandra Poumboura MBE that we owe so much. Their services are not passing unrecognised.

After Greece came the tragedy of Crete with hundreds of Allied

soldiers cut off from their own forces, tired, hunted, and desperate. The Cretans did not fail them.

In the Preveli monastery the Abbot and his monks organised the shelter and escape of many Commonwealth evaders. Some 200 were successfully evacuated by submarine to Egypt and others followed by fishing boats. By these means 680 survivors of our forces were safely transported to Egypt.

In the meantime the Germans sacked the monastery and arrested all the monks except the Abbot, who escaped and spent the winter 1941—2 in the mountains. The evaders themselves implored him to leave Crete with them but he refused, saying that there might be others still in need of his help. Owing to the rigours of that winter he fell seriously ill, and finally agreed reluctantly to be evacuated to Egypt where he died shortly afterwards. He was awarded the OBE in 1942.

Heroic Village

In Crete, too, is the village of Skines. Near that village the Germans established a POW camp. Defying their orders the villagers used to feed the prisoners and help them to escape. One evening the Germans descended upon the village, dynamited every house and executed 40 villagers. The inhabitants now are living in the most primitive conditions in shacks constructed from the ruins of their houses. Yet not one of them will accept rewards in money. They are perfectly satisfied with certificates of thanks and woollen comforts.

On 8 September 1943 came the Italian Armistice. At that time

there were about 75,000 Allied prisoners of war in the country, and within a few days some 30,000 had been released by their guards or had broken out of their prisons.

Despite their previous part in the war many of the Italians behaved magnificently. At a time when the Germans, harassed on every side, were meting out punishments of desperate savagery the Italian people received the Allied soldiers into their homes, feted them, supplied their every need and passed them from village to village on their long journey southward. Footwear was so scarce among the peasants that many of the men wore strips of rubber or skin tied to their feet. Girls went barefoot, clothes were in rags — but boots and civilian outfits were found for "gli Inglesi".

The escapers travelled by every conceivable means. Some went by passenger train, others on bicycles and lorries, some trudged nearly 600 miles over the slopes of the Appenines. More than 2,000 went north and crossed the mountains into Switzerland, others entered France where they later joined the Allies, some found their way to Yugoslavia and even Czechoslovakia, where they linked up with resistance groups. A few traversed France and Spain to reach sanctuary in Gibraltar. One six-foot-two South African got tired of walking and made his way by begging lifts on German lorries which were taking supplies to the front. Even his sangfroid was, however, slightly shaken when he was accompanied on part of his journey by recaptured prisoners of war under German guard.

In Rome hundreds of Allied escapers lived for months under the noses of the Germans, going to the pictures when they were bored. One even claims to have had his programme photographed by Kesselring while at the Opera.

Peasant Sacrifices

Right up to the time of the final surrender the escapers were still reaching the Allied lines after being at large for 18 months. The total of successful escapes was over 12,000.

Here are two typical examples from the

thousands of stories told by these men.

"One family I stayed with was so poor that eleven of them lived in one room. Yet they insisted I should have one of their three beds to myself.

"They fed me on eggs and milk, but they ate dry bread themselves. When I said I would prefer to eat as they did they became angry and said it was none of my business. They possessed only 14 chickens, but during my three weeks' stay they killed six of them to feed me. The father had only two jackets; one he wore to work, the other he preserved for Sundays and fiestas. That one he insisted I must have.

"The Germans frequently visited the house and on one occasion broke into it at five a.m. to demand billets. Yet not one of the family wavered in their determination to shelter me. When a neighbour finally informed on them, and during my absence an armed party of Germans came to arrest me, the family's first thought was for my safety, and they sent to warn me while the Germans were still searching the house.

"They were heartbroken when I decided to move to safer quarters."

Another escaper describes how

he and a friend were cared for in a famine area by a 26-year-old Italian girl.

"We were so hungry that we ate boiled grass, stinging nettles, and snails, and baked cakes of bran originally intended as chicken food. The girl could have fed reasonably well with her family but she preferred to stay with us chaperoned by an old peasant woman. It was winter time, but she used to cross a 6,000-foot mountain range to seek grain and potatoes for us. On the days when food was scarcest she would refuse to eat her share, saying she wasn't hungry. It sometimes took hours to make her change her mind."

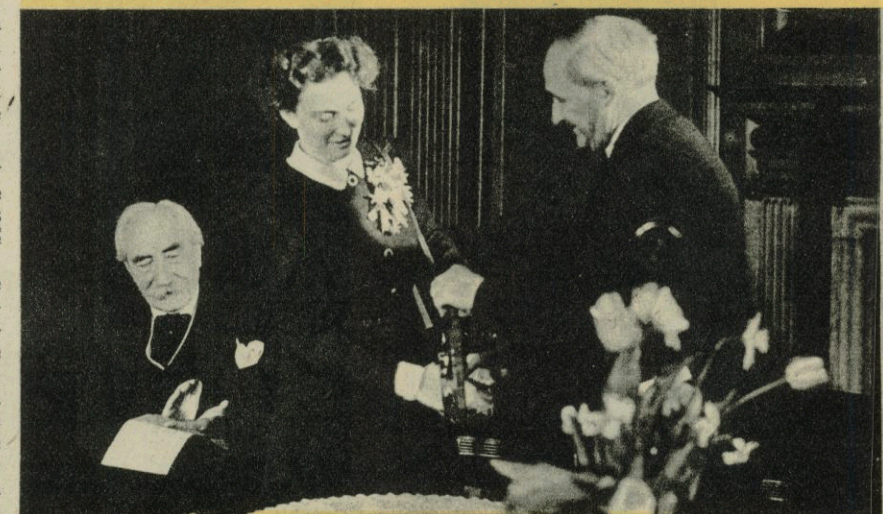
Friendships Survive

Those are a few of the thousands of Britain's friends. By their actions they have forged links with us which transcend race, creed, or politics. Many a man has returned after the liberation to marry the girl who helped him when he was hunted, and thousands of letters are exchanged with the remote parts of the Continent — "My very dear friends. I shall never forget your kindness..." "Our beloved son, how happy we were to hear that you are safe..."

S. E. WEBSTER (Lieut.)



In France a British and a Canadian officer of the Awards Bureaux attend a service for helpers who were killed by the Germans.



Mlle Andrée de Jongh, of Brussels, who organised a famous escape line from Belgium to Spain, receives a presentation "bomber" clock from the British Secretary for Air.



This certificate is awarded to

as a token of gratitude for and appreciation of the help given to the Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen of the British Commonwealth of Nations, which enabled them to escape from, or evade capture by the enemy.

H.R. Alexander

*Field Marshal,
Supreme Allied Commander,
Mediterranean Theatre.*

The certificate of thanks which is presented to helpers in the Mediterranean theatre. In Western Europe and the Far East similar certificates are signed by the Supreme Allied Commander or his Deputy.



London has a preview of the new walking-out uniform which is proposed for all ranks.

The NEW "BLUES"



Above: the non-ceremonial version, with beret and cloth belt. Below: a Signals major is quizzed by the Guards.

THE British soldier's new Sunday suit has been on parade. It is the proposed No. 1 Dress, which is to be worn whenever battledress is not suitable, for ceremonial parades, social events and walking-out.

From the top of his beret to the toes of his shoes, the British soldier will have a completely new outfit to wear when he takes his girl-friend out. And, unlike the old "blue patrols" which he bought himself, it will be issued to him.

For most units the new No. 1 Dress is indigo blue, but Rifle regiments will wear rifle green, the King's Royal Rifle Corps black, Highland regiments dark piper green tunics with kilts instead of trousers and Lowland regiments trews with the blue tunics.

The new "blues" start with a beret of new design, with a smart stained leather band. For most units the beret will be blue, but regiments which have traditional headdresses will stick to them and the Royal Tank Regiment will wear black berets, Rifle regiments green, 11th Hussars brown with a cherry band, Airborne units red. Scottish regiments will wear blue bonnets.

The tunics have high "patrol" collars. These are lined with detachable white collars, fixed in by five buttons, which show over the top of the darker material and give a smart effect on the neck.

On the shoulders are wide, detachable epaulettes with piping in the colours of the facings of the unit's traditional full-dress. The tunic is cut more on the lines of a civilian jacket than of the ordinary SD and is fully lined and easy fitting. With its split skirt, it looks very much like a civilian jacket from the back.

It has two breast pockets, with flaps fastened by regimental buttons and two side pockets with

flaps but no buttons. It has a loose cloth belt with a brass buckle. There are five buttons down the front of the tunic, so the brass-work which needs polishing consists of one cap badge, two collar-dogs, five front buttons, two pocket buttons, two epaulette buttons and one belt-buckle: 13 items in all.

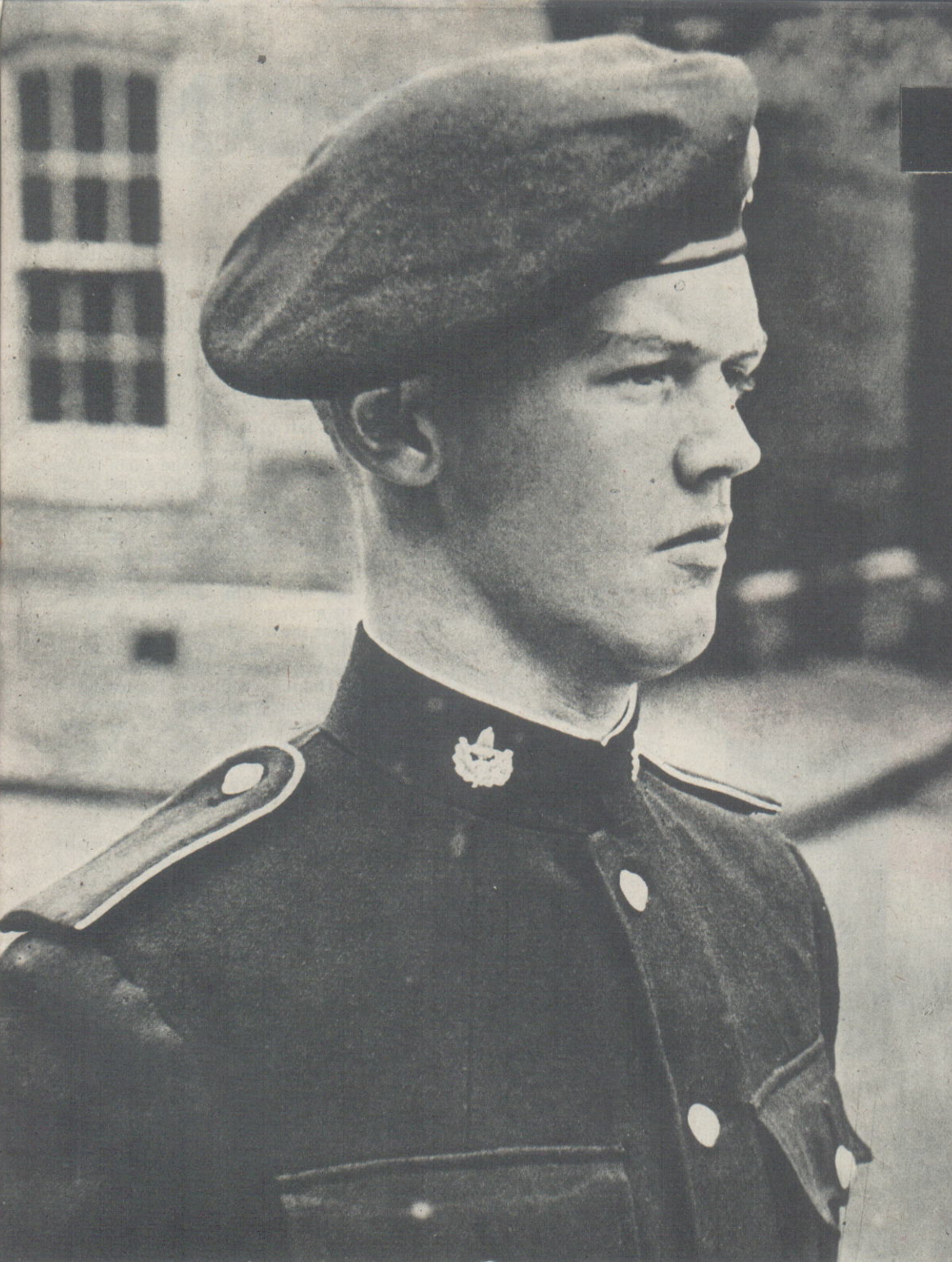
The trousers are cut on civilian lines, loose round the waist, so that they need braces.

"They're some of the best-cut trousers I have ever worn," said an old regular serjeant. "They fit comfortably, they hang well and the legs are a decent width, so that they look well."

There are two side-pockets, no turn-ups. Down the leg runs a stripe in regimental colours. Infantry units which wore the red welt on their trousers will have a one-inch red stripe, but other units get wider stripes. The widest one on parade was that of a corporal of the Royal Horse Guards, three inches wide. Others have double stripes, like the RASC's double white stripe. The stripes may be different in colour from the pipings on the epaulette; the 9th Lancers wear blue piping but have a double yellow stripe. Units which have traditional coloured trousers, like the

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)





The high collar is lined with a detachable white collar, giving a smart effect at the neck.

"Cherry-pickers," will wear those.

For the feet, there are new, light-weight, blue woollen socks and black, Derby-pattern, plain-toed shoes — the first shoes to be a general issue to the Army. To complete the outfit there will be knitted woollen gloves, with leather-reinforced palms.

NCO's chevrons will be big ones in gold, with backings in regimental colours and worn on the right arm only. WO's will have silver piping on their sleeves, under their badges of rank. Traditional regimental idiosyncrasies, like the giant stripes and crown of the corporal of the Royal Horse Guards, will have their place in the new outfit.

When the new uniform is worn on ceremonial occasions, there will be few differences from the walking-out version. The blue beret will be replaced by a blue forage-cap with a shiny peak and a band in regimental colours, except for Scottish units which will stick to their blue bonnets and other units with traditional headdresses.

Instead of the cloth belt, there will be a leather belt with a bayonet-frog and short bayonet; this leather belt will be covered by a red girdle from under which the frog and bayonet will hang.

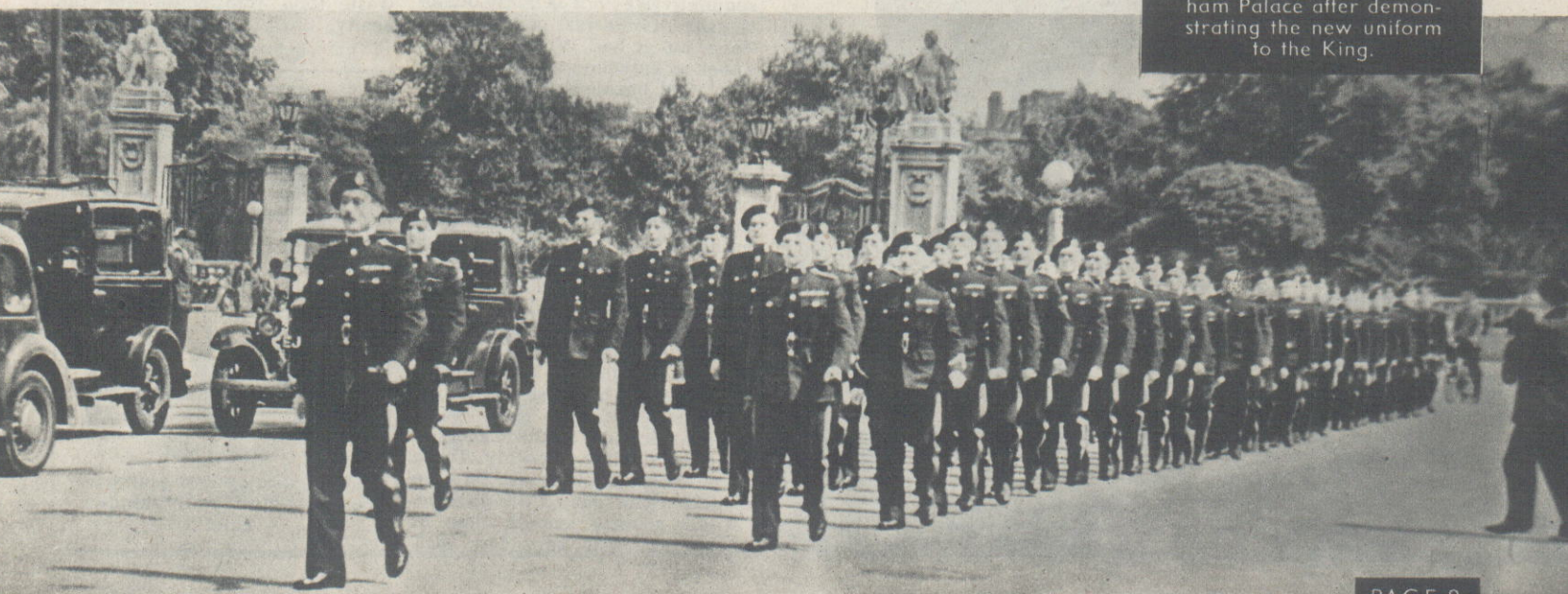
Officers will wear the same version of the new dress except that they will have two buttons on each cuff, with variations according to regimental tradition. For walking-out they will wear plain cloth epaulettes with badges of rank embroidered on them, but for ceremonial occasions they will have more elaborate gold epaulettes.

"It's at least a ten-guinea suit," a tailor told me. "A tunic like that would cost you a good seven guineas in Bond Street and the trousers are very well made."

There is no news of when the new uniform will be on issue. The cloth for it is not yet available.

R. L. E.

Marching from Buckingham Palace after demonstrating the new uniform to the King.



FAREWELL JOHNNY

CANUCK

So the Canadians have left Germany. The long lines of trucks have bumped over the dusty, uneven roads of agricultural Oldenburg, heading towards the last German depot to hold Canadian troops — on their way home.

It is good-bye to "The Maple Leaf" and all that. All over Oldenburg they have been taking down the Canadian signs. They are renaming the Beaver Clubs and the Knights of Columbus organisations.

It had been a long road from Normandy. And this was its end, this last transit camp at Delmenhorst, where the Canucks spent their last night before embarking for England, whence they had started their victorious adventure. And after England — home.

They talked of steps on that long road, as they bedded down for their last night in the country they had helped to conquer. They talked of the exhilarating scenes of liberation in France and Belgium and Holland. They talked of heavy fighting around Caen and Falaise. They talked of Operation Plunder and the crossing of the Rhine. They talked, too, of their months of occupation, of their billets and binges, of girls and guard-duties. For though Canada was not committed to provide an occupation force, she wanted to help police and disarm Germany.

Too Many Volunteers

There were difficulties, just after the surrender. Canadian soldiers were volunteering for service against the Japs; others had been away from Canada four or five years and were entitled to see home again soon; point-score demobilisation was operating. Who would make up the occupation force?

A call went out for volunteers. So many responded that the occupation army finally numbered 29,000—8,000 more than had been planned.

The area they occupied — an area like a foreshortened Italy with Delmenhorst at the heel and Emden at the top of the stocking — is mainly agricultural and consequently was not as badly bomb-smashed as the rest of the British Zone, but it had Wilhelmshaven, knocked unrecognisable, and Emden, vital because of its position at the mouth of the Dortmund-Ems canal, badly battered.

In that area was the 86 German Corps of about 200,000 men, not only Germans but of many other European nationalities in German uniform. They were spread over the area north of the Ems—Jade Canal and the Canadians had to keep them there until they were disbanded. Despite constant patrols in the canal area and brilliant searchlights, a few soldiers did get away to cause trouble on the other side.

Denazification of the Canadian zone went fairly smoothly. There were occasional raids by the Canucks, but very little trouble. "It was a fairly smooth time of occupation, with very few inci-

dents," said Major Jack Leach, who was in charge of repatriating the Canadians.

To the Frisians

In Wilhelmshaven the Canadian Army Occupation Force helped the Royal Navy demolish what was left of the German naval installations and sent men to the Frisian Islands for the same task. More than 1,000 men were used at Wilhelmshaven on this job alone. To prevent sabotage of the German ships lying in the harbour, CAOF men patrolled the docks and surrounded the city, day and night, allowing no-one to enter who had not permission from the military authority. Along the coast, CAOF engineers blew up bunkers and emplacements.

Helping Military Government to denazify the administration of Germany and rebuild it on democratic lines, the Canadian Special Investigation Service, Field Security and other Intelligence branches produced valuable information.

Across the Canadian occupation area were 65,000 Displaced Persons, most of whom had been forced to work on German farms. When the great DP crime-wave was at its height, diplomatic and ever-vigilant Canadian guards strove to keep order, and their searchlights at Oldenburg kept watch not only on food for the occupation force but also for the ex-prisoners of war and the DP's themselves. In the glare of those searchlights, men of the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps were working to help UNRRA cope with difficulties that arose from lack of staff.

In preventing starvation and disease among the Germans themselves, the Canadians were pioneers in obtaining specially processed food for their charges. Three plants are busy in the Canadian zone converting unused waste food into soups for the needy.



Disbanded Luftwaffe

Canadians of the occupation force maintained the warm friendship that had sprung up between Canucks and Dutch by taking over the task of helping to train Dutchmen to rebuild their army. They also had to re-establish frontier control between Holland and Germany.

Besides soldiers, airmen of the RCAF took part in the occupation. They disarmed and disbanded the Luftwaffe in an area of 6,600 square miles of Northern Germany, while a permanent "recce" party investigated more than 600 targets and unearthed secrets of flying-bombs and jet aircraft.

When evacuation came, the RCAF played its part, carrying the women's services, men under sentence and compassionate cases to England.

Why has the Canadian occupation force left Germany? There are three reasons which probably weighed with the Canadian Government when it made the decision. One was that the long supply line from Canada, through Holland to Germany, was costly; another was that the 29,000 men of the occupation force would be more valuable as productive agents in Canada than

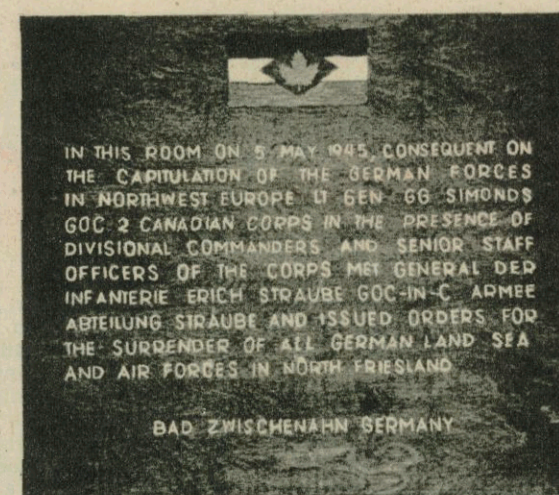
as unproductive ones in Germany; and the third that most of the troops had been away from home for periods up to six-and-a-half years and many Canadians thought it was time they were back in the Dominion.

Wives Bureaux

Now they have gone, all but a rear party which is clearing up Canadian obligations, a supply organisation which will take transport and equipment to Belgium for disposal; a guard unit; a unit which will dispose of vehicles; and the Canadian section of Rhine Army HQ, which will eventually be absorbed into the British command.

There are also "Wives Bureaux" in the Hague and Brussels, to worry out the problem of reuniting Continental brides and Canadian husbands.

What did they think of going home, these Johnny Canucks? As the last batch gathered on the



This plaque commemorating the German surrender took the place of honour in the officers' quarters.

parade-ground of Bad Zwischenahn, most of them were in good spirits. But there were some whose faces were glum.

Pte George Herechuk of Manitoba, going home after four years, said he was going to work in a gold-mine in Timmins, Ontario — "if I'm fit enough to get the job."

Coloured Joe Guy, of Nova Scotia, "clerk" in a grocer's shop, said: "Let's get on the boat and go."

SM Dave Smith, who called the last roll of the CAOF, is going back to commercial telegraphy in Vancouver, British Columbia.

QMS Verne Dean of London, Ontario, is going to stay in the Army for a while before taking up his broken studies at a uni-



The front page of "Maple Leaf's" souvenir edition showed the "Italian" shape of the Canadian area—Emden at the top of the stocking, Delmenhorst at the heel.

versity. "But," he says, "I want to come back to Germany to marry if the ban is lifted."

Capt. George Kamoff, who has been helping to organise the repatriation, looked at the parade with a fatherly eye. "You know," he said, "only about six in ten really want to go."

They climbed into trucks strewn with kitbags, clutching accordions and packets of "Sweet Caporals". An accordion started to play as they moved off and one or two began to sing...

GEOFFREY GOODMAN.

SOLDIER MISCELLANY

Editors Explain

ONE of the freedoms we cherish is the freedom to tell an editor how to run his newspaper. (The editor also enjoys the freedom to disregard such advice.) It is rare that an ordinary individual gets the chance to heckle editors direct, however.

Fortunate were the Army students who for some time have been attending a series of one-day conferences on "The British Press" at the Command School of Education, London District. They had the chance of questioning the following well-known editors and journalists (among others): Mr Arthur Christiansen, editor, *Daily Express*; Mr Percy Cudlipp, editor, *Daily Herald*; Mr John Gordon, editor, *Sunday Express*; Mr William Rust, editor, *Daily Worker*; Mr A. Horniblow and Miss Norah Alexander, *Daily Mail*; Mr Malcolm Muggeridge, *Daily Telegraph*; Mr Hannen Swaffer, *Daily Herald* and John Bull; Lady Rhondda, *Time and Tide*; Mr Kingsley Martin, *New Statesman*; Mr Robert Waithman, *News-Chronicle*.



Fleet Street answers the Army. Left: Mr Malcolm Muggeridge, of *The Daily Telegraph*; right: — Mr Arthur Christiansen, editor, *The Daily Express*.

They were not let off easily. The audience fired pointed questions on subjects affecting the relations between press and public. Among them were:

Should newspapers be nationalised and taken out of the hands of millionaires?

Why do editors give so much space to society life and so little to the problems of the small man?

How can we raise the educational element in the editorial columns?

Why has the British press lost so much of its former influence in the political stage of the world?

Why did the newspapers (with a Conservative majority) "lose the election" last year?

The big guns of Fleet Street enjoyed their "grilling" as much as did their audiences. A pity they couldn't be persuaded some day to tour BAOR. But editors are busy men, and often shy of public appearances. It took a very persuasive AEC instructor, himself a journalist now in battle-dress, to persuade them to perform in London.



Mr Percy Cudlipp, editor, *Daily Herald*. His brother, Hugh Cudlipp, ran *Eighth Army News* and *Union Jack*.

Guinea Pigs

WHEN Dr. B. C. Saunders, research worker at Cambridge University Chemical Laboratories, blinked unseeingly towards his audience of students, it was not the usual unseeing blink of the absentminded professor. The doctor was living temporarily in a twilight world. The reason? The poison-gas which he had been trying out on himself had not had the expected tear-jerking effect but instead had half-blinded him.

This partial blindness lasted quite a long time. There was no means of knowing whether the effects might be permanent. "I found it quite impossible to read," says Dr. Saunders, "and had great difficulty in finding my way about in the evenings. It was very painful to look at white objects in strong light. Later, as we continued our experiments, we suffered almost continuously from impaired vision. The gases were very persistent and had a tendency to cling to clothing. Despite precautions, there was nearly always a slight but noticeable leakage from the apparatus in which we prepared them."



Dr Saunders: his new gas half-blinded him.

All this happened during the war, when Dr. Saunders, working with Dr. Hamilton McCombie, in conjunction with the Ministry of Supply, was engaged on research into new poison gases—just in case Hitler decided on gas warfare. They devised processes making possible large-scale manufacture of a series of deadly gases

based on the element fluorine. This was a substance which, when first discovered, burned its way out of every vessel in which it was put. Five minutes of a one-part-in-a-million dose of some of these gases will bring very unpleasant results.

"It was the usual practice to test these gases on ourselves," says Dr. Saunders. "Four of us would enter the gas chamber containing a low concentration; observers would remain outside. Curiously, younger people were much more easily blinded. Dr. McCombie suffered for shorter periods than I did."

Is all this research wasted? No. "Some of the less dangerous gases we made may be useful as insecticides, weed-killers and disinfectants," says Dr. Saunders.

What the Serjeant Said

THE new editor of "The Sprig of Shillelagh" (journal of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers) appeals to would-be contributors: "Don't ask 'Things We Want To Know,' such as—'What did the Orderly Serjeant say to the Corporal of the ATS at the dance the other night?' We are all dying to know, but as we all know that we never shall know, it doesn't get us very far."

Probably more than one editor of a unit magazine wishes he had never started "Things We Want To Know." The origin of this peculiar literary tradition is lost in the annals of journalism, or blackmail. It has cocked up its roguish head in the most peculiar places (it flourished in trench magazines in the last war), and is going to be as hard to kill as the one-time literary practice of calling oysters "succulent bivalves." The secret of journalism is to be intelligible to the largest number of readers, not to give a private belly-laugh to the editor and his personal friends. There is no more dangerous man than the reader who thinks he is being denied access to a joke.

And One Bucket

A Jack Warner story: Peggy, the mule, died, and her epitaph ran: "In memory of Peggy, who in her lifetime kicked one brigadier, two colonels, four majors, ten captains, 24 lieutenants, 42 serjeants, 60 corporals, 436 privates and one bomb."

CAFE SOCIETY: BRUSSELS

CAFE DANSANT

Upon this scented floor you see
The Beauty and the Chivalry
Of Brussels, dancing on a glass
Of advocat* — but mine's a Bass.

The girls you find upon this floor
Are not quite like the Girl Next Door.
They cling like a contented cat —
Your sister does not dance like that.
The things they say, and sometimes do,
Would shock your cousin through and through.
I don't suppose they would shock **you**.

* The "food of love." It may be so —
I never drank enough to know.

THE BAR ORIFLAMME

Now three things there are in the Bar Oriflamme —
A barman, a blonde and a radiogram.

The barman's a suave and a dangerous fellow.
The blonde has a hair-do of chemical yellow;

She sits on a stool in the way she's been taught,
And shows several inches more leg than she ought.

The gramophone groans with the worry and strain
Of hotting up rhumbas again and again.

The barman shines glasses, the blonde pulls a face,
And hardly a soul ever enters the place.

And this let me tell you, if **you** should go in,
The beer is five francs, but they've only got gin.

They've only got gin, but in case you prefer one,
You **could** have a brandy—that's if you buy her one.

The brandy will fill her with spurious bonhomie.
The lights are kept low — I presume for economy.

You order another; she purrs with content,
And four rounds of brandies will pay the week's rent.

But why do I tell you this — fool that I am?
You've probably been to the Bar Oriflamme.

E. S. T.





MOST mornings at half-past nine a tall resplendent figure in a blue frock-coat and trousers, a shiny black top-hat, and a gorgeous scarlet waist-coat strides down the steps of the main entrance to the War Office in Whitehall, salutes the War Minister as he arrives and bids him an official "Good morning".

Field-M Marshals and Generals, intent on urgent business inside the grey, soot-soiled building, return his salute and welcoming smile, and sometimes pause to comment on the weather.

The splendid figure is Henry J. D'Arcy, Chief Hall Porter and the War Minister's Head Messenger, and the last of England's "Robin Red-Breasts". During his career as Keeper of the Army's Front Door Henry D'Arcy has seen 16 Secretaries of State for War come and go, and has brushed shoulders with more military celebrities, famous diplomats and politicians than he can remember. In fact, "The Duke", as he is known to all high-ranking officers, is a bit of a celebrity himself.

Eccentric Visitors

Not only is he the sole survivor of a quartet of "Robin Red-Breasts" all dressed exactly alike in their colourful uniforms (the other three passed into oblivion some years ago when age demanded their retirement), but he is the man responsible for guarding the main Whitehall entrance of the War Office against the unauthorised and more humble officers and officials who are

He Keeps the Army's Front Door



D'Arcy the Doorman has lent his frock-coat and topper to Strube's Little Man for the purpose of this "Daily Express" cartoon. D'Arcy has seen 16 War Ministers come and go.

referred to the less imposing door in Whitehall Place.

The Main Entrance is "The Duke's" domain and it is only a very brave or a very foolish man who tries to set foot in it in face of Henry D'Arcy's formidable resistance. A few eccentrics have discovered the truth in this to their ultimate cost. Several years ago an ex-sergeant major (who should have known better) armed with a gun presented himself at the sacred portals and demanded the right to enter so that he could "shoot one of them b — — — s." "The Duke", who is nothing if not tactful, skilfully talked him out of his

murderous frame of mind and gently sent him about more lawful business. At the same time, he took the precaution of ringing up the nearest Police-Station — just in case!

On another occasion an in-offensive little man, bowler-hatted and be-spatted, with an umbrella hooked over one arm, tripped lightly up the steps and asked, "Is this the War Office?"

"Yes, sir," replied D'Arcy. "Well, take that!" snapped the little man, spat on the floor, rammed his umbrella through one of the windows and stalked off.

Once, D'Arcy was asked by a bewhiskered gentleman if he could speak to the King. He went away quite happy after "The Duke" had directed him to Buckingham Palace — followed by a policeman D'Arcy had immediately warned.

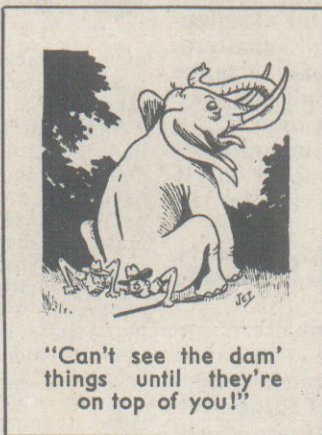
Most of Henry D'Arcy's worries have come from that earnest body of men (and some women too) who claim they have a "wonderful new invention" to wipe out thousands with a death-ray, an infallible armour-plate to stop the heaviest shell, or a machine that burrows under the earth. They are invariably sent to the most humble of the three entrances to the War Office — the one in Horse Guards Avenue where they have to go through the tedious business of completing an official form. There was, however, one pseudo-scientist whose persistence never flagged despite many rebuffs. He appealed to D'Arcy, as a last resort. "I am a genius, and nobody understands me. Why should I be turned away from the War Office?" he demanded. "I know just the place for you. They specialise in mis-understood genius there," said "The Duke", and directed the man to Scotland Yard.

Three Grenadiers

But Henry D'Arcy has always taken difficulties like this in his stride. Nothing ruffles him, and he is always the soul of discretion. He has received many brickbats, but there have been bouquets too. He will always remember the day when King George the Fifth smartly returned his salute when on a visit to the War Office, and the day when the late Duke of Connaught unveiled a tablet to the War Office Civil Servants killed in the Great War. Lord Derby, a former Grenadier Guardsman, who was War Minister at the time, drew the Duke's attention to Mr

D'Arcy as they were leaving the War Office and told him, "Here is another Grenadier." "The Duke" was presented to the Duke, who commented, "Three Grenadiers together, eh?"

D'Arcy has been photographed in company with many famous military personalities, and in his



little "private sanctum" which serves him as an office he keeps a well-thumbed album filled with photographs of those occasions. One bears the signature of Field-Marshal Montgomery, and another that of the late Lord Gort. In one picture D'Arcy is shown pointing to the knife-edged creases

in Monty's trousers — and in another the Field-Marshal is seen arriving at the War Office dressed in a pair of corduroys, with D'Arcy in the background looking faintly reproachful. "The Duke", whose pride in being well-dressed is well-known by the Field-Marshal, likes to tell the tale of what passed between them on the second occasion. Noticing the discreetly disapproving look on "The Duke's" face, "Monty" threw him an old-fashioned glance and pointing to his corduroys exclaimed: "What do you think of this pair?"

Was at Ladysmith

One has only to look at the proud military bearing of Henry D'Arcy, his six feet accentuated by the gold cockaded top hat, to know instinctively that he is a "Guardsmen". His record of service can be seen from the medals on his chest — the Egyptian Medal, the Khedive Star, the South African War, the Great War, the Jubilee and Coronation medals. During the Boer War he took part in the fighting at Colenso and the Relief of Ladysmith, and in the Great War while serving with the Grenadiers was blown up by a shell at Loos. Discharged from the Army in 1918, he was appointed to the Messenger's Staff at the War Office a year later to take part in the Victory celebrations of 1919. His first "boss" was the Rt. Hon. Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill with

whom D'Arcy had already served in the Sudan and South African Campaigns. "It was a happy moment when I knew I was to work under Mr Churchill," says "The Duke". "When we were together before, I predicted that a man with his powers of leadership and experience of naval and military affairs would one day earn the admiration and thanks of the people of Britain."

Interesting stories seem to follow Henry D'Arcy wherever he goes. The acquisition of the appendage "The Duke" is a case in point. "I came by that nickname when I was employed as an officer's servant many years ago," he told me. "As a batman I was allowed to wear civilian clothes, and I was always 'done up A. 1'. One day I was instructed to attend the wedding of one of the officers, so naturally I dressed myself up to the nines, complete with silk hat. When the boys saw me leaving for the ceremony one

of them called out, 'There goes the Duke!' The name has stuck ever since."

Retired Three Weeks

D'Arcy was married in 1906 but has no children. His whole life is centred on his special charge — the main doorway of the War Office where all who enter must first pass the test of "The Duke's" approval.

To-day "The Duke" is 72, with an astute mind and a physical well-being that would do credit to one much younger. He was retired in 1939 — but only for three weeks. The authorities recalled him at the outbreak of war for they needed D'Arcy more than ever during the years that followed. His cheery manner and very presence were invaluable, and when he does retire for the second and last time the War Office will be a sadder and poorer place.

E. J. GROVE (Capt.)

General Nye is one of many generals who stop for a word with D'Arcy, known in Whitehall as "The Duke."



'THE PIONEERS' STORY

"AND so I'm afraid we shall have to leave you holding the baby. We're moving forward to-night," said the Sapper Officer.

"But can't you leave us a bit of equipment?" asked the Pioneer subaltern. "We've still got a lot of road to make and what's already made won't last very long with these tanks going over it."

"Sorry, old boy, quite impossible," answered the Sapper. "But you'll do it all right. You Pioneers always do. So long—and good luck."

He climbed into his truck and drove off to where his company was forming up its convoy.

The Pioneer subaltern sat and gazed at a brewed-up tank while he considered a brand-new problem. His three sections had been helping the REs working on the Eindhoven—Nijmegen road at a time when almost everything there could be in an Army was moving along it for the Maas-Rhine push.

The road surface had to be remade in a good many places. More than that, it had to be maintained at a time when hundreds

of tank tracks daily tore up in a second work that might have taken his men an hour.

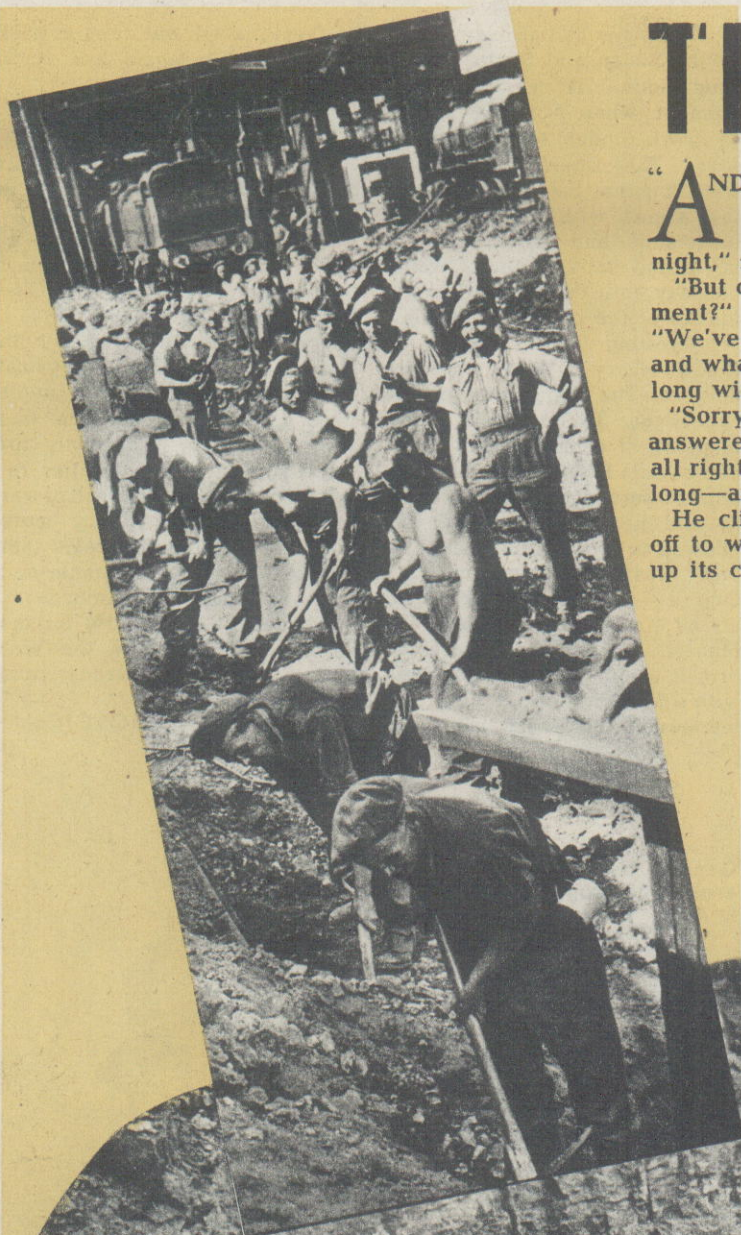
Working with the REs, who had steam rollers, concrete-mixers and all the other equipment necessary for the job, including people whose life-work was road-making, it had not been too hard to cope. Now the Sappers were moving forward and taking their equipment with them, leaving the Pioneers — officially "unskilled" labour — alone on a job that was less than half done. The three sections — about 70 men with 100 Dutch labourers — had about 20 miles to care for.

And still those tanks were ripping up his surface, reflected the Pioneer subaltern moodily. He sent for his senior serjeant and they considered the problem together. Then a series of orders went out to the Pioneers.

They Made Rollers

From somewhere, and perhaps it is better not to ask where, came barrels of tar and granite chips. Using the barrels as cauldrons, the Pioneers made their own macadam, stirring the mixture with thick wooden sticks. Then came the problem of laying it.

One of the Pioneers' first big jobs in Normandy was clearing Caen—Cherbourg railway (top). They worked side by side with Frenchmen quarrying stone for roads (left). Pioneers did not know it, but they were rehearsing D-Day when they waded ashore in Sicily (bottom).



The Pioneers had no rammers, so they cut lengths of solid tree-trunks, fitted handles to them and used them to bang the home-made macadam into the pot-holes. Lacking steam-rollers, they scrounged some concrete, moulded it into cylinders in the empty tar-barrels, stuck a spindle through the middle and produced their own man-powered rollers.

"You'll do it all right," the Sapper Officer had said. And the Pioneers kept the road fit for an Army to advance.

"You Pioneers always do," the Sapper had said. And there he spoke with the voice of experience. Somehow the Pioneers always did. Adversity seemed to bring out the best in them. If there was a new job to be done, there generally seemed to be a Pioneer in the party who had some knowledge of how to do it.

It had become a matter of pride among the men of the Pioneer Corps that their range of activities was wider than that of the men of any other kind of unit.

Their principal task was to provide labour for other services. The other people were the experts and the Pioneers did the donkey-work, whether it was building bridges or repairing railways with the Sappers, bringing up supplies and stores with the RASC, keeping up the flow of guns and ammunition with the RAOC, working in hospitals with the RAMC, or acting as stretcher-bearers in the front-line.

But when the "employing services" were stretched beyond their capacity, then the Pioneers had to become improvised experts in other people's jobs.

And Pioneers were experts in their own right as well. Salvage units, which not only collected and dispersed salvage but sorted and shaped it for shipping and used some of it for making, by improvised means, things like cooking utensils, jeep-spring shackles, electric paper-balers and even wedding-rings for displaced persons, form one offshoot of the Pioneer Corps.

Another comprises the smoke companies, which screened Liverpool, Birmingham, Southampton and other targets from the Luftwaffe during the blitz and later Algiers, Bone and Bizerta. Later still they covered the Normandy beaches and worked up to a climax with the great smoke cloud that covered the crossing of the Rhine.

The Army Fire Service, also born in the blitz, was another Pioneer "commitment" that saved the British taxpayer millions wherever there have been British

troops; it has now been handed over to the RASC.

Yet the Pioneer Corps, which by the spring of 1945 had grown to 125,000 British troops and more than 200,000 Colonial and Empire troops, exclusive of the Indian Pioneer Corps, and which controlled thousands of civilian workers in scores of countries, was not even a gleam in somebody's eye when war broke out in 1939.

It had its origins in six Labour Groups and 48 Labour Companies, composed of Army reservists, which were formed on the outbreak of war to provide the Army with auxiliary labour. Then in October 1939 the Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps was formed and the reservists gradually went back to their regiments.

The next year, when the AMP's, as they were known, had become fully-fledged soldiers, able to fight to protect the work they were doing, the name was changed to Pioneer Corps.

Since, nominally, the Pioneers are unskilled workers, most of them got to work in the Army as soon as they had had sufficient military training, but later Pioneers were specially trained for work on such jobs as beach groups, airfield construction and railway construction. They also had their own OCTU.

Pioneers are not just labourers in uniform. They are soldiers, as proud of their uniform and of their badge as any Infantryman. Their battleworthiness was recognised early in the war and many of them had experience as combatants in France in 1940.

After Dunkirk, Pioneers were used in an operational role, guarding aerodromes and other vital points, while their comrades were clearing bomb damage, building defence positions and airfields and constantly making new AA sites.

The next British Pioneers to go overseas on operations were those who went to North Africa with 1st Army where, besides their normal tasks in docks, on the roads and at airfields, Pioneers were used for such jobs as searching for wounded in corn-fields, anti-malarial work and the establishment of secret dumps for the Eighth Army. Pioneers in North Africa were the "striking force" of the labour army. They got into places with the early troops and started the work and then handed over to native labour companies formed in the area and moved on again.



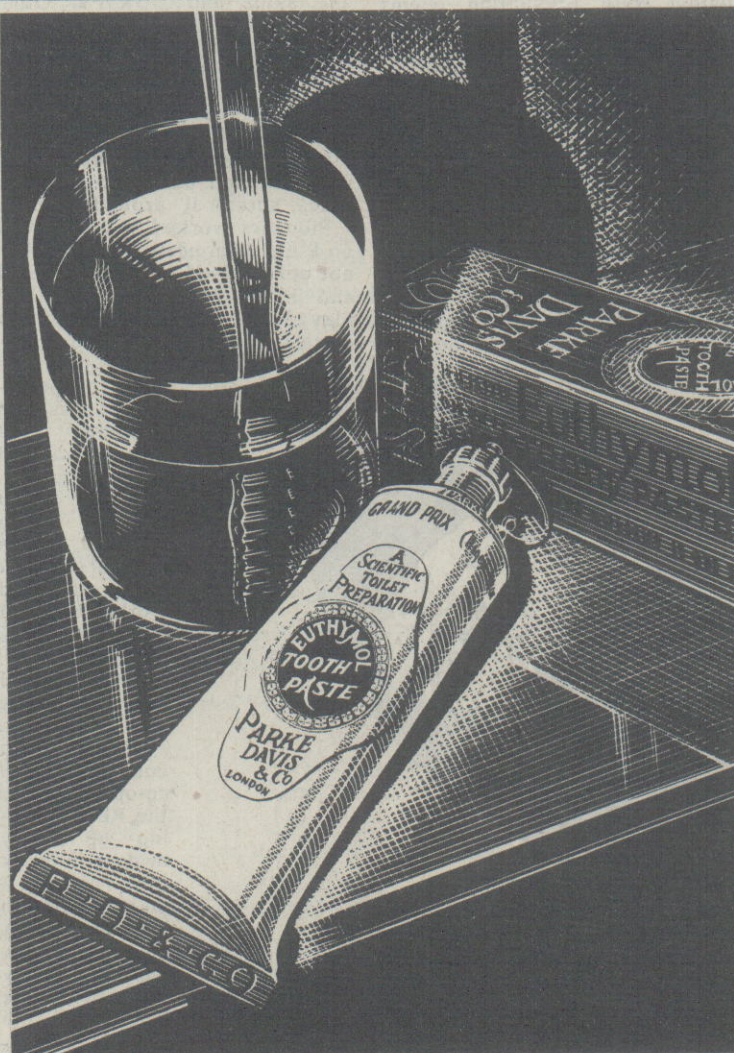
Pioneers, using the equipment shown here, laid smoke screens in front of our positions on the Rhine.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18



A beautiful portrait of GRETA GYNT, famous Two Cities film star.

A recent study by KARL SCHENKER, well-known Mayfair photographer. — Advt.



Pioneer companies had rehearsals for the invasion of Western Europe not only in North Africa but in Sicily and Italy, and some of them were home in time to take part in the hard work that their comrades who had stopped in Britain were doing in preparing for D-Day.

When the great assault finally took place, 13 Pioneer Companies landed on the first tide and ten more on the second. They landed wetshod and found they had to fight before they could get on with their proper jobs. Sixteen men of one company alone rounded up 86 German marines. Then they got cracking.

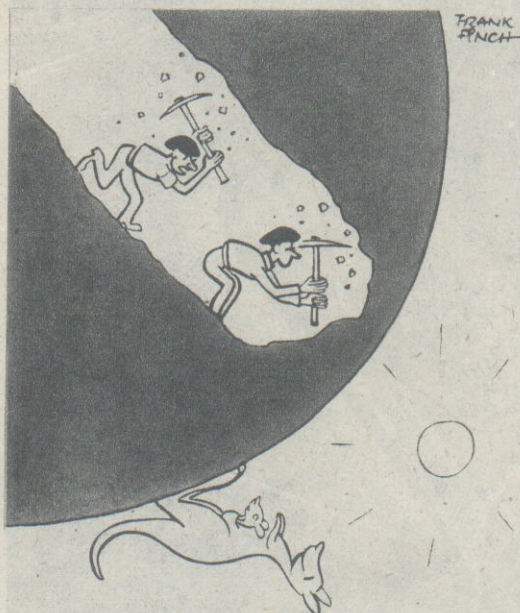
One Company was incorporated in each beach-group and its task was to lay flexible causeways from landing-craft to shore, often working waist-deep in the water, clearing beach obstacles, making roadways off the beaches and forming dumps.

Specialty-trained Pioneers operated Rhino ferries, cleared dead and wounded from the landing-



craft and carried stretcher cases to field ambulances. Smoke Companies were preventing enemy observation of the beaches. Airfield Construction Companies worked without stopping until an airstrip was finished by D plus 3.

As the bridgehead grew, no fewer than 20 companies of Pioneers were switched to widening new roads and making new by-passes. They worked in swirling dust as dense columns of transport moved over the roads on which they were working and every now and then German shells landed among them. But the work was done and the con-



The Pioneer Spirit: "April '45 we escaped - we ought to be near Osnabruck now."



Pioneers fill craters at Rheine airfield. The blitz on Britain had first shown their worth at maintaining airfields. Later they had special courses in airfield construction.

voys went their way.

By D plus 25, 33,500 Pioneers, in 115 companies, had landed with Second Army.

Pioneers were working on Mulberry. Thousands of them had known Mulberry from its earliest days and had worked on its loading, a task that caused hundreds of them to go sick with seasickness. Many of them travelled on Mulberry sections as their "crews".

When Mulberry was set up off the beaches, Pioneers off-loaded the ships and DUKW's. Other Pioneers chained tons of stones and put them into cages by hand to keep the approach ramps in position. Pioneers shovelled tons of sand through 24-inch holes into the belly of the ramp while others, working in half-hour turns in a confined and almost airless space, spread it around evenly.

Pioneers worked with the REs on Pluto from early in 1943. They not only helped to prepare, build and instal the home end, they played their part in the business of camouflaging it, sowing grass-seed on the roofs of pumping houses and keeping the "lawns" watered and cut.

When Pluto crossed the Channel, the Pioneers went with it and worked with it until, in less than a year, 1,100 miles of six-inch pipeline had been laid.

The bridging companies, who co-operated with the REs in putting up Bailey bridges in quick time, played a major part in keeping the BLA columns on the march. Today signs still show many of the bridges the Pioneers built. One

company reached the height of modesty—or perhaps it was false modesty—by signing one bridge: "This bridge was erected by—Pioneer Corps Company and there is nothing special about it."

For those men life was often a wild scramble of off-loading, rushing the bridging sections into position while tanks, guns and Infantry were already passing



over the bridge and then dashing on to the next obstacle.

Some of the odder jobs the Pioneers undertook produced substantial results—mostly for other people.

There was, for instance, "Operation Goldflake", the movement of 1 Canadian Corps and some British units from Italy to Holland, by road and rail across France and Belgium. Pioneers became housekeepers for the job. They manned transit camps, erected tentage, ran the rail halts and provided meals.

There were other Pioneers whose jobs entailed looking after Europe's coal supply. In Belgium the coal situation was critical. Ten thousand tons a month were being stolen and put on the black market. The Pioneers had to stop it. By persuasion and, where necessary, force, the Pioneers broke the back of the job, even guarding trains because the racketeers were in the habit of greasing rails on gradients and cascading coal from slowed-down trucks. Having stopped the rot, the Pioneers handed over to the Belgians.

In Germany, too, the Pioneers were responsible for seeing that the German miners were able to keep the mines operating in spite of the chaos of war and the depredations of vengeful DPs. Once again, having got things going nicely, they handed over.

There were other Pioneers who became part of "T" Force, guard-

ing intelligence "targets" until the experts had a chance to deal with them. There were those who ran a transit camp for British troops. There were those who went into Arnhem with the Airborne men. There were those who guarded thousands of prisoners of war. There were those who handled liberated POWs and DPs. And there were those who guarded the delegates to Potsdam.

"Fathered" Units

And besides the infinitely-varied tasks the companies of the British Pioneer Corps did themselves, the Corps yet managed to provide a labour force several times its own size scattered throughout the world.

It "fathered" and provided officers for Pioneer units of the Colonial armies, from the relatively small corps provided by islands like Malta and the Seychelles to the big organisations of India and the African colonies. Their tasks ranged from building water pipelines across the arid, Western Desert to building roads through the aquatic jungles of Burma in the monsoon.

Pioneer Corps officers were responsible, under their Directors of Labour, for the huge civilian labour organisations that employed men of every colour and language from the Baltic to the Pacific for work that ranged from cleaning latrines to printing SOLDIER and from building houses to repairing tanks. The Pioneer Corps also ran the prisoner-of-war pioneer units.

The motto of the Pioneer Corps, the hackneyed "Labor Omnia Vincit", could scarcely have been more apt, for the Pioneer Corps certainly did a lion's share of the work that conquered Fascism.

R. L. ELLEY (Capt.)





Pioneers improvised protective clothing for men clearing schmines in NW-Europe. Crude "skis" took initial shock of explosion; thick coverings protected body.



Men of Pioneer Corps Beach Companies received special training. Normandy veterans (above) landed on Walcheren with Commandos. Monty (below) often stopped to thank Pioneers working on the roads.



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SOLDIER AND CITIZEN

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S.

Britain's decision to withdraw her Army from Egypt turns a spotlight on the great Tura caves, once a quarry of the Pharaohs, latterly the "hide-out" of millions of pounds worth of British military stores.

Khaki Cavemen

TREADING in the footsteps of the Pharaohs, British soldiers have been living for three years inside the hills from which the great blocks of limestone used to build the Pyramids were quarried.

Daily, as the work of excavating the caves went on, perfectly preserved relics, some of them nearly 4,000 years old, were uncovered, lying as their late owners had dropped them. Today millions of pounds worth of technical stores, thousands of tyres and tubes and thousands of tons of ammunition fill the caves and "fingers", where sweating labourers and masons toiled to help raise Egypt's fantastic monuments which bid fair to outlast man's civilisation.

Even Temperature

The value of the great caves at Tura, in the Moquattam Hills, near Cairo, for storage purposes

was realised some years before the war. The variation in temperature inside the caves was known to be only a few degrees between summer and winter, as against the range of 60 to 120 F of Egypt's seasons, and their value as the world's biggest deep, raid-proof shelters suitable for storing large stocks of ammunition, and irreplaceable technical stores likely to be required at short notice was acknowledged to be immeasurable.

But it was not until 1940 that the work of excavation was begun in earnest, and in 1941 the first stores were moved into the caves. Thousands of tons of rubble, old stone chippings, limestone dust and sand, the accumulation of centuries, were removed from the entrances to the caves, and as the Sappers worked deeper into the galleries, which radiate like fingers from the main caves, they found traces of the workmen who had preceded them in the 40th century BC.

The skill of the ancient engineers who determined the width and height of the caves is still evident, for the original roof stands, although some strengthening pillars have been introduced. Ancient oil lamps of three different types, illustrating the different periods when the caves were quarried, mallets, and pieces of rope perfectly preserved in the soft limestone were uncovered. The rope, made of bullrushes and more than 168 ft. long, is still pliable and capable of standing a strain of three tons sheer, more than a modern manilla rope of similar size will support.

Painted Finger Nails

Pottery, coins, and the body of a woman, also in a perfect state of preservation, her finger nails painted with a red pigment which has lost none of its original brightness, were uncovered.

The biggest and most mysterious find in the caves is a solid block of limestone, weighing 68 tons and measuring approximately 24 ft. x 10 by 4 resting on a raft of wood. The stone is about six feet from the roof and about 30 or 40 feet from the original floor of the cave.

The problem of how giant stones similar to this were moved a mile and more underground to the mouth of the cave and then across the Nile to Gizeh was the chief topic of conversation in the mess and "The Cavemen's Rest", the RAOC NAAFI at Tura, for many weeks.

One theory is that the Nile, then uncontrolled, annually flooded the caves and the stones were floated on rafts to the site of the pyramids. So that the stones could be guided out of the labyrinth of fingers, pulley holes were cut in the walls above high water level.

The stone the Pharaohs forgot: how did they propose to move this 68-ton block of limestone?

Soft limestone dust helps to preserve the thousands of Army tyres.

There's plenty of "big stuff" in the caverns. But the only issue of late has been small arms ammunition for training.

Above: Routine checking is the main task of the soldiers who work in the Tura caves. Below: Ancient rope, made of bullrushes, was found under tons of rubble. It can still take a heavy strain.

Above: Sappers who cleared the caves found traces of the original masons. Here, a flight of footholds will still support a man. Below: Some say the Pharaohs used Nile flood water to move the blocks for the Pyramids. The Army uses diesel engines for haulage.

OUT WITH THE

A SOLDIER staff writer goes on anti-burglar patrol with London's private police force, the Night Guard. The members are almost all men who fought in World War Two.

THE dampening breeze blew fitfully down the Finchley Road. Somewhere towards Highgate a clock began to strike twelve. "It's going to be a dirty night," said my companion in the blue raincoat as he swung his truncheon from its leathern thong. "A nice night for a burglary." He turned to me and laughed, and I noticed how the gold lettering on his peaked cap gleamed under the light of a street lamp.

And I thought, as I glanced at his battered nose, that if I were a burglar I wouldn't run the risk of being interrupted by Night Guard William Hudson, wartime boxing serjeant-major of the APTC.

Thinking of my bed, I cursed myself for persuading dapper Major G. E. Rust, secretary of Night Guards Ltd., to allow me to accompany a guard on his beat in the Regent's Park area.

A Private View

"You want to know something about the Night Guards," Major Rust had said. "Well, we are at the disposal of London folk who are perturbed by the wave of housebreaking, and we patrol their homes at irregular hours as a source of protection against all

forms of loss. But if you really want to you can go along with a guard one night and see for yourself."

Well, here I was, seeing for myself just how Britain's only private police force operates...

Towards St. John's Wood we went, walking away from the continental-type restaurants and clubs which cater for the foreign-born residents of Hampstead, branching left at Swiss Cottage tube station into Avenue Road, once the home of bankers, Harley Street specialists and high-ranking Army officers, under the whispering limes and the laburnum trees which scattered their petals in the fretful wind gusts.

Night Guard Billy Hudson stopped in a street in St. John's Wood and I held his torch while he consulted his notebook. "I've got to check up at No 19," he said, "and come back again at about two o'clock. We pay four irregular visits a night to this place."

I followed him through the gate, tripping over a heap of rubble left from a Nazi bombing exploit, and watched him flashing his torch at windows and checking on doors to see that they were locked.

Major G. E. Rust, secretary of Night Guards Ltd., interviews a serjeant applying for a job. Very high standards are required.



NIGHT

ginnings of crime, whereas the police usually arrive after the crime has been committed.

"We are not trying to do their job, but we help them by keeping watch on property and by reporting anything irregular. On the highways we have no power, but on the private property of clients our guards act as bailiffs and they can take action as if it were their own property."

"Since Easter we have had one or two instances where burglars have been foiled by the action of our guards. In one case our man found the leading lifted near a window catch. He reported it, and kept special watch on the house, but the would-be burglar didn't come back. In another case we tipped off Scotland Yard who put a screen round the house and there was no burglary..."

Night Guards cannot arrest burglars, but they can detain a man and get in touch with the police. If the burglar gets "fresh" guards can use their truncheons on arms and legs, but they are not allowed to hit a man over the head.

A limited company with Lord Willingdon as chairman of the directors, Night Guards started preventive operations in the Park Lane area back in 1934, but were reorganised in 1939 under the present management. They kept going all through the war when Robert Malcolm, a Scot with 22 years Army service (most of the time with the Cameronians), carried on as chief inspector-cum-guard right through the blitzes with only about four nights off in four years.

Malcolm had many weird experiences, but this dour Scot kept such good watch on clients' property that he had few cases of burglary or looting in the district. He disturbed two would-be burglars one dark night with Nazi bombers zooming overhead, but when the men saw Malcolm they jumped through a window and beat it. It was just as well, for Malcolm is a tough handful, although he admits to being scared in Hendon in 1940.

"I was walking past the front door of a house one dark night when suddenly something exploded in my face," he told me. "I felt like running, but it was only a duck taking off from a pond in the grounds!"

Night Guards are modelled on the Swiss Securitas which before the war had 15,000 subscribers in Zurich alone. Before long the Night Guards will have peaked ski-caps like the Swiss.

Charges for the services of

"Seems to be OK," he said. "Next stop is Number 25 this street." A swaying rose bush slapped me in the face. "Meant to tell you to look out for that," smiled Hudson. "We know this place blindfold."

It was raining now. A good old London rain, cheerless, inexorable. Reading my thoughts, Hudson muttered, "I reckon we'll pop in and get a cup of char at the office when we've finished the next street, and then we'll do Regent's Park end."

A merry drunk parachuted out of a gateway. "Sorry, p'lice-m'n, on'y stopp-ed for a you-know-what... Been celebrat-

ing, just a nice little party... didn't have much to drink... just enough to feel happy." Hudson pulled me to one side. "Keep him talking a minute," he whispered. "I'll check that house. It's on our books."

And so I stood in stoic fortitude while the drunk warbled "Sailing down the river," holding my arm...

Hudson came back. He tore me away from my beery companion, who continued carolling like a lost soul in Hades.

"Sorry," apologised Hudson, "but he might have been acting and I didn't want to let him slide off and then find someone had broken into that house."

Yes, you've got to hand it to the Night Guards. They know their job. Genial Captain Charles Gordon, managing director of the Night Guards, wouldn't have

hired them if they didn't, for looking after property in the wealthy Hampstead district is a job for fit, alert men. All but one of the 20 Night Guards have seen service in the armed forces in the late war.

Ex-Artillery officer Major Rust told me of the excellent relations between Night Guards and the police.

"Of course we aren't recognised as a police force, but the Home Office know all about us and we have the blessing of Scotland Yard and work in close co-operation with the local police superintendent. We see the be-

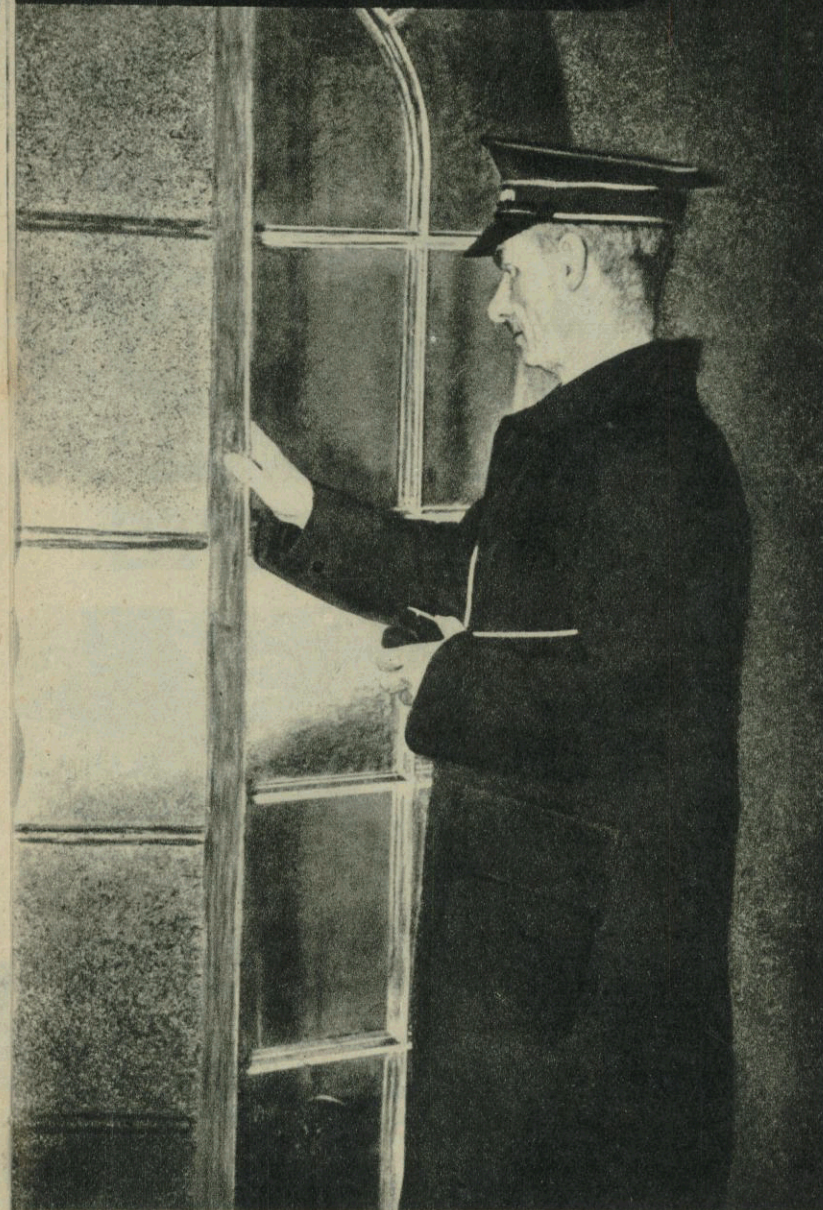


"A dirty night—a nice night for a burglary..."



"Something exploded... it was a duck taking off from a pond."

GUARD



Night Guards make irregular visits to clients' property, perhaps four times during a night. They can use truncheons on a burglar's arms and legs—not on his head.

Night Guards are based upon the number of visits made nightly. A property owner who requires four visits at irregular intervals nightly for a three-months period would be charged 65 shillings a month. The same service for a year would cost 37 shillings a month. Guards are available for any period, for premises in occupation or for property left vacant for a time. A business man taking his family and domestic staff away with him into the country for a few weeks has only to ring up the Night Guards and they will undertake to keep a watchful eye on his house while he is away.

The organisation is rapidly expanding and nearly 200 more guards will be needed before the end of the year.

"We can't get enough men of the right kind," complained Major Rust. "We need a special type of

man, one fit for further military service, men of unimpeachable reputation."

£5 a Week

Night Guards get a minimum wage of five pounds a week as a start, and a bonus every six months for good service. There is the chance of promotion to the rank of inspector at a much higher salary. Each man gets two weeks paid holiday yearly. The hours? No more than eight on a day or night "beat."

Among the Night Guards on duty at the present time are Guardsmen, ex-members of the CMP and NCOs and men from various county Infantry regiments.

Two crossed keys is the trademark of Night Guards, Ltd; their motto: "For thine especial safety."

R. C. SCOTT (Sjt.)

No Date with an Angel!



If the girl of your dreams is always giving you the "number engaged" signal, it's well worth seeing your dentist and finding out if Oral Offence is the reason.

One of the causes of Oral Offence comes from neglect to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth clean.

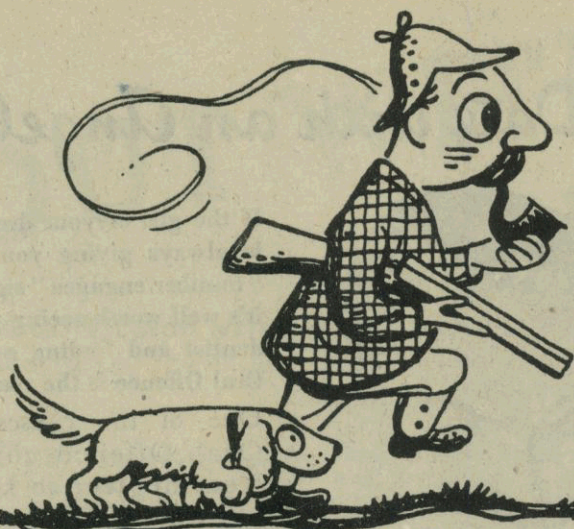
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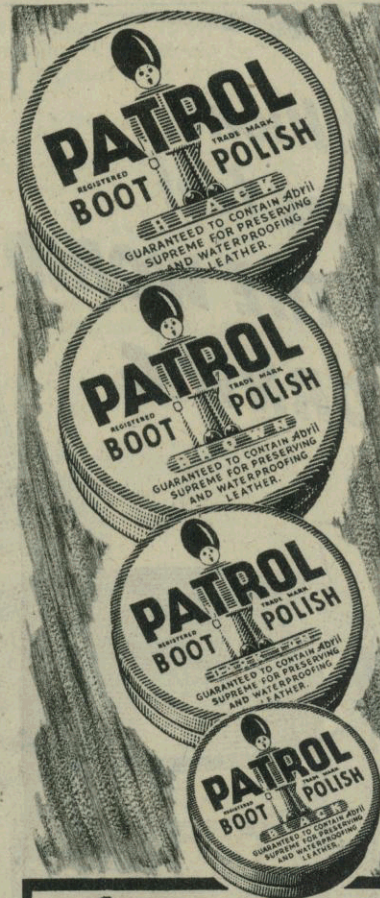
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There was a little man,
And he felt a little glum,
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MASCOTS:

This hedgehog family were adopted as pets by South African troops in the Western Desert.

NO one has a more abiding love of animals than the British soldier. The fact that there are few regiments which have not at some time or other had one "on the strength" is proof of that. As a rule, however, the animal chosen to be "mascot" is of the commoner type, dogs and goats, I suppose, being the most popular. But in mascot-keeping, there is something to be said for novelty. Here and there you encounter regimental pets of the most surprising and unorthodox types.

The mascot of the Sherwood Foresters is a case in point. For many years this regiment have had a ram mascot, the present animal, Darby XVI, being a direct descendant of Darby I who was captured by "The Old Stubborns" at Kotah during the Indian Mutiny.

Still more unorthodox is the pet of the Coldstream Guards. For years they have been running a friendly and imperturbable goose, invariably known as Jacob. A lithograph, dated 1840, shows Jacob the First standing beside a sentry and has the caption: "Jacob was enlisted in Canada and was promoted to the post of accompanying the sentinels on duty."

The first real sign of a general breakaway from convention came during World War I, when all manner of animals were adopted as mascots by the British troops. There were, for example, Rawly of the Fourth Army, a wild boar named after General Rawlinson; and (though not so well known) Bella and

Bertha, two cows rescued from the firing line at Ypres by the 2 Scots Guards, who not only shod the animals like horses but obtained from them for the mess many a welcome gallon of milk.

Hated "Civvies"

I well remember seeing the famous Rawly, for he eventually came to live (as do many other Services' mascots) in honourable retirement at the London Zoo, where he caused much amusement, I recall, by graciously unbending towards all who wore khaki, though for anyone else he had the utmost scorn — and, indeed, would often charge them.

A much more amenable type is Willie, a fat-tailed ram which was attached to the 152 Highland Brigade, 51st Division, in the recent conflict. Willie went through the campaigns with the Eighth Army in Africa and Sicily, and was awarded the Africa Star, before being presented by Brigadier Murray to the Zoological Park at Edinburgh.



Ordinary Seaman Spud (left) was mascot of one of the Navy's aircraft carriers. He saw planes taking off to batter the Tirpitz, waited up to see them back. Centre: Pioneers had this lioness for mascot in the Western Desert. Right: "Private Whisky" liked to chum up with the RAMC.



FROM SNAKES TO EAGLES

World War II of course saw a vast extension in the Army's taste in mascots, and mammals and birds of all kinds were pressed into service. Some units of the Fourteenth Army in Burma even went in for reptiles. One of the strangest mascots there was Boanerges, a 10-ft python, kept "for luck" by a transport section whose serjeant, an amateur herpetologist, or "snake fan", made himself responsible for its welfare — not a difficult matter since Boanerges fed only rarely upon dead birds and small mammals.

Bear in the Hotel

There was, indeed, no limit to the Fourteenth's animal mascots. They included a bear cub, kept by an officer of the Burma Intelligence Corps down in Arakan, which had quite a happy career until his guardian took the animal on leave with him to Calcutta. There the cherished mascot fell sadly from grace, being thrown out of the Grand Hotel for eating the end of a bed!

More manageable and considerably more orthodox was a tame sheep which for a time did duty as mascot to the 5 Indian Division. This amiable creature, looked after by an officer, went all the way down the Tiddim Road, waiting quietly while the officer worked, and sleeping in his tent at night.

Dogs, of course, were extremely popular with the Fourteenth, and pretty well every local breed functioned as regimental mascot, for the fact is, no Burmese puppy, no pi-dog, however dirty and dishevelled, will starve as long as units of the British Army are about. There was even, to my knowledge, one cat — the only feline mascot, by the way, that I have come across. He was a fine Siamese rejoicing in the impressive title of "Honorary Staff Captain Q". "Captain Q", who

was attached to the 5 Indian Division HQ, was the most unfeline of cats, for its best chums were a couple of dogs, with whom it fed on the most peaceable terms. Indeed, in the words of one who knew "Captain Q" intimately: "He seemed to prefer the dogs' company to that of any other cat."

Few pets received such constant grooming as did Rudolph, a white Angora rabbit belonging to a battalion of the Australian Imperial Forces. Rudolph might almost have been a woman's pet, judging by the care with which he was surrounded. His long white coat was brushed and combed daily, and his bedding changed every night. He even

had a uniform to wear on ceremonial occasions. This was a red velvet coat with the name "Rudolph" embroidered upon it in gold letters.

Little less pampered was Monty, the mongoose mascot of an RAF squadron operating from a forward airstrip of Eastern Air Command. Monty was no "ground wallah". He was the constant companion of Flight-Lieutenant Ronald Noble, who bought the animal in Calcutta. Seated contentedly in a camera case, Monty often "went up" with his master.

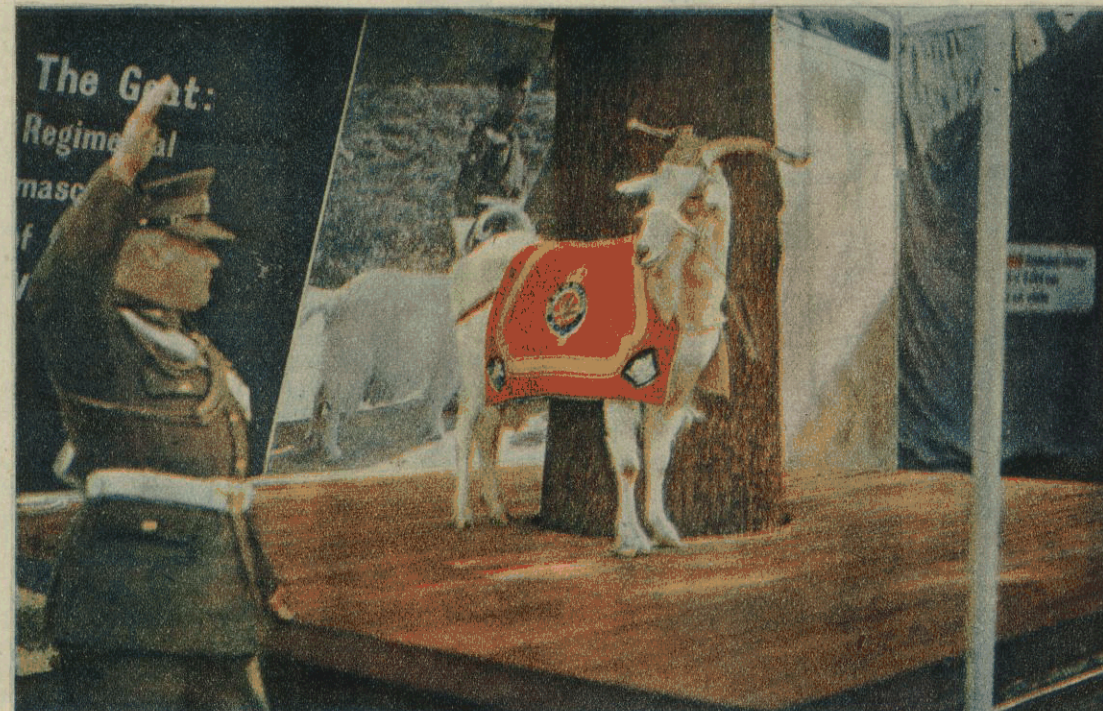
A Golden Eagle

Not unnaturally, perhaps, many RAF squadrons preferred to adopt

birds as their mascots, one even having an eagle. This was a Catalina flying-boat squadron of RAF Coastal Command, whose crest, incidentally, incorporates one of these birds. Given to the squadron by Capt. C. R. Knight, an expert who had often given lectures to the airmen, the bird, a Scottish golden eagle, had previously travelled to many parts of the world and had had a number of exciting experiences. Among other "tight corners" it had been in were various bombing raids, and once, when crossing the Atlantic from America, it was torpedoed.

CRAVEN HILL.

"Who, me?" The goat feels that no notice-board is needed to tell the world that he is the regimental mascot of the Royal Welch Fusiliers.



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A film of World War Two which did not suffer from mock heroics was "The Way Ahead". Reason for the pained expressions above: the men are listening to one of their number rehearsing for a camp concert.

MILITARY

The Film Job ADVISER

FILM producers aren't all like "Beachcomber's" Sol Hogwasch, whose idea of a good war film would be one with a platinum blonde in every tank, to hand peanuts to the crew. Invariably a film company which decides to produce a war film engages a Military Adviser. Whether it always takes his advice is another matter.

In SOLDIER for 25 May appeared a description of film-making on Dover beach, where scenes were being shot for the Two Cities film "Top Secret". Acting as military adviser was Capt. John Timothy, MC and two bars, who took part in the Bruneval raid. Capt Timothy was not long in finding the big snag in this specialised role of film adviser: correct battle tactics are apt to make a dull film. Shooting battle scenes, therefore, becomes a matter of compromise.

Who advised the film companies in the other notable war films? The producers of "The Way Ahead" had plenty of military advice to call upon — their star, David Niven, was an officer in the Rifle Brigade. A general, no less — General Sir Douglas Brownrigg — was engaged to ensure accuracy of military detail in "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp".

Finding a Camp

"The Captive Heart" — the film of British prisoners-of-war in Germany — was shot while everybody's memory was fresh. War Office adviser in this case was Lieut-Col. D. G. Adams, DSO, East Surrey Regt, who received an urgent summons from the film company the day after he landed in England after spending five years in a prison camp.

For the next two months he worked with the producer and script writers at Ealing, and then on 8 July last year he arrived at Bad Oeynhausen with the advance party.

Capt. John Timothy MC helped to advise the producers of "Top Secret", which features a British raid on a German "radar station" (seen above).

You Never Hear About

"From there we started the most difficult work of all — finding a suitable camp," he told SOLDIER. "One would have thought it would have been easy, for there were hundreds dotted over Germany, but they were mostly too big or too small and were crammed with prisoners or displaced people."

One of the camps the party visited was at Warburg where Lieut-Col. Adams had spent three months.

"It was a curious experience going back into the compound again and looking at my old bunk.

It was my wish that the camp should be used for the picture, but the producer said it was not the type he wanted."

Eventually the right one was found. It was near Zeven, and had been used for British Naval officers. It was where Lieut. Guy Morgan, who wrote the script, had been a prisoner. The film company's advance party arrived to find it filled with German political prisoners. Some of the technicians started to wander round and were promptly put in the guard room. They had forgotten to have their passes

altered when they left 30 Corps area and the security officer was very much on his toes.

"However, we soon got that sorted out. I took over four hotels at Stade and I got authority for the 1 Black Watch, 7 Argylls and 50 AA Brigade—all of 51 Highland Division—to supply the necessary men. By the time the film company's main party arrived we were able to start shooting right away. For the men of the Highland Division it was an interesting experience to enact the part of their comrades taken prisoner in 1940, but they could never

Prisoners of war marching behind the barbed wire—a scene from "The Captive Heart", scenes for which were shot in a German POW camp.

Prison guard a study from Michael Balcon's "The Captive Heart". Troops of the 51st Division helped to make this film.

quite understand why the cameraman wanted them to march in through the gates six times instead of once, or why they had to hang about for two hours to appear in a scene which lasted two minutes. So much depended on the sun being in the right position. I soon learned that film people are the most patient in the world."

The Highland Division had so many commitments in the way of guarding stores and other camps that it was often difficult to get the number of men needed for a scene. On one occasion 400 men were wanted and only 200 turned up. Somehow the producer made them look like 400.

Looked Too Victorious

"Another difficulty was that it was not easy to make men of a victorious Army look like down-hearted prisoners of war. The men would arrive wearing their balmorals and be told to stuff them inside their battle-dress blouses, as POWs usually arrived at a camp hatless. Ten minutes later the men would be wearing their balmorals again. They were very proud of them and liked to be filmed in them.

"The camp presented an extraordinary sight because sometimes the political prisoners got mixed with the film extras. One would see German soldiers under British guards doing fatigues and, at the same time, British troops acting as POWs, guarded by British troops dressed in German uniform, also doing fatigues, and being followed round the place by a cameraman. Once we were doing a night shoot showing a party of Jocks being marched into the camp under a 'German' guard. Afterwards the camp officials had a check up and found that two German prisoners had escaped. They had mixed with the Jocks dressed as the German guard and marched out of the camp with them. Later we heard they had been recaptured."

Lieut-Col. Adams is now with Military Government in Hamburg.

CONTINUED

"BRYLCREEM

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



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



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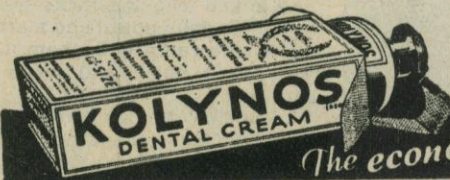
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Dogged, tenacious, adaptable—the P.B.I. still constitute the backbone of our land fighting forces. If, in the best Army tradition, they can generally contrive to find something to swear at, they are unswervingly loyal to the things they swear by—Kolynos, for example, the cleansing and refreshing tooth paste. You, too, should cultivate the regular habit of the 'regulars' by using Kolynos—for whiter, brighter teeth.



The economical tooth paste

Continuing THE FILM JOB

Before he was appointed to his present post he saw "The Captive Heart" in England. "It is a fine picture," he said. "Its success is due to the attention to detail and enthusiasm on the part of the producer."

Period Stuff

Producing a "period" war film often puts a considerable strain on the knowledge and resources of the Military Adviser.

SOLDIER went to call on Capt Donald Anderson, who advised Korda Productions in the filming of "The Four Feathers".

"Most people would be amazed at the amount of trouble taken to get historical backgrounds right,"

wanted to make them conspicuous in full dress scarlet tunics but I pointed out that Army officers at that time would not have gone to a private dance in uniform: they would have changed into civilian tails. He was disgusted. 'Oh you English! You hate wearing uniform and you spoil my bloody picture!' he swore. However, we eventually compromised and put the officers into scarlet mess jackets. That probably wasn't quite correct, but it wasn't so bad, and we got away with it.

"All the same, it doesn't pay to take liberties. There are many keen critics among the public and even the most insignificant mistake does not escape comment. Most of the criticisms come from historians and students, but with settings in Victorian and later times we often get letters from elderly people who remember the period.

"In one film at which I was assisting an ornamental T'ang horse was placed in a drawing room of the 1890's. Actually these ornaments were not fashionable until later. When I commented on this I was told I was being too fussy and I wondered if I was; but sure enough when the film was released the 'Times' critic spotted it. When 'Henry V' was screened another critic complained because the horses shown in the film were not stallions!

Sam Browne Slip

"In a scene of 'The Four Feathers' the Sam Browne brace of one of the actors suddenly appeared over the shoulder strap of the wearer instead of

said Capt Anderson. "Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the fault-finders are wrong and the film is right.

"For example, a lot of people complained that in the dialogue of 'The Four Feathers' Ralph Richardson was referred to as 'Captain', although he wore only two pips on his shoulder. This critic was wrong. In those days a captain wore two pips, a lieutenant one, and an ensign or second lieutenant none at all. The present arrangement of three, two, one, did not come in until after 1900.

"Of course," Captain Anderson conceded, "we do distort the truth a little at times. Art requires this: the main thing is to know when it is justifiable.

"Once we were filming in technicolour a nineteenth century dance at a country house. Among the guests were some Army officers. The producer, a foreigner,

under it, owing to the two halves of the scene having been shot on different days. I noticed this in the rushes of the film but rather than retake the incident we let it stand, thinking people wouldn't see it, but once again they did.

"A continuity girl is present at every 'take' to write down a complete description of the scene so that mistakes like that do not happen. She has a very exacting job because the data must be extremely detailed. For instance, if one of the actors is smoking a cigarette she must say whether it is in the centre or right or left corner of his mouth and how far it has burned away.

"So much for realism. But often the real thing does not look real when it is filmed. When we were ready to stage the Battle of Omdurman in 'The Four Feathers' we went and had a look at the original battlefield. It wasn't nearly impressive enough. The



The door opens—to repatriation. Another scene from "The Captive Heart".

YOU NEVER HEAR ABOUT

ground was of a darkish colour and a number of small trees had grown up which would have screened much of the action from the cameras; so we picked a site a few miles away for the filming.

"We struck another snag when the 'Zareba' was to be burned by the flaming spears of the Dervishes. The flames hardly showed in the blazing sunlight; so we helped them with buckets of petrol and kerosene. We nearly burned the cameraman to death but we had a lovely fire.

"For a fairly modern film genuine weapons of the period are generally available, but not always. For one scene we needed to fire a gun of a particular length and calibre. There wasn't any of the type to be had so we made one of wood and painted it to look like steel. The muzzle was bored out about six inches to take a charge which was fired electrically to make a billow of smoke. The interior of this short barrel was reinforced with a steel pipe, but the explosion opened the gun out like a tulip. So each time it was fired we had to scramble around picking up the bits, stick them together with adhesive tape and repaint them to look like steel. Just to make matters worse this was an exterior scene taken at the end of a hard day when the light was failing.

Contrary Vultures

"One of the worst trials of our patience came after the Battle of Omdurman when we tried to persuade the vultures to eat the dead. We had laid the scene with real men in the foreground to represent bodies while in the background were dummies, dead goats, and liberal quantities of offal to attract the vultures. The birds turned out to be very camera-shy, however, and we waited hours in the blazing sun while they hovered overhead and the goats got steadily higher and higher.

"The battle itself took a good deal of rehearsing. One of the incidents was to be a charge by 1000 Dervishes, some mounted on horses and others on camels, but we couldn't persuade them to charge in the right direction. Eventually I dressed up as a Dervish and led the charge. They thought this a huge joke and christened me 'Saladin'.

"Later during the charge of the British and Sudanese Infantry a Sudanese soldier is seen bayoneting one of the enemy. The incident looks spontaneous but really it was most carefully arranged. The bayonet was fitted with a spring so that it should seem to enter the man's body; and he concealed a bladder from which to spurt the blood. We started off slowly drilling this man to brandish his sword and make a swipe at the Sudanese soldier's head. The Sudanese had to parry this and administer the

coup de grâce. Gradually the speed of the movements was increased until they appeared natural.

"Ideally, the adviser should see the script of a film at a very early stage, so that he can get a clear idea of what aspects of the period to study—for no matter how much he knows it's always worth while to check his knowledge.

The Rear View

"After tidying up the script, keeping a special lookout for anachronistic words, the next thing is to examine the drawings which the director has made for the various scenes to be filmed. He in his turn asks for sketches

of the costumes to be worn. Both back and front views are needed and this raises the curious point that although historical sketches, pictures, and woodcuts usually give a good idea of what the costumes of the period looked like from the front, they very rarely show back views. This is often very awkward.

"When the costumes come from the tailor they must be carefully checked. Even if they are correctly made up it is not unusual for the coats and trousers of different suits to be mixed up.

"Sometimes, of course, film companies don't employ an adviser until preparations for filming are well advanced, but they generally lose money as a result.

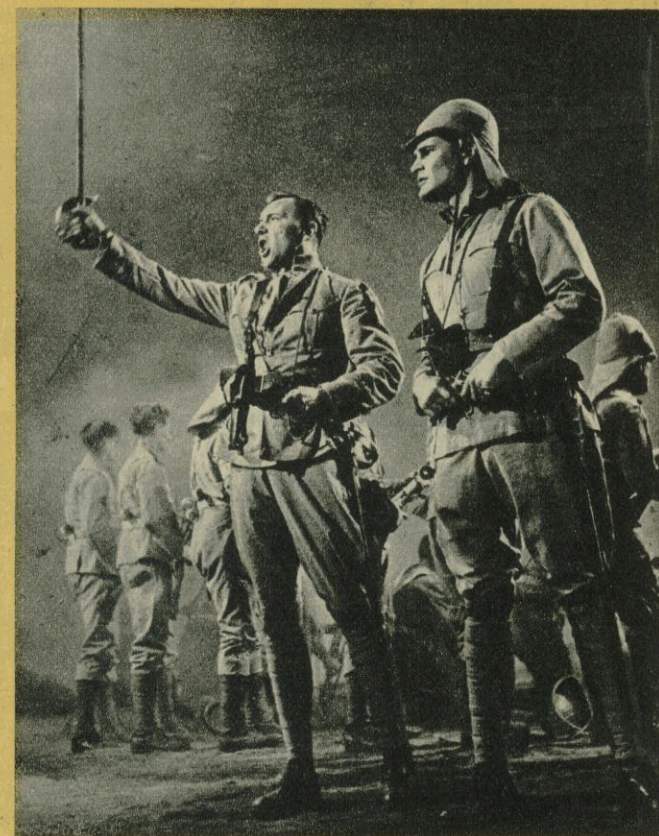
"I was once asked to advise on a scene in which Queen Victoria was to present the Victoria Cross. I arrived to find the company ready to shoot the scene with hundreds of extras on the set dressed up in a great medley of uniforms, three-quarters of which were out of period. The company lost many times the amount it would have cost them to have called me in the day before.

"Some of the smaller companies occasionally use the studio commissionaire to advise on military scenes. As an ex-soldier he probably succeeds in giving the extras a military bearing but he is not likely to know the drill of any period except his own—and Army drill has altered considerably with the years."

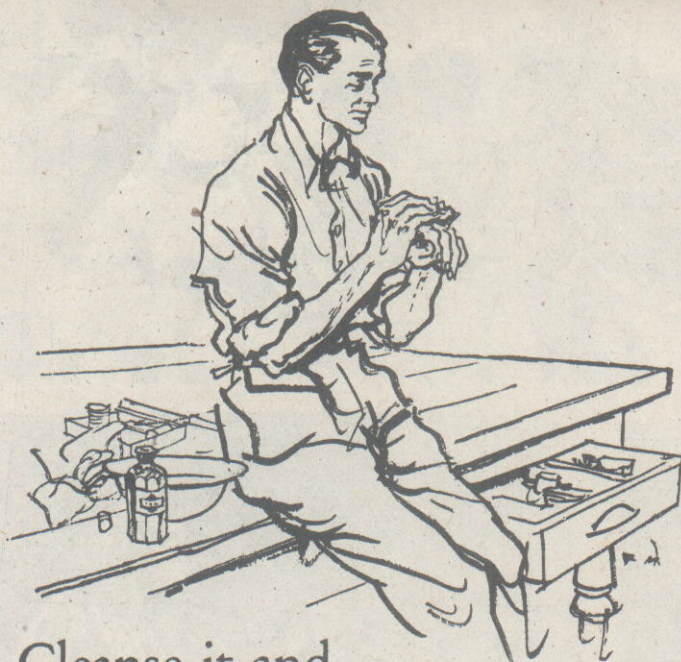


Filming "The Four Feathers", from which these pictures are taken, was no picnic. The real battle-field of Omdurman was unsuitable, so a new one had to be found (below). Then the 1000 Dervishes would not charge in the right direction; so Captain Donald Anderson dressed up as a Dervish and led them. Finally, the vultures needed much persuasion to eat the "dead".

Ralph Richardson is the soldier with the sword. As a captain he wore two pips—but that was correct in those days.



"Only a scratch"
may turn to something worse



Cleanse it and
close it quickly with MILTON

RIZLA

NEWS BULLETIN

Cigarette Papers

Still a bit scarce but you save on your
smoking bill when you can get them

Cigarette Machines

A few available in some canteens; if
unlucky why not recondition your old
machine with a new band?

Filter Tips

NO SHORTAGE AT PRESENT. A
packet of 100 saves enough tobacco to
make 24 cigarettes. Get some TO-DAY

CANTEEN MANAGERS IF OUT
OF STOCK, RE-ORDER



Ready for a three-point landing: G. H. Walters (Cambridge Harriers) in the winning jump at the British Games.

BROADCASTING the mile flat race at the recent British Games, Harold M. Abrahams, former Olympic sprint champion and England's leading track observer, said: "I do not know any of the runners. They are all strangers to me after seven years of war."

How very cogently that sums up Britain's position in the world of athletics! Yes, the men plodding the cinder paths today are strangers in most cases. Strangers who in the next two seasons have to be built up to become upholders of Union Jack prestige at the 1948 Olympics at Wembley.

Can it be done? I declare straight away with a forthright negative. That's not pessimism; just plain commonsense. We have never attempted to succeed at field events. We were never the equals of the Americans in the sprints, except in isolated cases like Abrahams. Nor did we ever compare with the Finns and other Scandinavians at long distances. Only in the middle distances from a quarter to a mile have we held our own. That was in normal years with regular training and coaching. How then must the position have deteriorated after war with its food rationing, restricted training facilities, absence of coaching, men in the Services, casualties, schools evacuated and competition stopped?

Crump: "Lean Years"

Listen to Mr Jack Crump, English National Team Manager: "We must face it. There are lean years ahead for Britain. Seven years of leeway have to be made up, and we cannot do it in time for the 1948 Olympics."

Obviously, the AAA must quickly organise a scheme of athletic rehabilitation. The salvation of athletic Britain is in their hands. Future international successes will only be bought at the expense of hard work on the training fields. And the time to start is now.

Yet I find a strange lethargy among high-up officials. Field events have apparently been written off as hopeless. "We haven't any coaches; we don't understand the technique" is their attitude. When I enquired if

Loughborough College is to be reopened as a summer school for coaches some said it was, others said no, some said perhaps. A decision here is a very urgent matter. The officials merely said that we have an abundance of promising juniors and let it go at that.

Alan Paterson

And this is where optimism suddenly illuminates the scene. Everyone is enthusiastic over the distant future because of the particularly fine crop of youngsters who have burst into prominence in the counties. There is talent and to spare among those who will be in their middle twenties in 1952.

First and foremost, there is Alan Paterson, 18 years old Glasgow schoolboy, who is literally leaping to fame. High jumping with the "Western Roll" of the Americans, this stripling has already cleared 6ft. 5½ins to beat Howard Baker's British native record set up 25 years ago. Paterson is potentially world class for 1952, when he will be 24 years old. Then there is Derek Burfitt, Belgrave Harriers junior, unbeatable over a mile at his age. He also is only 18, has been racing three years, won innumerable titles, and is good for a 4 min. 26 secs. mile. Only doubt here, as wise old Joe Binks says, is: "Is he racing too much, too soon?" Is Burfitt a world beater in embryo in the best Wooderson-Lovelock tradition or will he burn himself out by excessive early racing?

Tom White, who smashed MEF and Egyptian national records while he was in the Service, has returned 48.6 secs. and 1 min. 56 secs., for the quarter and half mile respectively, and at the British Games held the winning Frenchman to a yard in 1 min 52 secs. In the dashes Archer is good for evens, and I was much impressed recently at Cambridge by the 100 yards and furlong sprinting of

ATHLETICS:

There's a lot of leeway

J. Fairgrieve, of Caius College. There is also Alan Grieve, of South London Harriers, who was only a yard behind C. B. Holmes in 10.1 secs.

Jamaica Runners

Two men who will be ready for the 1948 Games are the coloured RAF runners from Jamaica—A. Wint and E. Macdonald Bailey. Both have perfect actions; both are well over six feet tall. Wint, a devastating quarter-miler, has regularly beaten 49 secs. in bad weather conditions this summer. Bailey twice returned 9.8 secs. in one afternoon at the Kinnaid Trophy meeting—not getting any help from a crosswind. He is in the Jesse Owens mould.

Outstanding half-miler is Douglas Wilson with a 1 min. 56.5 secs. as his season's best effort so far. He is surely the next national champion. But at Cambridge I noticed a Scotsman, Smillie, of Victoria Park's unbeaten Relay team, follow Wilson home very closely and very comfortably.

Here then is part of the build-up for the future, but the juniors—and the inexperienced seniors—must be started upon immediately: I cannot emphasise that too strongly, even if 1948 and 1952 seem a long way off. In this respect, I welcome the decisions of Alan Pennington, reigning quarter mile champion, and A. G. K. Brown, half mile title holder, to make "come backs" this season. Pennington, who was a captain in the Border Regt., has done a satisfactory 23 sec. furlong already, and Brown has won the Gloucestershire County championship. He is a master at Cheltenham College. Both have the ability and personality to impart their knowledge to the up-and-coming younger generation.

Weight and Discus

It is a commentary upon our relaxed standards that R. L. Howland, after 15 years, can still put the weight farther than anyone else, while D. L. Grigg, veteran Metropolitan Policeman and George Cross winner, is still the superior of most with the discus. When you remember the world record shot put is 57 ft. and no Englishman has ever achieved 48 ft. the hopelessness of the situation

is understandable. Even USA schoolboys think nothing of 50 feet.

Mr Evan Hunter, of the British Olympic Council, told me the other day that we shall never attain any sort of a standard at field events until the sports are taught in the schools. "Boys do not get coaching in field events at public, prep, grammar, secondary or elementary schools. They never see a discus, javelin, shot or hammer until they reach a Varsity or a club, and then it is too late." Yet it was encouraging recently to hear that a naval rating from Chatham, one Ather-ton, untried and untrained, volunteered to put the weight at a meeting to fill a last minute vacancy and reached 38 ft. 7½ ins.

Call to Servicemen

Service PT is not everyone's ideal for track racing, but it is to the Services that the AAA look for their future athletes. Hearken again to Jack Crump: "We earnestly implore Servicemen who think they are good enough, or who think they have possibilities, to get in touch with the AAA. We will do the rest. If the ability is there we will develop it." And talking of Service PT, Alan Pennington told me that when he was "incarcerated" at Gibraltar his training consisted of climbing the Rock!

Equipment shortages, too, are proving real handicaps. Why, Evan Hunter cannot even get cartridges for his starting pistol! One more memory of Cambridge

at the Combined Varsityes versus AAA meet was the excellent three mile running of Peter Coggins, an ex-Serviceman back at Jesus College. His 14mins. 40.8 secs. was not only one-fifth second outside Cambridge University record, but it was good enough to defeat decisively two Internationals, Maurice Bingham and Len Herbert. Among the hurdlers there are no budding Burghleys yet visible on the horizon, and pre-war performers like F. V. Scopes are still good enough to win, but there is a boy from Epsom, D. R. Ede, who won the Universities Union low hurdles in 56.4 secs. He is a relative of the Home Secretary.

It is a pity that Sidney Wooderson, our one hope for a British four minute mile, has decided to finish with the distance and concentrate on three mile races and cross country. He has his eyes on the 5,000 metres at the European Championships at Oslo in August and that distance title at the 1948 Olympics.

Casualties

And what of the others who were track heroes when sport closed down in 1939? Never again shall we see the sprinting thrills provided by Arthur Sweeney. A Wing Commander, he was killed in an air crash. So too were Denis Pell, Wooderson's runner-up, and miler Reggie Thomas. Jack Webster, the steeplechaser, was killed in Italy, and Eric Liddell died in a Japanese prisoner of war camp. Never shall we forget them.

D. McNab Robertson, the chunky Scot who won his first National Marathon in 1930, is still winning over 26 miles 385 yards in the Glasgow district, but evergreen Walter Rangeley and C. B. Holmes are two Lancastrians who have retired. Sweeney and Holmes, of course, were our outstanding sprinters in 1939; I might say, the only two of international class. Holmes is playing Rugby. Peter Ward, the three miler, has also finished. H. G. Churcher, two and seven miles champion, is still walking well, and J. L. Newman (high jump) and W. E. N. Breach (long jump) are other champions taking the field. I liked

One of Jamaica's cracks: A. Wint, a "devastating quarter-miler."



the form of C. R. Leeson (Cambridge University) and J. H. Dodd (Sheffield University) in the high jump recently, and D. C. V. Watts (Achilles) in the long jump, but they are well below overseas standard. And when it comes to our pole vaulting, oh dear, oh dear!

Cross-Country

With cross country running it is the same. The recent debacle when France and Belgium overwhelmed the home countries in the International is pointer enough to the low ebb of our fortunes in this field of sport. Gone are the days when the Holdens and Potts could be relied upon to bring the Red Rose home in first place. In walking we boast our one individual Olympic champion, Harold Whitlock, but I notice he failed to stay the course in the recent 24 hours record bid.

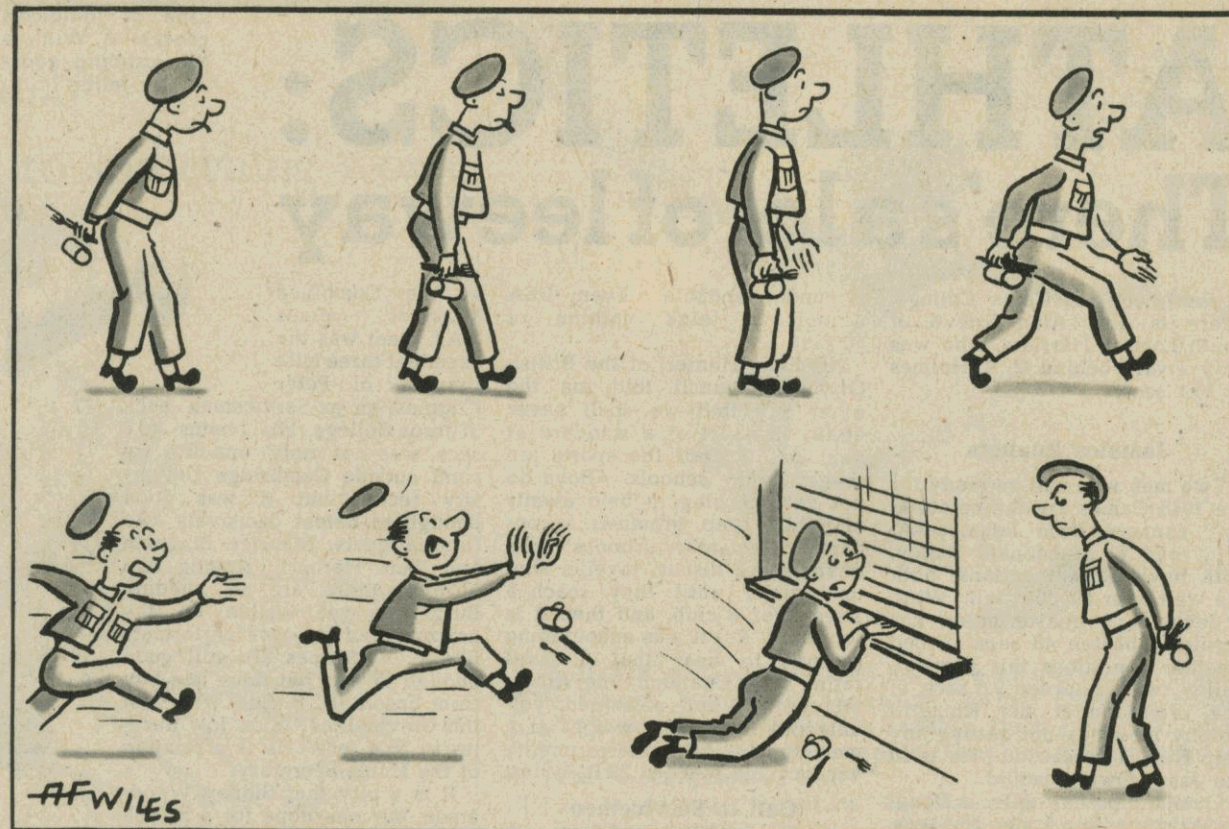
Joe Binks tells me that the British Games raised £525 for an AAA coaching scheme and that the Ministry of Education doubled that figure.

I have painted a doleful picture. It is only in the natural order of things that war should deprive us of so much athletic talent. But it is good to know that there is Government interest in track sport, and it is perhaps the happiest augury for the years ahead that athletics will not be neglected in this direction.

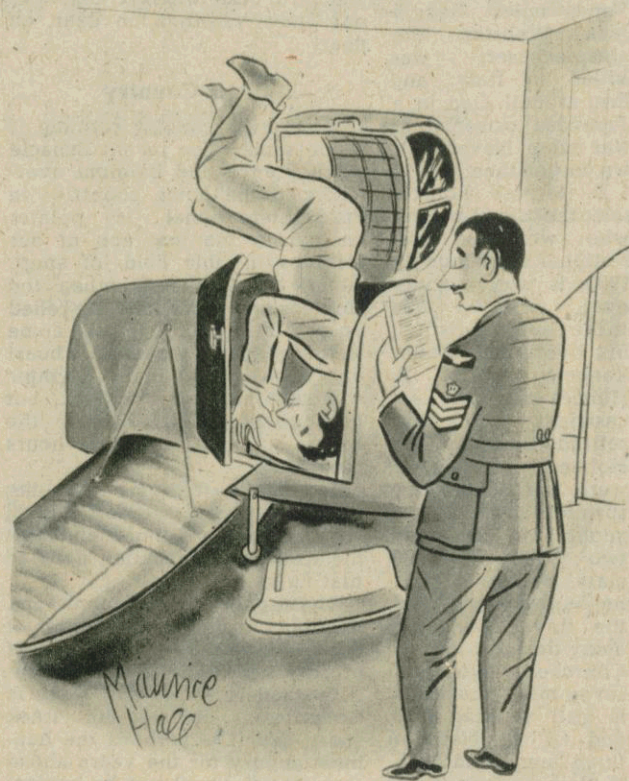
ARCHIE QUICK



Glasgow's Alan Paterson, aged 18, clearing 6 ft. 5½ inches to break a 25-year-old British record.



BAOR Humour



"Now imagine you're upside down."



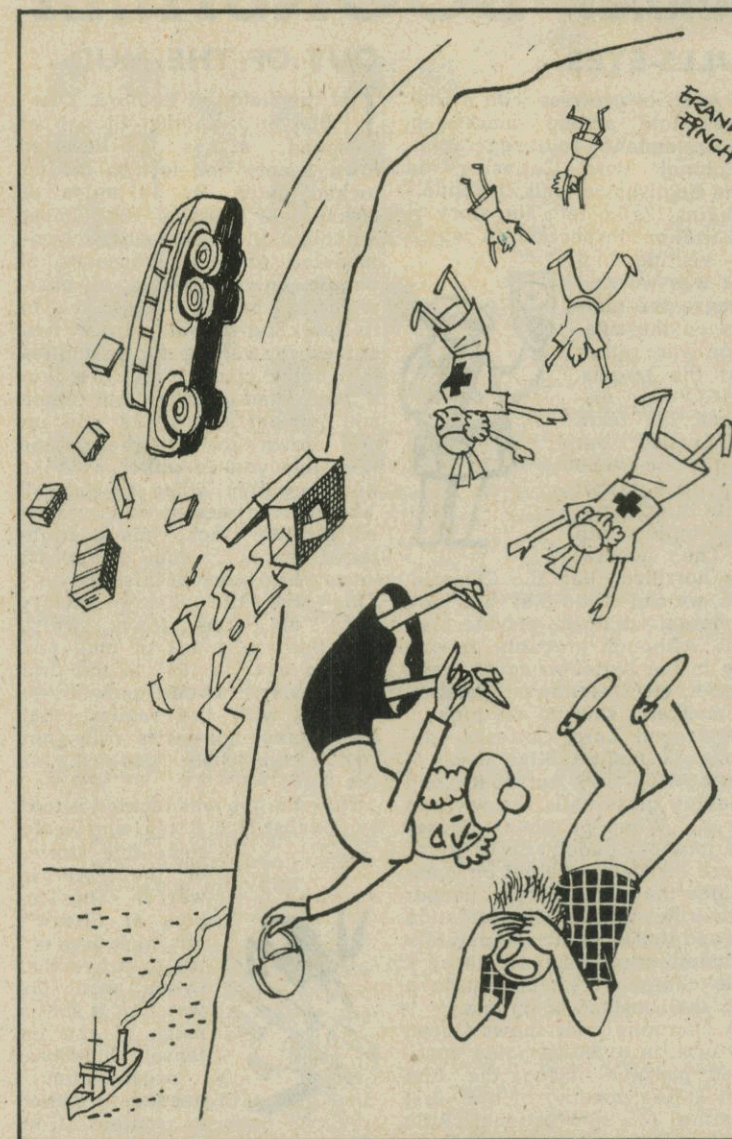
"Shall we submerge?"



"Get your 'air cut and put your 'at on!"



"But darling, don't you realise—Brigadier Boop is coming to dinner to-night!"



"Stop worrying—didn't you know we'd a couple of nurses with us?"

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Soldier

BULLS-EYES

T ALES of prowess with a rifle, as told among marksmen, have a tendency to exaggeration.

Colonel Lord Cottesloe, in "The Englishman and the Rifle," (*Jenkins 12s 6d*) tells the story of a battalion inspection at which the visiting big-shot was worried because the marksmen on the rifle-range were rather near the targets. The CO airily dismissed his fears and called out a private who held up a target while the CO put some bullets into it. The general was horrified, but the CO said, "Oh, we can all do that" and took the target while the private fired at it. Although probably no-one else in the battalion could have done it, the battalion's reputation for musketry shot up sky-high.

A legend Lord Cottesloe debunks is Buffalo Bill's feat of firing a rifle from horseback and breaking glass balls thrown into the air. When people in houses overlooking London's Earl's Court, where the show was put on, complained that they were in danger from rifle bullets, investigation showed that the rifle was actually a smooth-bore and that it fired a little charge of small shot in a thin shell instead of bullets.

A charming print shows Queen Victoria, in a red-carpeted open-sided pavilion, firing the first shot at the opening of the first meeting of the National Rifle Association on Wimbledon Common in 1860. A Whitworth rifle on a stand was aligned on a target 400 yards distant. The Queen fired it with a silken cord (the Prince Consort standing close by) and a blue flag signalled a central hit. The iron plate with the bullet mark is kept at Bisley. The name of the man who aimed the rifle is apparently not recorded.



BOOKSHELF

OUT OF THE MUD

I N the fields of Bedford, near Bunyan's original Slough of Despond, stands a deserted town, empty and forlorn behind locked gates. Its 14 miles of steam heat pipeline are almost all cold. "In its canteens, accommodated to feed thousands of people, only a couple of charwomen sit having a cup of tea. In its sparkling first-aid surgery two nurses sit waiting for casualties that never come... At the gate a policeman checks your name and number and looks you up and down for treachery, and then lets you in rather as if he had forgotten what it was all about. And across the deserted railway track runs a frightened hare... and disappears into a white forest of thistledown." This was the Elstow factory, once an arms town, which was built in a sea of mud and handed over in 1941 to the firm of Messrs J. Lyons and Co. to manage, with the request that they make, not swiss rolls, but 1000lb and 4000lb "cookies" for the RAF.

How the job was tackled is told by novelist H. E. Bates (who wrote some fine stories of the RAF in war) in "The Tinkers of Elstow". His book does not try to prove that Lyons won the war; but it shows much of the intense industrial organisation needed to switch a nation from peace production to war. Nor is his book a mere recital of statistics; it covers the human problems too. For, he says, "the hearts of young girls, like fine china, are apt to break if they are so much as looked at; and I suppose homesickness makes them break more easily than love." But it was those young girls who kept the RAF bomb racks ever-filled.



Two Minute Sermon

We do not have to think very deeply to realise that the evil happenings of the past years were but the outward symptoms of an inner spiritual disease. The real conflict is always in the realm of the spirit.

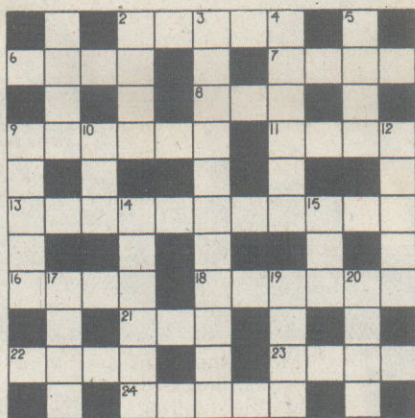
We have rid the world of Nazism and Fascism, but we have not destroyed evil. It still remains, entrenched in human lives in the form of selfishness, greed, and jealousy—three root causes of war. Today the world is apprehensive lest there should arise another, and a worse "ism" than those we have overcome. There is only one answer—unceasing struggle for Right and Christianity.

Against the spiritual forces of evil there can be no "cease

fire", no demobilisation or release under Class B. The Christian Church is dedicated to wage constant battle against evil in all its forms until the people have built a world "wherein dwelleth righteousness"; a free world where God's gifts are shared for the benefit of all and where war is impossible.

To criticise the Church is an easy matter, for it is composed of fallible human beings. Those within it are the most conscious of its defects, but, with all its failures, it still bears the Everlasting Gospel—the great need of man today as in every generation. It would wage a better fight if it had your energy and enthusiasm, your trust and unflinching support.

CROSSWORD



DOWN:

1. Dog for fog.
2. This old garment might get my goat!
3. They're said to be immortal (two words).
4. "Blood and guts."
5. With an ally this corps becomes dishonest.
9. Tongue, partly tinned.
10. Nip currency would give the old marshal a turn.
12. It's the same either way, believe it or not.
14. The object of shooting makes Jack get below.
15. What 3 never do, they say.
17. Suitable weapon for a private fight, perhaps.
19. As a politician, he's partly dilatory.
20. Senior Service.

ACROSS: 2. Cavalry formation. — 6. Just a bird and nothing more for the Marshal. — 7. Familiar figure in N. Africa. — 8. Spot of dowry. — 9. The North Lanes. — 11. Diplomacy in tactics. — 13. "The Hackney Gurkhas" (two words). — 16. Part of one army, not far away. — 18. Closely occupied under canvas? — 21. Beg for a decoration. — 22. Simple change for REME. — 23. The wavy 20. — 24. "Very—, very sweet," involving the ATS.

(Solutions on Page 38)

How Much Do You Know?

1. An old-fashioned curse was "A murrain on thee!" What's a murrain?
2. What is the only word in the English language which contains all five vowels in their correct order in the alphabet?
3. A new Field-Marshal was recently gazetted. Who is he?
4. One of these is not a book in the Old Testament— which? Leviticus, Joshua, Habakkuk, Moab, Isaiah.
5. Who was best man at Good Queen Bess's wedding?
6. Who rode this year's Derby winner Airborne, and what was the starting price?
7. With what industries do you connect these names: (a) Gollancz; (b) J. Arthur Rank; (c) Schweppes; (d) Willie Clarkson; (e) Chippendale?
8. One of these statements is false—which?
There are turtles nearly a ton in weight.
Isabel Bligh was a television announcer.
A Navaho is a Red Indian.
Frazer-Nash cars are driven by chains.
9. Who is the new American Ambassador in London?
10. With which nations do you associate these dishes: (a) goulash; (b) wiener schnitzel; (c) clam chowder; (d) bouillabaisse; (e) pasta?
11. Which film actors have played these parts: (a) Pitt the Younger; (b) Emile Zola; (c) Mark Twain; (d) Henry V; (e) Disraeli?
12. "The time has come, the Walrus said,
To talk of many things—"
Next two lines, please.
13. Which of these is out of place: boa constrictor; anaconda, mamba, japonica, fer de lance?
14. This picture shows:
(a) Part of the wrecked R 101;
(b) A pre-fab U-boat tail;
(c) A Florida chapel blasted by a cyclone;
(d) A wrecked V 2 installation.
Which?

(Answers on Page 38)



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YOU know the man with the "Grasshopper Mind" as well as you know yourself. His mind nibbles at everything and masters nothing.

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There are thousands of these people with "Grasshopper Minds" in the world. In fact, they are the very people who do the world's most tiresome tasks—and get but a pittance for their work. They do the world's clerical work, and the routine drudgery. Day after day, year after year—endlessly—they hang on to the jobs that are smallest salaried, longest houred, least interesting, and poorest futured!

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GENERAL EISENHOWER SUMS UP

GENERAL Eisenhower was under orders like everybody else.

One day he received a directive which began:

"1. You are hereby designated as Supreme Allied Commander of the forces placed under your orders for operations for liberation of Europe from Germans..."

"2. You will enter the continent of Europe and, in conjunction with the other United Nations, undertake operations aimed at the heart of Germany and the destruction of her armed forces. The date for entering the Continent is the month of May 1944..."

General Eisenhower's story of how the job was done — it is addressed to the Allied Chiefs of Staff who gave him his orders — reveals the weaknesses and mistakes of the enemy as no other war history is likely to do. He lists three decisive episodes. Of the first, he says:

Enemy Misled

"We sailed for France, possessed of all the tactical information which an efficient intelligence service could provide, but we had yet to take the measure of the foe we were to meet... As we struggled first to gain and then to hold our footing in Normandy, we learned the strength and also the weakness of these armies. We learned that the German soldier was still the same stubborn fighter whom we had met in Africa and in Italy, but we saw, too, how slender was the thread upon which his existence in France depended. Dur-

LOGISTICS* DID IT

"In the last stages... they could do little more than wait for the Allied avalanche to sweep over them."

— Sketch by German war artist.



ing the months of June and July all the difficulties of communications and supply which were ultimately to prove his undoing became manifest. It was thus that we were enabled to establish ourselves on the Continent and to build up the great Armies necessary to achieve the liberation of Europe. We learned also, at this time, how inadequate was the enemy's intelligence concerning Allied intentions. Thanks to his air weakness and consequent lack of reconnaissance, he was completely misled by our diversionary operations, holding back until too late the forces in the Pas-de-Calais which, if they had been rushed across the Seine when we first landed, might well have turned the scales against us.

"The second vital battle was that of the Falaise pocket. Here the enemy showed that fatal tendency to stand and fight when all the logic of war demanded a strategic withdrawal. By so doing, he allowed his Seventh Army to be encircled and ground to pieces, and the battle for France was decided among the bloody orchards and hedgerows of Normandy. As the broken forces fled eastward we strained every effort to complete their overthrow before they could reach the shelter of the Siegfried Line, but the logistical burden was too great, and we had to wait until the weary

winter drew to a close before we could strike the final blow."

They Held On

General Eisenhower, saying that the third decisive phase was the battle west of the Rhine during February and March of 1945, writes, "Once again the enemy played into our hands by his insistence upon fighting the battle where he stood. In the lowland country between the Rhine and the Meuse, in the Eifel, and in the Saar, the armies which had been intended to defend Germany were shattered beyond recovery. The war was won before the Rhine was crossed."

General Eisenhower claims that the failure of Germany's supply system did more than anything to bring about her downfall. "Throughout the struggle, it was in his logistical inability to maintain his armies in the field that the enemy's fatal weakness lay," says the report. "Courage his forces had in full measure, but courage was not enough. Reinforcements failed to arrive, weapons, ammunition and food alike ran short, and the dearth of fuel caused their powers of tactical mobility to dwindle to the vanishing point. In the last stages of the campaign they could do little more than wait for the Allied avalanche to sweep over them. For this state of affairs we had, above all, to be grateful to the work of the Allied Air Forces..."

Single Organisation

"While Germany's own war potential crumbled, that of the Allies rose to heights unprecedented.

"More important even than the weapons, however, was the indomitable fighting spirit of the men of the Allied nations who wielded them. The courage and devotion to duty which they exhibited throughout the campaign, in the grim days of the Ardennes counter-offensive as well as in the excitement of the dash across France, and later the advances into the midst of Germany, were unsurpassable.

"Underlying this invincibility of spirit was the confidence in Allied unity and the justice of the common cause which permeated all who were engaged, directly or indirectly in the struggle. Within my own headquarters the American and British personnel worked harmoniously together, obliterating all distinction of national outlook in their zealous service to a single organisation, while in the field of battle the men of the Allied armies fought shoulder to shoulder under my supreme command."

Among General Eisenhower's more difficult decisions were these: (1) whether or not to bomb heavily French communications, an operation likely to cost French lives. He says: "Military events, I believe, justified the decision taken, and the French people, far from being alienated, accepted the hardships and suffering with a realism worthy of a far-sighted nation." (2) Whether to try for Arnhem before first securing Antwerp. He says: "I took the full responsibility for this, and I believe that the possible and actual results warranted the calculated risk involved." (3) Whether to abandon Strasbourg in the Rundstedt counter-offensive. Originally he decided on a voluntary withdrawal from Strasbourg. "However, as I studied the French views, it became evident that the execution of the original plans for withdrawal might have such grave consequences in France that all our lines of communication and our vast rear areas might become seriously affected through interference with the tasks of the service troops and through civil unrest generally. Clearly, the prevention of such a contingency became a matter of military as well as of political necessity."

* Logistics: favourite American expression for science of keeping armies equipped. "Translated" once as "getting there fustest with the mostest."

"RED BALL EXPRESS"

DESCRIBING how General Patton's Third Army was kept supplied during its dash through France, General Eisenhower says:

"The three essentials were food, ammunition and gasoline; and to get these up to the armoured spearheads in as expeditious a manner as possible the system known as the 'Red Ball Express' was instituted. By this, a circular one-way traffic route was established across France from the beachheads to the fighting zone and back again. All civilian and local military traffic was debarred from using the 'Red Ball Highway,' and along it the convoys swept at high speed day and night, in an unending stream. Similarly on the railroads, many of them single-track lines never intended for such heavy usage, the trains, loaded to capacity, pushed eastward, travelling nose to tail in a manner that defied all the normal rules of safety."

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D. N. (Cpl.)

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J. P. (Lt. Col.)

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F. A. (ex. R.A.F.)

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NAAFI AFTER DEMOB?

Could ex-servicemen on production of their pay-books, be permitted to enter NAAFI clubs for refreshment and recreation? After being used to the facilities offered by these clubs during Service life, I am sure that many men after demobilisation would appreciate a continuation of "membership". — L/Cpl. R. A. Hicks, 1 Corps District Signals, C/o. 808 Mil. Gov. Detachment.

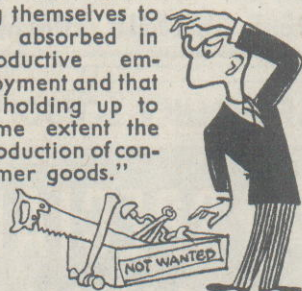
THE ODD COPPER

When arriving back from leave at Cuxhaven, all notes and silver must be changed into German currency, while coppers are retained. Most of these coins are

The 800,000

"There are round about 800,000 demobbed persons who have not yet been absorbed in industrial processes," said Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, Minister of Fuel and Power, recently, when talking on the Government's production drive. "Some of them I understand, are waiting for executive jobs and some are waiting to open shops."

"They will discover in due course unfortunately—and I deplore it as much as anybody—that many of them will go to the wall. Far too many people are not allowing themselves to be absorbed in productive employment and that is holding up to some extent the production of consumer goods."



RELEASE: LATEST

All Services have exceeded their release programmes, said the Minister of Labour (Mr. Isaacs) in Parliament last month.

The Navy's releases are up by 12,550, the Army's by 25,790 and the Air Force's by 17,050.

Mr. Isaacs told a questioner that the releases of men and women from His Majesty's Forces in May totalled 284,380. The total number of men and women released and discharged from 18 June 1945 to the end of May 1946 was 3,249,870.

Mr. Isaacs explained that releases of women fell short of the target by 10,000, because it had been necessary to retain them to speed up release of men.

The RKO picture of Ginger Rogers on the back page is from the newly released film "Heart-beat", based on a famous French film "Battement de Coeur". In it Ginger attends a school for pick-pockets, but is detected at an early stage in her "criminal" career

LETTERS

either lost or given away before the next leave. In view of this why can't Red Cross boxes be placed near the cashier tables? — "A Red Cross Appreciator."

HIGHLAND OR LOWLAND?

I was interested to read the review of Lieut.-Col. Martin Lindsay's book "So Few Got Through" (SOLDIER, 25 May). Intentionally or otherwise, the review causes many readers to presume that the book deals with the 51st Highland Division. If this is the case it appears that the Division was in action in Bremen and Walcheren. I was with the 52nd Lowland Division in both places and cannot recall having seen any of the Highlanders. Indeed the Jock who relieved the German field cashier of the guilders on Walcheren would appear to possess the



qualities of a Lowlander. I cannot believe that Lieut.-Col. Martin Lindsay could have become so completely lost. As a prospective buyer I feel that a little clarification is required. What is the book about? — Major A. A. Nimmo-Smith, "A" Coy, 5th Bn. The Highland Light Infantry.

★ SOLDIER's reviewer, in sack-cloth, writes: "Colonel Lindsay was not lost. Title page of his book says: 'The personal diary of Lieut.-Col. Martin Lindsay, DSO, MP who served with the Gordon Highlanders in the 51st Highland Division from July 1944 to May 1945.' That is what it is. The sentence containing Bremen was rashly quoted from the publisher's note on the cover, where the error started. This was not spotted in the rush. The Walcheren story (about the Jock who gave a German field cashier a receipt reading 'This bastard had 11,000 guilders. He hasn't got it now') was quoted by the author quite incidentally; the 51st did not touch Walcheren. And the hero of it, as Major Nimmo-Smith surmises with uncanny accuracy, was a Lowlander — of 52nd Division." — Ed., SOLDIER.

TO VIENNA

I will be released in September 1946 and wish to spend two weeks of my release leave in Vienna, where my parents are living. I hope to get naturalisation papers in 1947 but have no passport. Can you give me any information? L/Cpl. H. Reed, 9 Regional Food Team, BAOR.

★ It is not possible at the moment to obtain clearance for privilege leave in Austria, but if you have not seen your parents for some considerable time clearance can be obtained to enable you to spend a short period of leave on compassionate grounds before your release. You should apply to your Company Commander. — Ed., SOLDIER.



THE ARMY AND CCG

Why is there so much antagonism between the Army and personnel of Military Government? I have found that the majority of troops are reluctant to co-operate with CCG personnel, and I have heard deprecating remarks passed about them.

The majority of the male personnel of CCG are ex-servicemen and have no doubt seen as much, if not more, campaigning than some of these people who like passing deprecating remarks. I was released in Group 10 last August, having served in France from 1939 to 1940, Greece and Crete, the Desert, and East Africa and Ceylon. I came to Germany as a civilian in Military Government expecting to find the same spirit of comradeship; instead of which I am treated as an alien. — R. B. Sturt (address supplied.)

VOLUNTEER MEDAL WANTED

From time to time I have read in SOLDIER that so-and-so requires a medal for his particular branch of the Service. As an old soldier may I suggest a medal for those thousands of volunteers, many of whom have paid dearly, for giving their services to the country of their birth, and now are scattered far and wide over the earth? — HJT. Sjt. (name and address supplied.)

TOO MUCH SOAP

We understand that the soap ration is to be cut in England again—while here, in Hamburg, troops can purchase from all canteens as much soap as they want. We think it would be more useful if the soap was left in England for the people who need it most. — Cpl. Crocknel, Dvrs. Smith, Augur, and Coker, RASC. HQ. Hamburg District

FOOTSLOGGERS ANSWER

In answer to "Old Pop" whose letter appeared in last issue of SOLDIER, does he realise that he is not the only man who has a family in England, nor the only man whose family are proud of him? We had no chance of being able to stay with them.

What has "Old Pop" done to bring him up to the same standard as the "footslogger"? Many a time we would have preferred his job. What has age got to do with

his claim to be the father of "footslogger"?

All we can say to "Old Pop" is that if he is anxious to sport a ribbon or two, he can gladly have ours. — Footsloggers, att. 156 RVP RAOC, BAOR.

WALKING-OUT DRESS

Is it too late for the pattern of the proposed new walking-out dress (of which I have seen a picture in the Press) to be changed? Surely the authorities must know we prefer collar and tie.

Shall we be given the option of wearing battledress during off-duty periods? — AEC Serjeant, HQ 1 Corps District, BAOR.

If we cannot have a uniform with collar and tie, then let us continue to wear battledress for comfort. — Bdr. Morgan, 8th CIC, BAOR.

ENGLISH VOLKSWAGENS?

Several trips in a Volkswagen have left me with a grudging admiration for this beetle-like runabout. I gather it costs the Germans very little to produce. Why can't it also be produced in England in large quantities? True, labour costs would be greater and the car would cost rather more to build than in Germany, but surely it could still be marketed much more cheaply than the bulk of English cars. Very few ex-soldiers will be in a position to buy one of the ordinary English car models for years to come. — Pte. J. McLean, 54 RHU.

Answers

(from Page 35)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. A plague; more particularly, a cattle disease.
2. Facetious. 3. Sir Claude Auchinleck, C-in-C, India.
4. Moab. 5. Good Queen Bess was never married. 6. T. Lowrey; 50-1. 7. (a) Publishing; (b) films; (c) mineral waters; (d) wigmaking; (e) furniture.
8. Jasmine Bligh (not Isabel) was a television announcer.
9. Mr Averill Harriman. 10. (a) Hungary; (b) Austria; (c) America; (d) France; (e) Italy.
11. (a) Robert Donat; (b) Paul Muni; (c) Fredric March; (d) Laurence Olivier; (e) George Arliss. 12. "Of shoes and ships and sealing wax, Of cabbages and kings." 13. All are snakes except japonica, which is a flower. 14. A pre-fab U-boat tail.

CROSSWORD

- ACROSS: — 2. Troop. 6. Tit-o. 7. Arab. 8. Dot. 9. Loyals. 11. Tact. 13. Tenth London. 16. Near. 18. In-tent. 21. G.B.E. 22. Mere. 23. RNVR. 24. T-A S.T.-y.
- DOWN: — 1. Fido. 2. Toga. 3. Old soldiers. 4. Patton. 5. RASC. (ally). 9. La-tin. 10. Yen (rev.). 12. Tenet. 14. Tar-get. 15. Die. 17. Epee. 19. Tory. 20. Navy.



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SOLDIER

THE BRITISH
ARMY MAGAZINE



GINGER ROGERS
Can art beat
This "Heartbeat"?
(see Page 38)