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BLA
EDITION



THE SUN IS DOWN

The Rising Sun which since 1937, when the Nips first attacked China, has flooded the Eastern Hemisphere with its bloody brilliance, now goes into sharp reverse. The sun is down and the guns are silent.

Nevertheless there is no respite for us of this wracked age. We pass from the crises of war to those of peace.

Reflect upon Hiroshima and Nagasaki, those dead cities, and know the truth : if we do not win the peace, we die.

We, in this instance, means all humanity.

EIGHTH ARMY TRIBUTE : Pages 13-16.

★ Bouquet for Release Unit

THE Military Dispersal Units scattered through Britain, to which soldiers and ATS go for release, have "visitors books" in which comments and suggestions may be freely made. The standard which the units reach in their handling of those passing through them can be judged from the extracts printed below, which are typical. They are from the visitors' book at No. 7 MDU, Ashton-under-Lyne:—

Officers' Mess.

"We, the first batch to pass through, have been agreeably surprised at the arrangements made for our comfort and at the speed at which the whole scheme was worked."

"A most excellent and very hospitable 'last lap.' Everything to our entire satisfaction."

"One arrives expecting the inevitable 'wait for it,' but to one's unmitigated relief and surprise this is totally absent. You are received as though you were the only one being attended to."

"Nobody will believe our reports on the excellence of this place until they come and see for themselves. My grateful thanks."

ATS.

"I have enjoyed my short stay with you all at No 7 MDU and thank you all for the way you have so cheerfully helped me into Civvy Street."

"We think the speed and efficiency with which the releases are carried out are excellent."

"Cannot express in words how grateful I am to you all for being so kind in every way to me. Wishing you all the luck in the world."

OR's.

"Things couldn't have gone smoother. Every consideration and possible help given by all staff. Thank you one and all."

"System excellent. No possible complaint. Courtesy of staff beyond reproach."

"Our only regret is that our stay has not been longer. Everything has been done for our comfort."

"Never have so few made so many happy."

"Everything is smooth running and civility and help is most marked. The system is excellent."

"Arrived 5.15 a.m. Demob complete by 6 a.m. This is real service, which was cheerfully given by all the staff."

SOLDIER LETTERS

Does NAAFI Overcharge?

It is customary and quite fashionable to complain about NAAFI profits. But I think they'll have a hard time trying to laugh this one off.

Cigarettes purchased through NAAFI are sold to PRI's at 33/4d per 1000. The same quality cigarettes, sent to troops under the Export Control plan, cost 25/- per 1,000, including postage and packing.

When purchasing through NAAFI one has to accept what they are prepared to give. When ordering in the UK one can choose one's favourite brand.

I can see no justification, even after making all allowance for overheads, for NAAFI to charge the troops 33 1/3 percent more than the manufacturers charge us.

As there cannot be a satisfactory explanation, I trust there will be an immediate reduction in prices, plus a rebate for all past over-charging.

I hope NAAFI will not try to confuse the issue by reminding us of the 10 % rebate. I know all about that. Even with that they are still over-charging to the extent of 20 %. — Cpl. H. Myers, 82 BSD, RASC.

★ All your points were put to NAAFI headquarters in London. Here's the answer:— "Overhead expenses cannot be dismissed so easily, nor can additional problems which do not affect purchasing of cigarettes through the mail. NAAFI exports millions of cigarettes — they could not be handled through the post. Overheads include (a) freight cost in UK; (b) freight cost overseas (NAAFI has to pay for use of Army transport to depots); (c) distribution costs (transport, staff etc). In addition thousands of cigarettes are 'lost' between UK and consumers overseas. NAAFI has to foot the bill, and replace the cigarettes. In these circumstances prices cannot be lowered." — Ed., SOLDIER.

Wants a Special Suit

Here is my release headache. I am an awkward person in point of measurements. My chest is too large and my arms too long for ready-made suits. Even raincoats have to be made for me in peacetime. If my experience of Army battle-dress is anything to go by, I have small hopes of getting a "release" suit to fit me, even though there are supposed to be 400 sorts and sizes. I want a perfect fit. Altering a suit to fit me will not be sufficient. I expect a suit to be manufactured if necessary, and it always has been. Can this be done? — Cfn. REME (name and address supplied).

★ If it is found that no suit will fit you, a special one will be made and forwarded to you. To avoid delay, ask your CO to

send the necessary details to your release centre immediately before your demobilization. It may be ready by the time you arrive. — Ed., SOLDIER.

He Loses His Wings

Please settle an argument in our billets.

When a parachutist who has done a parachute course and passed it with flying colours is posted out of the Airborne Division owing to ill-health, is he still allowed to wear his parachute wings in the next unit he is posted to? — Dvr. J. Holsten, 21 Army Gp Signals Park.

★ No. The badge indicates that the wearer is a serving member of an Airborne Division. — Ed., SOLDIER.

No Duty from Ireland

Please tell me why cigarettes cannot be sent from Northern Ireland at duty-free price, the same as from England, as we are all in the same Army? — Spr. H. Frame, 188 Tn S Coy, RE.

★ A representative of the Government of Northern Ireland says: "Your correspondent is misinformed. Duty-free cigarettes can be and are sent to members of the Forces serving overseas. Exactly the same regulations apply in Northern Ireland as they do in England." — Ed., SOLDIER.

Cry for Shoes

A year or so ago the soldier was given the privilege of wearing shoes. It is not possible to have these repaired by the unit cobbler. The only things we want now are the shoes.

Our chief relaxation is dancing. The management in many dance halls object to soldiers dancing in boots. Cannot we be given some facility for buying shoes? I know there are many difficulties, but could not some



"The management object to soldiers dancing in boots."

certificate be given to each soldier, and entered in his AB. 64, to enable him to buy a pair? Some time limit could be set, say 18 months, before another certificate would be issued. If a free issue cannot be made, perhaps they could be bought through the Quartermaster. That would also ensure some uniformity in the shoes worn. — Pte. K. D. Wight, Royal Scots, 'E' Sub-Unit, 32 RHU.

★ The War Office, Ordnance branch, say: "It is regretted that present commitments preclude any chance of such a supply of shoes. We have great difficulty in getting the quantities required of normal Service footwear from the trade and the situation does not show any prospects of improvement." — Ed., SOLDIER.

X-Ray on Release

As my release number is 14 I read with interest your article "First Man Out" (Soldier No. 9). I also had a copy of "Illustrated" dated 23 June, in which I found an article entitled "Goodbye to the Navy". Comparing these two articles I was quite surprised to read that in the Navy release plan they have included free of cost an X-ray, to reveal any traces of TB or other ailments. This, I consider, would be one of the finest assets to anyone who, on being released, could feel confident that he was quite a fit man in this respect. It would entail a lot more work, but the results would be much more satisfactory and possibly prevent quite a lot of ailments. — Sgt. W. J. Pugh, 7 Bn. RWF.

★ An Army doctor who has examined hundreds of men prior to discharge says, "The examination is thorough. We examine eyes, ears, nose, heart, and everything else. Blood pressure tests are made for men over 40. When there is reasonable cause to suspect TB we give X-ray tests — all ex-POW's get a TB test."

The medical department of the Admiralty says: "It is not correct to say that

Snapshot (1)

on

JOBS

Can you cook?

The catering and hotel trades need large numbers of men as cooks, catering managers and general staff appointments. The Aerated Bread Company of London says: "We require men urgently. Any man who came to us and said he had been trained as a cook by the Army would be welcomed. Pay would vary according to his ability and the district in which he was employed." The Lyons Company Ltd, also of London, says: "We want a large number of men. Every man is given a practical test, and from the results we can judge whether to employ him at a 'Corner House,' or at a smaller establishment. An average cook employed by us might get about £5 weekly but much depends on individual ability."

Training.

The full training of demobilised soldiers as cooks and caterers is now under discussion, but training schemes are already in operation on provisional basis. Should you require a vocational course in cooking or catering you may apply to the Ministry of Labour after leaving the Army, when you will be sent either to a Government training camp, to a technical institute, or to a reputable firm which will employ and train you at the same time. Expenses incurred during training are paid by the Government, and living allowances are given. It is estimated that the new course under discussion will last for about six months.

Qualifications.

The Department of Technology of the City and Guilds of London Institute has organised several examinations in plain and advanced cookery. Preparatory training courses at various technical institutes are available, but they are necessarily advanced, for the diploma of the London Institute is "high grade," and is recognised by the catering trade as proof of high qualification. A sample menu given in such tests includes: "Hors-d'Œuvre, 8 varieties, noisette of lamb, braised celery, castle potatoes, roast queen chicken, French salad and Pear 'White Lady.'"

every Navy man gets an X-ray test. X-ray tests are made when they are considered necessary — as they are in the Army — and although we have the means for mass-radiography, a full-scale test for every man being released is not workable at present." — Ed., SOLDIER.

The Better Goal

Servicemen, having had no alternative (had they even desired otherwise) but to join the armed forces when the Government called, do not want medals and ribbons. What they do want is the fulfilment of the Education Bill and the mobilisation of the huge, but not unwieldy, machinery of war for the task of re-building and improving the industries and opportunities in Britain in the interests of the whole people. Let not our children be able to echo "It was a Pyrrhic victory". — Pte M. S. Kersh, RAOC, 4 Coy, 54 RHU.

Permanent Pre-Fabs

SOLDIER is a good paper but could be better. Why not treat us like adults and produce thoughtful, well-reasoned articles instead of the awful "bull" contained in "Bringing you the Pre-Fabs" (SOLDIER No 11). No one objects to prefabrication as such, but what we do dislike is the skimpiness and high cost of the dwellings you illustrate. There is no real reason why a prefabricated house should not have large, airy rooms — and be PERMANENT. With modern mass-production methods, and prefabrication, it ought to be possible to produce, on a national scale, two-storied houses at a cost of not more than £950, and all built to last. — Sigmund W. White, 8 Section, 1 Coy, 53 RHU.

(More letters on page 27.)

YOUR RADIO OWN NOW

"THIS is the British Forces Network in Germany..."

That announcement ushered in a New Deal in BLA broadcasting. Brigadier R. F. Ware MC, Director of Army Welfare Services, 21 Army Group, who introduced the new service, said:

"We cannot rely on rebroadcasting BBC to anything like the same degree that has been possible in the past. We must do much more for ourselves, and it places in our hands a great opportunity to make broadcasting for the troops of all Services in the British Zone really their own affair: a programme run by sailors, soldiers and airmen for themselves."

"Now we have a new 'parent' service which is called the Light Programme of the BBC. But to ensure continuous broadcasting we have planned alternative sources. Some will be specially recorded for us in Britain, both by the BBC and by the Services; some from the American Forces

Network — and it is from this source we hope to bring you many of the American shows which have been so much enjoyed on AEF; some from other BBC services when reception conditions allow; some, we hope, to bring you both by re-broadcast and records from Canadian sources; some will be the simply presented gramophone record programmes which have been a feature of the mobile stations; some will be specially recorded by BFN's Outside Broadcast Unit and the remainder will be live shows from our own studios. We hope that all the best entertainment in the zone will at some time or another find its way to BFN microphones."

NEWS TIME

News bulletins on the British Forces' Network in Germany (455 metres and 274 metres) will be given as follows:

Weekdays: 0800; 1330; 1900; 2100; 2300.

Sundays: 0900; 1014; 1330; 1900; 2100; 2300.

Nightly: 2000. Zone News (when available). "Open Mike."



100 (Plus) SOLDIER M.P.'s.

AMONG Britain's 640 newly elected Members of Parliament, the men of the Armed Services who took the country to victory during the German war are well represented.

There were more than 100 soldier-M.P.'s in the final election results.

They are of all ranks from corporal to general. They belong to all parties. During the war they have served in many ways. Some have done the brave exciting deeds that make the newspaper headlines. Some have had the heavy task of planning in quiet offices, first the defence of Britain, then the attack against the enemy and finally his complete defeat. Some did jobs that even now cannot be talked about.

Many Voices.

They hold all shades of political opinions from the Right Wing of the most traditional group to the Left Wing of the most advanced. Their talents and energies were pooled to win the war. They will now be pooled in the debates of the House of Commons to win the peace — and pooling is the right word, however acrimonious the debates may become at times.

Some are experts in law, economics or labour matters, and their

expert knowledge will be of great help to the new House of Commons. Some have been so busy fighting that they do not even pretend to be well in touch with details of home affairs. They have convinced the electors that their hearts are in the right place and that they can be trusted to represent them and voice their attitude to any of the problems that will arise.

Know what Army Thinks.

A good number are public-school and university men. Others came from Elementary schools and Grammar schools. They represent every type of thought in the Army as well as every type of thought at home, and the Army can be well sure that its particular problems and concerns will not lack any number of expert exponents who know what the Army's opinions are about them.

Most senior rank is Lieut. General Sir F.N. Mason-Macfarlane, who changed a 14,304 Conservative majority in Paddington at the last election to a Labour majority of 6,545 in this one. General Mason-Macfarlane was Governor of Gibraltar 1942-44 and Chief Commissioner of the Allied Control Commission for Italy in 1944.

There is a large crop of colonels, including Lt. Col. H. Morris, a barrister who served with the Shef-

field City Battalion in the last war and re-enlisted as a private in this. He won the Central division of Sheffield for the Labour party from the Conservatives.

Lt. Col. J.R.H. Hutchinson, a 52-years-old Glasgow business man who held the Central division of Glasgow for the Conservatives, has had one of the most exciting times of anybody in the war. For four months after D-Day he operated with the French Maquis behind the German lines. He was known to the Gestapo before this adventure began, and so he had his face altered by a plastic surgeon to help him to keep out of their hands.

Corporal Taught Him

Before he went to help the Maquis, Lt. Col. Hutchinson became an expert radio operator under the care and guidance of Corporal George Rogers of the Royal Corps of Signals. At the election Corporal Rogers became Mr. George Rogers, Labour candidate for North Kensington, and was elected by a majority of more than 6,000 over his nearest opponent Capt. J.A.L. Duncan, Conservative.

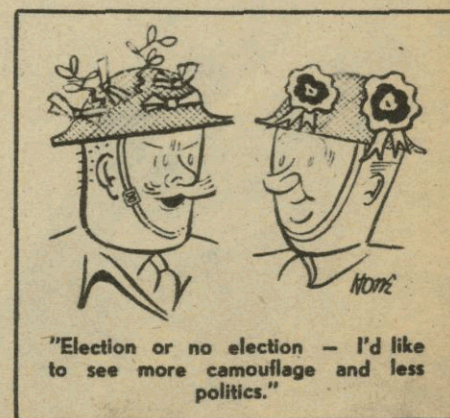
So now the two men, the colonel and the corporal who combined their brains to help the Maquis and beat the Germans, will be sitting as political opponents on opposite sides of the House.

The legal profession is well represented by soldier MP's and there is a good sprinkling of men who made a success in commerce before the war began.

Capt. A.R. Blackburn, a barrister who is the new Labour member for King's Norton, Birmingham, has always been interested in soldiers and soldiers' problems, and has written a book on soldiers' rights. Before the war he wrote one or two books on the growth of the Nazi stranglehold on Europe and the threat of their armed power.

Many of these men have come straight back from abroad to the election hustings and their new parliamentary seats. Capt. G.B. Drayton, a London stockbroker who

(continued on p. 4.)





CAPTAIN

Capt. S. Swingle, MP for Stafford, came straight from a tank regiment in Germany to fight his election.



MAJOR

Major M. Stewart, MP for East Fulham, was a pre-war teacher, and has served in the Army Education Corps.



CAPTAIN

Capt. C. C. Poole, MP for Lichfield, was first returned in 1938. He is in the Royal Engineers.



GENERAL

Lt. Gen. Sir Frank Mason-Macfarlane, MP for North Paddington, was Governor of Gibraltar from 1942-44.



LIEUTENANT

The Hon. Edward Carson, Life Guards, sits for the Isle of Thanet. He is the son of Lord Carson.



CAPTAIN

Capt. W. D. Griffiths, MP for Moss Side, Manchester, marched with the Eighth Army from Alamein.

100 (Plus) SOLDIER M.P.'s - CONTINUED FROM P. 3

took Skipton from Commonwealth for the Conservatives, was taken prisoner in Libya, escaped and made his way 500 miles through enemy territory in Italy to reach the British lines. Another ex-prisoner of war is Capt. J. MacLeod, Liberal National who captured Ross and Cromarty from a National Independent. Capt. MacLeod was a prisoner of war in Germany for five years. Before the war he organised a centre for the disposal of articles woven by Scottish crofters.

Corporal was Determined.

So they come along to tackle the country's problems — men from the hot wastes of Paiforce, men from Italy and men from Germany, all soldiers but all individuals.

One of the very few Other Ranks among the new M.P.'s is the fore-

mentioned Corporal Rogers, MP for North Kensington, who lives at Chestnut Court, Sudbury Town and who goes to St. Stephens for the first time at the age of 38.

Corporal Rogers describes himself as an ordinary man with "nothing colourful" about his start in life. But he became interested in politics at the age of 18 when he made his first speech. "Not that I had the faintest idea what I was talking about then," he says.

But all through his early years with the London Passenger Transport Board — he was one of their efficiency experts when war broke out — he kept up his interest in politics.

Like many of us when we get up to speak at an ABCA Session or sing a song in a mess he suffered right from the start from stage-

fright and confesses that even today he feels odd twinges at the beginning of a speech.

But he was determined to make himself a politician, so he bought and read books on economics, law, and all the subjects that would-be legislators are supposed to know about, and took a keen interest in the affairs of his own trades union.

Busy Man.

In the last 20 years he has been a member of the Labour Party, a member of the Co-operative movement, chairman of the Westminster Branch of the Railway Clerks' Association, and a member of the Wembley Borough Council. In 1937 he contested the Richmond by-election.

When war broke out he worked for the Ministry of Information as

meetings officer and then in 1942 joined the Royal Corps of Signals. It was, perhaps, his flair for speaking and explaining that caused him to be chosen as a corporal instructor. He went to "hush-hush" schools where he taught many people to operate radio sets, and it was there that Col. Hutchinson was one of his pupils.

Because he was on the Labour Party's panel of prospective trades union candidates he was offered a chance at North Kensington, when it was seen that an election might be coming along. North Kensington Labour Party chose him from a list of three men.

The North Kensington electors obliged handsomely and now Corporal Rogers is Mr. Rogers MP. He is free from the Army and has been released from his civilian job for a period of 10 years or less if that should be necessary. He has a brand new black Anthony Eden hat, an old but well polished brief

case and is all set to make his maiden speech.

That will not cause him a lot of trouble in preparation.

How To Speak.

"I think I can help those men in the Army who feel strongly on things and would like to express themselves publicly but find that when they get on their feet the ideas run out of their heads," said Mr. Rogers, MP.

"The first thing is to be quite sure of what you want to say and say it. If you know that you will be expected to speak then it is a good thing to plan exactly what you want to say. Even if some of the points run away you will remember most of them and put them across.

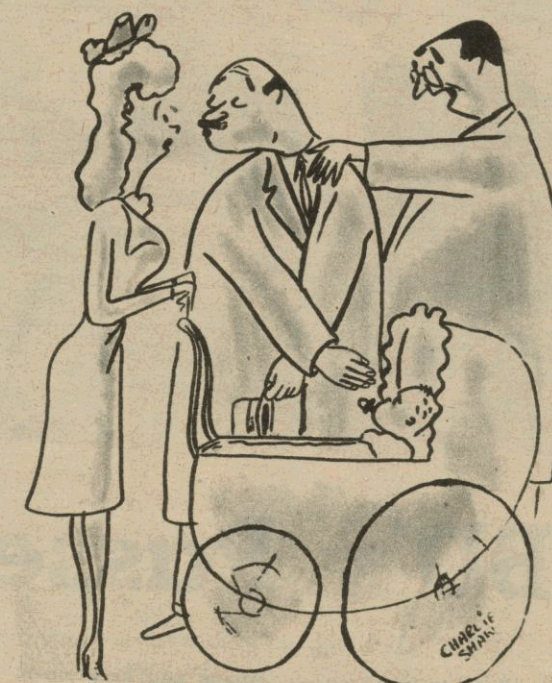
"After practice it is necessary only to jot down headings so that if nerves or an interruption take you off the main theme you can glance at the notes and at least get on to your next point.

"Practice, I think, is essential. I used to practice in front of a mirror to make sure that I was opening my mouth properly. It is no use mumbling. When you stand up people want to know what you are saying or they want you to sit down.

"Gestures help a man to put over his ideas in a sincere and convincing way but it pays to practice these. I don't think too much drama is good, but a man should move easily.

"Anyway that is how I have gone along and it has stood me in good stead. To-day, after 20 years practice I need only to sit down quietly for a quarter of an hour and think about the subject on which I am to speak. I am able to marshal my thoughts and then I can usually go on for an hour or so at the meeting.

"But you must know what you are talking about and you must mean what you say."



"No, no, Colonel, you want the mother's vote but it's the baby you kiss."

CORPORAL



CORPORAL (R. Sigs) BECOMES

1 Corporal G. H. R. Rogers, former London Passenger Transport Board efficiency expert, who taught himself to speak in public by practice in front of a mirror, says, "The German corporal's campaigns are over — mine are beginning now." He made his first political speech when he was 18.



2 "The putting across of one's ideas to a large audience is an art," says Corporal Rogers; but he believes any soldier can learn it if he is sufficiently sincere in what he believes. Nearly everyone suffers from stage fright when he begins to speak. Corporal Rogers here is well in his stride, addressing one of his largest meetings. His stage-fright is now past.

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

3 The speeches are made, the hecklers are answered. The most trying part of this last election for candidates was the long wait for the declaration of the results due to the time-lag in overseas Service votes. One of Corporal Rogers' women helpers tells him she is sure he is in... she was right.



4 Off to the House of Commons for the first time. Mr. Rogers, MP, has a new black Anthony Eden hat and a brief-case. Eighteen-months-old Shauna and her mother wave him "Good-bye." Mrs. Rogers is a political supporter of her husband but believes that, soldier or MP, a man needs a comfortable home to come back to, and it is her job to see that it always welcomes him.





A beach scene on D-Day, when Ordnance Beach Depots were set up and maintained supplies under heavy fire.

OBD's Passed the Ammunition

"REPORTS of operations show that our forces succeeded in their initial landings. Fighting continues," said the official SHAEF communique issued on the night of June 6 1944 when the greatest invasion the world had ever seen was just 24 hours old.

"Fighting continues". Those two words conjure up vivid mind pictures of bullet-swept beaches; hand-to-hand fighting in the closely wooded lanes, in the villages and towns just beyond the sea shore; enemy mortars and guns laying down murderous pre-arranged fire; the whispering of the naval shells passing overhead to land miles inland, perhaps on Caen; and all the time RAF and US bombers and fighters flying overhead to drop their bombs on enemy strong points and lines of communication.

What does not immediately spring to the mind is the organisation behind the fighting man in the front line, the supply system which feeds the vital ammunition to the Infantryman, the gunner and the tank crew, and all the impedimenta required during the early stages of the assault. It is a story that has never been fully told — a story of gallantry and intricate planning by the Royal Army Ordnance Corps "Commandos", the Ordnance Beach Detachments.

Intensive Training

Their history dates back only as far as November 1940 when the first plans were being laid for the invasion of the Continent, but their record is one of which any arm of the service would be proud and which few have equalled in so short a time. Then, Combined Operations called for the formation of small units, composed of technicians fully trained in the handling of ammunition and fighting equipment, which would land in the wake of assault

troops and keep open, in the first few days, the chain of supply which, if broken, would presage the failure of the operation. The first OBD was set up, and in the Highlands of Scotland they trained in all weathers, under the worst possible conditions, to become experts in the rapid issue of ammunition and stores required at a moment's notice by a dozen different units at a time. While they sweated and toiled, the OBD Headquarters staff developed an intricate and fool-proof system of coding so that a private issuing stores on the beaches had only to refer to a box marked with a certain code letter or series of letters and numbers to hand over without delay a spare lock for a Vickers machine-gun, a new barrel for a Bren, and even a pair of socks.

More than 200,000 items of G. 1098 equipment of all units were coded, and upwards of 700,000 spare parts of a technical nature were listed against a code letter.

First — Madagascar

The method of packing stores was revolutionised, and experiments were carried out with waterproof material until the RAOC was satisfied that the contents of the packing cases could not be damaged by sea-water. The millions of spare parts were reduced to thousands on the "essential" list which had to include complete guns, wireless sets and weapons of all kinds to cover the loss or damage sustained in an invasion until Ordnance Depots could be set up to take over the gigantic task.

The OBDs first went into action when Madagascar was invaded, and proved so successful that they were increased in numbers.

In preparation for the landings in North Africa the equipment of the assault formations was changed to a standard type to enable the OBDs to meet all requirements, and the effects of this wise

move were seen at Algiers, Bougie and Bone when the OBDs landed a few hours after the assault troops and kept up an even flow of supplies to the men at the front. They were so successful that they were sent forward with the leading troops to continue the service they had given on the beaches.

The same story can be told of the Sicily and Italy invasions when veterans of the original OBD were working with dozens of other OBDs at Avola, Syracuse, Salerno, Taranto, and Anzio. The OBDs went in wherever the assault troops landed, making it possible to continue the fight, and fighting themselves when required.

Fifth Invasion

Then came Normandy. Armed with the same courage that typified their previous exploits, and the experience of four other invasions, the OBDs landed on the French coast a few hours behind the assault formations and within a matter of minutes in some instances, set up the supply dumps and began to service the forward troops. Casualties were relatively heavy, and most of the sites were shelled and bombed day and night, yet only one OBD was completely destroyed during the first few days. For ten days, with only a few minutes break here and there, the men of the OBDs unloaded the landing craft, organised their dumps, and issued the ammunition, stores of all kinds, and the technical spare parts required at once if the invasion was to be a success.

The War Diaries of these OBDs reveal a tale of great personal courage on the part of the officers and men, and tell how issuing dumps were organised so speedily that within an hour or so the OBDs on the beaches were sending ammunition to the assault troops, replenishing the loss of signal equipment, clothing, shovels and picks, and sending out patrols to deal with German snipers at the same time.

"We saw the heavy bombardment of the French coast from our landing craft," says one report. "The men were feeling pretty tired. They had been sleeping on top of the ammunition with only one blanket to protect them from the drenching rain."

LCT Was Hit

"At H plus 75 minutes we ran into the beach and were shelled from about 700 yards off. One of the LCTs was hit and the engine room burst into flames, but the men of the OBD, and the Pioneers and Infantrymen who were helping them with the task of unloading saved all the vehicles and ammunition. Another LCT received a number of very near misses which caused it to break its back. All the ammunition was intact and there were no severe casualties. This LCT beached under heavy MG and mortar fire... At H-plus 3½ hours we were receiving ammunition and at H-plus 4½ hours issuing began... At H-plus 5 two further craft beached and began to discharge stores and ammunition... From H-plus 5 to D plus 1 no demands for ammunition were refused, although sometimes special craft had to be visited and ammunition pulled out of the hold... On D-plus 1 we were still being shelled and sniped from a house along the sea-front. The OBD men did some good work with the Bren and cleared the snipers out."

Hunted Snipers

Another report tells how the major Commanding the OBD went forward with a sergeant to recce a dumping area and came under fire from snipers at the edge of a wood. The major formed a patrol and cleared one part of the wood, killing six Germans and taking two prisoner. The remaining snipers were forced back into the far end of the wood and the dump was established where the major wanted it. During the night the enemy laid an ambush, and the driver of one of the trucks

was killed and three captured within a few yards of the OBD headquarters. The major called for assistance from several tanks which finally cleared the wood and released two of the captured men. During the first night over 100 tons of ammunition were landed at this OBD, which began to issue two hours after the dump was set up.

As the Infantry and tanks pushed their way inland, the OBDs followed and continued their supply service until the break-out divisions had burst a way into the Falaise Gap. Gradually the OBDs were absorbed into the normal RAOC Base Depots and Ordnance Field Parks.

A large number of these RAOC "Commandos" are now waiting for the word "go" before the final assault against Japan is launched.

RASC Were There

Side by side with the OBDs of the RAOC, petrol and supply units of the Royal Army Service Corps went ashore on D-Day in Normandy to organise their depots on sites previously decided upon from the study of aerial photographs.

In many cases the sites were still occupied by the enemy and the men of the RASC, a fully combatant Corps equipped with Infantry weapons and trained to take their part as Infantrymen if required, helped to "winkle out" the snipers and land just beyond hundreds of cleverly laid German mines.

Once the depots were established, large quantities of petrol and food poured in from the beaches where the ships had been unloaded under rifle and shell fire, and within a few hours these commodities were being issued to the front-line troops. Shell fire, mortar bombs, and air attack sometimes set fire to the huge petrol dumps, and many brave RASC men fought the fires, some losing their lives or sustaining injuries, to save the petrol.

Sailed Through Smokescreens

It was during the Normandy landings that the famous "DUKW", the motorboat-cum-lorry, proved its worth as a means of offloading ships without normal port facilities. In the first few days of the invasion the "DUKWs" plied ceaselessly from ship to shore, 18 hours at a stretch. Often they had to sail six miles out to sea to load up in the choking smoke laid down to obscure the armada and the beaches from the enemy. Their load of supplies delivered at the depots, the "DUKWs" evacuated casualties on the return journeys, and many lives were saved in this way.

The RASC Motorboat Companies, with their fast launches, carried out important inter-communication duties in the anchorage, and provided vessels of the mo-

tor-fishing type equipped for fire fighting. One of these boats rescued 160 men marooned on the huge concrete caissons of Mulberry Dock when the gales interfered with its construction.

Airborne Supplies

As time went on and Mulberry began to operate, RASC road transport carried stores direct from ship to inland depots, and set the seal on the success of the supply columns. Not once did the troops ahead lack ammunition, food, or petrol during those early days.

It was during the rapid advance of the Allied armies after the break-through that increased use was made of the RASC's newest baby — Supply and Maintenance by Air. These units, which include men specially trained in dropping supplies and in the art of parachute jumping to set up Supply Depots on the ground, provided considerable quantities of petrol and other urgent stores for the most forward troops. It was at Arnhem that the peak of their effort was reached. No fewer than 450 RASC "Airborne" men were in the air daily for several days, flying in unarmoured planes through heavy "flak", delivering food and petrol from the heavens to the airborne troops on the ground.

Reserves for the Assault

The RASC forms part of the Airborne Divisions, men who land with the fighting troops and whose job it is to receive supplies dropped from the skies and to distribute them.

In Holland, RASC "DUKW's" and "Weasels" took supplies to forward troops across the flooded fields, and built up the gigantic reserves required for the assault on 23 March. Later the "DUKWs" set up a ferry service across the Rhine and the RASC completed in large measure all that was required from them to ensure the success of the final attack on Hitler's fortress.

"Transport is the Stem"

Again the RASC Supplies Branch arranged the provision of food supplies dropped by air to the civilian population in Holland, a task involving the packing and transport to airfields of millions of parcels of rations totalling 10,000 tons.

No better praise could be given than Mr Churchill's written words, "Victory is the beautiful, bright-coloured flower. Transport is the stem, without which it could never have blossomed. Yet even the fascinating combination of the actual conflict, often forgets the far more intricate complications of supply."

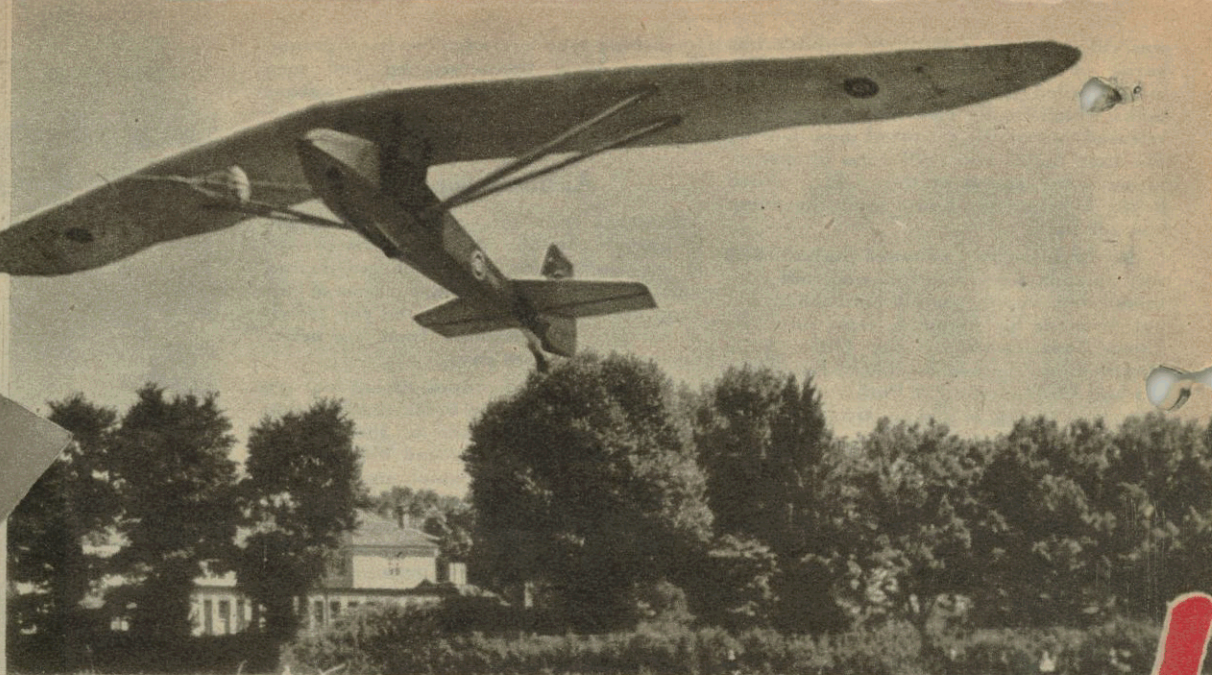
E. J. Grove (Lieut.)



Above : DUKW's bringing supplies ashore in the early days of the invasion. Sometimes they had to sail six miles out to sea, and negotiate heavy smokescreens in order to get vital supplies of ammunition, petrol, food and equipment ashore.

Below : One of the invasion beaches as it appeared on D-plus 1, when supplies were mounting up and the dumps were being organised into a firm base for the troops pushing inland.





Gliding!

THROUGH the years of uneasy peace that brought Europe from the 1920's to the middle 1930's and the rise of the Nazi warlords, one of the passions of German youth was gliding. In tens of thousands athletic young men and women spent their spare hours and week-ends mastering the subtleties which enable a glider to keep for hours in the air.

From that start, necessary because Germany was forbidden military air power, was born the might of the Luftwaffe — the might that nearly strangled a world.

British interest in soaring was genuine and sportsmanlike but comparatively feeble.

In Germany gliding was State-subsidised and organised. At the week-ends an expert pilot would climb into his seat, glide off across country, covering 50 or 100 miles; then, when he came down tired, he would simply call in two passers-by to look after his machine and go off to the nearest hotel.

The best room in the place was at his disposal, a bath and a meal were got ready. A telephone call brought out a retrieving crew from his glider station and the pilot luxuriously went to bed. All he

had to do was fly and the State did the rest.

In Britain one had to be enthusiastic and fairly well-to-do. Gliders were expensive. They cost upwards from £150. A motor car and a trailer were necessary and a man would usually provide his own.

Membership of gliding clubs was not expensive but the pilot had to pay all his travelling expenses himself. Britain had but few glider pilots. Gliding was becoming more and more popular with each summer until war broke out, but it was growing only as a sport.

It's Different Now

Yet when the war in Europe ended Britain was using gliders for war purposes on a scale that the Germans never reached. The RAF had almost more pilots than it could use. If a few determined men now working hard in Britain have their way Britain will continue in the lead in gliding after this war is finally over.

Every week in centres up and down the country thousands of some of the brightest British youths in their middle teens are learning to become expert glider pilots with the Air Training Cadets. Many of

them hope to get into the Royal Air Force as air crews before the Japanese war is over. Others will join the Army to become specialist Airborne troops.

All of them are having a thoroughly good time cheaply in one of the most exciting and healthiest of sports.

The ATC has a number of gliding schools all over the country. Each school has a number of squadrons attached to it and these nominate selected cadets to attend school for glider training. The training is a prize and eagerly fought for by the best cadets.

Certainly if the cadets attending London School of Gliding at Kidbrooke near Woolwich are typical specimens, there is nothing to fear about Britain's air future.

It is taking on an average about 30 attendances at this school to turn out cadets for their final examination in "high hops" — in which they attain a height of up to 300 ft. It takes the averagely keen adult athlete over a year to reach this stage.

Balloon Winches Used

The training technique is simple. Nowadays trainer gliders are mass-produced by the best firm of glider manufacturers in Britain. They are strong but extremely light craft, built like an aeroplane and controlled like an aeroplane, but without an engine.

The ATC use obsolete barrage balloon winches to get their gliders into the air and are now almost independent of hills. All they need is a fairly level stretch of grassland, a fine day with some wind, some sunshine and some cumulus clouds. (These are the ones that look like white loaves of bread in the sky.)

Like a plane, a glider is controlled by a rudder bar and a joystick. These are the only controls. If the rudder bar is pushed to the left the rudder turns and turns the glider. If the joystick is pulled back the elevators (these are the moveable halves of the tailplane) turn upwards and the nose of the glider is pushed higher into the air and the craft climbs. If the joystick is pushed forward the opposite happens and the glider goes into a dive.

Undignified First Step

If the joystick is moved to the left the ailerons (they are moveable flaps at the trailing edge of the wings) change position. The left one turns up and the right one down. This change causes the left wing to go down and the right wing to come up and the glider turns its nose to the left.

First step in gliding is an undignified "ground slide".

The embryo pilot climbs into the front

seat which is just ahead and slightly below the wing and is strapped in. He is told not to touch the controls. The nose of the glider is attached to a long steel cable and the cable is hauled in fairly quickly by the ex-barrage winch.

Like a kite pulled along by a small boy, the glider slides along the ground and rises a few feet in the air. But it does not leave the cable. (The cadets say that this ground slide is one of the most frightening experiences of all.)

Off The Ground

After one or two ground slides the pupil is permitted a low hop. This is the same thing as a ground slide but the cable is hauled in more quickly and the glider goes up a few feet in the air.

This time the pupil is permitted to move the joystick a couple of inches forward or backward — the movement is fixed before he goes up. He can modify his flight to some extent but he is still well in the care of the expert who manages the winch-drum.

Like an aeroplane, a well-constructed glider will come naturally to earth at the gliding angle fixed for it by the designer if all the controls are kept centred.

At the end of six or seven "low hops" the average young pupil knows enough about his machine and has sufficient confidence to tackle a "high-hop" in which he goes up to a height of about 300 ft. Six or seven of these and he is ready for passing out.

He is far from being a finished glider even now but he has mastered the most difficult of the early steps and the rest is up to him.

Flight Drill Is Strict

Squadron-Leader E. Furlong, a last-war pilot, is Command Gliding Instructor. He holds a Silver "C" — one of the highest internationally recognised gliding badges of proficiency, and provided conditions are good he can stay in the air until he gets tired, which he says usually happens after about five hours.

The Squadron-Leader's own two-seater glider is, next to the trainer, the most popular attraction at the school. Boys who are waiting their turn on the trainer are taken up for real trips.

There is the strictest drill. At the take off the winch is 2,000-ft away from the glider on the ground and in between is the knoll of a low hill. When Squadron-Leader Furlong is safely seated and his passenger strapped in he gives a "ready" signal.

Next comes "take up the slack" and a cadet at the side holds up both hands in signal. At the top of the hill an intermediary signaller passes on the instruction

to the man at the winch controls. He sets his engine in motion and slowly the steel cable tightens.

Final signal is "All out". Then the drum of the winch turns faster, 50, 60, 80 revs a minute. The glider bumps off across the grass, hits a tussock, goes a foot into the air, drops again. Its speed leaps 20, 30 miles an hour and it is airborne; 50 miles an hour and it is 100 ft in the air and rising rapidly at the end of the cable. The pilot pushes the nose as high as his controls will allow. In good conditions he climbs to 1500 ft or more and then casts off the cable from the nose.

A small parachute brings this safely down to earth and then the pilot and his passenger are alone in the skies and ready to go anywhere.

Goes Up Like A Lift

Curious aerial phenomena called "thermals" are the motor for the glider pilot. At various places in the air he comes across these currents that strike right up into the sky. Mostly they are found under cumulus clouds.

Inside the clouds themselves they take up a glider like an express lift and a very deft form of blind flying which the average power pilot never has to learn is called for.

Without a wind or a "thermal" the glider comes down, of course. But gliders are built to come down at a very flat angle and at a speed of about 35 miles an hour. From a height of 1500-ft a pilot has a good deal of time and space at his disposal in his search for a thermal. Anxiously he scans the sky above him. If there is a likely-looking cloud to the left he turns the nose of his plane towards it.

Maybe he is lucky. He feels his plane move in the air. Cautiously he turns the nose round and round, circling and trying to get into the current. If he means just to float above his taking off ground he will stay close to this upward current, turning into it when he wants to rise high and turning away to go for a run round and a change.

Chasing the Thermals

If he wants to cover ground across country, the pilot gets up as high as he can in one "thermal" and then looks round for another likely cloud in the general direction of where he wants to go. His mode of travel is not unlike that of a sailing ship. The straight cut may not be the fastest line for him.

But at the glider school, Squadron-Leader Furlong has to teach the boys as much as he can in the few minutes at his disposal. Through a long day the average

time for a flight may be about five minutes and the height anything from 750 to 1500-ft.

He does turns and dives and climbs, shows the boys how his controls cause this and that to happen and what to do in any given emergency. There is not a lot of time but the boys are keen and every word of instruction is drunk in as though it were a gospel.

Axe For Safety

Time up, the glider comes down expertly handled until it settles almost at a standstill at the very spot where the towing cable is waiting to be picked up again for the next run.

A cadet with a large sheet on a board runs up. "Four-and-a-half minutes, sir," he announces. "How high?" and he is given his answer.

There is but one danger point in putting a glider into the air, though everything is checked and counterchecked before the boys are permitted to go up. The danger is that some time a pilot will not be able to get rid of the steel cable. If that were to happen the glider travelling at 40 to 50 miles an hour would pass straight above the winch and then be pulled down to earth by the cable.

In case of this, one of the cadets is stationed each time at the winch with an axe. It would be his job, should such an accident happen, to smash his axe down on the taut cable and free the plane.

Post-War Ideal

Flight-discipline is as strict as in the RAF. Before a glider or a trainer goes up it has to be completely overhauled and checked and signed for. Then every flight is logged with the name of the pilot, the speed of the winch, the time in the air and the name of the person who retrieved the glider and towed it back to its starting point.

Everyone is an enthusiast. Squadron-leader Furlong says: "It seems that such bodies as the ATC will be a permanent feature of our national life from now on. But after the war there will need to be a good deal of 'cake' to keep the boys interested."

"At the moment they give up three nights a week and the week-ends to the corps, but then of course they are all hoping to get into the Services soon. After the war there will be other attractions. I am hoping that we shall be able to extend our gliding. I would like to see every young person able to take a glider into the air."

J. Hallows (Sgt.).

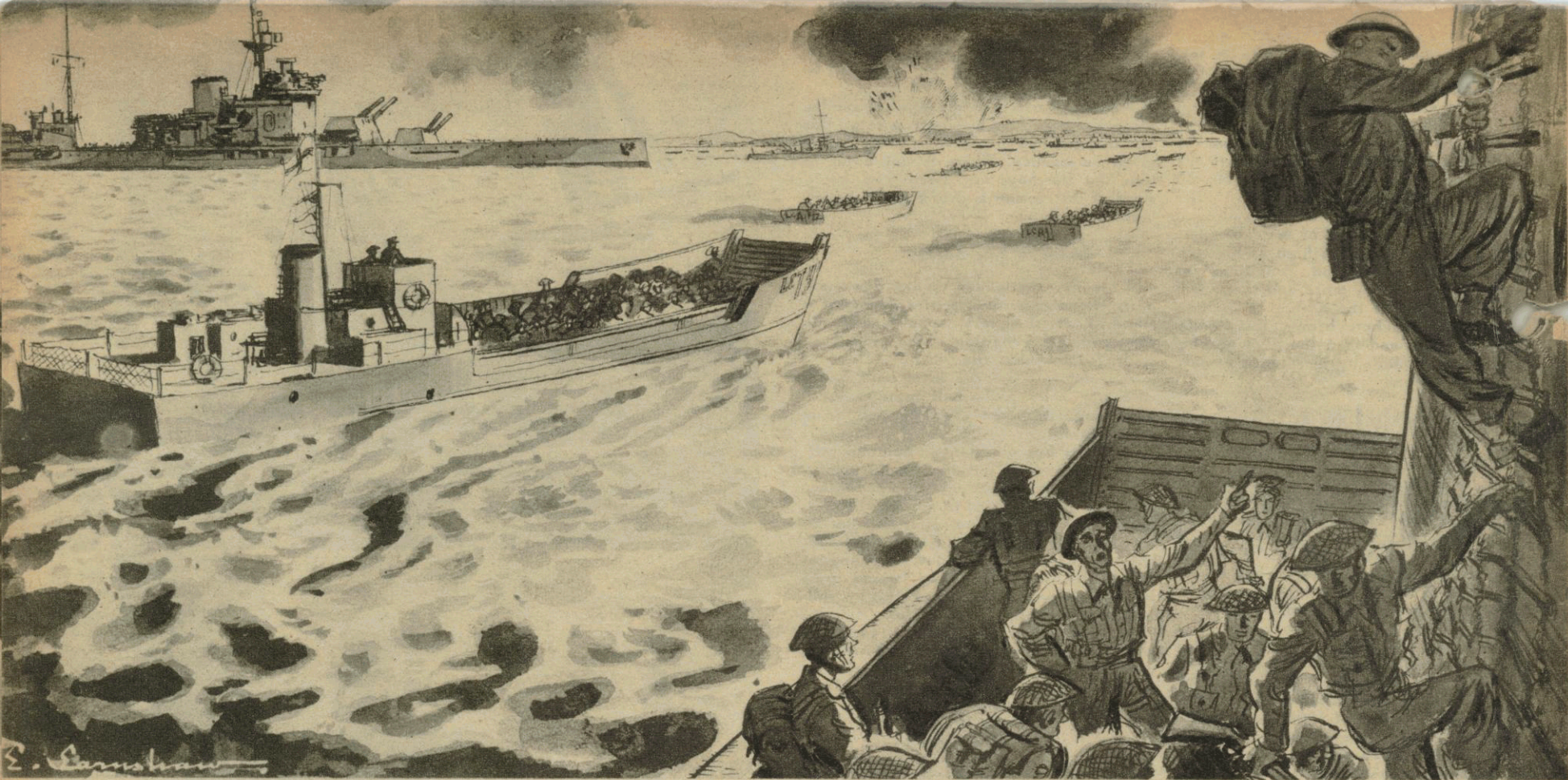


Above: An ATC cadet signalling to the winch operator as the glider prepares to take off. Below: Glider pilots and airmen of the future watch with fascination as the pilot searches for a "thermal" in which he can soar.



Fastening the towing cable to the quick-release hook on the glider's nose.





"It Was Not an Easy Beach"

D-DAY, Calvados, Normandy, 1944...

It was a morning in monochrome, grey and blustery out there in the English Channel with our craft, in endless lines and of bewildering variety, rolling on the choppy sea, rolling towards the beach with a deliberation and a slowness which seemed to be utterly undramatic.

Somehow we had pictured it differently from this, had pictured in our minds a spectacular rush to the French coast, and here we were, clustered round the rails of our craft with the first morning light, scanning the coastwise horizon and sailing on imperturbably to keep a schedule, which would perhaps be a date with death.

Then, like a crimson point of exclamation we saw the first flash of a gun away on our port side.

Somebody said, "Battleship!" Another said, "British battleship!" Somebody shouted down from the bridge of our tank landing ship, "Warspite!"

For two hours the angry flash of the Warspite winked us on towards the beach. Ramilies was there, too, on our starboard.

"Queen's" Fiery Welcome

So we came to our beach, a low, flat stretch of land whose lines were etched in flames and smoke.

At H-hour the assault troops of Third British Infantry Division went ashore on the beach near Ouistreham, the beach code-named Queen and known to French holidaymakers as Riva Bella.

The assault troops were 1 Bn the South Lancashire Regt, and 2 Bn the East Yorkshire Regt, in 8 Infantry Bde. The South Lancashires were on the right of the assault; the East Yorkshires on the left.

Queen was not an easy beach. It was on the extreme left flank of Operation Overlord. On our left, beyond the River Orne which pours into the sea at Ouistreham, was the long line of the French coast, bristling with German guns.

Many of those guns had been knocked out by the Royal Navy, but there were others which soon found the range of Queen Beach. They rained on the barrage balloons, riding high above the beach in the breeze, but soon the balloons came down when the beach could be defended

by the anti-aircraft guns of the Royal Artillery.

It was not an easy beach. It was shelled and bombed not only on D-Day but for many days afterwards. It was the key beach in the Caen hinge of battle and the enemy knew its value.

Tanks, infantry, guns were on the beach in the first minutes of the assault. Commandos came on to the beach and passed through to their own battle tasks.

In the first hours the beach was hell. There were Germans in the houses fringing the water's edge,

and they picked our men off with rifles and machine guns. The mines took their toll. Wrecked vehicles and beached ships littered the strand, and the dead, British and German, lay on the sands and on the dusty roads and lanes leading to our first inland objective. The poppies were blowing in the green cornfields.

Queen Beach was not easy.

The beach signs, directions such as "Wheeled Vehicles Here," "Tracked Vehicles Here," "Marching Personnel Here" were in a craft which was sunk in the run-in, so all those helpful arrows were missing until the spare set was traced.

There were other Infantry on that beach in addition to those I have mentioned. The Suffolks were there, also in the assault brigade, and soon after them came the Lincolns, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, their piper playing them ashore to the strains of "Blue Bonnets," the Royal Ulster Rifles, the Royal Norfolks, the Royal Warwickshire and the King's Shropshire Light Infantry.

But the first foot soldiers on Queen Beach were the men from the two great counties of the North of England, so I think of Queen Beach as a place which will always be associated with the White

Rose and the Red, the rose of York and the rose of Lancaster.

Coming off the beach the assault troops stormed a number of strongpoints coded as "Hillman," "Daimler" and so on, two or three miles inland, and within a few hours of the assault the infantry of Third British had linked up with Airborne at "Pegasus" bridge over the Canal du Caen, at Benouville.

That link-up at "Pegasus" was the first battlefield comradeship of Third British and gallant Airborne, a bond which

was strengthened every day during the subsequent weeks when the British troops fought back attack after attack on the vital bridges over the canal and the River Orne, the most heavily attacked bridges in Normandy.

Those bridges had the code names of "Rugger" and "Cricketer." Many a grim game was fought on those pitches, but the German air forces and command post was the brigade commander.

Both of them enjoyed the joke.

For weeks the infantry of Third British were matched against crack German troops, mainly 21 Panzer Division, in such places as Bieville, Lebieux, Le Landel, within a few miles of Caen.

At the Chateau de la Londe, near Le Landel, 8 Brigade fought the battle of the bloodiest square mile in Normandy. The German tanks, hull down in vehicle pits, raked our advancing infantry and took heavy toll.

The fall of Caen ended the beach-head phase of the Third British battle story. It was a costly phase. One Brigadier, commander of 9 Brigade, was wounded on

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One infantry battalion, the 1 South Lancashires, had 300 casualties before the end of June.

Those battles, though vitally important, were overshadowed by the more spectacular successes of the Americans in the Cherbourg peninsula.

General Eisenhower, Supreme Commander, put those beach-head battles in their correct perspective when he sent a message of congratulation to all concerned last August.

When Field-Marshal Montgomery swung his famous right hook, which ended in the German disaster in the Falaise pocket, he sent his "Ironsides" (the nickname of 3 Div) to the Beny Bocage sector, that sylvan battlefield in the heart of the loveliest part of Normandy.

In this sector Third British, through its 185 Brigade, added another chapter to its wonderful BLA battle record.

The brigade, temporarily under command of 11th Armoured Division, repelled the powerful German counter-attack at Sourdevalle on Sunday 6 August. The 1st Battalion the Royal Norfolk Regiment had just relieved a battalion of the Monmouthshire Regiment when the 10th Panzer Division hurled its might against part of the line held by the Norfolks.

Though hard pressed, for five hours, the Norfolks held their ground in a gallant action which was highly commended by the commander of the Second Army. If the Germans had broken through then, the development of the Falaise "pocket" might have been a different story.

Corporal Sidney ("Basher") Bates of

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The KOSB's began to shout "Don't shoot, Paddy!" and in a few minutes the Jocks were into the wood.

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The Lincolns, on the right, were not so lucky. They had a terrific fire-fight when the day broke, and they needed all their stubborn determination to hold their newly won bridge-head.

One of those "things" which show how the long arm of coincidence can stretch even into battle occurred in this engagement. A German took a shot at Major Larkin of the Lincolns, but he wasn't quick enough. Major Larkin, quicker on his target, killed the German, and, to his astonishment, found from his pay book that his adversary was named Larkin!

Third British pushed on into Holland, to Weert and Helmond among the liberated windmills with their sails gay in the Dutch national colours.

At Graves, two brigades crossed the Maas, and the Royal Warwickshires (another link between Third British and Field Marshal Montgomery who is a Warwick) relieved part of the 82nd (All America) Airborne Division.

The take-over, near Reichswald Forest, had to be done in the middle of a German counter attack. The whole area was lit up by a blazing building when a company of the Warwick came up to their new positions.

"Your English soldiers are fine steady guys," said an American officer to this Observer. "I told one of your officers that things didn't look too good. He could see that for himself. He replied, 'My orders are to take over'."

And the Warwick took over. The Americans, who had been dropped as part of the Arnhem "carpet" stood by till day-break to see their British buddies settled in.

That was an eerie place the Warwick occupied. One afternoon, with a gunner "OP" officer I went up to the forward company, who were then nearer to Germany than any other British soldiers. The Warwick were talking in husky whispers. "Got to keep deadly quiet up here. Jerry's too near," said one of the Warwick. The forward platoon were not allowed to use even a whisper and "spoke" to each other in sign language.

It can now be revealed that there was a time, last September, when Third British might easily have been the first Allied troops into Germany, through the Reichswald, but the plan was altered and the "Ironsides" for the first time since D-day turned back on their axis to clean up a strong pocket of the enemy who had been left in the Maas bend, near Venray and Overloon.

Between Overloon, now a shattered village of brick suburbanlike homes, and Venray, there flows the Moelen Beek, a stream 17 feet across the top, from bank to bank; wide enough to make a tank obstacle.

Vehicles were bogged in the mud. It was just one of those battles which had to be won by soldiers on their feet, or their bellies, if it was to be won at all.

Typhoons and artillery gave tremendous support. A bridge thrown across the Moelen Beek collapsed under the weight of the first vehicle. Our troops, crawling along the stream bed, in icy cold water, grateful for the cover of the banks, fought their way through the minefields and pushed the Germans back.

For three days they fought that battle against the elements and against bullet and shell. Venray fell, and months later it became one of the gateways to Germany in the push across the Maas to Gennep and into the Reichswald.

Third British was commended for that battle in a special order of the day published by the Corps Commander.

November, December, January found the "Ironsides" keeping their watch on the Maas, a dreary vigil with no battle headlines, but one of the most important tasks of the war, and one carried out under intense, continuous strain. Enemy patrols were active, and their gunners, among other targets, shelled divisional headquarters not far from Venray.

"Bash-on" soldiering with its own rhythm of contact... battle... advance... rest... contact has an exhilaration which keeps men going, and wards off battle-weariness, but that winter task of Third British was a long test of hard soldiering demanding constant vigilance against a hard and dreary background of severe winter.

By way of relief our own patrols across the Maas came as welcome change. To go in search of danger was almost enjoyable to the troops who had been sitting "waiting for it" week after week.

One such patrol was carried out by the 2nd Bn The King's Shropshire Light Infantry. The men, as they stepped into their assault craft could not avoid getting wet, and as they crouched in their boats, drifting silently down river towards an island occupied by the enemy, their trousers froze hard as boards and the water in their rubber boots became solid ice. On their return they had to be thawed out of their clothes.

When they came out of the Maas Line, in February, the Division went down to Louvain in Belgium for a rest but had been there only about ten days when the signal came through ordering them back into the battle: this time into Germany.

In the area of Cleves and Goch, west of the Rhine, they gave the knock-out to

the German forces which had already been engaged in heavy give-and-take with other British and Canadian formations.

Heavenheim and Winnekendonk were two of the bitterest actions. The Norfolks remember Kervenheim as "The battle of the billiard table" because they had to advance across flat open ground under heavy enemy fire.

At Kervenheim the "Ironsides" won their second VC in this campaign, awarded to Pte. Joseph Stokes of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, a Glasgow man. The KSLI were held up by the Germans in buildings. Pte Stokes went into one after another and dealt with the enemy, but was himself mortally wounded.

As he lay dying on the ground he waved a "Cheerio" to his comrades as they pressed forward.

On the Udem-Weeze road, in the same sector, the East Yorkshires had their battle of the bridge when a company, isolated by the Germans in a fierce counter-attack, was down to its last rounds of small arms ammunition. The company commander, Major R. Rutherford MC, called down an artillery SOS target on to his own positions and thus held the enemy off until replacements of ammunition arrived.

"Banger" Was A Legend

These were brought up in a Bren carrier by the late Major C.K. King, DSO and Bar, known throughout the battalion and also by many others in the division, from the General downwards, as "Banger" King.

He dashed past the amazed Germans in his carrier and safely delivered the ammunition. The company commander sent back over the air a message. It was not the obvious signal, "The ammunition has arrived". It was a triumphant announcement, "Banger's here!"

"Banger" was a real "Ironsides" officer. He was a legend in his battalion, in his brigade, in his division.

On D-day he recited the immortal lines of Henry V on St Crispin's Day as the men of his beloved "A" Company waited, taut and tense, on their craft for the run-in to the beach.

Over the loud-hailer of the tiny ship came the challenge of those words.

"Banger" King was proof against bullet, bomb and shell. His escapes and es-

capades were fantastic. Seldom does an officer below the rank of lieutenant-colonel win a DSO. Major King won two DSO's. He was killed when his jeep went up on a mine a week or two before the Cease Fire.

Over The Rhine

After those battles in the Goch sector, the Third British reverted once more to the role it knew so well, the holding of a river line, this time the Rhine.

It did a great deal towards the "stage management" and "production" of the operation of the Rhine crossing. While two of its brigades had been resting back at Louvain its third, 185th Brigade, had been planning and rehearsing the Rhine crossing, though its commander and staff officers knew that the assault was to be carried out by another brigade in 51st (Highland) Division.

The Highlanders passed through Third British to cross the Rhine, and some days later the "Ironsides" also went across to exploit the follow-up in the bridge-head.

They cleared a way for the armour to Bocholt and then turning west they consolidated the liberation of Enschede in Holland, and, back once more in Germany, they advanced to Nordhorn and the Dortmund-Ems Canal at Lingen.

From Lingen, where Guards Armoured took up the chase, Third British did a long switch to a new sector in preparation for the assault on Bremen.

The fate of Bremen was sealed in such battles as those at Wildeshausen, Brinkum, Stuhr, and Arsten. At the first named, the Germans played fun and games with their armour and sent self-propelled guns into the village to shoot up British transport. They wanted to hold that place in order to secure their line of retreat.

And So To Bremen

At Brinkum, the "Ironsides" had their last contact with do-or-die SS men, and had to burn them out of houses with Wasps and other flame-throwers. There were lots of SS too at Stuhr, where the enemy had a military camp.

And so to Bremen. The countryside round the great port had been flooded, and the only dry approach from the south was along the Brinkum road which was covered by every kind of gun the Germans could muster.

The Royal Ulster Rifles, who began the campaign by bicycling from the beach to their first battle, ended it by climbing into Buffaloes and advancing across the bombed fields in a lurching rolling "voyage" which was worse than a storm at sea. They out-flanked the enemy defence posts south of Bremen.

The Royal Warwickshires on the right flank were doing a similar operation in Buffaloes.

A German officer, taken prisoner, said of this Buffalo battle, "It was military science par excellence. We did not expect you to come across the fields."

"Beach to Bremen" was the Third Division's battle story with BLA. It was the only British division which could claim a non-stop battle record from D-day to V-day.

The Names

The units of the Third Infantry Division were:

1 Bn the Suffolk Regt; 2 Bn the East Yorkshire Regt; 1 Bn the South Lancashire Regt; 2 Bn the Lincolnshire Regt; 1 Bn the King's Own Scottish Borderers; 2 Bn the Royal Ulster Rifles; 2 Bn the Warwickshire Regt; 1 Bn the Royal Norfolk Regt; 2 Bn the King's Shropshire Light Infantry; 7 Field Regt, RA; 33 Field Regt, RA; 76 Field Regt, RA; 20 Anti-Tank Regt, RA; 92 Light Anti-Aircraft Regt, RA; 15 Field Park and 17, 246 and 253 Field Companies, RE; 3 Reconnaissance Regt; 2 Bn the Middlesex Regt.

The Divisional sign, three black triangles on a field of red, was once described by a German prisoner as "the sign of the dripping blood."

Hugh Gunning (Capt.).

PAGE 11

SOLDIER

When You Come Home, Soldier



IN every part of the United Kingdom, city, town and village officials are working on their plans to welcome home ex-Service men and women. To this end "Welcome Home" Funds have been started in most centres of population and countless smaller communities, and the money collected already runs into many hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Local traders, owners of evacuated businesses, private citizens have all freely contributed to this wide-scale effort to say "Well done, and thank you" to men and women of all arms of the Services when they finally return to their home town and village.

Yet the authorities who hold these large sums in trust are today confronted with some difficult questions. They are, briefly:—

"What shall we do with this money?"
"How may we most effectively spend it?"

"How would the men and women in the Services like us to spend it?"

It is not easy to find a satisfactory answer to these questions, so a representative of **SOLDIER** is visiting typical towns and villages in UK collecting details of what is being done, or what it is hoped to do, with the "Welcome Home Fund" money. He first visited the West Country — Devon and Cornwall — to talk with the organisers of the Fund, and here is his first report:—

Cash or A Banquet?

I have discovered that ideas vary most strongly as to the best way of spending the money. Some localities favour the presentation of a cash sum to all returning Services men and women. Others think local sentiment would be better expressed in the shape of a more personal gift — a wallet or pocket-book and an illuminated address of welcome. Still other localities believe that the finest way of dealing with the money is to convert it into Savings Certificates and hand them over to the returning Services people. A simpler suggested solution is that a Victory dinner and entertainment should be organised, giving them a "slap-up" evening they will not readily forget.

Most ambitious of all is the idea that large towns and cities should continue to collect subscriptions until enough money is available for the building of welfare and recreation centres where demobilised men and women can meet for recreation, guidance and information.

Here is a summary of what is being done in the first selection of localities I visited:—

TORQUAY

The Torquay Services Homecoming Fund officials recently considered a proposal by Capt. Helens, of the Merchant Navy, that money collected should be used firstly to welcome returning Service men and women, and secondly to establish a social centre with the surplus.

This Centre would also serve as the headquarters of all ex-Servicemen's welfare organisations, and as a Central Inquiry Bureau for all problems relating to housing, employment and rehabilitation. It was pointed out that the projected Centre must not be confused with any other scheme the town might launch as a war memorial.

Torquay's "Homecoming" fund already stands at over £14,000, and since there are about 7,000 Torquay citizens in the

Forces the fund has thus passed the £2 a head mark.

It has already been decided to present every returning ex-Service man and woman with a message of welcome on parchment, and a ticket entitling the holder to attend free at Marine Spa Pavilion dances on four occasions during the first month home.

Mr. N. Lake, chairman of the Torquay Chamber of Commerce, added his own comment on the scheme when he stated, "All sorts of plans have been made to make the return home of Service people a joyous occasion. It is the opinion of the Chamber of Commerce that the only fitting way to show our appreciation is to render them all the help they need in re-establishing themselves in business or in setting up business for the first time."

DAWLISH

At the present moment this town's "Welcome Home" fund stands at just over £1,000. Ideas vary as to how the money should be spent, but townspeople agree that some kind of memento, together with an illuminated address, should be presented to every citizen who has served in the present war.

TRURO

At the annual meeting of the City of Truro Forces Gift Fund it was decided to continue the Fund until Christmas, 1945, at least, and to consider suggestions for welcoming troops returning home.

Truro has already done a great deal of work for its citizens in the Forces. Last Christmas 1331 serving citizens received a gift of 10s., and a picture of Truro Cathedral. More than 1,000 wrote to acknowledge receipt of the gift. More recently, 30 returned prisoners of war were given a dinner and entertainment to mark their return to freedom. Altogether more than £2,000 has been raised for gifts to the forces.

At the moment the balance in hand is just over £300 and further subscriptions are likely to come in before Truro makes up its mind how best to welcome its soldier citizens home.

OKEHAMPTON

Mr. G.H. Gratton, Mayor of Okehampton, is trying to raise £1,000 so that a couple of pounds per head will be available for returning troops.

Mr. R.A. Brunskill, the Town Surveyor, has the idea that this "Welcome Home" gift should take the form of a Hall of Memory which would also include a central public hall. To raise the money for

such a project would need some time and he believes that a Welcome Home and War Memorial Fund should be formed, so that enough money could be raised to make the effort really worth while.

"But," adds Mr. Brunskill, "we should do what we can now, and when the men return invite their own suggestions."

Thus Okehampton, while working away at its Fund, seems in no danger of spending the money on something which will not meet the approval of the majority of serving soldiers themselves.

EXMOUTH

"Welcome Home" suggestions have led to some rather breezy meetings at Exmouth. Mr. H. Taylor stirred up the Council proceedings when he suggested that the "Welcome Home" Fund be suspended pending a meeting of townfolk.

After vigorous discussion the suggestion was defeated.

Mrs. E.J. Key said that the first thing to be made sure of was that the ex-Servicemen should have homes to be welcomed into. She thought that the provision of houses should have first priority, not the organisation of "Welcome Home" Funds. There is no agreement yet.

DARTMOUTH

Although Dartmouth is not a very big centre, the townspeople have set a target of £750 for their "Welcome Home" Fund

SAVINGS Stamps, an illuminated address, a feast, the freedom of the village hall — which of these do you want when you return home for good? In most cases the organisers of "Welcome Home" funds all over Britain have already decided the question for you. Others have not — and are arguing. In this article, the first of two which **SOLDIER** is publishing on the subject, you will read of what has been done, and is being done. What do you think of it all?

and already about £150 has been collected or subscribed.

Two main ideas existed as to the form the "Welcome Home" gift should take:—

1. Purchase of a medallion or wallet, to be handed to returning ex-Service men and women, together with a gift of £1 note.
2. Endowment of a bed at the hospital.

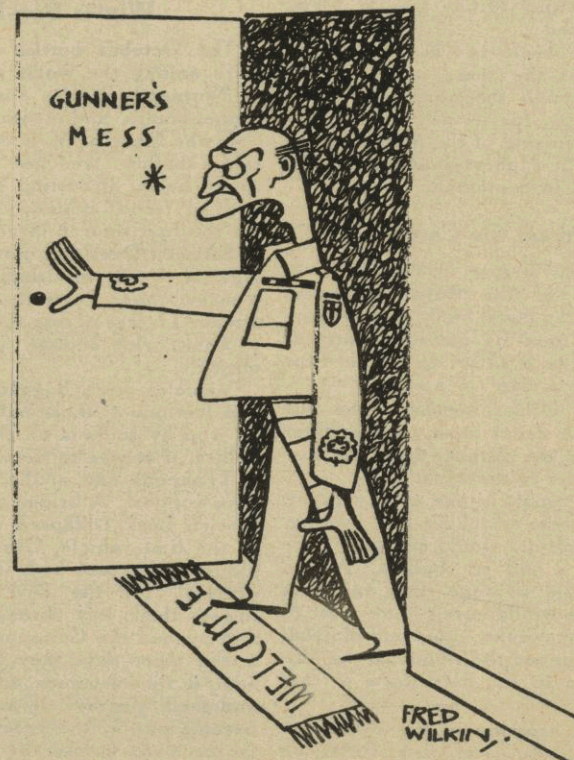
A meeting of townspeople was called and the Mayor of Dartmouth, Ald. W.G. Row presided. It was decided to present returning citizens of Dartmouth with an inscribed medallion and a gift of £1. The total cost would be £750.

PAIGNTON

This seaside town, so favoured by West Country honeymooners, is to organise a big house-to-house collection for its "Welcome Home" Fund. Collectors will be knocking at the doors and inviting contributions between 27 August and 1 September. The scale of Paignton's effort may be judged by the statement of Mr. A. Colridge, honorary secretary of the Fund, that the target proposed is £15,000. Organisers have every confidence that this figure will be reached.

A meeting, over which Mr. G. Stubb, chairman of Paignton Urban Council, presided, was held to discuss how this £15,000 might best be spent.

It was eventually decided that the money should be invested in Savings Certificates and that certificates should be presented to returning sons and daughters of Paignton. But just to give the gift a personal touch, it was also decided to present everyone who has served in this war with an illuminated scroll of recognition and thanks.



"Who wrote 'Abdicate' on my door?"



"I MARCHED WITH THE EIGHTH ARMY"

WINSTON CHURCHILL at Tripoli on 5 Feb, 1943, said :

"The last time I saw this Army was in the closing days of August in those sandy and rocky flats of Alamein and Ruweisat Ridge when we had the information and it was apparent from all signs that Rommel was about to make a final thrust at Alexandria and Cairo.

"Then, all was to be won or lost. Now, I come to you a long way from Alamein and I find this Army and its famous commander have a record of history behind them which, I do not wish to exaggerate, is undoubtedly playing a decisive part in altering the whole character of the war.

World-Wide Fame

"The fierce and well-fought battle of Alamein, the blasting through of the enemy's seaward flank, the smashing back of the army which Rommel boasted would conquer Egypt.

"Thereafter and ever since you have chased and pursued this hostile army, driving it from pillar to post over a distance of more than 1400 miles, a distance which, as the Commander-in-Chief reminds me, is the distance between London and Moscow.

"You have driven all before you and you have altered the face of the war in a most remarkable way.

"What this must have meant in care,

organisation of whole movements and what it must have meant in endurance, tireless activity and self-denial on the part of the troops, can only be appreciated by those who were actually on the spot.

"But I must tell you that your fame, the fame of the desert army, has spread throughout the world.

"After Tobruk surrendered there were very dark hours, and many people who do not know about us were ready to take a discouraging view. But the events you have achieved have put the British Army on the map and won the admiration of all the troops now engaged against the common enemy.

"When I was in Casablanca with the President of the United States, it was the arrival of the desert army in Tripoli and the fact that it had come into play as a great new factor that more than anything else influenced the course of our discussions and opened up hopeful prospects for the future.

"You are entitled to dwell on this fact with that satisfaction which men can feel in their hearts when great work has been finally done.

"You have rendered great services to your country and to the common cause.

"It must have been a tremendous experience, driving them further day after day over this desert which it has taken me six and a-half hours to fly across.

"And the lines come to me of a hymn which you must know :

*"You nightly pitched your moving tents
A day's march nearer home."*

"Yes, not only in the geographic sense,

but in the sense that what you have done undoubtedly gives good grounds for the hope that the war itself may be shortened and home may come nearer to all than before could have been hoped.

"I am here to thank you on behalf of His Majesty's Government, of the people of the British Isles and of all those people throughout the British Empire and the world who have followed your marches and your actions. I do so from the bottom of my heart.

"I cannot conceal from you that hard struggles lie ahead. Rommel — the fugitive of Egypt, of Cyrenaica, of Tripolitania — this fugitive on a non-stop race of 1400 miles, now has the idea of presenting himself as the deliverer of Tunisia — a likely change.

"Well, We Shall See..."

"Well, we shall see how that change accords with the circumstances and the manner in which you will act.

"Here, in the tip of Tunisia, are gathered large numbers of German and Italian troops, not yet perhaps equipped up to their previous standard, but growing stronger.

"On the other side there is another great operation which was launched in conjunction with your advance, and this has carried the First British Army to within 30-40 miles of Bizerta and Tunis, together with our American and French Allies.

"All these forces are acting in conjunction with the Air Force and a military situation arises on which it would be foolish to speculate.

"But at any rate it seems to many of those who study the matter that the days of our victories are by no means at an end and that the forces which are now on the march from different quarters can achieve the final task of expelling from the shores of Africa the last living German and Italian, so that we may be able to say that one of the continents has been relieved and cleansed of their presence.

"It must have been a great relief to you that after all those hundreds of miles of desert you have come once more to the green lands of trees and water, and I do not think that you will lose that advantage. As you go further and further you will find country which will present, no doubt, serious tactical difficulties, but none with the grim and severe character of the Western Desert which you have known how to endure and overcome.

"Let me then thank you all and let me then assure you that your fellow countrymen regard your work with the greatest admiration and gratitude, and that after the war is over it will be quite sufficient for any man to say when he is asked, 'What did you do?' to reply, 'I marched with the Eighth Army.' That will be a source of sober pride which you are all entitled to feel.

"As history is written and the annals of the British Army are lengthened with the new events, and all the facts on both sides become known, the feats you have performed will beam and glow in that record, and will be a source of song and story long after all of us together here today have passed away."



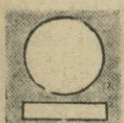
THE END
of
THE ROAD



These Were The Divisions



5 Corps



10 Corps



13 Corps



30 Corps



1 Canadian Corps



1 Armd. Div.



6 Armd. Div.



7 Armd. Div.



2 Polish Corps



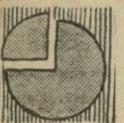
8 Armd. Div.



10 Armd. Div.



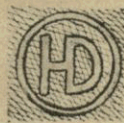
1 Inf. Div.



4 Div.



50 Div.



51 Div.



56 Div.



1 Can. Inf. Div.



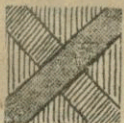
9 Australian Div.



2 New Zealand Div.



8 Indian Div.



10 Indian Div.



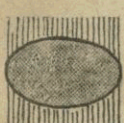
3 Carpathian Div.



"I didn't mind Churchill saying it, but the next soldier that says 'Good morning, my DEAR Desert Rat' is going to cop it."



5 Div.



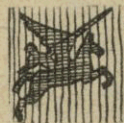
44 Div.



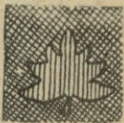
46 Div.



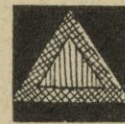
78 Div.



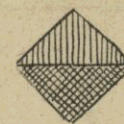
1 Airborne Div.



5 Can. Armd. Div.



6 S. Afr. Armd. Div.



1 S. African Div.



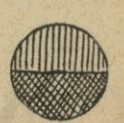
4 Indian Div.



5 Kresowa Div.



1 F. French Div.



2 S. African Div.

HAMELIN has New Pied Piper

HAMELIN town's in Brunswick and, as Browning said, the River Weser, deep and wide, washes its walls on the southern side. And once again, in 1945 as in 1284, the rats have been cleared.

You remember the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, of course. You remember the swarms of rats, little rats and big rats and all their many murmurings in different sharps and flats. You remember, too, how the Pied Piper cleared them out with his magic flute and then, when the mayor and the corporation chose to haggle about the payment, all the children of Hamelin, with the exception of a crippled child, were charmed away into the mountainside by the Pied Piper.

Today in Hamelin the Pied Piper's house still stands, a hundred yards from the sun-drenched square. And in the square, exactly as it was 700 years ago, stands the Wedding House. It is a big building, fit to house the population of the town, and it is one of the most historic buildings in a country which once boasted so many. Today the old building is humming with activity again. It houses the Military Government of Hamelin.

Not A German Moved...

Each day at noon the German population gather outside the Wedding House, not now to stare at some celebration as they used to, but to watch a scene which contrasts and yet fits in with the old world buildings. It was a bright morning when I stood with them and watched the changing of the guard, performed by the men of a Welsh Regiment — a superb display of precision. The parade ground voice of the guard commander rang out across a silence which had descended on the town. All traffic ceased. Not a German moved — they were seeing a new

side of the British soldier who chased, dishevelled and victorious, across Germany. And they loved it. This, their whole attitude said, was a show worth seeing.

I spoke to the guard commander as he came off duty.

"They love it," said Sgt. Ted Haynes, "simply lap it up. Mind you, this is nothing. You should see 'em on Sundays. Why, we sometimes get nearly a thousand here, just to watch us do the job!"

He's Keen On Kids

It seems that Ted Haynes, of Sparkbrook, Birmingham, joined the Army in 1930 and looks forward to making his exit in 1946. "We have a great time playing with the kids," said Ted. "We'd six of 'em in the garden yesterday afternoon. It makes a sort of break for the lads, and.... well, I've got three kids of my own back home...."

As in the case of the Pied Piper, the men who cleared away the Nazi rats are stealing away the children of Hamelin. They came in a bunch to cluster round Ted Haynes, the guard commander they'd just seen on parade. What they said to him, none of us know, nor does Ted. What he said to them probably meant nothing either. That isn't unusual. The Pied Piper spoke to the children of Hamelin without using words, and it looks as though the British soldier is doing the trick again.

Next year the people of Hamelin hope to arrange a great pageant of children in costume, a pageant like the one they held in 1934 before the Nazis put a stop to it. But they'd better keep an eye on Tommy. Or there'll be no kids left by then!

Courtman Davies (Sjt.).



THE CONQUEROR MAKES FRIENDS

Whatever your feelings about the adult German, it's not easy to keep the children at arm's length. Above: Sjt. Ted Haynes is seen walking down the main street of Hamelin with a couple of youngsters, and on the left he is taking a family man's interest in the doings of a group of young people.

Below: These little girls, too young to be infected with the Nazi taint, are playing happily in the grounds of their new school at Aachen — a school where they will learn the principles of democracy.





Norwegian scenery is unequalled of its kind in Europe. The picture above shows a typical fjord, the villages at its side completely dwarfed by the mountains which rise almost sheer from the water.
Below: German prisoners straggling down a Norwegian road to a sorting depot, after being relieved of all their loot.



NORWAY REPORT

Under German occupation Norway was a land of mystery. Occasionally a few refugees would arrive, and sometimes a raid on the coast was announced. For the rest, it was silent and inaccessible. The arrival of British troops has altered all that.

THE liberation of Norway was one of those soldier "parties" which really turned out to be a party. It was held not to the accompaniment of the crackle and bang of gunfire but to the sound of the guttural voice of the German officer commanding an Oslo airfield asking for orders from the OC of 21 Independent Company of 1 Airborne Division who had flown in to take over. From that time on the Germans have co-operated almost whole-heartedly in their own dissolution, though at the same time trying to pretend that they are not a beaten army.

Quick Decision

The first landing of 1 Airborne was made on 9 May at 1630 hours, the decision to send them in having been made at 0100 hours that same day. They had been preceded by a party of "heralds" under the command of a brigadier who had flown in to arrange surrender terms, but there was still some doubt in the minds of 21 Independent Coy as to the reception they were going to have from 420,000 Germans. As the first plane circled the airfield outside Oslo they looked down on

a mass of enemy troops and a fair assembly of German fighters, but as the company commander's plane taxied to the control tower the German officer commanding rushed forward for his orders.

All was over bar the shouting. Sixty Britishers assumed control of 800 Germans. German meteorology was used to guide the rest of the Division's planes in on the next day, but it was tragic irony that on that day the weather closed down, only 17 out of 47 planes touched down and four crashed in the hills and were lost. Among those to touch down was the plane carrying General Urquhart, GOC of the Division. The rest of the Division had to turn back and come in on the following day.

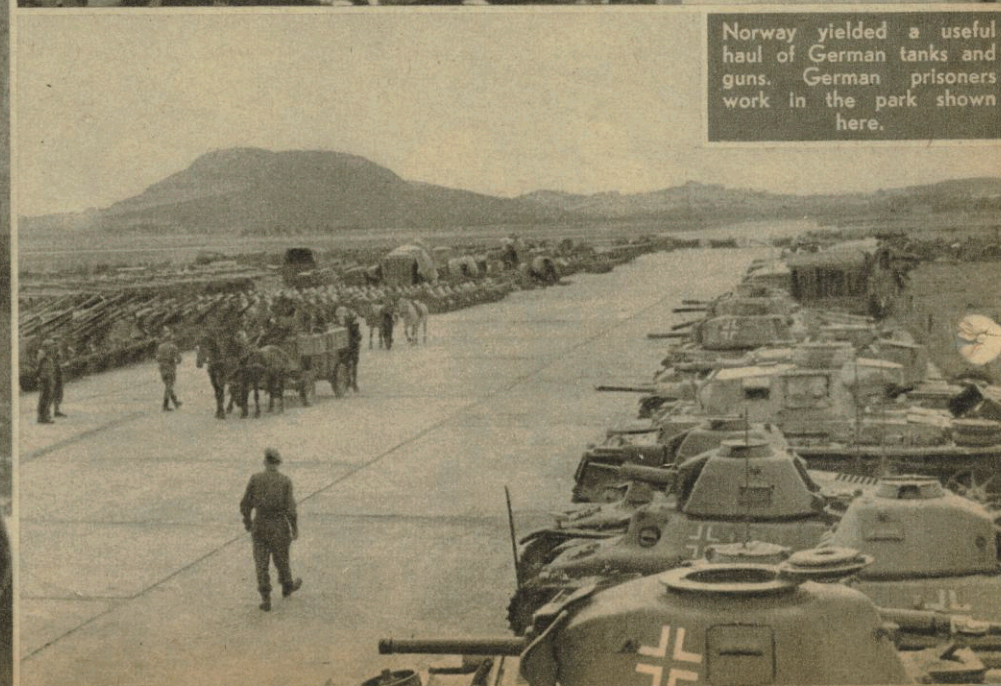
Jeep That Blossomed

News of the landing spread throughout the Norwegian capital so quickly that the first jeep was hardly out of the airfield before its occupants were mobbed and bedecked with flowers. One officer who had been in both Brussels and Paris after liberation said that the Norwegians gave the British the greatest reception ever.

Among the milling mass of excited Norwegians were German troops, bewildered and nervous about the future, for following close on the heels of the British the Norwegian Milorg, or Home Army, started to stream in from the hills where it had been awaiting the day of liberation. Well



Ordnance men sorting out the weapons and equipment of surrendered German troops.



Norway yielded a useful haul of German tanks and guns. German prisoners work in the park shown here.

In these pages you can read what the presence of British troops has meant to Norway, what conditions are like in the country, and what sort of life Airborne and other troops lead in their task of getting rid of the last traces of the German blight.

equipped with supplies dropped from British planes, led by Norwegian officers trained, for the most part, in England, it represented a formidable force and one the beaten Germans might well regard nervously. But apart from one or two sporadic bursts of fire nothing happened. The Norwegians behaved with commendable restraint to the people who had battered on them for five long years.

Smooth Change Over

The change-over of command was accomplished with a minimum of fuss. The British took over the military command, the Norwegians again took up the reins of government from Quisling and Reichskommissar Terboven. Within six hours the German headquarters in Oslo were transformed into an Allied headquarters. The German troops began to disappear from the streets. This last process was perhaps slower than some Norwegians hoped. With so few of our troops in Norway it was necessary for the Germans to administer themselves without British guards. By 9 May they were off the streets, by 22 May they were in their reservations, and by 1 June they were disarmed with the exception of a residue of 20 rifles per 1,000 men for self-defence. They have not been needed.

By the time King Haakon arrived back in his country on 7 June the despised Boche had almost vanished from the Nor-

wegian scene, except for old truckloads of working parties leaving behind them the odd tom-cat smell of German petrol, last and typical relic of German occupation.

As the Germans trail down to dispersal points for their return to a broken Fatherland, stripped of their last bit of loot hitherto hopefully concealed in pillows and field dressings, the Norwegians take stock of the damage done during a five-year occupation. What has been saved in Norway has been saved by the factor which would have given the biggest headache to a military commander burdened with the job of fighting in the country — poor and difficult communications.

Tortuous Trips

Roads in Norway whirl and twist up mountainsides, round the ever-present fjords and lochs. Railway engines puff and pant over unbelievable railway country and take an unbelievable time about it. A journey which would take three-quarters of an hour by air takes eight hours by road, 16 by rail. The result of this during the occupation has been that farmers and crofters in remote country districts were saved the presence of German troops and were able to live reasonably on the produce of the land and the sea.

Continued on Page 20.



Communications in Norway are poor and journeys strenuous, but the traveller is rewarded by such views as that shown above.
Below: Sijts, Favager, Underwood, Essom and Scott of the Royal Artillery on the steamer from Oslo to Ingerstrand holiday resort.



Timber is never short in Norway, and the travelling sawyer, cutting logs for firewood, has a steady job.



Norwegians crowd round Allied Forces Welfare Office in Stavanger to see pictures of Belsen.

Norway Report (continue)

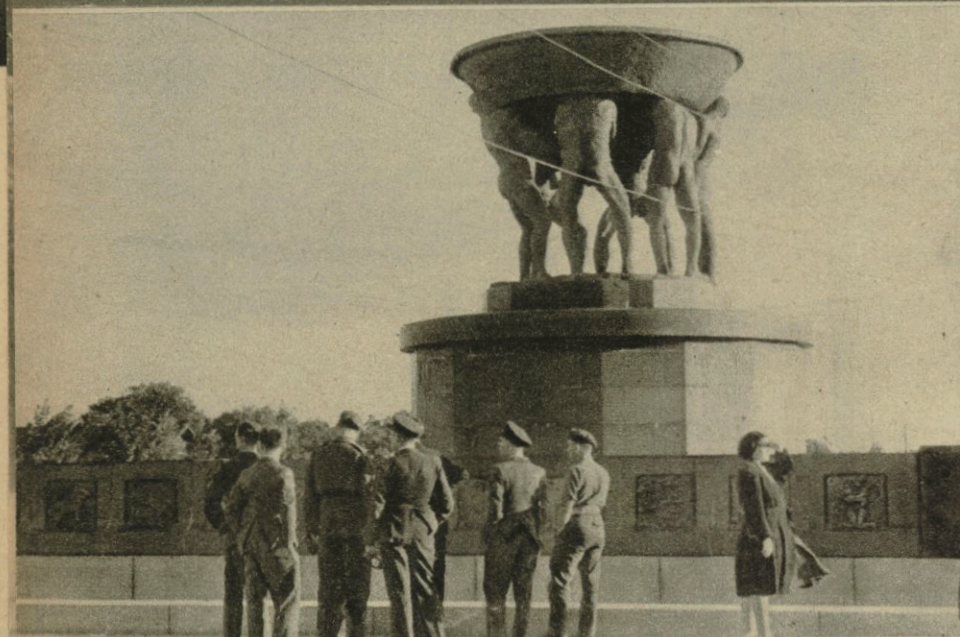


Above : General Sir A. F. A. N. Thorne, KCB, CMG, DSO, GOC-in-C Allied Land Forces, Norway, passes 1 Airborne Div Guard after the salute.

Below : Watching a sentry of the Norwegian Royal Guard marching outside the Guard House by King Haakon's palace at Oslo. During his hour "on" sentry has to keep marching.



Below : Fatigue party on the pedestal are ignored by mutual consent of Service-men in Frogner Park, Oslo. The park was laid out as a memorial to the sculptor, Gustav Vigeland.



Below : "Who's that shy boy with you?" — Norwegians, British and Americans getting to know each other in an Oslo street. Old log cabin is the office of the Norwegian State Lottery.



People in the bigger towns were not so lucky. Though the Germans made every effort to mollify the Norwegians they met with nothing but a cold aloofness when presenting their alluring programme of the benefits to be gained by inclusion in the Greater Reich. The Norwegians, better than any race in the world, can adopt an attitude of non-recognition, of bland superiority. It was not surprising that German urbanity quickly broke down and the more usual German policy of force took its place.

By 1945 the Germans had stripped the country of everything worth taking. The bread ration in Norway today is 260 grammes a day, the milk ration a litre a week. There has been no fresh meat under the occupation, except such small quantities as could be smuggled out of the countryside, and an issue at Christmas. Now a little bacon is beginning to trickle in from the better fed and sympathetic Danes.

Monotonous Diet

There have been no suits on the ordinary market for three years, shoes are made from fish-skin, with wooden soles. In the restaurants Norwegian Smorsbrod (literally bread and butter generally meaning a bread and butter snack with fish and potatoes), grain, coffee, and thin Norwegian beer have been the only things obtainable. Night life ceased after Stalingrad, a sad blow for the Norwegians who in the summer, to British eyes, seem never to go to bed.

But the Norwegians got round these difficulties in their own peculiar way. When the officer commanding 21 Independent Coy of 1 Airborne took a look round his area he came across a wooden platform in the woods. Thinking it was a gun emplacement he asked the local Norwegian commander about it. He was told that this was a dance floor for Norwegians in the village. Banned from dancing in the village by the Stalingrad mourning order the villagers had their little illegal "speakeasy" to which they could sneak for their enjoyment.

Flies In The Ointment

British troops will indignantly deny that they are having a good time in Norway, will point out the lack of amenities in the outlying towns, the lateness of the

mail, a two-day delay in the arrival of the English morning papers. But a general consensus of opinion would hold, I think, that if they cannot be at home they would sooner be in Norway than anywhere else. Of the troops in the south this is particularly true, though not perhaps so much of those in the grimmer north.

The rest camp of 1 Airborne at Fevik, to which 100 troops go every week, is page from a shiny de luxe travel pamphlet of pre-war days. One of the most exclusive hotels in Norway, used by the Germans for those convalescing from Allied shocks, has been turned over to the British as a rest camp. Here troops can lounge on the beach, sail, fish, swim, dance with the brown, blue-eyed blondes who have come back to the beach. The excellent Welfare offices run in the main troop centres bring soldiers into contact with Norwegian families. Fishing, ski-ing, sailing trips are arranged. For once British troops find themselves in a country where most of the population speak a little English, a people whose temperament is much akin to their own, with whose democratic way of life they can find much in common.

Good Friends

"The Norwegians have always been friendly towards Britain. So you start off by having their liking and respect," says a little official booklet on Norway handed to each man who goes there. This is even more true now than it was when that booklet was written. That is not to say that troops would not far rather be home or that the Norwegians would not welcome the absence of foreign uniforms in their streets. Both peoples want to get back to normal. But during the short period which must elapse before the last Germans are sent back home and the British army bids Norway a friendly farewell, relations between Norwegians and British are on an amicable and easy-going basis typical of both peoples.

When the British withdraw they will be able to bring few souvenirs from Norway's almost empty shops, but they will bring memories of a friendly hospitality and at least the one Norwegian word "Skall" (Good Health). When any of them return after the war Norwegians hope that the beer will be stronger.

Michael Mason (Capt.).

Smudger

by Friell



"As I told you, Hubert, you stick by me and 'we travel in comfort, see?'"

Here They Are Again

The four serjeants of the Royal Artillery you saw on page 19 enjoy a glass of beer at Ingerstrand cafe, favourite afternoon trip for troops in the Oslo area. Beer is very weak and costs from 1s. to 1s. 6d. a glass. It is the only drink readily available in Norway outside Army messes.

Ingerstrand is a bathing resort run by the Oslo municipality. It is the only place where it is possible to borrow a bathing dress, and even then you have to deposit the equivalent of £1 as security.

The town is served by frequent buses, and by a ferry steamer which makes the round trip from Oslo every two hours.



Soldier With A Date

Members of 1 Airborne Division relaxing on the beach at the Pegasus Club in Fevik. They can bask in surprisingly warm Norwegian sunshine, and admire the view and the blonde, blue-eyed Norwegian girls.

The Pegasus Club is a rest camp for the Division. It was once the expensive Strand Hotel. When the Germans arrived they took it over as a convalescent home and surrounded it with barbed wire, which has now been taken down, and the Norwegians have been invited back to the beach where they mingle with British troops in a peacetime holiday atmosphere.

Batches of 50 soldiers stay at the camp at one time, and they all agree that the surroundings are ideal.



Up on the Hills

High on the hills behind Oslo is the timber-built cafe of Frognerseteren, a favourite halting place for Norwegian hikers and sightseers and for British troops making a round tour of the Oslo area. Such tours are regularly arranged by the Norwegian Welfare Office set up in the capital to help British troops by providing introductions to Norwegian homes, entertainments, and advice on swimming, fishing and other sports.

From Frognerseteren cafe the country around Oslo is spread out from a height of 1540 feet. It is one of the loveliest views in southern Norway. Its wooded slopes, dotted with typical timber buildings, sweep down to Oslo harbour and the fjord beyond.



"Yaro-a-oh -You Cad!"

The story of the boys who never grow old, and their equally youthful creator, Frank Richards.



"GREAT Pip!"
"What the dickens—I!"
"Oh, Haddocks," gasped Turkey. "Levett's got a black eye!"
"Phew!"

Recognise it? It's the hand of the old master himself: Frank Richards. If you were ever a schoolboy then there is no need to tell you that Frank Richards is the man who wrote stories about Greyfriars and Harry Wharton, Billy Bunter, Arthur Augustus d'Arcy and Hurree Jamset Singh. He wrote one-and-a-half million words a year for schoolboys, and some of them, now grown up and in uniform, still write to him. But Mr. Richards is a little put out these days. He has been reported dead in newspapers in the Middle East and the Pacific. It is doubtful whether Mr. Richards will ever die. Anyway he is a young man of 70 busy creating new ideas, new schools, and new characters to people them.

But let's get this straight: in fact there is no such person as Mr. Frank Richards.

Host in Himself

"My pen names are almost too numerous to mention," he says, "for their name is legion: but the best known were 'Frank Richards,' in the Magnet, 'Martin Clifford' in the Gem, and 'Owen Conquest' in the tales of Rookwood School. My own name, Charles Hamilton, generally appeared in Modern Boy. All these papers have now passed into the beyond. As 'Hilda Richards' I wrote the first six numbers of a schoolgirl paper.

"My publishers were in the happy position of being able to sell more of my work than I could write even with an output of a million-and-a-half words.

"I am anxious to contradict these idiotic reports that I am dead. I have many readers in the Forces and I would like to put them wise to the fact that anyone who says I am dead is talking out of his hat. As I am nearly 70 I may not, perhaps, be here much longer, but no one likes to be disposed of in a summary manner before his proper time."

The best known of his characters, Billy Bunter, the bulky eating machine who went to Greyfriars, ranks in popularity with Bulldog Drummond, Oliver Twist, Sherlock Holmes and Tom Brown. But

though paper shortage caused the Magnet and Gem to die back in 1940, Mr. Richards did not surrender. The enemy may have taken two of his magazines away, but he has found a new one published by Hutchinsons, and in it he tells the story of Carcroft School and the Carcroft cad.

A million - and - a-half words a year he has been writing about schoolboys for schoolboys, and it all began in 1907. The Amalgamated Press were getting under way and they were offering the boys of Britain a journal called Pluck. Mr. Garish, the editor, asked Frank Richards, a 33-year-old writer who had been earning his living with his pen since he was 18, to write a series of school stories, to appear fortnightly. Richards had happy schooldays to recall and he created St. Jim's. Today St. Jim's is synonymous with Tom Merry and Co., Arthur Augustus d'Arcy and the rest of the Fourth Form heroes.

The first boys on the scene in Pluck were Blake, Herries and Digby of Study No. 6 in the School House, and Figgins and Co., of New House. To these Richards added the dude Augustus d'Arcy, who was modelled on a colleague.

"The original for Augustus d'Arcy was an elegant sub-editor," says Richards, "and the young gentleman remained blissfully unconscious he was my model."

When Pluck had been running for a year, Richards was called to meet Griffiths, a young man with an idea for a new paper.

"He was clever and determined," says Richards, "and he seemed to breathe up all the air in the room, leaving everyone else a little breathless. He wanted a new series and he wanted me to write them. The stories, with Tom Merry as the central character appeared in the new journal which was called the Gem.

Then The Magnet

"One day Griffiths told me," says Richards, "that he had decided to combine Pluck's St. Jim's stories with the Tom Merry yarns in the Gem."

So, quite plausibly, Tom Merry and his friends migrated to St. Jim's.

Griffiths soon came up with another brainchild. There was to be a new paper called the Magnet, containing a long school story and a serial. Richards was to write the school story.

Until the Magnet was started Richards divided his time between writing, music and drawing, but it soon became apparent to him that he would have to put aside music and art. He was willing to do this temporarily, but had he been able to look into the future he would have seen that "temporarily" meant over 30 years.

For the new paper he created Harry Wharton, whom he met at school, Frank Nugent — "a quiet fellow, a pen picture of myself..." — and then came the character who was to achieve world fame: the fat boy, Billy Bunter.

"Bunter's fame brought me letters from all over the world," says Richards. "I had been thinking about him for a long time. Before I started writing for the Amalgamated Press I offered Bunter to an editor who did not see much in him."

Richards was, and is, sensitive to criticism, and he put the fat boy on a shelf until he revived him for the Magnet. And who was the model for Billy Bunter? There were three. His fat body came from an editorial associate who seemed to overflow his chair; the thick spectacles through which Bunter blinked owl-like belonged to one of Richards' relatives, and another relative was the victim for the postal order which Bunter always expected and rarely arrived.

The speed with which schoolboys bought the yarns Richards wrote soon put him in the super-tax class. He began to travel on the Continent. The legend began to arise that Frank Richards was not, in fact, one person. What one person could maintain such an enormous output, people asked? He must be a syndicate. This rumour annoyed Richards almost as much as the one that he is dead.

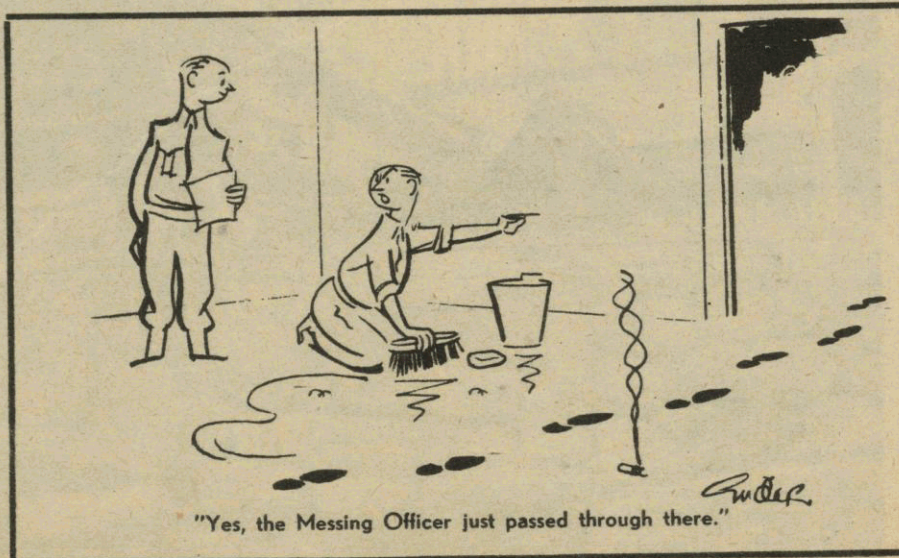
Young At 70

Today, a man of 70, he suffers from failing eyesight and a gouty leg, but he is happy and cheerful. He looks towards the future and talks about new stories, and the autobiography he has written, and he is as pleased as a schoolboy when you talk to him about the schoolboys he has created.

Of the money he earned with the millions of words much has gone trying to break the bank at Monte Carlo. He is still, however, full of hope and the secret of his optimism lies, perhaps, in the answer he gave to the question, "How old do you feel?"

"When I stand up and I think of my failing sight and I feel my gouty leg, then I feel my age — nearly 70 — but when I am in my chair, sitting down, writing about schoolboys, why, I feel 18."

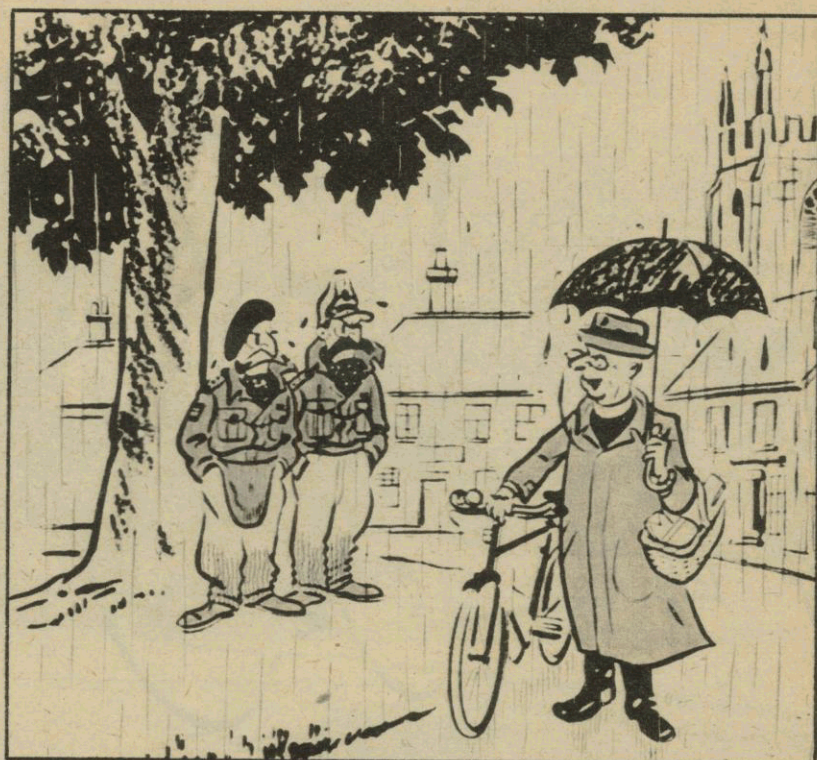
Warwick Charlton (Capt.)



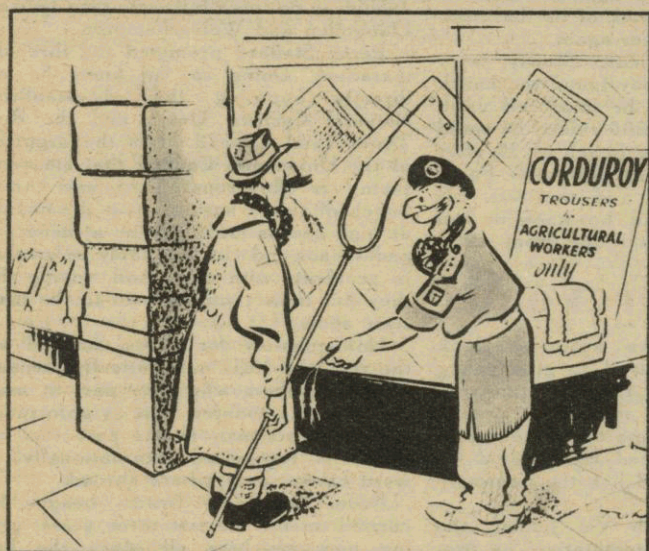
"Yes, the Messing Officer just passed through there."



"I could have sworn WE won the war, old man."



"Of course, you boys are lucky to get your leave in the summer."



"Just the job, old man - you can't fail."

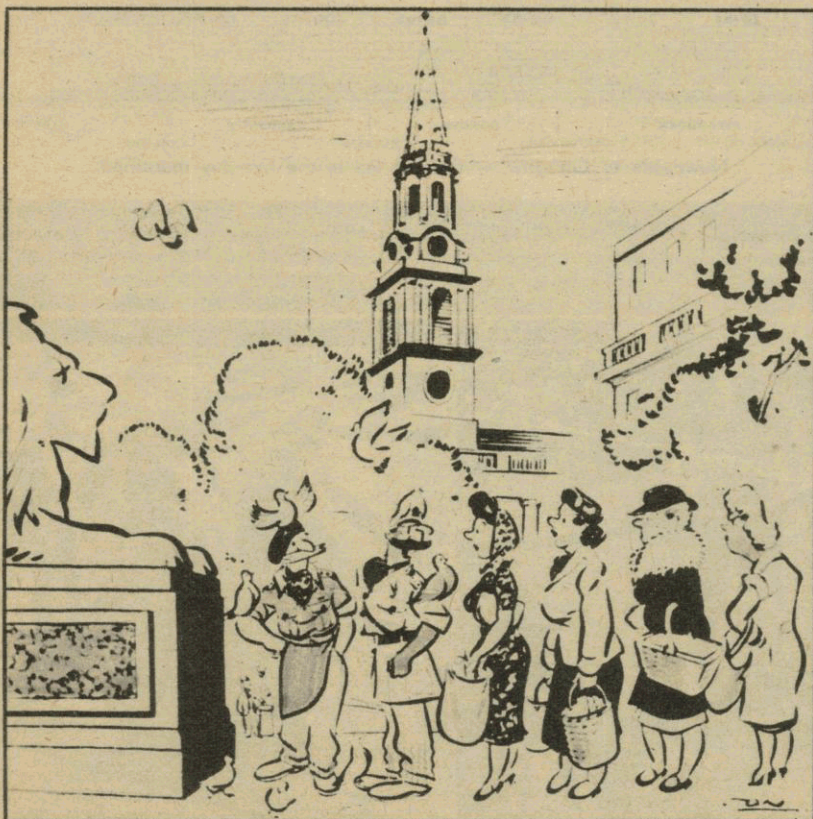
THE TWO TYPES

On leave in England

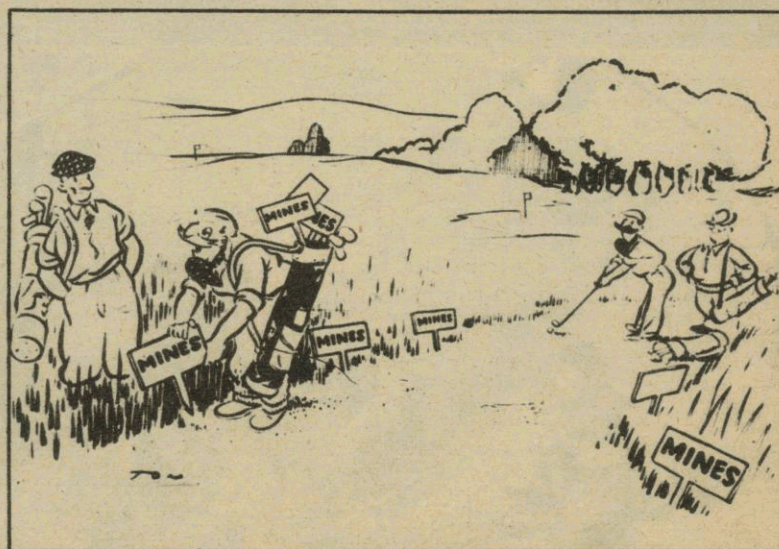
Jon's famous characters find much to surprise them in the Old Country after years of absence.



"I think it's called 'English Tummy' over here, old man."

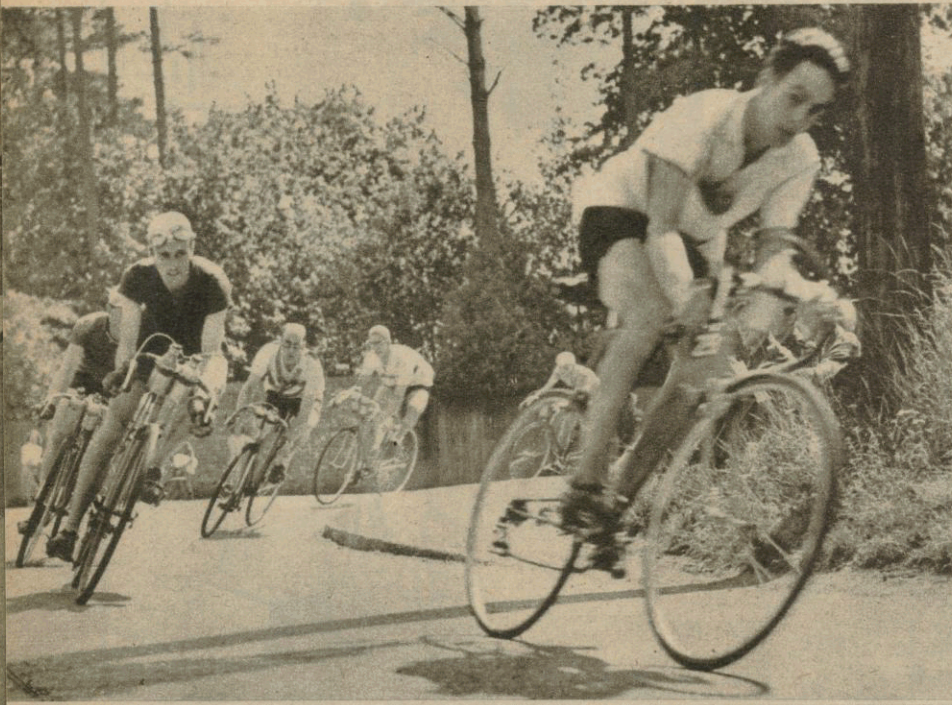


"But I assure you, Madam, we are just on leave - not queueing for anything."



"It's the only way my partner can keep on the fairway."

YOU'LL BE SEEING THIS SPORT!



Hairpin bends taken at speed are a feature of mass-start cycle racing. In this picture of the Southern Grand Prix the field is shown swirling round a corner while climbing a hill.



LEADERS

Percy Stallard, leading British rider in Continental races (above) promoted the Brighton-Glasgow marathon. Though 36, he was one of the field of 87. On the right is Rene Menzies, veteran entrant, seen riding with a broken arm when on a 365-day endurance record.



TWENTY-ONE years ago, young Bill Mills bought a racing bicycle and joined the Brighton Stanley Wanderers Cycling Club. He liked the sport and he was good at it; so good that he became long-distance champion of Sussex.

Bill Mills was a record breaker. He set new figures for the One Hour mark in 1931, held the 50 and 100 miles Southern RRA tandem records — these, in partnership with Eric Smith — and won the Sussex 12-hour test on almost every occasion he was among the competitors.

He took home plenty of trophies for the family sideboard, but no money. So Bill Mills sat down to think things over. Was there any cash to be won in road-racing? Yes, there was — on the Continent. The French, Belgian, German, Spanish, Dutch and Italian stars were all getting rich pickings as professionals.

It was then that Bill Mills decided to ride for money. He entered the big international events abroad, only to find that he was little more than a novice and right out of the winning lists. You see, he had no real experience of the technique of mass-start racing, having been reared on time trials.

In other words, Bill Mills had raced against the clock, not against other cyclists knowing every trick of the business. He had to learn all over again.

The job was difficult. Slowly, very slowly, the Brighton boy found the knack of it. Little by little, he improved until, out of a field of over 200 riders, he could finish with the leading bunch of 30 after a muscle-racking race of 200 miles. Paris, Roubaix, Paris-Tours and the rest. He had a crack at them all, but knew he had left it too late to reach the front rank.

Must Start Young

Bill Mills sat down again to think things over. He resolved to give young British racing cyclists the opportunity to gain experience in mass-start events. Backing it was the hope that, one day, a team of home-produced men would be able to go abroad and lick the Continentals.

In partnership with Vic Jenner, the Charlottetown CC representative, he promoted the first massed-start in Britain. That was in 1933, and the race, held at Brooklands, went to a Liverpool rider named Jack Salt.

Prominent among the competitors was 24-year-old Percy Stallard, the Midland half-mile champion. "This is the stuff for me," he said after the race. It was.

Cycle racing on the Continental model is something new in British sport, but it may have a big future

Percy Stallard became one of the strongest supporters of the new sport — new to British cycling, that is — and was soon going about the business of forming an amateur team to compete in the world's road championships.

When war broke out, and Bill Mills diverted his energies elsewhere, Stallard took over. The standard of race-riding was improving. Youngsters were showing that the Continentals wouldn't have everything their way when the sport swung back to normal. The time had come to try the authentic thing on the roads — not on race tracks or over the lake of Man TT course.

3,000 Members

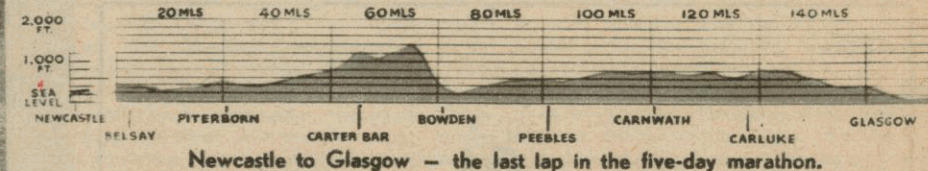
Thus arrived the British League of Racing Cyclists in 1942. It was a young, keen and ambitious organisation, giving something new to British cyclists. Soon it had 3,000 members and felt strong enough to put on a full-scale race between Llangollen and Wolverhampton.

Percy Stallard promoted the three-day marathon. Doing so, he knew he was directly opposing the old-established National Cyclists' Union and the Road Times Trial Council. It is the argument of the Union and Council that mass-start racing is dangerous. They say that a bunch of riders haring about the country at high speeds must (a) be a menace to pedestrians and (b) inevitably be involved in accidents with cars. And, saying this, they put their thumbs down to the mass-start sport.

Unfortunately for Percy Stallard and the rest, the NCU automatically suspends all its members who take part in mass-starts in this country. Just as unfortunate for the road men is the fact that the Union is recognised internationally. Its word carries everywhere abroad.

Never mind, the British League has carried on for the last three years, gaining new members all along the line. More than that, it has recently promoted a five-day race from Brighton to Glasgow — a rehearsal for an "Around Britain" showpiece when total victory has come to the Allied Nations.

Can they do the job? They say that nothing is easier and give for proof the famous Tour de France, a month-



Some say that massed starts are dangerous. Others argue that they simply add to the excitement.

race which had all the Continent talking cycling in happier days.

The League's 483-mile pounding from Brighton to Glasgow was the Tour de France in miniature. Hair-pin bends, heart-thumping hill climbs, level stretches where bursts of speed were possible — all these things, and more, came into it.

Eighty-seven riders started. It was a cosmopolitan field. Belgians, Swedes, Dutchmen and Frenchmen were there. Veteran of the race was 55-year-old Rene Menzies, holder of the British endurance record of 61,561 miles in 365 days and 100,000 miles in 585 days.

A tough 'un, this Menzies. He broke his left arm when out for his best-ever mileage in 1937, but persuaded his doctor to set the break in plaster so that he could continue his run.

Menzies is in the Free French Forces. Tony Verbruggen, another Brighton-to-Glasgow rider, is with the Belgian Army and landed in France on D-day plus 3. Although badly wounded, Verbruggen was one of the first Continentals to enter the five-day race.

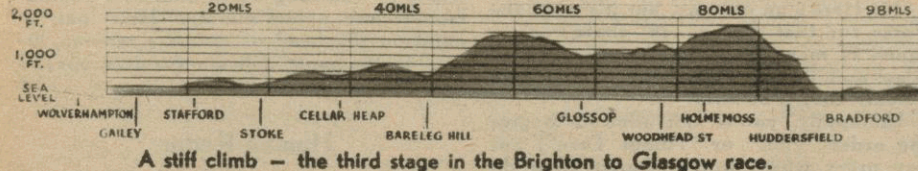
Big Field

Among the British performers who left Brighton on Bank Holiday were Stallard, Ernie Clements, the first British road race champion, George Edwards, the Scottish 50-mile time trial title-holder, and Cpl. Les Plume, winner of last year's Llangollen-Wolverhampton event.

First day, the field covered a 53-mile test stretch to London, taking in the 600-ft. Wray Lane, Reigate, with a gradient of one-in-five at its worst spot. There were neutralised areas along the route — roads used by heavy traffic — and the London-Wolverhampton run did not begin until Barnet was reached.

From Wolverhampton to Bradford was one long pull to Holme Moss (1800-ft) with the big drop down to Huddersfield. Later, on the last leg, came Carter Bar — a two-and-half mile climb to test the best of them.

On the experience gained, the British League will organise its "Around Britain" race. It will also give close attention to the famous Tour de France, with towns paying for the privilege of getting the field to come their way.



Is the public waiting? Yes it is. Mass-start racing has been a winner wherever it has been put on. Over 25,000 people were along in Cairo one broiling Middle East morning to see the 50-kilometre Grand Prix de Gezira promoted by British Servicemen. Most of the crowd was composed of home-bred customers. They like mass-start cycling; they are asking for more.

The race was promoted by the Buck-shue Wheelers, which began three years ago with three bicycles and lots of enthusiasm. Today, it has affiliated clubs in Aden, Basra, Bagdad, Jerusalem, Haifa, Alexandria, Cyrenaica, Gaza and elsewhere.

Its thousand members are all becoming expert in mass-start racing. Most of them say it is more thrilling than going out to beat the clock. They want more of it; they will demand more of it when they return from service overseas.

Critics Were Wrong

Much the same thing is going on in the B.L.A. Johnny Walker went to Brussels from the Middle East and, very soon, his name was being linked with Service cycling in Brussels. The Liberation Wheelers are in being. More clubs are certain to follow — and they will probably be influenced by the Continental technique.

Look homeward. Wembley's six-day bike rides drew nearly 80,000 spectators every time they were put on. The amateurs said Arthur Elvin, the Wembley chief, was heading for a financial flop when he staged his first race. What happened? The "House full" label was out when Toni Merkens, Torchy Peden, Pete van Kempen and the rest lined up for the start — and a midnight start, at that!

"Six-day" had glamour, crowd appeal. There was the breathless thrill of a "jam" as the field whipped around the banked track of spruce-pine. There were spills. There were thrills. The cycle public saw it once and came back again.

What next? My information is that Arthur Elvin would like to restart six-day racing next year, always assuming the Continental experts were available. He'd also like to see more British riders competing.

Well, he should get them. The British League is ready-made to supply the men for the job — class amateurs who would make equally good professionals. Meanwhile, they are doing nicely, thank you, at mass-start road racing.

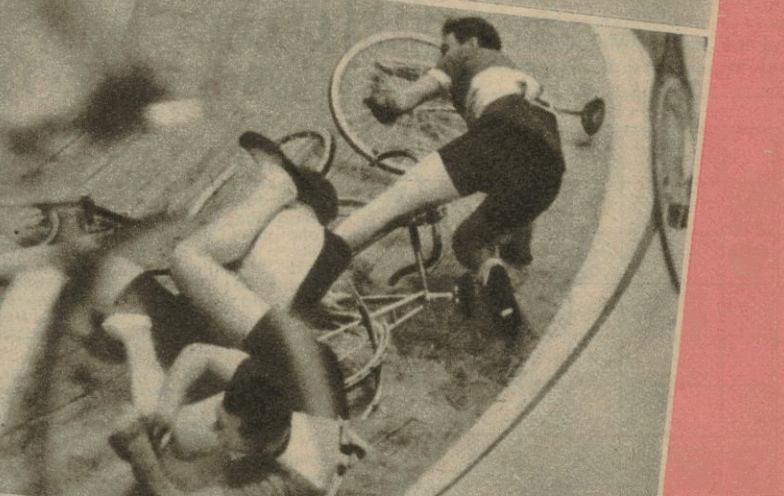
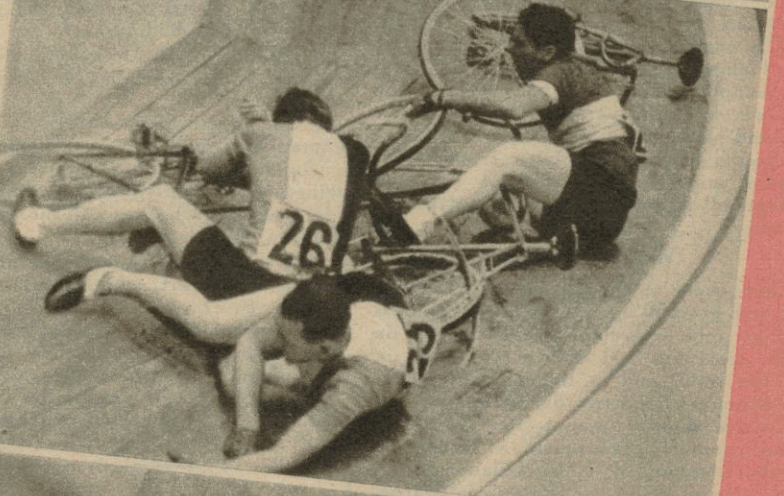
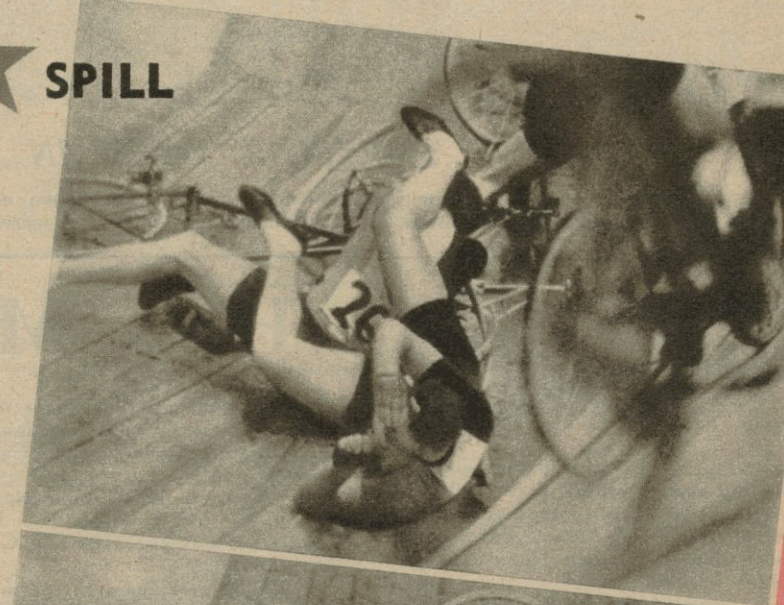
It's the new sport for Britain. You'll be seeing it.

Paul Irwin (Sjt).

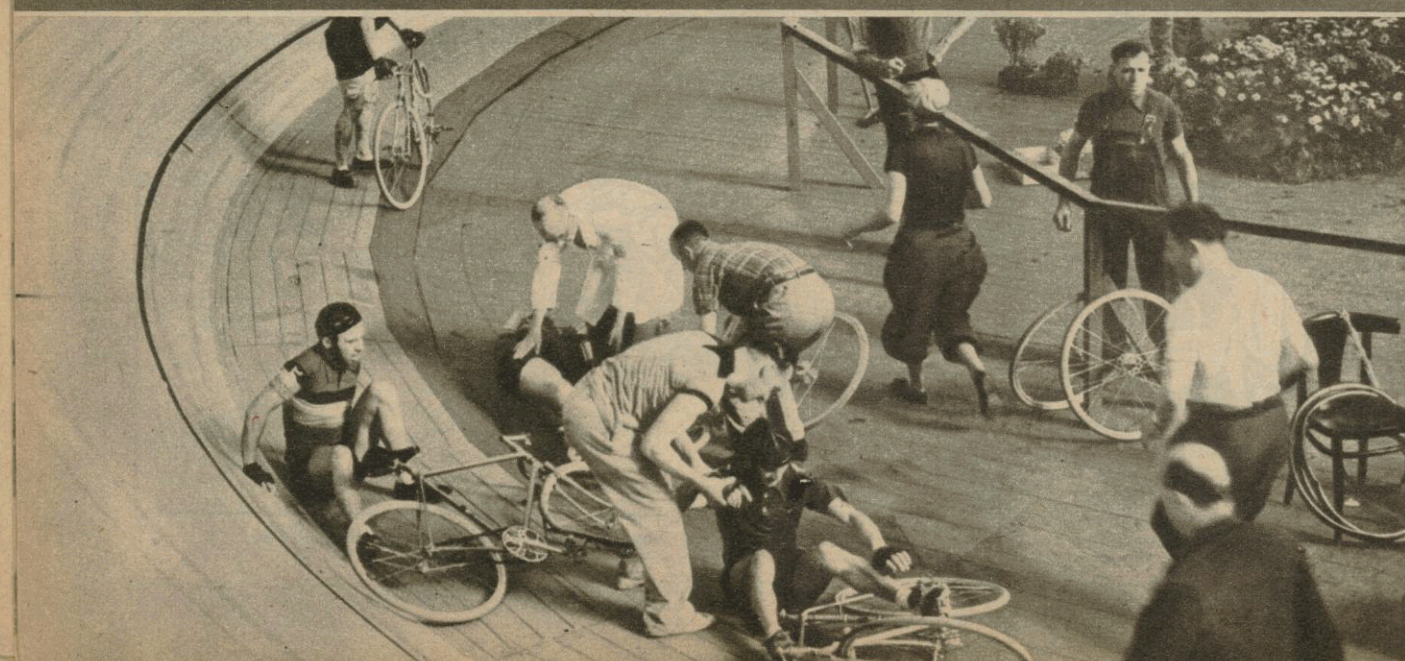


Annual penny-farthing race at Herne Hill track is taken seriously by the riders but not by the crowd, which gets a big laugh.

★ SPILL



Six-day riding provides thrills and spills. When the riders quicken up to win money awards in the chief races, there are jams on the bends of the spruce-pine bowl. They often end in collisions like the one shown here during a race in Madison-square Garden, New-York.

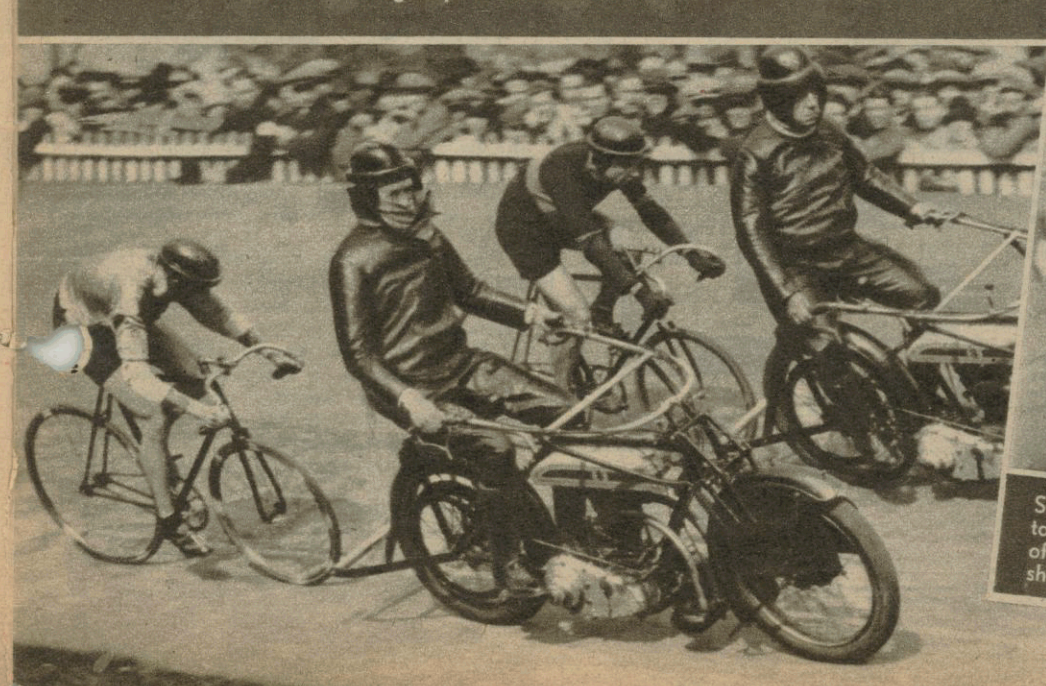


Crashes are often seen when six-day riders really get down to the business of speeding. This camera shot shows a three-man collision at Wembley, where the sport was first introduced to British cycling fans.

Six-day bike racing isn't all thrills and spills. Riders "idle" around in the early hours of the morning while their team-mates sleep on camp beds beside the track.



Motor-paced racing is a feature of NCU meetings. Competitors keep close to their pacers to gain protection from the wind.



NATURE AND THE BEAST

ONLY a few of the old iconoclasts meet in the golf-club smokeroom nowadays for a slow drink and a quick talk. But when they do get together they still pulverise the lath and plaster heroes of politics and such of the arts and sciences with which they have slight acquaintance.

A Saturday afternoon of rain and sun, with the rain predominating, had given some of the old crowd a chance to pull up round a rare blaze in the brick grate and play the old game of thinking aloud.

The doctor was speaking of the ingenuity of Nature compared with the inventiveness of Man.

"Take eyes," he said. "The eye, whether it is human or animal, is a more perfect camera than the most expensive instrument used in the film studios. Within an egg-shaped structure just over an inch long, you have in the iris at the front a never-failing instantaneous shutter that can adapt itself to any degree of light; behind it is a lens that can focus itself on an object 10 inches away or on a ship at sea three miles away: the retina records with fidelity and without flicker the swirl of a dancer or the swing of a golfer.

Disagreement

He was countered by the schoolmaster, who is fascinated by mathematics.

"But don't you think the lever that is incorporated in the human arm is inefficient?"

"After all, when a man uses a crowbar to lever up a stone, he gets as far away as possible from the object that he is moving so that the lever does most of the work for him.

"Yet, in the human arm, the muscles lie close to the elbow, which is the fulcrum, and the weight which is to be lifted is suspended farther away at the hand. This means that the muscles have to exercise a greater force than the weight that is lifted. That is inefficiency."

"True," replied the doctor, "but it is more convenient to have the muscle lie where it is. You would not be able to protect it from harm if it were lying untidily outside the arm like some Heath Robinson invention.

"Nature is at her best in pure design. Man has never been able to manufacture such an infinitely accommodating machine as a human hand. It can pick up and hold and project a cricket ball, or use an electric iron, apply all the force of the frame in knocking out a man in a boxing contest and a few minutes later pat a child on the head or caress a woman. It can do the most delicate surgical operations. It can shovel coal.

Human Radar

"The human ear is a miracle of construction. With our two ears, one on each side of the head, we can do all that radar does in detecting the approach of a friend or foe and fixing his position.

"If you want a crane, can you find such an adaptable one as an elephant's trunk? Or have our aeroplane designers been able to do anything better than copy birds? So many birds can hover almost stationary in the air. Many, also, can go to sleep on the wing.

"No, Nature has it every time. Man has only copied her. He has never improved on her work."

There was a mild noise of dissent from the bottom of an armchair. A long form slowly unrolled. A pair of spectacles gleamed.

"Well, I don't know, Doc! Man's greatest invention is supposed to be the wheel. I've never heard of any animal or bird being equipped with wheels yet. A retractable undercarriage would be very useful when trying to catch a train in the morning.

"Imagine being able to let down a handy six-wheel undercarriage below each foot and skate down the hill. I think we're one up on Nature with that one."



"...THE FULL CORN IN THE EAR"

This year a record harvest is promised in Britain, and cutting has begun early. Here a field is seen being cut at Great Waltham, near Chelmsford, Essex. When the pressure of work increases, tractors will take the place of horses.

TUNE TOURNAMENT

A first prize of £1,000, a second of £500 and 13 others worth £500 in all are offered to British composers who can write a good dance tune. Entries from Service men and women overseas are particularly invited.

The radio public in Britain will judge the tunes.

The competition is being organised by the Hammersmith Palais de Danse, and the competing tunes will be played on the BBC's new "B" programme by Lou Preager and his band.

Closing date for entries from Great Britain and Northern Ireland will be 3 September, and for overseas entries 15 October.

Weekly Polls.

Composers at the top of each weekly poll will get £50 each and the 12 winners will go into semi-final broadcasts of six each. Listeners will choose the best six for the final, and in the end will select the winners of the two big prizes.

Entries should be sent to "Write A Tune" contest, Hammersmith Palais de Danse, London, W. 6. Mr. Claude Langdon, chairman of the Palais de Danse, says: "I would like to stress that we reserve no rights. Manuscripts remain the absolute property of the entrant."

How Much Do You Know?

1. Calendering is a process of : (a) Planning diaries; (b) Smoothing fabrics; (c) Equating loans; (d) Calculating feasts. Which?

2. Which famous American writers wrote these novels : (a) The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck; (b) The Grapes of Wrath; (c) Oil?

3. Which sport uses the term "black-guard cut" : (a) Cricket; (b) Fencing; (c) Fives; (d) Badminton?

4. Which of the following is a laverock? (a) A jape; (b) A lark; (c) A catch?

5. A polyandrous woman is : (a) a woman with more than one husband; (b) a woman who is one half of Siamese twins; (c) a native of the South Seas; (d) a woman who has had more than ten children. Which?

6. Which of the following is no cheese: Stilton; Roquefort; Camembert; Gruyere; Gorgonzola; Brie?

7. Now for those with a long memory... When did Jack Buchanan first appear in pantomime?

8. Carphology is one of the following. Which? (a) A delirious twitching of the

bed clothes; (b) The study of precious stones; (c) A fisherman's paradise.

9. Easter Sunday in any year cannot fall before : (a) 22 March; (b) 25 April; (c) 25 March; (d) 27 March.

Which? Yes, you can tell that one by reading it again, slowly.

10. Deal is a wood obtained from : (a) Oak trees; (b) Fir trees; (c) Sycamore trees; (d) Deodar trees? What's your guess?

11. Cleopatra was Egyptian. Or was she Greek? Which?

12. What shape is a lozenge?

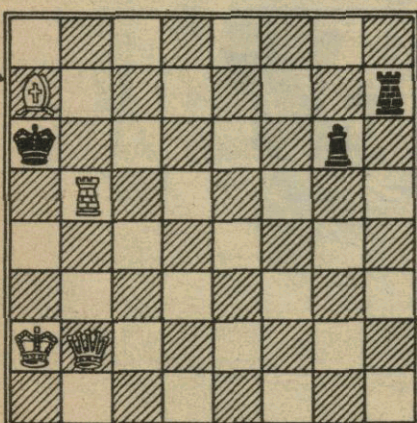
13. Which simple English word is so contradictory that it means to stick together and also to split apart?

14. Here's an old one, but it's none the worse for that. You're in charge of a squad of men marching towards the cliff edge and if you don't give a command quickly they'll be over.

Unhappily, you're not allowed to give the order "Halt" or "About Turn", nor any order which would change their direction to right or to left. "Mark time" is also banned. You must give a recognised drill order which will bring the men back on their tracks. They've 23 yards to go, so think fast!

15. Do you know where the answers are? We'll tell you that one. Page 27.

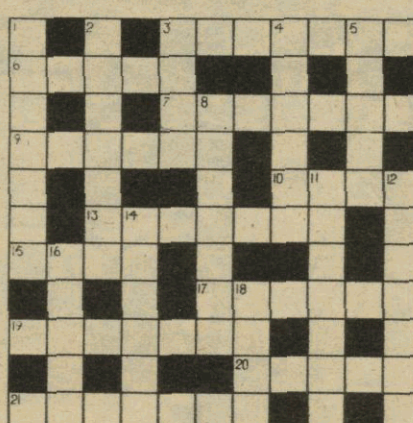
CHESS AND CROSSWORD



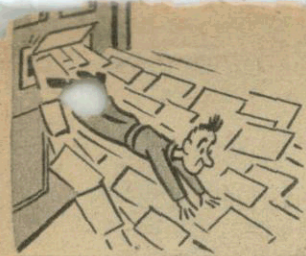
White to move and mate in two.

CLUES ACROSS : 3. Their busbies were returned to store some six years ago. — 6. One of the "blues" (no Horse Guard, however). — 7. Provided mainly by SEAC these days (two words). — 9. No cash transaction (two words). — 10. At one time "one more river to cross" by Alexander's men. — 13. This is permissible when "passed". — 15. Sky major. — 17. We start with a little gamble in bullion. — 19. Alias zinc. — 20. Would you give me lip? You can if you like! — 21. As noises, Eisenhower, Montgomery and Zhukov might be so described! (two words).

CLUES DOWN : 1. Look to your badges, you Newfoundlanders. — 2. Cookery experts? No; kukri! 3. When to cut. — 4. Old battle of lances (1066 and all that). — 5. There's no war in this tree. — 8. Opposed to contemporary poetry. — 11. These birds are on the prowl to spot illicit 13. — 12. This room is, of course, not a mess. — 14. Bill, who was asked why he would not return home, is a bridge-designer! — 16. SEAC troops could get a number of pies for this. — 18. P-equipment makes a chap conceited.



(Answers on Page 27.)



MORE SOLDIER LETTERS

★ OPPORTUNITY

One of the revelations in the modification of the ban on "fratting" is the firm conviction of the average German that some day Britain will go to war with her Russian allies. This can be dismissed as sheer ballyhoo and wishful thinking. But, unfortunately, it is supplemented by similar remarks from fellows in the BLA who apparently know next to nothing of the USSR, her history and her people. Now that the occupation of Germany is shared we have an excellent opportunity to do something about it. Couldn't we meet the Red Army in sport and other social activities? Why not an interchange of guests to each zone? And what about including our American and French comrades? It doesn't need any explanation here to suggest the reason for a solid unity among the allies. Here is the way to help. — J. P. Murphy, 43 Movement Control.

★ The 1/5 Bn of the Queen's Royal Regiment — one of the original units of the 7th Armoured ("Desert Rats") Division — has already played the Russians at football at Berlin. Other fixtures between our men and the Russians have been arranged. — Ed., SOLDIER.

Their Silent Radio

Why, oh why did the AEF have to go? I, and the rest of the lads in the billet, have just sampled to-day's British Forces Network, and, in our opinion, there is no comparison. Our silent radio bears tribute to the AEF. — LAC R. Pilsbury, 6226 Servicing Echelon, R. & I Section, RAF.

A Lively Spot

It was with regret that I read of the AEF programme coming to an end. Regardless of what complaints have been received, the vast majority will admit that it has been a very lively spot in our lives over here. I have even heard civilians at home remark how sorry they were at not being able to receive when others could. Perhaps this will revive the call for a commercial network, so as to encourage the higher paid artists to perform for us. Finally, I would say that a generous vote of thanks should be awarded to all artists and organisers of the AEF programme, to show a little appreciation of their excellent work. — Pte H. Strangeways, 5th Bn Royal Berkshire Rgt.

Never Mind the Ice

We should like to remind "Corporal X", 113 Transit Camp (SOLDIER No 11) when he is choosing how he would like his beer that there are men here who would be glad of a drink and would not require to have it iced. We get only one half pint a week. — "Thirsty Sappers", 131 Forestry Coy, RE.

They Raved for Days

I heartily endorse L/Sjt P. Whitmore's letter (SOLDIER No 10), headed "Time Stars Came Over". The Old Vic artists WERE thoroughly appreciated, as were their magnificent performances. We had chaps in our unit who returned from Hamburg and talked of nothing else for days. I would like to thank the Company for their superb work. I shall always prefer to remember "Arms and the Man", "Richard III" and "Peer Gynt" as plays I saw in Hamburg, rather than plays I saw in the West End. I would like to know how much pressure was brought to bear on Mr Basil Dean before he would give his consent for ENSA to place their name on the placards and programmes. — "E. G. H. E. T." (Name and address supplied).

Welfare, Take a Bow!

Praise where it is due! That is why I write (perhaps on behalf of many others) to express appreciation to the AWS for the excellent work done in providing the Forces Centre in Hamburg, where there are ample facilities for reading, writing, art, music and languages. I feel sure the Centre was a surprise to many who have spent a happy afternoon or evening there. To the AWS I say — Keep up the good work! — L/Cpl A. J. E. Cheshire, Royal Signals, 257 CDS, RAC.

They Laugh and Laugh

"Brussels Hats" (SOLDIER No 10): I bet you my next week's free issue that not one woman in ten walking about in Brussels either wears, or wishes to wear, any of these

hats. These are not current models in Brussels or in any other Belgian city, town or even village — and you should know that! These are favourites of the farmers' wives and daughters, who alone wear them. And how the villagers laugh! Monstrosities! Also, may I say that pictures like that of the Hausfrau of Rethem are no longer popular with the BLA. German women are by no means as stuffy-looking as we had supposed, and are not without taste in clothes either. — Gnr. E. D. Watson, BHQ 412 S/L Bty, 54 S/L Regt RA.

"Daddy" is Relegated.

Can abstract study of child psychology help either the child or the father to understand each other if, during the child's most formative years, it never sees its father? A father's influence and guidance is, perhaps, secondary to the others, but is nevertheless a necessary adjunct in forming the child's character. The influence can only be made



"Daddy... and other nebulous beings"

definite through propinquity, because, despite the mother's efforts, prolonged absence relegates "Daddy" to the ranks of other nebulous "beings" in the child's mind. — Dvr. R. C. Cutting, UHQ, 12 L of C Signals.

The Difference

The issue of a Combat Medal would differentiate between combat as fought and suffered (to put it mildly!) by the ordinary Infantryman, and combat as "Base Wallah" (SOLDIER No 10) apparently thinks it is. It is in order to draw this very distinction and give recognition to the soldiers who do the real dirty work that we ask for a Combat Medal for the Infantry. Combat for the Infantryman means fighting it out with rifles, LMGs, grenades and bayonets. It is simply "kill or be killed". "Base Wallah" quotes Antwerp as combat under V1 and V2. Does he reckon he would have earned a Combat Medal merely sitting in London during the 1940 blitz, while Wavell's men fought and died in the North African deserts? Give the men who do the actual fighting the recognition they deserve. — Major W. B. Storey, 1 E. Lancs. Regt.

Scrap the Lot

Why all these suggestions of clasps to medal ribbons? What is the sense of going around like a May Queen? Why not scrap the lot? (No, I'm not bare myself — if I wear them). If this can't be done, let's have multi-coloured wound stripes for different places "hurt", multi-coloured chevrons for overseas service, regular "sick" bar, "frat-ter's" medal and so on. — Dvr. Gatherer, 572 RE.

Your Smokes, Folks

We realise that our present cigarette ration is so generous that there is a distinct

danger of smoking ourselves to death, but after safely avoiding "88's" and "Moaning Minnies" I think we can stand up to the perils of nicotine poisoning. The civilians, SEAC, CMF and everybody else complain of the shortage, so it would be interesting to know where the damned things really go. If this cut in our rations is really necessary, perhaps something will be done about the speeding up and tightening up of the delivery of duty-free cigarettes, which at present is nothing short of scandalous. By the time they have passed through the hands of some of our noble and patriotic dockers, and other honest people on both sides of the ocean, the chances of them arriving at their intended destination are very remote. And even if they do escape the black-market parasites it takes at least six weeks for them to get here. — "Ouis Separabit". (Name and address supplied.)

"This Eternal Shortage"

Apart from the total inadequacy of the cigarette ration, the following points arise from the reasons published condoning the recent startling reduction:—

1. While American exports to Britain are smaller than hitherto, Empire tobacco industries languish as they did before the war.

2. Civilians again get the larger part of the wish-bone at the troops' expense. Soldiers, I feel certain, would readily change places with the hard-hit, much vaunted war worker, although, perhaps, cigarettes would cost 2/4d. the packet.

3. The labour problem is a myth, easily exploded by the very simple expedient of speedier demob.

I have served in most theatres of war and have experienced the same shortage, and have heard the same reasons advanced. The soldier now refuses to believe these stories. He remembers smoking dried tea leaves in message forms, a shortage during the Eritrean, Western Desert, Iraq, Greece and Italian campaigns, and must surely be excused if he appears just a trifle sceptical if he hears a variation upon a well-worn theme. — Cpl. S. M. Stocker, R. Signals, No 4 Sub Unit, 50 RHU.

Hospital "Blues"

While in "dock" in Brussels I saw in my ward 30 bored patients. They saw the same faces every day; never received visits from



"Her presence was a tonic for all".

relations or friends, as would happen in civilian life. Cannot the Padres and Welfare Officers arrange for the active to visit the hospitals occasionally for a chat with the patients? A Canadian ATS once visited a sergeant in my ward and her presence, even though for 30 minutes, was a tonic for all. — AC1 Jack Glinert, (Met) 85 Group HQ, RAF.

On D + 2

In SOLDIER No. 11, you give an interesting account of Divisional "News Sheets." May I put forward a claim in respect of

THE TEXT

"Jesus called them to Him and saith unto them, Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their great ones exercise authority upon them.

"But so shall it not be among you: but whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister:

"And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all.

"For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

(St. Mark 10: verses 42-45.)

Answers

(From Page 26.)

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Smoothing fabrics. 2. (a) James Branch Cabell; (b) John Steinbeck; (c) Upton Sinclair. 3. Fives. 4. A lark. 5. A woman with more than one husband. 6. Gorgon. 7. 1940: Buttons in "Cinderella." 8. Twitching of the bedclothes. 9. March 22. 10. Fir trees. 11. Greek. 12. Diamond. 13. Cleave. 14. "To the front, Salute."

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 3. Hussars. 6. Azure. 7. War news. 9. In kind. 10. Arno. 13. Absence. 15. Ursa. 17. Specie. 19. Spelter. 20. Impel. 21. Very big.

DOWN: 1. Caribou. 2. Gurkhas. 3. Hewn. 4. Senlac. 5. Rowan. 8. A.D.-verse. 11. Red-caps. 12. Orderly. 14. Bailey. 16. Rupee. 18. P-rig.

CHESS

Key-move: R-K R 5.

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THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



THE NAME'S CHERRY

Just for a change — a picture of one of Britain's "pin-up-tuous" young women. What sort of view do you take of CHERRY RICHARDS, 20, of Doncaster, Yorkshire?

ROLL IT UP
AND
SEND IT HOME



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