

SOLDIER

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AGRA

(T.A.)

(SECOND FLOOR)

BARRACK OFFICE



1759—1948: "How's my wig, serjeant?"

When the 1st Battalion The Royal Hampshire Regiment broke up a special guard was mounted in the scarlet and white of Minden. Here Serjeant E. Weeks checks over Private P. Anton. See Page 46

NAAFI IS YOUR BUSINESS

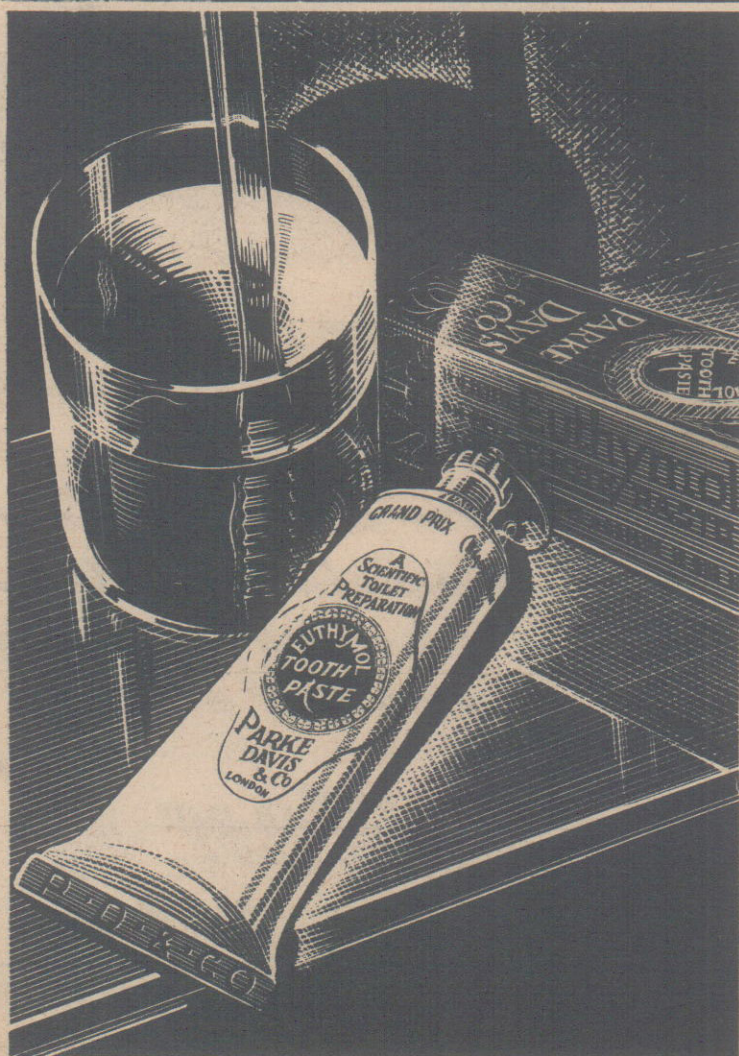
No one but you owns Naafi No one but you, the Service man or woman, benefits from Naafi facilities or Naafi profits For Naafi is *your* business. It has no other "shareholders". It declares no dividends. All its profits, after running costs have been met, are distributed to provide you with further amenities. Naafi is the means by which the Forces buy wholesale to sell to the Forces retail, retaining for the Forces all surpluses ! Help yourself — by patronizing Naafi !



NAAFI

BELONGS TO THE FORCES

If you know of anyone seeking an interesting career, Naafi still needs female staff for canteens at Home. Applicants should consult their nearest Employment Exchange.



MONEY TALKS



"See that bloke over there?"

"Uh—huh."

"His father's worth a packet."

"What's that make him?"

"Well, it should make him worth a couple of drinks."

"But does it?"

"I don't know. I've often found that people who own a lot of money aren't very free with it."

"Are you having a crack at me, chum?"

"It's the first time I knew you were a man of means."

"You'd be surprised. Owing to an arrangement I made with the Savings Officer, I shall have quite a nice little sum tied up in National Savings Certificates by the time I get Home."

"And what do you call a 'nice little sum'?"

"Rather more than you'll ever be able to lay your hands on, old boy—unless you get weaving on this National Savings idea yourself."

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Bicycle Built To-day

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Craven 'A'

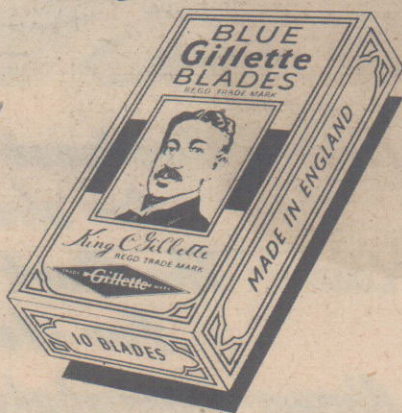
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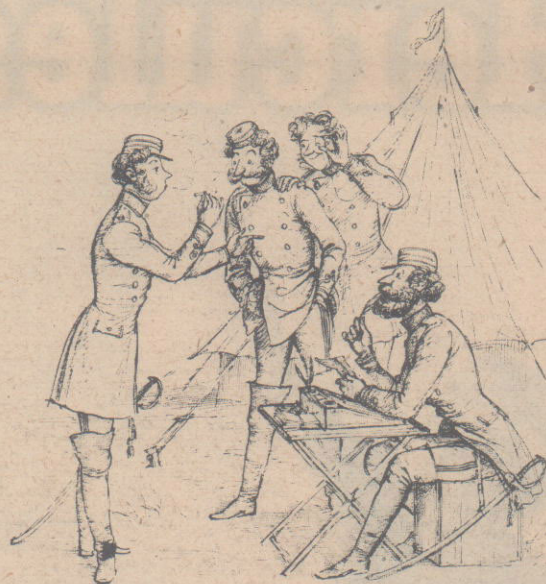
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2/11 for ten (incl. tax)

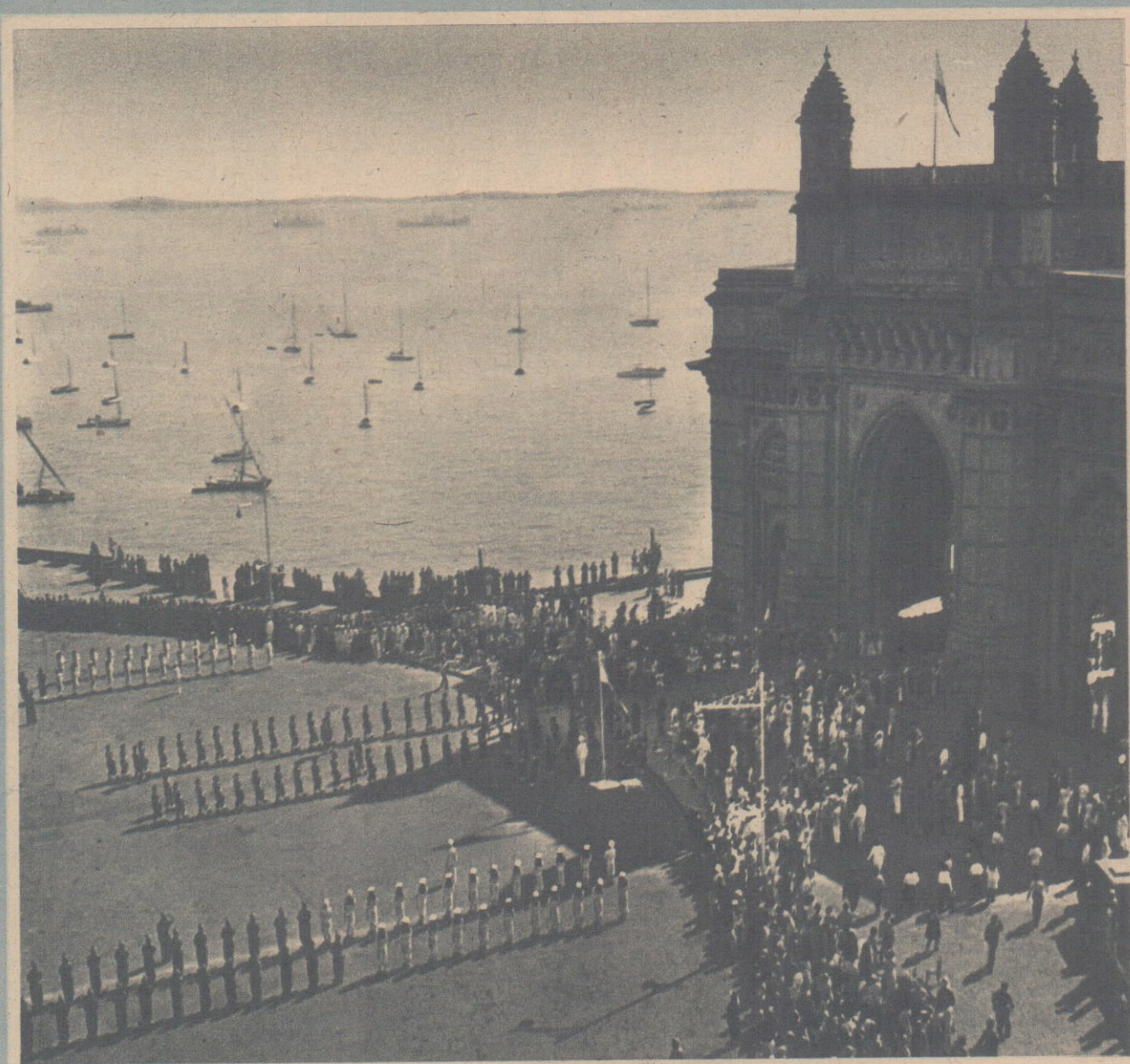
Officers' Mess 1855



It was during the Crimean War that the British soldiers first began to make cigarettes—a new fashion which they afterwards popularised in England. Today the really critical smokers among Servicemen leave the manufacture of their cigarettes to Rothmans. Pall Mall Medium is a very popular Rothman favourite—obtainable in most messes and in the N.A.A.F.I. Try a packet today.

Rothmans **Pall Mall**





As Indian soldiers and sailors present arms, the Somersets slow-march behind their Colours through the towering Gateway of India. An era is ended.

LAST BATTALION OUT OF INDIA

*"They say there's a troopship just leaving Bombay,
Bound for old Blighty's shore..."*

A long blast of a ship's siren echoed across Bombay Harbour. The veteran *Empress of Australia* puffed smoke into the blue Indian sky and steamed out to the open sea — destination, Great Britain.

Never again would the troops chant "Bless 'Em All" in the harbour which inspired the song.

It was 1140 hours, Indian Standard Time, Saturday 28 February. A 194-years-long chapter in the history of the British Army had just been closed: the 1st Battalion The Somerset Light Infantry (Prince Albert's) — the regiment which held out in the great siege of Jellalabad over 100 years ago — had embarked for home, after dipping its 80-year-old Colours in a salute to New India.

With them sailed Major-General L. G. Whistler (who won his DSO at Dunkirk) and his staff, and some 1300 British officers and men of various units, with their families.

This was the last of many historic ceremonies. The ever-flying

Union Jack had been hauled down at Lucknow. At Calcutta the East Lancashires had taken their leave of grim Fort William. In Delhi the last soldiers had paraded before Governor-General Mountbatten at Government House. On 26 February the 2nd Battalion The Black Watch had said farewell to Pakistan. Now it was Bombay's turn.

To the Gateway of India, the 83-feet high landmark on the harbour shore marched 56 officers and men of the Somersets. Swinging along in their smart olive-green tropical kit, white belts and anklets and dark green berets they drew an immediate burst of applause from the straining crowds. In front of the Gateway they received a salute from the Indian Grenadiers, from Mahratta, Sikh and Gurkha Infantrymen, and from the bands of the Royal Indian Navy and the Royal Bombay Engineers.

Farewell messages from Lord Mountbatten and Premier Nehru were read, speeches, gifts and handshakes were exchanged. The National Anthems were played. Then as the bands broke into Auld Lang Syne, the Somersets made the slow, farewell march, bearing their Colours up to and through the great stone arch, while the Indian guards of honour presented arms.

Last man of the battalion to leave Indian soil — and what a story to tell his grandchildren! — was RSM. K. Bartlett.



THE ARMY MEANT THIS TO INDIA

WHAT has the British Army done for India?

It has given her security, justice and unity.

It has snuffed out her civil wars, trimmed the claws of ambitious rulers.

It has suppressed a multitude of riots; it has averted, and avenged, massacre.

It has helped the wretched millions in time of flood, famine, plague and earthquake.

It has given New India an army worthy of the name, in which soldiers of different creeds have fought side by side.

It has defended the plainmen from the hillmen, the merchants from the dacoits.

It has guarded the sub-continent against powerful neighbours alert for an excuse to overrun its frontiers. History records 30 invasions over the North-West passes, none since Britain took responsibility for the Frontier.

These are proud claims. No one pretends that pacification was achieved without bloodshed. The Army in India has fought a long succession of wars—Bengal wars, Mysore wars, Mahratta, Gurkha, Pindari, Burmese, Afghan and Sikh wars, and others besides. But if the jealous states and races had been left to fight it out between themselves the bloodshed and ruin would have been incalculable.

Since the Crown took over India after the Mutiny, there have been more than 70 expeditions into the barren mountains of the North-West Frontier. Some were big-scale operations carried out in face of dire hardships and incessant danger.

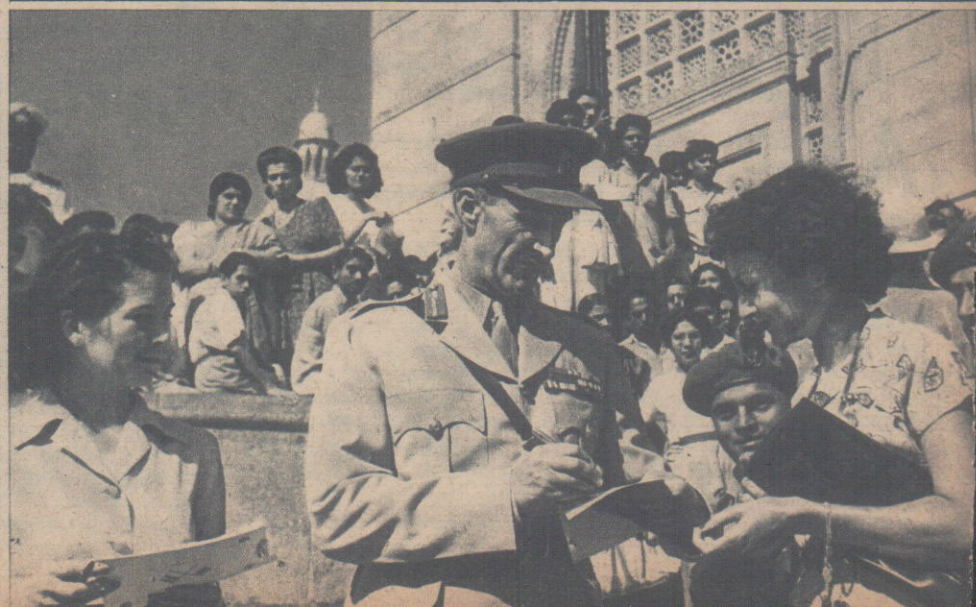
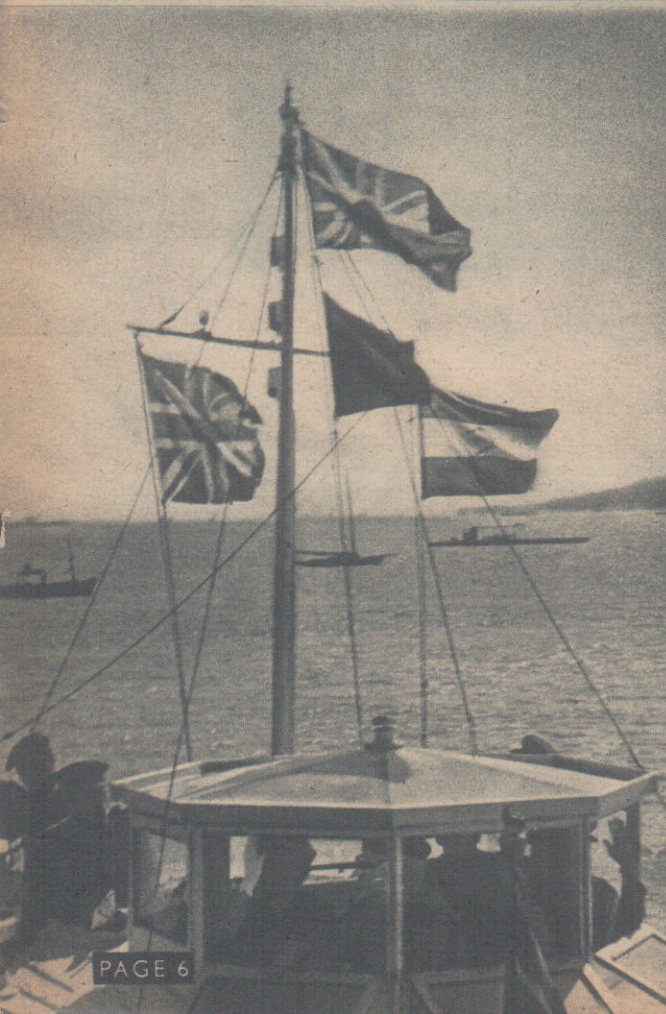
An Indian nationalist writer said this of Britain's guardianship of the Frontier, and it could equally apply to Britain's full role in India:

"The century of continuous peace which has been made possible... and enormous development on many lines of life, material and cultural, is due primarily to this military undertaking. To this service undertaken by one people for another I do not know of a parallel in the history of the world."

The Colour Party descends through the Gateway to the waiting launches.

Left: The Union Jack still fluttered on the launch which bore the battalion's gifts to the waiting troopship.

Major-General L. G. Whistler, GOC British Troops in India, signs autographs. Indian Infantrymen look on.





The Somersets march out from the land which the Dorsets entered... In their caps flashed the mural crown the regiment earned at Jellalabad.



HERE are two of the many hard-won ribbons awarded to British troops in India.

The one on the left is worn today by the very oldest of old soldiers—survivors of the great forced march from Kabul to Kandahar under Lord Roberts in 1880. It is the same ribbon which carried a variety of medals and clasps for Indian campaigns in the 1840's, including Jellalabad.

The ribbon on the right is now a museum piece only. It was given to troops who quelled the Indian Mutiny, 1857—58.

*** The regiment with the longest period of unbroken Indian service was the Royal Dublin Fusiliers—222 years. This regiment, now disbanded, served the East India Company and did not see Britain as a regiment until 1868.

*** First Regular Army regiment in India was the Dorsetshire Regiment (*Primus in India*) two companies of which reached Madras in 1754. They helped avenge the Black Hole of Calcutta.

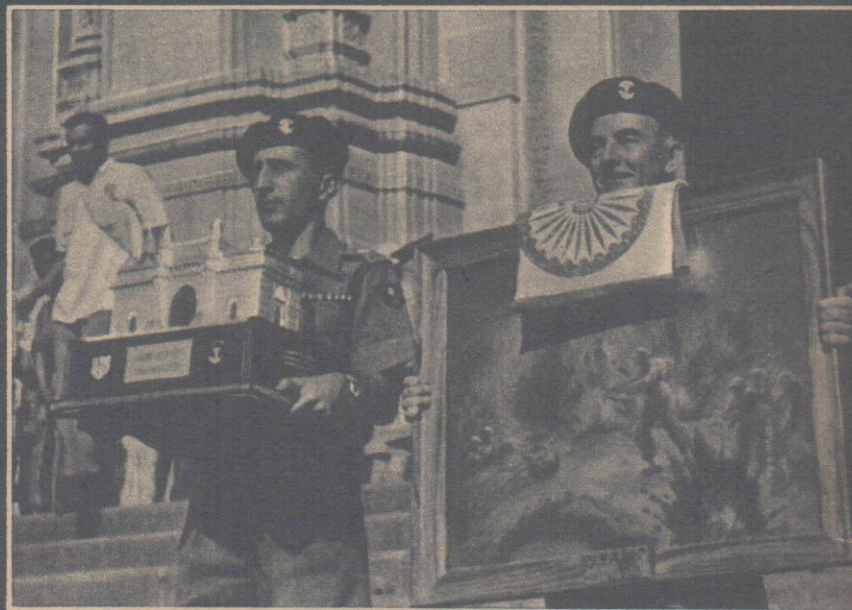
*** Most crushing disaster to a British regiment in India was that which befell the Essex Regiment in its attempt to pull out of Kabul in 1841. Only one survivor reached Jellalabad.

*** One of the most brilliant—but costliest—victories was Assaye, under the future Duke of Wellington, against odds of 7—1. The 2nd Highland Light Infantry lost all officers and 384 men and were brought out of battle by a serjeant-major.

*** Grimmet threat to British power in India was the Mutiny, in which Delhi fell, the Cawnpore garrison was massacred and Lucknow was heroically defended against a long siege. At Delhi three officers, four warrant officers and two serjeants defended 50 powder barrels against teeming mutineers. Finally the defenders blew up the powder. Four were killed; all won the VC. Immediate cause of the Mutiny was the Enfield cartridge which was greased with cow's and pig's fat, offending both Hindus and Mohammedans.



Another flash passes into history: it was worn by troops of GHQ India.



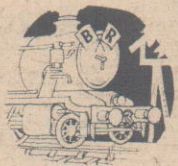
Gifts to the regiment included a silver model of the Gateway to India (from soldiers of Bombay Area, Indian Army) and a battle painting. Here officers bear them to the launch.

Last troopship to leave Bombay—the *Empress of Australia*. The baggage included many treasured souvenirs.





General Sir William SLIM, hammer of the Japs, late Commandant Imperial Defence College, is a full-time member of the British Transport Commission's Railway Executive.



Lieut-General Sir Wilfrid LINDELL, top-flight administrator in Middle East and India, speeds turn-round of railway wagons, coordinates railway activities to help the industrial drive.



Major-General Sir Francis de GUINGAND, self-effacing Chief of Staff to Field-Marshal Montgomery in Africa, Italy and North-West Europe, is ranching in South Africa.



THE GENERALS:

WHAT happens to the generals when they take off their red tabs for the last time? A few retire quietly to the country; most of them start out on their second career.

This picture feature shows what 24 of the generals who handled big jobs in World War Two are doing today. Many of them are still in public service: several are directing nationalised industries. Quite a number went to governorships in the Empire (there are too many of these to feature



Lieut-General Sir Frederick BROWNING, one-time Deputy Commander of the 1st Allied Airborne Army, later Chief of Staff, SEAC, is Comptroller of Princess Elizabeth's Household.



Major-General George Neville RUSSELL, transportation chief in Middle East and SEAC, is chairman of the Road Transport Executive set up under the British Transport Commission.



Field-Marshal Viscount ALAN BROOKE, wartime CIGS, today holds nine oil, banking and insurance directorships. He is Government director of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company.



General Sir Frederick PILE, who directed Britain's AA fire at everything from Dorniers to V2's, is now a director of the Cementation Company.



General Sir Miles DEMPSEY, who commanded Second Army in NW Europe and later ALFSEA, runs the Tote as chairman of the Racecourse Betting Control Board and is a brewery director.



General Sir Daril G. WATSON, quartering, dock and supply expert, advises firms setting up "dodge the atom" factories in South Africa. Sir James Grigg is a partner.





General Sir Ronald ADAM, war-time Adjutant-General, originator of many Army reforms and experiments, now directs the British Council, which spreads British culture overseas.



Major-General Douglas WIMBERLEY, who led 51st (Highland) Division in its desert triumphs and was later Director of Infantry, is Principal of University College, Dundee.



General Sir Bernard PAGET, an early C-in-C of 21 Army Group and later C-in-C Middle East, is Principal of Ashridge College, Hertfordshire, where citizenship is taught.

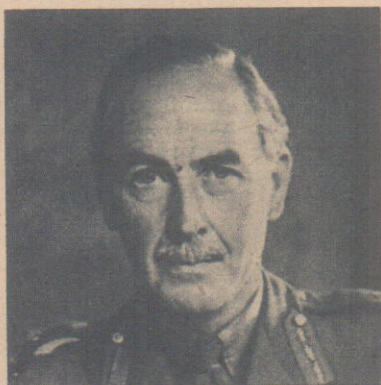
here — Australia alone has three generals as governors).

Other generals have gone into private industry or commerce, into education and — in two instances — into sport.

Generals who have specialised knowledge of transportation and engineering usually find their services in brisk demand; so do administrators. But the men who were famed primarily for leadership in the field find new spheres for leadership too.

OVER →

WHAT THEY ARE DOING NOW



General Sir Alan CUNNINGHAM, who made his name in East Africa and the Western Desert, is winding up British rule in Palestine, where he is High Commissioner.



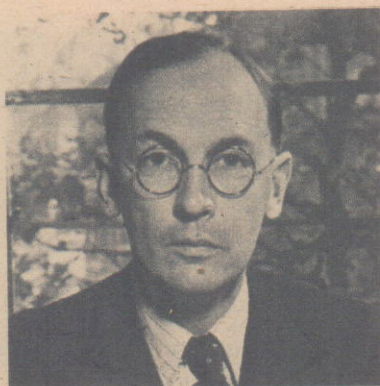
Major-General Sir Noel HOLMES, a former Director of Movements and a deputy QMG, is responsible for output in the Coal Board's North-Eastern Division.



Field-Marshal Viscount ALEXANDER, architect of victory in North Africa and Italy, went to Ottawa in 1946 to become Governor-General of Canada.



Field-Marshal Viscount WAVELL, who whipped the Italians in Libya and was Viceroy of India during the 1943 Jap threat, directs big South Africa diamond interests.



Major-General Sir Edward Ian JACOB, backroom boy as Military Assistant to the War Cabinet 1939—1946, is with the BBC as Director of Overseas Services.



General Sir Alfred Reade GODWIN-AUSTEN, former Administration Officer, India Command, is another Coal Board general. His division: South Wales. (See SOLDIER, February 1947).



Lieut-General Sir Bernard FREYBERG VC, who led the New Zealanders in Africa and Italy (in two wars he spent 11 years in the field) is Governor-General of New Zealand.



Major-General Sir Miles GRAHAM, "Monty's" chief administration officer in 21 Army Group, is chairman of the Greyhound Racing Association, director of several firms.



SOLDIER to Soldier

"Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier." — Dr. Johnson.

A newspaper recently published a letter from a reader who saw something "distasteful" in big-money claims being pressed before the Royal Commission on awards to wartime inventors. "Unless the men had been equal to the equipment, what basis would there now be for inventors' claims?" he asked.

This writer has put his finger on a potentially sore spot. In war each man gives — or ought to give — what is of most worth; one offers courage, another inventiveness. It is easy to say that courage ought not to be at a cash disadvantage, but courage cannot be assessed in cash. No one will suggest that the Victoria Cross and Military Medal should be scrapped in favour of money awards.

On the other hand inventiveness can be rewarded, up to a point, in cash. The question is whether, in total war, inventors should have their services recognised by the award of a lump sum or, as in the soldier's case, decorations and honours. Anyone who suggests that lack of a cash inducement would kill incentive among inventors does not know inventors. They are like poets in that whatever is in them must come out, reward or no reward. Some inventors are content that their inventions should have helped to shorten the war or saved British lives; and for this reason not all are making claims on the Royal Commission.

The soldier is properly grateful for the war-winning and life-saving weapons which were furnished him in such profusion. If he is ever tempted to cynicism by the thought that a man whose heroism turned the tide of battle receives a strip of purple ribbon while the inventor of a gadget receives £10,000, he must remind himself that the strip of purple ribbon is a high, exclusive honour which cannot be measured against money.

It was left to the House of Lords to pay some graceful tributes to the Women's Royal Army Corps, which now enjoys a well-earned permanent status.

One peer foresaw the day when a man might be put on a charge for failing to salute his commissioned daughter, since "saluting will now be required by regulation and not by courtesy." Another looked to the day when the Staff College and the Imperial Defence College would be open to women — surely not an unreasonable step?

Lord Mancroft had a story about an ATS girl buried for 36 hours under a fly-bombed building in Belgium. She was dug out battered but alive, and after a talk with a senior medical officer "took a smart pace to the rear, whipped up a salute which would have done credit to the Brigade of Guards and said: 'Permission to fall out, sir?'" This peer, who has been a harsh critic of ATS uniform, also said: "If noble lords doubt the effect upon recruiting of an attractive uniform, I would only draw your Lordships' attention to the numbers of redheads who join the WAAF or the WRNS rather than the ATS."

SOLDIER offers its congratulations to the WRAC; and in particular to all redheads in its ranks.

THE GENERALS

(Continued from Page 11)

This list is in no way complete. The generals featured here were selected both for the notable part they played in the war and for the prominence of the jobs they are doing now.



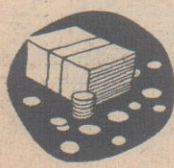
Major-General L. B. NICHOLLS, Chief Signals Officer to General Eisenhower, found a Signals post with the recently nationalised Cable and Wireless organisation.



Major-General D. HARRISON, an Engineer who served in many theatres, latterly in SEAC, is general manager of the Government's Overseas Food Corporation.



Major-General R. E. LAYCOCK, former Chief of Combined Operations, organiser of Commando raids in many lands, is a recently appointed director of Lloyds Bank.



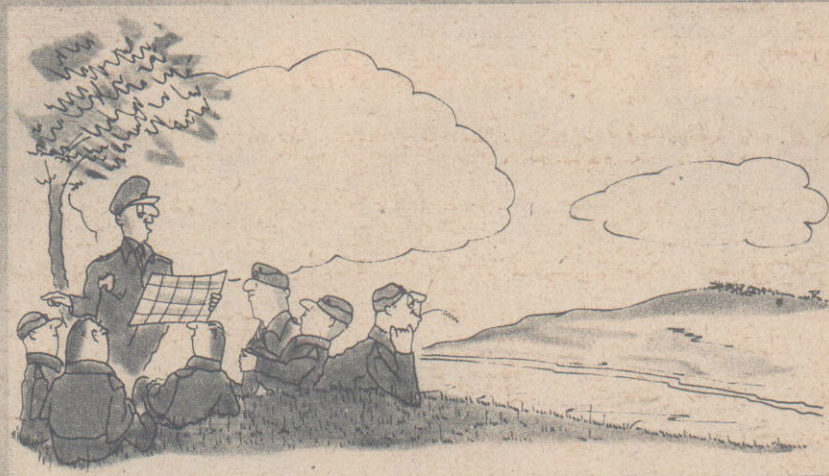
Lastly, a woman "general," Mrs. Jean KNOX, energetic wartime chief of the ATS (now Lady Swaythling), is managing director of Peter Jones Ltd., famous London store.



Spring Comes to the Army



by
Wiles
and
Phelix



WAAC

TO

WRAC



The WAAC was called a Worker . . . the ATS was called a Private.

NOW that the Auxiliary Territorial Service has become the Women's Royal Army Corps (to signalise its regular status) the Army's women service has changed its name for the third time in its history.

Forerunners of the ATS were the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps — the WAAC's of World War One. Formed in early 1917 when manpower shortage was acute, they had an unenviable status.

They were classed as civilians, and those who served in France were defined as "camp-followers." A WAAC private was called a "worker", a serjeant a "fore-woman", an officer an "official." Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, who had the title of Chief Woman Controller Overseas, begged that her title should be altered, artfully suggesting that "Chief WC" would not look well on paper. The title was changed.

WAAC's pay was based on civilian scales with provision for overtime. Their uniforms — long khaki, gaberdine coatfrocks — had a kinship with the New Look of today's fashions.

When the first WAAC's went to France in March, 1917, one ungallant general said, "If these

women are coming, we shall have to wire all the woods on the Lines of Communication." To which Chief Controller Gwynne-Vaughan replied, "If you do, sir, you will have a number of enterprising couples climbing over." The woods remained unwired.

The WAAC's in France proved efficient at their many tasks. When the retreat in early 1918 threatened the withdrawal of the WAAC's from France, the Directorate of Signals declared that the women were indispensable and that to take them away would affect the communications with Second Army.

On 9 April, 1918, the Minister for War announced that in

honour of the Corps' good work at home and in France, "Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to assume the position and title of Commandant-in-Chief of the Corps, which in future will bear the name of Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps."

From 1917 to 1919 some 57,000 women served in the Corps. On 27 September, 1921, the last of the QMAAC — a unit retained with the Graves Registration Commission at St. Pol — were demobilised, and the Corps ceased to exist.

On 9 September, 1938, by Royal Warrant the Army's women service came to life again, this time with the title of Auxiliary Territorial Service. A private

was a "volunteer", a corporal a "sub-leader", a second lieutenant a "company assistant".

The years 1938—39 brought the growing ATS many troubles, but the old question of serviceable undergarments was evidently not one of these. Former WAAC's were asked to put forward suggestions based on experience of the ideal Service undies. The official issue gained Royal Assent. The Princess Royal, always interested in the welfare of the service, requested that a set be sent to her for inspection. The verdict came back that she would be willing to wear them herself.

At the outbreak of war the ATS were 20,000 strong and in early 1940 the first units, which included a platoon of bilingual telephonists, sailed for France. But the big day for the ATS was 25 April, 1941, when long-sought military status was granted. Under Defence Regulations they became members of the Armed Forces of the Crown. Military ranks and commissions were granted, pay was revised, and they received a combatant status enabling them to work on gun-sites and at special duties.

Their service in World War Two fully justified the granting of their latest title of today — the Women's Royal Army Corps.

Is That Really My Voice?

WRAC girls talk to themselves—and learn from their own voices. They are telephone operators under training; gramophone records let them hear themselves as others hear them



Private D. White reads from her notes as she makes a gramophone record, while an instructor works the controls. The same instructor, Cpl. M. Dixon, listens in when Private White makes her first attempt to handle the 400-line switchboard (below).



"HOLD the line, please... You're through." The voice has a smile in it. It suggests that it knows you would say "Thank you" if telephone time wasn't so precious and that it is really saying "You're welcome" in reply to your unspoken gratitude.

The voice is the same if it is dealing with a lance-corporal phoning across the road about a file or with a general talking across the Mediterranean, the English Channel and two or three countries in between. It is helpful, tolerant, firm or even reproving if need be; but always it is cool and polite.

It belongs to a girl in WRAC Signals who has been carefully schooled in what to say and how to say it. It may speak to you from anywhere in the United Kingdom, from Bad Oeynhausen, from Singapore or Hong-Kong, from Jerusalem, Fayid or Moascar.

Its owner may work nine hours a day—that depends how busy her exchange is—and on shifts. She may work on a switchboard which deals only with calls inside her command; her panel may

link you with the telephones of the world; she may be one of a little group sitting at a special panel answering inquiries, finding the numbers that get mislaid, explaining that there are delays; she may be on a switching centre which links up exchanges and has no individual subscribers of its own.

Sometimes she will be so busy that her fingers will flash over the switchboard like those of an organist playing a pasodoble and she will hardly have time to stretch back and ease her muscles. At others—mostly at nights—she may find time on her hands.

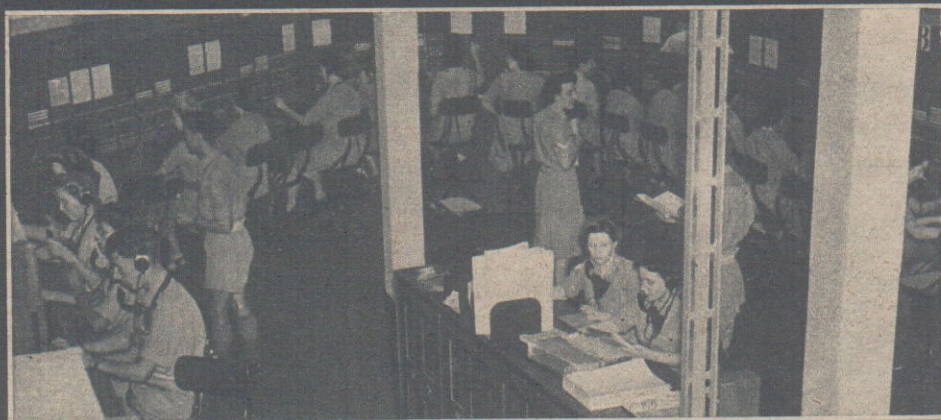
In the WRAC Signal Training Wing at Catterick, girls go through a five-weeks' course in how to be telephone operators. They must learn a lot of complicated procedures and they must also learn exactly the right thing to say at the right time. In Catterick's busiest hut 30 of



Left: The girl you won't hear. She works at a switching centre, which links up exchanges that have no direct line between them.

Right: There are 24 girls on duty at Rhine Army HQ's switchboard. Three deal with War Office calls; three with international calls.

Below: Time for a cup of tea before the call comes through? Boards like this one (at Bad Oeynhausen) tell the operators who tell you.



Flashback: The Army's biggest telephone switchboard was in Cairo during World War Two. It could accommodate 1000 subscribers, 250 junction lines and 100 trunk lines.



them talk at the same time, making calls to each other on their training switchboards; that is how they get their inoculation against the noise of a real telephone exchange.

Those smooth sentences that come easily out of the ear-piece when you make a difficult call are not extempore. From "Number please?" and "I am trying to connect you, Sir," to "I am sorry, Sir, I can't get — — — at the moment, I will call you," and "Have you finished? (pause) Have you finished?" they are all laid down in the "Expressions to be used" column in Chapter 2 of Part 2 of Signal Training Pamphlet No. 8. Even such apparently complicated ones as "I am sorry, Sir, you are still connected but the other subscriber appears to have left the telephone" and "I am sorry, Sir, the number appears to be unobtainable. Will you please confirm the number and I will call you later", are all prefabricated.

Those four words, "I am sorry, Sir," appear at the beginning of a good few of the set-pieces, but they don't mean that the operator has been at fault in some way.

They are just a manifestation of paragraph one of the principles of operating laid down by Pamphlet No. 8: "Accuracy, speed and courtesy are the three principles that should guide an operator... Politeness and tact on the part of the exchange operator are most important. Subscribers should be made to feel that the operator is eager to do everything... to get the call through quickly. Operators must never give way to irritation even in the most trying circumstances."

Among themselves the operators are equally polite. When one calls another she does not say "You gave me the wrong number" or "You have cut me off." It is considered more polite, and it is certainly more tactful, to use the impersonal "I had a wrong number" or "I have been cut off."

If you don't want to offend a telephone operator, keep off the joke, as old as the telephone itself, that operators listen in to private or any other kind of calls. An operator who will cheerfully spend half an hour to get you a number which doesn't exist will go red at the back of

the neck when she hears this gibe. Listening-in is unethical and forbidden.

But some long-distance calls are recorded on a monitoring tape. And someone who spends most of what purports to be an official call discussing a Derby prospect and arranging a party for his next leave may in time have an unhappy quarter of an hour explaining it all.

Besides saying the right things, an operator must say them properly. A broad accent, from whatever part of the country — and the girls come from all over — is not necessarily a disadvantage in a switchboard operator, but elocution lessons teach the girls to speak slowly, distinctly and quietly. At Catterick, each girl records her voice before she starts her course and hears her own mistakes; at the end of the course she records again and the play-back shows her the improvement she has made.

A telephone operator has to know different drills for calls between extensions on the same switchboard, between two switchboards connected by a direct line, between switchboards linked

through intermediate switchboards, calls to automatic and manual civilian exchanges. There is a special drill for conference calls, where, say, a commander-in-chief is linked simultaneously with several of his subordinate commanders.

Girl telephone operators won a great reputation in the war. They stayed on duty in Britain's blitz, in the headquarters and on the gunsites; they helped to run the great exchanges overseas, among them the Army's biggest, the 40-ton Lease-Lend switchboard at GHQ, Middle East, in Cairo.

Since the war, they have shown their mettle in Palestine. Surrounded by rubble, with all the doors and windows blocked, the girls in the basement of the King David Hotel kept their switchboard going after the explosion that wrecked the floors above them. They were eventually let out through a window, and that window was their entrance and exit for months after.

Any complaints? *Just a moment, Sir, I'll put you through to the supervisor.*

Only one person moves during the death sentence: Serjeant Margaret Cousins. Her pencil records every grim syllable at the trials of German war criminals in Hamburg's court-house

SERJEANT Margaret Cousins, WRAC, picked up a new pencil, flipped over a page of her notebook and settled down for a long session at her desk.

A man took his place at the witness stand. White-wigged counsel began questioning him and Sjt. Cousins started writing swiftly in shorthand.

The 23rd war crimes trial at which she had been the official shorthand writer was in progress. For the next seven or eight weeks Sjt. Cousins would sit at her desk from nine in the morning until five in the evening. She would record in the pot-hooks of shorthand the black tales of cruelty in Gestapo-run prisons which British, Dutch and German witnesses would tell to the five British officers sitting impassively above the clean, freshly painted oblong of the main court at Hamburg's War Crimes Trial Centre, the only one now operating in BAOR.

Opposite Sjt. Cousins sat a row of German counsel, paid by Britain to defend the prisoners in the long dock behind them. A little further along S/Sjts H. Lesser and A. Wilmott took it in turn to translate the evidence into German or from German into English.

Against a pillar to her left sat Sjt. W. Ferns RA, with a loaded pistol in his holster, keeping a watchful eye on the spectators who sat in the public gallery.

Sjt. Cousins' notebook filled with pot-hooks; the interpreters drank more and more frequently from the water glasses. It was not a lively day, and when it was

Serjeant-Major G. Ntefel (in charge of interpreters) clears up a tricky point for a German defence counsel.



Serjeant Cousins sits below the court. Behind her are three of the members (left to right) Major Watson Gandy, Mr. H. A. Six-Smith, deputy Judge Advocate General and Colonel B. G. Melsom, president.

DEATH IN HER NOTEBOOK

over, Sjt. Cousins closed her notebook wearily and the two interpreters cleared their throats with relief.

Sjt. Cousins, with nine years service in the ATS and about 18 months more to do, cannot guess at how many hundreds of thousands of words of testimony she has taken down since she became an official shorthand writer 20 months ago.

"It has become an automatic process with me now," she said. "I have to get everything —

every comment made by the president, legal exchanges between the public prosecutor and the judge advocate-general, every objection raised by German counsel."

The serjeant thinks people talk too much. "Before I joined the ATS I was a private secretary and I learned then that the average man uses an awful lot of words to say a little," she said.

"Witnesses never seem to be able to state a point shortly. They always make 20 words do the work of one."

She is not sure how many war criminals she has heard sentenced to death but she has never been unduly shocked.

S/Sjt. Lesser cannot remember or even try to guess at the number of words he has spoken since he began duty as an interpreter last February.

"Every word that goes down in Sjt. Cousins' notebook has to be translated," he said, "and there is often more to it than just a literal translation. Some words in English have no equivalent in German and I have to think quickly of a phrase which conveys the exact sense, even the particular shade of meaning that the word might have in English."

S/Sjt. Wilmott explained that as witnesses "say their piece" the interpreters translate the phrases in their minds. Should the speakers go too quickly or too long at a stretch, the interpreters can and do check them. In involved statements the inter-

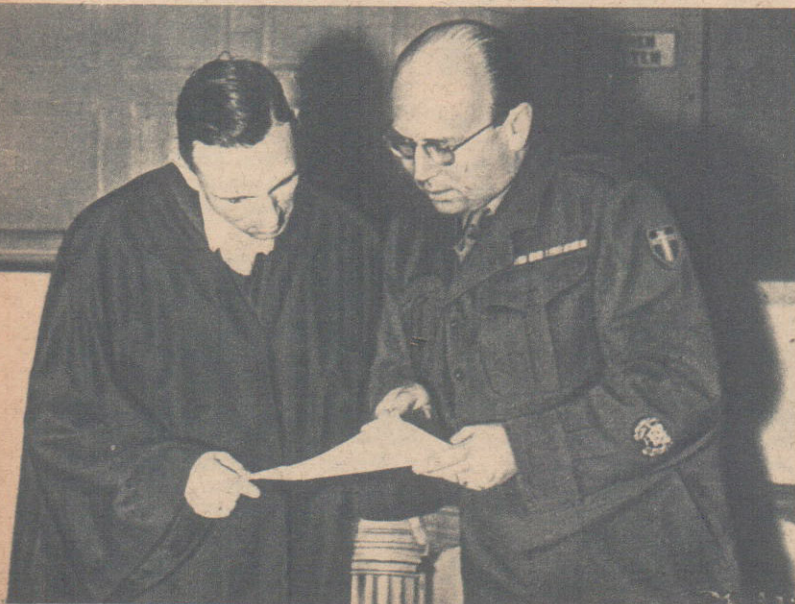
preters make notes occasionally, but not always.

Sjt. Ferns, who has been 21 years in the Army, does not bother a great deal about the legal proceedings. He is there to see that the military police standing behind the dock are alert and that nothing happens to disturb the dignity of the court.

He shares the duties of court orderly serjeant with Sjts. W. Fagan and W. Hodge. When not on duty in the court, they carry out normal security duties in and around the court building, mount the guard when members of the court arrive or depart and check with the military police that traffic arrangements are working smoothly.

During one trial a threat was received from a "Nazi Underground Movement" that the court would be blown up if the trial continued. Sjt. Fagan spent the night in the court building, searched it hourly and checked everybody coming in and out. Nothing happened. It was probably a hoax but it would have been dangerous to take a chance.

Administration clerk to the court is S/Sjt. P. Lenhoff, who speaks fluent German and French. His job is to keep within reasonable limits the mass of paper which accumulates, to see that witnesses draw their subsistence allowances and are produced on the day a trial opens, and to do all the other jobs of a chief clerk in the Army. **JOHN HUGHES.**





The Serjeant-Major's signature deteriorates a bit after the first couple of hours — but it's still the most popular signature in Germany

THIS SIGNATURE SETS A MAN

FREE



SERJEANT-MAJOR P. K. W. Cahill of the Irish Guards signs his name perhaps 2000 times a day. Each time it means that yet another German prisoner-of-war has been given his freedom.

The serjeant-major works in the documentation section of No. 1 Prisoner-of-War Dispersal Centre in Germany and it is his name on a release certificate which opens the gates to Civvy Street for men back from the camps of Great Britain, the Middle East, France, Belgium and Russia.

All men brought back to Germany pass through British hands at the camp at Munster Lager, where most of the Wehrmacht's highest ranking officers were detained after capitulation.

Each group of men is marched off to the camp after detrainment and within a couple of hours has passed through all stages of documentation. The men shuffle before Sjt-Major Cahill's table, putting down a release certificate and an identity form which must bear his signature and stamp before it is valid.

Automatically the serjeant-major stamps his name and appointment on the documents and scribbles his signature across the stamp. His signature begins quite legibly in the morning but after a while it sweeps out into a wavy line above the stamp. "I don't know how often I have signed my name but it must be about a couple of hundred thousand times," he told SOLDIER.

"At the end of the day my wrist aches but not so badly as it did when I took over the job a while ago. Talk about writer's cramp! Even the thought of writ-

ing a letter home made my wrist ache."

Capt. Jock Smith, his OC, thinks the serjeant-major may have written his name as many as 400,000 times, since nearly 500,000 men have passed through the camp in the past year. It is difficult to give the exact figure since there has been a change-over in the administration of the camp and records are being refiled.

Whether the men come from Russia or from England the procedure is the same; documentation, Sjt-Major Cahill's signature and then pay, which is 40 marks for a man and 80 for an officer.

Credits earned in Britain and other places where prisoners are paid for their work are also paid out.

Afterwards the men fall out for a meal while the camp staff

organise transport to get them home. Those who live within easy distance of Munster Lager — at or near Hamburg, Bremen, Hanover, Uelzen, Zeven, Brunswick and Poppendorf — will go home by road. The others will wait in the camp until trains can be made up to take them back to their towns and villages.

"We try to get them away as quickly as possible," says Capt. Smith. "There isn't enough hut-tage here for us to hold on to them; not that we want to anyway. Our job is to release them."

Some are more fortunate. Relatives arrive to pick them up in all manner of conveyances from ancient broughams to smart cars.

There was, for example, Hans Kayser of Hanover. He had sent his wife a telegram and she was waiting with his small daughter at the camp for him. As he came out of the credits office into the bright winter sunshine she ran to him and clasped him in her arms while his daughter stared shyly at this stranger.

Hans, a prisoner in America and Britain, wept and laughed as he said, "I am back home." And oddly he said it in English. Saluting Capt. Smith he got into the waiting car and drove home. Like all the men from English camps his morale was high. They return from captivity fit, well-clothed and laden down with luggage. They arrive singing, hanging out

"Talk about writer's cramp!"—Serjeant-Major P. K. W. Cahill.

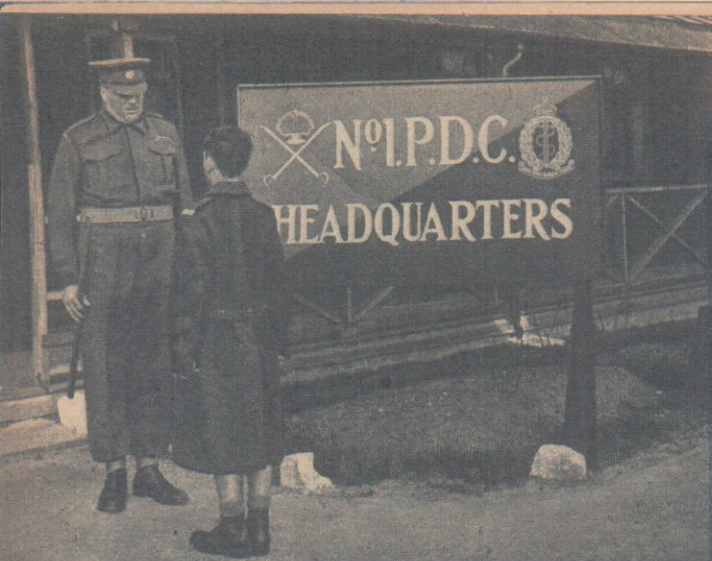
of the carriage windows and exchanging banter with the girls who line the railroad track.

In contrast with men from other countries, less than half of one per cent report sick or have to be detained in the German-staffed camp hospital. In their kit they have an allowance of rationed foodstuffs acquired in England; many of them have clothing and other gifts from the farmers for whom they have worked.

However high their morale and however bulky their luggage, they are very glad to meet Sjt-Major Cahill and read his signature.

The end of the journey—from Britain, America, Russia, the Middle East. Munster Lager is the German prisoners' last camp.





"You too can have a body like mine..."
Saughton's RSM chats to the smallest recruit.

Nobody else will do this job, so the Army does. And it is one of the most worth-while jobs there is — building up the physique of recruits from Civvy Street, giving them muscle and poise

'NEW LOOK' IS TAUGHT HERE

YOU can't go far in Saughton Camp, Chester without meeting the likeness of a man who is a grief alike to his Maker and his serjeant-major.

You find him, painted in naked silhouette, on the walls of barracks and on the sides of gymnasia. Sometimes he is big enough to be studied across a parade-ground. His attitude is that often taken up by a lazy man in front of a fire — stomach well down and forward, backside edging outwards from the flames; a question mark of a man.

The best that can be said for this Awful Example is that he is usually in good company — that of a fine erect fellow who is mutely urging him to pull himself together. But it is the Awful Example who attracts the guilty eye of the visitor, and makes him nervous of looking in mirrors.

Hundreds of thousands of soldiers who have been through Army physical development centres — Saughton is the only one left — see that accusing silhouette, months afterwards, in their mind's eye — and draw themselves erect.

Not that bad posture is the only fault they are out to cure at Saughton. Round shoulders, weak feet, poor stamina, weight deficiency, all the faults which jeopardise a recruit's chances of standing up to his normal training, are tackled sympathetically, scientifically.

Saughton is no "bull ring." The slogan isn't "sweat till you drop." In one gymnasium, for instance, you will find a recruit who cannot haul himself breast-high to a horizontal bar, learning to strengthen his muscles by degrees with the aid of a weighted seesaw; another is going through

curious praying-to-Allah motions on a rug to take the kink out of his spine; another is walking with his feet splayed outwards on a "supination board" to exercise undeveloped muscles. On the huge parade grounds — nearly big enough to land a Dakota — small groups of men, in dozens of groups, are engaging in every kind of remedial exercise the limber, black-overalled instructors of the APTC can devise. And this takes no account of the men sitting indoors with their feet in formaline baths, or their torsos under ultra-violet rays, or of the men "resting" in the education centre (the perils of developing the body without developing the mind need no stressing for a generation or two).

The accents of all Britain are heard at Saughton — Cockneys and Cornishmen, Lowland Scots, Welshmen and Geordies. Here is a puny lad whose father was out of work for five years in the

early 'thirties; here is a lad who left school at 14 to crouch his still developing body over a too-low machine; here are lads whose ignorance of how to look after their feet would horrify an aborigine; even lads who are conscientious objectors when it comes to consulting a dentist. But don't get the idea that Saughton caters exclusively for what used to be called the "submerged tenth"; if you are the heir to broad acres and a narrow chest you find yourself here just the same. The camp doesn't worry about a man's background or whose fault it is that he is not top-category. There are only two months in which to repair the damage, and there is no time to lose.

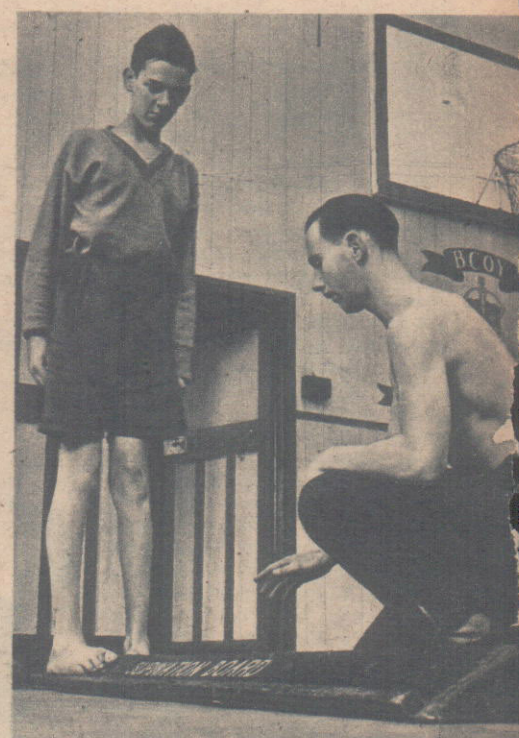
Don't get the idea, either, that there is any lack of fire among the recruits. A look-in at the boxing mill, where recruits take a 60-second bash at each other in front of ranks of yelling supporters, shows that their



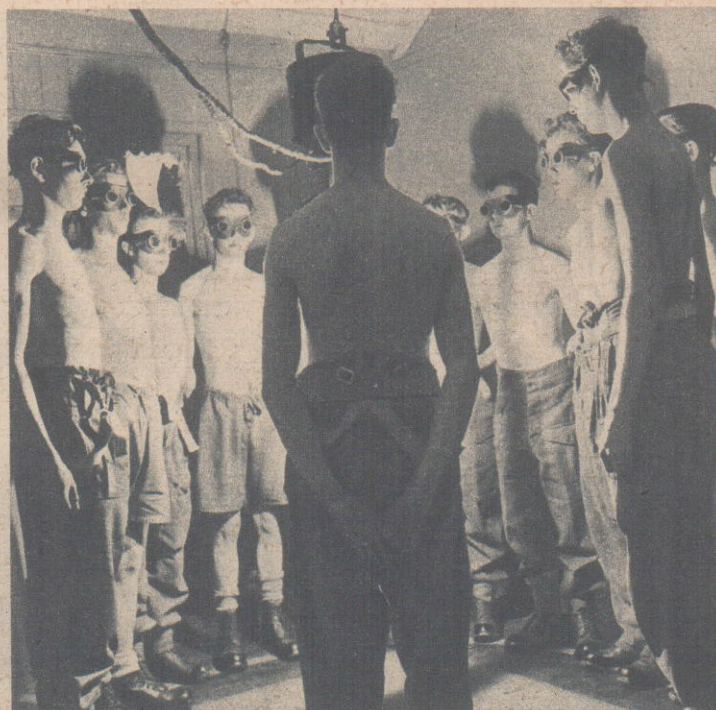
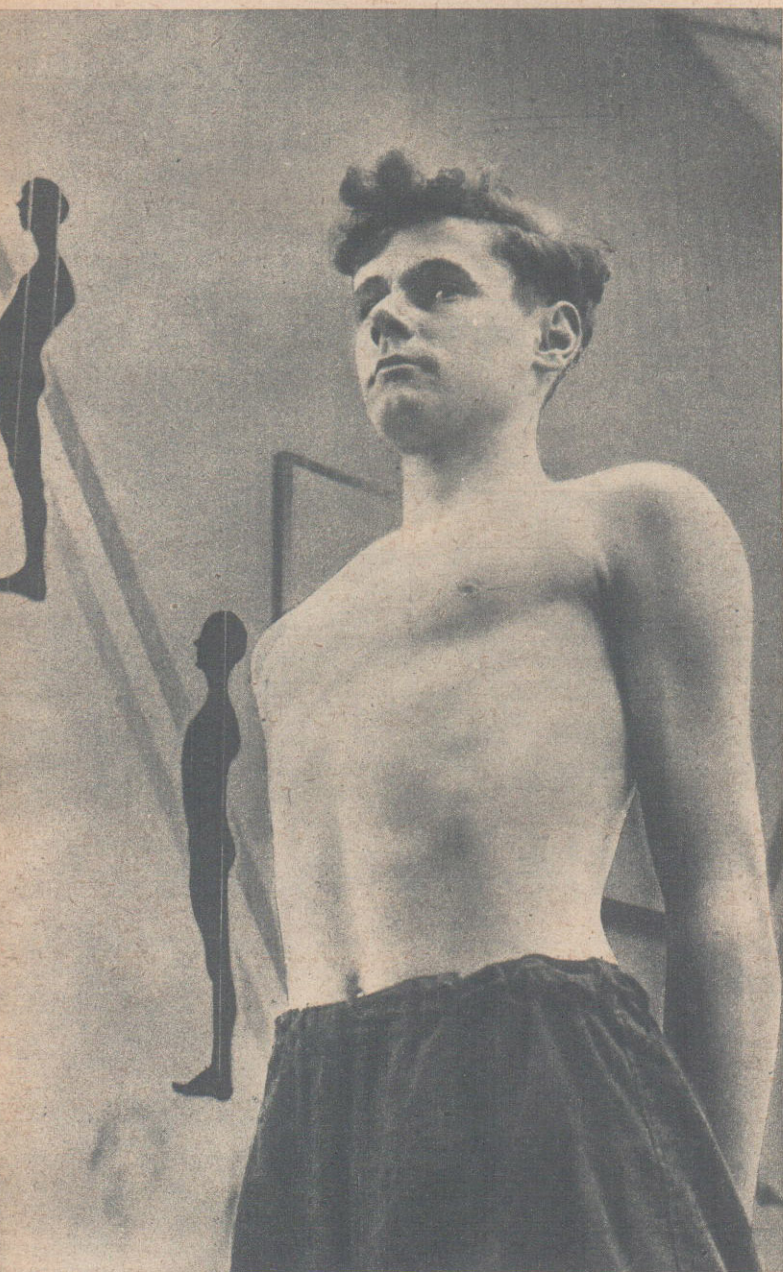
All recruits get an extra blanket—to exercise on, not to sleep under.



These recruits are undergoing spine-straightening exercises. Instructors ensure that all effort has a purpose.



Many boys have walked like this along the toolshed roof—not knowing that it was a remedial exercise.



Light-worshippers... both sides of the body are exposed in short doses to strengthening rays.

The recruit with his feet under water is being treated by a scientific version of the old shocking coil (or a modified version of the electric chair).



Left: bracing up... and trying to look as little like the upper silhouette as possible.

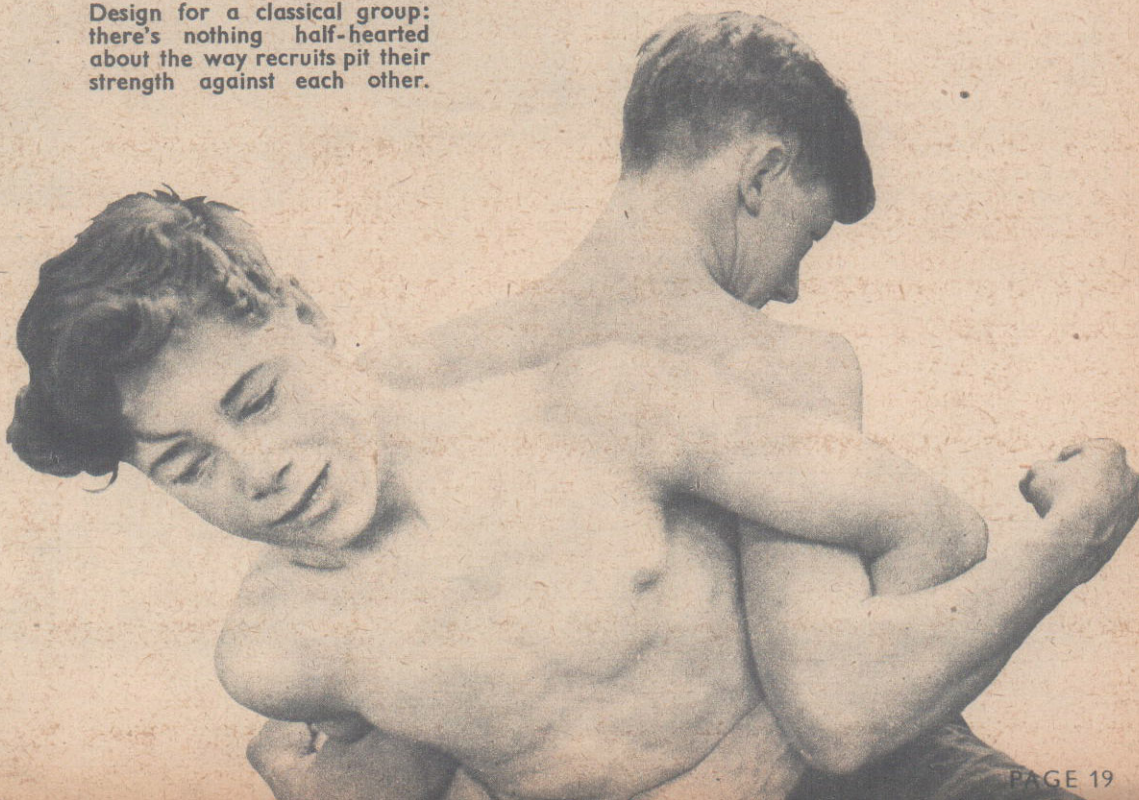
spirits at least are not sub-standard.

Records show that about 95 per cent of recruits are medically upgraded as a result of their course and that there is an average gain of about 6½ pounds, mostly muscle. But at Saughton they do not measure success in figures alone. They prefer to point to the "Tarzan area", where in off-duty hours recruits may be seen swinging on ropes amid the trees, just for the joy of life.

The tragedy of Saughton is that the camp is staffed to take only those who fall slightly short of top medical grading. If it could rope in those of still lower categories and build them up it would have added cause for pride. But it is a costly camp to run, and the Army can ill spare its short-service recruits, even for the eight weeks in which they are pulled up to standard.

The first Army physical development centre was opened two years before the war. Saughton is a merger of the three which existed when the war ended; in all 50,000 young soldiers have passed through the three centres.

Design for a classical group: there's nothing half-hearted about the way recruits pit their strength against each other.



FROM an operations room on the shore of Lake Timsah, on the Suez Canal, go out shipping instructions as complex as those of any commercial shipping line.

It is the operations room of 1207 Inland Water Transport and "Z" Craft Operating Squadron, Royal Engineers, which has its craft scattered all over the waters and waterways of the Middle East.

The Squadron has a 15,000-ton fleet consisting of "Z" craft — a name that conceals the identity of the war-time assault landing-craft — self-propelled barges and "dumb" (engineless) barges. Once they were all manned by British soldiers, but now there is only a small British staff to supervise the crews.

Much of the work consists of moving stores along the Suez Canal. Many of the craft ply along the Sweetwater Canal, the water level of which varies so much that when it is particularly shallow barges can carry only half-loads. Last January, the Squadron moved 34,000 tons of stores along the canals of Egypt Command.

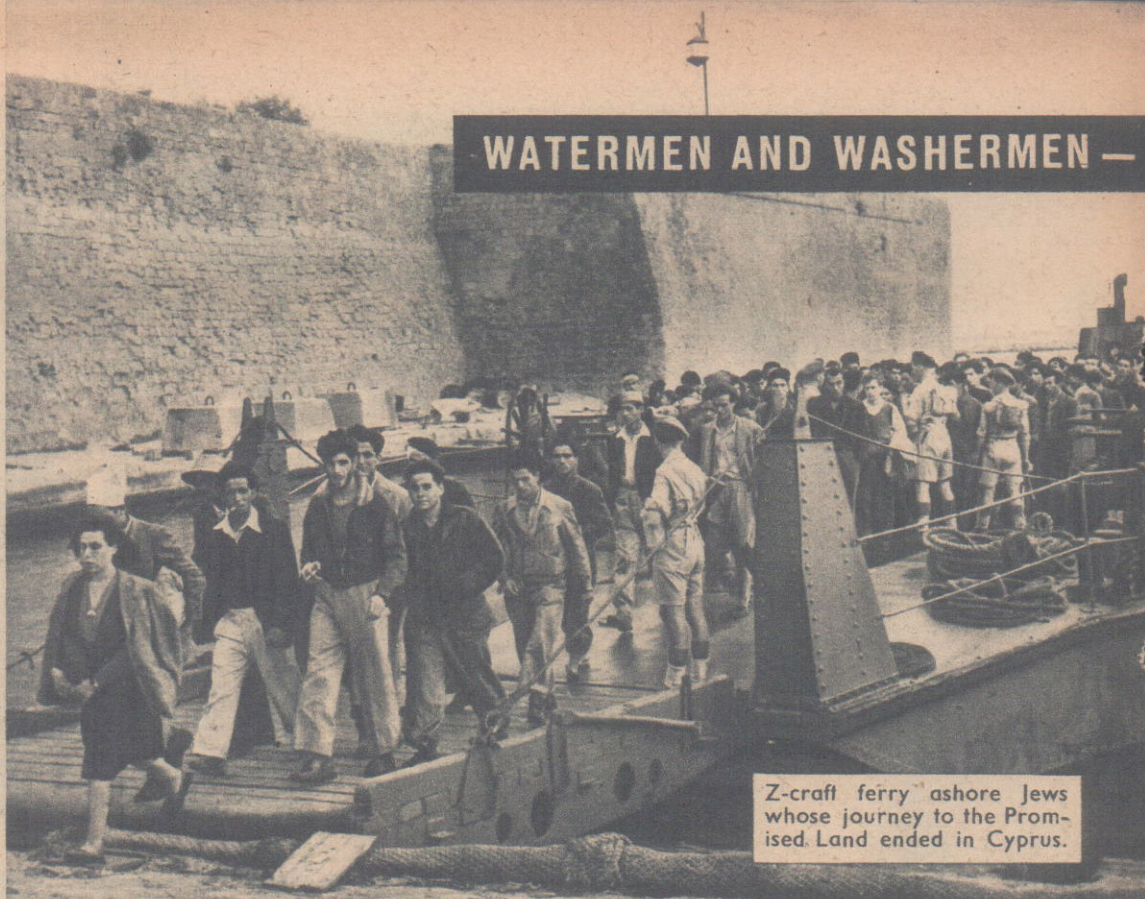
Other craft go out to ships at Port Said or Suez and take cargoes like flour and timber direct from the holds of the ocean-going vessels. Some of the "Z" craft ply as far from Ismailia as Haifa and Cyprus.

Those trips are not easy. In bad weather between Haifa and Port Said, Z 74 lost touch with her escorting tug and both her engines seized. Only good seamanship brought the craft home safely. It was good seamanship, too, that prevented a collision between Z 53, a naval craft which had become unmanageable and a moored vessel in Famagusta harbour. His skill and daring won the British Empire Medal for the skipper of Z 53.

A "Z" craft can take nearly 500 men or the load of a 25-wagon goods train; a dumb-barge's load equals the loads of 75 three-ton lorries.

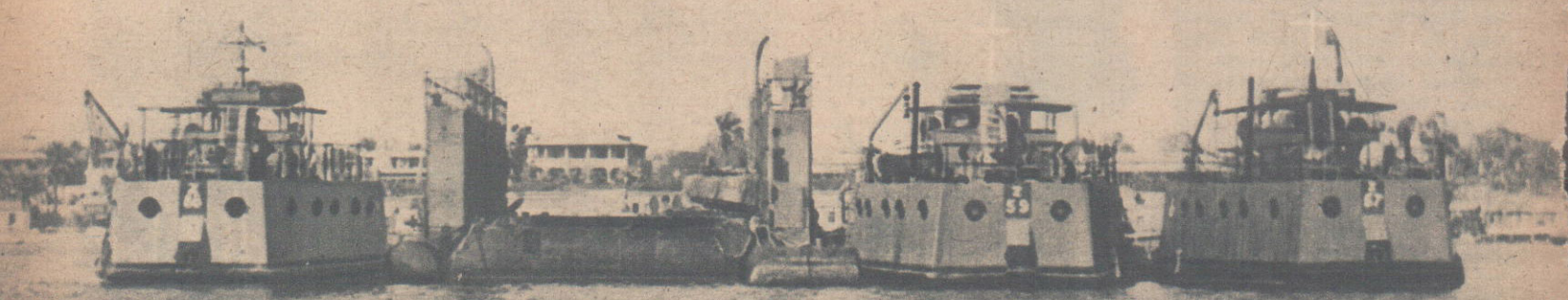
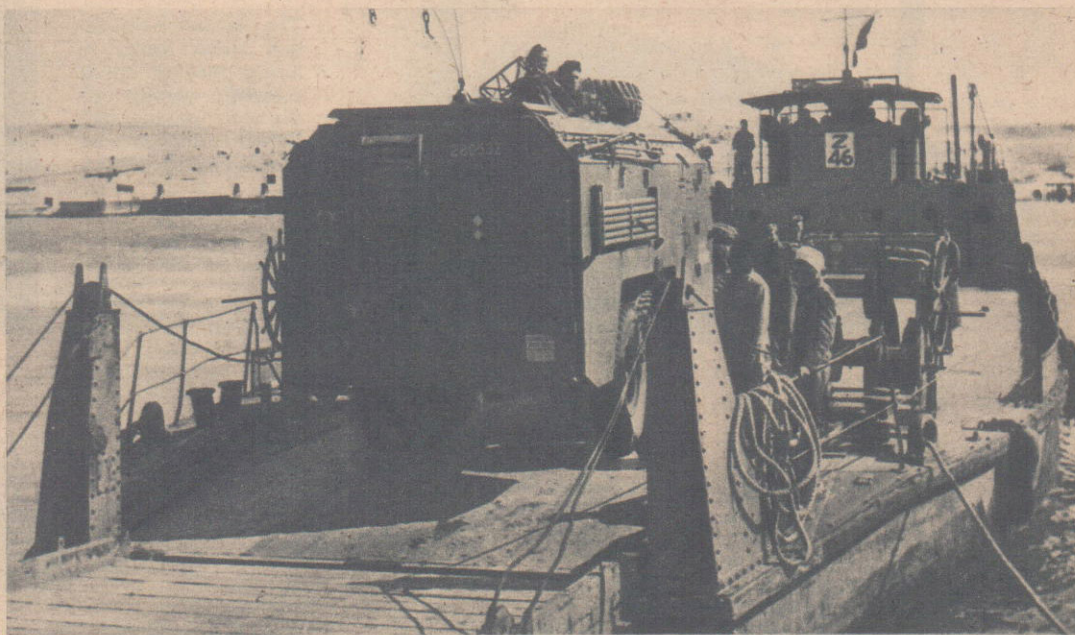
Right: Another ferry job. Z-craft carry transport across the Suez Canal. Below: The unit has its own floating dock, moored here with three Z-craft.

WATERMEN AND WASHERMEN —

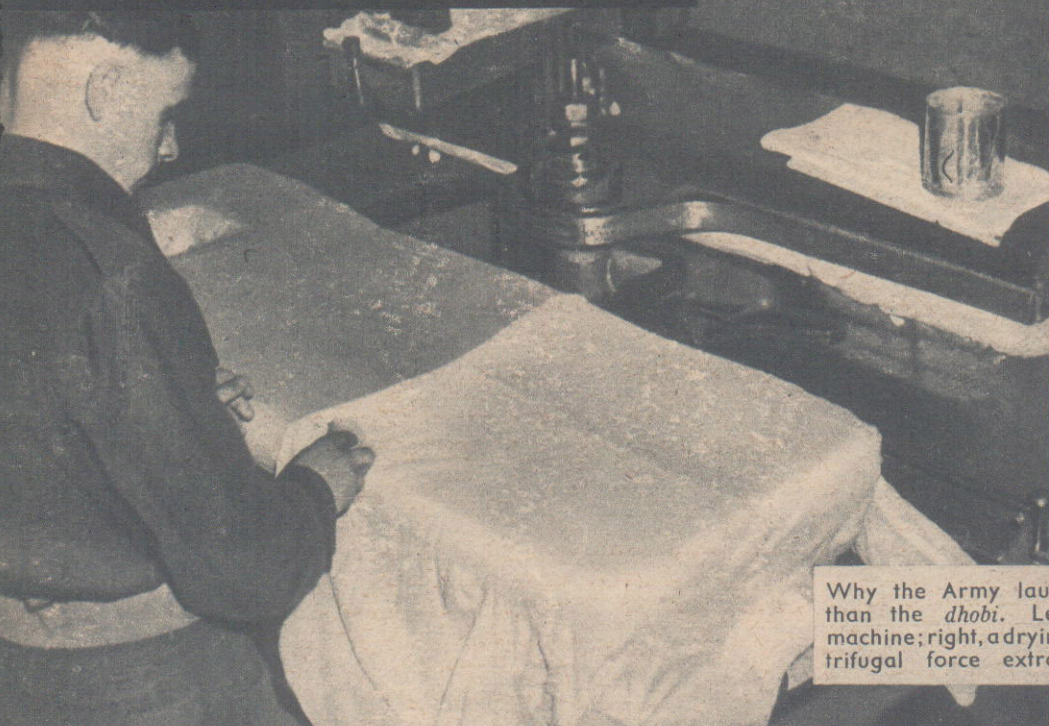


Z-craft ferry ashore Jews whose journey to the Promised Land ended in Cyprus.

SAPPERS RUN Z-FLEET



ON THE JOB IN THE MIDDLE EAST



Why the Army laundry is quicker than the *dhobi*. Left, a pressing machine; right, a drying machine. Centrifugal force extracts the water.

EVERY DAY IS WASHING DAY

ABOUT the last place in the world you would choose to put a laundry would be an arid desert.

But since the Canal Zone wanted a laundry for its base hospitals and virgin desert was the only site available, No. 2 Base Laundry grew up at Qassassin, Egypt.

A small British staff and 1000 Italian prisoners worked on the job and they started from scratch. Apart from the more normal problems, there was the big headache of finding enough water. The source was found in the Sweetwater Canal, but since the Sweetwater Canal's water is anything but sweet an elaborate filtration plant had to be set up with the pumping station.

Having got the water, the builders' next problem was how

to dispose of it when the laundry had finished with it. Even Egyptian desert is likely to get overwet if you lose 100,000 gallons of dirty water over a limited area of it every day. So 80 drainage tanks were built, each one of which could take the day's 100,000 gallons and get rid of it by evaporation and absorption.

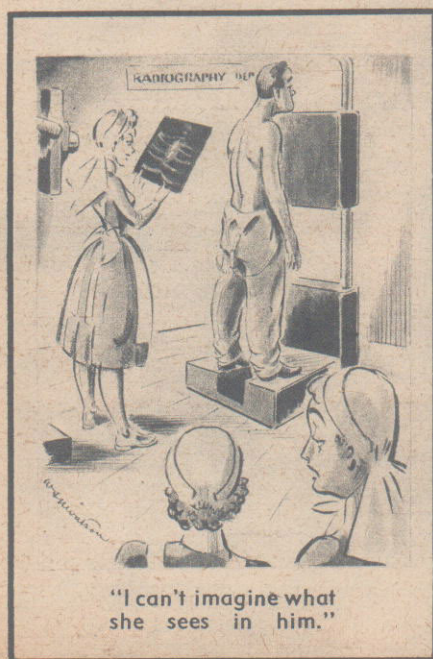
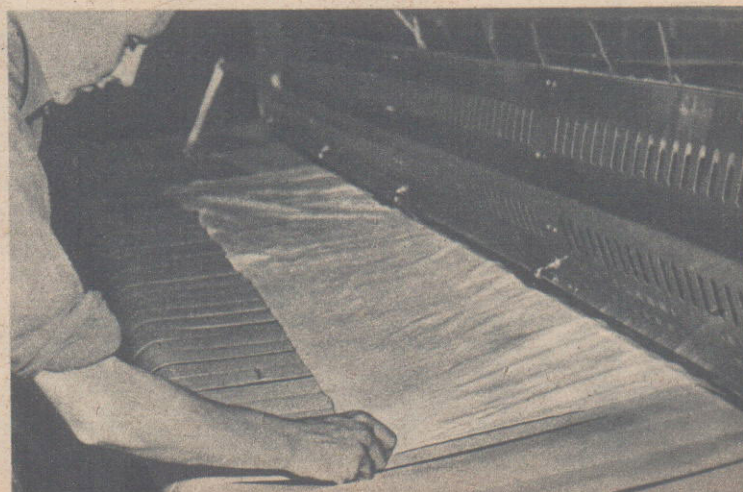
All this was back in 1941. Major E. C. Lloyd, RAOC, who was in charge of the job, is now promoted and War Office adviser on laundries. The 1000 Italian prisoners gave place to about 900 Germans in 1945; about 60 British soldiers supervise them.

Today the laundry takes in all the dirty washing for eight hospitals, all the dirty blankets from British Troops, Egypt, and all the returned clothing worth repairing. With modern British steam-laundry machines, using 9000 gallons of diesel oil and two-and-a-half tons of soap, the laundry washes 200,000 articles a week.

As side-lines, it has a small dyeing plant and a huge clothing-repair shop, with its own packing and baling section, which has repaired about a million articles since it was started in May 1946.



Above: Not the traditional machine for tearing buttons off, but one that puts them on. Below: Quicker and cleaner than the clothes-line in the backyard: a special drier for sheets and towels.



ON DUTY IN PALESTINE



Fires rage in no-man's-land. It is also no-fireman's-land—there are too many snipers. This soldier covers his comrades while they tackle the flames. Another guards against looters.



"It was just another incident"—in the anarchic area between Jaffa and Tel-Aviv. Above and below: troops seek out snipers after the bombing and the burning.

WHAT was it the poet said about "the hour when death is like a light and blood is like a rose"?

Nobody has written the right poem for Palestine. It is hard to strike a heroic mood amid broken roofs and burst water mains, the wreckage of pots and pans, the kitchen chairs hurled contemptuously into the street. Even the Crusaders who rode to the Holy Land centuries ago met their moments of anti-climax.

Death is here, but he is a skulking adversary. The evidence of his handiwork, in grimmer pictures than these, has been front-paged all too often of late. The British soldier — the man who can forge friendship with Greeks and Sikhs, with Karens and Maoris — is here ringed with hot alien eyes. He is in a position which freezes the springs of friendship, which tugs dangerously at his self-control. Youth, they say, is headstrong; it is a grim irony that picks a stripling from the British Isles to act as peacemaker, to show a restraint and tolerance beyond his years. But there is an end to it: the Army is pulling out of this ancient cockpit beside the Middle Sea. For the British soldier who sees his comrades in the withdrawal killed and maimed and hears himself accused of grotesque infamies there will yet be the bitter satisfaction that those who now revile him will live to wish he were back.

Against a fire-gutted building suspects are searched for arms by a British patrol. How Goebbels would have misrepresented this picture!





You pay your eight yen and take your choice: one ticket, one partner, one dance.

EIGHT YEN A DANCE

IN Japan today there are about 20 cabaret-dance halls where, for the yen equivalent of about five shillings, a soldier can buy enough beer and dance tickets to keep him on his toes all night.

These places are solely for the British Commonwealth and American troops; the many dance halls and cabarets patronised by the youth of New Japan are "off limits."

In the halls and cabarets for the Occupation Forces (some of which are open to Japanese during afternoon sessions) the "taxi-dancers" are of high moral code

Miss Nippon, 1948, twenty-year-old Ayako Goto, is a taxi-dancer.



and, for the most part, graduates of girls' high schools.

Their monthly income is about 3000 yen — about double what Japanese government girl clerks or typists receive. Many Geisha girls — who, whatever you may think to the contrary, are good girls — have today joined the ranks of the taxi-dancers, and their training in music, dancing and the art of repartee (many speak excellent English) make them ideal partners on the dance floor.

Taxi-dancers lucky enough to be approved for a job in an "Occupation hall" generally make double or triple what other taxi-dance houris earn in the places for Nipponese only.

After the last waltz there's no use a soldier asking his partner "Otaku wa dochira desu ka?" (Where is your house?) He would get a polite refusal and, anyway, regulations do not allow soldiers to see Japanese girls home.

Incidentally, the Occupation troops are still whistling that mellifluous tune with the broad, flowing melody, "Ringo No Uta" (The Apple Song), which caught on in the Far East about two years ago. It is to the men of the Occupation almost what Lili Marlene was to the British and the Germans in the Western Desert.

English Made Japan-easy

ENGLISH "as she is spoke and wrote" in Japan today often provides amusement for members of the Occupation Forces.

Recently, troops out on training encountered a notice which proclaimed, among other things: "NO SMOKING PROHIBITED."

The thirsty soldier can make himself merry, while he drinks, with such droll claims as this:

"The efficacy of this beer is to give the health and especially the strength for Stomach. The flavour is so sweet and simple that not injure for much drink."

Many strange notices and advertisements in pseudo-English are plastered up throughout Japan today. Here is one gem plugging a certain brand of coffee:

"More men is not got dropsg of the legs who us this coffee, which is contain nourish."

An Osaka dentist posted this notice up outside his establishment: —

"Our tooth is a very important organ for human life and

conntenance as you know; therefore when it is attack by disease or injury, artificial tooth is also very useful. I am engage to Dentistry and will make for your purpose."

A Japanese lawyer, wishing to attract foreign clients, ended up his business card with the cryptic announcement:

"I can manage the affairs without any affliction of an English."

And here, to close, is an excerpt from the Atami Guide Book: —

"... Wind proper in quantity, suits to our boat to slip by sail, and moonlight shining on the sky shivers quartzly lustre over ripples of the lake. The cuckoo singing near by our hotel, plays on a harp, and the gulls flying about to and fro seek their food in the waves. All these panorama may be gathered only in this place."

OFF-DUTY IN JAPAN

Life in the British Commonwealth Occupation Force in Japan is not all as dreary as the Hiroshima ruins, according to these stories from JOHN MURDOCH, who works on the Forces newspaper BCON



Sjt. A. Scales of Maidstone, Kent, tells Sgmn. E. Kerr of Edinburgh, how to work out the cost of a film.

IT PAYS TO KNOW THE ABACUS

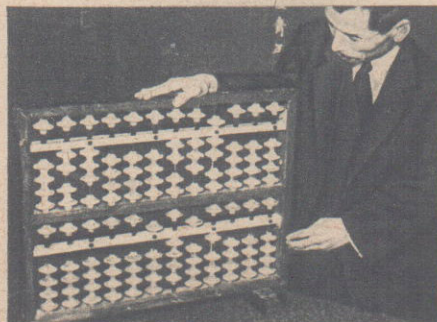
OCCUPATION troops in Japan who learn to count on the soroban, as the Japanese call the abacus, often save a percentage on their purchases when shopping in the bazaars for curios to send home.

The abacus is an instrument composed of beads sliding on wires in a frame. It is very much like that device by which many of us learned the multiplication table in the infant class at school. In Japan it is used not only by children but also by adults who still prefer it to the European method of calculation with pen and paper.

Mental arithmetic, it seems, just does not matter in this Far East archipelago. If you ask an ordinary Japanese to do a simple calculation he is usually flummoxed unless his friend, the abacus, is at hand.

You may be bargaining at a curio shop when the shopkeeper suddenly appears to be puzzled.

"Who said this was easier than mental arithmetic?"



The shopkeeper, after reference to a list, then calculates on the abacus which, of course, he assumes his customer does not understand. Then, with that inscrutable smile, he tells you that the cost of the article to himself was so and so. You have to accept his figure unless you have reason to doubt it and can read the abacus.

The principle of the abacus, which, incidentally, is also used by the Chinese, is something like this: each of the beads in the lower division of the frame represents one unit and each single bead in the upper portion has a value of five units. Each vertical column is worth ten units, and each vertical column represents units ten times greater than those in the column immediately to the right of it.

Any sum in arithmetic, it seems, can be done on the abacus, even to the extraction of square and cubic roots.

In the Oxford-street of Japan — Tokyo's fashionable Ginza shopping centre — charming young Japanese shopgirls know all the answers and on each article the price is tagged in English.

THE CHARGE OF THE THIRTY-FIRST

THE last British battalion has left India... Here is a backward glance at one of the costly battles fought by British soldiers in India just over a hundred years ago: Moodkee, first battle in the First Sikh War, 18 December 1845.

Sixty thousand Sikhs had crossed the Sutlej River and invaded British territory. Impatient to hurl them back was General Sir Hugh Gough. At the close of a long day's march his column of 12,000 men and 42 guns was nearing Moodkee, in the Punjab; so tired were the Infantry that only 50 men of the Thirty-First were up with the Colours. At Moodkee the men were preparing to feed when a great cloud of dust was seen in the distance. "There, your Excellency, is the Sikh Army," said a Staff officer.

Estimates of the Sikh strength ranged from 15,000

to 30,000. Unperturbed, Gough chose to bring them to battle at once in the light jungle. There was confused and bloody fighting among the trees; some versions say that half our casualties were caused by our own soldiers and sepoy. Sikh sharpshooters perched in the trees added to the execution. At one point the Thirty-First (the East Surreys) in General Sir Harry Smith's Division found themselves faced by a battery of 14 guns; they fired withering volleys then charged and bayoneted those who did not flee, capturing all the guns. This is the incident shown in the print here reproduced.

At night the Sikhs withdrew to lick their wounds. British casualties totalled 872 dead and wounded, including two generals killed.

Print by Ackerman, 1848



KIDDERMINSTER



While mother goes shopping or takes a nap, a Women's Voluntary Services worker looks after the children in the nursery.

FAMILY CAMP

HULL



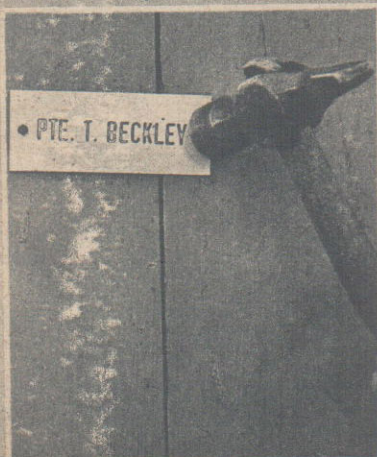
Private and Mrs. Tom Beckley brought their three kiddies home from BAOR. A Tarran hut (something like a Nissen) solved their housing problem.

It's an Englishman's castle and he's got his name on it.



Terry Beckley says "Ah" to the MO. It's part of the camp service.

At their own diningroom table there's privacy for Mrs. Beckley to say those things about table manners that mothers do say.



Nissen huts and luxury hotels alike have been adapted by the Army to cope with the shortage of housing for its families

IT meant a good deal to Mr. Nehru and Mr. Jinnah when the British Army pulled out of India. It also meant a good deal to Private Brown, Mrs. Brown and the three little Browns.

The three little Browns had never seen England. Mrs. Brown had almost forgotten what that battered old island looked like.

"Wait till you see the white cliffs," said Private Brown.

"Wait till I see a little white house," said Mrs. Brown.

The Browns had no relatives with whom they could stay in England. Rumour said all the married quarters in England were full; and rumour was ninety-nine per cent correct. But the Browns had also heard that the Army had thought up a stopgap—the Military Families' Camp.

The Brown Family know a good deal more now about the inside of a military families' camp. And they needn't have feared the worst.

There are 19 of the camps, in various parts of the country. Some of them consist of wooden or Nissen huts, built to house anti-aircraft units or to serve as transit camps for soldiers bound overseas. Some are hotels, with h. and c. in all bedrooms, and bedside lights. Whether a wife finds herself in a hutted camp or an hotel depends on where her husband is posted.

A typical hutted camp is that on Jubilee Drive, two miles from Kidderminster. It was built as a Ministry of Works hostel and is lent to the War Department. In the centre stands a brick building bearing the title "Headquarters" and once inside its swing doors the visitor is met by the sound of children laughing, the children of some 48 families. About a third of the wives are Anglo-Indian. Except for one Polish wife the rest are English.

When the weather is cold the children play in the nursery. The mothers have the assembly hall which is used as a lounge, cinema and dance hall.

Jubilee Drive is considered to have one of the best menus of all family camps. All ration books, except those of children under 12 months old, are collected by the Quartermaster, so the wives have no ration worries.

The camp has a post office, a laundry, central heating, drying rooms, a sick bay with a visiting doctor and nurse, and a NAAFI kiosk. Wives have the use of irons and sewing machines. Husbands who are stationed near can live in the camp and often spend their leaves there. Normally one room is given to a husband and wife and one room to two children. The babies have drop-side cots, and the adults single beds.

DROITWICH



"Watch me, I'm a Spitfire!" Power-diving is a favourite form of sport in the nursery.

Each room has a tallboy, chest of drawers, an enamel wash basin, a mirror, a couple of chairs and a bedside mat.

There have been a few complaints. Some of the women find the wooden huts (only the partitioning walls are brick) chilly. Others have found the rooms too small. They are small but not unbearably so. Realising the state of housing in Britain most of the wives are only too grateful the camps have been started.

In nearby Droitwich is No. 15 Camp, architecturally a striking contrast to Jubilee Drive. It is organised on exactly the same basis, however. Norbury House was one of the most luxurious hotels outside London. Its kitchens are a replica of those at the Dorchester; the rear bedrooms are balconied, there is some useful built-in furniture, and many families have a bedroom, a sittingroom with radio and a bathroom.

Both camps are within reasonable reach of schools, share the services of a nursing sister, and have their own WVS representatives.

In all camps the weekly charge (covering accommodation, food, heating and lighting) is the same: 34s for a wife, 45s if she has one child, 55s if she has two children, 64s if three children, 72s if four. No charge is made for babies under 12 months.

One of the occupants of a families' camp is a private soldier with 11 children, newly back from India. His bill is probably the heaviest — but he claims to be the Army's highest paid private.

BACKGROUND

The Army's aim is to reunite serving soldiers and their wives under one roof.

Before the war the Army's housing problem was less acute. Men under 26 and officers under 30 did not qualify for quarters. As most soldiers were young, the Married Quarters Roll usually covered all the married soldiers stationed in Britain.

About 1939 the Roll was suspended when the marriage limit was reduced and a drive was made to build more quarters. The war stopped that.

By 1946 all quarters were occupied, mostly by wives who had been in them since 1939 and whose husbands were stationed elsewhere. First move was to use quarters for wives who were able to live with their husbands, which after all is the object of having married quarters.

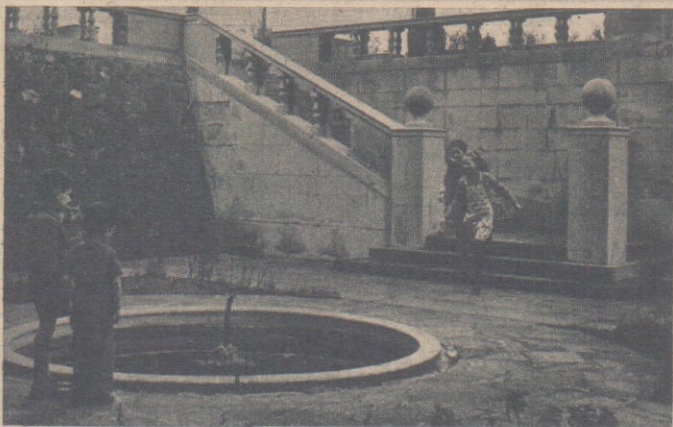
As a result "grass widows" — wives occupying quarters without their husbands — have had to move out. But as "grass widows" were usually waiting to join their husbands elsewhere, it was felt that they could be moved, without hardship, to temporary quarters — if they were unable to stay with relatives or find other homes.

Then came the decision to evacuate India. Temporary accommodation had to be found at once for returning families for whom no quarters were available — especially for the wives of men in arms like RAOC who were posted to depots built during the war without married quarters.

For these families, as for the "grass widows," military families' camps were started.

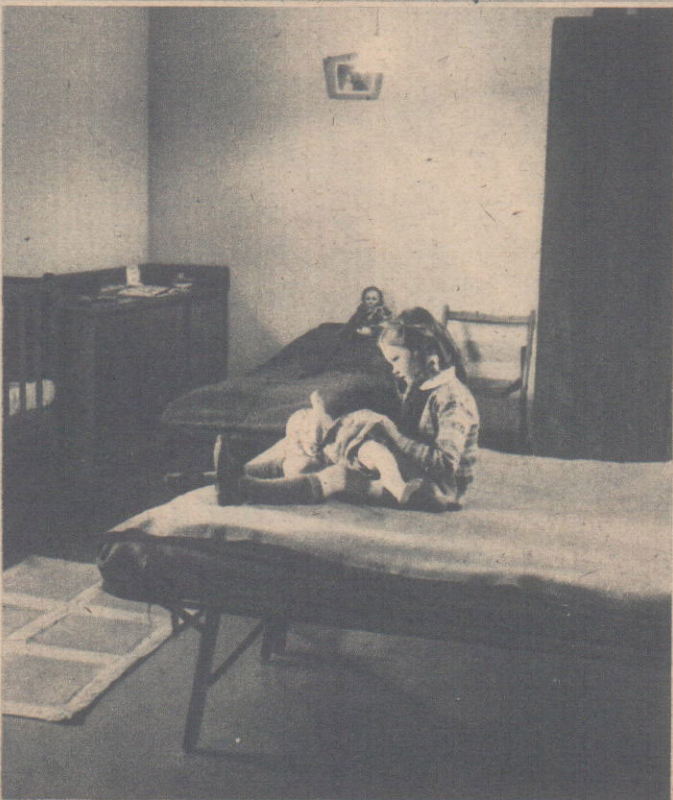


"Surprising how well the men can cook. I wonder if my husband could take an Army Catering Corps course before we get our own house again?"



There are goldfish to watch in the garden. And it's not very deep, in case you fall in.

The origin of the beds is unmistakable. But children (and dolls) are adaptable.



From an ancient Briton blowing raspberries at Roman invaders through a primitive cow's horn to a post-war conscript listening to opera in Vienna, the British soldier has always liked music of some sort. Here are four pages about music and the Army

William the Conqueror had music on his invasion barges; it took the men's minds off their sea-sickness.

T H E M U S I C



1 LILLIBULLERO TO LILI MARLENE

A Canadian regiment has taken home from the battlefields of Europe an unusual form of loot. It has adopted *Lili Marlene* as its march.

From the earliest days the German origin of many of our marches. Before that we borrowed ideas and themes from each other, and it was not so long ago that Britain went to Germany for bandmasters, which accounts for

the Royal Military School of Music, they consider that they have built up the best school for military bandmen in the world.

Britons have always thought a lot of military music. Polybius, the Roman historian, reports that the Roman Legions were met by ancient Britons who began their attacks with taunting songs and deafening howls accompanied by

trumpets and shrieking horns that terrified the invaders.

William the Conqueror went one better. He brought minstrels with him in the barges and their job was to make the frightened and, no doubt, sea-sick troops sing lustily all the way over and then go into battle singing.

The word "minstrel" covered all musicians. Trumpeters were the most popular, being reserved for the establishments of kings and nobles and given officer rank. Edward III had five trumpeters who got 7½d a day.

The Crusaders found that the Saracens used bands to indicate rallying points because the standards were often hidden by dust. They played while the battle went in their favour; absence of music indicated that the Colours were in danger or the battalion broken.

It was only in the 15th century that troops began marching at a regular pace, and the drum-major was introduced to discipline slack drummers.

About the year 1550 fife became the rage but fife players were rare. Henry VIII sent to Vienna for fife and commanding officers had to offer four times the normal soldier's pay to get trained players. Bandmen were considered to be non-combatant in those days and in 1635 it was ordered that all trumpeters would have the ends of their swords broken.

Charles II, influenced by what he saw during his exile in France, introduced an instrument known as the *hautbois* to his Horse Grenadiers, who renamed it the *hautboy*. Today it is the oboe. Later oboes were adopted for all foot regiments and each company was allowed a fictitious name on its roll so that each player could have extra pay. This was the start of the non-effective rank.

Pupils at the Royal Military School of Music were playing the *William Tell* overture when this picture was taken. Kneller Hall is the world's leading school of martial music.



M A K E R S

Musicians were mostly civilians and they did not take kindly to Army discipline. The Duke of Marlborough refused to have them near him and once at a military review, when asked by the King where the musicians were, rattled the money in his pocket and said, "In here." Yet Marlborough's men campaigned in Europe to the most famous marching song the world has known, *Lillibullero*.

The Duke of Wellington took more kindly to bands and during the fighting at Busaco sent for his musicians to play, hoping the music would inspire his weary and starving troops to victory. One company which had wavered very badly, suddenly put on a spurt and the battle was won; a victory for the bands.

Afterwards it was learned that an NCO had shouted to the men that as long as the band played they were to fight and that he personally would shoot anyone who showed signs of cowardice.

Napoleon gave Britain the idea of making bands bigger than the customary strength of ten, but War Office establishments did not increase at the same time, so officers had to pay for the extra upkeep and most CO's made them contribute 12 days pay a year.

Black men from the West Indies were imported to beat the drums and tambourines and they left a legacy in the leopard skins and elaborate drumstick flourishes of today.

Bandmasters were often German, Austrian or Italian and always civilians, so it was a common sight to see a band in bright uniform being conducted by a bandmaster in drab civilian clothes. These bandmasters would rarely go overseas and resigned when their battalions were ordered away on a foreign tour.

Bandmen wrote their own music because no publisher would risk money on marches a century ago. In 1845 Carl Boose, the bandmaster of the Scots Guards, decided to print and publish a selection from Verdi's *Ernani* which he had arranged.

So good were the sales that he was appointed editor of *Boose's Military Journal* by a firm of publishers. Eventually three bandmasters of the Foot Guards were all editing rival journals.

But civilian bandmasters, and a number of bands, disappeared by the time of the Crimea. The standard of playing fell off and in 1854 Queen Victoria was shocked to hear the bands play the National Anthem not only from different arrangements but in different keys. Two years later the Duke of Cambridge, later to become Commander in Chief, started a military school

Jam session, early 19th century. Professor Heinrich Stueffelschnitz of Leipzig, bandmaster, conducts the musicians of the 47th Dragoons, in a gay little piece by Mr. Strauss.

Jam session, 55 BC. The massed infantry bands deserted the bandstand on Dover Promenade to play a disrespectful fanfare to General J. Caesar and his men.



of music, each regiment contributing to its upkeep.

And so next year the Royal Military School of Music came into being at Kneller Hall. Since then every bandmaster in the Army has had to qualify there.

There are only three officers on the staff — the Commandant, the Adjutant and Quartermaster, and the Director of Music — but 19 civilian professors teach individual instruments. There are two sets of classes — students and pupils. Students are NCO's training as bandmasters; there are normally 50 of them on a three-years course. Pupils are men and boys training as musicians; their course lasts a year and there are 250 pupils at a time.

Future bandmasters learn harmony and counterpoint, church music, orchestral instrumentation, musical dictation, conducting, the tuning of bands and arranging for bands or orchestras. They sit for examinations and competitions for composing, conducting and writing direct for military bands, and qualify in conducting a church service with full choir and organ. After all that, students are eligible for promotion to bandmasters with the rank of Warrant Officer, Class 1. They may take a later examination for promotion to commissioned rank as directors of music. Only Guards and Corps staff bands have commissioned directors.

PETER LAWRENCE

THE MUSIC MAKERS

(continued)



Above: Mr. Harry Mortimer, who puts the Army's bands on the air. Left: Singing Corporal Tudor Evans (baritone) made his name while serving as a Regular in the Welsh Guards band, with which he broadcast frequently. Now he has left the Army to earn a living as a singing civilian.

2 MARCHES FOR THE MIKE

MILITARY bands are enjoying a boom — if that is the right word — on the radio. Today the BBC is giving its listeners six or seven military band programmes a week, and the cry is still for more.

Nearly all these programmes are played by Service bands (a military band, by the way, is any band composed of brass and reed instruments, but there are few civilian military bands). The BBC used to have its own military band. It was disbanded during World War Two and shows no sign of being revived since there are enough Service bands to do the job.

Principal BBC military band programmes are "On Parade" and "Music of the Regiments." "On Parade" used to be called "Marching with the Guards" but the title was changed to give it wider scope. The programme is usually built round some phase in the story of the band or the regiment to which it belongs, like the Irish Guards band's tour in Africa and Italy in World War Two, or the part a regiment played in the Aldershot Tattoo, and the tunes are the ones played on that occasion.

"Music of the Regiments", which is temporarily off the air, is a programme of regimental marches and calls and of tunes associated with regiments, round which the *compère* tells the story of their origins and the traditions they represent. Typical is the story of the Royal Norfolk Regiment which uses *Rule Britannia* as its regimental march, not because the Norfolks ever served as

marines but because they adopted the tune to fit the Britannia badge that Queen Anne gave them.

The man behind the BBC's military band programmes is Mr. Harry Mortimer who, after 15 years, gave up playing his trumpet and cornet in BBC orchestras six years ago to become Brass and Military Band Supervisor. He has never belonged to a military band, but in

38 years of music, including a period as professor of music at Manchester University, he has been a guest player with a good many military bands.

When he isn't chasing round the country listening to bands or arranging programmes or supervising rehearsals or broadcasts, you can find Mr. Mortimer by going into a house in Portland Place, turning right and climbing four flights of stairs that begin by a door labelled "Sir Adrian Boult."

In a small, irregularly-shaped room on the top floor, as lavishly

decorated with posters and photographs as a theatre-manager's office, sits Mr. Mortimer.

It is a fair bet that one of Mr. Mortimer's two telephones will ring before you have been in the room three minutes and that one or both of them will be off its hook three-quarters of the time you are there.

If you eavesdrop Mr. Mortimer's conversation on those telephones, this is the sort of thing you'll hear him say: "Their officers' mess call is *The Roast Beef of Old England* Yes, that's right ... Yes, dum-ti-dum-ti-

Coloured troops have their bands too. This is the woodwind section of the King's African Rifles band which played for the BBC's microphones in 1946.



dum-ti-da They play *Lilli-bullero* on the way back to barracks ... Do they still play the Russian anthem? ... We can't find *Fighting with the 7th Fusiliers*. Perhaps we can borrow it from the regiment ... I've got *Steady the Bedfords* and it's got some cheering in it ... I've got the *Grog Call* too

In between telephone calls, Mr. Mortimer will tell you that he and his staff of two produce the military band programmes and about 15 other programmes a week. They work closely with The Royal Military School of Music, which often supplies the band to play the programmes. Sometimes they have to seek out three or four retired bandmasters to get the information they require.

Military band programmes go on the air in an orderly and well-drilled manner, unlike some programmes which start in a flurry of last-minute alterations and accidents. But Mr. Mortimer remembers times when things were not as smooth as that. There were occasions, during the war, when broadcasts were switched from one studio to another at short notice and the bands couldn't make it, so that the listeners had to be content with records instead. There were other times when programmes by particular bands were arranged and advertised but the bands were sent overseas before the broadcast took place, sometimes without even time to record the programme before they went.

Mr. Mortimer is proud of his military band programmes. "We get a lot of letters from satisfied listeners, and especially from old soldiers," he says. "A lot of old soldiers are disappointed if the bands of their regiments don't broadcast their own regimental music but so many bands are overseas that we just can't help it."

Ask Mr. Mortimer what he thinks of military bands and he answers, "I like them." But there is a qualification. He adds, "An orchestra is the greatest thing and a military band is two-thirds of an orchestra; a brass band is only one-third. Now and then the standards of military band performances approach orchestral standards.

"Some of the original works for military bands are electrifying and some of the techniques are as good as strings. But that's only in the very best military bands," he adds cautiously.

By this time a Director of Music of the Royal Marines is sitting in the office waiting to talk to Mr. Mortimer and you feel that a couple of bandmasters are being kept downstairs only because there are no more spare chairs in the office. Both telephones ring at once and you say good-bye before Mr. Mortimer can start humming into them again. As you pass Sir Adrian Boult's door at the bottom of the stairs, you wonder how many telephones he has.

RICHARD LASCELLES

3 SAN CARLO TO THE WIEN

IT'S a long road from the San Carlo Opera House in Naples to the Theater an der Wien in Vienna, but the troops who went to hear their first opera in Naples didn't change their habits on the way up through Italy.

The Rome Opera House was their second stop and then they swept on to perhaps the most famous opera-house of all — La Scala in Milan. Across the Alps and on to Vienna they went, whistling and singing their favourite operatic airs.

When they arrived in a city of ruins they found it was not to be their luck to sit in the famous Vienna Opera House after all; but they were to hear the Opera's players in the Theater an der Wien (the theatre on the river Wien).

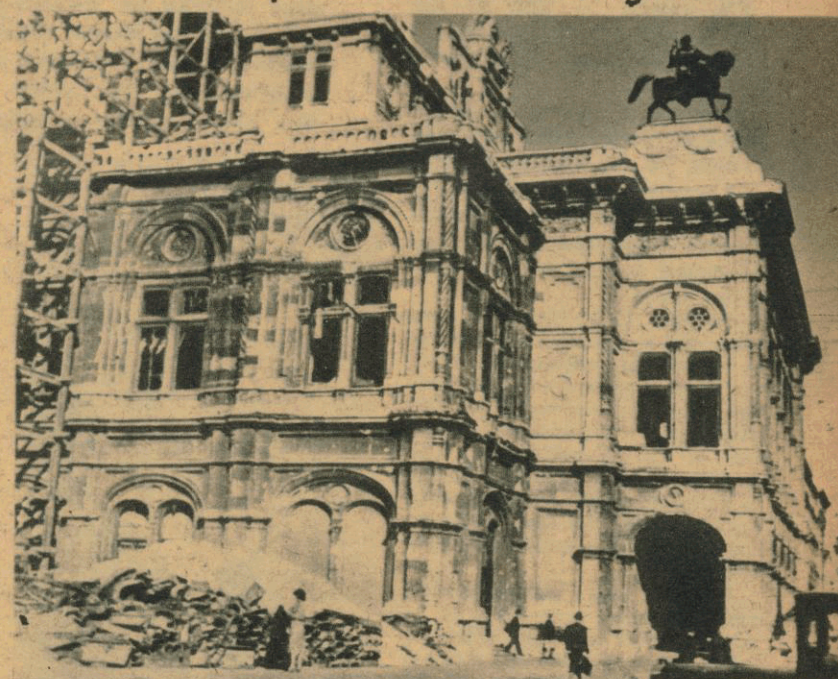
This theatre has a curious parallel with Covent Garden. It, too, is near a fruit and vegetable market, whose stalls stand on the culvert through which the river runs on its way from the hills of the Wienerwald to the Danube.

When the company moved to the Theater an der Wien, the wheel came full circle for the Vienna Opera, for it was in a theatre on the same site that "The Magic Flute" was first performed in 1791. "Fidelio," too, had its first performance in the same theatre in 1805.

After so many years, the Vienna State Opera still performs both the Mozart and the Beethoven work and both are done exquisitely.

The audience at the opera is almost as colourful as the show. Army Welfare has block bookings for British troops and although the seats are not cheap the number of soldiers who are prepared to spend the equivalent of 12 or 15 shillings in English money to attend is considerable.

British troops developed an unexpected passion for opera in Naples, Rome and Milan. Today soldiers serving in Vienna swell the international audiences which listen to the operas of Mozart and Wagner



In the cellars of Vienna's ruined State Opera House, built by the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Russians found German deserters dressed as Figaros and Rigolettos.

The stalls present a dazzling array of uniforms: senior officers of four armies and four air forces — British, French, United States and Soviet; women officers of four armies; and the members of relief organisations, also in uniform. Lined up outside the theatre you will see everything from utility vehicles and jeeps to TCV's and US generals' cars.

Apart from the "classic" operas of Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner the Vienna State Opera also performs the works of Richard Strauss quite frequently.

In spite of having lost its costumes and properties in the 1945 raid, the Opera is staged with creditable magnificence. Synopses of the operas are printed in the programmes in four languages — English, French, German and Russian.

There is another opera house in Vienna — the Volksoper, which performs the lighter operas. Its most outstanding production since the war is a new and very Viennese rendering of Offenbach's "Orpheus in the Underworld." This production, dazzling in its costumes and stage setting, is full of local and topical jokes. The biggest laugh is always provoked when Jove, descending from Olympus, comes to a notice reading "Earth" in four languages.

Opera is not the only music in Vienna by any means, and the troops can also go to the concerts given by the Musikverein. There they can hear, for example, an excellent rendering of "The Messiah" — something they can compare with similar performances given in Manchester or the Black Country.

No mention of Viennese music would be complete without bringing in the *schrammel* bands — guitar, accordion and violin, with one of the musicians "doubling" as a singer. These bands play in the open-air wine gardens or at private parties. They always include "Sorrento" in their repertoire, as well as "Lili Marlene" and the tango "Violetta," which has been adapted from the famous aria in "La Traviata."

J. O'DONNELL

① By an OC Troopship

REMEMBER the *Ocean Vigour* — one of the ships which ran Jewish illegal immigrants from Haifa to Cyprus?

Major E. G. Cousins, Royal Pioneer Corps, who was OC Troops on the *Ocean Vigour*, has written a play about the infamous conditions in which Jewish immigrants were encouraged to sail for the Promised Land.

His title "Little Holiday", used ironically to describe a sea-cruise in conditions untolerated since the days of slave trading, is from the notorious statement by Ben Hecht, the American Jewish organiser of the illegal traffic, who said that every time the British in Palestine were bombed, blown up or robbed "the Jews of America make a little holiday in their hearts."

After six years' active service, Major Cousins went home to be released and for eight days he sat at his typewriter and wrote a play about what he had seen and what he had been told by Jewish refugees themselves. It was, in his own words "a piece of crime reporting — by indignation out of experience."

The play has been touring Britain and is expected to reach the London West-End soon. For so controversial a subject, it has had a remarkably consistent reception from dramatic critics who, except for a few on the extreme Left (the play is anti-Communist), have praised it. They have commended the author's "calm and reasoned approach" and one critic puts it: "The author plays fair with his Jews and his British." Jewish critics endorse that view.

The play's story is that of the 3800 passengers on the 1800-ton ship *Lojita*, renamed for the play *Caloja*. They arrived by train on a quayside in Rumania, some of them not even knowing which country they were in, and in the dark were herded on to the hell-ship. For three weeks they lived on decks only two feet from floor to ceiling.

In those three weeks the refugees had no cooked food and no hot drink. There was only one bucket to get washing water from the sea for 3800 people. The ship's rotten lifeboats could not have taken one-hundredth of the passengers. There were no latrines, only unscreened stern scuppers.

In these conditions nine babies were born; only two lived. Eighty others were born a few days after the end of the trip. People died on the narrow decks and their bodies were forgotten, lost in the stench. Other were swept overboard in a storm. Eight days after the ship arrived in Haifa the last body, that of an old

Last month **SOLDIER** told about the successful play written by an ATS serjeant. Now an ex-officer of the Royal Pioneer Corps and an ex-officer of the ATS have drawn on their Service experiences to write topical plays about the plight of the peoples uprooted by Hitler.



He was OC Troops on the *Ocean Vigour* trans-shipping Jews from Haifa to Cyprus: Major E. G. Cousins.

woman, was found, hidden under a pile of blankets.

And when they got to Haifa, the refugees joined battle with British troops, using three-pound tins of bully-beef as weapons. Soldiers and Jews were killed; many were injured.

Then they were taken to Cyprus on British ships. There they got proper food, cleanliness and decent treatment. But camps in Cyprus were not the Promised Land their leaders had promised them.

All this happened in real life to the 3800 on the *Lojita*. All this happens, in the play, to the people on the *Caloja*. The people who travelled on the *Lojita* gave Major Cousins the story of what happened there; he knew from personal experience what happened on the *Ocean Vigour*. He has not written his play as a mere chronicle, but as the drama of a Rumanian family.

Major Cousins is a qualified observer, both as a soldier and as a writer. At the age of six he watched a bayonet charge at Tientsin, during the Boxer Rebellion. During World War One he fought with the New Zealanders in Egypt, Gallipoli, France and Flanders.

In World War Two he served in Norway, Iceland, North Africa, Italy and Greece.

② By an ATS Officer

BRIDGET Boland claims she was the first member of the ATS in World War Two to enter Germany.

Escorted by a strong, well-armed military policeman, she went into Germany in May, 1945, to reconnoitre theatres for the ABCA Play Unit and write a documentary play about Displaced Persons for ABCA's Topical Theatre.

Setting herself up at a large DP camp outside Lubeck, Senior Commander Bridget Boland watched a small British unit of four officers and 12 NCO's tackle the almost hopeless task of sorting out some 28,000 DP's, who spoke a mixture of 32 different languages.

For a month Senior Commander Boland helped amid the chaos and gathered material for her play. Then back she went to England, only to find ABCA had changed its plans. Re-orientation is now your subject, they told her. Germany is out, Japan in.

Resignedly Miss Boland put her pile of notes into a cupboard and sat down to write a play on the Japanese outlook. But the DP's were not forgotten. Released the next year, Miss Boland got out her notes and wrote her play. Now, three years later, this play, entitled "Cockpit", is running at London's Playhouse Theatre.

Those who remember ABCA's Topical Theatre will see that Miss Boland has not forgotten the Army, for the old ABCA Theatre trick of audience participation is employed to the full. When the playgoers enter the

Playhouse they find themselves in another theatre — a German theatre in May, 1945, taken over by the Army as a DP clearing station.

Here a young British officer and an old, laconic Regular Army serjeant are trying in vain to establish order. The DP's are half-starved. They fight and denounce each other. As the audience watches the drama on the stage, Lithuanians start screaming from the dress circle. Poles jump up shouting from the stalls; and as the British officer pleads for order and reason from the stage the audience find themselves caught up in the temper and turmoil of the German theatre. Then a sudden case of suspected bubonic plague scares the DP's into co-operation, links them in common fear. But the plague turns out to be a false alarm and the old hates, fears and cruelties reassert themselves as the curtain falls.


Miss Boland joined the ATS in 1941, and after a year in the ranks became an Education Officer in Northern Ireland. In 1944 she went to ABCA.

Script writing was nothing new for Miss Boland, for she was a screen-writer before the war. In 1937 a film company bought a novel she had written about the 18th century and engaged her as "an authority on 18th century dialogue." Having done this they later decided to set Miss Boland's novel in the 16th century, re-wrote the script accordingly and then dropped the idea altogether.

Miss Boland, who found herself drifting around the studios as an 18th century authority with nothing to do, nevertheless stayed on and became an established screen-writer. Among the film scripts she has written are those for "Gaslight", "This England" and "Freedom Radio." Today she is writing a screen version of a Somerset Maugham short story for Sydney Box.


She served in one of the earliest camps for Displaced Persons in Germany: Bridget Boland.





SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

The Volturne: Heavy tanks could not cross the river on the Sapper-built bridge. The crews found a spot where the river was not deeper than six feet, and with the aid of a bulldozer to mount the far bank, forded the river.



Western Desert: The best part of the patrol. After a long march over the hot sands men of the South African Infantry Brigade ended by paddling in the cool surf — still in Indian file.

AS THE FIELD-MARSHAL SAW IT

A YEAR after the publication of his account of the campaigns in North-West Europe, Field-Marshal Montgomery has published "El Alamein to the River Sangro" (Hutchinson, 25s).

Whatever the reason for this reversal of history — it may be that the first created the demand for the second, or that "El Alamein to the River Sangro" was held up until Field-Marshal Alexander's official despatches were published — the two books make a pair, telling between them the whole story of Montgomery's triumphs.

Like the earlier book, "El Alamein to the River Sangro" is a "personal account", that is personal only in so far as it was written by "Monty". He sets out to say little or nothing of his personal feelings or the intimate detail of his life in the field.

But there, for the student of generalship, are the clues to Montgomery's success, and in them something of the man himself emerges.

There is his insistence on "balance":

"Balance on the battlefield implies the disposal of available forces in such a way that it is never necessary to react to the enemy's thrusts and moves; a balanced army proceeds relentlessly with its plans in spite of what the enemy may do."



"Monty's" flash:
the Crusader cross.

And just before the battle of Medenine, the "curtain-raiser to the battle of the Mareth Line,

when Montgomery had driven forward to relieve the pressure on the Americans round Tebessa:

"... Eighth Army was unbalanced. In driving on to assist the west Tunisian front I had taken serious risks. Rommel had been forced to pull out and was concentrating against me."

But Rommel missed his opportunity. Montgomery had balanced his force again by the time the German attacked. And after his account of that battle, he writes:

"Having disposed of Rommel, I continued my preparations for breaking through the Mareth Line ..."

Austerity paid dividends in the desert:

"The scale of reserves was kept to a minimum throughout, with the result that on isolated occasions certain units were short. This is inevitable in such conditions. If all the troops had had all they needed all the time, it would have been proof that administration had over-insured. In particular the amount of ammunition allowed for each battle was calculated to a nicety ..."

Unlike most generals who write war books, "Monty" does not speculate much on the next war, but on this subject of austerity he

does take one quick look at the future:

"If the British Army has to fight another war, I feel sure that at the outset it will have to fight under an austere regime of administration and not under the relatively comfortable conditions which obtained during the latter phase of this war."

Austerity was applied in other ways besides administration. After the capture of Tripoli and while he was preparing to drive on into Tunisia:

"I established my headquarters in a field, four miles outside Tripoli City, and kept my army in the fields and in the desert around it. In Tripoli there were palaces, villas and buildings galore, but I could not have the soldiers getting soft. It was necessary to safeguard their hardness and efficiency for the tasks which lay ahead."

Battles and administration, plans and changes of plan, are described dispassionately. Field-Marshal Montgomery disagreed with the original plan for the invasion of Sicily and put forward his views at Algiers, with the result that General Eisenhower changed the plan. Montgomery says so, without polemics and without any of the mud-slinging which has disfigured some other war-books.

ABOUT WAVELL

GENERAL Sir Archibald Wavell was shaving when his Chief of Staff, General Arthur Smith, brought him the signal.

The message had arrived shortly after midnight. It was of the highest importance, but the Chief of Staff had felt that it could wait till morning.

Wavell read the telegram quietly. All he said was, "I am sure the Prime Minister is right. You will find a new man with new ideas will be a good thing."

It is at that point, when General Wavell was posted from the Middle East to India, after waging nine campaigns in twelve months (five of them simultaneously), that Major-General R. J. Collins ends his 500-page biography of the Black Watch's brilliant soldier ("Lord Wavell 1883-1941: A Military Biography": Hodder & Stoughton 30s). Since that day Lord Wavell, as the last Viceroy-but-one, has discharged high duties which merit the attention of future biographers.

General Collins is a Wavell man, which does not mean that there is no criticism of the Field-Marshal in the book. It is reluctant criticism, however; and such reluctance reflects no discredit on the author.

In this massive biography are many unfamiliar stories.

When Wavell went out to Egypt as GOC-in-C Middle East he asked his Staff for an appreciation of the Worst Possible Case: what would happen if the British were driven out of Egypt?

Later on, after all sorts of unexpected horrors, unforeseen in any Worst Possible Case, had already come to pass, the Chief of Staff drew up what he thought was a sufficiently gloomy forecast to satisfy the most pessimistic. It attempted to look a year ahead, with the Wehrmacht continuing its triumphant advance from Europe into Asia and a small British army hanging on grimly in the Middle East. With some nervousness he submitted it to Wavell. When returned the paper had one marginal note: "It might be much worse than that. — A. W."

That story is told to refute the suggestion that Wavell lacked foresight. It should answer the critics who have accused him of excessive optimism — of trying to do too much with too little.

Major-General Collins tells in disciplined detail how

Wavell conducted his nine campaigns — campaigns scattered over three continents, each crying for supplies. In four of those campaigns — in the Western Desert, in British Somaliland, in Italian East Africa and in Eritrea — Wavell's triumph over the Italians was complete. In the next three — in Cyrenaica, in Greece and in Crete — he met defeat. In the next two — Iraq and Syria — he was again successful.

Could any other general, given the same supplies and air support, have saved those three campaigns? The North African forces had to be depleted to fulfil a promise to Greece. But as Field-Marshal Smuts points out in a foreword:

It was not all loss. Honour was saved, and a given pledge was kept. These are not small things in world affairs ... The setback in North Africa was brilliantly retrieved by the Eighth Army but the time lost for Germany by our carrying out our promise to Greece was never recovered — with results which more than justified Wavell's move.

Historians will long argue over Wavell's generalship. Two questions will be: Should Wavell have told the politicians that their projects were impossible, and resigned — the last resort open to a Commander? Did he underestimate the speed of Rommel's concentrations?

To the soldier the name of Wavell will always stand for a leaping hope in the days of darkness. The moral effect of his victories was tremendous.

The author has some revealing stories of Wavell the man, of his capacity for doing two things at once, and for "insulating his brain from small talk." But he was not always outside the conversation, even when the guests thought he was. Once at dinner the talk was about confidential reports on officers.

Suddenly Wavell came to life. "The best confidential report I ever heard of," he said, "was also the shortest. It was by one Horse Gunner of another and ran — 'Personally, I would not breed from this officer.'"



Wavell's flash: the camel
of GHQ Middle East.

AS THE PRIVATE SAW IT

IT was some years after World War One before the "outspoken" studies of war began to appear — the *Journey's Ends* and the *All Quiets*.

They had an acid, disillusioned approach to their theme. From now on the novels about World War Two will probably be "outspoken" too.

"The Edge of Darkness" by John Prebble (*Secker and Warburg 10s 6d*) is a novel of the last days of the fighting in Germany and the first days of the occupation. It traces the fortunes of a handful of men in a "Monty's moonlight" troop from Holland, in the depressing winter of 1944, through the Reichswald, over the Rhine and into the shambles of Germany. It is a tale of frustrations: the frustrations of battle, which the soldier never sees as an ordered whole, and the deeper frustrations of life amid a defeated people — a subject which has long been crying out for a novelist's interpretation. The tale is told without heroics and without reticence (there are one or two expletives which are new to print). Whether the author in his concern to be uncompromising (a favourite word) has made the whole thing seem more sordid, contradictory and thwarting than

it really was must remain a question for those who shared similar experiences.

The author's central character lost his wife in a flying bomb incident in London and volunteered for Germany with some notion of wreaking a personal revenge. A crude cynic would have married him off to a *fraulein* in the last chapter. In this book the soldier has a halting, unhappy affair with a German woman; there is a hopeless clash in their fundamental outlooks. The soldier says goodbye and prepares to leave on the demob train. His departure is postponed a day, just long enough for him to discover that she has committed suicide. That was the day the gas pressure went up. The soldier may prefer to read this book, not for its analysis of emotions, but for its sensitively described background — of winter in the Dutch countryside of the troop trains and refugee trains, of the moral and physical tragedy of Hamburg. The German characters — neurotic and querulous — are painfully authentic.



John Prebble: he was a craftsman with REME, wrote for SOLDIER.

BY WAVELL

ONE of Wavell's tasks as a major-general was to write Volume Two of *Field Service Regulations* — a suitable task, it was no doubt felt, for a general with a good literary style.

In this work Wavell developed his idea of the modern Infantryman. The draft seems to have been too provocative for the General Staff. "Needless to say", his biographer has written, "there was no mention of cat burglars in the final proof."

The famous essay in which Lord Wavell says that his ideal Infantryman should be "cat burglar, gunman, poacher" appears, unbowdlerised, in "The Good Soldier" (*Macmillan 8s 6d*), a collection of the Field-Marshal's lectures and writings over many years. It includes his views on generalship, and a section "In Praise of Infantry", which is prefaced by the following:

More than fifteen years ago I advocated strenuously that there should be an Infantry Centre, or School, an Inspector of Infantry and an Infantry Journal. I achieved no more than an asterisk in the Army List, placed against the name of the Director of Military Training, with a footnote "Is also Inspector of Infantry". As the DMT at the time was an officer of Engineers and was succeeded by an Artilleryman, the delicate irony of the Army Council can be appreciated. Now after another war, in which Infantry has again proved the indispensable arm, an Infantry Centre has been established, there is a Director of Infantry and an official, perhaps rather too official, journal, the *Infantry Bulletin*.

Here are some characteristic "Wavellisms" from the book:

The less time a general spends in his office and the more with his troops the better.

I have never believed in the formation of Commandos, picked from a number of units. I believe that a complete living unit, taken and trained for the special work required, with the elimination, if necessary, of the weaker men would produce better results.

As Infantry we lack a collective spirit. We have always been too busy being riflemen, fusiliers, light infantry, the "old umpteenths" etc. to be "Infantry".

The British soldier has a quality of tolerance which extends even to the mistakes of his superiors. He will not easily withdraw confidence from his leaders, even if they fail to win success. A blessing on the British fighting man, on his endurance, courage and good humour.

And here is a useful definition, drawn from the game of bridge:

The calling is strategy, the play of the hand tactics.



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AN urgent cable from a Pacific island to a business house in London; wirelessly photographed of a Colombo firm's balance sheet to its parent house in the city; sporting pictures from the Middle East to a Fleet Street agency; copies of a will in Capetown to a London solicitor's office; a message to a Bond Street shop girl from her boy friend in Japan — all these pour into Electra House on the Thames Embankment.

The messages are placed in sealed envelopes for distribution by a courier who, in his neat dark blue uniform, has the appearance of a guardsman. He probably is a guardsman.

The Cable and Wireless organisation (now nationalised) has 200 ex-members of the Brigade of Guards, as well as nearly 50 men from other arms, in its recently formed Cable Courier Corps. Men who little thought when they left the Army they would one day be in uniform again are back — but this time there are no parades and no ranks. Ex-RSM's and ex-privates dress and look alike.

The corps, formed in September 1945, replaces the messenger service of pre-war days. During the war years, when boys of 14 were unavailable, men between 60 and 80 collected and delivered the cables. For the first year after the war recruiting was confined to guardsmen but today most regiments are represented and there

are a few sailors and airmen. Newcomers are taken on only through regimental or equivalent associations. They have to be of very good character, under 45 and fit enough to do the work. They get free uniforms and equipment and two weeks paid holiday. Their first six months are spent on probation before joining the established staff and they must be prepared to do day or night shifts in their 48-hour week. Pay is between £4 15s and £5 10s.

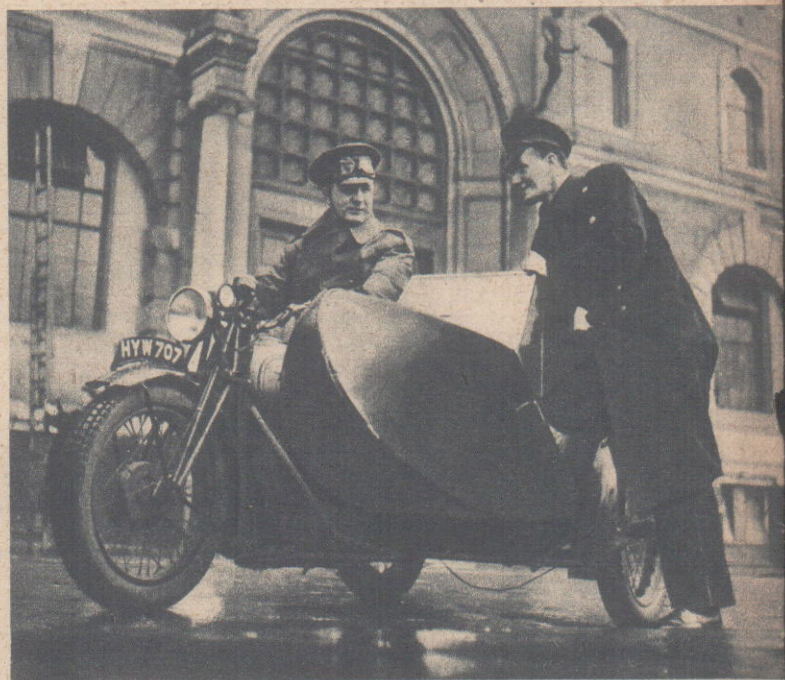
So far the Irish Guards predominate in the Corps. Often they are men who have seen plenty of action. Men like Guardsman H. Couch, who, knocked out on the Albert Canal in 1944 woke up in a base hospital minus his left arm. Later he found that for an

Former soldiers who just can't stay out of uniform join up as Cable and Wireless couriers. So far the Irish Guards are in the lead

GUARDSMEN WORK HERE

Kitting out: ex-Corporal A. J. Knight, Marine Commando, departs with his boots and crash helmet, while Storeman Harry Ross measures Courier H. Winter, formerly of the Royal Scots Greys.

Not all couriers go by foot. Lucky men here are ex-Guardsman M. Martin, Irish Guards and ex-Guardsman L. Conroy, Scots Guards.



Waiting their call: couriers wear smart blue uniform piped with red—and medal ribbons.



hour he had been in German hands, before his comrades had counter-attacked and found him.

Sjt. John Taggart, who is 42, joined the RA in 1926, and saw service in India and China. One night in the Western Desert he was clubbed by an Italian sentry and thrown into a lorry, one arm hanging limp. Later, in Italy, a doctor decided the arm had to be reset and calmly broke it across his knee while half a dozen Italian orderlies held the serjeant down. Taggart spent three years in a prison camp.

Twenty-seven-year-old A. J. Knight, a Royal Marine Commando corporal, claims to have been the fifth man to enter Germany, as a member of 46 Commando.

There is Sjt. D. Sinclair who spent 24 years in the Welsh Guards and saw service with the 6th Armoured Division in North Africa and Italy and was wounded at Cassino. There are men with decorations like L/Sjt. F. G. Hollowood who joined the Coldstream Guards in 1929 and won his MM treating the wounded

while under mortar and artillery fire near the Orne bridges.

Many of the Irish Guardsmen recognised a familiar face when they first joined the Courier Corps. In the office they found 64-year-old QMS. R. McCabe who won the MM in 1915 and who before leaving the Guards to become Inspector of boy messengers at Cable and Wireless in 1941 had put many Guards recruits through their paces. A recruit himself in 1907, he was Field-Marshal Alexander's signal serjeant when the Field-Marshal was a subaltern in 1912.

In charge of all Couriers is Major F.H. Trevett, commandant of the Army's PT school at Hendon College during the war. He is physical training adviser to the Middlesex Army Cadets. One of his jobs is to supply couriers to the press boxes at Lord's and Wimbledon when teams from Australia and the West Indies are playing. Often the couriers get a good view of the game for nothing — which is more than most people get.



April

April is a busy month in the home. The dark days of winter are over, and in house and garden much needs to be done. In this season of renewal reminders of the Midland Bank's service to householders are frequent. The Bank is ready to assist in meeting essential outlay; if requested, it will pay on their due dates rent and insurance premiums on behalf of customers; while statements of account provide a simple record of household income and expenditure. In many ways an account with the Midland Bank contributes towards the smooth running of the home.

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Yes, it's the same fellow all right, but what a different girl! He's lost Dry Scalp and dandruff. Thanks to 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic his hair looks healthy, glossy, and well dressed. Someone's given him the tip—a gentle massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every day, using only a little because a little goes a long way.

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"You Have

The "Boxing Bebbingtons"—Ron, Kenneth and Dennis—are three young men to watch. Ron, aged 19, is Army Middleweight Champion. Joe Louis thinks highly of his style

IN their house in James Street, Plaistow, just behind the Barking Road, the Boxing Bebbingtons are faced with a problem: to find space in their small back room for the trophies which the three boys are collecting in a never-ending stream.

Into that room the trophies must go. It would be wrong to put them anywhere else. It was that room that put them on the road to success.

Today the small table at which father and mother and the eight children (there are five girls in the family) gather for meals is never moved. But before the war it was pushed into one corner on two evenings a week, the chairs were stacked on top, and father, a bus conductor who has boxed for London Transport, got out the gloves and showed his three small boys how to scrap.

The eldest, Ronald, soon learned how to hit back. At eight his father took him to a boys' club in West Ham. At nine he won the schoolboy championship for five stone four lbs, and home came the first medal. Ron has fought about a hundred fights since then and has never been knocked out.

At 14 he got into the finals of the junior Amateur Boxing Association for nine stone but



L/Cpl. Bebbington receives his awards from Joe Louis. Man with the bow tie is film actor Stewart Granger.

narrowly lost. In 1945 he won the 10-stone junior ABA. Next he won the London Federation of

Ex-Serjeant Joe Louis sits at the ringside between a field-marshal (Lord Alanbrooke) and a general (Lieut-General O. M. Lund, GOC-in-C Anti-Aircraft Command). On General Lund's right is Mrs. Joe Louis. General Lucius Clay, commanding the American Zone of Germany, is on Lord Alanbrooke's left.



a Nice Left"

said **JOE LOUIS**

Boys' Clubs welterweight championship two years running. He has fought Randolph Turpin, then an amateur, and lost narrowly on points, won the Ack-Ack Command middleweight last year, then the Army middleweight and Imperial Services titles.

More recently he has fought for England against Ireland, and toured with Army teams in Switzerland, Denmark and Sweden. He drew in Switzerland, won in the other countries. He won for the Army against the London ABA.

In the Albert Hall the other day he retained the Ack-Ack Command title, and was there congratulated by Joe Louis. "You have a nice left," said Joe. "Look after it."

In April he defends his Army championship title. If he wins he fights again for the Imperial Services honour. Already some writers are talking about his Olympic prospects.

Swelling the collection of trophies are those of his brothers, Ken (17) who works at a sign-writing firm, and Dennis (15),

van boy. On the same night that Ron was fighting in front of Joe Louis, Dennis was winning the ABA youth Class A 10-stones title at Wembley. A few days later both younger brothers won Federation of London Boys' Club championships, with Ron looking on at the ringside.

A couple of hours later the oldest brother returned to his unit at Coventry — Ack-Ack Command's PT School — where he is a lance-corporal instructor.

In James Street, Plaistow, the Bebbingtons are known as a fighting family. During the blitz they were the only household not to be evacuated — except one old lady down the street.

When Ron left school he started a window cleaning business. His call-up meant he had to sell it. Just now he is taking Joe Louis's advice and looking after that left. It certainly packs some power. Although he won't tell you this, he recently knocked out an opponent who took two hours to come round. **BOB O'BRIEN**

50-INCH CHEST

O SCAR Heidenstam, former tough tactics instructor in the Army Physical Training Corps and now NAAFI's sports organiser in the Middle East, will not be satisfied until he has a 50-inch chest and 18-inch biceps. That means he has one inch to go — in each department.

Heidenstam is building himself up to represent Britain at a "Mr. Universe" contest this summer in which 30 nations will compete.

After leaving school with 20 cups and medals for athletics and swimming, Heidenstam coached Boy Scouts, Church Lads and YMCA boys. In 1938 France chose him, out of 6000 competitors, to be the "fourth most perfectly developed man in the world"; in the following year he was nominated "Plus Bel Athlete d'Europe."

When war broke out Heidenstam joined the Royal Artillery and was soon Serjeant-Instructor APTC.

In the Western Desert he was with a mobile tough tactics team, and later ran a similar unit in 4th Indian Division. Next, as Staff Officer PT for Sudan and



Oscar Heidenstam: he taught tough tactics.

Eritrea, he organised three schools and trained thousands of British and native troops. His last year of service found him PT Technical Officer at Sandhurst.

Now Heidenstam is really taking himself in hand again — practising weight-lifting, swimming, gymnastics and games of all sorts. At 37 he weighs 14 stone 6 lbs. His waist measurement is 30½ inches.

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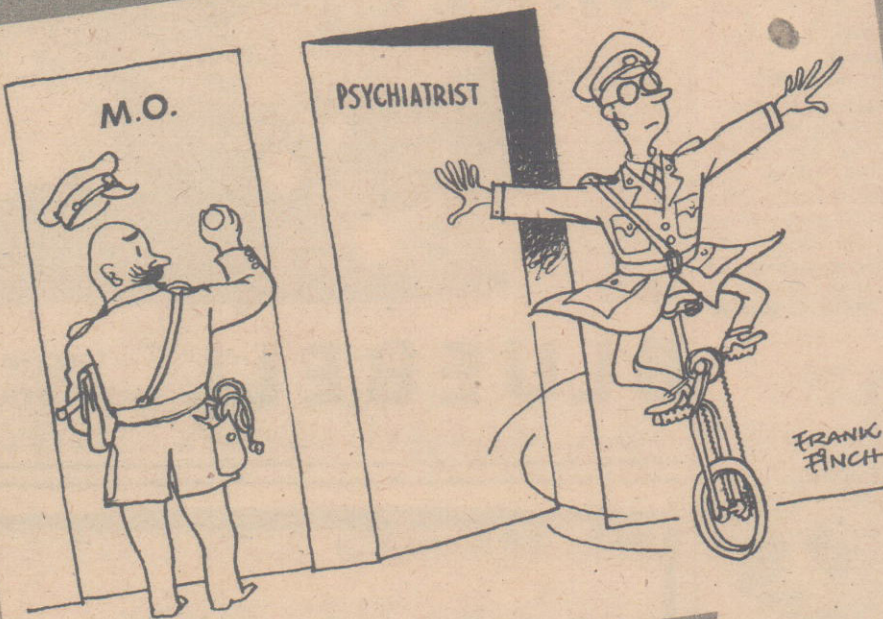
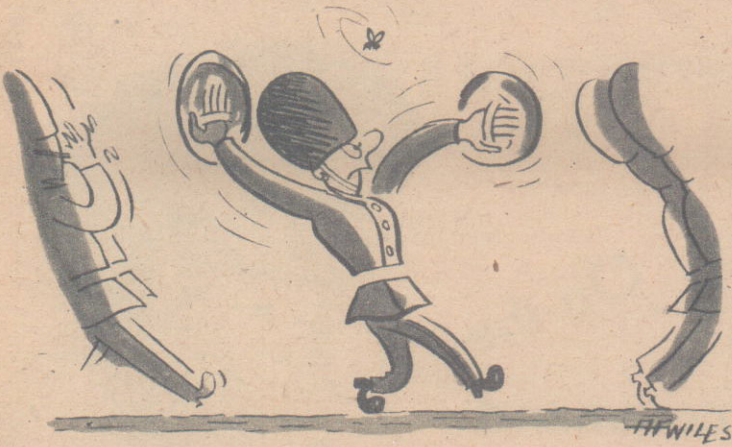
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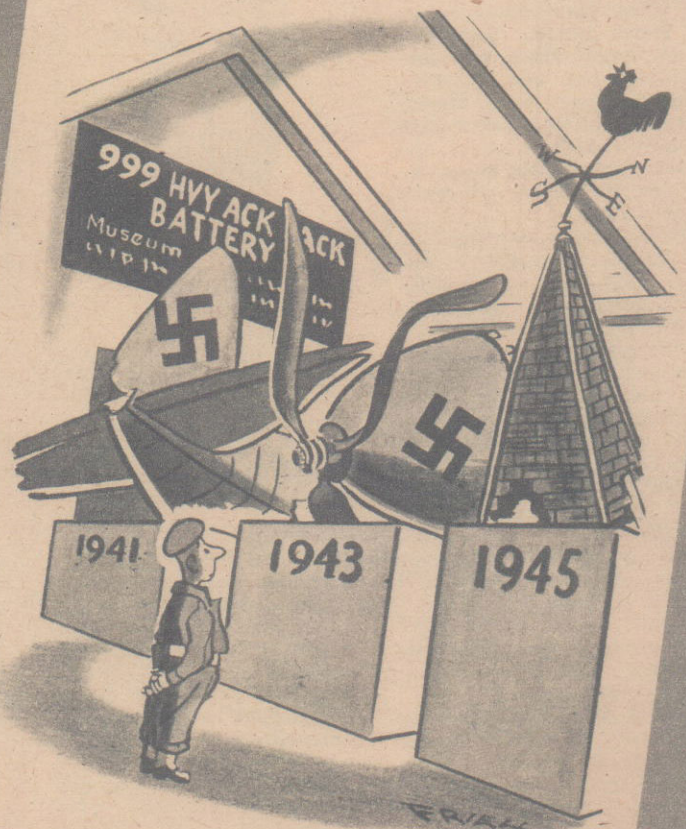
SOLDIER HUMOUR

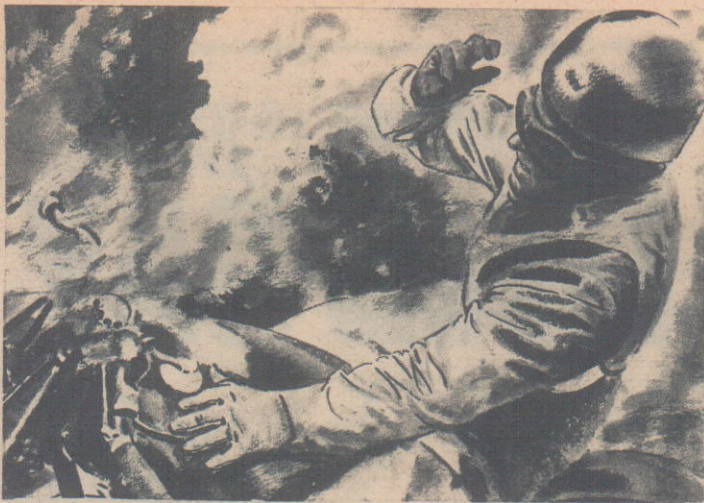


"Well, roughly deciphered it reads: 'Warn agent Z2. Stop. Enemy discovered parachute. Stop. Contact Z4. Stop...'"



"That was the last war in which I let MY wife join the Army."





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Yours faithfully,
(Signed) E. M. BAILEY (Mrs.).

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How Much Do You Know?



1. Salome danced before King Herod: the notorious lady in the picture also danced before a notorious ruler. Who is she? (This photograph was widely published just after the war).

2. Can you rephrase the following sentence in five words—"He was transported to his place of residence in an intoxicated condition"; and the following in seven words—"In the case of the majority of young women it is noticeable that they close their eyes when they are the recipients of an osculatory embrace."

3. George Barnes has been in the news. Is he—
Director of the Spoken Word;
Black Stick;
A bishop at loggerheads with his Primate;
Chief Executive, British Telecommunications;
Minister of Transport.

4. Googie Withers and Siobhan McKenna are up-and-coming actresses. How do they pronounce their Christian names?

5. America has a CIO and Britain has a COL. What do the initials stand for?

6. If you wanted a job on the *Encyclopedia Britannica* you would have to write to Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Ottawa, or Chicago?

7. Americans sometimes get homesick for bobolinks. What are they?

8. At the notorious Bloody Assizes Judge Jeffreys sentenced to death (a) 2; (b) 32; (c) 320; (d) 3200 people. How many?

9. Frowsy means slovenly. Name a word which rhymes with it and means the same.

10. If told you were to see the inside of an oubliette, you might expect—(a) to see the works of a primitive timepiece; (b) to watch a post-mortem on a clam; (c) to be slid into a deep, dark pit. Which?

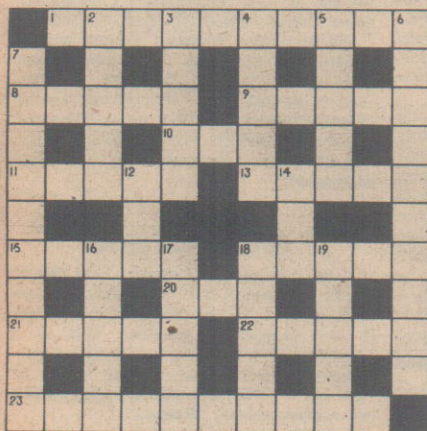
11. Who is the rider who sits astride the Airborne horse Pegasus?

12. If urged to mind the bambino, you would—(a) find yourself nursing an Italian baby; (b) be on your guard near the parrot's cage; (c) be wary of falling into an ice crevasse. Which?

13. Scrambled irrepressible: HOT MEN, MY LADY. (Two words).

(Answers on Page 46)

CROSSWORD



ACROSS: 1. Flying comma. 8. After BC? 9. Many are delirious. 10. Before. 11. The way things go. 13. To thread at sea. 15. Expenses. 18. Jeweller's weight. 20. This fashionable Government officer evidently expects money. 21. Slow

and dignified movement. 22. Often comes before Neath. 23. "A neat prior" (anag.)

DOWN: 2. The moon's first quarter, for instance. 3. What the gear-box adjusts. 4. Competitor at 3. 5. Blab. 6. Men in a mixed tree lay. 7. Special and perhaps fussy. 12. Backward cask. 14. Made by ungymnastic 5. 16. Some sticky stuff. 17. This track beheaded has little. 18. Where 15 may be awarded. 19. Round-up.

(Answers on Page 46)

THEY'RE THERE TO HELP — No. 6

The Officers' Association

FORMED to "promote the welfare of all those who have at any time held a Commission in His Majesty's Naval, Military or Air Forces," The Officers' Association gives help on the widest scale to both serving and ex-officers, and women who have held rank of similar status in the women's services.

Where necessary, it will help to maintain wives, widows, children or dependants; help war-disabled officers; and help with the education and higher training of children. It relieves distress caused by sickness or unemployment, will pay household bills, maintain or provide surgical and

mechanical appliances, give dental treatment; in some cases it will help with specialised treatment and convalescence.

These are typical services:

Business grants — to help an ex-officer to start or re-start in business.

Claims and Pensions Bureau — to give advice on Service pay, disability or retired pay, allowances, widows' and dependants' pensions. The Association provides counsel and advocates free at pension appeal tribunals.

Free Legal and Financial Advice Bureau — covering many branches of the law.

Employment Bureau — which helps both serving and ex-officers to find jobs. In the last year it has placed an average of 100 ex-officers a month in steady jobs.

The Association is an autonomous body with its own charter and it acts as the officers' benevolent department of the British Legion. It is entirely voluntary, has no membership, and applicants for help are under no obligation to subscribe.

Applications should be made to the General Secretary, 8, Eaton Square, London, SW 1.



"Guess who?"

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Coming Baldness

THE onset of baldness is often unsuspected. Just a few hairs disappear at the temples (or it may be at the crown of the head). Then a few more. And then a few more. The loss of hair is hardly noticeable at first. But the hair continues to fall, and then one day you begin to realise that you are becoming bald.

Alarming, however, as this discovery may be, there is an excellent prospect of remedying the condition provided scientific treatment is resorted to while the hair roots still remain alive.

These roots are extraordinarily vital, and in many cases where they have fallen into a kind of sleeping sickness the restoration of normal growth has been brought about by scientific treatment.

The whole subject is dealt with very fully in a book entitled "How to Treat Hair Troubles," by Mr. Arthur J. Pye, the Consulting Hair Specialist, of Blackpool.

A copy of this book and other literature, and particulars of treatments supplied, will be sent post free to any address out of the United Kingdom, on receipt of the form below or a copy. If for delivery in Great Britain, 6d in stamps must be enclosed towards the cost to comply with Govt. regulations.

FILL IN AND POST FORM

To ARTHUR J. PYE,
5, Queen Street,
Blackpool, S. 95

Please send book, and particulars of treatments for the different types of hair trouble.

Name
(BLOCK LETTERS)

Address
(BLOCK LETTERS)

SOLDIER

APRIL

LETTERS

MULBERRY'S FATE

Can you please tell me what happened to Mulberry Harbour? — Gnr. J. P. Nicholls, 5 RHA.

★ The fleet of obsolete steam vessels sunk to form part of the breakwater at Arromanches have been refloated, towed to Britain and disposed of for scrap. The undamaged concrete Phoenix Units, specially built for the operation, have been salvaged and put to various uses—by the Admiralty; some were used by the Dutch in dam repairs on Walcheren and elsewhere; and a number were also bought by the Icelandic Government. Most of the Spud Pier Heads and the Whale bridging forming the shore communications of Mulberry were purchased by the French Government and towed by French tugs to Fort Gentil, French Equatorial Africa, to become part of the harbour there. The rest of the equipment was shipped back to Britain and handed over to the Ministry of Supply for disposal.

"DANGER MONEY"

Which units of the Army are entitled to danger money and extra payments of that kind? — Pte. R. Roberts, 67 Transit Camp.

★ Special payments include: parachute pay 2s 6d a day; air despatch duties 1s a day; rear observers, Air Observation Post Squadrons 1s a day; glider pilots 2s a day in training, 2s 6d a day after qualification; diving pay threepence a day, with additional pay in proportion to periods worked underwater and according to depth.

Other additional payments include: Army Graves Service (exhumation and identification) 1s 6d a day for privates, 2s a day for WO's and NCO's; certain sanitary duties 6d a day; work of an objectionable nature 1s 6d a day (tropics), 9d (other areas). In certain circumstances, "hard lying" money is paid at the rates of 1s a day for corporals and below and 2s a day for sergeants and above.

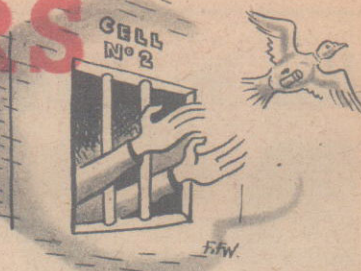
BATTLE HONOURS

In your article on battle honours (SOLDIER, February) you state: "Cavalry, Royal Armoured Corps (less Royal Tank Regiment) and Infantry regiments have been the only units granted battle honours."

Although Royal Artillery units are covered for all battles by the honour "Ubique" (Everywhere), may I point out that certain artillery units can earn, and have earned, individual battle honours. I refer to the batteries of the oldest active military unit of the British Army—the Honourable Artillery Company. The gunners of the HAC do not wear the RA badge but a similar one bearing the letters "HAC" in place of "Ubique" and the regimental

● **SOLDIER welcomes letters.** There is not space, however, to print every letter of interest received; all correspondents must therefore give their full names and addresses. Answers cannot be sent to collective addresses.

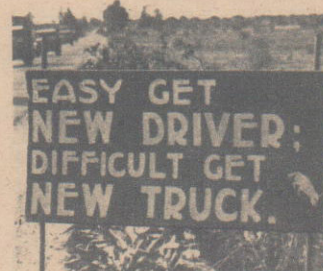
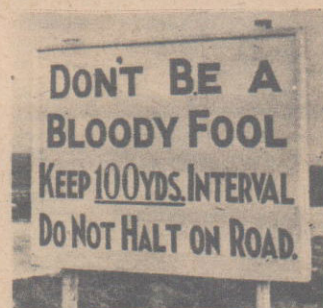
Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.



motto "Arma Pacis Fulcra" in place of the RA's "Quo Fas et Gloria Ducunt." They are therefore not covered by the "Ubique" honour, but were in fact awarded battle honours for World War One. The honours earned by the HAC batteries are borne on the King's and Regimental Colours of the Regiment, normally carried by the Infantry Battalion, Honourable Artillery Company. — Cpl. J.F.G. Marshall, RAC Trg. Centre, Belsen.

BLUNT SPEAKING

I read with interest your article on Military Police signs. Here are two photographs from North Africa to add to your collection. — ex-Sgt. R. Wellborough, Stepney.



There was a sign put up by the Airborne Provost Company in Sicily on the approaches to Mount Etna which said "Danger: crater ahead." It raised a good laugh at the time. I believe it was suggested by Brigadier (now Major-General) R. E. Urquhart.

Once in the Western Desert troops entered a town to find the police putting up "Out of Bounds" notices. One comment was: "The trouble with the Redcaps is that they put a place out of bounds before we capture it." — Ex-50 Div. (name and address supplied).

DICK BARTON

I noticed in the January SOLDIER an article which said that Dick Barton saw service with No. 20 Commando. I am wondering whether this is a misprint or a mistake, as being a Commando myself I have never heard of No. 20. — Marine (name supplied) 42 Commando, Malta.

★ Perhaps SOLDIER, in quoting from the official dossier on Dick Barton, the BBC's wonder hero, did not make it clear enough that the details of the dossier are as fictitious as Barton himself. The dossier was compiled so that successive scriptwriters should not give Barton a contradictory background.

PEAK STRENGTH

What was the total strength of the British Army at its peak period during World War Two? — **A. Jones, Penmachno, N. Wales.**

★ Peak strength was 3,136,365, of whom 205,481 were women.

NO SMOKING

I would like to know why boys in the Army under 17½ may not smoke when boys in civilian life are allowed to smoke at the age of 16? — **"Curious," 1 Bn. Band Worcestershire Regt.**

★ The CO of a unit in which boys are serving has the same responsibility as a parent or master of a boarding school. If he considers that for their good they should not smoke, either



because of expense or for health reasons, he is entitled to stop them. This question will be covered in an instruction shortly to be issued on various aspects of an enlisted boy's life. It aims to bring about uniformity of treatment.

LAPEL BADGE

Since being released I have seen a lot of ex-Servicemen with the lapel badge "For Loyal Service." Is this badge given to all ex-Servicemen or only to wounded ex-Servicemen? — **J. Gunthorpe, Wood Green, London.**

★ This badge is called the King's Badge and is awarded through the Ministry of Pensions to ex-Servicemen disabled through the war, whether they receive a pension or not. Details from the Ministry of Pensions, Norcross, Blackpool.

SUPERANNUATION?

I suggest it would help recruiting if a form of contributory superannuation was introduced. Pensions are not large, even for those who reach the rank of WO1, and for all it is a tricky business starting civilian life at the age of 40 — for the Infantryman without a trade in particular.

I cannot see why a scheme of this kind cannot be made to operate in the Army as in the police, irrespective of service. Men serving only five years could be paid extra on their reserve pay.

Three to five shillings would not be missed by a soldier each week. In 20 years of service my experience is that most men waste that amount on small items they do not need. They would be only too pleased with the extra amount when they leave the Army. — **Sgt. P. J. Killen, REME Workshops, Preston.**

REGULAR'S GRATUITY

In an article on gratuities for Regulars published in February 1947 you said that the new rates of gratuity are £50 after ten years and £25 for each subsequent year. I joined as a Regular in October 1935 and was given a direct commission in February 1946, which is over ten years later. I have already received a Post Office savings book containing £123. Is the gratuity referred to in your article contained in this grant? — **Lieut (QM) M. Williamson, RASC, Rotherham.**

★ The new pension code does not apply to Regulars who are given an emergency commission and who qualify for an award under Article 634 of the Royal Warrant 1940. Instead they receive on release £50 for each year in the ranks below WO I,

and £100 per year for each year as WO I and officer.

Individual enquiries regarding Regular officers' gratuity and retired pay should be sent direct to F. 3 Branch, The War Office.

REINSTATEMENT

I am due for release shortly, having volunteered in June 1945. My employer tells me that as I volunteered before my call-up was due he doubts whether I am eligible for reinstatement. Is this correct? — **S/Sgt. M. Palmer, 2 OB, Vehicle Park RAOG, Austria.**

★ No. Men who volunteered between 23 May 1939 and 18 July last year have the same reinstatement rights as men called-up, provided they joined the Army within four weeks of leaving their employer. However, an employer has certain rights if through falling business it is a hardship to take a man back.

PROMOTION

I am a short-service commissioned officer. I do not qualify for time promotion as does a Regular officer, which means I may still be a lieutenant in six years time. I understand a Regular gets his captaincy after six years. — **Lieut W., Harwich.**

★ When the short-service commission was announced in ACI 511/46 no reference was made to time promotion and it was stated that officers would be accepted in substantive ranks equivalent to their previous war-substantive rank, but might be employed in higher temporary ranks under the war-time promotion code.

The question of time promotion is still under consideration. Meanwhile short-service officers continue to be eligible for promotion under the war-time promotion code.

FIRST VC

Who was the first VC of World War Two? — **Pte. Ronald Sutcliffe, Shoreham.**

★ First Army VC was 2nd Lieutenant Richard Wallace Anand, Durham Light Infantry (15 May 1940). The first VC of the war was won by Captain Bernard Warburton-Lee, Royal Navy (10 April 1940).

VC PENSION

What pension does a VC receive? — (Name and address supplied.)

★ A soldier awarded the VC receives a pension of £10 a year from the date of the act of gallantry. If the award is posthumous, a £50 gratuity is payable to the man's pensionable next-of-kin. An officer awarded the VC gets no money benefit.

FROM A WRAF

Can you tell me in which commands a WRAF may volunteer to serve? I understand that certain commands are now closed to women's services. Also, how long must one serve in this command before applying for duty elsewhere? — **ACWI E. Lovejoy, Air Branch, Combined Services Division, CCG, Berlin.**

★ Apart from Germany airwomen may be posted to the Mediterranean and Middle East Command and Air Command Far East. The normal tour is two years. Eligibility depends upon age and length of unexpired service. You should apply through your OC.

(More Letters on Page 46)

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19-23, Oxford Street, London, W.1

MORE LETTERS

FILMS FOR GERMANS

In **SOLDIER**, February you state that the supply of films to Germans is undertaken by the Control Commission.

Since October, 1947, British films have been distributed inside Germany by Eagle Lion Film, which is the German branch of Eagle Lion Distributors Ltd. We were responsible for arranging for the Royal Wedding film to be shown with a German commentary. We also intend to show the German people the best of the British films, and already the public reaction to British films is extremely favourable. Incidentally, the Royal Wedding film in colour has had an enormous success over here. Although that was not the intention, it has proved extremely valuable propaganda for the British way of life. — **F.E.T. Rainbow**, General Manager, Eagle Lion Film, Hamburg.

THAT STATUE

The photograph accompanying the article "The Statue Stays" in your February issue was not of the Prince Consort but of the Prince Imperial, eldest son of Napoleon III. The Prince Imperial had a commission in the British Army and served, I believe, in the Royal Artillery. He was killed in one of the Zulu wars in the late 19th century.

Three of the four French Imperial eagles which adorn the plinth may be clearly seen in your picture. — **Sgt. L. W. Yowell**, RA Records Section, GHQ 2nd Echelon, BAOR.

DUKE'S CARS AGAIN

Four Rolls-Royce armoured cars fitted with liquid rubber filled tyres were brought to my company, the Advance Base MT Depot at Ismailia in 1917. They belonged to the Duke of Westminster's column and were manned by 24 Petty or Warrant Officers. The poor fellows were in an awful state with malaria. They were the best lot of chaps I have ever met. Several died. — **R. F. Taylor**, (CSM, retired), 199 Bentry Road, Dagenham.

HIS SWORD

Can I take a German sword through the Customs into England? — **AC N. V. Gwynn**, 431 Equipment Depot, BAFO.

★ If your CO considers that the sword does not come within any of the categories of weapons laid down in ACI 1501/44 you should take action in accordance with ACI 961/46, which gives details of importation of arms and ammunition into UK.

PALESTINE SERVICE

What ribbon is issued for service in Palestine for the period 1939-45? — **Pte. H. Cottam ACC**, 247 Provost Company, CRMP.

★ The Defence Medal, unless you were there after 27 September 1945, for which you can claim the General Service Medal.

MERIT MEDAL

On which form does a soldier apply for the Meritorious Service Medal? — **Staff-Serjeant** (name and address supplied).

★ He does not apply. His CO has to make a recommendation. See KR 1056.

STAR BACK PAY

Some of us passed tests for grading as two-star soldiers 12 months ago. This has just been confirmed by 2nd Echelon but, we are told, because they have been short of staff and only just



able to confirm this, we get back pay only for three months. Is this so? — **Pte. G. Smith**, BAOR.

★ No. Pay is back-dated to the actual date published in your regimental part two orders.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

Recently I wrote to a UK firm asking them to send me a selection of gramophone records. I happen to be one of those people who prefer my music this way rather than listen to the cacophonous noises which pass for music over the radio. Imagine my surprise when I received a reply that records cannot be sent to BAOR. Is this correct? — **Disappointed Serjeant** (name and address supplied).

★ Quite correct. Board of Trade regulations prevent the export of gramophone records to Rhine Army. Demands must be submitted to Welfare headquarters of your area for onward transmission to HQ BAOR and War Office. Most Welfare Centres have a good selection of all types of records.

Two Minute Sermon

There is a story of a man sawing off the bough of a tree on which he is sitting and being most surprised and hurt when he hits the ground.

That man was like those men and women who, for one reason or another, want to get rid of Christianity or religion. To do this is like cutting off the bough upon which civilization rests. Whether we realize it or not, the fact remains that almost everything which is worth while has its beginning in Christianity. It is Christianity

which maintains and keeps alive the best and strongest in life. Without it the motive power for all that is good and true disappears. Honesty, truth, decency, goodness, kindness all come from the teaching of Christ.

Therefore, before you decide to dispense with Christianity make sure that you are not sawing off the bough on which you yourself are sitting, upon which rests all you hold dear in life and all that is worth while.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

Is a Regular soldier with 21 years service entitled to some kind of vocational training course to enable him to learn a trade in Civvy Street? Before the war a six months vocational training course was available for Regulars. Does this still apply? — **CSM. Sutton**, 3 MCE, BAOR.

★ Regulars may benefit from the Government Vocational Training Scheme which covers a wide variety of trades. The duration is the same as the pre-war course of six months which is no longer in operation. On your release you should contact your local Ministry of Labour official who will give you full details.

DEMOB UNIFORM

I was demobbed in July 1946 and took my uniform with me. In February I re-enlisted and returned wearing the same uniform. Am I entitled to keep this battledress as my own property? — **Pte. H. Walker**, 50 RHU, BAOR.

★ On release soldiers are allowed to retain as their own property certain articles of clothing, of which a part-worn battledress is one. Paragraph 13 of Appendix D to "Regulations for Release from the Army 1945" gives full details.

UNIT DOGS

What is the procedure for having my German dog registered as an official unit dog? — **S/Sgt. R. Gillham**, 206 DCRE (C and M) BAOR.

★ This is not possible. All police dogs are trained by and obtained from the War Dogs Training School. The person responsible for the dog in the unit must also train with a dog at the school before the animal is placed on unit strength.

PYTHON PROBLEM

Am I entitled to either PYTHON or SEWLROM and, if so, could I combine it with my discharge leave? I joined up in December 1943 and have served in BAOR since the end of June 1944. I have not been absent from this theatre for six weeks or more. I am

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

April



1948

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Answers

(from Page 43)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. Eva Braun disporting before Hitler (from Eva Braun's personal album).
2. He was carried home drunk; Most girls shut their eyes when kissed.
3. Director of the Spoken Word (BBC).
4. Both g's are hard in Google; Siobhan is pronounced Shu-vawn.
5. Congress of Industrial Organisations; Central Office of Information.
6. Chicago.
7. Songbirds of lark family.
8. 320.
9. Blowsy.
10. To be slid into a deep dark pit.
11. Bellerophon.
12. Nursing an Italian baby.
13. Tommy Handley.

CROSSWORD

Across: 1. Apostrophe. 8. Adage. 9. Crave. 10. Ere. 11. Trend. 13. Reeve. 15. Costs. 18. Carat. 20. Pro. 21. Largo. 22. Under. 23. Reparation. Down: 2. Phase. 3. Speed. 4. Racer. 5. Prate. 6. Elementary. 7. Particular. 12. Nut. 14. Era. 16. Syrup. 17. Spoor. 18. Court. 19. Rodeo.

group 56 DVI and am due out next August. — **Sgt. L. Lindsay**, CCG, Land Schleswig-Holstein.

★ You became eligible for PYTHON last June but you do not qualify for SEWLROM since you are a non-Regular and are not on a short-service engagement.

PYTHON is based on length of service and is not a form of leave. A soldier who returns to Britain on completion of his PYTHON tour is eligible for disembarkation leave except when he is sent home for immediate release.

SOLDIER'S COVER

THE Minden uniform (as seen in colour on **SOLDIER**'s cover) was worn by two soldiers of the Royal Hampshire Regiment at a ceremony at the Regimental Depot at Winchester marking the 1st Battalion's disbandment. Two other soldiers wore the uniform of 1887.

Minden is a battle honour shared by the Royal Hampshire Regiment with the Suffolks, Lancashire Fusiliers, Royal Welch Fusiliers, KOSB and KOYL. It was a battle memorable for the way in which British Infantry attacked fresh and unbroken French cavalry in line — and shattered them. After Minden the French abandoned their gains in Westphalia. It was a crucial battle of the Seven Years War.



Four-man guard of honour at Winchester wore the uniforms of 1759 and 1887.

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RASH ON FACE CLEARED

Writes H. S., Derby

A rash kept breaking out on
this poor fellow's face so
often that he really began to
believe nothing could help him!
And then, all of a sudden, his
doubts were dispelled for ever!
How? Read his story, in his own
words, below:

"I was a little doubtful when I first
tried Valderma for the rash I had
breaking out upon the face. Doubts
were dispelled however by the end
of the first jar and a second one
seemed to have cleared the skin
completely. Now there is always
some Valderma at hand 'in case'
... and nothing BUT Valderma
will do." *H.S., Derby.*

DOUBLE-ANTISEPTIC ACTION

At the first touch of soothing
Valderma on the skin, its two anti-
septics go into action. In double-
quick time the bacteria that cause
most skin complaints are killed off,
because each of these two antiseptics
is deadly to different groups of germs.

WORKS UNDER THE SKIN

All irritation subsides. Itching and
soreness cease. The skin becomes
clear and clean. Eczema, Dermatitis,
boils, rashes, pimples, and most
common skin diseases are cleared
away under the skin, because
Valderma penetrates right to the
roots of the trouble.



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Re-infection cannot occur as
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sion base filters away all poisons.
Valderma, which has undergone the
most carefully supervised clinical
tests, is creamy yet non-greasy. Be-
cause it is non-staining and invisible
on the skin, it can be applied any-
where, any time. 2/2½ or 3/10 double
size. Insist on the larger jar — it
will save you money.

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men meet—
it's KIWI...

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with this outfit. And
its the same in every
country — KIWI's the
number one polish."

"Can't wonder. There's
nothing like KIWI to
give a gleaming shine
AND to help preserve
the leather in all cli-
mates."

"That's because of
KIWI's rich waxes
which sink deep into
the pores of the leather,



keeping it soft and
supple..."

"Which reminds me. I
must get some KIWI
in the canteen — my
tin's nearly had it..."

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MARIE (The Body) MACDONALD

The squaddie
Who refers to this lady as The Body
Is practising an economy
Of language known as metonymy.

