

SOLDIER

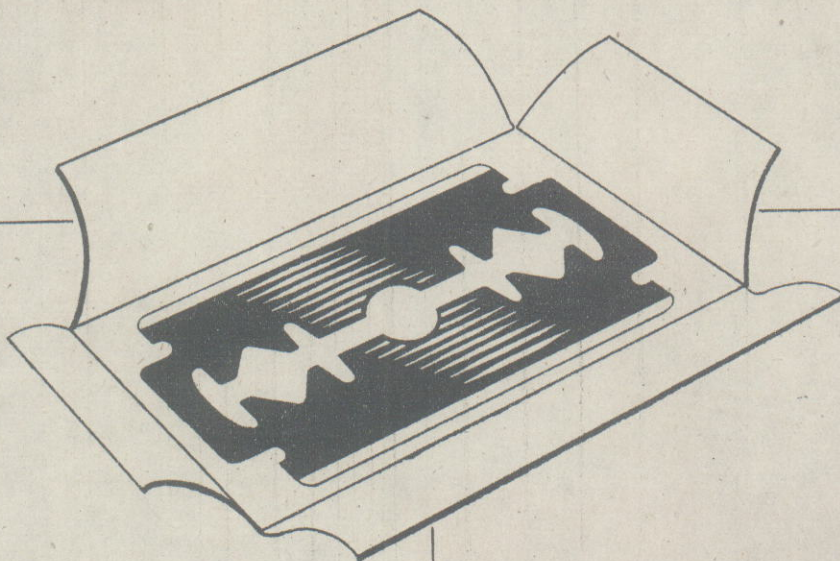
THE BRITISH  ARMY MAGAZINE

January • 1947 • Sixpence • Vol. 2 — No 16

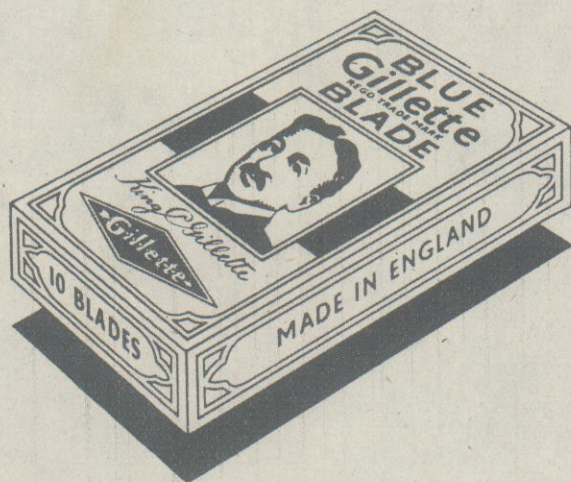


FLASHBACK TO 1940
In 1947 Ack-Ack Starts A New
Lease of Life (See Page Ten)

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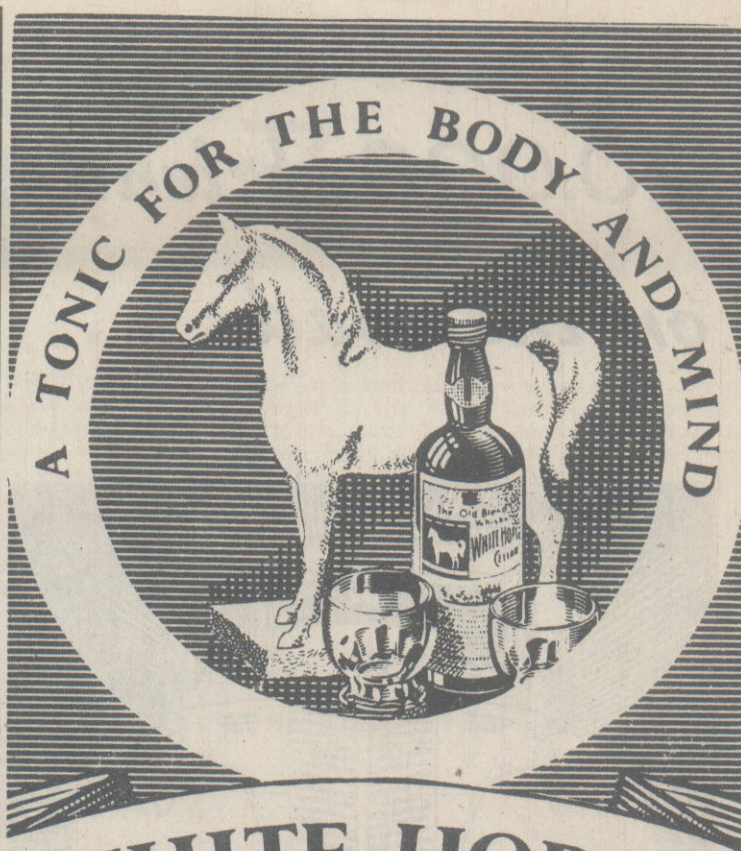
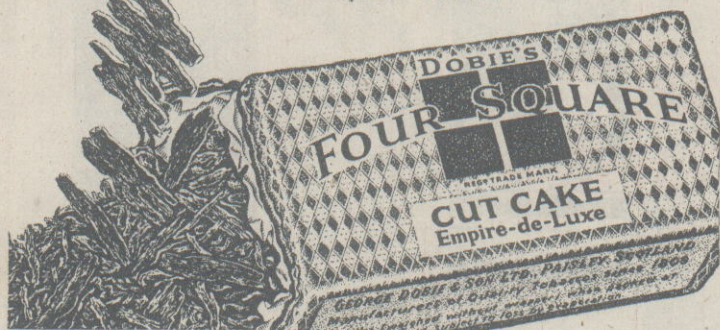
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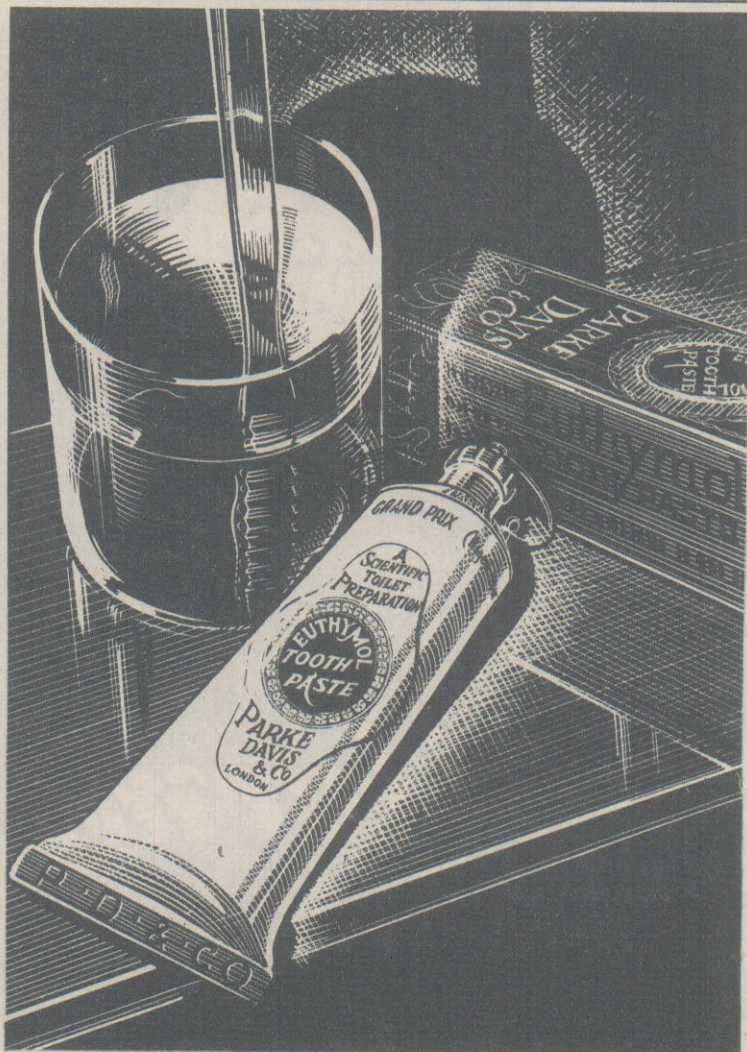
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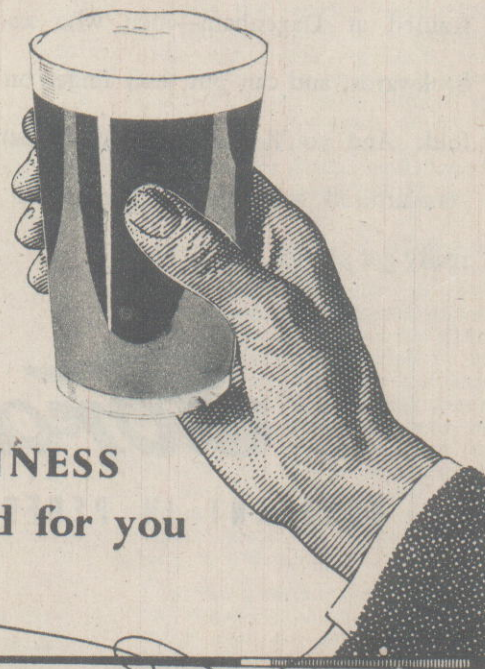


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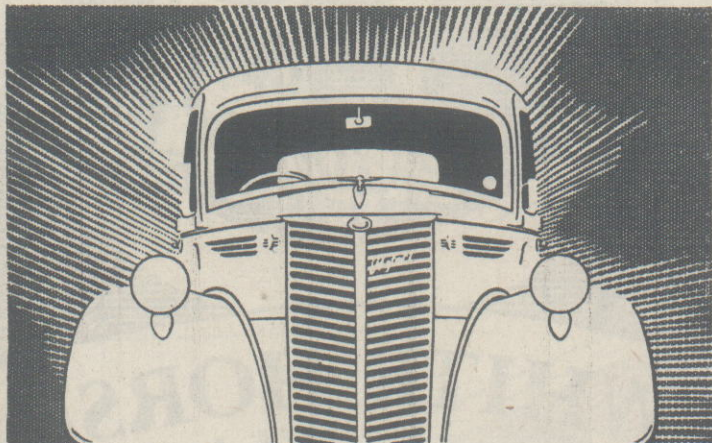
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SOLDIER Spans The World...

This issue of **SOLDIER**, the British Army Magazine, is being circulated not only in Germany, France and the Low Countries, as hitherto, but in Home Commands and in Austria, Italy, Greece, Malta, Gibraltar, Sudan, West Africa, India, Burma, Malaya and Japan.

From commands all over the world have come requests for **SOLDIER**; sometimes by troops who knew the magazine in BAOR, sometimes by men who have had copies sent them by friends. It is hoped to be able to supply all theatres in due course.

SOLDIER's aim — for the benefit of new readers — is to show what the other man in the Army is doing; to record outstanding Army exploits, enterprises and discoveries; to give — accurately — the facts which affect the soldier, and to answer the questions which his company office cannot always answer; and do all this as brightly as possible.

SOLDIER believes that men of BAOR will be proud to share their magazine with their comrades-in-arms in more distant theatres; especially as this will not mean any cut in the number of copies allotted them.

THE ARMY'S JOB IN 1947

THE Army goes into 1947 making changes as momentous as any in its history and burdened with tasks that will stretch its resources to their full extent.

The changes are as important as those which were in progress when 1940 was new. Then the Army was building active from latent strength; to-day it is reshaping its active strength, now much cut down, and building a latent strength that will become active in a few hours, if need be.

Its first task in 1947 is to shape a regular force big enough to cover its commitments in the chaos of after-war. To get the men for this purpose, the Army has launched a recruiting campaign which is now showing encouraging results.

Linked with the recruiting campaign are the reforms announced by F.M. Montgomery in the removal of petty restrictions and the improvement of living conditions. These reforms are part of the natural evolution of the Army and are born from the Army's creed that the soldier has the right of every citizen to enjoy the amenities of modern life; 1947 will see them under way, though slowed down in some respects by world shortages of materials.

Adding to the active strength of the Army will be the conscripts doing their colour service, and one big task of the Regular Army will continue to be their training. They will also set a new task for the Territorial Army which, the War Minister has said, is to start taking in a compulsory element for the first time about the summer of 1950.

The Territorial Army itself is to reform in 1947 (see Page Ten). Commanders are already being appointed and general recruiting is expected to start some time after 1 April. The new Territorial Army will have three tasks: providing the bulk of Britain's A-A defence, for which women will for the first time be enlisted in peace-time; providing units that

will make the Regular Army into a properly balanced battle-force; and providing a second line to the Regular Army.

For the Regular Army, the first big change will be the grouping together of infantry regiments.

Some battalions of long-standing will begin a hiatus in their histories as they go into "suspended animation."

Besides reorganisation, the Army at home has plenty of tasks left over by the war. Miles of countryside remain to be cleared of defence-posts and unexploded ammunition before they can be handed back to civilian use; buildings requisitioned during the war have still to be reconditioned and returned to their owners; emergency camps and installations have to be cleared up; vehicles, weapons, ammunition and stores have to be scrapped, sold or stored; prisoners-of-war have to be kept at work or graded and repatriated; release centres, though their work has slowed down, must be manned.

Abroad, British regiments are stretched across the world and the "thin red line" has become a light khaki shading.

Amid the weed-covered ruins of Germany, the task of keeping order and of ensuring that no new war-machine can be constructed has been made more difficult by the Army's run-down and the food shortage, but the economic fusion of the British and American Zones is expected to make the future easier.

In Austria and Italy and around the squabble-centre of Trieste, British soldiers wait for the foreign ministers to settle peace-treaties that will relieve the Army of expensive commitments in occupation forces; and in excitable Greece the British, by their sobering influence, keep the peace until the Greek Government decides that the country is calm enough to carry on without their ally's assistance. At the same time the Greek Army is being nursed back to efficiency.

By the grim rock of Gibraltar, on bomb-shattered, goat-ridden Malta and on peaceful, gentle Cyprus British soldiers keep a safe grip on the defences of the sea-routes that are the Empire's life-line; on Cyprus, too, a new



The man on guard — from Germany to Japan, from Singapore to Jamaica. But the signing of the peace treaties in 1947 should bring him richly earned relief.

Continuing THE ARMY'S JOB IN 1947

job has come the way of the garrison — that of guarding would-be illegal immigrants to Palestine.

In the Holy Land itself, where troops are so extended that the best we could do to guard the railways recently was a soldier to every mile, the British soldier has his most unenviable task. Until a solution to the country's problems is found, he must go on keeping order with the cheerfulness and impartiality of a London policeman combined with the awareness and acceptance of danger of the hero of a gangster film.

The biggest changes overseas come from the evacuation of Egypt, a base that has figured prominently in the Army's history and was second only to Britain in importance in defeating the Axis. Sprawling depots like Abbassia and the stacked caves of the Pharaohs at Tura have to be cleared and Middle East businessmen are already avidly buying up surplus equipment. As part of the first step, the evacuation of the Nile Delta GHQ, Middle East moves this month from Cairo to a new camp at dusty Fayid, in the Canal Zone, and Gezira and Groppi's will lose patrons to the Bitter Lake bathing beaches and the clubs of Ismailia.

While the best way for India's statesmen to govern her backward masses is still under turbulent discussion, the British soldier shares with the faithful Sepoy duties as delicate as those of the men in Palestine; at the same time the Army is concerned with pulling down or re-moulding for peace-time needs the installations that made the great base from which South-East Asia Command launched victory against the Japanese.

As he clears battlefields and dumps in Burma and Malaya, the British soldier is a steady influence on the peoples of those countries while they go through the dangerous period of governmental reorganisation. At Hong-Kong he maintains a valuable base and helps the colony to restore its economic life.

He is playing his part, with Americans and men from the Dominions and India, in Japan, ensuring that Nippon will have neither the means nor the inclination to begin another Far East War. This job is going so well that Parliament was told recently the Government is discussing the possibility of reducing the British occupation force.

Besides these jobs that make the headlines, there are plenty of other tasks the Army is doing throughout the world that few people remember.

In Iraq a British garrison watches Britain's interests in the vital oilfields and a Military Mission is helping the Iraqi Army; British Military Administrations provide government for the ex-Italian colonies of Tripolitania, Cyrenaica, Eritrea and Italian Somaliland and other British troops are there to keep order until the future of

the territories is settled. A British Military Mission in Abyssinia is helping the Emperor Haile Selassie to organise his Imperial Army.

In Belgium a small number of administrative troops are looking after lines of communication to Germany, clearing up war-time dumps and port installations; in Holland there are a few more administrative troops. The MEDLOC route to Italy, Austria and the Middle East keeps a British Army Staff in France busy, and there is a Military Mission in Paris. In Norway and Turkey British training teams are giving the armies of those countries the benefit of their experience. There is a small Military Mission in Denmark and a Civil Affairs Mission in Finland. In Rumania and Bulgaria British soldiers share the responsibilities of the control commissions.

In the vast and valuable colonies of East and West Africa, which served Britain well in both man-power and materials during the

SOLDIER to Soldier

THINK of Wembley Stadium packed for a Cup Final. Then think of yourself addressing the 100,000 spectators by loud hailer and saying, "Hands up all those who have crossed the Equator." A small forest of hands would go up. If you said, "Hands up all those who have seen the Pyramids" or even, "Hands up all those who have been out with a Belgian girl" the effect would be the same.

The typical British crowd is the best-travelled crowd in the world.

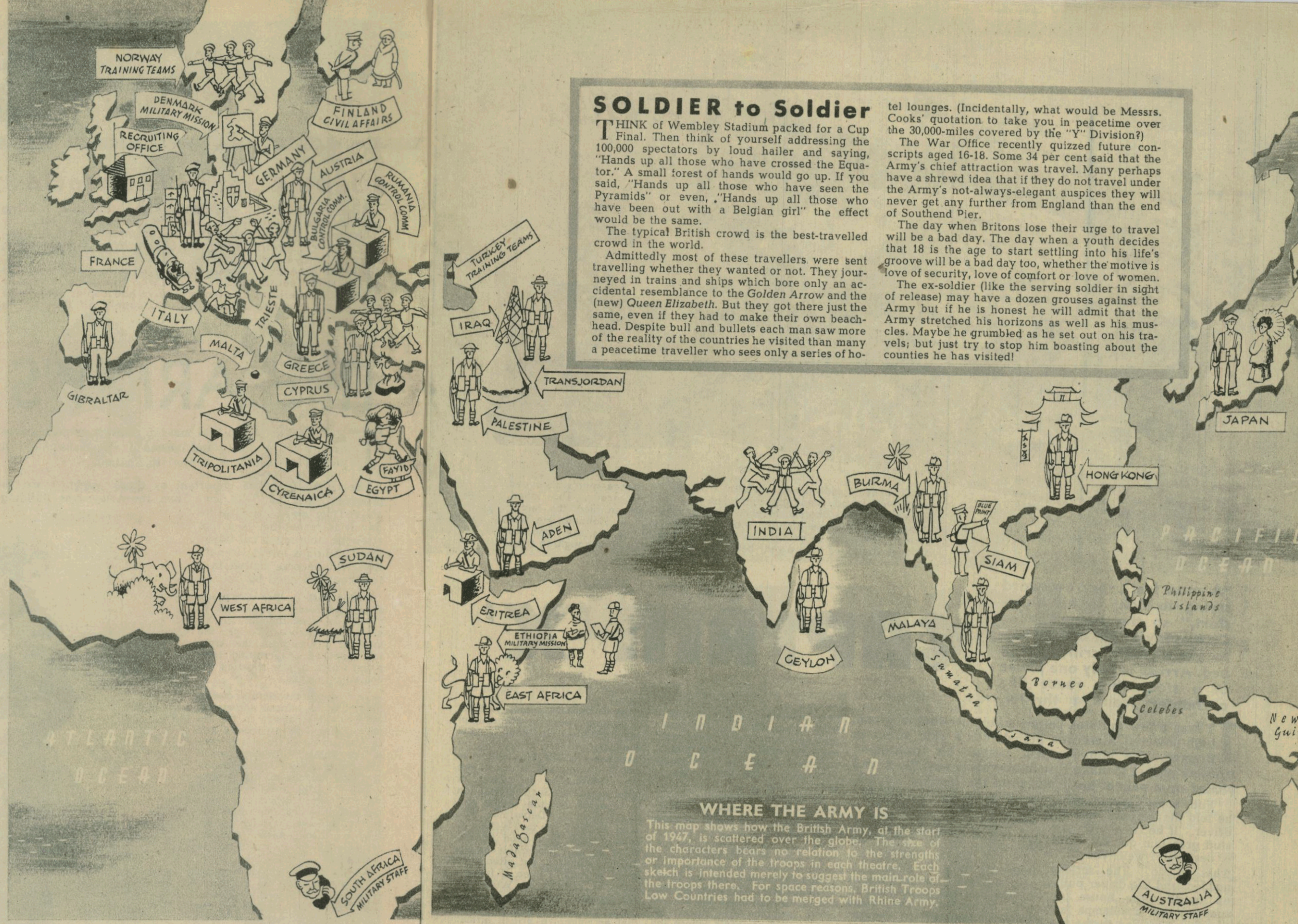
Admittedly most of these travellers were sent travelling whether they wanted or not. They journeyed in trains and ships which bore only an accidental resemblance to the *Golden Arrow* and the (new) *Queen Elizabeth*. But they got there just the same, even if they had to make their own beach-head. Despite bull and bullets each man saw more of the reality of the countries he visited than many a peacetime traveller who sees only a series of ho-

tel lounges. (Incidentally, what would be Messrs. Cooks' quotation to take you in peacetime over the 30,000-miles covered by the "Y" Division?)

The War Office recently quizzed future conscripts aged 16-18. Some 34 per cent said that the Army's chief attraction was travel. Many perhaps have a shrewd idea that if they do not travel under the Army's not-always-elegant auspices they will never get any further from England than the end of Southend Pier.

The day when Britons lose their urge to travel will be a bad day. The day when a youth decides that 18 is the age to start settling into his life's groove will be a bad day too, whether the motive is love of security, love of comfort or love of women.

The ex-soldier (like the serving soldier in sight of release) may have a dozen grouches against the Army but if he is honest he will admit that the Army stretched his horizons as well as his muscles. Maybe he grumbled as he set out on his travels; but just try to stop him boasting about the counties he has visited!



WHERE THE ARMY IS

This map shows how the British Army, at the start of 1947, is scattered over the globe. The size of the characters bears no relation to the strengths or importance of the troops in each theatre. Each sketch is intended merely to suggest the main role of the troops there. For space reasons, British Troops Low Countries had to be merged with Rhine Army.

war, there are important garrisons, and there are smaller garrisons in the North and South Caribbean and Bermuda, in Ceylon, Aden and the Sudan. British technical troops are helping to restore the economic life of Siam, especially the vital export trade in rice; others are training in the deserts of Transjordan.

In South Africa there is an active British staff and there is a smaller one in Canada. The Joint Chiefs of Staff, Australia, are concerned with the troops in Japan. There is another British Army Staff in Washington.

All over the world, in deserts, mountains, jungles and industrial cities there are British soldiers doing lonely jobs — the RTO's and their staffs at remote railway junctions, the men of Graves Registration whose function is to determine the last resting-place of the dead of World War Two, the officers and men seconded to the

armies of the Empire. And in the capitals of the world are the Military Attachés and their tiny staffs — in Moscow, for instance, they number three.

So the Army begins 1947 with a full plate. Undoubtedly it will be relieved of some of its jobs during the year, as the nations reach agreement among themselves and as the chaos left by war is cleared up. Peace treaties with Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, and Finland are to be signed on 10 February and their ratification later will relieve us of commitments in those countries. As the tasks are reduced, so demobilisation will be able to speed up. For the men who stay in there is the knowledge that the job they are doing contributes to the security of Britain and the peace of the world; for those who are anxious to get back to civilian life, that knowledge must be the consolation for delay.

RICHARD ELLEY.



A Killer



Victim of Nazi sadism and brutality a Dutch Resistance man's shrouded body was found cunningly concealed in a garden grave. The killer, 35-years-old SS-Obersturmführer Ludwig Heinemann, led the terror campaign that made him the most hated German in Holland. He was recently sentenced to death on a series of atrocity charges, but remained at large for more than a year before he was arrested and brought to trial.

"A man feels very awkward trying to fight in his night-shirt," so the Army's War Crimes Investigation Unit like to catch their criminals in bed. Arrest is only one phase of a story that reads like a chapter from a thriller.

CAPTAIN 'X'

It was a few minutes before midnight when a green, high-powered Mercedes pulled into a side street in Bremen. The young officer patted his right-hand trousers pocket to make sure his revolver was there, and picked up a pair of handcuffs from the luggage pocket.

"Fifth house, second floor," he told the serjeant and the driver. "If he tries any funny stuff grab him quickly. If he is desperate, well, you know what to do." The serjeant nodded, and the driver pulled up outside the house. Off snapped the headlamps and the driver walked to the rear of the house, covering the back door.

A frightened woman opened the door to the young officer and the serjeant. They brushed past her, ran up the two flights of rickety stairs, kicked open the door of a bedroom and switched on the light. Almost before the man in bed had time to open his eyes the handcuffs were round his wrists.

"Fritz Goppe, I arrest you on a charge of the murder on the night of 4 February, 1945 of an unknown British airman..."

Goppe, a former SS Guard at a

POW Camp, who is alleged to have murdered several Allied airmen, fainted at the shock of his sudden arrest, and had to be half-carried to the waiting car that took him to Bremen Gaol.

Captain "X" of the Search Section of the War Crimes Investigation Unit and his serjeant lit their cigarettes. "Well, that's that," said the serjeant. "Thought we might have had a spot of bother with him. Been on the run for over a year, and given half a chance wouldn't have hesitated to fight it out."

Incidents like this (the name of the accused is fictitious because the man has not yet been tried, and the identities of the officer and his serjeant are not revealed for fear of reprisals) are no rarity in the lives of the officers and NCO's of the War Crimes Investigation Unit.

only 200 strong. The valuable work it has done in tracing war criminals is not fully appreciated even by some in close contact with their work; and this is partly because the men work under a security silence.

What can be revealed, however, is related here by a SOLDIER writer who spent a week with the unit.

Five Arrest Teams

At the head of the unit is a lieutenant-colonel in the Intelligence Corps, who controls both the investigation of an alleged crime and the five teams of officers and serjeants whose job it is to arrest the criminal. Information of a war crime can come from a number of sources — a repatriated soldier or airman reports instances of ill-treatment or the disappearance of a comrade while he was in a POW Camp; the body of an Allied Serviceman is exhumed by the War Graves Commission and is found to have been shot through the head; a Black Marketeer may "squeal" on a confederate; a conversation between German people is overheard and followed up; and damning evidence of a German's war acti-

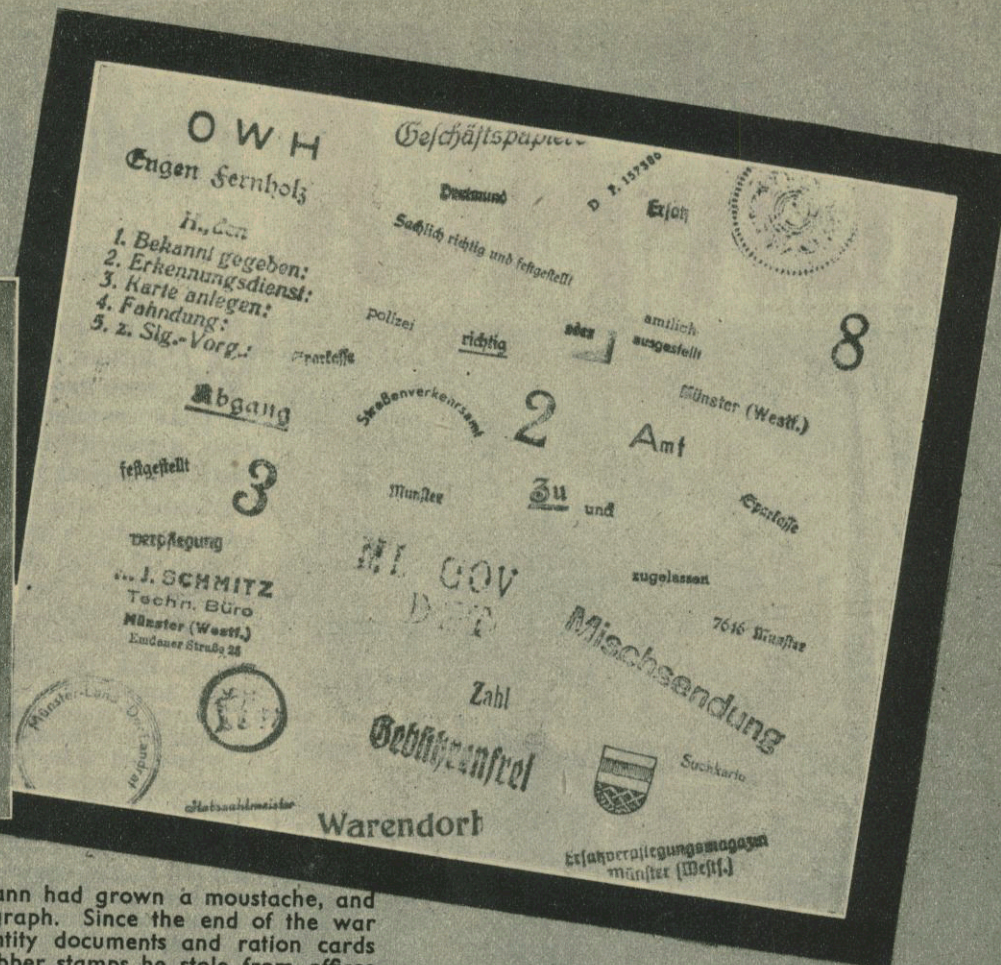
vities sometimes comes to light when he answers the *Fragebogen* questionnaire. In some cases denunciations are made both by Germans and Displaced Persons, and in the investigation of one case information is gained of other atrocities. Such information is reported to the Judge Advocate-General's Department who send a brief to the WCIU. — sometimes full of good information which considerably assists the investigation, but often very scant of detail. Even if information is scarce the WCIU do not dismiss it. For instance, quite recently a brief which said only that an unknown British airman was "believed to have been murdered by an unknown person" at a certain place led to the discovery of the bodies of 12 murdered Allied airmen and the arrest of 18 SS men involved in the crime. Every little detail is of the utmost importance; nothing can be left to chance and every clue has to be followed to its end.

The briefs are passed to one or other of the investigating teams, usually commanded by a major, with instructions to discover the identities of the victims and the perpetrators. This means

on the Run



When apprehended at Hamm, Heinemann had grown a moustache, and bore little resemblance to his SS photograph. Since the end of the war he had lived in hiding with false identity documents and ration cards which he made himself from official rubber stamps he stole from offices and bombed-out buildings in the Ruhr. A number of them (shown here) were found on him when caught— trying to procure a ration card.



PAYS A CALL

a dogged pursuit of the thin threads of evidence that at first seem so unimportant; continual questioning and cross-checking of statements made by witnesses; and weeks of travelling anywhere and everywhere in Europe. That is why each investigator has his own car.

In one case last autumn, officers and serjeants of the unit were making inquiries at the same time in England, Germany, France, Denmark, Norway, Belgium, Holland and in Vienna.

The investigating teams have little difficulty in entering other European countries, and there is close cooperation with investigators in the US Zone.

I was present when a major in command of one of the teams and his captain pitted their brains and skill against those of the former commandant and a doctor of an infamous concentration camp. The investigation had been going on for several months and already there were scores of suspects under arrest or about to be detained. But the evidence was not complete and had to be amplified.

The former commandant, once a strutting SS Leader, believed

to be responsible for the murder of hundreds of his charges, was conducted to a seat in the small room which once housed a dozen slave workers and political prisoners. Now he was a wreck of a man, his wretchedness accentuated by his drab green uniform and the red-rimmed eyes which showed that even an SS man can cry. His hands shook and sweated and he repeatedly licked his dry lips as he faced up to his ordeal. For two hours the major, through a serjeant interpreter, questioned him until he drew a confession that he was aware of conditions at the camp, and again and again tore to shreds his violent assertions that he "could not remember."

Doctor Confesses

In a nearby room the captain laid the foundations of the case against the camp doctor, got from him certain confessions by a series of cleverly contrived questions. Later the statements of both men, which had been taken down by a shorthand-typist, were given to the accused men who signed them quite voluntarily.

When the investigation is completed the full report, with

recommendations, is sent to the JAG's Department which later issues instructions for the arrest of suspects and sends a charge form to the unit.

This is where the Search Section — or what is known by the unit as "Haystack" — takes over. Armed with the arrest warrants their task is to find and detain those who are not yet in custody. Often the whereabouts of the accused men are known to another man concerned in the case — but there are many instances where a wanted war criminal has disappeared and left no trace. The search may last for several months. Some are found in POW Camps, others have fled to wartime "neutral" countries, or the other Zones of Germany; nearly all have obtained false papers and ration cards and are living under assumed identities. By close examination of relatives and friends, by use of German and British records, and in some instances by putting on German clothes and mixing with German civilians, the Search Officers find their man. His movements are carefully observed for a few days and the final arrest is made swiftly and

unsuspectingly. Most Search Officers — like Capt. "X" — prefer to "make the snatch" when the wanted man is in bed.

"A man feels very awkward trying to fight in his night-shirt," Capt. "X" told me, "and his reactions on being awakened suddenly are very slow. Germans seem to sleep more soundly than we do, and take much longer to come round."

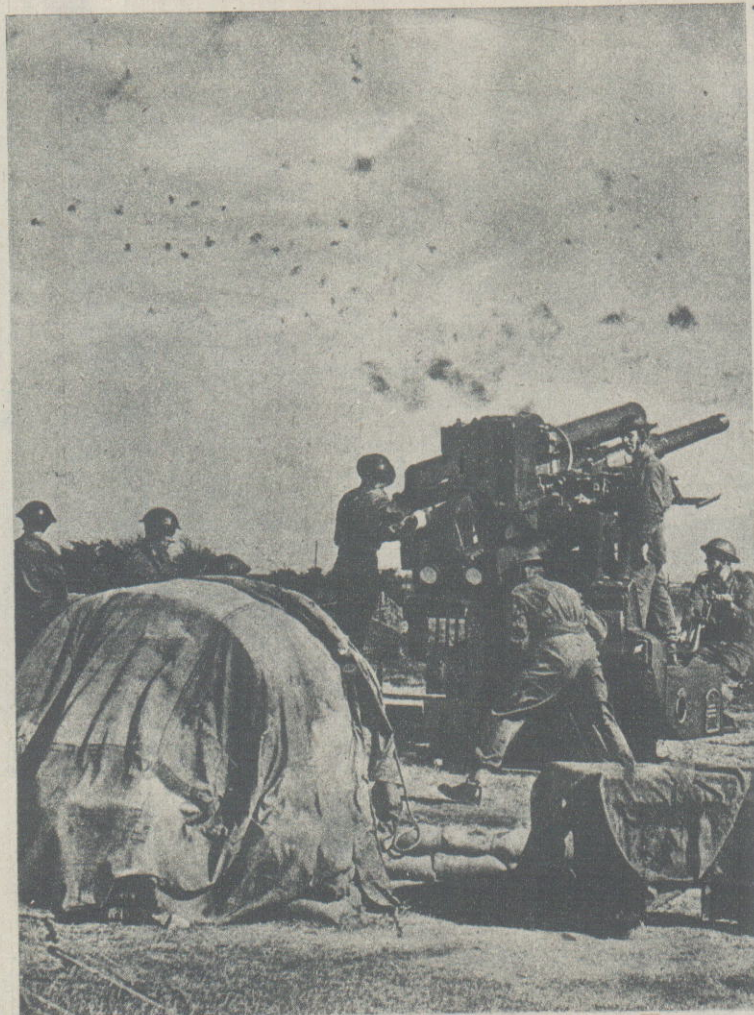
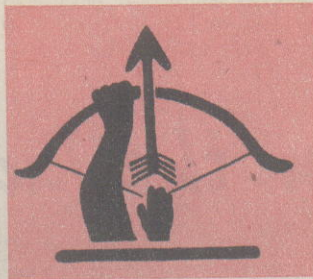
The men who track down criminals and struggle with the tedious investigations often come face to face with danger. They are not trained detectives, and only the adjutant has had police experience in England before the war. The qualifications are a high degree of personal courage, intelligence and integrity, and an understanding of the German mentality. It is not even necessary for them to speak German fluently, although most of them do.

Their work will go on for many months before all the war criminals are rounded up, but the men who prepare the way to the dock at the War Crimes Courts will remain anonymous.

E. J. GROVE.

ACK-ACK

COMES BACK



Battle of the Flying Bomb: This 3.7 was one of 800 heavies (supported by 2000 light guns and 20 American batteries) guarding London in 1944.

WHEN the last Battle of London ended the people of Britain were quick to forget about the Ack-Ack crews who had defended them. All they wanted was to see the guns uprooted from the public parks, the ugly command posts flattened, the radar mats rolled up, the arable fields cleared of Nissen huts.

Dwellers near gun sites sighed with relief at the thought of being able to instal permanent window glass. On wet and windy coasts the sound of practice firing died away; and the seagulls took heart again.

It seemed that the only people to remember the Ack-Ack crews with gratitude were the squatters who took over their camps in the summer of 1946.

Scattered over the world, Ack-Ack gunners found themselves sorting out Displaced Persons, guarding dumps, performing the ordinary routine jobs of occupation troops. Gone were the brave days in Malta. The great Tripoli barrage was a fading memory.

But the science (it is nothing less) and the machinery of anti-aircraft defence are not to be abandoned. The weakest reason for abandoning them is the arrival of the atom bomb.

This year — 1947 — will see a reorganisation of the anti-aircraft arm, with the reconstituted Territorial Army playing a very large part. The hard-pressed Regular Army can provide only a nucleus anti-aircraft defence, so — as in the years before 1939 — it will fall to the Territorials to provide almost the whole of the

new anti-aircraft defence of Britain. Anti-Aircraft Command is being organised in five groups, each containing both Regular and Territorial brigades.

It won't be an easy job. It was no sinecure for the Territorials before 1939, and today an ack-ack shoot is something which makes the first Battle of London look like the Battle of Agincourt. But the scientific angle — coupled with the primitive appeal of "having a bang" — may be just the thing needed to pull in the volunteers. But the biggest development of all — and the one likely to attract most public interest — will be the recruiting of ex-ATS to serve in mixed Territorial batteries.

Early in World War Two the embittered taxpayer, surveying the flak over Britain, sometimes decided that his money was being wasted. It rarely occurred to him that the guns might be firing at a target far away from the one he saw, or thought he heard (which was probably a Spitfire, anyway). He never considered what the odds were against hitting a high-speed target five or six miles high. If the shell took only half a minute to reach the prescribed height after the gun fired, the aircraft in that time might travel three or four miles; and there was no

The Volunteer Army

THE new Territorial Army — of which more details will probably have been announced by the time this issue of **SOLDIER** appears — will contain fewer infantry divisions at the expense of more AA units, new armoured formations and an airborne division.

Gaps left by the disappearance of some of the infantry divisions will be partly filled by independent infantry and armoured brigades.

There will be six infantry divisions: 42nd Lancs; 43rd Wessex; 44th Home Counties, which is now to include the 8th Royal Fusiliers; 1st London Scottish and 1st London Irish from the old 56th (London) Division and units from Kent, Surrey and Sussex; the merged 51st/52nd Scottish, which will include one Highland, one Lowland and one Scottish brigade; and 53rd Welsh.

The 49th and 56th, both of which were infantry, are to become armoured divisions; the 49th will be centred in Yorkshire and the 56th in London.

The 16th Airborne Division, the new Territorial Airborne Division, will have its HQ, divisional troops and two paratroop battalions in London; Glasgow, Newcastle, Leeds, Birmingham, Cardiff, Liverpool and Southampton will have one paratroop battalion each. It is proposed to fill the Division as far as possible with men who have already served with airborne units and only large centres of population can produce enough of them. An exception to this is that the

North Somerset Yeomanry, which comes from a rural area, is to be the divisional RAC regiment of the Division. Major-Gen. R.E. Urquhart, who commanded 1st Airborne Division at Arnhem, is to command 16th Airborne Division. Whether old or new names will be given the paratroop battalions has not been decided.

Among the famous London Territorial units, the Artists Rifles will become a special training battalion and Tower Hamlet a light AA regiment; the Kensingtons and the HAC will make up two of the four lorried battalions of the 56th London Armoured Division, leaving the London Rifle Brigade, Queen Victoria's Rifles, the Rangers and the Queen's Westminsters to find the other two.

Of the other single-battalion regiments, the Hertfordshire remains an infantry unit as part of the 162nd Infantry Brigade, Bedford, but the Cambridgeshire and the Buckinghamshire both become Light AA regiments.

As far as possible the War Office has tried to preserve at least one battalion of every infantry regiment, and this has largely dictated the decision as to which divisions should be retained. Units converted to another arm will be allowed to incorporate their original names in their new titles, and officers and men will be allowed to wear their former cap badges and buttons, with collar-dogs and shoulder titles appropriate to their new role. Except where they are being converted to another role, two battalions of a regiment, on being amalgamated into one, may if they wish keep both their original battalion numbers.

Northern Ireland is raising a Territorial force — to include an infantry brigade — which will remain on a purely voluntary basis. Conscript troops, it has been announced, will eventually be drafted into the other Territorial formations.

guarantee it would continue to travel in the same direction.

One man who might have been pardoned for saying to himself "Ack-Ack? Don't make me laugh!" was the pilot of a Messerschmitt 109 who crossed the coast of England near Portsmouth nearly seven miles high on a fine day in the summer of 1943. The pilot could see well-nigh the whole of England, most of Belgium, Holland and a vast sweep of France. He knew that from the ground his aircraft would appear only as an infinitesimal speck on the end of a vapour trail. But it was an ack-ack shell — fired by the guns of 160 Mixed Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment — which brought his machine spinning down on the longest death dive of the war.

Ack-Ack gunners of 1940 may have sighed for the slow moving Zeppelin targets of World War One; but the gunners of 1914-18 had their problems too. It is worth noting that in 1918 London was defended by 284 guns, 377 searchlights and 11 fighter squadrons. From 1919 the protection of this country was left

to one small regular brigade. Then in 1922 four heavy anti-aircraft regiments were formed in and around London, recruited mostly from staffs of big firms. It is on record that at the first post-war camps in 1923 there were about 30 men to represent batteries which should have numbered 150 men.

However, as the world situation worsened the Government began to spend less sparingly on its anti-aircraft defences.

General Sir Frederick Pile took over Anti-Aircraft Command a few weeks before the war began and stayed with it until the end. He built up the tremendous network of gunsites which left hardly a single worthwhile target in Britain unprotected, trained a formidable number of heavy and light batteries both for home and abroad, and constantly spurred on his technical experts in the war that was as much a scientist's as a soldier's. It was a gigantic task. In the first blitzes on Britain it is probable that the guns did more good to civilian morale than harm to the Luftwaffe. The method of fire control at times was primitive; but, incredibly, planes were shot down. What is just as important, others were scared off, or deterred from accurate bombing.

Nothing stood still in Ack-Ack Command. New drills came out for old instruments, new drills came out for new instruments. The guns were improved, the ammunition was improved (the last development being the highly successful proximity fuse which performed great execution among the flying bombs). Early models of predictors — a layman's nightmare — were withdrawn and replaced by more efficient and still more complicated ones, though oddly enough the operation of them was easier. All along a major

problem was to get accurate heights on aircraft, especially as most targets engaged were unseen. "Radiolocation" was the answer. In the forcing-house of war the radar set grew from a clever plaything to something more nearly resembling an electronic brain. (It is worth noting that America's electronic brain was built primarily to produce data for artillery firing.)

Unfortunately, the Air Defence of Great Britain tied up vast numbers of men who were urgently wanted overseas. As early as 1938 General Pile had invited Miss Caroline Haslett, the engineer, to visit a heavy Ack-Ack battery and consider whether women could fairly be employed on such tasks. She said yes. The first of the much-publicised mixed Ack-Ack batteries went into training in 1940. It was an audacious experiment, but it succeeded. But even to dilute the Royal Artillery with women was not enough; finally the Home Guard took over the guns in big cities. Meanwhile thousands of the original gunners of ADGB were scattered over North-West Europe, Italy and Burma.

Luftwaffe tacticians tried their best to outwit the home defences. In 1943 came the tip-and-run low-level raids by Focke-Wulfs on Southern England; the Bofors crews had a prompt and lethal answer. But it was the flying bomb which brought Anti-Aircraft its biggest headache — and its greatest success. This weapon came over at a constant height, at a constant speed and on a constant course. But it came over inconveniently low, and unexpectedly fast. New equipment was rushed from America. The defences of South-East England were torn to pieces and reassembled — a belt of heavy and light guns on the coast, a

SOLDIER's Cover

Flashback to 1940: The gun photographed in the act of firing is a 4.5. In the foreground is a heightfinder operated by ATS.

The first Press picture of a heavy Ack-Ack gun being fired was taken at Avonmouth during the Battle of Britain. The photographer waited eight days; then the alarm went at 3 a.m. on a wet night. When the Gun Position Officer called "Fuse" the photographer opened his shutter. The next thing he knew was that the camera jumped in the air, cut his cheek, knocked out one of his teeth and fell to the ground. Luckily the picture was successful. What was just as important, this four-gun salvo blew the tail off the enemy plane and brought it down.

fighter belt behind, and finally a balloon curtain.

One August day 105 V.I.'s were launched against London. Of these 12 went off their course. Only four of the remainder reached London. Twenty-three fell to the RAF, two to balloons and 65 to the guns. The grand total of V.I.'s destroyed was 1972.

Almost simultaneously a classic ack-ack battle was being fought in the countryside around Antwerp, by British and American ack-ack crews using common equipment. Hitler was trying his utmost to ruin Antwerp as a base. But by this time interception was very near 100 per cent.

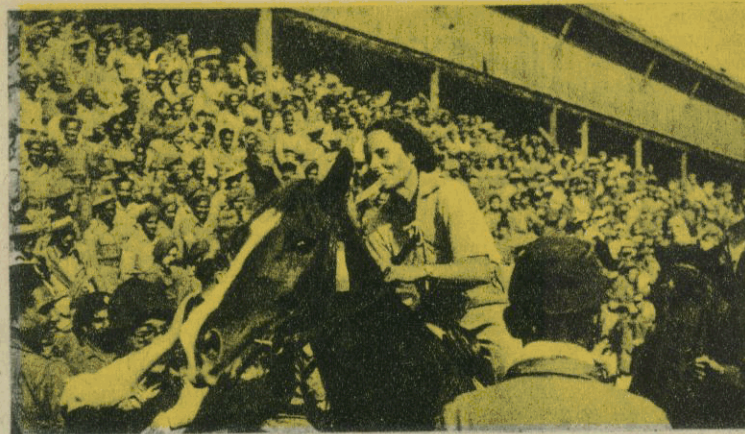
Research goes on. Backroom scientists are seeking out ways of countering assaults by stratospheric rockets and other long-distance missiles, piloted or otherwise. But it is not safe to assume that the "next war" will necessarily be a Wellsian one. Hence scientists are equally exercised over combating the more probable developments to be expected in military aircraft-planes which are faster, higher and better-armoured. It is fair to say that no arm faces a more strenuous or exacting future than the anti-aircraft arm.

ERNEST TURNER.



Bofors on the alert: these gun crews trounced the tip-and-run Focke-Wulfs.

Leave it to the Navy to do something spectacular. Here is the Senior Service's experimental rocket battery operating against V.I. It could fire 400 rockets at once.



Above: Watching a white woman win a horse race at Okayama were British, Australians, Indians and Japanese. Below: The smile on the face of the Gurkha tells its own story.



ENGLAND

AND NOW MARGOT

IT had to come. The *Catterick Express*, the recently born newspaper serving troops in the North of England, contained this invitation the other week:

"If you have any individual beauty problems or questions, write to 'Margot,' c/o the *Catterick Express*."

It may be revealed that SOLDIER has been under pressure in the past (very charming pressure too) to start a beauty feature for Service women. "Lack of space" has been the Editor's weak defence to date, but he has a feeling he is fighting a losing battle. It is a humbling thing to be looked on by a pretty ATS serjeant as a stick-in-the-mud whose mind has been shut against progress since the Matabele Wars.

FRANCE (1)

ROYAL BERKS. STREET



IF you asked the men of the 5th Battalion, the Royal Berkshire Regiment, the name of the street along which they disembarked at Bernières-sur-Mer on D-Day, most of them would be puzzled to find the answer.

But if they want to find it again on a return visit, they won't have much trouble in asking the way, for—

"The memory of your Regiment remains deep-rooted within our hearts," wrote the Mayor of Bernières to their Colonel. "We have proceeded to demonstrate this by giving its name to one of our streets, the one along which you disembarked."

They changed the street name at Bernières-sur-Mer to honour a British regiment.

WORLD

JAPAN

HON. LADIES RODE

NEXT to the shock of having an Emperor who is no longer divine, Japanese punters have been most startled by seeing British women riding in a race-meeting. No Japanese woman would dream of such a thing, but it was with enthusiasm that the yellow man watched Miss K. Hicks of Yeovil win the Diana Stakes when troops of the British and Indian Division held a meeting at Okayama.

The races were run on ex-Japanese cavalry mounts and the jockeys included British, Empire and Indian soldiers. Australians, whose favourite sport is horse-racing, were among the most enthusiastic punters.

The meeting was complete with bookmakers, Tote and two bands, the Kumaon Military Band and the pipes and drums of the 2/5th Royal Gurkha Rifles.

GREECE

PICTURES ONCE A MONTH

ASKED why so many British soldiers were marrying Greek girls, a British corporal (himself happily married to a Greek) replied: "Greek girls are good-looking. They make no fuss about clothes, yet they dress well. They don't mind going to the pictures once a month. When they get married they are tender and loyal wives, and good mothers. They would go and live anywhere as long as they were with you. I wish more of our men married Greek girls..."

The above is quoted from an article by Professor Leo Carifalis, guest writer in "The Quadrant," the lively two-year-old newspaper of 4th Infantry Division, published in Salonika. "The Quadrant" contains also an interview with Private Shirely, batman to the GOC-in-C, Greece. ("In the General's private residence the floor is highly polished. So everyone has to wear slippers.") When he was interviewed Private Shirely was on a visit to Salonika from Athens; and his mail was brought on from Athens by another general!

TRIESTE

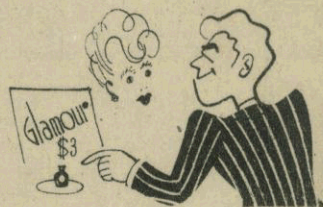
FISH AND CHIPS

VICTORY in the race to open the British Army's first fish and chip restaurant is claimed by Trieste (Hamburg has one on the way but there have been difficulties over supplies). "Pete's Fish and Fry" (named after Major Peter Coode, a welfare officer) is run by Cpl. M. A. Free, Coldstream Guards, former fish and chip shop man from Chelmsford. The one-time students' café in which the restaurant has been opened seats 200. This warning has been issued: although fish and chips is served in paper and not on plates, regulations forbid troops eating in the streets.

SMALL TALK

FIVE British soldiers are joining the 44 silent men of the Trappist Monastery in Palestine's Field of the Crusaders. Rules: no speaking; strict vegetarianism; reveillé at 2 a.m.; nine hours a day in prayer. And their bed is a board.

Coloured labels showing officers of the Black Watch, Dragoons and Bengal Lancers are appearing on bottles of



men's perfume in America. The idea is to persuade American males that even he-men need not be ashamed to use "tangy masculine scent."

MISCELLANY

FRANCE (2)

THE SEPOYS' THANKS

THIRTY-NINE neat graves mark the sacrifice made by villagers of Etobon and Chenebier in the Haute-Saône to the Allied cause. Soon there will be another memorial, a library built with funds given by the Government of India.

In May 1944 several hundred Indian POW's escaped from a camp at Epinal. About 500 crossed the frontier into Switzerland; between 150 and 200 were forced back into the woods, where they built themselves rough wooden shelters. Some of them were passed to freedom by the underground; others, whose health had suffered, stayed in the woods six months until liberated.

The villagers of Etobon and Chenebier took them food, knitted them clothing, gave up their wireless sets and tobacco ration to them. German suspicions could not be allayed and more than a fifth of the men of the villages were killed or deported for slave labour, including 39 shot in cold blood. But still the villagers looked after the Indians.

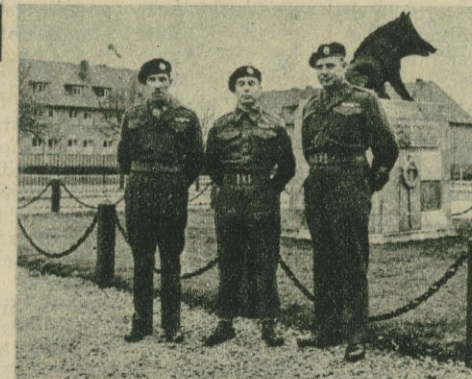
Tending four of the 39 graves — those of her son, son-in-law, brother-in-law and nephew — is Mme. Jeanne Perret whose husband discovered the first Indian prisoner, naked in the woods. She often took them food in the woods and her husband organised guide parties to take them to the Swiss frontier.

GERMANY (1)

THEY FOUND THE BOAR

ONLY three men serving with 30 Corps when it was disbanded had been with it since it was formed in September, 1941. They were RQMS. J. Basey of Hastings, SQMS. J. S. Hay of Forres, Morayshire, and Trooper H. Priday of Haresfield, near Stonehouse, Gloucestershire.

It was thanks to RQMS. Basey and SQMS. Hay that the 30 Corps memorial at Luneburg carries a more than life-size model of a black boar, the Corps sign. After the Rhine crossing, they discovered the boar in the grounds of Till Castle and decided to "liberate" it because of its symbolism. So from then on RQMS.



Three men of 30 Corps — and the boar they liberated.

Basey carried it around in a jeep trailer.

Basey and Hay, who joined the RTR in 1933 and 1934 respectively, first met in France in 1940, were among the last troops to leave Dunkirk and have served together ever since. They were at the siege of Tobruk with 3 Armoured Brigade. They met Trooper Priday when he joined the newly-formed 30 Corps as a member of a tank in the Corps Commander's escort.

GERMANY (2)

THE "GUARDIAN" IS DEMOBLED

THE only daily newspaper ever produced in Rhine Army on a divisional level has ceased publication. Born on the Yorkshire Wolds in February, 1944, the Guards Division's "News Guardian" ended a 34-months career on 15 December with a 16-page Christmas and Farewell issue in three colours.

Throughout the North-West Europe campaign the "Guardian" appeared as a duplicated sheet, with a circulation of 1000 copies daily. It first appeared as a printed newspaper in July 1945 and since then more than 2,000,000 copies have been circulated.

When the "Guardian" took up cudgels over an important issue there were no half measures. "Cigarettes — An Editorial" appeared on 14 September 1945. It slated the cessation of duty-free cigarettes to BAOR men, outlined a plan for an airtight rationing system. Almost every morning newspaper quoted from it.

During the last few months the "Guardian" sent 66,000 copies of its "Demob" edition to former members of the Division — to every corner of the UK, to New York and even to Nigeria.

Things You Wouldn't Know Unless We Told You...

The Prince of Hesse-Cassel in 1779 used to drill two or three hundred of his guards in the dining-room of his palace... His contemporary Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt had a room built big enough for him to drill 1500 men in bad weather... Every horse in the Spanish cavalry of 1663 had one ear cut off so that it might be identified if it were stolen...

BURMA

THE STAR COMES OUT

SOLDIER has received a nostalgic letter from its struggling brother, the daily *Burma Star*, published in Burma Command.

It was nostalgic because the conditions under which *Burma Star* is produced in Rangoon are bad enough to remind us of even worse conditions under which some earlier Army newspapers were produced.

As offices for an editorial staff of six, a photographer and a business staff of three, the *Burma Star* has four small, dark cells and a tent which is often flooded. The offices are five miles from the printing works, the Zaby Meitswe Pitaka (Friends of the World) Press, and the only transport is a near-derelect jeep.

The photographer has no camera but borrows one from the War Crimes unit; he has no flash-light equipment or tripod, has rigged up his own dark-room, built himself an enlarger from pieces, uses an X-ray plate developer and has to hitch-hike whenever he goes out after a picture.

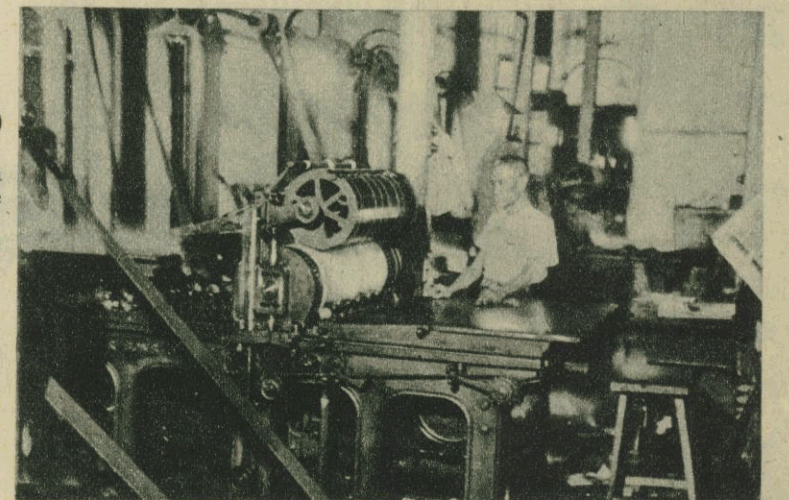
When he gets a photograph, a block for printing it is made by an 80-year-old blockmaker whose work is excellent if unhurried.

In the printing-works, which was looted and damaged by the Japs, there is no linotype machine and every letter of every word has to be set up by hand by native compositors who are cooperative but inaccurate. The ancient press is driven by an unreliable petrol engine with

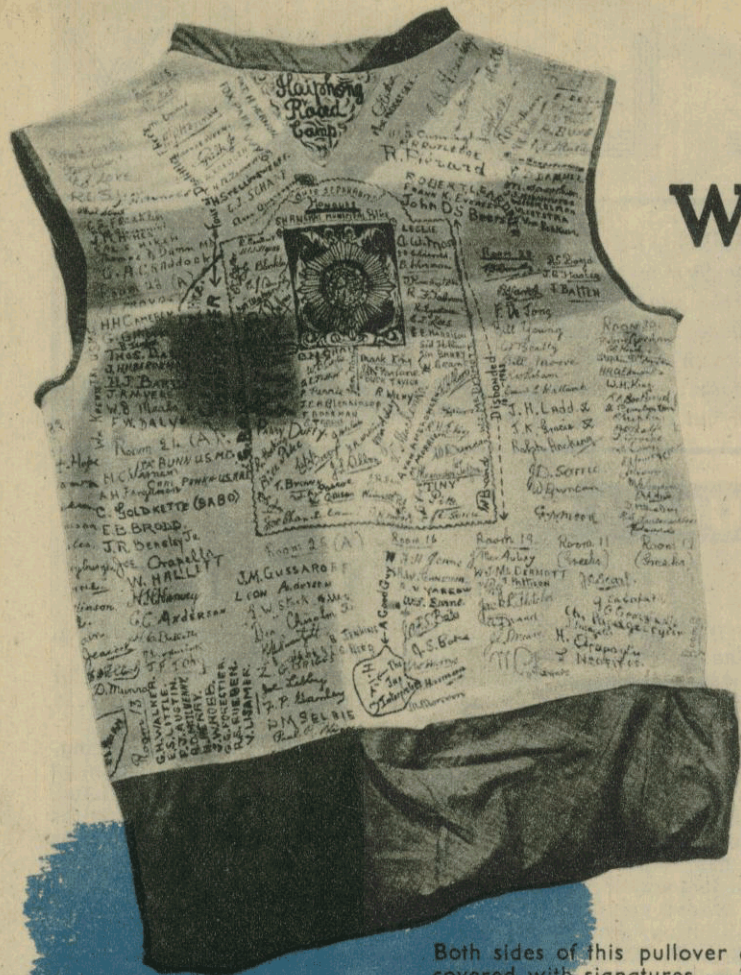
straps, wires, pulleys, string, adhesive tape and bad language and fed with paper by hand. After dark it is a rendezvous for every insect that flies and crawls in Burma and they get mixed up in the ink and the type, in spite of which the paper is quite legible.



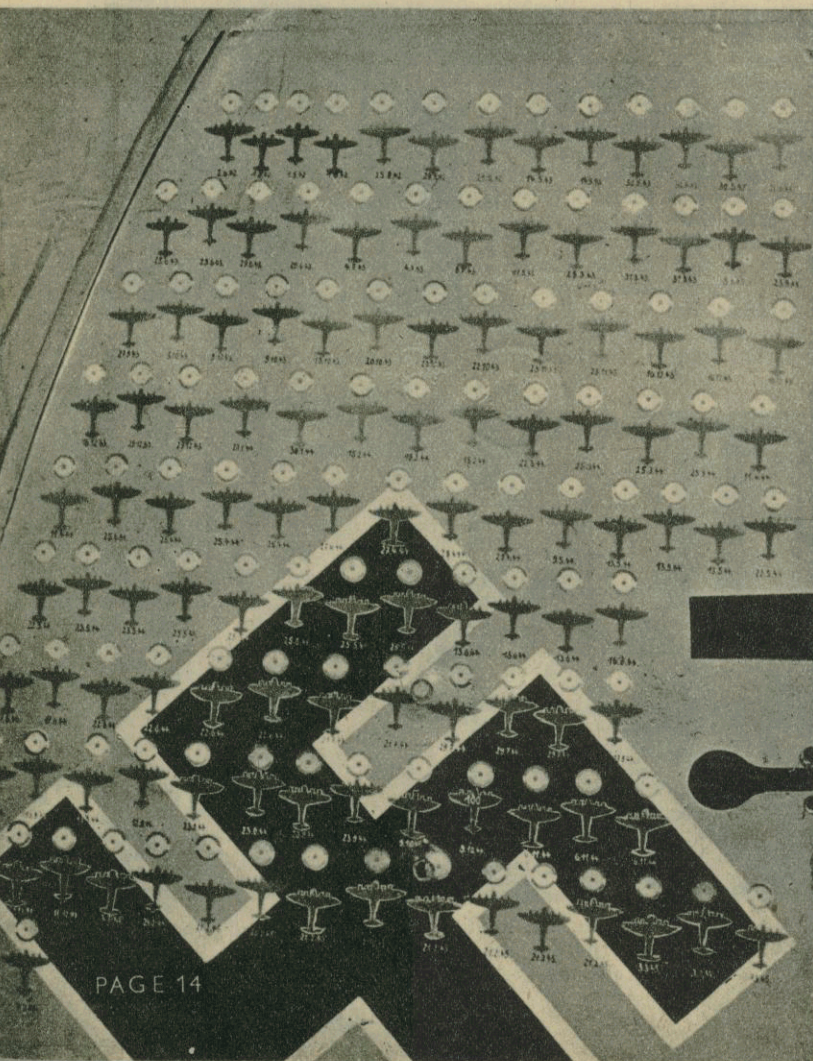
Man with the cheroot is *Burma Star's* octogenarian block-maker.



Run by a petrol engine, with the aid of straps, string and adhesive tape, this press turns out the troops' newspaper in Burma.



Both sides of this pullover are covered with signatures — 382 British, American, Belgian, Dutch and Greek names of inmates of Camp 372, Haiphong Road, arrested by the Japs in Shanghai. Bottom centre is the signature of the Jap interpreter "a good guy".



Lambeth

WAR GOES UNDER

IN THE OLD BEDLAM BUILDING, WHERE LONDONERS ONCE USED TO WATCH THE LUNATICS FOR AMUSEMENT, IS NOW HOUSED THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM WITH ITS RELICS OF MAN'S GREATEST FOLLIES: WORLD WAR ONE AND WORLD WAR TWO.

WAR brings new weapons. When peace comes the choicest examples are moved into the Imperial War Museum for posterity to marvel at, together with the odd items that have won fame — a steel helmet shining like a new saucepan, once worn by Churchill; a rather faded battledress blouse issued to Field-Marshal the Earl of Cavan when he joined the LDV's as a private; a German jerrican — the original from which the British ones were copied.

Here is a Union Jack which 21 LAA Regt RA hid from the Japs for three years, five months; a silk Red Cross air recognition flag which was placed over the Oosterbeek dressing station near Arnhem; the flag which flew over the dead at the Anzio beachhead. The large relief maps on which Mr Churchill planned the war are in the main entrance hall. In a show case in the second gallery is a crystal set the size of a pocket cigarette case on which a Jerseyman heard how the war was going.

Here are the VI, the V2 and the British "cookie". Here is the PIAT, along with the Commandos' De Lisle .45 silent carbine and the Home Guard pike. If you do not know what a Molotov cocktail looks like, you

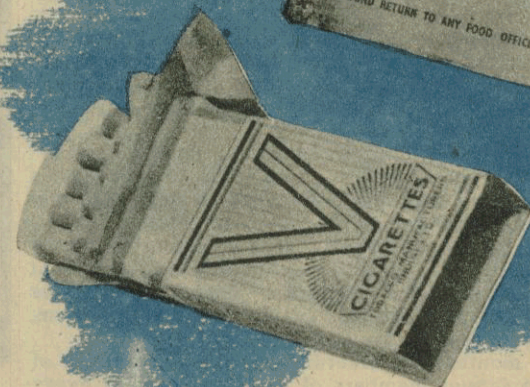
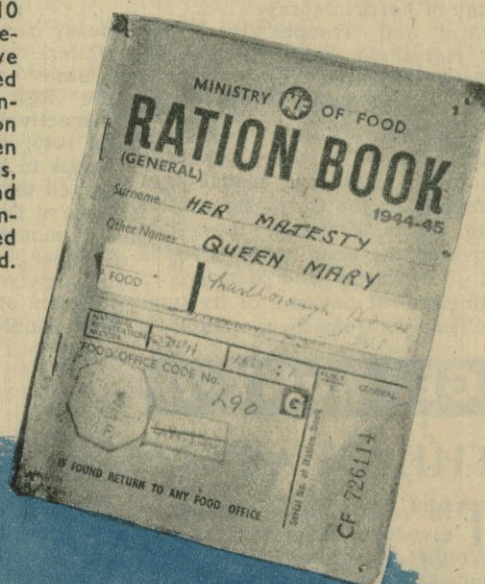
will find one at the Imperial. They have a British .25-pounder, a German one-man submarine, and Italian Human Torpedo. The Commando with his underwater writing tablet, pencil and holder stands not far from the figure in the Combined Operations Pilotage and Plotting Swim suit who holds a "fish scare," a container filled with powder which gives off an unpleasant smell while he studies an enemy-held beach.

German agents' equipment includes a radio with a range of 400 miles, and a box of matches with one match containing a specially prepared head for writing in invisible ink.

The exhibition is completed with a book signed by Field-Marshal Montgomery and below it one signed by Rommel.

The pilot of the Me 110 to which this tail-fin belonged claimed to have shot down over 120 Allied bombers, mostly four engined. Nine he claimed on 21 February, 1945, when the RAF raided Worms, Duisburg and Berlin and the Americans Nuremberg. That day 39 Allied planes were downed.

Queen Mary's ration book for the last year of the war is in the same show-case as her gas mask.



An ex-Desert Rat's comment on the notorious "V" cigarettes (which had to be withdrawn) was that they tasted as if they'd been in a museum for years, anyway.

Oxford Street

A GLASS CASE

A NAZI AIRMAN DROPPED A BOMB ON LONDON'S SHOPPING CENTRE AND CLEARED A SITE FOR AN EXHIBITION OF RELICS OF THE REGIME FOR WHICH HE WAS FIGHTING. THE PROCEEDS OF THE EXHIBITION GO TO HELP THE MEN WHO OVERTHREW THAT REGIME.

SOME of the war relics you will not see in museums, at any rate for a while, were on show on a bombed site in London's Oxford Street, in an exhibition called Relics and Realities, organised by London District in aid of the Army Benevolent Fund.

Among them were the two swords surrendered to Viscount Mountbatten by Count Terauchi, Supreme Commander of the Japanese forces in the Southern Regions. The short one, forged about 1420, was lent by the King, to whom Lord Mountbatten presented it; the long one was lent by Lord Mountbatten and is one of Japan's most historic. Forged in 1292, its blade was so prized that Terauchi kept it in a special wooden sheath and replaced it with a wooden blade except on ceremonial occasions.

There were 160 paintings lent by Gunner Leo Rawlings, RA, who produced them secretly during three and a half years in Japanese POW camps, using clay, blood, chalk and motor-grease to make his paints and his own hair to make his brushes. They are some of the most realistic pictures to come from the Far East war zones.

Mr. Winston Churchill has lent two horse-pistols believed to have been carried by Marlborough at Blenheim, and ex-Sgt Edward Williams, RA, has lent what he believes to be the biggest collection of Nazi medals, emblems and badges—more than a hundred picked up between Normandy and Kiel and includ-

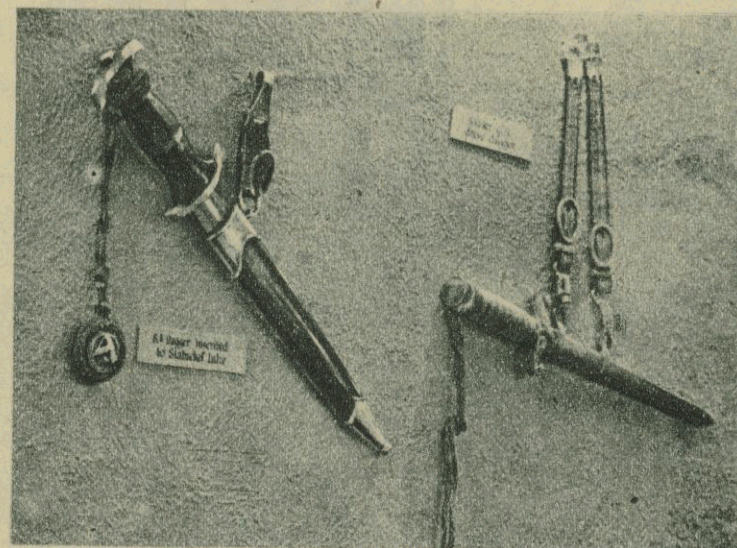
ing a "Mothering Medal" for women who bore eight children. One of the enigmas of the exhibition is Hitler's HQ telephone exchange which, besides sockets marked with such names as Jodl and Keitel, has several plug-holes devoted to a mysterious Anna.

For the motor-minded, Goering's five-ton, bullet-proof Mercedes cabriolet, powered with an engine as big as that of a 56-seater bus, contrasts with a British armoured limousine, one of two built for VIP's who scorned to use them.

F.M. Montgomery has lent the Union Jack that flew over Luneburg Heath when the final German surrender took place; other generals lent a Gurkha kukri which cut off a German head in one blow at Medenine and the Luger surrendered by General von Schreiben, the Havre commander who ordered his men to fight to the bitter end and then surrendered himself.

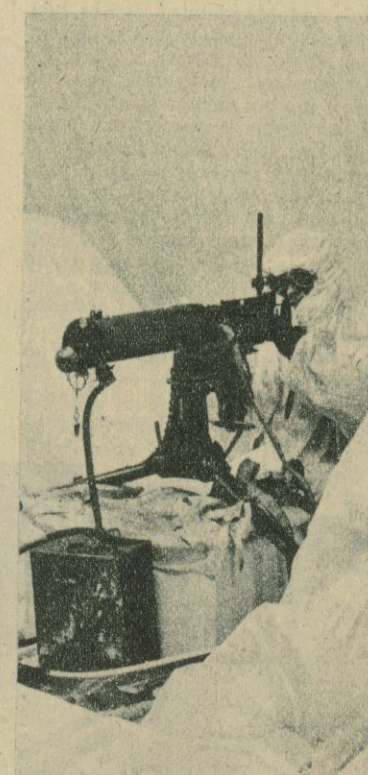
And Serjeant-Major C. G. Miller, RAO (now in REME) lent two razors, pipes and tooth-brushes he made for himself in Jap POW camps as well as miniatures of other articles he made for his own and his fellow-prisoners' comfort, including a cooker, and a bed-pan.

Two of an elaborate collection of ceremonial daggers belonging to the late Stabschef Lutze, Roehm's successor. They included Italian as well as Nazi weapons. Lutze was one of the few Nazi high-ups to die a natural death.



This complacent smirk was Himmler's last facial expression; here it is on his death-mask.

Below left: In the jungle section of "Relics and Realities", life-size models wade through a *chaung*. On the right: The Nansen sled, mounting a machine-gun, in the snow-warfare section.





FRONTIER POST

HELMSTEDT is a name in not very large type on the map, about half way between Brunswick and Magdeburg. It lies just to the south of a thick brown line that indicates a double-carriageway road and as you reach it your driver slows down. Ahead looms a signwriter's paradise. You stop and go through the formalities of showing your papers. Then the barrier is lifted and you pass into No-Man's-Land.

Another road barrier and you are in a foreign country—the Soviet Zone.

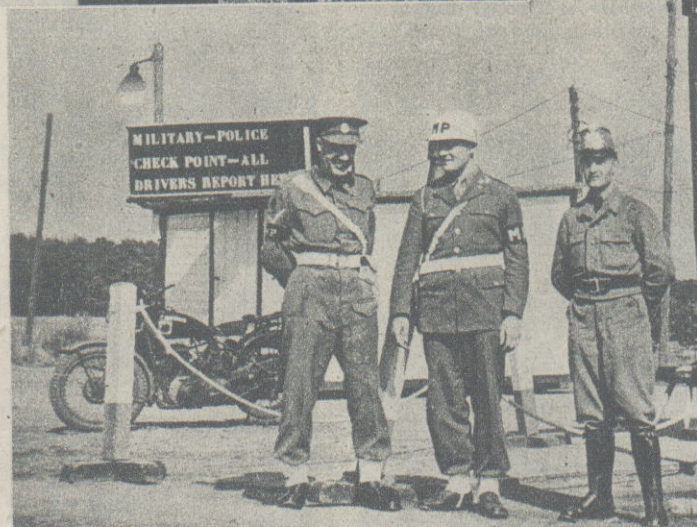
"Just keep to the road, son, and you'll be all right," the sentry at the British barrier tells you. You stick to his advice. You've 117 miles to go and then you'll be back among khaki-clad troops again, in the British Sector of Berlin.



They didn't spare the paint at the British frontier post at Helmstedt. The board on the post now belongs to history. (Picture by S/Sgt. D. O'Neill.)

Hitler would not have cared much for that lower sign — but then he wouldn't have understood it.

Still more signs. This is the entrance to the British Sector of Berlin. You're home again and can start looking for a NAAFI.



...but don't try to get to the Far East this way. It's quicker by Suez.

Dignified austerity is the keynote of the Russian sign. It means you are now in a foreign country.



PORT WITH A PAST— —AND A BLEAK FUTURE

Plucking a sunken submarine from the wreck-littered waters of Kiel is a task well within the strength of this giant floating crane, believed to be the world's biggest.



AMONG the jagged wreckage of Kiel's former German naval dockyard, Deutsche Werke, a grey-haired German dock-labourer sat, like a piece of jetsam, staring moodily into the waters of the harbour.

There, almost at his feet, lay the battered rust-red remnants of the German pocket-battle-ship, the *Admiral Scheer*, her decks hidden under the water, her sides ripped wide open, her propellers blown off. A mild winter sun gave the only warm touch to the utter desolation of the scene.

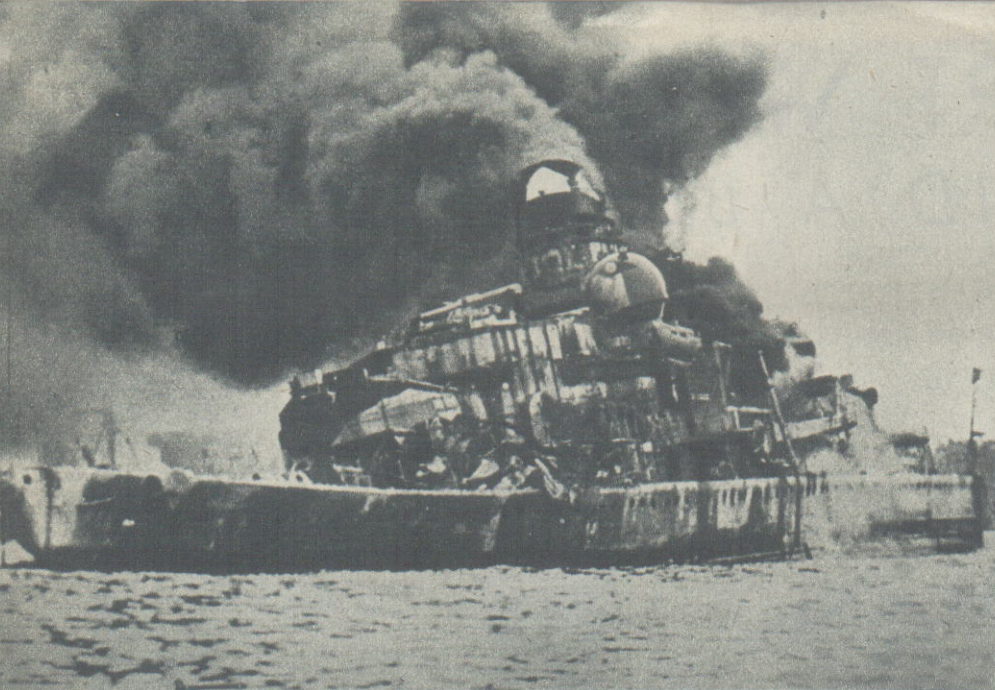
This scene came back into my mind later, when, talking to an Allied shipping official, I asked, "What is happening to Kiel?" He said laconically, "Kiel? — it's dying."

It was easy to see what he meant. Kiel's blitzed streets and dockyards, the wrecks of naval and merchant ships lying in the harbour and in the mass sea graveyard at Heikendorf, where the German cruisers *Hipper* and *Emden* lie sunk, their guns destroyed and their decks piled high with broken-up U-Boat sections, gave grim evidence of his statement.

For today, Kiel, the Portsmouth of Germany, is like a wounded man dying through lack of blood. Kiel's lifeblood was the German Navy.

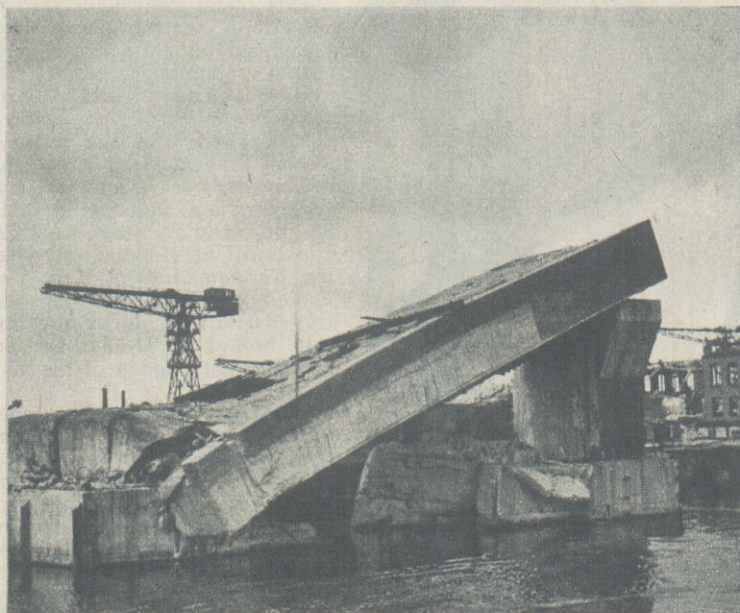
Final elimination of Germany's Navy, or Kriegsmarine, started when several small parties of the Royal Navy, travelling with advance Allied troops, arrived at their targets — the naval ports of Germany. The Kiel party, entering the town on 7 May 1945, set up the FOSH (Flag Officer Schleswig-Holstein) headquarters in the harbour. This handful of officers and men were in a grim mood when they arrived. En route they had entered Neustadt and discovered the bodies of several hundred concentration camp victims shot by SS troops. Floating prison ships carrying mostly Poles and Russian Jews had been tragically set on fire by Allied bombing. The starving prisoners, horribly burned, had to be rescued, the local Red Cross hospital accepting them only at the pistol point of British officers.

Kiel was a grim enough picture, too. The town was in ruins and still smoking from an Allied bombing raid. Organisation had collapsed. The sewers were mixed up with the water supplies, there was no electricity, no gas; there were only fifty tons of coal in the whole town. Refugees, exhausted, filthy and hungry, were pouring into the town at a rate of 70,000 a day, arriving in every conceivable vessel from a rubber dinghy

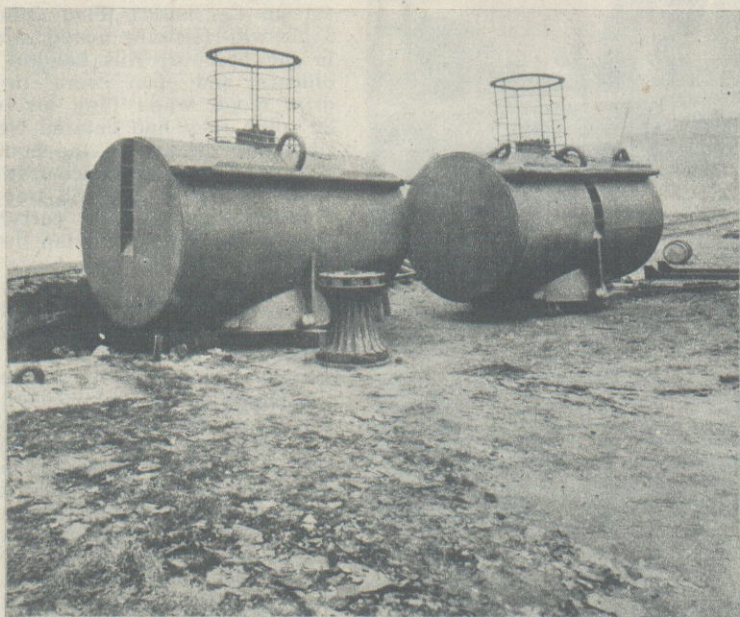


Left: It looks as if this warship has been at the receiving end of a heavy broadside. In fact it is the *Admiral Hipper*, which caught fire while the Royal Navy was demolishing her in the Heikendorf sea graveyard. Above: A notice that wasn't there in 1939.

Continuing PORT WITH A PAST



British Sappers visited this U-Boat pen and did this little job with their customary speed and efficiency.



Your guess is as good as ours — one-man submarines, swimming buoys? — anyway, there was an unexpected production hitch.

to a floating dock packed mass-tight with 1600 men, women and children. For the next ten days the Naval advance party worked a 24-hour day, sorting out the refugees into camps, disarming German naval vessels, rounding up prisoners, clearing a fairway into the harbour, and opening the Kiel Canal for communications.

With the arrival of the main party, the principal work of FOSH began. Under the instructions of the Tripartite Naval Commission all German vessels and stores in the area had to be assembled and sent off in convoys for disposal among the Allied Powers. "Scram Convoys" sailed for Russia, "Scoot Convoys" to Bremerhaven. Much of Britain's allocation, especially landing craft, transporters and barges, has remained in Germany for the use of Control Commission. All German naval vessels beyond repair and those which would take more than six months to repair had to be destroyed. Vessels which could be towed were taken to the Skagerrak and scuttled; the rest were broken up and thrown together in massed graveyards in shallow water.

FOSH's Task

This part of FOSH's programme has been completed but work is still in progress on the demolition of Kiel's naval installations and ammunition dumps, the clearance of the Baltic mine-fields, and the control and routing of all shipping in the area. Supervision of Kiel's dockyards and Canal was a Naval responsibility as well, but recently this work has been taken over by Control Commission.

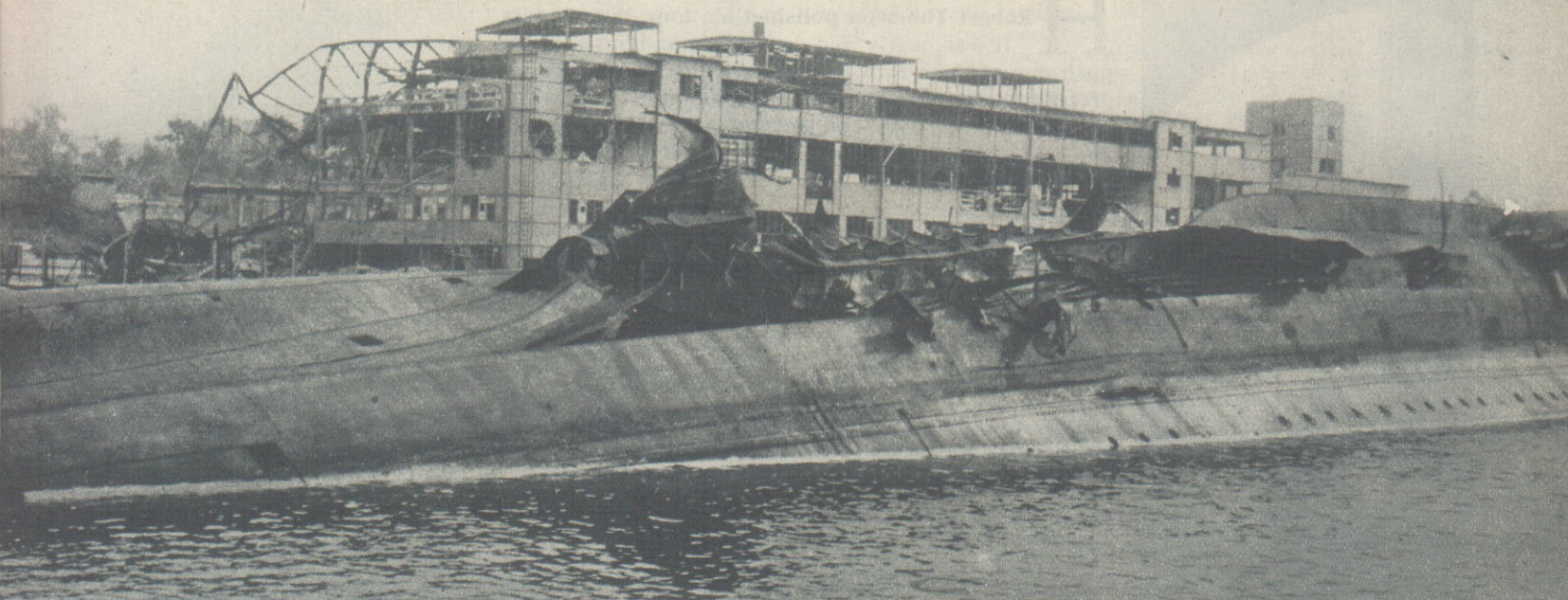
Although the German Navy has been destroyed, ex-Kriegsmarine men in blue uniform can still be seen walking in the streets of Kiel. These men are the MDG (Marine-Dienst-Gruppe) and the GM/SA (German Mine-Sweeping Administration), both organisations working for the British Navy. The MDG are employed on

domestic functions and manning small craft and transport. The GM/SA is a more ambitious affair. A non-military organisation, it is internationally financed, working with its own German officers under the control of a senior British Naval officer. Its job is to clear the mine-fields in the Baltic and North Seas.

A glance at the FOSH mine-field charts can be disconcerting. Large areas of the Baltic and the North Seas are shaded in pink, denoting the presence of mines. Through this area run thin blue lines showing the lanes swept clear of mines. At sea these lanes are about two miles wide, marked at short intervals by buoys. It is estimated that it will take a year to clear the Baltic Sea and two to three years to clear the North Sea. Most of the mines to be swept are Allied, and there is still plenty of "kick" left in them. In the office of the commander in charge of mine-sweeping a little notice hangs, reading, "EENEY, MEENEY, MINEY MO, OUT OF THE CHANNEL AND DOWN YOU GO." Several fishing vessels have already discovered to their cost the truth in this motto.

Workers in Kiel today are employed mostly on reconstruction work in the town — 79 per cent of which was destroyed. In the three dockyards, Germania-werft, Deutsche Werke and Howaldtswerke, which once employed 25,000 men, there is little to do, and what there is, is centred in the Howaldtswerke. Here ships which are damaged in the area are repaired and refitted, and former German mine-sweepers now allocated for fishing are reconverted.

The Kiel Canal is another source of employment. Its main value has been in the strategic use made of it by the German Navy in the last two wars. In peace-time it averaged a loss of 2,000,000 RM a year. The canal was scarcely damaged during the war, and it took the Royal Navy only three days to get it into operation again. During May 1945, 25,000 tons of shipping passed through. In September 1946, the



Capsized and disembowelled, the pocket battleship *Admiral Scheer* rusts in the harbour of Kiel.

tonnage was 1,573,431 with over a thousand ships passing through. Its peak peace-time figure was in 1929 when 25,000 ships entered and left.

Ships of nearly every nation in the world now sail through the Canal, but chiefly they are German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Russian and British. From the east come cargoes of wood and pulp, from the west UNRRA supplies of grain, cattle and horses. One American ship carrying a large cargo of horses was asked who looked after the disposal of the "necessary" during the voyage. "Gee," came the reply, "we just let it accumulate. Last trip we unloaded seven truck loads at Gdynia. Fetches a lot of dough, too."

Coast Trade Only

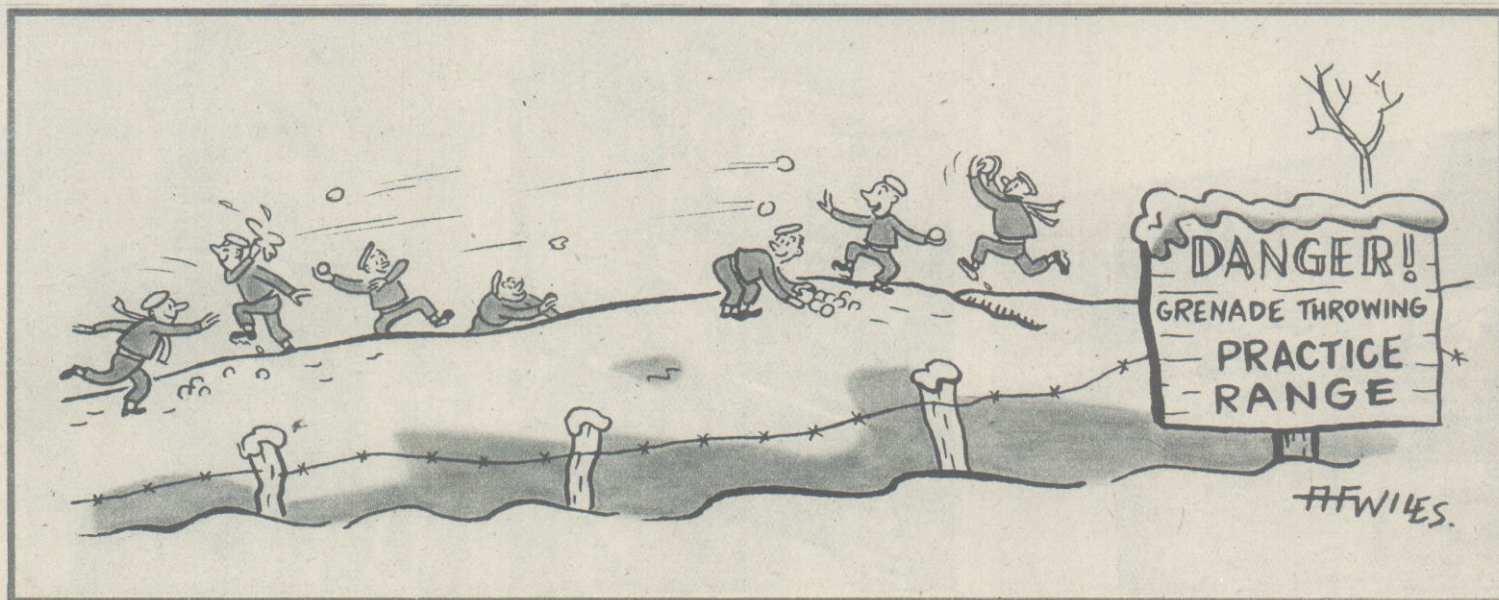
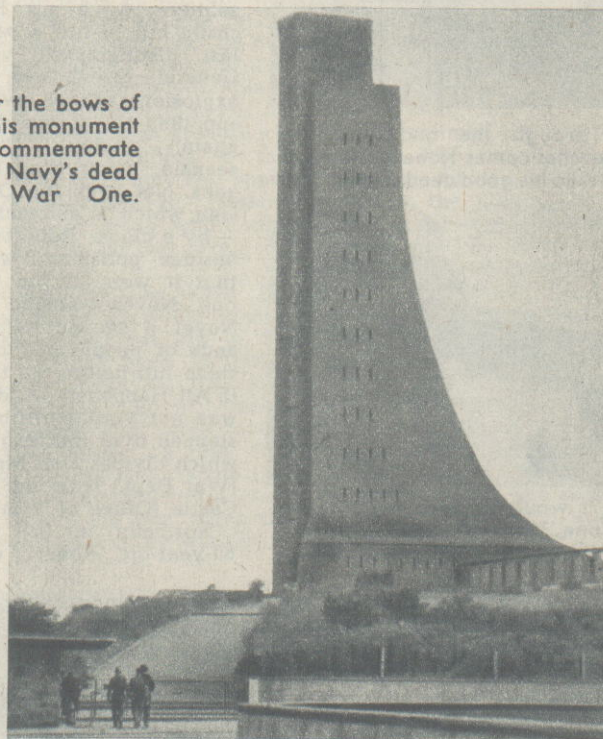
The German Merchant Marine, restricted to coastal trading except for special emergency trips arranged by the Allies, uses the Canal the most, although its tonnage does not compare with other nations. The size of its ships is limited to 1500 tons with a maximum speed of 12 knots. Vessels for deep-sea trading may not be built.

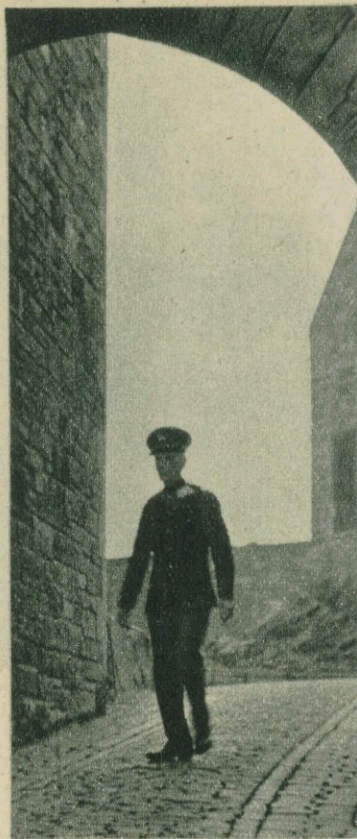
With the destruction of Germany's Navy and the present restrictions on merchant shipping, Kiel seems to have little future as an important sea port. Its use as a war potential rapidly diminishes as work goes on in dismantling its shipyards. Perhaps new industries will be brought into the town; its fate has still to be decided.

Standing, silent and gaunt, on the edge of the eastern shore of Kiel bay, the *Deutsche Marine-Ehrenmal*, a war memorial of World War One, stares dumbly down at the town of Kiel. Inside its walls there is a feeling of decay that makes it not only a testimony of World War One but of Kiel today. At its feet clusters the tiny village of Laboe, with its silvery sands, colourful cottages and clean little fishing vessels. Perhaps Kiel will become another Laboe — a fishing village with a war memorial, a war memorial of broken U-Boats, wrecked arsenals, and graveyards of the once proud ships of the Imperial German Navy.

WARREN SMITH.

Shaped after the bows of a cruiser, this monument was built to commemorate the German Navy's dead in World War One.





Through the ancient castle arches comes Robert Thomson to do his good deed for the day.



"I wouldn't care to fire this one," says Robert. The citizens wouldn't like it much, either.

HIGH up on Half Moon Battery in Edinburgh Castle Robert Thomson polished his four 25-pounders.

It was nearly mid-day and in an hour's time he would push one of them forward until its gleaming white barrel was protruding through the thick, crenellated stonework, load a blank into the breech, connect the lanyard to the nearby clock, and stand back to wait for the gun to recoil in a cloud of white smoke.

And far below the people of Edinburgh would look at their watches and say, "There goes the One O'clock Gun."

For 85 years the people have set their watches by that gun—except during the war years. Robert started on the job in 1927 and the present guns, with their glittering white barrels, green paintwork and polished brass, arrived last November. Before that there were 18-pounders, and before they came in 1923 there was a battery of muzzle-loading 32-pounders.

19 For Eisenhower

From time to time, when foreign ships come into port or VIP's arrive, a truckload of soldiers drive up Edinburgh's castle hill to fire a salute. (The last distinguished visitor was General Eisenhower. Nineteen explosions echoed over the city and then the troops drove away again.) Robert Thomson, it seemed, never fired any of the guns. Not even the One O'clock Gun, which is automatically fired—by a clock. Robert's main job, besides polishing, was to see that it went off on the dot of one. Never a second afterwards. Thousands of people had climbed the steep hill before me to ask How It All Happened. And so Robert was not very perturbed when I stepped over the length of chain which divides Half Moon Battery (War Dept.) from the rest of the Castle (Office of Works).

Normally in the winter-time 63-year-old Robert wears blue

battledress. Today he was wearing his full uniform as he took me over to the One O'clock Gun and opened the door which houses the electric clock.

"A few minutes before one I load the gun and connect the lanyard to the large weight which slides down into this circular chamber. At one o'clock this small weight alongside it drops, and releases a catch which in turn releases the larger weight. That one is heavy enough to give the lanyard a good tug and off goes the gun."

It seemed fairly straightforward. "How do you know if the clock is correct?" I asked.

Robert disappeared into the stone building which acts as his armoury and came out with the piece of three-ply on which he had mapped out the checking system. In one corner was a picture of a clock. "That," said Robert, "represents the clock at the Royal Observatory in Blackford Hill. That clock is always correct. From it runs a cable to the telephone exchange in Edinburgh and then it goes underground to the test board at the post office. From there it goes overhead to Nelson's Column and on to Mr. Ritchie, the clock-maker, in Leith Street. Mr. Ritchie has a clock from which cables go out to clocks at Register House (the Somerset House of Scotland), Waverley Station booking hall, the City Chambers, the British Linen Bank at St. Andrew's, and a clock in his workshop. Meanwhile the main cable continues to the main

A 25-pounder is fired daily from the walls of Edinburgh Castle so that citizens may check their clocks. It's all part of the Army service...

ONE O'CLOCK GUN

hall in the post office, the instrument room at the GPO, a clock in Edinburgh University and eventually ends up with this clock on Half Moon Battery. All these are electric clocks and are controlled by the clock at the Observatory."

Robert paused to allow it all to sink in. I said I was a bit hazy about Nelson's Column.

Robert led me to the opening in the wall through which the One O'clock Gun barks. Below us lay Edinburgh and in the distance was a mound. From its summit rose a column, and in the morning haze I could just make out a post with a cross bar rising from the top.

Over the sentry's head the gun fires. Even a sentry may check his watch.



"It signals to shipping, you know," said Robert. "Naturally they wouldn't hear my gun firing, so at five to one a ball is raised part way up that mast. At two minutes to one it is placed under the cross bar. At one o'clock the electric clock makes it drop."

"At precisely the moment your gun fires?" I asked.

"Except in the summer when my gun fires at Double Summer Time. Shipping, you see, always follows Greenwich time, so the ball has to follow suit."

Then I asked Robert: "How do you know your clock is correct? I make it two minutes fast."

Robert eyed my watch with

Here the gun has just fired. An electric device jerks the wire lanyard at the appointed second.

slight disgust and opened the front of the clock case again. He pointed to a little instrument not unlike the speedometer on a car. He pressed a button and a hand darted back and forwards across the dial.

"This," said Robert, "is a galvanometer which records any breaks in the electric current passing through the wire linking all the clocks. Certain clocks automatically break the current at given times each minute for a period of two seconds. If you watch the second hand on this clock you will see that when it reaches the eighth second past the minute the galvanometer hand stops until the second hand

reaches the tenth second."

I watched the second hand closely. Directly it reached the eighth second the needle on the dial stopped for two seconds. When the clock reached the 23rd second the small needle stopped again. That, said Robert, was the Nelson's Column clock breaking the circuit. At the 33rd second the needle stopped again for two seconds. The clock in the post office hall had cut into the circuit. At the 43rd second the University clock did the same thing, and on the 58th second the Observatory master clock broke the circuit.

"And if your clock is wrong?" "I phone Mr. Ritchie and if he has time to correct it he does. If not, the gun is not fired. That does not often happen." As he said this, Robert patted the One O'clock Gun.

"Have you always worked alone?" I asked. "Until about a week ago when they sent me Mr. Page. He will take over when my time is up," said Robert.

Mr. Page was busy polishing one of the guns in the saluting battery. Not new to him is 25-pounder maintenance, for he has just completed 27 years in the RA. Unlike Edinburgh-born Robert Thomson, ex-QMS. L. Page is an Englishman, was born at Norwich and has four brothers in the Royal Norfolk Regt. He spent most of the war in Jamaica—the sort of place where one could soldier on for ever, he says.

As Robert walked down the hill with me to Mr. Ritchie's shop he talked about his life in the Army—he has been to India, France (wounded in the first war), Salonika, Egypt, Malta, South Ireland, and twice to the Sudan. He looks on the One O'clock Gun as being some link with the Army which he cherishes. During the war, when the battery was silent, he worked as

a messenger at Scottish Command HQ.

He spoke of the times when the gun has not fired. They have been few. Once in November 1937 water got into the well in which the heavy weight drops and the clock became splashed and put out of action.

We were now inside Mr. Ritchie's shop, and the proprietor himself showed us the master clock with which he checks the other electric clocks in the city.

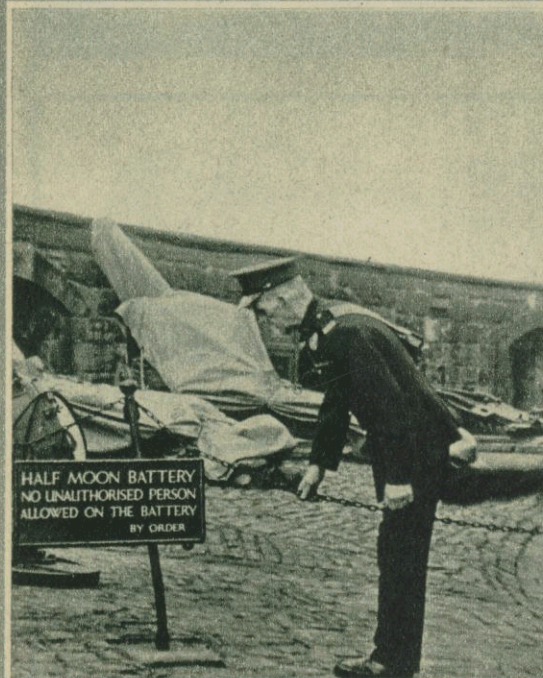
"How did it all start?" said Mr. Ritchie. "Well, a Scotsman went to Paris, found they had a gun there fired daily by the effect of the sun's rays on glass, and wanted to start it here. We couldn't use the sun so we had a cable laid on from the Observatory clock to the Castle. That was in 1861. I myself have been here 60 years. We manage to keep these clocks pretty accurate, don't we?" He smiled at Robert, and added, "One year the old gun fired every day. That was a record."

"That Blooming Gun!"

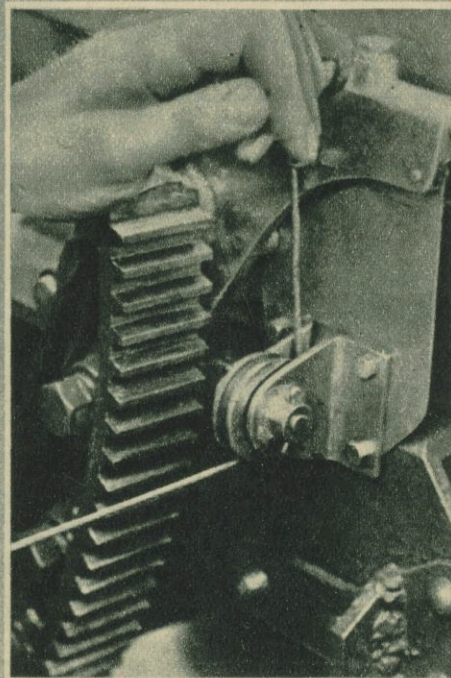
I watched Robert walk up the hill to the castle to fire the gun for the last time. On the next day he was retiring, and Page would carry on alone. It was nearly one, and that meant lunch. I opened the door of the inn and the sound of merry voices met me as I entered. "Can you hear the One O'clock Gun above this noise?" I asked. The barman nodded. They say you can hear it 20 miles away—with a favourable wind.

At last it came—a crash across the skies that echoed over this old city. The conversation died out momentarily while everyone glanced at their watches, and the only person visibly affected was a girl who had been sitting on a stool at the bar. She very nearly capsized. "Och!" she said, "that blooming gun will be the death of me!" PETER LAWRENCE.

Robert Thomson crosses the chain which divides War Department from Office of Works.



This is the wire lanyard which runs to the control clock. A falling weight gives it the operative jerk.



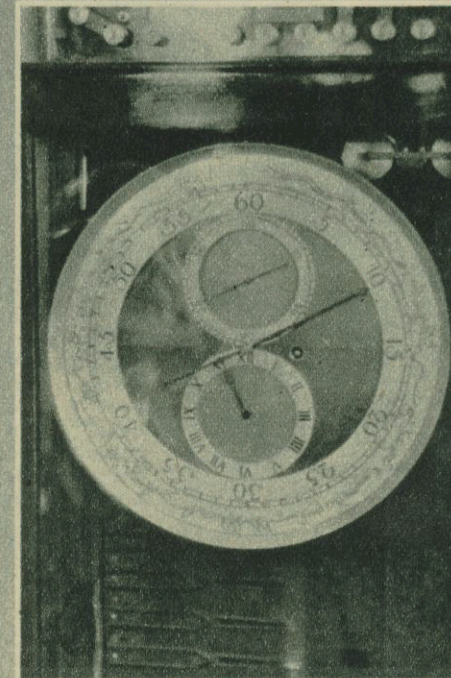
Robert Thomson has fired the gun for the last time. He is a veteran of many campaigns.



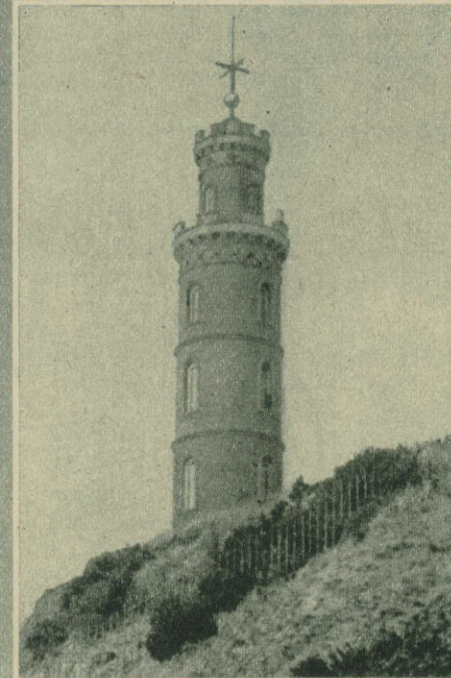
Ex-QMS. Page fires the gun now. He ought to know his job—he has been 27 years in the RA.



On this dial Mr. Ritchie can check all the principal clocks in Edinburgh, including the gun clock.



Ships crews can't always hear the gun. At five to one they can see the ball climbing this mast. At one it drops.



PUTTING BACK THE DOWNS

AFTER the party comes the clearing-up. And after the 1939-45 party, the Army is clearing up the English countryside.

Tank ditches, 30 or 40 feet wide and deep, miles and masses of barbed wire, unsightly pillboxes, slit-trenches and weapon-pits water-logged in winter and messy in summer, marred the countryside and impeded farmers.

On the coasts of Kent and Sussex and to a lesser extent elsewhere, hundreds of thousands of defence posts remained abandoned, while inland training areas with similar blemishes fell into disuse. The Army set about clearing them, using all the troops available in Britain, including the Polish Resettlement Corps.

On the South Downs at Storrington, near Worthing, I went to see No. 74 Mechanical Platoon RE at work. Behind them was evidence of what they had done — miles of tank ditches filled in by giant D7 bulldozers, leaving a white-brown scar for Nature to heal over with green.

Other bulldozers were busy clearing barbed wire. The drill is to push the wire into a round mass, then dig a great hole with the bulldozer, push the wire in and cover it over with earth, making sure that it is buried deeply enough not to come to the surface to hurt grazing cattle or wandering lovers.

Pillbox Problem

One of the headaches is the pillbox, grey and ugly and comprising sometimes more than 400 tons of concrete. Many pillboxes have been blown up with an explosion like a minor Bikini experiment; but blowing up pillboxes in this case means a lot of tact and care — tact in dealing with people who complain that the blast has done their ceilings no good and care that no hikers or cattle should get into the danger area. At Storrington three huge pillboxes have been flattened, but two others will stay put



Bulldozer patrol: Sapper drivers set out on the daily job of pushing the landscape back into place. There are miles and miles of anti-tank ditches to fill in along the Southern Downs.

(and scooping up the rabbits)

because they are too near to houses and a main road to be blown up.

The Sappers at Storrington like the job. They are outdoors and they are well clad against all kinds of weather. They live at a big mansion in Stanmer Park, between Lewes and Brighton, run out to their work in lorries after breakfast, taking their dinner with them, park their bulldozers in the afternoon and get back to Stanmer in time for tea, when they are free to take a handy bus to the flesh-pots of Brighton.

They have not found any buried treasure yet, in their excavations, but they have found plenty of rabbits. Apparently rabbits are extremely stupid animals at times. Try to stalk them, and a slight sound will set them scurrying off to the safety of their burrows, but catch them in their burrows and they have no further ideas on the subject of safety.

Digging into the Downs to make burial holes for barbed wire, the bulldozers often uncover rabbit warrens. Sometimes the blades catch the rabbits, but more often the rabbit just cowers in his hole, or what is left of it, too terrified to move or to think of the famous Bairnsfather caption "If you know a better 'ole, go to it."

M. CRESWICK.



Above: Digging a hole to bury masses of rusted barbed wire. When the bulldozer gets down into a rabbit warren it scoops the rabbits up alive — or dead. Right: Three casualties. Sappers say the Downland rabbit is very tasty.



The Army Hands Back

THE Army's peace-time training-grounds are occupying the pens of critics just now.

Their complaints, as carefully worded as their grouses about the Army's unpreparedness in the past, are that the Army is slow in returning land temporarily taken over for war-time training areas and that it is wantonly greedy in demanding more training areas than it had before World War Two.

The facts provide the answers. Of 11,000,000 acres the Army had taken over temporarily under various Defence Regulations for training purposes at D-Day, 9,250,000 have been restored to civilian purposes already.

Of the remaining 1,750,000 acres, 854,000 are being held because they are not yet fit for return to civilian use. Some of them may have dangerous relics of their training-days — unexploded mortar-bombs and grenades, gas or HE shells or practice-mines — which could not be cleared up at the time because

The eyesore in the woodlands: just one of the jobs of tidying up which the Army must do, before land can be officially handed back. These huts are at Stanmer Park, Brighton.



the high tempo of training left the troops no spare hours for that sort of job. The Army is now clearing those areas.

The rest is farmland, like the South Downs, which could not be made fit for farming without work that would take the farmer a long time, such as levelling craters and weapon-pits and clearing pill-boxes; the Army is getting these areas nearer to a state fit for cultivation before handing them back.

Of the other 900,000 acres, some are to be handed back and some the Army hopes to keep, to add to the permanent WD lands it held before the war. This is not unreasonable, since the country expects the Army to maintain a much larger active force than before the war, to train constant intakes of conscripts and to expand the Territorial Army and keep it at battle-efficiency. Field-Marshal

Montgomery has said the Army needs at least 500,000 acres and that lives were lost in World War Two because there had not been the space earlier to teach cooperation of all arms in battle and to practice tactical operations adequately.

F-M. Montgomery has also said that the active Army would train in Germany for many years to come.

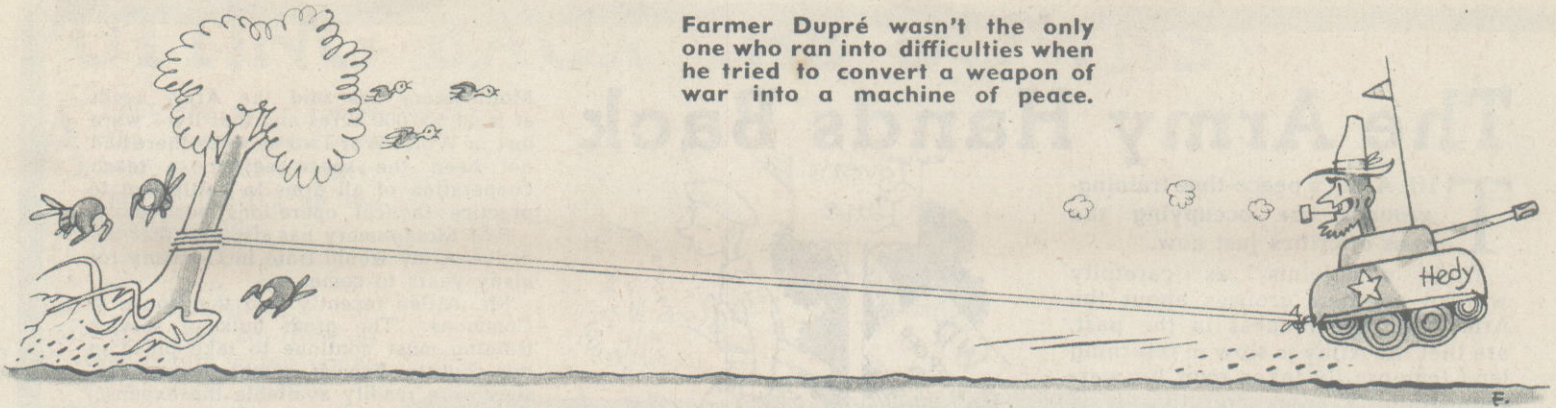
Mr. Attlee recently told the House of Commons: "The great bulk of service training must continue to take place in this country. Even if suitable areas overseas were readily available the expense, the waste of time and the immense amount of transportation that would be involved would be prohibitive, quite apart from the necessity for having training ground available in this country in any case for men called up for National Service and for members of the Auxiliary Services."

The writers to editors complain that the Army is trying to usurp some of the nation's favourite beauty-spots and recreation-grounds. Certainly it is true that the Army wants to use some places that are popular; but that does not necessarily mean the public will be deprived of them. A large proportion of the areas will be available to the public when the Army is not actually using them.

In spite of what critics say, consideration for the public is one of the guiding principles in selecting training areas. In any case, the Army must submit its requests for land to "higher authority" for approval.



Farmer Dupré wasn't the only one who ran into difficulties when he tried to convert a weapon of war into a machine of peace.



The Tank of Farmer Dupré

IT used to be a favourite game among tank crews to think up civilian uses for their vehicles. Their plans for turning Shermans into prefabricated houses and armoured cars into bathing huts are now dusty in their unit newspaper files.

The only civilianised tank SOLDIER has heard of is an M. 22, bought by a farmer, Kemiel Dupré of Illinois, USA.

He thought it would be ideal for towing things on his marshy, tree-stump-studded land. He bought two, because he knew the first one had the oil pump and radiator broken and he intended to cannibalise.

Eventually he got No. 1 going and found:

- its petrol consumption was terrific;
- it was so powerful it snapped every towing cable;
- after ten minutes it got so hot it had to cool off for ten minutes before restarting.

Farmer Dupré doesn't swear. He just called his tank The Thing and persevered with it.

British buyers at Government sales generally go in for less unlikely articles though a number of Bren carriers have been sold; the most satisfactory use for them was found by a car-breaker who uses his for crushing scrap car-bodies.

Farmers thought carriers might

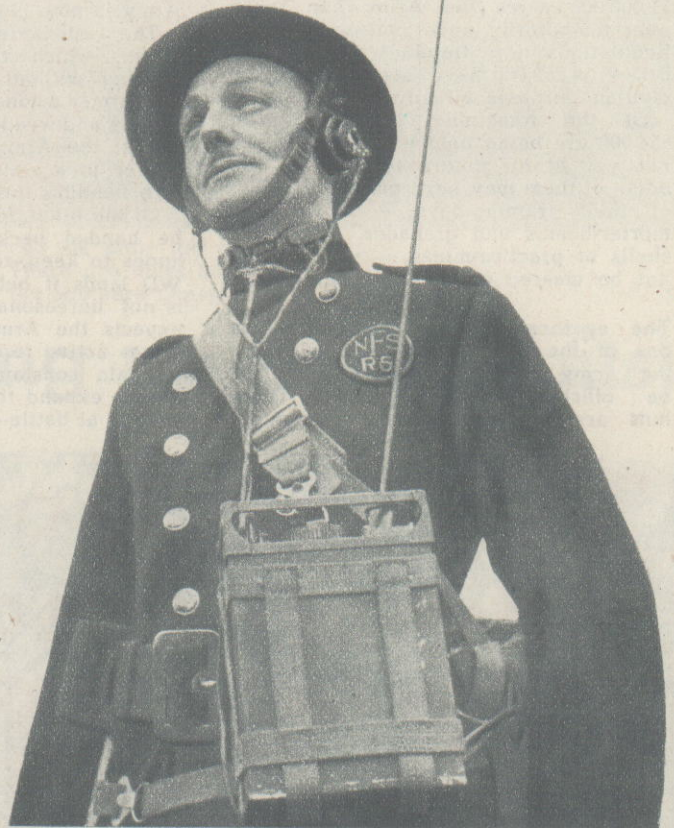
make useful tractors, but the Ministry of Agriculture warns that they are expensive to run and too wide-tracked for farm work.

DUKW's during the summer gave holidaymakers as good a half-crown's worth as the old Skylark at several seaside resorts.

An ex-airman, J. Jordan of Sandy, Bedfordshire, drove an amphibious jeep from his home to the Norfolk Broads and then toured the waterways in it. Another at Hunstanton gave trippers the thrill of a high-speed ride across two miles of sand at low tide.

Tank transporters have found a ready market for heavy work like carting lumber and machinery.

Scottish West Coast Fisheries, Ltd., bought some two-pounder guns, cut the barrels down to 3 ft 6 ins. reduced the size of the recuperator and set them on naval mountings with the idea of



The "walkie-talkie" set was quickly adopted by the National Fire Service. Police use it too.



When Sandown Park reopened after seven years, the starter, Major Robertson, was jeep-borne on his duties.

using them to harpoon basking sharks, off the Outer Hebrides.

"They did not prove altogether satisfactory," Mr. A. T. Watkins, a director of the firm, told SOLDIER, "and we are going over to Norwegian guns which are now again on the market."

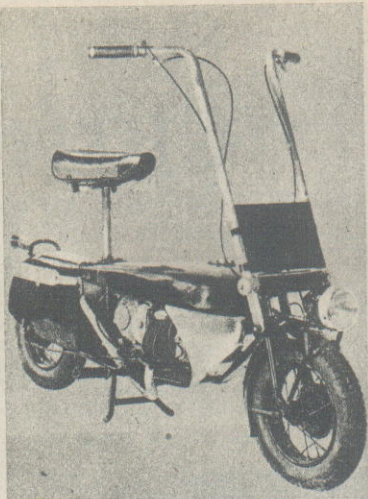
While ex-RAF rubber dinghies with red sails made sport for bathers round the coast, LCI's have been turned into houseboats and Sea Scout headquarters, and a rowing club bought an LST on which to build a floating clubhouse.

Another landing craft is now ferrying cars across Strangford Lough, in Northern Ireland, and one ship-owner, Lieut-Col. F. Bustard, proposes using three of them for a transport ferrying service from Tilbury to the Continent.

The most warlike use to which any of these ex-warlike stores is being put seems to be that of thousands of steel-helmet linings. Sold at sixpence each in Wool-



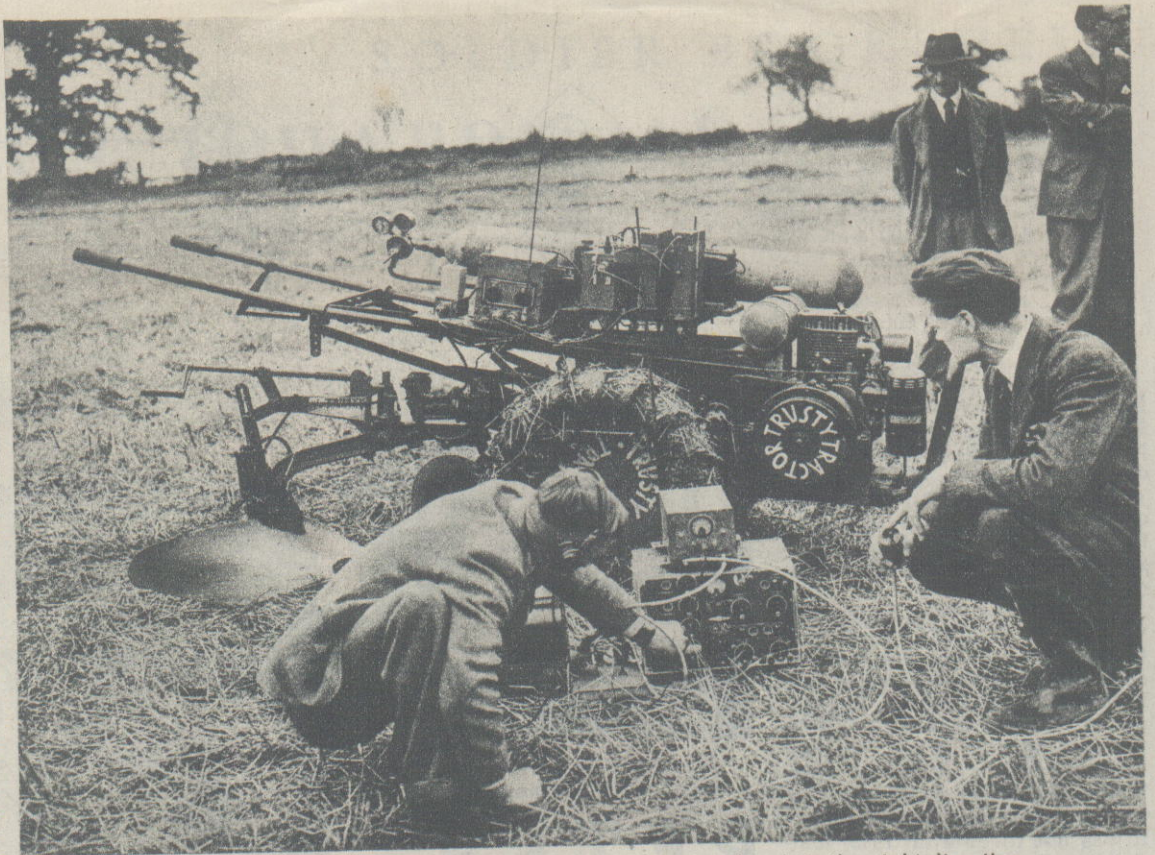
Recognise the Indian headdress? It's the lining of a steel helmet.



For export only: a Southport factory turns out the Corgi, based on the paratrooper's motor-cycle.

worth's, with another sixpenn'orth of coloured feathers to stick in the rubber pads, they make Red Indian headdresses for the battle-schools of the Class of 1957.

The most eccentric use for a war invention is that devised by a Minneapolis manufacturer for the proximity fuse. He has adapted it for fitting to your wife's bedroom wall in such a way that it rings a bell when you tiptoe in late from the "local."



Ploughing by remote control: All you do is start the plough in the right direction, then control its progress by switches. And it doesn't nibble the hedges.

The Tank of Sapper Bond



Sapper Bond demonstrates. His tank has four forward speeds, and one reverse. It took him 16 months to build.



This two-foot-long Churchill was built from scrap. It fires .22 "shells". The gun was an Italian rifle.

PRIVILEGED spectators saw a new tank demonstrated recently at Detmold, in Germany. It was designed, built and operated by Sapper J. J. Bond, of 7th Armoured Division, who took 16 months to construct it. The overall length of this tank is two feet.

Onlookers at the trials agreed that the new tank's performance was most impressive.

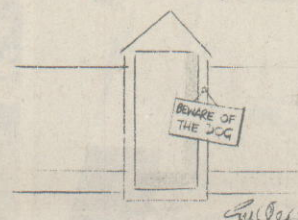
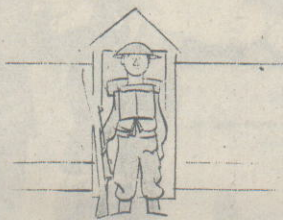
Sapper Bond's miniature Churchill is driven electrically by remote control, and can perform almost any manoeuvre required.

Its impressive gun, made from the barrel of an Italian .22 rifle, will fire live ammunition and automatically reloads up to five rounds.

By pressing different switches Sapper Bond can make the tank travel forward at four different speeds, in reverse at one speed, turn round in its tracks or fire its gun.

Nothing but scrap has been used for this model and most of the parts were found on the Italian battlefields. The .22 bogey wheels are the heads of 20mm anti-aircraft shells.

After giving his demonstration Sapper Bond packed the tank away in a specially built crate to take back to England with him on release. He hopes to convert the model into a radio-controlled tank, and then to exhibit it in London.



Ender

PETER Ender, who performs on this page, is one of the most prolific humorous artists of the day. He estimates his total of published drawings at 10,000 over a period of 12 or 13 years. Rivals in his craft will form a shrewd idea from that of his total output of drawings.

It is fair to say Peter Ender was working on *SOLDIER* more than two years before the first number appeared. He collaborated in the lay-out of a "dummy" in Bagdad in 1942, but the idea of *SOLDIER* took a long time to sell. At that time he was working for *Iraq Times* and *Trunk Call*. Later he joined *Parade* and *Gen* in Cairo. It was not till late in 1945 that Captain Ender arrived on the staff of *SOLDIER*.

Before he joined Army Newspapers from the RASC Peter Ender's services were in demand, both in and out of Army time, for producing ornamental menus, charts for guard mountings, plans of road accidents and such jobs as caricaturing the members of the HQ Officers' Mess at Basra.

Peter Ender has written and illustrated two humorous books — "Back At The Front" and "Up The Garden Path." Before the war he ran a comic strip ("Have You Seen Oscar?") in the *London Star*. He has also appeared regularly in *Punch*, *London Opinion* and many other humorous journals.



The artist at work. But he's out of KD now...

PETER ENDER'S PAGE



"I don't care if you have received the Freedom of the City, you still can't come in here with bayonet fixed."



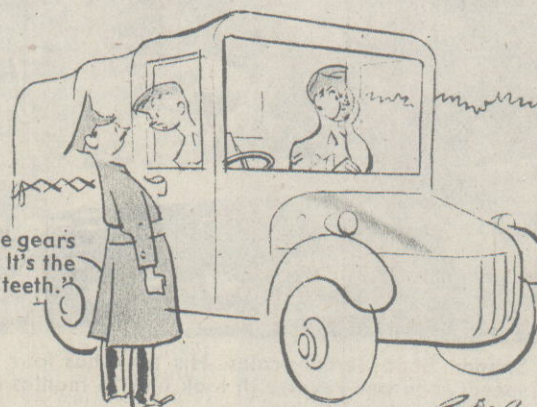
Ender

"All right, Parsons—stand at ease."



Ender

"Pretty close tonight, Nettleford."



"That's not the gears grinding, Sir. It's the instructor's teeth."

Ender

WITH MALICE TOWARDS ALL

"TO THE QUARTER-MASTER: The standing maxim of your office is to receive whatever is offered you, or you can get hold of, but not to part with anything you can keep."

That "advice" was issued in 1782, by an anonymous author who lampooned and lambasted impartially all ranks of the British Army of his day.

He could hardly have guessed how much of his sardonic "Advice to Officers of the British Army (With the Addition of Some Hints to the Drummer and Private Soldier)" would retain its sting today. Certainly he would have been flattered to think that his book would be republished in 1946 (Cape 7s 6d) with illustrations by a lieutenant-colonel and a foreword by a brigadier (Bernard Fergusson, of Chindit fame).

It would appear, however, that the Army of the eighteenth century was considerably more venial than that of today. The chapter on quartermaster-serjeants contains this startling passage:

"As you are undertaker-general to the regiment, take particular care, when a soldier dies, to see the external offices of his funeral performed with decency. If any young surgeon should want a body for anatomical purposes, you may safely answer it to your conscience to furnish him. To be cut up and quartered is the least a man can expect, who enlists in the Army; and, after he is dead, it is ten to one he will know nothing of the matter. It will lighten the burden of the supporters, who have fatigue enough without that of carrying dead bodies..."

A prisoner under escort was everybody's game. "Rackets" included fitting him out, at his own or somebody else's expense, with unnecessary equipment which his escort of corporals could "flog" for beer money. His escorts would also persuade him to sham lame so that they might charge for a fictitious conveyance. The

"What seems slow in coming along is the novel about the Infantry on active service. It will, I hope, be written by a man with no higher rank than that of corporal. He will not show himself as wiser or more fastidious than his companions; he will not use bad language as though it were a new toy; he will keep away from brothels and divine revelations; he will not quote poetry, or vomit, or get news that his wife is running round with an American, or have his best friend dying in his arms, or make too much of the fact that sometimes he doesn't feel heroic. He will, I hope, write like a man for men." — Daniel George, the author and reviewer, in "Tribune."



"Gad, sir! The man should be horsewhipped!"

One of the illustrations by Lieut-Col. F. A. H. Wilson to the republished "Advice to Officers of the British Army."

worst that could happen was a flogging for all.

Evidently the "Two Types" flourished in those days. Advice to young subalterns included:

"Never wear your uniform in quarters, when you can avoid it. A green or a brown coat shows you have other clothes beside your regimentals, and likewise that you have courage to disobey a standing order..."

Later occurs this advice:

"If there should be a soberly-disposed person, or, in other words, a fellow of no spirit, in the corps, you must not only bore him constantly in the mess, but should make use of a kind of practical wit to torment him. Thus you may force open his doors, break his windows, damage his furniture and put wh-----s in his bed; or in camp throw squibs and crackers into his tent at night, or loosen his tent cords in windy weather..."

Invaluable hints to Field Officers include this:

"In exercising the regiment, call out frequently to some of the most attentive men and officers to dress, cover, or something of that nature; the less they are reprehensible, the greater will your discernment appear to the bystanders, in finding out a fault invisible to them."

A twinge of conscience may trouble more than a few present-day corporals on reading the advice on guard-mounting:

"It is your office to post the sentinels and to see that they are properly relieved; and a disagreeable office it is in a dark, cold and stormy night. You may, therefore, in bad weather save yourself that trouble, and send

the relief by themselves. This will be a means of teaching them how to perform their duty, when corporals..."

Another traditional labour-saving device on sentry-go is touched upon in the chapter devoted to the private soldier:

"Perhaps it may be unnecessary to inform you that in relieving you may go without your arms and take the firelock from the man you relieve. By this contrivance none of the firelocks, but those of the sentries, will be wet, or out of order."

Also chronicled is the 18th century version of a not unfamiliar labour-saving trick on manoeuvres:

"At a field-day, stop up the touch-hole of your piece with cobbler's wax, or some other substance. This will prevent your firing, and save you the trouble of cleaning your arms..."

"Mit Respekt"

Ein Mann fragte den Herausgeber einer Provinzzeitung, wie er kranke Bienen behandeln solle.

"Mit Respekt," war die Antwort.

You might laugh like a waste conduit-pipe at that one, if you understood it. And if you understood it, you would be clever enough to turn to page 194 of P. F. Dorling's "Colloquial German" (Trubner 4s 6d) and read it without referring to the English translation on the opposite page.

If you are not, here is a language book that doesn't claim to teach you German in a few hours

by some startling new method, but encourages you soberly: "During your studies you will sometimes feel hopeless and stupid. Never mind, we all of us have had the same experience. Do not give in. Always remember even the smallest children over there speak German. Why shouldn't you? When you are in Germany you will see how much you actually know and what fun it is to ask for 'ein Glas Lagerbier'."

There are useful phrases such as the answer to a request for a seasickness remedy: "I always tie a belt round the diaphragm," or "I help to wash up," or "What is wrong with this molar?" or "Frankly, I am thoroughly lazy," or even "You have dropped your handkerchief, may I pick it up?"

Troops Too

THE next war (if there is one) is not likely to be entirely waged by scientists releasing atomic rockets at the push of a button, according to Major-General H. Rowan-Robinson.

In "Onward From D-Day" (Hutchinson 16s), he follows the pattern of his previous books in giving a compressed commentary, valuable for reference purposes, of campaigns in all theatres; and having reached VJ-Day, he takes a look at the future.

He thinks it would be idle to rely, in warfare, merely on the blasting power of the atom-bomb. "As to the occupation of an opponent's cities by the gangsters, what is the response of an international airforce, equipped only with the atomic bomb, to the sudden and simultaneous seizure by airborne forces, say, of London and Liverpool? There is none; for bombing would cause infinitely greater loss to the unfortunate inhabitants of those cities than to the invaders. On the other hand, a powerful British airforce might prevent the enemy's arrival; or in default thereof, a numerically strong, well-equipped, highly-trained British or international army might expel him from his conquests."

Winged Words

FIELD-Marshal Montgomery's "Good Luck" message to SOLDIER's first issue is included in "Forward to Victory" (Hutchinson 5s) a collection of Monty's messages to his armies during the war.

The messages, from that written by a little-known Lieutenant-General on 23 October 1942 and printed on a truck in the Western Desert to that of the world-famous Field Marshal of 8 May 1945, trace the course of the Eighth Army's campaigns from Alamein to Italy and of 21 Army Group from Normandy to the Baltic.

"I like to think," writes Monty in a preface, "that these messages did much to foster the spirit and the will-to-win that makes our forces such a great and happy family, and so formidable in battle."

TEN minutes' walk from Victoria Station, London, off Vauxhall Bridge Road, is a drill hall bearing the sign: "British Legion School."

If you stand outside you might wonder why so many pupils who arrived on foot left soon afterwards on bicycles. If you went inside and upstairs you might also be puzzled to see scores of men poring over great maps of London and asking each other questions.

What is going on? It is the British Legion School for taxi-drivers, which re-opened for the benefit of released Servicemen last January and has now, by its first anniversary, turned out nearly 30 taxi-drivers.

Taxi-driving has been recognised by the Ministry of Labour as a skilled occupation — and anyone who doubts this has only to speak to any of the battle veterans now learning the thousands of streets in the vast mass that is London.

Nine Months

The course usually takes from nine months to a year — though "a really bright fellow might do it in six months with luck," says the secretary, Capt. W. F. C. Reeland, who was in the Royal Artillery between 1903 and 1924. Ex-Petty Officer John Honner, of Rosebery Avenue, London, said: "I spent five years on mine-sweepers in the Navy all over the world. I got to know the globe better than I have been able to learn London since I came here last July."

Regularly the enthusiastic students scout all over London on bicycles, sometimes finding new buildings and renamed streets which even old hands do not know.

All ranks of ex-Servicemen are represented, from a captain who spent over 20 years in the Army to ex-privates and NCO's. They have learned the value of teamwork in their scouting trips. One of the many difficulties of a taxi-driver is not only to know his area inside out, but to know all the short-cuts; and it helps to compare notes.

The school originally opened in 1929 and turned out over 800 drivers until the outbreak of war, when it was closed down. It operates under the Ministry of Labour's Educational Training Scheme. Men who were prevented by war service from continuing their occupations are granted £3 a week if single, £3 10s if married and £3 15s if married with children. The school deals only with men resident in London.

First the students undergo monthly tests of their knowledge of London at Scotland Yard. The school has its own taxi, and four attempts at the driving test are allowed before a licence is refused. Many aim at getting the green badge which qualifies a driver for life. Nine per cent of London's present drivers are said to reach the age of 70 before they possess a green badge.

Said ex-Private D. T. Hanlon, of

You Can't Hire THIS Taxi —

— it is used by former soldiers training to be London taxi-drivers



Acton, formerly 1st Battalion Manchester Regiment: "I stopped a 88mm. shell just as we were going to cross the Rhine into Germany. One side of my face was partly paralysed. I'm very keen on this work and hope to finish in a month or two."

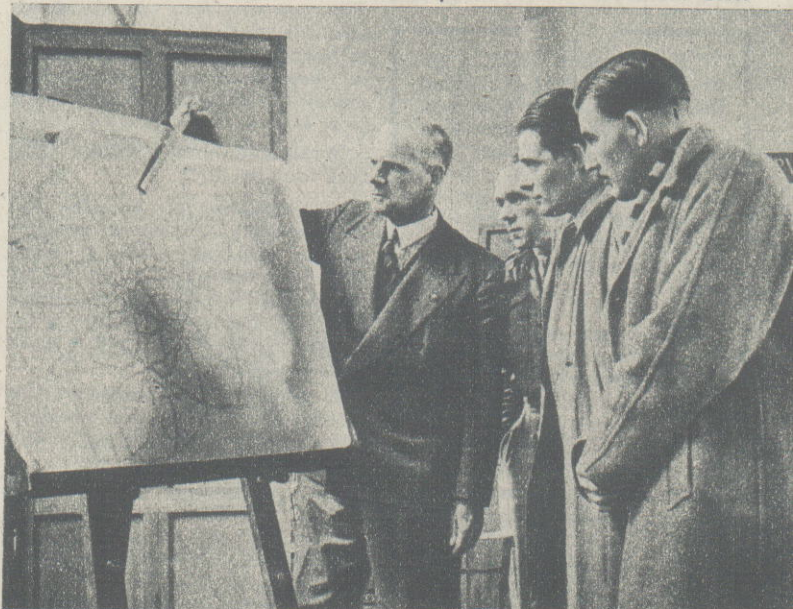
Private Frank Haynes, of Chelsea, an electrician's apprentice before he was called up at 19, was captured with 3rd Division on the border of Belgium and Holland and spent eight months as a prisoner in Germany.

Ex-Corporal Frank McBrine of Queens Road, Richmond, was wounded near Caen in his tank in 1944. Asked why he wanted to be a taxi-driver, he replied: "The open-air life will suit me. But the work is very tiring because when I started I didn't even know Oxford Street from Vauxhall Bridge Road."

Over 100 students attend the school and the organisers intend to continue it indefinitely.

ANTHONY MARTIN.

It's an old fiction that taxi-drivers like to take the longest route. They don't. It's bad economics. Below: Ex-Public Carriage Inspector H. Turner of Scotland Yard points out some short-cuts.



LOOKING FOR A CAREER IN CIVVY STREET? WHY NOT BECOME -

A Rubber-out of Moustaches?



I was standing on the platform at Piccadilly Underground Station a while ago, thinking about nothing in particular and feeling very happy about it, when I found myself looking at an advertisement poster on the Tube wall of a very nice-looking girl advertising a hair shampoo. Right above her pretty mouth a dirty pencilled moustache had been drawn.

Somehow, looking at that girl's "moustachioed" face made me feel sad. The more I thought about it the sadder I got. Then I had an idea. I walked right down to the end of the platform, up the other side and along all the corridors. By the time I had finished I had discovered five girls with moustaches, and the crusading spirit in me had become thoroughly roused.

"If there are people who draw moustaches on posters, are there people who have to rub them out again?" I wondered. It was a twist of an old idea that there is an opposite to most things. For instance, there are mannequins who get paid for putting clothes on and strip-teasers who get paid for taking them off, and so on. Well, if there are people who put moustaches on posters in Tubes, then there must be people who rub them out. I decided to find out.

Two days later I was on a moustache hunt with a real, live, professional moustache-rubber-

outerer, called Leonard — "Leo, after the Lion, you know." Leonard is 50 years old, and a London Underground inspector.

"Of course, rubbing out moustaches on posters isn't my real job, it's just part of it," he said when we met at our Underground rendezvous. "My job is to see that posters are put up at the right time and place and that they are kept in good order. Still, if you are interested in moustaches, we'll go around and find some."

As we got into a train I kept stealing glances at Leo. He didn't look like a moustache-hunter at all. He was dressed very primly in a black "city" suit, white collar, black tie, and Anthony Eden Homburg hat, and he carried a smart black brief-case under his arm. Very neat, indeed. The pocket of his coat bulged slightly. Inside were his "weapons"—hard rubbers, soft rubbers, ink rubbers, razor blades and pen knife.

Leo's territory was the Central, Piccadilly and Northern lines. "We'll get out at Leicester Square Station," he said. Evidently this station was good "game". Immediately we left the train Leo started stalking along the platforms and corridors while I trotted obediently at his side. All the time his head was shifting from right to left as if his neck was hurting. Suddenly he spotted one—a girl's face, plus moustache, advertising a make-up powder. He slowed down and looked around. "We'll wait a moment until people clear off a bit," he said. "It can be a little embarrassing at times." Then, as soon as the coast was clear, he whipped round and got to work. His technique was perfect. The first rubber out of

his pocket was the right one, and in a few seconds the offending moustache was off.

"Doodlers, I suppose you'd call them," he said as he surveyed his work, "but I call them a blasted nuisance. Moustaches are their biggest line, but there are plenty of others. Teeth, for instance. If a face has no teeth, then they'll give it some. If it's got teeth, then they'll scrape them out. Then there's pipes and spectacles. Men advertising cigarettes will have pipes stuck into their mouths, and good-looking girls will have black glasses scrawled over them, just to make them look ugly. I don't understand it."

I nodded sympathetically. Just then we came to a real "snorter." It was a cigarette advertisement showing 20 cigarettes sticking half-way out of a packet. They were plain no longer but cork-tipped, for someone had touched up the ends with lipstick, and very realistic too they looked.

Leo shook his head. "They use everything—pencils, chalk, ink, crayons, and nowadays lipstick. Won't be able to do anything to this one. We'll just have to have a new bill, that's all." He scribbled some words into his notebook—3 Top, 1 Exit, West-bound, Opp. Guinness.

"Doodlers aren't the only offenders, though they are the worst," said Leo as we went along. "There are the 'Pickers' and 'Dabbers' for instance. The 'Picker' will lean against the wall, waiting, and he'll pick,

pick, pick at the corner of a poster. It's the same with the 'Dabbers', only they use the heels of their shoes instead. Dab, dab, dab, they'll go, and, mind you, they don't know they are doing it half the time.

I blushed guiltily (for I am a "Dabber" myself) and changed the subject.

"What about Servicemen doodlers?" I asked.

"Well, Chad, I suppose, is one of theirs. He's all over the place. 'Wot, no beer?' and things like that. And in one place where there was only brown paper on the wall Chad was there with 'Wot, no bill?' Then there's Piccadilly. That was a favourite of the Americans and Canadians during the war. Used to write on

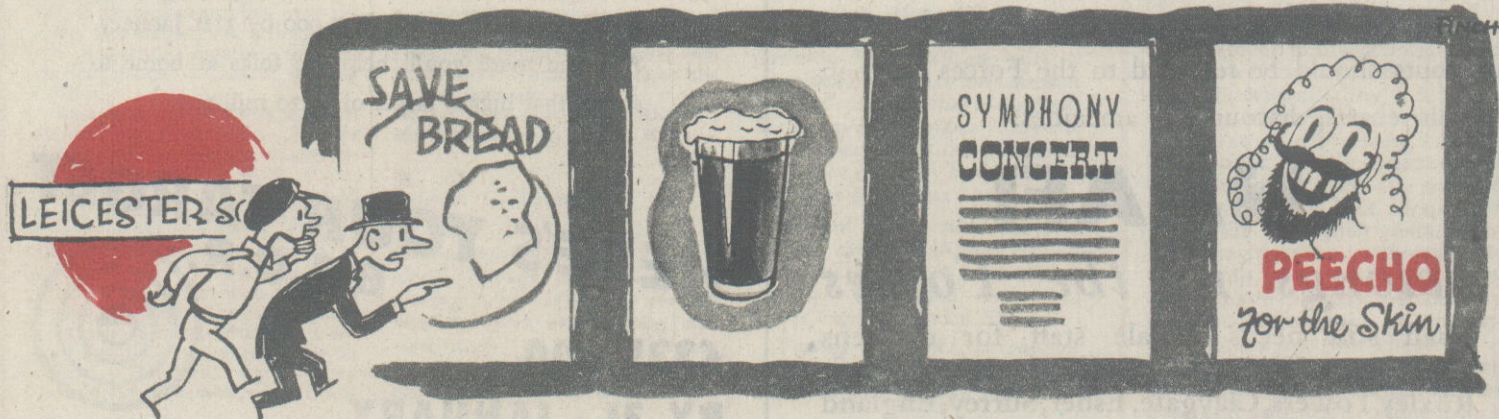
the posters, fixing up dates with their girls. Sometimes, they'd say, 'Been waiting here half an hour. Am browned off. You can go to —' Then they'd sign their names."

I learned that in the New York Underground they employ a full-time man on the job with a salary of 20 dollars a week.

"Who do you think does this doodling?" I asked. Leo breathed a sigh and said, "It's difficult to say really, but I think it's mostly young boys and girls between 16 and 19—high school kids and so on. No control over children nowadays, that's the trouble."

Leo had to go then, so I thanked him and said goodbye. As I watched his trim, respectable figure disappear down the platform, I knew I should always remember his "moustaches". From then on I decided I would always carry a rubber in my pocket when I went on the Underground, just to help him out.

C. W. S.





If you had been a Soldier in Flanders in 1702

You would have lived hard—bread your only daily ration—meat twice a week if you were lucky, and the cost of it, and of your clothing, stopped from your pay; other necessities being obtained from a dubious company of camp followers—sutlers—who grew fat by selling inferior goods at extortionate prices.

You might have met Kit Ross, a renowned sutleress, who stole pigs and poultry to sell to the troops, turning her wagon into a “wet canteen” in the evenings, and doing her own “chucking out” to the accompaniment of the foulest language.

It was because of the policy of graft and exploitation practised by private traders against the soldier, that the Service authorities devised the constitution and system of control of Naafi, their object being to ensure that no private individual should benefit from the soldier's trade, and that all profits should be returned to the Forces either in cash rebates, discounts or amenities.

NAAFI

belongs to the Forces

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BY 31st JANUARY





1947 is not too soon to start thinking seriously about the Olympic Games of 1948, says Archie Quick.

Purposeful milers above include Wooderson and Anderson, the Swede, in centre.

TEST YEAR IN SPORT

WHAT does 1947 hold for Great Britain in the world of sport? Let's face the Brave New Year with hope.

Between now and the break of summer cricket supremacy against Australia will have been won or lost. How Walter Hammond and his men fare is very much in the lap of the gods and unfortunately may go with the spin of the coin.

Taking fourth innings is a very considerable factor Down Under, and, if you allow for the vagaries of the weather, cricket begins to be less of a game and more of a gamble. However, I am here and now putting on record that it is my opinion that England will win the series even after getting off to a bad start.

There are two strong batting sides pitted against each other and I feel that England has the edge when it comes to bowling.

Before our cricketers return to the rigours of a British summer England will have been put to the test of resisting European Soccer challenges. France play in London at Highbury, and the grandiloquently-styled Rest of the World play Great Britain at Hampden. If it was not for Eng-

By Archie Quick

land's superlative strength of the moment I would say that the Hampden Roar alone would beat the temperamental, mercurial Continentals. My British side would be: Swift, Shaw, Hughes, Wright, Brennan, Burgess, Matthews, Carter, Lawton, Doherty, Finney.

But England have sterner tasks than fighting the invaders at Highbury and Glasgow. They have to go to Switzerland and Portugal in May and after the unbeaten tours of the Dynamos, Norkopping and Copenhagen we cannot afford to slip up at Zurich and Lisbon. Although the foreigners keep telling us that they are proud to play us and that they enjoy gaining experience they still keep beating us.

When Hammond's men get back here next April they will have to square up to the Test challenge of South Africa. And how I love South African cricketers and cricket! They bring a sporting atmosphere into the game like no other team I know. Right back to the Deanes and the Nourses have I enjoyed these encounters, and so sure am I that the Springbok team, whoever they may be, will win their way into the public affection that I have already booked my hotel accommodation at Nottingham, Leeds and Manchester.

Just about now, too, we shall be turning our thoughts idly as ever and with that complete lack of organisation so typical of

"Why Become a Referee?"

Archie Quick's article "Why Become a Referee?" (SOLDIER November) was of special interest to me. When I joined the Army in 1940 I was a Class II referee, and had high hopes of continuing my career as a referee while soldiering. I applied to my CO. to become registered with the Army Association, but although all too frequently detailed to take service games I heard nothing further.

Last year, in Brussels, I again applied for registration. Months passed, and I was taking an average of three matches a week. Eventually a reply came: if I cared to take a five-weeks PT course I could then sit for examination as a Class II official. Such are the rewards of service.

Now I have resumed as a civilian referee, but here is the rub: because I have no Service certificate I am once again registered as a Class II official. However, my County Association have promised to review

the case. I know several ex-service, pre-war referees in a similar position.

Archie Quick asks "Why do we do it?" After 11 seasons "whistling" I still wonder. It must just be for love of the game. It certainly isn't for financial gain.

I believe the caption under your photograph describes Referee Wood as preparing to toss the coin. Come, come, Mr Quick! No wonder you failed that examination. Does the referee toss the coin? — **S. R. CARTER (ex-RA and REME), 158 Milton Road, Luton, Beds.**

★ Reply by Army F. A. Referees' Committee:

"Your correspondent has, unfortunately, suffered like many others through war conditions. During 1939-45, due to curtailment of sport, examination and registration of referees almost ceased. Army football is only now getting in full swing, despite diffi-

culties referees' sub-committees function in almost all Commands.

"Correct procedure for referees and potential referees is to apply direct to Hon. Sec. of their Command referees sub-committee who will advise and help, arrange coaching, examination and registration. A soldier who has qualified as a civilian referee will be accepted as an Army referee, if he forwards his certificate with a completed registration form through his local sub-committee to the Hon. Sec. Army F. A. Referees' Committee. Promotion to Class I depends on ability and may be made after two years as a Class II referee.

"Where local sub-committees do not exist, applicants should write direct to Hon. Sec. AFA Referees' Committee, Room 19, Horse Guards, London SW 1."

Tossing the coin: the caption writer, not Archie Quick, slipped. Home captain usually tosses up.

England's sporting bodies to the 1948 Olympic Games. In fact, 1947 will be a most important year because of this. As I write little or nothing has been done to get this event of events going. We are told vaguely that an Olympic Village is to be built in the purlieus of Wembley where my old English International goalkeeper friend Cecil Trapp is Borough Surveyor, but the spadework has not been begun. Even eighteen months in advance is not too soon for an event of this importance.

Wooderson Again?

What shall we do on the track? If Macdonald Bailey and Arthur Wint choose to run for Britain, instead of in a West Indies team, this country can easily take the four shortest races—100, 200, 400 and 800 metres. Alan Paterson must not be ruled out as a potential high jump winner in the absence of any post-war outstanding performances from America. It is my secret hope and guess that Sydney Wooderson will turn out in the Marathon. This great-hearted Sportsman of the Year nurses a fancy that he can do the distance, and when club or country calls who is Wooderson to lag behind? Even if the Blackheath Wonder does not strip just this once more, there is always Jack Holden whose exclusion from the European Games at Oslo was a tragedy of misunderstanding.

And so by easy progress we come to Bruce Woodcock. Bruce has a date with fate some time in the next 12 months. It may be May; it may be September. But sure as little apples the teaky Yorkshireman has to go in with Joe Louis before the year is out. Not that I agree with such a contest. Next year would be quite soon enough for Bruce to get the necessary extra experience under his belt. I feel that since Bruce lost to Mauriello and was not too sure of beating Bakshi it is premature for the Brown Bombing champion of the world to say that Woodcock is his next opponent—or victim.

The only line I have is that Tommy Farr went the distance with Joe and Bruce is a better proposition than Tommy.

One of the tit-bits of the year will be to see Airborne carry Britain's staying prestige on the turf. We have no one else to match the Frenchmen, but the Derby winner is being specially prepared instead of going to stud. And when it comes to sprinting, leave it to Honeyway or The Bug. Frenchmen must never have another Ascot like the last.

This year will also be memorable for the fact that for the first time for 20 years we shall have a new World Snooker Champion. Joe Davis, still the daddy of them all, has retired from the championship, which leaves the door wide open for

Clark Maconachy or Horace Lindrum on Fred Davis or Walter Donaldson or someone. But whoever wins Joe will still give him a black or two and win.

Lowest ebb of any sport is reached by lawn tennis. There is no one to resist the Americans, Australians, Frenchmen and at least one Czecho-Slovakian. It is the same with the women. Kay Stammers is still probably our best.

And what of golf? A Briton must really win the Open this time. And first choice obviously must be Henry Cotton who is the only Englishman with a superiority complex over the Yankees. In the last Open at St. Andrews we had the mortification of seeing an American "come from behind" to win, with a South African, Australian and an American in the next places. I believe that British golf is coming back into its own. All that is needed is that little extra match play experience that makes all the difference. Dai Rees and Charles Ward are getting that now in the States and

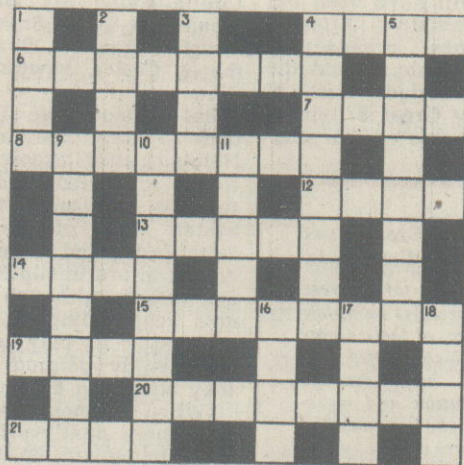
the diminutive Welshman may well profit by his tour to the extent of coming back and winning the coveted title. I know no one more likely to do so. And there is the Ryder Cup to be won back in October.

The other challenges at places like Henley must be met, but I look forward optimistically feeling that having recovered from World War Two we are still the best in the world. I cannot see England's Soccer side losing its matches; I confidently expect South Africa to be beaten at cricket. Let us get it into our thick heads that we are still the boss nation at sport.



"It's a new idea, Sir. The thing you want is always at the bottom of the kitbag."

CROSSWORD



ACROSS:

4. Curved and coy. — 6. Dreary home for the Monster. — 7. Nets become despatched. — 8. Telegram about a journey? — 12. Jug or chokey. — 13. Noisy stalk. — 14. Half a dime? — 15. Charm. — 19. Nuts for KO. — 20. "Toy curse" (anag.). — 21. It has bark but no bite.

DOWN:

1. Diet for a literary job. — 2. Isle in dumb alienation. — 3. Afresh. — 4. Valuer with a donkey's head. — 5. He sounds as if he is able to take little bites. — 9. Could be a gun or an onion. — 10. "Nice tape" (anag.). — 11. Entrance. — 16. If white, it may be your local. — 17. People who grind these are not disinterested. — 18. Puts down songs.

How Much Do You Know?

- "The British are no braver than anybody else, but they are braver for a bit longer." A famous soldier of World War Two said this recently. Who was he?
- St. Paul's Cathedral is surmounted by (a) a weathercock; (b) a cross; (c) a galleon; (d) an angel. Which?
- Spot the intruder: Mohicans, Mohawks, Croats, Iroquois, Sioux.
- If a judge wanted to have someone ejected from court, whom would he send for?
- How many men in the Army Council?
- One of these is a friend of humanity: philanderer, philanthropist, philistine, philologist. Which?
- Which newspaper has the biggest circulation in the world?
- You are travelling in an Italian train, and you are feeling cold. Would you turn the heat indicator to "Freddo" or "Caldo"?
- Ilya Ehrenburg is (a) a Parisian film actor; (b) an Oscar Rabin trumpeter; (c) Hungarian Minister of Defence; (d) a Russian writer. Which?
- What do these initials stand for: PTC; UNESCO; PUS?
- Where would you expect to meet Rouge Dragon Pursuivant—not to mention Bluemantle?
- "Mein Kampf" means (a) "My Struggle"; (b) "Man's Destiny"; (c) "My Life"; (d) "Mankind Tomorrow". Which?
- Only one of these statements is true—which? (a) No P. G. Wodehouse book has been published in Britain since the war. (b) "Forever Amber" was written by a man with a female pen-name. (c) Americans abbreviate their dates thus: for 5 March 1946 they say 3-5-46.
- Lieut-Col. Vladimir Peniakoff is better known under another name. What is it?
- This sign doesn't always mean Highland Division. If you saw it on a garden wall, what would it mean?

HD

(Answers on Page 35)



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Concrete Eng.	Radio Service Eng.
Draughtsmanship	Refrigeration
(State branch)	Sanitary Eng.
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Eng. Shop Practice	Steam Eng.
Fire Eng.	Structural Steel
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Dear Sirs,—I feel that I must write and thank you for the wonderful benefits that I have derived from your famous 'ASPRO'. Living out in the country and travelling to and fro to Sheffield by 'bus, I etc., but on retiring to bed I take 'ASPRO' tablets as directed with a hot drink and I feel a new man next morning—all cold vanished. I have recommended them to all and sundry suffering from colds. 'ASPRO' costs less than 'flu'.
Yours faithfully, O. WHEAT.

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now also available.

Two Men Who Can't Get Enough Of The Army

Private John Connor is

68 AND STILL IN KHAKI

It is a long time since Private John Connor of the Manchester Regiment has heard the phrase "Get some service in." For John, believe it or not, has been in the Army since 1895. True, his service has not been continuous, but he has a record probably unequalled by any serving man today. Can you beat it?

Private Connor was born in Galway, Eire, to quote his own words, "in 18-er" and joined the Connaught Rangers on 19 October 1895. He left his regiment for a spell in 1903, returning to complete his twelve in 1907. Then he had another spell in Civvy Street. From 1907 until 1915 he did a variety of jobs only to find he could not resist the call of the 1914-18 war. Consequently he rejoined his old regiment once again and served with the Connaught Rangers until 1919, when he was demobilised. Another couple of months of Civvy Street were enough for him this time, and back to the Rangers he went, being transferred to the Manchester Regiment in 1922.

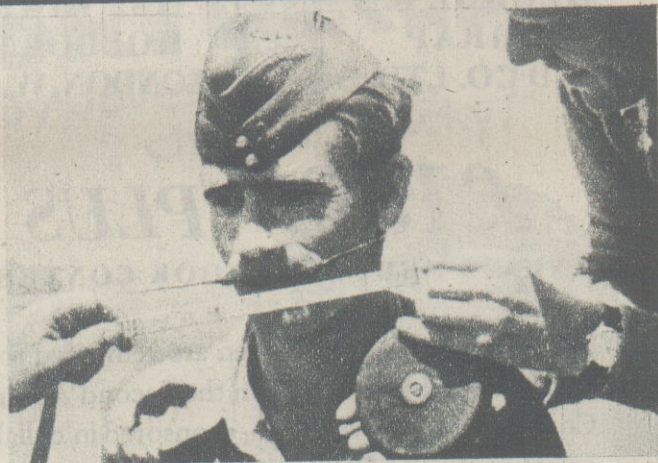
During his Army service he has been in Salonika, France, Khar-toum, and the Burma Rebellion.

A bachelor, Pte. Connor is believed to be 68, and when asked if he likes the Army, laconically remarks: "What do you think?"

His present job? He is batman to the CO. of the Manchester Regiment. He spends most of his time darning socks.



Batman John Connor joined the Connaught Rangers in 1895. Look at those service stripes...



When this picture was taken in the Western Desert the moustache of RQMS. (now Lieut.) Brittain measured eleven inches. It is shaved off once a year.

LIEUT. ARTHUR BRITTAIN HAD NO LEAVE FOR 19 YEARS

ARANGY, military-looking man with the stubble of an incipient moustache on his lip, is, in his own words, "mooching round London wondering what to do."

He has three claims to fame: first, he has more continuous service in one battalion than any other soldier in the British Army; second, he has put in more continuous overseas service than any other soldier; and third, that moustache.

His name is Lieutenant (QM) Arthur Edward Brittain, MBE, of The Buffs. He joined the regiment 21 years ago as a 17-year-old stripling. For 18 of those 21 years he has served with the 1st Battalion of his regiment and for 19 years he was continuously overseas—in the Far and Middle East, French North Africa, Italy and Greece—and during those

19 years he refused to take any leave.

Once, indeed, he did put his name down for leave, but the battalion had a rugby match just then, so he decided to give up his leave to play for the team; anyway, it was only local leave.

The story of the moustache started when the King, after his Coronation, said he would like

to see moustache cultivation become an Army tradition. Cpl. Brittain, as he then was, decided that was reason enough and immediately began to let his moustache grow.

But it does a moustache good to be cut off occasionally, so he made it a practice to shave off his moustache once a year, before Christmas, and to let it grow again w.e.f. 1 Jan. of the New Year.

The treatment seems to have done the moustache good, for in full bloom it is 11 inches from tip to tip and in its desert day it was one of the glories of Eighth Army.

Lieut. Brittain proposes to get back into the Army and overseas as soon as he can. "I have to go on my bended knees to get cigarettes and even then they're Turkish," he says. His parents are dead and his friends in Britain are few and far between. He feels more at home in the Army.

Private Wallace Got His Request...

THE wish of Pte. Wallace (SOLDIER, 12 May 1945) has come true. The Pioneers are "Royal." Altogether seven regiments and corps have been given this distinction and the King has approved that their facings shall be as follows:—

The Royal Lincolnshire Regt: to change from white to royal blue.

The Royal Leicestershire Regt: to retain pearl grey.

The Royal Hampshire Regt: to retain yellow.

Royal Army Educational Corps: to change from Cambridge blue to royal blue.

Royal Army Dental Corps: to change from emerald green to royal blue.

Corps of Royal Military Police: to retain scarlet.

Royal Pioneer Corps: to adopt royal blue.

It is unlikely that officers of the Corps concerned will have to alter the colour of the edgings of their battle dress "pips", or that officers of the rank of colonel and above will change their cap bands.

Cap badges, too, will remain unchanged unless the colonel of a regiment or corps made "royal" wishes to have the "royal" incorporated. In such a case as this a fresh design is submitted by the regiment or corps to the War Office for approval by the King.

In the past many regiments made "royal" continued to wear the old cap badge. The King's Own Royal Regt., for example, still have just "Kings Own" on their badge.

To Honour the Pioneers

Pte. J. Wallace (address supplied): Once upon a time people used to make jokes about the Pioneer Corps. They don't make those jokes any more, now that they know what a splendid job the Pioneers have done during the war. Everyone knows, too, that a Pioneer can do as good a job with a rifle and bayonet as he can with a pick and shovel.

The resourcefulness, the courage and the sheer hard graft put in by these men on road repairing, bridge-building, preparation of airfields, and cleaning up of bridgeheads qualify them, in my opinion, for a collective honour. In short, I would like to see the Pioneer Corps become the Royal Pioneer Corps.

... AND HERE'S A PLEA FOR ANOTHER ROYAL AWARD

WHILE I am delighted to see the hard-working Pioneers receive the title of "Royal", I am distressed that among the other Corps who have received this honour the name of the Intelligence Corps is not to be found. Surely the IC, which provided so many men of brilliance and gallantry for work both sides of the line as well as the conscientious and ever-vigilant NCO's of the Field Security Wing, is at least as deserving of recognition as the admirable but less adventurous RAEC and RADCC? — Double Rose.

Answers

(from Page 32)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. General Slim. 2. A cross.
3. Croats (all the rest are Red Indians). 4. The tipstaff. 5. Nine.
6. Philanthropist. 7. *News of the World* (nearly 7,500,000). 8. "Caldo." 9. A Russian Writer. 10. Primary Training Centre; United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation; Principal Under-Secretary. 11. At the opening of Parliament. 12. "My Struggle."
13. (c). 14. Popski (of Private Army fame). 15. Hydrant.

CROSSWORD

- ACROSS: 4. Arch. 6. Drabness. 7. Sent. 8. Tripwire. 12. Stir. 13. Talks. 14. Demi. 15. Enthrall. 19. Stun. 20. Courtesy. 21. Tree.
- DOWN: 1. Edit. 2. Bali. 3. Anew. 4. Assessor. 5. Cannibal. 9. Repeater. 10. Patience. 11. Inlet. 16. Hart. 17. Axes. 18. Lays.

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KIWI BLACK

KIWI DARK TAN

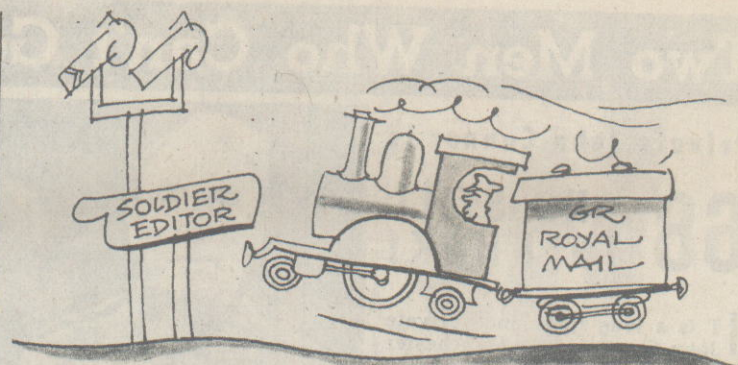
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LETTERS

OLD SCALE AND NEW

I have been in the Army since 17 July '41 and my pay after four years was 6s 6d a day (I am Class Ia soldier). Now after 5 years and 4 months I receive 3d less than I did 16 months ago. When the scheme was published I read that a man Class Ia after five years was a "three star" and got 52s 6d a week. The pay office say it is not so and that the White Paper had been altered. — "Gunner."

★ There has been no alteration. Para. 16 gives examples for comparative purposes with a cautionary footnote: "It should not be assumed that all men now in receipt of the present rates shown will necessarily qualify for the new gradings."

Comparison was made between the highest rate for a non-tradesman private under the old code (Class Ia) and the highest rate under the new code (three star). Although Class Ia privates are eligible under the new code for three-star gradings, the basis of the paymaster's provisional classification was that Class Ia was equivalent to two stars. Qualifications expected of a three-star soldier are rather higher than for the old Class Ia, but the soldier with these qualifications at 1 July 46 can be re-classified by his CO. w.e.f. that date.

You were receiving 5s as Class Ia plus 1s 6d war service increments on 30 June. On 1 July you would be classified two-star (6s) and receive a war excess of 6d. On completing five years your pay would become 6s 6d but the war excess would disappear. In certain circumstances your net pay could be 3d less owing to the higher scale of qualifying allotments.

NEW MEDALS

Some time ago an announcement was made that two new medals were to be issued, one of which was to be in lieu of the Defence medal for service in India. The Victory medal details have already appeared but nothing about the India medal. Can you give any information about this?

I would also like to know about the LS and GC medal. The rumour going round is that if anyone who did not qualify for it owing to being commissioned before completing 18 years now wishes to do so, he may wear the ribbon but not receive the medal. — Capt. R. Palmer, Ind. DCRE (C & M), BTLC.

★ The India Service medal is granted to commemorate non-operational service in the Indian Forces and Indian Civil Defence Services during World War Two. Qualification: three

years non-operational service in India, or elsewhere, on the authorised establishment of a unit or formation of the Indian Forces. The medal will not be granted to those who have qualified for the Defence medal. Men of the British Army who served in India are not eligible for this award.

LS and GC medal: the counting of commissioned service towards the award is still under consideration. A man who has not been awarded the medal may not wear the ribbon.

GOOD CONDUCT CLASP

In my mess I have a WO II with nearly 38 years continuous service and he has the Long Service medal. Is it possible to be awarded a Bar to this medal? — RSM. C. Hill, Q (Mov) HQ Toulon, British Forces in France.

★ If he holds the LS and GC medal (Military) he can be awarded a clasp after his second period of 18 years; if he holds the LS and GC (Army) he can after his second period of 18 years get the LS and GC (Military). See KR's 1058 as amended in July, '45.

MUST BOYS BE BOYS?

I write on behalf of myself and five comrades. We are all regular soldiers with an average of 18 years service, but at least two-and-a-half years of this has been put in as boys' service, which does not count towards pension. We think steps should be taken to make boys' service qualify for pensionable service.

Incidentally we are all ex-POW's. — Bdsman. T. W. F. Blaxham, 1st Bn. Royal Norfolks.

PALESTINE POLICE

Could you settle an argument by telling me what arms the Palestine Police carry when on normal duty or breaking up riots? — Gnr. J. Foster, 7 Q. O. Hussars.

★ The Colonial Office states they are equipped with modern weapons, and it is decided in the light of the circumstances when weapons are to be carried and, if so, what type.

HE VOLUNTEERED

I am a regular and after serving four years abroad I came home under Python, serving in Britain for less than three months, after which I volunteered for BAOR. Can I return to complete the six months in Britain to which I understand one is entitled after Python?

Also, I hear that a regular wishing to train for a job before he leaves the Army can get his service reduced six months in order to train. Is this correct? — Gnr. W. Keddie, 206/52 A/Tk Regt. RA.

★ A soldier repatriated under Python is retained in Britain for a minimum of six weeks (not months)

**Why not send SOLDIER home?
Your friends will find it interesting.**



before being eligible for overseas postings to BAOR, BTA or CMF. Therefore you are not entitled to claim return to England. Every effort is made to keep ex-Python men in Britain, but owing to overseas commitments this is not always possible. You would appear to have been luckier than some.

Pre-war regulations whereby regulars could apply for vocational training at the close of their engagement were cancelled during the war. The Ministry of Labour agreed, however, that regulars could apply for training under the Government's Vocational Training Scheme on release. But they must be able to show that they need a course in order to get employment.

If you think you are eligible, see your local Ministry of Labour official after release. Meanwhile consult your education officer to see if there are any RAEC facilities which could help you.

PENAL BATTALION?

In a discussion on the French Foreign Legion recently the subject of penal battalions came up. Then the question arose of the possibility of a British counterpart of the Legion? Can you



give any information? — L/Cpl. G. Collocott, 2nd Bn. Welsh Guards.

★ We can find no evidence that the idea of a British Foreign Legion has been seriously considered, or even

considered at all. In 1708 it was reported that some officers had "got leave of the Queen to carry over some convicted criminals to fill up the regiments," and 16 years later Daniel Defoe bemoaned the fact that the bad reputation the Army enjoyed made it necessary for the Captains to go "rumaging the Gaols and Houses of Correction for Soldiers." In 1762 it was recorded that eight convicted felons in Newgate and the New-Gaol had been pardoned on condition that they would serve in the West Indies.

THE DAY HE JOINED

I volunteered for the Army for the duration on 15 September 1942 but did not have to report until 5 November of that year. Does my service count from 15 September (I took the oath and signed my attestation papers on that day) or from the day I reported? — L/Cpl. L. E. Murkin, Education Centre, 7th Hussars.

★ It was agreed by the three Services and approved by the Government that full-time embodied service in the Armed Forces is reckonable for release priority. Therefore you should reckon your service from 5 November 1942.

MIGHT AND RELIGION

Compulsory church parades are more or less ended, but it seems that the saving clause can be interpreted too loosely. I know of a man who was recently detailed to go on a church parade (not of his religion). The chief feature was obviously not the church service but the subsequent march past to impress the local inhabitants.

Granted that we must impress the Germans with our might, why must we mix religion with the idea?

My opinion is that we ourselves are far from being genuine Christian crusaders. We haven't the right to parade officially as Christians. — P. M. S. (Name and address supplied).

(More Letters on Page 38)

THOSE 100,000 MEN

THE Daily Express announced recently that "100,000 Men Are Freed From Call-up" and stated that this information had been deduced from a reply in the Commons by the Minister of Labour. As the heading was felt to be misleading the War Office have issued the following explanation:

"After VE-Day the upper age of call-up was reduced to 30. Since then the position of all fit men between 18 and 30 not in the Forces has been constantly reviewed and every man between these ages who could be spared from industry has been called up or is about to be. In fact, the 1946 intake into the Army has actually been much higher than originally expected.

"The period of comb-out has now been completed and, as was stated in a White Paper last May, from 1 January 1947 the call-up (with few exceptions) will be confined to men liable under the National Service Act who were born in or after 1929 and to those born in 1927-28 who were in the process of being called up in December, 1946. In future men will normally be called up to the Services on reaching 18, and apprentices and students born in or after 1929 who get deferment will all be called up at the end of their training.

"There is no question of 100,000 men who could be spared from industry being freed from call-up."

"BRYLCREEM

By Jove!..some chaps are lucky!"



And men in B.A.O.R. are luckier than most fellows because supplies of Brylcreem for B.A.O.R. are still getting priority through N.A.A.F.I., Y.M.C.A., etc. But even this concession cannot satisfy the demand for Brylcreem so, when you get a bottle, please use it sparingly.



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"I secured the position with Messrs. All the positions you have introduced me to have been reputable firms and carried a good salary besides commission." G.W.P.

"This is to confirm my appointment with Messrs. May I thank you for the introductions that enabled me to secure the post." A.H.M.

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MORE LETTERS

CIVVY STREET JOB

I was surprised to read your reply to L/Cpl. Blundell, in which you stated that an employer need not take you back if you volunteered to defer your release.

I signed an agreement to defer until General Demobilisation. I understood that this would not interfere with my rights to re-instatement.—Cpl. R. Pitcher, HQ CRASC, Hamburg.

★ Sorry, we slipped! Your old employer must be prepared to take you back up to six months after the end of the Emergency.

WORKING OUT PENSION

As a regular I start my 21st year of service in January. Can I finish at 21 and go out on pension or must I do the 22 years under the new terms of service? What difference in pension would I get in doing the extra years? So far my service has been: private 11 years, cpl. two years, sgt. three years, SQMS. two years, WO class II two years.—RQMS E. J. Beech, Camp Commandant's staff, HQ BTB.

★ If you have undertaken a 21-year engagement it is not necessary for you to extend it for a further year to make 22 years service to become eligible for a pension at the new rates. Provided you entered into a 21-year engagement before 1 May 46 you will be eligible to be discharged to pension on ending your 21-year engagement at the new pension rates.

The "new pension code" rates are as follows and from them you can deduce the amount of pension you are likely to get on ending 21 years.

SERVICE ELEMENT: For each complete year of service: 1st to 20th year—1s 2d per week; 21st to 25th—1s 6d; 26th to 30th—2s 6d; 31st onwards—4s.

RANK ELEMENT: For each complete year in the rank of: corporal—4d a week; sjt—6d; s/sjt—9d; WO II—1s; WO I—1s 3d.

The maximum pension allowed is: corporal or below—70s a week; sjt—80s; s/sjt—90s; WO II—95s; WO I—100s.

Your pension would work out something like this:

20 years at 1s 2d—	23s 4d	Service element
1 year at 1s 6d—	1s 6d	"
2 years cpl. at 4d—	8d	Rank element
3 years sjt. at 6d—	1s 6d	"
2 years s/sjt. at 9d—	1s 6d	"
3 years WO II at 1s—	3s	"
TOTAL 31s 6d per week.		

BIGGER FORCE

Which was the bigger force during the war—the RA or the RASC?—Gnr. J. Berg, HQ 5 Guards Bde.

★ The Royal Artillery.

SIX MONTHS LEFT

I have six months left in the Army. The unit education officer has offered me a three weeks' course on electrical subjects just prior to my release. Is it possible to have a longer course in any

electrical work starting right away?—L/Cpl. G. Blundell, 1st Middlesex Regt.

★ The maximum time you can spend on full-time vocational training is four weeks. Training is given either at Army colleges or under arrangements with civilian employers. These courses are arranged as near to release as convenient. Some part-time training can sometimes be arranged at unit level by the education officer.

THE LAST PIGTAILS

I have read in a book called "History of the Regiments of the British Army" that the pigtail survived to the Peninsular War period, the last regiment to wear it being the 29th Foot, now 1st



Battalion The Worcestershire Regiment.

As one of the Royal Welch Fusiliers I do not agree with this, as we have always been told that our regiment was the last to wear the pigtail, and thus received the honour of wearing the Black Flash. Is this correct?—Fusilier Evans, 1 Royal Welch Fusiliers.

★ Howel Thomas, writing in "History of the Royal Welch Fusiliers", (T. Fisher Unwin Ltd) states: "The dressing of the hair of soldiers in the form of a queue, or pigtail, was generally discontinued, the Royal Welch Fusiliers being the last regiment to wear it."

Top authorities agree that queues—bunches of hair tied up at the back of the neck with ribbons—were abolished at the beginning of the nineteenth century, but officers and sergeants continued to wear the "black flash" ribbon, a custom extended to men in 1900.

AMONG STRANGERS

As a regular I signed on for the Lancashire Fusiliers, but when I came to BAOR I was transferred to the Yorks and Lincs. Can I get a transfer to the Seaforth Highlanders as there are no LF regular battalions in BAOR?—L/Cpl. T. Booth, 1st Yorks and Lincs.

★ A regular soldier who has been compulsorily transferred from his original regiment can, when the present emergency ends, claim re-transfer to his own regiment—see Armed Forces (Conditions of Service) Act 1939; ACI 626/39.

During the present emergency, however, no individual applications for transfer are authorised unless they are in the interests of the service.

TRANSFER TO RAF

Can I transfer to the RAF? I was in the ATC and want to serve for a regular term. I asked my old CO. in Italy some months ago. He said I must complete two years in the Army first.—Gnr. G. Hutchinson.

★ Soldiers who before their call up for the Army served in the ATC can apply to be considered for a transfer subject to the recently issued ACI 469/46.

NAVY? NO

Is it possible for a regular soldier to transfer to the Royal Navy?—Tpr. W. Helyer, 5th RTR.

★ No.

HIS WARRANT

Can you please tell me: (1) if while a Royal Warrant is being read a mistake is made (i. e. in name, date or sentence) and this is not corrected, what sentence does the man serve—the one read, the one on the Warrant or none at all?

(2) After the sentence has been awarded is the prisoner allowed to examine the Warrant?

(3) When a man is on a charge for a minor offence is he asked if he accepts the punishment awarded before or after he knows the nature and length of the punishment?

(4) Can a man be tried for the same offence twice—by a military court and then by a civil court?—L/Cpl. S. Poynter, Naval Party 1739, FMO, Cuxhaven.

★ (1) It is not clear what you mean by Royal Warrant; presumably the Committal Warrant. An error in this would not affect a sentence awarded by a commanding officer or by courtmartial.

(2) No. The Committal Warrant is normally made out by the commanding officer.

(3) The CO., before asking the soldier whether he desires to be dealt with summarily or to be tried by courtmartial, would not inform him of the punishment he proposed to award. But in the case of a charge of absence, before awarding any punishment the CO. would inform the soldier of the number of days' pay he forfeits under Pay Warrant in respect of his absence.

(4) Yes, if it is an offence against the civil law.

NO MONEY

Is it possible for my German fiancée to change her money into English currency when she reaches England?—Cpl. B. Talks, 13/18 R. Hussars.

★ The Treasury state that officially she can bring up to 40 marks but

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

January

1947



Editor:

c/o AWS 3, The War Office, 60 Eaton Square, London SW 1. (Tel: SLOane 9600 ext 556)

Subscriptions and circulation:

OC, No 1 BANU, BAOR. (Tel: Hamburg 34 44 81)

Advertisements:

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it will be of little use to her. She will have the greatest difficulty in getting it changed.

BRITISH, GERMAN WIVES

(1) If a soldier is due to stay in BAOR for six months or a year after marrying a German national will he be entitled to married quarters similar to those given to BAOR families?

(2) Will German wives be permitted to enter canteens and clubs used by their husbands?—"Most Interested".

★ (1) If a soldier is staying in BAOR for a year he can apply under Op. Union for his wife to join him: Should she be resident in BAOR he should mark his application "family resident in BAOR area." Subject to furniture and house being available his application will be checked by War Office, for approval. If a soldier has married a German national or other enemy alien in accordance with BAOR 3752/14/APS1 of 10 Sept '46 and if he has a year to spend in BAOR, he may apply for his wife under the above scheme.

(2) Yes. Provided he is eligible for the benefits of Operation Union.

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THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

A full-page photograph of a woman, Margaret Lockwood, in a white and pink Victorian-style dress with ruffles and a long train. She is standing next to a large, ornate Chinese vase with floral and bird patterns. The vase is on a dark stand. To the right of the woman is a tall, slender, light-colored column with a decorative top. The background is a simple wall with a doorway visible behind the woman.

The vase is Chinese but
the girl is British: Margaret
Lockwood in "Hungry Hill"