

SOLDIER

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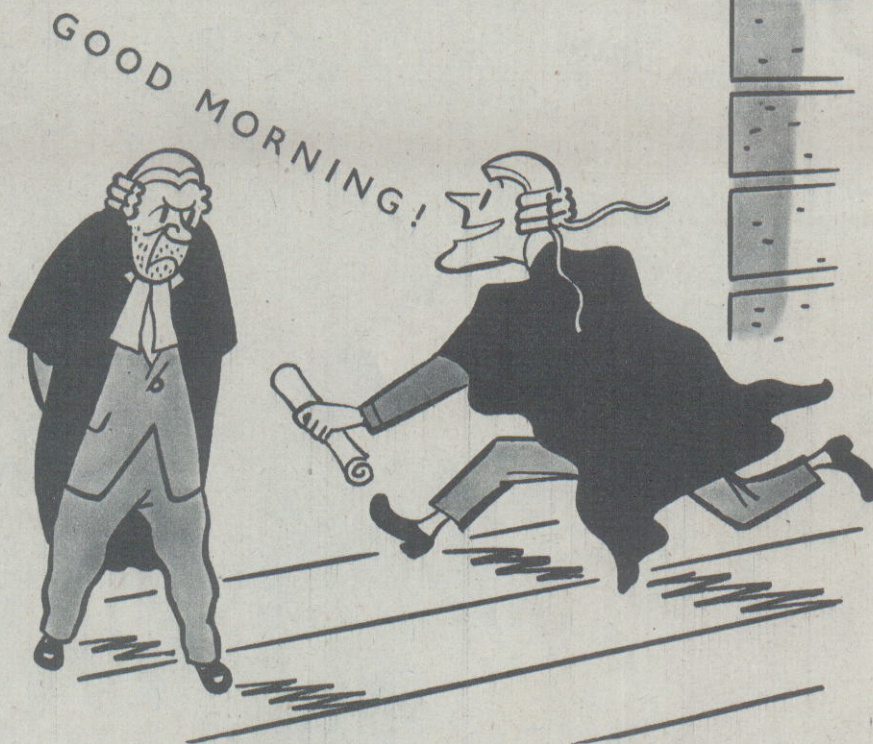
Vol. 2 — No 13



"MONTY'S MEDALS"

For key to the ribbons shown here,
see Page 14.

SIXPENCE



'Good Mornings' begin with Gillette

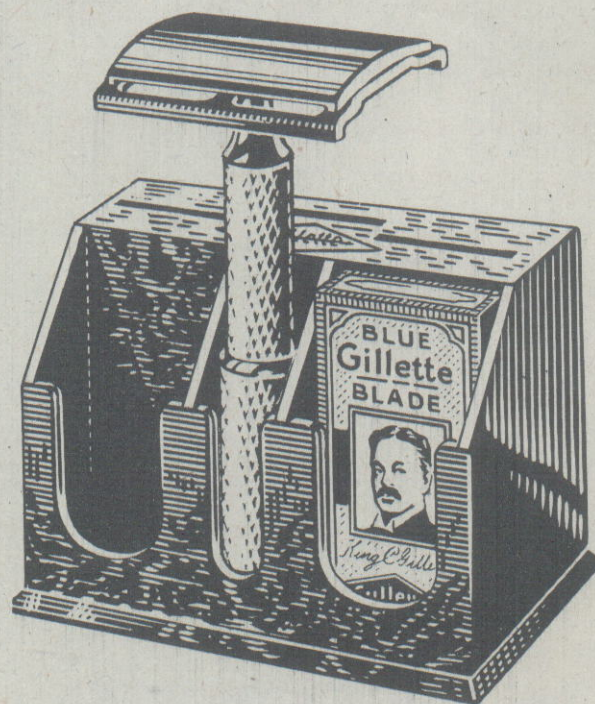
Says the brilliant K.C.: "Here's the evidence clear.
The case for quick shaving is all summed up here!"

THE BATHROOM SET

This new Gillette No. 26 set is designed specially for your bathroom shelf. The Gillette razor is bright nickel plated, with a telescopic handle, extending to full length when screwed together. There are two Blue Gillette Blades. All fit conveniently into a plastic container which combines razor stand with special compartment for used blades.

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INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX





DICK TARLETON

ACTORS and favourite characters from plays have often found their way on to English inn signs. There was Dick Tarleton — a figure so common as an inn sign that Bishop Hall in the XVI century wrote of him: "Oh, honour far beyond a brazen shrine, To sit with Tarleton on an ale-post's sign!" Dick came to London in the household of the Earl of Leicester, and was later "in receipt of wages from Queen Elizabeth" as a court player. He was variously portrayed — most famously as a clown with tabor and pipe. He was a "wag", in fact — well-suited to adorn an English inn, where good humour and good company flourish, and will continue to flourish so long as the old institutions of England endure.

Engraving specially designed by John Farleigh



If you had been a soldier in 1830

At home in barracks, you would have had only two meals a day—at 7.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m., and the cost stopped from your pay. For nineteen hours each day you would have been without food.

In the evenings you would have drunk your fill of bad liquor in barrack canteens conducted by private contractors, often unscrupulous, who paid to the State a monthly sum called "privilege money" for the right to trade. This right was considered a rich prize, and large sums were offered which could be recovered only by excessive prices. The canteens were frequently dirty and ill-lighted hovels, notorious for their exorbitant charges and poisonous liquor—the cause of much drunkenness and crime.

Reforms were gradually introduced, and in 1917 the contractor system was finally abolished, and control of service canteens taken over by the Navy and Army Canteen Board, operating on the principle that canteen profits should be returned to the Services in cash or amenities. In 1921 this principle was permanently established with the birth of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes—NaaFi as it is today.

NAAFI

The official canteen organisation for H.M. Forces in War and Peace

NaaFi still needs female staff for canteens at Home. Write to: Staff Manager, NaaFi, Ruxley Towers, Claygate, Esher, Surrey, England

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With a whiplike *swish* your driver cuts a flashing arc—speeding the ball the length of the fairway. Golf in October—another leave pastime made more enjoyable by Ford motoring—economical and trouble-free—to take you to the clubhouse and comfortably home. Your Ford Dealer is doing his best with deliveries, so please be patient.

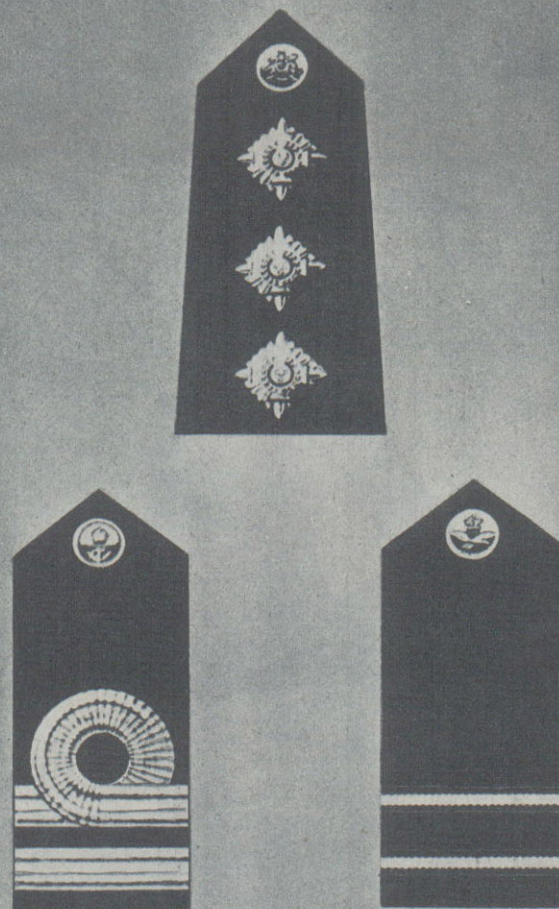
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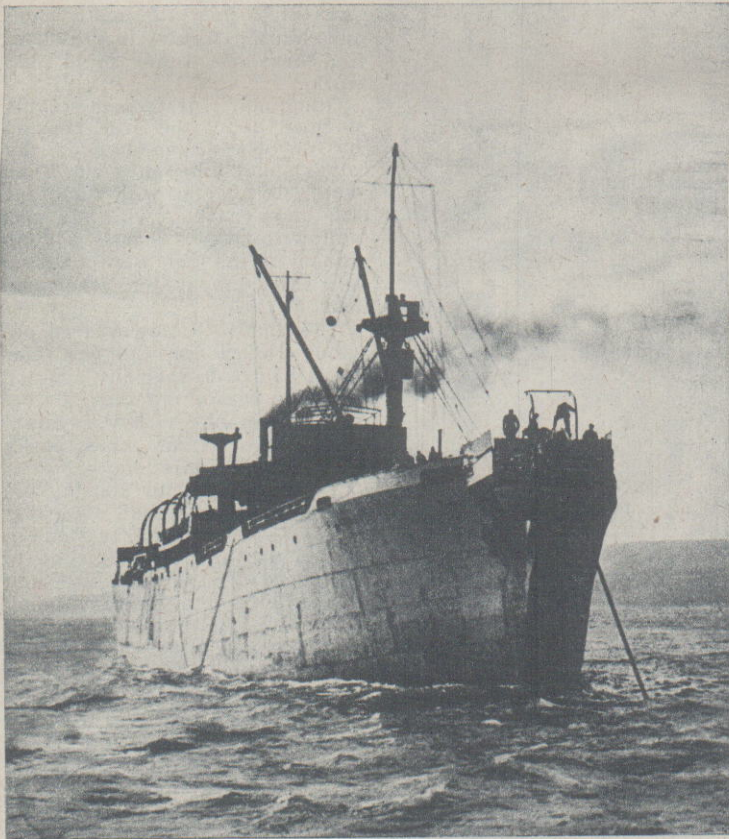
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PULLING UP PLUTO



NOT a ship at anchor: this is the Empire Ridley winching herself across the Channel on a recovered section of Pluto.



This is how the end of Pluto looked when hauled on board. Plugged with wood, it still contains petrol.

Pipe-Line-Under-The-Ocean — the secret source of fuel supplies for Europe's liberating armies — is being salvaged from the bed of the English Channel, where it has been embarrassing Post Office engineers. The lead inside Pluto — worth £50 a ton — will make roofing and plumbing for British homes.

OUT in the English Channel is a grey, 8000-ton ship with a thin vertical funnel; a black line runs from her curiously-shaped bows into the water. She seems to be stationary.

"Look, she's anchored right out here," says a passenger on a liner, homeward-bound from the East to Tilbury.

A sailor looks at her with an experienced eye. "She's not anchored — she's a cable-ship at work," he says.

They are both wrong. She is not anchored and she is not a cable-ship. She is the Empire Ridley and she is picking up Pluto, Britain's Pipe-Line-Under-The-Ocean.

Once she was the Latimer and, with look-outs watching for German aircraft and E-boats, she laid this same pipeline from Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, to Cherbourg. Today she is picking it up, so that the lead which took fuel to the British soldier in battle can now be use to him in peace — in making windows, roofing and plumbing for his home and cables and electric installations.

Two 75-mile lengths of Pluto, the core of which was a lead pipe three inches in diameter and half an inch thick, were laid between Ventnor and Cherbourg and eleven 25-30 mile lengths from Dungeness to Boulogne, as well as a number of steel lines. Working at a pressure of 1000 pounds per square inch, they carried 700,000 tons of fuel oil and petrol across the Channel and then their job was done.

Lying on the bed of the Channel, they were no longer of use to anyone, in fact they were a nuisance because they fouled anchorages and their magnetic fields prevented the GPO from accurately locating breaks in their cross-Channel cables. Even more important — lead is valuable, it is fetching £50 to £55 a ton just now and there are 65 tons of it every nautical mile of Pluto's 450 mile of lead pipelines.

So the Ministry of Supply set a private firm, Marine Contractors, Ltd., on the job of salvaging the lead pipelines. It was not an

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

The sea yields its secret. There are 450 miles of lead pipeline to be recovered.

Continuing PULLING UP PLUTO



Pluto arrives at the after-hold, preparatory to rewinding.

easy job to get started. The Royal Navy had recovered the first section of the lines, to clear inshore anchorages, and cut the pipe three miles out. The ends had been dropped back into the Channel, to sink into sand or mud, and Marine Contractors had to find them before they could start work.

Dragging grapples, ships steamed about the area charted by the Navy and hooked the pipes about four miles out. They were cut, plugged with wood and the ends marked with red and yellow buoys; the mile section inland of the cut was collected and ships prepared for the main task.

The Empire Ridley was an obvious choice for the job. Her holds had been specially adapted to carry Pluto; circular, 50 feet in diameter and nearly as deep, the two of them could easily take a full 75-mile length.

The day fixed for starting the operation was ideal. An minesweeper, turned tug-tender, picked up the buoy attached to the end of the pipeline and linked it to the Empire Ridley with a rocket-borne line. The rope attached to the pipeline was wound round the great winch and along the carrier-wheels and booster-wheels on deck, from the bows to the after-hold.

Then the end of Pluto came out of the sea and up through the bows. Foot by foot it was coaxed round the winch and along the decks by a gang of men with iron bars. Four hours after the rocket line landed on

SOLDIER to Soldier

THE run-down of an Army of five millions is an awesome thing.

A soldier is like an ant on an enormous heap. He does his job, but too often he does not know what the ant at the other side of the heap is doing. Occasionally he hears that a division of ants has been broken up, or that an ant HQ has been disbanded. But he rarely tries to picture just what these operation involve.

In Army Council Instructions these days is an oft-recurring heading: "The following War Establishments have been cancelled..." And then follows a list of small and big units in all quarters of the globe, which have outlived their usefulness, or which are being reformed in other theatres.

One day the Middle East loses a Mobile Tent Repair Team; the next day East Africa is short of a Bitumen Roads Company; a Psychological Warfare Language Unit pulls out of South-East Asia or an X-Ray and Physiotherapy Repair Section breaks up in North Africa. There is certainly a good tale to be told by the Nile Valley Route Draft Conducting Unit — if anybody can now find a member of it. Less exciting, perhaps, was the lot of the GHQ Flour Milling Unit, PAIC, or of Middle East's Sheet Metal Container Section, or its Petrol Tin Factory Detachment. But how essential must have been their contributions to the triumph in the field of the British Army.

From Iceland to Madagascar the toll goes on. And occasionally, among the more exotic items, appears a homely entry such as the Birmingham Home Guard Town Fighting School.

Dull would he be of mind who could read through his ACI's these days without marvelling at the immensity of the job which is being wound up. But he would find stimulus, too, in the announcements of many of the new War Establishments — the Training Centres, the Advisory Staffs to Resettlement Corps, the Liaison Missions, the Psychiatric Pools, the Pest Destruction Advisory Units, the Signals detachments on lonely islands.

No, the Army isn't run down yet by a long way. It is merely being trained and re-concentrated for the changing tasks laid upon it by an importunate world.



Pluto's inventor, Mr A. C. Hartley, records the recovery of his "brainwave."



FLASHBACK: October 1944 — British soldiers instal the T-union valve on one of the first sections of Pluto running to Boulogne.

the Empire Ridley's forecastle, the first coil of Pluto was being laid round the circumference of the hold. "Petrol — no smoking" notices appeared all over the deck, since the pipeline is still full of fuel. The crew, who had been waiting for over a week for this, were working with the feverishness that comes with a climax.

With the job once started, the Empire Ridley settled down to steady routine. When she laid the pipeline, she moved at a steady eight miles an hour across the Channel; now she is picking it up at the rate of six miles a day, winching herself along by the pipeline, like a cable-ferry across a river, her screws idle.

Although the pipeline has a high breaking-strain, one of the ships which picked up the ends attempted to ride out a gale anchored by it, but the pipe began to break and she had to drop it and steam for shelter.

Another cause of delay may be wreckage on top of the pipeline. Hundreds of wrecked planes and ships have gone to the bottom of the Channel since Pluto was laid and it is possible that one of them is lying on the pipeline. The Empire Ridley carries a diver to cope with any troubles of that sort.

On board the Empire Ridley to see salvage operations start was the man who invented Pluto, Mr. A. C. Hartley, chief engineer of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company.

"I had the advantage of knowing of a small pipeline where we were getting a good

performance over difficult country in Iran by working at a pressure of 1500 lbs per square inch," said Mr. Hartley. "I thought that if we could get something like that across the Channel we could get the equivalent of a lift of 25,000 jerricans up the beaches."

"Within a week we had made 200 yards of the pipeline; we borrowed a Post Office cables ship and tested it in deep water in a Scottish loch."

Also on board was Brigadier G. A. Sims, DDST (POL), from War Office whose branch is responsible for fuel supplies. His mission was to examine the pipeline to see how it had kept after more than two years on the seabed. Its condition was excellent and it had almost no marine growth or barnacles. The bitumen-treated jute which makes the outside cover of the pipeline was slightly torn in the salvage operation and showed that the outer of the two layers of steel that cover the lead was not even rusted.

The job proceeds, not without an occasional hitch. Two and a half days after picking up the cable, the Empire Ridley lost it again.

"We had 12.2 miles on board," her captain told me, "and were riding out a gale about 16 miles off the Isle of Wight, but the force of the gale and the tide was too much for the pipeline and it snapped, so we put back into Southampton."

It was nearly a week before the Empire Ridley could go out and pick up the pipeline again.

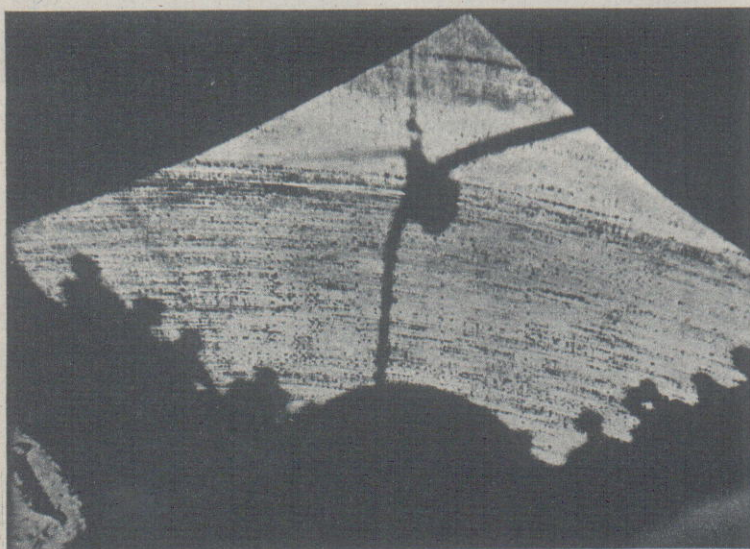
RICHARD LASCELLES.

Pipeline to Pipedream

I understand that Pluto, the under-water pipeline between France and England, is being taken up. How is it to be used? It should immediately be re-laid between this country and Eire, where I have just spent an extremely comfortable holiday. Down it should flow, instead of petrol, a flood of draught stout. For a few minutes each morning I would permit milk to be sent through, because after all the children are important. I would also have a million or two eggs rolled through each week. Special propulsion—possibly on jet lines—would be needed for sides of bacon and the carcasses of fowls. All these details, however, I leave to the scientists. My job, like that of Mr. Churchill in the war, is simply to rough out the broad principles.

Tom Doyle, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

Many people thought it was a pity to leave Pluto wasting on the ocean bed—including this reader of *Picture Post*.



Shadows on the circular wall of the hold show Pluto going back into the hold whence it was laid more than two years ago. Arc in centre is the top of the central cone of the hold.

On The Passing of ENSA

I liked ENSA concerts (the ones that were free),
Except when soubrettes came to sit on my knee.

I liked the comedians, until they began
To poke hoary fun at the Sanitary Man.

I liked the Old Trouper. I wish him good luck—
But sometimes I tired of his tales of Tobruk.

I liked the girl dancers with goose-pimpled knees.
It seemed such a shame that they had to sing "Trees."

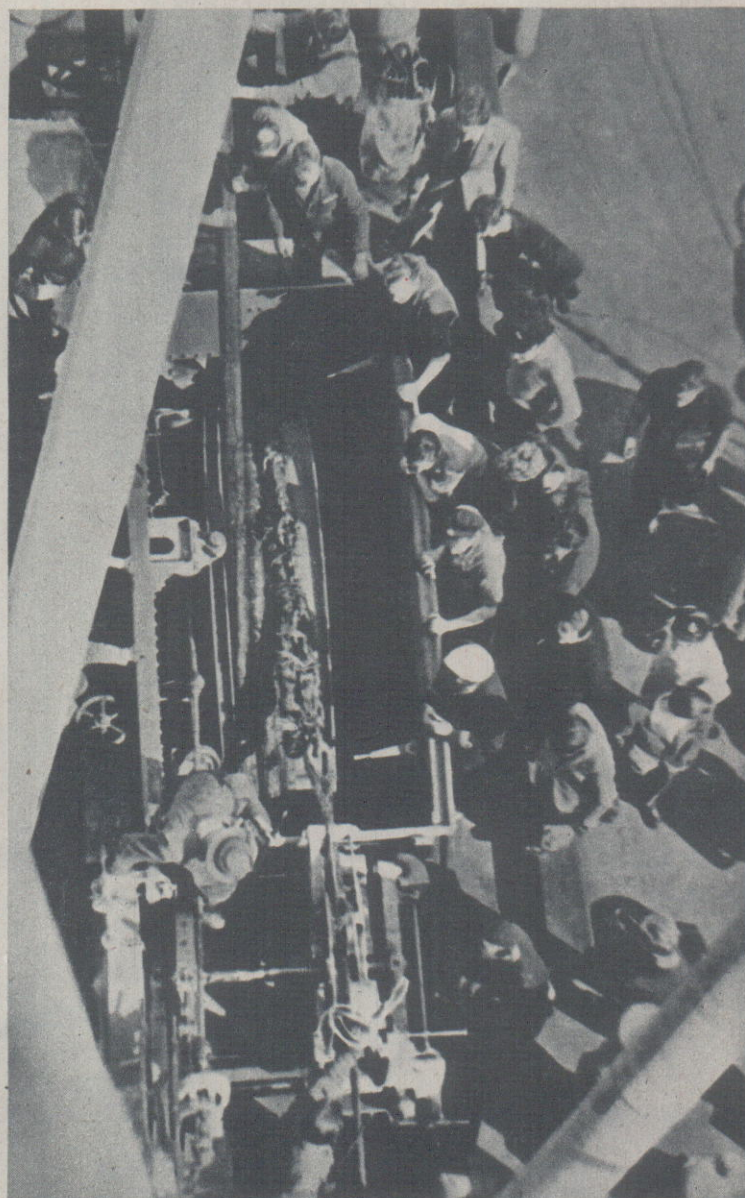
I liked the jazz drummer, although I got riled
To see him roll eyes like an idiot child.

I liked the plump pianist, hid underneath,
With rings on her fingers and gold in her teeth.

I liked the smooth *compère*, a man unsurpassed
In raising applause for the rest of the cast.

Goodbye, Mr. Dean. I regret all the fuss.
The job fell on you and the joke fell on us.

E. S. T.



Looking down on the giant winch which picks up Pluto and so hauls the ship along.

The famous war-time 161 OCTU is closing its doors. The pre-war college is coming back with a new name — the Academy. Once more Britain's regular officers will receive their training at the famous school at Camberley, but the teaching will cover wider fields than before.

THE NEW

SINCE 1802 the Royal Military College, like its brother the Royal Military Academy, which opened 58 years earlier, has turned out Britain's Regular Army Officers; the generals and the colonels, the captains and the subalterns, have passed through its doors and have seen innumerable Adjutants ride their horses up the steps of the Old Building on passing out days, and have perhaps also exerted their combined strengths to throw one of the brass cannons into the lake on passing out nights.

They have always been industrious and well-behaved with the exception of those miscreants of 1852 who caused the one and only sensation by mutinying against the ration cuts imposed by a commandant whose stern eyes still gaze down from the walls. The students withdrew to a well-stocked hideout in the grounds and "stonked" the commandant with tins of corned beef.

With the outbreak of war both Woolwich and Sandhurst were closed. On 3 January 1947 Sand-

hurst, combining the pre-war duties of both Woolwich's Academy and Sandhurst's College, opens its doors as The Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. What future greets the new aspirant to generalship as he timidly kicks the snow from his boots on entering the portals of the Old College Buildings?

For the first time in history he will find himself training free of charge to his parents. The uniform he wears, the text books he reads, the knowledge he gains will be a "free issue". His pay will be a minimum of 5s a day, depending on his rank.

For the first time in history he will receive a thoroughly sound course of further education on University lines. If he fails to make the officer grade he will not be held to serve longer than the period for which he would have been liable for compulsory service had he not voluntarily enlisted on a regular army engagement.

And, for the first time in history, he will find that entrance to the new Sandhurst will be as easily accessible to men from the ranks as to youths straight from school.

For the first time too, he will be mixing with candidates for commissions from all arms and branches of the Army, and will therefore start with the best possible grounding planned to

SANDHURST

promote a common understanding between Gunner and Infantryman, Engineer and Signaller.

The combination of Sandhurst and Woolwich was first considered before World War Two. Hitler's entry into Poland scotched the scheme for seven years. In the intervening period much thought was put to the prospects, not least by Field-Marshal Montgomery who has insisted not only on lessons on modern warfare, but also those of modern science being incorporated to the fullest degree in the curriculum. In the 18 months which the student will live at Sandhurst, less than half the time will be devoted to military matters, including man-management and the psychology of the soldier; of the remainder, modern studies including History, Imperial Affairs, Economics, Eng-

lish writing and speaking and modern languages will take up 28 per cent of the time; Science, including Physics, Chemistry and Mathematics will take up another 28 per cent; sport, physical fitness and hygiene will occupy ten per cent.

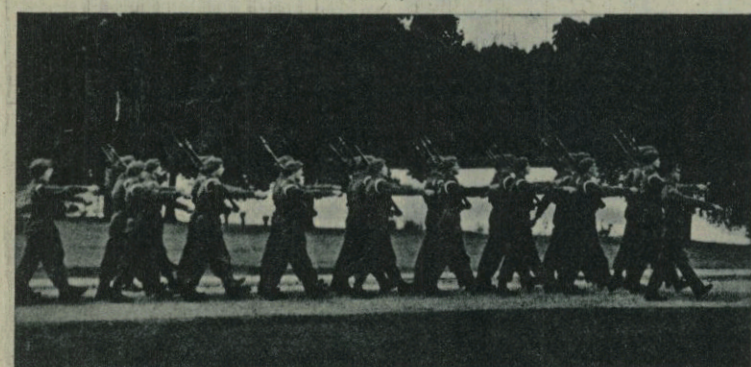
Entry is open to the candidate from school by examination. He must be between the ages of 17½ and 18½, must have passed School Certificate and be able to pass a Civil Service examination, the standard of which is one year above School Certificate. If successful he will go through a period in the ranks before entering Sandhurst. For those going straight from the ranks the age must be between 18½ and 19½ with six months service, and the standard of education equivalent to School Certificate. In both cases the candidate will have to satisfy a Regular Commissions Board that he possesses officer quality. By this means the Academy hopes to turn out approximately 850 officers a year—nearly double the combined outputs of the pre-war Woolwich and Sandhurst. The first intake in January 1947 will be of about 400 Cadets, all



Left: Professor G. R. Sisson, maths. head in the new Sandhurst; Right: Professor K. C. Boswell, modern studies head.



Left: On passing out nights one of the cannons outside the Old College was usually thrown into the lake by cadets. Right: Prince Bernhard places the Sam Browne of honour round Cadet N. A. Neville, one of 161 OCTU's last cadets. With them is Lieut-Col. Sir W. Makins, Commandant.



"Swing 'em up, up, UP!" But at this stage they don't need to be told.

Colonel Blimp Gets 'Fall-Out' Order

Colonel Blimp received his marching orders from the Army yesterday.

Chinstrap is on his way out

By Daily Mail Reporter

MONTY PUTS OUT BLIMP

First Four Hundred will be from the ranks

Above and below: Press reactions when plans for the new Sandhurst were first announced.



"By the way, General—when my grandson comes out of Sandhurst you might introduce him to your tailor." — by Neb. (Courtesy Daily Mail).

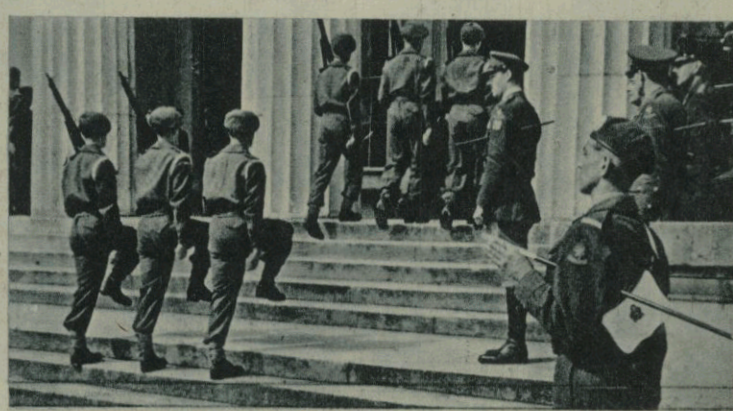
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

- Q. Will battle drill be taught?
A. Basic elements only. But the value of having a drill as a guide will be brought out.
- Q. Will cadets go through any form of battle inoculation like that used in commando training?
A. No. There will be various physical tasks designed to give cadets confidence in themselves.
- Q. How is it proposed to teach man-management without men for the cadets to command?
A. Firstly by lecture, discussion and example. Secondly by making every cadet in turn responsible for others. It is hoped, that in the summer cadets will go to Army Cadet Force camps and help to run them.
- Q. What chances of entry for the "bright boy" in the ranks whose education is not up to School Certificate standard?
A. Every chance. School Certificate is merely a guide. But a cadet's educational achievements must be such that he is likely to benefit from the course at the Academy. He may receive further education for a period of up to three months before entering the Academy.
- Q. What proportion of rejections is expected?
A. Extremely few, as examination and board should weed out those unlikely to succeed.
- Q. Will cadets have to pay messing fees, buy service dress or sports kit out of pay?
A. Sports kit will be issued; also boots. Extra frills such as special types of kit will be paid for. The full uniform will be issued but kept out of kit allowance. A small messing fee for extras may be considered, but at present is not envisaged.
- Q. Why must schoolboy candidates now do a period in the ranks before joining?
A. Because they must start with a knowledge of Army life and discipline; otherwise much time will be wasted teaching them elementary drill and weapon training.
- Q. What will be the position of a married cadet?
A. No doubt any such case will be judged on its merits. There will not be married quarters.
- Q. Will cadets be allowed to run cars and motor cycles?
A. Yes, after the first 20 basic weeks provided they can drive and ride proficiently. Fifteen hundred cars and motor cycles would be rather too many in this already car-crowded area.

Symbolic of Sandhurst: the Adjutant, Captain the Earl of Cathcart, DSO, MC, rides his horse up the steps between the high pillars of the Academy.



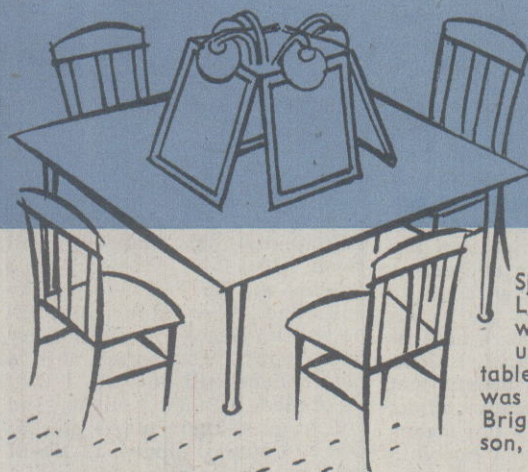
Left: Colonel M. S. K. Maunsell, DSO, OBE, Chief Instructor of the new Academy. Right: Major-General F. R. G. Matthews, DSO, Commandant.



Cadets mount the steps, watched by Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. It's probably more fun going up on horseback. Photographs by Bela Zola.

FOUR GIRLS AND A BRIGADIER—

— help to design the
barrack-room of the future



Sgt. V. I. Leech and L/Cpl. S. Brown ATS were eyeing a "mock up" of a dressing-table when this picture was taken. On right is Brigadier A. C. F. Jackson, who listened to their views.

WHEN you have seen two ATS girls, a WREN and a WAAF telling a brigadier what is wrong with the design of a dressing-table you have seen a memorable sight.

That's what I saw in a Chatham barracks the other day. We had arrived—a coach-load of us—to inspect a "mock-up" of a four-bed barrack-room which may or may not be the design adopted for the New Army.

The deputation's official title was the Other Ranks Working Party, and the members had been asked by the War Office's Barracks and Offices Committee to advise on a "design for living" for the soldier and Service girl of the future. In the party were soldiers—mostly regulars—from different commands, Service girls, Navy and Air Force representatives and assorted civilian ex-

perts from the three Services.

We were there to decide whether there was enough room, and what and where the fittings ought to be. In this four-bed room (with sheets on the beds) there were high cupboards, capable of keeping all a soldier's clothing and equipment out of sight, a writing table and central heating. In the proposed ATS-room was a "mock up" of a dressing-table, a square structure bearing four mirrors facing outwards at right angles, with lights over the mirrors. The idea was that four girls

could sit round it at once. There was a lot of criticism of this exhibit. How about lighting? What about drawers? Wouldn't the "chorus girl type" of dressing-table be better? And so on. The problem wasn't so much design as location.

Afterwards the Working Party went into conference, led by Brigadier A. C. F. Jackson of the Quartermaster's branch. Was everyone agreed that the room was big enough? He didn't want to trim the space, but they had to remember that one extra

Cpl. T. Green, Royal West Kents makes notes when the Working Party meets to discuss the plans for the barrack-room of tomorrow. He, like many others in the party, is a regular.

square foot of accommodation, multiplied throughout a barracks, and then multiplied in barracks throughout the world, would cost an astonishing sum. Luckily for the taxpayer, everybody seemed to think that the room was big enough; even the girls, who are supposed to require more room than men.

Then the brigadier alluded to the "very vexed question" of the dressing-table. "I understand," he said, "that when a woman makes up her face to go out she likes to do so by natural light, rather than by artificial light." There were smiles which he took to mean assent. You see, they are not altogether ignorant of the feminine angle in the Quartermaster's branch.

Many of the issues had been thrashed out at earlier meetings. I asked Cpl. T. Green, of the Royal West Kents, a regular since 1928, what were his ideas on barrack improvement. Central heating, of course, the white sheets of before-the-war back on the beds, and Push-button, laid-on radio on the holiday camp style. And—since this ideal barrack-room was still a long way off—he saw no reason why there should not be a television set somewhere handy.

L/Cpl. K. Harley, of the East Surreys, urged the provision of an American-style drinking fountain within easy access.

Driver H. E. Hewitt, with 16 years service, was in a position to compare the barracks of Britain with those of Gibraltar and Hong Kong. He has also slept in straw huts. He jumped at the chance of being in on the designing of tomorrow's—or the day after tomorrow's—barrack-room.

Not only are regular soldiers being consulted by the War Office; their wives are also serving on working parties to decide on the design of married quarters. And it is to the building of married quarters and certain educational establishments that earliest priority is being given.

ERNEST TURNER.



RSM. A. T. James, DSO and two Bars, has sampled every rank in the Army from private to brigadier. He thinks RSM. is the best.

MILITARY Police walking slowly through the London crowds eyed the smartly dressed RSM. of the Veterans Guard of Canada striding past them. Suddenly one of them stopped.

"Did you see what that sergeant-major was wearing? DSO and two Bars. Something phoney about that."

But there is nothing phoney about RSM. A. T. James. A little bit of paper proves it. He took it carefully from his wallet and showed it to them. They noted the crest of the Canadian Military Headquarters and read: "To whom it may concern (British and Canadian Provost Corps) RSM. James A. T., DSO (two Bars), is employed at these headquarters. Such decorations that he wears are authorised and in order. This statement is given to him to carry at all times in order to save embarrassment and delay by continual checking."

"You see," said RSM. James as he carefully replaced the little bit of paper, "I have been pinched so many times, it gets a bit monotonous."

"Sitting on his Bottom"

James is not Canadian. He was born in Stevenson Street, Riverside, Cardiff, the son of a constructional engineer, and in World War One joined the Welch Regiment. He found himself in the trenches attached to the Grenadier Guards and rose to the rank of sergeant. In 1918 he was commissioned in the Tank Corps and saw more service in France. In 1919 he joined the Indian cavalry and fought in North Persia; in 1920 he found himself, still with tanks, in Mesopotamia. It was here he won the DSO as a major. The two Bars arrived when he was a colonel on the North-West Frontier. How did he win them? RSM. James just smiles and says, "For sitting on my bottom and doing nothing."

RSM. James left the Army — still a full colonel — in 1935. He took his wife and four daughters to Canada, because, he says, he wanted to see another part of the world. Came World War Two and ex-colonel James hurried along to the recruiting office. Twelve hours later Private James, DSO (two Bars), was driving a lorry.

On 20 January 1940 Private James was aboard a troopship, the *Empress of Australia*. Said the adjutant: "I see you are an old soldier, James. Know anything about running troopships?" James smiled. "I've been an adjutant in my time and OC troopship on a good few occasions."

Two hours later Acting-Corporal James, DSO (two Bars), had drawn up the ship's standing orders.

After Dunkirk, Sergeant James was released from his job "somewhere in England" to help organise supplies for the 1st Canadian Division Petrol Company. At the beginning of September, 1940, CSM. James had completed his job.

In 1942 CSM. James transferred to the Veterans Guard of Canada, a corps for men with World War One ribbons. Many of its members were officers in the first war, privates in World War Two. RSM. James, DSO (two Bars), supervised things in the Camp Commandant's office at Military Headquarters, near Trafalgar

Square. He has his own office and behind a large desk he sits at work, his left breast covered with four rows of medal ribbons — DSO (two Bars), World War One Victory with Mention, Territorial 1914 (Imperial), India Frontier, Mesopotamia, Persia, King Edward VII, King George V, King George VI, 21 years Good Conduct French Médaille Militaire, Belgian Croix de Guerre.

What will be RSM. James' job when he is discharged? He is going to retire to South Africa. But first he will go back to Canada to accept an invitation to visit an old friend — Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, Governor-General.

ERIC DUNSTER.



THE RSM WITH THE DSO





Demolition parties blew up this barracks for Ack-Ack crews.



POW's lay a cable. In the "V" is Norderney Lighthouse.



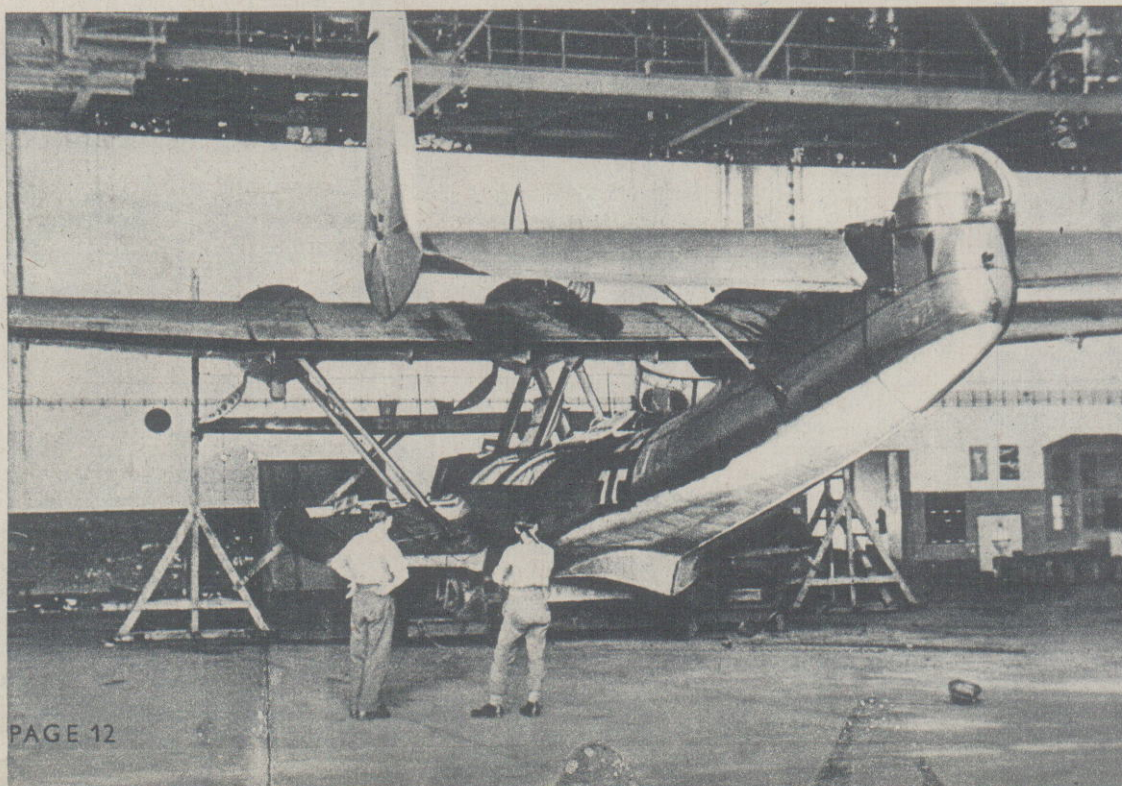
German tourists arrive. Their food is on the boat.



These guns, once aimed at RAF bombers, are Ruhr-bound to be melted down.



Above: Under a useless coastal gun in a wrecked gun-pit, a British soldier looks out to sea.
Below: This Dornier still sits in the hangar at the seaplane base.



Norderney goes back to its old trade — and tourists take their own rations.

WHEN RAF bombers flew low over the East Frisian Islands to plant their bombs on the great German ports of Emden, Wilhelmshaven and Bremen they were met by some of the heaviest "Flak" in Germany.

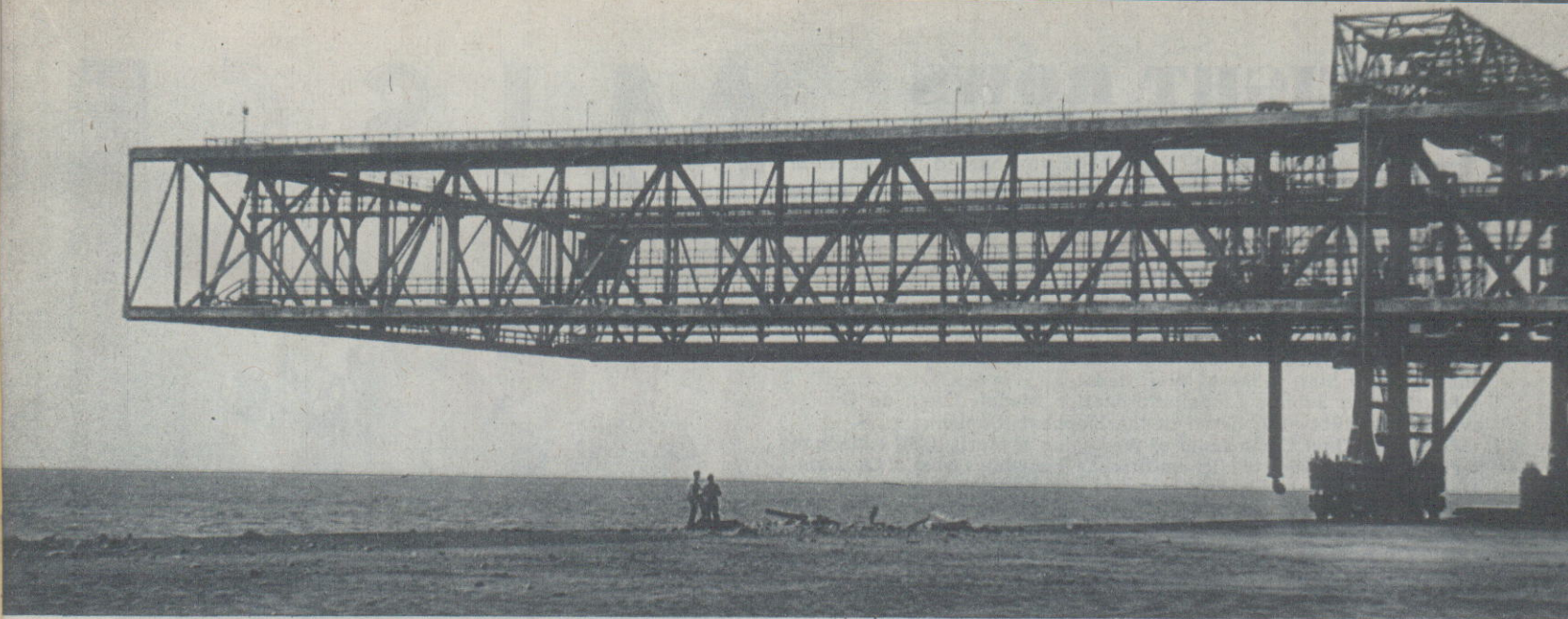
For the East Frisian Islands — that little chain of sand islands that runs along the coast just north of Norddeich and stretches away into Heligoland Bay — were turned into super AA fortresses to guard not only the German North Sea ports, but the distant Ruhr.

Now the guns which shot down British bombers have been destroyed by Royal Navy demolition parties; the rusty barrels of anti-invasion shore artillery lie half-buried in the shifting sands; the concrete pill-boxes, searchlight emplacements and former Wehrmacht barracks are blown up.

Leave Centre

Slowly, if a little painfully, the Frisians are assuming their "peace-time" face and recapturing some of that spirit of gaiety which helped their claim to be Germany's finest sea-side resorts. And they are doing it with British help, for Norderney, the island which nestles unobtrusively in the centre of the group, is being developed as a leave centre for troops of BAOR.

To reach Norderney from the mainland you have to board the ferry boat at Norddeich and travel the four sea miles to the island through a circuitous channel. Every day the ferry boat takes 200 or more German holiday-makers from Northern Germany



From this gigantic launching arm German seaplanes were lowered into the sea before setting off on North Sea sweeps. Naval demolition parties have now wrecked the seaplane station.

and the devastated Ruhr, and, what is more important for the people of the island, the food they need to keep them alive. Norderney produces only five per cent of the vegetables and potatoes and only seven per cent of the milk required for local consumption. The ferry boat is piled high with food — flour sent from England, tinned meat and surplus Army biscuits, sacks of potatoes and tinned milk, and, very occasionally, eggs from the North German farms.

Norderney during the war was Germany's largest sea-plane and mine-sowing base. As the ferry steams into the tiny harbour it passes under the gigantic crane which once used to lower Dorniers on the water before they set out on their North Sea sweeps.

On the sea front huge hotels, now taken over by NAAFI to accommodate Service men and women on short leave, loom above the fine sand beach where British troops and German civilians bask in the sun, sleep in covered-in wicker chairs, or swim in the sea. A few minutes away towards the town centre is the famous Kurhaus where Goering and his friends used to stay before and during the war when they were in need of a rest. Now it is a leave club for troops, with a meal-time orchestra, a beer tavern, and concert hall.

Sometimes out on the sandbanks you can see seals at play. Trapping and shooting them is a tricky business, but two local Germans are expert at the art and may be seen imitating seals, flapping their arms and barking to persuade the real seals to join them.

Until 50 years ago Norderney possessed over 100 fishing boats. Today there are only nine fishing smacks and fish is almost as scarce as meat. As the sandy soil limits agricultural production — there are only four farms on the island — the chief source of livelihood for the people of Norderney is the holiday business. Before the war hundreds of sick children were sent here to be cured of muscular diseases and TB; some have been taking the cure this summer and there will be others later.

Soldiers' Graves

In the local churchyard are the carefully tended graves of 27 RAF men and British troops whose bodies were washed up along the shore. They are buried with 13 men from Allied countries, some of whom are unidentified.

Norderney's population today is 6000, over 1000 more than before the war. The reason, says Herr Cassen Luhrs, the Stadtdirector, is that more than 1000 refugees have made their home on the island. Until recently some important war criminals, including a doctor who is now accused of having killed hundreds of concentration camp victims with petrol injections, found refuge on the island. They have all been rounded up and are awaiting trial.

Next year Norderney will have been a seaside resort for 150 years, for it was in 1797 that the King of Hanover Province gave permission for the island to set up a health resort based on the pattern of English holiday-places — including the old-fashioned bathing huts which were pulled into the sea by horses.

E. J. GROVE.



In their traditional costume: typical islanders of Norderney.



Above: German helmets in the dust. And the feet are those of a British soldier. Below: In the sergeants bar at Norderney's NAAFI. The island is being developed as a BAOR short-leave centre.



FFWIES.

EIGHT ROWS

HOW many of "Monty's" medals did you recognise on the cover of this SOLDIER? If you named half of them you did pretty well. The staff of SOLDIER had to go to the Field-Marshal for assistance in order to complete the key. Here it is:

Top row: Knight Grand Cross of the Bath; Companion of the Distinguished Service Order; 1914 Star.

Second row: 1914-18 British War Medal; Victory Medal 1918 with Oak Leaf; Palestine Medal; 1939-45 Star.

Third row: Africa Star with Eighth Army Clasp; Italy Star; France and Germany Star; 1939-45 War Medal.

Fourth row: Jubilee Medal; Coronation Medal; Croix de Guerre avec Palme (1914-18); Order of the Elephant (Danish).

Fifth row: Chief Commander of the Legion of Merit (US); American Service Medal; Order of Nicham-Iftikhar (Tunisia); Order of Ouissam-Alaouite (Morocco).

Sixth row: Order of Victory (Russia); Virtuti Militari (Polish); Order of Suvorov (Russian); Order of King George of the Hellenes.

Seventh row: American Distinguished Service Medal; Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour (France); French Croix de Guerre; Order of the Lion of the Netherlands.

Eighth row: Medal for Gallantry (Greece); Order of Leopold; Croix de Guerre (Belgium); White Lion of Czechoslovakia; Czechoslovakian War Cross 1939-45.

(Colour picture of F.M. Montgomery's medals was taken by SOLDIER's Staff-Serjeant Desmond O'Neill.)

HISTORY IN HAMELIN

NEARLY two hundred years ago, in what is now the reading room of the YMCA Canteen at Hamelin, British officers raised their glasses of Schnapps and toasted their Hanoverian Allies on the success of the Battle of Minden. That was in 1759 during the Seven Years War when, fighting side by side, British Infantry regiments and Hanoverian forces routed a numerically superior French army and saved the city of Hanover.

This rather severe-looking building which stands opposite the ruins of Hamelin's Town Hall, where the famous "Pied Piper" clock used to chime before the Germans blew it to smithereens with their own artillery in World War Two, was erected in 1678 as a public hall.

Where British officers toasted Hanoverians in 1759 — the YMCA Club at Hamelin.



A few years later it became a club for officers of the Hanoverian Army and in 1714 when George of Hanover became King George the First of England, a part of the building was set aside for the exclusive use of British officers.

Each year until the end of the 19th century British officers were the guests of the German Army in the famous building. Then World War One loomed large on the horizon and the club — now "The Harmony Club" — became a haven for German businessmen who conducted business deals over a cup of coffee.

In 1939 it once again became a German Officers' Club and the walls echoed "Wir fahren gegen England." But later the German Army turned the building into a hospital, which it remained until the end of the war. Now this former Officer's Club has been renovated, but there are still visible links with those far-away days when the Germans and British were allies in battle. In the "Pied Piper" room, a pendulum clock, believed to be 200 years old, was found hidden beneath the wallpaper. Over the mantelpiece the Hanoverian Coat-of-Arms, thought to have been painted during the Seven Years War, has been restored to remind today's soldiers of that bygone campaign.

Over the mantel, the Hanoverian Coat-of-Arms — link with the Seven Years War.

Over the mantelpiece the Hanoverian Coat-of-Arms, thought to have been painted during the Seven Years War, has been restored to remind today's soldiers of that bygone campaign.

MISCE



The Armorial Bearings of
**FIELD MARSHAL the VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY
OF ALAMEIN, GCB, DSO.**

In "Monty's" Coat-of-Arms — a British soldier in battledress.

A SOLDIER ALL PROPER

TWO colourful news-items come from F.M. Montgomery this month, one the publication of his armorial bearings and the other his wearing of the first War Office flash. On this page SOLDIER publishes the first colour-pictures of them both.

"Monty's" bearings, for those interested in Heraldry, are: Arms — Azure two Lions passant guardant between three Fleurs-de-lis two in chief and one in base and two Trefoils in fesse all Or. Crest — On a Wreath of the Colours, Issuant from a Crescent Argent an Arm embowed in the hand grasping a broken tilting Spear in bend sinister the head pendent proper. Supporters — On the dexter side a Knight in chain armor and surcoat resting his exterior hand on his sword and on the sinister side a Soldier in battledress all proper. Motto — Gardez Bien.

The motto and the broken spear have appeared, for centuries in the arms of the Montgomerys, but the soldier in battledress is

"Monty's" own. If you look at him closely, by the way, you will notice he has a thigh pocket on each leg.

The new War Office flash which the Field-Marshal wore first when he sailed for Canada, consists of the arms of the old Board of Ordnance which date back to the 15th century and are among the oldest in War Office records.

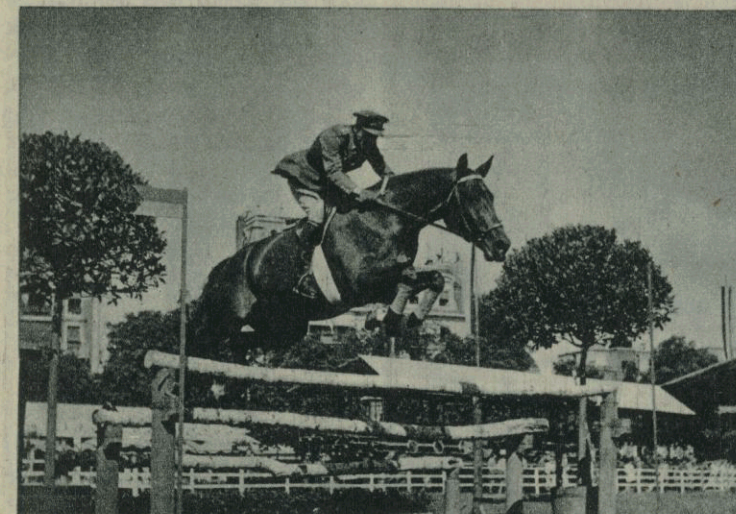
The shield has always appeared on the flag of the Army Council and forms the centre of the RAOC badge.

The flashes, hand-made and embossed, are optional to War Office staff.

This is the War Office's new flash.



LLANY



Lieut-Col. A. B. J. Scott, of Rhine Army, jumping at Geneva.

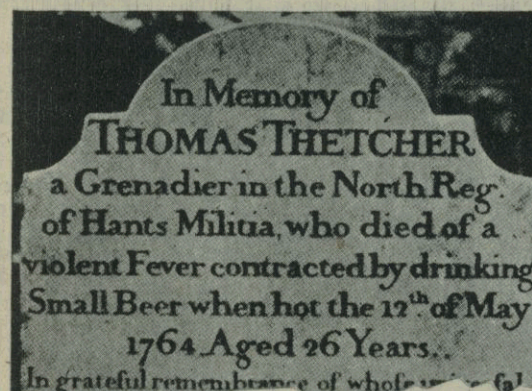
OVER THE TOP

RIDERS from Rhine Army have pushed British prestige high at the first International Horse Shows to be held in Switzerland since the war — at Geneva and Berne. Their successes are the more notable because it is only since the war ended that riding has again received official recognition in the Army.

The BAOR team — Brigadier H. B. Scott, commanding 22nd Armoured Brigade, formerly of the Royals, Lieut-Col. A. B. J. Scott, of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards and Captain A. L. Rook of the Royal Horse Guards — first visited Baden-Baden in the French Zone, where they easily won the team jumping prize. In Switzerland the team were joined by three British Army riders from Austria. They competed in international events against crack Swiss, American and Belgian riders, and also against the French team which had come straight from the Dublin Horse Show. The British riders were in the money 18 times, but did not hoist the winning flag till

the final event, the Grand Prix de Berne. Last man to enter the ring, after all other riders had been faulted, was Brigadier Scott, riding Notar, an 18-year-old horse formerly in the German Military Team before the war. At the second fence Notar refused and slipped into the obstacle. There was a long pause while the jump was rebuilt, then in brilliant style Notar cleared this and the remaining 15 obstacles, to be judged winner. Lieut-Col. Scott and Comdt. de Busul tied for second place.

The British team had a fine reception everywhere, and this — it is comforting to know — was for being British as well as for being fine horsemen.



In the churchyard by Winchester Cathedral is this memorial to the unhappy Thomas Thetcher, erected by his comrades "as a small testimony of their regard and concern." Lower down on the headstone occurs the couplet:

"An honest Soldier never is forgot,
Whether he die by Mullet or by Pot."

Small Talk

"And what am I bid for this magnificent stock of blanco?" Can you imagine an auctioneer saying that? And if you can, can you imagine anyone making anything but a derisory bid? The fact remains, that a large quantity of blanco was auctioned recently in London. One hundred blocks made 10s, and pro rata. The buyers? Army cadets.



Children of French families living in the French Zone of Germany draw wine rations at 14, but have to wait till 18 for cognac.

WANTED: An authentic 8th Army version of "Lili Marlene" to be sung at the Alamein dinner in London on 23 October. Three versions have been published, but the organisers believe there must be a more popular one, not necessarily publishable.

Stephen King-Hall MP recalls that when he attended the Military Staff College, Camberley, in 1925, a general tried to lecture about the 1918 Palestine campaign, got into a muddle, struck the map with a pointer and ended up: "Anyway, gentlemen, we had a — — — good scrap somewhere near here."

Cold douche for APO men who are justifiably proud of their services to the troops is the story that a postcard at an APO in Italy in 1919 has only just reached its destination in Clyde Road, Wood Green.

JUDY VC



Judy — wounded, bombed, torpedoed, captured.

JUDY, who is one of eleven dogs to receive the Dickin Medal, the animal VC, is a lady who can keep her mouth shut. Her destruction was ordered by the commandant of a Jap prison camp, so a prisoner who was being transferred to another camp put Judy into his pack and smuggled her to his new home on his back; she made no sound the whole trip, which is very good when you consider how uncomfortable a dog Judy's size — she is a pedigree pointer — must have been inside a pack.

Judy was the mascot of HMS Grasshopper and she was wounded when her ship was bombed and sunk. Five months later she was torpedoed and captured and then

spent three and a half years in POW camps. She got her Dickin Medal for special gallantry, helping morale and saving the lives of British prisoners, and she is the only dog member of the Returned Prisoners of War Association.

On parade with Judy in London recently were several other canine warriors and some decorated pigeons. Among the dogs were Fritz, a St. Bernard who started life as a Nazi, was captured and adopted by a Wren, was converted to democracy, became the official mascot of the Hampshire Regiment and won second prize in a

movement. Two other gallant pigeons now enjoying the peace are White Vision, who saved the lives of the crew of a shot-down flying-boat and Gustav, who brought home the first news of the D-Day landing.



Fritz, once a Nazi, has been converted to democracy.

Return to Arnhem

From their meagre rations the Dutch saved food and luxuries to entertain the Arnhem pilgrims; below is the scene at the lunch which followed their reception at Rotterdam.



BEHIND the buses bumping along the narrow track chased a long stream of children, waving and shouting. For two years they had waited for this moment — the red berets riding back across the landing zone towards Oosterbeek and Arnhem.

L/Cpl. J. Hatley turned and gazed back. "Where the heck do they all come from? I'm certain they were not here when we dropped in before."

Most of them were. From cellars and isolated buildings they had listened during those ten noisy days to the men of 1st Airborne Division fighting from house to house, and holding a perimeter which gradually, but reluctantly, shrunk to a few square yards. Those young eyes now filled with merriment had seen the tragedy of war: the wounded in hospital, the prisoners herded off, the growth of the cemetery where today the Union Jack flutters over 1400 white crosses, the men who hid smuggled into the homes of the Dutch underground movement.

Today the Red Devils were back again. Fifty of them were still serving and 50 were ex-Servicemen, but with them they had brought parents and husbands, 100 strong, of those whose graves these very children tended the year round.

Newly Ploughed

The dropping zone was different now. The Dutch farmer had taken his plough across the fields which only yesterday, it seemed, had been covered with parachutes and containers. Only occasionally now could a rust-covered container be seen.

L/Cpl. Hatley turned to Cpl. C. White and Cpl. E. Layton who had dropped with him with 156 Para Battalion. "Remember the scrap on that corner?"

Rugged tree stumps, relics of a shell-torn wood, a wrecked house were the only memorial.

"Yes," said Cpl. Layton, "and down that lane those kids were killed. Remember?"

The crowds lining the road grew thicker. Even the policeman left off directing the traffic to wave both arms in the air and cheer. The buses broke into two convoys at Oosterbeek, for part of the pilgrimage was to go on to Arnhem, but at both places the reception was the same. For months the Dutch people had been saving their rations and their meagre cigarette allowance — they get only 40 a week each — for their guests. And the guests in turn were almost overwhelmed. Ever since they had set foot in Holland that morning they had been cheered and feasted.

The pilgrims were taken to the homes of the people of Oosterbeek and Arnhem and offered the best bedrooms and the most comfortable chairs. Mrs. Ogilvie, of Eastbourne, who came to see the

grave of her son (he was referred to as Captain Z in the book "Arnhem Lift") found herself in the same house in which he rested wounded before making the crossing of the Rhine, an operation in which he died.

Cpl. R. Peatling, 2nd Para Regt., was met by Nico Van den Dever who had hidden him in his own house for ten weeks. In January 1945 Peatling was smuggled through to the 2nd Army but Nico was taken by the Gestapo. He never revealed his British friend's whereabouts. His body bears ten wounds inflicted by Gestapo tortures.

On the morning of Arnhem Day — 17 September — the people of the two towns made their way under grey skies to the Airborne cemetery.

The choirboys and nuns stood drenched in the pouring rain singing hymns. Between two rows of Dutch Boy Scouts and Guides — the Scouts wear the Pegasus sign on their neckerchiefs — the relatives walked to the graves. And by each grave they found one of Arnhem's children standing with bunches of flowers. One father who had come on the pilgrimage said: "If England could only see this, England, I know, would weep with gratitude."

The men in the red berets were also looking for their friends' resting-places. There was Cpl. Carter of Sheffield standing in front of the cross to Pte. John Carney who, he said, "lived round the back of our place. We were at school together, then he became an engineer. At first he couldn't be spared for the Army but eventually he wangled himself in. Only nine months later he dropped with me and I saw him hit outside a house I was in. Only 19 he was, too. I'm glad I have been here. I shall be able to tell his mother."

Major J. B. Bottomley, of St. Annes-on-Sea, a glider pilot who took Brigadier Kindersley to Normandy, General Urquhart to Arnhem and Brigadier Bellamy to the Rhine, talked of Lieut.

Cyril Tayler who was killed going into the attack a few hours after landing. "His great interest in life was railways. He knew more about the British railway system than anyone I know."

As the words of the last hymn came across the cemetery the men in red berets and the next-of-kin stood silently, their thoughts full of memories of men of ambition who did not live to see their ideals fulfilled.

And then the ceremonies. The Queen of the Netherlands unveiled the memorial at Oosterbeek built by the men of the town opposite General Urquhart's headquarters. And in the afternoon she laid a wreath at the rugged monument built with stones from the Palace of Justice at Arnhem. It faces the approaches to the bridge where Airborne men under Lieut-Col. J. D. Frost made such a magnificent stand and where Lieut. Grayburne won a posthumous VC.

Not least impressive was the small gathering of medical officers of the Airborne Division at St. Elizabeth Hospital. Inside the building where so many hundreds of the wounded were cared for by the doctors and sisters, Colonel G. M. Warrack, ADMS to the Division, presented a plaque of Pegasus to the hospital staff. Seated at the back was an ex-Arnhem soldier and an elderly Dutchman named Kuik. The soldier, Sgt. E. J. Hall, now with CCG at Dusseldorf, was in this hospital. He escaped and was hidden by Mr. Kuik's two sons who dressed him in civilian clothes and six weeks later got him through to 2nd Army. Where were

Mr. Kuik's sons now? In a sad voice the old man said: "The Germans found out and shot them both."

As I walked through the town I met the Rev. G. A. Pare, padre of the Glider Pilot Regt. and now Rector of Maids Moreton, Buckingham. (He is seen conducting the service in the film "Theirs is the Glory".)

What, I asked Padre Pare, was his greatest memory of Arnhem? He cast his eyes round the town nestling on the edge of the Rhine and then said very quietly: "During the height of the fighting I conducted small services among the wounded at 181 Field Ambulance. One evening I had just finished when there was a lull. A very badly wounded man suddenly started to sing in a thin, quaking voice, 'Just a song at Twilight'. I am afraid I had to leave that room very suddenly."

PETER LAWRENCE.

NEXT YEAR TOO

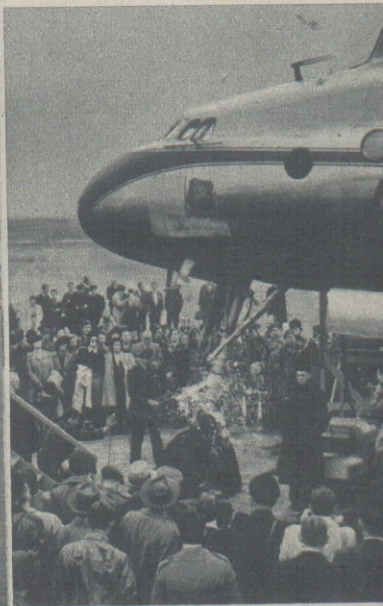
THIS pilgrimage to Arnhem, the first of its kind, was organised by the Airborne Forces Security Fund. Over 600 next-of-kin wanted to go, but there was room for only 100. Next year another pilgrimage will be organised when some of those who were unlucky this year will be able to go.



The schoolchildren of Arnhem and Oosterbeek file past the graves before laying flowers.



Left: Mr. and Mrs. D. Baskeyfield of Tunstall, Staffs, parents of a staff-serjeant who was awarded a posthumous VC, talk to Major-Gen. R. E. Urquhart. The Baskeyvilles searched in vain for their son's grave. Right: Major-Gen. Urquhart, who commanded 1st Airborne Division, christens the first KLM Constellation "City of Arnhem."



Watched by survivors of the Red Devils, Arnhem children place flowers on the graves of the men of the Dorsets who made a valiant attempt to relieve the Oosterbeek perimeter.

The picture the world remembers —



This slit-trench scene—once front-paged on the world's press—was from a news-reel which is incorporated in the film "Theirs Is The Glory." The soldier is heard shouting "Fire!"

is in the film the world will remember —

IT is the belief of the film trade that "the public don't want war films." Well, they don't want any more war films of the Errol Flynn-recaptures-Burma type. But it will be surprising if the film of Arnhem — "Theirs Is The Glory" — does not make a powerful impact upon the cinemagoer — civilian and soldier alike.

It is that strange thing — a film about heroism, without heroics. Probably that is because all the actors were men who had taken part in the Battle of Arnhem or had witnessed the fighting at close hand. The scenes were shot amid the ruined streets, villas and hotels of Arnhem itself. Included in the film are news-reel shots of the gliders landing and of the sky flowering with parachutes.

There is no "story" in the film, only the story of Arnhem; there are no "heroes", only the men of First Airborne — described by a war correspondent who was with them as "those filthy, grimy, wonderful gentlemen who drop from the skies to fight where they stand."

"Theirs Is The Glory" is a first-class reconstruction of one of the war's toughest battles. And more than one film critic has admitted that to have used actors in it would have spoiled it.



On the fifth day: Major Wilson, commanding a group of houses in the Hartestein perimeter.



Last charge at the bridge: men of 1st Parachute Brigade shouting their warcry "Whoa Mohammed!"



Night of the fifth day: the stairs of the Tafelberg Hotel, the chief dressing station.



The parachute container which fell out of reach — and brave men died trying to reach it.

What 'Monty' said of ARNHEM

These are the passages on the Arnhem battle from Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery's recently published despatches on the N - W Europe campaign:

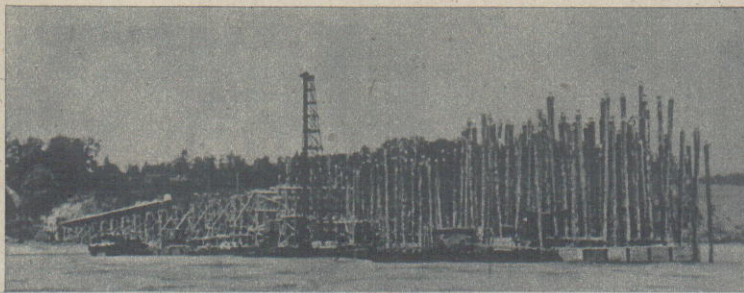
"On Sunday 17th September the battle of Arnhem began. The purpose was to cross the Meuse and the Rhine, and to place Second Army in a suitable position for the subsequent development of operations towards the northern face of the Ruhr and the North German plains. The thrust to Arnhem outflanked the northern extension of the West Wall, and came very near to complete success.

"The essential feature of the plan was the laying of a carpet of airborne troops across the waterways from the Meuse-Escaut Canal to the Neder Rijn, on the general axis of the road through Eindhoven to Uden, Grave, Nijmegen and Arnhem. Along the corridor, or airborne carpet, 30 British Corps was to advance and establish itself north of the Neder Rijn with bridgeheads over the IJssel facing east. From the start, however, adverse weather conditions prevailed, and, indeed, during the eight vital days of the battle, there were only two on which the weather permitted even a reasonable scale of offensive air support and air transportation. As a result, the airborne formations were not completed to strength. It had moreover been the intention to fly in 52 Division, but this project had to be abandoned. Resupply missions were repeatedly cancelled, and when flown were often on a greatly reduced scale.

"Full success at Arnhem was denied us for two reasons. First: the weather prevented the building up of adequate forces in the vital area. Second: the enemy managed to effect a very rapid concentration of forces to oppose us, and particularly against the bridgehead over the Neder Rijn. In face of this resistance, the British Group of Armies in the north was not strong enough to retrieve the situation created by the weather, by intensifying the speed of operations on the ground. It was not possible to widen the corridor sufficiently quickly to reinforce Arnhem by road.

"On 25 September I ordered withdrawal of the gallant Arnhem bridgehead.

"The vital crossings at Grave and Nijmegen were retained, and their importance was to be amply demonstrated."



The forest of piles begins to march out to the centre of the Elbe.

GIVE the Engineers a tricky job, and they'll ask you for a mythical instrument called a "skyhook". But they will be secretly flattered at your demands upon them.

"Operation Skyhook" was the name given to the plan to build in record time the longest bridge of its kind in Rhine Army over the Elbe at Artlenburg, about 20 miles from Luneburg. This bridge saves traffic the long detour to Hamburg. It measures 1561 feet from end to end, is built on 1500 piles, has a 23-foot roadway with a three-foot footpath on each side, and a 140-foot-long special Bailey Bridge in the centre. It was thrown over the Elbe in a little over three weeks by 900 Royal Engineers working double shifts, and at night-time by floodlight.

Builders of the bridge were Engineers of 7th Armoured Division and of 5th Infantry Division, 51 Mechanical Equipment Platoon and a section from 14 Field Survey Company. Since the Divisions operated from opposite banks, there was the usual inter-divisional rivalry.

When **SOLDIER** visited the bridge it had been half completed. Perched on the decking above a 30-foot drop into the river, Sappers were spiking boards into position with 14-lb hammers, others were welding girders, hauling in cross spans, driving in piles, piloting little motor boats in the choppy water, bringing urgently needed stores.

Supervising were two shirt-sleeved officers, the two CRE's—Lieut-Col. J. de V. Hunt, of 5th

One up on the woodpecker—but it isn't as easy as it looks.



Division, and Lieut-Col. G. L. Galloway, DSO, GM, of 7th Armoured Division. Both regulars, they had built bridges in Germany, Belgium, France and Holland before the capitulation.

On the southern bank three surveyors were plotting "fixes" for the next piles.—L/Cpl. Frank Drummond, Sapper David Merwood and Sapper Brendan McGrory. They landed in Normandy with GHQ Troops and spent most of their time plotting for artillery. "After that, this is child's play," said Sapper Merwood. "All you

do is take three bearings, and where they intersect the pile goes in." These three men were in Ordnance Survey before their call-up.

On the other side was an old Desert Rat learning the job—Sapper John Rogers, who was with the 2nd Cheshire Field Squadron, RE, in the breakthrough at El Alamein, went on to Tripoli, then to Syria and up to the Turkish border with 10th Armoured Division, to Italy in March 1944, and then came to Germany in March of this year.

"This is the first bridge I have helped to build, because I spent nearly all my time lifting German mines," he said. "I'd like a quid for every one I've lifted, but I don't suppose I'll get it."

Operating crane and pile-driver with the Desert Rats, Sapper William McVitty, of 51 Mechanical Equipment Platoon, carefully lined up the 15 cwt "monkey" at the end of the machine and dropped it squarely on a fresh pile. "Takes anything from five to 15 minutes to drive one in 12 feet," he said. "Depends a lot on the ground, and on how much swaying there is on the steel floats which hold up the crane. Still, we manage."

When the job was done, Lieut-Gen. A. Galloway, Commander of 30 Corps, came to the opening ceremony. After inspecting the guard, he took the scissors to cut the conventional tape, but handed them to Corporal Orridge of Matlock, Derbyshire, who had worked on "Skyhook", and said "You have more right to open this bridge than I." So the Corporal performed the opening ceremony.

E. J. GROVE.



Thirty feet above the river: two Desert Rats in technical conference.

OPERATION "SKYHOOK"

The bridge is the longest of its type in BAOR. Nine hundred Sappers built it in less than a month.



MARTELLLO TOWER FOR SALE

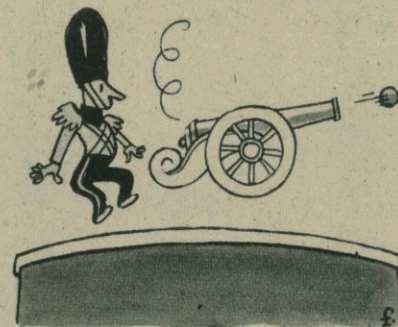


No. 1 Martello Tower, on Folkestone's East Cliff, has been disused for years. Though its inside is littered with rubbish, it is still an attraction to visitors.

LOOKING for a home? Well, you could buy a Martello Tower and turn that into a very nice house.

There is one for sale just now at the end of Folkestone's Leas, the South Coast's most exclusive promenade.

From its top you can look down the neatly-clipped grass of the Leas, along the cliff-top, to the luxury of the Metropole and Grand Hotels. You can look round at neighbours whose houses boast garage-space for at least two cars apiece and across to the Downs and to the gaunt barracks of Shorncliffe looming over the trees.



"Cannons were to be fired...."

Or you can look out to sea and watch the shipping going up and down the Channel and pick out the war memorial near Boulogne on clear days. Turning west, you can gaze across the bay to Dungeness and beyond it to Fairlight Glen, 60 miles away, or across Sandgate and Hythe to the green flatness of the Romney Marsh.

If you like gardening, you can

go down into your private moat, now dry, or climb the banks around it and lay out neat flower beds. The weeds and wild shrubs that flourish there now show that the soil is fertile.

And on winter evenings when the winds break themselves smoothly against your firm, rounded walls you can delve into the history of your home. For although it is only about 140 years-old, it has a history that many older and more elegant buildings might envy.

It was built, this "obtruncated cone", somewhere about 1805 to 1810, as part of the Round Tower Coastal Defence Scheme to help ward off the invasion that Napoleon, like Hitler, threatened but never attempted. Like many proposed anti-Hitler devices, the Round Tower Scheme, which also included the Hythe canal across the Romney Marsh and the building of redoubts near the beaches, came in for a lot of criticism.

On Martello Towers, William Cobbett sneered: "I have counted upwards of 30 of these ridiculous things which, I dare say, cost five, perhaps ten, thousand pounds each; and one of which, I am told, sold on the coast of Sussex, the other day, for TWO HUNDRED POUNDS!"

"Cannons were to be fired from the top of these things, in order to defend the country against the French Jacobins!"

Of the Hythe Canal—the Royal Military Canal—Cobbett jibed: "Those armies which have so often crossed the Rhine and the Danube were to be kept back by a canal, made by PITT, 30 feet wide at most!"

In spite of criticism, Pitt's government persisted with the scheme and Cobbett hadn't seen the half when he spoke of 30-odd towers. Altogether 103 were built in Kent, Sussex, Essex and Suffolk. About 45 of them are left today.

History is a bit confused about the origin of the name of the towers. The popular story is that they were designed by an Italian named Martello, but a more likely one is that they were modelled on a tower which opposed British troops who landed in the bay of Mortella (the bay of myrtles) in Corsica in 1794 and that the name was corrupted to Martello by British troops. The Mortella Tower was built as a defence against Mediterranean pirates.

The Martellos were 30 to 40 feet high, with walls up to 15 feet thick at the base tapering to about five feet at some parts of the top parapet. The roof was supported by a column about five feet in diameter on which rested pieces of ordnance of medium calibre which were intended to smash or set fire to Napoleon's flat-bottomed barges and horseboats.

The towers varied a bit in detail, but mostly they had two floors, the upper one being of wood, and were divided into rooms. A quarter of the ground floor was the magazine and the outside wall for that section was thicker than the rest, sometimes going up to 18 feet. Walls were also thicker on the seaward side than on the landward side.

Mostly the towers were built a quarter to half a mile apart so that they could help each other when attacked, but some of them had definite points to defend, like one at Dymchurch which was on the Romney Marsh sluiceway and held the key to the flooding of the marsh.

Some had moats and were entered by a drawbridge to the upper floor; others were built on hills or near flat beaches and were entered at ground level. Their garrisons were 24 to 30 men, who lived in moderate comfort; one or two towers had fresh water, none had drainage or sanitation.

After the invasion scare had died, the garrisons were cut down and some of the towers were used by the Navy for housing anti-smuggler patrols in 1817. The Government sold some of them, which were used for all sorts of purposes from housing cattle to providing teas for holidaymakers. The Army found some useful for storing ammunition, as signals offices and gas chambers. Most of them were allowed to go derelict.

In Hitler's war, some of the Martello Towers received a new lease of life. Tower No. 3 on Folkestone's East Cliff, for in-



".... shelters for golfers"

stance, had some coastal guns installed just below it. The Boy Scouts who had used it as a headquarters before the war were turned out to go to No. 2 just along the cliff, and No. 3 sprouted an ugly concrete blister on its roof and became the key to harbour defences. Today the cliff-top mound on which it stands is in use, once again, as an approach and putting golf course; the tower is locked up just now, but when the Corporation employees have finished making more urgent repairs to war damage, it is to be turned into a shelter for golfers.



".... turn it into a cafe"

The tower on the Leas was taken over by the local Observer Corps. From its roof, keen eyes spotted German planes crossing the French coast and gave the alarm. Its tenants had a grandstand view of the Battle of Britain. When the "doodlebugs" came, the Observers on the tower warned the RAF and logged more than 2,300 of them.

In 1940; young soldiers of the Buffs under training were stationed at the tower to guard the observation post. In between drills with their Ross rifles and 50 rounds apiece, or lessons on a wooden model of a Bren gun, they cleaned out the basement to extend their living accommodation and made several interesting discoveries, including a newspaper which reported the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851 by the Queen and Prince Consort.

They found living in the Martello during a hot summer was pleasant — the tower was cool and dry and surprisingly roomy, though just a little crowded with a whole platoon inside.

Today the tower is locked up and the weapon-pits around it are choked with weeds. Only a notice which proclaims "For sale — Freehold", gives any indication of future use.

There are lots of things the tower could be. It has the right sort of atmosphere for a museum and perhaps, if anybody is interested, a local war museum would be the best use to which it could be put — a cool place for visitors on hot days, a shelter on wet ones.

Then some enterprising people might want to turn it into a cafe, or a pin-table saloon — but it isn't that sort of neighbourhood and the Lord of the Manor and the local Town Planning Committee would certainly put their feet down on such projects.

And, of course, you might turn it into a home. But there you have snags, as a wealthy builder found when, with that object in view, he bought a Martello Tower on West Parade, Hythe, in 1928. His first move was to send down a party of men to cut windows in the walls, since the towers don't boast windows. They arrived armed with cold chisels and went off again with blunted instruments, leaving the walls unmarked. So another party was sent down with pneumatic drills. These did make an impression, but the bricks the builder had expected to use for other purposes did not materialise; bricks and mortar were so solidly bound together that they just came away in great blocks.

But the new owner was determined to finish the job he had started. He had strips cut from top to bottom of the walls, for windows to be put in. He took out the central column which had supported the cannon, thinned down the wall where it was 13 feet thick and put in two new floors. He installed water, electricity, sanitation.

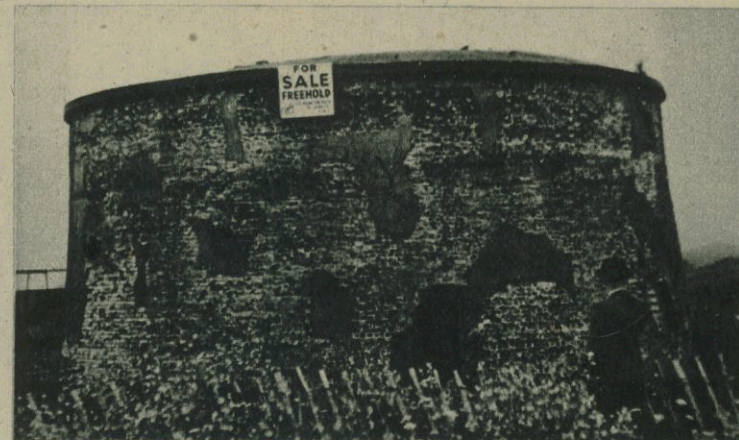
The result was three flats each of three comfortable rooms with "usual offices". The rooms are original in shape, since one wall in each is a curve with which tricks have been played to make the room more convenient. It is whispered that the transformation cost £6,000.

In 1937 the tower was bought by Mr. Edgar Wheeler, managing director of an insurance company. He installed central heating and electric "radiant heating", fitted the place out luxuriously, and kept it as three flats. When Hitler was massing his barges on the coast of France, the Army took over and put machine-guns in the windows. Then, after the invasion danger was past, the house was used as quarters for an AA gun crew.

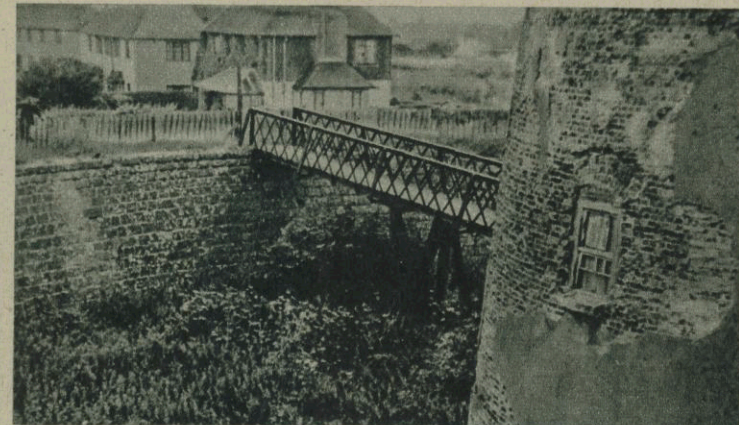
When Mr. Wheeler took over again, he found the place had been knocked about inside, but he soon had it put to rights. Having been blitzed out of his London home, he took his family to Hythe and now uses the entire tower as a home and finds that some prized furniture and a cherished Constable painting are better shown off there than they were in his London house. His only regret is that the tower's two original cannon, cast in 1805 and irreplaceable, were whisked off for salvage without so much as by-your-leave.

His home is the most substantial one in Hythe. It will outlast most of the other buildings in the town and while they shake in the gusts of Channel gales, it stands firm. It would probably stand firm if an atom-bomb went off in the area — and that's quite a thought.

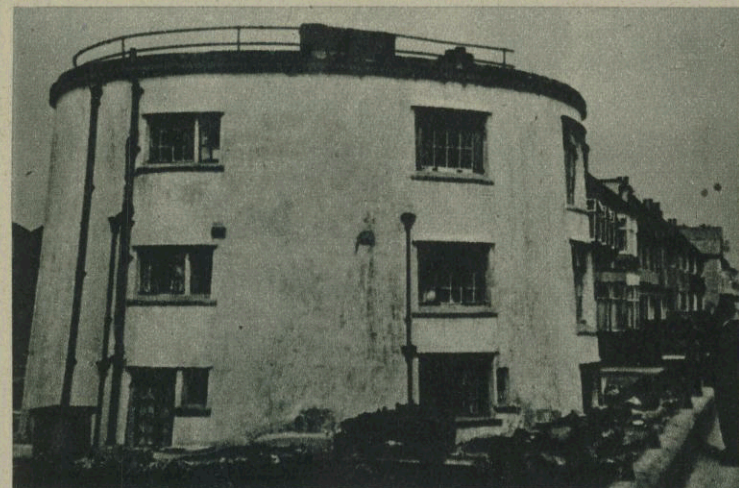
RICHARD LASCELLES.



This is the Martello that is for sale. Only patches of facing are left, but the massive walls are as strong as ever.



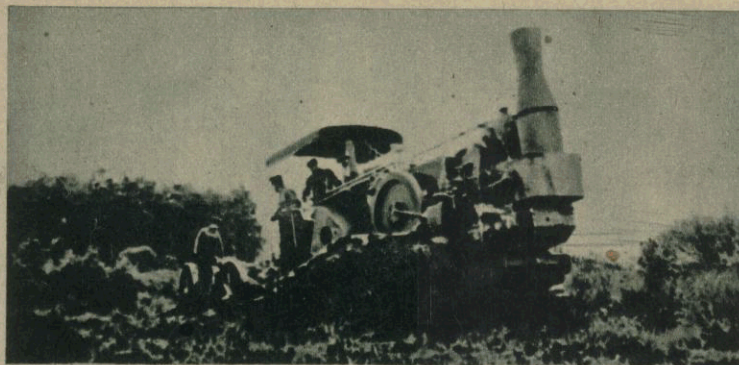
The moat is dry, but the weeds show that the soil is fertile, if you'd like a sunken garden.



When windows were put into the tower at West Parade, Hythe, strips had to be cut the full length of the walls, from the 15 ft-thick base to the 5 ft-thick parapet.



The shapes of the rooms may be a little odd, but Mr. Edgar Wheeler finds no fault with his Martello home.



Cavalryman's nightmare: one of the Army's first attempts at mechanisation—a steam tractor caterpillar of 1906.



Lawrence of Arabia used this Rolls-Royce armoured car in World War One. Between wars it saw service on the N-W Frontier, whence it mysteriously vanished. It turned up in Burma, manned by Japs, in World War Two. Picture shows the car at a RAOC depot in Rangoon. It is still in fine mechanical fettle. The Duke of Westminster used similar cars in the Western Desert in 1916 and in Egypt in 1920.

In Motoring's Milestone Year TODAY'S CAR

CAR manufacturers, celebrating the jubilee year of the motor industry, are proud of the part they played in both World Wars. Their scientifically-planned plants produced the world's best fighting vehicles. Their enterprise hastened victory.

But it hasn't been all one-sided. The motor industry owes quite a lot to the Army. Commercial motoring as we know it did not develop on a large scale until after World War One.

But for the Army's huge mechanisation policy during 1914-18 the expansion of the motor industry would have come much later. The Army showed that enormous loads could be carried under shellfire and over roads pitted with craters. With motor factories enlarged to fulfil Army contracts the stage was set for large-scale commercialisation when the Armistice came.

In London's recent cavalcade of jubilee cars, early Lanchesters used by the Army in the 1900's rolled proudly along with "Ole Bill" bus-veterans of 1914-18 and the sleek Humber staff car which carried Field-Marshal Montgomery on his victorious campaigns of World War Two. It was right and fitting that the Army should be represented.

In The Boer War

In the early 1890's the Army had a small number of foreign-made cars and use was made of Aveling and Porters road traction engines for manoeuvres in 1893. Traction engines did a sound job hauling heavy guns to the front during the Boer War, but it was not till a year or two later that the Army organised its own MT companies under the old Army Service Corps.

The Army co-operated with the Automobile Association in 1909 in one of the biggest publicity stunts ever organised by the motor industry.

In his book, "This Motoring", the late Sir Stenson Cooke tells how he arranged with the Secretary for War to convey a mixed battalion of Guards from London to Hastings and back, with their weapons and equipment. The AA, which had come into being in 1905 to combat the system of police traps for the unwary motorist "flashing" along at 25 miles per hour, wanted to show the public the immense possibilities of the motor car. They issued notices to members: —

it is worth remembering - WAS ARMY-BRED

"A battalion of His Majesty's Guards with transport will pass along the Hastings road today returning to London in the afternoon. It is being conveyed in several hundred MOTOR CARS (36-point capitals). Will all drivers, cyclists, and pedestrians kindly keep as closely as possible to the near side of the road as the cars go by."

The Guardsmen and the War Office were impressed by the efficiency of the fleet of cars. The daring expedition with the "horseless chariots" predicted much earlier by Old Mother Shipton was a tremendous success. There were no recorded casualties.

One of the pioneers of the car was Dr. Lanchester whose cars were used by the Army when the first MT company of the ASC was set up at Woolwich in 1903. Montague Napier's cars, the first six-cylinder type practicable for commercial purposes, were snapped up by the Army, and Bush, Woiseley and Brook cars, Fowler traction engines (speed four miles per hour) and Thorneycroft steam lorries with a speed of three to eight miles per hour were also included in the early MT companies.

The Secretary for War in 1911 made a revolutionary decision. He told an astounded House of Commons that he was planning to replace horses by mechanised transport on a large scale. Tests were made in Southern England to determine which vehicles were best suited for military purposes. The test operations lasted a week, and when they were over the Army decided that petrol-driven vehicles were more suitable than those driven by steam.

During World War One the entire output from the motor factories went to the Services. The BEF took out some assorted 1200 vehicles, but only about a 100 were pre-war Army vehicles. The rest were subsidised lorries of an Army type (kept in first-class order and owned by civilian firms), and a number of impressed vehicles.

When the Armistice came the Army had some 120,000 vehicles — 56,000 lorries, 34,000 motor cycles and 30,000 cars, vans, ambulances and tractors. It had increased its mechanical strength tenfold.

Between the wars the RASC, as it was now known, still retained several companies of animal transport. The last of the horse transport companies was not disbanded until 1929. By 1935 the threat of another war seemed so real that the Army began planning complete mechanisation. Cars were earmarked for requisitioning in readiness for war. For every vehicle controlled by the RASC six were on reserve.

In World War Two the RASC expanded enormously, and there was a terrific increase in the number of vehicles manned by men of the Corps.

It is too early yet to say whether the car of the future will be influenced by Army experience in the mechanised battles of World War Two.

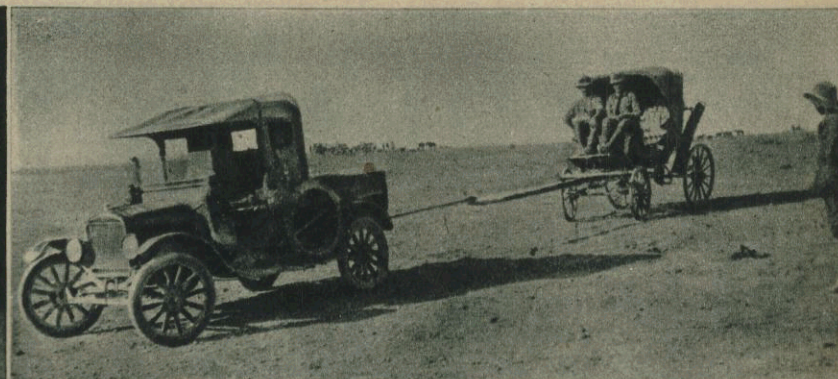
R. C. SCOTT.



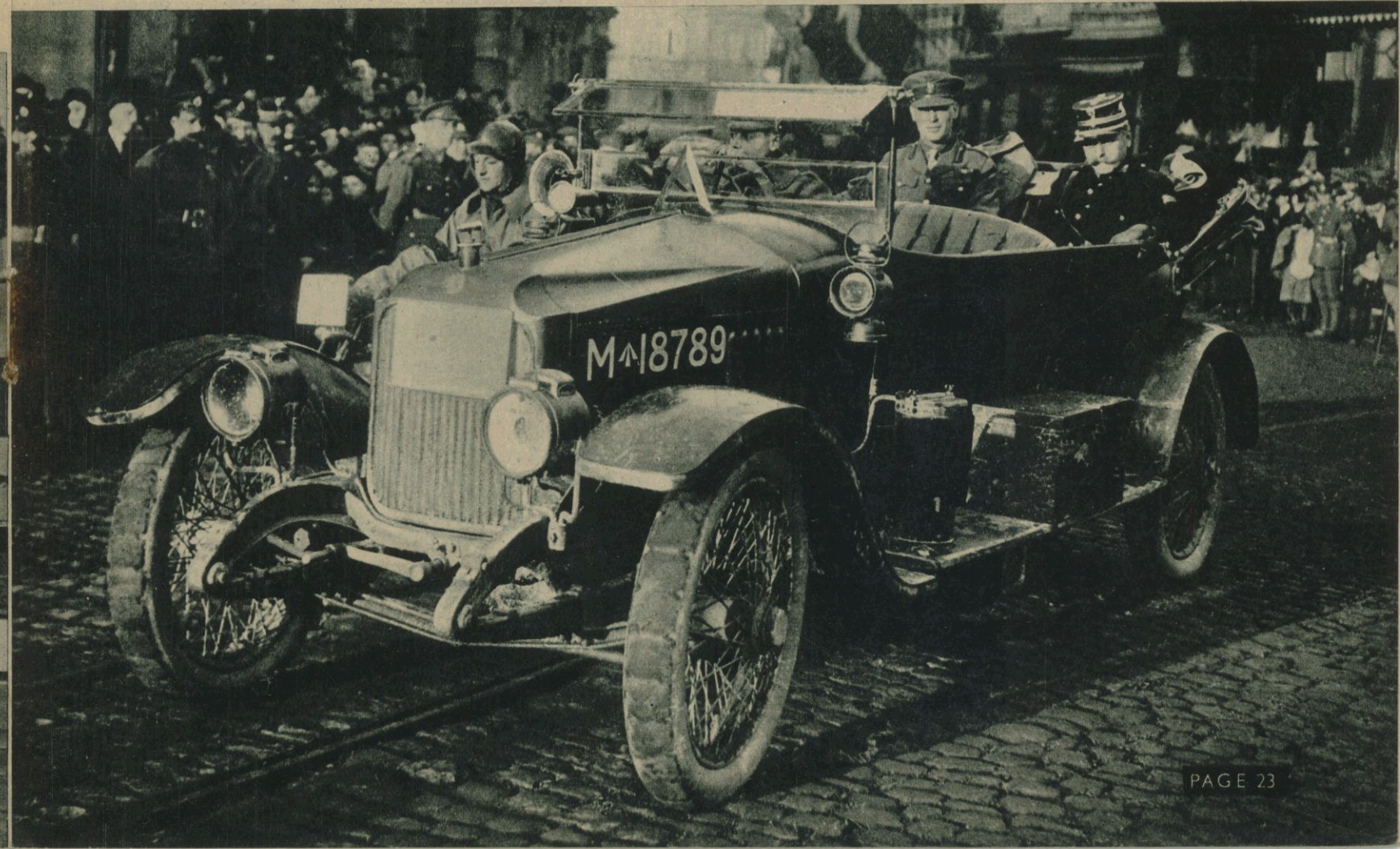
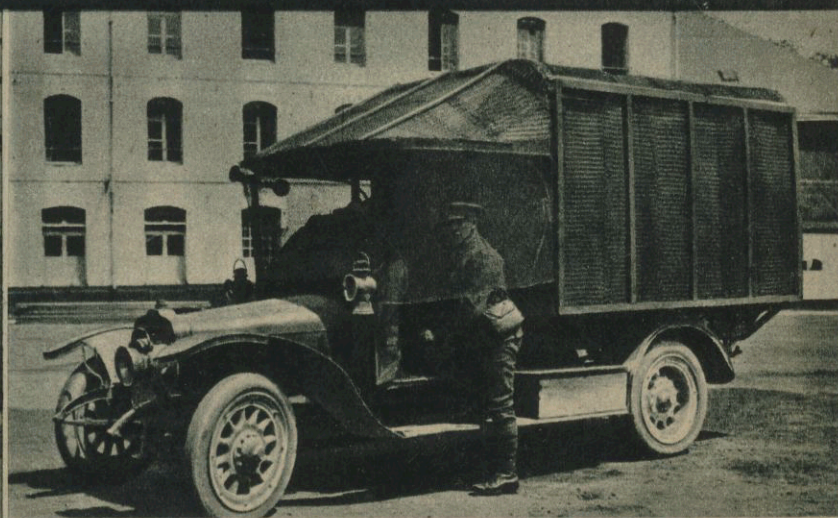
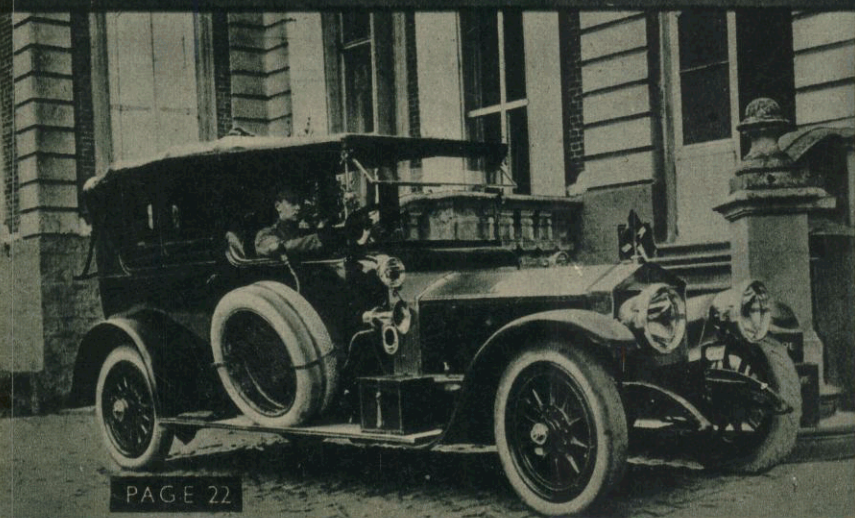
Above: Famous "stunt" recalled—a battalion of Guards were carborne from London to Hastings and back in 1909. (Automobile Association photograph). Below: The famous Vauxhall staff car of 1914-18. This one is preceding King George V's car into Tournai, 1918.

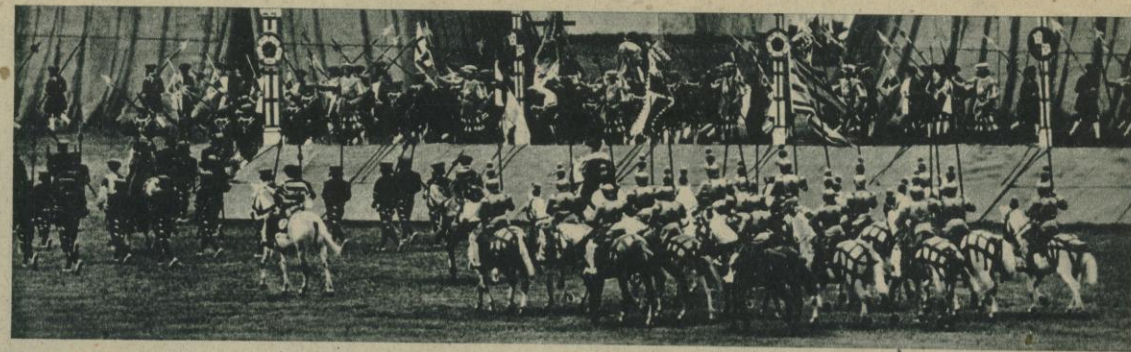


Above: Ford ambulances on the Western Front, World War One. Below: Rolls again—General Sir A. Currie's car outside GHQ, Western Front, August 1917.



Above: November 1917: an Army Ford tows an arabana, or Turkish coupe, abandoned during the Turk retreat. Below: A shrapnel-proof car of 1914-18.





Until 1938 the glory of Aldershot was the annual Command Tattoo, with its 120,000 crowds and massed bands (left) and its historic pageantry (top). Today the glory has gone and the great Rushmoor arena (right) is just another Army vehicle park.



The Duke of Wellington's statue. Is there a dray driver's bottle of beer inside the tail?



The searchlight tattoo has gone, but this kind of tattoo lingers on.



SOLDIERS'

Aldershot, for nearly a century Britain's most martial town, stands at the crossroads today. Her barracks are empty while Britain's armies are still overseas and military authorities consider whether the town that was built round a garrison is to remain a military centre in the Atomic Age.

WHATEVER Aldershot may have been in the former history of its country, it is now a place which the British soldier has thoroughly taken by storm," wrote Charles Dickens when he visited the new camps there nearly 90 years ago.

"Describing the sights of the mushroom town which had sprung up to meet the requirements of the 20,000 Crimean veterans the Government had suddenly dumped around the village of 160 houses and 875 inhabitants, Dickens found so much that was military that he wrote of the train that panted along the High Street every hour: "The only wonder is that the driver who conducts the engine is not attired in some variety of military undress costume."

Release Centre

By contrast, today there is no more khaki in the streets of Aldershot town than anywhere else in Britain. The shopping centre is almost entirely given over to the civilian population and in the High Street, where as a recruit in 1940 I made my arm ache by carefully saluting every officer I met in a 100-yards walk, you may not see a single salute.

The busiest place in Aldershot for some time has been the release centre. The rest of the rows of barracks have an empty

look; many could do with a coat of paint.

Rushmoor Arena, which may never again house the floodlit glory of the Aldershot Tattoo, is a Vehicle Recovery Depot; the arena itself and the surrounds are covered with neat rows of vehicles and the green paint is peeling from the corrugated iron fences and stands.

Near the Garrison Church of All Saints — the Red Church to those who know it — the colossal equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington still stares arrogantly at the trucks that flash along the Southampton Road. There is a story that when this statue was moved to its present site from Hyde Park Corner in 1885 the driver of a dray bringing down the sections parked a bottle of beer and some cheese sandwiches inside the tail; he went to sleep while the statue was being erected and woke up to find his lunch had been built into the Iron Duke's mount. Nobody has tried to take the statue to pieces to confirm or disprove the story.

The slot-machine palaces are empty; the machines are in need of repair and the proprietors blame the defects on the Canadians who spent their pay so lavishly in the town.

The operating theatre of the "only lady tattooist in the country" still advertises "18 years experience: all work done by free hand; anything copied



A garrison town is a town of partings, in peace as in war. Before 1914 they were pictured in sentimental postcards like this, published by "Mrs. R. Hughes, Stationery and Fancy Goods Depot."

TOWN NO.1

to perfection including photographs and regimental badges." But it was closed when I went there.

Also closed was the headquarters of a gentleman whose card describes him as "Professor Vince (Brown)" and advertises electric tattooing and "Over 40 years experience, 27 years in Aldershot." Professor Vince (Brown) has in his window a card which states: "OWING TO THE VERY SCARCITY OF GOOD TATTOOING MATERIAL THIS ESTABLISHMENT WILL NOT BE OPEN AS OFTEN AS I WOULD LIKE TO BE."

You no longer have to line up behind a khaki queue to get into the cinemas, though the programmes are as good as ever.

In the pubs there is no difficulty about getting a glass of beer. Meals, like anywhere else in the country, are not so easy to get but in the dining-room of the Queen's I saw only two khaki uniforms and one blue one — that of a woman Red Cross worker. You can walk much further without seeing a military policeman than in the old days, but they are there if you look. One of the few Army stories I saw in the "Aldershot News and Mil-

The current postcard famine in Britain has resulted in Aldershot's stationers raking out pre-1914 regimental postcards, like the one on the right, which shows a serjeant and a private of the Norfolk Regiment in heroic attitudes.



tary Gazette" was of an MP who was given 4s 6d by a woman to get brandy for a man who had fainted in the street. The MP could get no brandy and when he came back the man and woman were gone, so he handed the money over to the Aldershot police who were waiting for the owner to claim it.

You can get a taxi any time you like in Aldershot now. Rows of them wait outside the station. Time was, when the town was full of Canadian and other troops, that taxis were as rare as the proverbial guardsman in India and one car could make a steady

Canadians were here," I was told. "They're pretty good at collecting things. But we haven't seen any of our lads yet and that's what we're waiting for."

But the War Office decision about Aldershot's military future has yet to come.

Aldershot has served its purpose admirably since it first became a military town. The "military country" round it was an admirable training ground. Its position and communications made it an ideal spearhead for an expeditionary force sailing from the Channel ports.

The area still has many advantages from the military point of view. Its vast War Department estates, equipped with their own utilities, are suitable for many kinds of training, though not for the widespread manoeuvres of armoured divisions.

In the last war Aldershot did splendid service to the Army. There were mobilised the 1st and 2nd Divisions in 1939. It later became a staging area for many other divisions going overseas; it was the mobilisation centre for many territorial divisions; including both editions of the 51st (Highland) Division; it welcomed the New Zealanders; it accommodated every Canadian Division that came to Europe, all the Canadian reinforcement training units, and handled all the repatriation of the Canadian Army.

Between 1939 and 1945 Aldershot set up no fewer than 68 training units, starting from scratch, in addition to training thousands of men in its permanent schools, like the up-to-date School of Hygiene and the CMP depot at Ash Vale, the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and the Staff College, Camberley. Both the last come within the

"We did a lot of business when



"An idea of my own, sir, to keep the Fire Picquet out o' mischief."

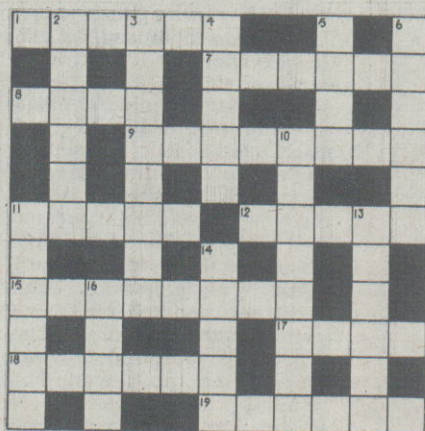
How Much Do You Know?

- What is the character "&" called?
- You've eaten many an ice with vanilla flavouring. What is vanilla?
- If you had a syrxinx, would you
 - fry it;
 - see a doctor about it;
 - play it;
 - wear it?
- What is the next line of the poem beginning: "Oh fat white woman whom nobody loves..."?
- A mortician is
 - arankinFreemasonry;
 - a man who points brickwork;
 - an American undertaker;
 - a registrar of deaths. Which?
- Who is England's Premier Duke?
- In which country did our numerals originate?
- Is the Panama Canal (a) 15 $\frac{1}{2}$, (b) 50 $\frac{1}{2}$, (c) 75 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles long?
- What term is used in measuring the fuel value of food?
- Name one word which describes a lucky accident, the part of the anchor which bites the ground, and a parasitic worm?
- A shopfar is
 - a shindy;
 - an early way of spelling chauffeur;
 - a ram's horn used in Jewish ritual;
 - a form of argument?
- One of these British societies is fictitious—which?
 - The Snail Watching Society;
 - Friends of the National Libraries;
 - Society for the Study of Inebriety;
 - Married Men's Protection League.
- A British writer of detective stories recently published a "net sales certificate" certifying that in the last 18 months his books had sold one million and a half copies. Can you guess his name?
- Leon Degrelle is notorious. Why?
- If you met this lady from Hollywood, you might say: "How's life, Lana?" "Tut, tut—it's Tallulah!" "That's a heck of a hair-do, Hedy!" "My goodness, it's Marlene!" Which?



(Answers on Page 35)

CROSSWORD



ACROSS: 1. Black and tan kilt? — 7. Imitation gold. — 8. This man may be sat upon. — 9. Stops out (apag.). — 11. Howard's colour in a Yorkshire regiment. — 12. Not the snake, probably in the RAMC badge. — 15. It comes between Great Britain and Eire (two words). — 17. Backbone of the British Army? — 18. Flag which old soldiers used to follow. — 19. With "11 Across" where to go AWOL?

DOWN:

- Part of a Highland regimental badge.
- Soldiers or ships, soldiers for the use of!
- With "6 Down," member of a Midland Yeomanry regiment.
- Battle for Oslo.
- See "4 Down".
- If I were in this artillery, it would be the rule.
- Old coin, but the Aussies found it "New" and somewhat difficult.
- This makes Jo nine.
- Give us mixed gin.
- Current in a Berlin street.

(Solution on Page 35)

Continuing SOLDIERS'TOWN NO. 1

orbit of the Aldershot and Hants District.

All these activities had little interference from either the Luftwaffe or the V-1 or V-2. But the coming of the atom-bomb has altered the situation and for the future the Army may have to think twice about putting so many of its eggs in one basket. The atom-bomb may mean the end of great garrison towns.

Then Aldershot's communications may be of less value now that air trooping has come to stay. It would cost a good deal in time and money to modernise the Aldershot camps; most of their barracks and married quarters were built between 1870 and 1910, and though they are architecturally sound, they lack many amenities, like bathrooms. And the drainage system in the camps was not built to stand the weight of tanks and heavy trucks passing over the top of its sewers.

Those who believe that Aldershot still has a big part to play

in the life of the Army envisage a three-phase programme for its future, the size of which will depend on the Government's conscription policy. The first phase will comprise Infantry training

and training in specialist schools for men destined for the armies of occupation overseas; the second phase will include the setting up of new schools, as scientific warfare continues to develop, and preparations for the return of the occupation armies; and the third phase will come when the armies of occupation return to Britain and Aldershot accommodates field force units again.

But whatever Aldershot's place in the army of the future, there is so much of the army of the past about the place, so many memories of military history and of famous soldiers, that the ugly little town in the beautiful Hampshire country will always have its appeal to those who love military things.

RICHARD ELLEY.



When the barracks of the New Army are designed, they won't have much in common with these relics of Queen Victoria's reign.

No Perfume for Privates

NEARLY 90 years ago Charles Dickens paid a critical visit to the "mushroom town" of "Aldershot". He wrote:

"Towards evening the British soldier comes out to be amused. If he is quartered in the barracks, or the huts, and is not under canvas, nor yet upon guard he is at liberty up till half-past nine p.m., at which time he is summoned back to his quarters by the firing of guns and the sound of regimental bands. A special order will allow him to enjoy the seductive gaieties of the town long after this time, but these privileges are granted to a very few. If he neglects to return to his disconsolate regiment at the appointed period, he suffers for it the next day, and several following days, by the extra exertion of 'pack drill', if not by a more severe punishment; for the shadow of the hateful 'cat' still hovers over the pet military settlement..."

Of a barber's shop with an "Officers Only" sign, Dickens said:

"The private soldier is not in the habit of having his hair worried with strange and various brushes, nor of having it pacified afterwards with al-



Dickens found Aldershot a mushroom town of wood and zinc shacks. Today's streets are built to last.

chemical ointments. The private soldier is not in the habit of paying half a crown to have his hair clipped at the back, washed with egg flip, watered with a watering can, his beard shaved and his pocket handkerchief scented with the latest perfume known. Perhaps it was thought that private soldiers sometimes might come in for legacies, and go in for the genteel thing, vastly, and the notice was meant to provide against such a contingency. Many officers would have to be excluded, too, if they had no property, and were compelled to live on their pay. Five shillings a day for an ensign, and six shillings for a lieutenant will not go far in mess dinners and tailors' bills, much less in toilet clubs."



BAOR FAMILY GOES SHOPPING

-behind concrete "windows"

Family group in a Hamburg street—the Otter Family return from shopping.



The British Families Shop has concrete shutters to keep envious German eyes from prying.



The scene the Germans do not see: inside the Families Shop.

OTTERS' CASTLE

THE Otters are together again. Not since 1939, when father sailed to join the BEF, have they lived together as a family. But now QMS. Fred Otter of 12 Base Depot Medical Stores, RAMC, has been joined in BAOR by his wife, Violet, and his children, Ellen, eleven, and John, nine.



"H'm. Smells all right to me," says QMS. Fred Otter in the kitchen of his Hamburg flat.

It was high priority — 236 entitlement points out of a possible 260 — that brought Mrs. Otter and the children from sleepy Market Deeping, in Lincolnshire, to 65, Hohenzollernring, Hamburg.

There, on their first day together, they showed me round their new home: tiled kitchen, up-to-date bathroom, three bedrooms and a sitting-cum-dining-room divided by roller doors.

With the Otters I went shopping at NAAFI's Families Shop in Grosse Bleichen, where Mrs. Otter bought biscuits, sauce and salad dressing she had not seen in English shops since before the war.

Living in Hamburg, with its depressing ruins, is not going to be easy. Travel will be difficult in winter; the Germans, on meagre rations, may not always be friendly; it will be some time before entertainment and education for the children reach English levels.

But the Otters of Hamburg have begun to build a new life and a real English home in their German city. **JOHN CAPSTAN.**

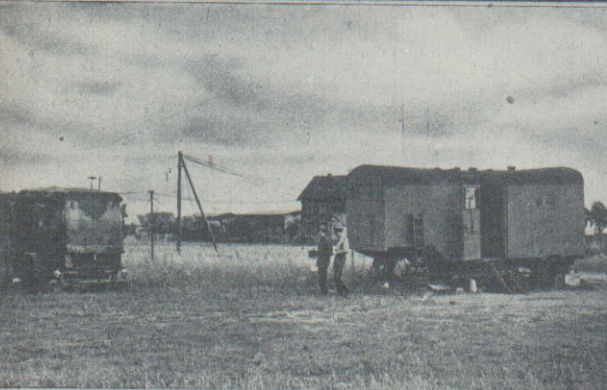


Few British soldiers saw the Nazi "big shots" (above) in the flesh. The men of the Royal Signals deployed at Nuremberg enjoyed a close-up of all the personalities in the trials.

THE "PRESS GANG" OF NUREMBERG

Happily marooned in the US Zone, a small colony of British Army signallers tapped out millions of words telling the world the news from Nuremberg.

Battered but still serviceable, this "Golden Arrow" transmitter travelled the hard way from Normandy to Regensburg.



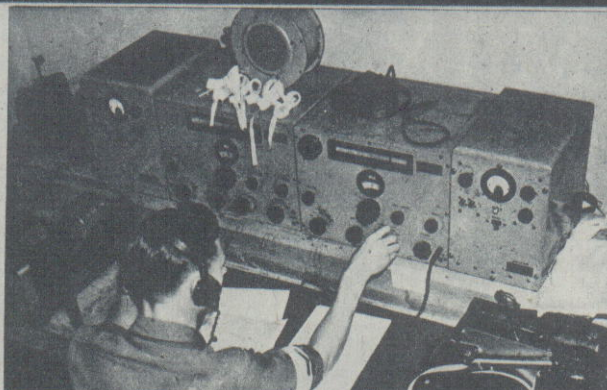
In charge of the "Golden Arrow" transmitter was Sgmn. Martin, ex-2nd Armd. Bde. He soon got the hang of it.



Operators at work on the day's output, which in the early stages reached 150,000 words daily. And it usually came in a rush.



The twin receivers used by the wireless section. Twiddling the knobs is Cpl. Orbell, peace-time GPO telephonist.



In the "copy room" a newspaperman hands his message through the hatch to an NCO of No. 5 Public Relations Service.



Meal time in the sergeants' mess. Employment of German waitresses was necessary under American rules.



UNPERTURBED by the length of the Nuremberg trials have been the members of the Nuremberg detachment of No. 1 HQ Signals Regiment. They are the men who sent out daily the Press messages on the proceedings of the trial — messages in seven languages, eight if you count the British journalists' "cable-ese".

There were several reasons for their contentment. One was that they fed on American rations, with American PX services — 200 cigarettes and plenty of sweets every week.

Another was that they could take a personal interest in the progress of the trial. And the third was that Press work meant no "booking" or office work in their Signals Office, which was not known as a Signals Office but as a "copy room". It was run by a small staff of No. 5 Public Relations Service and did for the Press what a Signals Office does for the Army.

London Route Quicker

Parts of three sections — 9 and 103 Tele-Op (teleprinter) and 43 High Speed Wireless sections — made up the detachment. In the early weeks of the trial they were sending out up to 150,000 words a day; output dwindled to 10,000 as interest in the trials waned, but stepped up again as they neared their end.

The Tele-Op sections operated eight teleprinter lines, working to London, Herford and, through Herford, to Berlin, Hamburg and Copenhagen. Three of the teleprinter lines finished at the Central Telegraph Office of the GPO in London and a single line ran to the War Office.

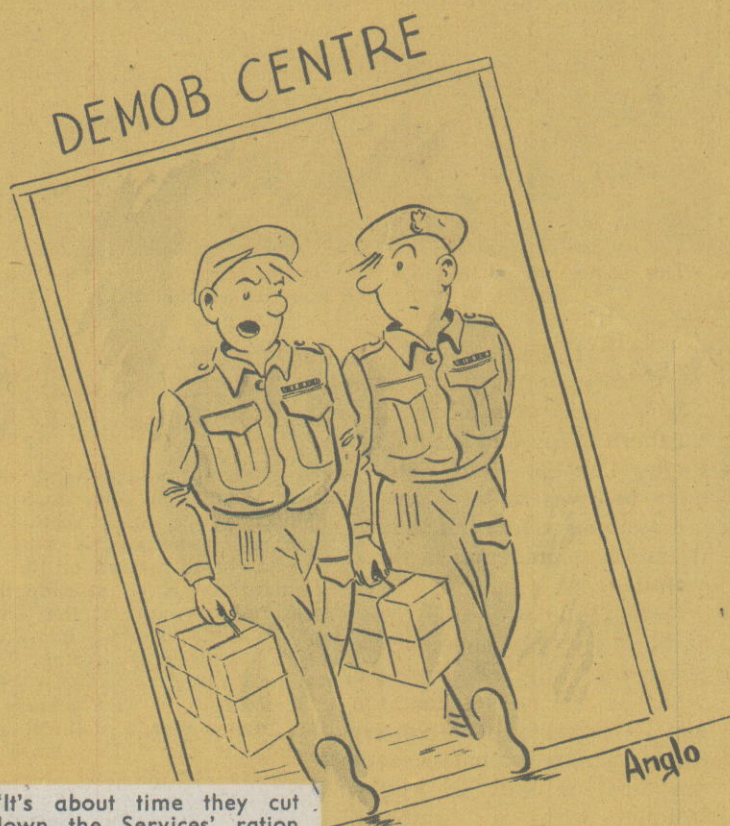
World Range

Besides the teleprinter lines, the High Speed Wireless section operated one of the "Golden Arrow" transmitters which sent a steady 80 words a minute to London, repeating each message.

The "Golden Arrow" set, which maintained a top secret link with War Office all the way from D-Day to Regensburg, was the same as that which operates the "Postagram" service from Herford. It has an output sufficient to give it a world range.

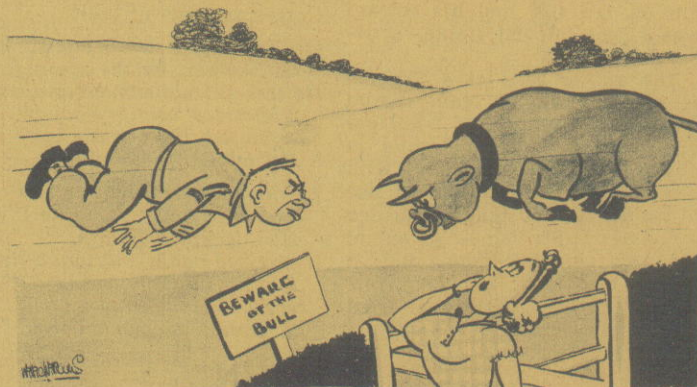
The unit has had its exciting moments. One came when 29,000 tons of HE went up in a dump outside Nuremberg and all the windows of the copy-room blew in on to the machines. Another time an American cook blew up his petrol cooker just outside the window, one office had to be evacuated and the men in the other worked in a cloud of black smoke. Each time the messages, as they always did throughout the trial, got through ready for the next morning's papers.

BAOR Humour

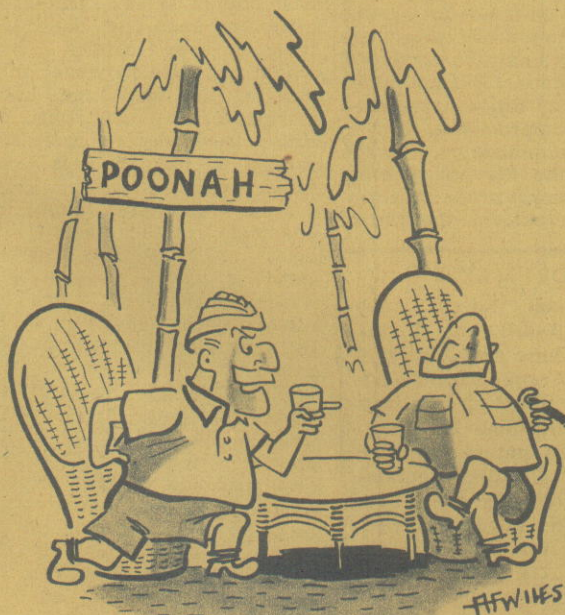


"It's about time they cut down the Services' ration and increased the civilians'."

Anglo



"Oh, why did I marry a Commando?"



"Did I ever tell you about the time I went house-hunting in Little Biddleditch?"



SOLDIER *Bookshelf*

YORKSHIRE'S WAR

ONE of the reasons — although by no means the only one — why regiments should publish their war histories is that these provide the sidelights which never emerge from the cold pages of official records.

In "Europa Revisited", the story of the East Riding Yeomanry, Major V. C. Ellison introduces us to Tony Mitchell whose tank was knocked out by a Panzerfaust in the battle for Galmanche. Mitchell crawled out badly burnt and with both legs smashed, and found himself being dragged into a trench by the very men who had caused the damage. They bound him up, found he spoke German and was an officer. They then sent for a German lieutenant who asked, "Why do you attack us here? You can never turn us out."

Mitchell replied that there were 60 more tanks coming to "smarten them up." The German took a dim view of this, went off to report to his company commander, found that he and most of the company had been killed and decided the best way out was to make a run for it with the remnants of his men. Mitchell's own troops found him in the slit, and his reward was a long, uncomfortable, recovery in hospital.

The author tells of a German soldier who was on leave during the Rhine crossing and who told his wife, that he was going to desert. She suggested he took with him military information of use to the British and taught him two sentences in English — "I want to speak to the commander," and "It is very important, hurry, hurry." Directly he was captured he tried out his first sentence. His captors

replied with something he could not understand. He then fired his second gun but forgot the word "important". "It is very hurry, hurry," he blurted out. The British soldiers, with a real sense of the practical, led him to the latrines.

The regiment enjoyed a rest period at the Monastic School of St. Louis in Oudenbosch. Each brother had a particular job and one was the Coal Brother. In an Army truck he would set off to Aachen, recently liberated, to collect fuel. On the return journey fighting broke out and some bullets passed close. The Coal Brother was unperturbed. With his glasses on his nose he described it in his newly acquired English as "most exciting, most exciting." Emlyn Williams, it turned out, was playing in "Blithe Spirit" nearby and accepted an invitation to stage the play at the school. There was one doubtful point — could the brothers be asked to see a show about ghosts and the hereafter? The brothers could and did. Afterwards they asked for the script to study.

Quoted is a poem written by a trooper to commemorate the highly coloured but inaccurate press reports that girl snipers had been at work in the bridgehead. It was dedicated to the War Correspondents at fault:

*He thought he saw in Luc-sur-Mer
Girl snipers by the shore;
He thought again and found it was
A German soldier's squaw;
You must bring out the sexy side
My public likes it raw.*

*He thought he saw the Air-
borne Div.*

*Had occupied Troarn,
He looked again and found it was
A most unlikely yarn.
You must exaggerate a bit,
It cannot do much harm.*

ON THE RUN

ITALY, behind the German lines, Autumn 1943. In a small mountain lodge overlooking the Adriatic there is a door marked ORDERLY ROOM — KNOCK AND ENTER. Inside sits a Major Potter, a Regular Army officer immaculate in service dress and Sam Browne belt. In front of him is a sheaf of orders marked War Office Instructions, Ammunition Returns, Vehicle Strength, Defaulters, Laundry, Air Liaison. On the wall is a blackboard marked Daily Parade State with columns for Armour, RA, Infantry, RASC, Signals, and a large area map showing the German positions, patrols, fortifications and supply routes. The location of the lodge is show as Resistance — Area HQ.

Into this amazing behind the lines set-up stumbles John Lovell, a British POW on the run. After his own chaotic wanderings trying to reach the Allied lines, Lovell is amazed at the major's organisation. He swiftly discovers, however, that the major is a POW gone completely mad, that the resistance HQ is fantasy in his

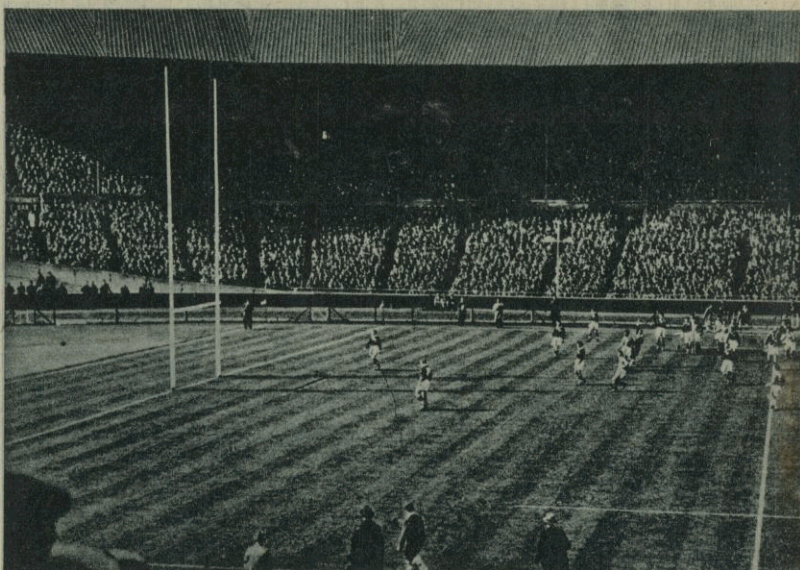
crazy mind, that there are no troops, no artillery, no tanks, in fact nobody else in the house except the major's devoted Cockney servant who is living up to the crazy masquerade.

Major Potter is one of the colourful characters in Michael Ardizzone's novel "Hear Not My Steps" (Falcon Press, 8s 6d).

John, the hero of the book, jumps from a POW train en route for Germany. His life is saved by Joan, an English refugee. They team up together for escape, fall in love, and are married in a quiet church in the Abruzzi. After several escape attempts John's adventure finishes as it began, on a cattle truck bound for Germany.

Ardizzone, like his hero John was himself a POW and escapee in Italy. He wrote his book in second captivity in Germany.

"Michael Ardizzone, an ex-lieutenant in the RTR, is a journalist, and the brother of Edward Ardizzone the former war artist."



The game that packs them in — in the North of England. Here Barrow drop a goal to equalise with Salford.

WHAT do you know of the 13-a-side game that everybody calls Northern Union and is actually Rugby League; which everybody believes to be a purely professional code when, in fact, it embraces amateurs in three counties?

These fallacies were exploded for me by the League's new Secretary William Fallowfield, who, as an ex-Northampton and Cambridge University Rugby Union footballer, eyes the amateur side of Rugby League with a brotherly interest.

I once saw Widnes beat St. Helen's Recreation at Wembley, and never had it occurred to me that 13-a-side games were played by other than professionals. How wrong I was! There are only 28 senior professional clubs in Yorkshire and Lancashire (and I must not forget one in Westmorland) but there are hundreds of amateurs in the 20 District Leagues. Strange, then, that the Rugby Union has offered such an uncompromising front to this other organisation. I can understand the RU not wanting to have anything to do with professionalism, but for the life of

BAOR? MAYBE

Professional Soccer club visits to BAOR are in the balance. Clubs say that in a congested League season augmented by FA Cup-ties they cannot spare time for Continental trips unless they are guaranteed air lifts. Programmes are too full, they say; injuries to costly players many. So the BAOR Sports Committee have approached the Air Ministry and negotiations are proceeding. Both the Football Association and the majority of clubs are anxious that games should be played in BAOR.

me I cannot comprehend why they should not offer the glad hand to the amateur section — brother amateurs who play in bundles of 13 instead of 15. So die-hard is the RU attitude that conscripted youths in the Army may not play the RL game unless they wish to forfeit their amateur status.

It would be a nice gesture in this Jubilee season of the Rugby League if the Union were to recognise the amateur side of the game. And I warn them that young, enthusiastic Secretary Fallowfield is going to bring a breath of fresh air to a game that has inclined to become musty in its domesticity. He did not tell me in so many words, but it is my guess that the Rugby League will make yet another attempt to conquer new worlds in Southern England, the North-East and in Wales. The experiment has been tried before; the invasion was resisted. But I would not care to wager that it will fail the next time. London is ripe for any new sport, be it roller speedway or professional Rugby, so long as it is a spectacle.

And professional Rugby is a spectacle, for the essential difference it bears from the other handling code is its openness and amendments to its rules have always been made with a view to improving the continuity of play.

What are the essential differences that make it more attractive to spectators? Firstly, 13 players instead of 15 means the disappearance of two wing forwards and consequently more room for tactics around the base of the scrum. There is extra space in which to move; there are more moves. Particularly is there triangular play behind the scrum by the loose forward and two half backs. There is no line out. Then again indiscriminate kicking into touch brings no reward, for the scrum, unlike

RUGBY LEAGUE'S JUBILEE

the RU scrum comes back from where the kick was made. The ball must bounce skilfully between kick and finding touch for ground to be gained. Thus the ball is not out of play so much — one of the big bugbears of RU. The new "Play the Ball" rule eliminates loose mauls to a considerable extent, thus stimulating open play, and a goal cannot be scored from a free kick for a "mark". The aim is maximum open play, maximum continuity and minimum stoppages.

Not only is this style of Rugby played here, in New Zealand and Australia but in France, particularly the South where, to my surprise again, I learn there are 400 senior clubs. It was the only sport banned by the Germans during their Occupation; it gave the Maquis opportunities to get

together. Ostensible committee meetings were in fact Resistance cells!

Nova Scotia, too, is flirting with Rugby League code and many of the college clubs in the Maritime Provinces have already gone over to their new love. The Border country of Spain is adopting it. So watch out, you Twickenham purists!

The missionary efforts do not end here. France will probably send a team to Australasia next year for the first time, England will play France at Bordeaux on 6 April and New Zealand is expected here next season. Add to that the laurels won by the recently returned Tourists under Gus Risman's captaincy in Australia and New Zealand, and the spread of the game cannot lightly be disregarded by those who carry the RU banners.

Figures can be made to prove anything, I know, but money talks, and 55,000 people paid £12,000 at Wembley this year to see the first post-war Final between Wigan and Wakefield. And that was at a time when, through transport restrictions, only 15,000 could travel from the North. Then 67,000 paid to see England and Australia at Sydney Oval; with members that means 80,000. And 70,000 once paid to see a League game at Manchester.

It was in 1895 that the Rugby League was conceived under the name of Northern Union, following a bitter break between Yorkshire and Lancashire clubs and their Southern colleagues upon the rocks of "broken time" —



Collision! They take plenty of knocks in North Country Rugby.



Left: A Warrington player fly-tackles a Leeds player and tries to force him into touch. Above: Cricket's tribute to Rugby—Don Bradman presents cup to Gus Risman, captain of Salford.

the same trouble which is just now threatening to wreck the peace of amateur athletics. The Northerners wished to recompense their players for loss of wages; the South replied with an even more stringent set of rules which made it impossible for the industrial North to play Rugby. The War of the Roses was a tame affair compared with this Civil War between North and South. The outcome of it all was a Union of 20 clubs, 16 of whom survive to this Jubilee Year. Professionalism was at first declared illegal, but was openly adopted in 1898 after many early difficulties and revolutionary changes in the rules and regulations. The average payment today is £5 for a win and 70s for a loss, but there is no limit imposed.

Alterations in point scoring and the abolition of the line out followed later, until the final composition of 13 players a side came about in 1906. A year or two later Welsh clubs joined — Pontypridd, Ebbw Vale and Merthyr Tydvil among them. Although an International match at Pontypridd was an overwhelming financial success, these teams dropped out through heavy travelling expenses and Welsh stars found their way to Northern clubs where to this day they work and get paid for Saturday play. In fact, they have to have other employment ac-

cording to rule, a policy that might well be adopted by the Association game.

The game has infiltrated to Plymouth and Coventry without success, and it is comparatively recent history that a big pioneering effort was made in London. It was doomed to failure — I think principally because the clubs played on greyhound racing tracks and were consequently too remote from their public. But the Wembley Final has always been a great draw, chiefly because the Northern Lads and Lassies look upon it as their day out, whether or not their town clubs are participating. Wigan Highfield, I remember, became London Highfield and eventually Liverpool Highfield in a chequered career. Then there were Acton and Willesden and Streatham and Mitcham, and a club at Newcastle had a mushroom existence. The latest pioneers outside Yorkshire and Lancashire are Workington, and the Cumberland side will have Risman, England's captain, as player-coach.

And so Rugby League, which has produced players of the calibre of Sullivan, Risman, Wagstaffe, Batten, Parkin and Fiddes, which can still send a team after seven years of war disruption to Australia and retain the mythical "Ashes", goes forward with high hopes of expansion.

ARCHIE QUICK



This is not a deliberate attempt at de-bagging: it is a tackle that hasn't quite come off.

UNIFORM

- and not so uniform

THE controversial "walking-out" dress proposed for the New Army is only one of many official and unofficial changes which have taken place in soldiers' uniform since 1918.

The closing months of World War One saw some outstanding concessions to individual taste in Army uniform. Bakers, drivers, clerks and other tradesmen were wont to make the most of their time off duty by striding abroad in right-angled driving breeches, Fox's puttees, brown boots and spurs. Brass shoulder-titles were bent into stream-lined curves, small pieces of mirror were inserted behind cap badges, prodigious and ornate lanyards decorated the shoulders — but the literally crowning glory was the "six-cylinder cap".

This was first worn by sub-alterns, but so fruitful was its appeal to the flapper, so debonaire its tilt, that its use rapidly and inevitably spread to those Other Ranks who were able to scrounge one. Its chief features were a huge peak, an imposing leather cap-strap (polished with stencil varnish), and a soft undulating crown, the individual indentations of which were moulded by the adroit insertion of a handkerchief or oily rag. The whole was tilted at a "Beatty" angle, adjusted to one's facial contours and profile.

Permission to wear slacks was wrongly interpreted by some as an excuse for permanent turn-ups,

raised seams, fancy shoes and even fancier socks. Inevitably, the permission was withdrawn.

The arrival of the interim peace and the financial harmony which the more cynical alleged prevailed between adjutants and regimental tailors brought with them the "box crease," a sartorial shocker designed to bring some sort of uniform smartness into the junction of the puttees and the slacks. The skin-tight trouser of the 1917-19 era was banished, and symmetry was sought by a full-width trouser ending (apparently) in a

straight line four fingers width below the centre of the knee cap. The unofficial method was to cut off the surplus trouser legs, and although this gave an immaculate effect it did not involve those hours of arduous preparation without which no

ceremonial parade was considered sufficiently ceremonial. It was accordingly discouraged by the insertion of the inspecting officer's hand just above the puttee, where, if he could touch the skin, the culprit found himself on a charge of being improperly dressed and wilfully damaging his clothing. Not unnaturally, the ironed creases won the day — and the regimental tailors began to acquire motor cars.

Battledress has altered that.

As for the beret, there can be few military innovations in the last 30 years which have caused more genuine entertainment than the fantastic forms into which the beret is contorted

by unaccustomed wearers. The peace time regularity of the black beret of the Royal Tank Corps has been replaced by creations whose diversities are limited only by the number of owners. And the result is that the individual fashioning invariably reflects and accentuates the individuality of the wearer.

You can wear it high on the left and low on the right, flat on the head like a pancake or hoisted aloft like a turban, pulled back from the face or



... greatcoats vary

falling over the forehead. Whatever you do, however you try (and heaven knows there is often good reason!) the face that looks out upon the world from beneath a beret is clear evidence of the heart beneath the blouse. (Me? No, I don't wear one...)

Naturally, if and when the ATS wear them, berets will not be so revealing. The hat isn't made that can nullify the effects of creams, powder, lip stick, mascara, eyeshade, rouge, hair styled and coloured to match, and that remarkable and universal feminine ability to appear the type she thinks

her immediate target prefers — demure or dashing, edifying or educated, frigid or fiery.

The strictly utilitarian design and comfort of the battledress discourage amendment and the Army is thus left to experiment with greatcoats and footwear. The very county-looking British warm in light heliotrope which in peace time was the exclusive prerogative of Very Senior Officers and Certain High Class Regiments may now be seen encasing the merely classy dresser. At the other end of the scale is the greatcoat which all the make-do and mend in the world cannot disguise as other than something which should have been handed back into store when the owner was commissioned. Soldiers' greatcoats vary from the smart, button-polished and pleated one owned by the well-turned out, to the shapeless baggy monstrosity invariably and unmistakably associated with the soldier who shuffles along with his hands in his pockets.

There is more room for variety in boots and shoes. Here again, though not quite so devastating as the beret, the shoe doth oft proclaim the man. Light-yellow and pointed; "amos" with an ebony polish glittering with circles and shivers of light; heavy mahogany brogues; suede with



... individual fashioning

a jaunty overseas snootiness; aged but well-polished riding boots (usually in company with ribbons of the 1914-18 war); trim black box-calf which never seems to get splashed in the dirtiest weather. On one memorable occasion, my unbelieving eyes were confronted with a pair of goloshes: there can be nothing more to tell you about the corporal who wore those.

So perhaps we are not the dressers that we were. But there is still hope. The collar and tie have arrived and what a really earnest beau can do with those is nobody's business. Collar pins, tie pins, (regimental colours, real enamel), and individual cravats are inevitable. Add to these the new blue uniform (if approved) with its varied facings and pipings and the urge to self-expression which peace always brings, and we have perhaps the makings of another kaleidoscopic answer to when is a uniform not uniform.

CHARLES GIBSON.



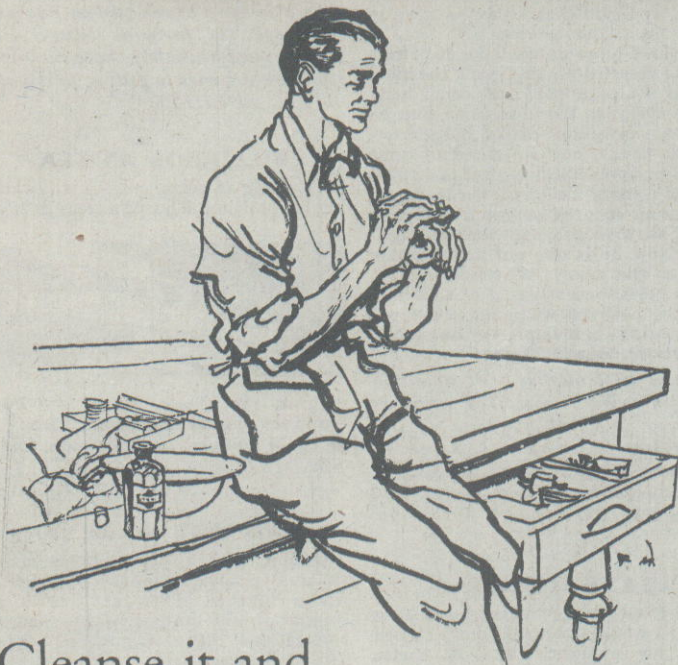
... most becoming



... accordingly discouraged

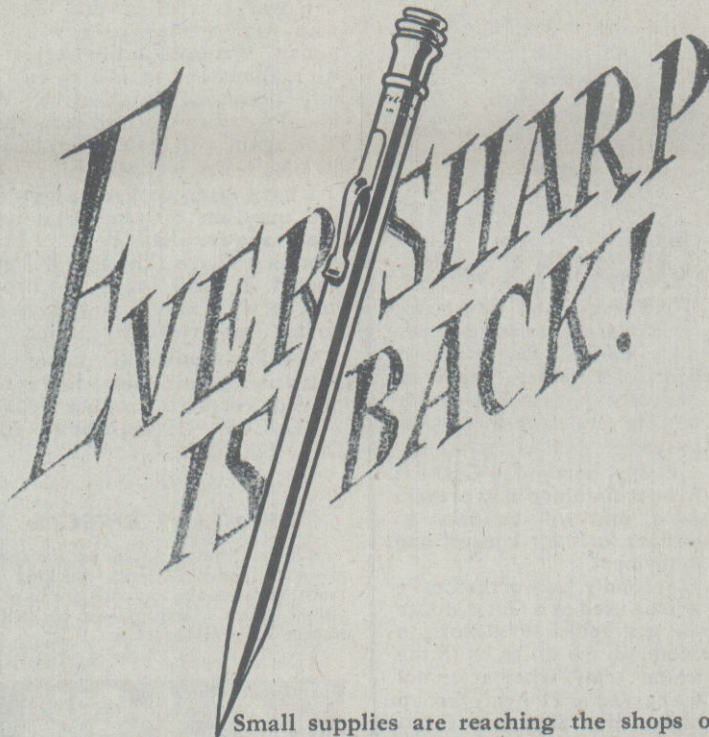
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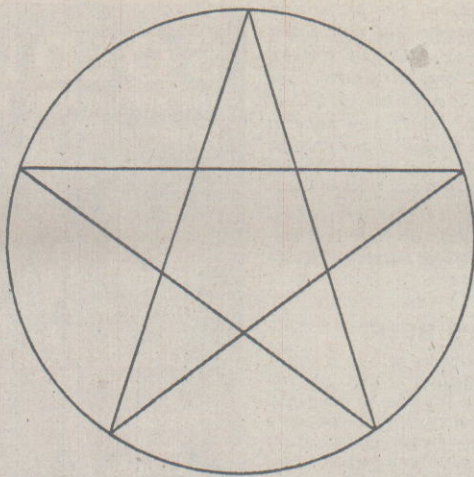
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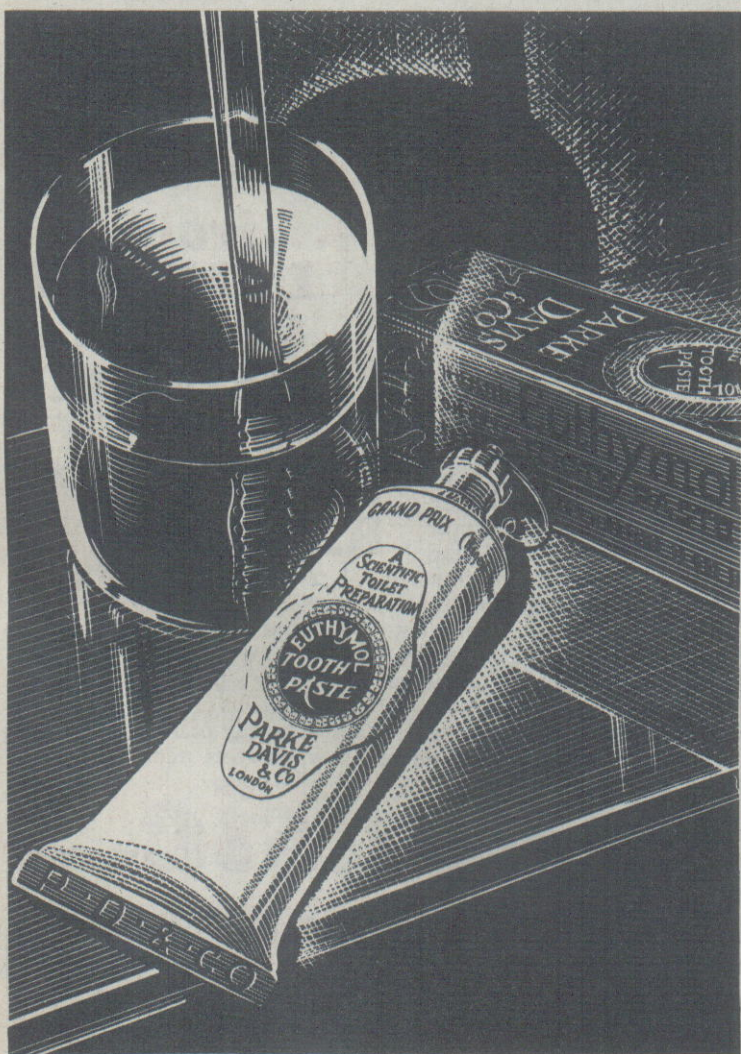
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