

# SOLDIER

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FRANK FINCH



THE NEW BERETS  
(See Page 26)



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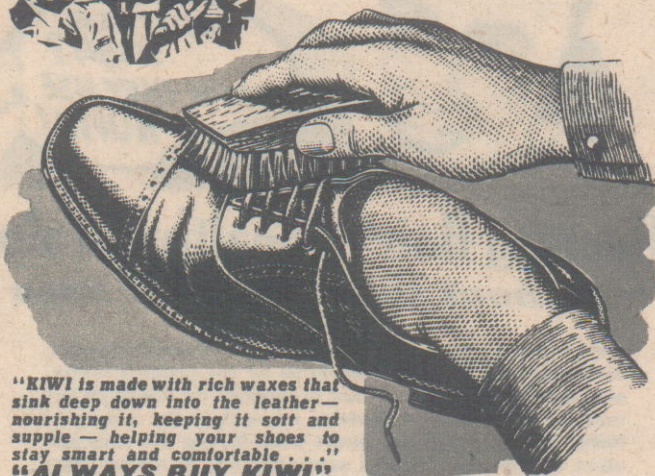


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# THE LAST MEN IN

It was "Bloody Mary" who said that when she died the word Calais would be found engraved on her heart. The soldiers who have been winding up an Army in France have not expressed themselves quite so keenly... but it's been hard slogging

INTO the calm water framed by the smashed jetties and grass-covered ruins which form the approaches to Calais crept the British Railways steamer *Invicta*, with her load of British and American tourists for Paris and the Mediterranean.

On the quayside train attendants, porters, dockers and the man from Cooks crowded round the gangway emblazoned with its Golden Arrow.

Standing a little to one side was Sapper B. Williams, wearing the white arm-band of Movement Control: he was there to direct any soldier from England who might be calling on Britain's ghost Army in France.

Up the road were the great transit camps which slept and fed some four million troops on their way to Germany, Austria, Italy and the Mediterranean. In December 1944, when these camps opened, the horse boxes rattled so violently on the rail-



In front of the clock-tower of Calais Town Hall (visible across the Channel on fine days) the French owner of an ex-Army jeep carries out a quick repair. At right is one of the last Army notices in Calais.

With the last Graves unit: Major C. J. O'Shaughnessy, who has the MBE, the Military Cross, the George Medal, the Military Medal and Croix de Guerre.



way lines that incredulous troops jumped off to see if there were any wheels. Now the Paris train runs smoothly on newly-laid metals.

Today No 1 camp is a college for young ladies and No 2, which stands on the far side of the harbour, is a home for old people. Numbers 3 and 5 stand desolate, the tannoy speakers silent; the cinemas which once ran non-stop from ten in the morning until midnight are deserted. Soon, too, Britain's ghost army will have left No 4 Camp, and the grass will grow thickly over the flower borders.

Why ghost army? Because on 30 September, when the British Press announced that the last hundred soldiers had left Calais,

there were a few hollow laughs in No 4 Camp. Here two officers and 44 men of the RAOC were working from 8 am to 7 pm (Saturdays and Sundays included); even in No 3 Camp there were two officers and three men from a Graves unit, a Movement Control officer and three men, and a Pioneer Labour Unit officer, all tidying up.

What did happen on 30 September was that on paper the Army ceased to be established in France, but the last troops could not walk out just like that. Take Ordnance, for example. They had to finish an enormous clearing-up operation.

When a large force lands in a foreign country, as the British Liberation Army did from D-Day



# Continuing THE LAST MEN IN FRANCE

onwards, the stores brought ashore run into hundreds of thousands of tons. When the last units withdraw there are far too few men to take back all the equipment, and so surplus kit is placed in dumps. The job of Ordnance is to sort out this kit, send home what is useful and stack the rest for the Ministry of Supply to sell locally.

Recently all Ordnance dumps have been concentrated on Calais, and Major J. Crawford, who a year ago had the job of sorting out a dump in the South of France, where hundreds of tons of unserviceable kit were sold, has been tackling the final clear-up.

Long lines of trucks and cars were run down to the quayside for shipment by RASC landing craft and cross-channel steamer to Dover. But dozens more remained — huge American lorries which the British Army no longer needed, smashed trucks and cars (many captured from the enemy) which were not worth repairing.

Until the recent sale there were 26,000 blankets of no further use to the Army. Each one had to be examined, rolled with others in bundles of nine, and stacked in lots of 500 in the old camp theatre.

Other items for sorting included 1000 mess tins, 2000 camp kettles, 5000 pairs of old boots, 10,000 tin plates, 2000 crockery plates, 4000 knives, 6000 forks, 3000 iron bedsteads (some French, some German), 4000 tables, 1000 folding chairs, 2000 buckets, 15,000 sets of web equipment, 5000 sheets, 20 tons of coir matting. Every article had to be examined; if considered to be of any use it was sent to Britain. The remaining items had to be listed for the catalogue and stacked so that they could be seen by prospective buyers, who — judging by past experience — could be expected from Britain, Eire, France, Spain, Portugal, the Low Countries and Denmark.

In this vast sale the French

Government had one say. Nothing purchased was to remain in France. Every item had to be taken to another country — even the smashed cars which were bought for their tyres.

After the sale, Major Crawford, his second-in-command, Lieut J. C. Hughes, and the men would be able to pack any last-minute kit for home. When they have gone the representative of Claims and Hirings in Paris will hand No 4 Camp to the French. A most certainly the huts will be dismantled for rebuilding elsewhere. Then the paper mills next door will be able to have their railway back, for the camp was built on a railway line which runs under the huts.

In No 3 Camp next door a French labourer pulled down the last notice, denoting the headquarters of Graves Registration and Enquiries, Western Europe. A few months ago there were eight graves units in France, now they have all gone. In the last days of August the final grave was finished at Arras — that of a soldier killed in the Pas de Calais area, and one of the saddest jobs in the British Army was ended in Western Europe.

Since the end of the war thousands of graves have been located and the bodies removed to consecrated ground. If a man was buried in a churchyard by his unit the grave was allowed to remain there, but a special plan with its position marked had to be sent to War Office. Wooden crosses have been replaced by aluminium ones; later the Imperial War Graves Commission will again replace these with head stones bearing the soldier's regimental crest.

Major C. J. O'Shaughnessy, MBE, MC, GM, MM and Croix de Guerre, was the last of the Graves men to go. He joined the Royal Field Artillery in 1914, and won his MM and Croix de Guerre in World War One. In 1918 he was commissioned in the RAF



Millions of men passed through the five transit camps of Calais. Now the huts are being dismantled by the French for re-erection elsewhere. Below: The job everybody would like to do: burning old files. Captain Charles Price, of the Pioneer Corps Labour Unit, supervises French workmen.



This was one item of Army stores which, happily, was not wanted. It joined the pile of goods for local sale.





Off duty at the Cafe des Trois Suisses: Private H. Hall, Private E. Livesey, L/Cpl. P. Wall ... and Mlle Guislaine Lovaud. Below: L/Cpl. Wall snapshots his mates with M. Edmond Tarlier and family outside their cafe which, being near the former British HQ in Calais, was popular with troops.



The truck seen below wasn't worth shipping home — but someone will buy it, may be for the sake of a few spares.



and after his release joined the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars in the ranks. By World War Two he was RSM and was then commissioned and joined the Special Air Service. He was awarded the George Medal for saving lives when a petrol tanker and an ammunition ship blazed up in Tobruk harbour during the siege, and the MC for service in the Aegean Isles where he was landed by parachute.

His assistant, Captain D. Sharman, RA, was in India and Burma during the war before coming to the Graves unit. He supervised the burial of many of the 5000 men who lie in the great Bayeux cemetery. Most of the work was done by French civilians, with British soldiers to help when labour was short.

The departure of the British Army has meant that thousands of French men and women have had to find new jobs. Captain Charles Price of the civil labour unit, once employed 4000 French staff in Calais alone. Most of these worked in kitchens and dining-rooms, cared for the gardens, and carried out repairs. The last camp was closed to mass travellers in September 1947 when the Medloc route to Austria was switched to the Hook of Holland.

"We then had a small garrison, with headquarters of the Graves units, a company of the Loyals to provide guards, a Town Major, a RASC supply depot and other small establishments," said Captain Price. Today when you see the concrete blocks where there used to be huts it is hard to remember that sometimes we had to feed up to 12,000 men and women when a ship was held up through bad weather."

In another bare Nissen hut sat Captain S. A. Green, Staff Captain of Movements who landed in France on D-plus-14. He remembered the "headache" of four years ago when the British raced to Brussels and all convoys had to operate from the invasion area because the Germans still held the ports. Then came the opening of BLA leave from 1 January 1945, followed by the running of the famous Medloc routes which carried 1,923,758 men through Calais.

Taking a final look round was MSM W. J. Jarratt of the Royal Engineers. After two and a half years on the Continent he was now attached to Home Counties District, Shorncliffe, and his job was to see that, among other things, the Army did not forget to turn off the water. He also had to check electrical installations.

Until the last soldier goes, this ghost Army has one link with home — the RASC launch carrying rations and NAAFI supplies from Eastern Command.

Major Crawford is paymaster, quartermaster and messing officer all in one. A local laundry washes the last shirts of the British Army, and a pump in No 4 Camp holds the last allotment of petrol for Army vehicles on French soil.

Calais' feelings on the British departure were summed up by Mlle Yvonne Jacob who worked as secretary with the labour unit. "We had the British here in 1940 and there is a memorial to the Rifle Brigade because of their fighting here. And then the Germans came, and the shelling and the raids. And then suddenly there were the Canadians, and when the Germans refused to give in a lot of us fled from the town. And then the Germans went and the British came and Calais became itself once more. It will be so sad without the British here."

The soldiers' views were summed up by men like Sjt E. J. Hembrow and Sjt H. G. Nixon of the RAOC, who have got to know France well. "It's a good country," they said. "The people are very kind to the troops and entertain them really well."

Some ex-soldiers have come back. S/Sjt W. R. Stocks, who was with the BEF and came out via Dunkirk, met a French girl when he was on the staff of No 3 Camp in 1945. They are now married and Stocks is in civilian employment in the town. "I shall be sorry to see the troops go but somehow I find France a grand place. Anyway, it's not far to England if I get homesick."

Most of the ghost Army are National Servicemen who have been in France only a few weeks — lads like Pte H. Shaw of Newcastle, Pte D. Duff of Stockton-on-Tees and Pte Gareth Rees of Swansea, all 19-year-olds. "We have all been so busy on Ordnance work we have not had much time to look round. Still, it doesn't seem a bad spot."

But one young soldier who visited his first French cafe and danced with two girls found them a little too full of Gallic fire for his taste. "I did a bunk," he exclaimed. "I haven't been back since."

ERIC DUNSTER

Continued overleaf



"Who said the RSM's bark was worse than his bite?"



# THE LAST MEN IN FRANCE (Continued)



Above: left. Not for much longer will a British soldier—in this case Sapper B. C. Williams—meet the cross-Channel steamers. Right: In the badly bombed part of Calais is a scarred memorial to the dead of World War One.

Left: This parting wreath was laid on the Resistance Memorial by the British Commander and troops in Calais.

Right: Few soldiers in Calais knew that a railway line ran under many of the huts. Now the track will be bared again.



Left: Shuttered and forlorn, this building was once the daily objective of Servicemen in Calais. Below: The British Army's last gate in France. When this closes the exodus will be complete.





# GENERAL SLIM SIGNS ON AGAIN

The country called for help from battle-proved soldiers... so back from Civvy Street came General Sir William Slim

**W**HEN General Sir William Slim left the Army in 1947 to "work on the railways," there were some who had a hunch that the Army had not seen the end of him.

Happily, their hunch was right. Confounding precedent, 57-year-old General Slim has come back from civil life to be the new Chief of the Imperial General Staff. He takes over from Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, who becomes defence chief of Western Union.

The return of General Slim, late Indian Army, is bad news: bad news for the "legal minimum wallahs," the weavers of red tape and for slack disciplinarians.

Anyone who thinks that a soldier unused to the ways of the War Office will take some time to find his feet is probably in for a surprise. General Slim is not the man to be baffled by procedure.

His appointment is a recognition of his power of leadership, the same inspiring leadership which he showed as commander of what was probably the largest single Army ever put in the field — the Fourteenth Army of 800,000 men, white, black, brown and yellow. "I'm Slim. I'm here to show my face," was how he used to begin his talks to the troops.

Since he left the Far East, Slim has remained a public figure. He has been robed at famous universities, he has attended reunions. Of his job with the Railway Executive he has said little, except to explain that it was not sheer cussedness that kept fares high, but the need for making nationalised railways pay their way as they would be expected to do under private enterprise. But it is as a broadcaster that General Slim has gained great post-war popularity in Britain. He has a good microphone manner, his subject is always a meaty one, and he coins memorable phrases which have a deceptive ring of simplicity (See *SOLDIER* to *Soldier*, page 13). The result is that today both civilians and soldiers look to Slim as a leader.

General Slim's last job before he left the Army was that of Commandant of the Imperial Defence College, which he had earlier attended as a student. Under him were senior officers of the three Services, and

Civil Servants. Now, as CIGS, he will renew contact with many of the men he trained.

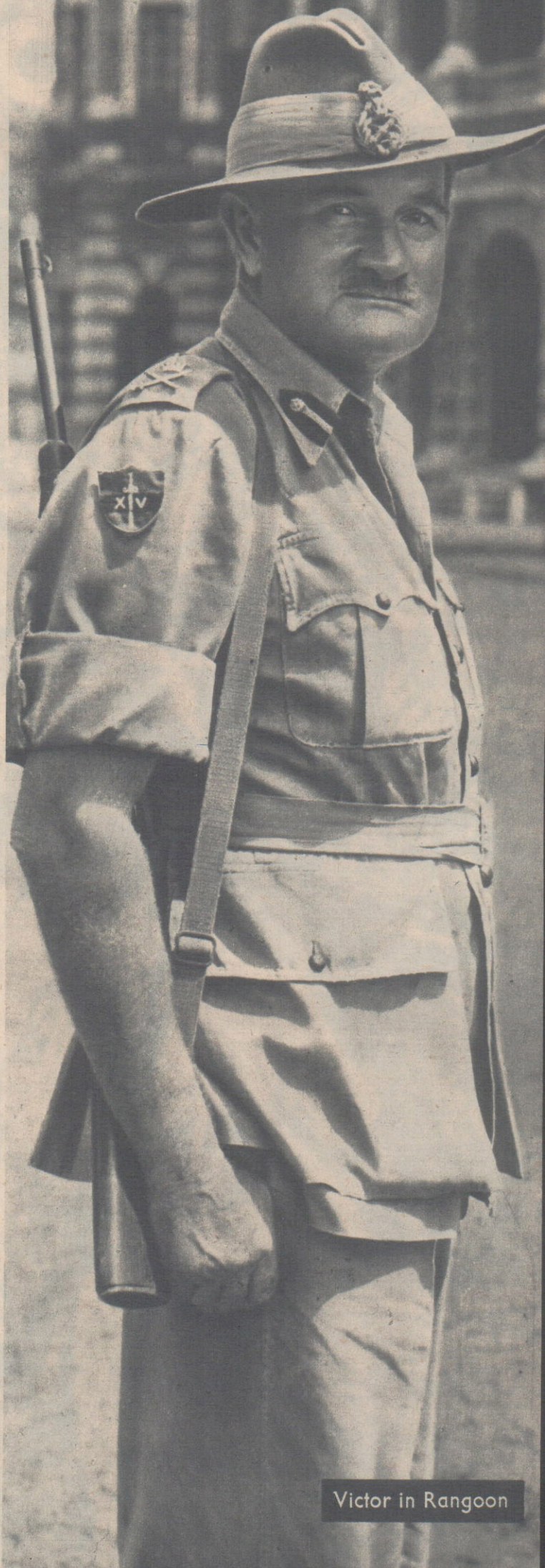
The outlines of General Slim's career are familiar to most *SOLDIER* readers. Educated at King Edward School, Birmingham, he joined the ranks in World War One, losing his first stripe (as the newspapers delight in retelling) for dropping out on the march to drink a proffered glass of beer. He was commissioned into the Royal Warwicks, served in Gallipoli (where he was wounded), France and Mesopotamia (where he won the MC). Afterwards he joined the 6th Gurkha Rifles and soldiered in India for most of the inter-war years, with a spell as instructor at Camberley.

In World War Two Slim led the 10th Infantry Brigade in the Sudan and Eritrea (where he was wounded again); the 10th Indian Division in Syria, Persia and Iraq. Then he went to the country where he was to become famous, taking over command of 1st Burma Corps in retreat. "When they told me what forces I had, I wished they hadn't."

He completed the fighting retreat, secured a breather. Then he was appointed to 15th Indian Corps in the Arakan, and finally in late 1943 to the redoubtable Fourteenth, or "Forgotten" Army, where the rule was "God helps those who help themselves." In this role he had to make many critical strategic and tactical decisions; it is perhaps as a result that he dislikes being likened to a bulldog, which is no tactician.

After victory came his appointment as C-in-C Allied Land Forces, S-E Asia, and then the call home to the Imperial Defence College. From Belgrave Square he watched the end of the India he had known, the splitting of the Indian Army he had served. But the Gurkhas stayed on with the British Army. Today General Slim is Colonel of the 7th Gurkha Rifles (he was once commandant of the 2nd Battalion). He is also Colonel of the West Yorkshire Regiment, which served under him in Burma.

General in a striped tie — for one year only.



Victor in Rangoon



# FOLLOWING UP



Symbolic of the Malayan operations: a patrol moves up into the jungle.

# FERRET FORCE

In the Malayan jungles Ferret Force has shown its teeth. Soon the Army's reinforcements, trained in jungle warfare, will start the final clear-up of guerillas

**T**HE Guards are now in Malaya — for the first time in history. They are being taught jungle warfare on the lines successfully used by Ferret Force, and they and other Regular units are to be split up into groups like the Ferrets.

Thanks to recent reinforcements (including the 4th Hussars), and the offensive patrols of Ferret Force and the Malayan police, the future of the guerillas does not look too healthy.

Already the Commissioner-General for South-East Asia (Mr. Malcolm MacDonald) has said that the bandits have suffered "a grave defeat". There were, he said, between 3000 and 5000 guerillas who "seemed powerless to mount a major offensive". Almost all were Chinese born outside Malaya.

But final elimination of the guerillas will be a long job. In Negri Sembilan an Army patrol found a camp for 250 men, equipped with parade-ground, a stage, a recreation room and a guard-room, which does not support the picture of guerillas as ragged bands living from hand to mouth. Of the stealthy savagery of the jungle war the newspaper public

had a glimpse in the headlined story of the jungle bathing pool ambush, in which British soldiers were killed.

Today, nevertheless, the Army finds itself where it most likes to be: on the offensive.



The first job of the Malaya garrison, when bandit troubles broke out, was to guard against attacks on plantations, police-stations, mines, government offices and public buildings.

Those guards took all the men the Army could muster — and more. Local volunteers and plantation workers supplemented soldiers and policemen, but there were still gaps, especially on Chinese-owned estates which did not appoint guards, and in the

"squatter areas" where Chinese have set up house on Crown lands. These gave the bandits "safe areas" in which to muster or hide.

For a time little news of the anti-bandit operations came out of Malaya. Then the GOC Malaya District, Major-General C. H. Boucher, broke the silence and revealed why a new force called Ferret had been in action.

Ferret Force consists of groups of about 90, able to operate independently. The group consists of a headquarters and four teams, each commanded by a man chosen because he knows the country well, with eleven men and three or more civilians. They include British, Gurkha and Malay troops, Chinese interpreters and Dyak trackers from Borneo (who dislike PT before breakfast and have long discarded their blow-pipes).

Many of the leaders are men who served with Force 136, the organisation which fought with Malayan guerillas behind the Japanese lines during the war. Others were with Wingate's Chindits in Burma. They are

OVER



Above: He looks mild enough now, and they call him George. But Hillier Anak Gumis is a Dyak tracker and a crack shot. Below: The Dorothy Lamour hair-style is the only resemblance this Dyak has to Hollywood. His instructor is Serjeant R. Beaumont, attached to the Malay Regiment.







Lieut-Gen. Sir John Harding, once a Desert Rat, will take over command of Far East Land Forces from Lieut-Gen. Sir Neil Ritchie in mid-1949.

## FOLLOWING UP FERRET FORCE

(Continued)

seasoned jungle-fighters and their units carry, besides ordinary Infantry weapons, special jungle-fighting equipment.

The Ferrets were a disagreeable surprise to the bandits. Once they had been able to feel safe whenever they moved into the jungle. Now they found themselves and their supplies columns being harried. They never know when their hide-outs might be raided.

But the Ferrets are only by way of being a stop-gap measure. Because of their small numbers, their offensives are "on a limited scale", but theirs is the attack that is the best form of defence.

On Singapore Island British, Gurkha, Malay, Ceylonese and Chinese are now undergoing specialised assault and physical training courses to prepare them to hunt bandits in the jungles where, in happier times, some of them may have ranged to shoot boar.

And while these preparations are in hand, life has been going on with as little interruption as possible behind Malaya's defences. A group of Sapper WO's and NCO's have been learning Gurkhali, so that they can teach engineering subjects to a new intake of Gurkha troops at the end of this year; there have also been basic English courses for Gurkha instructors. While a Tommy-gunner stood guard outside a cinema, Colonial notables went to see the premiere of the Hamlet film.

An Eighth Army veteran, a serjeant, quite undeterred by bandits, took local release so that he could start work right away (at about £20 a week) with a local firm. And on Penang Island, Malaya's favourite holiday spot, a soldier took his bride, a nurse, for a honeymoon among the Army's leave-makers.



Above: Besides British instructors, the Dyak trackers have a civil liaison officer, Mr. F. B. K. Drake (right). Below: Grenades, pistols and paper: material captured from a bandit hide-out is much the same as that left by any other fleeing troops.





**W**HEN the three months delay was imposed on the release programme, **SOLDIER** expected

# SOLDIER to Soldier

that there might be minor repercussions in the post-bag. But the form these repercussions took could scarcely have been foreseen: the news had driven men to commit poetry.

The sentiments were philosophical rather than sardonic. There was one poem from Tel el Kebir which was full of nostalgia for "England, Home and Heaven." This was the last verse of a poem from Rhine Army:

*We may have three more months to do,  
And it may seem bloody long to you,  
But do cheer up and keep quite merry  
For it's not too long to January.*

**SOLDIER** has a feeling that the present Poet Laureate would have appreciated that, if only for the word "bloody" which appears in so many of his own earlier poems.

Seriously, though, the men of Group Seventy-Seven and kindred groups deserve every credit for the way they took it on the chin. A pity that no politician has thought it worth getting up to say so.

**"YOU can have discipline without liberty, but you can't have liberty without discipline."**

That was one of the epigrams thrown off by General Sir William Slim, the new Chief of the Imperial General Staff, speaking on the radio last month shortly before his new appointment.

Because the majority of **SOLDIER's** readers do not hear the BBC programmes, and because newspapers rarely report broadcast speeches, **SOLDIER** makes no apology for quoting from General Slim's talk here.

The General directed his talk on discipline mainly at the workers in industry. He said that if they took their cars and bicycles and rode wherever they wanted to go, that was liberty. But as they traversed the streets towards their destination, they kept to the left. That was discipline.

"The problem is not 'Shall we accept discipline?' — sooner or later we have to. The question is 'How shall we accept it?' Shall it be imposed by physical violence or fear, by grim economic necessity, or accepted by consent and understanding? Shall it come from without or within?"

"Foreign visitors sometimes talk of our 'natural' discipline. Of course, it isn't natural. You might just as well talk of the 'instincts of a gentleman.' A man becomes a gentleman only by overcoming his instincts. It's the same with discipline. Our kind is acquired. It is with us, thank God, a tradition and like all traditions it's been a plant of slow growth. It's worth cherishing.

"True discipline isn't someone shouting orders at others. That's dictatorship, not discipline. The voluntary, reasoned discipline accepted by free, intelligent men and women is another thing. It's binding on all, from top to bottom."

And to illustrate the last point General Slim told this story against himself:

"One morning, long ago, as a brand-new second lieutenant, I was walking on to parade. A private soldier passed me, and saluted. I acknowledged his salute with an airy wave of the hand. Suddenly, behind me, a voice rasped out my name. I spun round, and there was my Colonel, for whom I had a most wholesome respect, and with him the Regimental Serjeant-Major of whom, also, if the truth must be told, I stood in some awe. 'I see,' said the Colonel, 'you don't know how to return a salute. Serjeant-Major, plant your staff in the ground, and let Mr. Slim practise saluting it until he does know how to return a salute.' So to and fro I marched, in sight of the whole battalion, saluting the Serjeant-Major's cane. I could cheerfully have murdered the Colonel, the Serjeant-Major, and more than cheerfully, my fellow subalterns grinning at me. At the end of ten minutes, the Colonel called me up to him. All he said was, 'Now remember, discipline begins with the officers.'"

**T**HE heading "Why Ridicule The Soldier?" in the *Daily Graphic* caught **SOLDIER's** eye.

It appeared that the writer "Candidus" (who is a good friend of the Army) was very cross about a picture which had appeared in the papers showing an enterprising soldier snipping a lock from the head of the actress Hermione Baddeley. The soldier had been given this task in the

course of an "intelligence test," and what (asked "Candidus") was so very intelligent in collecting locks of hair from Westend actresses?

Now surely there is some confusion here. Snipping a curl from Miss Hermione Baddeley, or getting a signature of Miss Llanfairfechan 1948, or bringing back a copy of the current *John o' Groats Journal* — these acts in themselves do not constitute tests of intelligence; but they do argue that the successful soldier has shown some degree of initiative, especially if he has travelled five hundred miles on twopence halfpenny to reach his objective.

"Candidus" suggests that a soldier who succeeds in getting a lock of an actress's hair only shows that he is thick-skinned. But being thick-skinned — if that is the right name for it — is not necessarily a disadvantage. The field security serjeant who is detailed to search the person of an angry Oriental archbishop, or the young officer who is called on to requisition anything from a cafe to a castle is likely to make better progress if he has already carried out a number of assignments which call for a bit of "brass neck." The first time a young reporter interviews a film star he feels diffident and nervous; after half a dozen film stars he is ready to tackle Prime Ministers. The good soldier, like the good reporter, is never diffident or nervous.

**E**XCEPT in the midst of battle, the soldier knows where his next meal is coming from. It is one comforting thought in a life which is not without discomforts.

When a Regular is released, this comforting thought vanishes. By serving his country he lost his chance of entering industry at the usual age; he should not be handicapped as a wage-earner on that account.

That is why it is good news that the National Joint Advisory Council — on which employers and unions are represented — are getting down to the problem of resettling Regulars. They have agreed to the principle that Regulars should be able to enter industry at a level consistent with their age, experience and ability.

Plans to this end, including training schemes, are to be worked out in different industries. In Government service some clerical and executive vacancies will be reserved so that ex-Regulars may compete for them in examinations: this is in addition to those jobs tactfully referred to as "traditional openings of minor character." There is to be an enquiry, too, to find whether more jobs can be provided in local government.

For some time trade unions have recognised soldiers in numerous Army trades. Discussions are going on which may lengthen the list. Industries are also to be consulted to see whether training can be given to those who have no Service trade applicable to civil life, but whose experience and ability qualify them to train for a skilled occupation. There will also be training schemes for selected Regulars who wish to enter business or a profession.



## 70-TON TANK

From the Detroit Tank Arsenal comes a new 70-ton tank which, it is claimed, can outmanoeuvre any known tank including the German Tiger or the Stalin III, yet handles with finger-tip control. It is powered by an entirely new engine. The prototype is undergoing tests before mass-production starts.





Over the top: battle course toughens muscle.



Chasseur Charles Soulet wears an American-style helmet which seems to change his nationality. Below: half-tracks carry troops to training ground.



The French Zone contains the wild Black Forest.

## SOLDIER Visits

The French soldier arrives in Germany in his civilian clothes; his Army training begins on German soil. SOLDIER sent JOHN HUGHES and photographer DESMOND O'NEILL to a regiment of Chasseurs to see how this plan worked out

**T**HE French soldier serving with his country's occupying force in Germany has one advantage over the British soldier: if he feels homesick, he need only climb one of half a dozen peaks and look across the plain to see the spires of Strasbourg and Mulhouse in the distance. *La Patrie* is at his doorstep.

About 16,000 square miles of Germany, possibly the most beautiful part of the country, is administered by the French occupation force — TOA, as it is called. On the job are 32,000 French troops, which works out at two per square mile.

On the whole the French soldier's lot is cast in pleasanter places than his opposite number in the British Army. Not without justice was it said that the British took over ruins and the Americans and French the scenery.

Except for one or two cities like Ludwigshafen and Coblenz, there is little sign of war to be seen anywhere in the Zone. Its picturesque villages are undamaged. The mighty Black Forest still rears sombrely across dozens of

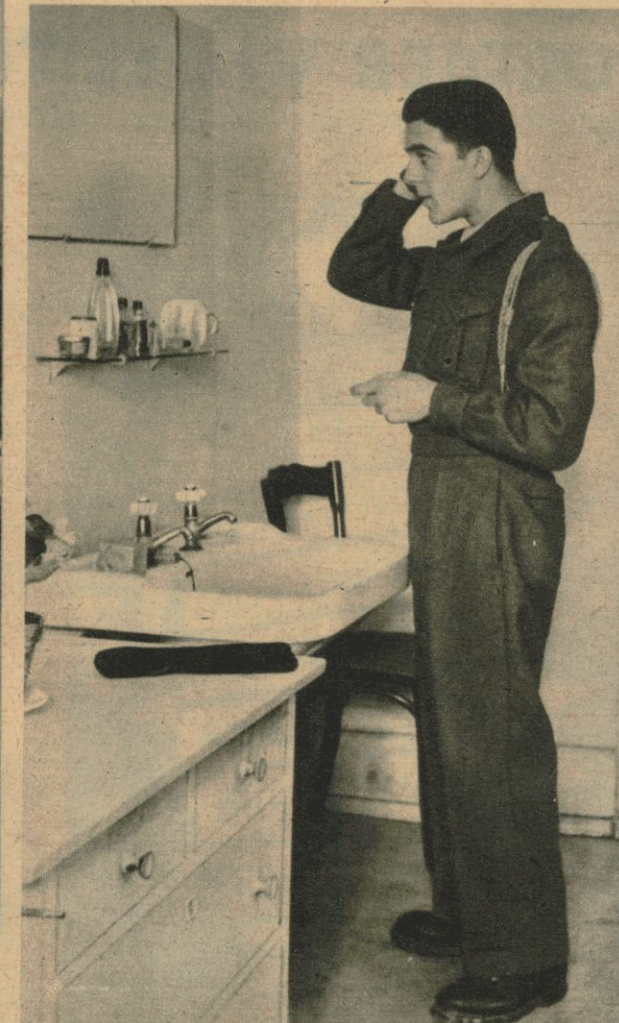
miles of countryside. Cloud-capped mountains tower to the sky, their sides threaded with fast-running streams. Long valleys, lush with meadow grass and dotted with fat cattle, poke their fingers into the hills.

But the modern French soldier has little time to admire the view. He has too much to do in his 12 months service. France has streamlined her Army. The National Serviceman is still the backbone of the new Army as he was of the old but a lot of dead wood has been cut away. France has no longer money to spare for a huge Army.

Under the Tassigny Plan, worked out by General de Latre de Tassigny after consultations with Field-Marshal Montgomery, the young French soldier does all his training in the French Zone.



"Sans Tache" (Without Stain) is the motto on the band's banners. Note the trumpeter executing a flourish in the second rank. Right: Chasseur Charles Soulet dresses to go out for the evening. In each room is a washbasin, dressing table and wardrobe.



## The French Zone

When called to the colours he reports to a regiment serving in Germany. Almost invariably he arrives at regimental headquarters wearing civilian clothes. He is embodied into the service there and remains with the regiment for his 12 months duty tour.

SOLDIER went to Freudenstadt to see how this worked out in the case of a man sent to the famed 20th Chasseurs Portés. The regiment received SOLDIER with flattering honours. It is a Light Infantry unit comparable to our own Rifle Brigade but primarily intended as tank support troops. The regiment, which fought during the war with the Fifth French Armoured, captured Freudenstadt in 1945 and has remained there since. The 20th Chasseurs claim that they drove more deeply into Germany than any other French troops. With 100 years of fighting everywhere that the French Army has been (and the French have had almost as many little wars in out of the way places as the British) regimental tradition is strong. Says Lieut-Col. Charles Noel, who is CO: "Our regimental motto means 'Without Stain' and I impress upon recruits when they come to us that no action of theirs must stain our honour."

It seems to succeed. The Chasseurs at work and at play bear themselves as do men who are proud of their service. Life in the French Army is not easy. The recruit draws elevenpence farthing in francs, along with 100 free cigarettes a week, an ounce of tobacco and a box of matches. (The cigarettes are made in Germany and to the English palate are unattractive). His rations are good and are supplemented by a daily half-pint of wine.

The French soldier's personal equipment is up to British standards; in one respect it is a little better since he gets issued with a "best" suit of smartly cut blue patrols which he must wear on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. With it go a white shirt, dark tie, white webbing belt, gaiters. Normally he wears khaki battle-dress and blanched webbing.

All his training is done with the regiment and a rigorous timetable has been drawn up which occupies all his time. Captain Pierre Reveillou explained that the first task was to get recruits fit.

"Most of the men we have sent to us now were only nine or ten years old in 1939. They grew up during the Occupation when conditions were against building strong, healthy children. I do not say that the standard is low but it is not as good as it is in your Army. We have to build them up. After the first few weeks

of exercise, plenty of food and a healthy outdoor life, the men put on weight and are toned up for the field training. Stamina is very necessary to Chasseurs. Our marching step is 170 to the minute and a man must be able to keep it up all day if necessary."

Basic training is much the same as in the British Army and occupies about four hours a day. Another two hours are taken up by lectures on weapons, elementary tactics, current affairs and similar subjects. Two more hours are spent on the obstacle course. Considerable insistence is laid on individual effort. More often than not the instructors set problems which the Chasseur must solve alone. "We think that within the general framework of battle discipline, a soldier who has learned to rely on himself and is able to make a decision without looking around for the nearest NCO is a better soldier than the man who waits for orders," said Capt. Reveillou.

Back in barracks after the day's work the Chasseur shares a room with another man. As far as possible, in Germany at least, the French Army tries to avoid the barrack-room system of billeting. Each room contains a civilian type wardrobe, tables and comfortable chairs.

One thing that would be novel to the British soldier is that the canteen bar sells wine and spirits. On the other hand there are no "chairs and wads" in the French Army. Another surprise is the presence in each billet of a suggestions box. Each letter is carefully read by the OC and if it cannot be dealt with at company level is passed to the colonel.

This is what Chasseur Charles Soulet thinks of his Army life: —

"It is my duty to serve France but I did not think that I should like the Army so much. I come from a small village in the Midi and it is possible that I should never have gone beyond the nearest village if I had not been called to the Colours. Now I have seen a new country, big towns in France and have met men from all parts of France. Besides I have put on weight; I have been well fed and cared for and I have gained the honour of serving with the best regiment in the Army." Chasseur Edouard Consein nodded approval. A man from a grimy manufacturing town in the north of France, he said he had gained strength and stature which he would never have acquired but for the Army. It was good, too, he said, to be a member of the Occupying Forces. "One remembers the Germans when they occupied my town. Now the boot is on the other foot."



# SOLDIER Visits The French Zone (Continued)



Army sign-post in Baden-Baden. Note third pointer from the bottom.

## NO MORE KINGS AT BADEN-BADEN

Baden-Baden, one-time resort of the international rich, is the headquarters of the French occupation army. Not even the spectacular presence of Moroccan guards robs it of its old-world character



Left: one of the smart Moroccan soldiers who guard the French GHQ. They are seen being inspected (above).





**B**ADEN-BADEN, the famous spa town which is now the administrative centre of the French Zone, still retains some of the elegance it possessed when all fashionable Society could be seen there.

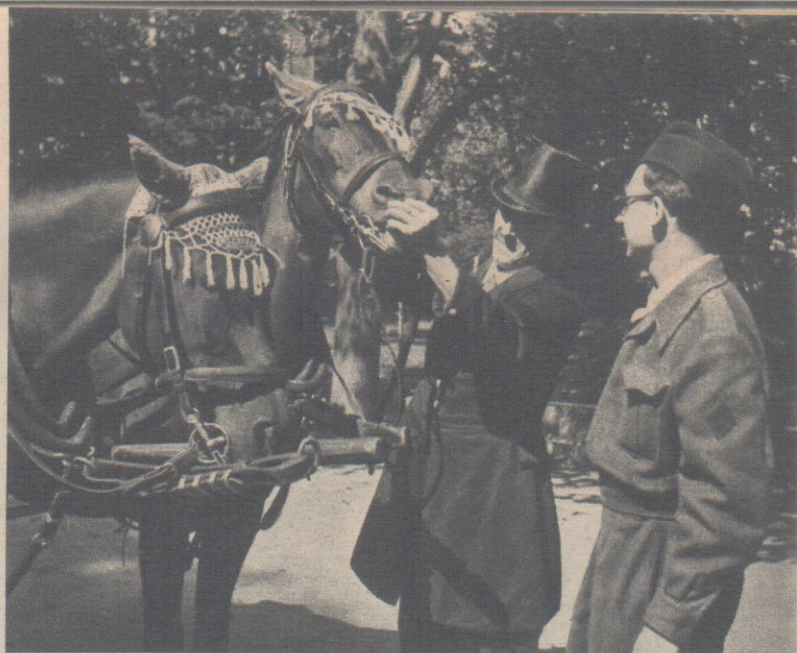
Its tree-lined streets, lovely gardens and the glittering River Oos, nestling under the Merkurberg Hills, are still there. But where once dukes and duchesses rubbed shoulders with millionaires, and minor nobility danced attendance on Balkan royalty, French troops and officials go about the business of administering their Zone.

The Casino is now a block of offices. Most of the hotels are French Army or Control Commission billets. Most of the larger shops are run by "Economat," the equivalent of NAAFI.

Although it is the "capital" of the Zone, life moves at a quiet pace. There is little traffic on the roads. What there is, is official.

Offices open at 8.30 and close three hours later for the Frenchman's long lunch interval, which lasts certainly not less than two hours. This applies equally to the Army.

The headquarters of the Army is a lovely old house perched on a hill top, reached by a road with an S-bend every 20 or 30 yards. Smart Moroccan troops stand guard outside and within two gendarmes check visitors in a hall furnished as elegantly as a country mansion. Thick carpets deaden the sound of footfalls as one enters rooms where staff officers work at desks quite unlike the utilitarian tables provided for their opposite numbers in the British Army. Through the gaily curtained windows one looks out on some of the loveliest scenery in Europe. It is a truly gracious setting for a GHQ. But then Baden-Baden is a gracious place.



Old-time coachman, proud of his tasselled horses, still plies in the streets of Baden-Baden.



Novel to the stranger are the gestures of the French pointsman.



Boy meets girl outside the Foyer Militaire — equivalent of a NAAFI club.



The French soldiers' families are there too — and it's only a short rail trip to France.



# OUT-OF-THE-WAY JOBS IN RHINE ARMY



This plateau is made up of hundreds of thousands of tyres which will be retreaded in the next 18 months.



You wouldn't ride far on this one ... but Craftsman Tommy Reynolds is starting it on the road to recovery.



Craftsman B. E. Streeton prepares a tyre for vulcanising.

## 1 THE TYRE-TREADERS



If it's only a small job, Craftsman P. J. Kershaw fixes a patch to the tyre.

**W**HEN Craftsman Tommy Reynolds marches up to the pay table and draws his money he may suspect that the Treasury has made quite a handsome profit on his week's skilled work.

Craftsman Reynolds does not mind. Five shillings and sixpence a day is below the trade union rate, but his reward will come when he goes out of the Army with a trade which, with luck, will earn him £9 a week.

If that happens, he will in the first place owe it to the officer at BAOR's 2nd Echelon who posted him to the Army's only Tyre Retreading Unit in Europe, 958 TRU at Itzehoe, north of Hamburg to-

wards Denmark. When Tommy joined the Army he had done a lot of jobs — none of them likely to get him anywhere.

The Primary Training Centre sent him to REME. In his first unit, a big workshops, he got a thorough training as a coach-painter and sign-writer. Then, as they say, the exigencies of the Services resulted in his being posted to 958 TRU.

The OC, Capt. P. Brunskill-Davis, a peace-time rubber expert, talked to him when he arrived and told him his job would be to keep the Army's wheels turning. So Craftsman Reynolds buckled down to learn a new trade.

New tyres are expensive; they consume rubber, canvas, cotton and other things which would involve either dollar expenditure or the loss of valuable dollar markets if the Army had to buy new ones every time a tread wore down.

Apart from supplying the Army

with about 1200 rebuilt tyres a week, the Unit repairs a further 300 damaged tyres and reconditions about 800 inner tubes. It also manufactures such things as shock-absorber bushes, engine mountings, wind-screen strips, faces for table tennis bats, soles and heels, and even rubber substitute spares for railway engines. Besides maintaining, modifying and improving its own plant, the unit manufactures, mostly from scrap, all the moulds and associated machinery necessary for producing items other than tyres.

One experiment which caused the unit a headache was designed to discover whether half-tracks could be retreaded. After several months a method was evolved. Since there were no funds to buy machinery the unit made its own plant. Today half-tracks are retreaded for BAOR and the taxpayer is saved still more money.

How does a retread compare with a new tyre?

Capt. Brunskill-Davis answers that one this way: "With present materials and methods and the promise of fair usage, retreads can now be guaranteed to equal the life of a new tyre."

Then he makes this point:

"The compound from which the retreads are built is a German product and most valuable experience has been gained in the use of synthetic rubber. This experience has been made available to our own people.

"That is where the soldier who has worked with 958 TRU is fortunate. If he has taken an interest in his job he can go on release to any vulcanising plant in Britain and start work at once at a good rate of pay."

When Captain Brunskill-Davis leaves the Army he will reopen his own vulcanising plant. Already several men who have served with him have been promised jobs.

## 2 THE RATCATCHERS

**M**ARTHA Eggers, kitchen maid in a British barracks, saw a rat. She jabbed at it with her broom, gathered her skirts about her legs and ran with an agility that belied her 50 years for the cook serjeant.

The Serjeant listened to her story, examined the sink where the rat had gone to earth, nodded his head wisely and rang for Corporal Alan Hirst of BAOR's 60th Field Hygiene Section.

Corporal Hirst collected his torch, his note-book and a packet of rat poison. Rats to the corporal spell work. He is one of the Army's rat-catchers (officially a sanitary assistant), but he does not think allusions to the Pied Piper of Hamelin are terribly funny or even apposite.

In Germany's ruined cities rats rule an empire of bombed sewers and stagnant cess-pits from which they descend on Army stores, barrack buildings and offices looking for food. It is this invasion which Corporal Hirst and other men of BAOR's Field Hygiene Sections constantly combat.

"Don't believe stories about the super-intelligence and cunning of rats," says Corporal Hirst. "They're tenacious; I've known them gnaw through metal to get at food. But there is nothing intelligent behind their raids. They've got one-track minds."

When rats are reported Corporal Hirst makes a preliminary recce, looking for the pathways along which the vermin travel.

"Their tails leave black marks and there are usually foot-prints to mark the trail," he told SOLDIER.

He lays down food and comes back to see whether it has been eaten. "It may be necessary to wait two or three days," he said, "because rats are suspicious. When we are satisfied that we have found the rat-run, we lay down poisoned bait."

"Old fish is best. Rats seem to like it and we haven't long to wait before we get results."

Traps are used, too, but Corporal Hirst doesn't think they are as successful as bait.

Ferrets and dogs? "We never use them, officially," says the corporal. "Mind you I have borrowed a dog on occasion from German rat-catchers but the results were not particularly good."

Corporal Hirst sometimes works with the German authorities if reports indicate that rats are infiltrating from property outside Army control. "We lay on a blitzkrieg and clear up the area with every means at our disposal — poison, traps, gas and dogs," he said. "But it is a battle which never ends."

In at the kill... or the end of another job of deratisation.

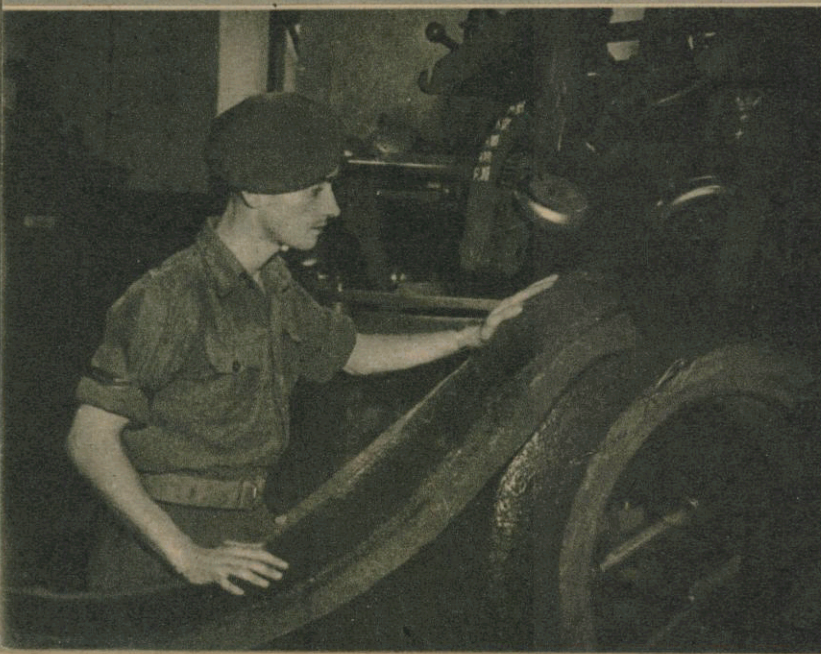


"He was as long as that." Frau Eggers tells Corporal Alan Hirst about the one that got away. Below: "Ah, that's where he came in. Along the water pipe and up by the sink."



OVER

Corporal E. Bray sees the tyre through the retreading machine.



L/Cpl. W. S. Furber and Cpl. G. Hicks lever the retreaded tyre out of the steam press.



Tracks are repaired too: Cpl. B. Hicks and Cpl. W. McDougall take notes.





## OUT-OF-THE-WAY JOBS IN RHINE ARMY

(Continued)

### ③ THE PRINTERS

**I**T takes a lot of paper to run an army and most of the paper for Rhine Army comes from two units which work side by side at Bad Oeynhausen — No. 1 Printing and Duplicating Unit and 17 GHQ Publications Depot.

The Printing and Duplicating Unit produces anything from General Routine Orders to leave-centre meal tickets and from windscreen labels to telephone directories.

It works a double shift over 16 hours every day except Sunday, claims it has never been late with a rush order and deals quite happily with a five-language printing job, like the farewell message to Rhine Army of General Sir Richard McCreery.

The soldiers who work there, supervising Germans as well as getting on with the job themselves, are all men with "ink in their veins," as the printers say.

Works' foreman, SSM. W. Balls, B.E.M., was a civilian printer before 1939. He joined No. 1 PDU in 1946. Cpl. R. A. Ettridge was a compositor on a local paper at Ilford and now supervises the composing room; Pte. John Norden, who works under him, served a three-year apprenticeship at Cambridge; Private Michael Patton, who used to be an apprentice linotype operator at Urms-ton, near Manchester, takes over a linotype machine when there are Routine Orders or other important instructions to be set. Cpl. Robert Boxall and Pte. P. Pickering, who watch over the 14 presses in the machine-room, are civilian machine-minders.

They have modern equipment and machinery to work with. Sometimes the German system causes confusion — for instance the "cases" (boxes divided into compartments each containing a letter or punctuation mark used in hand-setting) are arranged differently from those in English printing works; but they get wider experience than would come their way normally and they will leave the Army more skilled at their jobs than when they came in.

All the printed matter from No. 1 PDU goes to 17 GHQ Publications unit, a few yards away, where, if it is not to go out immediately, it takes its place on the neat shelves beside all the forms and documents sent from the War Office.

Here Sjt. William Jones and ten men, circulate what orderly rooms call "bumph," on 13 scales of distribution from one copy of a form to a unit to one for each full corporal in BAOR. Here, too, L/Cpl. Derek Welburn watches over thousands of books issued by the Royal Army Educational Corps.

When things are very busy, Sjt. Jones uses a mongrel dog called Gyp to take messages to Cpl. G. Wright, who works at the other end of the building. Gyp is a good postman — he doesn't stop on the way and never delivers the message to anyone but his master, the corporal.

In control of both units is Major E. S. Cox of the Printing and Stationery Services. One of his jobs is to get paper for Rhine Army publications. E. J. GROVE



Private Michael Patton takes over the linotype from the German operator when important documents have to be set. Rhine Army's No. 1 Printing and Duplicating Unit tackles everything down to windscreen labels.



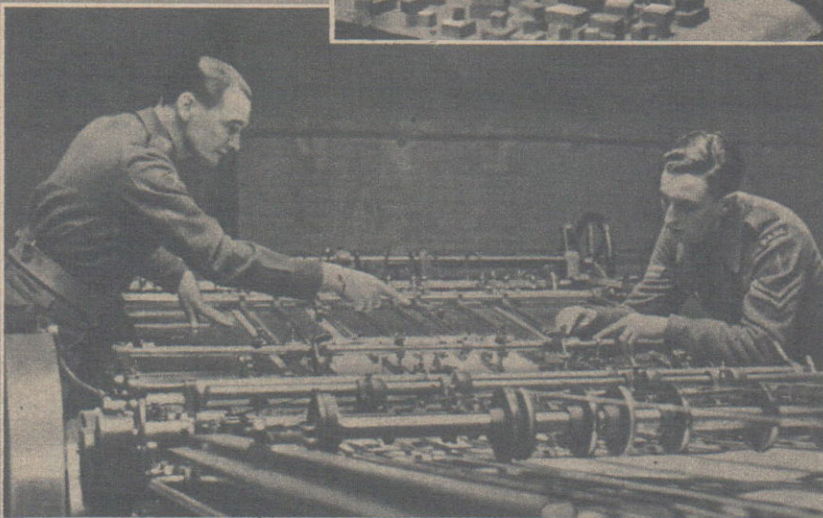
Private John Norden, composing by hand, keeps in practice for civil life. But he will have to un-learn the German "case."

Not on the establishment (officially) is Gyp, who runs errands with proofs for his master.



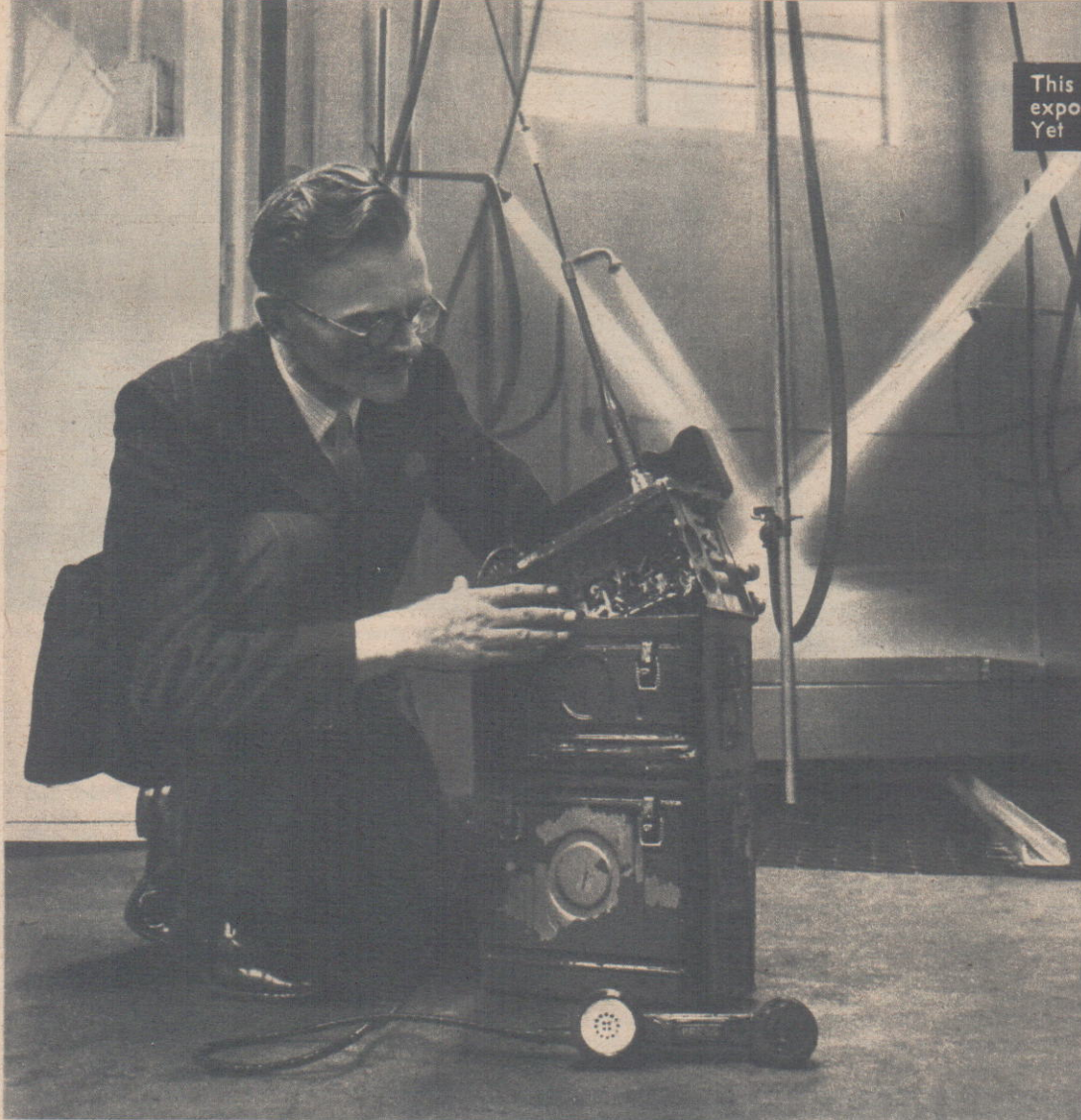
Building castles? No: sorting out the scores of line blocks to illustrate a highway code for Rhine Army.

Major E. S. Cox and Cpl. R. Boxall make a last check before printing.





This radio set has just been exposed to a "tropical storm". Yet it is bone-dry inside.



**W**HEN the first soldier went into battle with a walkie-talkie, his mates asked him if he hadn't forgotten the kitchen stove.

The apparatus was cumbersome to carry and if the enemy wanted to pick off the signaller, they were in no doubt where to shoot.

The Army's new walkie-talkie is almost invisible. That is to say, it is contained in an infantryman's ordinary ammunition pouches. The slender aerial can be seen, but the enemy would have to be sharp-eyed to spot that against undergrowth. A very small microphone is permanently in position in front of the soldier's mouth; his earphones are masked by his steel helmet. In his hand is a press-switch which he operates when he wants to speak, but it does not prevent his using a Sten gun.

If the soldier carrying this walkie-talkie has to ford a river he just plunges right in. The equipment is immersion-proof. If he stands up to his neck in water, hiding, he can still operate his set.

It wasn't the Law of Evolution that brought the walkie-talkie to its present streamlined state. It was the ceaseless research of the scientists who staff the Ministry of Supply's Signals Research and Development Establishment at Christchurch, Hampshire. A great many of the wartime improvements in Army signalling methods were devised here; and many new ideas have been developed since. The Establishment is in direct descent from the Wireless Telegraphy Experimental Establishment which

Scientists whose job it is to improve Army Signals equipment ask themselves these questions (among others):

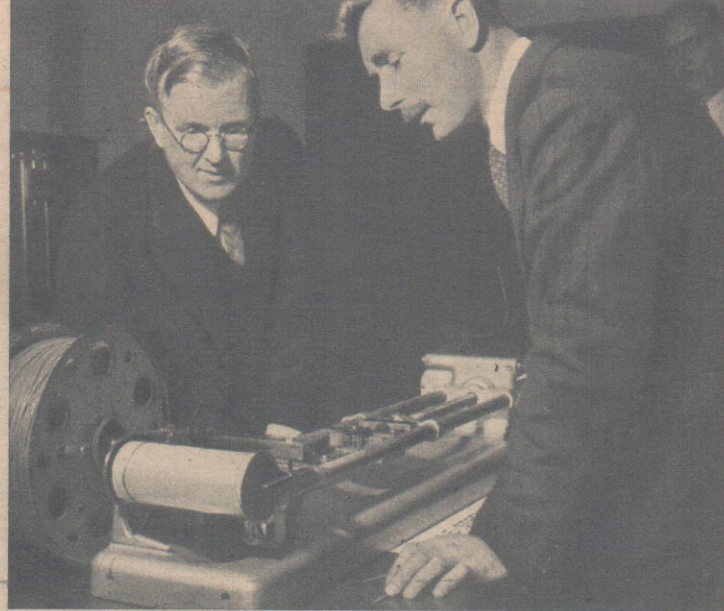
## WILL IT SLIM? CAN IT SWIM?

OVER



This was the climax to a mock battle staged by the scientists: Infantrymen evacuate a "wounded" man in the helicopter they have summoned by walkie-talkie.





On this machine cable is stretched to breaking point — and the data noted. Another machine pulls metal rods in two.

It's that cathode ray tube again, but this time the trace shows, not the presence of enemy aircraft, but the location of cable faults.

## WILL IT SLIM? CAN IT SWIM?

(Continued)

was formed by the Royal Engineer Committee in 1904 to study the military use of a new-fangled invention called "wireless."

Last month the Establishment opened its doors and showed some of its experiments. To start with it staged a mock battle showing up-to-date signals techniques. An Infantry platoon equipped with a walkie-talkie came up against a strong point, and called up a tank to their

aid. The tank demolished the strong point, then the Infantry charged. After they had taken the position, they called down a helicopter to evacuate a badly wounded man. All the radio reports — between platoon, platoon headquarters, tank and aircraft were heard by the spectators. It was an ear-opener to those unversed in the use of radio in modern war.

The scientists showed that they

knew how to unbend. They had rigged up a "try your skill" device in which a toy tank had to be steered through a "mine-field" by radio control (see picture). Another playful exhibit was a tray of cigarettes labelled "Please take one." When a hand was stretched out, the cigarettes mysteriously vanished, leaving the tray still there. Foiled spectators decided it might have been done with a "magic eye", or mirrors — or both.

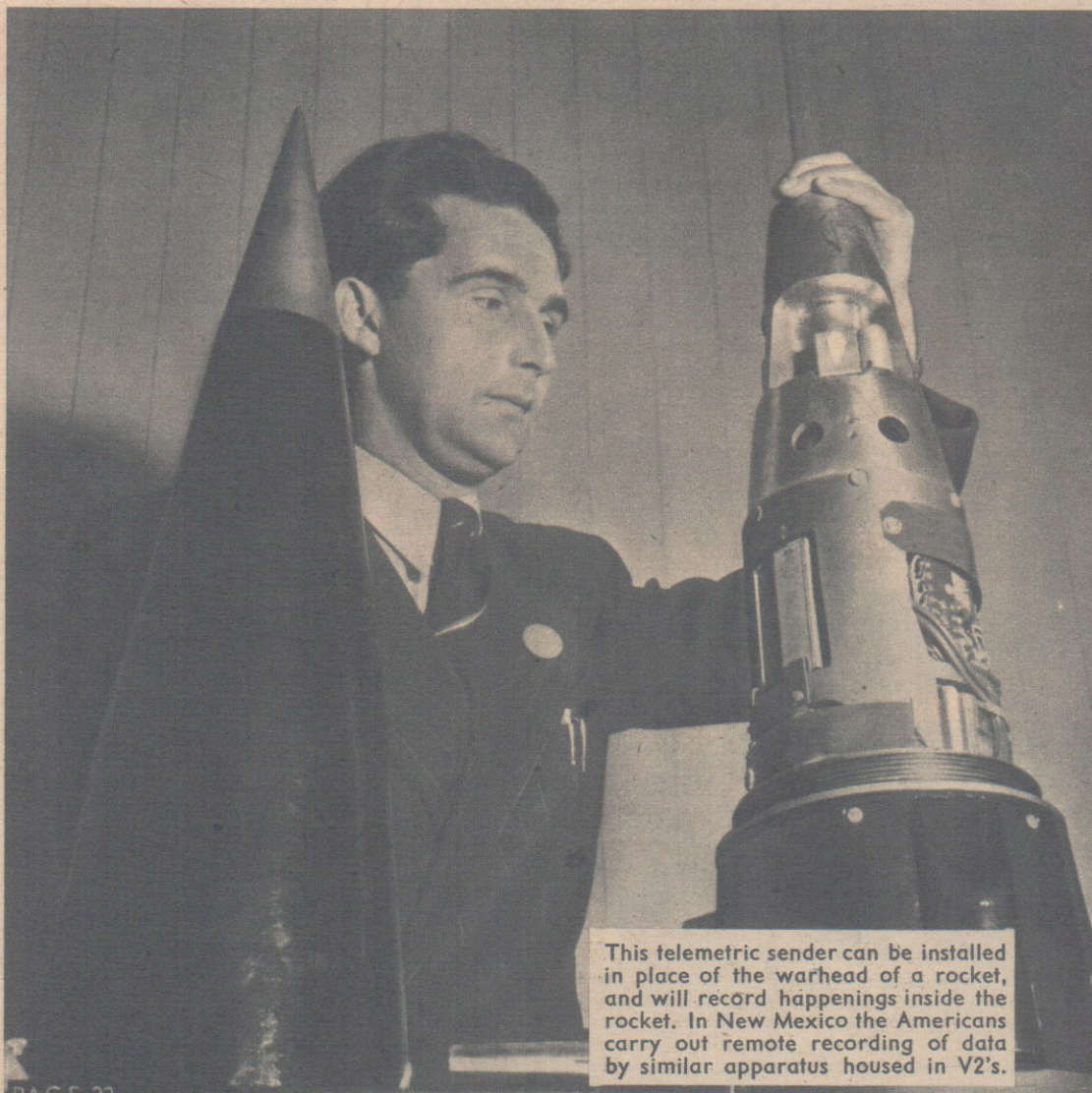
The scientists who work on Army signals equipment are never satisfied, perhaps because the Army is never quite satisfied. It is not enough for a radio set just to transmit and receive messages. Somebody is sure to ask a string of awkward questions.

Can it be dropped, and still work? Will it stand a long sea voyage packed over a drumming propeller shaft? Will it stand up to sun, heat, moisture, extreme cold, tropical rain, total immersion, salt spray, wind and sand storms? To find the answer, equipment is tested on spectacular bumping and vibration machines, and in climate chambers. Then there are more questions: Can the set be operated by a person with no radio training? Can it be repaired by somebody with hardly any training? And when all these questions have been answered by the word "Yes", the scientists are still not satisfied. They decided to subject it to a course of "miniaturisation", which means making every part smaller and lighter.

Just now they are going to try to "miniaturise" a teleprinter. This is by now a highly efficient machine, but nobody pretends it is an easy thing to carry about.

The command radio vehicles which played such a big part in the war were developed at Christchurch. So was the No. 10 Signal Equipment for which a well-satisfied user, Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, wrote this handsome testimonial:

"I have had considerable personal experience of this set during the cam-



This telemetric sender can be installed in place of the warhead of a rocket, and will record happenings inside the rocket. In New Mexico the Americans carry out remote recording of data by similar apparatus housed in V2's.





This is a toy the "boffins" thought up. The tank is steered by a radio transmitter connected with the steering wheel. If the tank strays from the white line a "mine" goes up. For the purpose of the picture the wheel mounting has been moved round from its normal position.

campaign in North-West Europe, most noticeably perhaps at the crossing of the Rhine and during the final pursuit through Germany. By using a chain of No. 10 stations I was enabled to maintain my Tactical Headquarters as far forward as I did, and still have direct contact with London. The value of being able to retain personal control over my armies in these circumstances cannot be overestimated."

Under demonstration, too, was a White scout car fitted with four radio masts, for simultaneous conversations between vehicle, ground, air and headquarters.

In the Burma wars the Royal Signals successfully bridged difficult country by cables laid from aircraft. The scientists have been following up this advance. They have also developed a clever system of tracing faults in cables by the use of radar, which may help to replace the old hunt-and-find methods. Another department is deeply immersed in telemetry, which means the remote transmission of data, as from instruments contained in the warhead of a V2. If the Army decides it can use television in the field there are scientists ready to go to work on it.

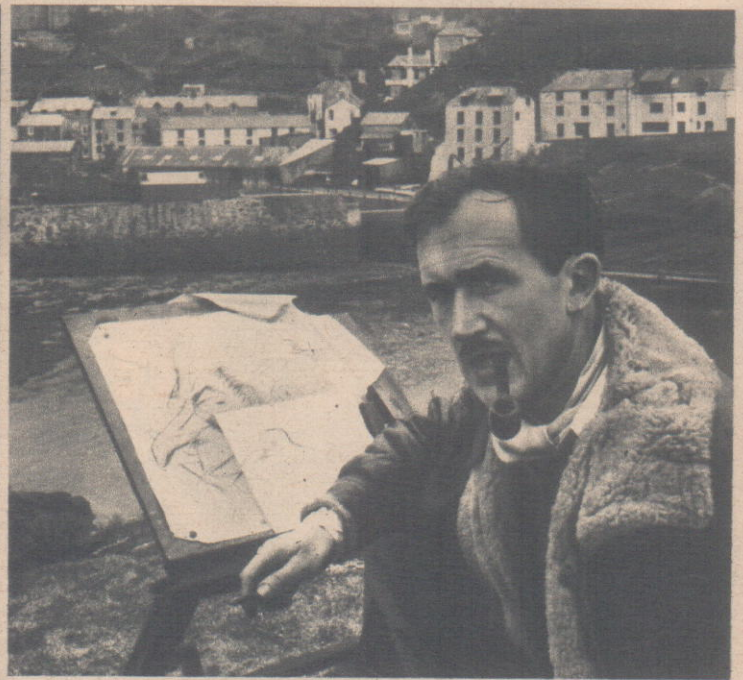
Less spectacular, but of extreme importance, is the work of the packing experts. The present method of guarding radio spares against tropical deterioration is

to seal them in waxed containers, a method which involves much labour. It has the disadvantage that often, when a package is opened for one spare, the moisture-proof barrier is broken and there is no way of resealing it. The new method is to wrap each small spare in an envelope of plastic film, then put this inside a larger envelope which also contains a spare, and so on. In this way breaking open the outer envelope allows the extraction of a spare without touching the others.

The packers are now experimenting with film studio snow. This synthetic 'fuff' has been used at Elstree in large quantities in a film about Scott of the Antarctic. It looks like snow, retains footprints like snow, but does not melt and leave a mess. At Christchurch they have found that it also makes a good packing agent.

The Establishment has large and well-equipped workshops, without which no research can be carried past the theoretical stage. The operators here have specialised in plastic and rubber moulding and ceramics. And along with it all they train craft and engineering apprentices.

ERNEST TURNER



"Emmwood"—otherwise John Musgrave Wood—as posed in his Cornish habitat for *Life's* photographer.

## THE JUNGLE GAVE HIM AN IDEA

THEY say that after years in the jungle a man begins to get ideas... and seemingly one of the ideas he is liable to get is that human beings are really very like birds.

That was what happened to a 30-year-old Cornishman, John Musgrave Wood, who fought under Wingate on his two Burma expeditions. Birds and humans, he noted, had identical habits; they got up at the same time, scratched round for food, squawked and jabbered at each other and finally retired at the same time to their preposterous nesting-places.

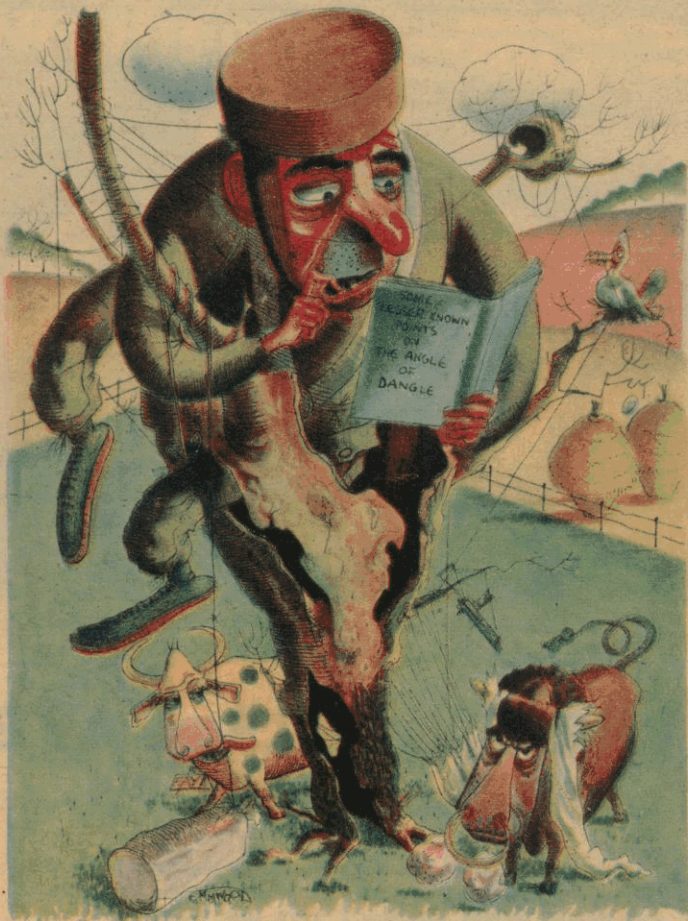
Emmwood's witty grotesqueries were discovered by Sean Fielding, *SOLDIER's* first editor, now editing *The Tallar*. A large number of the artist's blistering caricatures of politicians and others have appeared in that magazine; his drawings have also been featured in the American magazine *Life*. *SOLDIER* reproduces overleaf a selection of Emmwood's Warrior Warblers — the first time his work has been printed in colour.

Emmwood served in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry as a private, was commissioned in the Sherwood Foresters, then went to serve under Wingate. He transferred to the Burma Rifles and came out with the rank of major. Don't think from his caricatures that he does not like Army types — he has now joined the Territorial Army.



**WRY-NECKED ORDERLY OSTRICH:** General colour pinkish, inclined to turn green when approximate to food. This bird will spend much of its time poking its beak into corners, clucking broodily to itself the while. In spite of its fractious manner the younger members of the genus will run to it with their varied complaints. At night time the bird is uncannily attracted by light, appearing most unexpectedly and warbling angrily.





**UMBRELLA-CRESTED SKYLARK or TREE TUMBLER:** General colour greeny-fulvous. Bears a silken umbrella-like crest which assists it in flight; this may be discarded at will when on the ground. Upon alighting the bird will bewilder the observer by its oddly erratic little run to cover. It is interesting to watch the bird tumbling about in the branches of some forest giant, emitting a raucous cry.

**GREAT BEARDED JUNGLE CREEPER:** Extremely shaggy above the eye sacs, and on upper and lower mandibles. Body feathers green and untidy, affording it good cover in thick jungle. Now almost extinct, though some very young and green birds may still be found scrabbling about on little-known tracks. Elder birds make an annual migration to bars and perches of Western London.



**CLIFF CREEPER:** Colour flesh-tinted, except at night, when the bird has a habit of becoming black about the mandibles. Green crested; neck feathers normally gaudy. The bird will spend hours scrabbling about cliff faces to surprise its prey. It frequently takes to the coastal waters, where it will live for some days without food.

## Emmwood's WARRIOR WARBLERS



**RED-BREASTED BUSBY BIRD:** This bird's cranial dome is surmounted by a monstrous shaggy sable crest, which impairs its sight and gives it a top-heavy appearance. Body feathers scarlet and sleekly fitting, shanks spindly and bluish, and frequently spurred. Habitats: verdant areas in the more westerly regions of London. (Editor's note: Same bird, in less gaudy plumage, is also found in Malaya).

**CARAVAN CREEPER:** Capable of immensely extended flights in pursuit of prey; unlike the stormy petrel never sleeps on the wing. Beak well curved, body feathers drab, outer coverts woolly and warm. Moves its abode suddenly, and when traced sometimes startles observers by its angry rocketings. Avoids aroma of the tobacco plant. Nests in caravans.



# THERE'S A BOOM

By the end of next year, every man in the Army should be wearing one of the new coloured berets which are to replace the present khaki beret and Cap GS. They will be made from wool and will be knitted in one piece.

Most soldiers will find themselves wearing a navy blue beret. Exceptions are men in the RAC, Airborne and 11th Hussars who will continue to wear their black, maroon and brown berets, and men in the Light Infantry and Rifle Regiments who will wear a new dark green beret. Scottish regiments will have a new navy blue bonnet with dicings as previously worn on the Glengarry. Irish rifle regiments will have a green bonnet and Irish Fusiliers a blue bonnet.

If production goes according to plan the first issue of berets will start at the end of this year. The probable priority of issue will be: 1. United Kingdom; 2. Europe; 3. FARELF; 4. MELF. It will take some time for the full scale of two berets to be issued, as existing stocks of the khaki beret and Caps GS must be used up first.

The new berets form part of the No. 1 Dress, production of which has been held up by financial and other difficulties. It was decided, however, to go ahead with manufacturing the coloured berets, as they could be worn effectively in the meantime with khaki uniform. Continued production of the khaki beret, which could not eventually be worn with the "blues", would have been uneconomical.



Those shapeless-looking white objects are undyed, unshrunk berets, knitted all in one piece. Below: batteries of sewing machines are in almost perpetual motion.



## THE REAL BASQUE TYPE THIS TIME

**D**URING the war three Infantry officers stationed at Newcastle were sent out without money or food to find a factory making soldiers' berets and to bring back a newly made sample.

One man who succeeded in this initiative test hitch-hiked to London and went straight to the firm of Austin Reed. There he learned the address of the Supak Manufacturing Company at Perivale, Middlesex, where he was made welcome. He left with a newly made beret and later his unit wrote to say that he gave a detailed lecture on how it was manufactured.

There are only five firms in Britain making berets (that is, the proper wool type — not the stop-gap gaberdine version produced for the war-time soldier). Of these the firm of Supak claims to be the only one producing the original Basque type, knitted in one complete operation instead of being made in two halves. This is because the machinery used is French. It was brought over and set up by French experts when the firm, British financed, first started in the Wembley Exhibition grounds.

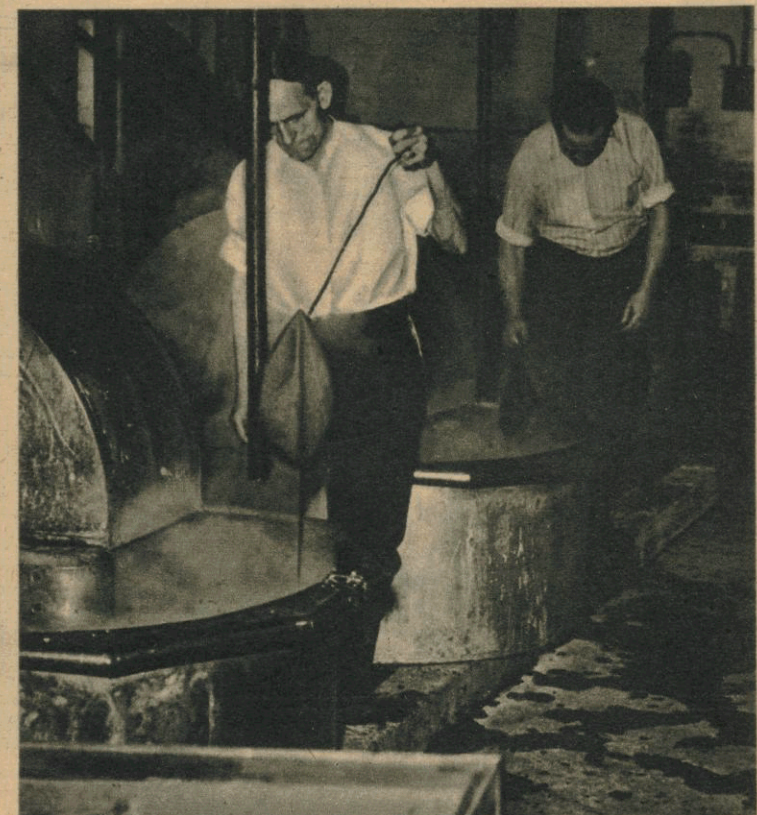
About 1934 the firm received a contract for supplying berets

to the Royal Tank Corps — some 200 a month. Today over 14,000 go to the Ministry of Supply for the Army, the Royal Marines, the RAF, the Women's Services, Forestry Services and the Land Army. The beret is to replace even the Australian Army's distinctive slouch hat, famous in two world wars — a notable conquest indeed.

Other contracts come from abroad: scarlet and royal blue berets for the Indian and Pakistan armies, navy blue for ex-Servicemen of Canada, and various colours for transport corporations and airways staffs in America.

The most tricky job undertaken by the firm of Supak was the supplying of berets to our agents with the French underground. These had to resemble French-made berets so closely that the Gestapo could not tell the difference.

Each beret is knitted from the centre outwards by a machine which uses about 80 grammes of wool. Directly one beret is finished the machine starts on another.



Dipping time: berets now bloom in a big variety of colours.

# IN BERETS:

**Not only the British Army, but the whole world is calling for them**

These machines work night and day, and stop only for maintenance. They cannot now be replaced, for France does not allow them to be exported, nor does Britain allow them to be imported.

The berets are made in two sizes — 10½ and 11 inches, the final adjustment of the head band giving them their individual shop sizes. All sizes up to seven are made from the 10½ inch beret. At an early stage they are dipped for two hours in chemicals for shrinking, when they evolve their "woolly" appearance. After washing they go into dye baths and are dried in a temperature of about 220 degrees. (For hot climates special dyes are used.)

After careful brushing, the berets go into a teasing machine to remove loose wool, and they are "mown" like a lawn in a shearing machine. From here they are individually inspected and any faulty ones are rejected. On an average not more than one in 450 has to be thrown out, usually for uneven dying.

In the final stages the lining is sewn in and those for the Services have their leather bands added. Each band contains a coloured disc, invisible to the wearer, which states which operator and machine made it, in

case any complaint is received.

All berets for the Ministry of Supply are examined by Ministry inspectors who come twice weekly and stamp in the WD arrow. One of these, Mr. A. E. Snell, estimates that he has inspected well over a million berets.

Supak's managing director, Mr. H. E. Whitham, who was a captain in the Reconnaissance Corps and served with 15th Scottish Division from the Orne to the Elbe, later becoming manager of the Division's Red Lion Club at Lubeck, said: "I wore one of this firm's berets during the campaign and it gave good service. I just chose one from unit stores and found it was made by us."

For a short time during the war the factory was taken over by the Czechoslovakian Government on a non-profit basis to provide work for refugees. Later it was reformed as a limited company. Before the war, out of 400,000 berets sold annually in Britain, about 394,000 were imported, but today the entire home market as well as a vast new overseas market is supplied from this country.

Said Mr. Whitham: "The British Army has popularised the beret all over the world."

PETER LAWRENCE



The beret goes under the "lawn mower" which trims away the surplus wool, gives it that close-cropped appearance.

## EXIT THE WINGED VICTORY



The Winged Victory was the flash of Aldershot District ... but the Needles became irrelevant.

**T**HE troops of Aldershot have lost their Winged Victory.

Instead, they now wear a shield-shaped four-colour flash which features, in the upper half, crossed searchlight beams (re-calling the Aldershot Searchlight Tattoos), and in the lower half a Torch of Learning (symbolising the presence in the Aldershot area of the many training establishments and schools).

The white Winged Victory looking seaward to the Needles has been worn by troops in the Aldershot area since 1944. It was originally the badge of Hants and Dorset District of Southern Command, and was introduced in 1943 when big D-Day concentrations were assembled in that area. On the reorganisation of Southern Command after the disbandment of South-Eastern Command in 1944, this area was redesignated Aldershot and Hants District, its boundaries being altered to include those of the pre-war Aldershot Command and the wartime Aldershot District, less the territory in Dorset. Last year it became known simply as Aldershot District. The wartime badge had thus lost much of its significance.



Crossed searchlights and the Torch of Learning form the new Aldershot District flash.





Well-padded guinea pig (a military policeman) is attacked by a bitch-and-dog combination, Aviva and Barrak.



Now they've got him on the ground, and it takes three men to pull them off. Native thieves are not so well padded...

## The Dogs of Palestine now Serve in Benghazi

**W**HAT did the Colonel say when he saw the Redcap with dirty brasses, a belt that hadn't seen blanco this side of the war, and a uniform that might have passed as a hobo's rig-out at a fancy-dress ball?

He said: "Jolly good show."

It was, of course, a special sort of Redcap. Military Policemen have to adapt themselves to circumstances and this one was dressed for a special part.

At Benghazi, in Cyrenaica, stores were being pilfered from the local Ordnance depot and the CRMP had to go one better than the stealthy native *kliitti-wallahs* who had mastered the art of negotiating high walls and barbed wire barricades.

The job fell to No. 2 Dog Company of the CRMP. In a long

Dogs which saw active service in Palestine moved with the troops to North Africa, where they found a new job to do

spell of duty in Palestine this unit's dogs had dug for buried rifles, guarded an ammunition depot, and formed a mobile combat team which toured the Sarafand area; two dogs had been killed on active service. Now, besides Benghazi, its 56 men and 65 dogs guard Army stores in Athens and Tripoli.

For this job the men got out their oldest, oil-grimed uniforms and soft rubber shoes; they barred blanco and polish. In the shadows they could lurk unseen.

Six men went on duty each night, each with his own dog. Soon the chart that shows the percentage of pilfering began to tilt downwards as the *kliitti-merchants* learned that breaking into the depot meant a risk of vicious mauling. One of the dogs, a big brute called Sweep, mauled two obstreperous thieves in Palestine before his handler could get to the other side of the wire fence to call him off. Rex did the same to three men in as many minutes in Greece.

All the dogs prefer white to coloured faces, and they hate the white robes worn by bedouin.

The dog section of the Royal Military Police was formed in 1941. Most of the animals were lent by dog owners in Britain and handlers came from greyhound kennels and gamekeepers' jobs. Now dogs are hard to get in Britain (most of the Benghazi dogs were bought in Haifa) and so are skilled handlers.

Every so often the dogs have

combat training, when one of the MP's gets into a padded suit and the dogs are let loose. The handlers have suffered only one or two minor bites. A guard dog will do anything for his handlers but for no-one else. Every time a handler is released there is a six-weeks hold-up before the dog gets to know and trust his new master.

Occasionally there is an obstinate case. One was Bobby, a big, slobbering Alsatian whom no one would manage. One day a recruit came to the unit, looked around the dogs, decided Bobby needed a walk and took him out. Since then the dog and his new-found handler have been inseparable, but "Bobby" is as touchy as ever with anyone else.

Then there is Mick, whose incessant bark nobody can silence, except the unit OC, Captain W.E. Rudling, Essex Regiment, who was in Eighth Army Provost in Italy during the war.

"The Alsatian", says Captain Rudling, "learns more quickly than the Boxer, but the Boxer is more friendly. He is the sort of dog who will lick your hand until his handler says 'Go for him'. The Alsatian is the one who bites."

"There is no difference in proficiency between dog and bitch. But we

usually send one bitch and one dog out together on patrol, otherwise they fight. Breeding? No, we're not allowed to breed.

"Thirty of our dogs are combat animals: that means they can attack. The others are barkers, who make a lot of noise and arouse attention. The combat dogs are kept for night work, the barkers go out in the afternoon. We try to pension off all dogs at six, but we have our dogpower shortage too."

Once a month Captain Rudling makes a "dog return" for CRMP's Dog HQ. There is a set establishment of dogs. Each animal has his own name, and also a number tattooed on the ear. And when a dog dies, the unit veterinary officer has to prepare a death certificate.

SIDNEY WEILAND

### BITCHES WERE TOP SECRET

**T**HE Germans used war dogs too.

They were employed in Italy to rebuff Canadian patrols, until a Canadian commander decided to enlist Nature to his aid by acquiring bitches in an interesting condition to lure the dogs from their duties.

A correspondent who wrote a whimsical dispatch about this sudden demand for female dogs had his message censored. Bitches were a top military secret.

The story is told by Colonel Dick Malone in his book *Missing From The Record*.



Army dogs must keep fit. Here Dicky goes over the assault course.



## East African Report



The breakers lose their force on a coral reef; Nyali's beach is ideal for bathing.

From the drought and dust of the stores site at Mackinnon Road, soldiers go to Nyali, on the lush East African coast, for a seaside holiday

**F**OR thousands of soldiers during World War Two, Nyali, a few minutes from Mombasa in a jeep, was a stepping place on the way to new units.

They went there from the convoys that rounded the Cape of Good Hope before they joined the columns operating in Somalia and Abyssinia; they went there when one job was done and they waited to go to a new one; perhaps they slept there a few hours in a chair before catching a flying-boat to Madagascar or a coaster to Mogadishu.

And many of them said "This could be a lovely place if —." That was not the time for "ifs"; there was a war on and transit camps were strictly utilitarian. The palm-thatched bandas (huts) in the sands were picturesque; the beach had little more than Nature gave it.

Today Nyali is still a transit camp — there soldiers await the troopers that will take them home. But it is also an Army Welfare holiday camp for soldiers and their families.

The bandas are more comfortably furnished these days and so are the lounges and smart dining rooms. There is a play-pen for children and on the beach there are coloured umbrellas.

The beach is the main attraction. Off-shore, the great waves of the Indian Ocean break on Leven reef and reach the dazzling, palm-fringed sands in a froth of white — the safest and pleasantest bathing beach in the area.

Between the shore and the reef, native fishing boats ride at anchor — that is, they are tied to a lump of sunken coral with locally-made grass ropes.

Of an evening, after the traditional East African "sundowner" in the bar and dinner, there are often film shows provided by the Army Kinema Corporation. Soon, holidaymakers will be able to dance under the tropical moon, when a new dance-floor is completed.

And for all this, the average daily bill is about five shillings. The menus are generous and include plenty of pineapples, bananas and luscious mangos.

Holidaymakers are not far from Mombasa with its cinemas and clubs, its shopping centre and the quaint, narrow streets of the old Arab town, where carpets from Persia are on sale.

Though Nyali appeals to men from all over East Africa, it is the men busy shaping the new Military Depot at Mackinnon Road who most appreciate the lush vegetation of the coast and the handy bathing beach after the arid, colourless bush.

## Good Pull-up for Bush-whackers



It's a real holiday when the kiddies have somewhere to play by themselves.



The other side of Nyali life: their next bed will be on a homeward bound trooper.

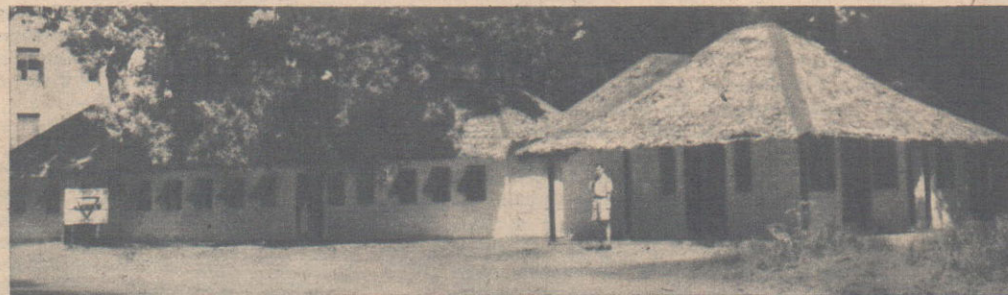
**S**OLDIERS in Mombasa can have dates with Love. The dates are baked in nine-inch diameter "plate pies"; Serjeant Love, ATS/EFL, is one of the staff of Mombasa's Garrison Institute.

The Institute, a roomy, well-ventilated corrugated iron building, was built in World War Two when the island town became a fortress.

Thousands of soldiers used the Institute during the war. Since then the Mackinnon Road project has given the Institute a new lease of life. New soldiers are stationed around Mombasa and trucks on the 70-mile run from Mackinnon Road bring in customers daily.

In providing everything from beer and grocery to music, the Institute faces climatic problems, not the least of which is the fact that the heat of the East Coast of Africa tends to melt gramophone records.

Another Mombasa retreat for soldiers is the new YMCA Services club which, standing in Mnazi Mmoja (One Coconut) Road, has been nicknamed One Coconut Club. An old Mombasa law restricts the cutting down of trees, so the club — a cream bungalow with a palm-thatched roof — was built under a giant mango tree which now grows through one corner of its roof.



Under the spreading mango tree: the new YMCA club.



The Army is using all channels of publicity — including posters, cinemas, exhibitions and parades, — to put over its campaign for 100,000 spare-time soldiers

## SEEKING THE SPARE-TIME

# CALL TO ARMS —



Four thousand posters showing the 1948 "Two Types" are now in position.

### DON'T WASTE EXPERIENCE!

That is as good a slogan as any for today. Britain wants, in the Territorial Army, the men and women who have "got some service in." She wants keen and experienced soldiers to handle the training of the National Servicemen who will be drafted into the Territorial Army in 1950.

A great many of these highly-trained men and women are readers of *SOLDIER* Magazine. Some are out of the service; others are due out in the near future.

*Britain has a big job for them.*

The strength of Britain's Army, if it is to carry out all its responsibilities, ought to be about 400,000 (its present approximate strength); that is Field-Marshal Montgomery's calculation. The country cannot afford a Regular Army of that size. But if, by next Spring, the Territorial Army, which now numbers 50,000-odd, can be raised to 150,000 — "a very small thing to ask" — Field-Marshal Montgomery will be satisfied.

This Territorial Army will then form a cadre able to train the National Service intakes, and also—if there is a threat of war—to absorb a high proportion of the 4,000,000-strong Class Z Reserve, which means almost everybody who has been released since the war. The Territorial Army could do this if it had, in every major unit—Infantry regiment, Armoured regiment, Gunner regiment, and so on—200 capable volunteers.

On top of its plans for the Territorial Army, the Government has devised a Registered Reserve, to ensure the readiness of trained crews for manning the nation's anti-aircraft defences in an emergency. The various

## THE MEN WE NEED

Reserves and Supplementary Reserves would, in such an emergency, be called up by proclamation; but that would not necessarily be quick enough for the manning of anti-aircraft defences. These men and women of the Registered Reserve would leave their jobs at once and go to the defence tasks for which they are already trained. Meanwhile, they undertake no training. Only those not on the list of reserved occupations will be allowed to register. The idea is that this Registered Reserve will attract those who are unable to spare time for the Territorial Army.

There is no question of men and women being unable to join the Territorial Army because they are in occupations which may be reserved. Certain Territorial units, for instance, are largely composed of miners, who in an emergency might well be reserved; but in the meantime they will be able to play their part in training National Servicemen.

The Territorial Army is not confined only to those trained to train others: it wants keen men of good will, whatever their rank.

**Note:** In overhauling her defences, Britain is not forgetting her Dominions. That is why, even though the Territorial Army is calling for technicians, men of certain technical arms are being urged, on leaving the Colours, to join, for example, the New Zealand Defence Force (see page 45).

It all comes back to the same thing:

**DON'T WASTE EXPERIENCE!**

ON the gable end of a house in First Street, Chelsea, 34-year-old Sydney Sturt, who remembers putting up his first poster at the age of nine, climbed the ladder and with deft thrusts of his brush pasted Eric Kennington's *Two Types* on the billboard.

The first of 4000 such posters throughout Britain was in position.

For Sturt, and for his mate, George Bevens who steadied the ladder, the poster brought back memories: they both wore khaki in World War Two. It was during a like period of unease, just after Munich, that Bevens found himself in the militia; later he went as a Gunner with the BEF.

After they had driven off to the next site, knots of people stared up at the two faces and the superimposed medal ribbons. The new poster was already making people stop and look — and think.

To the publicity experts of the Central Office of Information, charged with the job of putting over the Army's big recruiting drive, Eric Kennington had seemed the obvious man to design the poster. In World War One Kennington, after being invalided from the Kensingtons, went back to France and drew the pictures of his comrades which brought him fame: notably *The Kensingtons at Laventie*. He later carved a fine memorial to the dead of the Kensingtons. In World War Two he was again one of the most distinguished war artists. His portrait technique is to draw a head "as if it were a piece of sculpture in semi-darkness, lit from a single source."

While the poster was being printed the films section of the Central Office of Information decided that cinema publicity should be used to the full. Already one ten-minute film, "Any Time to Spare?" had been booked up by the Gaumont-British organisation. Made by a former Territorial, Geoffrey Plumbly, it was in the form of a film argument between an ex-Serviceman and the film commentator over the pros and cons of a Territorial Army.

During the war Plumbly, a former engineer, served in the Suffolks and in REME. At Arborfield he was overheard by a brigadier criticising a unit concert. The brigadier said, "Well, Plumbly, as our entertainment officer is being posted away next week, you had better take 'over.'" Captain Plumbly went off wishing he had kept silent, but for him it was

## SOLDIER

# 1948

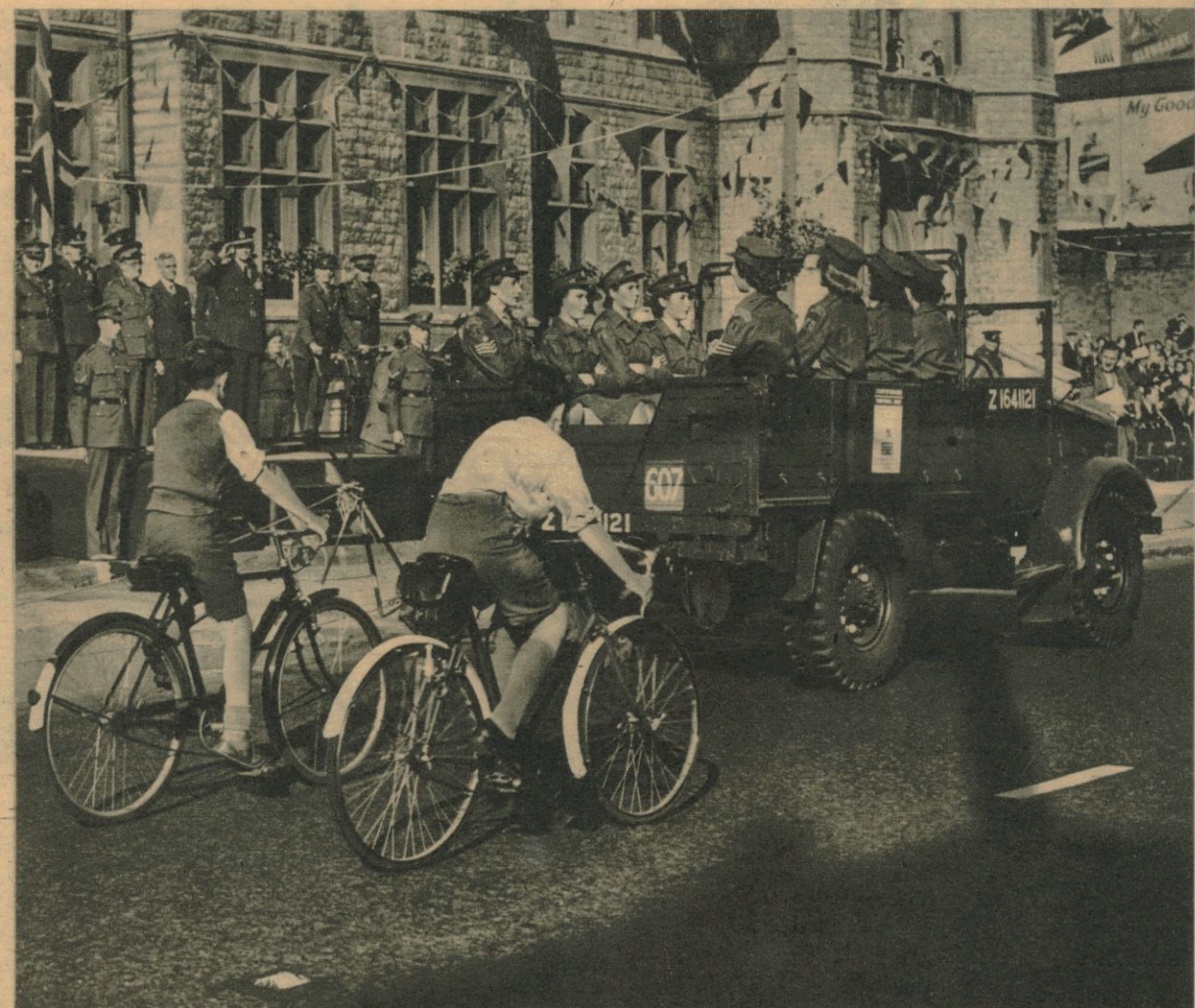
a lucky incident. In the unit was a former actress, then in the ATS. Later they married and after the war set up their own film making company.

A second film is being made as a successor to "Any Time to Spare?". It has not yet been given a name, but the film makers have some of the material in hand already. They took advantage of the summer weather to "shoot" a Territorial Army summer camp and Plumbly and his technicians spent ten weeks on tour. They went to South Wales to see medium and heavy guns in action, to Lulworth to get scenes of tanks, to Bulford to shoot the Airborne.

At Felixstowe Plumbly came across Coastal Artillery gunners from the Orkneys and Shetlands; their journey to camp had meant their first trip in a train. Near Weymouth a RE unit building Bailey Bridges used their boats for a regatta and on the east coast a RASC boating section took their families for sea trips. In the New Forest a Signals unit had a plane laid on so that the men could study map-reading from the air.

Meanwhile, in his Baker Street

OVER



Truck load of Ack-Ack girls passed Lord Tedder, who took the salute at a Territorial parade in Middlesex; 800 men and women of 35 Territorial units paraded. The two cyclists just couldn't keep out of a mechanised drive-past.

Left: Bandsman of tomorrow "has a bash" at the big bassoon, abetted by Sjt. R. M. McCracken and Bandsman B. Taylor.

## THESE ARE THE TERMS OF SERVICE

### For Men

**Age limit:** 18 to 40 years (58 for certain specialists). **Engagement:** four years for the normal volunteer, with re-engagement allowed. **Training:** 30 periods a year (40 for recruits in their first year) and a camp of eight to 15 days. For those who go to camp only for eight days, the difference must be made up by extra training periods (one day's camp equals four training periods). Training periods may be carried out at week-end camps or in evenings.

**Pay and allowances:** Regular Army rates for periods spent at camp or training exceeding 48 hours. For training periods over two hours, training expense allowance will be issued. **Bounty:** £9 to a soldier carrying out obligatory training periods, increased to £12 if he does certain additional training. **Resignation:** Except during an emergency an officer may resign at any time and a volunteer may claim discharge by giving three months' notice and paying a sum not exceeding £5.

### For Women

**Age limit:** 18 to 40. **Engagement:** for one year, or until the WRAC (TA) is in operation, whichever is the sooner. Those whose year ends before the formation of the WRAC (TA) may apply to re-join. Volunteers will be posted to a unit of their choice which has vacancies. **References:** two must be provided by volunteers who have not previously served with the ATS. **Training:** same number of training periods and annual camp as men.

**Pay and allowances:** These will be at ATS rates while attending camp or for training which exceeds 48 hours. Training expense allowance as for men will be issued. **Bounty:** for obligatory training £6, rising to £8 for certain additional training. **Resignation:** except during a national emergency by giving 15 days' notice (officer: one month).



## CALL TO ARMS — 1948 (Continued)

office, Mr. G. W. Grosse, a former RASC captain who organises exhibitions for the Central Office of Information, and his chief designer, Mr. Charles Munro, former Royal Indian Engineers major, worked on the "Spare Time for Britain" exhibition which opens in Oxford Street, London, on 23 November.

In the entrance will be a cinema screen showing a film of Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, whose voice will come out over the speakers. Further inside will be a clock with the hands moving round slowly. A voice will tell the audience that it represents 1914, when there was longer time in which to prepare, and when the TA slowly but surely kitted up for the war against Germany. Another clock, the hands moving faster, represents the period after Munich when time was shorter. The voice explains how the Territorials had less time in which to get moving, and describes its part in the onslaught in Europe.

Finally there is a clock representing today — or perhaps tomorrow — with the hands spinning round. The suggestion is plain. There is no time to spare. Illuminated panels report progress in an imaginary war which came upon Britain without warning. Further panels explain where the men are to be found (from the four million who have had experience in the Forces), the job they will do (weapon training, running cadres) and the point of view of the housewife who may not relish the idea of her husband going off to train two nights a week. This view is answered by the argument that as she probably insures her home against fire, so the best insurance against war is to have a part time Army ready trained.

On another floor, 17 stands manned by Regulars represent various branches of the Army. Exhibits include an anti-tank gun which the public can fire, and REME's "Open the door, Richard."



Sentimental (?) sidelight by "Neb" in *Daily Mail*: "But, darling, of course I want us both to be in the same Territorial unit — I think."

As the public go out they will see Mr. Attlee on a cinema screen and hear a parting message from him.

In the current drive for 100,000 Territorials the newspapers have given generously of their editorial space. The Territorial Army has been front-page news, the subject of many leader-page articles, and a fruitful topic for the letter columns.

And, of course, the Territorial Army has been doing its own job of publicity. Many of the Territorial Centres have devised ingenious attractions of their own. One unit in London put up an eye-catching recruiting poster which said:

PUNISHMENT IS TOTALLY  
UNKNOWN  
whilst

Every Possible Indulgence  
Is Granted.

There was also a prominent line on this poster which said: A BOUNTY OF ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS! Unfortunately this was preceded by a line in much smaller type: "Lieut Fraser regrets extremely that he is prevented from paying —"

No, it was not a Territorial Army poster. It was a recruiting appeal issued by the Queen's Own Hussars in 1797. But it did serve as a reminder of the proud tradition of volunteer service which has seen Britain through so many black patches.

# TERRITORIAL BATTERY

Brothers and sisters have I none,  
But that man's father serves my father's gun.  
This girl walks out with that lance-corporal's brother,  
That spotter's aunt is this young plotter's mother.  
The captain's wife (an ex-predictor beauty  
Who earned a "rep" for knitting while on duty)  
Is sister to the twins on the transmitter;  
The OC's nephew is the REME fitter.  
On Number Two Gun the new Number One  
Is Number Four's deceased wife's sister's son.

E. S. T.



Above: Mr. Charles Munro shows his model of the Territorial recruiting exhibition to Mr. G. W. Grosse. Right: checking the film he shot of the Territorials in camp: Mr. Geoffrey Plumbly.



The *Daily Mirror* gave its centre spread to a vigorously presented Call to Arms. Right: even the Ruggles Family began to debate spare-time soldiering. So far Lane has not signed on...

[illegible]

# RUGGLES and YOU!

MEET OLD COMRADES INDEED -  
IT'S JUST AN EXCUSE TO GO OUT  
AND LEAVE ME AT HOME! -  
YOU'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN THE  
FINE TIME YOU HAD IN THE  
HOME GUARD!

AT YOUR AGE TOO! -  
WHAT USE WILL YOU BE? -  
IN THE NEXT WAR  
THEY'LL JUST PRESS  
A BUTTON, AND  
THAT'S THAT!

THAT'S NOT WHAT  
MONTY SAYS - AND  
HE'S OVER MY AGE!



Since the days when British divisions first slogged to victory in Africa, the one-time colonies of the Duce — their fate is now to be settled by UNO — have been administered by British military governments. Now a record has been published of the little-known work of these —

## SOLDIER BOOKSHELF

# CARETAKERS IN AFRICA

**O**NE of the problems which faced the Army when it first began to take over enemy territory was what to do with it having conquered it.

There was so little official guidance on the subject that Major-General Lord Rennell of Rodd, who played a prominent part in British Military Administrations in Africa and Italy, writes:

*"This singular absence of study, direction and material led the more cynical to conclude that the British Army was not designed and never expected to occupy enemy territory!"*

There had been precedents in Syria, Iraq and Tanganyika in World War One, but the facts were so hard to get at that they were of little help to the officers

who had to do the job in World War Two.

That will not happen again. Lord Rennell's book "British Military Administration of Occupied Territories in Africa during the years 1941-47" (Stationery Office, 17s 6d) covers the problems and solutions in considerable detail — a text-book for next time, if necessary.

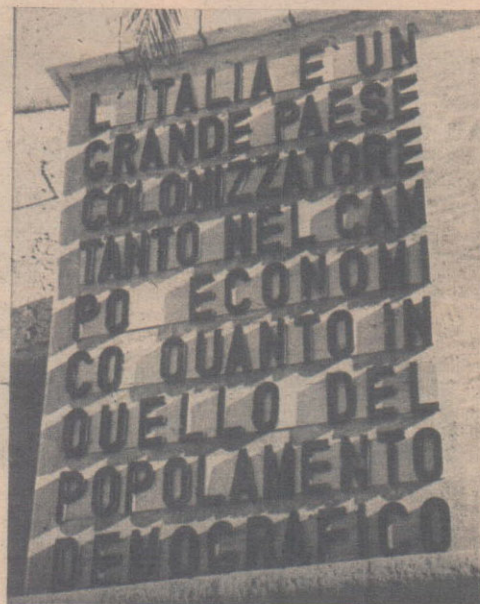
It may be that unpreparedness

was a blessing in disguise. At any rate, if the men on the job had to improvise, they also had a free hand to do as their local knowledge dictated and Lord Rennell pays generous tribute to the helpfulness shown and the latitude allowed by the War Office.

The military rulers made Ethiopia a going concern and handed it back to its Emperor; they did the same for British Somaliland and restored it to the Colonial Office; and for the Dodecanese Islands, which were handed over to the Greeks. They kept things going in Madagascar until the Free French took over. While the Powers are trying to decide the fates of Cyrenaica, Tripolitania, Somalia (Italian Somaliland), and Eritrea, those countries, better governed than they have ever been before are still under British military administration.

In countries disorganised and damaged by war and the savagery, corruption and incompetence of Mussolini's imperial government, they first assured food supplies and public order, cleaned out the prisons, re-opened hospitals and schools and organised new ones where they were needed. They opened courts to dispense impartial British justice. They got populations back to work, re-opening old industries like sponge-diving in the Dodecanese and starting new ones, like brewing in Eritrea.

They brought peace to nomadic tribes, immunised cattle against disease, fought locust-pests, re-started railways, encouraged the



In huge letters, masking the hollowness of the boast, Mussolini assured the natives of North Africa that Italy was a great colonising country, spreading prosperity and content.

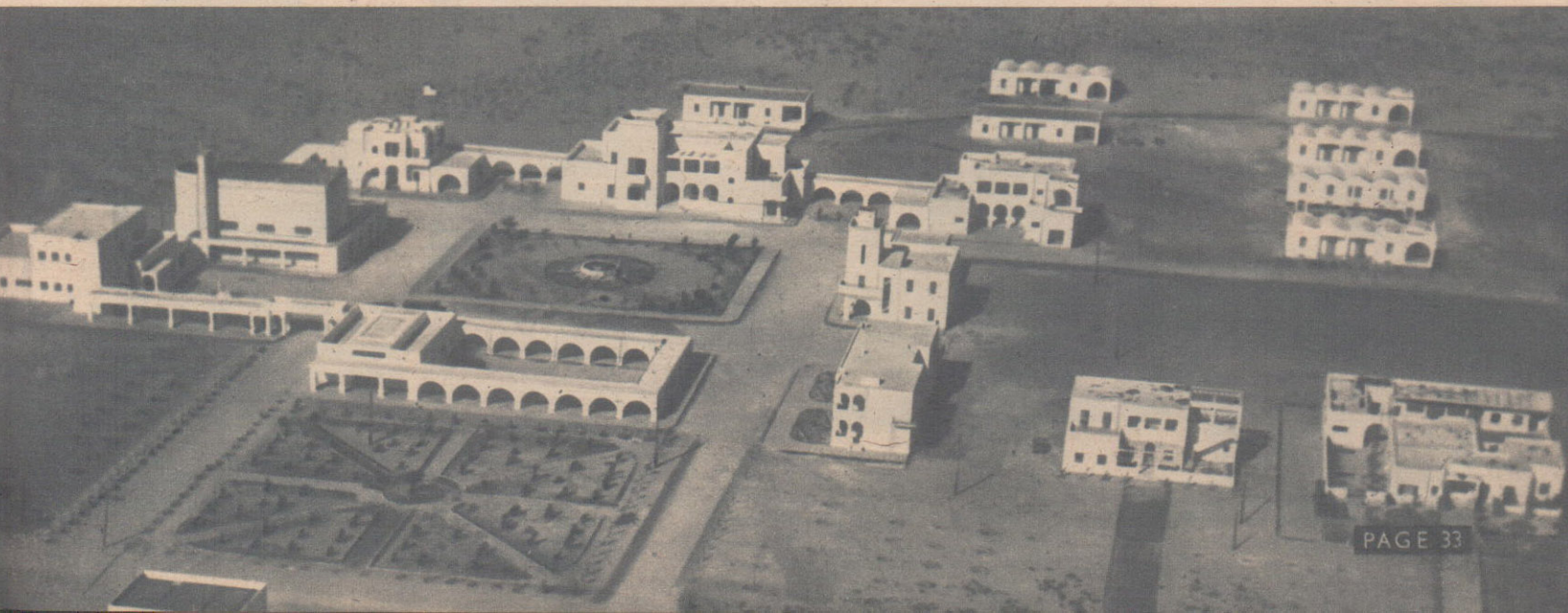
Red Sea dhow trade, controlled prices, inaugurated new currencies, re-started, maintained and improved public services like water and electricity supplies. They built up police forces and customs services and dealt with the complicated business of looking after enemy property. And while battles went on, they made captured rear areas a help to the fighting troops.

Lord Wavell, who was the first commander in World War Two to face the prospect of having to administer captured territory, prepared himself by studying Allenby's difficulties in the Middle East in World War One. Before even launching his attack on Sidi Barrani at the end of 1940, Field-Marshal Wavell telegraphed the War Office for an experienced administrator. He was sent Sir Philip Mitchell, previously Governor of Uganda; Lord Rennell went too, to take

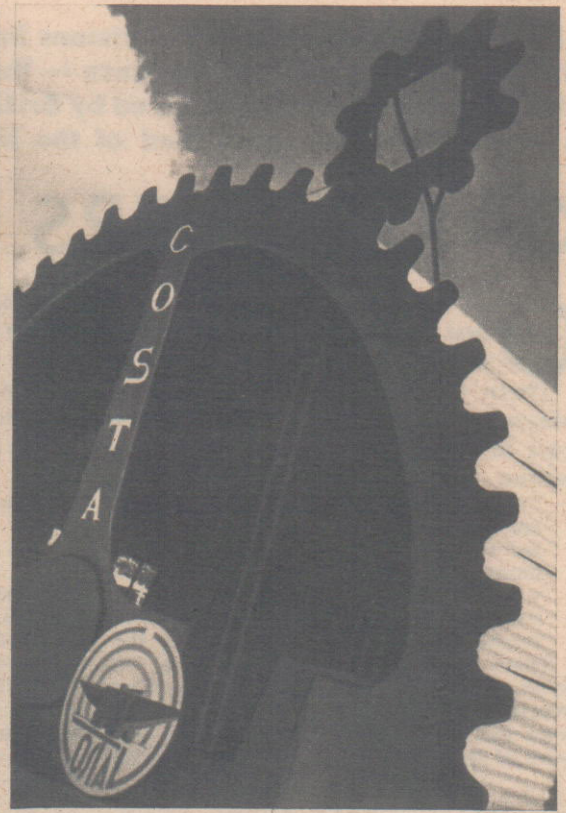
OVER



One of the Army's first jobs, after the conquest of Abyssinia, was to repatriate Ethiopian natives. Here a five-mile-long convoy rests on the road to Dessye. Below: Typical of the Duce's North African settlements was the farming village of Bianchi, near Tripoli. The farms are fertile again under British caretaker rule.







In Eritrea in 1943 the British military authorities ran a "wartime Wembley" to publicise the country's agricultural and industrial products. Architects let their imaginations run riot.

## CARETAKERS IN AFRICA (Continued)

charge of the financial and economic affairs of the administrations that were to be set up.

The first came into being in Cyrenaica in January 1941. It was improvised; and it was to last only until April (though nobody was to know that at the time). In those brief weeks, the administration started a ration scheme and the police force of Libyan Senussi that was to be useful in later occupations. And the officers gained their first experience of the job.

In Ethiopia, with the Emperor back in the country, the administration was to last only so long as war conditions made the area a military one. One of its

difficulties was with currency. Apart from bars of salt and cartridges, the Ethiopians were known to have no interest in any currency but the old Austrian Maria Theresa dollars; certainly none in paper money. Maria Theresa dollars were not easy to handle — a ton of them was worth only £3000 — but Britain had bought the dies from Austria before the war, to mint them for the Red Sea dhow trade, and so £3,000,000 were made and shipped to East Africa. They were not on the spot when Ethiopia was first taken over, but fortunately by giving a free exchange of those dollars that were in the country with East African cur-

rency, the administration had managed to get trade going anyway.

When, except for some areas needed for military purposes, the Army pulled out of Ethiopia in 1942, the Emperor spontaneously threw a banquet for all ranks, British and African. But Lord Rennell says

"It was a matter of great regret to the Imperial Forces which liberated Ethiopia that so little gratitude, and cooperation in the prosecution of the war, should have been shown by the Ethiopians who had so suddenly and perhaps unexpectedly been returned to power."

In Eritrea the military administration found that Asmara, the capital, had houses piped but not connected to the water system. The only sewer was an open drain running through the middle

of the town and discharging in the fields and market gardens of a model suburb called "Paradise Village," which itself boasted not a single latrine.

The telephones between Asmara and Massawa were working and so they were able to telephone to the Italian admiral holding out in Massawa to arrange with him not to cut off Asmara's electricity supply and suggest that he should surrender. He kept the electricity supply going, but refused to surrender until he was attacked.

Eritrea became a base for Middle East, with British and American projects employing thousands of civilians and prisoners-of-war and money pouring into the country. Employment fell when the projects were wound up in 1943, but so well had military administration encouraged enterprise among the Italians (one firm was turning out



Left: One of the problems in colonies like Eritrea was to run transport without adequate fuel. Hence this row of cars with complicated gas engines at Asmara. Above: "Real money" in the eyes of the Ethiopians meant only Maria Theresa dollars (as minted in the 18th century). The British obliged by coining £3,000,000 worth.



## "TAKE TAUNGYI" SAID GENERAL STILWELL

**M**AJOR-GENERAL F. W. Festing, who is descended from five generations of fighting Irish, was described by General ("Vinegar Joe") Stilwell's Public Relations Officer as "a legendary giant striding the jungles of north Burma" — a rare tribute from that quarter.

When General Festing assumed command of 36th Division in Burma he went to report to General Stilwell, who was pondering over some maps in a tent. Saluting, he said, "Festing reporting for duty, sir".

The crusty Stilwell, without looking up, laconically replied, "Take Taungyi" and no more. Festing turned about and took Taungyi.

This is one of the stories which liven Roy McKelvie's "The War In Burma" (Methuen 15s). The author, who was one of Admiral Mountbatten's observers, has sought to put the Burma war in perspective, and simultaneously to clothe the narrative with a little more anecdote and controversy than Frank Owen was allowed to do in the official "Campaign in Burma".

Stilwell, who slept in his pants in a tent with other officers, is quoted as saying of Mountbatten:

"He's a great commander. He's such a personality he's dangerous." Somewhat wary of this "dangerous" personality were Merrill's Marauders, an American task force who were indignant when told that Mountbatten, who was flying to visit them, would require a bath laid on in a special tent. How Mountbatten won them over makes a good story.

But McKelvie is not so impressed by personalities that he forgets to name the regiments. Of the Cameron Highlanders at Kohima he says:

"The Camerons, as is the tradition and habit of Highlanders in full cry, showed no mercy to the Japanese. Their ferocity at close quarters exceeded that of the famed Gurkhas and caused the Japanese to howl over their radio that the battalion had been specially trained in murder tactics, branding them 'Churchill's Murderers' — a compliment gratefully accepted."

Kohima was a bloody battle, costing 2nd Division 2500 men killed, wounded, sick and missing; the Japanese lost twice as

many. After the battle Major-General J. M. L. Grover, who fully retained the devotion of his troops, was appointed to War Office to become Director of Military Training (instead he became Director of Welfare). But that was not the end of the story. When Lord Munster, representing Mr. Churchill, toured the theatre to investigate welfare and to hear the men's complaints, he received none from the 2nd Division except "Where is General Grover? We want him back".

Of the troops of the "Forgotten Army", sometimes jungle-happy, often cynical, always gallant, McKelvie says:

"Sad though it is, few really appreciated the reasons for which they were fighting in Burma. Few cared very much what they were. Most would have willingly changed places with their brothers in the desert or Europe, despite the battle casualty rate there being so much higher and the enemy's machine-power so much greater."

Of the Japanese, McKelvie says:



General Festing: a jungle picture. He originated the slogan: "A Jap before breakfast." He is now Director of Weapons and Development.

"Considering their primitiveness, their disregard for life, and their natural cruelty the Japanese were... no match for the Germans in mass atrocity and inhumanity. Japanese atrocities were widespread but not general or on anything like the scale of Belsen and Buchenwald."

A last story: The Brigadier of 26th Indian Brigade, noticing that most of his British troops were wearing gay silk scarves cut from supply parachutes, issued an order that only men who had actually killed or captured a Japanese might wear one.

OVER

(Continued from opposite page) 10,000,000 buttons a month for the Army) that at the end of the year the country was able to hold a trade show with 231 firms displaying their wares and 121 others demonstrating auxiliary activities.

In East Africa military administration disarmed thousands of tribesmen who had picked up rifles and ammunition from the battlefields, and had very little trouble with the people it ruled. In British Somaliland, however, some *mullahs* (religious leaders), led by a nephew of the Mad Mullah who had caused the Army so much trouble from 1899 to 1920, used the spreading of locust poison-bait as a weapon with which to challenge the Government and enhance their own dwindling prestige. There were some brisk actions in which the leader was killed and nine other *mullahs* were detained for six months. The tribes came forward voluntarily to apologise and asked to be assessed for compensation to cover the cost of the operations. With no pressure at all, they handed over £8000.

Benghazi gives a neat example of the original methods sometimes used by Political Officers. At the time, there were almost no imports to the country.

"Word was received through official channels that a small consignment of piece goods and trade commodities was on its way to the place by road from Tripolitania. Although the import was strictly unauthorised, it was decided to let the consignment in and allow it to be marketed in ordinary commercial channels. But

the consignment was held up for a day outside the town while the Political Officer hired a Town Crier, who announced *vivissima voce* that the merchants who were bringing the goods in would certainly ask exorbitant prices which the population would be well advised not to pay as they were unauthorised. When the goods arrived next day the merchants were very disappointed to find a "stand-offish" and rather hostile population which refused to buy. The merchants thought this was a most unfair way of proceeding, but they dropped their prices. It was perhaps the first instance for many centuries of the use of a Town Crier for Price Control."

In the Dodecanese, military administration was feeding some of the populations before the Army occupied the islands. On Syri a British party found the Mayor selling food, left behind by the Germans, at black-market prices, so it installed a successful one-man military administration in the person of a company sergeant-major. By arrangement with the German commander, starving civilians on other islands were fed by military administration before the Germans surrendered.

Military administration started from scratch, with few resources; it was carried on by men who knew it was a temporary job and that there would not be another for them when it finished. Many are still in the same position. Lord Rennell comments: —

"The achievement in these circumstances has not only been notable but also indicative of an administrative and political competence far greater than could reasonably be expected. It is encouraging to find that Great Britain's resources in men capable of exercising authority with skill and intelligence are still adequate to meet her requirements."



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## SO PATTON FIRED THE GUN

"**H**OLD them by the nose and kick them in the pants," was one of the maxims of General George Patton, the brilliant pursuit general who commanded the American Third Army. It appears on the first page of his "War As I Knew It" (W. H. Allen 18s).

The book does not contain, for obvious reasons, any of the General's more profane orders of the day. Indeed, on one page the General uses the phrase "intestinal fortitude" instead of the word "guts" of which he was supposedly so fond.

Nevertheless the book is vivid, vigorous, and full of capital I's. Did Patton think of himself when he wrote this passage:

"In my experience, all very successful commanders are prima donnas, and must be so treated. Some officers require urging, others require suggestions, very few have to be restrained."

It is no secret that General Patton thought the British were wasting time at Caen. He quotes, with no expression of disapproval, this remark by his Serjeant Meeks:

"Fore God, General, if General Montgomery don't get a move on himself, those British soldiers are going to have grass and limpets growing on their left foot from standing in the water."

He also quotes a Serjeant as saying:

"General, the Government is wasting a lot of money hiring a whole General

Staff. You and me has run the Third Army all day and done a better job than they do."

The debate over whether the war could have been over in 1944 if the Pattons had had their way must be left to the historians. Many readers will be more interested in the chapter entitled "Earning my Pay," in which Patton lists some of the occasions in his military career, from West Point and Mexico onwards, when he had to take drastic personal action. Once he was able to stop a soldier being lynched. On another occasion, in the summer of 1918, the tank brigade which he commanded was having a practice shoot. A defective round exploded in the muzzle of a gun, wounding two or three men. The next round exploded in the breech, blowing a gunner's head off.

"The men were reluctant to fire the next round, so it was incumbent on me, as the senior officer present, to do so — in fact, I fired three rounds without incident. This restored the confidence of the men in the weapon. I must admit that I have never in my life been more reluctant to pull a trigger."

In this chapter, too, is men-



General Patton: he praised a British serjeant-major.

tioned the face-slapping incident in Sicily which earned General Patton such notoriety. He claims that the soldier in question was hysterical, and that a slap with a glove was an appropriate action. "If other officers had had the courage to do likewise," he says, "the shameful use of 'battle fatigue' as an excuse for cowardice would have been in-

finitely reduced." Patton was uncompromisingly in favour of the death penalty for desertion in battle.

The book is well sprinkled with military maxims, in this style:

"Do not place military cemeteries where they can be seen by replacements marching to the front. This has a very bad effect on morale, even if it adds to the pride of the Graves Registration Service."

It is a highly readable book, though containing a lot of unnecessary names. What a pity, then, that the General did not know the name of the British serjeant-major who took part in the Victory Parade in Tunis. Wrote Patton:

"The British also understand the art of ceremonial marching and really put on a splendid show. There was one serjeant-major who should be immortalised in a painting. He typified all that is great in the British non-commissioned officer. I have never seen a man strut more."

## NOVELIST LOOKS AT GERMANY

**W**HEN Miss Ethel Mannin, the novelist, met General Sir Brian Robertson at a press conference at Bad Salzungen, she told him, in answer to his question, that she had not yet written anything about Germany as she had been in the country "hardly five minutes."

The general said he was glad to hear it; most writers did not wait even that long.

Miss Mannin has now written her record of her travels: "German Journey" (Jarrolds 12s 6d). And many readers will still wonder whether, in fact, she stayed long enough in Germany to write a balanced story.

Miss Mannin carried out a rapid rail and road tour from Hamburg through Bad Salzungen and Hanover to Berlin; thence to Munich (in the American Zone), Vienna, Freiburg (in the French Zone), the Ruhr and the Hook of Holland. She was engaged in writing articles for the *Daily Mail* and looking up pre-war German friends. It was a sort of emotional pilgrimage ("I needed a new and profound experience...").

Miss Mannin's journey was "laid on" by the British Army; her book is dedicated to a British colonel who successfully cut the red tape for her. It seems a pity, then, that she has written next to nothing about the work of the British Army. Apart from her frequent clashes with RTO's and RSM's, and a battle of wills with the lance-corporal who drove her from Vienna to the Ruhr, the Army is hardly mentioned. The National Serviceman might not exist. Now if Miss Mannin had happened to stumble across something like Operation Stork, or had found British soldiers throwing a Christmas party for German children, she would doubtless have written about the Army with enthusiasm.

What, then, does Miss Mannin write about? Mostly, about the Germans' lack of food, lack of houses and lack of hope; all of which is deplorable enough, but not news. Miss Mannin wants a wider public to know that

"— not all Germans outside the concentration camps cried 'Heil Hitler!' and how some who did paid lip-service purely from expediency, the alternative being

unemployment and starvation. And so that they (the public) shall have some realisation of the problems which confront (these Germans) in the wilderness into which the Führer led them; and that serious and urgent as the material problems are, no less serious and urgent are the spiritual ones."

The food shortages (this was mid-1947) thoroughly shocked Miss Mannin; but the reader may wonder what purpose is served by continually contrasting the rations in the Press camps with the rations of the Germans. She has a running feud, too, with those British housewives in Germany who grumble about their rations — SOLDIER is keeping out of the fight. A better target for her indignation might have been the accursed indifference of well-fed rural Germans to hungry town Germans. And was it necessary throughout to refer to the British as the *Herrenvolk*?

Again, Miss Mannin does not like the idea of Press camps and such being set up in "commandeered fine houses." Hutments would be more suitable, she says; give the big houses back to the bombed-out Germans. This is a generous sentiment; but does Miss Mannin want the occupying forces to live in huts for the next 20 years and more? It is very difficult, throughout the book, to see just what Miss Mannin does want.

Her book contains some good things, but it could have contained so many more. There was a chance missed, right at the end, when Miss Mannin reached the transit camp at the Hook. A "bossy female," unaware that correspondents had officer status, tried to shepherd her to the accommodation for Other Ranks, but she was able to ward off this distressing fate. A pity, because even at this late stage it is possible that a handful of Other Ranks might have been able to give her quite a different slant on Germany.

## BRIGADIER DUDLEY CLARKE'S Seven Assignments

'Dudley Clarke, as the man who started the Commandos, has a better story to tell than some of our war memoir people, and has a lucky knack of being able to tell it in a readable and attractive way.'

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS

'The seven "assignments" are valuable footnotes to the history of the war . . . It is no disparagement of a book that will hold the most exacting adult to say that it is ideal stuff for the schoolboy old enough to want to know how much war is a matter of brains, geography, politics and personality, as well as of brute force and industrial potential.'

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J O N A T H A N C A P E





Round the bend into Cripplegate: for this demonstration streets in the bombed heart of London were shut to traffic. Leading skater, Frank Best, is followed by Bob Halford, Jim Hartigan, Alf Martin, Roy Link.

## ROLLER-RACING ROUND THE RUINS

An old sport is beginning to boom again: road-racing on roller skates. A British team made a promising debut in the world championships in Italy.

**J**UST back from Italy, where they were the first British team ever to compete in the World Road-Racing Roller Championships, are Britain's three top roller skaters: Alf Martin, Bob Halford and Jim Hartigan of the Alexandra Palace Roller Club.

Amidst the dreary weed-grown ruins of the blitzed area near St. Paul's Cathedral they and their club-mates are getting down to training for the busiest season ever.

Before the war the police did not look with a very benevolent eye on the organisers of road racing and the National Skating Association were forced to refuse recognition to this type of event. Petrol rationing has now run so many cars off the road that long shiny stretches of tarmac are left almost undisturbed to the devotees of the wooden wheels.

Wooden wheels? Yes, racing skates have wheels of boxwood. Metal wheels of the breadth required to grip the tarmac when taking a right-angle corner at 20 mph would be far too heavy. Nor would they have as much grip as the wooden ones or ride rough patches so easily.

Now that police co-operation is forthcoming, the National Skating Association have given their official blessing to road racing and are planning a series of meetings for this winter, culminating in the National Championships. Next year they hope to revive the famous 60-mile London to Brighton race that was driven off the roads back in 1927.

Considering it was their first effort, and that they each have a

(Continued on Page 39)



Pathe Gazette films the contestants putting on their skates.



## TOMMY HANDLEY says "KOLYNOS for me"



At home with Sam, the bulldog, the famous comedian rehearses a joke. Tommy Handley is another star who follows the best advice on teeth care and uses 'Kolynos' twice daily. (1) 'Kolynos' cleans *between* teeth where food sticks and starts decay. (2) No other toothpaste is so free from gritty abrasives that can scrape enamel. Only 'Kolynos' keeps teeth sparkling white so safely!

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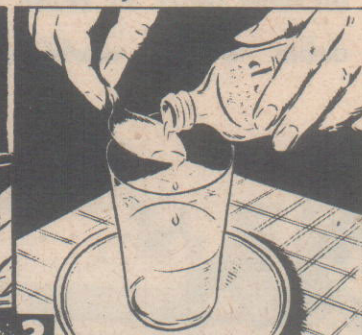


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to tackle the infection in the throat and nose—clear the head, relieve throat soreness.



**TAKE SMALL DOSES OF T.C.P.**  
to help the system to throw out the Cold toxins (poisons) that cause feverishness and headache.

**O**BVIOUSLY, if you feel a Cold coming on, the first place to tackle it is where the germs lodge and multiply—in the nose and throat membranes. But don't forget that the general symptoms of a heavy Cold—feverishness and headache—are due to toxins (poisons) escaping from the nose and throat into the system. So, to make reasonably certain of stopping a Cold quickly, you need to tackle it internally, as well as by gargling.

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a gargle and take internally as well. And it's the internal antiseptic action of T.C.P. that gives your system just the help needed to throw off the Cold toxins, before they can get a hold.

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## ROLLER-RACING ROUND THE RUINS

job of work to hold down when not skating, the British team did remarkably well in

Italy. In the 1,000 metres Martin came eighth, Hartigan 11th and Halford 14th; in the 5,000 metres Halford was seventh, Hartigan eighth and Martin tenth. Halford fell in the 10,000 metres and had to retire, but Martin secured seventh place and Hartigan 13th.

In the 20,000 metre race Martin came fifth, Hartigan 11th and

Halford 12th, their aggregate team time being only two seconds slower than that of the winners. In the relay, running fourth, they were only two-and-a-half seconds behind the winning team.

The Continental style of long distance racing is to take it easy until the last mile or so, but this didn't do for the British boys. They slogged away right from the start, forcing the other competitors to keep their pace. The National Skating Association is confident that with a little more experience and increased public support, British skaters will lead the world, at least over the long distances.

It wasn't Bob Halford's first trip to Italy. As a despatch rider with RAF HQ, Middle East and later with 253 Wing of the Desert Air Force, he went through the North Africa and Italy campaigns. With Frank Best, another of the Alexandra Aces, he went on skating jaunts in Cairo.

Don't run (or skate) away with the idea that it's a kid's game. When you are hurtling along a straight at 30 mph a loose-lying matchstick can throw you through half-a-dozen somersaults to crash-land in front of a tangle of flying metal-shod feet.

Nor is it generally realised that on indoor tracks skaters on wheels put up considerably faster times than those on ice. Crashes are not so frequent as one might expect, but when one of the leaders does come down, anything may happen. Some leap over him, some do fancy side-skids and some just pile up.

Recently the road-racers of the Palace Club became film stars for an afternoon. With the help of the police, four streets in Moor-gate were closed to traffic and the club members put on a show for the newsreel boys.

Doing sprint-starts, skid-turns, stopping dead from full speed and whizzing round the course pursued by a ciné camera mounted in a car, they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. So did the camera man until he got the idea of taking a shot of their legs and feet as they came full-tilt towards him.

Lying flat, he exposed the film while the lads leaped over him one after another, lifting his hair with the wind of their passage.

Grinning cheerfully they gathered round as he got to his feet looking a bit white round the gills. "I was worried about the camera," he explained.

Roller skating is a coming sport in Britain. Any smooth surface will do and the weather doesn't matter much. With the new impetus given to it by the National Skating Association, roller racing should soon be one of the few sports in which we can still show the rest of the world a clean pair of heels.

TED JONES

## SMALL TALK

ON a troopship returning from the Boer War a young soldier called Hastings fell foul of a serjeant-major, and was put on a charge. Glibly he talked himself out of trouble before his OC. Afterwards the serjeant-major said to the soldier, "Astings, you ought to be a bloody lawyer."

The soldier became Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C. He told the story in the *Sunday Express*.

Of an ex-Regular charged in a London police court with wife assault, the court missionary said:

"He appears to have brought the atmosphere of the barracks back to his home. He became so impregnated with Army methods that he has tried — perhaps unconsciously — to run his family like a platoon; in the spirit of a serjeant rather than that of a husband and father."

The ex-soldier was bound over for 12 months.

More than a hundred Snipe sailing boats were manufactured for Army recreational purposes by REME at Tel el Kebir.

The tiny township of Alamogordo, in the New Mexico desert, now bears this proud sign on its main street:

"Alamogordo, Home of the Atomic Bomb, Centre of Rocket Development."



Road racing skates have boxwood wheels.

## Keep Your Eye on HARRIS

**B**EGINNING to realise his life-long ambition is 24-year-old ex-Guardsman Kevin (Paddy) Harris, who recently made his first appearance for Brentford FC.

Son of a footballing father who won over a score of caps for Ireland, Paddy's one ambition ever since he was so-high has been to get into first-class British Soccer.

He might have made it sooner if, as soon as he became of service age in 1943, he hadn't left the safe neutrality of Dublin, where he was playing with the Shamrock Rovers, to pull his weight for Britain in the Irish Guards.

Paddy's hopes of battle and glory were disappointed, however. He was kept in the Training Battalion and did not go overseas to Germany until 1945 when the fighting was over. Meanwhile he was collecting valuable football experience. Playing at left-half, he was one of the stars of the Irish Guards' team which won the London District Championship in 1944 and the 2nd Battalion team which, after winning the Hamburg Cup in '45, went on to become BAOR Champions' and runners-up for the Army Cup.

One of Paddy's comrades-in-arms in the Guards was Jack Chisholm, now Brentford's captain. It was on his recommendation that Paddy became a guest player for Arsenal and the Spurs while stationed in Britain and it is under Chisholm's experienced eye that he is shaping into one of the great players of the future.

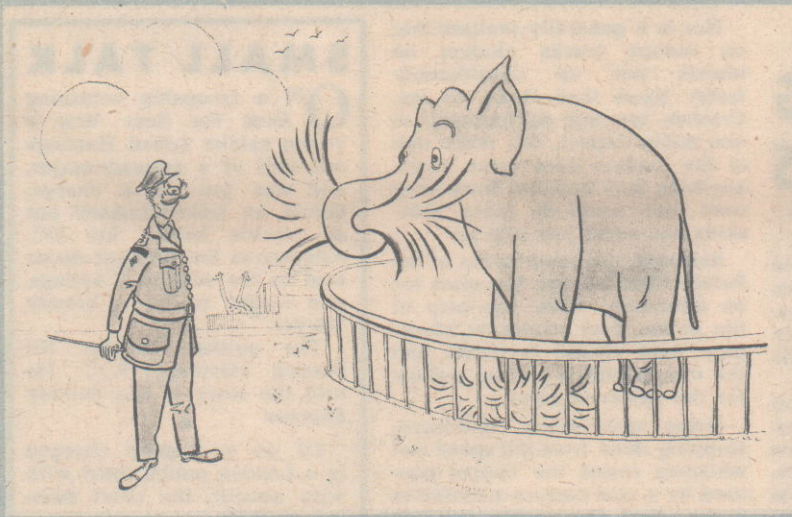
When Paddy, who is a bachelor, isn't playing or training, he is working around the Brentford Stadium. If you ask him what his hobbies are he will say "Oh, I like coaching the younger lads."

In his debut as inside-left with the Brentford first eleven when they met Leicester City in September, the critics singled out Paddy Harris as one of the mainstays of the attack.



Ex-Guardsman Paddy Harris: he played in Rhine Army.





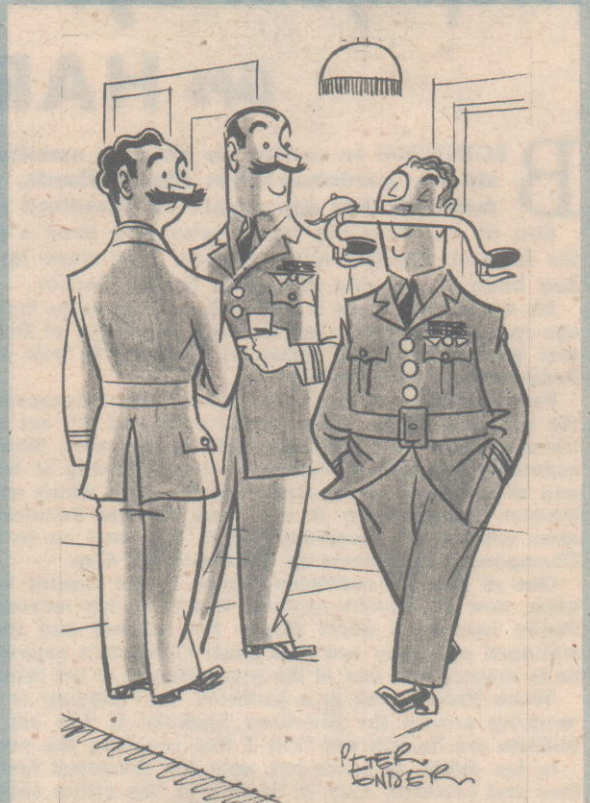
## SOLDIER *Humour*



"I've had a terrible fright."



"When you've been in the Army as long as I have, you'll know it's wise to carry something—saves no end of work."





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*Throw them off by using*  
**'ASPRO'** *at first signs*

**'ASPRO' WITH HOT MILK OR TEA**  
Dear Sir, Balham, S.W.12.  
For the first time I bought a packet of 'ASPRO' last week. I had such a bad cold—I took two at night with hot milk—two in morning with hot tea—they made a different woman of me. I did not have to take to my bed. Many thanks to 'ASPRO'.

Yours faithfully, MISS STEVENS.  
**NEVER WITHOUT 'ASPRO'**  
D. JARVIS, of 7 Hornby Terrace, Morecambe, writes:—  
"I am never really without a few 'ASPRO' tablets as they do dispel a cold. I am always out of doors on my job and we use 'ASPRO' at the least sign of a cold."

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## Insurance Agent returns to Mining on being demobbed

"I've been back in  
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and I think it offers  
the best future of  
any industry in  
Britain."

*Bill Melling*

Dumbreck  
Colliery, Glasgow



"When I was demobbed from the R.A.S.C., I looked around for the best job and decided that, with the new conditions, Mining was the best bet"—so says Bill Melling, an Insurance Agent pre-war, former miner who's come back to the Country's No. 1 industry. He's typical of many men who can see that Mining's vital importance means a secure future with plenty of opportunity for getting ahead.

Over 100,000 volunteers joined the Miners in just over a year—they get training with pay; a guaranteed week's work each week; 5 full day's work brings a bonus and experienced face-workers average £7 to £9 a week and more. When you're next on leave call at the nearest colliery or employment exchange and ask them all about the opportunities in Mining to-day.

★ **JOIN THE MINERS**

—the skilled men  
the Nation will always need



Issued by the Ministry of Labour and National Service in conjunction with the National Coal Board



# SHADOW OF THE RUHR

## FILMS

BRITAIN's rival to the American *March of Time* is *This Modern Age*, which puts out a monthly two-reeler on social and international problems. Latest is *Shadow of the Ruhr*. It shows what Britain has done to put the Ruhr on its feet again, while guarding against reviving those industries which in the past have armed a militant Germany.

Soldiers serving in the Ruhr will have a special interest in this film, which contains many arresting shots of the ruin which overtook the richest

concentration of industry in Europe.

After three years of occupation the Ruhr's coal output has been brought up to 75 per cent of pre-war level. Epidemics have been prevented, press and trade unions liberated, provincial governments and councils formed.

The Ruhr remains a world problem: Britain and America want it to, help in rebuilding Europe; France fears it; and Russia wants a hand in its control.



"Stills" from *Shadow of the Ruhr*: Left — German workmen repair the shattered railways. Right — more like a stage set than a living room was this bisected house at Duisburg. Right, below — preparing the way for a new bridge over the Rhine.



## Coming Your Way

### LONDON BELONGS TO ME

Norman Collins' best-seller of the inhabitants of a typical London boarding-house, one of whom is sentenced to death for murder. Richard Attenborough plays the garage mechanic who becomes a criminal, Alastair Sim a fake spiritualist medium, Stephen Murray an eccentric greengrocer. Also starring: Fay Compton, Wylie Watson, Susan Shaw, Ivy St. Helier.

### NO ORCHIDS FOR MISS BLANDISH

It's all right, you can take your girl-friend (if she isn't nervous): this is the cut version approved by the London County Council. In case you didn't know, James Hadley Chase was a London library assistant who read the toughest American thrillers and decided to write a tougher American thriller: this is it, *Made In Britain*. Kidnappings, gun-play, the Ugly Head and Jack La Rue, Hugh McDermott, Linden Travers, Walter Crisham, Leslie Bradley.

### AN IDEAL HUSBAND

Oscar Wilde's hard and brilliant epigrams are fashionable again and his elaborately-costumed drawing rooms make good film subjects. Sir Alexander Korda picked this one, about a woman who blackmails a politician to get political support for a fraudulent Canal scheme, and cast Michael Wilding and Paulette Goddard for the star parts.

### THE NAKED CITY

This is a whodunit with a difference. For once the film shows the laborious routine that goes to build up a case against a murderer, in a series of realistic episodes that go from the New York underworld to the Upper Ten. With Barry Fitzgerald, Howard Duff, Dorothy Hart and Don Taylor.

### HER SISTER'S SECRET

Some of the troubles that may come from having a baby but no wedding ring. Publicity blurb describes it as "Stirring drama of a woman who sacrificed all for Love." With Nancy Coleman, Margaret Lindsay.

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## BLUECAPS

During war-time there were two sorts of Military Police, the common or garden "Redcaps" and those who wore a stylish shade of blue. The "Bluecaps" seemed to be much gentler souls and it is with regret that I notice they have faded out since the war ended. Can you tell me why some "Redcaps" were blue and what has become of them? — "Old Lag" (name and address supplied).

★ The "Bluecaps" were a volunteer force known as RMP (VP), raised to help out the CRMP in their increased war-time duties. They consisted of

All men over 37 years old and younger men of lower medical categories. In addition a number of Redcaps and Traffic Control Police of low medical category were transferred to the Bluecaps. They were used to guard vital points—ammunition dumps, docks, and so on. While on duty they had the full authority of Military Police in the area under their charge, but were not normally called upon to deal with military crime.

With the end of the war, these duties rapidly decreased and the ranks of the "Bluecaps" were allowed to dwindle. Today only one or two remain. (There is one, for instance, guarding the Provost-Marshal's HQ in London.)

## CORNETS' NEST

The letter headed "Too Much Jive" in your September issue has aroused a buzz of protest among the many like myself who still favour the "Jungle and Harlem" music broadcast by British Forces Network in Germany. I am convinced that BFN caters fairly for all tastes.

Regarding the "sweet" German variety of dance music, the repertoire to be heard in any German cafe is confined to about five numbers that have been dished up every day for the last two years. German musicians lack music and are unable to play an English orchestration properly.

Finally, why insult swing music by calling it names? There are many of us

# LETTERS

who do not appreciate classics, but we refrain from insulting those who do. — AC R. Hall, 5 MT Base Depot, RAF, BAOR 3.

## ATTLEE'S WAR

Your review entitled "When Attlee Served In Churchill's Campaign" (SOLDIER, September) reminded me of a story in Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart's recent book "Comes The Reckoning."

It seems that the American Ambassador, Mr. Bingham, was lunching with some British Labour leaders and talked all the time about his grouse moor in Scotland. Mr. Attlee listened with outward patience but inward boredom. Finally the Ambassador asked:

"And do you shoot too, Major Attlee?"

"I have shot."

"And when did you last shoot?"

"In 1918."

"And what was your bag?"

"Germans," said Mr. Attlee grimly.

— Lieut. J. A. Webb, Sloane Street, London.

## VOCATIONAL TRAINING

I would like to put the case of the ex-apprentice tradesman in the Regular Army whose training was rushed through because of the war. Many, like myself, did not receive sufficient training even to qualify as two-year apprentices in Civvy Street, but were passed out and posted to units some six months before

● 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.

● Please do not ask for information which you can get in your own orderly room or from your own officer, thus saving time and postage.

colour service should have started.

In our units we met civilian tradesmen who had been called up and who knew a great deal more about the job than we had had a chance to learn. Hence they did the real tradesmen's work while we were relegated to the "pick-and-shovel" squad. We had no chance during the war to fill the gaps in our knowledge.

I think we should be given at least a six-months vocational training period before finishing our colour service in order to carry on with the trade that the Army "contracted" to teach us, or to learn another one. — Sjt. T. King, 726 RASC, Water Transport, Gibraltar.

★ Before the war, the Regular soldier was allowed to spend his last six months colour service on a vocational training course to prepare him for civilian life. When the post-war release programme was introduced,

## How Much Do You Know?

1. Largest single-funnelled liner in the world is being completed on the Clyde. Name, please.

2. Somebody is always getting up at a party and reciting "Dangerous Dan McGrew". Who wrote this poem?

3. Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery is "Montgomery of Alamein". Fill in the blanks: Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander of ————; Earl Mountbatten of ————.

4. Which King of England said, "I like my dinners and my sermons short"?

5. What is the current significance, in America just now, of a Donkey and an Elephant?

6. True or false:

- (a) The offspring of a lion and a tigress is a liger;
- (b) Edward VIII abdicated in 1935;
- (c) Bernard Shaw wrote *Can-dide*.

(d) HMS Rodney has been broken up.

7. Name the "intruder" here: Beecham, Bax, Boulton, Beveridge, Barbirolli.

8. Miss Florence Hancock was in the news recently when she

- (a) broke a speed record for Auster aircraft;
- (b) presided at the Trade Union Congress;
- (c) threw a brick through the window of the Bank of England;
- (d) sang *Ave Maria* 20 times in one day.

9. A British diver recently broke a world record by descending 53 feet, 135 feet, 351 feet, 535 feet, 1353 feet — which?

10. A new film is called *Saraband For Dead Lovers*. What's a saraband?

11. What is a Yahoo?

12. British starlet Diana Dors, having fallen off her toboggan, might be described as looking:

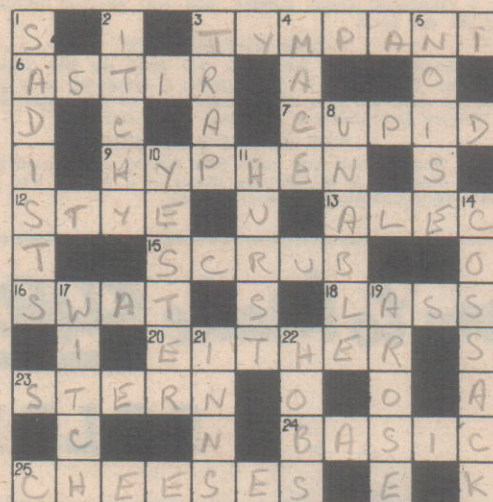
- (a) supine and supplicatory;
- (b) recumbent and regarant;
- (c) prone and prolix;
- (d) prostrate and pragmatical.

Which?

(Answers on Page 45)



## CROSSWORD



### ACROSS:

- 3. Percussion instruments.
- 6. Moving in cast iron.
- 7. 13 and 18 across may be targets for him.
- 9. Link.
- 12. A dusty eye may have this.
- 13. Boy.
- 15. Clean vegetation?
- 16. Death to flies.
- 18. Girl.
- 20. Alternatively, I am in a drug.
- 23. Severe rear.
- 24. At bottom.
- 25. Edibles used in curling.

### DOWN:

- 1. People who enjoy cruelty.
- 2. Gives reason

- for scratching (but not in sporting circles).
- 3. Could be gin—but you wouldn't drink it.
- 4. A symbol of office.
- 5. Product of 3 across.
- 8. Not competent.
- 10. Poet's "once upon a time".
- 11. Wood.
- 14. Trooper from the Don.
- 17. This fascinating woman may be old and ugly.
- 19. A flower came up.
- 21. Those of Court produce bar-risters.
- 22. Fireside features.

(Answers on Page 45)



this scheme was replaced, in the case of the National Serviceman, by the Ministry of Labour's vocational training centres to which Servicemen could apply to go after their release.

These centres were later opened to Regulars as well and the old vocational training scheme was stopped. So Regulars can now apply to go to a Government Training Centre after discharge and a maintenance grant is made them.

The Ministry of Labour does not, however, run courses in a trade that is already overcrowded.

## CLOTHING ALLOWANCE

I have been told that a soldier's clothing allowance (10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d a week), if not expended, reverts to Army funds at the end of every six months. If so, should there be any rebate estimated on articles of clothing returned to the quartermaster as unserviceable, when a similar article is drawn on repayment? — **Sgt. L. R. Sheppard, 89 SIB, Berlin.**

★ The unexpended portion of the allowance remains to the credit of the soldier. It does not revert to Army funds. There is no rebate on articles handed in as unserviceable through normal usage.

## AIRBORNE TIES

Is there a regimental tie of either the Glider Pilot Regiment or the Army Air Corps? — **John Hemmings (ex-major), 23 Stirling Avenue, Leigh-on-sea, Essex.**

★ Not at present. The only ties so far in use by Airborne Forces are the Airborne Club tie and the Parachute Regiment Old Comrades Association tie.

## PYTHON

After doing 18 months in MELF I came home on release. Before finishing my release leave I re-enlisted on a short-service engagement and was promptly posted to Iraq. As I did not spend a total of six months in Britain, does my Python tour date from the day I originally embarked for MELF? — **Sgmn. R. Leigh, c/o 276 Sigs. Unit, RAF Habbaniya, Iraq.**

★ A soldier who accepts release and obtains some of its benefits is eligible for posting on a post-war overseas tour if he rejoins the Colours on a short-service engagement. Although you did not spend six months in Britain, you cannot count your previous service in MELF towards your present overseas tour.

## TWO MINUTE SERMON

An old story tells of a nobleman who kept a fool. One day he gave the fool a staff, telling him to keep it until he met a greater fool.

Many years passed and the nobleman fell seriously ill. The fool came to see him and from his deathbed the nobleman said, "I am leaving you."

"Where are you going?" asked the fool. "Into another world," said his old master.

"And when will you return?" asked the fool. "After a

## OVERSEAS MEDAL?

In our unit we feel that the issue of an "Overseas Medal" is long overdue. It should be awarded for, say, three years non-operational service overseas, with a bar for each completed tour bearing the names of the appropriate stations in which the soldier has served.

Considering the millions of medals and stars issued during the war, this suggestion surely cannot be objected to on the grounds of cost. At present there are many men with years of overseas service who have nothing to distinguish them from those who have done all their service in "cushy" billets at home.

I wonder what other readers of SOL-DIER think about this. — **S/Sgt. Cranston, REME, Malta Force.**

★ Present policy is normally to issue medals only for war service, or for operations like those in Palestine, where troops qualified for the General Service Medal.

Not all home billets are "cushy". Equally, "cushy" billets are not unknown overseas.

## BUYING OUT

Please answer some buying out queries: (1) If I claim discharge do I forfeit all right to any pension I may be entitled to? (2) If eligible do I get the gratuity for not less than ten years service mentioned in the White Paper of 19 December 1945? (3) As a soldier so discharged is a civilian from the moment he leaves his unit, will I lose all rights to release benefits, civilian clothes and so on? (4) Can I claim a monetary allowance in lieu of overseas leave? (5) What happens if a soldier has a debtor balance? (6) What payment is authorised for a soldier to return to Britain after receiving his discharge? — **Sgt. F. R. Lomas, 3rd Bn King's African Rifles, Kenya.**

★ (1) Yes. (2) Yes. (3) Yes, although certain articles of clothing may be retained. (4) If admissible. (5) Debtor balances must be righted by restricting payments or offsetting part or all of any gratuity, or by a third party producing the money. (6) The soldier must produce the passage money.

You should read ACI 768 of 1948.

## FREE DISCHARGE

Is it now possible for a Regular with 16 or more years service to be discharged at his own request and without having to pay for it? If so, what benefits does he receive on release? — **J. A. H., "Brixmis" BAOR (name and address supplied).**

★ After 16 years Colour service a soldier can claim free discharge, sub-

# Here's a Chance in The Empire

## For EXPERTS

### — in New Zealand

THE New Zealand Army wants recruits for its Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Royal Army Ordnance Corps and Catering Corps. Class I or Class II tradesmen, released or on Regular reserve, aged between 21 and 40, can enlist for five years with the option of re-engagement for other terms up to the retiring age of 45.

Pay ranges from £4 7s 6d a week for recruits to £9 9s for tradesmen WO's I. Cost of living and income tax are both lower in New Zealand than in Britain. Single men are preferred, but married men with special qualifications will be considered. Marriage allowance is £1 1s a week; ration allowance, for men living out of barracks, is £1 3s 11d a week.

Gratuities of £25 for each year's service to a maximum of 12 years will be payable; after 20 years' service soldiers qualify for a pension.

Full details, and a list of the trades required, are in ACI 797 of 1948. Applications should be made to New Zealand Military Liaison Officer, New Zealand Military Headquarters, Halifax House 51/55, Strand, London, WC 2.

## For CHILDREN

### — in Rhodesia

SOLDIERS with family problems may find a solution in the scheme run by the Fairbridge Memorial College, Southern Rhodesia.

The scheme, akin to the successful child emigration schemes to Australia and Canada, is open to boys and girls from eight to 12 years (13 in special cases) who are healthy and intelligent. Preference is given to children who, for financial or other reasons, need a new opportunity.

They receive primary education at the College at Induna, ten miles from Bulawayo, with holidays by the sea. Secondary education, to the age of 16, they receive with Rhodesian children at Academic, Modern or Technical secondary schools.

There are opportunities for taking scholarships or bursaries to South African universities (overseas universities in special cases) or Rhodes scholarships to Oxford.

The scheme is designed to produce permanent settlers for the Colony and children are fitted to enter professions, industry or public services.

Applications to: The General Secretary, Rhodesia Fairbridge Memorial College, Rhodesia House, 429, Strand, London, WC 2.

## THAT JEEP

Your sceptical correspondents who were reluctant to believe that a REME team could put together a jeep in three-and-a-half minutes, and then drive it away, may like to know that in a recent issue of REME Magazine there is a description of how another REME team, at a Royal Artillery display at Sheffield, assembled their jeep and had it moving in two minutes 42 seconds. The report says they had been asked to "go slow", and that they had, in fact, completed the task in two minutes 20 seconds at a rehearsal before CREME of 5 Anti-Aircraft Group.

On another page of the magazine there is a photograph of the King watching a demonstration of lightning jeep assembly at a cadet camp at Bourley, where REME laid on an exhibition. — "Crafty Craftsman," Arborfield.

## SEEKING TROUBLE

I am a Regular soldier who joined the Army for adventure. Can you give me any information that would help me to get a transfer to the Malayan Police? — **Tpr. G. Hobson, 4/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, Tripolitania, MELF 1.**

★ There is no scheme whereby a serving soldier can transfer to the Malayan Police, which is not a part of the Army.

(More Letters on Page 46)

## Answers

(from Page 44)

### HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. Caronia. 2. Robert W. Service. 3. Alexander of Tunis; Mountbatten of Burma. 4. George V. 5. Donkey is symbol of Democratic Party, Elephant of Republican Party. 6. (a) True; (b) False (it was 1936); (c) False (he wrote Candida); (d) True. 7. Beveridge: the others are conductors. 8. Presided at TUC. 9. 351 feet. 10. A slow Spanish dance. 11. One of a race of brutes in the form of men (Swift). 12. Recumbent and regardant.

### CROSSWORD

Across: 3. Tympani. 6. Astir. 7. Cupid. 9. Hyphen. 12. Styre. 13. Alec. 15. Scrub. 16. Swat. 18. Lass. 20. Either. 23. Stern. 24. Basic. 25. Cheeses.

Down: 1. Sadists. 2. Itchy. 3. Trap. 4. Mace. 5. Noise. 8. Unable. 10. Yester. 11. Hurst. 14. Cossack. 17. Witch. 19. Arose. 21. Inns. 22. Hobs.



# MORE LETTERS

## GOING ABROAD

With three years Reserve service to serve can I, as a Regular, apply to emigrate? If so, under what ACI? — **Staff Serjeant, BAOR.**

★ When transferred to the Army Reserve you can apply to Records under ACI 949/45.

## IRISHMAN'S RISE

Is the rank increment of 3s 6d a week, which is given after four years' service in the rank of corporal and above, retained on promotion to a higher rank? If not, it would appear from the post-war code of pay tables that a serjeant could lose money on promotion to staff-serjeant and a staff-serjeant lose money on promotion to WO II. Is this intended? — **Sjt. C. W. Lax, E Coy, HQ BAOR 1.**

★ It is true that according to the pay tables published in the New Code, a serjeant with many years service in that rank would lose money on promotion to staff-serjeant and the same applies to the staff-serjeant on promotion to WO II. However, it is not intended that anyone should suffer financially by promotion and special provisions have been made to cover such cases which should be referred in writing to the Regimental Paymaster.

## GERMAN FIANCÉE

While stationed in Germany I became engaged to a local girl. I now wish her to come to Britain to be married. How do I set about it? — **Pte. R. Hall, 2nd. Bn. The Green Howards, Sudan, MELF 4.**

★ You cannot do anything to bring your fiancée to Britain until you are posted home yourself. Then you can

apply through your CO for Foreign Office Form EE 231. You complete Part I of this form and send it to your fiancée. She completes Part II and then takes the form, together with a medical and police certificate saying she is a fit person to be given an exit and entry permit, to her Bürgermeister who will arrange for the permit to be issued.

Her journey to Britain can be booked from either end. If you wish, the fare can be deposited either with a travel agency or with the Foreign Office, who will make arrangements for her passage.

## THE GARDENER

On asking at the Education Office for a correspondence course in parks gardening I was told there was not one to be had. Is it possible to take an outside one, and get a grant from the Army for it? — **Pte. M. Yeatman, RAMC Depot, Crookham, Hants.**

★ Your best course would be to apply through your CO for a pre-vocational course at an Army College. The following subjects are taught at No. 3 Army College, Chiseldon, Wilts.: glasshouse management, horticulture, gardening.

## LOST SCRAP-BOOK

Passing through a transit camp in Germany I had my kit stolen. Included was a treasured possession — my scrap-book of pictures and cuttings of the 2nd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders with whom I served in Malaya. If anyone finds it, or can assist in compiling a new one, I would be most grateful. — **Sjt. O. C. Campbell, Hygiene Wing, HQ 2 Inf. Division BAOR 4.**

# THOSE RELIEF BENEFITS

## Let's Get This Straight

**T**HERE is confusion in many soldiers' minds about their release benefits.

Here are two typical queries from SOLDIER's mailbag: I am in Group 77, which should have been released during September and October. Now I have to serve until after the New Year. As Demob Centres were due to close down in December, does this mean that my extra service will deprive me of a civilian suit when I am eventually released? — **Spr. L. Smith, No. 6 ES(B)D, Royal Engineers, BAOR 3.**

Now that all release groups are "frozen" for three months, we National Servicemen who were due out in December will do more than two years service before being released. This is as long as some of those released under the Age & Service Group scheme, who are given civilian suits on discharge. Will we also get these suits now? — **"Four Drivers" (names and addresses supplied).**

The first thing to get straight is that the three months suspension of release makes no difference to the existing rules governing release benefits.

The second is that there are three distinct classes of National Servicemen. There are the National Servicemen (Emergency), which means all those called up from the outbreak of war until 31 December 1946 (excluding Regulars); National Servicemen (Fixed Term or Interim), which means men, other than Regulars, enlisted between 1 January 1947 and 31 December 1948; and National Servicemen (Permanent), which means the one-year men called up after 31 December this year.

The writers of the above letters are in two different classes. Sapper Smith is a National Servicemen (Emergency), called up before 1 January 1947. He, and all other men enlisted before that date, who do their full term of service and are released with their Age and Service Group, will get Class "A" release under the terms laid down in Regulations for Release from the Army 1945, with its amendments.

The general benefits are 56 days paid leave; one day's leave for every month served overseas, providing a man has served a total of six months; ration allowance for the whole leave period and an outfit of civilian clothing. Certain articles of Army clothing may be retained.

It was intended that all men due to be released under these arrangements should be out by 31 December this year. This would have made it unnecessary to keep open the Demob Centres in their present form. Now that the whole release programme has been suspended, however, these centres will stay open. No one will lose any release benefits by being kept in three months longer.

All men, like the "Four Drivers," enlisted between 1 January 1947 and 31 December 1948 are eligible for the "Fixed Term" or "Interim" release benefits, laid down in ACI 892/47 as amended by ACI 763/48. They will receive one day's leave with ration allowance for each month of service. There will be no overseas leave or cash in lieu. They will be allowed to retain certain articles of military clothing, but no civilian suit will be issued, or cash grant in lieu. Sixty supplementary clothing coupons will be provided besides the normal civilian ration.

The National Serviceman (Permanent), called up on or after 1 January 1949 will also get a day's leave with ration allowance for every month served, when he is released. He will get no overseas leave and no civilian suit, but will be allowed to retain the Territorial Army scale of clothing and equipment as public property, which he will use during service with the Territorials. He will also be allowed to retain shirts, underclothing and socks as personal property. The number of clothing coupons he will receive has not yet been decided.

Regular soldiers are divided into two classes. Those who complete their Colour service and are discharged before the end of the Age and Service Group Release Programme (that is before 31 March 1949) will receive full benefits of Class "A" release, just as the National Servicemen (Emergency) do.

Regulars discharged after 31 March 1949 will get 28 days terminal leave with ration allowance. They will not get overseas service leave, but an element for overseas service will be included in their disembarkation leave under the new leave Scale.

The scale of Army clothing they will be allowed to keep has not yet been decided. They will be issued with a civilian outfit or cash grant instead. They will also get clothing coupon books plus supplementary coupons.

Space prevents detailing the release conditions of exceptional classes such as "B" and "C," and of those who are invalided out. In most cases Orderly Rooms should have the answer; if not write to SOLDIER, 60 Eaton Square, London SW 1.





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