

JUNE 23 1945  
FORTNIGHTLY  
VOL I N° 9

# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



## THE DRUM

When the 51st Highland Division was over-run at St. Valery in 1940 the Gordons lost their drum.

Through the long, bitter years when Britain fought the greatest rearguard action in all history, the memory of the drum remained and the call of its beat lay deep in the minds of the Gordons.

To men steeped in Highland tradition, enwrapped in the lore of a proud and ancient people, the drum called with an insistence that only such can understand.

Nor did distance mute it. In the Western Desert it called and called, high and clear. And this was so on the beaches of Sicily and Italy; it was so on the Normandy beaches: on beat the drum.

It fell to the American 10th Armoured Division to capture Baumholder, Germany, and there they found what the Gordons sought. In Munich they returned it to the regiment.

In these events lies the essence of the Allied struggle against Hitler and his Germany.

Look well to your drum, Gordons. For ever remember, the 10th.

**First Man Out**  
Pages 6, 7 and 8.

2 fr. (BELG)

IN FRANCE : 2 FR. 50

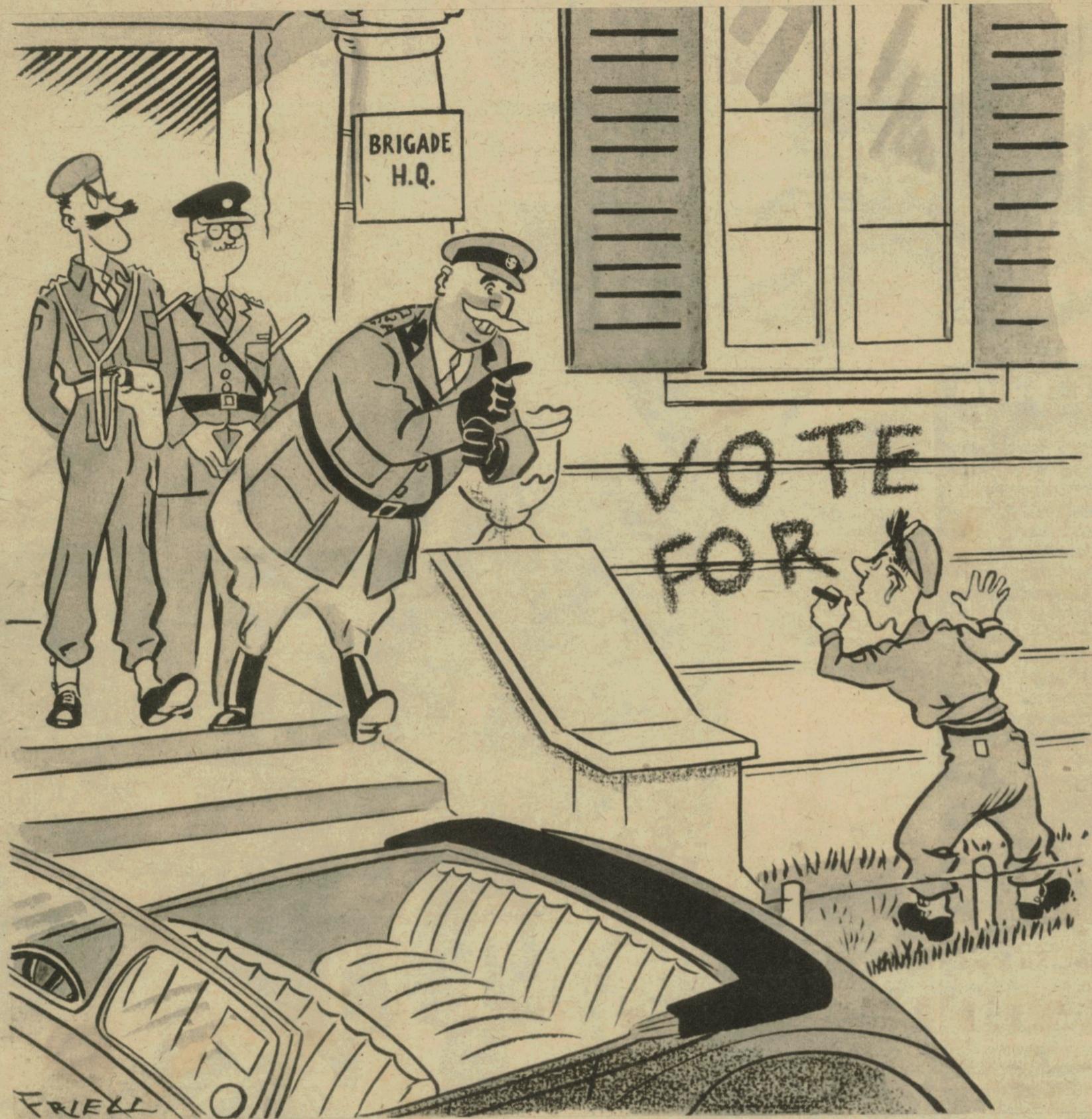
IN HOLLAND : 13 CENTS

IN GERMANY : 50 PFCS



BLA  
EDITION

ST. VALERY... TO MUNICH



"Tut, tut, now. No chalking!"

### THE NEW MEMBER SPEAKS

"Parliament is not a congress of ambassadors from different and hostile interests; which interest each must maintain, as an agent and advocate, against other agents and advocates; but parliament is a deliberative assembly of one nation with one interest, that of the whole; where, not local purposes, not local prejudices ought to guide, but the general good, resulting from the general reason of the whole. You choose a member indeed; but when you have

chosen him he is not a member of Bristol, but he is a member of Parliament. If the local constituent should have an interest or should form a hasty opinion, evidently opposite to the real good of the rest of the community, the member for that place ought to be as far as any other from any endeavour to give it effect". — from a speech made by Edmund Burke, M.P. in November 1774, on being elected member for Bristol.



**N**O gateway to German-held Europe was more heavily guarded than the Western entrance to the Baltic. Mines, submarines and constant air patrols sealed it tightly — and at the same time offered a standing challenge to British sea-power. The day came when it was necessary to accept the challenge, with the results here described.

## Blockade Runners Used

# MINEFIELDS AS THEIR HARBOURS

In the early months of 1943 Britain called upon her Merchant Navy to save certain war industries from being crippled. There was a desperate shortage of ball bearings and special machine parts for war factories which, had it continued, would have had a most serious effect upon production.

So was born the "Flotilla of Little Ships" — high-speed craft which for two winters ran the close German blockade of the Skagerrak and Kattegat to bring back to Britain urgently needed war material under the very nose of the enemy.

Built to carry a large quantity of cargo in relation to their size, the "Little Ships" were fitted with high-powered Diesel engines which gave them a tremendous turn of speed, and their draught was so shallow that they were able to penetrate enemy minefields and "cock a snook" at this dangerous undertaking.

They were exceptionally manoeuvrable and carried a formidable array of defensive weapons — Oerlikons and quadruple Vickers guns to ward off air attack. They were also fitted with a special Radar device to detect enemy surface craft.

## Inspiring Portraits

Comfort was sacrificed for cargo space, and the deck-house, which included the officers' quarters, the saloon, galley and wireless room, measured only 36 ft by 14 ft 6 ins. The crew was accommodated in the fo'c'sle.

In each saloon hung a portrait of the Prime Minister, and in each Captain's cabin was a picture of Sir Francis Drake.

The spirit of the courageous men who sailed in these ships was reflected in their names — "Gay Corsair" (Capt. R. Tanton, OBE), "Gay Viking" (Capt. H. Whitfield, OBE), "Hopewell" (Capt. D. "Ginger" Stokes, OBE), and "Nonsuch" (Capt. H.W. Jackson, OBE).

The fifth ship, "Master Standfast," was captured when intercepted by German surface craft, and her skipper, Capt. C.R.W. Holdsworth, lost his life in the action.

Throughout the long winter nights when darkness and fog were their best allies these gallant little ships, manned by volunteers specially selected and trained for their

hazardous task, fooled the Germans time and again. Courage, bluff, careful planning and superb seamanship all contributed to the success of the operations.

The port of call in Sweden was Lysekil, in south-west Sweden, where the ships were loaded from a wharf immediately below the German Consulate. Many ruses were employed to mislead the Consulate officials and Gestapo agents, but occasionally information filtered through to enemy sea and air bases, and a race developed between the blockade-runners and the forces sent to intercept them.

Often, when sighted by enemy surface craft before the open sea had been reached, the blockade-runners dashed for the safety of a German minefield and lay up until complete darkness or fog came to the rescue and covered their movements.

## The Weather Was Tougher...

The crews were made up of trawler-men, deep-sea fishermen, and coaster-men used to sailing in small ships. Most of them came from Hull. Tough as they were, however, they were often overcome with sea-sickness and fatigue as they battled in the teeth of gales in which it seemed impossible that such frail craft could keep afloat. Sometimes they had to admit defeat and turn back.

Every member of the crews holds the considered opinion that the worst enemy was not the Germans, but the weather and the ships themselves. One man describes the "Little Ships" as "craft that will do anything but stand on their nose."

Typical of the crews is "Dick" Dibnah, of Hull, a motorman on board the "Non-such." Early in the war he was captured when a British merchantman was sunk, and was being taken to Norway when the German prison ship was attacked by a British submarine. Finding himself in an open boat with two German guards, "Dick" knocked them both out and brought the boat safely back to England.

## Their Decorations

The flotilla crews are undoubtedly the most decorated in the Merchant Navy. All the Masters have received the OBE, the Chief Officers the DSC, the First Mates the MBE, and most of the crew have already been awarded the MBE or have been recommended for the decoration.

In the summer months, when blockade-running was out of the question, the crews joined the famous "Hamble Service," taking petrol across the Channel to the Allied Armies.



Above is shown the scene when a Dakota landed one night in August 1944 on a secret airstrip prepared by SAS men between Poitiers and Limoges, 150 miles behind the enemy lines. It was guided on to the strip by electric torches, and brought a party of French SAS to relieve a British party.



A British SAS officer greets his French replacement, who has just landed (above). So well organised were SAS in enemy terrain that the photographer could even use a flash-bulb, knowing it would not be seen by the Germans. Below: Major Ian Fenwick (at wheel) with two of the party he commanded on his last mission. He was a celebrated cartoonist, and one of his drawings is reproduced at the top of the opposite page. This photograph was taken at the party's base in the Forest of Orleans, and shows how twin machine-guns were mounted in SAS jeeps.



They Rattled Rommel  
Rommel knew quite a lot about the Special Air Service. He may not have known that it was formed by a young Scots Guards Lieutenant, David Stirling, from Commando troops disbanded in the Middle East, nor that its first operation in November, 1941, was through bad luck a failure.

But Rommel did know that throughout 1942 little parties of British troops had appeared mysteriously hundreds of miles behind his lines in the African desert and attacked airfields, lines of communication, dumps, headquarters and any other promising target.

Those early operations of the Special Air Service cost Rommel dear. When the RAF was too weak to hold his Luftwaffe in the air over Libya and Egypt, SAS parties had sneaked up to his airfields and destroyed between 400 and 500 planes on the ground.

They had smashed much valuable Wehrmacht material, sent back prisoners and information. They had created chaos on the lifelines of his arrogant Afrika Korps, set the nerves of his super-trained troops on edge and caused panic in the ranks of his jittery ally.

#### One Man — 100 Planes

It was to do just this that in August 1941 Stirling was given authority to form L Det, SAS, with 100 of all ranks. They were to penetrate deep behind the enemy's lines, by land, sea or air, and cause as much damage and confusion as possible.

The sort of men he picked for the job were men who had a strong sense of responsibility, initiative and individualism, coupled with strong discipline.

Their main target in those days was the Luftwaffe, and in one of those 1942 raids alone, at Gallio, north of Benghazi, they destroyed 100 German planes.

That particular raid brought into prominence an athletic young Lieutenant named Mayne. A giant, he personally destroyed 37 planes that night. In that raiding "season" he accounted for more than 100 aircraft himself, immobilising one by tearing out the control panel with his bare hands when he had run out of bombs.

Feats like these and the occasion when he paid a quiet, un hurried visit to a German officer's mess and "liquidated" it before leaving brought him an almost legendary reputation in SAS. Today, as Lt. Col. R. B. Mayne, DSO and two bars, he commands the senior SAS regiment.

# SAS

## Special Air Service

THE train was a long one. It carried men and ammunition to help Rommel hold the Allies near Caen.

Still nearly three hundred miles from the fighting, the troops on board smoked, played cards and ate their rations while they raced through the Forest of Orleans.

The engine hooted as it neared a clearing in the trees. Ahead the driver could see the straight stretch where a road ran parallel with the line.

As the train entered the clearing, three jeeps appeared on the road and drove at breakneck speed alongside it.

Standing in the back of each jeep, a khaki-clad figure spurted streams of incendiary bullets at the train from twin medium machine-guns.

Not until the train was on fire from end to end and had been derailed did the attack cease. Then the jeeps disappeared back into the forest as quickly as they had come.

Once more Rommel had lost valuable men and material to an impudent British unit that had been harrying his rear ever since he had battered his way down the road that led to Alexandria.

#### They Rattled Rommel

Rommel knew quite a lot about the Special Air Service. He may not have known that it was formed by a young Scots Guards Lieutenant, David Stirling, from Commando troops disbanded in the Middle East, nor that its first operation in November, 1941, was through bad luck a failure.

But Rommel did know that throughout 1942 little parties of British troops had appeared mysteriously hundreds of miles behind his lines in the African desert and attacked airfields, lines of communication, dumps, headquarters and any other promising target.

Those early operations of the Special Air Service cost Rommel dear. When the RAF was too weak to hold his Luftwaffe in the air over Libya and Egypt, SAS parties had sneaked up to his airfields and destroyed between 400 and 500 planes on the ground.

They had smashed much valuable Wehrmacht material, sent back prisoners and information. They had created chaos on the lifelines of his arrogant Afrika Korps, set the nerves of his super-trained troops on edge and caused panic in the ranks of his jittery ally.

#### One Man — 100 Planes

It was to do just this that in August 1941 Stirling was given authority to form L Det, SAS, with 100 of all ranks. They were to penetrate deep behind the enemy's lines, by land, sea or air, and cause as much damage and confusion as possible.

The sort of men he picked for the job were men who had a strong sense of responsibility, initiative and individualism, coupled with strong discipline.

Their main target in those days was the Luftwaffe, and in one of those 1942 raids alone, at Gallio, north of Benghazi, they destroyed 100 German planes.

That particular raid brought into prominence an athletic young Lieutenant named Mayne. A giant, he personally destroyed 37 planes that night. In that raiding "season" he accounted for more than 100 aircraft himself, immobilising one by tearing out the control panel with his bare hands when he had run out of bombs.

Feats like these and the occasion when he paid a quiet, un hurried visit to a German officer's mess and "liquidated" it before leaving brought him an almost legendary reputation in SAS. Today, as Lt. Col. R. B. Mayne, DSO and two bars, he commands the senior SAS regiment.

By the beginning of 1943, when its founder, now Lt. Col. Stirling, DSO, was captured near Mareth while attempting to reach the First Army from the Eighth, L Det, SAS, had grown to be nearly 700 strong and had been formed into 1 SAS Regiment.

Shortly afterwards 1 SAS Regiment was split into a Special Raiding Squadron, commanded by Mayne, and a Special Boat Squadron, commanded by Major Lord Jellicoe, each of about 250 of all ranks.

Men who had been raiding the French coast and the Channel Islands went out to Africa from home and, with locally recruited personnel, were formed into 2 SAS Regt.

#### First Into Sicily

Major Mayne's Special Raiding Squadron was the first force to touch shore in Sicily, near Syracuse.

They made an assault landing against coastal batteries, which they destroyed, taking 500 prisoners. From there they rushed up the coast to storm and hold Fort Augusta. They took it at the first attempt, and when they came to cross the causeway to the mainland they were engaged by a concentration of all kinds of weapons. For most of the night, until relieved by the main British force, they held the enemy — and in the morning it was discovered that they had been facing and attacking half a division. Up in north-eastern Sicily small SAS parties were landed by sea on south-east Sicily.

In Italy 2 SAS Regt carried out a whole series of successful operations and in addition to their offensive function helped to get escaped prisoners of war back to the Allied forces, either by sea or through the enemy lines. The SRS, with a detachment of 2 SAS, also took part in the successful Termoli landing.

Typical of SAS work on the Italian front was operation "Tombola" carried out early this year in Northern Italy.

Dropped in the mountains in the Reggio Nell'Milia province, Major R. A. Farran, DSO, MC and two bars, formed an Allied SAS battalion with 40 British parachutists, 100 Russians who had either deserted from the Wehrmacht or escaped from P.O.W. camps, and 100 Italian partisans.

After training and equipping, their first major operation was to attack the German 51 Corps HQ at Botteghe.

#### Piper Dropped Too

Helped by a thick mist, they filtered through German positions to the forming up point and lay up for the day while Italian women confirmed enemy dispositions.

The targets were a villa in which were the German Corps Commander, a visiting Divisional Commander, and 37 other Germans; and a second villa in which were the HQ registry and documents, operations rooms, map room and a Staff Colonel.

While the Russians formed a defensive ring outside, 10 SAS parachutists forced their way into each villa, followed by 20 Italians.

As soon as the first shot was fired, Piper D. Kirkpatrick, who had been dropped to Major Farran's force, began to play his pipes.

At the Corps Commander's billet the 10 British parachutists ran through machine-gun fire after the alarm had been given, killed the four sentries and took the ground floor. The Germans resisted strongly from the upper floors and two attacks up the stairs were repulsed. Six Germans who tried to force their way down the stairs were killed. SAS men tried to start a fire in the kitchen, then the lights were shot out and the attackers got away after 20 minutes, carrying their wounded.

At the other villa four sentries were killed and the door forced after it had been weakened by Bren fire. As in the generals' villa the ground floor was taken, but it was not possible to get up the stairs.

# - Who Dares Wins

## GENERAL EISENHOWER SAID...

"The ruthlessness with which the enemy have attacked SAS troops has been an indication of the injury which you were able to cause to the German armed forces both by your own efforts and by the information you gave of German dispositions and movements."

— From a letter written by General Eisenhower to Brigadier R. W. McLeod, then Commander, SAS troops.

The Corps Chief of Staff was killed, the attackers carefully started fires in the registry and the map room before leaving and the villa eventually blew up.

Outside, the Germans made several attacks on the Russian defence ring but never broke it, and several German machine-guns were silenced.

The raid cost the Germans 60 casualties, including the Chief of Staff. It is not known if either of the generals was killed. The greater part of the Corps headquarters papers, files and maps were destroyed, and the condition of German nerves in the neighbourhood deteriorated considerably.

Three British were killed and three wounded; the Russians lost two wounded and six missing and the Italians three wounded.

After the attack the British component of the force marched for 22½ hours, carrying its wounded.

Farran's cosmopolitan battalion was equipped with a 75-mm howitzer as well as with mortars and automatic weapons. For transport it had bullock carts and later jeeps dropped by parachute.

Successes in Africa and Italy, with submarine visits to Cretan airfields, brought SAS a big part in the operations in north-western Europe. Including French and Belgian units under command, about 2,000 troops took part in the operations.

But no reprisals could slow down SAS activity. Here is a typical report of a day's work by one of the French parties, nine officers and 34 OR's strong, which worked with the Maquis round Limoges:

"Jeep party killed three enemy cyclists on road Chatellerault. Attacked three



"Now suppose this street was Caen, old man..."

An example of the work of Major Ian Fenwick, who was killed in 1944 while operating in the German rear areas during the invasion of France.



A reunion of officers and men of Major Fenwick's party with villagers in the Forest of Orleans after it had been liberated. The villagers had housed and fed the SAS men, and given them information. They received official thanks, presents of cigarettes and other scarce commodities, and personal gifts.

In the first six months in France they killed or seriously wounded 7,753 enemy troops, took 4,764 prisoners and caused 18,000 to surrender to the Americans at Issoudun, after being cut off by SAS and SAS-stiffened FFI. They destroyed or captured hundreds of vehicles, destroyed seven trains, 29 locomotives and 89 trucks, caused 33 derailments and cut 164 railway lines.

From the start they established bases at strategic points in France and Belgium and in August 20 British parties were operating in addition to 19 French and Belgian parties.

Patrols went out to harass the enemy and obtain information. SAS armed the Maquis and provided stiffening for Maquis units. They cut railways, roads

more than 50 miles away from the forward Allied troops.

The information SAS obtained was often of vital importance. One party discovered the complete German order of battle for the Somme in the pocket of a German. SAS parties were in constant touch by radio with their headquarters in England. The BBC had provided a special transmitter on which official messages were sent to the parties in code. On this station, too, men at bases behind the German line heard personal messages spoken by their wives and children. They tuned in to one or two signature tunes — "Lili Marlene", or "Sur le pont d'Avignon".

#### Found Aircraft Targets

Co-operation with the RAF was very close. Mosquitos of No. 2 Group were usually given the targets found by SAS parties. An illustration of the efficient co-operation that went on is the story of the day that a party reported it had cut a railway line and 11 petrol trains were standing waiting for the repairs to be made. That message was received at 4.30 in the afternoon. By 11 o'clock that night every one of those trains had been bombed and set on fire.

Planes of No. 38 group dropped men, vehicles, guns, supplies and mail from home. In some cases meadows levelled by paratroopers and volunteer local labour provided landing strips for Dakotas hundreds of miles in the enemy rear, from which wounded and tired men could be flown out.

SAS bases had their own padres and doctors. The Maquis provided nurses to look after the wounded.

They are modest, these men of the SAS. They make no claim to be supermen. They don't like the word "toughness" to be used to describe them. They will tell you that they are not superior to the ordinary infantryman, but that they have simply been trained for a special job and given special facilities to do it.

If you ask them what qualities are needed for their job they will repeat the list Colonel Stirling (now home from a German prison-camp) cited when he first formed SAS in 1941 — a sense of responsibility, initiative, individualism and discipline.

Their motto is "Who dares wins". The confusion that reigned on the German lifelines in Africa, Italy and Western Europe is testimony that they dared.

Richard Elley (Capt.)

# THE FIRST

## "I Don't Think

**T**ODAY was his last in the Army. He was one of the first men out. RSM C. Stilwell sat up in his narrow iron bedstead and looked out of the window on to the grey barrack square. The trees, which branched near his window, were planes of green, some of them almost opaque with the sun shining through them. Across the square some fatigued men in denims hurried to the cookhouse.

Over in the corner of his room a wooden box ("I paid 12/6d. for it in Dum Dum, near Calcutta in India") lay packed with the Army clothes he had decided to take into civilian life: two pairs of boots, a pair of battle-dress trousers, a great-coat, some shirts, socks and a woollen sweater.

### Last Parade

He threw off the blankets, polished his boots and chin-strap and went down to the stone steps to the wash-house. It was already crowded. Someone called out, "Come on, Old Charlie, I'm finished," and Stilwell smiled for he had always known that this was his nickname, but this was the first time it had been used to him.

When he had washed and shaved he ran back to his room, where he dressed with care. He was going to take a parade this morning, his last parade. Somehow he felt it would be different from all other parades. In a way he felt as he did when he took one for the first time. He walked down the ranks, trying to pretend it was just a routine affair. When he had inspected them, he watched them march off to duty.

Someone broke into his thoughts: "The truck is ready to go to the collecting centre." They helped him

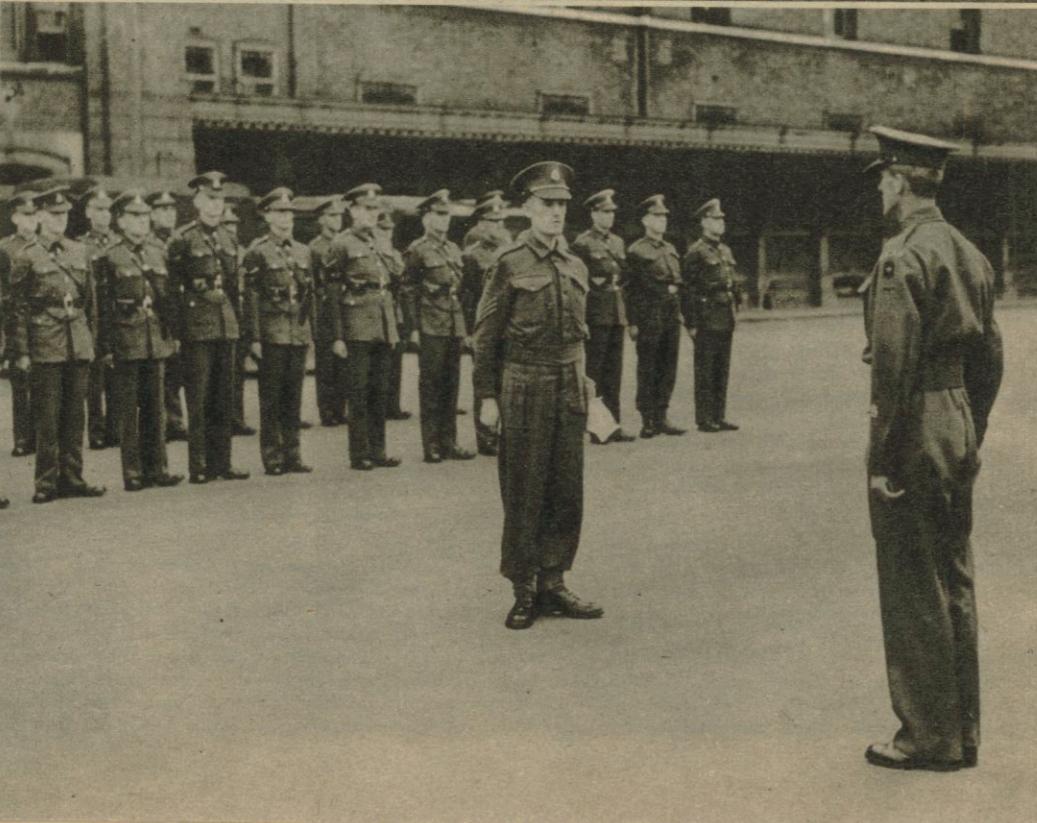
— for he had a parade that morning, his last parade."

End of a journey : Mr. Stilwell arrives home.

"He polished his boots, dressed with care —



— for he had a parade that morning, his last parade."



# MAN OUT

## I'll Take Up Bowls"

Soldiers in the first Release Groups have begun to leave the Army. This article tells you of one man's feelings when, on 18 June, he became a civilian again.

From the Release Room he went to the NAAFI where he bought eight weeks' supply of cigarettes and tobacco and seven ounces of sweets. Then he went to the Travel Information Bureau to look up train times, and after that sat down and drank a cup of tea.

He thought of 1918 and waiting in cold, bleak Catterick Camp. Then sentences he had heard a few minutes ago came back: civilian training course, pensions, insurance, Resettlement and Advice Offices. He saw himself aged 21 again, trying to get a decent job and the best offer 15/- ("but it's all found, you know") as a gardener. So he had gone back to the Army after his leave, gone back reluctantly and soldiered on.

### Excitement in the Air

There was a lift in the air, people were excited. There was little waiting and the collecting centre machine was ticking over merrily. He was told his draft and within half an hour he boarded a truck which took him to No. 4 Dispersal Centre, Regents Park, London. They drove through the London traffic, along Albany Street, until they slowed down, turned and drove under a bright white sign with red lettering. They debussed and were shown into a waiting room, which was brightly decorated with Disney-like drawings.

His draft were given a serial number and they were handed the Army Release Book, Class A, a buff-coloured book with 13 pages, all perforated ready to tear out. An NCO took him along to a baggage room and there he and the others left their kit.

From the baggage room he went to the routine waiting room and there a Sergeant with a pointer gave a brief talk about release procedure. Everything he said was illustrated on the wall by posters. Stilwell's thoughts went back to the last time he was demobbed, the rush, the confusion, and the long waiting. He thought how he had worked stoking a boiler, waiting to be demobbed.

### Not Like Last Time

His eyes wandered over the posters: "Pay," "Employment," "Health Insurance," "Leave" ... When the talk was over he heard the buzzer which went every minute. There were four men in front of him. In four minutes it was his turn. He got up and went to the first of the tables in the Release Room. In four and a-half minutes he passed the 10 tables, collected his leave pass, ration cards, £10 advance of pay, health insurance cards and so on until he was outside the Release Room a civilian. The rest of his pay and gratuities and post-war credits, they told him, would be paid into his local post office while he was on his 56 days leave.

From the Release Room he went to the NAAFI where he bought eight weeks' supply of cigarettes and tobacco and seven ounces of sweets. Then he went to the Travel Information Bureau to look up train times, and after that sat down and drank a cup of tea.

He thought of 1918 and waiting in cold, bleak Catterick Camp. Then sentences he had heard a few minutes ago came back: civilian training course, pensions, insurance, Resettlement and Advice Offices. He saw himself aged 21 again, trying to get a decent job and the best offer 15/- ("but it's all found, you know") as a gardener. So he had gone back to the Army after his leave, gone back reluctantly and soldiered on.

### Into Civvies

The loudspeaker in the NAAFI, part of the broadcast system which links the entire Release Unit, announced that the transport of his draft was ready to take them to Olympia, to the clothing depot. There Mr. Stilwell chose his clothing: a brown suit, tie and shirt to match.

He was pleased with them and struck by the size and organisation of the place. "Must be run by a business man. The only article of clothing I'm not keen on is the hat — I think it lets down the obvious quality of the other stuff."

They asked him if he wanted to change into his civilian clothes straight away and showed him to a changing room. There he changed, not into his new clothes, but into some others he had brought along for the occasion.

He walked out of the clothing depot, a lean man with a precise step and straight figure which made him appear tall instead of medium height. At Waterloo station the loudspeaker was replaying, as though for the occasion, some light music. A military policeman on the station recognised him: "Off on leave?" He laughed: "I'm a civilian." The journey to Farnham, Surrey, where his wife was waiting for him took just over the hour.

### Time To Think

Farnham lies in a valley, and his home lay at the top of a green hill overlooking the town. He wanted to walk because it gave him time to think, so he did not wait for a bus but made his way between twin poplars, past the bowling green where a man with a lawn mower was busy.

"I don't think I'll take up bowls," he thought, "it's too quiet. I might play tennis again." He remembered the silver cup he had won in Shanghai in 1935 and in thinking of Shanghai he contrasted the neat little shops of England and the people shopping, and the quiet streets, with the noise, babel of tongues, the Chinese who still lived in a lost world 2000 years dead, and the westernised Chinese with their European habits and

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.

# RIGENTS PARK BARRACKS N<sup>o</sup> 4 MILITARY DISPERSAL UNIT



RSM Stilwell at the first table in the Release Room.



He collects his leave pass, ration card and £10 advance pay.



What's going over the counter? Eight weeks' supply of cigarettes and tobacco, and seven ounces of sweets.



"A brown suit, tie, and shirt to match..."



"And have, for good, no more roaming —

## THE FIRST MAN OUT

clothes. And he thought of Palestine and the feeling he had there that someone was always ready to loose off a bullet behind his back. And he thought : "This England is good — it was worth waiting for."

### Welcome Home

Up the hill he went until he came to Tor Road where grass grows unchecked in the centre, with wild flowers. He walked along Tor Road until he came to "Charmar". Char, the beginning of his name Charles, and Mar, the first half of Martha, his wife's name.

She heard his footsteps coming up the path and she was there at the door to greet him. She didn't say much. They kissed and he walked in : "Is the kettle boiling ?" — she laughed and brought him tea and biscuits.

He settled in an armchair in the drawing room.

"You'll miss the Army," she said.

"Of course I won't," he replied, "when we've had a holiday I'm going to work on my acre of land. Fruit, vegetables and flowers : there's a good local market for them. When I collect my gratuity it'll be about £150 I reckon, I'm going to buy a glasshouse."

### Plans for Future

He had bought the land after he came back from France in 1940. It was going cheap for £180. He had that amount saved. When he finished his tea he walked round the garden and saw the strawberries coming along well. He looked in the rabbit hutches where his wife had been looking after the Chinchillas he intended to breed as a business. He walked round to the garage and pulled up the canvas covering to look at his Austin Seven. He would apply for a petrol allowance. The Austin was going to be his delivery van. From the back of the house he could see his acre of land. He reckoned that with his pension — £2.10.0. a week — he could make it pay. If not, then he would go for a job to the Resettlement Advice Office.

### Lamb and Loganberries

In the kitchen his wife was preparing the evening meal. There was a lamb joint, roast potatoes, mint sauce, and there was loganberry pie (made with fruit she had bottled last summer) to follow. Stilwell's 15-year-old son Jimmy, who works in the town, ("he wants to be a draughtsman and he's learning the job now"), arrived home. He was wearing his best sports jacket and greys for his father's homecoming.

His wife sang as she prepared the evening meal. They had met and fallen in love in Dublin when he was patrolling the railway station there during "The Troubles". She had worked in the newspaper kiosk, and the man she was cooking for was the good-looking British corporal who had bought so many newspapers he hadn't the time to read that it was an obvious case of romance.

### Trophies

He came in from the garden and went into the drawing room to look at his cupboard of trophies, the little things he had collected over the years — the Chinese doll, the little pieces of jade, the ivory crocodile made in India, the red lacquer trays, the pair of chopsticks, the wooden camel from Palestine and the silver pagoda.

He called to his wife : "Kid — is dinner ready ?"

He had ten minutes to wait and while he waited his eyes wandered over the bookshelf : the complete works of William Shakespeare, a book of Russian verse, Dante's "The Divine Comedy," the works of Horace and Cicero. And he thought of his daughter. They were her books. She was 21 now, studying to be a schoolteacher. She had worked so hard for her B.A. and he had seen all too little of her. Now it would be different.

When dinner was over he strolled down to the pub, "The Jolly Sailor," at the bottom of the hill, and there he took his time over a pint.

Tomorrow he would take his wife to the theatre in London and then they would go for a holiday. Where was it she wanted to go ? To Dublin. He wondered how time had dealt with that little newspaper kiosk.

He put his hands in his pockets and strolled up the road home.

Warwick Charlton (Capt.)

Readers will appreciate that, while all soldiers, wherever they are serving, go through the same release "drill" at the Collecting and Dispersal Centres and the Clothing Depot, RSM Stilwell was on a Home posting.

Officers and men from overseas pass through a Disembarkation Rest-Camp, where they are prepared for release. The maximum stay there is 24 hours.

The experiences of a soldier from overseas passing through the various stages of release will be described in a future issue of SOLDIER. — Editor-in-Chief.



"Millicent, much as I admire your previous war service I would prefer you not to call me in the morning with a piercing shout of - Wakey, wakey !"

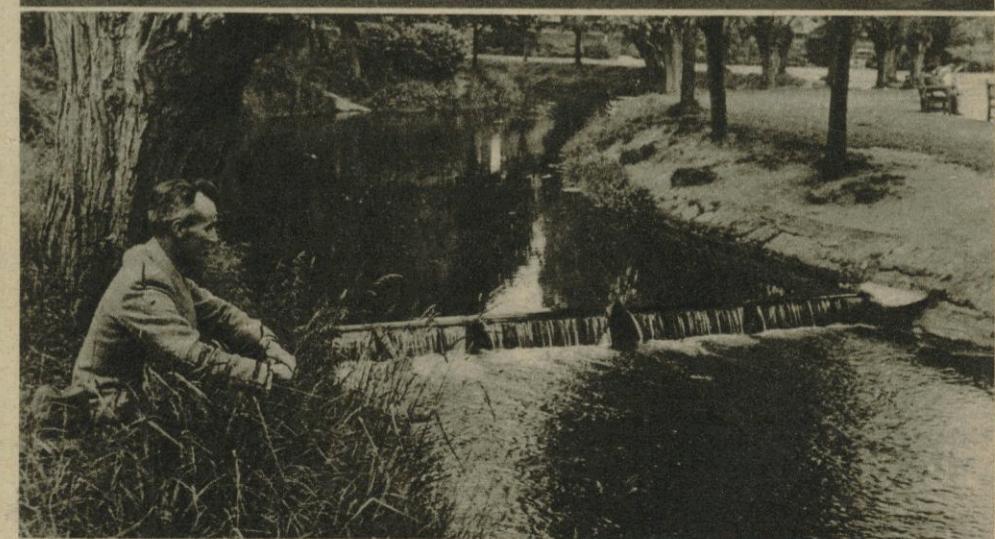
B.A.M.



— except for a short stroll."



In the "Jolly Sailor" at the bottom of the hill.



"Tomorrow he would take his wife to London and — where was it she wanted to go ?"

Read Now Of Your "Little Brothers"

# TWO OF THESE BOY SOLDIERS WON V. C.'S.

THE Army Cadet is the soldier-to-be. The organisation to which he belongs — the Army Cadet Force — is the school which trains him mentally, morally, and physically, and develops his sense of patriotism and citizenship. It is, in fact, the "ante-room to the Army" — the Army's Little Brother, and yet the serving soldier knows very little of the ACF or the way these boys are moulded into shape as good soldiers and intelligent citizens.

## Long History

For example, did you know that the ACF can boast a long and varied career which began during the Napoleonic wars? In those days Cadet units served as elementary training units for the Regular Army, but some years later — in 1859 to be exact — a voluntary Cadet Movement was set up, its activities being largely associated with public schools. Cadet battalions were affiliated to famous British regiments as early as 1884 and an East London Cadet Corps was inaugurated in 1885. The Cadet Corps were recognised by the War Office, appeared in the Army List, and the appointment of officers was recorded in the London Gazette.

During the last war, apart from providing a valuable source of manpower to the forces when they reached military age, Cadets guarded vital bridges and reservoirs, and carried out other important military work at home while their fathers

and brothers fought in the front line.

In 1930 when the Government withdrew its recognition and financial support the ACF seemed doomed to extinction, but it was kept alive by the formation of the British National Cadet Association. It survived, but only just, and when war broke out it was a weakened and sadly depleted Cadet Force which faced a grim future.

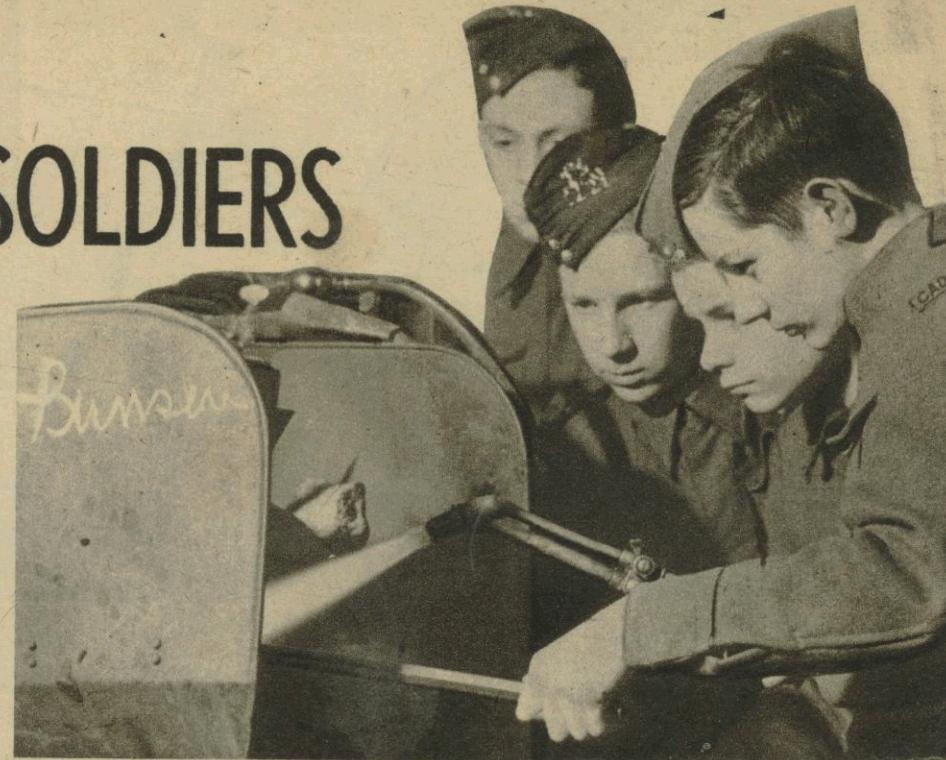
There was a time lag of two more years before the Government restored its official support to the movement in 1941. The ACF grew. It grew so rapidly that by 1943 there were 180,000 Cadets in all parts of the British Isles.

To-day after nearly six years of war, the Army Cadet Force is nearly 200,000 strong — the largest Youth Movement in Britain. Occasionally it is called a "Hitler Youth Club" by misinformed and unkind critics. No such jibe could be more removed from the truth. The ACF is entirely a voluntary organisation. Neither the officers nor the Cadets receive any pay or allowances for the work they do. Any boy may join — and leave — when he wishes.

## Not Militaristic

Militarism is not forced down their throats. Certainly they are issued with uniforms and equipment; they are taught how to handle a rifle, and how to march; they learn the elementary principles of warfare; they are versed in regimental history. But, above all, these youngsters are trained to take their place in the world as physically healthy and morally straight men of the future.

From the very first day a boy



Cadets can study for Certificate "T", which is similar to a trade test.

joins the ACF his self-confidence, improves. He becomes more alert, takes a greater interest in personal cleanliness and tidiness, holds his head erect, and develops a high code of honour. His religious outlook is widened, his education is extended, and he is given a great deal more recreational outlet than the lad who hangs around the street corners.

It is a remarkable and indisputable fact that of the normal intakes into the Forces over eighty per cent of those classified as "First Class Recruits" are former Cadets, and youngsters who have served in the ACF are joining the Forces with every intake. To-morrow, one of them may be posted to your Company. He may even sleep in the bed next to yours. You should know something about him, so here briefly is his story.

He joined the ACF when he was 14, promised to serve the Cadet Force loyally — there is no oath — and was "kitted up" with uniform and equipment. Every week he attended three parades. He learned to drill. They taught him how to hold himself erect and take a pride

in his dress. He was included in the beginners' Map Reading class and for the first time discovered what a contour was.

## Learns the Hard Way

Some week-ends he went on a visit to a factory producing vital war material. Occasionally on Sunday he and the rest of his Platoon spent several hours being trained in small arms, field-craft and aircraft recognition by NCO instructors at the headquarters of the local regiment. In the summer he went to camp with the Battalion and "roughed it" under canvas for seven days.

They taught him the hard way too. Discipline was strict, and he knew how it felt to receive a "rocket" from the Company Commander.

When he was 15 he passed the first part of war Certificate "A" in foot drill rifle, map reading and fieldcraft, and a couple of months later he qualified in section leading, arms drill, drilling a squad, and the mechanism of an automatic weapon. Later he was promoted, and began to study for the Certificate "T". He was apprenticed to a radio engineer so the radio course was his natural choice. His friends studied other trades — bricklaying, storekeeping, mechanical engineering and a dozen more subjects. He also became a first-class shot with the .22 rifle.

When he reached the age of 18 he had completed four years training. Already he was a soldier in every sense of the word except that he had not seen action.

## The Greatest Honour

But he was prepared. His training had been thorough and he had learned to be a man and a comrade.

He was "called up" three months ago. Soon he will be joining a field force unit in whose regimental tradition he has been well versed.

They make good soldiers: Do you remember Fusilier Dennis Donnini, of the Royal Scots Fusilier? He won the Victoria Cross for superb gallantry and self-sacrifice in an action between the Roer and the Maas and lost his life by deliberately drawing enemy fire on to himself.

Fusilier Donnini was a Cadet. He served for three years with the 11th Cadet Battalion, The Durham Light Infantry.

Lieutenant John Hollington Grayburn, of the Parachute Regiment, was posthumously awarded the V.C. for "supreme courage, leadership and devotion to duty" during the airborne attack at Arnhem last September. He was the first former member of the ACF to obtain Britain's highest award for valour. He was commissioned to the 1st (London) Cadet Battalion, the Queen's Royal Regt, in 1936, and served with them as an officer until he joined the Army in 1940. Many other ex-Cadets have been decorated and mentioned in dispatches.

Yes, Cadets make good soldiers, and the ACF is proud of its great service during this war.

E. J. GROVE (Lt.)



# 4

# INVASION

# SECRETS OUT

## Petrol by Pluto

**PLUTO** — the Pipe Line Under The Ocean — is one of Britain's greatest military engineering feats which kept our Armies supplied with the petrol on which they depended for their drive into the heart of Hitler's Reich.

Force PLUTO went into operation shortly after D-Day when the sea-lanes to Cherbourg had been swept clear of mines, and pipe-lines were laid on the sea bed from Ventnor in the Isle of Wight to the Cherbourg Peninsula.

A steady flow of petrol through a system of three-inch cables pumped from cleverly camouflaged stations in Ventnor Bay became a torrent of supply when Boulogne was captured, and a second system of pipe-lines was paid out from Dungeness to that great French port by the use of 1,600-ton floating drums towed across the Channel by 10,000-ton vessels, barges and motorboats.

Soon 1,000,000 gallons of petrol was being pumped almost every day into the tanks of our fighting vehicles and supply transports, by RASC men working on the other side of the Channel at coastal pumping stations which received their supplies from Britain's internal pipe-line.

As the Allies advanced the system was extended and soon pipe-lines were laid from Boulogne to Antwerp, to Eindhoven, Emmerich and finally to Frankfurt-on-Main.

## Burning the Sea

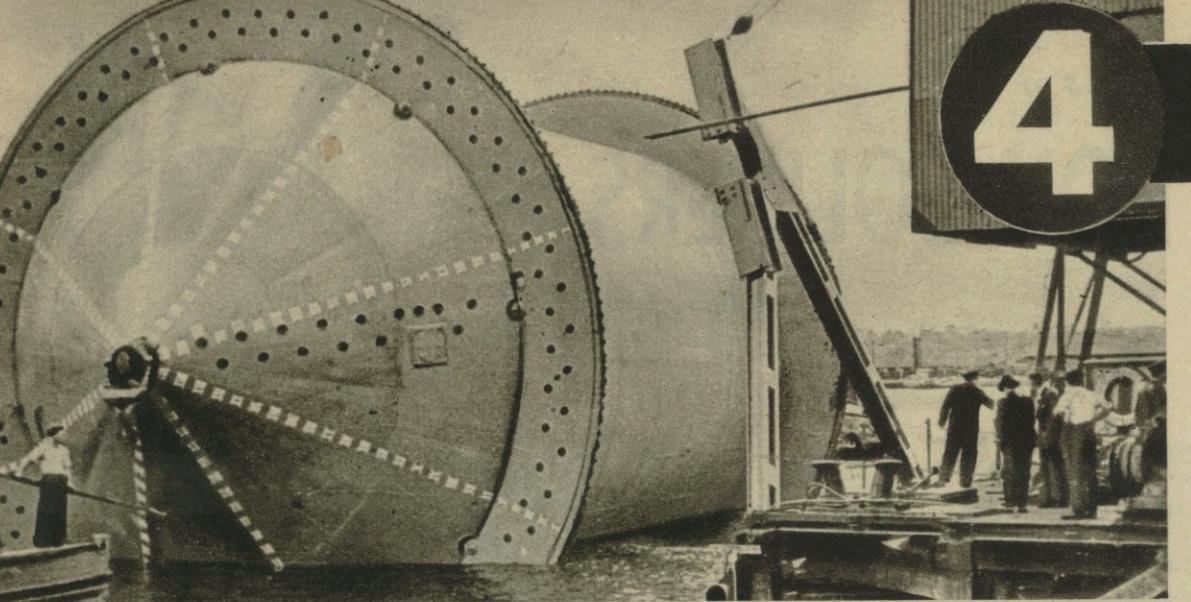
**H**AD the Germans attempted to invade Britain they would have been met by a Wall of Flame on land and sea.

Britain's first line of defence against invasion in those dark days of 1940 was a sea-flame barrage. The pressing of a button at a moment's notice would have turned the sea into an all-consuming inferno.

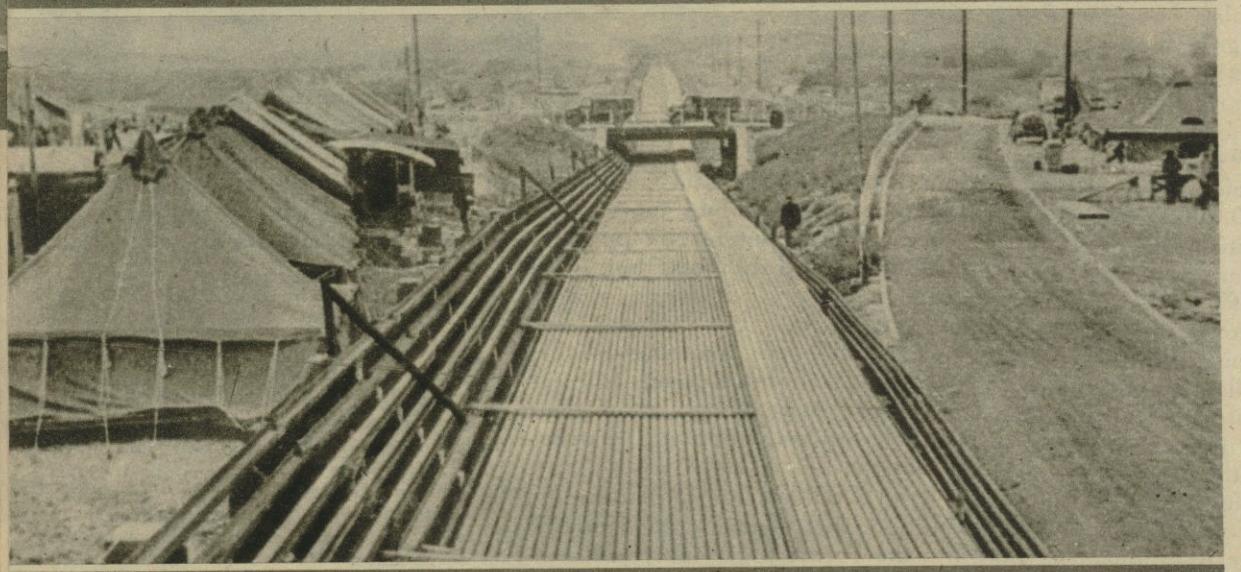
Petrol pipes, some of them hidden in the tubular scaffolding on the beaches, were laid from concealed storage tanks and carried oil under the sea ready to be discharged and set on fire when it rose to the surface. The aim was two-fold — to force the enemy assault craft into lanes where they could have been dealt with by shore defences, or to explode the oil at the last moment and destroy them by flame.

A score of secret flame-weapons formed part of our defences on land.

Ten-gallon drums filled with jellified petrol which would explode a ton of blazing fuel at the push of a button; a hedgehog fougasse which would jump over a wall or high ground and explode on an enemy tank; hundreds of land-flame barrages shooting out 150ft tongues of withering fire; these were some



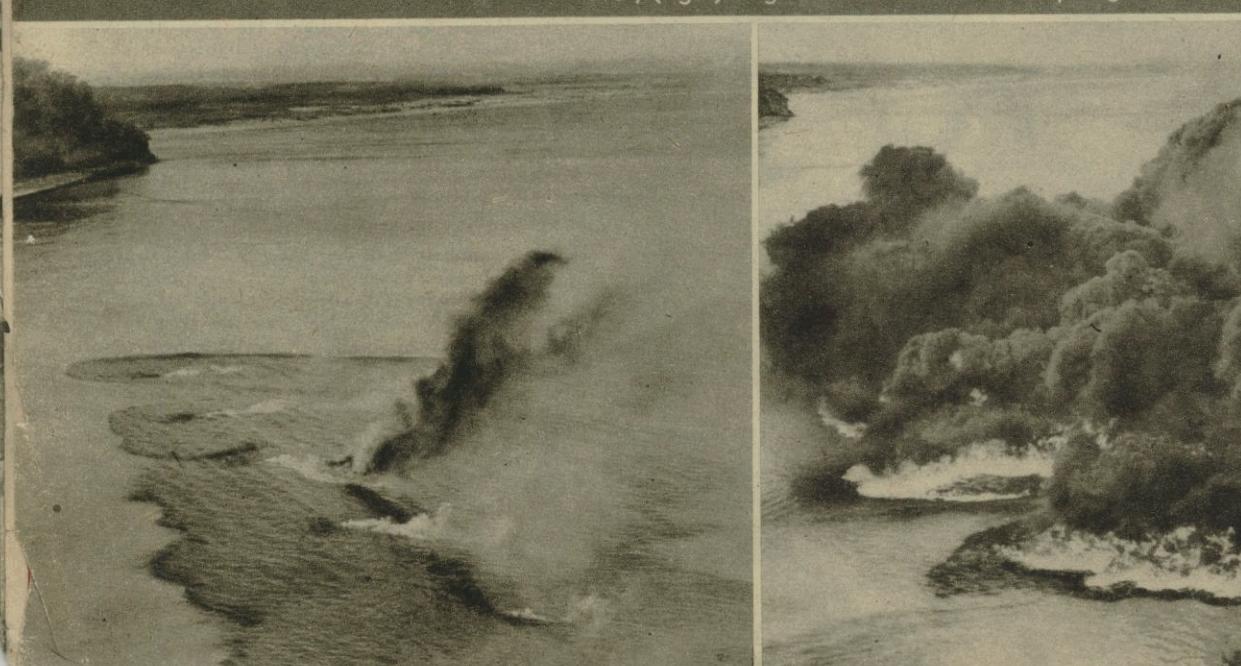
HMS Conundrum — one of the 1600-ton floating drums on which the petrol pipe-lines were carried across the Channel. Each drum carried 70 miles of line.



Two hundred miles of three-inch hollow steel cable stretch into the distance at a pipe-line storage depot.



Above : oil projected into the sea from pipe lines to form a continuous line ready for ignition. Below (left) : the oil is ignited ; (centre) the sea is on fire ; (right) finger of flame used on ships against low-flying aircraft.



of the many secret anti-invasion inventions which were ready for action had the signal been given.

Knowledge gained in preparing this Wall of Flame led to improvements in tank flame-throwers and the use of a vertical flame-thrower on ships to destroy low-flying aircraft in the narrow Channel waters.

Not one Nazi set foot on the shores of Britain. Their reception would have been a warm one — about 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit.

## Pick-a-back Tank

**B**RITISH tanks carried their own bridges. One of these was the "Scissors" Bridge — folded and mounted on to a Valentine tank. It was lifted into position by means of an hydraulic arm.

The "Ark" Bridge has two ramps which can be dropped down to the front and rear. Altogether there were four types of bridge-carrying tank used in Europe. They are being used to-day in Burma.

Bridging equipment is so arranged that it takes only a few seconds to place in position, during which time no man need leave his tank or expose himself to enemy fire. The bridges laid enable a heavy tank to cross ditches up to 30 ft wide and to scale parapet walls more than 10 ft high.

In Normandy they were used to bridge craters, streams and flooded ditches which were under fire.

So well built are these slip-across devices that they can carry some of the heaviest armoured vehicles. The "Scissors" Bridge can take a weight of 38 tons.

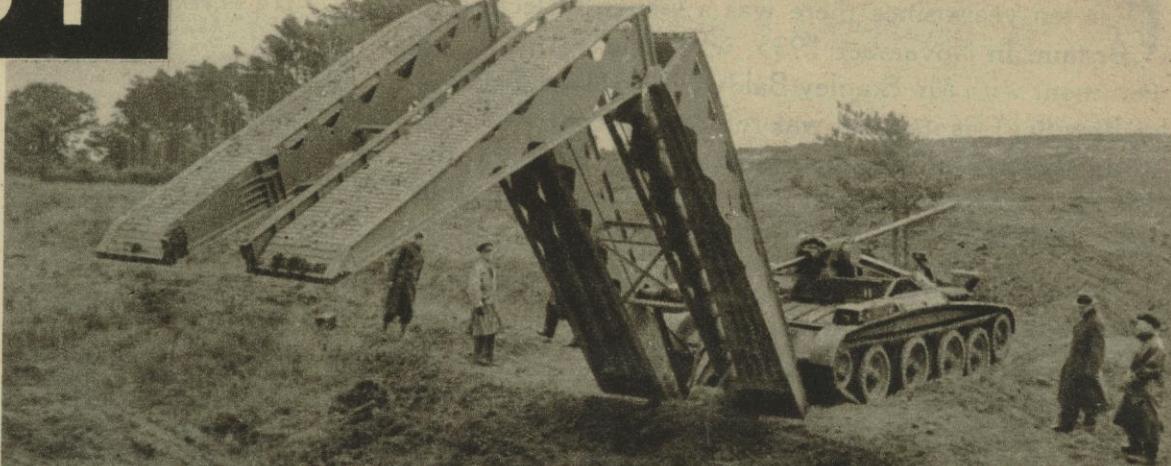
## Drying the Fog

**G**ROUND fogs — the "pea-soupers" which air men dread — were beaten by British scientists long before Berlin experienced its first thousand-bomber raid.

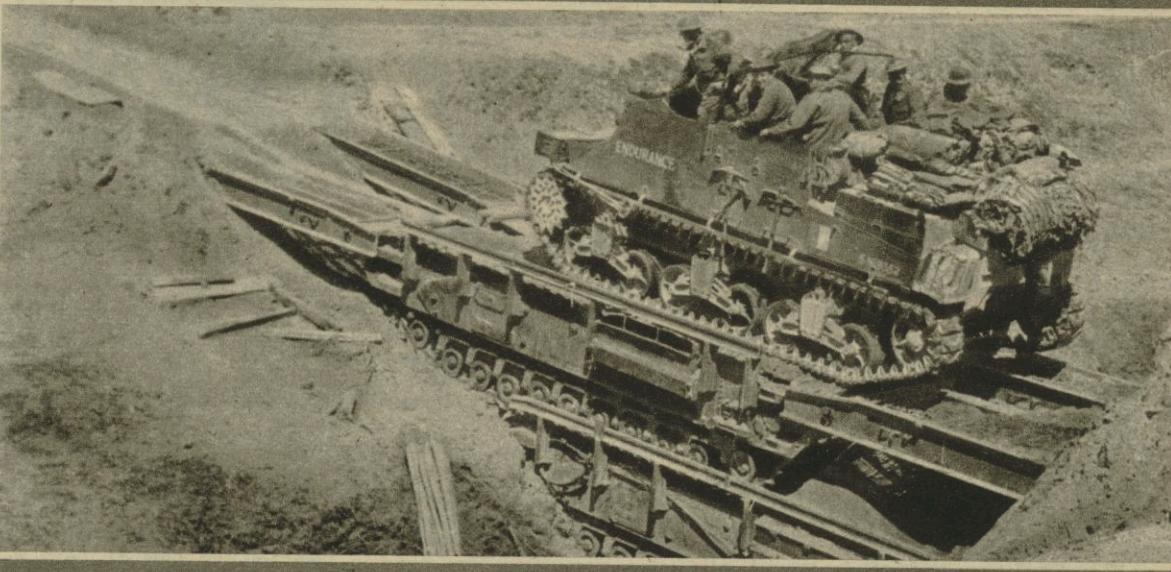
Four Halifax bombers on their way back from operations over the Ruhr were the first aircraft to prove the worth of FIDO. Visibility was almost nil. Yet they landed safely — ten minutes after FIDO had been lit. Visibility was increased up to four miles.

The apparatus used consisted of long feeder pipes through which was pumped thousands of gallons of petrol. When ignited the flames rose to three feet through a series of small holes in the pipes which marked the approaches and runway. The fog in this area was completely lifted.

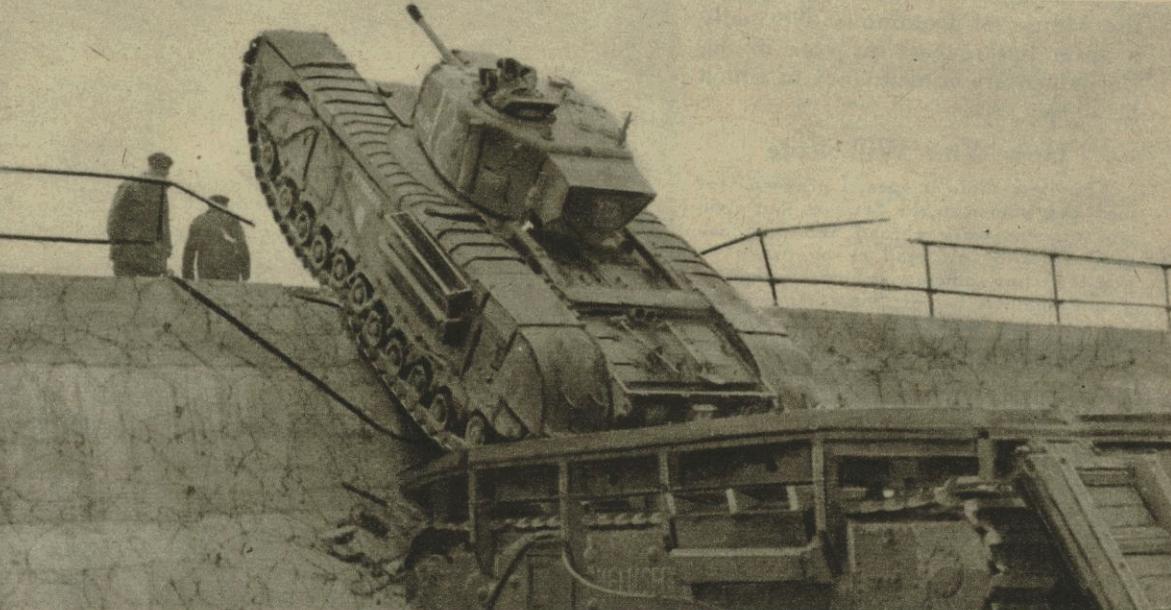
Fifteen operational airfields were equipped with the fog dispersal apparatus, and it is estimated that 2,500 planes and more than 10,000 airmen were saved. Finally the letters of FIDO no longer stood for "Fog Investigation dispersal operations". They stood for "Fog, intensive dispersal of".



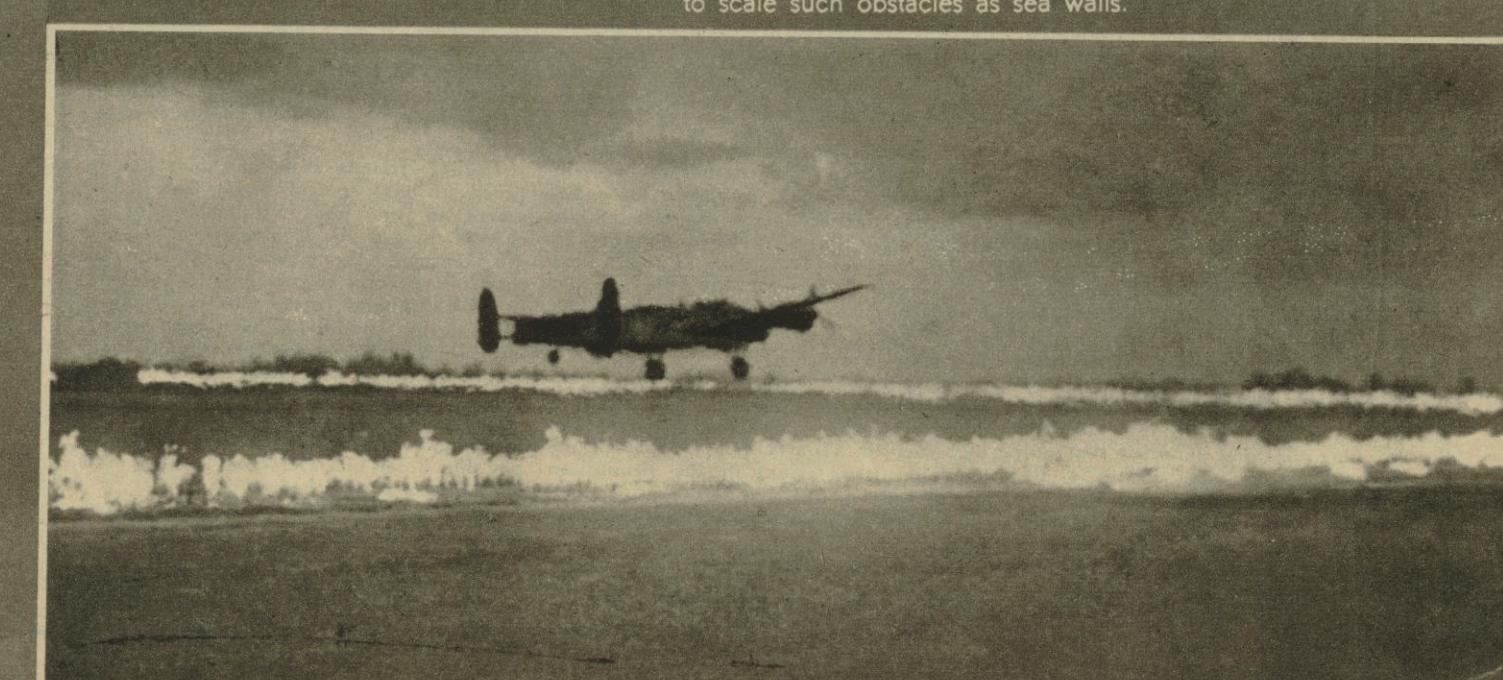
Here a test is being made with a "Scissors" type bridge mounted on a tank chassis. The hydraulic arm is closing the bridge to return it to the carrying position.



Tank-carried bridges were used extensively in Italy. Here a self-propelled gun crosses an obstacle by means of an "Ark" type bridge.

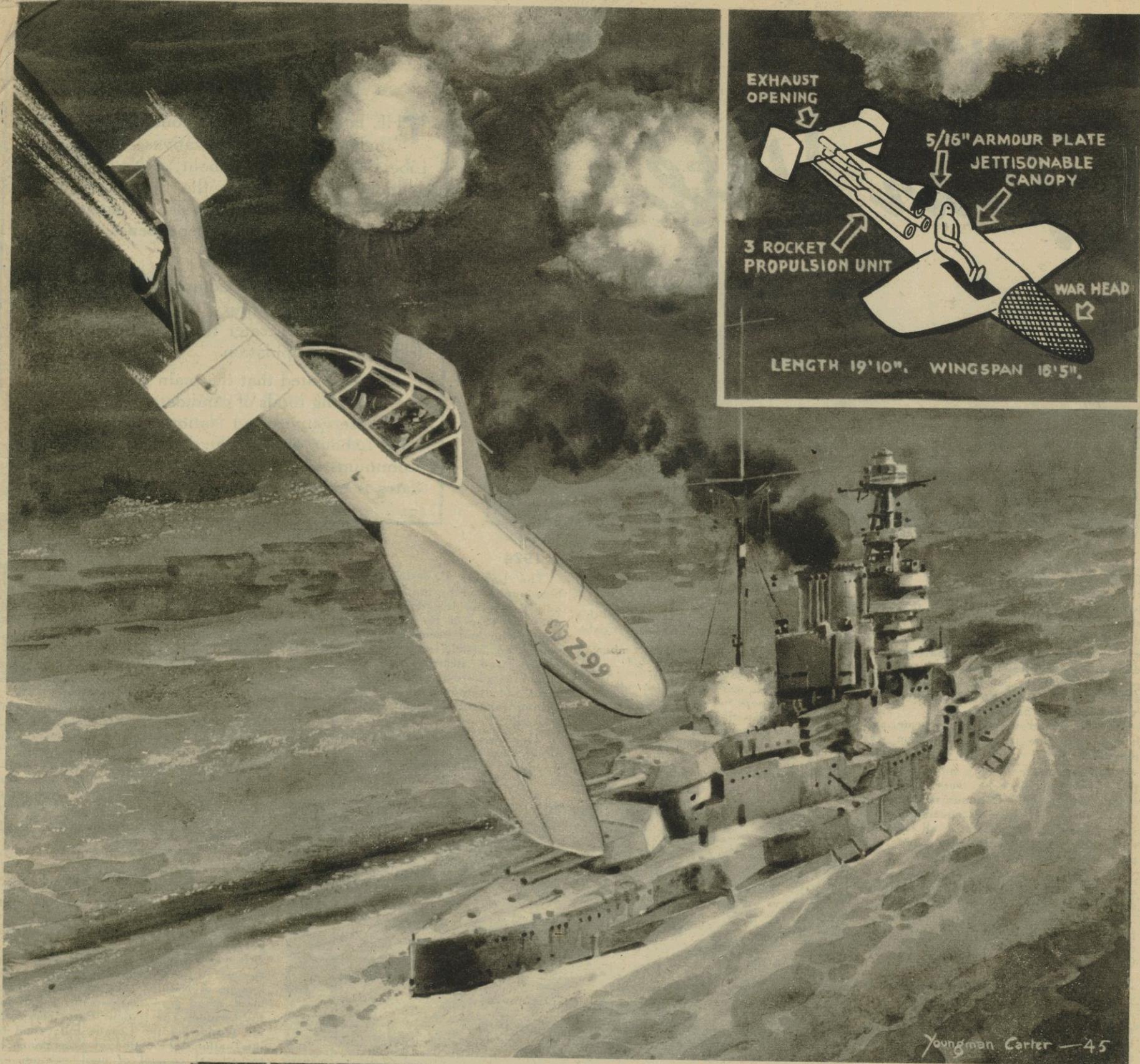


The "Ark" bridge tank formed a ramp up which armoured vehicles were able to advance to scale such obstacles as sea walls.

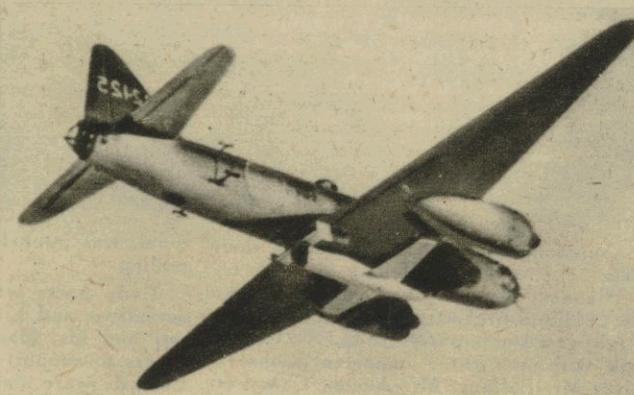
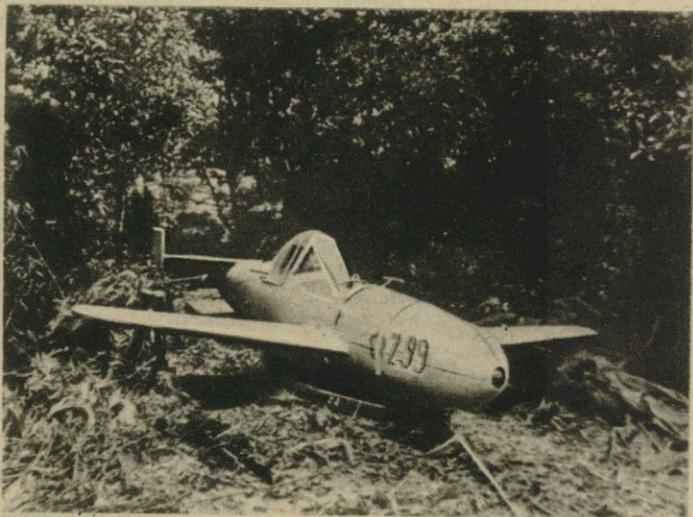
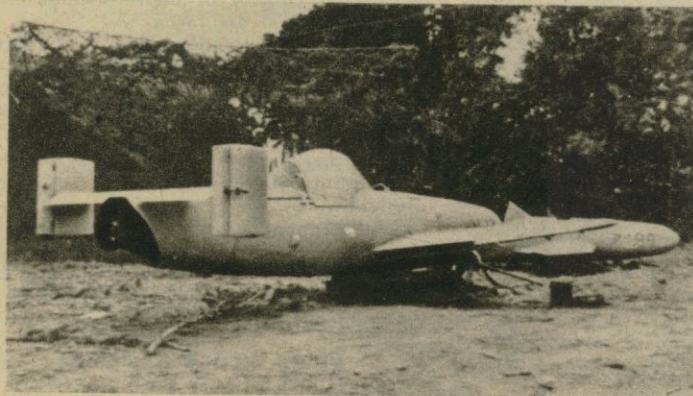


(Right) : An RAF Lancaster takes off between walls of flame. Outside the fringe of fire there is impenetrable fog through which no plane could attempt to take off or land in safety. FIDO produced a four-mile visibility within a region covered in dense fog belts. Fifteen operational airfields were equipped with this apparatus.





Youngman Carter - 45



## JAP DEATH PLANE — details

**S**OUDIER publishes the first pictures of the remarkable new Japanese rocket-propelled piloted bomb, which has been in use against the Allies in the Pacific in the past few months.

Known as the "BAKA" — Japanese for "Fool" — this latest type of "suicide" plane is in reality a midget air-launched aircraft with a heavy explosive warhead.

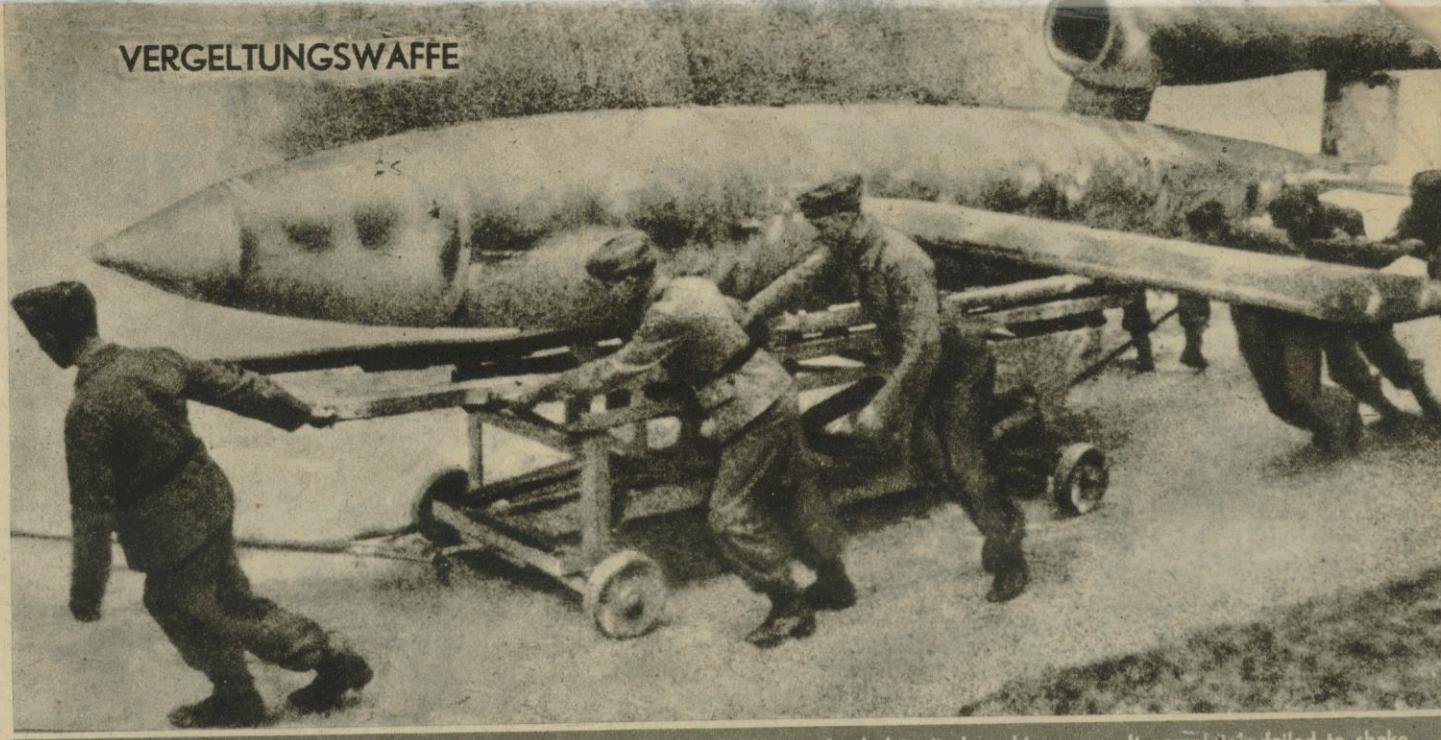
"BAKA" is a low-wing monoplane, only 19ft 10 ins from nose to tail and with a span of 16 ft 5 ins. The warhead fairing is over 6 ft long and forms the complete nose section of the plane. It is here that the digh explosive charge is carried.

While being carried on its parent aircraft "Betty", the "Fool" plane's cockpit fits into the bomb bay, as seen in the pictures on the left, which also show a captured specimen.

"BAKA's" three rocket propellant units are carried behind the cockpit, two on the bottom of the fuselage and the third at the top.

A control column and rudder bar, which the "suicide" pilot can use after "BAKA" is jettisoned from "Betty", can also be locked while attached to the parent plane.

Some people have described the use of rocket weapons in war as revolutionary. But they are, in fact, a development of one of the oldest forms of projectile.



A flying bomb (above) or "Vergeltungswaffe" (revenge-weapon), being wheeled to its launching ramp. It completely failed to shake British morale, but it was a significant pointer to future developments in warfare.

After prolonged secret tests in Jamaica the multi-barrelled rocket gun (below) proved an exceeding effective AA weapon.

## The Story of the Rocket

If a rocket large enough to contain sufficient fuel to drive itself out of the earth's gravitational field could be built, it might be possible to fly to the moon — if direction could be accurately controlled.

There are, however, no "ifs" in the prophecy that when the full weight of Allied military strength is gathered in the Far East the Japanese are going to receive many unpleasant surprises, not the least of which will be greatly improved rocket devices. For although nothing can be said about the technicalities involved it is known that both British and American scientists have made great progress towards perfecting a number of light-weight rocket propelled arms.

### All-Purpose Weapon

In the past few years we have seen how modern rocket weapons have changed the nature of war. We have been rudely awakened to their possibilities by the misplaced skill and knowledge which enabled a German soldier, 190 miles from London, to press a button and set in motion a mechanism which fell on the city a few minutes later and blasted houses and lives out of existence.

We have watched Typhoons pouring rockets into German strong-points. Tanks fitted with multi-barrelled rocket platforms have obliterated German defence positions in a few seconds. Rocket-gun ships have pounded and neutralised the landing beaches.

And seeing these things we have wondered, "What are the limits of this new weapon?"

### He Had A Surprise

Our wonder could not have been greater than that of a Chinese brigand who, more than 700 years ago, invented the first rocket projectile by accident.

In the 13th century the roving Chinese robber bands used a fire arrow with an incendiary mixture of inflammable pitch in a small tube attached to the arrow, but this "secret weapon" was not always a success as the fire, more often than not, went out during flight.

But one of the brigands had a bright idea. He fixed the tube to the arrow with the opening to the rear. He lit the fuse and, next moment, the arrow had sped away without being fired from the bow.

That was the first discovery of the principle of rocket projection, but little was done to exploit it until 1799 when the Indians inflicted heavy casualties on the British Army at Seringapatam by the use of 6-lb and 12-lb rockets.

Colonel William Congreve, of the British Army, concentrated on rocket projec-

tiles and in 1806 planned the bombardment of Boulogne when 200 rockets were fired into the city in half an hour from row boats equipped with launching platforms. A year later the Danish Fleet was sunk and Copenhagen burned to the ground by rockets. On that occasion no fewer than 25,000 were poured into the Danish capital.

Colonel Congreve, who also invented a rocket to throw a life-line to a ship in distress, later organised rocket brigades in the British Army.

Rockets were employed with great effect in the American War, and were also used at the Battle of Waterloo.

As time went on the development of rifled cannon became so advanced that rockets became unpopular and rocket brigades were disbanded in 1885. Until the beginning of this war they were rejected as a weapon for three reasons — the large propellant charge necessary to keep them in flight, their notorious inaccuracy and their large area of dispersion.

### Torrent of Invention

Then came 1939, and with it the introduction of the German Nebelwerfer, a six-barrelled mortar throwing rocket projectiles with a fair amount of accuracy. The famous Russian "Katusha", a multi-barrelled rocket-gun came next and in quick succession a number of rocket inventions appeared, including the American "Bazooka", the British rocket-gun ships, the jet planes, the V-weapons, rocket firing planes, rocket tanks, AA rocket batteries and rocket-assisted shells.

All these are controlled by one main principle, the application of Newton's third law of motion which states that "action and reaction are equal and opposite". A steadily burning propellant shoots gases backwards with tremendous speed. These gases have a momentum and to balance it the projectile must have an equal momentum in the forward direction.

The theory of rocket propulsion also involves other considerations, but to explain them in detail would fill a very large volume.

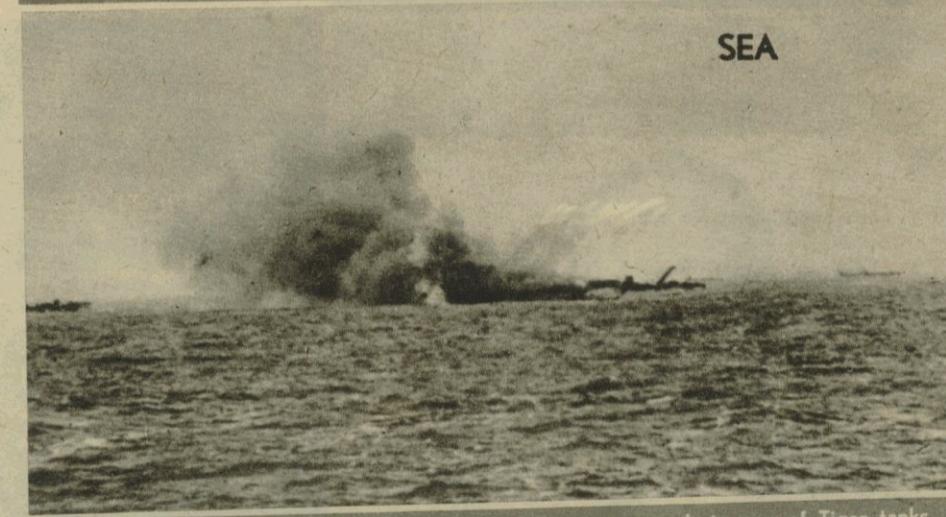
### Advantages in Jungle

In jungle fighting rocket weapons have distinct advantages over percussion arms — they are lighter and can be used at shorter ranges with greater effect. There is practically no recoil, and no intricate mechanism to jam at the wrong moment. Their effect on morale is very considerable.

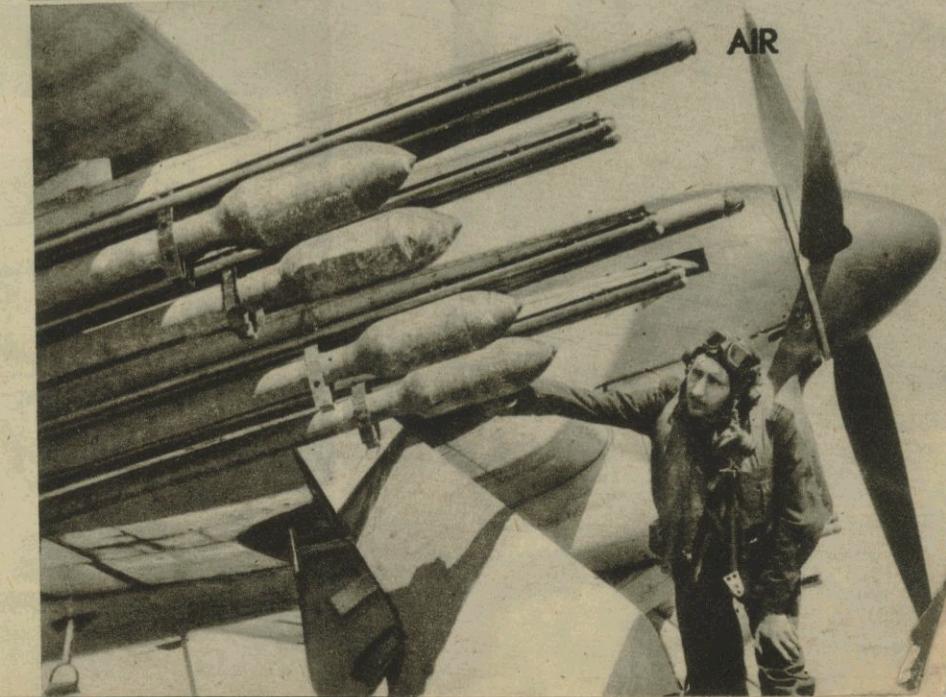
No, we may not fly to the moon, but the Japanese will soon be hearing and feeling our rocket weapons. Perhaps they have heard of Newton's third law of motion. It will be interesting to see their reaction to this latest expression of it.



The landings in Normandy were greatly helped by rocket-gun ships, known as "piperacks" from their outline. Their fire is devastating.



Rocket-equipped Typhoon fighters scored a big success as destroyers of Tiger tanks. They also created tremendous havoc among enemy transport.



# GUARDS RECRUIT is now WAR ARTIST

FROM the sun-scorched Burma battle-front, where the intense heat baked his oil paintings, to the ice-cold winter of Italy, where his oils froze to the canvas, Captain Harry Sheldon, of the 8th Gurkha Rifles, official war artist, has followed the Indian and Gurkha soldier from one front line to another half-way across the world.

In Burma he worked in the blazing heat wearing only a pair of canvas shorts. In Italy his garb was battledress, three pullovers, a scarf, sheepskin jacket, and balaclava. On his hands, to prevent them becoming cramped, he wore old socks with the tops cut off.

## Swift Rise to Fame

A Guardsman in 1939, Captain Sheldon is today described by General Sir Claude Auchinleck, C-in-C, India, as "an extremely fine artist and one of the best official war artists the Army has". His rise to fame has been rapid.

Joining the Coldstream Guards as a recruit in October 1939, Guardsman Harry Sheldon went through the rigorous "square-bashing", weapon training, route marches and exercises that produce a trained soldier. It seemed that he would remain a Guardsman until a chance remark passed to the Intelligence Officer of the 4th Bn. Coldstream Guards by a brother officer brought about his promotion to Intelligence Corporal.

Somehow the information had leaked out that Guardsman Sheldon had been a commercial art student before the war and "he might be useful drawing maps and insignia of rank and all that sort of thing".

## Designed Division Crest

That was really the beginning of Captain Sheldon's brilliant Army career. His work as a painter of "maps and things" attracted the attention of General Sir Oliver Leese, then commanding the 1st Guards Armoured Division, and at his request Corporal Sheldon designed the Divisional crest.

He served with the Division for two-and-a-half years and then went out to India as a cadet at the Bangalore OTS, and was commissioned into the 8th Gurkha Rifles. As a regimental officer, it was part of Lt. Sheldon's duty to organise a Regimental Information Centre, and it was here that his interpretation of battle-scenes and paintings of Allied and Japanese soldiers first attracted the attention of General Auchinleck.

Some months later Lt. Sheldon went into hospital at

Karachi, where he arranged an exhibition of his paintings and drawings while waiting to be invalided home. Just before he was due to be sent back to England General Auchinleck visited the hospital, and was so impressed with the exhibition that he persuaded Lt. Sheldon to serve on as a war artist. Soon afterwards Capt. Sheldon, now an official war artist, was in the front line in the Tiddim-Kaleymo fighting with the 5th Indian Division.

## In Italy and Burma

He followed the Indian soldier across the Chindwin River down to the Arakan coast of Burma, and then within a week was flown from the 100 degrees-in-the-shade temperature at Kaleymo to the snow-capped mountains of Italy where the thermometer was many points below freezing.

Back again to Burma, Captain Sheldon went with the forward troops in their drive on Mandalay and Meiktila which were captured this spring. He also spent a short time with the Indian Air Force in the Arakan.

At the beginning of May Captain Sheldon was flown back to England — his first visit since 1942 — to arrange an exhibition of his work in London which was attended by Lord Wavell, Viceroy of India; General Auchinleck; Mr. L.S. Amery, Secretary of State for India, and high ranking officials of the India Office.

## Action Scenes

The collection, mainly water-colours and crayon drawings, is a vivid record of the gallant part played by the Indian Army in this war. One of the crayons shows how Subadar Ram Sarup Singh, of the 1st Punjab Regt. won the VC by charging a Japanese machine-gun nest after he had been badly wounded and bayoneting five Japs. The Subadar was killed immediately afterwards. This drawing, like most of the others, was completed only a few hours after the action because, says Captain Sheldon, "I wanted to convey the scenes as I saw them while they were still fresh in my mind".

Perhaps the most brilliant part of the collection are the crayon drawings of Indian tribesmen and Gurkha types, and in particular a sketch of Cpl. Barachow Navrongo, a soldier serving with the 81st West African Division.

Captain Sheldon was present at the exhibition with his wife, whom he had not seen for more than two years.

After spending a week in England Captain Sheldon went back to Italy to complete his record of the part played by the famous 8th and 10th Indian Divisions in the final break-through on the Italian front.

## THE FIELD-MARSHAL

Field-Marshal Lord Wavell, Viceroy of India, studies a picture of Indian Air Force men.

## THE GENERAL

General Sir Claude Auchinleck, who encouraged Capt. Sheldon to become a war artist.

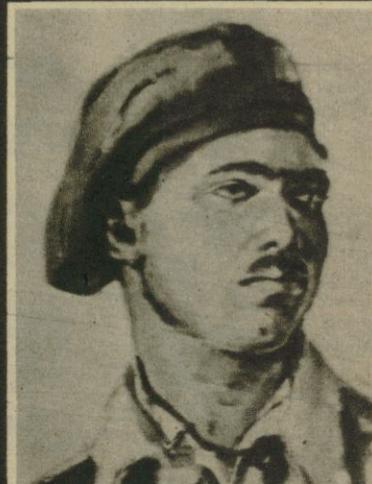
## THE PICTURES

Right : The water-colour sketch that F.M. Wavell was smiling at. It shows Indian ground staff at a Far East aerodrome inspecting bombs.



## THE ARTIST

This is the artist himself. Capt. Harry Sheldon is aged 28, and has specialised in the drawing of Indian troops. He was a commercial art student before the war.



Study of an Indian officer.



An American officer serving with the Indian Army.



A Gurkha of the type in Capt. Sheldon's regiment.



This small boy doesn't look much like a problem child. He's got the good, old-fashioned baby's habit of sucking his fingers.



(Above). They've been left in the nursery while their parents listen to the Bishop. (Below). Author Blake (Sjt) holds the baby.

## SOLDIER Goes To a School-for-Parents

THEY told me, when I came Home, that I was "slightly uncivilised". There were rough edges, they said. I would have to learn that my child, like any other child, would need careful handling. In consequence and hope they sent me to a "Parents' Exhibition", held at Bromley, Kent, where a number of "experts" did their best to tell me the right and the wrong way to do things.

It isn't easy to listen to advice about bringing up children when you have first hand experience. You feel a fool. It requires patience to keep your temper with an "expert". Yet people who have children of their own, and who, in addition, have had many more years of experience with children and their troubles than you have, command a respect which vindicates some of their "simple as ABC" solutions to those problems which you yourself have often termed "impossible".

### Blush of Ignorance

It was my son Peter, I may add, who began it. Peter, (three months old), has a habit of starting things which he knows well enough he can never finish. A remark of mine noting that he had been distending his lungs quite long enough, brought from my wife a statement that the average wartime father knows nothing about his own children.

"You will, of course, have no objection to going to the exhibition to-morrow", she said. "It starts at eleven".

The catch was fair enough.

Thus it was that some two hundred mothers, three local rectors and one bewildered old gentleman in addition to myself gathered at the Public Library and awaited the arrival of the Lord Bishop of Rochester and his team of speakers.

Within ten minutes I felt a crushing sensation of cabbage-like ignorance. I knew in a moment that I was surrounded not by a few women out for a sixpenny lecture, but by 1945 mothers who, sick of an overdose of modern "complexes and inhibitions of children", had come to hear some plain sense interpreted by experts.

How many parents realise the responsibilities which are theirs in the shaping of a young life? Frankly, I had never thought about them. I suppose I had always thought that children just grew up, whatever you did, and that things sorted themselves out in due time, however much one tried to interfere. It had never occurred to me that I might one day be the father of an "Awful Audrey".

STAFF Sjt. Robert Blake, SOLDIER staff writer, is an old campaigner in battle but a recruit with only fifteen months service in the Army of wartime husbands — and fathers. A regular soldier who fought under Wavell and Monty in the Royal Tanks Corps in the Western Desert, he returned to England after five years overseas in December, 1943, met his wife the following February and married her in March. His son Peter Robert by name — is three months old, and like all babies is proving more difficult to manage than he expected. In fact, he is the reason behind his father's appearance at this "School for Parents".

I listened to a talk about the difficult age for children, when boys go "romantic" and girls get crooner crazy. It was given by the late headmistress of the Liverpool School for Girls. "When children make friendships", she said, "ask their friends to your home. Let them see them against a family background. The worst thing you can do is to run them down and express your disapproval. Children need to be given confidence when beginning to grow up, and their own good taste will eventually rescue them from mistakes. The surest way to sabotage a child's confidence in you is to ask innumerable questions".

What should be the relationship between parents and their children? The obvious answer is "love and affection", but there must be something more. There must be

mutual trust. Without it there is no solid foundation upon which the child can build. The question is really answered by noting the relationship between the parents themselves, as its reflection will be that which exists between them and their children.

### What about Co-education?

What do you think of co-education? Do you consider it good for young children of both sexes to mix in work and play? Here is what the head of a co-ed school has to say about it. "Personally I am disillusioned with the whole system. The girls become hoydens and the boys cissy young men". Co-education has been tried out in the Soviet Union. It has now been abandoned as a system which failed. On the other hand it has been carried out with good results in Sweden, Norway and Switzerland. Success depends entirely on teachers who are not biased in their attitude. Again it is a matter for parents, for it is they alone who can best decide whether their child will do well at a co-ed school. They should assess their child's "mixing" qualities.

Among the many questions raised was this one. To what extent should parents control friendships between boys and girls? Perhaps you think that nothing very much in the way of control can be done, that parents should "sit back and look tactful". Possibly the word "control" is the wrong one to use, because you simply cannot control mutual friendships between young people.

You can shut your door in the face of a particular person — but that is all. Help your child to acquire good taste, and you are on a safe road. There will be mistakes, of course. The best thing to do, I heard, was to get your daughter's young man into your home and let him sit down, and speak and eat. It is more likely that he will devour all the cakes instead of losing his appetite through adolescent love.

These were some of the questions asked and answered. The exhibition itself, organised by the Young Wives' Campaign of the Mothers' Union, was only one of many now being organised throughout the country to try and adjust home life for children, which has suffered so much during the war years. It is obvious that although children themselves will need help in the days to come, parents too will require instruction in the difficult job of raising to-morrow's citizens.

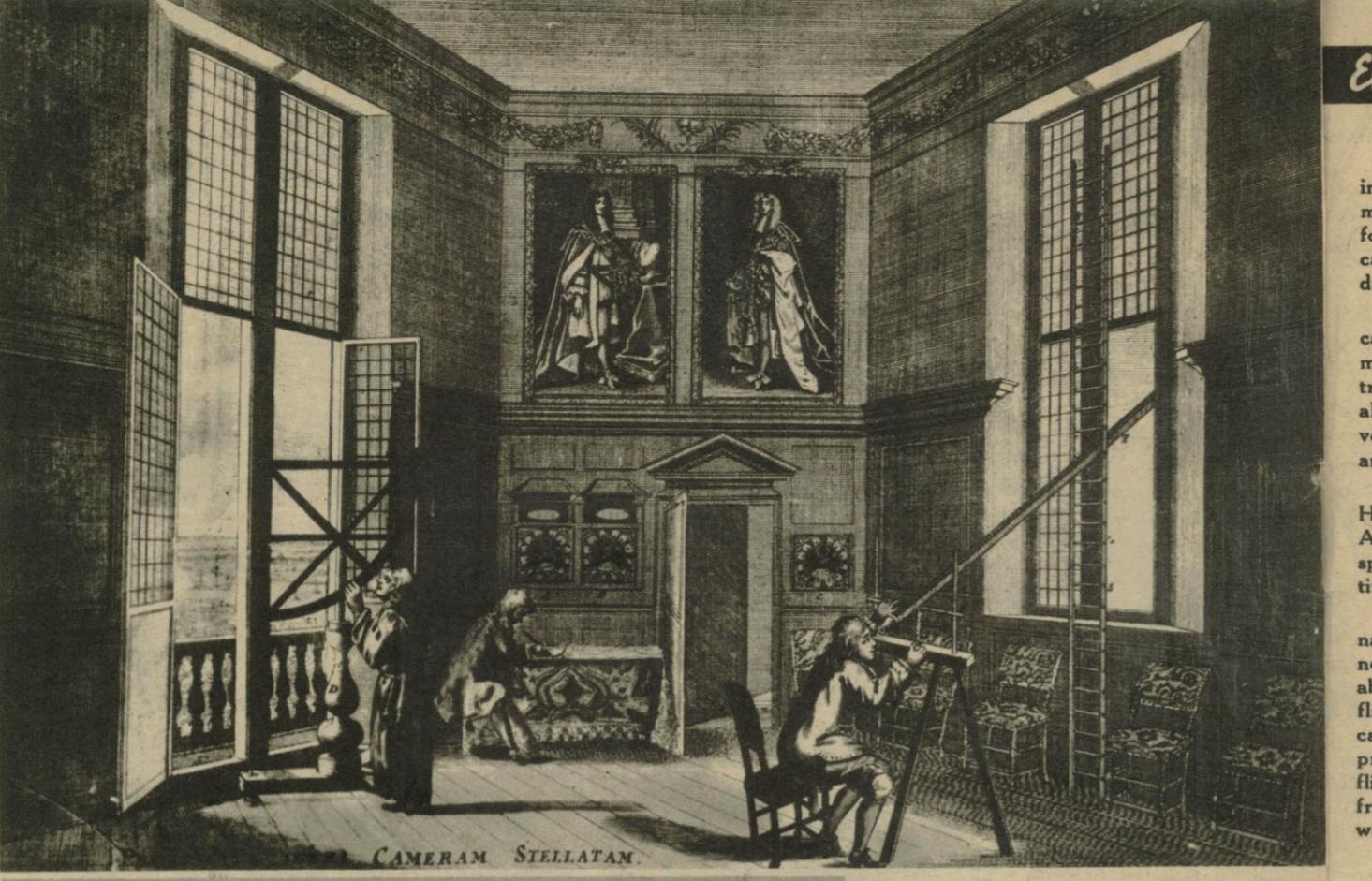
When I got home Peter was no longer a problem child. He was fast asleep. "How did you do it?" I asked, thinking of what I had heard during the day, "did you try mutual trust?"

But I was wrong — it was gripe water.

Author Blake (Sjt) and grandpa take counsel among 2,000 women.  
"Don't look now, but I think somebody's noticed us."



What does "Evolution" mean? Mr. Ashley G. Lowndes, M. A., F. Z. S., a private research worker, explains in this and succeeding articles a theory which has given rise to some of the hottest arguments of modern times.



CAMERAM STELLATAM.

## EVOLUTION

WHEN he looks up from his microscope and his pages of calculations, and rests his eyes by looking out of his window on Plymouth Hoe to sea, Mr. Lowndes can see battleships, cruisers, flying-boats, a Bailey Bridge, and all the paraphernalia of men who fight wars on land, sea and air. Whatever thoughts may come into his mind about them are presently dismissed, and then he turns back to his work.

Round him are giant glass tanks containing fishes, crabs, lobsters, shrimps, sea-urchins and all the weird and unfamiliar life that exists under the water. Patiently he studies them: how they struggle for food, how they are adapted to suit the conditions they find themselves in, how they all have a place in the scheme of things.

Because Mr. Lowndes has been quietly working and keeping the world in something like perspective, while most of us have been busy with jobs that have not given us many chances to look up or stop or think, it seemed a good idea to invite him to write for *SOLDIER* on Evolution.

He agreed, carefully pointing out that though he believes firmly in modern theories of evolution, he is a devout Churchman.

"I must mention that," he said, "I am not a Christian, but I believe Evolution proves the existence of a Creator, not denies it."

In the following article Mr. Lowndes discusses "The Meaning of the Term 'Evolution,'" which will be followed by articles on "Theories about how Life began" and "Time, with its bearing on past and future."

"Evolution, or the Darwinian Theory, was a theory invented by Darwin nearly a hundred years ago and by it he tried to prove that men were descended from monkeys."

This statement, though incorrect in almost every word, gives what is regarded by a very large number of people as the true meaning of the term Evolution.

The simplest way to expose its wrongness and get some sort of insight into the real meaning of the word is to compare it with what is usually believed to be its opposite number.

We as human beings certainly believe that we exist. So do other forms of living animals, such as horses and dogs, monkeys and mice, to say nothing of such other animals as crabs and prawns, snakes and butterflies.

### AUTHOR



M. A. F. Z. S.

Obviously creation implies some sort of Creator, and on this fundamental point both theories are agreed.

### World Is Young

The theory of special creation, however, implies that at some remote period the Creator made everything in a comparatively short period of time and then left the earth and all it contains to go its own way. Further, according to one large body of thinkers everything was at one time perfect, until Man interfered and went his own way, continuing to make a pretty bad mess of things ever since.

Those upholding the theory of evolution hold very different views. First, and most important, they do not believe that

3,000,000,000 years, though man has only existed for about 300,000 years. They further tell us that there is every reason to suppose that life such as we understand it should exist on this earth for another 10,000,000,000 years.

Few people who have ever visited the west coast of Scotland, or better still the Highlands, have failed to notice the gannets, those birds looking something like seagulls but with much thicker necks and with the ends of their wings darkly coloured. The most striking feature of these birds is their power of diving from considerable heights after their prey, which consists chiefly of mullet or similar fish. These birds can only survive provided they can obtain their special food, and for some reason which we cannot explain they feed only on living fish. Clearly a great difficulty must arise dur-

ing the winter and autumn, when storms make the sea rough and it is impossible for the birds to see their prey. Also, they cannot dive with the necessary precision during a high wind.

### Evolution (continued)

If they are to survive they must find calmer waters, and this means that they may have to fly for miles across the track of the storm. Thousands perish and all the weaklings are sorted out. Only the very strongest birds survive the winter and are left to mate in the spring.

This they do on the rocky crags of the Highlands or on such isolated spots as Ailsa Craig. Thus we see that the offspring are bred only from the comparatively few survivors among the parents.

Taking this, then, as an example of natural selection, it should be carefully noted that the theory tells us nothing about the origin either of the strength of flight of the birds or of their wonderful capacity for diving. It merely shows how, provided there are some really strong fliers and some weaklings, Nature breeds from the strong only and gets rid of the weak.

### Man Copies Nature

This is but one very simplified example of the process of natural selection, but it will be readily seen that what Nature has been doing through countless ages in the past, man is doing daily in the breeding of plants and animals.

Such animals as horses and dogs, to say nothing of birds, are bred in large numbers for various purposes, but the real art or skill in all breeding experiments is the choice of most carefully selected parents. The winning horse at one of our great race-meetings often fetches a sum of many thousands of pounds, not because it is likely to win a large number of races itself, but because in years to come a long race of successful horses can usually be bred by making it one of the come-back.

### Mischiefous Rumours

Most of the stories going the rounds about Lend-Lease and about Reverse Lend-Lease in particular, were started by misunderstanding the facts. A few are pure rumor with no basis at all. It is important to clear up these stories, as they only play into the hands of the Germans who are already planning another war.

Ever since Charles Darwin published the "Origin of Species" in 1859, in which he set out clearly the theory of natural selection, Darwinism and evolution have been mistaken for one and the same thing, and in order to clear up this mistake the following analogy may be useful.

### Look At Your Watch

If we take our watch from our pocket, or glance at our wrist, to see the time, nobody except a lunatic would argue the point as to whether we are or are not looking at a watch, since that is what we call a contrivance that we have to wind up, which has two hands, and which tells the time.

But when we come to examine the watch there may be a great diversity of opinion about its inner workings. It may have been made in Birmingham, or Switzerland. It may have been made by hand, or machinery. It may keep good time or bad time. On all these points there may be room for a good deal of discussion, but no amount of argument or discussion will ever get over the fact that what we are really looking at is — a watch.

This pretty well sums up the present position with regard to evolution, for we can regard evolution as the watch and natural selection as one of the debatable points about its inner workings.

At the present time very few scientists would deny evolution, but it is equally true to state that still fewer scientists would now regard natural selection, which is the true Darwinism, as the cause of evolution.

In the next article I shall deal with the proposition that "man is descended from the apes," and explain in greater detail just what "evolution" means.

The underlying question was, and still is, whether the war was our war, that is,

# Lend-Lease Works Both Ways

From time to time we hear most extraordinary and contradictory statements about Lend-Lease. Most soldiers seem to have only the haziest idea of how it works and some do not even appear to know that we send almost as much to our Allies as they send to us. Can we have a clear and simple explanation of Lend-Lease, preferably by an American — if one such can be found! — Sjt. P. Carter, RASC.

PAGE 19 **SOLDIER**

by DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE \* (of Mass. U.S.A.)

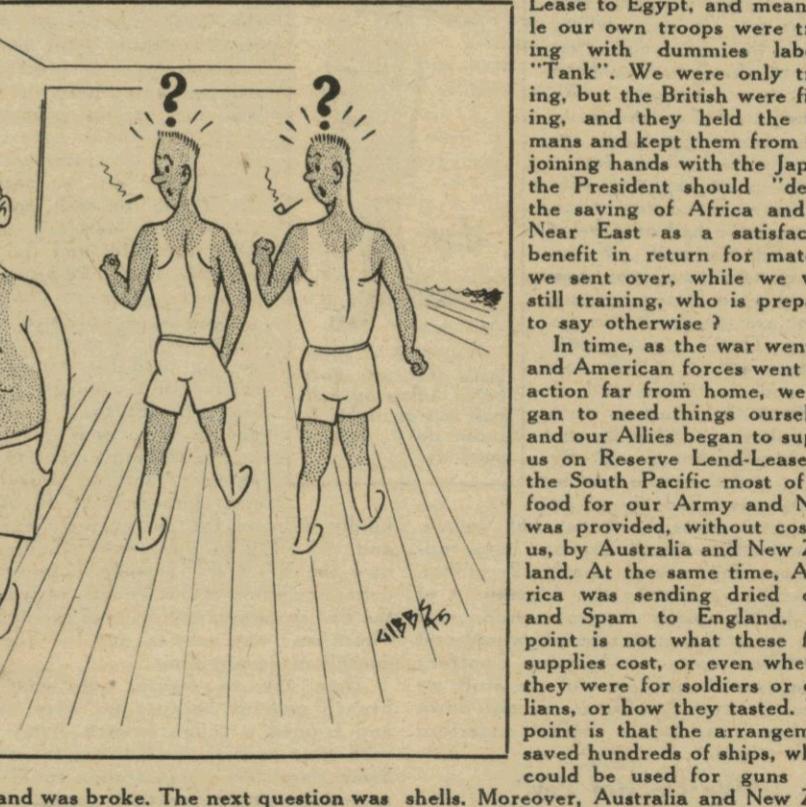
Did Germany threaten the safety of the United States in case she succeeded in occupying the British Isles? In the election of 1940, both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie took the position that preservation of England was necessary for our own safety. That was the majority opinion in America, though there were many who were not convinced. Since then we have seen a lot. Americans now know that the Germans intended to conquer the world, and came within an ace of doing it. Most of us also know that Germany and Japan are tough, and that no one or no two of the four largest Allies could have won without the help of the others. America is a strong power, but not strong enough to live in peace and comfort with Germany and Japan as masters of the rest of the world and all its resources.

Several times I have talked on Lend-Lease in American camps, and the reason for setting down my thoughts on paper is that I have to go home after two years in Britain. I have been sorry to find so much misunderstanding about Lend-Lease, which leads to distrust of our Allies. Although it is human nature for allies to distrust each other after the strain of war, it is not smart for us to let off steam this way, because that is exactly where the Germans hope to find their chance for a come-back.

### Mischiefous Rumours

Most of the stories going the rounds about Lend-Lease and about Reverse Lend-Lease in particular, were started by misunderstanding the facts. A few are pure rumor with no basis at all. It is important to clear up these stories, as they only play into the hands of the Germans who are already planning another war.

Since our own safety depended on preventing the loss of England, we could not let the flow of supplies dry up just because



England was broke. The next question was whether to lend money.

In the other war we lent money to our Allies, and came out with about eleven billion dollars owed to us. If we had been willing to import a lot of materials and goods from our Allies without selling anything, we could have got our money back. The foreigners who sold goods to us would then have had dollars, and their governments could have taken the dollars by taxation and used them to pay the U. S. Government. The reason we never got paid was that we refused to buy heavily abroad. This was one cause of the Great Depression.

After this war, if we want to sell Amer-

\* Mr. Coyle, who wrote this article primarily for American Servicemen, is a consulting engineer, author, and at one time member of the U. S. Defence Advisory Committee. During his stay in this country he was attached to the American Office of War Information, and has now returned to the U.S.A.

ican goods in the foreign market, we ought to benefit by experience, and not get into the jam we were in last time. We have to buy enough foreign goods so that our customers can earn dollars to pay for our exports. Without an export market, jobs will be hard to find in America after the war.

This is why Congress passed the Lend-Lease Bill in 1941, instead of a bill making war loans to the British. Sensible people knew we must not lend money and set up debts that would stand in the way of American exports and American prosperity after the war. The Lend-Lease Act does not lend our Allies any money. They do not owe us any money now or in the future for what we supply under Lend-Lease. Will they ever pay? There is no such question. We have not lent them any money. We have lent them planes and tanks, which still belong to us, while they last. Just as the British have lent us airfields, which still belong to them, and will be taken back when we go away.

### Stirring Up Trouble

It is well to remember that anyone who cries about getting paid for Lend-Lease is doing one of two things. He is blindly asking to have obstacles put in the way of full employment after the war. Or he is purposely trying to stir up trouble and help a German comeback. There are not many traitors. But there are too many Americans who get irritated and talk against their own interests.

The Lend-Lease Act authorized the President to sell, exchange, lease, lend or otherwise hand over anything we could spare, to help any country whose defense is vital to the defense of the United States. According to the law, the return for this help may be in kind or in property or any other direct or indirect benefit that the President deems satisfactory. For instance, in 1941 nearly 800 tanks and 4,000

trucks were sent on Lend-Lease to Egypt, and meanwhile our own troops were training with dummies labelled "Tank." We were only training, but the British were fighting, and they held the Germans and kept them from ever joining hands with the Japs. If the President should "deem" the saving of Africa and the Near East as a satisfactory benefit in return for material we sent over, while we were still training, who is prepared to say otherwise?

In time, as the war went on and American forces went into action far from home, we began to need things ourselves, and our Allies began to supply us on Reserve Lend-Lease. In the South Pacific most of the food for our Army and Navy was provided, without cost to us, by Australia and New Zealand. At the same time, America was sending dried eggs and Spam to England. The point is not what these food supplies cost, or even whether they were for soldiers or civilians, or how they tasted. The point is that the arrangement saved hundreds of ships, which could be used for guns and shells. Moreover, Australia and New Zealand delivered nearly 10,000 landing craft and other boats to General MacArthur for the invasion of the Philippines. Small boats are especially hard to ship from America. They have also "lent" us millions of blankets, shoes, socks and other articles, most of which won't be worth taking back when we are through using them.

In England our forces have received more help than any one soldier could ever know about unless he works on the job of making up the lists. To the middle of 1944, 31% of the tonnage of material used by Americans in the ETO was supplied by the British. This material cost us nothing. Again the important point is not the cost but the fact that we did not have to bring this tonnage across the Atlantic, and so we could get ahead faster in winning the war. You will get home a lot sooner because of this Reserve Lend-Lease.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.

# Lend-Lease (continued)

As for money value, the Reverse Lend-Lease in the United Kingdom has cost the British tax-payer about three billion dollars, to April 1945. There are some small articles which the American Army buys here for cash, and these little transactions have given rise to the belief that we are paying for a good deal of what we get. Altogether, our Army has spent less than ten million dollars in the U. K. We have bought about a third of a cent's worth for each dollar's worth that we have received on Reverse Lend-Lease.

## What U. S. Army Got

It is worth while looking at some of the items we have had free of charge here in England. All our camps, airfields, hospitals and Red Cross Clubs and most of their furnishings are paid for by the British. The synthetic harbours we used in Normandy were supplied by the British. So were the Bailey bridges, the jerricans for gasoline, the paper gas tanks for fighters, 50,000 tyres for airplanes, 140,000 bicycles, and thousands of other items.

Spark plugs for bombers are worth something else than money if your engines threaten to conk out over Germany. The British plugs were four times as reliable as ours, and since early in 1943 the British have "lent" us 1,000,000 of them. More important, they have shown us the secret of making these plugs, and we are making them for our planes in the Pacific. If the President should deem that saving the lives of a few thousand American bomber men was a satisfactory return for several million dollars worth of dried eggs, who wants to deny it?

Many members of the American Army have not understood that although there are prices on Reverse Lend-Lease goods and services, we do not pay them. It is important to repeat that the prices are not selling prices; they are costs set down by the British to keep their own accounts with Parliament, which appropriates the money. So far as we are concerned, it is not a bill for us to pay, but only a measurement of how much help we have had over here.

Second, the bulk of the items cost less over here than in the United States, because wages are much lower in Britain. The American cost for a parachute is 165 dollars, and the same kind of parachute in England costs 135 dollars. A 65-inch airplane tyre in America is 350 dollars, and the same tyre in England, supplied to us on Lend-Lease, costs the British 160 dollars. In the Pacific, the Australians have supplied our forces with nearly 2 million blankets, at a cost to the Australians of 2.64 dollars apiece. Australia produces a lot of wool. The same blankets would cost 7.67 dollars apiece in America. Contrary to the usual belief, most of the stuff we get on Reverse Lend-Lease is put down at a lower cost than similar American stuff.

## "We Do Not Pay"

There are a few items that cost more. In England, for instance, things made of wood or new paper are more expensive than in America because timber is scarce and can't be handled as cheaply as in the great virgin forests of our northwest. The story of the table costing 34 dollars is almost correct, except that the decimal point skidded. The cost was 3.40 dollars and in America it would have been perhaps 2.00 dollars. Incidentally, the British give us on Reverse Lend-Lease the paper and printing for the "Stars and Stripes" and "Yank". All you pay for is the writing and management.

There is a story that the British charge us high rentals for airfields. The total cost of airfields in England, including rentals to the owners of the land and the work done on the fields, are less than for similar fields in America. They also are paid by the British, not by us.

Here are answers to two other common

# The Birth of a British Pin-Up Girl

questions that come up in American camps in England.

What happens when an American truck knocks the corner off a British house? The damage claim is adjusted by the same legal process as if it were a British truck, and the British Government pays the damages to the owner of the house.

What happens when we damage a British house that we are occupying? A bill for damages is rendered to the American unit. This bill is turned over by our Army to the British War Office, which settles with the owner. We do not pay.

There are various stories about inflated food prices. Actually many food prices in England are less than cost; the loss is covered by subsidy from the Government. Food supplied to our Army is recorded at the standard prices paid by storekeepers in Britain. British candy, cookies, matches and other PX goods are supplied to our Army on Reverse Lend-Lease. The Army therefore pays nothing for these goods. The prices you pay are set by the Army and the money goes to the U. S. Treasury.

As we get nearer the end of the war, some of our Lend-Lease arrangements are already being changed over to ordinary commercial relations. In 1941 the British agreed not to use scarce materials, such as steel, for commercial exports, so long as we were sending these materials here on Lend-Lease. A British company could not sell steel fishing rods in South America while our War Production Board was

refusing to let Americans have steel to make fishing rods. Now the British are starting to plan for peace-time trade, and we have made a new agreement. Any material they want to use for export goods goes off Lend-Lease and they buy it for cash, the same as in peace-time trade.

Also it now appears that the large number of American machine tools lent to England for war production will be wanted here after the war for use in peace-time work. These tools have therefore been transferred off Lend-Lease and bought by the British for cash, so they are not on loan any more. They are sold, and the British own them like any other commercial goods.

Winning a war isn't a business deal. Worrying about getting paid for bombs and shells isn't sensible. We make bombs to give to the enemy free. Some of these bombs we deliver at our own expense and at our own risk. Others, the R. A. F.

kindly delivers for us, at their expense and risk. Try to figure out whether we owe the R. A. F. airmail charges for delivering some of our bombs, or whether the British owe us the price of the bombs? There isn't any answer, and the question doesn't mean anything.

Then try to figure out what the French owe us because we have armed and trained a tough French Army that took over part of the German front near Switzerland. American troops could have spread out to cover that front, which would have made it that much harder to win the Battle of the Bulge. If the French Army shoots Germans with American guns, they will be just as dead as if Americans shot them. Any Nazi the French can eliminate will never hurt an American from then on. Standing on commercial rights would mean that no foreigners could fight on our side unless they paid their own expenses.

Nobody owes anybody any money for fighting as allies to save all of us from the Nazis and the Japs. Now that we are winning, the worst danger is that because we are tired and homesick, we will believe all the worst of our friends, and so leave an opening for our enemies to sabotage the peace. Holding our victory is going to be a long job, and the first step for many of us is to keep our minds straight on the Lend-Lease system that has helped at so many points to make victory possible.

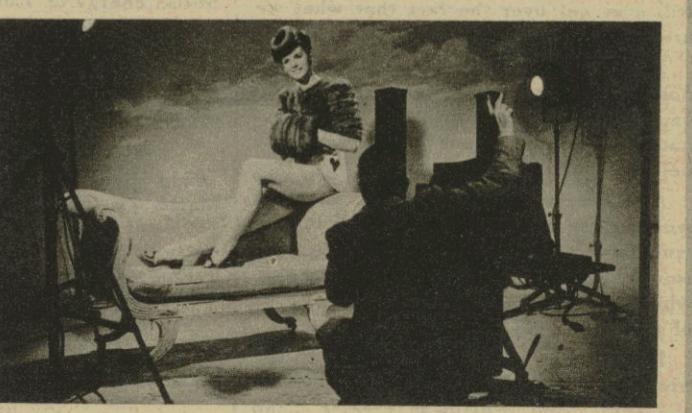


Step this way when you've fixed your hair... (Heavens! I haven't a thing to wear!)

One leg stiff and the other one bent... (Posing's dull, but it pays the rent.)



"— and I must insist that you girls be in billets by half past ten at night. If I can do it, so can you!"



Please sit still, or I'll have to scold... (Hurry it up... this couch is cold.)



THESE are the facts on Kendall (Kim):

Six feet two in her nylons; slim;

Twenty-five waist, and — if you must —

Thirty-six inches around the bust.

Hips' circumference : thirty-eight.

Age ? Statistics omit to state.

Look in her passport... quite right... British! (Passport picture's a shade less skittish.)

Tall and talented, poised and trim;

That's all I know of Kendall (Kim).

E. S. T.

# SMALL TALK

HARD to achieve in any Shakespearean production is a credible sword duel or battle scene. Laurence Olivier plays his death scene in "Richard III" with a reality which is frightening. The presence of Ralph Richardson and Sybil Thorndike in this Old Vic Company with the BLA makes certain that this brave attempt to present Shakespeare to the troops is a success.

The repertory consists of "Richard III", "Twelfth Night" and Shaw's "Arms and the Man" and the reception given at Antwerp and Ghent makes one wonder just how high-brow the Army is becoming. What next? An Ibsen revival to brighten up occupation forces?

Rene Recaldin, who tours with a three-tonner packed with pressing irons, needles and all kinds of repair gadgetry for maintaining show wardrobes, has just returned to Brussels after her latest trip through Holland. Her job ranges from mending tights to pressing pants for any nearby unit, but her latest problem was to provide trousers for a PWX who hadn't got any. She gave him her last and personal pair of slacks. She says he looked sweet in them, but he was back in half an hour to complain that he found the side zip idea a trifle awkward.

Dramatic criticism from New-York Mirror: "Without Love" has lots of voltage. There's something basically glamorous about Katie. I frequently believe she's the doll I'd like to be drift with on a life raft. This photoplay not only should pack the Music Hall but provide enough heat to end the fuel crisis.

Recent roles of Ingrid Bergman: a nun; a Mexican spitfire; a woman psychiatrist; a "glamorous international figure": Mary Magdalene.

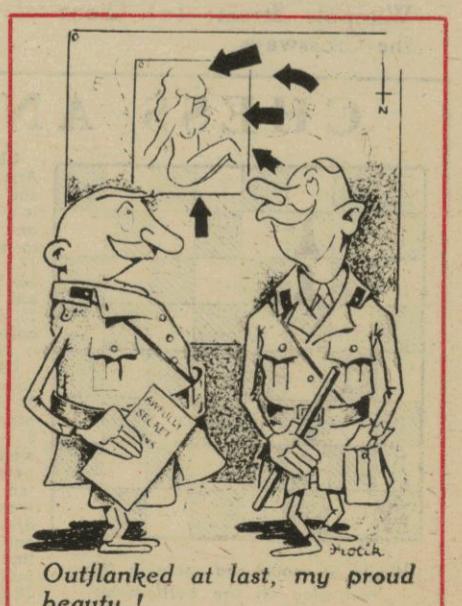
OUT: Clark Gable who, after two years in the USAAC, has made his first film — "This Strange Adventure" (about a girl and a merchant sailor).

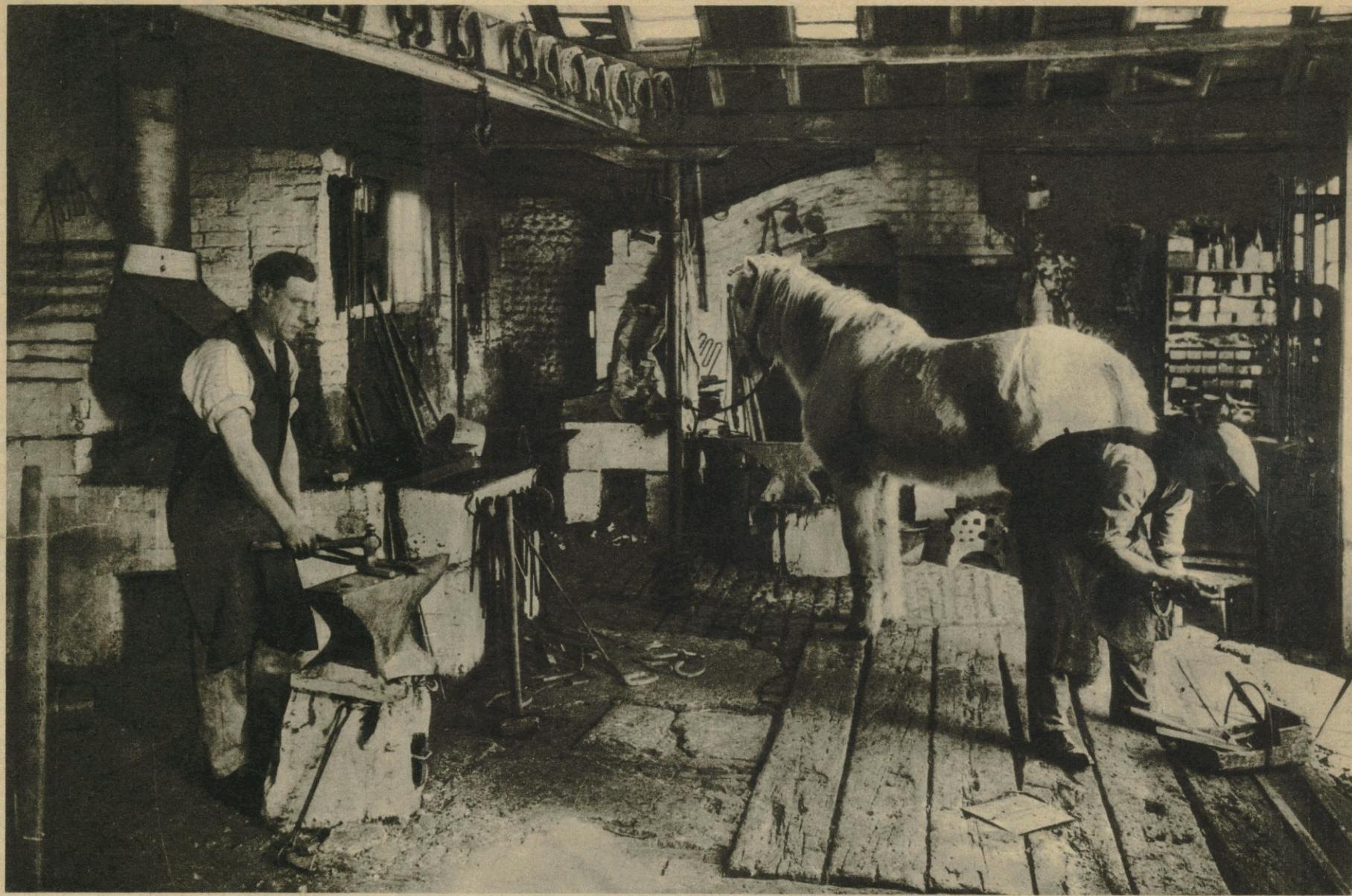
HALF IN, HALF OUT: Robert Montgomery, who has been promoted to Commander in the US Navy — effective when he returns to the Service after filming "They Were Expendable".

When you relax into your own arm-chair, cross your legs in those demob trousers and idly swing your non-issue slippers — then your thoughts will go racing back to campaigns past. The ideal companion for moments like these will be "Wartime in the Middle East", an anthology of soldiers' tales.

It is a Peace Service Pocket Book of short stories, verse and photographs ranging over the Western Desert, Persia, Iraq. Tales of Battle, Tobruk, nostalgic flash-backs that recall the monotony and boredom and the companionship of the "Blue".

"Wartime in the Middle East" is published in Belgium in Les Editions Visscher, 157, Avenue Winston Churchill, Brussels. Price 80 francs. The proceeds go to the Red Cross.





## THE BLACKSMITH AT BEXHILL

Progress, spreading from the towns, has already invaded large areas of the countryside, bringing with it the smell of burnt petrol and the brilliance of electric light. But there are some corners which its debatable advantages have not touched. One of them is in Bexhill, Sussex, where the smithy plies his ancient craft as for centuries past, a picture to be dwelt on by all those who cherish the relics of a fast-disappearing world.

## How Much Do You Know?

- Many words end in "dous". Tremendous, for example. Think of two more.
- Remember the sanguine idler, Mister Micawber? What was his Christian name?
- A lily-iron is (a) A device for straightening plants; (b) An implement for smoothing linen; (c) A harpoon with a detachable head; (d) A fetter for a flat-foot Floogie. Which?
- Which boxer held three world titles at the same time?
- Who wrote: (a) The Prisoner of Zenda; (b) The Barretts of Wimpole Street; (c) Diana of the Crossways.
- Which abbey was called the Lantern of England?
- Only one of the following words will be found in a dictionary: Blizzard - Crinplated - Plangent. Which?
- Who didn't agree with what you said but would fight to the death for your right to say it?
- One of these words is misspelled. Which? Harass - Pedlar - Fuschia - Stimy
- A "funambulist" is a: (a) Sleep-walker; (b) One-legged comedian; (c) Fair-ground owner; (d) Rope-walker.
- "Hickory" is: (a) A town in North Carolina; (b) Start of a well known

rhyme; (c) A kind of hard wood. Which?

- Which main oceans are connected by the "North West Passage"?
- The Ophicleide is: (a) A musical instrument; (b) An aid for the deaf; (c) An instrument for measuring precious stones.
- Remember the chap who was hoist by his own petard? Well, a petard is: (a) A primitive lift; (b) A metal cylinder filled with gunpowder; (c) A device for lifting barrels from the cellar. Which?

(Solutions on page 23.)

## THANKS FOR THE MEMORY



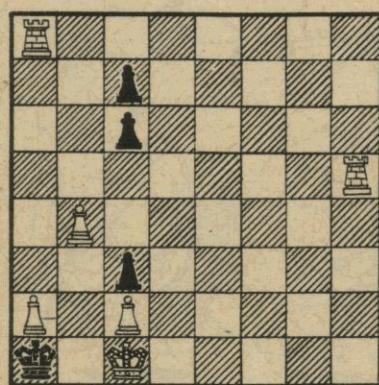
Thanks for the memory,  
Of sleeping under trees.  
Mud up to the knees,  
Of Compo packs  
And denim slacks,  
And lumps of processed cheese.  
How ghastly it was.  
  
Thanks for the memory,  
Of guns stuck fast in gates,  
Jerry 88s,  
Carrying shells.  
And dead cow smells.  
We did get in some states,  
How funny it was.

Thanks for the memory,  
Of Brussels short leave passes,  
And all those sporting lasses,  
We did things proper,  
"Cigarette for Poppa?"  
Whoopie! fill up the glasses,  
How naughty it was.

So thanks for the memory,  
Of leave date cancellations,  
V E-Day celebrations,  
We've done the job  
Roll on demob,  
Farewell to "Action Stations".  
AND THANK YOU SO MUCH.

G. V. Selby (L/Bdr.)

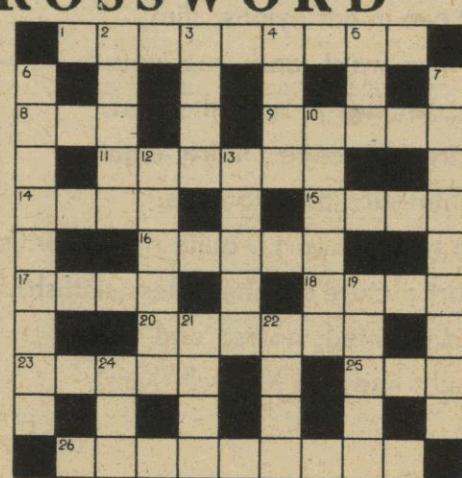
## CHESS AND QUICK CROSSWORD



White to move and mate in three.  
Neat play on the battlements.

**CLUES ACROSS.** — 1. One of the "Seventh Armoured" (two words). — 8. Sea-soldiers? No: she soldiers! — 9. Jacques, perhaps, with de Gaulle's lot. — 11. What "2 Down" is now, to all intents and purposes. — 14. T.I. quality. — 15. Said to call to itself, which is profound. — 16. Working order. — 17. Legal ones may be found in a regiment. — 18. Wane afresh here. — 20. She might give us new aid. — 23. Did it shade our troops in the Lebanon? — 25. May be tipped by a tip, and it is one. — 26. It costs a crown to distinguish him from one holding a "6 Down".

**CLUES DOWN.** — 2. Of course sense may be knocked out of it — the RAF saw to that! — 3. Sane entertainers! Do the troops agree? 4. The army knows this binder if it's of a certain colour — 5. — and with these "instructive" initials. — 6. The state of one who gets the pip threefold. — 7. "Ground pew" (anag.). — 10. The chap who may be counted out (he used to have to mark time twice!) (2 words). — 12. Familiar to those on the way to join SEAC? (two words). — 13. War calls for more than one and wines are made of it. — 19. Gunners won't find this in one of their shells! — 21. It's a bit of a pull but d--- fun! — 22. Only partly noticed. — 24. Round rod for a "creepy-crawly".



(Solution on Page 23.)

# To SOLDIER

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

## Can We Hate?

Capt. Warwick Charlton : Cpl. G. Short and Pte. D. MacRae suggest (SOLDIER No. 8) "that the inability to hate is the British soldier's outstanding characteristic..."

I reported from the Elbe, just before Germany's unconditional surrender, that our men were in a grim mood and that they did hate. I suggest it would be strange if any soldier failed to hate the enemy intent on destroying him. Do Cpl. Short and Pte. MacRae suggest that the British soldier is incapable of strong feeling?

I think we are inclined to hate slowly and to forgive quickly; perhaps too quickly.

Cpl. Short and Pte. MacRae go on to say: "As for his reference to a pig-tailed little girl and two boys playing at war, has Capt. Charlton ever observed children at play in England?" I certainly have, but when British children reach man's estate they put aside these childish things. Cpl. Short and Pte. MacRae may recall that we were reluc-

cently the newspapers published a list of units which took part in the assault, or landed on D-Day on the Normandy beaches, but again we were not mentioned — possibly because we were GHQ Troops and not divisional troops. It was a disappointment to the lads. They would like recognition for, and proof of having taken part in "the greatest achievement in military history."

## Russian Ranks

Lieut. Col., Commanding 13 Pioneer Group : May I point out that the Russian ranks published in SOLDIER No. 4 do not agree with the insignia worn by the Russian officers, of which there are many in this PWX Camp, nor do they agree with War Office GS publication "New Notes on the Red Army No. 2."

★ Investigation proves that SOLDIER is wrong. Six of the ranks published are captioned incorrectly. SOLDIER's representative obtained the Red Army's insignia from the British "Russia Today Society" in London. An official of the society says: "We must apologise for our mistake. SOLDIER reproduced the insignia supplied by us in good faith, but we failed to state that several of the ranks had been captioned incorrectly by us."

Here are the corrections:

Junior Lt. — One small star.  
2nd Lt. — Two small stars.  
Senior Lt. — Three small stars.  
Captain — Four small stars.  
Major — One medium star.  
Lt. Col. — Two medium stars.

## "Hallo, Old Man!"

"D-Day Dodger — and Proud of It" (name and address supplied) : Reading your paper I was very surprised to find myself face to face with the Two Types again. Can it be that our friend Jon has found his way into



"Face to face with the Two Types."

our midst once more? CMF will miss him if he's left them. I suppose it's inevitable that the bull which is in this theatre has even caught up with our two veterans... their KD or their winter outfit suited them better.

## First in Belsen

Major F. S. Waldron RAMC, 76(Br) Field Hygiene Section : In the interests of correct recording the following amendments are suggested to your article "Burning of Belsen" (SOLDIER No. 7). The first individual to enter the "Horror Camp" was the ADMS, 11 Armoured Division, Colonel D. Bluett, OBE.

The first unit to enter the camp did so with Colonel Bluett. It was 76 Field Hygiene Section and it had the unique experience of harbouring inside the concentration camp and commencing work while the SS were still in control.

★ Other Belsen "mentions" are: 35 Coy. RASC (Composite Platoon) who fed internees and operated bakery; 22 Coy. RASC (B Pln.); YMCA Mobile Canteen 713 (Hunt and Mulholland). Coal vehicles of 11 Armd. Div. RASC and water trucks of 8 Corps also attended.

## In The Best Seats

Bdr D. Hackney, 46 RHU : Is it with official sanction that members of Toc H, YMCA, Salvation Army, ENSA and UNRRA occupy the best seats in ENSA theatres and cinemas? Because these people are allowed to wear a uniform similar to that of an officer they appear to give themselves similar privileges. No doubt these people are doing good work for the boys in the cheaper seats, but if it were not for these boys they would never have had the opportunity.

★ ENSA spokesman states that only certain personnel of the Voluntary Welfare Associations are granted officer status.

## QUIZ.

Q. — If a Class B man leaves his job for some adequate reason, e. g. ill-health, or has lost his aptitude, or cannot re-adapt himself, will he be recalled (a) if his age and service group has already been released (b) if his age and service group has not yet been released?

A. — It depends on the recommendation of the Ministry of Labour on the particular case. He is always liable to recall to the colours, but he will not necessarily be recalled.

Q. — Will an auxiliary who is married to a Colonial be released in England or returned to her husband's Colony?

A. — Provided the husband is in a unit under War Office administration she will be sent to the Colony as his dependant on his application to the Repatriation Office. She will be discharged in the UK.

Q. — What is the position of the woman on the unemployed list when releases commence?

A. — (a) If on temporary release and no extension is required, she will return to the service at its expiry and will then fall to be dealt with under her age and service group, or, if married, under the marriage priority.

(b) If on indefinite release, she will remain on the Unemployed List and will receive Class A benefits except the 56 days leave as soon as possible.

Q. — If I am entitled to repatriation must I return to the country from which I came or can I go to any country I choose?

A. — In so far as military passagess are concerned and if you are serving abroad at the time you can choose, but if to a new country, you must get that country's permission to reside there. In other cases you could apply for a Government passage after release in UK under any emigration schemes which may be arranged.

Q. — What happens if, when I am released, my country is still in enemy hands?

A. — Your repatriation is deferred. You can remain in the Army or elect immediate release, in which case you will be granted full Class A benefits, but you will not be eligible for pay during the voyage when a passage is arranged later.

## - ON WHO GOES OUT ?

### Answers

from Page 22

#### HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. Stupendous, hazardous; 2. Wilkins; 3. A harpoon; 4. Henry (Homicide) Armstrong; 5. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Rudolf Besier, George Meredith; 6. Bath Abbey; 7. Plangent; 8. Voltaire; 9. Fuchsia, which should be Fuchia; 10. Rope-walker; 11. All three are right; 12. Atlantic and Pacific; 13. Musical instrument; 14. Metal cylinder filled with gunpowder.

#### CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1. Desert Rat. 8. ATS. 9. Poilu. 11. Erased. 14. T-one. 15. Deep. 16. Denim. 17. Inns (of Court). 18. Anew. 20. Edwina. 23. Cedar. 25. Cue. 26. Brigadier.

DOWN: 2. Essen. 3. Ensa. 4. Tape. 5. ACI. 6. Captaincy. 7. Gunpowder. 10. Odd man. 12. Red sea. 13. Sinew. 19. Nacre. 21. Drag. 22. Iced. 24. Dor (rev.).

#### CHESS

Key-move: R—Q Kt 5. If 1. P—B 4. 2. P x P, etc. If 1. P x R. 2. P—R 4, etc.

ORDERLY  
ROOM



## KITCHEN CLUB?

ANY servicemen and women desire a modern furnished kitchen (Homes They Plan for Tomorrow — SOLDIER No. 7) but lack full details of the designs within the scope of their gratuities. Perhaps a BLA Kitchen Club (like the Clothing Clubs up North) might supply these details, plus facilities for saving and buying below the public selling price. Any member would be eligible to buy any number of £1 shares in the club, and an illustrated brochure, or possibly a showroom, would exhibit the best samples on the market.

By finding out members' preferences, definite orders could be given to suppliers and thus make possible such facilities as:

- (a) annual dividends on shares
- (b) kitchens for shares instead of cash
- (c) discount in lieu of middleman's profits
- (d) priority in guaranteed delivery
- (e) unbiased expert advice and personal choice of quality British designs.

How many others favour such a club for aimed saving and timely spending? Lieut. J. W. Dark, 19 Stores Section RE, BLA.

## How to get SOLDIER regularly

SOLDIER is sold at 2 francs (Belgian) per copy. It may be ordered in bulk by Unit PRI's on a three- or six-month subscription, payment being made in British Postal Order or by cheque on a UK bank. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "Command Paymaster" and made payable to "British Army Newspaper Unit". An order form is given below. Subscription rates are:

1 copy for next 6 issues (6 copies)	1/4d
2 copies	2/8d
3	4/-
6	8/-
12	16/-
24	32/-

Note: (1) Stamps cannot be accepted. (2) "BANU" cannot undertake to post copies of "Soldier" to other than BLA personnel. (3) Back numbers are not available.

## ORDER FORM

To:—"SOLDIER", No. 1, British Army-Newspaper Unit, BLA.  
Please supply ..... copies of ..... issues to

(Block Capitals)

beginning with your next issue.

Enclosed please find Postal Order/Cheque for .....

Signed .....

Rank ..... Unit .....

# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH



ARMY MAGAZINE

## A Great American Makes A Great Speech

ON June 12, 1945, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces, was given the Freedom of the City of London at the Guildhall. This is his speech of acceptance:—

The high sense of distinction I feel in receiving this great honour from the City of London is inescapably mingled with feelings of profound sadness.

All of us must always regret that your country and mine were ever faced with the tragic situation that compelled the appointment of an Allied Commander-in-Chief, the capacity in which I have just been so extravagantly commended.

Humility must always be the portion of any man who receives acclaim earned in the blood of his followers and the sacrifices of his friends.

Conceivably a commander may have been professionally superior. He may have given everything of his heart and mind to meet the spiritual and physical needs of his comrades. He may have written a chapter that will glow for ever in the pages of military history. Still, even such a man, if he existed, would sadly face the facts that his honours cannot hide in his memories the crosses marking the resting-places of the dead. They cannot soothe the anguish of the widow or the orphan, whose husband or father will not return.

### All Are Honoured

The only attitude in which a commander may with satisfaction receive the tributes of his friends is in humble acknowledgment that no matter how unworthy he may be, his position is a symbol of great human forces that have laboured arduously and successfully for a righteous cause.

Unless he feels this symbolism and this rightness in what he has tried to do, then he is disregardful of the courage, the fortitude and devotion of the vast multitudes he has been honoured to command. If all the Allied men and women that have served with me in this war can only know that it is they this august body is really honouring today, then, indeed, will I be content.

This feeling of humility cannot erase, of course, my great pride in being tendered the Freedom of London. I am not a native of this land. I come from the very heart of America. In the superficial aspects by which we ordinarily recognise family relationships, the town where I was born and the one where I was reared are far separated from this great city. Abilene, Kansas, and Denison, Texas, would, together add in size to possibly one five-hundredth part of Greater London.

By your standards those towns are young, without your aged traditions that carry the roots of London back into the uncertainties of unrecorded history.

To those people I am proud to belong, but I find myself today 5,000 miles from that countryside, the honoured guest of a city whose name stands for grandeur and size throughout the world.

### A Basic Kinship

Hardly would it seem possible for the London Council to have gone farther afield to find a man to honour with its priceless gift of token citizenship.

Yet kinship among nations is not determined in such measurements as proximity, size and age. Rather we should turn to those inner things, call them what you will — I mean those intangibles that are real treasures free men possess.

To preserve his freedom of worship, his equality before the law, his liberty to speak and act as he sees fit, subject only to the provision that he trespass not upon similar rights of others — the Londoner will fight! So will the citizen of Abilene!

When we consider these things, then the valley of the Thames draws closer to the farms of Kansas and the plains of Texas.

To my mind it is clear that when two peoples will face the tragedies of war to defend the same spiritual

values, the same treasured rights, then, in the deepest sense, those two are truly related.

So, even as I proclaim my undying Americanism, I am bold enough and exceedingly proud to claim basic kinship to you of London.

And what man who has followed the history of this war could fail to experience inspiration from the example of this city? When the British Empire stood — alone but unconquered, almost naked but unafraid — to defy the Hitler hordes, it was on this devoted city that the first terroristic blows were launched.

Five years and eight months of war, much of it on the actual battle-line! Blitzes, big and little, fly-bombs, V-bombs: all of them you took in your stride.

In London, my associates and I planned two great expeditions, that to invade the Mediterranean, and later that to cross the Channel.

### Doubters Were Wrong

London's hospitality to Americans, her good-humoured acceptance of the added inconveniences we brought, her example of fortitude and quiet confidence in the final outcome — all these helped to make the Supreme Headquarters of two Allied expeditions the smooth-working organisations they became!

They were composed of chosen representatives of two proud and independent peoples, each noted for its initiative and for its satisfaction with its own customs, manners and methods.

Many feared that those representatives could never combine together in efficient fashion to solve the complex problems presented by modern war.

I hope you believe we proved the doubters wrong and, moreover, I hold that we proved this point not only for war, we proved that it can always be done by our two peoples, provided only both show the same good will, the same forbearance, the same objective attitude that British and Americans so amply demonstrated in nearly three years of bitter campaigning.

No one man could, alone, have brought about this result. Had I possessed the military skill of a Marlborough, the wisdom of Solomon, the understanding of Lincoln, I still would have been helpless without the loyalty, the vision, the generosity of thousands upon thousands of British and Americans.

### One Great Team

Some of them were my companions in the High Command, many were enlisted men and junior officers carrying the fierce brunt of the battle, and many others were back in the U. S. and here in Great Britain, in London.

Moreover, back of us were always our great national war leaders, and their civil and military staffs that supported and encouraged us through every trial, every test. The whole was one great team.

I know that on this special occasion the 3,000,000 American men and women serving in the Allied Expeditionary Force would want me to pay the tribute of admiration, respect and affection to their British comrades of this war.

My most cherished hope is that, after Japan joins the Nazis in utter defeat, neither my country nor yours need ever again summon its sons and daughters from their peaceful pursuits to face the tragedies of battle.

But — a fact important for both of us to remember — neither London nor Abilene, sisters under the skin, will sell her birthright for physical safety, her liberty for mere existence.

No petty differences in the world of trade, traditions or national pride should ever blind us to identities in priceless values. If we keep our eyes on this guidepost then no difficulties along our path of mutual co-operation can ever be insurmountable.

Moreover, when this truth has permeated to the remotest hamlet and heart of all peoples, then indeed may we beat our swords into ploughshares and all nations can enjoy the fruitfulness of the earth.

## FRATERNISATION WITH CHILDREN

The following message has been sent by the Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshal Montgomery.

### To all members of 21 Army Group.

1. I have been considering the present orders about non-fraternisation. We cannot let up on this policy.

2. But these orders need no longer apply to small children.

3. Members of the British Forces in Germany will be allowed to speak to, and play with, little children. This will come into effect at once. In all other respects the orders issued by me in the card dated March 1945 will remain in force.

(Signed) B. L. MONTGOMERY  
FIELD-MARSHAL.

12 June 1945. C-in-C 21 Army Group.



A full guard of honour attended this military wedding at Tilburg, Holland between Miss Anna Maria Koopmans, of Tilburg and Cpl. Maurice Benham, Royal Norfolk Regt., 1st British Corps. The guard of honour was supplied by 1st British Corps Headquarters.