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# SOLDIER

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## ONE YEAR

On 6 June 1944 the first Allied assault troops landed on the Normandy beaches. The bell had rung for Hitlerism to depart from the face of this earth.

On 6 June 1945 the published prints all over the world carried the headlines "Hitler's Reich Now ceases to exist." Field Marshal Montgomery, General Eisenhower, General Zhukov and General de Lattre de Tassigny sitting in Berlin had issued a joint declaration assuming complete and absolute control of every branch of life in Germany.

In all history there has been no victory so complete, so vast, so all-embracing.

Look now at the man on the immediate right of this column. Private Brain, man of Oxford, symbolises that victory.

In the midst of our many preoccupations here in B.L.A., among our thoughts of leave and home and a rest from the wearying struggle, there is space — and a goodly space — for Pte. Brain.

There he stands, grey and grim, with fatigue and with the filth of battle in Burma still heavy upon him.

For him the task is not yet ended.

Nor, friends, is ours.

REHEARSAL  
FOR  
CIVVY STREET

Pages 10 and 11



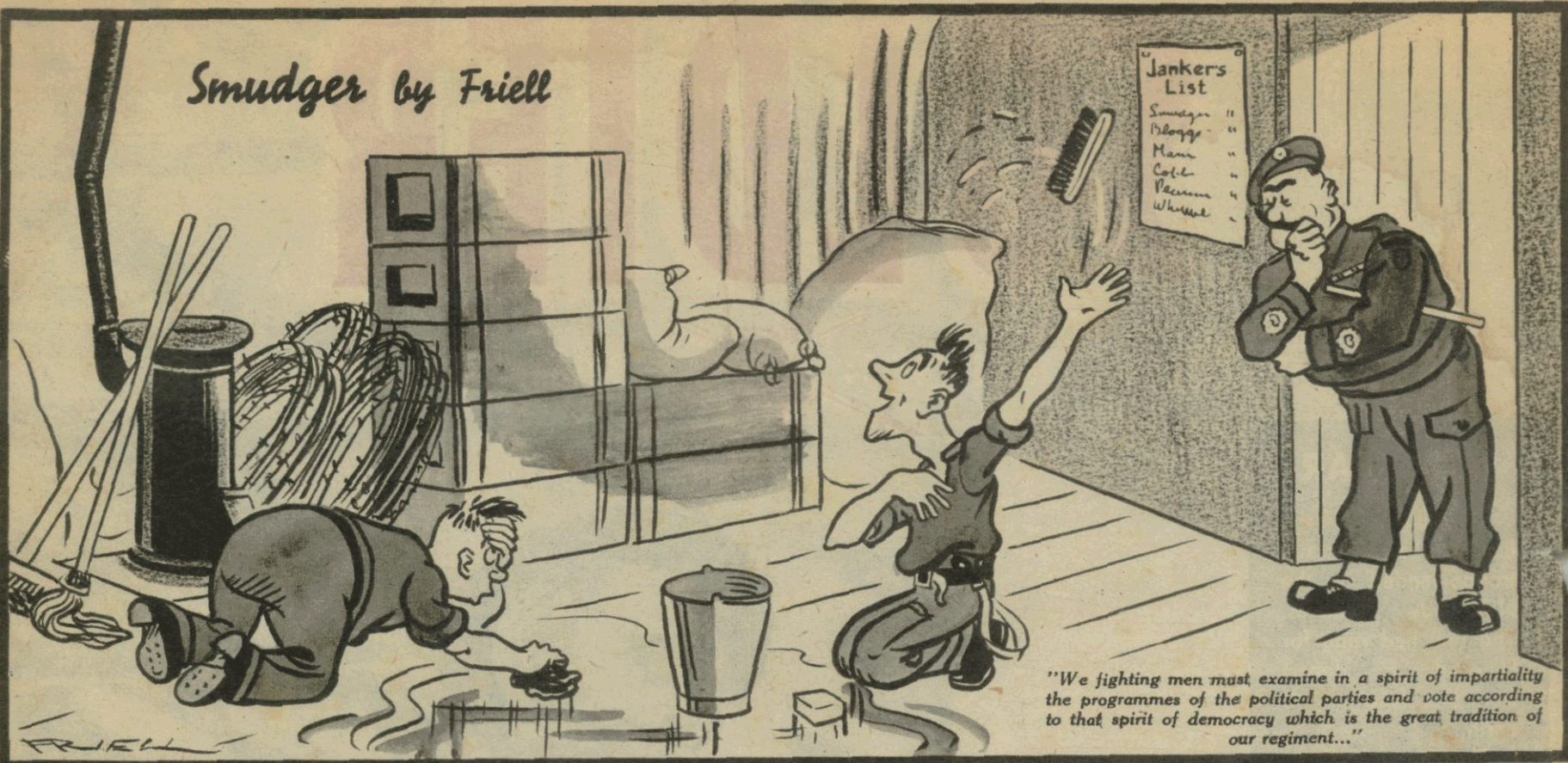
MAN OF "DAGGER"  
DIV.

Pte. A. Brain, of Banbury,  
Oxford, at the assault on  
Mandalay.





## Smudger by Friell



"We fighting men must examine in a spirit of impartiality the programmes of the political parties and vote according to that spirit of democracy which is the great tradition of our regiment..."

# A Little Stocktaking

THE worst of SOLDIER Magazine's teething troubles are now over. The principal experiments in the use of different type-faces, layout of pages, the use of colour on the inside pages, have been completed. The staff, both in England and in BLA, have shaken down and now work as a good team. The machines at Anderlecht, Brussels, where we print, are running smoothly and the time schedules for delivery of typescript and pictures are fixed.

So it is time (I think) for us now to reflect and see how far we are fulfilling our purpose.

Readers, in my view, are far too often left out of the picture. They are interested in how their own paper is produced and they are very ready to lend a hand, to give advice, to criticise; but they cannot do this if they do know the facts.

Very well then; just by way of a start, what is SOLDIER Magazine's policy?

Its policy is to foster and reflect our pride in our Service and all its traditions, to help teach the soldier his job (in the broadest sense), to tell of the soldier's work and to speak of things at home about which he wants to know.

It is intended that SOLDIER Magazine shall be a permanent journal and will not die, as most other Army newspapers and magazines (there are 27 in all), when the fighting is finished. It is the house magazine, if you like, of the British Army. The Royal Navy have a similar journal in "DITTYBOX" and the RAF have the "RAF JOURNAL".

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This explanation will, I hope, help S/Sjt. N.S. Robinson, ME Directorate (Org), BLA, and his friends who wrote to me a couple of weeks ago. S/Sjt. Robinson's letter was sharply critical. He complains, in the first place, that SOLDIER Magazine "bears the undisguisable birth marks of the War Office."

What quite he means by this, I do not know. It is a loose phrase and (to me) meaningless. No profound physiological changes encompassed me when I was ordered from the Middle East for duty at the War Office; nor are there noticeable changes in other members of the staff here employed. Almost without exception, the editorial staff of SOLDIER Magazine have fought — most of them with 8th Army. They are all soldiers who, in civil life, were journalists; and thus they remain.

S/Sjt. Robinson (and his friends) objects to the layout of SOLDIER Magazine. He thinks we have cribbed it. We haven't; but the S/Sjt is at liberty to send us his ideas on a layout. They will receive the fullest attention.

He wants a strip-cartoon, the "removal of the official type of humour" and more illustrated jokes. Well, bless you, we intend that this magazine shall be produced, as far as possible, by soldiers. As and when we get an absolutely first-class strip-cartoon from a soldier, we'll print it; and that goes for illustrated jokes. But the standard is high. You will see that we have used on Page 9 in this issue a magnificent drawing by Cpl. Earnshaw. On the other hand, we cannot use many sketches sent in, which though promising haven't yet reached the standard required.

The S/Sjt is fully entitled to his views; but I think he has mistaken our purpose. We are NOT in competition with com-

mercially-produced journals. It is to these, I think, that he must turn for most of what he wants.

To return to our original theme: How is SOLDIER Magazine produced? The main editorial content, the pictures, the layouts, are produced by the London staff and flown over to Brussels where they are then handled by the staff there. Incidentally, the two staffs are interchangeable so that neither gets too narrow a viewpoint and each always has the broad picture well in mind. We run on strictly professional lines; our editorial conferences give every member of the staff a chance to put forward and fully discuss ideas: the single word which dominates us all is Accuracy.

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Capt. E.V. Tullett, KOSB, BLA, raises a most interesting point in a recent letter to me. He feels that a concise history of politics in Great Britain from 1930 on-

wards would be of the greatest help to the soldier who shortly will have to use his vote.

"It is of vital importance" (he writes) "that all ranks are well informed so that their tremendous voting power will not be influenced by the vote-catching efforts of the moment. They must know Party records, their promises (broken and otherwise), achievements, mistakes and, in fact, everything they have done. It is only by being forearmed with this knowledge that we shall get the Government we want."

The idea, unhappily, comes a bit late in the day. Nevertheless, its merits are obvious. The difficulty lies in compounding such a book, getting it printed and into every soldier's hand and then — getting the soldier to study it.

At all events, I print Capt. Tullett's words; the seed may fall upon fertile ground.

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The picture of the blonde beauty (Pte. A.Z. Nicholl, SOLDIER Magazine, Apr. 28) brings us a delightful reply from the brunettes in Hut 9, "F" Troop of Mixed HAA Battery, RA. "We think" (they say) "that the days of gentlemen preferring blondes are definitely over. Tell us, do we give you eyestrain?"

For your correspondent the answer is, "Mesdames, you do not." What your answer will be, I do not know; but you at least have an opportunity of giving it.

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There is no doubt that Jimmy Dixon-Scott's beautiful pictures in SOLDIER Magazine (usually on the Quiet Page) are tremendously popular. I have passed on readers' thanks to the little man. Jimmy will not accept any payment for his pictures, says he is honoured and delighted to give them.

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We cannot have too much help in running SOLDIER Magazine. If you are willing to come in on the party, we shall all be delighted to listen to what you have to say and shall hope to profit thereby.

Editor-in-Chief.

## Radio Flash

The new high-powered radio transmitter (BLA 1) for broadcasting in Europe has opened. If you are beyond comfortable listening distance from home stations, tune to on 455 metres BLA 1 658 kilocycles.

...see Radio Column on page 18.



"Eyestrain?"

## QUIZ-

★ Seventh in SOLDIER's series of Questions and Answers on release from the Services appears below: Is your query here?

Q. When released under Class A what reserve does a regular soldier go to? Is this reserve service paid?

A. If he has reserve service to complete he does it on the paid reserve, otherwise, or on completion of this service, he goes to Class Z (unpaid).

Q. Is previous service, terminated because call up or enlistment was at too early an age, reckonable?

A. Yes.

Q. Who is entitled to repatriation?

A. An individual who was domiciled or ordinarily resident abroad before joining H. M. Forces. Ordinarily, "resident abroad" applies for this purpose to any person whose sole, or

principal home or residence is outside Great Britain and Northern Ireland (including the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man), or Eire.

Q. Can an auxiliary married to a Colonial or Dominion soldier return to his country as soon as she is released, and if so who pays for her passage?

A. Yes. The Dominion will be responsible for the passage.

Q. Do reinstatement rights apply to persons working for the WD as civilians before enlistment?

A. Yes.

Q. What is the definition of "married" for release priority?

A. For purposes of release, a woman will be regarded as married, provided the marriage is legally subsisting (i.e. not terminated by the death of the husband or dissolved or annulled by a Court of competent jurisdiction) and provided the parties are not separated by order.

## - ON WHO GOES OUT?



# MAKERS OF MOONLIGHT

**F**IELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY's liking for moonlight is well known. War correspondents have commented on it often enough, but little comment has been made about the British soldiers who made moonlight for some of the most famous Infantry and armoured divisions that the Chief ever put into the attack when the European sky was dark and moonless.

On one occasion, the battle for the Carpiquet aerodrome in Normandy, the Press in Britain, repeating the German radio, said that British warships, seventeen miles away out to sea, had used powerful searchlights to illuminate the battlefield. Men of the 474 (Independent) Searchlight Battery, RA, veterans of Hermann Goering's aerial blitz on Britain, read this report with mixed feelings as they sat in their beach-head dug-outs. For it had been they, and not the Navy, who had made that moonlight.

## Home Unit

Withdrawn from the 76 S/L Regiment in AA Command to train for an Ack-Ack role in the Second Front, Four Seven Four took with them to Normandy the accumulated knowledge and experience that long and lonely months on sites had given them between Dunkirk and D-Day. They carried with them something that was not on the list of their 1098 stores — a certain affectionate and bitter sense of humour which, unknown to most of them, was the mainstay of their morale throughout the whole of the NW European campaign.

Recce and marching parties of Four Seven Four landed along the thin beaches throughout D-Day, landed with Canadian Infantry and British Commandos and made their way to sites that were unlike those they had been used to in English county fields, and they went into action conscious of the curiosity of the Infantry around them. A Troop put up its beams against the dive-bombers on the evening of D-Day and watched the red tracers of the Bofors speeding up their smooth length.

It was when the Canadians went in to seize Carpiquet aerodrome that the battery got its first moonlight role. Detachments from the troops manhandled their squat projects from the Leylands on to a summer field full of camouflaged tanks. At that time even the men of Four Seven Four had no clear idea what moonlight meant.

## What "Moonlight" Does

What is it? How is it made? It is simple enough. A 90-cm projector flings a long, narrow beam of approximately 210,000,000 candle-power. Its width can be widened by placing the lamp out of focus with the reflector. When reflected from a low curtain of clouds it gives a good imitation of moonlight over a large area. Four Seven Four's job was to expose their beams at low elevation and on a fixed bearing across certain sectors and to keep them exposed.

Moonlight makes the detection of enemy patrols the easier. It reduces the number sent out. It illuminates the narrow and treacherous lanes up which ammunition and supplies must move. It points out targets for artillery and gives OP's an easier task of direction.

Infantrymen and artillerymen have used with gratitude the moonlight that Four Seven Four made. But the making of it for the men of the battery meant long hours at a lamp, isolated in a little ball of noise and white light, for little can be heard above the noise of the generators, little can be seen outside the white glare of the beam. The detachments worked like this within shell, mortar and small arms range of the enemy. It was not so easy for enemy shelling to find the source of these beams as might be imagined. But it did sometimes.

## Veteran Projectors

The detachments call their projectors "old nineties". They were the only searchlights Britain had at the beginning of the war, and, for the Second Front, their mobility and size made them suitable for the type of work needed on the Continent.

Two months in the beach-head and the break-through at Caen, over which their beams

had often moved, took Four Seven Four up into Belgium and Holland. Their "moonlight" helped in the long, steady slogging to widen the strip of Holland that we held. The troops moved independently, from this division to that. A list of these divisions gives some idea of the fighting to which Four Seven Four made its lonely and peculiar contribution.

The 15th Scottish ('C' troop were their favourites in the hard fighting across the mine-strewn marsh road before Liesel and Meijel, and during the long winter watch along the Maas between Venlo and Roermond); the 51st Highland Division ('B' troop lit the way for 51 into Tilburg and Hertogenbosch, and won themselves belated recognition from war correspondents on the spot); the 3rd British Infantry (in the bitter fighting around Venray and Overloon); the Guards Armoured (at Boxmeer); the 11th Armoured (at Deurne); the 6th Airborne (at Colville, Venlo and Roermond); 1st Corps, 8th Corps and 12th Corps, Second British Army; First Canadian. Four Seven Four served with them all.

## Into Germany

In March the battery went into Germany, this time with the Canadians.

Through the Hochwald, and it was with the light of Four Seven Four's beams that the Canadians went in to clear the last-ditch German paratroopers from the woods and trenches encircling Xanten.

They came out of the line for a week then, but not for a rest. Months of work on moonlight role had, for them, meant that they had grown unused to Ack-Ack drill, and now they were needed for an Ack-Ack role with 12th Corps for Operation "Plunder", the crossing of the last great river barrier between us and Berlin. For a week artillerymen and REME went to it, and by the day when they stood in the tree-framed clearing where they were harboured — that day of 25 March — and watched the Dakotas and gliders carrying the Airborne over into Westphalia, Four Seven Four were ready.

They moved up next morning and took up sites along the river bank, dug themselves in beside the Bofors and the RE bridging parties. Jerry came over at night and Four Seven Four's beams went straight up through the Bofors fire and the long sequin veils of the multiple Oerlikons.

The enemy never got that bridge, but the light of Four Seven Four's beams got him often enough.

## Job Well Done

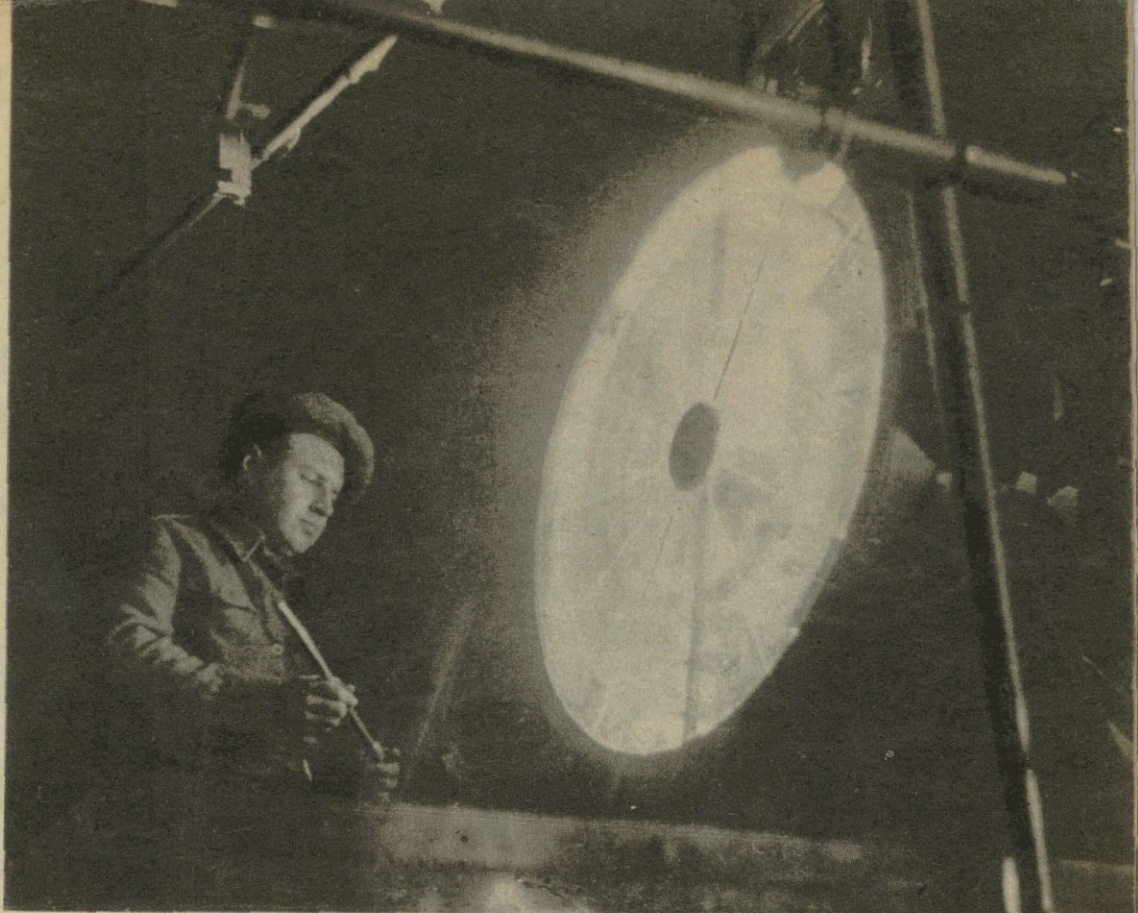
It was the battery's last job.

From D-Day to April this year, 313 days, Four Seven Four were in action. The drive across Europe had brought them from the LCT's and Rhinos off Ouistreham to the lush fields by the Rhine. "Moonlight becomes us so!" they sing with a certain sardonic humour.

But as much to the men of Four Seven Four this story pays tribute to all the men of all the searchlight and composite batteries who have made moonlight for the Second British and First Canadian Armies, and lighted their way into Germany.

For they literally brought light to a darkened Europe.

John Prebble (Cfn).



Above, one of the projectors, known as "old nineties". They were used in Britain from the start of the war for Ack-Ack, and found eminently suitable for producing "moonlight". The picture below shows how the apparatus could be mounted on a lorry.



The only beams you see below are those on the faces of the searchlight crew as they snatch a few minutes to brew-up. But they often lived within mortar and small arms range of the enemy.



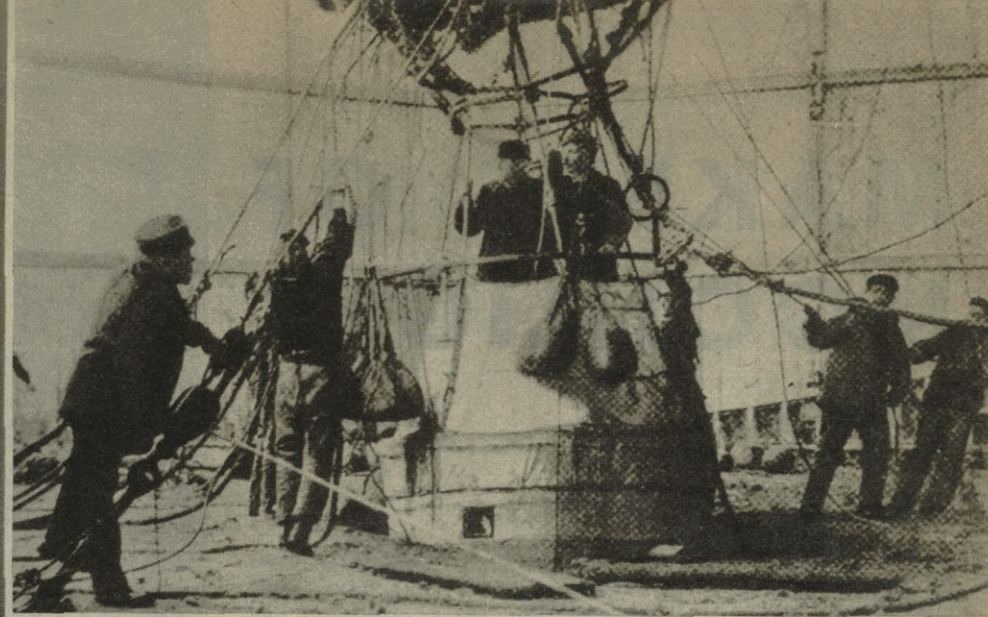


## A QUESTION —

"How soon, I wonder, shall we have successors? Shall we be thought mad or will our example be followed?" These prophetic words were written in the wastes of the Arctic nearly 50 years ago by Salomon Andrée, who with two companions had set out in a balloon to reach the North Pole. Their attempt failed, and they themselves died after a desperate and gallant struggle against the Arctic cold.

## — AND THE ANSWER

Now the Lancaster bomber Aries has straddled the Pole in a few hours and brought back a mass of the information which Andrée and his friends lost their lives in seeking. Perhaps three ghosts in the Northern solitudes lifted their heads as they heard the roar of the Lancaster's engines and realised that their question, asked as despair was beginning to throw its shadow, was being triumphantly answered.



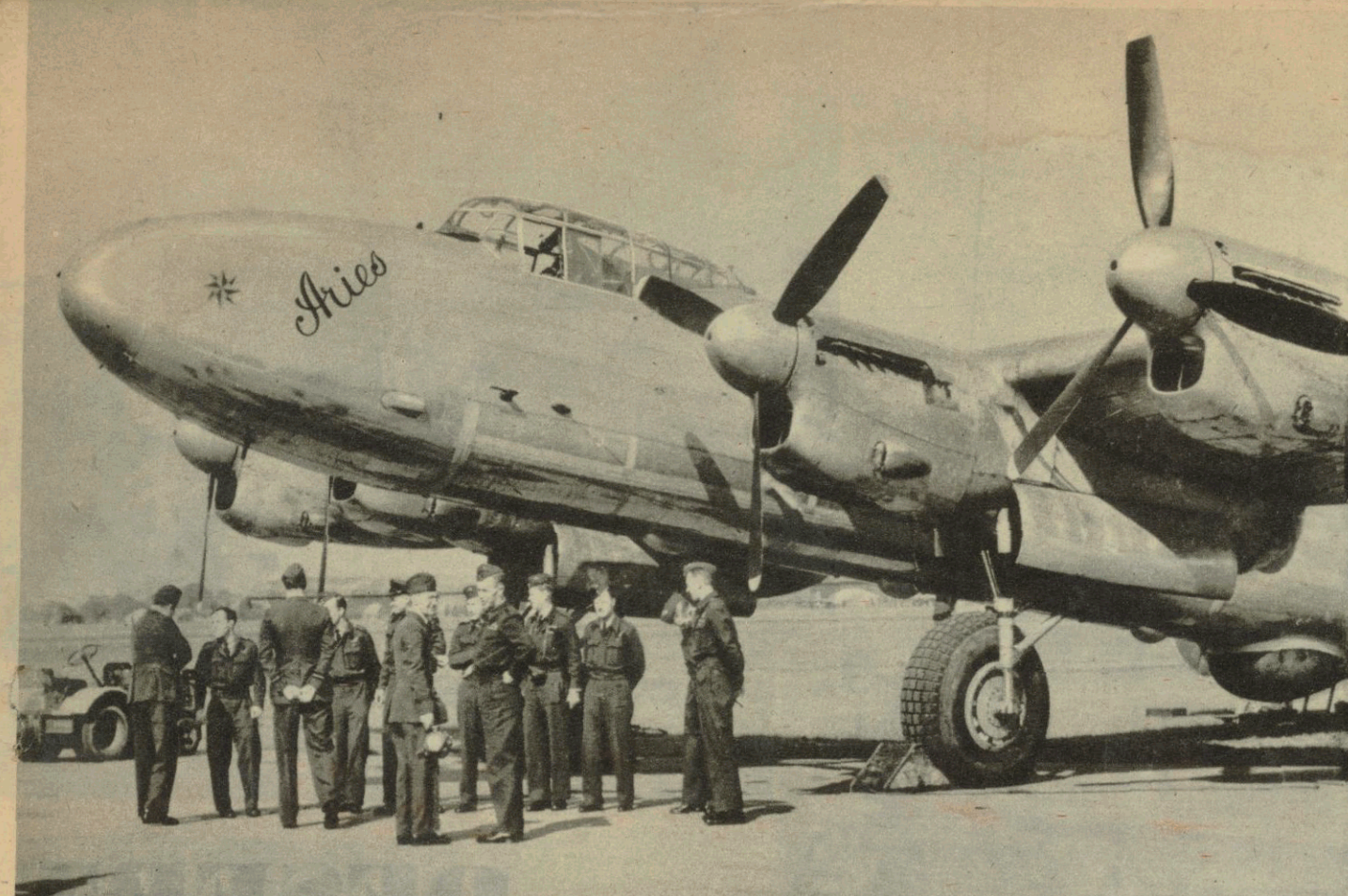
READY TO START, JULY 1897

"The Eagle" has a home-made look. Notice the bags of ballast on the side of the basket.

# RAF POLAR FLIGHT

*followed*

## THREE MEN IN A



READY TO START, MAY 1945

Fifty years of progress are represented by the raking, streamlined nose of the Aries, with power and confidence in every line.

## BALLOON (1897)

By 25 July they employed a new method of travelling amid the fog, through wet snow, and across the bad hummocky ice; they tried to make their way onwards by the side of water channels on as smooth ice as possible. But they did no better and Strindberg was nearly drowned. In spite of all this they kept in good humour, talking about themselves and each other. One day passed like another. Pulling and toiling at the sledges; eating and sleeping. The most delightful hour of the day was when they rested and allowed their thoughts to fly back to happier and better times.

### Hoped Mocked Them

They never forgot in this struggle for life that they had come on a scientific journey. Andrée noted that ice which was not covered by snow was made dirty by particles of clay and that the melted snow water in these places was not so insipid as the pure snow water. Larger quantities of clay were also observed on the ice and found to consist of grains of varying form, sometimes as large as a walnut. Samples of these were taken for a later scientific investigation.

By the beginning of August Andrée believed that they were approaching the edge of the great Polar stream, and that their district was lying to leeward of the tide water under Franz Joseph land. Animal life was becoming richer. One evening they saw the back of a new animal which looked like a snake 33.39 ft long, of dirty yellow colour and, in Andrée's opinion, with black stripes running from the back for some distance down the sides. "It breathed heavily, almost like a whale..."

### Death In The Arctic

They pushed on through August, into September, and then on 2 October the ice-floe on which they were camping broke up. They had maintained themselves on the pack ice since July. During this time they had tried to make towards Franz Joseph Land, and then for many days towards the Seven Islands, but ocean currents had placed insurmountable obstacles in their way.

It was not until the ice-floe on which they intended to spend the winter broke that they surrendered. Their "home"

to have floated here in a balloon. How soon, I wonder, shall we have successors? Shall we be thought mad or will our example be followed?"

Early in the morning on 14 July, their fourth day out, the wind carried them along at nearly 14 miles an hour. The balloon began to sink. They made every effort to make it rise. Heavy knives for cutting guide ropes, ballast sand and some other ropes were thrown overboard. But all their efforts were useless and the balloon continued to drive onwards at such a low height that there was a danger of the car being smashed against the ice. The fog was forcing them down and at last they crashed on to the ice and the balloon dragged the car through the mist and fog in a westerly direction.

There was no land in sight, no birds, seals or walrus. Now and then, through the freezing fog, they saw the ice.

They crashed on to an ice floe just before 7.30 in the morning, but in spite of fatigue and hunger they did not rest. Luckily none of their equipment was damaged by the crash. Even some of the message pigeons remained. They were surrounded by a chaos of ice, moving, drifting, pressing and sometimes breaking into mighty fragments. For hundreds of miles around them there was this scene.

### The March Begins

Andrée decided that they would march over the ice towards Cape Flora where they could winter. They did not know that their attempt to reach this goal would be prevented by an implacable ocean current. They had three sledges, a canvas boat, a tent, one sleeping sack, arms and ammunition and food for about six months. Seven days after the crash preparations for ice wandering were complete. They set out, each of them hauling a sledge carrying 400 lbs of equipment and provisions.

Strindberg wrote, in shorthand, to his fiancée Anna: "Yes, it is strange to think that it is not possible for us to be home by your next birthday. And perhaps we shall have to winter for another year more. We do not know yet. We are now moving onwards so slowly that perhaps we cannot reach Cape Flora this winter, but like Nansen, will have to spend the winter in an earth-cellar... and you may believe that I am tortured by thinking of it too, but not for my own sake, for it does not matter if I have to suffer hardships now, as long as I can come home at last."

excellent a plan it was to fly to the Pole only the crew of the Lancaster bomber Aries could have told him.

In June 1896 Andrée, Strindberg and Fraenkel left for Spitzbergen to begin their journey, but bad weather conditions held them up and it was not until the following year, on 11 July, 1897 that Strindberg took a few last photographs and joined his companions in the balloon car. Andrée gave the order: "Cut away everywhere," and the balloon rose. At first its flight was a little uncertain and it began to sink, but then it rose again and everything seemed all right.

### First Disaster

It went in a north-easterly direction across Virgo barbour, drawing after it the guide lines, which slid over the water leaving a furrow like that of a ship. Then the balloon began to fall again and they threw overboard some of their valuable ballast. The men in the balloon did not know that the most valuable part of their equipment had been torn from them when they took to the air: the drag lines were lying on the shore.

This meant they were in an almost free balloon which would be forced to obey the direction of the wind.

It was not until two hours later that Strindberg noted: "Guide rope lost." Their journey was only four hours old when they began to sail at 1,600 ft over pack ice. They ran into mist and they were worried lest they should lose height. Strindberg remarked on Andrée relieving nature. He hoped that the balloon would be able to rise still more on account of ballast being lightened.

They sailed on, Andrée making notes for his diary and Strindberg making sun observations, while Fraenkel wrote them down in Strindberg's almanac.

That evening they sent off a buoy post which was found three years later. The message inside said: "We are now in over the ice, which is much broken up in all directions. Weather magnificent. In best of humour."

### "A Little Strange..."

On the second day they found that the loss of the drag lines was causing them trouble and on the third day they ran into fog which blanketed a vast sheet of ice beneath them. Andrée wrote in his diary: "If either of them should succumb it might be because I had tired them out. It is not a little strange to be floating here above the Polar sea. To be the first

when he said before they began their adventure: "Be careful of health, but not life. The thing is so difficult that it is not worth while attempting it. The thing is so difficult that I cannot help attempting it." And then, finally, the words with which he began his memoranda at Danes Island, from where they set off: "If those who have the courage to do it were too good for the work, who then should do it?"

Andrée's comments about balloon flights, before he made his last one to the Pole, are a good indication of the purpose of the great adventure. His accounts of experimental journeys embraced detailed descriptions of the humidity and carbonic acid content of the air, of optical phenomena, acoustic observations and the technique of manoeuvring a balloon; a description of the methods employed for aerial photography and his views on the importance of aerial photography for mapping.

### Man of Vision

When Andrée, Strindberg and Fraenkel tried to fly to the Pole repeated attempts had been made, without success, to get there by sledge. Only by air, thought Andrée, could the great mass of pack ice leading to the Pole be crossed. He expected the journey to last 30 days.

"I am certain," he said, "that it will be justly acknowledged that we have far greater prospects of being able to penetrate into Polar tracts by means of a balloon than in any other way. It cannot be denied that, by means of a single balloon journey, we shall be able to gain a greater knowledge of the geography of the Arctic regions than can be obtained in centuries by any other way." How

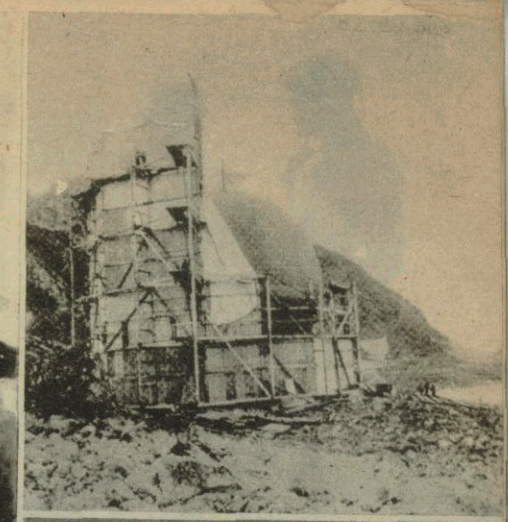
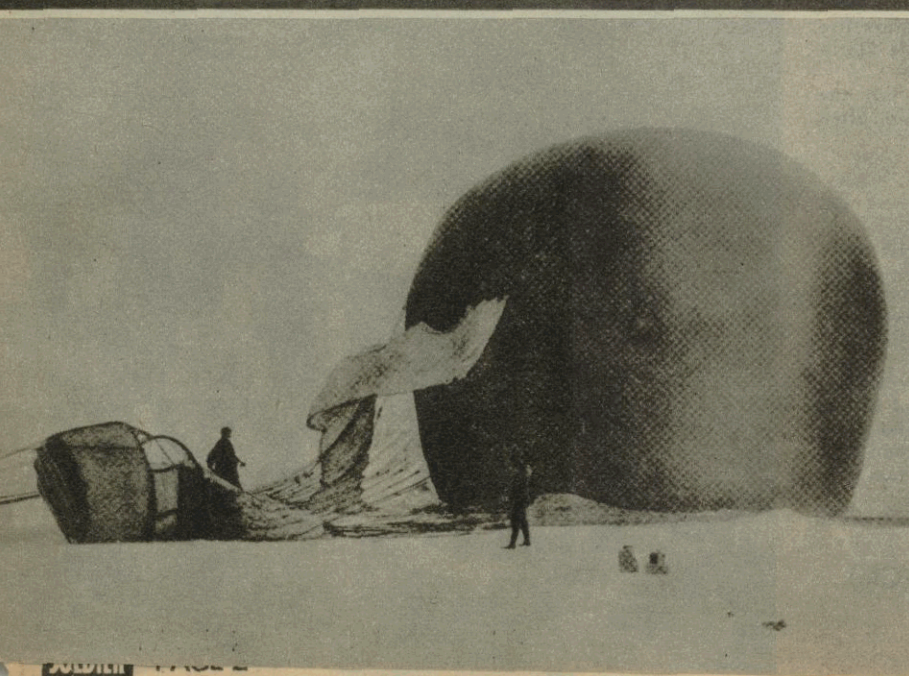
### The Three Aeronauts

First, the story of the forerunners: Salomon Andrée, 42-year-old leader of the balloon expedition; Nils Strindberg, 24-year-old chemist and photographer; Knut Fraenkel, 26-year-old meteorologist and sportsman. Of these three perhaps Nils Strindberg had the best reason for not venturing into the unknown. He was very much in love and engaged to be married.

Andrée spoke for all three of them

## ON THE ICE-FLOE

Four days after its start the balloon crashes on an ice-floe. This picture, taken by Andrée in 1897 and developed at Stockholm in 1930, is now the property of the Swedish Geographical Society.



THE "EAGLE'S" TAKE-OFF POINT  
A crude shelter on a bleak, unfriendly shore.



OVER VIRGO HARBOUR  
The guide lines trace an unsteady wake.

went with the Aries to the Pole and back. Also, two members of the Aries party were equipped to travel for assistance if necessary.

In some ways the objects of Aries' flight had a lot in common with those of the Andrée expedition. For example, to study navigation in Polar conditions, and to collect magnetic and meteorological data. But of course the RAF fliers went to learn much more: to examine the behaviour of compasses, Radar installations and automatic dead reckoning gear.

### Men Of The Aries

The crew of the Aries were Wing-Commander McKingley (captain); Wing-Commander MacLure (senior observer); Wing-Commander Anderson (senior navigator); Wing-Commander Winfield (medical officer); Squadron-Leader Hagger (of the Empire Navigation School of RAF Flying Command); Flight-Lt. Underwood (navigator plotter); Flying Officer Blakeley (wireless operator); and Warrant Officer Smith (wireless operator). They all follow in the line of men like Andrée, Strindberg and Fraenkel, Amundsen, Byrd and Wilkins. Men of different nations, they are brothers in the onward march towards knowledge which makes men turn from the negative and bloody business of war and look with courage and hope towards the future of their race.

Warwick Charlton (Capt).

## THE MEN

Below: a photograph taken by Andrée of Fraenkel dragging a sledge. Right: two members of Aries' crew discuss their flight.







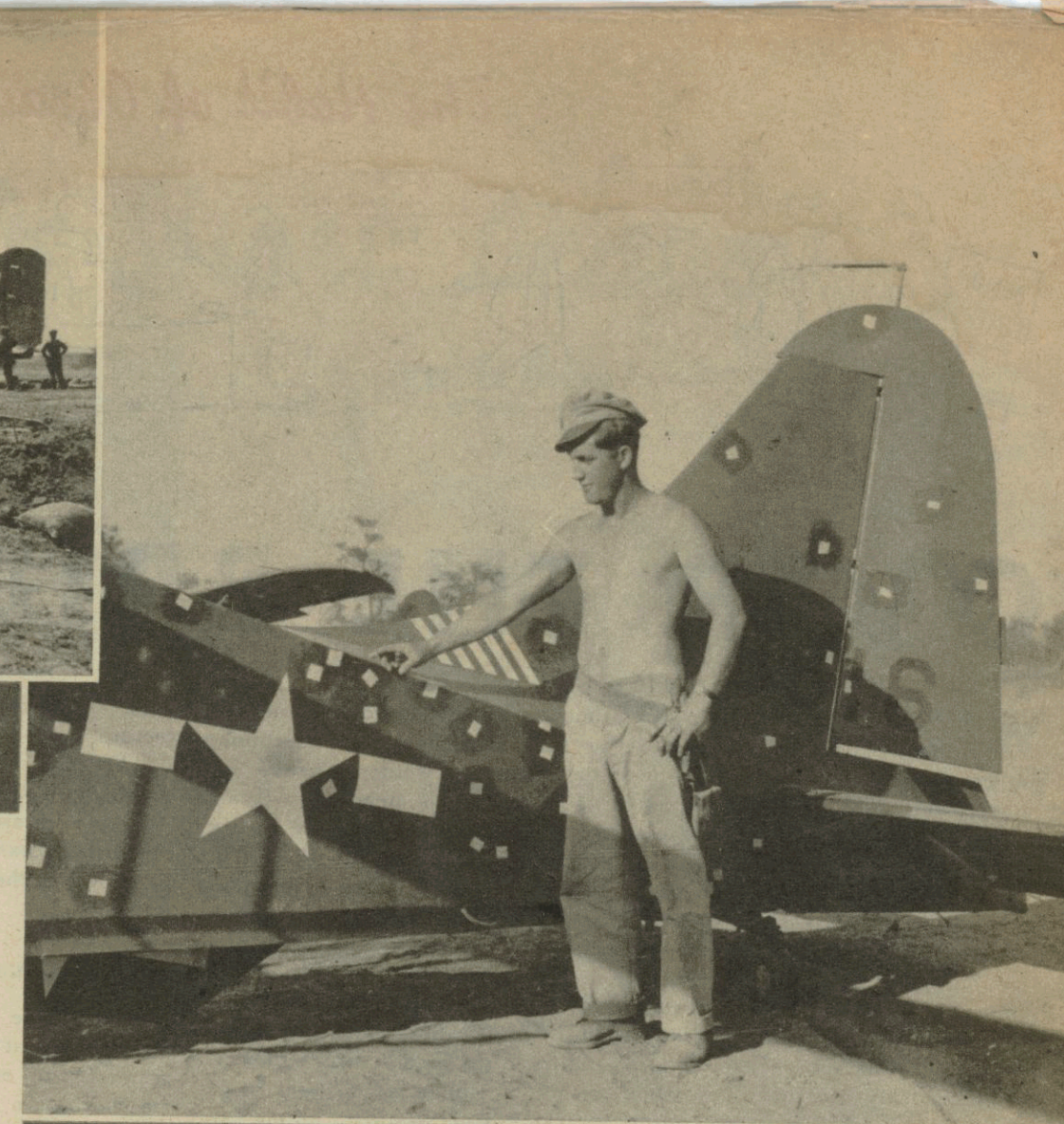
Tankmen of a famous Indian cavalry regiment are seen above in their Sherman, as they look at the horizon beyond which lies their objective, Meiktila. Below, "It pays to advertise" — and traffic is brisk judging by the lorry-laden pontoons in view. A Dakota circles above the ferry, on the further side of which is an air-strip.



The picture on the left might have been taken in Libya. It shows, in fact, a column in Central Burma taking part in the push which cut the Japs' main supply artery. During the attack air-



borne infantry were brought up to consolidate the ground gained by the armour, and the right-hand picture shows one of the transports which brought them, guarded by an AA gun.



The aircraft is an L-5 piloted by an American serjeant. Peppared with bullets by a Jap fighter, it was patched up and continued to evacuate wounded from forward airstrips. Below, the "Clerk of the Course" of the "regatta" is shown, complete with assistants and public address system. It was a well-run affair, and there were no complaints.

## DESERT — IN

**C**HURNING across the scrub desert of Central Burma from its Irrawaddy bridgehead a mechanised division of the 14th Army's 4th Corps executed the most brilliant stroke of the long Burma war and completely fooled the enemy. It swept into Meiktila, severing main supply lines between Mandalay and Rangoon.

This was Burma's desert victory, made at a gallop. But it was made possible only by the perfect co-operation of American and British fighters, bombers, cargo-carriers, troop-carriers, supply-droppers and airfield engineers.

We crossed the blue Irrawaddy appropriately by the advertised "Irrawaddy Blue Line Co.", as good a ferry service as you'd find anywhere — outboard-motored pontoons planked together for carrying vehicles. We made the 2000 yards at full speed and with no collisions, watching the golden pagoda opposite being regilded by the sun...

That bridgehead, in the area of Pakokku, had been the jumping-off place, but a week before, for the drive on Meiktila. Our armour had pressed on and we were trying to catch up.

### Burmese Croydon

We were supposed to fly to the first captured airstrip near Meiktila by US Air Commando planes which were to take in American aviation engineers. But again the Japs were caught napping and they had no time to blow up the strip. So we went by Dakota, the second to go in. There's no jungle in the country we flew over, but dusty dry plains, partly covered with scrub and cactus. This is Burma's dry zone a *chaung* with water in it is rare. Looking down one saw black patches of former villages where the Japs had resisted our advance and then a line of tanks trampling across country, trailing dust.

Then we plumped at Thabutkon, first captured airfield. US aviation engineers had got it ready in four hours by filling in our own bomb holes. The Japs had mined it but scuttled. But for two aircraft, the strip was empty when we arrived. Within an hour it was beginning to look like Dum Dum or peacetime Croydon... The desert had blossomed into an airport as one watched.

### Unleashing the Assault

Jeeping a few miles from the airstrip we caught up Division HQ on a rise overlooking our first objective, Meiktila. Gunfire and explosions came from the direction of the town and a great plume of smoke spiralled into the blue. Tanks and self-propelled guns and supply vehicles were gathered there, ready to move into the assault. Indian Infantry stood by, ready to climb on to their tank perches. The Division Commander spared a few moments with a map to tell us of the plan of attack. Before he had finished the Indians had climbed aboard their tanks and the first column was on the move.

Down the road, ripping up dust in red and yellow clouds clanged and rattled the armour, a spearhead directed at Meiktila. I jumped into a friendly jeep and we choked along at the tail, not disputing the way with tanks and guns, trucks and carriers. On our flanks Indian infantry, in open order, was traversing the countryside, occasionally catching up with a sniper. This was the way they had gone on the 85 miles drive from the Irrawaddy, hard, fast travelling, weeding out snipers, mopping up strong posts, hammering defended villages, capturing and burning supply dumps...

### The Conference Ended...

Firing was enthusiastic ahead and orders came back that we'd have to stop. Exploring on the flank, past a blasted brick building, I saw the

## VICTORY BURMA

first of the day's casualties being brought in, Indian Infantrymen and one tank commander, shot through the head but still alive. Explosions ahead shocked the air as Japs blew up petrol and ammunition dumps. The rifle fire was hot and now the guns joined in and the dumps continued to volcano in great red rosettes which blackened into plumes of greasy smoke...

We were to stay in our island for three nights, our community being joined by Jap prisoners, most of them wounded. They were plump and placid, took pain well. Each night the brigadier held a conference of officers after dinner in the dark before the rising of the moon. He sat at table in the open and the officers, men from famous Indian cavalry regiments now mechanised, sappers, gunners, airmen, Infantrymen, signallers sat round on the ground.

The only light was cigarette glow and torches focused on maps. Informally (rank was almost forgotten on our island) he outlined progress and asked for patrol reports... Somebody gave an account of the roadblock, down by the *chaung* where he drew water. It accounted for nine Jap trucks, full of stores and equipment one night. "It's paying a good dividend" said the brigadier. The conference was made difficult by our own defensive fire. DF begins with a fluttering roar, becomes a fluting of flying shells, ends in thuds. Gunners worked hard. One night the rattling of rifles and LMG's forward was prolonged. It spread. Our island took a hand. And the brigadier said calmly that the conference had better finish...

Tanks were off on patrol with the morning's first light. Our camp bustled with life, breakfast, the brewing of tea...

### Jeep Led Tanks

In a Bren carrier, along with the Sappers we drove off in the direction of still-burning Meiktila... A careering jeep carrying a tall, rakish colonel of tanks, a driver and a Burman who looked like a desperado passed us. "Hi," yelled the colonel, who leads his tanks with that jeep. "I've just found some more Japs over there in that *chaung*." His hunting blood was up. "The world's worst job," commented a Sapper, "is held by that colonel's jeep-driver."

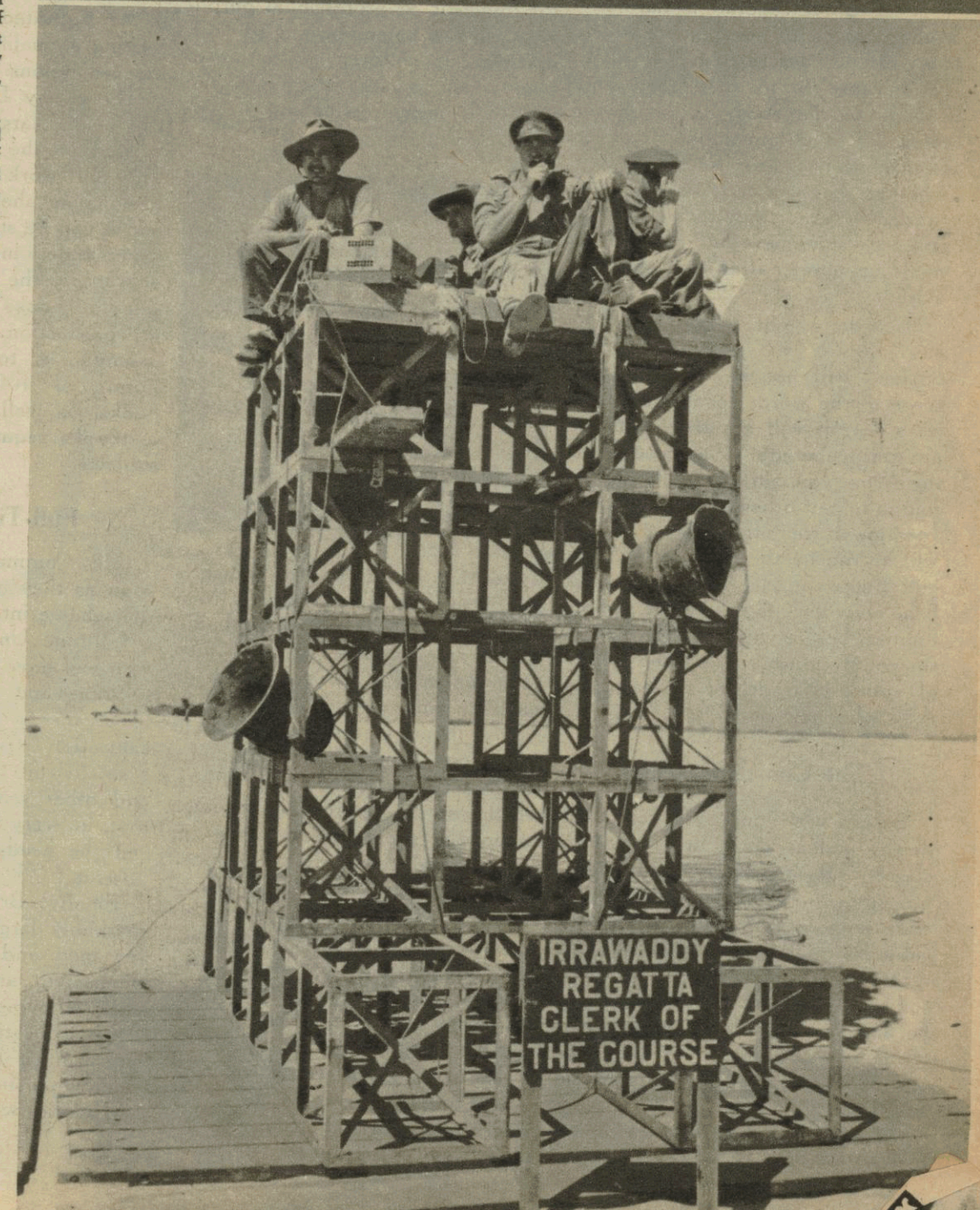
There were plenty of dumps of foodstuffs all round this area which ran down to Meiktila lake, a beautiful sight to dusty eyes. That was how I found myself eating Japanese tinned pineapple and sitting by the lakeside watching our guns blasting the foreshore opposite, 500 yards across the blue water. They were certainly pasting that shore. The thuds were steady as drumbeats and the dust of the explosions swirled among the palms and shrouded the pagodas and buildings beyond.

An Indian soldier shouted behind me. I looked. Yes, the Japs were running from the barrage, dozens of them, legging it along the shore, dodging among the palms. The guns went on beating relentlessly, the barrage crept along, short bursts sending up waterspouts from the lake and shrapnel flicking the water and landing uncomfortably close on our side. Two cows, one white and one yellow, galloped along in the rear of the Japs and then, with bovine wisdom, about-turned and ran back through that stricken shore. Through hell they ran and finished up clear of the shell bursts, unscathed. They must have been scared.

### Thrust To The Heart

A couple of our fighters flew over us, banked, dived, gave short bursts on what seemed desirable residences opposite. And up they went in smoke and flame. My pineapple-comforted ringside seat seemed a trifle near, especially when a shell hit that bridge behind us, the bridge around which a score of Japs, plump, well-fed fellows, sprawled in the insignificance of death, one with a neat hole in his Adam's apple, one with his head split open, another with a gory mess that was a stomach. A score of the 1600 who were killed before Meiktila was ours. Great quantities of arms, ammunition and stores had been taken. The thrust of Lt. Gen. Frank Messervy's 4th Corps had gone home.

Ian Coster (Capt).

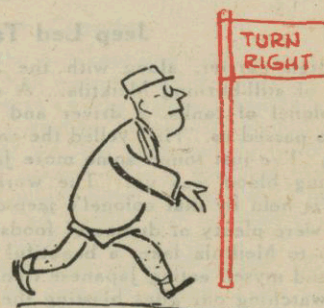




## The Habit of Obedience



# OVER THE BRIDGE



WHEN you first joined up you went through a primary training course to teach you the ropes of the Army. The time is now coming for a reversal of that process, and a scheme has been devised to provide you with a short and basic training for your return to employment and the interests of civil life. For the bigger part of the Army the scheme will be, in fact, a bridge between military service and demobilisation. To be more exact it is a bridgehead, for it is up to you, once you are out of the Army, to continue your further education.

### Six Groups

The Army Education Scheme, as it is called, will operate in harmony with the plans for resettlement which were recently described in *SOLDIER*. Its purpose is to help men and women in the Army to brush up their skill and knowledge in order to make things easier for themselves whether they go back to their old jobs, or whether they tackle for the first time some new kind of employment at home, after they are released.

It is important to be clear on one point — the Army Education Scheme will not be, in the strict sense of the word, vocational. That is to say, it will not train you for any particular job. When you leave the Army you can, if you so desire, join in one or other of the numerous vocational training schemes which will be run by the Ministry of Labour. But what the Army Education Scheme will do is to provide opportunities, before you leave the Army, for you to polish up your knowledge of your old trade, or to learn the ABC of a new one.

### The Choice is Wide

Before very long every unit will devote at least six hours a week to classes and courses under this scheme, and every soldier will have a wide range of choice in picking the subjects which he thinks will do him most good. He can select these subjects from six groups, namely, Technical Subjects; General Science; Home and Health; Man and Society; Commerce; Arts, Crafts, Music and Drama.

"Technical Subjects" is designed to suit men who have an interest in

mechanical or electrical engineering, or who are thinking of becoming, for example, welders, fitters and mechanics. This heading will also include courses in building instruction which will attract those who fancy some such trade as painting, decorating, bricklaying or plumbing. "General Science" has been planned to satisfy the interest of men who will need some knowledge of the rudiments of science or mathematics in the jobs to which they will return or which they expect to get.

The third group, "Home and Health", is a very wide one. It will suit the soldier who is interested in such things as gardening, household repairs or home decoration, and will attract the auxiliary who, whether for domestic or professional purposes, wants to begin learning to cook or bring up children, or to nurse. Handyman courses, first-aid, home furnishing and dressmaking are included in this group.

### THE AIM

"What the Army Education Scheme will do is to provide opportunities, before you leave the Army, for you to polish yourself up in your own trade or to learn at least the ABC of a new one."

Another broad field of choice is offered by the group entitled "Man and Society". This will probably appeal, more particularly, to men and women who have a job to go back to and so do not need to trouble themselves particularly about educational fitness. They may, therefore, prefer to study world affairs, which can be approached through economics, geography or history, or even through the study of European languages. The fifth group, "Commerce", will provide courses for men and women who wish to make a serious study of business organisation, or who have decided to go in for law or banking, or estate management.

The sixth group speaks for itself. It will appeal largely to those who want to take the opportunity to find their way about in the world of

music or literature, design or architecture.

The idea behind the courses is to satisfy as far as possible the great variety of interests, some vocational and others part-time, which are to be found in the citizen Army of today.

### Equipment Piling Up

That is the broad pattern of the scheme, but it has other interesting aspects. For example, there are to be Formation Colleges in all Commands whose purpose will be to give selected troops, for a period of four weeks at a time, some taste of what life at a residential college is like. Again, a test known as the Forces Preliminary Examination is going to be instituted for men who are seeking a qualification for entering the professions.

The Army Educational Scheme will be the largest of its kind ever tackled, in the Army or out of it. The staff-work of the scheme has been going ahead for over a year, and it can be started as soon as the Commanders in the various theatres of war give the word. On the supply side the books and equipment are in production. Every unit, for example, is to have a reference library of 400 specially selected books, as well as supplies of the textbooks required for the various subjects.

### Full-Time Officer

All Commanding Officers, as soon as they are authorised to put the scheme into effect, will appoint a full-time Unit Education Officer who will have under him a staff of full-time and part-time instructors. In organising the project the Unit Education Officer will work through a small Unit Committee of officers and other ranks. This will ensure that, in every unit, the scheme does suit the needs of those who compose it.

Finally, Britain possesses a remarkably large variety of facilities for men and women to improve themselves, and it may well be that after enjoying the benefits of the Army Education Scheme more men and women than ever before will want to pursue their mental interests and studies when they get home.

D. N. A. Rice (Capt).



# Brussels Short Leave

**I**N one way short leave in Brussels is like a journey into the unknown — you never know what will happen next. But unlike most leaps into the dark, you can be optimistic about the consequences.

It's not like an English city. For example, a girl may kiss you right in the middle of the Rue Royale with traffic shooting past on both sides. They are impulsive that way, and don't stop to think about propriety or safety. But there is no need to be alarmed. Somehow the traffic gets round you and you come out of it slightly out of breath but all in one piece.

Or you might even find yourself in a "manifestation." No one is sure, what these are all about, but they happen with regularity and gusto. If you see a crowd of people dressed quaintly, banging tins, blowing trumpets, bursting balloons and generally dashing frantically about — well, that is a "manifestation." You are not invited to it — you're just swept along by it.

On arrival at Brussels you may book in at the Hotel Albert, which is reserved for OR's and NCO's. There you get, not a bedroom only, but a suite. After luxuriating for a while in a hot bath you can dress with that attention to detail you usually haven't time for, and then stroll over to exchange marks for francs. You feel a mighty rich man after that, but it's about the only time you do feel rich.

## Avoid Big Parties

The question of what to do can be a thorny problem. There is so much you can do, and everyone has a different idea of pleasure at the beginning of the evening. For that reason avoid big parties — it's hopeless. You get to the first corner of the road when everybody stops and asks, "Which way now?" Then you stand about in a straggling group and waste half of the evening discussing which way.

But in the case of myself and my friend Eric the problem was solved automatically. According to a girl who had a friend who heard it on the Belgian radio it was VE-Day eve. Clearly a celebration was indicated, so we adjourned to the inevitable café.

The evening passed as you may imagine, except for one incident. Eric fished out a pencil and began to draw the girls on the table cloth. This talent gives him an unfair advantage. You don't stand a chance when he begins to flatter a lovely with his pencil. I lingered round the fringe of his circle of admiring beauties and said I was a writer. But no one cared — you can't put a figure into words.

## Mysterious Bottle

"Good morning, sir. Your tea."

Eric is normally slow to start in the morning, but he shot up like a bolt as the waiter drew back the curtains. He drank his tea, slid down into bed again, and all was quiet.

I lifted my head cautiously, rolled my tongue round my mouth and decided the tea called for a lacing of whisky. Let me hasten to point out that the bottle of whisky was not thrown in with the suite. Where it came from is another story.

As I took my bath the water splashed and gurgled comfortingly, and I reflected on how many VE-eves my pocket would stand. I dressed slowly and was about half-way through when a tornado broke from Eric's bed. He is one of those people who, breakfasting at eight o'clock, gets up two minutes before the hour. I watched the whirlwind of legs, arms and clothes with amazement and by the time I had blinked twice he was out of the room.

## Financial Genius

We established our headquarters at the Frolics, a café with a number of assets, chiefly of the blonde, synthetic and brunette variety. We visited the hotel around meal times. From the café we went shopping and visited a couple of cinemas.

On the last morning I awoke to the consciousness of acute financial strain, after the celebration of the third VE-eve (again according to the Belgian radio), but met a friend who, amazingly, hadn't spent all his money. He refused to disclose the secret of his economics, but lent me 500 francs which greatly relieved the situation.

We vacated the suite, handed our packs to the porter, and arrived at the café about mid-day. It was a little early to celebrate VE-eve (the radio had not yet confirmed it, either), so we celebrated our impending departure instead. Before boarding the train for Germany we had a swan-song at a less select but more robust dive, where a lady named Arizona Lil took the floor with clappers in her hands, a jaunty swing of the hips, and a wicked flash in her black eyes.

Yes, perhaps it was just as well we were returning that night.

How to have a good time in Brussels, by L/Cpl. David Curnock, writer, and Cpl. Eric Earnshaw, artist, of BLA.

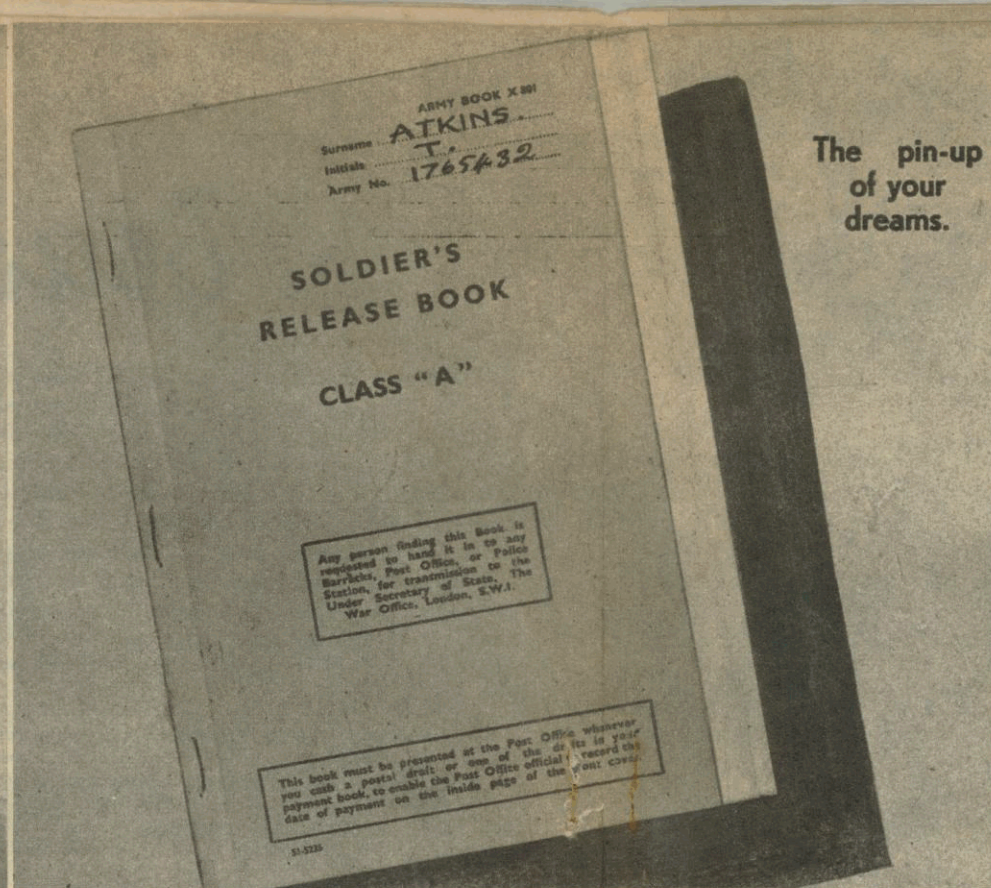
"They are impulsive that way..."







Ptes. Frank Wharton and Roger McLellan of the RAOC discuss a smart outfit in the tailoring department.



The pin-up of your dreams.



Signing the acquittance roll for the fortnight's advance of leave pay at Table 8.

## REHEARSAL FOR CIVVY STREET

TODAY I was demobbed — or to use the official term "released". It took exactly eight minutes. Unfortunately (for me!) it was not the real thing. I was merely a "guinea pig" for the Demobilisation branch of the War Office at their first full-scale rehearsal at the Ashton-under-Lyne barracks, near Manchester.

Before I describe the procedure let me give you, in brief, the whole scheme so far as it concerns Class A men — those who will be released according to their age and service groups. Class B men will be released quite differently.

First of all, release is far from being a long-winded affair. Within three days of a man disembarking in the United Kingdom he will be in his own home — a 100 % civilian.

Men of the BLA will land in the south, and go to disembarkation



camps at Reading, Oxford or Folkestone. You may have to spend the best part of two days at the camp, but that is the longest halt you have during your soldier-civilian transformation. And it is quite a comfortable halt with plenty of amenities, most important of which to the returning soldier are the postal arrangements. You can get into touch with your folk at home by phone or telegram.

### When You Disembark

These disembarkation camps are in constant communication by direct wire and teleprinter with the Military Dispersal Units, where the real business of release is carried out. There are nine of these units, and you will be sent to the one nearest your home. They are at Edinburgh, York, Northampton, London, Guildford, Taunton, Ashton-under-Lyne, Hereford and Belfast. Adjoining each of these dispersal units is a collecting unit where soldiers stationed in the United Kingdom are gathered be-

fore being sent to their local dispersal centres. Let me tell you of my own experience as I went through the drill at the dispersal unit. You will do exactly the same things, except that at the end you will take the next train home.

On arrival I was shown into a waiting room with a number of other men who had just arrived from various disembarkation camps and collecting units, and we were sorted into our various regiments. Then we were handed an Army Book we had seen only once before, Army Book X 801, the Soldier's Release Book, Class A. It is a small, buff-coloured book of 13 pages, all perforated ready to be torn out when required. At least there had been 13 pages. Two — numbers 3 and 4 — were missing, having been removed at the disembarkation camp.



These two pages notify the authorities of impending releases, and contain particulars which are filled in by your unit while overseas. One deals with character and trade qualifications and the other, addressed to the Regimental Paymaster, tells him to which local post office to send your pay and gratuities after release.

The pay page includes a small section for stoppages of pay for kit deficiencies. Incidentally, your kit is checked both before you sail for home and at the disembarkation camp, in case anything is mislaid en route.

### Friendly Guide

Our names and numbers were already on the covers, and several other pages had been filled in by our units. Everything possible is done to save time when you arrive in the United Kingdom, and in order to avoid loss of the Release Books these are not handed to individuals until they arrive at the dispersal camp.

We started looking through the

book as soon as it was handed to us, and the serjeant in charge helped by drawing our attention to the most important pages. He also explained exactly what would happen when we moved from the arrival section to the routine section of the camp. He gave complete information on pay, National Health and Employment insurance, and the Ministry of Labour's employment scheme — which incorporates an advice bureau in almost every town. Posters on the walls illustrated his points.

He said that we should draw about two weeks pay in the routine section, and that the remainder of our pay for the 56 days leave, and our gratuities, would be paid into our local post offices.

When he had finished another NCO started to call out our names. "Just take your books round the tables next door, and in ten minutes you'll be civilians again," he said. It did not take that long.

When my turn came, I entered a barrack room where there were two rows of tables numbered 1 to 10 lined down the middle.

"This way," called an officer sitting at Table No. 1. "What's your name and

number, and where do you live?" This was merely a check to see if I had the correct book.

I had, so he stamped Page 2, the authority for my release, which had been filled in by my unit overseas and countersigned by the disembarkation camp staff, and tore the page out.

At the next table were an Army clerk and a Ministry of Labour representative. While the soldier made a note of when my 56 days leave expired — it starts the day after you pass through the dispersal unit — and stamped and detached Page 5 from my book, the Ministry of Labour man filled in the Unemployment Book, for which I signed. He told me to hand it to my employer if I started work before the end of my leave. Both books were handed to me, and I passed along to Table 3.

There another page was stamped and torn out, and at the next table a Ministry of Health official filled in and handed me a Health Insurance Contribution card in exchange for a half-page of the book which would be sent to the Ministry notifying them that I had left the Army.

Page 7 was the next to go — a very complicated-looking page resembling a

puzzle corner. This was the Release Record, headed "Statistical Report to Under-Secretary of State." It had all been filled in beforehand.

This was quick work. Four and a-half pages of the book had gone in less than that number of minutes, and the next table was piled high with money. Here an officer assisted by an auxiliary paid the promised couple of weeks' allowance, for which I signed an acquittance roll.

To simplify matters fixed payments have been laid down as follows: — Warrant Officers £10; Staff Serjeants and Serjeants £8; L/Serjeants and Corporals £7; L/Cpls and Privates £6.

There was a surprise at the next table. No page was torn out, but instead an NCO stamped one and said, "You'll want this page later on." It was a certificate to be exchanged at the civilian clothing depot.

### Nothing Is Forgotten

I had to keep the rest of the pages. One — a railway ticket — was filled in at the next table. The ticket collector at your local station detaches this page. Then I was given a temporary 14 days ration card and another page of the book was signed for me to take to the nearest National Registration office to secure an identity card and civilian ration book.

Also left in the book was a certificate entitling me to free medical treatment. This was merely in case of emergency, if I fell sick before my National Health medical card arrived at my home address.

Page 13 is a claim for disability pension. Any such claim has to be made within six months after ceasing to draw Army pay, and on the inside of the back cover is the release leave certificate, which in addition to seeing you safely past any inquisitive policeman, contains a record of trade qualifications and a testimonial from your Commanding Officer for use in finding a job.

The inside of the front cover of the book is covered with circles, ready for the Post Office stamps when you drew your pay and allowance. Incidentally, wives continue to draw allowances during the leave period as usual.

My release day was over. As I left the camp where about 1400 men can be passed out every 24 hours — this works out at a maximum of 12,600 per day for the whole country — I realised that getting out of the Army was a much quicker and smoother process than getting in.

Steve Roberts.



First step in release procedure. An identity check by an officer.



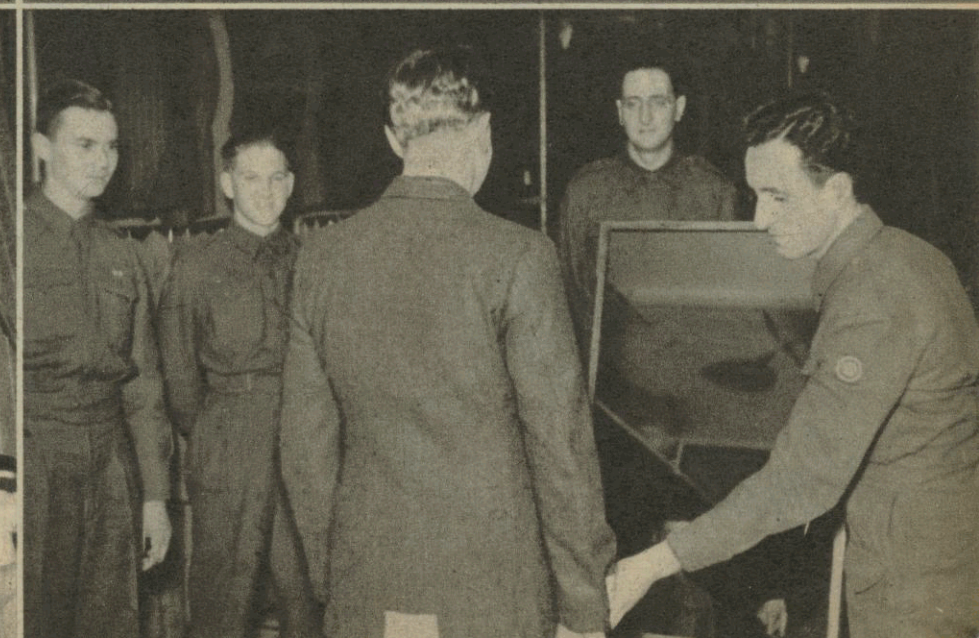
Measuring-up for a civilian suit. Forty different fittings are available.



The wide choice of materials is shown by Pte. Maurice Webb.



Ordnance tailors inspect a suit to see if any small alterations are needed.







## THE LADY IS A CAPTAIN

Captain Lucas is seen here, and in the picture above, putting a soldier and an auxiliary through routine tests. She says, "My experience is that men accept a woman doctor simply as a doctor, and show no signs of not having confidence."



**W**OMEN doctors in the Army have passed two milestones on the long road of woman's emancipation: they have reached the nearest approach yet to equal military service with men and they have proved that there is no real prejudice against women doctors.

Mainly they are occupied with caring for the health of the ATS and the other Army women's services (RAMC and nursing officers and VAD) but they are regarded as interchangeable with men doctors; in training camps and with mixed AA units they do the work of MO's and look after the soldiers of both sexes.

### Men Not Prejudiced

Rarely do men jib when they find a woman is their doctor, though in certain circumstances they have the right to object — as have girls to men doctors.

Capt. Lucas (women Army doctors are only attached to the RAMC but they are called by military titles) is one of the medical officers at a London ATS reception station. Now she is doing the woman doctor's ordinary work — taking daily ATS sick parades, making routine inspections and caring for the sick in the wards. But she has done duty among men at Woolwich and says, "My experience is that men accept a woman Army doctor simply as a doctor and show no signs of not having confidence. The only people I have come across who have objected to a doctor of the opposite sex have been a few girls in the ATS."

"Women medical officers are very happy to be of service to the Army. We have only one complaint. That is that we are not employed as battalion MO's in

the front line or in field ambulances. We see no reason why we should not share all the work that men doctors do."

"But we do appreciate the attitude of men doctors. When I came into the Army I put my ideas forward and all the men said, 'To have women in the front line would mean that men would worry too much about them when shells and bombs were about.'

"I suppose there is something in that."

### Same Pay as Men

Women doctors are full members of RAMC messes and receive the same pay as a man. The first pioneer dozen were brought into the Army in 1939 to look after the newly-formed ATS. But as the ATS grew and male doctors became scarcer women doctors took over more and more jobs that had nothing to do with the treatment of women.

First they took over Blood Transfusion, then some were appointed medical and surgical specialists to static military hospitals. Then women general duty officers were put in medical charge of all male troops employed on the same station as ATS. Today there are more than 500 women doctors attached to the RAMC and apart from front-line duties they are regarded as interchangeable with their male colleagues.

### 50 Specialists

Some fifty of them are specialists and practise in medicine, surgery, orthopaedics, dermatology, otology, ophthalmology, physical medicine, psychiatry, gynaecology, venereology, pathology, radiography, anaesthetics and medical research.

All general hospitals of 600 beds and more that have been formed within the last two years have had one or more women doctors on their staff. They are serving in Europe, Italy, the Middle East, East Africa and India.



Fastest Thing  
in Creation  
is...

THIS!

Dormant

Tuning-up

We're off!

Whoops!

200 TIMES AS FAST AS A DESTROYER

TWICE AS FAST AS A SPITFIRE

# MONAS- The Speedy Speck

A new world water speed champion has been discovered.

He is Monas Stigmatica, of no fixed nationality, and he can swim at the rate of 40 times his own length a second or relatively twice the speed of the fastest Spitfire and more than 200 times as fast as a destroyer.

He may be size for size, the fastest thing on earth.

But he has no new technique. About 200,000,000 years ago he discovered that by turning himself into a propellor he could develop a colossal speed. The first man to discover the principle of the screw and so of the propellor was Archimedes, a Greek scientist and philosopher. He made his discovery about the year 230 A.D. but it was not until just over 100 years ago that the Admiralty built its first propellor-driven ship. So Monas Stigmatica can claim to have been first on the scene.

## Dull Life

The new speed champion is one of the smallest creatures in the world. He is 6/1,000,000 of an inch long. He is simply a flattened piece of jelly with no eyes, no brain, no nerves and no digestive system. He absorbs or imbibes nourishment — he never eats in the ordinary meaning of the word — and he has the simplest sex life. When he (or she) wants to reproduce himself (herself) he (she) simply splits into two complete selves, so saving a lot of trouble.

Monas (I think I might use his Christian name) lives in the sea and has been the object of study by scientists for a long time, but he is so shy that it has been difficult to get an accurate idea of his habits. Now a British scientist, Mr A.G. Lowndes, who does most of his work at

the Plymouth Aquarium, has answered all the questions that have been asked.

Like all scientists, Mr. Lowndes began right at the beginning when he told me the microscopic romance that led to his discoveries.

## Avoid the Limelight

"It is estimated that the simplest organisms first occurred about 300,000,000 years ago," he said. "As Monas Stigmatica is not quite the simplest form, we can reckon that he began about 200,000,000 years ago.

"His distinctive feature is that besides being a speck of jelly, he has two hairs attached to him. Scientists have known for a long time that he used these hairs to help him swim — the problem was to find out how."

Monas is quite easy to catch. He lives in most waters. But he can only be seen through a microscope. He hates light and so cannot be filmed even by the most modern methods of micro-cinematography. As soon as the laboratory equivalent of the arc-lights are put on him, he falls to the bottom of the water and goes temperamental.

So more patient methods had to be used. Mr. Lowndes began to study a number of the organisms swimming in water through his microscope.

## Patience Did It

Between the lens of the microscope and the slide containing the "animals" was a glass screen marked in squares. The width of the squares was known and the job was to time a single Monas as he swam across a square. This, with lots of the things simply fizzing about in all directions, was anything but easy. Many hours were passed without result until one (to whom all honour be) suddenly

took it into his head to go on a voyage of discovery.

He swam across five squares in a dead straight line. He took one second to cross each square.

This was indeed luck. There were more hours of patient watching and more and more data was added to Mr. Lowndes' notebook. All the time a timing device was ticking away at his side.

Finally, the watcher thought he had proved his case. An independent observer was brought in. He agreed that the organisms were covering forty times their own length in one second.

It meant that all previously expressed theories on how the Monas swam were wrong.

## Hair-Motor

There were more days of watching under the microscope and Mr. Lowndes discovered that the Monas caused his projecting hairs to twist in waves. Because some artificial light had to be used to illuminate these experiments, Monas refused to swim at his fastest and only the general principle of how the hairs were used could be determined.

Then followed more back-breaking research. Hundreds of tests had to be made to make sure what did happen to long hair-like things when they were rotated in water. Finally, the case was established. This tiny organism which has no brain and exists simply to provide food for larger sea creatures which in turn provide food for still larger ones, whipped his hair-like projections round until they developed sufficient speed to cause his whole structure to turn.

As this developed speed it became an inclined plane or in other words a propellor and Monas began to shoot forward. Where he was shooting forward to only Monas knew. Science hasn't worked that one out yet.

For his lectures, Mr Lowndes made two wooden models.

The first shows Monas as he is at rest. The second how he curves himself into a propellor. When the second is turned rapidly by an electric motor and a candle is held before it, the flame of the candle is sucked into the curves of the model showing how water would be gripped by the living organism.

## Another Milestone

So to the sum of the world's knowledge another fragment was added. While wars were raging round him, another British scientist working alone in his laboratory, urged on by the single drive "to find out how it worked" had passed another milestone.

Old Archimedes would be the first to congratulate him — though he might have said "I could have told you that" in the same breath.

The microscope has revealed its secret - it is only six-millionths of an inch long





The impressive scene at the opening of the Exhibition (above). Mr. Duff Cooper, the British Ambassador in Paris, stands in the centre with Field-Marshal Montgomery on his right and General de Gaulle on his left. Below: the lifelike figure of a paratrooper attracted great attention.



# HERE WE ARE, MONSIEUR!

WHEN the BEF fought its way out through Dunkirk to be replaced by the ponderous weight of Wehrmacht steel, Monsieur and Madame Morel of 44, Rue du 19 Janvier, Rueil, Seine-et-Oise, shook their heads woefully. The British had fought gallantly — but what could the British do against the great guns and tanks Hitler was now parading on the French streets?

A typical, hard-headed French couple, the Morels knew better than to believe all that Goebbels told them about the pitiful state of Britain — but they couldn't forget the comparison between the inadequate BEF and the evidence of German might that was under their eyes.

Marcel Morel, who was a clerk in the French Air Force, found himself at Verdun when France capitulated. His peacetime job was in the planning department of the great Citroën works, so the Germans sent him back to work there. In spite of Goebbels and Laval, the Morels believed that if there was a chance of the British staging a comeback it was up to them to help, so Marcel Morel joined those whose self-appointed mission it was to slow up production in the Citroën works as much as possible.

## Men Who Freed Them

As the RAF began to appear in offensive sweeps over France and reports of British successes round the Mediterranean began to filter through, Marcel Morel knew his efforts were not being wasted.

When the liberation came the Morels watched jubilantly as British troops, tanks and guns poured into their home town. And as soon as the British Army Exhibition in Paris was opened by Field-Marshal Montgomery they hurried to Paris

to learn more of the men who had freed them.

The exhibition was designed to show the Morels and others like them what the British Army had done since Dunkirk.

As they were taken round by pretty, French-speaking ATS Pte. Jacqueline Capstick, the Morels saw from maps, photographs and wax models just where and in what condition the British Army had been fighting since June 1940. Tanks, guns and equipment ranging from a homely mess-tin to the latest in Radar showed them the tools with which the British Army had finished the European job and was tackling the Asiatic one.

## Thirty Battlefronts

The first thing that impressed them was the map that showed how the British Army had fought in 30 countries since the beginning of the war.

"What a transport problem!" said M. Morel.

They gazed silently at the pictures of the blitz against Britain and Mme. Morel observed, "France was lucky she did not have that".

They admired a shiny Bofors gun — "C'est une belle pièce", said M. Morel.

Of the large photographs of Britain preparing to repel the invader, M. Morel said, "Where would France be if Hitler had gone to Britain?"

They were surprised at the V-I captured in Germany.

"I thought they were much bigger", said M. Morel. "I saw one in the air one day and it seemed twice the size".

And his wife: "C'est une arme épouvantable" (It's a frightful weapon).

They spent a long time examining the desert war exhibit, a 25-

Since D-Day many French people have made the casual acquaintance of the British Army.

Now, at the Grand Palais, in the Champs Elysées, still scarred by bullet marks from a liberation-day fight between the French Resistance and the Germans, they have the opportunity of being formally introduced.

A Soldier staff-writer here takes you round the exhibition with a typical French couple — the Morels of Rueil, Seine-et-Oise.

pounder in action in a painted panorama, with a wax gun-crew wearing clean bush-shirts and white-blanced belts and gaiters.

"Ah, the Eighth Army! Montgomery is a great general!" exclaimed M. Morel.

The Italian war exhibit was a white-camouflaged Bren-gunner lying in mountain snow against a mountain background. While M. Morel examined a white-painted rifle his wife said "It's pretty — but it must be so cold to lie in the snow".

"I'm still shivering", said M. Morel several minutes after they had walked through the jungle exhibit. It wasn't cold that made him shiver but the sight of a skeleton lying in the foliage. As a skeleton it was whiter than that of any Jap soldier that the 14th Army has ever seen and it lacked the authentic touch of at least a few rags of uniform and scraps of equipment, but it made a nice token of jungle grue.

## Jungle Camp

The jungle exhibit is really the pride of the show. The artists, with the aid of a bamboo clump, foliage and some theatrical effects have produced the effect of dank, dark jungle with that feeling of being

hemmed-in that all jungle troops know. Packed into it are a typical midday jungle camp, a soldier out on patrol and a parachute 75-mm gun.

NCO's on duty at the jungle exhibit wear the latest bottle-green jungle uniform with its bush shirt of soft material that is a great improvement on the old battle-dress top, and the new bush hats that are much lighter than the old ones.

Photographs of the preparations in Britain together with large quantities of arms and equipment make up the main exhibit on the invasion of Europe.

M. and Mme Morel gazed for a long time at the great wall-painting of the Mulberry docks — "It's vast", they said, and asked for more details.

They gazed without comment at much-enlarged photographs of arms factories in Britain turning out guns and ammunition, shook their heads at stands of signals equipment — "It's very complicated".

## Essential Weapons

They laughed a little at the sick-bags provided for men in invasion launches, were very interested in the details of the harness on the dummy parachutist who hangs from the ceiling, were greatly taken with the parachutists' folding motor-cycle. — "C'est gentil", said Mme. Morel.

They were impressed by the size of the Churchill tank motor — "Formidable", remarked M. Morel, who knows about motors.

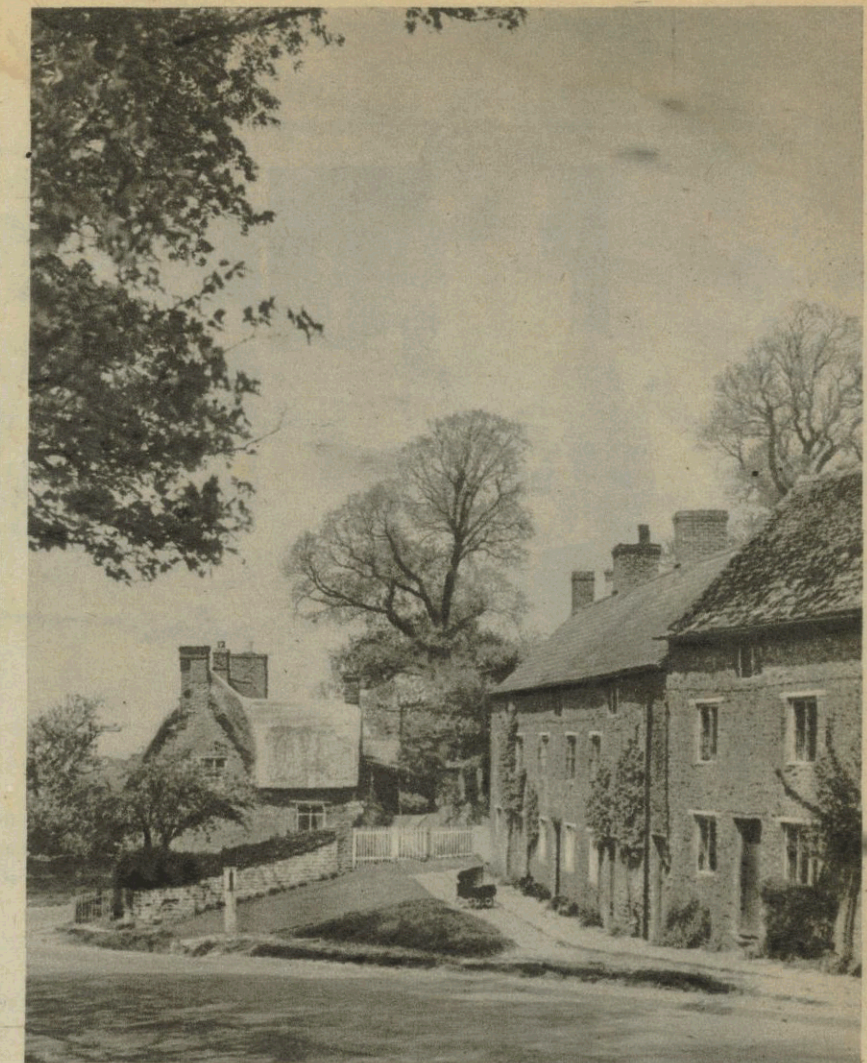
After investigating gleaming mortars they eagerly joined the crowd round the 17-pounder gun, where they were allowed to play with the bearing and elevation handwheels.

And as they left, M. Morel said, "Who could have thought that the Army that had so little when we saw it leave in 1940 could now have so much and have done so well!"

An ATS interpreter explains one of the exhibits to some visitors. In the background is a panorama of the "Mulberry" harbour.



... To Banbury Cross



Aynho in Northamptonshire is a compact stone-built village perched on a hill on the Banbury-Bicester road. The highway winds up through the village street, cottages on one side, the great manor house behind massive gates on the other. The remainder of the village lies looped on a side road in primitive seclusion. Villagers are still without many of the amenities of the present day; water is still drawn from wells, oil lamps are used. J. Dixon-Scott.

6. Name of author and title of poem, please (if you read the last issue of SOLDIER carefully you will know half the answer) :

"Their shoulders held the sky suspended. They stood, and earth's foundations stay. What God abandoned, these defended, And saved the sum of things for pay."

7. In which newspapers or periodicals do these features appear : (a) Charivari ; (b) William Hickey ; (c) cartoons by Illingworth ?

8. Which of these statements constitutes an alibi ?

(a) "I didn't do it, my brother did." (b) "I was drunk at the time." (c) "I was ten miles away when it happened."

(d) "I did it, but it was in self-defence."

9. Whose is the signature on the Censor's certificate shown at the beginning of a film ? (Answers on Page 18.)

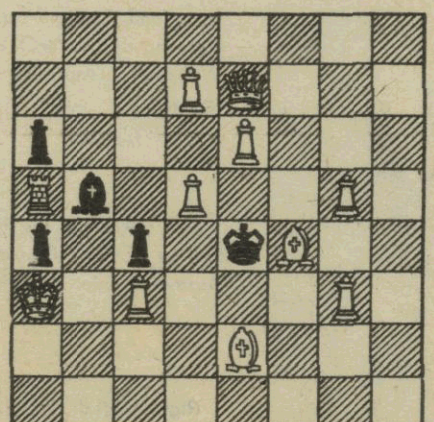
## CHESS AND CROSSWORD

### CLUES ACROSS

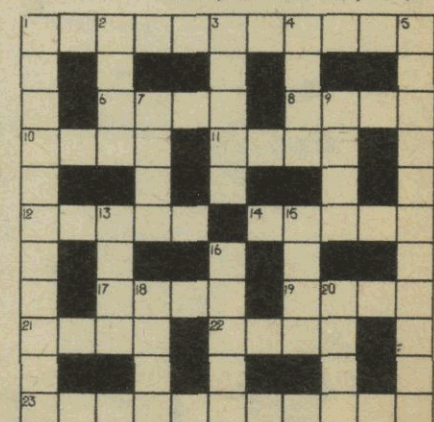
1. You may see their badge at the front of course, but at the back as well. — 6. Mustang flavour. — 8. Recipient of cigarettes ? — 10. They're more familiar to the Aussies than us. — 11. Hurried to conceal, we hear. — 12. Next on the list for "liquidation". — 14. Just the American Commander to "make do and mend" ? — 17. Might help our troops in Italy to buy a spot of beer, or — 19. This ! — 21. Another of the Red Army's captures. — 22. Adriatic port near the "heel" of Italy. — 23. Often provides a bomber escort, by Jove !

### CLUES DOWN

1. Member of a famous Rifle Regiment. — 2. Troops posted thereto hope to get the pip ! 3. Number to be seen on a medal ribbon. — 4. Let's have a binder. — 5. Prober of the night skies. — 7. Pacific — yet far from Pacific — front ! — 9. The way to approach a mine ! — 13. Did he make lots of money as A. A. Commander. — 15. Airborne ? — 16. Bares the sword. — 18. May have taken part in the capture of 21, so might well become vain. — 20. Receptacle for oils, perhaps.

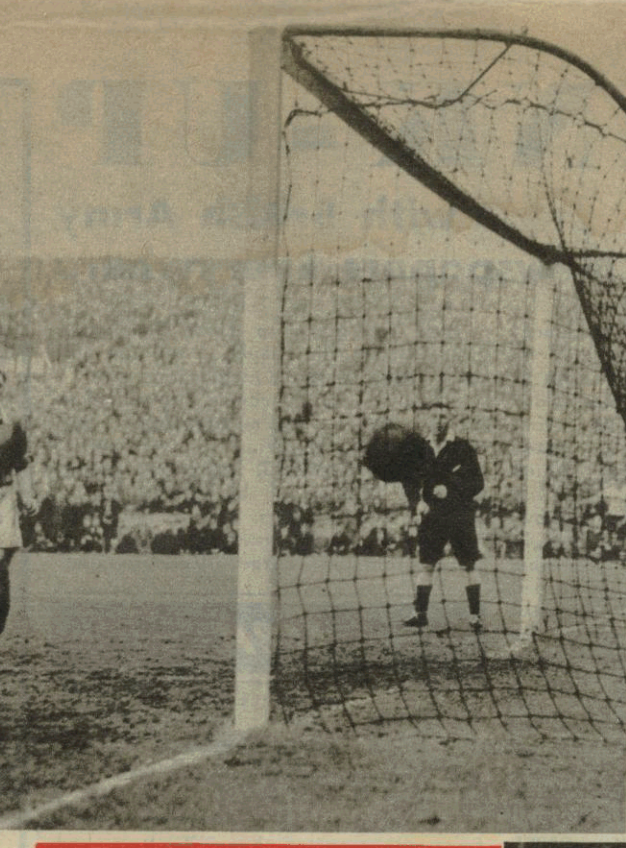
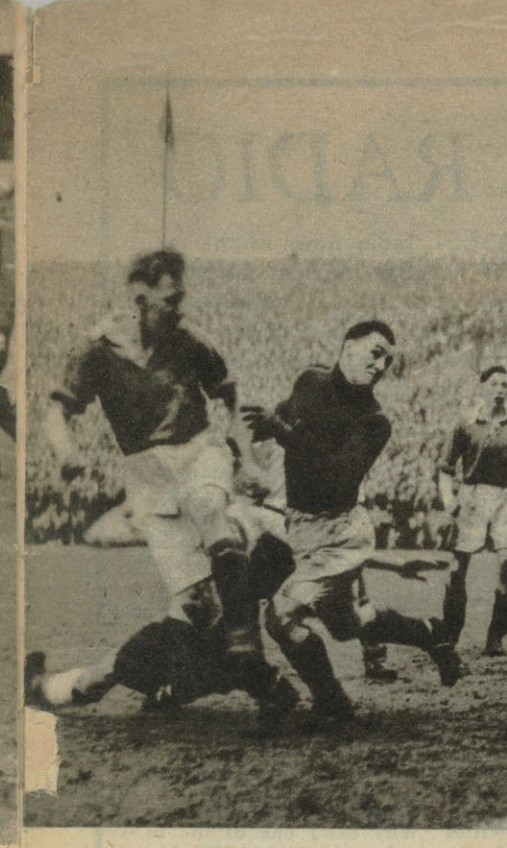


White to move and mate in two.



(Solution on Page 18.)





## ATHLETICS

Left : P. Harrison (Manchester) wins a fighting finish in the 880 yds at the White City.

Top Centre : Sgt. D. Watts (RAF) wins the long jump with 22 ft, 5 1/4 ins.

Top Right : The one mile walk winner, E. Staker (Highgate).

# Only The Crowd Is The Same

A skyscraping corner-kick drops into the goalmouth — and Lofthouse has scored for Bolton Wanderers... Cyril Holmes burns up the White City track in 10.3 secs... Australia hits 107 in 70 minutes to beat the clock and England... A split-second goal gives France a draw in the Victory Soccer international as the sands of the game run out... Ernie Roderick showing 22-year-old Vince Hawkins that a boxer is just as old as his head.

There you have flashes of the things I have seen since I stepped off the home-berthed boat. It was like Rip Van Winkle coming out of his long sleep on the Catskill Mountains; and, again like the grey-beard, I found plenty of changes.

## Soccer Shock

Yes, things have altered a lot — and not all of them for the better. There's an obviously makeshift appearance to football, cricket, boxing and the rest. Indeed, the only thing which hasn't changed — for me, anyhow — is the jolly, rollicking humour of the crowds. The man who pays his bob at the turnstile hasn't altered a bit. He still comes along to yell his head off and whirl a wooden rattle; or, as I saw at Lord's on a recent brisk morning, to wait patiently for players bang out of practice to show some of the old magic.

Take them in the order above. First, the Burnden Park game; a horrible shock after nearly four years without the sight of home Soccer. All the experts say it

was a game to forget. I agree. We had 10 thrilling minutes, and the rest was almost too bad to be true. I know you rarely get good football at a Cup final — the occasion gets the players tongue-tied in the feet — but this stuff was even worse than anything I've ever seen at Wembley, and I've seen plenty of bad games there, believe me.

## Bright Spots

There was one bright spot. Woolton didn't share in the general depression. He is a polished full-back with grand positional sense, the ability to use the ball well, and an educated appearance when heading.

Another who didn't do too badly was Tommy Woodward, whom I last saw footing it in the Middle East. He made the lobbing corner-kick which sent the ball straight into the Manchester United goalmouth and gave Lofthouse the chance to score the only goal. A very important goal, indeed. Anyway, with the return game at Manchester ending 2-2, Bolton, through the Lofthouse goal, took the North League Cup by a 3-2 aggregate.

Further South, there were the British Games at the White City and, next day came the luck of being on hand for the last-day drama of the Lord's Test match.

## Moral — Don't Hurry

Settlement of the hoary old walker v. runner argument was the most interesting White City feature. You know how it goes: can a walker cover 50 yards while a sprinter is agitating his legs over 100 yards? The answer, as supplied to a

20,000 Bank Holiday crowd, was — yes, he can.

It wasn't simply that one walker arrived first. Not so. All three pedestrians licked the runners. E. A. Staker, the Middlesex champion, was followed closely by C. Megnin, Essex titleholder, and A. A. Cooper, the two-mile expert. A yard away was M. Broadbent, the leading runner, with 9.9 secs. as his clocking by the stopwatch.

And so to Lord's. Dear old Lord's, little changed despite Father Time's absence from his perch on the grandstand. Father Time had a bit of an argument with a doodlebug, but he'll be back there again before the summer's end to remind us all that the ground's oldest inhabitant isn't to be put out of circulation so easily.

## Fascination of Lords

Having missed Keith Miller's century and a smoothly sweet innings by "Tiny" Hassett, the only pre-war Test star in the Australian team, I didn't think Lord's had much to offer on the last day. How wrong I was. The game gripped you by the throat from the opening over. It continued doing just that until Pepper made the winning hit as the clock was striking seven to close play.

Nothing was better early on than the batting of J. D. Robertson. England had to use a wicket looking like Southend with the tide out; anything could have happened with the ball turning sharply. As it was, young Robertson showed such splendid defence — and cracked the shortish stuff so heartily — that an Australian victory bid seemed as remote as the Crimea War. The Middlesex man looks a certainty for full-scale Tests. He has the right temperament, plus the right strokes, and is already rated a sounder No. 2 than Lancashire's Cyril Washbrook.

Chief England need is fast bowlers. Nobody quite knows where they will come from with most of the pre-war performers getting a bit long in the tooth. It's a problem. Perhaps the Middle East may help via Ron Aspinall, a youngster out of the Huddersfield League who sends them down from a height of 6ft 2 ins.

## Soccer Standard Low

What's next? It's the England-France international, staged before a 60,000 Wembley crowd — an international in which the much-publicised English team played a long way below the form of their Press cuttings. Best thing was the cheer given little Oscar Heisserer when he cracked a last-minute goal to give France a draw. Never before have so many English football fans cheered in such a cultured French accent.

## PAUL IRWIN (Sjt)

a Fleet Street sports editor before the war, has just returned home from the Middle East. For three years he contributed sports articles to the "Mid-East Mail" under the pen-name "Exile".

Now the crowd went away happy from an indifferent game. Why? Because they never expected the Frenchmen to do so well, and for the very good reason that the average Soccer follower hasn't been used to any better football, anyway.

Let's face facts. Football is a yard slower than it was in the old days. The "bite" isn't there any more. Players are going through the motions in the comforting knowledge (to them) that mediocrity is being taken for the real thing. It couldn't be any other way after nearly six years of war, but I hope the Soccer chiefs won't go on believing this is the best possible brand of stuff.

The same goes for big-time boxing. Five of our eight British titles are held by men who won't see their thirtieth birthday any more, latest long-service battler to win another championship being the 32-year-old Ernie Roderick.

The Liverpool boxer gave a sharp lesson to Vince Hawkins, to whom he conceded 10 years in age and nearly a stone in weight. Not that Hawkins won't be there again one day. He will — when he learns to time his punches.

## Army Boxers Excel

Twenty-four hours after Ernie Roderick won the middleweight title, we were back in the Albert Hall to see the Army complete a boxing hat-trick at the expense of the combined Royal Navy and RAF team. Advices are that it was a carbon copy of the Ghent and Antwerp tournaments earlier in the month. The Army had that little bit extra to finish on top by seven fights to five.

Now for the highlights LAC Mark Hart, suspended ABA champion, repeated his Belgium victories over Sjt. Instructor L. Fowler (APTC), but few in the crowd agreed with the judges. Hart began well; Fowler finished better, carrying the fight to his man and skaking him with rights... Cpl. W. Thom, knock-out expert from the Pioneer Corps, punished plucky Cpl. J. Joseph (RAF), only to fail narrowly when bidding to maintain his run of quick wins — five in a row, all knock-outs... Lots of style about Sjt. Instructor J. Ryan, a welter from the Army's muscle factory. For proof, ask Cpl. J. Smith of the RAF... Repeat points success for Ronnie Bissell, the ABA bantam champion, over the Army's Cpl. L. Traynor... And a good points verdict for Sjt. Instructor Tom Smith, the Sunderland feather-weight and Army titleholder, when crossing gloves with LAC Jackie Rankin, the Southall pro.

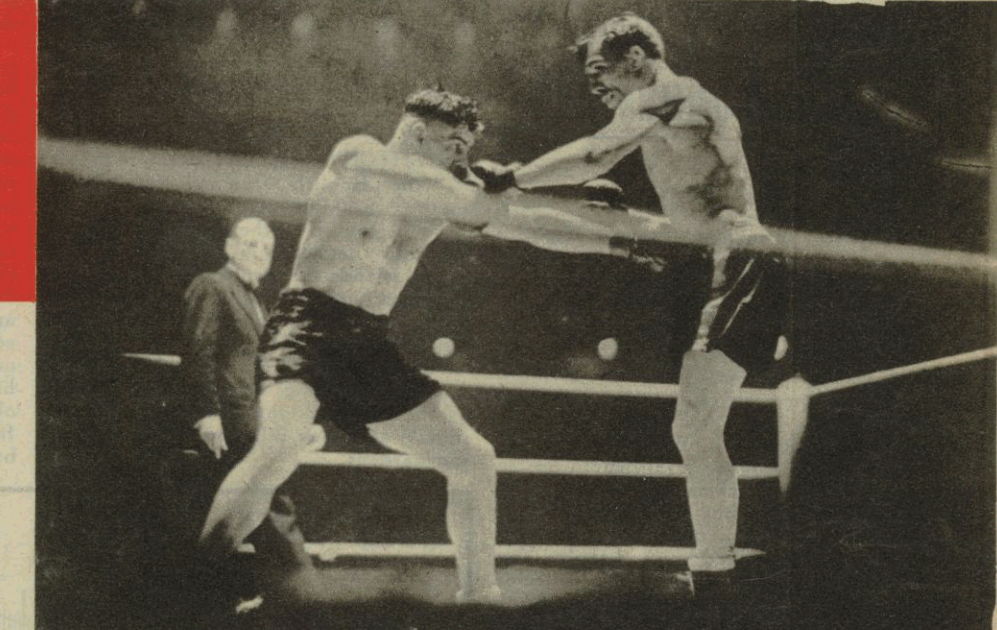


## CRICKET

Above : S/Ldr. W. R. Hammond, England captain, clean bowled by WO. R. G. Williams (Australia) at Lords.

Left : A hit to the boundary by PO. K. Miller, of the Australian side.

Right : S/Ldr. S. G. Sis-mey (Australia) places the ball neatly trough the slips.



## FOOTBALL

Top left : the goal which gave Bolton the Northern Cup. (Photo, Kemsley Newspapers, Ltd.).

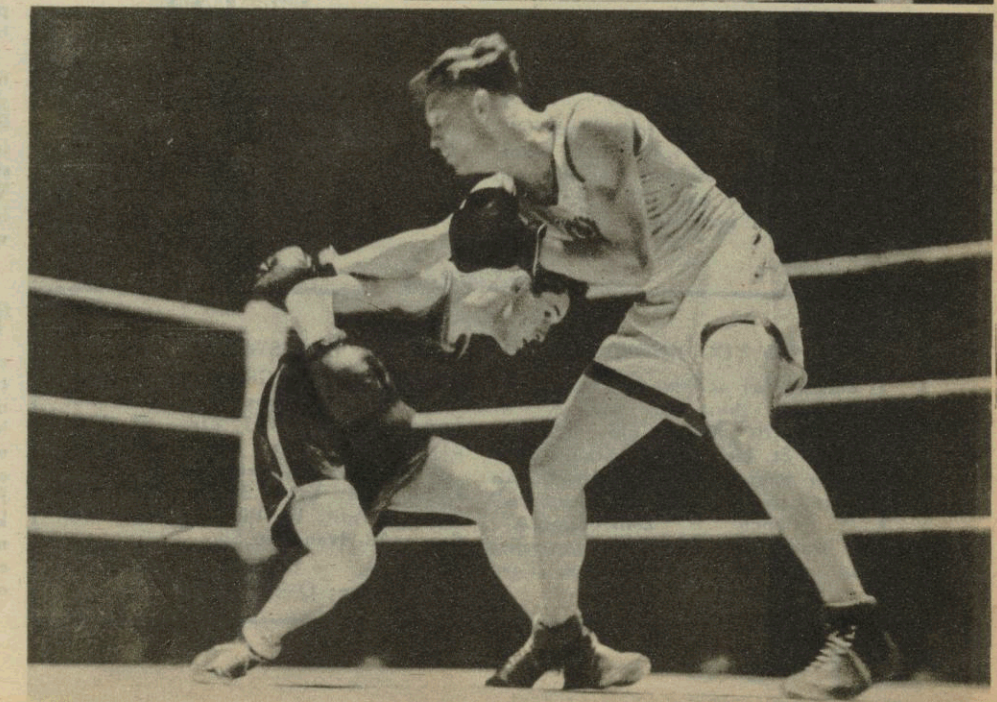
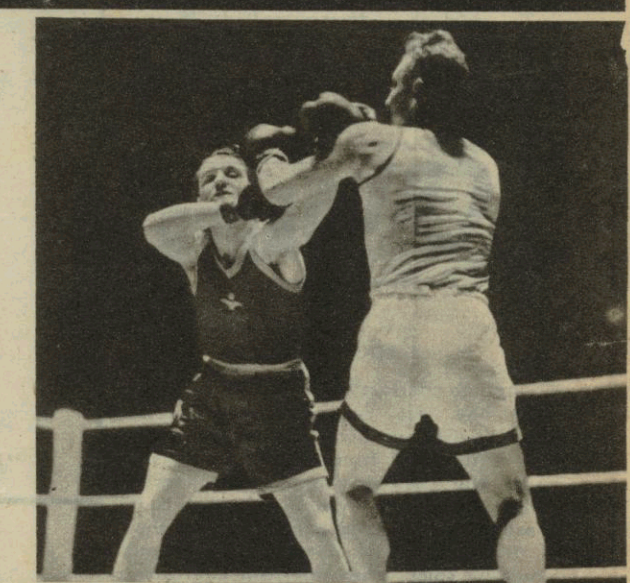
Right : T. Lawton, England captain, heading the ball in the International match.

## BOXING

Above : Ernie Roderick (left) beat Vince Hawkins (right) in the British Welterweight Championship.

Right : Sjt Instr. L. Fowler (right) in a bout with LAC Mark Hart at the Inter-Services Tournament.

Below : The Army won in this fight between Cpl. S. Masters (right) and PO. S. Callard, RAF.





# LINK-UP

with British Army  
Newspapers Everywhere



War Department asked us to do something about it. The director of our laboratories first developed a coated paper on which invisible acid ink immediately showed up a bright green. Invisible non-acid ink turned a fine glowing red. For a while the censors had an easy time, but about a year ago they got a new headache. The Germans had discovered a substance which could not be discovered on our paper. Within a few weeks we had a

a little too much to drink during the interval, cost the player a shilling. The rules, made in 1835, include this one:

"If any person becomes intoxicated so far as not to be able to perform his part in the game, or being quarrelsome or causing disputes, shall forfeit one shilling for each offence, to be judged by the whole of the members, when playing, and the umpire, whether convicted of or exonerated from the charge alleged to him."

## Gen

Middle East

### Understatement

AN American sergeant wrote from Italy to the BBC:— Sir! — In the course of a news broadcast, the situation on this front was reported thus: "In Italy, sodden ground is still limiting activity."

How beautifully you put it! How clearly, how concisely, how descriptively! May I amplify — just a little? Because of the sodden ground, we are encouraging our troops to carry with them an old steel arch support, or a button hook or similar bit of metal so that when they become mired we can easily detect them with mine locators. It has become the custom of our kitchen personnel to serve the food according to the phases of the moon because our stomachs are rising and falling with the tides. We are equipping our jeeps with periscopes and our heavy vehicles with pontoons. The habit of digging fox-holes is becoming obsolete. One merely falls flat on the face, and in no time is sunk snug as a bug in a rug. Heavy men are advised to

## WEEKLY COMMENTARY

India

### On the Metro

THE Metro is in many ways a frightful place. At certain hours of the day we call it the Black Hole of Calcutta. Even so, if you have a sense of humour it is possible to get a good deal of fun out of it. Anything can happen on the Metro. In front of me, the other day, I saw a young woman, obviously very nervous, biting at her ticket and not realising that she was swallowing it. When the collector appeared she looked everywhere — in her bag, in her pockets, getting more and more distressed, but absolutely certain that she had had a ticket when she got on the train. I nudged her and said: "You swallowed it." Turning to the collector she said: "I told you I had paid my fare! This lady is a witness".

To which the collector replied: "Sorry, there is nothing to be done, you must pay again." "But why?" she exclaimed. "Because here one pays to travel, not to dine", was his perfect retort.



Italy

### Paper War

IN strange contrast to the appalling stories of how the Germans have treated Allied prisoners-of-war, comes a significant little item from the USA. It is a paper war between German prisoners in America and the invisible ink experts in Washington. It is an extraordinary story of unlimited patience versus industrious would-be spies. The American equivalent of our printing and stationery office have described the development of a special letter-paper for the use of German prisoners-of-war. Here is what an official said:

"We are not allowed to subject German P.O.W. letters to tests which would deface their messages, and therefore our first prisoners felt safe in transmitting secret reports in invisible fluid ink. The

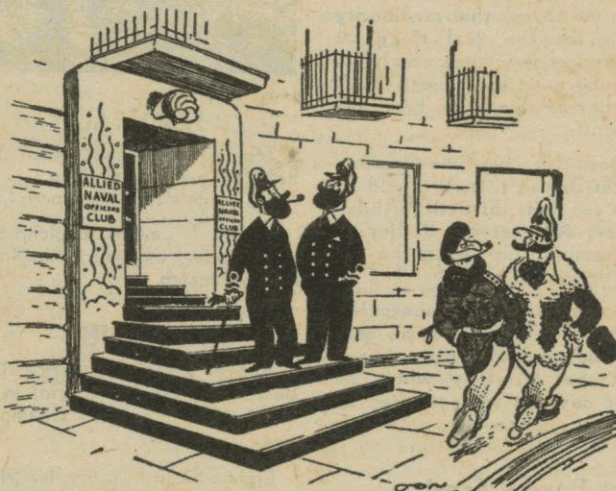
new paper which is sensitive to nearly every known substance, dry or fluid."

### The Moat Offensive

BRIGHTON'S desperate attempt to fight the English Channel is to cost another £60,000, we observe. At one place in this area the sea has eaten six feet into the coast in two years. These happy islands are gently tilting and slipping back into the sea anyway; which will solve all the problems of the planning fuss-pots cleanly and finally and please a lot of fish as well. Meanwhile, the sea is certainly gnawing away at Sussex. Out by the Ower's Light, drowned under the shingle at Selsey Bill, are Roman palaces and gardens.

## THE TWO TYPES

BY JON



"I think these fellows overdo it a bit, don't you, old man?"



Persia and Iraq Command  
"Howzat?"

A dropped catch when playing cricket in 1835 might, if caused by having

leave marker buoys. One lad failed to mark his location, and is now posted as missing. He weighed well over 300 pounds, so quite likely he has hit bedrock by now.

Among a small group listening to the news broadcast in question was a gay young liaison officer from a neighbouring British unit. Afterwards, as he took his leave and stepped through the door, a startled expression came over his face. With characteristic British conservatism, he remarked, as he disappeared from view: "I say, this is all very sodden!"

### Nothing for Something

TWENTY four photographs on celluloid are flashed every second on the screen... In order to achieve a smooth transition from each single picture to the next slightly different picture, the screen is blacked out for 1/48th of a second while it is replaced. That is, for one half of the time an audience is seeing the film it is sitting in total darkness without knowing it. If we estimate the number of man hours spent in the British cinema each week as 75,000,000 over 37,000,000 of them are spent seeing nothing.

"Film"

# RADIO

BEST radio news of the week was the opening of BLA 1, the new Army Welfare Service operated high-powered radio transmitter for troop broadcasting in Europe. Transmissions are from 0655 hours to midnight daily.

It is hoped with this station to reach the maximum number of British troops now beyond comfortable listening distance of Home stations. Tune to 455 metres (658 kc/s) for BLA 1. You will find it on the dial just beside the BBC Home Service on 451 metres.

BLA 3 continues on its wavelength of 223 metres to bring items of special interest to its Canadian audience.

### Why not Home Service?

A correspondent from Germany writes "Why can't one of the BLA Stations rebroadcast the BBC Home Service complete so that we might have an alternative programme to the AEFP?"

While undoubtedly an alternative programme is always a sound idea in radio, it involves setting up exactly double the equipment necessary for a single service... not a feasible proposition owing to lack of equipment and trained personnel. Where a single service exists it must be given over to the wishes of the majority of its audience.

A half way house can be planned, however, in which, while the majority of the audience is catered for, items of particular interest to minority sections can be introduced.

This is the principle on which the AEFP operates in conjunction with Army transmitters. AEFP provides an overall basic service of American, Canadian and British interest. The field transmitters serving these troops may then introduce items of particular interest to the troops in their service area. For example BLA Stations cover the big British sporting commentaries. They also take the 1 o'clock and 9 o'clock BBC News.

### "Trolley Song"

Army Welfare Services radio production unit recently recorded two nightingales in full song at a busy tram terminus near Brussels. Unaffected by passing trams and thundering convoys — also on the "say it with music", Brussels night-record — the birds continued their courtship in song. Some nightingales seem to prefer the "Trolley Song".

## Small Talk

Joke the Services enjoyed (from "Wilson"): The President, a few days after the declaration of war on Germany, rises wearily from his paper-laden desk in the White House, and exclaims, "Commissions! Commissions! Good heavens, is there no end to these second lieutenants?"

\*\*\*

Can you think of a country where "Hamlet" has run in repertory for seven years, and "Othello" for five? It certainly isn't Britain. The answer: Asiatic Russia. Shakespeare's plays had to be translated first from English into Russian, then from Russian into Uzbek.

\*\*\*

ENSA "in reverse": Arthur Grumiaux, young Belgian violinist discovered by Constant Lambert in Brussels, goes to Britain to entertain troops and factory workers. He has already toured France, Belgium, Holland. During the occupation, Grumiaux became a farm-hand near Toulouse, to avoid being "conscripted" into Dresden Philharmonic.

## Answers

(from Page 15)

### DO YOU KNOW?

1. Left. 2. (a) nerves; (b) brain; (c) heart; (d) skin; (e) ear. 3. (a) NAAFI; (b) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. 4. Elba; St. Helena. 5. Britain's leading film magnate. 6. A. E. Housman's "Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries." 7. (a) "Punch" (b) "Daily Express"; (c) "Daily Mail." 8. "I was ten miles away when it happened." 9. Lord Tyrrell of Avon.

### CROSSWORD.

ACROSS:— 1. Gloucesters. 6. Tang. 8. Papa. 10. Emus. 11. Hied. 12. Japan. 14. Patch. 17. Lira. 19. Asti. 21. Kiev. 22. Bari. 23. Thunderbolt. DOWN:— 1. Greenjacket. 2. OCTU 3. Eight. 4. Tape. 5. Searchlight. 7. Asia. 9. Adit. 13. Pile. 15. Alar. 16. Sabre. 18. Ivan. 20. Silo.

### CHESS

Key-move: Q—Kt 4.





# To SOLDIER

★ What's on your mind? Write to **SOLDIER** about it — but keep it short and to the point. **THIS IS YOUR PAGE.**

call-up? — instead of guff about Archbishops' robes and Charlie Shadwell's Laugh?" — L/Cpl. G. Martin, 6 Pln, D. Coy., 2nd Bn. RUR.

## Where's The Beer?

What is the present position with regard to Good English Beer for issue to the troops? We in this Unit have not seen one little drop since mid-December, 1944, and I think that something should be done about it. As far as I can ascertain, there seems to be no general shortage in "back areas".

Why cannot the back areas be transferred forward, so that we may all have "a go".

"Surely we have earned it? — Major J. C. Stormonth Darling, 52 (L) Div. Recce. Rgt., RAC.



"No shortage of beer in the back areas..."

★ NAAFI answer is: Where we are able to brew beer locally — and we are in most parts of North-West Europe — we make sure that the beer is of the same gravity and quality as English. It saves labour and shipping space. We provide malt and other ingredients, but at the moment we are held up by the general coal shortage.

\*\*\*

Who the hell in BLA wants to read about "Charlie Shadwell's Laugh? Those who want to can read about such people in ten or more different magazines published in England. As I understand it, **SOLDIER** is for the soldier by the soldier. Please, let's have it that way. The readers' letters page is very interesting, but produce a grouse column. The soldier has many "moans" which he likes to express — you know them and I know them — from beer down to barrack damages. I'm sending **SOLDIER** home to the wife, who passes it on to my parents. I know they enjoy reading about the soldiers of BLA. P. S. Have just received the VE issue of **SOLDIER**. It's excellent. — L/Cpl. D. H. Anderson, A & SH, 51st Highland Division Battle School.

\*\*\*

We have read with disgust the article on the back page of **SOLDIER** No. 5 (describing the activities of RSM J. C. Lord in Stalag

XI b). Those prisoners could not have been so starved if they could do PT and guard mountings. What we want from your magazine is news and not propaganda in favour of spit and polish.

We very much doubt if you will print this letter as it is quite obvious that your magazine is not, as it should be, part of the free press but an organ of the Army clique. — Four Gunners (name and address supplied).

★ The "free press" gave wide and favourable publicity to the story of Stalag XI b — even on the day when Hitler's death was reported. The Daily Sketch gave it a three-column heading on the leader page. The Daily Express printed half a column entitled "The Spirit of the Guards". The Daily Telegraph spoke of "the matchless traditions of the Guards". — Ed., **SOLDIER**.

## Beautiful Britain

Soldier's camera landscapes are much appreciated in this part of Germany, where the countryside is so different from what we know and hope to go back to soon. But why must they always be of English scenes?

Why not give the Scots something of their own country-highland or lowland? And don't you think there are Welshmen and Irish who would like to have a pin-up of Snowdonia or County Down? — Alastair Gunn (name and address supplied).

★ We do. We will. — Ed., **SOLDIER**.

## After the Guns...

Please extend my congratulations and sincere thanks to Cfn J. Prebble on his article "After the Guns... the Cuckoo" (**SOLDIER** No. 7). As the saying goes, "only Lucifer himself knows hell." So only the man who has fought, starved, sweated and cursed his way through this war can say: "Well it's over", and sit down again in his fox-hole and have a good cry!

Thanks a lot. — Tpr C. Mitchell, A. Sqn, 7 RTR.

## Who Said "Artificial"?

Cpl. Cowles admires "the freshness of an English girl amid the artificiality of her foreign counterparts" (**SOLDIER** No. 5). Who but an arrogant Englishman would be capable of so tactless an utterance! Who is she so base as to yearn for the type of praise that emerges from comparison with an Allied sister? That "artificiality" is certainly not apparent in the characters of the girls who by their natural charm and superb efficiency transform our otherwise sombre BLA canteens into veritable Valhallas for our war-troops. — Pte. H. MacLeod, 53 PAD, RAOC.

## Belgium Forgotten?

The British Press said that the France and Germany Ribbon contained colours representing the Union Jack, the tricolour of France and the national flag of Holland... but what about Belgium? Was this not the country which almost liberated herself, paved a way for our armour, and gave us all a reception unequalled yet in history? Personally I'd like to see the ribbon blue, white, black, amber, red, white, red. — L/Bdr. F. Norrigan, 25/53 Heavy Rgt, RA.

With regard to the France and Germany medal: the 1939-40 Dunkirk men ought to be considered separately from those who have seen active service on this front only since D-Day. — Dvr. L. Lloyd, 378 Coy., RASC (GT).

## British Can't Hate

Describing his visit to the men in the line round Hamburg, Captain Warwick Charlton (**SOLDIER** No. 5) says, "Everywhere I went I found them very grim. They do hate the Germans." It appears to us that hating is the exception rather than the rule round here, and we venture to suggest that the inability to hate is the British soldier's outstanding characteristic.

As for his reference to a pig-tailed little girl and two boys playing at war, has Capt. Charlton ever observed children at play in England — or ever owned a pop-gun himself? — Cpl. G. Short and Pte. D. MacRae, 35, Coy., RASC.

## First Into Germany?

For the information of Sgt. Mann (**SOLDIER** No. 5) may I quote a paragraph which appeared in the "Daily Mirror" of 25 November, 1944:

"The 50th (Northumbrian) Division (Monty's Own) first British Infantry Division to land in Normandy and the first to reach Belgium, Brussels, Antwerp and Holland. On September 29, 1944 one of their patrols crossed the Maas and gave the Division added distinction of being the first British Infantry to enter Germany." — Bdr. H. Shafe, 90th Field Rgt., R.A.

## Seeker After Knowledge

Can anyone tell me what the inscription "6.B.C." means on German signs of the fire hydrant type? The signs are yellow, and after "6.B.C." appear figures followed by a "T" and then more figures. — Pte. S. Horsfall, 206 Railway Workshops Coy., RE.

## Forces' "Intelligence"

"May I thank you for the excellent "New Cities Will Rise" in **SOLDIER** No. 4. But would it be possible to correct a most unfortunate statement which I am made to give? Namely that I was "impressed with the intelligence of the men" to whom I lectured — "The latter (i.e. intelligence) frankly surprised him". If "intelligence" is used in the purely military sense of "explanatory knowledge" (i.e. up-to-date information of planning affairs) this is all right, — but it reads as though I expected to find unintelligent people in the Forces. Will you correct this? I have never talked to such intelligent bright audiences, and I was certainly surprised to find them so up-to-date in their information of the intricate subject of town planning. — Patrick Abercrombie (Professor of Town Planning, London University).

## Wants 250 Coupons

Your Release Quiz (**SOLDIER** No. 5) says that on release one is issued with the civilian clothing coupon book, with the possibility of some additional coupons. I think it is only right and just for those who have been in the mob from the beginning and who have no civilian clothes at all to receive enough coupons to outfit them completely (about



"those who have been in the mob from the beginning... and have no civilian clothes..."

250). Without intending to deride the Service issue of civilian clothing, I must point out that it is not everyone's idea of what should be worn, and after six years of regimentation we deserve a break. — Cpl. D. Adams, 105 SP, RAF.

## Ten Per Cent Don't Care

I am surprised to read in the newspapers that only 90 per cent of Service personnel have bothered to complete the forms entitling them to vote. Every man must be made to realise that his opinion counts in the founding of that post-war world we have dreamed and argued about during the last six years.

I make two suggestions: (1) give all Service personnel another chance to complete their voting form; (2) make a fair attempt through ABCA to conduct lectures in each unit on the working of the political machine. Those of us who are as yet undecided or unconcerned must be "pepped up" in the next five weeks. — Gnr. F. E. Stark, 153 Field Rgt., RA.

## What is Lend-Lease?

From time to time we hear most extraordinary and contradictory statements about Lend-Lease. Most soldiers seem to have only the haziest idea of how it works and some do not even appear to know that we send almost as much to our Allies as they send to us.

Can we have a clear and simple explanation of Lend-Lease, preferably by an American — if one such can be found! — Sgt. P. Carter, RASC.

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# WAR CRIMES

## - Action

# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

"I have wondered how long it would be before trials could begin. Now the time seems to be within measurable distance. This is action".

Those were the words of Lord Wright, Chairman of the United Nations War Crimes Commission at a preliminary conference in the Law Courts, London recently, when sixteen Allied Governments were represented.

Lord Wright continued: "I feel that justice will be vindicated this time. Future ages will be able to say that the deep-seated common instincts of humanity have now at last found expression in acts of just retribution."

No war in the past, he said, had been marked by the deliberate and systematic cruelties and atrocities which had characterised this war. It would be a sad thing for mankind in the future if such deeds passed without the judgment of the conscience of mankind being passed on their criminality, by the trial of their perpetrators before properly constituted courts, indicating that there is an international law to punish them which, in Mr. Roosevelt's words, "has teeth".

### Master Criminal

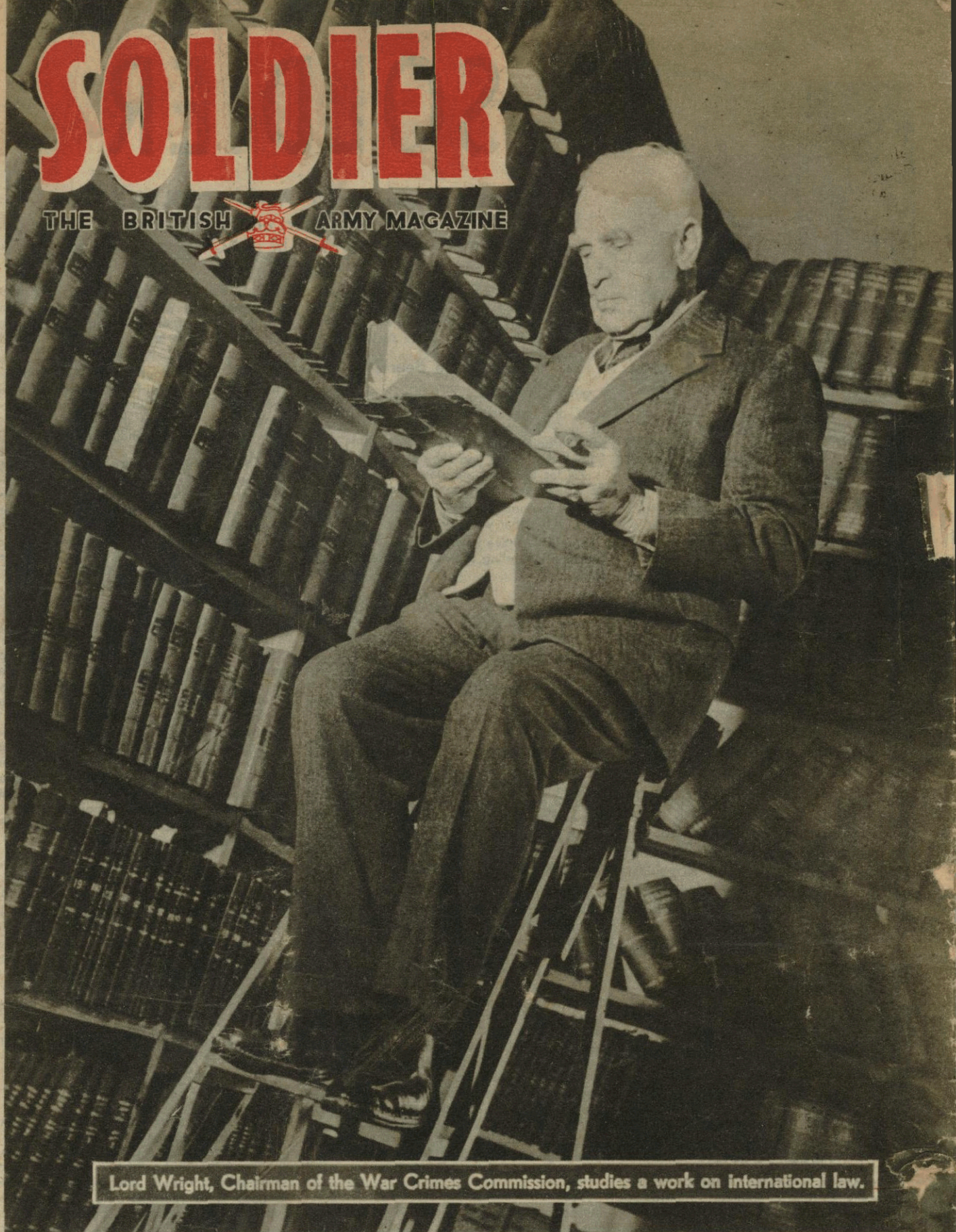
"The special feature of the Nazi or Fascist crimes," said Lord Wright, "is that they are not merely done on an unprecedented scale over the whole range of military operations and enemy occupation, but that they exhibit every trace of a general scheme."

"They all clearly emanate from a master criminal and his entourage and are carried out according to plan by elaborate organised agencies and instrumentalities — that is, by individuals acting under common direction and in common concert. This mass criminality has been forced on the attention of the Commission and has caused them to consider special methods of dealing with it."

Lord Wright explained that the function of the Commission as a clearing house of charges was to acquire the material to compare and classify, to point to common features, and to trace the crime from the actual perpetrators to the central mind or authority, such as Hitler or Goering, right through the intermediate agencies, often by a chain of orders or directives passing down the line.

Lord Wright said that the doings of the Commission need no longer be kept secret except perhaps in very special cases. "I hope that in the Far East it will only be enforced or observed where necessary."

Finally, he added, "The suicide of so many of the criminals cannot well be ascribed to the pangs of conscience, but should be attributed to the fear that if they cannot escape apprehension by the Allied armies they are not likely to escape the just action of the United Nations."



Lord Wright, Chairman of the War Crimes Commission, studies a work on international law.

## Release and Call-up : LATEST

MR. R.A. BUTLER, Minister of Labour, replying to a question in the House of Commons recently, said that it was expected that groups 1 to 11 would be released from the Army by the middle of August. It was not possible to say exactly which groups would be released by the end of the year, or to indicate the position beyond the middle of August.

"I am most anxious," he continued, "that there should be no misunderstanding among the Forces on this matter, and I have therefore examined carefully the forecast given in the debate of May 16."

"A target figure of 750,000 was given for releases by the end of this year. This was, of course, for all three Services, and it is still the best forecast we can make at the present

time, though circumstances may arise in which the rate of release would have to be slowed down."

"It was also stated that for the Army it was expected to reach the groups in the middle twenties by the end of the year. This statement went a little too far, and I think it would be safer to say the very early twenties — but subject, of course, to the reservation made by my predecessor (Mr. Ernest Bevin) to which I have already referred."

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IN reply to another question Mr. M. S. McCorquodale, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Labour, said that the pace of release depended not upon the call-up of men over 30 but upon how fast men could be brought home with the transport available and handled when they came out.

As the late Minister categorically stated, the decision not to call up men over 30 would have no effect on the pace of release under Class A of the release scheme.

"If," said Mr. McCorquodale, "we continued to call up men over 30 it would only mean that more young men under 30 would be left in civilian occupations. If the choice is between men over 30 and the men under 30, it is the men under 30 who should go."

"We still propose to go on calling up young men under 30 as they reach the call-up age or become redundant or lose their reservations if they are in reserved occupations, to meet fully the proper allocation to the Armed Forces. These young men are primarily being called up for the war in the Far East."